
WELL-COOKED HAMS!

The hunchback cowered before the red-hot stove, a bottle of acid raised menacingly in his warted hand. The shaggy-haired ugly man moved toward the terrorized hunchback, reaching for his neck... I'M GOING TO CHORE YOU, YOU TWISTED LITTLE MONSTER!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME! THIS IS ACID I HAVE! IF YOU TOUCH ME, I'LL...
The curtains parted and the hunchback stepped forward, his face charred. Then the shaggy-haired man came out, his face horribly disfigured by the acid burns. They bowed to the cheering playgoers...

The two men stared up at the redvelvet curtains...

I wanted you to see it! I knew you'd like it! Do you think they'd go for it back in the United States?

Are Parisians any different than New Yorkers, Miles? Broadway would go mad over this stuff!

There's only one thing, Arthur! The horror effects of the Grand Guignol are all closely guarded secrets!

I'm sure we can make a deal with them, Miles! Oh-oh! Here comes M'sieu Matier, the owner!

Suddenly the gory scene was blotted out by a flash of red velvet as the curtains closed! A gasp erupted from the shocked audience! Then a tumult of applause exploded! Bravo! Stupendous! Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap! There!!

As the enthusiastic crowd moved toward the exits, babbling... two Americans remained in their seats... Tremendous, Miles! The most amazing display of horror I have ever seen!

Suddenly the gory scene was blotted out by a flash of red velvet as the curtains closed! A gasp erupted from the shocked audience! Then a tumult of applause exploded! Bravo! Stupendous! Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap! There!!

The curtains parted and the hunchback stepped forward, his face charred. Then the shaggy-haired man came out, his face horribly disfigured by the acid burns. They bowed to the cheering playgoers...

As the enthusiastic crowd moved toward the exits, babbling... two Americans remained in their seats... Tremendous, Miles! The most amazing display of horror I have ever seen!

Suddenly the gory scene was blotted out by a flash of red velvet as the curtains closed! A gasp erupted from the shocked audience! Then a tumult of applause exploded! Bravo! Stupendous! Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap! There!!

The curtains parted and the hunchback stepped forward, his face charred. Then the shaggy-haired man came out, his face horribly disfigured by the acid burns. They bowed to the cheering playgoers...

As the enthusiastic crowd moved toward the exits, babbling... two Americans remained in their seats... Tremendous, Miles! The most amazing display of horror I have ever seen!

Suddenly the gory scene was blotted out by a flash of red velvet as the curtains closed! A gasp erupted from the shocked audience! Then a tumult of applause exploded! Bravo! Stupendous! Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap! There!!

The curtains parted and the hunchback stepped forward, his face charred. Then the shaggy-haired man came out, his face horribly disfigured by the acid burns. They bowed to the cheering playgoers...

As the enthusiastic crowd moved toward the exits, babbling... two Americans remained in their seats... Tremendous, Miles! The most amazing display of horror I have ever seen!

Suddenly the gory scene was blotted out by a flash of red velvet as the curtains closed! A gasp erupted from the shocked audience! Then a tumult of applause exploded! Bravo! Stupendous! Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap! There!!

The curtains parted and the hunchback stepped forward, his face charred. Then the shaggy-haired man came out, his face horribly disfigured by the acid burns. They bowed to the cheering playgoers...

As the enthusiastic crowd moved toward the exits, babbling... two Americans remained in their seats... Tremendous, Miles! The most amazing display of horror I have ever seen!
COME INTO MY OFFICE, GENTLEMEN! YOU SAW THE PERFORMANCE?

THEATER OWNER: I AM GLAD YOU LIKED IT, GENTLEMEN! NOW WHAT CAR DO I DO FOR YOU?

M'SIEU MATIER: WE WOULD LIKE TO PRODUCE THE GRAND GUILNOLS PLAYS IN AMERICA!

THEATER OWNER: I AM SORRY. GENTLEMEN! I DO NOT THINK WE CAN DO BUSINESS! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

M'SIEU MATIER: WE CAN OFFER YOU A GOOD PRICE. WHAT IS YOUR OBJECTION?

THE GRAND GUILNOLS WAS STARTED BY MY FATHER, PIERRE MATIER! THE METHODS WE USE IN PRODUCING THE HORRIBLE EFFECTS IN OUR PLAY WERE INVENTED BY HIM, AND HAVE BEEN JEALOUSLY GUARDED EVER SINCE! ONLY I KNOW THEM! EVEN THE ACTORS HERE DO NOT KNOW HOW THEY ARE DONE!

OH, NO! REMEMBERING THEM WOULD BE MUCH TOO DIFFICULT! NO! THEY ARE ALL WRITTEN DOWN IN A MANUSCRIPT WHICH I KEEP IN THAT SAFE! NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, THE NIGHT'S RECEIPTS WAIT!

OH, NO! NOT REMEMBERING THEM WOULD BE MUCH TOO DIFFICULT! NO! THEY ARE ALL WRITTEN DOWN IN A MANUSCRIPT WHICH I KEEP IN THAT SAFE! NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, THE NIGHT'S RECEIPTS WAIT!

ER, YES! WELL! THANK YOU ANYWAY, M'SIEU! I'M SORRY YOU WILL NOT CONSIDER OUR OFFER. BOR GOIN!
The two Americans left the theater and moved down the narrow twisting alley in the Montmartre section of Paris, where The Brand Guignol Theater is located.

Well, Miles? What do we do now?

Blasted Frenchmen! You can't talk sense to them! They're all so darn sentimental!

