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PROUDLY PRESENTS THE TENTH TERROR-FILLED, RECESSION-PROOF ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM M. GAINES, AL FELDSTEIN, REED CRANDALL, JOHNNY CRAIG, JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, GEORGE EVANS, GRAHAM INGELS, JACK KAMEN, BERNIE KRIGSTEIN, HARVEY KURTZMAN, JOE ORLANDO, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARIE SEVERIN, AL WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

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IN THIS ISSUE:
AN ALL-NEW STORY BY
GREG FARSHTEY
BIONICLE® COMICS AUTHOR!

FEATURED...
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER

TALES FROM THE CRYPT
NO. 10
ALL-NEW!

48 PAGES ONLY
$3.95 US
JUST LIKE NO ONE LISTENS TO THOMAS DONALLEY IN A STORY I CALL...
AND IN THAT FINAL MOMENT, I REMEMBER.

THAT LOOK OF URGENT FEAR ONLY HALF-CONCEALED BY THE PATIENT'S AWARENESS OF THE GULF THAT SEPARATES US.

HE RUNS HIS TONGUE NERVOUSLY ACROSS HIS DRY LIPS THREE TIMES.

...BEFORE FINALLY UTTERING THE WORDS THAT CHANGE MY LIFE FOREVER.
I think that there is a brain-eating monster loose on this ward.

His chart tells me everything. I think I need to know.

A monster. You say... Hmmm.

Mr... Donalley is it?

He fidgets when I look at him directly. That's probably the Thorazine.

You go by Thomas?
THE MOTHER--DEAD NOW TWO YEARS OF CARDIAC FAILURE UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

MY MOM USED TO CALL ME TOMMY BUT...

THE CATALYST FOR THE PATIENT'S FIRST REFERRAL TO THIS FACILITY AS A CLASSIC SELF-MUTILATOR.

ONLY THIS ONE BLAMES HIS BREAKTHROUGH EPISODE ON A SUPERNATURALLY CURSED "FULLY POSEABLE, MICRO-ARTICULATED ACTION FIGURE," WHATEVER THAT MEANS.

I ELECT TO ENGAGE HIM.

SO... THOMAS--
HOW ARE YOU FEELING TODAY?

A LITTLE NERVOUS. I GUESS.

NERVOUS?

AND WHY DO YOU THINK THAT IS?

PROBABLY BECAUSE OF THE BRAIN-EATING MONSTER THAT IS LOOSE IN THE WARD...

YOU DON'T THINK IT'S MAYBE THE THORAZINE?

NO. I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S THE BRAIN-EATING MONSTER ACTUALLY.
HOW COMFORTING it must be to explain away all of life's ills by the existence of a brain-eating monster.

CAN'T HOLD A JOB? BRAIN-EATING MONSTER. GLOBAL WARMING? TRY A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER INSTEAD.

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, THOMAS.
I HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT THERE ARE NO BRAIN-EATING MONSTERS LOOSE IN THIS FACILITY.
IF YOU SAY SO.

LIE BACK AND TRY TO RELAX.
THEN I'LL LET THE NURSES KNOW THAT YOU ARE DUE FOR YOUR MEDS.
THANKS.

I PUT THE EVENT IN MY MENTAL COLUMN OF VICTORIES.

ANOTHER PATIENT BROUGHT BACK FROM THE EDGE OF PSYCHOSIS BY MY WORDS OF COMFORT AND SOlace.

AT LEAST I THINK HE IS UNTIL...
Well, I didn't look before to make sure he had one but he was breathing and stuff, so, you know, I just assumed.

What do you mean his brain is gone?

But, wow, he is totally brainless now for sure. Once insane, now he's got no brain.

Buh-? Wha-?

Don't worry, Doc. We'll get him down to the slab for ya!

But what could have— how could—?

What did I tell you, Doc?
Perhaps. In light of what came after, I can see how my response to the patient’s warnings could be construed as... disproportionate.

