HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR

FEATURING...

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

THE CRYPT-KEEPER
HEE. HEE! E.C.'S SCIENCE-FICTION MAGS MUST BE PRETTY FIENDISH TO GIVE THESE TWO GHULOOTS A CHARGE! LOOK AT 'EM!

E.C. IS PROUDEST OF ITS TWO SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES!
HEE, HEE! DRAG YOUR PALPITATING CORPSES INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR, KIDDIES! YEP, IT'S YOUR HOSTESS IN HYSTERICS, THE OLD WITCH, READY TO RUSTLE UP ANOTHER REVOLTING RECIPE IN MY REEKING CAULDRON! SMELL IT? IT'S A SPECIAL BREW THIS TIME... EXTRA SPECIAL! READY? GOT YOUR GRIBBLE-GOPS FASTENED? GOT YOUR SHROUDS TUCKED UNDER YOUR CHINS? GOOD! THEN I'LL SERVE THE Slobbering story I call...

A LITTLE STRANGER!

FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS A DEAD SILENCE! THE FLICKERING LIGHT OF THEIR TORCHES CASTS AN EERIE GLOW OVER THE BODY SPRAWLED BEFORE THEM! THEY STARE WITH HORRIFIED PAGES AT THE CORPSE! ONE OF THE MEN STOOPS AND POINTS... "LOOK! ON HIS NECK! TWO PUNCTURES! THE MARK OF A VAMPIRE!

IMPOSSIBLE! THE BODY HAS BEEN PARTIALLY DEVoured! I TELL YOU IT IS THE WORK OF A WEREWOLF!
An older man shakes his head.

Ho, Peter! You are wrong! The blood has been drained from the body! It is a vampire!

He is right, Victor! A werewolf feasts upon the flesh!

Then explain to me, if you can, the holes in the neck.

Hmmm! A werewolf would not do that... unless...

Gasp! Unless he was killed by both!

Both! You mean... a vampire... and a werewolf... stalking the countryside... together?

Many miles from the horrified group of villagers, high in the Bavarian Alps that tower above their heads, in a cave long since forgotten by those who guide mountain-climbers, a romantic scene is taking place... to you... my dear... and to you... my love... tonight was... another triumph!

But as we draw close to the loving couple, we notice something strange, something terrifying! The woman, although very beautiful, has sharp little fangs! For she... is a vampire...

Perhaps we will stay here for a while, my sweet? I am so tired of wandering!

...and the man's ears are pointed... his face is covered with hair... his eyes gleam yellow in the candlelight! For the man... is a werewolf.

Maybe... maybe if we look hard... we will find someone here who will marry us?

We will see, my dear! Come! It is almost dawn!
The couple rise and stroll, Ann and Ann, deeper into the cave! Soon, they come upon a simple pine coffin, lying in the shadows...

Good morning, my darling! Until next month, when again the moon is full!

Good morning, my dearest!

The woman climbs into the coffin and lies down. Soon, her eyelids close. As the crow of a rooster drifts up from the valley below, she falls asleep...

Till next month, my dearest!

The man sighs and closes the coffin lid! Then he turns toward the cave opening where the first grey streaks of dawn filter through the overgrown entrance! His yellow eyes grow dank...

The hair on his face recedes! His pointed ears round off! The sharp claws of his fingers shorten...

...And once again, he takes on human form... the form of a seedy mountain hermit...

Fan below, the men are just returning with the corpse of their fellow villager... He has been the work of... a vampire... a werewolf... a heaver... protect us?

In his cave, the hermit curls up beside the coffin and closes his eyes! A smile crosses his twisted lips! He whispers softly... Elagia! My Elagia!
He'd darted into the bushes and waited. She'd come up to his latest victim. Elicia... beautiful Elicia... she does not scream!

His reflection in the shimmering pool had told him all there was to know.

I... I am a WEREWOLF!

He'd stumbled upon the plant accidentally! One of its spiny thorns had scratched his forearm....

I... I'm BLEEDING! The wolfsbane has infected my blood!

That night, he'd killed and feasted upon his first victim! The second month, at the time of the full moon, he'd killed again! But the third month, as he'd bent over his third victim.... what's that? Someone is coming!

No! Elicia had not screamed! Instead, she'd stooped and begun to drink her fill.

