Here are tales that will usher you into

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

No. 20
Aug

Featuring...

The Old Witch
The Vault-Keeper
The Crypt-Keeper
HEE! HEE! WELL, BURY ME AT THE BEACH AND CALL ME A SANDB-SAND-WITCH... IF IT ISN'T TIME TO RUSTLE UP ANOTHER MORBID MENU FROM MY SCREAM-TABLE HERE IN THE HAUNT OF FEAR. YEP, IT'S YOUR HOSTESS IN HEAVES, THE OLD WITCH, FEEDING THE FUMING FIRE UNDER MY CRUDY CAULDRON, READY TO LADE OUT ANOTHER LURID LUNCHEON OF LOATHSOME LEVITIES. NOW, TIGHTEN YOUR BELTS SO YOU WON'T BUST A BUT WHEN YOU HEAR THIS TASTY TALE OF TERROR, AND I'LL BEGIN THE FOUL FARE I CALL...

THUMP FUN!

OUTSIDE THE STATELY OLD MANSION, THE MIST EDDIED AND SWIRLED, WRAPPING ITSELF AROUND THE HOUSE LIKE A FLIMSY GREY SHAWL. OFF IN THE DISTANCE, A DOG HOWLED INTO THE FLUID NIGHT. IN HIS BEDROOM, LUTHER COURTNEY... ELDEST OF THE AGED COURTNEY BROTHERS... SAT BOLT UPRIGHT, SLEEP STILL CLINGING TO HIS BLOODSHOT WRINKLED EYES. A FIGURE STOOD OVER HIM. A FIGURE WITH A KNIFE RAISED OVER ITS HEAD...

WHO... WHO'S THERE? MARVIN? MARVIN... DINT! MY GOD...

GOOD-BYE, DEAR BROTHER LUTHER...
Marvin Courtney, youngest of the three Courtney brothers, brought the knife down with a grunt of exertion, plunging it up to the hilt into his oldest brother’s chest. A shrill scream erupted from Luther’s horrified mouth... then die, gurgling...

YIIIEEEE... BGGHHHH...

And now... ugh... Gilbert and I are free, Luther...

Again and again the knife came down, tearing, slashing, ripping at the old man’s chest. Marvin’s raving voice echoed through the bedroom...

Gilbert! Gilbert! Come see! Come see what I’ve done!

Still no answer. Marvin dropped the bloody knife and scurried down the hall to Gilbert’s bedroom. He flung open the door...

Gilbert! I’ve killed him. I’ve killed Luther! Come see!

Gilbert! I... I... Gilbert, where are you?

Gilbert Courtney, the middle brother, was gone. His bed was empty. Marvin stood there, staring... the realization dawning...

No, Gilbert! No! You... you couldn’t do that to me!

The old mansion lay silent. Marvin’s cry echoed through the long dark corridors, fading away...

Gilbert! I’ve killed him. I’ve killed Luther! Come see!

Still no answer. Marvin dropped the bloody knife and scurried down the hall to Gilbert’s bedroom. He flung open the door...

Gilbert, I... I... Gilbert, where are you?

Gilbert, the middle brother, was gone. His bed was empty. Marvin stood there, staring... the realization dawning...

No, Gilbert! No! You... you couldn’t do that to me!

Gilbert Courtney, the middle brother, was gone. His bed was empty. Marvin stood there, staring... the realization dawning...

No, Gilbert! No! You... you couldn’t do that to me!

Marvin hurried back to the eldest brother’s bedroom. He darted to the secret wall panel where Luther’s always hidden the family fortune. It slid open, yawning...

Gone! The money’s gone! Gilbert, he double-crossed me! He... he took the money and left me holding the bag...

Marvin turned to Luther’s bloody body, its chest ripped and torn, lying stiffly on the huge bed...

I... I agreed to his plan. I told him I’d do it! And now he’s gone, and I’ve killed Luther for nothing...
Deep down in the cellar of the Old Mansion, Marvin opened a gaping hole in the soil floor.

He pushed Luther's stiffening body into the crude grave and shoveled the dirt back in upon it.

If...if anyone asks where Gilbert and Luther are, I'll tell them I don't know...I'll say they both disappeared...and the money disappeared too!

If...if they ever find Luther's body down here, they'll think Gilbert killed him and ran off with the money. It will serve Gilbert right. He shouldn't have done this to me!

Finally, we could stand it no longer, so we plotted it. Gilbert and I plotted Luther's death...

'Now, we always hated Luther, Gilbert and I. We despised him because he controlled the family fortune. It had been left to him. We were nothing but charity cases. And he lorded it over us...

Yes, don't talk like that, Luther!

Remember, my dear brothers. This is my money...all of it! Only when I'm dead will you get any of it. Only when I'm dead...

Yes, Luther! Could we have to beg for each cent, he's so miserly! We deserve our rightful share! But if he were dead, it would be all ours...the whole fortune!

Marvin tamped down the soil on Luther's grave and returned upstairs. He went into the living-room and eased down into his favorite chair. For a long while he sat thinking about the events leading up to his horrid deed...

We always hated Luther, Gilbert and I. We despised him because he controlled the family fortune. It had been left to him. We were nothing but charity cases. And he lorded it over us...

Shall we always remind us whose money it was...

Luther used to take out the chests of bills and gold coins from their hiding place in his bedroom and count them. Every Friday night he went through the ritual of counting them, and Gilbert and I would watch hungrily...

$251,350. Heh, heh! A tidy sum, eh, my loving brothers? Yes, a tidy sum, Luther!
"At first, I'd objected. But then, tonight, I'd agreed."

"Alright, Gilbert, I see now that you're right! It is the only way! All right! We'll kill him..."

"I'd even volunteered. I wanted to spare Gilbert the emotional shock of committing the dastardly deed. I loved him. I was younger than he. So I volunteered..."

"Are you sure, Marvin? Yes, Gilbert. I'm sure, I want to do it!"

"Marvin laughed out loud. His laughter drifted through the empty house..."

"What a fool I was. Gilbert made a sucker out of me! Of course! He planned it this way!"

Marvin stood up, shrieking... Of course! Gilbert's next in line. He's older than I. With Luther dead, the money is rightfully his! He wanted me to volunteer. He... He..."

It was as if ghost fingers were pounding on a spectre-drum. It throbbed incessantly, moving upward through the house..."

