THE HAUNT OF FEAR

NO. 18 APRIL

IN THIS ISSUE:
E.C.'S ADAPTATION OF A STORY BY
RAY BRADBURY
AMERICA'S TOP HORROR WRITER!

FEATURED...

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

PIPE DOWN BEDTIME GORY POT SHOT!
THE BLACK FERRIS

REPRINT EDITION
HEE, HEE! SO YOU GOT YOUR GRIMY PAWS ON ANOTHER INSANE ISSUE OF MY REEKING RAG. WELL, HOP INTO THE HAUNT, HORRORS. THIS IS YOUR HOSTESS, THE OLD WITCH, STIRRING MY CRUDGY CAULDRON, BREWING ANOTHER OF MY MORbid MEALS. THIS REVOLTING RECIPE IS ONE OF MY FAVORITES. SO PLUNK DOWN ON YOUR USUAL SHIVER-SEAT, TUCK YOUR DROOL CUPS UNDER YOUR CHATTERING CHINS, KNOT YOUR NAPKINS AROUND YOUR NUBBY NECKS, AND I'LL FEED YOU THE FOUL FARE I CALL...

PIPE DOWN!

LILA LOOKED AT ANDREW WITH CONTEMPT, SHE HATED THE OLD MAN THIRTEEN YEARS AGO SHE'D MARRIED HIM FOR HIS MONEY ANDREW'S BEEN FORTY-SEVEN THEN LILA'S BEEN TWENTY-ONE. BUT NOW, LILA WAS THIRTY-FOUR, LOVE HAD ALMOST PASSED HER BY SHE LOOKED AT ANDREW SITTING THERE IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR, SMOKING HIS PIPE UPSIDE-DOWN LIKE HE ALWAYS DID. READING HIS INCESSANT BOOKS OF POETRY... AND SHE KNEW WHAT SHE HAD TO DO...

ANDREW I'M TIRED! MUH? BUT LILA! IT'S ONLY NINE-THIRTY! I HAVEN'T EVEN READ HALF THE POEMS IN THIS BOOK...
Night after night he'd sat there... smoking his pipe, reading, sinking deeper and deeper into senility, and Lila'd sat there with him until she could stand it no longer. I said I'm going to bed now, Andrew. All right, dear. Go ahead. I'll be all right.

But one day, Lila'o met Howard. He'd come to the house to repair something that had gone wrong. I'm from the oil-burner company, ma'am. Of course, come in. Follow me.

Howard had been everything that Lila'o longed for the past ten years... ever since the novelty of being rich had worn off. She'd led him down into the cellar to the faulty furnace, and she'd watched him remove his shirt... something wrong. Why... er... no... ma'am? I'm sorry...

He'd stood there in the glare of the cellar light. Oh, no! No! Not at all. I was just admiring your physique, as a matter of fact. She'd edged closer to him, he looked into her eyes... a shame... a pretty young woman like you... married to an old cripple. You ought to have some fun. Yes, I ought to! Howard'd shot a glance upward into the soot... that your husband up there? The old geezer? Yes, he, he's been ill. He has a terrible case of gout, he's practically a cripple.

And then, just when Howard'd almost taken a hit... Lila, Lila... blast him! Go ahead. I'll come up... blast him! I'll be around. I'll be around a lot. This furnace is badly in need of repair.
Yes, love had almost passed Lila by, but she'd reached out and caught it... caught it that day in the cellar. Lila got up from her chair and stood over Andrew...

Are you sure you'll be able to set up the stairs by yourself, Andrew?

Of course, my dear, just leave me at the cane.

Howard had returned... again and again! Finally, by the furnace, in the heat, they planned Andrew's murder...

It'll look like an accident, baby. You'll have his dough, and you'll be free, it's the only way!

Oh, howie, hold me. I'm so scared!

Lila moved up the stairs. She opened the door to her bedroom. Howard was waiting... everything all right? Yes, as soon as he's finished with his cursed poetry, he'll start up...

Lila moved up the stairs. She opened the door to her bedroom. Howard was waiting... everything all right? Yes, as soon as he's finished with his cursed poetry, he'll start up...

He clock on Lila's night table ticked loudly matching the throbbing of herrrs heart. They stood in the darkness, she and Howard, waiting. downstairs, finally, they heard a rapping. He's emptying his pipe, he'll be coming up soon. Open the door a crack so we see...

Andrew signed, closed his book of poetry, and struggled to his feet painfully, he reached for his cane, gasping with each torturous movement...

Ooohhh! My back...

He hobbled across the living room and started up the long flight of stairs. Slowly, painfully, he climbed one after the other, stopping every so often to rest. When he'd almost reached the top, Lila's bedroom door flew open...

Now? Huh? Lila? And... and him... the furnace man...

There was a split second gleam of realization in the old man's eyes before they pushed and sent him tumbling head over heels down the stairs.

