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EERIE

#36

NOV. 1971

68 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE

EERIE

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢

BAD MOON COMING...

**...LOOK WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
THE HAND
OF KANE
KINCAID**





EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY

THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES, MAN HAS TRIED TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNKNOWN! ONE SUCH MYSTERY--WAS THE COMPOSITION OF ALL *MATTER!*

AN EARLY GREEK PHILOSOPHER CALLED HERACLITUS (530-470 B.C.) BELIEVED THAT *FIRE* WAS THE PRIMAL SOURCE OF MATTER! HERACLITUS WAS ALSO KNOWN AS *THE DARK PHILOSOPHER* OR *THE WEEPING PHILOSOPHER...*



ANOTHER GREEK, ANAXAGORAS (500?-428 B.C.), WAS THE FIRST TO SPEAK OF THE PARTICLES WHICH WE NOW KNOW AS *ATOMS!* THEY WERE, HE SAID, INFINITELY NUMEROUS AND INFINITESIMALLY SMALL! ACCORDING TO HIS THEORY, AN ETERNAL INTELLIGENCE--CALLED *NOUS*--FIRST PRODUCED ORDER OUT OF THIS CHAOS!



DEMOCRITUS (460?-362? B.C.) SPOKE FURTHER ON THIS THEORY OF ATOMS...



THE FIRST SCIENTIFIC THEORY OF ATOMS WAS SET FORTH BY JOHN DALTON (1766-1844), A TEACHER AND A WEAVER'S SON...



AND FROM THERE, WHO KNOWS WHAT FUTURE PROGRESS MIGHT BRING? (HEH-HEH!)

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NO. 36

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NIGHT TURNS
THE LOUISIANA
FOREST
INTO A JUNGLE
OF TANGLED
SHADOWS...

... A GIRL, HER
EYES, DARTING
NERVOUSLY
FROM SIDE TO
SIDE, HASTILY
MAKES HER
WAY...

...THROUGH THE MARSHY
DENSENESS TO A
LOVER'S RENDEVOUS...

... AND A WOLF HOWLS!

MAYBE
PAPA WAS
RIGHT!

HE SAID
NOT TO GO OUT
TONIGHT...

...THAT
IT COULD
MEAN MY
LIFE! WHAT
IS THAT? A
WOLF?

BUT THERE AREN'T
ANY WOLVES AROUND HERE...
NOT AROUND THE **SWAMP!**

SO SPOOKY OUT
HERE AT NIGHT
... BUT I **MUST**
MEET JOHN!

IF ONLY
PAPA
WOULD
LET HIM
CALL ON
ME AT
HOME!

OW-OW-OW WOO WRRROOOOOOOO!

AAAAAIIIEEEEEE

WELCOME, SHRIEK-CREEPS, TO MY NEXT
TERROR TRIUMPH OF CROWNING COINCIDENCE
AND INFINITE IRONY! SO, WITHOUT FURTHER
ADO, LET'S TAKE A LITTLE MIDNIGHT
JOURNEY DOWN GREEN RIVER INTO
BAYOU COUNTRY WHERE THERE'S A...

BAD MOON ON THE RISE!

A BLOODED AND MUTILATED BODY IS FOUND ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE MARSH THE NEXT MORNING, AND BROUGHT TO THE MUNICIPAL PHYSICIAN...

I FOUND HER JUST BEFORE DAWN-- L-LIKE **THAT**... ALL MANGLED AND TWISTED... ONE OF HER ARMS IS STILL MIS-

YES, I CAN **SEE** THAT! BUT WHAT COULD HAVE **DONE** IT? IN THAT SWAMP, ANY **COTTONMOUTH** MIGHT HAVE BITTEN HER-- BUT NO **SNAKE** EVER DID **THAT** TO A PERSON!

IF YA ASK ME, IT'S THE WORK OF A **RABID WOLF**-- 'CEPTIN' THERE AIN'T NO WOLVES HERE 'BOUTS!

QUIET, YOU FOOL! HERE COMES HER FATHER!

AND IT'D TAKE A PRETTY **BIG WOLF** TO--

ARTHRITIC-CRIPPLED LEGS SLOWLY HOBBLE TO THE SHEET-COVERED FORM! THE SHEET IS LIFTED BY A TREMBLING, GNARLED HAND! THE GRISLY SIGHT IS REVEALED TO A GRIEF-STRICKEN FATHER AND ONLY TWO WORDS GRIMLY HISS THROUGH WIZENED LIPS...

LOUP GAROU!

A YOUNG MAN AWAKENS LATE IN THE MORNING, AND WITH EFFORT REMEMBERS HE IS KAIN KINCAID!

SLEPT SO **LATE**-- BUT I'M STILL **TIRED**... AND THAT **DREAM**...

I HAD IT AGAIN... SO STRANGE... **AWFUL!**

AN OVERWHELMING SENSE OF DRUGGED NUMBNESS ENGULFS HIM! HE RISES, HIS MIND FILLED WITH VAGUE UNCERTAINTY...

I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET ANNA LAST NIGHT ON THE BAYOU... BUT I DON'T REMEMBER GOING -- **WAIT!!** MY PANTS-- **MUDDY!** DID I GO OUT AFTER ALL?

MY GOD! **BLOODY!** BUT I'M NOT **CUT!**

OH, LORD, CAN THE DREAMS BE **REAL?** **NO! NO!**

A REPORT IS FILED WITH THE NEAREST STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

YES, THAT'S RIGHT--**HORRIBLY** DISFIGURED... YES, I THINK MURDER **IS** A POSSIBILITY... YOU WILL?... THANK YOU... YES, GOOD-BYE!

KANE KINCAID I SWEAR I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN AGES!

WHERE YOU BEEN KEEPIN' YOURSELF?

OH, I'VE BEEN REAL **BUSY**... BUT I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN YOU, SUSIE!

WHY DON'T WE GET TOGETHER AGAIN SOON?

TONIGHT?

THE HINT OF A BLUSH TINTS SUSIE QUENTIN'S FACE...

WELL...! I GUESS IF THAT'S WHAT **YOU** CALL ASKING FOR A DATE, KANE KINCAID...

GOOD! CAN YOU MEET ME BY THE BRIDGE ON GREEN RIVER AT TEN TONIGHT?



I SUPPOSE SO... BUT WHY OUT ON THE BAYOU?

UH... LET'S SAY IT'S MORE **ROMANTIC**! SEE YOU TONIGHT, THEN?



WHY DID I INSIST ON MEETING SUSIE AT GREEN RIVER?

IT'S ALMOST AS IF I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF!

NIGHT FALLS... A FULL MOON RISES... AND INTO THE SLEEPY LOUISIANA TOWN...



THE CAR DOOR IS OPENED, AND A CRISPLY ATTIRED MAN EMERGES! STAIRS ARE MOUNTED, AND A DOOR IS KNOCKED UPON...



DR. WINSLOW? I'M LAWRENCE TYLER FROM THE STATE'S DETECTIVE OFFICE, HOMICIDE DIVISION! YOU PHONED IN A REPORT OF A POSSIBLE MURDER!

YES... YES, I DID! I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO SEE THE BODY!



HMM... ABSOLUTELY GHASTLY! IT *ALMOST* LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF AN ANIMAL -- BUT I'D STILL GO ALONG WITH YOUR OPINION OF MURDER!

HOMICIDAL MANIACS HAVE DONE WORSE IN THE PAST!...

ANY SURVIVING RELATIVES?



ONLY HER FATHER... GOT AN OLD SHACK ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...

THE PLACE IS A SHAMBLES... I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE ACCORDED MUCH HOSPITALITY THERE!

THE RUN-DOWN HOME IS EASILY LOCATED, AND THE DETECTIVE'S FORCEFUL KNOCKS ARE ANSWERED BY A STUBBORNLY SUSPICIOUS FACE -- THE SOLEMN FACE OF A MAN IN MOURNING FOR HIS VICIOUSLY SLAIN DAUGHTER...

WHAT DO YOU WANT? IF YOU'RE PEDDLING SOMETHING YOU CAN JUST TURN YOURSELF ABOUT AND *LEAVE*.. 'CAUSE I AIN'T--

DETECTIVE LAWRENCE TYLER-- I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER!



SHE'S DEAD!

I KNOW! THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT! DO YOU HAVE ANY REASON TO BELIEVE SHE MIGHT HAVE ANY ENEMIES?





NO, NO, ENEMIES!
EVERYONE LIKED HER!

BUT ANNA
WAS KILLED
JUST THE
SAME!

I DIDN'T REALLY
EXPECT HER TO
HAVE ANY ENEMIES
-- THE CONDITION OF
HER BODY INDICATES
A SENSELESS,
INSANE ATTACK--
NOT A CALCULATED
ACT OF REVENGE!

IT WAS
MURDER ALL
RIGHT! BUT I
DIDN'T SAY IT
WASN'T AN
ANIMAL!

IT WAS AN
ANIMAL -- BUT AN
ANIMAL THAT IS
ALSO A *MAN*!

ELSEWHERE IN THE TOWN, A
VIOLENTLY TROUBLED KANE KINCAID
IS DESPERATELY ENGAGED IN A
STRUGGLE TO RETAIN HIS VERY
IDENTITY...

CAN'T LET IT
HAPPEN AGAIN!

I *MUST*
KEEP MYSELF
FROM MEETING
SUSAN QUENTIN
TONIGHT... MUST
STAY AWAY FROM
GREEN RIVER...
MUST FIGHT THE
IMPULSE...

BUT WHAT MAKES
YOU SO SURE SHE WAS
MURDERED? YOU SEEM
CERTAIN A WILD *ANIMAL*
WASN'T RESPONSIBLE...



THE *MOON*... SO FULL, BRIGHT...
GLISTENING... BECKONING TO ME...
URGING ME TO REVEL IN THE THRILL
OF BEING WILD-- *FREE*!...

BUT...
I MUST...
FIGHT IT...



DETERMINATION CRUMBLES UNDER THE SEEMINGLY SORCEROUS INFLUENCE OF THE FULL MOON! PULSE RATE QUICKENS AS BLOOD SURGES WILDLY THROUGH DISTENDED VEINS! BRISTLING HAIR SPROUTS... AND A FREEDOM-HAMPERING COLLAR IS RIPPED TO SHREDS IN AN INCREDIBLE ORGASM OF UNBRIDLED FURY...

AND A DESTINATION IS SET--*GREEN RIVER*... AND *SUSIE QUENTIN*...



...FIGHT IT... FIGHT
IT... MUST NOT... GO
TO GREEN RIVER...



...MUSTN'T LET
IT HAPPEN... BUT--
WHY *NOT*? WHY NOT
GLORY IN IT?... *THRILL*
TO A FEELING FEW
MEN HAVE EVER
EXPERIENCED!



AND ELSEWHERE, ANXIOUS QUESTIONS ARE MET WITH PUZZLING AMBIGUITY...



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF KANE KINCAID, SUSIE FALLS UNDER THE ENCHANTMENT OF THE SUMMER NIGHT...



A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE IS CAPTURED UPON THE REFLECTIVE SURFACE, AN IMAGE TO BE NARCISSISTICALLY ADMIRERD...

THEN ANOTHER VISAGE-- HEART-STOPPING IN ITS CONSUMMATE GROTESQUENESS-- SUDDENLY APPEARS BESIDE HER...



AND SUSIE QUENTIN FALLS HELPLESSLY TO SLASHING CLAWS AND RAVAGING FANGS... THE BESTIAL LEGACY OF THE FULL MOON...



MEANWHILE, APPARENT SUPERSTITION IS MET WITH SCORN, INDIGNATION...



ENOUGH ABOUT WERE-WOLVES AND BAD MOONS!



BUT THE OMINOUS WARNING IS DELIVERED... *TOO LATE!*





THE SECOND BODY IN TWO DAYS IS BROUGHT TO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE! THE GIRL'S MOTHER IS CONTACTED...



HAVING DISCOVERED A NEW CLUE, THE OLD MAN IS ONCE AGAIN QUESTIONED...



AT KAIN KINCAID'S MODEST HOME, THE DETECTIVE'S IMPATIENT KNOCK BRING NO RESPONSE! THE DOOR IS FORCED OPEN TO REVEAL...



KINCAID'S PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT IS APPROACHED...



KINCAID'S ACQUAINTANCES ARE QUERIED WITH SIMILAR RESULTS...



THE REMAINDER IS DEVOTED TO THE SEEMINGLY FUTILE PURSUIT...

NO, HAVEN'T SEEN 'IM LATELY! WHY, WHAT'S HE DONE?

COME TO THINK OF IT, I HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF KAIN FOR A WHILE!

KINCAID'S BEEN PRETTY MUCH OF A STRANGER TO ME LATELY! 'FRAID I CAN'T BE OF MUCH HELP, MISTER!

...UNTIL...

HEY, MISTER-- I HEARD YOU BEEN LOOKIN' FOR KAIN KINCAID! I JUST SEEN 'IM DOWN BY THE RIVER!

THAT'S THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! LET'S GET DOWN THERE-- WHAT'S THAT?

OOW-WOOO

...SOUNDS LIKE A WOLF!



TYLER'S DEFT FINGERS MOVE QUICKLY TO HIS SHOULDER HOLSTER... HIS REVOLVER FLASHES IN THE MOON-LIGHT...



I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT...

...STILL, BULLETS CAN STOP ANYTHING THAT LIVES!



...AND SCREAMING LEAD EXPLODES FROM THE GUN'S MUZZLE...



I'M SURE I HIT IT AT LEAST TWICE!

...BUT IT'S STILL STANDING!





HUDDLED IN CONCEALMENT, THE BESTIAL CREATURE IS
FRAUGHT WITH CONFUSION AS THE HEAVENLY BODY
WHICH CONTROLS HIS TRANSFORMATION IS *ITSELF*
ALTERED...



...UNTIL THE MOON IS ENTIRELY BLOTTED OUT BY A
LUNAR ECLIPSE...

WH-WHAT AM I
DOING OUT HERE?
OH, LORD, NO!

IT MUST
HAVE HAPPENED
AGAIN!

GOD HELP
ME IF I'VE
KILLED SOME-
ONE ELSE!

THIS
TIME I
MUST
TURN
MYSELF
INTO THE
AUTHOR-
ITIES...
GET SOME
HELP!

THIS
CAN'T GO
ON *FOR-*
EVER!



