HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL Usher YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF FEAR

HEH, HEH! I MUST BE GETTING PRETTY JUMPY SINCE I BURIED ROBERT DOWN HERE! I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE!

FEATURING
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! 'YEP! IT'S ME AGAIN! THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! COME IN! COME IN! MY CAULDRON IS BUBBLING AND STEAMING WITH ITS EVIL BREW ONCE MORE AND I'M READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY TALES OF TERROR! READY? GOOD! THEN DRAW UP CLOSE TO THE CRACKLING FIRE AND GAZE INTO THE SWIRLING CONTENTS OF MY CAULDRON, AND I'LL TELL YOU THE CHILLER I CALL ROOM FOR ONE MORE!


THE POOR BOY LOSING BOTH OF HIS PARENTS THAT WAY... I SUPPOSE HE'LL HAVE TO GO AND LIVE WITH HIS UNCLE NOW!
YESTH! THAT'S HOW MY STORY BEGINS! ROODIE'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT. AFTER THE FUNERAL, ROODIE BEGAN TO WALK ALONE. HE WAS SIX YEARS OLD. HE FELT SORRY FOR HIMSELF. BUT SOON, THINGS STARTED TO LOOK UP FOR ROODIE. HE Began TO ADAPT TO HIS NEW LIFE.

YEARS LATER, ROODIE LIVED A PROSPEROUS LIFE. HE HAD BEEN A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN. BUT HE REMAINED REMEMBERED HIS CHILDHOOD AND THE CEMETERY WHERE HIS PARENTS WERE BURIED.

ONE DAY, ROODIE RETURNED TO THE CEMETERY TO PAY HOMAGE TO HIS PARENTS. HE SAW A MAN WALKING ALONE, CRYING. IT WAS HIS YOUNG Nephew, ROODIE'S only CHILD. HE CAME UP TO THE MAN AND ASKED HIM WHAT HAPPENED.

THE MAN TOLD HIM THAT HIS WIFE HAD PASSED AWAY, AND HE WAS STRUGGLING TOraising THE FAMILY. ROODIE LISTENED TO HIS STORY AND DECIDED TO HELP HIM.

FROM THAT DAY ON, ROODIE HELPED THE MAN AND HIS FAMILY. HE-Taught THE BOY AND THE MAN HOW TO MANAGE, AND THEY BECAME GOOD FRIENDS.

THE END.
After Aunt Helen's casket had been put into its proper niche, Rodney lingered while the other pall-bearers left. He gazed lovingly at the dusty coffins of his mother and father. Then his eyes swept the lined walls of the mausoleum. Suddenly, there...there's room for only one more coffin!

After the last spot is filled, the rest of us are to be buried in the soil. Well, not me! I'm not going to be stripped of my flesh by crawling worms and rotting grave mold. After I die, I want to be put in a silk-lined casket and placed in the cool clean air of the Whitman crypt!
Uncle Eliah's mysterious disappearance was never explained. All three boys had airtight alibis and so the case was closed. Years later, Uncle Eliah was declared legally dead, and Robert and Charles inherited his wealth. Rodney received a small sum, and one day...

Rodney rushed to Charlie's room. A fear gripped him, a fear that Charlie might be dying. "No! I won't let it happen! He'll get my place... my place in the family vault..." He'll have to get rid of his body... like Eliah's...
When Rodney reached Charles' room, he found that his fears were justified...

Wine Robert, Rodney! Tell him to come home from Europe!

No, Charles!

RODNEY!

A-R-R-G-H-H-H!

It was so simple! Rodney tied heavy weights to poor unfortunate Charles and dropped him in a small lake. They say this is one of those bottomless lakes Charles' well, with that much weight, you'll show 'em they're wrong... won't you?

Then, when Robert returned from aboard.

No, Robert! I haven't heard from Charles in months!

Funny! He's disappeared!

RODNEY! What did you do to Charles?

LET GO OF ME! What are you talking about?

You and I are the only Whitmays left Rodney! You've hated us even since you came to live with us years ago. Haven't you? You've been jealous of our wealth! You killed my father didn't you? And you killed Charles! You figure if you kill us all, you'll get our money!
Rodney's face paled; he realized what he had just said.

