

ENTER THE
VAULT
OF THE
**LIVING
DEAD**

PSYCHO^{T.M.}

 75¢ 47789 NO. 17 MARCH 1974

A SKYWALD
HORROR-MOOD
PUBLICATION



FHBA

...ENTER HERE...

THE DEATH PIT

BLOW YOUR MIND
WITH

DEATH ROCK



...COME ENTER... ENTER THE *PIT* OF *MUSIC MADNESS*... WHERE *UNDERGROUND ROCK* AND *HARD ROCK* ARE *UNHEARD OF*... WHERE THE LYRICS BELONG TO ANOTHER TIME SOMETIME *TOMORROW*... IN A TIME THAT IS *DEAD*...

...FOR THOSE WHO PLAY THE SAD SONGS OF PROPHECY THEREIN KNOW THERE *IS* NO TOMORROW... THEY SAW IT WHEN THEY DIED IN WAYS TOO BRUTAL TO BE ANYTHING BUT *SUICIDE*... THEY *TRIPPED*... AND *FELL*... AND ONLY WHEN *DEAD* DID THEY REALIZE THEY HAD NO TOMORROW...

...TOO LATE FOR THEM... THO NOT FOR US... THIS THEY KNOW... AND THAT'S WHY IN A LITTLE BASEMENT PIT IN THE *VILLAGE* IN *NEW YORK* THEY SING THE SONGS OF *NO-MORROW*...

...TRIPPIN' OUT IN A TOMB...
...AIN'T TRIPPIN' OUT IN YOUR
HEAD HONEY...
...IT'S TRIPPIN' OUT ON YOUR
MOTHER'S WOMB...
...IT AIN'T FUNNY...
...NO, IT AIN'T FUNNY HONEY...

...YEW WAS BORN TO
THINK AN' TO FEEL...
...WHY Y'ALL WANNA LOSE
THAT WHAT'S *REAL*...

...THAT'S OUR TALE...
THAT'S OUR WAIL!
LIVE AND TAKE DEEP BREATHS
'STEAD OF DYIN'-- HORRIBLE
HEAD-DEATHS...





A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

PSYCHO

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...in this issue...

THE CRIME IN
SATAN'S
CRYPT

MONSTER MONSTER
HEAD DEATH'S
CALL

THESE ARE THE
THE NARRATIVE OF
SKUT THINGS
THAT ARE DEAD

THIS IS YOUR LIFE,
SAM HAMMER;
THIS IS YOUR DEATH!

PREVIEW
CONTEST
ON PAGE 11

VAULT
OF THE
LIVING
DEAD

THE LUNATIC CLASS
OF '64

THE
BLACK
SCULPTURE
OF THE PHAROS

SPECIAL SHOWCASE ISSUE

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...I'VE
KILLED FOR
THIS...KILLED
MANY MEN...KINGS
AND
SOLDIERS...



...IT IS THE **RICHEST TREASURE**
IN ALL **EGYPT**...THIS LITTLE
THING IS WORTH MEN'S
LIVES...



...THE RICHEST HEIRLOOM IN ALL THE **WORLD**
...PASSED FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION
...I ASSUMED THE THRONE AS A CHILD...IT
WAS **TAKEN FROM ME**...BUT NOW IT'S
MINE...I HAVE BECOME **STRONG AND POWERFUL!**
...20 YEARS I HAVE SEARCHED FOR IT...20
YEARS TO GAIN WHAT IS **MERELY MINE** TO
BEGIN WITH...

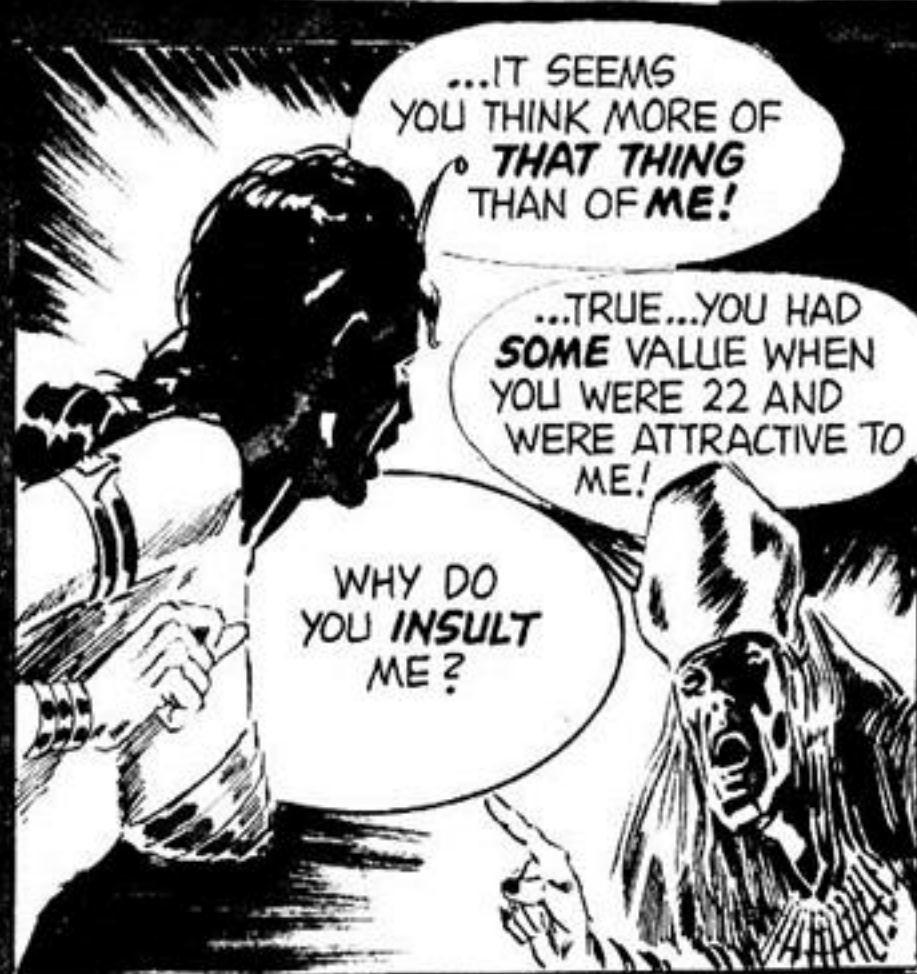


...YOU SEE
THIS? YOU
KNOW WHAT
THIS IS?

YES...
I KNOW
WHAT IT
IS...

...MY PRICELESS
RIGHT TO CALL MY-
SELF **PHARAOH** OF
ALL **EGYPT**...

The **BLACK** SCULPTURE of the PHARAOKS



...IT SEEMS
YOU THINK MORE OF
THAT THING
THAN OF **ME!**

...TRUE...YOU HAD
SOME VALUE WHEN
YOU WERE 22 AND
WERE ATTRACTIVE TO
ME!

WHY DO
YOU **INSULT**
ME?



YOU
DESERVE
TO BE
INSULTED!

DESERVE
IT!!

...YOU ARE
THE ONE **DECEITFUL** TO
OUR MARRIAGE...I **LOVE**
YOU EVEN TO THIS
MINUTE...WHILE YOUR
MIND WANDERS AND
DRIFTS TOO EASILY...ON
TRIVIALITIES LIKE THAT
MISERABLE **SCULPTURE**
OF A DAMN BLACK...
CAT...

...YOU ARE NOT ONLY **INSOLENT**
AND **BORING**...YOU ARE ALSO
USELESS--AND SERVE NO
PURPOSE...YOU GIVE ME
NO PLEASURE...

...AND SO IT
SHALL BE REPORTED
TO HER SUBJECTS
THAT...



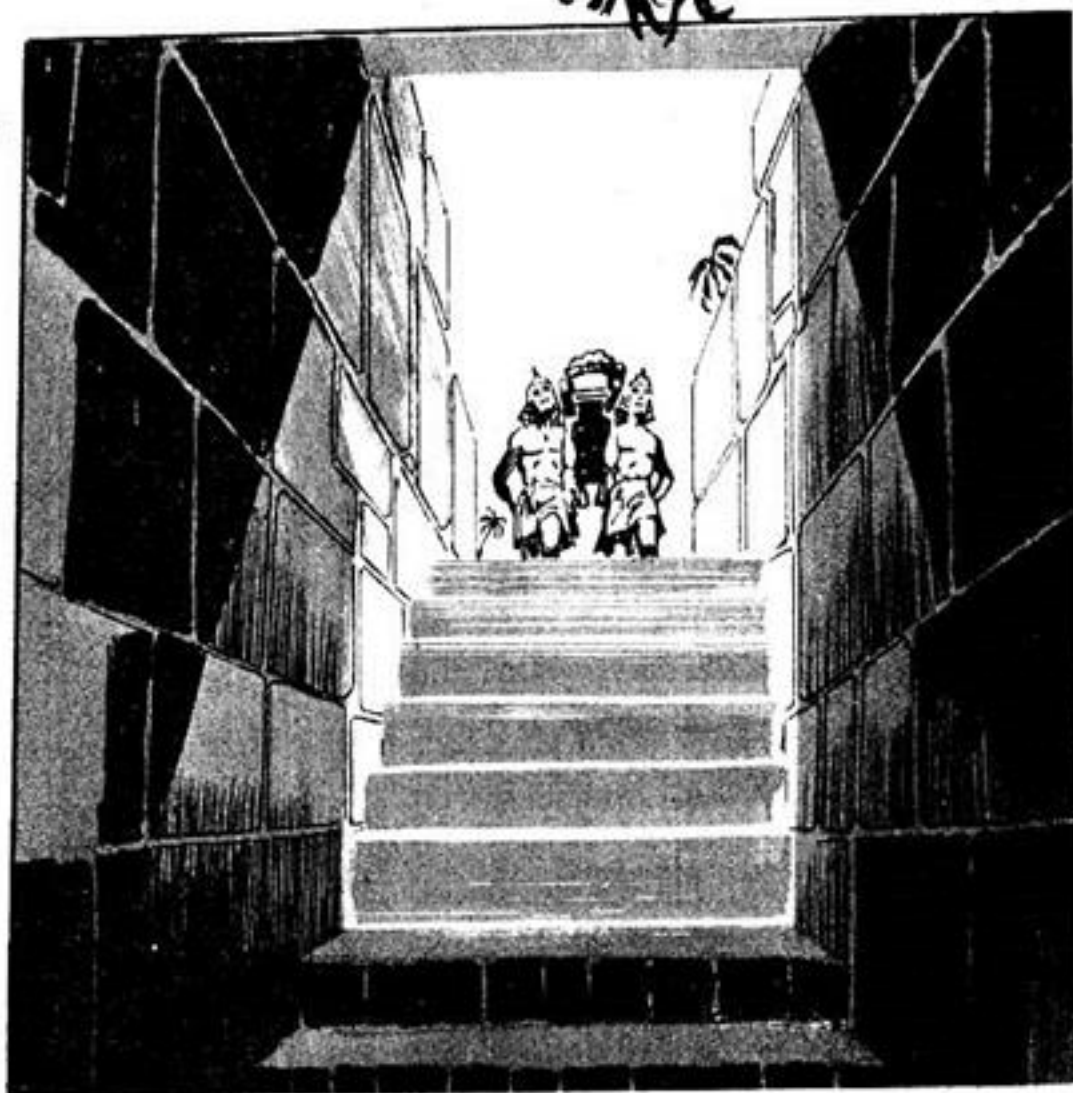
NO! NO!
AGHHHHH...

...THEIR **QUEEN**
IS **DEAD**...SHE
STUMBLED AND
FELL ON A
SWORD...





I HAVE
ALL I *NEED*...
IN MY
HANDS...





...GUARDS!
GUARDS!
THE SCULPTURE
IS GONE...

...YOU
GROVELING
IDIOT...IT'S
BEEN **STOLEN**...
ALERT MY
ENTIRE
GUARD...

GONE?...
WHERE MIGHT
IT BE?



...OH SIRE...THE
TOMB...THE
TOMB...

...THE **TOMB**
HAS BEEN
VIOLATED...THE
QUEEN'S BODY
IS GONE!!

SPEAK UP!
WHAT IS
IT?...

WHAT
ABOUT THE
TOMB?



...THE SCULPTURE
GONE...
THE TOMB
VIOLATED...MY
DEAD WENCH
GONE...
COULD IT BE?... IS
SHE ALIVE?

...IS SHE
OUT FOR
REVENGE?

NEARBY,
ANOTHER
IS ENGAGED
IN VOICED
THOUGHT...
WHICH WILL EXPLAIN
THE **CURIOUS** QUESTIONS
ASKED BY
PHARAOH--
HARMHAB II...

...THE PHARAOH
WILL NEVER
SUSPECT HIS OWN
HIGH PRIEST
OF STEALING HIS
PRECIOUS
SCULPTURE...

...NOT WHEN I
HAVE STOLEN
THE BODY OF THE
ENTOMBED QUEEN...
MAKING IT **LOOK**
LIKE AN UNHOLY
ACT OF
VENGEANCE...



HA HA
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA!

HARMHAB
WILL SOON COME
TO ME...AND SAY...
"PRIEST IS SUCH A
THING POSSIBLE?"...AND
I WILL SAY: "OH, GREAT PHARAOH--
**ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE...I THINK
YOU HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF
YOUR SCULPTURE!**"



UUGHHHH!



...SIRE...WE
ARE **CONFUSED**...
FIRST THE **TOMB** IS
VIOLATED AND THE
MUMMY VANISHED
...AND **NOW** IT IS
RETURNED...

...YES...
THAT **IS**
STRANGE...LET
US LOOK AND
SEE...



IT'S THE
BODY OF THE
HIGH-
PRIEST!

COULD IT
BE **HE** WAS
INVOLVED IN
SOME KIND OF
PLOT?

THERE IS
NO SIGN OF
THE
SCULPTURE!

...TAKE HIS **BODY**...
THROW IT INTO A **PIT**...
THEN CLOSE UP
THIS PLACE...



NO...THE
SCULPTURE IS **GONE!**
OBVIOUSLY THE
PRIEST WAS INVOLVED
IN A PLAN TO
STEAL THE
SCULPTURE AND HIS
HENCHMEN **BETRAYED**
HIM FOR SOME REASON...
THE QUEEN WAS SOME
PART OF HIS **PLOT**...PROBABLY
WANTED IT TO LOOK LIKE SHE'D
COME OUT OF HER TOMB TO
STEAL IT...
SEAL UP THIS PLACE...

...HE WAS
BETRAYED AND PAID
THE PENALTY...HIS
PLOT FAILED BUT THE
SCULPTURE IS SOME-
WHERE...HIS HENCH-
MEN, WHOEVER
THEY ARE,
HAVE IT...

YES, SIRE...

FIND THEM
!!!

