SUPER SPECIAL CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ISSUE! WITH COLOR!

VAMPIRELLA

A MASKED KILLER STALKS THROUGH THE NIGHT...

PLUS: SLAUGHTER AT THE CIRCUS... WHEN DRACULA BECOMES A CARNIVAL FREAK! "WINGED SHAFT OF FATE!"

...IN SEARCH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG VICTIM! "THE FACE OF DEATH!"

SIX CLASSICS OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR!
WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE STRANGE FANTASY-FILLED WORLD OF VAMPIRELLA!

WON'T YOU JOIN ME AS WE TAKE SIX HORRIFYING TRIPS INTO THE SUPERNATURAL?

YOU'LL MEET TWIN SISTERS WITH A PENCHANT FOR CONJURING DEMONS A PSYCHOPATHIC COWER WITH DEATH ON HIS MIND;

A STRANGER LOST IN A FUTURE WORLD, AND A STARSHIP COMMANDER IMPERILED BY A CREATURE WHO EATS TIME!

YOU'LL ALSO MEET DRACULA AND MORE FREAKS FROM THE CIRCUS OF KING CARNIVAL!

THEY'RE ALL WAITING FOR YOU INSIDE THIS VERY SPECIAL ISSUE!
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“What happened to the classic VAMPIRELLA?”

VAMPIRELLA #38, in my opinion, stunk. The cover was well done, but when I turned to the splash page of the VAMPI story, I almost became sick. And if that wasn’t enough, there were six decently illustrated panels in the whole story.

I don’t know what Jose Gonzalez thought he was doing when he drew that long dress on VAMPI. Surely he has more imagination than that! When the dress ripped away on page 15, revealing her usual attire, I almost laughed.

Whatever happened to the classic VAMPIRELLA? It seems to me that she no longer stars in her own magazine. The only good thing about the magazine now are the fantastic covers!

I love VAMPI! I don’t want to see her destroyed. There’s so much you can do with her... things never before imagined or attempted.

Flaxman Loew! Take time to look back over the older VAMPIRELLA issues. And don’t constantly remind us that “the lovely Drakulon, who can only live as a normal woman by drinking blood substitute every twenty-four hours, is a she-vampire.” We know all that.

Please take the time to create and have pride in the most fantastic, appealing and unique creation of the century... VAMPIRELLA!

I enjoy your magazine very much, and think it well deserves the glory of being the World’s Best Magazine of Illustrated Horror.

I’ve only one gripe: VAMPI has too many boyfriends. I’m beginning to think she’s a sex freak! You should give her a few female foes.

I also think that your advertising pages should carry more VAMPIRELLA items. Have you ever thought of a VAMPI doll?

PAM PORTER
Dallas, Texas

I think that Jose Gonzalez is the artist for VAMPIRELLA.

But I have been comparing his recent art to some of his earlier work and I have a suggestion to make. Gonzalez should make his artwork softer by using more tones. Take a look at the issue and you will see what I mean. Your decision was much better then.

The editors should take note:
Flaxman Loew’s writing has put VAMPIRELLA’s character on the decline, since issue #27. She should be more aggressive. She should also be using her special talents better.

Quarrel with her sour puns already, Having Pendragon use them is bad enough.

The plots have deteriorated to “soggy romance” and “jet-setting horror” with little continuity. Be brave. Innovate. Get yourself a new scriptwriter. The number of exciting, imaginative plots possible are limitless. We just haven’t seen any lately.

TED GEIGER
Ontario, Canada

The Mummy’s Revenge was a good story. I was hoping to eventually see a Mummy in a VAMPIRELLA episode.

Flaxman Loew has written some good VAMPI stories, but I would like to see how a new writer would handle her. How about Archie Goodwin or Bill DuBay?

“Gypsy Curse” was another fine piece. The ending, of course, was predictable. But it was done with such skill, that it was scary. Esteban Maroto’s art is brilliant.

It’s been awhile since we’ve seen Pantha. She is a fantastic character. Steve Skeates has most likely come up with some new ideas for her series now, and I can’t wait to see them. I certainly hope she’s back next issue.

RUSSELL KALTSCMIDT
Long Island, N.Y.

Not next issue, Russ... but Pantha returns in VAMPIRELLA #42. And indeed, she is different.

Flaxman Loew has better get VAMPI out of her rut, or VAMPIRELLA will lose herader reader. Each issue she wanders through the same monotonous adventure. Only the names and places change. It’s disturbing.

Also, get rid of Pendragon. He’s a bore. Stick VAMPIRELLA to something better. As if the magazine bearing her name takes up too little of it. Lengthen her stories to twenty or twenty-five pages. Better yet, how about VAMPIRELLA stories per issue?

SID WRIGHT
Bloomington, Ind.

Well, it looks as if Flaxman Loew has finally done it. He put his foot in his typewriter and came up with “The Mummy’s Revenge” in VAMPIRELLA #38. I’ve been a steady reader of VAMPI’s adventures since they began. But of all her stories, this one has to take first place as the worst.

The great God Amun-Ra is involved in the story. Very convenient for saving VAMPI from Verdi’s zombies. But it makes for a lousy world.

Once again, Loew has involved her with another man, and her sixth sense doesn’t warn her. I doubt that anyone who has had to star in as many Flaxman Loew stories as VAMPIRELLA would be that unsuspecting. You realize, back on her, the Loew has been able to sell you the same script now for twelve consecutive months, simply by cambiar the male villain each issue.

Worst of all though was the story’s ending. Despite the cliches, the slowness, the lack of originality, Loew’s dialogue would be almost bearable if he would get rid of his penchant for puns.

In short, something has got to be done about VAMPIRELLA’s stories. It is a disgrace for an artist of Jose Gonzalez’ caliber to be burdened with stories like “The Mummy’s Revenge...” or any other Flaxman Loew script, for that matter.

NORMAN E. DAVISON
Union, N.J.

Most readers liked the Spanish art... VAMPIRELLA #38. However, many asked that we use some of the better American talents in future issues. Like Rich Corben?
Fleur vs. Pantha? Is that what it's turned out to be? My thoughts: if Pantha must die, as the majority seem to request, then let it be in the right time for a match between VAMPIRELLA and herself; it would make for one heck of an issue!

DAN SCONTRAS
Orono, Maine

If there is any fault to be found in "The Mummy's Revenge" in VAMPIRELLA #38, it is with Flaxman Loew's penchant for bringing in these mythological deities to extirpate VAMPIRELLA from another impossible situation. One is left with the impression that he can't think of any other way to move the plot along quickly.

This adds to the problem of VAMPIRELLA stories. Where does it say that every adventure must be completed in a single issue? Spread the stories over two or three books. Utilize cliffhanger endings, to keep us coming back for more.

Concerning the other stories: I disagree with readers who claim to dislike VAMPIRELLA's new, revised personality. Loew has given her a deeper, more complex personality than she ever had before. What, for instance, was her real reason for killing Bruno in "The Mummy's Revenge" and why did it happen? Could it be because he was a follower of the left hand path, or because she betrayed her love for him, or because she was in a state of bloodlust and needed a victim? The answer, of course, is all of the above. The motivations of real people are never simple. Neither are VAMPIRELLA's.

Also, the subject of her bloodlust is being treated with far greater candor than formerly. Some may find it unpleasant. But it is a fact that VAMPIRELLA likes to drink blood. She takes her serum to keep herself from preying on innocent people. But it probably tastes awful. She enjoys being a vampire, and thus adds another fascinating element to her character. Moreover, it does not in any way subtract from her status as a sympathetic heroine. So please, keep VAMPIRELLA as she is!

BRIAN CADER
Cincinnati, Ohio
There is an un¬

founded rumor

possibly started

by Wrightson himself)

that Berni Wrightson

was actually killed in

an automobile acci¬
dent in 1968. His

friends, unable to bear

the loss, re-create a

Berni each month, to

collaborate on a strip

drawn under his name.

In essence, they have

assured Berni’s

immortality.

Is there any basis

for this ridiculous

rumor?

Is the slender young

man who signs auto¬

graphs to that effect

the same Ber¬

ni Wrightson who

spent his early

childhood in a haunt¬
ed roadhouse and

played among the

tombsstones in a near¬

by cemetery? The kid

born knowing how

to draw?

Berni says the fact

that ninety per cent

of his work concerns
dis¬

guised liches and ani¬
mated corpses is only

natural. For more in¬

formation, he sug¬
gests, with a pallid

smile, that we question

some of his friends.

No one denies the

rumor. In fact, many

suggested that it might

be true.

Berni has always

had friends, and a lot of people claim to have helped

him win some races.

Is this Berni’s story?

His first published

work was on an early

CREEPY fan page.

From there, Berni

moved to Manhattan

and immediately found

work at National Com¬
icas.

Several years later,

Berni and Vaughn

Bode collaborated on

the color comic strip

“Purple Pictography”

for Swank Magazine.

While working on

the first issues of

Swamp Thing for DC

color comics, Berni

moved to upstate New

York.

Swamp Thing was

an immediate success.

Berni says, because

he has an affinity for

“dead things.”

Soon after this move,

Berni produced some

surprisingly profes¬
sional paintings for

several paperback

book companies... though he had never painted before

that time. Again the

work of his friends.

In early 1974, Berni

moved again... this

time to Warren Pub¬
lishing. Since then he

has given us many fine

stories about mon¬

sters, the living dead

and other macabre

creatures. Among

them is the terrifying

classic “Jennifer” writ¬

en by Berni’s good

friend, artist Bruce

Jones.

Berni has now re¬

turned to New York

City. When not lurk¬

ing around his own

apartment, he can of¬

ten be found visiting

some of the people

who helped make him

the Berni you know

today.

Did Warren realize

his profit potential

really have him rebuilt

from spare parts?

Did his buddies at

Neal Adams’ Continu¬

ity Studios, recreate

him, the way they cre¬

ated, in the great tra¬

dition of Dr. Franken¬

stein, the inking iden¬

tity, Crusty Bunkers?

When asked these

questions, Berni only

digar (uh huh?... wha¬

wonder’s) and asks if

we would like to see

the seaming where they

stitch him together?
His name was Major Jack D'Arcy. Mad Jack D'Arcy and his passion was the Hunt! For weeks, he stalked the fog-darkened streets of London, searching for prey: human game! When he moved in for the kill, he would take only the trophy...his victim's head.

Mad Jack's one mistake was to hunt an animal not of this world...the beautiful Vampirella. He stalked her, coveted her, and in the end...he ended up her victim.

Mad Jack's tale ended on the tracks of an English subway he left behind him: a collection of stuffed human heads...and two sisters...both equally as mad as Jack.

And both longing for the blood of Vampirella...and the taste of sweet revenge!
Bath, England, population 80,901. Spa and tourist center since Roman times. The ghosts of Beau Brummell, Jane Austen and the Prince Regent stalk its gracious squares and its narrow back-streets.

But something stinks in ancient Bath... and it is not the drains.

It lies behind the prim facade of a little Georgian house on Petticoat Walk.

They say he killed people and took their heads!

The home of the Wrong Doings... Miriam and Hester... who are discussing the recent and untimely demise of their brother, Mad Jack.

It says here... here, Hester dear, that Jack was a monster! Would you credit it?

