
HORROR WE? HOW'S BAYOU?

The moss-laden cypress trees that line the rutted bayou road seem to part... and an old plantation house, weatherbeaten and faded, looms up in the car's headlight beams! Its columned portico leers ominously, like some gigantic fanged monster squatting in the road, blocking the automobile's further progress! Off in the distance a swamp bird screams into the night, as if laughing at the driver's discomfort...

BLAST IT! THIS ROAD ENDS HERE! BUT I'M SURE THAT SIGN BACK THERE POINTED THIS WAY...
The large brass door-knocker resounds hollowly inside the once glorious house. Footsteps approach and the heavy oak front door creaks open...

"Yes? How do you do? My name is Forman. Max Forman. I must have made a wrong turn a few miles back...

The car door swings open and a young man steps out! He strides toward the run-down mansion... "There's a light shining through one of those shuttered windows! That means someone's living there! Perhaps they can give me directions..."

The door opens wide, revealing a small, sad-eyed, middle-aged man...

"Come in! Mr. Forman! Come in! My, I'd gone to bed! I'd given up for tonight!"

"Given up waiting for someone like you to come along, Mr. Forman? You see, I switched that sign down there so you'd make the turn into our road..."

"I... I don't understand."

"But what's that got to do with me?"

"Everett is mad, Mr. Forman! That's why we live out here in the bayous! He is dangerous..."

"But... Why... Why... Me? Choke..."

"For Everett, Mr. Forman! Everett...my brother. Every so often he gets difficult... and I have to promise him things..."

"What's that got to do with me?"

"Everett is mad, Mr. Forman! That's why we live out here in the bayous! He is dangerous..."

"But... Why... Why... Me? Choke..."

"Given up? I... I didn't understand."

"You... you did that... on purpose... why?"
EVERETT HAS A STRONG DESIRE TO KILL, MR. FORMAN! THIS DESIRE CANNOT BE UNSATISFIED FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME! IF IT DOES... HE MAY TURN ON ME!

YOU'RE... YOU'RE JOKING! THIS IS SOME SORT OF GAG!

IF YOU WILL LOOK BEHIND YOU, YOU WILL SEE THAT THIS IS NO JOKE, MR. FORMAN!

GASP!

UN-HUHH... FOR EVERETT? FOR ME?

YES, EVERETT FOR YOU... UN-HUHH... KEEP AWAY...

UN-HUHH! UN-HUHH!


KEEP AWAY!

THE SCREAMING PROTESTS OF THE YOUNG MAN DIE IN A CHOKEHOLD AS THE LUMBERING MANIAC'S VICE-LIKE FINGERS CLOSE AROUND HIS NECK...

UN-HUHH! UN-HUHH!

TAKE HIM AWAY EVERETT! TAKE HIM DOWN INTO THE CELLAR! I DON'T WANT TO SEE!

THE ELDER MAN WATCHES AS HIS YOUNGER MAD BROTHER SWINGS THE PROSTRATE FORM OF THE STRANGER OVER HIS MASSIVE SHOULDERS AND MOVES OFF THROUGH THE MUSTY OLD MANSION...

I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU DISMEMBER HIS BODY.

UN-HUHH... UN-HUHH...
Releasing the emergency brake, the elder brother leaps out, and the car rolls forward into the sucking bog, sinking slowly from sight. Beyond, from the mansion, a sickening shriek of laughter echoes into the bayou night.

Poor Everett. Well, perhaps this will satisfy him... for a while, at least!

Later, the door to the old plantation house opens and the elder brother comes out... now to get rid of the car...

The car leaps forward with a loud grinding of gears, down an overgrown path, finally stopping before a shimmering yellow pool. The quick-sand pool will swallow up all traces of it...

Finally the car has disappeared below the surface of the rolling quicksand pool! The elder brother moves back through the bayou overgrowth to the mansion! Everett stands in the open doorway, breathing heavily! His hands are blotched red...

I'm finished! Sidney! Come... see! N-no, thank you, Everett! Just put what's left of him in the sack, as usual.

Everett lumbers off and returns shortly after, a large blood-stained sack swung over his shoulders...

He... he was a doctor, Sidney! I found his card! I don't like doctors.

