



**EERIE**  
#18  
NOV.

# EERIE

PDC

A WARREN MAGAZINE

40¢

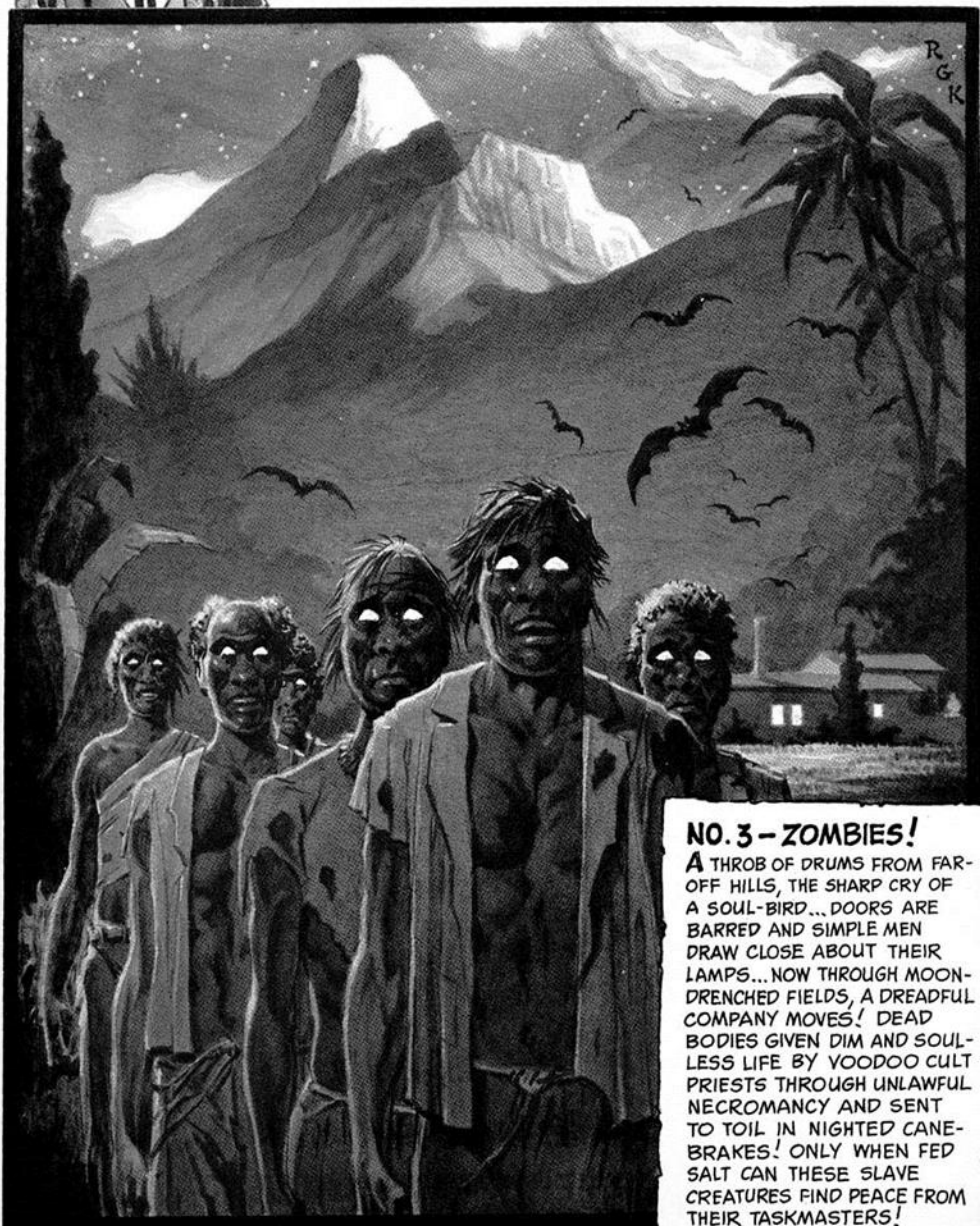
There are  
6  
Illustrated Tales  
of Pulsating Adventure  
waiting for You inside!





HERE'S THE LATEST IN OUR SHRIEKING SERIES OF  
**MONSTROUS MASTERPIECES...** DUST OFF A SPOT ON  
THE WALL OF YOUR TOMB AND GET READY TO HANG THIS  
ENTRY IN...

## EBBIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!



### NO. 3 - ZOMBIES!

A THROB OF DRUMS FROM FAR-OFF HILLS, THE SHARP CRY OF A SOUL-BIRD... DOORS ARE BARRED AND SIMPLE MEN DRAW CLOSE ABOUT THEIR LAMPS... NOW THROUGH MOON-DRENCHED FIELDS, A DREADFUL COMPANY MOVES! DEAD BODIES GIVEN DIM AND SOUL-LESS LIFE BY VOODOO CULT PRIESTS THROUGH UNLAWFUL NECROMANCY AND SENT TO TOIL IN NIGHTED CANE-BRAKES! ONLY WHEN FED SALT CAN THESE SLAVE CREATURES FIND PEACE FROM THEIR TASKMASTERS!



# EERIE

NOV. 1968

NO. 18

**PUBLISHER:** JAMES WARREN

**EDITOR:** BILL PARENTE

**COVER:** TOM SUTTON

**ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:** TONY WILLIAMS, SUNE, JERRY

GRANDENETTI, AL WILLIAMSON, JAY TAYCEE, SAL TRAPANI, TOM SUTTON

**WRITERS THIS ISSUE:** JAY TAYCEE, ARCHIE GOODWIN



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**SALUTATIONS... SLITHERING SCAREFANS! HERE'S AN ITTY-BITTY-KIDDIE-DITTY... FABRICATED TO FRAY YOUR NERVES TO A FIENDISH FRAZZLE. ENTER WON'T YOU... IN MY NEXT LURID LADLE OF LUNACY... YOU'RE ABOUT TO HAVE SOME...**

# HARD LUCK

AT LAST... A JOURNEY WHICH HAD REALLY BEGUN FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO... BY MEN WHO SINCE HAVE VANISHED INTO THE HERITAGE OF HISTORY... HAD ENDED! THROUGH THE SLICK UNDERGROWTH OF SPINY BRANCHES AND STAGNANT FOLIAGE... THE CLEAR SPUME OF THE DISTANT FOUNTAIN SEEMED UNREAL. BUT FOR GORDON SHOCKLEY... NO FANTASY COULD BE MORE ACTUAL...

**RYAN... LOOK! THROUGH THERE... ARE MY EYES PLAYING TRICKS AGAIN... OR IS THAT... THE FOUNTAIN! THEN IT'S TRUE... IT REALLY EXISTS!**



HAGGENMILLER  
TRAPANI

THE LOST FOUNTAIN OF PONCE DE LEON... THE FABLED WATERS OF YOUTH, HIDDEN HERE FOR ALL THOSE CENTURIES... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

FANTASTIC... THE SWAMP HAS PRESERVED ITS SECRET WELL.



...AND JUST TWO MONTHS AGO THIS WHOLE THING WAS LITTLE MORE THAN... A HOPELESS WHIM... I CAN REMEMBER...





...AND SO...WHILE THESE OTHER DOCUMENTS ALL CONFIRM ITS HISTORICAL LOCATION...**THIS** MAP TELLS A DIFFERENT STORY.

EVEN SO GORDON...THE WHOLE IDEA IS ABSURD! FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH...REALLY...AREN'T YOU ACTING A BIT MEDIEVAL HOPING IT REALLY EXISTS?

SUPPOSE IT DID...WHAT WOULD OUR CHANCES OF FINDING IT BE? WHY FOR ALL WE KNOW...THAT **MAP** YOU HAVE MAY BE NOTHING BUT A FAKE. NOTHING BUT A MYTH...

BUT WHAT IF IT WERE TRUE... WE'D BE RICH! IMAGINE HAVING SOMETHING THAT WILL KEEP YOU YOUNG...FOREVER...



SUPPOSEDLY WHEN THE FOUNTAIN WAS DISCOVERED...WORD WAS SENT BACK OF ITS EXACT LOCATION. SINCE THEN...NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO FIND IT

YOU MEAN IT ISN'T WHERE DE LEON SAID IT WAS?

EXACTLY! THIS MAP WAS FOUND IN AN OLD SHIPWRECK NEAR FLORIDA AFTER STUDYING IT...

...YOU SEEM TO FEEL THAT THE REAL FOUNTAIN IS...



...HERE...IN THE **EVERGLADES**! IF WE COULD FIND WHAT OLD PONCE DID...THINK WHAT IT WOULD MEAN HAVING A TREASURE LIKE THAT...

A FOUNTAIN WHOSE WATERS ARE WORTH THE WEIGHT OF EACH DROP... IN **GOLD**! WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE IF... WHEN WE FIND IT...

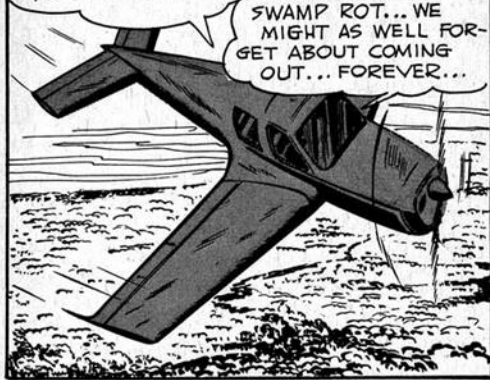


THEN I TAKE IT WE HAVE A DEAL... GENTLEMEN?

SO BEGAN THEIR JOURNEY...THREE MEN IN SEARCH OF A LEGENDARY FOUNTAIN...AND ITS GOLDEN PROMISE OF YOUTH...AND WEALTH!

I SPOTTED A CLEAR-  
ING BACK THERE  
WHEN WE FLEW OVER THAT  
LAST BLACK PATCH OF  
SWAMP FROM THE  
LOOKS OF THINGS...  
WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE  
TO LAND THERE...

YES...I SAW IT. FROM  
THIS MAP...THE LOCATION  
OF THE FOUNTAIN CAN'T  
BE VERY FAR FROM  
THERE. WATCH IT WHEN  
YOU PUT HER DOWN  
RYAN...IF WE GET  
STUCK IN THAT  
SWAMP ROT... WE  
MIGHT AS WELL FOR-  
GET ABOUT COMING  
OUT... FOREVER...



