



CREEPY

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Indian land and Indian pride are gone. White men have stripped a once proud people. But there is one place the white man may never take... the abandoned grounds, guarded by keepers who demand great things to die again.

THIS GRAVEYARD IS NOT DESERTED



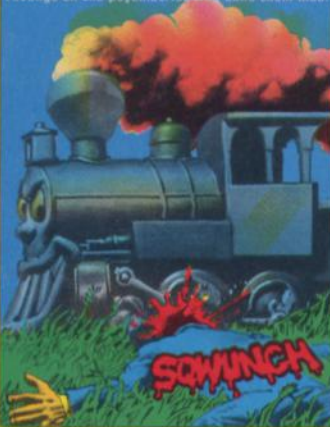
What lies on the other side of death? One has but to do to discover the strange and terrible secrets of HELL.

A DESCENT INTO HELL



THE SLIPPED MICKEY

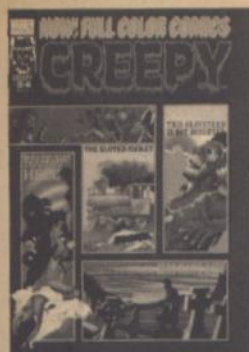
Giant butterflies craving the taste of fresh human eyeballs, and an insanely living locomotive, seek revenge on the psychiatrist who calls them mad.



Legend has it that the last man buried in a graveyard becomes an anker... a lone corpse destined to guard over his cemetery for all eternity. It is an honor to be last. But also everlasting hell.

DEAD MAN'S RACE





OUR COVER
Esteban Maroto, Reed Crandall and Richard Corben share cover honors as we give you a special sneak preview of the super-color awaiting you in this issue's eight-page classic, "A Descent Into Hell." Page 31.

Editor &
Publisher
JAMES WARREN

Managing
Editor
W.B. DuBAY

Production
W.R. MOHALLEY

Cover Color
BILL DuBAY

Marketing
Director
FLO STEINBERG

Artists
This Issue
RICHARD CORBEN
REED CRANDALL
ESTEBAN MAROTO
MARTIN SALVADOR
TOM SUTTON

Writers
This Issue
JACK BUTTERWORTH
DONALD F. McGREGOR
DOUG MOENCH
KEVIN PAGAN
R. MICHAEL ROSEN

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CREEPY

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JULY 1973

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DEAR UNCLE CREEPY The surprise sneak preview of our full-color DRACULA volume floored CREEPY readers who anticipated a usual issue of black and white art. This issue, color in the Dracula tradition.

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CREEPY'S CATACOMBS What's it like to be a reknown comic artist? Jaime Brocal doesn't know, but tells about the way we kick him around when he brings in his assignments. More of our fabulous secrets.

7

SLIPPED MICKEY CLICK-FLIP Get your ugly puss out of this magazine, you warty-nosed little ghoul! There's wonders here that could cloud your warped little mind forever! Especially if we slip you a Mickey!

18

THIS GRAVEYARD There are some men in every age who can kill with righteous calm! During the late 1800's, Nate Crill was one of those men. Nate Crill killed for fun! For him it was a profession and a deadly game!

31

A DESCENT INTO HELL A lone boatman finds himself paddling down a river of blood, while the land around him takes on the consistency of human flesh. Demons lurk in them hills. For this is the land of the dead.

40

DEAD MAN'S RACE Legend has it that the last man buried in a cemetery becomes an ankon, a walking corpse, destined to prow the cemetery, guarding over the bodies of those laid to rest. It is an honor to be an ankon.

59

LITTLE NIPPERS Lemuel Gulliver found us first! An island of tiny men! But when Gulliver came to our land, he brought a plague... the plague of the vampire! Soon the entire population of our island were vampires!

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AS ALL YOU LOYAL READERS WELL KNOW, I'M ANYTHING BUT A **WITCH**... BUT JUST THE SAME **I'VE BEEN BURNED!** I'VE BEEN THE HOST OF THIS MAGAZINE FOR MORE ISSUES THAN A **VAMPIRE** HAS **TEETH!**

...AND NOW THE **IDIOT** WRITER OF THIS **IDIOT** STORY HAS **USURPED**... TAKEN AWAY FROM ME... MY HONORED AND LONG HELD POSITION ONLY TO GIVE IT TO SOME **NEW IDIOT HOST!**



BUT I HAVE OPTIONS ON **REVENGE**, FAITHFUL FREAK CREEPS...AND WHILE I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO **TELL** THE FOLLOWING STORY, I'VE GOTTEN EVEN BY GIVING IT THE **IDIOT** TITLE OF...

THE SLIPPED MICKEY CLICK FLIP

0'00!!
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION, DO YOU HEAR... TO THAT WEIRDO... HE'S JUST **MAD**. BUT THAT'S A GOOD THING, I THINK. IF I THINK I DO, WHICH IS A DANGEROUS THING BECAUSE THINKING CAN DRIVE YOU **MAD**, WHICH IS A GOOD THING TOO.

AND IT'S WHAT WE'RE ALL HERE FOR, ISN'T IT? I DON'T KNOW! I REALLY CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT BUT THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED SINCE THEY'RE ALL AFTER ME. BESIDES I THINK HE CAME UP WITH A VERY GOOD TITLE INDEED... WHICH MAY BE A **BAD** THING.



MASTER! MASTER! I DID AS YOU SAID... I FED THE HOT DOGS TO THE TELEVISION SET EVEN THOUGH IT WASN'T HUNGRY AND I HAD TO **CUT** MY HANDS!

YOU DID WELL, HUGO, AND THAT DISPLEASES ME A REWARD!

OH, THANK YOUUUUU...

THUKXX

STORY: DOUG MOENCH / ART: RICHARD CORBEN

THERE, NOW THAT THE **PLEASANTRIES** ARE OUT OF THE WAY, I WON'T BORE YOU BY INTRODUCING MYSELF AS **MR. DIMENT...**

EXCUSE ME A MOMENT...

CLICK-LICK!

SO THERE, YOU INEFFECTUAL **LITTLE SNOTS!** I **KNEW** YOU COULDN'T STOP ME, BUT I DID IT ANYWAY. OH **REALLY?** SAME TO YOU AND DOUBLE YOUR **MUDDERS MUSTACHE!**

WELL WE DIDN'T **REALLY** BLIP IT OUT BUT AT LEAST IT'S **BLACK!**

WE'RE WAITING, HUGO. I ALREADY **CLICK-LICKED**. GET OFF THE **FLOOR**, HUGO!

BLIP!

...YES, M-MASTER... B-B-BUT I LIKE THE **D-D-DARK...**

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I **DID** BACK THERE, DON'T YOU? YOU **DON'T?** THAT'S RICH, WELL, I'LL TELL YOU SOON'S WE BLIP OUT THE **VISUAL!**

HUGO... GET THAT IDIOT **KNIFE** OUT OF YOUR FACE AND TUNE IN THE OTHER **VISUAL.**

THE **VISUAL**, HUGO THE **VISUAL...** OR DO YOU WANT ANOTHER **REWARD** FOR SO DELICIOUSLY **PLEASING** ME WITH YOUR **DISOBEDIENCE?**

AH, THERE IT IS! GOOD WORK, HUGO... REMIND ME TO BURY AN **AXE** IN YOUR **SKULL** LATER...



YES, THERE HE IS, SMUG AS EVER, UNSUSPECTING AS NEVER, DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I PULLED A **CLICK-LICK** ON HIM. WHAT A **NOBLE** MAN...

THE IDIOT TRIED TO **HELP** ME, BUT HE'LL **PAY**. TURN ON THE **AUDIO**, HUGO... THE **SOUND** YOU MORON, THE **SOUND!**



THAT'S BETTER, HUGO. NO, NO, DON'T **RUN AWAY** FROM YOUR **REWARD**. STAY AND WATCH **IDIOT NUGENT** WITH THE REST OF US.

...I HATE HIM.

NOW, NOW. **CRAZY** IS NOT A WORD I LIKE TO... EH? WHAT THE **DEVIL!**



YOU THINK THIS IS **CRAZY**, HUH? YOU THINK MY METHODS ARE TOO **ELABORATE**, EH? WELL LISTEN, YOU **JERKS**. **SMOKE NEVER LIES!** HOW DOES THAT GRAB YA?



NO...DON'T **ANSWER**...I'M SICK TO MY BRAIN OF HEARING FROM YOU! JUST MOVE ON TO THE NEXT PANEL! WELL...**GET OVER THERE, YOU IDIOTS!**

WASN'T THAT **NICE** THE WAY WE **SKIPPED AHEAD** TO THIS CAR SCENE OF IDIOT NUGENT DRIVING HOME?

OVERWROUGHT... TENSION... FATIGUE... THAT'S ALL. JUST NEED SOME **REST**. PATIENTS **GETTING** TO ME.



I ALWAYS **KNEW** HE HAD TOO MUCH COURAGE TO **RUN AWAY**...SO HE'S **DRIVING AWAY**...

AH, **NOW** THE IDIOT'S GETTING THE PICTURE. IMAGINE TRYING TO **CURE ME**... I'D **LAUGH** IF I WEREN'T SO **MAD!**



THE SMOKE **IMPOSSIBLE**... IT...IT'S **SPELLING OUT A MESSAGE!**

BIG DEAL. SO WHAT ELSE IS SMOKE SUPPOSED TO DO?

THAT'S IT... **FEAST** YOUR EYES ON THE **CLOWN**. IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU BELCH... BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT INDIGESTION - YET!



I, ER I THINK WE SHALL **TERMINATE** THIS SESSION FOR TODAY...

I ALWAYS **HEARD** PSYCHOLOGY STUDENTS ENTERED THE FIELD WITH HOPES OF HELPING **THEMSELVES**.

BUT THE **CAR** WON'T HELP HIM... **WILL IT, HUGO?**



GOOD LORD! THE **HIGHWAY**...IT... IT'S **ALIVE!**

LOOK AT HIM **SWERVE** THAT CAR TO AVOID THE WRITHING RIPLE OF CONCRETE SERPENT... HEE HEE

SHREEEE

I REALLY DIG ON THIS OLD REVENGE BIT.

I'M GOING *INSANE*...
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE BUT
I'M GOING *INSANE*.



YOU MADE ME A *LIAR*, NUGENT! YOU'RE *RUNNING AWAY*. BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES
ON THE *FLOATING BUTTERFLIES*, MR. MADNESS-TAKER...



I *WARNED* YOU, IDIOT! LOOK AT THE WAY THOSE BUTTERFLIES *EXPLODE* INTO
DEMENTIA—SPAWNED GROTESQUERIES CRAVING TO *GORGE* UPON YOUR FLESH...
HEY, THAT CLICK-LICKER'S REALLY DOING ITS STUFF!

THAT'S IT, NUGENT. *FEEL* THE PINCHING *BARB*
OF PUNCTURING TALONS AS THEY *BITE*
INTO YOUR EYEBALL. *POP* IT, AND *RIP*
IT FROM ITS SOCKET, TRAILING A
CRIMSON WASH OF SPLATTERING BLOOD...

YOU'VE *TAKEN* SO MUCH MADNESS FROM
PEOPLE, NUGENT. YOU'VE *STOLEN* SO
MUCH OF IT... *CURED* PEOPLE, AS YOU
PHRASE IT... THAT IT'S ALL COMING
BACK AT YOU, SHRIEKING AND
DERANGED, CLANGING *BELLS* AND
THUMPING *DRUMS* INSIDE YOUR REVERB-
ERATING MIND...



WE'LL LEAVE THE OTHER EYEBALL IN,
NUGENT... SO YOU CAN *SEE* WHAT
COMES *NEXT*!



...SO YOU COULD SEE...

YES, HUGO AND I AND THE CLICK-LICKER AND
ALL THESE IDIOT READERS HAVE LEFT
YOU WITH ONE EYE, NUGENT... SO YOU
COULD *SEE*...



...YOUR WIFE,

SO YOU COULD **SEE**, NUGENT, AND REEL BACK IN REVULSION AT THE ABRUPT **EXPLOSION** OF YOUR BELOVED WIFE'S **STOMACH** AND THE REVOLTING SPILL OF **CORRUPT MAGGOTS** AND **TANGLE-SLIMED WORMS**.

OH MY GOD
NOOOOO!

COME TO
ME, HOWARD,
COME AND
LET ME
HUG YOU.

HOW DOES IT **FEEL** TO HAVE **MADNESS**, A THOUSAND TIMES **COMPOUNDED**, STRIKE BACK, MR. PSYCHIATRIST? THAT'S IT! FLEE, THAT'S ALL YOU CAN DO AND IT WON'T DO YOU ANY **GOOD...**



THIS IS ALL PROGRESSING RATHER **WELL**, I THINK, BUT DON'T TAKE **MY** WORD FOR IT, I'M DEMENTED, HAVE I INTRODUCED MYSELF YET? I **HAVE** IN THAT CASE, MY NAME IS MR. DIMENT, FINE THANK YOU.

OH, WHAT IS IT
HUGO?

MASTER!
MASTER!
RAN OUT OF
HOT DOGS TO
FEED THE
TELEVISION
SET.

YOU **IDIOT!** YOUR NEGLIGENCE HAS ONLY **AIDED** MY **CLICK-LICK** PLAN IN A WAY NOT YET REVEALED... AND FOR **THAT** YOU GET

... **THIS!**



CHUE
CHUE
CLICK-LICK

AH, HERE'S THE ERUDITE NUGENT AGAIN, CATCHING FORTYWINKS. GUESS WE'RE NEARING THE **FINAL STAGES** OF OUR LITTLE PLOT HERE. AT LEAST AS FAR AS **SLEEPING SNOOTY** IS CONCERNED...





I DID IT, I DID IT,
I DID IT!
THE OLD
CLICK-LICK
EXPRESS DIDN'T
FAIL ME!

I EVEN HAD THE
COHERENCY OF MIND
IF THAT'S GOOD, TO
MAKE NUGENTS
END AN **IRONIC**
ONE... HAVING
HIS MADNESS-
WRAPPED **HEAD**
PULPED.



BUT IT DOESN'T END **HERE**,
YOU IDIOTS! STOP **THINKING**
SO MUCH... OR BETTER
YET, START THINKING.
YOU MIGHT **WARP YOUR**
BRAIN.



BUT I MUST REMEM-
BER MY **MANNERS...**
EXCUSE ME A
MINUTE...



CLICK-LICK

BUT MASTER, WHAT
ABOUT THE **HOT DOGS?**

BLIP

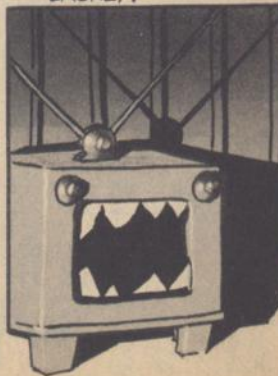
SHUT UP, **PUG-FACE**
AND HIT THE
VISUALS.

REMEMBER **BETTY?** NUGENTS **WIFE.** YEAH, YEAH,
YOU'VE GOT IT NOW, IDIOTS. WELL ANYWAY,
I SEE HER **STOMACH'S** FEELING BETTER
BUT THEN THE **CLICK-LICK'S** NO
CHAUVINIST... IT'LL TREAT HER JUST
AS IT TREATED HER **HUSBAND...**

I **KNEW** IT, I **KNEW** IT. HUGO, YOU'RE
A **GENIUS...** IT'S ALL GOING TO **COME**
OFF SUPERBLY, MY HUNCHEDBACKED
LACKEY!



WONDER WHAT'S
GOTTEN INTO **HOWARD?**
I CAN'T QUITE BE **CERTAIN**
BUT HE SEEMED TO BE
ACTING A TRIFLE
ODD...



I WONDER WHAT'S
ON THE **TUBE.**
HMPH... HAVE TO
REPLACE THAT
SCREEN ONE
OF THESE DAYS.

IT'S
GETTING A
LITTLE **WORN!**

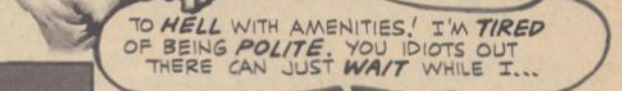
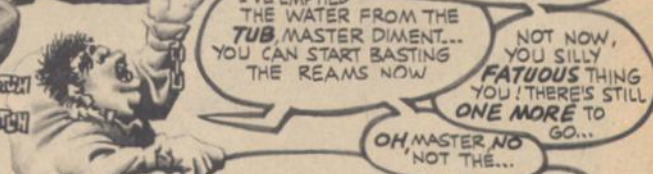
OH **BOY** AND WHAT A TREAT IT'S
GONNA BE!

YES!REE, HUGO YOU'RE A
DESPISED **GENIUS**. BUT IT'S ON
THE BRINK OF INSANITY SO
THAT'S COOL, I THINK.

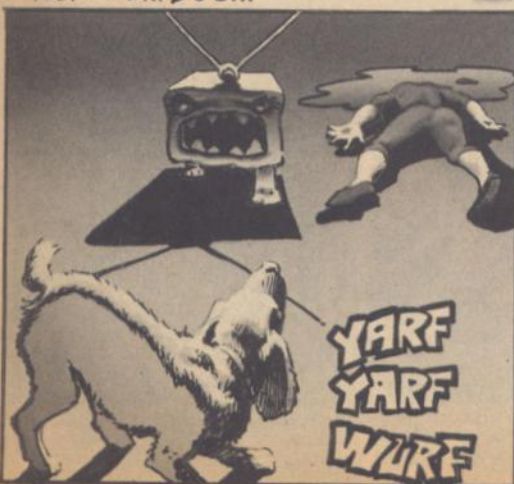
THE TELEVISION IS
STARVED HUGO, HYE, HYE,
HYEE **HYEE!**



SERVES HER **RIGHT!** SHE
GAVE OLD HUBBY, NUGENT,
ADVICE ON MY CASE WHEN
HE WAS **TREATING** ME.
MADNESS MAKES FOR STRANGE
BEDFELLOWS...



YES! THE... **DOG...**



THE LOUSY DOG USED TO
BRING NUGENT HIS **SLIPPERS**.
FROM WHERE I THINK, A
CLEAR-CUT CASE OF **AIDING**
AND **ABETTING THE ENEMY!**

YUP, YUP, HERE WE GO **AGAIN**.
DOG ESCAPES... **TEMPORARILY!**
AHEM... DOOR SLAMS IN
STYMIED TELEVISION'S
FACE, AND...

...DOG DISCOVERS HIS LATE
MASTER'S **SKELETON**. THE
ONLY REMAINS FROM THE
CLICK-LICK EXPRESS'
RECENT RUN...



...AND DOG THINKING OF NOTHING BUT BONES, HELPS HIMSELF...



...CAREFREE, DOG TROTS OFF WITH PURLOINED ARMBONE OF FORMER MASTER...



...WHEREUPON THE ELATED BUT CLICK-LICKED DOG
PROCEEDS TO **DIG HOLE** FOR PURLOINED ARM-BONE...

...SAID HOLE EXCAVATED, DOG GLEEFULLY
DROPS ARM-BONE INTO IT.



NOW... HERE'S THE **BEAUTIFUL PART**, HUGO,
YOU TWISTED **PARODY** OF A GRINNING
HARRIDAN, HYEY HYEY HYEY HYEY !!

BEFORE THE
TRAITOROUS CUR CAN
FILL IN THE HOLE THE
ARM-BONE SPROUTS
TWO LITTLE BONEY
HANDS WITH WHICH
TO **COLLAR** THE
MANGY MUTT...



...AND PULLS THE
SQUIRMING CANINE
DOWN INTO THE HOLE
WITH IT...



...WHERE UPON IT
INSIDIOUSLY SCOOPS
HANDFULS OF MUSTY,
SUFFOCATING **DIRT**
DOWN ON TOP OF
THE DOG AND ITSELF.



...UNTIL THE WHOLE
SHEBANG IS BURIED,
COMPLETING MY
REVENGE IN A WAY
WHICH, ALSO, OFFERS
REVENGE TO ALL THE
BONES OF THE WORLD,
BURIED BY CALLOUS
DOGS!



AND THE STUPID MUTT'S
MASTER HAD A **HAND**
...OR AT LEAST AN
ARM...IN IT TO BOOT!

WHADDAYA **MEAN**, IT WAS A CRUEL
THING TO DO TO THE DOG?
WHADDA **YOU** KNOW-?
YER **CRAZY**, Y'HEAR!!
GROW UP!

THE DOG **DESERVED** IT... HE
WAS **NUGENT'S** DOG AND
NUGENT TRIED TO **CURE**
ME WHEN ALL I WANTED
WAS TO GO **NUTS** IN
PEACE. AND THEN THAT
CRETIN BETTY STEPPED IN,
SO I CHOMPED **HER**
GOOD TOO...



...AND EVERYONE'S
ALWAYS SAYING TELEVISION'LL
LEAVE YOU WITH **NO HEAD**
OF YOUR OWN ANYWAY.
AND SO I JUST HELPED
IT ALONG, ME AND HUGO.
WITH OUR **CLICK-LICK**.

LOOK... I DON'T HAVE
TO **PUT UP** WITH THIS,
YOU **IDIOTS**! QUIT
PERSECUTING ME... I
DON'T **CARE** IF YOU
DIDN'T LIKE THE LAST
NINE PAGES! I HAVE
WAYS TO GET REVENGE...



SO I **WARN** YOU,
YOU **JERKOS**... YOU'D
BETTER NOT **FLIP**
THIS **PAGE**... I
MEAN IT... IF YOU
KNOW WHAT'S GOOD
FOR YOU, **DON'T**

FLIP THIS PAGE



I KNEW YOU
WOULDN'T BE ABLE
TO RESIST, HYEE
HYEEHYEE
HYEE!

CLICK-
LICK!

THE SLIPPED MICKEY CLICK-FLIP

WHEW. GLAD THAT'S OVER
WITH... I TOLD YOU
THE GUY WAS WEIRD,
RABID READERS...
SAY, ALL OF A
SUDDEN YOU READERS
ARE STARTING TO
LOOK ...
DIFFERENT...
LIKE... ?GASPE
?CHOKE?...
LIKE PIMENT!

PROLOGUE

THERE ARE SOME MEN
IN EVERY AGE WHO
CAN **KILL** WITH
RIGHTEOUS CALM...

...DURING THE LATE
1880'S, NATE CRILL WAS
ONE OF THOSE MEN.

CRILL DID NOT ATTAIN THE
WIDE-SPREAD **NOTORIETY**
THAT ADOLF HITLER WOULD
IN LATER YEARS...

...BUT THERE WAS A
KINSHIP IN IDEOLOGY...

...THE **PATTERN** WAS THE
SAME ON A SMALLER
SCALE...