She's a VAMPIRE!
He'd flung himself from his hiding place and stood over her, pointing.

He... he is mine! You... abandoned him!

They'd quarreled then...

Wait! Why fight? There is enough for both of us!

She was beautiful—very beautiful! It was easy to accept her offer! After they'd finished.

My name is Eligia! And mine is Zorgo!

They'd fallen in love! Love at first sight, you might say! Zorgo'd agreed.

We will meet next month when the moon is full again.

I will wait for you, Eligia!

Every month when the moon was full, they'd wandered over the countryside... killing...

I worry, my darling! What if someone should find your resting place?

They would drive a stake through my heart... and destroy me!

So Zorgo'd appointed himself guardian of Eligia's coffin! On moonless nights... when he was normal and Eligia slept... he'd moved her coffin from hiding place to hiding place, keeping well ahead of the enraged villagers that scoured the countryside, searching for them...

I take care of you, my sweet!

And each night of the full moon, they'd vowed...

Someday... someday my dear, we will find someone who will marry us!

Oh, Zorgo! I hope so!
Suddenly, Zorgo starts from his day-dream! Voices echo through the cave! The villagers have discovered his latest hiding place.

The explosion of a pistol thunders through the cave and Zorgo pitches forward, a silver bullet in his heart.

Then the steady rap-rap-rap of rock on wood as they pound the stake into Elicia's chest...

Look! A coffin! He must be the werewolf! Quickly, shoot!

The angry villagers carry the coffin...with Zorgo's and Elicia's bodies, back to their little hamlet...

We have destroyed them both of them! We will bury them in the Devil's graveyard.

The Devil's graveyard is a place where murderers and other creatures of evil are interred. There...Elicia, the vampire...and Zorgo, the werewolf are buried.

Good riddance! Hurry! It is almost night!

As the townsfolk hurry back to their homes, and darkness falls upon the Devil's graveyard, strange sounds are heard...the sounds of the dead, lying in their crawling beds.

Oo! You hear? A werewolf! A vampire! They are betrothed...engaged! Hurry! There's going to be a wedding!

Later, in the black of night, when things of evil crawl from beneath rotted shelters, and cemeteries yawn, a strange scene unfolds! Corpses push their ways up through maggot-infested grave mud.

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Good riddance! Hurry! It is almost night!
And so, as howling winds shriek through open mausoleums... as tottering remains of evil stumble toward the spot... as creatures of the night leer from behind tombstones... as foul odors of decay and rot waft through the night air... Elicia and Zorgo are wed! The moaning of the dead their organ music... the screaming of banshees their choir...

And soon all is quiet again in the devil's graveyard! The creatures of evil return to their resting places... the graves are closed... the wind dies down! Dawn breaks silently... on a peaceful scene.

And so, it remains... for days... and weeks... and months... and years! Almost a year later, the stirrings begin again! The darkness falls, and the creatures move! The graves crack open, and the rotted things push up...

Hurry! It is almost time! Tonight is the night!
Inside the mausoleum, Elcia cradles the little thing in her arms. Zorgo stands over them, proudly. The creatures of evil titter and giggle.

Isn't it cute? What is it, Elcia? It... I... I think it's... a girl!

Hee, hee! Yeah! It was a girl, kiddies! It had a dead vampire for a mother, and a dead werewolf for an old man, and I was a darlin' lil' tyke, too! Huh? Oh, yeah! It was me... the old witch! You fiends have been askin' me where I came from. So I decided to tell you! Oh... by the way! How'd you like to attend a family reunion? Mine! No? Gee, that's too bad! We always have one smell of a time! Now I'll turn you over to the vault-keeper! Dig you later!
The ragged little urchin stood upon the porch of the Braden home, shivering from the biting wind that swept across the snow-covered lawn. His coat was torn and threadbare; his pants, patched. He held a pale little hand up shakily as Stuart Braden swung open the door and stared down at him.

"Well! What do you want?"

P. Please, mister! My daddy ain't workin'. I ain't had nothin' to eat for two days! Could you spare a...

Stuart Braden snarled at the sallow-faced child before him...

"Go on, you little beggar! Scram! Go on back across the tracks where you came from!"