Then... then what is it, Rodney?

All right, I'll tell you.

It's that last spot in the family crypt! It's mine, too you mean! And no one is going to take it from me!

You. You killed my father and my brother for that?

Yes! And I'm going to kill you, too!

You're mad, Rodney! Mad!

Yes, Rodney was mad, dear reader! Mad enough to kill him and he did it... then he buried himself in the cellar...

Now this mansion is mine! No one will look for you now! No! I'll just cement over this spot again.

And so, the last place in the Whitman family mausoleum now belongs to Rodney Whitman absolutely. I like to see your coffin, I want you to pick one out... for myself.

Rodney ordered his coffin and had it placed in his niche in the family vault. Every so often he would go down to the cemetery and lift the brass hinges and look... My coffin, in my spot... and no one can take it from me.

And then one night, as Rodney sat in the huge living room of the mansion, he had inherited what was that? Sounded like a noise... in the cellar.
Rodney was right. What he had feared was the cement of the cellar floor—cracking open...

...and the rotted hands of Robert Whitman pushing upward into the blackness...

And far away, on the shore of a small lake, a bloated, fish-marred corpse struggled along the beach...dragging the heavy weights chained to its legs...Charles Whitman...

And in the swampland, from a gurgling, sucking quicksand pool, a head and shoulders rose from the surface...sand pouring from the mouth cavity and eye sockets of Elian Whitman...

Inside the Whitman mansion, Rodney began to shiver! A strange feeling came over him! The sensation of fear...

Charles and Eliah met coming across the green lawn...and they stumbled toward the house together...

As if it were timed by a master director, Robert burst from the cellar door as Charles and Eliah broke through the French windows! Robert, rotted and decomposed! Charles...bloated and dragging the heavy weights! Eliah...sand and flesh dropping from his whitened bones...
Outside the Whitman mansion, the still night air was pierced by an agonizing shriek.

Later in the cellar, Robert Whitman tossed a sack into the grave he had dug himself out of! Then he began to cover it over...

While out at the lake, Charles Whitman tossed his sack... tied with the weights he had dragged into the mucky water...

And in the swampland, Elijah Whitman tossed the sack containing his share of Rodney Whitman into the gulping quicksand.

And if anyone happened to be around the cemetery that night, they would have seen a ghoulsome sight: three decomposed, hooded, foul-smelling corpses crossing over the soft graves.

In case you're interested, the Whitman mausoleum is full now! The last niche to be filled is really full! Three bodies are neatly stacked in the casket that Rodney Whitman had hopefully purchased for himself...

Hee-hee! And that's my tale! Dean Hayden! Piddn Rodney! He doesn't know where he's at! Well? Would you? But I feel sorry for Elijah Charles, and Robert! They're so crowded; they don't even have room to coffin-hee-hee! Oh, by the way; if you haven't had too much of me read The Haunt of Fear story in Crime Suspenstories! You can go on to the Crypt-keeper now! He's waiting for you!
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

Now that you've tasted the sickly stew of that ugly snarl, the old witch and I am thoroughly nauseated. It's my turn! Here's a tale from my collection here in the Crypt that I'm sure will make your hair stand on end! So come close to your old Crypt-keeper! I want to watch your faces pale from the yarn I call...

THE BASKET!

My story has its beginning on the outskirts of a small town. A breathless boy rushes up to a group of children huddled over an engrossing game of marbles.

HE'S COMING AGAIN! HE'S COMING!

DOES HE HAVE HIS BASKET WITH HIM?

DID YOU EVEN SEE HIM WITHOUT IT?
The wide-eyed expectant faces of the children all turn in the direction of the strange figure walking toward them! On his right shoulder, he carries a round wicker basket...

See What'd I tell you? He never goes anywhere without that basket!
Always carries it on his right shoulder, too... He's crazy!

Shhh! He'll hear you!

Mr. Cabez, still holding the basket on his right shoulder, smiles down at the scrinning upturned faces around him...

This time, children this time my basket is filled with solo goins! Pirate Gold! I found them buried in my cellar!

Golly?

Boy! He really tells some tall stories! I never saw him without that basket!

