WARREN MAGAZINE

HELL BEGINS ON PAGE 33!

CREEPY®

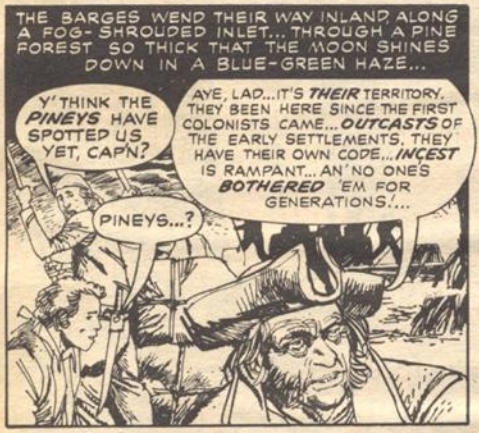
CREEPY #110

$1.75 56300-8

AUG. 1979

FOG SHIELDS THE NEW JERSEY COASTLINE LIKE A PROTECTIVE WRAITH... AND WITHIN IT, THE PRIVATEER WAITS...
IT'S THE MERCHANTMAN... RIGHT ON SCHEDULE... AN' HEADIN' TOWARD US.
WATCH YOURSELF, SIMON M' BOY... THESE TORIES CAN GET MEAN!
DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME, CAP'N PIKE!
THEN TAKE 'ER LADS!
WITH UNFLINCHING SWIFTNESS, THE PRIVATEERS SWARM OVER THE BRITISH SUPPLY SHIP... CUTLASSES SLASH AND CARVE... MUSKETS EXPLODE INTO FLESH...
PRIVAT... NNNGH!
BLAM
SURPRISE, MATEYS!
ANOTHER FAT TRANSPORT THAT WON'T MAKE NEW YORK HARBOR!
Snapper
WRITER: BILL KELLY/ART: LEO DURANONA

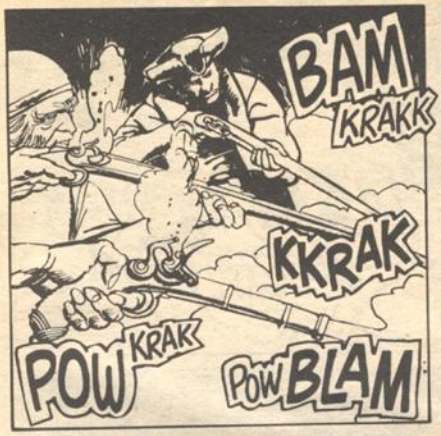
DARKNESS AND MIST CLING TO A NEARBY BAY, WHERE THE PRIVATEERS LOAD THEIR CONTRABAND ONTO BARGES...
CREW DEAD... SHIP SCUTTLED! THE ROYAL NAVY'LL BE AFTER US T'NIGHT FER SURE!
AYE, DENNY...LET'S GET THOSE BARGES LOADED. WE MUST BE IN THE PINE MARSHES 'FORE THE SWINE PICK UP OUR TRAIL.
AN' SIMON LAD... YE DID WELL ON YER FIRST TRIP OUT.
THANKS, CAP'N.


THE BARGES WEND THEIR WAY INLAND ALONG A FOG-SHROUDED INLET... THROUGH A PINE FOREST SO THICK THAT THE MOON SHINES DOWN IN A BLUE-GREEN HAZE...
Y' THINK THE PINEYS HAVE SPOTTED US YET, CAP'N?
AYE, LAD...IT'S THEIR TERRITORY. THEY BEEN HERE SINCE THE FIRST COLONISTS CAME... OUTCASTS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS. THEY HAVE THEIR OWN CODE... INCEST IS RAMPANT... AN' NO ONE'S BOTHERED 'EM FOR GENERATIONS!...
PINEYS...?

...THAT IS, TILL WE DECIDED THE PINE SWAMPS WAS A GOOD ESCAPE ROUTE T'NORTHERN JERSEY... IMPOSSIBLE FER THE BRITISH TO FOLLOW.
THE PINEYS AIN'T HAPPY 'BOUT ALL THE ACTIVITY WE'VE BROUGHT!
HO... ZEKE SEE SOMETHIN'...

PINEYS!
LOOK TO YOUR WEAPONS, LADS!

GET BACK, Y' FILTHY ANIMAL!
NOW LADS! KILL 'EM! KILL 'EM ALL!
NO, CAP'N!


BAM
KRAKK
KKRAK
POW KRAK
POW BLAM

W-WE COULD'VE GOT AWAY... YOU MURDERED THEM!
YE TALK LIKE A WOMAN LAD. THEY'RE ANIMALS... NOT HUMAN ... AN' NOW THEY'LL BOTHER US NO MORE!
...NOW YOU DONE IT... OH NO...

LATER THAT SAME NIGHT, AT A RIVERPORT TAVERN NORTH OF THE PINE MARSHES...
YOU'RE A DYING BREED, PIKE. ONCE WE TAKE NEW YORK HARBOR FROM THE BRITISH, THE WAR'S AS GOOD AS WON AND PRIVATEERS WON'T BE NEEDED.
AS YOU SAY, COLONEL... BUT MEANTIME, YOU'LL KEEP DISHIN' OUT THE SILVER FER THE GOODS WE BRING YA!
B-BIG JONAH COME NOW...

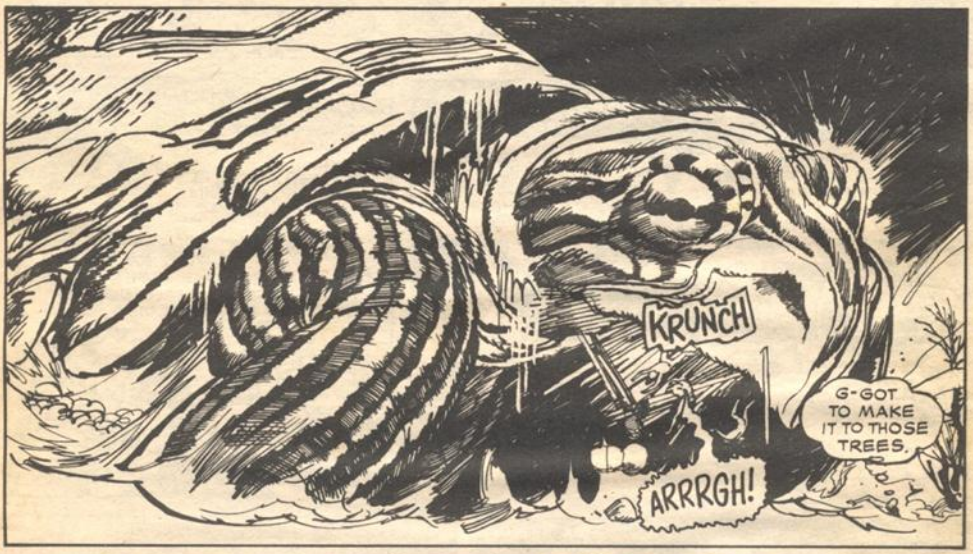
PIKE... TWO TRANSPORTS 'LL BE OFF THE JERSEY COAST TOMORROW NIGHT. DO YOU--
MERCHANTS BAY TAVERN NEW BRUNSWICK EST. 1763
TWO SHIPS IN ONE NIGHT! THAT'S A CHALLENGE NO MAN COULD RESIST!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT AFTER AN EASY VICTORY OVER THE FIRST BRITISH MERCHANTMAN...
THAT'S ONE SHIP DOWN! LADS!
TAKE THAT BARGE ON UP THE INLET AND WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE TAVERN... AFTER WE'VE SCUTTLED THE SECOND SHIP! DENNY, YOU'RE IN CHARGE... AND TAKE SIMON WITH YOU.
AYE, SIR.

WE'RE WELL INTO THE MARSHLANDS... AT LEAST WE WON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THOSE PIN...
LOOK YONDER, DENNY...

AIN'T THAT THE UGLIEST-LOOKIN' LIZARD YE EVER...

RAAAAHHHRRR
NO... NO...
JUMP FOR IT SIMON, BOY!


KRUNCH
ARRRGH!
G-GOT TO MAKE IT TO THOSE TREES.

GOD... NO...
HHHSSSSS
AAIIIEEE

DAWN IS STILL SEVERAL HOURS AWAY, AS CAPTAIN PIKE AND COMPANY POLE A HEAVILY LOADED BARGE DOWN THE INLET.
HAH! BY THE TIME THEY KNEW WE WERE ABOARD, OUR MUSKETS WERE AT THEIR BACKS. AND NOW THE BRITISH ARE ON OUR TAILS. PUSH, LADS. PUSH!
PIKE... LOOK!
SIMON!
R-RUN... RUN! ABANDON THE BARGE... AND RUN ...WHILE YOU CAN...!
WHAT?! ARE YOU MAD, BOY? THE BRITISH ARE RIGHT BEHIND US!
ABANDON IT, SIR... OR WE ALL DIE!
ALL RIGHT, LADS... HE LOOKS LIKE HE MEANS IT. LET'S GO! QUICK... INTO THE WOODS!
FROM THE THICKET, THE PRIVATEERS WATCH AS THE BRITISH NAVY PATROL SPOTS THE ABANDONED BARGE, BOBBING ON THE CURRENT.
CAREFUL, MEN. COULD BE A TRAP...!
SO MUCH FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK...
HEY... I HEAR...
BIG JONAH!
WHAT THE DEVIL...!
I-IT CAN'T BE...
RRAAHHRRR

THE PRIVATEERS WATCH AS THE GIANT TURTLE TOTALLY DECIMATES THE BRITISH VESSEL...
BIG JONAH... HE BEEN HERE FOREVER! THE PINEYS FED 'IM ...NOW THEY DEAD... JONAH HUNGRY!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE...!
DAYS OF FORCED INACTIVITY AND ANGER PASS AS THE SURVIVING PRIVATEERS SIT STARING GLUMLY INTO THEIR FIRE AT A WOODLAND CAMPSITE.
WE AIN'T MADE A RUN IN THREE DAYS...AN' THE REDCOATS ARE COMBIN' THE WOODS THINKIN' WE KILLED THAT NAVAL PATROL!
WHAT DO WE DO, CAP'N PIKE?
NO GODDAM SNAPPER'S GONNA MAKE A FOOL OUTTA ME... KILL IT!
AN' I KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT...
LATE THE NEXT NIGHT...
HIT 'IM HIGH IN THE LEGS...WHERE IT'S SOFT!
THEN I'LL PUT THIS HARPOON RIGHT THROUGH THE EYE ...INTO HIS BRAIN!
HERE HE COMES!
GET READY, LADS!

THE HUNGER-MADDENED REPTILE THUNDERS UP FROM THE SLIMY MIRE...
...AND THE PRIVATEERS PLUNGE THEIR HARPOONS INTO HIS ANCIENT FLESH...
HISSSSSS
LET 'IM HAVE IT!

...BUT THE DARING GAMBIT DOES NOT SLOW THE MONSTER DOWN FOR EVEN A HEARTBEAT...
...INDEED IT ONLY MAKES HIM ANGRIER!
RRRAHRRRR!!
I-IT DIDN'T WORK! PIKE... YOU FOOL!

YAAGH!
CHOMP!

IN DESPERATION, PIKE TURNS TO THE MILITIA FOR HELP...
...AN' THAT'S THE STORY. N-NOTHIN' CAN KILL BIG JONAH... WITHOUT THE MILITIA'S HELP... WE'RE LOST!
NO, PIKE. EVEN IF I KNEW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, I CAN'T SEND A GARRISON INTO THE PINE BARRENS!
BESIDES...THANKS T'YOUR HANDIWORK, THERE'S A BRITISH MAN-O-WAR PATROLLING THE COAST. I NEED EVERY MAN HERE!
A WARSHIP, EH? HMM...

THAT NIGHT.... PIKE AND HIS CREW ROW OUT TO SEA IN A 12-FOOT LONG WHALE-BOAT. AHEAD IS AN IDLING WARSHIP...
IF THIS WORKS AS WELL AS YER LAST IDEA, WE'LL ALL BE D--
QUIET! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'! THE LAST THING THAT WARSHIP EXPECTS IS T'BE BOARDED THEMSELVES!

NNINGGGKKK
NOW BE SWIFT, LADS... POWDER, CANNON SHOT, BOMBS... ANYTHING EXPLOSIVE YE CAN FIND ON DECK!

SOON DEEP IN THE PINE BARRENS...
MAKE SURE THE "MERCHANDISE" IS SECURED TO THE BARGE, LADS... AND GET OFF! THAT SCARE CROW'LL CONVINCE 'IM SOMEONE'S ABOARD AND LURE HIM TO ATTACK!
YOU'VE SACRIFICED YOUR HAT IN A GOOD CAUSE, SIR!
LISTEN! HEAR SOMETHIN'? HURRY AND LIGHT THE FUSE!

SSSRRRRRR
SIMON... MOVE!

HSSSSSS
HE'S GOING FOR IT! HE'S OPENING HIS MOUTH TO TAKE A BIG BITE... AND WHEN HE DOES...