"Thum-thump. Thum-thump. Thum-thump. It's in the walls! It... it sounds... it sounds like..."

Marvin quieted, he listened. From below, faint, almost inaudible, came the strange rhythmic sound...

"Thum-thump! Thum-thump! Thum-thump! Thum-thump! What... what's that?"

"It sounds... it sounds like..."

"...like the beating of a human heart!"

"Marvin quieted, he listened. From below, faint, almost inaudible, came the strange rhythmic sound..."
He returned, breathless, with
I'LL LET YOU. YOU'RE IN THAT WALL, MAND I'LL...
THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP!

THUM-THUMP!

I DON'T LISTEN! NO!
I WON'T LISTEN!

IT'S LUTHER-COME BACK TO HAUNT ME!

THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP...

I'LL STOP HIM! I'LL FIND HIM AND STOP HIM!

THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP!

I'LL GET YOU. YOU'RE IN THAT WALL, AND I'LL...

THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP!

I'LL FIND YOU. YOU WON'T GET AWAY. I'LL FIND YOU!

THUM-THUMP!

HE SWUNG THE AXE AGAIN, SPLINTERING, CRASHING, TEARING ANOTHER HUGE HOLE. THE BEATING STOPPED. HE REACHED IN...

CURSE YOU! COME HERE!
COME HERE!

THUM-THUMP!

THE HEARTBEAT BEGAN AGAIN... FURTHER DOWN THE WALL...

The color drained from Marvin's face. He stared at the living-room wall. Behind it, the throbbing sound went on... loudly... continuously...

THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP!

THUM-THUMP!

Marvin clapped his hands over his ears, but he couldn't shut out the beating sound. It continued, pounding...

THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP!

He swung wildly, chopping, hacking, smashing a huge hole in the living-room wall. He reached in screaming...

WHERE ARE YOU?

HE SCAMPERED HYSTERICALLY DOWN THE CELLAR StAIRS...

It came from further down the wall. That horrible incessant throbbing...

THUM-THUMP!

I'LL FIND YOU. YOU WON'T GET AWAY. I'LL FIND YOU!

THUM-THUMP!

He returned, breathless, with the axe...

Marvin clapped his hands over his ears, but he couldn't shut out the beating sound. It continued, pounding...

THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP!

I WON'T LISTEN! NO!
I WON'T LISTEN!

WHERE ARE YOU?

He swung wildly, chopping, hacking, smashing a huge hole in the living-room wall. He reached in...

THUM-THUMP!

WHERE ARE YOU?

He swung the axe again, splintering, crashing, tearing another huge hole. The beating stopped. He reached in...

CURSE YOU! COME HERE!
COME HERE!

The heartbeat began again... further down the wall...

He returned, breathless, with the axe...
It beat ominously, continuously. He screamed after it, swearing oaths, shrieking invectives, tearing, smashing, chopping huge holes in the living-room wall, moving after it through the house, the dining-room, the library...

I'll get you! I'll get you yet. I'll...

He stopped, axe raised! The pulsating sound came from behind the book-case. A book title caught his eye...

The... "The Tell-Tale Heart, and Other Stories," by Edgar Allen Poe!

Thum-thump! Thum-thump! Thum-thump...

The throbbing sound stopped... suddenly...

He gasped, dropping the axe. He pulled the book from the shelf, giggling...

The Tell-Tale Heart. Of course! I remember!

He sat down in the huge leather library chair, sobbing, the tears streaming down his cheeks...

Of course! The tale by Poe... about the murderer who buried his victim beneath the floorboards. I'd almost forgotten...

He read... aloud... half laughing, half crying...

"First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs. Then I took up three planks from the floorings and deposited all. No human eye could have detected anything wrong..."

There was nothing to wash out... no stain of any kind... no blood spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all... ha, ha!

It was four o'clock. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I opened it with a light heart... for what had I now to fear...?

We suspect foul play! We've been deputed to search the premises!

I bade the three detectives welcome...
'I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search...search well...'

'The officers were satisfied. They sat and chatted of familiar things. But ere long I heard a low, dull, quick sound...THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP!'

'It grew louder...louder...louder! Was it possible they heard not? No! No! They heard! They suspected! They knew! They were making a mockery of my horror...THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP!'
Marvin smiled. "We're having a plumbing job done. It's nothing!"

Marvin gritted his teeth! No, he wouldn't fall for their trick. What's that thumping sound... like... a heart? "Don't hear back there!"

The old house was silent save for the throbbing sound. Not Marvin. He was clever. Well, Marvin would be cleverer...

"We're having a plumbing job done. It's nothing!"

"What's that thumping sound... like... a heart?"

"I don't hear a thing!"

"No! No! I didn't kill Luther, I killed Gilbert. But... not... yet..."

"Then you must be deaf, Mr. Courtney!"

The money was there too... behind the wall panel... with Gilbert's body...

They began to chop. The throbbing died, Marvin waited, smiling. Luther's body was in the cellar. Marvin wasn't going to be foolish. He wasn't going to admit anything...

"Good Lord! What is it?"

"It's a body! Gilbert!"

"You'd... you'd better get your coat, Mr. Courtney. We're arresting you on suspicion of murder..."

"I didn't kill Luther, too, eh? O.K! Where'd you hide his body?"

"So you killed Luther, too!"

"No! No! I didn't kill Gilbert. I killed Luther, but... not... yet..."

"Then you must be deaf, Mr. Courtney!"

"So you killed Luther, too, eh? O.K! Where'd you hide his body?"

They pointed at the gaping hole in Luther's chest...

"He's telling the truth, all right, boys. There's Luther... and look... his heart! It's gone!"

"Let's go, Mr. Courtney!"

"So that's what we heard! Luther's heart led us to Gilbert's body... and Marvin was so shocked at seeing it he confessed to murdering Luther!"

Marvin took them down into the cellar. While they uncovered Luther's body, he confessed...

"I didn't kill Gilbert! I loved him and he loved me. He wanted to save me from killing Luther only Luther caught him and killed him first! That's what must have happened..."