Throw what's left of him in the quicksand pool, Everett... with the others...

Sidney! I found his card! Yes, Everett! I remember! Go ahead, now! In the quicksand pool...

The woman was nice! Her flesh was so soft! When I cut...

Everett's stupid face brightens! He grins idiotically...

Remember the others, Sidney? The fat salesman, and the woman...

Everett! The woman was nice! Her flesh was so soft! When I cut...
Everett scurries off toward the quicksand pool. With his gory cargo, Sidney watches him go! Yes! The woman! She was the first! He remembered her.

I'm afraid I've lost my way. Could you help me get back to the highway?

Sidney had thrown the dismembered parts of the woman's body into the quicksand pool. That had been the beginning of it! After that, Everett had gotten worse and worse. And Sidney realized that he'd have to supply his mad brother with other victims to keep him satisfied.

All right, Everett! All right! I'll think of something!

The scream had awakened Sidney. He'd rushed to the woman's room... Everett? Uh-huh? Uh-huh?

Sidney had thought of altering the directional sign down at the road so wanderers would come to the mansion.

My name's Jackson. Anthony Jackson. I'm a traveling salesman. I seem to have gotten onto your road by mistake!

I beg your pardon, ma'am. My brother is not too bright! Could I help you?

I... I wanted to reach Houma by dark. I must have turned off the main road.

You'll never make Houma tonight, ma'am. You're welcome to stay the night, though! You can start out fresh in the morning.

Well, I don't know. I wouldn't want to impose...

Yes! The woman had been the first! During that night, Everett had gone to her room and...

Woo... What was that?

The scream had awakened Sidney. He'd rushed to the woman's room... Everett? Uh-huh? Uh-huh?

I'll think of something!
And now the doctor! Sidney watches as Everett lumbers back onto the porch carrying the empty sack...

"Did you...? Yes, Sidney! I threw the pieces in the pool!"

"Come to bed..." Sidney

Soon, the lights blink off one by one in the ramshackle old plantation house! Sidney and his mad brother are asleep, but down in the bayou, the quicksand pool rolls and quivers...

Beneath its sucking surface, the dismembered parts of three bodies... a woman's, a salesman's, and a doctor's... bump together, turning lazily, melting... fusing... reorganizing themselves... until...

A stringy-haired rotten woman's head bobs to the surface...

...a pulpy hand reaches into the bayou night...

Another follows... the plump salesman's face appears...

...and then the recently murdered doctor's rises.
In his bedroom, Sidney sits uncomfortably in his sleep. Suddenly, the door to his chamber bursts open and three figures are framed in it, swaying unsteadily.

Who... who's there? Everett? Is that... you? I thought I looked you... in... your...sasp.

The figures move forward... into the light! But there is something strangely wrong about the figures! Sidney stares in horror! A whimper escapes from his throat...

No! No! Oh, Lord...

For the dismembered parts of Everett's three victims have fused incorrectly! The woman's head rests upon the salesman's torso...

...while Doctor Forman's head rests upon the woman's torso...

...and Mr. Jackson's, the salesman's, head has fused with the doctor's body...

The other parts, the arms and legs of each, are equally as confused! The conglomerations move forward... toward the hysterically screaming Sidney...

Clutched in one of the mixed-up-figure's hands is a small black bag... the kind used by doctors to carry their shiny little sharp instruments...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
Locked in his barred-window room, Everett listens with great puzzlement to the shrieking that echoes through the old house for the next twenty-five minutes...

YAAAEeeeeee!!!

Suddenly, a key rattles into the lock of the heavy door of Everett's room. He turns from the barred window! Sidney, or what was once Sidney but is now nothing more than a confused reorganization of Sidney's dismembered body, stands before him... the upside-down head hanging from the left hip, bobbing... The left leg, sewn to the left shoulder, crooked awkwardly around a makeshift crutch... The right leg swaying from the right shoulder... the left arm, erupting from the neck, gesticulating... and the right arm supporting the entire grisly sight.

Everett! Look... what they've done to me!

Finally, the shrieking stops, and only a soft pitiful sobbing is heard! From the barred window, Everett watches as three figures totter out of the mansion...

