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# FORBIDDEN WORLDS

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EXPLORING *the* SUPERNATURAL!



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"GUESS I'M NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER YOUNG MEDICAL RESEARCHER! I WANTED TO DO BIG THINGS-- ESPECIALLY IF THEY TIED IN WITH ADVENTURE-- THE KIND OF EXPERIENCES FEW MEN HAVE EVER SHARED! I DIDN'T DREAM THAT THE BACK COUNTRY OF BRAZIL WOULD HOLD MORE! THAN I BARGAINED FOR-- OR THAT THE ONLY MEN TO SHARE MY EXPERIENCES THERE WOULD BE THOSE WHOSE LIFELESS EYES FOLLOWED A STRANGE TRAIL BY MOONLIGHT--TOWARD..."

# The DOMAIN of the DEAD



"AS A SCIENTIST, I WOULDN'T ADMIT IT-- BUT I GOT MY FIRST HINT OF SOMETHING WRONG IN BELEM THE DAY BEFORE I LEFT FOR THE INTERIOR!"

THOUSANDS OF EUROPEAN SETTLERS ARE WAITING TO COLONIZE THE AREA YOU WILL VISIT, MR. TERRY-- AND THAT IS WHY WE NEED YOUR FIRSTHAND REPORT ON MALARIA CONTROL! BUT DO YOU REALLY WANT TO GO-- ARE YOU AWARE OF THE RISKS?

SURE-- IF YOU MEAN FEVER-- HOSTILE TRIBES-- AND MILES OF UN-EXPLORED JUNGLE! BUT IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND, DOCTOR-- NOW'S THE TIME TO SAY SO!



HOW CAN I EXPLAIN A MENACE I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT? HOW CAN I ASK YOU TO BELIEVE THAT ALTHOUGH HUNDREDS OF MEN HAVE DIED OF MALARIA IN THAT REGION, YOU'LL SEE NOT A SINGLE GRAVE-- BECAUSE THEIR BODIES HAVE NEVER BEEN FOUND?



"I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT JUMBA THEM!  
AS I SAY, I'M A SCIENTIST-- AND I  
THOUGHT I HAD ALL THE ANSWERS!"

NOT A SINGLE BODY?  
BUT SUPPOSE IT'S A  
PARTICULARLY VIOLENT  
TYPE OF MALARIA  
-- ONE THAT SENDS  
A DYING MAN  
WANDERING  
DELIRIOUSLY  
OFF INTO THE  
JUNGLE?

THAT IS WHAT  
WE HOPE YOU'LL  
FIND OUT, TERRY!  
YOUR NATIVE  
BOATSMEN WILL  
TAKE YOU AS FAR  
AS A TRADING POST  
RUN BY A MAN  
NAMED CARLOS-- AND  
FROM THEN ON-- I  
WISH YOU LUCK!

"FOR FIVE DAYS, I LISTENED TO  
THE MONOTONOUS BEAT OF THE  
PADDLES! THEN-- BIT BY BIT-- I  
NOTICED A CHANGE IN THE  
BOATMEN!"

YESTERDAY THEY WERE  
SINGING-- WHAT'S COME  
OVER 'EM? THEY KEEP  
PEERING INTO THE JUNGLE--  
AND MUTTERING AMONG  
THEMSELVES!



"THAT NIGHT--" WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN-- COME  
BACK? I KNEW  
I'D HAVE TO  
PUSH ON ALONE  
FROM THIS  
POINT -- BUT I  
UNDERSTOOD YOU'D  
KEEP THE BOAT  
HERE -- AND  
WAIT FOR ME!



"I WATCHED THE FADING FLASH OF MOONLIGHT ON THEIR  
OARS -- AND AS I GROPED FOR ANSWERS--  
I HEARD A VOICE!"

NO-- NO! WE NOT WAIT FOR YOU HERE!  
IN FIVE, SIX DAYS WE BRING BOAT  
WITH SUPPLIES! WE WILL LOOK FOR  
YOU-- IF YOU ARE STILL ALIVE!



YOU WILL KNOW WHERE TO FIND  
JUMBA! YOU WILL COME  
TO JUMBA-- TONIGHT!



"UNMISTAKABLY-- A WOMAN'S VOICE! AND IN ITS OWN  
HORRIBLE WAY-- THE VOICE THAT REPLIED WAS ALSO  
UNMISTAKABLE!"

TELL ME -- TELL ME,  
JUMBA! WHAT IS IT  
ABOUT YOU -- THAT  
MAKES ME --  
AFRAID?

THAT CAN'T BE ANYONE BUT  
CARLOS! AND FROM THE WAY  
HE'S GASPING-- I'VE  
REACHED HERE JUST  
IN TIME TO WATCH  
HIM DIE!



JUMBA--  
JUMBA!

YE GODS-- WHOEVER  
SHE IS -- SHE'S  
VANISHING!



"FROM SOMEWHERE, HER LAUGHTER TINKLED LIKE A DARK AND HIDDEN STREAM -- AND AS I TURNED TOWARD CARLOS --"

HA!  
HA!  
HA!

LORD KNOWS HOW MUCH THE POOR DEVIL NEEDED QUININE, BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING HE NEEDS NOW-- A GRAVE!



"I SPENT THE REST OF THE NIGHT DIGGING! SOMEHOW-- I WANTED TO GET HIM BURIED-- FAST!"



"AND YET EVERY TIME I STOPPED TO GET MY BREATH, THERE SEEMED TO BE THAT HOLLOW VOICE -- CALLING OVER AND OVER AGAIN FROM THE TRADING POST--"

JUM-  
BA--  
JUMBA!



"IT WAS NEARLY DAWN WHEN I FINISHED-- AND THEN I SAW TWO FIGURES WALKING TOWARD THE RIVER! AT FIRST I THOUGHT THEY WERE INDIANS -- UNTIL I HEARD--"



MY GOD-- THAT LAUGH! IT'S HER-- JUMBA-- BUT WHO'S THAT PLODDING BESIDE HER?

HA!  
HA!  
HA!

"I FOUND OUT WHEN I RUSHED INSIDE --"

CARLOS! I CHECKED HIS PULSE-- HE DIED IN THIS BED-- BUT IT'S EMPTY!



"ALL THAT DAY-- AS I WORKED IN THE MOSQUITO-INFESTED SHALLOWS--"

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED! IT MUST HAVE BEEN JUST AN INTENSE FEVER THAT MADE CARLOS SEEM DEAD-- BUT HE'S ALIVE -- AND I'M GOING TO SEE HIM AGAIN!



"THE FIRST THING I NOTICED WHEN I RETURNED TO CAMP AT DUSK WERE MY OARS-- SHATTERED! AND THEN-- REARING GAUNTLY OUT OF THE TENT--"

CARLOS!  
I KNEW HE WAS ALIVE-- HE'S COME AFTER MEDICINE!



"BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT MOTION-- LIKE A PUPPET-- LIKE A THING THAT SHOULDN'T HAVE MOVED BY ITSELF--"



**HOLY MACKEREL-- THAT'S MY ENTIRE SUPPLY OF QUININE!**



"I KNEW IT IN A FLASH-- EVEN BEFORE I FELT HIS COLD, RIGID HAND-- AND SAW THE GLAZED STARE THAT GLITTERED IN THE TWILIGHT!"

**YE GODS-- HE'S A ZOMBIE! HE WAS SENT HERE TO DESTROY THE QUININE-- SO THAT I'LL BE THE NEXT TO DIE!**



"NUMBLY, I WATCHED HIM PLOD OFF INTO THE GLOOM-- AND ALL AROUND ME THE MOSQUITOS HUMMED-- LIKE A CHANT OF DOOM!"

**MALARIA! NOW I'M GOING TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE-- AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO CHECK IT!**



"I DIDN'T COUNT THE NIGHTS THAT FOLLOWED-- THE NIGHTS I FOUND MYSELF BABBLING IN THE DARKNESS-- TO HER!"

**JUMBA... ARE YOU WAITING FOR ME, JUMBA?**

**YES! SOON YOU WILL COME-- AND JOIN THE OTHERS!**



I WON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING-- IT'LL BE A PART OF THE JUNGLE NO LIVING MAN HAS EVER SEEN-- BUT I KNOW WHAT I'LL FIND THERE! JUMBA-- JUMBA SURROUNDED BY THINGS WHOSE SOULS ARE HERS-- IN THE DOMAIN OF THE DEAD!



"ONE MORNING-- JUST BEFORE DAWN-- I MADE A FINAL EFFORT!"

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE JUNGLE! THE NEXT TIME I SEE HER-- IT MAY BE THROUGH EYES FILMED OVER BY DEATH! SHE'LL HAVE WHAT SHE WANTS THEN-- A LURCHING CORPSE!



"BUT WOULD JUMBA LET ME ESCAPE -- NOW THAT I WAS SO NEARLY HERS? THAT WAS THE THOUGHT THAT CLUNG TO MY FEVER-RIDDEN MIND -- AS I TOTTERED OUT INTO THE SULTRY HAZE!"

ANYTHING WILL DO FOR OARS -- AS LONG AS I'M ABLE TO PADDLE THE BOAT -- AWAY FROM THIS CURSED JUNGLE!



"I REELED IN THE MIDDLE OF A SWING -- AND AS THE HEAVY BLADE HISSED DOWN --"

BLAZES -- I'VE SLASHED MY ARM!



"TOO WEAK TO FEEL PAIN, I RAISED MY BURNING EYES -- AND THERE, IN THE MIST THAT SWIRLED ABOVE THE RIVER --"



THAT FIEND! SHE'S SENT THEM AGAIN -- AND THIS TIME THEY'RE AFTER THE BOAT!

"ONLY A MAN SEETHING WITH FEVER -- AFLAME WITH THE DESPERATE WILL TO LIVE -- COULD HAVE DONE WHAT I DID THEN!"



DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT BOAT MEANS TO ME? LIFE -- LIFE -- YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TOUCH IT!

"IN THE NEXT INSTANT, THE JUNGLE AND RIVER SEEMED TO WHIRL AROUND ME -- AS THEIR THUDDING BLOWS LANDED!"



"PANTING, I DULLY REMEMBERED THE MACHETE -- LYING A FEW INCHES AWAY, STILL GLISTENING WITH MY OWN BLOOD!"



"SOMEHOW, I GOT TO MY FEET -- STUMBLING FORWARD -- THE NEWLY-RISEN SUN FLASHING ON THE UPRAISED BLADE!"



YOU'RE GOING BACK -- BACK TO JUMBA -- WITHOUT ME!



"IT WAS A YELL THAT SENT ECHOES OF ANGUISH SCREAMING THROUGH THE JUNGLE!--AND BEFORE MY ASTOUND-ED EYES, THE WOUNDED ZOMBIE BECAME--"

**A HEAP OF BONES!**  
THAT THING DWINDLED  
BEFORE MY EYES--  
AND THIS IS WHAT'S  
LEFT! AND THE OTHER'S  
RUNNING BACK-- TO  
**HER!**



HOW'D IT HAPPEN--WITH AN ORDINARY MACHETE? I'VE HAPPENED ON **SOMETHING** THESE CREEPS CAN'T WITHSTAND-- SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT-- **BEFORE I MEET THEM AGAIN!**



**BUT DEDUCTIONS CAME HARD-- WHEN ONLY ONE THOUGHT CLANGED A WARNING OVER AND OVER IN MY FOGGED MIND!"**

**GET AWAY NOW! DON'T DIE IN THE JUNGLE-- DON'T LET HER MAKE A STALKING HORROR OF YOUR SOUL!**



"ALL THAT DAY, I PADDED IN THE BLISTERING SUNLIGHT-- FEELING MY STRENGTH DWINDLE AS THE BOAT THREADED BETWEEN THE GREEN WALLS -- RISING LIKE THE JAWS OF A LIVING TRAP!"

**JUMBA-- YOU WON'T GET ME! YOU HEAR ME, JUMBA?**



"BY NIGHTFALL -- I GAVE UP ANY ATTEMPT TO GUIDE THE BOAT! FEVER-WRACKED, I WATCHED IT DRIFT-- AWAY FROM THE MAIN STREAM!"

I'M HEADING UP A BRANCH RIVER... **WHY AND HOW DOESN'T MATTER ANY MORE-- BUT IT'S STRANGE TO KEEP GOING LIKE THIS-- AGAINST THE CURRENT!**



"DARK, PLODDING FORMS CAME AND WENT THROUGH THE MATTED UNDERBRUSH-- BUT IN THE THROES OF A FRESH CHILL-- I SCARCELY LOOKED UP!"

JUST BECAUSE I SEE THEM DOESN'T MEAN THEY EXIST! I'M SICK-- I'M DELIRIOUS-- YOU HEAR THAT, JUMBA?



"SOMETIMES THE RINGING IN MY EARS FADED OFF-- AND THEN I HEARD THE MOCKING LAUGHTER OF A WOMAN-- WAITING SOMEWHERE IN THE SWELTERING SHADOWS!"

HA HA HA! I'M HERE, TERRY-- ALL AROUND YOU, TERRY-- I'M GOING TO GET YOU, TERRY!

"LONG PAST MIDNIGHT, MY MIND CLEARED -- AND I DREW A DAMPENED MAP FROM MY POCKET! I WATCHED MY PALSIED FINGER TRACE OUT THE WORDS IN THE MOONLIGHT-- LETTER BY LETTER!"

THIS IS IT-- HERE'S WHERE I AM! RIO DAS MORTES-- AND THAT MEANS-- THE RIVER OF THE DEAD!



"I KNEW WHO WOULD BE WAITING WHEN THE BOAT TOUCHED SHORE -- MURMURING ENTICEMENTS IN THE YELLOW HAZE!"

