



MONSTERS UNLEASHED!

TM

CH'MANU

The Thing That Stalks The
SWAMP SINISTER

Plus:

The
FRANKENSTEIN
MONSTER

WEREWOLF
BY NIGHT

And Other Photos and Fantasy
From the Realm Where
TERROR Lurks



BURNING THE MAN

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ART BY ERNIE CHUA

1125 A.D.:

A FIERY FIGURE HAUNTED THE BLACK FOREST OF GERMANY, APPEARING AT MIDNIGHT TO SET ONE TREE AFTER ANOTHER ABLAZE BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THE ROYAL WATCHMEN.

REPORTS INDICATED THE WEIRD FIGURE WAS "A MAN BURNING ALL OVER WITH FIRE. ONE COULD COUNT THE RIBS IN HIS STOMACH."

ONLY ONCE DID THE BURNING MAN EVER APPEAR ANYWHERE BUT THE FOREST. ON THAT OCCASION, HE FLEW INTO A SMALL TOWN. PEOPLE WERE FEAR-STRICKEN AT HIS APPEARANCE.

THEN HE VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT SKIES, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN...

...BUT HAVING ADDED ANOTHER UNSOLVED MYSTERY TO THE COLORFUL LEGENDS OF THE BLACK FOREST.

THE CITY IN NIGHT: LIKE FRAGILE CANDLE-FLAMES BEFORE A COLD GUST OF WIND, SEVENTEEN LIVES WILL BE **SNUFFED OUT**, BEFORE DAWN, **HERE**, WITHIN THE JAGGEDLY VAST CONFINES OF THIS CONCRETE-AND-STEEL **JUNGLE**.

WHY, THEN, DOES OUR ATTENTION LINGER AND FOCUS UPON THIS SINGLE BUILDING ENSCONCED IN THE GRASP OF SORDID THOUSANDS...?

BECAUSE WITHIN THESE FOUR AUSTERE WALLS ARE TWO PATHETIC BEINGS ONE OF WHOM IS DESTINED TO FORGET **MORE** THAN HIS LIFE BEFORE DAWN. HE WILL LOSE HIS **VERY SOUL...**

FRANKENSTEIN --1974

ONE OF THE BEINGS IS A MONSTER ... WITH THE CONFUSED MIND OF A MAN.

OR A MAN...TRAPPED WITHIN THE GARISH FLESH OF A MONSTER.

HIS THROAT HAS BEEN DAMAGED BY FIRE...AND HE CANNOT SPEAK ...YET THE GHASTLY CONFIGURATION OF HIS FACE PORTRAYS MORE ELOQUENTLY THAN WORDS THE TORMENT AND ANGUISH WHICH RESIDE IN HIS SOUL. HE IS PITY-ABLE...AND YET HE FEELS PITY--

--PITY FOR THE SECOND BEING HERE IN THE LABORATORY OF THE DECEASED DR. OWEN WALLACH...

...A MAN HUNCHED ON A COT IN THE SHADOWS OF A MACHINE, THE SHADOWS OF DESPAIR.

I SEE NOW, BY YOUR MANNER, THAT YOU DID NOT CAUSE GRETCHEN'S DEATH...

THAT SHE CAUSED IT HERSELF, WHEN SHE LOOKED DOWN FROM THE TRAPEZE AND SAW IN YOU A MONSTER TO BE FEARED...AND THAT FEAR CAUSED HER TO MISS HER LEAP AND PLUNGE TO THE FLOOR BELOW.

A TALE OF TWO MONSTERS!

IT IS A PITY YOU CANNOT TELL ME HOW YOU
CAME TO BE WHAT YOU ARE, MY SILENT FRIEND...
BUT AT LEAST I STILL HAVE THE POWER OF
SPEECH LEFT TO ME...

...AND MY
TALE IS ONE I
WISH TO TELL.
VERY MUCH.

PLEASE...
LISTEN
TO IT...

THE
MONSTER'S
HEAD
TWITCHES,
THE ONLY
REPLY
WITHIN HIS
COMMAND
...AND AN
AFFIRMATIVE
ONE.

"ALTHOUGH I REGRET
IT NOW, I WAS BORN..."



"...AND THE SQUALLING WITH WHICH I
GREETED THE SURGEON'S WAKING SLAP MUST
HAVE CONTAINED MORE THAN THE USUAL
AMOUNT OF CONFUSION NEWBORN BABES FEEL
UPON FINDING THEMSELVES IN THIS VAST,
BRIGHT, NEW WORLD.

"I WAS A HANDSOME CHILD, THE SOLE VESSEL OF
MY PARENTS' PRIDE..."



"...FOR, BEYOND
ME,
THEY HAD
NOTHING.

"AT FIRST, I DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF MONEY...OF CLOTHING WHICH HID THE
FACT THAT IT HAD BEEN WORN..."



JAMES,
DON'T YOU
HAVE ANY OTHER
CLOTHES?

NO, MA'AM.

Aa Bb Cc
Dd Ee Ff...

FATHER SPENDS
HIS MONEY ON
FOOD, MA'AM.

WHY NOT?

"BUT I **LEARNED** QUICKLY. I LEARNED THAT MONEY WAS **NECESSARY**...TO BUY CLOTHING WHICH WOULD **DISGUISE** ME AMONG MY **CLASSMATES**...SO THAT I WOULD NOT **STAND OUT** AS BEING **DIFFERENT**, AS AN OBVIOUS **OBJECT** FOR THEIR **SCORN**.

HEY, I KNOW A GREAT **TRASH CAN** WHERE YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO PICK UP A **NEW SUIT!**

YEAH, AND OUR **DOG** DOESN'T ALWAYS FINISH THE **LEFTOVERS**...JUST IN CASE YOUR FATHER CAN'T AFFORD **FOOD** EITHER!

"IT SEEMED IT WASN'T **ENOUGH** THAT I HAD TO BE **POOR**. I HAD TO BE **LAUGHED AT**, TOO...HAD TO BEAR THEIR **TAUNTS** AND **JEERS**... AND SINCE I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND **THAT** EITHER...

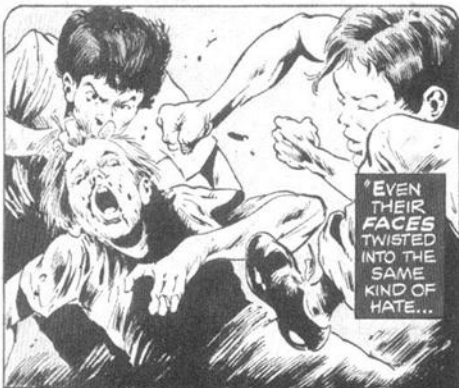
YOU GUYS THINK YOU'RE **BIG STUFF** JUST 'CAUSE YOUR FATHERS GOT **MONEY**. WELL YOU **AIN'T** **BIG STUFF!**

"...I GOT **MAD**.

YOU AIN'T!!

