So... we meet again, dear reader! Welcome! Welcome once more to the Crypt of Terror! As you know, in each issue of my Terrorific magazine, I tell you chilling tales from my vast collection which I keep here in this crypt. This story is one of my very best... well designed to thrill you... to make your blood run cold... to make little shivers run up and down your spine! I call it:

**Ghost Ship!**
OH, DARLING! WHAT A WONDERFUL WAY TO BEGIN OUR HONEYMOON... FLYING TO BERMUDA!

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT, DEAR!

OH, DARLING... WHAT A WONDERFUL WAY TO BEGIN OUR HONEYMOON... FLYING TO BERMUDA!

LIKE IT? I LOVE IT! IT'S LIKE A FAIRYLAND... WITH THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE OF THE OCEAN FAR BELOW...

SAY! LOOKS LIKE A FOG BANK COMING IN OVER THE HORIZON...

My story begins high over the Atlantic Ocean, a few hundred miles north of Bermuda! A tiny plane is winging its way through a cloudless sky...

Swiftly, the small plane speeds through the blue toward the menacing fog bank...

Can't we avoid it... or around it?

I'll try to do up over it, Carol!

I'll try to do up over it, Carol!

Oh, you'd like it, dear!

It would take us too far off our course... and my gas supply might not last! No... I'll take her up over it...

The drone of the motors grows louder as Don's plane strains to climb above the blanket of fog before them...

I don't think we're going to make it, Carol... it... it's too much for her...

The motors conked out... We're going down!

Don! We'll be killed!

Do we... do we... do we... go... down... through the thick pea-soup fog the plane and its occupants drop... and then...

There's an opening in the fog! I'm going to try to put her down on the water! Fasten your safety belt, Carol...!
Straining for a glimpse of the ocean as the crippled plane rushes towards it, Don's eyes peer into the thick fog. Suddenly he sees through the opening... and frantically pulls up on the controls! Then...

Quickly, Carol... give me your hand. The cabin may fill up with water!

That's right! I'll go back and get it...

Don! The life-raft! Don't we have one?

Hurry, Don! We're sinking fast...

That's right! I'll go back and get it...

Don't worry, Carol! The fog will lift... and then a ship or plane will spot us...

For hours they float in the dense fog... straining their eyes and ears for a sign of a ship...

Don! We have no water... no food... nothing! We won't be able to last very long!

Don't worry, Carol! The fog will lift... and then a ship or plane will spot us...

But the fog does not lift! It remains for one day... then two! Carol and Don, tired and weak from hunger and thirst, drift aimlessly about in the little rubber raft... listening... looking... in vain!

Then... a strange noise drifts through the darkness to them... a creaking sound... the sound of old timbers, rotted and worn, straining and grating against each other...

Do you hear that, Don? Yes... it sounds like... Look!

Listen...
IT'S A SHIP! AN OLD SAILING VESSEL! ALL DECAYED AND... IT'S A WONDER IT STAYS AFOAT!

LET'S GO ABOARD, CAROL.

NO, DON'T I'M AFRAID! THERE'S SOMETHING... STRANGE... ABOUT IT.

BUT CAROL! IF THIS FOG HANGS ON MUCH LONGER, WE'LL DIE OF THIRST. PERHAPS WE MIGHT FIND FOOD AND WATER ABOARD...

LOOK... DON'T ISN'T THAT A LIGHT.

SEE... THERE IS SOMEONE ON BOARD!

HELLO! HELLO UP THERE!!

THAT'S FUNNY! THERE'S HERE'S A ROPE LADDER COME ON, CAROL! WE'LL TIE THE RAFT UP AND SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT...

Don reaches the top of the ladder and turns to help Carol up on to the deck.

THANKS DEAR... WHAT'S THAT?

Look, DON'T A SKELETON... LASHED TO THE HELM...

GOOD LORD!
AND... GASP... ONE HANGING FROM THE YARD-ARM...

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

LOOK... I WAS RIGHT! THERE IS A LIGHT IN THE CABIN...

C'MON! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

THERE'S SOMEONE DOWN THERE. HE'S READING A BOOK.

THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE MADE THEIR WAY DOWN THE DARK STAIRS TO THE CABIN AND KNOCKED ON THE DOOR! THERE WAS NO ANSWER! DON LIFTED THE LATCH AND THE DOOR SQUEAKED OPEN...

WHY... THERE'S NO ONE HERE, NOW!

DON! I'M AFRAID! LET'S GO BACK TO THE RAFT!

NONSENSE! WE PROBABLY SCARED WHOEVER IT WAS AWAY! LOOK! HERE'S THE BOOK HE WAS READING!

IT... IT LOOKS LIKE THE SHIP'S LOG!

GREAT SIGHT! THE LAST ENTRY IS DATED JANUARY 6TH, 1854!

GO BACK A BIT AND READ WHAT HAPPENED UP TO THAT DAY, DON!

“October 17th 1853: Today seized the British Frigate Golden Star, killing all hands aboard and capturing booty of jewels and gold coin. The men are dissatisfied with the split; I taking almost half for myself! Captain Henry Dragoon.”

WHY, THEN THIS WAS A PIRATE VESSEL... AND DRAGOON WAS ITS CAPTAIN!

YES, BUT LISTEN TO THIS!
October 27th, 1853: A mutiny is stirring, led by one of the men, Charles Groggins. I fear for the lives of myself and my mate, Captain Henry Dragoon. Let's string them up the cheats! AND THEN THE WHOLE TREASURE WILL BE OURS TO SHARE FAIRLY! ARE YOU WITH ME?

October 29th, 1853: They have killed the other officers and I myself remain locked in this cabin! I can hear them outside, ready to break down the door! This will probably be my last entry in this log. The battering is already shattering the door panels and I...look! On the next page. ANOTHER ENTRY. IN A DIFFERENT HANDWRITING!

October 30th, 1853: Today, as the new captain of this vessel, I ordered Henry Dragoon to walk the plank. In his parting words, he cursed us and swore revenge and return. MARK MY WORDS! I WILL RETURN TO ONCE AGAIN COMMAND THIS VESSEL! DEATH TO ALL OF YOU WILL BE MY REVENGE.

November 13th, 1853: The men have begun to quarrel and bicker among themselves. They do not believe that there is no treasure. They do not trust me. SAY, LET'S STRING HIM UP! HE'S TRICKED US!

November 15th, 1853: The men have given me until today to produce the Captain's share of the booty. I cannot find it and all my pleading has been in vain. They are at the door now! I fear that my hours are numbered! Charles Groggins, and that's the last entry in his writing! AND THAT'S THE CAPTAIN'S SHARE FOR HIMSELF!

November 16th, 1853: A thorough search of the cabin has not produced the treasure. Charles Groggins' body swings from the highest yard-arm, and I am taking it upon myself to continue this log. John Bates, THE SNIP IS BECALMED! THERE'S NO WIND... NOT A DROP!

November 16th, 1853: What's happened? The sails are slack! The men have killed the officers and I remain locked in this cabin! I can hear them outside, ready to break down the door! This will probably be my last entry in this log. The battering is already shattering the door panels and I...look! On the next page. ANOTHER ENTRY. IN A DIFFERENT HANDWRITING!
"December 5th 1853
There has been a dead calm for three weeks now. The ship has slowly drifted into a great sea of seaweed and we are held fast by millions of entwining plants. We'll never get out of this now... Ever if we try to get a breeze!

NO! We would die of exposure and starvation! We'll take what's left of the stores and water.

December 16th 1853
Most of the men took their shares of the stores and left the ship in the small boats. There are but a few of us left.

LOOK! AN ALBATROSS! We kill it. Bad luck could be assured to kill an albatross!

January 3rd 1854
My hand can hardly hold the plume. I am weak with hunger. Our food and water ran out four days ago, and still the albatross hovers over us, its screaming driving us out of our minds.

January 4th 1854
The storm hit last night at eight bells. Our sails are full set but still this cursed sea of seaweed holds us fast. Already the ship, battered by the storm, is beginning to crack and strain. Johnson has tied himself to the helm so that he may steer us out should we break loose.

