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Artie's step-father slammed the closet door and turned the key! From within came the muffled wails of the boy's pitiful crying...

And you'll stay in there, young man, until I decide to let you out!

P-P-Please, Daddy! Don't lock me in again! I'll be good. Sob. Sob! Please. I promise.
Behind Artie's angry step-father stood a snail-looking, sad-faced woman! She shook her head... "Poor Artie!"

Samuel Shicken turned and stamped out of the tiny apartment, through a curtain-tained doorway, into the butcher shop in the front...

Sam never heard his wife's objection! He swung open the huge meat-refrigerator door and stepped inside! In the apartment behind the stone, Lily Shicken stared at the locked closet door, listening to her son's quiet whimpering...

She shook her head... her eyes filling with tears...

You... you shouldn't. Sam! You shouldn't lock him in there every time he's bad! It frightens him! It isn't right!

"Mind your own business! I know what I'm doing!"

Then Antie's cryings stopped! Silence closed in around Lily! The only sound was the hum of the electric meat-slicing machine in the shop, as Sam prepared an order of chopped-meat! Suddenly, Antie giggled...

Tee-hee eee-e!

He... he's laughing! The little scoundrel! He's not afraid at all!

Lily shrugged and returned to her housework. From time to time she would stop and listen. From the closet, she could hear Antie's muffled whispers and an occasional chuckle...

Listen to him! He's talking to himself! He's playing in there!

After a while, Antie's step-father came in from the shop and unlocked the door! As the light streamed into the closet, chasing the darkness behind the hanging coats and piled boxes, Antie slinked up! He sat in the corner on the floor... smiling...

All night! Set up! Set out! I have an order from you to deliver!

"Yes, Daddy!"

Samuel Shicken turned and started toward the front! At the curtainned doorway, he looked back! Antie was standing outside the closet, waving his chubby little hand and whispering into the cluttered enclosure...

"Bye! I hope I see you again!"

ARTIE!
Artie moved toward his stepfather, his curly little eight-year-old head bowed. Sam Bridger glared down at him.

Who in blazes were you talking to, just then?

Well, cut it out! Here! Yes, take this order over to Mrs. Rafferty and don't stop to talk to the other brats on the way!

Artie curled his arm around the spongy soft bag of meat, and skipped out the door. His step-father shouted after him.

You've got to clear the chopping block when you get back, so hurry up!

Where were you? You've been gone for over an hour! You stopped to play, didn't you? Didn't you?

Yes, Daddy! The kids asked.

That's exactly what I'm going to do! You'll learn to be obedient yet, young man!

Yes, Daddy!
YOU KNOW WHAT A BUTCHER'S CHOPPING BLOCK IS, DON'T YOU? IT'S THAT LITTLE TABLE ABOUT THREE FEET SQUARE AND A FOOT OR SO THICK THAT THEY CHOP THE MEAT ON! AFTER A BUSY DAY, IT'S PRETTY MESSY! THEY WASH AND CLEAN IT TO SCRAPE THE BLOOD STAINS AND IMBEDDED MEAT WITH A WIRE BRUSH UNTIL ALL TRACES ARE GONE! IT'S A TOUGH JOB FOR A MAN, LET ALONE AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD!

AFTER AN HOUR OR MORE, ANTE FINISHED THE BACK-BREAKING TASK OF SCRUBBING THE BLOCK, AND ENTERED THE APARTMENT BREATHELESS...

OKAY, DADOT! "YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, MANTHA!

I'M FINISHER, DADDOT! ARE YOU GOING TO PUT ME IN THE CLOSET, NOW?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND WITHOUT SUPPER, TOO!

I'M GOIN' OVER TO ED'S TO PLAY CARDS! YOU CAN LET 'IM OUT A WHILE! BUT REMEMBER WHAT I SAID! NO SUPPER!

SAM STARED OUT THROUGH THE CURTAINED DOORWAY...

BAH! RE'S PUTTING ON AN ACT! RE'S TRYING TO KID US! HE'S SCARED STIFF!

I'M GOIN' OVER TO ED'S TO PLAY CARDS! YOU CAN LET 'IM OUT A WHILE! BUT REMEMBER WHAT I SAID! NO SUPPER!

THE KID'S CRAZY!

THEY LISTENED FOR A MOMENT! ANTE WAS WHISPERING TO HIMSELF BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR! THEN HE SIGGLED...

SEEN WHAT YOU'VE DONE, SAM BRICKER? SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE? LISTEN TO HIM! HE TALKS TO HIMSELF! HE LAUGHS IN THERE! SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THEM...PUNISHMENTS?

SAM! PLEASE! RE'S A SPOILS BOY! RE NEEDS HIS MEALS!

HE...RE DIDN'T CRY! HE...RE SEEMED TO WANT TO BE LOCKED IN!

HE'S PUTTING ON AN ACT! RE'S TRYING TO KID US! HE'S SCARED STIFF!

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THE KID'S CRAZY!
Lily listened for the tinkle of the bell as Sam went out through the butcher shop. Then she turned to the closet. Inside, Artie was still chattering away in low tones. Lily tried to make out what he was saying...

Gee... no! Not that! Um...uh! Gee! He isn't... That bad. Hum? Oh, that'd be okay I guess...

Artie gasped! Then he hushed his imaginary playmate! His mother unlocked the closest door and swung it open. Artie sat cross-legged on the floor, head up, as her eyes...

Y... yes, my mother! You... you must be hungry, dear. Come out! I'll give you something to eat!

Artie peeked out of the closet... about the tiny apartment...

Is he... Daddy around? No! He's gone! But you're not to tell him I fed you... understand?

Lily placed the glass of milk and jam-covered bread before her small son. She sat down opposite him, studying his face as he gulped his food...