... and back into the bayou to the quicksand pool...
Your name is Philip Stoker. You're thirty-three years old... married... with two kids... a mortgaged home... and everything to live for. This morning, as usual, you gulped down your breakfast, kissed your wife and children good-bye, and rushed off to catch the 9:12.

Good-bye, dear? Be home early tonight! The lawn needs mowing?

'S Long! I'll try!
It was a morning like every other morning for you, Philip Stoker. You sat in your usual seat on the train, read your usual paper, and arrived at your office promptly at nine.

Good morning, Mr. Stoker! There's someone waiting to see you!

Miss Trumble showed the stranger into your office and left. He stood there, staring at you... His eyes gleaming! He nodded his head several times as if convincing himself of some silent secret...

Yes, sir? What can I do for you?

Yes! Yes, Mr. Stoker! You will do nicely... Very nicely, indeed!

And then he swung toward you, the needle-like hypodermic syringe glittering! You cried out as its point pierced your sleeve, the warm fluid emptying into your arm...

The gossamer veil of your vision are swept away! The blurred shape before you comes into focus! He brings at you! You try to rise...

Don't bother trying to get up, Mr. Stoker! You are well-strapped! I cannot take any chances! Allow me to introduce myself! My name is Dr. Heinrich Morgan! I am a brain surgeon...

You look around! You are in some sort of laboratory! Intricate equipment! Nearby, a form lies motionless on a table, covered with a white sheet! A body...

Mr. Stoker! Mr. Stoker, can you hear me?

I led you from your office as one leads a child, Mr. Stoker! The drug I injected into your bloodstream completely destroyed your will-power!

And then the thudding in your brain increases in intensity! Your lips form words, but only a low, choking growl erupts from your throat... This, Mr. Stoker, is my crowning achievement, my greatest moment of glory! For I... Heinrich Morgan... have done what science said never could be done! I have successfully transplanted a human brain!
A cold knife-blade of fear slices down your spine, Philip Stoker! You glance, terrified, at the covered body lying motionless beside you! Doctor Morgan follows your glance, reaches over, and flings back the white sheet...

You want to scream! No! No! But only that animal-like howl explodes from your throat! You tug and strain at the straps that hold you...trying to tear yourself loose...

Now, calm down, Mr. Stoker! Calm...down...

Suddenly, like so many bands of tissue paper, the straps part...

Now, calm down, Mr. Stoker! Calm...down...

Wait! No! Stay...where...you...ooohh...

Suddenly, like so many bands of tissue paper, the straps part...

The mad doctor before you slumps to the floor...gasp...my...heart...

He twists grotesquely in pain...stiffens...then is still! You bend over him, awkwardly...finally falling to your knees and placing your ear to his chest...

He...he's dead!

You stand up, swaying unsteadily! You look around, panic-stricken! Your glance falls on the partially covered cold, white corpse on the operating table...your corpse! You stumble toward it, moaning! You throw yourself across its chest, sobbing like a baby...

Yes, Mr. Stoker! This is your body here!

The laboratory is filled with a blood-curdling scream...an inhuman scream...wild and animal-like...a scream that you yourself, Philip Stoker, have just uttered...

Your brain, Mr. Stoker, has been successfully transplanted into the body of a fully mature African gorilla.
The needle is real, Philip. The laboratory is real. The doctor, your body. You everything is real. Look into the mirror, Philip Stoker! See for yourself.

OH, LORD! I... I am a gorilla!

Hysteria takes hold of you: the sudden, screaming hysteria of helplessness! You stumble to your body—your body of Philip Stoker—and wipe it up from the table...

GOT TO GET HELP! GOT TO GET MY BRAIN PUT BACK WHERE IT BELONGS! GOT TO...

Finally, you stop running. You stand in the middle of the road, gasping for breath... growling. Where are you going, Philip Stoker? What can you accomplish? Can you talk? Can you tell anyone what has happened to you? Wait, Philip! Think! Look! A car is coming! See the headline beams reaching into the blackness ahead of you. Down the road...

The car's brakes squeal shrilly as it skids to a stop before you! A police car! You can hear the occupants' anxious voices...

