BRACE YOURSELF FOR THE JOLTING CONCLUSION TO THIS GRIPPING TALE!

WELL-TRAVELED!

A CRIME SuspenStory

I think it was the day after I moved into the house on Alden Road that I first met Horace Wheems! The Wheems house was right next door! I was out in my garden that day, examining the rose bushes the previous owner had left for me, when Horace's timid voice squeaked at me...

"Hey, I guess you're our new neighbor? My name's Bailey! Glad to meet you, Horace!"
Horace was short and thin. The typical 'casper milo' type. His clothes were rather shabby and, as I glanced on beyond him, I noticed that his house was quite mum-down too.

Horace smiled sheepishly. He beckoned to me...

"Mon, Jack. I'll show you my hobby! It's down in the cellar!"

"Sure, Horace!"

I hopped the low shub-fence that divided Horace's property from mine and followed Horace into his paint-faded home...

"We haven't any children. His bess bess and me, but I like puttering with 'em anyway!"

"Mrs. Weems, Horace?"

Horace led me through an untidy kitchen to the cellar door. I noticed that the sink was laden with unwashed dishes...

"Yep! Bess is her name! She's not home this week! She's traveling!"

"Oh! Yes! I see!"

Yup! Model railroad ing!

I descended into the darkness of Horace's cellar. He flipped a light switch and its cheery glow chased the gloom...

"Well! There it is!"

"Say! That's something, Horace!"

I here, in one corner of the cellar, under the glaring overhead lights, was a long table! And upon it, in delicate miniature, was the most attractive model railroad layout I'd ever seen...

"It's terrific, Horace! So that's your hobby!"

Suddenly I noticed Horace's face grow dark. He shook his head...

"Of course, it isn't hardly completed yet..."

"...I don't have any rolling-stock yet!"

"That's right! I didn't notice!"
Horace straightened some lichen-moss shrubbery on the rolling papier-mâché mountain.

Every time I get enough to buy the engine and tender... and maybe a few freight cars, Bessie goes traveling!

I glanced away from Horace, down at the little balsa wood stores that lined the sidewalks of the model town! I didn't want him to know that I saw his eyes filling with tears...

Bessie likes traveling! She likes to visit places! Maybe if we had some kids, she'd stay home but... well... we can't! So she goes...

I'm sorry, Horace; I know how you feel! I've got a boy of my own...

Horace's face brightened...

You have! Oh... you'll bring him down to see the layout, Jack? He'd love it!

Sure! Horace? You bet!

Horace leaned over and straightened a tilting Telemann pole... made the whole thing out of scrap lumber... even the tracks are home-made!

That's so! I bought the rails out of lunch-money... I saved out the ties... painted 'em and nailed the tracks on!

Horace ran a pale finger over the green-sawdust grass...

I... I try savin' for 'em! I know just what I want... there's a beauty of an engine in the hobby shop! In town! Cheap, too!

I'm sorry, Horace? What do you mean?
Bess Wheems was a heavy woman with a grim face. I guess I took an immediate dislike to her. It wasn't fair. I know. But I suddenly felt very sorry for Horace.

Oh, yes! St. Petersburg is. Er. Horace. Lovely place. And the train-trip down was so delightful.

Naturally, Philip was delighted with Horace's model layout! He giggled and pointed...

I looked at Horace. He was staring down at the water-tower he'd made out of an old coffee can.

I can't wait! Neither can I. Philly. It'll be soon. Soon as I can scrape together a few dollars.

We went up...out of the cellar. Bess Wheems saw us to the door. I had to make a neighborly offer...

You must come in sometime, Mrs. Wheems, and tell my wife and me all about your travels.

We'll, Mr. Bailey! I'd love to! Oh, I've been to such interesting places!
That was it... the whole deal! Bess had gone off on another of her jaunts! She'd taken the money Horace had pinched and saved... the money he'd hoped to buy that engine and freight train with...

I'm sorry, Horace!

Four years! I've been waitin'! Four whole years! I been sayin'!

That night, I couldn't sleep! I kept hearing voices driftin' across the still night air from the Wheel's house! They seemed excited... angry...

Bess and Horace are arguing!

The day was Saturday! I dropped by Horace's house with Phil to see the new trains run on that beautiful layout! No one answered the door! We went in! Horace sat by the huge table, putterin' with some artificial trees...

Hello, Horace! Hey, Mr. Wheel's! We came to see the trains!

Didn't get 'em!

That's Bess, Horace?

She's travelin' again!

That long, Horace? I didn't know.

