PAPERCUTZ

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SORDID SECOND ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES

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WELCOME TO MY “OPEN CRYPT”
BOILS AND GHOULS! SINCE SHIPING
OUT THE OLD WITCH AND THE VAULT-
KEEPER I’VE BEEN LOOKING TO RENT
OUT MY TOMB-WITH-A-VIEW!

MY ONLINE POST ON CRAZED’S LIST HAS
GOTTEN TERRIFIC RESULTS! JUST LOOK AT
ALL THESE APPLICANTS DYING TO RENT
SPACE IN MY COZY CRYPT!

REMINDS ME OF A
TALE I CALL...

THE TENANT
Number 613 Iger Avenue has seen better days.

Through grimy windows, its tenants watch snowflakes cover the streets with a fine white coat, knowing that the snow heralds a cold that won't be held back by shoddy insulation and irregular blasts of heat.

Yes, life at 613 Iger Avenue is hard if you ask anyone... anyone except James Winchell, its cheapskate landlord.

'Ey! When you gonna fixa heat? Ain't been workin' for days!

--Two-year lease and you want to raise us by thirty percent?

Mister Winchell! We been waitin' onna new fridge for a week!' People, people...
--HEYHEYHEY!
TAKE IT UP WITH
THE SUPER!

THE SUPER'S A
LAZY BUM! HE SLEEPS
ALL DAY AND BARELY
LIFTS A--

HEY, LISTEN!
IF YOU DON'T
LIKE IT--

--MOVE!

COMPLAIN, COMPLAIN,
COMPLAIN... I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHY I COME DOWN
HERE ANYMORE!

IT'S PROBABLY
BECAUSE I'M FILLED
WITH THE SPIRIT OF
THE SEASON.

WELL, YOU
SURE AREN'T FILLED
WITH SALT.
WHAT?

YOU COME DOWN HERE IN YOUR FANCY CAR AND HAVE THE NERVE TO OVERCHARGE US FOR BROKEN FLOORS AND FAULTY HEAT.

YOU PUT OUR MONEY INTO YOUR POCKETS INSTEAD OF BACK INTO THE BUILDING WHICH NEEDS IT MORE THAN EVER.

MRS. WILKES IN 2-E IS EIGHTY-TWO. HER HEAT HASN'T WORKED IN A WEEK!

WHILE YOU'RE LIVING LARGE, SHE'S FREEZING TO DEATH!

WELL, SHE CAN WARM HERSELF WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT BY KEEPING THE HEAT LOW SHE'S SAVINGS ME MONEY AND HELPING PAY FOR MY FAMILY'S HOLIDAY GIFTS.

NOT TO MENTION A NEW SUIT AND IVORY CUFFLINKS FOR ME!
That night, the boiler at 613 Iber Avenue is in rare form.

The building’s system usually circulates enough heat to relieve the cold.

Maybe Winchell’s Frosty Demeanor is still in the air because no matter how much the rickety boiler tries, the tenants can’t get rid of the midnight chill.

The tenants make do with covers and layers, huddling for warmth.

But no amount of blankets can save Mrs. Eugenia F. Wilkes in apartment B-6.
In the morning, somebody calls the paramedics. The paramedics, in turn, call the police.

The police call on Mrs. Wilkes’ grandson.

And after an appropriate amount of grieving, Mrs. Wilkes’ grandson calls his lawyer.
THE JUDGE, MOVED BY THE TESTIMONY AND PHOTOS OF 613 IGER AVENUE TO A HORRIFIED JUDGE AND JURY

FIVE TENANTS TESTIFY IN THE NEGLIGENCE SUIT BROUGHT AGAINST JAMES WINCHELL BY THE WILKES FAMILY.

EACH DESCRIBES THE AWFUL CONDITIONS AT 613 IGER AVENUE TO A HORRIFIED JUDGE AND JURY

THE JUDGE, MOVED BY THE TESTIMONY AND PHOTOS OF 613 IGER, HANDS DOWN A SPECIAL SENTENCE TO JAMES WINCHELL, CHEAPSKEE LANDLORD.