I MARKED THE LOCA-  
TION OF THE PLANE...  
JUST IN CASE. THIS  
GOD FORSAKEN PLACE  
IS LIKE A LOST  
CONTINENT

JUST KEEP YOUR  
EYES OPEN...I WOULD-  
N'T WANT MY HEAD  
ON THE SPEAR OF  
SOME SWAMP INDIAN...



...AND BEING VERY AMBITION-  
TIOUS... DE LEON FIGURED  
IF HE FOUND SUCH A FOUNTAIN...  
HIS FAME WOULD  
LIVE FOREVER.



SOON...IT WILL BE  
SOON MY SOLDIERS.  
WE SHALL FIND THIS WATER...  
AND ALL SPAIN WILL HONOR US...

THE MEN ARE WEARY...WE  
MARCH FOR DAYS DE LEON...  
AND NO SIGN... PERHAPS  
THIS TALE OF A MAGIC  
FOUNTAIN IS FALSE...



... SO HE LED HIS  
MEN HERE... PROBABLY  
THROUGH THIS STINK-  
ING SWAMP... SEARCHING  
FOR THE KEY TO  
IMMORTALITY!



A TALE...  
IMBECILE...  
LOOK THERE.  
IN THE  
CLEARING...!!!

MADRE!  
A  
FOUNTAIN...  
JUST AS  
YOU  
TOLD US...



DRINK BRAVE SPANIARDS...  
YOU HAVE EARNED THIS...  
FOR NOW YOU WILL  
TRULY STAY YOUNG  
FOREVER...







...AND THEY SAY DE LEON  
BUILT THIS MONUMENT  
OF STATUES AROUND THE  
FOUNTAIN. CERTAINLY  
WE WILL KNOW IT  
IF WE FIND IT

YES...FINDING THAT FOUNTAIN  
WAS A DREAM FOR HIM...  
ONE THAT WE WILL MAKE  
COME TRUE ALL OVER  
AGAIN...

AS DAWN STREAKED THE GREY  
HORIZON WITH SLENDER SHAFTS OF  
TORTURED SUNLIGHT...THE THREE  
EXPLORERS QUICKLY LEARNED THE  
SUCKING SWAMPLAND HID MANY  
DANGERS...

...TOO MANY TO  
NOTICE ALL AT  
ONCE...

WHAT THE...  
AAGGHHH...

STANLEY...  
LOOK OUT...  
QUICKSAND!



GORDON...  
RYAN...  
FOR GOD'S  
SAKE  
HELP ME!



STANLEY...GRAB  
THE ROPE...

CHOKED...  
I-I-CAN'T  
REACH  
IT...  
I....





TOO BAD ABOUT STANLEY...  
I'LL BET THAT "DEEP DOWN"...  
HE NEVER FIGURED HE'D  
GET "MIXED UP" IN A "DIRTY"  
DEAL LIKE THAT. SIGH... WELL...  
MAYBE NOW HELL "SETTLE" DOWN  
TO SOMETHING MORE SERIOUS...  
LIKE "DIGGING" FOR "SUNKEN"  
TREASURE MAYBE... SNICKER...

AT LAST  
THE SECRET  
BELONGS  
TO ME...



YOU WANTED  
TO SHARE THIS  
WITH ME... TAKE  
IT ALL FOR YOUR-  
SELF... BUT NOW...  
THE SECRET  
IS MINE...



... ALL  
MINE...!!!

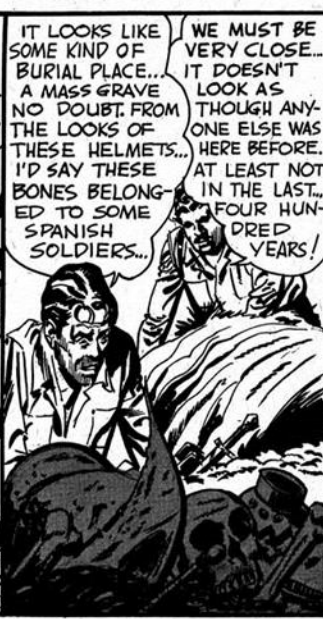


GASP... GASP... IT... IT WAS  
ONLY A DREAM... BUT IT  
SEEMED SO REAL! LIKE IT  
WAS GOING TO HAPPEN...  
RYAN... MURDERING ME  
FOR THE SECRET... I WONDER...



I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL...  
KEEP MY EYES OPEN... MAYBE  
HE IS PLANNING SOMETHING...  
ONCE WE FIND THE FOUNTAIN...  
WHAT'S TO STOP HIM... BUT I'M  
NOT GOING TO F-A... L... LL OOOPPP

GORDON...  
WATCH IT...



IT LOOKS LIKE  
SOME KIND OF  
BURIAL PLACE...  
A MASS GRAVE  
NO DOUBT, FROM  
THE LOOKS OF  
THESE HELMETS...  
I'D SAY THESE  
BONES BELONG-  
ED TO SOME  
SPANISH  
SOLDIERS...



WE MUST BE  
VERY CLOSE...  
IT DOESN'T  
LOOK AS  
THOUGH ANY-  
ONE ELSE WAS  
HERE BEFORE...  
AT LEAST NOT  
IN THE LAST...  
FOUR HUND-  
RED YEARS!



IF THIS MAP IS  
ACCURATE... AND  
THIS COMPASS  
IS STILL WORK-  
ING... IN A FEW  
MORE MILES...  
WE'LL FIND OUT  
ONCE AND FOR  
ALL...

... IF WE'RE  
GOING TO BE-  
COME FAMOUS  
OR JUST A COU-  
PLE OF FOOLS...  
HERE... GIVE  
ME YOUR HAND  
AND WE'LL GO SEE...



BUT TIME  
HAD PLAYED  
ITS LAST  
JOKE ON HIS-  
TORY... AND  
NOW WITH THE  
COOL SPRAY  
OF THE FOUNTAIN  
ON THEIR  
FACES...  
GORDON AND  
RYAN HAD THE  
LAST LAUGH...

RYAN'S THINKING THAT  
MAYBE HE'LL TAKE ALL  
OF THIS... CHEAT ME!  
WELL THIS WAS MY IDEA...  
MY MAP... SO BY RIGHTS  
IT'S MY...

..FOUNTAIN..!!

HA-HA-HA NOW ALL  
THIS BELONGS TO ME!  
TO THINK WHAT PEOPLE  
WILL PAY FOR THIS...

NO... WHY SHOULD I  
GIVE THIS SECRET  
TO ANYONE... WHY  
SHOULD THEY HAVE  
THE POWER...  
OVER LIFE AND  
DEATH...?

NOW ONLY I WILL  
REMAIN FOREVER EXACTLY  
AS I AM... IMMORTAL...  
FREE TO  
SPEND ETER-  
NITY AS...

..AS... W...  
WHAT IS...  
HAPPENING...  
..TO... ME... I...

HIGH ABOVE... ONLY  
THE SHRIEK OF A HUN-  
GRY SCAVENGER  
SLASHES THE BLEAK  
SILENCE...  
GORDON SHOCKLEY  
HAS FINALLY  
FOUND HIS LOST  
TREASURE.

MY GOODNESS... AFTER  
A "PETRIFYING" EXPE-  
RIENCE LIKE THAT...  
I GUESS OLD GRANITE  
FACE GORDON WILL  
THINK TWICE ABOUT  
"CHISELING" ANYBODY  
AGAIN. SHAMEFUL  
GETTING "STONED"  
LIKE THAT... AND ON  
ONE DRINK, COULD  
BE THE STUFF WAS...  
HARD WATER...  
GURGLE...?





YOU BET THERE IS! THIS IS EDITH... I DRAGGED HER ALL THE WAY UP FROM THE CITY TO VISIT THE OL' HOMESTEAD. SHE'S MY FIANCEE! NOW QUIT PLAYING DRACULA AND LET US IN!



YOU BROUGHT  
A GIRL...  
HERE?



FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE SHE AND JIM HAD IMPULSIVELY MADE THE DRIVE, EDITH FELT REGRET. BEING INSIDE THE HOUSE DID NOTHING TO RELIEVE THE CHILL SHE FELT, A CHILL BEYOND THE RAIN'S COLD STING...

THAT'S RIGHT,  
UNCLE BEN!  
LITTLE JIMMY'S  
GOING OUT WITH  
GIRLS NOW...  
DON'T LET  
THE SOUR  
COUNTESSANCE  
FOOL YOU,  
EDITH, HE'S  
REALLY A  
PRETTY  
LIKABLE  
OLD COOT!



I'LL RUN THE LUGGAGE  
UP TO THE ROOMS, GIVE  
YOU TWO A CHANCE  
TO GET ACQUAINTED!

MR. HOLLOWAY,  
I'M REALLY QUITE  
SORRY TO IN-  
TRUDE LIKE THIS  
...I WANTED JIM  
TO LET YOU KNOW  
AHEAD, BUT HE  
WOULDN'T HEAR  
OF IT...

WOULDN'T HAVE  
MADE ANY  
DIFFERENCE.  
THERE'S PLACES  
I FIGURE  
NO WOMAN  
BELONGS...  
THIS HOUSE  
IS ONE OF THEM!



IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR  
YOU, MISSY, YOU'LL RUN OUTSIDE  
TO THAT CAR AND LEAVE HERE  
JUST AS FAST AS YOU  
POSSIBLY CAN!



THERE! THAT'S  
OUT OF THE  
WAY! NOTHING  
TO DO NOW,  
BUT RELAX  
AND ENJOY  
OURSELVES!  
RIGHT?



THE EVENING MOVED AT AN AGONIZING SNAIL'S PACE FOR EDITH, TORTURED BY THE MENACING SILENCE OF UNCLE BEN, YET UNABLE TO SPOIL THINGS FOR JIM BY MENTIONING IT. BACK IN THE CITY SHE'D BE ABLE TO TALK WITH HIM, BUT HERE IN THIS HOUSE, SHE FELT HELPLESS, ISOLATED, REMOVED...

I THINK I'M READY TO CALL IT A NIGHT. HOW 'BOUT THE REST OF YOU?