Never heard such rubbish! Jack was always such a nice boy.

They say he killed people and took their heads!

Jack was always collecting things as a child. Such a dear lad!

People make such a fuss about things nowadays.

He collected spiders... all neatly stuck down on cards, with pins through their bodies, so pretty...

We had to stop him from doing it to babies, because of all the silly gossip, remember?

But at the conclusion of the inquest, the coroner praised the timely action of a young lady, Vampirella, that led to the well-deserved rate of the resilient killer.

Miriam, she must be stuck down on a card with a pin through her...?

Or we cut her up and eat her, Miriam...?

Miriam, you're not listening to me, Miriam!
IT IS SAID BY THEIR NEIGHBORS THAT THE MISSIS D'ARCY ARE QUITE, QUITE MAD...

MISS AMELIA IS, IF ANYTHING, SLIGHTLY MORE INSANE THAN HER SISTER. BUT HER HOMICIDAL PSYCHOSIS IS CONTROLLED, AND VERY DEADLY...

DON'T SPIT SCHOOLGIRL RUBBISH, HESTER! THERE ARE BETTER WAYS TO ENACT REVENGE!

WHAT WE DO IS SIT HERE, ALL NICE AND COMFORTABLE, AND LET SOMEONE ELSE RIP THIS HORRID VAMPIRELLA TO PIECES...

AND THE TWO SISTERS TURN TOWARDS THE BODY OF THEIR DEAD BROTHER. IT STAYS STARING BLANKLY THROUGH SIGHTLESS EYES.

OH, MIRIAM... YOU MEAN--

MEANWHILE, VAMPIRELLA TOO IS IN BATH... VISITING HER FELLOW-ARTISTE AND CONSTANT COMPANION, PENDragon, WHO IS RECOVERING FROM THE EFFECTS OF A POISONED BLOW-PIPE-DART.*

SO I SIT AROUND HERE ALL DAY DRINKING SCOTCH AND BATH WATER!

KNOW ANY BETTER WAYS OF RUINING GOOD SCOTCH?

PENDY, DARLING, YOU'RE INCORRIGIBLE!

NOT INCORRIGIBLE... JUST LONELY.

I'M MISSED YOU!

I'M MISSED YOU TOO. YOU'RE A LUSH!

BUT I'LL COME TO SEE YOU EVERY DAY.

AND WHEN YOU GET OUT OF HERE, WE'LL TAKE THAT TRIP BACK TO AMERICA... AND HOME!

*SEE VAMPIRELLA#39
YOU'VE NO IDEA
HOW I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO THAT, MY DEAR. HERE...
A ROSE TO TOAST YOU... AND OUR HOMECOMING!

OH FENDY... YOU'RE SWEET! I'LL MISS YOU TONIGHT!

TILL TOMORROW THEN. I WILL PARTAKE OF THE HEALING WATERS TO SPEED MY RECOVERY.

AG NACH AID TO HIS WIFE WHEN THEY SIT DOWN TO DINE...

"I DON'T CARE WHERE THE WATER GOES, AS LONG AS IT STAYS OUT OF THE WINE!"

NIGHT FALLS... AND A LIGHT BURNS BEHIND THE CURTAINED WINDOWS OF THE LITTLE HOUSE ON PETTICOAT WALK...!

IT IS A LIGHT FROM BLACK CANDLES, THE REEK OF UNWOLY INCENSE STIFLES THE AIR IN THE SITTING ROOM, WHILE THE INSANE HAGS OF BATH KNEEL WITHIN A PENTACLE...!

HEAR US, O DEMONS OF DARKNESS...

ZACHAROSTRA HELGO...

SATORI...

ROTA ROTA...

AREPO...
FROM THE INNERMOST DEPTHS OF THE NETHER VOID...

THE IMPERIAL LITANY ROLLS ON...
UNTIL ALL THE DEMONS OF THE LEFT-HAND PATH HAVE BEEN INVOKED AND THEIR SUCCOUR ENTREATED.

AN EVIL HEAD RISES FROM THE BROW OF THE HAG. MURDERER'S CORPSE... AND A Sibilant VOICE WHISPERS TO THEM...!

I... AM... COMMANDED... TO SERVE... YOU!

THE IMAGE OF THE NEWCOMER SHIFTS, FADES, CRACKS... THEN RE-MATERIALIZES... IN ANOTHER, MORE HIDEOUS GUISE!

I AM ALL THINGS... AND I AM NOTHING...!

I AM NAMELESS...!

THEN, SUDDENLY, THE CRIES OF THE TWO HAGS ARE ANSWERED. A SPECTRAL WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE NARROW CHAMBER... THERE IS A CORPSE-LIKE STENCH...!

WHO COMES? SPEAK... SPEAK...

EEEEHHH! SISTER... LOOK!

N-NO... IT CAN'T BE!
THE UNNOLY SISTERS DO NOT REALIZE THAT THE THING THEY HAVE INVOKED IS AN ELEMENTAL... A PHANTASM OF SUCH COSMIC CRUDEITY THAT IT CAN SCARCELY MAINTAIN ONE STRUCTURE FOR MORE THAN A FEW BRIEF MOMENTS!

EVEN AS THEY WATCH, IT TRANSFORMS INTO A FINE BEING!

I AM THE DESTROYER... THE RAVISHER...!

WHILE EVER YOU REMAIN WITHIN THE PROTECTION OF THE PENTACLE, I MUST OBEY YOUR EVERY COMMAND.

SO SPEAK! WHAT DO YOU WISH OF ME?

TO VAMPIRELLA'S AMAZEMENT, THE WATER COMES... AND COMES... AN ENDLESS STREAM OF IT FLOWING FROM HER CARAFE...

W-HAT'S HAPPENING?

THE DOOR! I MUST REACH THE DOOR OR DROWN HERE!

RASSHMENT BY WATER...

HER LAST ACT BEFORE GOING TO BED IS TO WATER PENDRAGON'S ROSE...!

POOR DARLING PENDY... SUCH A SWEET LUSH!

SO BEGIN THE TORMENTS OF AN UNSUSPECTING BEAUTY!
BLESSEDLY, THE DOOR OPENS OUTWARD!

AND VAMPI FINDS HERSELF IN A VERY DRY CORRIDOR!

THE WATER... GONE!

PANIC LENDS WINGS TO THE FEET OF THE BEAUTIFUL DRAKULONIA. SHE LITERALLY FLIES DOWN THE BACK STAIRS... AND CUT INTO THE SILENT STREET!

I DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT THAT THING IS... OR HOW IT PULLED THE WATER TRICK.

BUT THIS IS ONE VAMPIRESS WHO ISN'T GOING TO HANG AROUND TO FIND OUT!

I AM THE NAMELESS RAVISHER!

OH... NO!
Suddenly... Vampirella rounds a corner, and an arm dashes out to catch her!

Behind her, a trail of fire rages...

Pursuing the Drakulonine Princess through the darkened alleys of Bath...

Slow down, pretty lady! You going to a fire?

No! One is coming to me!

And you'd best watch out before it engulfs you!

But the warning comes too late!

Look out... the fire!

Wicked flames eat away at the man's body...

That poor man! If only I could have done something!

But I don't even know what I'm fighting - water... fire... or death itself?

And Vampirella can do nothing but run, and save herself!
VAMPIRELLA RUNS... HER ALIEN STRENGTH CARRYING HER FAR BEYOND THE LIMITS OF HUMAN ENDURANCE.

SHE OUTRACES THE FLAMES... BUT INEVITABLY, EXHAUSTION OVERTAKES HER...

G-GOTTA REST! SHOULD BE SAFE FROM THAT THING HERE!

W-WHAT? THE TREE’S MOVING!

N-NO! FIRST WATER... THEN FIRE! NOW THIS TREE IS OUT TO KILL ME!

BRANCH-LIKE HANDS RIP... TWISTING, TEARING, VIOLATING THE GIRL FROM THE STARS!

C-CAN'T LET THIS HAPPEN!

M-MUST CHANGE MYSELF... BECOME A BAT...

...AND ESCAPE THIS MADNESS!

FIERCE VAMPIRE-LIKE FANGS EXTEND FROM THE GIRL’S MOUTH...
...then, all-too-abruptly, the transformation is complete.

But this elemental destroyer also takes on a new form...and follows the bat skyward!

This time, however, Vampirella will not be a victim!

The bat whirls...

...and a tiny, fierce-looking devil bat flutters free of the tree's death-grip!

The bat is instantly gorged...while the vulture bird, its life-force spilling out like sand, flies weakly towards the only earth home it knows...

...and attacks the mammoth bird of prey!

Tiny fangs sink into the feathered neck...

And a blood-orgy rages above the sleeping city!

A tiny bat flies into Vampirella's hotel room...

...and instants later, a beautiful girl dons a new costume...and stands, contemplating her battle!

I still don't understand any of it! I don't even know who or what was out to do me in!

But the biggest question is why?
OH! THERE'S PENDRAGON'S ROSE IN THE HEART OF MY LITTLE BATTLE I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HIM...

...AND THE PROMISE THAT I MADE HIM!

I SPOKE ABOUT NEVER DRINK BLOOD AGAIN!

A-AND TONIGHT I BROKE THAT PROMISE!

POOR PENDRAG... HOW CAN I TELL HIM?

HOW COULD I EVER EXPLAIN THAT I WAS ONLY DEFENDING MYSELF!

BUT EVEN IF IT WEREN'T IN SELF-DEFENSE, HOW COULD I EVER MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND MY NEED FOR BLOOD... MY LUST... FOR IT!

NO ONE CAN EVER UNDERSTAND!

INSIDE THE HOUSE, TWO UNMOLY WAKES KEEP VIGIL WITHIN THEIR PROTECTIVE PENTACLE. THEY AWAIT THE RETURN OF THEIR SLAVE, WITH ITS NEWS THAT VAMPIRELLA HAS BEEN AVENGERED AND DESTROYED!

M-MIRIAM! I SWEAR I JUST SAW DEAR JACK MOVE!

RUBBISH, HESTER DEAR JACK WILL NEVER MOVE AGAIN!

EVEN AS TORMENT RENDS VAMPIRELLA'S SOUL ACROSS TOWN, ANOTHER IS IN MORE PHYSICAL TORMENT!

ONCE-MIGHTY WINGS BEAT WEAKLY... AND SEEM TO COLLAPSE JUST ABOVE A SMALL COTTAGE ON PETTICOAT WALK!
But Miss Miriam is wrong! Major Mad Jack Darcy not only moves, but he walks and talks!

Miriam... Hester...

Look! The dear boy's been returned to us!

With what passes for love in their perverse and twisted minds, the Darcy sisters rush forward to embrace their resurrected dead.

Give us a kiss, Jack!

Dear Jack!

They step beyond the protective limits of the pentacle...

...and are immediately ripped to pieces!

Aargh!

The next day Vampirella visits her ailing companion, with news of her adventurous evening.

So you had a visitor last night? Who, honey?

Oh, Pendy! He was the warmest, most fluid person I've ever met!