...THOUGH NO SMALLER
TO THE **SURVIVORS** OF
HIS VICTIMS...

...TO THEM HIS **VIOLENCE**
WAS **IMMENSE!**

IT DID NOT MATTER TO NATE CRILL
WHAT TRIBE THE YOUNG MAN BELONGED
TO... HE ONLY SAW THE RED FLESH!

IN LATER YEARS, SOCIOLOGISTS
WOULD GIVE IN-DEPTH REASONS
FOR SUCH DISPOSITIONS AS CRILL'S.
...UNKNOWN LAWYERS WOULD
BECOME **SENSATIONS** DEPENDING
THEM, BUT THIS WAS LONELY
TERRITORY, PEOPLE SEPARATED
BY SPACE AND, THUSLY, TIME...

...AND CRILL **NEVER** ANALYSED HIS
ACTIONS. HE COULDN'T CARE LESS
ABOUT HIS **CHILDHOOD**... IN FACT,
HE COULD NOT EVEN REMEMBER
IF HE EVER HAD ONE.

CRILL EVEN DENIED HIS
VICTIM PEACE IN **DEATH!**

HE'D HEARD THAT SOME TRIBES'
RELIGIONS STATED THAT THE
DEAD NEEDED THEIR EYES TO
FIND THEIR WAY TO THEIR GODS.

TO CRILL, IF ONE
RED MAN BELIEVED
THAT, THEY ALL DID!

FOR ONE MOMENT, ANOTHER
LIFE WAVERED BEFORE
CRILL'S **JUDGEMENT**... THEN
HE TURNED, DECISIVELY,
DIGGING HIS SPURS INTO HIS
HORSES' SIDES, LEAVING HER
ALIVE SATISFIED CRILL'S
ODD HUMOR.

SHE WOULD HAVE TO LIVE
WITH FIVE SECONDS OF
BRUTALITY THAT WOULD
LINGER AS LONG AS HER LIFE!



EVERY AGE, THUS FAR, HAS ITS **MERCENARIES**. ALSO, THIS ONE IS A **BOUNTY HUNTER**, THE TERM FOR THAT OCCUPATION DURING THE LATE 1880'S.

HE CALLS HIMSELF THE **SIDEWINDER** AND TAKES PLEASURE IN HEARING PEOPLE ADDRESS HIM AS SUCH.

NO ONE KNOWS HIS REAL NAME... BUT THEN AGAIN... NO ONE REALLY CARES ONCE HE HAS RIDDEN OUT OF THEIR LIVES.



HIS VOICE IS LIKE GRAVEL, AS IF HE IS UNUSED TO SPEAKING AND FINDS THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE STRANGE...

EITHER OF YOU SEEN A TALL, SLIM HOMBRE WEARING A FANCY VEST AND RIDING A PINTO?

YOU MUST MEAN THAT ORNERY **SOD-BUSTER** THAT STOPPED BY HERE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HIM, STRANGER?

NOW, FRIEND, THAT'S BETWEEN HIM...

...AND ME...

WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

S-SURE! DON'T GET RILED, MISTER. I AIN'T THAT CURIOUS 'BOUT IT AT ALL.

THAT'S WHAT I FIGGERED

NOW YOU DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN TO SEE WHICH WAY HE WAS GOING, DID YOU?

YOU MEAN WHEN HE LEFT TOWN?

NOW WHEN ELSE WOULD I MEAN?

HE'S GOT A POINT, CORNELIUS. WHEN ELSE WOULD HE...

I UNDERSTOOD 'IM, LUCIAN!

HE HEADED OUT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE INJUN **BURIAL GROUNDS**. REGULAR MORTUARY THEY GOT THERE!

AND WHERE PRAY TELL, MIGHT THAT BE?

OUT ON ROCK MESA, MISTER.

THAT BIG MOUND I SEEN TO THE NORTH?

RIGHT... AND... AND DON'T TELL YOUR FRIEND I TOLD YOU... OKAY?

I ALREADY FORGOT!

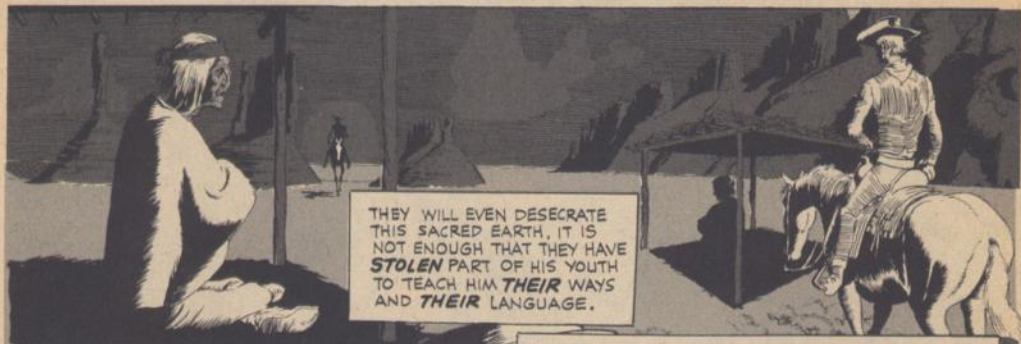
THIS GRAVEYARD IS NOT DESERTED

THE OLD MAN SAT IN THE SHADE OF THE **BRUSH HUT**, WAITING FOR THE INEVITABLE.

HE WAS OBVIOUSLY **DYING**... KNOWLEDGE AND ACCEPTANCE OF HIS CONDITION GLAZED HIS **PAINED** EYES.

BEYOND HIM, THE PASSAGEWAY TO THE **SACRED BURIAL GROUND** OF THE SPIRIT PEOPLE... WAITS!

WATERY EYES WATCH THE WHITE RIDER APPROACH. HE FORCES HIMSELF TO SIT ERECT... THOUGH HIS ACHING LIMBS TWIST ITS MESSAGE THROUGH HIM.



HE SPEAKS THIS ENGLISH NOW... THIS LANGUAGE HE HAS REJECTED SINCE **THEY RELEASED HIM BACK INTO CAPTIVITY!** AND THE WORDS ARE BRITTLE, ISSUED FROM DUST DRY LIPS, MOVING A TONGUE THAT IS NO LONGER MOIST. YET WORDS BORN IN SINCERITY AND BELIEF...

THE SPIRITS WOULD ASK YOU NOT TO OFFEND THIS CROSSING TO THE RAINBOW TRAIL!

DO NOT DISTURB THE **T'CHINDI**!!

...YET NATE CRILL DID NOT HEAR THEIR MEANING AND CARED LESS. THE IMPORTANT THING WAS REACHING OREGON! THREE DAYS **LAYOVER** NEAR THE LAST **DEATH SITE** HAD REFRESHED BOTH HIM AND HIS CAYUSE.

WHAT ARE YOU **BABBLING** ABOUT, OLD MAN?

T'CHINDI—THE EVIL PART OF THE BODY THAT **NEVER DIES!**

T'CHINDI—WHICH STAYS FOREVER... WHICH BRINGS **DEATH**!!

I AIN'T LISTENIN' TO NO MORE HEATHEN NONSENSE!

CRILL LEAVES THE **BROKEN BODY** LYING IN THE DUST. THROUGH THE **MIST OF PAIN**, THE DYING FIGURE FEELS THE DUST SETTLE BACK TO THE EARTH HE HAS WORSHIPPED... AND HIS FINGERS CLUTCH AT THE ARID GRIT... AS IF TO COMPEL IT **TO MERGE WITH HIM IN HIS TIME OF NEED!**



THE SUN PASSES ACROSS THE BLUE FIRMAMENTS HE HAS GAZED UPON SINCE YOUTH... AND **BURNS** ITS PASSAGE INTO HIS **FLESH!**

SLOWLY...DISTANT SOUNDS NEAR ON THE COOLING DIRT. A SILHOUETTE APPEARS, OUT OF FOCUS, BLURRED ON HIS RETINA. THE DARK SHAPE BROADENS-A HORSES' SHOD HOOVES POUND DULLY...

THIS TIME HE DOES WHAT TOO MANY OF THIS PALE RACE HAVE DONE...HE FAILS TO SEE ONE DISTINCT LIFE ABOVE HIM...

HE SEES ONLY A RACE...

...AND **SUCCUMBS** TO THE VERY TRAIT HE HAS **HATED** SO LONG!

THEY BRING ANOTHER WHITE FACE ABOVE HIM!

ANOTHER ONE OF YOU! WHY DO YOU BOTH PUTTING THIS WATER TO MY LIPS!

WHY DO YOU WANT TO PROLONG MY AGONY?

YOU MUST BE NEXT TO DELIRIOUS, OLD MAN.

I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' ABOUT THAT. IF NATE CRILL'S IN THERE...THAT'S WHERE I'M GOIN'...

...SIDES...MY FAITH'S IN MYSELF!

YOU WILL FOLLOW THE OTHER ONE, WON'T YOU? YOU WILL **VIOLATE** OUR FAITH AS **YOUR KIND** HAVE DONE SINCE THEY CAME HERE!

YOU WILL TRAMPLE THROUGH THE PASSAGE-WAY TO THE **SACRED VALLEY!**

I **ALLOW** YOU THAT WHITE MAN. WHY DO YOU **NOT ALLOW** US OUR FAITH?

FOR SOMEONE WHO'S DYIN' YOU'RE DOIN' A LOT OF TALKIN'. BUT YOU BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU WANT, LONG AS IT DON'T INTERFERE WITH ME.

THAT...IS **MORE**...THAN MOST OF YOUR RACE ALLOWS US.

GO THEN...
...FOR **DEATH** HOVERS WITH ME NOW...
... BUT BEWARE...

... FOR THIS GRAVEYARD IS NOT DESERTED!



I GUESS THAT OLD REDSKIN REALLY BELIEVES THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED!

COURSE IF I GOT IT RIGHT, IT'S THE **T'CHINDI** THEY'RE SCARED OF!

YOU'D THINK WITH ALLA THEIR CHANTS AN' CEREMONIES THEY'D THINK THEY'RE AS PURE AS SNOW...

...BUT NOT THEM!



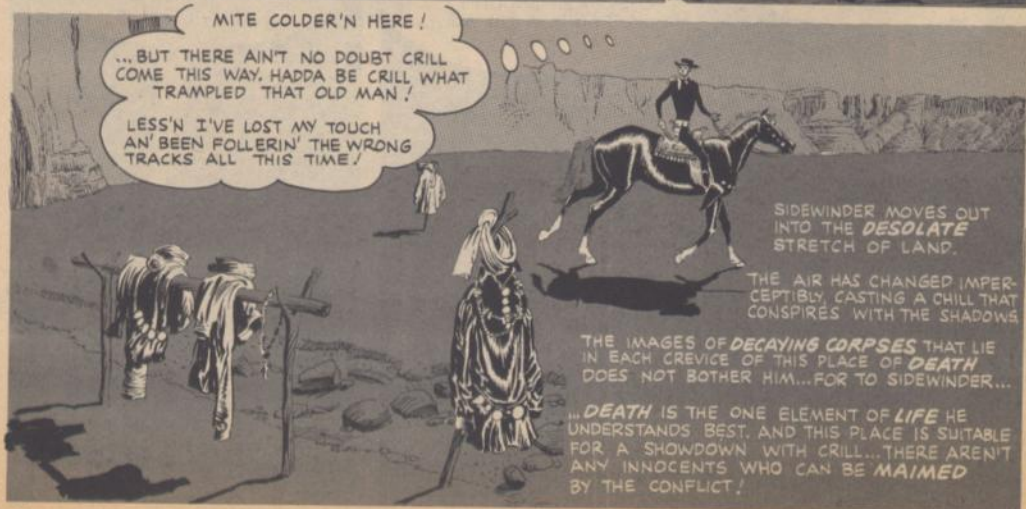
THEY GOT IT INTO THEIR HEADS THAT THE **EVIL** PART OF PEOPLE STAYS ALIVE...

...THE **T'CHINDI**!

SPIRITS SUPPOSED TO HANG AROUND WHERE THE **CORPSE** IS BURIED!

THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY FOR BURYIN', I GUESS!

THESE ROCKY WALLS PROTECT THE BODIES FROM THE BADGERS AND THE COYOTES! ...AND DAMN IF THEY HAVEN'T LEFT THE CORPSES' CLOTHES IN CASE HIS SPIRIT WANTS TA' ROAM A BIT!



MITE COLDER'N HERE!

...BUT THERE AIN'T NO DOUBT CRILL COME THIS WAY. HADDA BE CRILL WHAT TRAMPLED THAT OLD MAN!

LESS'N I'VE LOST MY TOUCH AN' BEEN FOLLERIN' THE WRONG TRACKS ALL THIS TIME!

SIDEWINDER MOVES OUT INTO THE **DESOLATE** STRETCH OF LAND.

THE AIR HAS CHANGED IMPERCEPTIBLY, CASTING A CHILL THAT CONSPIRES WITH THE SHADOWS

THE IMAGES OF **DECAYING CORPSES** THAT LIE IN EACH CREVICE OF THIS PLACE OF **DEATH** DOES NOT BOTHER HIM...FOR TO SIDEWINDER...

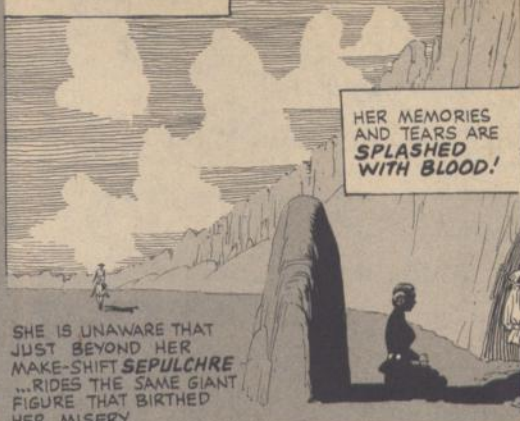
...**DEATH** IS THE ONE ELEMENT OF **LIFE** HE UNDERSTANDS. BEST, AND THIS PLACE IS SUITABLE FOR A SHOWDOWN WITH CRILL...THERE AREN'T ANY INNOCENTS WHO CAN BE **MAINED** BY THE CONFLICT!

BUT SIDEWINDER IS WRONG.

THERE IS
ONE OTHER
PERSON IN
THIS PLACE
...THE **ONLY**
ONE THAT
IS **NOT AN**
INTRUDER
ONE WHO IS
INTENSELY
ALIVE...
BECAUSE
OF DEATH!



SHE BRAVES EVEN THE T'CHINDI TO UTTER THE PRAYERS
THAT WILL GUIDE HER LOVED ONE TO THE LAND OF
THE SPIRIT PEOPLE.



HER MEMORIES
AND TEARS ARE
SPLASHED
WITH BLOOD!

SHE IS UNAWARE THAT
JUST BEYOND HER
MAKE-SHIFT **SEPULCHRE**
...RIDES THE SAME GIANT
FIGURE THAT BIRTHED
HER MISERY.

NATHAN CRILL SLOWS HIS HORSE. HALFHEARTEDLY,
HIS HAND WIPES AT THE **SWEAT** THAT COVERS HIS
HORSES' HIDE. THE **DAMP WIND** TURNS TO **ICE**
UNDER HIS FINGERS... AND HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS
OF EACH BREATH
HE TAKES...

DAMN INJUNS AN' THEIR
GRAVES... GOT 'EM ALL
OVER THE PLACE!

THE SENSE OF CHILL AND BREATH LEAVE CRILL AS
THE SOIL **BUCKLES** BENEATH HIS HORSE'S HOOFES.
A **WILD**, INSTINCTIVE SOUND
RIPS FROM HIS HORSES LUNGS..

...A **SHATTERING**
SOUND OF PRIMITIVE TERROR
THAT ERUPTS IN HIS OWN INSIDES.

I'M GONNA
NEED A GOOD
SLUG OF ROT-
GUT BY THE
TIME I GET
THROUGH HERE!

FROM THE **RIPPED**
WOUND OF EARTH, A
TENDRIL OF MIST
WAFTS, HARDLY
DISTINGUISHABLE.

CRILL DOES NOT SEE
THAT, BUT HE DOES
FEEL SOMETHING
CARESS HIS FLESH
FOR A MOMENT...



...A **FRIGID, ECTOPLASMIC SUBSTANCE** THAT CUTS THROUGH HIM
BEFORE HE IS SLAMMED TO THE GROUND.



CRILL COUGHS **VIOLENTLY** TRYING TO RID HIS BODY OF **WHATEVER** RESIDES THERE NOW! YET A NEW **HORROR** ARRIVES WITH THE SCRAPING OF ROCK AND SAND!

A SOUND AS OF FINGERS DIGGING THEIR WAY THROUGH SHALE... NAILS SCRATCHING **HIDEOUSLY!**

CRILL FLEES IN A STUMBLING GAIT... BUT HE CAN STILL HEAR THE PUSH OF SLIDING EARTH... A HEAVING, STRAINING, MACABRE SOUND THAT REACHES **OBSCENELY** FOR HIM... THAT RISES ABOVE THE SLAMMING OF HIS RUNNING FEET!



HIS FLIGHT LEADS HIM TOWARD THE ROCKY OUTER BOUNDARIES OF THE VALLEY...

SIDEWINDER COMPLETES THE SEPARATELY MOTIVATED TRIANGLE, YANKING ON HIS REINS, HORSE AND RIDER MOVING AS ONE.

...TOWARD THE SHELTER THAT HAS ISOLATED A GRIEVING, VULNERABLE FIGURE...

...FROM THE GROTESQUE EVENTS BEYOND!



CRILL!

THROUGH THE **DIM** LANDSCAPE HIS EYES SWEEP... **VULTURE** LIKE...

...PIERCING...

...SEARCHING...

...LOCATING THE **FRANTIC** FIGURE HE HAS KNOWN ONLY FROM TINTED PHOTOGRAPHS!



THE MOMENT HAS ARRIVED AS IT DOES WITH EVERY SEARCH... IT IS ONLY THE OUTCOME WHICH REMAINS TO BE DETERMINED!

SIDEWINDER BECOMES KEENLY **ALIVE**, HIS NERVE ENDINGS TAKE ON **NEW AWARENESS!** THE HORSE DRIVES HIM FORWARD IN A FIERCE, POUNDING, BODY-JOLTING STRIDE THAT BRINGS CRILL UP SHORT, AND IN THIS **NEW PERCEPTION**, IN THIS NEWNESS OF SCENT AND AUDIO HE REALIZES THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG, UNDENIABLY WRONG—THAT IT IS SOMETHING MORE THAN ATMOSPHERE THAT PERMEATES THIS SCENE.



SOMETHIN' ELSE BACK THERE!



THAT'S A NASTY HABIT YOU GOT THERE, CRILL!

AS ONE, **DEFORMED LIMBS** BURST THROUGH WEED AND DIRT! GRASPING, **TALONED HANDS**, REEKING OF **DETERIORATION**, SEND THE DARK HORSE INTO PANIC.

RAZOR-SHARP EDGES SHRED THE HORSE'S HIDE ...AND THE JET-BLACK HAIR RUNS **DARK** WITH **GORE!**

SIDEWINDER HAS ONE GLIMPSE OF THE UPRAISED ARMS, OF THE CLUTCHING FINGERS, OF THE **DEFORMED LIMBS** BEFORE HE IS FLUNG **VIOLENTLY** INTO THE NIGHT AIR...

...NO LONGER A MASTER OF HIS FATE...

...IF EVER HE WAS!



THE SCENE IS STRANGELY OUT OF **LEGEND**, YET **LEGEND** THAT IS **MORE** THAN WHITE OR RED **LEGEND**... SOMETHING THAT TRANSCENDS BOUNDARIES ...AND SHATTERS THE COMMON-PLACE!!

SIDEWINDER LANDS HARSHLY IN THE **MIDST** OF THEM AND THE SCENT OF MOLD AND **DECAY** FILL THE AIR. IT IS ONLY A LIFE-TIME OF LIVING UNDER A HARSH SUN WITH MANY HARSH **CONFLICTS** THAT ENABLES HIM TO REACT SO QUICKLY, THOUGH HIS INSIDES HEAVE WITH THE FIRST CONTACT OF THIS **ROTTING FLESH!**



SIDEWINDER'S FINGERS CLOSE ABOUT ONE OF THE **BIZARRE** ARMS...AND THE FLESH GIVES WAY UNDER HIS GRIP...

...STRIPS AWAY FROM **BONE AND SINEW...**

...OOZES THROUGH HIS CLENCHED FINGERS LIKE **PULP RIND** FROM A **RIPE CANTALOUPE!!**



DON'T KNOW WHO THAT WAS BUT HE'S BROUGHT HIMSELF A MESS OF TROUBLE!

BUT MORE'N HE BARGAINED FOR!

NEVER MIND THAT... MORE'N I BARGAINED ON, TOO!



WHAT IN DEVIL'S NAME...!! THINGS JUS' KEEP CRAWLIN' OUTTA THE **WORM WOOD** IN THIS PLACE!

MURDERER!



THE GIRL ANNOUNCES HER OWN STARTLED REACTION...IN A TONGUE CRILL CANNOT UNDERSTAND

AND IN THE **SHADOWY MOON-LIGHT** HER EYES REFLECT **AGONIZED RECOGNITION!**

AND WHILE CRILL CONFRONTS THE GIRL, FOR SIDEWINDER THE DARK SKIES DIM AND THERE IS A SCREAMING ROARING SENSATION ABOUT HIM THAT HE IS NOT SURE IS REAL OR IMAGINED.



YET HE FEELS THE MOIST, DECOMPOSED FLESH PRESS INTO HIS THROAT.

HE IS VAGUELY AWARE THAT HIS OWN BLOOD NOW FLOWS SLICKLY...PRESSING THE TORN FABRIC OF HIS SHIRT TO HIS BODY.

UNRELENTING, THE LIMB ABOUT HIS NECK TIGHTENS ITS GRIP.

SIDEWINDER FEELS HIS TONGUE SWELLING IN HIS THROAT.

HE KNOWS HE IS DAMN NEAR UNCONSCIOUS!



GASPING, HE REACHES DOWN, NUMBED FINGERS CLOSE UPON THE BONE-CHISELED HANDLE OF THE BOWIE KNIFE!

AND HE RIPS IT FROM ITS SHEATH!
THE BLADE GLEAMS DULLY.

HIS INITIAL SUPERNATURAL FEAR CLEARS WITH THE TOUCH OF THE KNIFE... AND REACQUAINTS HIM WITH A REALITY HE CAN UNDERSTAND.



DESPERATELY, HE ARCS THE BLADE UPWARD, IT'S MOMENTUM BARELY SLOWED AS IT ENCOUNTERS TEARING ARMS.