Antie! Who do you talk to in the closet? Hum? Oh! You mean...

Yes! Who is it? Someone you made up? Uh... uh! Nope! He's real! He lives there... in the closet!

Artie peeked out of the closet... about the tiny apartment...

Real? Now, Antie! Isn't he just in your imagination? Um... uh! Nope! He wants to punish Daddy for punishing me! Nozir! He likes me!

What's his name? Nozir! He wanted to do something terrible to Daddy! I wouldn't let him!

Antie! My baby! But I said it's okay if he pushes Daddy so's he falls down and hurts himself a little. That's okay, isn't it, Mommy?
Lily stared at her son...her eyes filling with tears! Poor Artie! Sam had hurt him by locking him in the closet and hitting him badly! Suddenly, the tinkle of the store bell startled her! She jumped up.

"It's your father! If he catches me feeding you..."
Suddenly the butcher shop beyond the curtained door was filled with a blood-curdling scream...

It was difficult for Sam Bricker to do his work in the days that followed, lopping off the last joint of a finger can be quite painful. Of course, he was grimmer than ever....

It was about a week later that it happened. Sam had sent Lily off to a movie that night. He'd lost his temper with Artie...
When Lily came home late that night, as she opened the shop door, she heard Artie crying hysterically in the closet.

Artie: "My baby! My baby!"

She ran to the closet and opened it! Artie looked up at her with tear-filled red eyes.

I tried to stop Hozir. Sob... sob! He wouldn't listen!

What happened, Darling?

Daddy hit me! It made Hozir angry! Hozir said he'd do it this time! I couldn't stop him!

DADDY HIT ME! IT MADE HOZIR ANGRY! HOZIR SAID HE'D DO IT THIS TIME! I COULDN'T STOP HIM!

Suddenly Lily heard the humming... the humming of a motor...

Hozir said: Sob... said he was going to do the terrible thing! And then I, he and Daddy screaming.

IT'S THE MEAT-GRINDER, MOMMY! HOZIR PUT DADDY IN THE MEAT GRINDER!

Good Lord!

Lily rushed to the meat-refrigerator! The meat-grinder was on and humming below it. On the frosty floor, was a huge pile of raw chop-meat...

I, I... tried to stop him, Mommy! Hozir was angry... awful angry!

MEM, MEM! YEP, KIDDIES! THAT'S THE STORY! HOZIR MADE MINCE-MEAT out of Artie's step-daddy! Well, he wasn't much good, anyway! He only married Lily to get the dough to open the butcher shop! The dough that Artie's real Daddy left them! Of course, Sam never intended to end up so... so involved in his work! By the way, next time you eat a hamburger, don't look too hard! You might find a gold tooth in it... Sam's! And now, I'll turn you over to the vault-keeper... see you later!
Clint Action made his way nervously down the dark winding street of the little Greek seaport town. From time to time, he would stop in the shadows of a doorway, listening for the sound of footsteps behind him. He was being followed—he knew that! They'd trailed him to the waterfront area. They were not on his heels! He wiped his pencil-like face, gasping for breath...

I've got to get away! I've got to get out of this country. But how? Who can I turn to?
FOOTSTEPS CLACKED ACROSS THE ROAD THAT RAN ALONGSIDE THE WHARVES...


NICK! THAT'S IT! HE COULD GET ME OUT OF THE COUNTRY BY BOAT!

CLINT LOOKED AT HIS WATCH: IT WAS THREE-FORTY! SOON IT WOULD BE SETTING LIGHT AND THE FISHERMEN WOULD BE COMING DOWN TO THEIR BOATS! HE'D LOOK FOR NICK THEN! CLINT LIT A CIGARETTE AND BEGAN PUFFING IT! HE LAY BACK, HIS HEAD ON THE SKIFF'S STERN-SEAT, AND SMILED.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS CLACKED OVER THE COBBLED STREETS... THEY WERE GETTING CLOSER, NOW! HE HAD TO HIDE! LATER, IF THEY DIDN'T FIND HIM, HE'D LOOK FOR NICK...

CLINT HELD HIS BREATH AS THE VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS DREW NEAR... HE COULD HEAR THEM RESISTATE OVERHEAD ON THE WHARF, TALKING TO EACH OTHER IN LOW TONES! A FLASH OF LIGHT STREAMED IN THROUGH A TINY HOLE IN THE TARPALIN, AND CLINT KNEW THEY WERE COVERING THE PIER AND ITS BOATS WITH A FLASHLIGHT...

NICK'S MY ONLY HOPE! HE'S THE ONLY ONE I CAN TURN TO! I WONDER IF HE STILL HATES ME OVER WHAT HAPPENED TO ESSIE?

CLINT'D MET ESSIE RIGHT THERE IN THAT SEACOAST TOWN ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO! HE'D RAN INTO A TOURING CAR IN ATHENS AND CROSSED OVER TO THE WATERFRONT JOINTS AND THEN HE'D SEEN HER! THE CHEAP TWO-BIT BAND HAD ALMOST DROWNED OUT HER VOICE, BUT THE SPOTLIGHT'D REVEALED ALL THAT CLINT'D SEEN INTERESTED IN...
After her sons, Essie'd come to Clint's table...

I... I received your note!

So I see! Won't you sit down?

Even in that smoke-filled dive, Essie'd looked like a Hollywood movie star. You're an American aren't you?

Yes! Is my Greek that bad?

No! You speak it quite well! It is your clothes that is row I can tell!

You're a clever girl, Miss... miss. er. what is your name?

It is a very long, very hard name to pronounce! But you can call me Essie!

My name's Clinton Ashton! Call me Clint! Would you have lunch with me tomorrow, Essie?

I... I don't know! I don't think so! If Nick were to find out.

Rick? Who's Rick? Don't tell me you're married?