I'm afraid he had his head in the clouds, though... And it took some doing to get him down to earth!
EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

"IT SEEMS ALMOST FUNNY NOW! WHEN I WAS LITTLE, I HAD VISIONS OF RUNNING AWAY TO JOIN THE CIRCUS, PERHAPS AS A BEAUTIFUL BAREBACK RIDER, OR AN AERIALIST..."

NOW THAT I AM DEAD, I HAVE JOINED THE CIRCUS AS A FREAK, AN ODDITY... A VAMPIRE

STORY: GERRY BOUDREAU | ART: ESTEBAN MAROTO | COLOR: MICHELE BRAND
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT FROM US... AND WHAT DO YOU OFFER IN RETURN?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS WHAT I WANT? AND IN RETURN YOU SHALL HAVE PROTECTION DURING THOSE DAYLIGHT HOURS WHEN YOU ARE MOST VULNERABLE.

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU KNOW?

ALL MY LIFE I HAVE STUDIED THE WONDROUS AND THE BIZARRE THOSE THINGS WHICH CONSTITUTE THE LEGENDS AND MYTHS OF MAN BUT WHICH I KNOW TO BE TRUTH!

I RESPECT THESE THINGS, AND THEY IN TURN, COME TO RESPECT ME!

THE CIRCUS OF KING CARNIVAL, AN OUTLANDISH EXHIBIT OF THE OCCULT AND SUPERNATURAL IS DUE TO OPEN AT GREENGLADE FIELD THIS EVENING AMONG THE NEW ATTRACTIONS PROMISED BY ITS PROPRIETOR IS THE INFAMOUS COUNT DRACULA, AND A BEAUTIFUL SHE-VAMPIRE...

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF CABSANDRA KILEY:

DRACULA IS A STRANGE BEING! I LOVE HIM... BUT I ALSO FEAR HIM... OFTEN I WONDER WHAT SECRETS HE HOLDS WITHIN HIS SOUL.

I ONCE HEARD HIM MENTION A WOMAN HE LOVED... AND A SON!
THE DAN MORAN REAL ESTATE AGENCY REPORTED SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS MISSING FROM THE COMPANY SAFE THIS MORNING. THE ROBBERY, WHICH OCCURRED LATE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, COINCIDES WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HERBERT LARKIN, AN EMPLOYEE OF THE FIRM FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS. POLICE NOW SEEK HIM FOR QUESTIONING.

"I KNOW YOU WILL FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I HAVE DONE, AND REALIZE THAT ONLY MY LOVE FOR YOU COULD DRIVE ME TO SUCH DEPTHS OF DESPERATION!"

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER DATED SEPTEMBER 11, 1908 FROM HERBERT LARKIN TO MISS EVELYN HICKS:

"DEAREST EVELYN, THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO ACT TOO LONG Have false hopes and poverty kept us apart. Denied us the life we have planned together for so long..."

"MEET ME WITHOUT FAIL ON THE MIDWAY OF THE CARNIVAL TOMORROW AFTER SUNDOWN FROM THERE, WE SHALL MOVE TO A NEW CITY, AND YOU WILL HAVE EVERYTHING I'VE EVER PROMISED YOU..."

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

"A CURIOUS INCIDENT OCCURRED TONIGHT DRACULA'S ATTENTION TURNED TO A YOUNG WOMAN IN THE CROWD AND THE CHANGE THAT CAME OVER HIM WAS REMARKABLE. HIS TALL STEADY FRAME BEGAN TO QUIVER AND I FEARED FOR A MOMENT HE WOULD COLLAPSE..."
EXCEPT FROM THE JOURNAL OF
AMELIA PARROT, DATED
SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.
SHORTLY, I'LL BEGIN MY NEW JOB AS
SCHOOL MISTRESS. IN ONE
SENSE, I LOOK FORWARD TO IT,
BUT IN ANOTHER, I DREAD IT. THE
SIGHT OF ALL THOSE LITTLE
CHILDREN ONLY REMINDS ME HOW
EMPTY AND LONELY MY OWN
LIFE IS....

GOOD AFTERNOON,
MISS PARROT. YOU WEAR YOUR SADNESS WELL.

MY SADNESS?

NO NEED TO
FEIGN SURPRISE IF
YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE
THAT I HAD THE
POWER TO SEE INTO
YOUR SOUL AND
FORESEE YOUR
FUTURE. THEN YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE
BOthered COMING
IN HERE.

I AM NOT CALLED
MESCLEROS, THE
SHAMAN WITHOUT
REASON. I SEE ALL
THAT THE FUTURE
HOLDS FOR YOU....

THEN TELL
ME....

WERY WELL. I
SEE SOMETHING IN
YOUR FUTURE THAT
YOU HAVE SHUNNED
IN THE PAST; YET
MAYED FOR IN
THE PRESENT....

"A MAN WHO WILL LOVE AND
CARE FOR YOU."

"..."
EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

THANK GOD IT IS OVER FOR TONIGHT... THE STARING AND THE DEGRADATION. THEY LOOK AT US NOT BECAUSE WE ARE BEAUTIFUL, BUT BECAUSE WE ARE... GODITIES.

I FEEL THE THIRST COME UPON ME AGAIN. AND I THINK BACK TO THAT FIRST TASTE OF BLOOD. IT FELT STRANGE. I NEITHER PLEASED NOR REPELLED ME. BUT I WAS GLAD DRACULA WAS THERE TO SHARE IT WITH ME.

EVEN NOW HE STALKS THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS, CHOOSING THE UNFORTUNATE MORTAL WHO WILL ALLOW US TO SURVIVE YET ANOTHER NIGHT...

EVELYN MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE... SHE WOULDN'T DESERT ME, NOT AFTER WHAT I'VE DONE FOR HER...

SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG. PERHAPS HE WAS CAUGHT? PERHAPS THE POLICE HAVE HIM?

NO! NOT AFTER WE'VE WAITED SO LONG! IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO US NOW...

HE IS HERE SOMEWHERE! I CAN FEEL IT! THE LOVE I HAVE BEEN PROMISED IS HERE... IF ONLY I COULD FIND IT!
EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

WHEN DRACULA APPROACHED THE GIRL, SHE DIDN'T EVEN SEEM FRIGHTENED. I WAS AS THOUGH SHE REALIZED SHE WAS IN THE PRESENCE OF AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE.

MUCH THE SAME WAY I FELT WHEN I FIRST ENCOUNTERED DRACULA.

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL... SO MUCH LIKE ANOTHER I LOVED SO LONG AGO! BUT SHE RAN FROM ME... AND FELL TO HER DEATH! I COULD NOT GIVE HER ETERNAL LIFE...

BUT YOU. MY DARLING WILL LIVE FOREVER!

YOUR WORDS, DRACULA... I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

IT WAS A LIFETIME AGO, CASSANDRA. I FELT LOVE... BUT I COULD NOT BEAR TO TELL MY LOVER WHO... OR WHAT I WAS. WHEN SHE FOUND OUT, SHE FLED FROM ME IN TERROR!

SHE DIED... BUT BEFORE DEATH TOOK HER SHE BORE ME A SON...

...A SON WHO LATER TRIED TO KILL ME!

CARE TO TELL ME ABOUT IT?

PERHAPS SOMETIME SOON, MY DEAR, RIGHT NOW I WISH ONLY TO DO WHAT I HAVE TRIED TO DO SINCE THAT NIGHT...

...FORGET
Oh, my darling, how could Fate play such a cruel joke upon us? I can't even call the police! Not with ten thousand dollars of stolen money in my possession.

From the Journal of Amelia Parrot

When I first came upon him, he was kneeling over the fallen body of a woman on the midway. I should have been horrified. I should have screamed for the police. But he looked so pitiful. I didn't.

There is nothing left to do but turn myself in. I was willing to be a fugitive for your love, my darling, but without it there is no point. I don't even care what happens to me now.

But perhaps there are others who go... who are you?

I know what loneliness is. I face it every time I walk into an empty bedroom at night, and no matter what Christian folks say I don't think there is anything worse in the world.

Does it matter? You don't care what happens to you because you're lonely, but going to jail is not the answer. What's done is done! But casting yourself into a prison cell won't make things easier.

So call the police if you want to, but that won't do either one of us any good.
EXCERPT FROM THE TALLAHASSEE TIMES, SEPTEMBER 14, 1900:

THE BODIES OF A MAN AND WOMAN WERE DISCOVERED NEAR GREENGLADE FIELD THIS MORNING. THE VICTIMS WERE IDENTIFIED AS HERBERT W. LARKIN AND AMELIA A. PARROT, BOTH OF TALLAHASSEE....

THE CAUSE OF DEATH HAS NOT YET BEEN DETERMINED, BUT SEVERE WOUNDS AROUND THE NECK AND THROAT LED THE POLICE TO SUSPECT FOUL PLAY. LARKIN WAS ALSO SOUGHT BY POLICE FOR QUESTIONING IN AN EMBEZZLEMENT CASE EARLIER THIS WEEK....

POLICE ARE CURRENTLY SEEKING MISS EVELYN HICKS, THE FIANCEE OF MR. LARKIN, WHO DISAPPEARED ABOUT THE TIME THE BODIES WERE DISCOVERED.

FROM THE DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

WE TRAVEL AGAIN TO ANOTHER TOWN... WHICH WILL PROBABLY BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM THIS ONE.

THE PLACES CHANGE, THE PEOPLE CHANGE....

BUT SOMETHOW, THE FACES ALWAYS STAY THE SAME!
HARRY TAYLOR WAS SICK INSANE! THERE WAS NO OTHER WORD TO DESCRIBE HIM, HIS STRANGE ACTIONS, OR HIS WEIRD FANTASIES!

SOMETHING HAD SNAPPED IN HARRY'S MIND LONG AGO! IT SEEMED LIKE AGES TO HIM SINCE HE HAD HAD HAPPY THOUGHTS... AGES SINCE HIS MIND WAS FREE OF THE HATRED.

ONCE HARRY WAS HAPPY FROM HIS HATRED. LOVE, BUT THAT ALL CHANGED... WHEN BIANCA LEFT HIM.

HARRY TAYLOR'S MIND SEETHED WITH THE IMAGE OF BIANCA IN THE ARMS OF HER HUSBAND, BYRON ROSS. HE WAS TORMENTED BY THE MEMORY OF HER, ANOTHER MAN....

HARRY HAD RAGED INWARDLY SINCE THE NIGHT OF BIANCA AND BYRON'S MARRIAGE! HE SAW HIMSELF BARKED FROM BIANCA'S ARMS... HER BED... FOREVER!

AND HE KNEW THAT BYRON WAS THE REASON WHY! BYRON HAD TAKEN AWAY THE ONLY THING HARRY HAD EVER LOVED!

BYRON WAS THE FOCAL POINT OF HARRY'S HATRED... THE SOLE REASON FOR THE MAD FANTASIES THAT SWIRLED OVER AND OVER IN HIS HEAD

HARRY WANTED TO END BYRON'S PLEASURABLE NIGHTS WITH BIANCA... FOREVER!

AND THE BEST WAY WAS TO TAKE HER FROM HER! DEPRIVE HIM OF HER BEAUTY!
THOUGH FOUR YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE BLANCA AND BYRON WERE MARRIED, HARRY'S FURY BOILED WITHIN LIKE LAVA IN A VOLCANO.

