FANTASTIC 1950s EC COMICS!

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

FEATURING...

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

NO. 4 AUG 200

CANADA
It was a dreary day, as Roger Compton strolled up the main street of the little town for the first time...

What's that? Looks like a commotion up ahead... people running!

While Roger Compton watched, the townsfolk scurried about... seeking refuge...

He's coming! Run... run! They seem to be frightened of someone... or something!
A stooped figure shuffled around a corner and up the empty street. As he drew near, Roger noticed that he was a hunchback. "Golgo? My old friend. Peter Golgo!" Huh?

Soon, Roger found himself on a deserted street. The people had all disappeared...hidden behind locked doors and drawn blinds. It must be something horrible they fear! I wonder if I ought to take cover, too? Oh, oh! Too late! Here he comes.

* * *

Peter Golgo shuffled on up the street and disappeared into a dark alley. Roger Compton stood watching, amazed. I can't believe it! He did not know me? Why, we were the best of friends! But now...how strange he looks and acts.

Cautiously, the townsfolk that had barricaded themselves emerged from their hiding places...you're a stranger here, aren't you? Why, yes! I...you talked to him...you shouldn't have! He's bad...a fiend!

Peter? A fiend? Nonsense! We were friends at college! That was a long time ago! Before he became what he is today...a shoul!
"It was about two years ago. I was returning from a Grange meeting. I was taking a short cut through the cemetery when I edged closer and then I saw who it was. Peter sold it: the hunchback! Robbing a grave.

From my hiding place, I could not see what he was doing to the corpse he had dug down to... But when Peter had left, I approached the desecrated grave...

Good Lord! The corpse is partially devoured! He... He's a ghoul!

Roger Compton listened, horrified, to the old man's tale! When he had finished... I cannot believe it. Peter was normal at school... Even brilliant! But you've seen him! Does he behave normally now? Does he?

From my hiding place, I could not see what he was doing to the corpse he had dug down to... But when Peter had left, I approached the desecrated grave...

Roger turned to go... But one of the townsfolk caught him by the arm...

My little girl died of pneumonia last week! Two nights ago her grave was broken open and her little body stripped of its flesh!
Roger broke away from the wide-eyed townspeople...and their horrible tales...and made his way up the hill to the ramshackle house that was Peter Golgo's home.

How run-down and weatherbeaten it is!

He stepped up to the battered doorway and knocked! The blows upon the door boomed through the drafty halls of the old place! Then the door groaned open...

What do you want?

It is I, Peter! Roger Compton!

The door slammed in Roger Compton's astounded face, and he found himself alone...

Poor Peter! He is sick! Perhaps a nervous disorder? Perhaps his hump has developed into a cancerous tumor...it does appear larger! I must get him a doctor!

Peter Golgo stood in the doorway, his thin, stooped body hunched at a grotesque angle...his hands clenched at his sides! His face was a waxy mask of death from which two eyes glared with ghoulish light...

Go away! But I have come to help you, Peter!

A smile spread across Peter's twisted, leering face...a smile of sly lurking evil! His thick lips curled back in a fanged grimace of idiotic mirth.

Help me! Hah! I am beyond help!

Roger made his way down the hill and across the street to a sign marked "Henry Gordon, M.D." He knocked upon the clean, white, newly-painted door.

Yes? I am Roger Compton! I am a friend of Peter Golgo, the hunchback! You must come and see him! He is sick—very sick.

Henry Gordon M.D.

I know all about Peter Golgo, I brought him into the world.

Then you'll come, you'll help.
I will not come! I cannot help him!

You...you call yourself a doctor? Why...you're just like the rest of them...narrow-minded...ignorant...superstitious!

What they believe, Mr. Compton, is true!

You mean, Peter Golgo is a ghoul?

Not he...exactly! But...it is a long story! I am quite comfortable standing, sir? Proceed!

For the most part, I feel sorry for what has happened to Peter Golgo! It is not his fault! But I am getting ahead of myself.

When he was a child, the other children made fun of him...threw stones at him because of his hump...back...

Nyaaah...g'wan home, gumpy!