TERRY-- TERRY! NOW THE FEVER WILL GO -- NOW THE STRUGGLE WILL END-- I PROMISE!

SURE... YOU PROMISE-- YOU PROMISE-- DEATH!

YE GODS--WHAT A JOKE! THERE I WAS TERRIFIED BY THE THOUGHT OF MY CORPSE BEING LURED TO JUMBA-- BUT WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN REACHING HERE ALIVE?



"THE NIGHT HUMMED WITH A THOUSAND SOUNDS-- AND ALL OF THEM MERGED IN THE PURRING BREATH OF HER VOICE!"

IS DEATH BAD, TERRY-- IF IT MEANS BEING WITH ME-- FOREVER?

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE... I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE-- I KNOW WHAT I'LL BE-- AND I'M TOO FAR GONE TO CARE!

"BUT WHEN I SAW THEIR STARK AND HAGGARD FACES, RANK UPON RANK-- SOMETHING THEY HAD LOST RECOILED WITHIN ME -- THE WILL TO LIVE!"

SOON YOU WILL YIELD YOUR LIFE AND SURRENDER YOUR SOUL-- AS THEY DID! AND ONCE IT HAPPENS-- THERE IS NO CHARM OR MAGIC ON EARTH THAT CAN DO YOU HARM!

IT ISN'T TRUE--THERE IS A WAY TO DESTROY THINGS LIKE JUMBA! I SAW IT HAPPEN-- AND MY SALVATION DEPENDS ON FIGURING OUT THE CAUSE!



WHAT HAPPENED-- JUST BEFORE THAT ZOMBIE VANISHED? I CUT HIM DOWN AT THE INSTANT OF DAWN-- RIGHT AFTER I SLASHED MYSELF-- MEANING THAT THE BLOOD OF A LIVING MAN ENTERED HIS BODY AT SUNRISE!



"FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE GLOOM I HEARD THE REEDY PIPING OF A WAKING BIRD-- AND AS MY FEVERED EYES CAUGHT A GREY SMUDGE IN THE EASTERN SKY--"

JUMBA-- I'M NOT A CORPSE YET! I DON'T KNOW HOW FAR I'LL GET-- BUT AS LONG AS I'M ABLE TO MOVE-- I'M HEADING AWAY FROM THE DOMAIN OF DEATH!

LISTEN-- HE THINKS HE CAN ESCAPE! AND EVERYWHERE HE TURNS, WE WILL BE WATCHING-- UNTIL HIS LAST CHOKING GASP!



"ONLY STARK FEAR STEELED ME FOR THE PATH I TOOK-- HURLING THROUGH A PATCH OF MIMOSA WITH INCH-LONG THORNS-- THORNS THAT FLAYED MY SKIN WITH EVERY PANTING STEP!"

TERRY-- TERRY! HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU'LL LIVE?

I'M BLEEDING IN A DOZEN PLACES-- BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING-- UNTIL JUMBA'S BEEN TRICKED INTO FOLLOWING ME!



"AND SHE DID FOLLOW, HEEDLESS OF PAIN AND THE REDDENED THORNS THAT MARKED MY TRAIL-- UNTIL-- AT THE FIRST GOLDEN FLARE OF SUNRISE--"

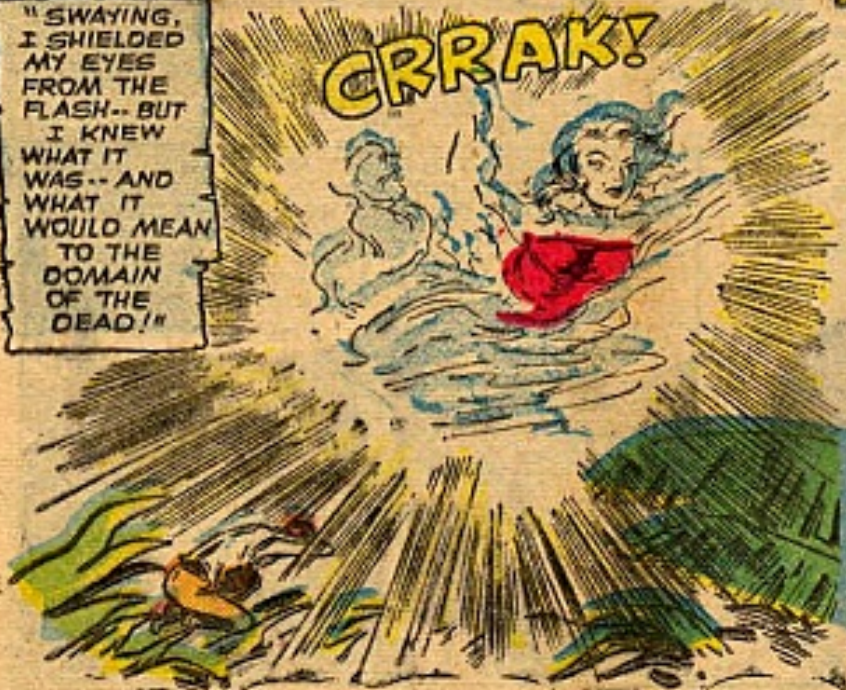
AGHH! THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING WRONG-- I'VE JUST BEEN SCRATCHED BY A FEW HARMLESS THORNS!

TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE THORNS, JUMBA! THAT'S MY BLOOD-- AND IT'S COURSING THROUGH YOUR BODY AT EXACTLY THE RIGHT MOMENT-- DAWN!



"SWAYING, I SHIELDED MY EYES FROM THE FLASH-- BUT I KNEW WHAT IT WAS-- AND WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO THE DOMAIN OF THE DEAD!"

CRRRAK!



"WHETHER I PADDLED OR DRIFTED BACK TO THE MAIN STREAM-- I'LL NEVER KNOW! AND I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH OF THIS WAS A FEVERED DREAM-- EXCEPT THAT WHEN THE RETURNING BOATMEN FOUND ME--"

THANK HEAVEN YOU BROUGHT QUININE! ANOTHER FEW HOURS-- AND FOR THE FIRST TIME--

YES-- YOU NEARLY DIE! WE KNOW-- BECAUSE OVER AND OVER YOU SAY ONE THING! "WAIT, JUMBA! WAIT-- WAIT-- MAYBE I FIND YOU!"

THERE WOULD BE A CORPSE WAITING TO BE BURIED IN THE JUNGLE!



The End

# The HAUNTED GALLERY

**I**N 1541, QUEEN CATHERINE OF ENGLAND WAS FLUNG INTO PRISON ON ORDERS OF KING HENRY VIII, WHO ACCUSED HIS WIFE OF CRIMES OF STATE MERELY BECAUSE HE'D GROWN TIRED OF HER!



I AM INNOCENT OF ALL THE CRIMES I'M CHARGED WITH---YOU MUST LET ME GO TO THE KING AND PLEAD MY CASE!