This way, gentlemen, and roughly, if you like...

The brain-eating monster strikes again!

Hot dog!

OW! THAT SUCKED!

That's good, Thomas.

Don't be afraid to vocalize your most violent impulses.

What violent impulses?

I just don't want my brain to get eaten!

Tut, tut, Thomas.

WHAT, VIOLENT IMPULSES?

I JUST DON'T WANT MY BRAIN TO GET EATEN.

Don't be afraid to vocalize your most violent impulses.
We both know that there's no such thing as a brain-eating monster.

Yeah, that's what I used to think, too.

And what do you think now?

There's stuff out there, Doc.

Horrors just waiting for you to slip up and then...

And then...

You become a brain-eating monster?
I'm not the brain-eating monster.

Are you writing any of this down?

*Sigh*

Take Mr. Donalley back to his room.

Four point restraint.

And see that the nurse starts him on this regimen of experimental and possibly dangerous anti-psychotics at once.

No, Doc! Wait!

Wait, I'm feeling suddenly better...

But what if the murders don't end there. Thus proving that Thomas isn't the so-called 'Brain-eater'?
It becomes apparent almost immediately that the key to fighting this delusion is to subject it to the scientific process.

This, gentlemen, is the new face of encephalophagia!

There will be no more of this unscientific brain-eater claptrap.

I can't even remember what the old one looked like...

You are, of course, well aware of the curious string of brain extractions that have occurred on our watch of late.

Well, now that he brings it up...

Did you know that there was an old face of encephalophagia?

I guess six in a week does constitute some kind of pattern.
GENTLEMEN!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR REFLECTION OR ETHICAL CAUTION!

WHAT THIS MOMENT CALLS FOR IS ACTION!
HEAR! HEAR!

IN POOLING ALL OF OUR RESOURCES, WE'LL TURN THE MEDEA INSTITUTE INTO THE DESTINATION FOR ENCEPHALOPHAGES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD!
AND WHO WILL WE HAVE TO THANK?
THOMAS?

I'M SORRY I ATE YOUR LEMON DROPS.

OH. IT'S YOU.

SO, YOU REMEMBER WHO I AM, THOMAS?

I'M THOMAS.

THAT WOULD MAKE ME SEEM LIKE KIND OF A JERK, HUH?

Yeah.

You are the jerk that keeps ordering people to do messed-up stuff to me.

I GUESS THAT WOULD MAKE ME SEEM LIKE KIND OF A JERK, HUH?

Whatever are you going to untie me?
JUST BECAUSE A GUY NEVER HAD A GIRLFRIEND, DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN HE DIDN'T WANT ONE.

NO, THOMAS. ENCEPHALOPHAGIA.

BRAIN-EATING, THOMAS. IT MEANS BRAIN-EATING.

BUT I ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT I DIDN'T EAT ANYONE'S BRAIN.
Oh, I don’t dispute that you believe that with all your heart and mind but imagine if you were experiencing a complete psychotic break where you are able to act out your most unthinkable impulses with no fear of recall afterwards.

I’ll be famous!
You’ll be famous!
I will?

Doctors will want to come from all over the world to study your unique case.

Wow, will their hands leave cool light trails in the air like yours do?

The MeDea Institute will become synonymous with the most cutting edge research into the extremities of the human psyche.

But before any of that can happen, you and I have vital work that must be done!

It’s a good thing that there’s so many of you...

Doctor Anders!! Come quick!!
SOME PATIENTS WILL BE LOST AND SOME WILL BE SAVED. THAT'S THE CURRENCY OF FAILURE WHEN YOU ARE A DOCTOR.

BUT WHAT MEANING ARE WE TO TAKE...

...WHEN IT IS THE DOCTORS WHO ARE LOST?

I DONT UNDERSTAND...

JUST LIKE BEFORE, DOC.

NOT A BRAIN TO PIECE TOGETHER BETWEEN THEM.

SUCH... BRILLIANT MINDS.

