SINCE HENRI'S MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE, I'VE HAD TO WORK LATE EVERY NIGHT AND... GOOD LORD! THIS ISN'T WAX! THIS IS A HUMAN HAND.
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OR TO ORDER CALL 1-800-EC CRYPT AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK. USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!

WELL, HEH, HEH! I SEE YOU MANAGED TO SCRUNGE UP COLD CASH FOR THIS COPY OF THE CRYPT OF TERROR! GOOD, DON'T WORRY! YOU WON'T BE SORRY! YOU'LL GET MORE THAN YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OF CHILLS! I'LL SEE TO IT! YES, IT'S ME AGAIN, YOUR HOST IN HORROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER! WELCOME TO MY NOVEL, 'THE CRYPT OF TERROR' FOR MY FIRST OFFERING TO CURdle YOUR BLOOD, I HAVE CHOSEN ONE OF MY BEST TERROR TALES FROM MY VAST COLLECTION OF SPINE-TINGLERS HERE IN THE CRYPT. THIS IS THE STORY OF CLYDE FRANKLIN, THE RENOWNED ANIMAL HUNTER. REMEMBER HIM? REMEMBER WHEN HE DISAPPEARED? WELL, I FOUND HIM... OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM? THIS IS HIS STORY... AS HE TOLD IT TO ME... IN HIS VERY WORDS! CLYDE SARCASTICALLY CALLS IT... THE TROPHY!

Yes, I'm Clyde Franklin! My story begins one night in my luxurious home! It was the night before I was to leave on another of my hunting expeditions! A reporter from the 'Morning Globe' had dropped in to interview me! I found him waiting for me in the trophy room! He stared at the head-lined walls wide-eyed...

Ah! I see you have discovered my trophy room! Oh, Mr. Franklin! You startled me!
The young reporter stormed out of my trophy room. Stamped across the marble hall, I whisked his hat off the rack... opened the huge oak door... and slammed it hard! I began to laugh...

Poor fool! Hah, hah! What's he so worked up about? After all, they're only animals.

I had to keep myself from laughing! The reporter was pale as a ghost...

Don't you like my souvenirs?

Oh, come now, Sir! These are mementos of my past hunting trips! They're... my... my records of achievement!

How could you?

Nuh? How could you hunt these poor creatures... kill them, then stuff their heads and hang them here? It's cruel! Cruel!

Now! Now! Be reasonable, Sir! I hunt for the pure sport of it! These are my... my scores! Like touchdowns... in football! Surely you cannot deny a man his sport?

Sport is it? It's murder! These poor creatures once lived... like you or if you murdered them!

I... I think this interview is at an end, young man! Good-evening!

Good night!

The next morning, I was up at dawn! After a hearty breakfast, I packed the last remaining necessities into my station wagon and bid good-bye to my servants...

Good-bye, Jeeves! I'll bring a moose-head just for you!

Good-bye, Sir! Good luck!

The young reporter stormed out of my trophy room... stamped across the marble hall... whipped his hat off the rack... opened the huge oak door... and slammed it hard! I began to laugh...
My trip this time was to take me up the Alaskan Highway in search of Caribou, Puma, Moose, or any other unfortunate animal that might cross my gun sights.

After Africa and India, this trip will be tame!

Just a few miles out of Prince George, Canada, I made my first camp... There ought to be plenty of Moose and Caribou in these woods. I'll try my luck bright and early tomorrow morning.

The next day, I tracked a Moose for three hours. Finally I caught up with him. He was standing in the shallow waters of a small lake drinking his fill. Look at those antlers! What a trophy he'll make!

He turned toward me and bellowed as I came out in the open. I raised my gun. Sighted carefully and...

I stood my ground! I raised my gun again! I waited until I knew I could hit the vital spot! Then I fired.

He dropped to his knees! He snorted in pain! His beady eyes reddened! He stumbled to his feet and charged...

He went down as the bullet struck him! He rolled over and lay dead at my feet! He was tremendous! His head was going to be a wonderful addition to my trophy room.

I sheathed my knife and set to work...
The next day, I broke camp and continued on my way. About noon, I stopped at one of the few gas stations along the Alaskan Highway.

—better fill 'er up, mister, an' take a can to spare! —next station's two hundred miles!

Good idea!

WHERE'S THE CARCASS? I LEFT IT! I JUST WANTED THE HEAD... FOR MY TROPHY ROOM.

SHUCKS! THAT'S A LOT OF MEAT GONE TO WASTE! FOLKS UP HERE HUNT FOR FOOD.

WHERE'D YOU GET THERE? WHERE'D YOU BAG HIM?

IT WAS TOWARD EVENING THAT IT HAPPENED! I WAS SPEEDING ALONG AT A FAIR CLIP WHEN I SAW THE BOARD STRETCHED ACROSS THE ROAD...

SPIKES!

I SLAMMED MY FOOT DOWN ON THE BRAKES! THE TWO FRONT TIRES EXPLODED AS THE SPIKES RIPPED INTO THEM! THE STATION-WAGON LURCHED CRAZILY, AND I FELT IT GOING OVER...

There was a horrible crash and everything went black...
When I came to, I was lying on a couch in a rustic cabin! As the cobwebs cleared, I heard a strange sound! It was the steady throbbing of a motor coming from the next room.

WH... WHERE AM I? I... I remember! THE CRASH!

Suddenly, as I lay there, I heard voices coming from the room with the throbbing motor.

NO! PLEASE! DON'T! HAVE MERCY!

WH... WHERE AM I? I... I remember! THE CRASH!

SOMEONE WAS BEING TORTURED...

PLEASE... NO! AAAAAAAH!

I tried to move! An excruciating pain shot through my leg!

WHAT IN BLAZES? I'VE GOT TO...

BROKEN! MY LEG IS BROKEN! I CAN'T MOVE!

I looked down! It was twisted! It was...

MY BLOOD FROZE IN MY VEINS! IT SOUNDED LIKE SOMEONE WAS BEING TORTURED...

