

# VAMPIRELLA

ARCHIVES  
VOLUME ONE



**DYNAMITE**

COLLECTING VAMPIRELLA MAGAZINE #1-7



***DYNAMITE***®



VAMPIRELLA®






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# VAMPIRELLA®

## ARCHIVES • VOLUME ONE

COVER BY Frank Frazetta



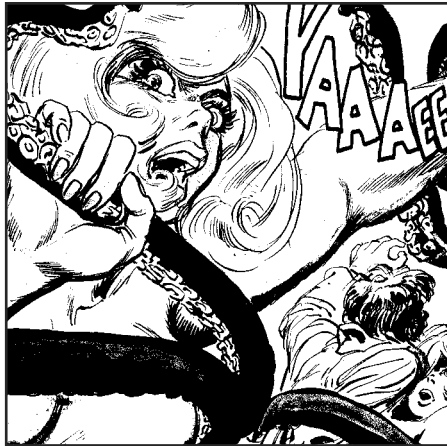
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ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU



#1  
OCT.

# VAMPIRELLA

LOOK OUT!  
SHE'S WAITING INSIDE  
THIS FIRST  
COLLECTOR'S EDITION...FOR YOU!!

50c



*Frazetta*

CAPTIVATING COMICS ABOUT FANTASTIC FEMALES!



HI, THERE! WELCOME TO THE COOLEST  
GIRL-MEETS-GHOUL MAG ON THE MARKET!

MY NAME'S **VAMPIRELLA**. I'M THE **NEWEST** THING  
IN COMIC MAGAZINES! AND IF YOU TAKE ME HOME  
WITH YOU, **YOU** CAN CALL ME... **VAMPI**. (THAT'S  
IF I DON'T CALL YOU FIRST!) I'VE PUT OUT THE  
CALL TO ALL THE CREEPIEST EERIEST ARTISTS IN  
THE COUNTRY (AND YOU KNOW WHAT COUNTRY:  
**TRANSYLVANIA!**)... AND IT'LL BE A **BLOODY** PITY IF

ANYONE IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD  
DOESN'T GET THE WORD ABOUT  
THIS WAY-OUT MAG OF FANTASTIC  
FEMALES! MY **AMAZING**

**ADVENTURES** EXPLODE HERE  
EXCLUSIVELY EVERY ISSUE AND

IN ADDITION YOU GET HALF A

DOZEN OTHER SOCK-IT-TO-  
YOU **SHOCKERS** FOR GALS

AND GUYS WHO'RE WISE  
TO THE BEST IN **BEWITCH-**

**ING COMICS!** WHAT MORE  
DO YOU WANT- **BLOOD?**

**YOU GOT IT!**

**COME WITH ME...**





# VAMPIRELLA

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 FORREST J ACKERMAN, DON GLUT



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The one, the only, the original—VAMPIRELLA—makes her fantastic debut in this first issue .....



### DEATH BOAT

A good captain is the last to leave his ship—but what happens when the last person aboard is a terrified girl .....



### TWO SILVER BULLETS

Sweet, petit Maria has her problems with wolves and silver bullets .....



### GODDESS FROM THE SEA

Artist Neal Adams brings to life a mysterious maiden of mayhem.



### LAST ACT: OCTOBER

Miss Hortense Pilkington is followed by her family's awful curse

### SPACED-OUT GIRL

Excited by the prospect of men on the moon? This story of amazons in outer space will put you in orbit .....



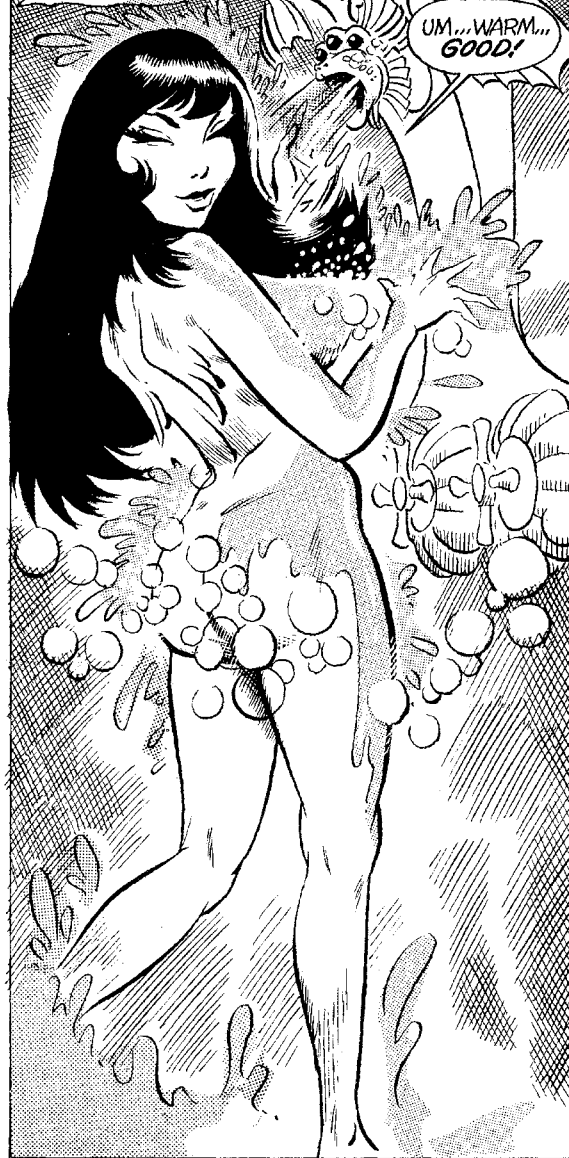
### A ROOM FULL OF CHANGES

Doom just won't behave—care to enter one and find out why? .....





**A**SIDE FROM SOMETHING A BIT ODD ABOUT HER SHOULDERS, YOU MIGHT TAKE THIS TO BE AN ORDINARY YOUNG LADY TAKING A SHOWER.



**H**OWEVER YOU ARE QUITE MISTAKEN...



**N**OTE THE *BAT-LIKE* BIRTHMARK, IT IS SIGNIFICANT.



**W**RONG AGAIN! THIS YOUNG LADY IS NOT GARGLING IN HER SHOWER...



**S**HE IS DRINKING HER DINNER! ON HER PLANET, WATER HAS THE CONSTITUTION OF BLOOD! FOR SHE IS...



# Vampirella

of DRACULON<sup>®</sup> by FORREST J. ACKERMAN and TOM SUTTON



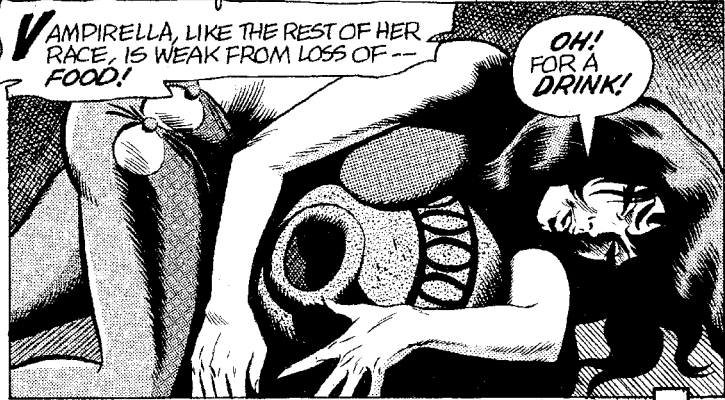


**DRACULON** IS--LITERALLY--  
A PLANET OF **BLOOD!** BY  
A STRANGE QUIRK OF  
NATURE, THE WATER  
ON DRAKULON IS COM-  
POSED OF VIRTUALLY THE  
SAME COMBINATION OF  
ELEMENTS THAT ON  
EARTH CONSTITUTE  
HEMOGLOBIN, THUS ON  
DRAKULON A RACE HAS  
DEVELOPED THAT DEPENDS  
SOLELY ON **BLOOD** FOR  
SUSTENANCE, EVOLUTION  
HAS TAKEN STRANGE WAYS  
ON **DRAKULON...**

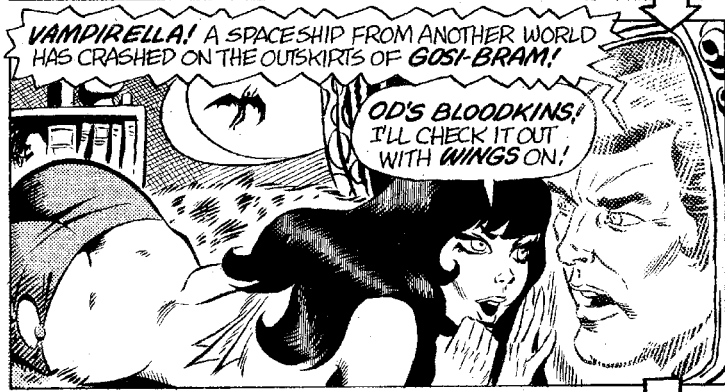




**B**UT THE BLAZING TWIN SUNS OF DRAKULON  
HAVE CAUSED A DROUGHT IN THE RIVERS OF BLOOD...



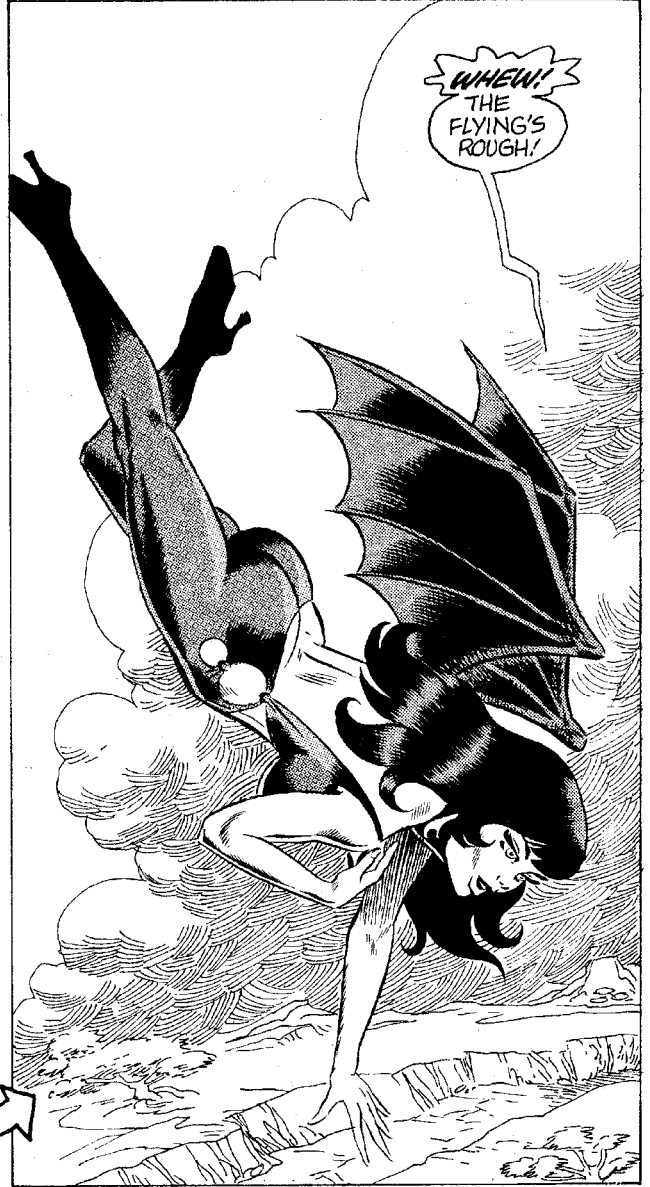
**V**AMPIRELLA, LIKE THE REST OF HER RACE, IS WEAK FROM LOSS OF --  
**FOOD!**



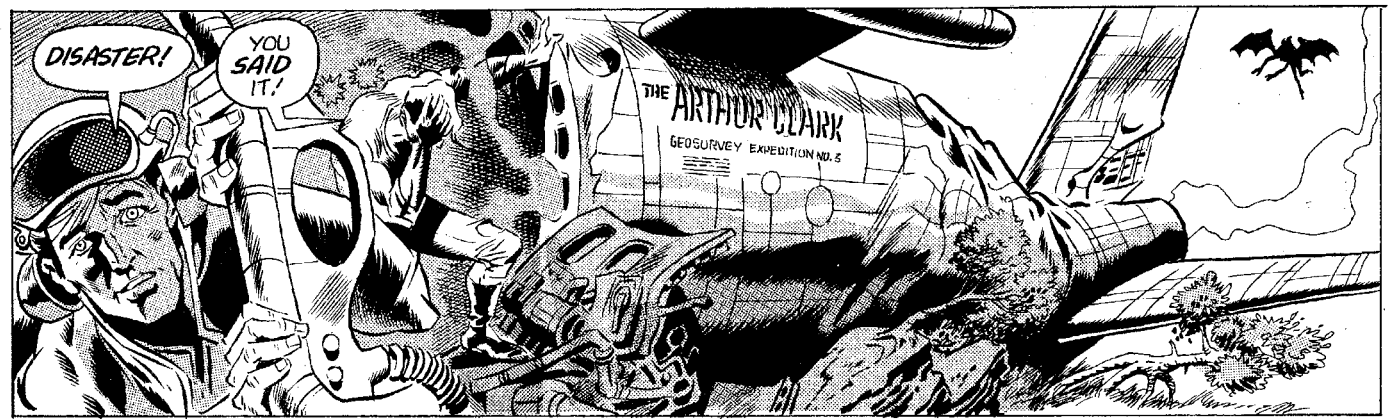
**VAMPIRELLA!** A SPACESHIP FROM ANOTHER WORLD  
HAS CRASHED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF **GOSI-BRAM!**



I HOPE I  
HAVE ENOUGH  
ENERGY TO  
FLY!



WHEW!  
THE  
FLYING'S  
ROUGH!

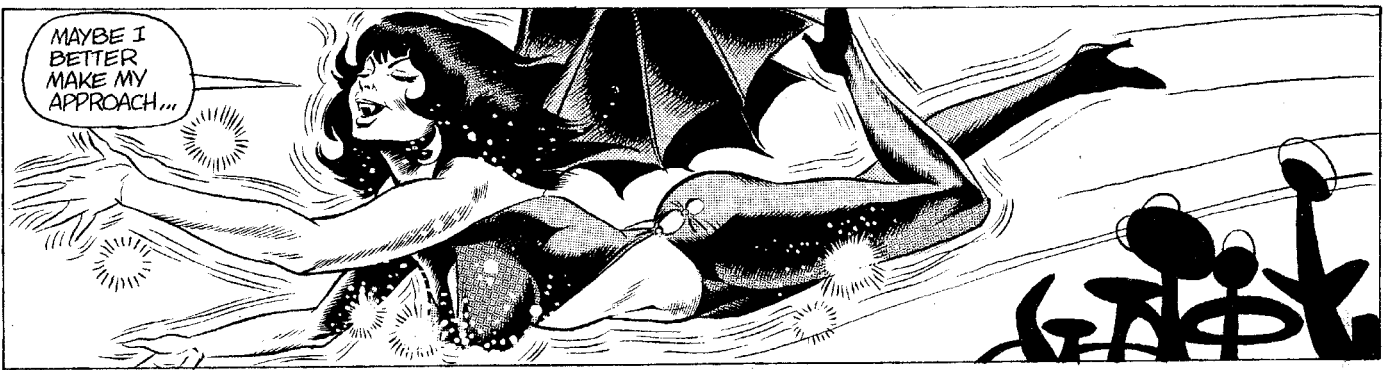


DISASTER!

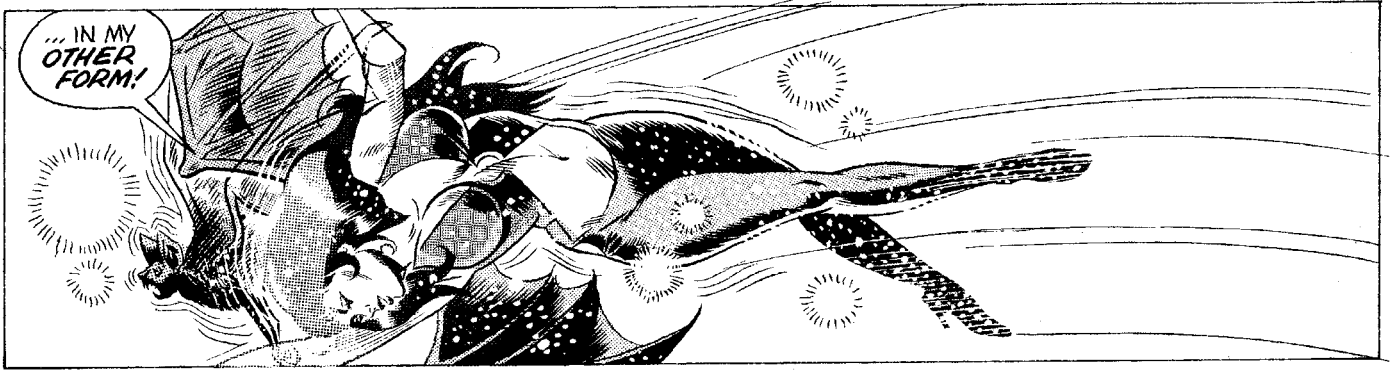
YOU SAID  
IT!

THE ARTHUR CLARK  
GEOSURVEY EXPEDITION NO. 5

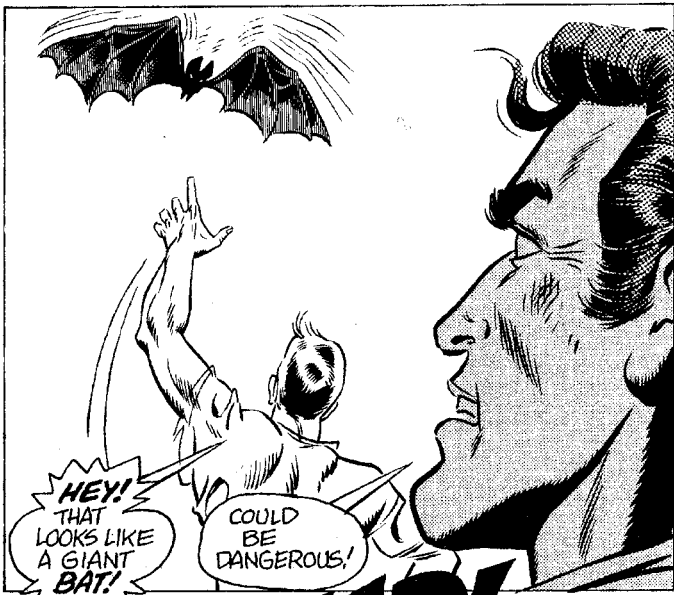




MAYBE I BETTER MAKE MY APPROACH...

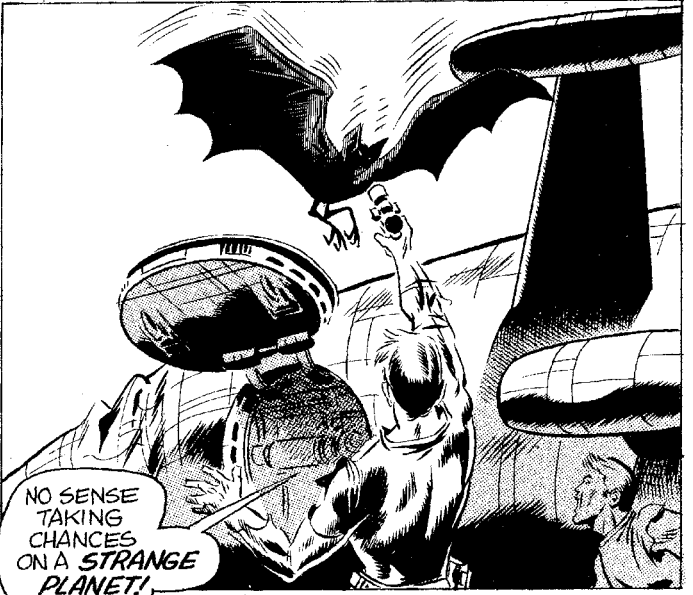


... IN MY OTHER FORM!



HEY! THAT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT BAT!

COULD BE DANGEROUS!



NO SENSE TAKING CHANCES ON A STRANGE PLANET!



ZAP! OUCH!



I'LL FIX THEM FOR THAT!

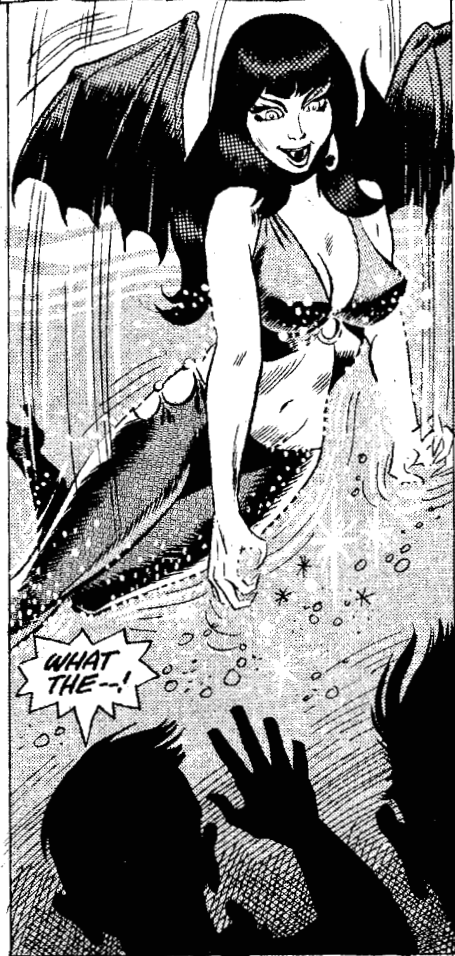




I'LL WILL MYSELF INTO INVISIBILITY

I'LL CREEP UP ON THEM AND THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT GOT THEM!

VAMPIRELLA, NOT REALIZING HOW WEAK SHE IS FROM DAYS WITHOUT "FOOD" HAS LOST HER POWER OF INVISIBILITY AND SHAPE-CHANGING AND IS BEGINNING TO REVERT TO HER NATURAL FORM.

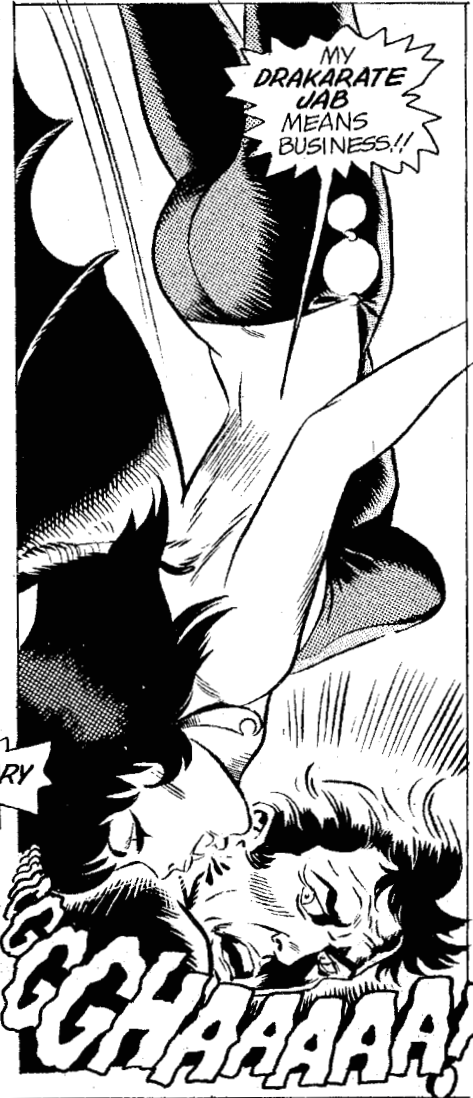


WHAT THE--!



GOOD LORD!

AN INTERPLANETARY GHOST?!!



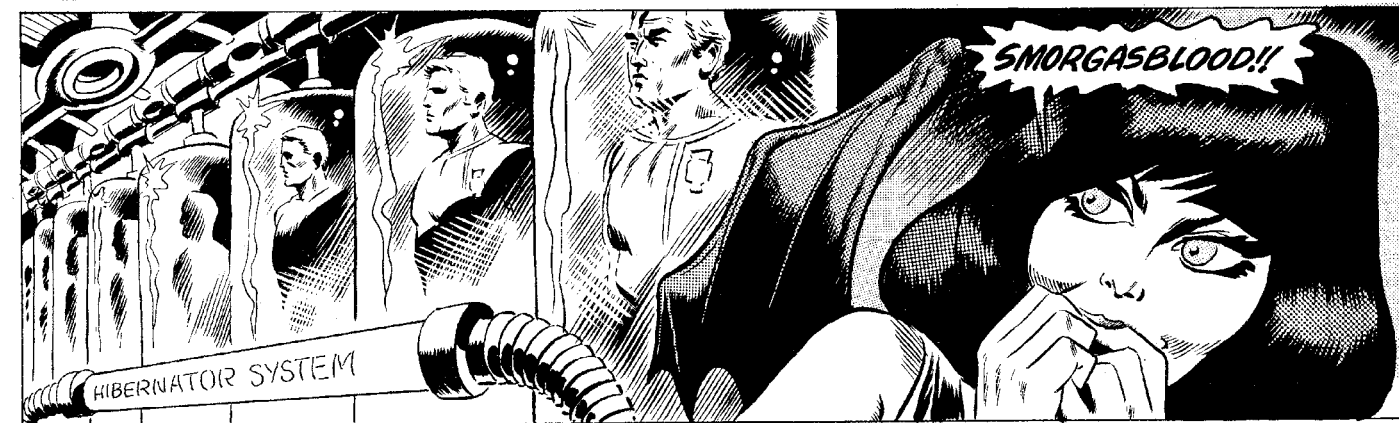
MY DRAKARATE JAB MEANS BUSINESS!!

GGHAAAAA!



HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN SCORCHED!





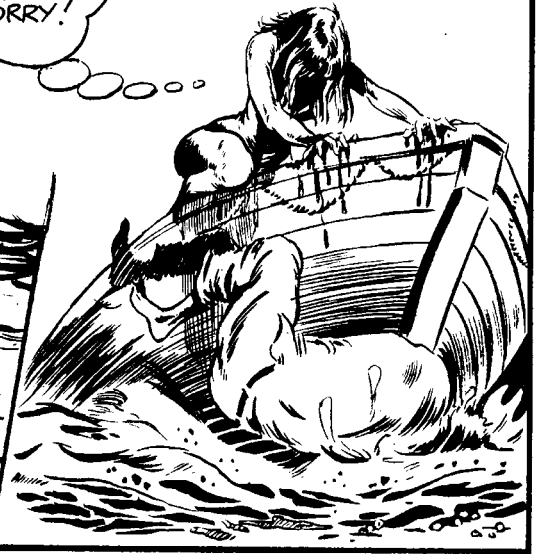
# DEATH BOAT!

INTERESTED IN VAMPIRE STORIES, READER BLEEDERS? BUT SICK OF THE SAME OLD ROT ABOUT RED CLOTTED CLOAKS AND CRUMBLING CRYPTS? LOOKING FOR SOMETHING DISGUSTINGLY NEW AND CUTE? WELL THEN, TAKE A SEASICK CRUISE ON A STRIFE BOAT. THERE'S A VAMPIRE LOOSE ON THE ...



THE GOLDEN DAWN KISSES THE SEA, AS IF CLEANSING THE ACT OF HORROR PERPETRATED BY ANGELA WALLER. WITH BLOOD OBSCENELY STAINING HER OTHERWISE UNTARNISHED FINGERS, SHE LIFTS THE WEIGHTY BODY OF A MAN SHE LOVED AND, AS IF POSSESSED BY SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH...

GOOD-BYE, MICHAEL. I'M... SORRY!



THEN, THE POUNDING OF HER HEART SLOWING TO A STEADY RHYTHM, HER EYES STARING TOWARD THE UNCHANGING HORIZON LIKE TWO GLASS MARBLES SHE REGALLS...





THE SOUND OF THE GREAT LUXURY LINER'S FIRE ALARM STILL RANG IN ANGELA'S EARS. THE SIGHT OF FLAMES, ENGULFING, EATING PANIC STRICKEN PASSENGERS FLEEING TO NOTHING SAVE CERTAIN DEATH, STILL VIOLATED HER MEMORY.



HER ONLY HOPE LAY IN MEMORY OF MICHAEL ROGERS, A STRANGER, WHO PULLED HER FROM THE SHIP, THROUGH THE CHOKING SMOKE, AND TO THE SAFETY OF THE LIFEBOAT.

THE CRUISE TO NOWHERE ACROSS THE OCEAN WAS BORING THE FIRST HOUR, UNTIL THE ROCKING SURFACE WAS SPLIT BY...

MICHAEL, IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, I'D...

YOU'D FREEZE, THAT'S ALL! NOW SNUGGLE UP, KEEP WARM, AND GET SOME SLEEP! YOU CAN USE IT!

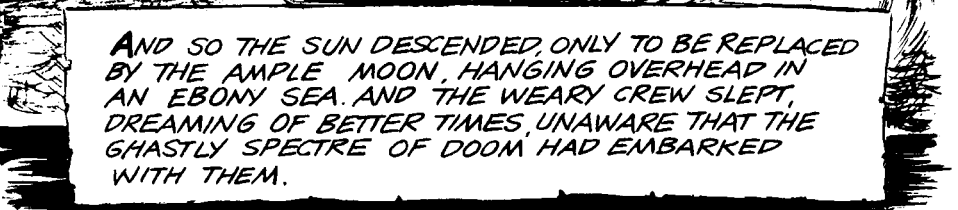
MICHAEL, THOSE FINS!

DON'T WORRY, HONEY! THEY CAN'T HURT US AS LONG AS WE STAY ON BOARD! NOW COME ON, TRY AND GET ALL THE SLEEP YOU CAN! WE'VE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO!

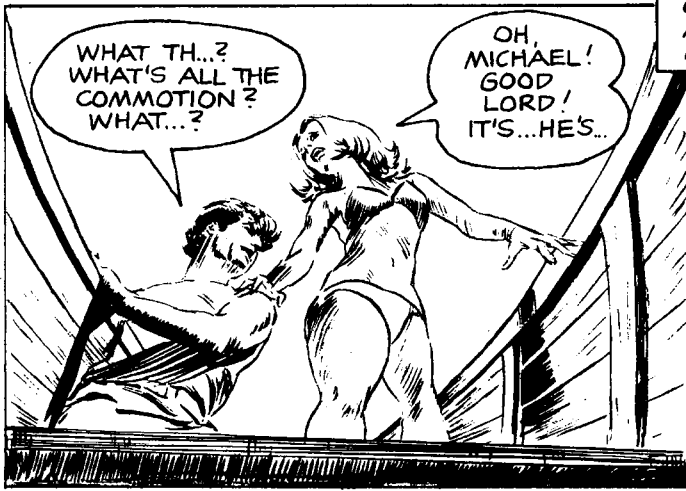
BUT WHERE I DON'T KNOW!

LOOK! IT ISS SHARKS! DEY IS FOLLOWING US!

AND SO THE SUN DESCENDED, ONLY TO BE REPLACED BY THE AMPLE MOON, HANGING OVERHEAD IN AN EBONY SEA. AND THE WEARY CREW SLEPT, DREAMING OF BETTER TIMES, UNAWARE THAT THE GHASTLY SPECTRE OF DOOM HAD EMBARKED WITH THEM.



DEATH HAD DEPARTED AS SILENTLY AS IT HAD ARRIVED. BUT IN IT'S WAKE WAS THE GRIM TESTIMONY OF IT'S VISITATION.



WHAT TH...?  
WHAT'S ALL THE  
COMMOTION?  
WHAT...?

OH,  
MICHAEL!  
GOOD  
LORD!  
IT'S...HE'S...

AS IF HELD BY MAGNETIC FORCE MICHAEL ROGERS GAWKS AT THE BLEEDING CORPSE THAT ONLY HOURS BEFORE HAD BEEN A BREATHING HUMAN BEING...



YAH! HE  
ISS DEAD,  
ALL RIGHT!

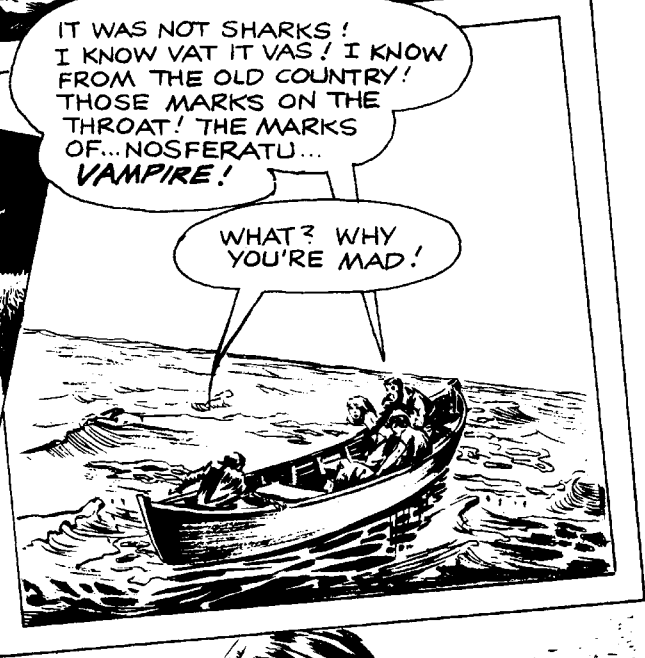
DEAD LIKE SOME  
ANIMAL BIT HIM  
TO DEATH!  
LOOK AT THOSE  
WOUNDS!



SHARKS! IT WAS SHARKS  
THAT GOT HIM!  
NOTHING ELSE!

SHARKS DON'T  
JUMP ON BOARD  
SHIP AND ATTACK  
PEOPLE WHILE  
THEY SLEEP!

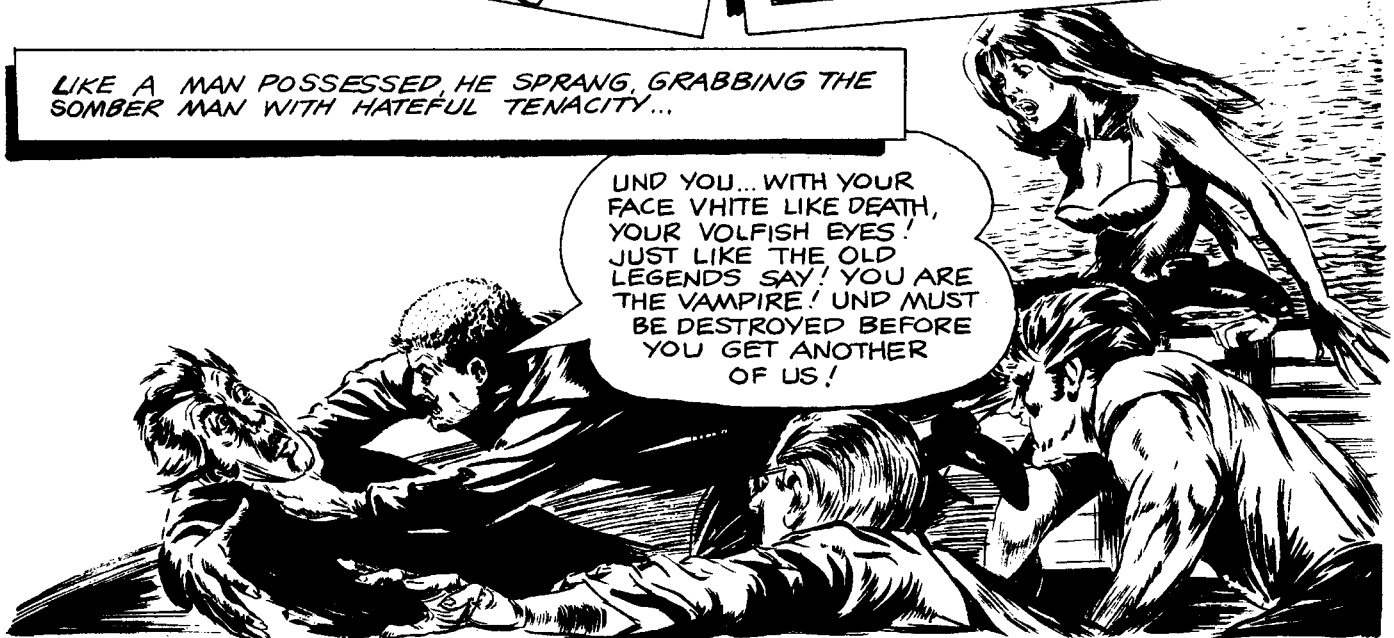
NEIN!



IT WAS NOT SHARKS!  
I KNOW VAT IT VAS! I KNOW  
FROM THE OLD COUNTRY!  
THOSE MARKS ON THE  
THROAT! THE MARKS  
OF... NOSFERATU...  
VAMPIRE!

WHAT? WHY  
YOU'RE MAD!

LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, HE SPRANG, GRABBING THE SOMBER MAN WITH HATEFUL TENACITY...



UND YOU... WITH YOUR  
FACE WHITE LIKE DEATH,  
YOUR VOLFISH EYES!  
JUST LIKE THE OLD  
LEGENDS SAY! YOU ARE  
THE VAMPIRE! UND MUST  
BE DESTROYED BEFORE  
YOU GET ANOTHER  
OF US!



THE LEGENDS SAY THAT VAMPIRES  
MUST REMAIN IN THEIR COFFINS  
DURING THE DAY! PERHAPS  
THIS IS JUST A MYTH! BUT  
THE STAKE OF WOOD OR IRON...  
THIS STAKE... IS REAL!

YOU FANATIC! NO, THIS IS  
INSANE! I WON'T  
LET YOU...!

NO, I BEG  
OF YOU!  
I'M NOT...!

rip!



HIS BRAIN BATTLING THE RAVINGS  
OF THE MAN, MICHAEL'S FISTS TIGHTENED...  
BUT WAS STOPPED COLD WHEN...

SORRY BUT  
I HAVE TO  
DO THIS!  
HE'S RIGHT!

KA-THUDD!



OH, MY  
GOD!

Aaaiiee-  
HH...HH...



OH, MICHAEL!  
IT WAS TERRIBLE!  
HE... HE...!

GOOD GOD!  
THE MADMAN!  
HE REALLY  
DID IT!

THE BLEEDING BODY WAS IMMEDIATELY  
GREETED BY THE WOLVES OF THE SEA...

NOW VE ARE THROUGH  
WITH YOUR  
ACCURSED EVIL!  
NOW VE HAFF  
NOTHING MORE  
TO FEAR!





YOU WON'T GET IN MY WAY THIS TIME, BUDDY!

WITHIN THE SPACE OF A HEARTBEAT, MICHAEL ROGERS SPRANG TO HIS FEET...



FILTHY MURDERER! EVEN A KILLER DOESN'T DESERVE TO DIE LIKE THAT! HE MAY HAVE BEEN INNOCENT!

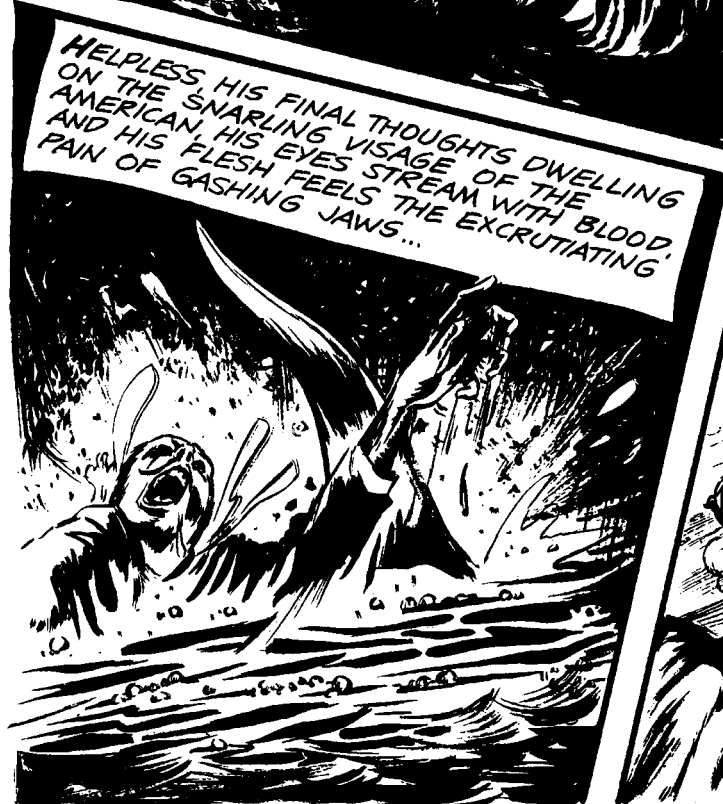
YOU ARE LIKE A MADDENED BEAST! HELP!



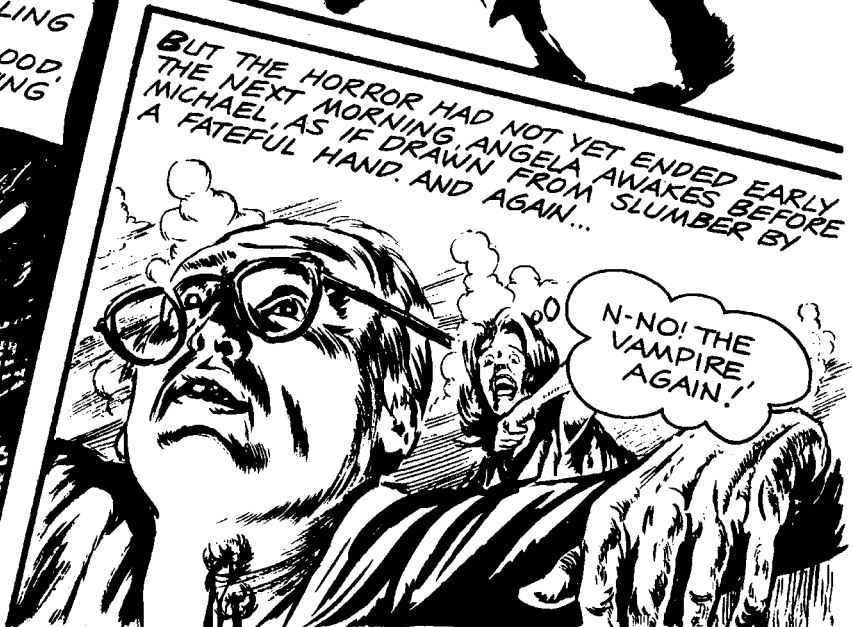
BUT YOU! YOU'RE WORSE THAN ANY SUPERSTITIOUS VAMPIRE LEGEND! AND DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE!

AND TAKING ALL HIS STRENGTH, BLENDING SHEER FORCE WITH UNDILUTED HATRED MICHAEL SWINGS...

NO, DON'T!



HELPLESS, HIS FINAL THOUGHTS DWELLING ON THE SNARLING VISAGE OF THE AMERICAN, HIS EYES STREAM WITH BLOOD, AND HIS FLESH FEELS THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN OF GASHING JAWS...



BUT THE HORROR HAD NOT YET ENDED EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, ANGELA AWAKES BEFORE MICHAEL, AS IF DRAWN FROM SLUMBER BY A FATEFUL HAND. AND AGAIN...

N-NO! THE VAMPIRE AGAIN!



GRIPPED BY A TERRIBLE REALIZATION, THE GIRL SILENTLY MOVES, EYES STREAMING COLD TEARS TOWARDS MICHAEL'S KNAPSACK.

CAREFUL NOT TO AWAKEN THE SLEEPING FORM, SHE KISSES HIM LIGHTLY, THEN AFTER UTTERING A SILENT PRAYER...

BUT IT HAS TO BE YOU, DEAR! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT AND I KNOW IT'S NOT ME!

OH, MICHAEL, DEAR! WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE YOU!

THE SUN IS DROWNING BENEATH THE HORIZON. AND AS ANGELA WALLER SITS ALONE, HER GNAWING CONSCIENCE HER ONLY COMPANY, HER THOUGHTS BEGIN TO RAMBLE... TO DRIFT TO ANCIENT LEGENDS SHE HAS HEARD AS A CHILD AND LEARNED TO FORGET...

VAMPIRES... THE UNDEAD... ABLE TO CHANGE FORM... TO A BAT... A MIST... A WOLF... SO WHY NOT...

HE SAID A STAKE OF WOOD... OR IRON. I CAN'T USE THE WOOD! BUT HIS KNIFE WITH IT'S IRON SHOULD BE QUICKER! I HOPE YOU DON'T FEEL THIS!

GOODBYE, MICHAEL! I LOVE YOU!

ANGELA DID NOT EVEN BLINK AS THE WOOD BENEATH HER CREAKED AND TWISTED AND TOOK ON A NEW AND UNHOLY SHAPE...

...A LIFE BOAT...

LOOKS LIKE POOR ANGELA IS IN FOR A STORMY RIDE... AND SHE'S SUCH A FRAGILE GIRL! TSK, TSK!

THE END



THIS IS ONE WAY TO COOL IT, GANG! UP HERE... IN BACKWOODS CANADA...WHERE PEOPLE STILL FEAR THE **LOUPE GAROU**...AND WHERE A GUN MAY BE LOADED WITH...

# TWO SILVER BULLETS!

MARIE DID NOT SEE THE LARGE, GRAY TIMBER WOLF BEFORE IT STRUCK...NOR DID SHE HEAR IT! IT JUST SEEMED TO APPEAR IN A FURIOUS BLUR OF HAIR AND CRIMSON EYES AND GLEAMING FANGS! BY THEN, IT WAS TOO LATE...

NO! FATHER! HELP ME!



SHE TRIED TO STRUGGLE...IT WAS USELESS! ALREADY THE WEIGHT OF THE SNARLING BRUTE HAD FORCED HER TO THE SNOW...

MARIA! MARIA!



PLEASE, FATHER!



I'M CLOSE ENOUGH TO GET AN ACCURATE SHOT! THERE! **DEAD CENTER!**

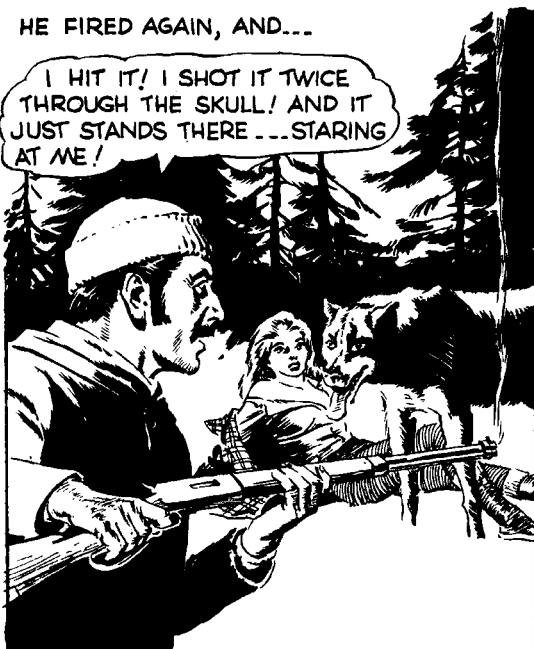
KACHYA!

R. CRANDALL.



HE FIRED AGAIN, AND...

I HIT IT! I SHOT IT TWICE THROUGH THE SKULL! AND IT JUST STANDS THERE... STARING AT ME!



IT'S RUNNING OFF! BUT THOSE EYES... THOSE RED EYES! LOOKED ALMOST HUMAN! BUT... MARIA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I... I THINK SO, FATHER!



THIS BLOOD SAYS YOU'RE NOT! THAT FILTHY BEAST! IT HURT YOU!

IT... DOESN'T HURT MUCH! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



HOME, MARIA! YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE! AND I CAN DRESS THOSE WOUNDS!



INSIDE THE WELCOMED CABIN, HE FELT THE BARREL OF THE STILL WARM RIFLE... INSPECTED IT...

I KNOW I HIT THAT BEAST! THERE'S NO DOUBT IN MY MIND, MARIA! AND THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE GUN!



AND I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FORGET THE WAY THAT WOLF JUST STARED AT ME... WHEN IT COULD HAVE ATTACKED!

I HAD THE SAME FEELING! WHEN IT ATTACKED ME...



...ITS EYES... EVEN BURNING LIKE THEY WERE... WERE STRANGELY HUMAN!

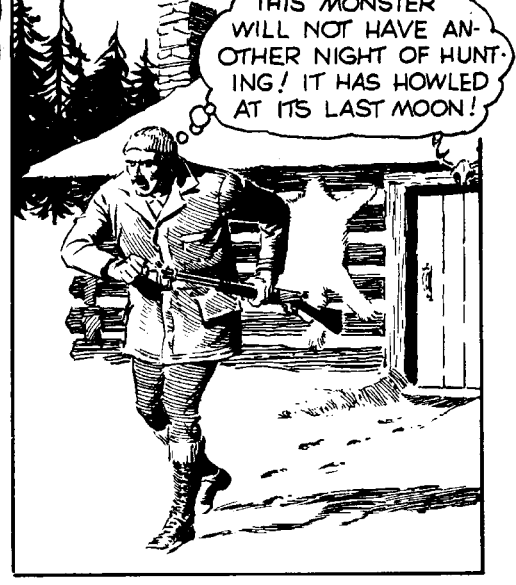


OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED! EVEN THE MOON SPEAKS THE TRUTH!

FATHER! WHAT...?

THE FULL MOON! THE WEREWOLF MOON! MY PREY IS...**LOUP-GAROU!** AND IT CANNOT BE KILLED BY MY BULLETS! CURSE IT! BUT IN THE MORNING, WHEN IT IS SAFE, WE SHALL SEE!

DAWN HAD BARELY ABSORBED THE NIGHT WHEN...



THIS MONSTER WILL NOT HAVE ANOTHER NIGHT OF HUNTING! IT HAS HOWLED AT ITS LAST MOON!

AND AS HE LEFT, MARIA DREAMED STRANGE YET PLEASING DREAMS...



THE PACK.... MY PACK....



FOLLOW ME, MY BROTHERS! RUN WITH THE MOONBEAMS!



...TO HIM! TO HIM! WE MUST HURRY!



I HAVE COME, MY LOVE! I AM YOURS!





WHY? WHAT'S GOING ON?  
WHY DO I SOMEHOW... WANT  
TO SEE THE WOLF... AGAIN?!  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH  
ME?!



AND I TELL YOU, FATHER!  
MY BULLETS COULD NOT  
KILL IT! IT IS THE MAN-  
BEAST! **LOUP GAROU!**

I... BELIEVE YOU!  
FOR A MAN IN MY PRO-  
FESSION FREQUENTLY EN-  
COUNTERS THE EARTHLY  
AGENTS OF THE UNHOLY  
ONE!



IF YOUR HEART IS  
PURE... AND YOUR  
AIM IS TRUE...  
THESE SHOULD DE-  
STROY THE LOUP-  
GAROU!

ANYTHING, FATHER!  
I'LL BE ETERNALLY  
GRATEFUL! WHAT  
ARE THEY?



SILVER BULLETS! TWO OF  
THEM! THEY SHOULD DESTROY  
THIS DEMON, ENDING MORE  
OF SATAN'S POWER!



THEN... TONIGHT, WHEN THE  
FULL MOON RISES AGAIN...  
I'LL HAVE THE MONSTER!

GOD BE  
WITH YOU!



MAY GOD **INDEED** BE  
WITH ME! NOW MORE  
THAN EVER!



THE MOON!  
**HIS MOON!** THE  
DAYLIGHT IS SO LONG!

THE DAYLIGHT LINGERED FOR SEEMINGLY AN ETERNITY... WHILE HIS HUMAN HATRED MOUNTED. AGAIN AND AGAIN HE CHECKED HIS RIFLE FOR THE POTENT CARTRIDGES IN FUTILE ATTEMPTS TO BREAK THE MONOTONY...



GOOD! AND THE MOON HAS ALREADY STARTED RISING! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!



THAT CRY! IT IS HIS CRY! YES! I WILL! YES!



I MUST HURRY! ALREADY I MAY BE TOO LATE!



THE WOLF! IT'S OUT THERE, MARIA! LISTEN TO IT HOWL! I'M GOING N-... MARIA? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? ANSWER ME!



MARIA! SHE'S...GONE!



WOLF TRACKS! MY GOD! THE MONSTER HAS HER!



I'LL GET YOU, THIS TIME! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!



TRACKING THE BEAST'S PAW PRINTS WAS NO DIFFICULT MATTER... BUT AS HE REACHED THE ORIGIN OF THOSE SOUL-TURNING HOWLS...



GOOD LORD! THERE ARE...TWO OF THEM!

WELL, I HAVE TWO SILVER BULLETS! ONE FOR EACH OF THEM!



I MUST GET A GOOD SIGHT! HMM... I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE WAITING FOR! WHY DON'T THEY ATTACK?



THOSE EYES! SO... HUMAN!

THEN HE AIMED AT THE WHITE WOLF... AND AS HIS FINGER MOVED, A SUDDEN RECOGNITION IN THE CREATURE'S EYES SCREAMED FOR HIM TO STOP...



MARIA! NO, WHAT HAVE I DONE!?

THE WHITE WOLF MADE A FINAL YELP OF PAIN... THEN FELL A FAMILIAR FORM IN THE EVENING SNOW.



MARIA!

WELL, THAT FRENCH-CANADIAN WOULD STILL HAVE HIS DAUGHTER IF HE COULDA MANAGED TO KEEP HIS TRAP SHUT! AND HE STILL OWES THE GOOD PADRE' FOR THOSE SILVER BULLETS! THEY DON'T COME CHEAP! I KNOW AN INDIAN WHO'LL TELL YOU THAT!



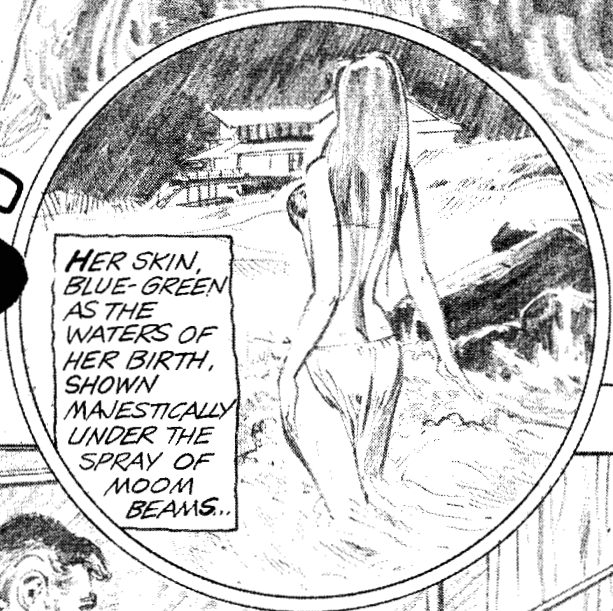
THE END



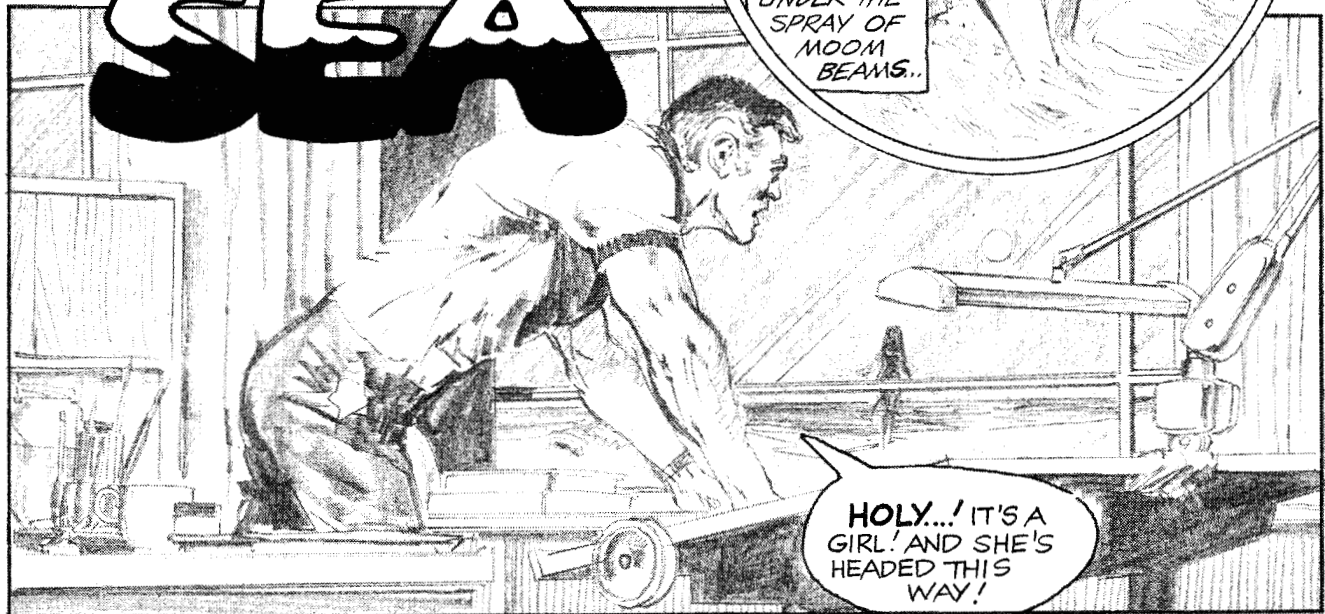


KIDS COMPLAIN  
A LOT THESE  
DAY ABOUT THERE  
NOT BEING  
ENOUGH IN-SPOTS  
TO MEET KIDS OF  
THE OPPOSITE SEX! WELL,  
PUT ON YOUR SHADES AND  
COME DOWN TO THE BEACH FOR  
A MOON-TAN! BUT I CAN'T PROMISE  
YOU JUST *WHAT KIND* OF FOLKS YOU'LL  
MEET! FOR INSTANCE, LIKE THE

# GAMERS FROM THE SEA



HER SKIN,  
BLUE-GREEN  
AS THE  
WATERS OF  
HER BIRTH,  
SHOWN  
MAJESTICALLY  
UNDER THE  
SPRAY OF  
MOON  
BEAMS..



HOLY...! IT'S A  
GIRL! AND SHE'S  
HEADED THIS  
WAY!



WHEN A MAN SEES SUCH A VISION, THE WORD 'WAIT' DOES NOT EXIST.. HE WAS DASHING OUT INTO THE SAND...



YOUR SKIN, ALMOST GREEN... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE LIKE YOU! WHO ARE YOU, AND WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

I COME FROM OUT THERE... BUT PLEASE! I HAVE LITTLE TIME! TAKE ME INTO YOUR HOME

ASSURING THE STRANGE BEAUTY THAT THE LOCK WAS SECURE, HE TURNED HIS GAZE TO HER TEMPTUIOUS STARE...

NOW, HONEY... LET'S SIT DOWN! AND YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON! HOLD IT, YOU MUST BE FREEZING, YOU JUST CAME OUT OF THE WATER!

NO! I AM... USED TO THE COLD! MY... MY NAME IS LALORA...



UHH... YOU DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO REFUSE, DID YOU?

THEN WE MUST HURRY! WHEN WE GET INSIDE PLEASE LOCK THE DOOR AND PRAY WE WILL BE SAFE.



AND I'M JIM... JIM JUDSON! BUT YOUR... SKIN?

...I AM NOT LIKE YOU! I AM FROM BELOW THE SEA... FROM THE UNDER-WATER REALM YOU KNOW AS... ATLANTIS!



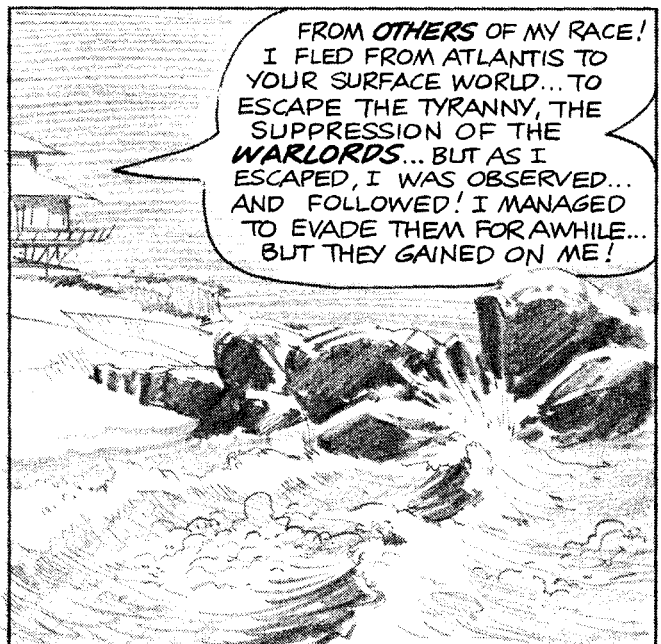
ATLANTIS!?!... I... I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE... BUT YOUR HAIR... YOUR SKIN...





THERE IS NO TIME TO PROVE MY ORIGIN! MY APPEARANCE SHOULD BE ENOUGH! WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT YOU MUST HIDE ME!

HIDE YOU? A BEAUTIFUL CHICK LIKE YOU? FROM WHAT?



FROM *OTHERS* OF MY RACE! I FLED FROM ATLANTIS TO YOUR SURFACE WORLD... TO ESCAPE THE TYRANNY, THE SUPPRESSION OF THE *WARLORDS*... BUT AS I ESCAPED, I WAS OBSERVED... AND FOLLOWED! I MANAGED TO EVADE THEM FOR AWHILE... BUT THEY GAINED ON ME!



THERE ARE SEVEN PURSUING ME... ENOUGH TO PLUCK ME FROM THIS MASSIVE SURFACE WORLD.. AND PREVENT MY REVEALLING TO THE LAND DWELLERS THE SECRETS AND HORRORS OF ATLANTIS!



PLEASE TAKE ME FAR AWAY FROM HERE, QUICKLY!

YOUR STORY IS PRETTY HARD TO TAKE! BUT... OKAY! I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE CITY WHERE THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOU!



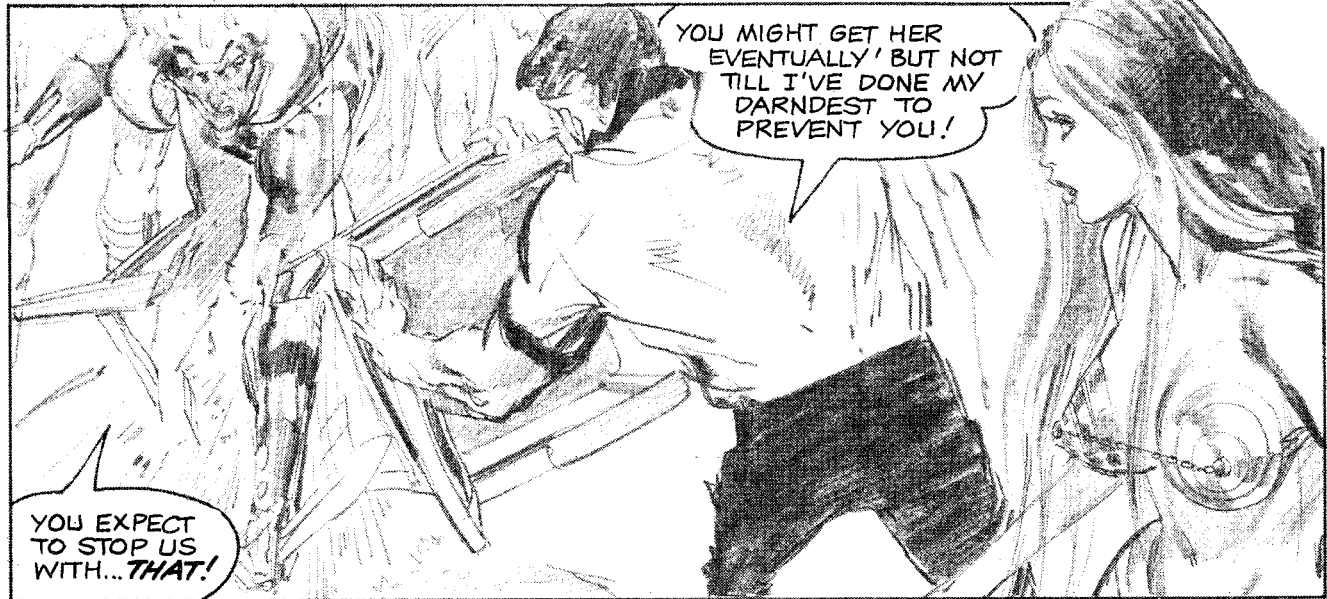


*BUT THE LIPS OF THE SURFACE MAN SURPRISED HER PROTESTS...AND SHE MELTED...*

*SUDDENLY, OBSCENELY SHATTERING THE MOMENT OF LOVE BETWEEN THE INHABITANTS OF TWO WORLDS...*



*IT WAS INSTINCT...AND LOVE...RATHER THAN LOGIC THAT GUIDED JIM'S HANDS...*



YOU MIGHT GET HER EVENTUALLY' BUT NOT TILL I'VE DONE MY DARNEDEST TO PREVENT YOU!

YOU EXPECT TO STOP US WITH...**THAT!**

*THE THOUGHT OF LALORA'S DANGER RACED THROUGH JIM'S MIND...SEETHING RAGE COURSED THROUGH HIS VEINS...*



CHEW ON THAT FOR AWHILE!

*SEIZING UPON THE DISTURBANCE, JIM'S POWERFUL HAND YANKED AWAY THE FALLEN WARLORD'S WEAPON...*

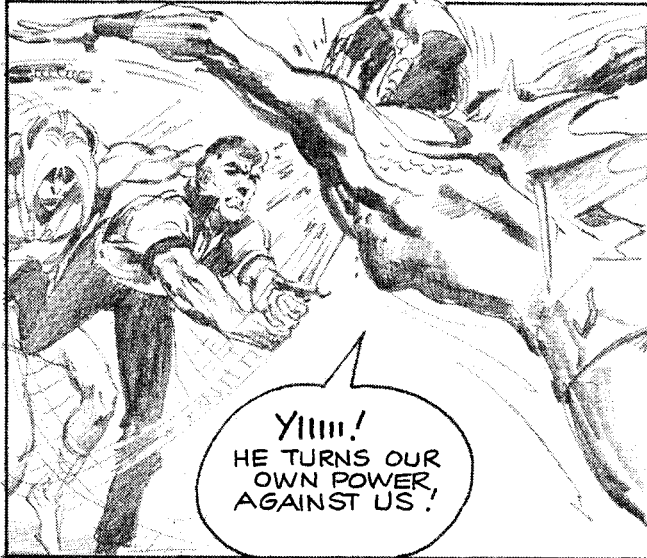


HE IS ONLY ONE! ATTACK THE TERRAN!

ZUK



ONCE THE THRILL OF BATTLE ANIMATED JIM JUDSON HE FOUGHT LIKE A DEMON POSSESSED...



YIIIIII!  
HE TURNS OUR  
OWN POWER  
AGAINST US!



HE HAS SLAIN  
NAMLOOC! HE  
FIGHTS WITH THE  
SPIRIT OF A DEVLFISH!

EVEN AS THE BLOOD OF THE  
ATLANTEANS BURNED HIS  
NOSTRILS WITH IT'S STENCH.



QUICKLY! WHILE HE  
BATTLES... NAMGIB  
AND NAMELTIL TAKE  
THE FUGITIVE!



LALORA'S SCREAMS INCITED HIM TO  
NEW FURY, JIM JUDSON LUNGED  
AGAIN AND AGAIN...

LALORA!  
NO!

ARRGH!

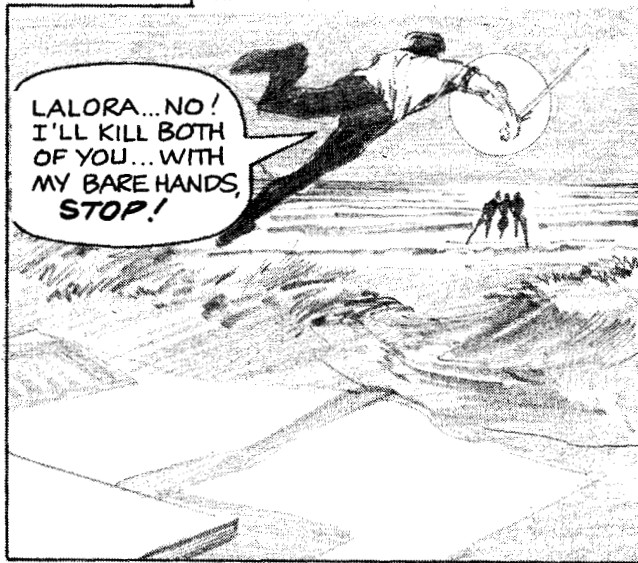


AND IN HIS NEXT BREATH...

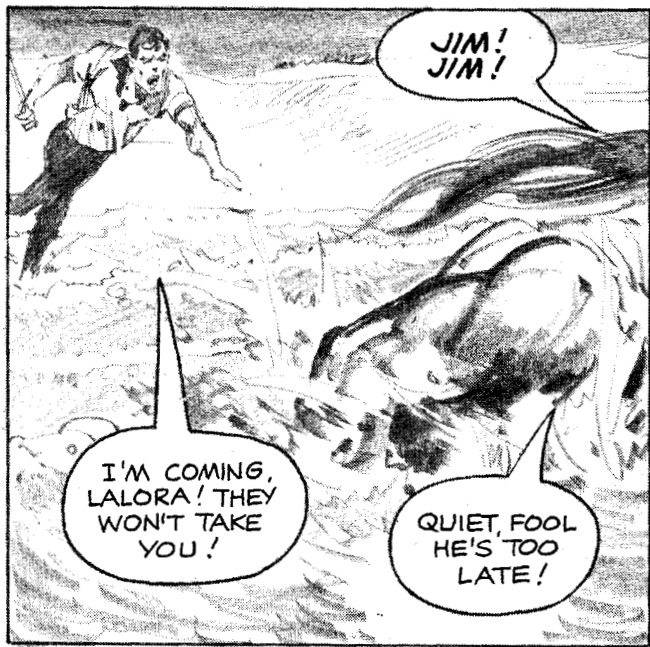
IT'S  
DONE!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE BEAUTY SCREAMED, AS MIGHTY HANDS DRAGGED HER TOWARD THE SEA...



LALORA... NO!  
I'LL KILL BOTH  
OF YOU... WITH  
MY BARE HANDS,  
STOP!



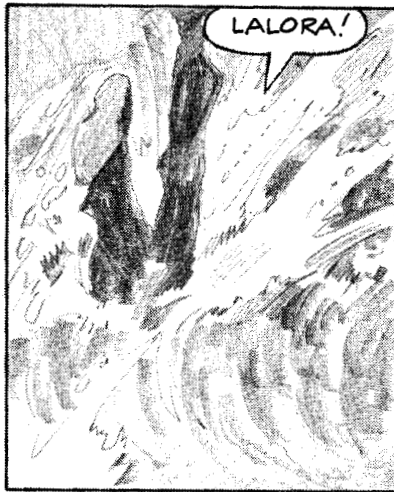
JIM!  
JIM!

I'M COMING,  
LALORA! THEY  
WON'T TAKE  
YOU!

QUIET, FOOL  
HE'S TOO  
LATE!

THE THREE ALLANTEANS  
VANISHED BELOW THE  
SURFACE AND WITH PASION-  
ED ABANDON JIM HEAVED  
HIMSELF AFTER THEM...

WITH BURSTING LUNGS, JIM  
PURSUED, AWARE THAT HIS  
QUEST COULD ONLY LEAD TO  
DEATH...



LALORA!



CAN'T HOLD... BREATH  
... LONGER! BUT CAN'T  
GO BACK... WITHOUT  
... HER!

AS THE WATER FLOODED HIS BODY, BLOATING HIM, THE IMAGE OF HIS GODDESS BROUGHT HIM TO GRIM REALITY... ONE BRIEF MOMENT OF SANITY BURST THROUGH BEFORE BLACKNESS CLAIMED JIM'S LIFE.

JIM JUDSON BLEW IT, DIDN'T HE? HE SHOULD HAVE REALIZED FROM THE START THE TALE OF ATLANTIS WOULD BE HARD TO SWALLOW!



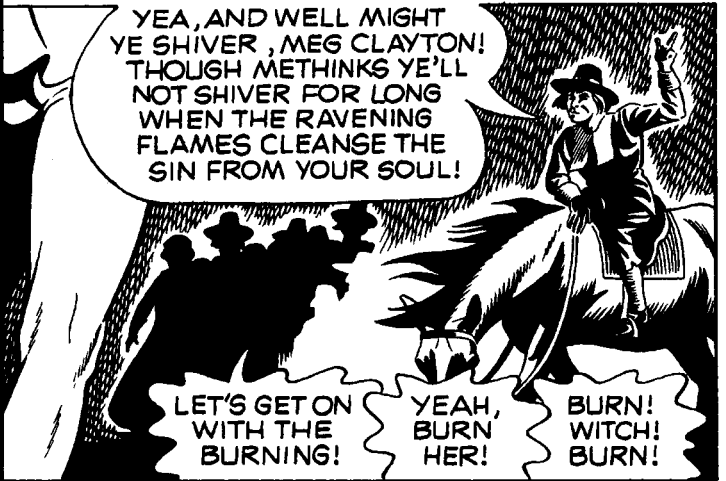
... SURFACE MEN  
ARE WEAK AND  
EASY TO FOOL!  
IT WAS WORTH  
THE LOSS OF  
SOME OF MY  
SUBJECTS TO  
LEARN THIS!



THE  
END



**SQUIRE PILKINGTON FELT PROUD THAT HE HAD BROUGHT THIS SINFUL CREATURE TO JUSTICE...**



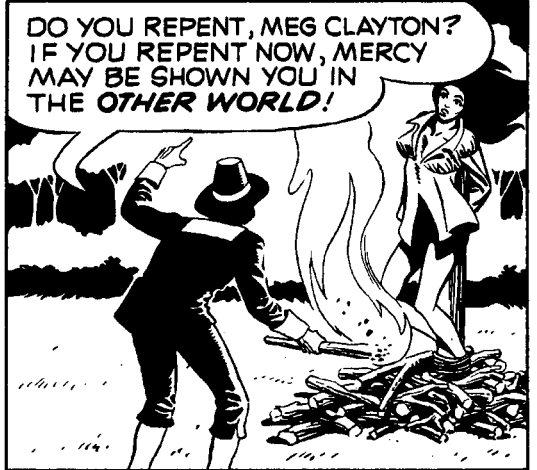
**YEA, AND WELL MIGHT YE SHIVER, MEG CLAYTON! THOUGH METHINKS YE'LL NOT SHIVER FOR LONG WHEN THE RAVENING FLAMES CLEANSE THE SIN FROM YOUR SOUL!**

**LET'S GET ON WITH THE BURNING!**

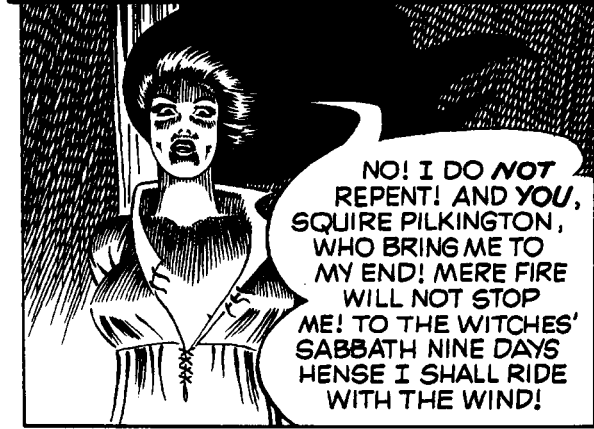
**YEAH, BURN HER!**

**BURN! WITCH! BURN!**

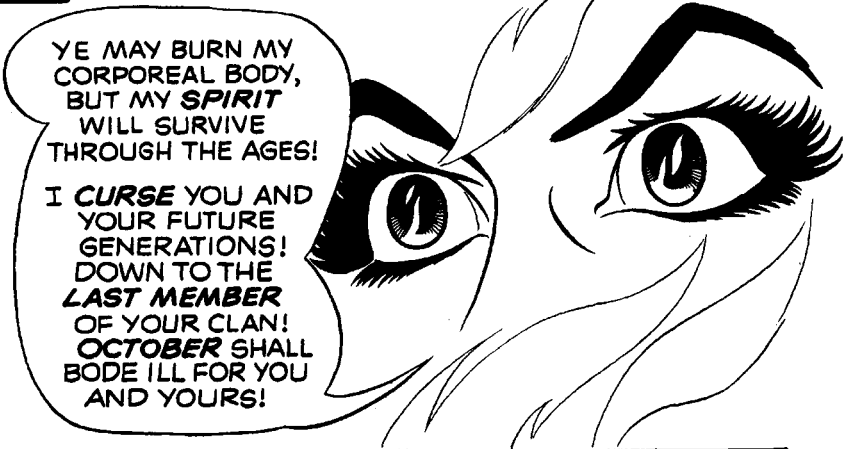
**A BREATHLESS HUSH FELL UPON THE CROWD, AS THE SQUIRE HIMSELF DISMOUNTED AND STRODE BOLDLY ACROSS THE SQUARE...**



**DO YOU REPENT, MEG CLAYTON? IF YOU REPENT NOW, MERCY MAY BE SHOWN YOU IN THE OTHER WORLD!**



**NO! I DO NOT REPENT! AND YOU, SQUIRE PILKINGTON, WHO BRING ME TO MY END! MERE FIRE WILL NOT STOP ME! TO THE WITCHES' SABBATH NINE DAYS HENSE I SHALL RIDE WITH THE WIND!**



**YE MAY BURN MY CORPOREAL BODY, BUT MY SPIRIT WILL SURVIVE THROUGH THE AGES!**

**I CURSE YOU AND YOUR FUTURE GENERATIONS! DOWN TO THE LAST MEMBER OF YOUR CLAN! OCTOBER SHALL BODE ILL FOR YOU AND YOURS!**



**BY THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS! AEEEEEE!**



**NINE DAYS LATER—ON ALL HALLOW'S EVE—SQUIRE PILKINGTON DIED OF A FATAL KICK FROM HIS FAT BAY MARE...**

**IT TOOK A LONG WHILE TO BURN MEG CLAYTON, BUT AT LAST NOTHING REMAINED BUT A FEW CHARRED PIECES OF FLESH AND ASHES.**

**... A SINGULAR OCCURENCE, SINCE HIS HORSE WAS KNOWN TO BE EXTREMELY GENTLE.**



MEET MISS HORTENSE PILKINGTON! MISS ESTABLISHMENT! MISS STRAIGHT! MISS SQUARE! AND MISS-TAKE!

SHE'S ON HER WAY TO WORK! AND SHE'S AFRAID... 'CAUSE SHE KNOWS TONIGHT'S REALLY GONNA TURN OUT TO BE A REAL BUMMER!



# LAST ACT: OCTOBER!

AS MISS HORTENSE PILKINGTON STRAIGHTLY WALKED DOWN THE MOONLIT STREET, SHE RUED THE TELEPHONE CALL THAT INFORMED HER THAT SHE WOULD HAVE TO WALK TO HER BABYSITTING JOB... ALONE... ESPECIALLY ON THIS, OF ALL NIGHTS... THE LAST NIGHT OF DREADED OCTOBER! SUDDENLY, FROM THE SHADOWS...



AS SHE WALKED TOWARD HER DESTINATION, THE DREADED WORDS WRITTEN IN THE ANCIENT FAMILY BIBLE ECHOED THROUGH HER BRAIN...



"I CURSE YOU AND YOUR FUTURE GENERATIONS! DOWN TO THE LAST MEMBER OF YOUR CLAN! OCTOBER..."

AND INDEED IT SEEMED THAT THE CURSE WAS TAKING EFFECT... GREAT UNCLE JONATHAN HAD FALLEN DOWN THE STAIRS...



... AND HER OLDER SISTER AGATHA ...

... AND VAIN, SILLY AUNT MATILDA, WHO BOUGHT A SPECIAL KIND OF MASCARA AND ...

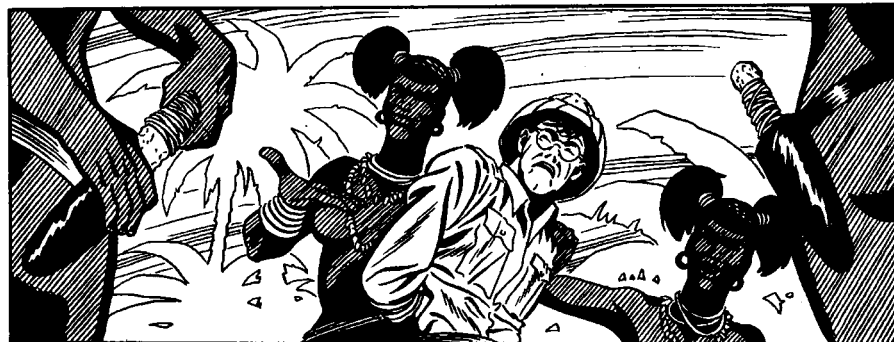


... AND HER GRANDFATHER, KILLED BY AN EXPLODING WATER HEATER ...

... AND PRETTY, TEENAGE COUSIN SUE, WHO FELL ASLEEP BEFORE REMEMBERING TO SHUT OFF HER CAR'S IGNITION ...



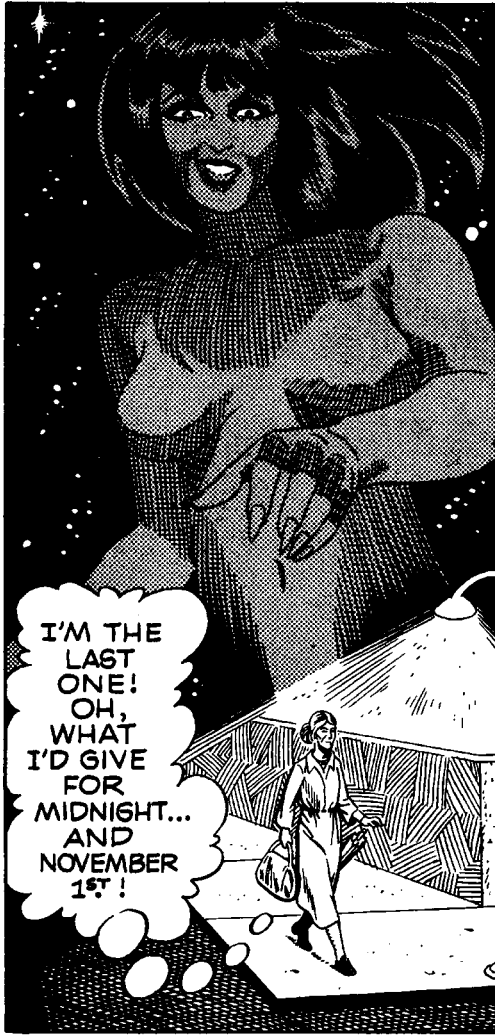
AND HER OWN FATHER, A MISSIONARY, WHO HAD BEEN KILLED AND CONSUMED BY A TRIBE OF CANNIBAL AMAZONS...



... HER MOTHER DIED OF SHOCK SEVERAL DAYS LATER ...



... AND THERE WERE OTHERS,  
ALL DEAD BECAUSE OF EVENTS  
IN... OCTOBER!



I'M THE  
LAST  
ONE!  
OH,  
WHAT  
I'D GIVE  
FOR  
MIDNIGHT...  
AND  
NOVEMBER  
15<sup>TH</sup>!



WELL, NOTHING  
MUCH CAN HAPPEN  
BABYSITTING  
BETWEEN EIGHT  
O'CLOCK AND...

W-WHAT!?

SKARREEEETCH!



WHY DON'T YOU LOOK  
WHERE YER GOIN', LADY!  
YOU OKEY?

YES, I'M ALL RIGHT! AND  
I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP,  
THANK YOU!

BREATHLESS, SHE ARRIVED AT THE HOUSE, ONLY  
ONE MINUTE BEFORE EIGHT...



ALREADY TWO  
NARROW ESCAPES!  
BUT I'M SAFE  
N--

THE DOOR SWUNG  
OPEN AND...



YIIIIII!  
SATAN  
HIMSELF!



COME, COME NOW, MISS  
PILKINGTON! I DON'T  
LOOK *THAT* REALISTIC!

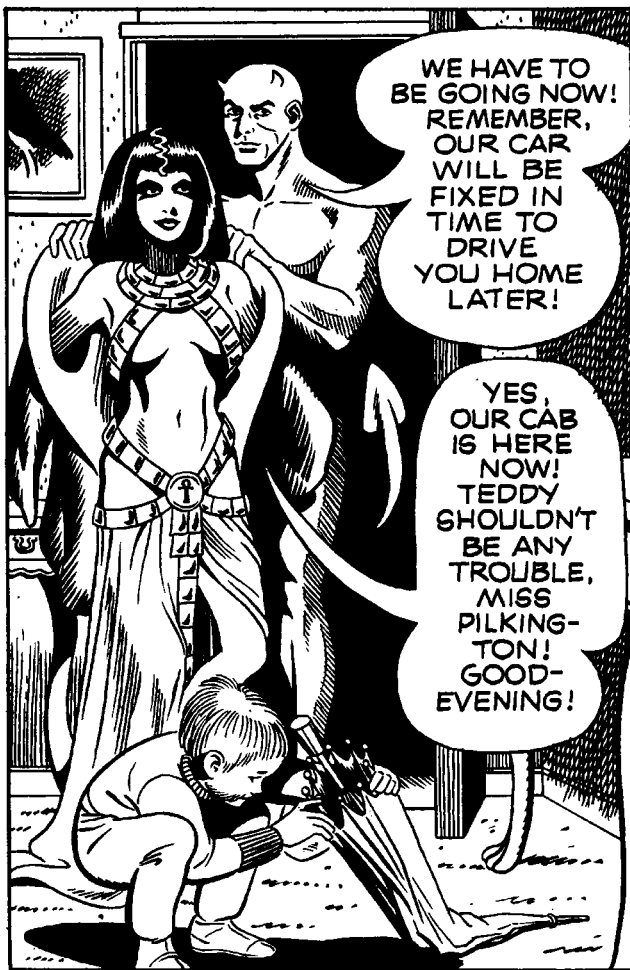
OH, I'M SORRY  
BUT YOU LOOKED  
LIKE THE DEV...  
I MEAN, I DIDN'T  
RECOGNIZE YOU  
AT FIRST!



I'M SORRY I FRIGHTENED YOU! I  
HAD TO ANSWER THE DOOR MY-  
SELF! IT'S THE BUTLER AND  
MAID'S NIGHT OFF!

AND WE'RE GOING TO A HALLO-  
WEEN COSTUME PARTY! SAY,  
YOU LOOK NERVOUS! MAY I  
GET YOU SOMETHING TO DRINK?

NO THANK YOU! I DON'T GO  
IN FOR *THAT* SORT OF THING!



WE HAVE TO BE GOING NOW! REMEMBER, OUR CAR WILL BE FIXED IN TIME TO DRIVE YOU HOME LATER!

YES, OUR CAB IS HERE NOW! TEDDY SHOULDN'T BE ANY TROUBLE, MISS PILKINGTON! GOOD-EVENING!

THE SLAM OF THE FRONT DOOR ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE...

HOW LITTERLY PAGAN! HALLOWEEN! I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY REALIZE THEY ARE PERPETUATING THE EVIL TRADITIONS OF THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATES! WICKED!

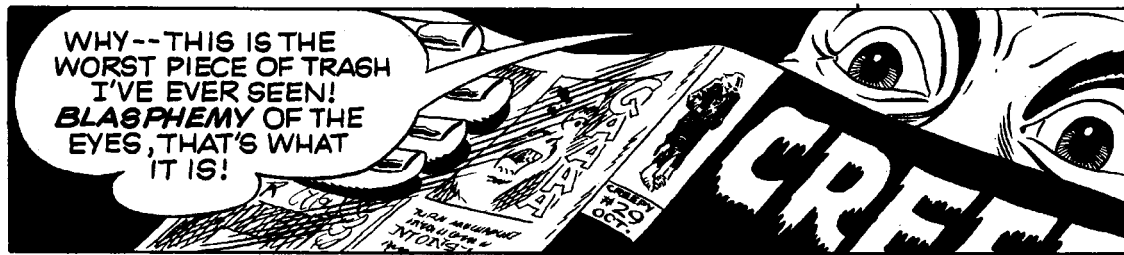


MISS PILKINGTON PROCEEDED TO LOCK ALL THE WINDOWS AND DOORS. TEDDY FOLLOWED HER ABOUT, AND WHEN SHE FINALLY SETTLED...



READ ME A STORY PLEASE!

LET ME SEE THAT!



WHY-- THIS IS THE WORST PIECE OF TRASH I'VE EVER SEEN! **BLASPHEMY OF THE EYES**, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

HOW COULD THE PARENTS FILL THEIR CHILD'S MIND WITH SUCH **GARBAGE**... ESPECIALLY AT BEDTIME!... SHE THOUGHT.



I HAVE SOMETHING MUCH NICER HERE TO READ TO YOU!

I DON'T WANNA HEAR **THOSE** STORIES!



OH, DON'T OPEN IT IN HERE! NOT--T-TONIGHT!

WHY NOT? I WON'T HURT IT! IT'S BUSTED, ANYWAY!



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE ANGEL, ... AND, OH, YOU'RE ASLEEP?

WELL, IT'S BEDTIME ANYWAY!





*IMMEDIATELY SHE REPLACED THE RECEIVER AND PICKED UP THE SLEEPY CHILD...*



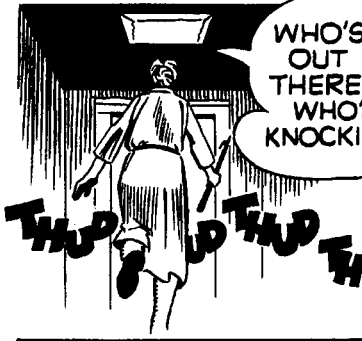
*SHE SUPERVISED HIS PRAYERS, PUT HIM TO BED, AND TURNED OUT HIS LIGHT...*



*THEN SHE SETTLED DOWN COMFORTABLY AND EXTRACTED FROM HER ENORMOUS HANDBAG...*



ARMED WITH A POKER FROM THE FIREPLACE, SHE TIMIDLY TIPTOED TO THE DOOR...



WHO'S OUT THERE? WHO'S KNOCKING?

THE STORM RAGED SUDDENLY AND FURIOUSLY AS MISS PILKINGTON OPENED THE DOOR... AND THE SPIRIT OF MEG CLAYTON WATCHED AND WAITED...



WHO'S OUT THERE, I SAY! ...

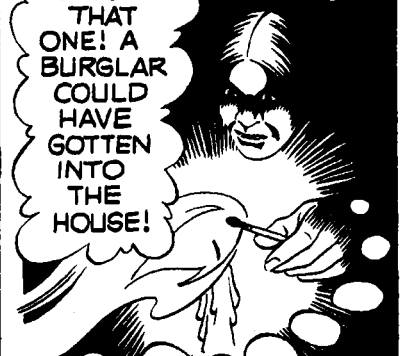
PLEASE ANSWER ME!

SHE SLAMMED THE DOOR... SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, LEAVING HORTENSE PILKINGTON ENVELOPED IN GLOOMY DARKNESS...



OHH... IS IT MY IMAGINATION? OR IS THERE SOME THING LURKING IN THE SHADOWS FOR ME?

THE CELLAR DOOR! I FORGOT TO LOCK THAT ONE! A BURGLAR COULD HAVE GOTTEN INTO THE HOUSE!



THERE IT IS AGAIN! I SHOULDN'T ANSWER IT... BUT IF I DON'T ...



H-HELLO...? YES... THE LINEMAN? ELECTRICITY AND THE PHONES HAVE BEEN OUT DUE TO THE STORM? THANK YOU!



THE LIGHTS ARE BACK ON! OH, DEAR GOD! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! GIVE ME FROM THE WITCH'S CURSE!



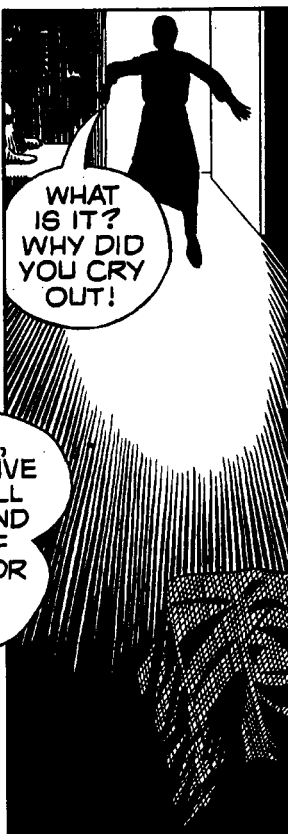
**SUDDENLY, THE VOICE OF YOUNG TEDDY SOUNDED THROUGH THE HOUSE...**

**THINKING EVERY OBJECT IN THE HOUSE TO BE AN AGENT OF HER DESTRUCTION, SHE CAREFULLY ASCENDED THE STAIRS...**

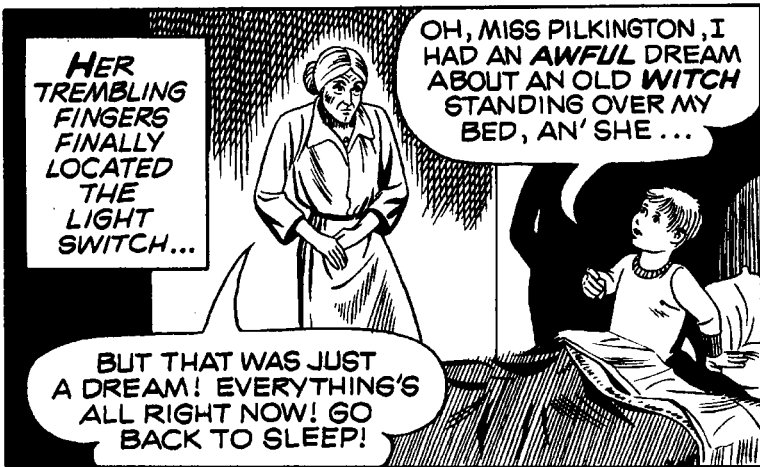


OH, MISS PILKINGTON! MISS PILKINGTON! PLEASE COME UP!

JUST NOW, WITH ONLY FIVE MINUTES 'TILL MIDNIGHT... AND THE END OF THE CURSE FOR ANOTHER YEAR!



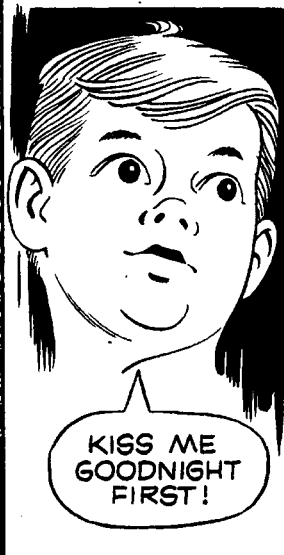
WHAT IS IT? WHY DID YOU CRY OUT!



HER TREMBLING FINGERS FINALLY LOCATED THE LIGHT SWITCH...

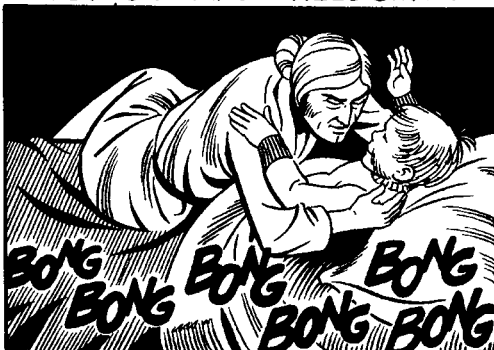
OH, MISS PILKINGTON, I HAD AN AWFUL DREAM ABOUT AN OLD WITCH STANDING OVER MY BED, AN' SHE ...

BUT THAT WAS JUST A DREAM! EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW! GO BACK TO SLEEP!



KISS ME GOODNIGHT FIRST!

MISS PILKINGTON HAD A VIOLENT DISTASTE OF ANY PHYSICAL CONTACT... BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THE ANGELIC CHILD DREW HER CLOSE. THE BIG CLOCK DOWNSTAIRS ALREADY BEGAN TOLLING THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT AND FREEDOM...



BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG

**SUDDENLY, THE CHUBBY ARMS BECAME WIRY AND MUSCULAR... THE FINGERS LONG, WITH TALONS... SHE TRIED TO BREAK THE EMBRACE... COULD NOT!**

**TEDDY'S EYES WERE NOW RED DEMON ORBS BORING INTO HER OWN! THEN...**



NO! NOT NOW! NOT LIKE THIS!

BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG



ARRRRRGHHIIEEEEEE

BONG!

... AND MISS PILKINGTON SANK INTO OBLIVION!

IT WAS HARD TO TELL WHICH WITCH WAS WHICH IN THAT ONE, HUH! ONE THING'S FOR SURE! IT'S NOT TOO OFTEN A PERFORMER AS YOUNG AS TEDDY GETS A ROLE HE CAN REALLY SINK HIS TEETH INTO!



THAT'S ALL FOR THIS ONE, GANG!

MR

**PROLOGUE:** KENNE BARCROFT HAD A WAY WITH WOMEN...AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE SAID, INCLUDING KENNE...A NIGHT RARELY WENT BY THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE A DATE WITH SOME LUSCIOUS GIRL ...



WOMEN SEEMED TO MELT UNDER HIS CHARM ...HE WAS THE SLICKEST AROUND...AND HE ATTRACTED THE OPPOSITE SEX LIKE FLIES TO HONEY...





CALLING ALL SPACE FIENDS! IT'S TIME FOR BOMB GORE-BAT, SPACE CADET! GRAB YOUR ZAPGUNS AND HAVE A BLAST, 'CAUSE HERE COME THOSE CHICKS YOU'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR... THOSE

# "SPACED-OUT GIRLS!"

KENNE BARCROFT'S EYES LOCK UPON THE SILVERY DISC...THE STRANGE CRAFT MAKES NOT THE SLIGHTEST HUM, AS IT FLASHES OUT OF THE NIGHT SKY... AND STARTS TO DESCEND...

I'VE GOTTA BE CRACKING UP!  
THAT'S REAL! JUST LIKE THE ONES  
I'VE READ ABOUT. IF MY FACE  
DIDN'T HURT FROM THAT SLAP,  
I'D SAY I WAS DREAMIN'!!

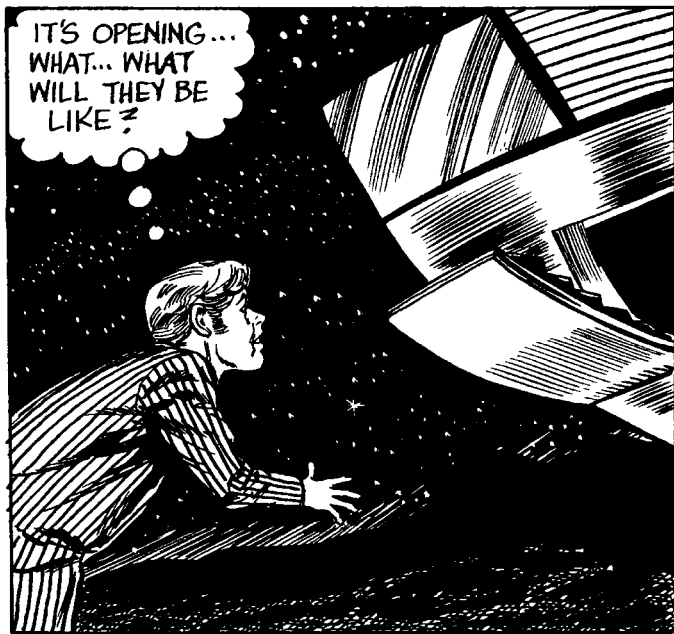


IT'S  
LANDING!

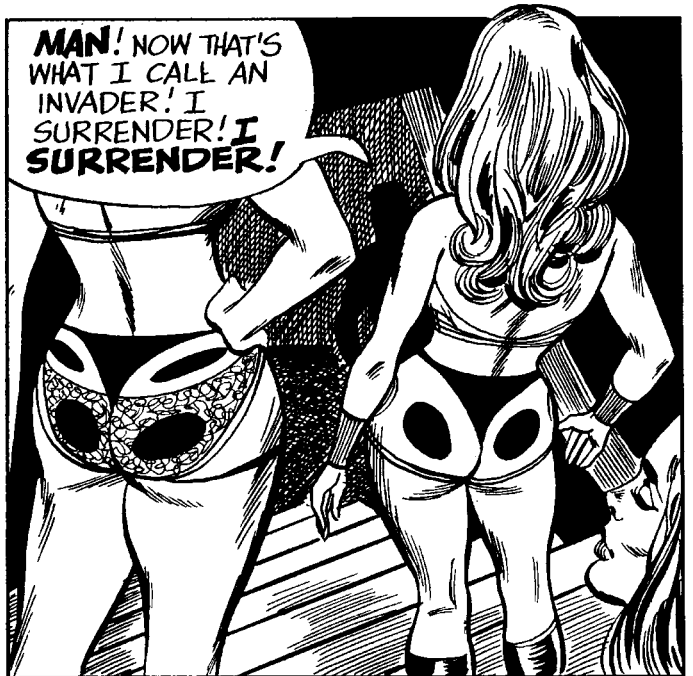


MIGHT AS WELL BE BRAVE ABOUT THIS, IF  
THEY'RE SOME KIND OF SUPER INVADERS, THEY'LL  
GET ME SOONER OR LATER ANYWAY!





IT'S OPENING...  
WHAT... WHAT  
WILL THEY BE  
LIKE?

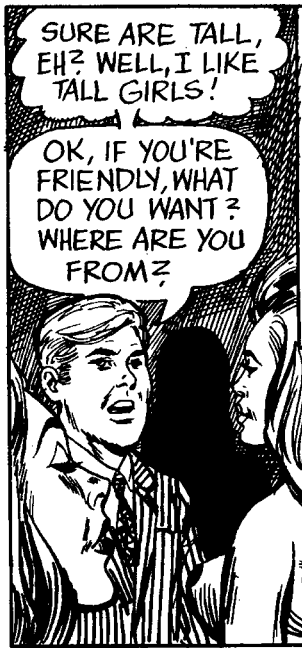


MAN! NOW THAT'S  
WHAT I CALL AN  
INVADER! I  
SURRENDER! I  
SURRENDER!

THERE IS NO NEED FOR SURRENDER EARTHMAN! -  
WE COME IN PEACE! - WE ONLY WISH TO SPEAK  
WITH YOU! - COME OUT GIRLS!



MORE OF THEM! AND EACH ONE A KNOCK-  
OUT! WOW! WOULD I LIKE TO HAVE AN  
HOUR ALONE WITH EVERYONE OF THESE  
AMAZONS!



SURE ARE TALL,  
EH? WELL, I LIKE  
TALL GIRLS!

OK, IF YOU'RE  
FRIENDLY, WHAT  
DO YOU WANT?  
WHERE ARE YOU  
FROM?

WE ARE FROM A  
DISTANT SOLAR  
SYSTEM! - OUR  
SHIP IS CAPABLE  
OF HYPERWARP  
DRIVE! - THUS WE  
SPANNED SUCH A  
TREMENDOUS  
DISTANCE IN A  
SHORT SPACE  
TIME!

AND WE ARE  
HERE ON A  
MISSION MOST  
VITAL! - ONE  
THAT INVOLVES  
SOMEONE  
LIKENED TO  
YOU!



LIKE ME? WELL, THAT MAKES  
EVERYTHING EVEN MORE IN-  
TERESTING! ALL RIGHT! I'M  
LISTENING! TELL ME HOW I  
CAN FIT IN!



OUR-PLANETS-RACE-  
IS-ALMOST-EXTINCT!-  
MAN-IS-EXTINCT!-AND-  
WITHOUT-MAN-THE-RACE-  
IS-DOOMED!

OH, I GET IT! AND  
YOU NEED A MAN ...  
TO RETURN TO YOUR  
WORLD! TO KEEP  
YOUR PEOPLE FROM  
DYING OUT!

THAT  
IS  
CORRECT!



WELL, YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO LOOK ANY  
FURTHER! HERE'S  
YOUR BOY! A PER-  
FECT SPECIMAN OF  
MANHOOD!

THE-EARTH-  
MAN-SPEAKS-  
WISELY!

YES!-WHAT-  
DO-YOU-OTHERS-  
SAY??-DO-  
ANY-OF-YOU-  
DISAPPROVE?-  
WE-NEED-A-  
UNANIMOUS-  
DECISION-  
YOU-KNOW!



THERE-ARE-NO-OBJECTIONS-  
YOU-SHALL-ACCOMPANY-US-TO-  
OUR-SOLAR-SYSTEM!!-THERE-  
YOU-SHALL-TAKE-YOUR-MOST-  
NOBLE-POSITION-AS-KING!



**KING!?**

OF COURSE...I'LL  
BE THE ONLY MAN  
ON THE WHOLE  
PLANET! WHAT A  
DREAM COME  
TRUE!

I'M READY!  
WHENEVER  
YOU SAY!!



*KENNE ENTERS THE SHIP...IN HIS MIND  
IS THE SPARK OF AMBITION...ALL HIS  
DAYDREAMS OF POWER ARE FINALLY  
REACHING THE REALIZATION THEY  
DESERVE...*

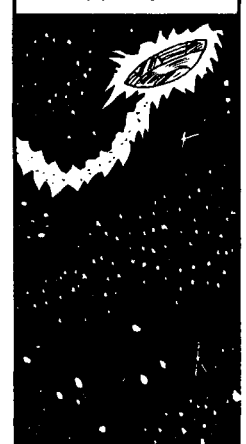
TO THINK...THEY'RE ACTUALLY LETTING  
ME ENTER FIRST! LIKE I'M THE MASTER  
...I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS!  
YES,SIR! LIKE IT VERY MUCH!

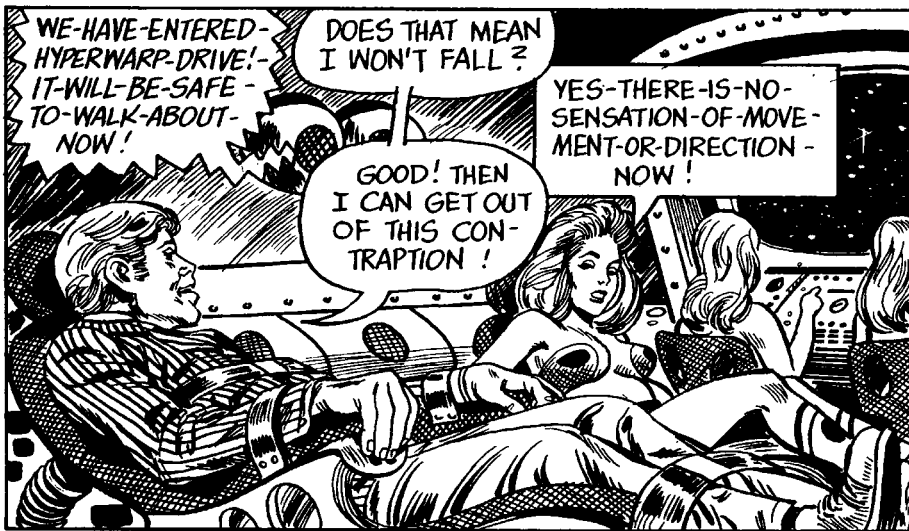


*THERE IS A BLUR OF SILENT VIBRATION  
...THE WAVERING DISC ASCENDS...  
HOVERS...*



*...THEN...  
DEPARTS  
WITHOUT  
NOTICE INTO  
THE BLACK  
SKY ABOVE.*





WE-HAVE-ENTERED-HYPERWARP-DRIVE!-IT-WILL-BE-SAFE-TO-WALK-ABOUT-NOW!

DOES THAT MEAN I WON'T FALL?

YES-THERE-IS-NO-SENSATION-OF-MOVEMENT-OR-DIRECTION-NOW!

GOOD! THEN I CAN GET OUT OF THIS CONTRAPTION!



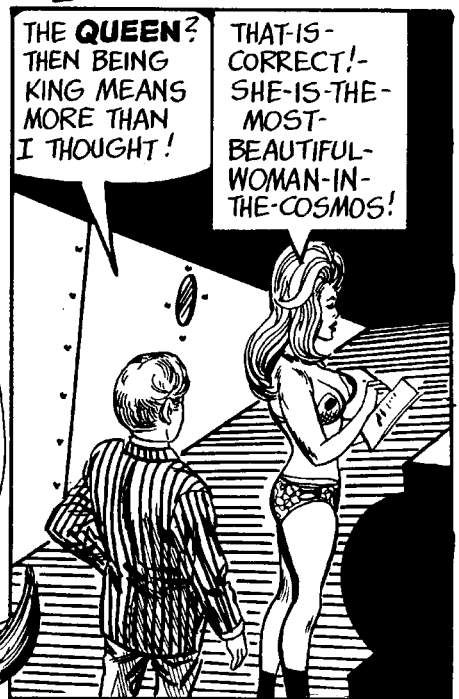
WELL, AS LONG AS I HAVE A FEW HOURS TO KILL, I MAY AS WELL GIVE THESE DOLLS A REAL TREAT... HMMM! THERE'S SO MANY!



AND THAT LOOKS RATHER INTERESTING. OK, BARCROFT! DO YOUR STUFF!

SAY, DOLL! SINCE YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING REALLY IMPORTANT, HOW ABOUT YOU AND I GOING OFF FOR A STROLL AND...

I-AM-SORRY!- BUT-YOU-MAY-NOT-TOUCH-US- YOU-ARE-RE-SERVED-FOR-THE-QUEEN-OF-OUR-PLANET-ONLY!



THE QUEEN? THEN BEING KING MEANS MORE THAN I THOUGHT!

THAT-IS-CORRECT!- SHE-IS-THE-MOST-BEAUTIFUL-WOMAN-IN-THE-COSMOS!



THE QUEEN! I'VE REALLY PICKED A WINNER THIS TIME! THAT BIT ABOUT NOT TOUCHING THE GIRLS... IT'LL BE TOUGH, BUT AT LEAST I'VE GOT SOMETHING BETTER TO WAIT FOR!



WE MUST BE WITHIN RANGE OF THEIR PLANET'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL. I CAN FEEL THE SENSATION ALREADY!



AND WITHIN MOMENTS... WELL, LOOK AT THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE! AND EVERY ONE PERFECT! IF THIS IS ANY EXAMPLE OF WHAT'S WAITING... **WOW!**



YES, HE HAS ARRIVED... THE SOLE MAN ON AN ENTIRE PLANET... A KING... AND YET...

THIS WAITING IS DRIVING ME BATTY! IT'S BEEN AN HOUR AT LEAST! WHERE IS THIS QUEEN OF THEIRS?



YEAH! WHY NOT? WHO CARES WHAT THE RULE IS ABOUT THE KING! I HAVEN'T EVEN MET THE QUEEN YET! HEY!



ME? YES, YOU, DOLL! LISTEN! I'M THE KING, AND YOU HAVE TO DO AS I COMMAND, SEE! NOW GET A LITTLE CLOSER!



NO! - THIS - MUST - NOT - BE!

OH, YEAH! THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY! HEY? WHAT'S THAT... WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?



NO! YOU'RE A ROBOT!

AN-ANDROID!- ALL-OF-US- ARE!-THE- QUEEN'S- BUILT-US!

THE- QUEEN- WILL- SEE- YOU- NOW!



NO! NO! YOU CAN'T FORCE ME INTO THIS! TAKE ME BACK TO EARTH! I DEMAND IT! PUT ME DOWN! **NO!**



THE GREAT DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM... AND KING KENNE BARCROFT IS ALONE FOREVER WITH HIS MATE ... HIS QUEEN ...



**GIRGLE! ARKGHHH!**  
DARLING! BURBLE!  
HSSSSSS!

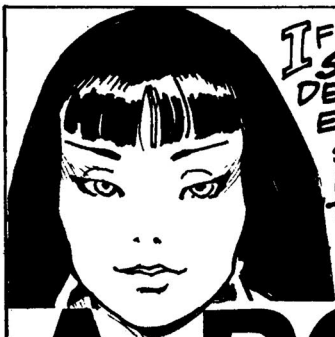
BLECH!

THE END

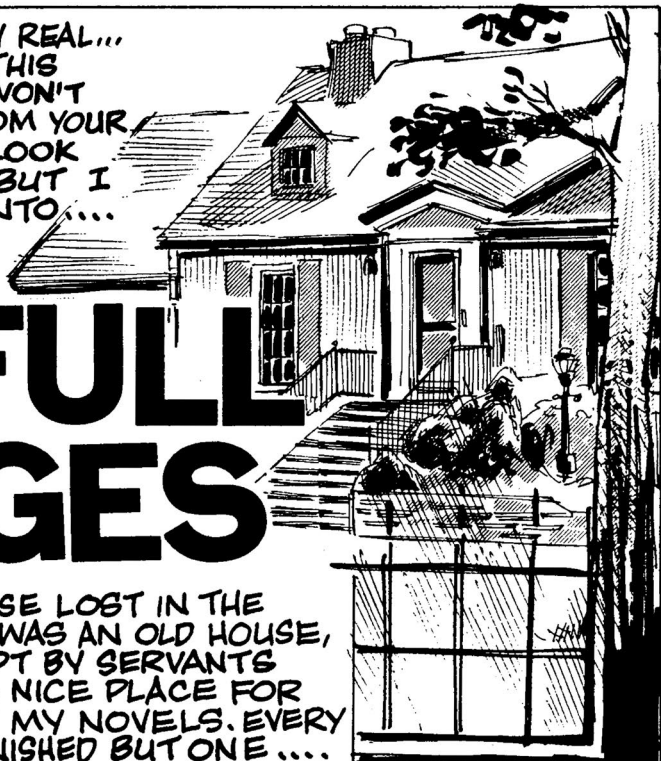
THERE ARE TWO LOUSY LESSONS TO LEARN FROM THIS!! DON'T TRUST CHICKS THAT ARE **TOO FAR OUT!** AND DON'T GET **SUCKED IN** BY MARRIAGE TO THE WRONG GIRL, DESPITE SOCIAL POSITION! SOME WIVES CAN BE... **POSSESSIVE!**







IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE REALLY REAL...  
**SQUEAL DEALERS** - THEN THIS  
 DERANGING ARRANGEMENT WON'T  
 ESTRANGE YOUR SANITY FROM YOUR  
 SENSES... **MUCH!** DON'T LOOK  
 NOW, **BROW BEATERS**, BUT I  
 THINK YOU JUST WALKED INTO....



# A ROOM FULL OF CHANGES



I BROUGHT HOUSE LOST IN THE  
 COUNTRY - IT WAS AN OLD HOUSE,  
 BUT WELL KEPT BY SERVANTS  
 AND IT WAS A NICE PLACE FOR  
 ME TO WRITE MY NOVELS. EVERY  
 ROOM WAS FURNISHED BUT ONE ....

PERHAPS I'LL  
 MAKE A  
 GAME ROOM  
 OUT OF IT -



-THE SERVANTS AREN'T  
 HERE YET...



HELLO. WHAT  
 CAN I DO FOR YOU?

HELLO, MR BLAINE. I'M  
 WENDY. MY DADDY SOLD  
 YOU THE HOUSE. MAY  
 I SEE THE ROOM?

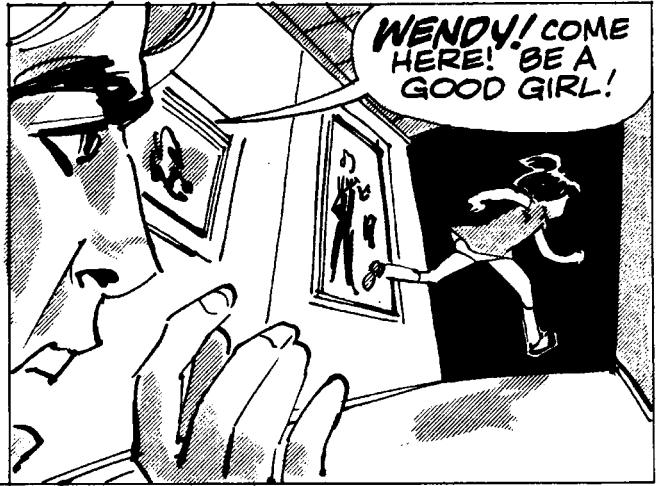




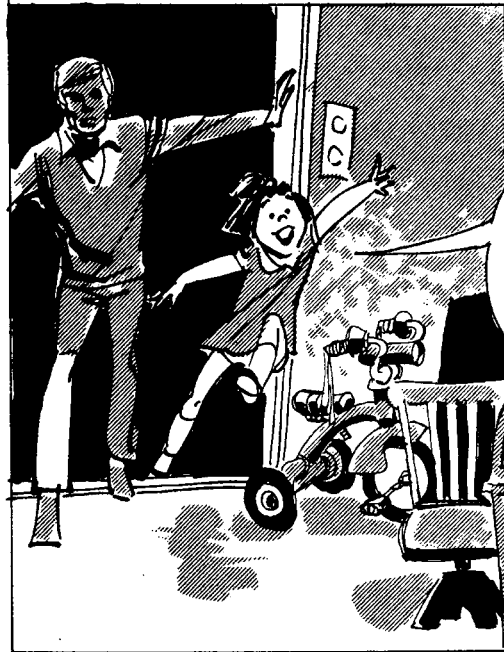
HEY! WHAT ROOM?

THE ONE WHERE OLD MAN KEIL WAS MURDERED!

SHE RAN TOWARD THE UNFURNISHED ROOM WITH ME IN PURSUIT - I COULDN'T LET THE MISCHIEVOUS CHILD RUN AMUCK THROUGH THE HOUSE.



WENDY! COME HERE! BE A GOOD GIRL!



I COULD NOT BELIEVE OR UNDERSTAND WHAT I SAW! THE EMPTY ROOM WAS NOW FILLED WITH FURNITURE. THE MOST RIDICULOUS FURNISHINGS I'D EVER SEEN, BUT THEY PLEASED WENDY VERY MUCH.

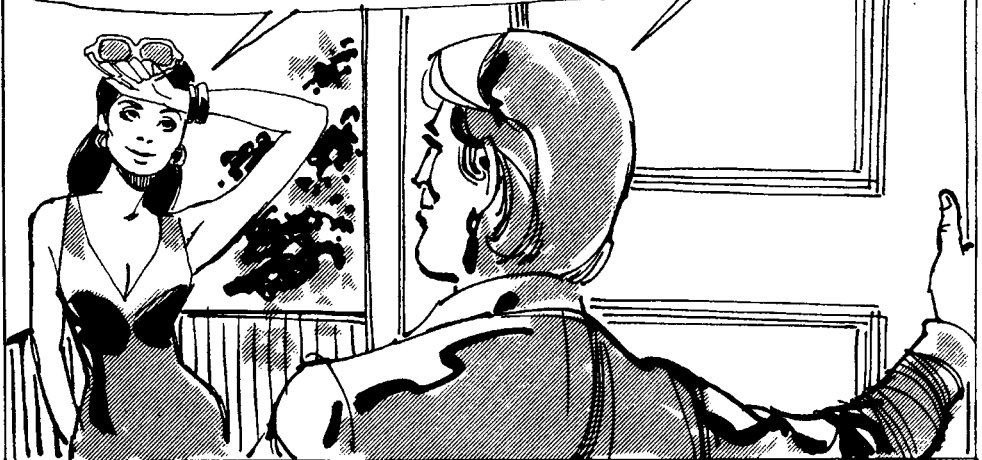
GOLLY, WHAT A WONDERFUL ROOM! MAY I PLAY IN IT FOR A WHILE? I WON'T BREAK ANYTHING.



- STAY HERE, WENDY - I'LL BE RIGHT BACK...

HI. MY NAME IS LINDA VELISSI. I WAS COMING TO WELCOME YOU TO THE VILLAGE AND NOTICED YOUR SISTER'S BICYCLE ON YOUR PORCH. I HOPE SHE HASN'T BEEN ANNOYING YOU.

- NOT AT ALL, LINDA. SHE'S INSIDE.. PLAYING!



THE ROOM HAD UNDERGONE ANOTHER METAMORPHOSIS. WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE?



WHAT A CHARMING ROOM! IT'S SO DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS- DID YOU FURNISH IT YOURSELF?



HERE I AM- SAY- THIS ISN'T THE PLAYROOM- EVERYTHING'S DIFFERENT!



WHAT DOES SHE MEAN?

LINDA, YOU MUST TELL ME ABOUT THE OLD MAN- KEIL- ACCORDING TO YOUR SISTER HE DIED IN HERE- HOW?