Not as yet! Rick and I are engaged! We're to be married as soon as he has paid off the boat.

The boat? Oh your boyfriend's a fisherman?

Yes' and very jealous! He has insisted that as soon as we are married, I stop working!

But you're not married yet, Essie! I still have a chance!
That night, Clint 'o checked in at the town's only hotel. As he'd undressed for bed:

"She's a cute barge! This is going to be fun!"

She'd always been with the inheritance he'd gotten from his wealthy father, Clint'd taken to traveling around the world making 'conquests'. Essie was to be just another name on his already lengthy list! The next day:

"Essie! So you did come?"

"Yes! I know I shouldn't have, but..."

They'd gone for a drive. He and Essie. They'd driven out of town and up into the mountains where they'd be safe from prying eyes.

"Please, Clint! I hardly know you! Please!"

"You know all there is to know, Essie! You know that I love you! Let's not fight it!"

Just before the careening car plunged over the embankment, Clint'd jumped clear! Essie went down with the car, spinning down and down.

It'd been as easy as that! Clint had a way with women. He knew it. In fact, Essie'd been a pushover! But she'd been pretty than most, so Clint'd hung around longer than usual. Then one day, coming down the mountain from one of their daily drives:

"The brakes! They won't hold! The car's out of control!"

She'd been badly hurt. Clint'd gotten away with a few scratches. That night, Clint'd met Nick for the first time! He'd gone to Clint's hotel room...

"Look, Nick! I'm sorry about what happened to Essie! I tried to stop the brakes!"

"She will be disfigured for life, Mr. Ashton! Her face has been gashed and broken..."
"Yes, I know, Nick! I spoke to the doctor! But... why did you come here tonight?"

You, you will marry her still, eh, Mr. Ashton? This will not make a difference?

Marry her? Don't be a fool, Nick! I never intended to marry her!

What? But she told me... when she gave me back the ring! She said you'd talk about it!

Talk is cheap, Nick! Besides, I'd be a fool to marry her, now!

Then you never loved her, eh? This was just... a game with you?

That's right. Nick! Just a game! Now the game's over. Called because of rain! And I'm hittin' the road!

You are no good, Mr. Ashton!

I will... if she will have me!

Marry the girl yourself, Nick!

That's what happened! Clint hopped a train north... out of Essie's and Nick's lives! Now, Clint wondered what Nick would say when they met! Overhead, the sky was lightening! Dawn was coming up.

It's getting light! I better start lookin' for Nick!

Clint combed the waterfront searching the sleepy faces for Nick! Finally he spotted him, working over the engine of his small but sturdy-looking craft.

Yes, Rick! It's me! Clinton! Ashtor! I'm in trouble, Nick! Bad trouble! I need help! I've got to get out of this country!

A woman! Again, Mr. Ashton?

Get, that kid and go!
Soon the little fishing vessel's engine began to sputter, then hum reassuringly. Below deck, Clint felt the craft begin to move away from its wharf and out into the rolling sea...

Soon, the fishing vessel's engine began to sputter; its hum reassuringly below deck, Clint felt the craft begin to move away from its wharf and out into the rolling sea.

'How much? I've got one thousand Lira with me, but I can raise more!' "It will be enough, Mr. Ashton! Get below, before someone sees you!"

Is it safe to come up, Nick? All night row, Mr. Ashton!

The boat rolled and pitched, moving forward through the choppy sea...

'Is it good of you to do this for me, Nick? After what happened!' 'What's done cannot be undone, Mr. Ashton!'
Clint stood there on the white sand, watching the boat disappear over the horizon. Then he turned.

Two pasty-faced men stood before him. One of them extended a lumpy hand. Nick took it and they shook hands warmly.

"Welcome, my friend! Welcome to the island of Sirba!

Hello! My name's... Clint. Uh, what did you say?

Come, everybody. We have a new addition to our society!

'Huh, huh! And there's no getting away from it either, Clint! That's why Nick said he's never coming back for you! You got it, kid... Leprosy, that is! Sure! Didn't you shake hands with 'em? Didn't they touch you? Come, come, Clint! No use going to pieces right away! You will... in due time, anyway! And now, kiddies, I'll turn you back to the crypt-keeper!

'Bye! See you next in my own mad, the vault of horror!'
THE CRYPT-KEEPER’S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi
Publisher—Ruse Cochran

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I really like the story in CRYPT #11 "Well-Cooked Ham!" —
I guess what goes around comes around
Orlando Garcia
1729 W Superior
Chicago, IL 60622

Especially on a rotisserie

In CRYPT #10 you made a mistake. Under your "IAHF" column you said I was from Texas! Caught you!
CRYPT #10 was a good issue. "Bargain in Death!" was an excellent story. Said it all - "The Ventriloquist's Dummy!" was a good story. I really liked the end.
John Brown
Harriman, TN

I like what you look like on the show better than in the comic. I like dead zombies better than living people. How come the Old Witch looks the oldest?
James Franco
Agawam, MA

That's what I need — leading questions! — CK

Once or twice on your show you referred to your pet named Scab. What exactly is Scab? And how might one day become an accomplished GhoulLunatic like you? Your willing minions of the darkness.
James Farr, age 15
Owasso, OK

Scab is a crusty old devil, hired during the astra' strike.