WH... WHERE AM I? I... I remember! THE CRASH!

SOMEONE WAS BEING TORTURED...

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SOMEONE WAS BEING TORTURED...

PLEASE... NO! AAAAAAAH!

I tried to move! An excruciating pain shot through my leg!

WHAT IN BLAZES? I'VE GOTT...
You heard?

Yes, look...you've got to get my leg or get me to a doctor!

You're not going anywhere! You're my...my prisoner!

The spikes! You put them across the road?

Exactly! Let us say I 'bagged' you as a hunter bags an animal?

What are you going to do with me?

He turned and started out the door...you'll see! You'll see!

I watched him as he crossed the clearing and entered what appeared to be a woodshed.

Moooooahhh!

He was obviously mad. Whoever he had in that room with the ceaselessly throbbing motor was in great pain! I decided to try to reach the door to see...

My...leg...it's...killing me.

With a great deal of effort, I managed to half hop, half drag myself across the room to the door! I flung it open...

Why, there's no one here?
The room was empty. On a bare, white table was a rather large round box. It looked like a hat box. On the floor, a small motor throbbed! It seemed to be a pump arrangement! From an attached tank several rubber tubes ran off toward the table... if I heard the motor, and it's here... then the person I heard must be here, too!

Over the table a bottle hung upside down! It looked like the kind of bottle used to administer plasma! A tube ran from it down to the table... funny! All the tubes seem to run under that box!

There, on the table, was a living, breathing, human head! It blinked at me through wide eyes... run, you fool! get away from here! he's mad... mad!

I stood rooted to the spot, unable to move! The indescribable horror I felt numbed my senses... do you hear me? get out before it's too late! do you want to end up like me?

Suddenly, the head's wide staring eyes looked beyond me! I spun around... well! I see you have discovered my trophy room!
I'm your trophy room. Why, yes! This is where I will keep the heads of all of my game!

He turned and took a can off a shelf... you're crazy! You can't hunt them for the pure sport of it!

Then he reached for a sponge... sport? It's... call it what you will... it's my idea of sport!

He came at me with the can and sponge, but my broken leg sent me sprawling. He clapped the damp sponge over my nose and mouth, and I smelled the sickening pungent odor of chloroform! I began to lose consciousness... drifting off into a black abyss...

They're only human beings!

When the darkness faded and I came to, I was staring out over the white expanse of the table-top. The door opened, he came in. He had someone with him...

But before you die, I want you to see my trophy room...

He pointed at me, the man with him was cut and bruised as if he had been in an accident...

... and this is my latest memento... from a past hunting trip! Soon you too will become one of my seconds of achievement!

Men, men! Yes! That's Clyde Franklin's story! In his own words! That's how he told it to me when I dropped in to see my friend who lives in the little cabin near the Alaska Highway. You should see his trophy room now! He's getting to be quite the hunter! Now, I'll turn you over to my fellow ghoulnatic, the vault-keeper, for some more skull-dubbery!
I see it's 'guest-spot' time for me again! Time for me to grace the pages of the Crypt-Keeper's magazine with a horror tale from my private collection of spine-tinglers here in the Vault of Horror! Yes, I am the Vault-Keeper! Come in and lie down on that stretch-rack over there! You'll have a rippling good time with this tale of the macabre I am about to relate! I call it... "JUDY, YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF TODAY!"

Donald Abelson stood at the door of his lovely little home and kissed his wife goodbye. He was leaving for the office! He looked into her soft brown eyes and whispered the warning he had regularly repeated every morning since they had been married...

"GOOD-BYE, JUDY DEAR! I'LL BE HOME AT THE USUAL TIME! REMEMBER... DON'T OPEN THE DOOR TO STRANGERS."
Judy Abelson watched her husband, Donald, stroll down the small-town street.

Flag his regular morning bus as it came to the corner.

And get aboard! She waited her usual farewell kiss after him as the bus roared away down the tree-lined street.

Then she went inside! She closed the door and sighed...

Poor darling! He worries about me so! Always afraid something might happen to me when he leaves me alone every day! I... oh, dear! Someone's at the door...

Judy opened the door and peered out! On the steps stood a bent and wrinkled old lady. Her head covered with a ragged shawl! As her beady eyes caught sight of Judy, she grinned a toothless grin...

Please... young lady! Have pity on a poor old woman... who hasn't eaten in two days! Spare a crust of bread, or a coin... please!

1... I... wait a moment, please!

Judy hurried into the kitchen and got her purse! As she came back through the house...

You have a lovely home, ma'am! But better still, you have a lovely young body... just what I've been looking for!

The poor woman... having to beg from door to door for a bite to eat! I'll just... gasp...

The poor woman! Having to beg from door to door for a bite to eat! I'll just... gasp...

You have a lovely home, ma'am! But better still, you have a lovely young body... just what I've been looking for!

My body? What... what do you mean? What do you want...

I am an old woman, child! My body is bent with age... aching with the pain of tired bones! I am going to take your body... and give you mine! A fair exchange...
Suddenly everything went black! Judy felt herself falling...falling...into the empty velvet black void of unconsciousness...

When she came to, she was lying on the floor! She stared down at the familiar rug...then her gaze fell upon her hand...it was knotty...wrinkled...the hand of an old woman...

No! Oh, dear God, no!

Judy scrambled to her feet and stumbled to the mirror above the fireplace! She looked...horrified...at the image she saw...it was the face of a beady-eyed, toothless, bent old lady...
Fifteen minutes later, Donald Aabelson burst through the front door of his house.

JUDY! WHERE ARE YOU?

Donald... I am your wife!

THE SNARLED OLD WOMAN RUSHED TO DONALD AND FLUNG HER BONEY ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK...

OH, DONALD... SOB... DONALD... I AM YOUR WIFE!

WHAT IN BLAZES?

Donald stifled the feeling of nausea that swept over him as the old woman kissed his cheeks and wept...