Holy cow, Hank! It's that missing gorilla! It's killed somebody! Let's get it.
They're leaping from the car, Philip! They've drawn their guns! Run! Run! Drop your body and run! They're shooting at you.

He's headin' into the woods! After him!

A missing gorilla? They think you're a missing gorilla! Didn't you read about that, Philip? Didn't you read about it in the newspapers the other night?...

D'Ep, Lord! That's right! A gorilla was missing from a circus playing upstate! That crazy doctor must've stolen him!

And now you're that gorilla, Philip! Your brain is in its body! And if you're not careful, they'll shoot you...

No use in chasin' him any further! It's too dark in here!

You're right! Let's get back to the road and see about that poor guy he got!

What's his name? This identification card in his wallet says 'Philip Stoker... 196 Elm Avenue!'

Gloria... your wife? They'll get in touch with her! They'll tell her you're dead...

...and the kids? They'll... They'll mourn for me! But I'm not dead! I'm... I'm alive... Alive!

Are you alive, Philip Stoker? Are you?...

Gloria! I've got to let her know... somehow...

You watch as they lift the body and place it in the patrol car. As soon as they are out of sight, you start off through the woods... Got to get home! Got to get home!
After what seems like hours of cutting cross-country, ducking into deep shadows, and scaling fences, you reach your suburban home...

There’s... there’s a light on!

In the car! There’s a pencil and a pad in the glove compartment! You kept it there to record gas expenses! You slip into the garage...

I’ll tell her exactly what happened! I’ll... I’ll...

Write! I’ll write a note! Paper... pencil...

But... but what good would it do? What could they do for me?

That’s right, Philip? What could they do for you? Your human body lies in a funeral parlor, mottled with rigor mortis. Doctor Heinrich Morcan lies dead on his laboratory floor...

I... I couldn’t expect her to... to take me as I am?

And so, sadly, you slip the pencil and paper back in the glove compartment and you pad out of the garage...

There’s... there’s only one thing to do!
Soon, the circus animal-keeper begins to make his rounds! Suddenly, he sees you.

Well, I'll be... Hey! Marko! Stumpy! Look! The gorilla's back!

All day long, as the circus moves from town to town, you sit hunched in your cage, staring out at the human beings who crow before you...

And then, one day, you see them. Gloria... and the kids... moving through the circus menagerie.

And so, as dawn breaks over the circus grounds, you slide the bolt of the empty gorilla cage open and you climb in.

They look up at you. Your children! They look up at you with angry faces.

For a long moment, Gloria stares at you... stares into your beady eyes! A flicker of recognition seems to brighten her pale and drawn face! But suddenly, it is gone! She turns away! You clutch the bars of your cage, draw your black lips back revealing your cruel yellowed fangs, and you shriek...

GEE-EEEEEEEEEE-AH!

It is a shriek of utter resignation. Philip Stoker! A shriek of surrender! The body has won! You are a gorilla.

Neh, neh! Anybody care for a banana? That's the fruit with appeal! Ape appeal! By the way! Next time you see a caged gorilla, be kind to him, eh? He may be Philip! And now, friends, I'll turn you back to the old witch! She's standing there anxiously stirring that slop-pot of hers! Phew! Bye!

The End.
Once upon a time... long, long ago... there was a tiny kingdom which was ruled by a cranky old queen. Once upon a time there had been an old king, too, but he'd been laid to rest before our story took place... driven to his grave by the cranky old queen's constant nagging and scolding, so now the kingdom was ruled by the cranky old queen all by herself...

Royal Seamstress!

Y-yes, your majesty!
Naturally, the cranky old queen's palace staff despised her. All she ever did was yell at them and complain. She was never satisfied with anything they did. Like the poor seamstress, for example...

"What you call this finished...? Look how it fits me... here... and here! It's terrible!"

"I'll try to fix it, Your Majesty..."

But of course it was very difficult for the poor nervous seamstress to pin up the queen's gown correctly while the old nag was yelling at her, threatening her, insulting her...

"And this is your last chance, you clumsy stupid needle-pusher! If my next fitting isn't my last... I'll... I'll..."

"Yes, Your Majesty. Please hold still so I can pin..."