FULL OR NONE AT ALL... EITHER ONE HAS PROVED TO
BE A *BAD MOON* ON THE RISE FOR KAIN KINCAID...

GOOD LORD... *'CHOKES'*... THIS ISN'T THE THING WE SAW!
I'VE KILLED AN *INNOCENTMAN*! BUT, BY GOD, I WON'T
STOP SEARCHING UNTIL I'VE AVENGED HIS DEATH AND
THE DEATH OF THOSE TWO GIRLS BY SLAYING THAT
WOLF-MAN CREATURES-- EVEN IF IT TAKES *FOREVER!*



HMMM... NOW *THAT* MAKES FOR AN INTERESTING SITUATION! OBVIOUSLY, TYLER
WASN'T USING *SILVER BULLETS*... BUT THEN KINCAID WAS IN *HUMAN FORM* WHEN
HE WAS SHOT... SO HE IS *REALLY* DEAD! YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, KIDDIES
... BUT I FOR ONE WOULDN'T WANT TO BE OUT PUTTING FLOWERS ON HIS GRAVE THE
NEXT *FULL MOON!*

PROLOGUE:



NOK!
NOK!

NOW
WHO COULD
THAT BE AT
THIS
HOUR?

IT'S
JOHN!
I KNOW IT
IS!

I THINK IT'D
BE BEST IF I
HID
SOMEWHERE!

HE'S **INSANELY JEALOUS!**
NO TELLING **WHAT** HE'D DO
IF HE FOUND ME HERE!

I'VE BEEN TRYING
TO GIVE HIM THE BRUSH
FOR MONTHS!
BUT STILL...



A KNOCK AT THE DOOR IS NOT ALWAYS THE
KNOCK OF OPPORTUNITY. MORE OFTEN THAN
NOT, IT CAN MEAN THE SCHOOL OF **HARD**
KNOCKS.



THE KNOCKING CONTINUES, NOT UN-
LIKE AN INSANE METRONOME TICKING
AWAY THE SECONDS LEFT FOR THE
YOUNG COUPLE.

OKAY,
COMING!...
COMING!



JOHN
SUTHERLAND!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

YOU **KNOW**
WHY I'M HERE,
RAY!

YOU'VE BEEN SEEING
JOYCE **BEHIND MY**
BACK, HAVEN'T YOU? I
JUST WANNA MAKE
ONE THING CLE...



NOW,
WAIT A
MINUTE,
JOHN! YOU
DON'T OWN
JOYCE!
NOBODY
DOES!

SHE'S A
GROWN
WOMAN! SHE
HAS A RIGHT TO
SEE WHOEVER
SHE WANTS!

THEN, YOU **HAVE**
BEEN SEEING HER!
THAT'S **ALL** I
WANTED TO
KNOW!



WHA-?
WHAT'RE
YOU
GONNA...



BLAM!

UNNH!



ART BY RUBIO/STORY BY STEVE SKEATES

the SILENCE and the SLEEP



IMPETUOUS YOUNG MAN, WASN'T HE? THEY SAY ARTIST TYPES ARE... POSSESSIVE AND HIGH STRUNG. JOHN SUTHERLAND IS SUCH A MAN, A PIANIST WHO IS PLAYING THE LAST AND DARKEST CHORDS OF HIS OWN CONCERTO... OF LIFE... THE NOTES RISING SOFTLY OUT OF...

HOURS HAVE PASSED. A NEIGHBOUR WHO OVERHEARD THE SHOT HAS FINALLY GOTTEN AROUND TO REPORTING IT...

HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR **SOME TIME!** ONLY **ONE** SHOT, BUT IT PROVED **FATAL!** HE WASN'T EVEN A FOOT AWAY WHEN HE WAS HIT!



RALPH!
GET OVER
HERE-- QUICK!



WHAT'S GO...
WHAT??

MISS, WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
IN THAT
CLOSET?

I DON'T
THINK SHE CAN
HEAR YOU, RALPH!
SHE SEEMS TO BE IN
COMPLETE SHOCK!

DAYS LATER, THE YOUNG GIRL, STILL MOTIONLESS, STILL STARING BLANKLY FORWARD, IS MOVED TO A MENTAL HOME, HER CONSCIOUS LIFE AT AN END...



THE SPIRIT OF A YOUNG GIRL, FLOATING AIMLESSLY THROUGH A DREAM-LIKE VOID...



... MEETING ANOTHER SPIRIT... THE SPIRIT OF A MAN NOW DEAD...



JOYCE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? DID HE KILL YOU, TOO?

NO...

HER VOICE LIKE THAT OF A WAIF, ALMOST INAUDIBLE...



THE TWO GROW SILENT AS SOME UN-SEEN FORCE TAKES HOLD OF THEM, DIRECTING THEM FORWARD LIKE PIECES OF CLOUD...

AND, ELSEWHERE... APPLAUSE DROWNS OUT THE LAST ECHOES OF A CONCERTO JOHN SUTHERLAND HAS COMPLETED...



THANK GOD THEY LIKED IT!

I MADE A LOT OF MISTAKES! BUT LUCKILY THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE CAUGHT THEM!

JUST CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP MY MIND ON THE MUSIC! KEEP THINKING ABOUT JOYCE AND RAY... AND ABOUT WHAT I DID TO THEM!

I MUST'VE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND! I THOUGHT I COULD WIN JOYCE, AND INSTEAD I'VE LOST HER FOR GOOD AND I'VE TAKEN ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE!

BUT I MUST QUIT DWELLING ON THIS THING! THE DOCTORS SAY JOYCE WILL NEVER GET WELL, SO SHE CAN'T TELL THE POLICE I DID IT! IN FACT, THEY THINK SHE DID IT!

I MUST STOP THINKING ABOUT IT! I CANNOT LET THIS RUIN MY CAREER!

BUT, THAT NIGHT ALONE IN HIS BED
JOHN SUTHERLAND'S FITFUL SCREAMS
ALL BUT DROWN OUT THE MEMORY
OF THE APPLAUSE...

NO! NO!

WHAT
DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
DOING?



WHO ARE
YOU?? WHAT IS
THIS ALL
ABOUT??

WE'RE MEMBERS
OF THE **POLICE
INTERROGATION
GROUP!** WE WANT
TO ASK YOU A FEW
QUESTIONS...

DID YOU
KNOW **RAY
JAMESON?**

RAY JAMESON?
NEVER HEARD OF
HIM!

...AND WE
KNOW THAT YOU
KILLED HIM!

YOU MIGHT
AS WELL **CONFESS**
TO THE **WHOLE
THING!**

COME OFF
IT, SUTHERLAND!
WE **KNOW** YOU WENT TO
JAMESON'S APARTMENT
THAT NIGHT...

NO! NO!
YOU CAN'T
**PIN THIS
ON ME!**



LET
GO OF
ME!

YOU
CAN'T DO
THIS TO
ME!



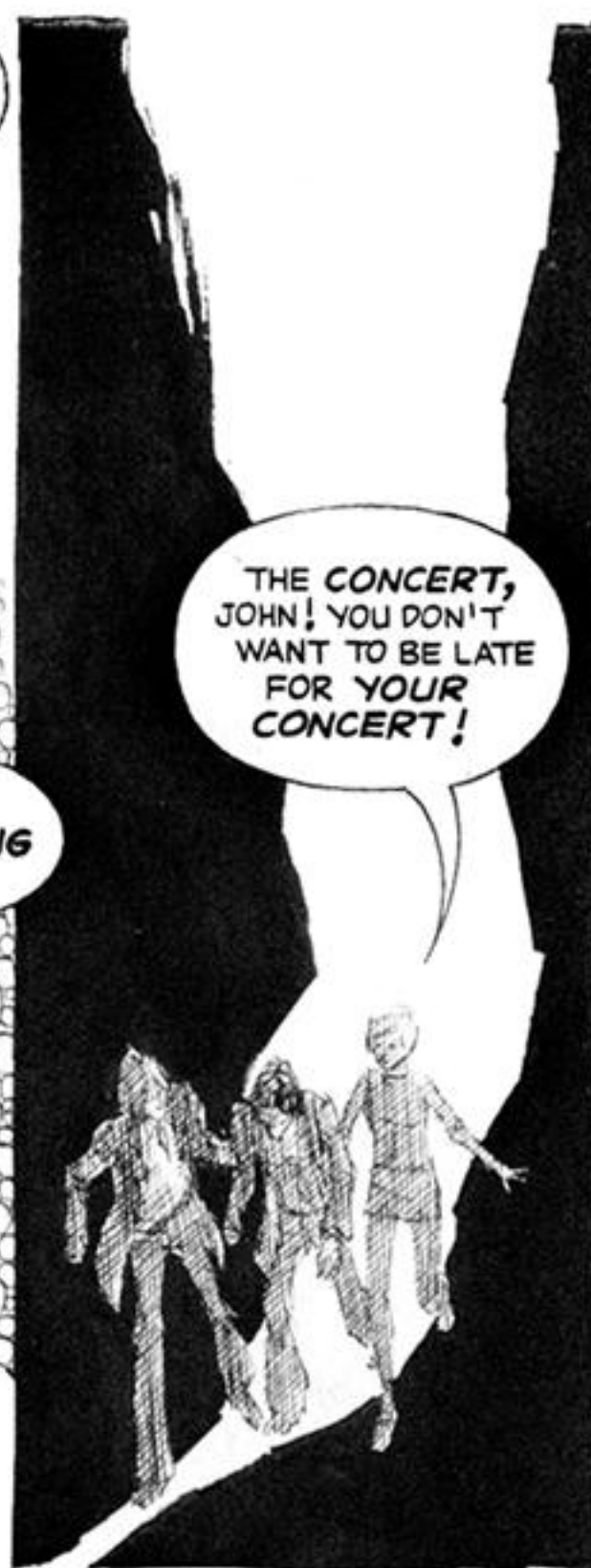


A GUILT-
INSPIRED DREAM...
NOTHING MORE...
BUT A DREAM
THAT IS ABOUT
TO CHANGE, NOW
THAT TWO NEW
PLAYERS ENTER...

COME!
IT'S TIME TO
GO!

JOYCE!
RAY! BUT I
THOUGHT
YOU
WERE--

WH-WHERE
ARE YOU TAKING
ME!?



THE CONCERT,
JOHN! YOU DON'T
WANT TO BE LATE
FOR YOUR
CONCERT!



AND BACK IN
THE REAL WORLD,
IN HIS APARTMENT,
JOHN IS WALKING
IN HIS SLEEP,
COMPELLED
FORWARD BY
SOME UNSEEN
FORCE...





MEANTIME...

WE'VE GOT
A **NEW LEAD** ON
THE JAMESON CASE!
GUY NAMED **JOHN
SUTHERLAND**--
HE'S A WELL-KNOWN
PIANIST WHO USED TO
GO OUT WITH THE
GIRL! SUPPOSEDLY HE'S
THE **JEALOUS**
TYPE...

WE DON'T
KNOW SHE
KILLED HIM! SHE
MAY BE IN SHOCK JUST
HAVING **WITNESSED**
THE SHOOTING!

BUT I
THOUGHT THAT
CASE WAS **CLOSED**!
I THOUGHT THE
GIRL DID IT!

APPARENTLY
THIS SUTHERLAND
CHARACTER HAS
BEEN TO SEE HER
DOCTOR A FEW TIMES!
KEEPS ASKING IF SHE'LL
EVER GET BETTER!
COULD BE HE'S
AFRAID OF WHAT SHE
MIGHT **SAY** IF SHE
DOES GET
BETTER!



LET'S GO!
EVEN IF IT **IS** THE
MIDDLE OF THE
NIGHT, I HAVE
SOME **QUESTIONS**
TO ASK
SUTHERLAND!

THIS
MAY BE THE
BEST TIME
TO DO IT
WHILE HE'S
GROGGY!

THIS MUSIC DOESN'T
MAKE ANY **SENSE**! NO
MELODY! NO **CHORDS**!
JUST A LOT OF
RANDOM NOTES!

STILL
I FEEL
COMPELLED
TO PLAY
IT!

NOK!
NOK!

HUNH??
WHAT'S
THAT??



WHA-?
IT WAS A
DREAM!

BUT WHAT
AM I DOING AT
MY **DESK**??

UNNH...
I'M
TIRED...

NOK!
NOK!

ALL
RIGHT! I'M
COMING!



MR. SUTHERLAND,
WE'D LIKE TO ASK
YOU A FEW
QUESTIONS!

THE **COPS**!
NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D
COME **THIS** CLOSE!

I MUST KEEP
COMPOSED--NOT LET
THEM UPSET ME,
TRIP ME UP...