WRAM-
KA-BOOM

THE NEXT EVENING AT THE NEW BRUNSWICK TAVERN, A VICTORY CELEBRATION GETS UNDER WAY!
WASHINGTON'S TAKEN THE BRITISH AT YORKTOWN, PIKE... THE TORIES'LL BE FLEEIN' NEW YORK HARBOR LIKE RATS...
YOUR PRIVATEERIN' DAYS ARE OVER!
THEY'RE OVER ANYWAY, COLONEL!
WHAT D'YE MEAN, SIR? BIG JONAH'S DEAD!

HE IS THAT, LAD. BUT I SPIED SOMETHIN' BACK IN THE SWAMP... EGGS... TURTLE EGGS... READY TO HATCH! Y'SEE, IT APPEARS BIG JONAH WAS A FEMALE TURTLE!

..."AN' THE WAY I FIGURE IT THE MAN-O-WAR PATROL THAT'S BOUND T'BE LOOKIN' FER US... SHOULD ARRIVE JUST IN TIME FER BREAKFAST!"

LATER, AS NIGHT FADES TO DAWN...
NO STOMACH FOR PARTYIN', LAD? THEY'LL BE CELEBRATIN' THE DEATH OF THEIR "MONSTER" ALL DAY...!
NO STOMACH FOR PRIVATEERIN', I GUESS, COLONEL... STILL...
...SOMETHIN' PIKE SAID... KEEPS GNAWIN' AT ME. SOMETHIN' ABOUT THEM EGGS... AN' BIG JONAH'... DON'T MAKE SENSE...
MY GOD... IF BIG JONAH WAS A FEMALE ...AN' LAID EGGS... THERE'S GOT TO BE...
A MALE!
C-COLONEL... DO YOU HEAR THAT ROARING BACK THERE? IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE HAPPY SHOUTS OF CAROUSING PRIVATEERS... DOES IT?
RRRRAAAARR
...AND AT THE TAVERN, PIKES PRIVATEERING DAYS ARE DEFINITELY OVER.
AAIIEEE!
EEAAAGH!
END

SCI-FI FULL COLOR POSTERS

THE ALLIGATOR Big 20"x28" full color poster of a slime covered alligator getting a case of the munchies! #29017/$3.00

THE GOLDEN AMAZON Boris Vallejo strikes again in this 20" x28" full color poster of a barbarian queen! #29018/$3.00

THE SCARLET DEMON Boris yet again in this 20"x28" full color poster of a demon from the depths of hell! #29019/$3.00

POSTERS FROM BEYOND SPACE, POSTERS FROM BEYOND TIME, POSTERS FROM BEYOND MAN'S IMAGINATION!

GREEN BRAIN A hive intelligence unleashes its armies on an unsuspecting Earth! 22"x35". All in full color! #29003/$2.50

STAR SQUAD Alien beings blast off for the ultimate armageddon among the far stars! 22"x35"! All in full color! #2998/$2.50

WOLF-MAN A carnage encrusted poster of the wolf-man in a big 20"x28" format in grisly full color! A horror must! #29020/$3.00

CHILDREN OF TOMORROW Oh! What glorious mysteries await our children's progeny! 22"x35". All in full color! #29009/$2.50

BATTLE OF THE GALAXIES Space battles erupt as defending craft are blasted into smithereens by voracious aliens of the rim! Big 22"x35"! All in full color! #2999/$2.50

THOSE WHO WATCH An enormous alien craft hovers mysteriously above a multi-mooned & lovely world, a sun rises in a saphire sky! Big 22"x35"! All in full color! #29001/$2.50

EARTH ENSLAVED The Earth is engirdled by a matrix of golden pentahedrons! An enslavement which brings our childhood to an end! Big 22"x35"! All in full color! #29002/$2.50

PLANET OF THE BLIND Blasting off from the stellar central spaceport, ships climb a fiery column of star reaching flame! Big 22"x35"! All in full color! #29004/$2.50

JEWEL OF JAHREN A diamond yellow sun set in an emerald sky is eclipsed by a spaceship of unknown origin and purpose! Death? Big 22"x35"! All in full color! #29006/$2.50

BRAIN WAVE A beautiful visualization from Poul Anderson's book in which the I.Q. of every living thing on Earth rises greatly! Big 22"x35"! All in full color! #29008/$2.50

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

SUNSET FARMS

WRITER: GERRY BOUDREAU & ALEX SOUTHERN/ART: RUDY NEBRES

IT WAS A **CAREFULLY WORDED** SPIEL BUT I WASN'T IMPRESSED.

AS A CORPORATION EXECUTIVE, I MYSELF HAD MANIPULATED **WORDS**, AS EASILY AS MEN, BUT FOLLOWING ADVICE OF A POLITICIAN FROM A BYGONE ERA, HAD **SPOKEN SOFTLY** AND CARRIED A BIG **STICK**.

RACHET HERE WAS MY STICK. HE WAS MY **HIT MAN**... NOT MUCH IN THE I.Q. DEPARTMENT BUT HE WAS UNQUESTIONINGLY **LOYAL**. WHEN I GAVE THE **NOD**, HE **PULLED** THE **TRIGGER** AND NEITHER OF US REGRETTED THE LIFE WE'D CHOSEN. TILL NOW...!

NOW, HERE WE WERE A PLANET FULL OF THE MEANEST, BADDEST AND REGRETABLY OLDEST OF THE MOBSTERS THAT CALLED THEMSELVES THE **CORPORATION**...

...SUPPOSEDLY WE'D ALL **RETIRED** HERE. ACTUALLY, THE YOUNGER **CORPSE** MEMBERS HAD ORCHESTRATED A COUP AND **SUNSET FARMS** WAS THE RESULT. TOO SMART TO MURDER US OUTRIGHT, THEY **EXILED** US HERE TO THIS **ARTIFICIAL** PARADISE ... THIS **WAKING DEATH**.

AS SOON AS WE LANDED THEY HAD US **VACCINATED, STERILIZED, TRANQUILIZED** AND **HERDED** INTO IDENTICAL SUITES.

SURE OUR QUARTERS WERE LUXURIOUS AND THEY **FOOLED** MOST OF US. ME? I RECOGNIZE A **PRISON** WHEN I SEE ONE, EVEN IF THE BARS ARE **GUILDED**.

I DECIDED TO MAKE THE BEST OF THE SITUATION... WHICH MEANT **TAKING OVER**. THE MEANS WERE **OBVIOUS**. THE WHOLE AREA WITH THE **POSSIBLE** EXCEPTION OF US OLD FOLKS, WAS COMPUTER RUN AND MECHANIZED. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS GAIN CONTROL OF THE COMPUTERS THAT FED INFORMATION ON THIS BURG INTO **CORPSE**.

I PUNCHED RACHET ON THE COMPU-PHONE...

I SEE YOU'RE BUSY PLAYING WITH COMPANY DOLLS, RACHET, SO I WON'T DETAIN YOU. JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE **AVAILABLE!**

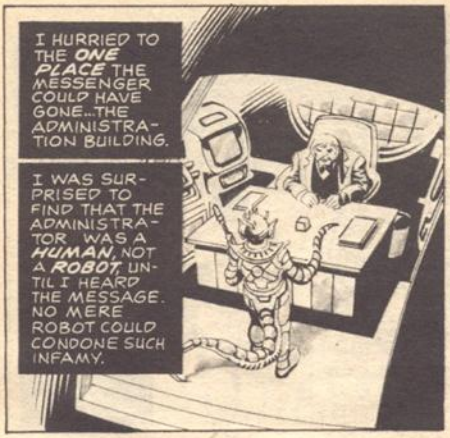
AVAILABLE? AVAILABLE MEANS **WORK**, BOSS... I'M NOT AN **EMPLOYEE** NOW!

YOU AN' ME ARE **EQUALS** HERE, REMEMBER?

THAT WORRIED ME. RACHET USED TO LOVE HIS WORK... HE'D SOONER SNUFF SOMEBODY THAN EAT, SO I FIGURED IT WAS THE **TRANQUILIZER DRUGS** TALKING, NOT RACHET. ME? I PALMED MINE AND SWALLOWED A PLACEBO. THE MEDI-DROIDS COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE.

COMPUTERS WERE REAL **EASY** TO FOOL IF YOU HAD THE KNACK AND I'D BEEN JIMMYING THEM FOR YEARS. AS LONG AS I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO ALARM THEM, THEY'D FIGURE I WAS A DRUGGED SHEEP LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE.

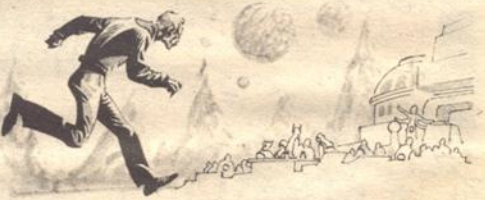
IT BOTHERED ME SOME THAT RACHET HAD LET HIMSELF GET DRUGGED INTO THIS STATE, BUT HE'D NEVER BEEN LONG ON BRAINS. I DARED NOT WARN HIM THEN, SINCE OUR CONVERSATION WAS SURELY BEING RECORDED.
I THOUGHT ABOUT IT FOR A WHILE, THEN DECIDED TO SPEAK TO HIM IN PERSON... GET HIM OFF THE DRUGS VOLUNTARILY, IF POSSIBLE... THOUGH I FEARED THEY'D INCLUDED AN ADDICTIVE.
I WORRIED THAT RACHET WOULD DEVOUR MORE AND MORE OF THE MIND-NUMBING SUBSTANCE TILL HE BECAME A WALKING VEGETABLE LIKE THE OTHERS...
...THE ONLY STATE THAT COULD MAKE THIS MORIBUND EXISTENCE PALATABLE TO SOME OF THE MOST HARD DRIVING, RUTHLESS MEN IN THE UNIVERSE.
THE DISTURBANCE AHEAD CONFIRMED MY WORST FEARS.
WE DON'T DO ANYTHING... THINK ANYTHING... THEY CONTROL US WITH DRUGS... IN OUR FOOD ... IN THE AIR WE BREATHE...!
WE'RE TRANQUILIZED INTO TERMINAL BOREDOM! THERE'S NO ESCAPE! NONE EXCEPT...
BLAM
SO I WASN'T THE ONLY SUSPICIOUS SOUL. OF COURSE THEY'D HAVE WAYS TO CONTROL THE TROUBLEMAKERS... THE ONES TOO WARY TO SWALLOW THEIR PILLS. THE FOOD, THE WATER, EVERYTHING WAS PERMEATED WITH THE DRUGS!
IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME TILL I TOO SUCCUMBED.
I'D BEEN TRAINED TO RESIST MIND-CONTROLLING DRUGS, HOWEVER, AND I PLANNED TO EAT AND DRINK SPARINGLY AND DEVOTE MY ENERGIES TO GETTING OFF SKYROID.
THAT POOR SUCKER HAD OBVIOUSLY RESISTED ALSO... AND LOOK WHERE IT GOT HIM. IT WORRIED ME THAT THE AUTHORITIES TOOK HIS DEMONSTRATION SO CALMLY. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN REAL SURE OF THEIR CHARGES.
A SHIP ZOOMED OVERHEAD WITH A VIBRATION THAT COULD BE MORE FELT THAN HEARD. I GLANCED UP CURIOUSLY, BUT NO ONE ELSE EVEN TURNED HIS HEAD.
MUST BE AN OFFICIAL MESSENGER. I WONDER WHAT... AND WHY?
BETTER CHECK IT OUT... IT MAY BE THE ONLY ESCAPE.


I HURRIED TO THE ONE PLACE THE MESSENGER COULD HAVE GONE...THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.
I WAS SURPRISED TO FIND THAT THE ADMINISTRATOR WAS A HUMAN, NOT A ROBOT, UNTIL I HEARD THE MESSAGE. NO MERE ROBOT COULD CONDONE SUCH INFAMY.

CHARLIE SCOPE, THE ADMINISTRATOR INSERTED THE COMMUNNI-CUBE INTO THE COMPUTER AND LISTENED.
SET DIAL 1334-A TO 7.498 DEGREES TO IMPLEMENT AN IRREVERSIBLY SEVERE ELECTROMATIC DISTURBANCE WHICH WILL CAUSE THE MOON SKYROID TO CRASH INTO THE MOTHER PLANET'S SURFACE.

THE UNFORTUNATE DESTRUCTION OF ALL INCARCERATED ON THE MOON WILL BE EXPLAINED AS AN UNFORSEEN NATURAL DISASTER.
AFTER SETTING THE DIAL...YOU WILL HAVE ONE HOUR TO ABANDON SKYROID, USING THE COURIERS SHIP. REPEAT: ABANDON SKYROID IMMEDIATELY. THE COURIER MUST REMAIN BEHIND TO AVOID SECURITY LEAKS.
THE COURIER WAS RYGELLIAN BUT THE COMMUNI-CUBE WAS IN BASIC ENGLISH, WHICH THE COURIER OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

OTHERWISE HE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HAVE, AT THE ADMINISTRATOR'S SUGGESTION, STOPPED FOR A LITTLE R AND R BEFORE STARTING HOME.
HE'D HAVE SEEN CHARLIE FIDDLING WITH THOSE DIALS AND WOULD HAVE RUN, NOT WALKED, FOR HIS SHIP AND GOTTEN THE HECK OFF THAT PLANET AS FAST AS HE COULD...
...WHICH WAS EXACTLY WHAT I PLANNED TO DO...AND I WASN'T GOING ALONE. I WAS TAKING RACHET WITH ME, EVEN IF I HAD TO DRAG HIM KICKING AND SCREAMING FROM THIS LAND OF LOTUS EATERS.