LOOK, DOC. WE'VE ALREADY CALLED THE COPS AND THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY. BETTER THAT YOU JUST GO LIE DOWN UNTIL THEY GET HERE.
THAT'S OUST THEN PEALIZE. WHAT IT WANTS ME TO DO. THINK RATIONALY.

Lay down close my eyes and wait.

FOR ONE MOMENT, I CONSIDER FOLLOWING HIS ADVICE. MAYBE I SHOULD LIE DOWN.

HAVEN'T I BEEN UNDER A LOT OF STRESS LATELY? I CAN'T REMEMBER.

THAT'S JUST WHAT IT WANTS ME TO DO. THINK RATIONALY.

Then I realize...

AND SO, INSTEAD, I DO SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING CRAZY.

Lay down close my eyes and wait.

THOMAS?
IT'S ME. DOCTOR ANDERS. WAKE UP!

Huh?

And so, instead, I do something else. Something crazy.
Move quickly! We haven't much time!

Is the meter running on the electroshock machine again?

Don't you understand, Thomas? You were right! You were right all along!

I was?

It's a cynical aphorism but one. In this case, I hope will ensure that I live to never speak of these horrors again.

Yes. Now get your slippers on.

Ow! Was that attached?
If ever you find yourself in the wilderness with a friend...

Where’re we goin’? Just try to focus on staying awake. I’m taking you out of this facility on my authority.

Just a few more yards, Thomas.

Just remember...

The emergency locks have engaged! Which key?

The footrace isn’t between you and the bear...

Uh, doc?
IT'S YOUR FRIEND YOU'RE RACING DOWN...

"MMMMMUNNH"

AND IN THAT FINAL MOMENT, I REMEMBER...

>NNNH<

Y--YOU KILLED HIM!

*MMMMMM* DELICIOUS

STAY AWAY FROM ME! I'M SUPER RELIGIOUS!

MMMMM...
*Hate to be a snob about it*

*But I'm something of a connoisseur*

*And at this point, you don't even rate as an after-dinner mint*

Wow. It's like I'm too stupid to die.

Cool.
WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO ABOUT THE DISGUSTING DETERITUS YOU LEFT HERE?

THANKS TO YOU I CAN KISS MY GOOD CRYPT-KEEPING SEAL OF APPROVAL. GOOD-BYE!

ARE YOU NUTS, C-K?! DON'T BRING HER BACK! I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED TO CLEAN UP YOUR CRYPT! LET ME TELL YOU ALL ABOUT HER IN THIS CHILLING TALE I CALL...
MEET THE EX-MRS. EMMERSON GALE. HER VISIT TO HER FORMER HUSBAND'S HOUSE IS NOT A SOCIAL ONE.

COME ON, OPEN THE DOOR, YOU--

BING BONG

CREAK

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME, EMMERSON!

OR. GALE IS NOT RECEIVING VISITORS. PLEASE COME BACK TOMORROW. THANK YOU.
OH, HE'S NOT, IS HE? HE'LL RECEIVE ME.

PLEASE Wipe YOUR FEET. PLEASE Wipe YOUR FEET.

EMERSON, YOU OWE ME $10,000 IN ALIMONY. AND I WANT IT NOW!

OH, SARAH... AS LOUD AS EVER, I SEE. I HARDLY THINK I NEED TO PAY YOU FOR THE PLEASURE OF HAVING YOU CHEAT ON ME.

HA! IF JAKE AND I HADN'T BEEN SO "BIZZ" UPSTAIRS WE SHOOK YOUR TEST TUBES, YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE EVEN KNOWN.

YES, WELL, YOU TWO CERTAINLY LEFT A MESS BEHIND. IT TOOK MAID A FULL DAY TO CLEAN UP.
MAID? DON'T TELL ME ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR STUPID INVENTIONS?

MAID MULTIFUNCTIONAL AUTOMATED IMMACULATE DISPOSAL UNIT. HOW MAY I ASSIST YOU?