"Only a quarter... mister! I got a lil' sister! She..."
Stuart slammed the door in the pleading boy's face! Emma, his wife, stood behind him...

Mr. Bracen spun around, glaring at his wife...

"You mind your own business, Emma!"

But the poor child looked half-starved, Stu...

"If I gave him something, I'd have 'em all coming here. Begging they'd line up out there..."

I don't see how you can be so cold-hearted!

That's the way to get along in this world, Emma! You've got to be cold-hearted! Otherwise, people step all over you!

Nonsense, Stuart! A little kindness never hurt anyone!

Bang! Be nice to someone just once... and they'll take advantage of you. Try to squeeze everything they can from you! Not me! I'm no sucker!

You've got a heart of ice, Stuart! Someday you'll change!

But Stuart Braden didn't change! In fact, he got much worse...

I'm home, Emma! Supper ready? I... I... what's she doing here?

We've got to do something for the Galseys, Stuart! They're destitute!

It's no concern of mine, Emma! Joe Galsey made his own bed. Now let him lie in it!

It's no concern of mine, Emma! Joe Galsey made his own bed. Now let him lie in it!

But, Stu! Joe was your business partner! Mrs. Galsey came here today to beg you to give him a job!

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But, Stu! Joe was your business partner! Mrs. Galsey came here today to beg you to give him a job!
I won his share of the business fair and square, Mrs. Galsey! Joe gambled and lost!

But... he's been out of work since then!

That's his tough luck! I can't do anything for him! There's just no spot for him in the office!

Stu! For God's sake! Don't be so cold-hearted!

You keep out of this, Emma! Good-day, Mrs. Galsey! I'm sorry! I can see sob sob sob.

My husband sob, has a heart of ice, Mrs. Galsey! I see sob sob sob.

Emma and Stuart had no children! They did have a dog... are... are... Emma! What's that mutt doing in here?

But, Stu! It's freezing outside!

I don't give a hoot! Get her outside... the mangy mongrel! I won't have her tracking up the rug...

Stuart! The poor thing was shivering in her kennel! She'll... she'll freeze outside! Please, Stu! Just this once.

Either you take her outside or I will, Emma!

How can you be so cruel, Stuart? So... so...

So cold-hearted? So ahead! Say it! I've got a heart of ice! Well, maybe you're right! Now get that mutt outside!

Sob... sob... come, lady! Come on, girl! Come to mama. Sob... sob... sob...
One night, as Mr. and Mrs. Brader were driving home from a visit to Emma's mother... She didn't look very well tonight, Oo! She, Stuart?

I didn't notice! What are you going to do? Ask me to give her more money?

It wouldn't hurt! Ten dollars a week isn't very much to live on these days! You could cut down on my allowance?

Nothing doing! I've got myself to think of! If your old man hasn't been so generous, your mother'd be better off than she is, now that he's dead!

Please, Stuart! I'm not asking for myself! Mother is old, she... She... gasp!

Huh? What's that? The headlights of the Braden automobile fell upon a figure lying on the road...

It's a man! He's... he's hurt! Look! He's bleeding!

Some hit-and-run driver must've struck him!

Stuart pressed down on the accelerator and sped past the injured man...

Stuart! Stop! He needs help!

I mind my own business! I keep my nose clean! I don't want to be involved in other people's troubles!

Stuart! He's hurt! How could you?

Let some other sucker stop! It's no concern of mine!

...som...you're inhuman, Stuart! No one could be so cold-hearted.

Sob; sob; sob.
The following week...

What are you bawlin' about? Joe...Sob... Joe Galsey! Your ex-business partner! He committed suicide!

Hmmph! Couldn't face it, eh? Took the easy way out!

He left his wife and child penniless! We've got to make it up to her!

There are agencies to take care of people in her predicament. Emma! Not me! It's not my business!

Oh couldn't I, Emma? Are you forgetting? I'm cold-hearted Stuart... the man with the heart of ice! Remember?

How...Sob...Sob...How could I forget?

A few days later, Emma received the news...

It's...Mother, Stu! She's ill! She needs a doctor?

So what am I supposed to do? I give her ten bucks a week! Let her send for one!

She doesn't have the money! Stuart! Please let me call a doctor for her! I'll pay for it!

All right! But it comes out of your allowance! She's your mother!