And then stood her on the fitting stand...
And stuck pins in her until the cranky old bag went out of her mind... But that's not what happened! The poor seamstress didn't have the courage... all she could do was listen to the queen's ravings... and dream about doing those things...

"And you'd better see to it that... that... are you listening to me?"

"Nun? Oh... yes, Your Majesty."

Of course, I could end this grim fairy tale by telling you that one day, in a fit of temper, the poor chastised seamstress finally grabbed the old crag and sewed her mouth shut...

"Try to fix it? You'd better fix it, or I'll have you thrown into the slimiest, crawlies dungeon I have..."

"Yes, Your Majesty. Please hold still, Your Majesty, while I pin it up..."

But of course it was very difficult for the poor nervous seamstress to pin up the queen's gown correctly while the old nag was yelling at her, threatening her, insulting her...

And then stood her on the fitting stand...
Then there was the royal interior decorator. She too was constantly being criticised and scolded and threatened by the cranky queen...

Royal Interior Decorator!

Then there was the royal interior decorator. She too was constantly being criticised and scolded and threatened by the cranky queen... Y-yes, your majesty! I... I'd like to show you a few things... if you have the time!

I thought... perhaps... this tapestry... BAH! UGLY! Don't you have any imagination?

This oriental rug... TERRIBLE!

What did I tell you about that bare wall there? I told you I wanted something on it... anything... to break up that bare monotony!

Perhaps... perhaps...

Perhaps... perhaps...

Well? Well? Come, come! Say it! Say it! I haven't all day!

Perhaps... perhaps...

Ah... perhaps a painting, your majesty! A painting of... of... of you! A portrait!

But that's not what happened. The poor girl didn't have the courage! All she could do was listen to the queen's ravings... and dream about doing it...

Of course, I could end this grim fairy tale right here by telling you that one day, in a fit of temper, the poor chastised interior decorator grabbed the cranky old queen and hung her on that bare castle wall...
A portrait of me? Hmmmm! The royal artist could...

We'll see! We'll see!

Y-yes, Your Majesty.

Royal artist!

Yes, Your Majesty?

I want you to paint a portrait of me!

Y-yes, Your Majesty. Sit down, Your Majesty.

And I'd better look like me if you know what's good for you...

Of course, Your Majesty! Of course...

And so, the cranky queen began to sit for her portrait. Every day she sat and nagged the royal artist, threatening him, while he tried to paint her likeness. Finally...

I'm finished, Your Majesty!

Hmmph! It's about time! Let's see...

It doesn't look like me! I look too old! Do the face over...

But... Your Majesty.
So the royal artist painted the face over.

Still doesn't look like me 'too young' do it over...

Y. Yes, your majesty!

Once again, the royal artist repainted the portrait.

Nope! Too stern looking! Can't you get it to look like me?

It... it's difficult when... you... I'll do it over, your majesty!

For the fourth time, the queen's portrait was repainted...

And it'd better look like me this time or else I'll have your fingers burned in oil!

Gulp! Yes, your majesty!

And for the fourth time, when the cranky old queen looked at the finished portrait, she raved...

It doesn't look like me! Can't you get it to look like me?

There is a way. Your majesty!

The royal artist looked at the queen with wide staring eyes...

There's one way... to make sure it looks like you, your majesty!

And as he moved toward her, drooling, the royal artist picked up a large axe.

ROYAL ARTIST! PUT DOWN THAT AXE!

This time... eh... the portrait will look like you, your majesty...

...and brought it down on the cranky old queen's head with all his might.

Eeeeeeee...
Of course, the royal seamstress did a sewing job to do on the royal artist's canvas...

Almost finished, royal seamstress?

Tum-te-tum, almost, royal artist!

And the royal interior decorator framed the royal artist's canvas with great care...

Almost finished, royal interior decorator?

Almost...

And the entire harassed and ragged staff of the cranky queen's castle cheered as the portrait was hung on that bare wall...

Good sewing job, royal seamstress!

The perfect thing for that spot, royal decorator...

Amazing likeness, royal artist!

Indeed, the royal artist's portrait of the queen was an amazing likeness, and why shouldn't it have been? Half the cranky old queen's head had been neatly sewn to the canvas...