Four years! Every time I scrape enough money together to buy some rolling stock... off she goes... travelin' again!

One Friday, about three months after we'd moved in, Horace confided in me...

Looks like I'll be able to bet that pine freight train, Jack! I've saved up the money! I'm dustin' down tomorrow...

Neat, Horace! Phil will be thrilled!

The next day was Saturday! I dropped by Horace's house with Phil to see the new trains run on that beautiful layout! No one answered the door! We went in! Horace sat by the huge table, putterin' with some artificial trees...

Hello, Horace! Hey, Mr. Wheel's! We came to see the trains!

Didn't get 'em!

That's Bess, Horace?

She's travelin' again!

That was it... the whole deal! Bess had gone off on another of her jaunts! She'd taken the money Horace had pinched and saved... the money he'd hoped to buy that engine and freight train with...

I'm sorry, Horace!

Four years! I've been waitin'! Four whole years! I been sayin'!

That night, I couldn't sleep! I kept hearing voices driftin' across the still night air from the Wheel's house! They seemed excited... angry...

Bess and Horace are arguing!

The day was Saturday! I dropped by Horace's house with Phil to see the new trains run on that beautiful layout! No one answered the door! We went in! Horace sat by the huge table, putterin' with some artificial trees...

Hello, Horace! Hey, Mr. Wheel's! We came to see the trains!

Didn't get 'em!

That's Bess, Horace?

She's travelin' again!

That was it... the whole deal! Bess had gone off on another of her jaunts! She'd taken the money Horace had pinched and saved... the money he'd hoped to buy that engine and freight train with...

I'm sorry, Horace!

Four years! I've been waitin'! Four whole years! I been sayin'!

That night, I couldn't sleep! I kept hearing voices driftin' across the still night air from the Wheel's house! They seemed excited... angry...

Bess and Horace are arguing!

The day was Saturday! I dropped by Horace's house with Phil to see the new trains run on that beautiful layout! No one answered the door! We went in! Horace sat by the huge table, putterin' with some artificial trees...

Hello, Horace! Hey, Mr. Wheel's! We came to see the trains!

Didn't get 'em!

That's Bess, Horace?

She's travelin' again!

That was it... the whole deal! Bess had gone off on another of her jaunts! She'd taken the money Horace had pinched and saved... the money he'd hoped to buy that engine and freight train with...

I'm sorry, Horace!

Four years! I've been waitin'! Four whole years! I been sayin'!

That night, I couldn't sleep! I kept hearing voices driftin' across the still night air from the Wheel's house! They seemed excited... angry...

Bess and Horace are arguing!
YOU'LL HELP ME, JACK? YOU'LL HOLD MY HONEY FOR HE'? WE WON'T TELL BESS THIS TIME! WE'LL GET 'EM BEFORE SHE CAN SPEND IT... TRAVELING! IT'S LIKE A GRAVEYARD! A LAYOUT AIN'T NO GOOD WITHOUT TRAINS DUN' AROUND ON IT! IT' B' DEAD WITHOUT 'EM!

HE TUNNED TO ME... HIS EYES WIDE... HIS FACE PALE...

YOU'LL HELP ME, JACK? YOU'LL HOLD MY MONEY FOR ME! ALL NIGHT, HORACE? I'LL HELP YOU! I'LL BE GLAD TO!

IT'S A GRAVEYARD! A LAYOUT. AIN'T NO GOOD WITHOUT TRAINS DUN' AROUND ON IT! IT' B' DEAD WITHOUT 'EM!

YOU'LL LET HIM BUY THE TRAINS, MRS. WHEEMS? YOU WON'T SPEND IT DH SOMETHING ELSE?

IT WAS HEARTBREAKING! THE POOR BUY HAD BUILT THAT BEAUTIFUL LAYOUT... AND HE'D NEVER BEEN ABLE TO AFFORD TO BUY THE TRAINS TO RUN AROUND ON IT...

WE WEREN'T GOING TO SPEND IT ON SOMETHING ELSE? I HAVE A RESERVATION, MR. BAILEY! A LOWER BERTH... TOMORROW MORNING...

AND SO, I BECAME A PART OF HORACE'S DECEPTION! EVERY WEEK HE'D GIVE ME A FEW DOLLARS... WHAT EN HE SAVED... TO HOLD FOR HIM...

IT'S DEAD WITHOUT 'EM!

BESS WHEEMS? YOU DON'T SPEND IT ON SOMETHING ELSE? I HAVE A RESERVATION, MR. BAILEY! A LOWER BERTH... TOMORROW MORNING...