I AM SORRY, YOUR HIGHNESS---THE KING'S ORDERS ARE THAT YOU BE KEPT HERE UNTIL THE DAY OF YOUR EXECUTION!

**B**UT ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 4TH, 1541, CATHERINE MANAGED TO ESCAPE FROM HER CELL THROUGH THE CONNIVANCE OF SOME FRIENDS---AND RAN ALONG THE GALLERY AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE TOWARD THE ORATORY ROOM WHERE SHE KNEW KING HENRY WAS! SUDDENLY---



SOUND THE ALARM---THE QUEEN HAS ESCAPED!



**A**T THE VERY DOOR OF THE ORATORY---

HENRY---HENRY---SAVE ME!

**B**UT THE QUEEN'S PLEAS FELL ON DEAF EARS---AND ON FEBRUARY 13TH, 1542, SHE WAS BEHEADED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON!



MERCY---MERCY---I BEG OF YOU!

MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON YOU! LET FALL THE BLADE!



**E**VER SINCE THEN, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 4TH, WATCHERS AT THE HAMPTON COURT PALACE CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN A GHOSTLY APPARITION FLIT DOWN THE GALLERY TO THE ORATORY ROOM, LOOKING FEARFULLY BEHIND IT AS IF AT INVISIBLE PURSUERS!

**A**ND AT THE DOOR OF THE ORATORY, THE GHOST OF QUEEN CATHERINE IS SAID TO BE FORCIBLY DRAGGED AWAY BY INVISIBLE HANDS, WHILE GHOSTLY SHRIEKS ECHO ALONG THE GALLERY UNTIL THE APPARITION FINALLY DISAPPEARS IN THE SHADOWS---UNTIL THE FOLLOWING NOVEMBER 4TH!



HENRY---HENRY---SAVE ME!

# The SORCERER'S PLAY-KIT

KETAN BANGED HIS fist down so hard on the table that the calendar on the wall shook...the calendar that read June 19th, 2876 A. D.

"Didn't I tell you to stay out of my laboratory?" Ketan roared. "What are you doing at the controls of my time machine? Answer me, before I whale the neutrons out of you!"

Little nine-year-old Ketan, Jr., backed away fearfully from his angry father. "I... I didn't mean any harm," he stammered. "I...I just got tired of that Sorcerer's Play-Kit you gave me last Christmas... but instead of throwing it out, I...I thought maybe some kid of a thousand years or so ago would like to play with it. So I j...just put the kit inside the time chamber, turned the dials backward a couple of turns...and...and pressed the button."

"Oh, no!" Ketan groaned, rushing to the window of the time chamber. But it was too late...the chamber was empty...the kit was gone. Feverishly, then, Ketan stooped to look at the dial settings, and groaned even louder. "Ohh, you sent it back to the year 1952...a period when most of the population still didn't believe in sorcery and phantoms and demons. The scientific mastery of sorcery wasn't perfected until 2089...so that means whoever finds that Sorcerer's Kit in 1952 won't know how to control any of the supernatural beings he summons up!"

Even little Ketan, Jr., was now alarmed at the enormity of his deed. "But...but daddy, can't you go into the time chamber and go back to 1952 and bring the kit back?"

"No, the temporal laws forbid anyone to indulge in time travel in the 20th Century...it was a period of great ignorance and superstition, a time when people still didn't believe in the possibility of time travel, so that anyone who claimed to be a visitor from the future would be instantly clapped into a mental institution.

No, Junior, I can't risk my life by going back to 1952...we'll just have to hope that the Sorcerer's Play-Kit falls into an uninhabited area where no one will ever find it!"

"Golly," exclaimed 14-year-old Billy Johnson, "you mean that box just fell down from the sky right in your back yard?"

"Yeah," said Billy's pal, Hank Cassidy. "It's supposed to be a sorcerer's kit! I already read the book of instructions, but I thought I'd better call you over before I tried doing anything with it...it's all so spooky!"

"Like what?" Billy demanded curiously.

"Well, the book said if I dip that sorcerer's wand into the bottle of black liquid, one of the Phantoms of the Night will appear! But then it says, 'The Phantoms can easily be controlled by means of the anti-Phantom incantations which every child learns in the first grade.' Golly, Billy, we never learned *that* kind of stuff in first grade!"

"Gowan, I bet nothing happens if you stick that old wand into that bottle!"

"I bet it will, too!" Hank shouted, feeling that any slur against his great discovery was a personal insult to him as well. "I'll show you...*watch!*"

The instant Hank stuck the odd-looking wand into the black liquid, a monstrous black shape whooshed out of the bottle. When it had assumed its full size, the Phantom of the Night hesitated uncertainly, wondering why the two terrified boys in front of it didn't utter the brief phrase that would make the Phantom their obedient servant, as had happened innumerable times before. But when the boys turned and fled, the Phantom realized that at last he had his freedom...and he bent down in evil delight, knowing he could use the kit to summon up more of his fiendish brethren into this new, hospitable world.

# The FLAPPING HEAD



THERE WAS A NIGHT WHEN THE ANCIENT CASTLE HARBORED THREE PRESENCES NO HUMAN WOULD WANT TO SEE! THE FIRST WAS DEATH ITSELF... THE SECOND A PHANTOM FATED FOR A GRISLY MISSION... AND THE THIRD WAS THE THING THAT BECAME THE FLAPPING HEAD!

**A**T A CENTRAL EUROPEAN AIRPORT...

BUD... YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE **WORKING** HERE... NOT LURING YOUR BEST GIRL SEVERAL THOUSAND MILES SO YOU CAN **MARRY** HER!

HONEY, I'VE SPENT A YEAR HERE AS A STAFF ARCHITECT... REBUILDING A RUINED CASTLE AS A NATIONAL SHRINE... AND IT'S BEEN A YEAR WITHOUT **YOU!** WELL, EXCEPT FOR A FEW MINOR TOUCHES, THE JOB'S **FINISHED**... THE REST OF THE STAFF HAS LEFT... SO CAN YOU BLAME ME FOR THINKING THE CASTLE'S JUST THE PLACE FOR A **HONEY-MOON?**



**A**N HOUR LATER... BRISTLING AGAINST THE EVENING HAZE...

YOUR RECONSTRUCTED CASTLE'S A FORBIDDING-LOOKING PLACE, BUD... BUT YOU'VE CERTAINLY BUILT IT TO LAST!

YEP... UNLESS THERE'S ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE IN THESE PARTS! THAT'S WHAT TOPPLED THE CASTLE AND MOST OF THE NEARBY VILLAGE... A **HUNDRED YEARS AGO!**



**I**N-SIDE... WHERE THE ANCIENT STONE SEEMS TO HOARD ITS ANCIENT SHADOWS...

BUD, COULDN'T YOU HAVE ADDED A **FEW** MODERN IMPROVEMENTS... LIKE **ELECTRIC LIGHTS?**

MY JOB WAS TO **RESTORE**, SALLY... NOT **RENOVATE!** WAIT RIGHT THERE... AND I'LL BRING DOWN AN ARMOFUL OF **CANDLES!**



THEN...RISE ABOVE BUD'S FADING FOOTSTEPS...

