BACK ISSUES!!

The comic you hold in your hands is part of the chronological, facsimile reprinting of the famous (and infamous!) EC COMICS line of the early 1950s! We started with the first issue of each title and are on our way to the bitter end! Get on the bandwagon, and fill in the gaps in your collection from this backlist!

Each 32-page comic reprints the cover and entire story content of its 1950s predecessor in full comic book color in standard comic book format. They are released on quarterly schedules. Other titles in the line are Vault, Weird Fantasy, Two-Fisted Tales, Haunt, Weird Science, Fantasy and Crime! The backlist on every title represents the same issue span as those illustrated above. See the ad in this comic to subscribe to any or every title!

When ordering, please identify as 32-PG Title Issue #. For example: "32PG Shock #1," 32PG Crypt #1, $3 each (subject to availability). All others up thru #3 $1.50 each. All titles issue #4 and up $2 each. Include $5 per order for S&H ($10 outside US).

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HEE, HEE! GREETINGS, FEAR FANS! IT'S SO NICE TO SEE YOUR FRIGHTENED FACES AGAIN! WHAT ARE YOU SO PALE ABOUT? I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN YET! COME IN! IT'S ME... THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! ARE YOU HUNGRY FOR ANOTHER OF MY TASTY TERROR-TALES THAT I COOK UP IN MY CAULDRON? GOOD! THEN I'LL NOT KEEP YOU DROOLING! I CALL THIS HORROR-HELPING WARTS SO HORRIBLE?

My story has its beginning in a small town that lies peacefully near the banks of the Mississippi River. In his bedroom, CLOVERBY TITUS CRANBERRY raises his head as two seedy looking, poorly dressed young men enter...

AFTERNOON, UNCLE TITUS. HOW'RE YOU FEELIN' TODAY, UNCLE TITUS? HMMMPH! SO IT'S YOU TWO! I CAN'T WAIT FOR ME TO DIE, EH? GOT TO COME AROUND AND HELP...
Old Titus blares at his two nephews...

All you two are interested in is my money!

That's not true, Uncle Titus!

We're worried about you!

Worried you might not get any of it, eh? Well, you can stop worryin', 'cause you're not!

WHA...

But...

Now get out! Get out and let me die in peace!

C'mon, Lem! Yeah, Hank!

As Hank and Lem Cranberry, Old Titus' nephews and only heirs, leave the sick miser's bedroom, we shoot across town to a backyard where two boys are talking.

Don't scratch 'em, Rudy! They'll only get worse!

I can't help it, Chuck! These warts itch! I wish there was some way of gettin' rid of 'em!

Chuck... the fortunate youngster without the troublesome skin irritations, whispers wide-eyed to Rudy.

I'll bet the hermit knows how to cure warts! I'd be scared to ask him!

Why, he ain't so bad.

I'll bet all those things we hear about him are just a pack of lies!

You think so, Chuck? Gee, these warts itch! Do you... really think the hermit might know a way!

C'mon, Rudy! We'll go see him! Whadaya say? Got to lose, huh?

Yeah, what've I got to lose...
Meanwhile, back in his bedroom, old Titus Cranberry greets a new arrival, his life-long legal advisor.

Come closer, Sidney. I can't talk too loud... I'm dyin'.

Sid! I ain't got much longer.

Nonsense, Titus. You've got plenty of years ahead of you! Why, in a couple of weeks...

In a couple of weeks, I'll be dead and those two no-good nephews of mine will inherit my money. My life's savings, almost five thousand dollars.

Well, Titus! They're your legal heirs.

They're not going to get it, understand? Not one red cent! I'll have my money buried with me...

You can't do that, Titus! That'd be against the law.

Then I'll buy somethin' no, I won't with the money a ring! Guess they can't stop me from buyin' buried with my ring, can they?

Title painfully turns over and draws a tin box from beneath his pillow.

Here, Sidney! There's all my money! Buy a diamond ring for me 'spend every dollar on it!

Titus... this is foolishness, Titus...

They're not going to get it, understand? Not one red cent! I'll have my money buried with me...

Let 'em try! Just let 'em try!

Outside old Titus' bedroom, Hank and Clem are eavesdropping.

Oo! You hear that, Clem? The dirty dlo skinflint! Sidney just tipped us how to get what rightfully due!

Don't worry, Hank! Don't worry, Hank! Don't worry, Hank!
Meanwhile, far across the quiet town, Rudy and Chuck are approaching the ramshackle home of the recluse that the townsfolk call 'the hermit.'

I'm scared. C'mon, remember your warts!

In answer to their timid knocks, the battered old door creaks open before the boys and a hairy head peeks out...

EH? What do you P.P. please, Mister Boys wants? Hermit I mean... Sir! We were wondering.

My friend here has got warts something awful!

The hairy figure steps back, motioning the boys to enter the dark interior of his shabby hut. Then he closes the door and sits down. The youngsters eye him uncomfortably...

First, you've got to get an old empty vinegar bottle. Then you must fill it with graveyard stump-water...

Behind the unkempt hair and dirty beard, the recluse's face lights up.

Warts, eh? And you want me to tell you how to get rid of 'em, eh?

Y...yes, Sir! If you can, Sir!

...hold the hand with the warts over the grave stone and pour the stump-water on the hand so that the water runs down the head stone into the soft grave soil.

All this must be done at midnight under a full moon! And if you see or hear anything strange... don't be a-feared! Many weird things 'bear to happen while castin' the witchery of wart-removin'!
Beautiful! See... Gasp. How it sparkles! Now, gasp, remember. Sidney! I am to be buried with this ring! On the table is a written request gasp to that effect.

"Never again." "Never there." Mind? Give it to me quickly! Here, you ass!

The next day Old Titus Cranberry is buried in the town cemetery. Only three men come to pay their last respects: Clem and Hank, his two nephews, and Sidney, his life-long legal advisor.

Meanwhile Chuck and Rudy leave the recluse's shack...

"See, Chuck! The graveyard at midnight, with a full moon!"

Don't tell me you're afraid? Okay... they're your warts...

That night, an almost full moon shines through the bedroom window of Old Titus Cranberry.

"Uncle Titus? Uncle Titus!"

Don't bother, boys! He can't hear you! He's dead!