YOUR ROOM'S AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS, DARLING. YOU'LL NEED THE LAMP... STORM'S PUT THE ELECTRICITY ON THE BLINK....

WITH A KISS, JIM LEFT HER, AND EDITH STARTED SLOWLY UP THE SHADOW-ENSHROUDED STAIRS, THEN STOPPED. AHEAD OF THE LAMP'S GLOW WAS THE PITCH-BLACK LANDING... SOMETHING ABOUT IT MADE HER HESITATE...

WHO...

I-IS SOMEONE UP THERE? PLEASE... WHO'S THERE? WHO...

EDITH! OH, JIM... DARLING... THE LANDING... WHAT'S WRONG? ...SOMETHING H-HORRIBLE WAS ON IT...



FOR A TIME, TERRIFYING THOUGHTS KEYED HER NERVES, KEPT HER ON EDGE...BUT AT LAST THE TERROR OF HER SURROUNDINGS FLED, HER EYES GREW HEAVY...THEN, THERE WAS A SLIGHT SOUND AT THE DOOR...





EDITH COULD NOT MOVE, COULD NOT SCREAM, ONLY CLENCH HER EYES TIGHTLY SHUT... AFTER LONG HEART-POUNDING MOMENTS, SHE REOPENED THEM...

**GONE!** AS THOUGH SHE WERE NEVER THERE... BUT I **SAW** IT! I'M SURE I DID...

SHE SEEMED TO BE POINTING THIS TIME... THIS DIRECTION...TOWARD THE WINDOW...



**...UNCLE BEN!**

THAT HOLE HE'S DIGGING... SO LARGE... NEARLY THE SIZE OF A... A...

THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE... DIGGING UP THE SHRUBBERY.



THE OLD MAN STOPPED DIGGING, STARING DOWN AT WHAT HE'D UNCOVERED, HIS FACE IN THE YELLOW LANTERN GLOW, A MIXED MASK OF REVULSION AND RELIEF...

**...GRAVE!**



EVEN FROM THE WINDOW, WITH THE NEXT FLASH OF LIGHTNING, EDITH COULD SEE THE LOATHESOME THING THAT HELD UNCLE BEN'S GAZE... SHE COULD SEE IT IN ALL DETAIL, DOWN TO THE LONG STRANDS OF BLONDE HAIR STILL CLINGING TO THE DECAYING SKULL!



THE BODY OF THE APPARITION I'VE BEEN SEEING... SHE'S BEEN TRYING TO TELL ME... WARN ME...

THE SHEER HORROR OF PREVIOUS EVENTS MINGLED WITH THE DRIVING WHIRL OF HER OWN TERRIBLE THOUGHTS, ALL BURST FORTH IN ONE LONG CULMINATING SCREAM...



EDITH TURNED FROM THE WINDOW, ONE THOUGHT IN HER MIND: RUN! FIND JIM! BUT EVEN AS SHE THOUGHT IT, EVEN AS HER MOUTH FLEW OPEN TO SCREAM, TERROR CLAIMED HER...HER KNEES BUCKLED AND SHE SANK DIZZILY INTO OBLIVION...







STRAP YOURSELVES IN FOR A SHOCKING SCI-FI SESSION... COSMIC COMRADES!  
THIS TWINKLING TWISTER WILL TICKLE YOUR TERRESTRIAL TASTEBUDS  
WITH...

# A CHANGE OF PACE!

HERE IN DUST AND COBWEBBED EQUIPMENT THAT ONCE WAS THE LABORATORY OF DR. RAYMOND DUBARTON... NOTED PHYSICIST... AND HIS ASSISTANT, FELIX KEATING... A STRANGE TALE WEAVES ITSELF LIKE THE SPIDERWORK ON THE WALLS...

I'M GLAD YOU CAME GIL... SOMEONE HAS TO KNOW...  
**GRECCHH...**  
AND THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME...

MY GOD, RAYMOND...  
WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?



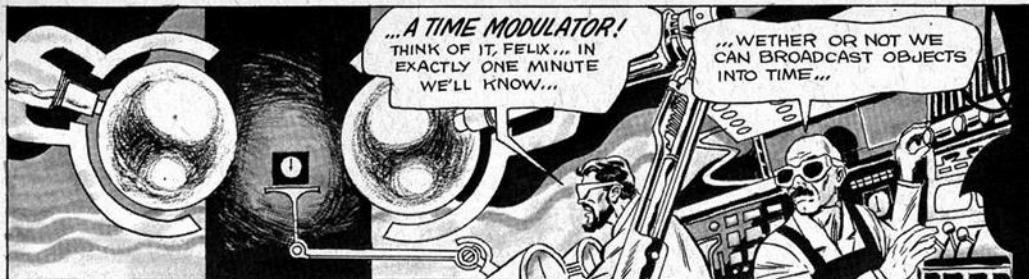
tom Sutton '68

IT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY SINCE FELIX AND I LEFT THIS WORLD... WITH THOSE...

**LEFT...**  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN RAYMOND... AND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO FELIX?

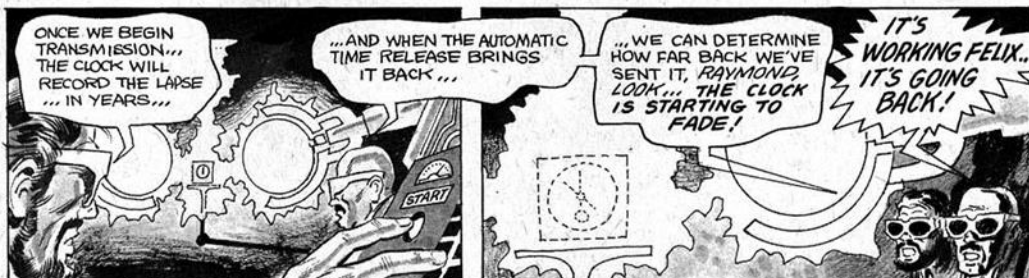
IT ALL BEGAN THREE MONTHS AGO... FELIX AND I HAD BEEN WORKING FOR YEARS ON...





...A TIME MODULATOR!  
THINK OF IT, FELIX... IN  
EXACTLY ONE MINUTE  
WE'LL KNOW...

...WETHER OR NOT WE  
CAN BROADCAST OBJECTS  
INTO TIME...

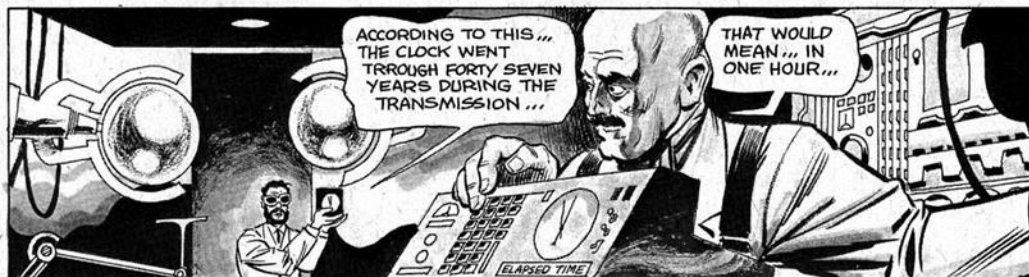


ONCE WE BEGIN  
TRANSMISION...  
THE CLOCK WILL  
RECORD THE LAPSE  
... IN YEARS...

...AND WHEN THE AUTOMATIC  
TIME RELEASE BRINGS  
IT BACK...

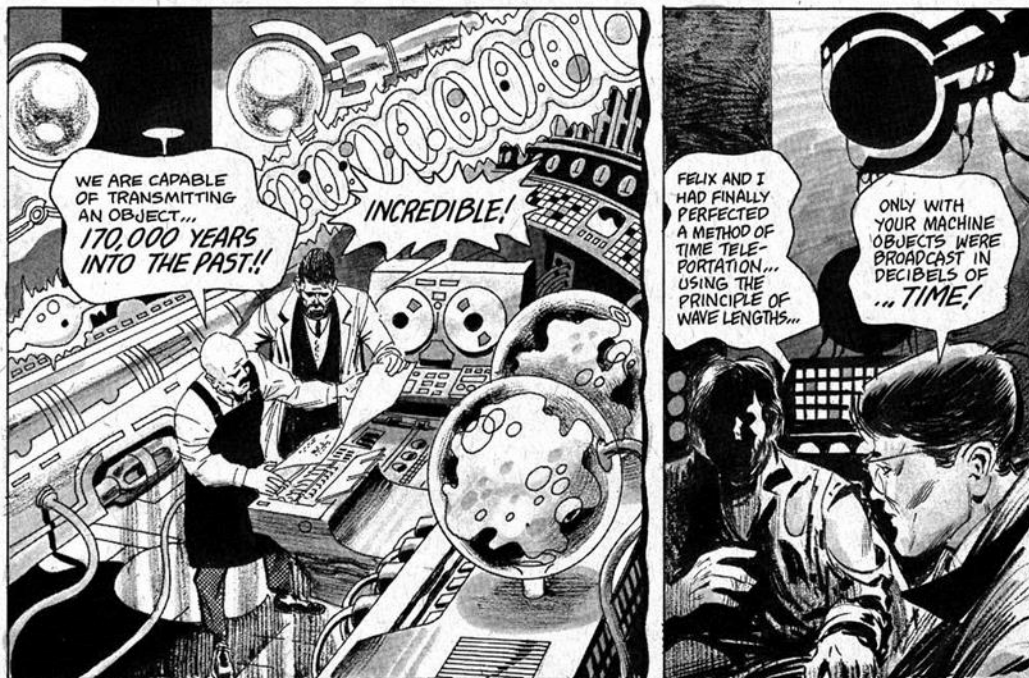
...WE CAN DETERMINE  
HOW FAR BACK WE'VE  
SENT IT, **RAYMOND**!  
LOOK... THE CLOCK  
IS STARTING TO  
FADE!

IT'S  
WORKING FELIX..  
IT'S GOING  
BACK!



ACCORDING TO THIS...  
THE CLOCK WENT  
THROUGH FORTY SEVEN  
YEARS DURING THE  
TRANSMISSION...

THAT WOULD  
MEAN... IN  
ONE HOUR...