BESS WHEEMS?

YOU DON'T SPEND IT ON SOMETHING ELSE? I HAVE A RESERVATION, MR. BAILEY! A LOWER BERTH... TOMORROW MORNING...

YOU DON'T SPEND IT ON SOMETHING ELSE? I HAVE A RESERVATION, MR. BAILEY! A LOWER BERTH... TOMORROW MORNING...

IT'S LIKE A GRAVEYARD! A LAYOUT AIN'T NO GOOD WITHOUT TRAINS DUN' AROUND ON IT! IT' B' DEAD WITHOUT 'EM!

HORACE! JUST A MINUTE, BESS!

HERE, JACK! ALMOST FIFTY!

FOUR SHY!

THAT'S IT NO NO NO! YOU CAN BUY THEM NOW! YOU'VE SAVED THE FIFTY DOLLARS TOHORACE! TOMORROW MORNING WE'LL ALL GO DOWN TO THE NOBBY SHOP. YOU ME, AND PHILLY... AND BUY EM!

BESS WHEEMS?

WHAT? I SAID GIVE ME MY HUSBAND'S MONEY, MR. BAILEY!

DOES HE MEAN... IS IT OKAY WITH HIM? I THINK YOU'D BEST MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS. IT'S NO CONCERN OF YOURS! THE MONEY, PLEASE.

But that evening... I had a visitor... Bess Wheems...

What? I said give me my husband's money, Mr. Bailey!
I couldn't help it! I had to spout off. I was that mad. You're not going traveling again, Mrs Wheems? But Horace has waited so long for those trains of his.

Bah! Nonsense! Childish nonsense! Education is fan more important! Travel is education! The money...

I gave her the money! I couldn't help it! It wasn't mine.

Here, Mrs Wheems! I hope you have a pleasant journey.

You needn't be sarcastic, Mr. Bailey. Good evening?

Horace come oven a little while later? He was breathless.

She's packing her bag. What's up, Jack?

She...she took the money, Horace!

No! You didn't give it to her!

I had to, Horace! She knew all about it! She demanded it!

I felt good after that. I listened to the high-pitched voices across the way, and smiled. I'd make Horace happy after all! I guess I fell asleep! The next thing I knew...

I wanted to make it up to Horace. That night, I heard them arguing again and I decided...

Poor boy! He'll be broken-hearted tomorrow. I'm going to buy him those trains.

Hey! It's eleven o'clock already! And I wanted to take Horace down to the hobby shop first thing this morning.
Phil and I went over to the Wheems' house right after our brunch. It was about noon as we came in the door.

Listen, Oddy! Well, I'll be.

We rushed downstairs. Horace sat at the transformer controls, spinning! The tiny engine sped noisily over the gleaming rails, rushing in and out of the tunnel, puffing smoke coming its line of freight cars behind it.

Mr. Wheems! Mr. Wheems! You got 'em! You got 'em!

I glanced at Horace Wheems and shivered. His eyes were glassy... wild-looking! A little droplet of spittle oozed out of his mouth! I had to ask...

Yea, Philly! I got 'em!

I looked down... and the blood froze in my veins! The trackbeds throughout the layout were stained red! When the speeding engine with its line of freight cars whizzed by me, I gasped! A boxcar door was open! A staring eyeball gazed out at me! There were other box-cars... each stuffed with its gory cargo! The open hoppen cars carried severed fingers, toes! The tank cars were filled with blood! Horace giggled.

How Bessie's ridin' my railroad? She... eh, eh... she loves to... eh, eh... travei!
YOU'LL BE JARRED BY THE STARTLING CLIMAX OF THIS SHOCKING NARRATIVE!

At the curb, the big red moving van stands quietly. Its rear doors gaping open like the mouth of some mechanical monster. Even now, the husky movers are pulling articles of furniture from within. Lining the sidewalk before the quaint white house, Dr. the porch. A man and a woman stand silently, staring at the yellow scrap of paper tacked up on the spotless door.

A SHOCK SUSPENSTORY

Your name is John Smith! You're an American with a good American name! You're a churchgoer, a family man, a respected member of your community. You're watching that couple across the street head the note you and your neighbors have tacked the...[image]

They see it, Ed? They're reading it! Maybe they'll take the hint, eh, John? Look, they're going inside.

Yes, John Smith! They're going inside! Perhaps there's no place else for them to go. You hate them, don't you John? You and your neighbors hate Jews...

They're bringing in the furniture, Ed?