I WAS WONDERING IF I SAW SOMEONE, AND NOW I'M SURE -- BECAUSE THERE'S A STRANGE CHUCKLING NOISE COMING FROM THAT DOORWAY!

HEH HEH HEH!



FOR AN INSTANT, THE HUNCHING FIGURE WAYERS AT THE EDGE OF THE MOONLIGHT... THEN, HALF-CREEPING... HALF-HOBBLING...

YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID! THEY THINK THE CASTLE'S LIKE IT USED TO BE -- BUT IT ISN'T -- WITHOUT HIM!



HEH-HEH! I WAS SUPPOSED TO LIVE HERE ONCE -- AS HIS BRIDE! BUT HE DIED -- I SAW HIM DIE -- AND THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID!

BUD... BUD! DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE WITH HER!

SILVANA! GREAT GUNS -- YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SCARED GALLY LIKE THAT!

BUT I TOLD HER NOT TO BE AFRAID! WHY SHOULD SHE BE -- IF HE'S DEAD?



GOOD HEAVENS, BUD... I THOUGHT SHE WAS A GHOST! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE SO POSITIVELY ANCIENT!

YEP, SILVANA'S OLD, HONEY -- AND NO ONE AROUND HERE SEEMS TO KNOW EXACTLY HOW OLD! WE FOUND HER LIVING IN THE RUINS -- AND NOW THAT THE CASTLE'S REBUILT, I HAVEN'T HAD THE HEART TO MAKE HER LEAVE!



I KNOW SHE WAS JUST TRYING TO REASSURE ME, BUD... BUT THAT'S WHAT SCARES ME! WHO WAS IT SHE SAW DIE?

SALLY -- YOU'VE GOT TO BEAR IN MIND THAT PEOPLE HER AGE SOMETIMES DON'T MAKE SENSE! IT MAY BE A BIT UNNERVING -- BUT TRY TO CONVINCE YOURSELF THAT SHE'S HARMLESS!

NEXT MORNING -- WITH STREAMERS OF TIRED SUN-LIGHT SWEEPING THE HALL...

I'D LOVE TO GET AWAY FROM THE GLOOM, BUD... AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE GROUNDS!

GANT THAT WAIT FOR A DAY OR SO? I MENTIONED A FEW ODDS AND ENDS I HAVE TO ATTEND TO, HONEY -- AND ONE OF THEM IS A LOWER VAULT THAT'S STILL PARTLY BLOCKED!



**M**INUTES LATER...IN A PASSAGEWAY CROKED BY DEBRIS AND THE MUTED ECHOES OF THE PAST...



YOU'RE SHARING AN OCCASION, SALLY... BECAUSE I HAVEN'T BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE!

YOU HAVEN'T? THEN THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO WAIT...UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHAT THAT LIGHT'S DOING UP AHEAD!



DON'T GET RATTLED, SALLY! I DON'T KNOW WHO IT CAN BE...BUT THERE IS SOMEONE JUST BEYOND THAT TURN...  
**DIGGING!**

**BLAM!  
BLAM!**



**P**ANTING AND STRAINING IN THE YELLOW LAMP GLOW...

SILVANA!

**CRASH!**



DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE DOING? THIS VAULT'S BEEN PARTLY CLEARED...  
**AND YOU'RE BLOCKING IT UP AGAIN!**

IT IS BETTER THAT WAY! I KNOW...BECAUSE I AM OLD...  
**BECAUSE I SAW HIM DIE!**



**A**S SILVANA MOVES OFF...HER SHADOW TOTTERING AHEAD OF HER...

THAT MAY SOUND LIKE THE HARMLESS MUMBLING OF AN OLD WOMAN, BUD... BUT NOW I'M SURE IT MEANS SOMETHING...SOMETHING THAT MAKES MY FLESH CRAWL!

WAIT UP! THERE'S A DOOR I NEVER KNEW EXISTED...HALF-HIDDEN BEHIND THE RUBBLE!



BUD...HADN'T WE BETTER LEAVE IT ALONE? IF SILVANA DID HAVE A REASON FOR BLOCKING THE VAULT...  
**HER PURPOSE WAS TO HIDE THAT DOOR!**

SURE...SHE'S FULL OF QUIRKS! I'M GOING IN...IT'S PART OF MY JOB!



**F**OR A MOMENT, THE STORED-UP DARKNESS SEEMS TO SWALLOW THE LAMPLIGHT...AND THEN...GLEAMING ON THE MUSTY FLOOR...

BUD...THEY'RE BONES!

TAKE IT EASY, HONEY! IT'S A SKELETON, ALL RIGHT... BUT AT LEAST IT ISN'T HUMAN!



IN FACT, SALLY—I CAN'T QUITE GUESS **WHAT** IT IS! THE HEAD'S GONE—BUT THE **REST** SEEMS TO RESEMBLE AN ANCIENT **PTERODACTYL!**

YOU MEAN ONE OF THOSE FLYING REPTILES THAT LIVED IN PREHISTORIC TIMES? BUT WHAT WOULD ITS BONES BE DOING **HERE?**

WHO KNOWS—MAYBE THE FORMER OWNER OF THE CASTLE WAS INTERESTED IN NATURAL HISTORY! I'LL TOTE THIS THING UP TO THE MAIN HALL—AND MAYBE I'LL HAVE TIME TO LOOK IT OVER TOMORROW!

**THAT NIGHT...**

I **STILL** THINK OLD SILVANA DIDN'T WANT US TO FIND THOSE BONES! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO CONVINCE BUD—I'M GOING TO WATCH AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS NOW THAT THEY'VE BEEN UNCOVERED!

**MINUTES LATER...** AS IF THE DARKNESS GAVE A HINT OF A NEARING PRESENCE...

SOMETHING'S MOVING NEAR THE WINDOW! AND I KNOW WHO IT'LL BE—**SILVANA!**

**THEN...** FLITTING THROUGH THE MURKY GLOOM...

**GOOD HEAVENS!**

**IN THE NEXT HORROR-LADEN INSTANT...**

**OH! THAT... THAT HEAD TOOK ONE OF THE BONES—IT'S FLAPPING AWAY WITH IT!**

**SALLY! YE GODS...WHAT'S WRONG?**

BUD—DON'T TELL ME IT WAS **IMPOSSIBLE!** I SAW IT—I SAW IT!

I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING WHILE SALLY'S IN **THIS STATE**—BUT THERE'S SILVANA—**WATCHING!** MAYBE SALLY WAS RIGHT, ABOUT HER IN THE FIRST PLACE—MAYBE IT WAS **SILVANA** WHO TOOK THE BONE FOR SOME WARPED REASON—GIVING SALLY SUCH A SHOCK THAT SHE MERELY **IMAGINED** SHE SAW THE FLAPPING HEAD!