Your mother's callin' yuh, humpy!

Hump back! Hump back! Nyaaaah!

But Peter Golgo hao no ordinary hump on his back, Mr. Compton! And today, what he carries about on his shoulders is the cause of all his horrible actions...the grave-digging...everything!

What...what is this hump?

It is a monster! A horrible little monster that tortures Peter Golgo creates unbearable pain...tortures Peter into doing its bidding! Peter is not the ghoul! The monster is the flesh-eater!

But, how did it get there?
Peter was born with it! It was an undeveloped Siamese twin that was attached to his back! Only it never developed! Yes, it was alive... but dormant! And then... three years ago... the change came!

It began to grow, doctor! He came to me! He lay face downward on his back... his hands clasped about his shoulders! It had its own digestive system, its own lungs... but its legs ran off into the lumpy flesh of his body!

But I never suspected it would be a thing of evil! It demanded flesh... dead flesh... for food! It was a ghoul! And Peter was forced to obey! It was capable of inflicting excruciating pain upon him...

I never knew! In all those years at college... when he came to me, its eyes were open! It had developed a tiny set of teeth! It was ugly... ugly!

I could not remove it! I could not kill it! It would have meant Peter's life as well! And so I told him it would have to remain there... for all of his days!

But you must do something now, doctor! You must save him!

I can do nothing... nothing!

Compton walked out of the doctor's office... tears in his eyes! There had to be something... some way of helping poor Peter... of freeing him from the monster that controlled him...

I'll go back! I'll tell him that I know... everything, now!
COMPTON MADE HIS WAY UP THE HILL AGAIN... TO THE OLD HOUSE! AS HE APPROACHED, HE HEARD VOICES... ARGUING... ONE OF THEM IS PETER! I RECOGNIZE HIS VOICE! THE OTHER... IS HIGHER... MORE FRENZIED...

IT MUST BE THE MONSTER! THEY'RE FIGHTING ABOUT SOMETHING...

ROGER COMPTON CROUCHED DOWN BELOW THE SHADED WINDOW... LISTENING...

NO! NEVER! I'LL NEVER DO IT! NEVER... AAAAAAAH!

IT WAS PETER SCREAMING IN PAIN! THE MONSTER WAS TORTURING HIM... FORCING HIM TO DO SOMETHING THAT HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO...

NO! I WON'T! ROBBING GRAVES WAS BAD ENOUGH! WATCHING YOU EAT THE ROTTED FLESH... BUT NOW? KILL FOR YOU? FOR FRESH FLESH? NEVER... NEVER!

IT WAS HORRIBLE TO LISTEN TO THEM! PETER CONTINUED TO REFUSE... AND THEN...

E-E-Y-AA-AAH!

AFTER THE SCREAM... SILENCE! ROGER COMPTON RUSHED INTO THE HOUSE! WHAT HE SAW MADE HIM SICK! THE THING WAS THERE... EXACTLY AS THE DOCTOR HAD DESCRIBED IT...

YES! HEE HEE! IT WAS THERE! THE LITTLE MONSTER, IN A FIT OF RAGE, HAD CLIMBED A TRIFLE HIGHER ON PETER GOLGO'S BACK AND BITTEN HIM TO DEATH! SILLY LITTLE GHOUL... IT DIDN'T REALIZE IT WOULD KILL ITSELF, TOO! YOU SEE, THESE TWINS HAD ONLY ONE HEART... THE ONE IN PETER'S BODY! WELL, READ ON FRIENDS! THERE ARE MORE CHILLS WAITING... IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!
He released the fire-bomb he had been preparing so carefully in his workroom... and with a consuming sense of triumph he watched it flicker and begin to glow. No one else in the small plane had seen him fiddling with it... his wife and all the others were too absorbed in the Mexican landscape unfolding thousands of feet below them. In another sixty seconds the bomb would splutter into angry purple and crimson... and it would be time for him to leave them here! He almost laughed at the prospect. He would be abandoning them fifteen thousand feet in the air, in a plane doomed to death by fire within three minutes. They would never be able to land the flaming craft... and his guile in mutilating the chutes closed off the only other avenue of escape! Secretly he had slashed the nylon of all the parachutes but one... and he was slithering into the only good chute at this very moment!