...IF YOU HAVE
TO SEARCH THE
WHOLE EARTH!...
IF YOU HAVE TO
KILL TEN KINGS
AND MURDER A
THOUSAND ARMIES...
IF YOU HAVE TO
TAKE 20 MORE YEARS
OF YOUR LIVES TO
GET THAT SCULPTURE
BACK TO ME...

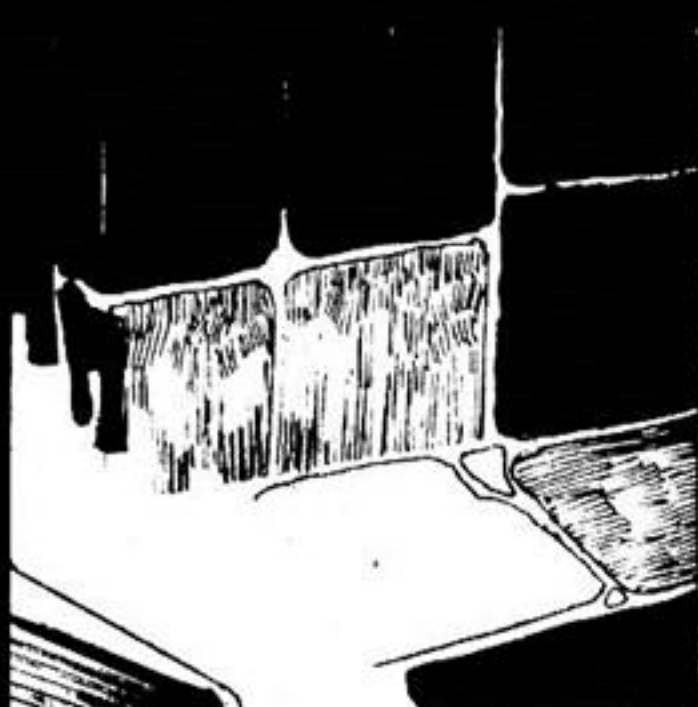
...AND INSIDE THE
BURIAL CHAMBER OF
THE PYRAMID...

HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA

REST IN PEACE!

HORROR PREVIEW CONTEST

... can you fill in the missing VOICE BALLOONS? The best 5 entries we receive will WIN an advance copy of the next issue ... get your entry in FAST and you can become a WINNER ...



NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

SKYWALD CONTEST #3 Rm 1501
18 EAST 41 ST STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



THE SLITHER-SLIME PAGES OF HORROR PREVIEWS FOR '74

... this is our SPECIAL SHOWCASE ISSUE, where we introduce 2 new artists and a new writer to these (or ANY) pages ... it's fitting then that our stories this issue are in a slightly light-hearted vein (to subtain the high delight of this extraordinary experience) ... you'll also note that ALL the MOOD-TEAM writers are in this showcase issue — AWKWARD AUGUSTINE FUNNELL — Emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY — Archaic AL ... and our brand new gal Jaundiced JANE LYNCH ... therefore we take pleasure in turning our letters/editorial pages this issue into a PLEASURE-PREVIEW of some of the weird things to come ... and we DO have a lot of new things on the way, like a NEW MAGAZINE in the SPRING of '74 ... THE TOMB OF HORROR ... watch for it! ...

ARE YOU DEAD YET?

... ARE YOU DEAD YET? ... the lunatics of Bedlam ask in this weird 10 page story that takes off where minute-mysteries fall short! Who did it? Who's killing the inmates of the Asylum right before our eyes? The answer is in the twist conclusion you'll NEVER guess! ...

*MANY OF HIS PATIENTS MYSTERIOUSLY DIED HOWEVER, AND UPON INVESTIGATION THE POLICE DISCOVERED LOVING MARSHA WAS POISONING THE PATIENTS BECAUSE SECRETLY SHE RESENTED HER HUSBAND FORSAKING A WEALTHY PRACTICE TO HELP THE POOR...



...SHE KILLED THEM?...SHE MUST'VE BEEN A HOMICIDAL MANIAC...

WAS?... NO, MR. EDWARDS...

IS_{ooo}

THE RATS

...OH GOD THE RATS ARE ALL AROUND ME... MY GOD THEY'RE ALL AROUND ME... THEY'RE AT MY FEET... THEY'RE AT MY FEET NOW... I HAVE NO CHOICE... I HAVE TO STAY HERE OR I'LL DROWN... I HAVE TO FIGHT TO LIVE... I CAN'T ALLOW MYSELF TO DROWN... MY GOD... THE RATS ARE AT MY FEET... THE RATS ARE EATING MY LEGS...

... THE RATS is a cover story written to distract you from the day-to-day commonplaceness of our lives — it's a weird tale that takes place in the future, mostly in an elevator, where the hero loses the war he's waging against insanity — Dreadful DELA ROSA is the artist for this strange saga which'll be presented early in the new year ...

...WHEN WE'VE ALL HAD OUR FUN THE CONTESTANT MUST PAY THE CONSEQUENCES...

...NOW ON OUR SHOW... WE PICK THE CRUMBIEST, MEANEST, SON-OF-A-BITCH... WE CAN FIND... AND WHEN WE'VE HAD OUR FUN... WE...



... we are proud to be continually introducing new and never-before-published young people to the comics medium in these horror-mood pages ... writer Jaundiced JANE LYNCH appears for the first time with THE LUNATIC CLASS OF '64 on page 48 ... artist COLLADO is introduced on page 52 with THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT ... and on page 14 you'll greet artist CARDONA for the first time with his tale THIS IS YOUR LIFE SAM HAMMER, THIS IS YOUR DEATH ... this special PSYCHO 17 is the SHOWCASE ISSUE of new talents ... let us know what you think of Messrs. Cardona and Collado, and Ms. Lynch ... and depending on YOUR reactions you may be seeing much more of them ...

... imagine, if you will, an entire issue of horror tales all linked together in a macabre way too weird to be believable — you're imagining the upcoming, unbelievable special 7 TALES OF THE MAN-MACABRE issue of SCREAM, featuring THE VAMPIRE by Zesar ... THE CREEP by Duran ... THE DEAD THINGS by Villamonte ... THE VULTURE by Collado ... THE ANCIENT ONE by Rancid Ricardo ... THE THING IN THE SPACE by Emilio and (as pictured) THE WERE-WOLF by Sinister Suso ... it'll be the strangest issue of the year so await it with baited imagination ...

THE WEREWOLF

...SUCH A MAN...



...CHANGES INTO A BEAST...



...NOW WAS
ACKNOWLEDGED THE
PRESENCE OF RED DEATH...
HE HAD COME LIKE A THIEF IN
THE NIGHT—THE SERVANT OF SATAN...
DEATH HIMSELF...TO PUNISH...AND ONE
BY ONE DROPPED THE REVELLERS IN
THE MIDST OF THEIR REVEL...THEN
DARKNESS AND DECAY AND THE RED
DEATH HELD ILLIMITABLE DOMINION
OVER ALL...



THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

THEY GASPED IN UNUTTERABLE
HORROR AT FINDING THE GRAVE-
CEREMENTS AND CORPSE-LIKE MASK
WHICH THEY HANDLED WITH SO
VIOLENT A RUDENESS, UNTENANTED
BY ANY TANGIBLE FORM...

... THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH is one of our classic POE series, adapted from the short masterpiece of the macabre by artist RICARDO VILLAMONTE! This horror narrative details the ravages of the BLACK PLAGUE, and Poe's noble setting for the story gives it the double impact of being both a horror story and a bitter satire — it's a tremendous and explosive story — one you won't want to miss when it appears SOON in these HORROR-MOOD PAGES ...

HAPPY NEW YEAR y'all

-ARCHAIC AL-

... and the MOOD-TEAM ...

THE BLACK CAT



...WHO HAD SEDUCED ME TO MURDER
MY WIFE...AND WHOSE INFORMING
VOICE NOW CONSIGNED ME TO THE
HANGMAN, EVEN AS I HAD CONSIGNED
POOR PLUTO...DEAR MERCIFUL HEAVEN
...I HAD WALLED THE MONSTER UP
WITHIN MY WIFE'S TOMB...

... THE BLACK CAT is a delightful little tale of terror about the reincarnation of a black cat (no, his name is not NARD!) into various murdering and devious guises — Entombed EDGAR ALLAN POE is the author of this masterpiece illustrated by RANCID RICARDO VILLAMONTE — about the cat called PLUTO and his revenge upon his master ...



THIS IS YOUR LIFE, SAM HAMMER. THIS IS YOUR DEATH!

...THIS... IS THE CITY... LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA... I WORK HERE... I'M A COP... THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE IS TRUE, ONLY MY NAME IS CHANGED FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER... THIS STORY IS ABOUT THE WORST DAY IN MY LIFE...

...MY NAME IS SAM HAMMER, MY PARTNER IS ED SATURDAY. ON THIS DAY WE MET AT 8:30 A.M. AND HEADED FOR THE OFFICE... ON THE WAY WE SPOTTED A LICENCE THAT HAD AN **A.P.B.** ON IT... WE GAVE CHASE...



... WE CAUGHT THE SUSPECT AS HE ATTEMPTED TO FLEE ON FOOT... HE WAS UNCOOPERATIVE...

**HOLD IT
MISTER! POLICE
OFFICERS...
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST...**

**POLICE
BRUTALITY!
POLICE
BRUTALITY!!**

... WE TOOK HIM TO THE STATION... BOOKED HIM ...MUGGED HIM... HE WAS WANTED ON AN OUT-OF-STATE BURGLARY RAP... HIS LAWYER HAD HIM OUT IN 2 HOURS... SO STARTED MY DAY... A **LOUSY DAY...** EVEN FOR A COP...



...9:39 A.M.... MY PARTNER AND I LEFT THE STATION TO TAKE OUR POSITIONS IN A STAKE-OUT AT A MASSAGE PARLOR ON VINE AND ETHEL... OUTSIDE POLICE HEADQUARTERS WE RAN INTO OUR BOSS, CAPTAIN DOOLEY...

I WANT TO SEE YOU IN MY OFFICE RIGHT AWAY HAMMER!

...YESSIR...

POLICE HEADQUARTERS



HAMMER... YOU AN' SATURDAY HAVE A LOUSY ARREST RECORD!

... THAT'S NOT **TRUE** SIR... WHY JUST **TODAY** WE ARRESTED AN **A.P.B.** ON OUR WAY TO WORK...

YES... AN' HE WAS **RELEASED!** ... THEY'RE **ALWAYS** BEING **RELEASED** HAMMER!



...THIS IS 1973... IN THESE DAYS OF FAST-TALKING LAWYERS AND MEALY-MOUTHED LIBERAL POLITICIANS WE CAN'T MAKE A **CONVICTION** ANYMORE...

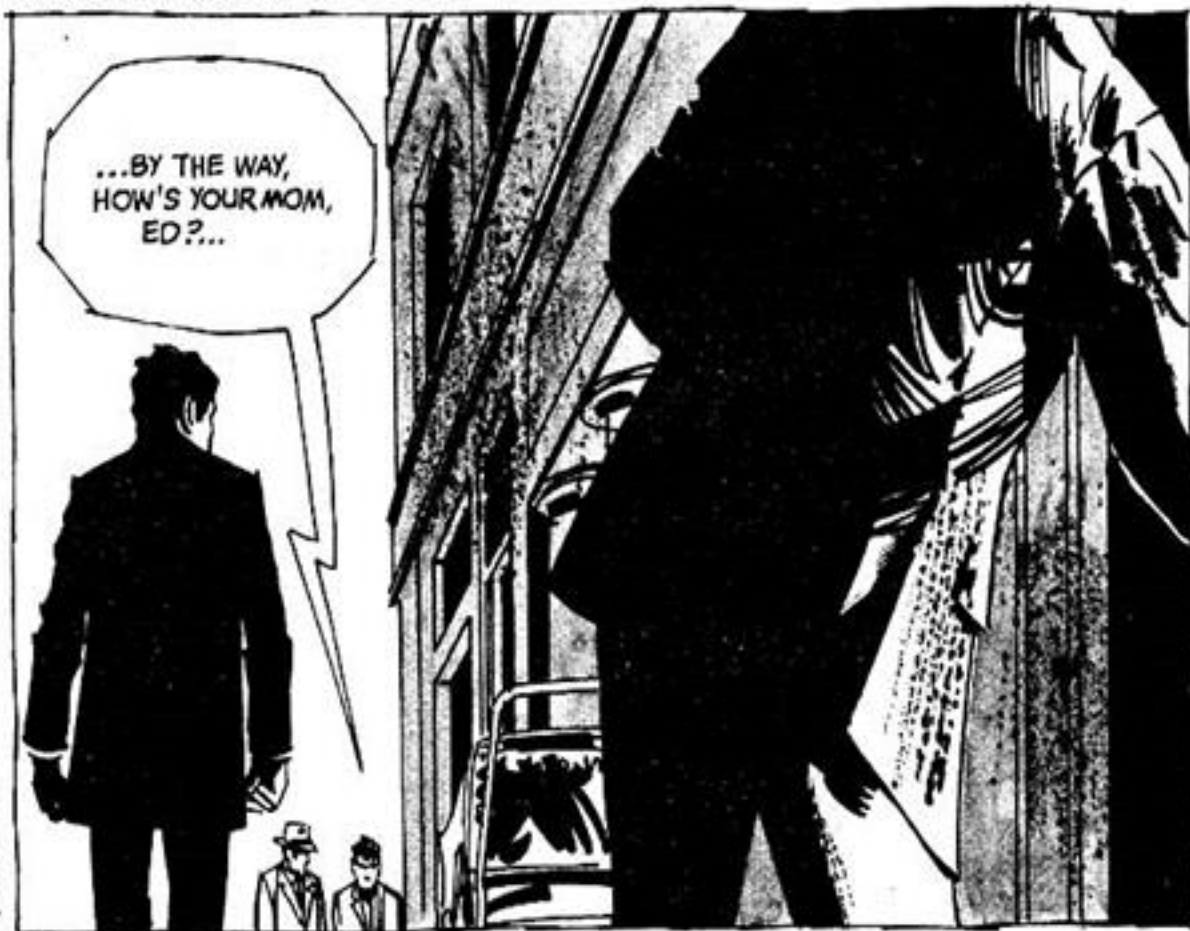
...TIMES ARE **CHANGING** HAMMER... WHEN YOU **ARREST** SOMEONE BE SURE YOU CATCH HIM IN THE **ACT**...

...WE NEED **CONVICTIONS** HAMMER! **CONVICTIONS!!**



...THE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT... WE HADN'T MADE AN ARREST THAT HELD-UP IN **MONTHS**... WE RESOLVED TO DO SOMETHING **ABOUT** IT...

...BY THE WAY, HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?...



...11:24 A.M... WE HEADED OUT INTO THE CITY IN SEARCH OF CRIMINALS...