**SHILLING AS THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF A GHOST—DOUBT NOVERS THROUGH BUD'S MIND!**

**I WONDER...** SOMEONE OR SOMETHING IS INTERESTED IN GETTING THOSE BONES—AND TOMORROW NIGHT—I'M GOING TO BE WATCHING TO FIND OUT!



**T**HE FOLLOWING NIGHT---

I'M SURE WE WON'T SEE ANYTHING YET, BUD! WE'RE EARLY---IT WAS EXACTLY MIDNIGHT WHEN I SAW THE FLAPPING HEAD!

WAIT---HEAR THAT? SOUNDS LIKE SLOW FOOT- STEPS--- COMING CLOSER!

**H**UNCHED AND MUTTERING IN FEEBLE MOONLIGHT---

I WILL NOT SEE HIM DIE AGAIN--- BUT HE WILL DIE--- TONIGHT!

**J**IKELY, THROUGH THE BRISTLING GATEWAY --- PAST THE RUSTLING HEDGES---

YOU CAN'T CALL THIS A QUIRK, BUD! SHE TOOK THE BONES--- ALL OF THEM!

SHE'S STOPPING AT A MOUND---IT'S A GRAVE IF I EVER SAW ONE---AND THERE'S THE BONE THAT DISAPPEARED LAST NIGHT ---THRUST INTO THE TURF!

LOOK---LOOK! SHE'S PUSHING THE OTHER BONES INTO THE MOUND --- ONE BY ONE! BUD, WE NEEDN'T WONDER ANY MORE ABOUT SILVANA---THIS IS WITCHCRAFT---OR SOMETHING WORSE!

**S**UDDENLY---AS THE LAST BONE TOUCHES THE PULSING MOUND---

**A**AAGH!

**C**RRRAK!

**F**OR AN INSTANT, THE BONES CLATTER TOGETHER LIKE GRISLY DRUMBEATS IN THE MOONLIGHT--- THEN---AS THEY MERGE---

**H**AA HA HA!

BUD, THAT'S THE FLAPPING HEAD I SAW--- BUT NOW IT HAS A BODY --- IT'S A VAMPIRE!

THAT EXPLAINS WHY THOSE BONES WE FOUND LACKED A HEAD! YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT WHAT YOU SAW LAST NIGHT, SALLY! THE ONLY WAY THE FLAPPING HEAD COULD COLLECT ITS BONES WAS TO CARRY THEM OFF, ONE BY ONE---UNTIL SILVANA BROUGHT THEM HERE!



BUT WHY? WHY DID SILVANA BRING THAT HIDEOUS THING TO LIFE AGAIN... TONIGHT?

I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE ANY WILD GUESSES! THE IMPORTANT THING RIGHT NOW IS THAT SILVANA'S HAD A SERIOUS SHOCK... AND AT HER AGE, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT'LL HAPPEN!



WHY CAN'T BUD SEE THE TRUTH? SILVANA'S IN LEAGUE WITH EVIL... HOW MUCH MORE HORRIBLE PROOF WILL HE NEED?

FOR YEARS, I SLEPT UNDER THE STARS... UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE MOSSY RUINS! TONIGHT, LET ME LIE IN A BED... HER BED!



NO USE BEGRUDGING HER MY BED, BUD... I'M TOO NERVOUS TO SLEEP ANYWAY!

SUPPOSE WE WAIT IN THE MAIN HALL AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS? I'M CONVINCED OF ONE THING... WHEN SILVANA MUTTERED SHE SAW SOMEONE DIE... SHE MEANT THE VAMPIRE!



AS MIDNIGHT STRIKES...

IF THE BONES WERE STILL HERE ON THE TABLE, WE'D PROBABLY SEE THE FLAPPING HEAD! AND NOW THAT THE VAMPIRE'S RECLAIMED THEM... MAYBE WE'LL SEE HIM!



I JUST CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOMETHING OUTSIDE, SALLY... AND I CAN'T FIGURE WHETHER IT WAS A CLOUD PASSING OVER THE MOON... OR A SHADOW!



GREAT GUNS... THE VAMPIRE!

BUD, THAT'S MY ROOM HE'S COMING OUT OF... THE ROOM I'D ORDINARILY BE SLEEPING IN!



HE'S READY TO SWOOP IN HERE! DON'T WASTE TIME, SALLY... HIDE!



SECONDS LATER... WITH GLISTERING WINGS FANNING THE GLOOM...

HAA HA HA! NOW THAT I'M READY FOR ANOTHER VICTIM, WHO COULD MAKE A BETTER ONE THAN YOU... THE VERY HUMAN WHO ENDED THE HALF-DEATH I KNEW AS THE FLAPPING HEAD?

YEP... I WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO UNCOVER YOUR BONES! BUT DON'T GLOAT YET, CREEP... IF SOMETHING DID YOU IN ONCE... IT CAN HAPPEN AGAIN!

ONLY IF I MAKE THE MISTAKE OF PREYING ON SOMEONE WHO IS MARKED FOR DEATH... **SOMEONE WHO DOES NOT LIVE TO SEE THE DAWN!** THAT IS WHAT HAPPENED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO WHEN AN EARTHQUAKE STRUCK... KILLING SCORES... **INCLUDING A MAN WHO HAD FELT MY FANGS THAT VERY NIGHT!**



I KNEW THEN WHAT WOULD HAPPEN... THAT HIS SPIRIT WOULD COME TO MY DAMAGED CASTLE... AND DESTROY THE PART OF ME THAT WAS A **VAMPIRE!** AND THE PART OF ME THAT WAS **HUMAN** WOULD FLUTTER FOREVER AS THE **FLAPPING HEAD**... **SEEKING ITS BODY... OR ITS BONES!**



BUT THE SPIRIT FIXED **THAT**, BH... BY SENDING THE EARTHQUAKE-WEAKENED WALLS CRASHING DOWN ON YOUR HEAD-LESS BODY... **SO THAT YOU'D NEVER FIND IT!**

NO... NOT THE SPIRIT! THERE WAS A GIRL I INTENDED TO MARRY... AND SHE RUSHED TO THE CASTLE TO SEE IF I WAS SAFE! SHE REACHED HERE JUST IN TIME TO SEE HOW I DIED... JUST IN TIME TO REALIZE WHAT I WAS... **IN A BLINDING STAB OF HORROR THAT DROVE HER MAD!**

THE FLAPPING HEAD WATCHED HER... BUT WHAT COULD IT DO? SHE CROUCHED THERE IN THE RUINS, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT... **SEASON UPON SEASON... AND SHE DID ONE THING!** FIRST THE HEAVY SLABS A YOUNG GIRL COULD MOVE IN HER JABBERING FRENZY... THEN THE BRICKS THAT TREMBLED IN AN OLD WOMAN'S HAND... **AFTER A CENTURY OF PILING THEM ON ME!**

**THEN... WITH A HISSING SWOOP...**

**BUD... WATCH OUT!**



**SILVANA!**

THE GIRL... **HERE?** THEN WHO WAS IN HER BED... WHO WAS MY **FIRST VICTIM TONIGHT?**

WHO PILED THE STONES, CREEP? AND WHO KNEW YOU WERE BOUND TO BE RE-STORED... AND GATHERED UP YOUR BONES TO MAKE **SURE** IT WOULD HAPPEN **TONIGHT?**



YOU TRICKED ME...TRICKED ME INTO VICTIMIZING YOU...KNOWING YOU WERE ABOUT TO DIE!