HE DRAWS IN A DEEP BREATH AND STAGGERS BLINDLY AWAY. THE SENSATION OF SURVIVAL ENTERS HIS MIND WITH EACH BREATH, ALREADY THE BRUTAL, SLICING SOUNDS OF THE SLAUGHTER BEGIN TO ECHO IN HIS EARS!



THEY ARE SOUNDS HE WILL HAVE TO LIVE WITH FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!



SIDEWINDER HALTS WHEN THE TREMBLING CLAIMS HIM. IT IS A TREMBLING HE HAS KNOWN BEFORE ...FROM OTHER CONFLICTS HE HAS WON...

THE SOFT, FRAIL **NOBILITY** OF THE FACE STIRS A SENSE OF LIFE IN SIDEWINDER QUITE UNLIKE THE SENSATIONS HE HAS KNOWN AT THE MOMENT OF THE CHASE.



HER EYES ARE **MOIST**, AND THEY CONVEY SOMETHING HE CANNOT QUITE GRASP.

HE TRIES AND THE SENSATION...

...PERHAPS WHAT IT IS, IS THAT NEITHER OF THEM WERE ENTIRELY GOOD OR BAD...

...PERHAPS THESE WHITES AND THESE REDS, PERHAPS THEY WERE JUST **DIFFERENT**, BUT CLEARLY-DEFINED **CULTURES**.

SHE SHOULD **HATE ME!** HATE MY KIND! JUST LIKE SOME OF THEM **TOWNFOLK** YONDER WOULD HATE HER.



PERHAPS WITH SOME **UNDERSTANDING** THEY COULD HAVE EXISTED SIDE BY SIDE...

PERHAPS THEY COULD HAVE GIVEN AND RECEIVED ALIKE...PERHAPS THAT WAS WHAT HER **WOUNDED** GAZE TRIED TO TELL HIM.



INTROSPECTION WAS NOT SIDEWINDER'S FORTE...THE SOUND THAT CAME FROM BEHIND HIM...THE DULL CLICK OF A COCKED **GUN-HAMMER**...THAT TRIGGERED A FAMILIAR WARNING, ISSUED IN HIS ADRENALIN!

AND A SIMILAR SOUND
BRINGS CRILL UP SHORT...

CRILL'S CALLOUSED FINGER SLIPS OVER THE FAMILIAR, OILY CURVE OF HIS
WEAPON'S TRIGGER, PULLING AT IT, SHOTS THUNDERING, ECHOING OFF THE DISTANT
HILLSIDES.

BOOM!



CRILL TURNS...
...AND HIS
FACE DRAINS
OF BLOOD...

...AS HE STARES AT
A **GRUESOME**
APPARITION
MORE TERRIBLE
THAN THE OTHERS
HE HAS SEEN
THIS NIGHT!

CREAK!

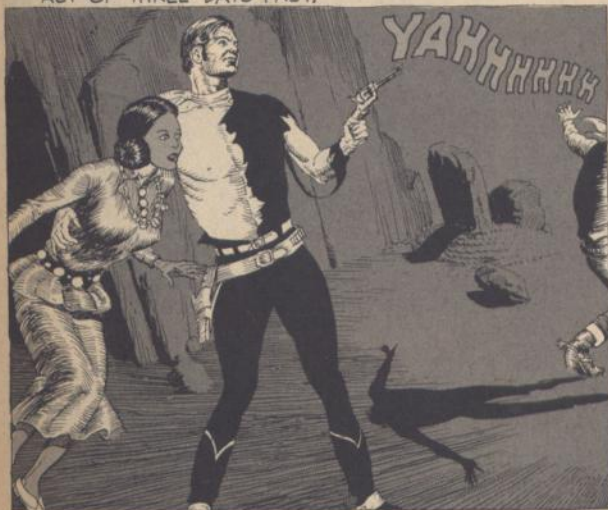


BANG!
BANG!

BANG!
BANG!

AND THOUGH HIS SIGHT **RIVETS** ON THE RAVAGED FACE HE IS UNAWARE
THIS IS THE **SAME BEING HE SLAUGHTERED WITHOUT REMORSE.**

HE IS **UNAWARE** AS TO WHY THIS FIGURE **STALKS** HIM, A
DEATHLY FIGURE NOW INCENSED NOT OVER THE SAVAGE
ACT OF THREE DAYS PAST.



YAHHHRRHH



-BUT OVER THIS **NEW** ACT, CRILL'S **SLASHING** ATTACK
UPON **HIS MATE** DRIVING HIM FROM THE GRAVE, FEELING
ANEW THE THRUSTING PAIN FROM HIS TORN EYES, SENSING
THE HURT OF THE WOMAN WHO HAD NOT DESERTED HIM.

THE GIRL AND SIDEWINDER HALT AS THE APPARITION WALKS THROUGH THE DUSK, UNMINDFUL OF BOTH OF THEM, ITS MISSION **FULFILLED**.



NATHAN CRILL'S MOANS RENT THE AIR, HIGH-PITCHED QUIVERING SOUNDS THAT **WAIL IN DESPAIR**.



SIDEWINDER TURNS TO QUESTION THE GIRL AND TO SEEK HER AID...

THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT NOW BUT TO LEAVE THIS PLACE FAR BEHIND.

BUT THE SCENE THAT GREETES HIS EYES **KILLS** THE QUESTIONS ON HIS LIPS...



...AND SHE HAS **ALREADY** GIVEN HIM AN INSIGHT THAT WILL TAKE HIM A LONG TIME TO COMPLETELY COMPREHEND.

HE ALSO KNOWS THAT NO WOMAN HAS EVER LOOKED AT HIM WITH SUCH **HEALING** EYES AS THIS ONE HAS...

EYES THAT **SEE AND KNOW** THE **PAIN AND HURT...** AND ACCEPT IT... BUT NEVER LIKE IT!



ANOTHER DAY, MEMORIES SLIGHTLY DULLED BY TIME AND A FEW HARSH DRINKS AND MAYBE HE WOULD TRY TO UNDERSTAND IT ALL.

BUT THERE WAS ONE TASK TO COMPLETE BEFORE THE LONG TREK TO THE DISTANT TOWN...

HE WOULD RETURN TO THE OLD MAN AND BURY HIM.

IT WAS THE LEAST HE COULD DO.

TIME NOW FOR A JOURNEY TO THE MYSTIC, MAGIC, MYTHIC PAST OF ANCIENT GREECE WHERE MEN WERE MEN AND MONSTERS WERE CYCLOPS, GORGONS, DRYADS OR WHAT-HAVE-YOU! THE FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE IS FANTASY! JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT, LET'S TAKE...

DESCENT INTO HELL

BEGONE! IT IS BLASPHEMY FOR MORTALS TO STAND UPON THE BANK OF THE RIVER STYX, WHICH FLOWS TO THE GATES OF ... HELL.

I AM NOT A MAN! I AM A TITAN, POSSESSING THE STRENGTH AND IMMORTALITY OF THE OLYMPIAN GODS! I CRAVE ADMITTANCE TO HELL ITSELF... THIS BIDDEN BY ZEUS....!

IN HIS NAME I COMMAND YOU TO...

WHO BE YOU, STRANGER? YOU BREATHE... I SENSE THE WARM BLOOD COURSEING THROUGH YOUR VEINS! YOU LIVE! THUS YOU HAVE NO PLACE HERE!

AGE!

AGE!

AGE!

INVOKING THE NAME OF ZEUS HAS SPARED ME THE CURSE OF CHARON, BOATMAN TO **HELL**.... I MAY NOW COMANDEER HIS VESSEL.

BUT THE FATHER OF THE GODS SHALL AID ME NO FURTHER. I MUST PROVE MYSELF BY DEPENDING ON MY OWN STRENGTH!

AYE, **TITAN!** LONG HAVE YOU ENDURED MY PUNISHMENT FOR THE CRIME OF WISHING MORTALITY. PERFORM THE TASK I'VE SET, AND ONCE AGAIN MAY YOU TAKE YOUR PLACE AMONGST THE GODS!

SAIL NOW DOWN THE STYX, THE RIVER OF LAMENTATION! SAIL...

A GHOSTLY BULL! THE SIGN OF ZEUS.

AS THE COMPACT CRAFT KNIFES THROUGH EERIE TUNNELS AND CAVES, BONY FINGERS OF MEMORY STIR IN THE **TITAN'S** BRAIN.

ROSANNA. GRACEFUL. BEAUTIFUL. ROSANNA.



SINCE THEN, I'VE BEEN SENTENCED TO A LABOR OF TERRIBLE, CONTINUOUS STRAIN! BUT FINALLY COMES A CHANCE TO REDEEM MYSELF IN FATHER ZEUS' EYES...AND AGAIN SEE **ROSANNA**, WHOM I CHERISH BEYOND MY UNENDING LIFE.

IT WAS ONLY A HANDFUL OF MONTHS AGO. I FELL DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH ROSANNA... A HUMAN! ZEUS LEARNED OF MY FEELINGS AND DEEMED SUCH A MATCHING SINFUL! THUS I BEGGED TO BE MADE MORTAL. IT INFURIATED HIM.



BY THE FURIES... BEFORE ME...



THE
GATES OF
HELL!!



THE TITAN ROWS CLOSER TO THE WEIRD STRUCTURE, UNSUSPECTING OF ANY ENCHANTMENT UPON THAT WHICH SEEMS NOUGHT BUT...STONE.

THE
GARGOYLE...
GGGAAGHH!



MY
SHOULDER!
ZEUS LEVIES
THE CURSE OF
PAIN ON ME!
THE GATES!
I MUST REACH
THEM! MY
TASK LIES
BEYOND...



UUUUUHP

THE ADAMANTINE
GATES... FORGED AND
STATIONED BY WAR-
GOD ARES! NOT
EVEN MY SUPERHUMAN
MUSCLES MAY MAKE
THEM YIELD.



IF I FAIL
HERE, THEN I SHALL
NEVER AGAIN BEHOLD
THE FACE AND FORM
OF THE WOMAN
I LOVE. NEVER.
NEVER...



...NEVER!

SCREECHING, MAN-MOCKING
GALES EXPLODE FROM BEHIND
THE SHATTERED GATES! MERCI-
LESS SPIRIT-WINDS PUMMEL
AND CLAW THE TITAN'S FLESH...
POUND AGAINST HIS UNPROTECT-
ED FACE.

HELL...! THE AFTERLIFE...
THE REGION OF BODILESS
SOULS. AN UNREASONING
MADNESS-SPAWNED WORLD
OBSCENE TO THE SENSES
OF LIVING MEN...

I
MUST
GAIN
ENTRANCE!

WEAKER HOWL THE DEATH-
COLD WINDS AS I ADVANCE!
BY THE STYX, THE JAGGED STONE
CUTS MY SKIN LIKE BUTTER!
I AM IMMUNE TO NOTHING HERE.
THOSE STRANGE BEINGS HOVER-
ING ABOUT... GHOSTLY REMAINS
OF MORTALS, WHOM I
WONDER WERE GOOD
OR EVIL?

MY MISSION...
IT MUST BEAR FORE-
MOST ON MY THOUGHTS.
I AM TO DESTROY THE
GUARDIAN BEAST OF TARTAR-
US. THE THREE-HEADED
HELL-DEMON GONE MAD!
THAT WHICH PROWLs
THESE FLESH-TEAR-
ING CLIFFS!

THE
MONSTER
NAMED...

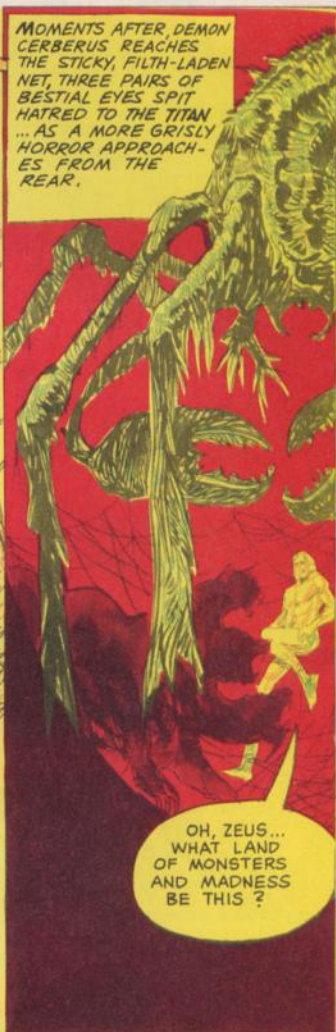
...CERBERUS!

FIERCE GUTTURAL GROWLS SLASH THE AIR BEFORE THE TITAN AS... SHOCKED... HE LOSES HIS HOLD AND FALLS BACKWARD... AND A HIDEOUS, TRI-HEADED APPARITION LEAPS AFTER HIM IN BLIND, UNTHINKING BLOOD LUST!



HAVE THE FATES GET THESE STRANGE VINES TO BREAK MY FALL? HOLD! I SENSE ALIEN EYES WATCHING FROM THAT CREVICE.

MOMENTS AFTER DEMON CERBERUS REACHES THE STICKY, FILTH-LADEN NET, THREE PAIRS OF BESTIAL EYES SPIT HATRED TO THE TITAN... AS A MORE GRISLY HORROR APPROACHES FROM THE REAR.



OH, ZEUS... WHAT LAND OF MONSTERS AND MADNESS BE THIS?



THE BEAST OF THREE HEADS TURNS ON THE SPIDER...RIPS IT TO SHREDS!

CERBERUS' BLOOD IS DISSOLVING THE WEB. MUST GET OFF IT...



WHITE HOT PAIN FROM TWO TORN, OOZING NECKS WRENCHES A SAVAGE GROWL FROM THE MONSTER. IT RUSHES THE TITAN, DRIPPING GORE AND RAKING CLAWS RAINING UPON HIS FLESH. GRIM VISE-LIKE HANDS GRIP CERBERUS' FINAL LIVING THROAT AND SQUEEZE... GRASP... CHOKE...

...AND THE DEATH-DEMON DIES!

MY TASK...IS DONE! GREAT ZEUS SHALL RESTORE MY STATION AND HEAL THESE WOUNDS! MORE IMPORTANT, ROSANNA WILL BE MINE...IF EVEN FOR ONLY HER BRIEF MORTAL LIFETIME.





NEVER DO YON
SHADES TIRE OF
WATCHING THE LIVING!
I AM BESIEGED BY
AN ARRAY OF COWLED
FACES, COLD AND
SHADOW-BLUE.

COLD...
SHADOW-
BLUE...

ROSANNA!!!

KNOW YOU HOW
LONG YOUR EXILE-
SENTENCE HAS
LASTED, TITAN?
ONE CENTURY!

YET TO YOUR
ETERNITY-
CONSCIOUS MIND,
IT PROBABLY
SEEMED MUCH
LESS THAN
THAT.



ONLY WHEN THE
FEMALE WAS SAFELY
DEAD COULD I OFFER
YOU A CHANCE AT
REDEMPTION! YOU HAVE
WON IT BY PERFORM-
ING YOUR TASK.

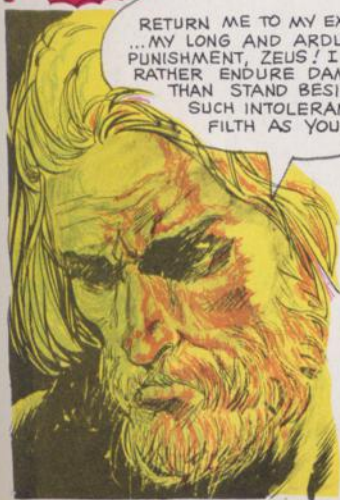
HERE IS
HELL... LAIR OF
THE SOUL FRAGMENTS OF
ALL MORTALS, GOOD OR EVIL!
LEAVE IT NOW. TAKE YOUR
PLACE WITH THE GODS. FORGET
THE MORTAL WOMAN LOST
TO YOU FOREVER... YOU
WHO CANNOT DIE!

RETURN ME TO MY EXILE
...MY LONG AND ARDUOUS
PUNISHMENT, ZEUS! I WOULD
RATHER ENDURE DAMNATION
THAN STAND BESIDE
SUCH INTOLERANT
FILTH AS YOU!

**RETURN
ME
ZEUS!**




DONE!





I AM BACK IN
MY PRISON...THE ICY,
GALACTIC REACHES OF A
REMOTE CORNER OF
TIME-SPACE. I SHALL
EXIST HERE FOREVER...
MY BODY DISTORTED
IN SIZE AND
MATTER...




...AND I WILL
STRAIN...STRAIN
UNDER THE GARGAN-
TUAN MASS BORNE
UPON MY BONE-
BRUISED BACK.

I PRAY THIS CRUSHING
WEIGHT WILL RELIEVE MY
AGONIZED MIND OF MEM-
ORIES. THAT I MIGHT
FORGET HER... THE
WOMAN I LOVED!
LOVED...



FOR SUCH
IS THE FLIGHT
OF THE TITAN
NAMED...
ATLAS!



HHMM...
OBVIOUSLY, OUR WORLD-
WIELDING WONDER MUST BE
INVISIBLE AND INTANGIBLE TO
EARTHLY DETECTION. WHAT
AN AWFUL STATE OF
EXISTENCE! CAN ANY OF
YOU IMAGINE A MORE
MACABRE...**HELL?**

PROLOGUE:

THE **MACFARLANE** MANSION HAD REMAINED IN QUIET **APPREHENSION** THAT DAY IN LATE DECEMBER, 1882, AND LIKE ALL CONCERNED **RELATIVES** IN TIME OF SICKNESS, **JASPER MACFARLANE**, PATRIARCHAL HEAD OF THE PROUD **SCOTTISH** FAMILY, WAITED TO HEAR THE DOCTOR'S DIAGNOSIS OF HIS SICKLY BROTHER...



IS THERE ANY **CHANGE** IN JEREMY'S CONDITION, DOCTOR?

YOUR BROTHER IS STILL **FEVERISH!** HE APPEARS **DEATHLY ILL!** AND HE CRIES FOR A GIRL NAMED **EFFIE!**



JEREMY WILL GET OVER THAT **TRAMP**, DOCTOR! SHE'S FROM THE **LOWER END** OF THE VILLAGE! THE LITTLE SLUT HAD THE **NERVE** TO TELL EVERYONE HE **LOVED HER**, BEFORE MY BROTHER FELL ILL, I GAVE STRICT **ORDERS** THAT SHE WAS **NOT** TO SET FOOT IN THIS HOUSE!

YOUR BROTHER APPEARS QUITE **CONCERNED** ABOUT HER, SIR!



THAT'S **ENOUGH**, DOCTOR! I BELIEVE I HEAR YOUR **CARRIAGE** RETURNING FOR YOU.

THAT'S NOT MY CARRIAGE. **MINE IS PARKED OUTSIDE.**



GOOD LORD! **THE ANKON!** IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!



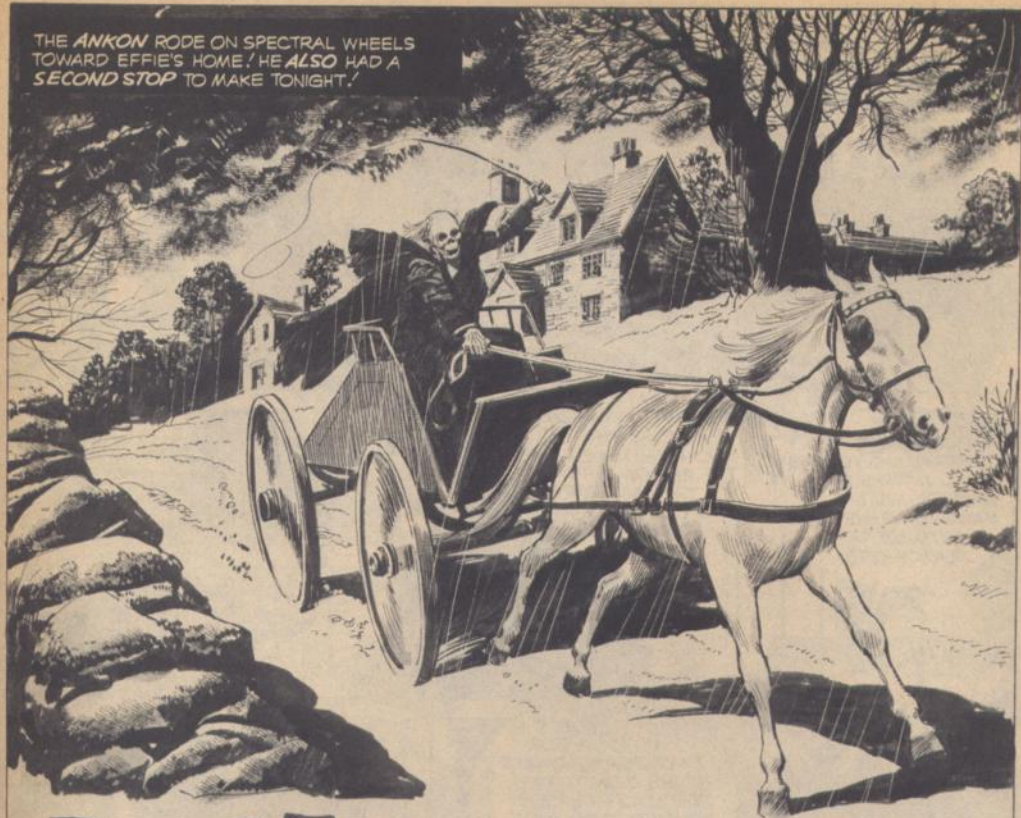
THE ANKON! I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT WAS A **SUPERSTITION**. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE **LAST PERSON** BURIED IN A CEMETERY...THE **SPIRIT** WHICH GUARDS THE GRAVEYARD GATES AND LEAVES **ONLY** TO **WARN** THE LIVING THAT SOMEONE **CLOSE** TO THEM MUST **DIE!**



WELL, WHATEVER YOU **THOUGHT** YOU SAW, IT'S GONE! I MUST GO AS WELL...

TO VISIT THE GIRL YOUR BROTHER CRIED FOR... TO VISIT **EFFIE'S** HOME... FOR SHE, TOO, WAS **DEATHLY ILL!**

THE ANKON RODE ON SPECTRAL WHEELS
TOWARD EFFIE'S HOME! HE ALSO HAD A
SECOND STOP TO MAKE TONIGHT!



DEAD MAN'S RACE

TIRED
OF SLOW-MOVING
HORROR STORIES,
FIENDS? HERE'S A TALE
THAT WAS WRITTEN AT A
DEAD RUN, ABOUT A RACE
BETWEEN TWO HEARSEs!
WILL IT END IN A DEAD
HEAT? READ ON
AND SEE!



THE NEXT DAY, ONLY *HOURS* AFTER HIS DEATH, JEREMY MACFARLANE'S BODY WAS IN THE OLD TOWN CHURCH FOR THE *FUNERAL*.

