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BACK ISSUES!!
THE CRYPT OF TERROR


BARGAIN IN DEATH!

MY STORY HAS ITS BEGINNING ON A COOL OCTOBER EVENING IN 1925 IN THEIR ROOM IN THE DORMITORY OF LOGANWOOD MEDICAL COLLEGE. TWO YOUNG STUDENTS SIT DEJECANDOLY, THEIR FACES SULLEN...

WHAT CAN WE DO, WELL, UNLESS WE RAISE SOME MONEY, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY OUR LABORATORY FEES AND WITHOUT THAT LAST COURSE, WE CAN'T CONTINUE WITH OUR STUDIES! DISSECTING THOSE CADAVERS IS REQUIRED FOR ANATOMY CREDIT!
HEH, HEH! NOW THAT WE'VE MET SID AND MEL AND HEARD THEIR PROBLEM, LET'S LOOK IN ON THE SECOND SCENE OF OUR GRISLY LITTLE YARN! THIS IS TAKING PLACE FAR ACROSS TOWN AT ALMOST THE SAME MOMENT. IT'S CRAZY, ALEX! ABSOLUTELY CRAZY! I WON'T AGREE TO IT!

BUT IT WILL WORK, GEORGE! I KNOW! I SAW WHAT THIS OUN CHA DO! WE NEED THE MONEY, DON'T WE?

IT IS A LOT OF MONEY, ALEX! AN AWFUL LOT!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SHOOT THIS STUFF INTO YOUR ARM! IT CUTS DOWN YOUR PULSE AND HEARTBEAT... YOUR ENTIRE METABOLISM TO SUCH A POINT THAT THE BEST DOCTOR COULDN'T TELL WHETHER YOU WERE REALLY DEAD OR NOT! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT AIR! THERE'LL BE ENOUGH IN THE CASKET FOR THE TIME YOU'LL BE IN IT!

THEN, AFTER THEY BURY YOU... I'LL COME AND DIG YOU UP! SINCE I'M THE BENEFICIARY OF YOUR LIFE INSURANCE POLICY, THEY'LL HAVE TO PAY ME THE FORTY THOUSAND YOU'RE INSURED FOR! THEN WE SPLIT IT!

I... I DON'T KNOW! IT SOUNDS GOOD! BUT I'M AFRAID! SUPPOSE SUPPOSE THERE'S A HITCH?
DON'T BE A FOOL, GEORGE. WHAT CAN GO WRONG?

SUPPOSE THE INSURANCE COMPANY SUSPECTS?

HOW CAN THEY? IT WILL LOOK LIKE HEART-FAILURE. I'LL BE AT HOME WITH A PERFECT ALIBI. NO ONE ELSE HAS ANY MOTIVE!

HOW LONG WILL THE EFFECT OF THE DRUG LAST?

THIRTY-SIX HOURS! YOU'LL BE UNCONSCIOUS! I'LL MAKE SURE THE FUNERAL IS RUSHED! THERE'LL BE NO LYING-IN-STATE... NO EMBALMING! IF YOU TAKE IT EARLY IN THE MORNING, AND THEY BURY YOU THE NEXT DAY, I'LL GET YOU OUT THAT NIGHT! THIRTY-SIX HOURS!

SIMPLE? WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY FOR... TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS?

HMM... SEEMS LIKE EVERYBODY'S GOT PROBLEMS! WELL, LET'S HURRY BACK ACROSS TOWN AND SEE WHAT SID AND MEL HAVE DECIDED...

ALL RIGHT, WEL! I'LL DO IT!

ATTA BOY, SID! WE'LL GET OLD GLEM TO HELP US! HE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY!

I'LL AGREE, ALEX! BUT IT'S AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, GEORGE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING! HERE'S THE HYPODERMIC AND THE DRUG! TAKE A FULL SHOT...

AND FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET RID OF THE BOTTLE AND NEEDLE BEFORE THE STUFF TAKES EFFECT! YOU'LL HAVE ABOUT TEN MINUTES!

I'LL BE CAREFUL, ALEX! DON'T WORRY!

SO THAT'S THE SITUATION, FRIENDS! LIKE IT? GOOD! HOW FOR THE COMPLICATIONS? READY? HERE GOES! THE NEXT MORNING, GEORGE'S LANGLADY DISCOVERS HIS BODY...
Alex receives the bad news...

Alex arranges George's funeral

The next day, toward late afternoon, George... under the influence of the drug... is 'laid to rest'...

Wal... fer five dollans... I might?

Pardon me... We're here tomorrow night!

Bring the tools!

The body will be held tomorrow... in the afternoon!

Go! Let's go see Clem! We'll dig up the body tomorrow night!

Wal... I dunno, fellers! Shovin' up a corpse! That's kinda scary business!

We'll make it worth your while, Clem! Say... five dollars?

Sid and Mel find Clem, the rather stupid college handy-man, and explain their plan:

That evening... in their dormitory room.

Look, Sid! We're in luck! Some guy across town died this morning! They're burying him tomorrow afternoon!

Why didn't he have any relatives?

Good Lord, what a shock! I'd better come back with you and make arrangements!

Sob... sob! He... he was such a good man! Such a good man!
After George's casket is lowered into the yawning black pit, the grave-diggers step forward.

G'wan, Zeke! Let's get it over with! It's getting dark!

Sure thing, Hank.

Heh, heh! Won't you be surprised, George, when the drug wears off tonight... and I don't show up!

C'mon, Zeke? Let's get it over with! It's getting dark!

From a distance, Alex, George's best friend and beneficiary, smiles as the soft crawling earth is shoveled into George's grave.

When Alex returns to his rooming house, a stranger is waiting for him...

My name is Fogerty! I'm from Cosmopolitan Life! Are you Alex Lawrence?

That's me!

You are the beneficiary named in the forty-thousand dollar policy of the recently deceased George Arkman...

Yes! Why? Anything wrong?

No! We've examined the certificate of death! Everything seems to be in order!

Well! What do you want to see me about, then?

Why, to present you with your check, Mister Lawrence? Here you are!

Oh! I... I thank you!

Why, to present you with your check, Mister Lawrence? Here you are!

Fifty thousand dollars! Forty thousand! I'm rich! Rich!