And as the coffin is being lowered into the yawning grave... far across town, two boys make plans.

These'll be a full moon tonight! Look! See? The paper says so!

Then I'll meet you at eleven-thirty by the cemetery and don't forget an empty vinegar bottle!
That night, at eleven forty-five, two small shadowy figures push open the rusty squeaking gate of the cemetery! One of them carries an empty bottle.

L-l listen CH-CHUCK! My wants haven't been itchin’ me L-lately!

C’mon! It's too late to turn back now!

Silently the two boys move across the soft sod between the tombstones.

L-l-look! There's a stump!

Ah! It’s o-got water in it too!

One of the boys bends and fills the empty vinegar bottle with the foul-smelling, stagnant STUMP-WATER.

FHEE-Yoo! SH-H-H-H!

N-now we got to find a FRESH S-BURIED OLD NISTER CRABBENNY TODY! L-Let's look for H-H-HIS GRAVE!

Soon, the boys reach the soft sable ground, void of grass, that signifies a fresh grave.

IS TH-THIS IT? W-W-Wait! I'll strike a match an' make SH-SH-SURE!

The blow of the match lights up the newly-cut READSTONE.

Titus Crabbenny! Th this IS IT!

Listen!

Drifting across the still wind ahn comes the sound of chimes; the town clock tolling the round of MIDNIGHT!

Go ahead! Hold your hand over the grave-stone and pour.
The stench of the stagnant stump-water burns the boys' nostrils as Rudy pours it out onto his wart-afflicted hand! As the last drops run off onto the gravestone and down into the soft earth...

"There! It's done!"

Panalyzed with fear, Chuck and Rudy crouch behind a gravestone as the light Series! Soon they see it is just a lantern.

"Hey! It's a couple of men! One's got a shovel!"

"Sh-h-h-h! Maybe they're ghosts!"

While one man sets the lantern down next to Titus Cranberry's grave, the other begins to dig...

"See! They're diggin' up old Scared Cranberry!"

Suddenly, a shrill scream shatters the silent blackness around them...
Suddenly a face appears over the edge of the grave, it's chalk-white skin lit by the lantern. L-L-Look! T-Titus Cranberry!

A waken hand reaches out of the black pit and begins scooping the soil back into the grave, while the muffled screams of the two men grow weaker and weaker.

Waxen hand reaches out of the black pit and begins scooping the soil back into the grave, while the muffled screams of the two men grow weaker and weaker.

... Until silence once again falls over the cemetery... Th-the grave's all covered over again... O'now! Let's get outta here!

The boys scramble from their hiding place and dart across the mounds between headstones... toward the rusty gate. Boy, the hermit was right! We certainly did see some strange things.

See... what we saw tonight didn't really happen, did it? It was all part of the witchery, wasn't it? Witchery, nothin' look after all the trouble we went to, I still got my warts! HEE, HEE, well, that's it, kiddies. Of course the two men who tried to dig up Old Titus' grave were Hank and Cleo. Now, they're in it! It wouldn't have done 'em much good if they had managed to steal the ring, though! It's just paste you know how trustworthy legal advisors are! Well, the vault-keeper's waiting to tell you his terror-tale, so I'll turn you over to him.

Oh, by the way, if you haven't as yet ordered all your back issues read my column, The Old Witch's Niche, for all the information!

Forbidden Fruit

The island loomed up on the dawn horizon like a ghostly sea monster floating on the wide expanse of endless ocean. The tiny life-raft bobbed about on the tossing waves. Its two huddled occupants scarcely moving. Then the girl lifted her blonde head and gazed about.

WHY IT'S... MORNING!... MR. BAKER! MR. BAKER! LOOK! AN ISLAND!... WHERE?... OH YES! I SEE IT!... THANK HEAVENS!
The male occupant of the tiny rubber raft began to paddle furiously toward the distant island while the girl began to sos for joy.

"We're safe, missy! SOS... SOS... I simon! Safe! Can't believe it!"

Soon the tiny craft neared its goal, was caught up by the roaring breakers that rolled shoreward, and went speeding on a wave-crest toward the white beach.

"No! Tight, miss simon! This is like riding a surf-board!"

"I've never seen so slad to see anything in my whole life!"

Soon the raft scraped the sand and the two castaways scrambled ashore.

I'll haul it up on the beach, we may need it again.

I'm so hungry and thirsty!

After the raft was pulled up out of the reach of the incoming breakers, the castaways looked about them.

There ought to be wild fruit to eat, don't you think, mr. baker?

Look here, miss simon! I do think we can drop the formality.

After all, one can't be very formal when one is cast away on a desert island with one's attractive secretary, can one?

So let's just forget the 'mr.' and 'miss' business! you can call me dick, and I'll call you rita!

All right, dick! er... do you really think this island is deserted?

I don't think I'd mind very much if it were! in fact I think it would be very interesting!

Oh, now you talk, mr. baker—I mean dick! I j...
Suddenly, Dick caught Rita in his strong arms.

I mean it, Rita! I'm Dick! Almost glad the plane went down! I... I...

Rita darling! Oh, my dearest!

They clung to each other there on the sun-baked beach...

Dick! I've loved you for so long! And you didn't let me know? You little idiot! Did it have to take a plane crash and a night on a raft?

Dick looked about at the foliage bordering the beach...

What is it, Dick? You look puzzled? I am! I don't see any fruit-bearing trees on bushes!

The castaways hurried up to the beach, examining the overgrowth that lined the white stretch of sand.

You're right, Dick! Not a sign of fruit! Usually tropical islands have an abundance of wild fruit! It's impossible! But don't worry! There must be something to eat! Maybe in the interior! Animals.

Lucky I remembered the sun when we abandoned the plane! We haven't much ammunition, but...

Dick followed Rita's stare! Before them, on the beach, was a circle of charred stones and ashes.

The remains of a fire! Then someone is on this island!
The two castaways smiled at each other sheepishly.

Well! At least that means there's food around. Not to mention the company!

Hurry! Let's find him! I'm starved!

Dick and Rita circled the whole island, but they found no one! When they'd returned to their starting point,

That's strange! Looks like we'll have to take to the jungle!

Listen, Dick! Listen!

Dick listened! All that he heard was the surf pounding the beach and the wind in the trees.

I don't hear anything, Rita!