FOR GOD'S SAKE, OLD WOMAN! STOP YOUR WHIMPERING AND TELL ME... WHAT DID YOU DO WITH JUDY?

I AM JUDY... I AM JUDY...

Donald! Believe me! I am...

YOU DARE ME! I AM JUDY... Donald! I believe you!

WHAT WAS THE NUMBER OF THE ROOM IN THE HOTEL WHERE WE SPENT OUR HONEymoon?

Donald turned away! He thought for a moment and then...

ALL RIGHT! IF YOU CAN ANSWER THIS... I MIGHT BELIEVE YOU! WHAT WAS THE NUMBER OF THE ROOM WHERE WE SPENT OUR HONEymoon?

Donald listened to the incredible story! He stared at the old woman in disbelief.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU! I CAN'T...

DONALD! ASK ME ANYTHING THAT ONLY JUDY WOULD KNOW!

I AM JUDY, DONALD!

Donald... sob... what will I do? what will I do...?
Donald couldn't believe his ears! He asked other questions...none personal questions! The bent old woman answered them all...correctly...

**Donald hung up! He spun around, facing the wrinkled woman...**

**The ringing of the telephone interrupted Donald's exclamation...**

**Donald led the old woman to a closet! He opened the door...**

**Donald closed the closey door on the old woman and locked it! He pocketed the key and ran from the house! He cursed the traffic as he sped downtown in his car...**

**It was three o'clock when Donald reached the station! He spotted Judy's familiar figure sitting in the waiting room! He walked up to her! She looked at him blankly, without recognition...**

**She doesn't know me! It is true! It is true! This is Judy's body...but Judy's back home...in the old woman's body...**

Donald couldn't believe his ears! He asked other questions...none personal questions! The bent old woman answered them all...correctly...

**Now will you believe me? It. It's horrible! Horrible! Why...**

**Donald hung up! He spun around, facing the wrinkled woman...**

**YOU SAY YOU'RE JUDY? IF YOU ARE, YOU'LL FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS DO ANYTHING I WANT!**

**Donald hung up! He spun around, facing the wrinkled woman...**

**ANYTHING! ANYTHING!**

**Donald led the old woman to a closet! He opened the door...**

**IF IT WILL HELP, DONALD...OF COURSE!**

**Donald closed the closey door on the old woman and locked it! He pocketed the key and ran from the house! He cursed the traffic as he sped downtown in his car...**

**She must be Judy...She must be! No one else would have been able to answer those questions!**

**She didn't know me! It is true! It is true! This is Judy's body...but Judy's back home...in the old woman's body...**
Suddenly, a desperate mad idea crashed into Donald's mind. He stepped up to Judy's body and snarled... "Do you believe me? Running away, Judy? So you can't face the fact that you have cancer... that you're going to die in two months?"

"Cancer... die? What have I done? I've got to get it back... get my body back...? campt-o-arco-badimo."

Suddenly Judy's body... seated on the bench... stiffened! Then, the color drained from her cheeks! She slumped forward... Judy! Judy! What... what happened? where am i?"

"Oh, Donald, darling! Donald! I've got my body back! She's given it back!"

"C'mon! We've got to get to the house!"

Donald and Judy sped back across town! They rushed into the house! Someone was hammering on the closet door! Donald took his gun from the desk... She's in there, Judy! Locked in the closet... what are you going to do, Donald?"

Donald emptied his gun into the closet door! Then, they opened it! The old woman was dead! They carried her body to the cellar and buried her... yes, Donald?"

"It's... it's better this way, Judy, dear!"

I'm going to kill her, Judy! She's evil! I've got to kill her or she'll do this horrible thing again! No one will miss her! We'll bury her in the cellar!"

Donald emptied his gun into the closet door! Then, they opened it! The old woman was dead! They carried her body to the cellar and buried her... it's... it's better this way, Judy, dear!
HEH, HEH! NO, KIDDIES! MY STORY isn’t OVER yet! THE END CAME ABOUT SIX MONTHS LATER! ONE NIGHT, AFTER JUDY AND DONALD had GONE TO BED, JUDY HAD A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE! SHE HEARD THE OLD WOMAN’S VOICE, UTTERING THOSE STRANGE WORDS!

JUDY, NOW IN THE CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN, STUM-BLED UP THE CELLAR STAIRS! BITS OF ROTTED FLESH FELL AWAY AS SHE MOVED THROUGH THE HOUSE TO DONALD’S BEDROOM...

DONALD WENT FOR HIS GUN! THE DECAYED, FOUL-SMELLING CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN FOLLOWED HIM TO JUDY’S ROOM! DONALD FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR!

THE GUN SHOT ECHOED THROUGH THE DARK HOUSE! JUDY’S BODY SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR! THEN THE CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN TOTTERED... AND COLLAPSED...

SUDDENLY, JUDY—NOW REPOSESSED OF HER OWN BODY... GASPED... AS SHE PASSED AWAY... JUDY! JUDY! WHERE ARE YOU?

JUDY! JUDY! I’M HERE... DONALD! I’M... GASPS... WHERE I... BELONG!

YES, JUDY FOUND HERSELF BURIED IN THE CELLAR’ DONT FILL HER TOOTHLESS MOUTH... PRESSED AGAINST HER BEADY EYES! SHE PUSHED UP INTO THE COLD FRESH AIR...

HEH, HEH! WELL! THERE’S A WEIRD LITTLE TALE, EH? BUT, THERE’S A LESSON TO BE LEARNED, KIDDIES! DON’T MAKE FUN OF THAT STRANGE OLD WOMAN WHO Comes BANGING! YOU MIGHT FIND YOURSELF IN HER SHOES! OH, BY THE WAY! YOU CAN HAVE BACK ISSUES STARRING ME, THE OLD WITCH AND MY HOST... THE CRYPT-KEEPER.

I’M HERE... DONALD! I’M... GASPS... WHERE I... BELONG!