...LET'S GO PAY A VISIT TO "LITTLE FEO"...

OH YEH, "LITTLE FEO"... **UNDERWORLD STOOLIE**... MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME **INFORMATION** ABOUT AN **UNDERWORLD** OPERATION FROM HIM...



...12:10 A.M. WE FOUND "LITTLE FEO" SLEEPING IN AN ALLEY AND QUESTIONED HIM...



...AS USUAL WE SLIPPED THE STOOIE A FEW BUCKS... WHAT HE'D TOLD US WAS VALUABLE INFORMATION...IF WE COULD BREAK UP THIS COUNTERFEIT MONEY GANG IN THE ACT WE'D BE SURE OF A CONVICTION...



...1:59 P.M... WE ENTERED THE CORNER STORE DISGUISED AS HIPPIES...



...BY THE TIME ED RETURNED THE STOOIE WAS READY TO TALK TO US...



...UNFORTUNATELY OUR COVER WAS BLOWN BY THE 'GUARD' WHO MUST'VE RECOGNIZED US...



...2:01 P.M. ... WE ENTERED THE BASEMENT PREMISES OF THE COUNTERFEITING RING AND OBSERVED 2 MEN ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY EVIDENCE OF THEIR CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES...

HOLD IT! POLICE OFFICERS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!



...THEY WERE HARDENED CRIMINALS AND REFUSED TO SURRENDER THEIR WEAPONS ...A BATTLE ENSUED...



...AS A POLICE OFFICER I RARELY HAVE TO DRAW MY GUN... BUT ON THIS DAY I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE...



...UNFORTUNATELY FOR ED, MY PARTNER...THE CRIMINALS THREW HIM INTO ONE OF THEIR MACHINES AND HE WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED...



...HE WAS DEAD WHEN THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED AT 3:10 P.M. ... BUT I HAD MADE AN **ARREST** THAT I KNEW WOULD **STICK** IN COURT...



...4:11 P.M.... I WAS FEELING MUCH BETTER NOW THAT I HAD MADE A GOOD ARREST FOR THE DAY, AND BROKE FOR LUNCH... I OPENED ED'S PACKED-LUNCH (HE DIDN'T NEED IT ANYMORE AND I DIDN'T WANT GOOD CORNED BEEF TO GO TO WASTE!!)...THAT'S WHEN 'STRANGE' THINGS STARTED TO HAPPEN...



...THE CORNED BEEF SANDWICH WAS ALIVE!...

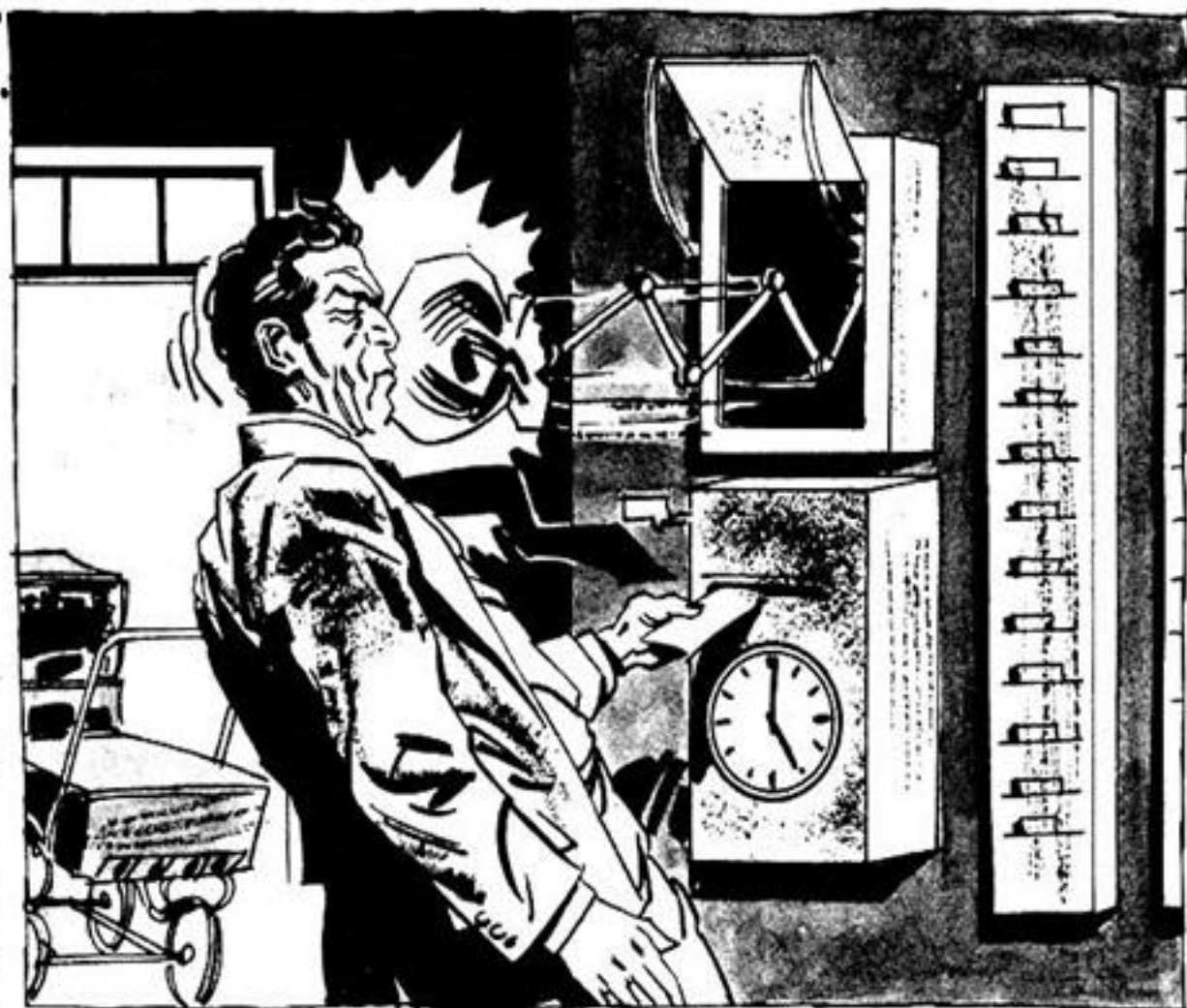
...5:10 P.M... AS I EXITED THE POLICE BUILDING I FELT DIZZY... MY SENSES WERE NUMB FROM HEAD TO TOE AND I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS...



...4:28 P.M....IN THE POLICE HEADQUARTER'S **WASHROOM** I FOUND MYSELF WASHING-UP BESIDE A **CORPSE!**...



...5:00 P.M.... AS I PUNCHED THE **TIME-CLOCK**... IT **PUNCHED BACK AT ME!!**...



...WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS **DEAD** AND IN A **FUNERAL PARLOR** LISTENING TO **MY OWN FUNERAL**...

...THIS...IS THE **FUNERAL PARLOR**... I WORK HERE... I'M A **MORTICIAN**... WE ARE HERE TO PAY HOMAGE TO **SAM HAMMER, A COP**...

...THE **EULOGY** I AM ABOUT TO DELIVER IS **TRUE**... ONLY THE **FACTS** HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO **PROTECT HIS MEMORY**...



...THIS WAS PHONY... IT **HAD** TO BE... MAYBE I WAS DREAMING...
MAYBE THE WHOLE ROTTEN DAY WAS JUST A **DREAM!**... NAW... IT
MUST BE SOMETHING **ELSE**... I WAS DEAD... MAYBE I WAS
REALLY DEAD...

...ASHES TO ASHES...

...DUST TO DUST...

...WE COMMIT THIS COP
TO HIS ETERNAL REST...

HEY... AM
I **DEAD?**
...AM I
REALLY
DEAD?
...



YUKK! I **MUST BE DEAD!**
YOU'RE DEAD!

HHAHAHAHA
HHAHAHAHA
NO SAM
HAH HAH HAH
NO SAM I'M NOT
DEAD!...



NO SAM HAMMER...
YOU'RE NOT DEAD...
LOOK OVER THERE...
...LOOK INTO THE BABY CARRIAGE...
...SEE THE HIDDEN T.V.
CAMERA?



...HUH?...

NO SAM
HAMMER... YOU'RE
NOT DEAD AT
ALL... YOU'RE VERY
MUCH ALIVE AND
ON COAST-TO-
COAST T.V....



...MY LIFE?...

...YOU SEE
SAM HAMMER...
YOU'VE BEEN OUR
FIRST "VICTIM" ON THE
NEW T.V. GAME
SHOW:

THIS IS YOUR
LIFE!!
THIS IS YOUR
DEATH!!



YOU MEAN...
YOU MEAN **NOTHING**
WAS **REAL?**

NOTHIN' SAM! IT
WAS ALL SET-UP AND
EVERYBODY WAS IN ON
THE FUN AND GAMES...
EVERYBODY
EXCEPT **YOU**
THAT IS...
...YOUR
PARTNERED,
YOUR **BOSS,**
CAPTAIN
DOOLEY... THE
PHONY CRIMINALS
AND... AND YES EVEN
"LITTLE FEO"
WAS IN ON IT...

...BUT...BUT WHY DO YOU CALL THE SHOW: 'THIS IS YOUR LIFE'... THIS IS YOUR **DEATH**!

...JUST A **GIMMICK** SAM... A **GIMMICK**... YOU GOTTA HAVE A **GIMMICK** ON T.V. **THESE DAYS**...

...YOU SEE... EVERY **POSSIBLE** KIND OF **GAME SHOW** HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE!... GUESS WHO? GUESS WHAT? **GAMES**... **MARRIAGE** SHOWS AND **DIVORCE** SHOWS... **TELEPHONE** SHOWS... **PUZZLE** SHOWS...

...**EVERYTHING** YOU COULD **IMAGINE** **RIGHT?**

...WELL...YES I GUESS SO... **EVERYTHING--WRONG!**

...NOT EVERYTHING... NOW **THIS** SHOW IS THE MOST **EXCITING** SHOW OF **ALL**... WE PICK A GUY AND LIKE **'THIS IS YOUR LIFE'** WE SHOW HIS AVERAGE DAY... THEN LIKE **'CANDID CAMERA'** WE HAVE **FUN** WITH HIM...

...THEN WE GIVE **PRIZES** TO ALL THE PEOPLE WHO PLAY ALONG WITH US... LIKE YOUR PARTNER **ED** HERE... WE'RE GIVING HIM A **CABIN-CRUISER**...

...AND THERE'S ONE **MORE** THING WE DO... JUST LIKE THE SHOW **'TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES'**!

...I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A **CABIN-CRUISER** SAM...

...WHEN WE'VE ALL HAD OUR **FUN** THE CONTESTANT MUST PAY THE **CONSEQUENCES**...

...NOW ON OUR SHOW... WE PICK THE **CRUMBIEST, MEANEST, SON-OF-A-BITCH** WE CAN **FIND**... AND WHEN WE'VE HAD OUR **FUN**... WE...

...WE **KILL HIM!!**

AUKKK!!

...AT 7:10 P.M... EXECUTION WAS PERFORMED ON SAM HAMMER; IN A MOMENT, THE RESULTS OF THAT EXECUTION...

...THIS IS THE GRAVEYARD... THIS IS MY NEW BEAT, I WORK THE NIGHTSHIFT... DUSK TILL DAWN... THERE'S A LOTTA **CREEPS** HERE, LIKE **WEREWOLVES** AND **VAMPIRES** AND **GHOULS** AN' IT'S MY JOB TO KEEP 'EM IN LINE... I WORK HERE... I'M A **COP**...



...HERE STARTS THE TALE OF:
"THEM"

