Locked... I'm locked in this mausoleum with this thing!
Pictured above are the covers of the first twelve issues of the new series of full color EC CLASSICS. Like this issue you are reading, each issue of the EC CLASSICS contains two covers and eight complete EC stories chosen from a particular EC title.

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Welcome, dear fiends! Come in! Come into the Crypt of Terror! I am your host, the Crypt-Keeper! I see it is time to tell you another of my spine-tingling horror stories from my vast collection here in the Crypt! Hmm! Let me see! Ah! I know! This one is sure to freeze the blood in your veins. Guaranteed to make little shivers run up and down your crawling spine! This little adventure into Terror... this chilling ordeal... is about to happen to you! You are the main character! Ready? Get a good grip on yourself! Then turn the page and begin the tale I call... Reflection of Death!
You're at the wheel? You and Carl have been driving since daybreak? In two more hours, you'll be home! You're tired, now? The strain of driving throughout the day and into the night is beginning to have its effect! Your eyelids are heavy. They keep closing...

You'd better take over, Carl! I'm getting tired! I'd hate to fall asleep at the wheel!

Okay, Al! Pull over and we'll switch!

You stop the car and Carl gets out! You slide across the seat and Carl slips behind the wheel...

Why don't you take a snooze, Al? I'll wake you up when we get to town!

Maybe... maybe I will, Carl!

You draw your coat up tight around you... pull your hat down... reach into your pocket for your gloves...

You stare out through the windshield! The road comes out of the darkness at you and slides beneath the car... unending... faster... faster! Carl begins to whistle an off-key tune! The motor purrs... the road comes on...

There is a splintering shrieking crash of metal and glass and squealing brakes...

You feel yourself flying forward... a blasting light... the pain... the cold... and then the velvet night closes in! All is quiet, except for a distant... far away... whimpering...

Ahead of you, the white line that divides the road stretches into the darkness beyond your headlight beam beside you, Carl sits puffing on a cigarette...

Yeah! And the heater's on the Fritz, too! It's good we wore warm clothes!

You look up! A pair of headlights... bright... blinding... hurtles at you from the darkness! Carl shouts! You try to scream but it chokes up in your throat... a rattling cough.

Look out... Al... we're going to hit...
The blackness is empty... you float in it... turning... twisting falling... then rising again! The pain is gone... everything is gone... only the darkness... on... on. Dark... empty...

You open your eyes, tiny pinpoints of light blink bright and dim before you! A leaf flutters then glides at you! You are on your back, gazing up at the night sky.

You raise your head and look about. You are lying at the edge of a road! You remember now! The headlights... the crash... there must have been a collision! But the wreck... there's no sign of it.

You get to your feet! Your clothes are torn and dirty! There is a smell... a sickening smell! You look up and down the road! No smashed glass! No twisted metal! Nothing! Just a road... clean, white reaching into the night.

A car is coming! You stumble out onto the concrete! You raise your gloved hand as the car bears down upon you! Its wailing brakes bring it to a stop... crazy fool! Do you want to get yourself killed? I...

You step close to him! You begin to ask him if he'll drive you into town... that there's been a wreck! Suddenly you see the wild look in his eyes! A look of stark terror! He stares at you and shrieks...

The car meshes gears and roars away! You can hear him screaming! You cannot understand! Then you laugh to yourself? Of course! You must have been cut in the accident! Maybe the sight of blood scared him! You start down the road... toward town... toward home.

YAAAAAAAAAH!
You continue on toward town! You've got to get help! Then you stop! You look down! A piece of a newspaper is under your foot! You read the date...

It can't be! February 26th, 1951! Impossible! That's almost two months from now! Today... today is January 1st! You and Carl had been returning from a New Year's Eve party! You had been driving all day... New Year's Day! Now it's New Year's Night! Or is it? Another car is coming! You put the paper in your pocket and step out onto the road...

She's frightened! What woman wouldn't be? A lonely road at night! You... a strange man... stepping out in front of her car... forcing her to stop or hit you! Of course she's frightened...

What... what do you want?
You are about to tell her not to be afraid... That you mean no harm! But there is no time! She looks at you... Her eyes roll... She gurgles a faint groan and faints...

You get into her car! You drive it into the outskirts of town and leave it... the woman unconscious behind the wheel! You make your way home... home! But when you reach it...