WINCHELL IS ORDERED TO LIVE IN ONE OF HIS PROPERTIES FOR AN ENTIRE MONTH TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HE'S DONE TO HIS TENANTS.

EITHER HE LASTS THE MONTH IN A WINCHELL PROPERTY WITHOUT IMPROVING ANY PART OF IT, OR THE LANDLORD LOSES EVERYTHING.
As bad as 613 Iger Avenue is, the building doesn’t compare to number 666 Colt Street.

Poorly managed, the two-family Brooklyn home is broken and neglected—

—including the adjacent cemetery, forgotten by busy relatives and avoided by local gangs.

No, as bad as 613 Iger is, friends, 666 Colt Street is far, far worse.
The building is currently empty, and James Winchell is proud that he convinced the court to install him in his only property that has no tenants.

Despite orders not to improve the property, he moves in with state-of-the-art gadgets and several space heaters, and as such, his first few days are a breeze.

But on the third night.

Cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold!

Must've blown a fuse...

Okay, boiler. Boiler, where's the boiler?

How hard can it be to get some heat going? If cavemen can do it with two sticks, I'm sure I can do it.
I should be home in my tub...big steak. A bottle of wine.

...but instead I'm here trying to fix the heat in 'Monster House'!

Only twenty-seven more days...whoaahhh!

Krassshhh

Stupid flashlight, where are you? Okay, matches then.

Seriously, where's the super when you need him?

Lemme know if you find him.

I gotta complaint about the noise.
Wanna keep
the music down, chief?
It's loud enough to
wake the dead.

Hey, you
listenin', Mac?

Hey, where ya goin'?
I ain't finished!

AAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!!

You gonna
fix ya heat or
what?

"Ey, mister--"

"--we're freezing
to death out
there!"
NOTHING...
IT'S NOTHING! I'M SEEING THINGS!

THE COLD'S GETTING TO MY BRAIN...YEAH, THAT'S IT!

IT'S BECAUSE OF THE COLD

'BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!' 'EY, LANDLORD... YOU BEEN DICKING US FOR MONTHS AND WE GOT COMPLAINTS!'

'EY! YOU COMIN' OUT OR WHAT?'

AAAHHHHHHH!!!!!

WE STILL AIN'T GOT HEAT!
CELL PHONE? WHERE'S MY CELL? I CAN'T SEE IN THE DARK AM' HERE'S THE PHONE—! I'LL CALL THE COPS!

THE POLICE! THE POLICE WILL SAVE ME.

NO DIAL TONE.

CELL PHONE, WHERE DID I PUT IT?

JAMES WINCHELL NEVER FINDS HIS PHONE, NOW DOES HE GET A WINK OF SLEEP.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

THE KNOCKING GROWS LOUDER AND WINCHELL SHIVERS IN THE DARKNESS, AFFECTED BY THE COLD AND TERROR. AND IN THE MORNINGS.

HIS NEW "TENANTS" KNOCK AT HIS DOOR, EACH WITH HIS OR HER UNIQUE COMPLAINT.

...THE KNOCKING STOPS.
"There is no way I'm spending another night in this haunted house! Not a chance!"

"The minute I get home I'm selling—"

"...last the month or you lose it all, Mister Winchell!"

"Every dollar, every property, everything will go to the Wilkes family and the tenants of 613 Iger Avenue!"

"Not a chance!"
SO JAMES WINCHELL STAYS, DETERMINED TO FINISH HIS SENTENCE AT 666 COLT STREET.

HE TRIES TO FIX THE HEAT AND POWER.

BUT THE BUILDING IS IN SUCH DISARRAY THAT NOTHING WORKS.

AND AS NIGHT FALLS AND BRINGS THE WINTER CHILL...

...ANOTHER OF WINCHELL'S TENANTS ARRIVES WITH A COMPLAINT.