Mr. Cabez continues on down the road whistling a tune. The children watch him as he goes...

Howdy, Cabez! Howdy! Afternoon, gentlemen!

Mr. Cabez stands for a moment. He shrugs and leaves. The slam of the screen door is the signal for talk among the men to begin once again...

Grazy Salute! Always tootin' that basket!

*淫荡, 午餐, 什么, 菲律宾 *
I wonder why he carries that there basket 'round with him? He's crazy, that's why! Lune! Sure are! Ain't I right, George?

See this here slip of paper? It's his vittles order! You know what I see every time I deliver an order up to his place?

He always answers the ooh! Gannyin' that basket or his shoulder! I 'member that! Carryin' it 'round his house ever!

He sure is loco!

Yes! That's the way my story desires! That's what's been going on in this town for years and years! Ever longer than the chilUm' can remember, Vincent Cabez has been luggin' that wicker basket around! What's in it? Patience, kiddies! You'll find out! Go on with my tale...

The next time Mr. Cabez comes into town, he flogs along slowly, droppin' his feet! But his familiar basket is perched on his shoulder.

Say! Look at Mr. Cabez! He looks awful! He's pale, looking! He must be sick! Must be getting tired of carryin' his basket!

He's done with us! He's done with his basket! Where are you going to kid him today?

But Mr. Cabez, in spite of his fatigued appearance, stops as usual and smiles down at the children around him...

Hello, kids! Hi, Mr. Cabez! 'Lo, Mr. Cabez!

What's wrong, kids? Cat got your tongues? Isn't anyone going to ask me what I've got in my basket this time?

See, Mr. Cabez? You don't look so good! Ain't yuh feelin' well, Mr. Cabez?
Mr. Cabez is silent for a moment. Then he shrugs and continues on toward the general store.

Gee, he looks such a funny look when I asked him if he felt well?

He must be sick!

Gee, maybe he's gonna die?

If he does, we'll all find out what he's got in that basket?

Aw, out it out! That ain't funny!

Yeah! The poone guy can't help it! It's something with him! Maybe he don't trust anybody and he carries his money with him instead of putting it in the bank!

The usual silence sneaks Vincent Cabez and he enters the general store.

Nene's my list, George?

Say! You sick, Cabez! You look pretty bad?

I... I don't feel well, George! Guess I'll stop by ago see Doc Hawkins!

You better!

When he leaves the store, Mr. Cabez crosses over to Doc Hawkins' house.

Doc. Doc. Doc. Hawkins! I must see you!

Come in, Vincent! Come in!

After an hour, Vincent comes out of the doctor's house and goes on home. A week passes! Then... one day...

Hey! Look! Nene comes Mr. Cabez?

He looks different!

He ain't pale no more?

Gee! He's all better! He ain't gonna die after all?

What's in your basket today, Mr. Cabez?

Tell us, Mr. Cabez! Out of my way... brats!

Ow!
The child that Mr. Cabez has struck begins to cry. The others stand dumbfounded, watching Mr. Cabez disappear into the general store...

**AND INSIDE THE GENERAL STORE**

What's wrong? Am I poison or something? Why doesn't someone say something? What are you all so quiet about?

You'd better give me your list, Mr. Cabez. And so... before you start trouble!

**But the next morning, the townsfolk are all whispering about the terrible thing that had happened during the night.**

That's right! Happened last night! Somebody robbed a grave in the burrin' ground! The body's gone!

I'll bet it was Cabez! He seemed worse than ever yesterday! Don't jump to conclusions, Luke!

Cabez shipped out a box yesterday at the railroad express office where I work. It was pretty big—bout six feet long—like a coffin!

That so?

Yes! And he's got another one down there today! Let's go down and take a look! Maybe it ain't gone out!

Later... at the express office...

Good Lord! A body! Let's get 'im! Let's Lynch him!
Soon an angry mob is moving up Main Street, new with murder in their hearts! A lynching mob...

Somebody stop off and get Doc Hawkins! Yeah! He oughta be in on this! I'll get him!

C'mon, ooo! We're gonna lynch Vincent Gabez! He's the one that rossin' the slaves and stealin' the bodies!