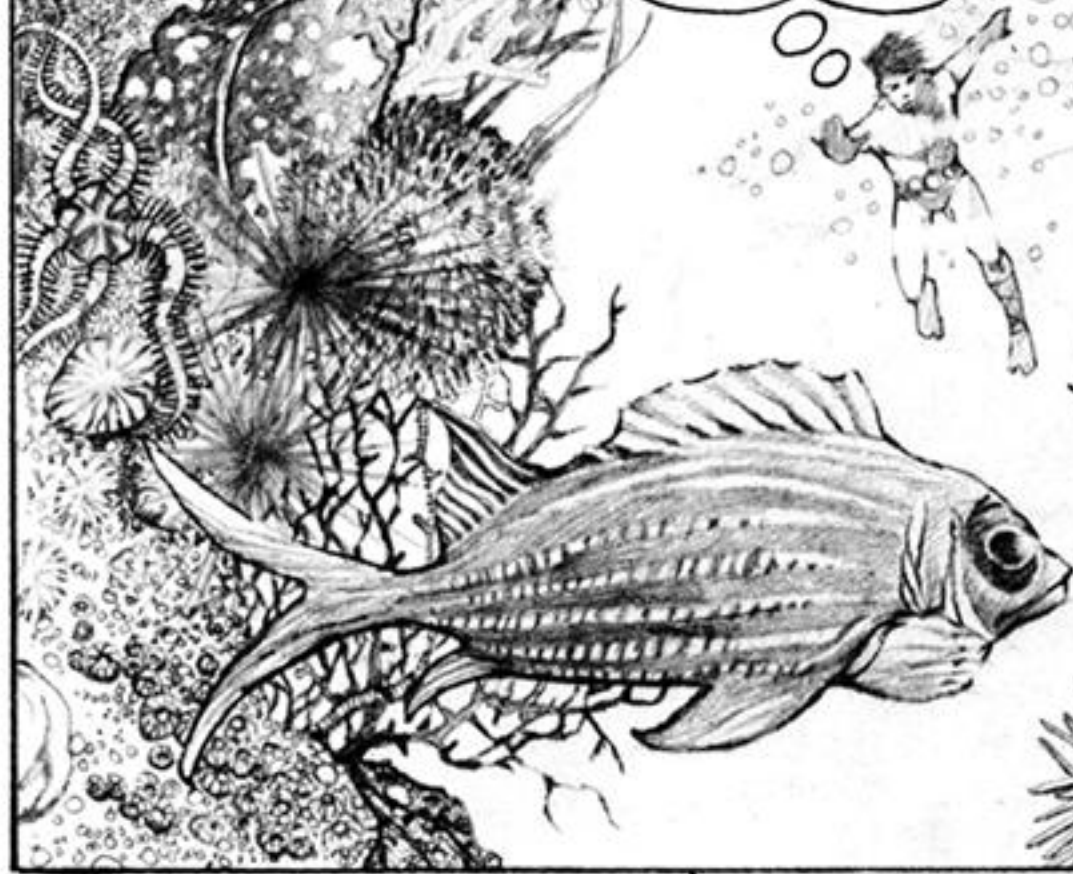




IT STILL EXISTS...THERE, ON THE OCEAN FLOOR...THE CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS...
AND UPON THIS CONTINENT, THERE STANDS THE HUGE, GLEAMING PALACE
OF THE KINGDOM OF MANAI. YOU KNOW WELL THAT THIS KINGDOM
EXISTS...FOR YOU ARE PRINCE TARGO, THE SON OF THE MIGHTY KING
OF THIS PROUD LAND...

PROTOTYPE

I USUALLY DON'T **COME** THIS
WAY, WHEN HEADING BACK TO
ATLANTIS! THIS CERTAINLY ISN'T
THE **SHORTEST** WAY HOME! BUT
IT IS THE **SCENIC** ROUTE! BESIDES,
I'M IN NO **HURRY**! IT'S STILL
QUITE **EARLY**! SO WHY NOT
ENJOY THE TRIP!



DON'T THINK
I'VE EVER
SEEN **THIS**
VALLEY BEFORE!

SURE IS A
LONG WAY DOWN!
MUST BE ONE OF
THE **DEEPEST**
VALLEYS ON
THE OCEAN
FLOOR!

THOSE **ROCKS** DOWN THERE!
ALL IN A **STRAIGHT LINE**!
LOOKS ALMOST LIKE A **MAN**
MADE PATHWAY! BUT IT
COULDN'T BE! NOT AT SUCH
AN EXTREME DEPTH!



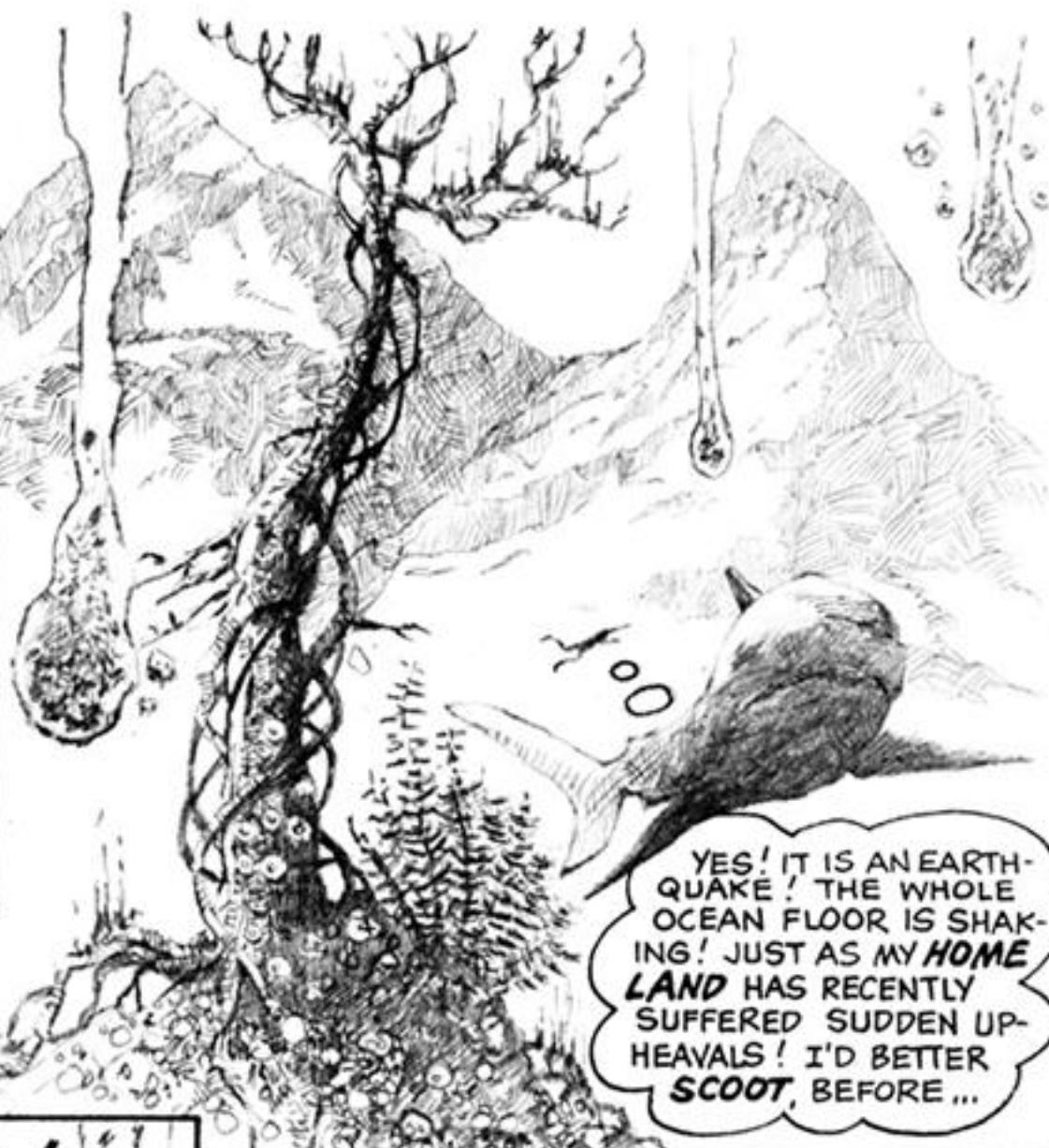
SURE WOULD LIKE
TO **GO DOWN** FOR
A **CLOSER** INVESTIGATION!
BUT IT'S WAY TOO
FAR DOWN!



I DOUBT
THAT EVEN MY
ATLANTEAN BODY
COULD STAND
THE PRESSURE
OF SUCH A DEPTH!



BESIDES, IT'S PROBABLY
JUST... **HEY!** WHAT'S
THAT ?? SOUNDS
LIKE...



YES! IT IS AN EARTH-
QUAKE! THE WHOLE
OCEAN FLOOR IS SHAK-
ING! JUST AS MY **HOME**
LAND HAS RECENTLY
SUFFERED SUDDEN UP-
HEAVALS! I'D BETTER
SCOOT, BEFORE...

BUT THEN
YOU HEAR IT...
THE RUMBLE
FROM **ABOVE**
...AND AS YOU
LOOK UP, YOU
SEE THE ROCKS
TUMBLING
DOWN TOWARD
YOU...

AVALANCHE!

MADE IT!
GOT AWAY
FROM THE
ROCKS!



YOU SWIM SWIFTLY... DOWN AND AWAY...
TRYING TO AVOID THE ROCKS...



BUT...SWAM
TOO DEEP,
TOO FAST!
CAN'T ADJUST...

STARTING TO
BLACK OUT...

THEN, YOU
TUMBLE DOWN...
DEEPER...
DEEPER...



LOOK! OUR EARTHQUAKES HAVE
FINALLY BROUGHT US SOMEONE!
A DWELLER OF THE HIGHER SEAS!

BAH! HE IS OBVIOUSLY JUST
A YOUNGSTER! IF WE COULD
ENTER SHALLOW WATERS... IF ONLY
OUR BODIES COULD STAND THE
PRESSURE WE COULD CAPTURE
A FULLY GROWN ONE!

BUT **WAIT!** IT IS TRUE THAT
HE IS YOUNG! BUT HE IS
ALSO **MUSCULAR**, HAS A
FULLY **DEVELOPED**
BODY!

AND HE LIVES!
ENTERING OUR WATERS
DID NOT **KILL** HIM! THAT
MUST MEAN THAT HE
IS TRULY STRONG!

COME! WE MUST TAKE
HIM TO THE GREAT POSSESSOR
OF KNOWLEDGE! HE WILL
KNOW IF THIS BEING
SHALL SERVE OUR
PURPOSES OR NOT!

I MUST EXAMINE HIM COM-
PLETELY! BUT FIRST I MUST GIVE
HIM A DRUG, SO HE DOES NOT
AWAKEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
EXAMINATION! A BEING AS
STRONG AS HE IS COULD EASILY
ESCAPE FROM HERE! AND
THEN, ALL WOULD BE
LOST!

AH, YES! HE IS A
PERFECT FIGHTING
MACHINE! OUR PEOPLE
POSSESS THE HEARTS OF
WARRIORS, BUT NOT THE
BODIES! THESE DWELLERS
OF THE HIGHER SEAS
POSSESS **BOTH!**

MANY HOURS LATER...



YOU MAY CARRY HIM OVER TO THE COMPUTER! THE EXAMINATION IS COMPLETED! NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO DUPLICATE HIS BRAIN!



I SOMETIMES WISH THE BRAIN WERE NOT SUCH A COMPLEX ORGAN! I DO NOT LIKE TO DEPEND ON COMPUTERS! I WOULD LIKE TO BUILD THE BRAIN MYSELF!

THERE! I AM FINISHED WITH HIM!

NO THERE IS NO NEED FOR THAT! HE KNOWS NOTHING OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM...OF WHAT WE ARE PLANNING! HE HAS SERVED US WELL! AND WE SHALL REWARD HIM WITH HIS LIFE!



WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH HIM NOW? SHOULD HE BE KILLED?



AND SHORTLY...



WE HAD BETTER HURRY! THE DRUG WILL BE WEARING OFF SOON!

YES! BUT LET'S NOT BE IN SUCH A HURRY THAT WE GET RECKLESS! WE CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT BY THE SUCTION OURSELVES! IF WE WERE CARRIED TO HIGHER WATERS, WE WOULD PERISH!



YOUR EARS POP... NEARLY
EXPLODE... YOU BLINK
YOUR EYES TO CLEAR
AWAY THE HAZE...



...AND YOU FIND YOURSELF
FLOATING UP A LONG, DARK SHAFT..

WH-WHERE
AM I? WHAT'S
HAPPENED?



I REMEMBER SWIMMING
DOWN TOWARD THAT
VALLEY! THEN, I
PASSED OUT...
STARTED
FALLING!

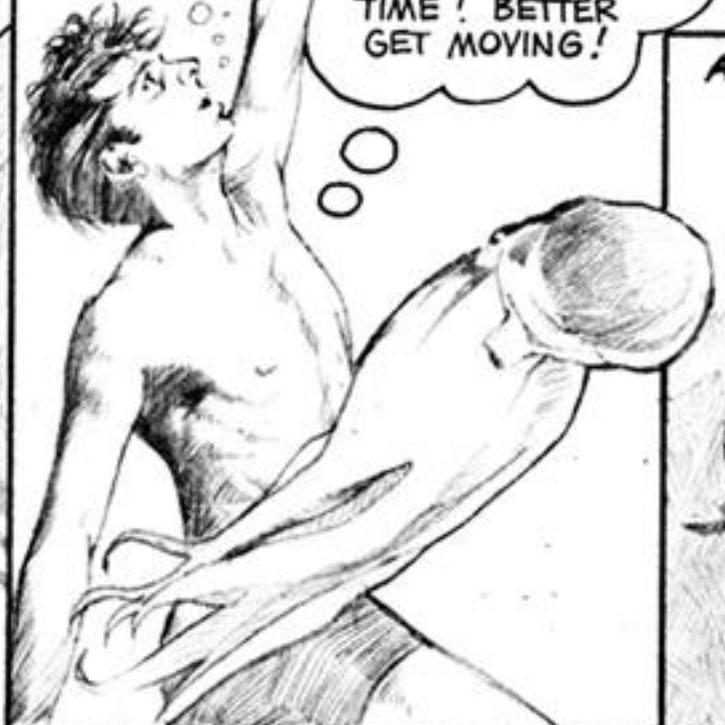
NOW, I'M
JUST ABOUT
BACK WHERE
I STARTED!



I GUESS I MUST HAVE FLOATED
UNCONSCIOUS UNTIL I GOT
SUCKED INTO THAT SHAFT... AND
PULLED BACK UP HERE! IF I STAY-
ED DOWN IN THAT VALLEY I
PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN
CRUSHED! THE PRESSURE MUST
BE FIERCE DOWN THERE!