So Emma sent for a doctor to take care of her sick mother...

How is she, doctor?

Your mother is in serious condition. Mrs. Sraeh? She needs to be hospitalized immediately! An operation is necessary! This will cost a great deal!
NATURALLY, STUART WAS DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT THIS TURN OF EVENTS...

WHAT? A HOSPITAL? AN OPERATION? AND WHO'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS?

STUART: IT'S MY MOTHER! SURELY, IN SUCH AN EMERGENCY...

WHAT DID YOUR OLD LADY EVER DO FOR ME? SUPPOSE THE OPERATION DOESN'T HELP? IT'LL BE THROWN OUT MONEY!

HOW CAN YOU... SORRY... LOOK AT IT... SO COLDLY?

BECAUSE SHE ISN'T MY MOTHER! SHE'S YOURS! THAT'S HOW!

FOR GOD'S SAKE, STUART.

AND WHEN THE DOCTOR CALLED, I... I'M SORRY, DOCTOR. MY HUSBAND... SORRY... REFUSES... SORRY... TO PAY FOR...

I... I KNOW! SORRY! I'M HELPLESS UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, MRS. BRADEN! YOUR MOTHER NEEDS A SPECIALIST!

EMMA HUNG UP AND TURNED TO STUART. HIS FACE WAS A RIGID MASK...

I... I HATE YOU, STUART BRADEN!

EMMA STARED OUT OF THE WINDOW, THE TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER FACE! THE GLISTENING SNOW GLARED IN HER EYES, CAUSING THEM TO TEAR EVEN MORE! SUDDENLY...

GASP! LADY!
The dog was stiff. Frozen stiff! Emma hurried out to the still form lying half out of the kennel! She picked it up.

LADY! SOB... MY LADY!

Stuart shrugged! Emma's eyes began to bulge! Her cheeks grew hot! The phone rang...

HELLO? YES! THIS IS MRS. BRADEN!

I... I'M SORRY, MRS. BRADEN! I... I DIED ALL I COULD! YOUR MOTHER JUST DIED!

EMMA HUNG UP AND WENT INTO THE KITCHEN! WHEN SHE CAME OUT, SHE HAD HER ARMS BEHIND HER BACK! SHE MOVED TOWARD STUART, HER VOICE SHAKY AND UNCONTROLLABLY! SHE Practically screamed...

MURDERER! ICE-HEARTED MURDERER!

Strand just managed to slip the tiny vial into his pocket when he heard footsteps in the corridor. Instinctively he glanced at the floor; he had to get out before someone discovered Mr. Blake's body! If anyone barged in now it meant a murder charge!

Strand sighed with relief as the steps hurried past. He opened the door slightly... the coast was clear. Slipping into the hallway and closing the door silently behind him, he looped a metal sign over the knob. \textit{DO NOT DISTURB}, it said. Then, casually as he dared, he walked toward his own office.

If those snooping secretaries kept their noses out of the chief's office, Strand thought, he'd be able to saunter out of the office as usual at 5. With the vial containing liquid worth at least $250,000! Strand silently rejoiced as he toyed with the idea of such wealth; served Blake right for trying to keep secret from his Assistant the formula for this fluid which the old man had perfected. \textit{Blake's Bee-Nip}, the old devil planned to call it... more likely, now, that it would be marketed as Strand's Secret Syrup! All he had to do, Strand realized, was get the liquid out of the office and hide it until excitement over Blake's death subsided!

With a smug smile Strand examined the mass of papers on his desk. Production graphs for each of the massive Honey-Combs under his supervision... maintenance instructions for the Bee-Hives assigned him... it would all be shunted into the past as soon as he got that vial outside the office! For he knew enough about raising bees and processing their
honey to appreciate the value of this fluid he had murdered for! If the old man had been so certain about the attraction this stuff would exert on bees... said it would lure bees the way catnip worked on felines, and send honey production soaring... then Strand would reap a fortune from the stuff!

The phone jangled and Strand picked it up nervously. Mr. Blake's body had just been discovered, he heard! The Police were here and, learning of Blake's Bee-Nip, suspected robbery as the motive! All employees of Blake's Bee-Hive were to be searched for the fluid which would indicate guilt!