Suddenly, the two men stopped! They stood beneath the streetlamp, staring at each other.

Are you thinking what I'm thinking, Arthur? Our plane leaves in the morning! We'd be far away before anyone found him!

The Americans turned around and headed back to the rue Chaptal to the Brand Guignol...

Outside the office of the Grand Guignol, Miles and Arnold hesitated. Then slowly opened the door. Inside, Monsieur Matier was stooping before the safe.

The safe. It's open!

Monsieur Matier placed the metal box into the safe beside the volume marked 'Pierre Matier, Methods'. Two shadows moved toward him. He turned, wide-eyed...

You really can't blame him, Miles! If I were in his shoes, I'd do the same thing! You couldn't make me give up those secrets!

Oh, couldn't I? What would stop me from killing you for them?

He was a fool for telling us about that manuscript! Hurry! He said something about the night's receipts! Perhaps we can get there in time!

Outside, the two men stopped. They stood beneath the streetlamp, staring at each other.

You found him?

Outs... Outside the office of the Grand Guignol, Miles and Arnold hesitated. Then slowly opened the door. Inside, Monsieur Matier was stooping before the safe.

The gun exploded in his face! He slumped to the floor! A hand reached out and removed the manuscript from the safe.

The gun exploded in his face! He slumped to the floor! A hand reached out and removed the manuscript from the safe.

GOT IT! LET'S GO!
While on the plane

It's all here, Miles! Everything looks so that's now they make the blood pour out of the wounds!

Yes! And look here! The stabbing scene! A detailed drawing of how the knife is constructed!

There's the eye-gouging act! Well I'll be!

Here! On this page! The acid and red-hot stove illusion! We're set, Arthur! We'll knock 'em dead on Broadway!

But we've got to keep all this a secret, Miles! No one else must ever know how these horror effects are produced!

We mustn't take the chance of letting this book out of our hands!

Listen! We're both actors! We've memorized whole scripts before! We'll memorize this manuscript and then destroy it!

Good idea! Then we won't leave ourselves open to the kind of thing poor M'bieu Matier did!
And so, when the transatlantic airliner landed at Idlewild Airport in New York City...

You go to your hotel room and start memorizing the manuscript, Arthur! I'll see about hiring a theatre!

Right! Good luck!

While back in Paris...

What does it say, Charles?

It says 'closed because of death of owner.' Ah! Zat is too bao, eh?

A week later, in New York...

Well, Arthur! I've finished memorizing the manuscript, too!

Good! Now let's destroy it together!

The manuscript of Pierre Matier was thrown into the fire, and the two men watched the leaping flames reduce it to black ashes.

Well, that does it, Arthur! How the Grand Guignol's secrets are ours alone!

While in Paris, at the police morgue...

Gone! Matier's body has been stolen!

Mon dieu!

In New York, advanced publicity or the opening of the Mack-amoish horror theater brought lines of people to the box office...

I've read about the Grand Guignol in Paris!

They say this will be far more horrible!

They're sold out five weeks in advance!

Are then, the night of the premier performance rolled around, in a dressing room, Arthur and Miles nervously applied their make-up...

Remember, Arthur! When I throw the acid in your face, scream!

Don't worry! And when I plunge your face or the red-hot stove, you let out a blood-curdler, too!
The audience filled every available seat; standing room was sold out! The theatre was filled to capacity! Finally, the curtain went up and the performance began.

The audience stood in shock! Why not? They never expected the effects to be so real...

Ulp! Ouch! How horrible!

Arthur and Miles stood in the wings, watching. Arthur dressed as the haggard throtten, and Miles as the stooped hunchback...

The audience is shocked. Miles! We're going to be a big hit!

The stabbing scene was even more eerie, then came the eye-boggling effect! Finally...

There's our cue, Arthur! Let's go! Got that bottle with the secret formula?

Miles dashed out onto the stage! The audience gasped! Arthur followed, he nan towards Miles menacingly...

Keep away! Keep away! I'm going to choke you, you twisted little monster!

Miles flung the secret formula into Arthur's face! Arthur screamed.

Yaaaaa...

This is acid! I have in this bottle! If you touch me, I'll...

Why, you little...

Arthur shoved Miles's face down on the red-hot prop-stove! Miles squirmed, shrieking hysterically!

Pssst! Get it out! You're over-acting!
Arthur, his face horrifically distorted by the burning acid, suddenly released his hold on Miles, whose cheek lay against the red-hot stove. But as the curtain closed, they continued to scream!

Ow wwww! The pain! Aaaaaah! What's wrong?

The audience stoned in horror as the two figures shrieked in pain.

It. It looks so real! I don't feel so good! Wait! Something's wrong!

Arthur, his face horribly distorted by the burning acid, suddenly released his hold on Miles, whose cheek lay against the red-hot stove. But as the curtain closed, they continued to scream!

Ow wwww! The pain! Aaaaaah! What's wrong?

A member of the cast rushed to them. They lay writhing on the stage.

Good Lord! Their faces! They're really burned!

The exclamation carried through the drawn curtain to the horrified audience outside.

They're dying! Did you hear that? It was real! My God! Let's get out of here!

The panic-stricken audience rushed for the exits... shouting, pushing... shoving. By mistake, someone opened the curtain. Arthur and Miles lay prostrate on the stage...

Look! They're dead! Hurry! Stop pushing! We'll be trampled!

Soon, the theater was emptied. Only a lone figure sat in the deserted house, staring up at the two dead men on the stage.