That's just it! Neither do I! That's what's wrong! Not a sound! No birds... no chattering monkeys... nothing!

You're right! I never thought we should be hearing those things! Unless... unless there are no birds... no animals!

Suddenly, Rita gasped! She pointed down at the raft.

Look, Dick! Footprints! Maybe they're ours!

No! See? They came straight out of the jungle... circle the raft then go back!

Our friend. The one who built the fire!

Suddenly, a hoarse, terrifying voice startled the castaways! It came from the thick jungle...

You two! Get in your raft and get away from this island... now...

Who are you?
NEVER MIND. JUST GO! LEAVE THIS HORRIBLE PLACE! GO NOW!

Suddenly, Rita caught a glimpse of flashing grey as something scurried away into the jungle.

Look, Dick! There he goes! G'MON! THAT DEVIL MUST HAVE SOME FOOD!

Dick and Rita plunged into the jungle after the fleeing islander...

Wait! Don't run away! We're starving! Please! Have pity.

Suddenly, Rita caught a glimpse of flashing grey as something scurried away into the jungle.

There was a moment of silence, then the hoarse, raspy, irritating voice behind the stockade began again.

Maybe, maybe after you've heard my story, you won't be so eager to eat this fruit! Will you listen?

The castaways struggled through the jungle painfully! Their inexperience and fatigue hampered their progress. Soon however, they came to a small clearing. In the center of the clearing was a stockade. He must be inside!

The half-starved couple stumbled across the clearing to the stockade. The door was bolted! They rattled and hammered...

Go away. I said! For your own good, go away! Leave this cursed place!

The door was bolted! They rattled and hammered...

There was a moment of silence; then the hoarse, raspy, irritating voice behind the stockade began again.

Maybe, maybe after you've heard my story, you won't be so eager to eat this fruit! Will you listen?

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Wait! Don't run away! We're starving! Please! Have pity.
...I was in the crow's nest when the blast occurred! I was thrown clear of the flames and burning oil...

'Somehow or other I managed to stay afloat, and I was finally washed ashore on this terrible place...

...after you hear my story, you will know why! Six months ago, my ship—an oil tanker—exploded east of this godforsaken place! I was the only survivor! You see.

I soon discovered, as you did, that there were no animals or birds on this island! At first I could find no fruit or vegetables either! But, finally, I stumbled across this stockade and its enclosed fruit tree.

I ate my fill of the sweet-tasting fruit! I wondered who had built the stockade and why. Then, one day I found out! Funny little sores, like moldy growths, began to appear on my hands and face.

In a week, it had brown worse yet. I could not stop eating the tasty fruit! Soon the ugly slime covered my whole body! My skin began to rot! Today six months later well—now you know why I won't let you see me!

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That night, with the signal lamp from the raft, the two starving castaways returned to the stockade! SILENTLY, DICK CLIMBED THE HIGH SPIKED FENCE. Let himself down gently... and opened the gate for RITA...

HORRIBLY, the couple began to eat the TASTY FRUIT! ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY SWALLOWED...

"M-M-M-M! THEY'RE GOOD, AREN'T THEY?"

"I... YAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

DICK SWITCHED ON THE SIGNAL LIGHT AND SHINED IT AT THE APPROACHING FIGURE.

THE SHADOWY FIGURE CAME AT THEN, SCREAMING NOISELY...

"DICK! IT'S HIM! KEEP AWAY YOU FOOL!"

DICK FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIN AT THE HIDEOUS, MOLD-COVERED, ROTTED, FOUL-SMELLING THING! IT STOPPED FOR A MOMENT... THEN SANK TO THE SPOUR... ITS WIDE STARING EYES LIKE PIN POINTS OF LIGHT IN ITS SHAPELESS HEAD...

RITA STARED AT THE HALF-EATEN PIECE OF FRUIT IN HER HAND. THEN AT DICK! DICK STARED BACK! FEELINGS OF NAUSEA AND REVULSION SWEEPED OVER THEM

"HEH, HEH! AND SO MY STORY ENDS! AND IT IS THE END FOR DICK AND RITA, KIDDIES! SOON THE LITTLE SORES WILL BEGIN TO APPEAR... AND THEN... HEH, HEH... WELL, JUST USE YOUR IMAGINATION! BUT IF YOU DON'T HAVE AN IMAGINATION, AND YOU NEED ANOTHER FEAR-FIX, CHECK OUT HOW TO GET MORE EC MAGS! JUST READ THE OLD WITCH'S HIGHE... NEXT IN THIS ISSUE... AND FIND OUT HOW TO GET YOURS! 'BYE, RDW!' DON'T FORGET! KEEP A STIFF..."
Wood, Wood he's pretty good! Feldstein's the best, VK is a pest! and The Old Witch is the best of 'em all.

Tony Lewandowski
Oak Forest, IL

Crypty, Crypty, he's three hundred and fifty! Ghostly's the ultimate; when he puts his skull to lid!
And Tony Lewandowski is...a great guy! (Rats!)

Dear Old Witch,
I just started reading your stories and I LOVE them.
All of your tales are so gruesome and scary. My bones rattle when I read them! I love them at night time especially like 'Diminishing Returns.' Keep up the good work.

Jamie Haynes
Lewiston, CA

Glad you LOVE them? I think you're great! And Tony Lewandowski is greatest! (Still not so good! Rats!)

What's up Old Witch?
I just finished reading HAUNT #6 and it was delicious! "Hounded to Death!" was truly good work.

Shane [on] Mike McKnight and Duane Chandler [or saying that you're ugly]. You are rewriting fifth Beyond ugly. During your many hundred years of rotting you must'vewent through a lot of radioactive changes. Well I still love your little best and yet I am still ordering EC back issues like there isn't any tomorrow! Later you wrinkled nut! (Print address please.)

Shannon Jones
4535 Foote ST NE
Washington, DC 20019

Let's cool it on the reverse-compliments, or for you there WOR'T be any tomorrow! Keep on my good side—keep buyin'!

Dear Old Witch,
I've been collecting your comics for a long time. One year exactly, and so far I've read about the following things: vampires, werewolves, zombies, murderers, mummies and ghouls. But I haven't read about dinosaurs. I think dinosaurs are scary and belong in EC comics, don't you? If you wrote about dinosaurs coming back to life it would make an interesting story. My friends and I like reading about dinosaurs a lot, so please try to fill a dinosaur story into an EC comic book. Your devoted fan.