HEH, HEH! NO, KIDDIES! MY STORY isn’t OVER yet! THE END CAME ABOUT SIX MONTHS LATER! ONE NIGHT, AFTER JUDY AND DONALD had GONE TO BED, JUDY HAD A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE! SHE HEARD THE OLD WOMAN’S VOICE, UTTERING THOSE STRANGE WORDS! WHEN SHE AWOKE...

DONALD FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR!

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DONALD FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR!

DONALD FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR!

DONALD FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR!

DONALD FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR!
Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I like you the most out of The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. Your comics are great. I watch your show on HBO whenever I can and I watch your Saturday morning cartoons. I have the first book in the series of Crypt books, and I also have a book called “Jokes From the Crypt.” I also have some of your cards. After I read one of your comic books my sister and my mom read them. My whole family likes scary things.

One of your best stories was “Swamped” in HAUNT #5. Another of my favorites is “Reflection of Death!” in CRYPT #7.

Stephen Langlois
Rutland, VT

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I love your comic books, they are great! I’m 11 years old. My brother Abe likes your comics, too, and he is 13. I love HAUNT #7, it’s very good. I was wondering on how to get “Tales from the Crypt” Trading Cards? I look everywhere and I can’t find them. They look cool I would love to have a pan-tel, so please print my address.

Josh Elder
RT 2, BX 37
Carter, SD 57826

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

It’s me again. You know, David Rodriguez. I still want to know who was throw off the sled in your story “Wolf Bath!” (available in GLAD HAUNT #4 as a back issue), and I won’t stop writing until you answer!!! Heh!! I can wait forever; the real question is, can you? Eternally yours,

David Rodriguez
Huntington Park, CA

All of the comics mentioned above are available as back issues! See the back cover of this comic for info on “Crypt” Cards! Spend money!

The perfect person to throw off the back of a sled when pursuing by wolves is...Larry Talbot! Heh, heh! But that only works once a month! And, that’s a sleigh, not a sled. Rhymes with “sley.” If that helps.

Your comic books are the best! I never thought before that I’d enjoy comic books but as soon as I read one of yours, I loved it. One thing I would like to know is who were your parents, and what year were you born in?

John Gillo
Saugus, MA

Yo Russ.

Hi, how’s it swinging? Ok here I just recently began collecting EC comics. My first was CRYPT #7. My favorite was “Seance!!” It was cool! Could you tell me the Crypt-Keeper’s origin? I’ve always wondered how he came to be Tales from the Crypt Rule!!! Cryptically yours,

William D. Walchle
St. Wayne IN

We can tell me your origin, in GLAD CRYPT #1, of you can wait for CRYPT #33 CRYPT Rule!! Wuh-wuh-wuh!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I think The Old Witch is a geezer. I like your comic books a lot. This is the first time ever I read your comic! I am very impressed with the stories. The Vault Keeper is worse than The Old Witch. The Vault-keeper stinks at telling stories.

I also write my own comics. Have you ever skooked someone? My favorite story is “Reflection of Death!” in issue #7. Keep up the good work.

Robert Rafalik, 3rd Grade
Schenectady, NY

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I am 9 years old. Sometimes I feel sad and I pull out some TALES FROM THE CRYPT I read stories and I feel great. I just started [recently] Your friend

Sherry Sookaram
New York, NY

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I am a big fan and a very old fan of you. I started getting interested in you when I was three now I am nine almost ten. I got CRYPT 7 [and seven others] I read them all

Jacob Heilrich
New York, NY

Yo Russ.

I watch the “Tales from the Crypt” TV show, and I just have to say: What’s with the Crypt-Keeper? If you ask me I think it needs more BLOOD. Yours Truly,

Donna Rose, age 10
Plainfield, NJ

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I love your comic books an Tales from the Crypt. When I grow up, I want to become a doctor. I also want to become a comic book collector. John Wrigley is the only comic book collector I know. He collected 180 books [by] 1966, and by [1966] had a total of 208 comic books.

I watch “Tales from the Crypt” on FOX. I like the one with David Warner about that [Felicity] girl. That’s one of my favorites.

Jonathan Carter, 11 years old
Decatur, IL

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I am 11 years old. I watch your [HBO] TV show a lot but I don’t think I’d like the cartoon.

I collect your comics, but unfortunately I can’t find them right now. You, The Vault Keeper and The Old Witch’s comics are the scariest I’ve ever read. Are the stories in your comic the ones in the TV show?

Paul O’Leary
Needham, MA

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hi! All I can say is great comic! Keep it coming! I’m 12
going on 13, and a great fan. I don’t have HBO, but your show comes on Saturday now on regular TV. Your comics are only at one place, Chesterfield Mall. Print my address. I love pen-pals. I also love Stephen King movies and books. Great comic! Your #1 Fan,

Sarah Towne
556 Surbridge Dr
Chesterfield, MO 63017

Hey CK,

I’ve been an avid horror fan since I was 11. Up until now all 15 nothing grosses me out like CRYPT. It has the best storylines and art. My favorite frame is from “Reflection of Death,” when the character sees his mangled reflection in the mirror. I was wondering if you sold any CRYPT posters. My parents won’t let me hang real decomposed bodies on my wall, so...

Another thing I’ve been wondering is if you had any tips on how to draw corpses and other gruesome pictures. I’ve tried but they look too well alive. If there is anyone but there who is as much of a horror fanatic as me, write to me.

Mike Tomney
39 Bolivia St
Willimantic. CT 06268

What, no 14-year-olds? Ye’ kno’, the thing that bugs me the most about the HBO and kid-vid “Crypt-Keeper” is the squeaky voice. Not at all like my real, euphonic Bartles!

They do adopt authentic EC comics stories, and retain the original titles. You’ve perhaps noticed that all of them are presented as mine, even when they will actually be told by VK or OW.

We have no EC posters, but it would take only 2000 trading cards to cover an 8x10 wall! —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hi! I just moved to Indiana. What I want to know is, do you have a fan club? If you do, I’d be willing to join. I think that your comics, shows, and cards are the greatest. I never miss any of your shows because they’re so cool.