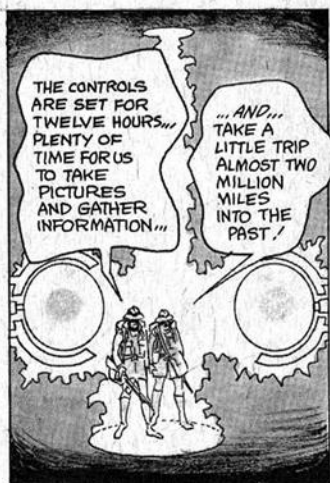
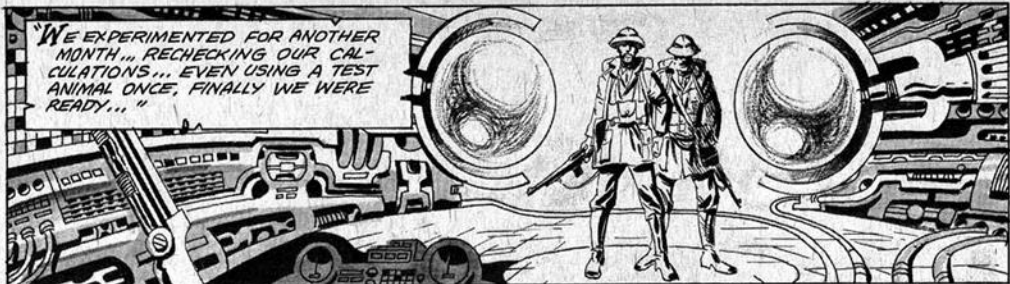


WE ARE CAPABLE  
OF TRANSMITTING  
AN OBJECT...  
**170,000 YEARS  
INTO THE PAST!!**

**INCREDIBLE!**

FELIX AND I  
HAD FINALLY  
PERFECTED  
A METHOD OF  
TIME TELE-  
PORTATION...  
USING THE  
PRINCIPLE OF  
WAVE LENGTHS...

ONLY WITH  
YOUR MACHINE  
OBJECTS WERE  
BROADCAST IN  
DECIBELS OF  
... **TIME!**





WE'D TRAVELED  
THROUGH ANOTHER  
UNIVERSE...  
REACHED OUR-  
SELVES INTO  
THE DIMENSION  
OF TIME ITSELF...

HURRY IT A BIT  
FELIX... WE'LL  
HAVE TO BE  
STARTING BACK  
SOON...

JUST A FEW  
MORE  
RAYMOND...

FELIX...  
LOOK  
OUT...

WHAA...!!

BLAM!

**B**EFORE IT HAD FALLEN DEAD  
AT RAYMOND'S FEET... THE  
BEAST HAD FOUND IT'S  
MARK...

OH...  
UNHHH...  
OH...  
UNHHH...

FELIX... CAN YOU  
HEAR ME, FELIX?  
HE'S DELERIOUS...  
I'LL HAVE TO CARRY  
HIM BACK TO THE  
SPOT...

THE RELEASE WILL  
GO OFF IN ANOTHER  
FEW MINUTES...  
I'VE GOT TO GET  
FELIX TO A  
HOSPITAL...

SOMETHING'S WRONG... WE  
SHOULD HAVE BEEN PULLED  
BACK TEN MINUTES AGO...  
IF THERE'S BEEN A  
MALFUNCTION... HOW WILL  
I *EVER* RETURN...!!

I WAITED FOR TWO HOURS... STILL NOTHING HAPPENED. IT BEGAN TO GET DARK SO I CARRIED FELIX BACK TO THE CAVE...



FELIX NEVER RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS... HE'D LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD. I BURIED HIM IN THOSE STINKING SWAMPS BACK THERE... SOMEWHERE IN TIME...



WHEN THE AMMUNITION RAN OUT... I BEGAN SURVIVING LIKE THE PREHISTORIC CREATURES I HAD BEEN TRAPPED WITH...

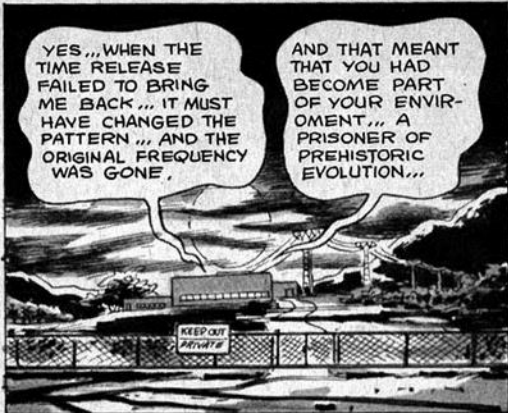


AS ALL MEANING LOST ITSELF IN FADED MOMENTS I COULD BARELY REMEMBER... I BEGAN VISITING THE PLACE FELIX AND I HAD ARRIVED AT... THEN ONE DAY...



I'M BACK!  
... THE TIME RELEASE...  
IT MUST HAVE GONE OFF...  
GOD! ... WHAT'S  
HAPPENED!!!





SCREECH... SEE WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN YOU GO "APE" AND START "MONKEYING" AROUND WITH NATURE... GIGGLE... GUESS RAYMOND FIGURED HE'D "CHEETA" LITTLE AND SWING WITH THE TIMES... TOO BAD... NOW WHAT'S HE GONNA "ZOO"...







# EERIE FAN FARE

Slime time **HATE MATES** . . . so choose your ooze while I muddle your memory with some **MIND MANGLING MANIA** from those mischievous **MENACE MEMBERS** . . .

Being born during a blizzard seems to have been a boon to **BLISTERING BARRY ROCKWELL** . . . ever since then he's been drawing up a flurry of sight storming sketchery! This chilling craftsman from Medford, Massachusetts began his icy infancy by covering the walls of his "igloo" with an assortment of shivering scribbles. When his family moved to Long Island, N.Y. **RATTLING ROCKWELL** continued to scrawl his all in snowy white chalk across the sanctuary of his front stoop sidewalk. Unfortunately his unimpressed public seemed more anxious to cover his creative feats with a few feet of their own, rather than recognize his toddling talent. Undaunted,



our frosty freshman finished his scholastic sleigh ride through high school and then enrolled in the School of the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston. After two months of shaking study, his mania for painting melted and our tucked trooper tromped home to thaw out his tangles. He skated through a few sessions at the Art Students League in New York and hibernated in an electronics firm before finding refuge at the School of Visual Arts, studying for two years under the brilliant Burne Hogarth. Currently, **MIND BENDING BARRY** is doodling exclusively for **EERIE** and **CREEPY** although he hopes to keep his career snowballing by anticipating as many areas of the art world as possible. Our masterful magic-marker man (most of his artwork is done with just that) tells us that besides Hogarth, Angelo



Demon draftsman **GREG VOLPERT**, Manhattan, Kansas sends us this sensational spell sketch of smoldering sorcery. Looks like his wily old wizard has really whipped up a wicked wonder this time . . . from the look of "things" maybe our mad magician might be wise to watch his magical messing around!



Here's a hunk of hypnotic horror that'll give anyone a haunting headache. Fear peer **GARY MEYERS**, of South Gate, California assures us that his haw-eyed hallucination isn't really hostile . . . it's just that he only has eyes for you!

Torres and Neal Adams have been impressive inspirations in helping him break the ice into "pro" illustrating. You'll be seeing a lot of Barry in future issues and all of us eskimos are thrilled to be chilled by his skill. We know all's well that end well with **ROCKWELL**!

Shriek seeker **THOMAS PREHODA**, from Schenectady, N. Y. casts his lore line overboard and comes up with this frazzling . . .

he had managed to salvage it, but it had saved his sanity. He had combed over the pages time and again, reading, re-reading. Now he feared it would be his undoing. It told of a huge sea monster and since he cringed wildly at each ripple in the water, every shadow that glided silently beneath the greenish waves. In this storm he knew if such creatures existed, the churning ocean might stir them . . . and then. In moments the full fury of the typhoon would engulf him and his mind trembled at the realization. When the sky opened, spewing forth the deluge, icy breakers slashing at the sides of the boat, his brain pulsed in fear. He doubted he would make it . . . not this time! Then a patch of black shuddered beneath him and suddenly a monstrous thing, born of the storm, crashed out of the water. Writhing, weaving it crashed against him splintering the small boat into bits. He must keep his sanity . . . even as his finger dug into the slick, black hide, slicing madly at this devilish beast with his gleaming knife. As the inky serpent raised a huge head above him for the final strike, he sensed that this was the end.

Many miles west of the storm, passengers on another luxury liner danced gaily in the setting sunlight. They never heard the radio report of the typhoon nor did they learn until much later about the strange incident. Strange indeed for a man had been found, babbling incoherently slashing insanely at a transatlantic cable the storm had upheaved . . . and wrapped around him, miraculously saving him from being drowned!

## FISH STORY

The ocean was angry, he could sense the temper in the surging depths. He could feel the danger in the violent waves that rocked the little craft back and forth. Where was he? He tried remembering his narrow escape from the burning ocean liner. His provisions were all but gone, but he had the book. Yes . . . the book. He couldn't recall how

## FAN FARE FUN

Hey gang . . . want to contribute your art or stories to your leary **COUSIN EERIE** for his **FAN FARE** page? Drop him some devastating doodles! Send your trash to: **EERIE FAN FARE PAGE**, Eerie Magazine, 22 E. 42 ST. New York, N.Y. 10017

PERK UP YOUR POINTED LITTLE EARS, *MERRY MONSTERS*, HEAR THE SOUNDS? THE CHATTER AND SCREECH OF TROPICAL BIRDS... THE SWISHING STROKE AND HACK OF MACHETES... THE WHINE AND BUZZING OF GNATS AND MOSQUITOS... THE LOW MUTTERING AND CURSING OF DESPERATE MEN ABOUT TO BE PITTED AGAINST ENGULFING *HORROR* IN...

# THE JUNGLE



ART BY AL WILLIAMSON/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, LEO! WHY'D YOU HAFTA SHOOT THE WITCH DOCTOR? HE WAS READY TO BARGAIN...

DUTCH'S RIGHT! THEM CHAVANTES AIN'T GONNA LET US GET OUTTA THIS JUNGLE! YOU AN' YOUR TEMPER...