YOU MUST CONTINUE THIS SERVICE AT THE GRAVESIDE, PREACHER! MY DRIVER HAS JUST INFORMED ME THAT THE OTHER PARTY IS LEAVING THEIR CHURCH.

EFFIE MCLAREN'S FUNERAL HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR BROTHER, MISTER MACFARLANE! WE SHALL CONTINUE THE SERVICE HERE.

I SAY WE WON'T, PREACHER! EVERYONE HERE KNOWS THE LEGEND OF THE ANKON, THE SPIRIT OF THE LAST PERSON TO BE BURIED IN THE CEMETERY!

WE LL, THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR TWO MORE GRAVES IN THE CEMETERY! THE LAST PERSON BURIED TODAY WILL BE ANKON FOREVER!

AND I WON'T HAVE THAT HAPPEN TO A MACFARLANE!

IF YOU HAVE EVER BEEN FRIENDS OF OUR FAMILY, HELP ME NOW! SINCE I SAW THE ANKON LAST NIGHT, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP!

I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN TO MY BROTHER! YOU MUST HELP US BEAT THAT VALLEY TRASH TO THE CEMETERY!

CRASH!

JASPER TURNED FROM THE CROWD AND **DRAGGED** THE **CASKET** TOWARD THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH, NEVER NOTICING WHETHER ANYONE HELPED HIM OR NOT. HE COULD **STILL** SEE THE **MOCKING DEATH-GRIN OF THE ANKON.**

AND HE SWORE ONCE AGAIN THAT HIS BROTHER WOULD **NOT** BE THE ONE TO REPLACE THAT **TORMENTED SPIRIT.**



JASPER VAULTED ONTO THE **HEARSE** AS SOON AS THE **COFFIN** WAS SAFELY ABOARD.



AND THE RACE WAS **ON,** UNDER A **SOMBER, GLOOMY** SKY.



JASPER MACFARLANE SAT **FIRMLY** IN THE **BOX,** NEVER LOOKING BACK. TODAY HE HAD ONLY **CURSES** FOR THOSE HE HAD **MASTERED** SO RUDELY THROUGH THE YEARS...





JASPER TURNED TOWARDS HIS CARRIAGE WINDOW AND SAW, TO HIS RELIEF, THAT THE CASKET WAS STILL IN PLACE! HE WOULD RETURN LATER TO FIND THE **FOOL** WHO SHOUTED AT HIM.

UP THE NARROW STREET THE CARRIAGE STORMED WITH JASPER CURSING THE DRIVER FOR MORE SPEED!

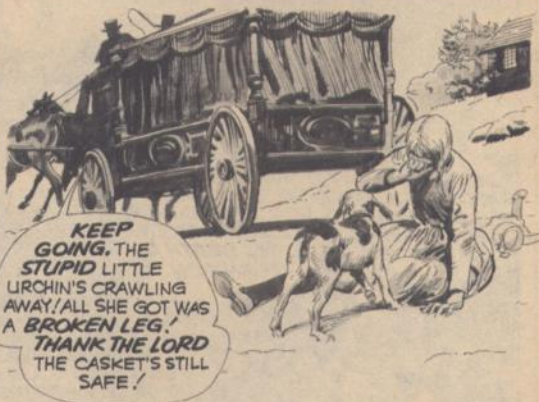


THEN THEY REACHED THE **TOP** OF THE HILL!



THE DRIVER PULLED ON THE REINS, DESPERATELY TRYING TO TURN THE COACH...

PUSHING THE NERVOUS DRIVER ASIDE JASPER SEIZED THE REINS...



THERE WAS **NO TIME** FOR THE DRIVER TO ANSWER! SUDDENLY, THE RACE BECAME **REAL!**





THE MACFARLANE WAGON SCRAPED TO A STOP, INCHES AWAY FROM THE CEMETERY ROAD AS THE MCLARENS SPED BY. **THE RACE WAS OVER!!**



YOUR **BROTHER** WAS A **KIND** MAN, SIR! HE'D HAVE SEEN **HIMSELF** HURT BEFORE HE'D HURT ANOTHER!

I SHALL HAVE **MORE** TO SAY TO YOU LATER, DOLT... FOR YOU HAVE DOOMED MY BROTHER TO THE **DEATH** OF AN **ANKON!**

AT THE **CEMETERY GATES**, JASPER HAD A BRIEF, WHISPERED CONVERSATION WITH THE KEEPER.

PERHAPS IF YOU **ORDERED** THEM TO, SIR, MY MEN WOULD **BURY** YOUR BROTHER **FIRST!** OF COURSE, I **DON'T** HOLD WITH THE **SUPERSTITIONS** MYSELF, BUT IF IT **MAKES** A DIFFERENCE TO YOU--



THERE **WON'T** BE ANY ORDERS! WE **LOST** THE RACE AND MY BROTHER WILL BE THE **LAST TO BE BURIED!**



OLD JASPER
MACFARLANE, MY NAMESAKE.
I CAN **STILL** REMEMBER THE
GRAND FUNERAL THEY HAD FOR
HIM! THE MACFARLANE NAME
MEANT **SOMETHING** THEN!

NOW IT WILL BE A
LAUGHINGSTOCK!

THOSE WHO **BELIEVE** THE
OLD SUPERSTITIONS WILL
SAY I **LOST** THE RACE!
THOSE WHO **DON'T**
WILL CALL ME
MAD!



I **DID** SEE
THE ANKON! I'M
NOT MAD!

READY
FOR YOU NOW
SIR!

WHAT?



DISMISS
YOUR MEN, MY
BROTHER IS THE **LAST**
MACFARLANE TO BE BURIED
IN THE FAMILY PLOT! AND
HE'LL BE **BURIED** BY A
MACFARLANE!



THIS IS
AMAZING, SIR!
IT'S A **SHAME** NO
ONE ELSE IS HERE
TO SEE THAT A
MACFARLANE **ISN'T**
AFRAID TO WORK
WITH HIS OWN
HANDS!



THAT'S A
DEEP GRAVE, SIR!
WHY, YOU MUST BE AS
STRONG AS YOUR
BROTHER WAS! HOW WE
ALL USED TO **ADMIRE**
HIM!



JEREMY WILL
BE **MISSED**,
SIR!



NOT
BY YOU,
DRIVER!

SPANG!



A *STRANGE* GATE POST! A GATE POST WITH SMOOTH
SKIN, AND *HAUNTING* EYES AND WISPY WHITE HAIR!



THE *NEXT* DAY THE VILLAGERS DISCOVERED *JASPER'S* BODY IN THE CEMETERY! AFTER *FLEEING* THE *ANKON*, HE HAD *STUMBLED* TO HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE AND PARTIALLY BURIED HIMSELF THERE TO KEEP WARM! IT *WASN'T* WARM ENOUGH! HE *FROZE* TO DEATH!



THE *VILLAGERS* DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE *ANKON* AND THEY *NEVER* DUG DEEP ENOUGH TO *FIND THE DRIVER*! THEY SIMPLY BURIED JASPER IN A SHALLOW GRAVE ABOVE HIS BROTHER, FULFILLING WHAT THEY *THOUGHT* WAS JASPER'S *LAST WISH*!

JASPER BECAME THE *LAST MAN* BURIED IN THE OLD CEMETERY, AND ON A *DARK NIGHT*, IN THE *MIST*, THOSE WHO *BELIEVE* IN THE OLD SUPERSTITIONS SAY HE CAN *STILL* BE *SEEN* *GUARDING* THE CEMETERY GROUNDS.



PROUD
JASPER
MACFARLANE,
WHO WILL
BE THE
ANKON
FOREVER...



...FOREVER GUARDING THE GATES OF HIS OWN PRIVATE *HELL*!



POOR
OLD JASPER...
TO THIS DAY
JASPER HAUNTS
THAT OLD CEMETERY.
JUST SITS BY THE
RUSTY IRON GATES
AN' *CONTEMPLATES*
HIS *NAVAL*!



HIYA, BLOOD BROTHERS! YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT **VAMPIRES**, DON'T YOU? THEY'RE UNFRIENDLY, BLOOD-SUCKING TYPES, RIGHT? WELL, HERE'S A LITTLE TWIST FOR YOU... SOMETHING OFF THE BEATEN PATH, AS IT WERE. IT CONCERNS A COUPLE OF MODERN GULLIVERS WHO HAPPEN INTO...

LITTLE NIPPERS!





HEY, THIS FISH IS ALMOST DONE!

I FOUND A SPRING OVER THERE BEHIND THE ROCKS. HERE'S SOME FRESH WATER.



LOOK AT THIS! SOMETHING BIT ME LAST NIGHT. HOW ABOUT YOU, BENNETT?

YEAH, THEY GOT ME, TOO-- BUT AROUND THE NECK. THE MOSQUITOES MUST COME BIG ON THIS ISLAND.

AFTER STORING FOOD IN THEIR BOAT, THEY EXPLORE THE ISLAND.



GOOD LORD, BENNETT! WHAT ON EARTH HAVE WE GOTTEN OURSELVES INTO?

IT FITS! IT FITS! IT WAS AROUND HERE-- I HAD MY SUSPICIONS, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS ONLY A STORY!



LOOK!

THEY'RE CATTLE!



I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED?

YOU DON'T SEEM VERY SURPRISED BY ALL OF THIS. IT'S AS IF YOU EXPECTED IT.



I DID... IN A WAY.



OF COURSE! NOW IT MAKES SENSE! HE WAS HERE!

WHO?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HAVE YOU HEARD OF THIS PLACE BEFORE?!

SURE I HAVE, SO HAVE YOU! DON'T YOU REMEMBER GULLIVER'S TRAVELS?

LILLIPUT?!!



THIS BOOK... IT'S IN **ENGLISH!** HE LEFT IT HERE: LISTEN TO THIS: "I, BLEGFLOGL, AM THE LAST PERSON ALIVE ON THE ISLAND OF LILLIPUT, I AM WRITING THIS OVERLARGE AND IN THE LANGUAGE TAUGHT US BY LEMUEL GULLIVER ON OUR VOYAGE TO ENGLAND, AN ENGLISHMAN FOUND THIS ISLAND ONCE; ANOTHER MAY AGAIN. HE TOOK SEVERAL OF US WITH HIM TO SHOW TO HIS KING, VOWING TO RETURN US AT A YEAR'S PASSING."

GOOD HEAVENS, DEAN SWIFT, DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THESE-- AH-- GIFTS FROM YOUR FRIEND GULLIVER ARE **REAL** AND NOT AUTOMATONS?

INDEED SO, YOUR HIGHNESS, THERE IS, IN FACT, ANOTHER ISLAND NOT FAR FROM THE ONE WHEREIN THESE TINY CREATURES DWELL, WHICH IS ITS COUNTERPART. WE WOULD SEEM AS DWARFS TO THE CREATURES THERE.

"... BUT SOON, A STRANGE MALADY BEFELL OUR LITTLE BAND OF ADVENTURERS. ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THEY FELL ILL-- ONLY I SEEMED TO BE IMMUNE. THEY WOULD AWAKE DAY BY DAY, COMPLAINING OF A SEVERE LASSITUDE-- EVENTUALLY TO DIE, ONE BY ONE."



"AND THEN HORROR, NAMELESS, UNGOPDY HORROR! THOSE WE HAD BURIED BEGAN RETURNING FROM THEIR GRAVES TO PREY UPON WE WHO STILL LIVED, TAKING THE BLOOD FROM OUR BODIES, AND WHEN I TRIED TO DRIVE AWAY THE CREATURE MY WIFE HAD BECOME..."



"IN A METHOD UNKNOWN TO ME, THEY TOOK POSSESSION OF MY MIND! THEY FORCED ME--"



"... SHE TURNED INTO A WINGED MOUSE, A CREATURE CALLED A **BAT**, AND FLEW BEYOND MY GRASP!"



YOU THING OF EVIL! **BEGONE!**

"AND SOON, ALL TOO SOON, I WAS ALONE. I KNEW NOT WHY I WAS SPARED, BUT I SOON DISCOVERED THE GHASTLY REASON!"



--TO REQUEST GULLIVER TO RETURN US ALL TO --LILLIPUT! INWARDLY REPULSED, I COMPLIED --RETURNING THIS LOATHSOME PESTILENCE TO MY ISLAND. I COULD NOT HELP MYSELF."

YES, I SHALL RETURN YOU TO YOUR HOME. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN YOU FROM THERE, FOR I BROUGHT YOU ONLY DISASTER.

"SO I--AND MY UNDEAD LOVED-ONES WERE RETURNED TO LILLIPUT. AND WITH ME, I BROUGHT RUIN UPON MY HOMELAND!"

BLEGFLOGL, AREN'T YOU HAPPY, TO BE HOME?

YES... BUT WOULD THAT THE MIGHTY ENGLISH SHIP HAD SUNK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA ON ITS WAY HERE.



"ALTHOUGH I KNEW THAT THE PLAGUE WAS SPREAD BY THE INFECTIOUS BITE OF A CORPSE, I SOON LEARNED THAT IT WAS CARRIED ON THE ARMS OF THE WIND! BUT ALTHOUGH I KNEW, MY NEIGHBORS DID NOT. AS ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE SMALL POPULATION OF LILLIPUT DIED AND WAS BURIED, I BLEGFLOGL, THE UNWITTING AGENT OF THE DEAD, WAS REVILED IN THE STREETS."

"I WAS FORCED TO LEAVE THE CITY ALTOGETHER AND TO SEEK SHELTER IN THE WILDERNESS, FOR MY NEIGHBORS, DRIVEN BY FEAR, SURELY WOULD HAVE DESTROYED ME. I KNOW NOW THAT I AM ALONE, FOR ALL THE SMALL FIRES IN THE CITY ARE EXTINGUISHED. I AM THE LAST... OF MY RACE!"

"NOW I WILL RETURN TO THE CITY I LOVE. I SHALL LIVE MY LAST THERE. I ONLY PRAY THAT THE PLAGUE HAS NOT SPREAD TO THAT ISLAND TO THE NORTH." HMMM-- HE MUST HAVE MEANT BLEFESCU... THE OTHER ISLAND!

LOOK, MAYBE BLEGFLOGL WAS WRONG--LET'S SEARCH CAREFULLY TO SEE IF ANY OF THE TINY PEOPLE ARE LEFT ALIVE!

THERE IS BLEGFLOGL! HE BROUGHT THIS CURSED THING UPON US!



THEY SEARCHED THROUGH THE DAY FROM AFTERNOON TO EVENING.



WELL, I'M AFRAID NO ONE IS LEFT. THEY'RE ALL DEAD.

YOU'RE RIGHT, I SUPPOSE... THEY WERE VAMPIRES. THEY HAD TO BE.

YES, VAMPIRES!

WELL, WITHOUT BLOOD FOR SUCH A LONG TIME, EVEN VAMPIRES MUST DIE. I THINK WE CAN SLEEP SAFELY IN THE CASTLE YARD TONIGHT. TERRIBLE STORY HE TOLD! GOD!

BUT AT NIGHT,
THE GRAVE OF THE
VAMPIRE OPENS,
AND HE COMES
FORTH SEEKING
BLOOD--THOUGH
HE HAS BEEN
DEAD FOR
CENTURIES!



UHHH..
..MY
THROAT...



VERNON! WAKE UP!
THEY'RE HERE!
THEY'RE STILL ALIVE!
THE VAMPIRES!



WHAT TH--!

MY GOD! HOW
CAN ANYTHING SO
TINY HURT SO
MUCH?!



RUN FOR
THE SEA!
IT'S OUR
ONLY
CHANCE!



THOUGH THE WATERS OF THE SEA WERE COLO THAT NIGHT, THEY REMAINED UNTIL SUNRISE.

I THINK THOSE LITTLE DEMONS COULD DRAIN AN ELEPHANT!

WHAT NEXT? WHAT CAN WE POSSIBLY DO?

WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THEM.

WITH WHAT? TOOTHPICKS THROUGH THE HEARTS?

DO YOU THINK THEY'RE ALL HERE?

I DOUBT IT: WHO'D HAVE BURIED THE LAST FEW? WE'LL HAVE TO BURN EVERY BUILDING ON THE ISLAND.



I HOPE THAT FINISHES THE LOT OF THEM.

IT'S SAD TO SEE A SOCIETY DIE. MEN OF THE WEST HAVE AN UNFORTUNATE TALENT FOR DESTROYING EVERYTHING THEY TOUCH.



THEIR GRUESOME TASK DONE, THEY SET SAIL AGAIN..



ON THE EVENING OF THE THIRD DAY...

LOOK!...THE ISLAND MENTIONED IN THE NOTEBOOK!

THE PLAGUE MAY HAVE SPREAD.





I ONLY HOPE
WE'RE RID OF
THOSE DEADLY
THINGS!

IT
CERTAINLY
LOOKS INVITING.
WE SHOULD
BE THERE
WITHIN THE
DAY.



COVER UP
WITH THOSE
BLANKETS. DIG
OUT SOME OF
THAT FOOD. WE'LL
NEED SOME IF
WE'RE TO MAKE
THAT ISLAND
BY DUSK...

IT'S ALL
SO HARD
TO BELIEVE..
..I'M COLD..



GOD! THEY
WERE EVERY-
WHERE!

PITCH IT OUT!
THERE'LL BE
FOOD ON THE
ISLAND.

...SILENCE, EXCEPT FOR
THE SMALL SPLASH OF
FOOD...THEIR
LAST...



FASTER! CAN'T
WE GO ANY FASTER!
IT'S ALL SO LONELY
HERE...

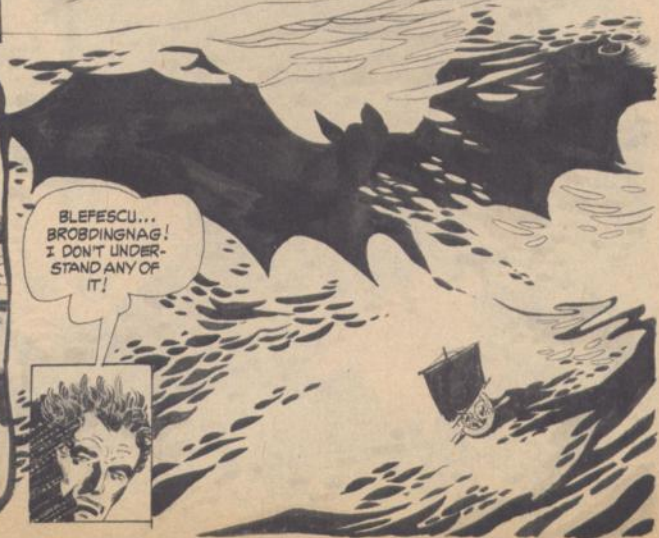
QUIET,
IT WILL
DO US NO
GOOD TO
RAGE!



I ONLY
HOPE THAT
IT IS BLEFESCU
BEFORE US...
AND NOT
BROBDINGNAG.

BLEFESCU...
BROBDINGNAG!
I DON'T UNDER-
STAND ANY OF
IT!

VERNON
STARED AT
BENNETT...
UNSURE OF
HIS
MEANING...







THE WAY OF ALL FLESH!

A small sleepy town is bathed in the light of the full moon. Suddenly, the silence breaks, and an animal cry shatters the still night. A cry not quite human... but not quite animal either! This is the night of the werewolf!

EERIE

NO. 49

PREVIEW OF OUR NEXT ISSUES!

DEMONS IN THE FOG



Vampirella, her twisted and diseased by drugs and lack of blood, goes on a rampage, killing Pendragon's grandson. And the magician is enlisted by Chaos to kill Vampirella!

A MIDNIGHT STALKING

Once again, bristle animal hair covers the body of Arthur Lemming! And the werewolf has his revenge against an unfaithful wife... and a murderous town!

The all-powerful Egyptian amulet of the dead, falls into the hands of the power-crazed. And the Mummy walks again, to destroy and leave behind a path of death!

DEATH OF A FRIEND!



COLD CALCULATIONS

Torn and ripped to bloody shreds by an unknown horror, members of an arctic scientific expedition must face an ancient terror come to life in the complex and scientific world of today!

VAMPIRELLA

NO. 26



CREEPY

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Indian land and Indian pride are gone. White men have stripped a once proud people. But there is one place the white man may never take... the abandoned grounds, guarded by keepers who demand great things to die again.

THIS GRAVEYARD IS NOT DESERTED



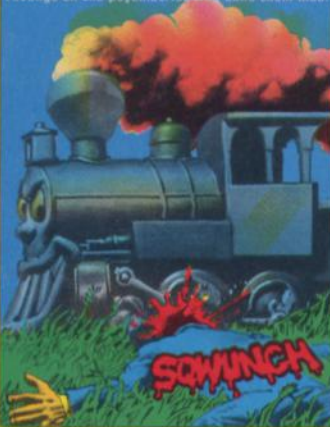
What lies on the other side of death? One has but to do to discover the strange and terrible secrets of HELL.

A DESCENT INTO HELL



THE SLIPPED MICKEY

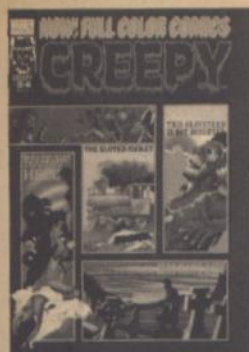
Giant butterflies craving the taste of fresh human eyeballs, and an insanely living locomotive, seek revenge on the psychiatrist who calls them mad.



Legend has it that the last man buried in a graveyard becomes an anker... a lone corpse destined to guard over his cemetery for all eternity. It is an honor to be last. But also everlasting hell.

DEAD MAN'S RACE





OUR COVER
Esteban Maroto, Reed Crandall and Richard Corben share cover honors as we give you a special sneak preview of the super-color awaiting you in this issue's eight-page classic, "A Descent Into Hell." Page 31.

Editor &
Publisher
JAMES WARREN

Managing
Editor
W.B. DuBAY

Production
W.R. MOHALLEY

Cover Color
BILL DuBAY

Marketing
Director
FLO STEINBERG

Artists
This Issue
RICHARD CORBEN
REED CRANDALL
ESTEBAN MAROTO
MARTIN SALVADOR
TOM SUTTON

Writers
This Issue
JACK BUTTERWORTH
DONALD F. McGREGOR
DOUG MOENCH
KEVIN PAGAN
R. MICHAEL ROSEN

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CREEPY

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DEAR UNCLE CREEPY The surprise sneak preview of our full-color DRACULA volume floored CREEPY readers who anticipated a usual issue of black and white art. This issue, color in the Dracula tradition.

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CREEPY'S CATACOMBS What's it like to be a reknown comic artist? Jaime Brocal doesn't know, but tells about the way we kick him around when he brings in his assignments. More of our fabulous secrets.