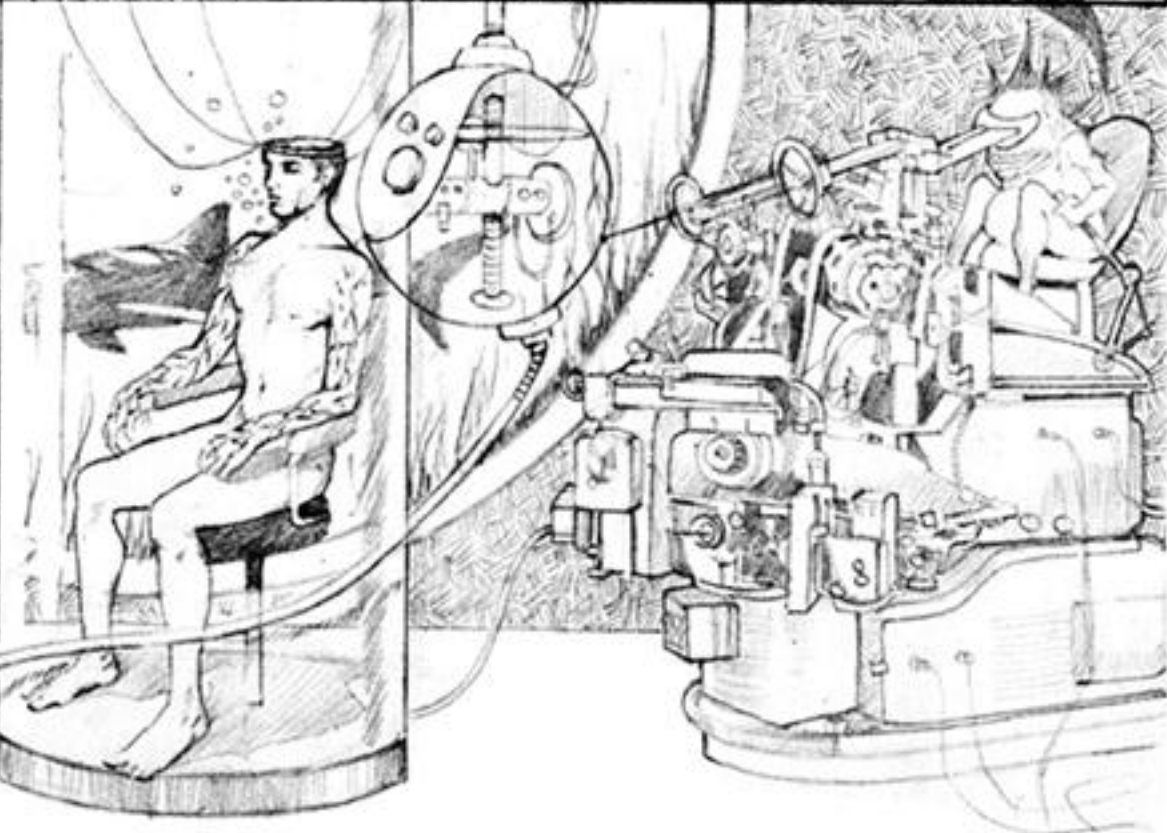
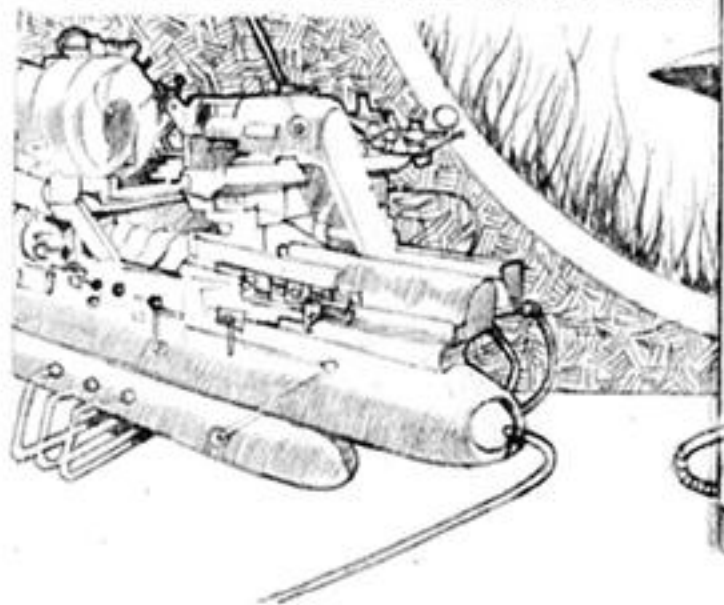
HEY! THE SEAS
ARE GETTING DARK!
I MUST HAVE
BEEN UNCONSCIOUS
FOR QUITE A LONG
TIME! BETTER
GET MOVING!

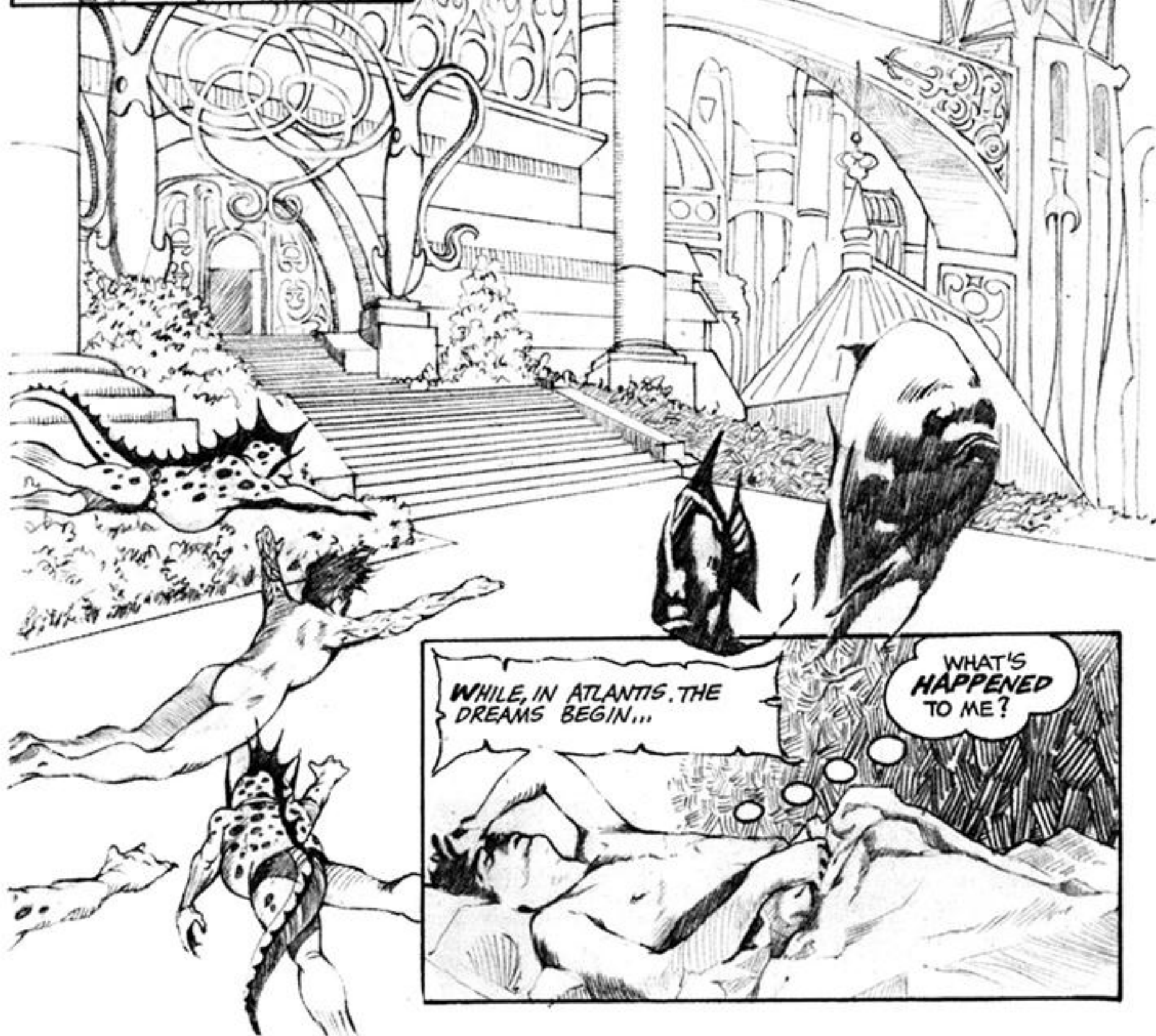
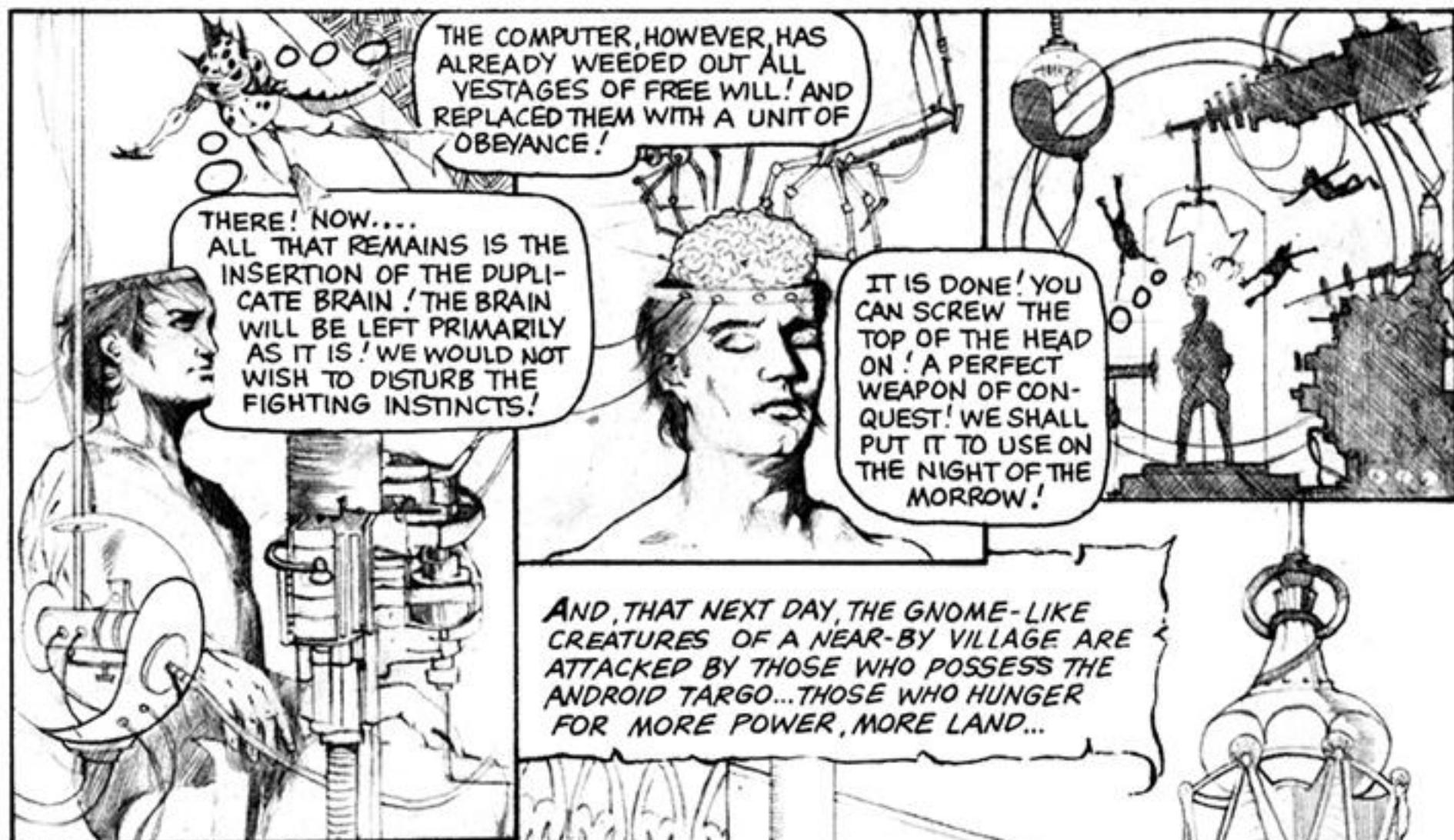


AND SO YOU SWIM ON...



AND AS THE DAYS PASS, YOU ARE UN-
AWARE THAT AT A GREAT DEPTH,
STRANGE GNOME-LIKE CREATURES
ARE CONSTRUCTING A REPLICA OF
YOU... EXACT, EXCEPT FOR A STRANGE
TRANSPARENCY TO SOME SKIN AREAS...





THE ATTACKING GNOMES FIND NO RESISTANCE FROM THEIR UNSUSPECTING FOES AS THEY CRASH RECKLESSLY INTO THE CITY HALL...



DON'T WANT TO ATTACK THESE CREATURES! THEY'RE **NO MATCH** FOR ME! BUT I'VE GOT TO DO WHAT THESE OTHER CREATURES TELL ME! DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY **FREE WILL!** HAVE TO OBEY!



AND WHEN YOU AWAKE THAT MORNING, YOU ARE SHAKING... SWEATING... EXHAUSTED...



AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, YOU HAVE THIS SAME DREAM... THIS DREAM IN WHICH YOU SEE YOURSELF AS BUT A SPINELESS PAWN... AGAIN AND AGAIN...

THEN, ONE DAY, AS YOU AND YOUR FATHER, THE KING, ARE CALLED INTO ACTION, NOT FAR FROM THE BORDER OF THE KINGDOM OF MANAI...

YOU **HEARD** HIM, SON! THIS WARRIOR THINKS HE CAN **DEFEAT** US. HE CAN GO ON TO **ATTACK** OUR KINGDOM... **CONQUER** OUR LAND! BUT HE SHALL NOT GET PAST US!

THIS FIGHT ISN'T GOING TO BE AS **EASY** AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN! THOSE **DREAMS** HAVE TAKEN A LOT OUT OF ME! I'M REALLY BEAT! BUT STILL, I'M...

KLUMP!

CRACK!!

UNNHH!

EXHAUSTION... MADE ME **CARELESS!** SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN **TAKEN** LIKE THAT!

BUT GOTTA STAY **WITH IT!** CAN'T LET **FATHER** DOWN!

NO! THE DREAM! COMING BACK! STARTING AGAIN!