... and as we close in, we see that the figure is smiling as he stares up at the stage with glazed eyes. It is the corpse of M'sieu Matien.

Men, men! That was a hot one, eh? I hope you enjoyed the performance. The story certainly had a sizzling climax, eh? Arthur and Miles were all burned up about it! Too bad they didn't have a chance to save face. You can save back issues of my Mad Mag, that is! Read my column in The Crypt-Keeper's Corner for info on how to get yours.

And now, why not turn to the Vault-Keeper for another warming tale?
For the beginning of our story, let's look in on a pathetic scene. A funeral in a cemetery where a group of black-clad mourners gathered around the sobbing widow watch as the coffin of the recently deceased is lowered into the yawning black pit. Sad, isn't it? Feel sorry for the poor widow? Don't! Notice the neat line of graves beside the new one? Count them! Yes, there are six others! This poor woman is burying her seventh husband! Is there any wonder I've christened her 'Madam Bluebeard'? After all, she killed them all. Under these emotional shocks! Poor Teresa! I don't see how she's stood up under these emotional shocks! Seven husbands, all accidentally killed!
OH, YES! THAT'S WHAT EVERY-NO DIES BELIEVES! THAT TERE-esa's SEVEN HUSBANDS ALL GED ACCIDENTALLY! EVEN HER HUSBANDS BELIEVED IT... THAT IS, ALL EXCEPT FREDDY... THE ONE THEY'RE BURYING NOW! HE KNEW DIFFERENT! OR I SHOULD SAY 'KNOW' DIFFER-ENT! AH, BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MY STORY...

POOR 'POOR'? THAT'S A GIRL? LAUGH! SHE'S LOADED! HER SEVEN HUSBARDS' ESTATES AMOUNT TO A TIDY SUM. WHY...

WHY IF I DIDN'T THINK TERE-SA WAS A JINX... I'D MARRY HER MYSELF! BUT I'D PROBABLY END UP LIKE ALL THE OTHERS... IN SOME FREAK ACCIDENT!

THE OTHERS? HOW DID THEY DIE?

'WELL, LET'S SEE. EARL WAS HER FIRST? IT HAPPENED ABOUT THREE MONTHS AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED! EARL HAD PROBABLY FALLEN ASLEEP WHILE FISHING? HIS BOAT DRIFTED INTO THE RAPIDS AND HE WAS KILLED GOING OVER THE FALLS...'

'HOWARD, TERE-SA'S SECOND, FELL OFF A CLIFF WHILE THEY WERE HONEYMOONING IN A TRAILER...'

'DOUGLAS, NUMBER THREE, WAS KILLED OR A HUNTING TRIP? HIS GUN EXPLODED IN HIS FACE...'

'NEAL, THE FOURTH, FELL FROM HIS OFFICE WINDOW... FOURTEEN STORIES.'

'WARRER, TERE-SA'S FIFTH, WAS KILLED WHEN THEIR CAR WAS STRUCK BY A TRAIN? TERE-SA WAS THROWN CLEAR AND SUFFERED ONLY MILD BRUISES...'

'WARREN, TERE-SA'S FIFTH, WAS KILLED WHEN THEIR CAR WAS STRUCK BY A TRAIN? TERE-SA WASThrown CLEAR AND SUFFERED ONLY MILD BRUISES...'
Then Peter, husband number six, was electrocuted while taking a bath. A radio he was listening to fell into the tub of water.

And, of course you know how Freddy was killed.

Yes, well, Teresa's leaving, I guess it's all over now.

See what I mean? See how they all believe the deaths were accidents? Accidents, my bloodshot eye! They were each cold, calculated murder! Take Earl's death, for instance.

Oh, sure Earl fell asleep while fishing! But he knew about the rapids and the falls downstream. So he was very careful to tie up the boat to an overhanging bough before taking his snooze.

And as for Howard... well, he was inside the trailer when Teresa stopped it at the cliff edge. When she screamed, Howard came out of the trailer door full-speed.

And Douglas, husband number three, met his untimely fate because after cleaning his gun, he left it around where Teresa could get at it! She poured molten lead into the barrel, blocking it up.

And as for Howard... well, he was inside the trailer when Teresa stopped it at the cliff edge. When she screamed, Howard came out of the trailer door full-speed.

Neal, number four, was leaning out of his office window, looking for the new Cadillac Teresa claimed was parked below, when Teresa yanked the scatter rug out from beneath his feet.
As for Warren, husband five! He'd made the mistake of falling asleep while Teresa was driving home from a party! She'd just stopped their car on the grade-crossing, stepped out, and waited.

Yes, they'd all been murdered! But they never knew it! Only Freddy... Teresa's seventh husband... He knew! Freddy was a flying bug. Owned his own plane! He'd had a runway leveled at one end of Teresa's vast estates! Every day he'd take off...fly around...and land.

And Peter, who loved music, erred when he took his bath with his back to the door! He never saw Teresa open it, reach the stick in, and knock the radio off the shelf above the tub.

One day, while he was up, Teresa strung a strong wire. Taught about two feet high. Across the runway...

And when Freddy came in for a landing...

But Freddy wasn't killed in the crash! When he crawled from the wreckage, Teresa was forced to finish the job.

No, Teresa! No!
So you see why I've christened Teresa 'Madam Bluebeard'? What's that you say? She must be nuts? Of course she's nuts! It stems back to her childhood - when her father walked out on Teresa and her mother...

Jack! What will we live on, Teresa and I? For my part you can starve! Goodbye!