FIEND...DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS? WATCH...DO YOU REMEMBER HOW I LOOKED THEN?



**N**OW THE LONG NIGHTS REDEDE...AND THE DREARY SEASONS...ALL IN A SINGLE CRACKLING FLASH!

THIS IS HOW I WAS! BUT YOU PREYED ON ME IN MY LAST GASP OF LIFE...WHEN I **KNEW** I WOULD NEVER SEE ANOTHER DAWN! I **PLANNED** IT THAT WAY, MONSTER...CAN YOU GUESS WHY?

YOU WAITED A CENTURY FOR THIS...BUT IT WON'T HAPPEN...YOU WON'T GET ME!



**D**OWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE CASTLE RAN THE SCUTTLING FOOTSTEPS...AND DOWNGLIDES THE SILENT PURSUER!

COME ON, SALLY! IF THAT DEMON IS SLATED FOR PERDITION...IT'S SOMETHING I WANT TO SEE!



SILVANA...WAIT! JOIN ME IN EVIL, AND WE WILL KNOW MID-NIGHTS UNENDING...TOGETHER!

TOGETHER...AFTER I HUGGLED IN THESE RUINS FOR A HUNDRED YEARS **ALONE**...UTTERING A CURSE FOR EVERY STONE I HEAPED UPON YOU? ONE THING KEPT ME ALIVE...THE THOUGHT OF THIS MOMENT...WHEN MY GHOST WOULD DOOM YOU FOREVER!



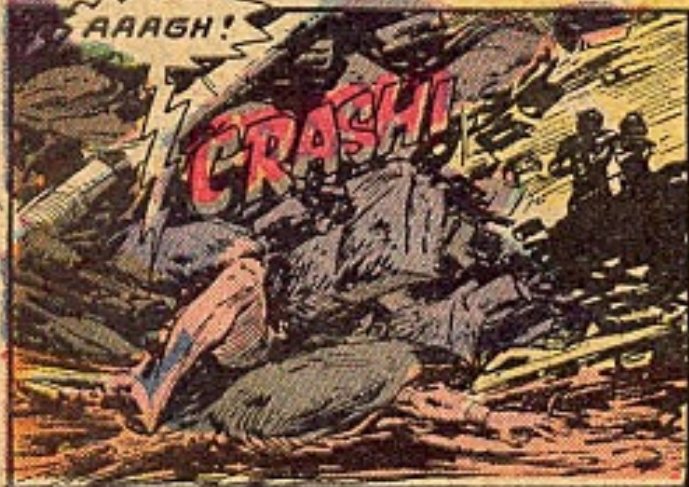
**T**HEN THE SPECTRAL SHAPE REARS LARGER...LOOMING ABOVE THE CRINGING VAMPIRE...PRESSING WITH UN-EARTHLY POWER AGAINST THE YIELDING STONE!



SILVANA! NO...NO!

AAAGH!

CRASH!



SILVANA...ALIVE AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS! SHE TRIED TO KEEP US FROM UNCOVERING HIS BONES, BUT...AND WHEN THAT FAILED...SHE **KNEW** WHAT HAD TO BE DONE IN THE LAST HOURS OF HER LIFE!

THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE ANY FLAPPING HEAD, HONEY! HER SPIRIT WILL SEE TO THAT...BECAUSE THIS IS **ONE** PART OF THE CASTLE THAT WILL BE **HERS** DOWN TO THE VERY LAST UNTOUCHED STONE...FOREVER!



The END!

# The HAUNTING REFRAIN

Can a man be HAUNTED--by the sound of music? Impossible, you'd say--but strange things can happen in the dead of night--and who is to say that weird demons may not ride the howling winds, scattering tragedy in their wake? Here's an eerie tale of a spectral revenge that will haunt YOUR midnights! We'll start it in an ominous locale -- **THE ARDSLEY INSANE ASYLUM!**



THAT WILD LOOK-- THOSE STRANGE, SINISTER MOVEMENTS OF THE HANDS-- WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE PATIENT, DOCTOR?

THERE'S MUSIC IN HIS SOUL-- MAD, MELANCHOLY MUSIC THAT NO ONE CAN HEAR! POOR FELLOW, HE THINKS HE'S AT A PIANO! IF ONLY WE COULD KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND IT--WHAT DROVE HIM OUT OF HIS MIND!

HA-HA! CLEVER PSYCHIATRISTS--YET THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT WRECKED HIS SANITY! BUT I-- I KNOW!

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YES, THERE'S MUCH THAT I COULD TELL YOU ABOUT MR. FREDERICK JAMES! IT'S A STORY WHICH BRIDGES TWO WORLDS--OF THE LIVING--AND OF THE DEAD! LISTEN TO ITS HORROR-- IF YOU CAN!



"HE WAS A FAIR COMPOSER, THIS JAMES-- JUST SMART ENOUGH TO REALIZE THAT HIS BEST DAYS WERE BEHIND HIM -- THAT UNLESS HE WROTE SOMETHING NEW AND GOOD, HE'D BE THROUGH! HE TRIED-- BUT HIS EMPTY SOUL MOCKED HIM!"

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? IF--IF I COULD ONLY GET AN INSPIRATION-- I'VE GOT TO!



"BUT EVER THE GOLDEN NOTES ELUDED HIM! BUT FINALLY CAME A DAY WHEN, WANDERING THROUGH THE SLUMS-- HE HEARD THE SOUND OF GENIUS!"

THAT MUSIC-- BEAUTIFUL-- INSPIRED! I--I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS -- WHO WROTE IT--



AND NOW DEATH ENTERED THE PICTURE AS THE OLD COMPOSER FELL -- HIS MAGIC MUSIC-MAKING FOREVER FINISHED!



I -- I'M A MURDERER -- BUT I DON'T CARE! THAT SONG -- THE HAUNTING REFRAIN -- IT'S MINE -- NOW -- ALL MINE!



BACK IN HIS ROOM, THE STOLEN NOTES PEASED FORTH BENEATH HIS FINGERS -- THRILLING -- TRIUMPHANT! AS GONZALES, THE GREAT IMPRESSARIO, LISTENED -- AWESTRUCK --

YOU MEAN -- THIS IS YOUR NEW COMPOSITION, JAMES? THAT REFRAIN -- I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY MIND! IT'S LIKE A MIRACLE COME ALIVE!

I KNEW YOU'D THINK SO! IT'S -- MY MASTER-PIECE!