7

SLIPPED MICKEY CLICK-FLIP Get your ugly puss out of this magazine, you warty-nosed little ghoul! There's wonders here that could cloud your warped little mind forever! Especially if we slip you a Mickey!

18

THIS GRAVEYARD There are some men in every age who can kill with righteous calm! During the late 1800's, Nate Crill was one of those men. Nate Crill killed for fun! For him it was a profession and a deadly game!

31

A DESCENT INTO HELL A lone boatman finds himself paddling down a river of blood, while the land around him takes on the consistency of human flesh. Demons lurk in them hills. For this is the land of the dead.

40

DEAD MAN'S RACE Legend has it that the last man buried in a cemetery becomes an ankon, a walking corpse, destined to prowls the cemetery, guarding over the bodies of those laid to rest. It is an honor to be an ankon.

59

LITTLE NIPPERS Lemuel Gulliver found us first! An island of tiny men! But when Gulliver came to our land, he brought a plague... the plague of the vampire! Soon the entire population of our island were vampires!

CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS: Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

AS ALL YOU LOYAL READERS WELL KNOW, I'M ANYTHING BUT A **WITCH**... BUT JUST THE SAME **I'VE BEEN BURNED!** I'VE BEEN THE HOST OF THIS MAGAZINE FOR MORE ISSUES THAN A **VAMPIRE** HAS **TEETH!**

...AND NOW THE **IDIOT** WRITER OF THIS **IDIOT** STORY HAS **USURPED**... TAKEN AWAY FROM ME... MY HONORED AND LONG HELD POSITION ONLY TO GIVE IT TO SOME **NEW IDIOT HOST!**



BUT I HAVE OPTIONS ON **REVENGE**, FAITHFUL FREAK CREEPS...AND WHILE I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO **TELL** THE FOLLOWING STORY, I'VE GOTTEN EVEN BY GIVING IT THE **IDIOT** TITLE OF...

THE SLIPPED MICKEY CLICK FLIP

0'00!!
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION, DO YOU HEAR... TO THAT WEIRDO... HE'S JUST **MAD**. BUT THAT'S A GOOD THING, I THINK. IF I THINK I DO, WHICH IS A DANGEROUS THING BECAUSE THINKING CAN DRIVE YOU **MAD**, WHICH IS A GOOD THING TOO.

AND IT'S WHAT WE'RE ALL HERE FOR, ISN'T IT? I DON'T KNOW! I REALLY CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT BUT THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED SINCE THEY'RE ALL AFTER ME. BESIDES I THINK HE CAME UP WITH A VERY GOOD TITLE INDEED... WHICH MAY BE A **BAD** THING.



MASTER! MASTER! I DID AS YOU SAID... I FED THE HOT DOGS TO THE TELEVISION SET EVEN THOUGH IT WASN'T HUNGRY AND I HAD TO **CUT** MY HANDS!

YOU DID WELL, HUGO, AND THAT DISPLEASES ME A **REWARD!**

OH, THANK YOUUUUU...

THUKXX

STORY: DOUG MOENCH / ART: RICHARD CORBEN

THERE, NOW THAT THE **PLEASANTRIES** ARE OUT OF THE WAY, I WON'T BORE YOU BY INTRODUCING MYSELF AS **MR. DIMENT...**

EXCUSE ME A MOMENT...

CLICK-LICK!

SO THERE, YOU INEFFECTUAL **LITTLE SNOTS!** I **KNEW** YOU COULDN'T STOP ME, BUT I DID IT ANYWAY. OH **REALLY?** SAME TO YOU AND DOUBLE YOUR **MUDDERS MUSTACHE!**

WELL WE DIDN'T **REALLY** BLIP IT OUT BUT AT LEAST IT'S **BLACK!**

WE'RE WAITING, HUGO. I ALREADY **CLICK-LICKED**. GET OFF THE **FLOOR**, HUGO!

BLIP!

...YES, M-MASTER... B-B-BUT I LIKE THE **D-D-DARK...**

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I **DID** BACK THERE, DON'T YOU? YOU **DON'T?** THAT'S RICH, WELL, I'LL TELL YOU SOON'S WE BLIP OUT THE **VISUAL!**

HUGO... GET THAT IDIOT **KNIFE** OUT OF YOUR FACE AND TUNE IN THE OTHER **VISUAL.**

THE **VISUAL**, HUGO THE **VISUAL...** OR DO YOU WANT ANOTHER **REWARD** FOR SO DELICIOUSLY **PLEASING** ME WITH YOUR **DISOBEDIENCE?**

AH, THERE IT IS! GOOD WORK, HUGO... REMIND ME TO BURY AN **AXE** IN YOUR **SKULL** LATER...



YES, THERE HE IS, SMUG AS EVER, UNSUSPECTING AS NEVER, DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I PULLED A **CLICK-LICK** ON HIM. WHAT A **NOBLE** MAN...

THE IDIOT TRIED TO **HELP** ME, BUT HE'LL **PAY**. TURN ON THE **AUDIO**, HUGO... THE **SOUND** YOU MORON, THE **SOUND!**



...KNOW **ANYTHING!** YOU'RE **CRAZY!**

DR. NUGENT IS OF THE OPINION WE'RE **ALL** **CRAZY...** LUCIDLY OR LACONICALLY.

THAT'S BETTER, HUGO. NO, NO, DON'T **RUN AWAY** FROM YOUR **REWARD**. STAY AND WATCH **IDIOT NUGENT** WITH THE REST OF US.

...I HATE HIM.

NOW, NOW. **CRAZY** IS NOT A WORD I LIKE TO... EH? WHAT THE **DEVIL!**



YOU THINK THIS IS **CRAZY**, HUH? YOU THINK MY METHODS ARE TOO **ELABORATE**, EH? WELL LISTEN, YOU **JERKS**. **SMOKE NEVER LIES!** HOW DOES THAT GRAB YA?



NO...DON'T **ANSWER**...I'M SICK TO MY BRAIN OF HEARING FROM YOU! JUST MOVE ON TO THE NEXT PANEL! WELL...**GET OVER THERE, YOU IDIOTS!**

WASN'T THAT **NICE** THE WAY WE **SKIPPED AHEAD** TO THIS CAR SCENE OF IDIOT NUGENT DRIVING HOME?

OVERWROUGHT... TENSION... FATIGUE... THAT'S ALL. JUST NEED SOME **REST**. PATIENTS **GETTING** TO ME.



I ALWAYS **KNEW** HE HAD TOO MUCH COURAGE TO **RUN AWAY**...SO HE'S **DRIVING AWAY**...

AH, **NOW** THE IDIOT'S GETTING THE PICTURE. IMAGINE TRYING TO **CURE ME**... I'D **LAUGH** IF I WEREN'T SO **MAD!**



THE SMOKE **IMPOSSIBLE**...IT...IT'S **SPELLING OUT A MESSAGE!**

BIG DEAL. SO WHAT ELSE IS SMOKE SUPPOSED TO DO?

THAT'S IT...**FEAST** YOUR EYES ON THE **CLOWN**. IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU BELCH... BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT INDIGESTION - YET!

I, ER, I THINK WE SHALL **TERMINATE** THIS SESSION FOR TODAY...



I ALWAYS **HEARD** PSYCHOLOGY STUDENTS ENTERED THE FIELD WITH HOPES OF **HELPING THEMSELVES**.

BUT THE **CAR** WON'T HELP HIM... **WILL IT, HUGO?**



GOOD LORD! THE **HIGHWAY**...IT... IT'S **ALIVE!**

LOOK AT HIM **SWERVE** THAT CAR TO AVOID THE WRITHING RIPLE OF CONCRETE SERPENT... HEE HEE

SHREEEE

I REALLY DIG ON THIS OLD REVENGE BIT.

I'M GOING *INSANE*...
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE BUT
I'M GOING *INSANE*.



YOU MADE ME A *LIAR*, NUGENT! YOU'RE *RUNNING AWAY*. BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES
ON THE *FLOATING BUTTERFLIES*, MR. MADNESS-TAKER...



I *WARNED* YOU, IDIOT! LOOK AT THE WAY THOSE BUTTERFLIES *EXPLODE* INTO
DEMENTIA—SPAWNED GROTESQUERIES CRAVING TO *GORGE* UPON YOUR FLESH...
HEY, THAT CLICK-LICKER'S REALLY DOING ITS STUFF!

THAT'S IT, NUGENT. *FEEL* THE PINCHING *BARB*
OF PUNCTURING TALONS AS THEY *BITE*
INTO YOUR EYEBALL. *POP* IT, AND *RIP*
IT FROM ITS SOCKET, TRAILING A
CRIMSON WASH OF SPLATTERING BLOOD...

YOU'VE *TAKEN* SO MUCH MADNESS FROM
PEOPLE, NUGENT. YOU'VE *STOLEN* SO
MUCH OF IT... *CURED* PEOPLE, AS YOU
PHRASE IT... THAT IT'S ALL COMING
BACK AT YOU, SHRIEKING AND
DERANGED, CLANGING *BELLS* AND
THUMPING *DRUMS* INSIDE YOUR REVERB-
ERATING MIND...



WE'LL LEAVE THE OTHER EYEBALL IN,
NUGENT... SO YOU CAN *SEE* WHAT
COMES *NEXT*!



...SO YOU COULD SEE...

YES, HUGO AND I AND THE CLICK-LICKER AND
ALL THESE IDIOT READERS HAVE LEFT
YOU WITH ONE EYE, NUGENT... SO YOU
COULD *SEE*...



...YOUR WIFE,

SO YOU COULD **SEE**, NUGENT, AND REEL BACK IN REVULSION AT THE ABRUPT **EXPLOSION** OF YOUR BELOVED WIFE'S **STOMACH** AND THE REVOLTING SPILL OF **CORRUPT MAGGOTS** AND **TANGLE-SLIMED WORMS**.

HOW DOES IT **FEEL** TO HAVE **MADNESS**, A THOUSAND TIMES **COMPOUNDED**, STRIKE BACK, MR. PSYCHIATRIST? THAT'S IT! FLEE, THAT'S ALL YOU CAN DO AND IT WON'T DO YOU ANY **GOOD...**



COME TO ME, HOWARD, COME AND LET ME HUG YOU.



THIS IS ALL PROGRESSING RATHER **WELL**, I THINK, BUT DON'T TAKE **MY** WORD FOR IT, I'M DEMENTED, HAVE I INTRODUCED MYSELF YET? I **HAVE** IN THAT CASE, MY NAME IS MR. DIMENT, FINE THANK YOU.

OH, WHAT IS IT HUGO?



MASTER! MASTER! RAN OUT OF HOT DOGS TO FEED THE TELEVISION SET.

AH, HERE'S THE ERUDITE NUGENT AGAIN, CATCHING FORTYWINKS. GUESS WE'RE NEARING THE **FINAL STAGES** OF OUR LITTLE PLOT HERE. AT LEAST AS FAR AS **SLEEPING SNOOTY** IS CONCERNED...



YOU **IDIOT!** YOUR NEGLIGENCE HAS ONLY **AIDED** MY **CLICK-LICK** PLAN IN A WAY NOT YET REVEALED... AND FOR **THAT** YOU GET

THIS!





I DID IT, I DID IT,
I DID IT!
THE OLD
CLICK-LICK
EXPRESS DIDN'T
FAIL ME!

I EVEN HAD THE
COHERENCY OF MIND
IF THAT'S GOOD, TO
MAKE NUGENTS
END AN **IRONIC**
ONE... HAVING
HIS MADNESS-
WRAPPED **HEAD**
PULPED.



BUT IT DOESN'T END **HERE**,
YOU IDIOTS! STOP **THINKING**
SO MUCH... OR BETTER
YET, START THINKING.
YOU MIGHT **WARP YOUR**
BRAIN.



BUT I MUST REMEM-
BER MY **MANNERS...**
EXCUSE ME A
MINUTE...



CLICK-LICK

BUT MASTER, WHAT
ABOUT THE **HOT DOGS?**

BLIP

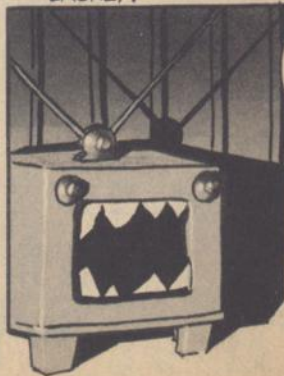
SHUT UP, **PUG-FACE**
AND HIT THE
VISUALS.

REMEMBER **BETTY?** NUGENTS **WIFE.** YEAH, YEAH,
YOU'VE GOT IT NOW, IDIOTS. WELL ANYWAY,
I SEE HER **STOMACH'S** FEELING BETTER
BUT THEN THE **CLICK-LICK'S** NO
CHAUVINIST... IT'LL TREAT HER JUST
AS IT TREATED HER **HUSBAND...**

I **KNEW** IT, I **KNEW** IT. HUGO, YOU'RE
A **GENIUS...** IT'S ALL GOING TO **COME**
OFF SUPERBLY, MY HUNCHEDBACKED
LACKEY!



WONDER WHAT'S
GOTTEN INTO **HOWARD?**
I CAN'T QUITE BE **CERTAIN**
BUT HE SEEMED TO BE
ACTING A TRIFLE
ODD...



I WONDER WHAT'S
ON THE **TUBE.**
HMPH... HAVE TO
REPLACE THAT
SCREEN ONE
OF THESE DAYS.

IT'S
GETTING A
LITTLE **WORN!**

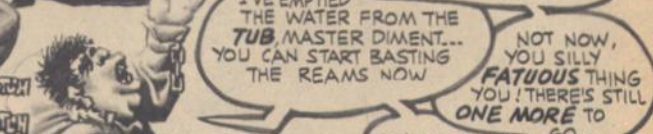
OH **BOY** AND WHAT A TREAT IT'S
12 GONNA BE!

YESREE, HUGO YOU'RE A
DESPISED **GENIUS**. BUT IT'S ON
THE BRINK OF INSANITY SO
THAT'S COOL, I THINK.

THE TELEVISION IS
STARVED HUGO, HYE, HYE,
HYEE **HYEE!**



SERVES HER **RIGHT!** SHE
GAVE OLD HUBBY, NUGENT,
ADVICE ON MY CASE WHEN
HE WAS **TREATING** ME.
MADNESS MAKES FOR STRANGE
BEDFELLOWS...



YES! THE... **DOG...**



THE LOUSY DOG USED TO
BRING NUGENT HIS **SLIPPERS**.
FROM WHERE I THINK, A
CLEAR-CUT CASE OF **AIDING**
AND **ABETTING THE ENEMY!**

YUP, YUP, HERE WE GO **AGAIN**.
DOG ESCAPES... **TEMPORARILY!**
AHEM... DOOR SLAMS IN
STYMIED TELEVISION'S
FACE, AND...

...DOG DISCOVERS HIS LATE
MASTER'S **SKELETON**. THE
ONLY REMAINS FROM THE
CLICK-LICK EXPRESS'
RECENT RUN...



...AND DOG THINKING OF NOTHING BUT BONES, HELPS HIMSELF...



...CAREFREE, DOG TROTS OFF WITH PURLOINED ARMBONE OF FORMER MASTER...



...WHEREUPON THE ELATED BUT CLICK-LICKED DOG
PROCEEDS TO **DIG HOLE** FOR PURLOINED ARM-BONE...

...SAID HOLE EXCAVATED, DOG GLEEFULLY
DROPS ARM-BONE INTO IT.



NOW... HERE'S THE **BEAUTIFUL PART**, HUGO,
YOU TWISTED **PARODY** OF A GRINNING
HARRIDAN, HYEY HYEY HYEY HYEY !!

BEFORE THE
TRAITOROUS CUR CAN
FILL IN THE HOLE THE
ARM-BONE SPROUTS
TWO LITTLE BONEY
HANDS WITH WHICH
TO **COLLAR** THE
MANGY MUTT...



...AND PULLS THE
SQUIRMING CANINE
DOWN INTO THE HOLE
WITH IT...



...WHERE UPON IT
INSIDIOUSLY SCOOPS
HANDFULS OF MUSTY,
SUFFOCATING **DIRT**
DOWN ON TOP OF
THE DOG AND ITSELF.



...UNTIL THE WHOLE
SHEBANG IS BURIED,
COMPLETING MY
REVENGE IN A WAY
WHICH, ALSO, OFFERS
REVENGE TO ALL THE
BONES OF THE WORLD,
BURIED BY CALLOUS
DOGS!



AND THE STUPID MUTT'S
MASTER HAD A **HAND**
...OR AT LEAST AN
ARM...IN IT TO BOOT!

WHADDAYA **MEAN**, IT WAS A CRUEL
THING TO DO TO THE DOG?
WHADDA **YOU** KNOW-?
YER **CRAZY**, Y'HEAR!!
GROW UP!

THE DOG **DESERVED** IT... HE
WAS **NUGENT'S** DOG AND
NUGENT TRIED TO **CURE**
ME WHEN ALL I WANTED
WAS TO GO **NUTS** IN
PEACE. AND THEN THAT
CRETIN BETTY STEPPED IN,
SO I CHOMPED **HER**
GOOD TOO...



...AND EVERYONE'S
ALWAYS SAYING TELEVISION'LL
LEAVE YOU WITH **NO HEAD**
OF YOUR OWN ANYWAY.
AND SO I JUST HELPED
IT ALONG, ME AND HUGO.
WITH OUR **CLICK-LICK**.

LOOK...I DON'T HAVE
TO **PUT UP** WITH THIS,
YOU **IDIOTS**! QUIT
PERSECUTING ME... I
DON'T **CARE** IF YOU
DIDN'T LIKE THE LAST
NINE PAGES! I HAVE
WAYS TO GET REVENGE...



SO I **WARN** YOU,
YOU **JERKOS**...YOU'D
BETTER NOT FLIP
THIS **PAGE**... I
MEAN IT... IF YOU
KNOW WHAT'S GOOD
FOR YOU, **DON'T**

FLIP THIS PAGE



I KNEW YOU
WOULDN'T BE ABLE
TO RESIST, HYEE
HYEEHYEE
HYEE!

CLICK-
LICK!

THE SLIPPED MICKEY CLICK-FLIP

WHEW. GLAD THAT'S OVER
WITH... I TOLD YOU
THE GUY WAS WEIRD,
RABID READERS...
SAY, ALL OF A
SUDDEN YOU READERS
ARE STARTING TO
LOOK ...
DIFFERENT...
LIKE... ?GASPE
?CHOKE?...
LIKE PIMENT!

PROLOGUE

THERE ARE SOME MEN
IN EVERY AGE WHO
CAN **KILL** WITH
RIGHTEOUS CALM...

...DURING THE LATE
1880'S, NATE CRILL WAS
ONE OF THOSE MEN.

CRILL DID NOT ATTAIN THE
WIDE-SPREAD **NOTORIETY**
THAT ADOLF HITLER WOULD
IN LATER YEARS...

...BUT THERE WAS A
KINSHIP IN IDEOLOGY...

...THE **PATTERN** WAS THE
SAME ON A SMALLER
SCALE...

...THOUGH NO SMALLER
TO THE **SURVIVORS** OF
HIS VICTIMS...

...TO THEM HIS **VIOLENCE**
WAS **IMMENSE!**

IT DID NOT MATTER TO NATE CRILL
WHAT TRIBE THE YOUNG MAN BELONGED
TO... HE ONLY SAW THE RED FLESH!

IN LATER YEARS, SOCIOLOGISTS
WOULD GIVE IN-DEPTH REASONS
FOR SUCH DISPOSITIONS AS CRILL'S.
...UNKNOWN LAWYERS WOULD
BECOME **SENSATIONS** DEPENDING
THEM, BUT THIS WAS LONELY
TERRITORY, PEOPLE SEPARATED
BY SPACE AND, THUSLY, TIME...

...AND CRILL **NEVER** ANALYSED HIS
ACTIONS. HE COULDN'T CARE LESS
ABOUT HIS **CHILDHOOD**... IN FACT,
HE COULD NOT EVEN REMEMBER
IF HE EVER HAD ONE.

CRILL EVEN DENIED HIS
VICTIM PEACE IN **DEATH!**

HE'D HEARD THAT SOME TRIBES'
RELIGIONS STATED THAT THE
DEAD NEEDED THEIR EYES TO
FIND THEIR WAY TO THEIR GODS.

TO CRILL, IF ONE
RED MAN BELIEVED
THAT, THEY ALL DID!

FOR ONE MOMENT, ANOTHER
LIFE WAVERED BEFORE
CRILL'S **JUDGEMENT**... THEN
HE TURNED, DECISIVELY,
DIGGING HIS SPURS INTO HIS
HORSES' SIDES, LEAVING HER
ALIVE SATISFIED CRILL'S
ODD HUMOR.

SHE WOULD HAVE TO LIVE
WITH FIVE SECONDS OF
BRUTALITY THAT WOULD
LINGER AS LONG AS HER LIFE!



EVERY AGE, THUS FAR, HAS ITS **MERCENARIES**. ALSO, THIS ONE IS A **BOUNTY HUNTER**, THE TERM FOR THAT OCCUPATION DURING THE LATE 1880'S.

HE CALLS HIMSELF THE **SIDEWINDER** AND TAKES PLEASURE IN HEARING PEOPLE ADDRESS HIM AS SUCH.

NO ONE KNOWS HIS REAL NAME... BUT THEN AGAIN... NO ONE REALLY CARES ONCE HE HAS RIDDEN OUT OF THEIR LIVES.



HIS VOICE IS LIKE GRAVEL, AS IF HE IS UNUSED TO SPEAKING AND FINDS THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE STRANGE...

EITHER OF YOU SEEN A TALL, SLIM HOMBRE WEARING A FANCY VEST AND RIDING A PINTO?

YOU MUST MEAN THAT ORNERY **SOD-BUSTER** THAT STOPPED BY HERE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HIM, STRANGER?

NOW, FRIEND, THAT'S BETWEEN HIM...

...AND ME...

WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

S-SURE! DON'T GET RILED, MISTER. I AIN'T THAT CURIOUS 'BOUT IT AT ALL.

THAT'S WHAT I FIGGERED

NOW YOU DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN TO SEE WHICH WAY HE WAS GOING, DID YOU?

YOU MEAN WHEN HE LEFT TOWN?

NOW WHEN ELSE WOULD I MEAN?

HE'S GOT A POINT, CORNELIUS. WHEN ELSE WOULD HE...

I UNDERSTOOD 'IM, LUCIAN!

HE HEADED OUT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE INJUN **BURIAL GROUNDS**. REGULAR MORTUARY THEY GOT THERE!

AND WHERE PRAY TELL, MIGHT THAT BE?

OUT ON ROCK MESA, MISTER.

THAT BIG MOUND I SEEN TO THE NORTH?