"BUT THEY STUCK **TOGETHER**, THOSE OTHER KIDS, ALL OF THEM IN THEIR **SAME** NEW CLOTHES, THE **SAME** KIND OF LAUGHS, THE **SAME** SHRILL **TAUNTS**...

"I COULDN'T TELL THEM **APART**-- COULDN'T TELL **WHICH ONE** OF THEM HIT ME THE **MOST**. IT ALL FELT THE **SAME**...



EVEN THEIR FACES TWISTED INTO THE SAME KIND OF HATE...

"BUT WHEN I PICKED MYSELF UP AND SLOWLY WALKED HOME, THEY WERE **GONE**...



"...A **MINDLESS** HATRED WHICH WAS VENTED UPON ME BY **ALL** OF THEM.

"...AND I WAS **ALONE**, MORE ALONE THAN I EVER THOUGHT I COULD **BE**.

"...UNTIL I ENTERED OUR HOME AND FOUND MY FATHER DEAD--

"--OF A COMMON COLD ESCALATED TO PNEUMONIA...



"..BY THE EXPENSE OF PROPER HEATING AND A DOCTOR.



"EXPENSES, WE COULD NOT AFFORD.

"BUT WE WERE RICH, THAT NIGHT, MY MOTHER AND I, IN TEARS.

"MOTHER GOT A JOB IN A FACTORY, ENOUGH FOR THE RENT... BUT IT WAS HARD TO WORK ON AN EMPTY STOMACH.

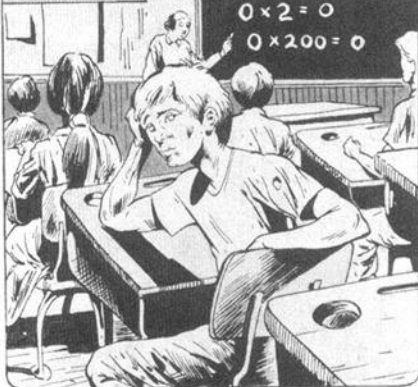
"SO I WOKE UP EACH MORNING AT FOUR, AND DELIVERED NEWSPAPERS...



"...ARRIVING AT SCHOOL BY EIGHT, SPENDING MY TIME EITHER IN DAYDREAMS...

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$0 \times 200 = 0$



"...OR ACTUAL SLUMBER.

LET HIM SLEEP, CLASS, HIS KIND NEVER CARES ENOUGH TO BETTER THEMSELVES.

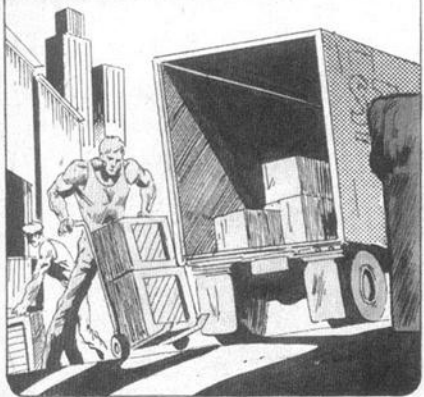


"THE DAYDREAMS ENVISIONED A LIFE IN WHICH I WOULD NOT HAVE TO SWEEP THE FILTH FROM SOMEONE ELSE'S STORE LATE EVERY NIGHT...



"...AND THE ACTUAL SLUMBER WAS A PRODUCT OF DOING IT.

"THEN, IN MY TEENS, I WAS ABLE TO FIND A JOB LOADING TRUCKS TWO DAYS OF THE WEEK..."



"THOSE CRATES WERE HEAVY. THEY DEMANDED GROWTH FROM MY MUSCLES..."



"...AND I BEGAN TO REVEL IN THE USE OF MY BODY. I BECAME PROUD OF IT, RATHER THAN THE CLOTHES WHICH HID IT."

"BUT IF MY BODY DEVELOPED, MY SCHOOL GRADES DEGENERATED. THOSE TWO DAYS AT THE TRUCK TERMINAL EACH WEEK WERE TWO DAYS THE SCHOOL ADMINISTRATORS COULD NOT UNDERSTAND..."

SO, JAMES, IN VIEW OF YOUR DEPLORABLE ATTENDANCE RECORD, WE ARE COMPELLED TO ORDER YOUR EXPULSION FROM SCHOOL...UNTIL SUCH TIME AS YOU FEEL ABLE TO MEET THE BASIC ATTENDANCE REQUIREMENTS.



"YES, I LEARNED A LOT FROM SCHOOL..."



"...SO MUCH THAT I NEVER RETURNED."

"MY MOTHER DIED SOON AFTER THAT, FEELING SHE HAD FAILED ME."



"...EVEN THOUGH I WAS THE ONLY MOURNER AT HER SIMPLE FUNERAL SERVICE."

"WITH MY MOTHER GONE, THERE SEEMED LITTLE NEED TO STAY WHERE I WAS. I WAS RESTLESS, EAGER TO LEAVE THE BLEAK PLACE WHICH HELD NOTHING BUT BITTER MEMORIES FOR ME..."



"I WANTED TO TRAVEL, AND WITH NO MONEY, IT WAS EITHER THE NAVY...OR--



THE CIRCUS.

"I WENT TO THE FAIRGROUNDS, AND ALMOST BEGGED FOR A JOB...

YEAH, WE CAN USE A GUY TO CLEAN THE ANIMAL CAGES.

YOU CAN START TOMORROW.



"THE CIRCUS WAS ENGAGED IN A PERPETUAL CROSS-COUNTRY CIRCUIT, HITTING THE NORTH DURING SUMMER AND THE SOUTH DURING WINTER. I CLEANED ANIMAL FILTH FROM VANCOUVER TO MIAMI...



"...AND STILL WAS NOT SATISFIED. MY SIGHTS WERE SET HIGHER, MY DREAMS LOFTIER. I NEVER TIRED OF WATCHING THE AERIALISTS AND TRAPEZE ARTISTS PERFECT THEIR DEATH-DEFYING CRAFT--IMAGINING MYSELF UP THERE WITH THEM...

"...BUT SOON, I REALIZED IT WAS PRACTICE. AND I HAD A GOAL, ONE FOR WHICH I STRIVED WITH DESPERATE FERVOR...



"...FOR LONG MONTHS, AND LONGER YEARS.

"I WAS NO STRANGER TO LOSING SLEEP. AFTER HOURS, I BEGAN SNEAKING INTO THE BIG TOP SCALING THE FLIMSY ROPE-LADDER UP TO THE DIZZYING TRAPEZE PLATFORM...



"AT FIRST, I PRETENDED TO MYSELF THAT IT WAS ALL FOR THE PURE EXHILARATION OF LAUNCHING MYSELF OUT INTO SPACE, SLICING A PERILOUS ARC HIGH ABOVE THE SANDUST...

"UNTIL, ONE DAY, I KNEW I WAS READY...

YOU? A TRAPEZE ARTIST? IT TAKES YEARS OF TRAINING, JAMES--LONG YEARS OF TRAINING.

JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE--LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO.





"HE GAVE ME
THAT CHANCE..."