As soon as he hung up, Strand broke the vial and poured the fluid into his palms. Nervously he spread the clear liquid on his face, as if it was suntan lotion. He'd still walk out of here, unsuspected of murder... the fluid in his possession, to be recovered as soon as he had a chance!

10 minutes later, after the Police had admitted they could find traces of neither fluid nor Mr. Blake's killer, Strand excused himself and walked toward the Bee-Room, on his way to the factory exit. He had only to pass through the room where the insects were housed, and the Bee-Nip was his!

Swiftly he crossed the Bee-Room, smiling secretly at his triumph. Suddenly a rasping whine droned toward him. Strand whirled and saw a gigantic wave of bees swooping ferociously toward him! He reached frantically for the knob, but a seething blanket wrapped itself around his head and toppled him to the floor by sheer angry weight. His arms thrashed convulsively as he writhed and tried to kick free, but before anyone could get to his side the bees had wriggled frenziedly into Strand's tortured nostrils... had madly clogged his swollen mouth... had brutally choked the life out of him, in their desire to partake of the magic fluid on the pulpy mess which moments before had been a man's face!
CHOP-ALONG

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the
The engine of the tiny plane sputtered and coughed down below, the choppy waters of the South Pacific stretched from horizon to horizon...

What is it, Bob? What wrong?

We're almost out of gas! We must have sprung a leak when we took off from Guam!

How long can we last, Bob?

Another ten minutes, perhaps? (WHEN WE TOOK OFF FROM GUAM)

Another ten minutes! Perhaps! See anything down there? An island... or a ship?

Not a thing! God help us! We're all going to die!

In this gruesome tale of terror, everything is...

SHIP-SHAPE!
Soon the crippled airplane touched the ocean surface, skidding across! A foamy spray kicked up and fanned out behind...

Finally, the plane came to a stop, resting half-submerged in the choppy water. The four passengers scrambled out onto the wing. First, Professor Henry Wolfsom, the famous zoologist...

After Jean Grady, Professor Wolfson's secretary, climbed out onto the wing, the pilot, Robert Bryen, passed her the compact life-raft...

Several minutes later, the four survivors sat huddled in their rubber life-raft, watching the disabled plane turn tail up and sink beneath the waves...
Two days later, the small supply of food and water Bob had managed to salvage had been used up! The survivors watched with morbid fascination as several black fins knifed through the water about the raft...

The black silhouette of a small tanker loomed up to the east! Professor Wolfson began to wave his hand frantically...

Help! Help! Start paddling! Hurry! Sit down, Professor! You'll upset the raft and those blasted sharks'll get us!

As the tiny life-raft neared the slowly moving tanker...

They don't seem to see us! Bob! Do you notice something strange? You're right, Jean! There's no smoke coming from the stacks! Look! There! See it? A ship!.."

Soon, the survivors had approached the tanker close enough to see...

There's no one on deck! It looks deserted! A deserted ship!

What's that strange smell? Bob! I'm fright...ed! We're doing aboard! At least it's afloat, and there may be some food or it!

A frayed rope-ladder hung over the side of the deserted tanker! Bob tied the raft to it...

A frayed rope-ladder hung over the side of the deserted tanker! Bob tied the raft to it...

Phew! It smells musty... mo! The hull seems to be covered with some kind of moss! I'll go first! You next, Jean! The professor and the dog will follow.

The deck plates! It feels as if they give way under foot! You're right, Zinger! They feel soft! Spongy! C'mon! Let's see if there's any water or board!
Okay, Professor! Suit yourself, Bob! I'll stay with Henry, Mr. Bryen.

Bob and Jean moved across the spongy deck and down the moss-laden gangway into the cabin...

Bob! What do you suppose happened to the crew?

Bob! What do you suppose happened to the crew?

Search me, Jean! Probably abandoned here! Maybe the engines...

Yaaaaah!

Good Lord! What was that?

The Professor! He screamed! Help! Come quickly! Oh, my God...

Bob and Jean reached the deck just in time to see the Professor... His face twisted in excruciating pain, his arms clawing the air... sinking slowly into a spongy oozing pool! An odor of decay drifted toward them...

Eeeeee Eee-aah...

What the Professor? Oh, Bob! I can't look!