January 5th 1854
Carter has strangled while tying a sail on the mizzen mast and he hangs like a banner in the wind. Johnson still remains tied to the helm and I here in the cabin. The water is beginning to fill the hold. We are sinking fast! I will finish this entry and take to the sea. It's my last hope! John Bates.

January 6th 1854
The ship is mine again! I will sail it into eternity. Captain Henry Dragoon.

* * *
This is crazy, Carol! The last entry is in Dragoon's handwriting, too!

Listen... did you hear that? A fog-horn!

The couple rush to the deck of the strange vessel! Through the gloom of the fog, the lights of a tanker come toward them!

Ahoy! Ahoy there!

They don't hear us? They're coming right at us!

They're going to ram us!

A ship, Don! A ship! We're saved!!

Wha...? Good Lord!!

C'mon, Carol! We've got to get to our life-raft!

I... I, I think I'm going to faint!

Quickly Don and Carol climb down the side of the old rotted ship into their raft! They paddle furiously calling after the tanker...

Help! Ahoy! Help! Listen! Man overboard!

Once on board they are fed and made comfortable. Then Don and Carol tell their fantastic story...

Utter nonsense! An illusion caused by exposure and starvation!

Don ship passed right through it, you say? I think you both need rest. Plenty of rest!

And that's the story! Strange? What do you think happened? Was it all in their minds? On old Don and Carol actually sail on a ghost ship? Well, if you're not a little... er... seasick... turn the page and read another of my tales!
QUICK, JIM! GET THAT BODY OUT OF THERE!

I WILL! I'M JUST TRYING TO THINK WHERE TO HIDE IT.

I'LL PUT IT IN A MAUSOLEUM! NO ONE WILL EVER LOOK INSIDE FOR IT, BECAUSE BY MORNING THERE'LL BE ANOTHER BODY IN THAT OPEN GRAVE!

THERE! EVERYTHING'S DONE!

BY THIS TIME, ED WILL BE DEAD! HE SWALLOWED THE ARSENIC BEFORE WE LEFT! HE'LL BE THERE... WAITING FOR US TO GET HIM AND PUT HIS BODY... IN THAT COFFIN!
I'D BEEN POISONING ED BEFORE I MET YOU, JIM DEAR! HE WAS... HATEFUL! STINGY! HE'D NEVER BUY ME NICE CLOTHES! BUT I JUST KEPT GIVING HIM LITTLE DOSES... TRYING TO WHIP MY NERVE UP INTO REALLY KILLING HIM...

YOU DIDN'T PLAN ENOUGH, BABY! THIS WAY, THERE'LL BE NO FUSS! ED WILL BE IN THAT GRAVE! NOBODY WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKING THERE FOR HIM! THE LAW CAN NEVER TOUCH US!

I'D BEEN POISONING ED BEFORE I MET YOU, JIM DEAR! HE WAS... HATEFUL! STINGY! HE'D NEVER BUY ME NICE CLOTHES! BUT I JUST KEPT GIVING HIM LITTLE DOSES... TRYING TO WHIP MY NERVE UP INTO REALLY KILLING HIM...

HE'S INSIDE ON THE DIVAN. COME ON! I'LL GET A FIREMAN'S HITCH ON HIM, CARRY HIM TO THE CAR, THEN DRIVE OFF... BACK TO THAT GRAVEYARD!

SOMEONE WAS HERE... FOUND HIM! WE'VE GOT TO RUN... GET AWAY!

BUT WHO COULD HAVE GOTTEN IN? THE HOUSE WAS LOCKED! UNLESS ED WALKED AWAY... DYING... HELPLESS...

JIM, I'M... SCARED! A DEAD MAN CAN'T WALK... AND WE SAW HIM DRINK THE WHISKEY WITH THE ARSENIC IN IT! HE MUST BE DEAD! HE'S GOT TO BE DEAD!

MOAN-N-N-N...
HI, FOLKS! C'MON IN! I BEEN DOWN HERE, HAVIN' WUNDERFUL TIME! JIM... GETTA COUPLE GLASSES. I DA, DOAN JUS' STAN' THERE. C'N ON IN...