SAY, HE'S NOT **BAD**.
WHAT DO YOU THINK,
GRETCHEN.

"...AND I **KNEW** I
COULD CONVINCE HIM.



I THINK HE'S
MAGNIFICENT.



ALL RIGHT,
JAMES-- COME
ON **DOWN** AND
GET YOURSELF
FITTED FOR AN
AERIALIST
COSTUME.

"IT WAS THE **ONE DAY** IN MY
LIFE WHICH MADE ALL THE
PREVIOUS YEARS OF SUFFERING
SEEM **WORTHWILE**..."

THANK YOU,
SIR-- THANK
YOU.

FOR
WHAT, JAMES? I'D
BE A **FOOL** TO KEEP
YOU **CLEANING**
CAGES WHEN
YOU CAN MANIPU-
LATE A TRAPEZE
BAR THE WAY
YOU JUST **DID**.



THIS IS **GRETCHEN**--
SHE'LL BE TEACHING
YOU THE ACT'S
ROUTINE...



PLEASED TO MEET
YOU, GRETCHEN.

"YES, IT WAS THE **FINEST DAY** OF MY LIFE..."



"GRETCHEN AND I WORKED
TOGETHER FOR **WEEKS**..."

...PERFECTING THE ROUTINE, COORDINATING EACH OTHER'S
MOVES TO **SPLIT-SECOND SYNCHRONIZATION**, LEARNING
ADMIRATION FOR EACH OTHER'S **ABILITIES**...

...AND PROVIDING MUTUAL COMPANY
THROUGHOUT THE LONG NIGHTS...



YOU'RE THE **FIRST PERSON**,
GRETCHEN, WHO CAN LOOK AT ME
AND SEE WHAT I AM, WHAT I CAN
DO... RATHER THAN WHAT
I'M NOT.

I APPRECIATE
THAT, GRETCHEN. MORE
THAN YOU'LL EVER
KNOW.

"WE FELL IN LOVE, GRETCHEN
AND I, AND THERE WAS **MAGIC**
IN IT... A **SUMMER'S NIGHT**
MAGIC FILLED WITH **SOFT**
TENSION AND AN ATMOSPHERE
CHARGED WITH LAZY SPARKS
OF PURPLE..."



"I KNOW IT SOUNDS **SILLY** NOW...
BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS."

"AND WE WANTED TO **SEAL**
THAT MAGIC **FOREVER**."



"WE WERE MARRIED."

"BECAUSE I'D HAD SO **LITTLE**, I
PLACED GREATER IMPORTANCE ON
WHAT I WAS."



"BECAUSE I COULD DEVELOP NO
WEALTH, I PLACED PRIDE IN
DEVELOPING MY **BODY**. BECAUSE
I HAD NO **MONEY** WITH WHICH I
COULD MAKE PEOPLE **NOTICE** ME,
I IMAGINED THAT IT WAS **ME**--
AND NOTHING ELSE--WHICH MADE
PEOPLE TAKE **NOTICE**..."

"...WHICH MADE **GRETCHEN**
TAKE **NOTICE**..."



"AFTER THE WEDDING, WE WERE A
TEAM IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD..."



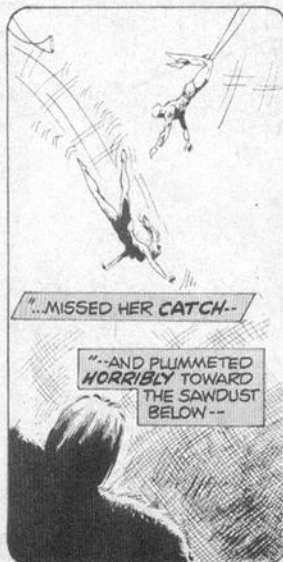
"...AND WE **REJOICED** IN THE
THRILL OF PERFORMING **TOGETHER**..."

...UNTIL YOU MADE
YOUR APPEARANCE, MY
SILENT FRIEND!

I NOW KNOW IT
WAS NOT YOUR
FAULT, BUT--

"...GRETCHEN
SAW YOU..."

"...SCREAMED--"



"...MISSED HER CATCH--"

"--AND PLUMMETED
HORRIBLY TOWARD
THE SAWDUST
BELOW--"



"--TO HER DEATH."



" I RAN TOWARD HER SPRAWLED
BODY...AND WAS CLUBBED
UNCONSCIOUS..."

"AND THOUGH IT WAS YOUR
HAND--YOUR BODY WHICH
WIELDED THAT CLUB--"



--IT WAS *NOT* YOUR MIND WHICH GUIDED IT, SOMEHOW, A DIFFERENT MIND POSSESSED YOUR BODY-- AN IMPOSSIBILITY I NOW SEE TO BE *POSSIBLE*.

FOR, IS THAT BODY ACROSS THE ROOM NOT MINE...?

*DR. OWEN WALLACH'S MIND.--ROY.



...AND AM I NOT NOW--



--TRAPPED IN *THIS* MOCKERY OF A FORM?

I--WHO PLACED EVERY IMPORTANCE ON THE BEAUTY AND ATHLETIC PROWESS OF MY STRONG, HEALTHY BODY...



...NOW CONSIGNED TO THIS *HIDEOUSLY* DETERIORATED HUSK--

DEPRIVED OF THE ONE THING I THOUGHT COULD NEVER BE TAKEN FROM ME --MY HUMAN NOBILITY.



THE MONSTER LOOKS UPON THE GHASTLY CREATURE BEFORE HIM AND SEES IN HIM A *MIRROR* TO HIS OWN TORMENT.

HE IS *PITITABLE*, THIS MONSTROUS CREATION OF FRANKENSTEIN AND YET HE FEELS--

--PROFOUND PITY.

A PITY WHICH IS **EAVESDROPPED** BY
MEANS OF AN **ELECTRONIC**
SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM...

**BRUNO! COME
HERE TO YOUR
MASTER!**

**YES, MASTER, YES, BRUNO
IS HERE. BRUNO IS HERE.**

**GOOD BOY,
BRUNO. WE ALL
WORK TOWARD
MY VENGEANCE,
DON'T WE,
BOY?**

**YES, MASTER.
YES. WE DO, WE
DO.**

**AND YOU ARE UGLY, AREN'T
YOU, BRUNO? VERY UGLY...?**

**YES, MASTER.
YES. YES YES.
BRUNO KNOW.**

**THIS VOODOO
DOLL, BRUNO--
WITH IT I CAN
FORCE THE DROWNED
CORPSE TO COME TO
ME...AND BRING THE
MONSTER WITH HIM.
BUT I WANT YOU TO
TAKE SEVERAL OF THE
OTHERS, BRUNO...
AND MAKE SURE THEY
ARRIVE HERE
SAFELY.**

**YES, MASTER,
YES. I WILL TAKE
OTHERS, OTHERS
OF US, ALL UGLY,
UGLY.**

**YES,
MASTER,
OH SO UGLY.
BRUNO IS
VERY UGLY.
UGLY.**

**AND YOU
KNOW THAT
TO ACHIEVE
MY VENGEANCE
WE MUST HAVE
THE MONSTER
ON THE
SCREEN,
DON'T
YOU.**

**GOOD BOY,
BRUNO.**

**NOW GO--I
MUST WORK THE
VOODOO DOLL...AND
BRING THEM HERE.**



THE MONSTER GAZES AT THIS BEING SO MUCH LIKE HIMSELF... AT THIS BEING WHO, BECAUSE OF HIS OWN CONDITION, HAS BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND THE HORROR OF BEING A MONSTER.