Yaaaaaaaaaaahhh...
Howie darted down the steps, knelt beside the old man, grabbed him by his shoulders, lifted his head and cried, "Blah? You Die!"

It was an eternity before Andrew reached the bottom of the stairs. He lay there motionless. Lila stared down at him, whimpering. He moved. Howie cursed.

"He's not dead yet!"

"Oh..."

The pet store man gave Lila all the instructions needed for caring for the monkey... everything's in this envelope, ma'am. What he eats. How to bathe him. His shot-record... registration... birth date...

"I'll take good care of him, thank you. Isn't he a doll?"

"Howie..."

"Yeah..."

That night...

"Oh look, Howie, look! He's good luck... that's what he is! Look at this. The monkey was born the same day that Andrew died. Why, almost to the minute..."

"Why don't you call him Andrew and be done with it?"

"No! But, really... a monkey??"

"It's your money, Lila. I can't say no!"

"Look, Howie. Look at the cute little monkey. Isn't he darling? Oh, I want him. I want him for a pet. He's so cute..."

"Hee, hee, well, kids, there you have it. The first part of our little snack. Andrew fell for Howie and Lila's little plot... down twenty-five steps to his inevitable death. The ambulance came, followed by the police, and the verdict was... accidental death. Lila was free. The next thing that happens in our tasty tale of terror takes place during Lila's so-called period of mourning. She was passing a pet shop with Howie one day, when..."

"Look, Howie. Look at the cute little monkey. Isn't he darling? Oh, I want him. I want him for a pet. He's so cute..."

"It's your money, Lila. I can't say no!"

"But, really... a monkey?"

"No! But..."

"Oh, look, Howie, look! He's good luck... that's what he is! Look at this. The monkey was born the same day that Andrew died. Why, almost to the minute..."

"Why don't you call him Andrew and be done with it?"

"No! But..."
I couldn't, Howie! Think what people would say! I'm supposed to be mourning for Andrew.

Look, Lila, it's been five months since your husband's death! When are we going to be married?

It's too soon, Howie! People will talk! We have to wait a reasonable amount of time.

Reasonable! How long is that?

Soon, my darling! Soon! Now, kiss me goodnight!

Lila, baby!

Hee, hee! Now for the third part of my slop-serving, kiddies. The next action takes place about a month later. Lila had been putting Howard off...stalling him in his demands that they be married immediately. She'd insisted that it was too soon after Andrew's death. That it didn't 'look good'. So Howie waited...and fumed. One night, he came to visit her. By that time the little monkey Lila'd bought had the full run of the house...

Cigar butt? I don't know. It must be yours!

I don't smoke cigars, Lila. Do you forget? If you're two-timing me...

The monkey, Howie. He must have brought it in from the street. How could you think such a thing? That I'd be unfaithful?

I'm sorry, Lila. But it's been almost seven months since Andrew died. Isn't it about time we were married?

I'm sorry, Lila.
I...
I...
I...
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT HOWIE?
WHY... HOWIE, YOU'RE EARLY!
WHAT'S WRONG, LILA? YOU'RE ALL RED!

Several nights later, Howie came again to visit Lila. She was long in answering his ring. She seemed flushed when she opened the door...

I-I was sleeping! You woke me! I... I... what are you looking at Howie?

Who's here, Lila? Who are you entertaining?

I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY GOT THERE, HOWIE! HONESTLY, I DON'T!

The monkey flitted about the room as Howie took Lila in his arms...

The whip of smoke curled upward from the lit cigar in the ash tray, on the coffee table, two half-empty glasses and a bottle of liquor sat silently...

Entertaining? I... I... taking to smoking cigars, Nobody! I... I...

Lila? and drinking? Do you usually use two glasses when you drink?

THE MONKEY, I SUPPOSE! DON'T LIE TO ME, PUTTING ME OFF AND PUTTING ME OFF.
Howie started up the stairs...
I was early tonight, eh, Howie? Lila? You didn't expect no one to be there, did you? You thought you had me, you're wrong!

Above, Lila's bedroom door clicked shut. Howie darted to it...
locked! He's in there!

Who, Howie? What are you talking about?

Howie backed up from the door...
your lover, Lila? Howie!

The door splintered under Howie's oh so light. It swung open and the breeze sucked in through the open window. The room window stirred the curtains...
he got away. Out the window...

The bed was unmade and ruffled. Howie rushed to the window and stared out into the darkness. The trellis outside was strong... strong enough to withstand great weight. A movement in the bushes caught Howie's eyes...

there he goes...

Howie tore back down through the house and out the rear door. He searched the garden but found no one. Then something white caught Howie's eye. He picked it up...
a man's handkerchief... smeared with lipstick!

Lila backed away as Howie came in the door. His eyes bulged... his face was contorted... his lips were drawn back in a cruel snarl...

so you kept putting me off and all the time you were cheating on me, Howie? It isn't true! I swear it...
Howie snatched the poker from the fire-place as he came at Lila...
I'm going to kill you, Lila. Kill you as you made me kill... Andrew...

Howie brought the poker down with all his brute force upon Lila's head, cutting her scream to a bubbling snuffle...

EEEEEE...G-G-H-H-L-G-H...

They went out... Howie sobbing and the officer shaking his head, they sent me around to investigate. The operator reported somebody lifted the phone and screamed into it. She said it sounded more like an animal's chime than a human's...

After what was left of Lila was scraped up from the living-room rug and the coroner and detectives went away, a small furry brown monkey scurried out from the bushes behind the house, scrambled back up the trellis, into the bedroom and downstairs to a certain chair. There it curled up with a pipe, upside-down, in its mouth and a book of poetry on its lap, and it seemed to be smiling...

Hee, hee? Believe in reincarnation, fiends? Do you know that in Tibet the High Lama's successor is chosen by searching for an infant born at the exact moment that the old High Lama dies? African tribes believe that the spirit, upon death, leaves the body and enters that of an animal's being born at the same moment. So, Howie and Lila made a monkey out of Andrew. But he got even... didn't he? Of course Lila was innocent of being unfaithful... to Howie that is. Howie just fell for some monkey business and now the vault keeper awaits with his monkey shines... bye now.
HEH, HEH! AND NOW IT'S YOUR VAULT-KEEPER'S TURN TO CURLLE YOUR BLOOD, SO COME INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR FRIENDS, SIT DOWN BEHIDE ME AND I'LL NARRATE ANOTHER NAUSEATING NOVELLETTE FROM MY CRAWLING COLLECTION! THIS LITTLE YELP-YARN COMES TO YOU THROUGH THE COURTESY OF NIGHTMARE MATTRESSES, INC. MAKERS OF THE MATTRESS THAT SQUELCHES SCREAMS AND LETS YOU SNORE WITH GORE. I CALL THIS SPINE-TINGLER...!

BEDTIME GORY!

Milton undressed slowly, humming to himself. He slid into his pajamas and sat down on the firm mattress of the four-poster bed. He studied the bed's delicate carvings, its gleaming finish. In the next room he could hear Lorna's gentle snores. He grinned.

STUPID WOMAN! FOR FIVE YEARS I'VE STEPPED ON HER... ABUSED HER... HATED HER... USED HER TO GET WHERE I AM TODAY! AND STILL SHE KEEPS COMING BACK FOR MORE...

BOB... BOB...
Milton lay back among the soft folds of the four-poster's bedcovers. He chuckled...

Tomorrow, I'll have everything! Tomorrow, I'll be running the whole show. I always said to be a big man someday! Tomorrow is the day...

Lorna's coming from the next room. Milton closed his eyes. Yes, tomorrow... tomorrow was the day. Milton dozed. It was a comfortable bed at that. Lorna'd given it to him. Stupid Lorna. Five years he'd used her. Now, he was through. Tomorrow... tomorrow... Milton was asleep...

Lorna peered at him with red, tear-filled eyes. She slid across the room...

You're asleep, aren't you, Milton? Sound asleep! Nothing bothers you. Does it? No conscience? No regrets? Sound asleep! Waiting! Waiting for tomorrow...

You'll get what you wanted tomorrow, Milton. What you always wanted. You'll be that big man you always said you'd be. They're going to elect you president of the company tomorrow. President...

Lorna reached out and took Milton's limp hand. She stared at it...

Remember when we met, Milton? You came to work for us... as our chauffeur! You were young... handsome... ambitious... and I was so blind...

'We were worlds apart. I was the daughter of a rich man, and you... you were his servant. But that didn't stop you, did it? You... you made love to me... proposed to me...'

Oh, Milton, darling! I'd marry you... if I could! But you know father wouldn't give his approval.

We could elope... get married secretly. Then, after I've proven my worth to your father, we could tell him...

'I didn't know then. I didn't know what you really wanted. I was blinded by my love for you. We drove upstate and found a justice of the peace...'

...I pronounce you man and wife! Lorna, darling! Oh, Milton...
We were secretly married. Father never knew. He was killed before we could tell him. Remember the accident, Milton? You drove him into town that day. You said the brakes failed on the cliff road... I can't stop her. The brakes...

You were thrown clean of the wreck, but Father was trapped. He died instantly...

And suddenly, everything that Father owned was nine... nine and my husband's... nine and yours, Milton...

This is the break! I've needed, Lorna. All my life I've been a nobody! This is my chance...

Nilton, how can you talk like that with Father not even cold in his grave.

You took over, didn't you, Milton. My Father's holdings... his stock in the company... you took complete charge...

I'm going to be a big man someday, Lorna. Just wait and see!

Oh, Milton... so's...

Father had been a minor stockholder in the company but that wasn't enough for you, was it? You weren't satisfied with that. You wanted it all. The whole thing. You hired detectives...

Here is a list of all the stockholders. I want you to investigate every one of them, understand? I want you to get something on each of them.

You started your campaign... your campaign to gain control. It was dirty. Your hirings, digging deep, wallowing in the filth, bringing it to you...

He's married... with a family! Very respected. He's having an affair on the side. He's got a chorus girl...

I'll be ruined. You can't do this. Please, I'll pay you... anything!

You went to see your first victim. It was so easy. No! No! My reputation! I'll be ruined. You can't do this. Please, I'll pay you... anything!

You hold some stock in a certain company? I want it! Sell it to me and I'll remain silent, Mr. Cutler!
What could he do? He was trapped! You climbed the first rung toward the top. He turned over his stock to you and you paid him. Paid him with my dead father's money...

How could you do it, Milton? It was so unfair! I get what I want, Lorna! I get it any way I can!

And the dirt came in. Remember the second one? He held less than 4% of the voting stock. A mere pittance. But you wanted it. Nothing would stop you, would it, Milton?

H-how did you find out? It. It was so long ago!

I have ways, Mr. Forbes! It would mean jail for you, if I told now, you own some shares of stock.

You climbed upward, didn't you, Milton? The second rung. 46%! You needed 51%, you stepped on them and climbed. Now I pitied the thing one...

He killed himself, Milton! He committed suicide!

His widow will go business! She'll have to!

And then you found your fourth victim. Your private garbage pickers came with their dirt, and you buried your hands in it...

5%? You got three percent from Mr. Staley's widow. You were still short. You still needed two percent and you were determined to get it.

You've got to stop this, Milton! You've got to...

Mind your own business, Lorna. I know what I'm doing...

And then you found your fourth victim. Your private garbage pickers came with their dirt, and you buried your hands in it...

All night! All right! Here's your stock! Now get out, you dirty Blackmailen!

Not blackmail at all, Mr. Burker. I'm buying these shares. Remember that! Here's your check!
'So now you had it, Milton. You had your control! And at the next stockholders' meeting, you exploded your bomb...'

'It's as simple as that, gentlemen. I have 52% of the voting stock! I demand the presidency!

'I remember how fiendishly gleeful you were, Milton. And even though I loved you, I hated you for what you'd done to all those people...

'I said I'd be a big man, and now I'm going to be! Next week they're going to elect me president of the company! And your dream has finally been fulfilled, eh, Milton?'

'That's right! I was smart! I stepped over the dead wood. I got to the top where I belong!

'Where would you be if you hadn't married me? If father hadn't been killed?'

'I'd have gotten there anyway, Lorna. Whatever I did, I did with a plan. Why do you think I married you?

'Because you loved me... and I loved you...'

'Hah! Don't make me laugh! Because your old man had dough! And he had that stock!' You knew about it... the stock!

'I came to work for him because of it! Once I worked for the company... as a truck driver! I was fired! I swore I'd own it someday! Then you lied to me. You never loved me! I was a step on your ladder?'

'Exactly! And father? He... he would have disowned me if he'd found out I'd married you! But he never got that chance. You... you killed him, didn't you?'
YOU DO LOVE ME, LORNA! YOU STILL LOVE ME. THAT'S WHY YOU WON'T TELL.

FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF, LORNA. REMEMBER... THE CORONER SAID IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

THEN YOU DID KILL HIM! YOU DID! OH... SOB... SOB... AND I THOUGHT I LOVED YOU...

TODAY, YOU FOUND THE BED IN YOUR ROOM, EH, MILTON? HOW ANNOYED YOU WERE!

WHAT'S THIS LORNA? WHERE'S MY OLD BED? I BOUGHT THIS FOUR-POSTER FOR YOU, MILTON... AS A PRESENT?

IT'S UGLY! SEND IT BACK!

BUT MILTON! THIS IS A BED BEFITTING A MAN OF YOUR STATION IN LIFE! LOOK AT IT! HOW REGAL! HOW RICH.

SEND IT BACK IN THE MORNING! DO YOU HEAR? NOW GO TO YOUR ROOM! I WANT TO GET SOME SLEEP!

OH, YES! YES! TOMORROW'S A BIG DAY IN YOUR LIFE, EH, MILTON? PRESIDENT OF THE COMPANY! THE TOP! BIG MAN...

GET OUT!

OOWWW...

'My cheek burned like fire where you slapped it, MILTON. I RUSHED TO MY ROOM, CRYING MY HEART OUT. I WAITED UNTIL YOU'D FALLEN ASLEEP...

MILTON? MILTON? ARE YOU AWARE?
Milton opened his eyes. Lorna stood over him...

Lorna! I... I'm tied up! What is this?

It's just past midnight, Milton! Today's the dat!

Lorna stood over Milton, lying spread-eagle across the four-poster, his wrists and ankles each securely bound to a post.

Lorna! Untie me! What are you doing? You always said you'd be a big man someday, Milton! So I'm going to help you...

Milton lay spread-eagle across the four-poster, his wrists and ankles each securely bound to a post.

Lorna! You're mad! Stop! Stop!

Big man... Eh... Eh...

Lorna began to turn a crank. Somewhere inside the bed, a ratchet clicked...

Lorna! For God's sake...

You're going to be a big man, Milton!

Milton felt his arms pulled... his legs drawn.

Lorna! You're mad! Stop! Stop!

Big man...

Lorna kept 'doone' it... turning the crank. That is? Milton sure was a big man when they found him in the morning. He was spread from pillow to post. Four posts, of course! Some wise guy had a tape measure with him and took a reading. Anybody want to buy a twelve foot long majority stockholder? Now I'll turn you back to that bag, the old nag, before she starts to nag. See you next in the crypt-keeper's rag? Eye, now!

And then, Milton felt the tendons tearing, the muscles snapping. The veins and arteries bursting and hemorrhaging. He screamed. He knew. The ratchet clicked as Lorna turned the crank...

Lorna! For God's sake!

You're going to be a big man, Milton!

?It's... a Stretch Rack!

Big... Eh... Eh... Man...

Tick... Tic...
Through the heavily matted undergrowth he could see the clearing where the line of gnarled trees ended and the desolate swamp stretched off toward the murky horizon. The light was already beginning to fail; they would be after him with the bloodhounds in another few moments, as soon as they discovered he was missing from the prison lineup.

He had heard often, from other convicts, that the swamp was probably the only way to escape from the penitentiary... but none of the men actually knew of anyone who had gotten clear of the pursuing guards by taking to the swamp. Still, he thought to himself, his chest heaving from the exertion of scaling the prison wall and crouching and scrambling his way to the edge of the forest, continuing on through the woods is just what the guards would want me to do! That way their hounds could track me down 'til I dropped from exhaustion!

He heard a crashing in the undergrowth behind him, saw sudden shafts of light penetrating the low hanging branches in long searching arcs. They were close behind him now; he had only a moment in which to make his decision!

With a nervous glance behind him, he ducked low under the last fringe of branches and stepped uneasily into the ooze of the swamp. Step by step, his breath wheezing through his nostrils in frightened little dribbles, he moved out into the clinging mud. Step by step... the mud creeping up past his knees to his hips... he stumbled away from the forest into the inky darkness.

A finger of blue-white probed toward him. Without a moment's hesitation he scrunched low, aware of the thick goo pressing against his chest and trickling against his throat. He crouched breathlessly, his chin buried in the muck, while the insistent light searched the swamp for him. Then the glare disappeared. He was shrouded again in darkness.

He permitted himself an audible sigh of relief. The guards were moving past the spot where he bid. Another few minutes buried here in the swamp and he'd be able to straighten up and creep out of the muck and back to the forest. Just a few more minutes... he'd allow himself five more minutes and he'd make his move!

* * * * *

The tall boney-faced guard flicked the switch and his flashlight went out. The two uniformed men stood together in the forest, peering out across the desolate swamp, while their dogs sniffed and scrabbled in among the leaves on the ground.

The stocky guard slipped his pistol back into its holster and pulled his collar up closer to his chin. He turned away from the swamp and ducked back into the forest.

"I told you he'd never head for the swamp," he said over his shoulder, as he snapped the leash holding his brace of bloodhounds. "Let's keep going through the woods!"

"Yep!" answered the taller guard, as he flicked on the light again... pointed, now, ahead through the trees. "Guess you're right! He's probably too smart to set foot in that swamp and wait for us to pass him by. Cause even if we did miss him, he'd be sucked down into that stuff the very first time he tried to move out of that quicksand! It's happened in every escaped con who ever tried to make his getaway through the mud!"
Well, here's another nauseating nursery narration, huh? A terror tale for teetzy tykes. A childish chiller. I call it...

POT-SHOT!

Once upon a time... long, long ago... there lived a very wealthy French nobleman named Irving, Duke of Melvania. Now this rich Duke had a son named Amboy. Amboy was in his twenties and very spoiled. Father, I'm taking the coach! I have a heavy date with a French wenches... and you know how fond I am of chicken! And you know how fond I am of high speed. Father... nothing thrills me as much as whipping the team... the road rushing madly beneath the wheels... the wind, whistling in my ears... and me whistling at a French wenches...

All right, Amboy, but do drive slowly through town tonight! Last night you killed two chickens and a peasant child.

And you know how...
CAUTIOUS, NOW!

FATHER. I KNOW THE FACTS OF LIFE, DRIVING, I MEAN!

HUN? OR YES, FATHER. I WILL DRIVE WITH GREAT CAUTION AT TREMENDOUS SPEED, OF COURSE, BUT WITH GREAT CAUTION.

I KNOW, FATHER. I AM OFF, TO MONKEY WITH MY WENCH...
Old Pierre could not move. He was rooted with fear. The coach bore down upon him...

EEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHH!

The townspeople scattered in all directions as the coach roared into the market square.

Look out! Old Pierre? He's in the middle of the street!

The coach rumbled off into the night. A twisted broken body lay in an ever-widening pool of blood on the cobblestones...

Old Pierre? He's dead.

The townsfolk stood about in the marketplace, cursing...

The dirty &%*!!! Something should be done about this.

Amboy's reckless driving should be stopped.

Late that night, Amboy returned to the castle. The Duke was waiting for him...

Why, Father? You're still up? You... Look angry!

I am, boy! I heard about your sojourn into town tonight!

I... I lost my head, Father! You promised you'd be cautious!

You couldn't help it! She? I'm talking about the old man you killed!
As you can see, kiddies, Irving, Duke of Melvania, was no dope. Skinny Amboy couldn't have weighed more than 180 pounds. Duke was getting off light.

The day your new castle is ready, we'll have the weigh-in, and each year after that, I'll pay you your weight in gold as your allowance.

Old Man: "Oh, that I was cautious, Father! Not one chicken!"

This is the end, Amboy! I'm sending you out on your own! You must learn responsibility!

You mean I'm going to get a new castle all my own... and a yearly allowance? How much?

I hadn't thought!

Pay me in gold, Father! That's fair!

What you weigh in gold? It's a deal!

As the months went by, Amboy got fatter and fatter and fatter, and Amboy's castle neared completion...

And as the months went by, Amboy got fatter and fatter and fatter, and Amboy's castle neared completion...

It's almost done, Amboy!

Yup! Chomp... Chomp...

So construction on Amboy's castle was begun. But Amboy was no dope either, kiddies. Amboy started eating.

At last, Father! I am on my own... ranking my own way...

Amboy? You're stuffing yourself! You'll get fat?

You're so right, Father! More food. Bring more food.

And then... tomorrow the castle will be finished and we will have the weigh-in, Amboy! I must say, you've gained considerable weight since I made this deal. However, a promise is a promise.

And then... tomorrow the castle will be finished and we will have the weigh-in, Amboy! I must say, you've gained considerable weight since I made this deal. However, a promise is a promise.

Yup! Chomp... Chomp...
The next day...

Come, Amboy! The scale is set up in your new castle's courtyard. Let's go!

Suddenly Amboy's glance fell upon the lead weights on the other scale—balance...

If I could fill myself up with enough lead, I could add another hundred pounds, easily! But, how

Amboy pointed to the flintlock pistol hanging over the mantle...

Of course! Lead shot! Little round lead balls would be easy to swallow!

The rest of the day, Amboy spent swallowing the castle's supply of pistol shot! He emptied two whole kegs...

Gulp. Gulp. Gulp. Oh, I'm full! But... Bulp...

Finally, I can't swallow any more. I can hardly move. I must weigh five hundred pounds, and—and...

As soon as the Duke was gone, Amboy waddled to a scale...

Only two hundred and twenty pounds! Not enough! What could I eat to make me heavier...

You go... chomp... Father, I'll meet you! Don't forget! I have till midnight...
The clock on the wall screamed at Amboy...

AMBOY ORDERED HIS COACH! HE DRAGGED HIMSELF IN...

TO MY NEW CASTLE...GASP... AND...GASP... HURRY!

THE COACH STARTED OFF. AMBOY SCREAMED...

FASTER! FASTER!

HERE... GIVE ME THAT WHIP...

YES, SIR!

Amboy ordered his coach! He dragged himself in to his new castle... gasp... and gasp... hurry!

The coach started off. Amboy screamed...

Faster! Faster!

Here... give me that whip...

Yes, sir!

The clock on the wall screamed at Amboy...

Good grief! It's almost midnight! I've got to hurry!

On toward Amboy's new castle, the coach thundered... Amboy's whip lashing out...

Faster! Faster! Good lord! Look!

The coach stopped short, suddenly.

The road before the barricade was strewn with little round lead balls... millions of them...

Amboy, sir! Are you all right, sir? Are you... oh, it's... look... look at his stomach...

The coach was stopped short. The lead shot in Amboy's funny just kept on going, er... anybody for marbles? No? Tch... Tch! Oh by the way, after that, as usual everybody lived happily ever after, that is, until the Duke got the clever idea of turning Amboy's unused new cable into a... set this... cotel!

Well, shot man mouth, kiddies, if Amboy's love of speed didn't finally spell his undoing, the walls of his stomach's undoing that is! When the coach stopped short, the lead shot in Amboy's funny just kept on going, er... anybody for marbles? No? Tch... Tch! Oh by the way, after that, as usual everybody lived happily ever after, that is, until the Duke got the clever idea of turning Amboy's unused new cable into a... set this... cotel!

You know... the ancestor of the motel for coaches. Oh, the reckless driving! And now, the crypt keeper awaits to wind up my mad 'bye.
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

Heh, heh! So, now it's the Crypt-Keeper's turn to chill you. For the wind-up spot to C.W.'s mag, I've chosen a tale by Ray Bradbury. So come into the Crypt of Terror, sit down or that tent-spike there, and I'll tell you my adaptation of Mr. Bradbury's...

THE BLACK FERRIS!

The carnival had come to town like an October wind, like a dark bat flying over a cold lake, bones rattling in the night, mourning, sighing, whispering up the tents in the dark rain. It stayed on for a month by the grey, restless lake of October, in the black weather and increasing storms and leaden skies...

The third week, at twilight on a Thursday, two small boys walked along the lake shore in the cold wind...

Aw, I don't believe you, Hank. Come on, and I'll show you, Pete.

Copyright, 1949, by Ray Bradbury.
Peter and Henry ran to the lonely carnival grounds. The midway was silent, the grey tents hissed in the wind like giant prehistoric wings. At eight o'clock perhaps, ghastly lights would flash on, voices would shout, music would boom out over the lake. But now, there was only a Blind Hunchback sitting on a black box.

The black Ferris wheel rose like an immense light-bulbed constellation against the cloudy sky. Silent...

"I still don't believe what you said about that Ferris wheel, hank."

"You wait, I saw it happen. I don't know how, but it did. You know how carnivals are... All funny, okay. This one's even funnier."

Hank let himself be led to the high green hiding place of a tree. Suddenly Hank stiffened...

"What? There's Mr. Cooger, the carnival man, now!"

Mr. Cooger, a man of some thirty-five years, dressed in sharp bright clothes, a lapel carnation, and a brown derby hat on his head, drifted under the tree.

Mr. Cooger nodded at the Blind Hunchback, spoke a word. The Hunchback blindly, fumbling, looked Mr. Cooger into a black seat and sent him whirling into the ominous twilight sky.

"See! The Ferris wheel's going the wrong way. What? Backwards instead of forwards!"

The black Ferris wheel whirled twenty-five times around. Then the Blind Hunchback put out his pale hands and halted the machinery. The wheel stopped, gently swaying, at a certain black seat, a ten-year-old boy stepped out...

"That's him? You wouldn't... But... Where's Mr. believe? Now... see!"

Mr. Cooger nodded for Mr. Cooger..."Where is he? That's him? Come on! Quick! Run!"

The ten-year-old boy walked off across the whispering carnival grounds, into the shadows. Peter searched the Ferris wheel with his eyes for Mr. Cooger...

Hank dropped from the tree and was sprinting before he hit the ground...
The lights were burning in Mrs. Foley's white mansion. Piano music tinkled, within the warm windows, people moved. Outside, it began to rain, despondently, irreversibly, forever and even.

I'm so wet like someone squirted me with a hose. How much longer do we wait, Hank?

I know his name. My mother told me about him the other day.

They had followed the ten year old from the Ferris wheel up through town, down dark streets to Mrs. Foley's house. Now, inside the warm dining room, the strange little boy sat at dinner...

Mom said, 'Hank, you hear about the lil' orphan boy moved in Mrs. Foley's? Well, his name's Joseph Pines and he just came to Mrs. Foley's about two weeks ago and asked for something to eat, and him and Mrs. Foley been gettin' on like hot apple pie ever since! That's what Mom said.

I'm scared, Hank. I'm cold and hungry and I don't know what this's all about.

Hank slanged fearfully at the dining room where the strange little boy looked up from his eating. Hank crept over and shut the hall door and whispered...

We got to warn you. It's about that boy come to live with you... that orphans?

The hall grew suddenly cold. Mrs. Foley drew herself high and stiff.

He's from the carnival and he ain't no boy, he's a man, and he's planning on living here with you until he finds where your money is and then run off with it some night. And people will look for him but because they'll be looking for a ten year old, Mr. Dooger will get away...

The carnival... and the Ferris wheel going backward making Mr. Dooger younger. I don't know how, and him coming here as a boy, and you can't trust him, because when he has your money he'll get back on the Ferris wheel and it'll go forward and...

Get out, Henry Waltersen. Get out and don't ever come back!
During supper, father looked at Hank and said...

If you don't catch pneumonia, I'll be surprised. Soaked, you were, by God! What's all this about the carnival?

During supper, father looked at Hank and said...

If you don't catch pneumonia, I'll be surprised. Soaked, you were, by God! What's all this about the carnival?

Peter seized Hank's arm and pointed... wouldn't he? Look!

The one with the pink carnation in his lapel? Sure, he stays down at Mrs. O'Leary's boarding house. Got a room in the back. Why?

Nothing—just was wondering if you knew him.

After supper, Hank put in a call to Peter. At the other end of the line, Peter sounded miserable with dousing...

Listen, Pete! I see it all now. When that lil' ole orphan boy, Joseph Pikes, gets Mrs. Foley's money, he's got a good plan.

He'll stick around town as the carnival man, living in a room at Mrs. O'Leary's. Nobody will believe that way. Nobody'll get suspicious. Everybody'll be looking for that nasty little boy and he'll be gone. I tried and Mr. Cooger will be walking around and nobody'll suspect the carnival at all. It would look funny if the carnival suddenly pulled up stakes so we got to act fast.

In the big bay window of the dining room now the mesh curtain pulled aside, standing there in the pink light, his hand made into a menacing fist, was the orphan boy. His face was horrible to see, the teeth bared, the eyes hateful...
WE GOT TO ACT TONIGHT! BECAUSE IF WE DON'T HE'LL KILL US! WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW! I SET HE JUST TRIES SOMETHING TONIGHT. SO, I TELL YOU, MEET ME AT MRS. FOLEY'S AW! IN HALF AN HOUR.

YOU WANNA DIE? N-NO!

WELL THEN, MEET ME THERE AND I BET WE SEE THAT ORPHAN BOY SNEAKING OUT WITH THE MONEY, TONIGHT, AND RUNNING BACK DOWN TO THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS WITH IT, WHEN MRS. FOLEY'S ASLEEP. I'LL SEE YOU THERE. SO LONG, PETE!

HANK HUNG UP HIS FATHER STOOD BEHIND HIM.

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, YOUNG MAN. YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT TO BED. C'MON! UPSTAIRS!

HANK WAS MARCHED UPSTAIRS. HANK UNDRESSED. HIS FATHER TOOK HIS CLOTHES AND LOCKED HIM IN HIS ROOM. THE REST OF HANK'S WARDROBE HUNG OUTSIDE THE LOCKED BEDROOM DOOR IN THE HALL CLOSET.

NOW, GO TO BED!

HOLY COW!

PETER STOOD OUTSIDE MRS. FOLEY'S HOUSE, LOST IN A VAST RAINCOAT AND MARINER'S CAP, SCRUFFLING. FINALLY THERE WAS A RUSTLING IN THE WET BUSHES.

PSST! PETE! HEY! LEND ME YOUR PANTS! DAD WOULDN'T LET ME OUT!

GOSH, HANK! YOU'RE... YOU'RE NAKED!

G'MON! YOU'VE GOT THAT RAINCOAT OR, NOBODY'LL KNOW SO LEND ME YOUR PANTS, BEFORE I GET PNEUMONIA!

WELL... ALL RIGHT!

THE RELUCTANT TRANSACTION WAS MADE. HANK PULLED THE PANTS ON. THEY WAITED...
THE ORPHAN BOY WAS SWIFT. PETER WAS LEFT BEHIND AS HANK THUDDED ON ALONE AFTER THE DARTING ORPHAN NOW VANISHING INTO THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS.

The rain let up...in about ten minutes, a small figure emerged from the house, bearing a large paper sack filled with some enormous loot or other...

The orphan boy was swift, Peter was left behind as Hank thudded on alone after the darting orphan boy now vanishing into the carnival grounds.

The Ferris wheel went around and around and around. Joseph Pikes - Mr. Cooger, flung up in a stormy cold sky in the bubbled constellation of whirl and rush and wind, screamed. The hunchback with Hank on his chest, thrashing, biting, kicking...screamed...

Stop the wheel? I can't move!

The hunchback tried to reach the brake to stop the Ferris wheel. Hank ran in and slammed the spike against his fingers, mashing them...

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Mr. Googer, a man a different man and voice this time, cried out, coming around in panic, going up into the roaring Hissing Sky of the Ferris wheel, the wind blew through the high dark wheel spoked...

Hank leaped from the sprawling hunchback. He started in on the brake mechanism, hitting it, jamming it, putting chunks of metal in it...

The voice faded, now the carnival was ablaze with sudden light. Men sprang from tents, game running. Hank felt himself jerked into the air with oaths and beatings rained on him. A policeman appeared, pistol drawn...

Without a word the Ferris wheel flew in a circle, a high system of electrical stars and metal and seats. There was no sound now but the sound of the motor which died and stopped. The Ferris wheel coasted a minute, then came to rest, all the people gazing up at it...

The voice repeated and repeated, shrilling now in the wind, the dark carnival men tried to apply the brake. Nothing happened. The machinery hummed and turned the wheel around and around. The mechanism was jammed. The voice cried one last time.

The policeman turned and the carnival people turned and they all looked at the occupant in the black painted seat at the bottom of the ride. A skeleton sat there, a paper bag of money in its hands. A brown derby hat on its head...

The policeman appeared, pistol drawn...

Good Lord? Choke...

Heh, heh! And that's the story. Kiddies, the way Ray wrote it. Hope you liked it. Now it's time to close the Old Whon's Mag. Before you creep from the Crypt, let me tell you about the hungry shoul. He left no stone untasted! Heh, heh! Well, we'll all see you next in my Mag. Tales from the Crypt. There'll be another Ray Bradbury yarn for your enjoyment. Bye now! Buy bombs!

--- THE END ---