Joey A. Richardson
Bettendorf, IA

You and your dine-devouring friends should be reading EC's SF titles; WEIRD SCIENCE, WEIRD FANTASY and INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION (formerly WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY). That's in addition to, not instead of! That way, you have your carpea and sat it too!

Joey A. Richardson, the "good-guy" list of The Witch! I'm on! And, Tony Lewandowski—it's only you!..and he said! (Success!)

Dear Old Witch,
I'm writing to you because you are so much scarier than VK and CK. I can't believe The CK has his own show and you and VK don't! Here are some questions I would really appreciate it if you answered them really well. The first question is, is there a very possible chance that you and VK will get your show? The second question is, can you make powerful spells without your pot? The third question is, are you powerful enough to make a spell that will make you invincible? The last question is, can you kill people or destroy things with lightning or anything from your hands? Thank you. Mrs. Witch!

Andy Park
Los Angeles, CA

Well, I had an offer to put me on the tube, came to find out what they said was a show with me would go DOWN the TUBES!

Well, I use my CAULDRON (not POT!) to start some stories for you little ghouls. I cast spells at my leisure. Unfortunately, the Anonymous Editor has—Spell-Check!

Well, I can make myself invisible. The real imponderable is, can I then make something that can hurt me?!

Well, my hands are pretty powerful—'cause I have a Fistful of Dollar!

I hope I have answered these, uh, well—OW

Dear VK CK. OW

You guys are the best! Especially you CK, you usually have the best stories. (WHAT?)

I just finished reading THE VAULT OF HORROR #3. I loved "Daddy Lost His Head!!" and "Reunion!!" by OW.

I like your comics because you don't have to get into the complicated and at times even boring networks of superhero comics (I'm not saying all superhero comics are bad, just most of them.)

Hey, guys, why don't you get those furry moles removed from your noses (I know a good plastic surgeon!) And you might want to try getting a toothbrush.

Please print my whole address so that other fans can write to me. I'd love to hear from them. I'm a boy 15 [years old]. A fellow cartoonist.

Erik Van Drimmelen
548 Saint Nick DR
Memphis, TN 38117

DESPITE your misguided tolerance of those other GHOULUSTRAS, I'm glad you liked "Reunion!!". Remember, 25% at both their tapid titles is a story by ME, making them worth the price of admission. —OW

NEXT ISSUE

THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi
Publisher—Russ Cochran

Oh, by the way! The city's got another unidentified corpse for us to bury!! What'll we charge?

DURBE LUCRATIF VIE BUSINESS, EH CHARLIE?
Dear Russ

I am writing to tell you of a video that I happened to come across called "The Screaming Woman." It is a movie by Ray Bradbury, and I think it is pertinent to us who devour your comics.

I have a question for the authors and artists of the stories that get into your comics. Do you have any biographical information on any of them (for example when they were born, etc.)? I have drawn or written for how long they worked with EC etc.? I guess since I work at a library I like to know the background of what I am reading and enjoying.

Since I had my letter printed in June I have got very interesting letters from a man in Texas, Washington, someone named Francis from Singapore a girl from Cincinnati who just got her letter published in August issue of VAULT and last but not least a man from Canada. Thank you for printing my address. I love getting mail that is not a bill.

Patty Drummond

I am second to none in being happy about the success of Revelst's Ray over the years. That ole' screaming woman screams for EC in CRIME 18, a bit more than a year from now. But if you can't wait, get 64-page RCP CRYP, $2, a copy plus ad like this says at the bottom of this column.

(Hey, Witchie, perhaps we need to re-run the original EC "Artist of the Issue" features, they would be a good primer on the EC personnel. - Edward W. Amen)

Maybe you're right, keyboard-ly. Meantime, thanks to Patty for the puzzle we've run elsewhere in this column.

Greetings my beloved goddess.

After years of pant-up emotions which have gradually fed upon my weak love-stricken innards. I've finally built up enough courage to write to the woman who could make my brain deranged with passion and my stomach regurgitate my wafflies at the same time.

Now my comment on the tales in HAUNT. I don't do the flashy Shammy with my guts wrapped around my ankles when I noticed that "Diminishing Returns" credits were unknown. But I have a feeling it was you, my dear Old Witch, who wrote it and illustrated that tale for insignificance. You'd be proud to express your true feelings for me.

Do have one complaint, though: there are only 7 portraits of ya in the issue! To relieve my internal suffering you should print pins of yourself which we can remove without damaging our cherished comics! I'm only saying this 'cause yer heebie-jeebie inducing mug is the reason why I purchase yer book and the only reason I haven't placed my head in my wafflie-iron! So my repulsive, earwig-swilling hag of a woman please lock into that black cunningly mounted behind your face ya call a heart and give me a reply—cause I think I'll be having wafflies very soon. Very devoted miscreant.

Ivo musa XOXOX

Problem solved, loverboy: buy extra copies of my comics and cut out the piece of me for your wafflies! Sorry about the wafflies, I'm not at my best at breakfast.

Are those 'hugs and kisses' after your signature (or is your last name the same as my favorite Southerner? - Edward W. Amen)

Dear Russ,

CRIME #5 is the only CRIME I have, because I had a picture I drew in it. The last story was called "Partially Dissolved!!!"

It was told by The Old Witch. I was wondering if it will be in a future issue of CRYP, HAUNT or VAULT? I hope it will because I'd have to buy all the back issues (CRIME) because I want all the stories of CRYP, HAUNT and VAULT.

Eric Kammen

Richmond, VA

Ahh! EC did re-run a few [a VERY few] stories, my stories in CRIME (superheaded "The Haunt of Fear" stories, everywhere else I called 'em "The Witch's Cauldron") were NOT re-run anywhere else! To get them (and some every one had Haasty art, so you GOTTA have 'em) you gotta get CRIME SUSPENSTORIES! Pretty tricky, huh? - Edward W. Amen

SEARCH-A-WORD PUZZLE

PATTY DRUMMOND, MARTINS FERRY, OH.

CRIME #1

The Silencer

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More items of general EC interest, collected into this special column called... 