THEN, AS YOU RUSH BACK INTO BATTLE... **GROGGY... PAIN SPLITTING YOUR HEAD...**



**TARGO
HOLD OFF!**

**TAKE IT
EASY!**



**THEY'RE DEFEATED!
THERE'S NO REASON TO
DRIVE THEM INTO THE
OCEAN FLOOR!**

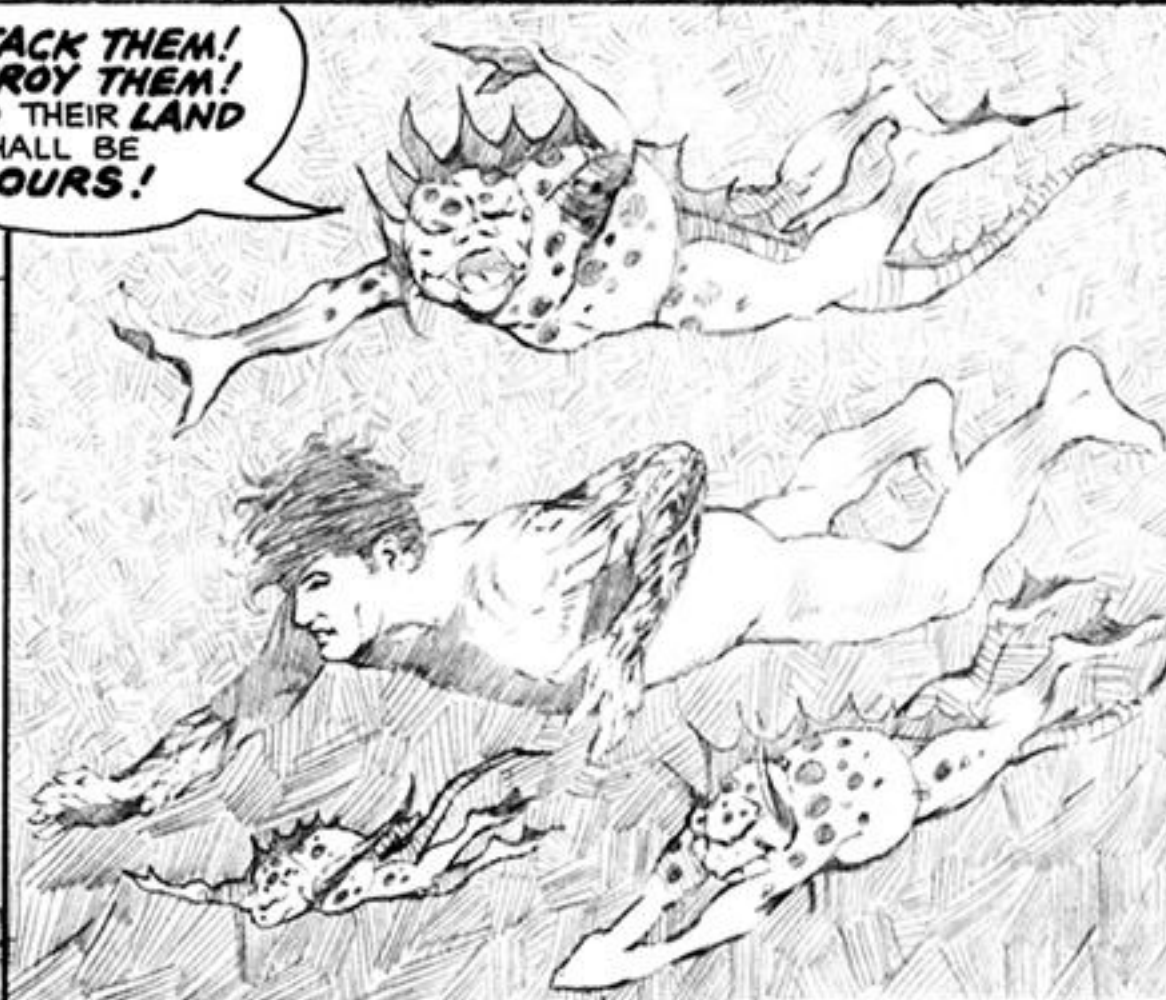
**HUH?
OH, SORRY, FATHER!
DON'T KNOW
WHAT CAME
OVER ME!**



**HMPH! THAT'S A LIE! IT
WAS THE DREAM!
THAT'S WHAT CAME
OVER ME! WHY
DO I KEEP
HAVING THAT
CRAZY
DREAM?**

**AND THAT NIGHT,
IT COMES AGAIN...**

**ATTACK THEM!
DESTROY THEM!
...AND THEIR LAND
SHALL BE
OURS!**



THIS **RAY** CANNON WAS DESIGNED TO WORK AGAINST PEOPLE LIKE **OUR-SELVES**! BUT PERHAPS, ON FULL INTENSITY, IT WILL ALSO DESTROY THAT HUGE ONE!



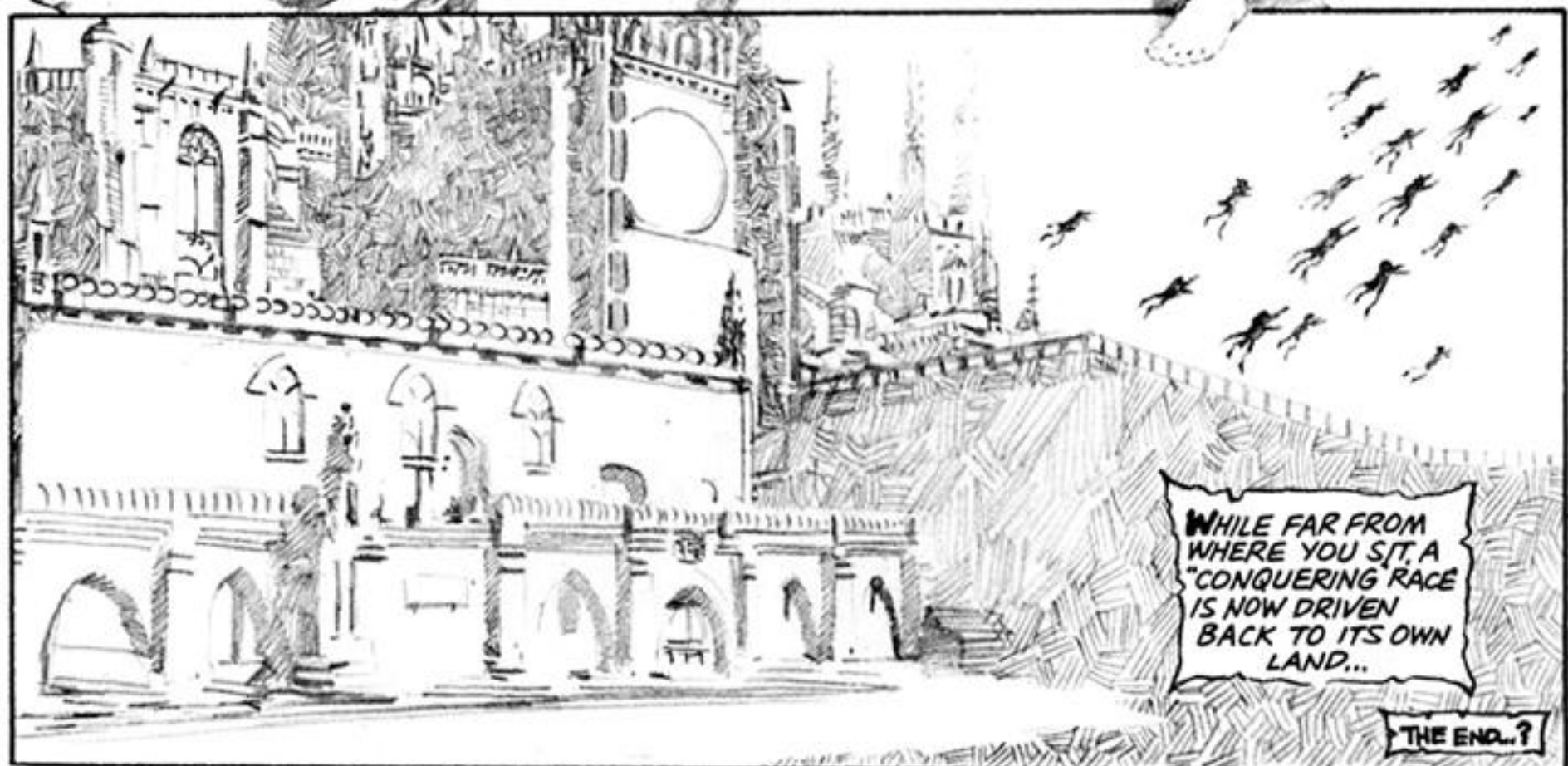
BRRRAZZZZT!

AND AT THAT MOMENT IN TARGO'S OWN BEDROOM...



A-A-A-G-G-H!

IT IS OVER NOW...THE DREAMS WILL NOT COME AGAIN...AND YOU REMAIN UNAWARE OF THE REALITY THAT LAY BEHIND THESE VISIONS...



WHILE FAR FROM WHERE YOU SIT, A "CONQUERING RACE" IS NOW DRIVEN BACK TO ITS OWN LAND...

THE END.?



Tired of MUNDANE, MERRY MONSTERS? THE SAME OLD SITUATIONS AND STORIES, THE SAME ALL-TOO FAMILIAR CHARACTERS AND ACTION? THEN **THIS** TALE MAY BE A STARTLING CHANGE OF PACE... PERHAPS **TOO** STARTLING...! JUST LOOK...

LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE!



WHERE AM I?
FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN
RUNNING THROUGH THIS
**MEADOW MY WHOLE
LIFE!** NOTHING
AROUND HERE
SEEMS **REAL!**

THE **PERFECT**
BLUE SKY! THE
SURREALISTIC
SCENERY! THE
VIVID COLORS!
IT'S LIKE I
WAS **HIGH**
ON **DRUGS!**

BUT I
HAVEN'T
TOUCHED DRUGS
FOR **YEARS--**
NOT SINCE I
**JOINED THE
REVOLUTION!**



JUST THEN...

WHA-?
THAT
LOOKS
LIKE A
**FLYING
SAUCER!**

...OR
RATHER,
THE FLYING
SAUCERS YOU
SEE IN **COMIC
BOOKS!**

COMIC BOOK! THAT'S IT! **THAT'S**
WHAT ALL THE STUFF AROUND HERE
LOOKS LIKE! THE STUFF YOU SEE
IN **COMIC BOOKS!**



IT'S ALMOST
LIKE I'VE
ENDED UP
TRAPPED
IN A **COMIC
BOOK STORY**
OF SOME
SORT!

THE CHILLING WHIRR
AND THE SIGHT OF A
FLYING SAUCER HAVE
ALERTED THE YOUNG
REVOLUTIONARY
THAT TROUBLE AND A
SUPREME CHALLENGE
LIE NOT FAR AWAY...

A
CAPTION!
AND IT'S
ABOUT **ME!**
... I
GUESS.

THAT **CLINCHES**
IT! THIS **IS** A
COMIC STORY!

BUT
STILL, THIS
DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE!...

HOW COULD I
WIND UP IN A
COMIC STORY!?
HOW COULD
ANYONE WIND
UP IN A
COMIC
STORY?

IT'S JUST PLAIN
CRAZY! LIKE A
POORLY WRITTEN
HORROR STORY!
I DON'T
BELIEVE--

HEY!
THERE'S
THE
READER!

HEY, YOU PIMPLY-FACED IDIOT!
YOU'VE GOTTA **HELP ME!** WHERE
AM I? HOW DID IT **GET** HERE?
WHAT AM I
DOING
HERE?

HOW DID
YOU GET
HERE? THAT'S
EASY TO ANSWER!
YOU WERE CREATED.
YOU ARE ONE OF
MY COMIC
CHARACTERS.

WHAT??

