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EERIE
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ALL NEW STORIES FEATURING THE BEST HORROR-ADVENTURE STARS

EERIE

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WHO WILL DIE?
THE MUMMY, THE WEREWOLF
OR DAX THE WARRIOR...
"DEATH RIDES THIS NIGHT"

INTRODUCING: HUNTER,
THE DEMON KILLER
FROM THE FUTURE!
Page 27

WEREWOLF!

THE EXCITING GAME OF DETECTIVE SKILL!

Hours of monstrous fun are yours when you play WEREWOLF! Transferring the exciting detective game, it's great fun for the entire family. And it's complete in this special summer issue. See the inside back cover for assembly instructions.

HOW TO PLAY

WEREWOLF is a game of detective skill for two to six players. In it, there is a werewolf house in one of the five houses on the game board. And the werewolf has committed a murder! Each player is attempting to discover three things: (1) WHO is the WEREWOLF? (2) WHO did the WEREWOLF murder? and (3), in which HOUSE was the murder committed? The first player to solve the crime and answer all three questions, wins the game!

SPINNER ARROW

PAWNS



RED PEEPERS

SCARLET O'HARE



PINKIE CLAW

CHERRY PITTS



THE SCARLET CRIMSON

RUBY LIPS

PLAYER CARDS

RED PEEPERS
WEREWOLF

CHERRY PITTS
WEREWOLF

RUBY LIPS
WEREWOLF

PINKIE CLAW
WEREWOLF

SCARLET O'HARE
WEREWOLF

CRIMSON PIMP
WEREWOLF

DORR'S CASTLE

SLAUGHTER HOUSE

HOUSE OF HUSHER

HOUSE OF THE BASKERVILLES

HOUSE OF COMMONERS

RED PEEPERS
THE VICTIM

CHERRY PITTS
THE VICTIM

RUBY LIPS
THE VICTIM

PINKIE CLAW
THE VICTIM

SCARLET O'HARE
THE VICTIM

CRIMSON PIMP
THE VICTIM

HOUSE OF COMMONERS



HOW TO START

Once you have followed the instructions on the inside cover and your game is completely assembled, each player chooses one pawn... the pawn he will be throughout the game. A player may choose to be PINKIE CLAW, SCARLET O'HARE, RUBY LIPS, RED PEEPERS, CHERRY PITTS, or THE CRIMSON PIMP.

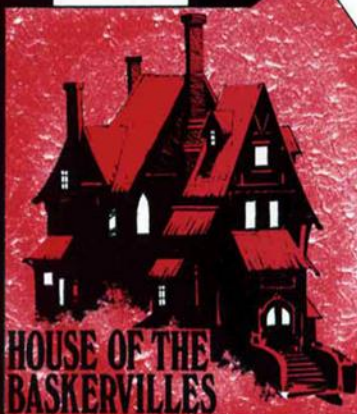
The CARDS are then distributed and placed face down in three separate piles: The cards naming the WEREWOLF in one pile, the cards naming the VICTIM in another, and the cards with the names of the HOUSES in the third pile. One card should be chosen from each pile and placed on the board, upside down! These three cards hold the name of the VICTIM, the name of the WEREWOLF, and the HOUSE where the werewolf murdered his victim.

TO BEGIN

Place all player's pawns in the Dorr's Castle. The player who spins the highest number moves first. The player on his left spins to move next, and so on. Each player will move his pawn the number of spaces he spins on the spinner.

Players may move in ANY DIRECTION they wish, and proceed to the house they believe the WEREWOLF has committed his foul deed. Once they are in the house, they may make an ACCUSATION.

To make an ACCUSATION, the player simply states: "I believe the werewolf is... (name one player), the victim is... (name another), and the murder was committed in this house!" The player must name ALL THREE correctly to win the game. However, if any player holds a card that can disprove another's accusation, he must show that card to the player making the accusation. Only ONE card is needed to be shown to disprove any accusation at any one time.



HOUSE OF THE BASKERVILLES



OUR COVER
"Death Rides This Night." But who will
DIE? Arthur Lemming, Werewolf? The Mum-
my? Or the infallible Dax the warrior?

Editor-In-Chief
& Publisher
JAMES WARREN

Editor
W.B. DuBAY

Production
W.R. MOHALLEY

Cover
SANJULIAN

Artists
This Issue
ALDOMA
JAIME BROCAL
ESTEBAN MAROTO
MUNES
PAUL NEARY
MARTIN SALVADOR

Writers
This Issue
GEORGE HENDERSON
JOHN JACOBSON
RICHARD MARGOPOULOS
ESTEBAN MAROTO
ALLEN MILGROM
STEVE SKEATES

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EERIE

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE "I just can't believe it," cries reader Dwight Decker of Ohio, "*Marvin the Dead-Thing* was a story with warmth and heart! Truly great!" More letters!

6

THE EERIE EYE It's no secret! Some of our writers use *phoney names*. But this weirdo *Bruce Bezaire* refuses to change his name to something a little more *believable*.

7

AND THE MUMMY WALKS His mind trapped in the body of a centuries old *mummy*, Jerome Curry is forced into a town where *madness* prevails, a town of *ghouls*!

17

CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF Arthur Lemming, bruised, beaten and chased from his home stumbled into a gypsy encampment. And the *werewolf* meets a *gypsy witch*.

27

HUNTER: DEMON-KILLER The war is *over*! There is nothing left. No technology. No humanity. *Few men*! There is a *new race* now. A race of mutants. The *Demons*!

37

THE BEHEADED Bianca Eden was raped and beheaded nearly two hundred years ago. Now she stalks her castle in search of her own head... or a suitable *replacement* for it!

47

THE GOLDEN KRIS It is said there is a *sword* that can make a man a *king*. And on the bloody streets of the Barbary Coast there are *cutthroats* who dream of *royalty*!

55

DAX THE WARRIOR The battle has long since been silenced. Only bloody remains of men litter the field... no more than *meat* for the buzzards. Among them the mighty *Dax*!

75

WEREWOLF Who's the real *werewolf*? Is it *Ruby Lisp*? *Pinkie Claw*? or *Scarlet O'Hare*? There's only *one* werewolf. And it could be *you* when you play the *free game*, in this issue!

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THE MUMMY WALKS



HE IS **CALM** NOW...THIS DECAYING, FETID, BANDAGED THING; AND AS HE COLLECTS HIMSELF AFTER A NIGHT OF **INSANITY**, HE LOOKS TO THE SKY, REALIZING IT IS NOW NEARING **SUNRISE!**



THERE ARE THINGS TO BE DONE. SLOWLY, ON CUMBERSOME, TIRED LIMBS, HE RETURNS TO THE MUSEUM ...TO THE BODY THAT ONCE WAS HIS...



... WAS HIS BEFORE HE TRANSFERRED HIS MIND INTO THIS OTHER BODY, THIS BODY OF POWER, THEN DISCOVERED HE COULD NOT TRANSFER BACK...




PRESERVATION! SOMEWHERE, IN THE BACK OF HIS BE- FOGGED MIND, IS THE PROPER MEMORY. HIS READINGS IN EGYPTOLOGY-- THEY HAVE TOLD HIM THAT HIS TRUE BODY WILL REMAIN PRESERVED SO LONG AS HIS MIND CONTINUES TO EXIST...

BUT THE BODY MUST BE HIDDEN -- THAT IS WHAT NOW HAS TO BE DONE! THIS APPARENTLY LIFE- LESS BODY-- IT MUST NOT BE FOUND, MUST NOT BE BURIED OR DESTROYED...




... IT MUST BE PLACED SOMEWHERE WHERE IT WILL REMAIN SAFE -- YES, SOMEWHERE SAFE!



QUITE A BIT OF TIME HAS PASSED SINCE THIS MAN TRANSFERRED HIS MIND ONCE TOO OFTEN INTO THE BODY OF THE MUMMY. . . FOR, WHILE THE MUMMY STALKED THE CITY THE AMULET THAT WAS AROUND THE NECK OF HIS TRUE BODY WAS STOLEN -- THE ALL-IMPORTANT AMULET THAT MUST BE ABOUT THE BODY IF THE TRANSFERENCE IS TO BE ACHIEVED. NOW IF HE CANNOT FIND AND REGAIN THIS PRECIOUS TRINKET, JEROME CURRY'S MIND WILL FOREVER BE TRAPPED WITHIN THIS LOATHESOME BODY

YOU HAUNT THE GRAVEYARD...SEARCHING THE CRYPTS...SEARCHING FOR FRESH FLESH TO FEED UPON... THEN YOU SEE HIM... YOU SEE THE CREATURE... AND MORE IMPORTANTLY... YOU SEE WHAT HE CARRIES.

GHOULISH ENCOUNTER



YOU DO NOT THINK ABOUT THE CREATURE, YOU DO NOT WONDER WHAT HE IS NOR WHERE HE CAME FROM. CURIOSITY IS SOMETHING YOU NO LONGER POSSESS.



NOW, YOUR MADNESS ALLOWS YOU TO THINK ONLY OF YOURSELF-- YOURSELF AND YOUR PERVERTED HUNGER. NOW, YOU STARE AT THE BODY THE THING CARRIES AND YOUR MOUTH FILLS, OVERFLOWING WITH SALIVA

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU WERE NORMAL? HOW LONG SINCE YOU AND THE MAN YOU LOVED, YOUR HUSBAND OF BUT LESS THAN TWO WEEKS, WERE ACCIDENTALLY LOCKED IN THAT DANK AND DISMAL BASEMENT? MONTHS?... YEARS? YOU DO NOT KNOW, DO YOU?

YOU POUNDED AND YOU SHOUTED AND YOU SCREAMED - YOU REMEMBER THAT MUCH... BUT NO ONE HEARD. NO FOOD. REMEMBER HOW YOUR HUNGER GREW. HOW YOUR STOMACH TWISTED AND KNOTTED ABOUT ITSELF AS THE DAYS PASSED?

IT'S NO GOOD! IT JUST WON'T OPEN!

WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!

I'VE GOT TO TRY'N REACH THAT WINDOW AGAIN!

I'VE GOT TO BE ABLE TO SQUEEZE OUT OF THAT WINDOW...

... THEN COME BACK AND UNLOCK THE DOOR!

BE CAREFUL, DEAR!

OOP!

OH MY GOD! NO! NO!

KLOMP

AND NOW, WILL YOUR CRAZED MIND ALLOW YOU TO THINK BACK AND RECALL HOW YOU SIMPLY SAT THERE IN SHOCK, STARING AT HIS LIFELESS BODY... FOR DAYS AND DAYS. AND DO YOU REMEMBER HOW THE HOLLOW, PERSISTENT PAIN IN YOUR GUT GREW AND GREW, PUSHING YOUR MIND INTO MADNESS...

...UNTIL, AT LAST, YOU
COULD STAND NO MORE...
AND YOUR MIND FINALLY
SNAPPED!



TAKING HIM WITHIN
YOURSELF. A SMILE
CROSSING YOUR COUN-
TENANCE AS THE
HOLLOW HUNGER
DISSIPATED...

YOU WANTED MORE AND MORE.
HE COULD NO LONGER GIVE, SO
YOU WOULD TAKE! YES! MORE!
MORE!



AND DAYS LATER...



SOMEONE
COMING!

I'M SAVED!

BUT--
GOTTA
GET OUT--
FAST!



HEY!
WHERE ARE YOU
GOING?

WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?



SHE'S GONE!
WHAT'S THAT
SMELL?

OH, MY
GOD!

CHOKE

HAZY MEMORIES. SINCE THEN, YOU HAVE LIVED HERE IN THIS BLEAK CEMETERY...SEARCHING AND FEEDING BY NIGHT. NOW YOU LOOK ON AS A CREATURE LEAVES THE CRYPT HE JUST ENTERED--LEAVES IT **ALONE!** NOW YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR NEXT MEAL SHALL BE!

THOSE **THIEVES** WHO HANG AROUND NOT FAR FROM THE MUSEUM! I **KNEW** THEM ONCE, BACK WHEN **I**, TOO, WAS A **LOWLY PERSON!**

THEY **MUST** BE THE ONES WHO STOLE THE AMULET--THE OTHER ARTIFACTS AS WELL!



GOT TO **GET IT BACK!** DON'T WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF **ETERNITY** IN THIS **STINKING, ROTTEN BODY!**

I WANT TO HAVE A **NORMAL LIFE!**



AND, YES! THEY ARE THERE!

CRA-ACK!



IT'S NEARLY **SUNRISE!** PEOPLE WILL BE **UP** AND **ABOUT** SOON! BUT I DON'T **CARE!** I MUST GET IT **BACK NOW!**

AND, LUCKILY, I AT LEAST KNOW WHERE THOSE **THIEVES USED** TO GO TO **DIVVY UP** THEIR **LOOT!**



YOU SEE THE MUSEUM ARTIFACTS... AND YOU PUSH THE THIEVES, FROZEN IN FEAR, ASIDE TO REACH THEM!



IT IS ALL THERE ... YES, EVERY-THING-- EXCEPT THE AMULET--THE ALL-IMPORTANT AMULET!



YOU WANT TO ASK WHERE IT IS. YOU WANT TO KNOW, BUT YOU CANNOT SPEAK. YOU CAN ONLY SHAKE THOSE RESPONSIBLE...