THEY SHAMBLE DOWN THE SHADOW-STUFFED STREETS, THESE TWO MONSTERS, AND THEY FEEL A UNION, A BINDING OF SOULS IN MUTUAL PITY...

BOTH HATE THAT PITY...AND EVEN MORE, THE CAUSE FOR THAT PITY...BUT STILL THEY WALK TOGETHER--





...UNTIL THE STRANGE PAIR REACHES A SPRAWLING, DECEITFUL MANSION AT THE FRINGE OF THE CITY...

THIS IS IT, MY FRIEND. I FEEL WE MUST ENTER THIS PLACE...

THE MONSTER LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY AT HIS FRIEND...NODS...

...AND OPENS THE GATE.

SARASHHH!

AND AS THEY REACH THE BROODING MANSION'S FRONT DOOR, A TRIO OF ABOMINATIONS STEALTHILY COALESCE BEHIND THEM...

THIS TIME, MY FRIEND, I THINK I SHALL OPEN THE DOOR... WITH SLIGHTLY LESS FORCE.

YES, IT WAS OPEN...AS I SOMEHOW KNEW IT WOULD BE.

THE THREE FREAKS PRESERVE THEIR STEALTH AND SILENCE...

...A SLAM WHICH SEEMS TO SNAP SOMETHING WITHIN THE MONSTER'S COMPANION...

MY FRIEND...I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAVE BEEN ASLEEP. WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

WHERE ARE WE? WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE...?

...UNTIL IT IS NO LONGER NECESSARY, AND IS ENDED WITH AN ABRUPT SLAM--

AND THE MONSTER CAN ONLY STARE IN MUTE UNCOMPREHENSION...



THEY ARE *HERE*, IN THE HALL ABOVE, MY UGLY PETS...

...AND THAT MEANS I NO LONGER HAVE USE FOR THE DROWNED ONE. AND SO HE MUST--



"-- DIE!"

THE MONSTER IS SILENT, BUT HIS SOUL SCREAMS AS HE WATCHES HIS FRIEND CLUTCH AT HIMSELF IN AGONY... AND CRUMPLE TO THE HALL FLOOR IN DEATH.



THEN, THE FLOOR VANISHES--

--AND THE MONSTER DESCENDS INTO A FORM OF HELL.



I BID YOU WELCOME, MONSTER... AND CONGRATULATE YOU UPON YOUR ENLISTMENT INTO MY CORPS OF FREAKS.



I AM THE MASTER, AND YOU ARE THE LAST ELEMENT IN MY SCHEME OF VENGEANCE. FOR, YOU SEE, I WAS ONCE BEAUTIFUL... AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO MADE ME UGLY...

DO YOU LIKE MY LITTLE TORTURE CHAMBER HERE...? I SINCERELY HOPE SO, FOR SOON YOU AND THE REST OF MY PETS SHALL FILL IT... WITH THE ONES WHO MADE ME UGLY!

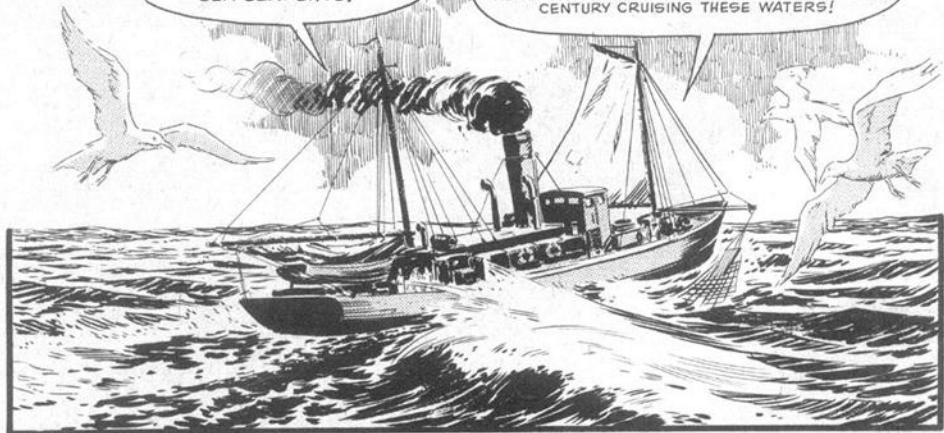
NEXT: FURY of the FREAKS!

THE LEGENDS OF MONSTER SEA SERPENTS HAVE FASCINATED BOTH LAYMAN AND SCIENTIST OF EVERY AGE! CERTAINLY THERE WERE MONSTER SEA CREATURES IN THE PRIMORDIAL ERA, BUT COULD THEIR DESCENDANTS, OR SIMILAR CREATURES HAVE SURVIVED INTO THE MODERN ERA? PROFESSOR KERRIN, DRAGGING THE PHILIPPINE WATERS, MEANT TO FIND OUT, AND WHAT HE FOUND WAS **MORE** ASTONISHING EVEN THAN THE BASIC TRUTH!

THE MONSTER IN THE MIST!

BUT, PROFESSOR, I DIDN'T THINK SCIENTIFIC MEN PUT ANY STOCK IN THOSE OLD LEGENDS ABOUT SEA SERPENTS!

MANY TIMES LEGENDS ARE BASED ON TRUTH! THERE HAVE BEEN TOO MANY REPORTS OF SEA SERPENTS TO DISREGARD THEM! MOST OF THE REPORTS CAME FROM SHIPS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY CRUISING THESE WATERS!



IF THEY **DID** EXIST, I EXPECT TO FIND FOSSIL REMAINS...

CAPTAIN, I FOUND A BOTTLE IN THE NET! IT'S GOT SOME KIND OF NOTE INSIDE!



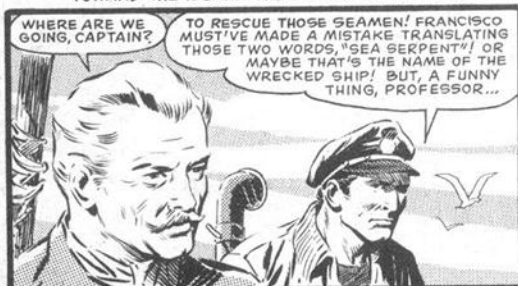
IN SOME FOREIGN LANGUAGE! LOOKS LIKE PORTUGUESE TO ME! I'VE GOT A CREWMAN WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO READ IT!

HMM... QUEER-LOOKING BOTTLE!