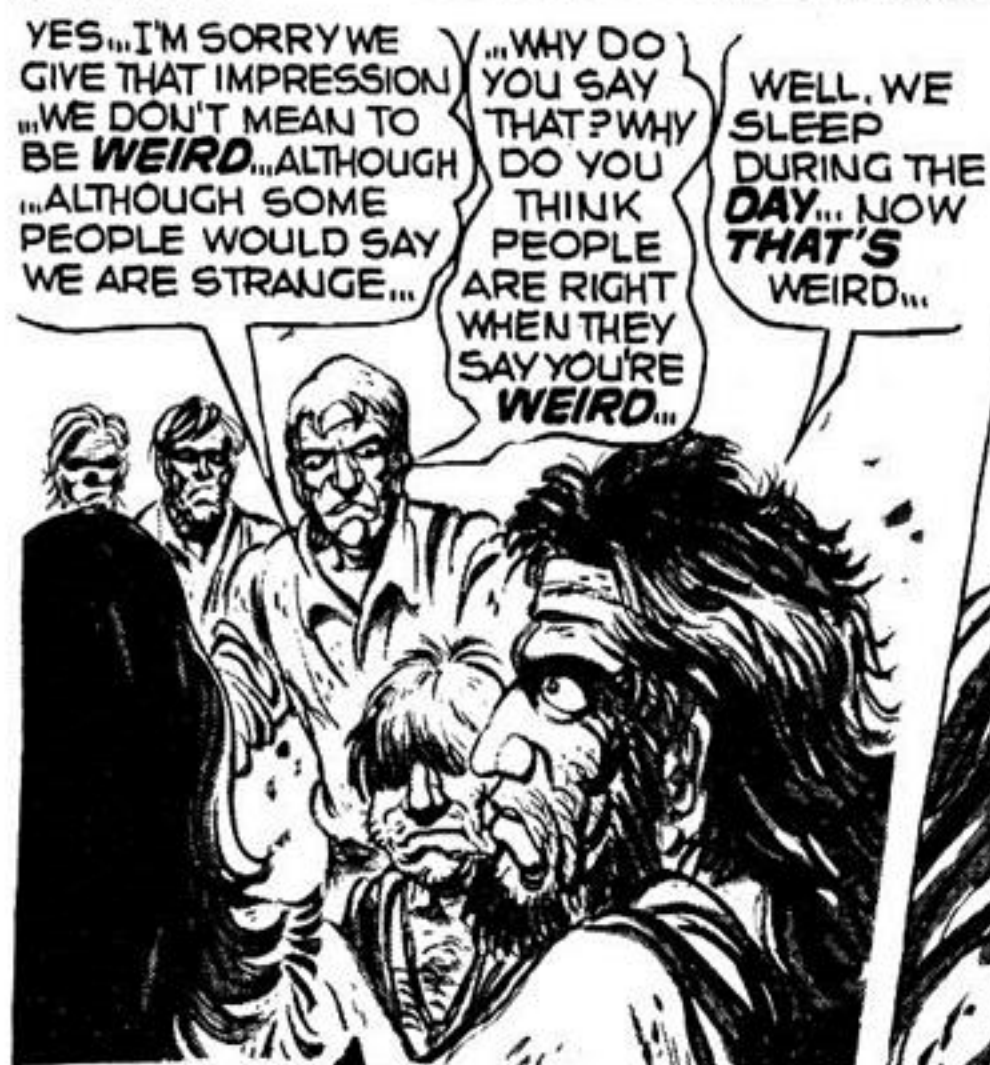
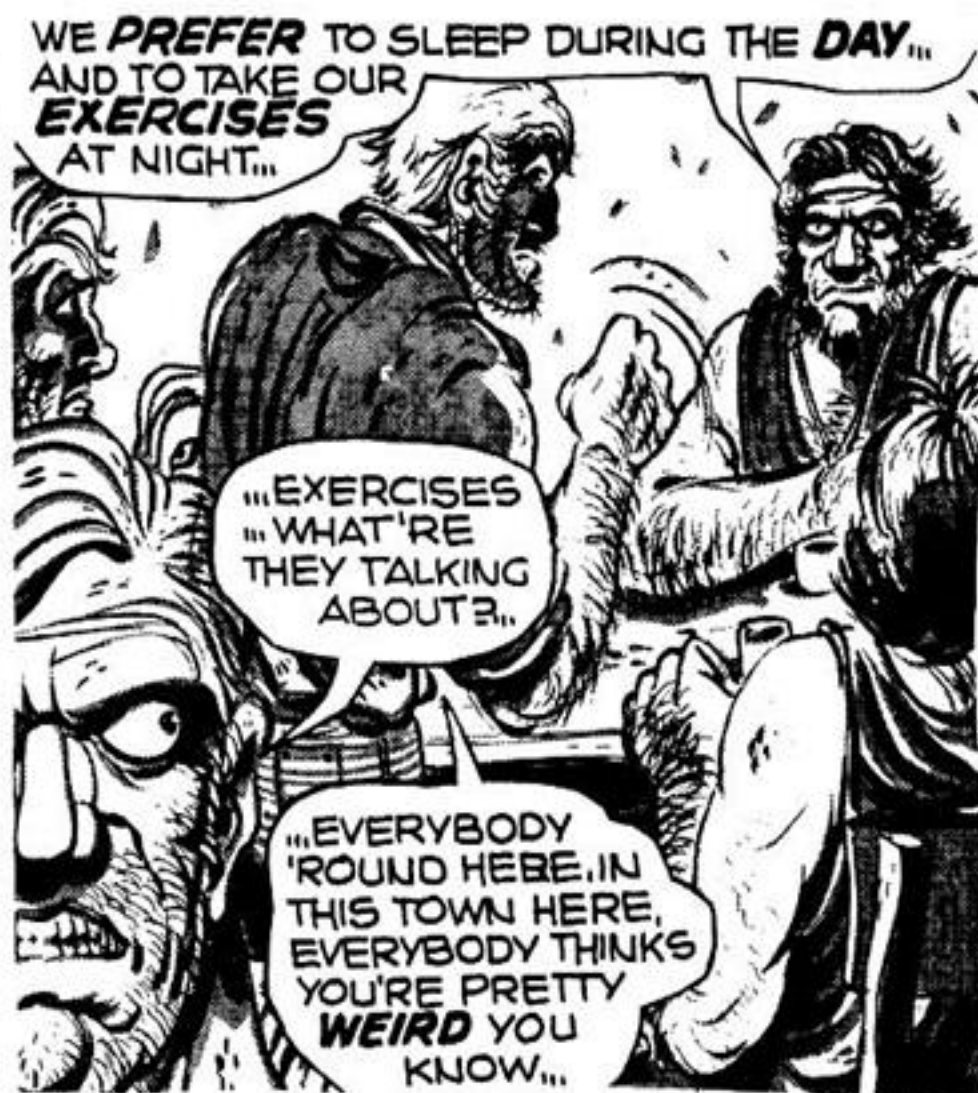
HEY CREEPS!
...HEY... WHAT'S YER NAMES?

..CHAPTER ONE...

COME ENTER...
THIS IS THE VAULT OF THE LIVING DEAD!

WRITTEN BY HARVEY LAZARUS ILLUSTRATED BY MARO NAVA









HEY...
**GRAB
HER...**

**HOLD
IT!**

NO...

HOLD IT THERE
LITTLE LADY...
WHAT YOU TRYIN'
TO RUN AWAY
FROM...GIMME A
LITTLE **KISS**...

LEAVE ME
ALONE...
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

ALRIGHT... THIS
HAS GONE FAR
ENOUGH... **LEAVE
HER ALONE**...



JEEZ... I
THINK THEY
REALLY **ARE**
VAMPIRES...

MY **GOD** IF THEY **ARE**
THEN... THEN WE GOTTA
RESPONSABILITY...
...**GET OUTSIDE**
CREEPS...



LOOK...
PLEASE
LEAVE
US **ALONE!**

YOU DON'T
NEED THE
KNIFE FOR
ANYTHING...
PLEASE PUT
IT AWAY

...**I NEED**
IT FOR
SOMETHIN'
ALRIGHT...
IT'S
DAYLIGHT
OUTSIDE...



DAYLIGHT?

...EVERYBODY **KNOWS**
WHAT **HAPPENS** TO
VAMPIRES IN **DAYLIGHT**...
NOW... **GET OUTSIDE!**

AT NO TIME IN THIS
STORY HAVE ANY OF
THEM IN ANY WAY
RESISTED OR
FOUGHT THE
PUNKS... HOWEVER,
THEM HAVE SHOWN
ANGER ON THEIR
FACES BUT THAT
IS **ALL THEM**
DO IN THE
MANNER OF
'OPPOSING'
THE PUNKS
ACTIONS.



THEY
AIN'T
FALLIN'
APART OR
NOTHIN'

... THAT
MEAN
THEY
AREN'T
VAMPIRES?...

WE'LL...**LEAVE**
NOW... YOU'VE HAD
YOUR **FUN**... NOW
WE'LL **LEAVE**...



... JUST A
FREAKY
BUNCH OF
HIPPIES
AREN'T
YOU... THAT'S
ALL...

...THEY'RE PROBABLY
ON **DRUGS** OR
SOMETHIN'... SOMETHIN'
...MAKIN' THEM
PARANOID...

WE'RE
LEAVING!

OH NO
YOU
AIN'T!

UGGGH!



SHE'S
DEAD...

...YOU WANNA BE
UP FOR **MURDER**
ANGELO? WE GOTTA
KILL ALL OF 'EM



MAUUGH!

NO!

... HERE BEGINS
CHAPTER 2
... TO INCLUDE
THEM

**...THE
DAY OF
THE DEAD...**





...I HAVE BEEN ASSAULTED...

...I HAVE BEEN HUMILIATED...

...I HAVE...PRETENDED TO BE **DEAD**...WHEN I WAS '**MURDERED**'...

...BECAUSE...IT IS OUR **CODE** THAT BEFORE WE TAKE PERSONAL ACTION, IN PARTICULAR **AGGRESSIVE ACTION** OR **VIOLENT ACTION**, WE **DISCUSS** IT...WE REACH A **CONCLUSION** **TOGETHER**...

...YES...WE **ALL**
FOLLOWED THE
SAME COURSE...
IT IS OUR
TRADITION
AND OUR **CODE**...

NOW WE MUST
EVALUATE WHAT
HAS HAPPENED...
AND DECIDE WHAT
TO **DO** ABOUT IT...

WELL...WE
ACTED TRUE
TO OUR **BELIEFS**
...WE **REJECTED**
VIOLENCE...

...THEY PROVOKED
US WITH QUESTIONS
WE **COULD**
NOT ANSWER
...WE **AVOIDED**
THEM...TRIED TO
LEAVE...IGNORED
THEIR
INSINUATIONS
AND **REJECTED**
VIOLENT
ACTION...

AND
WHAT
NOW?

WE DON'T HAVE **TOO LONG**
TO MAKE A DECISION... WE
MUST GET **INDOORS** AND
AWAY FROM THE SUNLIGHT,
BEFORE **TOO LONG**,
BEFORE IT
KILLS US...

IT IS MY
PERSONAL
SUGGESTION
THAT WE
RETALIATE...

...I
AGREE...

...WE
MUST...



...THIS IS THEIR CAR...
THEY MUST BE INSIDE
THE HOUSE...



GOOD
GOD
ALMIGHTY!

...YOU DIDN'T KILL US...
YOU COULDN'T KILL US
...UNLESS YOU USED
MORE **UNORTHODOX**
METHODS OF **MURDER**...

OH MY
GOD...
WE
KILLED
YOU...

...LIKE A
STAKE
OR A
CROSS...



THEN...
THEN YOU
ARE
VAMPIRES...

BUT **HOW?**
...THE
SUNLIGHT
DIDN'T KILL
YOU...AND...
AND **WHY**
DIDN'T YOU
FIGHT
BACK?

...THE STORY OF
VAMPIRES DYING WITH
EXPOSURE TO **SUNLIGHT**
IS **EXAGGERATED**...

...IT TAKE
MANY
HOURS...



...WE DID NOT RETALIATE AT THE TIME
BECAUSE WE ARE...IN **OUR** TERMS, A
REFORM SECT...IN YOUR TERMS, AS
YOU SAID EARLIER, WE ARE SORT-OF-
LIKE **HIPPIES**...



WE
REJECT
THE
CORRUPT
AND **EVIL**
WAY OF OUR
FOREFATHERS
...OUR **PARENTS**
...JUST AS IN
YOUR SOCIETY
WE TOO HAVE
A **GENERATION**
GAP...

...EXCEPT THAT
IN OUR CASE
IT'S ABOUT
400 YEARS...

...WE **REJECT** OLD WAYS...**REJECT**
VIOLENCE AND MURDER WHEN NOT
NECESSARY...IT IS **IMMORAL**...

...BUT LIKE OUR **FOREFATHERS**.
EVERY SO OFTEN WE **NEED** BLOOD
TO **LIVE**...



...DON'T TOUCH ME...
GOD DON'T TOUCH ME...
DON'T TOUCH ME...

...AND **YOUR ACTIONS** HAVE GIVEN
US THE **EXCUSE** WE **CRAVED**
FOR **MONTHS!**



WHADDYA WANNA
DO TONIGHT
AL?

I DUNNO...

...I DON'T
WANNA DO
ANYTHING!

...I JUST WANNA
SLEEP...

WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY DELA ROSA

YOU WANNA
WASTE A
SATURDAY NIGHT
JUST SLEEPING?...

...WHADDA YOU
WANNA DO TONIGHT
MARCEL?...

...WE COULD GO
DOWN TO THE
DONUT SHOP AND
KILL SOME CREEPS...

...AW... CUT
THE HUMOR...

...OUR STORY BEGINS IN A
TEASING, TAUNTING, WARPED
KINDA WAY TO INTRODUCE SOME
OF THE **WEIRDOS** IN
MANHATTAN AND TO REVEAL THE
INSANE SECRET OF WHAT THEY DO
FOR KICKS ON **SATURDAY
NIGHT** WHEN OLD BROADWAY'S
NEON MARQUEES FLICKER-ON
TO REVEAL THE INSANE NAME:



THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD



...I GOT AN IDEA...

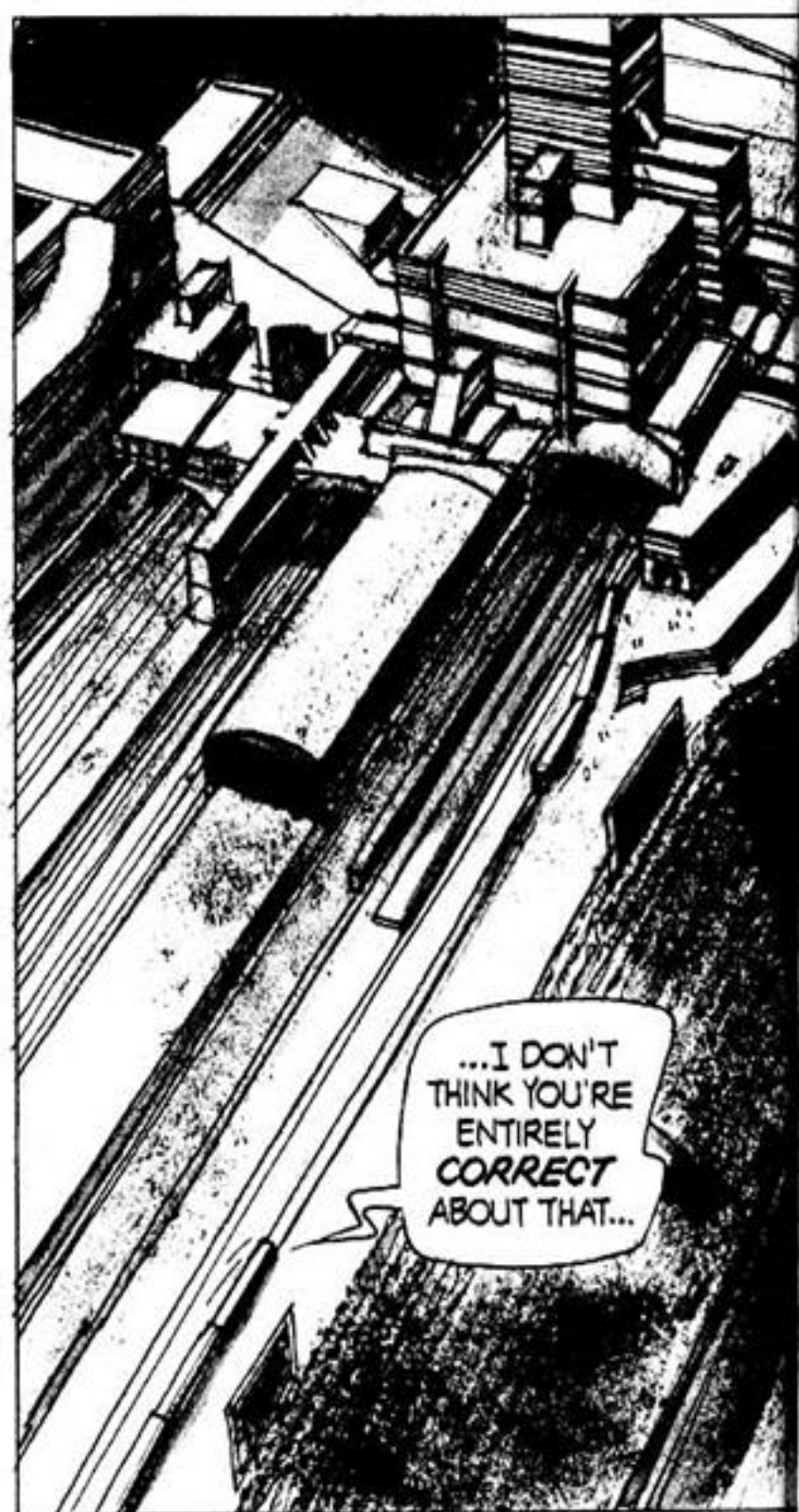
...LET'S STEAL
A SUBWAY
TRAIN!...