RACHET, I HAVE TO SEE YOU! NOW!
I-44!
MAN, WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? YOU DON' GIVE ORDERS NO MORE!
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYIN' T' CONCENTRATE. I CAN'T HEAR THE NUMBERS WI' YOU JABBERIN'!

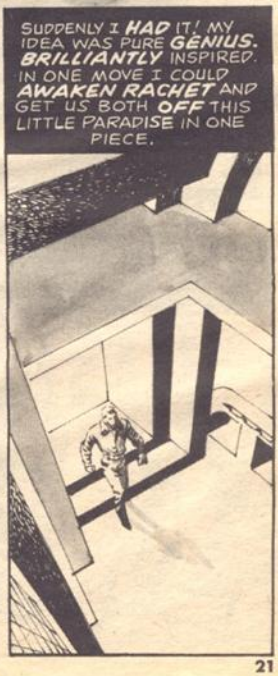
I-44! BINGO! I WIN!
RACHET, PLEASE THIS IS IMPORTANT!
SIR? SIR?

SIR, WE REQUEST THAT YOU EITHER PARTICIPATE IN THE GAME OR WATCH FROM OUTSIDE THE PLAYING AREA.
I WANTED TO WIPE THAT FATUOUS SMIRK OFF RACHET'S FACE. MY NEWS WOULD DO IT, BUT BLURTING IT OUT HERE WOULD ENDANGER OUR ONE HOPE OF ESCAPE.

WOULD YOU LIKE A CARD, SIR?
UH... N-NO! NO THANKS!

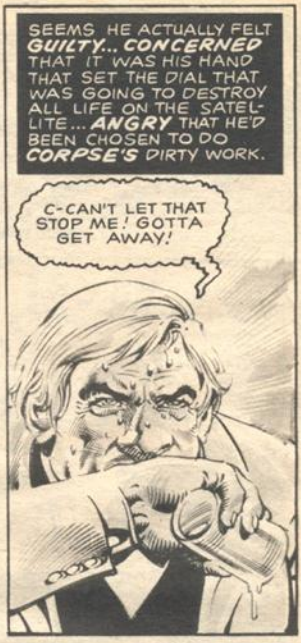
I'D HAVE TO GET US OFF THIS SATELLITE SOON... WITHIN THE NEXT HOUR. THAT PART'D BE EASY. THE HARD PART WOULD BE LURING RACHET AWAY FROM HIS BINGO GAME.
NOW YOU MIGHT WONDER WHY I DIDN'T JUST LEAVE HIM. I WAS TEMPTED. BUT HE'D WORKED FOR ME FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS ...EVEN SAVED MY LIFE A COUPLE OF TIMES... AND I WASN'T GOING TO ABANDON HIM UNLESS I HAD TO.

WHAT LITTLE BRAIN HE HAD LEFT WAS TEMPORARILY IN-OPERATIVE OR HE'D HAVE KNOWN SOMETHING WAS UP.
HE'D NEED A SERIOUS JOLT TO SNAP HIM OUT OF HIS STUPOR. THEN I REMEMBERED THE COMMUNI-CUBE AND MY EARLIER CONVICTION THAT THE PERSON WHO CONTROLLED COMMUNICATIONS HERE RULED THE PLANET.

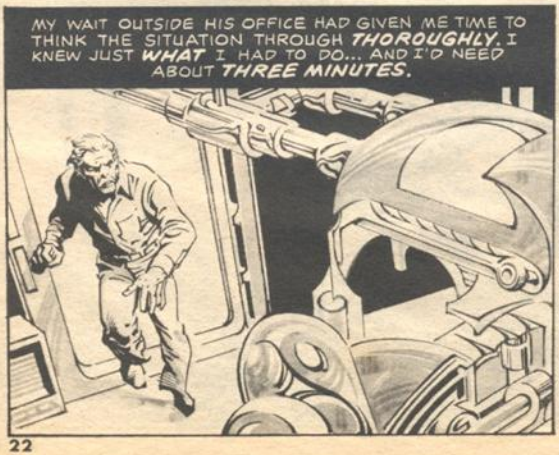

SUDDENLY I HAD IT! MY IDEA WAS PURE GENIUS. BRILLIANTLY INSPIRED. IN ONE MOVE I COULD AWAKEN RACHET AND GET US BOTH OFF THIS LITTLE PARADISE IN ONE PIECE.

I RACED BACK TO SCOPE'S OFFICE. A HALF HOUR HAD PASSED BUT CHARLIE WAS STILL THERE. AND HE'D BEEN DRINKING HEAVILY...!
HE PUNCHED THE HANGAR ON THE COMPU-PHONE...
CAN'T STOP IT NOW... GONE TOO FAR... GONNA 'SPLODE...
ALL HANGAR MECHANODROIDS. CLEAR TH' AREA THISH IS SCOPE. COMIN' FER PERSHN'L INSPECTION TOUR IN TEN MINUTES.

DROIDS NEVER QUESTION ORDERS, WHICH WAS ONE REASON WHY THIS PLACE WAS SO MECHANIZED. HUMANS WOULD HAVE GOTTEN SUSPICIOUS. SCOPE DOWNED ANOTHER SWIG OF THE LIQUOR...
'S NO GOOD! ALL THOSE PEOPLE... DEAD! S' GONNA BE MY FAULT!


SEEMS HE ACTUALLY FELT GUILTY... CONCERNED THAT IT WAS HIS HAND THAT SET THE DIAL THAT WAS GOING TO DESTROY ALL LIFE ON THE SATELLITE... ANGRY THAT HE'D BEEN CHOSEN TO DO CORPSE'S DIRTY WORK.
C-CAN'T LET THAT STOP ME! GOTTA GET AWAY!

CHARLIE WAS A DRUNKARD WITH A CONSCIENCE ...A BAD COMBINATION. I WONDERED WHY CORPSE BOTHERED TO RESCUE HIM.
JUSHT GLAD I'M TOO YOUNG. A FEW MORE YEARS, I'D BE ONE A' THEM... CRASHIN' INTO TH' PLANET 'STEAD A'SCAPIN' INTO SPACE!
FINALLY HE LEFT, WEAVING HIS WAY TOWARD THE SPACECRAFT HANGAR.


MY WAIT OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE HAD GIVEN ME TIME TO THINK THE SITUATION THROUGH THOROUGHLY. I KNEW JUST WHAT I HAD TO DO... AND I'D NEED ABOUT THREE MINUTES.

THE COMMUNI-CUBE WAS STILL SITTING WHERE CHARLIE HAD LEFT IT.

THE WAY I FIGURED IT, CHARLIE'D BE ABOUT ***HALF WAY*** TO THE HANGAR WHEN I PLAYED THE CUBE'S ***MESSAGE*** OVER THE ***LOUD SPEAKER...***

CHARLIE SCOPE: SET DIAL 1334-A TO 7.498 DEGREES TO IMPLEMENT AN IRREVERSIBLY SEVERE ELECTROMAGNETIC DISTURBANCE THAT WILL CAUSE SKYROID TO...

NOT ALL THE INMATES. ***UNDERSTOOD*** BASIC ENGLISH, OF COURSE, BUT THOSE WHO DID WOULD BE ONLY TO EAGER TO ***TRANSLATE.***

I'D LOOPED THE TAPE SO THE ANNOUNCEMENT WOULD BLARE OVER AND OVER AGAIN, BUT HAD CAREFULLY DELETED THE PORTION THAT MENTIONED THE ESCAPE SHIP.

IN ABOUT A MINUTE, THE INFORMATION HAD PENETRATED EVEN THE MOST DRUG SOAKED BRAIN.

APPARENTLY THE PEOPLE CAUGHT UP WITH SCOPE VERY SOON AFTER THAT.

KILL HIM!

GET HIM!

HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE! FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHERE HE GOES!

THAT'S ABOUT WHERE I CAUGHT UP TO THE MOB. SCOPE ***HEARD*** THEM, OF COURSE, AND NOT WANTING TO LEAD THEM TO THE SPACECRAFT, HE TURNED AND RAN IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

RACHET WAS IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE MOB, LOOKING A BIT MORE ALERT.

RACHET!

AS THE MOB SURGED PAST ME, I PULLED HIM ASIDE... AND EXPLAINED THAT I KNEW WHERE THE ESCAPE VEHICLE WAS LOCATED...

THAT REALLY WOKE HIM UP. A SEMBLANCE OF THE OLD GRIN REPLACED HIS MASK OF BEMUSED PANIC...

GREAT, BOSS! LEAD THE WAY!

IN ANOTHER THREE MINUTES WE REACHED THE HANGAR...

IN THE DISTANCE WE COULD HEAR THE ROAR OF THE ***MOB*** AS THEY ***CLOSED IN*** ON CHARLIE SCOPE.

SUDDENLY THERE WAS AN UP-SURGE IN VOLUME...

...AND I KNEW THE MOB HAD THEIR QUARRY CORNERED!
N-NO! ST-STAY BACK! I'LL GET YOU AWAY... ALL A YOU! I-IT'S JUSHT A JOKE ...A...

THE ROAR THAT FILLED THE AIR THEN WAS DEAFENING. AND I KNEW THAT CHARLIE SCOPE HAD PAID THE PRICE OF HIS TREACHERY.
NOT THAT IT'D HELP THOSE POOR DEVILS ANY.

WE WERE IN SPACE WHEN IT STARTED. AS WE WATCHED, BIG CRACKS APPEARED IN SKYROID'S SURFACE AND THE MOON BEGAN TO TUMBLE OUT OF ORBIT.
I COULD IMAGINE THE SCREAMS OF ITS PEOPLE ...ALL FELLOW CORPSE MEMBERS, NOW JUST CORPSES.

IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU BOSS, I WOULDA BEEN JUST LIKE 'EM. THERE 'WOULDN'T'VE BEEN ANYTHING LEFT A' ME BUT CINDERS!
AND THERE WON'T BE UNLESS YOU GET YOUR TAIL IN THERE AND DEFUSE THAT BOMB DISGUISED AS AN AIR TANK. I SPOTTED IT AS WE CAME THROUGH THE AIR LOCK.
SEEMS CORPSE WASN'T GOING TO LET SCOPE GET AWAY AFTER ALL. THEY HAD SPOTTED HIS BAD HABITS AS EASILY AS I HAD AND FINGERED HIM AS RUTHLESSLY.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR THEM, CORPSE NOW HAS AN ENEMY WHO KNOWS THE ORGANIZATION. AND I'M NO CHARLIE SCOPE!
IT'S GOING TO BE AN INTERESTING RETIREMENT.

END

TAKE YOUR CHILD, PLEASE!

WRITER: CARY BATES/ARTIST: JOSE ORTIZ

"DEAR MRS. RATCHET--MY HOME IS A TOWN CALLED BUXTON. IT HAS LOTS OF STORES AND PLACES TO SPEND MONEY. EVERY SATURDAY MOTHER AND FATHER TAKE ME TO TOWN WITH THEM AND LET ME SPEND TWO WHOLE DIMES. FOR TRUE--TWO!"

"WE LIVE IN A VERY NICE HOUSE. I HAVE MY OWN ROOM UPSTAIRS. I EVEN HAVE A DOG. HIS NAME IS SPUD."
"I HAVE A GOOD SUIT NOW TOO. EVERY SUNDAY THE THREE OF US DRESS UP REAL FINE AND GO TO CHURCH."

"LAST SUNDAY, AFTER CHURCH WE CAME HOME. MOTHER WORE THIS BIG FLOPPY HAT--I THOUGHT IT LOOKED KIND OF SILLY ON HER..."
YOU BE SURE TO CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES BEFORE YOU ATTEND TO YOUR SUNDAY CHORES, DWAYNE!
YOU HEARD YOUR MOTHER--SCOOT!

"YOU'D LIKE SPUD. HE'S REAL PLAYFUL AND AFFECTIONATE."
BOY, DID YOU HEAR ME--OR DO I HAVE TO TAKE THAT HICKORY SWITCH TO YOUR BACKSIDE!?
NOW GO TO YOUR ROOM AND CHANGE!
SPUD WANTS TO PLAY WITH ME NOW, FATHER!

"MOTHER AND FATHER WERE A LITTLE UPSET CAUSE I LET HIM EAT THE CAT--BUT THEY GOT OVER IT SOON ENOUGH..."
I'M SORRY, OLIVIA, BUT HE'S GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME! THE BOY NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON!
ROBERT, PLEASE! YOU PROMISED YOU WOULDN'T RAISE A HAND TO HIM!