**FAN CLUB NEWS!**

**PRESENTED BY THE VAULT-KEEPER**

I was going through a price guide when I found they had made a Tales from the CRYPT OF TERROR in 3D. 'Til me are you going to reprint it or do we have to pay over three hundred dollars for one? Please print my address.

Jan Sasebee POB 2566 Eton, GA 30724

Is there a possibility that you might reprint the EC titles THREE DIMENSIONAL TALES FROM THE CRYPT OF TERROR and THREE DIMENSIONAL EC CLASSICS? As a collector of your reprints and a 3D enthusiast I'd really enjoy seeing them back in print. Why not let some other EC FanAddicts decide by inviting their letters of support?

John Robinson Halifax NS

The two books (John's letter lists the official wording of the titles) were EC's only published 3D material. A third (3D) book was not published but was prepared. We want to do them in hardback someday; maybe after that they'd appear in 32-pg comics. —VK

Dear Tale-Telling Ghouls

I enjoy all your comics very much. After buying several other [reprints] that were printed out of order, I came upon the actual [in order] reprints I know the total plan is to reprint all CRYPT VAULT and HAUNT, but do you also plan to reprint all three TALES OF TERROR ANNUALS too? If so, please tell me so I can have all the horror comics that you publish.

Say hi to Russ and tell him to stop writing notes to The Old Witch in crayon.

Eric Gravie Burlington, WI

With the exception of the cover art, the contents of EC's Annual contained no new material. The 'guts' were four reissues (presumably de-covered) copies of back issues chosen from within a theme but otherwise random. Thus, it would be pointless—as well as impossible—to reprint them! The official titles were: TALES OF TERROR (3 issues), WEIRD SCIENCES-FANTASY (2 issues) and TWO-FISTED ANNUAL (2 issues).

Hey, EC FanAddicts! This is your last chance to receive a FREE (yes, you read that right) issue of CRYPT OF FEAR. Many corpses have already risen from the graves and snatched up most of the copies but we still have about 40-50 copies left for those of you who you missed out! We discuss EC's wonderful horror work in our first deadly issue. So don't delay! Dig out of your grave while the dirt's still fresh and pull up a cruddy cardboard to write on, then we can send CRYPT OF FEAR to your own vault or crypt.

Send name and address (and anyone else of interest—perhaps your mother-in-law's severed tongue or your schoolteacher's bloody Yardstick?) to

Sam Kingston a 30 Ivy Dr. HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR midvale, UT 84047

Dear Vault-Keeper,

November 1948 I walked into Murphy's candy store and bought a copy of WAR AGAINST CRIME. You VK were on page one, hunched over on a stone throne deep in the VAULT OF HORROR, croaking your finger at me, a 9-year-old kid and saying "Come closer" I did.

Good News! The third issue of GOOD LORD!, the official newsletter/fanzine of the EC REGISTER. has just been released by ABNER DOON PRODUCTIONS, a non-profit organization of Ghoul-Lurking Helpers. We are looking for VK devotees (like me and Abner), C-K freaks OW minions SCHI-EI cats MAD lovers SHOCK WAVES and CRIME fans REPRINT addicts EC ORIGINAL COLLECTORS, EC ORIGINAL ART COLLECTORS PRE-TREND, NEW TREND and NEW DIRECTION dudes in short anyone of any age with any interest in EC comics. Anyone who wishes to join us, hah-hah has only to send a stamp to the EC REGISTER ABNER DOON PRODUCTIONS 3801 Atlantic Avenue Margate City NJ 08402

Christopher Cook, Gilmore

Below is a re-run of the dope on another fan's project; just in case anyone missed it from a previous column.

"I wish to start a dream of mine: THE NATIONAL EC FAN CLUB. In my club, all serious EC fans will receive great benefits including a one year (six-issue) subscription to the club a official fanzine—THE NATIONAL EC BULLETIN! Membership to the club costs $14.00. This money is just sufficient to cover the publication costs, I make no profit! If you decide you want to join and don't have $14.00 (US Currency) you may send just enough for your subscription ($12.00) and send the extra two bucks for your membership package later on.

Also, if you are worried the club magazine SUCKS you can order a sample issue for $2.00

THE INTERNATIONAL EC FAN CLUB

c/o Philip M Smith President/Founder
5847 Colgate St
Philadelphia, PA 19120


You have my permission to publish my address

Vinny Bellzla, Jr
528 2nd AV
North Brunswick, NY 08902 3316

I read with interest the letter by Phil Smith that suggested starting an EC Fan Club. I'd like to pass along an idea. There is a book called "Organized Obsessions" by Deborah M. Bureh and Martin Connors that lists 1001 offbeat associations, fan clubs and societies you can join. From the Abbott and Castello Fan Club to Rock Horror fan clubs they are all there.

Write to Organized Obsessions c/o Visible Ink Press 835 Fenoscott Building Detroit, Michigan 48226-4084 Send them the full name of your group, include your address with zip telephone number with area code and fax if possible. Write a page of information about your group and send along any brochure or leaflet you have. With any luck, it'll end up in the next edition. That's not one listing yet on comic clubs. Shouldn't I EC be among the first?

Phil Marsh Sunnyside, CA

And you-all that WE were weird? —VK

Write to this department like so: FAN CLUB NEWS! RUSS COCHRAN, POB 468, WEST PLAINS, MO 65775.

We welcome letters of opinion. We cannot guarantee publication or promptness, but we will do our best to be thorough and fair. Any submission, written or graphic, and no longer than five pages, will be acknowledged. We reserve the right to edit all letters submitted to do so as we need to, i.e. the editor may change your name to fit space or whatnot.
Harriet turned the corner into the familiar tenement block. It was deserted! Gaping black windows, like eye-sockets in heaped skulls, stared out at the littered sidewalks. Harriet's high heels rapped a staccato as she hurried by beneath the lone street-lamp...

She turned into an alley as a clock somewhere out in the sleeping city tolled three mournful wails. Signifying the early morning hour! She moved past battered ashcans alive with grey, fast-moving forms...and finally stopped before a shabby door! She raised her tiny fist and knocked heavily! No sound came from within...

"Bel Must Be Asleep! He Doesn't Expect Me...So Soon! Thank God I'm Through!"