Finally the Professor's screams subsided and he sank below the deck-surface! The loosing pool seemed to harden over the spot...

It's... Bob... horrible! Horrible!

What happened, Doctor Zerger?

Henry! He wanted to examine the fungus that covers everything! He took out his pocket knife and started to scrape the deck! Then cough choke.

He seemed to cut through some sort of membrane! A foul-smelling pool oozed from the incision! It... it engulfed him! He... choke... he... just seemed to dissolve! You... you saw the rest! I... I feel sick, Bob! I...
Jean passed out in Bob's arms! Doctor Zerger screamed at him...

*Be careful, Bryen!* Jean, honey! Oh, Lord! I wish we had some water!

We've got to be careful not to damage the membrane that covers the ship! Otherwise we'll suffer the same fate as Professor Wolfson!

What is it, Doctor? What's happened to this tanker?

Do you know what petrified wood is, Bryen? It's wood that has turned to stone! Yet, the stone shows every grain... every fibre... every pore of the wood! The stone took the wood's form! Understand?

What's that got to do with this ship?

This ship is like a piece of petrified wood. Only it hasn't turned to stone! Some fungus... some strange living matter took over this ship! Absorbing it... assuming its form... this ship IS that living matter now!

Jean! O'mon, baby! We've got to get out of here!

Jean opened her eyes! She shuddered! Bob lifted her in his strong arms...

Let's go, Doctor!

Put her down! You're both too heavy...

Doctor Zerger's warnings came too late! Bob felt the spongy deck give under his feet... like a piece of paper tearing! Doctor Zerger lunged forward.

Look out!

Bob felt a stinging pain in his left foot as Doctor Zerger shoved him hard! He and Jean went sprawling! The doctor was caught in the sucking gulping pool that oozed from the spot where the young couple had just been standing...

Yaaaaaagghh! Don't look! Baby! It's... horrible!
Soon the doctor’s screaming died, as only his clutching hand remained above the shimmering pool.

The young couple scrambled down to the life-raft and paddled away from the nightmarish vessel...

I’d rather face the hardships of the open sea than stay on board that horror!

Don’t worry, honey! They’ll spot us! They’re probably out looking for us right now.

The next day...their mouths parched from lack of water, their stomachs aching from hunger...Bob and Jean spotted the plane high overhead! Bob began to wave his shirt.

They see us...they see us! Oh, Bob! Darling! We’re saved!

Suddenly Bob looked down and gasped! Jean followed his terrified gaze from a ruptured spot on the life-raft’s air-tube, a sickly, foul-smelling, sucking, gulping ooze poured out, spreading over the bottom...

The—The horrible stuff! It spread to the life-raft while it was tied up?

EEEEEEEEEEE!

Bob took Jean’s arm and guided her slowly—carefully—to where the fungus-covered rope-ladder hung over the side of the ship.

Easy, now! Take it easy! Let’s get off this thing! Thank goodness you tied the life-raft up instead of setting it adrift!

Hee, hee! Yep! Doesn’t a story like that melt your heart? It did Bob’s and Jean’s. In fact not only their hearts—But their whole bodies melted as the goo filled the raft-floor! Now was the life-raft punctured so the stuff oozed out? Well, it seems that Bob’s big toe had a hang-nail, and he got excited waving to the plane! Okay? So it wasn’t much of a kick! Actually...Hee, hee. It didn’t take very much! Now comes the crypt-keeper. ’Bye!
North of Delhi, near Meerut on the River Ganges in India, a young British officer reined up his panting steed and pointed off toward the grassy clearing before him.

'Look, Sim! A brush! A wild boar!' "I see, Sahib! I see him! This looks like good hunting ground for boar!"

"Heh, heh! One more to go, and then you can all retire for your nightmares!" "Yes! It's your Crypt-Keeper's chance to terrorize you. Now, come into the Crypt of Terror! Plop down on that plank, and I'll tell you a delicious little tale, guaranteed not to bore you! It's called...

This Little Piggy..."
The sentry leaned over the stockade wall, aiming his rifle.

"Halt, you two! What business do you have with the governor?"

"I am lieutenant Horace Sturdy. Royal Bengal Lanciers. Governor Sturdy is my uncle!"

"Oh, yes, lieutenant! The governor is expecting you! Open the gates!"