SHUDDUP, WYATT! WE'VE GOT A GOOD START! NO INDIAN'S HOOKIN' ME OUTTA THE PRICE THESE SHRUNKEN HEADS WILL BRING IN THE CITY!

THE AMAZON JUNGLE! AMID ITS DENSITY OF UNEXPLORED GREENNESS, THE PROUD, PRIMITIVE CHAVANTES FISH, HUNT, BATTLE AND, SOMETIMES, MOURN...

THE WHITE MEN MUST PAY! YOU WILL BE AVENGED... OUR HUNTING PARTIES BAR THEIR FLIGHT TO THE RIVER AND THEIR BOAT!

BUT THEY FLEE NORTH ON FOOT...

IT DOES NOT MATTER! I STILL DIE IN PEACE... FOR IF OUR WARRIORS CANNOT GET THEM...

...THE JUNGLE SHALL!

@!M\*%!! BUGS! IT'S MADNESS! WE CAN'T HACK OUR WAY OUTTA HERE! NOT CLEAR INTO COLOMBIA!

YOU HEAR ME, LEO? WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! AT LEAST WE GOTTA STOP... REST...

AND WIND UP WITH OUR HEADS ON A CHAVANTES SPEAR, SHRIVELED LIKE THE ONES IN THIS BAG? LET GO AND KEEP MOVIN', WYATT!

YOU HEAR ME? I SAID LET GO!

WHONK!





LEO! DUTCH! DO SOMETHIN'! YOU GOTTA HELP ME... THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN'...

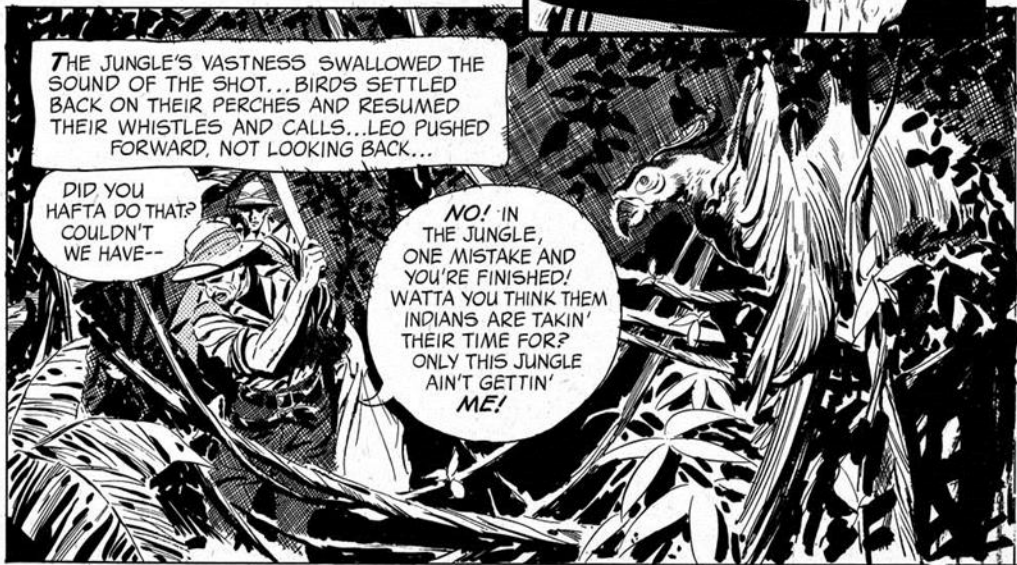
WHY SURE WYATT... THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING...



THE JUNGLE'S VASTNESS SWALLOWED THE SOUND OF THE SHOT... BIRDS SETTLED BACK ON THEIR PERCHES AND RESUMED THEIR WHISTLES AND CALLS... LEO PUSHED FORWARD, NOT LOOKING BACK...

DID YOU HAFTA DO THAT? COULDN'T WE HAVE--

NO! IN THE JUNGLE, ONE MISTAKE AND YOU'RE FINISHED! WATTA YOU THINK THEM INDIANS ARE TAKIN' THEIR TIME FOR? ONLY THIS JUNGLE AIN'T GETTIN' ME!



THE MOCKING CHATTER OF MONKEYS ACCOMPANIED EACH MUSCLE-TORTURING SWING OF THEIR MACHETES ... HOURS DRAINED BY AS THEY INCHED THROUGH THE DARK UNDERGROWTH, UNTIL...

WHAT NOW? TOO WIDE TO JUMP...

DOESN'T LOOK SWIFT... START ACROSS... WE CAN WADE IT!

NOT LIKELY, LEO! BEEN THINKIN' ON WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THE JUNGLE... LET'S SEE HOW IT WORKS OUT WITH YOU GOING FIRST...

NEVER WERE TOO TRUSTIN', EH, DUTCH? AWRIGHT! HERE GOES...

...NOTHIN'!

AS DUTCH HIT THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, THE STREAM AROUND HIM SEEMED TO COME TO LIFE ... FROTHING, BOILING, SEETHING WITH FRANTIC, TERRIBLE MOTION...

EEE-A HHHHHH!!

PIRANHAS! OUGHTTA LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP, DUTCH... THEY'LL STRIP A MAN CLEAN OF FLESH IN MINUTES!

THE VICIOUS TIDE OF CANNIBAL FISH SWEEPED OVER THEIR PREY TURNING THE FOAMING WATER INTO A FOUNTAIN OF CRIMSON...

GOOD OL' DUTCH! KEPT 'EM BUSY LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO MAKE IT ACROSS ... AIN'T NOTHIN' STOPPIN' ME NOW!

SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE OCEAN OF TREES AND PLANTS SURROUNDING LEO, THE AFTERNOON SUN PULSED BRIGHTLY, IT'S HEAT FILTERING DOWN THROUGH LAYERS OF LEAVES AND SHADE...



HEE, HEE...  
GOT IT MADE!  
JUST KEEP CHOPPIN'  
AWAY, I'LL BE IN  
THE CLEAR IN  
NO TIME!

THE DANKNESS GREW MORE INTENSE...  
A CLOUD OF MOSQUITOS HOVERED CON-  
STANTLY AROUND LEO'S HEAD, THEIR  
NEVER-ENDING BUZZING GRADUALLY BE-  
COMING MORE AND MORE ACUTE TO HIS  
EARS...



BLASTED  
VINES SEEM TO  
GET TOUGHER...  
THICKER...  
HARD TO CHOP  
THROUGH...

PERSPIRATION BEADED THICK ON HIS FORE-  
HEAD, THEN RUSHED IN STICKY RIVULETS  
DOWN HIS FACE, SPLASHING AT HIS EYES,  
AND ONTO HIS ALREADY SOAKED, WRETCH-  
EDLY CLINGING SHIRT...

WOW!!! IT!  
NEVER SAW ANY-  
THING LIKE THIS  
RUINED MY  
MACHETE!



EACH STEP BECAME TORTUROUS AND DIFFICULT...  
THE FOLIAGE TWISTED AND CLUNG, SNAGGING AND  
PULLING...CAPTURING NOW A FOOT, NOW A LEG, NOW  
AN ARM...



CAN HARDLY  
MOVE IN THIS STUFF...  
BETTER BACK UP...  
FIND THE TRAIL  
THROUGH...



THE SACK DROPPED FROM HIS HAND AS LEO FOUGHT AND FLAILED AT THE ENTANGLING GREEN TENDRILS, HOPELESSLY PULLING THE WEB OF VEGETATION TIGHTER...TIGHTER...

LEO TURNED TO GO BACK, PULLING MORE VINES CONSTRICTINGLY TIGHT...EACH TWIST, EACH PULL SEEMED TO BRING HIM IN CONTACT WITH ONE MORE GRASPING VERDANT RUNNER...

I CAN'T MOVE!  
LET GO! LEMME  
OUT OF HERE!  
LET ME OUT!

N-NOOOO...  
CHOKING...  
CAN'T BREATHE...  
GAGHHHHHH...

ONE HOUR LATER, A CHAVANTES HUNTING PARTY STARED IN SILENCE AT LEO... A SLIGHT BREEZE CAUSED THE VINES TO STIR THE BODY PUPPET-LIKE...SOMEWHERE, THE WITCH DOCTOR COULD BE SATISFIED...THE JUNGLE HAD NOT FAILED HIM!

POOR LEO! SHOULDN'T LET HIS PERSONAL LIFE GET SO ENTANGLED...I'VE HEARD OF GUYS BEING STUCK WITH CLINGING VINES, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS! OH WELL, SINCE LEO'S ALL TIED UP, BETTER TAKE YOUR MACHETE AND CHOP INTO MY NEXT **TERROR-TALE!**

**PROLOGUE:** "I remember it vividly as if it were yesterday... The endless wait in the bitter chill, then as the black sky changed slowly to gray... The dread flap of bat wings!"

**"COUNT VRYOLAK HAD RETURNED!"**  
And my years of searching were at an end... Fear gripped me as I forced my way into the abandoned chateau, but not as tightly as the lust for revenge!"



"The first rays of the winter sun forced their way through the cracks and crevices of the dark crumbling structure, as with methodical fury I made my search..."

"Until at last, in the very bowels of this place of decay and corruption, I uncovered the Count's resting place...  
**THE COFFIN OF THE MONSTER WHO HAD HIDEOUSLY SLAIN MY BROTHER!**"



Did our **FEARFUL FORWARD** leave you thirsting for more blood, **RABID READERS?** Then get ready to sink your fangs into the rest of this **HEART-POUNDER** and find out what's at stake for the...

# VAMPIRE SLAYER!

WOK!

"THE BALEFUL RED-RIMMED EYES POPPED OPEN AS THE ANCIENT LID CRASHED TO THE FLOOR, A MASK OF HATRED COVERING THE PALE, BLOATED FACE... MY SWEATING PALM CLENCHED THE MALLET, AND I DROVE THE STAKE HOME!!!"

Joe Colandro



**A** MOMENTARY SILENCE FELL OVER THE EVENING DINERS  
AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE ON THE LINER "BUDAPEST"...



... WITH THE STROKE, VRYOLAK'S  
BODY CRUMBLING INTO THE DUST  
IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CENTURY  
AGO! THE SCENE IS FOREVER  
ETCHED IN MY MIND...

AMAZING, BARON  
ALEXI! UTTERLY  
AMAZING!