Harriet knocked again. Louder this time! Inside, someone finally stirred! Heavy footsteps approached! In a moment she'd be in Mel's arms...At last! As she waited for the rotted door to swing open, Harriet's thoughts went back...back to the beginning. The whole thing had started a year ago...in that very alley...

"This is it, Harriet! It's pretty dismal, I guess, but at least we'll start our marriage with a roof over our heads..."

"Oh, no, Mel! No!"
"Yes, Mel had proposed to her that night! He'd asked her to marry him! Then, he'd brought her there.

No, Mel! You can't expect me to live in this rotten hole!"

But, Harriet! I'll only be for a while! Till I get started.

She'd been shocked! Oh, sure, Mel was a nice guy. Young, good looking! But to begin a marriage in that miserable hovel.

I'm sorry, Mel! Look me up again. When you can offer me something better!

Yes, Mel had caught up with her. Pleased with her.

But, you said not that much, you loved money! Not enough for that!

That was how it'd begun! Harriet remembered it all so clearly! She'd left Mel standing in the mouth of the garbage-strewn alley, and had caught a bus uptown.

That's all, brother! I've had enough! I'm fed up to here with furnished rooms and tenements!

Suddenly, she'd gotten a crazy urge to see the inside of one of those Park Avenue palaces! She'd sauntered past a suspicious doorman. Stepped into a self-service elevator. And pressed the button marked 'penthouse'! When the elevator had stopped, she'd gotten off! Music and laughter exploded as she opened the door.

Looks like someone's having a party...

She'd gotten off somewhere close to Park Avenue! Absently, she'd made her way toward it. Gazping up at the luxurious apartment windows longingly...

It's money I'm after now! Money and all the things it can buy... like those plush pent-houses up there... and cars... and servants!

No one had even noticed her come in! They were all too busy having a good time! She'd hesitated on the terraced entrance... almost ready to turn and run. When...

Well! Don't just stand there! Come on down! Have a drink! Th... thank you!
Harriet smiled to herself as she waited for Mel to come to the door. That was when she had first met Henry.

"May I drive you home, Harriet?"

"Of course, Henry!"

Henry was old... in his fifties! But he was rich! As he'd driven her downtown in his Cadillac...

"Strange that I've never met you before, Harriet!" "I'd love it, Henry!"

"Stranger that I've even met you before, Harriet!"

"May I see you again? Bay, dinner tomorrow?"

Henry was old... in his fifties. But he was rich! As he'd driven her downtown in his Cadillac...

"Strange that I've never met you before, Harriet!"

"I'd love it, Henry!"

"Strange that I've even met you before, Harriet!

"How about a midnight cap at my place?"

"Sounds all right to me!"

"Did you see when she first saw Henry's beautiful, extensively furnished apartment that Harriet had made up her mind! She was going to marry the old coozer.

"Like it?"

"Oh, Henry! It's breathtaking..."

And so she'd become Mrs. Henry Masterson, wife of the famous research biologist.

I'll be at my laboratory if you want to call me, Harriet! Good-bye, darling!

At first it had been exciting! New clothes, shopping, fine jewelry, her own car!

But after a while, Henry's age began to tell."

"If you want to call me, Harriet."

"Good-bye."

"Not tonight, Harriet!"

"I've got a hard day at the lab!"

"No right-club tonight!"

But, Henry!

There's a new show! You promised..."
Then after a while the thrill had worn thin.
Harriet was bored stiff.

I had the strangest reaction to a hormone extract today, gear!
My longevity experiments.

Longevity? Why don't you do something about yourself? Look at you!
You're an old man!

Harriet: Look at me! I'm young! I want to enjoy life! Instead, we sit home night after night...

in this big expensive barn!

And then one day while Henry was away at his lab...
MEL! MEL, DARLING!

HELLO, BABY!

She'd flung herself into Mel's arms... kissed him again and again...

Oh, Mel? I've missed you so...

Yeah, I'll be there...

And then Harriet had thought of it! A plan! A wonderful wonderful plan.
Don't be alarmed, honey! I'm doing it for us!

US! THAT'S A LAUGH!

Oh, Mel! Really? Henry's richer than you'll ever be! I married him for his dough! When I get it you... you wouldn't kid me, would you, baby?

Look, Mel? It's going to be easy! I'll get him to sign over his holdings to me... little by little! And when I have it all, I'll ditch him! Then it'll be just you and me... on easy street!

You're serious, aren't you?
DEAD SERIOUS, HONEY! CMERE, YOU LITTLE SHE-DEVIL!

THAT NIGHT, HARRETT HAD BEGUN HER INSEDIUS CAMPAIGN...

THAT'S RIGHT, HENRY! I DON'T I'M GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP!

I'LL INCREASE YOUR ALLOWANCE! I'LL TRANSFER SOME MONEY TO YOUR ACCOUNT? PLEASE.

SERIOUS,) c'mere, you I'LL INCREASE HOUR ALLOWANCE.'

TRANSFER SOME (NONET TO ACCOUNT)' PLEASE. I NEED YOU ...

LITTLE SHE-EVIL THAT'S RIGHT, HENRY, I'M GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP. —IT'S GOING TO BE A WHILE, MEL.' THERE'S STILL HIS STOCKS AND BONDS. I'M NOTHINS, HENRY' C TOP HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO OFFER ME. I WOHN'T LET YOU GO/ I CAN'T. I'D BE NOTHING WITHOUT YOU! MY WHOLE ACCOUNT! YOU CAN HAVE THE WHOLE THING. I CAN WAIT, HARRETT YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME WHEN IT'S DONE... A RO MEL'D KEEP COMING.. CHECKING HER PROGRESS...

SHE'D KEPT IT UP! SHE'D PLAYED ON HIS EMOTIONS, HIS EGO, HIS INSECURITY...

I'M YOUNG, HENRY! YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO OFFER ME.

IT'S GOING TO BE A WHILE YET, MEL! THERE'S STILL HIS STOCKS AND BONDS. I CAN'T STOP YOU. I'M TAKE THE MORNING TRAIN TO RENO! YOU'RE USELESS TO ME, NOW!

THEN ONE EVENING

I'M FEQ UP, HENRY! FEQ UP! YOU'RE OLD! I HAVE NO SECURITY! WHAT IF YOU SHOULD SUDDENLY DIE?