The sound of the fire-bomb was audible now. He could see the horror on his wife’s face as she turned and stared at him in dismay. The others were rising too... he began to giggle even as he ran to the escape hatch and flung it open. They were screaming at him, some were beginning to curse and to moan. But it would do them no good! They were all doomed to death by fire... and he would profit by it. The insurance money on his wife’s life... and on the plane which he was about to destroy... would make him a rich man!

The metal door was wide open, and without a backward glance he threw himself far out into space. He whirled as if caught in the funnel of a twister... then he felt the sharp pull on his back and stomach as the chute mushroomed open above him and stopped his headlong descent almost instantly. Off in the distance he saw the plane wobbling in its path... smoke beginning to trail through its windows and a tongue of bright red and yellow enveloping one of the wings. His plan had worked! They would all be consumed in fire within the next five minutes... and he would be rich! And safe!

He looked down at the Mexican countryside beneath him, and his heart almost stopped beating. Directly under him, open like the jaws of some primitive monster, was Mount Chachitax. And from its gaping mouth there issued great plumes of deadening black smoke! Now and then he saw the swirl of fire far down in the heart of the turbulent smoke... and he was heading directly into it! Some power which neither his will nor his parachute could resist was sucking him directly down into that open mouth... into the awful fires of Mount Chachitax! All at once his chute seemed to lose its remaining power and he was shrouded in the smoke and could feel the searing heat all around him. The deadly fires of Mount Chachitax were claiming him. Like the occupants of the plane he was doomed to death by fire... in the very mouth of the erupting volcano!
WELCOME, DEAR READER. WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE VAULT OF HORROR! HERE'S A FASCINATING TALE... GUARANTEED TO WIPE THE SMIRK FROM YOUR FACE AND REPLACE IT WITH A GRAVE LOOK! MY STORY TAKES PLACE FAR UNDERGROUND... IN AS DANK AND DRAFTY A CAVE AS YOU COULD IMAGINE... SO BE CAREFUL TO TURN BACK AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A CHILL, FOR I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU TO START SNEEZIN' AND COFFIN, OVER THE SPIRE-TINGLER I CALL... THE TUNNEL OF TERROR!

My story starts in a town somewhere south of the border... You just stay here in the hotel room and relax, Paul... I'll be back as soon as I can.

Packing up and bringing Paul down... away from those crazy friends of his... may save him from a recurrence of his nervous breakdown! If only I can keep him away from excitement... and liquor...
HERE'S A SWEET YOUNG GIRL... LINDA CROSS BY NAME... WHO'S TRYING TO SAVE HER BROTHER PAUL'S HEALTH BY MOVING HIM OFF THE BEATEN TRACK. SHE'S FORCING HIM INTO A VACATION FROM THE BOTTLE AND LET'S PEER INTO THEIR ROOM A SHORT TIME LATER.

I HAVE YOUR DESCRIPTION OF HIM, SEÑORITA. I'LL ATTEND TO THE CASE MYSELF. GO BACK TO YOUR HOTEL AND GET SOME REST.

HAVE YOU FOUND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT MY BROTHER? RUMP? OH, SEÑORITA. ER CROSS' NO WORD YET... WHICH IS GOOD NEWS IN A CASE OF THIS SORT.

MAR FOUNDED DEAD DDWR AT THE TUNNEL. EL JEFFE. STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES! YOU HAD BETTER COME.

RE'S GONE AND IN HIS STATE OF MIND... ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN IT'S DANGEROUS FOR HIM TO WANDER AROUND THE STREETS ALOHE.

THE HOURS TICK BY, AND STILL THERE IS NO WORD FOR LINDA CROSS...

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM... EVEN FOR A MINUTE' A STRANGER... AND IN HIS CONDITION! I CAN'T SIT AROUND ANY LONGER. I'LL GO MAD.