WE Didn'T GIVE HIM ENOUGH POISON! THOSE LITTLE DOSES OF ARSENIC I'VE BEEN GIVING HIM HAVE MADE HIM... IMMUNE!

YOU HVAVA GOOD TIME ATTA MOVIES? WHERE'S... JIM?

HE'S TIRED! HE WENT HOME! FINISH YOUR DRINK, DEAR. YOU HAVE TO BE TO WORK IN THE MORNING, YOU KNOW?

WE DIDN'T GIVE HIM ENOUGH POISON! THOSE LITTLE DOSES OF ARSENIC I'VE BEEN GIVING HIM HAVE MADE HIM... IMMUNE!

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YOU HVAVA GOOD TIME ATTA MOVIES? WHERE'S... JIM?

HE'S TIRED! HE WENT HOME! FINISH YOUR DRINK, DEAR. YOU HAVE TO BE TO WORK IN THE MORNING, YOU KNOW?
An hour after the sun set, Jim Kelleber walked out of a bar and grille.

A big dose of arsenic! Yes, that's right! He'll take it in his meal at supper tonight. No, no, dearest! This can't fail! I'm going to use the entire bottle! Now, you go right to the grave...

Sure! Sure! Dig up the grave! Open the coffin! Get everything ready for a dead body! Then, Ed won't die! What a grisly sort of joke!

Ha! Ha! Ha! What a waste of effort!

Get everything all nice and ready! An empty coffin just waiting for a body. Only thing is, there is no body! Ed won't die! He drinks arsenic like I drink coffee!

Ha! Ha! Can't kill him! Everybody else kills their victims, but not us! We have a foolproof scheme or how to commit murder and get away with it... only our victim won't die.

Ida said to pick up the body in her living room. It will be in a sack! But I'll bet it won't be! Ed's stubborn! We can't kill him!
Jim Kelleben was shaking in nervous tension as he opened the front door of the Greene mansion.

"Hello, Ida...?"

"Ida... isn't home! But... but she left... Ed!"

"Come on, Ed! Let's you and me take a little ride, huh? Sure! I'll drive! Ha! Ha! Course I'll drive!"

"Ida and I are going to have a swell time with your money, Ed! You wouldn't spend a penny unless you got a nickel's worth for it, but your pretty widow and I... we're going to have lots of fun!"

"So long, Ed!"

"And then as Jim lowered the sack into the open coffin, the body inside it stirred tried to sit up."

"This won't take long, Ed! You'll be resting quietly under six feet of dirt pretty soon!"

"Mmmooooaaaahhh..."
YOU'RE NOT DEAD YET, ED?
NOT DEAD? STILL ALIVE?
IDA GAVE YOU A WHOLE
BOTTLE OF ARSENIC ED?
YOU'VE GOT TO BE DEAD!

BUT I'M GOING TO... MAKE
SURE I'M GOING TO
BEAT YOU...

ND... ND... I CAN'T DO IT!
I CAN'T HURT ANYONE! IDA
KNEW THAT THAT'S WHY SHE
DID THE... THE KILLING! ALL I
EVER DID WAS DIG...

THERE? I'LL LOCK YOU INSIDE
THE COFFIN! THAT WAY YOU CAN'T
EVER GET OUT! EVER IF YOU ARE
STILL ALIVE, YOU'LL SUF.
CATE IN THE COFFIN! YOU'LL BE DEAD
RDWH DEAD... DEAD...

Next morning Jim presses
the doorknob of the
Greene mansion. For a
while all is still in the
house, and then...

YOU!!! YES, JIM... ME
YOU SEE THAT
WAS IDA IN THE
SACK LAST NIGHT. I
OVERHEARD HER LITTLE
PLAN TO POISON ME.
I DECIDED TO POISON
HER INSTEAD!

I'LL COVER YOU WITH RICE
CLEAN DIRT! HEAVY DIRT
DIRT YOU CAN'T PUSH ASIDE
TO CLIMB OUT? THIS TIME
YOU'RE DEAD, DREVER!