Cameron Lee
Carmel. IN

Check last month’s HAUNT # and INC SF # for the latest PAN CLUB NEWS news, and watch for that feature in VAULT, as well. —CK

Dear CK

There are TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic, CRYPT video, CRYPT television series, CRYPT cartoon, CRYPT pinball and CRYPT trading cards. What next? Are there going to be TALES FROM THE CRYPT jackets, t-shirts, baseball caps and figures? Or, even a computer game? (I hope so?)

Is there a video I can buy of the HBO television series?

Oliver Wingrave
Farnham. Surrey GB

Brits & Celts tell me the videos are the only way to consume the HBO shows there, I don’t know details, the; sorry. —CK

Dear Crazy Bag of Bones

I read CRYPT #7 and I think is a stinker Ghoulist! I think you should decide who the No 1 fan is! And I think “Last Raspberries” was real Ghoulistic! “Seance” was very thrilling, and so was “Voodoo Death”! I would give you two thumbs up but I got my hand chopped off! (Never make your sister mad!) who wrote a letter in CRYPT #7, is not stinker because he doesn’t claim to be the best I think is real cool! I think the witch and you make a ghoulie couple! And I think you have your way of getting your face in the crowd! You have a comic card eat, show on FOX and HBO, and a cartoon on Saturday mornings!

I hope you publish this letter because someone has to tell he’s stuck up! Well, I have some things to settle with my sister. Please print my address because me and Lloyd have something to settle! I think rules!

Jason Parker
100 Teachers CT
Guyton, GA 31312

Now, now—mustn’t fight! I deleted the names, positive and negative, to save you some flat乌 urge, sans flatness! You sit down by now that anyone can be #1 ‘cause you’re all #1 with me—as long as you buy the comic! It’s like joya says, next letter...

—CK

I just finished CRYPT #7 and I was disgusted! Not at your pulse-pounding tales of horror, but at the letters pages! These #1 fans—humph! Yet, I have the solution to their conundrum of just who deserves to be EC #1 fan. Without further ado, here it is, WHO CARES? What’s important, mind you, is who deserves to be #1 fan! After all, with 10 comic books the rage, what about that worthy fan who is #0? And the newest trend: Chromium Fan #1! Now let’s get serious, CK is being the plain, old, non-enhanced #1 important at all? I didn’t think so on the stories.

“Reflection of Death,” despite some wonderful art by Al Feldstein, was an all-too-typical story of the time EC turned but masterpieces which everybody remembers. Yet, I’ll admit that Bill Gaines and his merry Ghoulistic told their share of clichéd stories, such as this one. Yet, with the good come the bad, and the EG output of brilliant short stories could not be matched.

The Old Witch’s tale for the issue “Last Respects!” was better than the initial tale and was a real spine-tingler. Without any supernatural overtones, this story showed just how far a typical red-blooded 1950s boy would go for his girl. Graham Ingels did a great job on the visuals, and this story presented one of the few times that I’ve enjoyed Graham’s unique work, usually [I prefer] the cleaner and more slick styles of Craig and Feldstein. Overall, “Last Respects!” was an enjoyable, if slightly hokey, piece. And most fascinating of all, the subject matter is not something which is totally unbelievable. Did you ever catch “Alive,” CK? Or even those wacky Headhunters always trying to lasso Gilligan? Ah, the classics of film and television.

“Seance!” was definitely the best story in the issue. It was great to see Jack Davis’ art in this story, especially to note the evolution of his art, from yesterday’s comics to today’s commercial art, caricature and package art. The exaggerated faces that have become a Davis trademark were present in this story, which gave “Seance!” an almost-humoristic visual impact. The story itself was suspenseful and quite a testament to the power of fortune tellers, gypsies, mediums and psychics. And a note to you, CK —a happy medium? ’He, ha.

Finally we have “Voodoo Death!” in Haiti! This was quite an interesting piece, albeit one which went by too quickly. Maybe all of EC’s voodoo stories could be presented, at least the best of them, in a miniseries format. I’d love to see such themed miniseries show up, such as a “vampire” compilation or a book of lovers’ tales.

Joey Marchese
Union, NJ

I wouldn’t be caught undead watching “Alive.” —CK

Dear CK, VK OW,

I really like your comic books and that new cartoon on television. Both are very interesting and enjoyable to read and watch. On Saturday mornings I get up and watch “Tales from the Crypt.” Most of the time I read the comic books. To me, nothing is more exciting than reading horror stories.

Travis Montes
Alpena MI
Dear Crypt-Keeper,

My name is Jason Janmio and I am 11 years old. I love EC comics and all the fabulous stories. I would like to start out by saying I watch your TV show and that’s how I found out about the comics. I went to my local comic book store. All they had was the original comics from the 50s! One comic was 250 dollars! I was quite upset about this since I did not have $250 dollars with me. I did find issues of VAULT and HAUNT, so I got some.

On the third visit, I got some CRYPT comics. I have just subscribed to CRYPT and have just gotten my first issue in the mail. I liked the story “Bates in My Belfry” in issue 8. I would like to say I am your #1 fan but that’s what everyone says. I also saw the “Tales From The Crypt,” movie. I liked it!!!

Jason Janmio
Santa Rosa, CA

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I’m EXTREMELY upset! I’ve NEVER had $250 with me in my life. —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I love your comic book and TV show. I’d like to know what is your favorite food and movie. In your comic book, is there a story with a magician in it? I’d also like to know what year you were born and where your Crypt is located. Spookily yours,

Michael Neary
Lindwood, PA

I like nothing better than to curl up with a box of chicken terror-yaki takeout and a tape of “Sound of Music.” —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I am a fan of EC comics and you are my favorite hero. Someday I would like to be a part of EC comics. I watch “Tales from the Crypt” every Saturday morning and night. I wish it would come on more often and I just wanted to say thank you for making comics and TV shows! Please print my address. Truly yours,

Marie Caton
POB 142
Chandler, OK 74834

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

You are the coolest guy. Your comics are great. Please give me your phone number. We could make some stories together. I really want to do business with you. Your slimy friend,

Michael Palma
Irwin, TX

Sorry to disappoint you, but you can’t see aline. —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I just read one of your comics and it was outstanding. I liked both the tales. The Witch’s Lasso was okay. The Vault-Keeper’s tale was good. Shall I say scary! A quick read for a voodoo doll that kills a couple of guys.