Though I'm not a fan of comics, I love all the ECs (except WEIRD SCIENCE and FANTASY). In France it is very difficult to find some of it or they cost too much. In addition we cannot get back issues.
I have known "Tales from the Crypt" by TV show today but prior to the comics. I'm a new fan! Tell me how I can get your [comics]. Does a catalogue exist?
To the Crypt-Keeper: You are bad, very bad! And I love you! You are better than Asterix & Obelix. I love your concept.
David Giles
Montreuil, France

All back issues are available, check the end of the column. Order lots at once and minimize shipping costs. Better than "Asterix"? Wow! — CK

What comic book is Demon Knight in? Do you know anything about a fan club? What comic book is "Split Personality" in?
Now I want to tell you about my lingerie nails. I paint them black in honor of you. I also have blood red lipstick.
Tegan Prieto
Cowpena, SC

Demon Knight in an original EC comic. They made him up. "Split Personality" is in VAULT #30 (will be our #10). (Blood red lipstick is better than lips sticky with red blood—or is it?) — CK

I am writing because in your last issue there was a letter from someone using my name. I was not amused. I have disposed of the impostor. Anyone else who attempts it will suffer the same fate. There is only one Demon of the Dark and it's me!

Dark Demon

Who is the Dark Demon? Is he some kind of EC joke?!
Please print my address
Pete Amell, age 10
Washington, NJ 07682

We're not sure who he is, but we'll figure he's not to be messed with! — CK

I've been collecting all the EC horror comic books and I have exactly 40 issues. I've also looked through other comic books some lesser known titles by DC and other stuff but nothing else has quite the unique original creative eye-catching innovative writing or art styles as EC. EC has got to be the most worthwhile entertaining get-all-your-money's-worth comic around.
Audrey Sheehan
address unknown

1. Did Berni Wrightson draw some stories for EC? 2. Who is the creator of The Crypt-Keeper?
Marc Gras I Cots
Barcelona, Spain

EC predates Wrightson by 15 years, but Berni's work owes much to Ingels' EC stuff. I guess I'm 50% Gaines, 50% Pedstein—and all-boy! — CK

MORE HBO STUFF

Thanks to David Lowery II for shedding some light on this whole "Asterix Cadaver" mystery. And I have to agree with Chad Kushins. "You, Murderer" was totally slammimg! Also if anyone wants to buy some "Crypt" cards, I've got quite a few packs so get in touch with me.
Was HBO's "The Man Who Was Death" based on "A Shocking Way to Die" in CRYPT #6?
Please continue to print my address and if anyone out there wants to buy some cards, just to hang out via mail write to me
Myron James
RR 4 BX 141
Rockville 1N 21772

We've seen only one HBO episode ("The Reluctant Vampire"), but assume "Men" was based on the story of the same name in CRYPT 1. — CK

If you want you can put me in your comic. I always wanted to be a vampire or a zombie. I send you my picture so you know what I look like. But don't show it to anyone else! Please print my [address]
Dominik Zakrzeski
61-27 56 RD
Maspeth, NY 11378

I looked at your picture—maybe you should try out for ghoul! — CK
I really enjoyed CRYPT #11, the artwork by Joe Orlando in 'Madam Bluebeard' was, in my opinion, some of his best 'Return' was a good story. Wasn't there a story called 'Return’ in one of your sci-fi comics?

A few things I noticed in this issue: You completely left out all of the greetings such as “Dear Crypt-Keeper” I guess this was because you received many letters and had to make room. Also, I noticed that you now are publishing at a different place. Please print my address.

Brandon Hendrix
POB 117
Broken Bow, OK 74726

A “Return” was in W SCI 6 (and a “Return Slow” in CRIME 23, a “Round Trip” in W S-F 8, and a complete turnaround in “Reformation” in 2 PIST 11). —CK

Whaddaya hear whaddaya say? I just put down Tales from the Crypt #12 and all I can say is “Wow!” I’m impressed! Agent

“A-Corny Story” had to be my favorite. I don’t know why. I wasn’t as spooky as the others — maybe because you were the narrator. Crypt!

How about making another EC title that adapts your Saturday morning cartoon? Please? Pretty please? Ugly please? Please print my address (don’t give it to Professor van Helsing, though, Hal!). And doubt then never, “Blood is thicker than water and fasten, too!”

Tony Martinez
6041 S. California AV
Chicago, IL 60628

I love your comics! My mom isn’t too crazy about you, though I’m a big horror fan. I watch DArk SHADOWS and stuff like that.

[Your] TV shows are okay, but nothing can match the original stories. The movie that was made back in 1972 is dumb! You see, Patrick Burke at that Mike Miller said it was dumb!

I would like to ask you if you could give me some tips for a book I’m writing — it’s about 5 strangers that try to fight off zombies that are attacking New York City. So far, the book isn’t scary.

Could you give me some ideas on how to make my room look like yours?

Mike Miller
Middletown, PA

Sure! Dust your room weekly, I use two buckets of dust.

In the original ’Crypt’ movie (1973), what is the title of the story that stars the great Peter Cushing as old Arthur Grimadyke, and in which issue does it appear in? You may print my address.

Alan Raines
22 Fowlerwood RD
Sacramento, Durham
OH 43988 ENGLAND

According to my notes (made in the dark!), that’s “Poetic Justice!” from HAUNT 12. They changed the names to protect the guilty. —CK

I must say I was overjoyed with this issue of CRYPT. If it’s the only issue — No! Make that the only comic I’ve ever read all the way through and been totally satisfied with every single story! Please print my address (Ever notice that the Crypt-Keeper’s mummy in “Lower Berth” looks just like the HBO Crypt-Keeper with black hair?). Freakingly yours.

Myron James
RR 4 BOX 141
Rockville IN 47872

Watch for the ‘Berth’ announcement in our CRYPT 17 (or jump the gun and get GLAD CRYPTO 1). —CK

HBO a ‘Abra Cadaver.’ That show has changed many of the stories to the point where they have absolutely no resemblance to the original story whatsoever. In some cases such as “Three’s a Crowd,” I think that HBO actually improved on the original story. But in other stories it seems like someone big ego just got in the way of us getting to see a good story. But as far as I know, “Abra” is the only story where they changed the title in terms of plot this story most closely resembles the story ‘Dead Right!’ from CRYPT (original EC) #7, which will be your number 21.