Marvin really did hear Luther's heartbeat after all. It wasn't in his mind like in the Poe story, incidentally, you may be wondering why the three detectives stopped by the house that morning. No, it wasn't like in the Poe story, either. A neighbor didn't hear shrieks. The dicks were just trying to sell the Courtneys three tickets to the local policeman's ball. And now, the vault-keeper awaits with his revolting reading material. Dig you later...
HEH, HEH! AND NOW, FIENDS... A TREAT!
LET'S GO BACK INTO THE PAST... BACK THREE AND A HALF YEARS... TO THE VERY FIRST ISSUE OF MY MAG, THE VAULT OF HORROR. LET'S RETCH AGAIN TO THIS E.C. CLASSIC...

TERROR TRAIN

IT ALL STARTED THE DAY I DECIDED TO RUN AWAY FROM RALPH! HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME! I KNEW THAT I HAD TO GET AWAY! I PACKED A SMALL BAG AND HAILED A TAXI...

THE RAILROAD TERMINAL... AND PLEASE HURRY!

YES, MA'AM!

AS THE TAXI SPED DOWNTOWN, I HUDDLED IN THE CORNER OF THE SEAT... AFRAID THAT HE MIGHT SEE ME! RALPH HATED ME SO! I DON'T REMEMBER HOW IT STARTED BUT IT HAD DEVELOPED TO A POINT WHERE I FEARED FOR MY LIFE! I REMEMBER ONE DAY RALPH CAME HOME WITH A PACKAGE...

WHAT DID YOU BUY, RALPH?

OH... NOTHING, GLORIA DEAR! SOMETHING FOR MY OWN PERSONAL USE!

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It was POISON! I had to be on my guard! I watched the bottle carefully and when I noticed some of the poison missing, I didn't eat... pretending some excuse! I was careful. He failed that time.

I said... Here's the terminal, lady? DH... I beg your pardon?

I paid the fare, and looked up and down the street? I didn't see Ralph? I rushed into the station!

I... I'd like a ticket to... to... New York! That'll be thirty-four ten, ma'am!

I stuffed the ticket into my purse and looked around? If Ralph ever caught me doing this... I drove the thought from my mind! No! I would get away! I had to! I would be safe then! I sat down on a bench in a corner of the waiting room, and hid behind a newspaper.

My train wasn't due for twenty minutes! Suppose Ralph called at home? There would be no answer! He would know! I thought of that night last month when I awoke to find Ralph standing over me... a kitchen knife in his hand...

RALPH!

I... I found this knife on your night table, Gloria! You... shouldn't leave things like this around!

He had stammered out a lame excuse! He was going to murder me and I had discovered him in time! I didn't sleep the rest of that night... I just lay there... listening...

Parson me, ma'am! That's your train? You'd better hurry or you'll miss it!

DH... thank you!

I went out to the platform and boarded the train? I found my seat? Why didn't we start? I glanced out of the window? Someone was running down the platform! It... it looked like...

RALPH!

As the train began to move, the man swung himself up into the car behind mine? I wasn't sure! It could be Ralph! It... looked like him... any yet... I was frightened! It was too late to get off! The train was on its way...

It's... it's just my nerves! I... I need a drink! I wonder if there's a club car on the train?
I made my way to the club car! It was smoky and crowded! I slipped onto a stool at the bar...

What'll it be, lady? I'll have a scotch and soda, please.

The drink burned going down! I shuddered! Suddenly a reflection in the mirror caught my eye...

...gasp...

Ralph!

I was afraid to turn around! It was Ralph! I had seen in the mirror! Had he seen me? I stepped away from the bar and ran from the car!

Oh...I beg your pardon?

Excuse me, lady?

I had gone out the wrong end of the club car! I was in a coach...not a pullman! If I wanted to get back to my car, I would have to go through the club car again...

Er...is this seat taken?

Why, not that I know of!

Ralph wouldn't look for me here in the coaches! He knew I always traveled pullman! I sat down! I would wait till it was safe and then sneak back to my berth!

I thought about getting off the train at the next stop...but all my clothes...my money...my ticket...were in the other car! Why did he want to kill me? I remembered one night, about the time that it all started...

Gloria! I've taken out some insurance policies! Life insurance! If something happens to either of us...the other gets $25,000!

Oh? I...see Ralph...

Perhaps that was it! The money! $25,000 is a lot of money! Suddenly, my heart stopped! I felt a hand on my shoulder...

Your ticket, miss?

Oh! I...I left it in the other car!
The conductor looked at me quizzically! He must have thought I was trying to ride free!

No, really! I've a berth back in the Pullmans!

You'd better show me, miss!

This is my berth! I'll get my ticket!

All right, miss!

As we passed through the club car again, I searched the faces of the people! Ralph wasn't there! Perhaps I had made a mistake! The drink! Maybe it had been the Scotch and soda!

No, really! I've a berth back in the Pullmans!

The conductor was satisfied! My berth was made up, and since I felt a little dizzy from the drink, I decided to get some sleep!

It must have been someone who looked like Ralph! I'll feel better in the morning...

...and safer, too! The train, hurtling through the night, was putting more and more miles between Ralph and me! I closed my eyes! The train rumbled on... and on... and I felt myself drifting into sleep... sleep...

Suddenly, I was awakened by an ear-splitting, piercing shriek! I looked out of my berth! The curtains on the other berths were all closed... and the car was dark except for a small light at the rear! What was that I had heard!

...a scream... or was it just the train whistle?

A berth at the far end of the car was marked "porter". I made my way toward it! I'd ask him if he had heard it too! I pulled aside the curtain!

...bas... no! no! eeeeeeek!

It was ghastly! He was dead! Cold and stiff! His eyes, wide with horror... the bedclothes smeared with blood! I closed the curtains...

Help!
There was no answer! No one stirred! I cried out again? Couldn’t they hear me? Frantically, I tore aside the curtains of the next berth...

It was horrible! The occupant of that berth was dead, too! Icy fingers closed about my heart! A wave of nausea swept over me as I went from berth to berth, flinging the curtains back? They were dead... all dead? I was on a death train? Ralph? It was Ralph? He was mad?

He must be on the train... looking for me.

Suddenly, I heard the shriek again... and I was thrown to the floor! This time it had been the shriek of brakes... the train had come to a stop...

This... this is my chance!

I ran to the end of the car and leaped from the train...

...my chance to get away!

As I stood behind a tree... watching the train begin to move! Squeaking... straining... slowly... it gained momentum! It was pulling away... and I had escaped!

No one got off with me... I... I'm safe?