John Duffy
Paradise Valley AZ

Really. —CK

Dear Russ,

Congratulations on being on your eighth round of EC comics. Which is more than what was published under either of the two six-four page runs. CRYPT has its usual good run of stories but these stories get even better in later issues. “The Living Death” (CRYPT 7) looks like it was taken from an Edgar Allan Poe story. I think that it was called “The Strange Case of J. W. D. M”. But then the Crypt-Keeper already knows that.

The two stories “Bates in My Belfry” and “Midnight Snack!” (CRYPT 3) look a little too similar in theme. Except...

Warran Standiford
Sunnyvale, CA

The difference between a cannibal and a ghoul is nothing that 5 minutes in a microwave won’t erase. —CK

Dear Russ Cochran,

I really like Crypt-Keeper. In fact, he’s the man of my dreams (He-he) I’m trying to save my money so I can subscribe to CRYPT. If it’s no trouble could you please send me a picture of the Crypt-Keeper?

Ashley Cissell
Greenwood, IN

Save time; break into that college fund! —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

My name is Julio Martinez and I am 15 years old. I am your biggest fan and also your friend.

The (episodes) I liked in your cartoon show is “While the Cat’s Away,” I’ve seen it 13 times.

Can I be in your show “Tales from the Crypt”? Could I be in your comic books?

Julio Martinez
National City, CA

Maybe. Have you been: Cheated, betrayed, stranded, tied, hanged, sliced, diced, zombied, reanimated, electrocuted or had an intimate experience with a blighted household gadget? If so, you, too, could be the centerpiece of an EC story! —CK

Dear CK,

You’re the most stupid storyteller I ever heard of! Your story’s don’t even scare my 5 year old sister Becky! When I read her... “And All Through the House” she told me it was a very boring bedtime story and left! And—oh, well—it’s sorry. That was my letter to VK. Very Sorry.

I just had a few questions for you. Could you please give me a list of all the stories EC adapted from Ray Bradbury and what issue they were in? And did Graham Ingels do any werewolf stories?

Sean Clau
El Monte CA

Yee to both. But space is running out. Check each Ghoul/Latino letter column in future for this info! —CK

Also available this month are WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Watch for VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-PIEDENT next month. Don’t forget HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY and CAF. Get them at your local comic book shop or US$4.50 (see our ad in this comic for details!)

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, 52 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #8, $1.00 each issues 9 and up, $2.00 each. Add $3 per order ($10 outside US) for S&H.

Write to: CRYPT
RUSSELL COCHRAN
POB 649
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

This comic reprints Tales from the Crypt #25 (9/75, Aug/Sep 31)

COVER by Al Feldstein
“Terror!”
“Judy, You’re Not Yourself Today!”
“Loved to Death!”
“Works in Wast!”

Jack Davis
Wally Wood
Jack Kamen
Graham Ingels

The continued letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish, or answer letters, or even to express any opinion about the contents. We regret that we cannot address you personally, unless you clearly state your wish from published letters. We attempt to encourage publication of letters, to do so we need your address on the comment sheet.
EVER LOVE SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T LOVE YOU? PRETTY PAINFUL, ISN'T IT? WELL, IT'S NOT HALF AS PAINFUL AS BEING...

LOVED TO DEATH!

For the first scene of this touching tale, let's look in on the apartment of Margaret Singer... where a delightful little episode is reaching a climax...

OWWWWW!

I'm sorry, Edward! I had to do it! Now will you please go and don't ever annoy me again!

But, Marcie! I'm mad about you! Won't you let me take you out just once? Tomorrow night?
NO! I'M BUSY! I'M BUSY EVERY NIGHT AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED! NOW WILL YOU LEAVE? I HAVE TO DRESS FOR A HEAVY DATE!

MARGARET SINGER SLAMS THE DOOR ON POOR EDWARD WALLACE POON SAP! WOON'T HE EVER CATCH ON THAT HE DOESN'T RATE WITH ME? HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO SLAP HIS FACE?

WHILE OUTSIDE, EDDIE DEJECTED MOVES SLOWLY DOWN THE DARKENING STREETS

WHY? WHY WON'T SHE GIVE ME A BREAK? SHE KNOWS I'M CRAZY ABOUT HER! BUT SHE TREATS ME LIKE DIRT! SHE ACTS LIKE SHE CAN'T STAND ME!

EDDIE CHOOSES THE STREET AND ENTERS THE DESERTED PARK! HE SLUMPS DOWN ON A BENCH! SOON A STRANGER COMES ALONG! HE STOPS... EYES EDDIE... THEN SITS DOWN BESIDE HIM SMATTER, YOUNG FELLER? I AM! I'M MUS ABOUT A GIRL, BUT SHE WON'T GIVE ME A TUMBLE!

THE STRANGER SMILES. NEACHES INTO HIS POCKET... AND PULLS OUT A CARD... HUH? WHAT CAN HE DO?

THE ADDRESS ON THE CARD LEADS EDWARD WALLACE TO A DARK MINDING STREET IN THE OLDEST PART OF TOWN! THE BUILDING HE IS LOOKING FOR IS A RUN-DOWN, DIRTY TENEMENT! HE CLIMBS NAT-INFESTED STEPS TO ULRIC STRONHAM'S DOOR...

YES? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU? I WAS GIVEN YOUR CARD! THE MAN SAID YOU COULD HELP ME!