Teresa's mother had been embittered by her husband's leaving! She'd brought up her daughter to hate men.

Men are beasts! Teresa! They're nothing but animals!

All of her life she'd been taught money! That's all they're good for! The beasts!

Yes, mother! Yes, mom!

Until it became logical in Teresa's warped mind that...

Men are beasts! Wild beasts! Wild beasts must be destroyed!

Then, when Teresa's mother died on a cold day in November...

I'll avenge your death, mother! You shall see! They'll pay for this - the beasts!

And so, on the first anniversary of her mother's death, Earl, Teresa's first husband, lay in his grave! Teresa came and laid a wreath on it in her mother's honor...

And on the second anniversary of her mother's passing, there were two graves to place wreaths upon! Earl's... and Howard, her second husband's...
Year after year, the neat little row of graves grew
And year after year, Teresa came and placed wreaths
upon them, in honor of her mother...

And so the seventh brave is filled in! The neat line lies silent under the darkening sky... Earl, under the first; Howard, beneath the second; Douglas under the third mound; Neal below the fourth; Warren in the fifth; and Peter, the sixth; each peaceful in death... Each ignorant and in the fresh grave... Freddy who knows? and as the wind comes up, rustling through the bare trees, sweeping across the grave stones, whistling past the row of seven graves, it seems to sound like a whisper... like someone whispering... like Freddy... telling the others...

One day in November...

I'd like to buy some wreaths... seven of them!

Yes, ma'am! shall I wrap them or are you going across the road with them?

I'm going across the road to the cemetery... how much will that be?

Er... fourteen dollars, ma'am! These are hard to get this time of year!
Teresa crosses the road and enters the cemetery, the seven wreaths in her arms.

Fourteen dollars! The Beast.

Oh over the frozen mounds she moves, to the neat row of seven graves...

She stoops and places a wreath upon each grave...

The冻手 hard reaches up from beneath the frozen earth, grasping Teresa's ankle in a death-like grip! She cannot run! She cannot move! She can only watch, as the corpses rise from their graves and scream.

Her face is turned towards the darkening sky and she begins to laugh, but her laughter is cut short by a rumble beneath her feet. She stares down... Horrified, the seven graves are each cracking open.

And as Teresa's screams echo in a choking cough, silence once again descends upon the grave yard. The wind whispers across the cemetery, caressing the neat little row of graves. Only now, there are eight graves instead of seven, and on the eighth grave... Lie seven soiled wreaths.

Oh, the Crypt-keeper's corner in this issue! The Old Buzzard gives full particulars!"Says, now! Remember! Cre- mated corpses never die! They just blaze away!"
I am writing to tell you how great your comics are. Everyday before I go to sleep I have to read one or two stories. I love your comics. You can print my address.

Orlando Garcia
1729 W Superior
Chicago, IL 60622

I want to know if you guys are going to have a fan club. I have a favorite episode from 'Crypt' series called "The House of Horrors" (and another one called "What's Cooking??") and I want to know what issue are you going to put it in so I can purchase it. Are there going to be any special editions like Halloween annuals and all that?

Phille Saralle
El Paso, TX

"House of Horror" (singular) ran in CRYPT 5, get our back issue. But it ran originally in HAUNT 1, get our back issue! The house so nice they ran it twice! Inquire after our "Annuals," they collect each title under one cover about five issues a week. —CK

A couple days ago I was looking at baseball cards and I found a card with the signature at the bottom saying "Jack Davis.' Did he draw this card?

Paul O'Leary
Needham MA

Surely did. The card is © 1991 Sunset Growers, Davis does do a lot of work. And well, My son, the artist! —CK

Is it true that your nick-name is "Crypty"? I got it out of this book called 'Jokes from the Crypt' I would just die and crawl out my grave to get CRYPT

Can you send me the recipe for ghoulish?

Bryan Kortle
North Beach, MA

Call me Ishmael. (One part ghou, one part hash.) —CK

I like your comics and collect your trading cards I watch your show every Saturday I also watch your cartoon I like your story "Loved to Death!" and "Death of Some Salesmen." I like the TV version of "People who Live in Brass Hearse" and "Television Terror"

Tucker Claypool
Oakland, CA

So how's it going in the Critical Crypt? Not much here I'm in school right now and we're watching a stupid idiotic movie I don't think anyone really watching. I think you guys are the best thing that's ever come out of hell I have a idea for a story it would run if you did a "Phantom of the Opera" story.

William Welchle
FT Wayne IN

I will treat the boards in "Top Billing," VAULT 28. And quit reading comics in dead! Even myself! —CK

You are the coolest dead person alive, I am starting my subscription to your comic. I think The Old Witch is a trap-knocker. The Vault-Keeper is just a pain in the @$$. Sometimes, but I liked his story in CRYPT #10. I liked your story "Drawn and Quartered!" Do you like girls? (Not the Old Witch. She's not a girl.) Could you please send me CRYPT #1 2 or 3? Please I'm begging you! Please! Best Friends For Life (Or death),

Zoe Gale
Saginaw, MI

You're right, The Old Witch hates fraternities. You can get any of my back issues, or any EC title. See the end of this column. —CK

My love comics I love them so much I could die I am dressing up as the Crypt-Keeper and I don't know what to wear. What should I wear?