HELLO? MISTER WINCHELL?

NOR
NOR
NOR
WE'VE HAVEN'T MET, BUT I FELT IT WAS PAST TIME.

MY NAME IS EUGENIA WILKES.

THERE'S A SLIGHT ISSUE WITH MY SPOT AND THE SUPER'S NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. SO I'LL NEED TO ENLIST YOUR HELP.

BUT YOU'RE... YOU'RE... YOU'RE DEAD.

OH, NOTHING A HOT TEA WON'T FIX, MISTER WINCHELL.

THE SAME CAN'T BE SAID FOR THE CONDITIONS I'M LIVING IN, THOUGH. COME ALONG AND I'LL SHOW YOU.

--IT'S JUST DOWN HERE, DEAR... DO STOP DAWDLING OR WE'LL NEVER GET THERE.

BUT, COLD, CAN'T FEEL...

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE COLD, MISTER WINCHELL... TRUTH BE TOLD, THE BROKEN HEAT NEVER BOTHERED ME.

BUT I WON'T ABIDE FILTHY LIVING CONDITIONS... EVEN IF I'M DEAD.
SEE? DISGRACEFUL!
I LIKE A TIDY Plot, MISTER WINCHELL, IF YOU'D BE SO KIND...

WH-WHAT? YOU WANT ME TO...

NO! I MEAN, NO. I CAN'T... I WON'T! LEAVE ME ALONE!
BUT DEAR, IT'S YOUR JOB.

HEH...HAHAHA! NO. IT'S NOT. I'M THE LANDLORD... I JUST OWN THE BUILDINGS! I'M NOT THE CARETAKER.

YOU GOT A PROBLEM, TAKE IT UP WITH HIM!
OOF!

CARETAKER DIED SIX MONTHS AGO.
SO FIX THE LADY'S GRAVE, BY?

SHINO WIKKED
ALL I WANT IS A CLEAN, RESPECTFUL PLACE TO REST AND YOU'LL NEVER HEAR FROM ME AGAIN.

NOT A PEEP, MISTER WINCHELL. FIX MY PLOT AND I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE.

---OH! OH, I'M SO---

IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT. DEAD.

O...OKAY. AS LONG AS YOU'LL LEAVE ME ALONE.
THANK YOU, DEAR. IT'S LOVELY.

FINALLY! MAYBE I CAN GET SOME SLEEP.

'EV'! WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN'?

YOU AIN'T DONE. SOME PUNK PAINTED OVER MY HEADSTONE AND TURNED UP THE DIRT. IT'S FREEZIN' IN THERE!

WHAT? BUT MRS. WILKES' SAID IF I FIXED HER PLOT I'D BE LEFT ALONE!

SHE SAID THAT SHE'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE. NOBODY SAID ANYTHING ABOUT US EITHER GET TO WORK OR WE'LL HAUNT YOU ALL NIGHT. EVERY NIGHT UNTIL YOU FINALLY AIN'T THE LANDLORD HERE.

BUT ONE OF US TENANTS. GOT IT?
AND SO JAMES WINCHELL CLEANS AND JAMES WINCHELL FIXES
HE REPAINTS HEADSTONES, TILLS MOSS AND CLEANS EACH GRAVE

HE CLEANS EACH GRAVE AND HOPES THAT HIS TENANTS WILL LEAVE HIM BE.

A MONTH GOES BY AND JAMES WINCHELL RETURNS TO HIS COMFORTABLE LIFE AND FANCY APARTMENT.

BUT EACH MORNING HE RETURNS TO 666 COLT STREET TO FIX THE PLOTS, MOSAIES AND CRYPTS

EACH DAY THE LINE BLURS A LITTLE MORE BETWEEN TENANT AND LANDLORD AS JAMES WINCHELL ASSUMES HIS FATE AS BOTH CADETAKER AND LANDLORD TO THE DEAD.
AND SO WE LEAVE JAMES WINCHELL, CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD OF 613 ISER AVENUE AND 856 COLT STREET, MAKING UP FOR A LIFETIME OF POOR CATERAKING BY FINALLY LEARNING TO DO IT PROPERLY, DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.