I looked around me? A house? I saw a house on the top of the hill... and there was a light on! I made my way through the grass toward it!

If they have a phone, I'll call the police! They could stop the train at the next station...

Near the house, I noticed something strange? Someone had been digging... a yawning black pit... the shape... of...

A grave! The train had come to a stop...
Now I was letting my imagination get the better of me! I pushed the thought out of my mind! Why did I think it was a grave? What was so strange about an excavation near a farm house? They were probably making a water trough! I knocked on the door...

Anyone in there? Open the door! Please...

I stepped inside! I looked around! The room was bare except for...

Gasp! A coffin?

I spun around! The door was closed behind me...and standing in front of it was...

Ralph?

I've been waiting for you, Gloria.

He caught me in a vise-like grip! I cried out! I struggled, but I couldn't fight his overwhelming strength!

No need to scream, Gloria. No one will hear you.

Let me go! Let me go!

He forced me to the coffin!

What are you going to do to me, Ralph?

Don't you know, Gloria?

I could do nothing! He closed the lid of the coffin...down upon me and I heard the sharp blows of a hammer! He was nailing me in.

Ralph! Please...have mercy!
Then I felt the coffin being dragged across the floor! I heard the squeak of the rusty hinges as Ralph opened the door...
He's taking me outside... to... to that grave!

I felt the jar and heard the hollow boom of the coffin as Ralph pushed me into the grave... then his fiendish laughter... his hysterical raving...
Good-bye, Gloria! Sleep peacefully!

He was filling in the grave! The soft earth thudded on the coffin lid! Then... all was quiet! I guess I broke down at that point...
Help... sob... help me... somebody... please... please!

I was crazed with fear! I was going to suffocate... buried alive by a madman... my husband... Ralph! I pounced on the coffin! I could feel the flesh of my fists tear as I pounced! I lost all control! I screamed and beat the sides of the coffin...

Suddenly there was a blinding light! I sat up with a start and looked around me...
Here she is, gentlemen!
You'd better stop that racket, lady... and come quietly!

I... I had been dreaming! I was still in my berth on the train! And Ralph, with pity in his eyes, was comforting me... stroking my hair!
No! Keep away! Take him away from me! He wants to kill me!

The men in white took me away! They put me in a nice house with nice people... a house that has bars on all the windows so Ralph can't get in and kill me! And now I'm safe from him!

...and that's my story! Perhaps you'd like to come and... visit me sometime again?

The end
Dear Old Witch,

Re: issue #18, the cover and lead-in picture abound with wonderfully gruesome creepy-crawlies, but they have no tie-in to any of the stories! Was this a way to stimulate sales?

The tie-in in "Pipe Down!", the unusual habit of Andrew, was good use of forshashing. The alert reader - and EC-readers are alert - knew that quirk would figure prominently later on in the story. Rather like the carousel unicorn's horn in the Dirty Harry movie "Sudden Impact."

"Bedtime Gory" was a bit of a stretch. A little discretion or a little empathy for the other person would work wonders for the antagonist. But no. To feed their wicked ego (and save the story), the antagonist has to tell all, to reveal what twisted impulses make them tick, to continue their mistreatment of their fellow humans.

"Pot Shot!" provides just one mora reason why one should not smoke (one's tires) when one is under the influence of pot (shot). Just what Amboy gained (besides weight) by being in such a hurry to gain gold is beyond me. He had all he needed anyway, so what was the rush? I guess impetuous is travel, impetuous in all things, eh?

The fate of the incidental character Mrs. Foley's in "The Black Ferris!" seemed deserved. Oh, sure, she helped the plot along a bit. But ungrateful! Here the two boys go to a great deal of trouble to warn her, catch their death of colds, and is she appreciative? Nah! I hope they got a nice reward for helping recover her money - like, getting their doctor bills paid.

Bob Gorbys

Camarillo. CA

I've never thought Andrew's 'quirk' unusual - doesn't everyone read poetry? We sure do, see almost any installment of The Crypt-Keeper Crumb's "Fine Arts" pages in many of these EC comics! -OW

Spanish, Ballantine Paperbacks or East Coast, but my purveyor is now charging me $40.00 for each volume of 5 mags, and that's quite heavy for my pocket. Not that those splendid comics aren't worth of more, I repeat, but let's also be realistic. I plan to continue buying them at any cost, but would appreciate some cut down in expenses, if possible.

Receive my very warm and sincere applause, and get a friendly handshake from this Southern tiny country, through this letter from your friend.

Carlos M. Federici

Montevideo, URUGUAY

Look at the back issue info et the conclusion of this column, you'll likely get off cheaper buying from us direct. The more you buy, the more you save (on shipping!). -OW

Russ,

HAUNT OF FEAR #19 EC horror at its very best

Daw Dellano

Kensington, CT

Best, bester, bestest! -OW

NEXT ISSUE

EVERYTHING IS PERFECT, GILBERT. I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE A THING! OH... ER... BUT THERE'S ONE ROOM I DIDN'T SEE, YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME THE KEY. THAT ROOM IS NOT YOURS! THAT ROOM IS MINE! KEEP OUT OF IT!

Dear Mr. Cochran,

Some time ago - February 8, 1995, to be exact - I wrote you to let you know how happy you'd made me with your wonderful chronological-ordarad EC reprints. I have no way to know if you ever got said letter. It's a matter of real concern to me that you may learn how much I appreciate and thank your magnificent effort for the survival of that unforgettable line of comics, you are keeping the cauldron bubbling, after over 50 years some misguided people tried to extinguish the flames under it, and that deed of your has much merit, in my opinion, and should be celebrated the way it's entitled to.

Besides, there is the question of getting ALL your reprints at a reasonable cost. I have the problem of limited funds (who doesn't?) and I'm trying to complete the entire collection of your mags, even repeating those I have in...
Dear OW,

"Sucker Bait!" was a vampire story of a different (blood-) type. This was one horror yarn that kept me in the dark right up to the end. The device of using a radio-active isotope to track the vampire seemed wholly original, at least I haven't encountered it before. Well done, Witch baby!

The bedroom scene in "Lover, Come Hack To Me!" must have been pretty racy stuff for a 50s comic (supposedly a kid's medium) It's touches of realism like these (among other things) that made EC the ground-breaking comics publisher we all celebrate today.