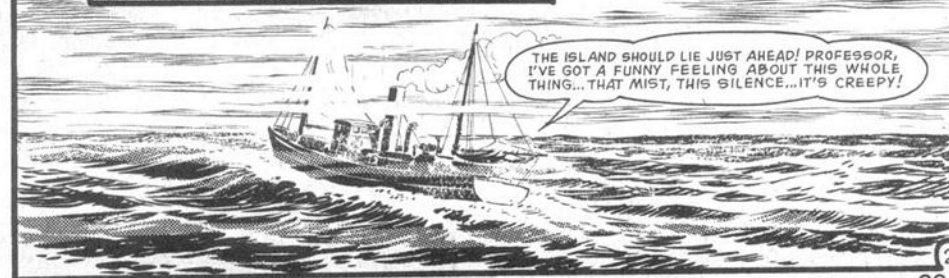




THE POWERFUL MOTORS OF THE BOAT THROBLED, SENDING HER
TOWARD THE ISLAND THE NOTE MENTIONED...



THE MIST CLOSED AROUND
THEM, AND THEN A STRANGE
THING HAPPENED! THERE WAS
A SUDDEN, EERIE STILLNESS,
A COMPLETE ABSENCE OF EVEN
THE TINIEST SOUND, AS THOUGH
IN THAT MOMENT, THE WORLD
CEASED...





NO! IT JUST CAN'T BE...
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

IT'S A SEA SERPENT ALL RIGHT...
A MONSTER AND VERY
MUCH ALIVE!



THERE'S
SOMETHING
OUT
THERE!



IT'S
SOMETHING
BIG... AND
COMING
THIS WAY!



LOOK ALIVE, YOU
MEN! GET THOSE
MOTORS TURNING! GIVE
HER ALL SHE'S GOT!
WE'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE!

THE SHIP SHOT AHEAD, HER
TIMBERS GROANING... THEN THE
MONSTER ROARED... A HIDEOUS
SOUND THAT RIPPED THE SILENCE
TO SHREDS!



RUDDER
HARD
APORT!

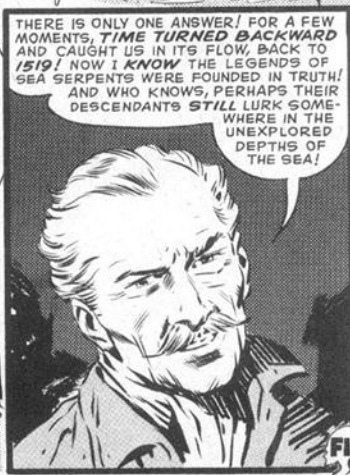
IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE, AN
AWESOME THING THAT THESE MEN
COULDN'T BELIEVE WAS ACTUALLY
HAPPENING! YET THEY KNEW, FOR
THEIR LIVES! SAKES, THAT THEY
MUST BELIEVE!



IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE!



THEN THE GREAT SEA BEAST REARED HIGH IN THE WATER, HANGING OVER THEM...



THE MAN IS A PRIEST... AND AS SUCH, HAS NO NEED FOR MONEY--

--UNTIL NOW.

A PRIEST, A MAN WHO HAS NEVER KNOWN THE SLOW CARESS OF A WOMAN'S GENTLE FINGERS...

BUT SUCH A SUM... FOR TAKES. YOU ASK A FORTUNE, GENERAL.

I DEMAND A FORTUNE!

...A PITTANCE-- FOR ALL THE YEARS YOU HAVE NEGLECTED PAYMENT AND FOR THE ATTENDANT FINES WHICH ARE YOUR PENANCE.

...WHO HAS EVER CHANNIELED HIS LOVE INTO A VACUUM OF PURITY-- INTO A VAST STRUCTURE OF DEVOTION.

YOU MOCK ME. AND YOU RIDICULE THIS BEAUTIFUL CATHEDRAL YOU HAVE PLEDGED TO DESTROY.

I HAVE ONLY SAID THE CHURCH WILL BE LEVELED IF YOU FAIL TO PAY THOSE TAXES WHICH ARE RIGHTFULLY DUE THE STATE...

...BY TOMORROW MORNING.

BLEEDING STONES

THE MAN IS A PRIEST... AND AS SUCH, HAS NO POSSESSIONS, NO WEALTH, NO FAMILY, AND NO HOME-- OTHER THAN THE HOUSE OF HIS LORD.

BUT YOU KNOW THIS CHURCH CANNOT AFFORD TAXES IN THE AMOUNT YOU DEMAND-- EVERY COIN OF THE TITHE IS STILL BEING USED TO PAY OFF THE COST OF ITS CONSTRUCTION.

THEN IT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN CONSTRUCTED-- AND I WILL SEE TO THAT IN THE MORNING.

BUT WHERE WILL THE PEOPLE GO TO WORSHIP? WHERE WILL I GO?

TO HELL, FOR ALL I CARE.

YOU... YOU
CAN'T DO
THIS...

I CAN DO
ANYTHING, NOW
THAT I'VE WRESTED
CONTROL OF THIS
PRINCIPALITY FROM
THE MILKSOP WHOSE
HEAD TODAY ADORNS
THE CITY GATE.

CHURCH AND STATE
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
SEPARATE... THE
CHURCH HAS AL-
WAYS BEEN
EXEMPT FROM
TAXES...

AND THE CHURCH
HAS ALWAYS PREACHED WEAK-
NESS. SOMETHING MY ADMINIS-
TRATION CANNOT TOLERATE.
WOULD I BE RULER TODAY HAD
I HEEDED YOUR MANDATE, 'THOU
SHALT NOT KILL'...?

THE CHURCH IS FOR SIMPERING
WOMEN AND PULING BABES,
NOT FOR MEN--AND MY KING-
DOM WILL BE ONE OF MEN!
MY ARMY WILL BEND ITS
KNEES TO NO ONE...
WILL ACKNOWLEDGE
NO LORD AND
MASTER OTHER
THAN ME, ITS GENERAL!

RENUANCE
THY FOUL WORDS,
BLASPHEMER...

RENUANCE
THEM BEFORE YOUR GOD
STRIKES YOU DEAD--!

MADMAN!
GET YOUR--

--WEAK
HANDS OFF
ME!

AND NEVER...
NEVER TOUCH ME
AGAIN, PRIEST... OR
YOU WILL LIVE
LESS THAN AN
INSTANT TO
REPENT IT!

THE MAN IS A PRIEST...AND THOUGH
HE WILL NEVER ADMIT TO BEING
HELPLESS--

--HIS POWER IS
INTANGIBLE,
AND ALL TOO
VULNERABLE
AGAINST THOSE
WHO MORE
DIRECTLY
EXERT POWER.

DELIVER THE
MONEY TO MY OF-
FICES IN THE
MORNING--

--OR YOUR
BELOVED CATHE-
DRAL WILL BE
LITTLE MORE THAN
RUBBLE BY
NIGHT.

THE MAN IS A PRIEST...



...A MAN WHO WALKS ALONE...



...FEELING THE BITTER PAIN OF HIS LONG JOURNEY...