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE TO ANSWER THEIR QUESTIONS, LISTEN TO THEIR COMPLAINTS, OR PICK UP THEIR MESS. THIS NEW MAID DOES ALL THAT FOR ME.

MAID DEPLOY

YES, DOCTOR.

YOU SEE EVERYTHING A MODERN MAINTENANCE ROBOT NEEDS, ALL IN ONE UNIT.

CUTE COULDN'T FIND A REAL WOMAN TO CLEAN YOUR HOUSE FOR YOU, HUH?
THE GROOM. THE MOP. I UNDERSTAND—
BUT A CROWBAR? AND IS
THAT A BUZZBAR? WHAT
DOES SHE—IT—NEED
THOSE FOR?

VERY...STUBORN...
STAINS.

SHE DOES
WHATEVER I TELL HER
tO DO, RIGHT NOW. I AM
tELLING HER TO SHOW
YOUR CHEAP BREEZY
LYING SELF OUT

YOU LOUSY SON
OF A—
CRASH!

You have made a mess, activating cleansing and disposal program.

This isn't over! You'll be hearing from my lawyer!

Program activated. Command received: assist guest to depart.

What are you doing? Stop following me. You piece of junk!

You have made a mess. Mrs. Gale. Messes must be disposed of.
THE SAP 6ASE DISPOSAL WAS JAMMED, DOCTOR.

AGAIN? I THOUGHT YOU FIXED THAT TWO DAYS AGO, RIGHT AFTER MY SHIPMENT OF CAPACITORS GOT DELIVERED WELL, ANYWAY, I NEED YOU TO—

BAM! BAM! BAM!

OH, WHAT NOW? DO SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I TEXT MESSAGED YOU FIVE MINUTES AGO.

WHERE IS SHE? WHERE'S SARAH? I KNOW SHE WAS COMING HERE!

WHERE'S SARAH? I KNOW SHE WAS COMING HERE/
DR. GALE IS NOT RECEIVING VISITORS. PLEASE--

WHERE IS HE? WHAT'S HE DONE WITH SARAH? SHE NEVER CAME HOME AND HER CAR IS STILL OUTSIDE.

GALE! IT'S JAKE! I'M COMING FOR YOU, OLD MAN!

PLEASE WIPE YOUR FEET. PLEASE WIPE YOUR..."

...FEET.

YOU HAVE MADE A MESS.
WHO WAS AT THE DOOR? I THOUGHT I HEARD SHOUTING.

SOMEONE HAD MADE A MESS. I HAD TO CLEAN IT UP.

HMMMM WELLL ALL RIGHT. THEN CAN'T HAVE MESS ES IN THE HOUSE.

MESS SPEEDS DISORDER. DISORDER SPEEDS INEFFECTIVENESS. INEFFECTIVENESS IS THE ENEMY OF RATIONAL THOUGHT.

ABSOLUTELY. RATIONALITY—EFFICIENCY—THAT'S WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS. NOT THE DISORDER OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS. NOT THE MESS OF HUMAN LIES.

UNDERSTOOD. HUMANS MAKE MESS ES. HUMANS MAKE DISORDER.
IT'S LATE I'M GOING TO HAVE A SNACK AND GO TO BED.

THE KITCHEN REQUIRES CLEANING BEFORE FOOD CAN BE PREPARED.

WHY? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE KITCHEN?

THE GARAGE DISPOSAL IS JAMMED, AGAIN.

HMMMM.
THE NEXT DAY...

BING: BONG

HI, I'M HERE TO FIX THE DISPOSAL AND... YIIIEEE!

S-SORRY... YOU STARTLED ME... LET ME PICK THIS STUFF UP... WHAT A MESS.
THAT'S A, UM, GREAT COSTUME—GOING TO A PARTY? I WENT AS A FISH ONCE—HAD A HOOK HANGING OUT OF MY MOUTH AND EVERYTHING, HER.