TONIGHT, BLANCA... TONIGHT I'LL TAKE YOU. THEN I'LL HAK THE BEAUTY OFF YOUR FACE... AND I'LL LEAVE YOUR BLOODY CORPSE TO SHARE HIS BED.

AND WHAT A FINE JEST, HARRY THOUGHT, TO DRESS AS DEATH HIMSELF FOR HIS MURDEROUS MISSION!

EVEN THE BRAVE SEEMED TO SULK AWAY FROM DEATH AS HE GUIDED DOWN THE STREET! IT MADE HARRY FEEL GOOD... POWERFUL...!

IT WAS THE PERFECT NIGHT FOR A MUTILATION! AND BLANCA AND BYRON SEEMED TO INVITE IT WITH THEIR HALLOWEEN PARTY... AND THEIR GUESTS COMING AS DEVILS, DEMONS, AND WITCHES...

NO PARENTS MAY BE ADMITTED WITHOUT CHILDREN!

HARRY TAYLOR CURSED HIS VILE LUCK AND WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE, WHEN A LONE BOY, LOOKING ILL-AT-EASE, STROLLED UP THE WALK....

LEAVE IT TO THE ROBBERS TO COME UP WITH A TWIST LIKE THAT!

HARRY, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME DAD IF YOU'D LIKE?

I HAVE NO LITTLE BOY OR GIRL TO TAKE TO THE BOYS' PARTY. SINCE YOU'RE HERE ALONE TOO, I WONDER IF YOU WOULDN'T SORT OF ADOPT ME FOR THE EVENING. OTHERWISE THEY WOULDN'T LET ME IN!

YES, SIR. MY NAME IS MORT. WHAT'S YOURS?
SO HARRY BOUGHT HIS ADMISSION TICKET INTO THE ROSS HOME AND MADE HIS GRAND ENTRANCE.

MRS. ROSS IS UPSTAIRS, PUTTING NICOLE TO BED. POOR TIREE GOT TIRED OUT AT HER OWN PARTY.

MR. ROSS IS INSIDE WITH THE OTHER GUESTS, SIR!

THANK YOU, GO ON IN AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT MORTON! I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A FEW MINUTES!

YES, SIR, AND PLEASE SIR - NOBODY CALLS ME MORTON. JUST MORT!

GOOD EVENING! I'M AFRAID NOT. I'M VISITING FROM OUT-OF-TOWN!

DAMN PEOPLE ALL OVER THE PLACE!

THIS MAY NOT BE EASY, GOT TO FIND BIANCA FIRST!

'SCUSE ME, MIST R I DECIDED TO HAVE MY TRICK 'N TREAT IN PRIVATE!

HOPE THIS ISN'T YOUR BED, PAL!

OH... Uh... sorry!

HARRY! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!

HUH? Oh... MORT! LISTEN, YOU'D BETTER GET BACK DOWNSTAIRS!

I DON'T LIKE BEING DOWN THERE WITHOUT YOU!

OKAY... I'LL GO DOWN THERE, BUT LOOK... I'VE GOT TO SEE SOMEBODY! LIKE MRS. ROSS. MAYBE!
His quiet manner with the boy belied the violent storm going on within Harry Taylor. It howled in his head with the rage of a hurricane. It thundered in his heart like the pounding of a wild surf...

Here, Mort. This ought to keep you busy for awhile.

Wait for me. I'll be back as soon as I can!

In a pig's eye I'll be back...

I'll do what I planned doing to Bianca. Then I'll clear out fast!

Yaaa!

What the--?!?

Hey, watch yerself, Mister... ol' demon rum is comin' through!

Damn drunks... could hurt some body if they're not careful!

Now, if I can only find out which room she's in... I--

For crying out loud... what are you doing up here, Mort?

I want to be with you, Harry. I snuck upstairs when that man bumped into you!

Look, Mort. I told you to stay downstairs. You're beginning to get on my nerves!

I'm not going to tell you again next time I catch you up here. I'll blister your damn backside! Understand?

Yes sir.

At last! The brat's gone! Wait!

I hear a kid talking in there! Now a woman's voice, Bianca! I'd know that voice anywhere!
I'M AFRAID
YOU HAVE THE
WRONG ROOM!

NO, BIANCA.
I'M RIGHT WHERE
I WANT TO BE.

DO I
KNOW
YOU?

YOU DON'T
EVEN RECOGNIZE
MY VOICE? PITY...

I ASKED YOU
WHAT YOU'RE DOING
OUT? YOU'D BETTER GET
OUT, BYRON HASN'T
FORGOTTEN HOW YOU
TRIED TO DISRUPT
OUR WEDDING.

I'VE COME TO
SHARE HIS HAPPINESS!
TO SHARE HIS WIFE
TO BE MORE EXACT?

IS HE A BAD
MAN, MOTHER?

GET OUT OF
THIS ROOM AT
ONCE OR I'LL
SCREAM!

I WOULDN'T DO THAT,
BIANCA! BE NICE OR THE
KID HERE WON'T NEED A
MASK NEXT HALLOWEEN!
HARRY...PLEASE!
DON'T HARM MY BABY!
I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING...DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

I ONLY WANT ONE THING, BIANCA...TO SEE BYRON SUFFER!

H-HARRY...WHY? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? I...I THOUGHT YOU ONCE LOVED ME!

I DID BIANCA! BUT YOU GAVE YOURSELF TO ANOTHER MAN...REJECTED ME! NOW...YOU AND HE WILL HAVE TO PAY! I'LL BE AS SWIFT AND PAINLESS AS POSSIBLE!

I'LL EVEN TURN OFF THE LIGHTS SO THE KID ISN'T SCARED BY ALL THE BLOOD!

H-HARRY... PLEASE...I-I BEG OF YOU...

MAMA! MAMA! I'M AFRAID!

But before I SLICE YOU, LOVER, ONE LAST KISS FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE!

N-No! You can't do this...You're insane! Help me! Somebody help!

I'm sorry you screamed, Bianca! Now...I might just have to kill you!

They'll catch you, Harry! They'll catch you...and you'll hang for this!

I've got to get even with Byron for taking you away from me!

D-DON'T HURT MY MAMA!
IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN A MINUTE!

BUT FOR HARRY TAYLOR, IT WAS OVER SOONER THAN THAT! A CHILD'S TOY... A CHANCE STEP... AND THE WOULD-BE MUTILATOR SLIPPED BACKWARDS, OFF BALANCE...

WHA -- ??!

AND CRASHED THROUGH THE SECOND STORY WINDOW OF THE CHILD'S BEDROOM!

HELP NEVER CAME. INSTEAD, A SMALL BOY STOOD SMILING, AND VERY QUIETLY BEGAN TO REMOVE HIS OWN HALLOWEEN MASK.

W- WHY AREN'T YOU HELPING ME... G- GET SOMEONE !

AND LIKE EVERYONE ELSE THAT NIGHT... DEATH HAD DRESSED UP IN HIS OWN HORRIBLE HALLOWEEN COSTUME THAT OF A LITTLE BOY.

I TOLD YOU MY NAME.... MORT. DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT MORT MEANS ?

BEFORE HE CLOSED HIS EYES FOREVER, HARRY KNEW THAT MORT MEANT... DEATH.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, HARRY TAYLOR!

ALL DAY!
MY NAME IS JIM SUTTON. OF THAT MUCH I AM STILL CERTAIN. FACT TWO: THE CHRONOMETER READS 22:10. BUT WHAT DAY OF THE WEEK IT IS, I CAN ONLY SPECULATE.

FACT THREE: I FEEL LIKE HELL.

I TRY TO IGNORE THE THROBBING IN MY HEAD AND RECALL LAST NIGHT, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS. I HOPE I WAS DRUNK. I WOULD HATE TO THINK I WOKE UP FEELING SO BAD WITHOUT HAVING A GOOD TIME THE NIGHT BEFORE.

SOME OF THEM STARE AT ME WITH FEAR AND SUSPICION! MOST JUST IGNORE ME AS THOUGH I WERE A DISEMBODIED VOICE.

EVEN MY SURROUNDINGS DON'T HELP. THEY ARE UNFAMILIAR... EVEN SOMEWHAT ODD AND ANACHRONISTIC AND THE PEOPLE... I'VE TRIED ASKING THEM WHERE I AM...!

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS!

STORY AND ART: FERNANDO FERNANDEZ
My nerves are frayed, my mind diffused. I try to focus in on a single logical thought, but I cannot. I need a pleasure pill to help pull myself together.

Pleasure pills, the handiest invention of the decade...

I suppose they were the logical successor to alcohol and marijuana. The perfect escape, they chemically draw all unpleasant emotions from the body while inducing a state of euphoria.

But unlike previous drugs, the emotions do not return when the drug wears off.

I don't understand, sir.

Sir, possession of money is a felony in this state. What are you? Some sort of subversive? I suggest you leave before I summon the police.

What's wrong, are you deaf? I need a pleasure pill!

Is this a joke?

A package of pleasure pills, please.
ALL RIGHT. PLEASURE PILLS WERE OUT, SO IT WAS BACK TO THE OLD FASHIONED METHOD. THERE WAS SOMETHING REASSURING ABOUT GETTING DRUNK ANYWAY. SCIENTIFIC METHODS MAY BE EFFECTIVE, BUT I GET A LOT MORE SATISFACTION OUT OF THE DO-IT-YOURSELF METHOD.

WAIT A MINUTE! PUT YOUR LUXURY-CHEQUES ON THE COUNTER BEFORE YOU DRINK THAT.

THERE ARE TOO MANY OF YOU NO-ACCOUNTS COME IN HERE LATELY. IF THE POLICE CAUGHT ME SELLING DRINKS WITHOUT COLLECTING LUXURY CHEQUES, I'LL BE CLOSED DOWN.

W-WHAT ARE LUXURY-CHEQUES?

I DREAD WHAT COMES NEXT. THE STARES, THE ANGER, THE THREATS, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I FEEL LIKE A STRANGER IN SOME FOREIGN CULTURE, YET THIS CITY HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY HOME. I DON'T WANT TO ASK, BUT I KNOW I WILL HAVE TO.

NOT BAD. I GET ALL SORTS OF EXCUSES AND SORROW STORIES FROM YOU GUYS, BUT THAT'S THE MOST ORIGINAL I'VE HEARD IN A WHILE!

NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO GET YOU A DRINK, THOUGH. NOW MOVE OUT, BEFORE I SEND FOR THE POLICE!

SIR, I AM NOT PRETENDING. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME OR THE WORLD AROUND ME.

ONE OF US HAS CHANGED OVERNIGHT, AND I'M NOT SURE WHICH.
I see the expression on his face and know it all too well. It is called humor—the lunatic until the police arrive. But I will play along too, at least that way I can get some answers.

He speaks in a clear, slow, condescending tone, like a kindergarten teacher instructing a slow child...

When a man completes the weekly forty-five-hour quota which he owes the government, he is given one luxury cheque for each additional hour he works!

With these, he can purchase food, clothing, anything he needs or wants!

But money... I have money!

I wouldn't tell anybody that was outlawed by the state years ago.

Years ago? Is this fool trying to tell me I've forgotten years of my life? That can't be!

No! You're lying! You're all in on this together... You, the druggist, those people on the street...