I'VE SINCE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO  
THE PURSUIT OF THE UNDEAD...  
SEEKING THE VAMPIRE OUT WHERE  
EVER THEY ARE FOUND... AND  
**DESTROYING THEM!**

I SALUTE YOU,  
MY DEAR BARON!  
I FIND YOUR  
WORK MOST  
ADMIRABLE...

NO...

... IT'S ALL FILTHY AND  
DISGUSTING! GLOATING  
OVER SUCH VIOLENCE  
AND BLOODLETTING...  
I WON'T LISTEN TO  
ANOTHER WORD OF  
IT!

CAPTAIN! THAT  
GIRL... WHO...?

THE COUNTESS DE VILLE!  
B-BUT WHY SHOULD SHE  
BE SO UPSET? ACTED  
LIKE YOU MIGHT HAVE  
BEEN DESTROYING  
HUMANS INSTEAD  
OF MONSTERS.

INTRIGUE FLARED IN THE BARON ALEXI... THE LOVELY COUNTESS PROVOKED HIS INTEREST... AND **DREAD!**

MADAME DE VILLE? YOU WON'T FIND HER ON DECK, BARON. ONLY LEAVES HER CABIN AT NIGHT... WON'T EVEN TAKE MEALS IN THE DAY!

HER BEHAVIOR AT DINNER, NOW THIS! A GIRL SO BEAUTIFUL... CAN IT BE?

WITH EACH PASSING NIGHT HIS SUSPICIONS GREW...

HER SKIN... SO WHITE AND PALE! THE HAIR... LONG AND FLOWING... COULD COVER ANY WOUNDS ON HER NECK...

YET THE TAIN OF MYSTERY SEEMED TO MAKE HER BEAUTY THE MORE FASCINATING... ALEXI COULD FEEL HIMSELF BEING DRAWN CLOSER AND CLOSER...

COUNTESS, ABOUT DINNER THE OTHER EVENING... I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR SAYING ANYTHING TO OFFEND...

I WAS FOOLISH TO GET SO UPSET, BARON ALEXI! PLEASE JOIN ME AND CALL ME CORINNE!

NEVER HAD ANY WOMAN EXERTED SUCH AN ATTRACTION FOR THE BARON... HIS FEELINGS BECAME UNCERTAIN, HIS INTENTIONS NO LONGER CLEAR...

WE DOCK TOMORROW MORNING, CORINNE... I MUST SEE YOU AGAIN! WE COULD MEET AFTER DISEMBARKING... PERHAPS LUNCH...

I'VE MADE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS, ALEXI, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT TOMORROW NIGHT... I COULD HAVE YOU FOR DINNER AT MY HOME!

ALEXI HAUNTED THE UNLOADING, GIVING UP WHEN EVERY PASSENGER HAD DEPARTED, WITHOUT CORINNE DE VILLE EVER HAVING BEEN SEEN!

CAREFUL, YOU DOLTS! THAT'S PROPERTY OF THE COUNTESS DE VILLE!

THAT CRATE! ALMOST THE EXACT SIZE OF... A COFFIN!



WITH THE FALL OF NIGHT, HIS WORST FEARS RISING LIKE THE CHILL AUTUMN WIND, ALEXI WENT FORTH TO KEEP HIS ENGAGEMENT ALL BUT CONVINCED OF WHAT LURKED FOR HIM IN THE GUISE OF BEAUTY...



CORINNE'S LOVELINESS HAS BAITED A TRAP... BUT I'VE BEEN AT THIS GAME TOO LONG TO ENTER UNPROTECTED!



ALEX! I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT NOT MAKE IT... EVERYTHING'S READY FOR YOU!



THE BARON FOLLOWED CORINNE THROUGH THE VAST HALLS OF THE ARCHAIC STRUCTURE, CURSING HIMSELF FOR THE FASCINATION HER DARK-HAIRED BEAUTY STILL EXERTED...

THE MIRROR! DRAPED AND COVERED...

ONLY ONE PLACE SETTING... AREN'T YOU JOINING ME?

I'VE LITTLE APPETITE, MY DEAR ALEXI... LATER I MAY HAVE SOMETHING...







THE FEAR-STRICKEN GIRL STUMBLER BACKWARD, CLAWING AND GRASPING AT ALL AROUND HER AS STEP BY STEP, ALEXI RELENTLESSLY ADVANCED!



CONSUMED WITH SHAME, ALEXI FLED BACK TO THE SOLITUDE OF HIS ROOM FOR A SLEEPLESS NIGHT, FOLLOWED BY A DAY OF REFLECTION AND DECISION...

IT'S DONE! ALL MY NOTES AND STUDIES... ALL THE TRAPPINGS OF MY DELUSIONS... NOW PERHAPS I CAN BE A MAN AGAIN, NOT A CRAZED NEUROTIC!



I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU SAID, CORINNE... IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED...

OH, ALEXI... OF COURSE I WANT YOU!

I DESTROYED EVERYTHING... ALL THE EQUIPMENT I USED IN THAT OBSESSED, TORMENTED EXISTENCE... ALL BEHIND ME NOW!

ALEXI...



WHO'D THINK THAT SLENDER FRAME COULD HAVE SUCH STRENGTH... HER ARMS ARE SO TIGHT... I CAN'T--

**CORINNE!**  
**MY NECK!**  
**WHAT**  
**ARE--YOU**  
**CAN'T BE--**  
**A... A...**



ALEXI'S SENSES REELED... HE SPRAWLED BACKWARD, DIZZY, WEAK, UNABLE TO STAND OR MOVE WITHOUT EFFORT...



A **VAMPIRE?** OH, BUT I AM, ALEXI! WE'VE WANTED TO STOP YOU FOR YEARS! HOW HAPPY I AM TO BE THE ONE TO DO IT!

THE ROOM FELT UNSTEADY BENEATH ALEXI, ROCKING AND SPINNING... HIS BREATH CAME HARDER AND SHORTER... IT WAS DIFFICULT TO THINK... SPEAK...



B-BUT... THE REFLECTION ... VAMPIRE... CAN'T...

I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T PLAYED QUITE FAIR WITH YOU, DEAR... THAT WASN'T ME LAST NIGHT! YOU SEE, EVEN ON BOARD SHIP, I NEGLECTED TO MENTION I HAD...

SOMEWHERE A DOOR WAS OPENING... FOOTSTEPS APPROACHED... SOMEONE WAS MOVING INTO RANGE OF ALEXI'S DIMMING VISION...

... A **TWIN SISTER!** LUCKILY, COLETTE HAS NO REFLECTION! PROBLEM... YOU SEE, **SHE'S A GHOUL!**



REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE, CORINNE! FOR HELPING OUT LAST NIGHT, I GET WHAT'S LEFT WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED!

LOOKS LIKE THE COUTESSES ARE REALLY **BARON** DOWN ON ALEXI... AFTER THE WAY HE ACTED, YOU WOULDN'T THINK THEY'D HAVE HIM FOR DINNER TWO NIGHTS IN A ROW! NICE GIRLS THOUGH, ANY OF YOU TWO-HEADED FANS EVER WANT A DOUBLE DATE... LOOK 'EM UP!







SO WE MEET AGAIN! HEE HEE HEE! I KNEW YOU COULDN'T KEEP FROM JOINING ME IN ANOTHER **MONSTROUS MESS OF MURDEROUS MAYHEM!** THE **COMPULSION FOR REVULSION** IS MUCH TOO STRONG FOR US TO BE ABLE TO IGNORE THE CALL FROM THE WORLD OF DARKNESS! SO ON THIS, ER, RATHER DREARY OCCASION, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT A **WOEFUL TALE OF WITCHCRAFT**, A SUBJECT THAT SOME CALL FACT, AND SOME CALL FANCY, BUT...HEE HEE... PERHAPS I SHOULD LET **YOU** BE THE **JUDGE!**

# TRIAL BY FIRE!



HEAR ME, YE UNHOLY POWERS OF THE NIGHT! AWAKEN TO MY CALL! GIVE TO ME THE STRENGTH AND POWER TO AVENGE MY ANCESTORS, FOR THE TIME IS **NOW!**



FOR YOU, JUDGE HARKER, THE END IS NEAR, FOR YOU ARE KIN TO THE FIRST JUDGE HARKER WHO BURNED **MY** ANCESTORS TO PURGE THEM OF **WITCHCRAFT!** FROM THIS NIGHT FORWARD, REVENGE UPON **ALL** THE WITCH-BURNING JUDGE HARKERS SHALL BE METED OUT TO **YOU!**



**REGA FLEXIS MUR!**

THE SCENE IS A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN. THE TIME IS THE PRESENT. JUDGE ALFRED HARKER IS IN THE MIST OF A TIGHTLY- CONTESTED POLITICAL CAMPAIGN, AND THIS NIGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF HIS DOWNFALL.

...SO AGAIN LET ME REMIND YOU, AS A JUDGE OF LONG-STANDING, WHOSE HERITAGE INCLUDES SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS...

**HANG IT ALL, JUDGE!** WE **KNOW** YOUR ANCESTORS BURNED WITCHES! THAT'S ALL YOU EVER **TALK** ABOUT! WE WANT TO FIND OUT ABOUT YOUR POLITICAL BELIEFS, NOT YOUR FAMILY TREE!



**HMPF!** WELL, MY FRIEND, YOU MAY THINK YOUR INSULT IS WELL TAKEN, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE SUCH AS YOU WHO DISREGARD THE **IMPORTANCE** OF ANCESTRY! CONSEQUENTLY...

...**REGA FLEXIS MUR!**

THE STRANGE WORDS HAD AN EVEN MORE STRANGE EFFECT! AT ONCE, THE CROWD BECAME SILENT, THE JUDGE, SOMEWHAT BEFUZZLED, STRUGGLED INWARDLY TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HE HAD SAID. FOR ONE VERY BRIEF MOMENT IN TIME, NOTHING HAPPENED...



...AND THEN THE JUDGE'S HECKLER TOPPLED OVER... **DEAD!**

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! EVERYONE STAND BACK! GIVE THE DOC ROOM!

HE'S DEAD, CHIEF! HEART ATTACK, I'D SAY!