THE ADDRESS ON THE CARD LEADS EDWARD WALLACE TO A DARK MINDING STREET IN THE OLDEST PART OF TOWN! THE BUILDING HE IS LOOKING FOR IS A RUN-DOWN, DIRTY TENEMENT! HE CLIMBS NAT-INFESTED STEPS TO ULRIC STRONHAM'S DOOR...
The wrinkled, wizened old man steps aside and Edward enters a weird room. Bottles and jars line the walls, each filled with brilliantly colored liquids and powders. I...I'm in love with a girl, but she...she doesn't love me!

Very simple, here. Take this. It's a love potion! My secret formula! Just a few drops and she's yours...all yours!

Oh, it works! I guarantee that! And it's very cheap. Only one dollar!

Oh, ro! Rot me! If this really makes Margaret fall madly in love with me, you won't see me again.

Good-bye! Not good-bye, young man! Au revoir, for now you'll be back! They all come back!

Come back...for what? For the antidote?

Oh! See and you would like her to adore you, to worship you, to love you...and only you?

Yeah, that's what I'd like!
Edward rushes from the weird room down the garbage-laden stairs, and back across town to Margaret's apartment...

Edward, are you back again? I came to say goodbye, Margaret! I'm going away!

Margaret opens her glass! Edward Byrnes at her expectantly...

Yes! I guess I will be! I'll always love you! Good riddance!

Well! You can go now! Don't just stand there like a dummy! We've said goodbye!

Margaret pecks at Eddie's puckered lips! Suddenly she gasps! She throws her arms around his neck and kisses him a long, rapturous kiss! A kiss of love...

Eddie! What's happening to me? Oh, Margaret!
HEH, HEH! YEP! IT WAS JUST LIKE OLD ULRIC, THE ALCHEMIST SAID! MARBIE FELL...HEAD OVER HEELS! EDDIE AND SHE WERE MARRIED! SHE ADORED HIM...WORSHIPPED HIM...LOVED HIM...LOVED HIM...LOVED HIM 'TIL EDDIE THOUGHT HE WOULD GO MAD!

DARLING...DARLING EDDIE! SWEET...HANDSOME...DIVINE EDDIE! OH, HOW I LOVE YOU, EDDIE! OH, HOW...

MARIE, SPURNED BY EDDIE, MOVES TO THE CHAIR ACROSS THE ROOM! THERE SHE SITS SMILING, SMILING AND STARING AT EDDIE...

DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO, MARBIE? MUST YOU SIT AND STARE AT ME?

I LOVE YOU! I HAVE NOTHING IN LIFE TO DO! I DEEPT-LOVE YOU! YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING...

IT IS LATE THAT SAME NIGHT THAT EDDIE KNOCKS ON ULRIC'S DOOR...

AH! YOU'VE FINALLY COME BACK! I MUST SAY IT TOOK YOU LONGER THAN USUAL! YOU MUST BE A VERY PATIENT MAN! YOU WANT THE ANTIDOTE, NO DOUBT?

YES! I CAN'T STAND HER ANY LONGER! SHE CRAWLS ALL OVER ME! SHE'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!

HERE! HERE YOU ARE! A FEW DROPS OF THIS AND IT WILL BE ALL OVER! IT'S SWIFT AND SURE! DOESN'T LEAVE ANY TRACE!

MARIE, SPURNED BY EDDIE, MOVES TO THE CHAIR ACROSS THE ROOM! THERE SHE SITS SMILING, SMILING AND STARING AT EDDIE...

I LOVE YOU! I HAVE NOTHING IN LIFE TO DO! I DEEPT-LOVE YOU! YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING...

IT... IT KILLS HER?

YOU HAVE A BETTER METHOD?

N-NO! ONLY... WELL... I HADN'T INTENDED TO KILL HER! YOU SAY IT LEAVES NO TRACE?

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

WHAT? BUT THE POTION...

YES! THE POTION IS CHEAP! THE ANTIDOTE IS EXPENSIVE! I LOST MONEY ON THE POTION! BUT I MORE THAN MAKE IT UP ON THE ANTIDOTE! AND ANYONE WHO BUYS THE POTION ALWAYS BuYS THE ANTIDOTE SOONER OR LATER! WELL, YES OR NO?
At Breakfast the next morning, Edward spills the 'antidote' into Margie's coffee while her back is turned.

Oh, dear! Your toast isn't ready yet! I'm sorry, dearest!

That's all right, Margaret! I left my watch in the bathroom, anyway.

But thoughtful, ever-loving Margie, knowing that her darling husband likes his coffee hot, switches cups. Because hers steams more...

Come, darling! Your coffee is getting cold!

You can start. I'll be right there!

But Margie, the devoted wife, waits patiently for Edward to return to the table and Edward did so want to avoid witnessing her...shall we say...finish...

Hmm! Coffee's... is it, dear? Oh, good this morning! I'm so happy... I... I... Edward?

Edward slumps to the floor and is very still? He is quite dead! Swift and sure... just like Ulric said! There is a slight smile on his face...

Edward... darling! Speak to me! Speak to me!

Yes, Edward smiles as he moves through the mist? but the smile is short-lived. For...

Edward! Darling! Wait for me!

Yes! It is Margie's voice! She bursts through the mist, rushes up to Edward, and smotheres him with kisses...

Oh, darling! When you died, I knew I wouldn't be able to go on without you. So I committed suicide! Now, we'll be together for eternity!

But don't worry! Maybe someday you might bump into Ulric Stronman again! Personally, I wouldn't bet on it! I don't think he and you are headed for the same place!

Oh, by the way! Many of you have asked about subscribing to Tales from the Crypt! For this information, read my column, The Crypt-keeper's Corner!
The Witch's Cauldron!

Ar! You're back! So you like the little tid-bits of terror I dish out of my Cauldron, eh? Well, come in! Come in! Don't just stand there gaping! It's me, the Old Witch...Mistress of the Haunt of Fear! Come closer to the fire. Where it's warm! Then when you shiver from the story I'm about to tell you, I'll know it isn't from the cold! Comfy? Good! Then I'll begin! This is a tale dripping with dread! I call it...