"ALL IN ALL, THE BARKERS ARE PRETTY NICE TO ME--MOST OF THE TIME!"
IT'S FOR HIS OWN GOOD! HE HAS TO LEARN NOT TO BACKTALK HIS ELDERS!
HE HAS TO LEARN!
YOOOW!

"THERE WAS THIS ONE TIME... I GUESS YOU COULD SAY FATHER LOST HIS TEMPER."
OHHHH! OWWW! ARGHHH!
DEAR LORD... I MUST TRY NOT TO LISTEN!
THIP THAP
"HE WAS MAD--REAL MAD!"
ERGHHHH! PLEASE STOP... PLEASE!
OH MY GOD!
"I KNOW HE DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT ME, MRS. RATCHET..."
ROBERT! ROBERT!
"...BUT YOU KNOW HOW GROWN-UPS GET SOMETIMES."
OH MY POOR ROBERT...
P-PLEASE, DON'T HIT ME AGAIN... SOB...
"BUT IT TURNED OUT HE NEVER HIT ME AFTER ALL. SO I JUST LEFT HIM BEHIND THE HOUSE AND WENT TO PLAY WITH SPUD."

"Dear mother -- I'm afraid matters have gotten worse since my last letter. At first, Robert and I just thought the child was given to occasional tantrums..."

"But yesterday changed all that!"

YIP YIPPP KER-ASH

"Yesterday we couldn't turn the other cheek or invent excuses to explain away what we both knew: Dwayne was not well!"

MOTHER? FATHER? I'M SORRY ABOUT THE MESS I MADE IN HERE! IT'S JUST THAT SPUD MADE ME MAD -- HE SHOULDN'TA BIT ME!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU, FATHER... BUT YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED OUT OF THE WAY!

"People all over town are starting to gossip about us! They see the bandages and the bruises and they think Robert and I have been fighting like heathens!"

"Not a pleasant state of affairs, I admit - but far better than letting the unspeakable truth be known.

"Robert has called Mrs. Pocket several times, but she flatly refuses to believe Dwayne could be anything less than an ideal child. Any difficulties had to be our fault, she said.

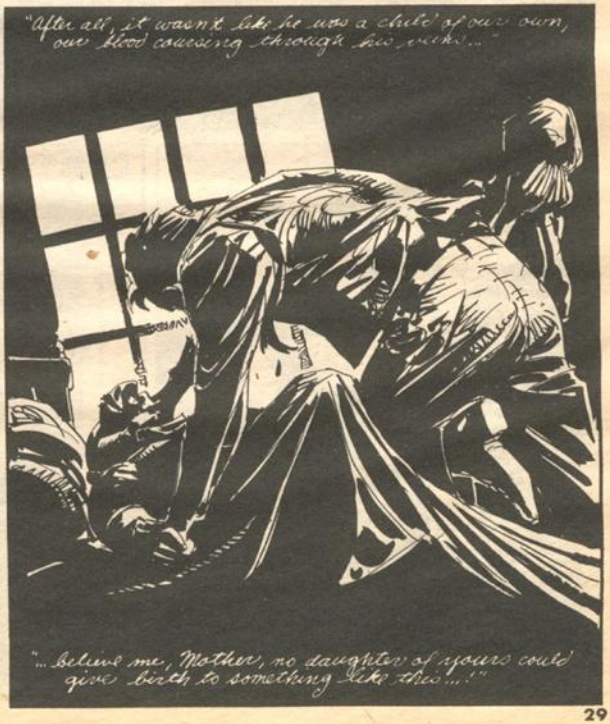
"Now Robert is afraid to tell anyone about the problems we've been having with Dwayne ... he thinks they'll call us raving lunatics and lock us away in an asylum. He may just be right."

"We had a long talk the other night, Mother, and the two of us made a decision. At first I was dead-set against what Robert was suggesting..."

"... But finally he convinced me and I realized it was the only way..."
ETHER
NOT INHALE

"... the only way for our lives to return to normal..."

"... the only way for our marriage ... not to mention our housed wife ... to remain intact!"


"After all, it wasn't like he was a child of our own, our blood coursing through his veins..."
"... Believe me, Mother, no daughter of yours could give birth to something like this...!"

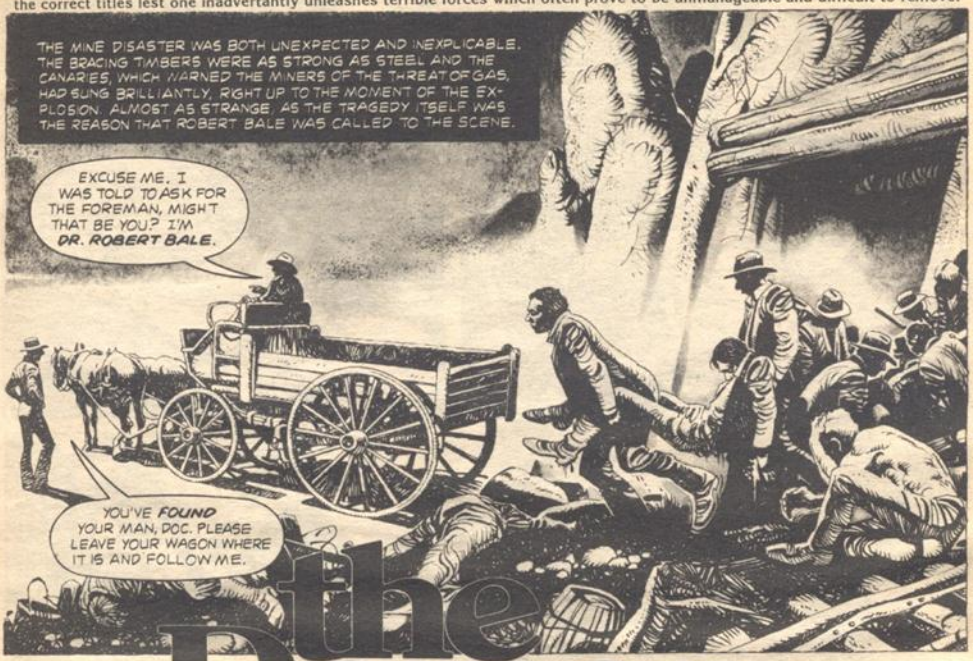
"DEAR MRS. RATCHET -- THE OTHER DAY MOTHER AND FATHER TOOK ME OUT FOR A DRIVE."
"I WAS KIND OF SURPRISED, CAUSE THE SUN HADN'T EVEN COME UP YET..."
"...BUT FATHER REALLY SEEMED TO ENJOY HIS DRIVING. AND MOM ALWAYS LIKED TO LOOK AT THE PASSING SCENERY."
"AFTER AWHILE THE SCENERY STARTED TO LOOK UNFAMILIAR TO ME... MY SENSE OF DIRECTION NEVER WAS REAL GOOD."
WHERE DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD LEAVE HIM, ROBERT?
UP IN THE MOUNTAINS! LESS CHANCE OF INTERFERENCE!
ARE YOU SURE YOU GAVE HIM ENOUGH ETHER?
ENOUGH TO KNOCK OUT A HORSE FOR A WHOLE DAY!
STOP WORRYING-- WE'LL BE THERE IN ANOTHER 45 MINUTES!
"PRETTY SOON WE WERE UP IN THE MOUNTAINS. BY NOW THE SUN WAS HIGH IN THE SKY. IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A DRIVE."
PLEASE, ROBERT, THIS WILL DO. LET'S GET IT OVER WITH.
YOU'RE SURE --ABSOLUTELY SURE YOU CAN GO THROUGH WITH IT?

"BUT SOMETIMES EVEN BEAUTIFUL DAYS CAN START GOING BAD BEFORE YOU KNOW IT..."
WE HAVE TO, ROBERT... WE'VE COME THIS FAR. NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW--WE'LL JUST SAY HE RAN AWAY FROM HOME!
MAY GOD FORGIVE US! AND MAY HE HAVE MERCY ON THE PEOPLE WHO FIND THIS CHILD!
"ALL IT TAKES IS FOR ONE LITTLE THING TO GO WRONG..."
OLIVIA!
EEEKK-MMPFFF!
"I GUESS FATHER JUST TOOK HIS EYES OFF THE ROAD A SECOND TOO LONG..."
BEFORE YOU TRIED TO PUT ME TO SLEEP, FATHER --YOU SHOULD'VE ASKED ME HOW LONG I CAN HOLD MY BREATH!
"...AND WHEN YOU'RE ON A WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD, ONE SECOND CAN BE ALL IT TAKES..."
"...FOR THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW, YOU'RE HAVING AN ACCIDENT!"
KAB-BOOOM
"I'M AFRAID IT WAS MOTHER AND FATHER'S UNLUCKY DAY..."
"...BECAUSE THEY WEREN'T NEARLY AS FORTUNATE AS I WAS."
"IT LOOKS LIKE I'M WITHOUT A MOTHER AND FATHER, AGAIN."

"I KNOW YOU'D BE GLAD TO HAVE ME BACK AT THE ORPHANAGE, MRS. RATCHET... AND MAYBE SOMEDAY I WILL COME BACK."
"BUT FOR THE PRESENT..."
"...I THINK I WANT TO SEE HOW IT FEELS TO BE ON MY OWN, FOR AWHILE. I HAVE TO GO NOW. GOODBYE, MRS. RATCHET."
" LOVE, DWAYNE."
"P.S. SAY HELLO TO ALL THE OTHER CHILDREN FOR ME!"
I'M AFRAID THAT'S THE END OF HIS LETTER, MR AND MRS. UHHH... WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?
XOMORJ. WE ARE THE XOMORJS.
WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP AND UNDERSTANDING, MRS. RATCHET. MY WIFE AND I WILL CONTINUE SEARCHING FOR OUR SON WHO WAS KIDNAPPED AND ABANDONED HERE...!
-AHEM- YES, WELL, MR. XOMORJ, I SINCERELY HOPE YOU FIND YOUR SON! I AGREE THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKE... FOR AS YOU POINTED OUT--
--THE FAMILY RESEMBLANCE IS QUITE REMARKABLE! QUITE REMARKABLE!

END

WARNING!! Although the names of demons, magical impiments and ceremonies used in this story have been altered they are SIMILAR to the actual ones. Based upon strong advice, the author has used pseudonyms. He now advises the reader not to search for the correct titles lest one inadvertantly unleashes terrible forces which often prove to be unmanageable and difficult to remove.



the Demon Hater

WRITER: NICOLA CUTI/ART: AURALEON

FOR YEARS BALE'S STUDIES HAD CONSISTED OF SPECULATION, TRANSLATION OF HOARY MANUSCRIPTS FRAUGHT WITH INCONSISTENCIES INACCURATE DESCRIPTIONS OF FRUITLESS INCANTATIONS. HERE AT LAST WAS THE BEAST. ITS NATURE WAS A MERE DISSECTION AWAY.

ASHMODESUS, KING OF DEMONS!
I AM FLATTERED THAT A MORTAL WOULD RECOGNIZE ME ON SIGHT. IN THE NETHERWORLDS, I AM KNOWN TO ALL, YET HERE... AH, BUT YOU ARE NO ORDINARY MORTAL!

MAY I INTRODUCE BELFAGON, THE TEMPTRESS AND BETRAYER. SHE INSISTED ON ACCOMPANING ME WHEN SHE HEARD I PLANNED TO VISIT YOU.
LET'S TAKE BERGAMMEN AND LEAVE. THIS ROOM IS TOO FULL OF DEPRESSING SPIRITS.

LEAVE? SO SOON? BUT I'VE HARDLY HAD TIME TO SHOW YOU MY CHAMBERS.
TOY NOT WITH US! ALREADY YOU HAVE STEPPED BEYOND THE RETURNING POINT. FOR EACH MOMENT WE REMAIN. YOUR EVENTUAL TORMENT IN HELL INCREASES. GIVE US BERGAMMEN!

TAKE THIS INSTEAD, SIRE OF PIGS!
GAAA! THE DAGGER OF SOLOMON! HOW DARE YOU EXPOSE THAT OBSCENE DEVICE TO ME!

THE LEGIONS AT MY COMMAND NUMBER OVER SEVEN MILLION. BY NIGHTFALL MY VANGUARD WILL DEVASTATE YOUR HOME. BY DAYLIGHT NOT AN ASH SHALL REMAIN TO MARK YOUR EXISTENCE. THIS I SWEAR!
THREATS FROM A BEAST WHO SHRIVELS BEFORE THE GLINT OF A DAGGER? HA!

I SURE WISH I WERE AS CONFIDENT AS I SOUNDED.
DAMN. IT'S WHAT I'D HOPED AND PLANNED FOR... BUT I FEAR THEY MAY YET PROVE TO STRONG FOR ME.