LINDA RUSHES TO THE LOCAL POLICE STATION. YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! PAUL'S NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR HIMSELF! IN A STRANGE TOWN LIKE THIS, HE MAY GET HURT OR...

I'LL GO MAD!
This tunnel... it is a night-club... a place where many American tourists gather! The dead man could be any of them!

Tunnel... w-what an odd name... for a night-club!

The tunnel is odd in more ways than its choice of name, Señorita! It appeals to people who seek the bizarre and weird... but you will see for yourself! Here is the office...

El Jefe told only half the story in his description of the strange night-club. Its name, for instance, is officially the Tunnel of Terror! And Terror is what Linda feels as she stands in the manager's office...

I-it's not my brother! Thank heavens! Not Paul! He's still safe... so far as we know, Señorita...

Spare us your opinions, please! The shroud... will you...
THIS PLACE... THIS TUNNEL... IT SOUNDS LIKE THE KIND OF SPOT THAT PAUL WOULD BE ATTRACTED TO... EVEN IN HIS PRESENT CONDITION! COULD I... FOR MY OWN PEACE OF MIND...

THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR AND DOWN THE LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS, LINDA CROSS GROPES HER WAY... INTO A PLACE OF COMPLETE DARKNESS! THE AIR IS DANK AND CLAMMY... THE WORD "TUNNEL" SEEMS APT! UNKNOWN TO HER, SHE HAS DESCENDED INTO ONE OF THE CATACOMBS SURROUNDING THE TOWN.

WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS? NO LIGHTS... AND THIS ERIENESS... ALLOW ME, SENORITA, TO EXPLAIN! OUR CLUB IS ACTUALLY LOCATED IN ONE OF THE CAVES USED FOR BURIAL LONG CENTURIES AGO. FOR NOVELTY WE STRIVE TO KEEP THE ILLUSION OF DEATH!

I CAN'T SEE A THING! IT SEEMS LIKE AN UNEXPLORED CAVE! IS THIS SOME KIND OF A JOKE? I'LL SOON OOOGH!

WELCOME TO THE TUNNEL OF TERROR!

W- WHAT... WHO...?

A TABLE FOR THE SENORITA? RIGHT THIS WAY... STEP CAREFULLY, PLEASE!

BUT ASIDE FROM OUR SUPERFICIAL APPEARANCE, I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND US CONGENIAL! OUR WHISKY IS THE FINEST.

IN THAT CASE, PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME! HAS A TALL BLOND MAN BEEN HERE SOMEONE WHO LOOKS SICK AS IF... ER... HE MIGHT HAVE A FEVER?
At that moment something compels Linda cross to look up, and across the room she sees something which makes her blood grow cold...

Paul! Paul... it's me!

H-hey, Señorita! Watch out...

Give me that torch... it's my brother! He's sick... he needs me! Quick... I must find him!
HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME! THIS CRAZY PLACE... IT'S FRIGHTENED HIM! I'VE GOT TO FIND PAUL... GET HIM OUT OF HERE....

A SCREAM! AND WITH THE ECHOES... IT SEEMS TO COME FROM EVERY SIDE ALL AT ONCE! THE BEAST... IT MUST HAVE STRUCK AGAIN! I-I MUST FIND PAUL... MUST...

THE SECONDS DRAG BY LIKE AGONIZED HOURS AS LINDA CROSS TRIES DESPERATELY TO TRACE HER BROTHER THROUGH THAT UNDERGROUND CAVE. AND THEN SHE SEES THE FLICKER OF A SHADOW AGAINST THE WALL... SOMETHING MOVING... PERHAPS IT IS PAUL...

HE'S AFRAID EVEN OF ME... IN HIS MENTAL STATE HE MUST BE TERRIFIED... CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF? IT'S UP TO ME TO... OOOOFFF!

ANOTHER CORPSE? HORRIBLY MUTILATED? THE BEAST! IT'S FOUND ANOTHER VICTIM!

ANOTHER CORPSE? HORRIBLY MUTILATED? THE BEAST! IT'S FOUND ANOTHER VICTIM!