MY BONDS! MY STOCKS! YOU CAN HAVE THEM ALL! JUST STAY WITH ME, DARLING! DON'T LEAVE ME PLEASE...

SO SHE'D BOTTEN IT ALL! EVERY CENT? THEN TONIGHT SHE'D TOLD HIM.

I'M THROUGH, HENRY! I'M TAKING THE MORNING TRAIN TO RENO! YOU'RE USELESS TO ME, NOW!

I CAN'T STOP YOU I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO OFFER YOU!
WHILE SHE WAS PACKING, HE'D ENTERED HER ROOM WEEKLY, CARRYING A TRAY.
I GUESS I'M JUST AN OLD SENTIMENTAL FOOL. HENRY! HARRIET! BUT—WILL YOU DRINK A FAREWELL TOGETHER?

THE SHABBY DOOR SWUNG OPEN! A THIN BLADE OF LIGHT SLICED THROUGH THE DARKNESS. MEL STARED AT HER.
WHY DID YOU DO THIS? WHO IN HELL ARE YOU?

MEL SLAMMED THE DOOR! HARRIET STOOD THERE, SHOCKED! SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT! SHE FUMBLED IN HER BAG AND PULLED OUT A MIRROR, SHE STEPPED OUT INTO THE LIGHT FROM THE STREET-LAMP AND LOOKED AT HER FACE.

MEL! IT'S ME! HARRIET! STOP CLOWNING!

HEE, HEE! YEP! HENRY DECIDED THAT HARRIET HAD TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON! SO HE SPIKED HER FAREWELL DRINK WITH A HORMONE HE'D DISCOVERED AN AGING HORMONE! RIGHT NOW, HENRY'S SITTING IN HIS PLUSH APARTMENT WAITING FOR HARRIET! DON'T WORRY, RIDDLES! SHE'LL BE BACK! REMEMBER HENRY LOVES HER! HE'LL BE ABLE TO TOLERATE HER REPULSIVE OLD FACE! OF COURSE, SHE'S NOT AS DISGUSTING AS I AM! NO ONE COULD BE! IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEE ME SOME MORE BE SURE AND SUBSCRIBE AND GET ALL MY BACK ISSUES! READ THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE, AND FIND OUT HOW TO GET 'EM! BUT I HEAR THE CRYPT-KEEPER PANTING WAITING TO TELL HIS HORROR STORY... SD, 'BYE HOW!

THE GORILLA'S PAW!

FLOYD STOOD OUTSIDE THE CURIO SHOP WINDOW BAZING IN AT THE WEIRD ASSORTMENT OF OBJECTS THAT CROWDEO EVERY AVAILABLE INCH OF DISPLAY SPACE! AS HIS EYES MOVED FROM ONE ARTICLE TO THE NEXT, FLOYD BEGAN TO FEEL DIZZY! IT WASN'T THAT THE CURIORS WERE FRIGHTENING! FLOYD COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THEN HE LOOKED UP! BEHIND THE WINDOW DISPLAY STOOD THE SHOP-KEEPER, STARING AT HIM WITH SMALL, WRINKLED, BEADY EYES...

WHAT'S THE OLD BUZZARD BARKING AT ME FOR? DO I LOOK LIKE I'VE BEEN CRAZY ENOUGH TO BUY SOME OF THIS JUNK? HE... MUH? HE'D MOTIONING FOR ME TO COME IN!
At first Floyd was tempted to turn away... but the look on the old shopkeeper's face was one of grim concern, so he shrugged and entered the shop. As he opened the door, a bell tinkled somewhere in the near...

The foul odor of staleness and dusty decay seared Floyd's nostrile. He looked about the dank interior of the shop...

Listen, Mister! I'm not in the market for anything...

But I have something I think you'll want.

The old man lifted a strong wooden box from a drawer and placed it on the counter. Floyd turned to it...

Wait! Just look at it! That's all I ask!

The shopkeeper took a key from his pocket and unlocked the small oak chest. He lifted back the lid...

Good Lord! What in blazes is that disgusting thing?

It's a Mummified Gorilla paw, my friend! A rare specimen! I'll sell it cheap.

And what in the world would I want with a ugly mummified paw?

That's up to you! If you want to buy it, it's twenty-five dollars... without the chest! That's extra!

Floyd shook his head and started for the door...

Twenty-five bucks... for that monstrosity! Not me. Old man! Find yourself another sucker!

I...I wish you'd buy it!

Floyd stopped in his tracks at the old man's words. He slouched down at the mummified gorilla paw. A strange feeling came over him. He lifted the brawny extremity from the box and studied it. There was something about it that fascinated him...

Then... you'll take it? Y...yes! I'll take it! I...I like it!
Floyd paid the old man the twenty-five dollars and pocketed the mummified paw. Then he left the shop. Soon he arrived at the run-down tenement where he lived. Once in his room, he flung the paw on the bureau and cursed...

I must have been crazy! I don't know what got into me! Twenty-five bucks for that horrible thing! Why did I do it? I wish I hadn't bought it...

Floyd undressed, turned out the light and went to bed. During the night he was awakened by a scratching sound... but, thinking it was a cat, turned over and fell back to sleep! The next morning when he awoke... what the...? The gorilla paw! It's covered by something! It... it looks like... money!

Floyd rushed to the bureau, lifted the crisp bills from the hairy paw and counted them...

There's... twenty-five dollars here!

Floyd stared at the money and then at the mummified limb. He scratched his head...

Grimes! I didn't put this dough here! I wonder where...

Later that day, Floyd met his two best friends outside their favorite hangout: the pool-room. Floyd didn't mention a word about his latest purchase for fear of being ribbed...

Hey, Eddie! I'm hungry! How 'bout you, Floyd?

Hey, not me, Joe! Me neither, Joe!

Joe, Floyd's hungry friend, spied an umbrella-covered push-cart approaching...

Oh, boy! Look! Hot-dogs! I'm gonna get me a couple!

Not from that guy, Joe! That's junk! He sells you'll get sick!

But Joe didn't heed Floyd's warning! When his hunger had subsided, he had devoured four hot-dogs of questionable quality from the push-cart.

Soon, however...

Ooohhh! I don't feel so hot! These 'dogs' didn't agree with me! My stomach...