THE DYING SUN LEFT A BLOODY STREAK ACROSS THE SKIES. SINISTER CLOUDS GATHERED TO WIPE AWAY THE BLOOD...DARK, UNNATURAL CLOUDS FROM HOOVES AND CLAWS OF A MARCHING DEMONIC ARMY.
THIS HAS GOT TO BE DR. BALE'S HOME. THOSE RUNIC SYMBOLS ...SOME SORT OF ANTI-HEX SIGNS.
DR. BALE? I'M FROM THE UNIVERSITY. DR. STEVENS SET ME TO...
YIIIIII!
SPLASH
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS! I WAS TOLD YOU WERE ECCENTRIC...NOT CRAZY!
SORRY, BUT I HAD TO BE CERTAIN OF YOU AND THIS SEEMED TO BE THE MOST EXPEDIANT METHOD. IT'S HOLY WATER. IF YOU HAD BEEN A DEMON, IT WOULD HAVE DISSOLVED YOU.
I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T SUSPECT ME OF BEING A VAMPIRE. YOU PROBABLY WOULD HAVE DRIVEN A STAKE THROUGH MY HEART TO SEE IF IT WOULD HAVE KILLED ME.
I AM SORRY, BUT WHEN YOU SEE WHAT I HAVE IN MY LAB, I'M SURE YOU'LL BE MORE FORGIVING. EXCUSE MY RUSH BUT I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, MISS...UH, JOHN SAID YOUR NAME WAS BELLA DUNN?
THE HOUSE IS SCHEDULED TO BE ATTACKED BY A HOARD OF ANGRY DEMONS IN ABOUT AN HOUR. I WOULDN'T BLAME YOU IF YOU DIDN'T WANT TO STAY.
YOU'RE SERIOUS, AREN'T YOU?
IT'S TRUE, MY MAJOR IS IN OCCULT STUDIES, ESPECIALLY DEMONOLOGY, BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS...WINDFALL. I'LL REMAIN, IF THAT'S ALRIGHT.
OH MY GOD!
I HAD TO BEGIN WITHOUT YOU. THE BODY IS DETERIORATING RAPIDLY. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ACT.
STOP GAWKING AND GET INTO YOUR GOWN. I'LL NEED YOU TO TAKE NOTES WHILE I CUT.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN AN ORGAN LIKE THIS BEFORE? I CAN'T TELL IF IT'S A HEART OR KIDNEY. IT'S IN THE WRONG POSITION FOR EITHER ONE. PUT IT DOWN AS A... KIDNEY.
KINDLY WORK A BIT FASTER, DR. BALE. I HEAR NOISES OUTSIDE.
I THINK THE INVASION HAS ALREADY BEGUN. WE WON'T HAVE MUCH TIME FOR AN ESCAPE.

ESCAPE WAS TOO LATE AN HOUR AGO THE SIGNS ON THE GATE WILL KEEP MOST OF THEM AWAY. I HAVE IMPLEMENTS AND SPELLS TO COMBAT THE FEW STRONGER ONES. NOW, SHALL WE CONTINUE?
HOW CAN YOU BE SO CALM? IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR THAT YOU WERE ONE OF THEM.

I AM! MY FATHER IS THE DEMON CALLED BEAL.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? IF THIS IS A JOKE, I WISH YOU'D TELL ME. I WANT TO LAUGH ALSO.

"ASHMODESUS SAID I WAS NO ORDINARY MORTAL ..." HE KNEW. ALL OF THEM KNOW OF THE NIGHT MY MOTHER WAS SEDUCED BY AN INCUBUS, A DEMON IN THE SHAPE OF HER LOVER."

"AT THE MOMENT OF MY BIRTH, BEAL ABDUCTED ME. HOWEVER, HE HAD LITTLE MORE USE FOR ME THAN MY MOTHER DID. A HALF-DEMON INFANT WOULD BE NO PRIZE IN A HELL FILLED WITH DEMONS, BUT A HUMAN INFANT WOULD CERTAINLY WIN BEAL FAVOR."
"THEREIN LAY MY SALVATION. BEAL EXCHANGED ME FOR A HUMAN BABE AND I WAS RAISED AS A HUMAN."

"MY BIRTH, MY TRUE FATHER, THEY MEAN NOTHING TO ME. MY LOYALTY IS TO HUMANITY AND FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE I AM PLEDGED AGAINST THE INFERNAL FORCES OF HELL."

THEY LIVE IN THE GROUND, IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, TOO DEEP FOR US TO REACH THEM. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE...
...THE MINE EXPLOSION! THE MINERS MUST HAVE BROKEN INTO A POCKET OF THEM WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN BERGAMMEN'S CORPSE AND WHY ASHMODESUS WANTS IT BACK.
THEY WANT TO REMOVE ALL CLUES TO THEIR EXISTENCE AND THAT INCLUDES ME!

BELLA, YOU'VE ONLY KNOWN ME FOR AN HOUR AND BESIDES, THIS ISN'T YOUR FIGHT. I CAN GET YOU OUT IF...
IT IS MY FIGHT, BOB. I'M STAYING WITH YOU.

THUD
THUMP
THUD
SCRATCH
THEY'RE AT THE FRONT DOOR! MY SIGNS COULDN'T CURTAIL THEM!
IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO DEFEND OURSELVES? WE CAN'T LET THEM TAKE US WITHOUT A FIGHT.

I'LL HOLD THEM OFF FOR AS LONG AS I CAN BUT YOU MUST REACH MY LAB AND BRING BACK AS MANY OF MY IMPLEMENTS AND BOOKS AS YOU CAN CARRY.
ALL RIGHT, BUT PLEASE BE CAREFUL.

THUD
THUMP
BAM
BLAM
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME COMING... THIS SHOWDOWN... MY PERSONAL ARMAGEDDON. I'M RELIEVED... GLAD IT'S FINALLY HERE. COME MY HALF BROTHERS, SISTERS AND COUSINS. COME TO YOUR DOOM.

HISSSSS
KRASH

SO WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF, YOU DISGUSTING LITTLE BEASTS.? IT'S ONLY FIRE. YOU KNOW FIRE, DON'T YOU?
FIGHT!

FIGHT, DAMN YOU!

THEY KEEP COMING. NO MATTER HOW MANY I STRIKE DOWN.
WHERE IS BELLA? IF SHE DOESN'T...OH LORD! DID THEY COME IN FROM THE BACK WAY ALSO. DO THEY HAVE HER?

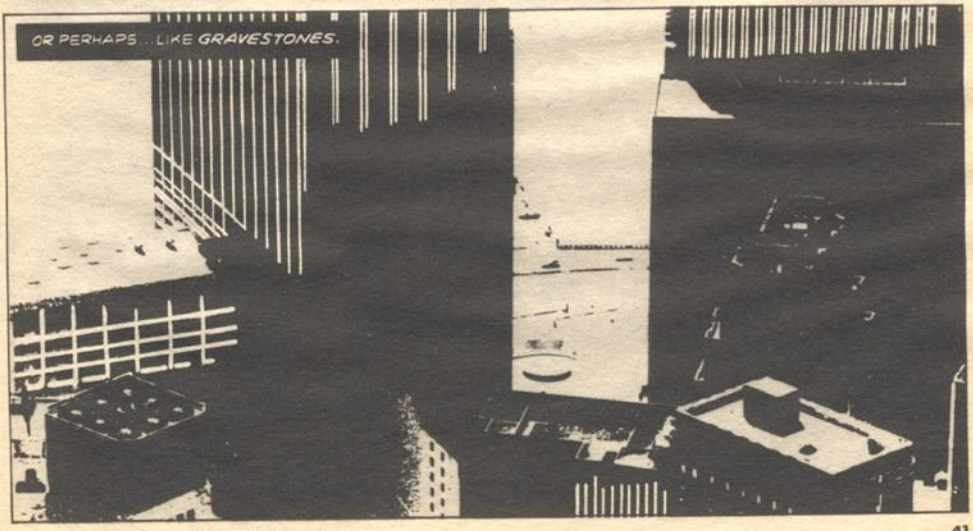
I NEED ANOTHER EMBER! THIS ONE'S GROWN COLD!

MY BOOKS! MY MAGIC! THEY'RE BURNING! WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS?
YOU'VE LOST YOUR LAST WEAPONS OF RESISTANCE, BALE. WILL YOU COME QUIETLY NOW?

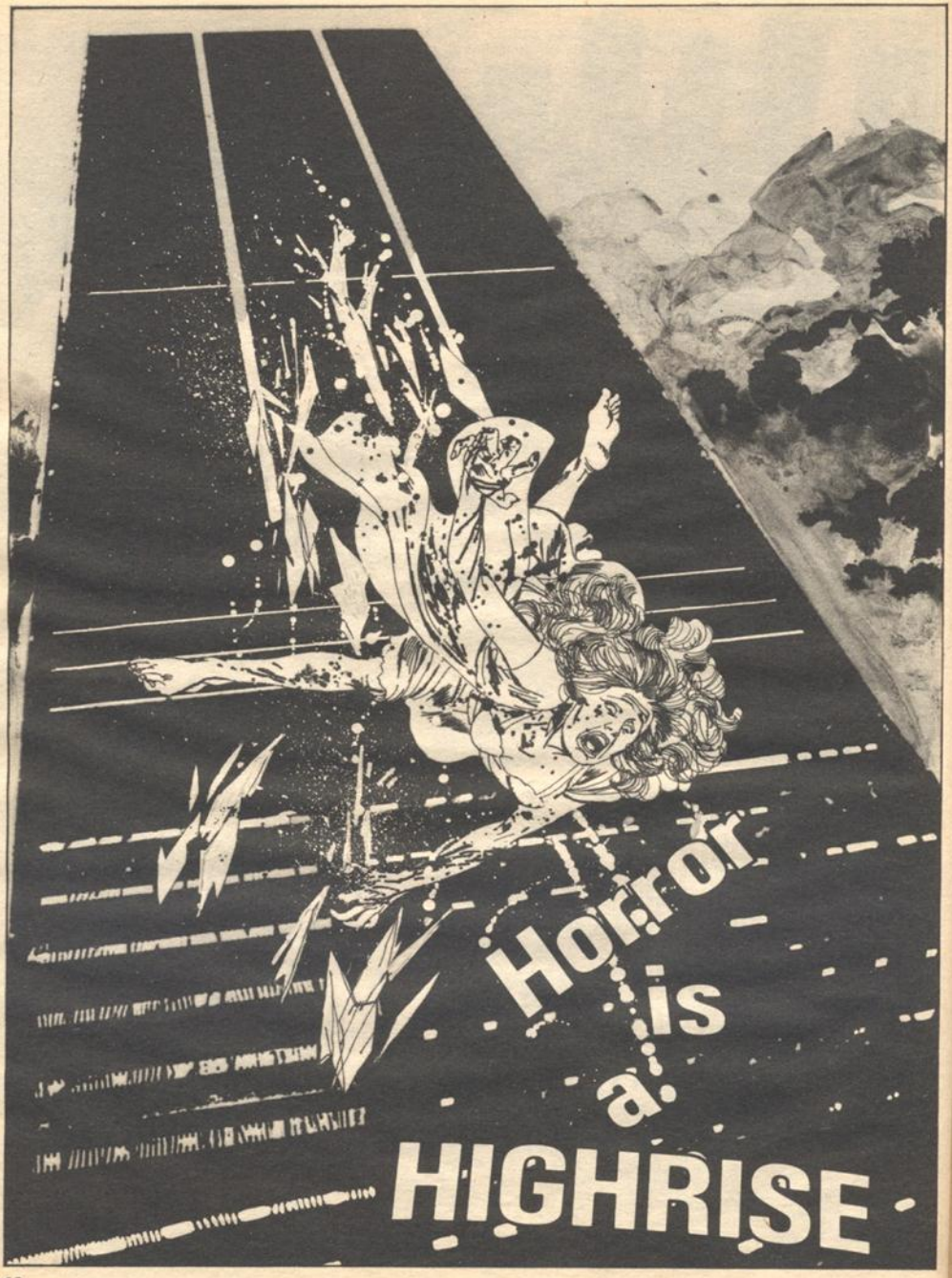
NEVER!
BALE HURLED THE NOW FLAMING BOOKS INTO THE FACES OF THE DEMONS...