...AND SHOVE THEM!



...AND KILL!



...YOUR FRUSTRATION MOUNTING, THE OTHER MIND WITHIN THIS AWESOME BODY OF YOURS LAUGHING-- THE ANCIENT, ORIGINAL MIND-- LAUGHING AT YOUR FAILURE, AT YOUR FRUSTRATION!



THE GATE-DOOR TO THE
CRYPT CREAKS OPEN ON
RUSTED, ANCIENT HINGES.



WHAT GOOD HAS ALL THIS DEATH BROUGHT? YOU
STAND OVER THOSE YOU HAVE KILLED, TRYING
TO FORCE YOUR FRUSTRATION AWAY TRYING IN-
STEAD TO THINK, YET KNOWING IT HAS ALL BEEN
FOR NAUGHT. YOU HAVE SEARCHED THE BODIES,
SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, TO NO AVAIL. THEN
YOU REMEMBER THE GIRL! SHE WAS ALWAYS
WITH THEM. BUT SHE IS NOT HERE NOW!



YOU CANNOT RECALL
HER NAME, BUT YOU
SEE HER FACE IN
YOUR MIND. AND
YOU REMEMBER
WHERE SHE ONCE
LIVED. YOU WERE
THERE WITH HER
ONCE, YEARS AGO.
PERHAPS **SHE** IS
THE ONE WHO HAS
THE AMULET.



YET, IF ONLY YOU
KNEW, IT SURELY
WOULD NOT BE
HER, BUT ANOTHER
GIRL YOU WOULD
BE CONCERNED
ABOUT - OR CAN
WE CALL HER
"AGIRL" - THIS
THING THAT HAS
BEGUN ITS FEAST?



THE SUN IS ABOUT TO BREAK OVER THE HORIZON AS YOU LEAVE THE MUSTY THIEVES' DEN...

DON'T DARE GO SEARCHING FOR HER **NOW!** TOO **CLOSE** TO SUNRISE!... PEOPLE WILL BE **UP AND ABOUT** VERY SOON NOW!



DON'T WANT TO BE **SEEN!** **HUNTED DOWN!**

SHOT AT!

HAVE NO IDEA WHAT **BULLETS** WILL DO TO THIS BODY! AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO **FIND OUT!**



HAVE TO FIND SOME PLACE TO **HIDE**-- UNTIL **NIGHT!**

BUT **WHERE?**



YOU SAVOR YOUR MEAL... YOU CHEW SLOWLY SO THAT YOU CAN SUCK DOWN EVERY DROP OF COLD AND CLOTTING BLOOD. THEN, SUDDENLY, YOU HEAR THE GATE-DOOR CREAK, AND YOU TURN TO SEE **HIM** AS HE ENTERS... AND THEN REARS BACK AS THOUGH IN SHOCK!



WAIT! OF COURSE!

THE **CRYPT**--WHERE I PUT THE **BODY**--MY **BODY!**

I'LL BE SAFE **THERE!**



YOU CAN ALMOST FEEL HIS ANGER, AS HE STALKS TOWARD YOU. THERE WAS PLEASURE IN DOING SOMETHING SO TRULY, BEAUTIFULLY DISGUSTING. AND THE PLEASURE WAS HEIGHTENED BY THE POSSIBILITY OF BEING CAUGHT! BUT THE ACTUALITY OF BEING CAUGHT IS DIFFERENT! YOU COWER... YOU WANT TO RACE FOR THE DOOR, BUT HE IS BLOCKING THE WAY!





NEARLY ALL SENSATION IS
MASHED OUT OF YOU AS YOU
ARE THROWN WITH UNBELIEV-
ABLE FORCE INTO THE WALL...



BUT THERE IS STILL ENOUGH SENSATION FOR YOU
TO FEEL AND SCREAM OUT AS THE MANY JAGGED
SPEARS TEAR THROUGH YOUR FLESH...YOUR ORGANS..



YOU TURN AWAY FROM HER, KNOWING THAT HER DEATH HAS DONE YOU NO GOOD... IT WILL NOT REPAIR YOUR BODY... THEN ANOTHER WAVE OF SHOCK CRASH BOUNDS OVER YOU...



IT IS NOT YOUR BODY IS IT? SHE WAS FEASTING UPON ANOTHER OF THE BODIES. ONE OF THE OLDER BODIES OF THIS CRYPT.



SHE WAS SO FAR GONE INTO MADNESS, SHE COULD NOT TELL A ROTTING, MAGGOT-RIDDEN BODY FROM A FRESH ONE... SHE HAD BEGUN GNAWING AT THE FIRST BODY SHE CAME UPON, AND LUCKILY IT WAS NOT YOURS. YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO RECLAIM YOUR FORMER EXISTENCE. YOU WANT TO LAUGH OUT LOUD -- AND YOU WISH THAT YOU COULD!

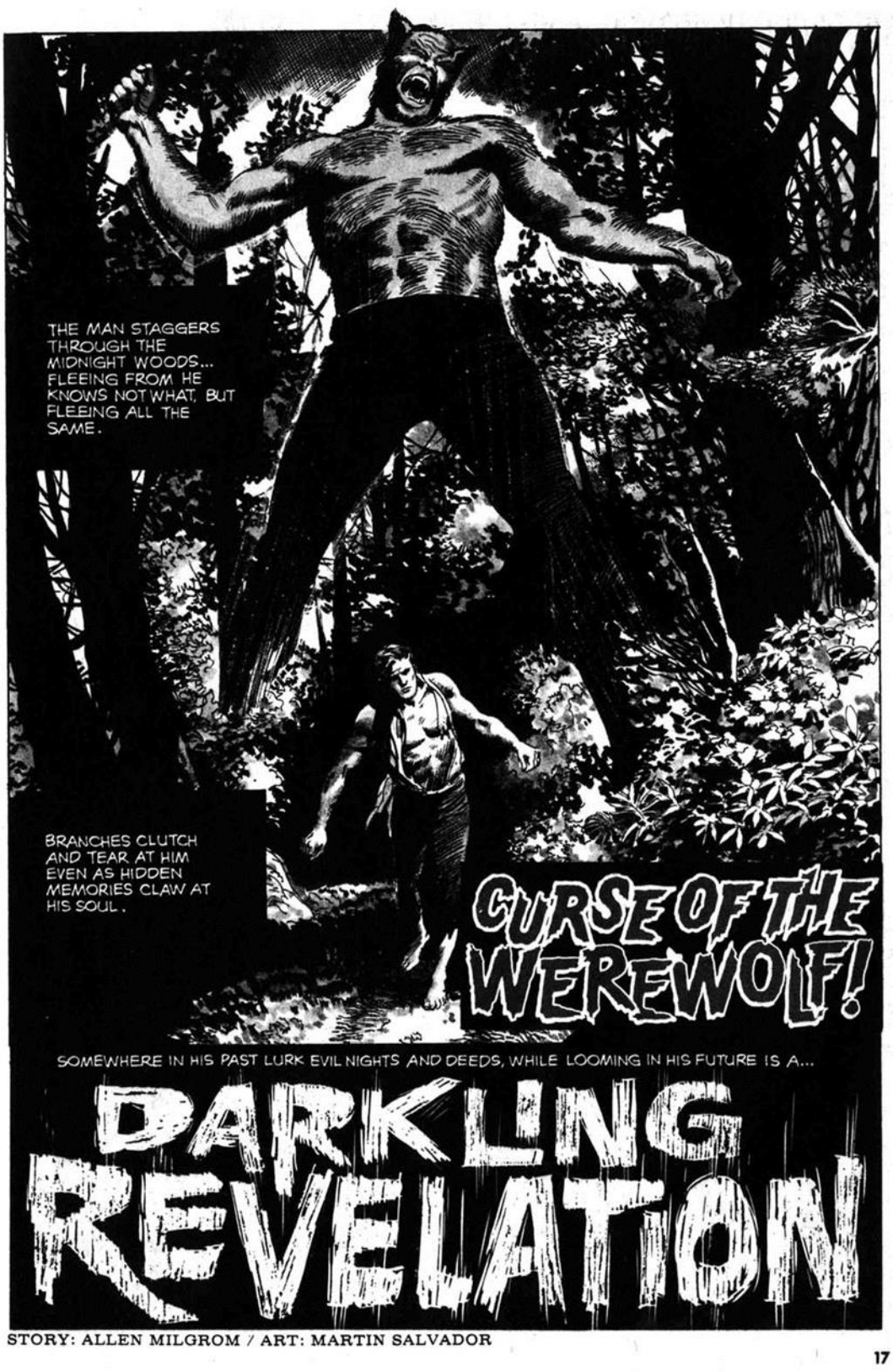
BUT SURELY YOU WOULD NOT LAUGH IF YOU COULD BUT WITNESS THIS WOMAN WHO ELSEWHERE NOW BOARDS A COACH... IF YOU COULD BUT LOOK UPON WHAT SHE WEARS ABOUT HER NECK...



SURELY YOU WOULD NOT LAUGH, IF YOU COULD BUT SEE THE COACH, AS IT NOW DEPARTS FROM BOSTON, HEADING FOR PARTS UNKNOWN! NOW, CREATURE, YOU ARE EVEN MORE TRAPPED!



NEXT: MR. HYDE!



THE MAN STAGGERS
THROUGH THE
MIDNIGHT WOODS...
FLEEING FROM HE
KNOWS NOT WHAT, BUT
FLEEING ALL THE
SAME.

BRANCHES CLUTCH
AND TEAR AT HIM
EVEN AS HIDDEN
MEMORIES CLAW AT
HIS SOUL.

CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF!

SOMEWHERE IN HIS PAST LURK EVIL NIGHTS AND DEEDS, WHILE LOOMING IN HIS FUTURE IS A...

DARKLING REVELATION

STORY: ALLEN MILGROM / ART: MARTIN SALVADOR

**TERROR MINGLES WITH EXHAUSTION
ON THE MAN'S FACE.**



**HIS TERROR DRIVES HIM HEADLONG
THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH...**



WHILE HIS EXHAUSTION...



**IN THE END IT IS THE EXHAUSTION OF HIS BODY WHICH MAKES THE MORE
CONVINCING ARGUMENT.**

...BIDS HIM HALT.



HE HAS
COLLAPSED!
WHAT COULD HE
HAVE BEEN
RUNNING FROM
THAT SCARED
HIM SO?

HE CAME
FROM THE DEEP
WOODS. HOW IS
IT A MAN DARED
THEM UNPRO-
TECTED AGAINST
THE ELEMENTS?



HOW
HANDSOME
HE LOOKS...
AND HOW
SAD.

FETCH
MOTHER EVA!
SHE WILL TELL
US WHAT TO
DO!



TWO MEN SEPARATE THEMSELVES FROM THE CIRCLE WHICH HAS FORMED AROUND THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN AND RETURN SHORTLY WITH...



MOTHER EVA!

LOOK, MOTHER, AT WHAT HAS STUMBLED INTO OUR CAMP! SHALL WE HELP HIM, MOTHER?

THE WISE OLD EYES SEARCH THE FACE OF ARTHUR LEMMING, SEEMING TO LOOK *BENEATH* THE HAGGARD SURFACE. ANCIENT LIPS PART TO OFFER UP THEIR REPLY...

HELP HIM? YES, THIS WE WILL DO. FOR HERE, SURELY IS A MAN IN NEED OF HELP.



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, OPHELIA NURSES ARTHUR LEMMING BACK TO HEALTH...



UNDER THE EVER-WATCHFUL EYE OF MOTHER EVA.

WITHIN A WEEK THE MAN IS WELL AGAIN, AND HE BECOMES A PART OF THE CAMP LIFE...



TO ONE...

ARTHUR...



...AN INDISPENSIBLE PART OF THAT LIFE.



HE THROWS HIMSELF FULL INTO
HIS NEW EXISTENCE...



FORGETTING HIS WIFE!



FORGETTING BECAUSE HE WANTS TO
FORGET. IT IS *EASIER* TO FORGET!



FORGETTING BECAUSE IT IS PAINFUL TO REMEMBER...
THAT HIS WIFE HAS BEEN JAILED AS A *WITCH*!



ANGELA
LEMMING... HAVING
REVIEWED THE EVIDENCE
PRESENTED TO THIS
COURT, ONLY ONE
VEREDICT IS
POSSIBLE...



BUT FORGETFULNESS IS NOT
ALWAYS AS EASY TO ATTAIN...



...AS ONE MIGHT WISH.

GUILTY! GUILTY
OF WITCHCRAFT MOST
FOUL! AND YOUR
SENTENCE IS...
DEATH!



THE NEXT DAY.



A PAINED, INDIGNANT LOOK FLITS
ACROSS THE ANCIENT VISAGE...



A SHUDDER SHAKES THE OLD WOMAN, A SHUDDER NOT
ENTIRELY CAUSED BY THE COOL AFTERNOON BREEZE.



WITH DUSK WE FIND ARTHUR LEMMING IN THE WAGON OF MOTHER EVA.

SO, YOU WOULD STILL TAMPER WITH THE UNKNOWN?

OH COME ON, MOTHER EVA. GET ON WITH THE SHOW...

...BUT SPARE ME THE MELODRAMA.

VERY WELL, THEN. PREPARE YOURSELF. THE FUTURE WILL BE YOURS TO KNOW.