...BECAUSE IF HE DOESN'T, LIKE MANY OF HIS PROPERTIES, HE'LL NEVER AGAIN SEE BETTER DAYS.
TOO BAD WINCHELL DIDN'T HAVE A CONSIDERATE TENANT LIKE MINE!

SEE HE'S EVEN A HEAD IN THE RENT!

WHAT THE WERTHAM--?

THESE BOXES ARE TO BE RETURNED TO SENDER
SORRY ABOUT HITTING YOU, THE REGULAR GUY'S OFF TODAY, I'M THE BACK-UP DRIVER. SIGN HERE PLEASE...

THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN I COULDN'T GET RID OF THOSE TWO THAT EASY!

MAYBE RICHARD HAS BETTER LUCK FINDING PARADISE IN THIS TERROR-TALE I CALL...

THE GARDEN
THE SWEETNESS OF WILDFLOWERS BOBBINS IN THE SUN TICKLE YOUR NOSE. THE CHIRPING OF TINY SONGBIRDS COMFORTS YOUR EARS.

THE HINGES ARE WELL OILED, A FRESH COAT OF PAINT GLISTENS, AND THERE'S NOT A SPOT OF RUST ON IT.

THE TREE Boughs, THEY DROOP WITH FRUIT...
MORE SUCCULENT THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER TASTED BEFORE.

THICK CURLS OF GRAPEVINES SMOTHER THE SURROUNDING WALLS, IDE FOR THE VINEYARD.

JUST AS THEY SAID, RUNNING WATER BUBBLES EVERYWHERE.

FOR YOU, THAT WAS ONE OF THE SELLING POINTS OF THE PLACE.

YES, EVERYTHING IN THIS GARDEN, YOUR GARDEN, CONFORMS PRECISELY TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS.

...EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE NEVER LAID EYES ON IT BEFORE.
YOU TOOK THE BUS TO YOUR NEW HOME.

YOU PACKED LIGHTLY FOR THE TRIP.

YOU HAD PLANNED FOR THE JOURNEY FOR WEEKS, MADE ALL OF THE ARRANGEMENTS, SET THE AFFAIRS OF YOUR OLD LIFE IN ORDER.

BUT STILL, WHEN THE MOMENT OF EMBARKATION WAS SET RIGHT BEFORE YOU, WHERE YOU COULD SEE IT PLAIN.
YOU HESITATED

WHO WOULDN'T?

C'MON, MAN, I'M BEHIND SCHEDULE AS IT IS. IN OR OUT?

A MOMENT

BUT YOUR MOMENT OF HESITATION WAS ONLY THAT.
OF COURSE, YOU WERE IN HOW COULD YOU NOT BE...

KNOWING THIS WAS YOUR DESTINATION?

RICHARD

AT LAST YOU'VE COME, RICHARD

WE'RE SO GLAD TO FINALLY MEET YOU, RICHARD

SERVANTS! AND SUCH BEAUTIFUL ONES, AT THAT.
YOU’VE HAD SUCH A LONG JOURNEY GETTING HERE, RICHARD. LET ME MASSAGE YOUR FEET.

NO FAIR! I WANTED HIS FEET. I GUESS I’LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH THE SHOULDERS.

IT’D BE AN HONOR TO POUR YOU SOME WINE, RICHARD.

IN YOUR OLD LIFE, YOU NEVER COULD HAVE AFFORDED SERVANTS.

BUT ALL THAT TOIL AND UNCERTAINTY IS FINALLY BEHIND YOU!

FROM NOW ON, EACH MOMENT TO THE NEXT WILL BE FILLED WITH NOTHING BUT...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, RICHARD?
AM I NOT HITTING THE RIGHT SPOT?