As darkness blankets the town and the little drab-looking cemetery, Alex Lawrence hastily packs...
Meanwhile, deep down under the moldy black earth in the cemetery, something stirs! George is coming to...

Givii... Givii... Givii... out?

Can't... Gasp... Gasp... Gasp... last in here?

Where's Alex? Why doesn't he come?

Oh, gooo... gooo... Where's Alex?

Slowly, the gate of the deserted cemetery swings open, its rusted hinges screaming in protest! Three figures enter...

'WON' THIS WAY! I... I DON'T LIKE THIS NO HOW! SH-H-H-H, CLEM, REMEMBER THE FIVE BUCKS!

At that moment, Alex stands on a used-car lot, surveying a shiny blue convertible...

I'll take it! Can I drive it off the lot? Just as soon as we fill out the necessary papers, sir! Will you step into the office?

Later that night, as George lies buried six feet below the cemetery's gravestone bedecked surface...

Gasp... Air... Giving... Out! Can't... Gasp... Last... Much... Longer! Oh, God! God! Where's Alex?

Gingerly, Sio and Mel, the two medical students make their way across the grave-mounds to the Fresh one...

Here it is! Okay, Clem! Start digging! Um-hum!
Down below, George hears a muffled thud, as Clem's spade cuts into the dank soil...

**IT... IT... MUST... BE... ALEX!**
**HURRY... ALEX! HURRY... I'M... SUCCOATING!**

Little by little, Clem's spade gouges out an ever-deepening hole as the minutes tick by...

**JUST A LITTLE DEEPER, CLEM! JUST A LITTLE...**

**Uh-nuh!**
**Hurry... Alex! Hurry... up! Gasp...**

Far across town, the motor of the blue convertible hums as Alex, at the wheel, guides it out of the lot...

**Good luck, Sir! Hope you like the bus...**

**YEAH! THANKS!**

**HE HOLLOW BOOM OF CLEM'S SPADE STRIKING THE COFFIN ECHOES ACROSS THE DESERTED CEMETERY**

**HURRY! PRY OPEN THE LID! HERE! HERE'S A CROW-BAR!**

**Uh-nuh!**

Clem slips the sharp edge of the crow-bar under the lid and presses down! The coffin shudders... then the lid gives way...

**IT'S COMING LOOSE! LIFT IT OFF, CLEM! Uh-nuh!**

George, gasping for air, covered with perspiration, sits bolt upright in the coffin! Clem's eyes widen... as he screams...

**YAAAAAAAAAAAH! GOOD LORD!**
Alex, in his nice new shiny blue convertible, is hitting eighty as he leaves town on the road that skirts the cemetery...

Heh, heh! Hope you're comfortable in there, George!

Suddenly, two figures loom up before him. Scampering along the road...

Look out!

Alex swerves to avoid hitting the frightened, racing students. The car hurtles across the road toward the cemetery fence...

Eeeaaaaaaaaagh!

Later, in a dark corner of a local bar, Sid and Mel compose themselves with several shots of hard liquor...

Lord, Mel! If I didn't see it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it! That corpse actually sat up!

And that poor guy in the convertible! He tried to avoid hitting us and killed himself?

Finally, Sid and Mel return to their room as they open the door...

They said about tonight. The better!

The less I wonder what happened to Glen?

See! I wonder here I am! I been waitin' on you!

Oh, that'll be five bucks, please! That's what you promised me for the body!

Good Lord, Sid! Look! The two medical students stare in horror at the prostrate body of a man stretched out on the floor... Its head crushed from the blow of a crowbar.

Meh, heh! Yep! Old Glen really came across... By George! And Sid and Mel have the stuff they needed! As for Alex... Well... He's pretty blue... From car paint! That's what happens when you get all wrapped up in something... Now, I'll turn you over to my fellow Ghouluna, the vault-keeper, who's waiting to relate his terror-tale! See you later with information on how to obtain back issues from me? It's all covered in my column, The Crypt-keeper's Corner!
THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN HYPOSTIZED? NO? THEN YOU'LL LIKE THE CHILLING YARN I'M ABOUT TO SPIN! IT CONCERNS A HYPOSTIST... HIS WIFE... AND... WELL, WHY NOT COME INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR... PULL UP THAT COFFIN... SIT YOURSELF UPON ITS WORMY Lid... AND LISTEN! YOU ALL KNOW WHO I AM! YEP! THE VAULT-KEEPER! READY? THEN, I'LL BEGIN! I CALL THIS HORROR TALE...

ANTS IN HER TRANCE!

The guests at the dinner-party turned as their wealthy hostess, Mrs. Justine Fleetwood, clapped her hands for attention. Behind her stood a striking dark-haired man with black piercing eyes. Beside him, a nervous, frail-looking woman fidgeted with her necklace.

All right, my friends! If I can have your attention... I have a surprise for you all! I've invited a famous person to entertain... someone I'm sure you've all heard about! This... is Leopold Monetti!

Wow! Exciting! He's the amazing hypnotist!
Leopold Monetti stepped forward and bowed gracefully. Then he turned to the pale woman at his side...

**LEOPOLD MONETTI**

WILL YOU ALL PLEASE FIND SEATS! NOW THAT YOU ARE SETTLED I WILL BEGIN! MY WIFE... HERE WILL BE MY SUBJECT IN THIS DEMONSTRATION! FIRST, I WILL PLACE HER INTO A HYPNOTIC TRANCE ONCE PLACED UNDER THIS SPELL, SHE WILL OBEY MY EVERY WISH! ONLY AFTER I UTTER THE WORDS "SNAP OUT OF IT!" WILL SHE BE REVIVED!

Leopold turned to his frail wife and passed his hands over her face several times. Then he began to stare into her eyes, while mumbling incoherent phrases. Soon, Evette's eyes glazed... her body swayed... THERE! EVETTE IS NOW IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE! HER WILL IS MINE TO COMMAND!...

**EVEETTE'S WAXEN FEATURES BAGGED! SHE BISKED PITIFULLY AND THEN BEGAN TO WIMPEN! THEN EYES FILLED WITH TEARS! THEY SPILLED OVER HER EYES...**

---

**MONETTI TURNED TO HIS WIFE**

---

**EVEETTE’ DRY?**

---

**MONETTI TURNED TO HIS WIFE ONCE AGAIN...**

---

**EVEETTE’ PERSPIRE!**
And now, for my final demonstration! Is there one among you who is either a physician or has a knowledge of medicine? I was a nurse! What? I don't believe it!