Hee, hee! And the royal seamstress, and the royal decorator, and the royal artist didn't get a single complaint about their work this time, kiddies! Not one word! Well... hee, hee... naturally! The queen was in no position to object. She'd already lost face! So after that, as in all fairy tales, even grim ones, everybody lived happily ever after. And now, the crypt-keeper awaits with a tender little tale of robes and revelry and revulsion! 'Bye, now!
HEH, HEH! SO NOW, IT'S YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER'S TURN TO AMUSE YOU, EH? WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! CRAWL INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! SIT DOWN ON THAT BAG OF CHARCOAL AND I'LL TELL YOU A WARNING LITTLE TALE, ALL FLOWERY WITH FETID STENCHES, THAT I AFFECTIONATELY CALL...

GARDEN PARTY!

LOUELLA AND GODFREY HICKS HAD BEEN MARRIED FOR ALMOST EIGHT YEARS! UNFORTUNATELY, LOUELLA, WHO LOVED CHILDREN DEARLY, HAD NEVER BEEN BLESSED WITH ANY... AND SO SHE'D BEEN FORCED TO FIND OTHER INTERESTS WITH WHICH TO BUSY HERSELF DURING THE LONG HOURS WHEN GODFREY WAS AWAY AT THE OFFICE! IN THEIR FIFTH YEAR OF MARRIAGE, LOUELLA HAD CONVINCED GODFREY TO BUY A SMALL HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS, AND HE'D CONSENTED.

HMM! THIS IS A PRETTY FLOWER, LOUELLA! WHAT IS IT?

DON'T TOUCH THAT! THAT'S ONE OF MY PRIZE RUFFLED PETUNIAS!
Yes! For the last three years, Louella had devoted all of her energies and affections to the cultivation of the picturesque flower garden and lush green lawn that surrounded their small suburban home...

In fact, Louella was almost fanatic about the condition of her garden! Every day she was out in it, weeding the yards and yards of flower beds...planting...transplanting...weeding the lawn...mowing the lawn...raking the lawn...

I was only trying to see if it smelled pretty, Louella! Well, keep away from the flowers, Godfrey! You'll wilt them...

I...was only trying to see if it smelled pretty, Louella! Godfrey! What are you doing? I'm bringing this folding chair out there! Think I'll take a nap in the sun...

You'll do no such thing! That chair will damage the grass! Do you think I've worked and slaved on this lawn just for you to ruin it?

All I want to do is sit down and take a little nap out here, Louella!

Well, you just take that chair right back on the porch! If you want to sleep, we have a bedroom for that purpose!

Honestly, Louella! What good's a lawn if you can't enjoy it?

You can enjoy it by looking at it. You don't have to lie all over it!

A guy gets one day off a week and he can't even stretch out on his own lawn...

GODFREY! OOPS!

MY PRIZE PETUNIA! You stupid, clumsy idiot! You stupid, clumsy...

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, LOUELLA! AN ACCIDENT!
Yes, Louella was almost fanatic about her garden and Godfrey was miserable because of it! One day...

How what are you doing? I'm hanging up a hammock! A hammock won't smother your darn ol' grass! I'm hanging it between these two trees... see? Up high... off the grass...

STOP it! STOP it! You can't drive a nail into that tree! You're liable to kill it!

What? This little nail will kill a tree that big...

Godfrey Hicks, if you drive that nail into that tree...

Okay, Louella! Okay!

I'll hang it up with ropes!

You won't hang it up at all! I won't have it spoiling the looks of my garden!

What do I care what your blasted garden looks like? Besides, who sees it, anyway?

Well, you could invite some of your office friends over...

... and I could show it to them! Of course, they'd have to be careful...

The boys at the office, eh...?

... and their wives... of course! Their wives would be interested, I think!

Oh, the boys would be interested, Louella! Very interested.

Yeah! I'll invite them... for next Saturday!
That Friday night
Well, Louella dear! I’ve invited a few people for tomorrow!
I hope you told them about my garden, Godfrey! I mean.
Oh, I told them all about it!
...and you didn’t invite too many, did you, Godfrey?
No, dear! Not many! Just ten or twelve.

Godfrey! Ten or twelve couples!
Oh, dear! Oh... dear...