The windows are boarded up! You cannot understand! There is a sign tacked to the house! You move closer... to read it...

Foreclosed! Oh January 15, 1951! But today is... on is it? The newspaper you found! Remember? Have you been unconscious for almost two months? You turn away from the house! A lone figure approaches on the deserted dark street...

You walk toward him! You want to ask him the date! He comes closer! Then he sees you... Good Lord...

No Trespassing
By order of the Sheriff!
This property belongs to the Peoples Bank
And Trust Company
Foreclosed January 15, 1951
For Information concerning this property
Call the Sheriff's Office

He begins to run from you! You run after him! You only want to ask him a question! Why does everyone stare at you wide-eyed... faint... scream... run from you? Why? Carl's house! You're in front of Carl's house now! Carl... who was with you... when the accident happened? You go up the steps... stand before the door... ring the bell...

Heavy footsteps approach! The door opens! Carl stares out at you! You wait for him to scream... to run... wait for that look of horror... but nothing happens...

Carl! Let me come in! You've got to help me!

I... I... don't...
YOU RUSH INTO HIS APARTMENT! IT IS DARK! CARL OBJECTS! YOU TELL HIM THE STORY. YOU BLURT IT OUT... EVERYTHING! THE CRASH. HOW YOU WOKE UP. THE PEOPLE THAT SCREAMED WHEN THEY SAW YOU EXCEPT CARL. CARL DID NOT SCREAM! CARL... YOUR FRIEND...

YOU JOKE WITH ME... WHOEVER YOU ARE...

HE STARES AT YOU, BLANKLY! THERE IS NO RECOGNITION! DON'T YOU KNOW ME, CARL? DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OLD FRIEND AL?! YOU SAY! HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AND TURNS AWAY. YOU'RE FOOLING! THIS IS SOME SORT OF A GAG! SURELY YOU KNOW THAT AL AND I WERE IN AN ACCIDENT ALMOST TWO MONTHS AGO... THAT AL WAS KILLED... HORRIBLY MANGLED.

... AND I LOST MY SIGHT! THAT I AM TOTALLY BLIND!

YOU, DEAD! YOU GASP! YOU LOOK AROUND! A MIRROR! YOU GET UP, STAGGER TOWARDS IT...

AND LOOK IN?

YOU SCREAM! YOU OPEN YOUR ROTTED, TORN, DECOMPOSED MOUTH AND SCREAM!

CARL IS AT YOUR SIDE SHAKING YOU... SHAKING YOU...

AL... AL... AL...?
Wake up, Al! You're having a nightmare!

Huh? Wha...?

You look around! You're in the car! Carl is driving! You've been dreaming... dreaming the whole horrible experience...

Thank God! Thank God!

For what, Al?

My nightmare! I dreamed I was dead! Everything was so real! Thank God it was only a dream!

Oh! Yeah! Yeah!

You watch the road as it unfolds beyond the headlight glow and ruts toward you and under the spinning wheels! You wonder if you should tell Carl about your dream...

We'll be home soon, Al!

You stare out of the windshield! Far away the headlights of an approaching car knife through the darkness! Icy fingers grip your hammering heart! They're coming at you now... fast...

Oh, Carl! Oh, you... that car...

You try to move! You're paralyzed! The dream! It's so much like the dream! You try to scream but nothing comes out! Carl gasps... then shouts...

Look out... Al... we're going to hit...

There is a squeal of brakes... and the impact of tearing metal and shattering glass...
You feel yourself thrown forward... a blinding light... a shooting pain! Then the darkness closes in... and you're floating in a sea of velvet black.

You open your eyes! You can see the stars... above you... twinkling! A leaf floats from the trees overhead to earth! You are lying at the side of the road...

You lift your head and gaze down toward your feet! The dream... so much like the dream...

You struggle to your feet! The road is bare! There is no sign of the wreck! From far off... the sound of a motor tells you of an approaching car! Can't you step out into the road?

The smell... the sickening smell of notteo flesh burns your nostrils! So much like the dream... only now you know what the stench is! The car stops! You move toward it...

Crazy fool! Oh you want to get yourself killed?

The dream is real! You know what's about to happen! He sees your face! You steel yourself for his reaction! It comes! A haunting terrified scream.

Eee-aah!

You're dead! You know it, now! Dead! And this time, it isn't a dream...