Warren Standifird
Broken Bow, CA

Will there ever be any [HBO “Crypt”] episodes released on video? Due to my unfortunate financial crisis I was forced to cancel my cable TV. If you print my letter (you have my permission) I will give you my firstborn child—or a check for five bucks.

Elise Recke
Gilbert AZ

I hate to pass up moos, but I don’t know. Readers? —CK

I’m writing this letter in regards to your HBO “Crypt” cards. You see, I’m missing card number 25 from my collection. If you have any information on this I would really like to know! Enough about your cards and more about your comics! They are simply wonderful just like the old Vault-Keeper’s tales! Your covers are great and bright and full of detail! Jack Davis is the best (at least I think) at drawing you. Al Feldstein is great at drawing corpse’s faces and bodies! Kamen is all the best I think. Your fan and reader.

Grant Smith, age 11
Stamford, CT

I think you are an extremely sexy zombie. The only thing I don’t understand is that you look different on TV (even sexier!).

One more thing ALIEN and PUMPKIN HEAD, have nothing on you. I am free for a date anytime. I’m looking for an older man zombie with lots of money! I AM a female so don’t get nervous.

Tomorrow is Mardi Gras. So “Happy Mardi Gras!” from New Orleans.

C Delaune 21
Marrero, LA

You are a female; that’s what makes me nervous! A date in New Orleans would make being a zombie worth it (oh, that seafood!). —CK

I also heard from:

Denny Esping
4231 Benson BlvD
Bensalem, PA 19020

Dave Kelly
210 N Heritage Dr
Molino, IL 60447

Joan Larsen
address unknown

Derek McKearin
Address unknown

Chas (Pog) Pekley
Address unknown

Darren Saldana
Pueblo, CO

Jonathan Smith
Houston, TX

Derek Steed
Atlanta, OH

Renée Witte
Tempe, AZ

Andrea Witting, age 9
Jackson, NY

You are always welcome to write to me!

Jeffrey Jones, Jr. ("print my address")
I am po'd at Taras Barazowsky who wrote to you guys complaining about CRYPT #10. So what if the ending of your story "Political Pull" was unrealistic? Half of your stories are but they're still good. A true CRYPT fan would bite the lip and stand by their comic knowing that some stories are good and some stories are bad. It is true that everyone is entitled to their own opinion and this is mine. The next time somebody has something bad to say about your guys they can write to me (please print my address). My friends agree with me and so does my family.

Rosalia Ertl
7 Park St
Shortsville NY 14548

Your movie, DEMON NIGHT, kicked but! I liked the part where he * I saw it the first day it came out, at the movies. Everyone kept on clapping at a cool part! I want to know why it wasn't scary. I thought the movie was funny! I also got HAUNT #10. I liked "Bum Steer!" I have a CRYPT-Keeper doll and I put a bandana on it so it would look like me.

name unknown
address unknown

* deleted "cause it grossed even US eight!

Why not get a troll doll and put a BANANA on it so it'll look like The Old Witch! —CK

The first thing I do when I get a new issue is look at the letter column or 'Crypt Keeper a Corner.' Tell whoever does the Crypt Keeper [they are] very funny! Sometimes I find myself laughing out loud!

By the way in issue #6, what was the size of a bed sheet? A poster? I'm making a comic I'll send you [a copy]!

Joey Dunn
Palm Desert, C.A.

Ahem! I do my OWN lettercolumn, and damn right I'm a-smellin'! In CRYPT #8 I was talking about the tabloid-sized (about 10" by 13") EXTRA-LARGE CRYPTO. We still have copies of the only less, SS pice the usual shh.

I don't normally like to read, but I really enjoy reading your chilling tales of terror along with those of your colleagues The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. Even more, I like to watch your TV show. You look better on TV than in your comic. Do you think you'll ever have The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch as guests on your TV show? That would be cool! Your friend,

Matt Javett
Reavena, OH

Sure, they can be on my show—when I ran a doubleheader! Heh, heh! —CK

NEXT ISSUE

I love CRYPTO comics. I get any EC comics I can I hear there is a new series of HBO CRYPTO cards coming out. Did anyone at the EC comics have anything to do with "Demon Knight?" Please print my address so people can write to me I need someone to talk to in my town! I am ten years old.

Pete Annelli
10 Lambert St
Washington, NJ 07882

Nah, we don't work on the movie and TV stuff. They succeed or fail on their own. Of course, if they increase interest in the comics... —CK

I like your terror stories especially me "The Living Corpse." CRYPTO 2 it was so cool. He strangles him, then he has bad nightmares. In fact I liked the whole book.

Greg Lloyd
Tovela, UT

Er, to be clear, the guy who gets strangled had the bed nightmares. To be fair, that was one of our more disjointed presentations (you'll note I didn't do a personal introduction)! Wood's nightmares saved the story, if you ask me. They're so cool! —CK

PASSED YOUR EYES DEPT.

Did you catch the original EC error intentionally left in this comic? In one of the stories, there is a misplaced 'name' which was not removed after a word balloon was corrected and before the art was added. Heh-heh!

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Write to:

CRYPT
REIMATEC
POB 469
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS

TALES FROM THE CRYPTO "#28" (#13, APR/MAY #2)

COVER by Jack Davis
"Grounds for Horror!"
"A Rotting 'Trick'"
"Board to Death!"
"A Sucker for a Spider!"

Jack Davis
Joe Orlando
Jack Kamen
Graham Ingels

Jack Davis
"Grounds for Horror!"
"A Rotting 'Trick'"
"Board to Death!"
"A Sucker for a Spider!"

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HERE’S THE CHILLING TALE OF A GAL WHO FOUND SHE WAS... BOARD TO DEATH!