For dinner!
For dinner! Godfrey! You didn’t. Do you realize how much work it is to make dinner for ten or twelve couples?

Oh, you won’t have to do a thing, Louella dear! I bought something that will take care of everything! It’s out in the car.

Something that will take care of everything! I don’t understand.

Godfrey went out to the car and brought back a huge darton! He began to unwrap his mysterious purchase.

What... what is it?

It’s an outdoor barbecue, Louella! I invited everybody to a barbecue in the garden!
On Saturday afternoon, the invited guests began to arrive! Louella was white as a ghost with nervousness! Godfrey greeted them cheerfully.

"Hi, Ed... Molly! C'mon round the back! Iz and Edith are here already!"

"P. Please be careful of the rose bushes, folks!"

Louella's proud garden was quickly jammed with shouting, laughing people...

"Hey, Stevey! Over here!"

"C'mon, Godfrey! Bring on the food!"

"Let's have some drinks first, Godfrey boy!"

They thronged about, mashing down the lush green lawn...

"We're out of ice, Godfrey, Ol' Kid!"

"In the kitchen, Phil! There's two more trays!"

"Not a cloud inna sky! Please..."

"My snap dragons! Please..."

"What a day!"

Smoke billowed up from the barbecue...

"Look out. Stupid! Yuh dumped the charcoal!"

"Make mine well done, Godfrey!"

"Looka me? I'm a gazelle!"

"Stop! My lilacs!"

Everybody was happy! Everybody but Louella...

"Hoo-hah! Thish bottle's inna plashe hot!"

"More... Hishe empty! Cellar! Yuh got here, Godfrey, Ol' School boy!"

"Orchios... to the hostesh with the moshtesh... choke..."

"My prize petunias!"

"My Prize!"

"Look, ev'ybody! I brung my portable phono... hic... phona... hic... victrola!"

"Lesh dance!"
Tinny music drifted across Louella’s trampled lawn...

Okay, folks! Come and get it!

One side! Our side! Ouch!

Oops! Clumsy! Yuh dropped the mustard bottle!

All over my carnations!

Mmm! I’ll take seconds! Anybody else...

That’s the last of the franks and beans, folks!

Oh, molly! Lesh go!

‘cause me, Louella! I kin take a bouquet home for my mother?

Shay! That’s pretty! Cut me some, Edith!

Wait! I... G’morn, Molly! Huh?

Well! S’long, Godfrey! Everything wash... shwell!

Bye, Louella! Thanks!

Aw! O’morn, Molly!

And then they were gone, and a dreadful silence fell upon Louella’s battered and mashed, upturned and uprooted, cut and broken prize garden...

Onoke...

Oum... De... Oum... De... Oum...
Suddenly, poor Louella's eyes filled with tears! She fairly shrieked:

*My... my... sob... garden!*

Godfrey grinned sarcastically at her.

That's the first time I've enjoyed this pansy-plot since we moved in!

L-look... look at it! Ruined! Ruined.

Louella stared at Godfrey with wild, red eyes.

That's what a gardener's for to enjoy it like... like... barbecuing in it!

Yes... barbecuing! Yes... barbecuing in it!

She moved toward him, whimpering as she passed the barbecue with the red hot coals still glowing in it. Louella picked up the carving knife.

...Barbecuing in it! Yes... barbecuing in it! Yes... barbecuing in it! Yes! Yes! That's what a gardener's for to barbecue in it... eh... eh... en

Louella!

When they came to investigate the blood-curdling screams that had emanated from the ruined garden, they found Louella. The apron tied around her heaving body, the chef's hat tilted crazily on her perspiring face. Busily turning richly browned odd shapes on the barbecue rack, and she was muttering softly.

Yes! Yes! That's what a gardener's for to barbecue in it... eh... eh... en

Heh, heh! That's my yarn, yelp-friends! Godfrey was done up brown! Well, that's what happens when one's a regular cut-up for Louella... well, she's in a padded cell now! She keeps sticking orange pits into the walls... and she waters them regularly... but nothing comes up! Nothing except her dinner every time they serve her broiled food! Heh, heh! We'll all see you next in my mag, Tales from the Crypt! 'Bye, now!
Old Witch