Heh, heh! Well, kiddies! That's it! Like it? Like being a corpse? Well, you might as well get used to it! It's bound to happen... eventually.

Oh, come, come! Why the grave look? You've got time! Heh, heh! Maybe you'll know it's coming by having a dream like that all in this story? If you do, you'll have something to look forward to! In the meantime, you can look forward to some more chilling tales in this book! Compose yourself! Ready? O.K. then, I'll turn you over to the old witch!

LAST RESPECTS!

THE RUSTY HINGES SQUEALED A HORRIFIED PROTEST AS HE PUSHED THE CEMETERY GATE OPEN! OVERHEAD, A COLD MOON CAST GREEN SHADOWS ON THE MOORS BEFORE THE GREY HEADSTONES...

I... I'M COMING, ANNA... I'M COMING!
He stood for a moment, hesitating before the yawning gaper in the iron fence, then moved through... Where are you, Arna? Which way?

Suddenly he saw it standing cold and still in the white moonlight... The mausoleum! It rose above the grave stones like a skyscraper rises above the sprawling tenements of a great city... majestic, imposing... contemptuous... That mausoleum... perhaps...

Anthony breathed a silent prayer as he approached the huge metal door 'Suppose it should be locked. He closed his eyes and leaned against it... Open! Oh, thank God it's open!

The door swung silently! The hinges had seen well oiled to prevent squeeks from intruding upon the solemnity of the recent funeral! Anthony stepped in.

The casket stood in the center of the room... silent... still! Anthony gasped, then threw himself prostrate upon it and wept quietly, pitifully...

Up the grass carpeted path, past the graves of those long dead, the man... Arthory Colton... stumbled... in his hands he clutched a paper bag... every so often, he stopped and looked about... searching... searching...

Help me, Arna! I don't know my way! Guide me, Arna! Guide me to your grave!

Anna had come from a rich family! Arthory edged closer! Then he saw it... the letters cut deep and dark in the gleaming marble... 'Open! This must be it! This must be it!'
Anthony shook his head. 'Then after a while, the hoarse sobbing stopped! He stood up and opened the paper bag. The sharp crackle of the paper echoed from the windowless walls in an abnormal volume. I... I brought it, Anna! I brought it for you to... to sleep with... forever.'

It was one of those funny little animals that they give away at amusement parks when you knock over the stack of bruised wooden bottles! Anthony blushed it against his face for a moment, then laid it nevertly upon the coffin lid...

Here it is... Anna... here...

Anthony gazed down at the casket with the furry mound lying on the lid! He stared into the black wood of the studded box! From far away the music drifted to him... Happy music... laughter! A merry-go-round... going round and round and round...

Tony! Let's hide it.

Sure, Anna! Sune! C'mon!

Those stolen hours of happiness! That day at the amusement park when he won Anna that funny little thing...

Oh, Tony, Tony! You did it! You did it!

Fon you, Anna! Just fon you!

Here you are, dead-eye! Here's your prize!

And then the motor stopped! Anna got out of the front seat of the impressive limousine, and Tony opened the rear door for her! Then he put on the brass-buttoned chauffeur's coat, and the patent-leather peaked cap.

Don't you think you'd better get in back, Anna? We're getting close to the house!

Oh, Tony darling! Why does it have to end? Why?

When can we do this again, Tony? When?

The can is always at your disposal, Miss Anna!

And then the music faded away and the sound of the can motor replaced it... the hum of the twelve cylinders...

Then when the music drifted to him...
I LOVE YOU, ANNA!

I can't stand it any longer, Tony! We've got to tell my uncle!

Don't be foolish, Anna! You know what would happen! He'd disown you... cut you off without a cent!

One more kiss and then she left! She hurried across the soggy grounds. Her flimsy dress clinging to her skin, rain-soaked and when she opened the door...

Where were you? Where were you?

Yes! It rained that night! But Anna and Tony didn't care! They were together! Stolen moments of happiness...

Just one more kiss, my darling! Your uncle will be looking for you!

I... I took a walk, uncle! I got caught in the rain!

Anna! What are you doing here? I can't stand it any longer, Tony! We've got to tell my uncle!

Don't be foolish, Anna! You know what would happen! He'd disown you... cut you off without a cent!

You're forgetting one thing, Anna! You're underage! He can annul the marriage!

He stood there, staring at the casket outside...

A clap of thunder exploded! The mausoleum slammed with the sudden gust of hot wind! The rain began falling...