Small beads of perspiration gushed from the pores in Evette's sallow face! Soon her entire countenance was shining wet... so at unbelievable! My words! Perspiration! Fantastic!

The lovely young woman who had volunteered came up to the hypnotist and his entranced wife...

Kindly feel my wife's pulse, if you will! I... I feel it! It's rapid... strong.

Do not be alarmed, young lady! I have merely to utter the words 'snap out of it' and my wife will be released from her hypnotic trance and her heart will beat once more!

Well, say it then, for God's sake! Hurry!

Snap out of it, Evette! Nunn! Un! Where am I... oh... thank the Lord!

All right, Evette! Stop your heart! Snapped her pulse! It's stopped! She's dead!

Thank the Lord!
The color returned to EVETTE'S CHEEKS and she moved about the guests chatting gayly. MEANWHILE, LEOPOLD had engaged his voluntary assistant in conversation.

YOU SEE ME WORRIED FOR A WHILE, MISS APPLETON? YES? I WAS!

YOU WERE IMPRESSED, THEN, MISS APPLETON? IT IS MISS?

YES! IT'S MISS APPLETON! OH, I WAS IMPRESSED! VERY, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

Perhaps I can see you tomorrow. Say for lunch? We can talk further... on hypnotism?

Oh, I'd be delighted! Make it twelve-thirty! The blue candle?

The next day, SELMA APPLETON met LEOPOLD MONETTI for lunch! In the dimness of the candle-lit cafe... his eyes bored into hers as he confessed...

I HAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SELMA! LAST NIGHT, WHEN I FIRST SAW YOU... I KNEW IMMEDIATELY! IT TOOK ONLY A MOMENT... LET THEM! I MUST TELL YOU! I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU! YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! EXCITING? DESIRABLE! I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU THE MOMENT I SAW YOU.

But, LEOPOLD... your wife! You... you're married!

And so, a secret love affair between SELMA and LEOPOLD Began! They saw each other often after that. Finally... one night, at SELMA's apartment...

IT CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS, LEO! THIS MEETING SECRETLY. BEHIND LOCKED DOORS... IN DARK STREETS. WHAT CAN I DO, SELMA? EVETTE WOULD NEVER GIVE ME A DIVORCE.

AND IF I WERE NOT MARRIED? WOULD YOU CONSIDER...

I... I DON'T KNOW! I... I LIKE YOU! I... THINK SO? YES! I THINK I WOULD!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MISS APPLETON! I MUST TELL YOU! I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU! YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! EXCITING? DESIRABLE! I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU THE MOMENT I SAW YOU.

But, LEOPOLD... your wife! You... you're married!

And so, a secret love affair between SELMA and LEOPOLD Began! They saw each other often after that. Finally... one night, at SELMA's apartment...

IT CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS, LEO! THIS MEETING SECRETLY. BEHIND LOCKED DOORS... IN DARK STREETS. WHAT CAN I DO, SELMA? EVETTE WOULD NEVER GIVE ME A DIVORCE.
Selma slipped down beside Leopold! There was a wild gleam in her eyes.

If... if she were dead, Leo, we could be married!

It could look like a natural death! You remember how we met? You were demonstrating how you could command Evette to stop her heart...

You were the one who felt her pulse! You thought she was dead?

EXACTLY! Any doctor would have thought so! You remember you assumed me...

I told you that the words 'snip out of it' would revive her! They always do! We've used the same ones for years!

Suppose you used other words? Suppose you 'failed' to revive her?

She'd be dead?

And you'd be free! The police would call it an unfortunate accident! They couldn't prove 'intent'? You'd be broken-hearted?

Yes! Very! I'll do it, Selma!

The next night, Leopold and Evette had an engagement to demonstrate hypnotism! Leopold had made up his mind...

Yes! I feel her pulse! It's very strong!

All night, Evette! Stop your heart!

Good Lord! Her pulse has stopped! Wake her up, man!

Wake up, Evette! I said wake up, Evette!
The police came! The coroner examined Evette.

This woman died of heart-failure! Evette. So... Evette!

Huh, huh! Yes, Leopold was 'broken-hearted'! The police did call it an unfortunate accident! Everything worked out perfectly! The funeral was held a few days later! Evette was laid away... and Leopold was free! After his wife was buried, Leopold went away... to get over it.

Have fun, Selma? It's wonderful, Leopold! But, when can we be married?

We've got to wait a while! It wouldn't look right! We've got to make sure everyone expects! We ought to wait at least a year!

A year? But, Leo! That's such a long time!

They stood before Evette's grave... with heads bowed... suddenly, Selma began to cry... hysterically...

You... you shouldn't have taken me here! I feel ashamed. We're murderers!

Shut up, you fool!

Her, huh! Yes, a year is a long time! Time enough for a woman like Selma to be here to brood! Then, when the year was up, Leopold insisted that they visit Evette's grave... to pay their respects...

But, why, Leo? Why? I don't want to see her grave! I'm afraid!

Don't talk so loud! Someone might hear you! Come on! It's right over there!

The rigid woman did not stir...
Selma began to rave! Her screaming voice echoed across the headstones...

We're murderers! Murderers! Murderers!

Leopold grasped Selma's shoulders, he shook her roughly...

Snap out of it! You're hysterical!

Then they turned to go, as they made their way across the rows of graves, a small fissure appeared in the mound below Evette's tombstone. The grave was cracking open.

Selma reached the cemetery gate. It towered above them... rising twelve feet into the falling darkness... ending at the top in razor-sharp spikes...

A rotted hand, crawling and foul smelling, reached up into the gathering twilight. Leopold and Selma were just disappearing into the dusk.

It's just that I thought it would look good. I didn't think it would break you up like that!

Leopold and Selma reached the cemetery gate. It towered above them... rising twelve feet into the falling darkness... ending at the top in razor-sharp spikes.

Leopold! The gate! Good Lord! It's locked! Chained... and locked!

Suddenly there was a sound behind the trapped couple! The nauseating odor of decay and putrescence burned their nostrils! They turned.

Oh, my! Evette!

God!