Dirty niggers! They're askin' for it! Now they're gonna get it!
When did you first learn to hate, John? Did your mother teach it to you? Did your childhood friends make you? Was your wife... your child? Is your neighbor, tip you off? When, John? When did you become infected with the disease called hate...

Did your father, a small town doctor, tell you that, John? Did he list the genetic differences between you and them? Did he tell you their blood was different... their hearts? He was a doctor, John! He should have known.

I say, let's run 'em out! You mean use force, Ed?

He takes the same train you do, doesn't he, John? He wears the same kind of clothes... eats the same kind of food... smokes the same brand of cigarettes... roots for the same baseball team! But he's a Jew! So you and Ed and the others wait for him... one right...

Here he comes now! Wait'll he gets here! It's darker here!
And you're a little sick that night when you get home. Aren't you, John? There's bloodstained on your shirt... blood on your hands! You and the others did a good job, didn't you?

What happened? He'll move now! We... C' mon... took game of him!

You don't see much of him after that night, do you, John? He takes a different train, now! He crosses the street to avoid you! But he doesn't move. Does he?

Stubborn! He won't learn! There's only one way, Ed?

Burn 'em out! You mean set fire to their house?

Why not? They'll have to move!

I don't know! That's pretty rough!

It's beginning to snowfall, isn't it, John? It's eetime messy now. You hadn't planned on going that far, had you?

What do you say, John? All night, Ed. I'll go along.

Tonight, late!

The plans are made! The hate festers! You don't even hear your wife Mary's words! You're too engrossed in what lies ahead for Dave and Ethel Gold...

I said your mother's coming to visit us, John! She wrote!

Oh! That's nice! You—you better go on up without me, Mary! I've got something to do tonight!

And then you're out there, John. Under the black star-studded sky... with the boys whispering... I bought a can of gasoline! C'mon! Let's go! Maybe they'll decide it's too hot for 'em 'round here?
The lighted match, tossed on the gasoline-soaked shingles, erupts into an orange glow. You watch as the hungry flames leap up the sides of the quaint white house...

Soon the house is a roaring inferno! You're uneasy, John! Why don't they come out? The whole bottom floor is a mass of flame! Suddenly...

No lights on! They must be sleeping! They'll wake up in more ways than one!

They're up there...on the second floor...screaming hysterically! The fiery light of the consuming flames silhouettes them...

They're trapped up there...They're going to jump! Wait!

The woman leaps first...her body limp, like a rag doll! She hits the ground with a dull thud! The man follows, howling like a hurt dog...

Good...Lord!

The panic, as the neighborhood pours out of its houses...

One side! Stand back! It's going to spread!

All of our homes will go up!

And the relief when the flames of hate are brought under control. Temporary relief, for the ambulance doctor announces...

This woman is dead! Broken neck! The man, the man's dead too!
DON'T GO SOFT, MARY. THEY WERE JEWS. WE DON'T WANT JEWS. THEY'RE NO GOOD.

WHY, JOHN? WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN? DON'T BE SOFT, MARY! THEY WERE JEWS! WE DON'T WANT JEWS! THEY'RE NO GOOD.

YOU... YOU AND THE BOYS KILLED THEM, JOHN!

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, MARY. WE ONLY WANTED TO SCARE 'EM!

WHY, JOHN? WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN?

HEY, JOHN! THEY'RE STARTIN' TO SNOOP AROUND! THEY'RE... OH...

DID HE HELP YOU? DID HE HELP YOU KILL THEM?

PLEASE, MA' ED! THIS IS MY MOTHER!

I'M NOT YOUR MOTHER. NOT YOUR REAL MOTHER!

NEither THE DOCTOR OR THE HUSBAND DELIVERED THE BABY BEFORE SHE DIED!

I'M NOT YOUR MOTHER. NOT YOUR REAL MOTHER!

ED'S MY NEIGHBOR! PLEASE!

I'M NOT YOUR MOTHER. NOT YOUR REAL MOTHER!

I'M NOT YOUR MOTHER. NOT YOUR REAL MOTHER!

MA' ED'S MY NEIGHBOR! PLEASE!

I'M NOT YOUR MOTHER. NOT YOUR REAL MOTHER!

NO! STAY, LISTEN! MY HUSBAND WAS A DOCTOR! ONE NIGHT THEY SENT FOR HIM! THERE'D BEEN AN ACCIDENT! A MAN KILLED! HIS PREGNANT WIFE INJURED! MY HUSBAND DELIVERED THE BABY BEFORE SHE DIED!
Are you listening, John? Are you?
We took that baby in! We brought him up as our own...and so, in our own faith...