THAT SOUND... WHA... PAUL! YOU'RE SAFE... SAFE!

IT'S ME... YOUR SISTER LINDA! YOU WON'T HAVE TO RUN AWAY ANY LONGER... WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE TOGETHER! YOU'RE SAFE!

SAFE... WON'T HAVE TO RUN...
NO...NO! PAUL... I DON'T MEAN YOU ANY HARM! I WANT TO SAVE YOU... HELP YOU ESCAPE FROM WHATEVER IT IS THAT KILLED THOSE OTHERS!

LET GO OF ME, PAUL...

YOU... YOUR TEETH... THEY CUT MY HAND! YOU LEFT A MARK... LIKE A WILD...

H-HO... PLEASE... YOUR OWN SISTER! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING... IT'S A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE. PAUL!

IT CAN'T BE YOU... MY OWN BROTHER... YOU'RE THE MANIAO WHO HAS MURDERED THE OTHERS! YOU'RE THE MONSTER WHO CRAVES HUMAN FLESH!

This is the story of three men who created life out of death, only to find at the end that their own lives had to be given in return! I call it...

The Living Mummy

My tale begins on a dismal stormy night at the bleak laboratory—castle of Professor Arnolo Zamron, world-famous scientist...

I'm warning you for the last time, Krause! Stay away from my girl or I'll kill you!

What is the meaning of this outrage? (Gasp)... Stevens is crazy, sir! He tried to choke me...

I did not! I...
STEVENS! WE ARE ON THE VERGE OF BRINGING THIS MUMMY...DEAD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS...BACK TO LIFE! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER, KRAUSE! START THE EXPERIMENT!

SHUT UP, STEVENS! DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO! I PAY YOU FOR ASSISTANCE, NOT FOR CRITICISM! YOU CAN CLEAN UP THIS MESS WHILE KRAUSE AND I RECORD OUR DATA! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING...

BUT STEVENS HAS OTHER IDEAS...

STEVENS WORKS FAR INTO THE NIGHT! BRILLIANT LIGHTS FLICKER ON AND OFF CASTING SHADOWS AGAINST THE DOOR! SUDDENLY, THEY STOP... THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS...

I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I WAS SURE MY METHOD WAS CORRECT! BUT THE CREATURE JUST LIES THERE... DEAD! I'VE FAILED LIKE THE REST!

WHAT WENT WRONG? GOT TO THINK! SLEEP... MUST HAVE SLEPT... SO TIRED.

THE WHINING HUM OF DYNAMOS BEGIN! STRANGE LIQUIDS BUBBLE UP IN WEIRD CHEMICAL COMBINATIONS! THE THREE MEN WORK FOR HOURS! THEN...

IT'S NO USE... THE MUMMY HASN'T MOVED... I'VE FAILED!

PERHAPS IF WE USED MY METHOD OF INCREASING VOLTAGE CAPACITY TO MAXIMUM POTENTIAL...
A FEW MINUTES LATER, KRAUSE... HEARING NOISES... WALKS UNWARILY INTO THE LABORATORY...

WHAT A MESS! YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE, STEVENS! WHERE ARE YOU? YOU THOUGHT I WAS ASLEEP, EH? WAIT 'TIL THE PROFESSOR HEARS OF THIS!

AHEM.

MEANWHILE, DEAR READER, PROFESSOR ZAMRON SITS AT HIS DESK ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE CASTLE. HE ALSO HAS NOT BEEN ASLEEP...

HMMM... YES! STEVENS WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL! WELL, I'LL JUST... AHEM... USE HIS METHOD NEXT TIME! HE NEED NEVER KNOW! HA, HA!

STOP IT! DO YOU HEAR?

WHAA-! THAT SCREAM... IT CAME FROM THE LAB! STEVENS MUST BE FIGHTING WITH KRAUSE AGAIN! BY HEAVENS, THIS TIME HE'S GONE TOO FAR!

STOP IT! DO YOU HEAR?
A few seconds later, the angry scientist stands over the sleeping Stevens...

"Get up! Get up! There's no use pretending to be asleep!"