...WHO ARE WE
GONNA KILL **THIS**
TIME?...

STATION
CENTR











...WE SURE CREATED A
RUCKUS DOWN
THERE...

...YEH...IT'S **TOO BAD**
REALLY... WE COULDA
GONE TO SEE THE
BASEBALL GAME IF
WE'D THOUGHT OF IT
EARLIER...

...YEH...I
GUES THEY'LL
CANCEL THE
GAME NOW...



...LISTEN...SINCE WE
STARTED THIS NIGHT OFF
LIKE A RE-RUN OF **THE**
FRENCH CONNECTION
LET'S **FINISH** IT RIGHT
BY **STEALING** A CAR...

E 52 51

ONE WAY

NO
LEFT
TURN





...YOU REALLY
ARE A KILLJOY
AREN'T YOU?

WE'RE
GOING TOO
FAST...



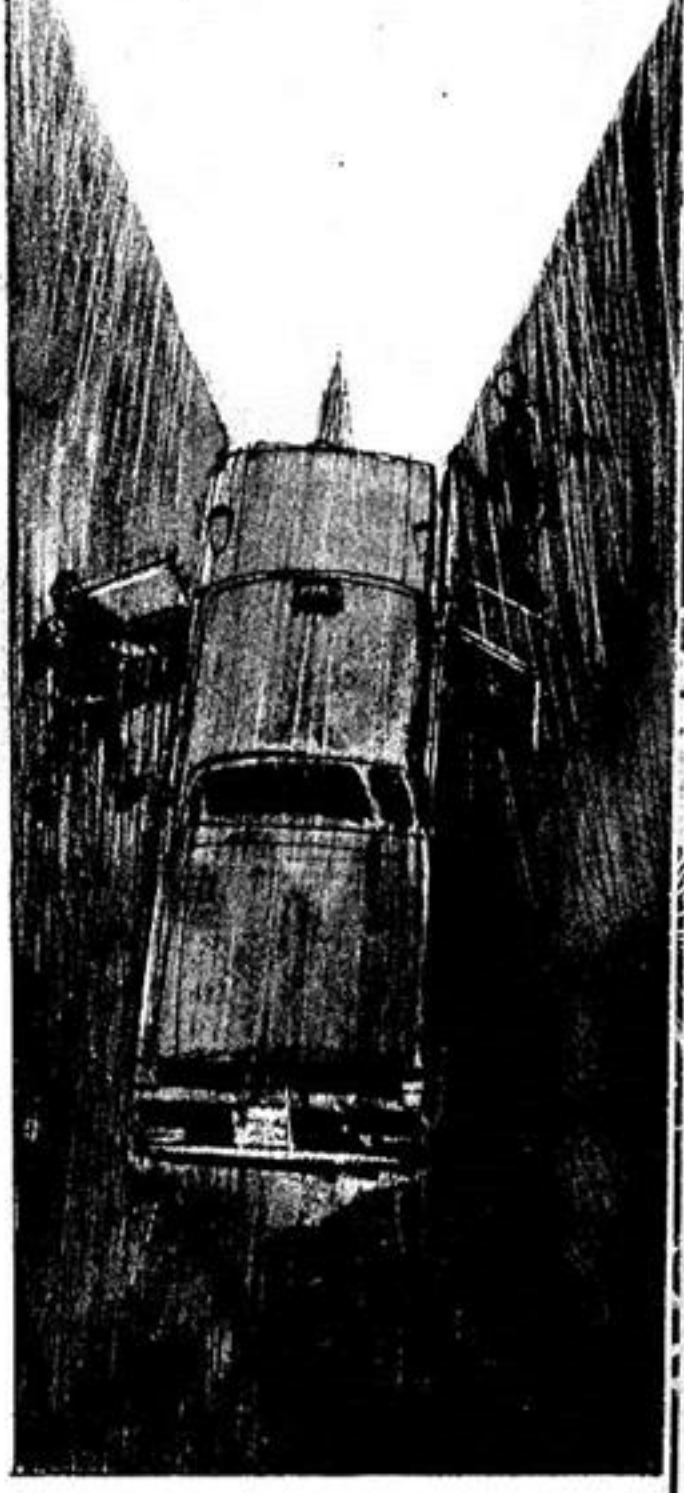
MY GOD WE'RE
SURROUNDED
BY POLICE CARS!



...WHERE'D
THEY COME
FROM?...

...WE'RE GONNA
HIT THAT PARKED
CAR!

...WE'RE
BEING
CHASED...



...MY GOD...
WHAT THE
HELL??

...THE CAR... DIDN'T HAVE ANY
DRIVER ... THE FRONT SEAT IS
EMPTY...

... TELL ME
HOW IT CAN THE
EMPTY PETE?...
TELL ME HOW IT
CAN BE **EMPTY?**

... **NOTHIN'**
IN PARTICULAR...

WELL, THAT
KILLS ANOTHER
SATURDAY NIGHT
IN THIS TOWN,
AL!...

THIS TOWN IS
DEAD... WHADDYA
WANNA DO **NOW**
FRED?...

... THAT'S HOW
I **DIED** IN THE
FIRST PLACE
YOU KNOW...

... LAST YEAR... I **STOLE** A
CAR AND **LOST CONTROL**
OF IT... IT WENT RIGHT INTO
THE **EAST RIVER** AND I
DROWNED...

... YEH?...

... I **DIED** IN
A **BANK**
HEIST...

... I **DIED** WHEN
MY **HOUSE** CAUGHT
ON **FIRE**...

... I WAS
SMOKING IN
BED!...

... THESE ... ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE **DEAD**...
... THESE ... ARE THE **DEAD THINGS** WHO WALK THE BIG CITY
STREETS ON A **SATURDAY NIGHT**... NOW THEY WALK INTO THE
BIG CITY **SUNSET**... THEIR EVENING'S **ACTIVITIES** ARE MORE-OR-
LESS **FINISHED**... THEY HEAD BACK FOR THEIR **CRYPTS**
SOMEWHERE UNDERNEATH THE BOROUGH OF **QUEENS**... AND
THEIR MINDS **DEGENERATE** AND **COLLAPSE** INTO **TOTAL**
OBSCURITY...
... FOR **THESE** ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE **DEAD**...

CLOAKED AS **SHADOWS**, FIGURES MOVE THROUGH THE CLOSE ALLEYS IN **DARKNESS**! THE RHYTHMIC BEAT OF 4 INCH HEELS SLICES THE STILL AIR, WHILE THE DULLED, PADDED SOUND OF SNEAKERS, THROBS CLOSELY BEHIND!! **ALL**, BUT A **STRANGE PREFACE** TO...

THE CRIME IN SATAN'S CRYPT!!



WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY ILLUSTRATED BY BORRELL

STICKY BLOOD DRIPS, AND MIXES WITH GRIME ON AN OIL-SODDENED STREET. **DEATH!!!** TONGUE-TISSUES DRY WHILE **PARCHMENT**-EYES GLARE AND STALKING FLIES KISS CRIMSON-SOILED SILK... **FEW EYES, HAS THE NIGHT!!**





WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE MAUSOLEUM,
A "HIT" MAN WATCHES ... HIS CONTRACT
FULFILLED ...

SOMEONE
MUST'A HEARD HER
SCREAMS!

NO BIG
THING!!

GOT MY FOOD
STORED HERE, AND
I CAN LAY LOW
FOR A COUPLE
OF DAYS!

WHO'S GONNA
LOOK IN A
TOMB!!

HA HA HA HAAAAA

GO ON, RUN YOU
FOOLS!! YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH DRAKE!!

DRAKE'S TOO
SMART... ALWAYS
THINKS AHEAD!!

ALWAYS COMPLETES
HIS JOB... NEVER
A HITCH!!...

GET'S HIS MAN,
EVERY TIME...

... OR WOMAN!!!



HUUUNNNNNHHHHH??!!

WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON??!

MUSIC??!
HERE??

IN A...
CRYPT??!

I SHOULD TAKE ABOUT TWO DAYS FOR THINGS TO COOL, THEN BACK TO L.A. FOR ANOTHER HIT!!

AS THE STRANGE, DRIFTING CHORDS SOAK THE DANK AIR..

THE ONCE DANK AIR, NOW LIES PERMEATED WITH THE FRAGILE WISPS OF MUSK THAT DRIFT FROM THE GRANITE BOWELS...



EMPTY!!

BUT, WHERE'S THE MUSIC COMIN' FROM??

IT'S SOME SORTA ENTRANCE!!

THAT'S ALL I NEED...

...COMPANY!!

THAT URN!!

IT-IT LOOKS LIKE ...

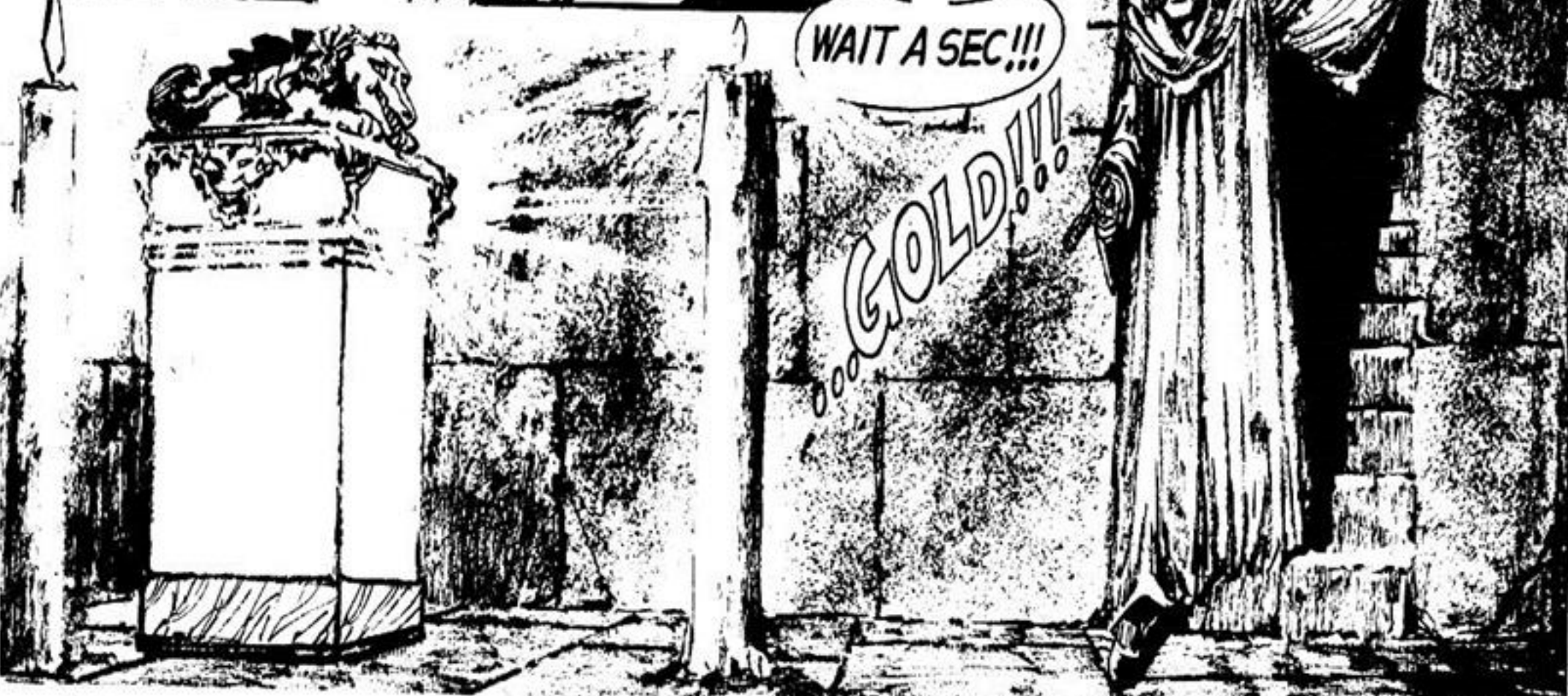
MUST BE SOME HIPPIE HIDE-OUT!

THEM WOW-BIRDS PROBL'Y MEET DOWN THERE 'N' SMOKE UPA STORM!

YEAH, I BETCHA THEY GOT SOME OF THEM HIPPIE CHICKS...

WAIT A SEC!!!

GOLD!!!



**GOLD!!
SOLID
GOLD!!**

**IT'LL
BRING A
FORTUNE!!**

**WHAT LUCK!!
COME INTA TOWN
T'DO A JOB...
...AND I WIND UP A
MILLIONAIRE!!!**

HA HA HA HAAAA!!!

**AS THE HAUNTING
LIGHT OF THE
BEESWAX CANDLES
CAST GROTESQUE
SHADOWS TO THE
STONE WALLS, SO
DOES IT CREATE
A STRANGE
REFLECTION IN
THE POLISHED
GOLD...**

**A CASKET!!
STRANGE, I DIDN'T
SEE IT B'FORE!!**

**THE GUY'S
EYES ARE OPEN...
...BETTER CHECK
'IM OUT... MAKE
SURE HE'S
STIFF!!**

**THOSE WHO PINE-CLAD DWELL,
WITHIN THE EMBRACE OF TUFTED
SILK, STIR NOT...**

**DEAD!!
HIS SKIN FEELS
LIKE WOOD!!**

**FUNNY, HE DOESN'T
LOOK DEAD...
...NOT ROTTING,
OR NOTHING!!**

**THOSE EYES!!
THEY DON'T LOOK
LIKE DEATH...**

**...THEY'RE STILL
MOIST...
...ALIVE!!!**

**SUDDENLY, THE ONCE DISTANT MUSIC IS
CLOSER, AND RACES TO A FEVER PITCH!!
BETWEEN THE LULLS OF CHANTING, HEAVY
FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD...**

**'BETTER
SPLIT!!...**

**... SOMEONE'S
COMIN'!!!**

A TRAIN OF SHADOWS PLAY UPON THE IGNEOUS WALLS...THE SOUND OF TAMBOURINES OF STRETCHED HUMAN SKIN, CHARM THE AIR...THE SCENT OF HUMAN FAT CANDLES SOLEMNLY LACES THE MUSIC!!!

TAMP TAMP TINGLE RINGLE
TAMP TAMP TINGLE RINGLE
TAMP TAMP TINGLE RINGLE
TINGLE RINGLE TINGLE RINGLE

TAMP
TINGLE
TAMP
TINGLE
TINGLE
TAMP

TAMP
TINGLE
TINGLE
TINGLE
TINGLE
TINGLE

SLOWLY...MORE AKIN
TO THE REALM OF
SHADOWS THAN TO
THAT OF THE LIVING,
THE COVEN CIRCLES
THE SILVER -
HANDLED CASKET...