COME DR. IN JIM! AS A
BARBER MIGHT SAY BEFORE
WIELDING HIS RAZOR...
YOU'RE NEXT!
WE FIND HOMER PERRY IN HIS PRIVATE WORKSHOP IN THE JOMSONIAN INSTITUTE, WHERE HE IS THE ASSISTANT CURATOR, BUSILY ENGAGED IN THE PREPARATION OF AN EXHIBIT WHICH HAS BEEN TWO YEARS IN THE MAKING.

WHO'S THAT? OH...MR. YARDLEY! YOU...YOU STARTLED ME!

HOMER! I'VE JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR GREER! HE'S MADE AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY!

PROFESSOR GREER? ISN'T HE WITH OUR ANTHROPOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN THE SWISS ALPS?

YES! YES! AND HE'S FOUND A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF A NEANDERTHAL MAN! THINK OF IT, HOMER! A PERFECT FIGURE OF A MAN 200,000 YEARS OLD!
But, Mr. Yardley, Sir, you know how important the exhibit I'm working on is to me!

Of course, Homer. It's a great thing you're doing, I admit. It would make you famous, bring you wealth! Your future would be secured!

Professor Greer: I'm delighted to see you again! Everything has been prepared!

Professor Greer: Homer, don't bother the professor. Why don't you finish your exhibit? You still have time to complete it before we open the Institute's doors to the public tomorrow! Anyway, we don't need you now...

Professor Greer: Homer, but a specially constructed refrigerated exhibit case is being made! I want you to help with the backdrops and props which we'll need to make it look as if this prehistoric man is in his own natural surroundings!

Exactly, Mr. Yardley! I've slaved for two long years to perfect every detail! The prestige alone would insure my career. My future life depends on it!

I know, Homer. I know! But beside Greer's magnificent find, your exhibit becomes insignificant! Now, stop arguing and do as I asked!
RIGHT THIS WAY, PROFESSOR! WE'LL DRESS OUR HEATED SUITS AND GET RIGHT TO WORK?

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET HIM FREE OF THAT ICE TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM!

NON! WE MUST BE VERY GENTLE! I'D HATE TO DAMAGE HIM IR ANY WAY!

The two men began to chip away the ice bit by bit, and time passed into hours.

WE'LL BE FINISHED SOON? HE LOOKS EVER BETTER THAN I THOUGHT?

PFAAH! LOOK AT THEM FALLING ALL OVER HIM! THEIR HERO? THOSE BLIND FOOLS? DON'T THEY REALIZE HIS FINDING?

THAT THING WAS JUST LUCK! PFAAH!

EXTRAORDINARY! YOU HAVE DONE THE WORLD A GREAT SERVICE, PROFESSOR! YOU WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY!

IT ISN'T FAIR! I WORKED SO HARD ON MY EXHIBIT! ALL THE FAME AND GLORY HE'S RECEIVING WOULD HAVE BEEN MINE! HOW I HATE HIM...

PERFECTLY PRESERVED!

Due to publicity, the institute was thronged with people where the exhibits were unveiled.

Everyone is swarming around green! No one even noticed my exhibit at all!

We're done? Look at him? Perfectly preserved?

Meanderthal Man 300,000 B.C.

It isn't fair! I worked so hard on my exhibit! All the fame and glory he's receiving would have been mine! How I hate him... but I'll get even...
With each succeeding day, as new attention and honors were heaped upon Greer, Homer grew more angry and bitter...

You! You're to blame for what's happened! If Greer hadn't found you, I'd be receiving the glory and fame I deserve!

My work will never be reddshield while you're around, you stupid Neanderthal! I've just had an idea.

Hmm...yes, of course! Now simple! All I need do is rid myself of this creature...without him to gaze at, people will recognize the importance of my work!

And I know just how to do it! The Institute is closed over the week-ends! That'll be perfect...just perfect!

Early Sunday morning, Homer entered the Institute and went directly to the sub-zero case.

There! I've loosened the props that hold him up! Now to put him on this wheel-table...