The sentry saw us, Sahib. He signals us to stop! There's the Garrison, Simia!

The stockade gates were swung back and Lieutenant Sturdy and his servant Simia rode into the garrison enclosure.

HONOR! My boy! Good to see you! UNCLE FELIX! You're looking well!

Late, at tea, lieutenant Sturdy queried his uncle...

I see there are plenty of wild boar in these parts, uncle! When is the next hunt?

HUNT? Oh, no! We hunt no boar in Meerut.

WHAT? You have no tent club, uncle? You don't go pig-sticking here?

Heavens, no, my boy! The boar is a sacred animal in Meerut! The Indian tribesmen here worship it!

Bah! You actually worry about what those heathen Devils think? Not me! The first chance I get, I'm going...

You'll do no such thing, Horace! I forbid it! It might mean a nasty uprising if you were to kill one of the sacred boars!
But ignoring his uncle’s warning, before dawn the next day, Lieutenant Sturdy and his Indian servant rode out of the garrison enclosure armed with spears.

Half an hour later the two men spotted their quarry nosing about in the low grass of an open clearing...

Look, Sahib! I see him. Simia! I’ll try the first pass!

We've got to get back before uncle, Sahib. Yes, Sahib!

Despite its awkward appearance, a boar is quite swift! Lieutenant Sturdy’s quarry spun around and started off through the low grass. The lieutenant’s swift steed quickly closed the gap between him and the scurrying animal...

Suddenly, the crafty wild hog ‘jinked’ or turned sharply in its tracks! Lieutenant Sturdy pulled up sharply on the reins, and his horse reared...

The lieutenant hung for a moment, as if suspended in mid-air... then fell to the ground! The squealing boar swung toward him, its red-eyes blazing... its lethal tusks lowered! It charged...

Simia speed across the clearing and, as he crossed between the prostrate lieutenant and the charging wild boar, plunged his lance into the snorting hog’s back...

Simia! Help! I come, Sahib...

There... you lowly pig... Good shot, Simia!
THE FATALLY INJURED BOAR ROLLED OVER AND LAY QUITE STILL! SIMIA DISMOUNTED AND STOOD OVER IT! LIEUTENANT STURDY GOT TO HIS FEET AND OUSTED HIMSELF OFF...

WE... WE'D BETTER NOT MENTION MY CLOSE CALL TO MY UNCLE; SIMIA! HE WILL BE ANGRY ENOUGH AS IS...

AS YOU WISH, SAHIB! WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THE BOAR WE HAVE KILLED?

WHY, YOU'RE GOING TO PREPARE IT THE WAY WE DO IN KAQIR, SIMIA! I'LL SHOW YOU NOW! ONE TASTE OF A WELL-ROASTED BOAR, AND UNCLE WILL FORGET TO BE ANNOYED WITH ME!

VERY GOOD, SAHIB! COME! THE SUN IS COMING UP! YOUR UNCLE WILL BE RISING SOON!

LATER, IN THE GARRISON KITCHEN, LIEUTENANT STURDY SHOWS SIMIA HOW TO PREPARE ROAST-BOAR...

FIRST YOU BOIL THE ANIMAL, IN THIS VAT OF SCALDING WATER, SIMIA! THAT IS HOW YOU REMOVE THE BOAR'S BRISTLES...

YOU'LL SERVE THE ROASTED BOAR ON A WOODEN PLATTER WITH AN APPLE IN ITS MOUTH TONIGHT AT DINNER, SIMIA!

AND SO, THAT NIGHT...

I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU, UNCLE! TONIGHT WE FEAST UPON SOMETHING SPECIAL! ALL RIGHT, SIMIA!

A SURPRISE, HORACE! HOW NICE!

Sahib, you idiot!

YES, UNCLE! TONIGHT... WE EAT ROAST BOAR!

GOOD LORD! HORACE? YOU IDIOT!

SIMIA ENTERED, CARRYING THE ROASTED BOAR! ITS SUCCULENT ODOR FILLED THE DINING-ROOM! IT LAY, CROUCHING, UPON THE GRAVY-STAINED PLANK... AN APPLE IN ITS MOUTH...