**HEART ATTACK?**

OH, YEAH? IF YOU ASK **ME**, THE JUDGE USED HIS **OWN** BRAND OF WITCHCRAFT!



URGED ON BY THE JUDGE'S POLITICAL OPPONENTS WHO KEPT THE SUBJECT OF WITCHCRAFT BLAZING, THE NEWS-PAPERS AND THE TOWNSPEOPLE TAUNTED HIM MERCILESSLY...

...AND NOW, IF ANY OF YOU GOOD PEOPLE HAVE ANY QUESTIONS...

JUDGE HARKER, IN VIEW OF YOUR **NOBLE** BACKGROUND AND ANCESTRY, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHICH WITCHES YOU INTEND TO BURN FIRST... **IF** YOU'RE ELECTED!

I KNOW YOU, COUNCILMAN DAVIS! YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO BAIT AND RIDICULE ME TO FURTHER THE CAUSE OF YOUR **OWN** CANDIDATE! WELL, LET ME TELL YOU THIS...



REGA FLEXIS MUR!

REGA FLEXIS MUR!



JUDGE HARKER WAS UNABLE TO BELIEVE HIS OWN EARS! HE HAD HAD NO INTENTION OF MOUTHING THOSE RIDICULOUS WORDS, YET HE HAD DONE SO, AND EVERYONE HAD HEARD. COUNCILMAN DAVIS STAGGERED... AND FELL!

HE DID IT AGAIN!

JUDGE HARKER CAST A SPELL!

HE **IS** USING WITCHCRAFT!



THE CROWD ROARED ITS ANGER. INSULTS AND THREATS CASCADED AGAINST JUDGE HARKER'S EARS AS HIS FRIENDS QUICKLY HUSTLED HIM OUT OF THE AUDITORIUM...

YOU'RE A **FOOL**, HARKER! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO... RUIN US **ALL**?

I... I'M SORRY... I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME... SAY IT...





WHEN WE ASKED YOU TO RUN ON OUR TICKET, WE DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO ACT **THIS** WAY! YOU REALIZE YOU'RE SETTING THE WHOLE TOWN **AGAINST** US!

IF **YOU** WANT TO LOSE EVERYTHING, THAT'S **YOUR** BUSINESS, BUT IF YOU COME UP WITH ANY MORE OF THAT WITCHCRAFT BUNK, WE'LL CHUCK YOU OUT IN THE COLD!



GENTLEMEN, PLEASE... I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING. I'M SO CONFUSED... HAVEN'T SLEPT IN DAYS... SOMEONE... SOMETHING... I... I JUST DON'T KNOW!

WELL, YOU'D BETTER KNOW BY TOMORROW NIGHT! YOU HAVE A PUBLIC DEBATE WITH YOUR OPPONENT SCHEDULED! IF YOU DON'T MAKE A GOOD SHOWING AND COME OUT A WINNER, YOU'RE **THROUGH!**



THE CAR DEPOSITED JUDGE HARKER BEFORE HIS HOME AND DROVE OFF. AS HE CLIMBED THE STEPS TO THE FRONT DOOR, HE FELT HE HAD AGED A HUNDREDFOLD...

GILDA? GILDA... I'M... I'M HOME...

YES, ALFRED...AND HOW DID IT GO TONIGHT?



TERRIBLE!...TERRIBLE! IT HAPPENED AGAIN, GILDA. I DON'T KNOW HOW, OR WHY... BUT IT HAPPENED AGAIN...

DON'T FRET ABOUT IT, ALFRED DEAR... I'M SURE THINGS... COULD BE WORSE!



WEARILY, THE JUDGE RETIRED TO BED WHERE HE SLEPT FITFULLY. DURING THE FOLLOWING DAY HE SPENT EVERY MINUTE IN FEVERISH PREPARATION, AND WHEN, THAT EVENING, HE STRODE UPON THE PLATFORM TO FACE HIS OPPONENT, HE FELT READY...EVEN THOUGH HIS HAND TREMBLED...

...AND IN THE BASEMENT OF HIS HOME, HIS WIFE GILDA WAS ALSO READY...



THE DEBATE STARTED PEACEFULLY ENOUGH, BUT SOON GREW IN INTENSITY, FOR THE JUDGE KNEW HOW MUCH DEPENDED ON THE OUTCOME. HIS OPPONENT KNEW THAT HE, TOO, WAS ON THE VERGE OF SUCCESS: IF HE COULD MAKE THE JUDGE COMMIT ONE MISTAKE...



...AND I SAY TO **YOU**, JUDGE HARKER, IF YOU KNEW HALF AS MUCH ABOUT ECONOMICS AS YOU DO ABOUT WITCHCRAFT...

**WITCHCRAFT?! YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT! DON'T SPEAK TO ME OF WITCHCRAFT! REGA FLEXIS MUR!**

THE MOMENT THE WORDS SPRANG FROM HIS LIPS, THE JUDGE KNEW ALL WAS LOST. HE STAGGERED BACKWARD...THE CROWD WAS SUDDENLY RAISED TO FEVER PITCH... AND THE JUDGE'S OPPONENT FELL **DEAD!**



**GET HIM!**

**KILL HIM!**

**HE'S THE DEVIL'S OWN!**

NOT FAR AWAY, THE JUDGE'S WIFE HURRIED TO THE FRONT DOOR TO ANSWER A FRANTIC KNOCKING...



WELL? WHAT IS IT?

MRS. HARKER, YOU'D BEST HURRY! THE TOWNSPEOPLE ARE DRAGGING YOUR HUSBAND TO THE TOWN SQUARE! THEY'RE GOING TO **BURN** HIM FOR PRACTICING **WITCHCRAFT!**

DEEP IN THE BLACKNESS OF HER HEART, GILDA HARKER KNEW THAT HER REVENGE WAS ALMOST COMPLETE! SHE WANTED VERY MUCH TO SEE THE JUDGE BURN...TO SEE THE FINAL ACT...AND PRETENDING CONCERN FOR HIM, SHE RUSHED TOWARD THE SQUARE...



MY HUSBAND! MY HUSBAND! WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO YOU?!

IN THE SQUARE, THE MOB SURGED UNCONTROLLED! THE JUDGE IS ROUGHLY THROWN UP AGAINST A PILLAR... CORDS WRAPPED HURRIEDLY AROUND HIM...



STOP...OH, STOP! YOU'RE ALL WRONG... ALL WRONG!

**HURRY UP!**

YOU WON'T PRACTICE YOUR EVIL AROUND HERE ANYMORE!

WOOD, GARBAGE, CLOTHING... ANYTHING THAT WILL BURN IS THROWN AT HIS FEET! HIS PLEAS GO UNHEARD, HIS PRAYERS UNANSWERED. THEN, THE KEROSENE...



...AND THE MATCH!

LET ME  
THROUGH! LET  
ME THROUGH!



GILDA HARKER BURST INTO THE FOREFRONT OF THE CROWD AND GAZED WITH GLOATING SATISFACTION AT THE PYRE... BUT TO HER AUDIENCE SHE PRESENTED A DIFFERENT EMOTION...

STOP! YOU FIENDS! HELP  
HIM! DON'T LET HIM DIE!  
HELP HIM!



BUT AS SHE ENACTS HER ROLE, THE FLAMES BURN THROUGH THE BONDS ENCIRCLING THE DYING JUDGE, AND BY SOME REMOTE HAND, HE LURCHES FORWARD, FALLING HEAVILY UPON HIS WIFE...



TOGETHER, IN A FLAMING, TUMBLING MASS, THEY FALL TO THE GROUND. THE SICKENING THUD OF HER HEAD STRIKING PAVEMENT IS HEARD...AND THE CROWD GASPS AND DRAWS BACK AS FROM HER NOW BURNING BODY ISSUE THE DEMONS THAT RULED HER SOUL!



WHEN AT LAST THE FLAMES HAD DISAPPEARED AND THE PEOPLE DREW NEAR THE WARM WISPS OF SMOKE TRAILING UPWARD, THEY SAW THAT THE JUDGE, THOUGH DEAD, WAS BURNED NOT AT ALL, WHILE THE EVIL REMAINS OF HIS WIFE GILDA WERE NOTHING BUT ASHES. IN PROVING HIS INNOCENCE, JUDGE HARKER HAD FULFILLED HIS DESTINY ...AND BURNED A WITCH!



HEE, HEE! **WITCH**  
JUST GOES TO PROVE  
YOU CAN'T TRUST  
**ANYBODY!** SO DON'T  
BURN ANY WITCHES,  
GANG! THE LIFE YOU  
SAVE MAY BE YOUR  
**MOTHER-IN-LAW!**  
HEE HEE HEE!





STEP RIGHT UP FAIRGROUND FEARSTERS....BUY YOUR TERROR TICKET FOR ANOTHER ANIMATED ATROCITY, STRAIGHT FROM THE CAGE OF MY CAPTIVATING, CRINGE CARNIVAL. TAKE THE COTTON CANDY OUT OF YOUR EARS...STEADY YOUR SOCKETS FOR A SHOCK...AND LET'S WATCH A ...

# SIDE SHOW

**HURRY...HURRY...HURRY...**  
SEE THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!  
EACH AND EVERY ATTRACTION WILL  
AMAZE AND ASTOUND YOU...

WATCH...**ADRIAN...THE HUMAN FIRE-BALL**...SEE HIM SCORCH HIS TONGUE...SINGE HIS THROAT AND SEAR HIS MOUTH WITH AN UNUSUAL FEAST!!

MARVEL AT **MAGNUS...THE MAGNIFICENT**...AS HE RETURNS FROM A GRAVE IN WHICH HE IS BURIED...**ALIVE** FOR ALMOST AN HOUR!



**SENSATIONAL...SARNO THE SNAKEMAN!** WATCH HIM WRAPPED IN DEATH...AND BRACE YOUR NERVES FOR HIS FAMOUS...  
"KISS OF DEATH"!

SARNO'S REALLY PACKING THEM IN TONIGHT TINY...THE CROWD IS LOOKING FOR **DANGER**..

FROM WHICH ONE... SARNO OR HIS SNAKE?

THEN...AS THE WINKING NEON MADNESS MINGLED INTO THE SHUFFLING CROWDS...SUDDENLY A WILD SCREAM PUNCTUATED THE WHIRL OF COTTON CANDY CONFUSION....