Beneath the counter, his hand touches the button that says hospital.
TWO MALE NURSES CAME TO TAKE ME AWAY. I WAS TOO TIRED, TOO WEAK, TOO CONFUSED TO RESIST. THEY TOOK ME TO A PLACE CALLED THE STATE PSYCHO-PHYSICAL CENTER, WHERE I WAS BROUGHT BEFORE AN INTERROGATOR.

NAME, CITY AND DATE OF BIRTH?

WE'D LIKE TO TAKE A FINGERPRINT AND VOICE-PATTERN CHECK TO VERIFY YOUR IDENTITY.

JIM SUTTON,
NEW YORK,
FEBRUARY 7,
1978

MEANWHILE REPORT TO SECTION H FOR A COMPLETE PHYSICAL EXAMINATION AND BRAIN-SCAN.

RUN THESE FINGERPRINTS THROUGH CITIZEN-IDENTIFICATION, WILL YOU, NURSE? THIS MAY SOUND IMPOSSIBLE, BUT DON'T BE SURPRISED IF THERE IS NO REPLY.

BRAIN SCAN! DO YOU THINK I AM SOME SORT OF LUNATIC TOO? PERHAPS THEY ARE RIGHT... PERHAPS I AM MAD.

INDEEED, MINUTES LATER...

I WAS RIGHT. JIM SUTTON DOES NOT EXIST!
MEANWHILE, THEY SUBMIT ME TO EVERY MEDICAL TEST IMAGINABLE. ELECTRODES ARE FASTENED TO MY BRAIN, MY HEART, MY GROIN...

WHAT IF I AM MAD. WHAT WILL THEY DO THEN? LOCK ME IN SOME FORGOTTEN ASYLUM... TRY TO REPROGRAM MY MIND?

THERE IS SO MUCH CIRCUITRY ATTACHED TO MY FLESH, I FEEL LIKE A SWITCHBOARD!

AND STILL THEY ARE NOT SATISFIED. THERE ARE YET MORE TESTS!

ALL RIGHT, MR. SUTTON, YOUR HEALTH IS PERFECT... NOT EVEN A HEMEROID.

GET DRESSED AND COME WITH ME!

LET ME GUESS... YOU WANT A COMPLETE PSYCHIATRIC EXAM!

NOW WHAT?

"UNNECESSARY," THE DOCTOR REPLIED. "YOUR MENTAL FACULTIES ARE REMARKABLY INTACT... UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES,

NOW WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
I'LL BE BRIEF, SUTTON. THE CITIZEN-IDENTIFICATION COMPUTER IN WASHINGTON HAS NO RECORD OF YOUR BIRTH, SINCE THE COMPUTER, LIKE THE GOVERNMENT, IS INFALLIBLE.

WE REGRETFULLY INFORM YOU, YOU DON'T EXIST.

LEGALLY, YOU HAVE NEITHER THE RIGHTS NOR RESPONSIBILITIES OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

HOWEVER, SUCH AN UNCHECKED FREEDOM COULD MAKE YOU A THREAT TO SOCIETY! BAD EXAMPLE, YOU KNOW.

SO YOU CAN EXPECT TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE POLICE BOTH DAY AND NIGHT.

THEM WOULD FOLLOW A MAN WHO DOESN'T EXIST?

THERE IS AN ALTERNATIVE. IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO RUN A GENEALOGY CHECK ON YOUR LINEAGE. IF THERE WERE NO SUBVERSIVES OR RADICALS IN YOUR FAMILY HISTORY, YOU MAY BE ALLOWED TO APPLY FOR CITIZENSHIP.

I COULDN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO ME YESTERDAY, MUCH LESS WHAT MY FAMILY DID HUNDRED YEARS AGO, BUT I HAD NOTHING TO LOSE.

ALL RIGHT, HOW DO I GO ABOUT THIS?

GENEALOGY TRACES ARE A FUNCTION OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT. I'LL NOTIFY THEM THAT YOU ARE ON YOUR WAY.
SO I WALKED TO THE NEAREST PRECINCT. I CONFESSION THAT I AM SURPRISED BY WHAT I FIND HERE. IT IS ASCEPTIC, FUNCTIONAL, LOOKING MORE LIKE THE CALCULATING DIVISION OF SOME GREAT CHEMICAL PLANT THAN A POLICE STATION.

YOU MUST BE THE PATIENT DR. STARR TOLD US ABOUT, COME IN AND SIT DOWN!

THEY GLARED SUSPICIOUSLY HOSTILELY, ALTHOUGH THEIR TONE WAS POLITE. I WAS LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL... A CURIOUSA, BUT STILL SOMETHING TO BE FEARED IF UNLEASHED.

SO THE CIC HAS NO RECORD OF YOU, EH? DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT MEANS, MR. SUTTON?

MY NAME IS JIM SUTTON BIRTH- DATE: FEBRUARY 2, 1978 I WOULD LIKE A GENEALOGY TRACE, PLEASE.

THEY WERE TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY. THEY WANTED ME TO CONFESSION MY SIN OF "UNBIRTH" THEN TRY ME AND CONDEMN ME, EVEN OSTRACIZE ME, FOR AN OVERSIGHT TOTALLY BEYOND MY CONTROL AND PROBABLY BEYOND MY MOTHERS. FINALLY THEY BEGAN THE TRACE.

...AND WAITED...

...AND TRIED AGAIN TO RECALL WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE I BLACKED OUT LAST NIGHT STILL I FAILED.
GENTLEMEN, WE ARE UP AGAINST A UNIQUE SITUATION. THERE ARE NO OTHER MEANS AT OUR DISPOSAL BY WHICH WE CAN CONFIRM HIS IDENTITY. THE GENEALOGY CHECK HAS FAILED TO TURN UP ANY RECORD OF HIS FAMILY.

MOREOVER, AN ANALYSIS OF HIS CLOTHING CONFIRMS WHAT DR. STARR SUSPECTED. JIM SUTTON WAS INDEED BORN IN 1918.

THAT MEANS HE'S 182 YEARS OLD!

WE CAN'T ALLOW HIM TO RUN FREE! REMEMBER WHAT HIS SOCIETY WAS LIKE?

IT'S TAKEN NEARLY SIXTY YEARS TO DESTROY INDIVIDUALISM, SO THAT SOCIETY COULD FUNCTION MORE EFFICIENTLY. WE CAN'T LET HIM CORRUPT PEOPLE'S MINDS WITH HIS ANCIENT IDEAS!

SO WE ARE FACED WITH THE PROBLEM OF DEALING WITH A MAN WHO DOESN'T EXIST.

HE'S RIGHT. WE CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER MESSIAH AT THIS POINT IN TIME!
"SINCE HE DOESN'T EXIST, HE IS ABOVE OUR LAWS. WE CAN'T ALLOW THAT."

"HIS IDEAS WILL CAUSE OTHERS TO THINK. TO QUESTION. WE CAN'T HAVE THAT EITHER."

"WE COULD KILL HIM, AFTER ALL. WHAT COULD THE GOVERNMENT DO TO US?"

"NO, THAT'S NO GOOD. CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS NO LONGER PERMITTED EVEN IN EXTREME CIRCUMSTANCES."

"THEN THERE IS ONLY ONE SOLUTION... THE INJECTION!"

"WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? WAIT UNTIL HE DOES TEAR DOWN THE FABRIC OF OUR SOCIETY BEFORE ELIMINATING HIM? NO, I SAY WE DO IT NOW."

"THE INJECTION WILL NOT HARM HIM. IT MERELY INDUCES A CATATONIC STATE RESEMBLING SUSPENDED ANIMATION. HE WILL AWAKEN APPROXIMATELY FIFTY YEARS IN THE FUTURE. PERHAPS THEN, THEY WILL HAVE OTHER METHODS FOR DEALING WITH HIS KIND."
WHEN THEY RETURN TO THE ROOM WHERE I WAIT, THEIR FACES ARE GRIM AND SOBER. THEY SAY NOTHING, ONLY ESCORT ME DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR...

A CORRIDOR VERY MUCH LIKE ANOTHER... ONE I REMEMBER FROM WHAT SEEMS LIKE CENTURIES AGO... THE CORRIDOR OF A NUCLEAR ENERGY FACTORY WHERE I ONCE WORKED...!

GRADUALLY THE MEMORIES FLOOD BACK. THE ALARM, RADIATION, DANGER, LEAKAGE.

A FINAL, BLINDING FLASH. BLACKNESS. LONG BLACKNESS.

SO THAT WAS IT. I WAS TRAPPED IN AN ATOMIC ACCIDENT. UNCONSCIOUS AND PROBABLY PRESUMED DEAD. HOW I CAME TO BE HERE, IN THIS TIME, IN THIS PLACE, REMAINS A MYSTERY, BUT IT IS UNIMPORTANT. DESPITE WHAT THEY TELL ME... I EXIST...

APPARENTLY, IT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEM. THEY SEEM TO THINK I AM A THREAT BUT WHY... I MEAN THEM, NO HARM!

...AND ISN'T THAT REALLY ALL I NEED TO KNOW?
THEN, SUCCEEDING SPINNING... AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME I KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME...

I SEE THE DOCTOR PREPARING THE SYRINGE. I CANNOT MOVE TO STOP HIM...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT CONTAINS. DOES IT MATTER? IT'S FUNCTION ONLY IS IMPORTANT VAGUELY. I HEAR THE WORDS OF THE POLICE PHYSICIAN...

“SOCIETY IS INFALLIBLE. SOCIETY SAYS THAT YOU DO NOT EXIST THEREFORE YOU CANNOT EXIST.”

THAT COFFEE THEY GAVE ME IN THE WAITING ROOM... MUST HAVE BEEN DRUGGED... F... FEEL W-WEAK... D-DIZZY...

BUT I DO EXIST... I DO... I...

WITH THAT, ALL CONSCIOUS THOUGHT FADES FROM MY MIND... THERE IS ONLY BLACKNESS AGAIN. I DON'T KNOW IF I WILL EVER AWAKEN FROM THIS ONE AND EVEN IF I DO, WILL IT ALL HAPPEN OVER AGAIN?

I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT... AND SEE!
THE STORY BEGINS NOT AT THE BEGINNING... 
BUT IN THE MIDDLE... THE MIDDLE OF TIME!

THE CREATURE EXISTS! IT WAS BORN 
NEAR THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE!

It was born at the 
beginning of all 
time...

...starting its existence even as 
the galaxies formed!

IT HAS BEEN CONTENT 
MERELY TO EXIST... 
TO PULSATE!

WHEN ITS PULSATIONS GROW 
WEAK, IT STRETCHES!

STRETCHING, IT FEEDS ON TIME!
FEEDING, IT GROWS LARGER!
IT BEGAN AS A TINY SEED!
IT NOW STRETCHES ACROSS 
HALF A UNIVERSE!

THE TIME EATER!
It is the middle of man's story too. Within the creature, within a galaxy, an earth space ship has achieved intergalactic travel!

Seeker One to Pandora Base! We are orbiting an earth type planet in system twelve.

Pandora Base! Control panels continue to indicate your life systems are slowing down! Check and evaluate!

Pandora Base your signals are coming through so rapidly we can hardly understand you. Can you slow them down?