It's raining, Anna! Raining like that night... that night you came to my room above the garage...

One more kiss and then she left! She hurried across the soggy grounds. Her flimsy dress clinging to her skin, rain-soaked and when she opened the door...

Where were you? Where were you?
He stood before Anna... there in that drafty mansion! He accused her... insulted her...

Don't lie to me! It's been raining for hours! I saw you come across the lawn! You've been to the garage! To him! I know! I've seen the way he looks at you! Don't think I'm sling! Don't think I don't know you've seen carrying on.

Uncle! Stop it! Stop it! I can't stand your evil insinuations!

If you must know, we're married!

What? Married to that... that...

I don't care what you say! I love him! That's all that matters!

Silly fool! I'll have the marriage annulled! I won't let you throw your life away...

She was in bed the next day! Pneumonia! Anthony came to see her... go away! You're not wanted here!

But I'm her husband. Mr. Cooper!

You won't be for long! I've started annulment proceedings! She's underage...

Please! Let me see her! I love her! Don't you understand?

He turned Tony away! The doctor came... and Tony stopped him as he was leaving...

While inside... no, no! You're finished with him! Finished?

Tony said... I want Tony!

How is she, doctor?

She's failing. Tony doesn't seem to want to live!

While inside...
And so she died? up to the end, her uncle had refused to let Tony see her. The funeral had been held that afternoon. Tony had not been allowed to attend! But, now he was here.

**YES, ANNA! I'M HERE AND EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT NOW! I'VE JUST KILLED HIM! I'VE JUST KILLED YOUR UNCLE!**

From somewhere a stream of water ran down the stone wall of the mausoleum down the wall onto the cold floor and under the casket... the rain... coming in.

**TONY TURNED TO GO! IT WAS OVER... FINISHED. NOW, HE WAS DING AWAY! THE OLD MAN WAS DEAD! ANNA'S DEATH HAD BEEN REVENGED. GOOD-BYE, ANNA! SOMEDAY... I'LL COME BACK! SOMEDAY...**

He tugged at the huge mausoleum door! it did not move! it was... **LOCKED! GOOD LORD! HOW WILL I GET OUT OF HERE?**

**TONY PULLED AND WRENCHED AT THE DOOR! IT WAS NO USE! SOMEONE WOULD HAVE TO COME AND OPEN IT FROM THE OTHER SIDE. HELP ME! HELP ME, SOMEONE! PLEASE... LET ME OUT!**

A clap of thunder was the only reply! Tony hammered at the metal door until his fists were raw and blood oozed from them... **I... I'LL STARVE TO DEATH... PLEASE... GOD... SOMEONE... SOMEBODY...**

**THE RAIN FELL INCESSANTLY... IT FORMED LITTLE RIVERS THAT RAN OFF BETWEEN THE HEADSTONES INSIDE THE MAUSOLEUM, A STEADY SOBBING ECHOED THE FALLING OF THE RAINDROPS...**
ONE IS EITHER A BELIEVER OR AN UNBELIEVER! THERE IS NO HAPPY MEDIUM... AS ALAN BITSBY DISCOVERS THE NIGHT HE ATTENDS HIS FIRST...

SEANCE!

FAKER!

My story begins at the home of Walton Farnum, accountant for the firm of Bitsby & Company. At this particular moment, Walton is hard at work ‘entertaining’ Mr. and Mrs. Alan Bitsby, the boss and his wife. Let’s see what’s going on—

I... I have to apologize for my wife, A.B. She’s never this late!

Quite all right, Walton? Quite all right?

Mr. Bitsby, I... I find that I am... forced to ask you for a raise... in salary! There have been extra expenses lately... and...

Let’s not talk business tonight, Walton! See me in the morning! I’ll see what I can do for you!
Well, Agnes Farnum began, 'I arrived at the medium's house about three-ten! The seance was scheduled to begin at three-fifteen! The others were there ahead of me...

My name is Mrs. Dober! Doctor Pooko communicates with my son who died in the war! Paul says he's happy, now!

I'm so glad! I've come to hear my brother Maxum! Last week he knocked, but did not speak!

Tell us what happened, Agnes?

Yes! I'm so interested! Aren't you, Alan?

Never mind, Martha! This chicanery is not for you! You're a rich man's wife! A medium would milk you dry!