LET US HOPE THE KNOWLEDGE DOES NOT DESTROY YOU.

THE WIZENED FEATURES TAKE ON A LOOK OF DEEP CONCENTRATION, AS THE RHEUMATIC EYES SEEK TO PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF THE CRYSTAL.

BEFORE ONE MAY SEEK TO KNOW THE FUTURE, ONE MUST HAVE KNOWLEDGE OF... THE PAST.

PLACE YOUR HAND, PALM UP, NEAR THE CRYSTAL ORB, ARTHUR LEMMING.

THE OLD WOMAN CONCENTRATES MORE DEEPLY. SHE SQUINTS AT THE CRYSTAL AS IF TO PEER THROUGH MISTS OF FORGOTTEN AGES, AND THE CREASES AND FURROWS WHICH MAP HER FACE BECOME, SHOCKINGLY, EVEN MORE PRONOUNCED.

I-I BEGIN TO SEE. IMAGES ARE FORMING... THEY ARE...

THEY ARE STRANGE, FRIGHTENING IMAGES.

SO DEEP IS HER CONCENTRATION THAT MOTHER EVA FAILS TO NOTICE THE FIRST SILVER TRACERIES...

I-I SEE PAIN...

A WEB SPUN BY THE CHILLING, COLD LIGHT...

I S-SEE HORROR, SUFFERING...

AND THE HORROR, THE TRUE HORROR, IS THAT THIS IMAGE IS NOT MERELY THE PAST...

THE SILVER LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON!

...BUT, LORD HELP YOU, THE FUTURE AS WELL!!

A GOSSAMEER SPIDER'S WEB SPUN WITHIN THE DEPTHS OF HER MYSTIC CRYSTAL...



ONCE AGAIN ARTHUR LEMMING
UNDERGOES THE DAMNING
CURSE OF THE FULL MOON. ONCE
AGAIN HE BECOMES A...



DRAWN BY THE SOUNDS OF DESTRUCTION,
THE GYPSYS GATHER ABOUT MOTHER
EVA'S WAGON ONLY TO FACE...



MEN FALL
BEFORE THE
BEAST LIKE
WHEAT
BEFORE A
SCYTHE!

HE KILLS SWIFTLY...

... EASILY...

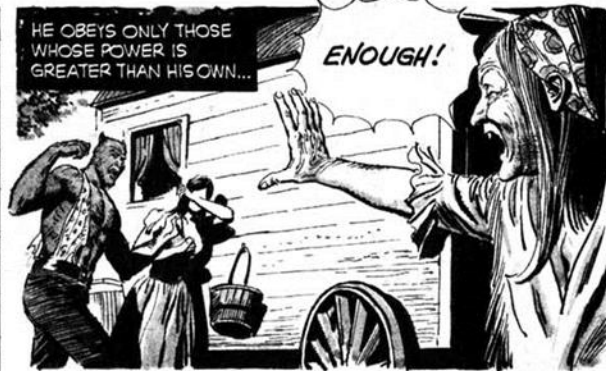
INDISCRIMINANTLY.



HE CARES NOT FOR THOSE HIS HUMAN SELF LOVES...



HE OBEYS ONLY THOSE WHOSE POWER IS GREATER THAN HIS OWN...



A HORSE, TERRIFIED BY THE WOLF-SCENT NEARBY, WHINNIES SHRILLY...



AND THE SOUND BREAKS THE FRAGILE SPELL MOTHER EVA'S VOICE HAD WOVEN.



AS THE EPITHET IS UTTERED, THE WEREWOLF STOPS...SHUDDERS...

AND THE MEMORIES RUSH IN.



THE AGONY OF REALIZATION SPURS THE BEAST TO EVEN GREATER FRENZY...

BUT LONG AFTER HIS RAKING CLAWS HAVE TORN THE LIFE FROM THE OLD WOMAN'S BODY...



LONG AFTER THAT BODY HAS BECOME AN OOZING SHAPELESS MASS OF QUIVERING FLESH...

...LONG AFTER THE KILLING IS ENDED...

THE MEMORIES REMAIN.



AND ARTHUR LEMMING, *WEREWOLF*, CAN NO LONGER HIDE BEHIND THE DULLED, MURDEROUS BRAIN OF A *BEAST*...

NEXT: THE ROAD HOME!

Hunter

THE ENVIRONMENT: BAD!

ICE, PELTING SNOW AND
UPWARD THRUSTING PEAKS
CONSPIRE IN UNISON TO
THWART ALL WHO ROAM
THIS GODLESS NIGHT!

ONCE THEY WERE CALLED
"THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS!"

AYE, ONCE!

FOR THE PRESENT, THEY
LIE SULEN AND
DORMANT... WITH ONLY
ONE OR TWO OF THEM
FLAME-SEETHING IN
VOLCANIC FURY!

IT IS A PLACE WHERE
MANY LOOK FOR (AND
QUITE OFTEN FIND)
DEATH!

THE INDIVIDUAL: EQUALLY BAD!



FACT: TEN YEARS AGO
HE WAS A SCOUT FOR
AMERICA'S ELITE ATTACK
FORCE... IN THE LAST
WORLD-DESTROYING WAR!

FACT: THAT HE NOW SUFFERS
IN NOBLE SILENCE... AS HE
LURCHES ON IN THE ENDLESS,
BOOT-DEEP SNOW!

HIS NAME IS... **HUNTER!**
HE IS A MAN... AND ALSO
SOMETHING MORE! MARK
HIM WELL!

THE WAR WAS LONG OVER--
AND WELL-SUPPRESSED,
IF NOT HALF-FORGOTTEN--
FOR MOST!

BUT, THE GROTESQUELY-
GARBED, 21ST CENTURY
GLADIATOR HAS KNOWN
TOO MUCH...

--AND HEARD TOO MUCH...

--AND EXPERIENCED TOO MUCH...

--TO EVER EASILY FORGET!

AND SO, HE LOGICALLY
FOLLOWS HIS NATURAL
INCLINATIONS AND
INNER COMPULSIONS...

--TO WAGE HIS OWN
EXTREMELY PRIVATE
TYPE OF WAR!

HE WAS A REAL
HUNTER AN HOUR
AGO-- DOGGING A
DEMONS' TRAIL...
WIND-OBSCURD
TRACKS THAT
OTHERS OF LESSER
SKILL HAD SCOFFED
AT BEING NON-
EXISTENT!

BUT, THAT WAS
60 MINUTES
PAST-- AND
THERE IS NO
LONGER A
TRAIL... AND HE
IS NO LONGER A
TRUE HUNTER!

IT IS COLDER
THAN A DEMON'S
THRICE-CURSED
SOUL!

EITHER I SOON
FIND SHELTER
OF A SORT...OR
FACE THE
UNHAPPY
PROSPECT
MY LIFE ENDS
HERE!

THE WARRIOR CAN ONLY DRAW HIS CLOAK
TIGHTER AT THE NECK--AS IT FLAPS IN THE
OBSCENELY-WHISPERING WINTER WIND...
AND PRAY THE SUIT'S BARELY-FUNCTIONING
THERMAL-UNIT WILL NOT FOR A WHILE FAIL!

YET, TRY AS HE MAY TO
DISTRACT HIMSELF...

--HUNTER CAN NOT BANISH
THE STARK REALIZATION HE IS
SLOWLY AND AGONIZINGLY
FREEZING TO DEATH!

--AN END IMPENDING...UNLESS
THE SHIVERING SCOUT CAN REACH
A STONE MONASTERY THAT
BECKONS ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF A SNOWY CREST!

HE IS AN **ENIGMA**,
THIS MAN WHO **HALF-**
RUNS, HALF-STAGGERS,
AS WE SHALL LEARN...

--A **SYMBIOTIC SYNTHESIS**
OF MODERN **SUPER-SOLDIER**
AND SAVAGE, HATE-FILLED
PRIMITIVE!

BUT... **HOLD!** THE TRACKING **WANDERER** IS ALREADY
AT THE DOOR! LET US LISTEN WHILE HE **THUMPS**
HIS STAFF, AND **PROCLAIMS...**



...**CODE THREE!**

IN THE NAME OF
THE LAST **MARTIAL**
LAW--I CLAIM MY RIGHTS
AND DEMAND YOU GRANT
ME **ENTRY.**

NOT SO LOUDLY,
MY SON--THE DOOR
IS **NOT LOCKED!**
THE DOORSTEP OF
THE **EMPIRICALS**
IS OPEN TO ALL!

THEN DO
IT IMMEDI-
ATELY, MONK
--FOR I
BELIEVE
DEMONS
DO INDEED
THIS **REGION**
PROWL!

DEMONS DID
YOU SAY, MY SON?

THERE ARE **NO**
MORE DEMONS--THE
LAST OF WHICH NO
DOUBT DIED YEARS
AGO!

IT SEEMS THE WORLD
NO LONGER HAS A USE FOR
YOU, **WARRIOR**--YET YOU ARE
WELCOMED TO STAY, **NONE-**
THELESS... IF THAT IS
YOUR **WISH!**

MUCH **DEBT** TO
YOU, GOOD BROTHER!
IT IS CLOSE TO **NEVER**
AM I EXTENDED
SUCH **KINDNESS!**

A **GOOD SPIRIT** SPREADS
THROUGH US FROM OUR
BENEFACTOR!

WON'T YOU **JOIN**
US, SON--FOR THE
LATE SERVICE...

...WHERE
YOU CAN SEE HIM
WITH YOUR OWN
EYES!



A **SHIVER** MAKES ITSELF FELT
DOWN **HUNTER'S** LEAN, HARD-
DRIVEN FRAME! IT COMES NOT
FROM THE **FLEEING COLD...**
BUT THE **GREEN-HOODED EMPIR-**
ICALS WHO MURMUR AS THEY
SHUFFLE...

--AND ESPECIALLY WHEN **BROTHER CHRISTOPHER** INVOKES PASSION-MAD PRAISE TO THE **DIETY** HE PERSONALLY CLAIMS TO **KNOW!**

NO OTHER FORCE IN THE **UNIVERSE** THAT CAN BOTH **CREATE** AND **DESTROY** IS **GRANDER** THAN... **SCIENCE!**

THAT IS WHY WE WORSHIP OUR **LORD AND SAVIOR... THE INTELLIGENT ONE!**

BEFORE THE TIME OF THE **MANY MUSHROOMS**-- IN THE DIM DISTANT PAST TERMED THE **SCIENTIFIC ERA...**

--THE TWO GODS, **TECHNOLOGY** AND **MANUFACTURING** MATED! WE STUMBLED UPON THEIR **CHILD...** AND HE **AQWESCED** TO BE OUR **MESSIAH!**

YOU CAN NOW **UNDRAP** HIS **COUNTENCE**, **BROTHER PHILIP!**

I **ACHIEVE GRATIFICATION** WHEN **ACTIVATED** TO **SERVE** ALL **OTHERS!**

HOW MAY I **SATISFY** YOU, THE **ORDER** OF THE **EMPIRICALS?**

AND, THE **QUESTIONS** COME! **STORM** REPORTS, **CROP** PLANTING DATES; A **NEAR-CEASELESS** STREAM OF **NEAR-USELESS** DATA...

...ALL THE WHILE, **BROTHER CHRISTOPHER PACES...** AND **RANTS** AS HE **PACES**-- ABOUT THEIR ALL-KNOWING '**GOD**' WHOSE **SEPULCHURAL** TONES PROVIDE AN **ALMOST-HYPNOTIC** BACKDROP!

BUT, EVEN A **MECHANISM** OF METAL CAN GROW **WEARY** AFTER A PROLONGED EXCHANGE!

THE SPARK-FLICKERING **MILKY-WHITE** FACE BIDS **FAREWELL** AND VANISHES FROM HUMAN **PERCEPTION!**

THERE IS A **LONG** PERIOD OF EMPTINESS THAT **DIS-SIPATES** AS THE MONKS **TRUDINGLY** DEPART...

-- ABANDONING **ONE** WHO REMAINS **NON-BELIEVER** IN THEIR BACK-TURNED **WAKE**...

-- A **NON-BELIEVER** STRICKEN WITH... **SADNESS!** WHERE **KNOWLEDGE** WAS ONCE A **TOOL**... IT IS NOW TO BE **WORSHIPPED!**

THE **ALPHA-CLASS** SCOUT HOPES THERE ARE NO **REAL** GODS-- FOR, **THEY** WOULD BE SORELY TEMPTED TO **LAUGH** AT MAN IN THE **HEIGHT** OF **FOLLY!**

HUNTER REMAINS THUS-- WHILE THE **CANDLE** NEXT TO HIM SHRINKS TO **SPUTTERING** STUB...

THE MAN VENTURES **NOT** INWARD, BUT **OUTWARD**-- EVERY **BATTLE-SENSE** CONFIRMING WHAT HE FEELS BY **INSTINCT!**

INSTINCT THAT SPRINGS TO **ACTION**-- AS THE **FLUTTERING** WICK WINKS OUT... AND THE **COMPUTER-COVERING** TAPESTRY PARTS...

-- TO **UNVEIL** WHAT HAS BEEN LURKING INSIDE AN **AUXILIARY MAINTENANCE SHAFT** ALL ALONG!