The maggott-covered, slimy thing lumbered toward them! Bits of rotted flesh fell from its chalky bones! Blobs of graveyard earth slipped from its moldy clothes! It reached out a decayed hand toward them... passing it before their paled faces.

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner, which follows, the text tells you how to get yours!
Dear "CRYPTY" (Crypt-Keeper)

I know your nickname is "CRYPTY." I wanted to say that I loved the story "Trapped!" in VAULT 10 (I'm not writing good because I'm writing with A PEN THAT DOESN'T HAVE INK!) I loved the line when Marty was all in the attic... and says "IT IT'S LIKE FLY PAPER!" I imagined Marty's voice like a New Orleans type.

Ramiro J Roman
Glendale CA

Oui, y'still? Get some ink, my old eyes aren't what they used to be! —CK

Do you and the Vault-Keeper ever fight? Sincerely,
Chad J Barr
Peachtree City, GA

Sure, we fight—we fight The Old Witch! —OW

I'm the average-sized fan who loves your stories as did my dad when he was a kid. "Judy, You're Not Yourself!" Today definitely ruled. That was the weirdest story ever written. Who wrote it? Do you have any background on it? I also liked the one about the leisure class kids ending up with leprosy. Who's the probe who wrote that one? It was cool and ruled too. Another one that ruled was the one with the poor sister and her brother who turns into a goop. That one was so grim it made Kafka look like Dick Clark. Other than EC, I like the early SPIDERMAN comics. PLASTICMAN is also cool. But if I had to have one thing to say, it would be. "Judy, You're Not Yourself!" Today! As do the Crypt-Keeper. He's a boss and george!

Nat Hirsh
Lakeville, CT

And, I'm gone, besides. Let's see—we're into the second year of EC's New Trend, Feldstein is doing covers only, the art by Wood with no particular reason to believe Harriman was involved; we can assume Feldstein wrote the script at the psychic angle is less mechanical than Feldstein. —CK

How have you been hanging? Probably at the end of a rope, ha, ha. You can print my address

Adam Griesbaum
4871 Cleveland Rd
Wooster OH 44691

Yes, ha-ha. I got more for you; when at the end of your rope, keep your trap (door) shut! —CK

"ABRA CADAYER"

I just got issue #10, and you guys sure didn't disappoint me.
"Drawn And Quartered?": Excellent! Oh and in your painting at the beginning, isn't that the worn-out "By The Fight Of The Silvery Moon!" in the upper righthand corner? The Borrowed Body? Good plot, but not as well-crafted as I would have expected. "Indian Buried Mound" As much as I hate to say it, I couldn't get into this story. This was the first EC story I've ever seen without at least one exclamation point. After reading it, I can understand why "Political Puff!" Not as good as "Drawn And Quartered?" but excellent just the same.

As for "Aбра Cadaver," it's about a doctor whose career is ruined when his brother's cruel practical joke gives him a heart attack. He gets back at his brother by killing him and giving him a voodoo drug to keep his brain alive. He then pretends to cut his brother's brain out as a practical joke. The joke gives the brother a heart attack, and kills him. So, can ya ID it for me? Keep printing my address.

Myron James
RR 4 BOX 141
Rockville IN 47872

I don't have to ID it, 'cause...

About the new CRYPT movie, "Demon Knight," see this film! I give it two (seemed) thumbs up!

I wish people would stop complaining about the HBO show TV and comics are too different mediums and so of course the stories have to be a little different. True, the show goes too far sometimes, but for the most part, I think it is worthy of its title. I can say that you and the HBO CK are the same, after all, if you were an old man in the fifties, by now you would probably be a rotting corpse.

Finally, I have a helpful note for Myron James, who asked in which issue the story "Aбра Cadaver" could be found. You replied that you never ran a story with that title. This is because the story was originally called "Dead Right!" HBO had already used that title with a completely different story. They obviously wanted to use the original story later on, so they changed the title to "Aabra Cadaver." You can print my address.

David Lowery II
1018 Grose PT
Ivy, TX 75061

The question is, who's the plot of the HBO "Dead Right!?" (Our "Dead Right!") ran in CRYPT #37—will be our #21.) —CK

MORE HBO STUFF

Are the covers you use now the same covers that were used on the original comics? Which SHOCK issue will (or has) reprinted "Aabra Cadaver"? I saw that one on HBO and loved it and would like to read it.

Tyler Compton
Folsom CA

Yup, original covers. You'll find "Carrion Death!" in SHOCK 5, which is available from us as a back issue (sent by the great Reed Crandall). —CK

NEXT ISSUE

"I'M SUFFOCATING! THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING! THE BUZZING... I... I... I'M GOING TO DIE!"
I always tape your TV show. My dad loves it and so do I. I watched the Santa Claus one on Saturday night, loved it! I want that one to come on every Saturday night!

Tiffany W  
Stafford, VA

And on tape, it can! —CK

There was a 'Crypt' episode with Larry (L. A. Law) Drake about an escaped mental patient dressed as Santa Claus who terrorizes a winter cabin, which magazine is it in? There was an episode starring Lou Diamond Phillips and Priscilla Presley called "Oil a Well" that Ends Well where can I find it? Why aren't there "Crypt" on videos? I have to watch the crappy reruns that are tinted down? Finally why is the cable show going off? I saw a preview for it in a magazine.

James C Puckett  
Houston, TX

I've been assuming the bogus Santa is from "...And All Through the House..." VAULT 24 (will be our VAULT 24) and "Oil's Well" will be in CRYPT 24 (our CRYPT 18), but also in 64-pg RCP CRYPT 62 available now. The other questions are for cooler heads than mine! —CK

I have CRYPT comics and I watch your show on HBO and FOX, but I like the ones on HBO better because they don't leave the good parts cut.

Jack Conner  
age 12  
St Charles MO

Makes them kinda cruddy, do you think? Or, does it make them more entertaining? —CK

I am very excited about the HBO "Tales from the Crypt" season finale that airs on February 16. You, Murderer! It was a brilliant idea to have Humphrey Bogart "resurrected" for it.

My favorite episodes of your show are "We'll Cooked Hams" and "The Thing from the Grave." Please print my address.