IN KAOIR, SIMIA! I'LL SHOW YOU NOW! ONE TASTE OF A WELL-ROASTED BOAR, AND UNCLE WILL FORGET TO BE ANNOYED WITH ME!

VERY GOOD, SAHIB! COME! THE SUN IS COMING UP! YOUR UNCLE WILL BE RISING SOON!
One of the native Meerut servants stared in horror at the roast boar! The Governor exploded.

Get that blasted thing out of here!

But, Uncle! Aren't you even going to taste it? It's delicious!

The Governor glared at his nephew.

From now on, until I can sneer you out of this province, your life isn't worth two shillings! You'll stay within the garrison walls until I understand?

After Governor Sturdy left his nephew's room.

Did you hear that, Simja? We're getting kicked out tomorrow!

I hear, Sahib!

The Next Day.

Well, I saw the chief of the Meeruts today and made a formal apology. I told him you didn't know that they held the boar in such high regard. I've assured him it won't happen again. You're leaving here tomorrow.

The Meerut bowed and left the dining-room.

You stupid fool! That servant is a member of the local tribe! He'll report it.

I'm sorry, Uncle! I didn't know...

The Governor glared at his nephew.

I understand, Uncle?

Well, I'm not leaving till I get me a boar's head to bring back with me to Kadir!

No, Sahib! That is not wise! Leave well enough alone!

I hear, Sahib!
The next day, before sunrise, Lieutenant Horace Sturdy, Royal Bengal Lancers, rode out into the boar country with his spear. Horace spotted a boar soon after he lowered his spear and kicked his horse! The wild pig snorted...

It wheeled sharply...starting to run on its short little legs! Horace was over it...his lance poised...

Then the spear was rammed home! The wild boar squealed, rolling over and over! Lieutenant Sturdy dismounted and knelt to sever its head! He never noticed the brown, muscular hand seize his horse's dangling reins.

Nonsense, Simia! Uncle will never know and what if the Meeruts find out? We'll be on our way by then! Uncle will have the trouble! Not us!

No, Sahib! I not go with you!

I'm ordering you to go with me?

No! No! I tell your uncle!

All right! I'll go myself! Tomorrow at dawn! But, so help me, Simia...if my uncle finds out, if you breathe a word...I'll cut your tongue out!

The next day, before sunrise, Lieutenant Horace Sturdy, Royal Bengal Lancers, rode out into the boar country with his spear...

All right, you little devils! Just one of you...show your ugly snout...

Then the spear was rammed home! The wild boar squealed, rolling over and over! Lieutenant Sturdy dismounted and knelt to sever its head! He never noticed the brown, muscular hand seize his horse's dangling reins...

Good size! He'll make a beauty of a plaque! Too bad I can't have him roasted...

In the next illustration, Horace is seen on horseback, preparing to hunt a boar. The text explains the challenge he faces in convincing his uncle to go on the hunt and the consequences if he fails to do so.
The whinny of his horse made Horace look up! A Meerut tribesman sat astride the steed! A roughly hewn lance hung in the native's hand.

"What the? I say! Get off my..."

The Meerut pointed off toward the edge of the clearing.

"Run! Run or I speak you where you stand!"

"W-wait! I...I..."

The lance was raised! Lieutenant Sturdy backed away from its razor-sharp point. Then he turned...and ran.

"Help! Help!"

He had almost reached the edge of the clearing when he heard the horse's hooves behind him...

"No! No!"

Horace turned to see the Meerut charging down upon him, the lance poised...

YAAAAAAAAAAAAA...GGK!

His scream was cut short as the spear was rammed home.

That night, Lieutenant Sturdy's worried uncle entered the garrison dining-room with little appetite! Even that soon vanished when he caught sight of the figure on the table! It lay in a crouched position on a huge plank! Its hair had been boiled off, and its flesh browned to a crisp! In its mouth, was a juicy red apple...

"800 Lord! Horace!"

Heh, heh! So if you know any bores, kiddies, take a lesson from the Meerut! "Yes! That's my story!" Poor Horace was roasted...through and through! There hasn't been much boar-hunting in Meerut since then, though! Seems that nobody wants to end up on a gravy-stained plank! As the Meerut chief puts it, "An apple a day keeps the hunters away!" Ain't it the fruit? Bye now! We'll all see you next in my mag, tales from the crypt!
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