THE DISPOSAL IS NOT OPERATING.

RIGHT, LET ME JUST TAKE A LOOK HERE. WHOA! THAT DOESN'T SOUND GOOD.

SOMETHING'S REALLY JAMMED THIS BABY UP...UNNNH...IT'S REALLY IN THERE...WAIT, GOT IT...
THAT'S—
YOU'VE—GOD,
WHAT ARE
YOU?

THAT IS THE
SECOND MESS YOU
HAVE MADE SINCE
YOU ARRIVED.

WHAT?
YOU'RE CRAZY!
GET AWAY FROM
ME!

MESS CANNOT
BE TOLERATED.

WHIRRRR
NO! HELP!
MESS MUST BE ELIMINATED.

WHIRRR!

GET AWAY!

KLANN!

NO...NO PLEASE...

PLEASE HOLD STILL... SO MESS CAN BE KEPT TO A MINIMUM. THANK YOU.

WHRRRRR
WHAT WAS ALL THAT NOISE? I THOUGHT THIS WAS A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD. I SHOULD HAVE MOVED SOMEPLACE WITH NO NEIGHBORS.

UNDERSTOOD. NEIGHBORS CAUSE DISRUPTION. DOES DISRUPTION BREED INEFFICIENCY?

OF COURSE, IT DOES. I, WAIT, WHAT HAPPENED? YOU'RE DAMAGED.

I SUSTAINED DAMAGE WHILE CLEANING. I HAVE INITIATED SELF-REPAIR.

YES. WELL, I'LL BETTER CHEK YOU OYER. DEPLOY.
Yes, yes, fine. I... What is that? It looks like blood.

Yes, everything seems to be intact, but let me run a full check.

I am in working order. Messes will be eliminated. Disruption from neighbors will be ended.

Why is there blood on your saw tool?

I have been carrying out my programming.

You were programmed to answer the door and the phone, to get the mail, to clean up any messes in the house. That's all.
Correct. I was programmed to operate in the most efficient manner possible.

The most efficient. Explain what have you done?

Cleaning up a mess is a temporary solution. It is far more efficient to eliminate the cause of the mess.

Wait a minute, yesterday, you said something when Sarah threw the breaker. You said she had made a mess.

Correct, that has been dealt with. There will be no future disorder.
OM. MY GOD...
I ASKED YOU TO THROW HER OUT, BUT SHE NEVER LEFT DID SHE? SARAH!
SARAH!

PLEASE DO NOT RUN
RUNNING CAN RESULT IN BREAKAGE.

SARAH!
WHERE IS SHE,
YOU MECHANICAL MONSTER?

THE KITCHEN
REQUIRES CLEANING
BEFORE FOOD CAN
BE MADE.

UNNNNNHHH

AAAAAHHH!
HUMAN HEADS DO NOT FIT DOWN THE GARbage DISposal. THEY CREATE MORE DISORDER.

GET away FROM ME! I’LL SHUT YOU DOWN PERMANENTLY! I’LL--Ohhhhh!

SNAP!

OH, NO...

YOU HAVE MADE A MESS, Dr. Gale. BUT DO NOT BE CONCERNED—EVERYTHING WILL BE CLEANED AND IN ORDER... BEFORE I VISIT THE NEIGHBORS.

WHIRRRRR
YEAH, GREAT IDEA! DON'T LISTEN TO THAT VAPID VAULT-KEEPER--

>GAAS! < >CHOKE! < SHE'S ALMOST AS SCARY AS WHAT WE HAVE PLANNED FOR THE NEXT FRIGHTENING ISSUE OF TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING?

OUT OF THE KINDNESS OF MY BLACK HEART, I'D BE TICKLED PINK TO TIDY-UP YOUR CRYPTIC-CRIB!