The Works...in Wax!

Chamber of Horrors

My story begins in the nineteenth century. In England! On a dark and winding street in old London stands a famous structure. The House Lane Wax Museum! Inside, the owner barks orders at his bony old, scurrying wife.

"Hurry Marie. It is time to open up! Are all the Tableaus dusted?"

"Yes, Henri! I am finished! You may unlock the doors!"
The fame of the Hogs Lane waxworks is wide-spread. Outside the battered doors, a crowd has already gathered, tourists from all over the world travel to see this famous museum... and its notorious Chamber of Horrors! The doors are opening!

"Welcome, ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to Marie and Henri Mataud's Waxworks!"

"Please... ladies and gentlemen! Plenty of room inside! Have your admission price ready! Take your time...

Yes, Marie and Henri Mataud's waxworks is world renowned! I don't know why? Because the wax figures look so real! They... they look almost alive! And in the Chamber of Horrors... well, you can imagine...

"Gulp! Push! It turns my stomach! It's the famous hatchet murderer, Cyrus Evenard... with one of his victims!"

"That's Jack, the Ripper! I'd swear he moved!"

"Amazing! Ooh! How... alive! They look... bloody!"

"Look at her face! She actually looks like she's being strangled!"

"That's John Garrote! He strangled thirty-three women before they caught him."

"Pardon me, Guano! Can you tell me... Guano! I'd like some information. Guard... I say! That is very rude! I'll report..."

"Agnes! That's a wax figure! People are laughing at you..."
Soon, however, the day passes, and closing time arrives! The milling throng is ushered out, and once more the doors are closed! Henri Matauo breathes a sigh of relief...

WHEW! Well, Marie! Another day, eh? It is a relief to have silence again, is it not?

Yes, Henri! I will orape the tableaus while you count the day's receipts!

Well! Today was not so bad, was it, my friends? At least there were no mischievous children, eh?

Henri disappears into the office and Marie turns to the Mary wax figures that line the walls.

Suddenly his eyes fall upon the exhibit of John Garrote, the strangler.

Mon Dieu! What have you done! His head! You turned his head!

Sorry? Sorry? What are you talking about?

Sorry? Sorry? He begged me to do it! He said he couldn't stand looking at her eyes...
The next day, crowds once more flock to the Hogs Lane Wax Museum.

**Marie?** Did you lower Monsieur Evenard's arm to his side?

**Duh, Henry!** He was so tired! The hatchet is...so heavy! I felt sorry for him.

**Marie?** What is happening to you? You are going mad!

**No, Henry!** It is true—Monsieur Evenard asked me...no, begged me...to lower his arm! I could not refuse...he...
Henri Mataud explodes in a fit of anger...

I told you, Marie! Leave these statues alone! If I catch you changing any again, so help me, I'll kill you!

Henri raises the wax figure's arm to its original position...

...and I mean it! I'll kill you! Sob. Sob.

And as Henri storms from the chamber of horrors...

I...I'm sorry, M'sieu Everard! I am so sorry! Sob.

That night in their quarters above the waxworks...

I have made up my mind, Marie. You are going to Paris...for a vacation.

Yes, Henri...

Later that night, Henri is awakened by the sound of laughter... Marie's laughter...

Marie? She's... not in bed.

Henri puts on a robe and descends to the waxworks below...

Marie? Are you down there?

Henri's voice echoes through the silent wax museum! He lights the lamp... Marie! You crazy fool! What have you done?
Marie sits wide-eyed in the center of the chamber of horrors. Now, my friends are all happy, Henri! All happy...

Henri's gaze moves from tableau to tableau. Ruined! You've ruined the exhibits!

Indeed, Marie had altered the chamber of horrors... it is, in fact, no longer horrible. They were so unhappy, Henri! We were torturing them! They couldn't stand it any longer! I had to do it!

You turned M'sieu Everard's hatchet...

Lowered M'sieu Barrote's neap again...

Herri's face is flushed! He clenches his fists moving toward Marie...

I told you what I'd do, Marie! I told you what I'd do if you touched them again...

Henri's hands close about Marie's white throat... tighter... tighter...

No... Henri... please... I... UU-G-O-H... N-N-O!

Marie's body srows limp and she slips from Henri's grasp dead! Herri turns at a sound behind him...

I... no! No!
Outside, in the dark deserted London street, a blood-curdling scream fills the air, echoing over the chimney-pots...

The next morning, when the Hogs Lane Waxworks does not open its doors, the police investigate. The doors are forced, and inside, they find a strange sight: a huge tableau of wax figures stands reverently about the body of Marie Mataud as she lies on a waxflower-decked altar at the foot of the altar, a huge candle burns! And if you look real hard, you can see beneath the translucent wax of the tremendous candle...the remains of Henri Mataud...

No...no...no

Good Lord! Look!

Henri Mataud! He...he's the wick of the candle!

Nee...nee! and that's my story! kiddies! Didn't it just melt your cold hearts? Yes, Henri was all burned up over what Marie did to the Chamber of Horrors! But he soon cooled off...what was left of him? That is! The figures that he and Marie created, certainly were life-like. weren't they? Too life-like if you ask me! Marie wasn't crazy after all, was she? It was Henri who was the drip. See you next in the Vault of Horror.
YOU SAY IT'S A 45-MINUTE BUS TRIP, WITH A TRANSFER, TO THE COMIC BOOK SHOP? YOU SAY IT'S A HARROWING 30-MINUTE DRIVE ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE MALL, AND THEN A 30-MINUTE MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE TO FIND A PARKING PLACE? YOU SAY YOUR TOWN DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A COMIC BOOK SHOP OR BOOKSTORE? IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUNKY? WELL, THEN, YOU SHOULD.

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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
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417-256-2224 or call 1-800-EC CRYPT and ask for the order desk.