Are you different, John? Are you different now?
Do you feel any different? Do you look any different? Are you the same man you were ten minutes ago? Watching that last wisps of smoke fade away...

Ooh, Lord! Ooh, Lord! What...what have I done?
Sob sob...what have I done.

Coush! Well...I'll be doing...

Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! What have I done?

What now, John? What can you do now, now that you've found out...

How stupid I've been! How stupid! Stupid!

Now you sleep, John! Can you close your eyes and not see those silhouettes against the fiery flames...those screaming figures...falling...like rag dolls...?

Oh, Lord! Lord! Forgive me!
WHEN THEY CROSS THE STREETS TO AVOID YOU!

CHARLIE! IT'S JOHN! THE SAME JOHN! IS THERE ANYTHING DIFFERENT ABOUT ME?

YOU'RE JOHN SMITH? YOU'RE AN AMERICAN, JOHN! HOW CAN THEY DO THIS TO YOU? HOW?

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE, JOHN? WHAT MADE YOU HATE THEM? WHY DO THEY HATE YOU NOW?

CAN'T YOU SEE? CAN'T YOU SEE HOW WRONG WE ARE... HOW WRONG WE'VE BEEN?

MAYBE YOU'LL GET THE IDEA, JEW!

Move... blast you!

WE DON'T WANT YOU, OHUMB!

What does it say, John?

IT... IT SAYS, "MOVE, JEW! WE DON'T WANT JEWS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!"

They called me... Bob. They called me a Jew-boy!

How about the time your son comes home from school, ragged... torn... cut... bruised?

They called me... Bob. They called me a Jew-boy!

Hate is deep, John! Hate is imbedded! Where do we learn it? Who teaches it to us? How can it be untaught? Look, John! They're waiting for you... there... in that dark place...

The beating is painful, isn't it, Johnny? Is it your punishment? Must pain be the only teacher? Can't we learn without pain? Can't we learn to love... instead of hate? You're learning now, aren't you? The kicking... the swearing... it's teaching you...

But the others... when
HERE IS A SCIENCE-FICTION YARN WITH SHEER, STARK TERROR IN ITS ELECTRIFYING FINISH!

WHAT FUR?!

A SCIENCE-FICTION SUSPENSE STORY

THE AERO-CAB DROPPED EMILE ON THE BUILDING ROOF, AND HE TOOK THE HYDROLIFT DOWN TO THE SIXTY-NINETH LEVEL. A TALL MAN OPENED THE SOLAR-APARTMENT DOOR...

EMMA! IT'S MR. LE DOUX! HE'S GOT YOUR FUR PIECE! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, GEORGE!

CAPTAIN LIMPFOOT STEPPED ASIDE AND EMILE ENTERED THE LAVISHLY FURNISHED TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY SOLAR-FLAT...

YES! WHAT IS IT? I AM EMILE LE DOUX. THE FURRIER! I HAVE MRS. LIMPFOOT'S SCARF! YOU ARE... CAPTAIN LIMPFOOT?
Emile opened the box he'd been carrying and lifted out the expensive scarf.

Your wife has excellent taste, Capt. Limpdft! These are genuine skunks! Hot skunk-dyed minks! A skunk skin is worth its weight in gold, these days!

This fur scarf? The whole idea—fur coats... fur scarves... stoles... capes! It's nauseating! You trap some helpless animal... skin it, and drape it around a woman's neck...

Oh, Mr. Le Doux! It's beautiful! Ah, Mrs. Limpdft...

Your husband is against fur pieces on moral grounds. Mr. Le Doux! Don't mind him. How much is it?

George! Don't shout! This is a genuine skunk scarf! Skunks are practically extinct! It's worth every cent!

Uncivilized! Do you like it on me, Mr. Le Doux?

Very hideous! Very becoming!

Are you sure they were skunks?

Emile opened the box he'd been carrying and lifted out the expensive scarf.

Your wife has excellent taste, Capt. Limpdft! These are genuine skunks! Hot skunk-dyed minks! A skunk skin is worth its weight in gold, these days!

This fur scarf? The whole idea—fur coats... fur scarves... stoles... capes! It's nauseating! You trap some helpless animal... skin it, and drape it around a woman's neck...

Oh, Mr. Le Doux! It's beautiful! Ah, Mrs. Limpdft...

Your husband is against fur pieces on moral grounds. Mr. Le Doux! Don't mind him. How much is it?