Is it just me, or are the "Grim Fairy Tales" awfully same-y? I wish the editors had gotten away from the castles and medieval villages more often.

Give CK the pennant, "Foul Play!" has got to be the most revolting, disgusting, just plain gory terror-tale EC ever printed! Congratulations CK! RIP must stand for "Rest In Pieces!" EC you in my screams!

Barry McCollum
Alton, IL

I say our ECs were less a kids-only comic than our competitors' were, at a time when comics were less kids-only than they were for the 30 years following! Better to say comics then MIGHT be seen by any age and should have been designed accordingly.

--OW

Dear Old Witch,

HAUNT #18 was a real treat, from the [cover] and the opening pages of "Pipe Down!" both crammed with Ghastly's weird and forbidding cripple-crawley figures - his trademark feature but rarely more fascinating than here - right through to Jack Davis' masterful Bradford rendition, "The Black Ferris!", with its sinister atmosphere and small-town youth depiction. In previous EC reprint letter columns some people have put down Jack Davis as a not-so-important artist, but I for my part feel that in stories like this he fully proves his worth.

"Bedtime Gory!" is the less interesting of this issue's contents - predictable revenge story weighted down by George Evans' inability to put emotions to his faces (Lorna for instance practically looks the same all through the tale)

But the real gem of the book is the "Grim Fairy Tale," "Pot-Shot!", whose dialogue alone guarantees barrelsful of belly-laughs (for the reader, that is - the main participant seems to prefer barrelsful of buckshot) This is one of my all-time EC favorites, and one that I'll frequently turn to for sheer chuckles.

Keep on reprinting right to the end of the run - and preferably beyond!

Claus Simonsen
Samsoe, DENMARK

Where Ingels and Davis 'overact,' Evans and Craig characters often play it cool (boy, real cool) until that final, screaming (somebody turned on the light) panel!

Ya know, as old as the anonymous editor is getting, he may be reprinting FROM beyond! -OW

Next issue

What a FIN AN

HEH, HEH ...

AND WHEN THEY DIG ME UP, THEY WILL EXAMINE ME, AND PRO-NOUNCE ME DEAD...

Also available this month are WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED TALES. Watch for HAUNT, CRIME and FRONTLINE COMBAT next month. Don't forget CRYPTO, WEIRD SCIENCE and PANIC! Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic!)

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We went MORE letters! Write to:

HAUNT
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This comic reprints

HAUNT OF FEAR #20 (JUL/AUG 1953)

COVER by Graham Ingels
"Thump Funi!" Graham Ingels
"Terror Train" Al Feldstein
"Bloody Sure" Reed Crandall
"Hyde and Go Shriek!" Jack Davis

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We will for clarity accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters to do so we need your address on the individual letter.
Klang! Bang! Thank you, man! Or, woman! Sex is not an issue on this page, we're an equal opportunity blow to the heed employer. Erin Tinney, Los Molinos, CA, sends us this take on the fry pan scene in "Sink-Hole!"; VAULT #5. Her skill, with a skillet made sure he won't complain about runny eggs again! Kitchen hints and household tips in THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF...

FINE ARTS #55

The vampires had a picnic (A bloody good affair)
They brushed off the mold,
Congealing in their hair
A toast to life eternal, (Wishing Renfield were there)
And counting on the Count,
For a blood type rare!

Frank X. Mattson
Spring City, PA

Send your contribs (not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible doublespaced text &/or bold black art. Warning...we edit) to:

THE CRYPTO-KEEPER'S
PAGE OF FINE ARTS
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Waldo knew they were wrong about Anna. In fact, he was...

**Bloody Sure**

Waldo lay stiffly, staring up at the dark cabin ceiling, listening to the night sounds around him: he listened to the chirping of a cricket outside... the croaking of a bullfrog down by the creek... the uneven breathing of the woman lying beside him. Across the bare cabin room, the boy stirred, turning over on his cot. He was asleep. Waldo could tell. But the woman lying beside him... his bride of only a few hours... was not! She was pretending to be asleep... but Waldo knew she was wide awake...

I'm right. I know I'm right. I still won't believe what they said about her. I still won't believe that she's a vampire.

They'd warned Waldo about this woman he'd married tonight. They'd told him things about her... things he wouldn't believe. He'd come into the little sleepy town one evening after sundown...

Howdy, stranger! You're new in these parts, eh, stranger?

Yer just passin' through. Thought I'd stay the night. Know of any place'd put me up?

And then he'd seen her. She'd come gliding up the main street like a black-draped angel...

Wal, old man Watkin's got a room over his store. Maybe he'd...

Hold up, Jeb. Look who's comin'!

Who... who is she? She's... she's beautiful!
The moment Waldo 'o seen her, he 'o wanted her. He 'd felt the flame down deep inside him leap higher and higher as she neared, and as she 'o passed, he 'o felt it as a roaring inferno...

She'd smiled at him, nodded her head, and passed on up the street...

The others had snubbed her, turning away, but he 'd smiled, greeting her, and he 'd felt her eyes sweep over him... hungrily...

And then they 'd tolo Waldo about her. They 'o spewed forth all of their suspicions and superstitions about her...

Married up five times, stranger, an' all of 'em big strappin' young boys. An' all of 'em dead now.

She killed 'em. That's what she done. Killed 'em all! Look up there! Up the hill! Up in the cemetery!

They was all healthy and strong fellers when they went down to her cabin t' live with her...

But every time one of 'em would come back to town, he 'd look weaker 'n' weaker and get paler 'n' paler... until finally... like that... poof... he 'd pass away!

And evening, gentlemen! Hmph! Evenin', ma'am!

Evenin'... Stranger!

The name's Waldo, ma'am. Waldo Buckly!

Name's Anna, Anna Hodes, I guess. The widder Hodes!

Yep. Young Ephram Hodes was her last husband!

Her last husband? You mean she's been married up more'n once?

Dead? What happened?

Married up five times, stranger.

Don't go gettin' no ideas 'bout her, stranger!

Who is she?
They'd told Waloo what they thought she was... They'd told Waloo what they thought she was...

She's a vampire! She sucked their blood... Drained 'em all... little by little...

Her!... a vampire? No! You're crazy! She's no vampire... One night about two years ago, I snuck up to her cabin...

An' I peered in her window. Hank Morton, her fourth husband was alive then. He'd been into town that afternoon and I'd seen what he looked like. So I went up to investigate...