No! You can't lynch him! You got' be killing an innocent man!

What you talkin' about, ooo? There are two Vincent Gabezes!

Two what in blazes do you mean? Vincent Gabez was born with two heads!

When I told his mother, she refused to accept him! Told me to do away with the child! The old mid-wife who helped me deliver him volunteered to take him!

Please, Doctor! I'm an old woman! Let me take care of him! Don't kill him!

All right, Martha! But you'll have to keep it a secret!

You know the rest! Vincent grew up under Martha Gabez's gentle care! She kept him hidden from the townfolk until he had grown to manhood! One day she sent for me...

I'm dyin', Doctor Hawkins! Who will take care of Vincent?

He's old enough to take care of himself now, Martha!

After she died, I worked out a plan of how Vincent could appear on the streets without letting anyone know of his other head...

Do you think it will work, Doctor? Of course, Vincent! Now remember! You carry that basket wherever you go out! It hides your other head!
Vincent had always had control over his other head. He was a good man... Vincent. But his other head was evil...

Doctor Hawkins! Look at me! I haven't slept a wink in four nights! My other head is trying to take over my body!

You must fight it, Vincent!

But Vincent couldn't fight it! Finally, the other head won out! It gained control of Vincent's body...

What'll we do, Doc? The boys must be there by now!

Zeke is night! At that moment, the others are approaching Vincent Gavez's hooch. Suddenly, the door swings open! The men stop in their tracks... horrified!

What the...? Good Lord! He's got—He's got two...

The basket! That's what he'sANNiED the basket!

Indeed... a two-headed Vincent stands in the doorway confronting the men...

What do you men want? Please! For God's sake! Kill us! Kill us! I can't fight him anymore!

And that's my story, kiddies! I hope this little tale has taught you a lesson! There's only one sure way to settle an argument... if you've got two heads! Just blow one of your tops! Now, I return to the old witch!
HERE'S A TOUCHING TALE OF...

HORROR IN THE SCHOOL ROOM

Andy raced breathlessly around the familiar corner! The drab, clapboard school building stood just at the end of the litter-strewn street...

Old... mister Witherspoon'll be... pant...

Mad as... anything... pant...

Andy ran as fast as his little legs could carry him, clutching his school books under his arm! He rushed up to the big oak door of the school and pushed it open... Fifteen minutes late!

Fifteen whole minutes late! Golly, jeezus! Creepers! Mister Witherspoon'll be just... pant... furious!
Down the silent hall Andy hurred until he came to the door of his classroom. He stood outside, trying to catch his breath, and listening.

'Twiddly Andy twisted the knob and swung the big door open slightly! He peered in! Silly Many Jones saw his frightened face and tittered.

Nemmph! And what's it this time Andy? His eyes...

Mr. Witherspoon spun around so that he faced the boy who stood sheepishly in the doorway.

'Sssh! Master Andrew Field so at last you grace us with your presence! Yes, sir?'

Mr. Witherspoon's face reddened! His eyes bulged! Mr. Witherspoon was getting anxious.

Well, don't just stand there! Why are you late? Tell me! Did you meet your friend again?

Yes, sir!

And where were you this time?

Afghanistan, sir!

Mr. Witherspoon's mouth exploded all over his face as he screamed.

Liar! Liar... Liar... Liar!

RD, sir! It's the truth!

Young man! This is the third time this week you've seen late! And each time you've told me a purposeful, deliberate lie! Monday it was China... Wednesday, Italy... and now, Afghanistan!

But I didn't lie! Magoo took me there to all those places!
TELL ME ONCE MORE! JUST WHAT DOES THIS "MAGOG" LOOK LIKE? I TOLD YOU! HE'S BIG... TWICE AS BIG AS YOU. WITH LONG TEETH AND BIG EYES!

AT FIRST I WAS SCARED OF HIM, BUT HE WAS KIND TO ME. AND WHEN HE TOOK ME TO PLACES...

ALL RIGHT! THAT'S ENOUGH! THIS AFTERNOON YOU WILL STAY AFTER SCHOOL...

BUT MAGOG TOLD ME HE'D MEET ME. YOU WILL STAY AFTER SCHOOL UNTIL YOU HAVE WRITTEN 'I WILL NEVER LIE AGAIN!' ONE HUNDRED TIMES!