Dave Hamm
Forney TX

When I shed my blue robe, I'm partial to a white sports coat and a pink carnation. —CK

I sent you a letter last issue but I didn't get it printed. I really liked CRYPT 10 my favorite story was "Drawn and Quartered!" If you print my letter, could you please send me an autographed picture of yourself? Your #1 fan a friend,

Ashley Robinson, 12
Lockhart SC

Sorry, got no auto'd photos. See below. —CK

"Drawn and Quartered!" In issue #10 is the best story I've read yet! It BURIED all the others from Vaulty and The Witch (6 feet underground that is)! Your best fan,

Frank Reider
Arrow OK

I love CRYPT comics, the stories are good and scary. One of the stories I liked was "Drawn and Quartered!" The comics have neat pictures, too. Why are the comics called EC comics?

Chris Falter
Mendham NJ

Seems everyone liked "Drawn"l "EC" stands for "Entertaining Comix." Get out your microscope and you can read it on the cover 'emac.' —CK

Thanks for writing your letter in CRYPT #10 but those last two lines WERE T MINE. You must have mixed-up my letter and someone else I don't even watch "Tales From The Crypt-Keeper" (too juvenile). The guy who really wrote those lines is probably steaming cause you didn't give him the credit.

I'm sure the Crypt-Keeper can come up with a suitable punishment for you! Weirdy yours,

Barry McCollum
Alton IL

You're right, that final paragraph was from the letter of myron James, Rockville, IN. —CK
Do you know every scary story there is to know? I think you do! I want to get the talking Crypt-Keeper doll! I love scary things! Like you!

Justin Winkelmann  Soul City, IA

Like—or as? —CK

I really enjoy reading your comic books, but you should make The Crypt-Keeper tell more stories about all the other people who have their own books.

Lisa Michael  Glastonbury, CT

Make—or let? —CK

Hi! I'm Tony Martinez, a big fan but you can call me "Skeler" Tony. I am a faithful reader of CRYPT, VAULT and HAUNT I can read them over and over and, never tire.

By the way, I would love to receive letters from other EC fans from around the world, so please print my address. Any fan can write to me in Spanish, English Italian, or French. I'll enjoy it a lot since I like foreign languages.

Thanks for listening, CK of buddy. I have to go brush my fangs drink a glass of blood, and hop into the coffin. So, sweet nightmares.

Tony Martinez  age 17  6041 S California AV  Chicago, IL 60629

Recently I got the [hardback] Complete CRYPT and in several issues it stated that there were photos of the three GhoulNutics. I was writing to see if those photos are still available and if so how much do they cost? Your turn.

Adam Owena  address unknown

I have a few questions for you. Could you get The V.K. out of your mag? Could Mr. Cochran reprints the 1950s photo of the GhoulNutics? Will the Pre-Trend and New Direction comics as well as PANIC and MAD be reprinted in regular format? I would like to have a pen-pal so please print my full address. Your pal.

John Brown  POB 1201  Harriman, TN 37748

That's what it would take to offer photos like Adam Owena (and Ashley Roberson, see above) ask about—reprinting the 1950s photos. Maybe we will. Lots of other EC comic titles are scheduled for this series, no maybe to it!

—CK

I'm collecting your comics. I'm also getting VAULT and HAUNT. I couldn't choose just one, they're all great! Do you like being the Crypt-Keeper? Your scary fan.

Cassandra Mootz  Poolesville, MD

Beats unemployment! —CK

I just wanted to tell you dudes that the stupid boring story in issue 7 by The Vault-Keeper, "Voodoo Death", was dumb. But don't worry, because I think he made up for it in issue 9 [with] "Judy You're Not Yourself Today!"; that story was cool! Please print my address.

Joshua Keane, 12  31 Budd St  Mount Holly, NJ 08060

Best VK can hope for: To break even! —CK

I love your mag! I have seen all your shows. I am going to get all of the EC CLASSICS. I love CRYPT 6. I like the tale of "Scared To Death!"

Patrick Burket  Terre Haute, IN

There were 7 Issues of RCP CRYPT, and each of RCP VAULT and HAUNT. All still available. Write for list and prices! Buy now! Heh, heh! —CK

I just got my copy of CRYPT 9, and I see you printed my letter. And you've done a little editing! And I think you made a mistake! You left some last name printed. Did you do that on purpose or accident?

And I think [some] has a point! Please print my [new] address.

Jason Parker  6753 Davis Rd  Revenel, SC 29470

I did it! —CK

I am your furrin fan that lives in the gutter. I like your comics but they are hard to come by. I'm 11 years old. How old are you? I watch you on tv also. I like you better than the Vault-keeper and the Old Witch. Could you tell me where I can get a lot of your comics because the stories are always out of comics? What is your phone number? Your fan.

Bobby Harris, III  Baton Rouge, LA

Punny you should ask. You can get our comics from us direct, and our phone number is 1-800-EC-CRYPT.

—CK

I am a 14 year old girl and I want to know why there isn't more gone in your comics. I think it's because of the children who can't cope with the sight of blood. Of course you don't want to give the poor babies nightmares.

I guess what I'm trying to say is it's ok to put more violence in your comics. If those pussy parents and children can't stand it, let' em cry about it. Your readers and real fans are here to support you. Like the saying goes if you can't take the heat stay out of the incinerator.

Seminole Arnold  Ashhabula OH

Why is it that in most of your tales you never show the faces of the half eaten bodies? I would also like to know if you could make the stories more scary. When I say more scary I mean make them similar to the TV series on HBO. I love your comics and I won't stop reading them.