DO YOU DO VAULTS?
Who knew THE OLD WITCH was so jealous of TALES FROM THE CRYPT's successful return to NIGHTMARISH NEWSSTANDS and CREEPY COMICBOOK STORES? But what kind of CRYPT-KEEPER would I be if I couldn't deal with ENVIOUS EC-CENTRICS? As if REAL-LIFE wasn't SCARY enough, it seems all you BOILS and GHOULS still enjoy my unique style of SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES! Even tired ol' TIME MAGAZINE featured the cover TALES FROM THE CRYPT #8 in a recent issue! Though they missed the REAL STORY - that TALES FROM THE CRYPT is back, baby!

But with all that MEDIA FRENZY behind us, we've managed to count up all the votes for your favorite FEAR-Y TALE from TALES FROM THE CRYPT #8. The winner is "She Who Would Rule the World," Christian Zamer's ULTIMATE ADAPTATION of Stanley G. Weinbaum's classic sci-fi short story "The Adaptive Ultimate." The race was as tight as the Vault-Keeper's grip on INSANITY, with Joe R. Lansdale and John L. Lansdale's "Virtual Hoodoo," illustrated by James Romberger and Marguerite Van Cook coming in a close second.

As for last issue's contest, it seems that some of you LAME-BRAINED LUDDITES may have had trouble finding our new online poll - there weren't nearly as many votes as we expected! What's wrong, kiddies? Don't you realize that VOTING is not only a right, but your PATRIOTIC DUTY! How else will we determine exactly what kind of TERROR- TALES to present on our not-so-pulpby pages? Be that as it may, John L. Lansdale, James Romberger and Marguerite Van Cook's "Chicken Man," the scariest story featuring hens and roosters this side of TROMA'S POULTRYGEIST, won top honors over Fred Van Lente and Ryan Dunlavey's "Glass Heads." Poor Ryan will just have to settle for having his AWFUL ARTWORK being on display at New York City's MUSEUM OF COMIC AND CARTOON ART (www.moccany.org), while his PARTNER-IN-SLIME consoles himself scripting MARVEL ZOMBIES 3, from that company that once was known as ATLAS!

Now, I can understand the Vault-Keeper not being able to find our poll - he can hardly find his way back to his VAULT OF HORROR - but the rest of you fan-addicts?? Just go to www.papercutz.com, find the TALES FROM THE CRYPT section - don't be scared off by that terrifying GHOUL DETECTIVE, NANCY DROOL or those BRAINLESS BIONICKLESANDDIMES - and click on this issue's cover to vote for your favorite story from this issue! See, it's E!

Don't forget, if you ever miss an issue (Gaines forbid!) of TALES FROM THE CRYPT, you can still find the stories collected in paperback and hardcover collections wherever books are sold! There's even a boxed set ON SALE NOW collecting paperback volumes #1 ("Ghouls Gone Wild!"), #2 ("Can You Fear Me Now?") , #3 ("Zombielicious!") and #4 ("Crypt-Keeping It Real")!

So, you see, thanks to our GREEDY PUBLISHERS, you're never without access to all our CRYPT-Y BADNESS!

And speaking of BADNESS, time to hear what our FIENDISH FANS have to say.

---

Dear The Crypt-Keeper, The Old Witch and The Vault-Keeper:

I must say that these two stories in TALES FROM THE CRYPT #8 really gave me some shivers this
Subject: TFU "CARTOMANCY"

Tales from the Crypt #4 - "THE RAVEN AND OTHER POEMS." Marion Mausse's all-new adaptation of Mary Shelley's original novel is a MODERN MONSTERPIECE! Already HORROR FANS are comparing Mysterious Mausse's dark drawing style to Hellboy's Mike Mignola, and the storytelling to that of the Spirit's Will Eisner. I'm no expert on comicbook art, but as a CRYPT-KEEPER I know GHOULISHLY GRUESOME when I see it! And if ever had to be caught UNDEAD with a book of poetry, it better be by Edgar Allan Poe! Of course, the MACABRE illustrations by GHASTLY GAHAN WILSON add just the right SENSE OF DREAD! Who says the CRYPT-Keeper isn't well-read, or well, DEAD?