...A PAINFUL JOURNEY WHOSE IMPENDING CONCLUSION WILL OFFER NEITHER SOLACE NOR RELIEF--



--BUT ONLY INCREASED PAIN.



THE MAN IS A PRIEST, AND HE HAS PRAYED. THERE IS LITTLE ELSE HE CAN DO...

...OTHER THAN TO WALK THE HUSHED CORRIDORS OF HIS STately CATHEDRAL ONE LAST TIME, KNOWING THAT THIS GLORIOUS SANCTUARY WILL SCARCELY OFFER REFUGE BEYOND MORNING.



AND SO THE PRIEST WALKS, HIS FEET MARKING HOLLOW TIME ON THE TILED FLOORS, HIS HEAD PASSING UNDER VAULTED ARCHES OF EXQUISITE ARCHITECTURE...

...AND HIS EYES-- HIS VERY SOUL--ABSORBING THE REVERENT BEAUTY OF EVERY FACET AND APPURTENANCE THE CATHEDRAL HOLDS WITHIN ITS VAST GRASP...



...EVEN THE BEAUTY OF A GARGOYLE CREATURE VENTING FROM COLD GREY STONE.



HE PAUSES BE-
LOW THE
GARGOYLE...

...AND HE
BEGINNS
TO SARCAS-
TIC TO IT.

THEY COME TO
MURDER YOU IN THE MORN-
ING, STONE BEHEMOTH. WITH
SLEDGE AND RAM THEY WILL TOP-
PLE YOU FROM YOUR PERCH UNTIL
YOU LIE BROKEN AND SHATTERED
ON THE FLOOR OVER WHICH
YOU WATCH.

THEY COME
TO MURDER YOU--THE
EVIL ONES...THE VERY ONES
AGAINST WHOM YOU ARE
SUPPOSED TO PROTECT
THIS HOLY CATHEDRAL.

YOUR CREATOR WAS THE MOST
FACILE SCULPTOR IN THIS LAND,
AND YOU WERE MOUNTED UP THERE
TO WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS, A
STONE SENTINEL TO REPEL
THOSE WHO WOULD DO HARM
TO THIS HOUSE OF YOUR
TRUE CREATOR...



THE
CREATOR OF
US ALL.



BUT
LOOK AT
YOU.

THERE YOU
SIT--RIGID AND UNMOL-
ING...UNCARING. WHAT'S
WRONG WITH YOU, MONSTER?
ARE THE EVIL SPIRITS TOO
POWERFUL FOR
YOU--?

AND THEN THE PRIEST FORSAKES
SPEECH, PERHAPS OVERCOME BY
EMOTION...



...OR PERHAPS BY THE REAL-
IZATION THAT HIS ACCUSING
WORDS WERE DIRECTED
NOT SO MUCH TO THE MUTE
GARGOYLE AS TO...HIMSELF.

AND WITH THAT REALIZATION
COMES A DEEPER ONE--



--THAT THERE IS
ALWAYS HOPE...



...WHERE THERE IS
FAITH.

WITHIN THE STUDIO OF THE PRINCIPALITY'S FINEST SCULPTOR, INFERIOR WORKS IN STATES OF PARTIAL COMPLETION LITTER THE ROOM...

...AS THOUGH THE SCULPTOR NO LONGER CARES.

BAK
BAK
BAK

NO
NEED TO POUND
YOUR WAY THROUGH
MY DOOR--

I SAID WHAT
ARE YOU TALKING
ABOUT--?!

I'M TALKING
ABOUT OUR FORTUNE,
HENRY--THE GOLD COINS
YOU SEALED INSIDE
THE GARGOYLE IN
THE CHURCH--!

THEY'RE TEAR-
ING DOWN THE CHURCH
--TOMORROW!

THE GENERAL-- HE
SEIZED CONTROL THIS MOR-
NING AND HIS FIRST ACT WILL BE
TO DESTROY THE CATHEDRAL
AND THE GARGOYLES!



THEN WE SHALL RETRIEVE THE
GOLD TONIGHT. WE KNEW WE'D HAVE
TO DO IT EVENTUALLY...

YES, BUT NOT FOR
YEARS...WHEN THE COINS
HAD AGED ENOUGH TO BE
FORGOTTEN, WHEN IT
WAS SAFE TO SPEND THEM
--WHEN WE'D HAD TIME
TO PLAN--!

PLANS REQUIRE TIME--AND
EVEN A DOLT SUCH AS YOUR-
SELF CAN SEE WE DON'T
HAVE TIME...

... AND WON'T
HAVE THE GOLD EITHER
--IF WE DON'T ACT TO-
NIGHT, PLANS OR
NO PLANS!

YES, HENRY
--BUT SOMETHING
WILL SURELY GO
WRONG. I FEEL
IT.

YOU'LL FEEL
THE BACK OF MY
HAND IF YOU DON'T
CEASE YOUR INCESSANT
WHIMPERING.

NOW JUST
FOLLOW ME, AND
BE QUIET ABOUT
IT.

I PRAY,
DEAR
LORD...

... FOR A
MIRACLE...

... WHICH MAY
PRESERVE
THIS HOLY...

WELCOME, MY SON.
PLEASE WORSHIP THIS
NIGHT IN PEACE,
AND KNOW THAT THE PRES-
ENCE OF THE LORD IS
ETERNAL...

...AND
WILL ENDURE
LONG AFTER
THIS CATHEDRAL
IS NO MORE
THAN A HEAP
OF RUBBLE.

THANK
YOU, FATHER.
YOUR WORDS
ARE--

KLUDO

--MOST
COMFORTING.



GET
THE ROPE SECURED
FIRMLY AROUND THE
GARGOYLE...



THE AIR SUDDENLY
FREEZES...

...AND A MIRACLE OF FROZEN
STONE ABRUPTLY
THAWS, UNFURLS ITS
MASSIVE WINGS...



LORD,
HENRY...

...IT'S ALIVE.



GOOD! NOW
WE JUST HAVE TO
PULL...UNTIL WE
DISLODGE IT
FROM ITS
PERCH--



--AND IT
FALLS TO THE
FLOOR AND
SHATTERS--



--RELEAS-
ING THE
COINS IN-
SIDE.

HENRY...IS IT
MY IMAGINATION?
...OR IS THE GARGOYLE'S
FACE BEGINNING TO--

...AND IMPOSSIBLY LAUNCHES
ITSELF UPWARD IN A
DEAFENING ROAR OF
THRASHED AIR...



I...

THE
ROPE--LET GO
OF THE ROPE,
YOU FOOL--!

...I
CAN'T--! I'LL
FALL--!

HELP
ME, HENRY!
HELP--!

THE THING OF ANIMATE STONE
NOW THROBS WITH VIBRANT, AWE-
SOME LIFE, ITS CHURNING WINGS
STREAKING IT THROUGH THE IM-
MENSE CATHEDRAL...

...STRAIGHT TOWARD THE ALTAR--



HELP
MEEEEEE--!!

--AND
A
WALL.



AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT, THE GRUESOME STONE CREATURE SHARPLY SWERVES AWAY FROM THE WALL...

FOR A HEAVY, HORROR-LADEN MOMENT, THE SCULPTOR CAN ONLY GAZE AT THE BROKEN CORPSE OF HIS COMPANION--

...A VIOLENT MANEUVER WHICH SNAPS THE ROPE FORWARD WITH THE FORCE OF A WHIP--A WHIP WHOSE WEIGHTED END CRACKS AGAINST THE HUGE ALTAR CRUCIFIX.



--BEFORE HE IS FORCED TO CONSIDER HIMSELF...

...AND TO AVOID BECOMING AN IDENTICAL CORPSE



HE LUNGES TO THE SIDE WITH THE SPASMODIC STRENGTH OF PANIC, AND THE PLUMMETING GARGOYLE SLAMS INTO A THOUSAND BRITTLE SHARDS OF STONE...AS COINS OF GOLD SPEW FROM ITS SHATTERED FORM.

BUT THE COINS NO LONGER MATTER TO THIS SCULPTOR...TO THIS MAN WHO FLEES DOWN A RAZOR-THIN TIGHTROPE STRETCHED ACROSS A GULF OF INSANITY...



...WHO FLEES DOWN A CORRIDOR LINED WITH STONE SENTINELS HE HIMSELF SCULPTED--CREATED--WITH HIS OWN HANDS ONLY FIVE SHORT YEARS AGO...
GARGOYLES--

--NOW COME TO LIFE.



NO--
MY GOD,
NOOOO!!

AND THE ONCE-SILENT CATHEDRAL ERUPTS WITH THE CHAOTIC SOUNDS OF SHRILL MADNESS... STONE WINGS BEATING AIR... PULVERIZING STONE... JINGLING COINS... AND BUBBLING SHRIEKS OF TERROR...



...DODGING, DARTING, DODGING, DIVING... CHOKING ON THE BILE OF HIS EVER-MOUNTING HORROR...

THEY SWOOP AND WHEEL ALOFT, THESE SENTIENT GARGOYLES, CAREEN AND DIP, GLIDE AND PLUMMET, SWARMS OF THEM FILLING THE CATHEDRAL, BLOT- TING THE CEILING...



AND HE RUNS, THIS FRENZIED MAN, HE RUNS, AND HE RUNS...

HIS BODY BATTERED AND BRUISED WITH EACH FRANTIC TWIST AND TURN OF HIS ERRATIC FLIGHT, THE SCULPTOR NEVERTHELESS PERSISTS... PIVOTING AND SCRAMBLING WITH EVERY QUINCE OF STRENGTH HE POSSESSES.

KRASH



KRENC



KRASH



--UNTIL HE HAS EVADED THEM ALL...

...SAVE ONE.

ONE LONE CREATURE OF NIGHT- MARE WHICH SLOWLY, MALEVOLENT- LY CIRCLES OVER HIS HEAD... AS IF DELIBERATELY DELAYING ITS INEV- ITABLE PLUNGE...

AND THEN--

--IT PLUNGES.



THE SCULPTOR STANDS HIS GROUND... HE HAS ELUDED THEM ALL THIS FAR, HE REASSURES, AND HE CAN DO IT AGAIN... IF HE JUST WAITS UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT--

--AND THEN DRIVES HIS FOOT
DOWN FOR ONE STRONG THRUST
TO THE SIDE...



A CUNNING TACTIC, AND AN
EFFECTIVE ONE--WERE IT
NOT FOR THE SCATTERED
COINS UNDERFOOT.



NO--! I...
SLIPPED ON
THE COINS--!

HOURS LATER, THE FIRST
SHAFTS OF DAWN FILTER
THROUGH STRAINED GLASS TO
SPOTLIGHT THE FORM OF A
PRIEST...

...A PRIEST WHOSE HEAD
THROBS FROM THE RUTH-
LESS BLOW OF A SCULP-
TOR'S Mallet...BUT WHO
NEVERTHELESS LIVES...

MORNING...
ALREADY...THEY'LL BE
HERE SOON...TO DE-
MOLISH THE
CATHEDRAL...



...LIVES TO SEE THINGS
HE WILL NEVER FULLY
COMPREHEND.

HE LIVES TO SEE THE
CRUSHED BODY OF A
SCULPTOR LYING A-
MID THE CRUMBLED
REMNANTS OF A
MIRACLE...

THE
GARGOYLES...
MISSING, AND
THESE STONE
FRAGMENTS...

HE LIVES TO SEE THE
GOLDEN SOULS OF
GRANITE GUARDIANS...

THESE COINS--THERE'S
A FORTUNE HERE! MORE
THAN ENOUGH TO PAY THE
GENERAL'S TAXES--TO
SAVE THE CATH-
EDRAL!

COULD THE GAR-
GOYLES HAVE POSSIB-
LY COME TO--

AND HE LIVES TO SEE POROUS
ROCK Ooze A THICK, STICKY
REDNESS...



HE LIVES TO SEE
BLEEDING STONE.

AND HE WEEPS...

OH...
GOD...



...IN JOY.

FIN

Madness Under a Mid- Summer Moon

A Werewolf-by-Night prose feature
by Gerry Conway

SYNOPSIS: In most every way but one, I'm just your average California teenager—but it's that one way in which I'm not that's the kicker. Some fellows are shy with chicks; others have trouble with trig and senior-year calculus. Me, I'm a werewolf... a bona fide werewolf-by-night. Three days out of every thirty, I grow hair on my palms and fangs in my mouth, and a temper you wouldn't wish on a Marine top sergeant. It's all because of a curse handed down to me from my father; but that's another story. This one deals with a group of bikers who've taken over the singles apartment house where I live—and when I say taken over, I mean *taken over*. They've cut the telephone wires and herded everyone in Coloden House (the name of the place) into the lobby... including yours truly, the morning after one of my monthly jaunts through werewolf-hell. Naturally, I wouldn't dream of attacking twelve muscled bikers by myself; I may be as crazy as any adolescent, but I'm not suicidal. The problem is, only one night of my three moonlit bouts with madness has passed—and the second night is creeping up, and not "ever so slowly". What worries me is: if

Broderick

JANSON 74

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF!

WE'D BEEN FIGHTING OUR WAY THROUGH THE STEAMING SWAMP FOR FOUR DAYS... FOUR DAYS OF BAKING HEAT THAT SEEMED TO CLING TO OUR SKIN AND RUN IN HOT RIVULETS OF SWEAT OFF OUR BACKS. IT WAS ON THE FIFTH DAY--THAT IT HAPPENED.



SEÑOR TUCKER--I AM NOT SURE THAT I LIKE THIS... THAT I LIKE IT AT ALL.

WE SHOULD NOT HAVE STOLEN FROM THE IDOL--IT WAS WRONG--EVIL.

I DIDN'T HIRE YOU FOR YOUR MORALS, JUANO--I HIRED YOU TO BE A GUIDE.

I'D SUGGEST YOU BE ONE SILENTLY.