Your signals are coming through slower and slower! Check those life systems now!

Systems check out in order! We have entered an area of gray space unlike anything encountered previously.

It may be causing interference! We'll check and report!

Roger and out!
HEBEL... I NEED YOUR HELP! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS GRAY AREA OF SPACE IS!

IT SEEMS TO BE SLOWING US DOWN... AFFECTING US STRANGELY!

IT'S PUZZLING! THE GRAY SPACE SEEMS TO COVER HALF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE!

IT'S SO BIG... IT'S FRIGHTENING, HEBEL! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE BIG ENOUGH TO SPAN HALF OF ALL CREATION?

HEBEL! IS IT MY IMAGINATION... OR IS THAT THING MOVING... GROWING?

IT IS, COMMANDER! ALL OF A SUDDEN IT JUST SEEMED TO JUMP... TO STRETCH LARGER!

WE'RE DEAD CENTER IN THE GRAY AREA, COMMANDER. WE MIGHT NOT MAKE IT OUT!

IT SHIMMERED FOR A MOMENT, THEN STOPPED, ALMOST AS IF IT WERE ABSORBING ENERGY... OR... OR FEEDING!

WHAT COULD IT EAT IN SPACE, COMMANDER?

THE CREATURE HAS REACHED THE MIDPOINT OF ITS EXISTENCE! IT HAS ABSORBED HALF OF ALL THE TIME THERE IS!

...DOWN...!

THERE'S... NOTHING... IN... SPACE... FOR... IT TO... EAT...!

WHATS... HAPPENING... WHY... ARE... WE... GLOWING... DOWN...

...SO FAR IT HAS FED ON THE FUTURE! NOW THE UNIVERSE LIES STILL WHILE THE CREATURE GATHERS STRENGTH TO BEGIN FEEDING ON THE PAST!
The future is gone... consumed! And as the creature feeds, time moves slowly backwards!

The crew of Seeker One seems to move in reverse... re-enacting the actions that led them to this time... this place.

Soon they will leave orbit!

But instead of propelling them outwards, Seeker One's powerful rocket thrust seems to pull them... draw them to Earth!

The return is the same as the outward voyage!

There will never be anything new again while the creature feeds on the past!

Time moves backwards... and ever so slowly Commander Muskat's youth is restored to her!

It is a cheap bribe!

She gave it up freely for a voyage of discovery!
THE CREATURE CONTINUES TO GROW: SEEKER ONE LANDS ON AN EARTH ENVELOPED IN GREY SPACE!

THE SHIP IS SKINNED AND DISSECTED...

STRUT BY STRUT THE LAUNCH SUPPORT IS TAKEN DOWN....

SECTION AFTER SECTION IS AMPUTATED AND CAST ASIDE....

THE SHIP COMMANDER, KAREN MUSKAT, ROUSH TO BUILD THIS BASE!

HER VICTORY IS BEING STOLEN FROM HER BY THIS BLOODLESS SURGERY!

SHE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO YOUTHFUL DREAMS, DREAMS WHICH HAVE ALREADY REPLACED THE VIEWSCREEN IMAGE OF A FARAWAY PLANET.

THE DREAMS HAVE SEIZED HER HEART! SHE WILL LIVE WITH THEM AS HER EXPERIENCES DWindle BY YEAR!

TOMORROW SHE MIGHT HAVE CRIED, BUT TOMORROW IS GONE FOREVER.
LIFE ROLLS BACKWARD
WHILE THE CREATURE
FEEDS! BODIES ARE
EXHUMED EVERY DAY!

TODAY HERE
GATHERED
ARE WE-

LOVED ONES STAND BY AS
THE DEAD RETURN TO LIFE,
UTTERING THEIR FIRST WORDS!

REUNITED FAMILIES GROW
YOUNGER TOGETHER.

YEAR EVERY YOUNGER LOOKS!

AT LAST THE MARRIED COUPLES
SEPARATE! THEY RETURN TO
THEIR PARENTS, AWKWARD AND
UNSURE AT THEIR NEW
DEPENDENCE!

AT LAST INFANCY ENDS WITH A
PAINFUL MOMENT OF CALLED
BIRTH, THE CHILD IS RETURNED
TO THE MOTHER!

THE FETUS DAWNS
UNTIL IT IS NO MORE,
CONCLUDING A LIFETIME
OF POSSIBILITIES WITH A
SINGLE SHARP DIVISION!

FOR A TIME THE YOUNG ENDURE SCHOOL!
THE SUBJECTS DECREASE IN NUMBER AS THEIR MINDS SLIP YEAR BY YEAR TOWARD EARLY CHILDHOOD!
HISTORY SINKS BACKWARD BEFORE THE CREATURE'S HUNGER!

A MAN DISCOVERS FIRE!

BUT WHAT GOOD IS FIRE TO A TREE DWELLER? RUBBING THE STICKS TOGETHER HE PUTS THE FIRE OUT!

SOON THOUGHT IS REPLACED BY ANIMAL VITALITY!

LIFE RETREATS TO ITS ORIGINAL HOME!

THE SEAS EVAPORATE IN BLASTS OF PLANET-SCORCHING HEAT!

DIRTY FIRES SWEET THE SURFACE OF EARTH TRANSFORMING IT INTO LIQUID ROCK!
The Solar System has kept pace with Earth! The Moon whirls closer as its surface heat increases.

Suddenly...a crushing union, they are one!

They are keeping a celestial rendezvous!

The former planets continue to whirl. More gas than liquid within the grey space filled by the Time Eater!

Drawn like fireflies, the glowing shapes merge at last with the great fiery star at the center of their orbits!
Within the galaxies the stars coalesce, even as the galaxies themselves speed closer and closer together!

With a single enormous grunt, all matter merges in a cataclysmic implosion!

It is the final sound, the final reaction!

It is the end of the universe!
AT LAST THE SWIRLING GASES DISSIPATE. THE TIME EATER LIES STILL! IT HAS DEVoured HISTORY, HUMANITY AND CREATION ITSELF! IT OCCUPIES THE WHOLE UNIVERSE!

THERE IS NO TIME LEFT TO EAT!

ITS PULSATIONS GROW WEAK, BUT IT HAS NO SOURCE OF STRENGTH!

IT GROWS WEAKER EVER WEAKER!

IT IS STARVING TO DEATH!

PERHAPS IT REALIZES THE Ironic FUTILITY OF ITS EXISTENCE! PERHAPS IT SEES HOW ITS GROWING HUNGER TRICKED IT INTO DESTROYING ITSELF!

Whether it knows why or not, it still dies!
DEAD AND DECAYING
A SMALL PIECE OF THE CREATURE BREAKS AWAY FROM THE REST!

GASES ARE RELEASED! THERE IS AN INTENSE FLASH OF LIGHT, FOLLOWED BY A THUNDERCLAP!

THE CREATURE BREAKS APART!

A STORM CLOUD OF SWIRLING GASES IS RELEASED INTO THE VOID!

THE GAS EXPLODES! THE VOID IS ABLAZE WITH FLASHING LIGHTS THAT FLY OFF, EXPLODING AGAIN AND AGAIN AS THEY FALL!

TIME HAS BEGUN AGAIN! AND WITH IT, A UNIVERSE IS REBORN!

A TINY GASEOUS PARTICLE, ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE TIME EATER, LIES ONCE MORE NEAR THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE!

STRETCHING OUT TO CAPTURE A MOMENT OF FAR FUTURE TIME, IT BEGINS TO FEED ITS HUNGER ONCE MORE. PERHAPS MORE SLOWLY THIS TIME, PERHAPS LESS GREEDILY...

...PERHAPS... BUT IT STILL FEEDS, AND STILL IT GROWS...
...THE MIDDLE OF MAN'S STORY COMES AGAIN! SEEKER ONE, CREATE AN EARTH TYPE PLANET!

PANDORA BASE, YOUR LAST SIGNAL CAME THROUGH SO RAPIDLY WE COULD HARDLY UNDERSTAND YOU!

SEEKER ONE: YOUR SIGNALS ARE COMING THROUGH SLOWER AND SLOWER!

IT MUST BE INTERFERENCE! WE'LL TRY TO LOCATE THE SOURCE!

THAT MUST BE THE SOURCE OF INTERFERENCE, HEBA! THAT GREY SPACE! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!

IT FILLS THIS SOLAR SYSTEM, COMMANDER MUSKAT!

LUCKY FOR US IT'S SO SMALL! WE'LL JUST BYPASS IT WHEN WE COMMUNICATE WITH EARTH!

PREPARE FOR LANDING, GENTLEMEN! HEBA, YOU MONITOR THAT THING!

HURRY FAST! WE'RE ONLY MAKING FIVE SAMPLING MANEUVERS INSTEAD OF SIX!

I WANT SOME EXTRA TIME TO STUDY THAT GREY SPACE!

DID YOU SEE THAT? IT SHIMMERED AND THEN GREW, LIKE IT ATE SOMETHING!

SO WHAT? IT'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE...
YES, BABY, DADDY
MISSES YOU, TOO. IT'S
BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE'VE
SEEN EACH OTHER THAT I
MIGHT NOT RECOGNIZE MY
BIG GIRL. YES, MOMMY IS
RIGHT HERE. SHE CAN'T TALK
JUST NOW. WE'LL
BE HOME SOON.

I LOVE YOU TOO.
BABY. AND I PROMISE,
THIS YEAR, DADDY'S
COMING HOME FOR THE
HOLIDAYS. BYE BYE.

THAT WAS MY DADDY!
HE PROMISED THAT THIS
YEAR HE'D BE HOME FOR
CHRISTMAS. I'M SO
HAPPY.

I KNOW YOU
ARE, CHERRY
ANN. WE'RE
ALL HAPPY. NOW
COME EAT YOUR
SUPPER.

YOU'RE GOING TO
MAKE US MISS THE
LAST FLIGHT
OUT OF HERE!

WE'VE PLENTY
OF TIME

IF WE MISS THAT
PLANE, YOU MIGHT
AS WELL GO BACK
INTO PRISON AS
FAR AS I'M...

COOL IT!
NELL? WHY HAS MY DADDY BEEN AWAY SO LONG? I CAN'T HARDLY ALMOST REMEMBER WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!

CHERRY ANN, DARLING, YOUR DADDY HAS BEEN WORKING VERY HARD TO MAKE MONEY TO BUY YOU NICE THINGS!

BUT HE PROMISED HE'LL BE HOME SOON, AND HE WILL. NOW EAT UP, OKAY?

LOOK, YOU GO ON AHEAD AND BOARD, I'M GOING TO GET A DRINK. MY NERVES ARE SHOT!

FORGET IT. YOU WANT TO MISS THAT PLANE, DON'T YOU? YOU'RE SCARED TO GO HOME. NO DRINK! THEY'LL SERVE YOU ON BOARD.

FLIGHT 1217 TO NEW ORLEANS. LAKE CHARLES, BATON ROUGE, SHREVEPORT AND DALLAS. NOW MAKING FINAL BOARDING, GATE 15.

HURRY IT UP, BUDDY. IF WE MISS THIS FLIGHT, MY WIFE'LL RIDE ME HOME.