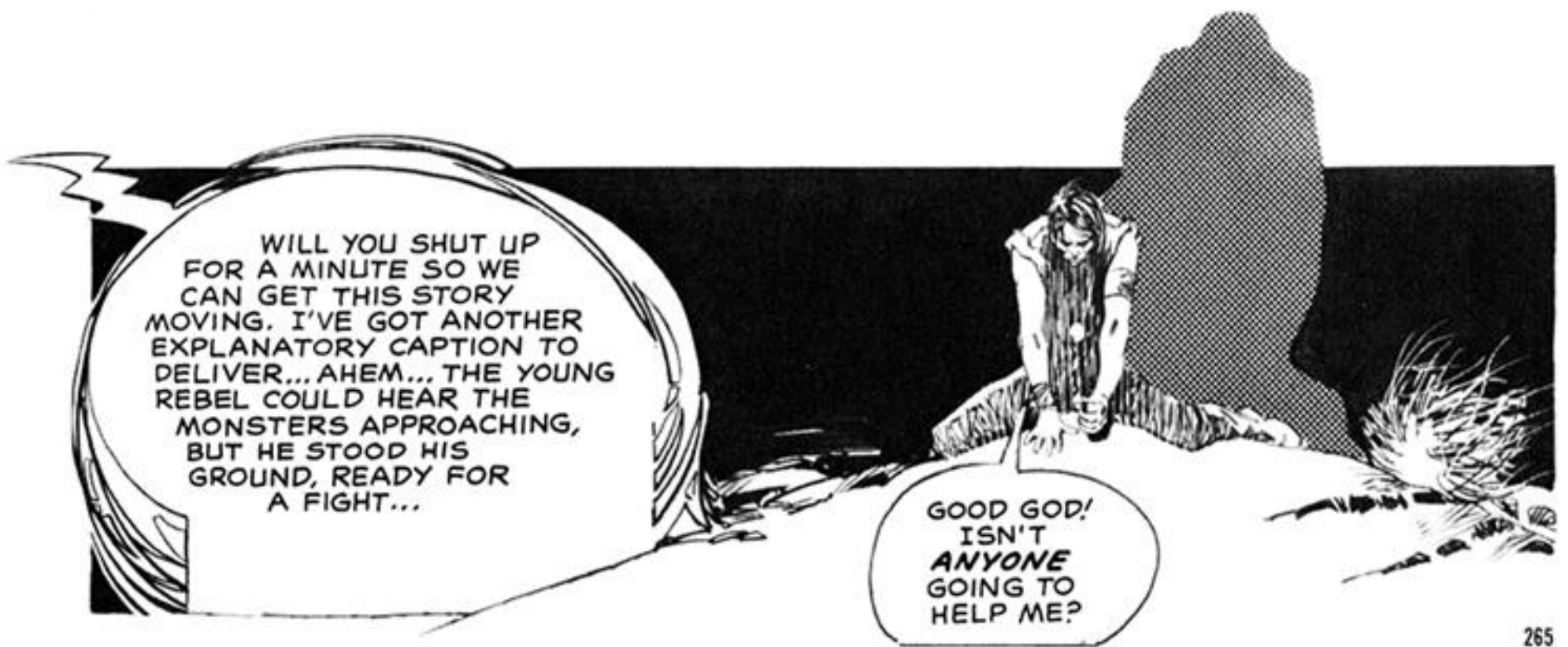
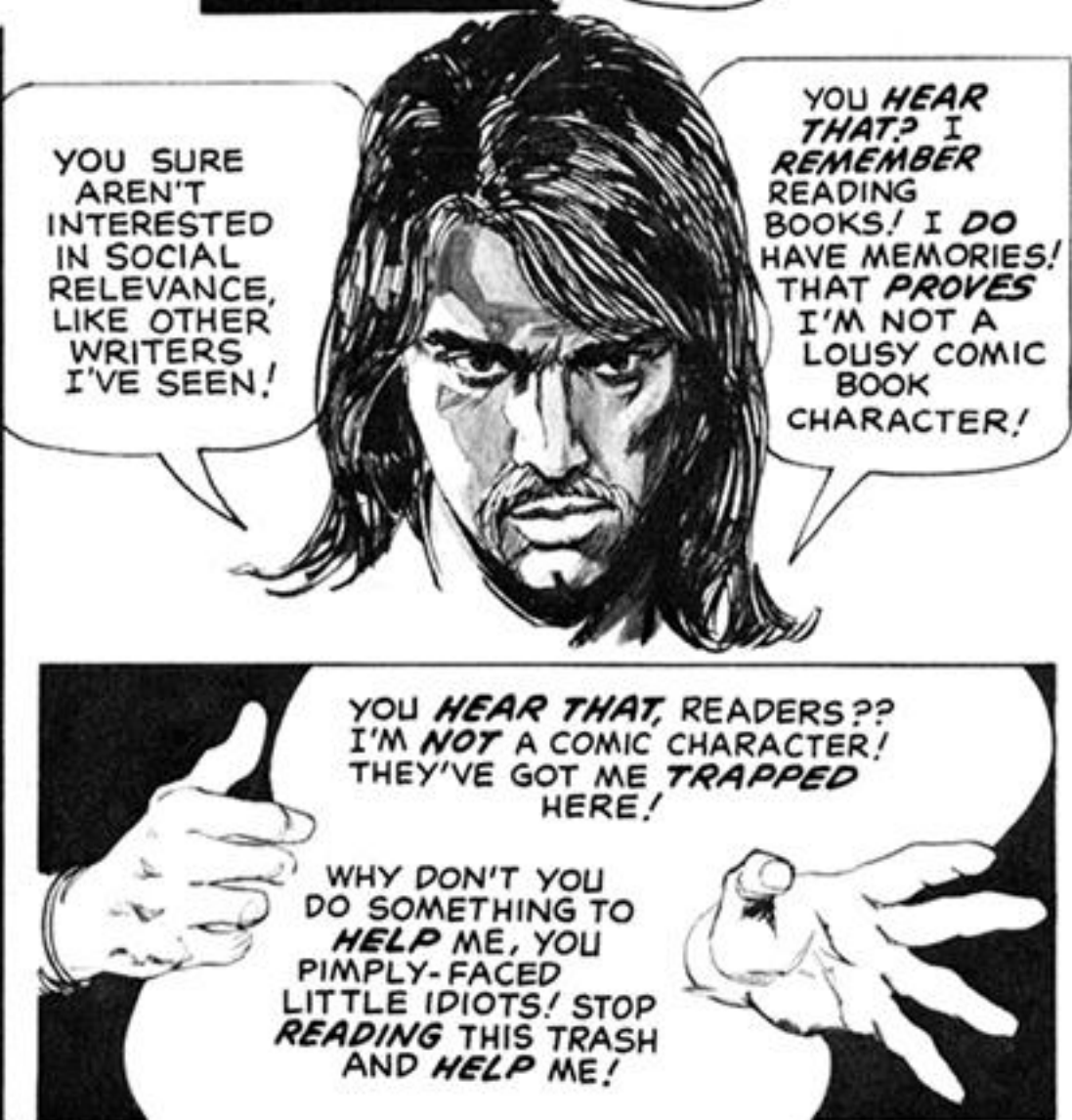
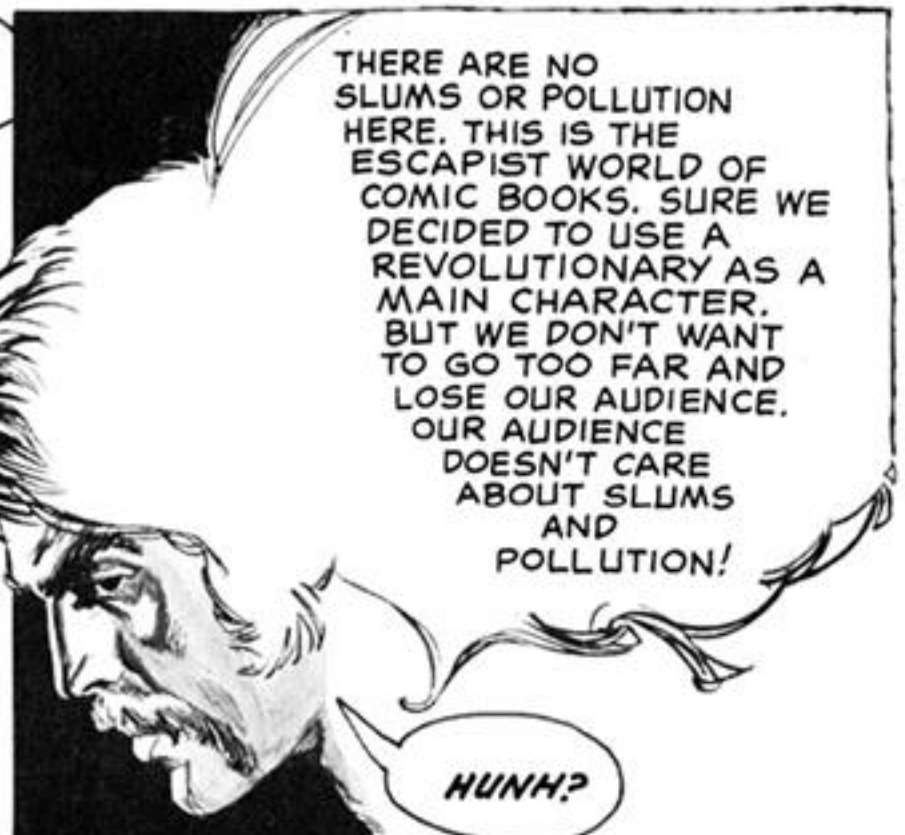
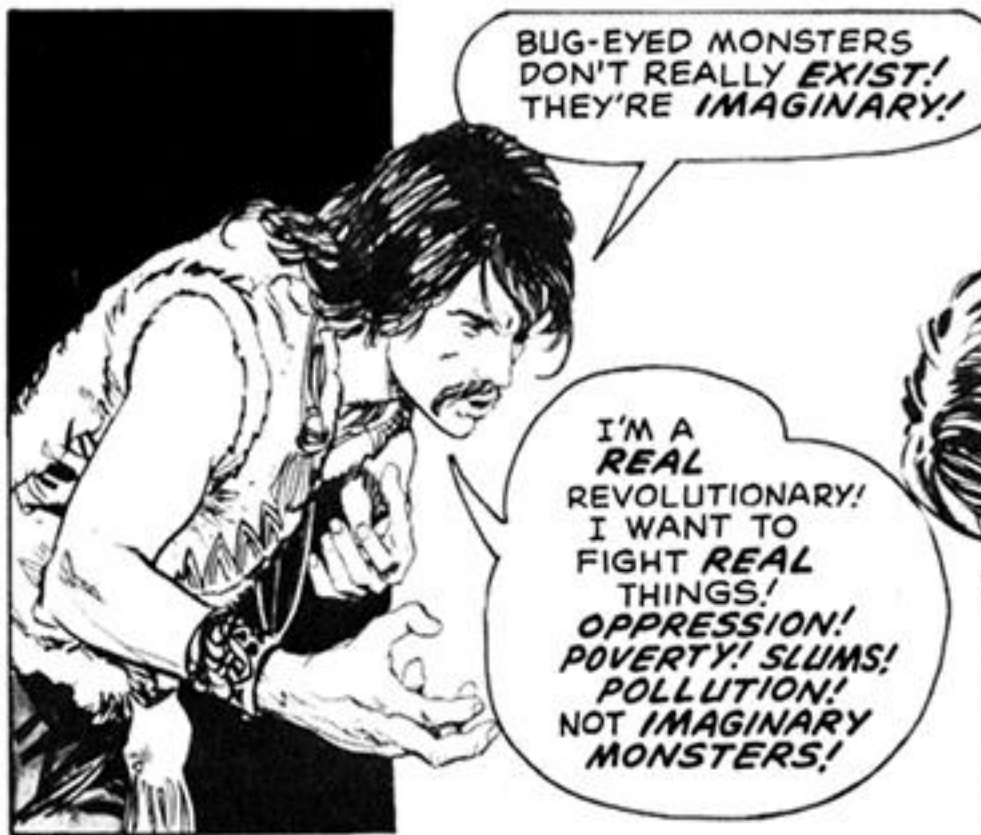
NO! THAT
CAN'T BE! I'M
A **REAL**
PERSON!

NO, YOU ARE SIMPLY
BASED ON VARIOUS REAL
REVOLUTIONARIES. WE
DECIDED THAT THE
READERS WERE GETTING
A LITTLE TIRED OF THE
NORMAL SUPER-PURE
COMIC BOOK HEROES. SO
WE DECIDED TO MAKE A
REVOLUTIONARY
THE HERO OF THIS
STORY! THINK BACK--
YOU HAVE NO
MEMORIES! YOUR LIFE
STARTED WHEN THIS
STORY STARTED--
ONE PAGE AGO!

BUT...

THAT'S
ENOUGH
ARGUMENT! LET'S
GET ON WITH THE
STORY! IT'S YOUR
JOB TO BATTLE
THE BUG-EYED
MONSTERS THAT
GET OFF THAT
FLYING SAUCER
YOU SAW... STOP
THEM FROM
ATTACKING
THE
EARTH...

WHAT??!



BUT THEN SUDDENLY, THE
YOUNG GIRL HE LOVES,
WHO KNOWS THE MONSTERS
ARE COMING, RUNS TO HIM...

DALE!

MYRA!

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

DO THEY
HAVE YOU
TRAPPED
TOO?

DALE, I KNOW YOU HAVE
TO GO NOW AND FACE
THE HORRIBLE BUG-EYED
MONSTERS! YOU COULD
NEVER RESPECT
YOURSELF IF YOU
DIDN'T GO!

BUT, BEFORE YOU
GO, I WANT YOU
TO KNOW ONE
THING-- I'LL
LOVE YOU
FOREVER!

WHAT?
YOU'RE
NOT MYRA!
WHO ARE
YOU?

TEMPORARY THING?
WE COULDN'T HAVE A
GIRL SAY SOMETHING
LIKE THAT. NOT IN A
COMIC BOOK. THE
COMICS CODE
WOULDN'T
LIKE IT.

OH YEAH?
WELL, I'LL
GIVE YOU
SOMETHING
ELSE THE
COMICS CODE
WON'T LIKE!

HEY, WRITER!
WHO IS THIS
PLASTIC LADY
YOU'RE TRYING
TO PASS OFF
AS MYRA?

MYRA
WOULD NEVER
SAY SHE'LL
LOVE ME
FOREVER!
JUST LIKE ME,
MYRA KNOWS
THAT LOVE IS
JUST A TEMPORARY
THING!

HEY? WHAT HAPPENED TO
MY SWEARING? IT CAME
OUT LIKE EXCLAMATION
MARKS AND PERCENTAGE
SIGNS!

OH, I GET IT!
SOMEBODY
SCRAMBLED IT
UP! THAT'S HOW
SWEARING ALWAYS
ENDS UP IN COMIC
BOOKS, ISN'T IT?

YES, AND NOW THAT
YOU'VE CALMED DOWN
LET'S GET ON WITH THE
STORY. THE GIRL IS
GONE NOW, AND THE
YOUNG REBEL CAN HEAR
THE MONSTERS COMING
CLOSER AND CLOSER...
HE KNOWS IT WON'T
BE MUCH LONGER NOW...





THEN, HE
SEES IT... THE HUGE
AND UGLY FEARSOME
BEAST. HE REALIZES
THAT THIS MUST BE THE
COMMANDER, THAT THERE
MUST BE OTHERS BEHIND
HIM. AND HE KNOWS
THAT IF HE DOESN'T
DESTROY THIS
BEAST, THEY WILL
GO ON TO ATTACK
THE ENTIRE
WORLD...



AND SO, HE... HEY! DON'T
JUST **STAND** THERE!
DO SOMETHING!

OH NO!
IF THIS
STUPID-
LOOKING
THING
WANTS TO
DESTROY
YOUR
COMIC
BOOK
WORLD, **LET**
HIM! I'M
NOT GOING
TO STOP
HIM!



YOU'D **BETTER** STOP HIM...
OR HE'LL **KILL** YOU!

SO?
LET HIM KILL
ME! MANY TIMES
BEFORE, I'VE
PUT MY LIFE
ON THE LINE
BECAUSE OF
WHAT I
BELIEVE!



BUT BEFORE
I GO, I'VE GOT
SOMETHING
I WANT TO
SAY!

READERS,
LISTEN
TO ME!
DON'T
LISTEN
TO THIS
MISERABLE
HACK!
LISTEN TO
ME!

GET **AWAY** FROM HERE! STOP
READING THIS **JUNK**! STOP
TRYING TO ESCAPE INTO
THIS **SLOP**! AND
GO OUT INTO THE
WORLD AND **DO**
SOMETHING!

THIS
JUNK ISN'T
WORTHWHILE!
THERE'S NOTHING
REAL IN THIS
STORY...EXCEPT
ME!



I'VE **PROVED** I'M **REAL**! AND
NOT JUST A CREATION OF
THIS **HACK**!



I **REMEMBER**
READING CERTAIN
BOOKS! AND I **KNEW**
MYRA! SHE WAS A
GIRL I **KNEW** WHEN I
WAS BACK IN **YOUR**
WORLD!

MAYBE THE **OTHER** STORIES IN
THIS BOOK ARE **GOOD**! BUT
THIS ONE'S **WORTHLESS**!
TEAR IT OUT!
RIP IT UP!
BURN IT!

THEN, GO OUT
AND TRY TO
CHANGE THE WORLD
... BEFORE IT'S **TOO**
LATE! BEFORE CREEPS
LIKE THIS **HACK**
DESTROY THE WORLD!
HE OBVIOUSLY IS A
MEMBER OF THE
LOUSY ESTABLISHMENT
WE MUST **ALL**
FIGHT AGAINST!
WE--



SHUT-UP! I REFUSE TO
LET YOU USE THIS STORY
AS A PLATFORM FOR
YOUR FILTHY
REVOLUTIONARY IDEAS!