RIGHT... AND... AND DON'T TELL YOUR FRIEND I TOLD YOU... OKAY?

I ALREADY FORGOT!

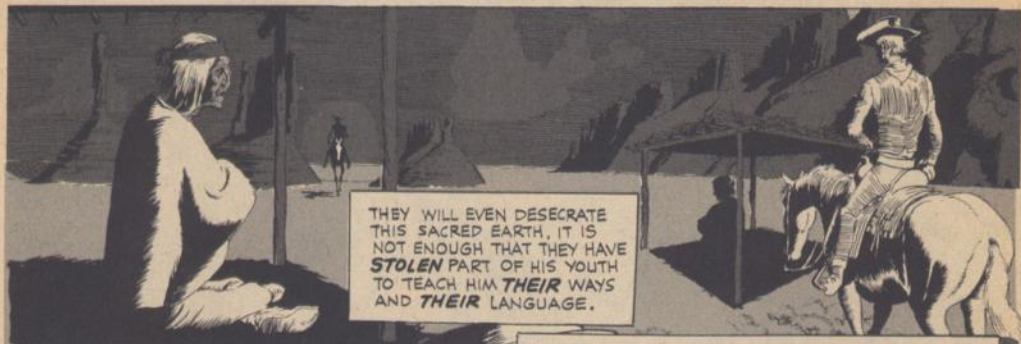
THIS GRAVEYARD IS NOT DESERTED

THE OLD MAN SAT IN THE SHADE OF THE **BRUSH HUT**, WAITING FOR THE INEVITABLE.

HE WAS OBVIOUSLY **DYING**... KNOWLEDGE AND ACCEPTANCE OF HIS CONDITION GLAZED HIS **PAINED** EYES.

BEYOND HIM, THE PASSAGEWAY TO THE **SACRED BURIAL GROUND** OF THE SPIRIT PEOPLE... WAITS!

WATERY EYES WATCH THE WHITE RIDER APPROACH. HE FORCES HIMSELF TO SIT ERECT... THOUGH HIS ACHING LIMBS TWIST ITS MESSAGE THROUGH HIM.



HE SPEAKS THIS ENGLISH NOW... THIS LANGUAGE HE HAS REJECTED SINCE **THEY RELEASED HIM BACK INTO CAPTIVITY!** AND THE WORDS ARE BRITTLE, ISSUED FROM DUST DRY LIPS, MOVING A TONGUE THAT IS NO LONGER MOIST. YET WORDS BORN IN SINCERITY AND BELIEF...

THE SPIRITS WOULD ASK YOU NOT TO OFFEND THIS CROSSING TO THE RAINBOW TRAIL!

DO NOT DISTURB THE **T'CHINDI**!!

...YET NATE CRILL DID NOT HEAR THEIR MEANING AND CARED LESS. THE IMPORTANT THING WAS REACHING OREGON! THREE DAYS **LAYOVER** NEAR THE LAST **DEATH SITE** HAD REFRESHED BOTH HIM AND HIS CAYUSE.

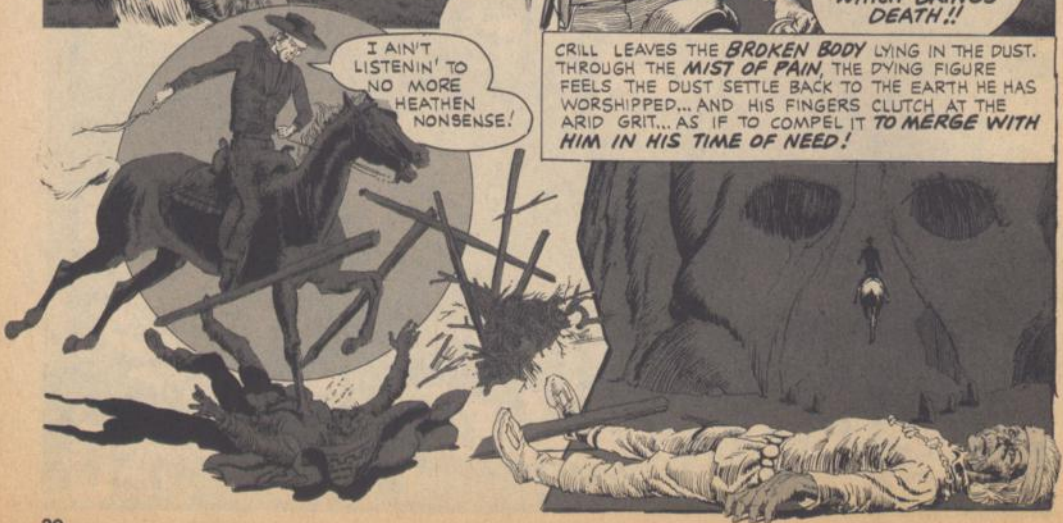
WHAT ARE YOU **BABBLING** ABOUT, OLD MAN?

T'CHINDI—THE EVIL PART OF THE BODY THAT **NEVER DIES!**

T'CHINDI—WHICH STAYS FOREVER... WHICH BRINGS **DEATH**!!

I AIN'T LISTENIN' TO NO MORE HEATHEN NONSENSE!

CRILL LEAVES THE **BROKEN BODY** LYING IN THE DUST. THROUGH THE **MIST OF PAIN**, THE DYING FIGURE FEELS THE DUST SETTLE BACK TO THE EARTH HE HAS WORSHIPPED... AND HIS FINGERS CLUTCH AT THE ARID GRIT... AS IF TO COMPEL IT **TO MERGE WITH HIM IN HIS TIME OF NEED!**



THE SUN PASSES ACROSS THE BLUE FIRMAMENTS HE HAS GAZED UPON SINCE YOUTH... AND **BURNS** ITS PASSAGE INTO HIS **FLESH!**

SLOWLY...DISTANT SOUNDS NEAR ON THE COOLING DIRT. A SILHOUETTE APPEARS, OUT OF FOCUS, BLURRED ON HIS RETINA. THE DARK SHAPE BROADENS-A HORSES' SHOD HOOVES POUND DULLY...

THIS TIME HE DOES WHAT TOO MANY OF THIS PALE RACE HAVE DONE...HE FAILS TO SEE ONE DISTINCT LIFE ABOVE HIM...

HE SEES ONLY A RACE...

...AND **SUCCUMBS** TO THE VERY TRAIT HE HAS **HATED** SO LONG!

THEY BRING ANOTHER WHITE FACE ABOVE HIM!

ANOTHER ONE OF YOU! WHY DO YOU BOTH PUTTING THIS WATER TO MY LIPS!

WHY DO YOU WANT TO PROLONG MY AGONY?

YOU MUST BE NEXT TO DELIRIOUS, OLD MAN.

I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' ABOUT THAT. IF NATE CRILL'S IN THERE...THAT'S WHERE I'M GOIN'...

...SIDES...MY FAITH'S IN MYSELF!

YOU WILL FOLLOW THE OTHER ONE, WON'T YOU? YOU WILL **VIOLATE** OUR FAITH AS **YOUR KIND** HAVE DONE SINCE THEY CAME HERE!

YOU WILL TRAMPLE THROUGH THE PASSAGE-WAY TO THE **SACRED VALLEY!**

I **ALLOW** YOU THAT WHITE MAN. WHY DO YOU **NOT ALLOW** US OUR FAITH?

FOR SOMEONE WHO'S DYIN' YOU'RE DOIN' A LOT OF TALKIN'. BUT YOU BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU WANT, LONG AS IT DON'T INTERFERE WITH ME.

THAT...IS **MORE**...THAN MOST OF YOUR RACE ALLOWS US.

GO THEN...
...FOR **DEATH** HOVERS WITH ME NOW...
... BUT BEWARE...

... FOR THIS GRAVEYARD IS NOT DESERTED!



I GUESS THAT OLD REDSKIN REALLY BELIEVES THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED!

COURSE IF I GOT IT RIGHT, IT'S THE T'CHINDI THEY'RE SCARED OF!

YOU'D THINK WITH ALLA THEIR CHANTS AN' CEREMONIES THEY'D THINK THEY'RE AS PURE AS SNOW...

...BUT NOT THEM!



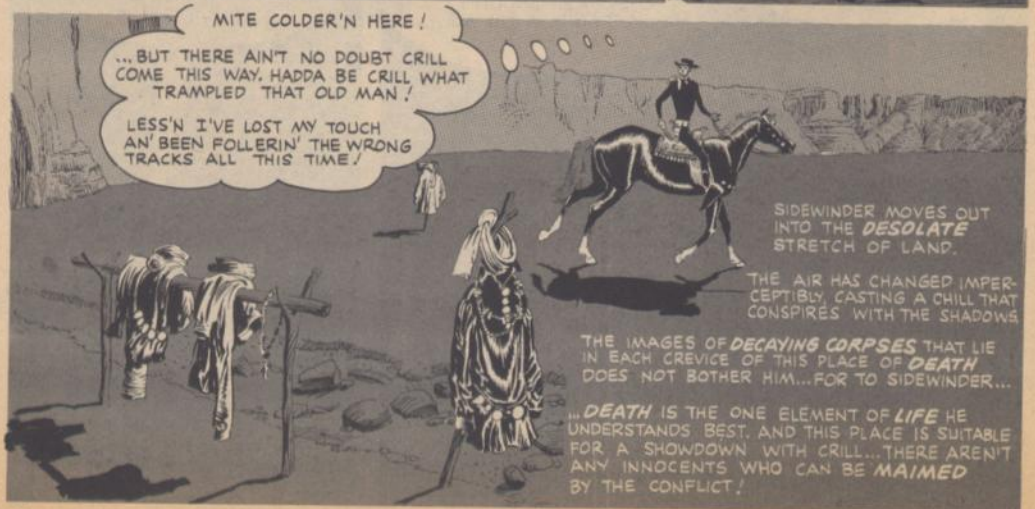
THEY GOT IT INTO THEIR HEADS THAT THE **EVIL** PART OF PEOPLE STAYS ALIVE...

...THE T'CHINDI!

SPIRITS SUPPOSED TO HANG AROUND WHERE THE **CORPSE** IS BURIED!

THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY FOR BURYIN', I GUESS!

THESE ROCKY WALLS PROTECT THE BODIES FROM THE BADGERS AND THE COYOTES! ...AND DAMN IF THEY HAVEN'T LEFT THE CORPSES' CLOTHES IN CASE HIS SPIRIT WANTS TA' ROAM A BIT!



MITE COLDER'N HERE!

...BUT THERE AIN'T NO DOUBT CRILL COME THIS WAY. HADDA BE CRILL WHAT TRAMPLED THAT OLD MAN!

LESS'N I'VE LOST MY TOUCH AN' BEEN FOLLERIN' THE WRONG TRACKS ALL THIS TIME!

SIDEWINDER MOVES OUT INTO THE **DESOLATE** STRETCH OF LAND.

THE AIR HAS CHANGED IMPERCEPTIBLY, CASTING A CHILL THAT CONSPIRES WITH THE SHADOWS

THE IMAGES OF **DECAYING CORPSES** THAT LIE IN EACH CREVICE OF THIS PLACE OF **DEATH** DOES NOT BOTHER HIM...FOR TO SIDEWINDER...

...**DEATH** IS THE ONE ELEMENT OF **LIFE** HE UNDERSTANDS. BEST, AND THIS PLACE IS SUITABLE FOR A SHOWDOWN WITH CRILL...THERE AREN'T ANY INNOCENTS WHO CAN BE **MAINED** BY THE CONFLICT!

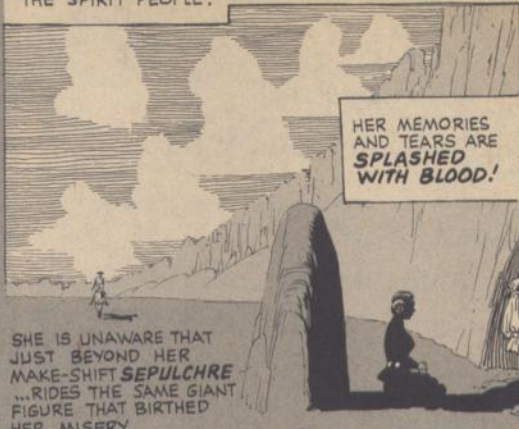
BUT SIDEWINDER IS WRONG.

THERE IS
ONE OTHER
PERSON IN
THIS PLACE
...THE **ONLY**
ONE THAT
IS **NOT AN**
INTRUDER
ONE WHO IS
INTENSELY
ALIVE...
BECAUSE
OF DEATH!



SHE BRAVES EVEN THE T'CHINDI TO UTTER THE PRAYERS
THAT WILL GUIDE HER LOVED ONE TO THE LAND OF
THE SPIRIT PEOPLE.

HER MEMORIES
AND TEARS ARE
SPLASHED
WITH BLOOD!



SHE IS UNAWARE THAT
JUST BEYOND HER
MAKE-SHIFT **SEPULCHRE**
...RIDES THE SAME GIANT
FIGURE THAT BIRTHED
HER MISERY.

NATHAN CRILL SLOWS HIS HORSE. HALFHEARTEDLY,
HIS HAND WIPES AT THE **SWEAT** THAT COVERS HIS
HORSES' HIDE. THE **DAMP WIND** TURNS TO **ICE**
UNDER HIS FINGERS... AND HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS
OF EACH BREATH
HE TAKES...

DAMN INJUNS AN' THEIR
GRAVES... GOT 'EM ALL
OVER THE PLACE!

THE SENSE OF CHILL AND BREATH LEAVE CRILL AS
THE SOIL **BUCKLES** BENEATH HIS HORSE'S HOOFES.
A **WILD**, INSTINCTIVE SOUND
RIPS FROM HIS HORSES LUNGS..

...A **SHATTERING**
SOUND OF PRIMITIVE TERROR
THAT ERUPTS IN HIS OWN INSIDES.

I'M GONNA
NEED A GOOD
SLUG OF ROT-
GUT BY THE
TIME I GET
THROUGH HERE!

FROM THE **RIPPED**
WOUND OF EARTH, A
TENDRIL OF MIST
WAFTS, HARDLY
DISTINGUISHABLE.

CRILL DOES NOT SEE
THAT, BUT HE DOES
FEEL SOMETHING
CARESS HIS FLESH
FOR A MOMENT...



...A **FRIGID, ECTOPLASMIC SUBSTANCE** THAT CUTS THROUGH HIM
BEFORE HE IS SLAMMED TO THE GROUND.



CRILL COUGHS **VIOLENTLY** TRYING TO RID HIS BODY OF **WHATEVER** RESIDES THERE NOW! YET A NEW **HORROR** ARRIVES WITH THE SCRAPING OF ROCK AND SAND!

A SOUND AS OF FINGERS DIGGING THEIR WAY THROUGH SHALE... NAILS SCRATCHING **HIDEOUSLY!**

CRILL FLEES IN A STUMBLING GAIT... BUT HE CAN STILL HEAR THE PUSH OF SLIDING EARTH... A HEAVING, STRAINING, MACABRE SOUND THAT REACHES **OBSCENELY** FOR HIM... THAT RISES ABOVE THE SLAMMING OF HIS RUNNING FEET!



HIS FLIGHT LEADS HIM TOWARD THE ROCKY OUTER BOUNDARIES OF THE VALLEY...

SIDEWINDER COMPLETES THE SEPARATELY MOTIVATED TRIANGLE, YANKING ON HIS REINS, HORSE AND RIDER MOVING AS ONE.

...TOWARD THE SHELTER THAT HAS ISOLATED A GRIEVING, VULNERABLE FIGURE...

...FROM THE GROTESQUE EVENTS BEYOND!



CRILL!

THROUGH THE **DIM** LANDSCAPE HIS EYES SWEEP... **VULTURE** LIKE...

...PIERCING...

...SEARCHING...

...LOCATING THE **FRANTIC** FIGURE HE HAS KNOWN ONLY FROM TINTED PHOTOGRAPHS!



THE MOMENT HAS ARRIVED AS IT DOES WITH EVERY SEARCH... IT IS ONLY THE **OUTCOME** WHICH REMAINS TO BE DETERMINED!

SIDEWINDER BECOMES KEENLY **ALIVE**, HIS NERVE ENDINGS TAKE ON **NEW AWARENESS**! THE HORSE DRIVES HIM FORWARD IN A FIERCE, POUNDING, BODY-JOLTING STRIDE THAT BRINGS CRILL UP SHORT, AND IN THIS **NEW PERCEPTION**, IN THIS NEWNESS OF SCENT AND AUDIO HE REALIZES THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG, UNDENIABLY WRONG—THAT IT IS SOMETHING MORE THAN ATMOSPHERE THAT PERMEATES THIS SCENE.



SOMETHIN'
ELSE BACK
THERE!



THAT'S A
NASTY HABIT
YOU GOT THERE,
CRILL!

AS ONE, **DEFORMED LIMBS** BURST THROUGH WEED AND DIRT! GRASPING, **TALONED HANDS**, REEKING OF **DETERIORATION**, SEND THE DARK HORSE INTO PANIC.

RAZOR-SHARP EDGES SHRED THE HORSE'S HIDE
...AND THE JET-BLACK HAIR RUNS **DARK** WITH **GORE**!

SIDEWINDER HAS ONE GLIMPSE OF THE UPPRAISED ARMS, OF THE CLUTCHING FINGERS, OF THE **DEFORMED LIMBS** BEFORE HE IS FLUNG **VIOLENTLY** INTO THE NIGHT AIR...

"NO LONGER A MASTER
OF HIS FATE..."

...IF EVER HE WAS!



THE SCENE IS STRANGELY OUT OF **LEGEND**, YET **LEGEND** THAT IS **MORE** THAN WHITE OR RED **LEGEND**... SOMETHING THAT TRANSCENDS BOUNDARIES ...AND SHATTERS THE COMMON-PLACE!!

SIDEWINDER LANDS HARSHLY IN THE **MIDST** OF THEM AND THE SCENT OF MOLD AND **DECAY** FILL THE AIR. IT IS ONLY A LIFE-TIME OF LIVING UNDER A HARSH SUN WITH MANY HARSH **CONFLICTS** THAT ENABLES HIM TO REACT SO QUICKLY, THOUGH HIS INSIDES HEAVE WITH THE FIRST CONTACT OF THIS **ROTTING FLESH!**



SIDEWINDER'S FINGERS CLOSE ABOUT ONE OF THE **BIZARRE** ARMS...AND THE FLESH GIVES WAY UNDER HIS GRIP...

...STRIPS AWAY FROM **BONE AND SINEW...**

...OOZES THROUGH HIS CLENCHED FINGERS LIKE **PULP RIND** FROM A **RIPE CANTALOUPE!!**



DON'T KNOW WHO THAT WAS BUT HE'S BROUGHT HIMSELF A MESS OF TROUBLE!

BUT MORE'N HE BARGAINED FOR!

NEVER MIND THAT... MORE'N I BARGAINED ON, TOO!



WHAT IN DEVIL'S NAME...!! THINGS JUS' KEEP CRAWLIN' OUTTA THE **WORM WOOD** IN THIS PLACE!

MURDERER!



THE GIRL ANNOUNCES HER OWN STARTLED REACTION...IN A TONGUE CRILL CANNOT UNDERSTAND

AND IN THE **SHADOWY MOON-LIGHT** HER EYES REFLECT **AGONIZED RECOGNITION!**

AND WHILE CRILL CONFRONTS THE GIRL, FOR SIDEWINDER THE DARK SKIES DIM AND THERE IS A SCREAMING ROARING SENSATION ABOUT HIM THAT HE IS NOT SURE IS REAL OR IMAGINED.



YET HE FEELS THE MOIST, DECOMPOSED FLESH PRESS INTO HIS THROAT.

HE IS VAGUELY AWARE THAT HIS OWN BLOOD NOW FLOWS SLICKLY...PRESSING THE TORN FABRIC OF HIS SHIRT TO HIS BODY.

UNRELENTING, THE LIMB ABOUT HIS NECK TIGHTENS ITS GRIP.

SIDEWINDER FEELS HIS TONGUE SWELLING IN HIS THROAT.

HE KNOWS HE IS DAMN NEAR UNCONSCIOUS!



GASPING, HE REACHES DOWN, NUMBED FINGERS CLOSE UPON THE BONE-CHISELED HANDLE OF THE BOWIE KNIFE!

AND HE RIPS IT FROM ITS SHEATH!
THE BLADE GLEAMS DULLY.

HIS INITIAL SUPERNATURAL FEAR CLEARS WITH THE TOUCH OF THE KNIFE... AND REACQUAINTS HIM WITH A REALITY HE CAN UNDERSTAND.



DESPERATELY, HE ARCS THE BLADE UPWARD, IT'S MOMENTUM BARELY SLOWED AS IT ENCOUNTERS TEARING ARMS.



HE DRAWS IN A DEEP BREATH AND STAGGERS BLINDLY AWAY. THE SENSATION OF SURVIVAL ENTERS HIS MIND WITH EACH BREATH, ALREADY THE BRUTAL, SLICING SOUNDS OF THE SLAUGHTER BEGIN TO ECHO IN HIS EARS!



THEY ARE SOUNDS HE WILL HAVE TO LIVE WITH FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!

SIDEWINDER HALTS WHEN THE TREMBLING CLAIMS HIM. IT IS A TREMBLING HE HAS KNOWN BEFORE ...FROM OTHER CONFLICTS HE HAS WON...

THE SOFT, FRAIL **NOBILITY** OF THE FACE STIRS A SENSE OF LIFE IN SIDEWINDER QUITE UNLIKE THE SENSATIONS HE HAS KNOWN AT THE MOMENT OF THE CHASE.



HER EYES ARE **MOIST**, AND THEY CONVEY SOMETHING HE CANNOT QUITE GRASP.

HE TRIES AND THE SENSATION...

...PERHAPS WHAT IT IS, IS THAT NEITHER OF THEM WERE ENTIRELY GOOD OR BAD...

...PERHAPS THESE WHITES AND THESE REDS, PERHAPS THEY WERE JUST **DIFFERENT**, BUT CLEARLY-DEFINED **CULTURES**.

SHE SHOULD **HATE ME!** HATE MY KIND! JUST LIKE SOME OF THEM **TOWNFOLK** YONDER WOULD HATE HER.



PERHAPS WITH SOME **UNDERSTANDING** THEY COULD HAVE EXISTED SIDE BY SIDE...

PERHAPS THEY COULD HAVE GIVEN AND RECEIVED ALIKE...PERHAPS THAT WAS WHAT HER **WOUNDED** GAZE TRIED TO TELL HIM.



INTROSPECTION WAS NOT SIDEWINDER'S FORTE...THE SOUND THAT CAME FROM BEHIND HIM...THE DULL CLICK OF A COCKED **GUN-HAMMER**...THAT TRIGGERED A FAMILIAR WARNING, ISSUED IN HIS ADRENALIN!