HAIL
ASMODEUS...

HAIL
ASTAROTH...

HAIL
ZABULON...

EKO, EKO, AZARAK, EKO, EKO,
ZAMELAK, EKO, EKO, EKO, EKO!!!

SOON, THE ANCIENT RITUAL BEGINS...

I SUMMON AND CALL YOU,
MIGHTY ONES OF THE
NORTH, EAST, SOUTH AND
WEST, TO WITNESS OUR
RITES AND GUARD OUR
PEOPLE

HEAR US!!
HEAR US!!
POSSESS US!!

GUIDE US!! AID
US TO DELIVER
SATAN WITHIN
OUR UNHOLY
REALM!!!

WHAT A BUNCHA
FREAKS!!

'BETTER STAY
HIDDEN, 'N' WAIT
THEM OUT...

...CAUSE I AIN'T
LEAVIN' WITHOUT
THAT URN!!!

I COMMAND
YOU, LOTHODEUS,
PRIME MOVER OF
SIN AND DECAY-TO
RISE!!

GUIDE YOUR
PEOPLE, AND
PREPARE US FOR
THE COMING OF
THE MASTER...

...SATAN!!!

RISE!!
RISE!!
RISE!!
RISE!!

RISE LOTHODEUS!!!

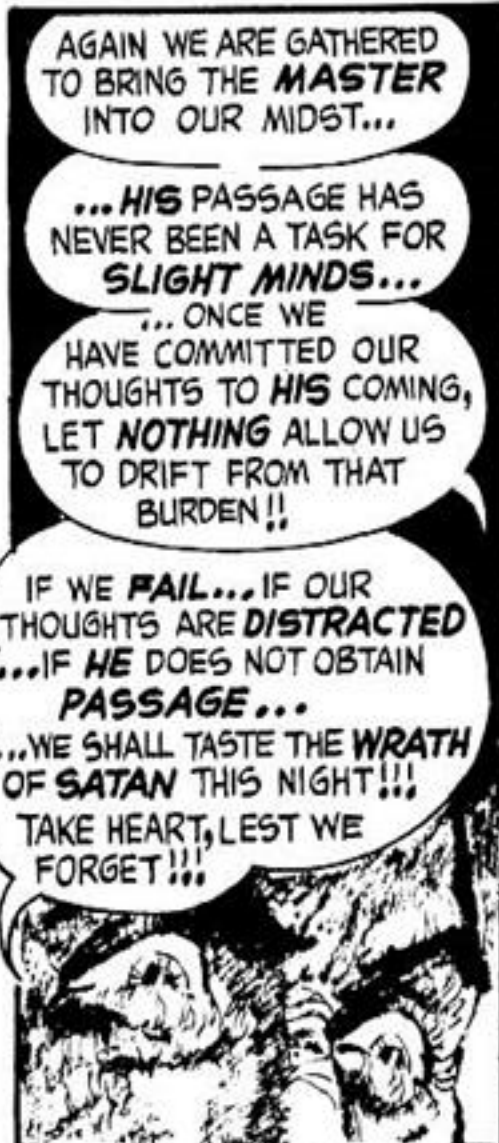


COME, **LOTHODEUS!** THE NIGHT GROWS LATE, AND THE **APPOINTED HOUR** DRAWS NEAR!!

SOON THE **MASTER** WILL JOIN US!

HE NEEDS YOU, AS HIS **GUIDE...** AND, OUR **COLLECTIVE** WILLS TO ENTER THE **REALM OF MEN!!**

COME, **LOTHODEUS!!** IT IS TIME FOR THE WORLD TO FEEL THE STINGS OF...
... EVIL!!!



AGAIN WE ARE GATHERED TO BRING THE **MASTER** INTO OUR MIDST...

... HIS PASSAGE HAS NEVER BEEN A TASK FOR **SLIGHT MINDS...**

... ONCE WE HAVE COMMITTED OUR THOUGHTS TO HIS COMING, LET **NOTHING** ALLOW US TO DRIFT FROM THAT BURDEN!!

IF WE **FAIL...** IF OUR THOUGHTS ARE **DISTRACTED** ... IF HE DOES NOT OBTAIN **PASSAGE...**

... WE SHALL TASTE THE **WRATH OF SATAN** THIS NIGHT!!! TAKE HEART, LEST WE FORGET!!!



THE **TRANCE** BEGINS! GUIDED BY **LOTHODEUS**, THE COVEN'S **COLLECTIVE** WILL BECKONS THE **MASTER** TO THEIR PRESENCE...

YES! YES!!

I CAN FEEL HIM...

... HE IS BREAKING THROUGH!!!

NOW'S MY CHANCE...
... WHILE ALL THESE **FREAKS** HAVE THEIR EYES CLOSED!!

THE **SILENCE OF MEDITATION** IS BROKEN, AS THE **ALABASTER PEDESTAL** CRASHES TO THE **STONE FLOOR**....



THE **URN OF SET!!!** HE IS **STEALING IT!!!**

KILL THE INTRUDER...

... KILL HIM!!!

RUN, DAMN IT!!!
RUNNN!!!

SSSSHHHH



GET HIM!!
SLAY HIM!!!

HAVTA GET OUTTA HERE ... QUICK!!!

STOP!!
STOP, YOU FOOLS!!

YOU HAVE BROKEN THE THOUGHT!!

HURRY...
WE MUST UNITE OUR MINDS...

BEFORE--
BEFORE...

FWOOT FWOOT FWOOT FWOOT

[illegible]

**GOTTA GET
OUTSIDE!! RUN!!
RRRRRUUNNN!!!**

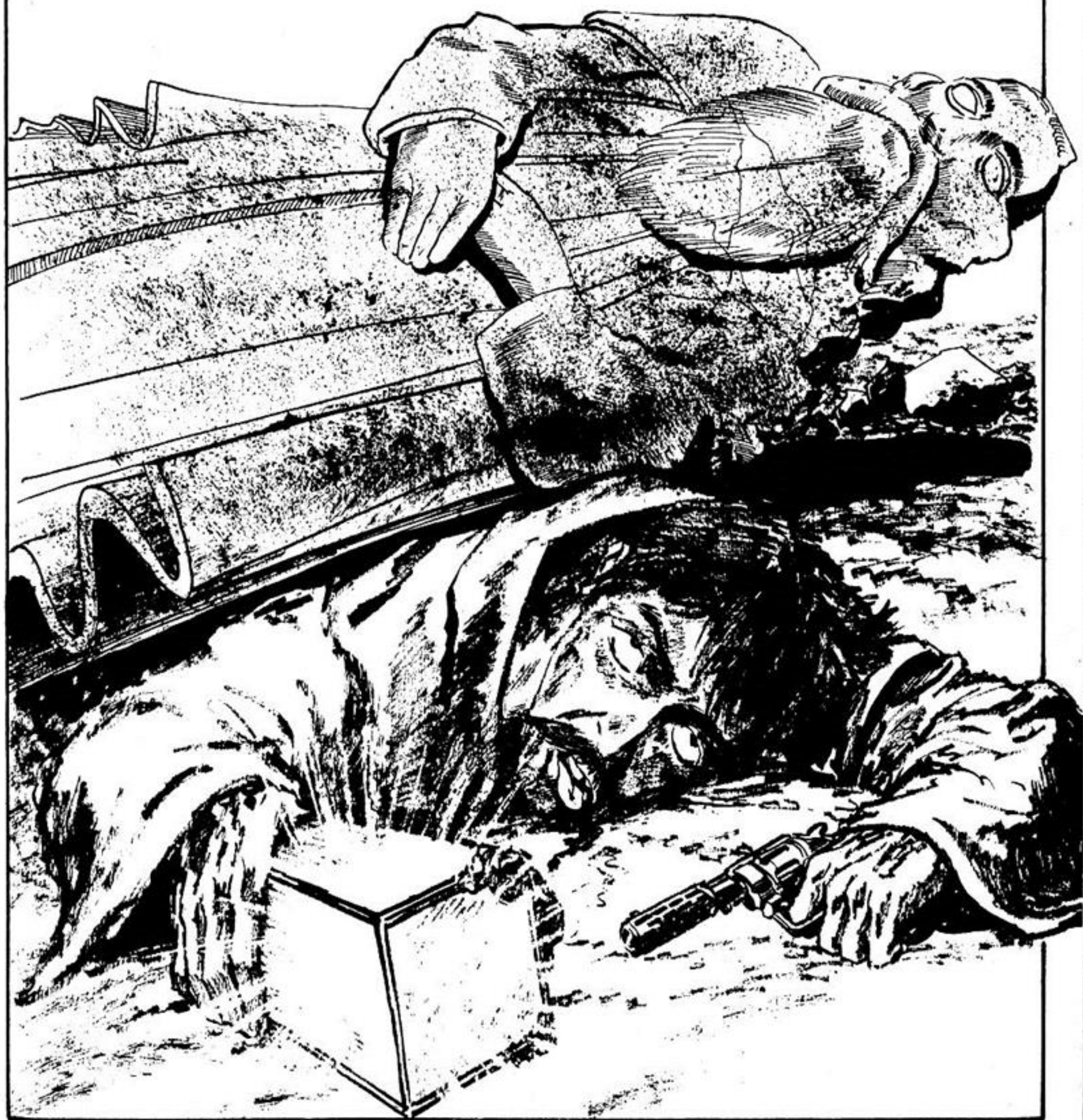
'WHOLE
PLACE IS COMIN'
APART AT THE
SEAMS!!!
'BETTER GET
THE HELL
OUTTA
HERE!!!

[illegible]

THO' ALL THINGS HAVE THEIR TIMES... AND ALL MEN,
THEIR **DESTINIES...STILL**, THE **HAND OF UNSEEN**
EVIL MOVES THEM AS **PITIFUL PAWNS!!!**

SAN FRANCISCO AREA RIPPED BY MIDNIGHT EARTHQUAKE!!! NO DEATHS REPORTED!!

POLICE SEARCH FOR WOMAN-KILLER!!



WALTER LYMAN'S GOOD MOOD IS ONLY MARRED BY THE FACT THAT HIS WIFE CAN'T GO BACK WITH HIM -- BACK TO HIS HOME TOWN FOR HIS HIGH SCHOOL CLASS REUNION. AND HOW LUCKY MRS. LYMAN IS TO MISS WHAT *WE* KNOW WILL BE:

THE LUNATIC CLASS OF '64

EMILIO BERNADO

... I JUST COULDN'T GET ANYONE TO STAY WITH THE KIDS, WALT!

I KNOW, HONEY, BUT I WANTED YOU TO MEET THE OLD GANG...

NOW DON'T GO FOOLING AROUND WITH YOUR OLD HIGH SCHOOL GIRLFRIENDS JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT THERE!!!

I'LL HAVE MY SECRETARY MAKE A NOTE OF IT, HEH-HEH!

HUM... I DIDN'T HAVE ANY HIGH SCHOOL GIRLFRIENDS!

WALT, I DUG UP YOUR HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK THIS MORNING. HOW COME THERE AREN'T ANY AUTOGRAPHS IN IT, HONEY?

HUH? HELL, I DON'T REMEMBER. MAYBE I WAS OUT SICK THE DAY WE GOT OUR YEARBOOKS. C'MON, I'LL MISS THE DAMNED TRAIN!

YES, THE LYMANS WOULD DO WELL TO GET ONE LAST LOOK AT WALTER... TO BLOW HIM ONE LAST KISS...

HAVE FUN, WALT!

BYE-BYE, DADDY!

...THE SKYWALK HORROR MOOD PROUDLY PRESENTS JAUNDICED JANE LYNCH FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE IN THE HORROR COMICS MEDIUM WITH HER TALE OF WALTER (MITTY) LYMAN AND HIS JOURNEY INTO HIS WRETCHED PAST...

...NOW... HE'S ON A TRAIN
HEADED FOR YESTERDAY...

I'VE REALLY
MADE SOMETHING
OF MYSELF THESE
PAST TEN YEARS
SINCE HIGH SCHOOL
GRADUATION...
AND IT WASN'T
EASY...

GOD IT'S BEEN YEARS
SINCE I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT MY
HIGH SCHOOL DAYS. I
WASN'T VERY POPULAR
THEN... HOW SOME OF
THOSE KIDS PUT ME
DOWN!!

YES, THEY HAD **TAUNTED** HIM. WALTER FLASHES BACK TO
A HUMILIATING EXPERIENCE OF HIS YOUTH...

LEOTA,
WILL YOU BE
MY DATE FOR
THE PROM?

ME! YOU WANT
ME TO GO TO THE
PROM WITH **YOU!!!!**
YOU MUST BE **INSANE**.
DON'T YOU KNOW THE
KIDS CALL YOU
"PIMPLES LYMAN????"

WELL, WALTER, DO YOU **REMEMBER** NOW WHY THERE
ARE NO AUTOGRAPHS IN YOUR HIGH SCHOOL **YEARBOOK?**

HEY, GUYS, LEMME
HAVE YOUR **JOHN
HANCOCKS**
HERE !!!

...ALRIGHT WALT--
HOW'S ABOUT THIS:
ACNE IS RED--
...BUT WE LIKE YOU A LOT...
EVEN THO YOUR **FACE IS
DEAD AND LOOKS LIKE
CRUMBLING ROT!...**

GOD, I'D... I'D
FORGOTTEN
ABOUT THAT!!!

NOW... WALTER IS BATHED IN A WRETCHED SWEAT... HIS MIND A FRENZY OF REMEMBERING...

JESUS, GUYS, I'D LIKE TO JOIN YOUR CLUB AFTER SCHOOL!

WE DOUBT THAT YOU'D BE ABLE TO AFFORD THE DUES, PIMPLES, ALTHOUGH YOUR MOTHER COULD GET ANOTHER JOB AS A WAITRESS!

HIS PEERS WERE DEGENERATE... CORRUPT PERVERSIONS OF YOUTH... YET WALTER WANTED TO BELONG, DIDN'T GIVE UP TRYING TO BE LIKED...

I...ER...I...AHH... WOULD YOU LIKE, AHH...

...SPEAK UP, STUPID... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

...I...ER... DO YOU WANT TO COPY MY AHH ~~CHOKE~~ MY... MY GEOMETRY NOTES FROM THE DAY YOU WERE ABSENT...?

...KATHY?...

NO! BRAD'S GIVING ME HIS NOTES... AFTER FOOTBALL PRACTICE... BUT THEN... YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FOOTBALL PRACTICE!!

WALTER, DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU EVER INVITE YOUR FRIENDS HOME AFTER SCHOOL?

I...I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS, MOTHER...