THESE ARE **BROTHERS** OF AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT **ORDER!** A **GREEN** DEMON EMERGES! A **SECOND BLUE** ONE FOLLOWS THE **FIRST**-- AND A **BRONZE** THIRD DOES LIKEWISE THE **SECOND!**

HUNTER SWITCHES TO **NIGHT-VISION**-- AND MOVES TO EMBRACE THE **STYGIAN DARK** MUCH THE WAY A **SHADOW** MELTS WITH THE **NIGHT**...

**RAIDERS--THREE BLOOD-BROTHERS--
LOOKING FOR ME, NO DOUBT, JUDGING BY
THEIR FRANTIC MOVEMENTS!**

**MUST HAVE SKULKED IN
EARLIER-- WHILE THE SHEEPISH
MONKS WERE BUSY ELSEWHERE!**

**GOOD THING
I WAS ABLE TO SENSE
THE SLINKERS IN
CLOSE PROXIMITY!**

**SHOULDER-HUNCHED
DEMONS ARE NEVER
A GOOD THING-- AND IT
HAPPENS THESE THREE
TRIGGER DEEP-BURIED
MEMORIES...**

**WAR-IMAGES GROW INTO
A NIGHTMARE-- EXPANDING
UPON THEMSELVES WITH
A REMARKABLE GEOMETRIC
PROGRESSION...**

**...UNTIL THE BURNING
PAIN BECOMES TOO GREAT
--AND THE SELF-TORTURED
SOLDIER IS FORCED TO SCREAM...**

**NOT A WEAK, DEBASING
CRY OF PITY-- BUT A STRONG
BATTLE-CRY THAT DISTINGUISHES
A WARRIOR-BORN!**

**SOME
PERSONAL SOME
NOT-SO-PERSONAL
... ALL, HOWEVER,
SCORCHINGLY
BITTER!**

**HE IS EITHER
VERY BRAVE, THIS
HUMAN-SCUM-- OR
VERY FOOLISH!**

**HO, BROTHERS! LOOK
WHO PRETENDS TO BE
HIDING FROM US!**

**COME
DOWN FROM
YOUR CROUCH-
ING PERCH,
LITTLE PLAY-
MATE-- SO WE
CAN DISCOVER
WHICH
YOU ARE!**

LIKE A LITHE **HUNTING CAT**, **HUNTER** LEAPS SOME **ELEVEN FEET**... THEN **ARROGANTLY** STANDS HIS GROUND!

HE **HALF-SMILES** AS IF IT WERE **WE** WHO ARE **OUT-NUMBERED**!

HE GRIN WILL **DISAPPEAR**, I SWEAR, MY BROTHERS-- ONCE THE **GRASPING RITUAL** ESTABLISHES **MIND-LINK**!

AS MUTANTS, WE CAN GENERATE **MENTAL FORCE**-- ENOUGH TO EXPLODE THIS **SMOOTH-SKIN'S** BRAIN!

BUT **HUNTER** IS NEVER WITHOUT **RESOURCES** OF HIS OWN!

EXAMPLE: THE WHITE-DAZZLING **ELECTROSURGE** THAT **ERUPTS** FROM THE TIP OF HIS **STAFF-WEAPON**!

THE CRACKLING **500,000 VOLTS** HANGS IN THE AIR A GRIM **INSTANT...**

-- BEFORE **STRIKING** A CARELESSLY-UPRAISED **BROADSWORD...**

-- PROMPTING THE **DEVIL** WHO BEARS IT TO SHRIEK ALOUD IN NERVE-NUMBING **PAIN**!

THERE IS **CONFUSION...** WHEN THE **STILL-SPLITTING** SWORD CLATTERS HARMLESSLY AMID A **SILVER SHOWER** OF SPARKS...

--AND, THERE IS **CONFUSION...** WHEN **HUNTER** VAULTS FORWARD!

THE RAIDING-PACK **ELDER**-- STUNNED INTO **SUBMISSION**! THE **DARK-EYED ONE** WILL PAY MOST **DEARLY** FORTH--

ALAS, THE **SENTENCE** IS CUT SHORT--AS **HUNTER** SENDS THE LIZARD-TAIL **REELING** FROM BEHIND...

TO BECOME **EN-TANGLED** IN THE COMPUTER'S COARSE **CURTAINS**!



SOUNDS
AS IF THE
YOUNGEST
IS GETTING
READY TO
RUSH!

HAVE TO DEPEND ON
THE **AUDIO-AMPS**... TO
RIGHTLY TIME THIS!

AND, WHEN THE **BETRAYING**
PATTER OF FOOTFALLS DOES **RESOUND**,
THE WARRIOR **S-W-I-N-G-S...**



-- AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ACT--
SUMMONS ALL THE **FURY** THAT
IS HIS TO **COMMAND...**

-- AND **CHANNELS** IT INTO HIS
BLUR-WHIZZING STAFF...



-- TO BREAK THE
DEMON'S JAW
WITH A SICKENING
SWACK-NOISE...

AND, AGAIN...

AND... AGAIN...

-- A **FLESH-PULPING**
SOUND THAT MAKES
HUNTER LAUGH AND
EAGER TO DO IT **AGAIN...**

-- UNTIL THE **BLUE-SKINNED**
YOUTH IS BEATEN **SENSELESS...**
A DOZEN BLOWS **INFLECTED.**



THE MODERN BARBARIAN
ASKS NO **QUARTER...**
AND GRANTS **NONE!**



THUD!

PHOKK!

THE SCOUT **PIVOTS...**
WHIRLS... SCATTERS
HIS FOEMAN-- AND
ASSUMES THE ADVAN-
TAGE BY **BLUDGEON-**
ING THE STARTLED
GREEN!

THE **LETHAL**
CLUBBING
SLACKENS-- AND
HUNTER PRODS
THE **DYING**
YOUTH WITH
A **BOOT-TOE**
IN THE RIBS...

... ONLY TO
SUDDENLY
STIFFEN--
AS WORN
SUIT-ALARMS
TINGLE IN
WARNING!



YOU DON'T
LIKE TO **BLEED**,
EMERALD-HIDE,
DO YOU?

ANYMORE
THAN YOU
LIKE IT
WHEN I
DO THIS...

... OR THIS...

... OR THIS!!



OBSERVE!
I COULD SNAP
YOUR NECK LIKE
A TWIG --OR
CHOKE THE AIR
WITHIN YOUR
LUNGS!

BUT
NEITHER,
I FEAR, WOULD
BE PAINFUL
ENOUGH...

--COMPARED
TO MY BROTHER'S OWN
RIPPING BLADE!

IF SUCH THEN, IS
MY FATE--I GREET
IT AS A **WARRIOR**
TRUE...

**DEFIANT
TO THE VERY
END!**

THE WIELDER
OF THE **DOUBLE-
PRONGED**
DAGGER
PAUSES FOR
A MOMENT...

--BUT A
MOMENT
IS ALL IT
TAKES FOR
A **RANDOM**
RAY FROM
THE
**COMPUTER-
BANK**
TO PLAY
UPON THE
**RAZOR-
GLINTING**
IMPLEMENT...

--SUMMARILY
FOLLOWED BY A
DEMON'S DIRE
SCREAMS--AS
THE MUTANT
BURNS UNDER
A **GOD'S**
SEARING GAZE!

MUST BREAK
THIS **DEATH-GRIP**--
EXERT PROPER
PRESSURE...

NOW!

AND AS **HUNTER** DOES WHAT HE
VOWS HE WILL-- THE **LIZARD-TAIL**
IS SIMILARLY **CONSUMED**--COMPLETING
THE **STENCH-STINKING SLAUGHTER!**

A THOUSAND COSMIC ORGASMS--
WAVES OF HEAVEN FRAUGHT
EUPHORIA--DISTORT THE INTELLI-
GENT ONE'S PULSING VISAGE!

AFTER SEVERAL TIMELESS SECONDS
THAT ENCOMPASS THE INFINITE, THE
CIRCUIT-JOLTING PLEASURE EVAPORATES...

...AND THE AGAIN-COMPOSED
COMPUTER MOVES HIS SOLAR-
IZED LIPS TO SPEAK!

THIS HAS
BEEN A RARE
AND EXTREMELY
UNPARALLELED
OPPORTUNITY
FOR ME!

HAS IT?
EXPLAIN
YOURSELF,
GODLING!

NO, GOOD
BROTHER--
MERELY WITH
WORRY
PLAGUED!

OUR LONG-DEFEATED
ENEMY MAY HAVE SENT
THIS RAIDING PARTY-
IN SECRET PREPAR-
ATION FOR WAR...

BECAUSE!
I MUST!

ILL LUCK
HAS VISITED A
SPECIAL BURDEN
UPON ME!

I AM A HALF-BREED,
YOU SEE-- NEARLY
HUMAN SAVE FOR
COPPER-COLORED
SKIN AND SLIT-
GOLD EYES...

AND PRESENTLY, ONLY I STAND
BETWEEN THE HOWLING DEMON
HORDES AND MANKIND
UNSUSPECTING!

HIS NAME IS HUNTER!

HE IS PART MAN...

...AND PART DEMON!

MARK HIM WELL!

COMING NEXT: ...HUNTER'S
BRAIN-BLASTING ORIGIN!

THERE IS NO NEED TO *RELATE* MY ORIGIN--
SUFFICE TO SAY IT HAS EVER BEEN MY
DESTINY (OR CURSE, IF YOU WILL) TO
ETERNALLY SERVE OTHERS!

BUT NEVER HAVE MY PRIME EGO-DRIVES
EXPERIENCED SUCH UNIMAGINABLE ECSTASY
AS WHEN I IMPARTED AID TO SAVE
YOUR HUMAN LIFE!

THEN BEFORE HUNTER
CAN EVEN THINK OF A
SUITABLE REPLY...

DEMONS! AND EACH SPRAWLED IN
IDENTICAL POOLS OF THEIR OWN BLOOD!

ARE YOU
HURT AT
ALL, TOO, MY
SON?

...A WAR THAT ONLY REQUIRES A SPARK
TO AGAIN BECOME INFERNO...

...WHERE I WILL
FINALLY FIND A
PLACE FOR MYSELF
...AT THE BLOOD-RED
FOREFRONT!

BUT, MY SON--
WHY SQUANDER YOUR
LIFE... IN SO NEED-
LESS A MANNER?

FINALLY, AFTER ENDLESS SMALL TALK AND PETTY VILLAGE GOSSIP, THE REALTORS LEAVE, SLAMMING THE ANCIENT OAKEN DOOR BEHIND THEM...

IMPOSING OL' ENGLISH RUIN, ISN'T IT, MAGGIE?

ONE LOOK AND IT'S EASY TO BELIEVE THAT YOUR HEADLESS GHOST HAUNTS THIS PLACE. DID YOU SEE HOW SURPRISED THE REALTOR WAS WHEN WE SAID WE WANTED THE PLACE FOR THE SUMMER? HE TOOK OUR FIRST OFFER!

THE FURNITURE IS IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE, DEAN.

NATURALLY, THE LEGEND OF THE HEADLESS GHOST HAS KEPT THIS PLACE EMPTY FOR DECADES. HE WANTED TO CLOSE THE DEAL BEFORE ANYONE FROM THE VILLAGE SET US WISE!

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT GHOSTS MIGHT BE STUPID? CHAINED TO A SINGLE HOUSE AND ONLY ABLE TO COME OUT AT NIGHT, THEY DON'T HAVE TIME TO READ NEWSWEEK OR WATCH THE BBC. WHAT CLOISTERED SOULS THEY MUST BE... WHAT PERFECT VICTIMS FOR A COUPLE OF ENTERPRISING CON ARTISTS.

AS THEY CLIMB THE IMPOSING STAIRCASE, THE FLICKERING LIGHT DOES LITTLE TO DESTROY A GROWING AURA OF MORBID MELANCHOLY AND TERROR WHICH ENVELOPES THE TWO.

MY GOD, DEAN, I DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS! IT SEEMED LIKE SUCH AN AMUSING IDEA ALONGSIDE THE MOTEL SWIMMING POOL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT SCraggy STUFF. IF MY PLAN WORKS, WE'LL BE RICH ENOUGH TO COMPLETELY REFURNISH THE PLACE AND THROW SOME OF THE BIGGEST BASHES THIS PART OF ENGLAND HAS EVER SEEN!

DON'T LET YOUR NERVES GET THE BETTER OF YOU! WHEN WE GET OUT OF THIS, THE MONEY WILL MORE THAN PAY FOR ANY LITTLE FRIGHT.

SOMEWHERE DOWN ONE OF THE HALLWAYS IS A LARGE ROOM WITH A FIREPLACE. IF THE REALTOR HAD ONLY BEEN MORE EXPLICIT...

DEAN!!!
LOOK!!!

The Beheaded

DAMN!! IT'S THE GHOST!! IT ACTUALLY EXISTS!! THIS... THE FINAL PROOF, BIANCA EDEN... THE HEADLESS GHOST.

BIANCA... CAN YOU HEAR ME? I'M A FRIEND! FOR GOD'S SAKE STOP. I CAN HELP YOU!

WE CAN'T LEAVE. THIS IS THE FIRST CONTACT. THAT SPIRIT WILL MAKE US RICH, AND NO PENNY-DREADFUL THEATRICALS ON YOUR PART IS GOING TO CHANGE MY MIND!