BUT... HOW DO I STAND IN THE CORNER FOR THE REST OF SPELLING?

ANDY WAS GLAD THAT MEAN OLD MISTER WITHERSPOON MADE HIM STAND IN THE CORNER! THEN HIS CLASSMATES COULDN'T SEE HIS EYES FILLING WITH TEARS.

"MAGOG WON'T WAIT FOR ME... AND I WON'T COME! MAYBE HE'LL GET ANGRY... AND I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!

ANDY'S HAND PAINED HIM A LITTLE AS HE MADE HIS WAY OUT OF THE SCHOOL BUILDING! ONE HUNDRED TIMES IS AN Awful LOT OF WRITING! FASTEN AND FASTEN HIS LITTLE LEGS BEGAN TO MOVE UNTIL HE WAS RUNNING FULL SPEED DOWN THE STREETS...

OH, MAGOG! I HOPE YOU WAITED! I HOPE SO!

THE HOURS DRAGGED BY. AND SOON SCHOOL WAS OVER. THE SILENCE SURROUNDING THE SUNBURG SCHOOL BUILDING WAS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY LAUGHTER AND SCREAMING AS THE CHILDREN ERUPTED FROM THE DOORWAY! BUT INSIDE, ANDY FIELD WAS WRITING HIS FIFTH 'I WILL NEVER LIE AGAIN' HAND...

AND YOU CAN TELL YOUR MOTHER JUST WHY I KEPT YOU! NO! YOU MIGHT MAKE UP SOME FANTASTIC STORY! YOU TELL HER I'LL BE OVER TO SEE HER TOMORROW! I'LL TELL HER MYSELF!

One hundred times
The next day was Saturday. In the afternoon, Andy's mother had a visitor... Andy's teacher, Mr. WITHERSPOON...

ANDY DOESN'T MEAN TO LIE, MISTER WITHERSPOON! IT'S JUST THAT HE HAS A VIVID IMAGINATION! THIS... THIS 'HAGGOS' PERSON JUST SEEMS REAL TO HIM! BUT HE'S SEEN CON tinually LATE FOR SCHOOL! THERE IS NO REASON FOR TARDINESS!

I UNDERSTAND, MRS. FIELD, BUT THAT IS NO EXCUSE FOR HIS LYING!

ANDY IS LONELY, MR. WITHERSPOON! I HAVE TO WORK TO MAKE ENDS MEET! HE DOESN'T SEE MUCH OF ME! PLEASE DON'T BE TOO HARD ON THE BOY!

YOU'RE EXACTLY LIKE EVERY OTHER MOTHER, MRS. FIELD! YOUR LITTLE 'DARLING' IS ALWAYS RIGHT!

WELL, RD STUDENT OF MINE LI ES TO ME I HAVE THE RIGHT TO WHIP THE BOY AND THE NEXT TIME HE LIES TO ME, I WILL!

LONDON, MOTHER! THERE! YOU SEE? HE EVEN LIES TO YOU!

AND YOU'D BETTER NOT WHIP ME, MISTER WITHERSPOON! I TOLD MASDS ALL ABOUT YOU! YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID?

HE SAID IF YOU EVER HARM ME, HE'LL COME AND EAT YOU UP! THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!
Mister Witherspoon turned, poked up his hat, and...

I think you understand my position, Mrs. Field! Good-day!

After Mr. Witherspoon left, Mrs. Field took Andy's hand...

Andy, what am I going to do with you?

Why, Mommy? Did I eat something wrong?

You shouldn't have told Mister Witherspoon about being eaten up!

But, Mommy! That's what Masog said!

Monday dawned bright and clear. June is such a wonderful month for children... So close to summer vacation! Andy hopped out of bed and dressed quickly...

Andy! You're awfully early for school!

I want to be there, if Masog and I decide to go someplace, we'll get back in time!

But, alas... it was nine-thirty when Andy opened the big oak door to the school...

Solly! Solly see late again.

There was an awkward moment of silence as Andy stood in the doorway of the classroom! All eyes were upon him as he entered. Then Mister Witherspoon spoke... You're... late again, Andy!