Yes! I remember! It was too bad! The doctor worked so hard! But did you hear my wife, Sarah? How near she was?

Yes, Mr. Hatch! Her voice was strong!

The doctor says he's going to try to make my son materialize today!
We sat around the table! Doctor Podos turned out the lights! Then...

How! All join hands! The seance is about to begin!

Mr. Hatch was on my left! Mrs. Dober on my right! The doctor was directly across from me and I could see his face in the glow of the candle...

Everyone... quiet! Concentrate! I am about to go into my trance!

It was Mr. Hatch's wife! Her voice was sad...

Almost a wail...

Yes, Harvey! It is I! Why do you keep sending for me, Harvey?

I... I need you, Sarah! Here, you go!

The medium twisted in what seemed like agony! We watched Mr. Hatch's face! He stared wide-eyed into the darkness...

You must forget me, Harvey! My life is finished! Yours is not! You must accept life without me! I... I'm going, HDW!

She was gone! The doctor was still in his stupor... Then it came! That sharp, clear rapping...

It is your brother, Mrs. Farnum!

Maxum? Is that you? Speak to me, Maxum! Please?

Ah! I'm so glad you've come again, Mrs. Farnum! Perhaps today, your brother Maxum will speak to us!

I'm so glad you came again, Mrs. Farnum! I hope so, doctor!

We sat around the table! Doctor Podos turned out the lights! Then...
I listened! I strained my ears! But I heard nothing! Then... a voice... far away...

Oh... Yes... Maxum! I can... hear you!

I can't stay long, Agnes! It... it's so hard! Maybe... maybe... next time...

Maxum! Wait! There's so much I want to... ask you...

He's gone. Mrs. Farnum! Doctor Podos couldn't hold him!

At least... at least I heard his voice today... mother?

Mrs. Dober's face lit up! It was her son, Paul! The one that died in the war...

Paul! Is that you? I'm here, Paul!

I... I told you last time, mother! I'm happy, now! Why did you come back?

I want to see you, Paul! The doctor said he'd try! Please, doctor! Let me see him!

No, mother! No! Don't!

I... I told you... to try! You... you're... hurt.'
THEN HE WAS GONE, AND THE SEANCE WAS OVER!

DUSH! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
THE CREEPS!

FAKE! NOTHING
SUT A FAKE, THAT'S
WHAT HE IS!

YOU'LL GET NO RAISE
FROM ME, FARNUM, IF
YOU INSIST UPON
LETTING YOUR
WIFE SPEND GOOD
MONEY ON THAT
TRASH!

BUT SHE HEARD HIS
VOICE, MR. SITSSY!
MAXUM'S
VOICE...

THEN HE WAS GONE, AND THE SEANCE WAS OVER!

DUSH! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
THE CREEPS!

FAKE! NOTHING
SUT A FAKE, THAT'S
WHAT HE IS!

YOU'LL GET NO RAISE
FROM ME, FARNUM, IF
YOU INSIST UPON
LETTING YOUR
WIFE SPEND GOOD
MONEY ON THAT
TRASH!

BUT SHE HEARD HIS
VOICE, MR. SITSSY!
MAXUM'S
VOICE...

IF I PROVE HE'S A
FAKE, FARNUM, WILL
YOU FORBID YOUR
WIFE'S SEEING HIM
AGAIN?

HOW... HOW CAN
YOU EXPOSE
HIM, MR. BITSBY?

SIMPLE! MARTHA, MY WIFE, WILL STAY HERE! WE THREE
WILL GO TO YOUR 'MEDIUM'! I'LL ASK TO SPEAK TO MY
'DEAR DEPARTED WIFE, MARTHA!' WHEN HE PRODUCES
HER SPIRIT, YOU'LL KNOW HE'S A FAKE!

THAT SOUNDS
FAIR ENOUGH
TO ME!

HEH, HEH! A CLEVER PLOT, EH,
DEAR READER! MRS. FARNUM CALLS
DOCTOR Podos AND MAKES THE
APPOINTMENT! THE THREE OF
THEM, BITSBY AND THE FARNUMS,
LEAVE FOR THE MEDIUM'S HOUSE,
WHILE MRS. BITSBY STAYS BEHIND!

They arrive and are ushered
into the seance room! Then
the medium begins...

AH! BD THESE ARE THE
PEOPLE YOU BROUGHT, MY
HUSBAND...