You see? You wouldn't listen to me! I told you they were junk! Wish you didn't have a stomach! Then you wouldn't be hungry all the time.
Later that night, Floyd returned to his room. He looked around, something was different. Then he realized what it was...

"The gorilla paw! It's gone! Somebody swiped it!"

Floyd undressed and got into bed. There certainly are some strange things happening around here. First, I get my twenty-five bucks back, then, the paw's stolen. Aw, what do I care? I didn't like the ugly thing anyway!

But the next morning when Floyd awoke... Well, I'll be. That blasted gorilla paw is back on the bureau!

Floyd picked up the mummified limb and turned it over and over, examining it...

Whoever swiped this thing got it all dirty! It's covered with muddy stains. It looks as though...

Floyd opened up quick. It's Eddie!

Floyd slipped the stained paw into the top drawer of the bureau and opened the oor! Eddie stood there breathless...

Floyd! Joe's dead! They found him in his room! It... it was horrible!

What happened to him, Eddie? Tell me!

I see him. It was like he was attacked by an animal. His belly was ripped open and his guts...

Freddy suddenly coughed and hurried into the lavatory. Floyd turned toward the bureau. His eyes wide with horror, he opened the top drawer and stared at the stained gorilla paw...

Freddy? You... you remember yesterday when I wished Joe didn't have a stomach, so he wouldn't be hungry any more?
That night, Floyd put the mummified gorilla paw in his pocket and went downtown to the curio shop. When he entered, a dark, tall man greeted him.

"Yes, sir? What can I do for you this evening?"

"WHERE. WHERE'S THE OLD MAN? I WANT TO SEE HIM!"

Floyd was trembling as he left the curio shop. He moved down the deserted street, musing to himself.

"Those stains on the gorilla paw! They're... blood-stains! Joe's blood! The thing is..."

"DON'T MOVE, BUDDY! THIS IS A GUN IN MY HAND!"

"...I've got a couple of bucks on me, mister! You can have 'em, only don't shoot!"

"Hand over that wrist watch young man is wearing! That looks like it's worth something!"

The hold-up man scratched Floyd's watch and the money, and fled.

"BLAST IT! I DON'T MIND THE COUGH, BUT I WISH HE HADN'T TAKEN MY WATCH! I GOOD LORD!

Floyd reached into his pocket.

"The gorilla paw! It's gone?"

"The next morning, when Floyd awoke, the gorilla paw lay on its usual place on the bureau and beside the stiff mairy limb was...

"The watch! It brought back my watch! And it. It's covered with blood!"
Suddenly, as Floyd watched, the mummified lion's paw grew limp! A finger twitched—then another! It began to move slowly, painfully, toward the edge of the bureau. As it slid along, crawling by use of its wriggled fingers, it made a scratching sound. 

The paw slipped off the edge of the bureau and fell to the floor! Then it began to move, dragging itself along, toward the table with the radio on it! Floyd stared at the crawling thing, horrified! Suddenly he couldn't stand it anymore! He screamed at it, "Stop! I wish you to stop!"

The radio blared on! The hand stiffened! Then Floyd realized that a news broadcast was in progress! The newscaster's voice filled Floyd's ears.

A small-time hold-up man was found this morning in an alley-way! His hand had been savagely ripped off at the wrist! The coroner's report says the hoodlum died of fright. Not loss of blood! Police, today, have begun...
FLOYD RUSHED TO THE PHONE.
He dialed the poolroom.

LENNY SPOKE TO EDDIE.
Quick! Hello, Eddie? This is Floyd! Listen, and
listen carefully...

FLOYD TOLD EDDIE THE WHOLE STORY.
And the paw does what—
ever I wish? What would
I do, Ed? Should I tell
the cops? What?

DON'T BE A FOOL,
Floyd! If it's true,
you're set!

WHY YOU COULDN'T
WISH FOR DOUGH.
Plenty of
doors! Ten
gangs! You
can be rich?
you'd be crazy
to go to the
cops?

TED! You're
RIGHT.
Eddie! I
never thought
of that!
I'm a dope!
I wish I
had your
brains!

FLOYD HUNG UP AND TURNED TO THE PAW.

GOOD GOD! IT'S GONE AGAIN!
WHERE? WHY?

THAT NIGHT, AS FLOYD CURSED HIMSELF FOR
LOSING THE PAW, A SCRATCHING SOUND CAME
FROM HIS ROOM! He flung it open...

IT'S THE GORILLA PAW! It's dragging
A SACK! What in the world
COULD IT BE?

SUDDENLY, FLOYD FELT THE GORILLA
PAW SPRING TO
His back, and
work its way
up to his neck.
The last thing Floyd
remembered before
everything went black,
was the excruciating
pain in his
head, as though
his skull were
being crushed...

OUCH! IT LOOKS LIKE
BRAINS!

AAAAAAAH!

SUDDENLY, FLOYD
WANTED TO ORDER
YOUR BACK ISSUES! THE
OLD WITCH'S NICHE
HAS ALL THE INFO!
BYE NOW! WE'LL ALL SEE
YOU NEXT IN MY WAB,
TALES FROM THE
CRYPT!

HEH, HEH! YEP! FLOYD GOT HIS
LAST WISH, TOO! He did end
up with Eddie's brains! Not
that they could do him much
GOOD! Well, it just shows
you! You shouldn't blow
your top over a good thing!
ON, BY
THE WAY! KEEP AN EYE
OUT FOR THAT GORILLA
PAW! WHEN YOU FIND
IT, YOU'LL WISH YOU
HADN'T, AND DON'T
FORGET TO ORDER YOUR
BACK ISSUES! THE
OLD WITCH'S NICHE
HAS ALL THE INFO!
BYE NOW! WE'LL ALL SEE
YOU NEXT IN MY WAB,
TALES FROM THE
CRYPT!
YOU SAY IT'S A 45-MINUTE BUS TRIP, WITH A TRANSFER, TO THE COMIC BOOK SHOP? YOU SAY IT'S A HARROWING 30-MINUTE DRIVE ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE MALL, AND THEN A 30-MINUTE MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE TO FIND A PARKING PLACE? YOU SAY YOUR TOWN DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A COMIC BOOK SHOP OR BOOKSTORE? IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUNKY? WELL, THEN, YOU SHOULD

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