"What's going on?"

---

You know very well why did you kill Krause? Where is that mummy? Answer me!

"What are you talking about? Krause killed? The mummy gone? It can't be! Unless... the mummy were alive! Then my method must have worked!"

---

But Stevens doesn't pay any attention to the professor! He runs out of the room to the lab below...

"I must see for myself. Ugh! I was right! The mummy is alive and somewhere in this house!"

---

I'd shoot you down right now, Stevens... but I'm going to save you for the police!

"No! I swear I didn't kill him! The mummy did it! I... wha... what was that?"

Thump! Thump! Thump!
But fate has destined Stevens for a different end! As the hysterical man struggles through the heavy downpour, he fails to see the sheer cliff yawning directly in front of him.

Meanwhile, back in the castle, professor zamro runs to the library to phone the police...

He can't get very far in this storm! The police will catch him!
Professor Zamron pulls the door open, and...

The Mummy! Stevens was telling the truth! He...


Hee, hee! Well, that's my story, dear reader! Professor Zamron was finally convinced that Stevens' method was correct! The Mummy proved it to him! What happened to the Mummy? The police never found him! He's probably roaming around the countryside right now! Hee, hee! He might even be peeking in your window! The one behind you! Don't look! You may not be able to stand it!

He's not dying! He's coming closer...

He's trying to walk softly, to catch me off-guard! Well, let's see how he likes this surprise!

But as the professor is about to make his call, he hears footsteps... Footsteps coming toward the library! So... the rogue has decided to come back, eh? I knew he couldn't go very far!
A dead man, painting my picture! HEE, HEE! Yes, dear reader... it is a dead man! Can't you smell the graveyard dirt? Can't you see his rotting, decomposing flesh? HEE, HEE! His name? Well, he was Jon Wayland... but now I call him... the **Man from the Grave**!

On a warm May evening last year, the earth shook loosely. The eerie moon beamed down on a rotting hand that lifted with insane fury through the gravemold...

The hand moved! It ripped and tore crazily at the grave dirt... tore handfuls loose... dug frenzied talons again and again into the soft loam until...

No grave can hold me! Not when I have a task that calls me... that summons me from the final sleep! I must rise from this coffin... rise and continue my work...
With thumping, sodden steps, the dead man walked the graveyard paths—

Nothing must stop me! Nothing! My work... it calls me back from the grave! I must finish my work... finish it!

Merciful heavens! I... I feel sick!

Hee, hee! A pretty sight on a moonlit night, eh? A dead man lumbering along the sidewalks! Smelling of the grave! But... where is he going? What strange work calls him from the grave? Curious? Hee, hee! Let's turn over the musty pages of the past... and go back some years, to a cold October afternoon in an eastern city...

Jon Wayland was alive, then! Young, and handsome. But poor...

Some painter I am! I can't sell a thing! I can't even earn enough to buy myself a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk!

Finally, Jon Wayland was forced to pawn his paintings in order to eat...

It's charity, that's what it is! These things aren't worth anything, but you never can tell. I might sell 'em... sometime!

One morning, shortly after Jon had pawned everything he owned, there was a knock on his door...

Thank you, thank you!
It’s from that editor... who liked my stuff! He’s getting out a new horror magazine... wants me to do its covers for him! I’ll get a contract... money! At last!

Sure, I’ll give you a contract... but you’ll have to bring in your samples again! I’ve got to show them to the big boss!

But I... my pictures... I had to pawn them...

Just my luck! The first break I get I lose out on! If I could only get my pictures back... or paint some more... maybe I’d still get the contract!

Give you your pictures? Without money? Ra! Ra! Ha! I may be old, son, but I’m not crazy! Ra! Ha!

Please! Please! You don’t know what this means to me! My big chance! If I don’t show that editor some samples I’ll lose it!

Only one hope left! I’ve got to see my old friend Billy Johnson! He always helped me in the past. He’ll help me one more time! I know he will!

Bill Johnson greeted his friend with harsh words and cold sneers...