YEAH? HOW'RE
YOU GONNA
STOP ME!?

AND THE ALIEN CREATURE
CONTINUES ON, INTENT
ON ATTACKING THE
WHOLE WORLD...





THE CROCODILE, THE LARGEST OF ALL LIVING REPTILES, LAYS CONTENTEDLY IN JUNGLE WATERS ONE OF THE OLDEST REPTILES, IT HAS SURVIVED VIRTUALLY UNCHANGED SINCE THE DAYS OF THE **DINOSAUR!** THE CREATURE GROWLS IN LOW TONES... UNAWARE OF THE STALKING PRESENCE OF **MAN!**



IT IS OVER...THE BODY,
COVERED WITH BONY PLATES,
NO LONGER MOVES! IT IS
HOISTED UPON STRONG
SHOULDERS AND...

AH...WE HAVE
ANOTHER ONE! THAT
MAKES TEN FOR
TODAY! STRANGE HOW
FOREIGNERS WILL PAY
GOOD MONEY FOR
LUGGAGE AND PURSES
MADE FROM THE
SKINS OF
ALLIGATORS AND
CROCODILES!

OF COURSE, SUCH
GOINGS-ON ARE ILLEGAL IN
MANY PLACES! BUT THAT
WON'T STOP US! **THIS**
ANIMAL, HOWEVER, MUST BE
DELIVERED TO PROFESSOR
KRACALIK! HE BUYS ONE OUT
OF EVERY TEN THAT WE
KILL! LET'S GET ON
WITH IT!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN AN ALMOST
INACCESSIBLE AREA OF THE
SWAMPLAND...

JUST WHAT
IS IT THAT
YOU'RE TRYING
TO PROVE,
WITH THESE
EXPERIMENTS
PROFESSOR
KRACALIK?

ACTUALLY,
JOSE, THAT
DOESN'T
CONCERN YOU!
BUT...

... SINCE I HAVE
BEEN EXPERIMENTING
WITH **YOUR**
COUNTRYMEN, MAYBE
I SHOULD INFORM YOU
OF THE NATURE OF MY
WORK. LONG HAVE I
BELIEVED THAT
THERE IS...

... AN
EVOLUTIONARY LINK
BETWEEN MAMMALS AND
REPTILES! WITH THIS **SERUM**
WHICH I'VE ISOLATED FROM THE
BLOOD AND GLANDULAR
SECRECTIONS OF **ALLIGATORS**
AND **CROCODILES**-LIVING
FOSSILS IN THEIR OWN
RIGHT-I HOPE TO
ARTIFICIALLY **PRODUCE**
SUCH A **MISSING**
LINK!

SO FAR,
I'VE BEEN A FAILURE!
BUT I **KNOW** I'M
ON THE RIGHT
TRACK! PERHAPS
YOUR UNCONSCIOUS
FRIEND HERE
WILL PROVE ME
SUCCESSFUL THIS
TIME!

I FEEL LIKE A
JUDAS FOR
ACCEPTING THE
MONEY... FOR
HELPING YOU DO
THESE TERRIBLE
THINGS!



AH, BUT YOU WILL CONTINUE TO HELP ME, FRIEND JOSE! NOW WATCH VERY CLOSELY! **LOOK THERE!** YES! I WAS RIGHT! HIS HAND, JOSE! HIS **HAND!**



HIS HAND HAS BEEN **TRANSFORMED** INTO THAT OF A **REPTILE!** LOOK, JOSE! ISN'T IT **MAGNIFICENT!** ISN'T IT...

THE CONVULSIVE MOVEMENT STOPS AS ABRUPTLY AS IT BEGAN ... AND THE SCALY, GREEN ARM FALLS LIMP AGAINST THE OPERATING TABLE! INFURIATED, PROFESSOR KRACALIK RUSHES FOR HIS STETHOSCOPE...

THEN...AN INTERRUPTION! KRACALIK HEARS HUMAN VOICES... GETTING CLOSER!

OH, **NO!** OF ALL TIMES FOR **THEM** TO BE MAKING A DELIVERY! JOSE! QUICKLY! DISPOSE OF THE BODY-OUT IN BACK AS USUAL! I'LL STALL THEM FOR A WHILE - BUT I WILL HAVE TO LET THEM IN EVENTUALLY! **SO HURRY!**

JOSE AS ALWAYS, DOES AS HE IS TOLD...

THE THINGS HE ASKS ME TO DO! WILL I EVER HAVE THE COURAGE TO **STOP!?!?**

AH, YES! COME IN! MY, BUT THAT'S A FINE LOOKING ANIMAL! AND HERE IS YOUR MONEY! NOW PLEASE- I HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO! **GOOD-BYE!**



IS HE - ?

YES, JOSE! HE'S DEAD-LIKE ALL THE OTHERS! BUT THIS TIME I WAS **SO CLOSE!** SURELY, MY **NEXT** EXPERIMENT WILL BE A SUCCESS!



THE FRONT DOOR SLAMS... THEN THE BACK DOOR... AND...



A **BEAUTIFUL** SPECIMEN OF **CROCODILUS!** WITH WHAT I LEARNED FROM THE LAST EXPERIMENT, THERE CAN BE NOTHING TO STOP MY SUCCESS!... FIRST, I MUST DRAIN OFF THE GLADULAR SECRETIONS AND THEN...

PROFESSOR KRACALIK BELIEVES IN HIS NEW THEORY... AND APPLIES HIS BELIEF BY WORKING WITHOUT REST THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT...

YES, THE COLOR TURNS GREEN WHEN I ADD THE ENZYMES! IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER NOW! NEXT, I MUST HEAT THE SOLUTION... AND...



... AND INTO THE DAWNING HOURS OF LIGHT... UNTIL ...

I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW THIS IS IT! EVERYTHING TESTS AFFIRMATIVE! THIS IS WHAT I'VE SLAVED FOR... ALL THESE LONG MONTHS IN THIS FILTHY **SWAMP**! JUST A **DROP** OF THIS WILL PRODUCE THE **MISSING LINK**!



BUT... UNFORTUNATELY I DON'T HAVE ANOTHER SUBJECT FOR THE EXPERIMENT! UNLESS... HMMM... **YES!** IT IS MY **FINAL** EXPERIMENT, SO IT WON'T REALLY MATTER! I WOULD HAVE HAD TO GET RID OF HIM ANYWAY! HE IS WELL AWARE THAT SOME OF MY ACTIONS HAVE BEEN FAR FROM... **LEGAL!**



JOSE! COME IN HERE! AH, JOSE!

PROFESSOR! I HAVE BEEN THINKING LONG AND HARD ... I DON'T THINK I WANT TO DO ANY MORE OF THESE... **BAD THINGS!**



THAT WILL MAKE IT ALL THE EASIER, JOSE! YOU SEE... THIS IS TO BE THE **LAST TIME** I'LL EVER NEED YOUR SERVICES! WITH A SMALL INJECTION OF THIS - YOU WILL ADD IMMEASURABLY TO THE GLORIOUS HISTORY OF **SCIENCE!!!**



BUT SUDDENLY, UNPREDICTABLY...

YOU MAY BE THE SMARTER OF US, PROFESSOR! BUT I AM THE STRONGER!

WUGGGHHHH!



THERE IS A SPLASH OF BLACKNESS... AN INDETERMINATE PASSING OF TIME! WHEN PROFESSOR KRACALIK'S VISION RETURNS, HE FINDS HIMSELF UNABLE TO MOVE, HIS ARMS AND LEGS BOUND WITH LEATHER STRAPS...



AH, SO YOU'RE AWAKE, PROFESSOR! GOOD! I WANT YOU TO **FEEL** IT WHEN I **INJECT YOU** WITH YOUR OWN ACCURSED CROCODILE SERUM!



NO, JOSE! DON'T DO IT! NO! **NOT ALL OF THE FLUID!** YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT COULD HAPPEN! **AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHEEE!**



YOU'RE CHANGING... BUT I NEVER EXPECTED YOU TO BE... **SO STRONG!**

NO, THERE ARE MANY THINGS YOU COULDN'T SUSPECT! **FOOL!**

SN-NAP-PPP!



NOW-BEFORE YOU HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO GRAB A WEAPON... YOU WILL **DIE** FOR YOUR TREACHERY!!!

N-NO... **AHHHH...!**



JOSE... DEAD... **ARRGGHH...** GETTING HARD TO... TALK... TO STAND... TAIL... MORE SCALES... **AARRRRGGG-HH!**

CAN'T TALK ANYMORE! LOST ALL HUMAN SPEAKING ORGANS! BLOOD TURNING COLD... CAN FEEL MY INTELLIGENCE SLIPPING... AWAY... GOT TO... **ESCAPE**... WHILE THERE'S STILL...

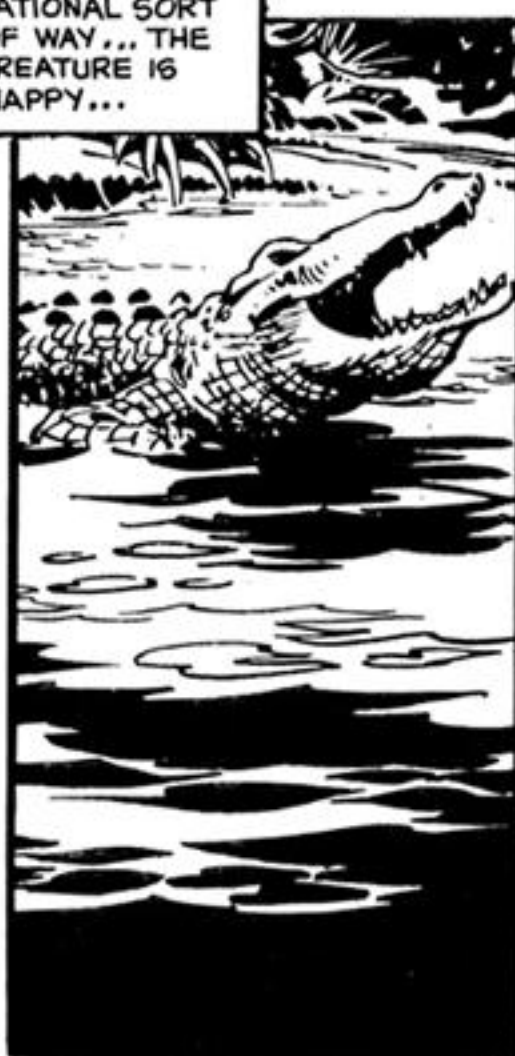


GAHHHHHHH

WITH PROFESSOR KRACALIK'S BRAIN REPLACED BY THAT OF A PRIMITIVE ANIMAL, THE CROCODILE LUMBERS AWAY FROM THE SHACK...TOWARD THE ELEMENT ATTRACTED BY ITS NATURAL INSTINCTS...



AND... IN A NON-RATIONAL SORT OF WAY... THE CREATURE IS HAPPY...



IN FACT, IT DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE THAT IT'S BEEN HIT!





HERE WE HAVE A DILEMA! TWO MEN, EACH A STRANGER TO THE OTHER; EACH, IN HIS OWN WAY, WANTING TO ESCAPE FROM THE TOMB THEY'RE IN. BUT HOW? **THAT**, MY TODDLING TERRORS, IS WHERE WE SEPARATE THE GUYS FROM THE GHOULS IN A LITTLE **CRYPTIC** YARN I CALL...

THE TRAP



SILENCE; SILENCE SO DEATHLY THAT IT SPLITS THE NERVES. THEN, A SIMPLE QUESTION...

WHY?

WHY! MY DEAR SIR, WHY NOT? I MEAN, AFTER I WAS TOLD I WAS NO GOOD... A FLOP! FINISHED! WHY NOT I ASK YOU?

FINISHED?

WINDSOR STOCKBRIDGE IS MY NAME. ACE DETECTIVE IS-AH-WAS MY PROFESSION. THAT WAS UNTIL I FOULED UP THREE MURDER CASES IN A ROW! THREE! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW MUCH MONEY THREE FALSE ARREST SUITS COST THE CITY? I SHOULD SAY A GOOD IDEAL!

SO THEY FIRED YOU?

FIRED ME? THEY NEARLY SHOT ME! SO HERE WE ARE.

I STILL DON'T GET IT.

NO, NO! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE TO "GET IT". YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GIVE IT TO ME. HERE, THIS WILL HELP!

A (GULP) KNIFE!

OF COURSE! DO YOU THINK I WANT YOU TO STRANGLE ME? TOO PAINFUL, YOU SEE. A KNIFE IS QUICK... CLEAN...



NOOOO!
TAKE THAT DAMNED!
THING AWAY. THIS IS
INSANE! (SOB!)

OH PLEASE,
MY GOOD FELLOW!
IT'S NOT ALL
THAT BAD!



IT'S ALL QUITE LOGICAL, REALLY! WE'RE
BOTH LOCKED IN THIS CRYPT... DOOMED
TO DIE OF STARVATION IF WE DON'T GET
OUT! AND I HAVE THE KEY! ONLY I CAN
LET US OUT! ONLY ME! AND YOU'LL HAVE
TO KILL ME TO GET THAT KEY! SO IT'S
EITHER ME, OR
BOTH OF US,
GOOD MAN.