Please, Hank honey. Eat your supper. Please, you need the strength.

I can't eat, Anna. I jus' can't! Steak... every night. I jus' can't eat any more of it!

Waldo'o laughed at the old timer's story...

Waldo'o laughed at the old timer's story...

So what's so bao about feelin' a sickly husband... steak?

Every night? Night after night? I'll tell you. Steaks... nice rare steaks... make blood, stranger.

And her kid... The boy! He's sickly too! Pale... like a ghost, He is! She probably sucks his blood too!

Her boy? You mean she's got a child?

Yep, he's twelve now! Thinnest, sickest kid you ever saw!

Waldo'd laughed...

Waldo'd laughed...

Well, a vampire can't have no kid. See? That kills your theory...

We don't know if it's her kid...

I'd like to buy a cabin for me and my baby. Do you know of any?

The old Fergerson place is up for sale, ma'am!

Evenin', ma'am.

Evenin', I'm new 'round here... Just moved in. What's a body do for entertainment?

'She came here with it... ten years ago...'

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'An' she moved in. An' afore you knew it, she was comin' down into town at night, searchin' for a husband...'

'An' she moved in. An' afore you knew it, she was comin' down into town at night, searchin' for a husband...'

Evenin', ma'am.

Evenin'! I'm new 'round here... just moved in. What's a body do for entertainment?
"That's the only time we'd ever see her at night. Poor young Hiram Cottson fell for her first, and he was dead within the year. And then she was back again, in her widow's clothes...lookin' again..."

"Sorry 'bout your husband, ma'am!"

"Thank you, Phil."

"And Phil Crane was second and Billy Gordon...third, and then Hank Morton...and Jus' recent...Ephram Hodes...killed 'em all. Sucked their blood, that's what she did."

"I still won't believe she's a vampire. In fact I'm sure she's not!"

"Waldo'd listened to their insane theory. But he'd known, deep within him, his craving for this beautiful woman had told him they were all wrong."

"Don't say we didn't warn you, back up, men, thanks...and good evenin'!"

"Yes, Waldo'd ignored their warnings! He'd left them with their suspicions and superstitious blabber, and he'd moved down the street to this black-draped beauty..."

"Evenin', Anna. Mind if I walk with you?"

"Why it's you, Mr. Buckley. Didn't they...didn't they tell you to stay away from me?"

"They told me lots of things, Anna, things I won't believe. Things I know aren't true."

"Mr. Buckley, I...I certainly, Mr. Buckley. I'd be proud to have you walk with me!"

"So, despite the townfolk's warnings, Waldo'd started seeing Anna...and there'd been many evenings together...and many walks..."

"Anna...I...I love you."

"Oh, Waldo! What do you know about me? Do you know about my son?"

"I know about him! I know that he's sick and weak and needs a father. And I want to be his father. I want you for my wife..."

"Oh, Waldo...dearest!"
Could it be he was wrong? Could it be the townsfolk were right? Anna was getting up...moving across the cabin bedroom floor...towards the sleeping pale-faced boy...

And now, he was lying in the darkness beside this woman...listening to her irregular breathing...knowing she was not asleep...and waiting...

They're wrong! They must be wrong. They have to be wrong! I'm sure...

Waldo? Waldo...

Waldo froze. He tried to regulate his breathing. Anna whispered into the darkness...

Are you asleep, Waldo?

Now she was pushing the cot...noiselessly...slowly...on well-oiled casters...toward the bed where Waldo lay, wide-awake...frozen...waiting...

Soon, darling! Soon you'll have what you need!

The boy! The boy's a vampire! I didn't think...

Waldo lay stiffly...staring up at the dark cabin ceiling...thinking about tonight...about the happy trip to the justice of the peace...

And do you, Waldo buckly, take this woman, Anna, for your lawful wedded wife?

I do!

What yuh cookin', Anna? Steak...Waldo...
Now Anna was moving to the cabin closet. Waldo waited. There was still time. He'd make sure...

Anna was wheeling it out of the closet. The contraption. The weird looking contraption with the coils of rubber hose and the two lethal-looking hollow needles and the clamps and brackets and the simple hand-pump...

Waldo leaped out of bed, laughing. Anna backed away, woe-eyed...

You... you're awake!

Yes. I'm awake! So that's what you did to them... your other husbands! You took their blood from them with that contraption, and gave it to your sickly kid. A little at a time... while they slept... until they died!

Anna began to cry. She sat down on the bed, her head in her hands, sobbing out the words...

My baby was born with a rare blood disease. He needed constant transfusions. His father gave all he could... and died of pneumonia. I was destitute. I couldn't afford to pay for more transfusions, so I stole the apparatus and some money and came here to live. And... now you know...

She looked up at Waldo with tear-filled eyes...

How did you know I wasn't a vampire? They all think I am...

A vampire knows another vampire...

Waldo grinned, revealing his needle-like fangs...

Why do you think I married you? Because I wanted your blood, and now...

And so, we leave Anna screaming as Waldo sucks her blood, and end our little tale, creeps, and rest assured... Anna's little boy is sure to be Waldo's dessert... what little there is, of course. And now, for your last horror helping, here's the Crypt-keeper. I'll be in my reeking-restaurant, the haunt of fear, again... my cauldron bubbling with some bloody brew... waiting to serve the slop to you... in C.K.'s mag, Tales from the Crypt. See you then. 'Bye, now! Buy E.C. go cra-zy!
HEN HEH AND NOW IT'S YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER'S TURN TO CURdle YOUR BLOOD! SO CReEP INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR, FIENDS, PLOP DOWN ON THAT MORRIS CHAIR THERE... BEING CAREFUL NOT TO OISTURB POOR DEAD MORRIS, AND I'LL TELL YOU A TREMBLE-TALE. I SEE THAT O.W. HAS WOVEN A STORY AROUND POE'S 'THE TALE-TALE HEART.' WELL, HERE'S MY OFFERING... MY OFFENSIVE OPUS... A YARN BASED ON STEVENSON'S CLASSIC, 'DOCTOR JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.' I CALL THIS SPINE-TINGLER...

HYDE AND GO SHRIEK!

FAR ACROSS THE CITY, A BANK CLOCK TOLLS THE HOUR... SADLY, MOURNFULLY. IT IS FOUR A.M... IT IS THE HOUR WHEN THE CITY STREETS,Lit ONLY By DIM, FAR-SPACED LAMPS, Lie BAREN AND DESERTED... WHEN THE HOUSES CROUCH SILENTLY, DARKENED AND LOCKED SHUT... WHEN THE LIFE OF THE METROPOLIS SLEEPS, SUSPENDED, WAITING FOR JANGLING ALARM CLOCKS AND THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN TO AWAKEN IT ONCE MORE... IT IS THE HOUR WHEN THINGS OF EVIL FIND COMFORT... WHEN THEY CRAWL FORTH, UNAFRAID, FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES. ON ONE LONELY STREET IN THE SLEEPING CITY, A FIGURE MOVES... QUICKLY, ANXIOUSLY... A FIGURE OF A MAN. MYRON NORWOOD.

THE SUCKER! THE POOR SAP! AMY WAS SO RIGHT ABOUT HIM! WAIT UNTIL SHE SEES THE FINAL BANKROLL. FIFTY GRAND... CASH... THE DESERTED STREET ECHOES THE STACCATO SOUND OF MYRON'S HURRYING FOOTSTEPS. HE PASSES BENEATH A STREET LIGHT, SQUINTING IN ITS GLARE...

EVER SINCE AMY PUT ME ON TO HIM, I'VE BEEN MILKING DOUGH OUT OF HIM. BUT TONIGHT... TONIGHT I MADE MY BIG KILLING! AND BEFORE HE FINDS OUT I'M A BIG PHONY, AMY AND I WILL BE ON OUR WAY TO MEXICO!
A MONTH AGO. HE ADVERTISED FOR A SECRETARY AND I ANSWERED HIS AD. HE TOOK A LIKING TO ME, SO...

ANYBODY'D TAKE A LIKING TO YOU, BABY...

AND YERGO GOT ALL EXCITED ABOUT IT, EH? HE BELIEVES IT!

HE WANTS TO BELIEVE IT, HONEY! HE IDENTIFIES THIS MR. HYDE CHARACTER WITH ALL OF HIS OWN FRUSTRATIONS... HIS OWN SECRET LONGINGS, WAIT TILL YOU MEET HIM! HE'S STYANO TIMIO. BUT DOWN DEEP INSIDE, HE'S GOT AN EVIL, SADISTIC, LUSTFUL STREAK IN HIM. I KNOW IT. I'VE SEEN THE WAY HE LOOKS AT ME AT TIMES.

CUT IT OUT, HONEY! NOT NOW! LISTEN, WILL YOU? ANYWAY, HE'S LIKE A KID. AFTER HE LEARNED HOW TO READ ENGLISH, HE STARTED READING EVERYTHING HE COULD GET HIS HANDS ON. AND LAST WEEK, HE READ THIS 'DOCTOR JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE' BOOK...

HE TOLD ME HE READS THAT BOOK EVERY NIGHT. HE CONFESSIONED TO ME THAT IF ONLY HE COULD FIND A WAY, LIKE DR. JEKYLL, TO UNCORK HIS BOTTLED-UP DESIRES, IF ONLY HE COULD FIND THE NERVE TO DO THE DEPRAVED THINGS HE YEARNS TO DO, IF ONLY HE COULD BE UNINHIBITED LIKE MR. HYDE, HE'D BE ECSTATIC! PERSONALLY, I THINK HE'S GOT A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE!

BUT WHERE CO I FIT IN, AMY... A SECOND-RATE CONSULTANT CHEMIST?

MYRON CHUCKLES AS HE TURNS A CORNER...

I REMEMBER THE DAY AMY TOLE ME ABOUT HIM. 'MYRON,' SHE SAID TO ME, 'MYRON, IT'LL BE LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY! HE'S LOADED, I TELL YOU....

...LOADED! HIS NAME IS YERGO! HE CAME HERE ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO FROM EUROPE. HE WENT TO NIGHT SCHOOL TO LEARN ENGLISH. HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF TIE-UP IN EUROPE AND HE'S MAKING PILES OF DOUGH.

IF YERGO THOUGHT YOU COULD RECOVER DR. JEKYLL'S SECRET FORMULA... IF HE THOUGHT YOU COULD MAKE HIM INTO A MR. HYDE, HE'D PAY ALMOST ANYTHING! AND YOU COULD PHONY THE WHOLE THING... CARRY ON FAKE RESEARCH... CHARGE FOR PHONY EQUIPMENT... TAKE HIM FOR PLENTY. WE COULD CASH IN!

OKAY! TOMORROW, STEER THE CONVERSATION AROUND TO IT AND DROP MY NAME. TIP ME OFF SO I'LL BE READY FOR HIM.
The light from the street lamp casts an eerie glow on Myron's grim face as he passes beneath it... Hurrying...

Amy was clever. The very next day, Yergo phoned me... And that evening, the character was in my laboratory...

In other words, Mr. Yergo, you want me to duplicate Dr. Jekyll's experiments and develop a formula to turn you into a 'Mr. Hyde'?

Ya, meester norvoo. Dat iz vot I vant. I vant to be able to enjoy doing things that I am afraid to do now because I wold feel guilty.

Yergo opeheo his dog-eared copy of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde..."

I vant to be able to do violent and exciting things like Mr. Hyde... Like this! Listen...

Mr. Hyde had in his hand a heavy cane. The old gentleman took a step back, and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth...

...and the next moment, with ape-like fury he was trampling his victim under foot and hail-ing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered...

Mr. Hyde was stumping along, and the girl of eight or ten was running as hard as she was able. Then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled over the child's body...

...and left her screaming on the ground!
Myron steps off the curb and crosses the silent street. He shudders...

The guy was dull... real naive! But it was a chance to pick up some easy dough. I was happy to play along... play along to the hilt...

It is probable, Mr. Yergo, that after careful perusal of the story I would be able to find clues as to the possible chemical make-up of the formula. But it will take research to develop it...

I am willing to pay, meester Norwood!

Research costs a great deal, Mr. Yergo. There's equipment costs... guinea pigs... chemicals... instruments. And there's my time...

Research costs a great deal, Mr. Yergo. There's equipment costs... guinea pigs... chemicals... instruments. And there's my time...

After Yerdo blew, Amy came out of her hiding place and I took her in my arms. We both laughed out loud...

Look, baby. A check for a thousand bucks!

Oh, honey. I told you. Just string him along... and there'll be plenty more.

What a time Amy and I had spending that dough! We bought new clothes, hit the best night clubs, and toasted our new-found bankroll...

To Mr. Yerdo... the sucker. May his checks keep coming...

... and growing.

And just to make it look good, I bought a dozen guinea pigs, and set up intricate and impressive apparatus all around the lab...

I was free tonight, meester Norwood, so I dropped by to see if you was making any progress...

Well, a little, Mr. Yerdo. I think I've found something! You remember, in the book, when Jekyll talks about the phosphorus salt...
Myron grins evilly, the streetlight reflecting on his yellow teeth... What a phony line of hogwash! I manoed him. I quoted a few lines from the story, and then gave him some chemical-double-talk to explain it...

...and I think that if I work along those lines, I may find what we're looking for!

Good, good, Vel, thank you, and...

Oh, one thing, Mr. Yergo. I'll need some more money. This equipment used up all that you gave me...

OH? I see! Vel... of course. Shall we make it $5000, this time?

What is there about furs that turns a normal woman into a passionate flaming animal? I remember the night I bought Amy that mink coat with the dough from Yergo's second check...

Oh, Myron... it's beautiful... beautiful. You're so good to me...

Baby...

And what a show I'd put on for Clunk-Head whenever he came to the lab. Dry ice in beakers of water bubbling mysteriously and giving off clouds of eerie-looking vapor... retorts boiling... titrations accomplishing nothing... ammonia fountains... color change reactions with indicators... Yergo would look around wide-eyed...

Anything new, we're on the right track, Meester Norwood?

I'll need some more money...

Another $5000 check. More wild times for Amy and me...

Oo you think he'll catch on, Myron? I mean... well... I like the way things are lately, I'd like them to continue.

He's too thick to catch on, baby! He swallows every phony thing I tell him. Don't worry, I'll string him along...

I thought up the craziest combinations of harmless chemicals to inject into those poor guinea pigs when Yergo came around. He'd watch, completely taken in by the whole fraud.

Oo you think this formula will work, Meester Norvoodo?

We'll see in a moment, Mr. Yergo, there...
The corner is just ahead, the corner where Myron is to meet Amy. He breathes harder now, giggling...

Of course, nothing ever happened to the guinea pigs. Some of them got cases of hives or asthma! But that was all! And I led Yergd on... fooled him all the way...

Wait! You can't take it yet! I haven't developed an antidote! You don't want to take it without the antidote, do you?

No! No! Of course not. But how long...

Not very long, Mr. Yergd. But I'll want more money! A lot more! Fifty thousand dollars... as my fee!

Fifty thousand dollars? No! This is a hold-up! A robbery!

Frankly, I was puzzled at the guinea pig's reaction! It seemed to grow very fierce... it squealed and darted wildly about the cage! But...

That's it, Mr. Yergd. We've got it! Give it to me. Give it to me.

He paid. I demanded it in cash and he trotted off to get it. I quickly analyzed what I'd given the guinea pig...

Well, this conglomerate is slightly acid in character! That poor guinea pig developed nothing more than an acid stomach... probably painful! The 'antidote' is simple. Sodium bicarbonate... baking soda!

When Mr. Yergd returned, I had a flask of the ridiculous formula ready. I'd sealed a paper with the words 'bicarbonate of soda' into an envelope...

Here is your formula, and in this envelope I've written the antidote! Now... the money...

Just a moment, Mr. Norwood. How do I know this formula really works?

I poured a few drops of the phony formula into a beaker. After all, what did I have to lose? A slight acid stomach in exchange for fifty grand...

Here... watch!
I GAVE YERGO THE BEST ACT I COULD MANAGE. I SHUDDERED! I GRITTED MY TEETH! I MOANED! I SHARLED! I RAVED! I SCREAMED...!

YAAAGGH!... IT... IT DOES WORK!

He watched, grinning idiotically. When he looked convinced, I calmed down. I gasped...

THERE! YOU SEE? AND I ONLY TOOK A DROP OR SO! A GREATER AMOUNT, OF COURSE, WOULD LAST INDEFINITELY... AND REQUIRE THE ANTIDOTE!

Thank you, meester Norvood! Thank you...

WHEN HE LOOKED CONVINCED, I CALMED DOWN. I GASPED...

MYRON STOPS AT THE CORNER BEFORE THE DARKENED STORE WINDOW. IN THE DISTANCE, HIGH HEELS CLICK OVER THE EMPTY STREETS...

MYRON STARES AT HIS REFLECTION IN THE STORE WINDOW...

GOOD LORD! THAT CONCOCTION...

THE CLICKING HEELS SOUND CLOSER NOW...

ANY IS COMING. MYRON LOOKS AROUND WILDLY...

I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE SHE GETS HERE! I HAVE TO... TO... THE ANTIDOTE! BICARBONATE OF SODA. IT COULD REALLY WORK! THE STUFF WAS ACIDIC! THERE! IN THE WINDOW...

MYRON? IS THAT YOU?

HEH, HEH! WHY RIGHT NOW, THE JERK IS PROBABLY ROLLING ON THE FLOOR OF HIS APARTMENT WITH THE WORST DARN BELLY ACHЕ HE'S EVER... HAD...

OH, MY GOD!

Myron stops at the corner before the darkened store window. In the distance, high heels click over the empty streets...

Myron stares at his reflection in the store window...

Good lord! That concoction...

The clicking heels sound closer now...

any is coming. myron looks about wildly...

I have to do something before she gets here! I have to... to... the antidote! bicarbonate of soda. it could really work! the stuff was acidic! there! in the window...

Myron? is that you?

Heh, heh! why right now, the jerk is probably rolling on the floor of his apartment with the worst darn belly ache he's ever... had...

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Oh, my god!

Myron turns. now he is every-thing that hyde was... all of the evil and filth and violence...

EEEEEEE... oh!

Heh, heh. poor amy! she ended up splattered all over the sidewalk because myron's and her phony scheme turned out to be for real! and the bicarb in the window display turned out to be for phony! i'm sure there's a moral here somewhere, but i'm too lazy to figure it out! no matter! we'll all see you next in my mag, tales from the crypt! till then kiddies, stay in the sun and tan your hyde!