Laetitia Reed  Moreno Valley, CA

TV goes for your visors. We go for your mind. Besides, we eat the faces first. —CK

I've been doing some research and I found that the first issue of CRYPT was named INTERNATIONAL COMICS until issue #5 when it was renamed INTERNATIONAL CRIME PATROL. At #7 it was shortened to CRIME PATROL up to issue #15. Then at #17 (which is your first issue of CRYPT in this run of reprints) it was CRIME OF TERROR for 3 issues. At the sacred issue of 20 it became TALES FROM THE CRYPT! My question is will you ever be reprinting these first 16 issues? Festeringly Yours.

Nathaniel Wilson  Pittsburgh, PA

The first, say, 5 of those issues would remind you of period NPP (DC) comics. I think. Not until the advent of Craig & Paskins would you come across any EC-nese, not until the last two issues would you see MC. You can see the CRIME PATROL issues in the WAR AGAINST CRIME/CRIME PATROL set of The Complete EC Library.

—CK

I love your stories. I'm 13 years old but I'm going crazy over CRYPT. I love your story "Death Must Come!" You ought to make more stories about eternal life.

Two stories from your TV show got me in a CRYPT mood. The first is "Korman's Kalamity". I looked at the office in the program. Is that what your office looks like? The second was "Yellow," starring Kirk Douglas and Dan
I love your comic books. I have 4 questions for the Crypt Keeper. When is your birthday? Do you have any brothers or sisters? Are you married or do you have to dig up a date? Will you be my pen pal?

Scott Ramsey
Vancouver, BC

See below for birthday information (Got a show?) —CK

I found out one of the great mysteries of all time: how old you are. You are 121 years old (in 1994) I have proof to back up this claim. Goto GLAD CRYPT #1 and look at the introduction of the story "Lower Death" you explain that it was written in a small town 80 years ago. A year later you were born, this was said in 1952. So in 1952 you were 70 years old. 42 years later (1994) you are 121 years old (79 + 42 = 121)

Being an artist myself, I think that your artist, Jack Davis and the Old Hag's oops. I mean Old Witch's artist. Graham Ingels are the most talented artists of the EC horror comic Jack's corpse drawings and Graham's finely rendered pictures are superb.

My top favorite three tales, in order, are 1st - "The Chips Are Down" (RCV VAULT #1), 2nd - "Foul Play" (RCV VAULT #8) and 3rd - "White Cat's Away" (GLAD VAULT #1). The best episodes from Tales From The Crypt the series are "Till Death" and "Mourning Mesa"

Now come the dreaded questions. On the back of my Crypt card #90 it says the cover of CRYPT #48 was to be the cover for a new EC horror comic. What was the comic's title to be, and who was to be the host?

Do you have any posters or T-shirts to sell? Please print my address.

Jeffrey Jones
4231 Bensalem Blvd
Bensalem PA 19020

An interesting theory, that math on my age. How long after my telling that tale did EC write it up for the comics? I said "about" 80 years. And, were these human years or dog years?

EC plumped a fourth horror title in 10554, and was going to call it THE CRYPT OF TERROR (which revised the original title of this mag, dropped after the 'first' three issues). I would have been the host (who else?) and the first issue was prepared—and did see print as issue "#48" of CRYPT (actually #30). Funny you should ask (heh-heh); the back cover of this comic offers a T-shirt ONLY YOU COMICS FANS can get!!

Also available this month are WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Watch for VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED next month. Don't forget HAUNT, INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION and CRIME. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details).

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, 89 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issues 53, 81 89 each issues #4 and up, 32 each. Add $2 per order ($1 outside US) for 408.

Write to:

RUS COCHRAN
POS 488
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

This comic reprints

TALES FROM THE CRYPT "K27" (111, DEC 51/Jan 52)

COVER by Wally Wood

"Weel-Cooked Hamal"

"Maddame Bluebeard"

"Return!"

"Horror Head.It Off!"

by Jack Davis

Joe Orlando

Jack Kenten

Graham Ingels

We welcome letters of comment. Why cannot we print in advertisements, publish or promote books, we will call for clarity, accuracy and length. We will publish within street address and of 1000 unless you state that wish published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so we need your address on the individual letter.
HERE'S A GHOSTLY YARN!
I CALL IT...
RETURN!

MYRA SIT AT THE CHAIR BY THE WINDOW, GAZING OUT AT THE GENTLY FALLING RAIN. A SINGLE TEAR SLID SILENTLY DOWN ONE CHEEK. OH, JIM! JIM! WHY DID YOU GO AWAY AGAIN? WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK NOW THAT I NEED YOU SO?

MYRA SIGNED; SUDDENLY THE TELEPHONE RANG! SHE RUSHED TO IT, HOPING... PRAYING...

HELLO? MYRA? IT'S HAL... HAL FORREST! I JUST GOT IN! WILL YOU BE HOME FOR THE NEXT HOUR?
HAL, DEAR! IT'S NO, MYNA! GOOD TO HEAR I'LL BE OVER YOUR VOICE IS OKAY? JIM WITH YOU?

HAL HAD BEEN BEST MAN AT JIM AND MYNA'S WEDDING! THAT HAD BEEN EVEN EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO! THE THREE OF THEM HAD GATHERED UPSTATE TO A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Myna nodded sadly and hung up. Hal, Hal Fonnest, Jim's partner, was home. Without Jim, Myna flung herself on the sofa and began to sob.

Oh, Jim! Jim! Where are you? Where are you, dahling?

Hal had planted the best man's traditional kiss on Myna's cheek, and then announced...

Well, kids! Have a nice time on your honeymoon? I've got a train to catch!