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK... WHAT YOUR PLANS ARE... I'M LEAVING IN THE MORNING! I'LL LEAVE *NOW* IF I HAVE TO WALK. YOU TAKE THE MONEY, THE FORTUNE! IT'S ALL YOURS.

LORD HELP US, DEAN! IT'S A MONSTER... A HEADLESS ABOMINATION... AND YOU CALL IT BY ITS FIRST NAME. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE...! NOW...! BEFORE IT DESTROY'S US.

DON'T GET FAINT-HEARTED ON ME! I'VE PLANNED THIS FOR MONTHS. I WON'T LET AN HYSTERICAL WOMAN SPIKE MY PLANS WHEN SUCCESS IS SO CLOSE. IT'S AS MUCH YOUR PLAN AS IT IS MINE.

DEAN, DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! I COULDN'T STAND BEING HERE WITHOUT YOU! I NEED YOU!

DON'T WORRY. IN A FEW MINUTES YOU'LL BE OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

DEAN! WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S IN THE GLASS?

SOMETHING TO RELAX YOU. IT'LL BE MORNING WHEN YOU WAKE UP.

THE HALLS ARE SILENT. BUT THEN, GHOSTS AREN'T VERY NOISY...

THANK YOU, DEAR. I LOVE YOU ... LOVE... YOU...

AND NOW, BIANCA... TO FIND YOU...!

THAT GLOW! THE GHOST! BIANCA! LOVELY... BEAUTIFUL ... BEHEADED... BIANCA!



BIANCA EDEN...
MAY I INTRODUCE
MYSELF?



I...

I KNOW HOW
YOU MUST FEEL,
BIANCA. I'M
PROBABLY THE
FIRST PERSON
YOU'VE SEEN WHO
HASN'T RUN OUT
SCREAMING AT
YOUR APPEARANCE.



STOP THIS, BIANCA! I
KNOW YOU'RE A GHOST...
A SUPERNATURAL BEING.
BUT I ALSO KNOW THAT YOU
HAVE NO POWER OVER THE
LIVING. THIS SHOW YOU'RE
PUTTING ON DOESN'T
IMPRESS ME!



BUT HOW AM
I TO LEARN? YOU
OBVIOUSLY CAN'T SPEAK.
THAT CHAIR...? YOU
WANT ME TO SIT
DOWN?

I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU. I WANT
TO MAKE THAT UNDERSTOOD! I WANT TO
HELP YOU. I'M A PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR. GHOSTS
OF THE DEAD ARE TIED TO THE EARTH FOR A
VARIETY OF REASONS, FREE TO FOLLOW THEIR
DESTINIES ONLY AFTER CERTAIN CONDITIONS
HAVE BEEN MET. IT'S MY LIFE'S WORK TO SEEK
OUT THESE UNHAPPY SPIRITS AND RELEASE THEM
FROM BONDAGE. I WANT TO HELP YOU. BUT I
NEED YOUR COOPERATION.



YOU HONOR ME WITH
YOUR TRUST, BIANCA, A TRUST
I SWEAR NEVER TO BETRAY.
THERE IS MUCH I MUST LEARN
FROM YOU IF I AM TO HELP. I
MUST KNOW THE FACTS OF THE
TRAGEDY WHICH BINDS YOU
TO THIS HOUSE.





UNTIL THE NIGHT OF TERROR! AS BIANCA WAS ATTENDED BY HER SERVANTS, THE HIGHWAYMEN ATTACKED!

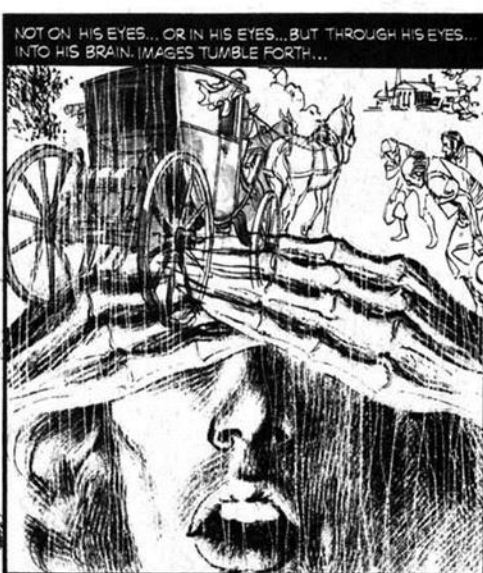


SHE WATCHED WITH HORROR AS HER SERVANTS WERE HACKED TO PIECES BEFORE HER EYES!

A MERCIFUL UNCONSCIOUSNESS PREVENTED HER FROM REVEALING THE SECRET HIDING PLACE. BUT IT DID NOT PREVENT A VENGEFUL OUTLAW FROM LIFTING HIS SWORD HIGH...



DEFENSELESS GIRL.



...THE SIGHTS, SOUNDS AND SMELLS OF A RURAL, PASTORAL AGRICULTURAL ENGLAND... AN ENGLAND WHERE MEN DOFFED THEIR HATS IN RESPECT TO THE LANDOWNER'S WIFE.



THEY DEMANDED SHE SHOW THEM THE FAMILY TREASURE! WHEN SHE REFUSED, THEY USED TORTURE!



REMOVING THE DUST OF AGES, A GHOSTLY FINGER WRITES ON THE WALL.

Roger Thornhill

ROGER THORNHILL, EH? I'VE NEVER HEARD THE NAME! BUT AT LEAST IT WILL GIVE ME A STARTING POINT.

GOD, DEAN, WHAT DID YOU PUT INTO THAT DRINK? MY HEAD STILL ACHES. IS THAT WHY YOU BROUGHT ME OUT HERE... TO CLEAR MY BRAIN?

DID YOU ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING LAST NIGHT... WITH THE GHOST?

YES. I CONFIRMED THAT SHE WAS BEHEADED BY MY ANCESTOR, ROGER THORNHILL, BECAUSE SHE WOULD NOT REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE FAMILY TREASURE. HER STORY TALLIES EXACTLY WITH THE ACCOUNT GIVEN IN ROGER'S DIARY! ALTHOUGH ROGER REVEALS WHERE HE BURIED THE HEAD, I HAVEN'T TOLD BIANCA, SHE THINKS I HAVE TO DO A LITTLE RESEARCH IN THE VILLAGE MUSEUM.

I'M LUCKY I MARRIED A GUY WHO HAS A BRITISH OUTLAW IN HIS FAMILY TREE!

PARTLY, ALSO BECAUSE WE CAN'T BE OVERHEARD BY BIANCA OUT HERE. SHE'S TIED TO THE HOUSE.

AND I'M LUCKY I MARRIED A GIRL WHO READS GHOST STORIES AND MADE THE CONNECTION BETWEEN ROGER AND BIANCA. I'LL BE GONE ONLY A FEW HOURS... ENOUGH TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD. I HAVE TO LOOK INTO SOME MAPS ANYWAY. HER HEAD'S REAL HIDING PLACE DOESN'T FIT INTO MY PLANS.

FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY, MAGGIE ROAMS AROUND THE OLD HOUSE BROODING ON EVENTS. AT THE COMING OF NIGHT, HER APPREHENSION INCREASES AND SHE LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOWS MORE OFTEN, HOPING FOR THE RETURN OF HER HUSBAND. BUT HER SIXTH SENSE WARNS HER...

OH!!

OH, DEAN! GET BACK HERE QUICKLY! HOW DO I ACT TOWARD A GHOST? WHAT DO I SAY?

WITH FLUTTERING STEPS, THE TERRIFIED MAGGIE EDGES TOWARD THE GHOST, HOPING TO ESTABLISH FRIENDLY CONTACT.

IF D-DEAN CAN DO IT... THERE'S NO REASON WHY I C-CAN'T! SHE'S JUST A...A HEADLESS G-GHOST!



AH...
B-B-BIANCA...?



I DON'T WANT
TO INTRUDE. I JUST
WANT TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF.



AAAAHHH!!!
WHAT...? I'M SORRY
I BOTHERED YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? STOP IT!

A SHEET, CAUGHT IN THE WINDS, WRAPS ITSELF
AROUND THE STRUGGLING MAGGIE.



THIS SHEET
...GET IT OFF ME!
WHY ARE YOU DOING
THIS? WHAT DO
YOU WANT?



MY GOD!!
YOU WANT MY...
HEAD!!

MAGGIE...
I'M HOME.

DEAN IS BROUGHT UP SHORT BY THE SCENE BEFORE
HIM. BUT THE PLAN HAS GONE TOO FAR... IS TOO NEAR
SUCCESS. HE MASKS HIS HORROR AND FORCES A
SMILE...



AH, MAGGIE
AND BIANCA...
GETTING TO
KNOW ONE
ANOTHER?



I HAVE GOOD NEWS
FOR YOU, BIANCA.

THE SMALL MUSEUM IN
THE TOWN HAS ROGER
THORNHILL'S DIARY. IN IT HE
TELLS WHERE HE BURIED
YOUR HEAD. IT'S RIGHT...

...HERE IN NORTHERN SCOTLAND, COMPLETELY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF BRITAIN, AND THAT PRESENTS A PROBLEM. YOU CAN'T LEAVE THE HOUSE TO GET IT! AND MAGGIE AND I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY. SECURING THE LEASE ON THIS BUILDING TOOK OUR LAST AVAILABLE CASH!

BUT DON'T WORRY, BIANCA. I'VE MADE SOME GOOD INVESTMENTS RECENTLY AND THEY SHOULD PAY OFF HANDSOMELY WITHIN... TWO OR THREE MONTHS. THEN I CAN GO TO SCOTLAND.

SHE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HER INTO THE BASEMENT.

DON'T GO, DEAN! MONEY OR NO MONEY, LET'S LEAVE THIS PLACE NOW! SHE ATTACKED ME JUST BEFORE YOU RETURNED... ALMOST KILLED ME!

FROZEN FOR A FEW SECONDS BY THE MIXED NEWS, A JUMBLE OF THOUGHTS FLIT THROUGH BIANCA'S MIND. WITH HER RELEASE FROM EARTHLY IMPRISONMENT SO NEAR, SHE MAKES HER DECISION.

WINDING THROUGH SINUOUS PASSAGES FILLED WITH STALE, DEAD AIR, BIANCA AT LAST STOPS AND POINTS TO A WALL.

THIS WALL. YOU WANT ME TO SMASH IT?

BUT SHE TRIED TO BEHEAD ME! SHE'S NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO ATTACK OTHER GIRLS. WHY ME?

DEAN PICKS UP THE AXE AND SWINGS AT THE WALL, BREAKING THROUGH ON THE THIRD ATTEMPT.

THIS IS IT, MAGGIE, THE SECRET ROOM WHERE THE TREASURE IS KEPT. WE'RE RICH!

NO MORE CHEAP CARS OR THIRD RATE MOTELS! FROM NOW ON WE TRAVEL FIRST CLASS.

I HOPE SO.



THERE IT IS, MAGGIE... THE TREASURE! IT ACTUALLY EXISTS, AND IT'S FAR LARGER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE!
HA/HA/HA!

THOSE JEWELS... I'LL LOOK LIKE A PRINCESS!

WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE SOME WAY TO GET ALL THIS STUFF TO A BANK! I SUPPOSE WE'LL NEED AN ARMORED CAR.

WHAT ABOUT BIANCA? YOU SAID YOU KNEW WHERE HER HEAD WAS HIDDEN. ARE YOU GOING TO RETURN IT TO HER?

HA/HA! LOOK AT HOW THEY SPARKLE! I'LL OUTSHINE EVERYONE!

WHY WORRY ABOUT HER? SHE'S OF NO MORE USE TO US!

DON'T BOTHER ME WITH PETTY STUFF NOW, MAGGIE. WE'VE GOT A FORTUNE TO SPEND.

NOW HELP ME GET THIS...

MAGGIE!!!

BUT MAGGIE IS NOT DEAD. HER HEAD IS KEPT ALIVE BY THE SUPERNATURAL POWERS OF THE BEHEADED BIANCA. HER EYES BORE INTO DEAN WITH AN HYSTERICAL PLEA FOR HELP.

WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU'RE KEEPING HER ALIVE FOR A PURPOSE! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT. JUST TELL ME... LET ME KNOW. YOU'RE HEAD? YOU WANT YOUR HEAD?!

YOUR EYES!! YOU'RE NOT DEAD!!



ALRIGHT, YOU'LL
GET YOUR DAMNED
HEAD! JUST DON'T LET
MAGGIE DIE!!

... AND MINUTES LATER.

OUTSIDE THE ENGLISH MANOR DEAN DIGS FURIOUSLY AT THE
BASE OF AN ANCIENT GNARLED OAK TREE. TREMBLING HANDS
DIG INTO SOFT EARTH...



HERE... DAMN IT...!
HERE IS YOUR CURSED HEAD.
TAKE IT AND GIVE ME BACK
MY WIFE!