I TRIED NOT TO *SHOW* IT, BUT JUANO'S WORDS HAD *SHAKEN* ME--THEY'D STRUCK TO THE *CORE* OF A FEELING THAT'D BEEN *GROWING* WITHIN ME FOR THE PAST FIVE DAYS...

THIS *MEDALLION*-- I STOLE IT FROM THE *ALTAR* OF THAT PAGAN *IDOL*... I CAN'T GET OVER IT--THE WAY IT *GLOWS*...

NO. THAT'S *RIDICULOUS*. THERE'S NOTHING TO THE *CURSE*. IT'S JUST... *SUPERSTITION*.

AYE, TRUE ENOUGH. THERE IS A *DREADED CURSE* UPON WHOEVER DARES *DEFILE* THE *TEMPLE*--

--A *CURSE OF ETERNAL DARKNESS*. HEED MY *WARNING*, STRANGERS--LEST YOUR LIVES BE *FORFEIT*.

NONSENSE!

I'VE COME FOR THE *TREASURE*, OLD ONE--NOT FOR *TALES*.

GET OUT OF MY WAY!

FOOL! NOW YOU ARE DOOMED! DOOMED!

BUT I *REMEMBERED*--REMEMBERED THE WORDS OF THE OLD MAN WE'D FOUND *KNEELING* NEAR THE *TEMPLE* OF *CH'MANU*...

INTRUDERS! RETURN TO YOUR CITIES--WALK NOT AMONG THE GARDENS OF CH'MANU--FOR SURELY HE WILL STRIKE YOU DOWN!

SEÑOR TUCKER--IT IS *TRUE*.

THE OLD MAN'S DEATH WAS AN *ACCIDENT*--I'M SURE OF IT...

DOOMED--UNNNH!









IT WAS A RACE
MANY YEARS
DEAD THAT
CONSTRUCTED
THE MEDALLION...

...A RACE
OF WHICH I
AM THE LAST
LIVING
MEMBER.

GIVE TO
ME... THE
MEDALLION.



I WOULD NOT BE ABLE
TO TELL YOU HOW I
MANAGED IT-- BUT I
RAN. LORD, HOW I
RAN--



AND BEHIND ME... CAME
CH'MANU!

YOU CANNOT
USE THE
MEDALLION--
IT WILL ONLY
BRING YOU
DARKNESS.

TO ME--
GIVE IT
TO ME!



AIR BURNED IN
MY THROAT AND
CHEST, LIKE RASP-
ING FIRE IN MY
LUNGS--



MY VISION BLURRED, AND
I FOUND MYSELF STUMBLING
BLINDLY THROUGH A FOREST
WHOSE BRANCHES WHIPPED
MY FACE--



ON AND ON I RAN... AND
AFTER ME, ALWAYS AFTER
ME-- WAS THE DEMON...
HUNTING, STALKING...
RUNNING ME TO
MY DEATH!



BEFORE ME THE SKY SEEMED IN FLAMES, A
BRILLIANT GLOW PAINTING THE SWAMP OCHRE
AND ORANGE...

NO...

NO, IT
MUST NOT
BE...

FOOT AFTER FOOT, I MOVED FORWARD, FEELING CONSCIOUSNESS SLIPPING FROM ME, SWIRLING ME AWAY INTO EBONY DARKNESS...AND EVEN AS I BLACKED OUT, I FELT THE PRESENCE OF CH'MANU FADING OUT BEHIND ME...DYING LIKE THE PICTURE ON A CATHODE TUBE.



NO--COME BACK!



HAVE TO REACH-- THAT LIGHT...



YOU GO... TOO FAR...



NO--GROWING DIMMER...CAN'T SEE IT--



WITHER I CANNOT FOLLOW...



NO! COME BACK--COME BACKKKKKKKKK!



...INTO...THE DARKNESSSSSSSSSS!



THEY FOUND ME DAYS LATER, RAVING, CLUTCHING A RUSTED DISC TO MY CHEST. THEY FED ME, TOOK CARE OF ME...

AND THESE PAST FEW YEARS, I'VE WONDERED IF CH'MANU WERE REAL, AND I DESTROYED HIM--

--OR IF HE WAS MERELY A MIRAGE... INDUCED BY DELIRIUM. THE FORMER, I THINK. I DO BELIEVE I'D KNOW--



--IF ONLY I COULD SEE THE MEDALLION... IF ONLY I COULD ESCAPE--THIS ETERNAL DARKNESS...!

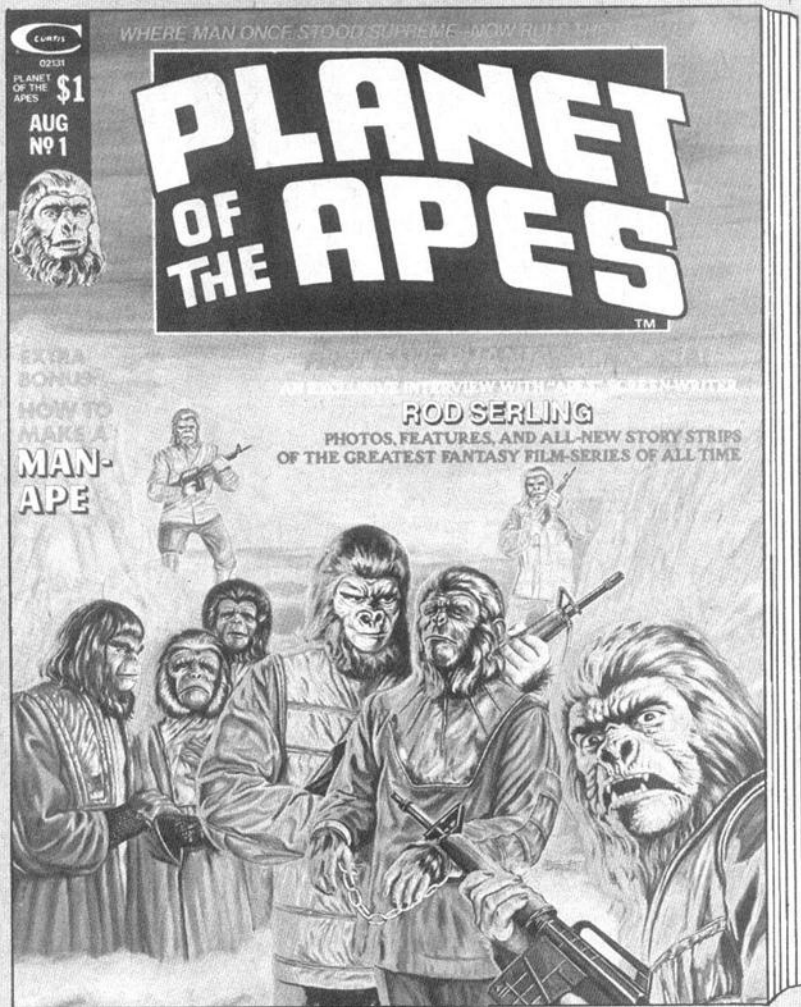
FIN

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