Help you... again? After all the times I’ve loaned you money in the past? You’re just a cheap bum, waylay’d! Nobody’d give you a job! Who’re you trying to kid?

I won’t lying! It’s true! True!

Row get out... and stay out! I never want to see you again! You’re a cheap, spineless bum! A ro-600-o! A worthless slug!

I’ll never get that job now! I’m really washed up!
Suddenly the dams of Jon Wayland's restraint burst! Like a demoniac thing, he hurled himself on his old friend.

You could loan me money to redeem my pictures! You have plenty of it! You'd never miss a measly fifteen dollars! But no... no... no!

I need that cover job, you hear? I need it to eat, to live!

Jon... watch out!

I knocked him out, but I'll do more than that! I'm going to kill him! Then I won't have to redeem my old pictures! I'll be able to take his paints and brushes... to paint new and better ones!

You could loan me money to redeem my pictures! You have plenty of it! You'd never miss a measly fifteen dollars! But no... no... no!

Jon! Stop! No... no... don't do this to me! Jon! Aaaagghh!

Jon Wayland dragged his old friend close to a big vat of etching acid. Then, lifting his head, he plunged it down toward the acid... just as Johnson recovered consciousness...

Jon! Jon Wayland! I see you... stealing my paints and brushes! Take them if you want... but remember... I am cursing them! Use them... and you will always have to use them... never resting... always working... day and night... forever and ever...

Jon Wayland made a mistake! Bill Johnson wasn't dead... not quite! He was almost dead... but there was still a spark of life left... so look for yourself, dear reader... if you dare!
All that day and all that night, Jon Wayland worked! Covered with perspiration, his eyelids heavy with the need of rest, he worked on...

He wants samples, does he? I'll give him samples... ten of them! Each one better... more horrible than the rest!

I'm giving you a lot of money for each cover! You can make a fortune if our book clicks! And it sure ought to... with these covers of yours!

Jon Wayland went to work with a will. He never rested. Always, at any hour of the night, his lights were on as he painted and painted, madly, wildly...

I ought to rest, but... I don't want to rest! I'm in the mood to paint, and I will!

Next day...

They're terrific, Wayland! Terrific! You've caught the mood exactly! Terror! Horror! The big boss likes 'em so you're in!

Rich! I'll get rich at these prices!

Hee, hee! Jon Wayland was in the mood to paint, wasn't he? All well and good... for a little time! But read on, my friends... read on! Remember the dying man's curse? Hee, hee! Of course you do... ah, so... will Jon Wayland, after a while? Hee, hee!
Brought in some more cover jobs, Jim. Look them over! Sure thing, Jon. The magazine is selling like hotcakes, so I can use some. But don't get too far ahead...

But Jon Wayland could not stop painting! The glinting paintings of the murdered artist reckoned him like some strange magnet...

I've worked for thirty-three hours... steadily... not stopping even for a drink... of water? I can't... go on... but I must... for I can't stop...

Use my paints... and you will always have to use them... never resting... always working... for ever and ever!

Merciful heavens! No no no!

Jon Wayland painted, all night! He kept on, night and day! But the market for his paintings was gone! For Pete's sake, Jon! I've bought a year ahead on your stuff! I can't possibly use any more! Go take a vacation! You're overworking!

Month after month, day and night, Jon Wayland labored in his little garret studio. He developed a hacking cough. His body grew thin... wraithlike. His fingers, exhausted with brushwork, trembled and shook...

One day he fell to the floor, and did not get up...

He's... dead!
HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR FRIENDS! I'LL BET THAT IF I TOOK A CANVASS OF YOU READERS RIGHT NOW, I'D FIND SOME OF YOU SCREAMING, TOO...JUST LIKE THAT POOR OLD LANDLADY! DID YOU NOTICE HOW PALE AND PALLETTE SHE LOOKED? OH, BY THE WAY, SHE'S RECOVERED NOW...DOING NICELY, TOO! BUT SHE'S STILL NOT OUT OF THE INSANE ASYLUM! SEEMS THAT EVERY TIME SHE SEES A PAINTING SHE GOES MAD OVER IT!

THE END