IN THE LOBBY OF THE LITTLE TOWN'S HOTEL, WALTER'S OLD CLASSMATES GREET HIM AND IT'S AS IF HIS UNPOPULARITY HAS BEEN ERASED FROM THEIR MEMORIES BY THE ONSLAUGHT OF TIME...

EACH OF THESE MACABRE RECOLLECTIONS FORMS A SPEAR TO PIERCE WALTER'S EBBING STABILITY...

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I'M A GROWN MAN... SUCCESSFUL... ADMIRABLE... THE PAST IS BURIED AND GONE... BUT-- BUT--

WELCOME HOME CLASS OF 64

HEY! WALT! GREAT TO SEE YOU!! LOOK, EVERYONE! WALT'S HERE!!!

WALT! YOU'RE LOOKING JUST MARVELOUS!! ...ARE YOU MARRIED?

AT THE REUNION BANQUET, THE PETTY HATREDS OF ADOLESCENCE HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN, BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR WALTER, WHO HAS PUT BOTH FEET OVER THE AMORPHOUS LINE OF *INSANITY*!



WHAT KIND OF MACABRE DEATH IS THIS? *LIVING* DEATH? IS THIS *HELL*? NO... IT'S A *HIGH SCHOOL*! THESE CHARRED, BLOODY CORPSES ARE *LUNATIC DISTORTIONS* OF YOUNG *STUDENTS*!





WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY COLLADO





... GET HER
OUTTA HERE
SKUT...

... SURE THING
AL - SURE THING...

YEH!! I THINK
THIS PLACE IS
GONNA DO US
JUST **FINE!!**



... ANYTHING
ELSE YOU
WANT **AL**?

...YEH... YOU CAN
GET US SOME **FOOD**
SKUT... WHADDYA
WANT BOYS?

...HAMBURGER
ANA BEER...

... HAM
SANDWICH AN'
BEER ...

...JUST
BEER,
SKUT...

...GET ME
SOME EGGS...
AND BEER...



... AN' **LISTEN** SKUT... DONT LET
ANY OF **ANGELO'S GANG** SEE
YOU... **KEEP OUTTA SIGHT...**

... SURE THING
AL... SURE
THING...



... A LOUSY FIVE
DOLLAR BILL... AN'
HE'S GOT **TWO**
HUNNED THOUSAND
OF 'EM IN HIS VIOLIN
CASE... HAMBURGERS
AN' EGGS...
... THAT'S ALL I AM... AN
ERRAND BOY... JUST
AN **ERRAND BOY**...



...HERE Y'AR
SCHNOOK...

SCHNOOCK!!?

...YEH... **SCHNOOK!**
WEASEL!! NOW
GET OUTTA HERE
YA SLIMY
LITTLE
CREEP...



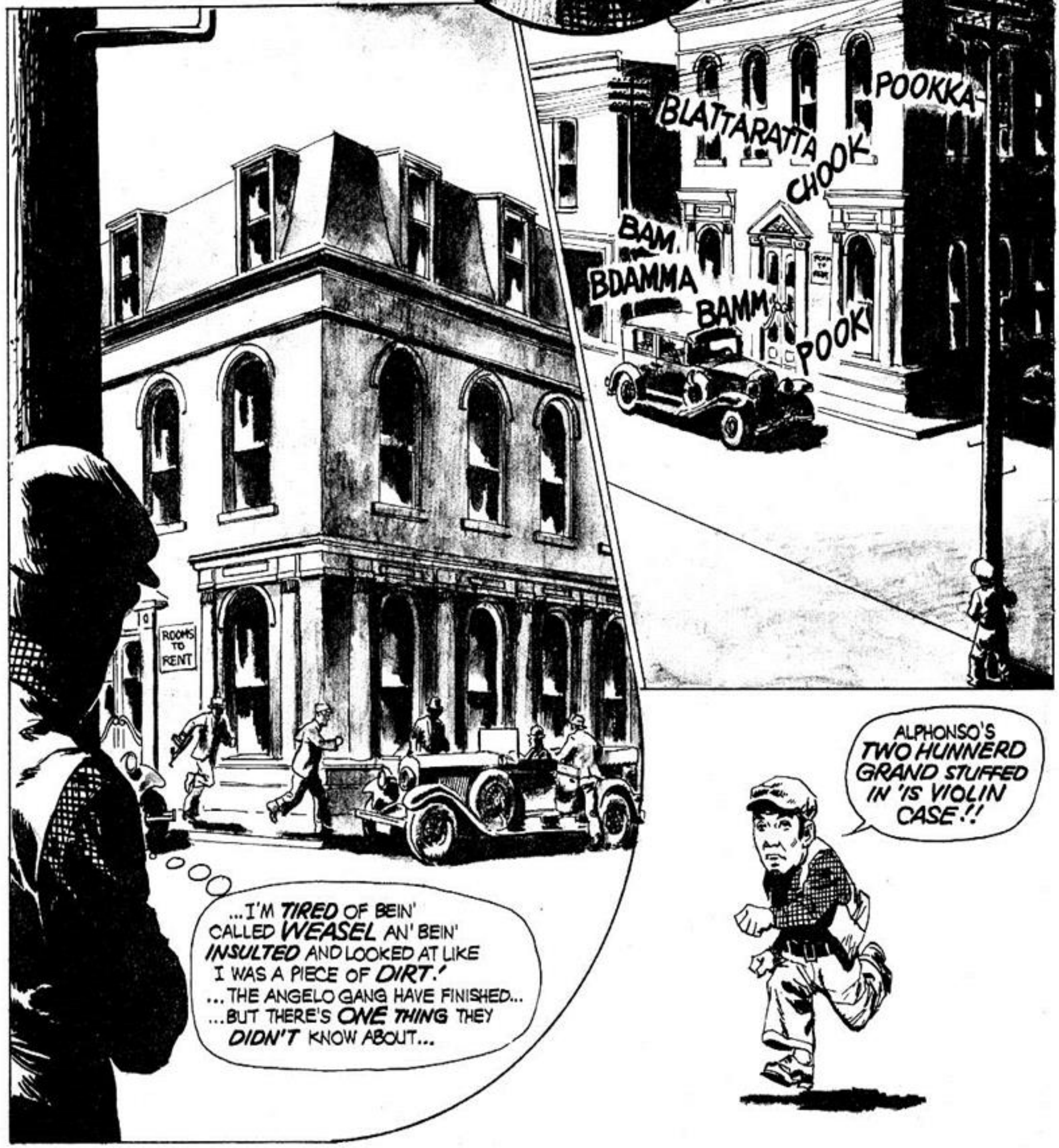
...YEH... IN THE
OLD ROOMING HOUSE
ON EDESEL STREET...

WHO IS
THIS?

... NEVER *MIND*
WHO IT IS... IF YOU
WANT THE ALPHONSO
GANG YOU KNOW
WHERE TO GET
'EM...

... ERRAND
BOY... WEASEL,
EH?... I'LL GET
MY REVENGE...

... THE ANGELO
GANG ARE PULLIN'
UP NOW... THE
FIREWORKS SHOULD
START ANY MINUTE...



BLATTARATTA
CHOOK
BAM
BDAMMA
BAM
POOKA
POOKI

ALPHONSO'S
TWO HUNNERD
GRAND STUFFED
IN 'IS VIOLIN
CASE!!

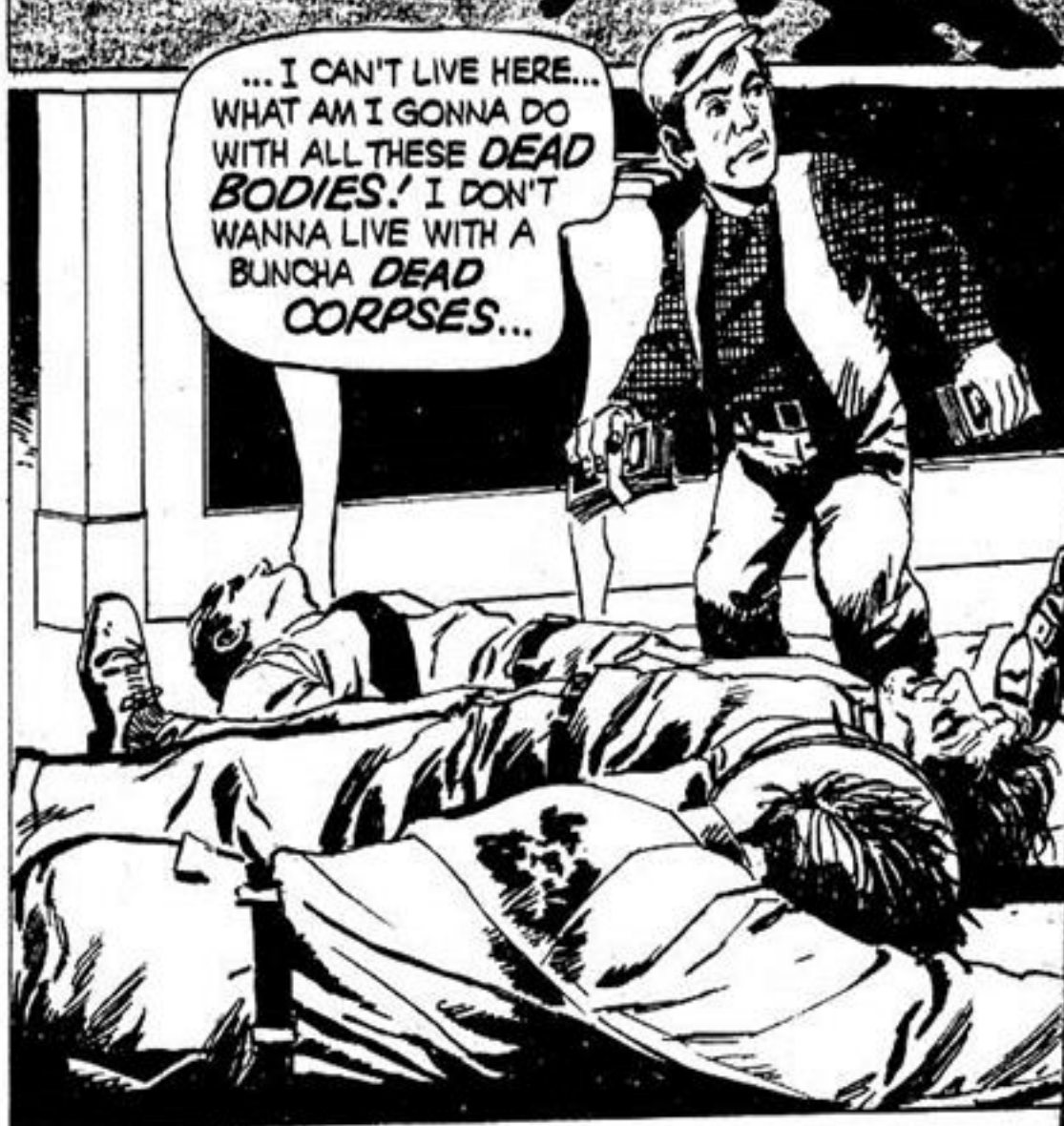
... I'M *TIRED* OF BEIN'
CALLED *WEASEL* AN' BEIN'
INSULTED AND LOOKED AT LIKE
I WAS A PIECE OF *DIRT*!
... THE ANGELO GANG HAVE FINISHED...
... BUT THERE'S *ONE THING* THEY
DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT...



...TWO HUNDRED GRAND...
AN' IT'S **ALL MINE**...
...TROUBLE IS... IT'S STILL
HOT... THE COPS ARE STILL
LOOKING FOR IT... AN' IF
THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR **IT** THAT
MEANS THEY'RE LOOKIN'
FER **ME**...



...MAYBE THIS
OLD PLACE WILL
MAKE A GOOD
HIDE-OUT
AFTER-ALL...
WHY NOT?... IT
AIN'T **TOO**
BAD...



...I CAN'T LIVE HERE...
WHAT AM I GONNA DO
WITH ALL THESE **DEAD**
BODIES? I DON'T
WANNA LIVE WITH A
BUNCHA **DEAD**
CORPSES...



...I'LL
BURY
'EM...
...IN THE
BASEMENT...





... THERE'S SOMETHIN' **STRANGE**
ABOUT THIS OLD HOUSE... I FELT IT
FROM THE **MINUTE** I FIRST **WALKED**
IN... THAT WEIRD OLD WOMAN - **SHE**
WAS STRANGE...
...MY GOD... **SHE** MUSTA KILLED
THEM...



SAY!! WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO THAT OLD
WOMAN'S **BODY**? I DIDN'T
FIND IT WHERE I **LEFT**
IT...



WHAT THE HELL
IS THIS? **MORE**
DEAD **BODIES**!!
... BUT **WHOSE**?...



...SOMETHIN' AWFUL
STRANGE HERE... WHY WERE
THERE NO OTHER
BORDERS...

HUH?

...YOU JUST 'MET'
THE OTHER BORDERS
...YOU JUST **DUG** THEM
UP OUT OF THEIR
GRAVES WHERE I
NEATLY AND
RESPECTFULLY
BURIED
THEM...

...THERE
WERE OTHER
BORDERS
MR. SKUT...

...BUT... BUT YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE **DEAD**...
I... I **SAW HUMP**
KILL YOU...

BDA
BDA
BDA

...FOOLISH
LITTLE
MAN...

...DON'T CALL ME
THAT!... WHY DON'T
YOU **DIE**?... YOU
SOME KINDA
VAMPIRE OR
SOMETHIN'...

...VAMPIRE?... DON'T
BE **FOOLISH** LITTLE
MAN... I'M JUST AN
OLD WOMAN...

...WELL
HOW-COME YOU
AIN'T **DEAD**,
OLD WOMAN?... YOU
GOT ENOUGH
LEAD IN YA TO
START A **GANG**
WAR!

...BUT I GOT A MORE
IMPORTANT QUESTION
FER YA BEFORE YOU ANSWER
WHAT YEW **ARE**...
...I WANNA KNOW WHY YOU
KILLED ALL YOUR
BORDERS...



I DIDN'T **KILL** THEM... THEY JUST **DIED**...

...JUST... **DIED?**... WHADDYA **MEAN?**

...JUST **DIED** FROM **OLD AGE**... I'VE HAD BORDERS A LONG LONG TIME MR. SKUT...



...HOW LONG?...

...SEVERAL **HUNDRED YEARS**...



...MY GOD... SHE'S A **NUT!**

...THIS WAS THE FIRST BOARDING HOUSE IN CHICAGO ... BUILT BY MY FATHER IN 1698 ... I'VE OPERATED IT EVER SINCE...

YE'R **NUTS**... YE'R A **RAVING MADWOMAN**... YE'R OUT OF YER **HEAD**...

WHEN MY BORDERS DIE... WELL, I WANT THEM TO FEEL AT **HOME**... SO I JUST **BURY** THEM HERE...