George! Don't shout! This is a genuine skunk scarf! Skunks are practically extinct! It's worth every cent!

Uncivilized! Do you like it on me, Mr. Le Doux?

Very hideous! Very becoming!

Are you sure they were skunks?

Verduvia! It's a little planet in the solar system E-105. I made an emergency landing there once! It's never been explored! I guess I'm the only human that ever set foot on it! Oh, yes! I named 'Er!
I know a skunk when I smell one, Le Doux! If what you say is true, Capt. Limpfont...

I could make you very rich! What? Go up there and trap those little things...

Exactly. If they are skunks, their pelts are very valuable!

They are... and I'm against it! It's cruel! Poor things!

Look at them... laird to lord... like some boy hair hanging around her neck!

George! You need only take me there, Limpfont! You needn't trap and skin them!

I'll be a party to it!

I'll pay you for transporting me! Take me to Verdavia... that's all I ask! I'll make it worth your while!

The cost of chartering my rocket-ship and crew will be $4,000 per day! Verdavia is a ten-day-journey each way!

You're hired, Captain... you and your ship... and its crew!

Remember, Le Doux... your business on Verdavia is your own concern! I am against the evil practice you indulge in! I am a rocket transporter! Nothing more...

I will remember, Capt. Limpfont! When do we leave?
CAPTAIN LIMPFOOT'S ROCKET-SHIP LEFT EARTH TWO DAYS LATER, BOUND FOR VERDUVIA...

Well, Le Doux! We're on our way! I hope you and your associates are comfortable!

Thank you, Captain! Everything is perfect!

Well, Le Doux, we're on our way! I hope you and your associates are comfortable!

And then the ship was down...

All right, Le Doux! You can either operate from the ship or make camp where you see fit! Since you disapprove of what we are here for, Captain, we'll make our own camp!

Emile Le Doux and his associates set off about their business... Since you disapprove of what we are here for, Captain, we'll make our own camp!

Look, Emile! Limpfoot was right! A skunk!

Gentlemen! We are rich!

The rigam-trapping began in earnest...

How many is that, Emile? Seventy-five! Today, Henri! We are doing well!

But the next day, Captain Limpfoot looked out of his rocket-ship port and saw a ragged figure coming across the clearing...

Le Doux! What happened?

Quickly! Let me come aboard! It... it was horrible! Horrible!

Emile Le Doux was cut and bruised... He gasped his story...

It happened last night! Those things... Those horrible things invaded our camp!

Compose yourself, Le Doux! Tell me everything!

Emile Le Doux was cut and bruised... He gasped his story...

It happened last night! Those things... Those horrible things invaded our camp!

Compose yourself, Le Doux! Tell me everything!

Captain Limpfoot's rocket-ship left earth two days later, bound for Verduvia...
We'd pitched camp about five miles from the ship! We'd had a good day's trapping—almost seventy-five pelts! Suddenly, the ground began to shake...

Emile! Feel that? Something's coming!

They were huge... hideous! Hairy alien monsters...

Good Lord!

Yaaaaaaghhhh!

They stormed down upon us! I managed to hide beneath an overhanging rock, and so wasn't seen! The loathsome ymhas captured the others...

Aaaagh Aaaaagh

And right there before my eyes... murdered them...

Choke

It was the bloodiest sight I've ever seen, Captain. I'm sick.

Are you sure they're dead... all of them, the others?

Absolutely, let's leave this cursed place!

Prepare for take-off! Prepare for take-off.

Suddenly the ship shook...

What's that? Something's coming!
CAPTAIN LIMPFORT DARTED TO THE PORT.

HOLLY SMOKE! LE DOUX! COME QUICKLY!

LOOK... AROUND THEIR NECKS! GOOD LORD!

WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU SNOOKED ABOUT, LE DOUX?

BUT THAT... THAT'S DIFFERENT!

CAPTAIN LIMPFORT SLAMMED THE PORT SHUT! THE ROCKET TUBES BEGAN TO FIRE! THE SHIP BEGAN TO RISE! THE Hairy monsters hesitated... watching it! Around their necks, the death-white human skins moved limply... the artificial eyes staring...

IS IT DIFFERENT, LE DOUX? THESE FURRY CREATURES WEAR HUMAN PELTS? WE HUMANS WEAR FURS! IS IT DIFFERENT? IS IT?

THE END
THE IMPACT OF THE HORRIFYING WIND-UP TO THIS STORY WILL CURdle YOUR BLOOD!

COLD CUTS!