YOU'RE SEATED IN THE A SECTION. JUST HAND THE PINK CARD TO THE STEWARDESS UPON BOARDING.

WON'T YOU BE SEATED ANYWHERE IN THE FORWARD CABIN, MAY I GET YOU A DRINK?

PLEASE. SOMETHING TO GIVE A RETURNING VET STRENGTH TO RETURN ON.

ISN'T IT A PRETTY TREE, THOUGH?

IT'S NOT VERY BIG, NELL! I WANTED A TREE AS BIG AS MY DADDY!

BABY, YOUR DADDY'S BIGGER'N ANY TREE I EVER SEEN!
Do you think they’ll have a welcoming committee? A big band? The mayor with a key to the executive washroom and sweet little ladies to kiss me hello?

I wouldn’t blame them if they had a firing squad waiting.

I heard the teachers at school talking about my daddy. They said he was in jail because he was a hero.

What did they mean?

I don’t know, baby. Somebody musta been pulling your little leg.

I guess it’s for the same reason they put people in jail for holding freedom marches and peace demonstrations.

The law’s just plain crazy... especially when it comes to heroes!

God Derek. If you only knew the embarrassment I’ve gone through all these months since the trial. My husband, the convict. I can’t even show my face in public again.

Where could we move? After the newspaper got ahold of the case there isn’t a dark corner in hell people haven’t heard more? Ha! Dream on, Pella!

Maybe you need a divorce.
WHY DID MOTHER LIE TO ME ABOUT DADDY? AND DID THEY MAKE HIM A HERO BEFORE OR AFTER THEY PUT HIM IN JAIL, NELL?

Oh... Mommy didn't lie... really. It's just she made up a pretend-lyke story so you wouldn't worry about your daddy so much.

Baby, your daddy is a brave man. You know he went to war in Viet Nam. You remember when he went? Well, your daddy was a good soldier and they were proud of him. Daddy had to kill people.

Does it make people proud when you kill other people?

LOOK LADY, I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE! I JUST WANT A DRINK. I'M VERY NERVOUS ABOUT FLYING!

SIR, REGULATIONS STATE THAT NO ONE MAY BE SERVED ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES UNTIL THE PLANE IS UP AND THE SEAT BELT LIGHT IS...

AW SCREW OFF!

My my! That's the prettiest tree in this town, isn't it? Say, Cherry Ann, let's make some egg nog before we turn on the lights! Okay?

But if they were glad when Daddy killed people, why did they make him go to jail?

Was that glass behind me with the glasses under his coat? What about? I think he was a spy.

Please don't worry sir. Our electronic metal detectors would have picked up anything. Now, may I get you a pillow?
DEAR LADY... IF A GUY WANTS TO SNEAK A GUN ABOARD A PLANE, THERE'S WAYS I KNOW HE'S GOT A GUN!

I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE!

COOL OFF. NO GUNS. NO TROUBLE. NO WAYS TO BE WORN. NO ORDERS TO BE DISCOVERED. NO NOTHING! JUST SIT BACK AND COOL IT!

I WISH YOU'D GET OFF MY CASE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE CAPTAIN HAS TURNED OFF THE SEAT BELT SIGN! PLEASE FEEL FREE TO MOVE ABOUT THE CABIN.

I'M GOING TO TALK TO THE CAPTAIN THAT GUY HAS A GUN!

YOU MAKE A SCENE AND I'M GOING TO TALK TO A LAWYER!
LIGTS ON! OHHH! ISN'T THAT PRETTY?

NEIL? WHAT DID MY DADDY DO? WHY DID HE GO TO JAIL? WHY DO HEROES GO TO JAIL?

GUESS YOU BETTER SIT DOWN, BABY. THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A FAIRY STORY.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN FAIRY STORIES... I GUESS.

WELL... LET'S SEE. YOUR DADDY GOT DRAFTED. HE TOOK A TEST AND WENT INTO THE ARMY AS AN OFFICER. THAT MEANS--

I KNOW THAT MEANS HE GIVES ORDERS AND THEY HAVE TO SALUTE HIM!

SIDDOWN, MAN! NOBODY'S TALKING TO THE CAPTAIN EXCEPT ME! SIT DOWN EASY-LIKE! OR I TURN YOUR HEAD IN TO RED MIST!

MY GOD! HE'S GOT A GUN!

PROFOUND REVELATION!

HOW DID YOU GET A GUN ON BOARD?

I KNITTED IT WHILE WAITING TO TAKE OFF! NOW COME HERE, MAMA! COME HERE!!

DO LIKE HE SAYS, MISS.

YOU COWARD! DO SOMETHING!

FIRST OFF, I WANT YOU TO TIE UP EVERYBODY'S HANDS USE THEIR BELTS AND TIES!

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

HE'S GIVING THE ORDERS. JUST SALUTE AND COMPLY.
"Your daddy was second in command of a group of soldiers. They charged a village where some enemy soldiers were hiding!"

"And they killed the bad guys, huh? That must have made them proud!"

"Lt. Braegg, kill these people! They're VC sympathizers. Even these kids could be wearing grenades. That's an order."

"The captain ordered your daddy and his men to kill the innocent civilians. Said they were dangerous."

"I'm sorry. I have to do this. It's the only way."

"Attaboy, sir! We'll back ya up. He was killed in action. Th' murderin' monster."

"Daddy killed the captain rather than the civilians. It was wrong, but then it was right, y'know? His men said they'd lie for him, but they didn't. When questioned, they told the truth. They arrested your daddy."

"I'll stop him! I'll--ugh!"

"I warned you!"

"Goddamn! He's going to kill us all!"

"Everybody sit down and shut up!"

"No! Got to get help... the captain..."

"Stop, damn you!"

"Shut up, you!"

"Hey, what's going on here... ahhh!!"

"You idiot! That's the captain!"
THE PAPERS MADE YOUR DADDY OUT TO BE A HERO, STANDING UP FOR WHAT WAS RIGHT. HE DID THE RIGHT THING, BUT HE STILL BROKE THE LAW! HE WAS SENT TO JAIL!

WHAT MAKES KILLING ONE PERSON RIGHT, AND KILLING ANOTHER PERSON WRONG? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I DON'T KNOW, BABY, I JUST DON'T KNOW! ALL THE WRONG THINGS ARE RIGHT IN THIS STUPID WORLD!

I WANT MY DADDY! I WANT HIM HOME!

LISTEN? HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE FOR THE HOLIDAYS! I SWEAR IT!

DON'T MAN! DON'T DO IT!

YOU DUMB GREASEA! YOU'VE ALREADY DONE IT! CLEAR THE HOUSES! WE'RE GOING DOWN!

I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN TO PUT YOU DOWN! I LOVE YOU! FORGIVE!

SOMEBODY IN THE NIGHT THERE WERE SIRENS, SOMEWHERE PEOPLE SCREAMED, AND SOMEWHERE A CHURCHBELL RANG, STRIKING TWELVE, AND SOMEWHERE VISIONS OF SUGARPLUMS DANCED IN LITTLE ONE'S DREAMS. SOMEWHERE, BUT NOT HERE.

THERE WAS NO TIME TO ASK OR BE FORGIVEN. FOR DADDY WAS HOME. HE KEPT HIS PROMISE AND HAD COME HOME TO CHERRY ANN... HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS... AND FOREVER!
Issue after issue filled with the fiery adventures of the delicious Draculonne. Amazing tales of demoniacal terror brought to you by the comic magazine greats! Written by Archie Goodwin, Bill DuBay, Flaxman Lowe, Doug Moench. Art by Jeff Jones, Berni Wrightson, Esteban Maroto, Felix Mas, Isidro Mones. And many, many more. Incredible covers by the incomparable Frank Frazetta, Sanjulian, Ken Kelly. Great characters! The delectable Fleur, fierce Luana, ferocious Pantha. Many issues with a full-color section, hand separated for highest quality reproduction. You won’t want to miss even one of these thrilling VAMPIRELLA issues.
SAY WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND
WITH PERSONALIZED 2-COLOR T-SHIRTS AND SWEATSHIRTS!

Got something to say? Say it! Want to tell the whole world? Tell 'em! Wonder how other people see you? Now there will be no doubt in your mind! First impressions are lasting. Create your first impressions! Do it with these design-yourself -shirt, shirts that portray your change. It's simple! It's fun! Just choose your favorite slogan, message (your name?), anything you want to say up to thirty letters (including the spaces between the words). This is your message. Send it to us and we will custom print it on a handsome shirt in clear, non- iron letters. The shirts are available in two styles (a T-shirt for $4.25 or a sweatshirt for $5.49) in two colors: black, white or red. Choose either Adult Small or Adult Medium. Simply turn to the Vampirella fashion and on the last page of this book. Under the NAME OF ITEM, list the size and color of the T-shirt or sweatshirt desired, then legibly print your message. Be sure to double check your spelling. And make sure that your message doesn't exceed thirty letters.

That's all there is to it. In a few weeks you can be your own best advertisement with a writing exercise in public relations! Blow minds with your "notable quotes!" Own several for varied moods and occasions. Imagine a friend proposes "Steve, will you marry me?" or a sweatshirt that says "Want to buy a 1952 Chevy?"" The possibilities are endless, practical or just plain fun! Order the FAN CLUB! For just $2.70 plus S&H a PERSONALIZED SWEATSHIRT ($5.49) for the price of two regular sweatshirts or for just $4.95 a PERSONALIZED T-SHIRT ($4.25) for the price of two regular T-shirts! See order form for details. This offer is limited to 12,000 items per shipment and items will be shipped in order of receipt.

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.
THE VAMPIRE’S MIDNIGHT MADNESS

Here’s a monstrous question:

Why would a haunted castle be without a blood-thirsting vampire? But what sort of vampire could the unscarred one thatwand Jack follow? His arms fly up and knock over the empty goblet ofthe bookshelf. And the blood that has been hidden in the crypt for ages is a “Have a Happy Day” smiling face hours of fun assembling, painting, and scaring your friends with this new and exciting horror hobby kit. Order #2489/$4.00.

ESCAPE FROM THE CRYPT

From the height of the great castle down into the catacombs below, Double-barrel action heights this great UF. As the henchmen resort to a grave burdened by a burst and chain. ZAP ACTION strikes! As the stars come down, the fires the crypt and reach the strange goings-on. But playing with this kit is only half the fun. You’ll spend hours of model-making pleasure assembling the three figures that come with this kit. Not to mention the props that go with it. An alien, a futuristic helmet, an axe, a pick, and the jeep-base. And you can paint your Crypt model all the same color as the rainbow. Specify #2490/$4.00.

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS OF EC COMICS!

To the comic fan and the appreciator of fine tales of EC’s famous EC logo shines. In the annals of comic memorabilia, work done by the EC staff is revered above that of most contemporaries in this field. Now you can get reprints of the originals, exactly as they appeared 20 years ago. Order now!
BARNABUS
EXCITING PAPERBACK NOVELS ABOUT THE FAMOUS VAMPIRE FROM TV’S “DARK SHADOWS!”