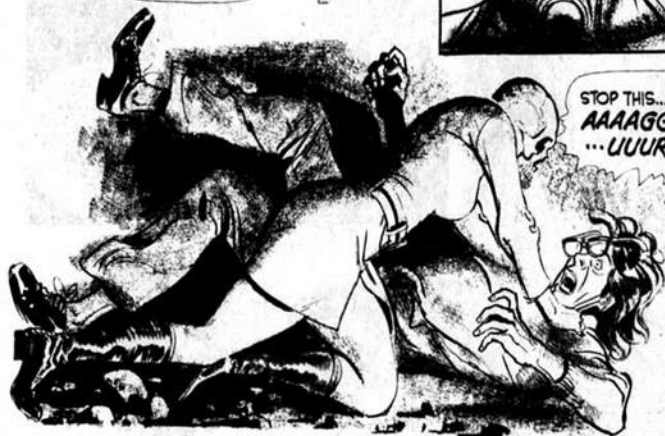
YOU WANT
ME TO PUT YOUR HEAD
ON MAGGIE'S BODY. I
DON'T UNDERSTAND...



... BUT I'LL DO
ANYTHING TO GET
MAGGIE BACK.



THE HEAD HAS FUSED ONTO THE
BODY. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



STOP THIS... CHOKING...
AAAAGGGGGHHHH
...UUURRRKKK





DOOO...
SOMETHING...!



I WILL DO SOMETHING,
DEAN. I'LL SAY GOODBY...
AND THANKS FOR THE
HELP.

AAAGGGKKK-----*



THIS IS THE MOST
UNUSUAL CASE I'VE
EVER SEEN. YOU HAVE
NO IDEA HOW YOUR
HUSBAND WAS
MURDERED?

THIS IS A
HAUNTED HOUSE,
OFFICER. UNDOUBTEDLY
YOUR ANSWER LIES
IN THE SUPERNATURAL.



SOMEHOW, THAT WOMAN
IN THE PORTRAIT SEEMS TO
BE STARING ACROSS THE
CENTURIES...! EVEN
NOW...



YOU'LL HAVE
NO NEED OF A
PLACE IN
TOWN,?

NO, I'LL STAY HERE.
IT FEELS VERY MUCH LIKE
HOME HERE. YOU SEE...
ALTHOUGH I NEVER LET
MY HUSBAND KNOW...

BIANCA EDEN
WAS MY DISTANT
ANCESTOR! EVER
SINCE I HEARD OF
HER TRAGEDY,
I'VE FELT VERY
CLOSE TO
HER!

THEN AGAIN...
MAYBE GHOSTS AREN'T
THAT STUPID AFTER
ALL.





GIVE ALMS, IN
THE NAME OF ALLAH,
GIVE ALMS.

PERUK, YOU OLD
PIRATE! WHAT IN THE
NAME OF GOD BRINGS
YOU HERE?

BY THE EYES OF THE
PROPHET, THIS PLACE IS
TOO COLD FOR MEN.
PERHAPS IT WILL DRAW
THE DAMP FROM MY
MARROW IF I TALK OF
MY HOMETLAND.

AHHHAA! ONE OF
YOUR WILD YARNS! WHAT
WILL IT BE *THIS* TIME?
THE BLIND GODDESS?
THE GOLDEN KRIS...

BUSINESS, MY
OLD FRIEND. I
PROMISED MY BROTHER
THAT I WOULD KILL A
MAN FOR HIM, AND WHEN
HE CAME HERE...

IIIIIEEE! THAT SHALL
BE IT! THE GOLDEN
KRIS OF HADJI
MOHAMMED. LEAN
FORWARD AND HARKEN
TO MY TALE.

BRRRR. THIS GUY MUST HAVE TAKEN
AN OVERDOSE OF UGLY PILLS. WITH A
FACE LIKE THAT, THERE'D BETTER BE A
LOT OF LAUGHS TO SPICE UP HIS STORY.
REMEMBER, EVEN IGOR WAS GOOD
FOR A CHUCKLE OR TWO.

THE GOLDEN KRIS* OF HADJI MOHAMMED

* A CURVED KNIFE

BY FREDERICK MOORE

STORY ADAPTATION: GEORGE HENDERSON / ART: MUNES

ON A CERTAIN DAY, SULTAN HADJI MOHAMMED OF BEROTAN COMMANDED THAT I APPEAR BEFORE HIM...

PERUK, YOU ARE A GREAT MAN AND YOUR FATHER WAS A GREAT MAN. I SEEK YOUR COUNSEL AND AID IN A MATTER THAT TOUCHES ME DEEPLY.

I AM THE VESSEL OF YOUR WILL, EXCELLENCY. YOUR WORDS WILL DIRECT MY ACTIONS.

WHILE YOU WERE AWAY, PERUK, DATTA HADJI RANO RETURNED FROM MECCA BRINGING TO ME A YOUNG WOMAN, PINK AS THE HEART OF A PEARL AND MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE BEAUTY OF TEN THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

FOR SEVEN DAYS, AS IS THE LAW, SHE WAS ALONE IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER. THEN, AT THE HOUR HALF BETWEEN DAWN AND DARK, I WENT TO HER.

THIS BLADE HAS FALSEHOOD UPON IT. IN THE HOUSE OF MY FATHER THERE ARE FAITHFUL WOMEN. I AM PLEDGED TO NO MAN AND NO PLEDGE WILL I MAKE TO YOU UNLESS YOU SAY THAT THIS BLADE HAS FALSEHOOD.

I AM THE SULTAN. RAISE NOT THE CROSS UNDER THIS ROOF.

COME AND TAKE ME, AND I WILL DIE IN THE FAITH OF THE UNBELIEVER, OF WHICH I KNOW MUCH. BUT I AM NO WIFE OF YOURS IF YOU DO NOT SAY THIS BLADE LIES.

"PUT NOT YOUR FAITH IN WOMEN, FOR ALL WOMEN ARE UNFAITHFUL." GIVE PROOF TO ME THAT IT IS NOT SO.

WHEN MY FATHER DIED, PEACE TO HIM, HE GAVE ME A GOLDEN KRIS. IT HAD TWO EDGES, SHARP AS THE RIM OF THE WORLD, AND IT WOULD CLEAVE A MAN FROM THE TOP OF HIS HEAD TO HIS HEART WITH A SINGLE BLOW. ON EACH SIDE, WRITTEN ON THE BLADE, WERE THESE WORDS: "PUT NOT THY FAITH IN WOMEN, FOR ALL WOMEN ARE UNFAITHFUL." THIS KRIS WAS USED ONLY TO KILL THE UNFAITHFUL WOMEN OF THE HAREM AND IT LAY IN A SECRET PLACE, AND NEVER DID MY FATHER HAVE TO USE IT, AND NEVER DID I HAVE TO USE IT, FOR ALL THE WOMEN OF MY HOUSEHOLD KNEW OF IT AND FEARED IT.

THERE WAS RAGE IN MY HEART FOR A TIME, AND THEN I TURNED MY BACK ON HER AND LAUGHED AND WALKED AWAY. BUT WHEN I RETURNED, SHE WAS GONE, AND WITH HER THE GOLDEN KRIS, DATTO HADJI RANO AND TREASURE FROM MY HOUSE.

IT SHALL BE DONE, EXCELLENCY. HIS BONES WILL REST WITH THE BONES OF AN UNSHRIVEN, THRICE-CURSED SLAYER OF A HOLY MAN.

VENGEANCE NEVER DIES IN MY HEART, PERUK. BRING HER TO ME WITH THE GHOST OF DATTO HADJI RANO.

AND THUS BEGAN MY QUEST FOR THE GOLDEN KRIS OF HADJI MOHAMMED.

THIS WOMAN WAS STOLEN FROM THE HOUSE OF AN INFIDEL HOLY MAN. I AM TOLD SHE HAS BEEN GIVEN REFUGE IN THE SHIP OF DREAMS.

VERMIN OF BAGGAGE CAMELS, I SHALL CUT OFF YOUR EARS IF WE COME BACK EMPTY-HANDED.

MANY DANGERS DID WE FACE.

THE POOL OF DEVILS!

HOLY MEN SAY THAT IF YOU LOOK CLOSE YOU CAN SEE THE SOULS OF THE DAMNED.

ALLAH PROTECT US.

ALLAH WAS WITH US, AND SOON...

MASTER, IT IS AS I SPOKE. THAT IS THE SHIP.

SON OF A SLAVE, THAT IS OLD AS THE BEARDED BULLOCK OF THE ASHTIN DESERT AND NO SHIP BUT THE BONES OF A SHIP.

ARE WE OLD WOMEN TO HIDE THUS THE SHIP IS DERELICT.

WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE WHITE OF THEIR TEETH!





PEACE!
SHE AWAITS
WITHIN.



WHO, WHAT
AND WHENCE?

I AM COME
FOR YOU, THE GOLDEN
KRIS, AND DATTO
HADJI RANO.



I ASK WHO IS
THIS DATTO HADJI
RANO?

THE DECEIVER OF
MEN AND WOMEN,
WHO TOOK YOU
FROM THE SULTAN'S
HOUSE ON THE
MARRIAGE NIGHT.

HE IS DEAD,
BY MY HAND
AND BY
THIS.



PROVE TO ME THAT THE
SULTAN WANTS ME. TELL ME
WHAT IS WRITTEN ON THIS
BLADE, THAT I MAY KNOW YOU
COME FROM HIM, AND I
WILL GO.

PUT NOT
THY FAITH IN
WOMEN, FOR ALL
WOMEN ARE
UNFAITHFUL.

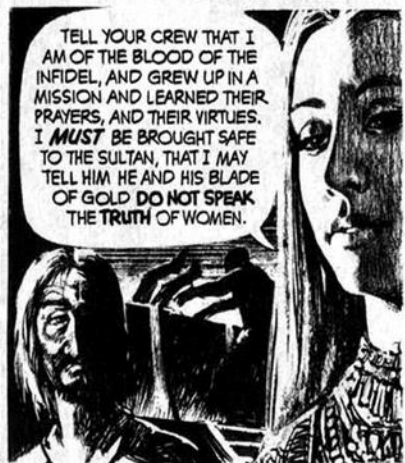
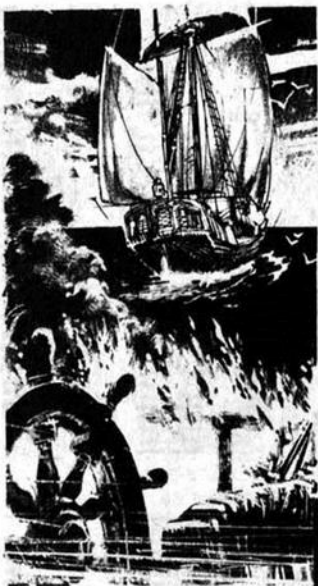


IT IS A FALSE
BLADE. I WILL TELL
THE SULTAN THAT, AND
THAT IS WHY I GO
BACK TO HIM.

I MADE NO MARRIAGE
PLEDGE TO HIM, BUT I AM
STILL FAITHFUL TO HIM, FOR
DATTO HADJI RANO TOOK
ME AGAINST MY WILL
FROM THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.



THIS IS YOURS,
PERUK. IT SHOULD
TAKE ME TO
BEROTAN SAFE,
AND THE SULTAN
SHALL NOT HAVE
KNOWLEDGE OF
IT UNLESS YOU
TELL HIM.





HARAN! YOU!
BUT WHY...

DID YOU THINK
TO KEEP THE TREASURE
AND THE WOMAN?!



OFFSPRING OF A
JACKEL! MAY YOUR
SOUL NEVER FIND
PEACE.

IT WAS THEN I UNDERSTOOD WHY THE UNBELIEVERS SAY THERE IS
ONE WOMAN THAT COMES TO EVERY MAN...



YOU ARE THE
FIRST TO CHAMPION
MY CAUSE.

THERE WILL
BE OTHERS OF
THIS I AM SURE.

IN THREE DAYS WE WERE AT BEROTAN.



THE
INFIDEL
WOMAN!

THEY SAY SHE
EATS CHILDREN!

ALLAH
PROTECT
US.



YOU HAVE
DONE WELL, PERUK.
THIS IS THE WOMAN.

YOU
MAY LEAVE MY
PRESENCE.

THE SULTAN
IS DEAD! THE SULTAN
IS DEAD!

THE
SULTAN IS
DEAD?

THE
SULTAN IS
DEAD?!



YOU KILLED
FOR ME, PERUK.
YOU ARE A MAN
OF MEN.

DELIVER ME TO THE HEADSMAN.
IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR YOU I
WOULD HAVE KILLED MYSELF, BUT
YOU HAVE FAITH IN WOMEN.

YOU
KILLED THE
SULTAN.



THIS IS A
LYING BLADE, I
TOLD THE SULTAN.
BEHOLD A FAITHFUL
WOMAN, FOR I SLEW
YOUR DOG OF A
DATTO HADJI RANO,
AND I WILL BE THE
WIFE OF NO MAN
OR NO SULTAN
WHO HAS NO FAITH
IN WOMEN.

AT THAT I
STRUCK HIM
ON HIS FAT
NECK AND
MY FAITHFUL
WARRIOR
TOOK THE
KRIS IN HIS
HAND AND
ALLOWED
HIMSELF TO BE
RUN THROUGH
IN MY STEAD.



HOLD ON THERE!
WHAT ABOUT THE
WOMAN?

CAN YOU ASK, PERUK?
WHEN YOU COME BACK TO
BEROTAN I WILL SHOW YOU
THE SONS OF HER. SHE IS A
FAITHFUL WOMAN, AND MY
ONLY WIFE.