Masog?

Uh-nuh!
Mr. Witherspoon led Andy into the wardrobe room. He left the door slightly ajar so that the other children could hear. That would assert his authority! There was a sharp snap as the switch came down, and Andy whimpered.

He's whippin' him! Samsung!

DO YOU SEE THE PYRAMIDS? UH-HUH! ARE THE SPHINX? YOU'RE BONNA WHIP ME, ARE YOU, MISTER WITHERSPOON?

Suddenly the schoolroom was filled with an agonizing scream... Cripes! What was that?

The other children rushed from their desks and crowded around the wardrobe room. All that was left of Mister Witherspoon was his right hand... still clutching the switch! It had been chewed off at the wrist!

I told him sob. That Magoo would come and eat him up but he whipped me any way!

The odor to the wardrobe room opened and Andy came out! A tear ran slowly down his cheek...

Hee hee. And that's my tale of Andy and his friend, Magoo. Poor old Mister Witherspoon! He had no imagination! Well, now he believes arot! He's convinced Magoo exists! After all, he's getting the inside story, isn't he? Hee, hee! Now, I'll turn you over to that creep, the vaultkeeper!
THE VAULT OF HORROR!

PFH! NOW THAT YOU'VE FINISHED THAT WISHY-WASHY POT OF GOOK THE OLD WITCH BREWED FOR YOU, I'M SURE YOU'LL WELCOME A REAL HORRIFYING TALE! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I HAVE PREPARED FOR YOU! SO GET READY, FRIENDS BECAUSE THIS NERVE-CRACKING STORY FROM MY PRIVATE LIBRARY TAKES US TO IRELAND, AND GIVES US AN OPPORTUNITY TO HEAR THE TERRIFYING WAIL OF THE HOWLING BANSHEE!

Through the blanket of fog that enveloped the little village of Kildare in Ireland, the sound of footsteps heralded the approach of the stranger to the cottage.
GOOD EVENING! I'M PAT BRADY, FROM AMERICA! ARE YOU...?

WELL! COME IN, LAD! COME IN! T'IS LONG THAT WE'VE WAITED FOR YE!

YOU MUST BE TIM O'SHEA. MY FATHER'S FRIEND! YOU RECEIVED MY CABLEGRAM?

AYE! AYE! AND TIS GLAD I AM THAT YE'LL BE STAYIN' WITH US! COME, SIT DOWN, LAD!

I KNEW YIR PARENTS WELL, PATRICK! TIS SAD THAT THEY DIED WHEN YE WAS SUCH A WEE TOT!

OH? AND WHAT KIND OF WORK WOULD YE BE DOIN'?

WELL... I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I WAS IN THE PUBLISHING FIELD, BUT THINGS DIDN'T GO WELL SO I DECIDED TO TAKE A TRIP FOR MY HEALTH!

FATHER? OH... NOREEN! COME HERE, CHILD! I WANT YE TO MEET PAT BRADY. THE LAD FROM AMERICA! PATRICK, THIS IS ME DAUGHTER.

HELLO, NOREEN. T'TOP O' THE EVENIN' TO YE, PATRICK.

WELL, THAT WAS HOW PAT BRADY ARRIVED IN IRELAND, AND HOW HE MET NOREEN THEY FELL IN LOVE QUICKLY, AND AS TIME PASSED, PAT GREW TO LIKE HIS NEW LIFE...

OH, PATRICK 'TIS SO FOINE YOU'RE DOIN' IN FATHER'S OFFICE!

I KNOW, HONEY. SOON, MAYBE WE WILL BE ABLE TO GET MARRIED!
YES, PAT WAS A HAPPY MAN! THE PEACEFUL CONTENTMENT HE FELT WAS SUCH A WONDERFUL CHANGE FROM THE HECTIC, FRIGHTENED LIFE HE' D LED JUST A SHORT WHILE BEFORE! HE'M BUT HIS HAPPINESS WAS SHORT-LIVED.

NICK! ERNIE!

HI YA, KIO!

YEH! HI YA!

LONG TIME NO SEE!

WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT? WHAT ARE YOU GOING HERE?