#3167 DEMON OF BARNABAS COLLINS $1.00
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SPIRIT COLORING BOOK
WILL EISNER DELUXE
10"x14" REPRINT BOOK

Here it is! A giant 32 page 10"x14" Spirit Coloring Book, featuring some of the most memorable splash pane of full-size, grandiose comic strips. Each page is reprinted on heavy quality paper and each page is a synopsis of the best it's appeared in the past. Featuring such beautiful as Ellen Dolen, Olga Fest and the notorious P'Gell! A must for all Spirit fans!

ADULT COLORING BOOKS
INCREDIBLE ART IN LARGE 10"x12" VOLUMES

These have never been a product quite like this incredible book. To call them "coloring books" is more than enough. These high-quality, beautiful coloring books feature the art of some of the most famous artists in comic history. The pages are filled with intricate details and beautiful colors, making each page a work of art. These books are perfect for adults who love to color and for those who appreciate the artistry of these famous artists.

DINOSAURS

Return to the age of the dinosaurs, when reptiles ruled the earth. Open the pages of this prehistoric wonderland and see the world of the Brontosaurus, the Triceratops, and other fantastic creatures that roamed the earth millions of years ago. The prehistoric world comes alive in these beautifully illustrated books, perfect for children and adults alike.

We dare you to read
DRACULA
THERE IS ONLY ONE FULL-COLOR, 9" X 12" 120-PAGE BOOK OF NEW COMIC ART!

This magnificent illustrated, fantastical, vividly rendered book is a must for any fan of comic art. It showcases the best of the best in comic art, including the work of legendary artists such as Jack Kirby, Stan Lee, and Bill Everett. The pages are filled with stunning art, including full-color illustrations, black-and-white images, and handwritten notes. This book is a true work of art and a must-have for any comic book collector.

No red-blooded fan can do without this poster
By Forrest J Ackerman

An absolute delight! I love her!
By Isaac Asimov

Exciting pictures superbly presented & wonderfully captioned
By Phil Seuling

HEIDI POSTER
HEIDI BOOK

HEIDI SAHA is so well known and adored in Fantasy fandom circles that we decided to put a book on her and some of her most famous friends like Arthur C Clarke, Phil Seuling, Jim Warren, and Stan Lee's creation, Ken Woodberry, to name a few! In this beloved printed page-stocking, an exhaustive compilation of her prize-winning stories, and pictures galore (particularly at all of her prize-winning stories at Comic & Sci Fi conventions). This is a BEAUTIFUL ZINE! 2 color covers, 30 pages! Price: $1.50

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.
There is no limit to the fun you can have when you head the Legion of Superheroes with your own 8" high army, battle dressed and ready for action! They stand on their heads, they frown their faces, they hang by their heels! Anyway you can move, they can move! Bend them! Pose them! Super-action that can't be beat! Authentic brightly colored cloth costumes and plastic accessories. Super flexible, super durable! Made of hardy flesh-colored plastic. They twist at the neck and waist, bend at the shoulders, elbows, wrists, hips, knees, ankles. Water Proof figures, washable costumes. Costumes can be removed although marked figures cannot escape. Have super-battles on land and sea as you pit heroes against villains. Perfect for use as animated film strip characters or as models for your own super-comics.

A super collection of pygmy pulchritude! Only 8" high but they pack a mighty wallop! Durable plastic bodies bend where you bend for realistic action. Delicate features, soft curly hair, authentic cloth costumes, plastic accessories. An asset to any superhero army!

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.
FRANKENSTEIN DELUXE 1/2 HEAD PIECE!

Every zombie worth his salt knows that the world's greatest monster masks are made by Hollywood's Don Post Studios! Now, Don Post has created the FRANKENSTEIN 1/2 HEAD PIECE! This horror-style latex head piece has the mad scientist's visage on one side, allowing you to use it to turn yourself into a records collector! The mask fastens over your head and brow while you complete the effect with makeup. A great way to have fun! Order today! #2564 $4.95.

PHANTASMAGORIA SUPER BLACK LIGHT BULB!

Tape your room into a psychadelic setting with this enchanting BLACK LIGHT BULB! Black light posters are the art form of the '70s, and this powerful 25-Watt Bulb is just the thing to bring out the beauty and wondrousness in your black light posters. Filled with special gases that activate fluorescent color, you'll get hours of enjoyment from this super-special item. Order it soon! #2832 $2.95.

MONSTER FOOT

Imagine the excitement you'll create, walking down your neighborhood street in this grotesque GIANT MONSTER FOOT! You'll scare the pants off everyone you pass by! Create a riot-shuffling along, monster style. Giant size half-foot model, made of hand-painted long-lasting latex rubber. Fits either foot! Stuck your friends and family like they've never been shocked before. Price is for one foot only. To have a pair of the grossest-looking feet in the world, you'll have to order two! #2516/$1.50.

GIANT 10-FOOT BALLOON UNBELIEVABLY HUGE!

Giant balloon blows up to gargantuan proportions! A huge toe in diameter, this balloon will be well-remembered by Air Force pilots. The balloon is equipped to use the very best of balloons to test atmosphere and wind currents! Now available to YOU through a special purchase by Captain Company USA for your foot balloon to take your own walk on the wild side! Perfect for a crowd. Great for indoor or outdoor events! #2820 $2.95.

SKULL CUP A BIG 4 1/2 INCHES TALL! HORRIBLY FRIGHTENING!

Safety your thirst with this magnificent, frightening SKULL CUP! It won't let you just think of the fun you'll have from drinking from this realistic replica of a genuine skull! Made of fine ceramic, with a bone-like handle for easy pick-up! You'll scare the day out of friends and family! You just won't be able to resist the reactions you get when you offer folks a strange juice from this weird-looking cup! Order a bunch and have a good time with your pals. Look lasting and thoroughly washable, takes all kinds of rough handling! #2202 $2.00.

BATMOBILE

Original replica of the famous BATMOBILE circuses and cruises the streets of Gotham City with the amazing Batman! See the real life Balloon and Robo in all the eerie action of another deadly crime! This amazing auto is almost as fast as a flash! Painted in bright red color, the Batmobile comes complete with double compartment bubble windows! Made of steel and plastic, loads of fun. #2340 $1.50.

HONG KONG GORILLA

The most realistic replica of the mighty Gorilla ever! Durable tough skin! Big Teeth! Goes ape! You want to have one of these tough, ugly, monsters for your own? Scare your friends! Decorate your room in monstrosity fashion! It's one to be proud and wondered about! You won't believe how realistic and lifelike this gorilla is! He'll be a real hit! Order yours today! #2207 HONG KONG GORILLA $1.

ANTS I'LL EAT ANYTHING! T-SHIRTS & SWEATSHIRTS

Create a monster wardrobe! Wear this horrific T-shirt or sweatshirt! Decorate your room with the caption "I'LL EAT ANYTHING!" Disguise your friends in this super-frightening GORILLA suit! The full-color transfers have been permanently bonded to the 100% cotton, 5% acrylic sweatshirt. Machine washable in warm water. Order today! #2657 $3.98, #2658 $5.98, #2659 $7.98, #2660 $9.98, #2661 $11.98, #2662 $13.98, #2663 $15.98, #2664 $21.98, #2665 $25.98, #2666 $31.98, #2667 $35.98, #2668 $41.98, #2669 $45.98, #2670 $51.98, #2671, Size 16, 21.98, #2672, Size 18, 22.98, #2673, Size 20, 23.98, #2674, Size 22, 24.98, #2675, Size 24, 25.98, #2676, Size 26, 26.98, #2677, Size 28, 27.98, #2678, Size 30, 28.98, #2679, Size 32, 29.98, #2680, Size 34, 30.98, #2681, Size 36, 31.98, #2682, Size 38, 32.98, #2683, Size 40, 33.98, #2684, Size 42, 34.98, #2685, Size 44, 35.98, #2686, Size 46, 36.98, #2687, Size 48, 37.98, #2688, Size 50, 38.98, #2689, Size 52, 39.98, #2690, Size 54, 40.98.

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**STAR TREK HOBBY KITS**

**FIVE GREAT PLASTIC MODELS TO ASSEMBLE!**

**U.S.S. ENTERPRISE**

ONLY $2.50

**STARSHIP KIT**

This is the Starship Enterprise, in all of its streamlined glory. The home of the hundreds of Star Trek personalities, this all-plastic hobby kit has a real light in its bridge, and it is over a foot long when completed. **Details:** #2460/52.50

**GALILEO 7 SHUTTLECRAFT**

ONLY $2.75

The interplanetary transport of the Enterprise, the Galileo Shuttlecraft, is an exciting companion kit to your other space/Star Trek models. Nearly a full foot long, this kit is a detailed replica of the vehicle that's well-served Spock.

**MR. SPOCK**

Mr. Spock, the logical First Officer from Vulcan, is now a great plastic model. Here, he does battle with phaser against a 3-headed alien snake monster. **Details:** #2462/12.25

**KLINGON BATTLE CRUISER**

ONLY $2.50

Here is a Klingon Battle Cruiser, most feared spacecraft of future skies. Created by the Klingon Empire, this ship preys on unsuspecting interstellar voyagers. Built to scale (same size) as the Enterprise, you can have the two ships meet in blazing combat. Hang them from your ceiling! All plastic, easy to assemble, and accurately detailed, to the finest point. **Details:** #2461/2.50

**STAR TREK EXPLORATION SET**

Here's an incredible plastic model that glows in the dark! From "somewhere out there" it comes, a luminous spaceship of alien invaders. This magnificent hobby kit is a big thirteen inches long when assembled. It comes complete with a display stand, and carries a miniature scout ship in its launch deck. Additionally, the doors to the launch deck open so that the mini spaceship can be removed. Extremely detailed, each and every highlight stands out when you turn off the lights. Assemble an entire fleet of ships! **Details:** #2492/$3.00

**SUPER HERO PINS**

FULL COLOR! MADE OF STURDY METAL!

Here are magnificent full color pins to wear on jackets, clothing, or to hang anywhere. Drawings by the masters are the highlight of these durable discs, which you'll be proud to don or display.

**U.F.O. HOBBY KIT**

GLOWS IN THE DARK

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.
**STAR TREK JIGSAW PUZZLES**

**HOURS OF FUN! 150 TO 500 PIECES!**
**FULL COLOR! BIG 14"x20"!**

**JUMBO STAR TREK PUZZLE #24125**

Join the crew of the Starship Enterprise in foiling the attempted hijacking of the vessel and its crew by intergalactic intruders. A vicious and deadly alien holds Captains James Kirk, Mr. Spock and Lt. Uhura at gunpoint. Characters and scenes from the animated series. This giant 18"x10" puzzle comes with 300 fully interlocking pieces you can assemble. Fun! #24125/$2.00

**PLANET of the APES JIGSAW PUZZLES**

**FULL COLOR! OVER 100 PIECES! BIG 10"x14"**

**ASSEMBLE APE SCENES**

Now you can own and assemble three great jigsaw puzzles from the world-famous PLANET OF THE APES motion picture. Puzzles #1 features a man-eating ape from the army of General Ursus. Puzzle #2 is General Ursus himself. Puzzle #3 has King Louie, and his apes. These puzzles come packaged in a box with a poster for the film. Each puzzle is a big 10"x14". Combines over 100 pieces, and provides hours of challenge.

**FULL COLOR DINOSAUR JIGSAW PUZZLES**

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