DID YOU NOT LIKE YOUR WINE, RICHARD?
I'M SO DISAPPOINTED.

SO VERY, VERY DISAPPOINTED.
JUST HOLD STILL, RICHARD--

--AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT CRICK IN YOUR NECK FOR YOU!

NO--

NO!!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP! YOU WORK FOR ME!

I--I COMMAND YOU TO STOP!!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THE ROOM, RICHARD!
THE ONLY WAY!

THAT IS...

THAT'S IT, RICHARD. KEEP GIVING US ORDERS.
KEEP BOSING US AROUND. WE LOVE IT, RICHARD.

YES, WE LOVE IT.

...UNLESS YOU COUNT THIS ONE.
DIDN’T THINK SO!

IT’S EVEN MORE PAINFUL THAN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE. WHICH YOU DIDN’T THINK POSSIBLE.

JAGGED GLASS CUTTING, SLICING, TEARING...

YOUR THROBBING FEET SLIP AND SLIDE AND SKID ON THE SUDDEN SLICKNESS OF THE FLOOR!

YOUR PURSUERS, HOWEVER, ARE NOT SO HINDERED.

THIS IS NO TIME TO CATCH YOUR BREATH, RICHARD! YOU CAN HEAR THE CRUNCHING OF THEIR HEAVY BOOTS ON THE GLASS RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

KEEP RUNNING, RICHARD!

DON’T STOP...

IT’S EVEN MORE PAINFUL THAN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE. WHICH YOU DIDN’T THINK POSSIBLE.

JAGGED GLASS CUTTING, SLICING, TEARING...

YOUR THROBBING FEET SLIP AND SLIDE AND SKID ON THE SUDDEN SLICKNESS OF THE FLOOR!

YOUR PURSUERS, HOWEVER, ARE NOT SO HINDERED.

THIS IS NO TIME TO CATCH YOUR BREATH, RICHARD! YOU CAN HEAR THE CRUNCHING OF THEIR HEAVY BOOTS ON THE GLASS RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

KEEP RUNNING, RICHARD!

DON’T STOP...
...Until you find help!

Please, I'm the new master of this place, I need you to help me.

The maids have gone insane! They're trying to kill me!

Are they, now? Well, that is a real shame...

...The "trying" part, that is!

Aaah!

WHEN YOU MET THEM FACE-TO-FACE, THEY MADE YOU AN OFFER YOU SIMPLY COULD NOT REFUSE!

YOU'LL BE Rewarded WITH A LUSH GARDEN, RICHARD, COMPLETE WITH BEAUTIFUL MAIDS... EVERY SERVANT YOU COULD THINK OF TO WAIT ON YOU HAND AND FOOT!
AND WHAT THEY ASKED IN RETURN WAS SO VERY SIMPLE

AND YOU HELD UP YOUR SIDE OF THE BARGAIN TO A T!

SO WHY IS THE OUTCOME SO CONTRARY TO EXPECTATIONS?

I'VE GOT HIM!!

OVER HERE, BY THE REFLECTING POOL--

SHUT UP, KID!!

NOW SHOW ME THE QUICKEST WAY OUT OF THIS NUTHOUSE, OR I'M GONNA--
HE LOOKS — HE LOOKS FAMILIAR SOMEHOW.

BUT HOW CAN THAT BE?

DID YOU SEE HIM ON THE RIDE OVER HERE, PERHAPS?

BUT IT'S NOT POSSIBLE THAT HE GOT HERE BEFORE YOU.
IS IT?

YES... IT'S SINKING IN.
NOW, ISN'T IT, RICHARD?

HOW CRUelly YOU WERE DEceived?
ESCAPE! THAT’S ALL THAT BURNS IN YOUR BRAIN NOW!
YOUR DREAMS OF LUXURY—FORGOTTEN!
PAST SUDDIES—CRUMBELED INTO DUST!