AND A SIMILAR SOUND
BRINGS CRILL UP SHORT...

CRILL'S CALLOUSED FINGER SLIPS OVER THE FAMILIAR, OILY CURVE OF HIS
WEAPON'S TRIGGER, PULLING AT IT, SHOTS THUNDERING, ECHOING OFF THE DISTANT
HILLSIDES.

BOOM!



CRILL TURNS...
...AND HIS
FACE DRAINS
OF BLOOD...

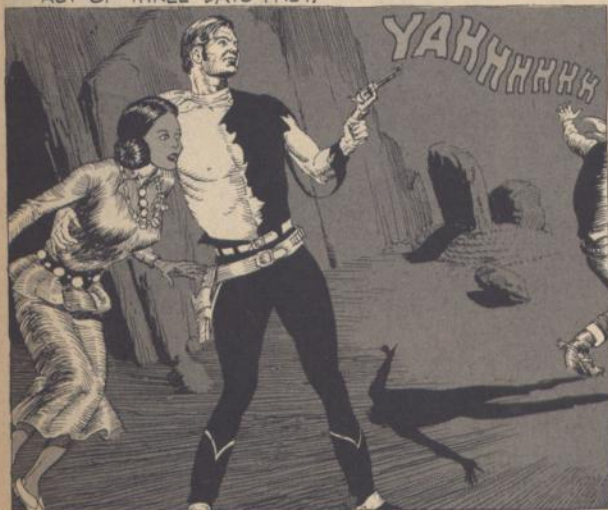
...AS HE STARES AT
A **GRUESOME**
APPARITION
MORE TERRIBLE
THAN THE OTHERS
HE HAS SEEN
THIS NIGHT!

CREAK!



AND THOUGH HIS SIGHT **RIVETS** ON THE RAVAGED FACE HE IS UNAWARE
THIS IS THE **SAME BEING HE SLAUGHTERED WITHOUT REMORSE.**

HE IS **UNAWARE** AS TO WHY THIS FIGURE **STALKS** HIM, A
DEATHLY FIGURE NOW INCENSED NOT OVER THE SAVAGE
ACT OF THREE DAYS PAST.



-BUT OVER THIS **NEW** ACT, CRILL'S **SLASHING** ATTACK
UPON **HIS MATE** DRIVING HIM FROM THE GRAVE, FEELING
ANEW THE THRUSTING PAIN FROM HIS TORN EYES, SENSING
THE HURT OF THE WOMAN WHO HAD NOT DESERTED HIM.



THE GIRL AND SIDEWINDER HALT AS THE APPARITION WALKS THROUGH THE DUSK, UNMINDFUL OF BOTH OF THEM, ITS MISSION **FULFILLED**.



NATHAN CRILL'S MOANS RENT THE AIR, HIGH-PITCHED QUIVERING SOUNDS THAT **WAIL IN DESPAIR**.



SIDEWINDER TURNS TO QUESTION THE GIRL AND TO SEEK HER AID...

THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT NOW BUT TO LEAVE THIS PLACE FAR BEHIND.

BUT THE SCENE THAT GREETES HIS EYES **KILLS** THE QUESTIONS ON HIS LIPS...



...AND SHE HAS **ALREADY** GIVEN HIM AN INSIGHT THAT WILL TAKE HIM A LONG TIME TO COMPLETELY COMPREHEND.

HE ALSO KNOWS THAT NO WOMAN HAS EVER LOOKED AT HIM WITH SUCH **HEALING** EYES AS THIS ONE HAS...

EYES THAT **SEE AND KNOW** THE **PAIN AND HURT...** AND ACCEPT IT... BUT NEVER LIKE IT!



ANOTHER DAY, MEMORIES SLIGHTLY DULLED BY TIME AND A FEW HARSH DRINKS AND MAYBE HE WOULD TRY TO UNDERSTAND IT ALL.

BUT THERE WAS ONE TASK TO COMPLETE BEFORE THE LONG TREK TO THE DISTANT TOWN...

HE WOULD RETURN TO THE OLD MAN AND BURY HIM.

IT WAS THE LEAST HE COULD DO.

TIME NOW FOR A JOURNEY TO THE MYSTIC, MAGIC, MYTHIC PAST OF ANCIENT GREECE WHERE MEN WERE MEN AND MONSTERS WERE CYCLOPS, GORGONS, DRYADS OR WHAT-HAVE-YOU! THE FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE IS FANTASY! JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT, LET'S TAKE...

DESCENT INTO HELL

BEGONE! IT IS BLASPHEMY FOR MORTALS TO STAND UPON THE BANK OF THE RIVER STYX, WHICH FLOWS TO THE GATES OF ... HELL.

I AM NOT A MAN! I AM A TITAN, POSSESSING THE STRENGTH AND IMMORTALITY OF THE OLYMPIAN GODS! I CRAVE ADMITTANCE TO HELL ITSELF... THIS BIDDEN BY ZEUS....!

IN HIS NAME I COMMAND YOU TO...

WHO BE YOU, STRANGER? YOU BREATHE... I SENSE THE WARM BLOOD COURSEING THROUGH YOUR VEINS! YOU LIVE! THUS YOU HAVE NO PLACE HERE!

AGE!

AGE!

AGE!

INVOKING THE NAME OF ZEUS HAS SPARED ME THE CURSE OF CHARON, BOATMAN TO **HELL**.... I MAY NOW COMANDEER HIS VESSEL.

BUT THE FATHER OF THE GODS SHALL AID ME NO FURTHER. I MUST PROVE MYSELF BY DEPENDING ON MY OWN STRENGTH!

AYE, **TITAN!** LONG HAVE YOU ENDURED MY PUNISHMENT FOR THE CRIME OF WISHING MORTALITY. PERFORM THE TASK I'VE SET, AND ONCE AGAIN MAY YOU TAKE YOUR PLACE AMONGST THE GODS!

SAIL NOW DOWN THE STYX, THE RIVER OF LAMENTATION! SAIL...

A GHOSTLY BULL! THE SIGN OF ZEUS.

AS THE COMPACT CRAFT KNIFES THROUGH EERIE TUNNELS AND CAVES, BONY FINGERS OF MEMORY STIR IN THE **TITAN'S** BRAIN.

ROSANNA. GRACEFUL. BEAUTIFUL. ROSANNA.



SINCE THEN, I'VE BEEN SENTENCED TO A LABOR OF TERRIBLE, CONTINUOUS STRAIN! BUT FINALLY COMES A CHANCE TO REDEEM MYSELF IN FATHER ZEUS' EYES...AND AGAIN SEE **ROSANNA**, WHOM I CHERISH BEYOND MY UNENDING LIFE.

IT WAS ONLY A HANDFUL OF MONTHS AGO. I FELL DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH ROSANNA... A HUMAN! ZEUS LEARNED OF MY FEELINGS AND DEEMED SUCH A MATCHING SINFUL! THUS I BEGGED TO BE MADE MORTAL. IT INFURIATED HIM.



BY THE FURIES... BEFORE ME...



THE
GATES OF
HELL!!



THE TITAN ROWS CLOSER TO THE WEIRD STRUCTURE, UNSUSPECTING OF ANY ENCHANTMENT UPON THAT WHICH SEEMS NOUGHT BUT...STONE.

THE
GARGOYLE...
GGGAAGHH!



MY
SHOULDER!
ZEUS LEVIES
THE CURSE OF
PAIN ON ME!
THE GATES!
I MUST REACH
THEM! MY
TASK LIES
BEYOND...



UUUUUHP

THE ADAMANTINE
GATES... FORGED AND
STATIONED BY WAR-
GOD ARES! NOT
EVEN MY SUPERHUMAN
MUSCLES MAY MAKE
THEM YIELD.



IF I FAIL
HERE, THEN I SHALL
NEVER AGAIN BEHOLD
THE FACE AND FORM
OF THE WOMAN
I LOVE. NEVER.
NEVER...



...NEVER!

SCREECHING, MAN-MOCKING
GALES EXPLODE FROM BEHIND
THE SHATTERED GATES! MERCI-
LESS SPIRIT-WINDS PUMMEL
AND CLAW THE TITAN'S FLESH...
POUND AGAINST HIS UNPROTECT-
ED FACE.

HELL...! THE AFTERLIFE...
THE REGION OF BODILESS
SOULS. AN UNREASONING
MADNESS-SPAWNED WORLD
OBSCENE TO THE SENSES
OF LIVING MEN...

I
MUST
GAIN
ENTRANCE!

WEAKER HOWL THE DEATH-
COLD WINDS AS I ADVANCE!
BY THE STYX, THE JAGGED STONE
CUTS MY SKIN LIKE BUTTER!
I AM IMMUNE TO NOTHING HERE.
THOSE STRANGE BEINGS HOVER-
ING ABOUT... GHOSTLY REMAINS
OF MORTALS, WHOM I
WONDER WERE GOOD
OR EVIL?

MY MISSION...
IT MUST BEAR FORE-
MOST ON MY THOUGHTS.
I AM TO DESTROY THE
GUARDIAN BEAST OF TARTAR-
US. THE THREE-HEADED
HELL-DEMON GONE MAD!
THAT WHICH PROWLs
THESE FLESH-TEAR-
ING CLIFFS!

THE
MONSTER
NAMED...

...CERBERUS!

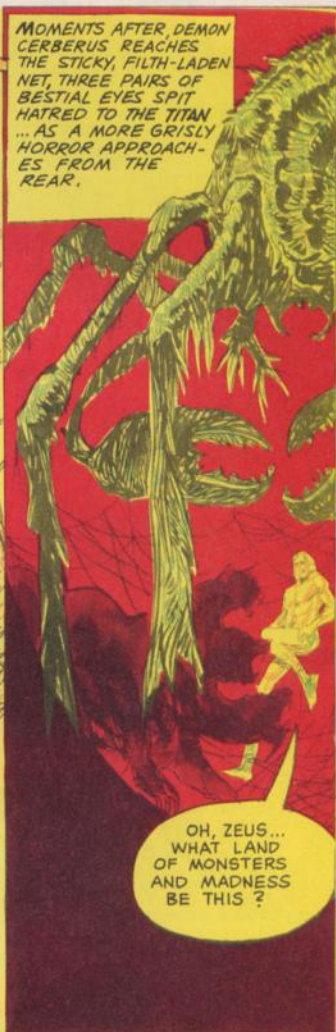
FIERCE GUTTURAL GROWLS SLASH THE AIR BEFORE THE TITAN AS... SHOCKED... HE LOSES HIS HOLD AND FALLS BACKWARD... AND A HIDEOUS, TRI-HEADED APPARITION LEAPS AFTER HIM IN BLIND, UNTHINKING BLOOD LUST!



HAVE THE FATES GET THESE STRANGE VINES TO BREAK MY FALL? HOLD! I SENSE ALIEN EYES WATCHING FROM THAT CREVICE.



MOMENTS AFTER, DEMON CERBERUS REACHES THE STICKY, FILTH-LADEN NET, THREE PAIRS OF BESTIAL EYES SPIT HATRED TO THE TITAN... AS A MORE GRISLY HORROR APPROACHES FROM THE REAR.



OH, ZEUS... WHAT LAND OF MONSTERS AND MADNESS BE THIS?



THE BEAST OF THREE HEADS TURNS ON THE SPIDER...RIPS IT TO SHREDS!



CERBERUS' BLOOD IS DISSOLVING THE WEB. MUST GET OFF IT...



WHITE HOT PAIN FROM TWO TORN, OOZING NECKS WRENCHES A SAVAGE GROWL FROM THE MONSTER. IT RUSHES THE TITAN, DRIPPING GORE AND RAKING CLAWS RAINING UPON HIS FLESH. GRIM VISE-LIKE HANDS GRIP CERBERUS' FINAL LIVING THROAT AND SQUEEZE... GRASP... CHOKE...

...AND THE DEATH-DEMON DIES!

MY TASK... IS DONE! GREAT ZEUS SHALL RESTORE MY STATION AND HEAL THESE WOUNDS! MORE IMPORTANT, ROSANNA WILL BE MINE... IF EVEN FOR ONLY HER BRIEF MORTAL LIFETIME.





NEVER DO YON
SHADES TIRE OF
WATCHING THE LIVING!
I AM BESIEGED BY
AN ARRAY OF COWLED
FACES, COLD AND
SHADOW-BLUE.

COLD...
SHADOW-
BLUE...

ROSANNA!!!

KNOW YOU HOW
LONG YOUR EXILE-
SENTENCE HAS
LASTED, TITAN?
ONE CENTURY!

YET TO YOUR
ETERNITY-
CONSCIOUS MIND,
IT PROBABLY
SEEMED MUCH
LESS THAN
THAT.



ONLY WHEN THE
FEMALE WAS SAFELY
DEAD COULD I OFFER
YOU A CHANCE AT
REDEMPTION! YOU HAVE
WON IT BY PERFORM-
ING YOUR TASK.

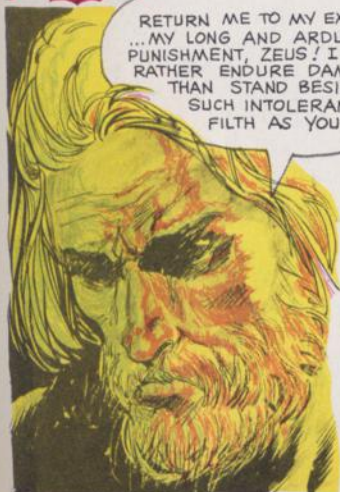
HERE IS
HELL...! LAIR OF
THE SOUL FRAGMENTS OF
ALL MORTALS, GOOD OR EVIL!
LEAVE IT NOW. TAKE YOUR
PLACE WITH THE GODS. FORGET
THE MORTAL WOMAN LOST
TO YOU FOREVER... YOU
WHO CANNOT DIE!

RETURN ME TO MY EXILE
...MY LONG AND ARDUOUS
PUNISHMENT, ZEUS! I WOULD
RATHER ENDURE DAMNATION
THAN STAND BESIDE
SUCH INTOLERANT
FILTH AS YOU!

**RETURN
ME
ZEUS!**




DONE!





I AM BACK IN
MY PRISON...THE ICY,
GALACTIC REACHES OF A
REMOTE CORNER OF
TIME-SPACE. I SHALL
EXIST HERE FOREVER...
MY BODY DISTORTED
IN SIZE AND
MATTER...




...AND I WILL
STRAIN...STRAIN
UNDER THE GARGAN-
TUAN MASS BORNE
UPON MY BONE-
BRUISED BACK.

I PRAY THIS CRUSHING
WEIGHT WILL RELIEVE MY
AGONIZED MIND OF MEM-
ORIES. THAT I MIGHT
FORGET HER... THE
WOMAN I LOVED!
LOVED...



FOR SUCH
IS THE FLIGHT
OF THE TITAN
NAMED...
ATLAS!



HHMM...
OBVIOUSLY, OUR WORLD-
WIELDING WONDER MUST BE
INVISIBLE AND INTANGIBLE TO
EARTHLY DETECTION. WHAT
AN AWFUL STATE OF
EXISTENCE! CAN ANY OF
YOU IMAGINE A MORE
MACABRE...**HELL?**

PROLOGUE:

THE **MACFARLANE** MANSION HAD REMAINED IN QUIET **APPREHENSION** THAT DAY IN LATE DECEMBER, 1882, AND LIKE ALL CONCERNED **RELATIVES** IN TIME OF SICKNESS, **JASPER MACFARLANE**, PATRIARCHAL HEAD OF THE PROUD **SCOTTISH** FAMILY, WAITED TO HEAR THE DOCTOR'S DIAGNOSIS OF HIS SICKLY BROTHER...



IS THERE ANY **CHANGE** IN JEREMY'S CONDITION, DOCTOR?

YOUR BROTHER IS STILL **FEVERISH!** HE APPEARS **DEATHLY ILL!** AND HE CRIES FOR A GIRL NAMED **EFFIE!**



JEREMY WILL GET OVER THAT **TRAMP**, DOCTOR! SHE'S FROM THE **LOWER END** OF THE VILLAGE! THE LITTLE SLUT HAD THE **NERVE** TO TELL EVERYONE HE **LOVED HER**, BEFORE MY BROTHER FELL ILL, I GAVE STRICT **ORDERS** THAT SHE WAS **NOT** TO SET FOOT IN THIS HOUSE!

YOUR BROTHER APPEARS QUITE **CONCERNED** ABOUT HER, SIR!



THAT'S **ENOUGH**, DOCTOR! I BELIEVE I HEAR YOUR **CARRIAGE** RETURNING FOR YOU.

THAT'S NOT MY CARRIAGE. MINE IS **PARKED** OUTSIDE.



GOOD LORD! **THE ANKON!** IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!



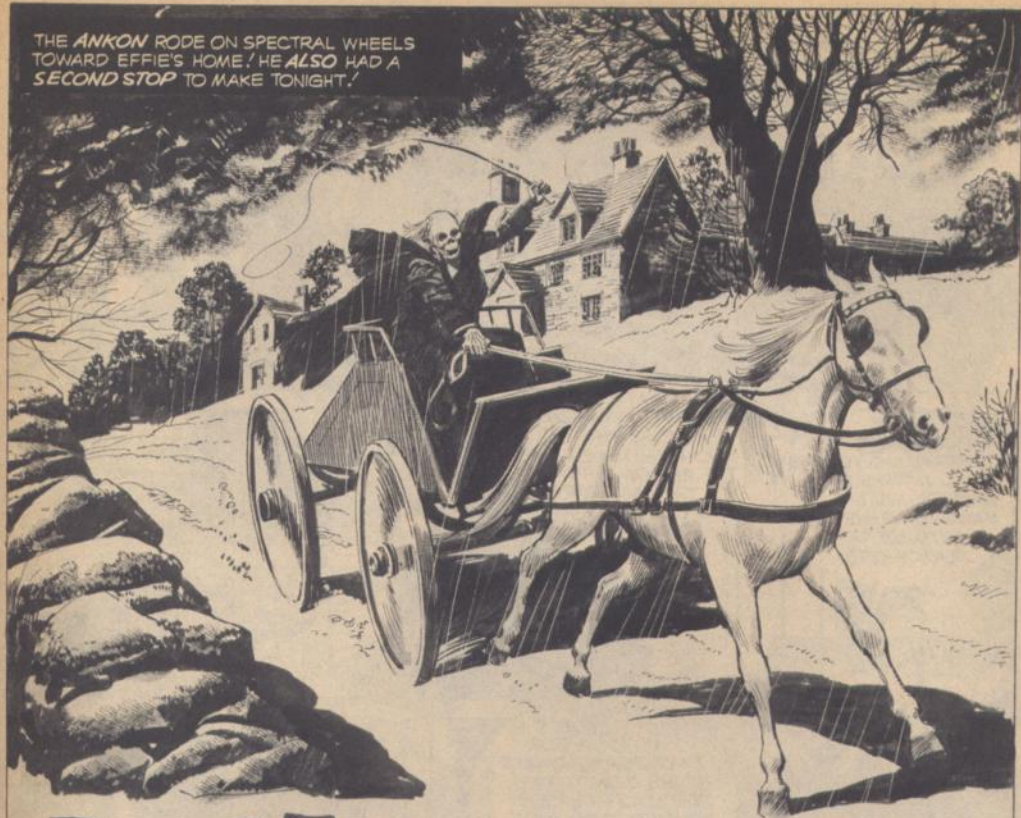
THE ANKON! I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT WAS A **SUPERSTITION**. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE **LAST PERSON** BURIED IN A CEMETERY...THE **SPIRIT** WHICH GUARDS THE GRAVEYARD GATES AND LEAVES **ONLY** TO **WARN** THE LIVING THAT SOMEONE **CLOSE** TO THEM MUST **DIE!**



WELL, WHATEVER YOU **THOUGHT** YOU SAW, IT'S GONE! I MUST GO AS WELL...

TO VISIT THE GIRL YOUR BROTHER CRIED FOR... TO VISIT **EFFIE'S** HOME... FOR SHE, TOO, WAS **DEATHLY ILL!**

THE ANKON RODE ON SPECTRAL WHEELS
TOWARD EFFIE'S HOME! HE ALSO HAD A
SECOND STOP TO MAKE TONIGHT!



DEAD MAN'S RACE

TIRED
OF SLOW-MOVING
HORROR STORIES,
FIENDS? HERE'S A TALE
THAT WAS WRITTEN AT A
DEAD RUN, ABOUT A RACE
BETWEEN TWO HEARSEs!
WILL IT END IN A DEAD
HEAT? READ ON
AND SEE!



THE NEXT DAY, ONLY *HOURS* AFTER HIS DEATH, JEREMY MACFARLANE'S BODY WAS IN THE OLD TOWN CHURCH FOR THE *FUNERAL*.

YOU MUST CONTINUE THIS SERVICE AT THE GRAVESIDE, PREACHER! MY DRIVER HAS JUST INFORMED ME THAT THE OTHER PARTY IS LEAVING THEIR CHURCH.

EFFIE MCLAREN'S FUNERAL HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR BROTHER, MISTER MACFARLANE! WE SHALL CONTINUE THE SERVICE HERE.

I SAY WE WON'T, PREACHER! EVERYONE HERE KNOWS THE LEGEND OF THE ANKON, THE SPIRIT OF THE LAST PERSON TO BE BURIED IN THE CEMETERY!

WE LL, THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR TWO MORE GRAVES IN THE CEMETERY! THE LAST PERSON BURIED TODAY WILL BE ANKON FOREVER!

AND I WON'T HAVE THAT HAPPEN TO A MACFARLANE!

IF YOU HAVE EVER BEEN FRIENDS OF OUR FAMILY, HELP ME NOW! SINCE I SAW THE ANKON LAST NIGHT, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP!

I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN TO MY BROTHER! YOU MUST HELP US BEAT THAT VALLEY TRASH TO THE CEMETERY!

CRASH!

JASPER TURNED FROM THE CROWD AND **DRAGGED** THE **CASKET** TOWARD THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH, NEVER NOTICING WHETHER ANYONE HELPED HIM OR NOT. HE COULD **STILL** SEE THE **MOCKING DEATH-GRIN OF THE ANKON.**

AND HE SWORE ONCE AGAIN THAT HIS BROTHER WOULD **NOT** BE THE ONE TO REPLACE THAT **TORMENTED SPIRIT.**



BUT, SIR, THE **HILL ROUTE** WILL BE **DANGEROUS.** THERE ARE **MORE** PEOPLE ON THE ROAD, AND IT'S **SLIPPERY.**

DO WHAT YOU'RE **PAID** FOR, YOU **FOOL.** DRIVE THIS **HEARSE** OVER THE **HILL.** WE **MUST** BE AT THE **CEMETERY** **FIRST.**

JASPER VAULTED ONTO THE **HEARSE** AS SOON AS THE **COFFIN** WAS SAFELY ABOARD.