YYYYUUUUCCCCCKKK.
HAPPY ENDINGS I LIKE,
BUT THIS ONE ONLY
PROVES THAT LOVE IS
BLIND!

THE DIN OF BATTLE HAS FADED, NO LONGER MAY ONE HEAR THE BOLD BATTLE CRIES, THE CLASH OF SWORD AND BUCKLER, THE OATHS, THE SCREAMS...

THESE ARE REPLACED BY LESSER SOUNDS... YET SOUNDS WHICH BECOME ALL THE MORE TERRIBLE IN THE CALM THAT FOLLOWS THE STORM OF BATTLE. SOUNDS OF BLOOD FLOWING, OF THE STRIDENT WIND-BORN CRIES OF CARRION BIRDS SOUND OF MEN DYING.

AMONG THE MEN ON THE CLUTTERED, RAVAGED FIELD LIES ONE NOT SO WILLING TO LOOSE HIS HOLD ON LIFE. ONE WHOSE BLOOD STILL COURSES HOTLY THROUGH HIS TORN AND BATTERED BODY. ONE WILLING TO FIGHT FOR THAT LIFE... THAT BLOOD...



DAX THE WARRIOR

Death Rides This Night!

TO EARTH, THEN, O DARK ANGEL, GATHER ME YON SOULS WHICH YEARN SO FOR MY TENDER MINISTRATIONS. BRING THEM TO ME THAT I MAY END LIFE'S PAINS AND WELCOME THEM TO THE ETERNAL PEACE OF DEATH.

IN THE LAND BEYOND HOPE AND FEAR, BEYOND FEELING, BEYOND CARING THE GRIM REAPER GESTURES WITH HIS DEADLY SCYTHE...

IT IS A GRAND, SWEEPING GESTURE, AND ONE CAN ALMOST ENVISION THE HARVEST OF SOULS IT REAPS.



DOWNWARD
PLUMMETS DEATH'S
MISTRESS UNDER
HER MASTER'S
WATCHFUL
EYE...



UNTIL SHE
REACHES THE
SCENE OF
CARNAGE SO
WELCOME TO
ONE OF
DEATH'S
KINGDOM!

HOVERING DELICATELY ABOVE A CORPSE, THE DARK LADY ALLOWS HER LIPS TO BRUSH THE LIPS OF THE DEAD WARRIOR. IT IS A COLD, UNFEELING PARODY OF A LOVER'S KISS OF AS LITTLE SIGNIFICANCE TO THE DONOR AS IT IS TO THE SENSELESS HUSK SHE BESTOWS IT UPON.



THEN GATHERING UP THE MAN'S SOUL IN HER ICY EMBRACE SHE PULLS IT TO HER BOSOM AND CARRIES IT UP TO HER MASTER'S DOMAIN.

HER TASK COMPLETED, SHE RETURNS FOR YET ANOTHER SOUL ON WHICH TO WORK HER LETHAL MAGICS...

BUT THIS WARRIOR
IS DIFFERENT.



THIS WARRIOR GROANS AND WRITHES HIS MIGHTY HEART YET PUMPS, AND LITTLE IT MATTERS THAT MUCH OF ITS EFFORTS SERVE ONLY TO WET THE ALREADY SATIATED EARTH. INCREDULOUSLY DEATH'S ANGEL WATCHES AS MIGHTY SINEWS TENSE AND STRAIN AND SLOWLY, EVER SO SLOWLY, LIFT THE MAN TILL HIS BALEFUL EYES MAKE CONTACT WITH HERS



THIS IS DAX, DAX THE POWERFUL, DAX WHO HAS LIVED THROUGH A THOUSAND BATTLES, DAX THE INDOMINITABLE, DAX WHO PLANS TO LIVE THROUGH YET A THOUSAND BATTLES MORE. THIS IS DAX, DAX THE WARRIOR.

HO, MAIDEN! WHAT COULD INFLUENCE ONE SUCH AS YOU TO HIDE THYSELF ONTO THIS BLOOD-BESOTTED FIELD? IF YOU COME IN SEARCH OF BOOTY I CONFESS I HAVE LITTLE TO OFFER, BUT I AM IN NEED OF DOCTORING AND IF YOU WILL BUT AID ME I WILL SURELY FIND **SOME** WAY TO REPAY YOU.

NAY, WARRIOR, HELP THEE I CANNOT, FOR I DO INDEED SEEK BOOTY, NOT IN THE FORM OF EARTHLY TREASURES, BUT RATHER IN THE GUISE OF **DEAD MEN'S SOULS**. SOULS ARE THE ONLY RICHES MY MASTER SEEKS...

BUT I LIVE I BREATHE, I AM NOT YET FODDER FOR YOUR DARK MASTER.

I SEE...YET MY MASTER HAS MARKED THEE TO BE GATHERED UP TO HIS KINGDOM.

SURELY YOU CAN SEE THAT WHAT I SAY IS TRUE.

I...I WILL WELCOME THE PRESENCE OF ONE SO HANDSOME AS THYSELF IN THAT DARK LAND.

WITH THESE WORDS A SMILE SLOWLY FORMS ON DAX'S BLOOD-LESS LIPS, THERE STIRS WITHIN HIM A RISING HOPE FOR SALVATION... AND IN THE LIGHT OF THIS HOPE ALL PAIN AND EXHAUSTION WASH FROM HIM.

MY MASTER YEARNS FOR YOUR SOUL, DAX!

TO SO CALLOUSLY TAKE MY LIFE SEEMS A GOAL UNBECFITTING A CREATURE AS LOVELY AS YOURSELF. KNOW YOU NOT THE MEANING OF LIFE? CAN IT BE THAT ONE SUCH AS YOU HAS NEVER **BEEEN** ALIVE?

LIFE? AYE, I KNOW LIFE! ONCE I LIVED EVEN AS YOU DO. ONCE MY BODY WAS WARM AND SOFT AND MY KISSES BROUGHT PLEASURE RATHER THAN DAMNATION.

NO! TO DISOBEY THE MASTER IS UNHEARD OF. WHY, IN ALL THE MILLENIA OF EXISTENCE, NONE HAS EVEN THOUGHT SUCH A THING BEFORE, NO, YOU MUST COME WITH ME **NOW!**

SO THE OFFER OF LIFE DOES NOT APPEAL TO YOU, YET YOU CLAIM TO HAVE LIVED ONCE. CAN IT BE YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN SO MUCH SINCE THEN? CAN IT BE YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN...

HOW TO **LOVE?!**

THEN COME, LIVE AGAIN, REMAIN HERE WITH ME AND FORSAKE YOUR DARK MASTER.

THAT'S **IT** ISN'T IT?
YOU'VE LIVED AMONG THE
DEAD SO LONG YOU THINK
YOU ARE ONE OF THEM!
YOU NO LONGER LIVE OR
LOVE, YOU DO NOT THINK,
YOU DO NOT FEEL, YOU ARE
A MONSTER IN A FORM
OF A BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN.



YOU ARE HURTING
ME! PLEASE LET GO!
I... YOU SEE I STILL
CAN FEEL NOT JUST
THE PAIN, BUT I FEEL
WITH MY HEART AS
WELL. IN THIS TOO,
YOU HURT ME.

LISTEN TO ME. HEED
MY WORDS! LISTEN
WITH YOUR HEART AND
HEED **IT** AS WELL. GIVE
UP THIS DEVIL'S BUSI-
NESS OF GATHERING UP
SOULS. COME WITH ME
TO THE LAND OF THE
LIVING WHERE ONCE AGAIN
I WILL TEACH YOU
OF LOVE.



IF ONLY I
DARED BELIEVE
IT WAS POSSIBLE.
OH, DAX, I WANT TO
BELIEVE, I **WANT** TO
GO WITH YOU.

THEN **DO IT!**
WE WILL LIVE AS
NO TWO PEOPLE EVER
HAVE. YOUR MASTER WILL
BE UNABLE TO HARM US,
FOR HE HOLDS NO SWAY
IN THE LAND OF
THE LIVING.



A LOOK OF DOUBT
CROSSES THE GIRL'S
FACE. SHE STRUGGLES
BRIEFLY, TRYING TO
PULL LOOSE OF THE
MIGHTY ARMS THAT
HOLD HER...



UNTIL REALIZING THE FUTILITY OF
HER EFFORTS, SHE STOPS AND THE
RESTRAINING ARMS BECOME TENDER.



DAX,
OH DAX! WHAT
AM I TO DO. I WANT
TO DO AS YOU SAY,
BUT I AM AFRAID
... SO VERY AFRAID.

TRUST ME AND
FEAR NOT, FOR AS
LONG AS YOU STAY
WITH ME NOTHING
WILL HARM YOU. YOU
MUST TRUST ME, FOR
ONLY WITH TRUST
CAN LOVE COME.

SLOWLY THE FRIGHTENED GIRL
RAISES HER EYES TO FACE
THOSE OF THE WARRIOR... HER
BREATH COMES IN QUICK
SHALLOW GASPS AS SHE
WHISPERS...



YES DAX,
OH YES. HOLD ME,
LOVE ME, MAKE ME
YOURS. TAKE ME FROM
HIM, DAX... TAKE
ME.



THE GIRL TWISTS AND SHUDERS IN DAX'S ARMS. AT FIRST THE WARRIOR INTERPRETS THE MOTIONS AS SIGNS OF GROWING PASSION, BUT GRADUALLY THE GIRLS EMBRACE BECOMES CLAMMY, CLINGING DAX CAN FEEL A SLIMEY RESIDUE, TRAILING ACROSS HIS BACK AND SIDES, AND AN UNEARTHLY, CLOYING ODOR ASSAILS HIS NOSTRILS. HE PULLS AWAY FROM THE KISS AND FEELS HIS GORGE RISE UP AS HIS EYES BEHOLD...

A MONSTER! DAX GAGS AND POWERFUL THAWS CONVULSE IN AN EFFORT TO PUSH THE BEAST FROM HIM!



DAX RECOILS FROM THE SERPENTINE TWISTING OF THE TENTACLES AND CAN ONLY STAND AND WATCH AGHAST AS THE STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS CONTINUES.



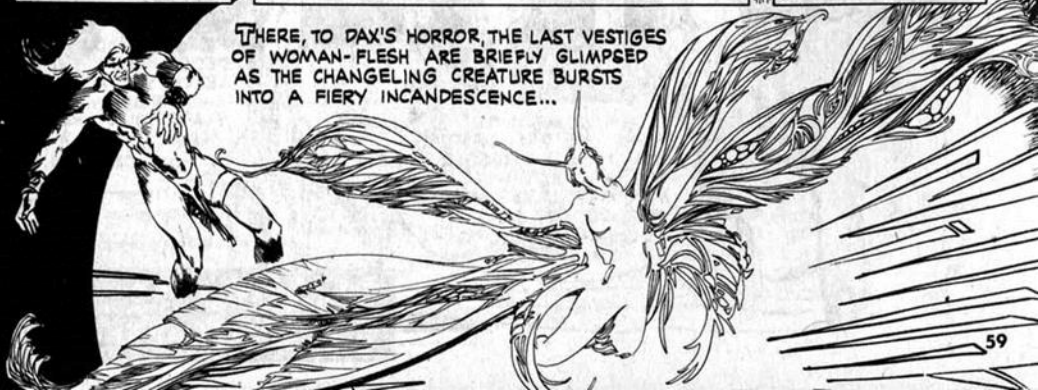
THE SNAIL-LIKE SHELL IS SHED AND THE BEAST WRITHES IN AGONY AS RAGGED MOTH'S WINGS SPROUT AND GROW!



WITH THE SOUND OF A THOUSAND SOULS IN TORMENT THE BEAST TAKES FLIGHT...



THEN, TO DAX'S HORROR, THE LAST VESTIGES OF WOMAN-FLESH ARE BRIEFLY GLIMPSED AS THE CHANGELING CREATURE BURSTS INTO A FIERY INCANDESCENCE...



THEN ERUPTS IN A DAZZLING, SHIMMERING DISPLAY.

WITHIN THE FIERY ORB SHAPES BEGIN TO CONGEAL AND IT IS STRANGE INDEED THAT FROM THE HEART OF SO BRILLIANT A SPHERE, DARKNESS SHOULD TAKE FORM.

SLOWLY THE UNNATURALLY GLOWING MOTES OF BLACKNESS CONGEAL AND COALESCE ASSUMING A DEFINITE FORM...

GREETINGS, WARRIOR! YOU FARED WELL IN DISSUADING MY DARKLING ANGEL FROM HER APPOINTED TASK. SHE HAS BEEN DULY REPRIMANDED, HOWEVER, AND WILL SPEND ALL ETERNITY AS THE SLUG-LIKE BEAST WHICH SHE BECAME!

I THINK YOU WILL FIND ME A BIT MORE SINGLE-MINDED OF PURPOSE. LONG HAVE I HUNGRED AFTER YOUR LIFE-ESSENCE. YOU HAVE ESCAPED ME ONCE TOO OFTEN DAX, YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE ME AGAIN.