Chuckling, Homer wheeled the prehistoric man into an elevator which brought them to the roof of the Institute.

Now to lie you on the roof where the sun is sure to beat down on you all day.

After being in "Frozen Storage" for 200,000 years, a day spent in the sun's heat should decompose you in no time! Ha! Ha! There will be almost nothing left of you!
The day passed all too slowly for Homer, but finally it was night... and he returned to the Institute...

Moments later he was on the roof... what th'? I can't understand it! he hasn't decomposed at all... just seems to have thawed out a bit! Blast it! too late to do anything more! I'll have to put him back...

The sun wasn't strong enough! Next weekend I'll try to help it along by bringing high power heat lamps...

Memorial exhibit

Hmm... thought I saw his eye twitch... neh! must be my imagination...

Oh... here we are. Only take a few more minutes to reach the exhibit-case! Be glad, too! Getting jittery...

Could have sworn his hand moved just then! Pfaah! just my nerves acting up!

Urk?

Goo heavens! He's alive! He wasn't dead at all! He must have been in a state of suspended animation!

No! No! don't come near me! Keep away! Keep away from me!

Memorial exhibit
Suddenly the prehistoric man notices his strange surroundings and frightened, races through the halls, wreaking havoc.

In a frenzy, the Neanderthal rages and storms until he reaches the open door-way to the exhibit that housed him. He stops, for inside he sees something familiar...

Through the showcase glass he sees the replica of a prehistoric animal, and in his confused, bewildered mind he knows but one thing... FIGHT!
OF COURSE! HE WENT MAD AND TRIED TO DESTROY MY Exhibit. TRAGIC. WELL, LET'S PHONE THE POLICE, AND THEN FIX THE EXHIBIT AS IT WAS?!

Next morning, Yaholey and Greer arrive to find:

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S HOMER PERRY! AND HE'S DEAD!

AND MY EXHIBIT? LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY NEANDERTHAL MAN!

AHA! I SEE IT ALL NOW! HOMER PERRY WAS INSANELY JEALOUS OF YOU. PHOOEY! HE MUST HAVE RUN ABOG IN HEHE AND ACCIDENTALLY FALLEN OFF THAT BALCONY!

OF COURSE! HE WENT MAD AND TRIED TO DESTROY MY EXHIBIT. TRAGIC. WELL, LET'S PHONE THE POLICE, AND THEN FIX THE EXHIBIT AS IT WAS?

Some time later:

AT LAST THE POLICE HAVE GONE! THANK HEAVEN THE NEANDERTHAL MAN WASN'T DAMAGED!

YES! ISN'T IT STRANGE THE WAY MEN REACT TO LIFE? HOMER, IN A JEALOUS RAGE, RAN WILD... JUST LIKE ANY PREHISTORIC MAN WOULD?

QUITE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! OH, IF ONLY IT WERE POSSIBLE TO SEE HOW THIS FELLOW, HEHE, WOULD ACT IF HE WERE ALIVE! WOULDN'T THAT BE SOMETHING TO SEE?

Indeed! I'd give my life to experience the thrill of facing a live Neanderthal! But alas! It's not possible... is it?
When Daniel King arrived in Haiti, the mysterious island of Voodoo and Black Magic, never in his most fantastic nightmares did he dream he would encounter a...

ZOMBIE!
Strange? Perhaps you would tell it to me... I might be able to use it in the article I'm writing about this island?

Hmm... yes, of course! Well, as I know it just a moment! Do you hear anything?

Why, yes... yes, I do! It's getting louder... sounds like... like drums!

The voodoo drums! I haven't read much on the subject of voodoo. Mr. Richards, what's up? Nothing good. You may be sure of that! This is the first time I've heard them too! Although I've been told...

I should have known! No natives around at all! The plantation is deserted!

Say, what gives? If this is something I can use, say so!

Tonight is voodoo night! The plantation natives have banded in the jungle to join in a black magic ritual!

Say! That's just the kind of material I want! I've got to see that ritual! Where's my camera?

Mr. King! You can't leave this house tonight! It just isn't done! This is voodoo night! All sorts of weird things happen when those natives perform their rituals! No outsider is safe out there!