Train? You? But your car?

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

Hal! Hal! Thanks loads, kid.

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

TEN MORE MILES, KIDS! THEN OOPS! EXCUSE ME!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

TEN MORE MILES, KIDS! THEN OOPS! EXCUSE ME!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!

The J.P.'s home had been a lovely little place. The kind of house Myna'd read about in books! It was white shingle, covered with climbing roses and ivy.

Aho I how produce you man and wife!

Jim, Myna!

Uh-uh! You take the car! Drive up someplace and enjoy yourselves! S'long!

So long, Hal! Thanks loads, kid!

You're a dream, Hal!

Laten, as Jim and Myna sped along...

That was sweet of Hal to lend us the car, wasn't it, Jim?

Yeah! He's a swell guy! We flew together during the war! We're going into business together when you and I get back!
What kind of business? Air freight 'Hal's got a line or a DC-3' if we can swing it...

You mean flying? Why not? That's all I know! Besides, there's good money in it if you own your own ship.

But, that means we'll be separated! Orly for a few days at a time, Myra! We're just going to fly short-hop stuff!

Apro so Myra's honeymoon had begun! They'd found a quiet little hotel and spent two weeks of heaven. They'd gone riding, fishing, swimming.

'C'mon, honey, the water's fine!' "Be with you in a minute. I've got to put on my cap..."

But everything wonderful finally has to end and Myra and Jim's honeymoon was no exception. Then... we got the flare, Myra! Oh, I see - a DC-3! It's a beauty! Army surplus job 'Hal's stripping down the engines now - I've got to get right back to the airport..."

After the flare was reconditioned, Hal and Jim had begun soliciting business...

'Any luck, Jim? Not one lead 'Blast it, the big lines have the air-freight service all sewed up!'

And there, one right, Jim had rushed home... Myra, look! A contract! Oh, Jim! I'm so happy!
And then, for a month, Myra heard nothing. Not a word. They stopped there to re-fuel. It's from Panama! They heard nothing. Not a word. Why don't you write? What's wrong?

The months had dragged on with no word from Jim. Soon a year went by. A year since Jim had gone away... Oh, Jim! Jim! Please come back to me! Please. Myra's been afraid to think the worst... that something had happened to Jim. Then, one night thirteen months after Jim had left for South America, he was coming! Just a minute!
They'd clung to each other... not speaking!

Then...

Why didn't you write, Jim? You promised?

I couldn't, Myra! I would have if I could! You know that!

Come, you must be tired! Oh, darling! It's so good to have you home!

It's good to be home, Myra!

And so, they'd been together again... in each other's arms! But Myra's joy was short-lived... for the next morning...

Gone! Jim's gone!

She'd found the note...

Myra dearest,

Writing this is the hardest thing I've ever done. I have to go away, and just can't face you to say goodbye. Believe me, darling, someday we'll be together for keeps... and I'll never have to leave you again. Till then, remember that I love you.

Jim

Bob, sob...
SIX MONTHS WHAT?

THE DOCTOR WILL SEE YOU NOW, MA'AM? THANK YOU!

THEO FAMILY PHYSICIAN HAD EXAMINED MEN FINALLY ANNOUNCING THE SYMPTOMS YOU DESCRIBE ARE NOT UNCOMMON TO SOMEONE WHO IS GOING TO BECOME A MOTHER, MYRA!

DOCTOR! ARE YOU SURE? WHEN!

SIX MONTHS OR SO? YOU'D BETTER BE TAKING IT EASY!

THE DOCTOR WILL THANK YOU!

THE DOCTOR WILL THANK YOU!

THE DOCTOR WILL THANK YOU!

NOW, MYRA LAY SOBBING ON THE COUCH, WAITING FOR HAL FORREST, JIM'S PARTNER! SUDDENLY THE CHIMES SOUNDED! MYRA DRIED HER EYES AND OPENED THE DOOR...

HAL! WHY DID YOU COME ALONE? WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING JIM BACK WITH YOU?

I COULDN'T, MYRA! JIM'S DEAD!

MYRA STARED AT HAL! SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE HER EARS...

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY! WHEN I SAW JIM THREE MONTHS AGO...

THREE MONTHS AGO! IMPOSSIBLE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IMPOSSIBLE?

JIM WAS HERE... HE SPENT THE NIGHT... THREE MONTHS AGO!

BUT... IT CAN'T BE!

OUR PLANE CRACKED UP FOUR HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF PANAMA... IN THE JUNGLE! JIM WAS KILLED INSTANTLY! IT TOOK ME FIFTEEN MONTHS TO CRAWL OUT OF THAT GOD-FORSaken PLACE... BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

OHH, OHH! I SEE YOU'RE SURPRISED! THAT'S THE SPIRIT! WHAT'S THAT YOU ASK? HOW SHOULD I KNOW? ASK MYRA! FUNNY THING ABOUT MYRA AND JIM WHEN THEY FIRST MET. MYRA DIDN'T THINK SHE HAD A CHANCE OF A CHANCE WITH HIM!

WELL, NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO BE REVOLTED BY THE OLD WITCH! EYES NIGHT!

THE END
NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHILLING APPETIZERS FROM MY FELLOW GHOULUNATICS, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SERVE YOU THE MAIN COURSE! SO COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! MY CAULDRON BUBBLES AND GURGLES! IT'S EVIL BREW IS JUST ABOUT READY! YEP! IT'S ME AGAIN! THE OLD WITCH! HEE, HEE! HUNGRY? YOOO! THEN OPEN YOUR LITTLE LEERING MOUTHS AND I'LL STUFF IN THE TASTY TERROR-TALE I CALL.