E Brand CYN LN  
Chad Kuszkuns (CK)  
11  
Corin, NY 11727

I am of two minds on comparision 'resurrections;' at least the producers of TV's "Crypt" know the significance of the images they'll be tampering with. Better them than soft drink gurus. —CK

I have collected CRYPT Volume 1 and 2. If you don't really like The Vault-keeper and The Old Witch why do you let those morons be in your comic book? Please print my address. I would like to have a pen pal.

Alexander Orozco  
10501 Sam Miguel Ave  
South Gate, CA 90280

I look as good by comparison! —CK

I love your stories. My and my big brother collect your comics I would like a pen pal

Derek Drake  
631 E Garden RD  
Vineland, NJ

CRYPT 10 was awesome! "Drawn and Quartered" was the best story in the mag! "The Borrowed Body" made no sense to me—how do they switch bodies? 'Indian Burial Mound' was the classic plot man does something mean and dies for it. "Political Pull" was exciting but a little predictable. Please print my address.

Brandon Hendrix  
POB 117  
Broken Bow, OK 74728

I read your comics and watch your shows. I enjoy the blood, gore and murder. I enjoy drawing comics of my own. I have very few friends but the friends I have love CRYPT. Could I be in your fan club?

Dustin (Crypt Jr) Price  
Coushatta, LA

Three of the most vocal fan-groups are: MORNING FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR, S&O Ivy RD, Midvale, UT 84047; THE EC REGISTER, Absor Dean Productions,  
8801 Atlantic AV, Margate City, NJ 08402 and THE INTERNATIONAL EC FAN CLUB, 5817 Colgate ST, Philadelphia, PA 19120.

[CK]

Do you have Crypt POGS? If you do give me some or tell me where they are

Greg Miller  
age 8  
Restertown MD

I had the chicken POGS once. Didn't like it. Off that scratching (darn those chickens). No, you got me. But I show up in the damnest places. Keep lockin'! —CK

Waz up? I was in New York last night around 11:00 and I saw the comic store and I walked out with the first 5 issues just like that! What kind of music do you like?

Keith Elpich  
Upper Montclair, NJ

I assume you paid for these comics before reading/buying. Music in my ears is the ringing of a cash register when you buy EC comics! —CK

I saw the "Tales from the Crypt: Demon Knight" movie last week. It was horrible terrifying, gruesome, disgusting, and nightmare-inducing. I loved it! Please print my address. I would like to hear from other FFTC fans.

Darrell S. Haslett, age 22  
116 W McClure  
Peoria, IL 61604-3380

[Re the CRYPT #1 loco]: What about the wrinkles? Hey, wanna make somethin' of it? Rot long 'n prosper.

Carolyn Hove  
Marion, IL

All I'm saying is if I had snuf wrinkles, I could make a whole 'nother Old Witch! —CK

Why don't you wear your hood like everyone else?

Mark Pleiades  
Ullas, NY

Got not hood, got not hat, got no caulderon, got no beast! Got no sick, got no show, so depressed, my robe is blue! (Ain't you sorry you asked?) —CK

Only getting one EC comic each month wasn't enough. So I decided to subscribe to your others! Are you going to make new stories based reprints? Do you need help with them? I am your man. Print address, I would like a Crypt pen pal.

Zac Gale  
2324 Willard ST  
Seguin, MI 48662

No plans for new material. Be sure your pen has ink (see R. Roman, above)! —CK

NEXT ISSUE

[YES!] NOW WATCH SEE HOW THE VERMULA BINGS ITS FANGS INTO THE FLIP? IT PARALYZES ITS VICTIM

-*Fangtastica!-*
I have set quietly in my dark, amity corner since the Gladstone reprint era. It was content with the EC comics until now. It’s a sad thing, but I can’t stand it any longer. Coming out of the dark, I have come to display just how angry I am at the appalling lettering your other fans write. What a dirty game they play for everyone should know that I am your one and only #1 fan. I bow at your feet and am at your service. Now that I’ve let the world know this I can crawl back to my dark corner and die. Don’t anybody dare challenge me! Thank you

Kristian Mroczko
Whitefield NH

ANOTHER MEDIUM HEARD FROM

I have a surprise for you! I have Tales from the Crypt audio tape called “Have a Scary Little Christmas!” What could it be? It’s so Creepy I can’t find any card at any store. I like the story “Indian Burial Mound” - CRYPT 10. And please print my address.

Patrick Burket
622 S 22nd ST
Terra Haute IN 47803

“Auntie” is in CRYPT #30 will be CRYPT 14 quite soon. How do you get to be Anti-social? Certainly don’t be Uncle “Legs”! Well, I think that was funny.) Get our cards from us, $1.50 per pack ppc.

THEIR FAVE STORIES

I don’t usually read comic books, but I couldn’t resist checking [yours] out. My favorite story was “Drawn and Quartered!” Please print my address so that pen pals can write to me. I am a slightly morbid 16 year old girl and a junior in high school. You’re pretty cool for a dead guy, CK! Jocelyn Spitzer
1906 Rugby Rd
Champaign IL 61821

“Well-Cooked Ham!” Jack Davis has some real talent. Very good and I would recommend it “Medam Bluebeard” One of the best stories I have ever read. The Return Creepy in a way. “Horror Head” I Off. One of the stories I like best are “Lower Berth” Interesting story with a surprise ending. “This Trick Ill Kill You!” Kind of boring in the beginning but then it got better. “The Switch” Another good one by the Crypt-Keeper.

Peter Keppler age 11
Neenahconset NY

My favorite stories are “Lower Berth”, CRYPT “33” “Scared to Death”, CRYPT “37” “I Ain’t Got the Time” CRYPT “10”. Tell the Vault-Keeper that I like “Pearly Death” CRYPT “40”. Tell the Old Witch that I like the tale “Poetic Justice” CRYPT “12”.

Mike Lowenstein age 9½
Newton MA

One of my favorite stories is “Death is Turned”, CRYPT #8. You have my permission to print my address so I can have pen pals.

Orlando Garcia
1729 W Superior
Chicago IL 60622

“Madness at Manderville” in CRYPT 2 and “Bats in my Belfry” in CRYPT 8. Please don’t chop this letter.

Alena K. Ralston
Detroit MI

My favorite comic stories are “Strickholt” and “Dying to Lose Weight!” CRYPT “7” “Daddy Lost His Head!” CRYPT “8” “Scared to Death” CRYPT “9” and “The Irony of Death” CRYPT “10”. My favorite ones on TV are “The Tattoo” “On a Dead Man’s Chest” CRYPT “12” and “What’s Cooking, Doc?” CRYPT “12”.