DEATH, I FEAR YOU NOT. YOU CANNOT CLAIM ME, FOR I AM ALIVE! MY TIME IS NOT YET COME, SO SEEK NOT TO FRIGHTEN ME WITH MERE WORDS AS YOU WOULD A CHILD. DAX IS NOT SO EASILY COWED INTO GIVING UP THE GHOST.



FOR LONG MOMENTS THE TWO FACE EACH OTHER, STARING RELENTLESSLY AS IF IN A CONTEST TO PROVE WHICH WILL BE THE STRONGER...

AFTER ALL, IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME, AND IN TIME YOU, LIKE ALL MORTALS, MUST YIELD TO ME! FOR I AM ETERNAL! YIELD TO ME NOW, DAX KNOW THE PEACE THAT ONLY DEATH MAY BRING.

I GRANT YOU TIME TO DECIDE, DAX. I SHALL LEAVE YOU NOW, BUT ONLY BRIEFLY. CONTEMPLATE YOUR ANSWER CAREFULLY AND MAKE YOUR DECISION.

IF YOU MEAN TO FIGHT ME DAX, I ASSURE YOU IT IS A STRUGGLE YOU WILL NOT WIN! NO MAN MAY ESCAPE DEATH... IF I DO NOT CLAIM YOU NOW, I WILL DO SO LATER.

THE FIGURE OF DEATH WAVERS, AND THE EVIL LIGHT OF THE ORB GLOWS THROUGH ONCE AGAIN, AS THE REAPER OF SOULS TAKES HIS LEAVE...

THE GLOWING ORB
FADES TO COLD, DULL
GRAY AND DAX OVER-
COME BY THE CHILLING
REALIZATION OF WHAT
HE HAS JUST FACED,
SINKS TO HIS KNEES...
ONLY TO HAVE HIS
HAND BRUSH AGAINST
THEN CLOSE CONVUL-
SIVELY OVER A
FAMILIAR OBJECT...
HIS SWORD HILT.



THE DARK ONE WAS RIGHT
IN OBSERVING THAT I
CANNOT ESCAPE DEATH.
I HAVE ALWAYS LIVED
WITH IT, OFTEN BEEN THE
AUTHOR OF IT. THOUGH
I MYSELF RESIST ITS
INSISTENT SUMMONS,
STILL AM I SURROUND-
ED BY OTHERS WHO
COULD NOT!



THIS CARNAGE HAS BEEN
MY LIFE. I HAVE FACED
THE STRIFE OF THE
WARRIOR EACH AND
EVERY DAY, NEVER HAVING
KNOWN RESPIRE, PERHAPS
...PERHAPS DEATH **WOULD**
BRING ME PEACE. PERHAPS
DEATH IS THE ANSWER
I SEEK.



HO THEN, DEATH, IS **THAT**
WHAT YOU WOULD HAVE
ME BELIEVE? WOULD YOU
SEE ME CEASE STRIVING,
AND WELCOME THE PEACE
OF THE GRAVE? IT IS
ALMOST A TEMPTING PROS-
PECT, BUT IT IS NOT THE WAY
OF DAX. DAX DOES NOT
SURRENDER HIMSELF TO
ANY FOE WITHOUT BITTER
STRUGGLE.



AS HIS OUTCRY ENDS, DAX FEELS
A MOMENTARY REMORSE. CAN
HE NEVER KNOW PEACE? HE
ALMOST ENVIES THE FALLEN MEN
ABOUT HIM. BURNING TEARS WELL
UP IN HIS EYES, AND WHO IS
TO SAY WHETHER IT IS THE PAIN
OF HIS WOUNDS, OR THE STING
OF SELF-PITY WHICH GIVES
BIRTH TO THE TEARS.



STILL DO THE TEARS FLOW, BUT
NOW THEY FALL FOR THE DEAD
WHO SURROUND DAX. THEY MAY
KNOW PEACE, BUT WILL THEY
EVER FEEL AGAIN THE JOYS OF
LIFE? EATING AFTER A LONG
HUNGER! DRINKING AWAY A DEEP
THIRST! SLEEPING! LOVING?

RESOLUTION, NOW DAX GRIPS
HIS SWORD, A DETERMINED SCOWL
CROSSES HIS FEATURES... HIS
DECISION IS MADE.

HE DOES NOT ENVY THE DEAD.



TURNING TOWARDS A HORSE THAT
HAS SURVIVED THE BATTLE,
DAX APPROACHES IT, SPEAKING
SOOTHINGLY.

EASY, BOY, EASY. DEATH
CANNOT KEEP ME HERE, AND
I SCARCELY FEEL THE NECESSITY
TO AWAIT HIS RETURN. YOU CAN
BEAR ME AWAY FROM THIS
DEATH-BEFOULED LAND.



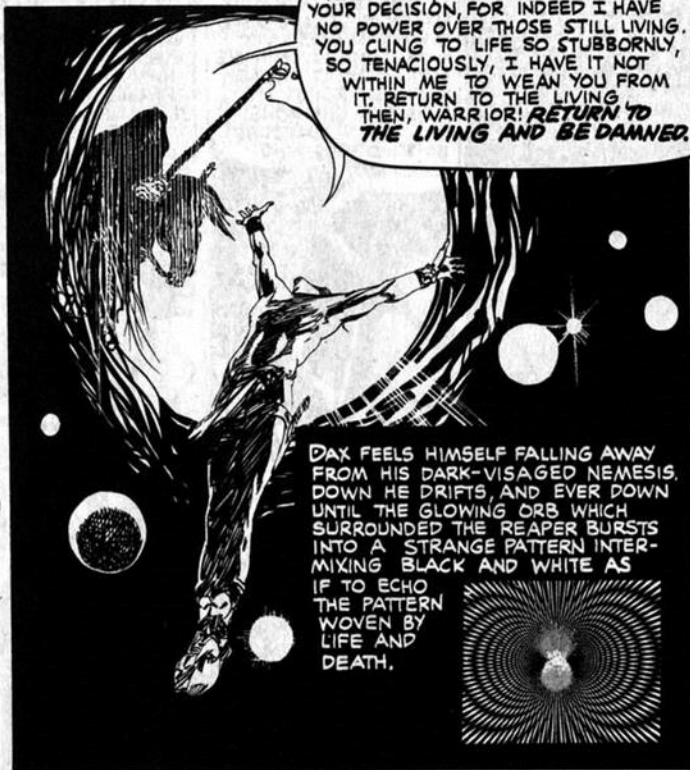
EVEN AS HE TURNS TO GO, DAX HEARS A CHILLING VOICE CALL TO HIM.

WHAT, DAX, WOULD YOU LEAVE ME SO SOON? YOU HAVE NOT YET GIVEN ME YOUR REPLY. WILL YOU COME WITH ME OR NO?



NAY, GRIM ONE. YOU MAY NOT CLAIM ME. I LIVE! NOR DO I WISH TO ACCOMPANY YOU TO YOUR COLD LAND! LEAVE ME NOW. IF YOU HAD THE POWER TO TAKE ME YOU WOULD HAVE DONE SO LONG BEFORE THIS! **BEGONE!**

VERY WELL, WARRIOR! IT IS YOUR DECISION, FOR INDEED I HAVE NO POWER OVER THOSE STILL LIVING. YOU CLING TO LIFE SO STUBBORNLY, SO TENACIOUSLY, I HAVE IT NOT WITHIN ME TO WEAN YOU FROM IT. RETURN TO THE LIVING THEN, WARRIOR! **RETURN TO THE LIVING AND BE DAMNED.**



DAX FEELS HIMSELF FALLING AWAY FROM HIS DARK-VISAGED NEMESIS. DOWN HE DRIFTS, AND EVER DOWN UNTIL THE GLOWING ORB WHICH SURROUNDED THE REAPER BURSTS INTO A STRANGE PATTERN INTER-MIXING BLACK AND WHITE AS IF TO ECHO THE PATTERN WOVEN BY LIFE AND DEATH.

SLOWLY THE LIGHT TAKES PRECEDENCE, AND DAX OPENS HIS EYES TO FIND HIMSELF ONCE AGAIN ON THE BLOOD-STAINED FIELD. DEAD BODIES LITTER THE GROUND ABOUT HIM, AND CARRION STILL SCREECH TO UNHEEDING SKIES. DIMLY HE FEELS THE PRESENCE OF THE GRIM REAPER, A PRESENCE WHICH SMIRKS AND GLOATS. A PRESENCE WHICH WHISPERS: "RETURN TO THE LIVING AND BE DAMNED."



HE FEELS THE DULL THROBBING ACHES WHICH PERVADES HIS BODY. HE STRAINS TO ARISE, BUT NO MOTION COMES. MUSCLES TWITCH SPASMODICALLY, BUT WITHOUT DIRECTION OR PURPOSE. NOW EVEN THE PAIN BEGINS TO FADE, AND DAX WONDERS AT THE LOSS OF SENSATION. "THAT LAST SWORD THRUST IN THE BATTLE DAMAGED MY SPINE. I LIVE BUT I CANNOT MOVE. I BREATHE BUT CANNOT FEEL." ONE LAST TIME HE HEARS THE HAUNTING WHISPER, AS IF FROM VERY FAR AWAY: "RETURN TO THE LIVING AND BE DAMNED."

IF HE COULD SCREAM...HE WOULD.



SPINNER



OGRE'S CASTLE



SLAUGHTER HOUSE

HOW TO ASSEMBLE YOUR GAME

1. TO ASSEMBLE your game, carefully remove the cover from the spine of this magazine. Take care not to rip the covers in half when you're taking it off. For best results, remove the staples first, then lift off the game intact.
2. Clip off the player tokens and the player cards from the left hand side of the game.
3. Tokens and CARDS should then be pasted to a thin sheet of cardboard (the old cereal box will do nicely).
4. Cut out each CARD along the solid black lines.
5. Cut out the player tokens, and the base of each token. So that the tokens will stand on their own, cut a thin slit along the dotted line in the token and the token's base. Fit slits together, and tokens will stand by themselves.
6. Next paste the game board to a sturdy piece of cardboard. (This time use the side of a cardboard box.) This will lean out the fold you'll have in your game, and make the playing surface smoother for tokens to stand on. It'll also protect the life of your game.
7. Finally, cut out the arrow for the spinner. Stick a straight pin through the center of the arrow, making sure that the hole is large enough so the arrow will swivel freely around the pin. A push pin or a thumbtack will work just as well if you don't have a straight pin handy. Now you're ready for hours of terrific summer fun. Enjoy!

Players lose nothing by making accusations that are proven false. It is **ONLY** by making accusations if you will be able to eventually deduce the three elements of the crime. When no other player can accuse a card to **DISPROVE** your accusations, chances are pretty good that you have won, and may as well look at the three cards on the board holding the answer to the crime. But be careful! If you prove a hasty and look at the cards before giving the other players a chance to disprove your claim, and if that you are **WRONG**, you are disqualified for the rest of the game.

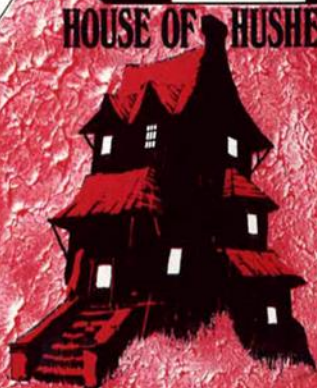
GENERAL RULES

Players may make only one accusation per visit when landing in one of the four houses. Should they wish to make another accusation in that same house later, they must first **LEAVE** the house and return when they are able. When **STARTING** the game, from the Ogre's Castle, the player may make an accusation until he has reached **ANOTHER HOUSE**. He must **RETURN** to the Ogre's Castle if he makes more than one accusation there.

STRATEGY HINTS

Your opponents are good detectives. They will be watching you and the other players carefully! When someone makes an accusation by showing him a card, make sure that you do **NOT** allow others play to see that card. They will be that much closer to discovering the three elements of the crime.

HOUSE OF HUSHER



CREEPY



Old man Jennings was hanged... and left to ROT so that all may see. He dared to cut down a tree in the Baron's forest... a tree the Baron claimed was his BROTHER!

SPARE THAT TREE!

A warrior-thief awakens a sleeping beauty... but finds that her beauty is cursed. DEATH awaits any man who touches her!

SOUL AND SHADOW



NEXT ISSUE ON SALE OCTOBER 11

COMING IN OUR FUTURE ISSUES...

FIVE EERIE SUPER-STARs ARE COMING YOUR WAY!

MARVIN
The damned
DEAD-THING

COFFIN
Dead man... live man!
A walking ZOMBIE!

SPOOK
The Black
Avenger! Is he
ghost or man?

The
MUMMY
ever-seeking
his stolen
amulet of
power.

The
WEREWOLF
Arthur Lemming,
cursed with the mark
of the WOLF!



COMING
YOUR WAY
ONLY IN

EERIE

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE OCTOBER 25



AND IN FUTURE ISSUES OF VAMPIRELLA

UNDEAD OF THE DEEP

Rising from out of the Scottish moors... from the depths of LOCH EERIE, comes a heinous creature who has cursed the MacDaemons for two hundred years! It comes searching for easy prey. It comes for VAMPIRELLA!

There is a legend... of a beautiful young girl who is DAMNED... forced to hunt the streets at night, in the form of a PANTHER... seeking human prey!

PANTHA



NEXT ISSUE ON SALE OCTOBER 2