AND THE RACE WAS **ON,** UNDER A **SOMBER, GLOOMY** SKY.



JASPER MACFARLANE SAT **FIRMLY** IN THE **BOX,** NEVER LOOKING BACK. TODAY HE HAD ONLY **CURSES** FOR THOSE HE HAD **MASTERED** SO RUDELY THROUGH THE YEARS...



OUT OF THE WAY, **FOOL.**



JASPER TURNED TOWARDS HIS CARRIAGE WINDOW AND SAW, TO HIS RELIEF, THAT THE CASKET WAS STILL IN PLACE! HE WOULD RETURN LATER TO FIND THE **FOOL** WHO SHOUTED AT HIM.

UP THE NARROW STREET THE CARRIAGE STORMED WITH JASPER CURSING THE DRIVER FOR MORE SPEED!

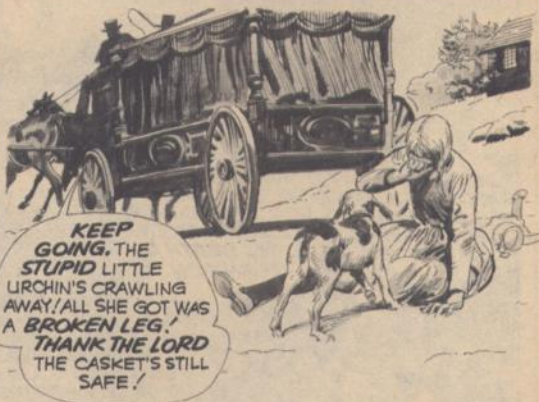


THEN THEY REACHED THE **TOP** OF THE HILL!



THE DRIVER PULLED ON THE REINS,
DESPERATELY TRYING TO TURN THE
COACH...

PUSHING THE NERVOUS
DRIVER ASIDE JASPER
SEIZED THE REINS...



THERE WAS **NO TIME** FOR THE
DRIVER TO ANSWER! SUDDENLY,
THE RACE BECAME **REAL!**





THE MACFARLANE WAGON SCRAPED TO A STOP, INCHES AWAY FROM THE CEMETERY ROAD AS THE MCLARENS SPED BY. **THE RACE WAS OVER!!**



YOUR **BROTHER** WAS A **KIND** MAN, SIR! HE'D HAVE SEEN **HIMSELF** HURT BEFORE HE'D HURT ANOTHER!

I SHALL HAVE **MORE** TO SAY TO YOU LATER, DOLT... FOR YOU HAVE DOOMED MY BROTHER TO THE **DEATH** OF AN **ANKON!**

AT THE **CEMETERY GATES**, JASPER HAD A BRIEF, WHISPERED CONVERSATION WITH THE KEEPER.



PERHAPS IF YOU **ORDERED** THEM TO, SIR, MY MEN WOULD **BURY** YOUR BROTHER **FIRST!** OF COURSE, I **DON'T** HOLD WITH THE **SUPERSTITIONS** MYSELF, BUT IF IT **MAKES** A DIFFERENCE TO YOU--



THERE **WON'T** BE ANY ORDERS! WE **LOST** THE RACE AND MY BROTHER WILL BE THE **LAST** TO BE **BURIED!**



OLD JASPER
MACFARLANE, MY NAMESAKE.
I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE
GRAND FUNERAL THEY HAD FOR
HIM! THE MACFARLANE NAME
MEANT SOMETHING THEN!

NOW IT WILL BE A
LAUGHINGSTOCK!

THOSE WHO BELIEVE THE
OLD SUPERSTITIONS WILL
SAY I LOST THE RACE!
THOSE WHO DON'T
WILL CALL ME
MAD!



I DID SEE
THE ANKON! I'M
NOT MAD!

READY
FOR YOU NOW
SIR!

WHAT?

THIS IS
AMAZING, SIR!
IT'S A SHAME NO
ONE ELSE IS HERE
TO SEE THAT A
MACFARLANE ISN'T
AFRAID TO WORK
WITH HIS OWN
HANDS!



THAT'S A
DEEP GRAVE, SIR!
WHY YOU MUST BE AS
STRONG AS YOUR
BROTHER WAS! HOW WE
ALL USED TO ADMIRE
HIM!



JEREMY WILL
BE MISSED,
SIR!



DISMISS
YOUR MEN! MY
BROTHER IS THE LAST
MACFARLANE TO BE BURIED
IN THE FAMILY PLOT! AND
HE'LL BE BURIED BY A
MACFARLANE!



NOT
BY YOU,
DRIVER!

SPANG!



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS
FILL THIS GRAVE, OLD MAN,
AND YOU'LL BE THE **LAST**
PERSON BURIED IN THE CEMETERY!
DON'T WORRY - I'LL WORK
FAST! WOULDN'T WANT YOU
COVERED WITH SNOW,
WOULD WE!



THAT'S THAT!
TAKE **GOOD** CARE
OF THE CEMETERY,
DRIVER! NOW TO GET
THE HEARSE TURNED
AROUND, AND...



WHERE
IN THE **BLAZES**
IS THE
HEARSE?



BLASTED
HORSES MUST HAVE
BOLTED WHEN I KILLED
THE DRIVER! I MAY
HAVE TO **WALK** HOME
IN THIS! WHICH WAY'S
THE GATE?



THERE!
I CAN FEEL
THE **GATE**
POST!

A **STRANGE** GATE POST! A GATE POST WITH SMOOTH
SKIN, AND **HAUNTING** EYES AND WISPY WHITE HAIR!



GOOD LORD!
THE **ANKON!**
I'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY!

THE **NEXT** DAY THE VILLAGERS DISCOVERED **JASPER'S** BODY IN THE CEMETERY! AFTER **FLEEING** THE **ANKON**, HE HAD **STUMBLED** TO HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE AND PARTIALLY BURIED HIMSELF THERE TO KEEP WARM! IT **WASN'T** WARM ENOUGH! HE **FROZE** TO DEATH!



THE **VILLAGERS** DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE **ANKON** AND THEY **NEVER** DUG DEEP ENOUGH TO **FIND THE DRIVER!** THEY SIMPLY BURIED JASPER IN A SHALLOW GRAVE ABOVE HIS BROTHER, FULFILLING WHAT THEY **THOUGHT** WAS JASPER'S **LAST WISH!**

JASPER BECAME THE **LAST MAN** BURIED IN THE OLD CEMETERY, AND ON A **DARK NIGHT**, IN THE **MIST**, THOSE WHO **BELIEVE** IN THE OLD SUPERSTITIONS SAY HE CAN **STILL** BE **SEEN** **GUARDING** THE CEMETERY GROUNDS.



PROUD
JASPER
MACFARLANE,
WHO WILL
BE THE
ANKON
FOREVER...



...FOREVER GUARDING THE GATES OF HIS OWN PRIVATE **HELL!**



POOR
OLD JASPER...
TO THIS DAY
JASPER HAUNTS
THAT OLD CEMETERY.
JUST SITS BY THE
RUSTY IRON GATES
AN' **CONTEMPLATES**
HIS NAVAL!



HIYA, BLOOD BROTHERS! YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT **VAMPIRES**, DON'T YOU? THEY'RE UNFRIENDLY, BLOOD-SUCKING TYPES, RIGHT? WELL, HERE'S A LITTLE TWIST FOR YOU... SOMETHING OFF THE BEATEN PATH, AS IT WERE. IT CONCERNS A COUPLE OF MODERN GULLIVERS WHO HAPPEN INTO...

LITTLE NIPPERS!



HEY, THIS FISH IS ALMOST DONE!

I FOUND A SPRING OVER THERE BEHIND THE ROCKS. HERE'S SOME FRESH WATER.

LOOK AT THIS! SOMETHING BIT ME LAST NIGHT. HOW ABOUT YOU, BENNETT?

YEAH, THEY GOT ME, TOO-- BUT AROUND THE NECK. THE MOSQUITOES MUST COME BIG ON THIS ISLAND.

AFTER STORING FOOD IN THEIR BOAT, THEY EXPLORE THE ISLAND.



GOOD LORD, BENNETT! WHAT ON EARTH HAVE WE GOTTEN OURSELVES INTO?

IT FITS! IT FITS! IT WAS AROUND HERE-- I HAD MY SUSPICIONS, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS ONLY A STORY!

I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED?

YOU DON'T SEEM VERY SURPRISED BY ALL OF THIS. IT'S AS IF YOU EXPECTED IT.

I DID... IN A WAY.

THEY'RE CATTLE!

LOOK!



OF COURSE! NOW IT MAKES SENSE! HE WAS HERE!

WHO?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HAVE YOU HEARD OF THIS PLACE BEFORE?!

SURE I HAVE, SO HAVE YOU! DON'T YOU REMEMBER GULLIVER'S TRAVELS?

LILLIPUT?!!



THIS BOOK... IT'S IN **ENGLISH!** HE LEFT IT HERE: LISTEN TO THIS: "I, BLEGFLOGL, AM THE LAST PERSON ALIVE ON THE ISLAND OF LILLIPUT, I AM WRITING THIS OVERLARGE AND IN THE LANGUAGE TAUGHT US BY LEMUEL GULLIVER ON OUR VOYAGE TO ENGLAND, AN ENGLISHMAN FOUND THIS ISLAND ONCE; ANOTHER MAY AGAIN. HE TOOK SEVERAL OF US WITH HIM TO SHOW TO HIS KING, VOWING TO RETURN US AT A YEAR'S PASSING."

GOOD HEAVENS, DEAN SWIFT, DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THESE-- AH-- GIFTS FROM YOUR FRIEND GULLIVER ARE **REAL** AND NOT AUTOMATONS?

INDEED SO, YOUR HIGHNESS, THERE IS, IN FACT, ANOTHER ISLAND NOT FAR FROM THE ONE WHEREIN THESE TINY CREATURES DWELL, WHICH IS ITS COUNTERPART. WE WOULD SEEM AS DWARFS TO THE CREATURES THERE.

"... BUT SOON, A STRANGE MALADY BEFELL OUR LITTLE BAND OF ADVENTURERS. ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THEY FELL ILL-- ONLY I SEEMED TO BE IMMUNE. THEY WOULD AWAKE DAY BY DAY, COMPLAINING OF A SEVERE LASSITUDE-- EVENTUALLY TO DIE, ONE BY ONE."



"AND THEN HORROR, NAMELESS, UNGOPDY HORROR! THOSE WE HAD BURIED BEGAN RETURNING FROM THEIR GRAVES TO PREY UPON WE WHO STILL LIVED, TAKING THE BLOOD FROM OUR BODIES, AND WHEN I TRIED TO DRIVE AWAY THE CREATURE MY WIFE HAD BECOME..."



"IN A METHOD UNKNOWN TO ME, THEY TOOK POSSESSION OF MY MIND! THEY FORCED ME--"



"... SHE TURNED INTO A WINGED MOUSE, A CREATURE CALLED A **BAT**, AND FLEW BEYOND MY GRASP!"



YOU THING OF EVIL! **BEGONE!**

"AND SOON, ALL TOO SOON, I WAS ALONE. I KNEW NOT WHY I WAS SPARED, BUT I SOON DISCOVERED THE GHASTLY REASON!"



--TO REQUEST GULLIVER TO RETURN US ALL TO --LILLIPUT! INWARDLY REPULSED, I COMPLIED --RETURNING THIS LOATHSOME PESTILENCE TO MY ISLAND. I COULD NOT HELP MYSELF."

YES, I SHALL RETURN YOU TO YOUR HOME. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN YOU FROM THERE, FOR I BROUGHT YOU ONLY DISASTER.

"SO I--AND MY UNDEAD LOVED-ONES WERE RETURNED TO LILLIPUT. AND WITH ME, I BROUGHT RUIN UPON MY HOMELAND!"

BLEGFLOGL, AREN'T YOU HAPPY, TO BE HOME?

YES... BUT WOULD THAT THE MIGHTY ENGLISH SHIP HAD SUNK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA ON ITS WAY HERE.



"ALTHOUGH I KNEW THAT THE PLAGUE WAS SPREAD BY THE INFECTIOUS BITE OF A CORPSE, I SOON LEARNED THAT IT WAS CARRIED ON THE ARMS OF THE WIND! BUT ALTHOUGH I KNEW, MY NEIGHBORS DID NOT. AS ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE SMALL POPULATION OF LILLIPUT DIED AND WAS BURIED, I BLEGFLOGL, THE UNWITTING AGENT OF THE DEAD, WAS REVILED IN THE STREETS."

"I WAS FORCED TO LEAVE THE CITY ALTOGETHER AND TO SEEK SHELTER IN THE WILDERNESS, FOR MY NEIGHBORS, DRIVEN BY FEAR, SURELY WOULD HAVE DESTROYED ME. I KNOW NOW THAT I AM ALONE, FOR ALL THE SMALL FIRES IN THE CITY ARE EXTINGUISHED. I AM THE LAST... OF MY RACE!"

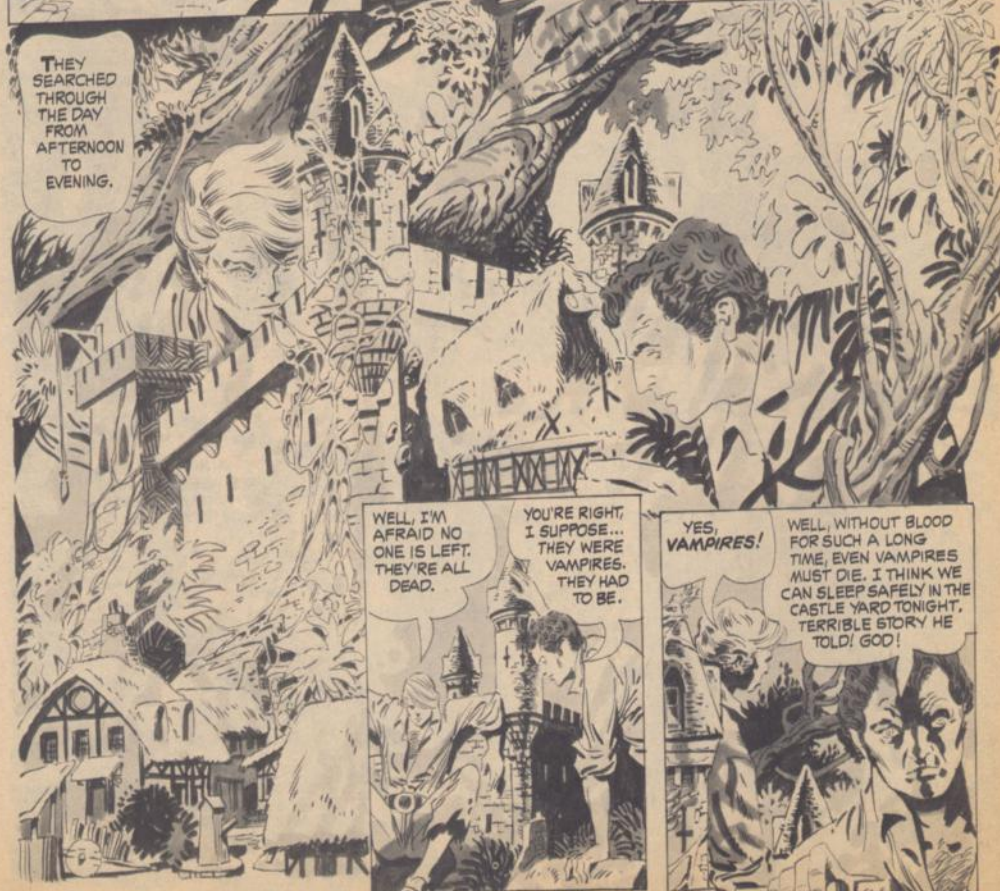
"NOW I WILL RETURN TO THE CITY I LOVE. I SHALL LIVE MY LAST THERE. I ONLY PRAY THAT THE PLAGUE HAS NOT SPREAD TO THAT ISLAND TO THE NORTH." HMMM-- HE MUST HAVE MEANT BLEFESCU... THE OTHER ISLAND!

LOOK, MAYBE BLEGFLOGL WAS WRONG--LET'S SEARCH CAREFULLY TO SEE IF ANY OF THE TINY PEOPLE ARE LEFT ALIVE!

THERE IS BLEGFLOGL! HE BROUGHT THIS CURSED THING UPON US!



THEY SEARCHED THROUGH THE DAY FROM AFTERNOON TO EVENING.



WELL, I'M AFRAID NO ONE IS LEFT. THEY'RE ALL DEAD.

YOU'RE RIGHT, I SUPPOSE... THEY WERE VAMPIRES. THEY HAD TO BE.

YES, VAMPIRES!

WELL, WITHOUT BLOOD FOR SUCH A LONG TIME, EVEN VAMPIRES MUST DIE. I THINK WE CAN SLEEP SAFELY IN THE CASTLE YARD TONIGHT. TERRIBLE STORY HE TOLD! GOD!

BUT AT NIGHT,
THE GRAVE OF THE
VAMPIRE OPENS,
AND HE COMES
FORTH SEEKING
BLOOD--THOUGH
HE HAS BEEN
DEAD FOR
CENTURIES!



UHHH...
..MY
THROAT...



VERNON! WAKE UP!
THEY'RE HERE!
THEY'RE STILL ALIVE!
THE VAMPIRES!

WHAT TH--!

MY GOD! HOW
CAN ANYTHING SO
TINY HURT SO
MUCH?!



RUN FOR
THE SEA!
IT'S OUR
ONLY
CHANCE!



THOUGH THE WATERS OF THE SEA WERE COLO THAT NIGHT, THEY REMAINED UNTIL SUNRISE.

I THINK THOSE LITTLE DEMONS COULD DRAIN AN ELEPHANT!

WHAT NEXT? WHAT CAN WE POSSIBLY DO?



WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THEM.

WITH WHAT? TOOTHPICKS THROUGH THE HEARTS?



DO YOU THINK THEY'RE ALL HERE?

I DOUBT IT: WHO'D HAVE BURIED THE LAST FEW? WE'LL HAVE TO BURN EVERY BUILDING ON THE ISLAND.



I HOPE THAT FINISHES THE LOT OF THEM.



IT'S SAD TO SEE A SOCIETY DIE. MEN OF THE WEST HAVE AN UNFORTUNATE TALENT FOR DESTROYING EVERYTHING THEY TOUCH.



THEIR GRUESOME TASK DONE, THEY SET SAIL AGAIN..



ON THE EVENING OF THE THIRD DAY...



LOOK!...THE ISLAND MENTIONED IN THE NOTEBOOK!

THE PLAGUE MAY HAVE SPREAD.





I ONLY HOPE
WE'RE RID OF
THOSE DEADLY
THINGS!

IT
CERTAINLY
LOOKS INVITING.
WE SHOULD
BE THERE
WITHIN THE
DAY.



COVER UP
WITH THOSE
BLANKETS. DIG
OUT SOME OF
THAT FOOD. WE'LL
NEED SOME IF
WE'RE TO MAKE
THAT ISLAND
BY DUSK...

IT'S ALL
SO HARD
TO BELIEVE..
..I'M COLD..



GOD! THEY
WERE EVERY-
WHERE!

PITCH IT OUT!
THERE'LL BE
FOOD ON THE
ISLAND.

...SILENCE, EXCEPT FOR
THE SMALL SPLASH OF
FOOD... THEIR
LAST...



FASTER! CAN'T
WE GO ANY FASTER!
IT'S ALL SO LONELY
HERE...

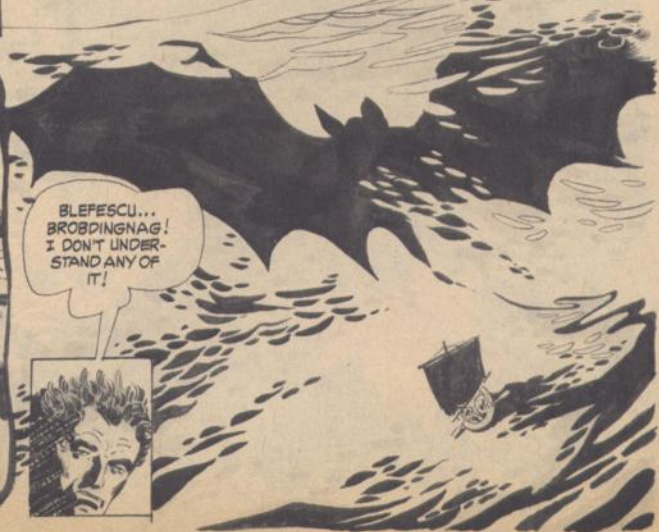
QUIET,
IT WILL
DO US NO
GOOD TO
RAGE!



I ONLY
HOPE THAT
IT IS BLEFESCU
BEFORE US...
AND NOT
BROBDINGNAG.

BLEFESCU...
BROBDINGNAG!
I DON'T UNDER-
STAND ANY OF
IT!

VERNON
STARED AT
BENNETT...
UNSURE OF
HIS
MEANING...





WHY? WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
BROBDINGNAG?

IF VAMPIRISM
HAS SPREAD THIS FAR,
IT COULD BE HORRIBLE!
BECAUSE THE PEOPLE OF
BROBDINGNAG WERE...

FLAP!
FLAP! FLAP!

THEY
WERE--

GIANTS!

--CHOKE!--

BOY, I BET THAT
DAMPENED THEIR
SPIRITS A MITE! WELL,
IT BROUGHT THEM
DOWN TO SIZE
ANYWAY. COULDA
REAL GULLIBLE
GULLIVERS ABOUT
TO BE GULPED!





THE WAY OF ALL FLESH!

A small sleepy town is bathed in the light of the full moon. Suddenly, the silence breaks, and an animal cry shatters the still night. A cry not quite human... but not quite animal either! This is the night of the werewolf!

EERIE

NO. 49

PREVIEW OF OUR NEXT ISSUES!

DEMONS IN THE FOG



Vampirella, her twisted and diseased by drugs and lack of blood, goes on a rampage, killing Pendragon's grandson. And the magician is enlisted by Chaos to kill Vampirella!

A MIDNIGHT STALKING

Once again, bristle animal hair covers the body of Arthur Lemming! And the werewolf has his revenge against an unfaithful wife... and a murderous town!

The all-powerful Egyptian amulet of the dead, falls into the hands of the power-crazed. And the Mummy walks again, to destroy and leave behind a path of death!

DEATH OF A FRIEND!



COLD CALCULATIONS

Torn and ripped to bloody shreds by an unknown horror, members of an arctic scientific expedition must face an ancient terror come to life in the complex and scientific world of today!

VAMPIRELLA

NO. 26