...THIS HOUSE AIN'T **NEAR** THAT OLD... YOU'RE NOT IN YER RIGHT **MIND** LADY... YOU GOT **TWENTY SLUGS** IN YA--YOU SHOULD BE **DEAD**...**NOBODY** CAN LIVE THAT LONG...YOU'RE JUST **MAD**... IF YEW WERE TELLIN' THE **TRUTH** YOU'D BE **DEAD** AND IN YER **GRAVE**...



...IN MY **GRAVE?**... I'M **NOT**...**NOT SANE?** **NOT ALIVE?**

...**NO**... NOT ON **ME**... WATCH **OUT**...



...MY GOD!! CAN'T MOVE... CORPSE HAS ME... **TRAPPED!**



...WELL... IT'S ABOUT **TIME** WE NAILED THIS **OLD DUMP CLOSED**...

...IT'S A **SHAME**... THIS PLACE IS A **LANDMARK**...

WHADDYA **MEAN?**

...ARCHITECTURE WAS **YEARS** AHEAD OF ITS TIME... THIS IS PROBABLY THE **OLDEST BUILDING** IN CHICAGO... WHEN THEY TEAR DOWN **THIS** OLD PLACE TOMORROW THEY TEAR DOWN A LOTTA **OLD MEMORIES**...

...SO ENDS THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT... IF YOU'RE WONDERING, SKUT'S STARVED REMAINS WILL BE FOUND ON THE MORROW WHEN THE WRECKING BALL IS DROPPED ON HIM... AND AS FOR THE OLD WOMAN DYING **SUDDENLY** LIKE THAT -WELL, YOU'D CRUMBLE TOO IF SOMEBODY TOLD YOU WERE TOO OLD TO **EXIST!**...

THIS IS THE **MONSTER**...A MADDENED CONGLOMERATION OF **RAGE** AND **FURY**. AN **INSANE** BEING WHO HAS RISEN FROM THE DARKNESS OF **DEATH**, BUT HAS NOT **ESCAPED** IT...

MONSTER, MONSTER, HEED DEATH'S CALL

DEATH
CALLS LOUDLY...
AND WHEN THERE
ARE THOSE WHO
ADD THEIR VOICES
TO **AID** IT THERE
CAN BE ONLY
DOOM IN THE
AIR!

WRITTEN BY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE

THE **AMULETS**
OF POWER ARE IN
THIS AREA. I **FEEL** IT. THE
VEILED LADY AND I HAVE
COME TOO **FAR** TO MISS
NOW...YOU SAY YOU **KNOW**
OF ONE WHO MAY
HAVE THE **AMULETS**?

YES...IF
ANY WOULD HAVE
THE **OLD WOMAN**
WOULD. HER NAME IS
KIRSTEN, AND SHE HAS
DESERTED US. SHE HAS
CAUSED MY BAND MUCH **GRIEF**
AND **HUMILIATION**!

THEN IT WOULD
BE **WORTH** YOUR
EFFORTS IN AIDING
ME TO GAIN YOUR
REVENGE UPON THIS
KIRSTEN? SHOULD YOU
HELP US HOWEVER, I CAN
ASSURE YOU THAT YOU
GAIN **MORE** THAN
REVENGE...

...DOES THIS
NOT SEAL THE
BARGAIN!

BARGAIN: NO WORDS OF **REFUSAL** COME FROM THE **PRINCE OF THE GYPSIES** AND A **PACT** IS MADE...ONE WHICH WILL AFFECT THE LIVES OF **THREE PEOPLE** WHO ASK FOR **NOTHING MORE** THAN THE QUIET PEACE OF **LIFE**. **THIS** ONE FOR INSTANCE, WHO AT THIS MOMENT **STARES** INTO A **CRIMSON AMULET**...

THERE IS **EVIL** IN THE AIR...THE **AMULET** SHOWS IT TO ME. ONCE AGAIN WE MUST **FLEE**...FOR TO LINGER MEANS **DEATH!**

HUSH, DAUGHTER. WE MUST NOT REMAIN HERE! **DEATH** CALLS THROUGH THE AIR THIS NIGHT...WE MUST **GO**...

MOTHER?

WHY CAN'T WE STAY JUST FOR ONE NIGHT?

YOU MUST **NOT QUESTION!** SHE **KNOWS** OF SUCH THINGS...

MY DAUGHTER IS **RIGHT**. DO **NOT** QUESTION ME! I HAVE THE MEANS TO REVEAL **ALL** THAT I HAVE **SAID** TO BE **TRUE**...HEED MY **WORDS**, YOUNG FRIEND...

...FOR IT WAS THROUGH MY **SOURCES** THAT I FIRST LEARNED OF **YOU!**

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO BE SAID. THEY MAKE THEIR PREPARATIONS, AND WHILE THE MOON SHINES FULL UPON THEM, THEY **LEAVE**...



WE CANNOT
STAY HERE FOR **LONG**
...ONE NIGHT **ONLY**.
WE ARE NOT
YET **SAFE!**

HE SEEMS
TO HEAR...AND
YET SHOWS **NO**
EMOTION. HIS
EYES ARE COLD...
DISTANT...



COULD...THE
MADNESS BE
CLUTCHING HIS BRAIN
ONCE **MORE?** **NO!** HE
MUSTN'T BECOME THE
MINDLESS CREATURE
OF **DAYS**
PAST!

BAH! I
COULD TALK
TO THEM THE
ENTIRE **NIGHT**
AND THEY WOULD
NOT **HEAR**.
BAH! THE
YOUNG...

IT HAS
STRUCK!
THE **MADNESS**
OWNS
HIM!

YOUR THOUGHTS TRAIL OFF, OLD WOMAN...
BUT WHAT IF YOU KNEW THE **REASON...** THE
CAUSE FOR THOSE ABOUT YOU NOT HEARING?
WHAT IF YOU KNEW OF THE **MADNESS** THAT
DWELLS WITHIN YOUR OWN CAMP? THE **MAD-**
NESS THAT IS FAR **WORSE** THAN THE **DEATH**
THAT **STALKS** YOU?



WHY
STARE, WENCH?!
WENCH!!

HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAA!!



INSANITY! IT **CREEPS** THROUGH THE
NIGHT, ITS FINGERS COVERED WITH THE
STUFF OF **NIGHTMARES!** FREEZING **ALL**
RATIONAL THOUGHTS...**ALL** HOPES FOR SANITY!
HE RUNS...LAUGHING...FOR **INSANITY** IS **BLISS...**



THE
MADNESS IS
UPON HIM...



PLEASE **UNDERSTAND**
ME, MY DAUGHTER! IF
WE DO NOT **LEAVE**,
WE **DIE!**



MOTHER...

HUSH,
CHILD...

WE MUST
LEAVE THIS PLACE.
WE ARE NOT **SAFE**
AS I **THOUGHT**.
ONCE **MORE** DEATH
CALLS...

...AND IF
WE REMAIN,
WE SHALL
DIE...



MOTHER...
WE **CANNOT**
LEAVE HIM
BEHIND! WE
HAVE TO FIND
HIM!
WE...

WE HAVE
TO
LEAVE!
WE HAVE
NO
CHOICE!



THEN YOU SHALL
DIE, OLD WOMAN... FOR
YOU ARE GOING
NOWHERE!

YOU HAVE
POWER, OLD WOMAN...
POWER THAT I NEED.
...AND I'LL
HAVE IT...

WHERE
ARE THE
AMULETS
OLD
WOMAN?



AMULETS? POWER?
I AM AFRAID I KNOW
NOTHING OF...

I'M AFRAID
YOU **DO!** I WANT
THOSE **AMULETS**...
I WANT THEM
NOW!



HE IS
NOT HERE...
THE **DAMNED**
MONSTER IS
GONE!

PERHAPS YOU DO
NOT **UNDERSTAND** ME OLD
WOMAN. I WILL STOP AT
NOTHING TO OBTAIN
THOSE
AMULETS...



NOTHING!!





NO... WAIT...

FEAR: SHIFT FROM ONE FOOT TO ANOTHER. YOU HAVE HEARD THAT INHUMAN **WAIL** BEFORE **HAVEN'T** YOU? YOU KNOW FROM THAT HORRIBLE THROAT THAT **UNEARTHLY** CALL ORIGINATES. BUT SO DO THE TWO WOMEN...



...THE CAUSE IS **MADNESS...**

OH, MY GOD!!



CAN'T IT? TRY AGAIN, AMERICAN HERO... YOU CAN KILL **ANYTHING!**

FLEE, COWARDS... RUN! LEAVE YOUR PRINCE AND HIS AMERICAN FRIENDS... FOR WHAT ARE **THEY** TO **YOU** WHEN THE MONSTER COULD RIP YOUR VERY **THROATS** TO **SHREDS**? BUT **YOU** WON'T FLEE, WILL YOU, **AMERICAN HERO**? NO, YOU'LL STAY AND FACE THIS **MONSTER...** FOR YOUR RIFLE CAN KILL **ANYTHING...**



NO... MY GOD
NO! IT'S DEAD!
I **SHOT** IT!



IT ADVANCES...AND **HATE**
CAN BE SEEN IN THOSE
ANIMAL EYES! HATRED FAR
WORSE THAN ANY EVER
BEFORE IMAGINED BY MERE
FRAIL MORTAL MAN.

**THIS IS
HATE!**



**DIE,
DAMN YOU!
DIE!**



BUT HATE DOES **NOT** DIE. IT FESTERS...
GROWS...EXPANDS! FOR YOU, AMERICAN
HERO, HAVE THREATENED THE LIFE OF SOME-
ONE WHO MEANS **MUCH** TO THIS **MONSTER...**
SOMEONE WHO CAN REACH **THROUGH** THAT
CLOUD OF **INSANE ANIMALISM...**



WATCH IT GET UP...THIS **MONSTER**
...AND ATTACK YOU AGAIN! YOU
CAN'T **SHOOT** IT...AND YOU CAN'T
CLUB IT TO DEATH...

**FOR HATE WILL
NOT DIE!**






NO...IT
CAN'T BE...
NO...
NO!



ARROOWWW



IT TURNS AND **SEES** THE TWO WOMEN, SEEMINGLY FOR THE FIRST TIME...AND FOR A FULL MINUTE IT STARES AT THEM...IT **ALMOST** SEEMS AS IF THERE IS LOVE IN THOSE ANIMAL EYES...

YES...ANIMAL LOVE *MIGHT BE* IMPOSSIBLE... BUT **HUMAN HATE ISN'T**. DEATH HAS **NOT** YET LEFT THE AIR **THIS** NIGHT...

...THE VEILED WOMAN TAKES OFF HER DISGUISE AND...



BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE... ISN'T IT?



THAT DAMNED MONSTER!

IF NOT FOR IT THE AMULETS WOULD BE MINE...BUT NO MATTER...THEY SHALL BE MINE, ANYWAY!

THAT OLD WOMAN SHALL DIE! AND THE MONSTER AS WELL...

NEXT: IN THE "MONSTER, MONSTER SAGA"...

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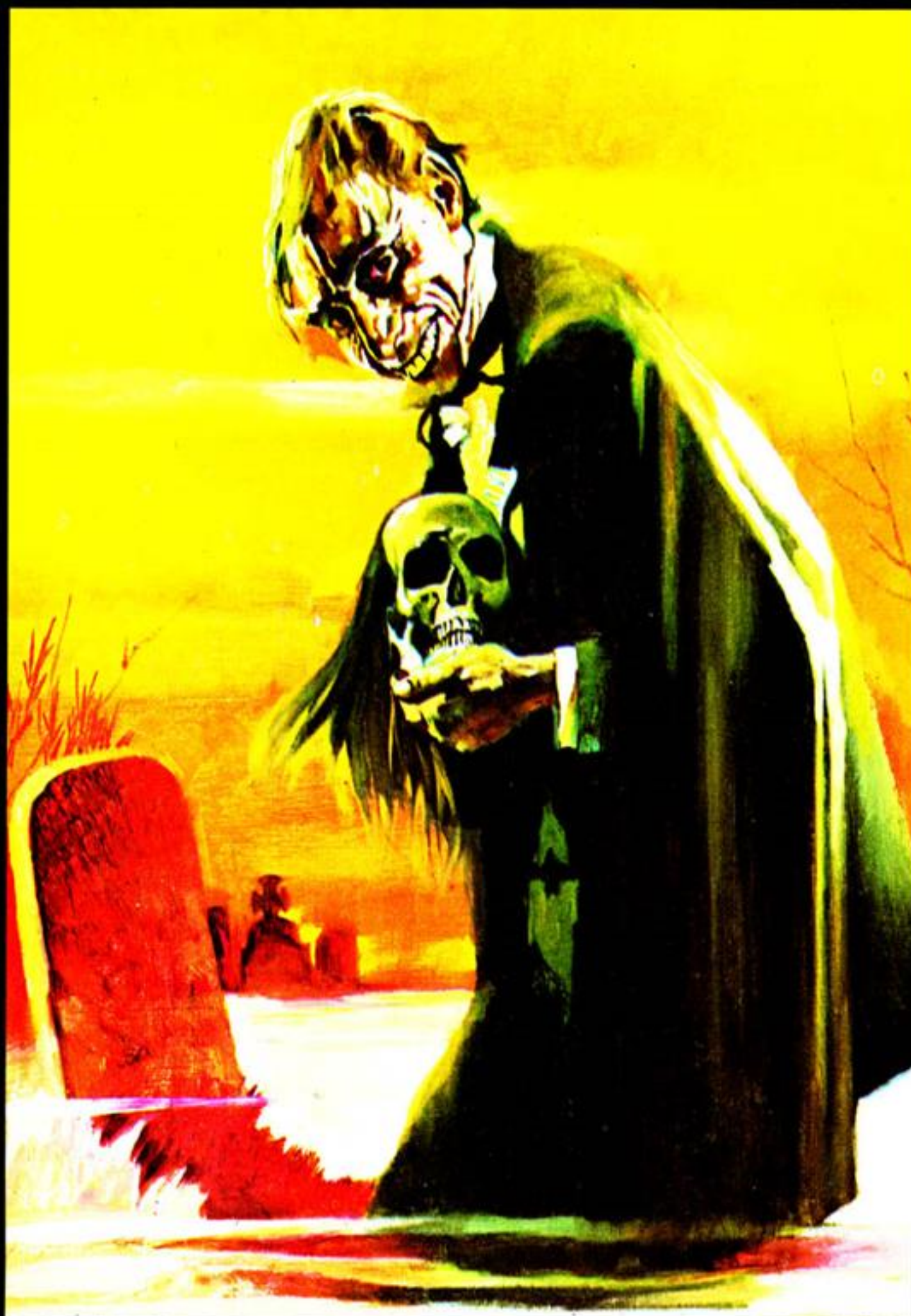
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