...BOSS SENT US, KIO. TOOK US A WHILE TO FIND YOU. TH' BOSS WANTS US TO PAY YOU OFF, KIO.

YEY! BUT GOOD!

NOT I OI ON'T SQUEAL TO THE COPS! IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE! I DIDN'T DO IT!

BOSS THINKS YA DID. HE OON'T LIKE PUNKS THAT CROSS HIM AN THEN COP A BREEZE.

YEH!

BUT YOU WOULDN'T OON'T IT HERE! NOT NOW! THERE'S TOO MANY PEOPLE I KNOW, KIO, I KNOW.

NOT HERE... NOT NOW... BUT SOME TIME, SOMEWHERE TH' BOSS WANTS US T PAY YOU OFF, KIO.

YEY! BUT GOOD!
From that moment on, Pat was a different man. Fear crowded his every hour, and death followed his every step. One evening...

Noreen, I want to tell you something about my past.

Sure, and 'tis willing I am to listen... Wait! What's that?

Nonsense! There's no such thing! 'Tis wrong you are, Pat! I can hear it—wailing and a-howling! Patrick! 'Tis frightened I am!

Cut it out! If you can hear that banshee, then why don't I?

You're not my kin, Patrick. Only certain families have banshees, and 'tis only their kin who are able to hear it!

I have enough worries without you talking like crazy about a banshee!

But, Patrick! I can see that ye don't understand, but 'tis true, 'tis true!

I've heard it before! The last time I heard it was just before me father died. Oh, my Patrick!

What? What did you hear? The banshee! 'Tis the wail of the banshee I heard! Th' saints preserve us. 'Tis our family banshee for—tellin' the death of an O'Shea...

Huts! I tell you there's no such thing!
And whenever he felt safe in the arms of Noreen...

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, PAT BRADY LEAD A HECTIC LIFE...

THWOK!

For Pete's sake, are you going to start that again?

But Patrick! I hear it! 'Tis warning me that an O'Shea will die!

And alone, in the quiet of his room he sat, gun in hand, sweating...starting at even the slightest sound...waiting for what he thought was inevitable.

...another night without sleep? Nick and Ernie are going to come for me sooner or later. What are they waiting for?
WHAT A HONEYMOON!
I'M SO ON EDGE I CAN'T STAY PUT!
WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO BE JITTERY ABOUT?

IT'S NICK AND ERNIE. THEY'VE COME TO KILL ME. THEY'RE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE. I HEARD THEM!

WHAT IS IT? YOU LOOK SO FRIGHTENED!
WHAT'S NICK AND ERNIE? THEY'VE COME TO KILL ME! THEY'RE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE. I HEARD THEM!

'TIS THE BANSHEE! I'M THINKIN' OF IT!
'BANSHEE! BANSHEE! YOU AND YOUR COCK-EYED BANSHEE! YOU LITTLE IDIOT! DON'T YOU KNOW MY LIFE IS IN DANGER? WAIT! I HEARD A NOISE!

WELL, I'M READY FOR THEM! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS! I'LL GO HEET THEM! I'LL BLOW THEIR BRAINS OUT!

OUT INTO THE SILENT DARKNESS WENT PAT. MOVING QUIETLY THROUGH THE FOLIAGE, HE LISTENED INTENTLY FOR ANY SOUND...

BLASTED FOG! I CAN'T SEE A THING! WHA...?

BEHIND ME! SOMEBODY'S MOVING UP BEHIND ME!
That scream! It's the Banshee! It's howling for me! I married an O'Shea! I'm part of the family now! That's why I can hear it now!

Aaaoww. Wooo."

Nick! And Ernie! They're going to kill me! The Banshee's warning me!

...And even if they don't kill me, I'll be hanged for murdering Noreen! (Sob) Either way, I'm done for! There's no use fighting it! (Sob) There's no way out for me!

Huh! Huh! I think that story was a howling success, don't you? Well, what are you gonna do? The O'Shea Banshee certainly called that shot! Poor Noreen. She didn't have much of a marriage! Just a short shriveled end! Well, I'll be lurking for you in my own magazine, The Vault of Horror! Come visit with me, eh? Huh! Huh! Huh!

The End