Mr. Richards, I came down here to get material to write about... and I'm going to get it!

P... please! I beg of you! Don't go!

Go long, Mr. Richards!
Armed with but his camera, Daniel King plunged deep into the dense undergrowth and hurriedly made his way toward the sound of the distant drums. He trembled with excitement, and perspiration cozed from his pores like water, as the booming voodoo drums pounded in his ears and the frenzied screaming chants of the natives heralded the nearness of his goal. Suddenly he was there! Unseen, Daniel King watched... afraid... but yet entranced...

GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS FANTASTIC! THOSE DRUMS ARE SO LOUD! I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!

THIS IS TERRIFIC MATERIAL! JUST WHAT MY ARTICLE NEEDS! SAY... WHAT ARE THOSE NATIVES DOING NOW? THEY'RE BRINGING SOMETHING UP TO THE FIRE.

IT'S A COFFIN! AND... AND THEY'RE LIFTING THE BODY OUT.

NOW THEY'RE STANDING IT UP AGAINST THAT POLE.

IT'S A COFFIN! AND... AND THEY'RE LIFTING THE BODY OUT.
The natives danced faster about the horrible, emaciated corpse. The fire burned higher and the drums throbbed through Daniel's mind, making his head ache. Then...

Great Scott! The corpse! She's changing! Her face, her body beginning to look young! She's beginning to look alive!

Blazes! This is amazing! I've got to get a picture of it!

Luvva Mike! They noticed the flash. Everything's stopped!
Some time later...

Mr. King! Thank heaven you're all right! What happened? What did you see?!

Daniel King relates his experience...

And when the woman's corpse collapsed in a heap, I ran like the devil!

She's...it's astounding! You actually saw the white zombie?

Saw it? I photographed it! C'mon! You can tell me about the white zombie while I develop the negative?

Right?

This picture will knock 'em dead when I get back to the states! Oh...tell me the story!

"Knock 'em dead"? Oh, I see what you mean, ol' boy! Oh, yes...the story of the white zombie...

Jason Morgan was the former owner of this plantation. He was a brute of a man, and cruel. Very cruel to the native workers...

His wife was named Marie. She was sweet and good. She treated the natives kindly, bringing water to them in the fields, caring for them tenderly...

Marie liked the natives. She disobeyed Jason by secretly attending their rituals, where she enjoyed the sing-song chanting. Occasionally, she even danced. She understood them...
"As I said, she liked the natives, and they in turn, adored her. Because of this, Jason hated her and hurt her often. But though the natives loathed him enough to kill him, they did nothing for they feared him just as much.

However, one night Marie sneaked away to join her friends in a ritual. She danced ecstatically and chanted with them. She was lovely to see.

But suddenly, in a drunken rage, Jason burst upon the scene, hurling vile profanity upon his wife. He drew his gun and shot her. She fell dead.

That same night, after Jason had left, the voodoo drums pulsed through the jungle. The forces of black magic were conjured up and by their evil power Marie became one of the living dead. She was a zombie!

The natives sent her to Jason. She was to wreak vengeance upon him for his sins.

"Bullets were useless! Lead will not kill one already dead."

And Jason, terrified beyond words, fled into the jungle.
There was no escape. Jason fired again and again until his gun was empty... and still the white zombie stalked him...

Hysterically, he plunged deeper into the jungle, hoping some-how to find safety...

"But instead, he found quicksand!"

His frantic efforts to free himself only sucked him deeper into the mire... as the white zombie walked silently up to the edge of the bog...

"... and blindly followed him to extinction!"

And that's the story, king! Tonight, I realize now, is the anniversary of their death! Tonight, the natives tried to bring her back!

They did bring her back! I saw her! Wait. I've finished developing the photo! Put the light and we'll have a look!

Wha...? Why, she's not there! Everyone else is! The natives, the fire, even the pole she stood against! Everyone's there except the white zombie!

Wha...? Why, she's not there! Everyone else is! The natives, the fire, even the pole she stood against! Everyone's there except the white zombie!