MR KEIL SPENT HIS ENTIRE LIFE IN THESE ROOMS. THEY SAY HE WAS A WARLOCK WHO PRACTICED **BLACK MAGIC!** DEAD ANIMALS WERE FOUND ON HIS PORCH. AND TWO CHILDREN WHO WERE LOST IN THESE WOODS WERE NEVER HEARD OF AGAIN! MY FATHER, AT THE TOWNSPEOPLE'S URGING, TRIED TO BUY THE HOUSE FROM HIM, BUT MR KEIL REFUSED TO SELL. HE AND MY FATHER BECAME BITTER ENEMIES. ONE DAY KEIL WAS FOUND MURDERED IN THIS ROOM- THEY SUSPECTED MY FATHER, BUT FATHER IS **INNOCENT!**



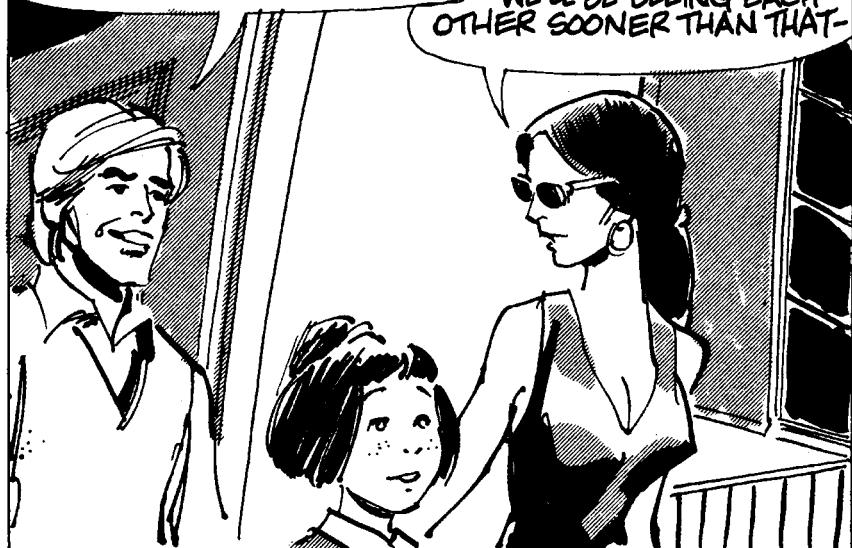
I BELIEVE YOU- YOU'RE TOO LOVELY TO HAVE A MURDERER FOR A FATHER!

IT'S- TIME WENDY AND I WERE LEAVING!



LINDA! I'M HAVING A PARTY NEXT WEEK- BRING YOUR DAD!

THANK YOU, MR BLAINE, I WILL- BUT PERHAPS WE'LL BE SEEING EACH OTHER SOONER THAN THAT-





I GAVE THE PARTY. LINDA AND HER FATHER HAD NOT ARRIVED YET, BUT I WAS ESPECIALLY HAPPY TO SEE THAT MY BROTHER HAROLD HAD.



I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO COME.

AFTER THE STORY YOU TOLD ME ON THE PHONE I COULDN'T KEEP AWAY! LET'S SEE YOUR CHANGING ROOM!

IT'S AS THOUGH THE OLD MAN'S SOUL IS WITHIN THE ROOM TRYING TO TELL US HIS MURDERER BY EXHIBITING THE SOUL OF WHO-EVER ENTERS THAT ROOM. HERE WE ARE. ARE YOU PREPARED HARRY--TO SEE YOUR OWN SOUL?

-SO THIS IS ME. WELL, I LIKE MY SOUL. I DON'T SUPPOSE THE BUNNIES ARE REAL...

I'M AFRAID NOT, BROTHER. NOTHING IS REAL.



EDWARD!



DAD, YOU KNOW MR BLAINE--AND YOU MUST BE HAROLD, EDWARD'S BROTHER. THIS IS MY FATHER.

I UNDERSTAND MY BROTHER AND YOUR DAUGHTER HAVE BEEN SEEING A LOT OF ONE ANOTHER--

THEY USE THAT ROOM AS AN EXCUSE TO SEE EACH OTHER. ACCORDING TO LINDA, IT'S LIKE A GIANT LIE-DETECTOR. THEY'VE LURED THE MOST PROMINENT FOLK OF THE VILLAGE INTO IT--TONIGHT IS MY TURN....

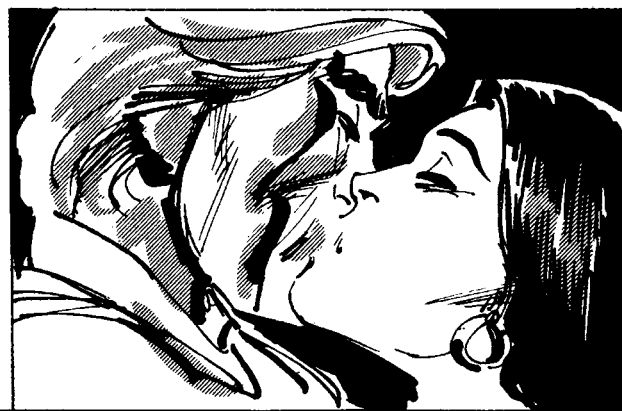




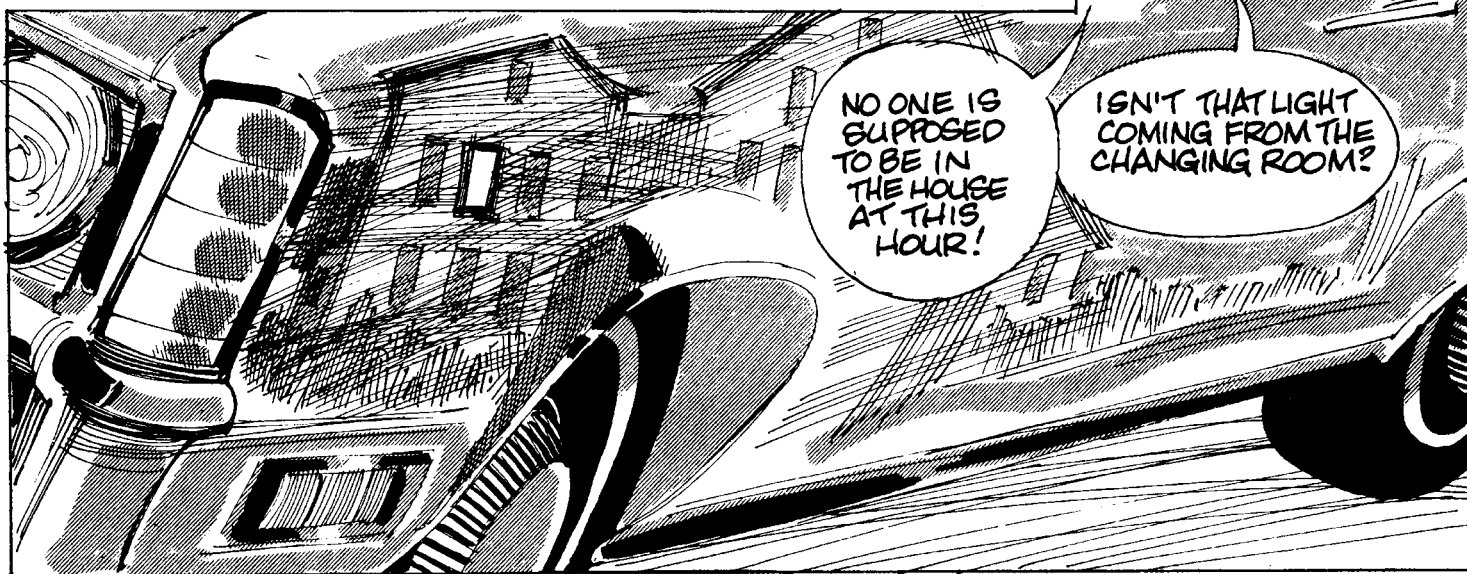
MR VELISSI, *WAIT!* WHAT DID YOU *SEE* IN THERE?

I SAW OLD KEIL'S MURDER! ONE OF US IS A MURDERER! ONLY MY RESENTMENT FOR KEIL SILENCES ME NOW.

AS THE WEEKS PASSED, LINDA AND I MET IN SECRET. ADMIRATION FOR EACH OTHER GREW TO LOVE. WE VOWED TO MARRY DESPITE HER FATHER'S OBJECTIONS - SHE EVEN AGREED TO LIVE WITH ME IN THE HOUSE WITH THE CHANGING ROOM.



AS LINDA AND I NEARED MY HOUSE ONE EVENING, WE NOTICED A STRANGE LIGHT COMING FROM ONE OF THE WINDOWS.





**EEYYAAAGHH--**

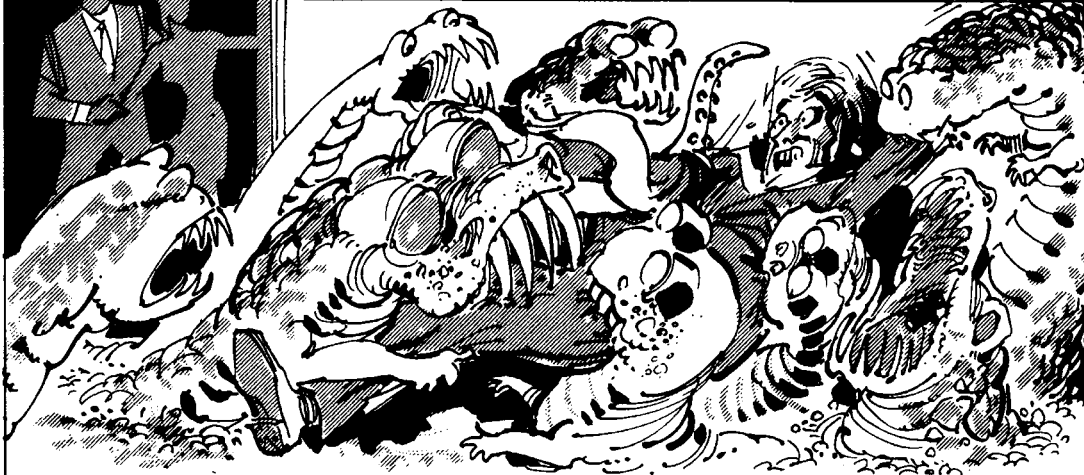
-AS WE ENTERED, A SCREAM FROM THE ROOM GREETED US....

SOMEHOW, WE KNEW THERE WAS NO HOPE FOR THE POOR SOUL WITHIN IT- BUT WE RACED DOWN THE HALL TO HIM ANYWAY. WE HEARD OTHER SOUNDS, BUT THEY WERE TOO INHUMAN TO DESCRIBE....



**FATHER!!**

**STAY BACK!** I CAME TO DESTROY THE ROOM AS I HAD DESTROYED THE WARLOCK KEIL- BUT INSTEAD OF HIS SOUL, I FOUND HELL ITSELF WAITING FOR ME- THAT IS TOO GREAT AN EVIL FOR ME TO CONQUER!



**IT WAS OVER!** AFTER WE WALLPAPERED THE ROOM, WE TURNED IT INTO A NURSERY.



**TSK-TSK-** ALL THOSE CONFUSING MUSINGS OVER A ROOM WITH AN ITCH TO SWITCH! WELL, DO YOU BLAME IT? AFTER ALL- WHO LIKES A WALLFLOWER ANYWAY?



**I'M DYING TO HEAR FROM YOU!**

**IF YOU'VE NEVER WRITTEN TO A VAMPIRE BEFORE, THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT. AND SPEAKING OF THE PRESENT, YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE THE "PRESENTS" OF MIND TO GIVE YOURSELF ONE, AREN'T YOU? I MEAN...HINT...HINT... A SUBSCRIPTION TO THIS MACABRE MASTERPIECE, THE ONLY MAGAZINE THAT UNCLE CREEPY & COUSIN EERIE FIGHT OVER? SEND PRAISES OR PANMAIL, PUNMAIL OR EVEN YOUR VERY OWN PETRIFYING PICTURES, FOR PUBLICATION IN THE SCARLET LETTERS (OUR READERS' DEPARTMENT, STARTING NEXT ISSUE)... BUT ABOVE ALL SEND MONEY. MONEY IS MY LIFES BLOOD, SO GIVE GENEROUSLY... THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY GRAVE YOUR CORPUSCLES!**

**LATCH ON TO**

# VAMPIRELLA

**UNCLUTCHED BY HUMAN HANDS**

TO MAKE ABSOLUTELY **CERTAIN** YOU DON'T MISS ONE SWINGLE ISSUE (THAT'S A SWINGING SINGLE ISSUE) OF THE WORLD'S NEWEST & **GRUEVIEST** COMIC MAGAZINE, FILL OUT THE SUBSCRIPTION FORM (THE WAY VAMPIRELLA FILLS OUT HER FORM!) AND RUSH IT IN YESTERDAY! (TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE.) ONLY **\$3.00** BUYS YOU THE NEXT 6 **NERVE-WRACKING** ISSUES OF **VAMPIRELLA!**

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AND I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FORGET THE WAY THAT WOLF JUST STARED AT ME... WHEN IT COULD HAVE ATTACKED!

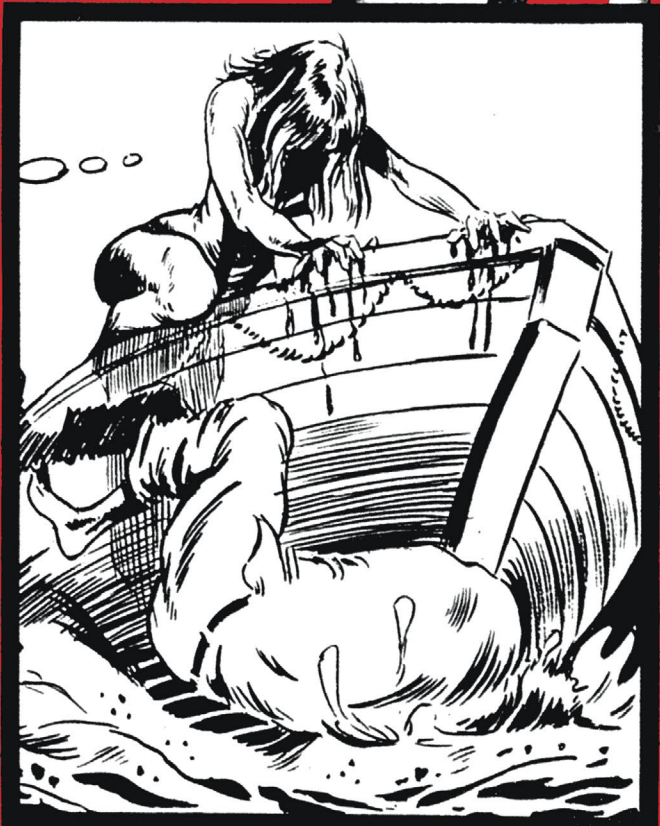
I HAD THE SAME FEELING! WHEN IT ATTACKED ME...



THERE IS NO NEED FOR SURRENDER EARTHMAN! WE COME IN PEACE! WE ONLY WISH TO SPEAK WITH YOU! COME OUT GIRLS!



**CHECK YOUR HEARTBEAT** BEFORE READING THIS MAGAZINE AND IF IT HASN'T RISEN 100 BEATS PER MINUTE BY THE TIME YOU LAY THE ISSUE DOWN (IF YOU **CAN** LAY IT DOWN!) YOU NEED A TRANSPLANT AND WE WILL GIVE YOU ONE FREE. JUST TEAR OFF THE **TOP OF YOUR HEAD** AND MAIL IT TO ME, **VAMPIRELLA**, CARE OF THE **GHOST OFFICE**. IF YOU'RE MY KINDA BIRD OR **BOYFRIEND**, YOU'LL LOSE YOUR MIND OVER ME ANYWAY, SO... **LOOK! READ! GASP! SHIVER!** OVER THIS **FIRST COLLECTOR'S EDITION!!**





ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

# VAMPIRELLA

VAMPI  
#2  
NOV.

50¢



**THIS ISSUE:**  
MEET "EVILY"  
VAMPIRELLA'S  
COUSIN-THE  
WILDEST, WEIRDEST  
WITCH EVER TO  
CAST A SPELL!





EVER WONDER WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A WOMAN OF PARTS? ONCE, FAR BACK IN HISTORY, IN THE **DARK AGES OF 1935**, BEFORE (THE MIND EGGLES) THERE WAS ANY **CREEPY** OR **EERIE** OR **VAMPIRELLA**, ONE DARING FEMALE LEARNED THE AWFUL ANSWER. DID SHE LIVE? SHOCK TO THE TERRIBLE REVELATION IN THIS, THE FIRST OF..

# VAMPI'S FEARY TALES..

THE TWO MAD SCIENTISTS WORKED FEVERISHLY ON THEIR BLASPHEMOUS PROJECT, TIME WAS RUNNING OUT FOR THEM, FOR THE **MONSTER** WAS GETTING RESTLESS, **FRANKENSTEIN DEMANDED A MATE!!**

THAT LITTLE HUNCHBACKED HORROR, FRITZ, BROUGHT THEM A WARM FEMALE **HEART**, THEY WERE TOO BUSY TO INQUIRE WHERE HE GOT IT, OR PERHAPS THEY PREFERRED **NOT TO KNOW!**



THEN THESE MIRACLE WORKERS BROUGHT THEIR CURVY CADAVER TO LIFE AND OFFERED HER TO **BIG FRANK** TO BE HIS WIFE, BUT SHE'D HAVE NO PART OF THIS RABID ROMEO FOR SHE KNEW WHERE HIS PARTS CAME FROM-**THE GALLONS! THE GRAVES!!**

SO--"**WE BELONG DEAD**" GROWLED FRANKENSTEIN, AND THREW THE SWITCH THAT BLEW THE LAB TO **THINGDOM COME!** YES, THE **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, ON HER WEDDING NIGHT, WENT ALL TO PIECES!!



tom sutton '89





# VAMPIRELLA

**PUBLISHER:** JAMES WARREN **EDITOR:** BILL PARENTE **COVER:** BILL HUGHES  
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FORREST J ACKERMAN, NICOLA CUTI, DON GLUT, BILL PARENTE, R. MICHAEL ROSEN

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### EVILY

COUSIN EVILY vows to vanquish her blood relative VAMPIRELLA . . . and destroy her flapping . . . forever! .....

### MONTEZUMA'S MONSTER

Vince Harman discovers that the Aztecs were right when they left Montezuma's jungles! .....

### DOWN TO EARTH

The fantastic story of Our Girl Vampi and her visit to the Planet Earth, and the Strange People who live there .....

### QUEEN OF HORROR

To become a howling success, this starlet consents to reveal her all! .....

### THE OCTOPUS

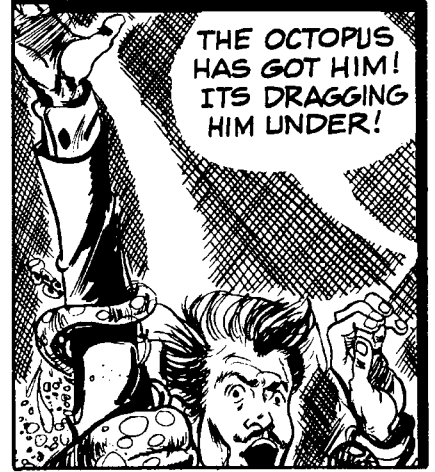
One tentacle too many can often trap a guy and tangle him up . . . indefinitely! ...

### ONE, TWO, THREE

Sometimes, togetherness can IRON out your troubles . . . especially if you happen to be a ROBOT! .....

### RHAPSODY IN RED

Better check your necks when we conclude this corpuscle concert! .....

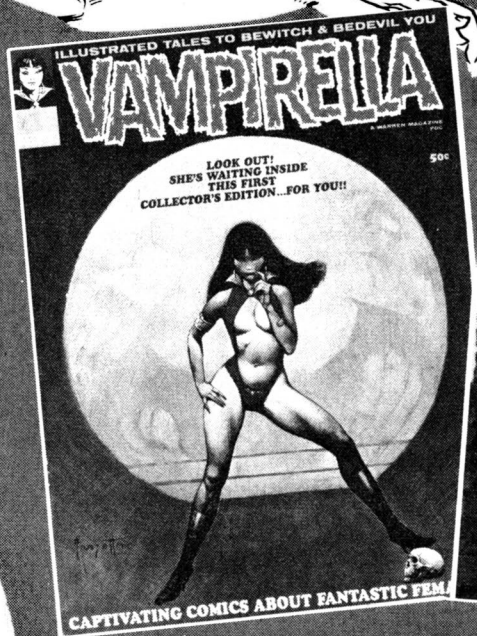




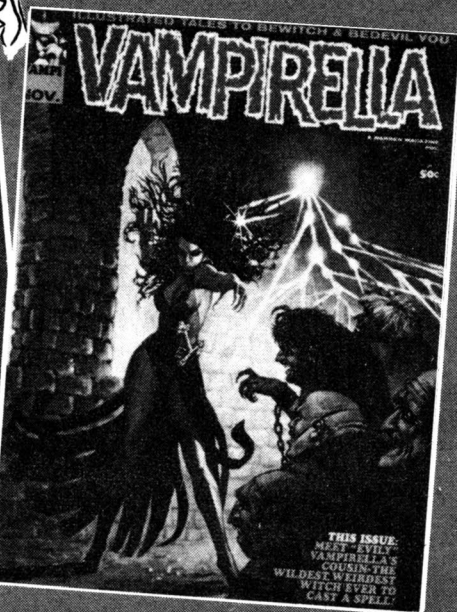
# The LIFE BLOOD of any COLLECTION

YOU MIGHT HAVE THE ISSUE NUMBER ONE OF THE *GYPSY GAZETTE*. BUT YOUR COLLECTION IS NO FUN AT ALL WITHOUT **VAMPIRELLA**.

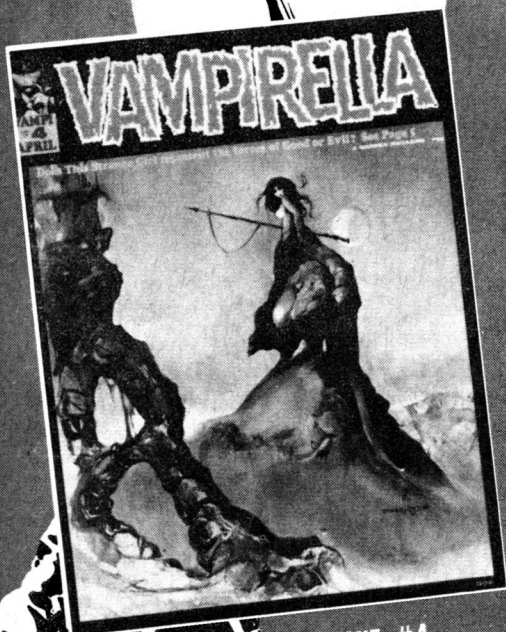
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# PROLOGUE

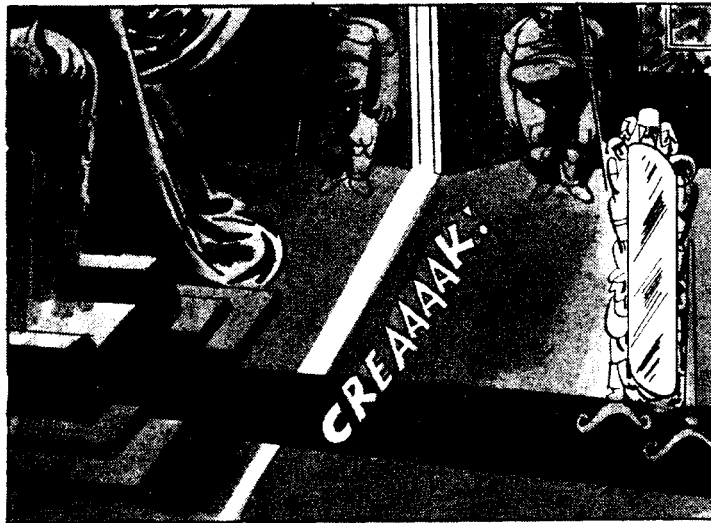
Beyond, in the Black Forest of Vaalgania, people spoke of a sorceress who cast her magic upon those who inhabited that kingdom. Her spells had webbed Black Forest, enchanting those who dared to enter!



Even demons did not disobey here, for in Castle Evil, her magic as well as her beauty went unquestioned.

They knew well that Evily's witchcraft was matched only by her impatience with any who sought to dethrone her.

Thus, she ruled her domain without error... invoking the powers of blackest necromancy her ancestors had taught her.



And while the Dark Princess spoke her sorcery and Vaalgania remained enslaved by her whims...there could be only one sorceress in Black Forest...





Quit **LION** around, **TIGERS**...and pad into my pad so we can **CAT 'n NIP** awhile! What's a white cat doing in a black cat's magic? Stretch out and I'll **SCRATCH** an answer across your eye-sockets. This ought to be a good one, but that's nothing... when I'm good, I'm **VERY** good! It's only when I'm bad that I'm.....



LOOKING GLASS, I'VE COME TO SEE WHAT SECRETS YOU HAVE LEARNED FOR ME... **REFLECT** AND TELL YOUR SORCERY THAT I MIGHT RULE AS MAJESTY!



Dark Princess there are none to fear  
Who'd dare your vengeance would they seek  
To tempt the fate of you they hear  
In spells your servants speak  
You rule alone, Great Sorceress  
Take pleasure in your fame  
Enchantment in your subsequence  
And **EVILY** is your name!  
And **EVILY** is your name!

YOU SPEAK WORDS I WISH TO HEAR, MIRROR!  
DID I NOT KNOW YOUR FEAR OF ME, I MIGHT BE  
MORE PLEASED WITH YOUR SECRETS.  
BEGGONE NOW... I SUMMON MY  
SERVANTS!

THERE YOU ARE, CONJURE...  
WERE YOU HIDING YOUR  
FACE AS WELL THIS TIME ?

NO, MY  
SORCERESS...

...I MERELY WALKED THE GARDENS,  
ENJOYING THE VIEW. I HAVE BROUGHT  
YOU THESE ...

**THOSE!** AND WHAT  
GOOD WILL I GET  
FROM YOUR...

**"SPIDERS! HA! HA! HA! HA!"** YOUR MAJESTY...  
PLEASE...  
NO....!

WHAT'S THIS?... YOU DO NOT WANT MY  
FAVORS! HAVE YOU NO USE FOR SUCH  
ELEGANT... **CLOTHING!**

ENOUGH OF THIS, JESTING... IMP! THERE IS  
MUCH YOU MUST DO BEFORE THE EVE  
OF THIS SABBATH. THE GUEST LIST,  
YOU HAVE IT ?


GASP... YES,  
YOUR HIGHNESS!  
ALL THE  
INVITATIONS  
HAVE BEEN  
PREPARED.





EXCELLENT! HALLOWEEN COMES BUT ONCE, EACH YEAR. THERE MUST BE NO MISTAKES. SEE THAT THE INVITATIONS ARE DELIVERED!

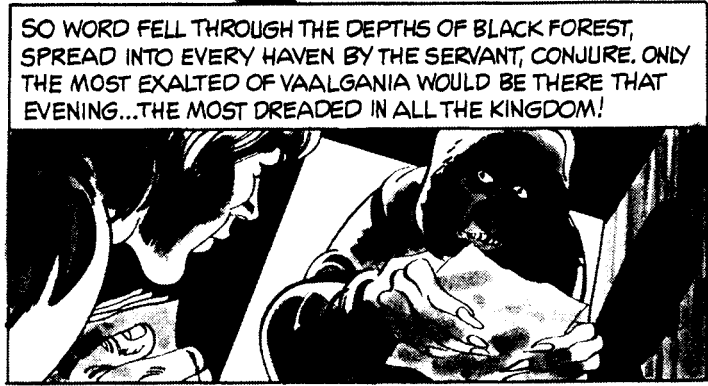
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!

  
By Royal decree of her High Sorceress, EVILY, Dark Princess of Vaalgania, you are commanded by invitation to a Grand Ball to occur on the sunset of Halloween, at Castle Evil, this October, Thirty First.



MAY I RETURN YOUR WORD TO HER SORCERESS THAT SHE CAN EXPECT YOU, COUNT DVOLAK?

YOU MAY, MY FINE LOOKING IMP! THE OCCASION IS MOST WELCOME.



SO WORD FELL THROUGH THE DEPTHS OF BLACK FOREST, SPREAD INTO EVERY HAVEN BY THE SERVANT, CONJURE. ONLY THE MOST EXALTED OF VAALGANIA WOULD BE THERE THAT EVENING...THE MOST DREADED IN ALL THE KINGDOM!



CASTLE EVIL LAY IN STRANGLER DARKNESS AS HURRIED COACHES ROLLED ACROSS THE SOFT, DAMP GROUND. FOR A SINGLE MIDNIGHT, BLACK FOREST BECAME A FESTIVE SANCTUARY.

# HALLOWEEN HAD ARRIVED!

THIS NIGHT, WHEN THE MOON HAD TURNED PUMPKIN ORANGE...UNKNOWN SHADOWS WOULD FLY PAST HIS GRIMACE. DEATHLESS FORMS OF WITCH AND DEMON...OR PERHAPS EVEN SATAN, HIMSELF!



GOOD EVENING, SIR...PLEASE ENTER YOUR NAME IN THE GUEST BOOK THERE.

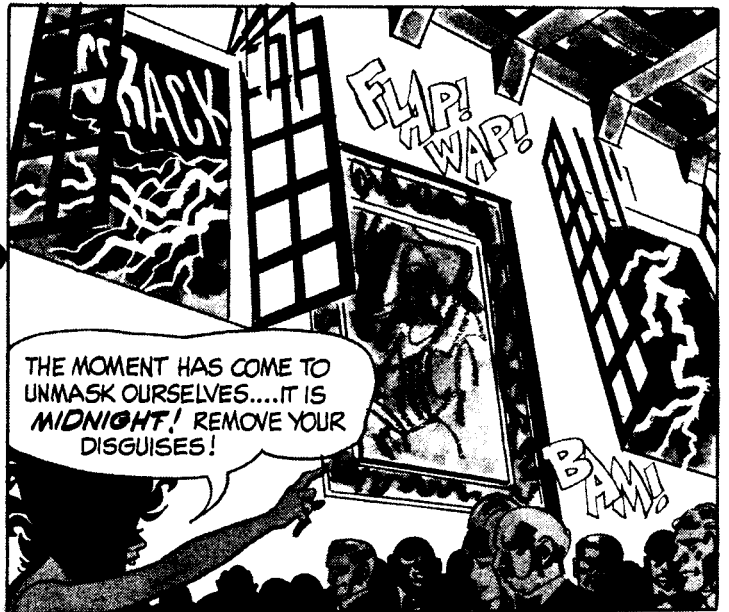


**BONG!**  
**BONG!**  
**BONG!**  
**BONG!**

ALL BOW TO HER MAJESTY, HIGH SORCERESS OF VAALGANIA!!



HEAR ME! OUR HOUR HAS COME TO BATE ALL MORTAL BEINGS WHO DARE US CONSUME THEM WHILE THEY HESITATE DECIDING TO ENSNARE US FOR EACH OF YOU THE TASK IS CLEAR A SOUL, A SERVANT BRING ME HERE BEFORE THE DAWN DISPELS OUR FEAR AND DOOM SEEKS TO DESPAIR US!





ELECTRIC FLASHES  
SPLIT THE BUBBLING  
CLOUDS ABOVE THE SOR-  
CERESS...HER HAIR TOSS-  
ING IN THE FURIOUS WIND!  
SHE WATCHED THEM MOUNT  
THE MAELSTROM AS THE  
CREATURES LEAPED  
INTO THE DARK-  
NESS.

TONIGHT YOU  
NEED NOT HIDE  
YOUR PURPOSE! GO  
NOW...AND BRING  
ME THE MORTALS  
THAT HALLOWEEN  
WILL DELIVER TO  
YOU. GO...!

COME AND LOOK, OGRE! HAS ANOTHER SIGHT  
EVER GIVEN YOU MORE TEMPTING VISIONS?  
SHOW YOURSELF, IMP!

**CONJURE!** STOP YOUR  
GAME OR I'LL SHOW YOU  
ONE NOT TOO PLEASANT.

I AM HERE, GREAT  
SORCERESS. YOU  
MUST SEE WHAT  
YOUR LOOKING GLASS  
IMAGINES  
FOR ME!

IT...THE MIRROR HAS  
FREED ME FROM THE  
HIDEOUS CHAINS OF MY  
UGLINESS. IT RETURNS  
ME THE BODY I WAS.

I SEE YOU ARE  
SENSELESS AS  
WELL AS UGLY.  
THE MIRROR  
TRICKS YOUR  
VISION, OGRE! ONLY  
I CAN RETURN TO  
YOU WHAT HAS  
BEEN UNDONE.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, GNOME! CAN YOUR  
EYES PRETEND NOT TO SEE....**THIS!**

**HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!**

NO...NO...



Oh, Sorceress do well and heed  
 The laughter of your eyes  
 For other visions keep themselves  
 In treacherous disguise  
 Beware the dawn that comes too late  
 Grant not your wish to be  
 Tonight you claim a queenly fate  
 Tomorrow...you will not be!

AND IF YOU  
 THREATEN ME,  
 TAKE CARE  
 I DO NOT  
 SMASH YOUR  
 CRYSTAL  
 LIES!

Fool not your thoughts  
 nor think that I  
 Would dare to hope  
 your doom  
 Still unavowed but  
 beckoning you  
 Within this very room...

...before this night  
 is ended  
 You will verify your doom!

YOU SPEAK IN RIDDLES,  
 IMAGE MAKER! PROVE TO  
 ME YOUR WARNING BY  
 REVEALING ME TO MY  
 PEER. **SHOW ME...!!!**



I cannot reveal it!  
 I cannot reveal it!!  
**I CANNOT REVEAL  
 IT!!!**

MY SORCESS,  
 THE MIRROR  
 IGNORES YOUR  
 COMMAND! IT  
 SERVES THE  
 FACE IT HIDES...  
 I WILL **SMASH**  
 IT!

I THINK NOT, TROLL! THE GLASS WAS  
**AFRAID** TO PREDICT ANY MORE! NO  
 MATTER, I HAVE OTHER WAYS TO  
 FIND OUT! WE GO TO THE **DUNGEONS!**



**THE DUNGEONS!** WHERE  
 THINGS UNTOUCHED BY THE FEARS OF  
 INCANTATION, AWAITED THE MURMUR OF  
 BEWITCHMENT. HERE WERE HER  
 SECRET ARMIES...HER SOLDIERS OF  
 REVENGE!





# SOLDIERS OF THE DEAD!

WILL THE RATTLING DISTURB YOU, CONJURE?...THEY CANNOT HARM YOU, YET!

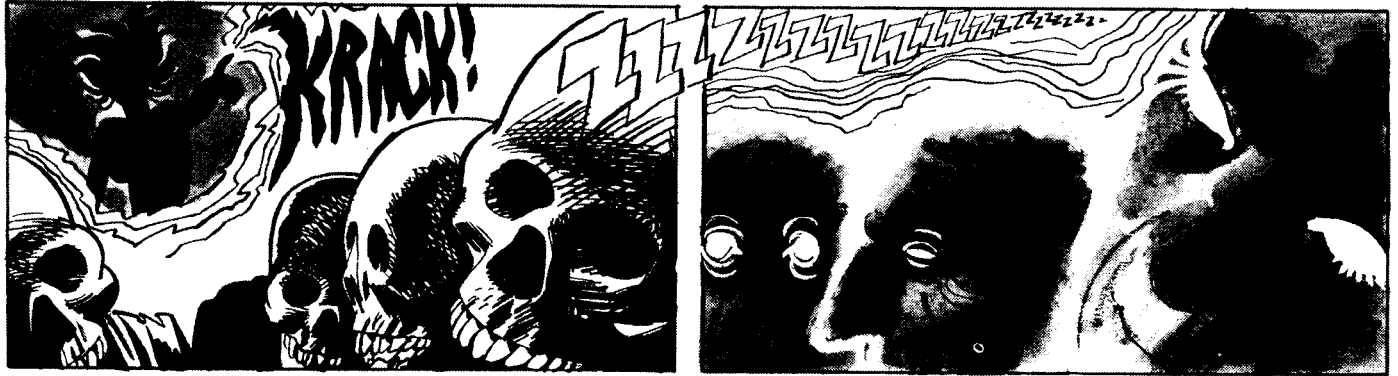


OH...  
COUGH...

RISE UP, HEATHEN BONES AND OBEY ME! I RELEASE YOU FROM DEATH,



FOR MY BIDDING-RISE UP!



KRACK!

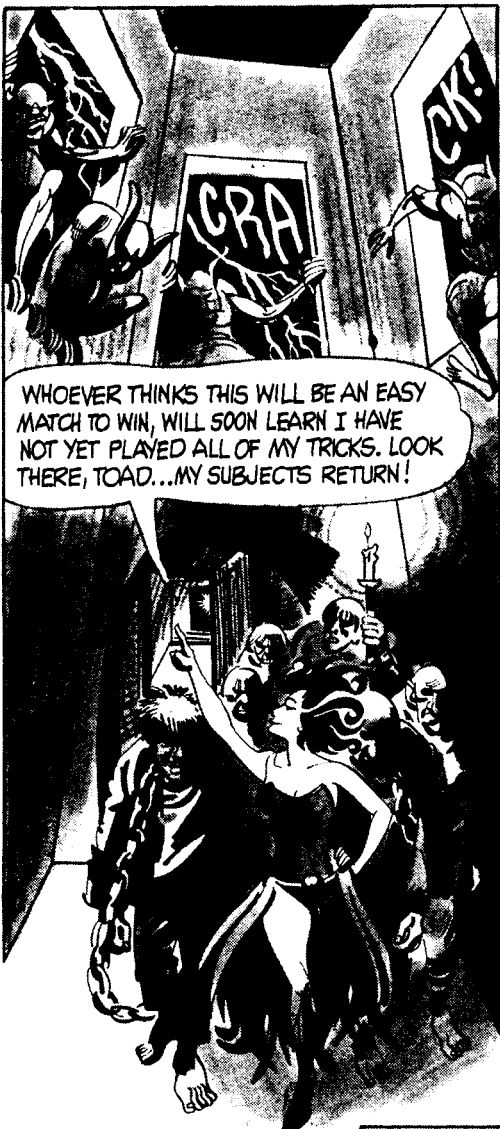


NOW WHO WOULD THINK TO DETHRONE ME?

NO ONE, GREAT SORCERESS!  
FOOLS WHO DO, MERELY  
WASTE THEIR DREAMING.



WE SHALL  
SEE, LITTLE  
OGRE...PERHAPS  
TONIGHT!



WHOEVER THINKS THIS WILL BE AN EASY MATCH TO WIN, WILL SOON LEARN I HAVE NOT YET PLAYED ALL OF MY TRICKS. LOOK THERE, TOAD...MY SUBJECTS RETURN!



THIS MORTAL HAS MURDERED FIFTEEN OF OUR KIND, OH SORCERESS! ONCE HE WAS A GREAT KILLER OF DEMONS...A HATER OF FIENDS! NOW, I BRING YOU... HIS SOUL!

ONE BY ONE, SOUL BY SOUL, THEY APPROACHED EVILY'S THRONE WITH THEIR TREASURES. MANY HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO VAALGANIA UNWILLINGLY....

MANY HAD BEEN PERSUADED!.. ALL HAD BEEN ENSLAVED!



AND WHAT WISH WOULD YOU HAVE ME GRANT FOR THE EXCHANGE OF YOUR GIFT, WITCH-WOMAN?

YOU MAY KEEP YOUR WISH, COUSIN EVILY...IT IS YOUR THRONE THAT I WANT!



YOU!! VAMPIRELLA



NOW I KNOW WHY THE MIRROR WOULD NOT CAST YOUR REFLECTION, VAMPIRELLA... HOW COULD IT WHEN YOU **HAVE NONE?** I'M AFRAID YOU STILL WON'T BE GETTING MY THRONE, COUSIN. INSTEAD, HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I'VE BEEN WANTING YOU TO HAVE!

MY OTHER HAND CREATED THESE SERVANTS TO HELP CAPTURE YOU...VAMPIRELLA! I ONLY USE **THIS ONE** WHEN I WANT TO **DESTROY SOMETHING!!!**

NO THANKS, COUSIN...YOU KEEP YOUR MAGIC! MAYBE, NEXT TIME I'LL GET WHAT I WANT.

THERE WILL BE NO NEXT TIME **FOR YOU...VAMPIRELLA!**

NO...? LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET A TASTE OF YOUR OWN WITCHCRAFT, COUSIN... **IN REVERSE!**

AN ANSWER RETURNED TO THE GRAND SORCERESS IN A BOLT OF VOLTAIC WITCHCRAFT THE STRUCK MIRROR REFLECTED! TURN EVIL AGAINST ITSELF...TRANPOSE THE SPELL OF SORCERY IN THE EXCHANGE OF A MIRROR...AND ALL THIS BECOMES MERELY...THE **OPPOSITE!**

**CRAAAAACK!**

**AND THE OPPOSITE OF EVIL...IS..**

**..GOOD!** I'VE MADE MYSELF **GOOD!** ALL MY POWERS OF EVIL ARE GONE...SHE'S TRICKED ME! I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR THIS, **VAMPIRELLA...WAIT AND SEE!!!**

How about lending me your catacomb, kitties...my whiskers just wilted! And don't forget to **claw** in, next time I meet my **arch** enemy **VAMPIRELLA!** I've got a purrfect plan to pounce on her...**HISS....SPIT...!!!**

BUENAS DÍAS, AMIGOS... AND ALL THAT ROT! IN THIS **TERROR TALE** WE GO SOUTH OF THE BORDER AND VISIT THE ROYAL CHAMBER OF MONTEZUMA, EMPEROR OF THE AZTEC INDIAN EMPIRE, AS IT WAS 400 YEARS AGO! **AZ-TEC IT FROM ME, THIS IS A STORY THAT'LL KEEP YOUR WIG-WAM WARM!** I CALL IT....

# MONTEZUMA'S MONSTER

OH, GODS OF THE AZTECS! THE WHITE MEN OF CORTEZ HAVE MADE WAR UPON US, SLAUGHTERING OUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN! WE MUST FLEE OUR HOMELAND! BLESS US IN OUR FLIGHT, AND BRING DOWN THE REVENGE OF THE GODS ON THE WHITE MEN-FROM-ACROSS-THE-SEA!

BLESS, TOO, THE GREAT TREASURES WHICH WE HAVE NOT TIME TO TAKE WITH US! I HAVE HIDDEN IT IN A CAVE AND I MYSELF GUARD THE MAP! KEEP IT SAFE FROM THE WHITE INVADERS!

I CALL ON QUETZALCOATL, THE FEATHERED-SERPENT GOD, TO GUARD THE TREASURE! MAY HE INFLICT CRUEL AND VIOLENT DEATH ON THOSE WHO SEEK TO STEAL IT!





SO THE AZTECS FLED AND OL' MONTEZUMA PROVED TO BE RIGHT! NOT ONLY DIDN'T CORTEZ FIND THE TREASURE, NOBODY ELSE HAS EITHER! WHICH BRINGS US TO VINCE HARMAN, A VERY GREEDY GENT, WHEN IT COMES TO BAUBLES, BANGLES AND BEADS!



SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME! I TELL YOU IT'S A CINCH! THIS LITTLE MAP, WHICH I DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT, WILL LEAD US TO MONTEZUMA'S TREASURE!

YEAH, BUT CAN WE FIND IT? JUNGLE'S A KILLER! I KNOW!



SURE WE CAN FIND IT! IT'LL BE ROUGH, BUT WE'LL FIND IT FOR SURE!

WELL, WHAT HAVE WE TO LOSE? IF WE FIND IT, WE'LL BE RICH...LET'S GO!



THIS IS AS FAR AS WE DRIVE, BOYS! FROM NOW ON THE GOING GETS ROUGH!

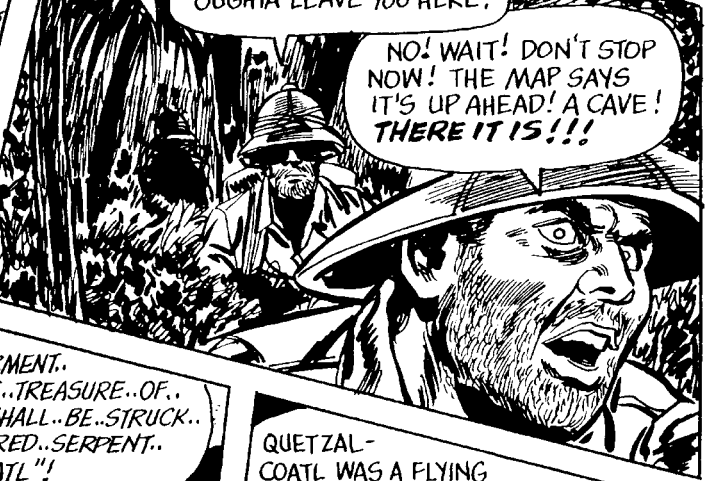
GIVE ME THE MACHETTE KNIFE! I'LL CHOP THE TRAIL FOR AN HOUR OR SO, THEN SOMEBODY ELSE CAN TAKE OVER!



WE'VE BEEN TREKKING THROUGH THIS JUNGLE FOR WEEKS! THESE MOSQUITOS ARE DRIVIN' ME NUTS!

YOU BETTER BE RIGHT ABOUT THIS TREASURE, HARMAN, OR SO HELP ME, I'LL...

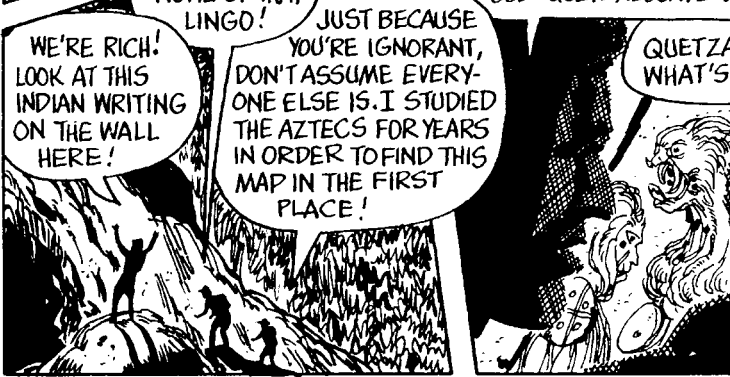
DON'T WORRY! MONTEZUMA'S MAP HERE SAYS WE'RE CLOSE TO THE TREASURE RIGHT NOW!



WAIT! I GOTTA REST! I CAN'T GO ON!

YOU WEAKLING! YOU MAKE ME SICK! WE OUGHTA LEAVE YOU HERE!

NO! WAIT! DON'T STOP NOW! THE MAP SAYS IT'S UP AHEAD! A CAVE! THERE IT IS!!!



TOO BAD WE CAN'T READ NONE OF THAT LINGO!

WE'RE RICH! LOOK AT THIS INDIAN WRITING ON THE WALL HERE!

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE IGNORANT, DON'T ASSUME EVERYONE ELSE IS. I STUDIED THE AZTECS FOR YEARS IN ORDER TO FIND THIS MAP IN THE FIRST PLACE!

"DEATH..AND..TORMENT.. TO..HE..WHO..COVETS..THE..TREASURE..OF.. MONTEZUMA..FOR..HE..SHALL..BE..STRUCK.. DOWN..BY..THE..FEATHERED..SERPENT.. GOD..QUETZALCOATL!"

QUETZACOATL? WHAT'S THAT?

QUETZALCOATL WAS A FLYING SERPENT...ONE OF THEIR MOST FEARSOME GODS! IT'S SPIRIT COULD ENTER THE BODY OF ANY WINGED THING AND TURN IT INTO THE IMAGE OF QUETZALCOATL!

WE'RE AFTER RICHES! THEY JUST MADE THAT JUNK UP TO SCARE PEOPLE OFF! WELL I AIN'T SCARED! LET'S GO!

DARK IN HERE!  
DON'T WORRY!  
SEE HERE...  
THE AZTECS  
LEFT TORCHES  
IN THE WALLS!



WH...WHAT'S  
THAT!

IT'S A REP-  
RESENTATION OF  
QUETZALCOATL!  
GRUESOME, EH?

OVER THERE...  
NO! NO!  
AGGHHH!



NO! IT CAN'T BE  
TRUE!

WAIT!  
THEY'RE NOT  
ALIVE! SEE...  
THEY DON'T  
MOVE!



DRY AND MUMMIFIED! MONTEZUMA'S  
WAY TO SCARE OFF SUPERSTITIOUS  
NATIVES! THESE MEN MUST HAVE  
STOOD STOCK STILL AS THEIR BLOOD  
WAS SLOWLY DRAINED OUT OF THEM  
AND REPLACED WITH EMBALMING  
FLUID! WHAT AN AWFUL WAY TO  
DIE!



THE LONGER WE  
WAIT, THE LONGER IT TAKES  
TILL WE CAN REALLY START  
LIVING IT UP... LET'S GET  
STARTED!

THE  
AZTECS EASILY  
EQUALLED THE SKILLS OF  
THE EGYPTIANS IN PRESERVING  
CORPSES!

WHEN YOU'RE  
FINISHED, "PROFESSOR",  
WE STILL HAVE TO FIND  
THIS TREASURE!  
C'MON!



YAAHOOO!

WE'RE RICH!  
RICH!  
AH...HAHAHA!



I  
CAN'T WAIT TO  
START SPENDING THIS!  
THIS HAS BEEN WAITING  
FOR ME FOR A LONG  
TIME!

WELL YOU CAN'T  
SPEND IT HERE IN  
THE JUNGLE! WE'LL  
TAKE ENOUGH TO  
FINANCE AN  
EXPEDITION AND  
COME BACK FOR  
THE REST!







YOU CAN RELAX NOW, QUETZACOATL... YOU KEPT ALL THESE GOODIES TO YOURSELF LONG ENOUGH!

SO LONG, MONTEZUMA! AND THANKS! HAH HA HA!

MAN, IT'S HOT!

THERE'S A BLASTED BUZZARD FLYING AROUND UP THERE, BEEN FOLLOWIN' US FOR HOURS! I'M GOING TO SHOOT THE THING!



THE BUZZARD... IT'S CHANGING! IT'S QUETZALCOATL!! NO! NO!



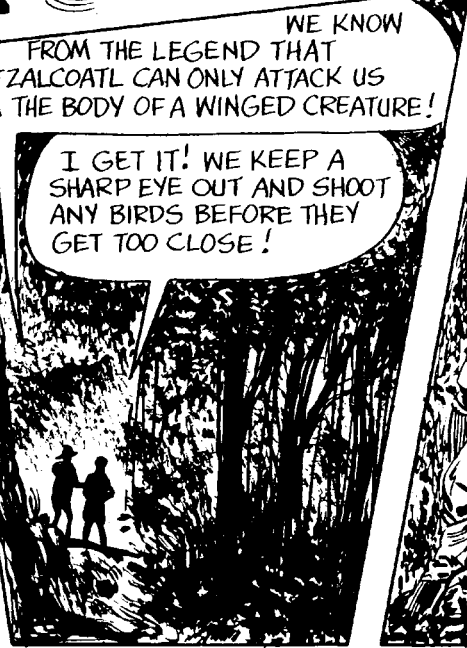
LORD! IT'S GOT HIM! WE MUST BE SEEIN' THINGS! I SAW WHAT ANDERSON WAS AIMIN' AT AND IT WAS A BUZZARD!

THE LEGEND...THE SPIRIT OF QUETZALCOATE HAS THE POWER TO ENTER ANY WINGED THING! MONTEZUMA'S CURSE IS COMING TRUE



WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! OR IT'LL GET US TOO!

DON'T RUN AWAY! LET'S USE OUR INTELLIGENCE ABOUT THIS THING, OR WE'RE DONE FOR!



WE KNOW FROM THE LEGEND THAT QUETZALCOATL CAN ONLY ATTACK US FROM THE BODY OF A WINGED CREATURE!

I GET IT! WE KEEP A SHARP EYE OUT AND SHOOT ANY BIRDS BEFORE THEY GET TOO CLOSE!



THAT'S THE 28TH BIRD WE'VE BLASTED! IN ANOTHER DAY WE'LL REACH THE JEEP! ONCE WE'RE OUT OF MEXICO, THE CURSE WILL LOSE EFFECT!

SO FAR, SO GOOD!  
TOMORROW MORNING  
WE SHOULD BE ON OUR  
WAY BACK TO THE  
STATES. YOU TAKE  
THE FIRST WATCH!  
TOMORROW WE'LL SPLIT  
UP THE GEMS!

HARMAN...NOW THAT WE'RE  
ALMOST SAFE! I BEEN  
MEANING TO TALK TO YOU  
ABOUT SPLITTIN' UP THE  
GEMS! I'VE BEEN THINKIN'  
THAT IT MIGHT BE BETTER  
IF WE DIDN'T SPLIT 'EM  
UP... EVER!

DON'T BE A  
FOOL WALLOCH,  
THERE'S PLENTY  
FOR BOTH OF US!

SAVE YOUR BREATH! YOU AIN'T  
GOT BUT A FEW SECONDS OF  
IT LEFT!

WALLOCH! THAT  
MOSQUITO BUZZING  
AROUND YOUR HEAD...  
IT'S CHANGING! IT'S  
GETTING BIGGER...  
LOOK  
OUT!

YOU DON'T EXPECT  
ME TO FALL FOR  
THAT ROUTINE DO  
YOU? WHY THAT  
GAG'S GOT  
WHISKERS! I...

A  
A  
P  
R  
R  
C  
C  
C

THE CURSE GOT HIM!  
WE THOUGHT IT MEANT ONLY  
BIRDS! I CAN'T SWAT EVERY  
MOSQUITO THAT COMES NEAR  
ME!

GOT TO KEEP  
GOING! GOT TO GET  
AWAY! (PANT) INSECTS ALL  
AROUND! MUSN'T LET  
THEM GET ME! GASP!

AT LAST!  
JUST WAIT TILL  
I TURN SOME OF  
THESE GOLD COINS  
INTO PESOS!





A GOOD SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT SHOULD MAKE ME A NEW MAN!



TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS A SUIT! BUT THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR ME NOW!



NOW I CAN FLY BACK TO THE STATES FOR GOOD!

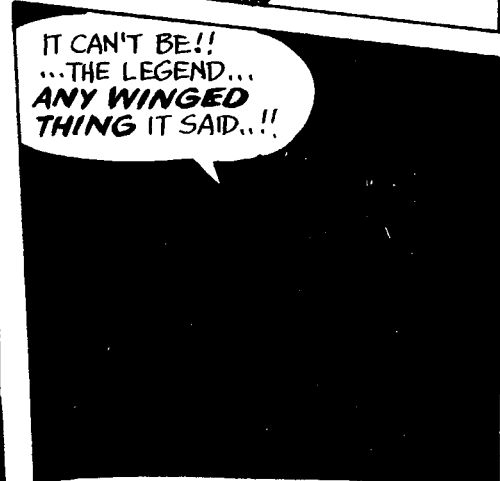
MUCHAS GRACIAS, SEÑOR! THE PLANE SHE IS READY FOR YOU! YOU WILL LEAVE NOW?



I'VE DONE IT! I'VE BEATEN YOU, MONTEZUMA! NOT EVEN QUETZALCOATL CAN GET ME NOW!



WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED? WHY IS IT DARK? IT'S SO HOT... WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHT!?!



IT CAN'T BE!! ...THE LEGEND... ANY WINGED THING IT SAID...!!



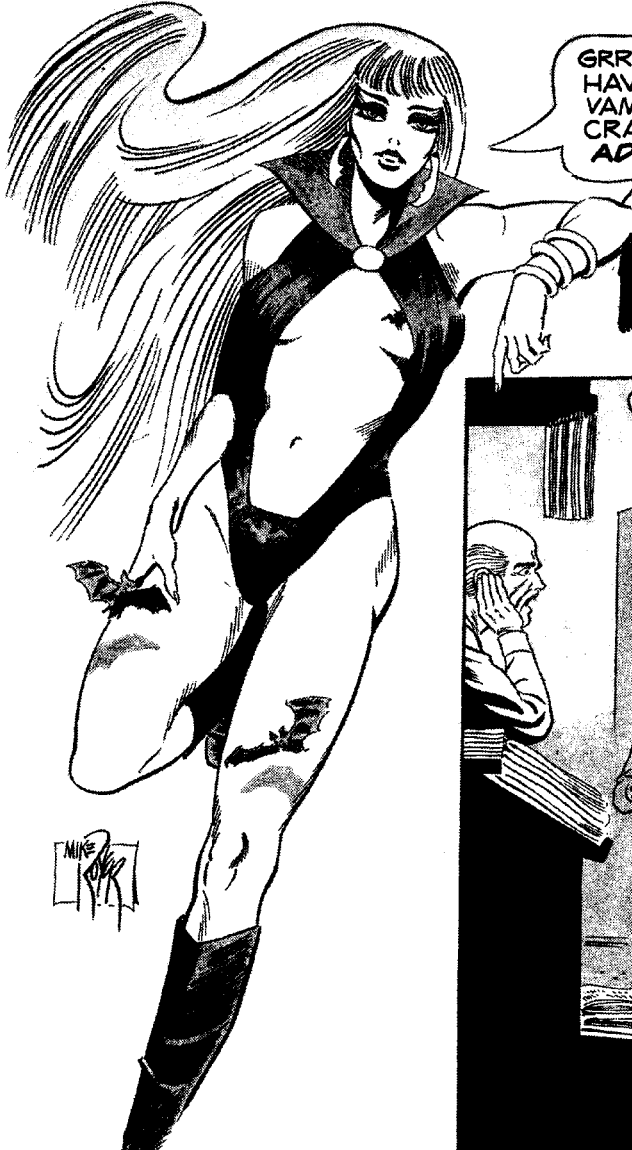
LIKE AN AIRPLANE!

AAARRRRHHH

THE END

POOR HARMAN, TURNED OUT TO BE A RATHER **FLIGHTY FELLOW!** FOR CARRYING OUT THE CURSE SO WELL, MONTEZUMA'S GHOST MADE QUETZALCOATL A KNIGHT: HE'S NOW CALLED **SIR PENT!** I GUESS THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO WATCH OUT YOU DON'T WIND UP **GETTING THE BIRD!**





GRRR! **BLONDS** LIKE ME, DRACULINA, ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE ALL THE **FUN**, BUT MY BRUNETTE **TWIN SISTER** VAMPIRELLA, WITH HER IQ OF 2000, DOPED OUT HOW A CRASHED ROCKET WORKED AND ZOOMED OFF FOR AN **ADVENTURE** ON ITS HOME PLANET! IMAGINE! MY **FLIGHTY** SISTER IS NOW

# DOWN TO EARTH!

WELL, NOW THAT I'M HERE ON--**EARTH**, AS THEY CALL IT, I'LL HAVE TO **FIGURE** OUT SOME WAY TO MAKE SOME **BLOOD MONEY**!

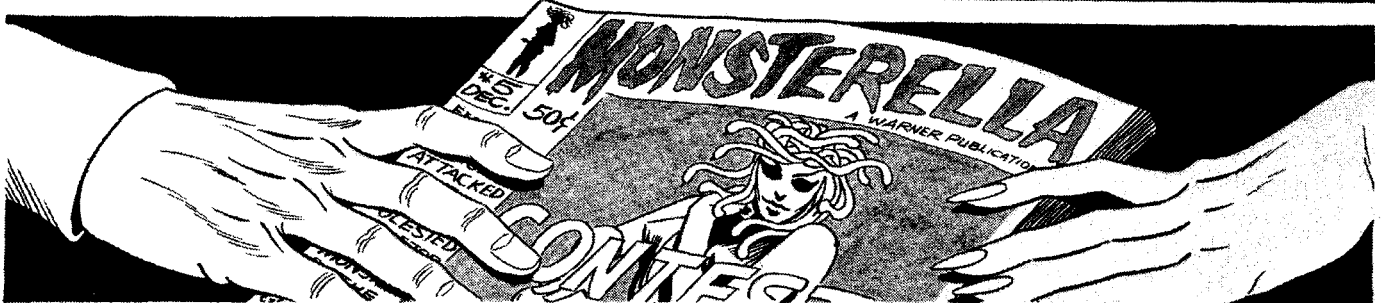


SAY, THAT LOOKS INTERESTING!

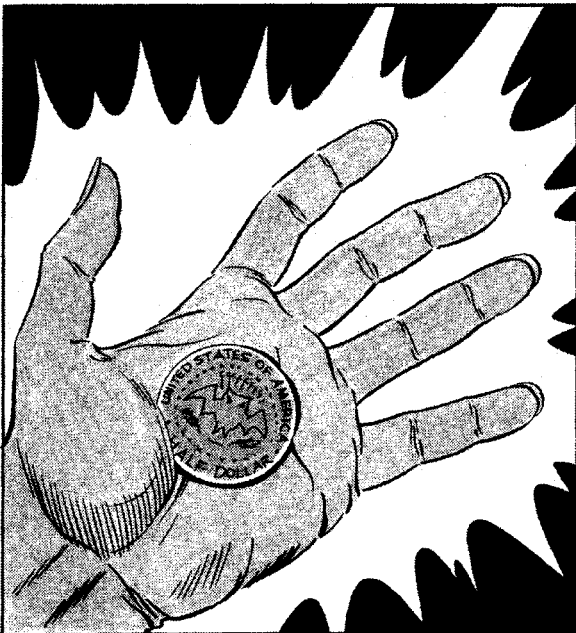
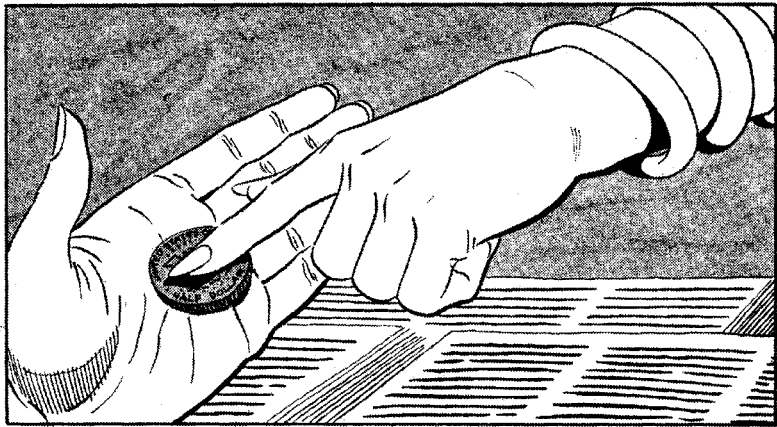


HEY, I BET YOU COULD **WIN** THEIR **CONTEST** WITHOUT HALF TRYING!

CONTEST?

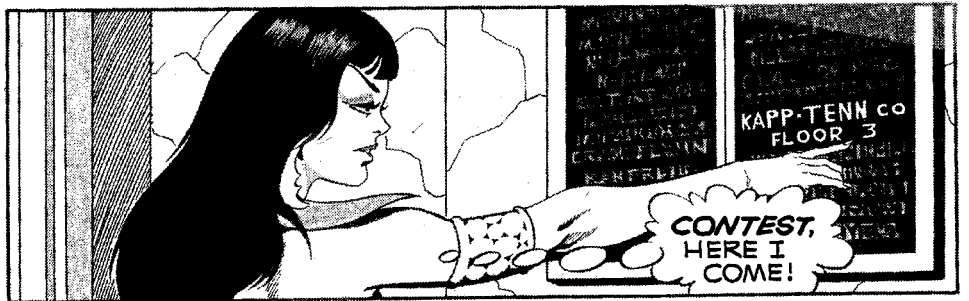
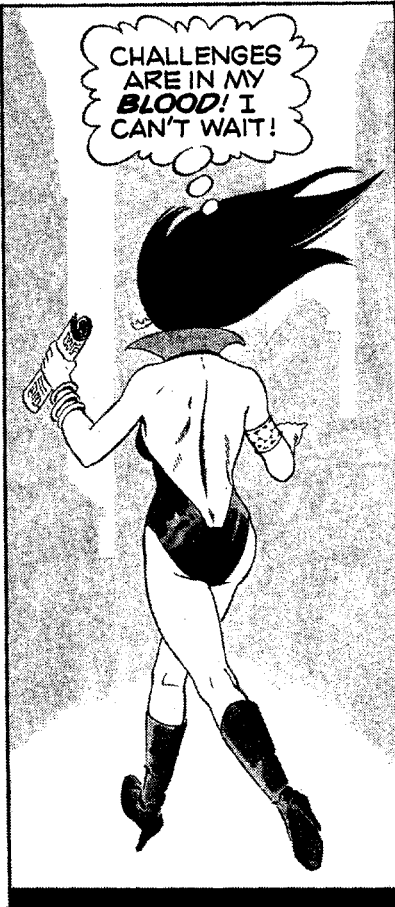




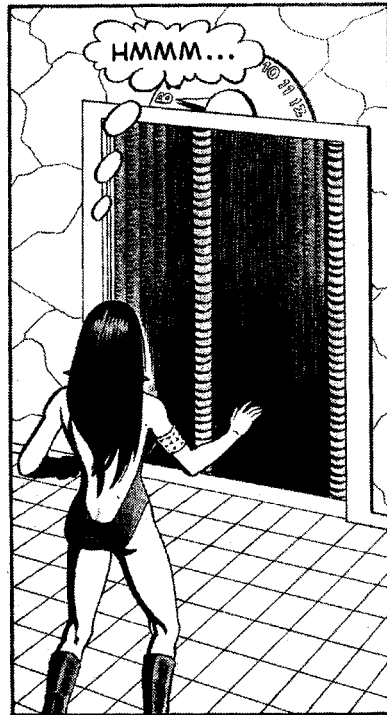


**B**UT VAMPI, FLEET LIKE THE WIND, WAS ON HER WAY TO THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE. HER FEET DID NOT SEEM TO TOUCH THE GROUND...

CHALLENGES ARE IN MY BLOOD! I CAN'T WAIT!



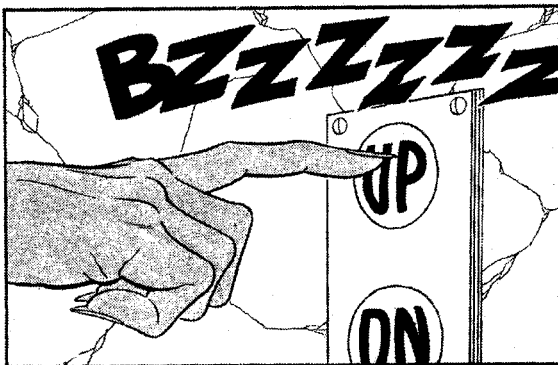
HMMM...



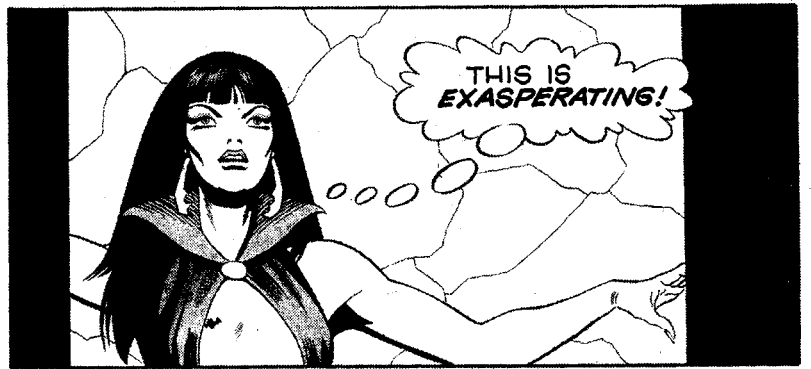
HELLO, DOWN THERE!



**BZZZZZ**



THIS IS EXASPERATING!



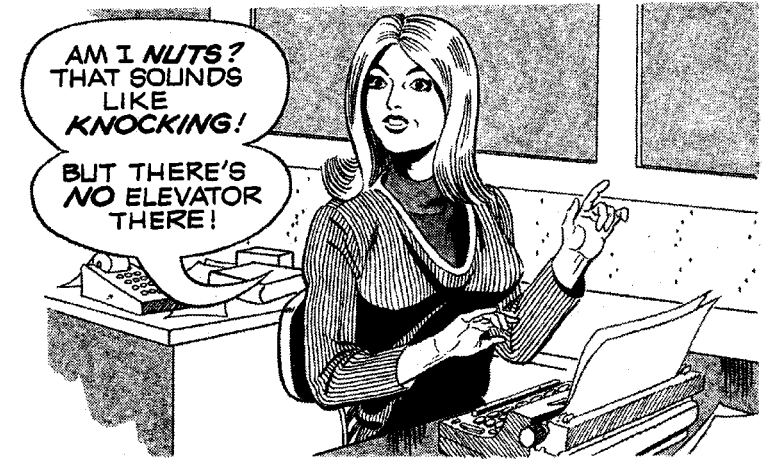
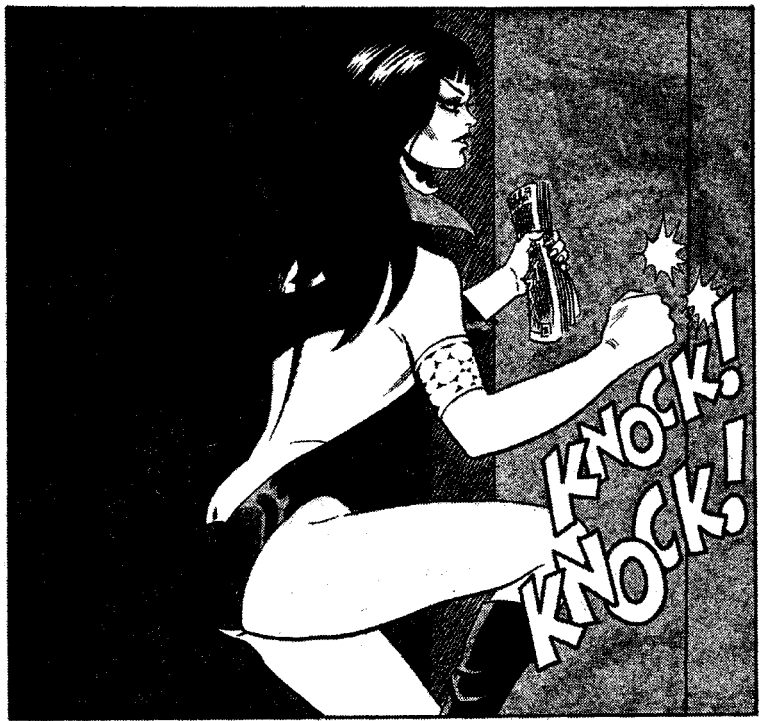
THERE'S NO ONE AROUND... YES! — I THINK I'LL CHANCE IT!

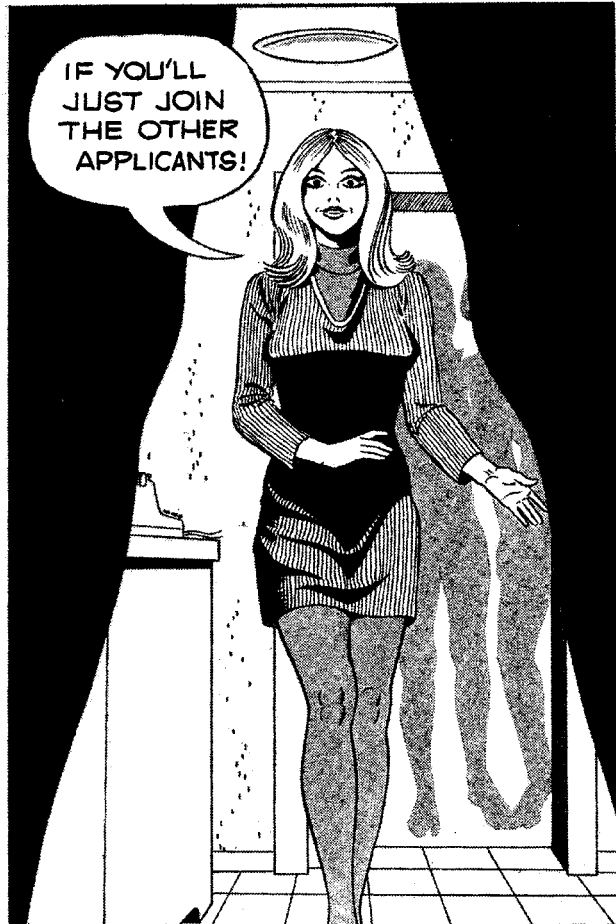
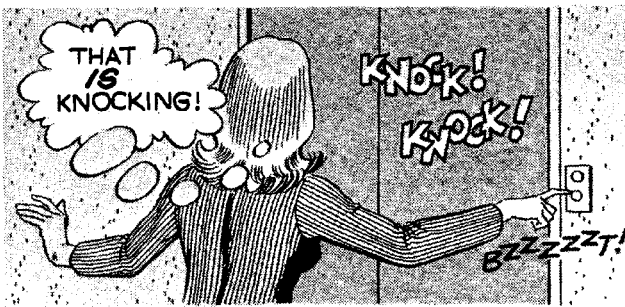


HERE I GO ON A WING AND A PRAYER!

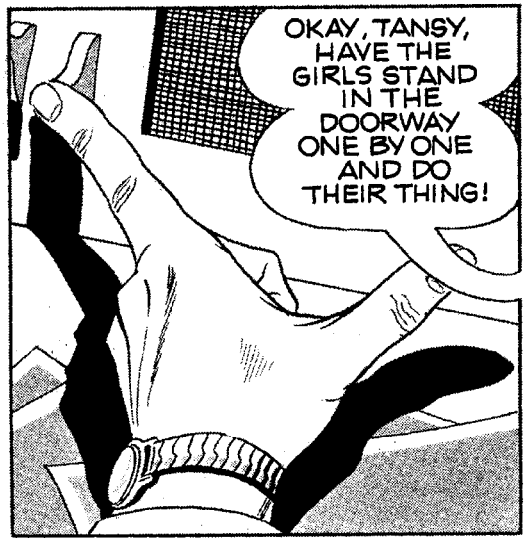


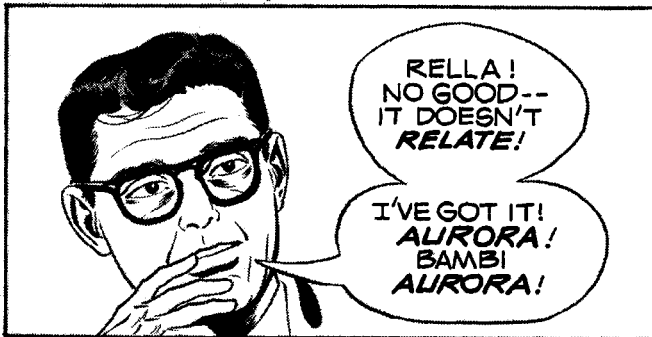
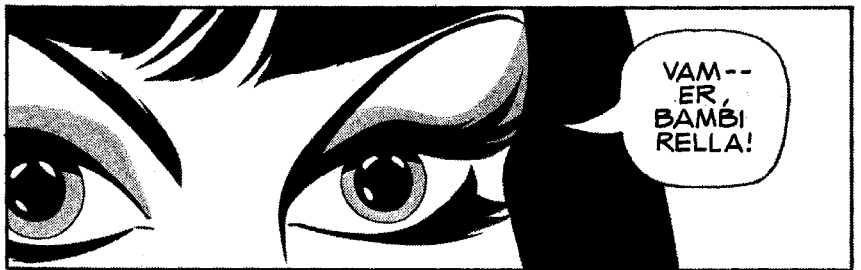




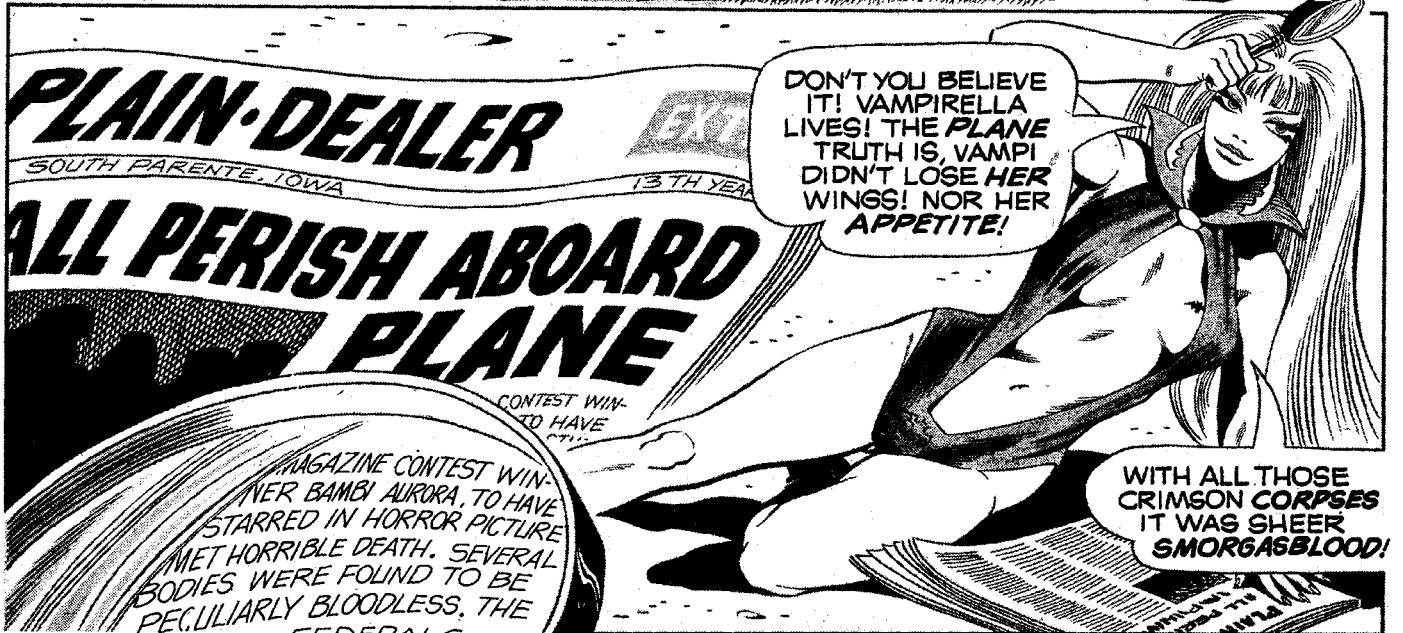












LUCKY I BROUGHT MY CAMERA ALONG! I DON'T LIKE TO MISS THOSE "GOOD SHOTS!" WHO KNOWS... I MIGHT JUST BUMP INTO THE ...

# QUEEN OF HORROR!

A GIRL SCREAMS! NO ONE HEARS HER! A SCALY CREATURE, PART MAN, PART ANIMAL, BUT ALL MONSTER, LUNGES FOR HER ...

NO! NO! PLEASE STAY AWAY FROM ME! PLEASE...  
AIIIIIEEEEE!



EACH SLUSHY FOOTSTEP BRINGS THE MONSTROSITY NEARER... SHE DOES NOT SEE THAT ROOT...

NO! IT'LL GET ME NOW! ISN'T THERE ANYONE WHO CAN SAVE ME!



BUT THERE IS NO ONE TO HELP HER, NO ONE TO FIRE THE BULLET THAT COULD SAVE HER LIFE ...

SLURRRPPPP!  
AHHH!





BUT BEFORE THE SAVAGE CLAWS CAN TEAR INTO THE GIRL'S MILKY FLESH...

CUT! CUT! AND PRINT!  
THAT WRAPS UP ANOTHER  
ONE, PEOPLE!

MMMMFMPH!

LISTEN, RICO! YOU KNOW  
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A  
WORD YOU'RE SAYING  
THROUGH THAT RUBBER  
HEAD PIECE  
YOU'RE  
WEARING!  
TAKE IT  
OFF!

WHEW! I CAN  
BREATHE AGAIN!  
SOMETIMES I WISH  
I'D HAVE BECOME AN  
ACTOR INSTEAD OF  
A MONSTER!

YOU WERE  
WONDERFUL,  
MY DEAR!  
SIMPLY SPLENDID!  
NOW WHAT WAS  
IT YOU WERE  
SAYING, RICO?

HOW WAS I,  
MR. KATZMAN?

I JUST  
WANTED  
TO KNOW  
HOW THAT  
TAKE WAS!  
I PUT MY  
ALL INTO IT!

BEAUTIFUL! JUST  
BEAUTIFUL! AND THE  
LAST SHOT WE HAVE  
TO GET! SURE GLAD  
WE SHOOT THESE  
THINGS OUT OF  
SEQUENCE! SAVE  
THE BEST FOR LAST,  
YOU KNOW!

MR. KATZMAN! OOPS. SORRY,  
SIR! IN A HURRY, YOU SEE!  
MR. KATZMAN!

I'M RIGHT  
HERE, PENWORTHY. OUCH!  
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE  
GOING! EXCUSE ME, RICO!  
I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER!  
AND THANKS!

SURE THING,  
MR. KATZMAN!

WHAT ON  
EARTH IS IT,  
PENWORTHY?

IT'S JUST THAT.... UGHHH!  
SORRY, MR. KATZMAN!

GET UP, PENWORTHY!  
HERE, GIVE ME THOSE  
PAPERS!

IT'S FROM  
THE STUDIO  
EXECUTIVES,  
MR. KATZMAN!

I CAN READ, CAN'T I?! HMM...  
ACCORDING TO THIS, MY  
LAST FIVE HORROR FILMS  
LOST MORE MONEY THAN  
THEY CARE TO DISCUSS! IF I  
DON'T COME UP WITH A NEW  
ANGLE THAT'LL MAKE MONEY...  
AND FAST...



PENWORTHY! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! SPACE CREATURES! FLYING SAUCERS! THEY'RE ALL OLD HAT! GET ME A NEW ANGLE RIGHT AWAY!

Y-YES, SIR, MR. KATZMAN! I'M ON MY WAY!

BUT WHERE TO?



"SEA-SON'S GREETINGS FROM YOUR WATER-BROTHER, RICO (THE GILL-MONSTER) CHAPMAN! THERE YOU ARE, MY FRIEND.

THANK YOU! AND I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO THE PREVIEW OF "THE GILL-MONSTER STRIKES BACK!"

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?! WHAT CAN I DO? I'M AS GOOD AS FIRED! BROKE! BUSTED!



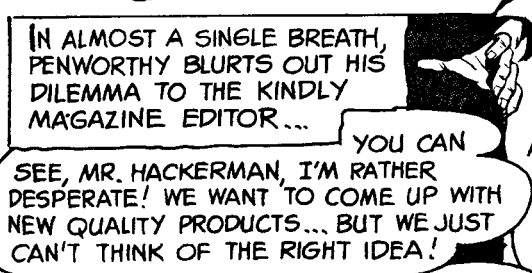
OOOOOPHFFF! WAIT! THAT MAN! I RECOGNIZE HIM! AND HE MAY BE THE ANSWER TO ALL OUR PROBLEMS! IF ANYONE KNOWS ABOUT MONSTERS AND SUCH, HE DOES!



ER--EXCUSE ME, BUT AREN'T YOU GORRY HACKERMAN...?

GUILTY, I'M AFRAID! JUST CAME DOWN TO MEET THE GILL-MONSTER!

WELL, YOU CAN DO MORE THAN THAT, MR. HACKERMAN! YOU CAN SAVE MY LIFE!



IN ALMOST A SINGLE BREATH, PENWORTHY BLURTS OUT HIS DILEMMA TO THE KINDLY MAGAZINE EDITOR...

YOU CAN SEE, MR. HACKERMAN, I'M RATHER DESPERATE! WE WANT TO COME UP WITH NEW QUALITY PRODUCTS... BUT WE JUST CAN'T THINK OF THE RIGHT IDEA!

I'VE GOT IT! THE OLD MONSTERS ARE STILL GOOD, BUT YOU NEED A NEW FACE! A GIRL! THAT'S IT! A "QUEEN OF HORROR!" A BARBARELLA TYPE ACTRESS, BUT ONE WHO COULD PORTRAY A WEREWOLF OR VAMPIRE OR SOME OTHER CLASSIC FIEND OF, SAY, THE 1930S OR 40S!

THANK YOU! THANK YOU! SUICIDE IS NO LONGER NECESSARY! OOOOPHF! WE'RE SAVED!



HMMMM! IT SEEMS TO ME MONSTERDOM COULD USE SOMETHING NEW AND FRESH!



SURE DO MEET SOME STRANGE ONES IN THIS BUSINESS! I THINK MAYBE I SHOULD GIVE ALL THIS UP AND BECOME A COMIC BOOK COLLECTOR!





WELL, WHAT EARTH-SHAKING NEWS DO YOU HAVE FOR ME, PENWORTHY? OR SHOULD I SAY, PENWORTH-LESS?

I-I-I'VE GOT THE ANSWER, MR. KATZMAN, SIR! A GIRL HORROR STAR! A "QUEEN OF HORROR!" A SEXY WEREWOLF!

PENWORTHY! I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL HAVE A BEAUTIFUL GIRL! A "QUEEN OF HORROR!" IT'LL START A NEW CYCLE OF MONSTER EPICS! WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY IDEA?

B-BRILLIANT, MR. KATZMAN, JUST BRILLIANT!



BUT... WHO SHALL SHE BE? HMMM! NO! PERHAPS! NO! MAYBE! DEFINITELY NOT!

MR. KATZMAN! MR. KATZMAN, SIR! WHAT ABOUT HER?

SHE DOES HAVE THE... ER... CORRECT PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS! YES, SHE JUST MIGHT DO! DEFINITELY! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, PENWORTHY?

YES SIR!



WRONG, YOU NINCOMPOOP! SHE'S GREAT TO LOOK AT, BUT SHE COULDN'T ACT HER WAY OUT OF A WET ISSUE OF "VARIETY!"

GO, PENWORTHY! GO! AND DON'T COME BACK HERE TILL YOU'VE FOUND AN ACTRESS! GET THAT, PENWORTHY! A BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS!!!

Y-YES, SIR, MR. KATZMAN, SIR!

SHORTLY, AT THE MOST FAR OUT "IN" SPOT ON THE STRIP...

OOPS, EXCUSE ME! PARDON ME! SORRY!



THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO LOOK!

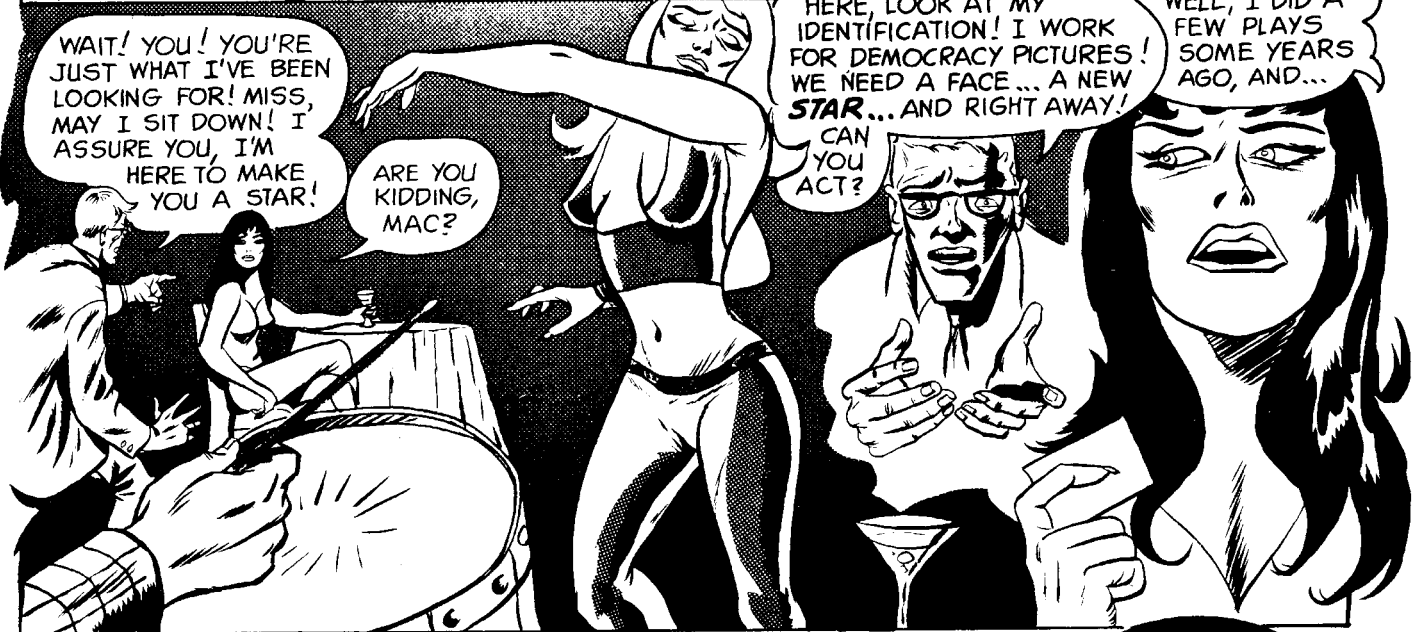
WAIT! YOU! YOU'RE JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! MISS, MAY I SIT DOWN! I ASSURE YOU, I'M HERE TO MAKE YOU A STAR!

ARE YOU KIDDING, MAC?

HERE, LOOK AT MY IDENTIFICATION! I WORK FOR DEMOCRACY PICTURES! WE NEED A FACE... A NEW STAR... AND RIGHT AWAY!

CAN YOU ACT?

WELL, I DID A FEW PLAYS SOME YEARS AGO, AND...



FINE! COME WITH ME! WE HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO LOSE!

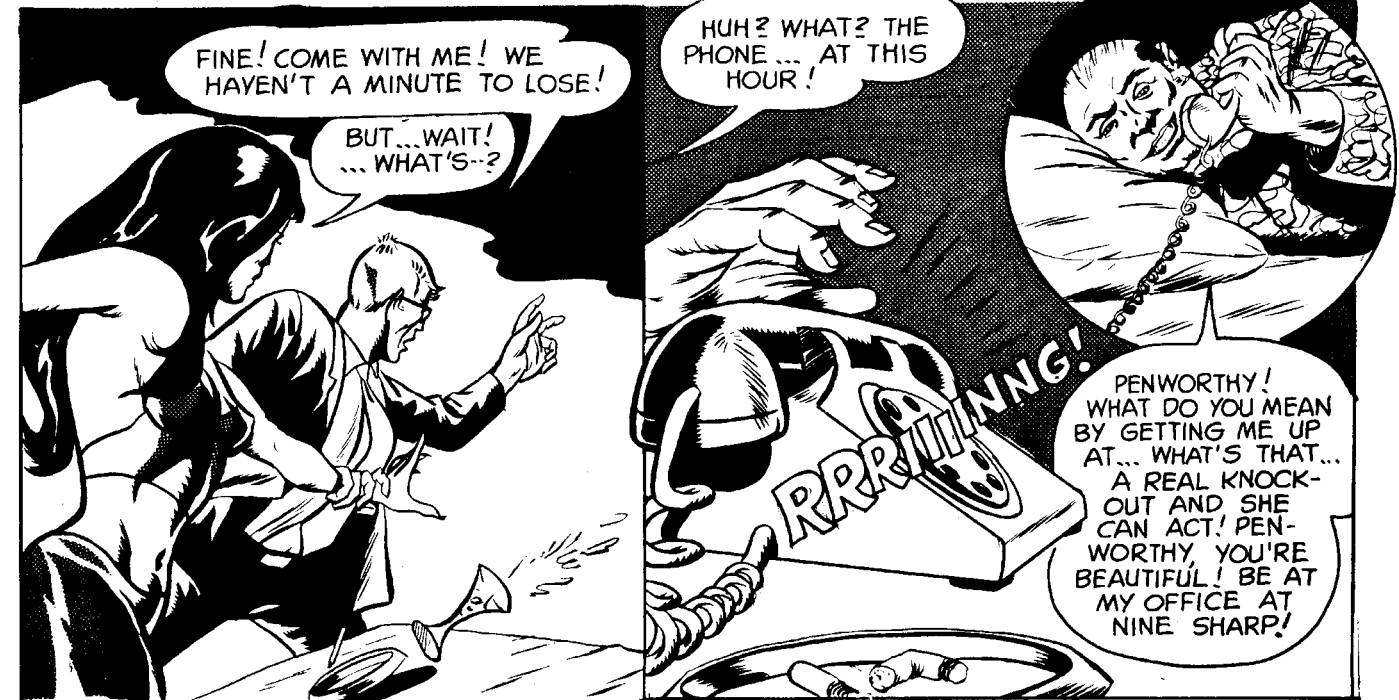
BUT... WAIT! ...WHAT'S--?

HUH? WHAT? THE PHONE... AT THIS HOUR!



RRRRRING!

PENWORTHY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY GETTING ME UP AT... WHAT'S THAT... A REAL KNOCK-OUT AND SHE CAN ACT! PENWORTHY, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! BE AT MY OFFICE AT NINE SHARP!





AND, AT 9:00 A.M. SHARP AN ANXIOUS NAT KATZMAN IS PLEASED TO FIND...

PERFECT! PENWORTHY, SEE ME LATER ABOUT A RAISE! I'M GIVING HER AN IMMEDIATE SCREEN TEST!

TELL ME, MY DEAR! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

COUGH... WE CAN CHANGE THAT! I'VE GOT IT! AS OF RIGHT NOW - YOU'RE ADRIANA! PERFECT!

MILDRED! MILDRED STRUDD!

NAT KATZMAN DIRECTOR

PRESENTLY... DON'T WORRY! THIS STUFF THEY PUT ON'LL ALL COME OFF EASY. YOU'RE GOING TO TEST FOR THE LEAD IN MY NEW PICTURE...

"THE WEREWOLF OF THE BOUTIQUE!" THE... WHAT? I'M GOING TO PLAY A WEREWOLF? THAT'S THE MOST RIDICULOUS THING I EVER HEARD!

YES, THERE HAVE BEEN FEMALE WEREWOLVES BEFORE IN MOVIES! REMEMBER "CRY OF THE WEREWOLF" BACK IN THE 40S? BUT NEVER ONE LIKE YOU, ADRIANA - I PROMISE YOU THAT!

I KNOW, IT'S DIFFERENT! BUT THAT'S WHAT WE WANT, MY DEAR! TO MAKE YOU A NEW TERROR STAR!

WOW! OK! QUIET ON THE SET! ROLL 'EM!

ACTION!!!

SPEED!

KATZMAN - WEREWOLF OF THE BOUTIQUE

AND AFTER THE PRECIOUS TEST FOOTAGE IS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED...

YOU'RE A GENIUS, MR. KATZMAN... A GENIUS!

EVERY FRAME A CAMEO! PENWORTHY, TELL ME I'M A GENIUS FOR THINKING OF THIS!

THANK YOU, PENWORTHY!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR! I JUST FELT LIKE SAYING IT!

I STILL THINK THE IDEA OF ME PLAYING A MOVIE WEREWOLF IS RIDICULOUS!

THUS, THE NEW WAVE IN MONSTER MOVIES IS LAUNCHED WITH "THE WEREWOLF OF THE BOUTIQUE!"

TREMENDOUS! I'VE BECOME HER FAN FOR LIFE!

MAN! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A WEREWOLF!

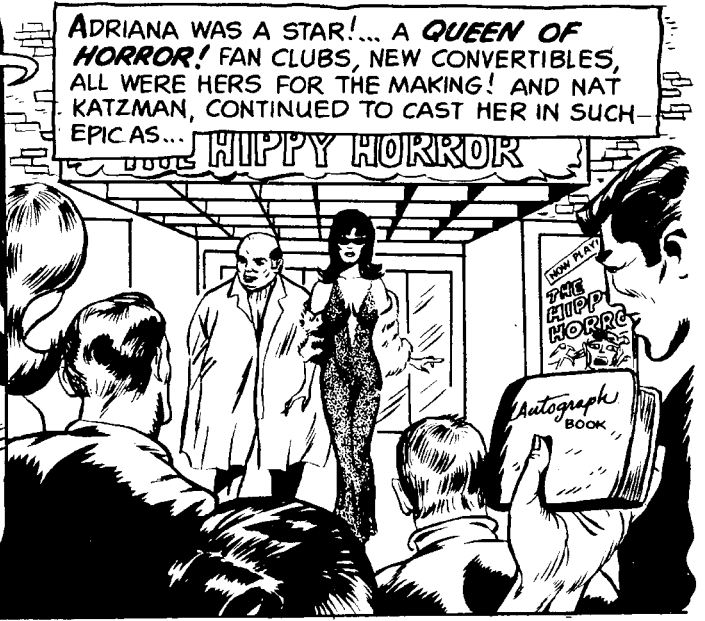
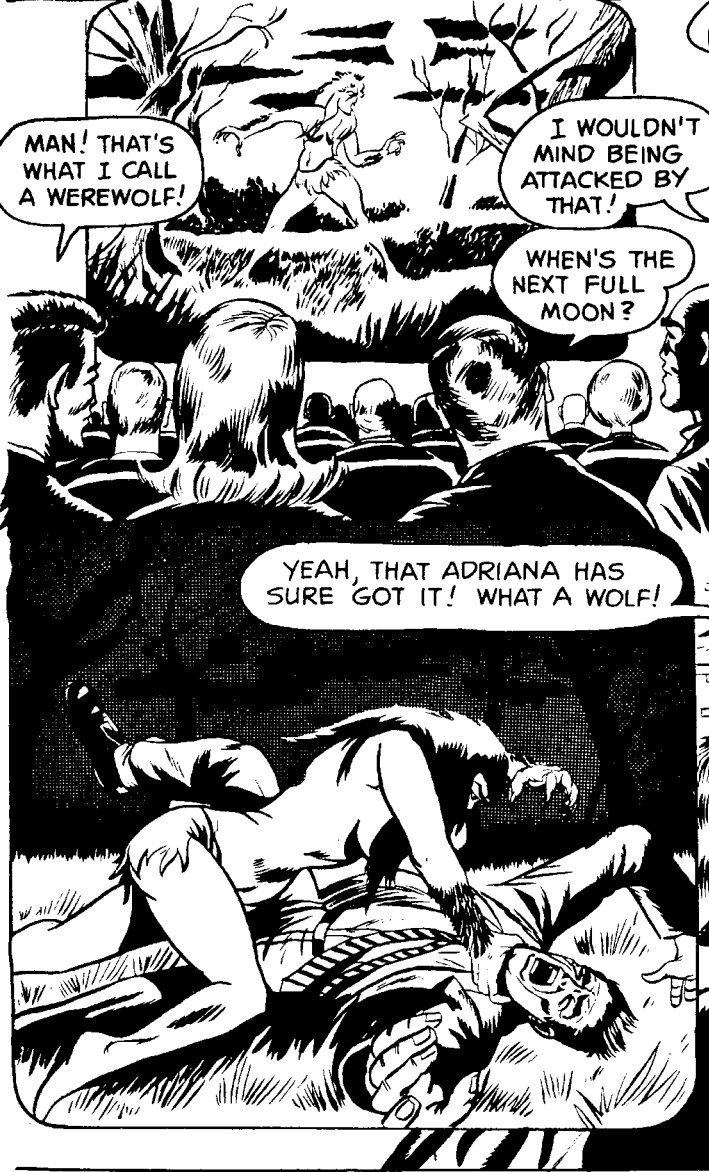
I WOULDN'T MIND BEING ATTACKED BY THAT!

WHEN'S THE NEXT FULL MOON?

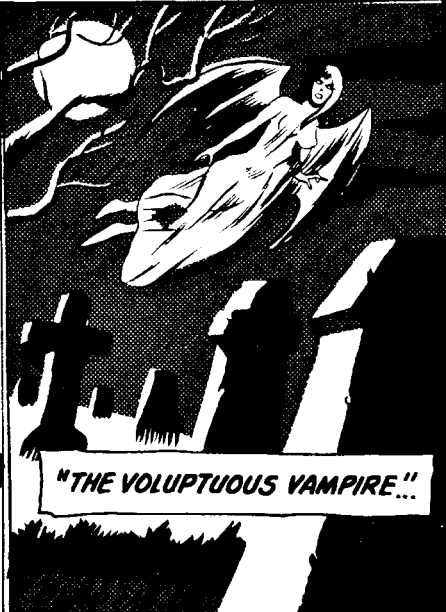
YEAH, THAT ADRIANA HAS SURE GOT IT! WHAT A WOLF!

ADRIANA WAS A STAR!... A *QUEEN OF HORROR!* FAN CLUBS, NEW CONVERTIBLES, ALL WERE HERS FOR THE MAKING! AND NAT KATZMAN, CONTINUED TO CAST HER IN SUCH EPIC AS...

### HIPPY HORROR



"THE LOVES OF THE MUMMY!"



"THE VOLUPTUOUS VAMPIRE!"



...AND, OF COURSE, "RETURN OF THE BOUTIQUE WEREWOLF!"





WE'RE AT THE TOP, PENWORTHY!  
WE'RE BEING IMITATED BY  
OTHER STUDIOS! THAT'S HOW  
I KNOW WE'VE MADE IT! AND...

HELLO... ADRIANA! I'D LIKE TO SPEAK  
TO YOU ABOUT OUR NEXT PICTURE!  
"THE FEMALE FRANKENSTEIN  
BATTLES THE BOUTIQUE WEREWOLF"  
WITH YOU PLAYING BOTH PARTS! TONIGHT?  
FINE! AT... MY APARTMENT?  
BEAUTIFUL!  
8:00 SHARP!  
BYE!



SHE'S ACTUALLY COMING  
HERE! I'VE WAITED A  
LONG TIME FOR THIS!

GOT TO HURRY! SHE'LL  
BE HERE ANY SECOND  
NOW!

THAT'S HER NOW!  
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE,  
ADRIANA... HONEY!



RIGHT ON  
TIME, NK!

A-ADRIANA Y-YOU... YOU  
LOOK LOVELY... PLEASE,  
COME I-IN!



ADRIANA... I DIDN'T  
REALLY CALL YOU OVER  
HERE TO TALK ABOUT  
THE NEW F-FILM! I--I  
WANTED  
TO...  
ADRIANA...  
I LOVE  
YOU!

OH, NAT! I'M REALLY  
GRATEFUL FOR ALL  
YOU'VE DONE FOR ME!  
BUT,  
ACTUALLY,  
NO MAN  
COULD BE  
HAPPY WITH  
ME!



B-BUT, ADRIANA, WHY--?

REMEMBER WHEN I LAUGHED AT YOU FOR WANTING ME TO PLAY A WEREWOLF? AT THE TIME I THOUGHT IT WAS ... FUNNY!



I ALWAYS THOUGHT PEOPLE WENT TO THE MOVIES TO **ESCAPE** THE DRUDGERIES OF EVERYDAY LIFE! TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL!

TRUE, BUT...



THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO **DO** WHEN MR. PENWORTHY DISCOVERED ME! TRYING TO ESCAPE ... TRYING TO FORGET! BUT YOU'VE MADE ME REMEMBER WHAT I WAS BEFORE YOU MADE ME A STAR! BEFORE I BECAME THE **QUEEN OF HORROR!**



AND JUST WHAT WERE YOU BEFORE, ADRIANA?

CAN'T YOU GUESS, NK? ISN'T IT ALL RATHER OBVIOUS, MY PARTS IN THOSE MOVIES--



... HOW **WELL** I PLAYED MY PARTS!



ADRIANA ... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?



EVEN WITHOUT ANY MAKEUP!

**NOOOOOOOOO...**



WELL, THAT WINDS UP THIS STORY, MOVIE BUFFS! LOOKS LIKE OL' NK FOUND MORE HORROR THAN HE'D PUT IN THE SCRIPT FOR HIS QUEEN, EH?

ANYWAY, IT JUST GOES TO PROVE STARDOM DOESN'T **CHANGE** EVERYBODY ... SOME BODIES CHANGE FROM MOON-DOM!

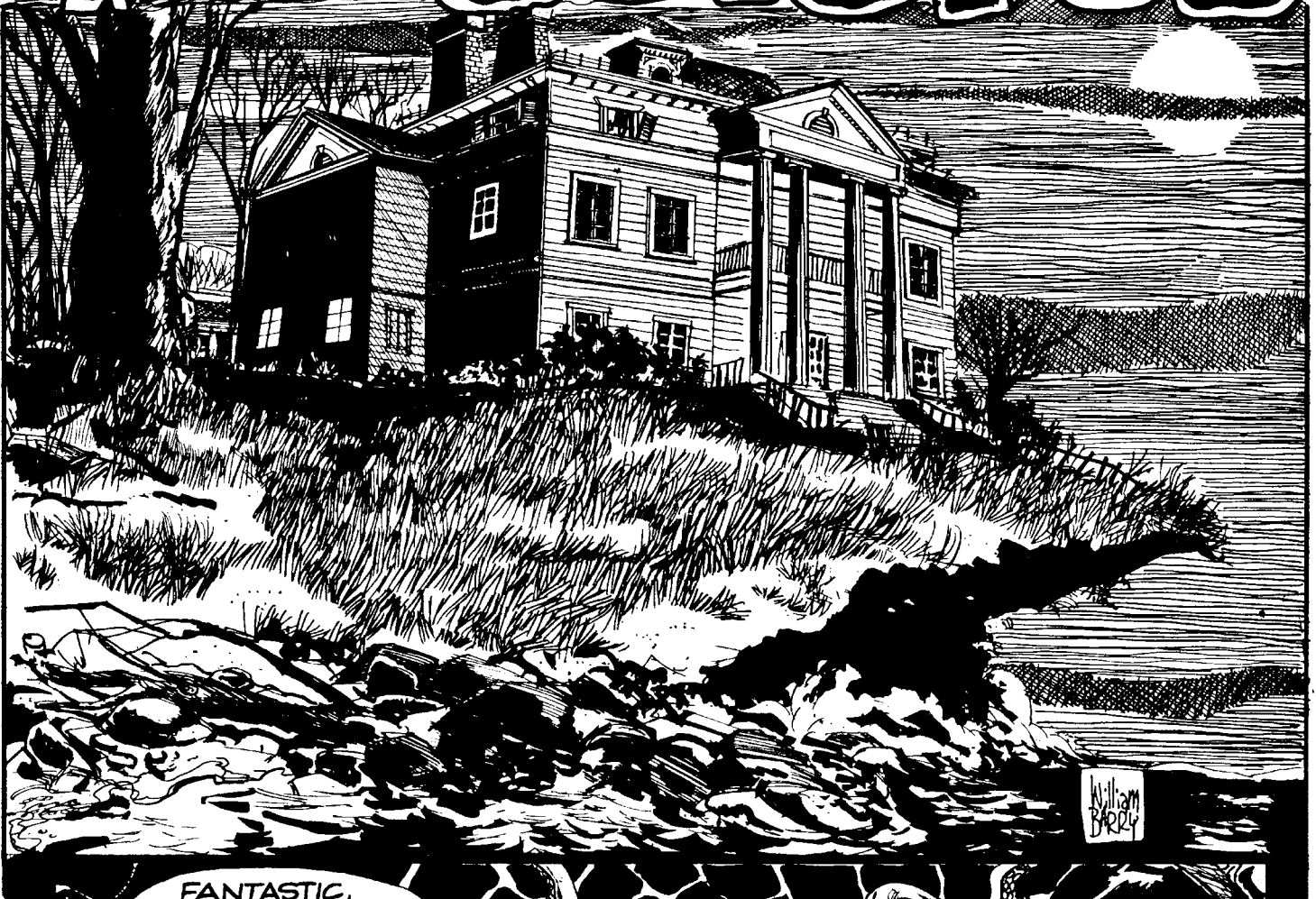
*The END*





NO ONE GOES TO GREYCOLLAR HOUSE ANY MORE. THEY SAY THAT VERY SOON THE SEA WILL EAT AWAY THE CLIFF WHICH SUPPORTS THE OLD PLACE AND IT WILL FALL INTO THE WATERS TO BE WASHED AWAY. SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE THE HOUSE, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE COMING OF THE...

# THE OCTOPUS



FANTASTIC, CARL! I'VE NEVER SEEN SPECIES OF THAT SIZE BEFORE!

YES, MY DEAR BROTHER, I THOUGHT THAT YOU WOULD BE PLEASED.



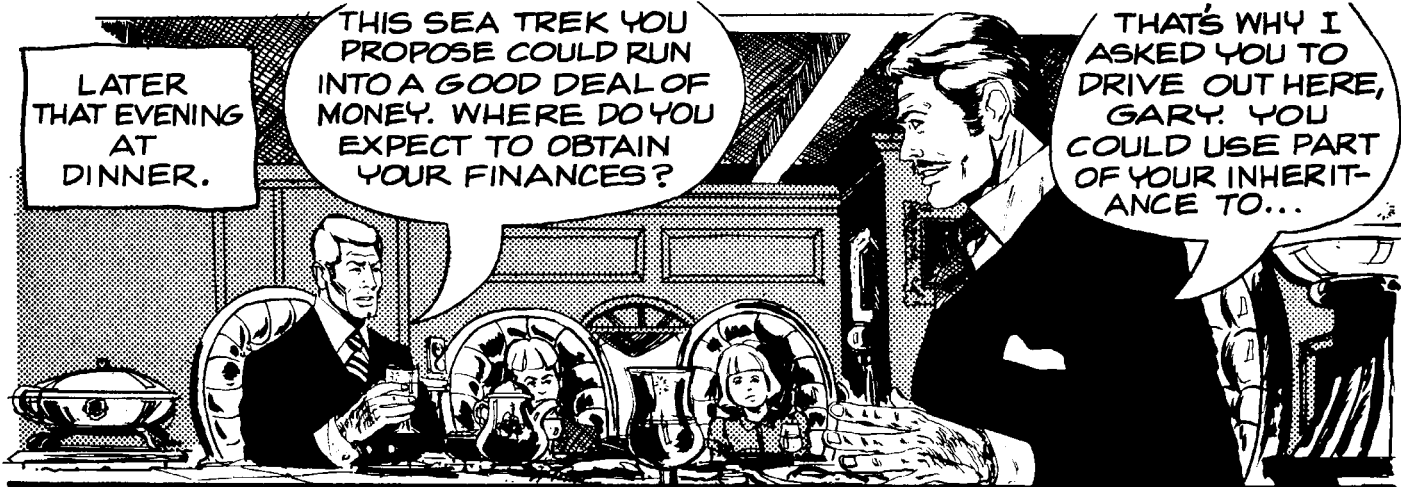


AS YOU CAN SEE, THE OCEAN HAS WORKED ITS WAY INTO THIS DRIED UP WELL AND FILLED WITH THESE MONSTERS. WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN THE WATER LEVEL IS ONLY A FEW FEET FROM THE EDGE OF THE WELL.

BE CAREFUL, CHILDREN DONT STAND SO CLOSE.



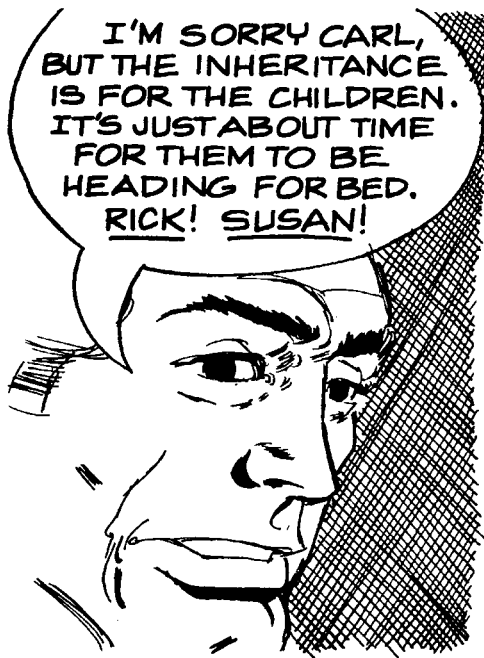
I BELIEVE THAT I HAVE DISCOVERED THE UNDERGROUND CAVERN WHICH LEADS TO THE WELL. IF I AM RIGHT WE MAY BE ABLE TO TRACE WHERE THESE MONSTERS COME FROM.



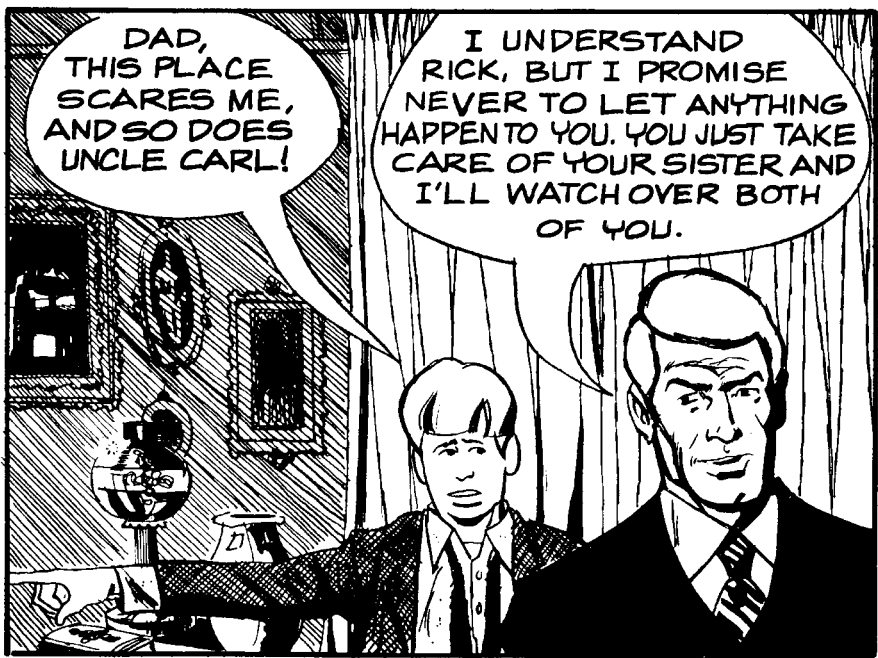
LATER THAT EVENING AT DINNER.

THIS SEA TREK YOU PROPOSE COULD RUN INTO A GOOD DEAL OF MONEY. WHERE DO YOU EXPECT TO OBTAIN YOUR FINANCES?

THAT'S WHY I ASKED YOU TO DRIVE OUT HERE, GARY. YOU COULD USE PART OF YOUR INHERITANCE TO...



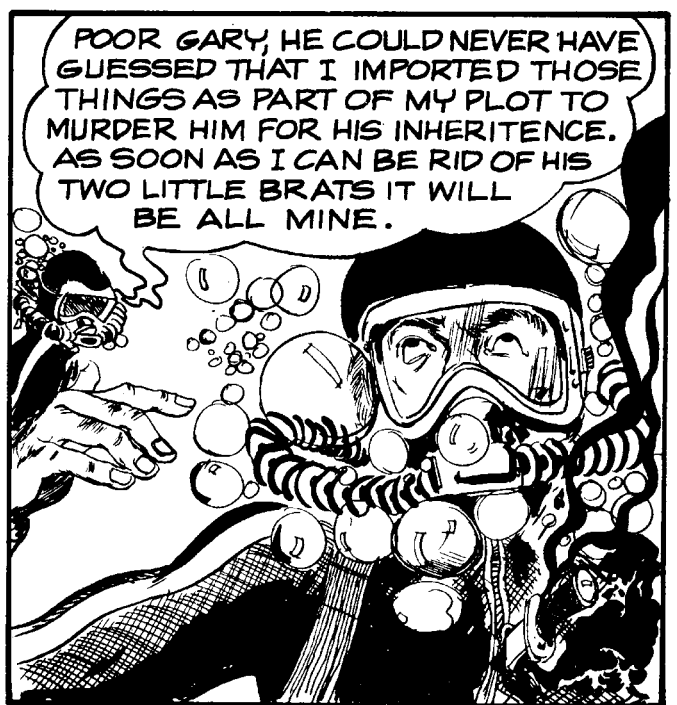
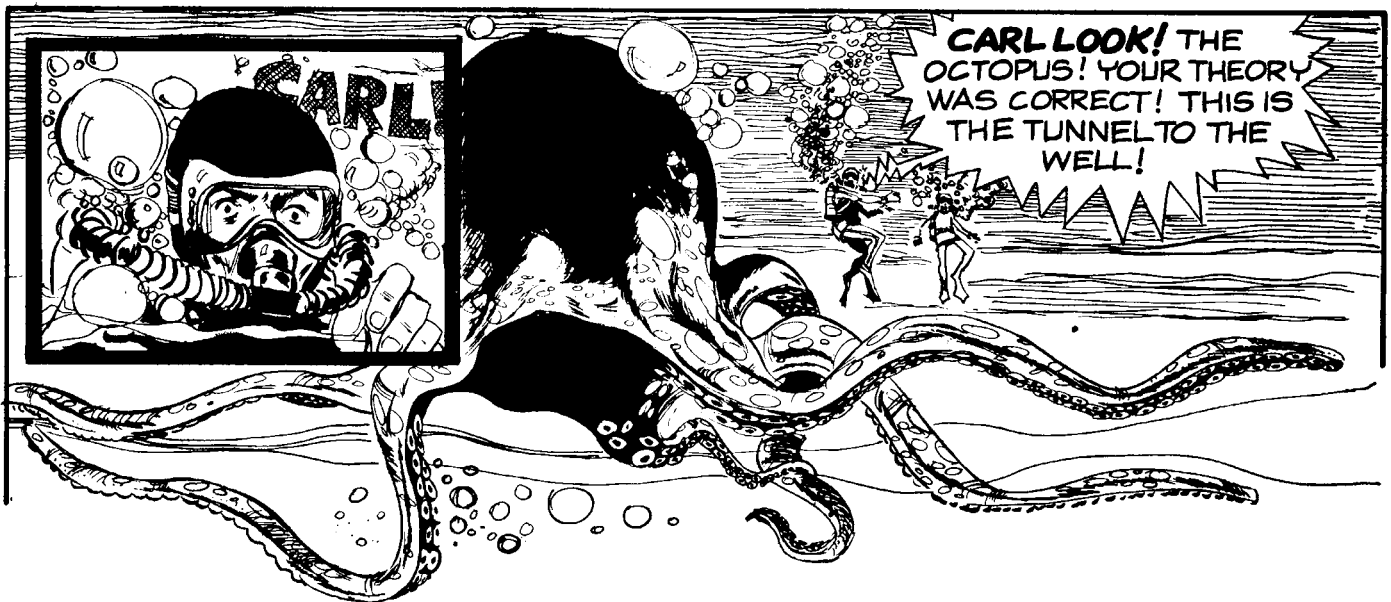
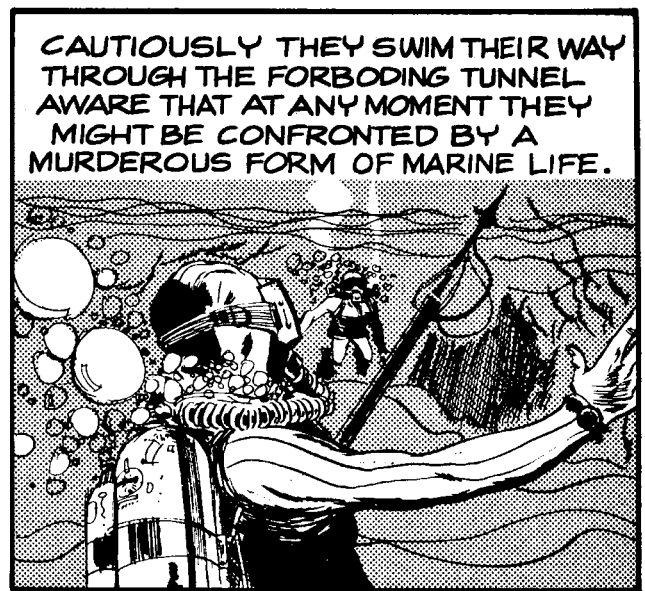
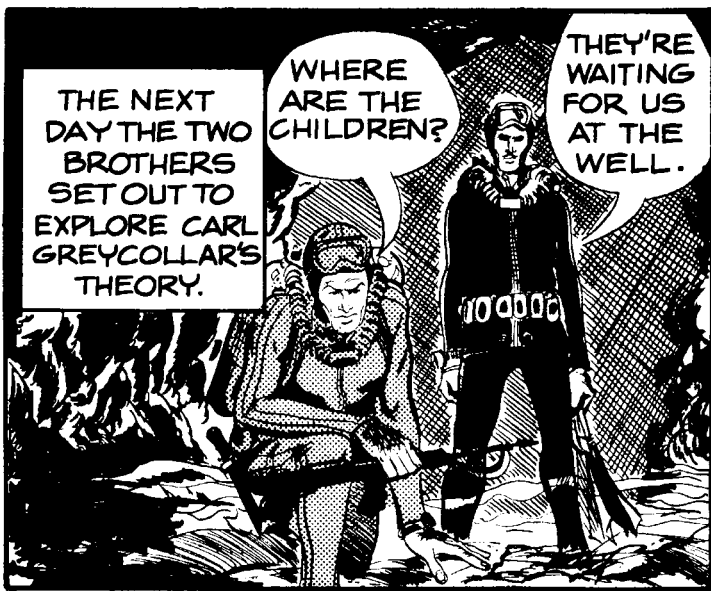
I'M SORRY CARL, BUT THE INHERITANCE IS FOR THE CHILDREN. IT'S JUST ABOUT TIME FOR THEM TO BE HEADING FOR BED. RICK! SUSAN!



DAD, THIS PLACE SCARES ME, AND SO DOES UNCLE CARL!

I UNDERSTAND RICK, BUT I PROMISE NEVER TO LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU. YOU JUST TAKE CARE OF YOUR SISTER AND I'LL WATCH OVER BOTH OF YOU.



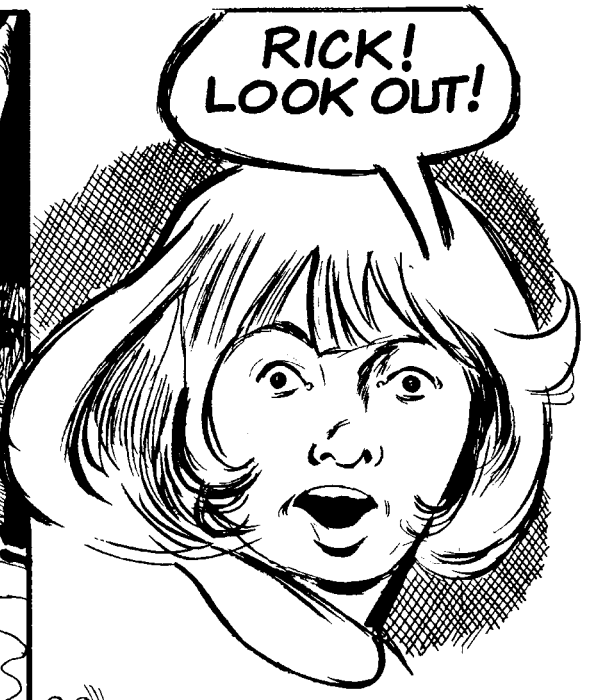




IT IS EVENING AND THE TWO CHILDREN VAINLY AWAIT THE EMERGENCE OF THEIR FATHER FROM THE WELL.

CAN YOU SEE THEM RICK?

NO SUE. ALL I CAN SEE IS THE OCTOPUS.



RICK! LOOK OUT!



UNCLE CARL!



THE OCTOPUS HAS GOT HIM! ITS DRAGGING HIM UNDER!



RICK TRIES TO COMFORT HIS FRIGHTENED SISTER.

ITS ALRIGHT SUE. WE'LL WAIT IN THE HOUSE UNTIL FATHER COMES. HE SAID HE WOULD PROTECT US. REMEMBER?

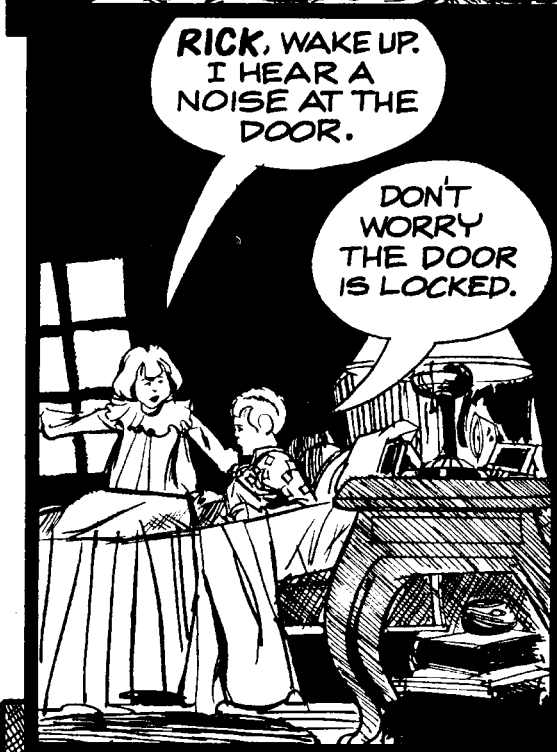




RICK AND SUSAN TRY TO SLEEP, UNAWARE THAT THE RISING TIDE BRINGS IN A TERROR BEYOND COMPREHENSION.

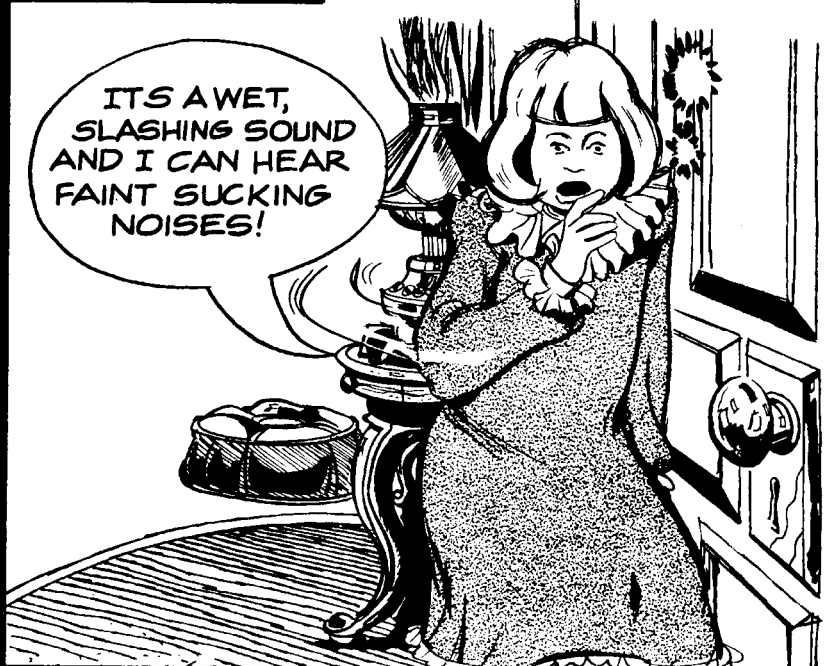


A MONSTER SLITHERS OUT OF THE WELL THAT IS MORE THAN JUST AN OCTOPUS.



RICK, WAKE UP. I HEAR A NOISE AT THE DOOR.

DON'T WORRY THE DOOR IS LOCKED.



IT'S A WET, SLASHING SOUND AND I CAN HEAR FAINT SUCKING NOISES!



SOMETHING'S COMING FROM UNDER THE DOOR!



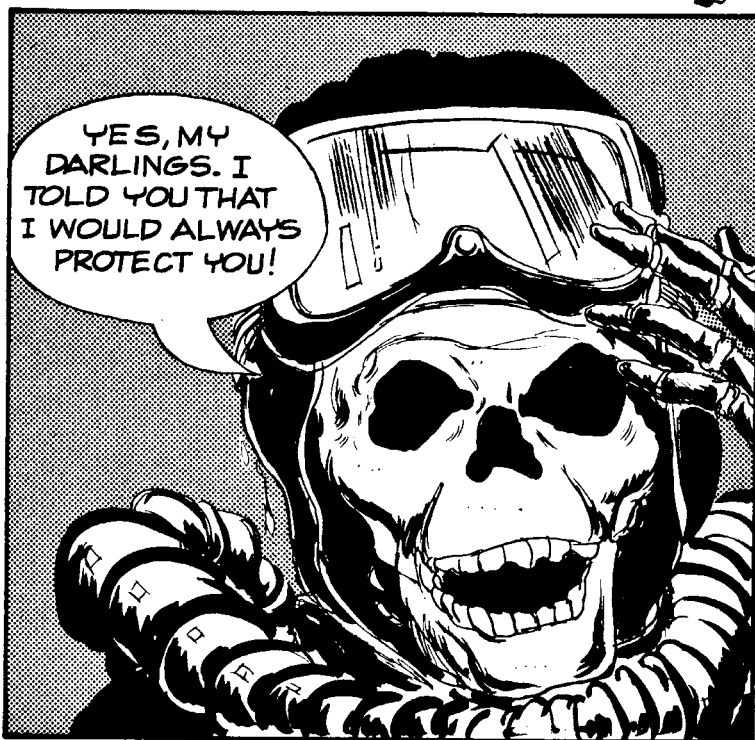
RICK AND SUSAN ARE STRUCK INTO WORDLESS FEAR AS THEY CONFRONT THE MONSTROSITY WITH THE EVIL SOUL OF THEIR UNCLE CARL.



WAAAAAAAAA  
DON'T TRY PRETTY ONES. THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM ME. I SHALL HAVE MY REVENGE.



DAD?



YES, MY DARLINGS. I TOLD YOU THAT I WOULD ALWAYS PROTECT YOU!



TSK...TSK...SOME GUYS WOULD RATHER LOSE A LITTLE FACE, THAN GET SUCKED INTO A FISHY, DEAL! REALLY NOW...FROM ONE ANGEL-FISH TO ANOTHER IT'S NOT WORTH CRABBING ABOUT!

END

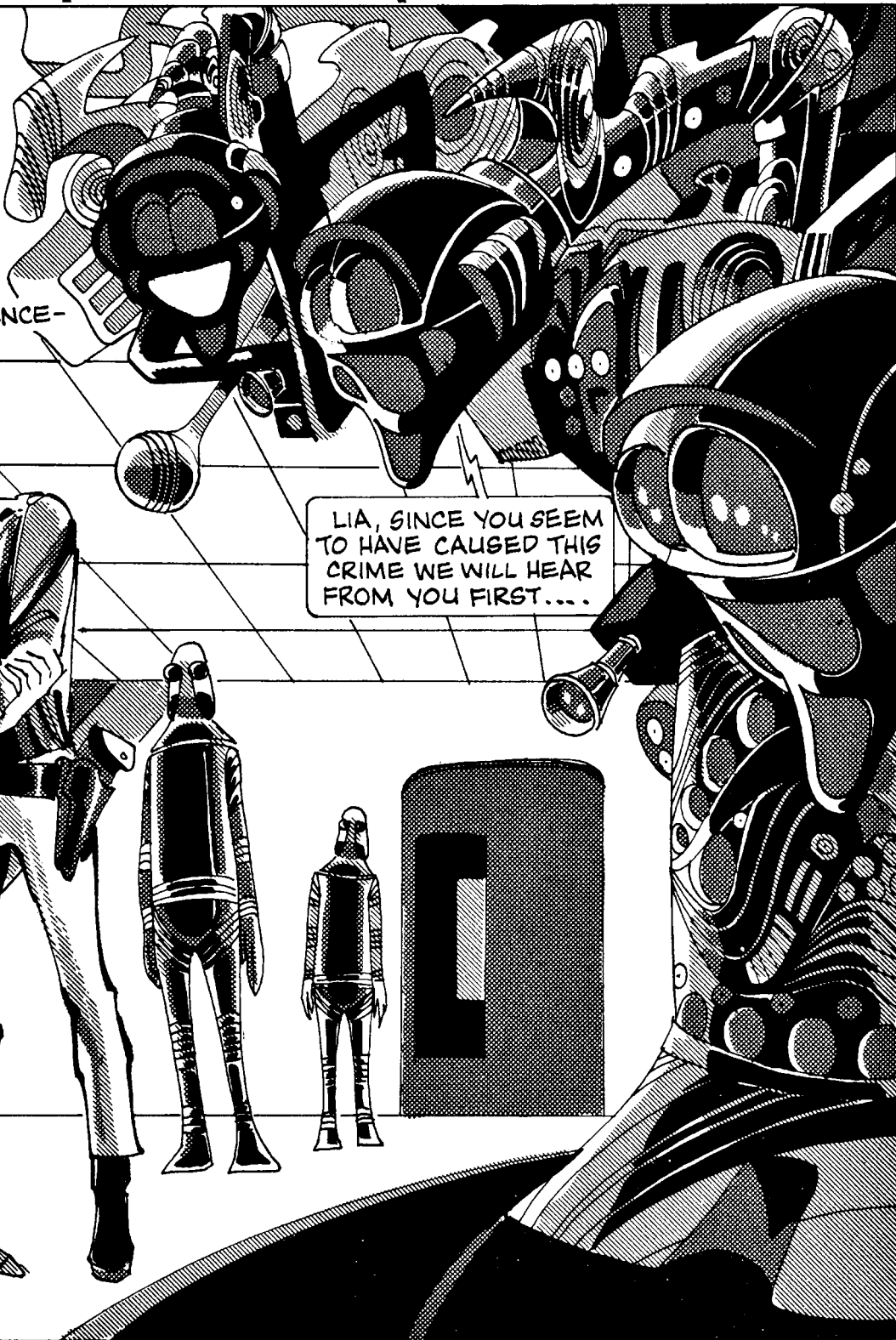


Hi, STINGERS... HERE'S A PAIN IN THE VEIN ABOUT SOME ROBOT PEOPLE - METAL ANDROIDS... ALIVE, YOU KNOW. KLEET AND LIA, OUR HERO AND HEROINE, WILL TEACH US THAT EVEN TRANSISTORIZED HEARTS CAN--BEAT? LISTEN NOW AS THEY TELL THEIR STORY TO...



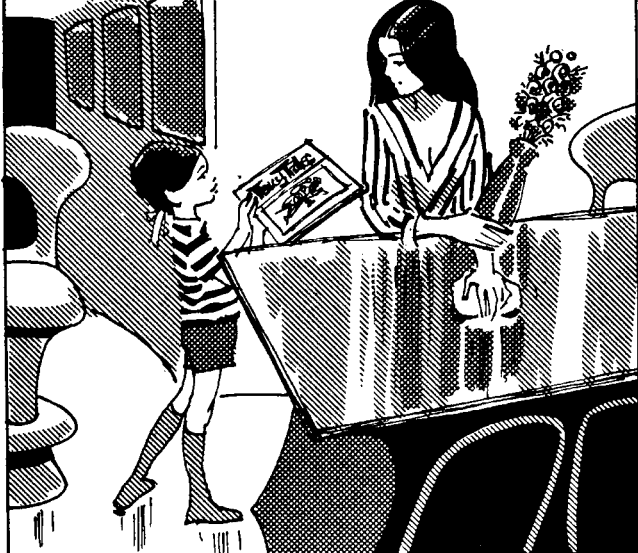
# ONE, TWO, THREE

KLEET AND LIA HAVE COMMITTED THE ULTIMATE CRIME OF MACHINEDOM, THEY HAVE EXPERIENCED-**EMOTION!** NOW THEY MUST ANSWER FOR THAT CRIME TO THEIR JUDGES: ONE, TWO, THREE - THE HIGHEST FORM OF ELECTRONIC INTELLIGENCE-

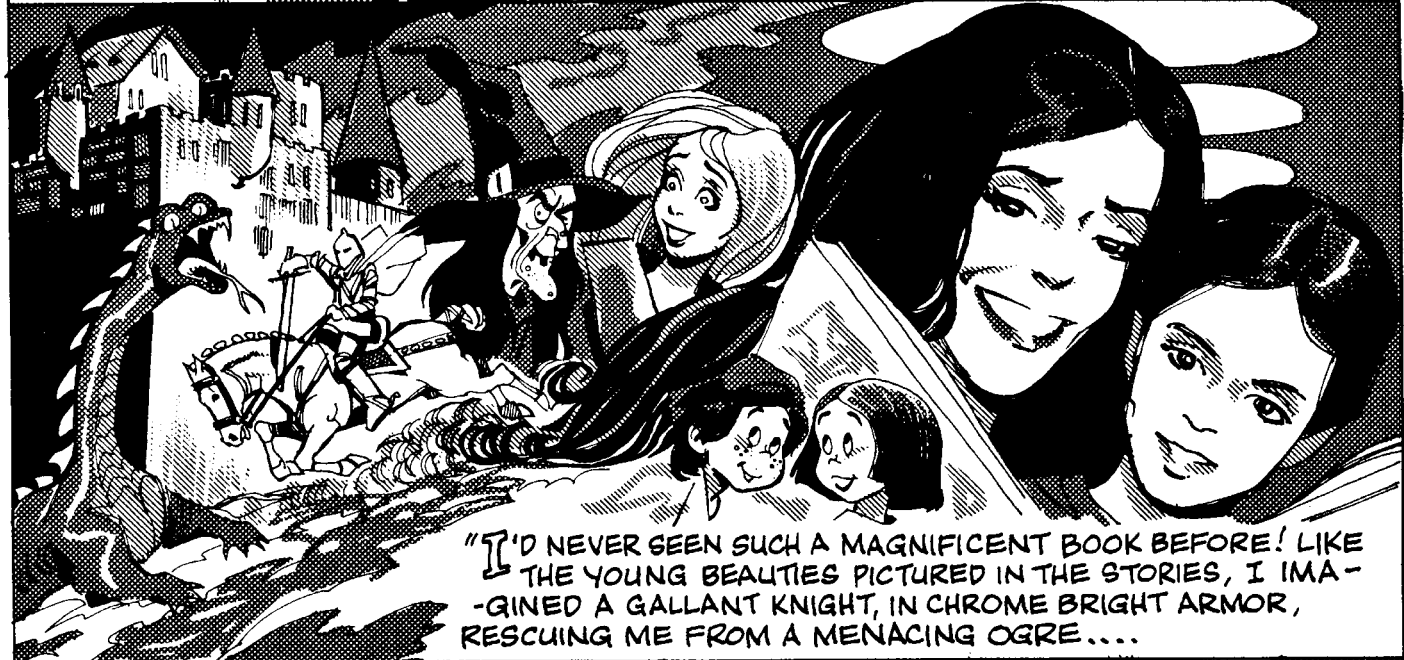


LIA, SINCE YOU SEEM TO HAVE CAUSED THIS CRIME WE WILL HEAR FROM YOU FIRST...

"I WAS A GOOD ANDROID. I BELONGED TO MR MITCHELL. I CARED FOR THE HOUSE AND THE CHILDREN, MANDA AND KIRA....."

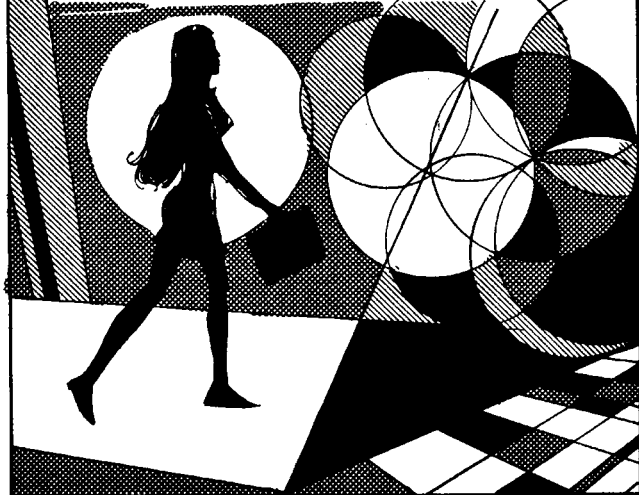


...I REMEMBER LITTLE MANDA ASKING ME TO READ TO HER FROM A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES. THAT BEGAN IT. STORY BOOKS WERE ONLY FOR HUMANS, BUT SHE PLEADED AND I GAVE IN."



"I'D NEVER SEEN SUCH A MAGNIFICENT BOOK BEFORE! LIKE THE YOUNG BEAUTIES PICTURED IN THE STORIES, I IMAGINED A GALLANT KNIGHT, IN CHROME BRIGHT ARMOR, RESCUING ME FROM A MENACING OGRE...."

...FOR DAYS I WANDERED THE HOUSE, DREAMING OF KINGDOMS AND DRAGONS. I NO LONGER BELIEVED I WAS ONLY A MACHINE - I WAITED FOR THE HERO WHO WOULD TAKE ME AWAY FROM THERE."

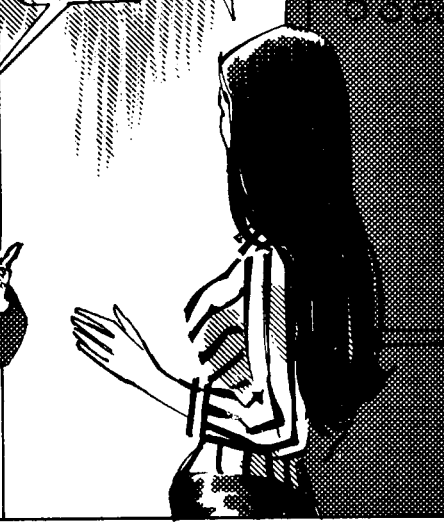


ONE DAY MARK CAME TO CALL ON KIRA. I'D SEEN HIM BEFORE - BUT NOW HE SEEMED -- DIFFERENT."



HI, LIA - IS KIRA READY YET?

NO, SHE ISN'T, MARK...





MARK MUST HAVE NOTICED THE CHANGE IN ME, BECAUSE HIS EYES NEVER LEFT ME....



FOR YOU, LIA! THE LOVELIEST AND! EVER CREATED!

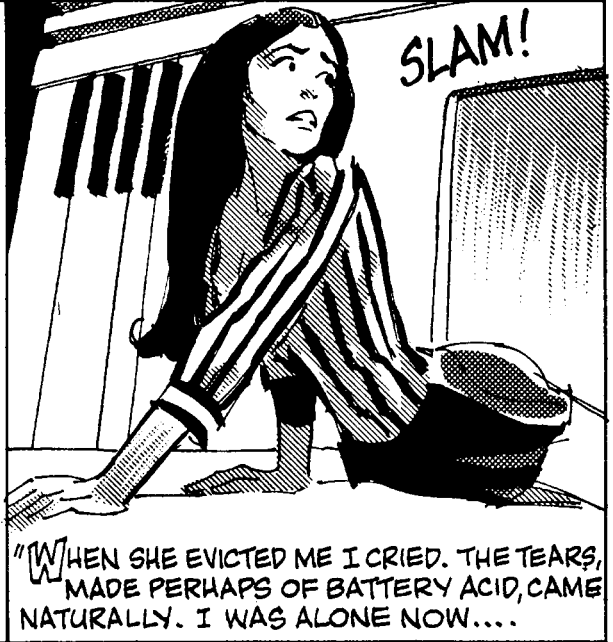
MARK- YOU ARE MY HERO- WILL YOU TAKE ME AWAY FROM ALL THIS?



HE WON'T BUT I WILL!



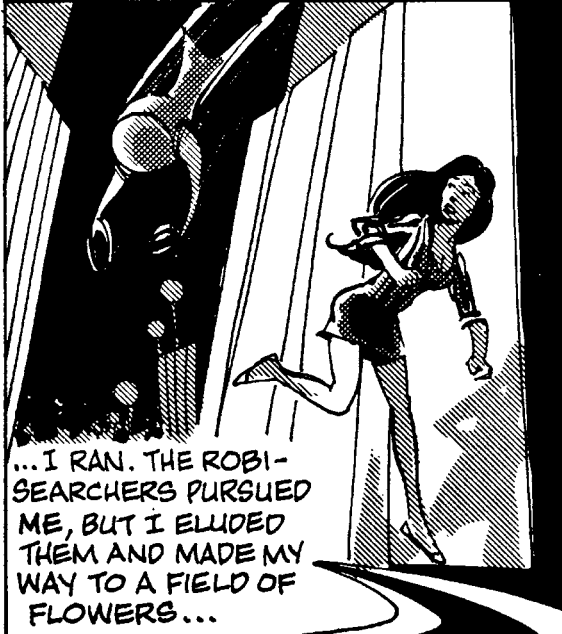
SLAM!



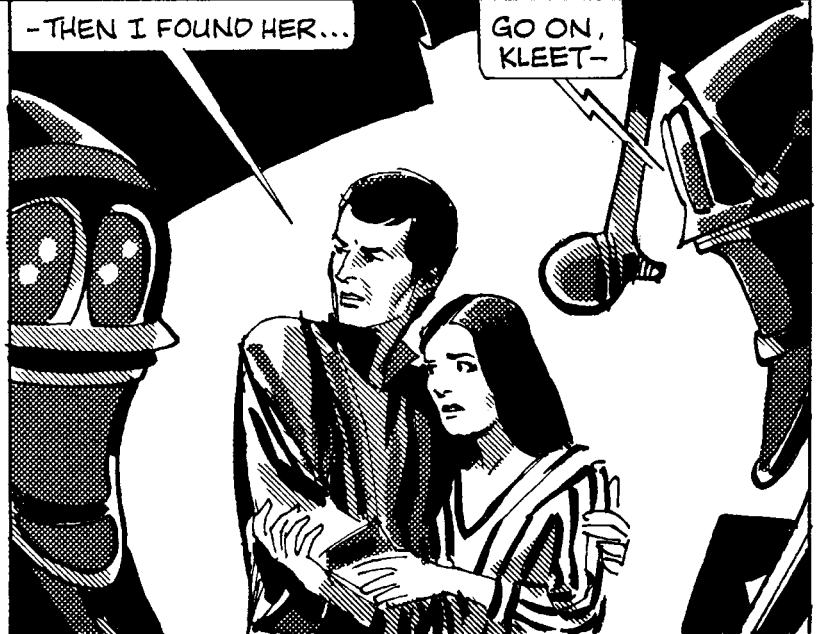
"WHEN SHE EVICTED ME I CRIED. THE TEARS, MADE PERHAPS OF BATTERY ACID, CAME NATURALLY. I WAS ALONE NOW...."

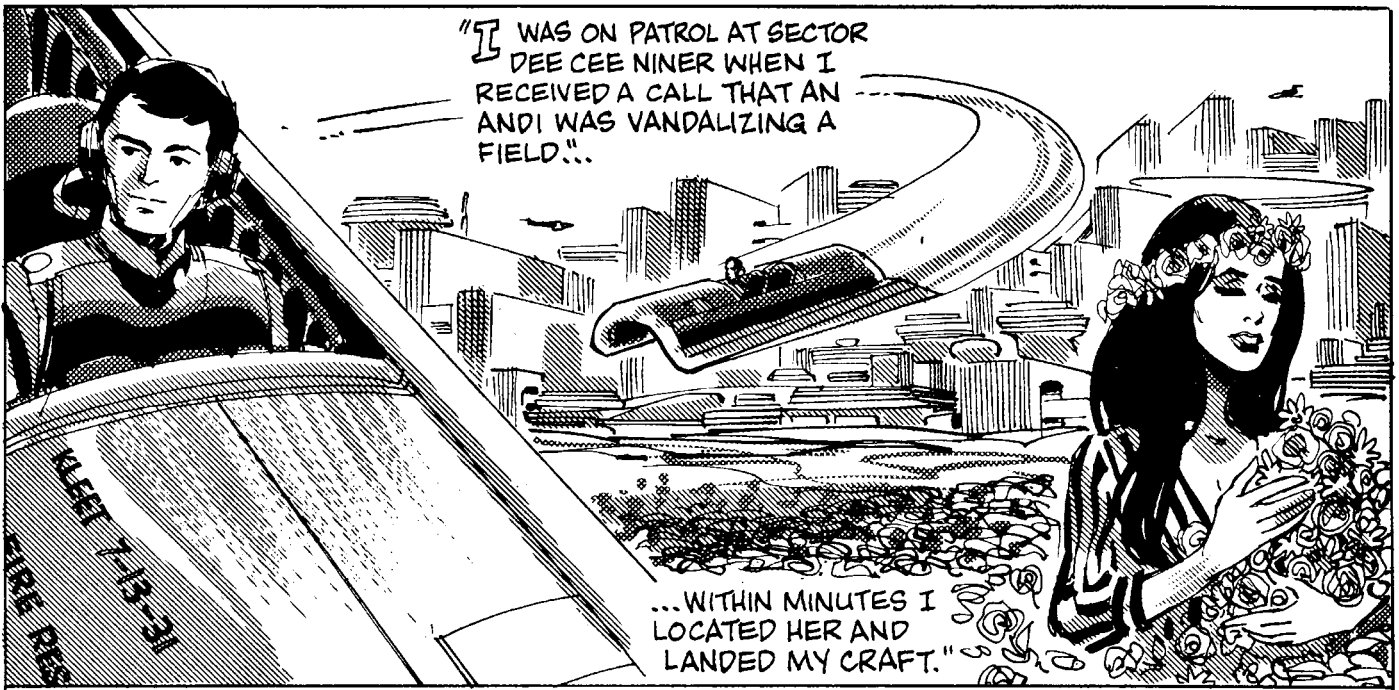
-THEN I FOUND HER...

GO ON, KLEET-



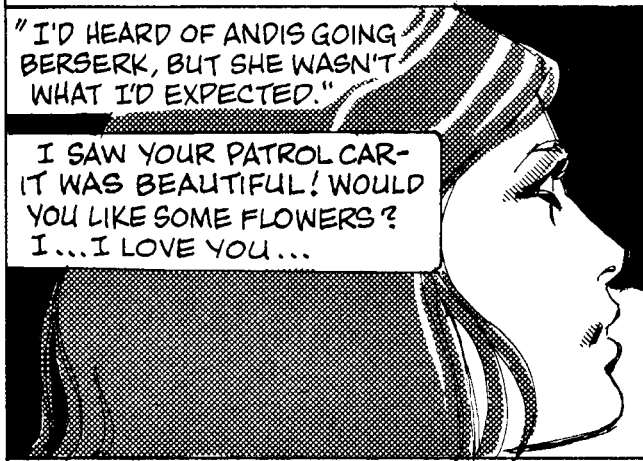
...I RAN. THE ROBI-SEARCHERS PURSUED ME, BUT I ELUDED THEM AND MADE MY WAY TO A FIELD OF FLOWERS...





"I WAS ON PATROL AT SECTOR DEE CEE NINER WHEN I RECEIVED A CALL THAT AN ANDI WAS VANDALIZING A FIELD.."

...WITHIN MINUTES I LOCATED HER AND LANDED MY CRAFT."

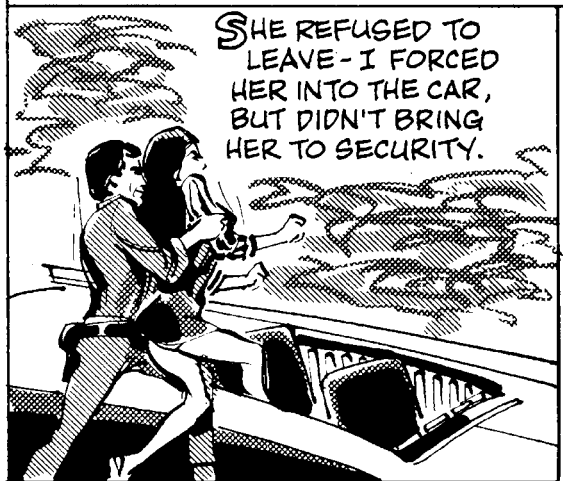


"I'D HEARD OF ANDIS GOING BERSERK, BUT SHE WASN'T WHAT I'D EXPECTED."

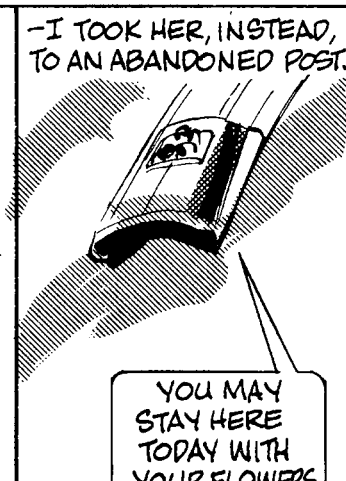
I SAW YOUR PATROL CAR- IT WAS BEAUTIFUL! WOULD YOU LIKE SOME FLOWERS? I... I LOVE YOU...



?? YOU HAVE VIOLATED THIS PROTECTED FIELD- YOU MUST LEAVE....

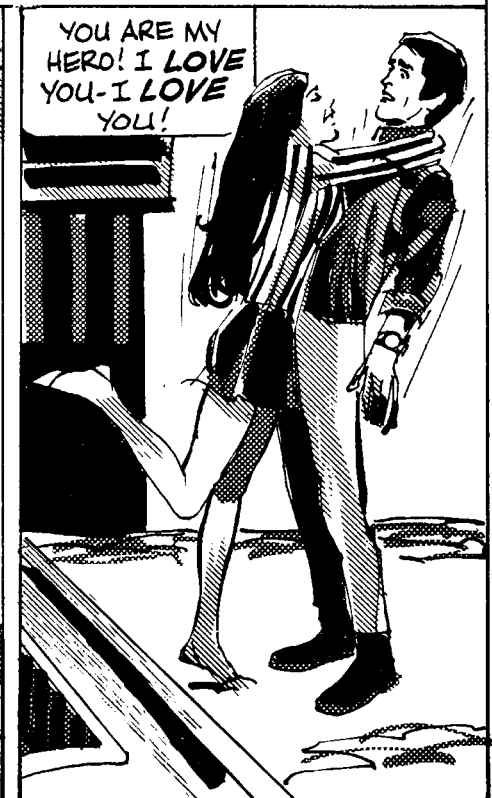


SHE REFUSED TO LEAVE- I FORCED HER INTO THE CAR, BUT DIDN'T BRING HER TO SECURITY.



-I TOOK HER, INSTEAD, TO AN ABANDONED POST.

YOU MAY STAY HERE TODAY WITH YOUR FLOWERS BUT TOMORROW I MUST TAKE YOU TO SECURITY.



YOU ARE MY HERO! I LOVE YOU- I LOVE YOU!

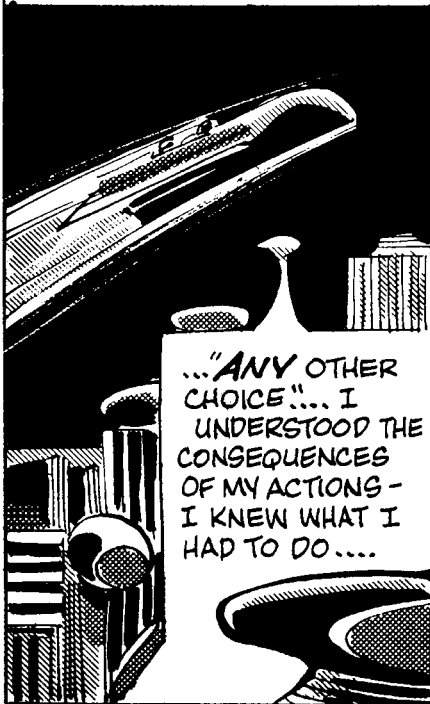
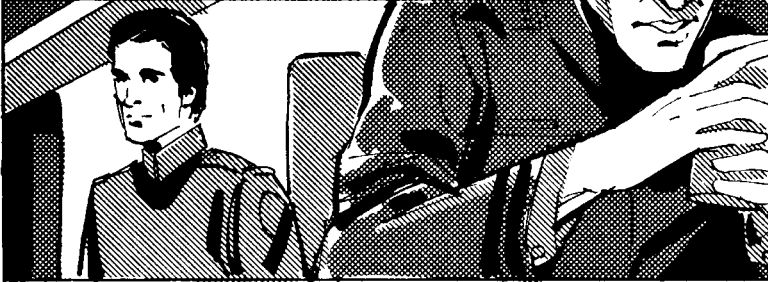


ONE WEEK LATER, I WAS CALLED TO MY SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE.

YOU WERE SENT TO INVESTIGATE AN ANDI WHO VIOLATED A PROTECTED ZONE. YOU REPORTED HER REMOVAL, YET SHE WAS NEVER BROUGHT TO SECURITY - WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?

"FOR A LONG WHILE HE WAITED FOR ME TO SPEAK - I SAID NOTHING."

KLEET, WHEN A SITUATION ARISES, A HUMAN WILL HANDLE IT ANY NUMBER OF WAYS - FOR AN ANDROID THERE IS ONLY ONE CHOICE - THE ONE HE WAS PROGRAMMED TO MAKE. IF AN ANDROID CHOOSES ANY OTHER WAY - HE IS MALFUNCTIONING.

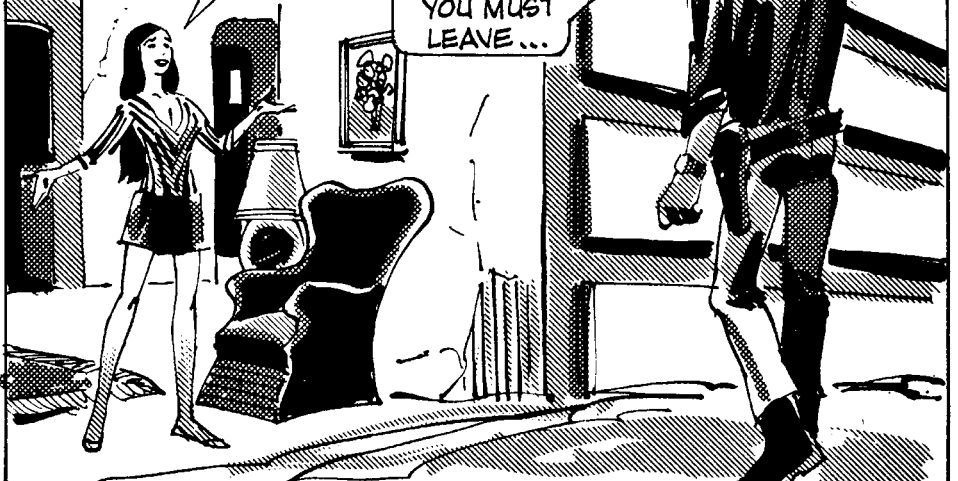


... "ANY OTHER CHOICE" ... I UNDERSTOOD THE CONSEQUENCES OF MY ACTIONS - I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO ...

... SHE WAS A MACHINE LIKE ME - NO MORE IMPORTANT THAN I ... YET TO ME, SHE WAS MORE IMPORTANT ...

KLEET, DARLING, LOOK AT THESE BEAUTIES I FOUND IN AY CEE SECTOR!

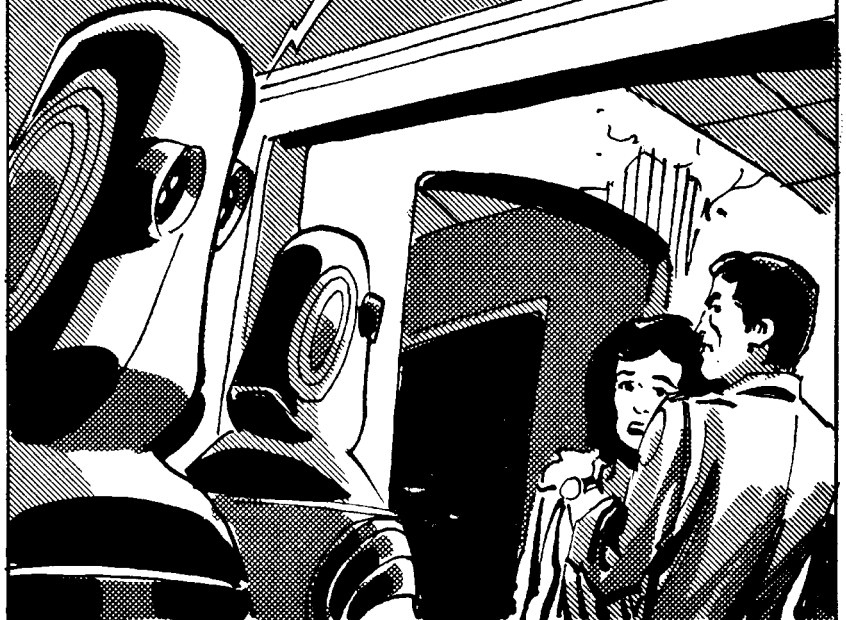
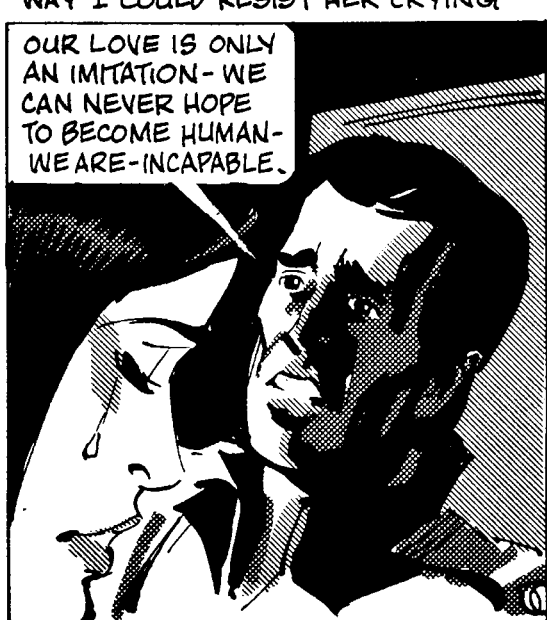
FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME, LIA - YOU MUST LEAVE ...

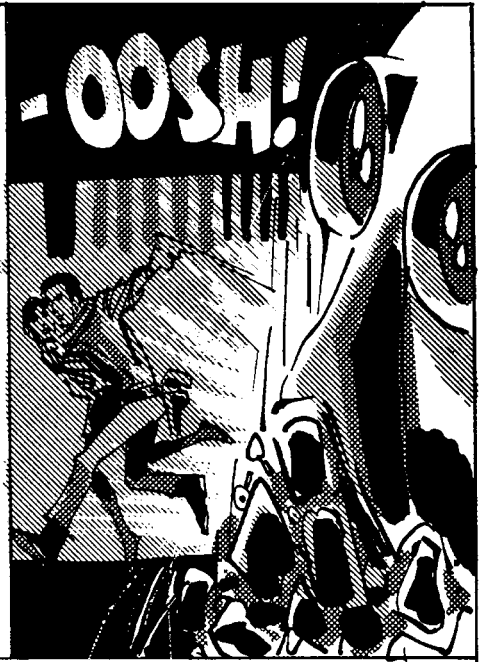
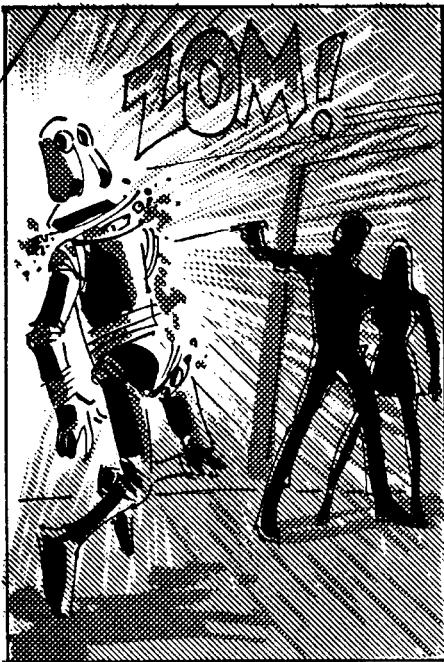


"YOU SEE, I TOLD HER - BUT THEN CAME THE TEARS .... THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD RESIST HER CRYING -

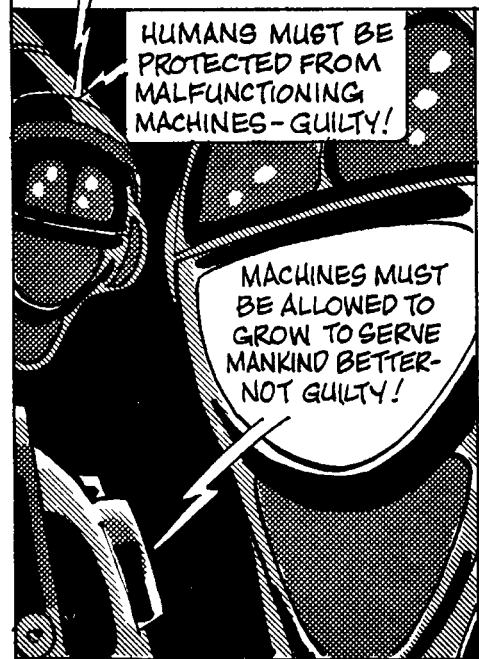
OUR LOVE IS ONLY AN IMITATION - WE CAN NEVER HOPE TO BECOME HUMAN - WE ARE - INCAPABLE.

ROBOT CONTROL! YOU ARE BOTH UNDER APPREHENSION!



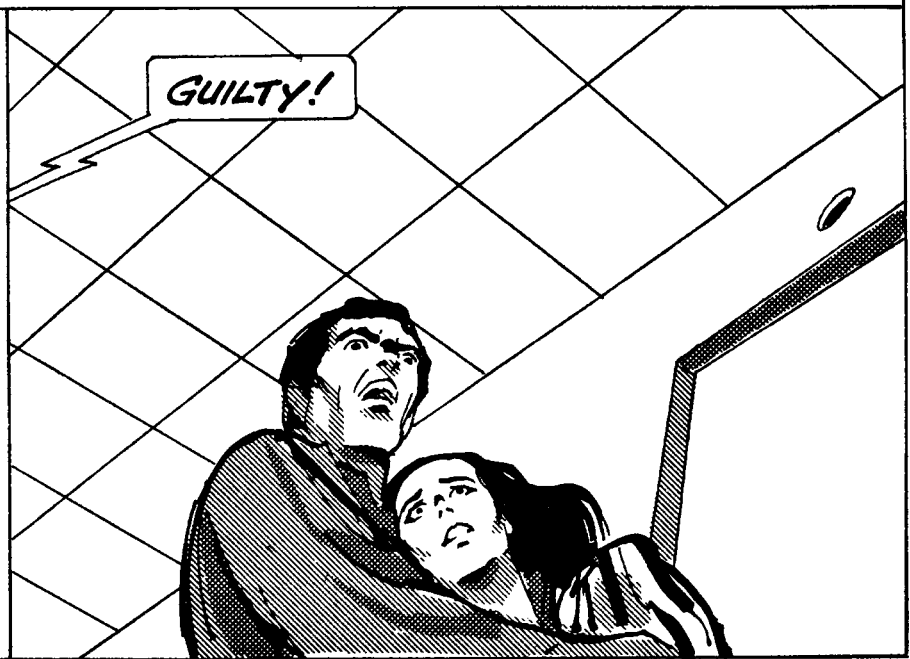


ENOUGH! IT IS TIME TO JUDGE!



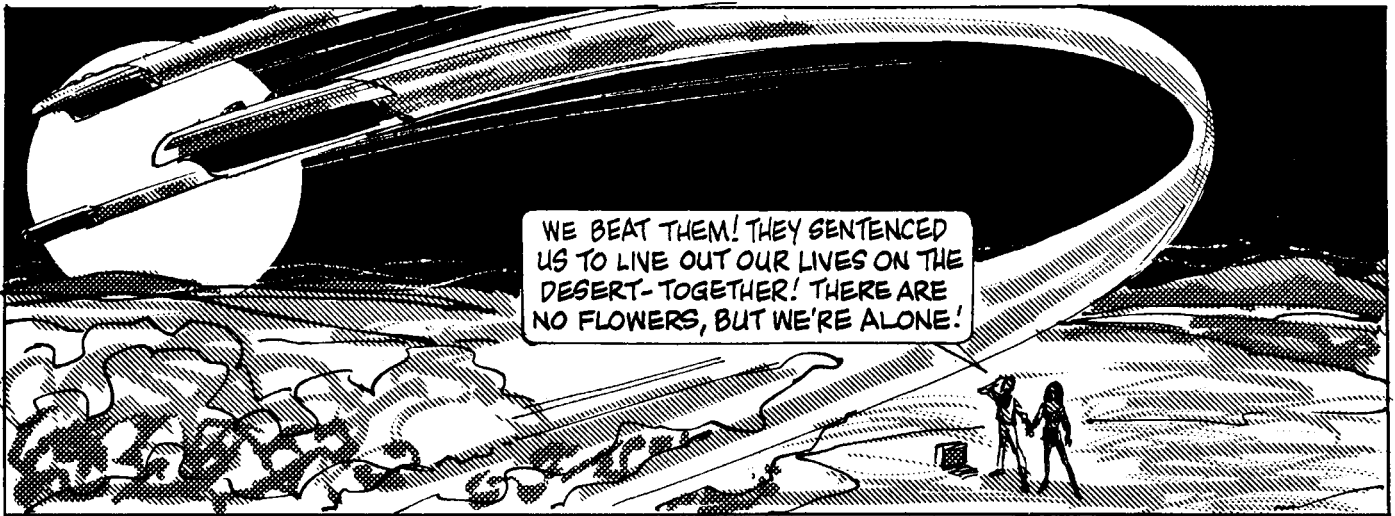
HUMANS MUST BE PROTECTED FROM MALFUNCTIONING MACHINES-GUILTY!

MACHINES MUST BE ALLOWED TO GROW TO SERVE MANKIND BETTER-NOT GUILTY!



GUILTY!

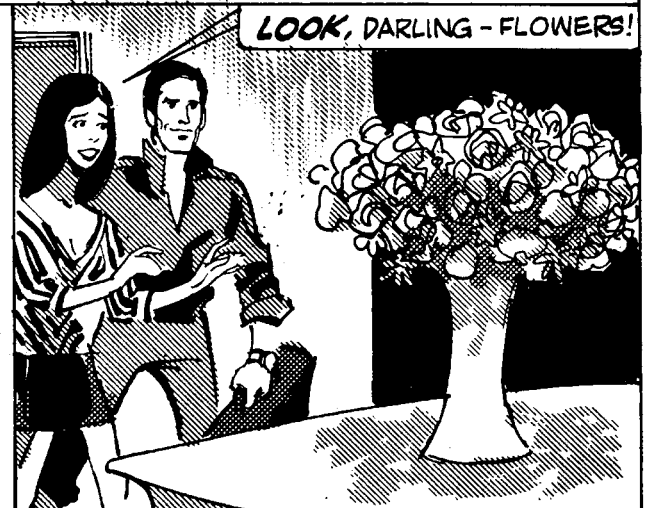




WE BEAT THEM! THEY SENTENCED US TO LIVE OUT OUR LIVES ON THE DESERT-TOGETHER! THERE ARE NO FLOWERS, BUT WE'RE ALONE!



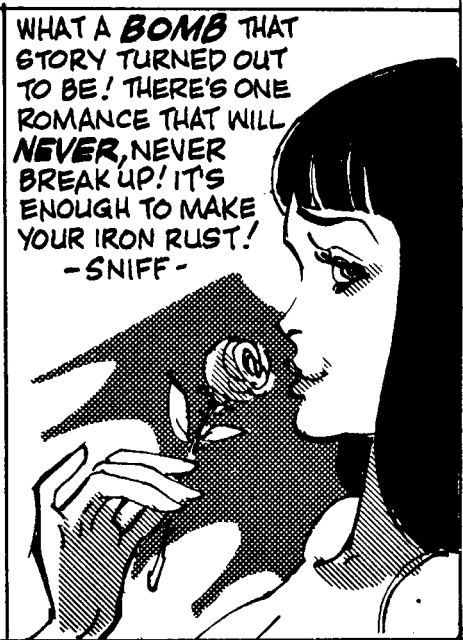
OUR OWN HOME! LET'S SEE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE INSIDE!



LOOK, DARLING - FLOWERS!



WHAT A SHAME ONE, TWO AND THREE DIDN'T TELL THEM THEIR NEW HOME WAS WITHIN A NUCLEAR BOMB TESTING SITE. THEY DID SEND YOU FLOWERS, THOUGH... ONE, BRIGHT BLOSSOM FROM HELL! WHEN THE DECONTAMINATION TEAM EXAMINED THE TEST HOUSE, THEY FOUND TWO ANDROIDS FUSED TOGETHER IN AN ETERNAL EMBRACE - MAKING THEM ONE...



WHAT A **BOMB** THAT STORY TURNED OUT TO BE! THERE'S ONE ROMANCE THAT WILL NEVER, NEVER BREAK UP! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR IRON RUST! - SNIFF -



HI THERE, MUSIC LOVERS! WE'VE GOT A REAL NECK NUMBING NUMBER FOR YOU THIS TIME! WRITTEN BY THE NOTED, DRAWN, AND QUARTERED COMPOSER, GEORGE GORE SHWIN! SO PULL UP A GRAVESTONE AND RELAX! YOU'RE ABOUT TO HEAR OL' GEORGE'S MONSTERPIECE...

# RHAPSODY IN RED!

**LEGEND:** A STORM CRACKLES OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF 20TH CENTURY TRANSYLVANIA... FOR HOURS, THE WHEELS OF THE AUTOMOBILE HAVE SKIDDED THROUGH THE SUCKING MUD! AND NOW, BEFORE THE OMINOUS BRICK REMNANT OF ANOTHER AGE...

CONFOUND IT! WE ALMOST GET KILLED TRAVELING THROUGH THIS STORM! AND NOW, A BLOWOUT!



TEMPER, RICHARD! IT WON'T HELP TO GET ANGRY!

I'M SORRY, HONEY...

THIS INFERNAL STORM IS JUST GETTING ME DOWN! NOW THIS FLAT! WE SHOULD HAVE SPENT THE NIGHT AT THE INN A FEW MILES BACK!

I'D RATHER BE OUT HERE! THE THINGS THEY TALKED ABOUT FRIGHTENED ME HALF TO DEATH!

YOU MEAN THOSE STORIES ABOUT VAMPIRES PROWLING THIS VICINITY? COME ON WILL YOU... THIS ISN'T THE DARK AGES ANYMORE... ONE THING CERTAIN... WE'RE STUCK... BUT GOOD!





WELL...NO SENSE CATCHING PNEUMONIA IN THIS RAIN!

RICHARD, WE'RE NOT GOING UP THERE ARE WE ?



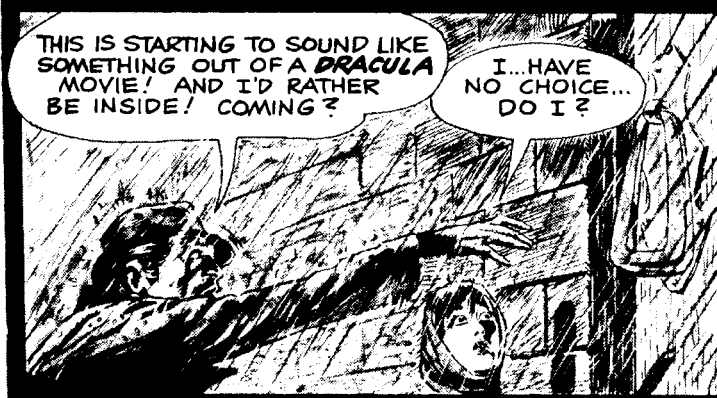
IT'S THE ONLY PLACE AROUND ! UNLESS YOU CAN THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE ! COME ON !

BUT... BUT, RICHARD !



YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE WHAT THEY SAID AT THE INN, DO YOU ? VAMPIRES THAT SLEEP IN COFFINS AND DRINK HUMAN BLOOD ...BALONEY !

I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK ! SOMEHOW THIS PLACE LOOKS SO ...EVIL !



THIS IS STARTING TO SOUND LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A DRACULA MOVIE ! AND I'D RATHER BE INSIDE ! COMING ?

I...HAVE NO CHOICE... DO I ?



IT'S... (GULP) OPENING !

JUST A BROKEN LOCK ! OPEN ALL THE TIME...I'D BET !

HELLO INSIDE... ANYONE HERE ?



IT'S SO DARK... IN HERE...

MAYBE I CAN FIND A LIGHT SWITCH... OR BETTER YET...MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOMEBODY HOME ! STAY CLOSE TO ME !

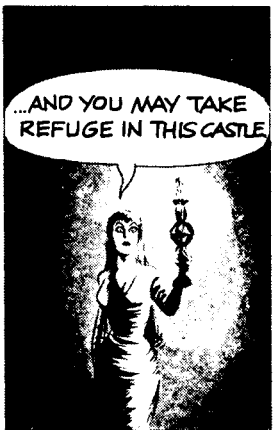


THERE ARE MORE THAN COBWEBS ABOUT THIS CASTLE... I ASSURE YOU!

EXCUSE US, PLEASE! OUR CAR BROKE DOWN AND WE THOUGHT WE'D STAY HERE FOR THE NIGHT! WE HONESTLY DIDN'T EXPECT THIS PLACE TO BE OCCUPIED!



I UNDERSTAND...



...AND YOU MAY TAKE REFUGE IN THIS CASTLE



IT IS MY HOME! THERE IS ROOM ENOUGH FOR GUESTS!



I AM THE COUNTESS MARGAT SINOVITZ, OF TRANSYLVANIA!

I... I AM... RICHARD ANDERSEN...

AND THIS IS MY WIFE JANE! I'M HERE ON BUSINESS FROM THE STATES!



I DON'T GET MANY VISITORS HERE, MR. ANDERSEN! TRANSYLVANIA IS SO ISOLATED... YOU KNOW! I SHOULD LIKE TO HEAR MORE ABOUT YOU BOTH... EXCUSE ME JUST A MOMENT...

OF COURSE! THIS IS VERY KIND OF YOU...

A PLEASURE, MR. ANDERSEN... A PLEASURE!



I SHALL RETURN PRESENTLY! THERE IS NO ELECTRICITY IN CASTLE SINOVITZ...



BUT THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF CANDLES...



FEEL FREE TO LIGHT AS MANY AS YOU...



...PLEASE!



COUNTESS SINOVITZ DISAPPEARED INTO THE SHADOWS WITHOUT A SOUND, LEAVING THE TWO VISITORS ALMOST IN DARKNESS... JANE FOUND A CANDLE...IT SPATTERED INTO LIFE...

RICHARD! WHAT'S WRONG?  
SNAP OUT OF IT!  
I'M FRIGHTENED!



I FEEL SO STRANGE...WHAT HAPPENED?

IT'S THE COUNTESS!  
OH, RICHARD I'M SO AFRAID! DID YOU NOTICE HER TEETH? SO WHITE AND SHARP! SHE TRIED TO HIDE THEM!



BELIEVE ME! WHEN THE STORM'S ENDED, YOU'LL LAUGH ALL THIS OFF AS A JOKE!

OH, JANE! WONDERFUL, BEAUTIFUL JANE! YOU MUSN'T LET THIS GET TO YOU! IT'S JUST THE STORM, THE CASTLE, THOSE SUPERSTITIOUS MORONS BACK AT THE INN! AND NOW... A COUNTESS WITH A TRANSYLVANIAN ACCENT!



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT YOU! AND... DID YOU NOTICE? **NO MIRRORS!** YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT **VAMPIRES** AND MIRRORS!

A LOT OF SUPERSTICION, IF YOU ASK ME!

ANYWAY I ONLY WISH WE HADN'T COME TO TRANSYLVANIA ON BUSINESS! ESPECIALLY SO SOON AFTER OUR HONEYMOON! **TRANSYLVANIA** OF ALL PLACES!

YOU'RE JEALOUS! I'M SORRY FOR HOLLERING AT YOU OUT THERE! BUT I HAD TO ALMOST DRAG YOU INSIDE...REMEMBER? I LOVE YOU AND NO EXOTIC COUNTESS IS GOING TO CHANGE THAT!

YOU MEAN THAT! I CAN TELL! HOLD ME TIGHTER RICHARD!



**SUDDENLY...**



WHAT WAS THAT?

IT SOUNDED LIKE ORGAN MUSIC!



COMING FROM THE NEXT ROOM! MUST BE THE COUNTESS. BUT WE NEVER SAW HER COME DOWN!



I TELL YOU SHE'S EVIL!



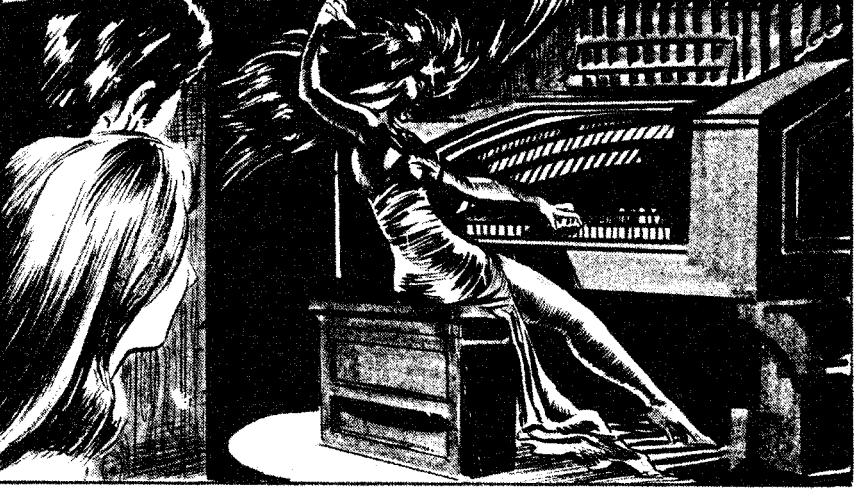
NOW STOP THAT! AND LET'S FIND OUT FOR OURSELVES!

I'M AFRAID WE WON'T LIKE WHAT WE FIND!



CLICK!

LURED BY THE HYPNOTIC STRAINS OF THE MUSIC, THEY FIND...



COME IN! I LIKE TO SHARE MY MUSIC WITH MY GUESTS!



BUT...



HOW DID I KNOW YOU WERE THERE?



IT IS NO SECRET! MY HEARING IS QUITE SENSITIVE! SOME PEOPLE HAVE SAID I HEAR AS WELL AS A BAT!



DID YOU LIKE MY COMPOSITION. IT IS MY OWN, A RHAPSODY!



THIS AREA OF THE WORLD IS FAMOUS FOR SUCH... MUSIC!



YES... IT WAS BEAUTIFUL... BUT WE MUST GET SOME SLEEP IF WE'RE TO GET AN EARLY START!



OF COURSE... I HAVE A ROOM THAT SHOULD GIVE YOU THE CLOSEST FEELING OF HOME IN ALL OF TRANSYLVANIA! YOU SHALL BOTH BE MOST COMFORTABLE!



GOOD NIGHT, MY GUESTS!

PEACEFUL... DREAMS!



THE NIGHT WAS A LONG ONE... AND THOUGH RICHARDS BODY DEMANDED REST, SOMETHING... SOME UNFATHOMABLE FORCE... SEIZED UPON HIS WILL...



CAN'T SLEEP!  
CAN'T FIGHT...  
WHATEVER IT IS...  
THAT'S DRAWING ME...  
CAPTURING ME...



MUST... GO...  
TO... HER...



MUST NOT...  
KEEP HER  
WAITING...  
MUST HURRY!

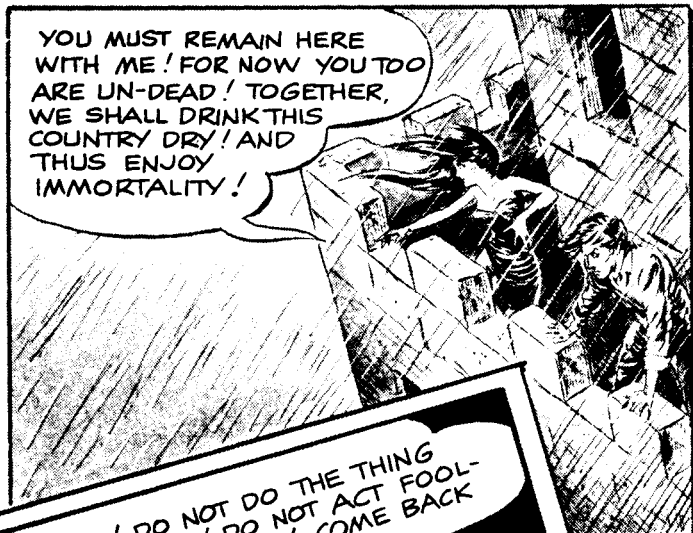
YES, MY RICHARD!  
COME TO ME!  
SO WE MAY BE  
AS ONE!

YES!  
...YES!

...AS ONE!

RICHARD...

...YES!



YOU MUST REMAIN HERE WITH ME! FOR NOW YOU TOO ARE UN-DEAD! TOGETHER, WE SHALL DRINK THIS COUNTRY DRY! AND THUS ENJOY IMMORTALITY!



YOU SHALL BE MY HUSBAND IN DEATH! **WAIT!** WHERE DO YOU RUN?

THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST ATTEND TO FIRST!



**WAIT!** DO NOT DO THE THING I SUSPECT! DO NOT ACT FOOLISHLY RICHARD! WE MUST STAY TOGETHER!



RICHARD! ... YOU DIDN'T!



OH, BUT I DID, MY DEAR COUNTESS!



I DID!!! EE-ARGH! SKRUNCH!

I SAID I'D ALWAYS LOVE YOU, DEAR! AND NOW I CAN GIVE YOU SOMETHING A TRAVELING INSURANCE MAN COULDN'T! **ETERNAL LIFE!**



TILL DEATH DO US PART IF THAT'S THE CORRECT EXPRESSION!



IN A WAY THAT'S ALREADY HAPPENED, EH, JANE? ANYWAY, COUNTESS SINOVITZ SURE LEARNED HER LESSON! NEVER DEVELOP A TASTE FOR FOREIGNERS!

END





# THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!

## VENUS FLY TRAP

**A BEAUTIFUL PLANT!** The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual!

**EATS FLIES AND INSECTS!** Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

**FEED IT RAW BEEF!** If there are no insects in your house, you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

**EASY TO GROW!** The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only \$1.00.

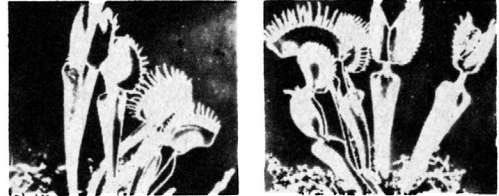
ADMIRER BY CHARLES DARWIN, FAMOUS BOTANIST AND EXPLORER

In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote, "This plant, commonly called 'Venus Fly Trap,' from the rapidity and force of its movements, is one of the most wonderful in the world . . . It is surprising how a slightly damp bit of meat . . . will produce these . . . effects. It seems hardly possible, and yet it is certainly a fact."



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**\$1.00 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!**



Unwary insect touches sensitive hairs, causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite at (but will NOT bite off) more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days, after eating an insect it will reopen for more food.

Enclosed is \$1.00 plus 39c for handling & mailing for 3 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL. Rush!!

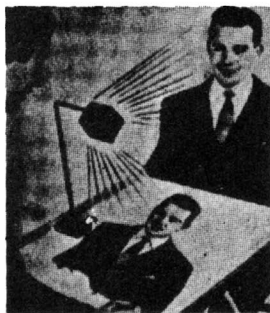
Enclosed is \$1.75 plus 45c handling & mailing for 6 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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- COPY PHOTOS, OTHER PICTURES, COMICS, MAPS, BLUEPRINTS
- COPY FASHION DESIGNS—ALL OTHER DESIGNS, DECORATIONS

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### MAIL FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!

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**WORLD-FAMOUS Magnajector lets you project any picture in this magazine onto your wall or screen . . . UP TO 4 FEET WIDE! No films or negatives needed. Simply rest the instrument over the magazine or book page, photograph or any other object, and like magic, the picture is seen BIG & CLEAR on the wall in front of you. See veins in leaves . . . details of insects . . . monster faces . . . photos of you or your friends or family. GIANT SIZE, on the wall. Order your Magnajector today. Loads of fun, and a great help in school work, for art, science, etc. Only \$6.95, plus 70¢ for postage and handling.**

**\$6.95**



# SUPER SPECIAL EXCITING PAPERBACK BOOKS!

## FRANKENSTEIN



"The Monster Awakes. The artificial body I had constructed with such care lay lifeless before me. My goal was in sight. I began . . . Read the thrilling, chilling words of this masterpiece just as it was written in the original manuscript."

## DRACULA



He was a vampire. To live, this mysterious nobleman had to have the elixir of life, sucked from the veins of the living. This extraordinary horror tale tells the story of people caught in the spell of Count Dracula's strange powers.

## THE DOLL MAKER



A tale of piercing terror about the agony of a poor victim who cannot escape the strange mastery of an egomaniac practicing unknown horrors. A graphic, emotional short novel of weird and chilling characters that seem absolutely real — by a new author of frightening tales: Sarban. Don't miss this!

## MONSTERS



Major Perry Rhodan, commander of the spaceship S T A R D U S T found more than anyone had expected might exist on the moon — for he became the first man to make contact with another sentient race! They came from a distant star, and they possessed a knowledge of science and philosophy that dwarfed mankind's knowledge!

## INCREDIBLE HULK



HERE'S The Incredible HULK! Starring the world's strongest mortal who dares to ask the burning question: "CAN A MAN WITH GREEN SKIN AND A PETULANT PERSONALITY FIND TRUE HAPPINESS IN TODAY'S STATUS - SEEKING SOCIETY?" MEET THE GREAT GREEN GOLIATH, THE HOWLING, HURLING HULK IS BASHING HIS WAY INTO THE HEARTS OF AMERICANS.

## THE MIGHTY THOR



Thor, the Norse thundergod, recently had to take an elevator to the top of a midtown skyscraper before he could fly off to Asia to stop a ram-paging witchdoctor — because a cop wouldn't let Thor whirl his magic hammer on a crowded street. A woman in the elevator looked at Thor's shoulder-length blond curls and mused, "That REMINDS me—I'm due for a PERMANENT at noon."

## BORIS KARLOFF'S TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED



Do not be afraid. Boris Karloff is here to light your way down the dark, shuddering corridors of blood-chilling suspense. Come in, if you dare. Watch out for trap doors. And, oh yes, please close them behind you when you leave . . . And watch out for Boris!

## AMAZING SPIDERMAN



Here's the teenage Super Hero Esquire called one of the "28 People Who Count" on the Campus . . . "The most popular Marvel hero . . . is the maladjusted adolescent Spider Man, the only overtly neurotic super hero . . ."

ANY 2 BOOKS \$1.00

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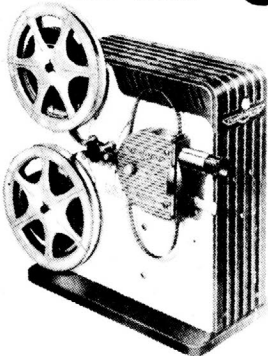
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NOW AT LAST!  
A FULL SIZED,  
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PERFECT FOR SHOWING YOUR HOME MOVIE FILMS & 8MM MONSTER FILMS.

JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES:

Handles 200 ft. of film, Blower cooled, Easy threading mechanism, Rapid motor rewind, Vertical tilt device, Manual framer, 200 ft. take-up reel, On-off switch, 150-watt projection lamp, Rugged, precise, all metal construction, Easy to take apart for cleaning, A cinch to thread, project, focus, rewind. Where there's a movie camera, there's a movie camera, there's got to be a projector, and here's the perfect one — a full-size (9x5x10") unit with ruggedly built metal housing for amateurs as well as experts. Thunderbird projector compares with others costing many times more — is perfect for both black-and-white and full color films. Both U.L. and OSA approved for absolute safety. Complete with a sturdy corrugated carrying case. Only \$29.95 plus \$2.00 for safe shipping and handling.

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ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK NARRATIVE FROM UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MONSTER MOVIES! NARRATED BY BORIS KARLOFF HIMSELF!

SPOKEN WORDS FROM:  
DRACULA,  
FRANKENSTEIN, THE MUMMY,  
BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN,  
SON OF FRANKENSTEIN,  
THE WOLF MAN,  
HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN,  
ALL ABOUT THE MONSTER.

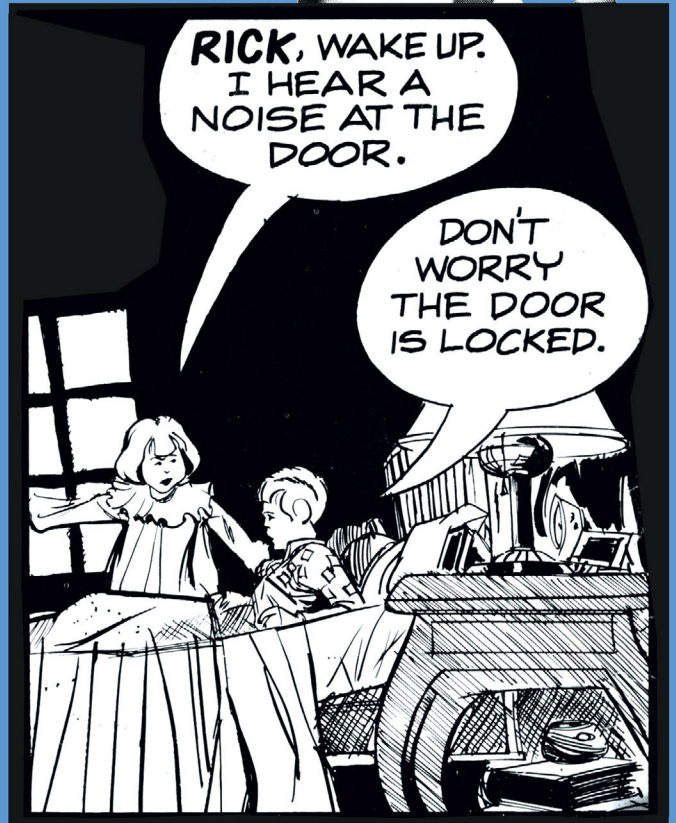
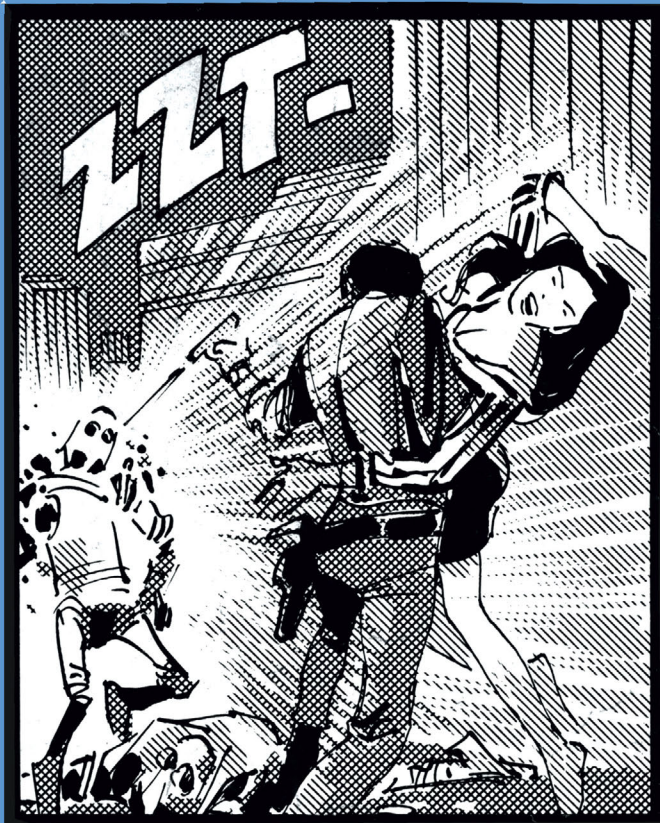


An Evening With BORIS KARLOFF And His FRIENDS is a tribute to the men and women of cinematic science and fantasy terror tales who have made indelible impressions as master menaces and famous monsters. It is an exciting concept, triumphantly realized; and it is a nostalgic listening "must" one you will wish to re-experience frequently . . . whenever the moon is full, the lamp is low, the winter winds are howling, the midnight hour has struck, and you're in the mood to join in for An Evening With BORIS KARLOFF And His FRIENDS. Only \$4.25 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.





**CHECK YOUR HEARTBEAT** BEFORE READING THIS MAGAZINE AND IF IT HASN'T RISEN 100 BEATS PER MINUTE BY THE TIME YOU LAY THE ISSUE DOWN (IF YOU **CAN** LAY IT DOWN!) YOU NEED A TRANSPLANT AND WE WILL GIVE YOU ONE FREE. JUST TEAR OFF THE **TOP OF YOUR HEAD** AND MAIL IT TO ME, **VAMPIRELLA**, CARE OF THE **GHOST OFFICE**. IF YOU'RE MY KINDA BIRD OR **BOYFRIEND**, YOU'LL LOSE YOUR MIND OVER ME ANYWAY, SO... **LOOK! READ! GASP! SHIVER!** OVER THIS **SECOND FANTASTIC ISSUE!**







# VAMPIRELLA

Now  
See  
This!  
**"BLAST OFF!  
TO A  
NIGHTMARE"**

...An  
Unbelievable  
Story  
Of The  
Unexpected  
--From  
The  
Incredible  
World  
Of  
Tomorrow!  
**PLUS**  
6 New  
Stories  
Of  
Creeping  
Terror!







MOONDAY 1969! WHEN THE **EAGLE** LANDED ON THE LUNAR SEA OF TRANQUILITY THE GASPING WORLD GRASPED THE FACT THAT THE SEA OF STARS WOULD NEVER BE **TRANQUIL** AGAIN. A 1956 SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE **FORESHADOWED** THAT ONE DAY THE HUMAN RACE MIGHT COME FACE TO FACE WITH...THE **QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE!** LET ME REMIND YOU ABOUT IT IN THIS LATEST OF...

# VAMPI'S FEARY TALES

1985 NO SOONER HAD EARTH'S FIRST ASTRO-NAUTS ON **VENUS** LANDED ON THE VEILED "EVENING STAR" OF **MYSTERY & ROMANCE** THAN ONE OF THEM WAS VICIOUSLY ATTACKED BY A **GIGANTIC BEETLE!**



THEN THEY FOUND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY **AMAZONS**, MINIONS OF A **MALIGNANT** QUEEN WHO RULED A CIVILIZATION OF ADVANCE SCIENCE YET FOR SOME **SINISTER** REASON ALWAYS KEPT HER COUNTEenance...**MASKED!**



WHEN THE HANDSOME YOUNG **LEADER** OF THE INTREPID EARTH CREW OF **ROCKETEERS** FOUND HIMSELF **MAGNETICALLY** ATTRACTED TO THE RULER OF OUR NEIGHBOR WORLD NEXT NEAREST THE SUN, SHE DEMONSTRATED TO HIM THAT SHE WAS **NO VENUS DE MILO...** FOR SHE HAD (OH YES) **ARMS!**



BUT AS **BEAUTY** COULD NOT RESIST UNMASKING THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, SO THIS SPACEMAN HAD TO SEE THE FACE OF THIS INTRIGUING & ENIGMATIC WOMAN. **PITY!** FOR, THO SHE HAD **ARMS**, SHE LACKED **CHARMS**. IN FACT, THE QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE, LIKE OTHERS OF HER PLACE, HAD A **TERRIBLE HIDDEN FACE OF HORROR!**





# VAMPIRELLA

**PUBLISHER:** JAMES WARREN **EDITOR:** BILL PARENTE **COVER:** TODD and BODE  
**ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:** BILLY GRAHAM, DICK PISCOPO, ED ROBBINS, JACK SPARLING,  
TOM SUTTON **WRITERS THIS ISSUE:** TERRI ABRAHMS, FORREST J ACKERMAN  
NICOLA CUTI, DON GLUT, BILLY GRAHAM, AL HEWETSON, R. MICHAEL ROSEN

## CONTENTS



### VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS

Don't miss the First thirst quenching drenching of SCARLET LETTERS! .....

### WICKED IS WHO WICKED DOES!

Does doom await Cousin EVILY at the end of her search for the TREE OF HER ANCESTORS? .....

### BLAST OFF! TO A NIGHTMARE

Are we ruled, and if so—by what powers? Care to answer your curiosity? .....

### 11 FOOTSTEPS TO LUCY FUHR

Whoever told you the Devil couldn't be a darling? .....

### I WAKE UP SCREAMING!

Monsters and moviestars find themselves in a strange cinematic circumstance! .....

### THE CALEGIA

DEATH rides the wings of mythology—waiting to offer immortality! .....

### DIDN'T I SEE YOU ON TELEVISION?

This one act soap opera is a short turn-on of an age old theme . . . with a new switch! .....

### SLIMY SITUATION

While this blithering banality is withering your congeniality, enjoy our slithering speciality! .....







This is the first of the great SCARLET LETTERS. It's your place to tell the world what you think of Vampi, the stories in her magazine, the art, the covers and all the rest. You can sound off about anything at all. Send your letters to VAMPIRELLA, Warren Publishing Co., 22 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.



**Yes. Me.**

I just—well not just, about three days ago—read the materialization of vampiric emanations that is VAMPIRELLA. It has been wondered by many; well . . . some; a few . . . ; 2 Or 3 at least, why a magazine hasn't been contrived to effect a combination of sex and supernatural literature for a long time (like 3,655 years). The tantalizing cover, taken from truelife, I hope for the sake of my brink-line sanity, is more bio-magnetically attractive than Unc or Coz. It isn't too difficult to realize who is going to take over the spotlight, so to speak, from CREEPY and EERIE. One thing plagues my "mind," however. The stories are too centered upon sex and not upon stories and art value. The solution is evident, though. Just increase the story and art value. The best stories were "Two Silver Bullets," "Goddess From the Sea," and "Spaced-Out Girls." I must say regrettably that Billy Graham's artwork in "Death Boat" was like the things you see in the recent multitude of mass-produced junk that's been out lately, if you know what I mean. And if this is printed, let me ask all of the readers to hold out and not buy the inferior stuff called by names like "Beard," and "Hoodoo," and "Tails of Errors." This will signify that they can't pass out things like that and expect to reap monetary rewards by expecting us to accept any amount of nothingness as long as it's supernatural. WE science fiction and supernatural fans accept only the best: VAMPIRELLA, CREEPY and EERIE (in that order). Thanks. One last thing: When are you going to start selling full-color 3' x 4' Frazetta painting reproductions (posters) of our vampiristic, ultra-groovy—VAMPIRELLA!?

GARY INSLEY  
Springfield, Ohio



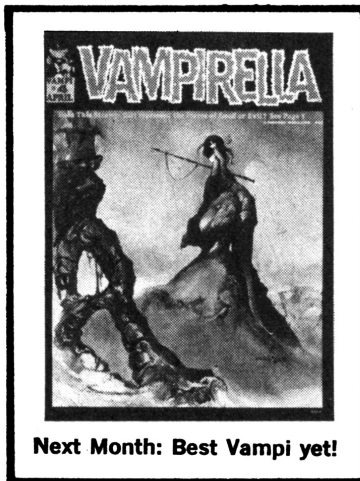
**You have to remember, I'm new to your planet, and still having trouble with the language. But thanks, I think. Posters sound like a groovy idea to me, too. Is 3' x 4' a good size?**

The only reason I bought your first magazine was because of that artistic cover. But after I got it home, I was

even gladder I did buy it. Keep up the good work.  
BRADLEY HENDERSON  
Pendleton, Ind.



**If you think that cover was good, wait until you see the next one! If you can't wait until December 30 when it goes on sale, you can order an advance copy by mail. Details on the "back issue" page.**



Next Month: Best Vampi yet!

You are divine! I write you this letter so you know that I am studying vampirism in school. Very interesting, too.  
RANDOLPH FORD  
Bronx, New York



**Night school?**

I just read your groovy magazine and I've got to say it puts Uncle Creepy and Cousin Eerie in the pits where they belong. The ideas are new and fresh and when there are more females in them, it makes them even better. I liked your story the best. Please keep Tom Sutton on your strip, and have Frazetta do all, and I mean ALL your covers. I can guess he must be a pretty busy man. He should be, the way he draws you. I also enjoyed "A Room Full of Changes," because it was a story of better ideas. And changes! I do hope you are going to have your own story in every issue. And keep the same number of pages. It's such a great magazine, I'm sending off a subscription today.

KENT KIRBY  
Champaign, Ill.



**Frank is busy, but he'll be back with us. As soon as he gets tired hanging around the pits with CREEPY and EERIE.**

I just saw the advance copy of VAMPIRELLA #2. "Montezuma's Monster," a story I wrote, has been credited to Don Glut. For crying out loud, I need the credit! Can it be changed before the issue comes out? Please? And I'd sure appreciate it if it doesn't happen again. I mean, it ain't much, but I wrote it!

ROBERT M. ROSEN  
Hollywood, Cal.

**Sorry, Bob. Both Don and you have the same blood type. It was my mistake. I won't let it happen again.**

Yes! I'm your kind of boyfriend, Vampi. I got latched on to your magazine the minute I started to read it. I give your creators 100% support in thinking up a new kind of magazine—especially with lots of girls. It's really too bad that Vampirella is a Vampire. Otherwise, she's A-O.K.! As I hold the first collector's edition, I drool over the fantastic cover drawing by Frank Frazetta! I think that this is your best portrait, Vampi. I wish I could be the first human to clutch on to you, but you'd be the first from Drakulon to clutch on to me. With two fangs! The magazine itself is supreme. But it lacks stories about Vampirella herself. Since this is my first letter to a vampire, I hope it gets printed in the first "Scarlet Letters." Did you ever hear of a Blood Bribe?

DON DOERING  
Newburgh, N.Y.



**No, but it sounds like fun!**

I just snagged my teeth on your new terror-ific mag. No wonder old skin-dome and his chubby buddy have been climbing the walls of the dungeon waiting for you. Who wouldn't for a beautiful ghougal like you? Your first issue was just great. Keep Tom Sutton on your story every issue. And keep fabulous Frank doing your portrait on the cover. You're the greatest, Vampi. Now to rate the stories: "Two Silver Bullets" was the best in the issue after "Vampirella." Keep Reed Crandall in your mag.

What a groovy idea! A new magazine from Warren Publishing. Since it's new, we probably won't have to wade through a lot of reprints for at least a year. The first issue of VAMPIRELLA was beautiful. A lot of promise. Now that you're off to such a great start, how about telling your readers to start writing more interesting letters? I mean, most of the letters in your other magazines are nothing but listings of last month's stories rated from good to bad or worse. Really, don't you think that's all just a little dull? And you have such a groovy name for your letter page. **Scarlet Letters.** Wow! I think it would be fun if your readers told you more about themselves than about their favorite artists. They never agree on the artists anyway. But I'd like to hear more about my fellow CREEPYEERIEVAMPI fans. I'd like to know why they're fans and why they like your mags. I don't know if anybody agrees with me or not, but I think a letter page ought to be something more than just a critic's corner.

CONSTANCE HURWITZ  
Owosso, Michigan



**I'm with you, kid. How about, for openers, a letter from you telling us about yourself, why you're a fan and all that stuff?**

Another new magazine. And with a Frank Frazetta cover. It was interesting enough, I suppose, for little children. But as a student of anatomy, I just have to ask: does Frazetta know of any girls who are put together quite that way?

HARRY HENDRICKS  
North Merrick, N.Y.



"Death Boat" and "Last Act: October" were both good with Mike Royer doing a fine job on your portrait, Vampi. "Goddess From The Sea" and "Spaced-Out Girl" are readable but not top echelon quality. "A Room Full of Changes" wins the booby prize. A mediocre story with poor artwork, it just didn't make the grade. I don't know what color old skin-dome is, but I know he must be green with envy now that you have arrived on the scene. Keep up the gory work and I'll buy every issue.

DON WILL  
Carlyle, Ill.



**Our dear old Uncle Skin-Dome is colored pasty gray. Bloodless. I can't understand why everyone keeps talking about him. What could be duller than a Bloodless man?**

Wow! I just read the first issue of VAMPIRELLA. It's really bloody. The stories were very creepy and wild. I am a friend to all vampires. I really get along fine with them. Warlocks, too, but not werewolves. I love vampire movies on TV and in theaters. Too bad there aren't enough of them. I think VAMPIRELLA will be a great magazine and I really hope you publish it

for a long time. Would it be possible to get a photograph of this wild new vampire? Maybe she could deliver it herself.

LYNDA ROTHMAN  
Baltimore, Md.



**Love to. What's your blood type? They're been trying to take a photo of me ever since I arrived here, but nothing comes out on the film. Until we can figure out why, you'll just have to settle for the Frazetta versions.**

Ha! This time I was ready for you! I remember the scant five years ago when CREEPY #1 first appeared. Because I wasn't prepared for such a historic event I didn't purchase the first copy. Now it's selling for an outrageous \$2.50. I missed the first magazine appearance of EERIE and now it's also \$2.50. I didn't get BLAZING COMBAT #1, but now it's unattainable. But I was prepared for VAMPIRELLA. I just grabbed two issues of number one. I figure I'll make back the cost in less than a year. But I might not ever try to sell them. The first issue was really great. I plead with you not to make the quality depreciate like so many of the "horror and

gore" magazines that have been appearing on the newsstands lately.

DAVE PUCKETT  
Cave City, Ky.



**You're the second one to mention those second-rate magazines. I don't get out much in the daytime, and the newsstands are mostly closed by the time I finish my rounds at night. Are they really that bad?**

This is a letter of congratulations for VAMPIRELLA Magazine. It's a really great magazine following in the footsteps of CREEPY and EERIE. It is a very unusual and well-illustrated horror magazine. I enjoyed the excellent cover by Frazetta. And the lead story, "Vampirella of Drakulon," by Tom Sutton and F.M.'s editor, Forrest J. Ackerman was terrific.

PATRICK DiNIZIO  
Scotch Plains, N.J.

Realizing a good thing in Barbarella, you have done her one better. You have also succeeded in doing her one worse. Seldom does an imitation surpass the original; your doing so deserves praise on several points. But the basic fact that VAMPIRELLA is an imitation de-

tracts somewhat from the apparent qualities of your new strip. Adding the element of horror/supernatural to the already existing science-fiction of Barbarella is a plus. The reader who is willing to allow this "borrowing" can, nevertheless, derive considerable enjoyment from VAMPIRELLA. Once you metally by-pass the imitation factor, it becomes necessary to allow the "camp" dialogue and captions, which is, of course, also a Barbarella imitation. Still, Ackerman managed some very nice twists in the story. Almost compelling the reader to forgive the similarities. It was with some surprise that I noticed Don Glut had written the majority of the magazine. Don has been a good friend of mine in the past and seeing his writing reminded me strongly of him. The frequent misspellings are particularly reminiscent of his writing and since they were left in the magazine, it seems likely that he is more or less the editor of the magazine.

DOUGLAS MOENCH  
Chicago, Ill.

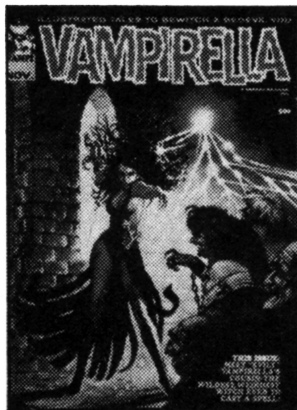


**As you noticed, I hadn't noticed Don Glut was a poor speller. Though not the editor, he's a good writer, don't you think?**



## CAN YOUR MAILMAN TAKE IT????

SURE HE CAN! AND YOU CAN PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF. JUST MAIL THIS COUPON FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ANY OF THE TERRIFIC WARREN MAGAZINES. THEN RELAX, YOUR MAILMAN WILL DO THE REST. YOUR MAGS WILL ARRIVE SAFE IN A STRONG ENVELOPE... AND YOU'LL DIE OF PLEASURE!!



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VAMPIRELLA HAD ESCAPED, AND SOON AFTER, EVILY LEFT HER CASTLE HAVEN TO SEEK REVENGE, THE GRAND SORCESS WANTED NO PART OF IMPRISONMENT IN A BODY SHE NO LONGER CONTROLLED, ONCE RELEASED FROM IT, VAMPIRELLA WOULD PAY FOR HER TREACHERY... IN FULL!



IT HAPPENED THEN, DROVES OF CLINGING VELVET WALLS TO SLIP INTO THE PITCH OF NIGHT, THERE WAS ONLY ONE METHOD TO REVERSE THE SPELL AND RETURN HER BODY TO ITS SENSES... SHE MUST GO TO THE TREE OF HER ANCESTORS!



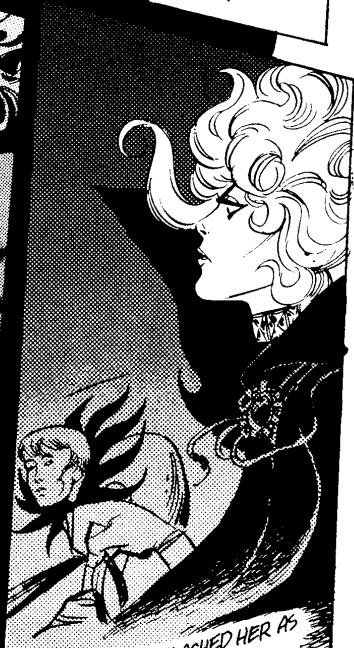
NO ONE MUST SUSPECT WHERE SHE WENT... FOR DANGER HID IN THE EYES OF HER SECRET ENEMIES, AND DEATH IN THE SMILES OF THEIR HATE! DESTROY HER BY LEARNING WHERE HER SUPREME POWERS WERE GAINED, ONLY THE OGRE CONJURE WOULD BE ALLOWED THAT WISDOM... NO ONE ELSE COULD BE TRUSTED!



FOR THE MOMENT EVILY KNEW SHE WAS HELPLESS TO TRANSFORM HER OWN DOING, HER MAGIC WAS TOO FIERCE FOR MOST SERVANTS OF SORCERY TO MATCH... LET ALONE CHANGE, INDEED SHE WONDERED IF EVEN THE TREE COULD REVERSE HER MISTAKE!



EVEN NOW AS SHE MOUNTED THE GLEAMING STALLION, EVILY SAW HERSELF CASTING FROM THE FINGERTIPS OF HER IMAGINATION... THE MAGIC VAMPIRELLA HAD COST HER!



NO OTHER THOUGHTS ACHED HER AS THOSE OF... REVENGE!

I SEE YOU'RE BACK FOR MORE TRAGIC MAGIC EH... DROLL TROLLS? NOW THAT YOU'VE WANDERED INTO MY INCANTATION, ALLOW ME TO CONJECTURE SOME VEXING CONTEXTURE AND SEE IF I CAN'T VENI, VEDI, VECI... VAMPI! I'M ONE SPELL BELLE WHOSE ABRACADABRA WILL BIND YOUR MIND COUSINS... SO FOCUS YOUR HOCUS-POCUS AND LET'S SEE IF...

# WICKED IS WHO WICKED DOES!

KEEP UP WITH ME OGRE! MUST YOU WASTE MY TIME EVEN NOW?

CONJURE KNEW EVIL'S PATIENCE WAS NOT TO BE TESTED, AND WHILE TIME ENRAGED HER WITH AN EMPTY JOURNEY... WOULD PURGE HIM IN HER ANGER!

BUT GREAT SORCERESS... THERE IS NO NEED TO HURRY! WE WILL REACH THE VILLAGE BY NIGHTFALL!

WRONG... LITTLE TOAD! YOU DO NOT GO TO THE VILLAGE THIS NIGHT!  
SEIZE THEM!



ART BY TOM SUTTON/STORY BY BILL PARENTE



SHANAGA'S FINGERS SEEMED TO TREMBLE SLIGHTLY AS HE TURNED THE NEXT CARD TOWARD HIS EYES. HE FELT THE PRESENCE OF SOMEONE HIDING IN HIS DESTINY... SOMEONE ONLY WHOSE MAGIC WAS MORE DANGEROUS THAN HER BEAUTY!



THE CARDS READ EVIL AND GOOD IN A SINGLE TALE OF MY FORTUNE IT IS DIFFICULT ENOUGH WATCHING THESE RIDDLES WITHOUT GUESSING THEIR ANSWERS!



EVEN AS I SIT HERE, I SEE IMAGES OF THINGS I CANNOT EXPLAIN, MY CARDS PREDICT DANGER... AND THE CARDS NEVER LIE!



YOU WILL LEARN SOON ENOUGH WHO I AM... RABBLE!

TAKE CARE YOU DO NOT TEMPT MY WRATH UNKNOWINGLY!

IF YOU ARE WITCH AS WELL AS WOMAN, THEN SPEAK YOUR MAGIC... I AM NOT FRIGHTENED BY YOUR WARNINGS!



STOP! YOU MUST LISTEN!



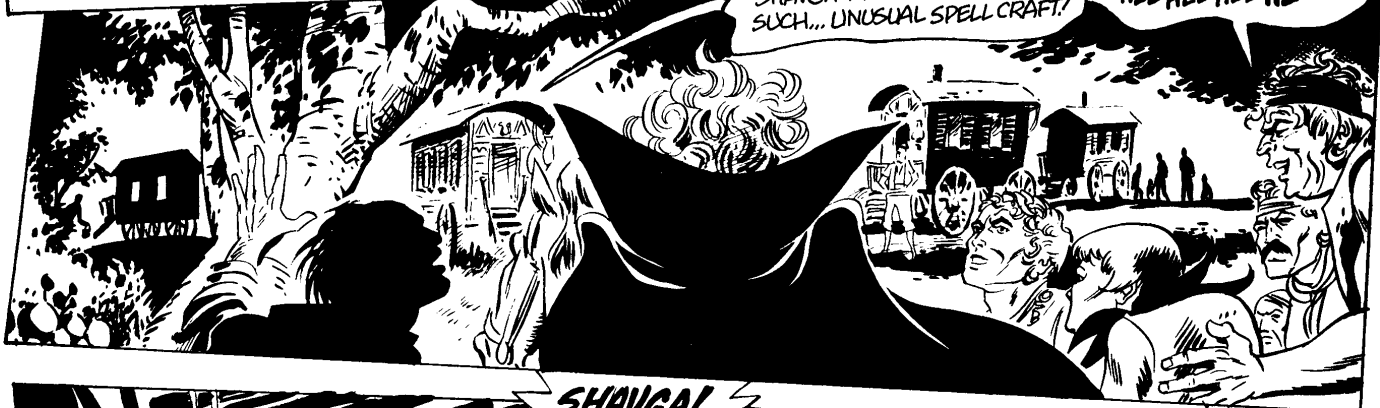
I WARNED YOU! NOW SUFFER YOUR FOOLISH DECISION!



KOGEE'S HEAD FLUNG BACK IN LAUGHTER, FILLING THE CAPTURED SORCERESS WITH ITS HAUNTING RIDICULE, IN HER ANGER, EVILY'S MEMORY HAD LOST ITSELF, AS DID HER WISH WHEN SHE COMMANDED IT TO BE!

AH HAH HAH HA! A SORCERESS WHOSE TRICKS ARE A PLEASURE! PERHAPS SHAVGA HAS USE FOR SUCH... UNUSUAL SPELL CRAFT!

I'LL WAGER THE IMP MAKES A MADDENING CLOWN! CAN YOU JUGGLE, LITTLE TOAD? HEE HEE HEE HEE!!



SHAVGA!

COME SEE WHAT I HAVE BROUGHT YOU, A SORCERESS... OH BUT **WHAT** A WITCH! SHE WARNED ME NOT TO FORCE HER SPELLS UPON US!



NOW LOOK AT ME...! I'VE BEEN... CURSED... AH HAH HAH HA!

SHAVGA DECIDES WHO THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY SEEK IN THE BLACK FOREST! RELEASE THEM AND BRING THEM TO MY WAGON... NOW!

EVEN GARMENTS...

...OF SPUN GOLD...

...CANNOT HIDE...

...YOUR TARNISHED BRAIN, KOGEE!





MY GREAT GRANDFATHER, MERLIN...

...WAS THE **FIRST** SPIRIT OF THE TREE.

HE WAS TOO MASTERFUL TO BE CONFINED...

...WITHIN THE MERE BOUNDARIES OF DEATH!



AND AS MERLIN DID... ONCE STOPPED OF THEIR NECROMANCY IS THIS WORLD BY MORTALS SWORN TO ERASE BLACK MAGIC, **ALL** MY ANCESTORS JOINED HIS SPIRIT... IN THE **NEXT!** IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO RETURN TO THE TREE OF MY ANCESTORS, IT WILL UNDO THE TRAP I HAVE BEEN TRICKED INTO, AND YOU WILL HAVE A KINGDOM OF YOUR OWN TO RULE!

THAT I WILL PROMISE YOU, GWSY! THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

INDEED IT IS, BEAUTIFUL WITCH... INDEED IT IS!!

YET, HOW CAN I BE SURE YOUR ONLY REASON IS NOT TO ESCAPE? YOU SPEAK OF BEING THE SORCERESS **EVILY...** YET YOU LOOK NOTHING LIKE HER AND CANNOT PERFORM HER MAGIC, IF YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH, THEN **SHOW ME THE TREE!**

AND WHEN I HAVE PROVED TO YOU I AM **EVILY...** WHAT THEN...?

THEN YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR SERVANT AND YOUR FREEDOM BACK! ... AND I SHALL HAVE MY **KINGDOM!** LEAD THE WAY!

SORCERESS... **BEWARE!** I ENVISION TREACHERY WAITING YOU! **BEWARE!**

**SILENCE TOAD!**



EVEN AS EVILY URGED HER MOUNT FURTHER INTO THE GRIP OF MELTED EBONY FINGERS, SHE COULD NOT ERASE THE THOUGHT OF CONJURES WARNING;

SWIRLS OF WEBBY NIGHTNESS SWEEP ACROSS THE JEERING MOONFACE, AND EVILY LISTENED TO THE HURRIED IMPRINTS OF THE GYPSY'S HORSE FALL INTO MOSSY SOUNDS.

LISTEN SHAUGA! HEAR THE WIND HOW IT GABS ITS BREATH! SOON NOW...

DO YOU EXPECT THE SIGHT OF A FEW TORMENTED CLOUDS TO OVERWHELM ME?

IF NOT THOSE... THEN PERHAPS YOU WILL BE MORE IMPRESSED...

...WITH THIS!

...THE TREE!



MY JOURNEY'S END HAS FOUND YOU HERE ANCESTRAL TREE WHICH SHRIEKS IN SHRILL DEMANDS UPON MY SENSES TO NOW MY REASON SPEAK

ONCE TOLD TO NEVER VIOLATE THIS MAGIC PLACE I WALK I TWICE ASKED SHOULD I DARE YOUR WISH TO HEAR YOUR WISDOM TALK? IN NEED AND ONLY THIS I'VE CAUSED MY PURPOSE TO REVEAL YOU TO ONE WHO DOES NOT WONDER THIS NOR CARE WHAT POWERS CONCEAL YOU...



FOR WICKED IS... WHO WICKED DOES AND YOU MUST HEED MY CALL, RETURN MY TO MY EVILDOM AS SOVEREIGN OVER ALL... DOMINION OVER ALL!



WHEN THIS NIGHT IS OVER... DARK PRINCESS, THE SOVEREIGN OF VALGANIA WILL BE... ME! SHAUGA!





SO... YOU ARE ONLY AS FOOLISH AS YOU PRETEND GYPSY! I SEE YOU WANT MORE THAN ONLY A KINGDOM TO RULE, YOU KNEW ALL ALONG...

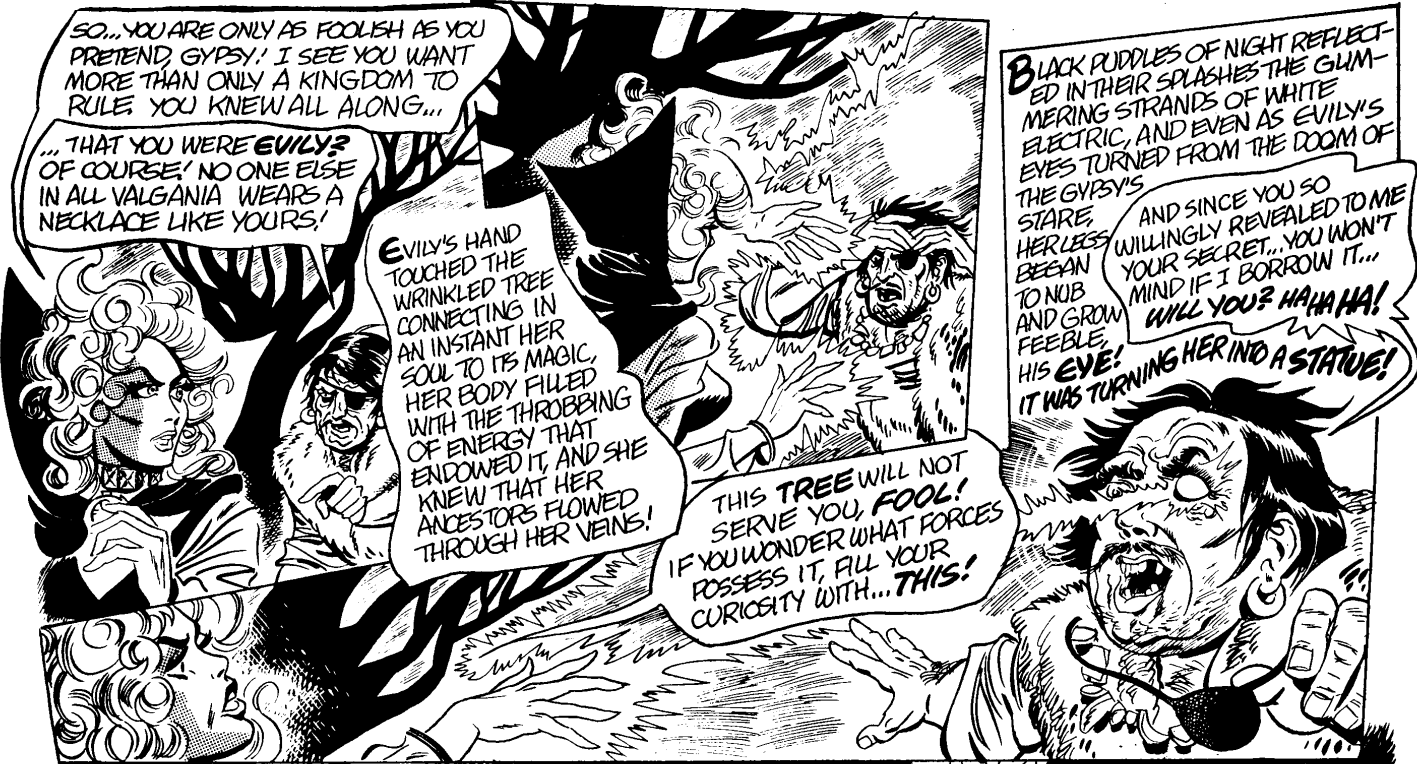
... THAT YOU WERE **EVILY'S** OF COURSE! NO ONE ELSE IN ALL VALGANIA WEARS A NECKLACE LIKE YOURS!

EVILY'S HAND TOUCHED THE WRINKLED TREE CONNECTING IN AN INSTANT HER SOUL TO ITS MAGIC, HER BODY FILLED WITH THE THROBBING OF ENERGY THAT ENDED IT, AND SHE KNEW THAT HER ANCESTORS FLOWED THROUGH HER VEINS!

THIS TREE WILL NOT SERVE YOU, FOOL! IF YOU WONDER WHAT FORCES POSSESS IT, ALL YOUR CURIOSITY WITH... THIS!

BLACK PUDDLES OF NIGHT REFLECTED IN THEIR SPLASHES THE GUMMERING STRANDS OF WHITE ELECTRIC, AND EVEN AS EVILY'S EYES TURNED FROM THE DOOM OF THE GYPSYS

AND SINCE YOU SO WILLINGLY REVEALED TO ME YOUR SECRET... YOU WON'T MIND IF I BORROW IT... WILL YOU? HAH HA!  
IT WAS TURNING HER INTO A STATUE!



UPON THAT TICK OF TIME, AND AN UNEXPLAINABLE SILENCE THAT HAD RETURNED WITHOUT REASON, A CRACKLING OF FURIOUS CONFLICT FELL BETWEEN THE SLASHED MOMENT! RAGE UPON RAGE SMASHED AGAINST THE HARD HOUR... AND EVILY STARTLED WITH THE FIRST TOUCH OF THE GYPSY'S VISION.

BY RELEASING YOUR FORCES TO GIVE BACK MY LOST MAGIC, YOU HAVE CONDEMNED YOURSELF TO CRYSTAL... TREE OF MY ANCESTORS!

IT WAS DONE, AND EVILY KNEW WHILE HER POWER HAD BEEN RETURNED TO HER, HER BODY HAD NOT! SHAVGA'S EYE HAD PETRIFIED ANY CHANCE OF EXCHANGING THIS SELF FOR ANOTHER ONE! NOW AS THE GRAND SORCERESS TURNED TO THE SPINY FINGERS OF HER ANCESTORS, SHE REALIZED...

THERE HAD NOT BEEN ENOUGH MAGIC TO PROTECT THEM BOTH! NOW WITH ONLY THE THOUGHT OF REVENGE IN HER MIND, EVILY WONDERED IF SHE WOULD EVER RELEASE THE TREE FROM THE SPELL. FIRST SHE HAD TO RETURN FOR THE OGRE... SHE WOULD NEED HIM!

AND WHEN I HAVE RESCUED CONQURE AND UNDONE YOU FROM YOUR PRISON GREATREE... I'LL RETURN TO DESTROY **VAMPIRELLA** I PROMISE YOU!!

MARBLECOS... JUST MARBLECOS! WHO SAID YOU CAN'T GET STONED ON ONE EYEBALL? ME THINKS MY CUNNING COUSIN BETTER CHECK HER CALCULATIONS NEXT TIME... ONE OF THESE DAYS SOMEBODY'S GOING TO ROCK IT TO HER! QUARTZ ANYONE...?

END



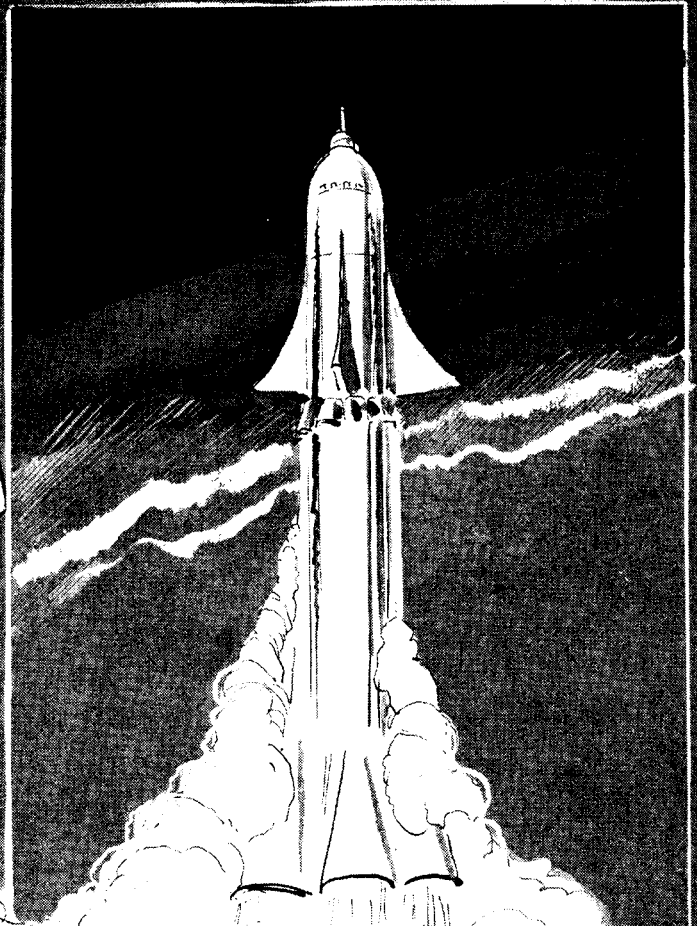
LUCK LUCK! LUCK!

LUCK  
LUCK  
LUCK  
LUCK

GOD  
SPEED  
TO  
THE  
NEW  
WORLD

SET  
IT  
UP  
GOOD

A  
WORLD  
BECKONS  
US ALL



4-3-2-1...

**BLAST  
OFF!**

TO A NIGHTMARE!

"AND THEY'RE OFF! OFF TO A NEW WORLD!  
LIKE THE SIGNS AND PLACARDS SAY,  
IT'S A WORLD THAT HOLDS MUCH IN STORE  
FOR OUR HERO ADVENTURERS! MUCH  
CLOSE TO THE **HEART** IN THEIR  
**SENTIMENT!** AND WHAT'S THE HEART  
**ALL ABOUT?** WHY **BLOOD** OF COURSE  
... AND THAT'S WHAT OUR STORY'S  
ALL ABOUT! **HAH HAH...** READ ON  
MY FRIENDS..."





IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR US  
ALL DAMON! FOR US ALL!

THE INTRA-  
COUNCIL HAVE  
BEEN PLANNING  
THIS MOMENT  
FOR **YEARS**  
IF IT WASN'T  
FOR THE  
GENEROSITY  
OF THE **OVER-  
MASTERS** WE'D  
NEVER EVEN BE  
**STARTING**  
**THIS COLONY!**

JUST THINK  
OF IT, DAMON  
... **THINK  
OF IT!**

AFTER ALL  
THESE YEARS  
FINALLY... OUR  
FREEDOM!  
**FINALLY... A  
NEW START!**

IT'LL TAKE  
ONLY A FEW  
YEARS TO GET  
THE COLONY  
**ESTABLISHED.**  
THEN SLOWLY,  
LITTLE BY  
LITTLE, **MORE  
AND MORE**  
OF THOSE  
CHEERING  
BROTHERS  
CAN **JOIN US!**

SEE THEM  
**FROLICK**  
WITHOUT  
A CARE!  
**LOOK  
DAMON,  
LOOK AT  
THEM!**

YEARS AGO... JUST **MONTHS**  
AGO, ALL THIS... WOULD  
HAVE BEEN **IMPOSSIBLE!**





AND IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW... AS THE MASSIVE SUPER-STRUCTURED SPACE WAGON LUMBERS THROUGH SPACE TO GALACT 6... A NEW LIFE FOR THESE PEOPLE...

A LIFE OF NAIVETY AND OF INNOCENCE HERALDS THEIR FREEDOM FROM THE CRUEL OVER MASTERS! BUT WAIT! ARE WE TOO BE CHEATED?

EVEN AS THEY HAVE BEEN THROUGHOUT THEIR LIVES? HAH HAH DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT FRIEND. A PROMISE IS A PROMISE! READ ON..."





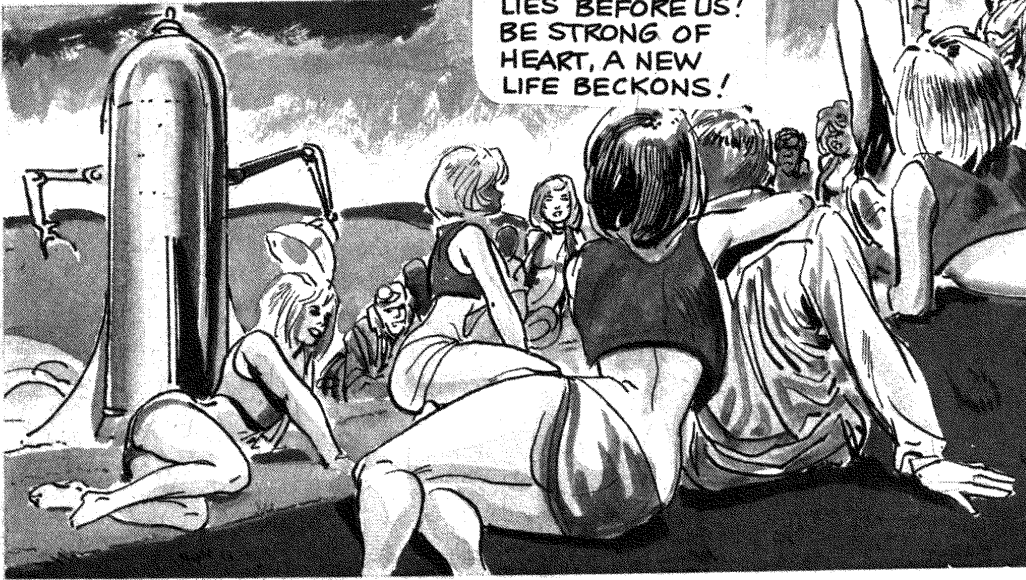
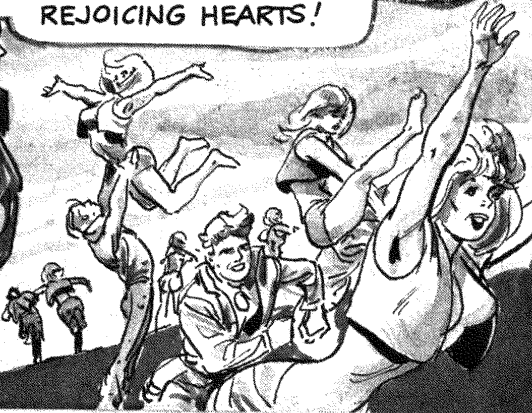


A  
PRAISE  
THE  
HEAVENS!  
THE  
HEAVENS!



LOOK AT  
THIS  
LAND!  
HOW  
FRESH,  
HOW  
APPEAL-  
ING IT  
LOOKS!

THIS TIME, *THIS TIME*... WE HAVE BEEN  
DEALT WELL WITH DAMON. LOOK AT THE  
PEOPLE RUN! LISTEN TO THEM SING!  
THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THEIR  
REJOICING HEARTS!



AND ALL STRUCTO-  
MATERIAL IS NOW  
BEING *UNLOADED!*  
YOUR DOMETENTS  
SHOULD BE QUICKLY  
ERECTED... BUT  
THE TASK OF  
BUILDING A  
*CIVILIZATION*  
LIES BEFORE US!  
BE STRONG OF  
HEART, A NEW  
LIFE BECKONS!



AND NIGHT FALLS ON THE TINY COLONY! WITH THE  
BREATH OF A NEW LIFE IN THEIR LUNGS- THEY  
SLEEP WELL! MAYBE *TOO WELL!*







OH LORD!  
LORD!  
WHAT IS  
THIS? WHAT  
HAVE WE  
COME TO?





**HELP US! HELP US!**  
WHAT ARE THESE  
CREATURES, WHAT IS  
GOING TO BECOME  
OF US?

**IN HEAVEN'S  
NAME!**  
SOMEONE  
HELP US!

**INTO  
THE  
SEA...**

**BUT  
THEY'RE  
EVERY-  
WHERE!**







OH LORD! PROTECT US!  
PROTECT US!

DAMON, WHAT IS THIS  
MADNESS! IS IT ALL A DREAM  
... A NIGHTMARE! THESE  
**VAMPIRES**... THESE BEASTS  
OF BLOOD LIKE ANCIENT FOLK-  
LORE FROM THE *PAST*!







LOOK!  
JUST  
OVER  
THE  
RISE!



MY GOD!

TROLIS!  
WILL THIS  
NIGHTMARE  
NEVER END?



MAYBE!

JUST MAYBE, FIRE  
MIGHT DO THE TRICK!  
I SEEM TO REMEMBER  
SOME OLD FOLK LEGEND  
ABOUT THESE THINGS  
BEING PETRIFIED BY  
FIRE!



IT  
WORKED!



BUT  
WHY?

WHY? I DON'T UNDERSTAND,  
THE OVERMASTERS **MUST** HAVE  
KNOWN ABOUT THESE PEOPLE...  
THESE MONSTERS... WHY WOULD  
THEY WANT TO START A COLONY  
HERE! MY GOD MAN... THIS IS  
**MURDER!** NOTHING SHORT  
OF MURDER!





I'M AFRAID!

I THINK I KNOW THE TRUTH DAMON...

DON'T YOU REALIZE, ALL THESE YEARS! THE OVERMASTERS! HAVE RULED US, VICIOUSLY, SILENTLY UNSEEN!

DON'T YOU REALIZE DAMON... WHY THEY PERMITTED THIS... THESE CREATURES ARE OUR OVERMASTERS!

I'M NOT SAYING MOTHER EARTH IS THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS... I GUESS THE SAME THING COULD HAPPEN HERE!



ANSWERING A STRANGE AD  
MAY SOMETIMES BE TO YOUR  
**ADVANTAGE**, OR IT MAY AFFECT  
YOU **ADVERSELY!** SEVEN MEN  
MET SEVEN **FATES** WHEN  
THEY TOOK THE **STEP** THAT  
LED THEM TO--



# ELEVEN FOOTSTEPS TO LUCY FUHR

THE NEW ISSUE OF **CROW**--  
AN UNDERGROUND TABLOID  
HAD HIT THE STANDS AND--

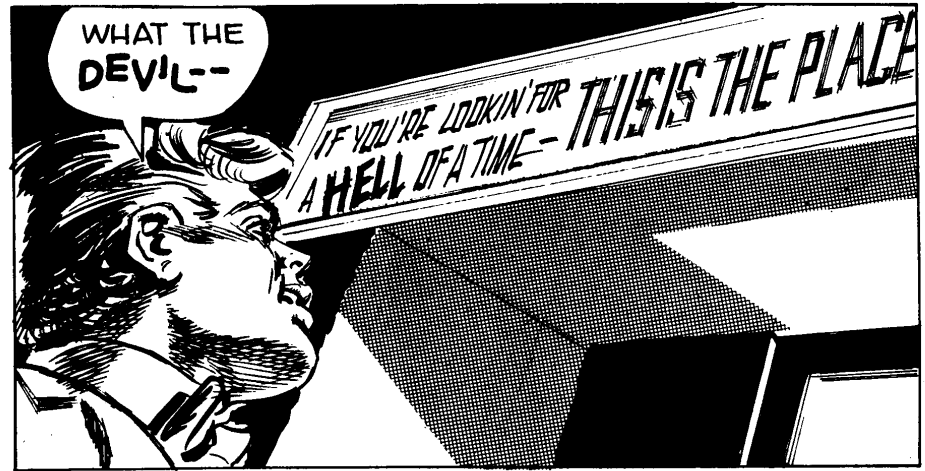
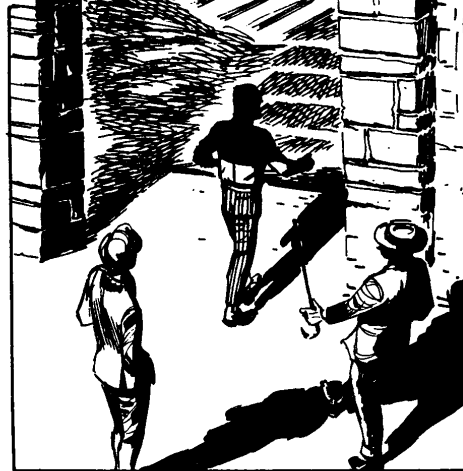
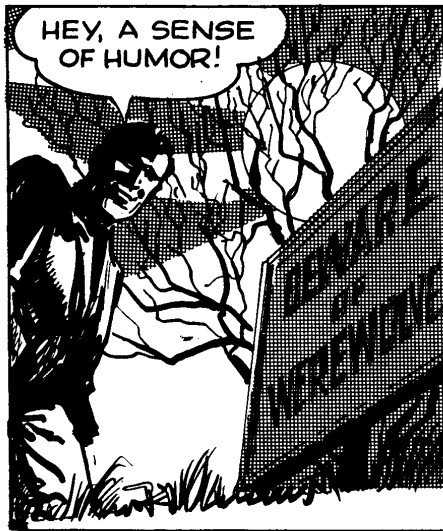
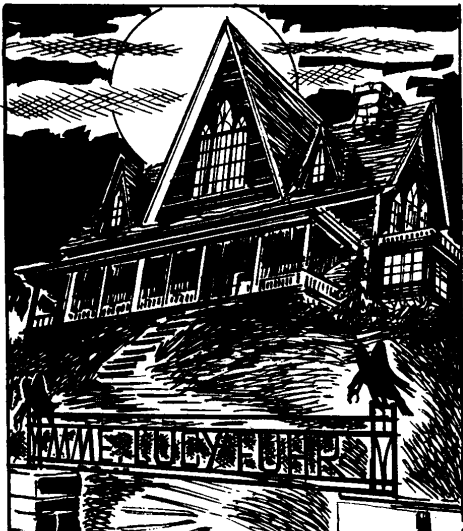
7 MALE READERS WERE  
EACH REACTING TO A  
**PROVOCATIVE AD--**

"DO YOU DARE RISK **ALL**  
TO WIN THE WOMAN OF  
YOUR DREAMS?"



SEVEN ADVENTUROUS MEN PREPARED TO CALL THAT VERY MIDNIGHT AT THE ADDRESS OF--

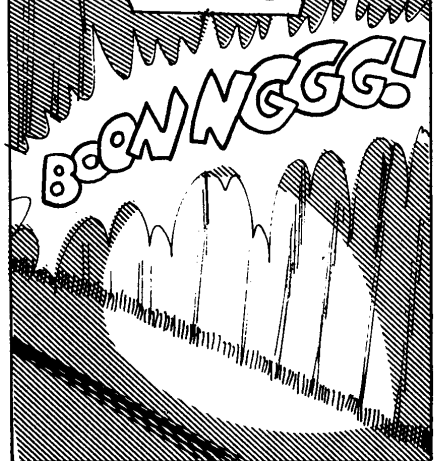




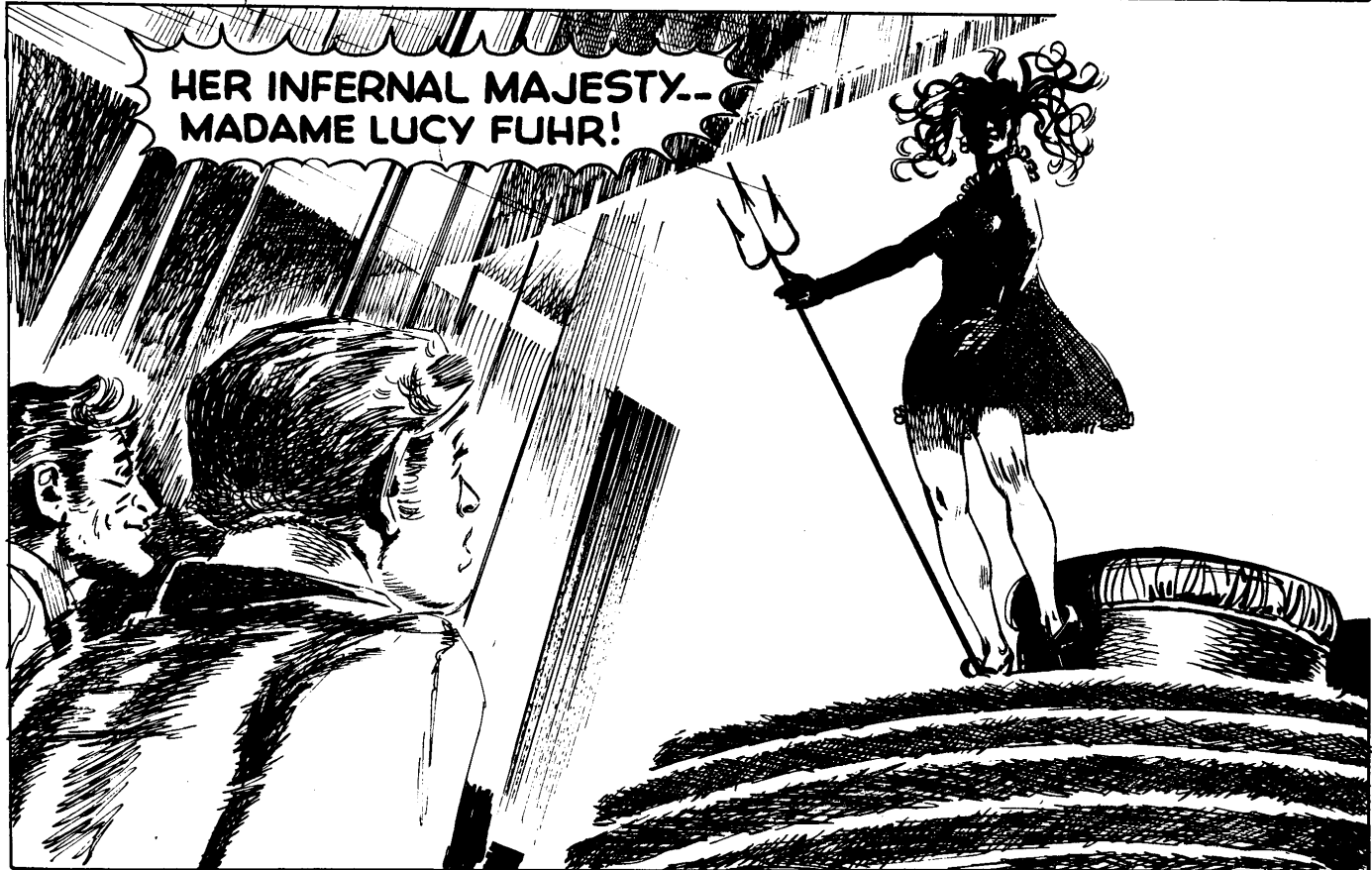
AFTER INTRODUCTIONS, THE SWINGING GUYS WERE LED BY THE **GLAMOR GIRLS** INTO A LARGE, EMPTY AUDITORIUM AND WERE SEATED AT ONE END...



AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM WAS A **HUGE, MYSTERIOUS** CURTAIN. FROM BEHIND IT SOUNDED A GONG!



THE MAJESTIC CURTAIN ROSE TO REVEAL \_\_\_\_\_







HELLO, SUCKERS!



I THINK I'VE DIED AND GONE TO HELL!

**SUDDENLY, FROM NOWHERE, HANDCUFFS SNAP ABOUT THEIR WRISTS AND ANKLES! WAS IT A GAG- OR SOMETHING OMINOUS?**



HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

LET ME AT 'ER!



MEN, YOU'RE HERE TO **WIN** LUCY FUHR--- OR **SACRIFICE** YOUR LIVES!



ONE AT A TIME, YOU WILL **CLIMB** TO HER THRONE! WHEN YOU STEP ON A STAIR, IT WILL LIGHT **RED** OR **WHITE!** OUT OF THE ELEVEN STAIRS, THERE ARE ONLY **THREE** WHITE!





AFTER THE **SHOCKING** FATE OF ED, JACK WILLIAMS DID NOT HESITATE TO **CLIMB** FOR HIS LIFE!







ONE BY ONE, THE HARRIED MEN GO TO THEIR DOOM! LUCY WATCHED EAGERLY AS BOCK LANDED ON TWO WHITES--THEN LOST HIS LIFE ON THE THIRD TRY!



AT LAST ONLY ED MERRITT REMAINED! RESIGNED TO HIS FATE, HE STEPPED ON THE FIRST STAIR...



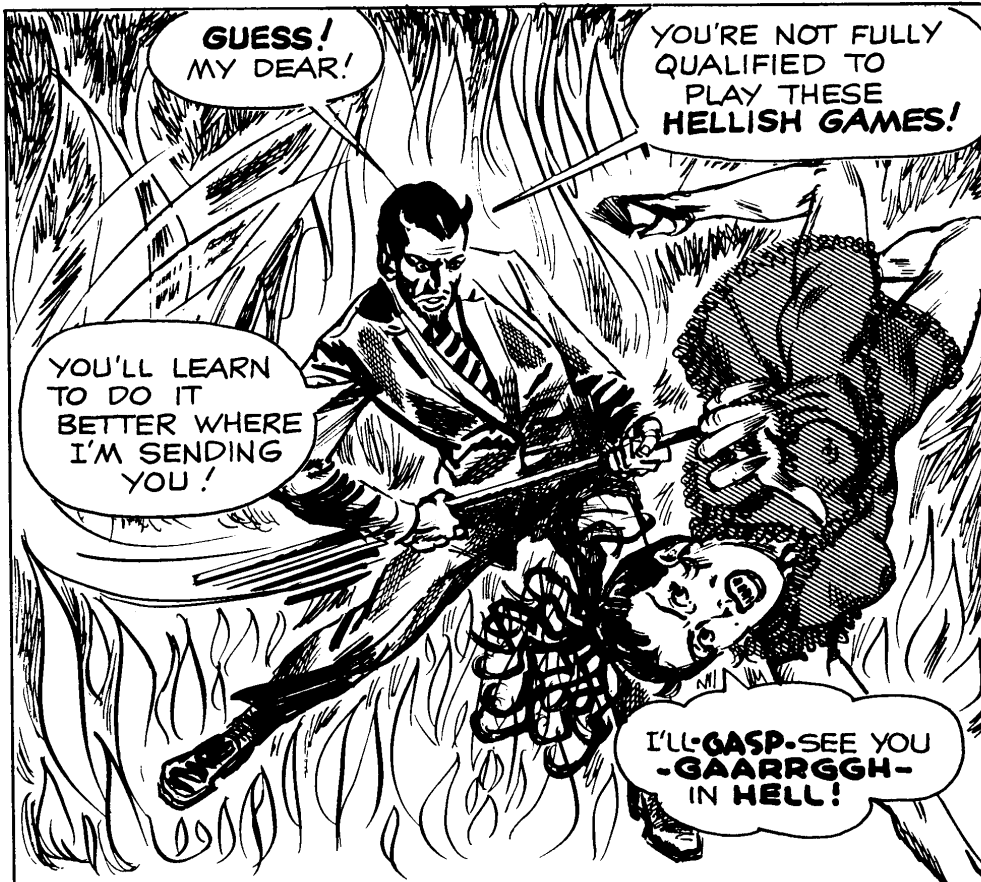
WHITE...



TWO WHITE!



THREE WHITE! IMPOSSIBLE! WHO ARE YOU?



GUESS! MY DEAR!

YOU'RE NOT FULLY QUALIFIED TO PLAY THESE HELLISH GAMES!

YOU'LL LEARN TO DO IT BETTER WHERE I'M SENDING YOU!

I'LL GASP-SEE YOU -GAARRGGH- IN HELL!

WHICH JUST GOES TO PROVE THAT THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED WITH BAD INTENTIONS! THE NEXT TIME YOU CONTEMPLATE ANSWERING A DEVIL-MAY-CARE AD.... WATCH YOUR STEP-- OR YOU MAY WIND UP AS THE STAR OF A HORROR HIT CALLED... "I LOVE LUCY-FUHR!"





HI, SMALL FRY... IT'S TIME FOR A **BIG FRY!** TURN UP YOUR BURNERS, LEARNERS, AND LET ME PREACH YOU SOME SCREECHING TEACHING! OPEN YOUR EYES AND LISTEN TO A GAL WHO CAN'T QUELL HER YELLING!



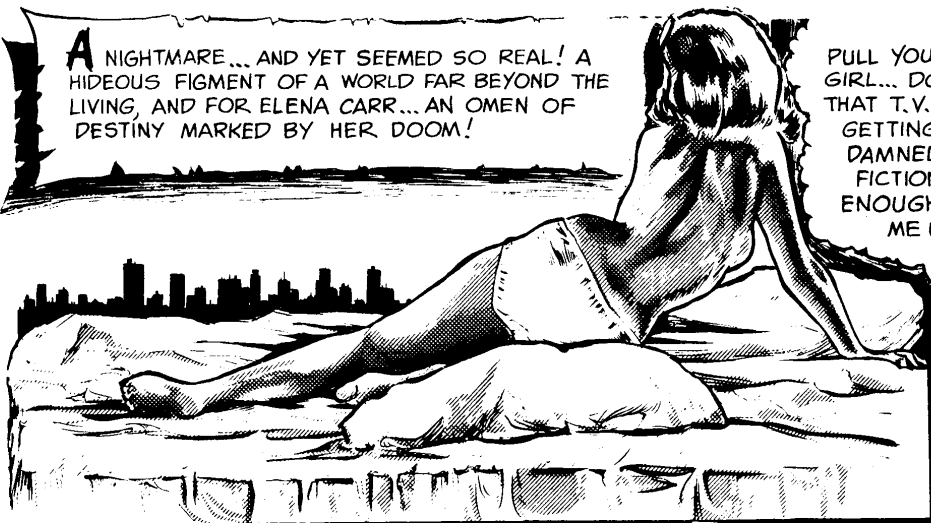
**F**AR AWAY, LOST SOMEWHERE IN THE CAVERNS OF MY MIND, AN ANGUISHED MURMUR TURNED THE SILENCE INTO A SHRIEK OF WARNING! MY EYES, UNABLE TO UNCLENCH THEMSELVES, COULD FEEL THE MOVEMENT OF SOME MONSTROUS PHANTASM, APPROACHING. I COULD HEAR THE BEAT OF WINGS STRUGGLING TO SEIZE THE WIND, AND WHEN AT LAST NO SOUND ESCAPES THE PANIC IN MY THROAT...

# I Wake Up...



**S  
C  
R  
E  
E  
M  
I  
N  
G**

A NIGHTMARE... AND YET SEEMED SO REAL! A HIDEOUS FIGMENT OF A WORLD FAR BEYOND THE LIVING, AND FOR ELENA CARR... AN OMEN OF DESTINY MARKED BY HER DOOM!



PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER GIRL... DON'T TELL ME THAT T.V. PART IS FINALLY GETTING TO YOU? DAMNED-SCIENCE-FICTION STUFF IS ENOUGH TO DRIVE ME UP A WALL!



SCIENCE-FICTION!.. NOT EXACTLY HER IDEA OF A CHOICE ROLE, BUT ACTING WAS A TOUCH CHALLENGE AND SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED.

MAYBE THIS WAS A CHANCE FOR SOMETHING BIGGER.

IT WAS LONG LONG AFTERWARD THAT THE DREAMS BEGAN TO ANNOY HER.



RIDICULOUS AT FIRST, BUT HER MIND BECAME OBSESSED WITH THE HAUNTING OF FANTASTIC SEQUENCES AND IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE SOMETHING DANGEROUS HAPPENED! SHE HARDLY HEARD THE SCREECH OF TIRES THAT COULD NOT HALT IN TIME TO AVOID...



THERE WAS NO PAIN... NO FEELINGS TO DROWN HER LIMP BODY IN SHOCK! ONLY A BLURRED SENSE OF FALLING, AND THEN SHE FAINTED INTO SPINNING SENSELESSNESS.







WHISPERS BLENDED AROUND HER INTO SOFT QUESTIONS FALLING INTO HER DARK SUBCONSCIOUS. THEY SLOWLY PENETRATED THE DULL THROB ON UN-REALITY, AND ELENA OPENED BOTH HER EYES.

YOU CAN HEAR ME NOW, ELENA CARR... PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO WHAT I AM SAYING!

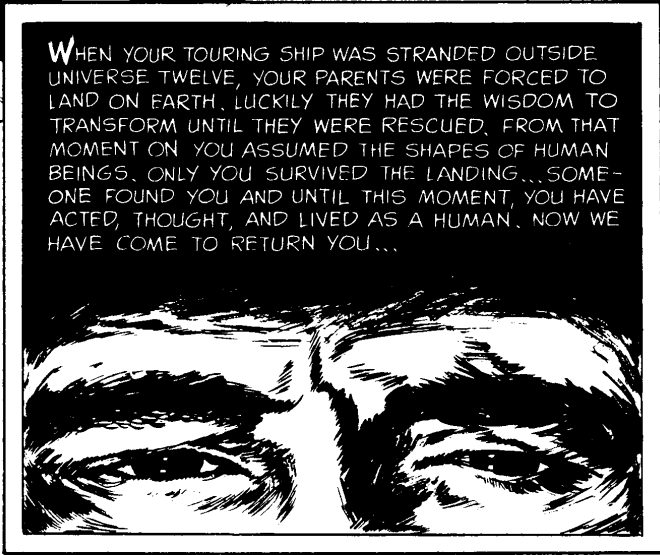


NO... THIS IS NOT ANOTHER NIGHTMARE, EVERYTHING YOU SEE HERE IS REAL. ONLY YOUR PAST IS MAKE BELIEVE, ELENA. AND THAT IS GONE NOW, FOR GOOD!



I... I KNOW YOU! IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE? WHY ALL THE FANCY GADGETS... WHO'RE YOU TRYING TO IMPRESS?

WE ARE NOT WHO WE APPEAR TO BE... YOUR MIND IS WORKING ACCORDING TO THE PART YOU PLAYED ON THE PLANET YOU CALL EARTH! THERE YOU WERE AN ACTRESS... THUS YOU SEE US AS PART OF THAT. ON OUR PLANET YOU WILL BE... A QUEEN!



WHEN YOUR TOURING SHIP WAS STRANDED OUTSIDE UNIVERSE TWELVE, YOUR PARENTS WERE FORCED TO LAND ON EARTH. LUCKILY THEY HAD THE WISDOM TO TRANSFORM UNTIL THEY WERE RESCUED. FROM THAT MOMENT ON YOU ASSUMED THE SHAPES OF HUMAN BEINGS. ONLY YOU SURVIVED THE LANDING... SOMEONE FOUND YOU AND UNTIL THIS MOMENT, YOU HAVE ACTED, THOUGHT, AND LIVED AS A HUMAN. NOW WE HAVE COME TO RETURN YOU...



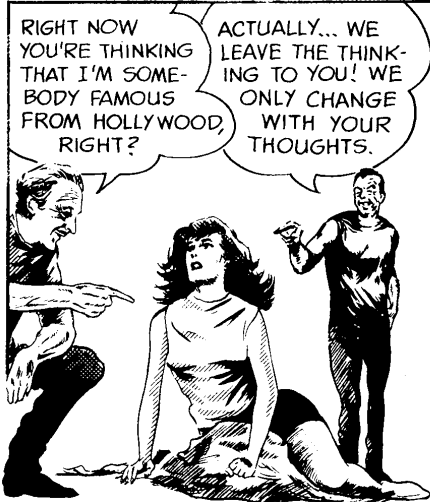
"ALL THIS HAPPENED ONLY IN MOMENTS, OUR UNIVERSE TIME... BUT ON EARTH, TWENTY-THREE YEARS HAVE ELAPSED!

YOU SEE IN OUR WORLD, THE AGING RATE HAS BEEN LOWERED TO ALMOST AN ABSOLUTE MINIMUM. VERY COMFORTABLE, DON'T YOU THINK?



YOU MEAN ON EARTH I COULD HAVE EXISTED THOUSANDS OF YEARS LONGER THAN WHEREVER IT IS YOU'RE TAKING ME?

EXACTLY! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT WITH YOUR POWERS TO TRANSFORM YOURSELF YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN QUITE SUCCESSFUL AT THE GAME YOU UNKNOWINGLY PLAYED!



RIGHT NOW YOU'RE THINKING THAT I'M SOMEBODY FAMOUS FROM HOLLYWOOD, RIGHT?

ACTUALLY... WE LEAVE THE THINKING TO YOU! WE ONLY CHANGE WITH YOUR THOUGHTS.



GO AHEAD IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, CHANGE INTO SOMETHING... ANYTHING YOU FEEL LIKE!

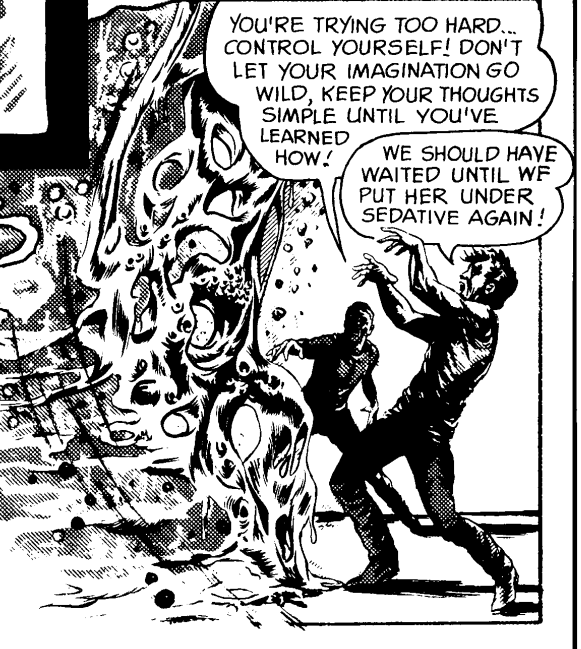


IT'S NOT DIFFICULT REALLY...



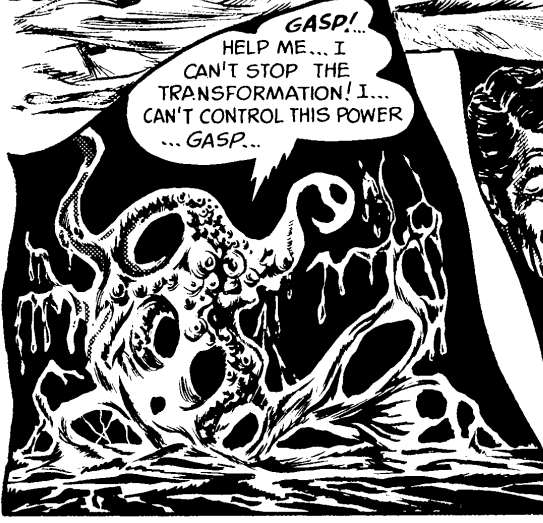
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS *THINK!* JUST CONCENTRATE... *CONCENTRATE!!*

ELENA COULD HEAR THE VOICES FADING INTO A VOID OF ECHOS, PULLING WITH IT THE THOUGHTS SHE HELD IN HER MIND. BUT SOMEHOW, SHE COULD NOT SEEM TO SEPARATE THE SOUNDS SHE HEARD FROM THE VISIONS THEY WERE IMPLANTING. SHE TRIED SEPARATING THEM... SHE TRIED HARD...



YOU'RE TRYING TOO HARD... CONTROL YOURSELF! DON'T LET YOUR IMAGINATION GO WILD, KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS SIMPLE UNTIL YOU'VE LEARNED HOW!

WE SHOULD HAVE WAITED UNTIL WE PUT HER UNDER SEDATIVE AGAIN!



*GASP!* HELP ME... I CAN'T STOP THE TRANSFORMATION! I... CAN'T CONTROL THIS POWER... *GASP!*

NOW DON'T PANIC, DARLING, JUST SLOW DOWN AND TRY SOMETHING A LITTLE SMALLER!

NICE AND EASY, ELENA... NICE AND EASY DOES IT *EVERY* TIME!



NERVES SCREAMING TO DEFEY HER, ELENA TWISTS HER MIND INTO FOCUS, DESPERATELY TRYING TO GAIN CONTROL OF HER METAMORPHOSIS!



SHE... SHE'S CHANGING AGAIN... INTO... *WHA...?* ... *GOOD LORD!*



ONCE AGAIN ELENA REELED IN SENSATION REMOVED... HER BODY STRETCHING UPWARD INTO QUIVERING FOLDS OF STINKING SLIME! HORNY PINCERS REPLACED THE FLESH OF HER LIPS, WEAVING ARMS SUCKED WILDLY AT THE AIR... AND FROM WITHIN HER MIND A PULSING REALIZATION CREPT INTO HER UNRELATED SENSES. WHAT HAD SHE BECOME?

A CREATURE OF *DEATH!*  
LISTEN TO IT **SCREAMING** TO BE RELEASED! SHE WANTS TO ESCAPE THIS... *THING*... BUT SHE'S ONLY INCREASING HER SIZE BY CONCENTRATING! MY LEG!... **SHE'S GOT MY LEG!**

I'VE GOT TO TRY AND **DISSOLVE** HER THOUGHT BEFORE IT TAKES OVER **COMPLETELY!**  
**HANG ON!**



A TRANSISTOR RELAY MIGHT DO THE TRICK... MR. SEVEN HAD SPOTTED IT ON THE FLOOR NEAR THE CREATURE'S TENTACLE-LIKE ARMS! HE'D HAVE TO CHANCE IT BEFORE THE THING HAD A CHANCE TO DIGEST MR. FOURTEEN COMPLETELY!

**I...I CAN'T!** SHE'S OVERPOWERING MY PROCESSES! **I'M DISSOLVING...**  
**SEVEN... QUICKLY... I CAN'T...**  
**GASP... CAN'T... MOVE!!**

I'M GOING TO EXPLODE A SPARK FROM THIS RELAY INTO HER... MAYBE IT'LL **SHOCK** HER OUT OF IT!

**DON'T!**... IT MIGHT INCINERATE HER COMPLETELY... AND US WITH IT!

**GOT TO CHANCE IT...** OR OUR MISSION WILL HAVE **FAILED!** GET READY...

WITH A LUNGE DEEP INTO THE PULSATING PHANTASM, MR. SEVEN BURST THE DEMON-THOUGHT IN A SHOCK WAVE OF THUNDERING DETONATION!



ABOVE HER, ELENA CAN SEE THE RIM OF THE WELL SHE HAS FALLEN INTO... THE LONG DARK CHASM OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS SINKS PAST HER AS SHE REACHES TOWARD THE SPLINTER OF LIGHT BEYOND. HER BODY HAS STOPPED ITS SHAKING... AGAIN SHE HEARS VOICES... AS HER BODY BEGINS TO RETURN.



WHEN YOU'VE MASTERED YOUR ABILITY TO CHANGE YOURSELF, YOU WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN AGAIN. YOU'LL LEARN QUICKLY...

YOU SAID BEFORE SOMETHING ABOUT MY BEING A QUEEN WHEN WE RETURNED. WHAT DID YOU MEAN?



YOUR FATHER WAS A GREAT MAN, ELENA... IT IS OUR PEOPLES' WISH THAT **YOU LEAD US**, NOW THAT **HE** IS GONE! BUT SURELY YOU MUST BE EXHAUSTED... REST NOW AND WE'LL TALK MORE OF THIS, LATER! WHEN YOU AWAKEN, YOU'LL BE... **HOME!**





DO YOU THINK SHE WILL MASTER CONTROL OF HER WILL BEFORE WE REACH UNIVERSE TWELVE?

SHE GETS TOO EMOTIONAL DURING TRANSFORMATION... WITH THE REALIZATION OF TAKING NEW FORM... HER MIND CANNOT COPE WITH HER REACTIONS.

MEANWHILE... IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SHIP, ELENA, UNAWARE OF THE CONVERSATION, MAKES A DISCOVERY...

STRANGE... I THIRST SO! MY THROAT BURNS WITH DRYNESS AND A DESIRE TO QUENCH MY PANGS!



AS LONG AS SHE DOES NOT REALIZE WHY SHE CANNOT CHANGE TO WHAT SHE WISHES, OUR PLAN IS SAFE! ONCE WE ARE HOME, AS LONG AS WE KEEP HER UNDER OUR POWER...

... WE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE TAKING OVER THE ENTIRE PLANET! AND ALL THIS BECAUSE OF AN EXPERIMENTAL MISTAKE HER FATHER MADE!



WE'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR NOW! IF SHE SUSPECTED US, IT MIGHT MEAN **OUR** DEATHS, AND NOT THE OTHERS WE'D BE SEEING. HER PARENTS KNEW WHAT SHE WAS... THAT'S WHY THEY FLED AFTER THE ACCIDENT!

THEY DIDN'T SUSPECT THAT THEIR INFECTED SYSTEMS WOULD SPREAD THE DISEASE TO THEIR OFFSPRING! TOO BAD SHE NEVER LEARNED OF HER POWERS WHEN SHE WAS ON **EARTH!**

WHAT WAS **THAT...?**

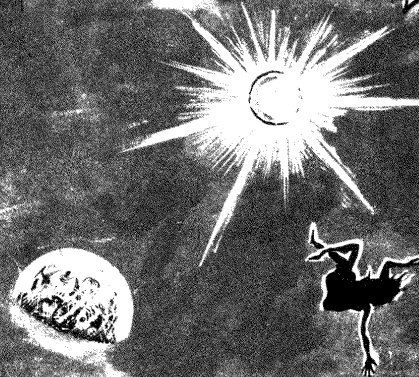




IF SHE'S FOUND OUT ONLY **SHE** CAN TRANSFORM, AND WE ONLY WANTED HER POWER TO GAIN COMPLETE CONTROL... SHE'LL TRY TO **ESCAPE!**



**H**ER MIND BEGAN REVOLVING ONCE MORE AS ELENA STRUGGLED TO BECOME SOMETHING WHICH WOULD SURVIVE UNTIL SHE FOUND HER WAY BACK... TO **EARTH!** TIME HUNG IN A BALANCE OF UTTER VACUUM AND HER BODY SPUN INTO ONE GIGANTIC JOURNEY. SHE COULD FEEL HER FORM MELTING... THE THIRST BECAME UNBEARABLE IN HER THROAT... BUT A SIGH OF RELIEF ENGULFED HER FALLING SENSES. AT LAST SHE WAS CHANGING TO A SELF SHE HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN...



**H**IGH ABOVE THE STRETCHING TOWERS OF THE CITY, A SHADOW SLIPPED ACROSS THE GLARING WINDOWS OF EACH WALL... WEAVING MOTH-LIKE INBETWEEN THE GRANITE CANYONS. A MOMENT EARLIER ELENA HAD PERFORMED HER GREATEST ROLE, LEAVING BEHIND... A **BLOODLESS CORPSE!**

**N**OW HER THIRST WAS FULLY SATIATED... VEINS ATHROB WITH **HUMAN LIQUID** SHE PUSHED HER WINGS BENEATH HER AND TURNED FULL INTO THE HINT OF DAWN.

**S**HE REMEMBERED THAT SHE MUST HURRY... HER FATHER MADE THAT CLEAR. **NO SUNLIGHT... EVER!** IT WOULD CAUSE A FATAL REACTION IN HER SYSTEM!

**B**UT TOMORROW WAS ANOTHER ACT... ANOTHER SCENE... AND **ELENA CARR** WOULD BE AROUND TO PLAY HER **NEW** PART FOR A LONG, **LONG** TIME!

**GAD...** THAT'S TOO BAD! AND ALL THE TIME I FIGURED THOSE FLAPPING CREATURES WERE FEATURES FROM INNER SPACE... **SIGH...**







DRAW A BEAD ON THIS BIT OF *FLYING FANTASY... BLUNDER WONDERS!*  
 FOLLOW ME UP INTO THE *WILD, BLUE YONDERS* AS WE PONDER  
 THE FATE OF...

# THE CALIEGIA!



BE VERY STILL. VJOR THE HUNTER IS STALKING KREEGEE, THE STAG. IN ALL OF GREENLAND, THERE IS NO WILDER STAG THAN KREEGEE AND IN ALL OF GREENLAND, NO FINER HUNTER THAN VJOR. STRIKE! KREEGEE HAS BEEN HIT IN A VITAL SPOT. IT IS A CLEAN KILL. KREEGEE COULD NOT WISH TO EXPIRE IN A BETTER WAY.

*Dick Piscopo*

THERE IS SORROW IN VJOR'S HEART AT THE DEATH OF SO BEAUTIFUL AN ANIMAL. VJOR IS A SENSITIVE MAN, HOWEVER, HE MUST EAT AND KREEGEE WILL HELP TO FEED HIS TRIBE.

HOLD, VJOR! HOW DARE YOU HUNT IN MY WOODS WITHOUT MY PERMISSION!







I AM DJII, THE CALIEGIA, PROTECTOR OF THESE WOODS. HUNTING IS NOT FORBIDDEN HERE!

IT IS NOT WISE FOR YOU TO MOCK ME, MORTAL...

AND IT IS NOT WISE FOR A MERE GIRL TO PRETEND BEING CALIEGIA.

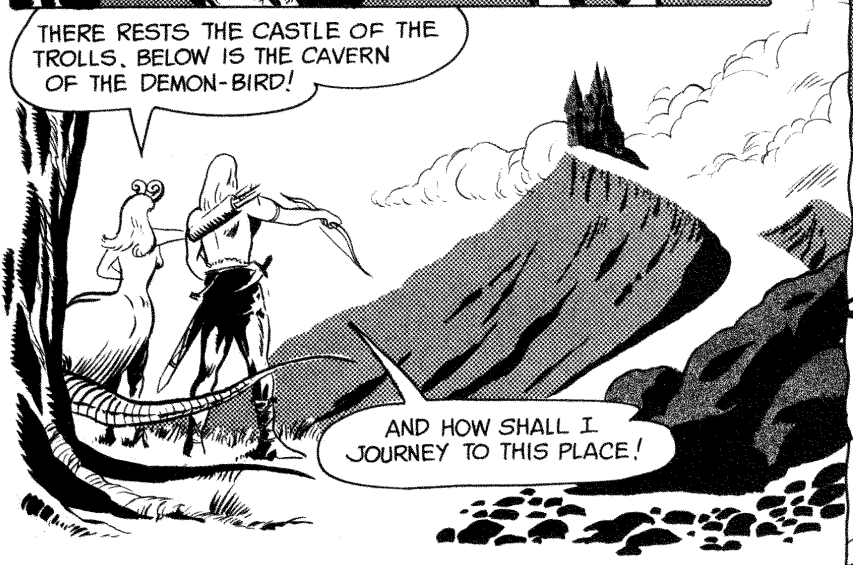
FORGIVE ME, YOUNG GODDESS, BUT MY TRIBE IS HUNGRY AND IN MY CONCERN FOR THEM, I DID NOT SEEK A GAME WARDEN'S CONSENT.



I AM THE CALIEGIA!



FEAR NOT, MIGHTY VJOR, YOU MAY REDEEM YOURSELF AND KEEP THE STAG. BEYOND THOSE PEAKS, THERE IS A VICIOUS BIRD WHICH BELONGS TO THE TROLLS. THIS DEMON-FOWL HAS BEEN DESTROYING MY INNOCENT BEASTIES. IF YOU KILL THIS BIRD, I WILL FORGIVE YOU AND PRESENT YOUR TRIBE WITH KREEGEE AND TWO MORE DEER.



THERE RESTS THE CASTLE OF THE TROLLS. BELOW IS THE CAVERN OF THE DEMON-BIRD!

AND HOW SHALL I JOURNEY TO THIS PLACE!



UPON MY BACK, I SHALL FLY YOU THERE.





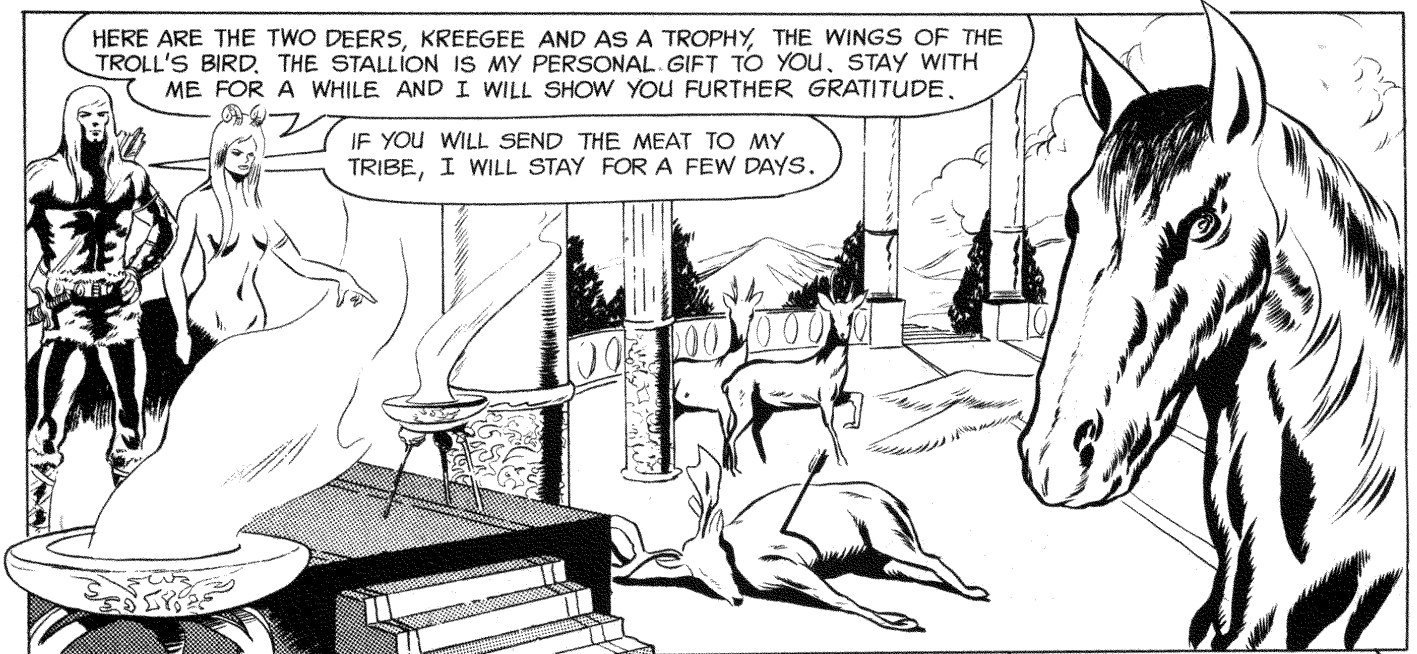
VJOR TAKES AIM. SWEAT BLEEDS FROM HIS FACE. GLINTS OF LIGHT FROM TALONS AND BEAK BURN HIS EYES. THERE WILL BE NO SECOND CHANCE.

YOU ARE A FAR SUPERIOR HUNTER THAN ANY OF THE GODS AND POSSESS MORE COURAGE! LET ME FLY YOU TO MY PALACE WHERE I WILL GRANT YOU YOUR REWARDS.



THE FORCE OF THE SHAFT HAS DRIVEN THE ARROW THROUGH THE DOOMED BIRD. THE MIGHTY HUNTER HAS SUCCEEDED AGAIN!





HERE ARE THE TWO DEERS, KREEGEE AND AS A TROPHY, THE WINGS OF THE TROLL'S BIRD. THE STALLION IS MY PERSONAL GIFT TO YOU. STAY WITH ME FOR A WHILE AND I WILL SHOW YOU FURTHER GRATITUDE.

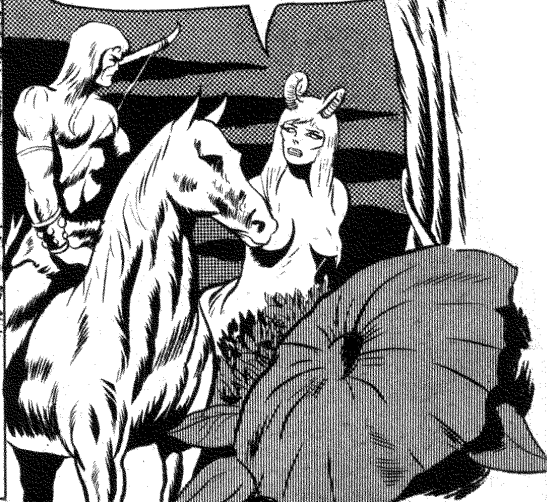
IF YOU WILL SEND THE MEAT TO MY TRIBE, I WILL STAY FOR A FEW DAYS.

STAY WITH ME FOREVER, VJOR, AND I WILL SHARE MY DOMAIN WITH YOU.

I LOVE YOU AND THE FOREST, BUT I AM ONLY A MORTAL. I HAVE NOT THE POWER TO PROTECT THIS KINGDOM. I WOULD ONLY BE A BURDEN TO YOU.

BLUGUR! HE IS A TROLL MAGICIAN, BUT UNLIKE THE OTHERS HE IS A KINDLY MAN AND A GOOD FRIEND. PERHAPS HE CAN MAKE YOU IMMORTAL!

WE MUST NOT WASTE TIME. TONIGHT WE WILL CAMP AT THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN AND TOMORROW ASCEND THE CRAIG UP TO BLUGUR'S HUT!



AT THE BASE OF THE PEAK, DJII AND VJOR MAKE CAMP.

IMAGINE, VERY SOON YOU WILL BE IMMORTAL! WE WILL BE TOGETHER FOREVER.

BE SILENT, FAIR ONE, THERE ARE STRANGE NOISES COMING FROM THE FOREST.



TROLLS!





DJII! ESCAPE!

I CANNOT! HELP ME!

THE MIGHTY VJOR IS EVENTUALLY SUBDUED BY THE TROLL'S CLUBBING.

IN THE MORNING, VJOR AWAKES BOUND, HEAD TO FOOT. DJII IS NOWHERE AND HE REALIZES THAT SHE HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE TROLLS WHO SOUGHT REVENGE FOR KILLING OF THEIR PET BIRD.



FREE! AT LAST!



THE HUNTER SEEKS TO FREE HIS BONDS BY GIVING THEM TO THE FIRE TO FEED UPON



WHO GOES THERE! IF YOU ARE AN ENEMY OF THE TROLLS, YOU ARE A FRIEND OF MINE.

I AM FRIEND TO DJII WHO HAS BEEN TAKEN BY THE TROLLS. I COME TO FREE HER.

ENTER MY HOUSE, FRIEND!

THIS SALVE WILL SOOTHE YOUR HANDS, BUT LET ME WARN YOU, WARRIOR, THE CASTLE IS BUILT ON POISON GROUND. NEITHER GOD NOR MORTAL MAY CROSS IT UNHARMED. ONLY TROLLS ARE IMMUNE TO ITS EFFECTS.

THERE MUST BE A WAY.

ONLY ONE, BUT IT WILL MEAN GREAT SACRIFICE TO YOU. ONCE INSIDE THE CASTLE, YOU MUST SLAY THE KING AND HIS EVIL MINISTERS. IF YOU DO THIS, THE OTHER TROLLS WILL FOLLOW YOU.

TELL ME THE WAY AND I WILL DO IT.

I WILL HAVE TO WORK A SPELL ON YOU. GATHER WHAT I TELL YOU AND WE MAY BEGIN, BUT TAKE HEED... THE SPELL IS IRREVERSIBLE!

INSIDE THE TROLL'S CASTLE, A CELEBRATION IS TAKING PLACE AND THE CENTER OF THIS FESTIVAL IS---







DJII!

ARE YOU ENJOYING THE PARTY SWEET, WOODSY, GODDESS? NO? BUT IT IS IN YOUR HONOR! THE CLIMAX OF OUR GAMES WILL BE A GREAT FEAST. YOU WILL BE OUR MAIN COURSE!

TROLLS! YOU ARE ABOUT TO LOSE YOUR LEADERS!

THE EVIL TROLLS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE IMMORTAL VJOR.



TROLLS, NOW ARE FREE OF YOUR TORMENTORS. ELECT NEW LEADERS WITH WISDOM AND YOU WILL FOREVER HAVE THE FRIENDSHIP OF VJOR AND DJII, THE CALIEGIA!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT! I GUESS SOME GIRLS WILL DO ANYTHING TO CATCH A GUY... EVEN IF IT MEANS HORSING AROUND TILL HE LOSES HIS... FEATHERS??? BE GOOD... BUBBIE!



HAIL VJOR! HAIL DJII! LONG LIVE THE CALIEGIA!





O.K. GIRLS... YOU CAN GET DRESSED NOW! IT'S BEEN A LONG HARD PULL, BUT THIS JUST ABOUT WRAPS IT UP! YOU THREE HAVE BEEN CHOSEN AS THE FINALIST FOR THE ROLE OF THE WITCH IN THE NEW T.V. SERIES "CLOUDY SHADOWS!" IN A FEW DAYS, ONE OF YOU WILL HAVE THE PART.

DRESSING ROOM TO YOUR RIGHT! DRINKS ARE ON ME! HURRY BACK, MY LOVELY'S... AND WE SHALL TOAST TO THE LAUNCHING OF A SUCCESSFUL CAREER FOR ONE OF YOU!



AND NOW FOR YOU FANS OF MID-DAY SOAP OPERAS... FOLLOW US BEHIND THE T.V. SCENES FOR A SHORT STORY OF THREE GIRLS COMPETING FOR THE STAR ROLE OF A WITCH IN THE NEW T.V. SERIES "CLOUDY SHADOWS"... INCIDENTLY... THE GIRL WHO WINS THIS ROLE BECOMES AN INSTANT CELEBRITY! PEOPLE EVERYWHERE WILL RECOGNIZE HER ... AND STOP HER ON THE STREET TO ASK...

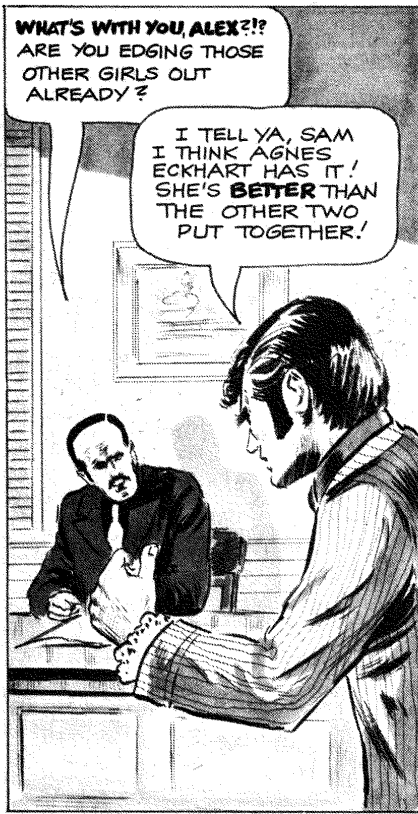
AHH... MISS AGNES ECKHART! YOU, MY DEAR ARE VERY BEAUTIFUL AND CHARMING! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE YOU DESIRE TO PLAY THE PART OF A WITCH!

OKAY GIRLS... COME BACK TOMORROW EVENING 6:30 SHARP! MR. CARDIGAN WILL BEGIN SETTING UP THE FINAL CAMERA TESTS!

DIDN'T I SEE YOU ON TELEVISION?







WHAT'S WITH YOU, ALEX??  
ARE YOU EDGING THOSE  
OTHER GIRLS OUT  
ALREADY?

I TELL YA, SAM  
I THINK AGNES  
ECKHART HAS IT!  
SHE'S **BETTER** THAN  
THE OTHER TWO  
PUT TOGETHER!



LISTEN, ALEX!  
YOU'VE BEEN PLAY-  
ING FAVORITES  
WITH AGNES  
ECKHART EVER  
SINCE WE STARTED  
CASTING FOR THIS  
ROLE! DO YOU  
HAVE A CRUSH  
ON HER... OR  
SOMETHING?!

WHAT IF  
I DO?!  
I STILL THINK  
SHE'D BE  
GREAT FOR  
THE PART!  
NOW BEAT IT!  
AND GO HOME!  
I'VE GOT MORE  
WORK TO DO!  
BEFORE  
SUN-UP!

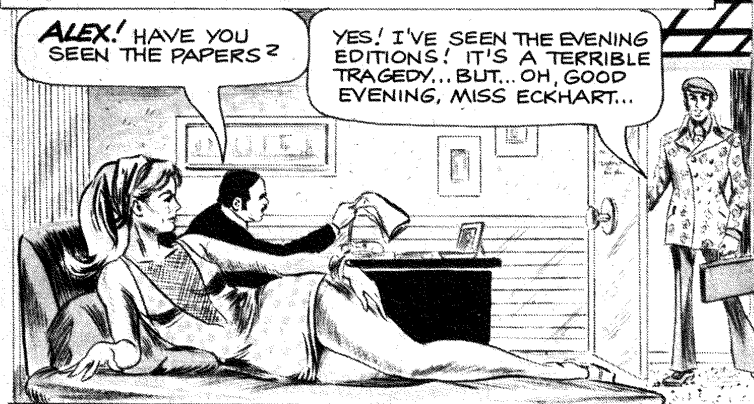


THE NEXT EVENING...

THIS MAKES THE  
FOURTH ACTRESS  
THIS MONTH TO BE  
SLAIN!  
AND ALL WERE  
SIGNED WITH  
**THIS AGENCY!**

HOW HORRIBLE!  
I FEEL SO... SO  
FRIGHTENED... I...  
I SHOULD CANCEL  
MY TEST FOR THIS  
ROLE... BUT I DO  
SO WISH TO  
GET THE PART!

WHEN ALEX B. CARDIGAN ARRIVES JAUNTILY, A TUNE ON HIS LIPS...

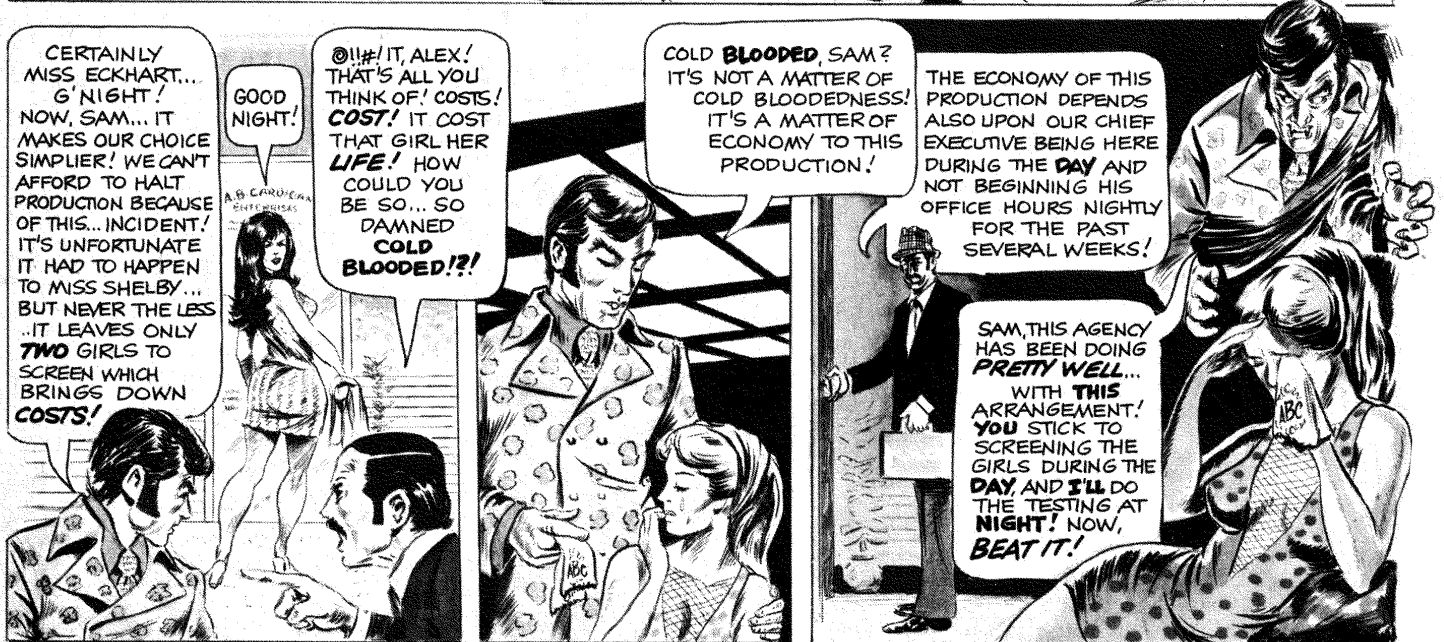


ALEX! HAVE YOU  
SEEN THE PAPERS?

YES! I'VE SEEN THE EVENING  
EDITIONS! IT'S A TERRIBLE  
TRAGEDY... BUT... OH, GOOD  
EVENING, MISS ECKHART...



'EVENING, MR. CARDIGAN...  
I'M AFRAID I'M NOT UP TO...  
PERFORMING TESTS... AFTER...  
WHAT'S HAPPENED! COULD  
YOU POSSIBLY SPARE ME  
UNTIL ANOTHER TIME?



CERTAINLY  
MISS ECKHART...  
G'NIGHT!  
NOW, SAM... IT  
MAKES OUR CHOICE  
SIMPLIER! WE CAN'T  
AFFORD TO HALT  
PRODUCTION BECAUSE  
OF THIS... INCIDENT!  
IT'S UNFORTUNATE  
IT HAD TO HAPPEN  
TO MISS SHELBY...  
BUT NEVER THE LESS  
...IT LEAVES ONLY  
**TWO** GIRLS TO  
SCREEN WHICH  
BRINGS DOWN  
COSTS!

GOOD  
NIGHT!

OH!#! IT, ALEX!  
THAT'S ALL YOU  
THINK OF! COSTS!  
**COST!** IT COST  
THAT GIRL HER  
**LIFE!** HOW  
COULD YOU  
BE SO... SO  
DAMNED  
**COLD  
BLOODED!?!**

COLD **BLOODED**, SAM?  
IT'S NOT A MATTER OF  
COLD BLOODEDNESS!  
IT'S A MATTER OF  
ECONOMY TO THIS  
PRODUCTION!

THE ECONOMY OF THIS  
PRODUCTION DEPENDS  
ALSO UPON OUR CHIEF  
EXECUTIVE BEING HERE  
DURING THE **DAY** AND  
NOT BEGINNING HIS  
OFFICE HOURS NIGHTLY  
FOR THE PAST  
SEVERAL WEEKS!

SAM, THIS AGENCY  
HAS BEEN DOING  
**PRETTY WELL...**  
WITH **THIS**  
ARRANGEMENT!  
**YOU** STICK TO  
SCREENING THE  
GIRLS DURING THE  
**DAY** AND I'LL DO  
THE TESTING AT  
**NIGHT!** NOW,  
**BEAT IT!**



NO SOONER THAN THE DOOR CLOSES... ALEX CARDIGAN TRIES IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO MUFFLE AN OUTCRY FROM THE STARTLED GIRL... REVEALING HIMSELF AS...

SURPRISED BY THE SUDDEN RETURN OF SAM WANNERMAN, ALEX CARDIGAN'S HANDS ARE WRENCHED FROM THE GIRL'S THROAT!

I'VE SUSPECTED YOU EVER SINCE EACH ONE OF THE GIRLS WE TESTED MET THEIR DEATHS BY THE HANDS OF THIS SO-CALLED BEAST!

AND NOW, MY PRETTY! FOR YOUR TEST! TASTE TEST THAT IS!

YOU!... YOU'RE EEEEEEE

UNNGH



INSTINCTIVELY, ALEX CARDIGAN WHIRLED THROWING WANNERMAN OFF BALANCE...

YES, SAM! YOUR SUSPICIONS WERE CORRECT! BUT...

...TOO BAD YOU KEPT THEM TO YOURSELF! WE HAD A BEAUTIFUL ARRANGEMENT, AS I SAID... YOU FINDING THE VICTIMS DURING THE DAY...

AND I TESTING THEM... AT NIGHT! A PITY YOU RETURNED WHEN YOU DID! NOW YOU'VE BECOME THE VICTIM!



AHH... AND NOW BACK TO YOU, MY SWEET... JUST AS ALL THE REST... YOU SHALL BE TESTED AND TASTED! TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T WITNESS THAT SCENE! IT WOULD HAVE MADE YOUR BLOOD CURDLE! HEH, HEH, HEH... WHO'S THERE?!

I THOUGHT I HEARD A SCREAM! I... MY GOD!! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? WHY... YOU'RE... YOU'RE A...

WHEN THIS IS OVER, SAM, I'LL SIMPLY CLOSE THIS FIRM THEN MOVE ON TO ANOTHER CITY... A NEW ASSOCIATE... AND NEW VICTIMS TO BE TESTED!

OOOHH...





I BELIEVE THE WORD YOU'RE STRUGGLING FOR, IS **VAMPIRE**, MY DEAR!



BUT **YOU** NEEDN'T WORRY, AGNES! I WON'T HARM **YOU!** EVER SINCE I FIRST SAW YOU, I FELT WE HAD A KINSHIP! I HAD THE FEELING THAT **YOU** POSSESS STRANGE POWERS WHICH COMPEL ME TO SEE MORE OF YOU! THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN **SPARED!** YES, MY DEAR AGNES... I WISH TO **SEE MORE OF YOU...**



YOU'LL SEE MORE OF ME ALL RIGHT MR. **ALEX B. CARDIGAN!** MORE THAN YOU **BARGAINED FOR!** I NEVER SUSPECTED YOU FOR A **VAMPIRE** BUT SINCE YOU SPARED ME... I SHALL SPARE YOU... FROM THE LEGENDARY **STAKE THROUGH THE HEART!!**

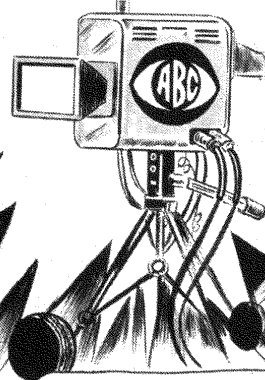


...AND THE OPPORTUNITY TO **SEE MORE OF ME** EACH TIME I APPEAR BEFORE THE **T.V. CAMERA.** ...YOU SEE, MR **A. B. CARDIGAN...** I INTEND TO PLAY THE PART OF THE **WITCH... BECAUSE...**



AGNES!! WHA...?!

**ZAPPI!** ...I AM A **WITCH!**

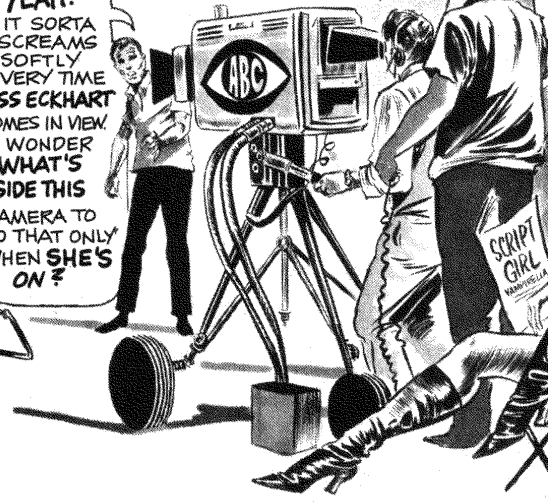


SHOOTING BEGAN THE FOLLOWING WEEK...AND TO THE SURPRISE OF THE CAMERA CREW, THERE WAS A PUZZLING DISCOVERY MADE...

HEY... JOE! DO YOU HEAR A **STRANGE NOISE** COMIN' FROM **THIS PARTICULAR CAMERA?**

ANOTHER THING, TOO... IT **NEVER WORKS** WHEN WE'RE SHOOTING IN **BROAD DAYLIGHT!** IT ONLY FUNCTIONS IN **NIGHT SCENES!**

**YEAH!** ...IT SORTA ...SCREAMS SOFTLY EVERY TIME MISS ECKHART COMES IN VIEW I WONDER WHAT'S INSIDE THIS CAMERA TO DO THAT ONLY WHEN SHE'S ON?



SCRIPT GIRL

WELL... A. B. CARDIGAN GOT HIS **WISH...** AND AGNES ECKHART GOT TO BE A **WITCH!** I GUESS YOU CAN SAY, 'THEY BOTH SAW... **EYE TO EYE!** ... SEE WHAT I MEAN?

THAT'S A TAKE!



PROLOGUE...

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME COPY YOUR HOMEWORK! IF YOU DON'T, I'LL... WELL, YOU'VE JUST GOT TO, THAT'S ALL!

BUT I'VE TOLD YOU, AMY, I CAN'T! THAT WOULD BE CHEATING!

AWWWW... PRETTY PLEASE GIVE ME YOUR HOMEWORK? IF YOU DO, I'LL GIVE YOU A KISS!

EEEEEECH!

I'M WARNING YOU, TED MCGINNIS, IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME THAT HOMEWORK, I'LL TELL YOUR MOTHER I SAW YOU SMOKING BEHIND THE OLD WAREHOUSE... EEEEEKKK!!

I'LL FIX THAT AMY! SHE'S ALWAYS LYING AND CHEATING TO GET HER WAY!

HA HA HO HO HO!

BAAAAWL!

YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS, JACKIE DAVIS...!

SOB: THEY MADE FUN OF ME! SNIFF: AND THEN JACK PUT A LIZARD DOWN MY BACK BECAUSE - SOB: THEY KNOW HOW SCARED I AM OF ANYTHING CRAWLY AND... AND SLIMY! - SNIFFLE -

OH THEY DID, DID THEY? WE'LL SOON ABOUT THAT!

PRINCIPAL

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! STAND UP! FOR PUTTING THAT LIZARD DOWN AMY'S BACK, YOU BOTH STAY AFTER SCHOOL EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK!

AW, I DIDN'T HAVE NUTHIN' TO DO WITH THAT! AMY WAS TRYING TO MAKE ME SHOW HER...

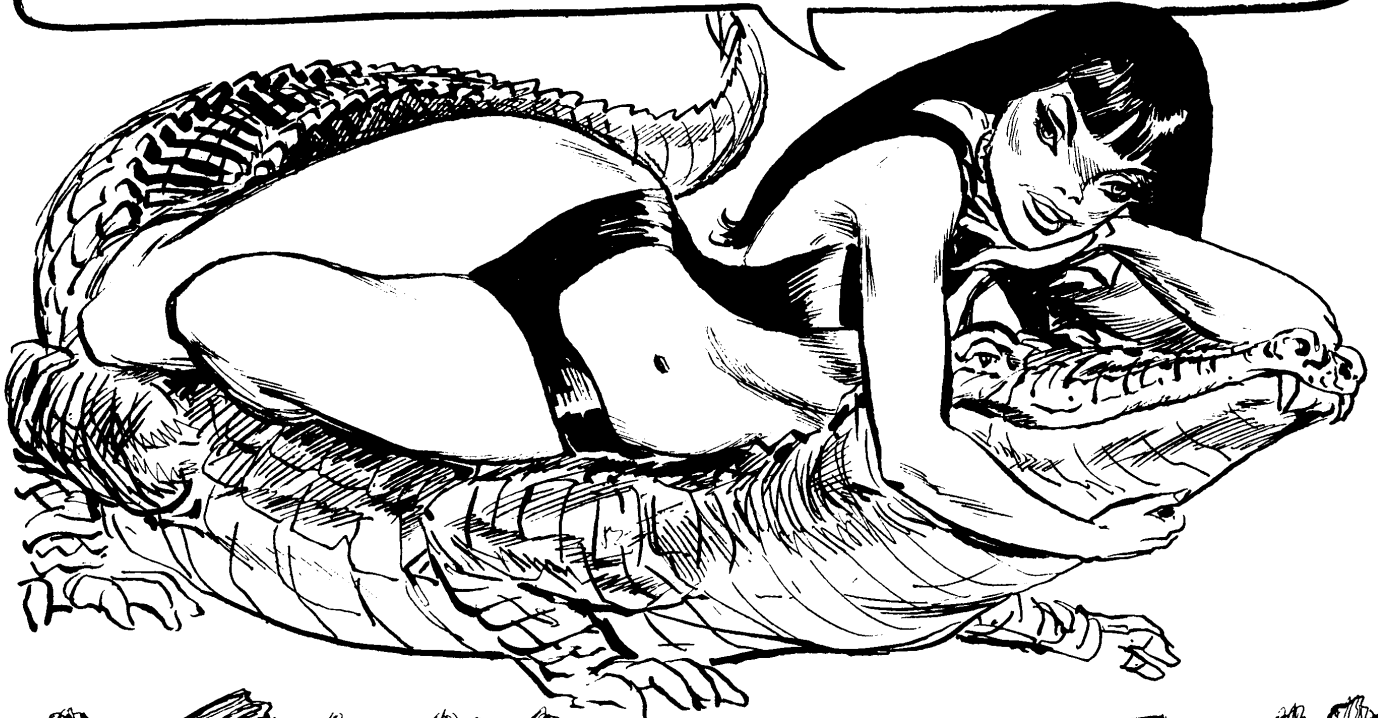
... MY HOMEWOR... OUCH!

THAT'S ENOUGH, YOUNG MAN! LYING WON'T SAVE YOU! AMY WOULDN'T FIB!

WHACK!



THAT AMY, QUITE A LITTLE *SNAKE*, ISN'T SHE? WELL, EVEN A GRUB GROWS UP, AND WE NOW FIND OUR *TWISTED MISS* ATTENDING A SCIENTIFIC LECTURE GIVEN BY NONE OTHER THAN LITTLE *TED*! SO, *RAPTUROUS REPTILES*, LET'S SEE WHAT SLIPPERY CIRCUMSTANCES ENSUE WHEN WE FIND OURSELVES IN...



# A SLIMY SITUATION!

OH, HE *IS* DARLING! ARE YOU REALLY DATING HIM, AMY?

WHY YES ... WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER SINCE 4<sup>TH</sup> GRADE!

AND HERE YOU SEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE RESULTS OF MY THEORY THAT EVOLUTION CAN BE REVERSED! MY SERUM HAS DE-EVOLVED A COMMON TIGER INTO THIS SABER-TOOTH, EXTINCT FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS!

THE MOST INTERESTING THING IS, I BELIEVE THAT BY DE-EVOLVING CERTAIN ANIMALS WE MAY FIND CREATURES WHICH WE'VE LONG THOUGHT NEVER EXISTED IN THE FIRST PLACE! A BAT, FOR EXAMPLE, DE-EVOLVE A BAT INTO A *HARPY*, OR A LION INTO A *GRIFFIN*!

OF COURSE, IT IS FAR TOO EARLY IN MY EXPERIMENTS TO MAKE ALL MY RESULTS KNOWN, AND THE FORMULA MUST BE KEPT SECRET DUE TO ITS OBVIOUS DANGER!



HE'S BRILLIANT, RESPECTED, AND SOON HE'LL BE RICH AND FAMOUS! AND HANDSOME, TOO! WHAT A HUSBAND HE'LL MAKE, ONCE I MAKE UP HIS MIND FOR HIM TO MARRY ME!

AND THAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, CONCLUDES MY LECTURE AND DEMONSTRATION.

WONDERFUL, DARLING! YOU HAD THEM ALL AMAZED! ... WHAT TIME ARE YOU PICKING ME UP TONIGHT?

ABOUT 7:30 ALL RIGHT WITH YOU?

THINK OF IT, DARLING... WHAT A SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH! JUST A LITTLE MORE TIME AND ... BUT I WON'T BORE YOU WITH MY WORK!

I'M ALWAYS INTERESTED IN WHAT YOU'RE DOING! WHY DON'T WE PARK UP AHEAD, IT WILL BE EASIER TO TALK!

DARLING!

I REALLY THINK I'VE GOT HIM THIS TIME!

DARLING... WILL YOU... WILL YOU MARRY ME?

WHY, TED, I NEVER THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE! ... OF COURSE I'LL MARRY YOU, DEAREST!

"A MAN CHASES A WOMAN UNTIL SHE CATCHES HIM!"

GOOD LUCK!

BON VOYAGE!

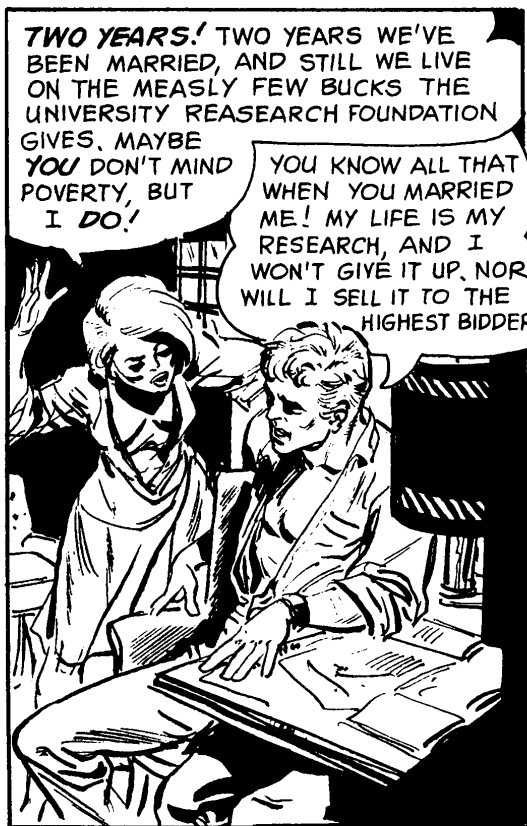
WHEN WE GET BACK, WILL YOU SELL YOUR FORMULA TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER? YOU'LL BE RICH AND FAMOUS, IF YOU DO.

I THOUGHT I EXPLAINED THAT TO YOU, TOO SOON TO MAKE MY RESULTS PUBLIC, AND THE FORMULA ITSELF COULD BE DANGEROUS! BESIDES, I'M INTERESTED IN MONEY...

WELL I AM! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT OUT OF LIFE! DON'T YOU WANT ME TO BE HAPPY?

OF COURSE I DO, DARLING... BUT I KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR US. LET'S DISCUSS IT ANOTHER TIME!





**TWO YEARS!** TWO YEARS WE'VE BEEN MARRIED, AND STILL WE LIVE ON THE MEASLY FEW BUCKS THE UNIVERSITY RESEARCH FOUNDATION GIVES. MAYBE YOU DON'T MIND POVERTY, BUT I DO!

YOU KNOW ALL THAT WHEN YOU MARRIED ME! MY LIFE IS MY RESEARCH, AND I WON'T GIVE IT UP, NOR WILL I SELL IT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!



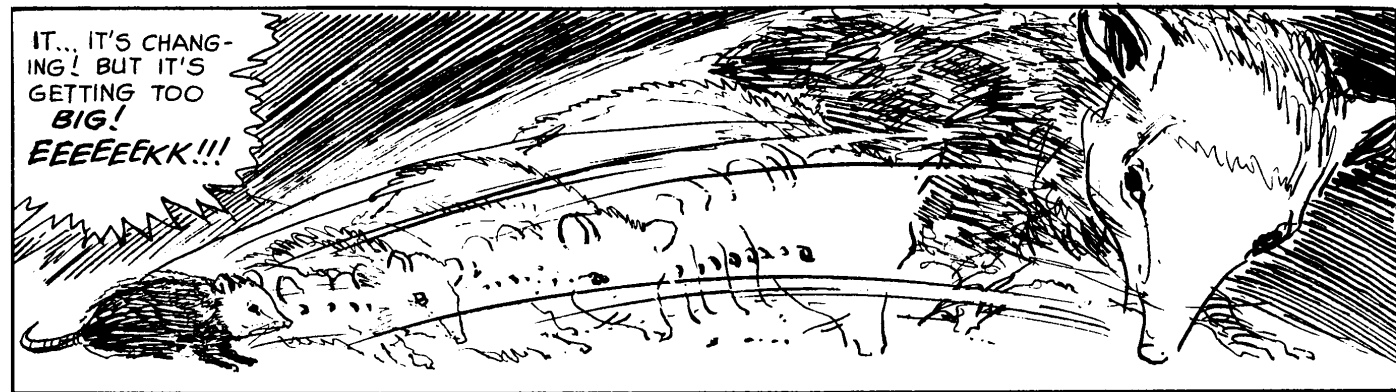
IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO MAKE A COPY OF HIS LAB KEY, I CAN SELL ONE OF HIS ANIMALS TO A CIRCUS FOR MILLIONS! THEN I CAN DIVORCE HIM!



ECH! LOOK AT THAT AWFUL LIZARD ALL CREEPY AND SLIMY! EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER I'VE HATED SUCH THINGS! THIS NEEDLE MUST CONTAIN THE FORMULA! I'LL INJECT ONE OF THESE ANIMALS AND SELL THE LITTLE MONSTER FOR A FORTUNE!



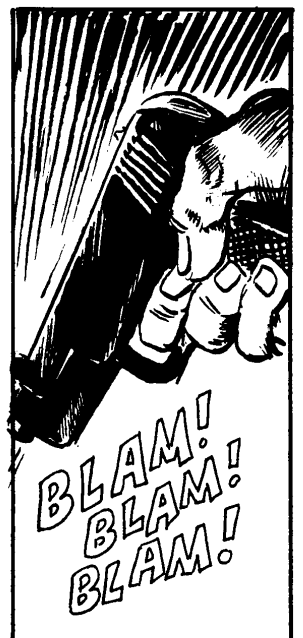
THIS LITTLE UGLY OUGHT TO DE-EVOLVE INTO SOMETHING A SIDESHOW WILL POSITIVELY CHERISH!



IT... IT'S CHANGING! BUT IT'S GETTING TOO BIG!  
**EEEEEEKK!!!**



**HELP!  
HELP!**





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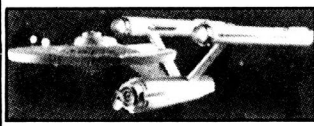
His fang-like teeth hunger for the taste of blood.  
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**LOST IN SPACE**

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**FANTASTIC VOYAGE**



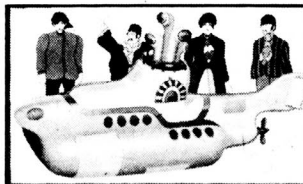
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**ARCHIE'S CAR**



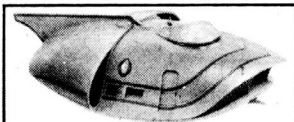
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### Bela Lugosi in MY SON THE VAMPIRE

This film was originally titled "Old Mother Riley Meets The Vampire". It was never distributed in the U.S. A real must for Lugosi fans.

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Charles Laughton in his unforgettable performance as Quasimodo, the deformed bell ringer of Notre Dame. Supported by such great stars as Maureen O'Hara and Thomas Mitchell.

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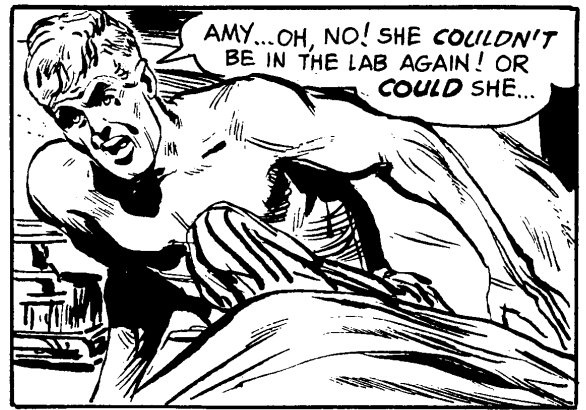
**\$5.95**

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- THE MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN (\$10.95)
- THE THING (\$6.95)
- HUMAN MONSTER (\$11.95)
- MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (\$6.95)

Please rush me the films indicated for which I enclose \$..... plus 35c postage & handling for each film checked.

NAME.....  
 ADDRESS.....  
 CITY.....  
 STATE..... ZIP CODE.....





GOOD LORD! SHE'S FALLEN INTO THE PIT! NO WAY TO SAVE HER NOW! WHY DIDN'T SHE LISTEN TO ME? SOME OF THESE ANIMALS ARE DANGEROUS... TOO DANGEROUS TO KEEP UNCAGED!

UGH! OH LORD! OH, NO! IT... IT'S CREEPY! CRAWLEY! SLIMY! WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN...

POOR, GREEDY, AMY! HER CURIOSITY HAS FINALLY TAKEN HER INTO THE PIT WHERE I KEEP THE LIZARDS. IF SHE'D ONLY KNOWN THAT ONCE DE-EVOLVED, LIZARDS USUALLY BECOME...



RIGHT ABOUT NOW, THOSE PRECIOUS LITTLE LIZARDS ARE *DRAGON* AMY OFF TO DINNER ... AND *SHE'S* THE DINNER! WHEN THEY'RE FINISHED, WHAT'S LEFT WILL BE PLANTED IN THE *SLIME-A-TERY!* THAT'LL TEACH HER TO COME CRAWLING AROUND AT THE WRONG TIME! HIC!







VAMPI  
#4  
APRIL

# VAMPIRELLA

Does This Strange Girl represent the forces of Good or Evil? See Page 5



JONES/BODE  
69



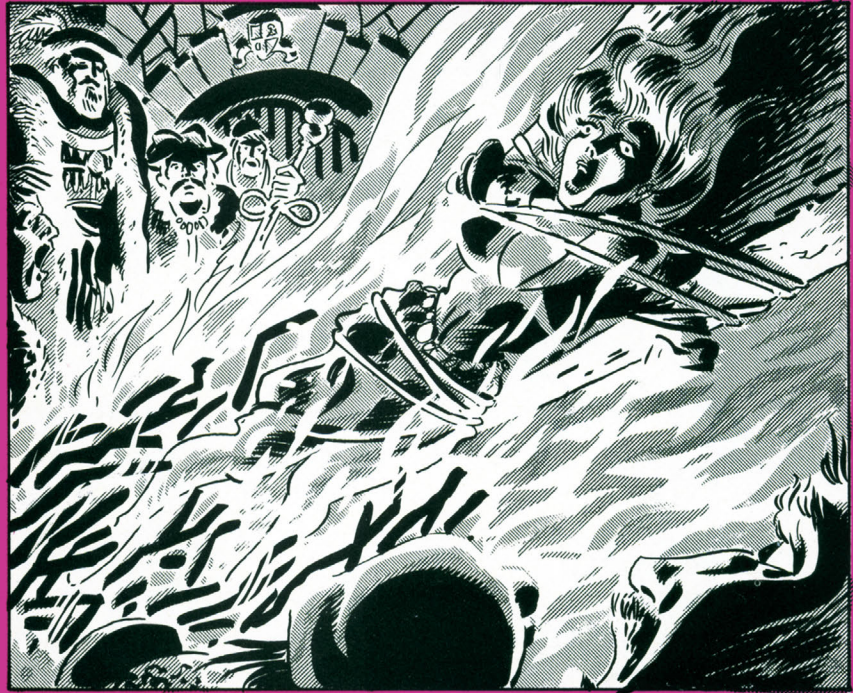
# VAMPI'S FEARY TALES



GREETINGS SORRY SORCERERS! I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET A COUPLE OF **HOT NUMBERS** WHO'S NEFARIOUS NECROMANCY SO **ENFLAMED** THEIR NEIGHBORS THAT THE **DEMONIC DAUGHTERS** WERE...

## BURNED AT THE STAKE!

**JEANNE** A RAVISHING YOUNG SIX-TEENTH CENTURY **WITCH**, WAS THE DAUGHTER OF A **GYPSY** MOTHER WHO WAS BURNED FOR WITCHCRAFT, DENOUNCED AND DRAGGED INTO COURT **BACKWARDS** SO SHE WOULD BE UNABLE TO CAST HER **SPELL** UPON THE JUDGE, SHE WAS TOLD HER ACCUSERS WERE REASONABLE MEN WHO WANTED TO LEARN HER SECRETS AND **UNDERSTAND** HER, SHE WAS BROUGHT TO THE **TORTURE CHAMBER** WHEN SHE REFUSED TO CO-OPERATE, BUT **STRANGELY** ENOUGH THE TORTURER WAS UNABLE TO **HARM** HER! SWEET **JEANNE** WAS, HOWEVER TAKEN TO THE STAKE THE NEXT DAY AND **BURNED ALIVE!**



**ANNE**, A LOVELY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WITCH, WAS TAUGHT THE **BLACK ARTS** BY A WICKED WIDOW AND THE WIDOW'S ACCOMPLICE BROTHER, THE GIRL WAS BROUGHT TO A **WITCHES SABBATH** WHEN ONLY FOURTEEN AND THERE MADE A **PACT** WITH THE **DEVIL!** SOON THEREAFTER THE **MYSTIC** MISS COMMENCED HANDING OUT **POTIONS** AND **SPELLS** TO AN EVER GROWING FOLLOWING, A SPELL MAY HAVE BACKFIRED OR A POTION PROVED IMPOTENT, BUT IN ANY EVENT SHE WAS DISCOVERED ... BUT ONLY THE WIDOW AND HER BROTHER WERE **BURNED!** UNREPENTANT ANNE CONTINUED CONJURING UNTIL SHE WAS AGAIN ARRESTED, CONVICTED, THE **TEEN TRICKSTER** WAS GIVEN A **NEW DRESS**, A SUMPTUOUS MEAL, THEN ... **STRANGLED** AND **BURNED AT THE STAKE!**

Tom Sutton '09





# VAMPIRELLA

**PUBLISHER:** JAMES WARREN **EDITOR:** BILL PARENTE **COVER:** BODE and JONES  
**ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:** WILLIAM BARRY, DICK PISCOPO, MIKE ROYER, JACK SPARLING,  
TOM SUTTON, DAVID S:CLAIR **WRITERS THIS ISSUE:** RICHARD CARNELL, NICOLA CUTI,  
DON GLUT, R. MICHAEL ROSEN, TOM SUTTON, BILL WARREN



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### FEARY TALES

Here's a hot plot to scorch your sight and cinder your senses! .....

### VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS

A case of mistaken identity. A bunch of good ideas and a few finding fault .....

### FORGOTTEN KINGDOM

Boy meets girl—and neither can undo their destruction! .....

### CLOSER THAN SISTERS

Double trouble bubbles in this complex companionship .....

### MOONSHINE

One slug of this hick "hootch" can produce a harrowing hanover .....

### FOR THE LOVE OF FRANKENSTEIN

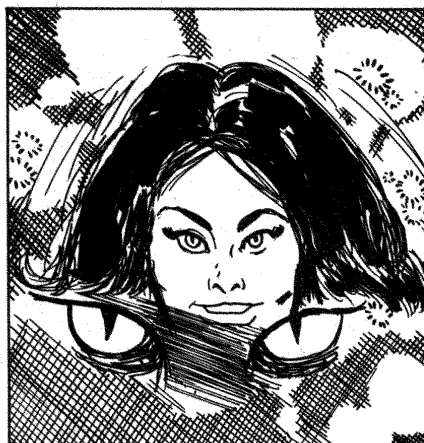
Even science can't suture the scars of a twisted mind! .....

### COME INTO MY PARLOR

Feel like getting suck in a sticky situation? .....

### RUN FOR YOUR WIFE

Catching a cutie isn't a duty *if* the beauty is "finders-keepers"! .....







This is the first of the great SCARLET LETTERS. It's your place to tell the world what you think of Vampi, the stories in her magazine, the art, the covers and all the rest. You can sound off about anything at all. Send your letters to VAMPIRELLA, Warren Publishing Co., 22 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

Since I arrived, I've met all sorts of delicious people. You'll be reading about them in my magazine. Am I happy here? You bet your life! My age by the way, is a secret. I'm surprised you even asked!

#### Circulatory Problem

I am very disturbed with the distribution of your magazines. I have subscriptions to both CREEPY and EERIE, and I was thinking of getting one for your magazine. But now I'm not so sure. In CREEPY #29, I saw an ad that said your magazine would be out July 15. So I went out to look. I looked every day for six weeks, then found issue #2. What ever happened to #1? I'm from Chicago, and I'm proud of it. What's the matter? Isn't our city big enough for you? I was planning to start a VAMPIRELLA collection. I've never had this problem before, CREEPY and EERIE are always on the stands. Why did you let us down? My friend told me that issue #1 would never be put out and we'd have to buy it from your back issue department. I didn't think you'd stoop that low.

JIM AZZANO  
Chicago, Ill.

Some of my best friends are Chicagoans. My first issue was on some newsstands there, honest. But you have to keep asking dealers to order them for you when you don't see our magazines on display. When all else fails, you can get a subscription. And you can get issue #1 from our back issue department. They have some copies of #2 and #3, too.



All in the family. A feud between our heroine and her notorious cousin Evily.

#### Too Blood Thirsty?

I really enjoyed the cover on issue #2. But I liked #1 better. In both issues, though, you seem to be particularly bloodthirsty. Much more so than the average vampire. This particular little fault of yours doesn't very much enhance your image with male readers. You're very beautiful, but I wouldn't want to get too near you without my silver cross.

GREG MORGAN  
Belleville, Ill.

I'm no average vampire. I thought you knew that.

#### As Your Librarian

Congratulations on a very fine magazine. You've set a whole new standard for excellence for "supernatural" magazines. You're very much up-to-date, with just the right amount of subtle humor and a fine gothic atmosphere. I particularly enjoy your attitude toward magic as it relates to female beauty and to very old traditions. The connection is very valid. "Evily," the lead story in issue #2 was especially good.

A number of accurate books on witchcraft and magic are coming out in the next two months, by Susan Roberts, Hans Holzer and Ray Buckland. There is also a very good feature article by Dan Greene in the National Observer. The readership of VAMPIRELLA will probably see most or all of these. Your editors should look for them for a bit of solid background or even "technical consultation" for future stories.

Your yarns are darn good. Keep up the good work!

ED SITCH  
Elgin AFB, Fla.

#### You Can Judge a Book by its Cover

When I looked at the cover of your first issue, I figured the magazine had to be good because Frazetta did it. And I was right. It was a most horrifying collection of horrors. I looked at the cover of your second issue and even though it wasn't Frazetta, I again figured it was good. And I was right again! Hughes did a fantastic job! I'm flipping over your mag, Vivacious Vampi! Keep the

great stories going! I think I'll get a subscription—I've already waited much too long.

JACK AGUGLIARO  
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

#### No Taste

Is Evily really your cousin? A real blood relative? Why doesn't she like a groovy girl like you, Vampi?

CARL LANKENAU  
Oakdale, N.Y.

Hard to believe, isn't it? That anybody wouldn't like anybody as loveable as I am. What Cousin Evily doesn't like is anybody better than she is. She was queen of the forest before I arrived on the scene. She'll keep trying to put me down. But I'll get her throne away from her. Just watch.



More family connections: that BIG blond, Draculina.

#### Sister Act

Let's see more stories about Draculina. VAMPIRELLA is fun, but blonds are better. I liked the story "Down to Earth" in issue #2. But it wasn't really about Draculina. I'd like to read more about what goes on up there on Draculon. Did everybody die when the rivers of blood ran dry? I'd hate to think that poor Draculina might be starving to death right this very minute. I'd even be willing to rob a blood bank to keep her happy.

BOB NIEMEYER  
Twin Falls, S.D.

#### Cuti Pie

Back in the old days, you used to have biographies of

#### VAMPI IN VIET NAM

I would like to comment on your real groovy magazine. I think a lot of other G.I.'s here in Vietnam agree that the artists and the covers on Vampi #2 are out of this world. Do you have any color posters or pin-ups of VAMPIRELLA yet? If you do, I'll bet you could sell a lot of them in Vietnam.

SP/4 STEPHEN FRITTE  
Vietnam

No Vampi posters yet. But soon. Meanwhile, why don't you order some of those pictures of Uncle Creepy? Put them around to send Charlie scurrying back up north.

#### How Old Are You Today?

I really like your books and will go on reading them for as long as I live. I'd like to ask what planet you come from, how old are you, and how do you like visiting earth?

CHARLOTTE EULETTE  
Stone Park, Ill.

In case there are any others who came in late, here's the story: I came to Earth not long ago after I was introduced to Earth-people by a space ship that crash-landed on my home planet, Drakulon. Life was getting dull on Drakulon because there was a drought in our rivers of blood. Which we needed for food. Well, you can just imagine my surprise when I found out that your people have rivers of blood running through them!

your artists and writers on the fan club pages of CREEPY and EERIE. Why don't you do that any more? You have a lot of new people who are very good. It would be nice to know more about them. And to see what they look like. I'm especially interested in knowing more about Nicola Cuti, who wrote "One, Two, Three" in VAMPIRELLA #2. There aren't many girls who can write that well in the science fiction field. If you can't give us Nicola's life story—and her picture—at least get her to write more stories for you!

PETE SHAEFFER  
Nanticoke, Pa.



Hey! Nicola Cuti is a GUY—not a girl! Wait until Nick sees this letter! Also, both CREEPY and EERIE have started to run biographies and pictures on the fan pages now that they've expanded this department to two pages in each issue. Our fan club section will be expanded to two pages next time around. We'll try to tell you a bit about our artists and writers when we can. And why not? People who write and draw for VAMPIRELLA are much more interesting anyway.

### The Red Menace

Vampi, I just loved the story in issue #2, "Rhapsody in Red." As I read it, I put myself in Richard's place and saw you as his girl. What a life we could have together!  
RICHARD BUCKLAND  
Redwood City, Cal.



What a lovely thought! But I'm not ready to settle down yet. I'm having too much fun!

### Charter Subscribers

On the inside of the back cover of issue #2, you had an ad inviting us to become a charter subscriber to VAMPIRELLA. If I mailed back that coupon, would my subscription begin with issue #1 or with issue #3?

ALICE McSWIGGEN  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio



If you haven't mailed the coupon yet, your subscription won't start much before issue #5. Our Back Issue and Subscription Departments are processed separately. But don't let that bother you. It's never late to order a subscription. Your \$3.00 will get you the next

six issues. And by the way, have you noticed our new bargain? You can get 12 issues for \$5.00!

### Whatever Turns You On

Most of us who read your magazine are also rock music fans. But I've never seen a story about any great group of musicians. There must be hundreds of story ideas in the music of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. Don't you think it's time you caught up with the current scene?

JANE CHURCH  
Clovis, N.M.

### A Thousand Raquels

One of the ads in the last issue said "VAMPIRELLA" Pin-Ups for Sale." But all the pin-ups were of people like Raquel Welch and Brigitte Bardot. Not one of Vampi herself. I don't know how many readers agree with me, but I'd rather have one picture of VAMPIRELLA than a thousand of Raquel Welch.

AL BERNSTEIN  
Denver, Colo.

### From the Magic Mirror

Vampi's cousin Evily looked so good on the cover of issue #2, it's hard to believe that Vampi and she are mortal enemies. I'm having trouble deciding which side I should be on. After all, Evily is an earthling, isn't she? And so beautifully evil.

ROY BARTON  
Sioux Falls, S.D.

### Well, Why Not?

Let's have more stories about VAMPIRELLA! She's the greatest visitor this planet has ever had!

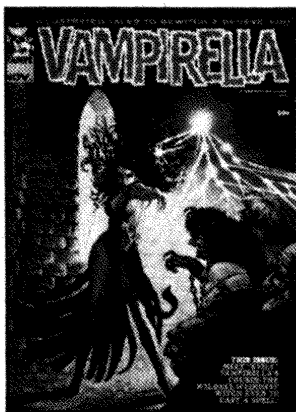
MIKE BFNNETT  
Rome, N.Y.

VAMPIRELLA wants to hear from you! She's reserved these pages each issue for your comments, criticisms and congratulations. Let us know what you think of us.



## CAN YOUR MAILMAN TAKE IT ????

SURE HE CAN! AND YOU CAN PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF. JUST MAIL THIS COUPON FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ANY OF THE TERRIFIC WARREN MAGAZINES. THEN RELAX, YOUR MAILMAN WILL DO THE REST. YOUR MAGS WILL ARRIVE SAFE IN A STRONG ENVELOPE... AND YOU'LL DIE OF PLEASURE!!



- 6 ISSUES \$3.00  
 12 ISSUES \$5.00

I ENCLOSE \$ \_\_\_\_\_ FOR A SUBSCRIPTION  
TO \_\_\_\_\_ AS INDICATED ABOVE.

NAME ..... CITY .....  
ADDRESS ..... STATE ..... ZIP CODE .....

(IN CANADA, AND OUTSIDE THE U.S., PLEASE ADD \$1.00 TO ALL RATES)

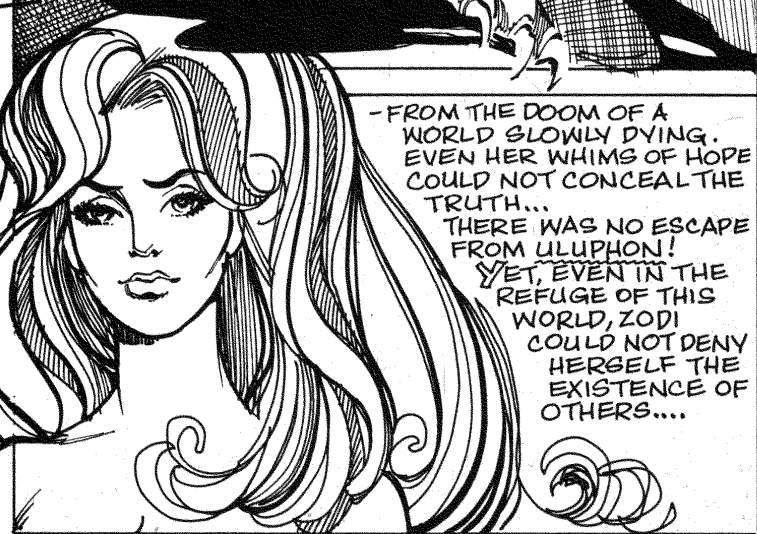




PROLOGUE: ZODI PULLED BACK ON THE REING OF HER KOG, LOOKING ONCE TO CHECK THE WEAPON NEXT TO HER. ONCE BEFORE, A KRAKATON MONSTER HAD ATTACKED HER IN THIS REGION. ONCE BEFORE, SHE HAD BEEN READY FOR IT....



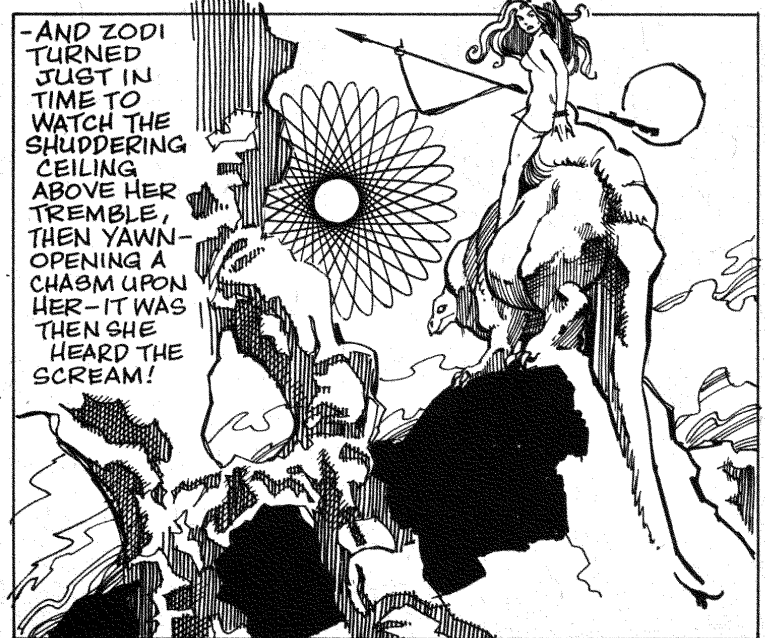
HER JOURNEY BROUGHT HER NO COMFORT.



-FROM THE DOOM OF A WORLD SLOWLY DYING, EVEN HER WHIMS OF HOPE COULD NOT CONCEAL THE TRUTH... THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM ULUPHON! YET, EVEN IN THE REFUGE OF THIS WORLD, ZODI COULD NOT DENY HERSELF THE EXISTENCE OF OTHERS....



...SOMEWHERE IN THE CONSTELLATIONS OUTSIDE OF ULUPHON, SHE KNEW OTHER LIFE WAITED. RUMBUNG INTERRUPTED HER THOUGHTS...

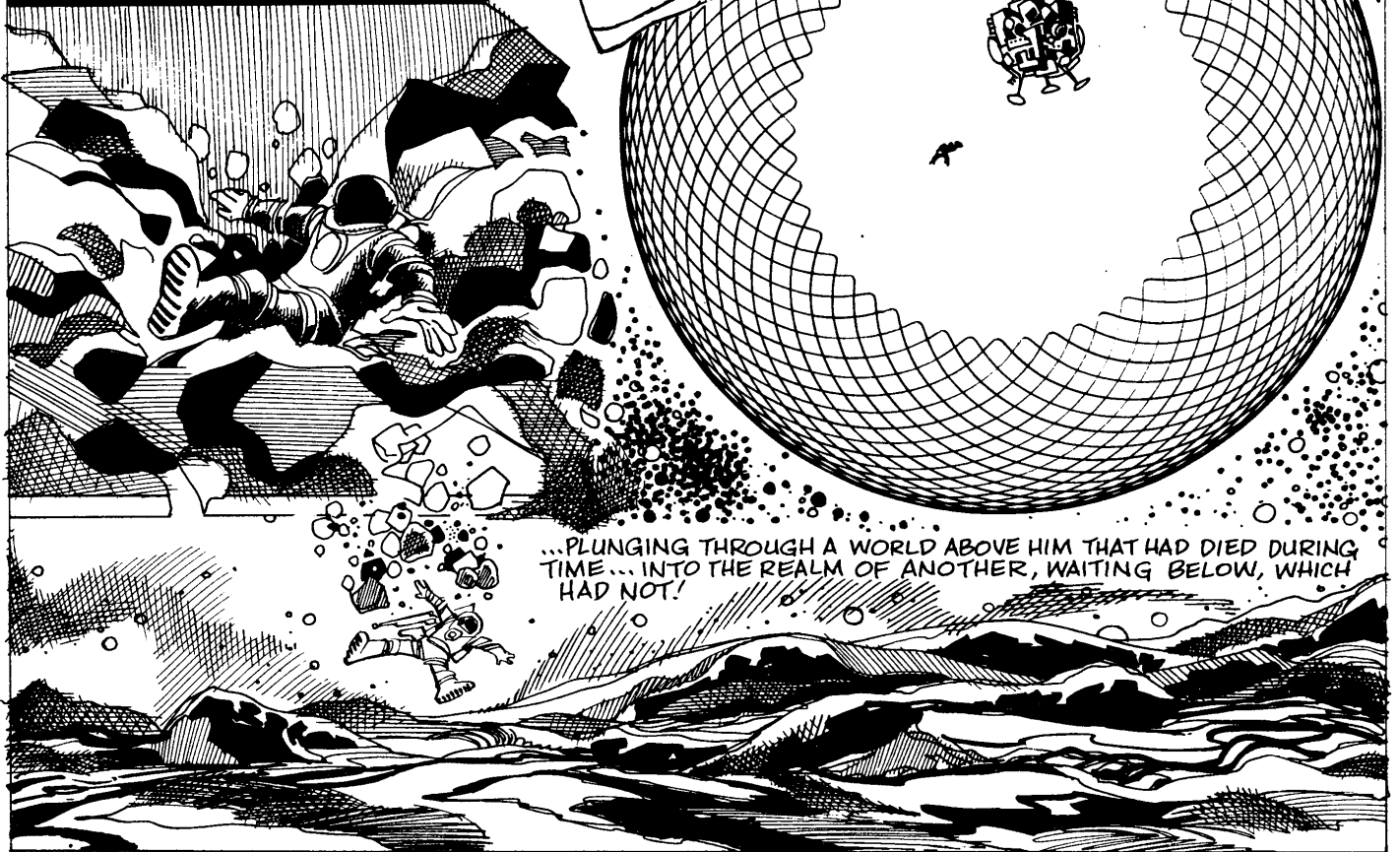


-AND ZODI TURNED JUST IN TIME TO WATCH THE SHUDDERING CEILING ABOVE HER TREMBLE, THEN YAWN-OPENING A CHASM UPON HER-IT WAS THEN SHE HEARD THE SCREAM!

SWING-IN TO MY THING-IN... *VAMPIRELLA-TIVES!*... AND SWING-OUT OF REALITY AS I STEER FOR SOME FEAR THAT'LL FOCUS YOUR POCUS ON *FANTASY!* BUT BE CAREFUL, YOUR GOGGLES MIGHT FOGGLE IN THE BOGGLE OF A...

# FORGOTTEN KINGDOM

NOW AS HE PROBED THE SCREEN OF HIS LIFE-DETECT FINDER, ONLY THE UNINTERRUPTED SCAN OF THE GLOWING BEAM FILLED HIS EYES. BALANCE REMOVED ITSELF AS THE BRITTLE SURFACE BENEATH HIM CRUMBLLED AND SENT HIM FALLING....



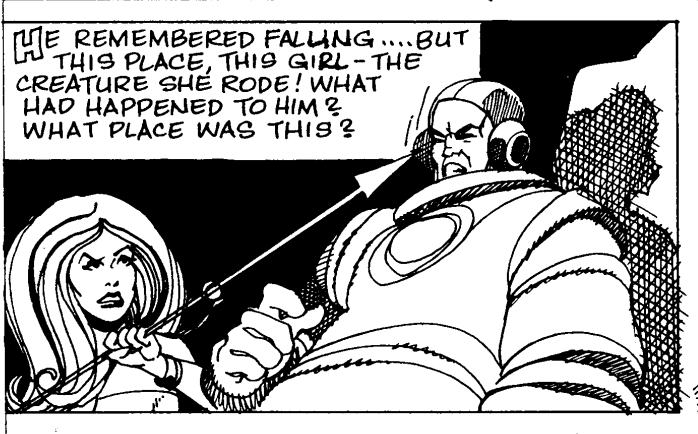
...PLUNGING THROUGH A WORLD ABOVE HIM THAT HAD DIED DURING TIME... INTO THE REALM OF ANOTHER, WAITING BELOW, WHICH HAD NOT!





LOOK, KOG! IT IS ALIVE! UNTIL I AM CERTAIN WHY IT COMES TO OUR WORLD, I THINK IT BETTER TO ... MAKE SURE IT WILL NOT REGIST- WE MUST BRING IT TO THE TEMPLE OF ONE!

-WE WILL SHOW HER WHAT WE HAVE FOUND- A MAN-CREATURE!

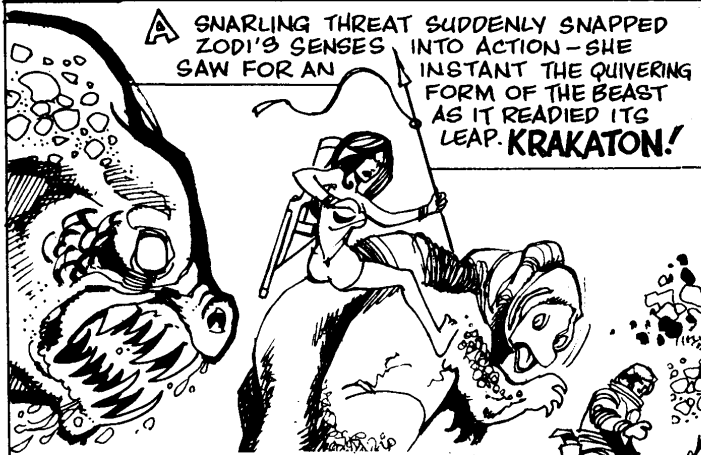


WE REMEMBERED FALLING ... BUT THIS PLACE, THIS GIRL - THE CREATURE SHE RODE! WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM? WHAT PLACE WAS THIS?



I MUST CONVINCE HER I MEAN NO HARM. DISCOVERING LIFE HERE MEANS TOO MUCH TO MY WORLD...





A SNARLING THREAT SUDDENLY SNAPPED ZODI'S SENSES INTO ACTION - SHE SAW FOR AN INSTANT THE QUIVERING FORM OF THE BEAST AS IT READIED ITS LEAP. **KRAKATON!**



THERE WAS NO TIME TO ACT BEYOND REFLEX!

LOST MY RIFLE BACK AT THE CAVE-IN... BUT I CAN STILL USE.....

...THIS!



YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE, MAN-CREATURE! IF I AM TO OWE IT TO YOU, I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW YOUR NAME.



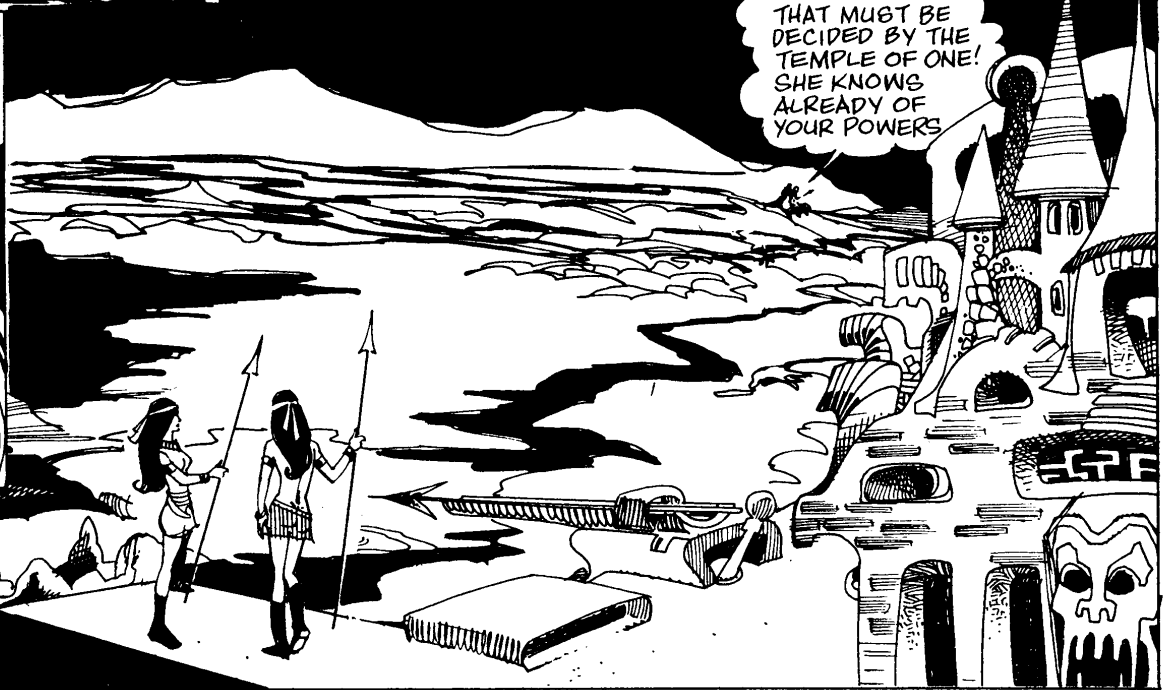
I COME FROM A GALAXY MANY STARS FROM THIS PLACE -- OTHERS LIKE ME HAVE SEARCHED EONS FOR LIFE BEYOND OURS. THERE, I AM CALLED KEIFER...



I AM ZODI, CITIZEN AND SERVANT, AS ALL OF US ARE, OF THE TEMPLE OF ONE. WHEN WE RETURN I WILL SPEAK FOR YOU.



--AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME, ZODI, WHEN WE REACH YOUR TEMPLE?



THAT MUST BE DECIDED BY THE TEMPLE OF ONE! SHE KNOWS ALREADY OF YOUR POWERS

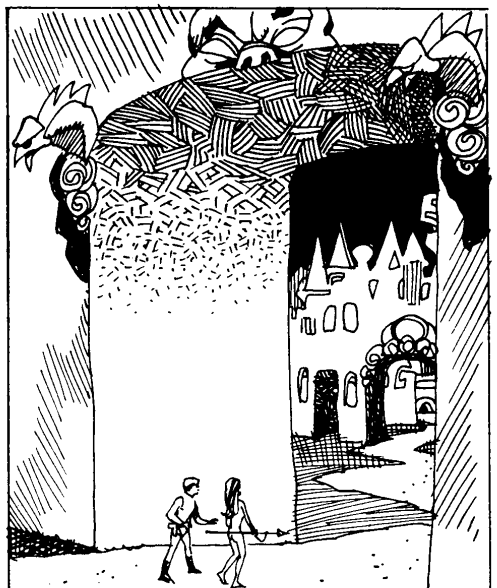




THEY HAVE NEVER SEEN A MAN BEFORE, ONE CALLED KEIFER. TO THEM, YOU ARE ALMOST UNKNOWN.



NO MEN--? BUT HOW THEN DO THEY EXIST?



COME CLOSER, KEIFER-I HAVE HEARD OF YOUR GREAT POWERS, AND HOW YOU DESTROYED THE DREADED KRAKATON!



IT WAS A GESTURE WHICH CAN ONLY MEAN YOU HAVE COME IN PEACE. SPEAK, KEIFER!



GREAT TEMPLE OF ONE, THERE IS MUCH YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE CAN DO FOR EACH OTHER. IN MY WORLD, HOPE OF FINDING OTHER LIFE FORMS HAS ALWAYS ENDED IN FAILURE.



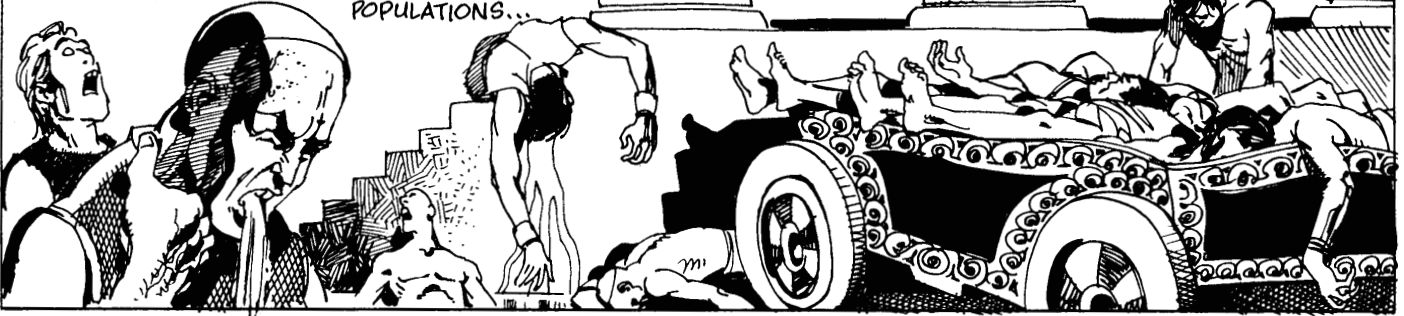
ALL THE SECRETS - ALL THE PLEASURES OF MY WORLD CAN BE YOURS! SURELY, WE WILL BE ABLE TO HELP ONE ANOTHER!



YOU HAVE NOTICED, THEN, THERE ARE NO MEN HERE ON ULUPHON? ALMOST TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, ALL LIFE ON THE SURFACE OF THIS PLANET FACED EXTINCTION....

A PLAGUE, BROUGHT BACK TO ULUPHON FROM A DISTANT CONSTELLATION OUR GOVERNMENT EXPLORED, SUDDENLY DESTROYED WHOLE POPULATIONS...

...EVERYWHERE PEOPLE DIED WITHOUT WITHOUT CAUSE WE COULD CURE -



- WE SOON LEARNED THAT ONLY MEN WERE DYING. FOR SOME REASON, NO WOMEN FELT ANY EFFECTS OTHER THAN TEMPORARY BLINDNESS. AND WHILE THEY STUMBLED HELPLESSLY ABOUT IN A WORLD THAT WAS DOOMED -



- THE LAST MAN ON OUR PLANET SUCCEMDED TO THE FATAL DISEASE. THOSE OF US WHO SURVIVED, BURNED OUR CITIES AND FLED TO THE SAFETY OF OUR INNER WORLD...





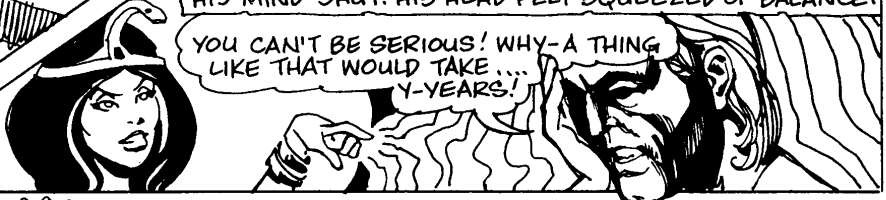


ALTHOUGH WE WERE ABLE TO SYNTHETICALLY REPRODUCE OUR OFFSPRING, NONE OF THOSE CHILDREN WERE MALE. GRADUALLY, OUR SYSTEMS BECAME INFECTED WITH THE TOXIC INGREDIENTS NEEDED TO SPAWN.

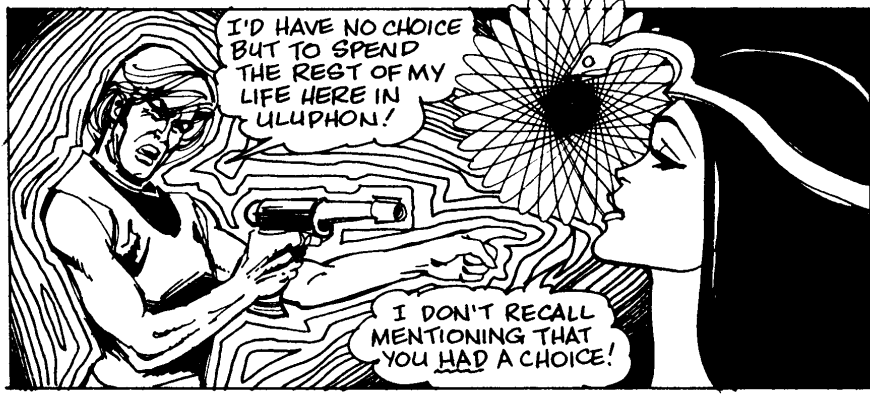


NOT ONE MEMBER OF ULUPHON HAS CONCEIVED FOR ALMOST TWENTY YEARS. IN ANOTHER GENERATION, OUR WORLD WILL NO LONGER EXIST-UNLESS YOU AGREE TO HELP US.

SUDDENLY, THE GLOWING EDGES OF THE LIGHT AROUND HIM SOFTENED INTO A BLUR THAT WAS BLINKING HIS MIND SHUT. HIS HEAD FELT SQUEEZED OF BALANCE.

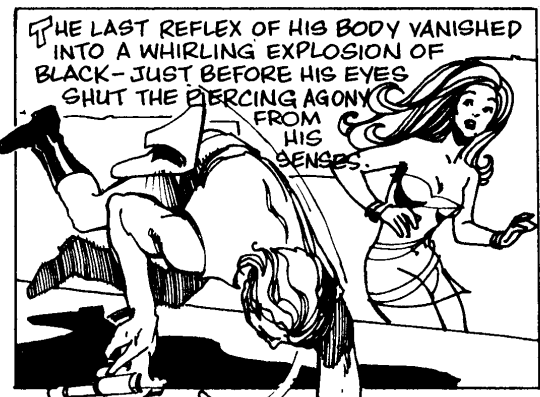


YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! WHY-A THING LIKE THAT WOULD TAKE ... Y-YEARS!

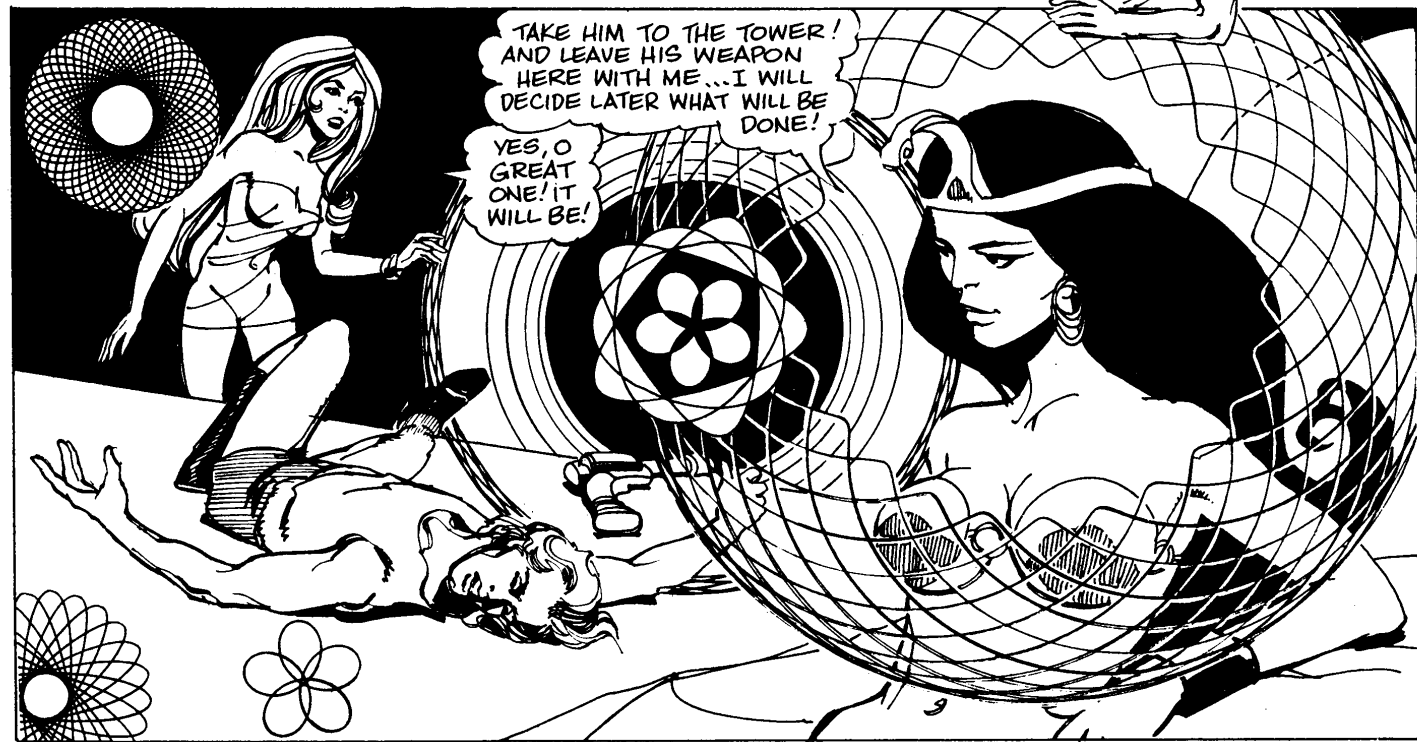


I'D HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE HERE IN ULUPHON!

I DON'T RECALL MENTIONING THAT YOU HAD A CHOICE!



THE LAST REFLEX OF HIS BODY VANISHED INTO A WHIRLING EXPLOSION OF BLACK-JUST BEFORE HIS EYES SHUT THE PIERCING AGONY FROM HIS SENSES.



TAKE HIM TO THE TOWER! AND LEAVE HIS WEAPON HERE WITH ME... I WILL DECIDE LATER WHAT WILL BE DONE!

YES, O GREAT ONE! IT WILL BE!

AS TENS OF THOUGHTS FLASHED INTO HIS MIND, KEIFER'S EYES DRAINED THE ROOM IN QUICK SWALLONS HE TRIED TO FOCUS. HIS WEAPON WAS GONE!



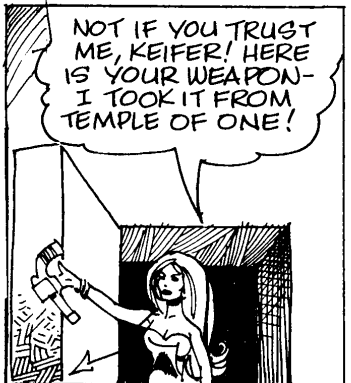
VERY INGENIOUS- NO DOORS, NO WINDOWS... NO ESCAPE!



IT LOOKS LIKE I'M HERE FOR KEEPS- WH...?



NOT IF YOU TRUST ME, KEIFER! HERE IS YOUR WEAPON- I TOOK IT FROM TEMPLE OF ONE!



IF I TAKE YOU BACK WHERE I FOUND YOU, CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY BACK TO THE SHIP? I'M SURE I CAN- BUT YOU'RE COMING BACK WITH ME-



GRAWLING TINGLES PINCHED KEIFER'S SPINE AS HE LEVELLED HIS DISINTEGRATOR AT THE GIRL GUARDS... HE'D NEVER KILLED A WOMAN BEFORE!



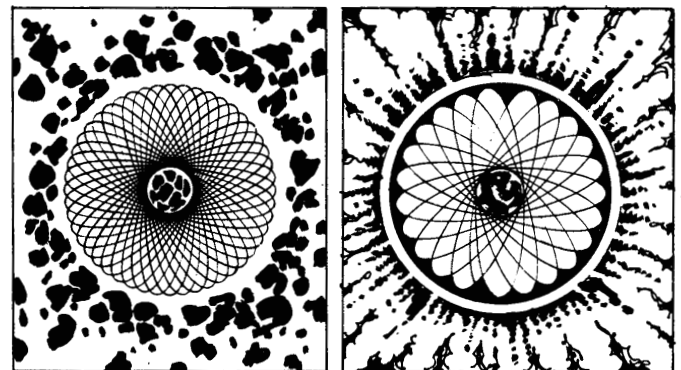
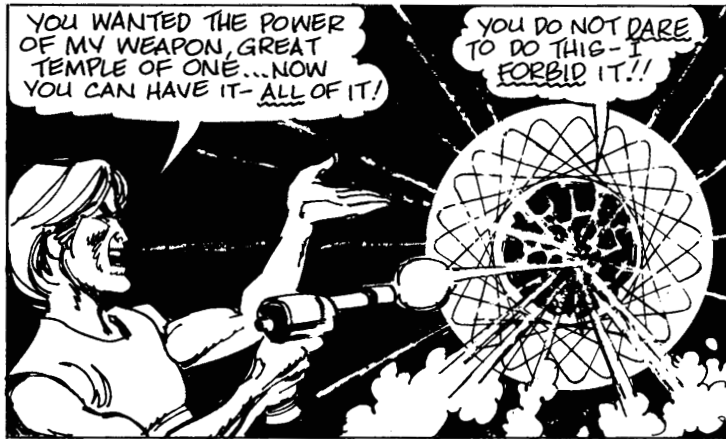
LOOK, KEIFER! WE ARE DISCOVERED! TEMPLE OF ONE!

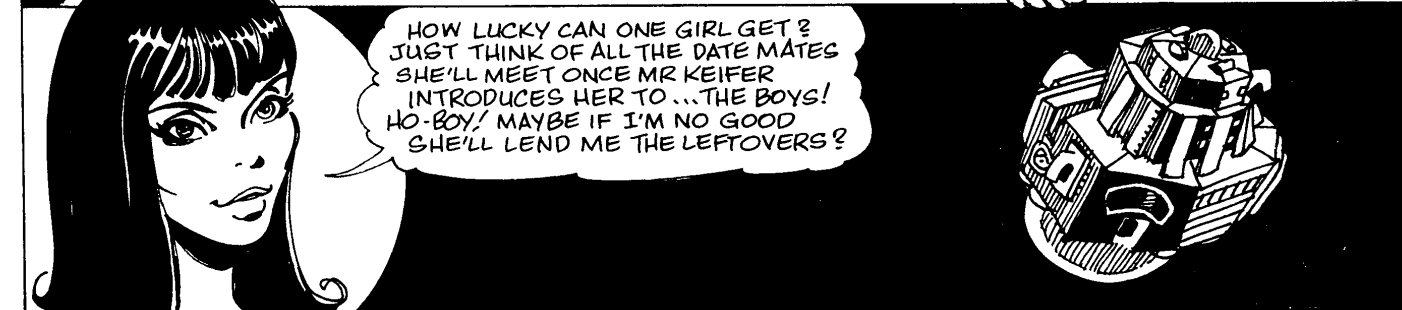
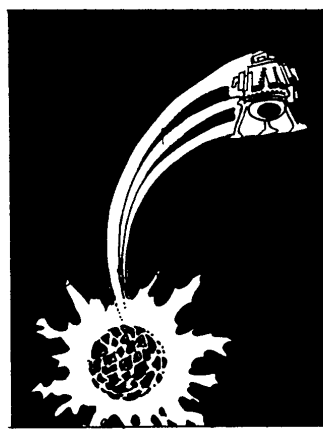
NOW IF THEY COULD ONLY SLIP PAST THE TEMPLE OF ONE!



MAKE NO MISTAKE, TRAITORS... YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE SEVERE! NO ONE HAS EVER DISOBEYED ME. YOUR PET, ZODI- DO YOU THINK IT FAITHFUL?









COME ON...GUST GANG! REALLY BLOW YOUR MINDS ON THIS BREEZY BIT OF BILLOWING BANALITY... AS WE FLUTTER UP A FRIGHTENING FABLE TO UNFLAP YOU!

MRS. BASSY CAME TO THE SCREEN DOOR WHEN SHE HEARD JUNE RING. JUNE WAS THE ANSWER TO A PROBLEM SHE AND HER HUSBAND HAD PONDERED FOR MANY NIGHTS AND SO SHE WAS EXTREMELY PLEASSED TO SEE THE YOUNG GIRL...

THE WIND WAS A GOOD PLAYMATE TODAY. IT SHIFTED THE SAND GENTLY FOR LITTLE OLIVEGARD AND TOLD HER OF MISS HYLAND'S ARRIVAL. IT ALSO WHISPERED THAT OLIVEGARD WAS TO BE ESPECIALLY NICE TO HER AND OBEY HER ALWAYS BECAUSE THE TWO OF THEM WERE GOING TO BE VERY CLOSE. IN FACT THEY WOULD SOON BECOME...

GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. BASSY. I'M JUNE HYLAND, THE GOVERNESS FOR OLIVEGARD.

OF COURSE JUNE, WON'T YOU COME IN?

# CLOSER THAN SISTERS

...YOU WILL FIND THAT OLIVEGARD HAS BECOME A LONELY, BROODING CHILD. THIS IS UNDERSTANDABLE CONSIDERING THAT SHE IS THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT,

THAT TOOK THE LIVES OF HER MOTHER AND FATHER. WE ARE HOPING THAT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO CHANGE THAT!

OLIVEGARD! I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN. THIS IS YOUR NEW GOVERNESS, MISS HYLAND.

THE WIND HAS TOLD ME OF YOUR COMING.

I KNOW. PLEASE CALL ME JUNE.



SHE'S A TREASURE, JIM. THEY LIKED EACH OTHER IMMEDIATELY. WHY, THEY EVEN LOOK ALIKE!

**A** BRIGHT ORANGE SUN DROPS INTO THE WAVES OF A SEA THAT HAS LOST ITS MID-DAY VIGOR. MR. BASSY HAS RETURNED FROM WORK.

THEY LOOK ALIKE?



DO YOU RECALL THAT OLIVEGARD ONCE HAD AN OLDER SISTER WHO RAN AWAY FROM HOME WHEN SHE WAS A CHILD? THEY SAY SHE WAS KILLED IN CHINA, BUT HER BODY HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND.



SISTERS! JIM... DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT JUNE SUSPECTS ANYTHING?

IF YOU MEAN ABOUT THE ACCIDENT... FOR HER SAKE, I HOPE NOT!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL HAVE THE ENTIRE WEEK-END TO FIND OUT EXACTLY WHO SHE IS, AND WHAT SHE KNOWS. LET'S GET SOME SLEEP.

**S**ILENTLY THE NIGHT COVERS THE BEACH, AND LIKE A TINY APPARITION, OLIVEGARD STEALS THROUGH THE HOUSE... CLUTCHED IN HER SMALL WHITE FINGERS A LEAN WEAPON IN SEARCH OF A HEART TO MURDER!



**T**HERE IS NO ANGER IN HER INNOCENT FACE. SHE IS UNAWARE OF HER HORRIBLE DEED!



...HUH...?



OLIVEGARD! DON'T...!



SHE TRIED TO KILL ME! SHE WAS STANDING THERE WITH THAT KNIFE!

I'LL TAKE HER TO MY ROOM, MRS. BASSY. SHE WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN TONIGHT.

SHE WAS ONLY SLEEPWALKING!



SHE KNOWS WE'RE AFTER OLIVEGARD'S INHERITANCE. THEY'RE TRYING TO MURDER US!

WE'RE SMARTER THAN THEY ARE, MY DEAR, TOMORROW, WHILE I'M IN TOWN, TAKE THE LITTLE ONE FOR A SWIM. MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T COME BACK!

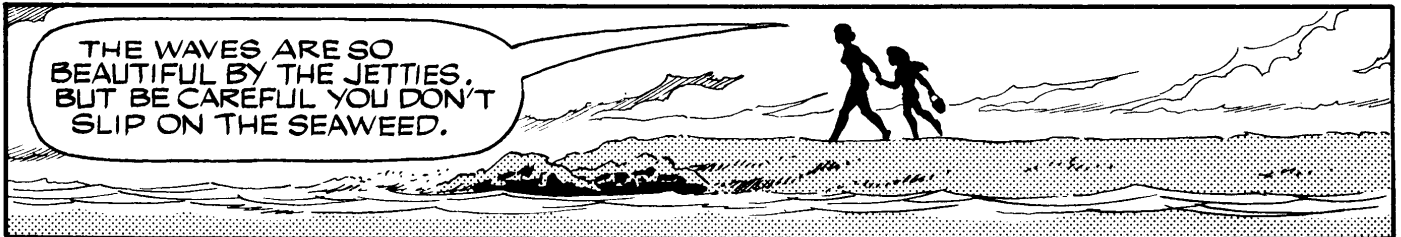
JUNE DEAR, I THINK WE COULD ALL USE SOME LEMONADE. WHY DON'T YOU MAKE SOME FOR US?

OF COURSE.

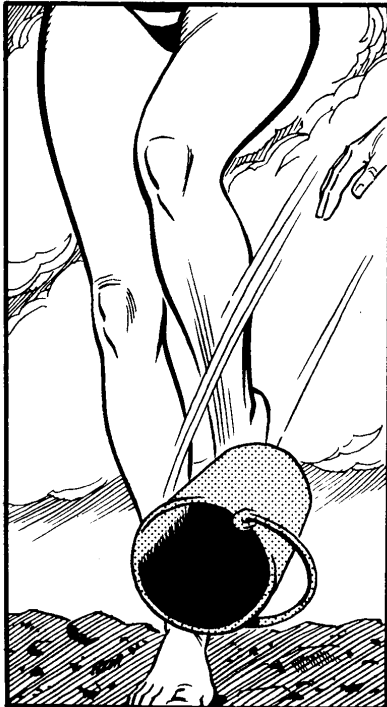
**T**HE BREEZES WERE SOFT AND STEADY THAT DAY... COMING FROM INLAND INSTEAD OF FROM THE OCEAN. THE SEA GULLS CIRCLED... WAITING THE ACT THE WIND HAD TOLD THEM WAS GOING TO HAPPEN.



THE WAVES ARE SO BEAUTIFUL BY THE JETTIES, BUT BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T SLIP ON THE SEAWEED.



**T**HE WET PAIL SLIPS FROM OLIVEGARD'S FINGERS...



**S**UDDENLY THE WIND ROSE AND BROUGHT MRS. BASSY'S DEATH CRY TO JUNE'S WAITING EARS. A SHIVER ASCENDED FROM JUNE'S HEART AND PASSED THROUGH HER LIPS TO LEAVE BEHIND A PERFECT MONA LISA SMILE...



**F**OR NEARLY AN HOUR JIM BASSY STOOD OVER HIS WIFE'S GRAVE GATHERING THE COURAGE HE NEEDED TO RETURN HOME. FOR MARTHA IT HAD ENDED. BUT FOR HIM, THE RUTHLESS TASK OF VENGEANCE STILL REMAINED! NOW HE WANTED OLIVEGARD'S LIFE MORE THAN HER MONEY!

WHEN JIM RETURNED HOME NONE OF THE LIGHTS WERE WORKING. HE WAS RELIEVED... MOONLIGHT SUITED HIS CRIME PERFECTLY.

OLIVEGARD? JUNE?  
ARE YOU ABOUT?

UPSTAIRS,  
UNCLE  
JIM!

I'M  
COMING  
UPSTAIRS  
TO TUCK  
YOU  
IN!

THE  
LAMP  
MISSES  
JIM  
BY  
INCHES.

**I**N THE DIM LIGHT, JIM MISTAKES A ROLLING BEACH BALL FOR HIS RUNNING NIECE, AND EMPTIES HIS REVOLVER INTO IT!

HA! HA! HA! HA! NO MORE BULLETS UNCLE JIM?

**O**LIVEGARD'S LAUGHTER ECHOED THROUGHOUT THE ROOM. JIM'S EYES SEARCHED INSTEAD THE RUSTLING OF THE CURTAIN!



I CAME  
BACK FOR  
YOU, MY  
DARLING  
NIECE, BUT  
FIRST I  
MUST  
ATTEND  
TO YOUR...  
SISTER!

JIM DUG  
TWO GRAVES  
THAT NIGHT,  
BUT ONLY  
ONE WAS  
DESTINED  
TO BE  
USED...



IT NEEDS  
TO BE  
DEEPER!



FIRST THERE  
WAS  
AWARENESS,  
THEN  
AWARENESS  
OF DARKNESS.  
SLOWLY, HE  
BEGAN TO  
FEEL THE  
DAMP SAND  
PACKED  
TIGHTLY  
ABOUT HIS  
BODY AND  
HE  
REALIZED  
HE COULD  
NOT MOVE!  
AS HIS  
VISION  
CLEARED  
JIM SAW  
THE  
MOONLIGHT  
REFLECTING  
FROM THE  
POOLS OF  
SAND...CLOSE  
TO HIS  
FACE—MUCH  
TO CLOSE!

OH! MY GOD!  
NO! NO!

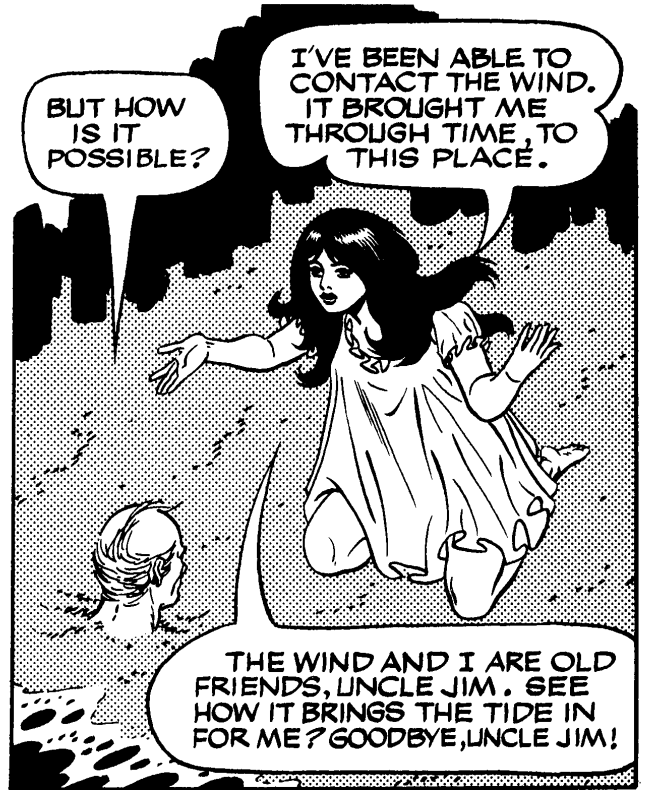




OH, WE'RE MUCH CLOSER THAN THAT, UNCLE JIM. YOU SEE, I AM OLIVEGARD!



I COME FROM TEN YEARS YET— AND A VERY POOR FUTURE FOR ME. YOU AND AUNT MARTHA MURDERED MY PARENTS TO GET MY INHERITENCE. BUT, I'VE CORRECTED ALL THAT NOW.



AND THE TIDE CAME IN, SPLASHING ITS DEATH INTO THE SCREAMS OF JIM BASSY'S MOUTH...



BY MORNING, THE WATER WILL HAVE WASHED AWAY THIS GRAVE. WHEN THEY FIND HIM, THEY'LL THINK THAT HE DROWNED HIMSELF IN REMORSE!

THANK YOU OLIVEGARD!



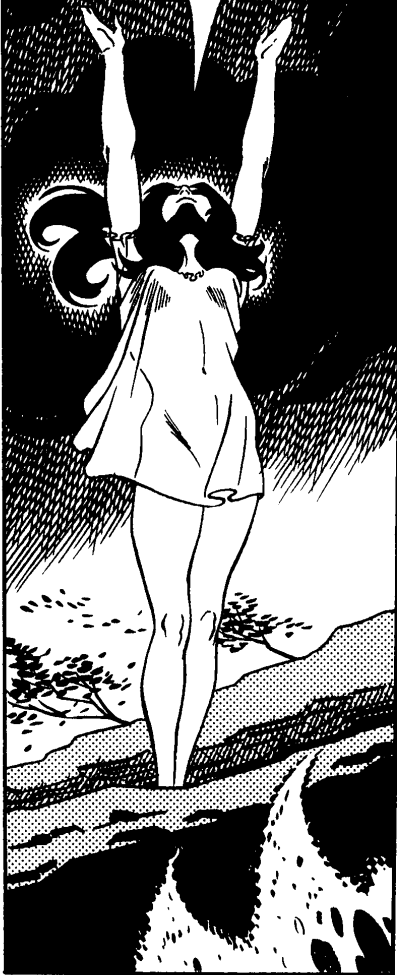
GOOD GIRL, DEAR OLIVEGARD. I RETURN TO MY OWN TIME.

GOOD BYE... I LOVE YOU!



COME OLD FRIEND! IT IS I, OLIVEGARD, WITCH OF THE WINDS!

TAKE ME ON ONE LAST JOURNEY BEFORE YOU ARE GONE.



THE OBEDIENT WIND SWIRLS ABOUT ITS MISTRESS AND CARRIES HER THROUGH SPACE AND TIME. TO THE OMNI-PRESENT WIND, SPACE AND TIME HAVE NO BARRIERS.



BUT THE JOURNEY DOES NOT END WHERE OLIVEGARD EXPECTS IT TO!

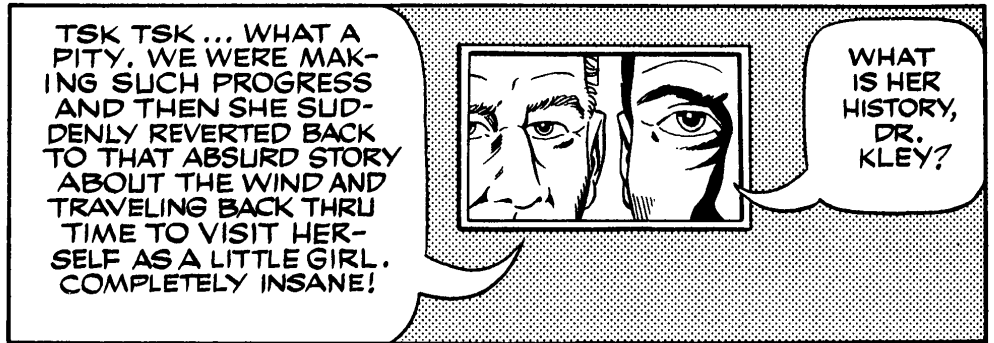
THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE! WHAT AM I DOING HERE? LET ME OUT!



TSK TSK ... WHAT A PITY. WE WERE MAKING SUCH PROGRESS AND THEN SHE SUDDENLY REVERTED BACK TO THAT ABSURD STORY ABOUT THE WIND AND TRAVELING BACK THRU TIME TO VISIT HERSELF AS A LITTLE GIRL. COMPLETELY INSANE!



WHAT IS HER HISTORY, DR. KLEY?



SHE WAS COMMITTED HERE WHEN SHE WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD FOR MURDERING HER AUNT AND UNCLE. SHE WOULD PROBABLY HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT IF HER OLDER SISTER HADN'T TOLD US WHAT HAPPENED.



SHE DISSAPPEARED RIGHT AFTER THAT HERSELF. NO ONE'S HEARD OF HER SINCE!

HOPE THAT STIRRED UP A STAGGERING SURPRISE OR TWO... TO AS-SAIL YOUR FRAIL SENSE OF IMAGINATION!



AND YOU THOUGHT THAT DRAUGHT WAS GOING TO BE A BREEZE?

C'MON IN NAYBERS  
...AND SET A SPELL!  
WE'UNS GOIN UPPIN!  
THE OZARKS AND  
HAVE US A GOOD OL'  
TIME UP IN THEM  
THAR HILLS! MAYBE  
GIT ON THE OL' MULE  
AN RIDE OUT FER  
A DEE-LISHUS  
BOTTLE OF HOOTCH  
IN OTHER WORDS  
A KEG OF...

# MOONSHINE!

PAUL KLUG JUST WANTED  
TO FIX HIS FLAT AS FAST  
AS POSSIBLE! THE  
OZARKS DIDN'T OFFER MUCH  
BUSSINESS TO A SALES-  
MAN... AND PEOPLE IN  
THESE PARTS DIDN'T CARE  
TOO MUCH FOR SALESMEN!  
BUT HE HAD TO GO THIS WAY  
TO REACH THE BIG CITY!

ALL RIGHT, YOUNG  
FELLER! DON'T YOU  
MAKE NO MOVE! OR WE  
GONNA VENTILATE  
YA!

LEM'S RIGHT  
MISTER, JUST  
HOLDER RIGHT  
THERE!



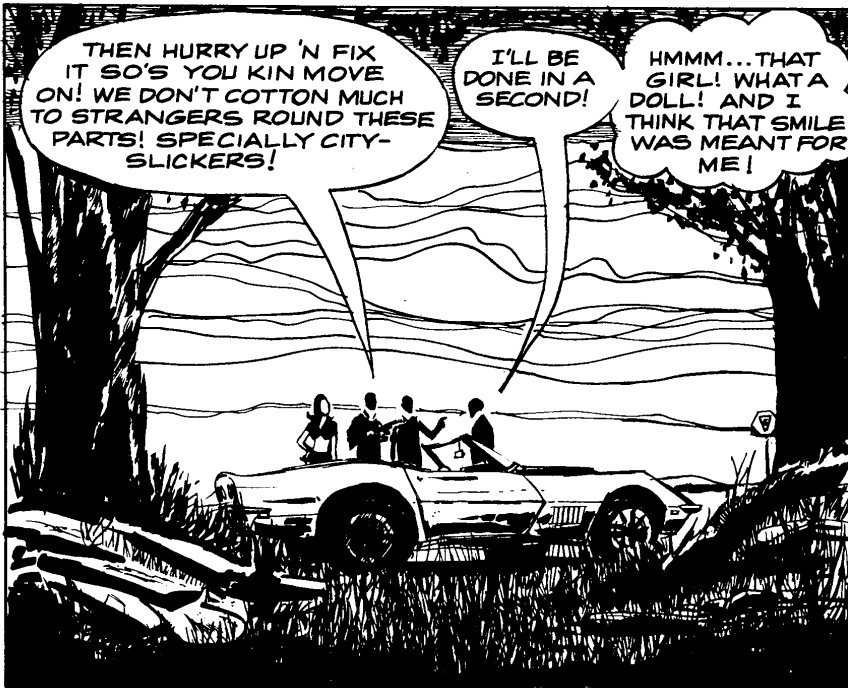
B-BUT... I'M JUST  
FIXING A FLAT TIRE!  
GIVE ME A FEW MORE  
MINUTES AND I'LL BE  
ON MY WAY! YOU HAVE  
MY WORD ON THAT!

THEN HURRY UP 'N FIX  
IT SO'S YOU KIN MOVE  
ON! WE DON'T COTTON MUCH  
TO STRANGERS ROUND THESE  
PARTS! SPECIALLY CITY-  
SLICKERS!

I'LL BE  
DONE IN A  
SECOND!

HMMM... THAT  
GIRL! WHAT A  
DOLL! AND I  
THINK THAT SMILE  
WAS MEANT FOR  
ME!

YES, SIR! I SURE WOULD  
LIKE TO HANG AROUND A  
WHILE AND FOLLOW THAT UP!  
BUT I'VE GOT MY LIFE TO  
THINK ABOUT FIRST!







OK, FELLER, FINISH WHAT YORE A-DOIN! BUT REMEMBER, IFFEN WE FIND YUH HERE WHEN WE COME BACK, YORE HAID'S GONNA GIT BLOWED CLEAR OFF.

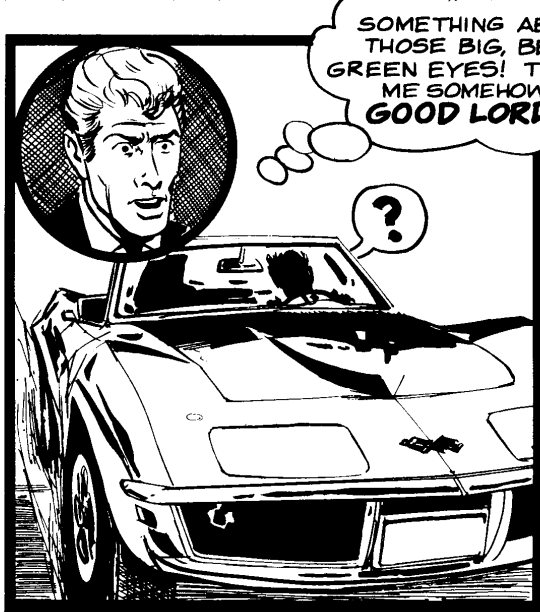
NICE FELLOWS

ALL RIGHT! I WOUNT BE LONG! AND THANKS AGAIN!

THE JOB COMPLETED, PAUL KLUG MOVES ON, THOUGHTS OF BUSINESS SOMEHOW ELIMINATED BY A RECURRING VISION...

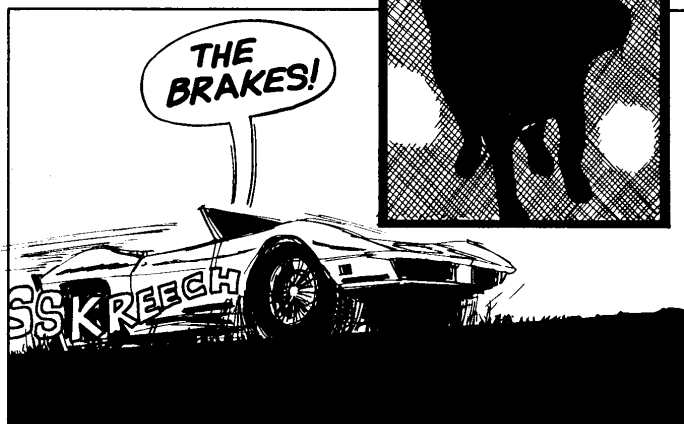


I JUST CAN'T GET HER OUT OF MY MIND! THERE'S SOMETHING ALLURING ABOUT HER... SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS I CAN'T QUITE PUT MY FINGER ON!



SOMETHING ABOUT HER EYES... THOSE BIG, BEAUTIFUL GREEN EYES! THEY REMINDED ME SOMEHOW OF A... GOOD LORD... WHAT?!

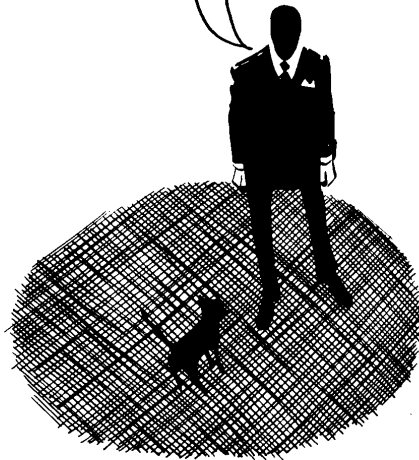
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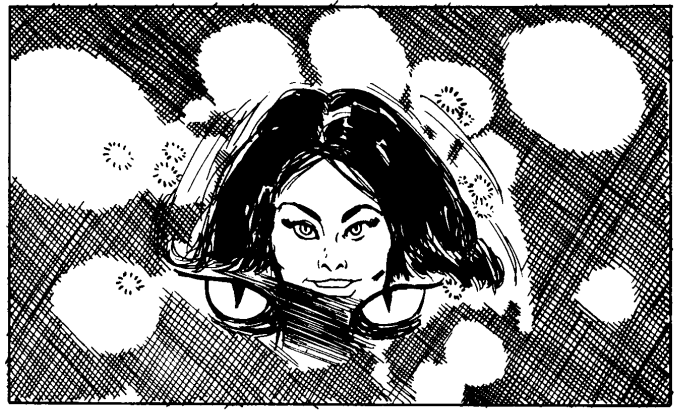
THE BRAKES!

SSKREECH

THAT WAS CLOSE! I SHOULD HAVE JUST RUN YOU OVER! THAT WOULD'VE SERVED YOU RIGHT, 'CAUSE I COULD HAVE DITCHED MY CAR ON ACCOUNT OF YOU! AND... THATS STRANGE!



IT'S EYES... I CAN'T SEEM TO LOOK AWAY... THEY'RE HYPNOTIC, ALMOST LIKE...







HELLO, THERE!  
FANCY MEETING YOU  
OUT IN THESE PARTS!  
I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!  
NOW TURN THE OTHER  
WAY!



ALL RIGHT!  
I WON'T LOOK!



I'M RIGHT GLAD  
YOU DIDN'T LISTEN  
TO ZEKE AND LEM!  
THEM TWO KIN BE  
MIGHTY ORNERY IF  
THEY WANT TO!



OH, I DIDN'T COME BACK!  
I WAS ON MY WAY LIKE I  
PROMISED, WHEN ALL OF A  
SUDDEN THIS... BLACK CAT  
LEAPED IN FRONT OF MY CAR!  
I STOPPED... AND IT  
LED ME HERE!

OK,  
YOU CAN  
COME DOWN  
NOW!



I NOTICED YOUR  
CAR... AND YOUR  
CLOTHES! THEY'RE  
PLUMB NICE, MISTER!

THE NAME'S  
PAUL! YES, THEY  
ARE! BUT SAY, YOU  
DIDN'T SEE THAT  
CAT DID YOU, BY  
ANY CHANCE! IT  
JUST SEEMED TO  
DISAPPEAR!



NO I NEVER  
SEEN NO CAT!  
COURSE, THEM  
CRITTER'S AIN'T  
SCARCE IN THESE  
PARTS!

I BETTER GET  
BACK TO MY CAR!  
CAN I DRIVE YOU  
ANYWHERE?...  
I MEAN, IF THOSE  
TWO FRIENDS OF  
YOURS DON'T MIND!



THEY'RE MAH BROTHERS  
NO, DON'T FRET THEY  
AIN'T AROUND HERE!  
AND YER CARS SAFE!  
NOBODY AROUND TO  
SWIPE IT FER MILES!







AND SO, PAUL KLUG'S COVETED AUTO-MOBILE ROLLS, IN THE DIRECTION TOLD BY THE STRANGE HILLBILLY GIRL... INTO THE SUN ON THE HORIZON...

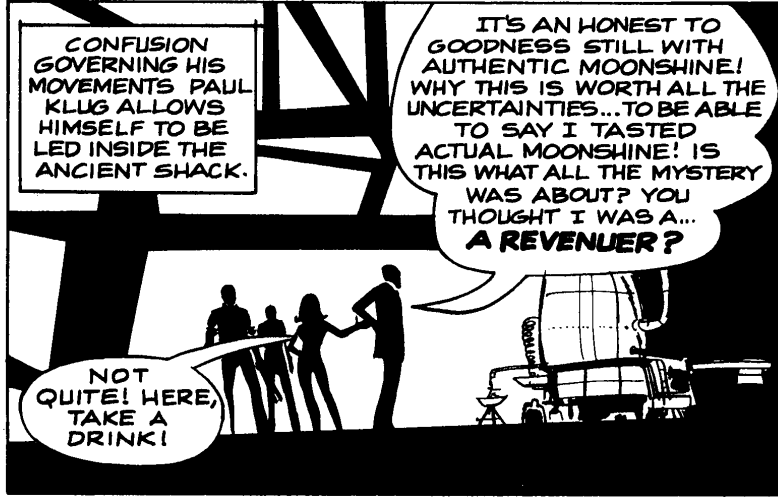
I--I GUESS THIS MUST BE THE PLACE.

SOME DUMP! BUT I CAN'T RESIST!

IT'S OK! I TOLD HIM THE DEAL WE TALKED ABOUT! HE WANTS TO STAY HERE! AN WE GIT TA USE HIS CAR AND STUFF!

WHY YORE EVEN BETTER AT THAT SORTA THING THAN I EVER THOUGHT!

LEM'S RIGHT, I RECKON!



CONFUSION GOVERNING HIS MOVEMENTS PAUL KLUG ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE LED INSIDE THE ANCIENT SHACK.

IT'S AN HONEST TO GOODNESS STILL WITH AUTHENTIC MOONSHINE! WHY THIS IS WORTH ALL THE UNCERTAINTIES...TO BE ABLE TO SAY I TASTED ACTUAL MOONSHINE! IS THIS WHAT ALL THE MYSTERY WAS ABOUT? YOU THOUGHT I WAS A... A REVENUER?

NOT QUITE! HERE, TAKE A DRINK!



LIKE I SAID, YUH HADDA BECOME ONE OF US IF YOU WANTED TO STAY ON HERE! OTHERWISE WE'D HAVE TA KILL YOU! WE COULDN'T LET YUH LEAVE!

NOPE!

I RECKON!



YOU SEE ...WE AIN'T LIKE MOST FOLKS! THAT'S WHY WE DONT COTTON MUCH TO STRANGERS! WE'RE KINDA SPECIAL! ZEKE AND LEM HERE ...WELL, THEY'RE WHATCHA CALL WARLOCKS!

ICK!



AND COUSIN IRV UP ON THE CEILIN' IS A VAMPIRE! HE WASN'T UP DURIN THE DAY! JUST SNORIN' AWAY TILL NIGHTTIME! AS FER LITTLE OL' ME...



WAIL, I'M A WITCH! AND THAT THERE STUFF YOU DRUNK... IT WASN'T JUST ORDINARY STUFF! NO SIREEEE!




THAT THERE WAS A MIGHT SPECIAL BREW OF MOONSHINE! WELCOME TO THE CLAN PAUL! WELCOME...



THAT'LL LARN YUH, EH CITY FELLAR! LEAST WHYS THIS WAY YOU AIN'T GONNA TELL NO MORE A' THEM THAR TRAVELLIN' SALESMAN JOKES! AND ABOUT THAT BREW--WELL, YORE GONNA HAVE A LOT A' HICKS FROM NOW ON! Y'ALL COME BACK NOW!

END



THERE'S A LITTLE SECRET MY ADOPTED UNCLE AND COUSIN ARE TRYING TO HUSH UP— THEY'D HAVE US BELIEVE ALL THE FRANKENSTEIN WERE MEN! LOOK INTO MY EYES, DEVILISH DARLINGS, AND I'LL TELL THE TALE OF A *LADY* MONSTER-MAKER, WHO DIED...

# "FOR THE LOVE OF FRANKENSTEIN"

THE LABORATORY HAD BEEN BUILT WITH THE FORTUNE THE FRANKENSTEINS LEFT THE KROLLECKS, THEIR ONLY HEIRS. AND THE LAST DR. KROLLEK USED THE MONEY TO CARRY ON THE RESEARCH.



KTAK  
KTAK

IT MUST WORK THIS TIME! ALL THESE FAILURES HAVE TO LEAD SOMEWHERE!

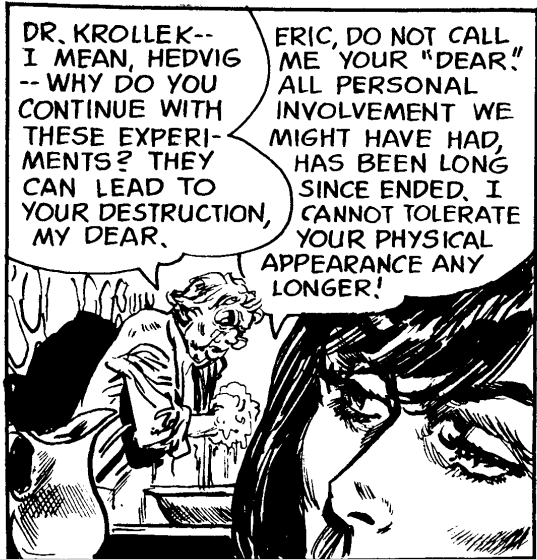
IT WAS THE SEVENTH ATTEMPT! EVEN THE YAST FORTUNE OF FRANKENSTEINS COULDN'T SUSTAIN ANY MORE.

THE ELECTRODES HAVE BURNT OUT! THE EXPERIMENT HAS FAILED AGAIN, DR. KROLLEK.

DON'T USE THAT CONDESCENDING TONE WITH ME, DR. HOFFSTEIN! THE FAILURE IS UNDOUBTEDLY DUE TO THE DECAYED BRAIN YOU BROUGHT ME.

DISAPPOINTMENT HAD HARDENED HEDVIG KROLLEK. NOW A BITTER SELFISH WOMAN, HER RESEARCH WAS ALL SHE LIVED FOR.



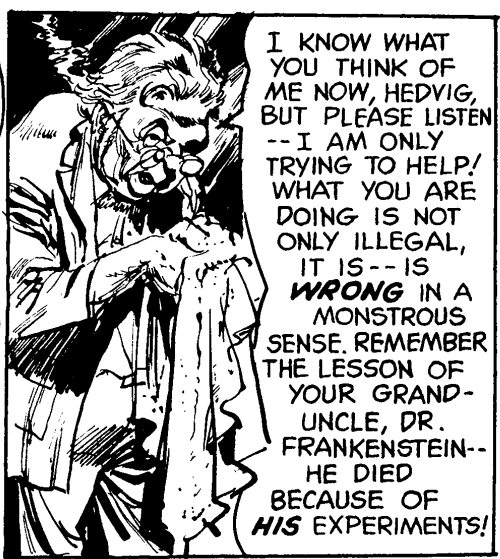


DR. KROLLEK-- I MEAN, HEDVIG -- WHY DO YOU CONTINUE WITH THESE EXPERIMENTS? THEY CAN LEAD TO YOUR DESTRUCTION, MY DEAR.

ERIC, DO NOT CALL ME YOUR "DEAR." ALL PERSONAL INVOLVEMENT WE MIGHT HAVE HAD, HAS BEEN LONG SINCE ENDED. I CANNOT TOLERATE YOUR PHYSICAL APPEARANCE ANY LONGER!



ERIC REMEMBERED AS MEDICAL STUDENTS SHE HAD LOVED HIM, FOR THE POWER AND THE GRACE OF HIS AGILE MIND. BUT NOW, SHE SAW ONLY HIS FLAWS.



I KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF ME NOW, HEDVIG, BUT PLEASE LISTEN -- I AM ONLY TRYING TO HELP! WHAT YOU ARE DOING IS NOT ONLY ILLEGAL, IT IS-- IS **WRONG** IN A MONSTROUS SENSE. REMEMBER THE LESSON OF YOUR GRAND-UNCLE, DR. FRANKENSTEIN-- HE DIED BECAUSE OF **HIS** EXPERIMENTS!



ERIC, YOU ARE A TWISTED, DISTORTED WORM. I KEEP YOU HERE WITH ME FOR TWO REASONS ONLY-- YOU ARE AN EXCEPTIONALLY ABLE SURGEON, AND YOU AMUSE ME!

HEDVIG--!



ALL RIGHT, HEDVIG-- BUT ONCE YOU LOVED ME, AND I SHALL LOVE **YOU** FOR THAT UNTIL I DIE. FOR THAT IS MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE HAS EVER GIVEN ME.



I MUST TREAT HIM MORE KINDLY-- NO ONE ELSE WOULD DO WHAT I ASK OF HIM. THE LITTLE CREATURE'S DEVOTION IS MY MOST VALUABLE INSTRUMENT.



THEY WATCHED FOR THE SEVENTH TIME WHILE THE FLAME CONSUMED THEIR WORK.



THE STORM SEEMED TO HAVE STOPPED, ERIC. THIS IS VERY GOOD WINE.

YES, HEDVIG. IT IS FROM MY PRIVATE STOCK, REMEMBER?



HEDVIG REALIZED THAT SHE NEEDED ERIC TO OBTAIN YET ANOTHER BODY. SHE KNEW WHAT SHE HAD TO DO TO GET IT.



ERIC, MY DARLING, YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO, DON'T YOU?

YES- YES, HEDVIG, I DO KNOW, AND I SHALL NOT DO THAT AGAIN.

ERIC REALIZED THAT HE WOULD EVENTUALLY GIVE IN TO HEDVIG'S DEMANDS, BUT HE KNEW WHAT HE COULD EVENTUALLY GET BY CONTINUING TO REFUSE --AND HIS DESIRE SICKENED HIM. YET THIS GAME RECURRED EVERY FEW WEEKS--AND IT WAS ALL ERIC LIVED FOR!

ERIC, MY DEAREST.

AND NOW THE GAME HAS ITS CONCLUSION. AND WHO WINS? I WONDER...

THE NEXT EVENING...

YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE, DOCT--I MEAN, MR. SMITH.

PUT THE BODY IN THE PANEL TRUCK

I AM GOING TO PUT A STOP TO THIS WHEN I GET BACK. SHE CAN CONTROL ME LIKE A PUPPET--I MUST STOP IT! I AM A MAN, NO MATTER WHAT SHE OR ANYONE ELSE THINKS.

THERE WERE ALWAYS SHADY MERCHANTS WHO WOULD SELL BODIES SO BATTERED BY AUTO WRECKS THAT A WAX DUMMY HAD TO BE PLACED IN THE COFFIN INSTEAD.

BUT HOFFSTEIN KNEW IN HIS SOUL THAT AS LONG AS HEDVIG SHARED HERSELF WITH HIM, EVEN IN THEIR BIZARRE FASHION, HE **WOULD** BE HER SLAVE. THAT IS, UNLESS SOMETHING UTTERLY NEW OCCURRED...

MUST THEY ALWAYS BE SO DAMAGED? BUT THIS ONE--ONLY THE BODY IS INJURED! THE BRAIN AND SPINE ARE INTACT!

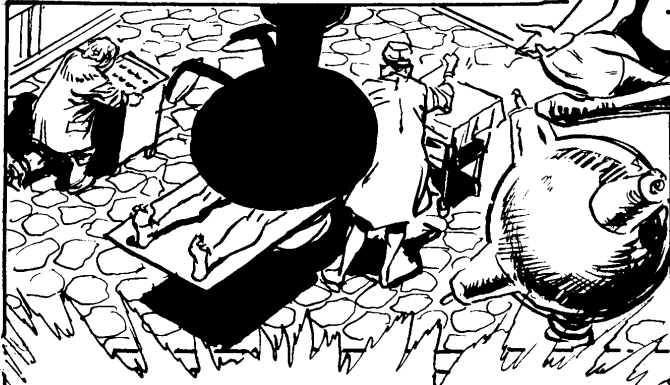
HEDVIG, WE MUST STOP THIS! YOU'RE A GENIUS -- YOU CAN DO OTHER, MORE CONSTRUCTIVE--

SHUT UP, WORM! IF YOU THINK WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH REALITY, YOU'RE SADLY MISTAKEN. LET'S GO TO WORK.

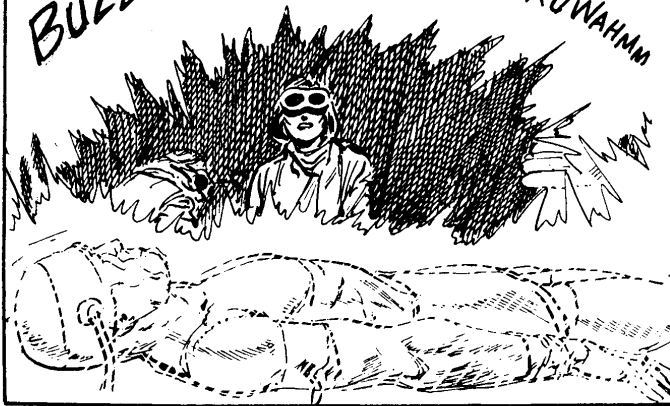


ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT AND INTO THE MORNING THEY WORKED. HEDVIG, DRIVEN BY A DESIRE BEYOND PHYSICAL NEEDS, ERIC BY HIS DISTORTED LOVE FOR THE ONLY WOMAN WHO HAD EVER SHOWN HIM ANY KINDNESS.

THE BODY WAS NOW ASSEMBLED. ALL THAT REMAINED TO BE DONE... WAS THE INJECTION OF DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S SPECIAL SERUM, THE IGNITION OF THE ULTRAVIOLET RAY GENERATOR, AND THE STARTING OF THE POWERFUL GENERATORS.



*Buzz Zzzzzzzzzubmm KUWAHMM*



LOOK! IT'S ALIVE!  
IT'S ALIVE! MY GOD,  
HOFFSTEIN, IT'S  
ALIVE!



I'M AFRAID THE CURRENT WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE BRAIN, DR. KROLLEK! IT'S DEAD, THOUGH THE BODY LIVES!



YOU HAVE PROVED YOU CAN DO IT-- NOW LET ME KILL IT IT IS TOO HIDEOUS TO LIVE.

I WON'T STOP NOW, ERIC! IT WILL LIVE AND IT WILL THINK!

WE NEED A NEW BRAIN...



LET'S HAVE SOME WINE, ERIC!

LET'S NOT PLAY THAT LITTLE GAME AGAIN!

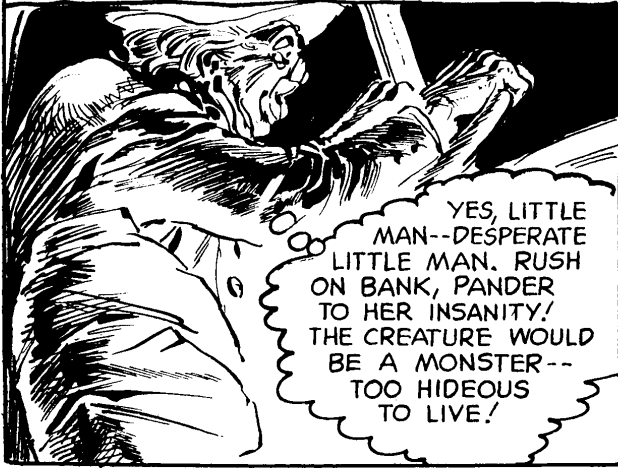


I'LL GET THE BRAIN FOR YOU HEDVIG.

THIS MUST BE THE LAST TIME. SHE **MUST** BE SATISFIED WITH THE CONCLUSION OF THE EXPERIMENT.



IT WAS A RELATIVELY SIMPLE MATTER TO OBTAIN A FRESH BRAIN, IF ONE KNEW THE RIGHT PEOPLE TO ASK. BUT ON THE WAY HOME...



YES, LITTLE MAN--DESPERATE LITTLE MAN. RUSH ON BANK, PANDER TO HER INSANITY! THE CREATURE WOULD BE A MONSTER-- TOO HIDEOUS TO LIVE!



SLOWLY. ERIC RETURNED HE KNEW --OR AT LEAST HE THOUGHT HE KNEW WHAT SHE WOULD DO.

HEDVIG, YOU ARE GOING TO LEAVE WITH ME NOW. WE WILL EXPLODE THE DYNAMITE I PLANTED IN CASE OF DETECTION, AND NO ONE WILL KNOW WHAT WE'VE DONE HERE!



NO, NO, I CAN'T! THE EXPERIMENT IS ALMOST CONCLUDED!



BUT ERIC, I LOVE YOU!

THAT MAY HAVE BEEN TRUE ONCE, BUT NOW YOU LOVE ONLY MY SKILL AND COMPLICITY!

NO, ERIC-- YOU'RE WRONG. TELL ME, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE BRAIN?

I DESTROYED IT, AND NOW I'M LEAVING!

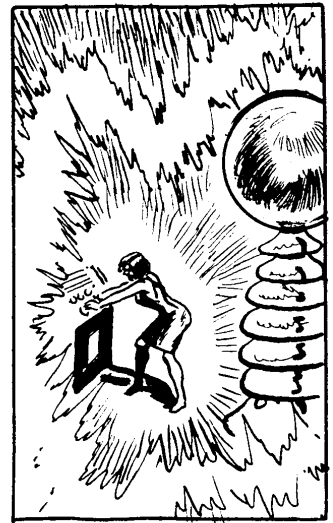


I AM SORRY YOU DID THAT, ERIC! NOW YOU WILL SUPPLY ME WITH THE BRAIN I NEED!





HEDVIG WASTED NO TIME. SHE IMMEDIATELY TOOK ERIC'S BODY TO THE LABORATORY AND BEGAN THE OPERATION...



HEDVIG WORKED FEVERISHLY. SHE DISPOSED OF ERIC'S TWISTED LITTLE BODY, AND BROUGHT THE NEW ONE TO LIFE.



HEDVIG, HEDVIG -- WHY DID YOU DO THIS -- THIS THING?

I HAVE GIVEN YOU A NEW, STRONG BODY, ERIC! A BEAUTIFUL BODY, ONE I ASSEMBLED FOR YOU. A BEAUTIFUL BODY.



NO, HEDVIG -- I'M HIDEOUS, MORE HIDEOUS THAN I WAS BEFORE!



I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU...

DEAR LORD, HEDVIG -- DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?



I HATE YOU! I HAVE ALWAYS HATED YOU! I STAYED WITH YOU, I KNOW NOW, ONLY OUT OF A TWISTED DESIRE TO HUMILIATE MYSELF, TO MAKE MY LOVE AS DISTORTED AS MY BODY!

NO -- ERIC -- DON'T HURT ME. I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU...



YOU'RE HURTING STOP... AAAHHHGHU!

WHY, HEDVIG, YOU LOVE ME. THIS IS YOUR LOVER TALKING.



ERIC'S MISPLACED MIND HAD GONE. HE THOUGHT ONLY OF REVENGE, REVENGE ON HEDVIG KROLLEK, THE ONLY PERSON WHO HAD MEANT ANYTHING TO HIM, AND THE PERSON WHO HAD KILLED HIM.



HEDVIG, YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL, SO-- DEAD. I SAID I'D LOVE YOU UNTIL I DIED, AND YOU KILLED ME. NOW YOU'RE DEAD. BUT I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH DEAD THINGS...



GOODBYE HEDVIG MY LOVELY...

ERIC WAS NOT TOO INSANE TO KNOW WHERE THE EXPLOSIVES WERE; HE THREW THE SWITCH THAT STARTED THE FUSE.



POOR OLD ERIC--WENT ALL TO PIECES JUST WHEN HEDVIG STARTED GETTING HOT FLASHES FOR HIM... GUESS WE CAN'T FLAME HIM CAN WE?







## WANTED!

A name for this page. Leading illustrated magazine (this one) seeks a great name for fan club page. No experience necessary. Reward \$5.00.

Still waiting for a good name for our fan club page. But we're not letting a little thing like that hold us back. For this month at least, this collection of your creations shall remain nameless.

Got an idea for a name? Send it in. It may win the \$5.00 being offered for the best title.

Send us your creations, too. This is going to be the greatest Fan Page in the business... with your help!

There's a request on the Letters Page to include biographies of our artists and writers in this section. To prove we take your suggestions seriously, here's our first biography.

Dick Piscopo's work has appeared in CREEPY and EERIE, but he picked VAMPIRELLA to tell his life story. Here's what he says about himself:

"I was born thirty years ago in the Bronx. It didn't take me too long to stumble onto comic books, and I recall that my earliest heroes were such all-time greats as CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, THE SHIELD, BLUE BOLT, and CAPTAIN AMERICA.

"Almost as soon as I could walk, I began to show an interest in drawing. In grammar

school and through high school, I worked on the school paper and in my spare time, I wrote and drew my own comic strips.

"By this time I had developed a string of favorite artists. I feel my work since then has been influenced to some extent by each of them. Wally Wood was my idol for sheer overall technique. Al Williamson was a master of anatomy. Joe Simon crammed his panels full of movement and action. My favorites also included Alex Raymond, the team of Severin and Elder and Joe Kubert.

"I also took time away from the drawing board to play football and basketball. I was also on the swimming team. When I went to college, I didn't major in art, but in economics. I felt then, and still feel today, that this was a good decision since a knowledge of business is important to just about any field.

"At college, I drifted away from the drawing board, but after graduation, a friend introduced me to the great Joe Simon (creator of CAPTAIN AMERICA and other great heroes). You can imagine how I felt standing face-to-face with a man who, in my eyes, was a hero himself!

"Joe encouraged me to stick to drawing and gave me many invaluable tips for improving my technique. It wasn't long before I was doing back grounds for Joe's comics.

"It was about this same time I picked up an issue of CREEPY and I was really floored. I knew this was for me and... here I am. Since that time, I have also contributed to EERIE and now the terrific new magazine, VAMPIRELLA.

"I guess my own work shows the influence my boyhood favorites had on me. I strive for certain things in all my drawing. I like boldness and sharp contrast, and constantly play darks against lights for maximum effect. The more action, the better.

"An illustrated magazine like this one is a vehicle for the artist to tell a story. Therefore, it should be limited only by the artist's imagination. This is why I try for as wide a variety of page layouts as possible. One of the real pleasures of working for the Warren group of magazines is that I am allowed to be as experimental as possible. I only hope that readers enjoy my work as much as I enjoy doing it!"



Vampirella look-alike Kathy Bushman. Nearly had everyone fooled.

If you heard a rumor that I was at the recent World Science Fiction convention in St. Louis, it isn't true. I started out for there, but met up with some Labor Day travellers.

But the rumor was well-founded. As you can see by this picture, there was a girl there posing as the ever-popular Vampirella.

Her name is Kathy Bushman, and she traveled all the way from Gardena, California to have this picture taken in St. Louis.

It was this photograph, by the way, that proved she wasn't really Vampirella. A everyone knows, we vampire can't be photographed.



If you thought everyone in Las Vegas spent all their time at gambling tables, you have another think coming. At least one Las Vegan, Alan Weiss, spends his time at a drawing board. And with good results, too. The above drawing is a



Dick Piscopo. Only artist in the business with an Economic Degree. real winner, don't you think?

Send us your picture!  
Or a drawing!  
Or a story!  
(And a name for this page.)

You can earn five dollars if the name is used. And you get the fantastic reward of seeing your work, or your face, on this page in an up-coming issue.

YOUR VENOMOUS VIXEN, VAMPIRELLA, HAS A REAL WEB OF WICKEDNESS TO SPIN FOR YOU THIS TIME! BUT, IF IN SPIDER MY WARNING, YOU INSIST ON READING THIS AWFUL MAW-FULL, THEN GO TO YOUR WEB-STERS AND LOOK UP THE DEADFINITION OF "ARACHNID" BEFORE I RETELL THE CURSE-SORY RHYME THAT BEGINS...

# COME INTO MY PARLOR!

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: A FEAT UNPARALLELLED IN CIRCUS HISTORY! MISS ARACHNA, WILL WALK THE HIGH WIRE ON HER TOES ONLY! NO NET!!

SHE... SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! I MUST MEET SUCH A WOMAN!

THEY'RE SPELLBOUND! IF THEY ONLY KNEW HOW VERY EASY THIS IS FOR ME!





...PLEASE! I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK ME FORWARD, BUT I SAW YOUR ACT TONIGHT, AND I WAS FASCINATED!

WHY, THANK YOU!



YOUR SKILL, YOUR STRENGTH, I'VE NEVER MET SUCH A WOMAN, AND I WANTED TO!

YOU'RE VERY KIND! WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN ME FOR COFFEE?



THAT SOUNDS PERFECT... YOU'VE GOT QUITE A LARGE TRAILER!

YES, IT IS... FOLLOW ME, PLEASE!



FUNNY THE TRAILER LOOKED MUCH LARGER FROM OUTSIDE!

WHY... ER... YES! THAT DOOR BEHIND YOU LEADS TO A SMALL LABORATORY. SCIENCE IS MY HOBBY, BUT THE COFFEE IS BOILING ALREADY!



SCIENCE? I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN SCIENCE... MAY I SEE YOUR LABORATORY?

NO! I MEAN I NEVER SHOW IT TO ANYONE... IT IS MY LITTLE SECRET!... BUT IT IS GETTING LATE! WE PERFORMERS MUST GET OUR SLEEP, YOU KNOW!



I'LL BE BLUNT WITH YOU! I **MUST** SEE YOU AGAIN!

YOU'VE BEEN HONEST WITH ME, SO I WILL BE WITH YOU! I DO NOT ENTER INTO FRIENDSHIPS AND ASSOCIATIONS! I AM A WOMAN WITH A SECRET... A SECRET WHICH MUST BE KEPT!



I WILL NOT PRY INTO YOUR SECRET ... AND I ASK NO PROMISES FROM YOU! ONLY YOUR FRIENDSHIP!

ALL... ALL RIGHT, MR. HARTMAN! CALL AGAIN IF YOU LIKE! AND NOW... GOOD NIGHT!



I SHOULD HAVE SENT HIM AWAY FOR GOOD! I MUST NOT EVER HARM ANYONE ELSE! **EVER!**







BUT I MUST ASK! IF YOU BEAR AN AWFUL SECRET, YOU MUST SHARE IT SOMETIME OR GO MAD!

...ALL RIGHT! I *WILL* SHOW YOU!



LOOK, THEN! DID YOU STOP TO THINK ABOUT MY NAME... **ARACHNA!** TAKEN FROM **ARACHNID**... THE SCIENTIFIC TERM FOR "SPIDER"...



GASP! NO! NO! YOUR HANDS!... THEY'RE LIKE A... A...

...A SPIDER'S BUT HOW...?

...YEARS AGO I WAS A YOUNG RESEARCH SCIENTIST...



...I WAS PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN SPIDERS... THEIR GREAT STRENGTH AND AGILITY...



...I WORKED FOR YEARS AND FINALLY I EXTRACTED IT... A CHEMICAL HORMONE THAT GAVE SPIDERS THEIR ABILITIES!

THIS IS IT! I KNOW IT!



...I DECIDED TO TRY IT ON AN ANIMAL...

IF IT WORKS ON THIS DOG, THE BENEFITS TO MANKIND WILL BE ENDLESS!

...THE RESULTS WERE ASTOUNDING!

...UNFORTUNATELY, THE DOG WAS RUN OVER AND KILLED BY A CAR SOON AFTER!

...IF THE DOG HAD LIVED, I'D HAVE SEEN THE EFFECTS THAT FOLLOWED!



INCREDIBLE! IT CLIMBED THE TELEPHONE POLE AND NOW WALKS ON THE WIRES! JUST LIKE A SPIDER!

OH WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER! THE SERUM IS A SUCCESS! AT LEAST I'VE PROVEN THAT!

THIS WILL PROVE THE SERUM'S EFFECT ON A HUMAN, AND THEN I'LL ASTOUND THE WORLD!

...AT FIRST, I WAS DELIGHTED! BUT TWO WEEKS LATER, SOME OTHER EFFECTS APPEARED...



MY SPIDER SERUM HAD GIVEN ME A SPIDER'S PROWESS, AS WELL AS A FEW OTHER... ATTRIBUTES! I CUT MYSELF OFF FROM EVERYONE WHO KNEW ME...WORE GLOVES... JOINED THE CIRCUS TO RAISE MONEY TO CONTINUE MY RESEARCH, HOPING FOR A CURE! BUT IT'S USELESS!

MY HANDS! \*GASP\* THEY LOOK LIKE...LIKE A SPIDERS!

ANYWAY, YOU CAN SEE WHY I CAN WALK THE HIGH WIRE SO EASILY...AND WHY I CAN NEVER MARRY!

BUT WHY? I DON'T CARE! I LOVE YOU ANYWAY! AND I'M WEALTHY! PERHAPS WITH MY MONEY FOR RESEARCH, YOU'LL FIND THE CURE!



NO! ...YOU CAN'T MEAN IT!

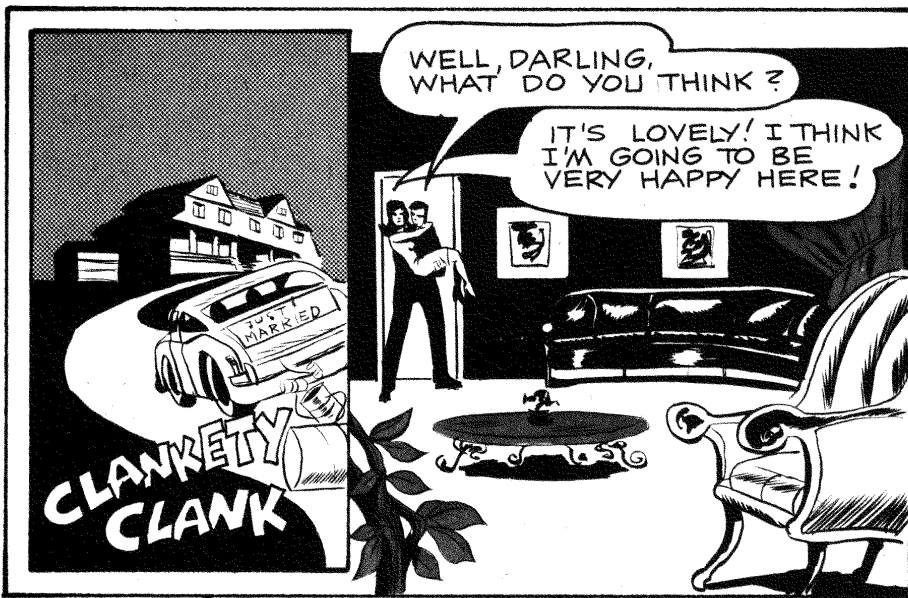


NOW THAT I KNOW OF YOUR BRILLIANCE AND COURAGE, I LOVE YOU EVEN MORE! MARRY ME! MARRY ME TOMORROW!

ALL...ALL RIGHT! I KNOW I SHOULDN'T, BUT I'M UNABLE TO RESIST!







WELL, DARLING, WHAT DO YOU THINK ?

IT'S LOVELY! I THINK I'M GOING TO BE VERY HAPPY HERE!

I KNEW I WAS RIGHT! I'M GLAD I GOT YOU TO GIVE IN AND MARRY ME!



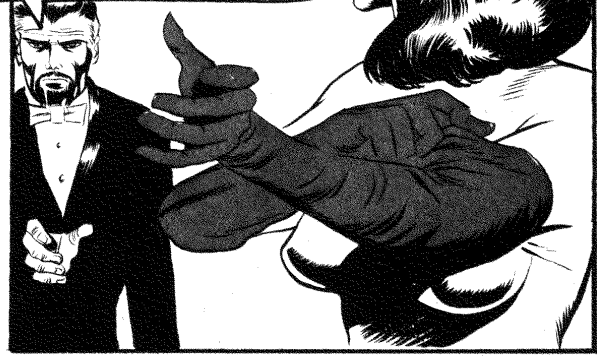
OH, HOW I WISH YOU *HADN'T!* YOU SEE, MOST TIMES I DON'T CARE, BUT YOU ARE SO KIND AND GENEROUS THAT I REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO HURT YOU!

HURT ME? I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF!... REMEMBER I TOLD YOU THAT THE SERUM HAD GIVEN ME A FEW *OTHER SPIDER ATTRIBUTES?* ONE OF THOSE 'OTHER ATTRIBUTES' WAS THE MATING INSTINCT!

YOU MEAN THAT YOUR ACTIONS ARE TO SOME EXTENT CONTROLLED BY INSTINCTS?... WELL, I'M STILL GLAD!

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL! YOU SEE THE SPIDER I USED FOR MY EXPERIMENTS WAS THE *BLACK WIDOW!* BESIDE THE INSTINCT TO FIND A HUSBAND, THE BLACK WIDOW ALSO...



...DEVOURS HER MATE!



WHAT A DARLING DINNER OUR DANGEROUS DAMSEL HAD! NOT A BAD IDEA,... BUT I SO MUCH PREFER *JUST THE BLOOD!* ANYWAY, THIS TERRIBLE TALE HAS AN IMPORTANT MORAL: NEVER TRUST A HAIRY WOMAN TIGHTROPE WALKER! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK MISS MUFFET!





"TILL DEATH DO US PART".. SEVEN HUSBANDS NEVER KNEW HOW TRUE THOSE WORDS WOULD PROVE TO BE TILL THEY WERE FORCED INTO A **DEADLY GAME OF...**

# RUN FOR YOUR WIFE!



BOB... LOOK AT THIS! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



JOHN! LET'S! IT'S EXCITING!

Dear Madame:  
You and your husband are cordially invited to enjoy..

AN ALL EXPENSE-PAID TRIP TO SLOVANIA. THEY WERE TO BE THE GUESTS, OF COUNT TSAROV, AT HIS CASTLE IN THE MOUNTAINS. FOR EACH WIFE HE INCLUDED A \$1000 BILL TO SPEND AS SHE PLEASD.



Oooh!

SMOOTH!

SEXY!

CHIC!

PRRRR!





WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THOSE TRENCHES ARE FOR?

TOO BAD OUR PILOT DOESN'T SPEAK ENGLISH!

**BENEATH THE GOTHIC CASTLE OF COUNT TSARDV, STRANGE DITCHES CIRCLED THE MOUNTAIN. WHO HAD PUT THEM THERE?**



WELCOME! THE OTHERS HAVE PRECEDED YOU. WE WILL SOON ALL MEET FOR DINNER, PLEASE COME IN!



A WEEKEND WITH SUCH CHARMING COMPANY IS NOT LONG ENOUGH... MAY YOU NEVER WISH TO LEAVE!

AND THE SERVANTS AREN'T BAD EITHER!

FOOD'S MARVELOUS!

SUPERB HOST!

**AFTER DINNER THE GUESTS ALL RETIRED...**



HURRY UP, FRED.

... LITTLE REALIZING THEY WERE BEING WATCHED BY SECRET EYES!

**AAAAH!**



**AAAAH!**

YOU'RE THE BEST-LOOKING GAL HERE.

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU SOMEWHERE!



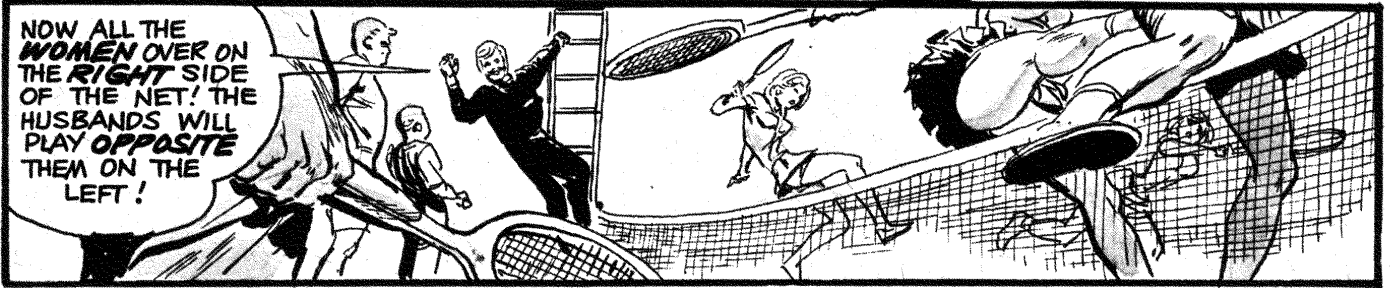
HELLO, BEAUTIFUL!

**IN THE PRIVACY OF THE COUNT'S ROOM A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION WAS TAKING PLACE.**

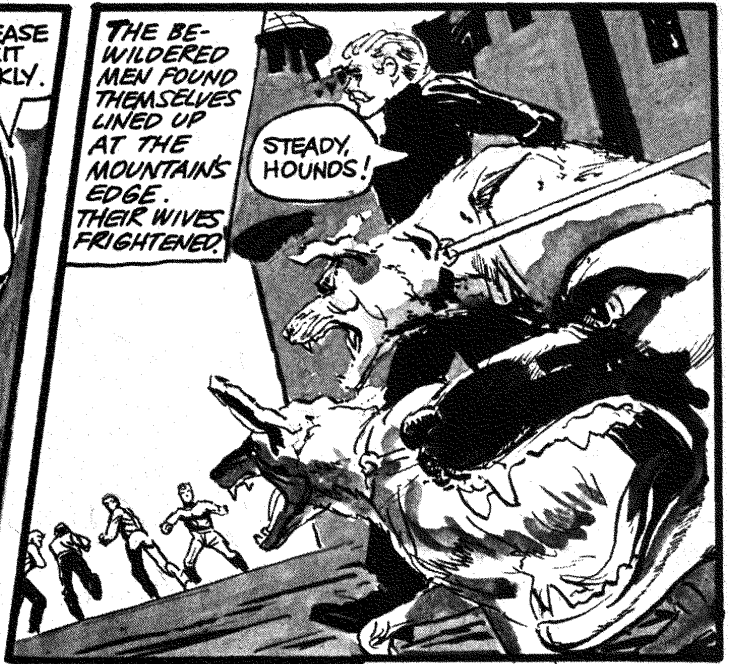




AN INCREDIBLE  
TRANSFORMATION!  
BENEATH THE WRAPPINGS,  
"DR. JEKYLL" WAS A  
MISS HYDE! THE COUNT  
WAS A NO ACCOUNT  
COUNTESS!







THE BE-WILDERED MEN FOUND THEMSELVES LINED UP AT THE MOUNTAIN'S EDGE. THEIR WIVES FRIGHTENED.

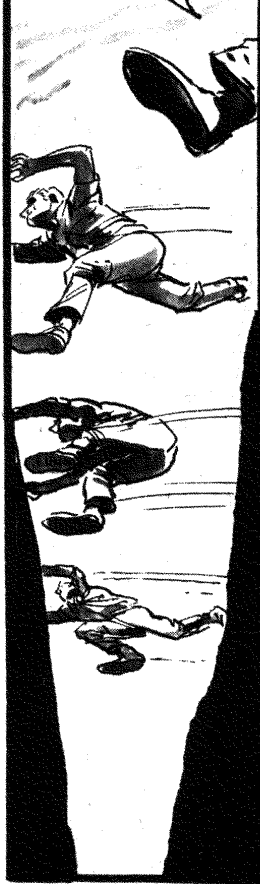




DOWN THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE THEY SCRAMBLED TO WHAT DOOM THEY COULD NOT GUESS.



I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO MAKE IT!



GOOD GOD... NO!



HELLPP!

FOUR MEN APPROACHED TRENCH #2. WHICH ONE OF THEM WOULD IT CLAIM?





HIDDEN LANDMINES WERE EVERYWHERE TO DISCOURAGE LAGARDS. EXPLODABLE AT ANY DISTANCE BY TSARDOV!



BUT... BUT... THERE'S NOTHING IN IT! I'M SAFE!

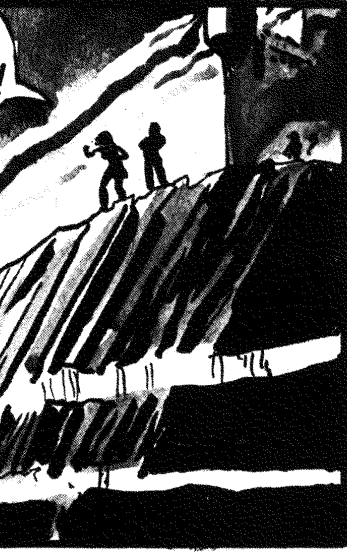


SAFE!



MY GOD! RED ANTS! I'M BEING EATEN ALIVE!

AARRGH



MARK! MARK! I'M COMING TO YOU!



STAY BACK, YOU FOOL! I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR YOU!



FIGHT THEM, MARK! I'M COMING!



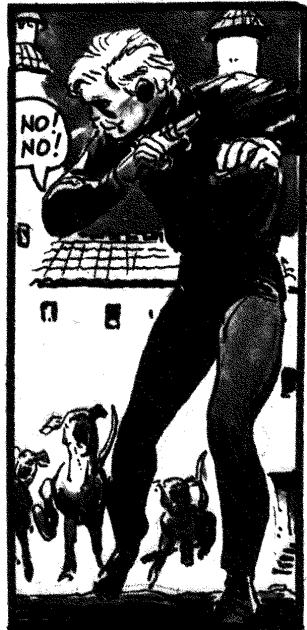


I'll blow you to **BITS** first!



WHILE TSAROV WAS INTENT ON DESTROYING THE RUNAWAY, ONE OF THE OTHER WIVES UNLEASHED THE SNARLING BEASTS!

NOW, TSAROV!



NO!  
NO!



RAAAAUU!  
GRRR

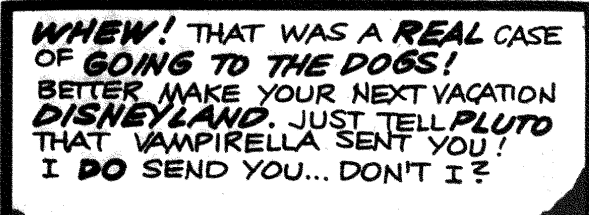
GHAAAK!  
AROOUUU!



THE MAD COUNTESS WILL PLAY HER GAME OF DEATH NO MORE...



... AND MY JOB FOR INVESTIGATORS INTERNATIONAL IS COMPLETE!

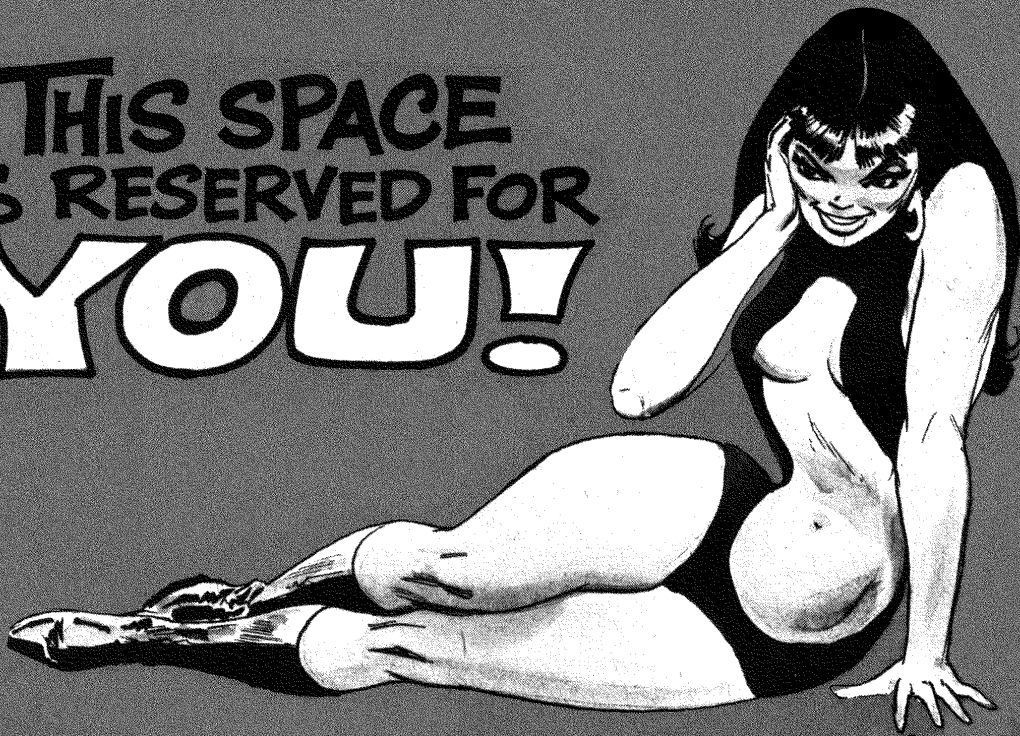


WHEW! THAT WAS A REAL CASE OF GOING TO THE DOGS! BETTER MAKE YOUR NEXT VACATION DISNEYLAND. JUST TELL PLUTO THAT VAMPIRELLA SENT YOU! I DO SEND YOU... DON'T I?





**THIS SPACE  
IS RESERVED FOR  
YOU!**



**VAMPIRELLA IS LOOKING FOR YOUNG BLOOD  
FOR NEW FAN CLUB PAGE!**

**HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO SEND VAMPI YOUR DRAWINGS, PAINTINGS,  
PHOTOGRAPHS, SHORT STORIES, ETC. THEN LOOK FOR THEM ON  
THIS PAGE. WHO KNOWS? SOME GREAT UNDISCOVERED TALENT  
MAY BE DISCOVERED RIGHT HERE! IT MAY BE YOU!**

**NAME THIS FEATURE --  
WIN \$500!**

**HEY!! VAMPI IS ALSO LOOKING FOR A NAME FOR THIS PAGE OF FAN  
CREATIONS. AND SHE'S WILLING TO PART WITH SOME BLOOD MONEY TO  
GET ONE. THE BEST NAME SUBMITTED WINS \$5.00. AND VAMPI WILL  
ANNOUNCE YOUR NAME TO THE WORLD AS THE \$5.00 WINNER!  
WATCH FOR THE RESULTS IN A FUTURE ISSUE !!**

**MY SUGGESTED NAME FOR VAMPI'S FAN CLUB**

**PAGE IS** \_\_\_\_\_

**MY NAME IS** \_\_\_\_\_

**ADDRESS** \_\_\_\_\_

**CITY** \_\_\_\_\_

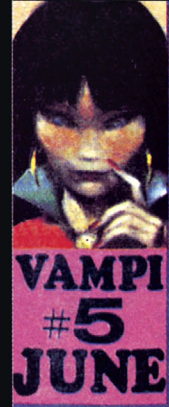
**STATE** \_\_\_\_\_

**ZIP CODE** \_\_\_\_\_



ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

# VAMPIRELLA



VAMPIRELLA  
#5  
JUNE

SEE PAGE 15...

PDC  
50¢





# VAMPI'S FEARY TALES

CHEERIO VAMPIRIC VIXENS! YOU KNOW MOST OF THE CHARACTERS IN MY TALES CAN BE FOUND UNDER ANY **FLAT ROCK** AND THE **FEARSOME** FOLK IN THIS TALE ARE NO EXCEPTION! COME GET **STONED** WITH US AS WE SINK OUR **FINKY FANGS** INTO THIS HISTORIC **HORROR** ENTITLED...

## THE SATANIC SISTERHOOD OF STONEHENGE!



FAR OUT ON A WINDSWEEP PLAIN IN **ENGLAND** LOOMS THE INCREDIBLY **ANCIENT** AND **MYTH-SHROUDED** RUIN KNOWN AS **STONEHENGE!** ANY CLEAR MEMORY OF THE ORIGIN OF **STONEHENGE** WAS LOST LONG BEFORE THE **ROMAN ARMIES** MARCHED THROUGH THE RITUAL ARRANGEMENT OF ITS GIGANTIC STONES.

THE 12<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY HISTORIAN, GEOFFERY OF MONMOUTH CLAIMED THAT BOTH, U<sup>TH</sup>ER PENDRAGON

(**KING ARTHUR**) AND EMPORER CONSTANTINE WERE **BURIED** AT **STONEHENGE!**

LOST IN HISTORY, THIS IMPOSING CIRCLE OF CAREFULLY ARRANGED STONES WAS THE SCENE OF **PRE-HISTORIC RITES** PRESIDED OVER BY **WITCH-WOMEN, WERE-CREATURES,** WORSHIPERS ALL OF THAT BELIGERENT BLACKGUARD... **BEEZEBUB!!**



# VAMPIRELLA

**PUBLISHER:** JAMES WARREN **EDITOR:** BILL PARENTE **COVER:** FRANK FRAZETTA  
**ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:** BILLY GRAHAM, JOHN FANTUCCHIO, JEFF JONES, MIKE ROYER,  
JACK SPARLING, TOM SUTTON, TONY WILLIAMS **WRITERS THIS ISSUE:** T. CASEY  
BRENNAN, NICOLA CUTI, DON GLUT, AL HEWETSON, BILL PARENTE



## CONTENTS

### CRAFT OF A CAT'S EYE

One purr-fect pot-pourri of prowling parnoia .....

### SCALY DEATH

We've prepared some prehistoric pab-lum to palpatate your palate .....



### AN AXE TO TO GRIND

Try a horror flavor that'll *sharpen* your savor .....

### VAMPI'S FLAMES

Yes! A new name. And some fans to keep it going .....



### AVENGED BY AURORA

Can a gal and her guy, spy their fate in the sky? .....



### GHOUL GIRL

Interested in finding out how a fam-ished female fills out her figure? .....

### ESCAPE ROUTE

After you unlock this crock of shock, you may want to pocket the key .....

### LUNA

Tune in on this Moon-in while we spoon in some lore that will floor you! .....







**"It's a miracle! I think you're beautiful!"**

**"... not only Beautiful, but A-eautiful!"**

**ONE MAN'S OPINION**

Attempting to avoid cliches, the next sentence is devoted to the greatness of your mag: In the opinion of myself, I truly believe that the artistic literature you are now making available to the public is of the highest quality and appeals to the point of highest solicitation to all of us enjoying a different experience in illustrated reading. In short, and with no more cliches, you're putting out a great mag. The artwork is excellent. The stories are excellent. The idea is excellent. After having seen the movie version of Barbarella, I was looking for an American version of the French comic strip. But after reading VAMPIRELLA, I decided I had found what I was looking for. This mag is really good. For the past four years, I have worked on stories of this type myself. I would be happy to do the same for your magazine.

**ROBERT D. SHERBINO**  
Niles, Michigan



**We'd be happy to publish some of your drawings on the new fan page.**

**HITTING ON ALL EIGHT**

VAMPIRELLA beats CREEPY and EERIE eight ways from Sunday! Also, she is much prettier to look at than those two ecch faces. Best of luck with the new magazine.

**KENNETH D. CAPPS**  
Lebanon, Mo.

**AROUND THE EDGES**

I felt like going back to my coffin and sulking all night. I had read that VAMPIRELLA was going to hit the stands on July 15 and since that day I have been going to the local pharmacy that carries CREEPY, EERIE and FAMOUS MONSTERS. But it was never there. Finally, one day I was sitting there drooling through my fangs when the magazine were delivered. I saw the edges of a magazine which looked like a Warren Publication. This must be it! I was so anxious, I helped them count, sort and put out all the magazines and comics just so I could get to it faster. Then, as I put my claws around it, I saw something that hit me like a stake through the heart. Number Two! I went into a rampage. I had all could do to keep from biting the dealer. I was angry! Please start a back issue department. Quick. I was glad to see that Billy Graham was in that issue. He's great. By the way, what do you think of Uncle Creepy, Cousin Eerie and their mags?

**JEFF POTTER**  
Warwick, R. I.



**We have a back issue department. And if you're looking for issue #1, you'd better send us the coupon from this issue. Quick. The supply is running low. I've been too busy to take a good look at CREEPY and EERIE and the other competition. I'm sure they're good. As good as men can get.**

store didn't carry it. Most likely I'll miss some others unless I get a subscription. By the way, in relation to Gary Insley's comment about your stories being "centered upon sex and not upon story and art value," I say: "What's the matter with that?" Your stories are quite good, and the artwork is above average. Actually, I believe one of the main reasons for Vampi's success is because they do draw emphasis on female anatomy. Who can argue with that? Is there any way to get a course on vampirism, lycanthropy and the like started in a school system that you know of? Also, how about a full-page, full-color back cover of VAMPIRELLA that can be used as a pin-up. All those in favor show their fangs.

**MARK POOLE**  
Valley Station, Ky.



**Courses in vampirism are hard to find and tough to get started. Most vampires I know came by their talents naturally.**

**CAMERAS SOMETIMES LIE**

Thank you for printing my letter in your "Scarlet Letters" page. I realize, though, that this reduces my chances of ever having another printed there. I think it would be a good effect if you tinted the pages slightly with red ink, just enough to make the page glow, but keeping the type legible. In case your statement was more than rhetorical in answer to Linda Rothman's letter, I'll tell you why no image of your enchanting self appears on film when your picture is taken. As you know, the virus that causes vampirism is one that directs various body cells to absorb and utilize silver. The silver is used so much in the mental and electrochemical functions that its spectrograph is reversed and the intervention of any normal silver creates a cancellization of the properties (which paralyzes the vampire, by the way). Most photographic film is composed of some compound of silver. In fact, almost all commercial film has silver in its base. All you have to do is obtain a camera that utilises either plates or a film with a cesium base. With that type of process, you will have an image when attempting to photograph vampires. In disagreement with Don Doerling's opinion: What's wrong with vampire girls? I think they're the best!

**GARY INSLEY**  
Springfield, Ohio

**MIRACLE CURE**

I think that it is a miracle that I have begun to think you are beautiful. Until now, I never thought girls in the comics were too pretty. Now I've changed my mind.

**MICHAEL TODD**  
Tokyo, Japan

**THIRD DEGREE**

I really dig your new magazine. I read the warnings in the other Warren Magazines, but I never really expected anything this good. When I saw the first issue on the newsstand, the man gave me the third degree when I tried to buy it. He thought it was a Playboy Magazine or something. I knew I didn't want to go through that again, so I immediately subscribed to your great mag. All I can say is keep up the good work. By the way, Vampi, do you have any other relatives besides your cousin Evily? Whatever became of your parents?

**MICHAEL P. PAUMGARDHEN**  
New York, N.Y.



**I have a sister, Draculina, who lives with my parents back on the planet Drakulon.**

**TURNED ON**

VAMPIRELLA really turns me on! It's the greatest thing that's happened to the so-called "comic" magazines since the invention of girls. The whole mag is, incredibly, a combination of CREEPY and PLAYBOY! Issue #3 was a real landmark in the history of the comics. Not since the early days of CREEPY and EERIE has such high-quality horror graced the pages of a pictorial magazine. And it's all new. Not a reprint yet! It seems that Billy Graham, in particular is the most multi-talented. He came through with the best art and the best story in a great magazine. Can he ever draw girls! Wow! Egads, I'd love to meet the girls you use for models! This is the best part of the magazine. I'm hoping for a long history to VAMPIRELLA, the first emancipated comic book.

**BRUCE HALLENBECK**  
Valatie, N.Y.

**GRADE A**

I'm nearly speechless. I really loved VAMPIRELLA #3. Jack Sparling is a welcome addition to your—heh, heh—collection. The covers are not only Beautiful, but A-eautiful, too. I think I'm hooked. Or fanged. Whatever.

**ANTHONY KOWALIK**  
Harvey, Ill.

**GIRL CRAZY**

I just finished reading VAMPIRELLA #3, and I must say it was fantastic. You had me worried with issue #2, though. I was afraid you might continue publishing stories like "Montezuma's Monster." That is, stories with no females in them. But getting back to issue #3, I found that my fears were unfounded. The only thing I missed in that issue was a story about you, the star of the magazine. By the way, I'd like to see more of your sister, Draculina.

**ARTHUR L. FITZPATRICK**  
Lexington, Ky.

**NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE...**

I just noticed your "Scarlet Letters" column in issue #3. I usually have to go through a magazine at least five times before it starts to soak in. I have issues #2 and #3, but wasn't able to get the first one. Mainly because our local drug-

**BEFORE GOING ON to more Scarlet Letters, take a minute to write one of your own. Then send it to:**

**"Greatest thing since the invention of girls."**

**"I'd like to be president of the club."**

**THE ENEMY**

Yes, Vampirella, they really are that bad! What? Those cheap imitation horror magazines flooding the market, of course. Get rid of them! Maybe through a legality. Or otherwise. I'll leave the otherwise up to you, Vampi. Heh, Heh. I'll tell you this much: I never knew EC, but I hear they were pretty good while they lasted. Finally they were rejected along with the cheap imitations. You're good. While you last. Maybe you can do something.

ANTHONY KOWALIK  
Harvey, Ill.



Maybe you can do something. Stop buying those cheap imitations.

**HIGH QUALITY  
GIRLS AND GHOULS**

You're a doll! I agree with all the Scarlet Scribblers in issue #3 who will bank their blood on your mag if the artwork stays superb. Also, though I know you're troubled by reflections, I want your pin-up. Judging by your writing admirers, your appeal is three-

fold: some like girls, some like ghouls, some like high-quality drawing and stories. I vote as follows: Showed most curves—"Vampirella of Drakulon" issue #1. Best artwork—"Rhapsody in Red" issue #2. Most punchy plot—"Lucy Fuhr" issue #3. I sympathize with readers who want to see more of you personally, but that's a delicate problem. Cousin Evily is great! She's charming, sexy and conscientiously devoted to evil causes. She's served by like likes of ogre, toad, imp, gnome and troll. She bleeds for the living, but casts spells to raise the dead. Now, Lucy Fuhr, I guess, won't be appearing again. (And you expect the Devil to play fair?) As for yourself, you've got a playful quality that's rather important. A man doesn't mind bleeding a little, but you've got to be a helpmate, too. Your comments on good and evil could be helpful. I disagree with anyone who finds Camp in your magazine. Your magazine is quite scary. As for monsters and ghosts—well, I've never met one personally.

ROBERT INNOT  
Columbus, Ohio

**ANOTHER CRAZY  
HOUSEWIFE**

I'm just a crazy housewife who adores your creative book. Your artists are absolutely fabulous with their fantastic, futuristic, freaked-out fantasies. I really wish I had a figure like Vampi! My hubby is happy to know I'm making an outfit just like hers. I hope you don't mind. Would you believe I supe up my cars and I'm a very fast driver? But only on drag strips. I have a perfect driving record. I can't tell you how great the drawings in VAMPIRELLA are. My hubby thinks she's a real doll.

KAT VICSIK  
Mashpec, Mass.



After you've made that costume, send us your picture and we'll print it.

**ANOTHER STUDENT**

I've been taking vampirism for months now. Every time I try to get off a good bite, I miss the neck and hit the shoulders. I've got enough troubles fighting off stake-happy nuts. I don't want to starve to death. Please help

me improve my aim. I'm desperate.

DAVID DAVIS  
Springfield, Mass.



Practice makes perfect. Try finding victims with longer necks until you get the hang of it.

**PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE**

I would like to become a member of the VAMPIRELLA fan club. If you don't have one, I'd like to start one. I really adore Vampi very much. I would like to be President of the club, and once a year, on Vampi's birthday, we could have a big party. When is her birthday? I am 15, and go to school in the Bronx. I have a twin sister named Takatto. We look exactly alike. Maybe I'll send you our picture.

ELAINE GRAVES  
Bronx, N.Y.

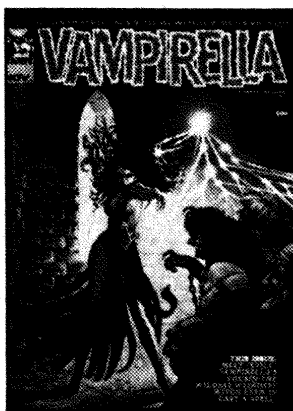


I don't know when my birthday is. All the records are back on Drakulon. Please send us your picture. We want to start printing photos of some of our fans. Especially fans who are running for president of our fan club!



**SUBSCRIBE—OR DIE!**

WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE TO GO OUT IN BAD WEATHER FOR YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE? YOU CAN CATCH YOUR DEATH THAT WAY. ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION NOW—IN THE INTEREST OF BETTER HEALTH!!!



- 6 ISSUES \$3.00
- 12 ISSUES \$5.00

I ENCLOSE \$\_\_\_\_\_ FOR A SUBSCRIPTION  
TO \_\_\_\_\_ AS INDICATED ABOVE.

NAME ..... CITY.....  
ADDRESS ..... STATE ..... ZIP CODE .....

(IN CANADA, AND OUTSIDE THE U.S., PLEASE ADD \$1.00 TO ALL RATES)





# THE CRAFT OF A CAT'S EYE

SO YOU THINK I'M BEING A LITTLE **CRYPTIC** WITH A TITLE LIKE THAT, EH? WELL **COOL IT** CAT LOVERS, 'CAUSE THIS **TAIL'S** RIGHT UP YOUR **ALLEY!** **DIG** A LITTLE **DEEPER**—YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU MIGHT **PAW UP!**



# PRESENTING

...THE  
FIRST LADY  
OF THE NEW  
YORK THEATRE..

MISS  
PEARL  
TALMADGE!



# PRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

# ALL MY LIFE

OLD WITCH...

O COME NOW JACK. OLD WITCH ...HEAVENS! WHY DON'T YOU LIKE HER!?

I DIDN'T SAY I DIDN'T LIKE HER MY FRIEND... I SIMPLY SAID SHE WAS AN **OLD WITCH!**

SHE'S MY **AUNT** YOU KNOW... ONLY LIVING RELATIVE! AND HERE I AM **STRUGGLING** AWAY AND SHE'S **LOADED** WITH MONEY!

YES, I IMAGINE SHE WOULD BE

WON'T GIVE ME A RED CENT - NOT A **BRASS KNUCKLE!** BUT NOT FOR LONG ... NO SIR! NOT BY A **LOOOONG** SHOT..





HELLO LITTLE  
TIKA, HELLO LITTLE  
GIRL! HELLO SADIE  
**HELLO!** HERE'S MY  
LITTLE MARIE?  
HELLO...

**HELLO AUNT!**  
HOW'S THE DEAREST,  
GRANDEST AUNT A  
FELLOW EVER HAD?

**YOU!**  
WHAT DO **YOU**  
WANT!?! **WELL?**  
WHAT? I **TOLD**  
YOU BEFORE I  
DIDN'T WANT YOUR  
WRETCHED BODY  
TO CROSS MY  
STEP AGAIN!



AUUNNT...I  
.... I'M SORRY!  
I'VE BEEN....

I'VE BEEN A REAL  
BAD **SORT**. I'VE FOUND  
MYSELF IN TROUBLE AND  
.... I WANT TO APOLOGIZE  
.... I WANT TO...

I NEED YOUR  
HELP AUNT.... I...  
**OH HELP ME**  
... **HELP ME!**

ALRIGHT JACK... ALRIGHT  
BOY... IT'LL BE ALRIGHT!  
JUST RELAX! DON'T WORRY  
... AUNT PEARL WILL TAKE  
**GOOD CARE OF YOU!**

**SSSSSS**





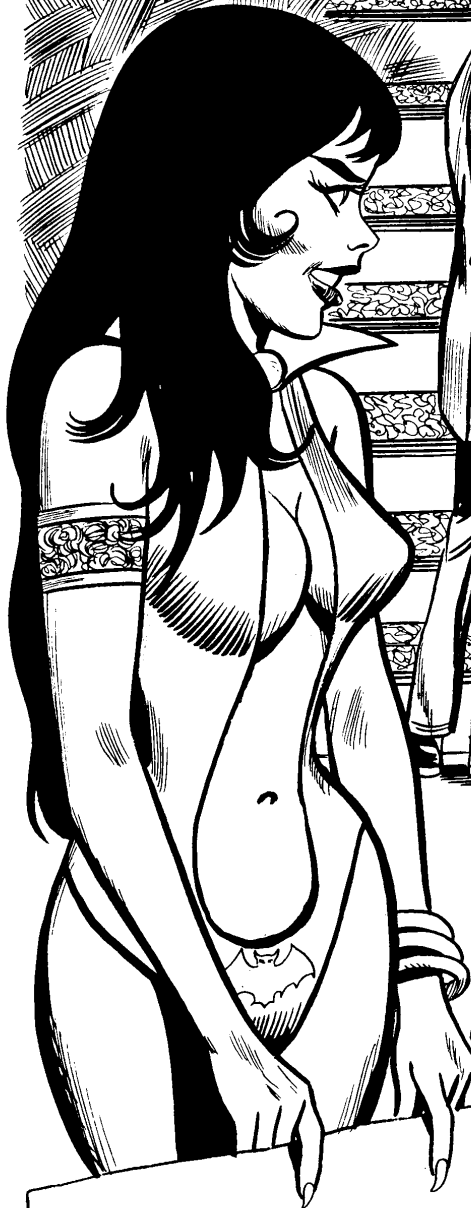
SHE'S IN FOR A BIT OF A SURPRISE  
THOUGH... HA-HA-HA! IF I  
MOVE **QUICKLY ENOUGH**,  
I CAN WORK MYSELF INTO HER  
**WILL ...**

THE OLD  
**FOOL!**

... AND THERE ARE  
**MANY WAYS** A WOMAN  
OF HER AGE... CAN  
**DIE!**

**HAHAHA**

LAUGH JACK TALMADGE, LAUGH WELL  
 ...AND HARD... BUT BEST DO IT NOW...  
 FOR YOU MAY NOT HAVE A CHANCE LATER  
 ON! THERE ARE EYES WATCHING....  
 WAITING...IN THE DARK! AND  
 THEY'RE WAITING FOR  
**YOU!**



**W**ELL... WE MUST GIVE  
 CREDIT WHERE CREDIT  
 IS DUE... JACK WORKED  
 HARD... HARD AT HIS EVIL  
 PLANS!  
 AT WORKING HIS WAY INTO  
 THE OLD WOMAN'S HEART!  
 HE LIVED A GOOD LIFE...  
 FOR ONCE... BUT ONLY...  
 ONLY ON THE SURFACE!  
 BUT ALWAYS, ALWAYS  
 UNDER THEIR CONSTANT  
 EYES



AND JACK THEREFORE  
 IS TO BE MY SOLE  
 BENEFICIARY!

I CAN'T SAY I  
 ENTIRELY AGREE  
 WITH YOU.. BUT IT IS  
 YOUR WILL... YOUR  
 MONEY!

I USUALLY  
 RESPECT YOUR  
 ADVICE, BUT HE'S  
 MY ONLY RELATIVE!

WELL IF THAT'S  
 YOUR REASON  
 ...I MUST  
 RESPECT IT!





.. THEN THE TIME...  
**HAS COME!!**

WELL AUNT... DID YOU DO AS YOU **PROMISED**... DID YOU TAKE **CARE** OF 'OUR LITTLE MATTER'?

YES JACK.... YES I DID....

TONIGHT WHEN SHE MAKES HER SPECIAL APPEARANCE AT THE CONCERT HALL... HER AUDIENCE WILL GET A BIT MORE OF A SHOW THAN THEY PAID FOR!

JUST A COUPLE OF DROPS OF ARSENIC INTO THIS CUP... AND... POOF! TWO THOUSAND FANS WILL SEE HER **DROP!**



TEA... AUNT...  
**HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-**



THERE SHE IS ... SINGING AWAY  
... LIKE IT WAS HER **LAST**  
**PERFORMANCE**

WELL...  
IT IS !!

... SHE'S  
FALTERING ...

BUT NOT SO  
FAST... NOT SO  
FAST... OUR CAT  
HAS **9** LIVES!

DONE!

WHAT?







FEE EAA AAAAA

NOW DON'T GET **CATTY** ABOUT IT! THAT **PLOT** DID HAVE A **PUUURRR**ECTLY BEAUTIFUL **TEETH-IN-TONGUE** MESSAGE: **BEAUTY IS ONLY FUR DEEP!** KIND OF **CAT-ASTROPHIC**, **NO?**

END



**I**T'S THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN, GANG, FOR SETTING BACK OUR CLOCKS! ONLY **THIS TIME**, LET'S GO **BEYOND** THE STANDARD **ONE-HOUR** SETBACK, AND SPLIT TO A **MILLION** OR SO YEARS **B.C.**



**T**HE AGONIZING CRY OF MAMMOTH TRAPPED IN THE SEARING FURY OF MOLTEN LAVA, RESOUNDED ACROSS THE LAND.

**A**ND IN THAT MOMENT WHEN THE EARTH BELCHES HER SCALDING ENTRALS UPON HER CREATURES... TWO HUMAN FIGURES FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES...

GRAHAM



HURRY, KAND! FASTER!  
THE LAVA WILL CATCH  
UP WITH US!



I'M TRYING, BORG!  
BUT I AM NOT AS  
STRONG AS YOU!  
I AM AFRAID I  
WILL NOT...

BORG! GO ON  
WITHOUT ME!



NEVER!  
I SHALL DIE HERE FIRST!  
BUT THERE IS NO NEED  
FOR EITHER OF US  
TO PERISH!

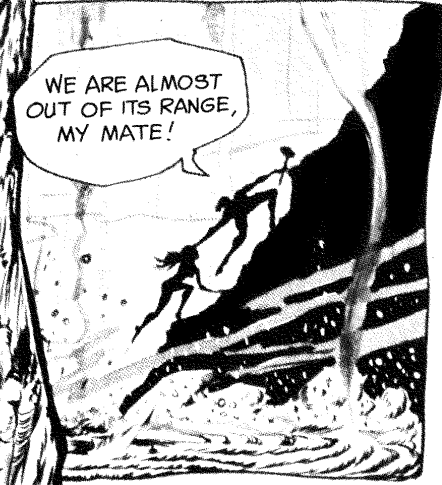
AS LONG AS I HAVE  
ANY STRENGTH LEFT, KAND,  
YOU SHALL LIVE!  
I SWEAR IT!



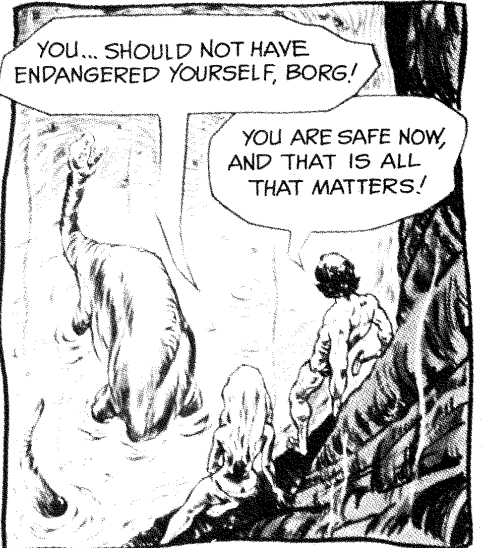
NO! PUT ME  
DOWN, BORG!  
YOU WILL ONLY  
LOSE YOURSELF  
TO DEATH!



WE ARE ALMOST  
OUT OF ITS RANGE,  
MY MATE!



YOU... SHOULD NOT HAVE  
ENDANGERED YOURSELF, BORG!



YOU ARE SAFE NOW,  
AND THAT IS ALL  
THAT MATTERS!



YES, WE ARE SAFE!  
BUT WHAT OF OUR PEOPLE?  
THEY ARE ALL... DEAD... DEAD!  
BURNED TO ASHES IN  
THE FURIES OF  
THE VOLCANO!



MY PARENTS! YOUR PARENTS!  
ALL THOSE WE LOVED!  
... BORG, ARE WE  
ALL THAT IS LEFT?

YOU MUST NOT  
THINK LIKE THAT,  
KAND! WE HAVE LOST  
OUR PEOPLE,  
BUT...



WE CAN START ANEW ANOTHER TRIBE!  
SOME DAY... OUR PEOPLE WILL  
DWELL IN THESE MOUNTAINS!



PERHAPS YOU  
ARE RIGHT,  
MY MATE!



THE EARTH HAS SETTLED... FOR THE PRESENT THE THREAT OF VOLCANIC WRATH HAS ENDED. A FRESH DAWN BATHES THE GREAT PLAINS IN ORANGE LIGHT... WARM LIGHT THAT THE SURVIVORS WELCOME...

A WORLD AWAITS US, KAND! A WORLD OF DEATH, AND OF LIFE! WE MUST BOTH BE BRAVE!

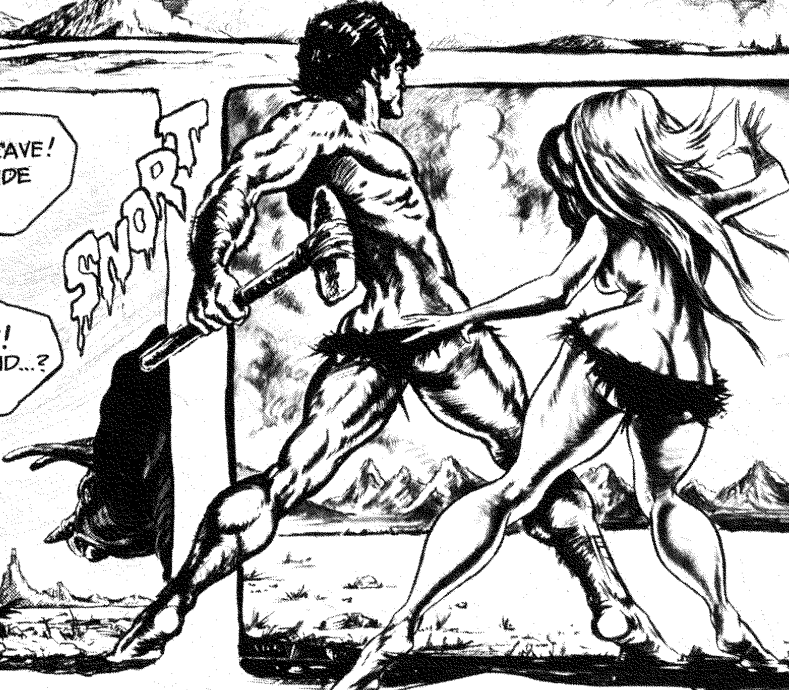
I WILL BE BRAVE, AS LONG AS YOU ARE AT MY SIDE!



WE MUST FIND A NEW CAVE! ONE THAT WILL PROVIDE US WITH SHELTER!

BORG, WAIT! ... THAT SOUND...?

IT'S THE **THREE-HORN!** OH... BORG... IT'S SEEN US !!



FASTER! FASTER, KAND!

I... I AM TRYING!

WEEEEEUUUMMMNKK!



Umpff! GO ON, BORG! ... BY YOURSELF!

KAND! NO!

YOUR FOOT IS NOT BROKEN! YOU **MUST** GET UP! OR I SHALL HAVE TO CARRY YOU AGAIN!

NO... I CAN STAND!

WAIT! WE CAN NO LONGER GO **THAT** WAY!

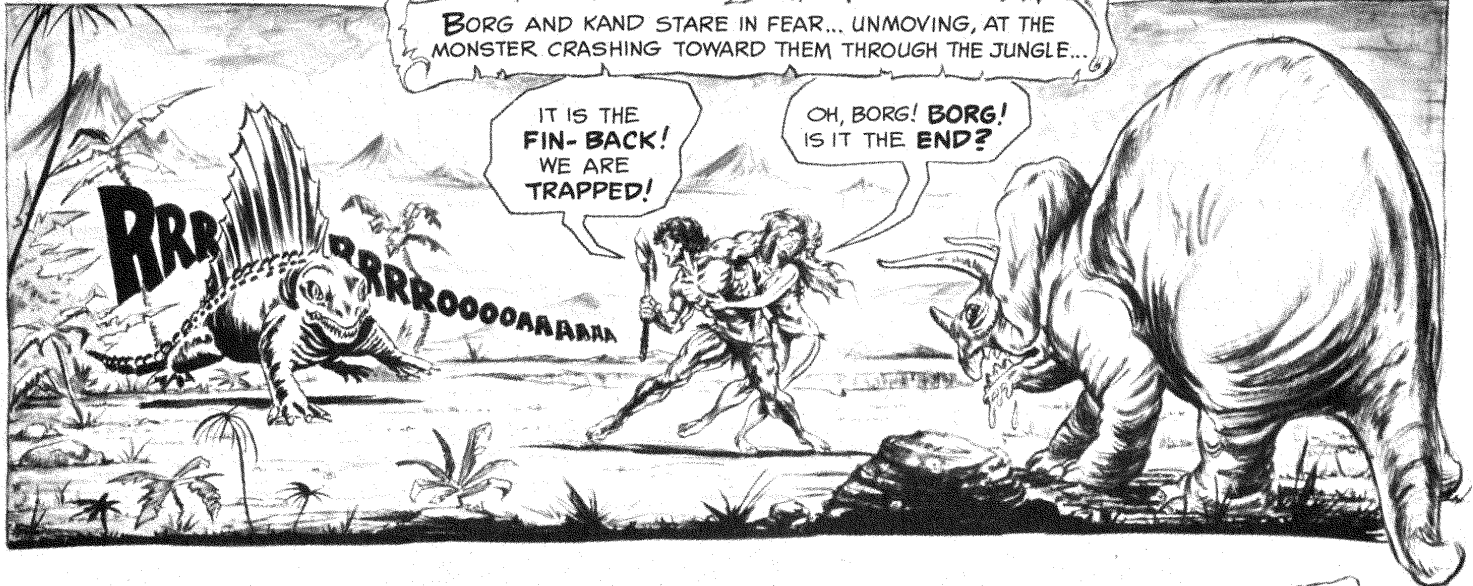




BORG AND KAND STARE IN FEAR... UNMOVING, AT THE MONSTER CRASHING TOWARD THEM THROUGH THE JUNGLE...

IT IS THE FIN-BACK! WE ARE TRAPPED!

OH, BORG! BORG! IS IT THE END?



NOT YET, KAND! PERHAPS THE EARTH ITSELF WILL SAVE US!

WHERE ARE WE GOING?



HERE! ... IN THIS FISSURE CAUSED BY THE ERUPTING VOLCANO!



SURELY WE WILL BE TRAPPED DOWN HERE!

I THINK NOT, KAND. I BELIEVE THE CREATURES WILL FIND IN EACH OTHER A MORE CHALLENGING GAME!



ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS WATCH... AND WAIT!

YES... AND HOPE!



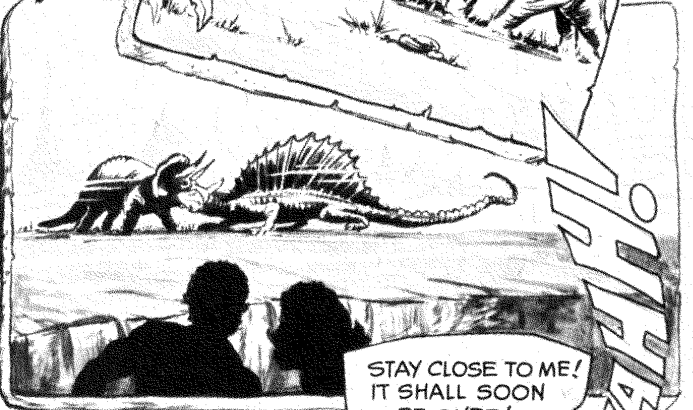


RRRRRRRRRRRR

THE VERY EARTH BEGINS TO TREMBLE BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF THE TWO REPTILES! AND ALL THE SOUNDS OF NATURE ARE DROWNED OUT BY THE GUTTERAL ROARS OF SAVAGE LIFE! FOR A MOMENT, THE TWO CREATURES EYE EACH OTHER... AND THEN...



RRRRRRRRRRRR



STAY CLOSE TO ME! IT SHALL SOON BE OVER!

RRRRRRRRRRRR



QUICKLY NOW, BEFORE THE MONSTER CAN REGAIN STRENGTH FOR ANOTHER ATTACK!



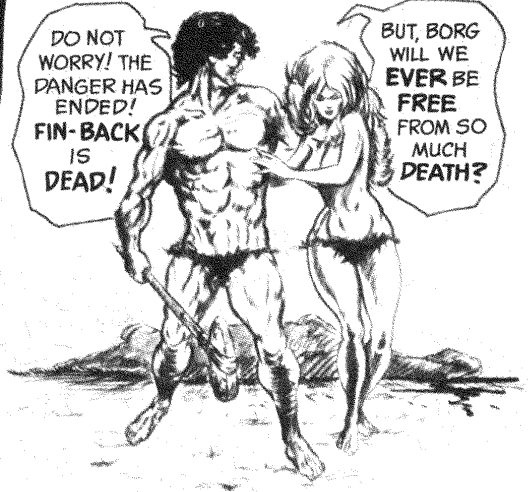




I MUST KILL IT!

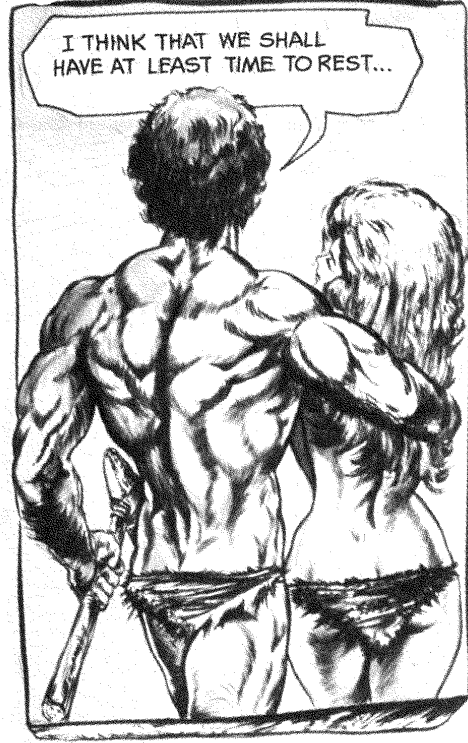


SPLASH!



DO NOT WORRY! THE DANGER HAS ENDED! FIN-BACK IS DEAD!

BUT, BORG WILL WE EVER BE FREE FROM SO MUCH DEATH?



I THINK THAT WE SHALL HAVE AT LEAST TIME TO REST...



... THAT CAVE... JUST AHEAD... A PLACE TO BE SAFE AND WARM FOR THE NIGHT!



... WE SHALL BE ABLE TO START OUR NEW TRIBE HERE!

OH, BORG! IT ALMOST SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!



BUT IT IS POSSIBLE! ...YES, KAND, THIS IS...



OUR NEW...



...HOME!

TALK ABOUT PUTTING YOUR FOOT IN YOUR MOUTH, EH? WELL, NEXT TIME YOU DO THAT, CAVE KIDS, MAKE SURE IT'S YOUR OWN MOUTH! YOU KNOW THE DANGER IN... SNAP DECISIONS!

SNAPP!

THE END



FILL YOUR EYES WITH WONDER, EH? AND YOUR EARS WITH THUNDER; AND IF THINGS ARE GETTING A BIT DULL, LOOK AROUND -- MAYBE YOU TOO HAVE...

# AN AXE TO GRIND

SOMETIMES WHEN A STORM TAKES UP ITS SKIRTS AND MOVES DOWN ACROSS THE LAND, IT BRINGS WITH IT WHISPERS OF DRAMAS IT HAS SEEN. IF YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES TIGHTLY AND REACH OUT TO THE WIND YOU MAY JUST CATCH THE FLASH OF SOMETHING...



GOOD LORD!

J-JONES



STELLA SOLD LIGHTNING RODS, NOT SO STRANGE IN THIS AGE OF SUFFRAGE-- AND THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE STANDING AGAINST THE SKY WAS NAKED TO THE BUILDING STORM.

WHAT A PLACE! JUST LOOK AT THAT. NEEDS ONE OF MY BEST!

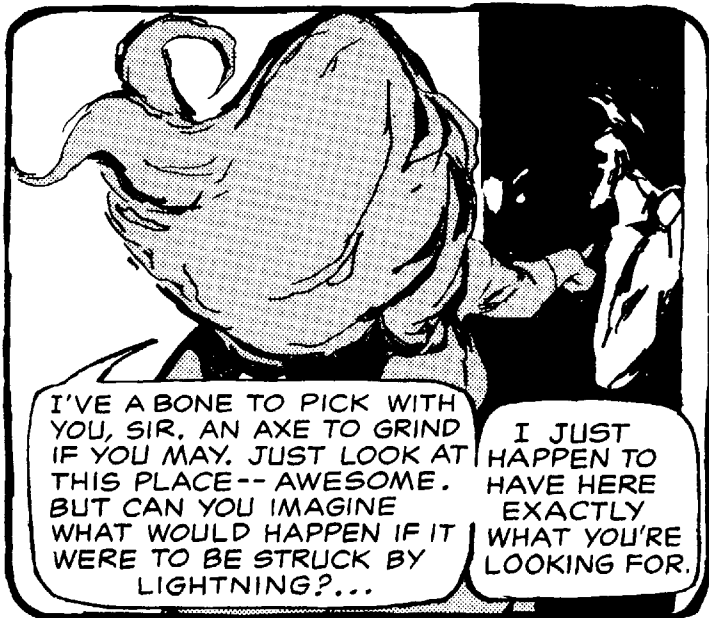
THE SKY, CHOKED WITH GLOOM, BEGAN TO COUGH OUT ITS ILLNESS.

WHAT A PLACE!

**THOCK! THOCK!**

**THOCK! THOCK! THOCK!**

YES, YES?



I'VE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU, SIR. AN AXE TO GRIND IF YOU MAY. JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE-- AWESOME. BUT CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF IT WERE TO BE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING?...

I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE HERE EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.



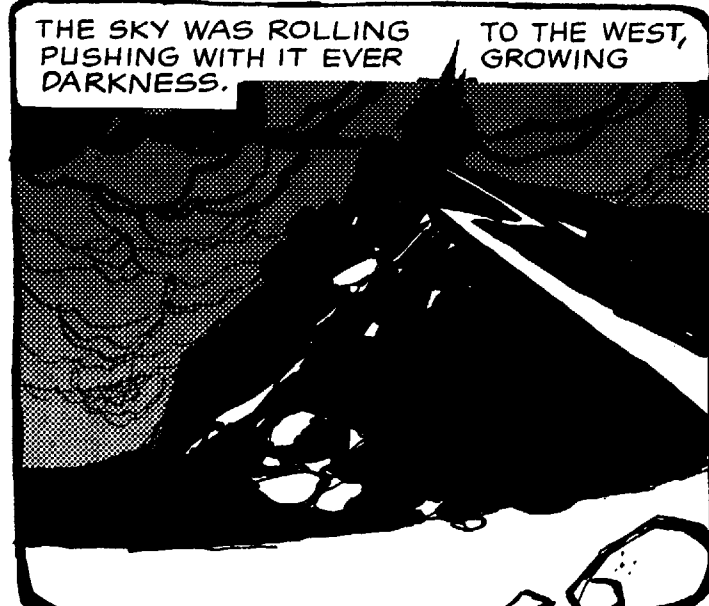
I'M LOOKING FOR NOTHING, WANTING NOTHING, NEEDING NOTHING!



LIGHTNING RODS! LOOK IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN, LET ME STEP IN WHERE IT'S DRY AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I'VE GOT!



HMMM... MAYBE YOU DO HAVE SOMETHING FOR ME, AFTER ALL.

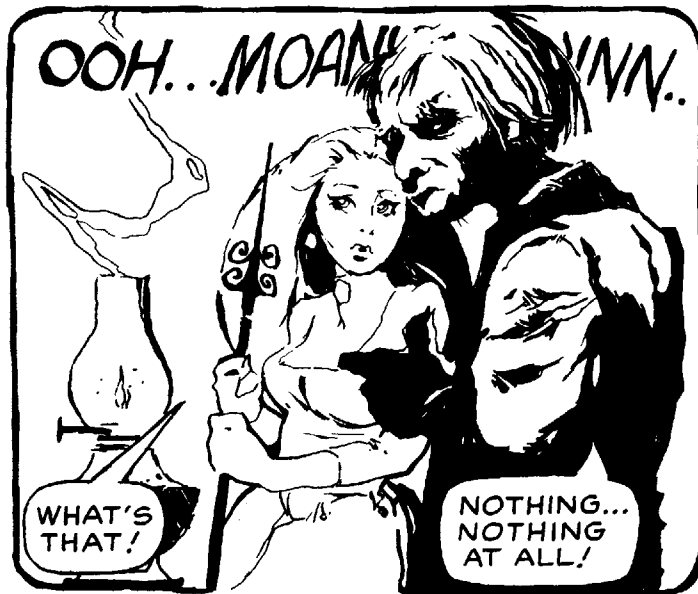
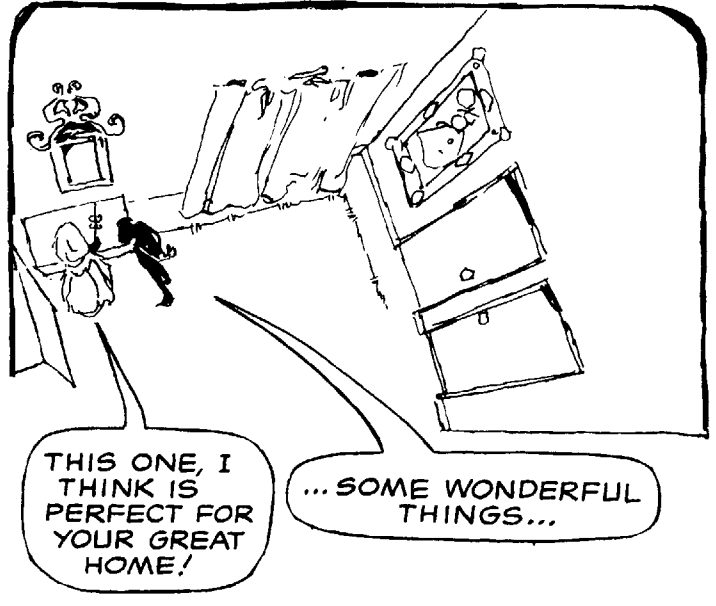
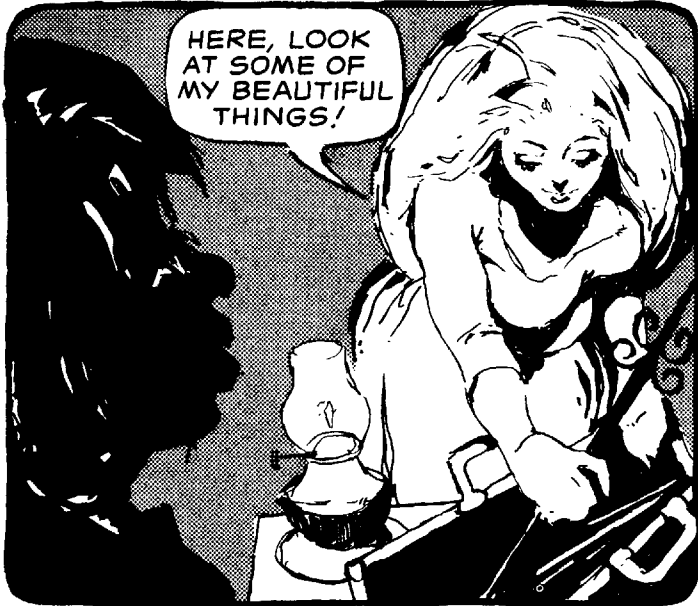


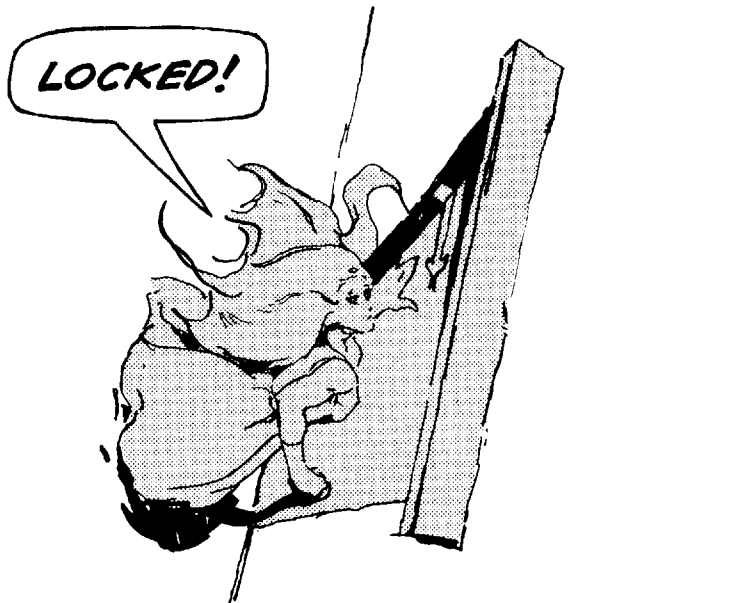
THE SKY WAS ROLLING PUSHING WITH IT EVER DARKNESS. TO THE WEST, GROWING



JUST SET YOUR THINGS DOWN HERE!

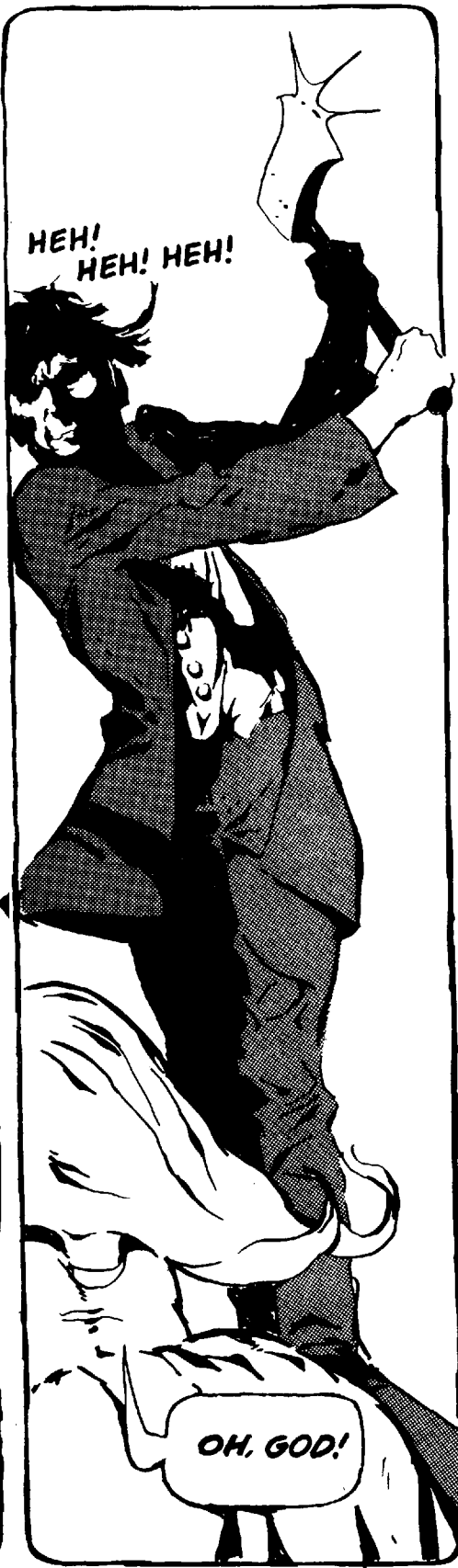






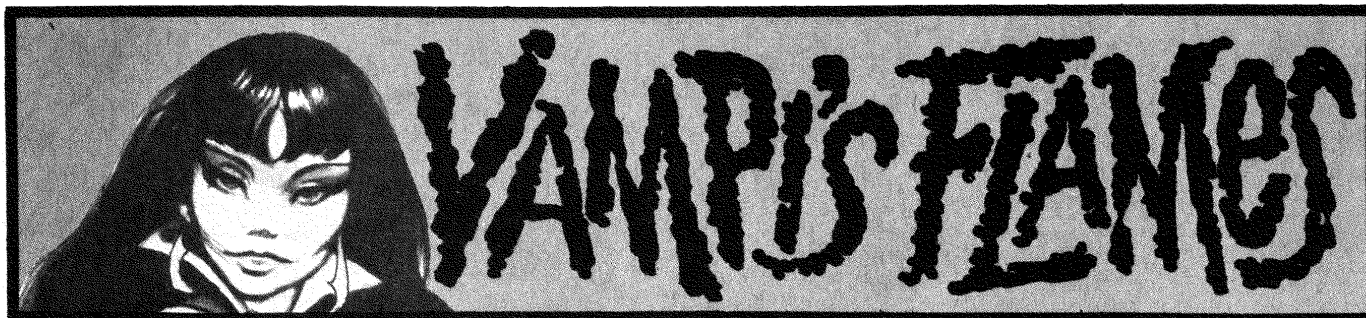




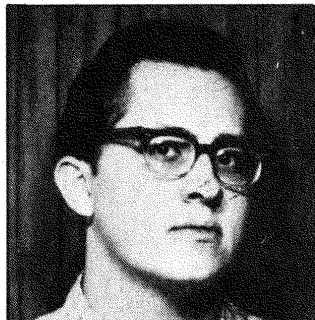


WELL, FRIENDS, HOW IS THAT FOR A **STRIKING** FINISH!





From the look of our mail these days, a whole lot of people are carrying a torch for VAMPIRELLA. Anthony Kowalik, of Harvey, Ill. is one of them. That's why he thought "Vampi's Flames" would make a perfect name for our Fan Club page. We agree. So "Flames" it is from now on.



**ANTHONY KOWALIK**  
Torchbearer number one

Some of the brightest notes Vampi has gotten are from fans who say Billy Graham's art is the best they've seen. There's another Billy Graham story, "Scaly Death," in this issue. And to launch our new name with style, here's the way he tells his life story . . .

#### MAIL CLERK MAKES GOOD

"I was pulled into the world on the first day of July in 1935 in New York City. It seems I have been drawing ever since. From the time I could tell the difference between a crayon and a pencil, I was scribbling on anything I could get my hands on . . . paper, cardboard, walls, telephone poles, automobiles. I called it artwork. Some others called it a 'mess.'

"When they marched me off to kindergarden at P.S. 194 in Manhattan, I began playing havoc with the New York City School System. Corridor walls were in real trouble when I came along. My markings appeared on doors, windows, poles, even people's coats and faces.

"In 1946, I entered a poster contest in a 'Keep New York City Clean' drive (imagine me urging people to keep the city clean!) and won first prize over all the other elementary schools in the city. After they took away

my crayons and hustled me out into the world on graduation, I bombarded junior high with a new weapon—the paintbrush. After just one year in the Frederick Douglas Junior High School, they kicked me into the High School of Music and Art. For four full years, they tried to train me in the proper use of the artist's materials. And the training seemed to work. Because after High School, I landed a job with E. C. Comics as a mail clerk. Soon after, I worked my way up to janitor of E. C.'s offices, then Bill Gaines gave me a few tough assignments as an apprentice cartoonist. I got to pencil some balloons and borders. Then came my first big break. I got to do a rejected story by Al Williamson. I did it, and got rejected.

"From that moment, I was destined to follow in the footsteps of a failure. But as Al went forward, I went backwards. I tried again. When I failed a second time, I joined the Navy. For four years I swabbed decks, pounded a typewriter, tried to learn how to swim and scribbled on the bulkheads. Then they made me paint the bulkheads. And the passageways. And the doors. And anything else that wasn't moving.

"At the end of those honorable years of serving my country, I found odd jobs at various polka-dot factories. I painted big spots. I painted

little spots. Then I got tired of seeing spots, and went back to school.

"The School of Visual Arts accepted me right away when I took their entrance test. They made me a clerk in their mailroom. In the basement. I worked my way up to school messenger. Finally, when the G.I. Bill checks began arriving, I began a cartooning course under the expert guidance of Mr. Burne Hogarth, whom I admire greatly.

"After two years at Visual Arts, I began working for various studios and agencies. I had also taken courses in the field of commercial art. During this time, I created several designs for toys which were manufactured and heavily advertised on television. Between toy designing and doing spot illustrations (real cartoons, I'd had my fill of polka dots!) I began writing and illustrating stories in hopes of finding a publisher silly enough to buy them. Warren Publishing Company bought one. They were even foolish enough to ask for more.

"Now, if they'd only give me a job in the mailroom, my career would be complete!

"One of my major ambitions has been to do magazine cover illustrations. Perhaps if Warren doesn't have a mailroom opening, they will give me an opportunity to do one.



**BILLY GRAHAM**

Scribbler, polka-dot painter, mail clerk. Now looking for a new assignment either in Warren's mailroom or on Warren's covers.

"Ever since the early days of comics, I dreamed of illustrating one particular scene from a story. My favorite has always been a western which I wrote, but has long since been buried in the back of my mind. After drooling over the styles of the greats in comic illustrations, I have been most influenced by the works of Al Williamson and Frank Frazetta.

"It was a hobby of mine to collect comics dating back to the early forties. But, unfortunately, my whole collection was destroyed in a fire. But my collection today is in better shape than ever. All I have are CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA. Which I am proud to be associated with."

When he delivered his biography, Billy warned us it was a sad story. But it didn't sound so sad after all, did it? Except for the fact there are no openings in the Warren mailroom.

Here's a story that came with the warning that it was a "sorrowful" one. See what you think. It was written by a Canadian fan, John Pitts of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

#### THE SORROWFUL HOUNDS

The sleepy town of Boredville had always protected its drowsy reputation with a local ordinance against roosters crowing, dogs barking and geese honking between the hours of 9:00 in the evening and 8:00 in the morning. Everyone for miles around heartily approved of the law. Except Fritz Gorman, the town constable. Every evening at the appointed hour he began hunting for the sounds of night, for it was his job to enforce this so-called "law of silence."

His method was the only one approved by the town council. The council would sooner protect a beast than a mere human, and was quite easy on unlawful animals. Fritz's instructions were to "capture the offending canine or fowl as gently as possible." After the capture was made, Fritz was forced to hold the offender until the following day when it was his duty to track down the owner who would "inspect the health of his property and pay a fine of one dollar." Of-



fenders were plentiful, and Fritz's job was endless.

Common gossip had it that although this gray, weasle-faced man was unusually well-suited to his duties, he complained daily to the members of the council about their restriction against using violent methods in making his nightly arrests.

"Now, sir, ya mus' see that ma job is hopeless. Night in an' night out I goes out to find varmints, mostly dawgs, jes' as noisy as ever." was Fritz's constant squealing plea.

"Now, Fritz" was their reply, "this is a long-standing law that the majority wants enforced. As public servants, we're duty-bound to uphold the law to the letter."

Almost any afternoon, you could find Fritz in the local saloon staring into a half-empty whiskey glass. He'd be clutching his trusty shotgun and thinking of his own methods of curing his two and four-legged headaches.

One day he decided to do something about it.

In Mayor Stedfast's home that fateful evening, His Honor's voice, in its best political tone, could be heard across the stagnant evening air. "I've struck a blow for the overworked people in our community. I'm trying a new way to lessen Fritz's burdensome nightly duties."

"What have you done, John?" queried his wife—not because she wanted to know, but because she realized the question was expected of her.

"I'm glad you asked me that," answered her husband. "You know, of course, that Fritz's main problem is the dogs that gather at the town dump and raise a ruckus. Well, we've arranged a little surprise for them tonight!"

Boom. When the blast snapped at the Mayor's ears, he rushed toward the dump, followed by a host of alert and curious citizens.

Near the entrance to the dump was the Mayor's secret weapon. A cardboard monster designed to suddenly appear when the slightest pressure was applied to a board placed across the path. On the board lay Fritz and a whiskey bottle. Both smashed and leaking mortally.

Death was apparently accidental. It was caused when Fritz was stalking up the path after some noisy dogs only to be terrified so much by the Mayor's trap that he fumbled the gun and blew himself apart.

During the funeral, in the cemetery near the town dump, a pack of sorrowful hounds wailed relentlessly in

grief over their departed playmate.

**Poor Fritz! That's what he gets for fooling around with guns.**

**Now, if he had decided to forget his problems that night and had gone to the movies instead, he'd have been here to tell his own story. And all that blood wouldn't have been wasted.**

**Speaking of movies, James Perry of Philadelphia sent us a good story about a night at his local theater. They were showing a . . .**

#### DOUBLE FEATURE

It was just an ordinary Friday night. The wind was blowing and the leaves were scattered along the rain-drenched streets. In the distance you could hear the sound of rushing feet. Feet that were coming closer, closer, closer. It seemed as though the feet were almost upon you. Then you could hear the sound of voices. Loud voices, soft voices. Sad voices, happy voices. And those somewhat strange voices. Suddenly you realized what was going on.

It was the night they were showing the double feature all-horror show. Nearly half the town showed up because good movies don't come around that often. The town is too small to have a regular full-time theater.

Mr. Angert, owner of the bank, rented the films for the night. They were to be shown at the library.

Inside the library, everyone had settled down, waiting for the picture to begin. The lights dimmed and on the screen flashed the title of the first film. It was a picture about vampires. It lasted two

and a half hours.

Then the second film came on. The screen showed bright flashing lights for several minutes. There was something strange about those lights. You couldn't take your eyes off them.

Suddenly, the screen went blank.

On the stage stood a man dressed in a plain black suit. He began to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen. I am glad you all came to our film show tonight. Allow me to come right to the point. None of you will leave this room in the same condition as when you arrived.

"By now, I am sure you have all realized that you are unable to move a muscle. This is because the lights that flashed on the screen a few moments ago have put you all in a deep hypnotic trance.

"I am a vampire. As you all know, I am sure, we vampires cannot live without human blood. Yours will last me a long long time."

#### A PAIN IN THE NECK

Ever since I arrived on this planet, people have been telling me how much better things were in the "good old days." I think things are pretty good right now. But every now and then I hear about some groovy leftover from the old days, and find myself wishing I had gotten here sooner.

For example, there was a report in the paper recently that just one Frenchman went to the guillotine in 1969. Four people had their heads handed to them in 1964. And only two in all the years in between.

They keep the guillotine in

a closet in a French prison. When the need arises, they take it out, put it together and put it to use. The blade is kept in a velvet-lined box called the "Justice Box." The frame it slips into is called the "widow."

This huge instrument of death was named for Joseph-Ignace Guillotin, a member of the French Parliament. He didn't invent the machine, nor did he build it. But he earned his place in history by crusading for equality in executions. He thought it was unfair that members of Royalty were executed by having their heads cut off on a nice velvet-covered chopping block; while the common people were being hanged.

The problem was, though, that commoners squirmed too much on the block, making the job too messy. So Dr. Guillotin proposed a "mechanical head-chopping machine" with a solid neck clamp.

The first one was built by Tobias Schmidt, a piano maker, in 1792. After a demonstration on three luckless corpses, Dr. Guillotine was satisfied. So were the people of France, who immediately named the machine in honor of its promoter.

In 1871, an economy wave cut all regional executioners out of the budget, and France was left with one portable guillotine and one executioner. He was known only as "Monsieur de Paris."

The best known "Monsieur de Paris" was Anatole Deibler, who separated 299 heads from their bodies. At one of his spectacular executions, 10,000 spectators came out to watch the master at work. It took 600 horsemen and 700 foot soldiers to hold the crowd back. Executions became private affairs after a particularly bad job in 1939. Due to a mechanical fault in the machine, the executioner had to drop the blade three times before the job was done.

The present executioner is Andre Obrecht, who built the present guillotine and who now owns it. But business isn't what it used to be, and Mr. Obrecht is forced to work in an automobile factory to make ends meet.

Mr. Obrecht is one of those people who keep longing for the "good old days." He says it's much tougher to get ahead than it once was.

Can you draw a good beast? Or bat? Or pretty girl? Can you tell a good story? You can? Share it with us! Send your creations to:

VAMPI'S FLAMES



**RICHARD CHARRON** of Templeton, Quebec put a beast and a bat in this drawing of me. He didn't say what they're doing there.



CLAMOR INTO YOUR ARMOR  
FRIGHT NIGHTS, UNLOCK  
YOUR SHOCK, DARING  
DAMSELS, AND  
LET'S WATCH A  
WIZARD'S MAGIC  
WEAVE A TALE...

...OF WOE AND WAIL! ALAS,  
FRENZY FIENDS, TIS A  
TEARFUL TALE-FUL TO  
TELL YOU, BUT DON'T  
FRET, THE HERO OF THIS  
SONNET IS ABOUT TO BE...

# AVENGED BY AURORA

**DUNDERHEAD!**

ARE YOU NOT CHARGED  
WITH MY HORSE?

IT'S SADDLE  
UNHITCHED AND  
I NEARLY BROKE  
MY NECK!

'T WAS NOT HIS  
SERVANTS' FAULT,  
ZORAC, THE DUKE  
IS UNFAIR!

TIS TRUE,  
ELAINE, BUT THE  
DUNGEONS ARE  
RANK WITH MEN  
WHOVE DISPLEASED  
THE DUKE!

WAIT  
HERE...

**SNEK!**

TOM SUTTON '89









NO ONE, BUT I

UNTIL NOW, BOY, THESE DOORS HAVE ALLOWED NO ONE ENTRANCE-

BEYOND US, SECRETS LIE THAT ONLY THE UNIVERSE KNOWS, AND MAGIC WILL PERMIT. COME...

LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT DESTINY AWAITS YOU-

IN HERE YOU WILL FIND YOUR FATE, YOUNG MAN!

ALREADY, THE ZODIAC FORTELLS YOUR FUTURE-

OR DO YOU PRESUME THAT OUR MEETING WAS MERELY BY CHANCE?





YOUR SIGN, YOUTH,  
TELL ME YOUR  
SIGN!

I CANNOT BE SURE,  
GREAT WIZARD, TO  
FAMILY OF LANCER. I  
WAS BORN, THOMAS  
SOME TWENTY  
SUMMERS PAST!

A LEO, THEN!  
YOU WILL MAKE  
A FINE PUPIL!

PUPIL?

I WILL JOURNEY YOU THROUGH  
THE THE SIGNS OF THE HEAVENS  
SO THAT YOU WILL LEARN TO  
CONTROL THE FATES, THROUGH  
THE WHIMS OF THE STARS...

... YOU WILL LEARN ALL  
THAT I HAVE LEARNED!  
IN THE TRUTH OF MAGIC  
YOU WILL LEARN ALL  
THAT I KNOW!

AND AS THOMAS'S  
MIND BEGAN  
THEN, TO DISCOVER,  
SO DID THE  
APPRENTICE'S  
HEART!







YOU **MUST** KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR **WORK**, THOMAS!

THAT **GIRL** HARDLY KNOWS YOU **EXIST!**

DON'T BE **FRIGHTENED**, I... I KNEW YOU WOULD COME HERE, TONIGHT,

I REMEMBER YOU!

YOU ARE ZORAC'S SERVANT, HE SAVED YOU FROM THE RACK!



I CANNOT HELP MYSELF, ZORAC, I SEE HER FACE EVERYWHERE!

HIS STUDENT!

AND BESIDES TEACHING ME THE STARS, HE HAS SHOWN ME THAT TONIGHT, **OUR FATES** HAVE COMBINED

**A**ND EACH NIGHT, THERE-AFTER, TWO DESTINIES ENTWINED, THOMAS, THE **LEO** AND ELAINE THE **VERGO** TWO LOVERS THE **STARS** UNITED.



OH THOMAS! WHY LOVE LIKE THIS WHEN WE KNOW WE CAN NEVER BE FREE!

WE WILL BE FREE, MY DARLING! TRUST THE **STARS**, THEY NEVER BETRAY THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN THEM!

**Y**ET EVEN THE STARS SOMETIMES WENT OUT, AND WHEN THEY DID...

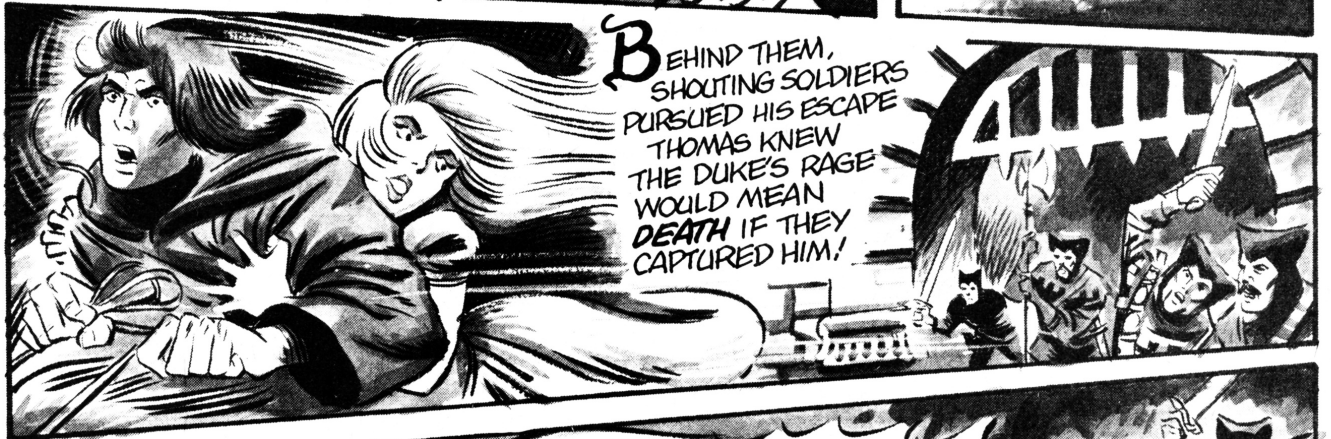
I HAVE WASTED ENOUGH TIME THINKING OF YOU, WENCH!

SUCH A FACE IS TOO DELICATE TO HIDE ITSELF HERE!



YOUR NAME, GIRL! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?









YOU'VE MURDERED HER!

HE MUST BE TAKEN, ALIVE!

DUKE WARWICK HAS COMMANDED IT!

**HAA!**

SEEMS THIS LION-HEARTED FELLOW HAS LOST HIS CROWN!  
**TAKE HIM!**



**Fool!**

DID YOU IMAGINE YOUR MAGIC WAS GREATER THAN MY DEMANDS?

YOUR DREAMS HAVE COST ME THAT GIRL, AND YOU... YOUR LIFE!

DID I NOT WARN YOU THIS WOULD HAPPEN, THOMAS?

AT SUNSET, THE HEADSMAN WILL CLAIM YOU... AND I AM HELPLESS!



MY LIFE MEANS NOTHING NOW, WIZARD. ONLY VENGEANCE FOR THE LIFE OF ELAINE!





MOST NOBLE DUKE,  
SURELY YOU CAN  
FIND **MERCY** IN  
YOUR WISDOM!

**SPARE THIS  
BOY**

**ENOUGH  
MAGICIAN!**

THINK **NOT** TO  
ROB ME OF  
MY SMALL  
**PLEASURES!**

**SLURP!  
BURP!**

I WILL  
TEACH HIM  
THE **FINAL  
LESSON!**

**BEGIN!**



DO NOT **FEAR**  
FOR ME NOW,  
FRIEND, ZORAC-

...INSTEAD,  
TELL ME  
WHAT I  
MUST DO!



SEARCH, MY  
SON... LET THE  
**STARS** BE YOUR  
ANSWER,

**THEY** WILL TELL  
YOU WHAT YOU  
MUST DO.



**B**EADS OF DAWN SPLASHED RED AGAINST THE BLOOD STAINED BLOCK- IN THE SILENT MORNING DEATH KNOLL, A SCREAM UNLOCKED ITS AGONY!

**AAAAAAA!**

QUICKLY! THE DOOR IS BOLTED FROM WITHIN!

IN THERE! IT SOUNDS LIKE... THE DUKE!



THOSE WHO KEPT THEIR SANITY NEVER SPOKE OF THE INCIDENT AGAIN, SUCH THINGS CAN NEVER BE EXPLAINED...

**AAAA ROARRRR!**



MYGOD!

HOW COULD THIS BE?!!

KILL THE BEAST! KILL IT!



UNLESS ONE LOOKS TO THE STARS FOR AN ANSWER



≡SNIFF!≡ DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT OUR HERO WOULD BE AVENGED BY A "ROARER"? AH WELL, AFTER A TAIL LIKE THAT, I GUESS WE WERE ALL WISHIN FOR SOMEONE TO FIX THE DUKE'S WAGGIN! POOR DUKEY... PURRR...!



HUNGRY? WELL, COME AN' GET IT BEFORE I THROWS IT AWAY!  
THIS IS AN APPETIZING MORSEL ABOUT A DOLL THAT LOVES TO  
SHOVEL DOWN THE GRAVE GRUB... 'CAUSE SHE'S A...

# GHOUL GIRL

THERE SHE IS!

A GRAVE'S BEEN  
ROBBED EVERY NIGHT  
FOR THE PAST WEEK!

JA! HAD TO HAVE ITS NIGHTLY  
MEAL! AND THIS IS THE ONLY  
PLACE TO SERVE THE  
GHOUL! COME ON  
LET'S GET HER!!!



"GHOUL! GHOUL!" THE  
CRIES RING OUT  
THROUGH A REMOTE  
AREA OF TWENTIETH  
CENTURY GERMANY!  
THE SILENCE OF THE  
NIGHT IS SLASHED BY  
SOUNDS OF CRACKLING  
TORCHES, CLUBS  
WHISKING THROUGH  
THE NIGHT AIR! A  
FIEND HAD BEEN DIS-  
COVERED WHILE PER-  
FORMING AN OBSCURE  
ACT!



BURN HER!  
CLUB HER  
TO DEATH!

DON'T LET  
THE GHOUL  
ESCAPE!

N-NO! YOU  
ARE WRONG!  
I'M NOT...



KILL HER!  
BEAT HER TO  
A BLOODY PULP!

THEY'RE NOT ABOUT TO  
LISTEN! BUT MAYBE I  
CAN OUTFRAN THEM! MAYBE...







QUICK, MEN!  
BEFORE SHE  
REACHES  
THAT HOUSE!

WE'LL BURN  
IT DOWN  
WITH HER!

JUST AHEAD--MY ONLY CHANCE...

THE GIRL'S FEET TEAR AS SHE  
RUNS OVER THE JAGGED  
PEBBLES AND BITS OF DEBRIS!  
ALREADY, HER BACK FEELS  
THE HEAT OF THE TORCHES,  
AND ANTICIPATES THE  
POUNDING OF THE CLUBS.  
THEN, THERE IS HOPE,  
SALVATION, IF...

SUDDENLY, AROUSED  
BY THE CURSES AND  
BLASPHEMIES OF  
THE VILLAGERS...



WHAT'S ALL THE  
COMMOTION? AND...  
HUH? WHY,  
WHO ARE YOU?

H-HELP ME...  
PLEASE...  
PLEASE...



HOLD IT RIGHT  
THERE! I  
DON'T KNOW  
WHY YOU'RE  
AFTER THIS  
GIRL... BUT  
IF YOU  
DON'T WANT  
TO BE SHOT  
DOWN,  
STAY  
BACK!



DON'T SHOOT...  
WE CAN  
EXPLAIN!

THAT... THAT  
CREATURE IS  
NOT A GIRL!  
HER BEAUTY  
IS A GUISE  
TO CONCEAL  
HER TRUE  
EVIL NATURE!

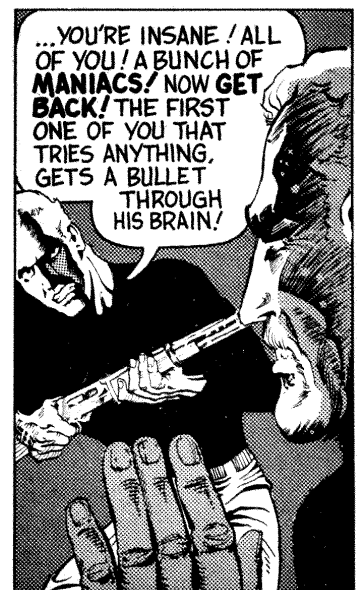


HANS IS RIGHT! SHE IS A VERDAMMT  
CREATURE THAT ROBBS GRAVES!  
A GHOUL!

ACH! AND TONIGHT WE CAUGHT HER  
IN THE VERY ACT OF DESECRATING  
A GRAVE! SHE IS NOT HUMAN!

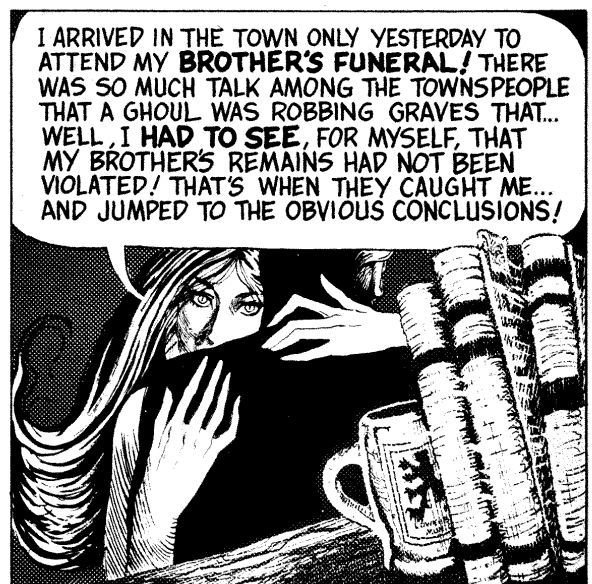
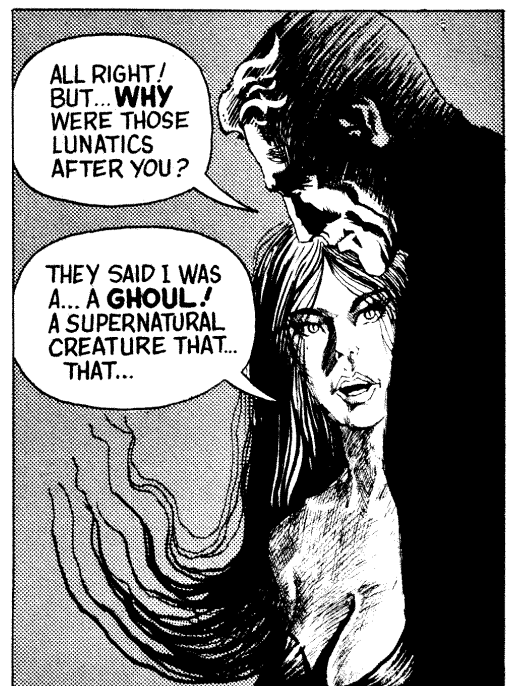
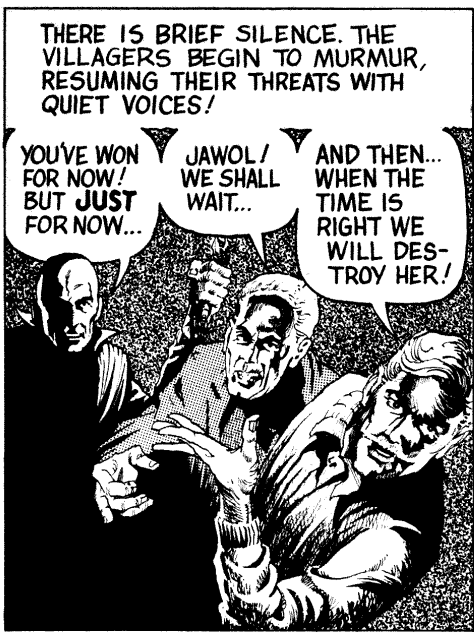
AND SHE MUST  
BE DESTROYED!  
BY FIRE!

WHY...

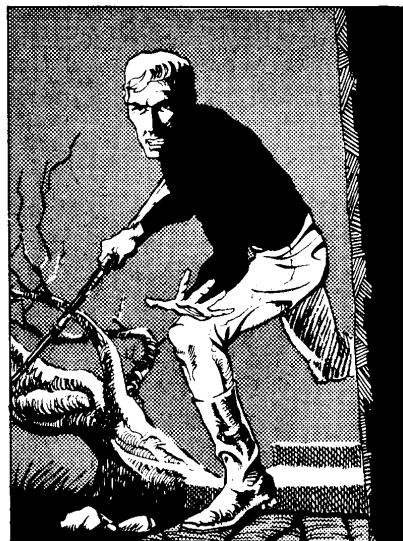


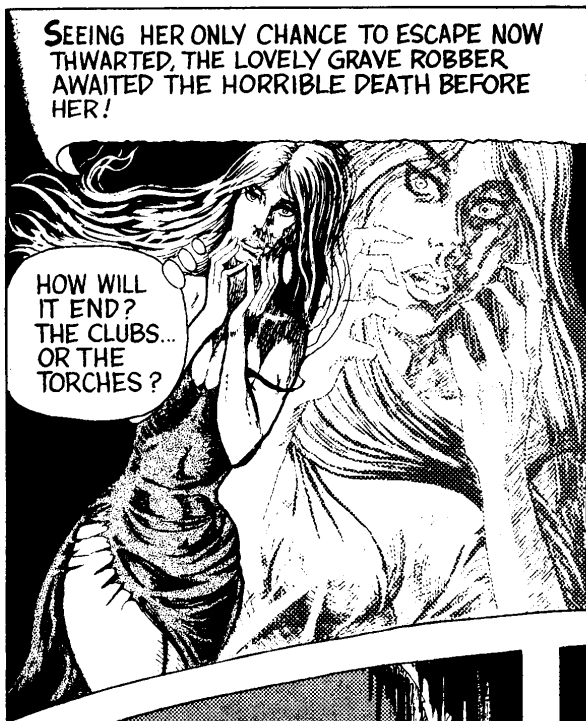
...YOU'RE INSANE! ALL  
OF YOU! A BUNCH OF  
MANIACS! NOW GET  
BACK! THE FIRST  
ONE OF YOU THAT  
TRIES ANYTHING,  
GETS A BULLET  
THROUGH  
HIS BRAIN!











SEEING HER ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE NOW THWARTED, THE LOVELY GRAVE ROBBER AWAITED THE HORRIBLE DEATH BEFORE HER!

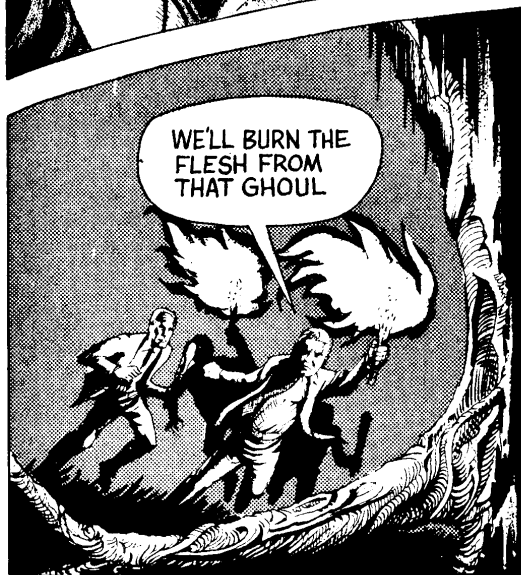
HOW WILL IT END? THE CLUBS... OR THE TORCHES?



HE IS WAKENING! BUT NO MATTER!

WE HAVE DO WHAT WE CAME TO DO! GET YOUR TORCHES READY!

WAIT... DON'T BE INSANE!



WE'LL BURN THE FLESH FROM THAT GHOUL



YOU HAVE TAKEN YOUR LAST MEAL FROM OUR GROUND!



P-PLEASE, YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE...



STOP THIS...! YOU MUST!

HIMMEL!



QUICK! OUT THE FRONT DOOR WHILE I HOLD THEM OFF!

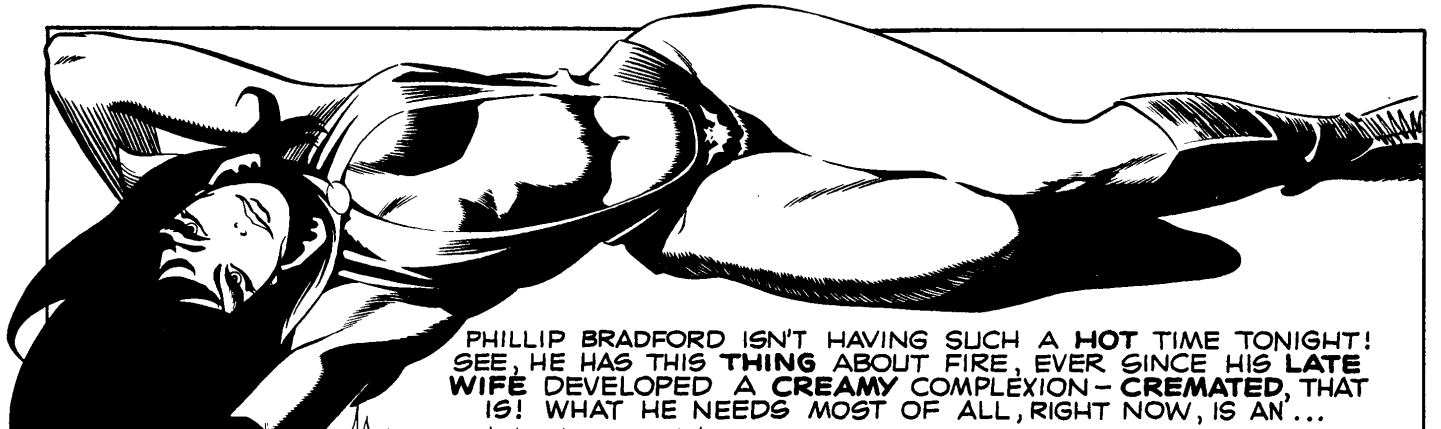


THE GIRL OBEYS, MOVING AWAY FROM THE SOUNDS OF CRACKING BONES! BUT AS THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN...

YOU ARE GOING NOWHERE EXCEPT TO HADES WHERE YOU BELONG!







PHILLIP BRADFORD ISN'T HAVING SUCH A HOT TIME TONIGHT! SEE, HE HAS THIS THING ABOUT FIRE, EVER SINCE HIS LATE WIFE DEVELOPED A CREAMY COMPLEXION - CREMATED, THAT IS! WHAT HE NEEDS MOST OF ALL, RIGHT NOW, IS AN ...

# ESCAPE ROUTE!



FIRE AGAIN!  
ALL AROUND ME!

I KNOW I'M ONLY IMAGINING IT - BUT WHY CAN'T I EVER FORGET?

HE FELT THE TEARS AND TRIED DESPERATELY TO PREVENT THEM FROM HIS CHEEKS. WHEN UNCONTROLLABLE SOBS BURST FORTH, HE HOPED THE OTHERS IN THE RESTAURANT HADN'T NOTICED...

HE STARED INTO HIS COFFEE A MOMENT, SILENTLY, AND WHEN HE LOOKED UP AGAIN, THE RESTAURANT HAD RETURNED TO NORMAL. HIS HALLUCINATION WAS OVER. STILL, THERE WERE SOME THINGS THAT WOULD NEVER BE OVER...

SHERRY! SHERRY, MY GOD, I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY I DIDN'T SAVE YOU FROM THAT FIRE...

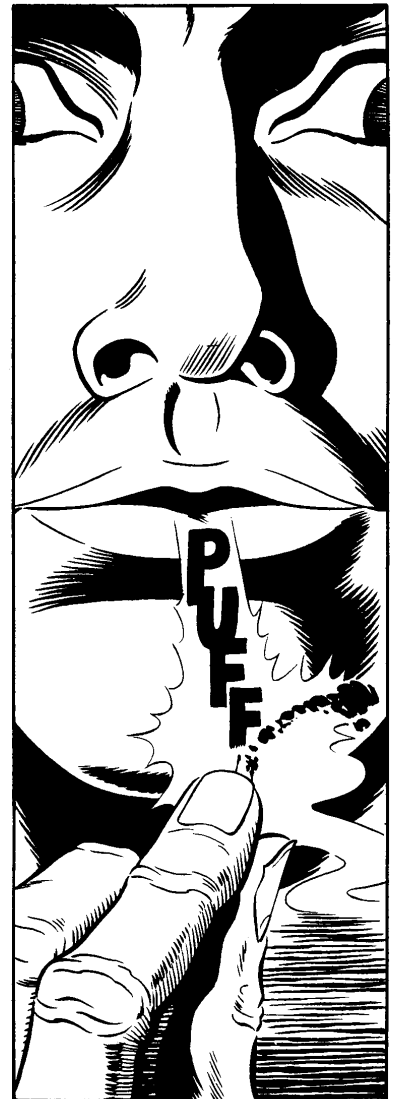
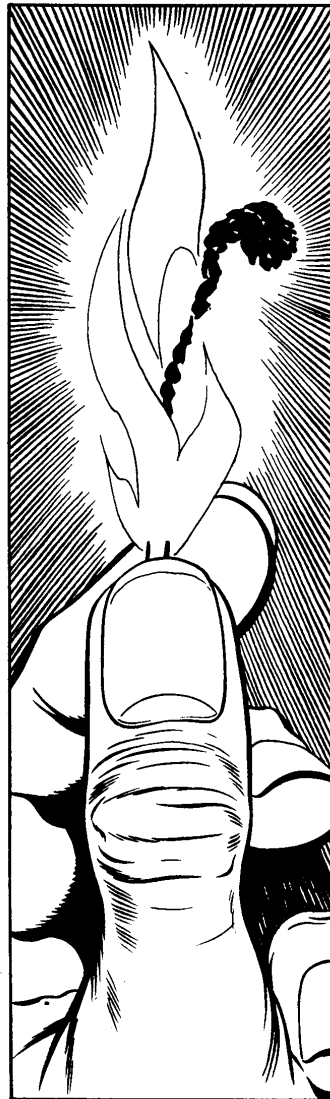


I'M SORRY...  
SORRY...  
SORRY...





HE LIT A CIGARETTE,  
THEN WATCHED THE  
MATCH'S FLAME SLOWLY  
MAKE ITS WAY TOWARD  
THE TIPS OF HIS  
THUMB AND FOREFINGER...



SHERRY HAD TO  
BURN - BECAUSE  
OF ME!



WEAKNESS PASSED  
THROUGH HIM, AND  
HE REMAINED  
SILENT AND HELPLESS.  
HIS MIND TURNED  
BACK ITS PAGES  
REMEMBERING THE  
DAY OF HIS WIFE'S  
DEATH AS PERHAPS  
A MILLION TIMES  
BEFORE...

HE HAD RETURNED LATE FROM WORK. HE KNEW SHERRY WAS INSIDE...



BUT THE FLAMES HAD BEEN SO HOT; SEARING HIS FACE!



IT WAS USELESS...



HE'D WATCHED AS THE BURNING HOUSE FINALLY COLLAPSED... WITH SHERRY STILL INSIDE!







HE RAN LIKE A MADMAN TOWARD THE SOUND OF HER VOICE, IGNORING THE FLAMES, THINKING ONLY THAT PERHAPS HE'D BEEN GRANTED A SECOND CHANCE!



I'M COMING, SHERRY! I'M COMING!

SUDDENLY, TWO FIREMEN APPEAR...



C'MON, BUDDY!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



NOT THIS TIME!

YOU WON'T STOP ME THIS TIME!

THUNK!



OH PHILLIP! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!

SHERRY! I'VE FOUND YOU!







REALLY A BAD ONE, EH?



EVERYBODY GOT OUT EXCEPT HIM!

YEAH, TOO BAD ABOUT THAT ONE!



HE KEPT YELLING SOMETHING ABOUT A GIRL—

YEA! SHERRY SOMEBODY... WEIRD!



WONDER WHAT GOT INTO HIM, ANYWAY?



LOOKS LIKE POOR PHILLIP GOT ALL FIRED UP OVER NOTHING, EH?

OH WELL, MAYBE NOT... WHO KNOWS?

MIKE RYAN

FOR THOSE OF YOU MOON-FOONS WHO MISSED THIS HISTORIC LANDING ON SKELEVISION, SIT BACK AND STARE AT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED ON...

# "LUNA"

"TRANQUILITY BASE HERE! THE *EAGLE* HAS LANDED! ALMOST ETERNAL INTERLUDE!" THERE IS AN EARTH CRAFT RESTS ON THE LUNAR SURFACE, BRING THE *APOLLO 11* MISSION TO ITS HALFWAY POINT! AFTER SEEMINGLY ENDLESS HOURS PASS, A HATCH OPENS!

THAT'S ONE SMALL STEP FOR MAN -- ONE GIANT STEP FOR MANKIND!

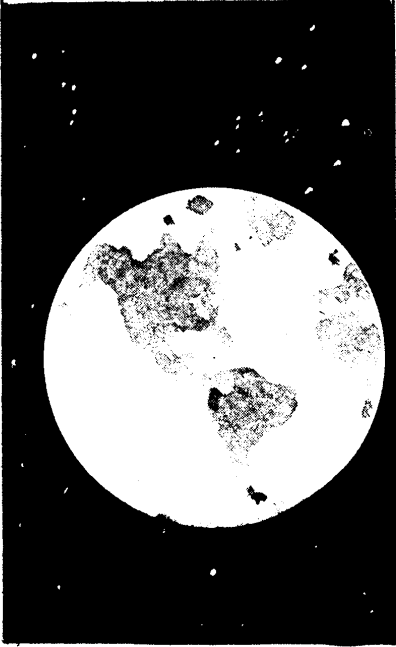
ON THE MOON, BOTH EXCITEMENT AND DUTY WHILE ONE OF *EARTH'S* HEROES AMUSES HIMSELF BY LEAPING ABOUT THE SPHERE'S ONE-SIXTH GRAVITY...

... THE OTHER ASTRONAUT SCOOPS UP THE DOCUMENTED ROCK SAMPLES THAT WILL BE STUDIED BACK ON EARTH! IT IS WITH THIS PRICELESS SAMPLING THAT OUR STORY *BEGINS...*

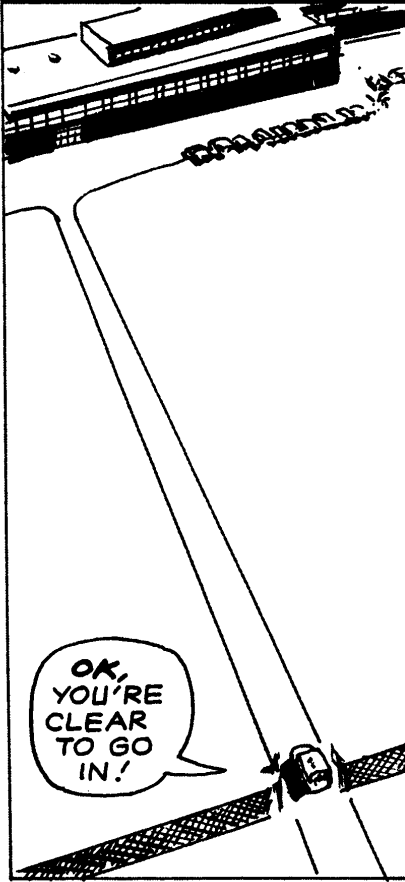




THE ASTRONAUTS HAVE BEEN BACK ON THEIR WORLD FOR SOME TIME! DURING THAT TIME, THE EXCITEMENT OF THE FIRST MEN TO SET FOOT UPON *LUNA* HAS DWINDLED! HOWEVER, AT ONE PLACE ON EARTH, THEIR MISSION WILL PRODUCE EVEN GREATER EFFECTS!



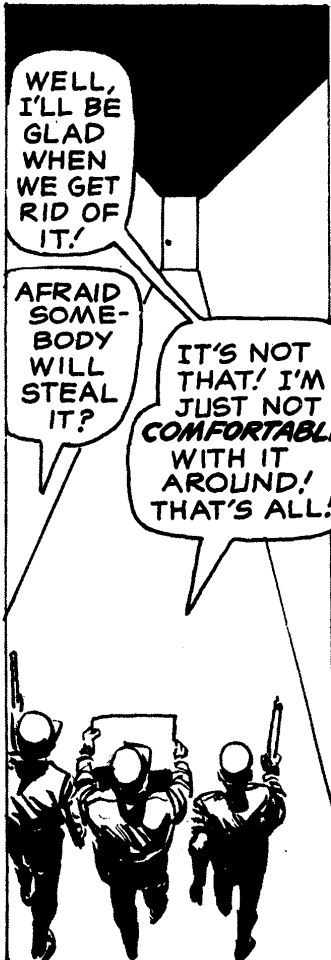
THAT PLACE: ONE OF OUR LARGEST GEOLOGICAL INSTITUTES!



OK, YOU'RE CLEAR TO GO IN!

THEY SURE ARE GOING THROUGH A LOT OF TROUBLE TO KEEP THIS STUFF OUT OF ANYBODY ELSE'S HANDS!

THIS... STUFF AS YOU CALL IT... IS A COLLECTION OF ROCKS BROUGHT BACK BY THE ASTRONAUTS FROM THE MOON. SCIENTIFICALLY INVALUABLE!



WELL, I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE GET RID OF IT!

AFRAID SOMEBODY WILL STEAL IT?

IT'S NOT THAT! I'M JUST NOT COMFORTABLE WITH IT AROUND! THAT'S ALL!



AH!

DR. GLUCKSON... HERE ARE YOUR SAMPLES!



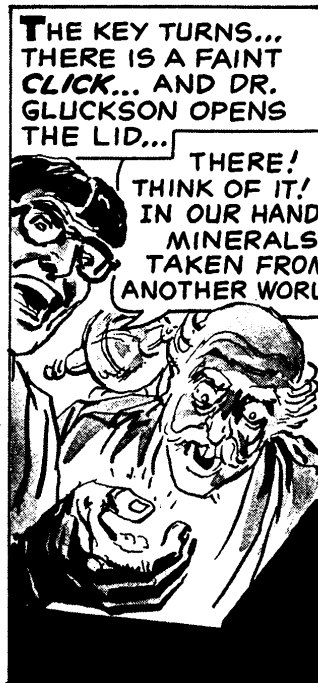
THANK-YOU GENTLEMEN! THAT'LL BE ALL!



DR. DANIELS, HERE IT IS! IT'S ALMOST TOO INCREDIBLE TO BELIEVE! ACTUAL SAMPLES OF THE MOON'S SURFACE!

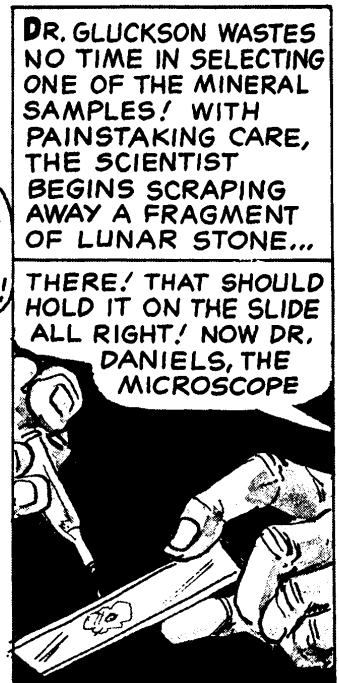


YES! BUT WE HAVE NO TIME FOR DREAMING NOW! WE'VE GOT SOME... ANALYZING OF THESE SPECIMENS TO DO! UNLOCK THE CONTAINER!



THE KEY TURNS... THERE IS A FAINT CLICK... AND DR. GLUCKSON OPENS THE LID...

THERE! THINK OF IT! IN OUR HANDS, MINERALS TAKEN FROM ANOTHER WORLD!



DR. GLUCKSON WASTES NO TIME IN SELECTING ONE OF THE MINERAL SAMPLES! WITH PAINSTAKING CARE, THE SCIENTIST BEGINS SCRAPING AWAY A FRAGMENT OF LUNAR STONE...

THERE! THAT SHOULD HOLD IT ON THE SLIDE ALL RIGHT! NOW DR. DANIELS, THE MICROSCOPE



NOW FOR A BETTER FOCUS AND... GOOD GRIEF! THIS IS SHEER LUNACY! THIS JUST CAN'T BE RIGHT!

DR. GLUCKSON! WHAT DO YOU SEE?



HERE, DANIELS! TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF! TELL ME THAT I'M... JUST HALLUCINATING!



WITH BOTH ANXIETY AND CAUTION, DR. DANIELS SQUINTS INTO THE EYEPIECE OF THE MICROSCOPE... THEN HIS EYES SNAP! HE REFOCUSSES TO INSURE AGAINST A MISTAKE OF OPTICS...

GOOD LORD!





IT'S...  
SHE'S...  
ALIVE!!!



SOMEHOW, WHEN I  
SAW HER I WANTED  
TO POSSESS HER!  
BUT THIS CAN'T  
BE REAL! LOGIC  
SCREAMS  
AGAINST IT!

DOCTOR!  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
STRANGER  
HERE! SHE'S  
GROWING!



THIS IS  
INSANITY!!!



DOCTOR!  
DO SOMETHING!

DO SOMETHING?  
WHAT?!!!

**CRA-SH!**



ARE... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES! THE PROCESS IS COMPLETE, NOW!  
THANK YOU! I BELIEVE I AM ON WHAT YOU CALL... EARTH!

GOOD GRAVY! SHE'S COMMUNICATING TELEPATHICALLY!



I AM SORRY FOR THE DAMAGE I HAVE CAUSED, BUT YOU COULD NOT KNOW ABOUT REBIRTH... AS I DID NOT FORESEE IT!



MY NAME IS LUNA! YOUR MOON WAS THE PLANET OF MY BIRTH! BUT THAT WAS SO MANY AGES AGO-- BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF LIFE ON YOUR WORLD! THEN-- THE MOON WAS VASTLY DIFFERENT FROM THE WAY IT IS NOW...



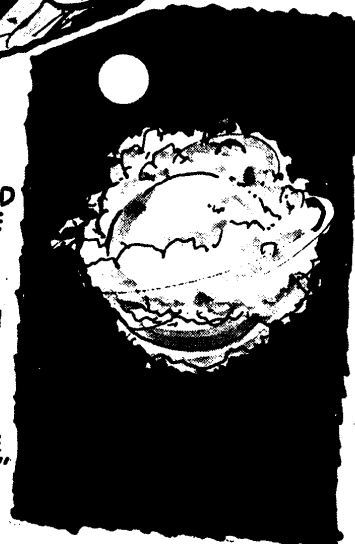
"OUR WORLD HAD A COMFORTABLE ATMOSPHERE... LUSH FOLIAGE AND MUCH FOOD AND NATURAL DRINK! THE TECHNOLOGICAL STATE WE HAD REACHED, FAR SURPASSED ANYTHING ON YOUR WORLD!"



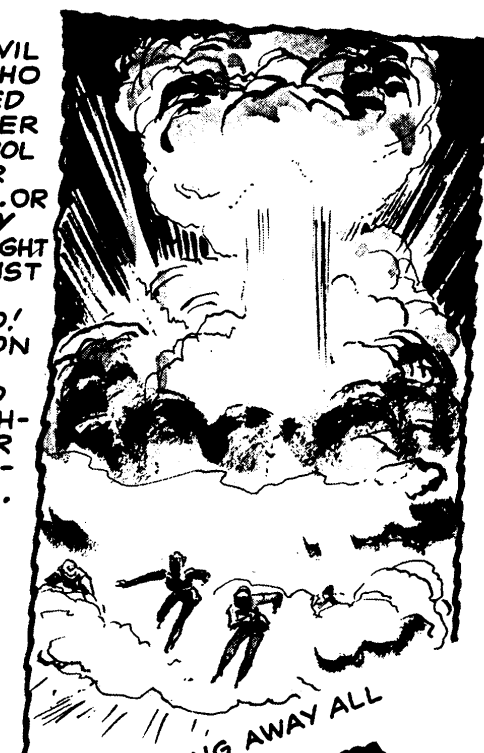
... DRYING UP ALL OUR MOISTURE, DEHYDRATING OUR BODY SYSTEMS, WIPING AWAY ALL ATMOSPHERE! DAY BY DAY OUR PEOPLE BELIEVED EXTINCTION INEVITABLE!



"OUR SURVIVING SCIENTISTS EXPLODED ANOTHER BOMB... ONE THAT ACTED UPON THE RESULTS OF THE FIRST, STEPPING UP THE DEHYDRATION SO THAT ALL LIFE ON THE MOON WOULD BE REDUCED TO TINY SOLID CRYSTALS! WE WERE SAVED FROM DOOM!"



"BUT EVIL MEN WHO WANTED TO EITHER CONTROL THEIR WORLD... OR DESTROY IT, BROUGHT HOLOCAUST TO MY WORLD! RADIATION SOON SPREAD THROUGHOUT OUR ATMOSPHERE..."



MY CRYSTAL WAS APPARENTLY IN THE SAMPLE OF ROCKS BROUGHT BACK TO EARTH! WHEN YOU ADDED THE DROP OF WATER TO THE MICROSCOPE SLIDE, THE MOISTURE RESTORED ME TO MY PROPER SIZE!



UTTERLY AMAZING!







AND HUNGRY!

SEE WHAT HAPPENS  
WHEN YOU MOON OVER  
SOME UNREACHABLE  
FOREIGN CHICK? JUST  
BE THANKFUL IT WASN'T  
A BATCH OF **BUGS**  
OUR SPACE-BOYS  
BROUGHT BACK!  
WOULDN'T IT BE A  
DRAG IF OLD MOM  
EARTH SUFFERED AN  
INVASION OF...  
**LUNA-TICKS?**



ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPI  
#6  
JULY

# VAMPIRELLA

Is it possible to escape from your grave?  
See what happens to DARKWORTH --- on page 21



Fully

50c



# VAMPI'S FEARY TALES



**THE CENTAUR** GALLOPED OVER THE FOOTHILLS OF THESSALY IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY. HALF-MAN---HALF-HORSE, **CENTAUR** BECAME LEGENDARY FOR THEIR JOLLY DRUNKENNESS AND THEIR DEVIL-MAY-CARE ATTITUDE IN COURT-ING HOOF-LESS HUMAN WOMEN. **A CENTAUR** IS SHOWN HERE WITH THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK KING PIROTHOUS. THE MOST FAMOUS OF **CENTAURS** WAS CHIRON, THE PERSONAL TEACHER AND ADVISOR OF ACHILLES, JASON AND HERCULES---THREE OF GREECE'S GREATEST HEROS...



ART AND STORY BY DAN ADKINS



# VAMPIRELLA

**EDITOR AND PUBLISHER:** JAMES WARREN **COVER:** KEN KELLY

**ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:** DAN ADKINS, FRANK BOLLE, JERRY GRANDENETTI, MIKE ROYER, JACK SPARLING, TONY WILLIAMS **WRITERS THIS ISSUE:** VERN BENNETT, NICOLA CUTI, GARDNER FOX, LARRY HERNDON, BUDDY SAUNDERS



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Corrosive comments from our pulsating public .....

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### THE BROTHERS DEATH

A mystical volume transports a beautiful girl to the Kingdom of Death .....

### DARKWORTH

A magician attempts the greatest trick of his life and death .....

### NEW GIRL IN TOWN

Let us introduce you to a delightful damsel . . . and some demonical doings!

### VICTIM OF THE VAMPYRE

A monster of the undead battles a priest for the soul of a lovely bride .....

### VAMPI'S FLAMES

Our haunting hostess . . . as portrayed by you fiendish fans! .....

### ONE WAY TRIP

Journey into the dark recesses of a man's mind . . . where monstrous evil stalks! .....

### THE WOLF-MAN

You'll find this tale of a wife's attempt to get rid of her husband something to howl about. ....







# “Vampi, you’re a real, swinging chick!”

The cover of **VAMPIRELLA** #4 was pretty good, but the inside art was a big let-down. The best effort of the magazine was the cover story, “Forgotten Kingdom.” The combination of SF, suspense, and beasties made it nearly perfect.

Anyway, your distribution system doesn’t work too well in Texas. I’ve only seen one copy of #4 in about seven stores. No wonder you have to offer special subscription rates.

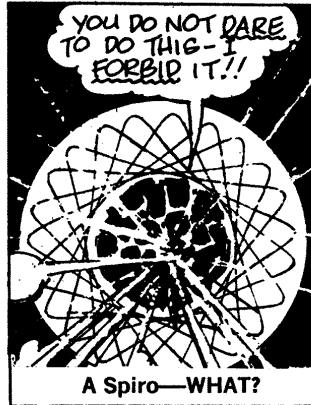
**BOB WAYNE**  
Fort Worth, Tex.

Could it be that those stores were all sold out? It is possible, you know. But feel free to take advantage of our special price for a subscription. Then keep on touring newsstands putting the **VAMPIRELLAS** up front where everybody can see them.

I didn’t buy the first three issues of your magazine because I thought it would be boring. When I bought #4, I flipped! As soon as I had finished, I wrote right away for those first three from your

back issue department. Keep up the good work. Pretty soon I’ll be sending for a subscription.

**FRANK KOZIEL**  
Chicago, Ill.



A Spiro—WHAT?

Vampi, you must be biting my neck (or is it “pulling my leg”?). Have you been letting Mr. St. Clair loose with his Spirograph again? I’m referring to his wild designs in “Forgotten Kingdom,” the cover story in your issue #4. I’m not saying it was a bad job. The fact is, I like his

style. But don’t you think 25 of those designs is a bit ridiculous?

Well, anyway, I think this issue was a bloody success that could top the best of Uncle Creepy or Cousin Eerie any day. Keep up the excellent work and thanks for giving us a fan club page.

**MIKE SWANSON**  
St. James, N.Y.

Oh, I don’t know, Mike. The way I hear it, a lot of people have designs on me. I just love it when one of them puts it on paper.

They have some very weird, supernatural traditions in this part of the world. (Thailand.) If you can, try to get hold of some Oriental ghost stories to read. And if you ever have a chance, try to take in a Japanese or Chinese horror film of the traditional type. They’re superbly terrifying!

**ED SITCH**  
Thailand

I have seen some, and I agree. Why not send us a story or two for our new “Vampi’s Flames” page?

I just want to say that I and a lot of other people think that **VAMPIRELLA** is the best. It’s the most exciting magazine on the market. But what I really want to tell you is that I’m dying to have a big, big pin-up of Vampi. And so are a lot of other people. Please don’t disappoint us. We want those pin-ups in a hurry. We all love you, some of us are even crazy about you. As soon as those pin-ups are available, I’m going to buy a dozen.

**TERRY CLARK**  
Dallas, Texas

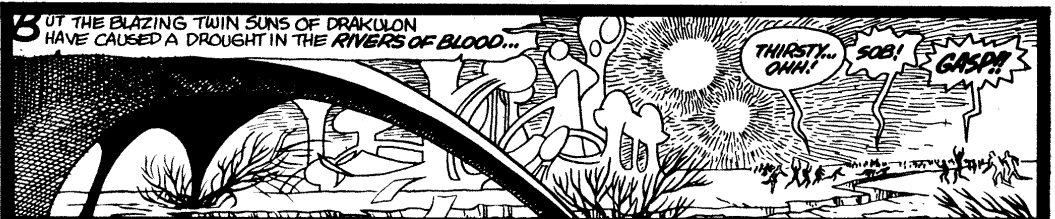
I hope you don’t have to wait much longer. But we want the pin-ups to be perfect before offering them.

I don’t really know what to say. I’ve never been in love with a vampire before. How about telling the world a few things about yourself? Like what are your measurements? Do you really look like Frank Frazetta portrays you? If you do, I’d like a date! I know it would be my last one, but if there’s anyone in the world I’d gladly donate my blood to, it’s you.

Your magazine is absolutely great. It’s the weirdest, sexiest, the most fantastic literature that has ever appeared on my dealer’s shelf. I’m looking forward to seeing more of you. Why not set a precedent in horror magazines by having a monthly centerfold of you and only you.

**GARY CHARWIN**  
Fords, N.J.

If we had a centerfold, we wouldn’t sell many pin-ups, would we? My measurements are a secret. We don’t want the competition to know all the intimate details.



**RABID READER RESPONSE** to stories about Draculon, as indicated in letters such as these, has inspired a series of Vampi’s further adventures to appear future issues. Watch for them!

I was lucky enough to get the number one Collector’s Edition of **VAMPIRELLA**, and I’m now a subscriber. I think your magazine is groovy and I hope it will be a big hit like **CREEPY** and **EERIE**. What ever happened to you after you landed on earth in issue #3? You weren’t even in issue #4. I just had a great idea: Why don’t you print a paperback book about your life on Draculon? Why are you going to have a Fan Club? And when are you going to have pin-ups of yourself?

**EDDIE BOGGS**  
Westminster, S.C.

I really dig your magazine. But, while it’s great, it could be even greater. Your first issue included the great story on Vampi’s origin. And you had that fantastic prologue to “October,” where they burned that girl at the stake. Since then, your magazine hasn’t quite lived up to the

high quality of those two stories. Please—in the future—how about more like those!

**GEORGE SLATTER**  
Dayton, Ind.

Like you, I am a vampire. Haven’t I seen you on my home planet, Draculon? If you were not born there, then you may have visited there at one time. If not, let me tell you about it:

Drakulon is the first planet of the Vamperiea star system. Our sun, Vamperiea, is a blood red sun. It is a very dim sun that bathes our planet in a red glow, not much brighter than the light cast by the Earth’s Moon when it is full. So we never have to worry about the sun’s destructive rays. We get our food in the form of blood that grows on plants that thrive in the light of our sun.

In Earth terms I am 3,655 years old. But on Drakulon, I’m only 16. I was born in the

fourth month of the Krylon, which is equal to 200 years here on this planet.

I am 6 feet tall, I have straight brown hair and misty gray eyes. I speak with a slight Drakulonion accent, which here on Earth is interpreted as a slight lisp. The reason I left my home planet is that the bright sunlight of this world doesn’t bother me, and the food supply here is excellent. But I do find it necessary to wear dark glasses here. My real name is Searon Remick, though I never use it now that I have come here.


**CHARLES GROVER**  
Galesville, Wisc.

It’s a small world! Only last week, I had a note from my sister, Draculina, who still lives back on Drakulon. The first thing she asked was “What ever became of good old Searon Remick?”. I can’t wait to tell her.

“ I’ve never been in love with a vampire, before! ”

I think that **VAMPIRELLA**, is the coolest, swiftest, best-looking vampire ever created. She ought to be on television. If other comic book characters (no offense!) can make it, why can't a good-looking girl vampire get her own TV show? If crazy, out-of-it weirdos can get on by just acting stupid, why can't a fun-loving, blood-thirsty, good-looking vampire get her own show? It makes me mad!


**DAVID LUTZ**  
New Brighton, Pa.

 Makes me mad, too, Dave. Maybe we should all spend watching television and spend more time reading magazines like this one.

The cover on issue #4 was fab! it was very mysterious-looking, and interesting at the same time. But please don't put borders on your covers. I'm starting a collection of your magazines and I hope they're all as good as the past issues. Please let us have more stories about Vampi. I'd like to learn more about her, and her plans for the future. For some reason,

when I'm at the lakeshore at night and the moon is shining, I get the feeling it is trying to tell me something. I've always liked full moons, but don't know why I feel that way. But that day when I reached for an issue of **EERIE** and saw the first issue of **VAMPIRELLA**, I knew for the first time what the moon meant. Vampi is here to stay. I think she's just great.

**PAUL BENNETT**  
Agincourt, Ontario

 Maybe you're part vampire Paul, I've always had a strange feeling about full moons myself.

Vampi, I really loved issue #4. The stories were great, and the art was wonderful, too. I've read **CREEPY** and **EERIE**, and I think they're pretty good, but your magazine is really outstanding. The trouble is, issue #4 was the only time I have ever seen your magazine in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Were the first three issues sent here? Please use more stories about yourself in future issues. In the letters page in issue #4, I read about someone called



Cousin Evily—  
Kittenish cut-up

“Evily.” I gather she's your cousin. Let's have a few stories about her, too.

**PAMELA INGLEHUT**  
Santa Fe, N.M.

Vampi, you're a real swinging chick. But I'm afraid you're a little too swinging. Like for instance, your costume. I guess that's the reason those weirdos at 22 E. 42nd Street named you Vampirella!

Now, for your great mag, which is supremely better than **CREEPY** or **EERIE**. Much better. But, I'll have to admit those squares have wised up and improved their own magazines. Because they are both much better since you were

“born.” Probably your second issue was the best so far because of a great story and illustration job. But I sure thought your third issue stunk!

Keep those issues like #2 and I'll keep these cards and letters coming. And if you organize a fan club, you can count me in all the way.

**CHRIS DUFFIE**  
Monterey, Cal.



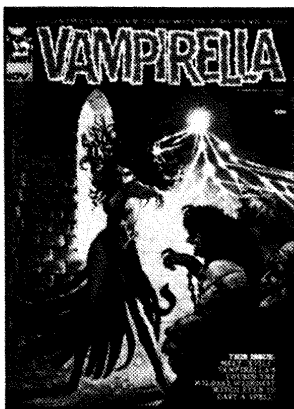
You know what they say, Chris; behind every great man there's a woman. Congratulations on being the first to notice my influence on those other two characters. Sorry the third issue didn't match the second. I think we can expect cards and letters from those who don't agree with you!

We think all our artists can draw girls. What do you think? Send us your comments, puffs and pans. And address all those cards and letters from



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So you're going to be a PIG about it? You say you want LORE for your money? Here's a sweet young MYTH who'll try to amuse you while your blood runs cold to the haunting doom of.....

# CIRCE

OUT OF THE MISTS OF FOLKLORE AND LEGENDRY COMES THE TERRIBLE WHISPER OF EVIL ENCHANTMENT AND LETHAL LEGENDRY KNOWN AS CIRCE. THE OLD TALES ARE WRITTEN OFF AS MAUNDERINGS OF IMAGINATIVE MINDS, BUT THE LADY OF THE PIGS IS AS REAL AS TODAY! ON HER ISLAND, MEN ARE TURNED TO BOARS AND TUSKERS, AND HER ISLAND CAN BE FOUND-- BUT READ ON, READ ON...

COME TO ME, YOU TRAVELERS OF THE STORM-TOSSED SEAS! HERE ON MY ISLAND THERE IS NO TIME--NOTHING BUT MY BEAUTY TO ENTHRALL YOU AND MY WILL TO MAKE YOU FORGET YOUR CARES AND WOES. IO! IO! COME TO ME... TO... CIRCE..



THE VOICE WAS A MERE WHISPER IN THE WIND THAT MOANED ABOUT THE CRUISE SHIP ON WHICH PAUL MADDEN WAS VOYAGING THROUGH THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA...

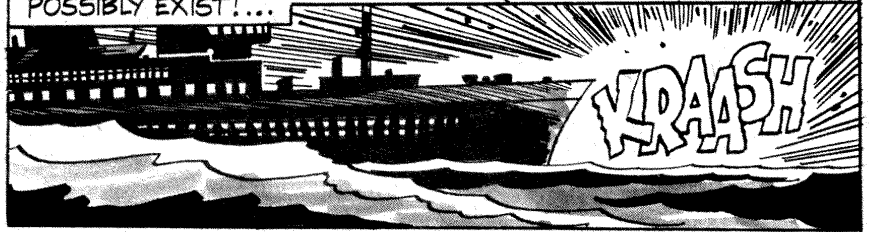


STRANGE! IT'S AS IF THE WIND WERE--  
TALKING TO ME! INVITING ME TO COME  
WITH IT...TO FAR PLACES...BUT THAT'S  
RIDICULOUS!



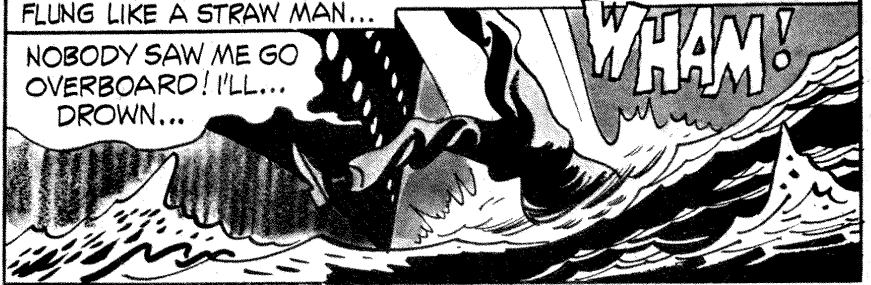
I MUST'VE  
HAD TOO MUCH  
BUBBLEY AT  
THE CAPTAIN'S  
TABLE  
TONIGHT!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THE WIND GREW STRONGER...**STRONGER!**  
UNTIL TOWARD MORNING, DRIVEN BY TREMENDOUS GALES--THE  
CRUISE SHIP STRUCK A STONE WALL--WHERE NO WALL COULD  
POSSIBLY EXIST!...



AND INTO THOSE AWESOMELY HEAVING WATERS, PAUL MADDEN WAS  
FLUNG LIKE A STRAW MAN...

NOBODY SAW ME GO  
OVERBOARD! I'LL...  
DROWN...



THE CURRENTS DRAGGED THE DESPERATELY  
STRUGGLING MAN DOWNWARD--YET THE  
SEA COULD NOT QUITE SWALLOW HIM...



WITH MORNING, AS HIS SALT-  
CAKED EYES OPENED...

WHE--WHERE AM I?  
SAY--WAIT! WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHY, YOU'RE  
DRAGGING ME  
BACK INTO THE  
SEA! LET GO...

NO WAY TO  
FIGHT THESE  
BIG WAVES--  
EVEN IF I  
AM A GOOD  
SWIMMER.

THE SEA IS SAFER  
THAN THE LAND--ON  
THIS ISLAND!

PLEASE! I WILL  
FLEE WITH YOU.  
THIS IS A BAD  
PLACE.



SAY, WHAT  
ARE YOU---  
SOME KIND  
OF NUT?  
HERE I AM  
LUCKY TO BE  
ALIVE--AND  
YOU WANT  
ME TO  
GO BACK IN  
THAT SEA  
AGAIN!

A VOICE LIKE THE SONG OF THE BREEZE IN POPLAR  
TREES CALLS SOFTLY...

HELEN! BRING THE  
YOUNG MAN TO ME.

IT'S TOO LATE  
NOW...**TOO  
LATE!**

MAN--WHAT  
A DISH!





**CIRCE** THE ENCHANTRESS BECKONS...AND ALL MEN MUST OBEY!...



I DIDN'T KNOW THEY MADE GIRLS LIKE YOU ANY MORE! I'M COMING, HONEY-- JUST AS FAST AS I CAN.

THE BEAUTY OF CIRCE IS LIKE A SAVAGE DRUMBEAT, THRILLING AND EXCITING! IT THRILLS, IT MESMERIZES....



WELCOME, YOUNG MAN-- WELCOME!

HER IVORY ARMS GO ABOUT HIS NECK. HER LIPS, AS THEY KISS, BURN WITH AN ENCHANTING FLAME....



OH, I'M GOING TO LIKE IT HERE! YOU SHALL REST, FIRST. AND THEN YOU SHALL BATHE AND AFTER THAT--THE FEASTING AND THE LOVING.



BEMUSED--YET NOT QUESTIONING HIS FATE--PAUL RESTS THEN...



YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS, HELEN. BUT I DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST YOU. ANY GIRL WOULD BE JEALOUS OF-- HER!

I WARNED YOU!



WINE! SONG! AND OF COURSE--WOMEN! WOMEN SUCH AS PAUL MADDEN HAD NEVER SEEN, AND SMILING DOWN FROM HER EBONY AND IVORY THRONE, THE LOVELIEST OF THEM ALL.....

AND HELEN WANTED TO SCARE ME OFF FROM A LIFE LIKE THIS!

**CIRCE!**

AFTER THE FEASTING--- THE LOVING, MY HANDSOME DARLING! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE ANY-ONE LIKE YOU VISITED MY ISLAND!



IN THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT, MUCH LATER....



QUAFF DEEP OF THIS ELIXIR OF THE GODS!

IN THE ARMS OF **CIRCE** A MAN FORGETS HIS NAME, WHAT HE WAS AND WHAT HE EVER HOPES TO BE. ALL HE KNOWS IS PLEASURE.....

BUT IN THE MORNING...

WHERE IS SHE? AND-- WHAT AM I DOING ON THE FLOOR? I FEEL SO STRANGE. HAVE I SHRUNK? OR.....





A BOAR CANNOT SCREAM. OR PAUL MADDEN MIGHT HAVE SCREAMED HIS LUNGS OUT ON SEEING WHAT HE IS AND WHAT HE HAS BECOME!...

OUT! OUT! YOU'RE JUST ONE OF HER SWINE NOW!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! I--I'M DRUNK AND DELIRIOUS-- --SOMEWHERE....

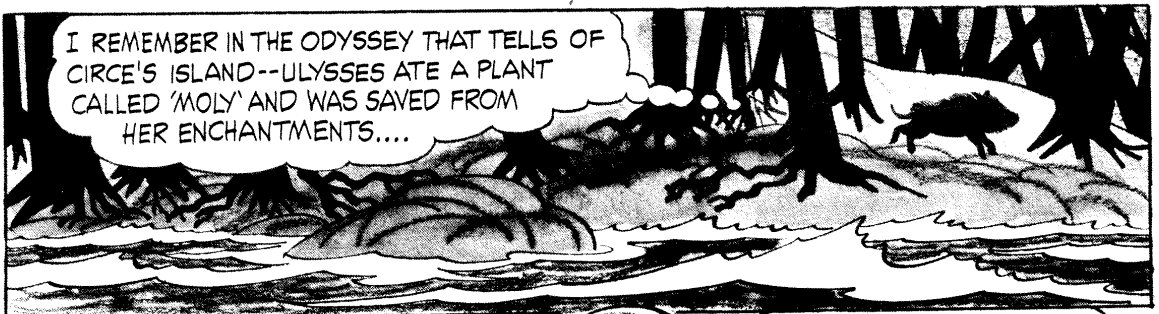
PALSIED WITH FEAR AND SHOCK, PAUL MADDEN RAN THROUGH THE ISLAND WOODS. DAZED AND INCREDULOUS, HE STILL CANNOT ACCEPT HIS FANTASTIC FATE...

I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT! IF THIS IS REALITY, THEN THAT WOMAN MUST BE....



HALF OUT OF HIS MIND, ALMOST BELIEVING THAT HE IS MAD, THE BOAR THAT WAS PAUL MADDEN FLED THROUGH THE DENSE WOODS OF THIS EERIE ISLAND.

I REMEMBER IN THE ODYSSEY THAT TELLS OF CIRCE'S ISLAND--ULYSSES ATE A PLANT CALLED 'MOLY' AND WAS SAVED FROM HER ENCHANTMENTS....



A SOFT VOICE CALLED...

PAUL MADDEN--  
COME TO ME.  
PAULLLLLLL... PAULLLLLLL!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT MOLY LOOKS LIKE AND--WHAT'S THAT?

COME, PAUL, FEED ON THIS HERB THAT WILL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR HUMANITY!

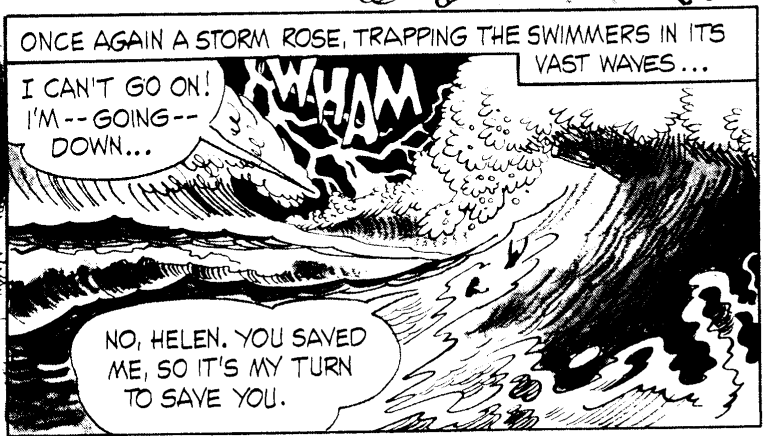
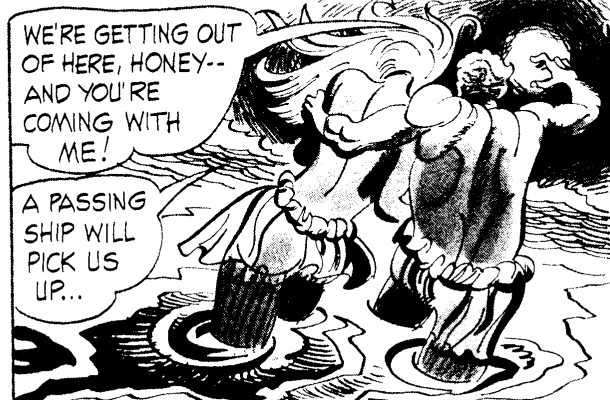
HELEN! I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO HER. NOW SHE'S SAVING ME---IN SPIE OF MYSELF!



SLOWLY HIS BODY CHANGED...



HAND IN HAND PAUL AND HELEN FLED INTO THE SEA..



WITH MORNING, TWO BODIES LIE ON THE SANDY SHELF OF ONE OF THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.





SING A SONG OF SIX PENCE, SING OF THINGS THAT DIE,  
SING OF TWENTY RAVENS BAKED IN A PIE,  
SING OF A DARLING CHILD WHO WITH HER LAST BREATH,  
SANG A SONG OF MARIE AND...



# THE BROTHERS DEATH



MARIE, BOB MORGAN CALLED. I THINK HE WANTS TO ASK YOU

I'M GOING TO JASON'S BOOK-STORE TONIGHT. I'LL TELL FATHER WHERE I AM.

YOUR FATHER HAS BEEN DEAD FOR MANY YEARS, SWEETHEART. I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LOVED HIM AND YOU'VE BEEN THIS WAY EVER SINCE HE PASSED AWAY. IT'S DESTROYING YOU.



I'M CONTENT TO BE THIS WAY, THERE IS SO MUCH PEACE AND BEAUTY IN MY DEDICATION TO DEATH,

MY POOR LITTLE THANOPHILE! I'LL TRY TO UNDERSTAND, BUT MUST YOU GO TO THAT AWFUL BOOK-STORE TONIGHT?

THEY PROMISED TO HAVE THE BOOK I ORDERED LOOK AT THE LEAVES, MOTHER. HOW I LOVE THE AUTUMN. TOMORROW IS HALLOWEEN.



ONCE ENTERED, MARIE WAFTED THE MUSTY ODORS FROM HER NOSTRILS, SEARCHING THE VAULTS OF DECAYING VOLUMNS FOR HER BOOK. IT WAS NOT ON THE SHELVES.

HERE'S YOUR BOOK, MARIE, IT JUST CAME IN.

THANK YOU, MR. JASON.



MARIE.

CHRISTIANA! BE CALM, PRETTY. CLOVE SUMMONS YOU TO HIS PALACE. I, WIFE OF DUGAN HAVE BEEN SENT TO BRING YOU THERE. PREPARE YOURSELF FOR MY KISS OF DEATH!



CHRISTIANA'S LIPS WERE ICE AS THEY DREW THE WARM BREATH OF LIFE FROM MARIE'S LUNGS. FIRST, A LOSS OF SENSES, NEVER A LOSS OF AWARENESS, AND THEN HER LIMBS AND HEAD BEGAN TO TINGLE. OLD SENSES WERE BEING REPLACED BY FAR SUPERIOR DEVICES...



WE ARE ON THE PLAINS OF DEATH. THERE IS THE CASTLE OF GURN! A HIDEOUS BEING, WHO HOLDS THE LIFE OF THE UNIVERSE IN HIS HAND. THE OTHER, A CASTLE OF CLOVE, THERE IS WHERE WE ARE BOUND.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO CLOVE'S CASTLE. BLOODY CASKETS TOMBS OF DECAY, MINDLESS GARGOYLES, TURN AWAY.



MARIE'S AWARENESS MULTIPLIED HUNDREDFOLD. SHE COULD SEE AND HEAR FROM THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF HER BODY, MUCH CLEARER AND MUCH FURTHER THAN EVER BEFORE.



WITHIN CLOVE'S PALACE.

BEHOLD, THE *BROTHER'S DEATH!* THE FIRST IS MONTY — NATURAL DEATH, THE SECOND IS DUGAN, MY HUSBAND AND THE LORD OF DEATH BY DISEASE AND STARVATION. IN BLACK, LEE, SUDDEN DEATH! SEATED ON THE THRONE IS *CLOVE, MINISTER OF DEATH.*

COME HERE, MARIE.



PRECIOUS MARIE — HOW LONG YOU'VE WORSHIPPED ME WHEN I HAD NO REAL SUBSTANCE FOR YOU. NOW YOU SHALL KNOW ME AND MY KINGDOM. CHRISTIANA, TAKE HER TO HER WARDROBE AND DRESS HER PROPERLY.

AS CLOVE PREPARES THE STALLIONS FOR THEIR JOURNEY ACROSS THE *PLAINS OF DEATH*, HE HEARS MARIE APPROACH AND TURNS TO FIND THE GIRL TRANSFORMED INTO GODDESS.

ARE YOU PLEASSED WITH MY GARMENT, SIRE? CHRISTIANA SAID THAT YOU WOULD BE.

CHRISTIANA IS VERY WISE. MOUNT THE WHITE STEED AND TAKE CARE NOT TO RIDE TOO CLOSE TO THE STREAM OF SOULS. THE HORSES, BEING GHOSTS THEMSELVES, ARE ATTRACTED TO IT.



AS EACH CIVILIZATION DIES, WE TRY TO SAVE A FRAGMENT OF IT HERE. THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THESE GARDENS ACROSS THE PLAINS, GREECE, EGYPT, BABYLON, CRETE.

SIRE, WHY HAVE YOU SENT FOR ME?



TO BE MY BRIDE, OF COURSE. SHARE THIS KINGDOM WITH ME, AS MY QUEEN.

OF COURSE, MY LORD.







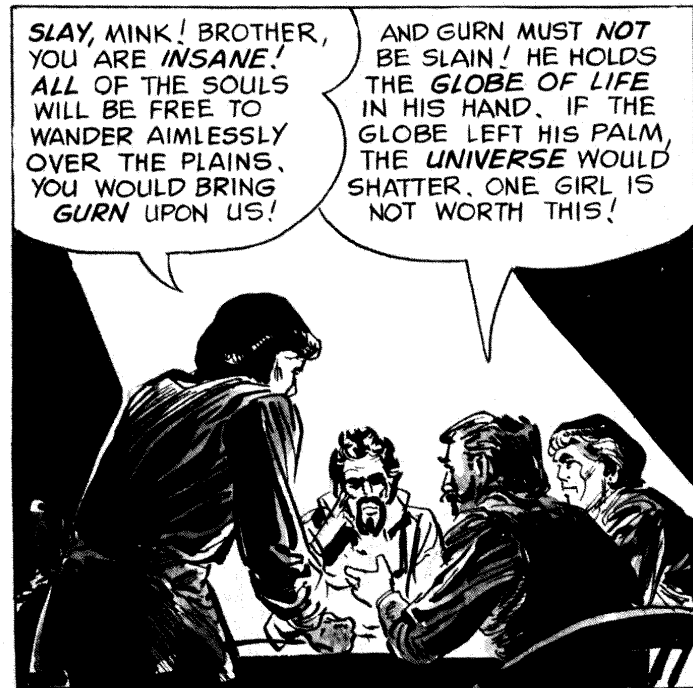
ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE GARDENS OF PARADISE, THEY PASS THE STREAM OF SOULS. MARIE, PITYING THEIR AGONY, RIDE DANGEROUSLY CLOSE.

MY LORD, IS THERE NO WAY FOR US TO SAVE THOSE POOR SOULS?

THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO FEED MINK, THE MONSTROUS PET OF GURN! THERE IS NO HOPE, MARIE, BE CAREFUL!



MARIE! CLOVE! SAVE ME! I MUST BE YOUR BRIDE!



SLAY, MINK! BROTHER, YOU ARE *INSANE!* ALL OF THE SOULS WILL BE FREE TO WANDER AIMLESSLY OVER THE PLAINS, YOU WOULD BRING GURN UPON US!

AND GURN MUST NOT BE SLAIN! HE HOLDS THE *GLOBE OF LIFE* IN HIS HAND, IF THE *GLOBE* LEFT HIS PALM, THE *UNIVERSE* WOULD SHATTER. ONE GIRL IS NOT WORTH THIS!



I HAVE VISITED *TOO* MANY BATTLE-FIELDS AND SEEN *TOO* MANY ACCIDENTS AND FIRES AND DROWNINGS AND MURDERS. A BAD SYSTEM IS NOT WORTH CONTINUING, WE CAN DO NO WORSE BY CHALLENGING IT. CLOVE, I AM WITH YOU.

WE ARE FOOLS, BUT WE ARE BROTHERS. WE ARE ALL WITH YOU!



THE BROTHERS, ARMED WITH SWORDS AND LANES, RIDE HORSES WHICH MATCH THE COLOR OF THEIR UNIFORMS.





THERE IT IS!

MINK-DIGESTER OF SOULS. THE WHOLE PURPOSE OF LIFE IS TO PRODUCING PLUMP SOUL TO BE FED TO THIS PROTOPLASMIC BLOB.

LOWER YOUR LANCES! CHARGE BEFORE HE BECOMES AWARE OF US.



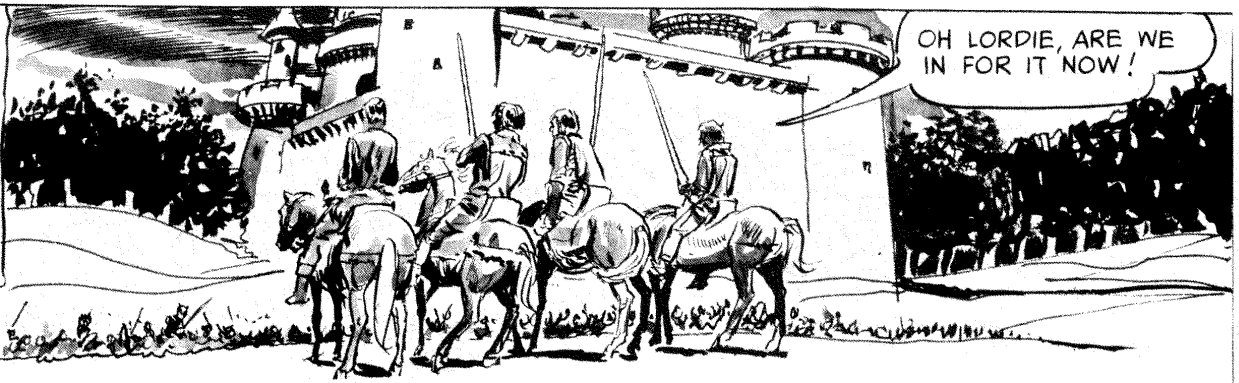
KA-VAROOM!



GATHER THE HORSES, BROTHERS, GURN'S ARMIES WILL BE UPON US SOON.



THE PLAINS OF DEATH ARE STILL AS THE ARMY OF DEMONS AWAIT THEIR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF - GURN.



OH LORDIE, ARE WE IN FOR IT NOW!

THE RANKS ARE PARTING! IT'S GURN!



COME FORWARD, MINISTER, AND ANSWER MY CHARGE. YOU HAVE MURDERED MY PET. GUILTY OR NOT?!



I AM GUILTY, BUT I DEMAND THE RIGHT TO DEFEND MYSELF IN BATTLE AGAINST YOU

IMPOSSIBLE! I CANNOT CHANCE THAT THE GLOBE OF LIFE SHOULD LEAVE MY PALM



GYAAHHH--





YOU HAVE BEEN *RELIEVED* OF YOUR BURDEN AND IT HAS NEVER LEFT YOUR PALM. DRAW YOUR SWORD AND LET US DO BATTLE!



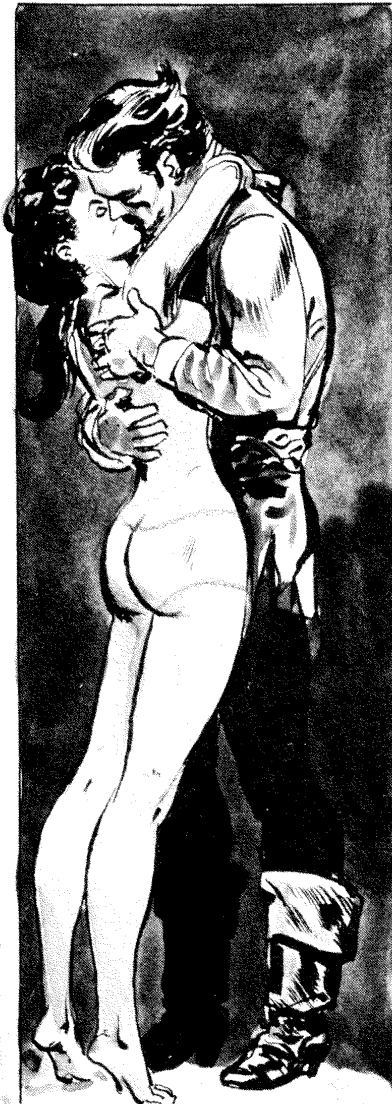
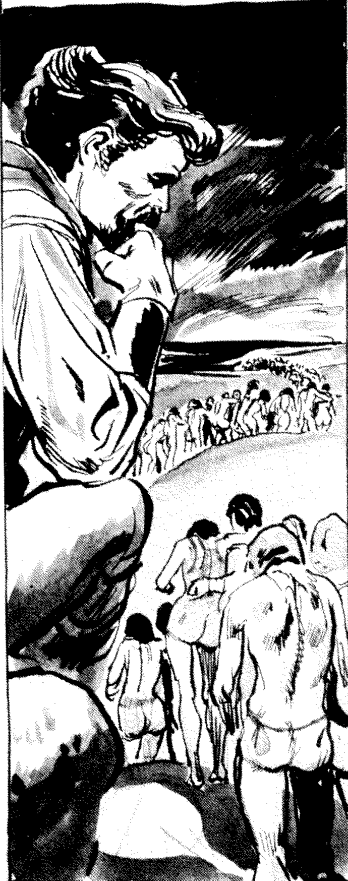
IN A MOMENT IT BEGAN AND WAS OVER.



LOOK! THE DEMONS SCATTER AND FLEE! THE SOULS ARE BEGINNING TO SETTLE TO THE GROUND. COME BROTHERS, WE MUST DIRECT THESE SPIRITS TO THE ISLANDS OF PARADISE. THERE THEY CAN CREATE A *TRUE* PARADISE.



FOR WEEKS CLOVE WATCHED THE SOULS FILE PAST HIM, SCANNING THEIR FACES FOR THE LOST MAIDEN HE HAD PROMISED TO MAKE HIS QUEEN.



THE LIVING NEED ONLY SUFFER THEIR MATES UNTIL: "... DEATH DO US PART." WE UNFORTUNATE DEAD HAVE NO SUCH ESCAPE CLAUSE. SPEAKING OF "CLAWS" YOU'VE GOT TO *HAND* IT TO CLOVE, HE'S A REAL *CUT UP* WITH A SWORD.



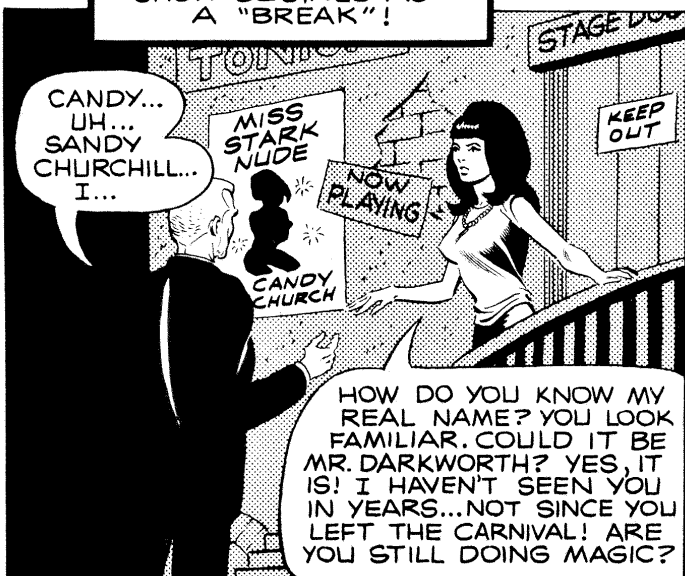


WITCHES? WIZARDS? POOH-BAH! THEY'RE AS WORTHLESS AS SNAKE'S TOES WITHOUT THEIR POTIONS AND FAMILIAR SPIRITS! 'TIS TIME WE PAY TRIBUTE TO THE TRUE ARTISTS OF MAGIC - THE **STAGE MAGICIAN!** THESE MASTERS OF MANIPULATION HAVE ASTOUNDED MORTALS FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, WORKING WITH LITTLE MORE THAN THEIR WITS AND A BEAUTIFUL GIRL TO DISTRACT THE EYE! **HOUDIN, HOUDINI, THURSTON...** ALL GREAT, BUT THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL WAS...

# DARKWORTH!

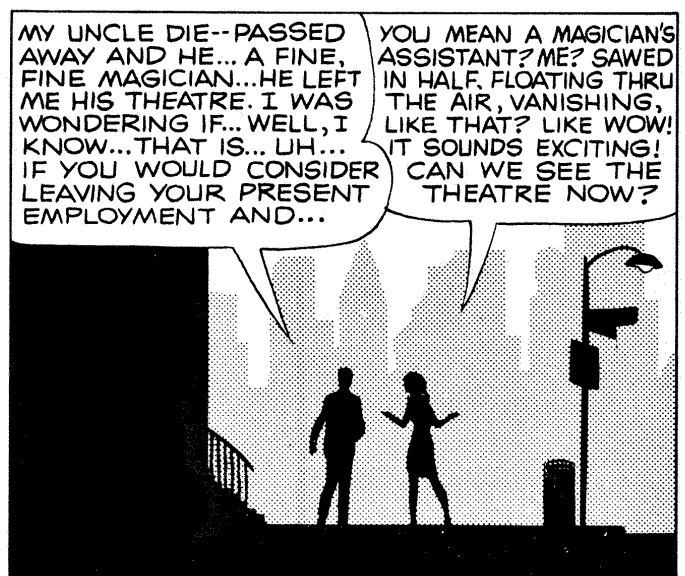


WE BEGIN OUR DRAMA AT THE BOTTOM, IN A DINGY THEATRE WHICH PANDERS TO THE DRESS OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT... BUT TO SANDY CHURCHILL, BILLED ON THE MARQUE AS CANDY CHURCH, IT'S JUST ANOTHER BOTTOM. SANDY IS FROM THE LOWER DEPTHS OF SOCIETY, AND DESPITE HER GREAT BEAUTY SHE HAS STAYED THERE. TONIGHT, SEATED IN THE AUDIENCE, IS AN INSIGNIFICANT MAN FROM HER PAST, BRINGING TO HER, WHAT IS KNOWN IN SHOW BUSINES AS A "BREAK"!



CANDY...  
UH...  
SANDY  
CHURCHILL...  
I...

HOW DO YOU KNOW MY REAL NAME? YOU LOOK FAMILIAR. COULD IT BE MR. DARKWORTH? YES, IT IS! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN YEARS...NOT SINCE YOU LEFT THE CARNIVAL! ARE YOU STILL DOING MAGIC?



MY UNCLE DIE--PASSED AWAY AND HE... A FINE, FINE MAGICIAN...HE LEFT ME HIS THEATRE. I WAS WONDERING IF.. WELL, I KNOW...THAT IS... UH... IF YOU WOULD CONSIDER LEAVING YOUR PRESENT EMPLOYMENT AND...

YOU MEAN A MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT? ME? SAWED IN HALF. FLOATING THRU THE AIR, VANISHING, LIKE THAT? LIKE WOW! IT SOUNDS EXCITING! CAN WE SEE THE THEATRE NOW?



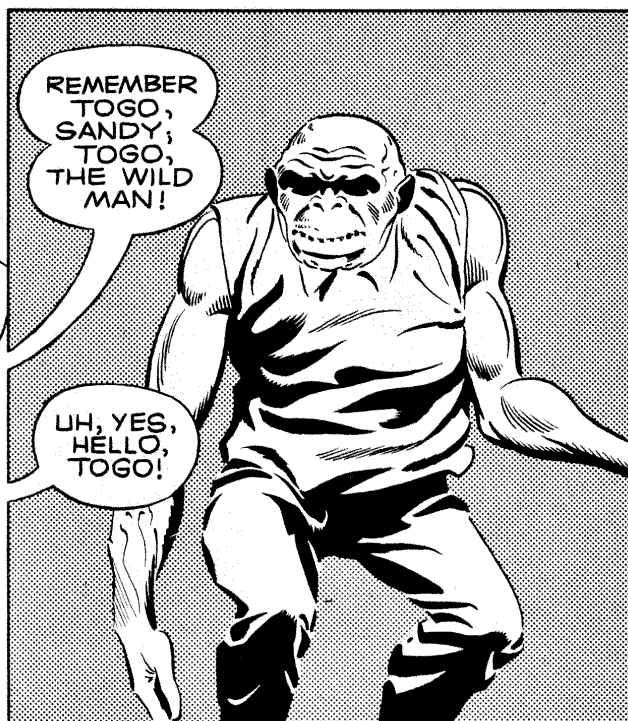
SPIRITS LINGER IN THE DUST PHANTOMS WHICH WHIRL ABOUT THE WONDEROUS DEVICES. MANY OF THE ILLUSIONS CLAIM ANCESTRY FROM THE DEMON SATURATED PAST BEFORE THE KNIGHTS OF SCIENCE HAD SLAIN THE MONSTERS OF SUPERSTITION. AND YET, THESE REMAIN READY TO ASTOUND AN ENLIGHTENED AGE...



THEY, UH, ARE A BIT ON THE HOREY SIDE, BUT WITH SOME PAINT AND OIL... YOU AREN'T DISAPPOINTED, ARE YOU? IN A MONTH WE SHOULD... MAYBE TWO MONTHS AND WE'LL OPEN!

JUST THE TWO OF US?

NO, THERE'S YOU, ME, AND TOGO!



REMEMBER TOGO, SANDY; TOGO, THE WILD MAN!

UH, YES, HELLO, TOGO!



I OWE MY MUTE FRIEND A GREAT DEAL! IT WAS HIS MUSCLES THAT PUT THIS DELAPIDATED THEATER TOGETHER! NOW, SANDY... WILL YOU... JOIN US?

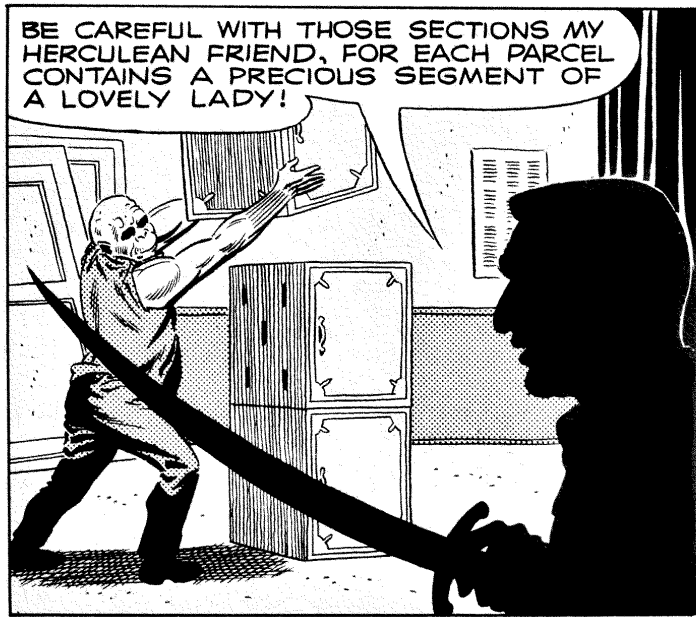
OF COURSE I'LL JOIN YOU! THIS HAS TO BE BETTER THAN WHAT I'VE KNOWN!

FOR WEEKS THE TRIO WORKS TO PUT THEIR LITTLE THEATER TOGETHER. THEY REHEARSE THEIR ROUTINES AS SOON AS A PIECE OF EQUIPMENT IS COMPLETED...

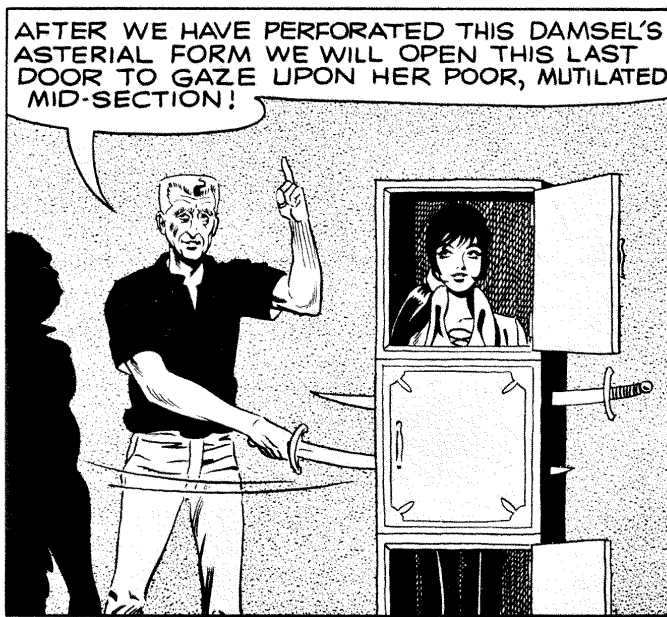


SANDY, EXCUSE ME... WE'RE GOING TO REHEARSE THE MYSTERIO CABINET IF... IF YOU FEEL UP TO IT!

ALL RIGHT!

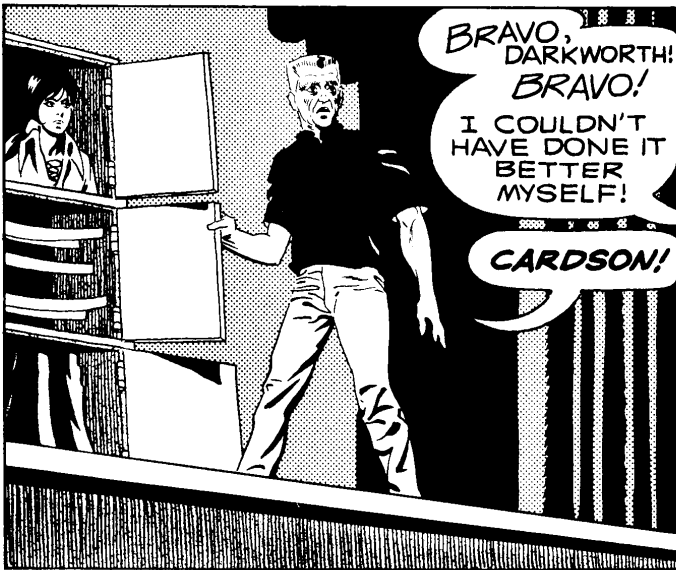


BE CAREFUL WITH THOSE SECTIONS MY HERCULEAN FRIEND, FOR EACH PARCEL CONTAINS A PRECIOUS SEGMENT OF A LOVELY LADY!



AFTER WE HAVE PERFORATED THIS DAMSEL'S ASTERIAL FORM WE WILL OPEN THIS LAST DOOR TO GAZE UPON HER POOR, MUTILATED MID-SECTION!

AS THE ILLUSION IS COMPLETED, DARKWORTH IS STARTLED BY A DISTURBANCE FROM WHAT HE HAD BELIEVED TO BE AN AUDIENCE OF EMPTY CHAIRS...



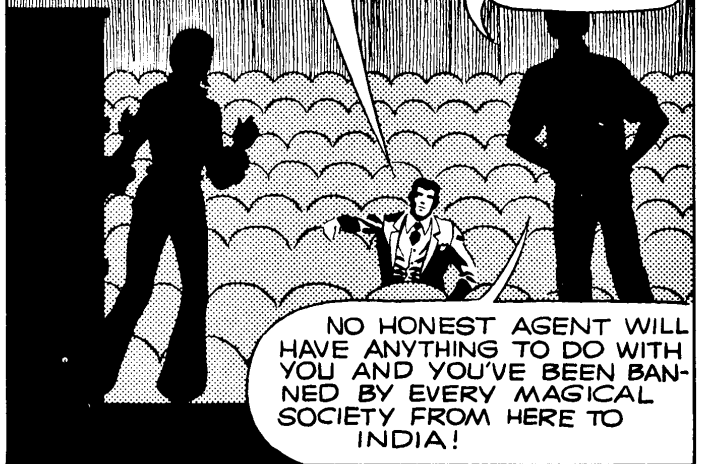
BRavo, DARKWORTH!  
BRavo!

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT BETTER MYSELF!

CARDSON!

WHAT A LOVELY ASSISTANT— WHERE DID YOU GET HER? I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I SNEAKED A PREVIEW OF YOUR SHOW! I PICKED THE LOCK ON YOUR MAIN ENTRANCE!

PICKING POCKETS IS MORE LIKE YOUR USUAL LINE! YOU'RE A THIEF, CARDSON, AND A BAD MAGICIAN!



NO HONEST AGENT WILL HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU AND YOU'VE BEEN BANNED BY EVERY MAGICAL SOCIETY FROM HERE TO INDIA!

SURELY LOVELY LADY, YOU DO NOT BELIEVE THESE OUTRAGIOUS ACCUSATIONS! MY COLLEAGUE IS JEALOUS BECAUSE I AM ONE OF THE GREATEST ESCAPE ARTISTS OF ALL TIME! SOMEDAY I MAY EVEN BE ABLE TO ESCAPE FROM THE GRAVE!



TOGO! THROW HIM OUT!



WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY, "ESCAPE FROM THE GRAVE"?

IT'S AN ESCAPE TRICK THAT...THAT...I...UH...I'VE BEEN WORKING ON FOR NEARLY 10 YEARS! WHEN CARDSON WAS MY ASSISTANT, I TOLD HIM ABOUT IT, BUT I...I NEVER TOLD HIM HOW...THE SECRET! I ACTUALLY ESCAPE FROM MY OWN GRAVE!

THE MURMURINGS OF THE OPENING NIGHT AUDIENCE MERGED TOGETHER INTO A LOW DRONE AS IF A HUNGRY BEAST WAS WAITING FOR THE PERFORMERS JUST BEYOND THE LIGHTS, AND THE BEAST WAS BECOMING RESTLESS...



THERE'S A HERD OF LITTLE CRITTERS SKITTERING AROUND IN MY TUMMY!

SANDY, I WANT TO TELL YOU HOW GRATEFUL... I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE... MY COURAGE LEAVES ME WHEN I AM NOT ON STAGE OR I WOULD...

...I WOULD TELL YOU WHAT YOU MEAN TO ME!

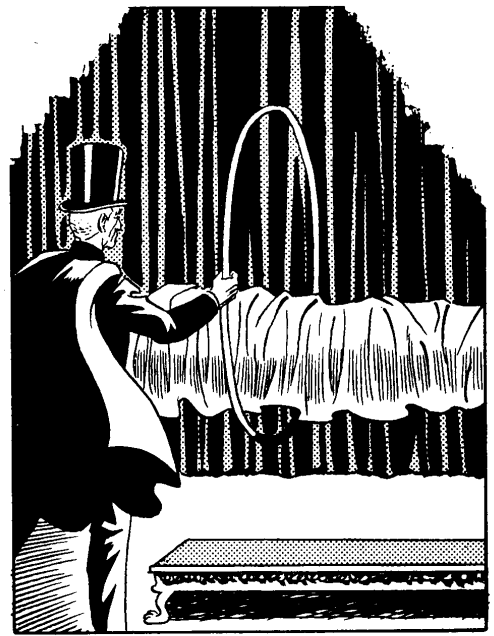
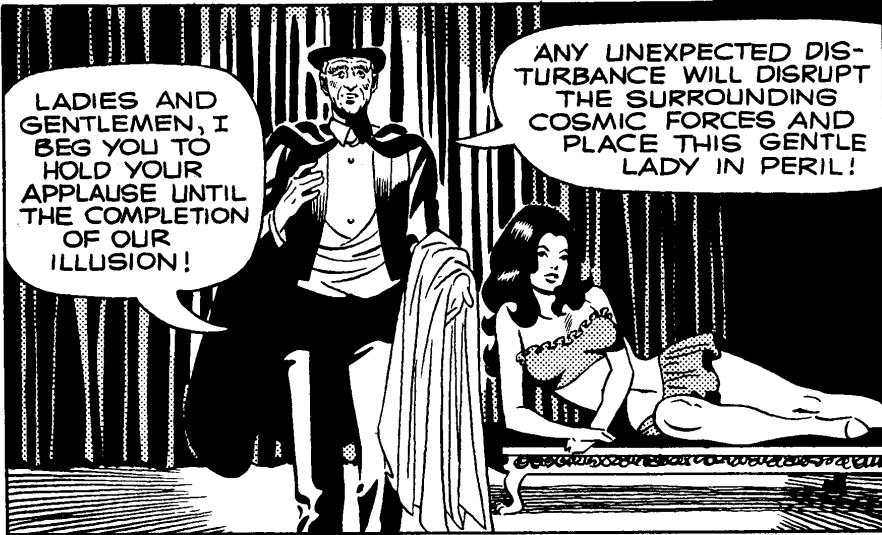
THIS ISN'T THE TIME OR PLACE! DON'T SPOIL YOUR OPENING BY FORCING ME TO SLAP YOU!

OF COURSE... FORGIVE ME... IT'S, UH, NEARLY TIME FOR THE CURTAIN TO GO UP! I HOPE THE CREW KNOWS THEIR CUES!

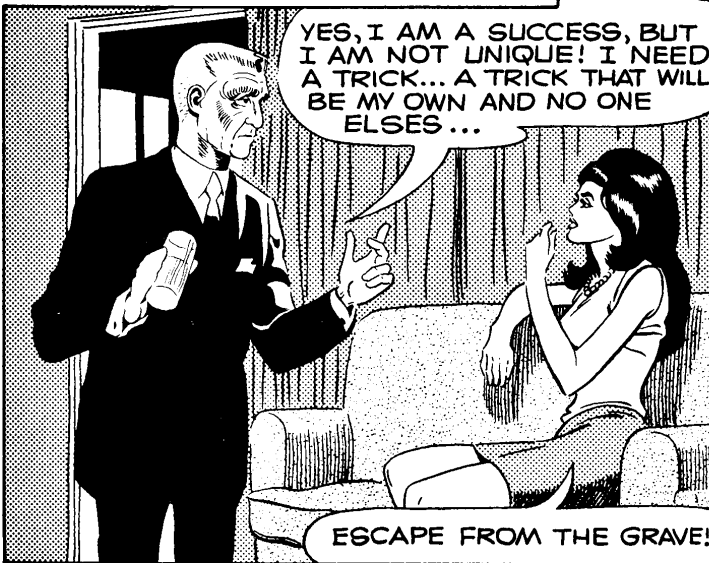




AS THE SHOW CONTINUES FURTHER INTO THE HOUR, THE AUDIENCE IS DAZZLED BY ILLUSIONS MORE ASTONISHING THAN THE ONE PREVIOUSLY DEMONSTRATED...



THERE IS, HOWEVER, AN EMPTINESS IN THE SHY MAGICIAN WHICH FAME MASKS BUT DOES NOT FULFILL...



YES, I AM A SUCCESS, BUT I AM NOT UNIQUE! I NEED A TRICK... A TRICK THAT WILL BE MY OWN AND NO ONE ELSE'S ...

ESCAPE FROM THE GRAVE!



IS THIS HOW YOU PLAN TO ESCAPE FROM YOUR GRAVE? IT'S SO SIMPLE! THIS IS ALL THERE IS TO IT?

THE OBVIOUS ANSWER IS OFTEN THE BEST! IF A TRICK IS TOO COMPLEX, THERE'S TOO MANY PLACES FOR SOMETHING TO GO WRONG! BUT I DIDN'T ASK YOU HERE TO SPEAK OF MAGIC!



IT SPEAKS FOR MY... HEART! I'M NOT... WILL YOU ACCEPT IT... AND ME?

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, BUT YOU MUST GIVE ME TIME TO THINK IT OVER!



IT'S TIME I WAS GOING! I'LL KEEP THE RING FOR NOW! IF I RETURN IT TO YOU WITHIN A WEEK, THEN THAT WILL BE MY ANSWER!

I UNDERSTAND! GOOD-BYE AND TAKE CARE!

DESPITE THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR, SANDY DOESN'T GO TO HER HOME... INSTEAD SHE GOES TO AN ALL NIGHT CAFE FOR A CLANDESTINE RENDEZVOUS...



I DIDN'T BRING ANY MONEY WITH ME BECAUSE I HADN'T EXPECTED YOU TO LEARN THE SECRET OF THE ESCAPE SO SOON! TELL ME THE SECRET AND I'LL PAY YOU TOMORROW EVENING!

I'M NO FOOL CARDSON! YOU'LL LEARN THE SECRET WHEN YOU BRING THE MONEY! I'M GOING TO SKIP REHEARSALS 'CAUSE I'VE GOT TO HOCK A DIAMOND RING! I'LL SEE YOU HERE AT NOON!



O SANDY, WHY DID YOU BETRAY ME? I MUST PROTECT MY SECRET AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY THAT I CAN DO THAT!





TOGO!



HER SPINE WAS SHATTERED BY A BLOW FROM A BLUNT OBJECT! THE POLICE ARE STILL SEARCHING FOR HER ATTACKER!

SHE HAD NO ONE BUT ME! MY ASSISTANT WILL HANDLE THE FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS AND I'LL PAY THE COST!

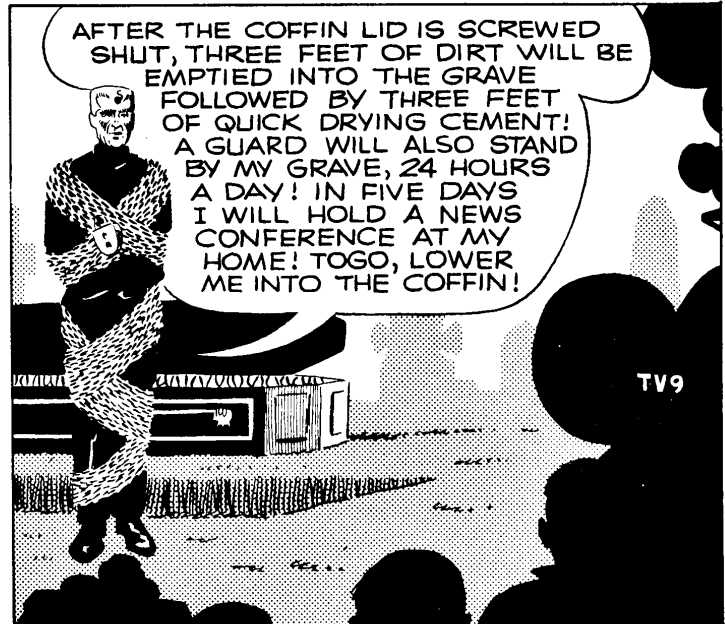


ONLY TWO PEOPLE IN THE WORLD KNEW HOW TO ESCAPE FROM THEIR OWN GRAVE, BUT SANDY WOULD NEVER USE THAT SECRET! THE METHOD REQUIRED HER TO BE ALIVE!

THEN YOU'RE STILL GOING THRU WITH THE ESCAPE IN ONE WEEK! EVEN...

YES! SHE...SHE WOULD HAVE WANTED ME TO!

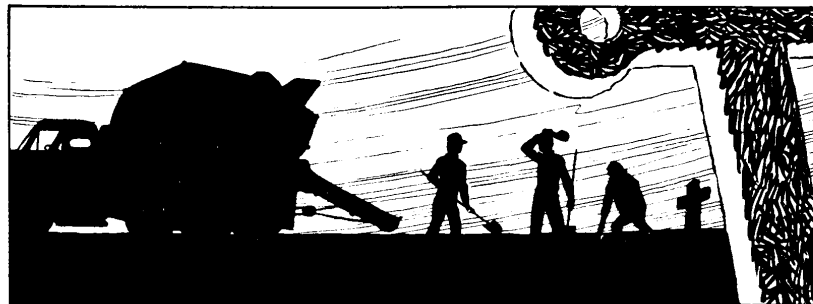
MANY MAGICIANS HAVE BEEN BURIED ALIVE FOR AN EXTENDED PERIOD OF TIME, BUT NONE HAS EVER ESCAPED FROM THEIR UNDERGROUND TOMB. THIS WILL BE DARKWORTH'S OWN TRICK!



AFTER THE COFFIN LID IS SCREWED SHUT, THREE FEET OF DIRT WILL BE EMPTIED INTO THE GRAVE FOLLOWED BY THREE FEET OF QUICK DRYING CEMENT! A GUARD WILL ALSO STAND BY MY GRAVE, 24 HOURS A DAY! IN FIVE DAYS I WILL HOLD A NEWS CONFERENCE AT MY HOME! TOGO, LOWER ME INTO THE COFFIN!

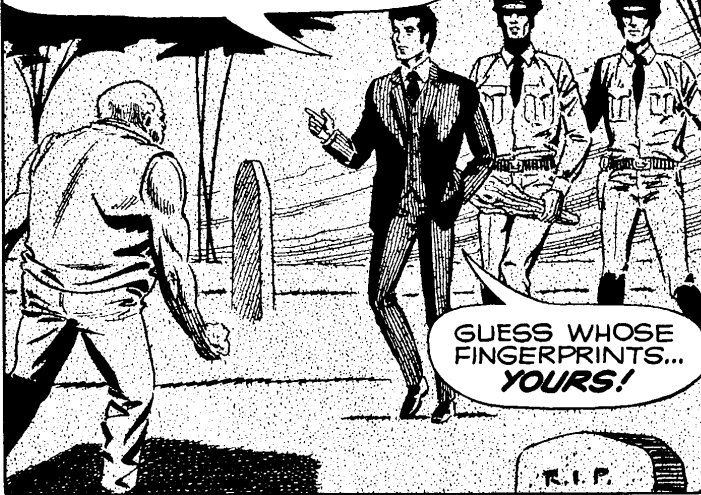
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BENEATH THE LAYER OF DIRT AND CEMENT, DARKWORTH HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CHAINS! THAT WAS EASY! ANY ESCAPE ARTIST CAN DO IT WITH MUSCLE CONTROL AND A LOCK PICK SECRETED IN THE MOUTH...



BUT NOT EVEN TOGO KNOWS HOW THE REMAINDER OF THE ESCAPE WILL BE ACCOMPLISHED!

HEY, TOGO, LOOK HERE! THEY FOUND THE MURDER WEAPON IN THE SANDY CHURCH CASE AND THERE WERE FINGERPRINTS ON THE HANDLE!



GUESS WHOSE FINGERPRINTS... YOURS!

THOSE ON THE SURFACE HAVE TRADED SPECULATIONS ON HOW DARKWORTH WILL DIG HIS WAY UP TO THE SURFACE, NOT REALIZING THAT INSTEAD THE PSEUDO-SORCERER IS DIGGING DOWN...



...DOWN... TO A TUNNEL HE HAD DUG MANY YEARS AGO WHEN HE HAD BEEN EMPLOYED AS A GRAVE DIGGER. NEVER BEFORE HAD AN ESCAPE SUCH EXTENSIVE PLANNING!

DARKWORTH CRAWLS THRU THE TUNNEL... LEADING TO A SECOND GRAVE, AN OPEN GRAVE WHICH DARKWORTH HAD PURCHASED UNDER ANOTHER NAME. TOGO AND SANDY KNEW OF THE EXISTANCE OF THE SECOND PLOT BUT NOT THE REASON FOR IT...



IN A FEW MINUTES, DARKWORTH WILL DIG HIS WAY TO FREEDOM AND FAME! THE POLICE HAVE THEIR MURDERER AND SO THEY WON'T BE WAITING FOR HIS EMERGENCE, BUT SOMEONE ELSE IS WAITING!

DUE TO A BIZZARE ERROR, TOGO HAS GRANTED DARKWORTH'S **LAST** WISH!

IT IS TERRIBLE WHEN UNEXPECTED GUESTS **DROP IN...** EVEN IF YOU REALLY **DIG** THE GIRL!



SANDY, IF ONLY YOU COULD'VE BEEN HERE WITH ME TO SHARE MY TRIUMPH!

WHAT'S THIS? MORE BOARDS!?



SANDY!





YOU STAND IN THE RECESSED DOORWAY OF THE LITTLE STORE, STARING DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF THIS ODD TOWN. EVERYTHING SEEMS SO DIFFERENT FROM PLEASANT HILLS, WHERE YOU USED LIVE. BUT YOUR PARENTS MOVED AWAY FROM THERE, AND NOW YOU FIND YOURSELF THAT...



# NEW GIRL *in* TOWN!



WHAT A WEIRDO PLACE!  
IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

DAN ADKINS



YOU BEGIN YOUR STROLL HOPING TO SEE A FRIENDLY FACE...

EEECH! ALL THESE STORES ALONG HERE ARE FILTHY! GRIMEY! AS THOUGH NOBODY EVER CLEANS THEM OR GIVES A DARN!



FOR A MOMENT, YOUR HEART SKIPS A BEAT! A COUPLE OF BOYS ARE COMING TOWARD YOU AND YOU *DO* WANT TO MAKE FRIENDS...

HEY, HEY! THE TOWN SHOWS SIGNS OF LIFE. I'LL BET THOSE CATS KNOW WHERE THE ACTION IS!

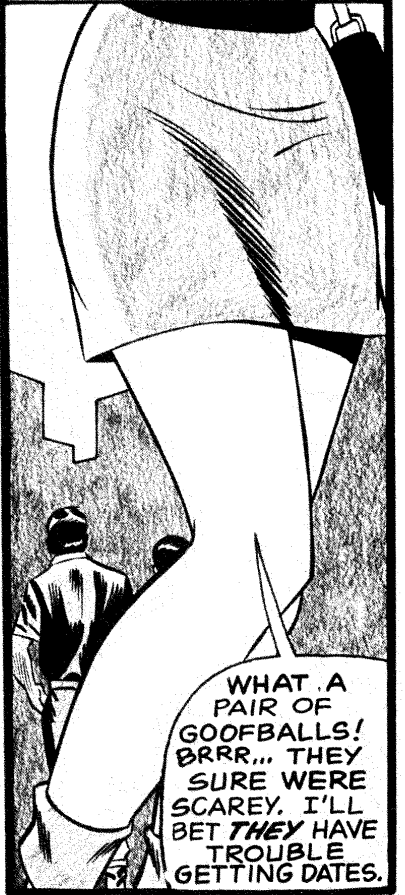


BUT WHEN THE BOYS ARE ALMOST IN FRONT OF YOU...



→GULP!←

YOU HURRY ON...



WHAT A PAIR OF GOOFBALLS! BRRR... THEY SURE WERE SCAREY. I'LL BET THEY HAVE TROUBLE GETTING DATES.



THE QUAINT HOUSES AND THE GRIMEY SHOPS PRESS IN CLOSER FOR THE FIRST TIME, YOU NOTICE HOW COLD IT IS, HOW DARK AND OMINOUS THE SKY...

BROTHERRR!  
LIKE DRACULASVILLE!  
WHATEVER MADE MOM AND DAD MOVE HERE? I KNOW HE GOT A BIG RAISE AND A PROMOTION, BUT THIS IS OVERDOING IT!



SMILES AND NODS GREET YOU AS YOU BEGIN HASTENING YOUR STEPS... THESE FOLKS GIVE ME THE HEEBIE-JEEBIES! THEY'RE TRYING TO BE FRIENDLY, I GUESS-- BUT THEY SURE GO ABOUT IT IN A FUNNY WAY!



YOU DECIDE TO CHEER YOURSELF UP WITH A CHOCOLATE SODA, SO YOU GO INTO THE LOCAL SWEET SHOPPE... I SURE COULD STAND A LITTLE SWEETNESS IN MY LIFE, RIGHT ABOUT NOW! WAIT'LL I GET HOME AND SEE MOM. I'LL LET HER KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT THIS PLACE.

SWEET SHOPPE



**YOUR EYES GROW BIG AS SAUCERS AS YOU SEE...**

OH-- NO! EVERYTHING IS SO-- OLD! WHY, IT'S ALMOST AS IF NO ONE CARES WHAT ANYBODY ELSE THINKS!



**A RASPY VOICE CALLS OUT...**

HOLD ON THERE, HONEYCHILD. I'LL BE HAPPY TO SERVE YOU. CHOCOLY SODA, YOU SAID?



HUH? OH! ER-- NO THANKS! I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!

**YOU SEE HIM PULL THE LEVER -- YOU SEE DUST POUR OUT INSTEAD OF CHOCOLATE SYRUP!...**



**YOUR HEELS DRUM A PROTESTING TATTOO AS YOU RACE ALONG THE SIDEWALK!**

I NEVER SAW-- SUCH A CREEPY PLACE! YEEECH! IF MOM AND DAD THINK I'M GOING TO STAY HERE, THEY'RE LAME!

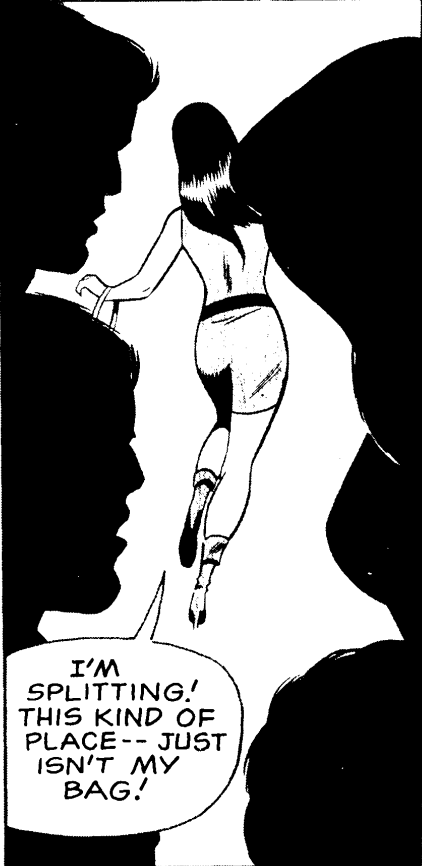


STAY WITH US, ELLEN,

WE LIKE YOU.

YOU'RE NEW HERE. YOU'LL BE THE BELLE OF THE BALL!

**YOU IGNORE ALL INVITING CALLS. YOU WANT TO GET HOME INSIDE YOUR NEW HOUSE, WHERE EVERYTHING IS NICE AND NORMAL...**



I'M SPLITTING! THIS KIND OF PLACE-- JUST ISN'T MY BAG!

**SUDDENLY YOU STOP--BECAUSE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE WAY...**

WH--WHERE AM I? I D-DON'T REMEMBER THIS ROAD AT ALL!

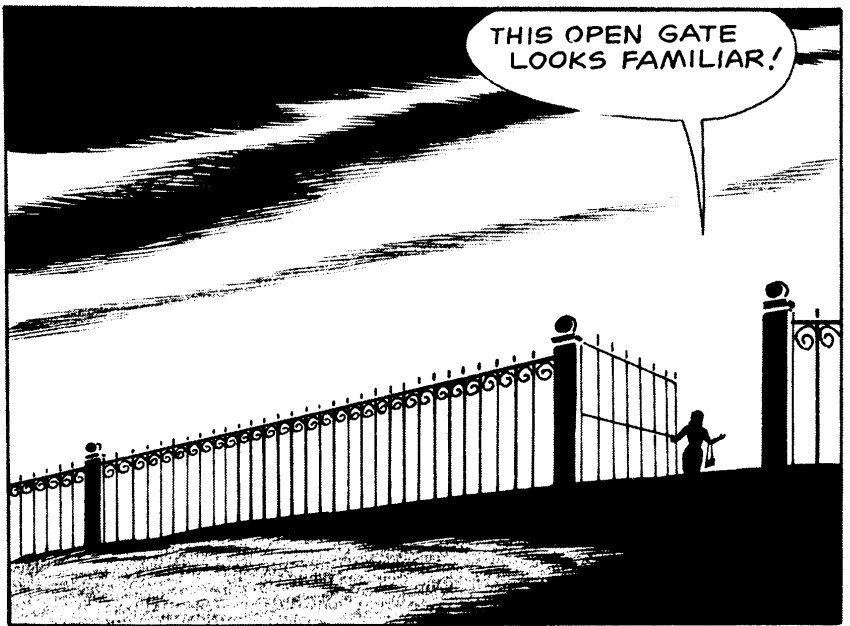


CONFUSED, YOU STUMBLE ABOUT UNTIL...

I KNOW THIS IRON FENCE. I-- I THINK IT RUNS AROUND OUR PROPERTY...



THIS OPEN GATE LOOKS FAMILIAR!



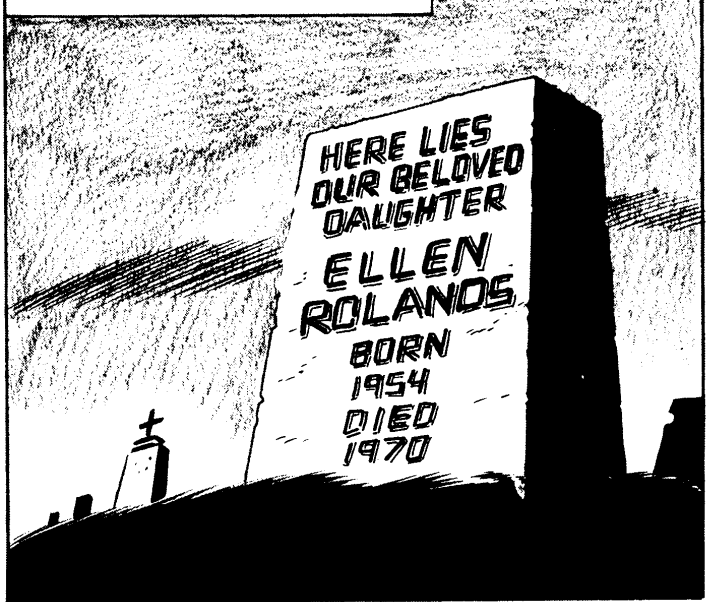
SUDDENLY YOU SLIDE TO A HALT, AND YOUR JAW DROPS IN LITTE HORROR...

NO! AAAAAGHH--  
NO! NO!  
NO!



YOU STARE DOWN AT...

HERE LIES  
OUR BELOVED  
DAUGHTER  
ELLEN  
ROLANDS  
BORN  
1954  
DIED  
1970



YOUR HANDS LIFT AND NOW YOU FEEL YOUR FACE

AAAAAGGGHHH!



YES! YOU THINK ABOUT THE ACCIDENT AT LAST, AND HOW YOU WENT THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE CAR...

ELLIE! HEY COME ON! YOUR NOT A NEW GIRL ANY MORE!  
YOUR ONE OF US NOW!  
THIS IS YOUR HOME!

REMEMBER?



THE END.





BETTER EXCHANGE YOUR LOVE BEADS FOR A GARLIC WREATH, HORROR HIPPIES, AS I WRITHINGLY RELATE THIS TALE OF A LOVELY LADY SINGLED OUT TO BE THE...

# VICTIM of the VAMPIRE!

**T**HIS DESOLATE VALLEY IN THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS WEARS A HEAVY MANTLE OF HORROR AND GRIEF. 1841 SAW A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY STRIKE THE LOCAL VILLAGE, REACHING EVEN INTO THE MASSIVE BUKOV CASTLE. PEASANTS AND NOBLES ALIKE WERE DECIMATED BY SOMETHING SO DREADFUL FEW DARED EVEN SPEAK ITS NAME. THE YOUNGEST AND STRONGEST WERE FIRST TO PERISH... ONLY A HANDFUL OF THE OLDEST BUKOV'S MANAGED TO FLEE TO ENGLAND. IN THE NEXT THIRTY YEARS, ONLY ONE CHILD WAS BORN. YOUNG KURT BUKOV WAS LEFT TO CARRY ON THE FAMILY NAME. THOUGH HEIR TO A GREAT FORTUNE, WHO COULD HAVE LIVED A KING'S LIFE IN LONDON, KURT FULFILLED HIS DREAMS BY MARRYING THE FAIR LISA AND JOURNEYING TO THE LAND HE'D NEVER SEEN, TO DWELL IN THE CASTLE THAT BORE HIS NAME. BUT THE WEEKS OF HAPPINESS WERE SHORT-LIVED....



I CAME AS SOON AS I HEARD OF LISA'S ILLNESS... **AM I TOO LATE?**

RELAX, FATHER KOENIG. IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS! LISA JUST HAD A FAINTING SPELL... SHE'S RESTING NOW...

I HAVE SOME SLIGHT KNOWLEDGE OF MEDICINE... PERHAPS I SHOULD LOOK IN ON HER.

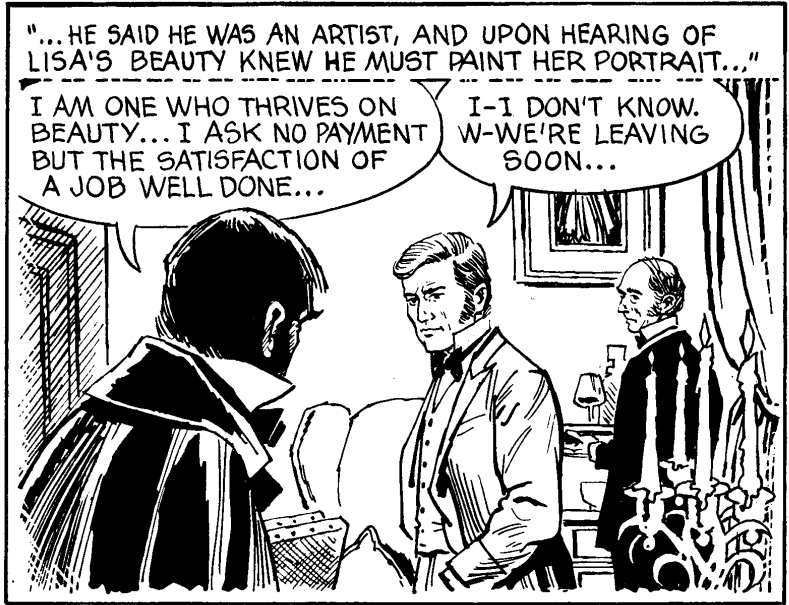
IT'S REALLY NOTHING, FATHER. SHE WAS TIRED THIS MORNING... THE LONG TRIP... GETTING THE CASTLE IN ORDER... LISA WAS FATIGUED AND IT FINALLY OVERCAME HER.





BUT SHE SEEMED SO HEALTHY WHEN YOU FIRST ARRIVED... HAS THIS EVER HAPPENED BEFORE?

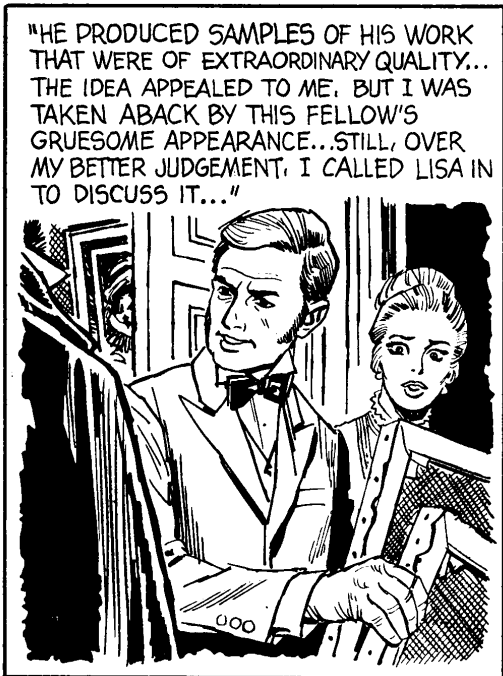
YES, JUST BEFORE WE LEFT ENGLAND... A STRANGE CALLER APPEARED AT OUR TOWNHOUSE...



"... HE SAID HE WAS AN ARTIST, AND UPON HEARING OF LISA'S BEAUTY KNEW HE MUST PAINT HER PORTRAIT..."

I AM ONE WHO THRIVES ON BEAUTY... I ASK NO PAYMENT BUT THE SATISFACTION OF A JOB WELL DONE...

I-I DON'T KNOW. W-WE'RE LEAVING SOON...



"HE PRODUCED SAMPLES OF HIS WORK THAT WERE OF EXTRAORDINARY QUALITY... THE IDEA APPEALED TO ME. BUT I WAS TAKEN ABACK BY THIS FELLOW'S GRUESOME APPEARANCE... STILL, OVER MY BETTER JUDGEMENT, I CALLED LISA IN TO DISCUSS IT..."



"SHE FAINTED AT THE VERY SIGHT OF THAT WRETCH. WHEN HE STILL TRIED TO PLEAD HIS CASE, I HAD THE DOOR BOLTED IN HIS FACE. MY POOR LISA WAS SO UPSET, I DECIDED TO LEAVE THE VERY NEXT DAY..."



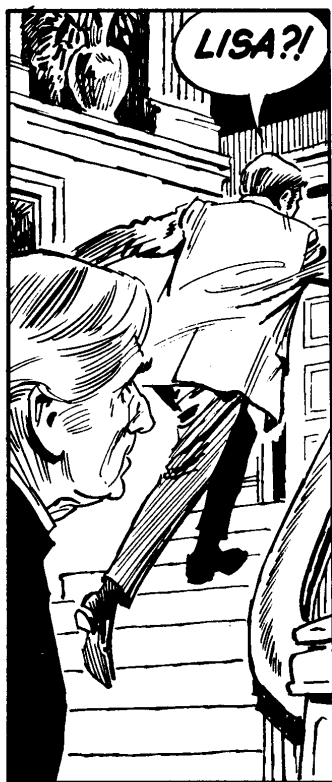
IT WAS MY OWN FAULT, EXPOSING HER TO SOMEONE SO FRIGHTENING. THAT PALE, PASTY SKIN... AND THE SCAR... **HE LOOKED LIKE DEATH ITSELF!**

**SCAR...? NO!** IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE... MY SON, WATCH OVER HER! LISA IS BEAUTIFUL... THIS CRUEL LAND **DEVOURS** BEAUTY!



**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!**





LISA?!



NO-O-O-O!!



YOU!!

AWAITING THE ANGUISHED NOBLEMAN WAS **PROOF** OF THE OLD PRIEST'S WORDS... IN THE FORM OF THIRSTING, FEASTING **HORROR!**



**TOO LATE!** OUR BLOOD IS ONE! SHE'LL RISE FROM THE GRAVE AS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL AS THIS NIGHT... **TO BE MINE FOREVER!**



DEMON!!



AAARRGGGHHHHHHH!!



HER PULSE IS WEAK... BUT STEADY... SHE'LL LIVE IF THE DAWN COMES SOON ENOUGH!

THAT ARTIST... **HE'S A MANIAC!**

MY SON, IN LONDON HE MAY HAVE CALLED HIMSELF AN ARTIST... HERE, HE IS CALLED BY THE NAME OF THE DAMNED, **VAMPYRE!**



VAMPYRE?!  
BUT, YOU SEEM TO **KNOW** HIM...

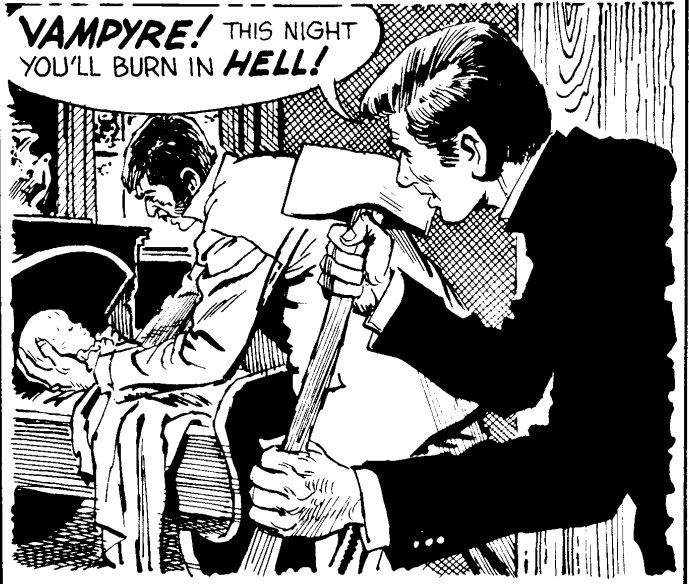
"MY GREAT JOY AT BECOMING A PRIEST WAS SOON NUMBED WHEN I FAILED TO SAVE THE SOUL OF ONE WHO MEANT MUCH TO ME... A GREEDY, EVIL LIFE SOON LED TO A TRAGIC DEATH... BUT THIS TRAGEDY PROVED ONLY THE FIRST STEP IN A GHASTLY REIGN OF HORROR..."



"IN THIS VERY ROOM YOUR YOUNG AUNT DIED UNDER THE FANGS OF THE UNDEAD. SHE WAS THE FIRST... THERE WERE MANY OTHERS, UNTIL NO CORPSE WAS BURIED WITHOUT FIRST DRIVING A STAKE THROUGH ITS HEART..."



"EVEN A MAN OF PEACE CANNOT STAND HELPLESSLY BY WHILE A MONSTER DESTROYS LIFE AND SOUL... AT THE HUT OF A RECENT VICTIM, I SET A TRAP..."



**VAMPYRE!** THIS NIGHT YOU'LL BURN IN **HELL!**

"IT WAS MY HOPE TO DECAPITATE THE FIEND..."



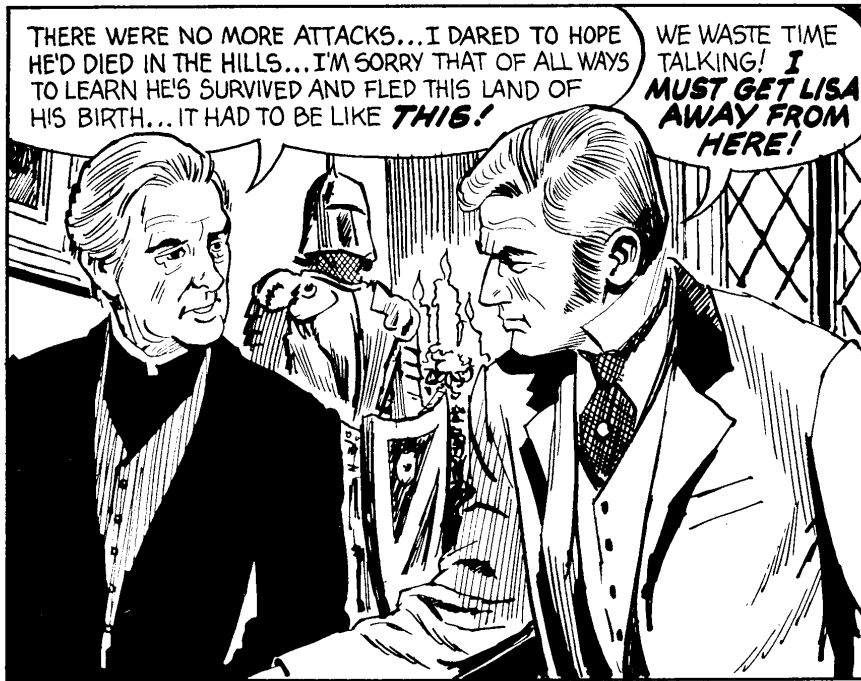
**THUNK!**

"...INSTEAD THE BLADE FOUND THE SIDE OF THE CREATURE'S HEAD. YOU HAVE SEEN THE **SCAR...**"



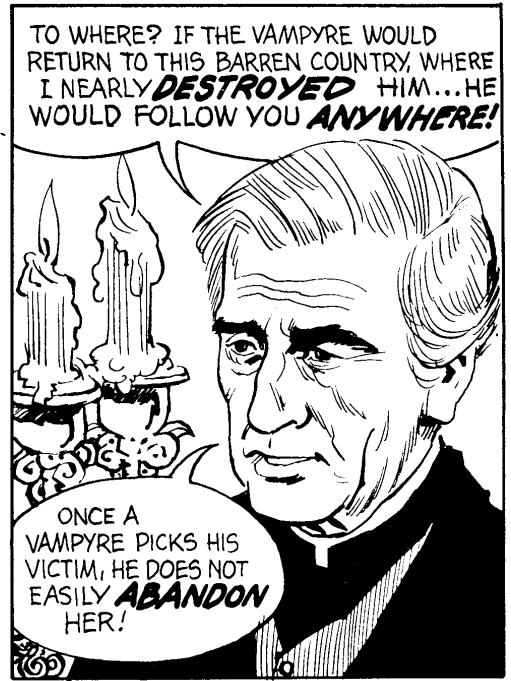
EEEEEEEEEE-  
YAHHHHHHHH!!!





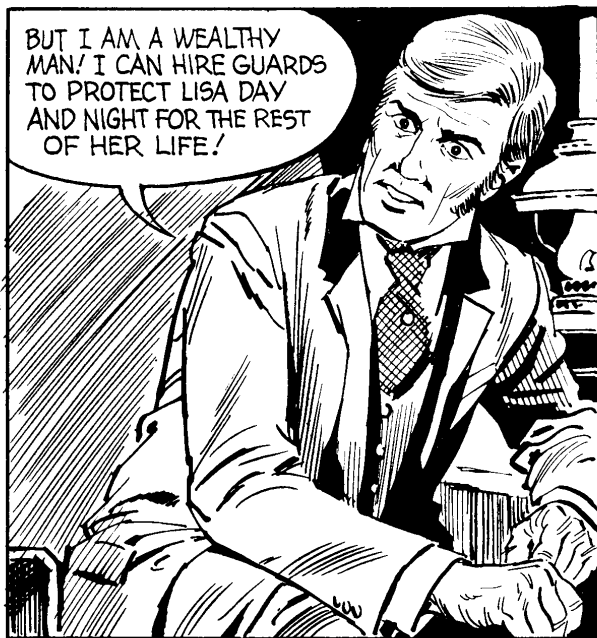
THERE WERE NO MORE ATTACKS... I DARED TO HOPE HE'D DIED IN THE HILLS... I'M SORRY THAT OF ALL WAYS TO LEARN HE'S SURVIVED AND FLED THIS LAND OF HIS BIRTH... IT HAD TO BE LIKE **THIS!**

WE WASTE TIME TALKING! **I MUST GET LISA AWAY FROM HERE!**

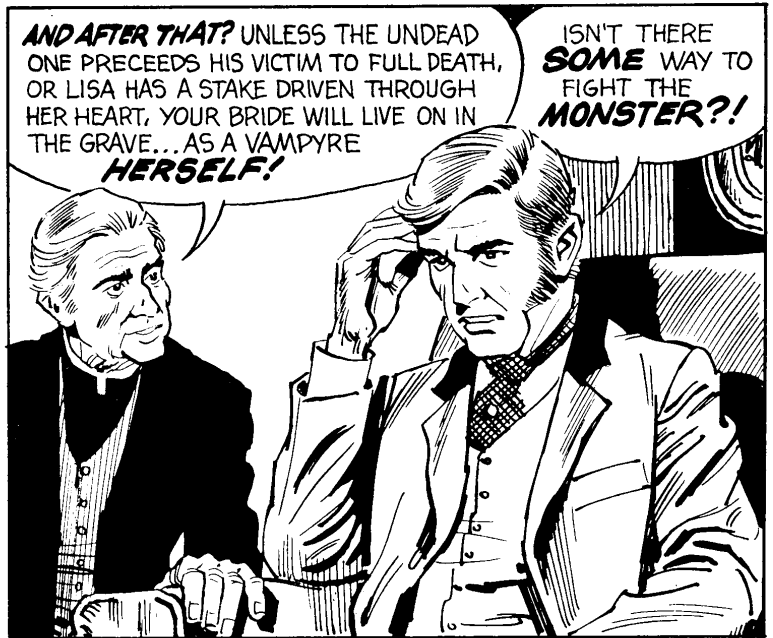


TO WHERE? IF THE VAMPYRE WOULD RETURN TO THIS BARREN COUNTRY, WHERE I NEARLY **DESTROYED** HIM... HE WOULD FOLLOW YOU **ANYWHERE!**

ONCE A VAMPYRE PICKS HIS VICTIM, HE DOES NOT EASILY **ABANDON** HER!

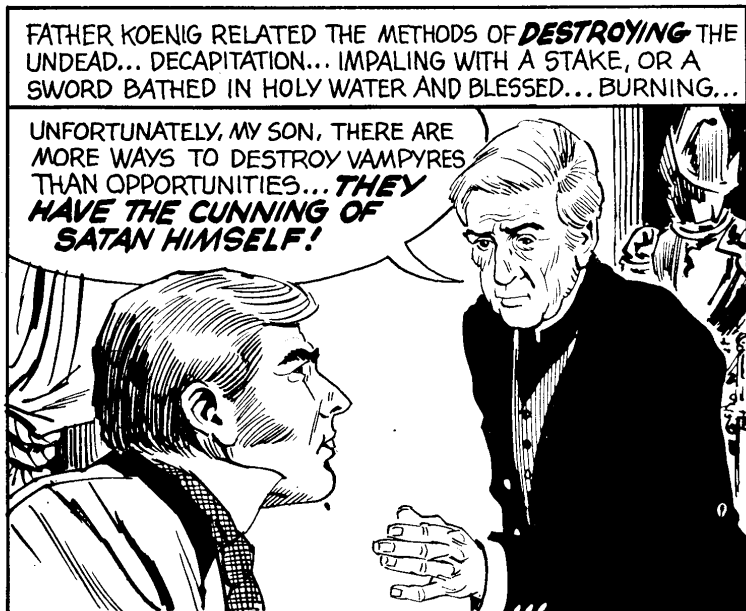


BUT I AM A WEALTHY MAN! I CAN HIRE GUARDS TO PROTECT LISA DAY AND NIGHT FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE!



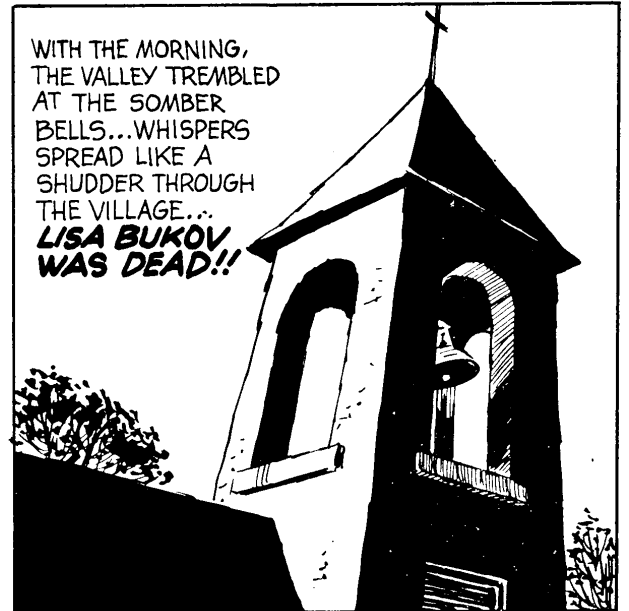
**AND AFTER THAT?** UNLESS THE UNDEAD ONE PRECEEDS HIS VICTIM TO FULL DEATH, OR LISA HAS A STAKE DRIVEN THROUGH HER HEART, YOUR BRIDE WILL LIVE ON IN THE GRAVE... AS A VAMPYRE **HERSELF!**

ISN'T THERE **SOME** WAY TO FIGHT THE **MONSTER?!**



FATHER KOENIG RELATED THE METHODS OF **DESTROYING** THE UNDEAD... DECAPITATION... IMPALING WITH A STAKE, OR A SWORD BATHED IN HOLY WATER AND BLESSED... BURNING...

UNFORTUNATELY, MY SON, THERE ARE MORE WAYS TO DESTROY VAMPYRES THAN OPPORTUNITIES... **THEY HAVE THE CUNNING OF SATAN HIMSELF!**



WITH THE MORNING, THE VALLEY TREMBLED AT THE SOMBER BELLS... WHISPERS SPREAD LIKE A SHUDDER THROUGH THE VILLAGE... **LISA BUKOV WAS DEAD!!**

IN THE BUKOV FAMILY CRYPT, A NEW COFFIN RESTED... AND THE CONTEST FOR LISA'S SOUL WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

COME, MY SON, IT'S NEARLY SUNSET, AND WE HAVE A TERRIBLE TASK AHEAD OF US...



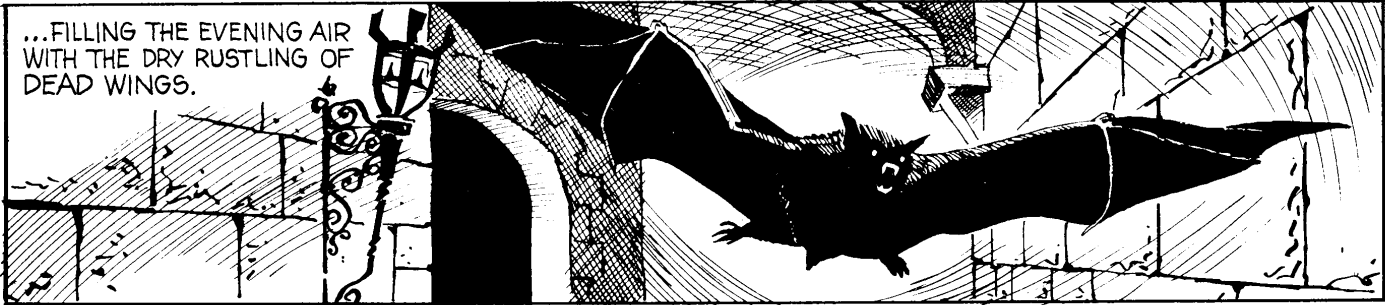
DEEP IN A MOUNTAIN CAVE, THOUGH PARALYZED BY DAY-LIGHT, THE MONSTER'S SUPERNATURAL HEARING EASILY DETECTED THE FORLORN PEALING OF THE BELLS... HE SMILED... FEELING THE HOT FLUSH OF **TRIUMPH!**



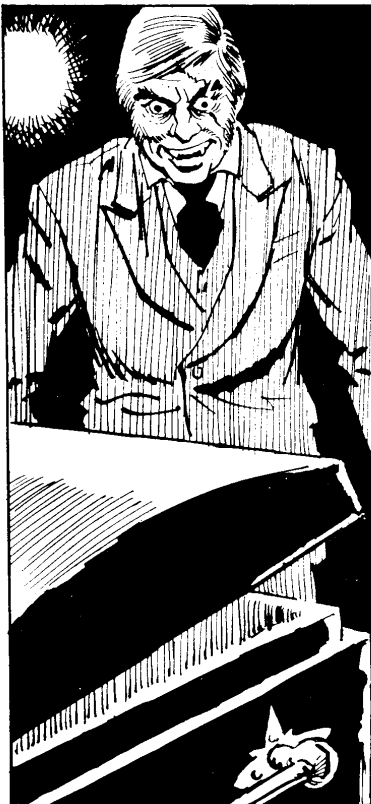
AND AS DAYLIGHT GAVE WAY BEFORE THE ON-RUSHING DARKNESS, EVIL TOOK FLIGHT...



...FILLING THE EVENING AIR WITH THE DRY RUSTLING OF DEAD WINGS.



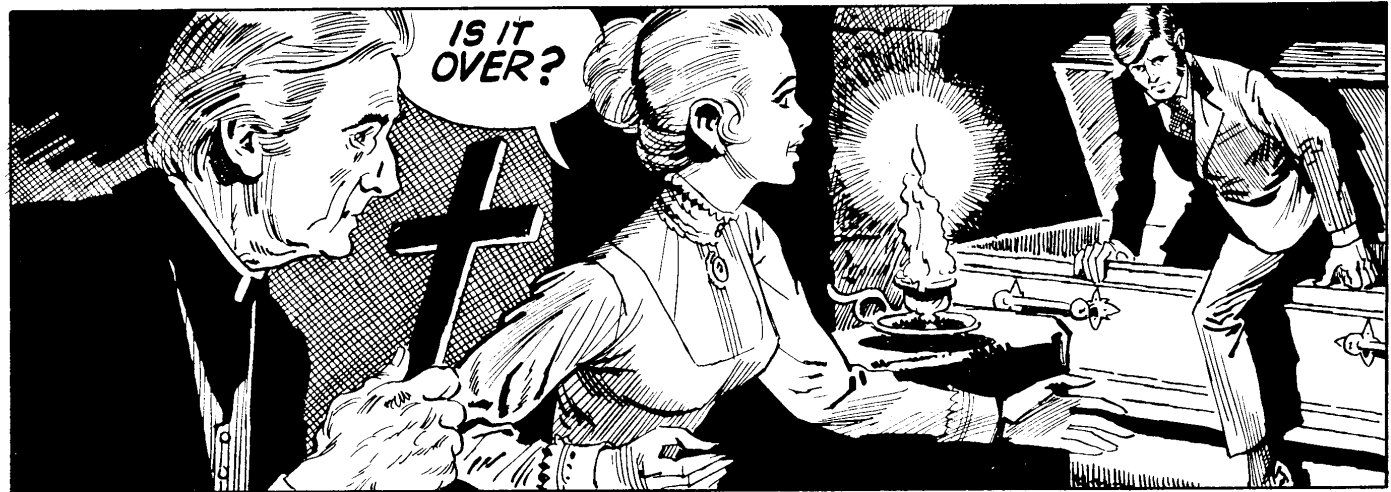
**ARISE**, MY PRINCESS ...YOUR BEAUTY IS **MINE... FOREVER!!**



**EEEEYYYYAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!**







YES, DARLING! THANKS TO THIS BLESSED SWORD AND FATHER KOENIG'S PLAN! **YES.** THE FIEND WILL TAKE NO MORE LIVES... CORRUPT NOT ANOTHER SOUL... ESPECIALLY NOT **YOURS!**

BUT FATHER, KURT COULD HAVE SUFFOCATED IN THE COFFIN... HOW COULD YOU KNOW THE VAMPIRE WOULD BE SO IMPATIENT... GREEDY... TO DARE COMING THIS NIGHT?

A MAN SHOULD KNOW... **HIS OWN BROTHER!!**

THAT'S NOT **MY** IDEA OF A GREAT **FAMILY REUNION...** BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL **RELATIVE!** AND BEFORE MY PUNS DRIVE YOU **BATTY,** WHY NOT WING YOUR WAY ON TO MY NEXT BIT OF NAUSEOUS NONSENSE?





# VAMPIR'S FIAMES



Razzle-dazzling **RON FISHER** of St. Anthony, Iowa, sent us this picture and included a story to go with it.

While strolling too close to a haunted castle, many years ago, a lovely young lady with very yellow hair and an angelic smile was captured by an ogre.

The ogre carried the young lady in his hairy paws all the way down to the very deepest cubby-hole of his catacomb castle's cellar.

The girl screamed loudly as the ogre bound her hands and anklets with rope, and lowered her into a pit of bubbling liquids which gave off foul odors.

The ogre laughed and held his nose with one hand, as he let out an inch of rope at a time, with the other.

The girl had nothing else to do, so she screamed ever more loudly.

"Bragarggh!" said ogre, "That scream is enough to raise the dead!"

A circle of white bobbed to the surface of the reeking

pool, rose, revealed itself to be a skull with burning red coals in its eye-sockets.

A skeleton hand rose from the mire, clutching the rim of the pit.

Another bony hand, holding a sword, clutched the rim of the pit too, and the skeleton we see in the illustration, pulled himself out onto the floor of the dungeon.

"I have come to save you, dearest," said the skeleton to the lovely young lady in distress. A white aura with his former face mystically formed in it glowed in mid-air—the skeleton's spirit.

"Oh, my Sir Lindsay!" shouted the girl with relief, "You have come to rescue me from this foul master of fetid brine!"

"The same, my lady," answered the skeleton, "This ogre killed me last week, but now I come back to save you, my lovely Lady Funsity!"

The skeleton raised his gleaming magic sword and swung it deftly at the ogre—**SLISH! SLASH! SNICKER-**

## SNACK!

And the ogre was beheaded and died shortly thereafter.

The skeleton then cut the girl down, saying unto her, "There now, my Lady Funsity, no one shall harm you, nor attempt to immerse you in foul-smelling vapors and liquids."

"Tis so!" said the damsel, breathing a sigh of relief, "But I am afraid that since you have already been killed by the ogre, we can never marry."

"Tis a pity, milady, agreed the skeleton, a calcium deposit trickling down his cheek, "but it must be so."

The skeleton then carried the damsel back to ground level, where she could once again breathe the pure air of the medieval village of Gotham.

The skeleton returned to the catacombs to forever fish the foul pool for the lump of muscle that he was sure to call his broken heart.



Frazetta's original **VAMPIR**. See sketches on next page...

## THE WHOLE TRUTH

Brian O'Malley, of Jersey City, N.J.—or, rather Brian's sister—says this story is true. Who are we to argue?

## THE BAT

by **Brian O'Malley**

A boy my sister knew was walking through a park one day with two other kids, a boy and a girl. As they were walking, he saw something lying on the ground and he kicked it. As he did, it jumped up from the ground and hit him. Almost immediately, he fell down screaming and foaming at the mouth. He was rushed to the hospital and had to take the painful treatment for rabies. The thing he had kicked was a bat. And the bat was in the final stages of rabies at the time. It wasn't long before the boy was dead.

Not long after, the girl who had been with him was home all by herself. Her parents were out for the evening. She was in the kitchen when she heard a crash. She ran into the living room to see what had happened. There in the window was a huge bat with his head stuck in the broken glass.

Remembering what had happened to her friend, she ran to the telephone. She managed to lift the receiver, but couldn't speak. She could only scream. And scream she did.

The police came almost immediately. But they were too late to save the girl. She had been frightened to death. By a bat who was dead before she ever saw him.



Submitted by **KEN CHRISTIE**, of New York City.



## COUNT 'EM!

Seven (count 'em) spooky sketches of suave Vampi, sent in by our sensational amateur-artist readers.

Who can say that there doesn't lurk on this page the talent of another Frank Frazetta, Ernie Colon, Tom Sutton, Bat Boyette or a Ken Barr? Most of our artists were comic art fans in their youth, too. And still are!



JERRY CONESSA of Brooklyn, New York, sent in the above portrait of our voluptuous vamp. Running clockwise (starting at upper right-hand corner) from it are sketches of our delicious denizen of Draculon by ANTHONY KOWALIK, of Harvey, Illinois, JACK BECKER, of Thomasville, North Carolina, TOBY CAPUTI, of Brooklyn, New York, CHRIS HAUG, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, RICHARD CHERRON, of Templeton, Quebec, and ED SHEA, of Plainville, Connecticut.

We'll be running more sketches of our Number One Gal Vampire in the future.



# DRAW ME

THIS TALE **STARTS** IN A HOSPITAL AND **ENDS** THERE TOO... BUT THERE'S A LOT OF TERROR-IFIC TRAVELING BETWEEN THE TWO! BUT DON'T EXPECT TO BE HOME SOON, COUSINS, BECAUSE THIS IS STRICTLY A ....

# ONE WAY TRIP!

MIKE DAVIS COULD HEAR THE HUSHED VOICES AS THEY SPOKE THROUGH THE VEIL OF DARKNESS THAT SURROUNDED HIS TORMENTED BRAIN....



HOW IS HE, DOCTOR?

IT'S NOT GOOD...HIS MIND IS REALLY ON 'CLOUD NINE' FROM THE OVERDOSE OF DRUGS HE TOOK! HE MAY BE SO FAR OUT WE CAN'T BRING HIM BACK...

I'M GOING TO TRY THIS NEW COMPOUND...WE'VE HAD SUCCESS WITH IT BEFORE ON BAD CASES, BUT THIS GUY IS SO DRUGGED, **NOTHING** MAY HELP HIM!



I'VE SECURED THE STRAPS SO THAT IF HE BECOMES VIOLENT DURING THE NIGHT, HE CAN'T HARM HIMSELF...



FROM A MILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY, DAVIS' BURNING MIND HEARD THE ORDERLY'S COMMENTS, AND HIS SOUL SILENTLY SCREAMED FOR HELP....

SOMEONE... PLEASE... I WANT OF THIS... SOB... I WANT OUT!



BUT DAVIS WAS ALONE IN THE SWIRLING GALAXY THAT WAS HIS DRUG-INDUCED INNER-SELF, AND HIS PSYCHEDELIC TORMENT CONTINUED...

HE FELT HIS LIFE-EXISTENCE BEING TWISTED BY THE COSMIC FORCES THAT WERE EXPLODING IN HIS HEAD, AND EACH SECOND BROUGHT SOME NEW INSANITY!



I CAN'T TAKE... PAIN! NO! NO! NO! NO!

THEN SUDDENLY, DAVIS SENSED ANOTHER PRESENCE IN THIS LIMBO OF HORROR... A PRESENCE CARRIED ON A HUMID WIND THAT WASHED THROUGH HIS SOUL...

WHO... WHO IS IT? WHERE ARE YOU...?



THERE WAS SOMETHING NEARBY, MOVING IN THE DARKNESS THAT HIS EYES COULD NOT PENETRATE..

HE RACED INTO THE CURTAIN OF BLACK GLOOM, BUT THE PRESENCE HAD MOVED... THEN, A SOUND CAME FROM BEHIND HIM...

WHERE ARE YOU?  
COME OUT....

HUH? WHA...?

DAVIS TURNED AND SAW THE MONSTEROUS SHAPE, WITH ITS CLAWED-ARMS AND PIERCING EYES THAT SEEMED TO CUT INTO HIS ALREADY-BARED SOUL....!

THE THING LUMBERED TOWARDS HIM, ITS REPULSIVE MOUTH PARTING IN A TRIUMPHANT GRIN THAT GAVE SHAPE TO GURGLING, INHUMAN WORDS...

AT LAST I AM FREE... FREE FROM THE RECESSES OF YOUR MIND, WHERE I HAVE LAIN DORMANT SINCE YOUR BIRTH..... I AM THE EVIL THAT IS IN-BORN IN EVERY MAN... YOU HAVE FINALLY GIVEN ME SHAPE... WITH YOUR DRUGS...!

NO...  
(GASP)





BUT I SHALL NEVER TRULY BE FREE... UNTIL YOU ARE... **DEAD...**

K-KEEP AWAY... **KEEP AWAY...!**

**INSTINCTIVELY, DAVIS BEGAN TO RUN, FLEEING THE THING OF EVIL THAT HAD BEEN FREED FROM HIS MIND!**

THIS **CAN'T** BE HAPPENING! IT **CAN'T...**!



**FASTER AND FASTER HE PLUNGED THROUGH THE SHIFTING UNIVERSE OF HIS INNER-SELF, SEEKING A WAY OUT! FINALLY, AN ETERNITY LATER ...**

**THE PURSUING MONSTER SAW DAVIS COLLAPSE, AND KNEW IT HAD WON ...**

I CAN'T GO ON...! **GASP...THERE'S NO ESCAPE...!**

SOON YOU WILL FIND YOUR WAY OUT...IN ETERNAL REST...AND I WILL GAIN MY FREEDOM FROM YOU....



**RESIGNED TO HIS FATE, MIKE DAVIS LAY ON THE COLD, ALIEN SOIL OF HIS DRUGGED MIND, WAITING THE INEVITABLE....**



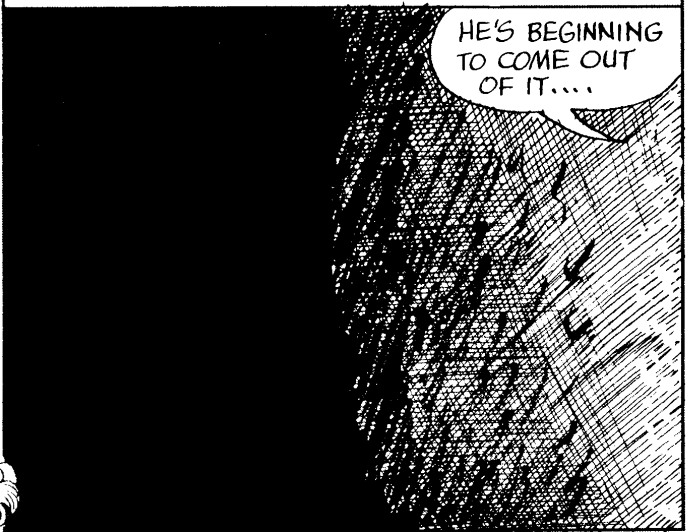
**B**UT SUDDENLY IT WAS QUIET AND STILL, A GREAT CALM SETTLING OVER DAVIS' TORTURED BRAIN... THE BEAST SENSED IT TOO... A TRANQUIL WARMTH SPREADING THROUGHOUT THIS MIND UNIVERSE...

**NO-NO!** IT CAN'T END NOW... I WAS SO CLOSE TO FREEDOM... SO CLOSE!



**F**OR A TIME, ALL WAS UNMOVING... THEN DAVIS DROPPED INTO A VOID OF DARKNESS, AND ONCE MORE HE HEARD THE DOCTOR'S VOICE FROM FAR...

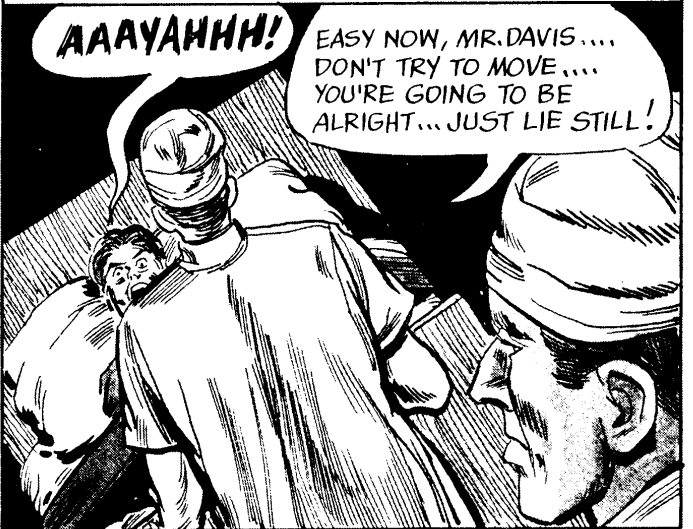
HE'S BEGINNING TO COME OUT OF IT...



**D**AVIS' BODY GAVE A SPASMIC JERK AND HE AWOKE WITH A SCREAM, PULLING AGAINST THE STRAPS THAT HELD HIM TO THE BED!

**AAAYAHHH!**

EASY NOW, MR. DAVIS... DON'T TRY TO MOVE... YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALRIGHT... JUST LIE STILL!



**OHhhhh!**...MY HEAD! MY MIND FEELS LIKE IT'S BLOWING APART...

YES, YOU WERE REALLY 'FAR OUT,' BUT FORTUNATELY WE WERE ABLE TO OVERCOME THE DRUGS IN YOUR SYSTEM... WE USED A NEW CHEMICAL SOLUTION WE'VE DEVELOPED...



MAN, THERE WAS SOME KIND OF **THING**... A **THING** OF EVIL... IN **MY MIND!** IT KEPT CHASING ME... TRYING TO **KILL** ME...







THIS... **THING**... WAS JUST SOMETHING YOUR TORMENTED MIND DREAMED UP... A FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION!

THIS HYPO WILL RELAX YOU AND LET YOU SLEEP... AND I'LL REMOVE THE STRAPS SO YOU'LL BE MORE COMFORTABLE.



I'LL BE BACK TO CHECK YOU IN A COUPLE OF HOURS YOU SHOULD BE FEELING MUCH BETTER AFTER A GOOD SLEEP!



FEEL **BETTER**? WOW, I COULDN'T FEEL ANY **WORSE** THAN I DO NOW! MY MIND SEEMS AS IF IT'S ON FIRE! AND I CAN'T SHAKE THE THOUGHTS OF THAT... **THING** OF EVIL....

MAN, WHAT A NIGHTMARISH TRIP **THAT** WAS! I WONDER WHERE I DREAMED THE MONSTER UP? YAWN... MMM, THAT HYPO MUST BE STARTING TO WORK...

**I**N A FEW MINUTES, DAVIS WAS ASLEEP... BUT IT WAS AN UN-EASY SLEEP... TROUBLED... FEVERED...

**T**HEN... HOW MUCH LATER, HE DID NOT KNOW... A LOUD NOISE WOKE HIM SUDDENLY....



DOCTOR? IS THAT YOU?

HIS EYES STRAINED THROUGH THE THICK BLACK-  
NESS OF THE ROOM, BARELY MAKING OUT A SHAPE..

WHO IS IT?  
WHO'S THERE?



THE DARKENED FORM MOVED CLOSER AND DAVIS  
CALLED OUT AGAIN, HIS VOICE BETRAYING THE  
FEAR THAT WAS BUILDING INSIDE HIM....

WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK?  
WHO IS IT???



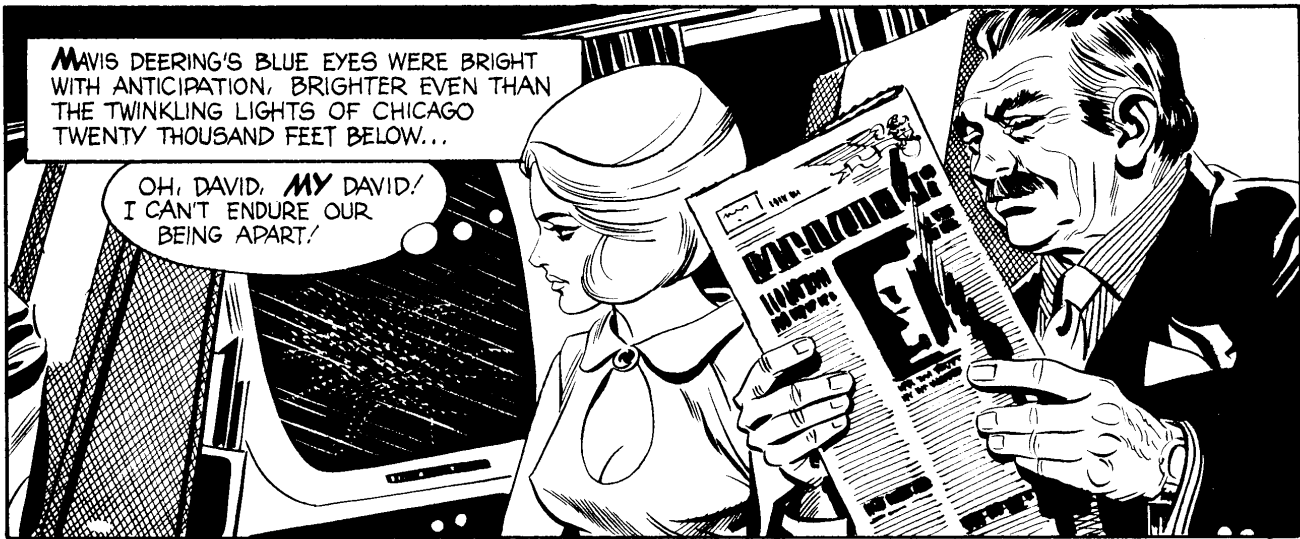
THERE WAS A SOUND... A SICKENING, COLD-TERROR SOUND OF CLICKS... AND THEN THE HULKING  
SHAPE LOOMED OVER DAVIS' BED, ITS PIERCING EYES GLARING AT HIM, ITS CLAWED-HANDS  
REACHING DOWN IN DEADLY EMBRACE! WITH SUDDEN HOPELESSNESS, DAVIS REALIZED HIS  
PSYCHEDELIC-NIGHTMARE HAD BEEN **REAL** ...THE DORMANT THING OF EVIL FROM THE RECESSES  
OF HIS INNER-BEING NOW HAD FORM... AND WAS **FREE**!



HEH-HEH! WHO CAN  
SAY WHAT DWELLS  
IN THE INNER MAN  
....WHAT IS  
IMAGINATION AND  
WHAT IS REALITY?  
IT KINDA '...  
**CHOKES YOU  
UP,** DOESN'T IT?







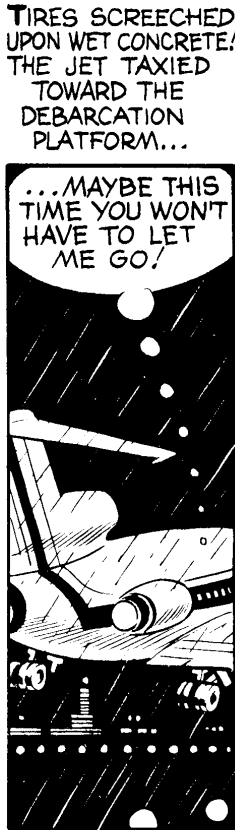
MAVIS DEERING'S BLUE EYES WERE BRIGHT WITH ANTICIPATION, BRIGHTER EVEN THAN THE TWINKLING LIGHTS OF CHICAGO TWENTY THOUSAND FEET BELOW...

OH, DAVID, MY DAVID! I CAN'T ENDURE OUR BEING APART!



THE AIRLINER BANKED, SWEEPED EARTHWARD TOWARD THE RUNWAY LIGHTS PRINTED ON THE DARK EARTH...

BUT LIKE A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE, THE WAITING IS OVER, DAVID! AGAIN WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER, TOUCH AND **MAYBE**...



TIRES SCREECHED UPON WET CONCRETE! THE JET TAXIED TOWARD THE DEBARCATION PLATFORM...

...MAYBE THIS TIME YOU WON'T HAVE TO LET ME GO!



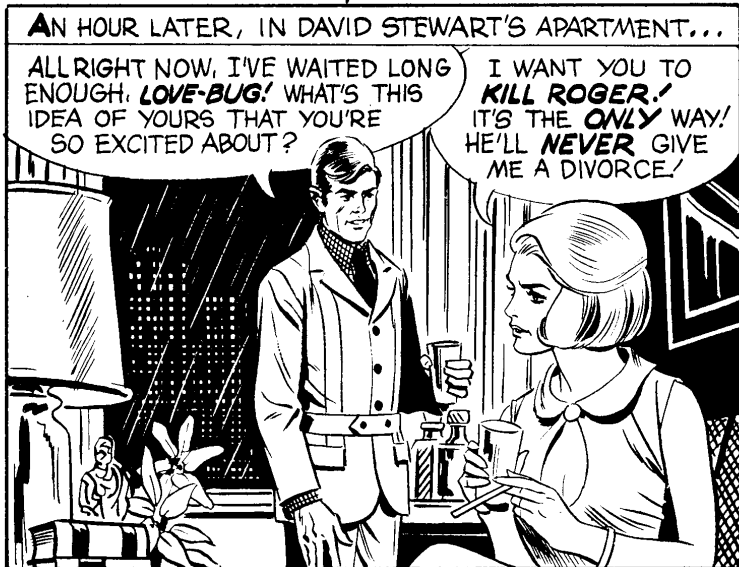
CAREFUL! WATCH YOUR STEP! HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE FLIGHT!

IT'S ALL PLANNED, DAVID! EVERY DETAIL WORKED OUT PERFECTLY...



MAVIS! OVER HERE! DARLING!

DAVID!



AN HOUR LATER, IN DAVID STEWART'S APARTMENT...

ALL RIGHT NOW, I'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH. **LOVE-BUG!** WHAT'S THIS IDEA OF YOURS THAT YOU'RE SO EXCITED ABOUT?

I WANT YOU TO **KILL ROGER!** IT'S THE **ONLY** WAY! HE'LL **NEVER** GIVE ME A DIVORCE!



WELL, MAVIS ALWAYS HAD BEEN A GIRL WHO KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED... **AND DIDN'T WANT!** NOW SHE WANTED DAVID VERY BADLY, AND DIDN'T WANT HER HUSBAND ROGER AT ALL! HER **SOLUTION**, WHILE HARDLY ORIGINAL, MIGHT HAVE BEEN A **ROARING SUCCESS** HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR ONE **HAIRY DETAIL...**

**L**OVE FOR MAVIS DEERING HAD BROUGHT DAVID STEWART TO THIS REMOTE SUBURB OF DETROIT, BUT ONLY **COLD DETERMINATION** KEPT HIM GOING! HIS HANDS WERE LIKE ICE, CLAMMY WITH SWEAT AS HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER! IN ANOTHER INSTANT, A BULLET WOULD CRUSH OUT ROGER DEERING'S LIFE, SCATTERING HIS BRAINS UPON THE WALL AT HIS BACK...



WAIT, DAVID! SOMEONE ELSE IS COMING OUT, TOO!



OH, GOD! I WOULD'VE DONE IT! I WOULD'VE KILLED HIM!

A GIRL! THAT TWO-TIMER'S GOT A GIRL WITH HIM!



LOOK AT HIM, DAVID! HE'S BEEN **FOOLING AROUND** WITH ANOTHER **WOMAN...IN MY OWN HOUSE!** KILLING IS **BETTER** THAN HE DESERVES!





WELL, THERE HE GOES! WE'VE MISSED OUR CHANCE!

THIS CHANCE... BUT WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER... A BETTER ONE!

THANK GOD!

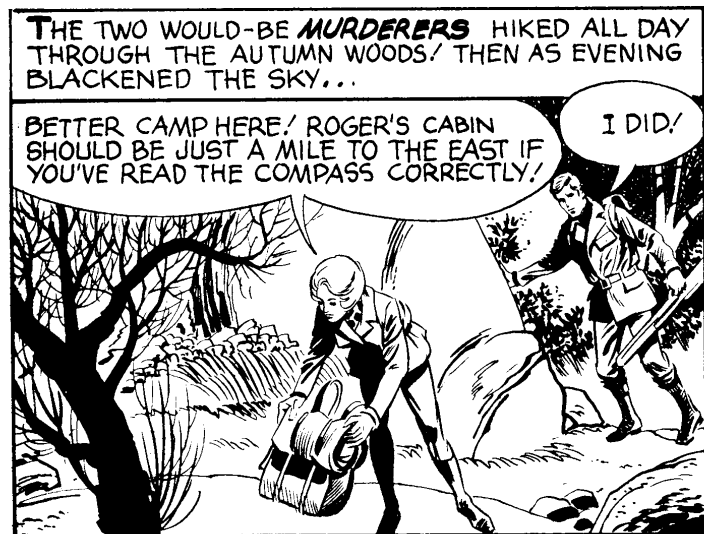


ROGER HAS A MOUNTAIN CABIN! HE GOES THERE EVERY MONTH... AS IF HIS LIFE DEPENDED ON IT! THAT'S WHERE HE'S OFF TO WITH THAT BIT OF CHEAP FLUFF!



MAVIS WAS CLEVER, VERY CLEVER AND EQUALLY PERSUASIVE! HER CARESSES MELTED DAVID'S PROTESTS SO THAT, BY THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

WE'LL LEAVE THE CAR HERE AND WALK OVERLAND TO COME UP ON ROGER'S CABIN FROM BEHIND!



THE TWO WOULD-BE MURDERERS HIKED ALL DAY THROUGH THE AUTUMN WOODS! THEN AS EVENING BLACKENED THE SKY...

BETTER CAMP HERE! ROGER'S CABIN SHOULD BE JUST A MILE TO THE EAST IF YOU'VE READ THE COMPASS CORRECTLY!

I DID!

INKY DARKNESS CAME AND WITH IT...



WOLVES! MUST BE A WHOLE PACK OUT THERE!

RELAX! DARLING! THEY'LL STAY CLEAR OF OUR FIRE!



BUT... IN THE NAME OF GOD!



BLAM!  
KABLAM!



DAVID! WHAT WAS IT?!!  
WHAT DID YOU SEE!?!

A WOLF... BIGGEST  
I EVER SAW! HE WAS  
WATCHING US LIKE...  
LIKE A MAN WOULD!



HA, HA! WHAT A LIVELY  
IMAGINATION YOU'VE GOT!  
YOU'RE AS BAD AS THAT  
FOOL ROGER!

WHAT  
ABOUT  
ROGER?  
HOW AM  
I...



I MEAN, YOU BOTH GET SO  
EXCITED ABOUT WOLVES! ROGER  
USED TO BABBLE ABOUT THEM  
INCESSANTLY! HE EVEN BOUGHT  
BOOKS ABOUT WEREWOLVES,  
OF ALL THINGS!



IT ALL BEGAN A YEAR AGO, AFTER ROGER  
RETURNED FROM A TRIP TO GERMANY!  
HE CLAIMED HE HAD EVIDENCE THAT  
WEREWOLF LEGENDS HAD A  
FOUNDATION IN FACT!

AND SO?



AND SO I LAUGHED AT HIM.  
WHAT ELSE? HE STOPPED TALKING  
ABOUT SUCH NONSENSE!

AND HE BEGAN COMING  
UP TO HIS CABIN EVERY  
MONTH... ALONE?

WHY YES!  
NOW THAT I  
THINK OF  
IT...



THEN YOUR HUSBAND  
MUST BE UP TO  
SOMETHING,  
OR...

OR? HA, HA! COME NOW,  
DAVID! YOU'RE NOT REALLY  
SUGGESTING THAT ROGER  
COMES UP HERE TO TURN  
INTO A WEREWOLF!?!



MORNING DAWNED! SOMBER, SLATE-GREY CLOUDS PROMISED RAIN...

HURRY, DAVID! WE'LL TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!

SHOOT THEM IN THE BACK, I SUPPOSE?



AN HOUR LATER, THE CABIN CAME INTO VIEW, AND...

THERE! ROGER'S GIRLFRIEND!

AND THE WOLF! THE SAME ONE I SAW LAST NIGHT!



DRIVEN BY AN IMPULSE OF CRAWLING FEAR, DAVID FIRED THE RIFLE, AGAIN AND AGAIN...

DAVID, YOU FOOL! WE'LL NEVER GET ROGER IF...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!



BUT, TO MAVIS' SURPRISE...

YOU'VE KILLED HIM! ROGER! OH, ROGER... SOB



SORRY, DEARIE! BUT DON'T CRY! YOU'LL BE KEEPING HIM COMPANY SOON ENOUGH?

MAVIS! DON'T!



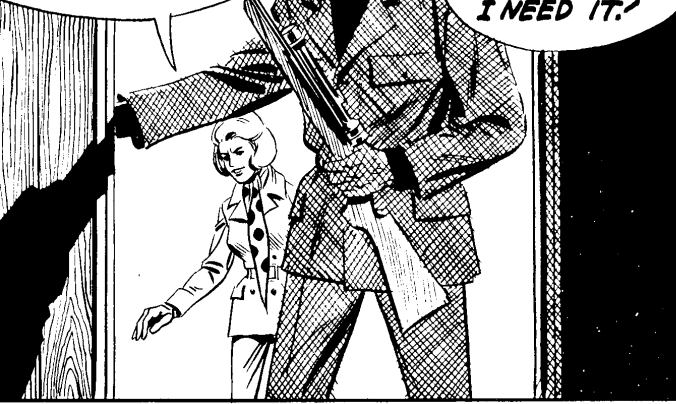
WELL, DAVID, THAT'S THAT! NOW I'M A WIDOW!

A COLD-BLOODED WIDOW! DON'T YOU FEEL ANYTHING? WE'VE JUST MURDERED TWO PEOPLE!

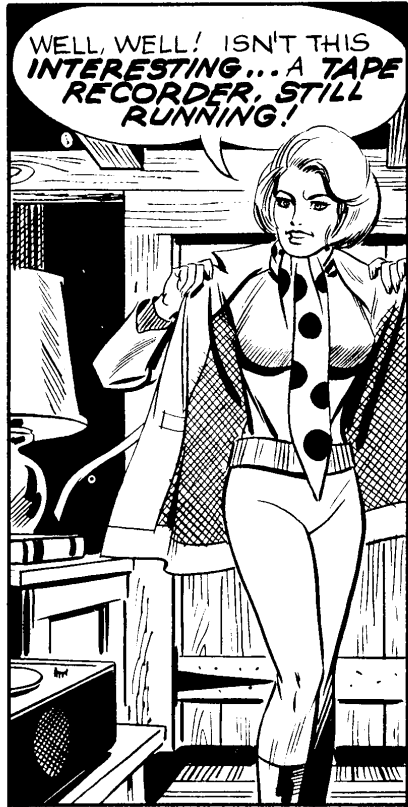


I DID IT FOR US DAVID! NOW WE CAN BE MARRIED... BE TOGETHER ALWAYS!

MUST BE A DRINK SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE! GOD KNOWS I NEED IT!



MAVIS FOLLOWED DAVID INSIDE,  
TO FIND...



MAVIS TAPPED THE **REWIND** BUTTON, THEN **REPLAY**...

**HURRY, ROGER!** THERE'S NO TIME TO REPAIR THE CIRCUIT! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE CAR BEFORE YOUR WIFE AND THAT KILLER GET HERE!



THE RECORDER BECAME FILLED WITH THE SOUNDS OF **HURRING FEET, MUFFLED WORDS, GROWLS, THEN...**



MAVIS AGAIN PUSHED THE **REWIND**, THIS TIME FULLY **REWINDING** THE TAPE BEFORE **PRESSING REPLAY**...

I'M **ELATED**... DOUBLY SO BECAUSE NOW I HAVE **CAROL** TO SHARE MY HAPPINESS! AT LAST I'VE MADE A **BREAKTHROUGH**... GONE FROM **VAGUE MYTH** TO **THEORY** TO **FACT**...



... AND NOW THE TASK IS **DONE!** I, A SCIENTIST, HAVE THE MOST IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE THAT THE MYTHICAL **WEREWOLF** DID EXIST IN THE PAST...



... AND PROBABLY STILL...

**DAVID! COME HERE!** I WANT YOU TO HEAR THIS!

IN A MINUTE! I'VE FOUND THE DOOR TO THE **BASEMENT!** YOUR HUSBAND KEEP A BOTTLE DOWN HERE?



MAVIS HEARD DAVID UNLOCK THE BASEMENT DOOR! THEN...

IN THE NAME OF...  
**YIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEE!**

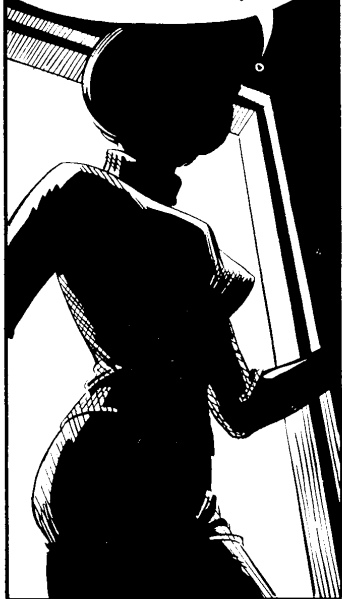
**DAVID!** WHAT IS IT?!!



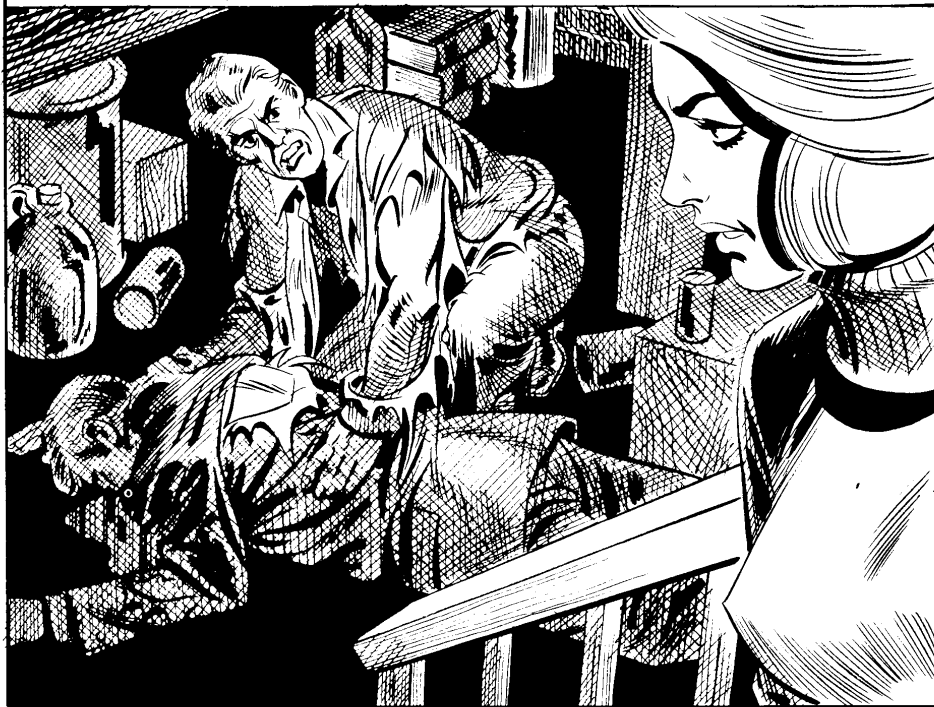


MAVIS RAN INTO THE BACK HALLWAY, TO THE OPEN BASEMENT DOOR...

NO! YOU'RE DEAD! YOU CAN'T...



BUT THE *THING* THAT WAS NOW ROGER DEERING ONLY GLANCED UP FROM THE *BODY* IT WAS *GNAWING HUNGRILY...*



YOU...YOU MONSTER YOU'VE KILLED MY DAVID!

GURRRR...



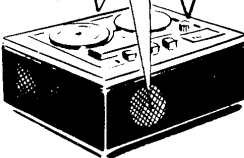
THEN ROGER LEAPED UP THE STAIRS TOWARD MAVIS, HIS FACE TWISTED INTO A *WOLFISH SNARL...*

RAAWR!

STAY BACK! KEEP AWAY FROM...SHRIIIIIIEEEK!



... WITH MY MACHINE, I'VE TRANSFERRED MY MIND INTO A WOLF'S BODY AND AT THE SAME TIME TRANSFERRED THE WOLF'S MIND INTO MY BODY! I CAN'T SAY HOW THE WOLF FEELS IN MY FORM, BUT FOR MYSELF, THE EXPERIENCE IS A *FACINATING ONE!* TONIGHT I INTEND TO MAKE THE TRANSFER ONCE AGAIN AND...



WELL, DEAR ROGER ALWAYS WAS IN THE HABIT OF *WOLFING* DOWN HIS FOOD! BUT NOW, *FANG FANS*, HE'S REALLY GOT AN *EXCUSE!*



THE END

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**F**RANKENSTEIN



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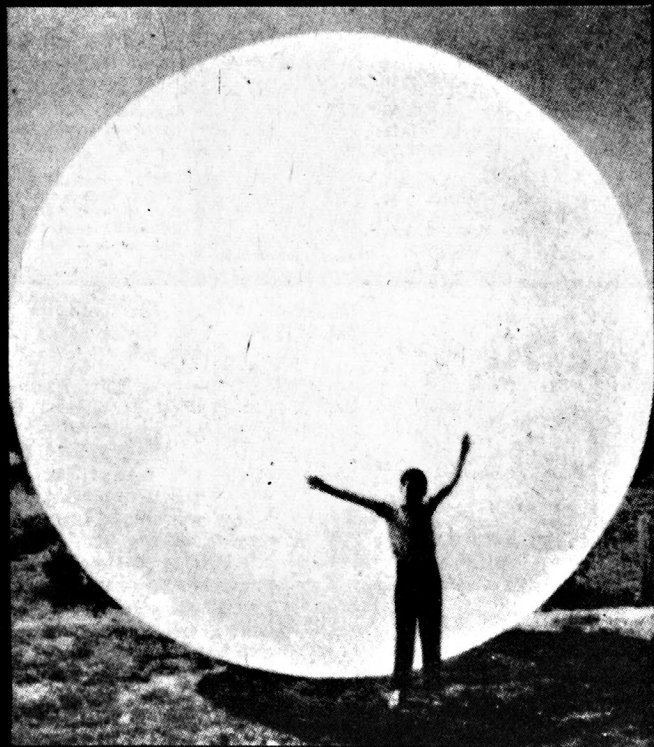
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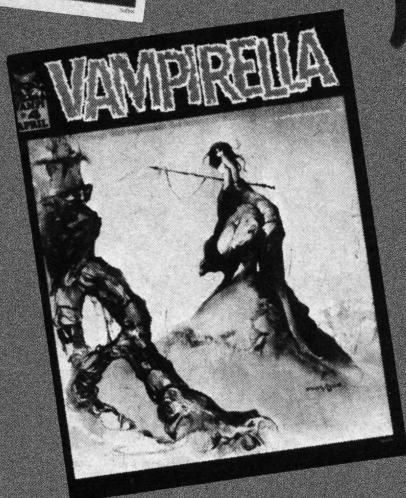
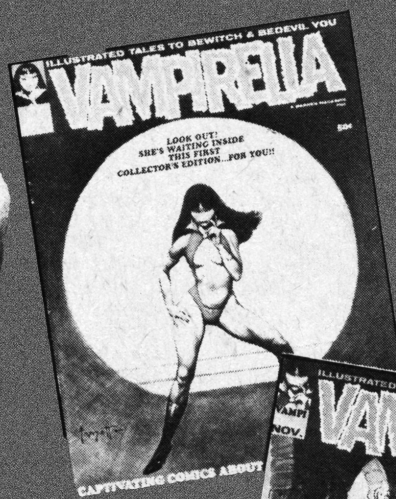
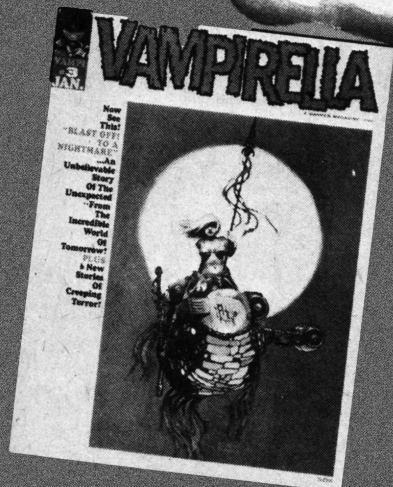
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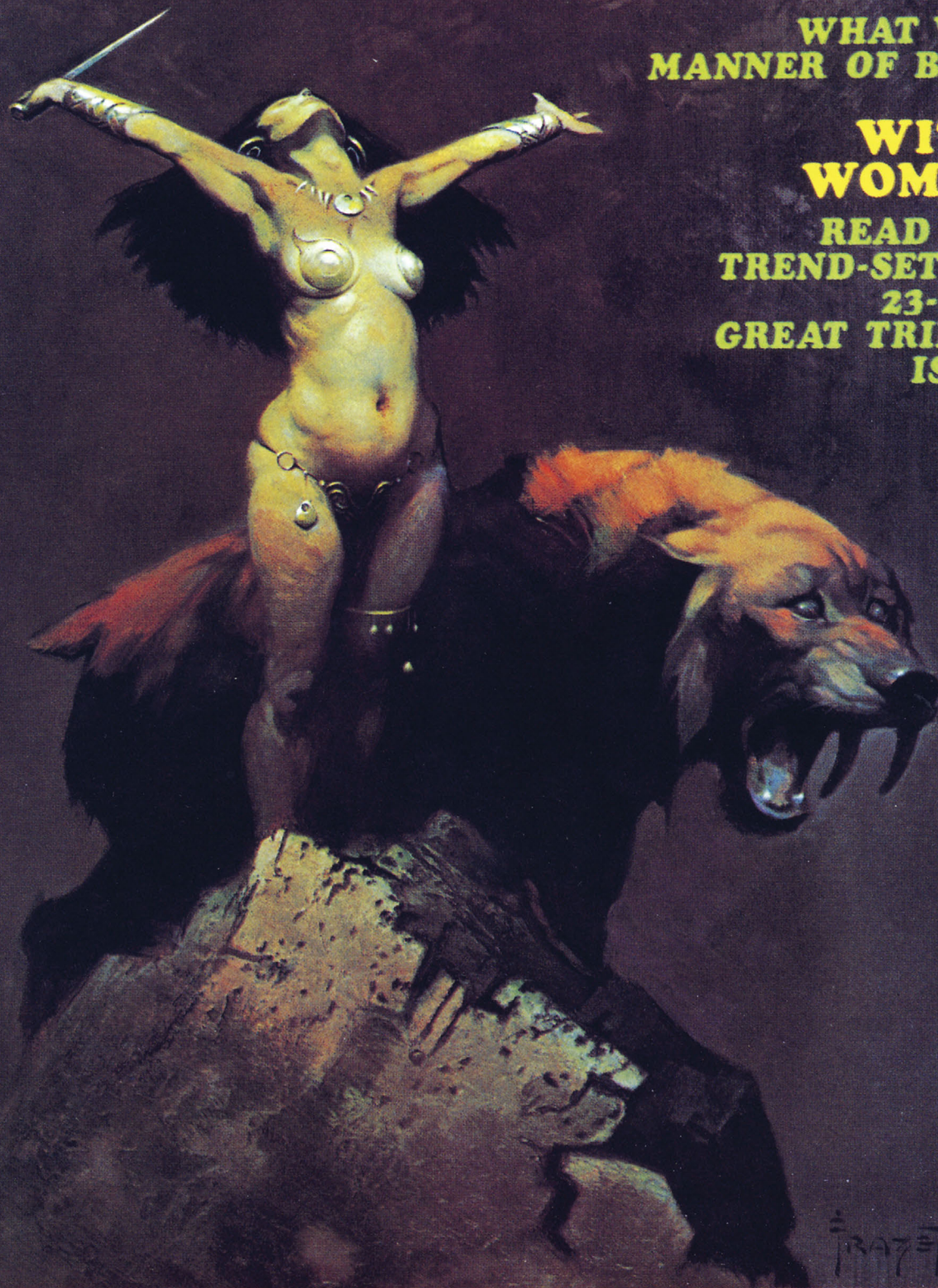


ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

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IS A  
WITCH  
WOMAN?  
READ THIS  
TREND-SETTING  
23-PAGE  
GREAT TRILOGY  
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# VAMPIRELLA

NO. 7

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 Meet the woman whose beauty inspired her portrait painters to give her their most. .... **383**





# “I shed a tear over ESCAPE ROUTE”

Those stories did for me then what a poem or story by Dylan Thomas does for me today.

I don't know if your magazine is inferior to those old E. C.'s or if my interest simply requires more today. A little of both, and probably more of the latter, I say.

Anyway, the whole book had me in such a nostalgic mood, I almost shed a tear over "Escape Route." I guess that **VAMPIRELLA** is to others just beginning to encounter the dimensions of fiction what the old E. C. books were to me. And though I should know better, I, too, am a little in love with **VAMPIRELLA**.

**TOM RYAN**

Jackson Heights, N.Y.



It's what I like best about your world, Tom. There's so much love here. Good to see it's spreading to people who think they should know better.

I'd like to see an inside story by Frank Frazetta who is my favorite artist. At least give us more of his covers. I also think artist Billy Graham is very talented. How about reprinting the pictures from some of your covers on the back so we'll have a pinup suitable for framing. Or how about giant pinups as so many readers seem to want?

**TOMMY LAND**

Kenosha, Wisc.



We are planning to make big pinups. Honest. But we know you want the best, and the best takes a bit longer. Keep watching for an order form.

Your mag is just great. I'd like to see more stories about Vampi herself. What, if anything, can harm her? I'd also like to see a real lookalike contest.

Starting with my next issue (#8) I'll be starring in a 23-page story about my further adventures here on your groovy planet. Archie Goodwin has been at my wings continuously, copiously recording all my idle chatter, and then has handed his notes to Tom Sutton for Tom to illustrate. If I like what they do, I may tell them more about myself.

**VAMPIRELLA** is a good magazine but the majority of male readers buy it solely for the girlie art. But you deprive them of it because you censor it too much.

**ANNE CONNORS**

Germantown, Tenn.

I just found out about your fantastic magazine. It's just great! I want to read more and more of them. But I have a problem: I keep waiting for the next issue to come out. Could you please tell me how often the issues go on sale?

**GEORGE WEBER**

Flushing, N.Y.



There are six issues a year. You could stop looking and save money, too, if you ordered a subscription.

I think you are the most beautiful vampire on this or any other planet in the universe.

Your latest issue (#5) was just great. I especially liked that cover by Frank Frazetta.

One thing I disliked, though, was the first story "The Craft of The Cat's Eye." It didn't have a good enough ending. It was truly a cat-astrophe.

Every other story in the issue was terrific.

**JOHN STEPHENS**

Pell City, Ala.

If you decide to have more stories about yourself, have Mike Royer or Billy Graham do the art.

I would also like very much to be President of your Fan Club. To show my interest, here are some of my bright ideas:

You should have an anniversary issue on your birth month. You should have a pin-up of the front cover on the back cover of every issue. You should have a monthly newsletter showing pictures and names of club members, new artists and some news happenings.

**STEVE LAMBERTI**

Columbia, Mo.



You've got some competition, Steve, but not a bad

platform. We already have taken some of your suggestions. You'll see more pictures of readers and biographies of artists and writers right here in the magazine. It isn't monthly, but it's a start.

I dig your mag so much I have two subscriptions. Your mag is so perfectly horrorbillized and terrorized, you'd have to drive a stake through my heart before I'm stop buying it.

I must say your issue #5 wins the award for art and stories. Just like the first four. I hope this magazine goes all the way to #500 and keeps going.

Also, I'd like to be a candidate for President of your fan club. I heard about a girl who wants to run. But how can a girl appreciate a ghoulish chick like you more than a boy can?

**ANDY FIGNAR**

Sterling Heights, Mich.



Girls appreciate me, too, Andy. Not in the same way, but in their own way, just as much. A Vampi Fan Club is on its way.

Well, I've been bitten by the bug. Your bug. Unlike those two-bit mags — like Uncle What's-His-Name and Cousin Whatchacallim — I've found something worth my while in **VAMPIRELLA**. You're really neat, Vampi, the hottest chick I know.

**RANDY LOOMIS**

Humboldt, Iowa

Wow! The cover of issue #5 was just great. Get Frazetta to do more like it. An soon, too. He gets better and better with each cover he does. Sutton is one of your best artists. His art reminds me of Steve Ditko's. If you ever get a chance, please bring Ditko back because he used to be one of your greatest. When I see his art in ordinary comic books, it never looks as good as it always did in **CREEPY** and **EERIE**. Billy Graham is also a good artist. I never saw a style quite like his before. Why don't you have him try a cover?

**MIKE PHILLIPS**

Tornado, W. Va.

Thank you for the best issue yet—number five. It was topped only by **CREEPY** #32, which will undoubtedly stand as a monument to the entire horror illustration field.

Frazetta's cover, equal to none, made an outstanding prelude to "Scaly Death." Some of Graham's drawings

## IS YOUR NEWSSTAND WITH IT?

If you can't find **CREEPY** or **EERIE** or **VAMPIRELLA** on your favorite newsstand, here's something you can do about it. Just fill out this coupon to let us know where that backward newsstand is. We'll see that they get with it.

This store needs (check one) **VAMPIRELLA**

Store's Name .....

Store's Address .....

City .....

State & Zip .....



“ I never saw a style quite like Billy Graham’s ”



**BILLY GRAHAM**

(particularly page 16, panel 9 and pages 18 and 19!) are better than any of the interior work that Frazetta ever did. I predict that in the future, Billy Graham will be to illustrated horror that Vaughn Bode, Jack Gaughan and Chesley Bonestel are to science fiction.

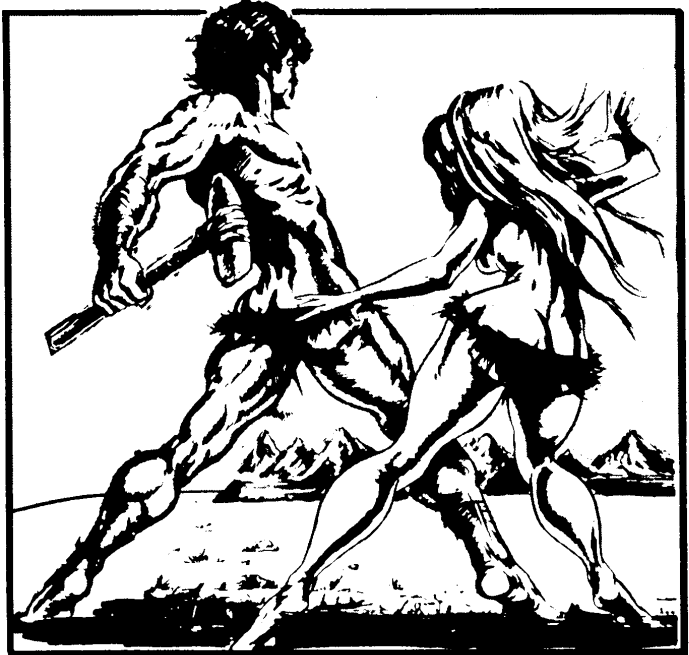
I see a new trend starting at Warren Publications. It began with **CREEPY #32**, led to



Frazetta's cover painting (above photo) and Billy Graham's rendering of same scene (shown right) in **Vampi #5**.

**FAMOUS MONSTERS #64**, snowballed at **EERIE #27** and really started rolling with **VAMPIRELLA #5**. I only hope it doesn't culminate too fast. Congratulations!

MIKE BYRD  
Cocoa, Fla.



I feel it's my turn to speak out on your magazines now that **VAMPIRELLA** has slogged through five issues. The letter columns still overflow with glowing praise of this new venture. But I find it hard to believe that such an attraction can be developed for a poorly-written, badly-drawn, over-priced travesty such as **VAMPIRELLA**—not to mention its companion magazines, **CREEPY** and **EERIE**. The plain fact is that these are **not** high-quality horror (as stated by B. Hallenbeck). They are **not** "literature of the highest quality" (M. Poole). In fact, I don't think any of them holds up in originality, good scripting, intelligence, and high-quality art—not to mention price.

Originality? Every formula Warren plot, saturated with tiresome repeats of the same old vampires, werewolves and ghouls, never amounts to more than the same old thing re-stated. All too seldom does a good story appear, and when it does, the terrible art finishes it.

It's quite obvious that the only good story in any of the Warren trio that has deserved the all-around label of "a good work of art" was the Ellison-Adams teamup on "Rock God" in **CREEPY #32**. Though even here, the heavy text had its drawbacks.

Warren can continue to imagine himself the "more sophisticated magazines" publisher, but as long as **Vampi** et al continue to crank out hack stories backed up by abysmal art and saturated with cutsey-cutsey, pimply-faced sex, you'll never make it.

Though this letter will obvi-

ously never see print, I hardly care. I'll buy from your competitor—who can supply real quality.

RONALD HARRIS  
Stanford, Ga.

The letter saw print, Ronald. And probably twice. Letters pages are one thing the competition hasn't swiped—yet. But chances are, you'll probably see this letter printed soon by one of our web-footed friends.

**SOME GOOD IDEAS** have come from our letters page. What do you think of them? How about your ideas? Send them to:  
**SCARLET LETTERS**  
22 E. 42d Street  
New York, N.Y. 10017



# WHY A WITCH TRILOGY?

**A** TRILOGY IS, BY DEFINITION, THREE STORIES WRITTEN ABOUT A SINGLE THEME OR SUBJECT.. IN THIS CASE WITCHES. YOU MAY WONDER WHY TWO STORIES ARE NOT ENOUGH TO EXPLORE THIS SUBJECT THOROUGHLY; THE REASON IS BECAUSE WITH TWO VIEWS OF WITCHES, YOU WILL TEND TO THINK OF THEM ONLY IN TERMS OF GOOD OR EVIL.

**W**ITCHES ARE WOMEN, AND AS WOMEN THEY ARE USUALLY COMPLEX. IT WOULD BE A GREAT INJUSTICE TO LIMIT THEM TO A MERE TWO DIMENSIONS. THE OFF-BEAT HEROINES OF THESE TALES ARE INNOCENT, VINDICTIVE, JEALOUS, PROTECTIVE, ROMANTIC; EVERYTHING THAT A WOMAN IS.

**I**N ADDITION, THEY POSSESS SUPERNATURAL POWERS WHICH MAKES THEM MORE DANGEROUS THAN MORTAL WOMEN AND THEY WIELD THEIR POWERS EMOTIONALLY RATHER THAN LOGICALLY, AS MEN WOULD. THEREFORE A "WARLOCK TRILOGY" MIGHT BE AS INTERESTING AS A "WITCH TRILOGY" BUT IT IS DOUBTFUL THAT IT WOULD BE AS TERRIFYING.

**W**HEN WE ASKED WRITER NICK CUTI IF THESE TALES WERE BASED UPON THE PERSONALITIES OF THREE GIRLS HE KNEW, HE REPLIED THAT HE HAD ONLY ONE GIRL IN MIND. AND SHE MUST BE QUITE A GIRL, JUDGING BY THE FOLLOWING 23 PAGES...

## THE CREATORS OF THE WITCH TRILOGY:

### NICK CUTI

Writer of  
The Witch Trilogy

### BILLY GRAHAM

Artist on  
The Black Witch

### TOM SUTTON

Artist on  
The White Witch

### ERNIE COLON

Artist on  
The Mind Witch

"I think of myself as a Storyteller, rather than a writer, and I find comics to be the best and most satisfying way to tell my tales."



"I hate drawing comics. My eyes have turned to camera lenses, my fingers are now paint brushes and I'm rotting to death at my drawing board. Is the sun still yellow?"



"Am over 30 and not to be trusted. Prefer doing visually exciting monsters & outer space stuff. Studied painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, but still love the comic media."



"My favorite comic illustrator is Warren Kremer, whom I've admired for years. I love cartooning, especially comic strips. Warren's magazines are terrific, and so is he. Right, Jim? Jim, you hear me?!"





# PROLOGUE:

**T**HE SOURCE OF THE SOUND IS WITHIN, IS IT THE LINGERING BEAT OF HEARTS OF THOSE WHO ONCE *INHABITED* THESE GRISLY WALLS? HAS THE CASTLE A STONE HEART OF ITS OWN PUMPING SEWAGE THROUGH ITS RAT INFESTED VEINS?

**THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!**

**O**R IS THERE SOMETHING *ALIVE* WITHIN? A SURVIVOR OF DEAD AGES; A WARM, BLOOD PUMPING CREATURE WHO HAS RECLAIMED THIS DECAYING SHELL OF A ONCE PROUD EDIFICE?

**DARE WE ENTER!**

**THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!**

AS YOU CAN SEE THERE IS NOTHING ALIVE IN HERE... UNLESS YOU COUNT *ME!* I HAVE NO IDEA *WHAT* THAT AWFUL SOUND IS BUT I WON'T LET IT DISTRACT ME,

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO READ THE BIOGRAPHIES OF SOME OF MY FAVORITE PEOPLE... *WITCHES!*

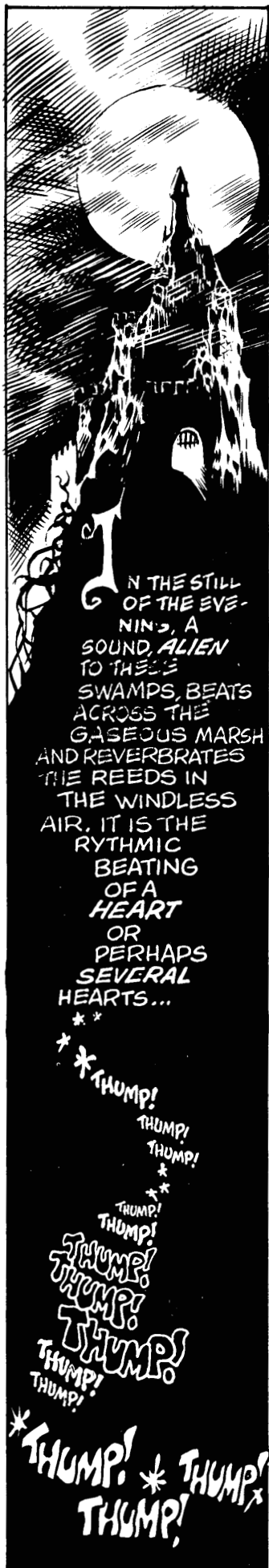
FIRST ORDER WITCHES ONLY, SECOND ORDER WITCHES *ARE HUMAN* BUT FIRST ORDER WITCHES ARE ... WELL ANYTHING *BUT!*

**THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!**

SOME WITCHES ARE BORN *CURSED*, SOME ARE BORN BLESSED WITH *BIZZARE POWERS* AND SOME... SOME WERE *NEVER BORN AT ALL* BUT CONCEIVED BY *MYSTERIOUS FORCES*. WE WILL LEARN ABOUT THEM ALL IN THESE TALES OF...



# THREE WITCHES



**I**N THE STILL OF THE EVENING, A SOUND ALIEN TO THESE SWAMPS, BEATS ACROSS THE GASEOUS MARSH AND REVERBERATES THE REEDS IN THE WINDLESS AIR. IT IS THE RHYTHMIC BEATING OF A HEART OR PERHAPS SEVERAL HEARTS...

\* \* \*  
\* THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!  
\* \* \*  
\* THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!  
\* \* \*  
\* THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!  
\* \* \*  
\* THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!  
\* \* \*  
\* THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!  
\* \* \*  
\* THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

HOW MANY THINGS CAN YOU NAME THAT ARE **WHITE** AND GROW IN THE **DARK**?  
 MUSHROOMS? VERY GOOD! WHAT ELSE? **NOTHING ELSE**? YOU'VE COME TO  
 THE RIGHT PLACE, FRIEND, BECAUSE AFTER READING THIS TALE, YOU CAN  
 ADD TO YOUR LIST AN **ALBINO BAT** AND...

# THE WHITE WITCH!



NEVER AGAIN  
 TOO SEE THE AUTUMN SUN...

THE MELODIC STRAINS OF ZENIA'S  
 SOFT, HAUNTING VOICE CRYPT  
 THROUGH THE AUDIENCE LIKE A  
 MIST, ENCIRCLING EACH LISTENER  
 AND HOLDING THEM IN WHATEVER  
 MOOD SHE CHOOSES.

Tom Sutton '70



IT'S A VERY GOOD  
 LIKENESS! WOULD  
 YOU **SELL** IT TO ME?

ONLY FOR THE PRICE  
 OF YOUR **COMPANY**  
 AT MY TABLE!  
 MY NAME IS **JUD**...



... AND SO AFTER  
 SCHOOL, I MOVED  
 FROM DETROIT TO  
 NEW YORK. I'M  
 DOING FAIRLY WELL  
 AS A PORTRAIT  
 ARTIST, BUT...

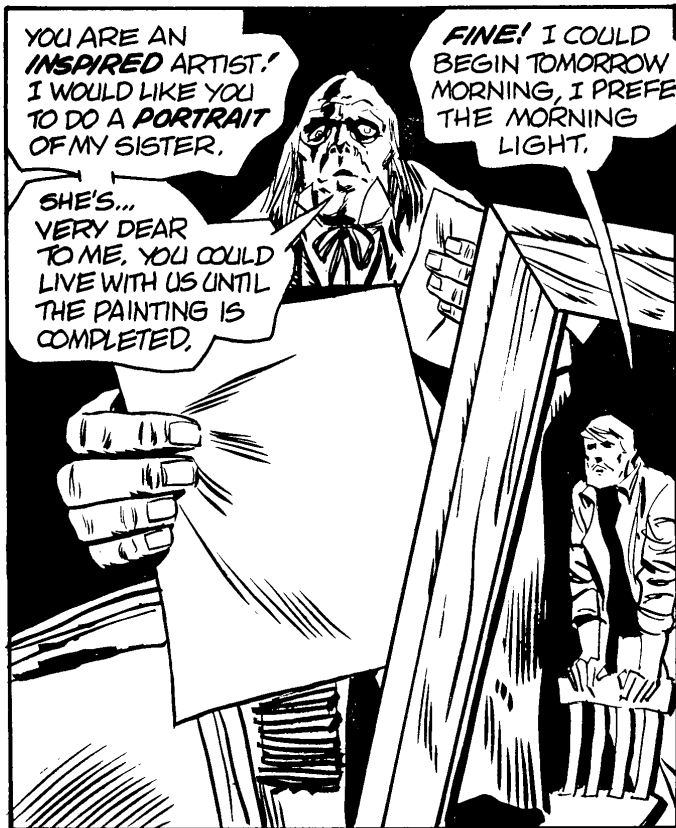
I'VE BEEN ENJOY-  
 ING MYSELF SO  
 MUCH I'VE FORGOT-  
 TEN THE **TIME!**  
 MY **BROTHER** WILL  
 BE FURIOUS!



ZENIA! WHEN  
 WILL I SEE YOU  
 AGAIN?



**J**UD FELT LIKE THE PRINCE IN A CINDERELLA STORY. HIS MEETING WITH THE LOVELY ZENIA SEEMED *UNREAL* BUT EVERY TIME HE SAW HER FACE OR HEARD HER VOICE, SHE TOOK FORM IN HIS MIND SO THAT IT WAS AS IF SHE HAD LEFT HIM ONLY MOMENTS AGO.



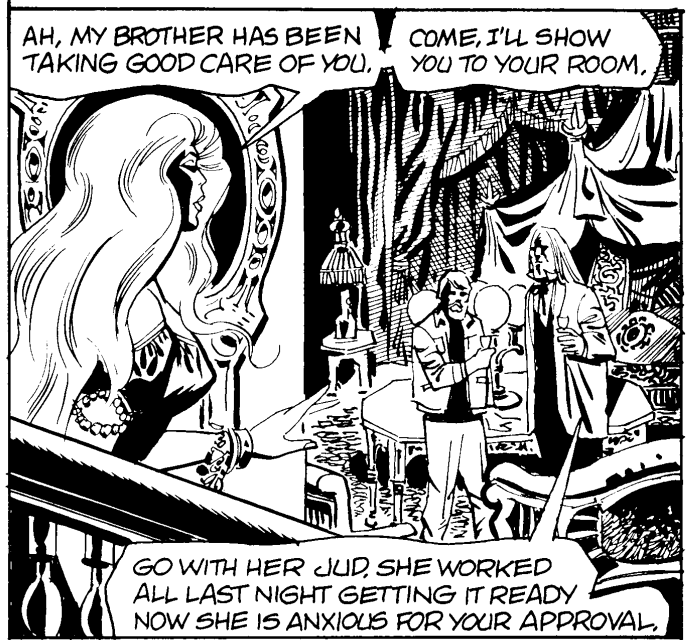


FORGIVE THE DIM LIGHTING, JUD, BUT MY SISTER IS **SENSITIVE** TO ANY FORM OF LIGHT!

SHE HIDES HER **AGONY** ONLY WHEN SHE HAS TO PERFORM UNDER FLOODLIGHTS. ONLY **MOONLIGHT** IS SOOTHING TO HER.

WOULD YOU CARE FOR A BRANDY?

YES, THANK YOU,



AH, MY BROTHER HAS BEEN TAKING GOOD CARE OF YOU.

COME, I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM.

GO WITH HER JUD, SHE WORKED ALL LAST NIGHT GETTING IT READY NOW SHE IS ANXIOUS FOR YOUR APPROVAL.

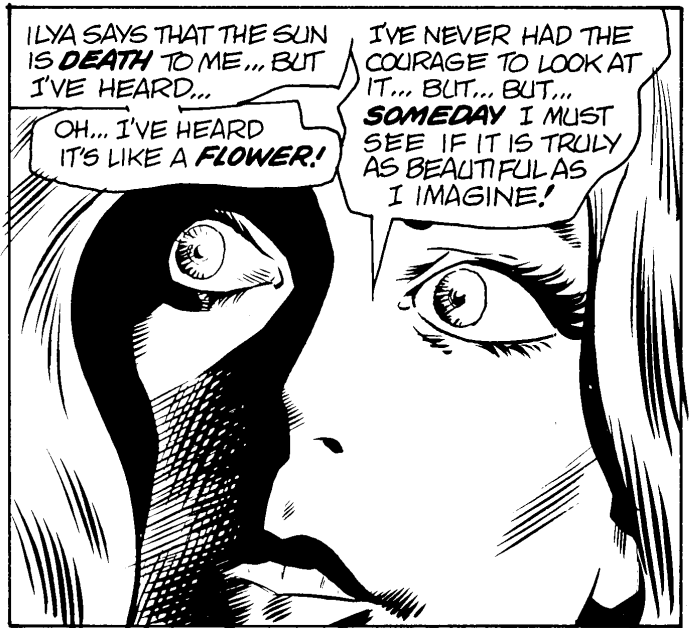


WILL YOU PAINT A PICTURE FOR ME?

WILL YOU PAINT THE **SUN**?

YOU'VE **NEVER** SEEN THE SUN?

**NEVER!**



ILYA SAYS THAT THE SUN IS **DEATH** TO ME... BUT I'VE HEARD...

I'VE NEVER HAD THE COURAGE TO LOOK AT IT... BUT... BUT... **SOMEDAY** I MUST SEE IF IT IS TRULY AS BEAUTIFUL AS I IMAGINE!

OH... I'VE HEARD IT'S LIKE A **FLOWER!**



I MUST THINK NOW, ZENIA.

MIGHT I BE **ALONE**?

YES... YES, OF COURSE



**J**UD LISTENED TO THE HIGH WALL OF THE WIND AND THOUGHT HOW MUCH IT WAS LIKE ZENIA'S VOICE IN SONG, HER BROTHER MUST BE **MAD!** IN HIS PASSION TO KEEP HIS BELOVED SISTER WITH HIM ALWAYS, ILYA MUST HAVE CREATED THIS SUNLIGHT FANTASY! THEN, FROM OUTSIDE, A GLINT OF LIGHT, A MOVEMENT DISRUPTED JUD'S DARK BROODING...





I KNEW THAT YOU WERE FOLLOWING ME,

MY MOTHER WAS A WITCH... SHE LEFT ME HER... AH... EQUIPMENT.

I'M PREPARING A FORMULA THAT MAY CURE MY AFFLICTION, PERHAPS, AS ILYA SAYS, WITCHCRAFT IS EVIL BUT I MUST SEE THE LIGHT... THE SUN IN ALL ITS GLORY.

WHAT IS THIS?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

POOR LITTLE MOTH DRAWN TO FLAME! PUT YOUR FAITH IN SCIENCE, NOT WITCHCRAFT!

I'VE COME TO HATE THE DARKNESS!



HAVE A DOCTOR EXAMINE YOU, PERHAPS YOU CAN BE CURED... OR MORE LIKELY, NO CURE IS REQUIRED!

YOUR BROTHER MAY HAVE... HE MAY HAVE LIED TO YOU!

I HAD SO HOPED YOU'D UNDERSTAND BUT YOU DON'T... YOU CAN'T!



PLEASE GO KIDD... LEAVE ME TO MY CURE.



IT WAS NEARLY DAWN BEFORE SLEEP CAME TO THE TROUBLED ARTIST AND WHEN IT DID...

**JUD!  
HELP ME!**



ZENIA HAS NOT BEEN IN HER ROOM! I THINK SHE'S FALLEN ILL SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST!



YOU SEARCH TO THE SOUTH, I'LL COVER THE NORTH!

BE CAREFUL, FRIEND! IT HAS RAINED RECENTLY AND THE WOODS ARE VERY MUDDY!



FOR HOURS JUD SEARCHED IN VAIN, FEARING SOME TERRIBLE FATE HAD ALREADY OVERTAKEN THE PRECIOUS GIRL, THEN-

**MY GOD!**



I'VE FAILED... FORMULA WAS TOO WEAK! TO PROTECT MYSELF FROM THE SUN I COVERED MYSELF WITH THE MUD!

ZENIA, OH, ZENIA!

THE SUN WILL BE DOWN SOON I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!



IT WAS MAGNIFICENT! SO BRIGHT AND WARM! I MUST SEE IT AGAIN ONEDAY.

YOU WILL HELP ME TO SEE IT AGAIN, WON'T YOU JUD?



**THANK GOD!**

I'D GIVEN UP ALL HOPE!

COME... BRING HER TO HER ROOM.

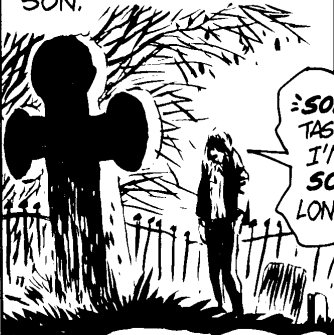
CAN SUCH A THING BE TRUE? HOW CAN SUCH AN ILLNESS BE?



JUD, THERE IS A STORY... FOLK TALE  
IF YOU WILL... THAT I MUST TELL YOU,  
YOU WILL EXCUSE ME IF I PROJECT  
**MYSELF** INTO IT.

IT BEGINS WITH MY CHILDHOOD,  
MANY YEARS AGO WHEN I  
FIRST CAME TO THIS COUNTRY  
FROM MY NATIVE RUSSIA...

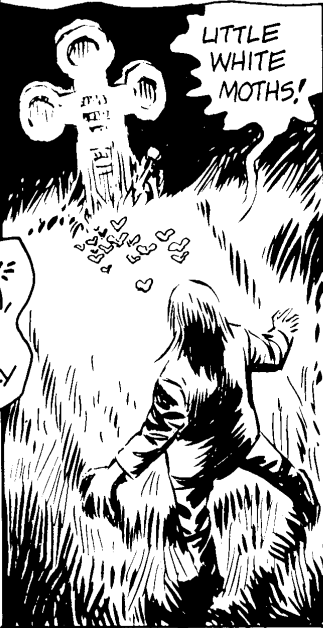
THERE WAS NO KINDER  
WOMAN THAN MY STEP-  
MOTHER, TASHA, I LOVED  
HER MORE THAN MY  
NATURAL MOTHER WHO  
HAD DIED WHEN I WAS  
AN INFANT, AND TASHA  
LOVED ME AS HER OWN  
SON.



**SOB!**  
TASHA,  
I'M  
SO  
LONELY

SHE HAD ALWAYS PROMISED  
ME A PLAYMATE, A LITTLE  
**SISTER** BUT SHE PASSED  
AWAY CHILDLESS.

ONE YEAR LATER, I HAD GONE TO THE CEMETARY  
TO PAY MY RESPECTS WHEN...



LITTLE  
WHITE  
MOTHS!



THERE MUST BE  
HUNDREDS...  
**THOUSANDS!**

THEY'RE  
FLYING  
TO  
THE  
**TOWER**  
OF  
THE  
GRAVES!



INSIDE THE OLD  
TOWER THEY  
SEEMED TO  
HAVE...



**VANISHED!**

BUT  
WAIT...  
THIS  
DOOR...



A... A CATAPILLAR...  
**CHOKE!**  
SPINNING A  
CACOON!

**GASP!**

IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE NEXT SPRING THAT I FOUND THE COURAGE TO RETURN TO THE TOWER, EVEN WITH MY BOUND-LESS IMAGINATION, I WAS NOT PREPARED TO FACE THE THING THAT HAD BEEN SPAWNED BY MY STEP-MOTHER'S SPIRIT!"



THERE, WITH THE STRANDS OF CACAOON AS HER DIAPER, WAS A TWO YEAR OLD **BABE**, HER EYES WERE SO CLEAR AND FULL OF INNOCENCE THAT I WAS COMPLETELY DISARMED AND OVERLOOKED HER **BIZZARE** CREATION.



I BROUGHT HER HOME AND RAISED HER AS MY **SISTER!**

SHE IS EXTREMELY ILL FROM HER ORDEAL, I'LL GO FOR THE DOCTOR BUT IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME, THE ONLY ONE COGNIZANT OF HER UNIQUE IS QUITE REMOVED FROM HERE.



I'LL WATCH OVER HER UNTIL YOU RETURN, ILYA



HOURS PASS, JUD SLAVES OVER THE PORTRAIT OF ZENIA UNTIL EXHAUSTION TAKES ITS TOLL.

**JUD!** WAKE UP! WHAT TIME IS IT! I WANT TO SEE IF THERE IS A FULL MOON TONIGHT!



OH... ZENIA! WE'VE BOTH BEEN ASLEEP FOR A LONG TIME.

WHY MUST BE NEARLY MIDNIGHT! YOU'RE LOOKING VERY WELL!



OPEN THE CURTAINS...

IT WAS AN UNDERSTANDABLE ERROR, JUD WAS FATIGUED; HIS MIND CONFUSED FROM STRESS AND WORRY, NO ONE COULD BLAME HIM FOR BELIEVING IT WAS MIDNIGHT WHEN IT WAS ACTUALLY **NOON!**



NO ONE WAS EVER ABLE TO CONVINCE HIM THAT HE WAS NOT TO BLAME. NOT ILYA, NOT THE DOCTOR, NOT **ANYONE.**



DIDN'T THAT JUST **MELT** YOUR HEARTS? I DON'T KNOW WHY SHE WAS SO CRAZY ABOUT THE SUN. I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANYBODY SUFFERING FROM **MOONBURN!** NOW IT'S TIME FOR US TO **DISSOLVE** AND GO ON TO OUR NEXT **SUNNY** SUBJECT!



Y'ALL DONE WASTIN' YER TIME,  
BILLIE JEAN? TALKIN' T' THAT  
WEIRD THORP GAL-I SWEAR  
SHE'S A **WITCH!** SHE GIVE  
YA A CHARM-SOMETHIN' TA  
GIT BACK YER LOVER? YA  
GIVE HER MONEY? WE'RE A  
PORE FAMILY, GIRL. YER MOM  
WORKS HERSELF **SICK!** YA  
DIDN'T GIVE HER MONEY,  
DID YA?

BILLIE JEAN!  
OH, LORD-  
BILLIE JEAN!

POOR BILLIE JEAN DIDN'T  
REALIZE HOW EXPENSIVE  
A DOCTOR'S BILLS CAN  
BECOME- ESPECIALLY A  
**WITCH DOCTOR'S!** SHE  
NEVER SUSPECTED SHE'D  
HAVE TO LEAVE HER **SOUL**  
BEHIND WHEN SHE WENT  
TO VISIT....

# The Mind Witch

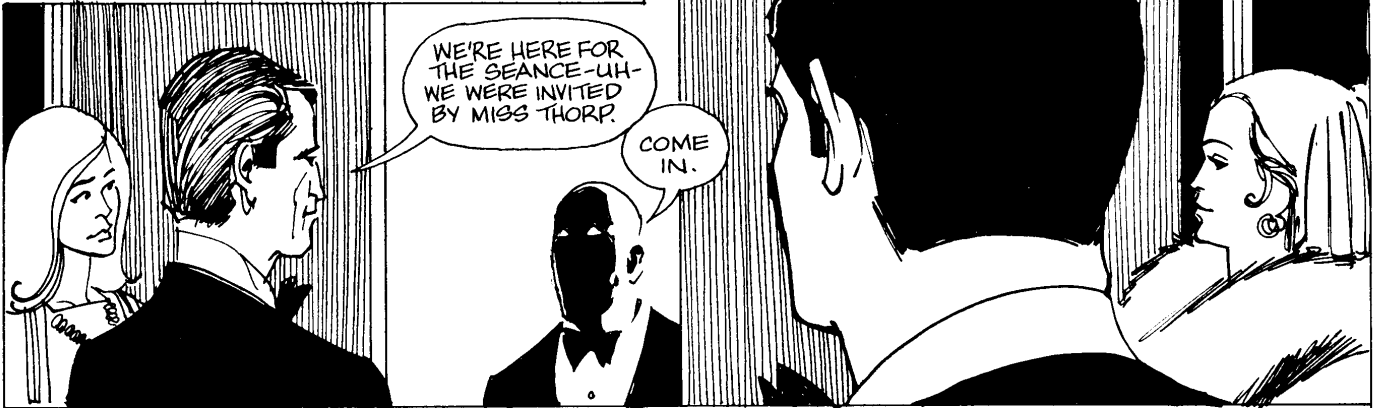
KIN YA **HELP** HER, DOC?  
SHE'S MAH ONLY CHILE AN!  
SHE BIN THAT WAY A WEEK  
NOW-EVER SINCE SHE  
WENT T' SEE CARRIE THORP!

THERE'S NOTHING PHYSICALLY  
WRONG WITH HER- IT'S AS IF  
SHE'S BEEN DRAINED OF HER  
INTELLIGENCE... HER MIND... OR,  
AS SOME MIGHT SAY- HER SOUL.  
YOU CAN'T TRANSPLANT A SOUL.

ERNIE COLON

ART BY ERNIE COLON/STORY BY NICK CUTI

CARRIE THORP HAD BEEN A MYSTERY EVER SINCE SHE CAME TO THE OLD HOUSE TO LIVE. NO ONE EVER SAW HER EXCEPT THOSE WHO WENT TO VISIT AND WHEN THEY RETURNED THEY NEVER TALKED ABOUT HER. IN FACT, THEY RARELY TALKED ABOUT ANYTHING....



WE'RE HERE FOR THE SEANCE-UH- WE WERE INVITED BY MISS THORP.

COME IN.



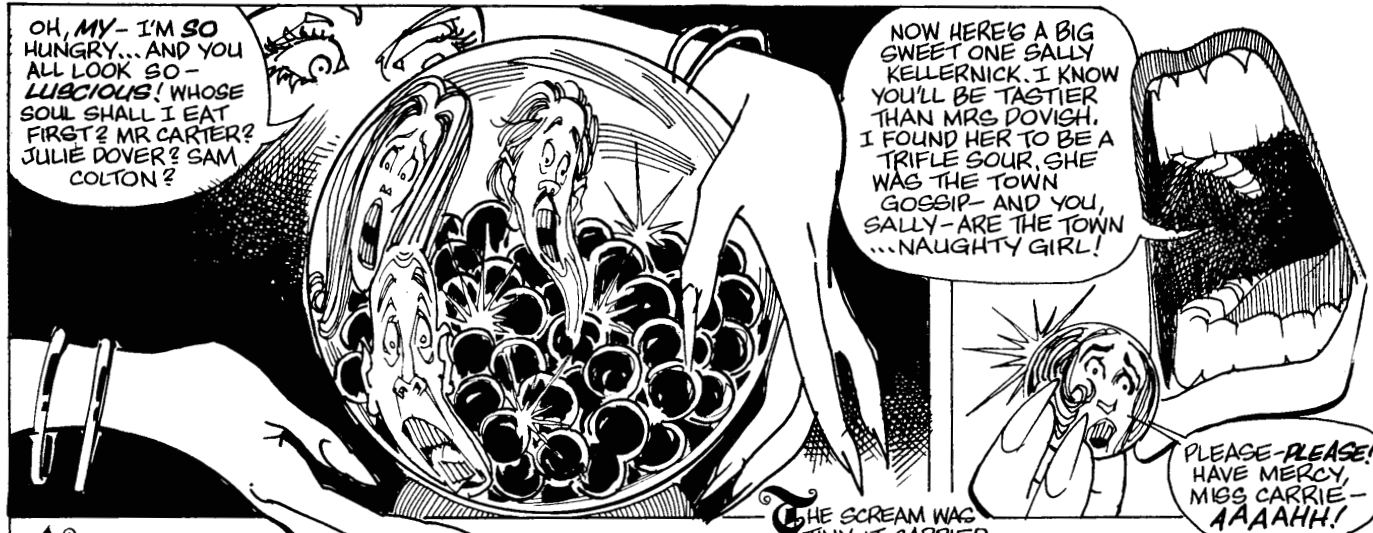
HOW DELIGHTFUL! YOU'VE ALL COME. BE SEATED WHERE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE AND WE'LL BEGIN....



DO NOT FIGHT THE FORCES ACTING UPON YOU. FREE YOUR MINDS OF ALL PROBLEMS-FREE YOUR MINDS! WATCH YOUR REFLECTIONS IN THE GLOBE AS IT MIRRORS YOUR SOULS-WATCH THEM QUIVER, THEN FADE....

WASN'T IT A WONDERFUL EVENING? DON'T YOU ALL FEEL UNBURDENED? I LOVED HAVING YOU ALL-AND YOU WON'T FORGET TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT ME!





OH, MY- I'M SO HUNGRY... AND YOU ALL LOOK SO LUBICIOUS! WHOSE SOUL SHALL I EAT FIRST? MR CARTER? JULIE DOVER? SAM COLTON?

NOW HERE'S A BIG SWEET ONE SALLY KELLERNICK. I KNOW YOU'LL BE TASTIER THAN MRS DOVISH. I FOUND HER TO BE A TRIFLE SOUR. SHE WAS THE TOWN GOSSIP- AND YOU, SALLY- ARE THE TOWN ...NAUGHTY GIRL!

PLEASE-PLEASE! HAVE MERCY, MISS CARRIE- AAAAHH!

THE SCREAM WAS TINY. IT CARRIED ONLY A FEW FEET BEFORE BEING CUT SHORT....

UFFRIN HILLS WAS STILL A REGULATION STOP ON THE RAILROAD ROUTE, BUT THE TRAIN STOPPED THERE FOR THE LAST TIME AT 7:30 PM SATURDAY BEFORE THE TOWN'S NAME WAS REMOVED FROM THE SCHEDULE FOREVER....



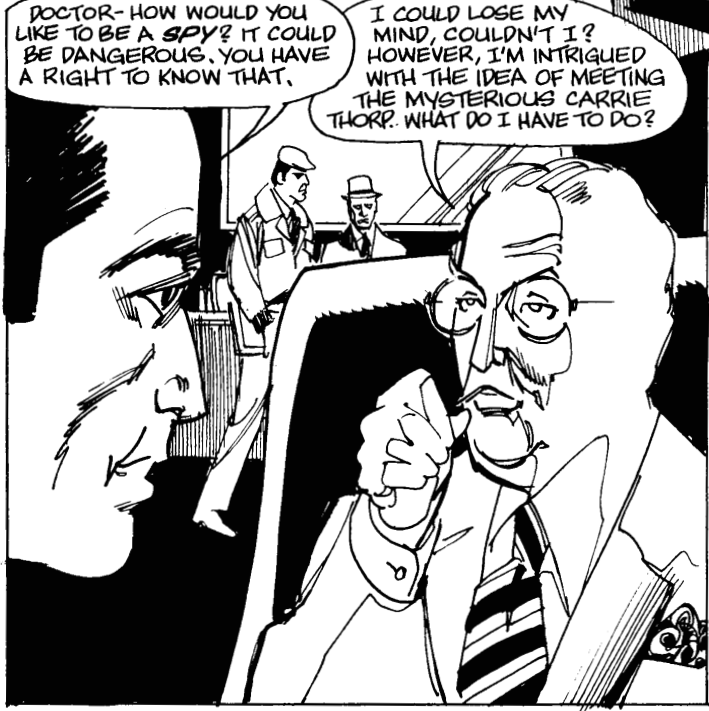
DR AXELROD- I'M GLAD YOU COULD COME!

WHEN YOU MENTIONED IN YOUR LETTER THAT MY PATIENT'S ILLNESS WAS A SORT OF-- EPIDEMIC AROUND HERE, I HAD TO COME!

THEY DO THEIR WORK EVEN MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN BEFORE, AS IF BY INSTINCT ALONE- THEY SIMPLY OBEY. THE CRIME AND ACCIDENT RATE IS ZERO- AND THEY'RE LIKE MACHINES!

HOW MUCH OF THE TOWN IS AFFECTED?

WE'RE THE ONLY ONES ARENT!



DOCTOR- HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A SPY? IT COULD BE DANGEROUS. YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW THAT.

I COULD LOSE MY MIND, COULDN'T I? HOWEVER, I'M INTRIGUED WITH THE IDEA OF MEETING THE MYSTERIOUS CARRIE THORP. WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?



DR AXELROD GAINED A NEW DEGREE. HE WAS NOW A MASTER OF OCCULT SCIENCE, AND HE CALLED ON CARRIE THORP USING THAT TITLE ONLY.



MISS - IS THIS CARRIE THORP'S RESIDENCE?



MISS, I SAID-



SUDDENLY-

BACK, MINDLESS ABOMINATION! DO NOT DARE HARM MY GUEST!

YAAA!!



THE EVENING WIND DISPLAYED CARRIE'S RAVEN TRESSES AS HER INHUMAN LADIES IN WAITING TENDED TO THEIR MISTRESS.



DR AXELROD, HOW GOOD OF YOU TO REQUEST AN AUDIENCE WITH ME. PLEASE EXCUSE MY PETS. I HAVE ONLY RECENTLY SENT FOR THEM AND THEY ARE NOT USED TO THE SURROUNDINGS...

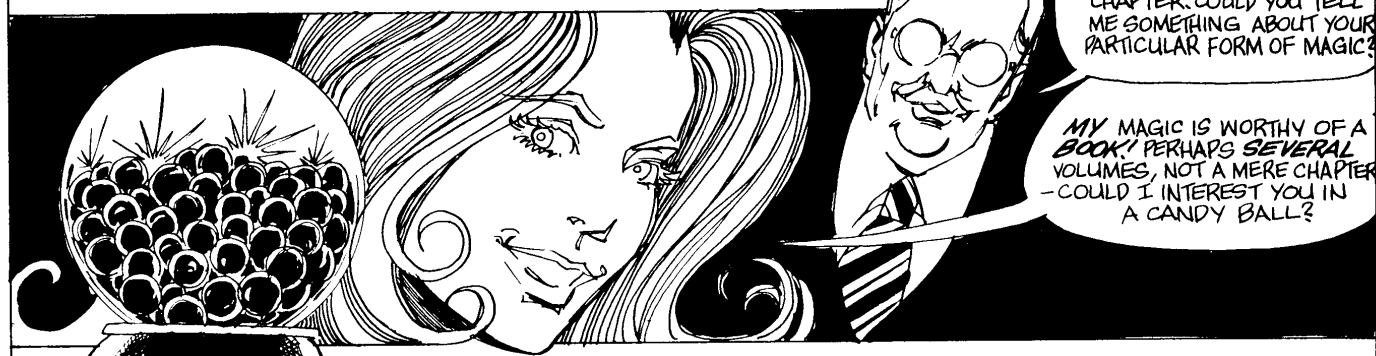




I SUPPOSE YOUR PETS ARE USED TO A MUCH **WARMER** CLIMATE?

As **CARRIE** MOVED CLOSER TO HIM, JOHN WAS AWARE OF WARMTH AND ENERGY RADIATING FROM THE BEAUTIFUL WITCH.

MY PETS ARE NOT FROM HELL, DOCTOR-NOR AM I. COME, HAVE A CUP OF CAPUCHINO WITH ME AND I WILL... EXPLAIN.



AS I TOLD YOU ON THE PHONE, I'M WRITING A BOOK ON CONTEMPORARY WITCHCRAFT AND FEEL THAT YOU DESERVE AN ENTIRE CHAPTER. COULD YOU TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR PARTICULAR FORM OF MAGIC?

MY MAGIC IS WORTHY OF A **BOOK!** PERHAPS **SEVERAL** VOLUMES, NOT A MERE CHAPTER - COULD I INTEREST YOU IN A CANDY BALL?

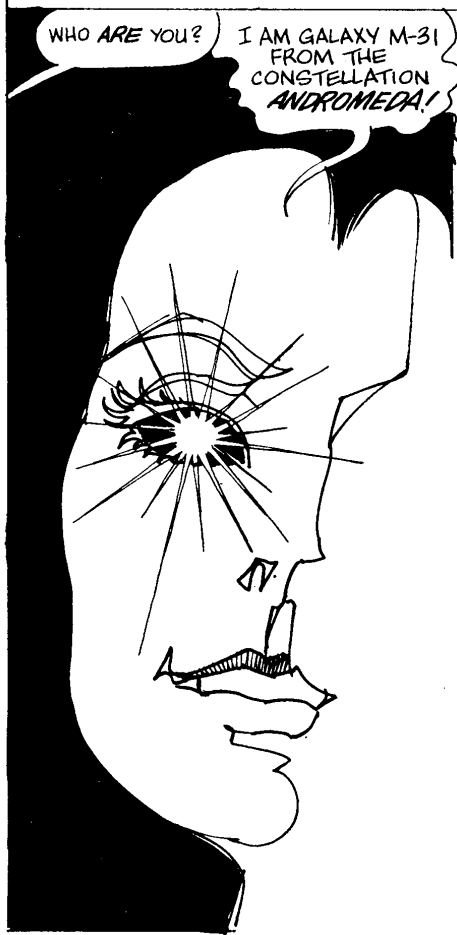
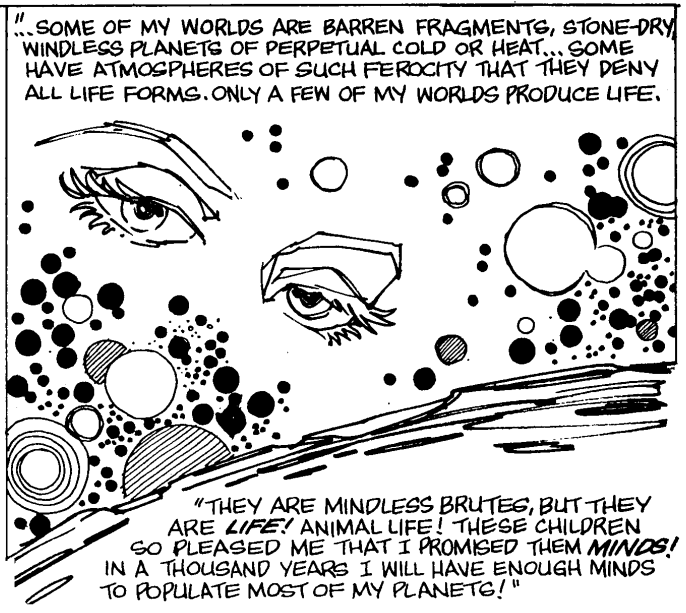


SO **THIS** IS HOW YOU DO IT! EITHER YOU ARE A **FIEND** OR SOMETHING FROM ANOTHER **WORLD!**

**NEITHER!** JUST A MOTHER CARRYING OUT A PROMISE TO HER CHILDREN! AS A DOCTOR YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND THAT- AND I KNOW THAT YOU ARE A **DOCTOR!**



**SHERIFF KANTZ** FELL VICTIM TO ME ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE YOU ARRIVED! HE TOLD ME- **EVERYTHING!**







**E**VEN AS HE SPEAKS, A METAMORPHOSIS MOVES OVER THE DOCTOR LIKE A WAVE. HIS VOICE BECOMES DISTANT AND ECHOING...

ANDROMEDA WANTS YOU BACK! SHE HAS SENT ME TO FETCH YOU. FOR YOUR CRIME, ALL LIFE WILL BE TAKEN FROM YOU AND YOU WILL BE BARREN FOR ALL ETERNITY!

Noooo!!

THE EXPLOSION WAS SEEN IN SEVERAL COUNTIES. THE BRIGHTNESS GAVE ILLUMINATION TO THE NIGHT SKY. ONE ASTRONOMER WHO SAW IT SAID IT RESEMBLED A NEBULA - A STAR BURST.



...THE LAST WORD OF OUR DRAMA HAS NOT BEEN SPOKEN. IT HAS YET TO BE HEARD BY THE GIANT EAR PRESSED AGAINST OUTER SPACE - THE OBSERVATORY AT NEW MEXICO.

-WITHIN THE CENTRAL CONTROL AREA, TWO MEN HAVE BEEN REPAIRING THE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM. THEY ARE UNAWARE OF THE STRANGE EXPLOSION AT SUFFRIN HILLS.

TWO YEARS AGO, GALAXY M-32 DISAPPEARS WITHOUT A RUMBLE OR REASON... NOW WE'RE PICKING UP SIGNALS FROM HER AGAIN! IT'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING IN THE CIRCUITS!



I'M PICKING UP AN UNUSUAL SIGNAL! LORD! DOESN'T ANYTHING MAKE SENSE ANYMORE?

WHAT DID YOU HEAR?



I'M SAYING THIS NOW BECAUSE I JUST HEARD IT AND MAYBE I'LL DENY IT A WEEK FROM NOW, BUT IT WAS THE MOST PITIFUL WAIL OF MISERY I EVER HEARD!



AFTER THAT MINDLESS LITTLE TALE, I WONDER - WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR... DOES IT WISH BACK ON YOU?! NOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN WHEN THEY SAY...THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES!



**D**URING THE SALEM WITCH HUNTS, MANY INNOCENT GIRLS WERE BURNED AS WITCHES. WE KNOW TODAY THAT EVEN THOUGH WITCHCRAFT IS A WIDELY PRACTICED ART, THOSE GIRLS WHO WERE TRIED AND EXECUTED WERE NOT WITCHES... BECAUSE A GOOD WITCH NEVER GETS CAUGHT! STRANGELY ENOUGH, THIS WAS FOREMOST ON JAOL JONES' MIND AS HE RODE HOME ONE EVENING.

GIDDAP, JUPITER! STOP KICKIN' UP DUST AND ROLLIN' STONES OUT OF YOUR WAY AND LET'S GET HOME! I GOT THIS FEELING THAT THERE'S SOMETHING WATCHING US AND I PRAY THAT IT'S AN ANIMAL! I GOT A RIFLE BUT, IF IT'S ANYTHING ELSE...



**SUDDENLY...**



HEY JOAL... MIND IF I RIDE WITH YOU A BIT? I WANT TO TALK... IT'S A COOL NIGHT AND THE SKY IS PLUM FULL OF STARS. JUST RIGHT FOR TALKING.



**I**F A BLACK CAT. CROSSES YOUR PATH, YOU CAN BE SURE THAT IT WILL BRING BAD LUCK ESPECIALLY IF THAT BLACK CAT TURNS OUT TO BE A PANTHER! OF COURSE, THERE IS ONE BLACK CAT THAT'S EVEN MORE DANGEROUS THAN A PANTHER AND THAT IS...

# THE BLACKWITCH!

WHAT A GLORIOUS NIGHT! ISN'T IT, JAOL? YOU SEEM NERVOUS! NOW I'VE BEEN SUSPECTING THAT YOU'VE BEEN TWO-TIMING ME FOR MILLIE PRIDE. IS THAT WHAT'S MAKING YOU NERVOUS?



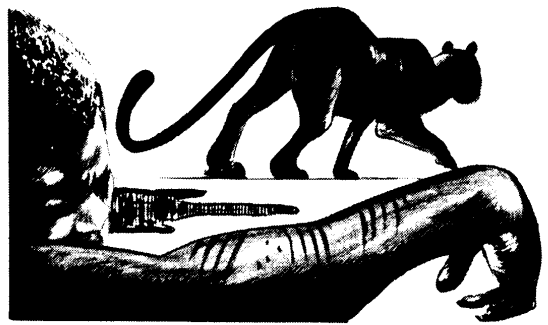
YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW, ZEL... MILLIE AND I ARE ENGAGED!





THE LAST THING JAOL REMEMBERED WERE DRIPPING YELLOW FANGS AND THE LAST THING HEARD WAS THE PANTHER'S HIGH-PITCHED WOMANLY CRY!

WITCHES PREFER TO ANSWER QUESTIONS WITH ACTION INSTEAD OF WORDS. FEW PEOPLE SURVIVE THEIR ANSWERS.



MILLIE PRIDE WAS THE NEXT PERSON TO BE SOUGHT OUT BY THE VENGEFUL WITCH...

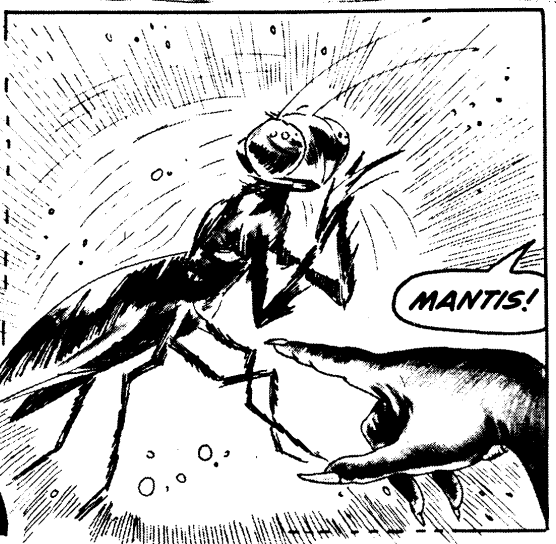
IT'S EASY FOR ME, LITTLE MOMMA! NOW JAOL WON'T BE COMING TO SEE YOU ANYMORE, BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, 'CAUSE YOU WON'T BE IN ANY CONDITION TO RECEIVE ANYBODY!

HELLO! I BROUGHT THIS MILK FOR ME BUT I'LL SHARE IT WITH YOU IF I CAN FIND A SAUCER! HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE WITH ALL THE WINDOWS LOCKED?



PLEASE, ZELDA, PLEASE! WE TRULY LOVE EACH OTHER, JAOL AND ME. DON'T KILL ME! PLEASE DON'T!

I WON'T KILL, BUT KNEELING THERE LIKE AN INSECT GIVES ME AN IDEA. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A PRAYING...



MANTIS!

**I**N A DESERTED SECTION OF THE VILLAGE, A BIZZARE CULT BEGAN ITS NOCTURNAL MASS...



O, PRINCE OF DARKNESS, I, ZOHRA, SACRED PRIESTESS OF WITCHES DO DEMAND THAT YOU WATCH OVER THE BLESSED EXPLOITS OF OUR SISTER AND QUEEN, YOUR HIGH PRIESTESS ZELDA!

DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELVES SISTERS, I HAVE SUCCEEDED! TONIGHT WE SEPARATE AND BEGIN OUR MISSION OF INFILTRATION. WE SHALL EACH START OUR OWN COVEN AND GATHER RECRUITS UNTIL...



JAOL! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE...



DEAD? YOU WERE TOO ANXIOUS, ZEL! DON'T LET ANY ESCAPE!



RATS! ALL OF YOU ARE RATS! RATS AND COWARDS! GOOD WITCHES NEVER GET CAUGHT! JAOL SHALL ESCAPE HIS FATE HERE! HE WILL BE THE ONLY ONE, BUT HE WILL NEVER KNOW PEACE UNTIL I DELIVER HIM TO HIS DEATH!

**RATS!!!**

**OH GOD!**

SOMEDAY I WILL COME FOR YOU! YOURS WILL BE A *SPECIAL* FATE!

**WRRRRRRRR!!!**

**J**AOL RAN FOR A LONG TIME UNTIL HUMILIATION CAUGHT UP WITH HIM. HIS HEART HARDENED AND TIGHTENED WITH FURY. A HUGE BURST OF ANGER ROSE WITHIN HIM AND BURST FROM HIS LIPS IN THE FORM OF A VOW.

WITCH! YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THE COURAGE OF MAN LIVING ON BORROWED TIME! IF I AM WILLING TO *GIVE* MY LIFE, IT CAN NEVER BE *TAKEN* FROM ME. HEAR ME! I WILL DESTROY YOU OR BE DESTROYED!!



HE COMES HERE EVERY DAY... ALWAYS READS BOOKS ON THE SAME SUBJECTS! WITCHCRAFT, SATANISM AND MAGIC!

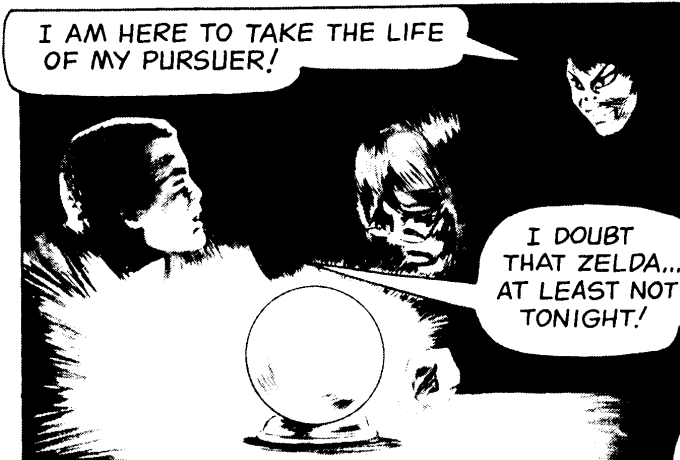


LIBRARIAN MISS BLANKS

MADAME LEVIA HAD BROUGHT BACK DECEASED RELATIVES FOR MANY OF HER WEALTHY PATRONS. TONIGHT, SHE WAS TO MEET HER MOST DANGEROUS CHALLENGER... JAOL JONES!



SEARCH THE WORLD OF THE LIVING, O WANDERING SPIRITS AND FIND ZELDA, THE JAMAICAN WITCH! HER NEMESIS IS AMONG US!



I AM HERE TO TAKE THE LIFE OF MY PURSUER!

I DOUBT THAT ZELDA... AT LEAST NOT TONIGHT!



THIS ZELDA IS ONLY AN IMAGE... PLAYED ONTO A CLOUD OF ODORLESS GAS JUST ABOVE OUR HEADS! YOU'RE A PHONEY, MADAME LEVIA, AND FOR YOUR SAKE I HOPE THE REAL ZELDA NEVER FINDS OUT ABOUT YOU! GENUINE WITCHES AREN'T MERCIFUL WITH IMITATORS!

A GIFT AWAITED JAOL AS HE RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT...



LESSEE, THAT MAKES THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CURSE OF DEATH BY VOODOO DOLL! I'M GOING TO OPEN A COMPANY AND SELL JAOL DOLLS! I HAVE ENOUGH OF THEM!

FOR SIX YEARS, JAOL JONES HAD BEEN THE TERROR OF ALL WITCHES, BUT DESPITE HIS RELENTLESS WAR ON WITCHCRAFT, THE WITCH HUNTER HAS NEVER CONFRONTED ZELDA A SECOND TIME.



RRRIING!

IT'S A LATE HOUR FOR CALLERS!

WOLF BONE DEADLY BLARKFLAKES

VOO DOO PLUS SATANISM AND THE BLACK ART THE BOOK OF SPELLS DEATH BOOK SATAN IN THE 15TH CENTURY LUTHER DEMONOLOGY



MR. JONES? I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM ZELDA!

WHAT IS IT?





GOOD LORD!  
A  
**DINJI!**

THE DOOMED SPIRIT OF A MAN LONG DEAD, CURSED TO STALK BLINDLY THROUGH THIS LIFE, MOVED FORWARD, FOLLOWING THE SOUND OF JAOL'S VOICE...



OVER HERE, DINJI! YOU'RE NOT A VERY EFFICIENT POSTMAN IF YOU CAN'T EVEN DELIVER A MESSAGE!



...TO IT'S DOOM!

**GAAYIIIE!**

I GUESS YOU WON'T BE GETTING ME TONIGHT, ZELDA!



SO, ZELDA... PERHAPS IT'S TO BE TONIGHT AFTER ALL!

**JAAAAA**



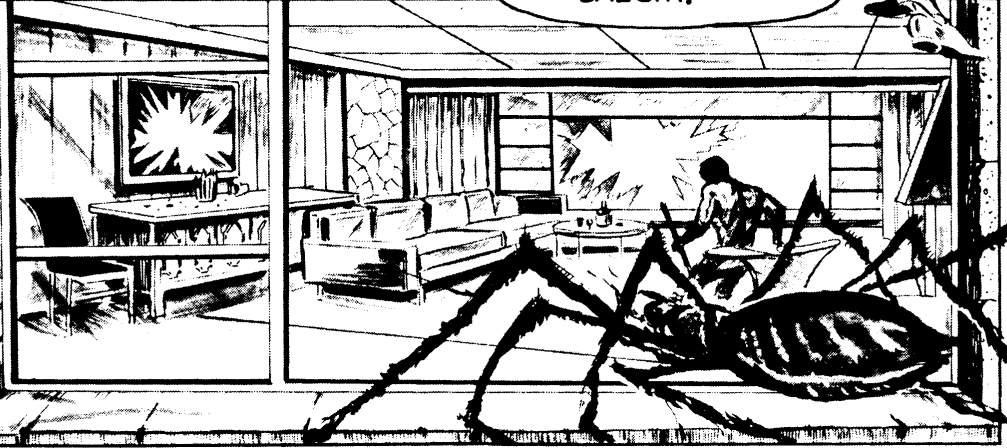
JAOL, HERE I AM!



BLAM!

YOU'RE PLAYING WITH ME! MY NERVES HAVE BEEN STEELED OVER THE YEARS, BUT YOURS HAVE WEAKENED, HAVEN'T THEY? TONIGHT YOU WILL BE CAUGHT!

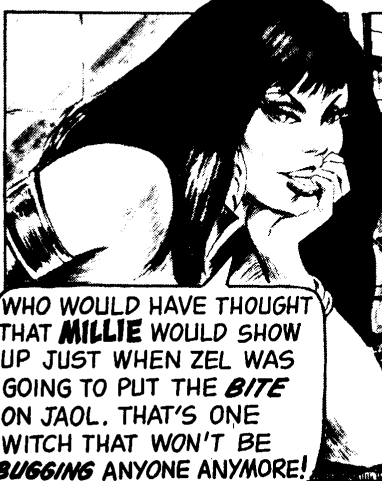
**S**HOTGUNS WERE MADE TO DOWN BIG BEASTS, BUT SMALL ONES, SUCH AS THE POISONOUS BLACK WIDOW SPIDER, ARE IMMUNE TO THIS DEVICE AND THAT WAS WHY ZELDA CHOSE THIS FORM. HOWEVER JAOL WAS RIGHT. THE YEARS OF PURSUIT HAD WEAKENED THE CLEVER WITCH'S SENSES, BECAUSE...



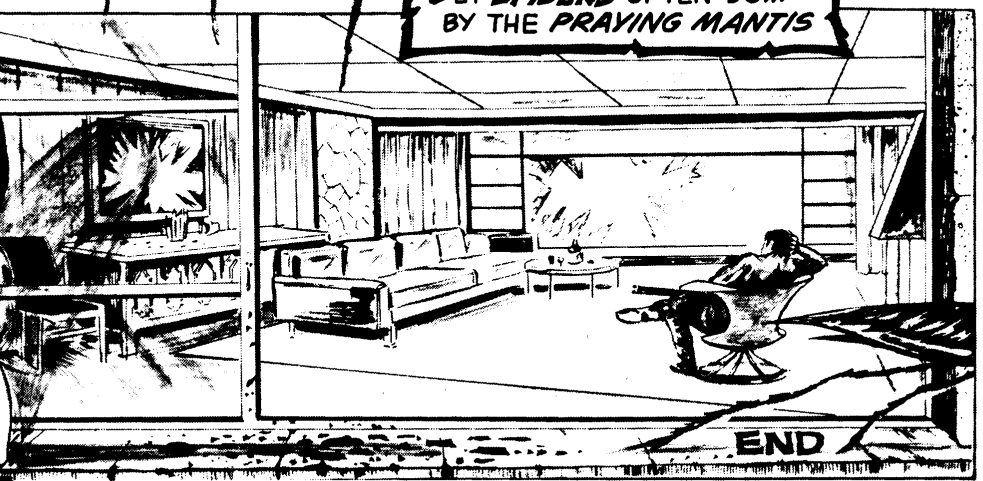
... A GOOD WITCH NEVER GETS CAUGHT!



BUT SPIDERS OFTEN DO... BY THE PRAYING MANTIS



WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT MILLIE WOULD SHOW UP JUST WHEN ZEL WAS GOING TO PUT THE BITE ON JAOL. THAT'S ONE WITCH THAT WON'T BE BUGGING ANYONE ANYMORE!



END



# EPILOGUE:

WHEW! THOSE GIRLS CERTAINLY LED WAY OUT LIVES!

I KNOW THAT WITCHCRAFT HAS THE POWER TO CORRUPT BUT THAT'S PURE WIPE-OUT!

THEY SAY THAT A FIRST ORDER WITCH MAY BE DEFEATED BUT NEVER DESTROYED...

... AND HER SOUL WILL LIVE ON, WAITING TO TAKE FORM WHEN WORD OF HER IS SPOKEN, BUT I WON —

THERE'S THAT SOUND AGAIN!

\*THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

OUCH!

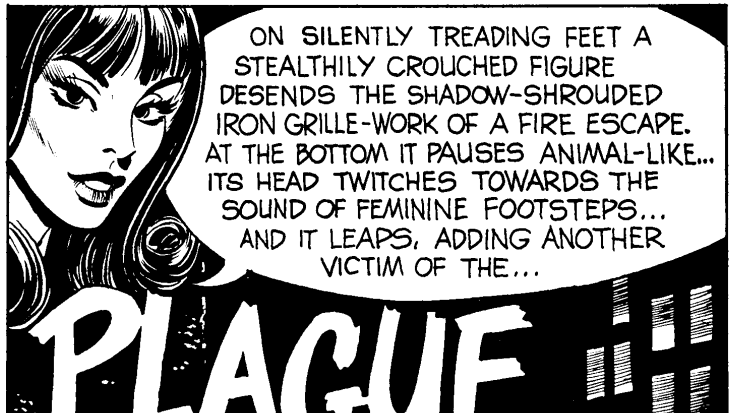
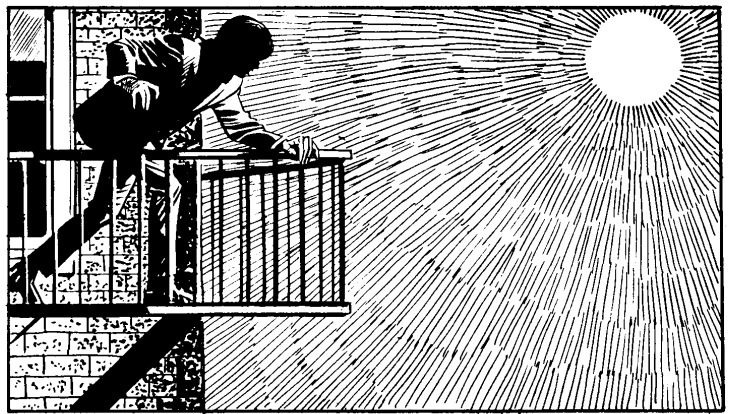
THAT'S HOT WAX!

\*THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

AT LEAST THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT THOSE GIRLS BEING WITCHES OF THE FIRST ORDER!

MY FIRST ORDER RIGHT NOW, IS TO GET AS FAR AWAY FROM THEM AS POSSIBLE!

SEE YOU IN THE NEXT TALE!





SENSATIONALISM HEADLINES THE MORNING'S FLOOD OF NEWSPAPERS, HERALDING THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S MISDEED...



...A HEADLINE WHICH KEEPS PEOPLE TALKING THROUGHOUT THE DAY AND ON THE EVENING SUBWAY RIDE HOME...

JUST DREADFUL! THE SIXTH MURDER IN THREE MONTHS! I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS WORLD IS COMING TO. WHEN WILL THE POLICE CATCH THE MANIAC?

SAYS HERE THAT ALL THE MURDERS HAVE BEEN COMMITTED DURING THE FULL MOON. PSYCHIATRISTS BELIEVE THAT WHOEVER'S RESPONSIBLE MUST HAVE A SPLIT PERSONALITY WITH OVERTONES OF A LYCANTHROPIC PSYCHOSIS!



WITH OVERTONES OF WHAT?

YOU KNOW, WEREWOLF OR WOLFMAN OR WHAT EVER THEY CALL THEM. DON'T YOU REMEMBER THOSE HORRID MOVIES FROM YEARS AGO WHERE A MAN CHANGES INTO A WOLF UNDER THE FULL MOON? WELL, IT SEEMS THIS MURDERER IS A LUNATIC WHO REALLY THINKS HE IS A WOLFMAN!

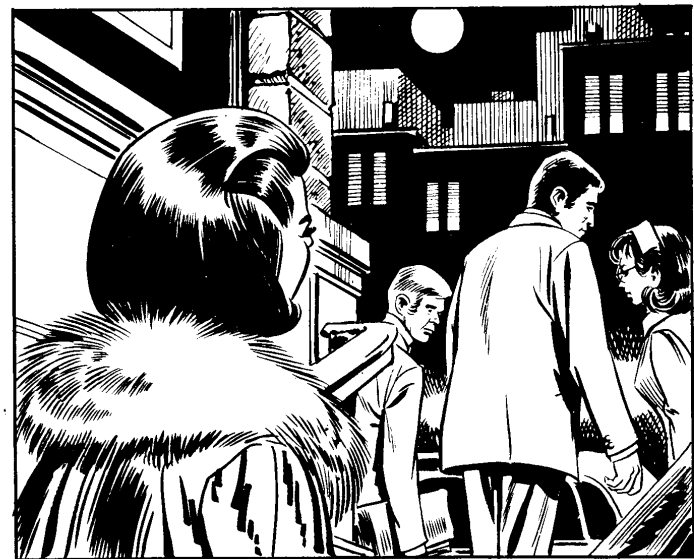


THE CITY ISN'T EVEN SAFE ANY MORE WITH NUTS LIKE THAT RUNNING AROUND LOOSE! AND IT GETS DARK SO EARLY NOW. I'M AFRAID TO WALK HOME FROM THE SUBWAY.

I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU MEAN, DEAR. BUT I WOULDN'T WORRY. NONE OF THE MURDERS HAVE TAKEN PLACE NEAR OUR NEIGHBORHOODS. WELL, THIS IS MY STOP. GOOD NIGHT.

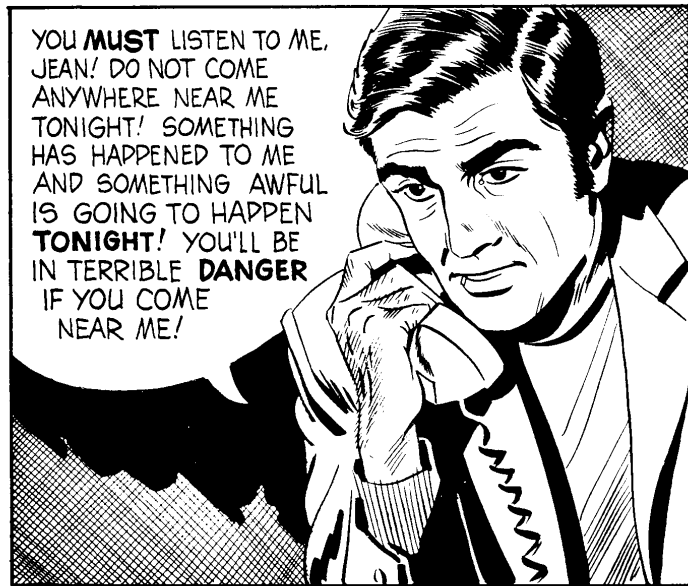
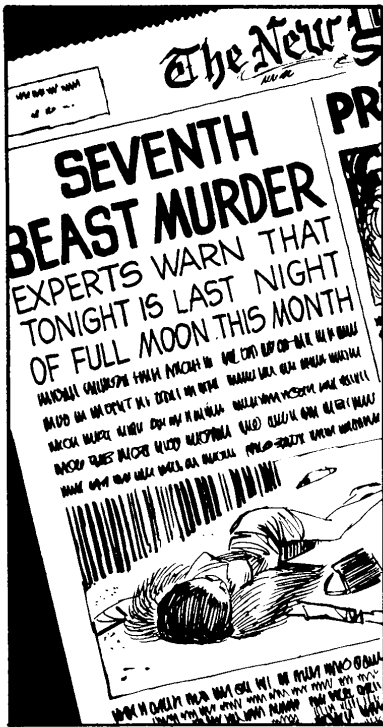


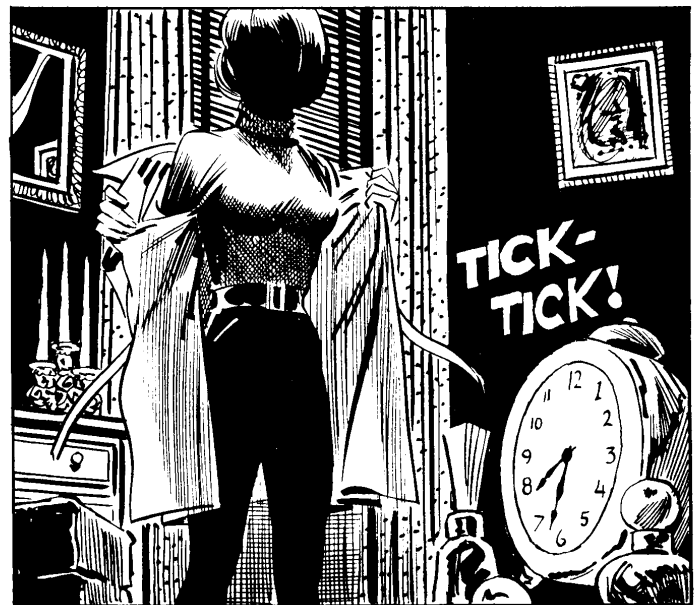
GOOD NIGHT. HURRY HOME NOW!



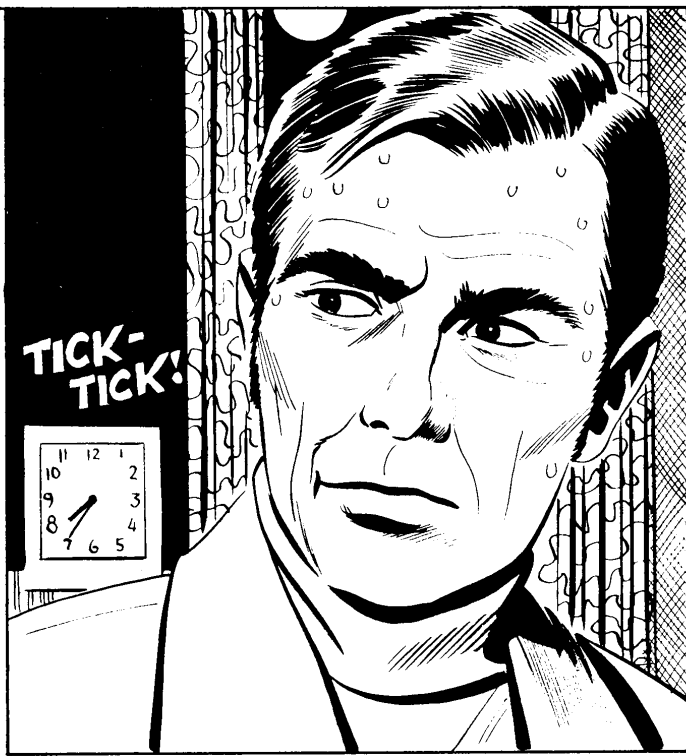












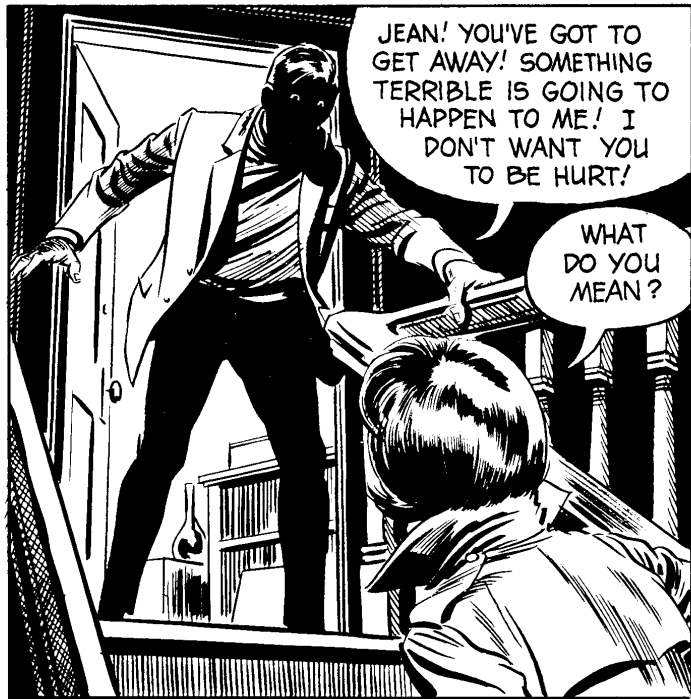


WHAT AM I DOING HERE? I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM JEAN. SHE COULD GET **KILLED!** I'VE GOT TO GO SOMEWHERE AND LOCK MYSELF AWAY... SO NOTHING WILL HAPPEN!

**TICK-TICK!**

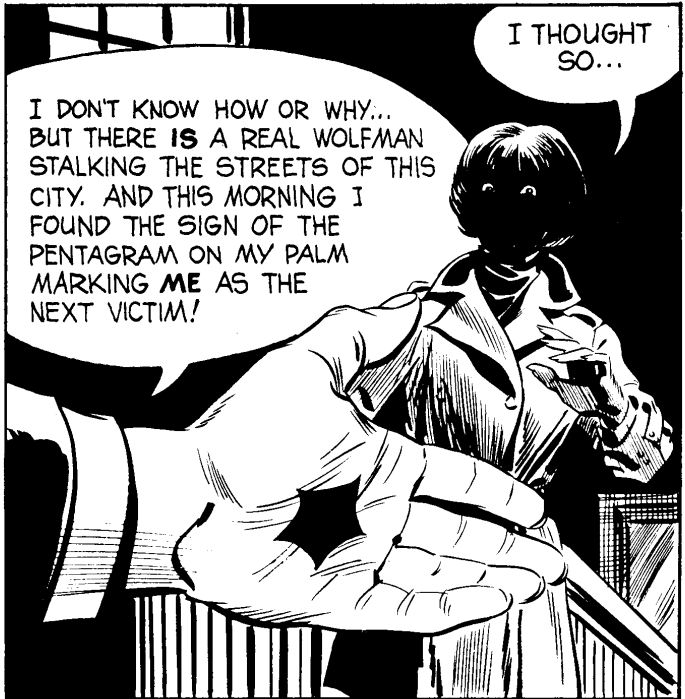


**TICK-TICK! 7:55 ... TICK-TICK!....**



JEAN! YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME! I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE HURT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I THOUGHT SO...

I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY... BUT THERE IS A REAL WOLFMAN STALKING THE STREETS OF THIS CITY. AND THIS MORNING I FOUND THE SIGN OF THE PENTAGRAM ON MY PALM MARKING ME AS THE NEXT VICTIM!



I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE!

**AARRAAARRR!**

NO, NOT YOU... **ARRRGGHHH!**



WELL, WELL, YOU CAN'T TELL THE BOYS FROM THE GIRLS NOWADAYS WITH ALL THAT HAIR, CAN YOU? THAT FULL MOON SURE BROUGHT OUT THE **BEAST** IN JEAN, DIDN'T IT? HOPE SHE DOESN'T **WOLF DOWN** HER FOOD.

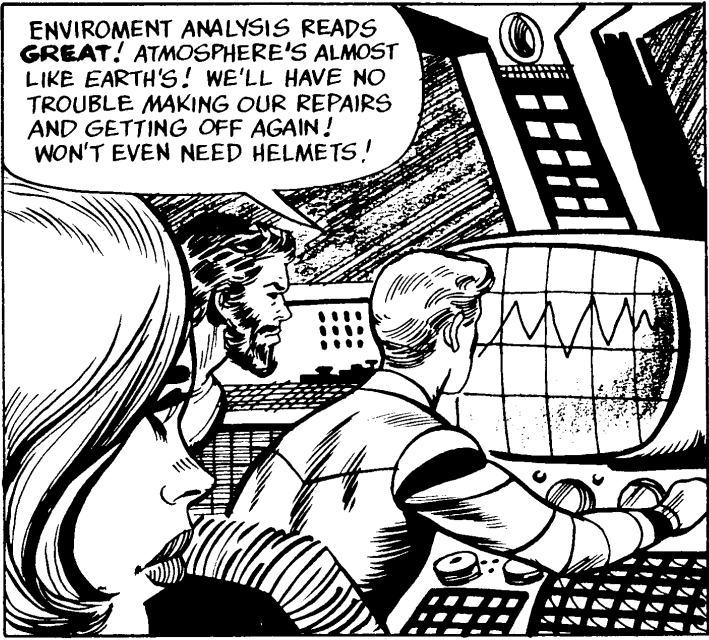


Prologue: A SCOUT SHIP FROM EARTH, FAR OFF COURSE, SETS DOWN ON AN UNKNOWN PLANET...



WE MADE IT!

THANK HEAVEN! WHEN THAT METEOR HIT US I THOUGHT IT WAS THE **END!**



ENVIRONMENT ANALYSIS READS **GREAT!** ATMOSPHERE'S ALMOST LIKE EARTH'S! WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE MAKING OUR REPAIRS AND GETTING OFF AGAIN! WON'T EVEN NEED HELMETS!



O.K. PAUL... RUN A CHECK THROUGH DAMAGE CONTROL! I'LL TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE AT WHAT THE COLLISION DID TO OUR TAIL FIN!



YOU... YOU **WILL** BE CAREFUL, WON'T YOU DARLING?

OF COURSE, NAN DEAR!... THOUGH THE COMPUTER SAYS I'VE NOTHING TO FEAR OUTSIDE!



DON'T WORRY, NAN! WE'LL KEEP YOUR HUSBAND ON THE TELEVISOR SCREEN THE ENTIRE TIME HE'S OUT OF THE SHIP!

I KNOW I'M A WORRY WART, KATJA... BUT I LOVE HIM SO!



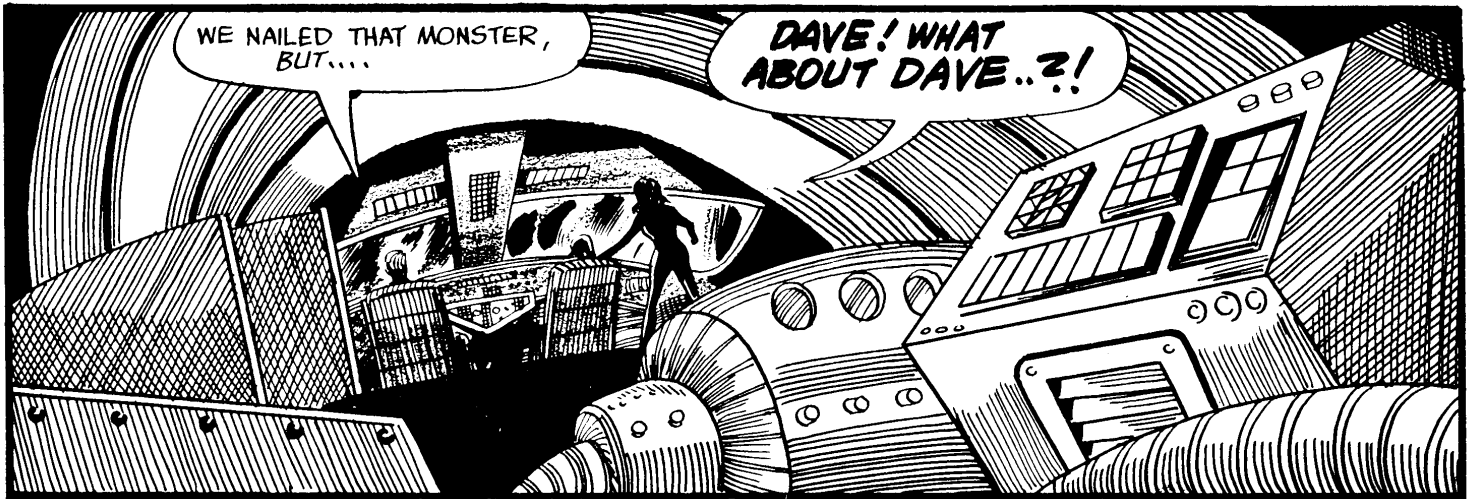
GOOD LORD! WHAT'S **THAT** THING? DAVE; LOOK OUT! **NO! NO! NO!**

O.K., ASTRONUTS!... HERE'S AN OTHER-WORLD-WEIRDY TO QUIZ YOUR **QUAKE-QUOTIENT!** DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO PASS THIS ...

# TERROR TEST!







WE NAILED THAT MONSTER, BUT....

DAVE! WHAT ABOUT DAVE..?!



OHNNNNN..

DARLING, DARLING! OH, MY GOD...!

EASY, NAN! WE'RE ALMOST TO HIM!



IS...IS HE... IS HE... DEAD?

HE'S ALIVE! BUT BADLY HURT! IT'LL TAKE ALL THE SHIP'S MEDICAL EQUIPMENT TO PULL HIM THROUGH! LET'S GET HIM BACK!



THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO FOR NOW, NAN! TIME WILL TELL THE TALE!



WHY DIDN'T THAT THING SHOW UP ON OUR RADAR WARNING SYSTEM? THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT ALL OUR READINGS SINCE WE LANDED ON THIS PLANET!



...BUT TIME FOR THAT LATER! RIGHT NOW, WE'VE BEEN AWAKE OVER 30 EARTH HOURS SINCE THAT METEOR SHOWER CLOBBERED US!

YOU GIRLS GET SOME SLEEP! I'LL TAKE THE WATCH!... WE'VE GOT TO BE FRESH IF WE'RE TO GET OUT OF HERE!



HMMM... THE GIRLS HAVE BEEN ASLEEP FIVE HOURS NOW... I HOPE NAN WAS ABLE TO GET SOME REST! SHE NEEDS IT, POOR KID.... WH...WHAT'S THAT WEIRD SHADOW?



NAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?  
DAVE IS ....  
**GOOD LORD!**



NAN... YOU'RE A.. A **VAMPIRE!**  
MY GOD! YOU'RE OWN HUSBAND!

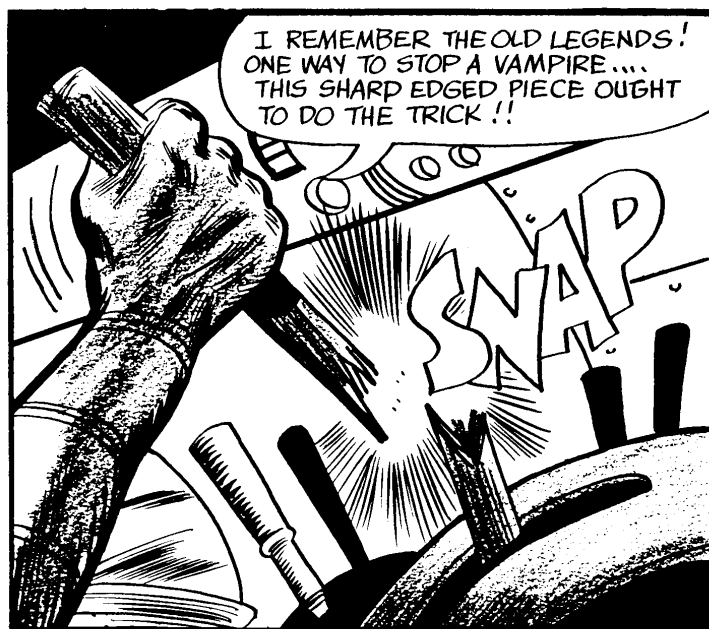
YOU HAVE SEEN WHAT YOU WERE NOT **MEANT** TO SEE!  
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE MEDDLED ... BUT THAT IS NOT IMPORTANT NOW!  
WHAT **IS** IMPORTANT IS YOU MUST **DIE!** DIE TO PROTECT MY LITTLE SECRET!



COME HERE, PAUL... YOU **CANNOT** REFUSE THE WILL OF THE **UNDEAD!**  
COME HERE AND...  
**OOOOOF!**

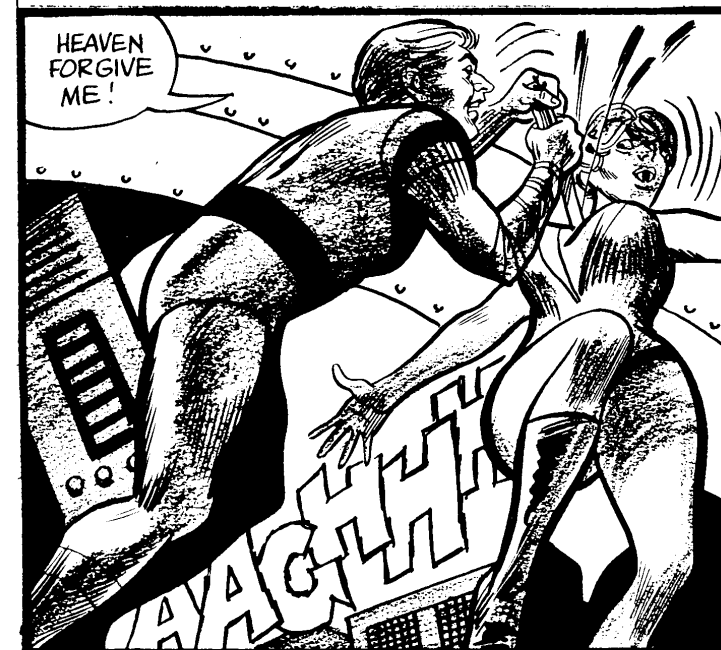
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS ... BUT I **MUST** STOP YOU!

**KRAK**



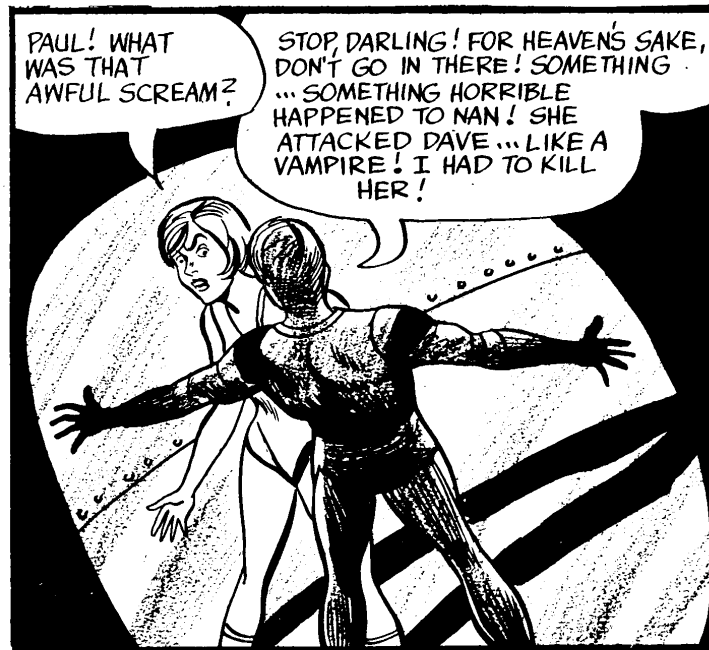
I REMEMBER THE OLD LEGENDS! ONE WAY TO STOP A VAMPIRE.... THIS SHARP EDGED PIECE OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK !!

**SNAP**



HEAVEN FORGIVE ME!

**AVAGLW**



PAUL! WHAT WAS THAT AWFUL SCREAM?

STOP, DARLING! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T GO IN THERE! SOMETHING ... SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAPPENED TO NAN! SHE ATTACKED DAVE ... LIKE A VAMPIRE! I HAD TO KILL HER!



PAUL! FIRST THAT MONSTER ATTACKS DAVE, NOW **THIS!** LIKE SOME MONSTROUS FORCE ...OR FATE..PREYING ON US ONE BY ONE. I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE ... I CAN'T...

**STEADY!**  
STEADY, DARLING! DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD, OR WE'RE SURELY LOST! THIS PLANET... SOMETHING ABOUT IT! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE OUR REPAIRS AND GET OFF IT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!



**NO!** NOT NOW! DON'T GO OUT NOW! I'LL BE ALONE!

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT... JUST STAY INSIDE AND LOCK THE AIRLOCK AFTER ME! THEN YOU'LL BE SAFE! YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU AND WOULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WHERE YOU'RE CONCERNED.



GOOD NEWS, KATJA! THE DAMAGE WASN'T AS BAD AS I THOUGHT! JUST A MINOR REPAIR! I'M COMING IN... OPEN THE AIRLOCK AS SOON AS...

**EEEEEE! PAUL!**  
OH MY LORD, **HELP ME!** IT'S DAVE! HE'S DEAD...BUT HE'S ALIVE! COMING AT ME! **HELP ME, PAUL!**



**HANG ON! HANG ON!**  
KATJA, I'M COMING !!

GOOD LORD!  
THE AIRLOCK! I'LL HAVE TO BLAST MY WAY BACK IN... WILL I BE IN TIME?



W-WHAT...?  
THE AIRLOCKS NOT LOCKED!  
DID KATJA DISOBEY MY ORDER... OR...?



**KATJA! I'M COMING! WHERE ARE YOU?**





KATJA! WHAT IS IT? WHERE'S DAVE?

DAVE'S **DEAD**, PAUL! HE HAS BEEN FOR SOME TIME! HE NEVER ATTACKED ME AT ALL! THAT WAS JUST MY LITTLE **TRICK** TO GET YOU BACK INSIDE THE SHIP!

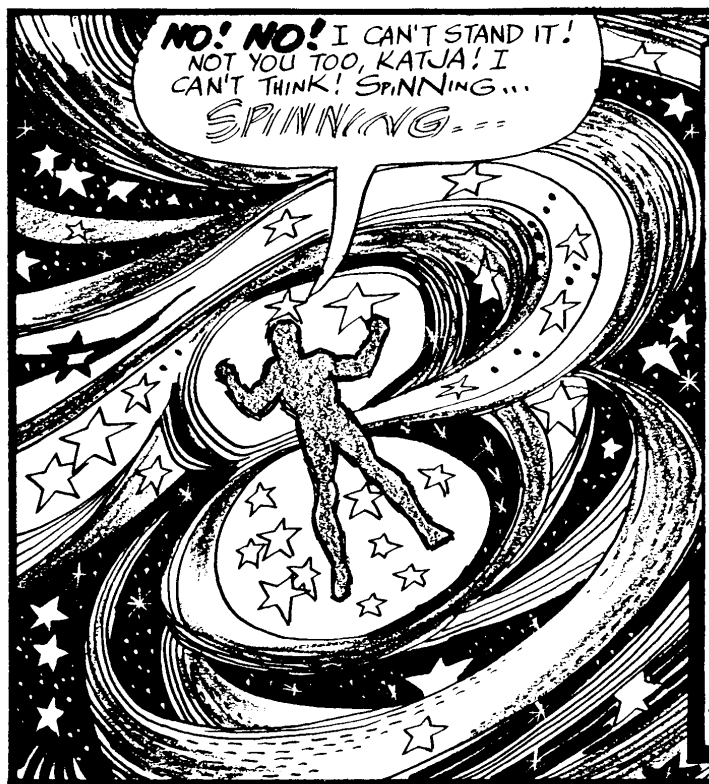


TRICK? WHY, WHAT DO YOU **MEAN**, DARLING?

I MEAN THAT I HAD TO GET YOU BACK HERE BEFORE YOU COULD COMPLETE FINAL REPAIRS! YOU SEE...

THIS SHIP MUST NEVER LEAVE THIS PLANET! AND NO HUMAN MUST REMAIN TO TELL THE STORY!

AT LEAST, NO **LIVING** HUMAN..... COME HERE, PAUL DARLING!



**NO! NO!** I CAN'T STAND IT! NOT YOU TOO, KATJA! I CAN'T THINK! **SPINNING... SPINNING...**



HE'S COMING OUT OF IT NOW, DR. KERN!

**WAAAAAAAAH** ...WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, PAUL! YOU'RE IN SPACE CENTER, ON EARTH, SAFE AND SOUND!



**EARTH?** BUT HOW? WE WERE LOST, AND PUT DOWN ON A WEIRD PLANET... AND THEN ... MONSTER GOT DAVE ... AND NAN BECAME ... AND KATJA... MY POOR KATJA!

EASY, PAUL! YOU SHOULDN'T TRY TO GET UP... NONE OF THOSE THINGS **REALLY** HAPPENED! WE'VE PLAYED A RATHER NASTY TRICK ON YOU, I'M AFRAID! THROUGH DRUGS AND HYPNOSIS, WE'VE MADE YOU **IMAGINE** IT ALL... YOU NEVER LEFT THIS BED!

NEVER LEFT!?! BUT DAVE... NAN... KATJA...?!

ALL OF THEM PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT! YOU NEVER WENT ANYWHERE TOGETHER! **WE** INDUCED ALL THOSE DREAM-HALLUCINATIONS!

YOU SEE, PAUL, YOU'VE BEEN SELECTED FROM AMONG ALL THE OTHER ASTRONAUTS TO PILOT THE FIRST **STAR-SHIP** TO ALPHA-CENTAURI. WE CAN NOW TELL YOU THAT FACT! BUT YOU'LL BE ALL ALONE, FARTHER FROM EARTH THAN MAN HAS EVER GONE, FOR MANY YEARS! WE **HAD** TO TEST YOUR REACTIONS TO **EXTREME STRESS** WITHOUT REALLY PUTTING YOU IN DANGER!

AND YOU **PASSED** THE TEST WITH FLYING COLORS! YOUR REACTIONS WERE LOGICAL AND PROPER!

BUT WE **HAD** TO BE SURE... **ER...** YOU DO UNDERSTAND, **DON'T YOU?**

**UNDERSTAND? UNDERSTAND? OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND!** IT WAS A **TEST!** JUST LIKE BEING ABLE TO TAKE A **JOKE!** WELL, THE **JOKE'S ON ME!** **HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!**

I CAN TAKE A JOKE! **HA! HA!** NOW I'M GOING TO SEE IF **YOU** CAN TAKE A **JOKE!** I'M GOING TO TEST **YOU** FOR A LITTLE STRESS AND TENSION! **HEE HEE! HA HA HO!**

**FIRE ONLY**

**NO! NO! PAUL!** CONTROL YOURSELF! IT WAS OUR **JOB!** WE **HAD** TO! **DON'T!!**

WHAT'S WRONG? I STOOD THE **TEST...** CAN'T YOU?!

**CAN'T YOU..? HAHAHAAAA!**

**STOP! YOU'RE MAD! DON'T DO IT!! NO! NO! EEEEEAARGH!**

HMMM! METZ AND KERN'S GOT MORE **RESULTS** THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR... I HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF PAUL HAD **FLUNKED!** OH, WELL, LET'S **HACK** ON TO THE NEXT **AX-CITING YARN...**

**DZP**

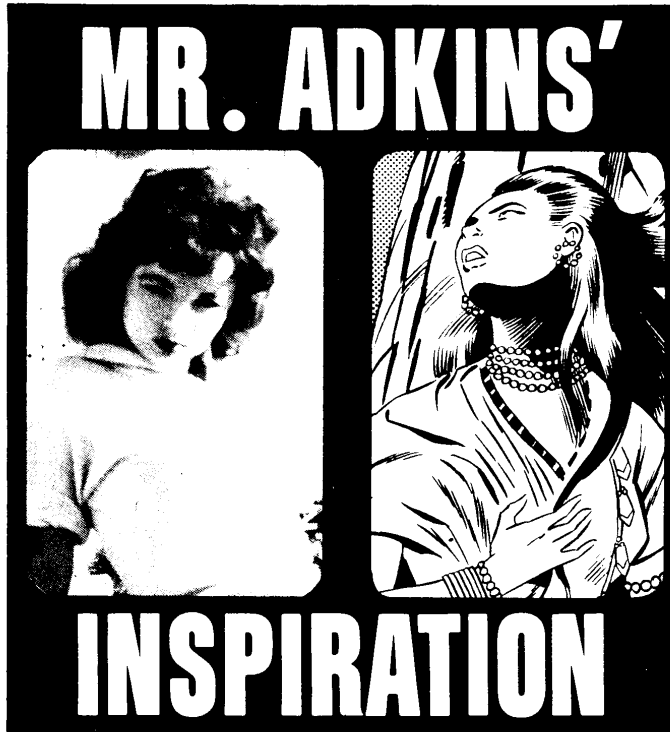


## DANGEROUS DAN ADKINS OUR DEMON DRAFTSMAN

I didn't begin school until I was eight years old. That was because I wasn't old enough to walk the three miles to get there until then. And when the creek flooded over in the spring, I usually didn't get there at all.

But when I did go to school, I spent most of the time drawing. It all started with pictures on the blackboard in first grade and continued right on through high school. In those later years, I was art editor of the school paper and the yearbook.

After high school, I joined the Air Force and kept right on drawing. I had joined the Air Force to avoid the draft, so they decided I was just the guy to do draughting for them. I also did artwork for Special Services. It wasn't too bad, the entire hitch took me to two lovely bases: Phoenix and Reno. The people were great, too. It was



during this time I met Bill Pearson, who is now Publisher/Editor of WITZEND Magazine. At about the same time I met my wife, Janette.

It's tough to say who had a greater influence on my career. Jeanette had been encouraging me for the ten years we've been married. And for a long time before that. Bill and I took off for New York together after the service and we worked together as delivery boys, film-

otype operators, varigraph operators, graphic artists and illustrators. We worked for a lot of advertising and art studios over the first five years we were in the city. And we helped each other stay alive when the going got tough.

I got tired of the studios finally and went to work as Wally Wood's assistant for about a year and a half before taking off on my own in the comics.

My first job on my own was with EERIE and BLAZING COMBAT, although I had shared credit with Wally Wood in THUNDER AGENTS and DYNAMO before that.

My first magazine sales were made when I was just eighteen. I submitted my work, and sold it, to ART AND CAMERA, OTHER WORLDS, MONSTER PARADE, INFINITY, AMAZING, FANTASTIC, GALAXY and several others. Most of the work done in my spare time.

I've sold some of my paintings for science fiction magazine covers, too. And my paintings have also appeared on the covers of Warren Magazines. I've done paperback covers as well. And some advertising work — mostly for Woolworth's and Grand Union Stores.

A great deal of my comic book illustration work has been for Marvel Comics, where I've done Dr. Strange and Sub Mariner. I have also inked for just about every artist in the Marvel bullpen.

I enjoy listening to records and reading good books, as do most of the artists I know. And I enjoy spending time with Chris Adkins, the four-year-old who keeps Janette and me pretty busy.

But most of all, I enjoy talking art with some of the good friends I've made in this business. Guys like Jim Steranko and Gray Morrow. And the one who was there when nobody else knew I was there, Bill Pearson.

Dexter woke up with the morning heat. He quenched his thirst. He got up and left his shack. He surveyed the barren, cracked floor of the asteroid that was his prison.

"Only one more day and my time is up. One more day of twenty years! Tomorrow, the rocket will come, and I will go home. Free at last!

He had been imprisoned

here for twenty long years. Why? For the murder of his wife. He looked at the world, which he now hated. And he spit toward it. Then he walked inside his aluminum shack.

"I'll be on my way tomorrow night," he said. "Those rockets sure are fast. Think I'll watch a little interstellar

TV to see what's going on back home."

It whizzed on. "... and today," said the announcer, "peace talks continued, but the Chinese delegation still has not appeared."

As Dexter watched, suddenly the world blew up before him. The room was filled with light brighter than

the morning sun.

"The Chinese: They have blown up the world. They have destroyed themselves. They have destroyed everything! I'm condemned to spend the rest of my life on this rotten asteroid. Oh, no! NO!"

Dexter sank to the floor. At least he was alive. Or was he?





## CLUBBED TO DEATH

**TED DASEN** of East Lansing, Mich., has written this little tale which seems appropriate since there was so much talk on the letters page about fan clubs and such.

### THE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CLUB by Ted Dasen

In a room lively with chatter, one member of the Wednesday Afternoon Club sat still with a sensation that something malevolent was soon to confront her. Mary Jacobs' thoughts were cut short by the insistent rapping of the president's gavel.

"Order! . . . Order, please!" said the president with haughty superiority.

"All eight members are present today," snapped the recording secretary.

"Thank you," continued the president. "The Chairman of Entertainment will

for something sinister. But what?

The chairman slowly and deliberately unfolded her story. What was about to happen, she explained, would involve each and every soul in the room. And the master of these strange ceremonies would be no less a person than the great warlock himself . . . the Devil!

At this, the members began whispering among themselves. "Please be silent," said the chairman. "It may seem impossible to you, but with the help of your thought waves, we shall speak with Satan himself. . . . This very afternoon!"

With a slow gesture, Mr. Wilder said in his 78-year-old voice: "You are asking us to take part in a seance, which I think is utterly ridiculous."

"I think we can do without your opinions, Mr. Wilder," said stuffy old Mrs. Richmond.

the Wednesday Afternoon Club were inhaling the musty atmosphere of the damp cellar. Mrs. Jacobs was experiencing the nightmare of a lifetime.

"YAAAAAEEEEEEEE!" she screamed. Her cry pierced the darkness and reflected back onto the living. And the dead. Mrs. Jacobs now realized that she was in an unfamiliar land. She searched her thoughts for an answer.

Then it came to her. She was trapped in the Devil's lair. Hell itself.

It was then she saw him. Satan!

The god of hell was slowly approaching. He held a blazing pitchfork in his hand. She backed away. Cold sweat broke out on her forehead. Horror penetrated her deepest thoughts. She turned and

began to run. The tunnels seemed endless. The god of evil was never far behind.

Darkness. Total darkness. And a great feeling of emptiness. Mrs. Jacobs turned to confront the evil being trailing behind her. With a flick of his wrist, he sent the flaming pitchfork sailing toward her. Mrs. Jacobs turned to run. But she could not. It was then she screamed.

The shrieking entertainment chairman was screaming for God's forgiveness. Screaming about the blazing body sprawled before her . . . Mrs. Jacobs. As the pitchfork of flames stood solidly upright in the back of the grotesquely flaming body of the entertainment chairman, the five men and two women desperately tried to put dear Mrs. Jacobs out.



proceed with a report on our recent study of Sorcery."

The entertainment chairman rose with dignity, clearing her slim throat. "Thank you, Madame President. Today, ladies and gentlemen, we have an unusual surprise in store for you all. Without further talk, let us proceed to the basement."

With a sense of bewilderment, the six women and two men made their way to the old dark cellar. The musky dampness irritated their nostrils as they descended the dusty stairway. At the foot of the ancient stairs, the chairman of entertainment brought the small party to a halt.

"Before we proceed any further, let me explain why we are here," she said.

As the mystified group listened, the stale, musty smell became more pronounced. In the dim light, they could see a large ancient table in the center of the cavernous room. The table seemed to have designs engraved on it. Or was it just the pattern of undisturbed decades of dust? The stage seemed to be set

With taunts and with displeasure, the tiny group was bidden to be seated around the huge table. The chairman then bade them lock their hands together. The group did as they were told, and were huddling together, dwarfed by the massive table, their ancient hands locked.

A small melted-down candle cast tiny beams of light into the members' eyes. The chairman chanted phrases of evil, slowly hypnotising their bewildered minds. An interval of silence passed. Then a shrieking cry was heard from Mrs. Jacobs' corner. The five men and two women sat and stared in disbelief as one of the club's dearest members was wracked with hysteria.

"Why did we do this?" screamed the frozen Mrs. Jacobs. "Why must we continue? Let me out of here!"

Mrs. Jacobs, the fifth member to join the club was now sprawled on the cold table as the other seven members watched in terror. Mrs. Jacobs was apparently unconscious.

As the seven members of



**TOBY CAPUTI**, a college student from Brooklyn and Frank Frazetta fan from 'way back, sent this drawing of Cousin Evily. It's time somebody turned her into a pussycat or something. I hadn't realized she looked this good to our readers!

PROLOGUE: MY MEMORY IS OLD, BUT TIME IS OLDER!  
ALTHOUGH I REMEMBER MUCH, I HAVE FORGOTTEN MORE, OF MY BEGINNINGS I RECALL NOTHING, OF MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE ERECT APES THAT WOULD ONE DAY BECOME HUMANOID, I POSSESS ONLY THE THREADS OF A FABRIC ONCE INTRICATE IN DETAIL....

YET I KNEW THE HUMANOID IN THEIR PROTEAN YOUTH! AND I - A CREATURE WITHOUT SUBSTANCE, LESS THAN A SPECTRE... BECAME HUMANOID, AT THE EXPENSE OF ANOTHER....

AND, AS THE HUMANOID Grew IN WISDOM - SO GREW I! I SAVORED ALL THEY DID AND COLLECTED MY AEONS OF EXPERIENCE

...AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN - I STOLE THE VEHICLES OF FLESH AND BONE THAT WOULD CARRY ME SAFELY DOWN THE AGES....

...KNOWING HIM BETTER THAN HE COULD EVER KNOW HIMSELF, I ROSE... BECAME MASTER OF THE HUMANOID.

MY ARMIES BROKE THE EARTH WITH THEIR TREAD. MY NAVIES NEVER LET THE SUN LOOK DOWN UPON A SEA I DID NOT OWN....

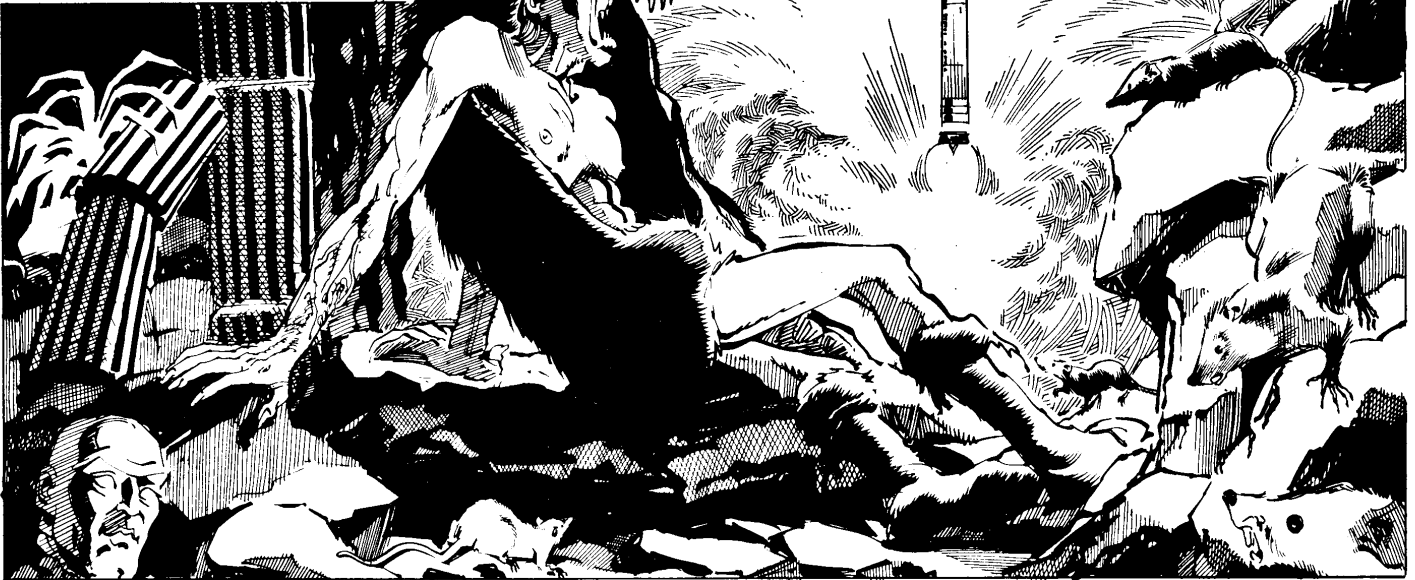


EVER BEEN ALONE? REALLY ALONE? FOR AN HOUR? A DAY... A WEEK... A THOUSAND YEARS, MAYBE? NO? WELL, THIS FELLA HAG! BUT WATCH COMPANY'S COMING .... COMING FROM DISTANT EARTH, COMING TO EXPOSE THIS UNCHARTED PLANET... COMING TO FIND-

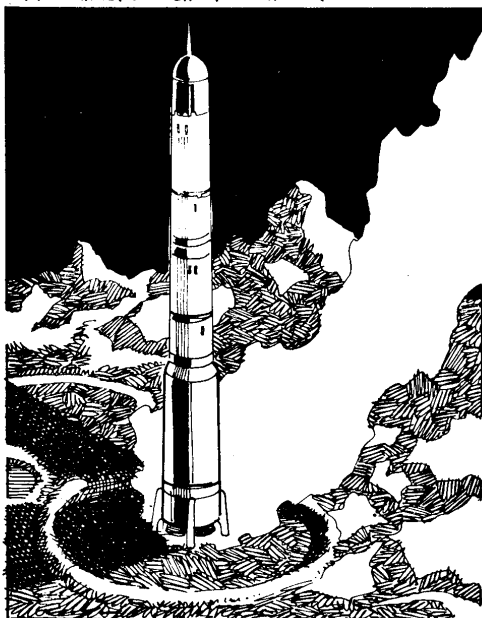


# the Survivor

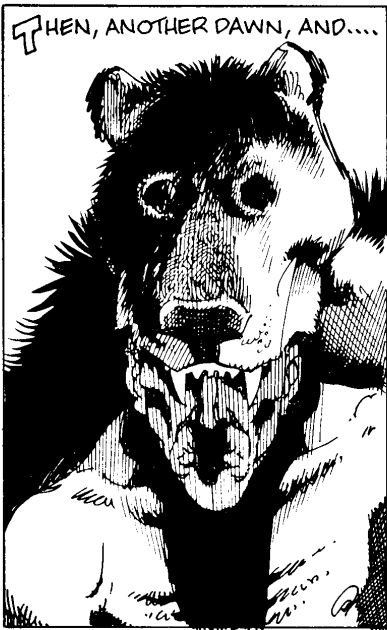
AT FIRST I WAS AFRAID... AFRAID BECAUSE THIS THING I SAW WAS BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION - BEYOND ALL REASON AND SANITY! I HID MYSELF, QUIVERING IN THE DEEP SHADOWS OF A RUINED TEMPLE AND WATCHED THE SILVER TOWER BACK DOWN THE SKY ON COLUMN OF FIRE!



THEN THE TOWER WAS DOWN, RESTING UPON THE PAVEMENT OF THE ANCIENT PLAZA... QUIETING ITS THUNDER AND BANKING ITS GREAT FIRES!



FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT THERE WAS SILENCE! I FOUND A MURID IN ONE OF MY TRAPS. WITH A SKILL BORN OF LONG PRACTICE, I SNAPPED ITS NECK, ATE IT RAW... ALL THE WHILE WATCHING THE THING IN THE PLAZA .....



THEN, ANOTHER DAWN, AND....

THESE WERE **HUMANOIDS**. NOT LIKE THOSE I HAD KNOWN BEFORE THE ALL-DESTROYING PLAGUES, BUT CLOSE... FASCINATINGLY CLOSE...

SCOTT, WE'LL ERECT THE ORGANONS AND DATA INGESTORS HERE -

**INCREDIBLE!** ALL THESE RUINS - AND NOT A **LIVING SOUL!**



MY BLOOD RACED! HERE MIGHT BE MY CHANCE! NEW BODIES - NEW LIFE...



THAT'S ONE REASON WE'RE HERE, BELLA - TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FORMER POPULATION!



IT DIDN'T MATTER THAT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THEIR LANGUAGE - THAT WOULD COME THE MOMENT I POSSESSED ONE OF THEIR **BODIES!**

HOW ABOUT A STROLL AMONG THE SCENIC WONDERS, BELLA?

NO THANKS, SCOTT - WE'VE WORK TO DO!



I HAD ONLY TO CHOOSE THE **STRONGEST**, THE MOST **AGGRESSIVE**....

DAMN THE WORK! THAT'S ALL YOU THINK OF!

-AND I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU OF WHAT YOUR THOUGHTS DWELL ON!



MEMORIES FLOODED BACK AS I FOLLOWED THE HUMANOIDS THROUGH THE DEAD RUINS OF MY ANCIENT CAPITOL..... MEMORIES OF **POWER-GLORY**....

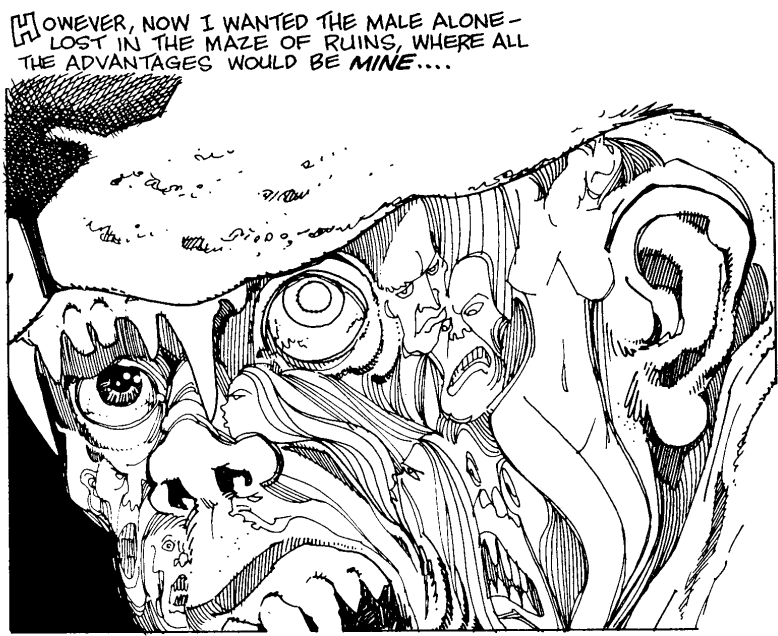
I MEAN IT, SCOTT - IF YOU MUST FOLLOW ME, KEEP YOUR HANDS **OFF!**

AH, COME ON, NOW BELLA - YOU'VE GOT ME **WRONG!**





THE FEMALE STRUCK ME AS RATHER GROTESQUE IN FEATURES, BUT THAT WOULD CHANGE ONCE I ASSIMILATED THE TASTES OF HER MALE COMPANION...



HOWEVER, NOW I WANTED THE MALE ALONE - LOST IN THE MAZE OF RUINS, WHERE ALL THE ADVANTAGES WOULD BE MINE....



BUT HOW TO GET HIM ALONE? IN THE END, HE PROVIDED THE SITUATION HIMSELF!

SCOTT, GET AWAY!

UM-MM!



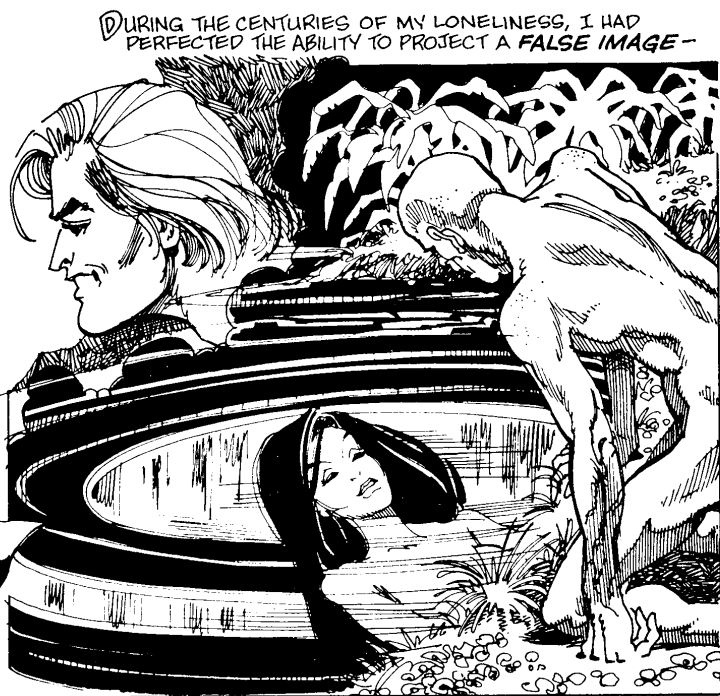
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU DEGENERATE BABOON!

EASY, DOLL! PUT THAT STINGER AWAY!



IN A MOMENT, THE FEMALE FLED, LEAVING THE ANGRY MALE BEHIND....

WELL, I'LL BE #@!!\*! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?!



DURING THE CENTURIES OF MY LONELINESS, I HAD PERFECTED THE ABILITY TO PROJECT A FALSE IMAGE -



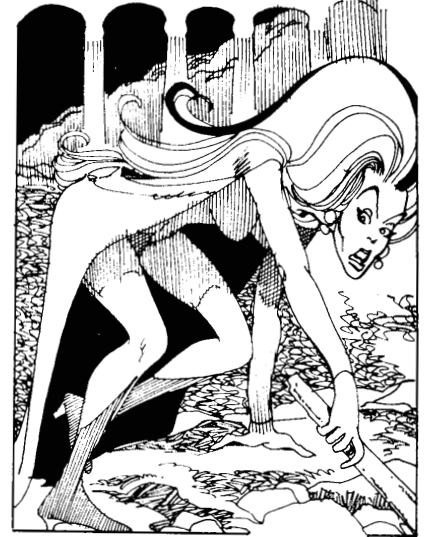


IT WAS MORE THAN AMUSEMENT - IT WAS A MATTER OF SURVIVAL - MINE! I HOPED I HAD COPIED THE FEMALE'S ANATOMY CAREFULLY ENOUGH!

SLOW DOWN, KITTEN - I WON'T HURT YOU!



ONLY MY INTENSE WILL KEPT ME GOING. THAT GAME WILL THAT MADE MY FRAIL BODY ENDURE A DOZEN LIFE SPANS....



...BUT EVEN MY WILL COULD NOT KEEP MY OLD BODY ALIVE FOREVER - I NEEDED ANOTHER... SOON...



WHEEZING, MY HEART POUNDING, I SCRAMBLED INTO POSITION... AND WAITED

HEY, SWEETIE - COME OUT AND SCOTT'LL GIVE YOU A BIG SURPRISE!



... I KNOW YOU'RE HERE SOMEWHERE...



I SWUNG THE CLUB WITH ALL MY STRENGTH, FEARING EVEN ALL MY MIGHT - WOULD BE TOO LITTLE...



BUT HE CRUMPLED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS! I CROAKED WITH GLEE!

...NOW ONLY ONE THING REMAINED TO DO.... MURDER MY OLD BODY AND RELEASE MYSELF FROM ITS HOLD....



THEN I INVADDED SCOTT'S BODY—MY NEW BODY! I KNEW HIS THOUGHTS, I SHARED HIS DESIRES, AMBITIONS....



MY IRON KNIFE CUT DEEP! THE BODY DIED AND I FLOATED FREE—FOR ONLY A MOMENT....

I HAD CHOSEN WELL! THE BODY WAS YOUNG, VIBRANT! THIS WAS THE FIRST STEPPING-STONE TO THE CONQUEST OF THE MANY WORLDS I HAD ONLY NOW DISCOVERED! BUT FOR NOW I WOULD DO ONLY A SMALL THING TO TEST MYSELF -- I WOULD GO TO BELLA AND SUCCEED WHERE SCOTT HAD FAILED! YET—WHEN I COMMANDED MY BODY TO RISE.....

...LONG MINUTES PASSED... AND I KNEW—KNEW THE ANSWER....



M—MY MUSCLES... THEY DON'T—WON'T RESPOND! BUT THEY HAVE TO—THEY MUST!

I'M PARALYZED! THAT BLOW STRUCK TOO HARD... AT THE SPINAL COLUMN—ALL MUSCLE CONTROL GONE! FOREVER!

...AND NOW... THE MURIDS ARE COMING... BROUGHT BY THE SMELL OF BLOOD... COMING FOR THE FLESH THAT CAN'T ESCAPE! THE OTHERS WON'T FIND ME HERE—AND THE MIND OF A MURID IS TOO SMALL TO CONTAIN ME! WHEN THIS BODY IS DESTROYED.... THERE WILL BE....

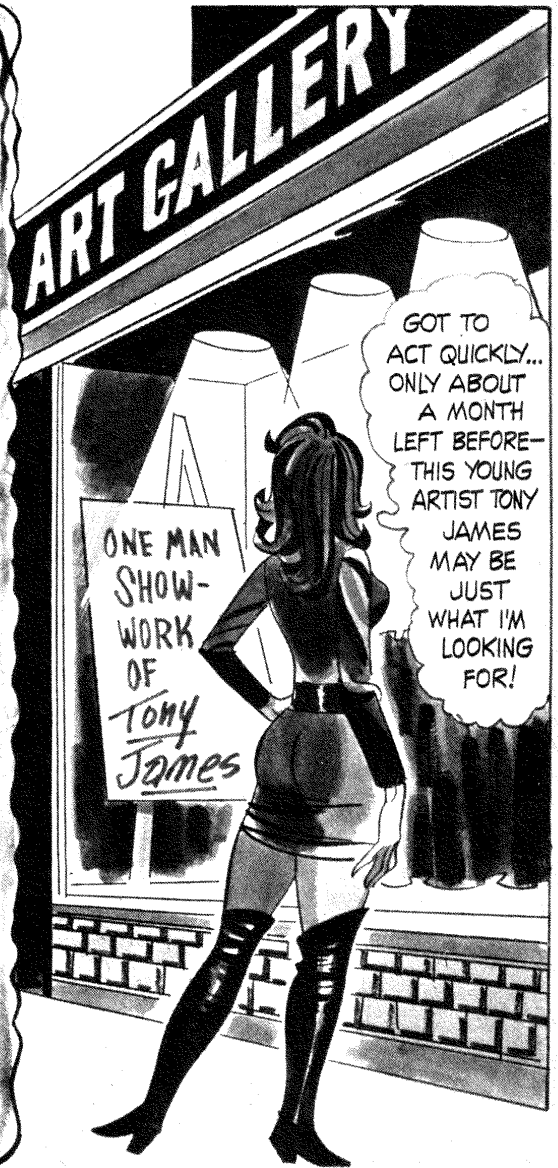
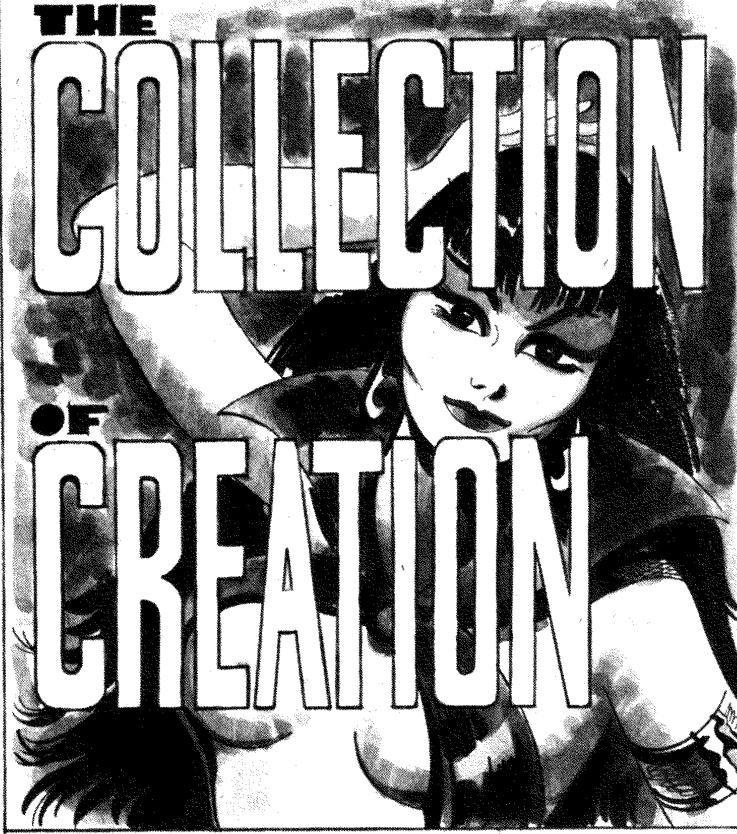


"RATZ!" I'LL BET THAT'S WHAT OUR FRIEND IS SAYING RIGHT NOW! BUT, REEK SEEKERS, SOMETIMES THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MURIDS AND MEN... AND ALIEN CREATURES, GO ASTRAY—INTO A DEAD END!

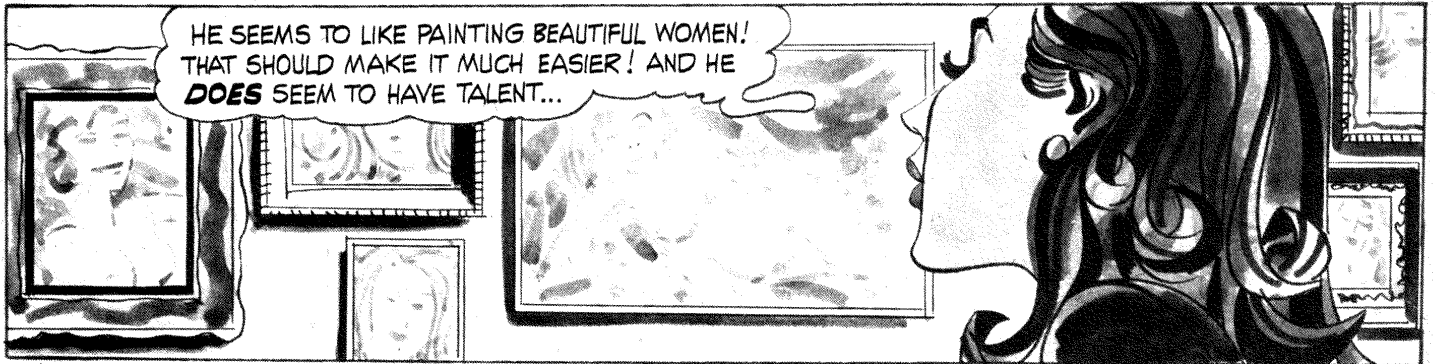


We've come up with a real **WORK OF ART** for you this time! So get comfy in your coffins and read about a young painter's **BRUSH** with....

# THE COLLECTION OF CREATION



HE SEEMS TO LIKE PAINTING BEAUTIFUL WOMEN! THAT SHOULD MAKE IT MUCH EASIER! AND HE **DOES** SEEM TO HAVE TALENT...



SEE SOMETHING YOU LIKE, MISS ?

ALL THE PAINTINGS SHOW GREAT PROMISE! IF ONLY I COULD MEET THE ARTIST... DO YOU KNOW HIM?







WHY, YES--VERY TALENTED FELLOW! HE'LL BE GREAT SOMEDAY! AND HE'S A FASCINATING PERSON AS WELL!

HOW THRILLING! WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?



AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE LOOKS A LOT LIKE *ME*! I COULDN'T RESIST PLAYING A LITTLE JOKE ON YOU. THE TRUTH IS, I WAS FASCINATED THE MOMENT I SAW YOU, AND I'D LIKE VERY MUCH FOR YOU TO POSE FOR ME!

OOOOH, I'D LOVE TO POSE FOR YOU! WHAT AN HONOR!



ALL RIGHT THEN..... HERE'S THE ADDRESS OF MY STUDIO! COME IN SOMETIME NEXT WEEK AND WE'LL GET STARTED ON YOUR PORTRAIT!

OH, I CERTAINLY WILL!

AN HOUR LATER....

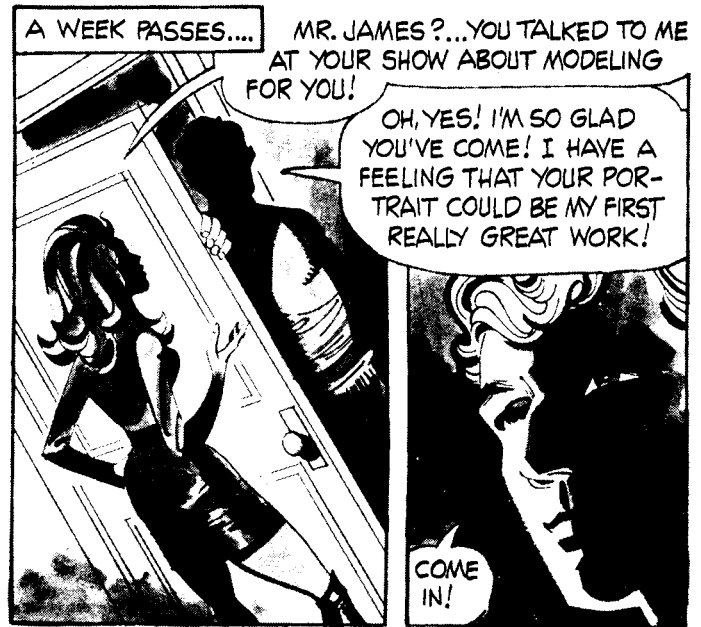


IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN, ILZOR, AMONG FAMILIAR THINGS! WHENEVER MY TIME RUNS SHORT I FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE IN THAT STRANGE WORLD OUTSIDE! BUT I THINK I'VE FOUND THE ONE I NEED....A FOOLISH YOUNG ARTIST WHO DREAMS OF GREATNESS! IT MAY SOON BE TIME FOR YOU TO PAINT ANOTHER OF YOUR PORTRAITS....

YES, MY LADY!



YES, ANOTHER DRY, WITHERED OLD MAN FOR OUR GALLERY....SO IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN, SO MUST IT EVER BE! FOR I CAN NEVER FIND ETERNAL REST....

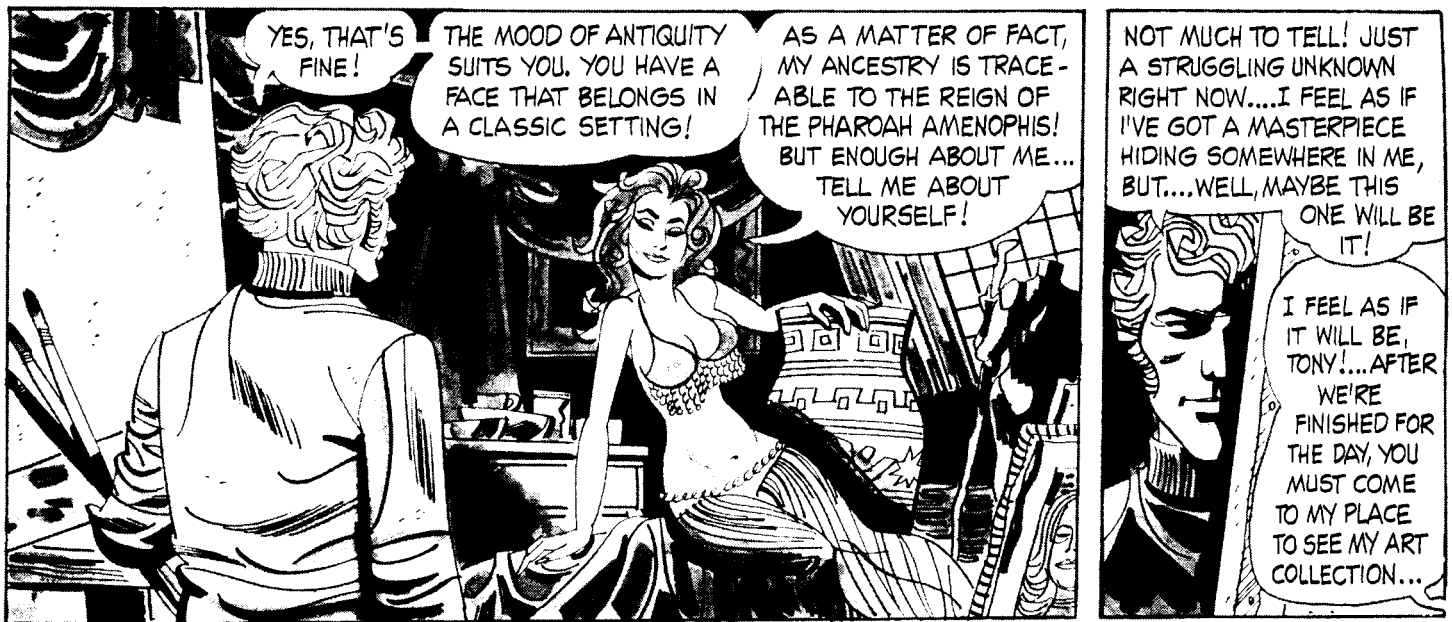


A WEEK PASSES....

MR. JAMES?...YOU TALKED TO ME AT YOUR SHOW ABOUT MODELING FOR YOU!

OH, YES! I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME! I HAVE A FEELING THAT YOUR PORTRAIT COULD BE MY FIRST REALLY GREAT WORK!

COME IN!



YES, THAT'S FINE!

THE MOOD OF ANTIQUITY SUITS YOU. YOU HAVE A FACE THAT BELONGS IN A CLASSIC SETTING!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, MY ANCESTRY IS TRACE-ABLE TO THE REIGN OF THE PHAROAH AMENOPHIS! BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME... TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF!

NOT MUCH TO TELL! JUST A STRUGGLING UNKNOWN RIGHT NOW...I FEEL AS IF I'VE GOT A MASTERPIECE HIDING SOMEWHERE IN ME, BUT...WELL, MAYBE THIS ONE WILL BE IT!

I FEEL AS IF IT WILL BE, TONY!...AFTER WE'RE FINISHED FOR THE DAY, YOU MUST COME TO MY PLACE TO SEE MY ART COLLECTION...

THIS *IS* FASCINATING! ALL EGYPTIAN...AND SOME OF IT INCREDIBLY OLD! YOU COULDN'T HAVE COLLECTED IT ALL YOURSELF!

AH, BUT I *DID!* IT TOOK A LONG TIME, BUT... WELL, WE WON'T GO INTO THAT JUST NOW!

NOW *HERE'S* SOMETHING I'M INTERESTED IN...PAINTINGS! THE STYLE IS PRIMITIVE...YET CLASSIC! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE IT! AND THE SUBJECT MATTER...THESE OLD MEN *COULDN'T* HAVE BEEN PAINTED FROM REAL MODELS! YOU DIDN'T PAINT THEM, DID YOU?

NO, MY SERVANT ILZOR DID! BUT THEY *WERE* PAINTED FROM LIFE! AS YOU MAY SOMEDAY SEE....



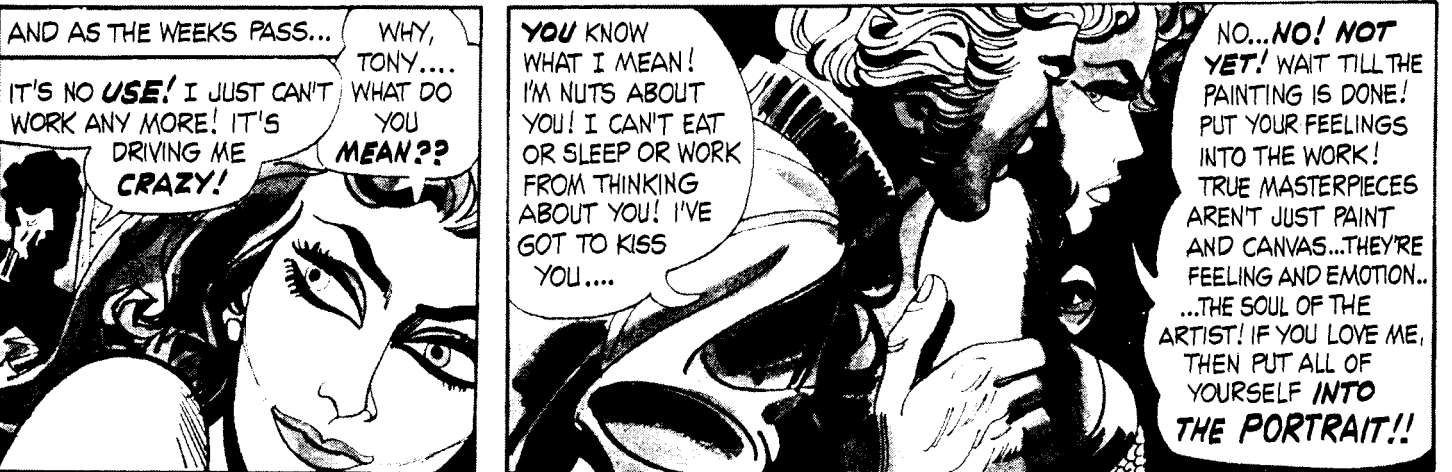
AND AS THE WEEKS PASS...

IT'S NO *USE!* I JUST CAN'T WORK ANY MORE! IT'S DRIVING ME *CRAZY!*

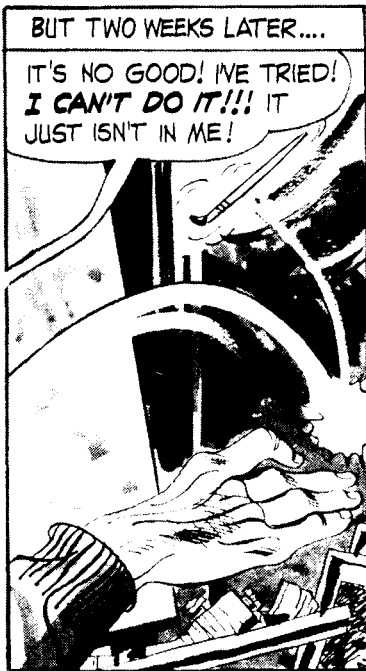
WHY, TONY... WHAT DO YOU *MEAN??*

*YOU* KNOW WHAT I MEAN! I'M NUTS ABOUT YOU! I CAN'T EAT OR SLEEP OR WORK FROM THINKING ABOUT YOU! I'VE GOT TO KISS YOU....

NO...NO! *NOT YET!* WAIT TILL THE PAINTING IS DONE! PUT YOUR FEELINGS INTO THE WORK! TRUE MASTERPIECES AREN'T JUST PAINT AND CANVAS...THEY'RE FEELING AND EMOTION...THE SOUL OF THE ARTIST! IF YOU LOVE ME, THEN PUT ALL OF YOURSELF INTO *THE PORTRAIT!!*







BUT TWO WEEKS LATER....

IT'S NO GOOD! I'VE TRIED!  
**I CAN'T DO IT!!!** IT  
JUST ISN'T IN ME!



I TELL YOU, I'D GIVE  
MY LIFE TO PAINT  
JUST ONE **TRULY  
GREAT WORK**  
OF ART!

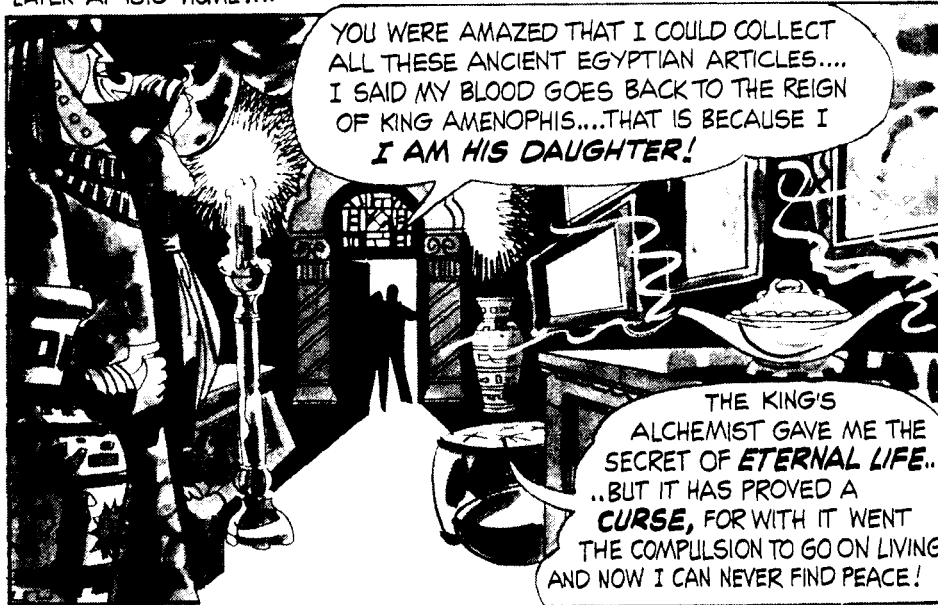
ANY GREAT ARTIST  
REALIZES THAT HIS LIFE  
WOULD BE FULFILLED BY  
ONE GREAT CREATION. IF  
YOU REALLY MEAN IT,  
I CAN HELP YOU!



OF **COURSE**  
I MEAN IT...  
BUT HOW  
CAN YOU  
HELP ME?

I'LL TELL YOU....A  
PAINTING IS ONLY A  
MERE REFLECTION OF  
LIFE...A MIRROR IMAGE  
OF REALITY! BUT IF YOU  
COMMIT YOUR SOUL TO  
IT, YOU CAN CREATE  
THE BEAUTY OF  
**LIFE ITSELF!**

LATER AT ISIS' HOME....



YOU WERE AMAZED THAT I COULD COLLECT  
ALL THESE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ARTICLES....  
I SAID MY BLOOD GOES BACK TO THE REIGN  
OF KING AMENOPHIS....THAT IS BECAUSE I  
**I AM HIS DAUGHTER!**

THE KING'S  
ALCHEMIST GAVE ME THE  
SECRET OF **ETERNAL LIFE**..  
..BUT IT HAS PROVED A  
**CURSE**, FOR WITH IT WENT  
THE COMPULSION TO GO ON LIVING  
AND NOW I CAN NEVER FIND PEACE!

I HAVE LIVED THROUGH THE CENTURIES  
AND EONS BY DRAINING THE YEARS OF  
LIFE FROM OTHERS....AND NOW I HAVE  
GROWN AGED AGAIN!....



**YOU MUST GIVE ME YOUR YEARS....AND  
I WILL BE YOUR MASTERPIECE!**



THROUGH ME, YOU  
WILL CREATE A  
MASTERPIECE OF  
**TRUE LIFE!**



YOU WILL WIN A  
PLACE WITH ME  
**ALWAYS...**



IF YOU RESTORE ME TO THE  
BEAUTY I ONCE HAD! THE  
BEAUTY OF WHICH THIS  
**MASK** IS BUT A REMINDER.



**OH, LORD, NO! IT CAN'T  
BE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!**

THE ALCHEMIST'S CATALYST IS SIMPLE....  
YOU MUST KISS ME...TO RELEASE THE  
SOUL—THE LIFE FORCE YOU PUT INTO  
THE PAINTING.

KISS ME AND I WILL BE  
RESTORED....**I WILL BE  
YOUR ETERNAL  
MASTERPIECE!!**



YES! I LOVE YOU, ISIS...I...  
...I **MUST!** POURED MY  
HEART INTO THAT PAINTING..  
...MY **CREATION MUST  
LIVE FOREVER!**







HE'S GONE... BUT HE HAD HIS MOMENT OF CREATIVE TRIUMPH...

AND HE HAS WON A PLACE WITH ME AS I PROMISED!

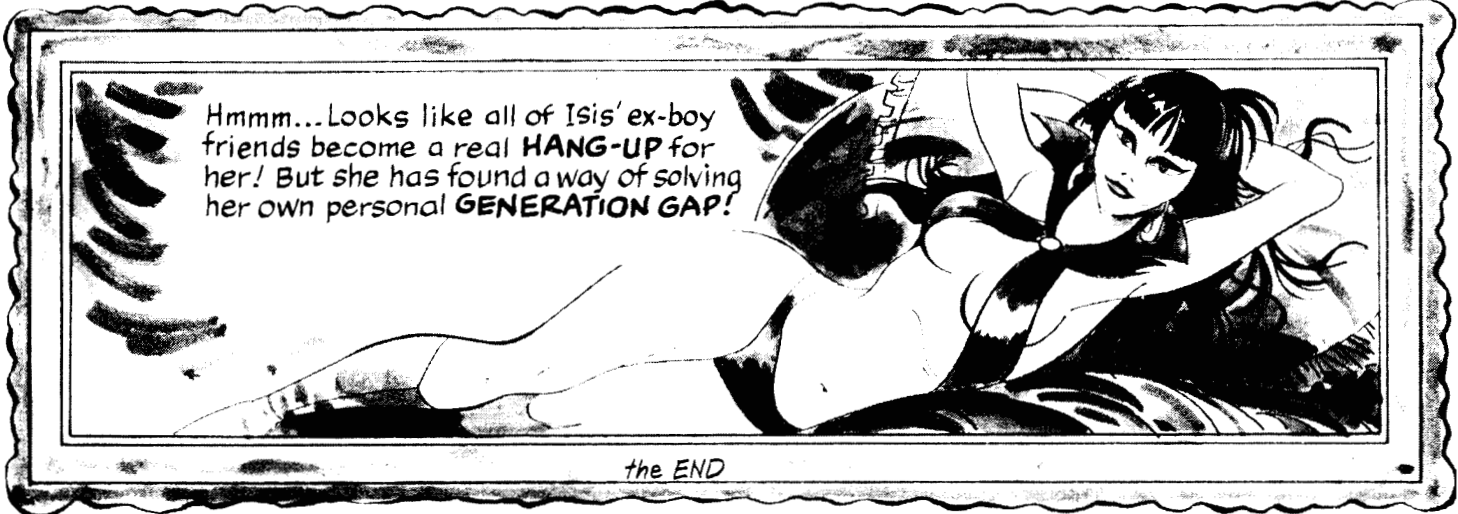


AND SO I HAVE ANOTHER FORTY OR FIFTY YEARS OF LIFE! SO IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN, SO MUST IT EVER BE! FOR I CAN NEVER FIND ETERNAL REST! ILZOR...

YES, MY LADY?



...THERE, ILZOR, IS THE MODEL FOR YOUR **NEXT** PAINTING! TONY WILL BE WITH ME **ALWAYS**... TOGETHER WITH THE **OTHERS** IN OUR GALLERY!



Hmmm... Looks like all of Isis' ex-boy friends become a real **HANG-UP** for her! But she has found a way of solving her own personal **GENERATION GAP**!

the END



# THE CRAWLING HAND

TURN ON the switch and watch! THE HAND comes to life! THE FINGERS flex as the hand starts to walk across the room. The large ring on the third finger sheds a light of eerie horror over the room. The silent life-like plastic hand, made of latex rubber with a bandaged wrist, stalks across the room and only YOU know where it came from. Only \$4.95 plus 50c for postage and handling.



## 4D MAN

The Corpse-Making 4-Dimensional Man can walk through walls, but needs the life force of others to keep himself from becoming a modern Mummy. Only \$6.20



## WAR OF THE PLANETS

WHAT HAPPENS when a runaway planet plays hooky from stellar space? Another universe calls in a space scientist to stop exploding missiles, end trouble in the skies. This is a truly wonderful space-and-science film . . . one you won't ever forget. So get it today! 8mm, 160 feet, \$6.20



## WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST

A monster of the Atomic Age! A towering terror from Hell! The story of a man trapped in the blast of a plutonium bomb—and the terrible events that followed. Only \$6.20



## THE BLOB

Teenagers see what looks like a shooting star blaze to earth. At its landing spot they find an old man writhing in pain, his hand covered with a strange substance. They rush him to a doctor, who watched the substance spreading before his eyes. The Blob continues to spread, & terrorize the town. Only \$6.20



## IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A SPACE SHIP loaded with stellar monsters goes out of control! They land on earth and battle a brave scientist trying to save the earth. Is he successful? This scary film tells you what really happens. 160 feet, 8mm, \$6.20



## ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

AMERICA'S MOST MIRTHFUL COMEDIANS meet the world's most monstrous Monsters . . . and that's where the fun begins. Dr. Jekyll gives Costello a drug, turns him into a monster. Everything goes crazy and Scotland Yard goes mad. Monsters can be fun, and this film is the funniest! 8mm, 160 feet, \$6.95.



## ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN

THE WHO'S WHO of the MONSTER WORLD team up in the funniest monster film ever made. Imagine Frankenstein, Dracula, The Wolf Man and The Invisible Man combining their eerie talents to trap Abbott & Costello. They even suggest using Costello's brain for the Monsters. Great fun! 8mm, 100 feet, \$6.95.



## ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN ROCKET & ROLL

THE FUNNIEST COMICS in Hollywood double up for a crazy rocket trip through outer space. Beauties and cuties in Venus tempt them. The runaway rocket ship scares the life out of them. And through it all Abbott & Costello give a hilarious performance that will make you "die" laughing. 8mm, 160 feet, \$6.95.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME—  
THE 3 STOOGES IN



Aside from the special color-filter viewers supplied with the film, no special equipment is needed. No special screen . . . no special projector. Just watch the startling action! Sixty feet of film.



## SPOOKS

The Stooges in a hilarious slapstick romp . . . funnier than ever in 3-D. So real they seem to jump right out of the screen. When something is thrown . . . you duck! Only \$5.95.

## TALES OF HORROR



This 3-D Stogie comedy is a wild tale that takes place in an old haunted house. Our 3-Dimensional Stooges are mixed up with all sorts of deadly weapons . . . Only \$5.95.



## EAST SIDE KIDS MEET BELA LUGOSI

YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING as the East Side Kids match their side-splitting stunts with Bela Lugosi's terror-filled action. Featuring Bela Lugosi and the original East Side Kids. Only \$5.95.



## WE WANT OUR MUMMY

Hired as detectives, our 3 friends take a hilarious taxi ride to Egypt. And when they enter the tomb . . . WOW! Only \$5.95.

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose \$..... plus 35c postage & handling for each film checked:

- The 4-D Man, \$6.20
- War Of The Planets, \$6.20
- War Of The Colossal Beast, \$6.20
- The Blob, \$5.95
- It Came From Outer Space, \$6.20
- A. & C. Meet Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde, \$6.95
- A. & C. Meet Frankenstein, \$6.95
- A. & C. in Rocket and Roll, \$6.95
- East Side Kids Meet Bela Lugosi, \$5.95
- We Want Our Mummy, \$5.95
- Spooks in 3-D, \$5.95
- Tales Of Horror in 3-D, \$5.95

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**In September 1969, Vampirella #1 debuted with a stunning cover by the legendary Frank Frazetta - and quickly made publishing history! The writers and artists that contributed during the magazine's original run includes Jose Gonzalez, Archie Goodwin, Doug Moench, Bernie Wrightson, Barry Windsor Smith, Esteban Maroto, Frank Brunner, Mike Ploog, Rudy Nebres, Richard Corben, Pablo Marcos, Wally Wood, and many more! Volume One collects the first seven terrifying issues of the magazine's original run, reprinted in its original magazine-sized format.**

***"Vampirella was so hot I used to buy every comic I could get my hands on. The fact she didn't exist didn't bother me because we have these quintessential female images in our mind..."*** – James Cameron, director of *Avatar*, *Titanic*, *Aliens* and *Terminator*

**DYNAMITE<sup>®</sup>**  
ENTERTAINMENT

**RATED**  
**T+**  
SUGGESTED FOR  
TEENS AND UP

**HORROR**