THEIR AGONIZED HOWLS FILLED THE AIR AS THE INCANTATIONS ON THE BURNING PAGES SEARED THEIR SCALED DEMON FLESH...
...THEN, SUDDENLY THEY WERE GONE!
MY HANDS! BURNED! LORD, MY HANDS!
THIS WAY, BOB. STAY WITH ME AND I'LL LEAD YOU OUT OF HERE.
BELLA? BUT THE DEMONS... THEY'RE WAITING OUTSIDE...ASHMODESUS' INFERNAL... LEGIONS.
THEY'RE GONE! THEY BELIEVE THEY'VE DEFEATED YOU BUT I WON'T ALLOW THEM TO HAVE YOU. YOU'RE TOO PIG HEADEDLY FOOLISH TO DIE THIS WAY.
THE FLAMES WRITHED LIKE THE BLOODY FINGERS OF AN ANGRY FIST...TEARING THROUGH THE TIMBERS OF THE MANOR, RIPPING THE BOARDS FROM THEIR NAILS, CRUMBLING THE SUPPORTS.
I DID BETRAY YOU. I REMOVED THE RUNIC SYMBOLS FROM THE GATES AND TOSSED YOUR BOOKS INTO THE FIREPLACE.
THE FLAMES FROM THE BLAZING BOOKS HAD QUICKLY SPREAD TO THE CARPET AND FURNITURE AND CRACKLED WITH UNEARTHLY, SULPHUROUS BRIGHTNESS...
FOR A MOMENT...FOR A SCANCE, I...I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE DEMON BELFAGON ...AND THAT YOU HAD BETRAYED ME...
ASHMODESUS HAD KEPT HIS VOW!
IT WAS ALL PART OF MY BARGAIN WITH ASHMODESUS. HE OFFERED ME MY FREEDOM FROM THE NETHERWORLD IF I WOULD DELIVER YOU TO HIM. I KEPT MOST OF MY PACT BUT I COULDN'T ALLOW YOU TO DIE IN THE FIRE. I...COULDN'T.
BUT WHY, BELLA? YOU'RE NOT A DEMON. THE HOLY WATER WOULD HAVE BURNED YOUR FLESH IF YOU WERE.
HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED BY NOW WHO I AM? CAN YOU BE SO WISE AND SO BLIND AT THE SAME TIME?
I AM THE CHANGELING! I AM THE BABE WHO WAS TAKEN TO HELL IN YOUR PLACE!

END

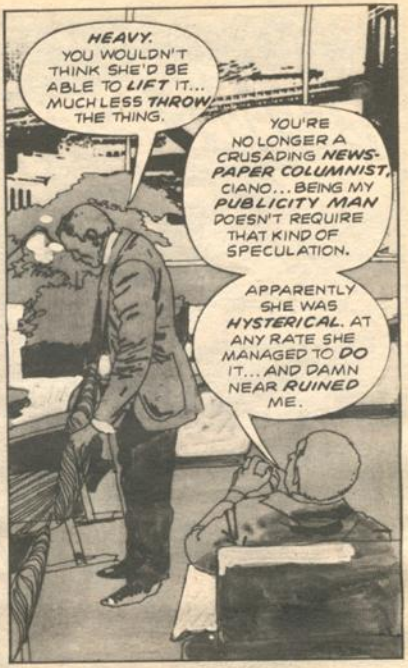


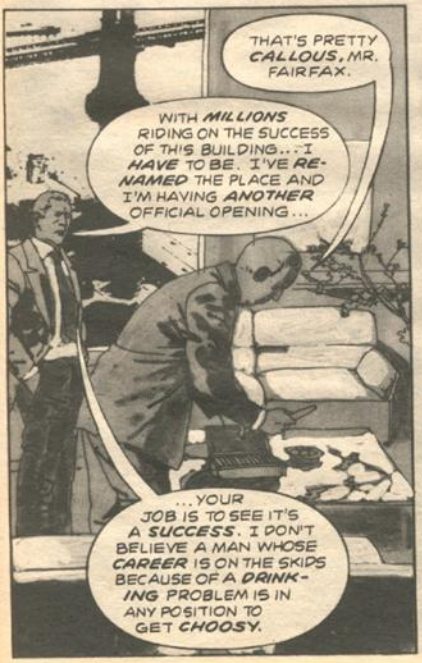
WRITER: ARCHIE GOODWIN/ART: LEO DURANONA


Horror
is
a
HIGHRISE

THIS GLASS LOOKS NEWER THAN IN THE OTHER WINDOWS. WAS IT REPLACED RECENTLY?

THAT'S THE ONE THE GIRL USED. HEAVED THE MATE TO THAT CHAIR THROUGH IT... THEN DIVED OUT HERSELF.


HEAVY. YOU WOULDN'T THINK SHE'D BE ABLE TO LIFT IT... MUCH LESS THROW THE THING.
YOU'RE NO LONGER A CRUSADING NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST, CIANO... BEING MY PUBLICITY MAN DOESN'T REQUIRE THAT KIND OF SPECULATION.
APPARENTLY SHE WAS HYSTERICAL. AT ANY RATE SHE MANAGED TO DO IT... AND DAMN NEAR RUINED ME.


THAT'S PRETTY CALLOUS, MR. FAIRFAX.
WITH MILLIONS RIDING ON THE SUCCESS OF THIS BUILDING... I HAVE TO BE. I'VE RENAMED THE PLACE AND I'M HAVING ANOTHER OFFICIAL OPENING...
...YOUR JOB IS TO SEE IT'S A SUCCESS. I DON'T BELIEVE A MAN WHOSE CAREER IS ON THE SKIDS BECAUSE OF A DRINKING PROBLEM IS IN ANY POSITION TO GET CHOOSY.

NO... I GUESS I'M NOT.
FINE. YOU'LL HAVE THE SAME DEAL THE GIRL DID, CIANO... INCLUDING USE OF THE APARTMENT.
YOUR PUBLICITY WILL BE MUCH MORE CONVINCING IF PEOPLE KNOW YOU LIVE HERE. HOPEFULLY, YOU'RE NOT PRONE TO HYSTERIA.
SINCE GOING ON THE WAGON, AL CIANO DIDN'T THINK HE WAS...

...AT 1:45 AM, HE WAS MUCH LESS CERTAIN.
HOLY MOTHER...!

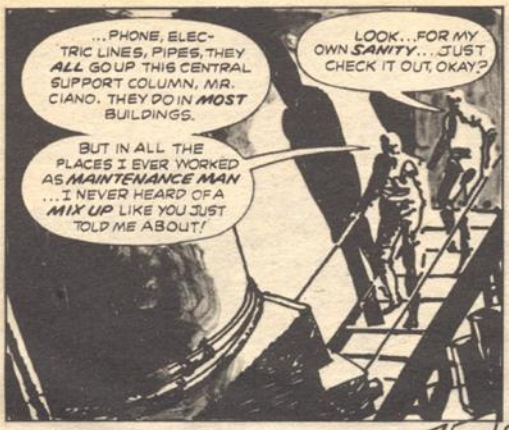
SOMEBODY SCREAMIN'...! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE RIGHT HERE IN THE APARTMENT!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DAMN LIGHTS...? THEY WORKED FINE WHEN I WENT TO BED!

COMIN' FROM THE BATHROOM...! THIS IS CRAZY... GOTTA CALM DOWN ...GOTTA BE A REASONABLE EXPLANATION!
TALKING ABOUT THE GIRL'S SUICIDE THIS AFTERNOON MUST'VE PUT ME ON EDGE...

I KNEW IT...! THE SHOWER...! PROBABLY THE PIPES...
YOU'D THINK IF FAIRFAX HAD MILLIONS INVESTED HE COULD HAVE SPENT MORE OF IT ON THE...

...PLUMBING!

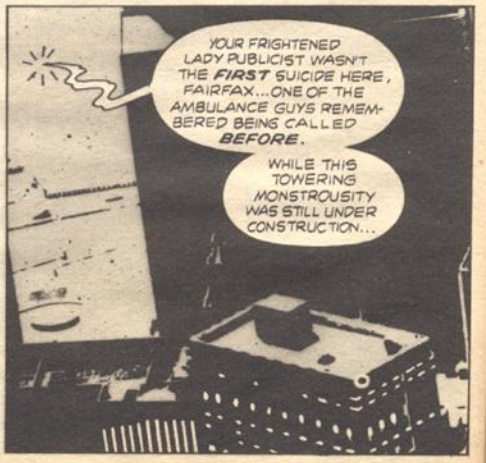
BUT BEFORE AL COULD HANG UP...
EEEE


...PHONE, ELECTRIC LINES, PIPES, THEY ALL GO UP THIS CENTRAL SUPPORT COLUMN, MR. CIANO. THEY DO IN MOST BUILDINGS.
LOOK...FOR MY OWN SANITY...JUST CHECK IT OUT, OKAY?
BUT IN ALL THE PLACES I EVER WORKED AS MAINTENANCE MAN ...I NEVER HEARD OF A MIX UP LIKE YOU JUST TOLD ME ABOUT!

SURE, SURE, HERE WE GO...MASTER LEAD BOX. I'LL SEE IF I CAN TRACE YOUR LINE. MAYBE FIND OUT SOMETHIN'.
NOT THAT I'M AN EXPERT, BUT IT DON'T SEEM LIKE THERE'S ANY WAY--

EEEEEEEEEEE

HE DIDN'T HAVE TO CALL FAIRFAX. HE WAS WAITING AFTER THE AMBULANCE PICKED UP THE RUST-SPATTERED, HYSTERICAL MAINTENANCE MAN!
YOU'LL HAVE TO BE IN THE BALL TO COVER THIS UP, CIANO... I DON'T BELIEVE THAT DRINK YOU'RE POURING IS GOING TO HELP YOU ANY.
THIS BUILDING DOESN'T NEED A PUBLICITY MAN, FAIRFAX...IT NEEDS AN EXORCIST.


YOUR FRIGHTENED LADY PUBLICIST WASN'T THE FIRST SUICIDE HERE, FAIRFAX...ONE OF THE AMBULANCE GUYS REMEMBERED BEING CALLED BEFORE.
WHILE THIS TOWERING MONSTROUSITY WAS STILL UNDER CONSTRUCTION...

"...AND THE **ARCHITECT** WHO DESIGNED IT TOOK A DIVE DOWN THE CENTER OF THE MAIN SUPPORT COLUMN!

"ONLY THERE WAS **NOTHING** AN AMBULANCE COULD DO. NO ONE COULD EVEN FIND HIS **BODY** IN THE WET CEMENT OF THE FOUNDATION BELOW. BUT A LOT OF CONSTRUCTION WORKERS REMEMBER THE SOUND OF HIS **SCREAM**..."

EEEE

YOU WERE **DRUNK**...! YOU **HALLUCINATED** MOST OF IT. THEY TELL ME THERE WAS A SERIOUS LEAK FROM ONE OF THE BUILDING'S **WATER TOWER'S**...BUT **NOTHING** THAT COULD EQUAL YOUR TALE!

THERE ARE GOING TO BE PEOPLE WORKING **ALL DAY** TO GET THIS PLACE IN SHAPE FOR **TONIGHT**. STAY OUT OF THEIR WAY...

...EVERYTHING IS COMING OFF AS **SCHEDULED**. DESPITE **YOU** AND THE **GHOST** OF CARL DUNCAN RYDER.

RING RING RING

IT WAS LONG TIME BEFORE AL CIANO COULD BRING HIMSELF TO PICK UP THE PHONE...!

A LIVE BAND PLAYED IN THE DINING ROOM. YOU COULD FEEL THE VIBRATIONS OF THEIR ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENTS POUNDING OUT THE HARD, STEADY DISCO BEAT BEFORE THE ELEVATOR WAS HALFWAY UP TO THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...

...BUT AL STILL MANAGED TO MAKE HIMSELF **HEARD** AS HE PUSHED THROUGH THE CROWDED LIVING ROOM TOWARD FAIRFAX.

GET **OUT**, YOU FOOLS...GET OUT **FAST**! PARTY'S **OVER**...! TIME FOR SOME SERIOUS **TALK** WITH MR. FAIRFAX!