... AND MR. SITSSY, OH! FRIEND!
HE'S A... WIDOWER! HE'D LIKE
TO COMMUNICATE WITH HIS DEAR
DEPARTED WIFE, MARTHA!

WON'T YOU ALL SIT
DOWN?
The lights are lowered, and the seance begins! They all join hands! The doctor goes into his hypnotic trance! He twists and sways...

Seems to be having a bit of trouble, eh, Walton?

Yes! Sh-h-h-h!

Mo-an-n-n-n!

The medium writhes now! He seems to be in terrific pain! His face is bathed in sweat! The veins on his forehead stand out...

Can't seem to be able... to...rouse... spirit... Gasp!

It's a good act, eh, Walton?

Yes... It...

Wait... Listen!

Alan, dear. You called me?

Mrs. Martha... Bitsby!

Suddenly, Alan Bitsby jumps up, red-faced in anger...

See! What'd I tell you? A fake! A fake!

I... I don't understand!

They leave! They go home to Walton Farnum's house, convinced! Bitsby is triumphant! As Walton opens the door, Bitsby chides him...

Haw, haw! See? They're all fakes... all of 'em! Convinced now, Walton?

Yes, I'm afraid I...

Gasp!

They rush into the house! Martha Bitsby lies grotesquely on the floor...

Dead! Martha's dead! Then... then... he wasn't a fake!

Oh, what have we done? What have... sob... we... done... sob...

They all join hands...
HEH, HEH! IT'S SO NICE TO SEE YOUR EAGER FACES LEERING AT ME AGAIN, IN EXPECTATION! WELL, YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED, I ASSURE YOU! FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF HAIR-RAISERS, I'VE SELECTED THIS STORY FOR YOUR... HEH... ENJOYMENT? I CALL IT...

VOODOO DEATH!

Heh! Ever read travel folders? You know... those pamphlets that tell about all the glorious wonders and beauties of the West Indies! Palm trees... moonlight on the ocean... etc... etc... HEH! HEH! HEH!... Strange, isn't it, that they never mention other interesting sights, sights that tourists are not to see? Sights like... a voodoo ritual?

Hurry up, Jay. We're almost there!

Confound it, Bill? I don't like this one bit! Almost wish we'd never come to Haiti!

Haiti!... Island of beauty... serenity! Haiti!... Island of legends... mystery!

Jay! There! Look! We're just in time! Or they'll hear us!
Bill, let's get out of here! If those natives catch us watching their ritual, they'll...

I know! I know! Keep quiet, will you?

What are they doing?

A native was shot to death in town today! They're working over him now!

As they watch the dancers' frenzy, the high priestess places a doll beside the still form of the corpse...

The voodoo drums beat louder and the high priestess bends over the body! The natives close in around her, blocking her from view...

What's she doing?

I don't know! I can't see her!

Minutes later, the chanting, screaming natives withdraw... leaving the priestess standing over the body and the doll! Now there is an expectant silence...

...and then, the dead native stirs! His eyes open, glassy and empty... and he rises! The doll stands upright... and then darts away into the jungle!

Bill! The doll! The dead man! He's alive! He... the...

Shut up, you... you... fool! They'll hear you!
IT'S TOO LATE! THEY'VE SEEN US!

RUN!

BILL! THEY'VE CAUGHT ME!
HELP! BILL! COME BACK! DON'T LEAVE ME!

THEY'VE SEEN US!

BILLY BILL RACES MADLY BACK TO THE HOTEL AND ANXIOUSLY PACES THE FLOOR IN TERROR AS DAWN BREAKS, AND JAY FAILS TO APPEAR, HE BEGINS FRANTICALLY TO PACK HIS VALISE! SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENS...

YOU'RE EXHAUSTED! BUT A GOOD NIGHT'S REST WILL FIX YOU UP! YOU LIE DOWN... AS SOON AS I FINISH PACKING OUR THINGS, WE'RE LEAVING THIS ISLAND! WE'RE GOING HOME!

JAY! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE OKAY! I... I WAS WORRIED SICK OVER YOU! BUT YOU'RE ALL RIGHT... YOU ESCAPED!

YOU'RE WORRIED SICK OVER YOU? BUT YOU'RE ALL RIGHT... YOU ESCAPED!

THE TWO FRIENDS LEAVE FOR NEW YORK ON THE NEXT BOAT, TWO DAYS OF COMPLETE REST HAVE APPARENTLY SETTLED JAY'S NERVES... AND THE FRIGHTFUL ORDEAL IN HAITI IS ALMOST FORGOTTEN BY THEM BOTH! BUT ONE NIGHT WHEN BILL ENTERS HIS STATEROOM...

WHAA... WHAT'S THAT ON MY BUNK?? A... A VOODOO DOLL?
THERE ARE NO NATIVES SENT A DOLL AFTER ME! IT'S STARTING TO MOVE! GUT TO GET RID OF IT! THE PORTHOLE!

JAY! JAY! COME HERE, QUICK!

Bill! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

JAY! A VOODOO DOLL... ON MY BUNK! IT... IT MOVED!

VOODOO DOLL? BILL, ARE YOU CERTAIN?

YES! YES! I THREW IT OUT THE PORTHOLE! THE NATIVES SENT IT AFTER ME! IT... IT HAD A LONG NEEDLE IN ITS HANDS!

YOU MUST HAVE BEEN SEEING THINGS, BILL! YOUR EYES ARE PLAYING TRICKS!

YOU... YOU THINK SO? MAYBE... MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT? IT CERTAINLY IS FANTASTIC ENOUGH...

BILL IS COMPLETELY UNNERVED... BUT BY THE TIME THEY REACH NEW YORK, HE IS CERTAIN THE WICKED VOODOO DOLL HAS BEEN DESTROYED!

HEH, HEH! ONE NIGHT THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR OF THE APARTMENT HE SHARES WITH JAY...

YES?

WHY... THAT'S OOO! NO ONE HERE... JUST A PACKAGE!
...Strange... no return address... no postage... wonder what's in it...

Curious, Bill hastily rips the package open! And then his hands tremble... his mouth drops wide as he stares at the contents...

The... the Voodoo doll!

Frightened terribly, Bill dashes from the room! Then he stops...

I threw it in the fire! The flames will destroy it! But... maybe...

...it came back when I threw it out the porthole! It can move! It might get away! I... I'd better go back... better make sure!

...there's the box... the package... but where's the doll?

It's gone!

Oh, somewhere in this room! Hiding... waiting to pounce on me! Waiting to stab me with that... that needle! Help! Help!
I'LL TELL YOU WHY, BILL! BECAUSE YOU WITNESSED A SACRED VOODOO RITUAL! FOR THAT, YOU MUST DIE!

WHY DON'T THEY LEAVE ME ALONE? WHY DO THEY WANT TO KILL ME?

FOR THAT, YOU MUST DIE!

WHY DON'T THEY LEAVE ME ALONE? WHY DO THEY WANT TO KILL ME?

HEH! IT... IT JABBED ME! IT JABBED ME AND THEN WENT LIMP! HEH! IT... IT DIDN'T KILL ME...

HEH? IT... IT JABBED ME?

HEH? IT... IT JABBED ME?

HEY...
YES, I'M DEAD. THE NATIVES KILLED ME THAT NIGHT! THEY KILLED ME AND BROUGHT ME BACK TO LIFE... LIKE THEY DID TO THAT DEAD NATIVE! THEY SENT ME TO YOU WITH THAT VOODOO DOLL TO PUNISH YOU! THE DOLL HAS DONE ITS JOB!... AND WHEN YOU DIE I'LL CEASE TO EXIST ALSO! I'M A ZOMBIE.

YOU'RE DEAD! AND I'LL BE DEAD (GASP) IN A MOMENT! (GASP) THIS DOLL! IT... IT KILLED ME! THIS WICKED, VICIOUS VOODOO DOLL!

I'LL DESTROY IT!... RIP IT TO SHREDS! RIP IT! (GASP) TEAR IT!—?

WHAA... WHAT'S THIS?

Bill's rage suddenly ceases! A scream strangles in his throat as he stares down at what his hand holds...

GOOD LORD! IT'S A... HEART! A HUMAN HEART!

YES, BILL? THAT'S HOW THEY GAVE IT LIFE! THEY GAVE THE DOLL A HEART!

MY HEART!


I HOPE I'LL BE SEEING YOU IN MY OWN MAGAZINE, THE VAULT OF HORROR! UNTIL THEN, FIENDS... BE OF STOUT HEART... HEH, HEH, HEH!

THE END...
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