The buzzing... the incessant droning... hammered into Myrna’s ears as she came to! She felt her heart pounding in her chest, watching the rise and fall of the continuous humming. Myrna opened her eyes but she saw nothing! Only a void of black filled with the ear-splitting roan! She felt dizzy and sick...

Myrna tried to move! Across her chest a band of something taut dug into her legs were fastened also! Myrna gasped! She was tied up! The humming sound continued! Myrna moved her hand! Her hand was free! She reached up into the droning darkness and touched something... something flat and hard above her! Fear clutched at Myrna’s heart now! She reached out to her side and screamed...

I... I’m in a coffin! I’m buried alive! He did it! He did it!
Myrna's coffin seemed to turn... spinning! Her legs were still tied and it was impossible for her to reach the ropes that secured them. She lay back gasping.

Myrna reached down and touched the heavy rope that cut into her reavirr chest...

He... tied me down! But he forgot my hands!

She undid the knot and breathed hard as she flung the ropes race but the hummirr souno continued...

I... I'm getting dizzy! I feel myself falling! Help! Somebody... please help me!

I remember the incident so well. I was flayivr in an old abandoned mine. I must have jumped a rhorirr pole loore... because the next thing I knew...

The roof! It's caving in! EEEEEEEE...

Then Myrna began to gos. Sherar her ruWerf pinerl around her wooden prison! The ruWzirr in her head knifed into her brain...

I'm suffocating! That's what's happening! The buzzing... I... I'm going to die!

It took them four hours to dig their way through to me. I cried all the while. Finally, the place dirt fell away, and a rhymi face shone at me...

Ror. Rob... Ror. I'm going to die!

Take it easy, kid! You're all right now! We've got you! You're safe!
EVER, EVEN SINCE THEN, I'VE BEEN DEATHLY AFRAID OF BEING BURIED ALIVE! HERB KNEW IT! I TOLD HIM ON OUR FIRST DATE! WE'D GONE TO ONE OF THOSE AMUSEMENT PARKS...

C'MON, MYRNA! DON'T BE A PRUDE, IT'S THE TUNNEL OF LOVE!

HERB NEVER MADE MUCH MONEY AND I WAS PRETTY HARD ON HIM! WE BEGAN TO ARGUE A LOT! THAT'S WHEN HE STARTED TO THREATEN ME...

LEAVE ME ALONE, MYRNA! I DO THE BEST I CAN! THERE'S JUST NO CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT RIGHT NOW!

LOOK AT ME! I HAVEN'T BOUGHT A NEW DRESS IN MONTHS!

HERB TALKED ME INTO MOVING TO THAT ROTTEN HOLE... MILES FROM NOWHERE... AND I FOOLISHLY WENT! HE'D BEEN OFFERED A JOB WITH A CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT! WE HAD TO DRIVE THREE DAYS OVER BAD ROADS TO REACH IT...

WELL, MYRNA! THIS IS IT! IT'S NOT MUCH, BUT THE PAINT IS GOOD, AND IN NO TIME AT ALL.

IT'S SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO ME WHEN I WAS A KID, HERB! I WAS CAUGHT IN A CAVE-IN! EVEN SINCE THEN

WHAT ARE YOU ScARED OF, MYRNA? IT'S JUST A DARK PLACE WHERE WE CAN...

IT'S THE TUNNEL OF LOVE!

STOP IT, HERB! STOP TALKING LIKE THAT!

I'LL BUY YOU A NEW DRESS... WHEN I BURY YOU ALIVE!

MYRNA GASPED! THE HUMMING WAS LOUDER NOW! SHE FELT A WAVE OF NAUSEA SWEEM OVER HER... FELT HERSELF SPINNING DIZZLY...

AND HE DID IT! HERB FINALLY DID IT! I'M GOING TO DIE! BURIED ALIVE! HE'S BURIED ME ALIVE LIKE HE BURIED ME IN THAT STINKING MINING TOWN...

...HERB KNEW! AND LATER WHEN WE WERE MARRIED, HE USED TO JOKE ABOUT IT...

IF I DON'T GET A GREAT BIG HUG AND A NICE JUICY KISS THIS VERY MINUTE... I'M GOING TO SING A ROLE AND PUT YOU IN ANO BURY YOU ALL!

STOP IT!

...HERB, STOP IT!

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STOP IT!

...HERB, STOP IT!
I was crazy to have listened to him. But I was trapped. I had to stay. Every day, Herb would go off to the ore-pits and leave me in that filthy hovel. I was forced to call home...

I saw Andy every chance I could get. To make some excuse and so for a walk... and meet him where we wouldn't be seen...

But I was mistaken. Herb did suspect...

What about Herb. Myrna? Does he suspect?

I'd better go. Myrna! Rers'll be coming off his shift soon...

Herb must have come off his shift early that night, intending to catch us! As Andy took me in his arms, the front door swung open...

But I was mistaken. Herb did suspect!

I hate it here! Hate it.

Herb was mad. Steamy mad. He tried to say something.

Take your filthy hands off her, Carson!
Andy never finished his sentence. Herb hit him with all his might and Andy’s mouth spurted blood. Then Herb threw him through the door, slammed it, and locked it.

I’m not going to kill you with it, Myrna! No! That’s too short. I’m just going to put you out for a while.

Put down that poker, Herb! Don’t.

Herb came at me! I backed away. He picked up a poker from the coal stove as he passed.

You’re cheap and rotten! You should be dead, Myrna! Dead!

The roaring was louder now. Myrna raged to shout into the blackness to hear herself above it.

Are you out? Sob, sob! He’s buried me alive!

She pounded her raw and bleeding fists against her pine prison, screaming.

I’m going to die! I’m going to die!