...ECHOING THROUGH THE FLASHING FANTASY OF THE FAIRWAY!

**SSHREEEEEE**

**HORRIBLE**...LOOK HOW THE BODY'S SHRIVELED UP...WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THAT...MR...MR...

TWO, SMALL HOLES YOU SAY?

NOVAK...LIEUTENANT NOVAK, I CAN'T FIGURE IT...NO SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE...NO VISIBLE WOUNDS...EXCEPT FOR THOSE TWO, SMALL HOLES IN HIS NECK .... STRANGE...

YES...LOOKED TO ME LIKE SOME SORT OF...BITE!

BRRRR...THAT'S COLD! A HICCUP NOW COULD TURN THIS INTO A "STICKY" SITUATION...NO? BY THE LOOK OF "STINGS"...IT'S POSSIBLE SARNO'S SLITHERING SIDEKICK HAS A FEW SECRETS UNDER "WRAPPINGS"?

FUNNY THING ABOUT THE MURDERED MAN... HE APPARENTLY DIED FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. NO TRACES OF POISON WERE FOUND...

POISON...  
YOU MEAN HE COULD  
HAVE BEEN KILLED  
BY A...SNAKE?

TINY...CERTAINLY YOU DON'T THINK  
THAT SARNO HAD ANYTHING TO  
DO WITH IT...DO YOU?

IT'S POSSIBLE BIMBO...THE  
THING THAT PUZZLES ME IS  
...COULD SUCH A SMALL  
WOUND HAVE CAUSED HIM  
TO BLEED TO DEATH?

YOU STAYED DOWN QUITE  
LONG TONIGHT MAGNUS...  
YOU GAVE THE CROWD A  
SCARE ...

THAT'S WHAT THEY COME  
FOR...BUT NO NEED TO WORRY  
...IT TOOK ME YEARS TO LEARN  
THAT TRICK...I KNOW IT  
WELL!

VERY WELL MY MAGICAL  
FRIEND...PERHAPS SOMEDAY YOU  
WILL TELL ME HOW IT'S DONE. BY  
THE WAY...WHAT HAPPENED TO  
YOUR MIRROR?

OH THAT...  
I HAVE NO NEED FOR ONE  
LIEUTENANT...WHY BOTHER  
TO FRIGHTEN MYSELF BY  
LOOKING AT THIS FACE...  
CHUCKLE...

AH...GOOD NIGHT LIEUTENANT  
NOVAK...OR BETTER...GOOD  
MORNING. COME TO MY PERFORM-  
ANCE TONIGHT...I EAT SPECIAL  
DESERT FOR YOU...

**NITRO  
GLYCERENE!**

BETTER  
WATCH THAT  
...YOU DON'T  
WANT TO END  
THE ACT WITH  
THAT KIND OF  
A BANG.... HAHA  
HAHAHA...

FINALLY IN THE SHUFFLING  
MEMORY OF VANISHED  
CROWDS, AN EMPTY FAIRWAY  
SETTLED INTO THE SLUMBER  
OF A PEACEFUL DAWN...



TESSIE HAS FINISHED THE LAST OF HER CHOCOLATES...

...THE LAST FLAMING EMBERS OF ADRIAN'S BURNING BANQUET HAVE GONE OUT...



...AND BIMBO THE CLOWN LIES IN THE GROTESQUE SLUMBER OF A SLEEP FROM WHICH HE WILL NEVER AWAKEN!



FOOLS...WHAT ARE YOU DOING...YOU'RE MAD...STOP...

DON'T TRY TO FOOL US SARNO...DENY THAT YOUR DISGUSTING SNAKE MURDERED BIMBO...MURDERER...!!

MY SNAKE...YOU FOOLS...YOU'RE KILLING MY SNAKE...NOOOO AAAEE!!

WATCH OUT...THE TENT IS COLLAPSING...!!

SOON NOTHING REMAINED BUT THE SMOLDERING STENCH OF ASHES...DRIFTING INTO THE SICK SWEETNESS OF CANDY APPLE CONCESSIONS...

WE DIDN'T MEAN FOR THIS TO HAPPEN LIEUTENANT.

GOOD RIDDANCE TO SARNO AND THAT EVIL SNAKE I SAY...

THAT HIDEOUS SNAKE KILLED BIMBO...JUST AS SURE AS SARNO HAD DONE IT HIMSELF...

REALLY LIEUTENANT NOVAK...IT'S BETTER THIS WAY.WELL...I'D BETTER HURRY...I HAVE TO GET READY FOR MY ACT...

YES...I GUESS SO...OH MAGNUS...DON'T FORGET...YOU PROMISED TO TEACH ME THAT LITTLE SECRET OF YOURS...MAYBE LATER?

YES...WHY NOT...AFTER THE SHOW...COME TO MY TENT...WE CAN HAVE SOME COFFEE...

I WONDER...SOMETHING JUST DOESN'T FIT...THOSE HOLES IN BIMBO'S NECK...AND WHY DOESN'T MAGNUS EVER GO NEAR A MIRROR...MAYBE HE'S GOT ANOTHER SECRET HE'S HIDING...

AH...LIEUTENANT  
...PLEASE COME  
IN. WHAT IS THAT  
YOU HAVE THERE?

OH...I'VE  
BROUGHT  
YOU SOME-  
THING YOU  
SHOULD FIND  
USEFUL...

TELL ME MAGNUS...  
MAGICIANS ARE SUPPOSED  
TO KNOW ABOUT MYSTERIOUS  
THINGS...

YES LIEUTENANT?

THOSE MURDERS...THE WAY THE  
BODIES WERE SHRIVELED UP...ALL  
THEIR BLOOD GONE...AND THOSE  
MARKS ON THE NECK...DO YOU  
THINK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE  
WORK OF...

A **VAMPIRE!!**

REALLY LIEUTENANT... A-  
VAMPIRE... THAT ISN'T  
BEING VERY LOGICAL  
IS IT?

POOR LIEUTENANT  
NOVAK...THINKING I WAS A  
VAMPIRE...CLEVER OF HIM  
THOUGH...USING THE MIRROR...  
BUT ONE VAMPIRE IS ENOUGH  
IN ANY FAMILY...

N...NO...NOT LOGICAL  
...AT... ALL...

BUT THE COFFIN...  
THE BROKEN MIRROR  
...THEN SARNO'S SNAKE  
**DID** KILL BIMBO... I  
WAS WRONG...

...WOULDN'T YOU  
SAY SO...  
**BROTHER!!**

SHORT...NOW THERE'S  
A "DOUBLE EXPOSURE"  
NO FIGURED ON  
"DEVELOPING"...

...SEEMS MAGNUS  
AND HIS TINY TWIN PACK...  
PUT THE "BITE" ON SLIPPERY  
SARNO FOR SOMETHING HE DIDN'T  
EVEN "DUO"...OOPS... BETTER  
"GROW"  
NOW...

**END**



# WE HERE AT WARREN ARE JUST "BUBBLING" OVER ABOUT... UNCLE CREEPY and COUSIN EERIE'S CAULDRON CONTEST

ORDER...ORDER IN THE COURT! THIS **OFFICIAL CONTEST** IS NOW IN SESSION! AWAITING TRIAL WILL BE ALL CONTRIBUTIONS SENT IN BY OUR CAPTIVE CONTESTANTS...SO IF THE DIABOLICAL DEFENDANTS WILL PLEASE RISE...FROM THEIR COFFINS...YOUR JUDICIOUS JESTER OF JUVENILE JUSTICE, **COUSIN EERIE**...WILL ENTER AS EVIDENCE ALL THE FETID FACTS NECESSARY TO REACH A VILE VERDICT. OF COURSE THE USUAL JOLTING JURY OF OGRES AND DEMONS HAS BEEN SELECTED TO DELIVER THE FINAL DECISION...SO... YOUR HONOR IF YOU PLEASE...

HARUMMPH...YES...WELL...UNBELIEVABLE AS THIS MAY "SCREAM"...BEING THE DUTIFUL DUO WE ARE...YOUR BONY BUDDY AND I DECIDED TO ANNOUNCE A STIFF PENALTY FOR YOU INSANE INMATES WHO'D LIKE TO DO A STRETCH IN OUR MAGS. THE ONLY CRIME YOU'LL HAVE TO COMMIT IS TO CREATE AN ORIGINAL STORY FOR OUR CHURNING CAULDRON. YOUR WRETCHED STORY WILL THEN BE INHUMANLY JUDGED...AND IF YOU'RE FOUND **GUILTY** WE'LL SENTENCE YOU TO BE **PENNED** UP IN OUR PALTRY PROSE PRISON FOR A MONTH...OF COURSE WE'RE SO MONSTROUS WE WON'T EVEN PROVIDE ANY **BREAD** OR WATER FOR **WARDEN** OFF YOUR HUNGER PAINS...BUT MAYBE A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION TO **CREEPY** AND **EERIE** WILL FATTEN UP YOUR FAMISHED FRAMES A BIT. SO LET'S GO **CHAIN GANG**...UNLOCK THAT TERROR TALENT

HIDING IN  
YOUR  
CRANIAL  
DUNGEONS  
AND ENTER  
OUR...**"CAULDRON  
STORY  
CONTEST"**

## OFFICIAL RULES for our READERS' STORY CONTEST

1. All scripts must be typed neatly, and should be 6, 7, or 8 pages long when actually drawn by our artists (this means that stories should be about 3 typewritten pages).
2. All series must be original; no adaptations accepted.
3. Subject matter must fall into one of the following categories:

MONSTERS  
SCIENCE FICTION  
FANTASY HORROR  
PSYCHOLOGICAL TERROR TALES

4. Contest closes at midnight, December 15, 1968. All entries must be postmarked before then. Winners in each category will

have their stories drawn and published—and will receive the original artwork, plus a lifetime subscription to both **CREEPY** and **EERIE**.

5. All entries become the permanent property of Warren Publishing Company, and no stories will be returned. Winners will be announced in future issues.
6. Anyone may enter—excepting employees of Warren Publishing Company, its affiliates or their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations.
7. Send your original stories to:  
**CREEPY/EERIE STORY CONTEST,**  
Warren Publishing Company  
22 E. 42nd St.  
New York, N.Y. 10017



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