Your name is Victor Benson! For over a month you've planned to murder Helen... your wife! For over a month, you've thought about it... worked it out over and over in your mind! And now, you've done it! Helen's crumpled body lies on the kitchen floor in an ever-widening pool of blood! You stare down at it...

Suddenly, your blood freezes in your veins! The telephone begins to ring! Its irritating jangle echoes through the apartment... Huh? Who in blazes can that be?

I'm rid of you... rid of you for good! Tonight, when it's dark, I'll back the car around to the delivery entrance and...

A HORROR SUSPENSTORY

You pick up the phone! The voice on the other end is eager...

Hello, Helen! They're here! Those people who want to sublet your apartment while you're gone...

Hello, Helen! It's Vic! This isn't Helen; Charlie! This isn't Helen; Helen's gone upstate already.
WE'LL BE OVER IN HALF AN HOUR, VIC! SLOW DOWN! CLICK!

Charlie! Wait! Blast! He hung up!

Now you're frightened, Vic! It's broad daylight outside! You'd never be able to put Helen's body in the trunk of the car now! You've got to think of something else... and fast!

WHERE CAN I HIDE HER? WHERE? I... I...

It's only a three room apartment, Vic! Where can you hide her body where people who are coming to inspect it won't look and then, you see it... in the kitchen...

Of course! The freezer! The frozen food locker!

Half an hour, Vic! You've got to get rid of Helen's body! Things aren't going exactly as you'd planned. Em! You'd forgotten about Charlie... your real-estate agent friend? He'd insisted that he could sublease your apartment while you were gone.

He'd hung up the phone.

The closet! I'll hide her body. No, those people will nose around in the closets!

The closet? I'll hide her body. No, those people will nose around in the closets!
But they might look there too, Vic! Careful, now! You've got to think! If they saw something they were familiar with... yes... that's it, Vic! Hurry now! Only twenty-five minutes to go. Grab her body to the bathroom...

Into the tub! Ah! Now you're talking.

The knife! The big one in the drawer! That's the one! Hurry...

...Brown paper? Helen used to save it! There! In the cabinet... usher the girl! Now you've found it...

Hurry, Vic! Twenty-two minutes left! You've got work to do... an awful lot of work to do! Back into the bathroom...

Spread out the sheets of brown paper or the floor! Now, turn or the water in the tub! It'll make the gory job easier... less messy! There! That's it...

And now, Victor Benson... start cutting up your murdered wife's corpse! Because... Victor... you're going to wrap up each piece and store them in the frozen food locker, just like all the other packages of frozen meats! Steel yourself, Victor! The first hack is the hardest! Hurry, now! Hurry! There...
And now...it's done. It's amazing, isn't it, Vidor? How much you can get into one of those lockers? And just in case, you've hoched the tell-tale sections underneath, and put the more innocuous hackings on top. Put that last package in now...

Wait, Vic! Don't breathe a sigh of relief, yet! Clean up the bathroom! The bloody knife! The stained tub and spattered wall! The sticky floor! That's the boy! Make it spotless...

The doorbell, Vic! They're here, Hunny! The kitchen floor! You forgot it.

RINGLING!

Nice and clean, there...

Everything is set, Vic! Open 'em up... Hi, Vic! This is Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. Gone in, folks... Okayie...

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson start their mornin' around. You follow them? And you were right? The closets are the first things they peep into... They'll all be emptied out, folks! Hey, Vic! How come...

I'm packing the stuff tonight, Charlie! Helen took only what she needed.

The bedroom... the living room... the kitchen...

Oh, you have a frozen food locker? How convenient.

It... it'll be empty when you're ready to move in, Nmb. Johnson. When can we move in, Mr. Benson?
They start to leave! You're anxious, aren't you, Vic? You want to get your wife's remains out of the frozen food locker? Then...

Better give me the key, Vic! You'll be gone when the Johnsons come back.

Oh, yeah! Sure! Here, Charlie!

I'll be back later, Vic! I'll help you pack!

Never mind, Charlie! I'll be back soon as I drive these folks to the station!

Charlie! I'd rather you wouldn't bother! Charlie!

But he doesn't listen! And then he's gone! You curse! But what are you worried about, Victor? You're taking the contents of the locker upstate! What's wrong with that? Charlie will even help you load the car...

Of course! I can dump the packages along the way somewhere! There's a bridge on Route 95...

Sure! Hey! Phone's ringing...

So you begin to pack! What a set-up! You'll say Helen never got to the cabin. That she just disappeared! Charlie comes back soon after...

Well... that's all the clothes, Charlie?