Please, Herb! I’m sorry! I still love you! Please!
Oh the airfield in Butte, a small mail-plane stands quietly, fastened to its side is a large pine box, somewhat resembling a coffin. They've opened the box now, to remove Myrna and rush her to the hospital. But Myrna doesn't see the blue sky above her! In her mind, she still hears the ominous sounds, still sees the blackness around her. She beats her raw and bloody fists at the wall.

SUNIED...ALIVE... SUNIED...ALIVE... SUN...E-H...E-H... EH...EH...EH.

POON WOMAN! THE SLOW MUST HAVE DAMAGED HER MIND!

She's completely out of her mind!

Back at the miners' town, in the shack they've converted to a jail, Andy and several others questioned. If she dies, the men, you'll so on trial for murder! Lucky for you the mail-plane was in, men!

You mean suggesting we fly her down like they evacuate the wounded in Korea? That plane could never hold a stretcher inside!

But hookin' that box on the outside... that did the trick! She'll pull through! Pretty clever of Andy, eh, doc?

You know? I could have helped it. I saw red, I hit her with the poker!

If she dies, men, you'll so on trial for murder!

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Sunied... alive... sunied... alive... sun... e-h... e-h... e-h. Poon woman! The slow must have damaged her mind!

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If she dies, men, you'll so on trial for murder!
HEE, HEE! I'M COOKIN' AGAIN! SMELL THE FETID ODOR? IT'S THE EVIL BREW IN MY CAULDRON! COME IN! COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! YES, IT'S YOUR SNIVEL-CHEF, THE OLD WITCH, READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER CREEPY CONCOCTION OF SLIMY SAMPLINGS! HEE, HEE! SO DRAW UP CLOSE TO THE FIRE. KNEEL DOWN SO YOUR KNEES WON'T KNOCK. FASTEN YOUR DROOL CUPS. TUCK YOUR SHROUDS UNDER YOUR CHINS. AND I'LL FEED YOU THE MORBID MORSEL OF MELODRAMATIC MADNESS I CALL...

A SUCKER FOR A SPIDER!

Maxwell Stoneman, President of the County Bank and Trust Company, pushed his chair away from the elaborately set dinner table in the dining room of his luxurious mansion. He grinned down at his dinner guest, the bank's Chief Teller, Randolph Spuro...

COME, SPervo! BEFORE WE HAVE OUR COFFEE, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING. SOMETHING I THINK YOU'LL BE VERY INTERESTED IN! MY COLLECTION OF RARE SPIDERS!

SPIDERS! OH, DEAR!
Max stoneman pointed through the front glass of one of the cases! Inside, a huge, hairy, eight-legged creature crouched on a broad leaf... This is a tarantula! I got this one from a seaman on a banana boat! When it matures, it will measure six... maybe eight inches across!

Maxwell stoneman captured one of the imprisoned flies from the jar and held it in his closed fist! Then he opened the spider case and flung the unfortunate insect into the verula's web... There! Heh, heh! See how the little fellow sticks there! Poor thing! It's struggling to free itself!

Mr. stoneman reached down below the spider case and picked up a large jar covered at the top with cheesecloth... I want you to watch what the verula does to one of its victims, spurd! This is a bottle of flies! Please, Mr. stoneman! Don't...

Banker stoneman took his chief teller by the arm and led him to another case later. Spurd! First I must show you the prize of my collection here... in this case! It's a verula spider! A very rare variety.

Mr. stoneman, looking chief teller through the richly furnished living room into a glass-walled green-house.

Wealthy banker stoneman led his meek-looking chief teller through the richly furnished living room into a glass-walled green-house.

Spiders have been my hobby for years, like spurd! I've specimens from all over the world! Mr. stoneman!

Covering one wall of the green-house was a line of glass-cases! Each case contained a soil bottom and was artistically planted with foliage...

I love them, spurd! An amazing creature... the spider! Take this one for example...

Ugh! It gives me the shivers!

It can sting you pretty badly, but its bite isn't too toxic! It's about as bad as a wasp's bite! There aren't many spiders whose bites are poisonous! The black widow is about the only spider found in the United States that can kill a man!

I'm deathly afraid of spiders, Mr. stoneman! Can't we talk business now?

Mr. stoneman, looking chief teller through the richly furnished living room into a glass-walled green-house.

Max stoneman pointed through the front glass of one of the cases! Inside, a huge, hairy, eight-legged creature crouched on a broad leaf... This is a tarantula! I got this one from a seaman on a banana boat! When it matures, it will measure six... maybe eight inches across!

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Mr. stoneman reached down below the spider case and picked up a large jar covered at the top with cheesecloth... I want you to watch what the verula does to one of its victims, spurd! This is a bottle of flies! Please, Mr. stoneman! Don't...

Banker stoneman took his chief teller by the arm and led him to another case later. Spurd! First I must show you the prize of my collection here... in this case! It's a verula spider! A very rare variety.

It can sting you pretty badly, but its bite isn't too toxic! It's about as bad as a wasp's bite! There aren't many spiders whose bites are poisonous! The black widow is about the only spider found in the United States that can kill a man!

I'm deathly afraid of spiders, Mr. stoneman! Can't we talk business now?
The trapped fly twisted and tunned in an effort to tear itself from the web...
It won't get loose, Spurd. The vermula's web is covered with a thick adhesive coating!

Yes! Now watch, see how the vermula sinks its fangs into the fly? It paralyzes its victim.

The spider's coming!

Oh... dear!

Then it begins to spin a covering around the fly... see? See how it turns the fly over and over, spinning its web around it like a cocoon?

And the fly? Is it still alive?

Exactly! The vermula will keep the fly that way until it is ready to eat it. At that time it will inject the fly with an enzyme which acts as a pre-digestion agent. Then the spider merely sucks up the liquefied insides of the fly, leaving only a dry outer shell which it discards.

Ugh! How disgusting!