Matt Smith
Utica NY

WOW!

LOOK AT THIS!

In the 70s, East Coast Comix reprinted 12 EC comics in facsimile form. Certain issues have been harder to get for years now. We have found an EXTREMELY LIMITED quantity of their 3rd thru 10th issues. In addition, issues 11 and 12 are listed here at the same price currently on our mail order form.

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Write to:
CRYPT
Russ Cochran
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS TALES FROM THE CRYPT #28 (#12, FEB/MAR 62)

Cover by Al Feldstein
"Bargain in Death"
"Amanda in Her Trance"
"A-Corny Story"
"The Ventriliquists Dummy"

by Jack Davis
Joe Orlando
Jack Kamen
Graham Ingels
YOU'LL SHUDDER OVER THIS ONE ENS THOUGH YOU MIGHT CALL IT...

A-CORNY STORY

Arnold everette strode down the aisle between the rows of desks that lined his office, glancing from one to the other. He smiled to himself as he noted the occupant of each. Yes! Things were working out fine. There was only one man left. One man to get rid of. Old man Pietro! Arnold stopped before the graying, aged Carlo Pietro's desk and looked down at the gaunt figure.

ER, WILL YOU SEE ME IN MY OFFICE, MR. PIETRO? SAY TEN MINUTES?

Arnold returned to his luxurious private office. He waited impatiently for Pietro's knock!

AFTER A WHILE IT CAME... TWO TUMTUM RAPS!

ARCHD NO HIM ENTER...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MR. EVERETTE?

YES, MR. PIETRO! COME IN! SIT DOWN!
The wrinkled old man sat down nervously! Arnold studied him. He was trembling, his hands... his grim, skull-like face...

I've instructed the cashier. He's not going to let you go... but... why, sir? Did I do something wrong?

No, Pietro! It's not that! It's just that you're too old! I want only young men working for Everette and Son.

But, Mr. Everette! I've been here twenty years! I worked for your father before you!

That doesn't matter. How my father is dead! There is no room for sentiment in business! I want no old men working for me! They're slow. Time is money.

Please! I have no place to go...

Don't you have a family, Carlo?

No! They are all back in Haiti! I left them twenty-five years ago to come to work in America!

Well... why not go back to Haiti? A man your age should retire, anyway!

Perhaps you are right! I only hope that when you are old, you are not treated this way!

Arnold turned away from the wretched old man and glanced into the mirror. Except for a few worry lines across his forehead, he scantly looked his Thirty-five Years...

Don't worry, Carlo! I'll make sure you're not dependent on anyone when that time comes.

Some of us are not as fortunate! You do not have to fear old age.

Not with my dough, Carlo! But... I'm a busy man! You can pick up your check on the way out! Good-day!

Good-bye, Mr. Everette. Perhaps your love of youth, and contempt for old age will change in the future. We shall see!
Carlo Pietro left the offices of Everette and never returned! Arnold hired a young man to take his place, and Carlo was soon forgotten! But several weeks later... in Haiti... where the adirr Pietro had gone...

What do you want with Voodoo, Old Man? Why do you come to me? I want something for one who loves youth too much to teach him a lesson!

The crate stood about seven feet high! Arnold scowled at it...

What shall we do with it, Sir? How in blazes should I know? Plant it, I guess! It's an interesting type of tree in any case? Yes, plant it!

And so, while Arnold Everette watched, his servant dug a hole near the garden wall and planted the weird gnarled dwarf-tree...

It was almost two months after Arnold had fired Carlo Pietro that the crate arrived! Arnold surveyed it on the rear terrace of his palatial estate...

What in the world could it be, Jeeves? Is there a return address? Yes, Sir! It comes from Haiti... a Carlo Pietro sent it!

It says: Dear Mr. Everette, in my native land this tree is worshipped by the uneducated! They believe that it can ward off old age! Knowing how much you despise that inevitable state, I send this variety of oak to you! Perhaps it will help...

Carlo Pietro
Sarcastic Old Codger

What is the native land of this tree? It is worshipped by the uneducated! They believe that it can ward off old age! Knowing how much you despise that inevitable state, I send this variety of oak to you! Perhaps it will help...

Carlo Pietro

And so, while Arnold Everette watched, his servant dug a hole near the garden wall and planted the weird gnarled dwarf-tree...

That's a good spot for it! I can't see it from the house, so I won't be reminded of the ugly thing!
A week went by! The sudden of worry that had shown so heavy on Arnold seemed lighter, somehow! Arnold moved about briskly, and seemed to feel none ephemetic...

Good shot, Evenette! The green now they’re gone!

Arnold found a desire to play golf again—something he hadn’t done for years...

Long! I haven’t played like this since I was thirty!

Even his visits to night clubs and theatres with old flames drew none frequent...

Why, Arnold, you dear! You dance divinely! Think young... feel young!

Not so old, Helen! Remember! Think young... feel young!

Then... one morning Arnold stared into the mirror...

That’s funny! I used to have wrinkles on my forehead and under my eyes! Now they’re gone!

It was that very same morning that Arnold saw the tree! He’d decided to walk to the station and had noticed it as he passed the garden wall...

Why, even the tree Pietro sent me looks nicer! Doesn’t seem as crooked and charred anymore! And the leaves look greener!

Arnold smiled and walked on past life. Certainly was bright and cheerful lately! Prosperly being surrounded with young men at the office did it! Then... some days later...

H’m’m! Face doesn’t look bad this morning! Think I can squeeze by without a shave today!

Arnold was whistling a merry tune as he neared the garden wall. But the tune died to a hush of air through his lips as he spied the tree...

Strange! The tree seems to be straightening up! It looks different! Almost... younger!
The next morning Arnold didn't have to shave again! Or the following morning for that matter... Good Lord! My beard! It's stopped growing!

Arnold didn't go to the office one day; he'd meant to, but a strange desire took hold of him! The afternoon found him in the bleachers along with hundreds of teen-agers cheering for the home team... C'mon, Pee-Wee! Slam it, kid! You can do it!

In fact, Arnold never went to the office again! Somehow, he'd suddenly lost interest... ah, this is the life! The ol' swimmin' hole! Just like when I was a kid!

Except for the curious fact that his beard had stopped growing and his wrinkles had vanished, Arnold had not noticed the horrible change that was taking place! It wasn't until his tailor exploded that he realized something was wrong...

Sacré Dieu! Your suit! It fits like a bag! Impossible! Your measurements have changed!

I'll find employment elsewhere! Sir! Your actions lately... er... force me to resign you... you've been behaving like an adolescent!

Another Jeeves announced that he was leaving... terror crept into Arnold's heart...

I'm an adolescent! Golly! I don't get it; Jeeves! Ah... it won't hang around!

Arnold locked himself in after Jeeves left! He was forced to search through old trunks in the attic for clothes long since packed away to wear child's clothes...

Oh, look! My old electric trains! Gee! I wonder if they still work!

One day, as Arnold scampered about the garden, his hoop rolled over to the wall; it stopped before a young, dully shaped tree... a sapling.

See! That tree! It means something... but I can't remember what!
The next morning, Arno! tumbled out of bed onto the floor. He tried to get up, something was wrong! His short stubby legs wouldn't respond! He crawled all that day...

Near the garden wall, the infant that Arno! had become crawled after an interesting little insect! He stopped before a young green shoot, sprouting from the soft rich earth...

A-WAH... A-WAH... A-WAH... HIC-A-WAH!

That night the deserted house of Arnold Everette was filled with the squalling howls of a hungry baby... crying for its bottle...

A-NOW. Even those cries died away as the morning sun streamed over the garden wall, a golden ray shot downward toward the spot where Arnold Everette... several months before... had planted Carlo Pietro's gnarled and crooked tree! There, on a bare spot of black earth, lay a single object... an acorn!

And soon, ever those cries died away as the morning sun streamed over the garden wall, a golden ray shot downward toward the spot where Arnold Everette... several months before... had planted Carlo Pietro's gnarled and crooked tree! There, on a bare spot of black earth, lay a single object... an acorn!

Near the garden wall, the infant that Arno! had become crawled after an interesting little insect! He stopped before a young green shoot, sprouting from the soft rich earth...

Prett'y Fwover' Nice Prett'y Fwover'

And soon, ever those cries died away as the morning sun streamed over the garden wall, a golden ray shot downward toward the spot where Arnold Everette... several months before... had planted Carlo Pietro's gnarled and crooked tree! There, on a bare spot of black earth, lay a single object... an acorn!

Then. HEN. HEH. WELL. KIDDIES! I hope you see da point of this weird little tale! Which is worse? Growing old or growing young? Arnold can't help you! He's just a bleah... of sunlight... now! Don't forget to read my column, The Crypt-keeper's Corner. For back issues info! Now I'll turn you over to that hag, the Old Witch! 'Bye! Don't forget! Out of the mouths of babes... Hen, Hen!
NEE, NEE ' YEP, IT'S ME—THE OLD WITCH—MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! THIS TIME, FOR THE OFFERING FROM MY CAULDRON, I'VE DREDGED UP A TALE TOLD TO ME BY LARRY DOUGLAS, A THEATRICAL MAN! IT'S IN HIS OWN WORDS, AND HE CALLS IT...

"The Ventriloquist's Dummy!"

IT HAD BEEN YEARS SINCE I'D SEEN CHARLES JEROME! AS I STUDIED HIS PALE, DRAWN FACE I WAS SHOCKED TO SEE HOW MUCH HE'D CHANGED! HIS WARM SMILE HAD DISAPPEARED. IN ITS PLACE WAS A TIGHT GRIMACE! HIS EYES THAT ONCE SPARKLED HAPPILY WERE BLOODY AND BLOODSHOT, ENCIRCLED BY TIRED LINES.

CHARLES! YOU OLD SON-OF-A-GUN! HOW ARE YOU? I'VE BEEN LOOKING HIGH AND LOW FOR YOU!

LARRY! LARRY DOUGLAS! COME IN! COME IN! COME IN!
CRANLED STEPPED BACK AND I ENTERED HIS
HOtel ROOM. I LOOKED AROUND. THE PLACE
WAS BARE EXCEPT FOR AN IRON BED AND A
SOKER CHEST OF DRAWERS. I COULDN'T
BELIEVE MY EYES…

HOW DID YOU
FIND ME,
LARRY?

YOUR OLD AGENT TOLD ME
WHERE YOU WERE LIVING. I...
I DIDN'T KNOW THINGS WERE
BAD WITH YOU, CHARLIE.

CRANLED WOODED I LOOKED
AT HIS RAG. HIS LEFT HAND.
THE HAND M'D USE TO MANIPULATE HIS DUMMY.

RETIRED?
YES, YOU
RETIRED. WHY
CAN CALL IT
THAT.

KEEP YOUR HAND
GLOVED?

CRANLED'S ALWAYS KEPT HIS
'DUMMY-HAND' ENCASED IN A
REALLY WOOLEN MITTEN. I
REMEMBERED HOW I'D RIDDEN
HIM ABOUT IT...

JUST FORCE YOUR LEVERS.

TELL ME, CHARLIE,
DO YOU STILL HAVE
MORTY... YOUR
DUMMY?

CRANLED STARED AT ME FOR
A MOMENT. THEN HIS BLANCE
SHOT ACROSS THE ROOM TO A
BATTERED SUITCASE IN THE
CORNER...

OH, YES. I SEE.
I THOUGHT SO.

DON'T TOUCH THAT

SUITEACE.

I STOPPED IN MY TRACKS. CHARLIE'S VOICE
HAD A WISE PRISNYED RING IN IT.

OF COURSE NOT, CHARLIE.
IF YOU'D RATHER I WOULDN'T
NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO
BUSINESS. I'VE COME TO
OFFER YOU A JOB!

LOOK, CHARLIE! I'M THE ENTERTAINMENT DIRECTOR FOR A BIG
RESORT HOTEL IN THE MOUNTAINS! THIS CAN MEAN A LOT
TO YOU! IT CAN PUT YOU BACK ON TOP. IF THEY LIKE YOU.

WHAT DO YOU SAY? I HAVEN'T
A SPOT FOR YOU NEXT
WEEKEND!

NO! I
WON'T DO
IT! I'M
THROUGH
PERFORMING!
THROUGH!
As I drove back upstate, I kept thinking of Charles Jerome. He'd fallen a long way. I remembered back to those years when he'd thrilled audiences. Had they normals in the aisles...? You know, Morty here were great tonight. You were great, Larry! Charles' always referred to Morty as though it were a real person. Certainly the dummy behaved that way. It was the incredible way Charles used to manipulate it. And... although I used to think it was just a publicity stunt, Charles'd guarded the manipulating hand well.

Why do you always wear that heavy woolen mitten, Charles? My hand's not photogenic! I've got to protect it!

I'd been Charles's agent back in those years. When I'd gotten an offer out in Hollywood, I'd sold his account. That was the last I'd seen of him, although I'd followed his career in the trade papers... Hmmm. What's this? Charles Jerome leaves show after mysterious death of danger on same bill?

I'd heard little about him after that. Then, when I'd taken the job as entertainment director for the White Lam Hotel... We want top-notch, out-of-the-ordinary talent, Larry! I think I know one act you'll like.

I was so busy the next few days planning the mid-week shows that I completely forgot about Charles Jerome. Then on Friday morning, I looked up from the desk to see Charles! You did come! I hope the spot is still open, Larry!

I'd booked the acts I'd needed and then looked up Charles' now. I was driving back to the hotel. The spot still open for the next weekend... Maybe he'll change his mind. I'll give him a little time to think it over.
A bell-hop knocked and entered. Take Mr. Jerome, yes, sir.

Charles’s mittened nano hung at his side. In his other nano he clutched the suitcase containing Morty... his dummy.

That’s good of you, Lanny! I’ll arrange for your room.

I watched out of my office window in the recreation hall as Charles moved down the walk, clutching his suitcase, following the bell-hop. His feet seemed to drag... and he staggered a little.

Poor fellow! Probably took a few shots of liquor to bolster himself. Aw, he’ll be all right. Just as soon as the curtain opens!

Charles came out on the stage with Morty seated in the crook of his right arm. There was some scattered applause from those who remembered the great man in his prime. Morty seemed to eye the audience, looking from face to face.

Isn’t he cute? He looks so real! Like a live boy!

Suddenly Morty stopped. His glance had fallen upon a rather attractive young woman seated near me. He winked slyly... and quipped... I’ll see you tonight, honey... after the show.

That night, since it was a weekend, the recreation hall was jammed! The show moved along smoothly! Then it came time for Charles’s act. I saw him standing in the wings holding Morty... his familiar dummy... as the announcer introduced him... and now for his first performance anywhere, after ten years of retirement... the world famous ventriloquist... Mr. Charles Jerome... and Morty!
It was the perfect thing to say! The audience howled! You know the crowd that frequents a resort like that. Women or vacationers looking for rich husbands, or wealthy wives? It always ends up like a rat-race... with everyone lying to everyone else! Anyway... they loved Charles and his dummy.

So, Mr. Jerome? You know a better way to study astronomy?

They're a scream!

I moved down the walk to the cottage. Back at the hall, the guests were pouring out of the exits. Their laughter drifting across the night air toward me. I could hear Charles's name referred to in the gagle of conversation.

They liked him!

The cottage door slammed behind me and silence closed in as I stood in the semi-darkness. I looked down the corridor at the six doors...

Now, which one is Charles's?

I stood outside the door for a moment, listening to the ravings.

Good Lord! He's out of his mind! He's fighting with that dummy of his over the girl in the audience.

I crossed the telling stopped abruptly. I heard a short whimper and then Charles opened the door. His eyes were red as though he'd been crying.

I... wanted to congratulate you, Charles! The audience loved you!

TH... thank you, Larry! I... I'm tired! I must go to bed now... so I won't invite you in!

Suddenly, the blood froze in my veins. Voices exploded from behind one of the doors! Loud voices heated with anger. Charles, using his normal voice, was arguing with himself using Morty's voice.

No! I heard! I heard! Hell! I'll not going to let you! You're too weak to stop me!

Mr. Jerome? Why, he left the hall as soon as he came off-stage! Oh? Re must have gone back to the entertainers' cottage!

After the show, I went backstage to congratulate Charles on his wonderful performance. He'd outdone himself! He'd manipulated Morty better than ever before...

He'd outdone himself.
Charles closed the door, and I stood there feeling foolish. I shrugged and returned to the 'Reg' Hall! There was some work I had to do before I could go to bed. Later as I sat at my desk:

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEAHHHAAH!

What was that?

My God! A woman! She's dead! Ripped to pieces... as if she'd been attacked by small sharp-toothed animals! By... rats!

Good Lord!

It was the same woman that Charles' had Morty quip to. I thought of the danger that had died the same way ten years before. I rushed to the cottage and flung open Charles' door.

Charles! He's gone!

The suitcase containing Charles' dummy sat on the floor in the corner. I moved toward it. I had to see! I threw back the lid... what the... the dummy has no head!

I stared down at the headless ventriloquist's dummy? I couldn't understand it. Then I saw other things in the suitcase.

Make-up! The suitcase has make-up in it!

A shout from the hotel kitchen drew my attention. I rushed across the grass and onto the porch. The chef stood wide-eyed... waving his arms.

What happened?

He take my cleaver! He steal my cleaver that ventriloquist!

I looked around. A mitten lay on the floor at my feet. I picked it up. It was covered with blood. Suddenly I heard Charles' voice behind some bushes.

Charles!

I'm going to get rid of you... once and for all... you... hideous fiend! You little beast!
I'm free... for.

I'm rid of you.

Charles pitched forward and fell.

Charles had been severed at the wrist; instead of a left hand, a macabre head and down foam.

It's wicked eyes and the Sedan to talk.

I became a ventriloquist.

I tied a crude tourniquet on Charles's wrist and rushed off. When I got back, Charles was dead. He'd been torn to shreds.

I'm not quite dead...

It attacked its own head, developed a ventriloquist dummy.

It's over. It's over. It's over. It's over.

I was a child that explained the real. It's a ventriloquist dummy.

Charles had been severed at the wrist; instead of a left hand, a macabre head and down foam.

It's wicked eyes and the Sedan to talk.

I became a ventriloquist.

I tied a crude tourniquet on Charles's wrist and rushed off. When I got back, Charles was dead. He'd been torn to shreds.

A Dia. They've destroyed each other!

We're all dead... we're all dead...
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