HORROR!
HEAD...
IT OFF!

Far across Paris...away from this bloody scene, two figures made their way slowly through a crooked street. One man was tall, well-built, but crippled. The other was short and squat! The crippled one moved painfully. First stepping, then dragging his helpless club foot.

"Hurry, master! We are almost there!"

"I am gasping. Louis, I can't walk as fast as you!"

Soon the strange twosome came to a dark alley. They turned in, stopping before a battered door. The small one knocked anxiously. Finally, it creaked open.

"Yes? What is it?"

"We...we have come to buy some flowers!"

The fat man behind the door peered out at them.

"Flowers? What kind of flowers?"

"We want some fleurs-de-lis!"

"Come in. I'll see what I can do!"

"You are most kind."

"The flowers?"

"What kind?"

"It does not matter! This is the Marquis de Rochefort. I am his servant, Louis!"

"You have money?"

"Yes! We have the amount you will help him to flee Paris as they said you would?"

"Certainly! I will make all the necessary arrangements! But first, if you don't mind, the money!"

"Of course! Here you are!"
That is correct! I have dedicated myself to helping fellow members of my class escape the guillotine. Ah! M'sieu Le Duke! This is a noble thing you do! If it were not for my club-foot, you will be ready to leave at midnight! A coach will be at the alleyway! I will be ready!

I go now, Master, before I am missed!

Good-bye, M'sieu Le Duke! Thank you! May you continue to help others unfortunates like me!

As the coach clattered off into the darkness, Henri—the fat Duke de Lugere smiled to himself... Do not worry, M'sieu Le Marquis! I will continue! It pays me well, and my head remains on my shoulders!

Soon after, near the gates of Paris...
Soon, back at the house of Henri, Duke de Luger...

You arrested him, Captain? Yes, Luger! We stopped his coach before the West Gate! Again, your cooperation protects you from the Guillotine!

Well, Captain! That is our arrangement! I turn them over to you. And save my neck, eh?

Save your neck is right, Luger! If it were not for this little service you perform, your head would have rolled long ago!

And so the next day before the jeering mob, the Marquis de Rochemont limped up the steps of the Guillotine...

And as the gleaming blade was hoisted skyward, the crowd began its ominous roll.

The crowd roared as the blade plummeted downward! But in its midst, one man did not cheer! His face was grim. It was short, squat Louis, the Marquis' servant.

And so late that night a cart rumbled through the deserted streets of Paris carrying a mangled carriage. A coffin, containing the decapitated remains of the Marquis de Rochemont. It was driven by Louis, his ever-faithful servant.

I will see that you have a decent burial, Master!
The next day, Louis stopped Henri Lugere on the street.

Ah, Louis! I am sorry! I heard the sad news!

Yes, M'sieu le Duke? My master was beheaded yesterday!

Sh-h-h! You fool! Do not call me le Duke!

Why not? Everyone knows about you! I have learned the truth...

I. I must be going! Wait! There is something I must show you! Come!

Louis led Henri Lugere to the market-place...

Have you ever bought a chicken here, M'sieu Lugere? Have you ever seen how they kill them? Look!

Ugh! They chop off its head!

Yes, M'sieu! How watch! See how the body scurries about without its head? See how it flaps its wings?

Mon Dieu! What are you driving at?

Sometimes a chicken with its head chopped off lives for many hours! I know of a case where one lived for almost a month! It only died because the farmer who owned it allowed the windpipe to grow close.

Why do you tell me these things? Why?

Why? If a chicken can live on with its head removed, M'sieu Luree then why not a human being? Eeh?

You're mad! You're trying to frighten me! Bah! Foolishness!
Suddenly Henri heard an unmistakable sound: first a clump, then something dragging, then a clump, then the dragging noise.

"What... what was that? It sounded like footsteps! Like a man... with a club-foot!"

The clumping, dragging sounds came from the alley outside. Henri rushed to the door and slid the bolt closed.

"He... he's after me! The marquis..."

As Henri watched horrified, the doorknob turned slowly, then it rattled. Someone outside was trying to get in.

"Oh, Lord! Protect me! Thank God, I bolted it in time!"

Then the clump, drag... clump, drag... faded away down the alley.

"He... he's going away! He..."

Suddenly, Henri cursed. What a fool I am! A stupid fool! Of course! That was Louis out there! He's trying to frighten me! Who ever heard of a beheaded man living on...

Henri flung open the door and peered out! Then he gasped! The tracks in the dirt were unmistakable! One set was that of a small man... the others were strange... as if the person making them dragged one foot.

"A... a club-foot! Mon Dieu! They were both here!"
Then it came again—those sounds! Clump... Drag... Clump... Drag... They moved toward Henri from the darkness of the alley... Who, who's there? Louis? Is that you?

To the guest... You... you're trying to... F-frighten me! Aren't you? Louis? Louis?

Henri was sure surprised. In fact, he lost his head! They found him the next morning without it! His body was lying beside the Marquis de Rochefont... Why? Oh, come, come! Use your head! What happened to Henri's? How should I know? What happened to all of the heads that rolled during the Reign of Terror? Hmmm! Sounds like story material there. I'll have to look into it! Oh, by the way! All my back issues are available! The Crypt-Keeper's Corner tells you how to get your... that winds it up, kiddies! I hope your hunger is satisfied! We'll all see you next in the Vault of Horror! Bye for now.