Come, come, man! I've got that vermula in a case! In its natural habitat in the southern swamps of North America, it would normally trap flies in its web.

It's revolting!

Don't be silly, Spurd! That's nature! You know... dog eat dog! In this case it's spider eat fly! That's the way it survives! And we all struggle to survive! We've all got to be like that spider... in a way!

Perhaps... perhaps you're right, sir! I... I never thought of it that way! H'mmm!

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Perhaps... perhaps you're right, sir! I... I never thought of it that way! H'mmm!
Randolph Spurdo followed his employer out of the greenhouse into the luxurious living room.

All right, Spurdo! What's on your mind? You invited yourself here tonight! What's up?

Oh? It's the books, sir! They don't balance! In fact... I would say someone is... er... stealing from the bank, sir! I came here tonight to... er... warn you, sir... I know who that someone is!

Well, sir... I've noticed something wrong at the bank. Something terribly wrong!

But, after hearing your talk tonight... about spiders eating flies... dogs eating dogs... I've decided to forget that I noticed anything wrong.

Are you accusing me, Spurdo?

Hey, Mr. Stoneman! When I first came tonight, I intended to let you know I knew about the discrepancy in the books so that you could replace the money and nothing more would be said!

But, after hearing your talk tonight... about spiders eating flies... dogs eating dogs... I've decided to forget that I noticed anything wrong.

Are you accusing me, Spurdo?

Yes, Mr. Stoneman! When I first came tonight, I intended to let you know I knew about the discrepancy in the books so that you could replace the money and nothing more would be said!

But, after hearing your talk tonight... about spiders eating flies... dogs eating dogs... I've decided to forget that I noticed anything wrong.

Oh?... fon, say... five thousand dollars! That isn't much, Mr. Stoneman, compared to fifty-two thousand!

There was a moment of silence, and then Maxwell Stoneman began to laugh! His hoarse mirth echoed through the huge house.

Heh... heh! All night, Spurdo! You win! I'm proud of you! I don't think you had it in you! Five grand, eh? It's a deal!

And everything stays exactly as it was! I keep my job! That's in the deal, too!
OF COURSE, SPURD! OF COURSE! NO HARD FEELINGS! I'M TRAPPED LIKE THAT FLY! YOU'VE WON!

BOW! THEN I'LL BE GOING!

DON'T BE SILLY! YOU'LL STAY THE NIGHT! WE'LL DRIVE IN TOGETHER IN THE MORNING! NO USE GOING NOW! IT'S SO LATE!

DON'T WORRY, SPURD! I'M NOT GOING TO TRY ANYTHING! I'D BE A FOOL!

YES, MR. STONE MAN! YOU WOULD BE! ALL RIGHT! I'LL STAY!

THAT NIGHT, A SHADOWY FIGURE CROSSED THE STONE MAN LIVING ROOM TO THE GREEN-HOUSE...

If I'm trapped like that fly, Spurd! And you'll continue to blackmail me till you suck me dry like the vermuta will suck that fly dry!

One of the glass cases creaked open and a gloved hand shot in, clutching a small container...

But I'm not going to let you do that, Spurd! I promised I wouldn't do anything to you—but I said nothing about one of my spiders! One of my black-widow spiders!

As banker Stoneman slipped out into the hall and closed the bedroom door, an ear-splitting scream echoed through the mansion...

Eeeeaagh!

The door to the bedroom where Randolph Spurd slept soundly opened slowly and noiselessly! The figure moved through, approaching the bed... Maxwell Stoneman lifted the covers and emptied the contents of the container under them...

There, little black-widow! I've aggravated you and tormented you! Now take your anger out on him!

Men... men!
The police inspector hammered away, but could prove nothing...

I invited him to my house socially! I do that often for my employees! I like to make them feel I am their friend as well as their employer!

Okay, Mr. Stoneman! That'll be all! Wrap it up, boys! Just an accident! That's all!

But Maxwell Stoneman didn't like the way the police inspector eyed him. Max decided it might be better to get out of the state for a few months till the incident was forgotten.

Mr. Stoneman owned his own plane! He was an expert pilot, flying it all over the country for business and pleasure! The next day, high over Georgia... he ought to be in Miami in two hours! That's the Okefenokee Swamp down there now! I...

Suddenly, the engine sputtered and died! The plane began to lose altitude...

Good Lord! The engine's conked out! I'm going down!

Max dropped into a thickly overgrown spot! His chute smarled in a moss-laden cypress tree and he hung helplessly, dangling above the stagnant foul-smelling water.

I've...got...to...cut myself loose! Thank goodness I have a knife!

Max tumbled out of the tiny plane's door as it went into a spin! His chute mushroomed open and he began to float lazily toward the foreboding swamp below...

Not a sign of a road or a cabin! I'm right over the worst section of the Okefenokee... the part that no man is supposed to be able to find his way out of!

The next morning, the police came an answer to Maxwell Stoneman's 'frantic' phone call! They questioned Max about Randolph Spurdo's unfortunate death! Max was 'heartbroken'...

The doc says a black-widow killed him, Mr. Stoneman! Have you any idea how the spider got out of its case?

No! I showed Mr. Spurdo my collection last night! Perhaps the case door was left open?
Banker Stoneman hacked away at the chute cords until he cut himself free! He plunged downward toward the swamp surface. Suddenly... WHAT THE... I'VE FALLEN INTO SOMETHING!

Max looked around! He seemed to be lying upon some sort of huge net! He struggled to free himself.

The net! It's all sticky! It's like a huge spider web!

He more Maxwell Stoneman tried to escape... He was hopelessly entangled! He became! Suddenly a movement caught Max's eye! A huge hairy shape looked up before him.

OH, NO! NO! A VERMULA SPIDER!

He-e-e-l-p-p-p!

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