NO! THE GATE, WHICH OPENED SO SMOOTHLY AND QUIETLY WHEN YOU FIRST ARRIVED, IS LOCKED FIRMLY SHUT NOW...

...AND WILL NOT BUDGE, RATTLING HOLLOWLY NO MATTER HOW FEROCIOUSLY YOU SHAKE, MOCKING YOUR SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART!

YOU HAD NO SUCH CHANGE OF HEART ONCE YOU WERE ACTUALLY ON THE BUS, THOUGH, DID YOU, RICHARD?

NO... YOUR NEW FRIENDS HELPED YOU MAKE THE VIDEO THE NIGHT BEFORE, THE ONE WHERE YOU TOLD THE NEWS MEDIA...
...as well as your parents, who never quite understood you, the girlfriends who drifted away from you and your coldness...

...all the way up to the politicians and the generals, their hands dripping with the blood of innocents...

...the purveyors of smut that passes for entertainment these days...

...you told them all in your video, didn't you, Richard? You told them the commitment you had made!

So you couldn't let yourself be arrested. Now could you before your task was completed? With that video as concrete evidence of your failure?

The humiliation would be worse than anything you could imagine...

---The shame that you had botched the one, simple duty your new friends, your fellow warriors had entrusted you with---
INcredible! The wounds on your feet—they healed almost as soon as you received them. But then, perhaps...that would stand to reason. After all, no one can die in the afterlife.

For the afterlife is what this is. But paradise?
APPARENTLY NOT

FOR THEY'RE HERE. THEY'RE ALL HERE, RICHARD.

...EVERY SINGLE PERSON YOU MURDERED ON THAT BUS IS HERE, RICHARD.

...AND BECAUSE ALL THE WOUNDS YOU RECEIVE WILL QUICKLY HEAL, THEY CAN SHOW YOU HOW...GRATEFUL THEY ARE TO YOU FOR SENDING THEM HERE.

...FOREVER
POOR RICHARD—GOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR! BUT I ALWAYS DELIVER ON MY PROMISES! HERE'S THE VIEW I PROMISED MY TENANTS...

SHE'S BRINGING SCARY BACK!

IS THAT A BOMB YOU'RE WEARING OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?

TIME FOR THESE SEWER-SIDE EMBALMERS TO GO BACK TO THEIR TOMBS! SEE YOU AGAIN SOON!
THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Subjects: Great to see Tales From The Crypt Is Back.... From The Dead
Hey all, I must say I was ecstatic to hear that Tales From The Crypt was being resurrected for a whole new generation to enjoy. I, being a child of the 80's, was not able to enjoy the Crypt's initial run. I was only able to read reprints and watch the television series. That's why when I picked up my first issue of Tales from The Crypt I had a gleam of hope in my eye. I was going to read a Tales From The Crypt that hardly anyone had read yet. Whereas with the reprints nothing was new and exciting anymore because it had been poorly imitated numerous times over. It's just great knowing there is going to be new stories coming from my favorite ghoul, the Crypt-Keeper. Keep up the good work!

Pat
Lockport, IL

Thanks, Pat, for your kind thoughts!

Subjects: Tales from the Crypt
Hey and howdy! Just wanted to shoot you a quick double thumbs up on the release of Tales From The Crypt Issue #1 this week. Loved it. Absolutely, wholeheartedly loved it. Takes me back to the good old days of the original series. I had never gotten the opportunity to read them when they were released "live," but I certainly picked them up when I found out about them in later years. During my formative educational "hey, comics are cool" years.

How much did I love this issue? Well, I wrote a review and posted it online:
Hope you like it.
Zombie Zak

Love us or hate us, thanks to everyone who took the time and trouble to write us! Now tell us what you thought of our sickly sinister second issue. Send your letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your crazed commentaries to our egomaniacal editor at salicrup@papercutz.com.

That's all for now! Don't miss TALES FROM THE CRYPT #3-for more misunderstood madness and possibly even...a lunatic letter from YOU!
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ON SALE OCTOBER AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE!