GOOD LORD... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY HANDS? THEY'RE CHANGING! THEY LOOK... LIKE AN ANIMAL'S!
THE VAULT OF HELL!

HEH, HEH, HEH. IT'S NICE TO SEE SO MANY OF YOU READERS BACK AGAIN FOR ANOTHER GRUESOME STORY. WELL, THIS TALE TAKES PLACE IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND. HEH, HEH. ONLY THINGS AREN'T AT ALL MERRY IN THIS YANNT TSK TSK. DON'T LOOK SO FRIGHTENED. I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN TO RELATE THE BLOOD-CURDLING I CALL TERROR ON THE MOORS!

Along the bumpy, gutted road that winds through the barren English moors, a lone can cautiously make its way, trying desperately to find safe passage through the dense, impenetrable fog. Behind the wheel sat Jim Ryan, an American tourist.
Blast this fog! Can't see a thing! I've gone off the road four times! It's impossible to go any further! Don't even know where I am, anyone!

Hm. This gate looks like the entrance to an estate. Good thing I stopped when I did; maybe they'll put me up for the night.

Jim Ryan found his way to an ancient, decrepit house. The doorman was opened to his knock, and an aged, bent Butler ushered him into the presence of Andrew Clymore...

And with the road so dangerous because of the fog, Mr. Clymore, I thought perhaps...

Of course, Mr. Ryan...

We haven't had a guest in over thirty years! Evers and I live here alone; however, we shall be glad to have you spend the night...

Dinner is served, Mr. Clymore...

Yes, Mr. Ryan, I am an old man with not much time left! Another heart attack will mean the end...

I'm very sorry to hear that, Mr. Clymore!

Suddenly, from out of the dankness of the house, came a shrill, piercing, unearthly scream...

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT WAS THAT?

I heard nothing, Mr. Ryan, what seems to be the matter?

You—you didn't mean that, that oh... I'm... It must have been my imagination.
Evers had paused for only a moment... but it was long enough for Jim Ryan to smell the ungodly odor that came from the covered platter. It was a strong, nauseating smell... like the stench of decayed rotted flesh!

Jim fell asleep quickly... but some hours later—blazes—those horrible shrieks! Coming from across the hall! What's going on over there?

By candlelight, Mr. Clymore slowly led the way to the guest room. Evers was coming down the stairs, holding a large, cloth-covered platter... Good-night, Mr. Ryan. I trust you sleep well!

What an immense odor! And those strange whispering sounds from behind it... here is your room, Mr. Ryan!

Sounds like an animal growling and snarling! And yet... it sounds almost human! Whatever's in there is making a terrific racket!

It seems to be scratching, digging for something... and it's pounding on the wall... on the wall between this room and Mr. Clymore's!
Strange - I think I heard moans from inside Mr. Clymore's room! But I... I can't be sure! Confound it! I hope he's all right!

Unnerved, Jim Ryan returned to bed. He slept little, and was fully dressed when there was a furious pounding on his door the next morning. The noise from across the hall had ceased...

Evers! What's the matter?

Mr. Ryan's dead! Mr. Clymore is dead! A heart attack during the night! Please come!

He's dead all right. Looks like he was frightened to death!

A long time ago he made me promise to cremate his body when he died, Mr. Ryan. I hate to ask you this... but I am old! I... I can't do it alone...

I... I understand, Evers! You want me to build the funeral pyre? Okay, I'll do it... as soon as it stops raining.

Raining? Oh... I. I hadn't noticed... yes... I guess we'll just have to wait!

You look frightened, Evers... anything wrong?

Wrong! No! I only pray the rain stops soon! It must stop soon! It must!

The day passed slowly. The hours drifted by and the torrents of rain continued.

It's getting dark, Evers! Maybe we can cremate his corpse tomorrow? Why not go take a nap?

No! No, I can't leave him now! It's getting dark!
Suddenly, from the mysterious room next door, came the sounds of movement. First, low growls and snarls... and then the scratching, clawing sounds of concentrated digging.

Nothing was said! The butler stammered. His face a ghastly pallor. His beads of sweat stood out on his brow. He was in deathly fear, but he remained at the bed, staring fixedly at the wall from which the sounds came! With each hour, the tension mounted.

The rain's stopped, ever, it's late... but maybe I can build the funeral pyre now... if you want me to!

No! no! Don't go! This place is driving me nuts! What's going on here, anyway?

All night, Mr. Ryan, it's not fair to keep it from you any longer. I'll tell you the story...

Scratch scratch scratch scratch... Finally a fit seized her from which she did not awaken! Gats passed! She was pronounced dead... and was buried in the family crypt behind this house.

The following night, Mr. Clymore heard moans! coming from the mausoleum. He rushed in and ripped open his wife's coffin! She was alive! But she was in a state of very severe shock!
She never fully recovered from that experience, Mr. Ritham, a tear later, they had their first and only child. It was then that Mrs. Clymore really died. That time there was no mistake.

"He discharged the household staff, and cared for the creature in seclusion as it drew older; it became vicious and then he put it in that room and had that door built to hold it. We destroyed the key.

Several months ago, the monster underwent a horrible mental change! It would eat only dead flesh. It had become a ghouls.

Together we have kept it alive by feeding it decayed corpses from the mausoleum but now the beast is digging through the wall. He's trying to get out!"

"It will soon succeed, you can tell by the sounds. Any time now it will burst through. If not tonight, tomorrow night. I can't stand it much longer.

"Evers, get hold of yourself! Listen to me. Are there any weapons we can use?"

"Yes, Mr. Ritham, in the bureau. Two, two pistols. Look! The wall! It's breaking open!"

"Crunch!"

"The child was a revolting monstrosity! No one was allowed to see it. Not even my self. Mr. Clymore withdrew from the world."

"Good Lord!"
Jim Ryan raced to the bureau and searched frantically until he found the pistols...

The monster was upon the little sullen in an instant. They went down in a tumbled mass of flintlocks, legs and frenzied, terrified screams. Jim raised his gun, took cool, deliberate aim, and squeezed the trigger.

The pistol had misfired! It was too late to fire again, for the inhuman thing slithered across the floor and, with a mighty push of its huge arms, leaped upon him!

Jim fell backwards, trying to dodge the hurtling form, and his head struck the wall sharply. The room reeled; vague visions swam before him. The beast, crouched over the body on the bed, candles setting fire to the rug... then blackness.

He regained his senses in a few moments. Smoke filled his nostrils, and the crackle of flame filled his ears. He saw the monster flitting wildly about the corpse... snatching at its face repeatedly with jibbed teeth.

Whirled and stared at the most hideous beings he had ever seen! It was beyond description... beyond the most fantastic apparition in his wildest nightmare! Even snatched a gun from his hand and fired blindly...

Jim!
The flames raced madly about the room, choking Jim from the acrid fumes. Jim crawled to the side of the Butler.

WHY... HE'S DEAD!

Evers! Evers!

He turned just in time to see the horrid creature, afire, leap from the bed and, screeching frantically, scurry back into the hole in the wall. Through the flames ligning the bed, oldtse Jim stared in horror at the mutilated remains of Mr. Clymore.

GOOD LORD! THAT... THAT THING WAS... FEASTING DR. DR. ITS FATHER!

Suddenly Ryan noticed burning embers falling from the ceiling with a thunderous roar. The roof collapsed, and as he darted through the blazing doorway, the aching and eyes smarting from the pungent smoke, he stumbled down the stairs and out of the house... the monster's frightful, soul-bearing shrieks filled the abduny room in his ears...

As Jim watched dazedly, the hoaring flames enveloped the house and raced it to the ground... a brass of smoke... rubble... the pitiful shrieks grew weaker and weaker... until he heard them no more.

For a long while after the last ember had died, he did not move... but finally he stumbled to his car, slid behind the wheel and slowly drove away. He looked back several times... until the smoky remains of the house were swallowed by the fog and disappeared from view.

HEH, HEH! PLEASANT? I HOPE THE TALE LEFT YOU WITH A WARM FEELING... AND THAT IT STIMULATED YOUR... HEH... YOUR APPETITE? OH, BY THE WAY... DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR THE MONSTER! AFTER ALL, HE DIED WITH A NOT MEAL IN HIS TUMMY... MOON OR LESS! HEH! HEH! HEH! NOW READ ON...
Well, well! HEE! HEE! I see it's time, once again, to light the fire under my cauldron and brew for you another tale of terror! This time I have a story guaranteed to send shivers up and down your spine! So come closer, come closer and gaze into the bubbling contents of my cauldron, and soon you'll see the beginning of the yarn I call... 

BABY... IT'S COLD INSIDE!

As my story opens, we see Barton Gordon, ragged and unkempt, struggling through a blinding snowstorm. A newspaper clutched under his arm... If I weren't down to my last cent, I'd never go out on a day like this to answer a want-ad!

Soon, Barton Gordon came to a run-down apartment building. He checked the newspaper...

THIS IS THE HOUSE! IT SAYS TO APPLY AT THE APARTMENT ON THE TOP FLOOR...
Gordon entered the ramshackle building and began to climb the dank, rickety stairs. Looks like I'm letting myself in for a pile of wonk! This place is pretty beat up.

Suddenly, as he passed a door on the second floor, it creaked open! Are you the new 'bunger'? I... I'm applying for the job!

He's mad! A maniac! He hasn't given any heat since he bought the place a week ago...

Who? The landlord?

Yes! Keeps his windows wide open! His apartment is freezing! He says he likes it like that! But we... we have to suffer!

If I get the job, you'll have heat! I'll see to it!

Gordon made his way to the top floor and knocked on the door! A strange voice bid him enter...

Come in! Come in! Hurry up! Don't just stand there! Close the door!

B-r-r-r! The old guy was right! It is freezing in here! Can't be more than twenty degrees!

Death Notices

I don't like furnaces! They frighten me! That will be your job! The pay is good! You will have a place to live in the basement! There's only one other tenant! I cannot leave my apartment! You will do my grocery shopping for me!

I wouldn't take the job, if I didn't need the money so badly! I... I don't like the set up! How even...
However, Barton Gordon did not take the job! He ordered the necessary fuel, and soon all the radiators in the house were sizzling. That is. all except those of Marcus Kingsley. The eccentric landlord! His apartment remained ice-cold! His radiators shut off! His windows wide-open!

Barton Gordon hated the strange man who was his employer! There was something wrong about him! Something... evil... frightening! But a morbid curiosity made him accept Kingsley's invitation... Do you play chess, Mr. Gordon?

As they talked, Barton noticed a ring that Kingsley wore! It was artistically made... a work of art... Say! What an interesting ring! May I... Don't touch me!

Gordon, startled by Marcus Kingsley's outburst, drew back! Then he turned to go...

Oh! Don't leave! I'm sorry I shouted; Barton! Stay! It is so rare that I talk to anyone!

I... I must go! I've got some work to do!

Barton closed the door of the cold apartment and made his way to the basement.

Crazy fool! Living in freezing temperatures! Not letting anyone touch him! He's mad!
AND SO THE WINTER DAYS WENT BY. BARTON GORDON STEERED CLEAR OF THE STRANGE MARCUS KINGSLY, WHO LIVED IN THE COLD ON THE TOP FLOOR. HE DID HIS WORK AS IF IT WENT WELL. THE OTHER TENANTS WERE KEPT WARM AND COZY, THEN, ONE BREATHE DAY LATE IN FEBRUARY.

The cold of the insulated apartment crept into Barton's bones! It made his eyes tear! Outside, it was warm and sunny... but inside...

The winter passed, and spring came to the Strange House of Marcus Kingsley! And with the warm weather came the steady throbbing of machinery...

Air-conditioning, nothing! The guy's crazy as a loon! We've just installed frozen-food locker-compressors! The guy's made his apartment into a huge frozen-food locker!

The cold of the insulated apartment crept into Barton's bones! It made his eyes tear! Outside, it was warm and sunny... but inside...

It's the machinery, Mr. Kingsley! The tenants are complaining! It throbs and throbs continuously!

Ah, Mr. Gordon! I have not seen you in such a long time! You leave my food at the door, but never come in.

I, I am susceptible to colds! I cannot stand the changes in temperature!

Let them move out! I'll do what I like in my own house!
Marcus Kingsley threw back his head and laughed. It was an hysterical laugh, madness! Evil! Barton Gordon could etag it no longer. He rushed from the freezing apartment. He's got to get himself another Joe. The machine is a maniac! But jobs were scarce—so Barton Gordon remained! Spring turned to summer—hot, humid. Teenappes that hovered in the interior and the third-gig! The grinding, throbbers of the machinery...

Then, one sweltering day...

Huh? The machinery? It's stopped!

Barton! Barton! Come up here!

Yes, Mr. Kingsley! At once!

What's happened? What's happened to the electricity? My compressors—they've stopped!

I'll see. I'll look at the fuses!

Barton rushed to the cellar. The fuses were all blown and the wires scorched. He went back upstairs. Kingsley was wide-eyed with terror. The whole electrical system's blown out. Couldn't fix it. Quick!
SOMETHING QUICKLY!

Barton returned to the del-
lar! He tried other lines!
they were all burned out!
It was hopeless! He went
back upstairs...

His apartment was warming up;
there was no more cold
blast seeping under
the door! It’s locked!
The door’s locked!

Then he smelled it! An odor
like wet paper... old musty... the
smell of decay...

I can’t leave you alone!

Kingsley! Open the door! I can’t
fix the electricity! It’s going to
take seven days!

Suddenly there was a blood-curdling
shriek! Then Barton Gordon heard a thud...
as if a body had fallen! Then sobbing! He
listened! It was Marcus Kingsley! He was
whispering! Barton went downstairs...

I don’t know! He’s sobbing
like a baby! Since his
refrigerator-compressor
stopped.

What is wrong?

I don’t know! He is sobbing
like a baby! Since his
refrigerator-compressor
stopped.

Then away and
leave me alone!

WHAT? HE REFRIERATION HAS
FAILED? GODD LORD! THAT IS
HORRIBLE! CAN’T YOU FIX IT?
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

What? The refrigeration has
failed? Godd Lord! That is
horrible! Can’t you fix it?
It is impossible!

Perhaps in two days.

It will be too late! He will
be dead! Dead! That is
the wrong word to use!
Marcus Kingsley is dead!
He has been for some time!
He exists by sheer
will-power!

WHAT? THE REFRIGERATION HAS
FAILED? GODD LORD! THAT IS
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the wrong word to use!
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He has been for some time!
He exists by sheer
will-power!
Take me to his apartment? I will tell you on the way.

Marcus and I were friends. He didn't have long to live... Cancer of the heart! Marcus had a theory that a man could go on living without a heart... on pure determination alone! You know, mind over matter!

He begged me to cut out the cancerous heart? I did! And he continued to 'live'! But we soon discovered that he would have to stay in cold temperatures if he were to remain intact! You see, Marcus' body... as is any dead body... was prone to decay!

That's it. He bought this house in the middle of winter, and furnished his apartment with a refrigeration unit capable of preserving his dead body.

This is his apartment! Look!

On the floor, seeping out from under Marcus Kingsley's door, was a pool of black liquid... and from it, the nauseating smell of decaying flesh arose... ah, I am too late! I see it is almost over! Open the door!

Janton Gordon opened the door and stepped back! The foul stench that issued forth almost overcame them! There on the floor was all that remained of Marcus Kingsley - a mass of decayed flesh... putrid... rancid... oozing into a black pool that trickled out through the doorway...

I think I'm going to be sick...

Hee, hee! And that's my tale, dear readers! I hope it didn't leave you feeling too rotten! Marcus certainly was a cold character... living on sheer will-power! But then... heh... when the power failed, he lost all his ambition! Literally went to pieces! Well... next time you go to your refrigerator, think of Marcus, and how happy he would have been in there? 'Bye now!'
Come with me to a peaceful village disturbed only at night by the piercing howls and maddened screams of...

The Beast of the Full Moon!

The night is filled with strangeness as a full moon casts shimmering rays on a beast of terror... THE WEREWOLF! THE AUGH!

Next morning, a frightened figure seeks her fiancé...

TOM! TOM!

Another werewolf murder last night! No one is safe any more... Tom, what's the matter?

Soo lord! Look!
Each time the full moon comes up, he disappears from the house. He's been acting mighty suspicious. If I could only be sure...

Tom, there he is!

They could have been made by my brother Andrew. Oh, his hunting trip in Corococa he was wounded by a werewolf. The wolf's blood may have infected him.

In a flash Andrew turns away! The quick slam of a door is heard, followed by the turning of a key. He's locked himself in his room! I love you, June. I want to marry you. But not while this is hanging over our heads.

Poor Tom! Your own brother! But are you certain?

I've got to have proof. Tonight there'll be a full moon again when Andrew leaves the house. I'm going to follow him. I'm going to watch his every move.

You've got to hear me out! Where were you last night?

None of your business!

If you keep pesterin' me... If you keep interfering, you'll regret it all your living days!

Tom, be careful! Andrew... please!

They could have been made by my brother Andrew. Oh, his hunting trip in Corococa he was wounded by a werewolf. The wolf's blood may have infected him.

Tersely, Andrew Kellogg tries to avoid his brother.

Andrew? I want to talk to you! Let me alone! Let me be!

Andrew, Andrew, Andrew!
That night, as a gleaming moon begins to rise, a stealthy figure slips out of the Kellogg house…

He's making a dash for the woods. The spell of the moon will bring on the Werewolf transformation!

Suddenly, out of the thicket, the Werewolf wildly leaps!

No! No! Stay back!

In deadly struggle, man grapples with the now inhuman! He'll kill me! There's just one hope if I can.

In a second by second race with death, Tom wrests out a weapon! Yaaagh!

The fiendish beast bounds away, but Tom, on the verge of collapse, stumbles in pursuit…

A cloud's covering the moon. He'll charge back… before I…

Tom, what happened? Tom—darling! I've been looking for you everywhere!

I missed finding out for sure. Werewolf got away!
But I wounded him in the right claw. If Andrew knew such an injury, that will be proof.

He's watching. Tom, he looks so frightened!

Andrew! Let me in!

I'm going to rest. I'm very tired.

At breakfast...

Andrew, what's wrong with your hand?

I cut it... trying to open my pocket knife.

Cut it, with your knife! You lost your knife several days ago!

I... I bought a new one! And don't ask to see it! Just let me alone!

Late that afternoon...

Tonight I'm going to trap Andrew! The werewolf always uses this path. Claw marks show it! Tonight he'll fall into this pit.

Toward sundown, the trap is readied...

Perfect camouflage! When he falls in, I'll be waiting for him with a gun—loaded with silver bullets! My own brother... but I'll have to kill him! There's no other way.

Later, at June's house...

Please be careful, Tom! How... how are you planning to trap him?

Let me worry about that, honey! Everything is arranged! Just stay home and keep your doors and windows locked. I don't want anything to happen to you!
He's moving around in his room... clumping, stamping! He should be coming out any moment! I'll let him get as far as the pit, and then...

While in Andrew's room...

The moon... mad magic of the moon! It will be very bright... and irresistible!

A moment later, Andrew makes a sudden plunge...

... And a human form undergoes a fiendish transition... the wild cry of a werewolf piercing the night! He's out already! He tricked me! But the trap will get him! A-AAAA!

But the enraged beast is struggling for freedom... and before Tom can fire...

He can't escape now. I'll shoot him as soon as I get to the edge of the pit.

The gun can't reach it!
I still frantically trying to reach the sun. Tom struggles furiously to ward off the bestial violence!

GASP GASP

The hideous creature tumbles, writhing in agony from the blasting bullets...

Saved! Thank heavens! But who fired those shots?

Andrew! Yes, Tom! I told you not to interfere! I've been on the trail of the werewolf, too! She's dead, isn't she?

She?

In death, the hideous beast slowly regains its human form... slowly changes from the hoary creature of murder-madness to a marble-like beauty... asleep forever!

It! It's June!
WELCOME, DEAR READER, TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! I SEE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO RELATE ANOTHER OF MY HORROR TALES WHICH I KEEP HERE IN THE CRYPT! THIS TIME, IN ANSWER TO YOUR MANY REQUESTS, I AM GOING TO TELL YOU A GRIZZLING STORY OF VOODOO! ARE ALL THE WINDOWS LOCKED? THE DOORS BOLTED? GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN. THIS IS THE SHOCKER: VOODOO HORROR!

MY STORY BEGINS IN HAITI, THE CENTER OF VOODOO CULTURE! AN AMERICAN, GEORGE BARKER, IS SEARCHING THROUGH DARK WINDING ALLEYS FOR A CERTAIN SHOP...

AH! HERE IT IS! THE PLACE I HAVE TRAVELED ONE THOUSAND MILES TO FIND! THERE'S A LIGHT ON INSIDE! I'LL GO IN!
I'VE HEARD THAT YOU SELL STATUES... BUSTS... MADE TO ORDER!

YOU WANT ME TO MAKE A BUST OF YOU... A VOODOO BUST? YES! I AM WILLING TO PAY A HIGH PRICE!

GEORGE ENTERS THE DISMAL SHOP! THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH QUEER RELICS OF NA'IVE CULTURE! THERE IS AN AIR OF MYSTERY ABOUT THE PLACE—a FEELING OF EVIL! AN OLD NATIVE HIS FACE W RINKLED, HIS AGED BODY BENT, STEPS FORWARD...

MAY I HELP YOU?

YOU KNOW OF COURSE, WHAT POWERS THE VOODOO BUST WILL HAVE? YES! I AM AWARE OF ITS STRANGE CHARACTERISTICS!

YOU WANT ME TO MAKE A BUST OF YOU... A VOODOO BUST? YES! I AM WILLING TO PAY A HIGH PRICE!

THE OLD NATIVE BECKON GEORGE BARKER TO FOLLOW! THEY PROCEED TO THE REAR OF THE SHOP AND DOWN A LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS...

THE OLD MAN TOSSES THE STRANGE INGREDIENTS INTO THE SIMULATING CONTENTS OF THE POT AND BEGINS TO CHANT... MEANWHILE PERFORMING A BARESQUE DANCE ABOUT IT...

MA-HAH-MA-HAH-BWANAH TOOMBAN! TOOMBAN!

SOON IT IS OVER! THE NATIVE SLEAMS IN THE FIRE-LIGHT... HIS DARK BODY COVERED WITH SWEATIVITY! HE BREATHES HEAVILY...

THE LIQUID MUST COOL! THEN I WILL BE ABLE TO MOLD YOUR LIKENESS! COME BACK IN TWO DAYS! IT WILL BE FINISHED!
I can’t go through with it! It... it’s unnatural... diabolic! I’m afraid! I’ll find the shop and cancel my order!

But search as he may, George Barker cannot find the strange native and his weird shop, through back alleys and twisting streets he searched...

Am I going mad? It was here! I know it, but now, it’s gone!

The next day George returns at the appointed hour to the spot where the shop had been! Strangely, it is there, in the same alley where he had first found it....

But, why wasn’t it here when I looked yesterday?

Warily George Barker enters the shop! The old native comes forward, a draped statue under his arm...

You are on time! Here is your bust, Mr. Barker!

Lord! It looks exactly like me! So... so lifelike!

The Voodoo powers are that this strange Voodoo statue possesses...

Perhaps, dear reader, you are wondering just what the evil powers are that this strange Voodoo statue possesses!

Let me tell you! More than anything else in the world, George Barker valued his young, almost angelical face. He feared the day that the hard lines of age and worry would mar his handsome countenance! That’s why he bought the statue! The bust is supposed to accept these changes while George’s face remains young unmarked!
The years pass... and with them, the strange statue begins to grow older looking! Limes of age appear on its forehead...

...while I... I remain as youthful as ever!

But another, a still stranger thing begins to happen to the statue! Not only does it grow older, while George remains young... but also it begins to look distorted... ugly...

...as if it were showing my defects, my crimes and well!

It is true! Each time that George Barker, in his dealings with others, wrongs, lies, cheats... the statue changes...

I'm ruined, Barker! I ra-ha! You've sold out from under me! My money, I'm wiped out! Sad, Phelps? You should have been more careful!

Phelps... you fool! Put down that gun!

My blood will be on your hands, George Barker! You might as well have pulled this trigger yourself!

What's happened, Mr. Barker?

It's... Phelps! He's committed suicide!

That night, when George Barker sees the statue on his mantel-piece...

Good God! It... it's horrible! It... makes me sick! And it... it's turned blood red...

And so the years continue to go by! One day, a beautiful young girl enters George Barker's office...

...I'm looking for my father, Maurice Frank! Frank?

He's a bookkeeper! Can you tell me where I can find him?

Of course! Down the hall... the door marked 'Accounting'!
The old man's hands begin to tremble as the realization of what Barker is driving at hits him.

Mr. Barker, you've been with the firm for—let's see—ten years! You are now sixty-one. This job means a lot to you, eh?

If I'd let you go, you'd find it difficult getting another job, eh?

But my work, I'm careful. I'm sure you'll find.

Oh, yes? Your work is satisfactory. Well, I'll set to the point. I want to marry your daughter.

What?

I'll speak to her. I'll see what she says.

Dinner at my place! Tomorrow night at eight.

The statue on the mantelpiece looks just a little more horrible. A little more distorted the next night.

What an ugly piece, Mr. Barker! Why do you keep it?

Sentimental reasons, but— you can forget the Mr. Barker! Call me George!

The girl, Jean Frank, makes no move to resist as George Barker takes her in his arms...
George: It's vile. I don't want it here any longer.

Jean: I told you to leave this statue alone!

George: I'm going out for a walk. Why don't you go to the den and look at the statue again. I'll be right back.

Jean: Sobs, sob.

George pushes the whimpering Jean from the den and lock the door...
George puts on his hat and coat and leaves; he crosses the street and enters the deserted park... I'll have to get rid of her! She's no longer attractive; of no more use to me, and she's beginning to suspect about the statue.

Meanwhile Jean is wildly searching through drawers, looking, looking...
There's another key around here somewhere! I've seen it! Ah, here it is!..}

Jean goes downstairs and unlocks the door to the den! As it swings open, the light falls upon the hideous statue... I've got to destroy it! IT'S EVIL.

Picking up a large machete, one of the many native weapons that line the walls of the den, Jean brings it down upon the bust with all her force—severing it in two...

Outside in the deserted park, a blood-curdling scream shatters the stillness; echoes from tree to tree, bench to bench...

E-E-E-E

A policeman, hearing the unearthly cry, rushes to the scene... SULP! GOOD LORD! HOW HORRID! IT'S AN UGLY, REVOLTING OLD MAN! SPLIT IN TWO!

And back at George Barker's house...

And that's my voodoo tale, dear reader! Like it? I hope so! At least it had a shattering climax! Really side-splitting! Huh, huh! Well! I'll see you in my own magazine: TALES FROM THE CRYPT! I'll be looking for you with none of those horror stories, are you sure, and come, won't you?