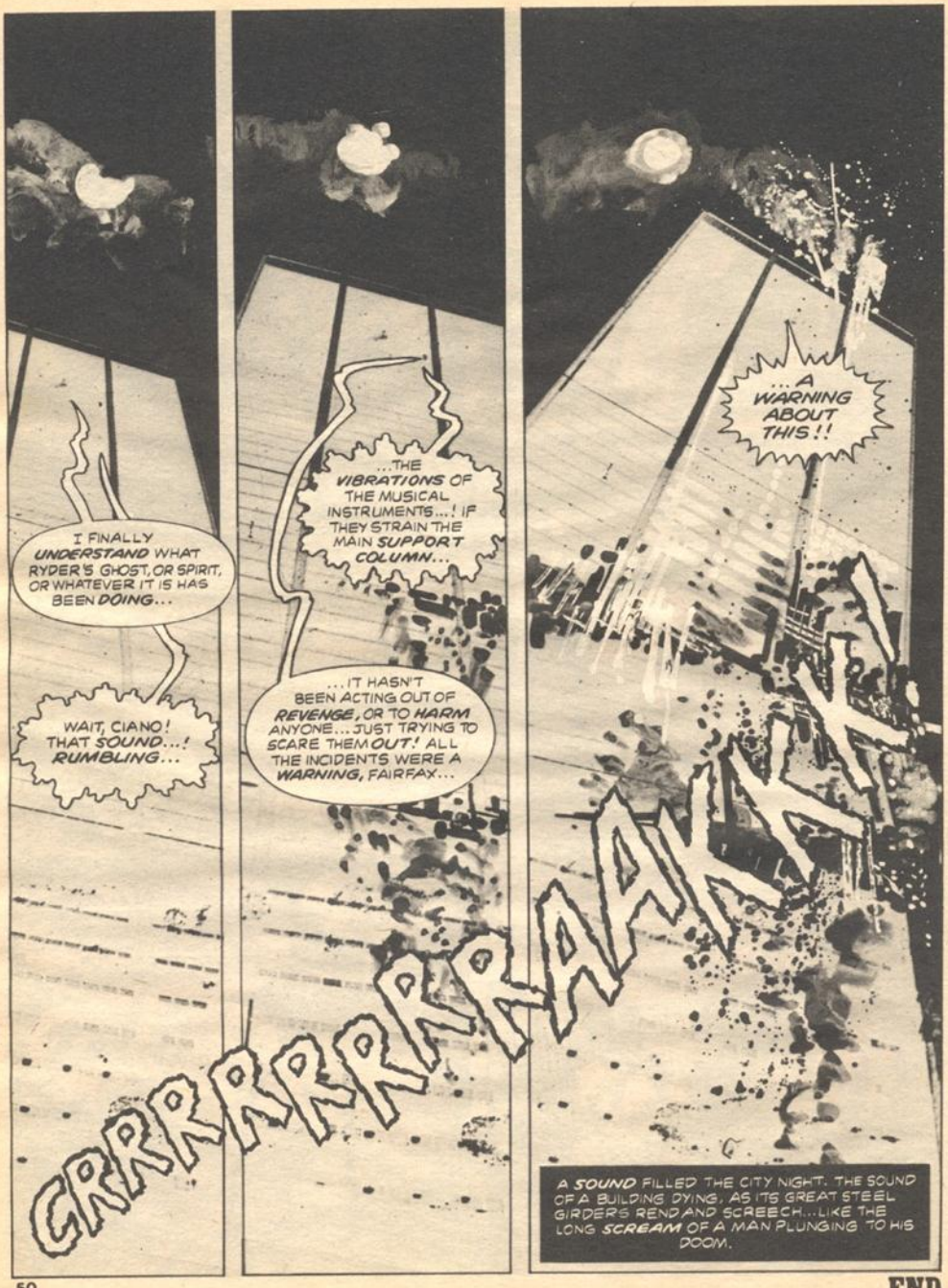
SHUT UP, YOU LUSH! I HAVE **BODYGUARDS** AROUND... IF YOU'D REALLY LIKE TO GET **HURT**!

YEAH. YOU KNOW **ALL** THE RIGHT PEOPLE... OL' NEWSPAPER BUDDY CALLED ME TODAY AFTER DOING SOME **DEEP EXCAVATION** ...ABOUT ALL YOUR **DEALS** CONSTRUCTING THIS LITTLE PALACE!

WHAT HAVE YOU OPENED **UP**, RUMMY...?!

WHAT CARL DUNCAN RYDER **REALLY** COMMITTED SUICIDE OVER! NOT A CHANGE IN HIS **DESIGNS** ...YOU UNDERCUT ALL HIS **SPECIFICATIONS** FOR BUILDING MATERIALS!

YOU CONSTRUCTED THIS MONSTER ON **BRIBES** INSTEAD OF WHAT LEGALLY SHOULD HAVE GONE INTO MAKING IT **SAFE**!


I FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT RYDER'S GHOST, OR SPIRIT, OR WHATEVER IT IS HAS BEEN DOING...
WAIT, CIANO! THAT SOUND...! RUMBLING...
...THE VIBRATIONS OF THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS...! IF THEY STRAIN THE MAIN SUPPORT COLUMN...
...IT HASN'T BEEN ACTING OUT OF REVENGE, OR TO HARM ANYONE... JUST TRYING TO SCARE THEM OUT! ALL THE INCIDENTS WERE A WARNING, FAIRFAX...
...A WARNING ABOUT THIS!!
GRRRRRRRRAAAKKK
A SOUND FILLED THE CITY NIGHT. THE SOUND OF A BUILDING DYING, AS ITS GREAT STEEL GIRDERS REND AND SCREECH... LIKE THE LONG SCREAM OF A MAN PLUNGING TO HIS DOOM.

END

A KNIGHTMARE TO REMEMBER

WRITER: CARY BATES/ART: BUZ VAULTZ

UHHHH...
MMMM... UGGHHH... MOTHER... MFFMM... FATHER?
IS THAT YOU, MOTHER?
I'M SO COLD... THESE CHILLS...
I SHIVER FROM THE CH-CH-CHI...
I KNOW, CHILD... YOU HAVE BEEN BESET BY CHILLS!
I ALWAYS HAVE THAT EFFECT ON YOU LITTLE ONES!
AAAIIIEEEEEE!!

SO WHY DON'T YOU PERMIT ME TO WARM YOU?
WHOOSH
MOTHER!!!
THWONNK
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, CHILD! PERHAPS IF YOU TRIED THINKING OF MY NOCTURNAL VISIT AS NOTHING MORE THAN A RATHER VIVID NIGHTMARE?
I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU, DEMON! I KNOW WHY YOU HAVE COME!
ZZZZZ
AND I WANTED SO MUCH FOR US TO BE FRIENDS, MY YOUNG PRINCESS!

I KNOW OF YOUR KIND, DEMON! Y-YOU MEAN TO CONSUME EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING!
THEN YOU ALSO KNOW...
...YOU HAVE NOT THE FAINTEST PRAYER OF ELUDING WHAT FATE HAS IN STORE FOR YOU TONIGHT...
THIS FINAL NIGHT OF YOUR NIGHTS!
I WILL SAY THIS...
FOR ONE SO TENDER IN YEARS AND EXPERIENCE, YOU POSSESS A MOST AMAZING GRASP OF MY INEXORABLE NEEDS!
I VENTURE THOSE WHO SPAWNED YOU WOULD BE FILLED WITH PRIDE...
...IF THEY COULD BE HERE NOW...TO SEE HOW GALLANTLY YOU ARE ENDURING YOUR FINAL MOMENTS!
H-HOW SHALL THIS DEED BE DONE?
LOOK BELOW, CHILD! I HAVE DECIDED UPON THE MEANS BY WHICH I SHALL SNUFF OUT YOUR BEING!
I WISH I COULD ASSURE YOU THAT YOU SHALL NOT SUFFER...
...BUT THAT WOULD BE ATROCIOUSLY FAR FROM THE TRUTH!

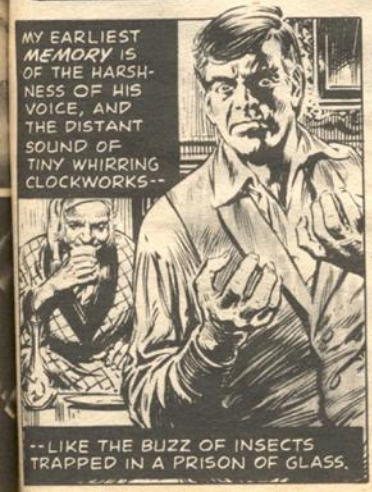
BERGHHHH!
AHHH... ALREADY I CAN FEEL A DELICIOUS SURGE FROM THE SWEET TORMENT OF YOUR AGONY, CHILD!
WHAT IS THIS? AN ARM OF CHAINMAIL... AND A MAN'S ARM AT THAT!
YOU HAVE MADE A MORTAL ERROR, DEMON! GAZE UPON THE TRUE COUNTENANCE OF THE VICTIM YOU HAVE CHOSEN THIS NIGHT!
THE CHILD YOU ENCOUNTERED WAS BUT A CLEVER DE-CEPTION... THE WORK OF A WHITE MAGIC SPELL!
I AM HERE TO SLAY YOU, DEMON... TO SEND YOUR WRETCHED FETID CARCASS BACK TO THE SEETHING HELLPIT WHICH FESTERED YOU!
N-NO! STAY BACK... BACK...

DIE, DEMON! DIE!
NOOOOOOO
HUSH, MYPHIZO, HUSH! YOU'LL AWAKEN THE WHOLE COVEN!
NOOOOOO...
I-I WAS ABOUT TO CONSUME A HUMAN CHILD... WHEN...WHEN IT... DEFIED MY POWER... AND ROSE UP TO DESTROY ME... A TRUE DEMON SLAYER IT WAS...!
PATIENCE, MYPHIZO! WE WILL FIND YOU A HUMAN CHILD ON THE MORROW! YOU ARE MERELY SUFFERING FROM THE GNAWING RIGORS OF HUNGER...!
HOLD ME CLOSE, MOTHER! I SEEM TO HAVE BEEN BESET BY CHILLS...
DEMON-SLAYER INDEED, CHILD! WHAT A FANCIFUL DREAMER I BROUGHT INTO THE WORLD...
END

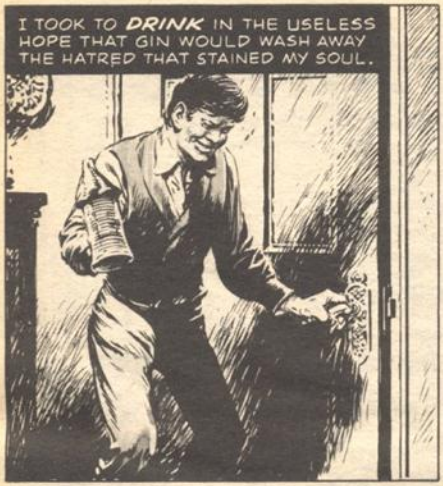
THE CLOCKMAKER

SHHH-- LISTEN *CLOSELY* NOW. SURELY YOU CAN HEAR IT. LISTEN-- *THIRTEEN* STROKES OF THE HAMMER AGAINST A BRAZEN BELL, THE FINAL INSIDIOUS CHIMING OF THE OLD MAN'S *CLOCK*. CAN'T YOU HEAR IT?

THIRTEEN *STROKES* FOR THE THIRTEEN *WOODEN STEPS* THAT LEAD TO THE TWISTED KNOT ON THE *GALLOWS ROPE*.



WRITER: GARY NULL/ART: J. BLASQUEZ


I TOOK TO DRINK IN THE USELESS HOPE THAT GIN WOULD WASH AWAY THE HATRED THAT STAINED MY SOUL.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT I LOOKED UPON HIS LOATHSOME, SLEEPING FORM, AND I PRAYED THAT HE WOULD DIE BEFORE THE DAWN.

BUT NEITHER GOD NOR SATAN ANSWERED MY PRAYERS. THE OLD MAN LIVED TO ABUSE ME YET AGAIN.

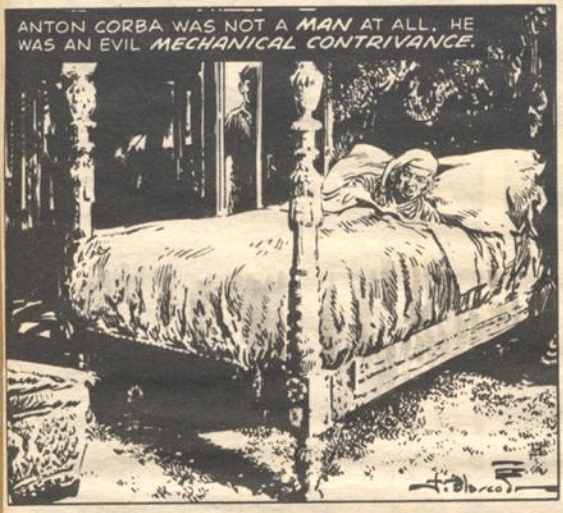
MY DECISION DID NOT COME QUICKLY. IT GREW IN MY HEART LIKE GRAVEYARD MOLD. ULTIMATELY I HAD NO CHOICE TO ACT, FOR I HAD DISCOVERED THE OLD MAN'S SECRET—

ANTON CORBA'S CLEVER CLOCKMAKER'S HANDS HAD REPLACED HIS WITHERED ORGANS WITH IMMORTAL COGS AND WHEELS AND MAINSPRINGS.

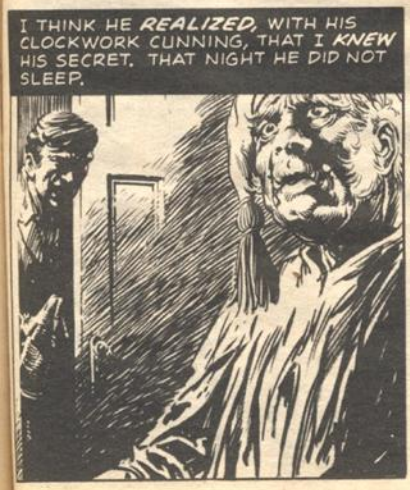
HE WOULD LIVE FOREVER-- UNLESS I KILLED HIM.

MY RESOLVE WAS STRENGTHENED BY MY KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH. THE TIME HAD COME AT LAST.

MY ACTIONS WOULD NOT BE THOSE OF A MURDERER. HOW COULD THEY BE?

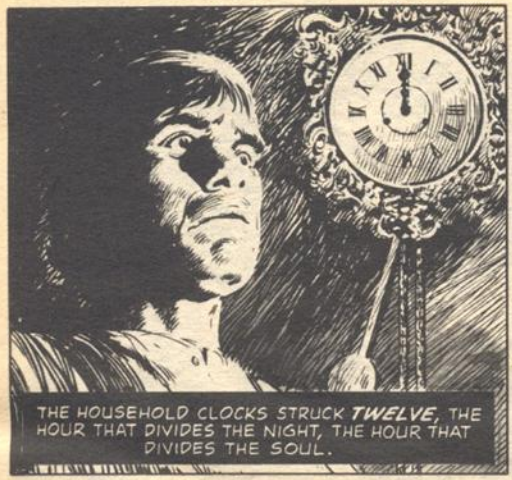

ANTON CORBA WAS NOT A MAN AT ALL. HE WAS AN EVIL MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCE.