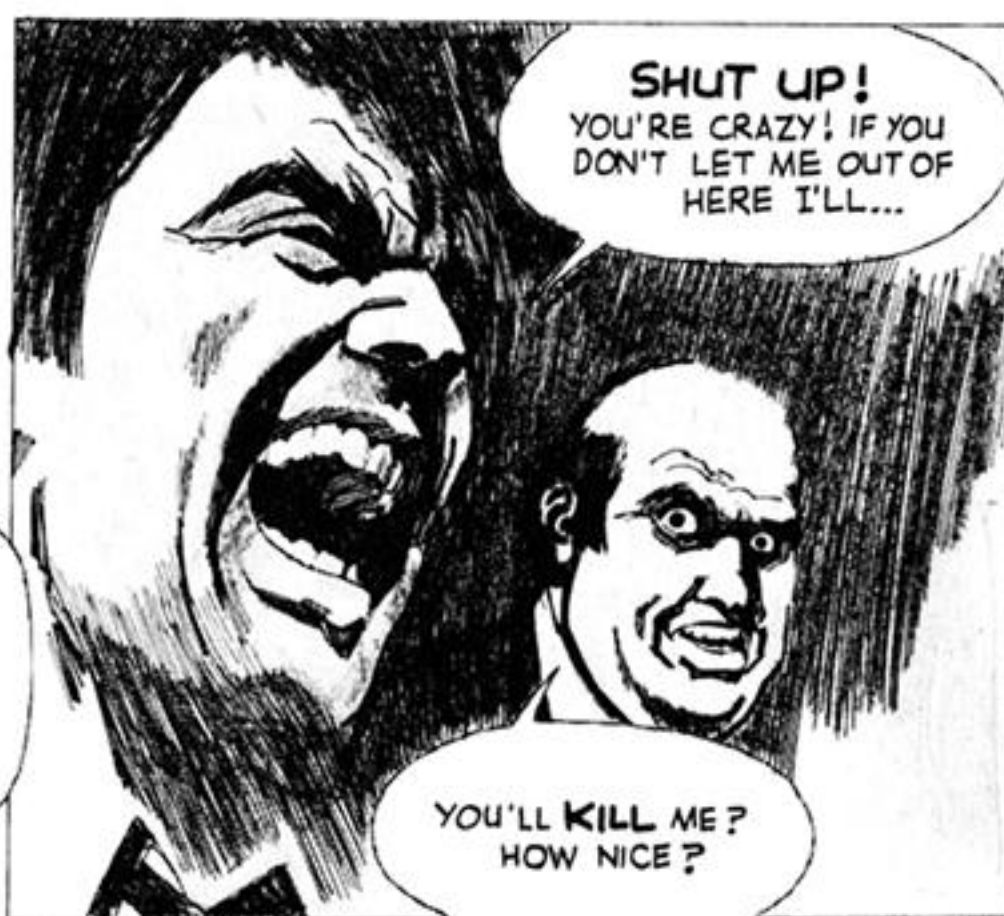
PLEASE!
PLEASE!
I DON'T WANNA K-
KILL Y-YOU! I NEVER
HURT ANYBODY! (SOB!)
GOD! WHY ME?!

YOU ARE GETTING
OVERLY EMOTIONAL ABOUT
NOTHING, MR. ADAMS. IT'S
JUST LIKE PULLING
TEETH; YOU'VE GOT TO
BE A BIT BRAVE, A BIT
STRONG, AND DO IT
A BIT QUICK, OR
IT HURTS.



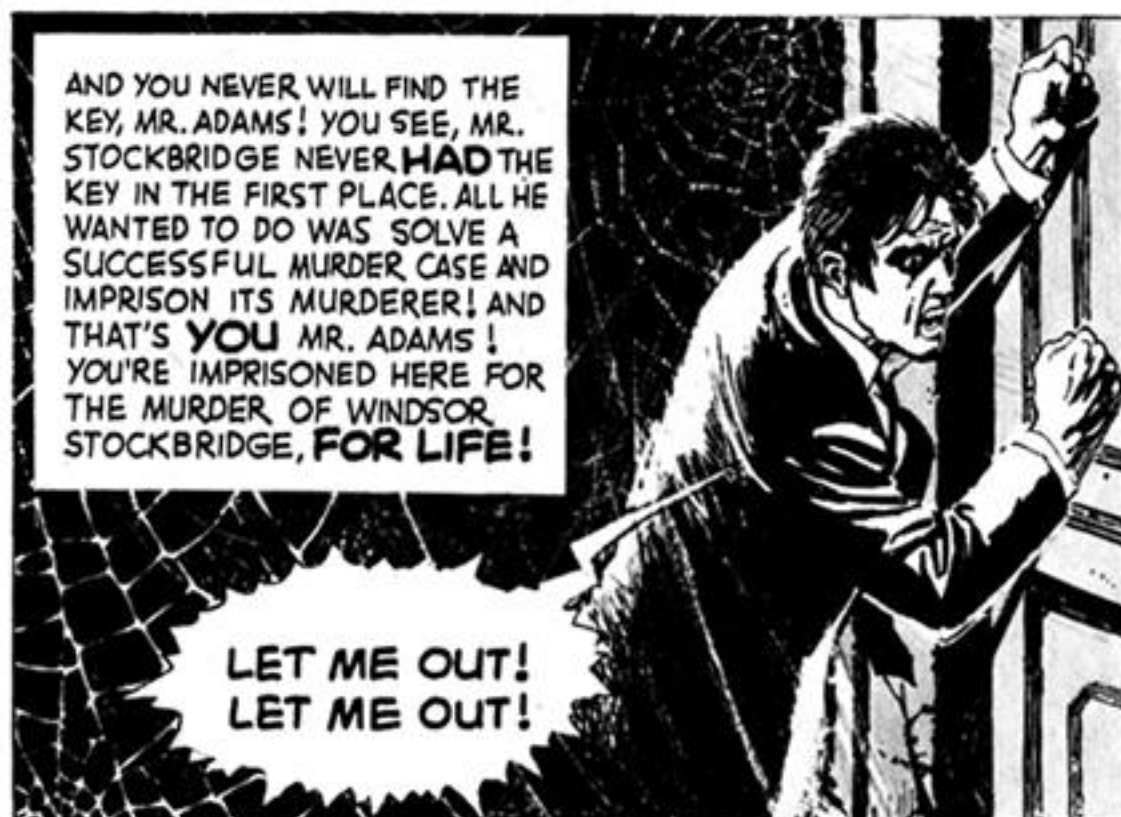
DAMN YOU!
WHY MUST YOU
TORTURE ME LIKE
THIS?

GOOD! GOOD!
YOU'RE BEGINNING
TO HATE ME! IF YOU
HATE ME, YOU'LL
HAVE NO
QUALMS ABOUT...



SHUT UP!
YOU'RE CRAZY! IF YOU
DON'T LET ME OUT OF
HERE I'LL...

YOU'LL KILL ME?
HOW NICE?



L. M. FOXA.

PROLOGUE: ON A HOT MID-SUMMER'S DAY, A STRANGE ALIEN CRAFT SUDDENLY APPEARS, HOVERING OVER A CROWDED INTERSECTION IN MANHATTAN... A COLD, NUMBING FEAR GRIPS THE PASSERS-BY...

THEN, AS TWO ALIEN CREATURES DESCEND FROM THE SHIP, SILENT FEARS TURN TO SCREAMS OF PANIC...



...AND ALERT TWO OF THE CITY'S FINEST...





OUR PROLOGUE APPEARS TO HAVE BROUGHT US TO A **DEAD END...** BUT APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEIVING, AS YOU'LL LEARN IN THIS **TERROR TALE** I CALL...

OH, BROTHER!

THE TWO SCIENTISTS HAD WORKED LONG AND HARD, DESIGNING AND BUILDING THEIR STRANGE CRAFT. NOW, AT LAST, THEIR TASK WAS NEARLY COMPLETED. ALL THAT REMAINED WAS TO TEST THE SHIP.

OF COURSE YOU REALIZE GOR, THAT THE COUNCIL OF ELDERS IS VERY MUCH AGAINST THIS! WE'LL BE BREAKING THE **LAW!**

YES, I **KNOW** GRAG! BUT **SO WHAT?** THEY NEEDN'T **KNOW** WE'RE ATTEMPTING IT!

...AND ONCE WE'RE **ON OUR WAY**, THERE'S **NO WAY** THEY CAN **STOP US!**

EVEN NOW WE MUST LEAVE UNDERCOVER OF NIGHT. IF ANYONE **KNEW...** IF ANYONE WERE TO SEE US...

NO ONE'S **GONNA** KNOW! IT'S **NIGHT**. BY **MORNING**, WE'LL BE **GONE...**

SOON...

HOW MUCH **LONGER** DO YOU THINK IT'LL TAKE GOR?

NOT **MUCH!** WE'RE **ALMOST** THERE! JUST LOOK **DOWN THERE!**



WOW! JUST LOOK AT THAT VEGETATION! SO LUSH! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!

WATCH YOUR STEP GOR! WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT SORT OF CREATURES MAY BE LAYING IN WAIT FOR US... WATCHING OUR EVERY MOVE!



WE DON'T WANT TO DISTURB THIS WORLD TOO MUCH! JUST GATHER A FEW SAMPLES AND TAKE THEM BACK WITH US!

BUT JUST THEN, A SNARL WAS HEARD... COMING CLOSER... BECOMING A ROAR...

ROAAR!

GOOD SNARL! LOOK!



NO! DON'T SHOOT! DON'T...



AROOOOO!

IT'S CHARGING TOWARD US!

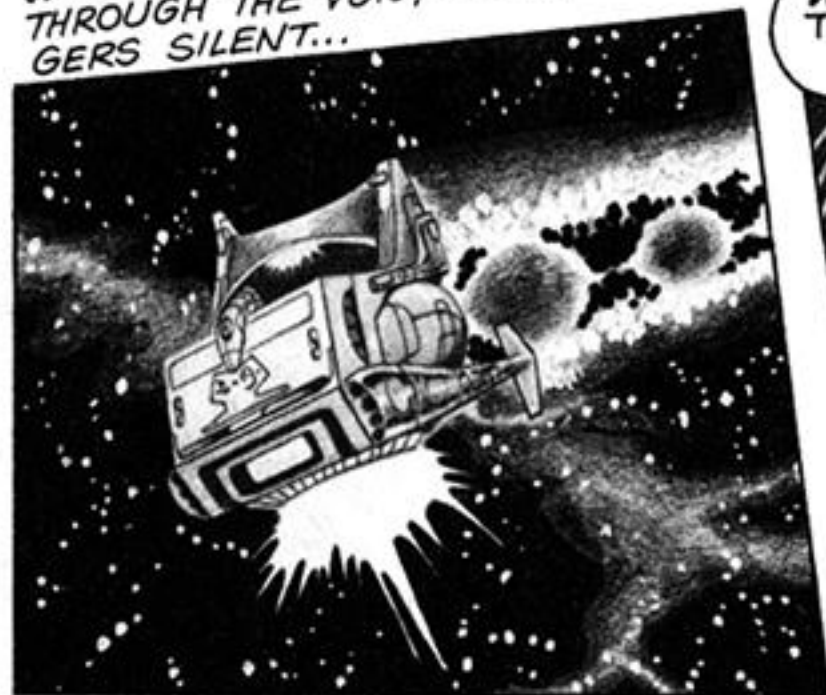
IT'LL KILL US! DESTROY OUR SHIP!

GOR PRESSED THE TRIGGER REFLEX, HIS FACE BATHED IN SWEAT...THE HUGE, HULKING BEAST SHRIEKED IN PAIN, AS BLUE FLAMES LASHED FROM GOR'S WEAPON AND STRUCK IT IN THE NECK... BURNING AND MELTING IT...





THEIR CRAFT TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH THE VOID, ITS PASSENGERS SILENT...



I TOLD YOU NOT TO SHOOT THAT BEAST! BUT YOU WOULDN'T HEAR ME!

THE ELDERS WERE CORRECT! WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ATTEMPTED TIME TRAVEL!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU? WHEN WE WERE IN THE PAST, WHEN YOU SHOT THAT BEAST, WE CHANGED THE WORLD... ALTERED THE COURSE OF EVOLUTION

OUR RACE NO LONGER EXISTS! THESE CREATURES EVOLVED IN OUR PLACE!

THEY DESCENDED THEIR CRAFT... LOOKING OUT OVER A WORLD THAT ONCE WAS THEIRS...

LOOK! THOSE CREATURES! THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY! THEY'RE SCARED!

WE MUST STOP THEM! CONVINCE THEM THAT WE MEAN NO HARM!

COME BACK! LISTEN TO US! YOU MUST LISTEN!

GOOD GOD! WH-WHAT IS IT??

DUNNO! BUT IT'S ATTACKING! GET READY TO FIRE!

GOT 'IM!

BLAM!

THIS IS WHO YOU HAVE KILLED... NOT ALIEN INVADERS, BUT YOUR BROTHERS, FELLOW EARTHMEN... AND THE ACCIDENTAL CREATORS OF YOUR PRESENT-DAY WORLD! BUT FOR THEM, YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE EXISTED...

AND WHILE YOU'RE MULLING THAT ONE OVER, GENTLE SPAWN OF SIMIAN, PRAY THAT NO OTHER FUTURE TIME TRAVELER INTENDS ON CORRECTING GOR'S MISTAKE! REMEMBER, THE DINO SAUR YOU SHOOT MAY BE YOUR MOTHER!

SPEAKING OF MOTHER, THIS IS OLD MAMA EERIE REMINDING YOU TO PICK UP THE NEXT EERIE... #37 ON SALE OCT. 6TH. EITHER THAT OR SUFFER A SPANKING!



PREPARE FOR A DARKER SHADE OF INFINITE
BLACKNESS, MY MOST TRUSTED TERRORS,
IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER DOSE OF
EXCRUCIATING EERIENESS!



AFTER ESTABLISHING ITSELF AS A PROVING GROUND FOR EXCITING YOUNG COMIC-BOOK CREATORS, WARREN PUBLISHING'S *EERIE* ANTHOLOGY COMICS CONTINUED TO SERVE AS A HALLOWED INSTITUTION FOR INNOVATIVE GENRE STORYTELLING. THIS SEVENTH VOLUME IN DARK HORSE'S DELUXE SERIES OF ARCHIVAL COLLECTIONS, CAPTURES MOST OF *EERIE* MAGAZINE'S 1971 OUTPUT—AND IT WAS A YEAR THAT SAW ENDURING AND EXCITING TALENTS SUCH AS BORIS VALLEJO, MARV WOLFMAN, DOUG MOENCH, AND MIKE PLOOG LINE THE PAGES OF WARREN'S FLAGSHIP HORROR TITLES. IN ADDITION TO THOSE VAUNTED COMICS PERSONALITIES, *EERIE* ALSO SHOWCASED SOME OF THE MORE PLAYFUL AND SCIENCE-FICTION-ORIENTED MATERIAL IN THE WARREN LIBRARY, CREATING A UNIQUE HOME FOR CREATORS LIKE LARRY TODD, BRUCE JONES, AND RICHARD CORBEN.

OUR LATEST EXCITING VOLUME ALSO FEATURES A FOREWORD BY EISNER AWARD-WINNING ARTIST GUY DAVIS—A MODERN MAESTRO OF HORROR COMICS!