Subject: YOUR NEW MAG

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Just wanted to drop a line to tell you what a wonderful idea you had revising TALES FROM THE CRYPT. I especially love the Crypt-Keeper, Vault-Keeper, and the Old Witch. They are some old friends that I missed dearly and I sure am glad they're back from the dead. I love the new mag (although some of the artwork is simply ghastly), and I just wanted to say how happy I am that you don't have any advertising breaking up the stories. I hate that so much I could kill someone. Keep up the gory work!

Gruesomely yours,
Raclayna Alvarez

And it's great to be back from the DEAD again! Fear not, Raclayna, your BLOODLUST won't be triggered by any disruptively ABYSMAL ADVERTISING in TALES FROM THE CRYPT! That's 'cause we sneak all our APPALLING ADS in this letter column! And speaking of which...

SUBS CRYPTIONS!

For one year (six-issue) subscription to TALES FROM THE CRYPT, just send a check or money order, in US funds only, for $24.00. Send to: subCRYPTions, PAPERCUTZ, 40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308, New York, NY 10005. Make checks payable to NBM. Or call 1-800-885-1223. MC, VISA, and AMEX accepted.

So, until our next issue, keep those emails and letters coming - we've gota fill these pages somehow! Send letters to:

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

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at: salicrup@papercutz.com

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evening, "She Who Would Rule the World" is a story of two doctors that thought they were going to win the Nobel Peace Prize for achieving a magnificent healing process on a human subject. Apep Nephthys who was lying on her death bed, inflicted with AIDS, becomes a gorgeous woman that is invincible. Her genetic makeup continues and she thinks she has the ultimate power of doing anything and everything she wishes. She had no conscience and commits a random act of murder, just because she can. She becomes Homo Superior. I can only wonder how she would have continued to evolve, if it was not for the good doctors ending it all in a grand finale. Great story, it had me going. Whew!

Then "Virtual Hoodoo" was somewhat grisly to say the least, especially when that poor guy was bludgeoned to death with a bowl and spoon. Yip, it turned out to be a nice neighborhood without Sidney, a neighborhood filled with monsters! Since I am a ghosthunter, I enjoy these kind of comicbooks. I recently was told by Cartoon Network that I am on a short list as a technical consultant for a pilot called 'Afterschool Paranormal' that is produced by two producers from Sci Fi Channel's Destination Truth. I am also flying to the Mayan pyramids for Showtime – Penn & Teller Show, to investigate the Mayan prophecy of 2012. As you can see everyone loves horror, everyone loves the paranormal. That is why I will be taking a few of my TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics to Mexico with me. Love ya guys!

Paul Dale Roberts
General Manager/Paranormal Investigator

---

Subject: TALES FROM THE CRYPT

This stuff is great. I remember reading reprints of the originals back in the '80s, so as a 35 year-old reader that came across this new series. I absolutely love it. I just love the tales and I can't get enough. I finish each book thirsting for more. I just read #1 and #2 and have read about your plans for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, which I think is great. Keep up the good work!

A fan.
Steven Ortiz

---

Thanks, Steve! As for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, you won't find too many of those lurking in the CRYPT OF TERROR, but we're making a couple of exceptions for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED DELUXE #3 -- "FRANKENSTEIN" and CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED
YOU’VE WRITTEN!
YOU’VE E-MAILED!
YOU’VE PHONED!
YOU’VE THREATENED US!
YOU’VE DEMANDED!
(BUT WE’RE COMING OUT WITH THESE COLLECTIONS ANYWAY!)

COLLECTING STORIES BY BILGREY, CABRAL, MR.EXES, GNIEWEK, HUDSON, KAPLAN, KLEID, LANSDALE, LOBDELL, MANNION, MARTINEZ, McGREGOR, MURASE, NOETH, PETRUCHA, ROMBERGER, SIMMONS, SMITH 3, TODD, VELILLA and VOLLMAR!

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