What time are you leaving, Vic?

Soon as we get the meat and frozen stuff packed into the car! O'ror! Help me!

Sure! Hey! Phone's ringing...
Sorpy to call like this, Vic! I know you and Helen start your vacation tomorrow but... well... you'll just have to delay the trip!

You hang up... arroyed...

What's up, Vic? You look sore? I've got to go down to Sayville, on business! C'mon! let's finish loading the car!

But you can't put the frozen stuff in now! It'll spoil before you get there and then back upstate to your cabin. Why not pick it up on the way back? I'd hate to see all that meat ruined.

They're not moving in till Monday! You'll be back before then!

Oh, sure! I should be back by Sunday! Poor Helen! She'll worry about me! I'd better send her a telegram!

So you drive south to Sayville, Victor Benson! And all the way down, your mind is on those brown paper packages in the freezer back in your apartment.

Sorry, Vic! Run down and see what's up? Helen won't mind! You know what this account means to us!

Sorry, Vic! Run down and see what's up? Helen won't mind! You know what this account means to us!

You're right, Charlie! C'mon! I've got to make time! I'll drive you home! And thanks for renting the place! I'll try and get back before the Johnsons move in.

BLAST IT! THIS WOULD HAVE TO COME UP!
In Sayville, you see Erhardt and Straighter everything out! Tern you speed back! It's Sunday afternoon when you arrive at the apartment...

Good Lord! The key! I save it to Charlie!

Charlie has company! They're just sitting down to dinner...

Nonse! You'll have a bite with us first! Then I'll drive over with you!

Really, Charlie! I want to set on my way! Just give me the key so I can pack the stuff...

Yeah! It's your meat! I borrowed it...took it from your freezer! You don't mind, do you?

Charlie snaps his fingers and laughs...

What's wrong, Vic? You look sick!

Charlie dush over to Charlie's home...

Vic! Come in! You're just in time!

Charlie! I...

Charlie is insistent! So you sit down with them! You're nervous...anxious! You pick at your food...

I thought you liked goulash, Vic!

Oh...I do, Charlie! It's very good!

You try to worm your way out, but Charlie is insistent! So you sit down with them! You're nervous...anxious! You pick at your food...

Yeah! It's your meat! I borrowed it...took it from your freezer! You don't mind, do you?

Put your hand around my neck! I'm going to strangle you!

Charlie dush over to Charlie's home...

Vic! Come in! You're just in time!

Charlie! I...

I need the key, Charlie! I...

You'll join us for dinner, Vic! Folks! This is Vic Benson...a friend of mine!

Charlie dush over to Charlie's home...

Vic! Come in! You're just in time!

Charlie! I...

I need the key, Charlie! I...

You'll join us for dinner, Vic! Folks! This is Vic Benson...a friend of mine!

Charlie dush over to Charlie's home...

Vic! Come in! You're just in time!

Charlie! I...

I need the key, Charlie! I...

You'll join us for dinner, Vic! Folks! This is Vic Benson...a friend of mine!

Charlie dush over to Charlie's home...

Vic! Come in! You're just in time!

Charlie! I...

I need the key, Charlie! I...

You'll join us for dinner, Vic! Folks! This is Vic Benson...a friend of mine!

Charlie dush over to Charlie's home...

Vic! Come in! You're just in time!

Charlie! I...

I need the key, Charlie! I...

You'll join us for dinner, Vic! Folks! This is Vic Benson...a friend of mine!

Charlie dush over to Charlie's home...

Vic! Come in! You're just in time!

Charlie! I...

I need the key, Charlie! I...

You'll join us for dinner, Vic! Folks! This is Vic Benson...a friend of mine!
Collect all 110 Crypt Cards... or else!

The lovable ghoul with an attitude now has his very own trading card series and he’ll scare you silly! The wise-guy Cryptkeeper from HBO’s TALES FROM THE CRYPT is deliciously demented in all kinds of horribly funny situations.

The 110-card set features the Cryptkeeper (and a few unsuspecting victims), photos of the original comic book series, the gory details on what goes on “behind the screams” of the TV show, plus randomly packed Cryptkeeper holograms and a TEKCHROME™ premium card.

TALES FROM THE CRYPT trading cards are too funny for TV. Collect the entire set. Your friends will just die of envy.

Russ is dealing from a full deck, so ante up and write or call for details on these putrid pasteboards today!

RUSS COCHRAN     POB 469     WEST PLAINS MO  65775
417-256-2224 or call 1-800-EC CRYPT and ask for the order desk.