SURELY THE WORLD WOULD BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT A CREATURE SO LACKING IN HUMANITY.


I THINK HE REALIZED, WITH HIS CLOCKWORK CUNNING, THAT I KNEW HIS SECRET. THAT NIGHT HE DID NOT SLEEP.

WHEN I ENTERED HIS ROOM, THE TICKING WAS LOUDER, THE WHIRRING SOUND MORE PROMINENT.

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND. I WOULD NEVER HARM A HUMAN BEING. THE LAWS OF GOD AND MAN FORBID IT. NEVER WOULD I DO SUCH A THING.



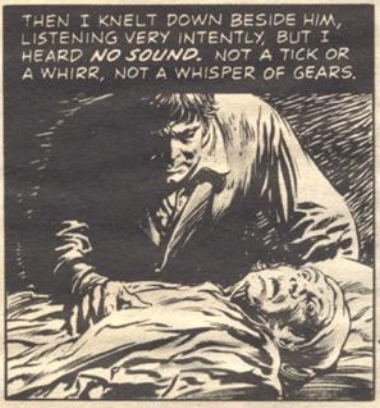
I TOLD MYSELF, THE DEED MUST BE DONE AT ONCE. AND THE TICKING GREW LOUDER LOUDER, SHRIEKING IN MY EARS--

--AND SUDDENLY MY DOUBTS EVAPORATED. I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING THERE AND NOTHING COULD KEEP ME FROM MY PURPOSE.
THE OLD MAN'S CLOCKWORK NOISES BECAME INCREASINGLY ERRATIC. HIS FEAR OF ME WAS WARPING THE DELICATE MECHANISMS THAT TURNED WITHIN HIM.
I TAKE NO PLEASURE IN TORMENTING THOSE WHO ARE HELPLESS. BUT NEITHER DID ANTON CORBA DESERVE THE SLIGHTEST SCRAP OF SYMPATHY.
PLEASE UNDERSTAND ME. IT IS NOT MY NATURE TO BE BRUTAL OR UNKIND.
HIS SIN WAS THE UNSPEAKABLE CONTAMINATION OF HIS OWN HUMANITY. TO ALLOW SUCH A SIN TO GO UNPUNISHED WOULD BE UNTHINKABLE.
I FELT THAT I WAS ACTING AS THE RIGHTEOUS INSTRUMENT OF ALMIGHTY GOD. HOW COULD I HAVE TURNED AWAY FROM THAT SACRED OBLIGATION?

I TRIED TO EXPLAIN ALL OF THIS TO THE OLD MAN, BUT HE JUST SCREAMED AND WHIRRED AT ME IN TERROR.

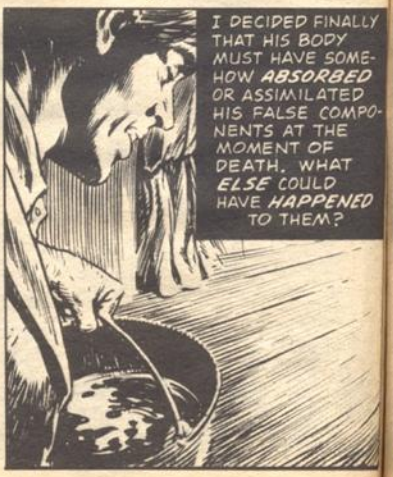
AND SO I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO. SURELY YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT. IT'S NOT AS THOUGH I ENJOYED IT.

LATER I STARED DOWN AT HIS BODY, LYING THERE ON THE FLOOR, AND I THOUGHT TO MYSELF-- WAS THERE EVER A MAN SO COLD AND UNFEELING?


THEN I KNELT DOWN BESIDE HIM, LISTENING VERY INTENTLY, BUT I HEARD NO SOUND. NOT A TICK OR A WHIRR, NOT A WHISPER OF GEARS.

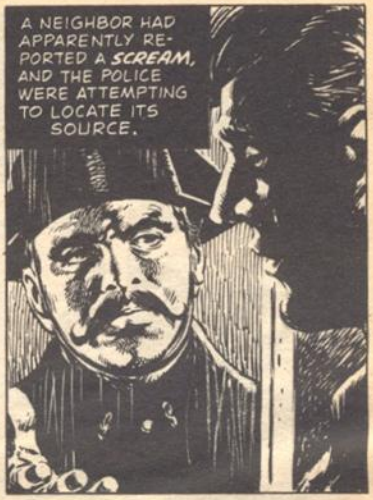
IT OCCURRED TO ME SUDDENLY THAT PERHAPS HIS WHEELS AND SPRINGS COULD BE USED AGAIN FOR THEIR NATURAL PURPOSE-- THE MAKING OF CLOCKS.

BUT ODDLY ENOUGH, I FOUND NOTHING. HIS INTERNAL MACHINERY HAD DISAPPEARED. IT WAS ALMOST AS THOUGH IT HAD NEVER BEEN THERE. BUT OF COURSE, I KNEW OTHERWISE. VERY PERPLEXING.


I DECIDED FINALLY THAT HIS BODY MUST HAVE SOMEHOW ABSORBED OR ASSIMILATED HIS FALSE COMPONENTS AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH. WHAT ELSE COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM?

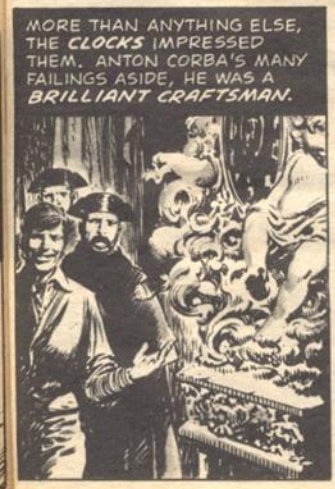
THERE CAME A *KNOCK* AT THE DOOR. I WONDERED WHO COULD BE CALLING AT SUCH A LATE HOUR.

IT WAS, OF COURSE, THE *POLICE*. A PAIR OF CONSTABLES STOOD ON THE FRONT STEPS IN WINTER UNIFORMS, LOOKING SO CHILLED THAT I IMMEDIATELY FELT SORRY FOR THEM.


A NEIGHBOR HAD APPARENTLY REPORTED A *SCREAM*, AND THE POLICE WERE ATTEMPTING TO LOCATE ITS SOURCE.

NATURALLY I INVITED THEM IN TO *WARM* THEMSELVES AT MY FIRE.

THEY WERE QUITE TAKEN WITH THE HOUSE. I WAS HAPPY TO SHOW THEM AROUND, EXPLAINING THAT I SUFFERED FROM *INSOMNIA*, AND ANY COMPANY WAS WELCOME DURING THESE EMPTY HOURS.


MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, THE *CLOCKS* IMPRESSED THEM. ANTON CORBA'S MANY FAILINGS ASIDE, HE WAS A *BRILLIANT CRAFTSMAN*.

FINALLY I SEATED THE CONSTABLES IN FRONT OF THE FIRE. THEY *DECLINED* MY OFFER OF TEA AND CAKES, SINCE THEY FELT THIS WASN'T REALLY A SOCIAL CALL.

THEY ASKED ME IF I HAD HEARD THE REPORTED SCREAM. I TOLD THEM NO--BUT I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I'M NOT NORMALLY A LIAR. *TACTFUL* YES, BUT NOT A LIAR.

AND THEN IT *HAPPENED.* AN AWFUL WAVE OF QUEASINESS WASHED OVER ME, BUT THAT WAS ONLY THE *START* OF THINGS--
I BEGAN TO *BABBLE* LIKE SOME SORT OF AN IDIOT. THE CONSTABLES LOOKED AT ME AS THOUGH I WAS *LOSING MY MIND*-- A *PREPOSTEROUS* IDEA.
BUT IT WAS *VERY STRANGE,* SAYING WORDS THAT HAD NO MEANING, LIKE A *FOREIGN LANGUAGE.*
I WAS CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF SOMETHING WHOLLY *UNCONTROLLABLE,* LIKE ONE OF THOSE RELIGIOUS PERSONS WHO SUDDENLY SPEAKS IN TONGUES.
ON AND ON, I BABBLED. THE WORDS SIMPLY *POURED* OUT OF ME, NONSENSE WORDS, AND I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER STOP.

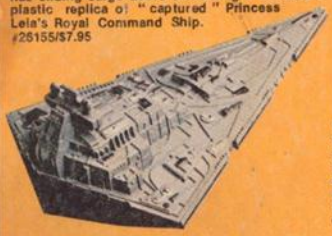
BUT THEY DID STOP FINALLY, LEAVING ME CONFUSED AND EXHAUSTED. AND THEN IT ALL BECAME CLEAR. I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED. THE LANGUAGE I HAD BEEN SPEAKING WAS THE NATIVE SPEECH OF ANTON CORBA-- A FOREIGNER BY BIRTH. AND THE AWFUL QUEASINESS, I KNEW WHAT THAT WAS TOO.
MADNESS, MADNESS-- ANTON CORBA'S HORRID BITS OF MACHINERY WERE NOW INSIDE OF ME. I COULD HEAR THE FRENZIED TICKING AND WHIRRING OF TINY LITTLE WHEELS.
FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE THAT SOUND WOULD BE WITH ME-- IN ME-- AN INESCAPABLE CONTAMINATION OF MY HUMANITY.
HE DID IT-- ANTON CORBA! HE TURNED ME INTO A CLOCKWORK CREATURE! NOW I'M JUST LIKE HIM-- JUST LIKE HIM!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

END

NEW STAR WARS SPACE STUFF!

IMPERIAL CRUISER

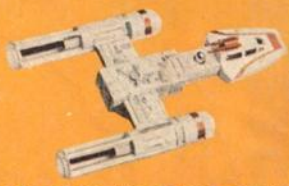
The Imperial Cruiser of the mad Emperor, who used these deadly ships to enforce his will throughout Imperial space. Crafted of diecast metal and high impact plastic with sleek moving parts. Cruiser has sliding cargo doors containing a removable plastic replica of "captured" Princess Leia's Royal Command Ship. #26155/$7.95



MILLENNIUM FALCON

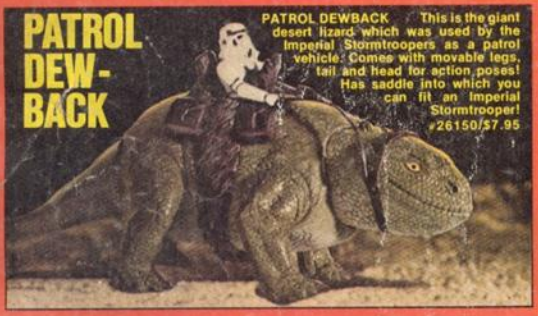
Han Solo's Millennium Falcon zooms out of Star Wars crafted in diecast metal and high impact plastic with sleek moving parts such as dish antenna, laser cannon emplacement and retractable landing skids. Comes with transparent cockpit with nonremovable Han Solo and Chewbacca inside! Recreate your own battles in outer space! #26154/$7.95

Y-WING FIGHTER



The Y-Wing fighter of the rebel force gets ready to strike in all its power in this metal diecast and high impact resistant plastic version. It comes with a clear plastic windshield that has a mini-figure of a rebel pilot inside! The laser cannons swivel and the rear engine pods are removable. A push button releases a laser bomb & has retractable skids! #26156/$7.95

PATROL DEW-BACK



PATROL DEWBACK This is the giant desert lizard which was used by the Imperial Stormtroopers as a patrol vehicle. Comes with movable legs, tail and head for action poses! Has saddle into which you can fit an Imperial Stormtrooper! #26150/$7.95

RADIO CONTROLLED R2-D2

Authentically working model of R2-D2 stands 8" tall and is controlled by a 2-channel radio that operates up to 20 feet away! Special stop/start button controls movement. R2-D2 moves in any one of 4 directions: right, left, forward & backward. Red light points in direction of movement, head rotates & beeps! Batteries are not included. #26179/$49.95

STAR WARS ACTION SETS

Reproductions of Famous Star Wars Sets

MOS EISLEY CANTINA The set of that incredible space front bar on Tatooine. Comes with swinging door, circular bar, 2 action levers for battles, rear alcove with table, murals of the band and floor pegs. #26151/$9.95

LAND OF THE JAWAS A Tatooine desert set with a sand dune base that has a cave & boulders, action lever for battles, with landing pod and a sand crawler backdrop & working elevator! #26152/$9.95

DROID FACTORY An exciting set from Star Wars! Mysterious Jawas build droids from 33 interchangeable parts. Movable crane lifts parts from supply area to assembly to build up to 5 different robots at a time! #26153/$12.95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.