YOU'LL PLAY IT AT CARNEGIE -- WITH FULL ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT! I'LL MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS --

IT'S COMING TRUE -- THE TRIUMPH I'VE DREAMED OF!



AND SO JAMES RETIRED -- TO GOLDEN VISIONS OF THE WORLD ITSELF AT HIS FEET! BUT NEXT MORNING CAME A RUDE SHOCK!

HE'S ALIVE! IF HE EVER RECOVERS, HE'LL REVEAL --



I -- DIED! YOUR EVIL SECRET'S STILL SAFE -- BUT YOU COULDN'T PREVENT MY SPIRIT FROM SEEKING YOU OUT!

WHAT HAVE YOU COME HERE FOR? I'M NOT AFRAID, WHATEVER IT IS!



I HAVE COME -- FROM BEYOND DEATH -- FOR WHAT IS MINE! MY SONG -- YOU SHALL NEVER PLAY IT FOR THE WORLD -- NEVER!







NO! DON'T!

IT'S VANISHED INTO-- THE FLAMES! I'VE -- BEATEN YOU, MORTAL!



"THE SPECTER VANISHED-- BACK INTO THE LIMBO OF LOST SOULS! AND ON JAMES' LIPS WAS A SNEERING SMILE --"

SO HE THINKS HE'S WON, EH? HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW I'VE STUDIED HIS MUSIC-- MEMORIZED ITS EVERY NOTE! I CAN STILL PLAY IT AT THE GREAT RECITAL-- AND WIN FAME!



"NOTHING COULD STOP HIM -- HE THOUGHT: ON THE LONG-AWAITED NIGHT, HE STARTED OUT FOR THE HALL -- LITTLE REALIZING THAT A STRANGE, GHOSTLY FIGURE DOGGED HIS EVERY STEP!"



"IT WAS AN UNSEEN HAND FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE ITSELF THAT PROPELLED HIM DOWNWARD-- TOWARD DISASTER!"

LOOK OUT!



AH, YES -- DISASTER! A PITY, WASN'T IT-- THAT HIS ARM WAS BROKEN IN THE FALL -- THAT THE CONCERT HAD TO BE-- POSTPONED?



"AND IN THE HOSPITAL--ONCE AGAIN, THAT MOCKING FIGURE FROM THE BEYOND --"

I WARNED YOU, JAMES -- WARNED YOU THAT YOU'D NEVER PASS MY MUSIC ON TO THE WORLD!

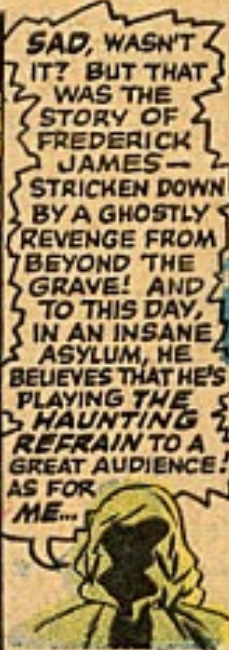
I-- I'LL DO IT YET, BLAST YOU! YOU CAN'T STOP ME!

HE MUST BE DELIRIOUS -- TALKING TO HIMSELF THAT WAY!



"WEEKS PASSED -- AND ONCE AGAIN IT WAS TIME FOR THE POSTPONED RECITAL! AND ENTERING THE HALL, JAMES WAS STAGGERED BY A WEIRD BOLT FROM THE UNKNOWN -- AND THE DEAD FACE OF THE MAN HE HAD MURDERED!"

Tonight...  
FREDERICK JAMES  
NEW TONE POEM  
"THE HAUNTING REFRAIN"



# OUT of the NIGHT... TO YOU!

HELLO, ALL YOU loyal fans of "Forbidden Worlds"!

It's nice to meet up with you again... to talk over yours and our favorite subject, the great realm of the supernatural! For it's an exciting and challenging realm...the great *Unknown*, unexplored save for the spine-tingling flights of the imagination which you'll find in our stories. We've tried to blaze fanciful trails into that strange and eerie realm... to guide you along its shadowy and heart-pulsing paths. Move carefully, for about you flock all of the weird denizens of the never-never land which time forgot. Straight from the teeming pages of "Forbidden Worlds" they come to you... ghosts, werewolves, zombies, witches, vampires, banshees and spectral shades...all the eerie creatures to which you thrill, gasp!

If your letters are any indication...and the readers of millions of our copies can't be wrong...this is your favorite fare. It's what you want...what we'll continue to bring you. The nationwide wave of enthusiasm which has greeted our efforts leaves us in no doubt...and

for this we thank you, our faithful supporters. You've swept the newsstands bare of our magazines...have waited impatiently for the appearance of each successive issue. And increasing numbers of you have clamored for a greater frequency of issuance. Let's hear from all of you, please...telling us whether you'd like to see "Forbidden Worlds" as a monthly!

Tell us, too, what you think of our current issue. We think you'll like "Domain of the Dead", one of the strangest and most gripping stories in years. And for weird midnight thrills, there's "The Flapping Head". "The Haunting Refrain" is guaranteed to haunt you...and "The Devil's Typewriter" hits a new high in tense excitement. And "Bride of the Beast" is strictly out-of-this-world...rounding out a star-studded all-thrill issue. Which story do you like best? Send your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. As for some of our other readers' opinions, the following are representative:

"Dear Editor:-

*I've read many comics magazines, and find I like supernatural stories best. And I've never enjoyed any book as much as 'Forbidden Worlds'. It's so full of suspense that I've determined never to miss an issue. I'd appreciate more stories about haunted houses and vampires, and think it would be swell if you left occasional stories unfinished, so the reader can figure out an ending. But keep up the good work!*

--Rainey Wolverton, Lusk, Tex."

"Dear Editor:-

*Congratulations on a fine magazine that lifts the comics into a higher bracket! 'Forbidden Worlds' turned out to be all its title promised. The true tales are best and the little short stories very good. Who are your authors? Good luck...I promise all the support in my power!*

--Mary H. Wilson, Des Plaines, Ill."

"Dear Editor:-

*I enjoy 'Forbidden Worlds' because it has mystery, suspense and excitement in every story. I've read many comics, but find yours the best of them all. Please...can't you publish it monthly? Always a fan...*

--V. Conway, Oak Park, Ill."

# The DEVIL'S TYPEWRITER!

"THIS IS MY YARN... THE SAGA OF JOHNNY ARCHER... WHO TRADED HIS SOUL FOR A STORY! IT'S THE STRANGE, SINISTER STORY YOU'RE READING NOW! ONLY ANOTHER WRITER CAN REALIZE THE DEPTHS TO WHICH I SANK BEFORE I MET THE NEAT LITTLE MAN IN THE PRINCE ALBERT COAT... AND NO ONE CAN EVER ENVISION THE HORRORS THAT GRIPPED AND TORTURED ME AFTER I MADE MY BARGAIN WITH HIM! MY STORY STARTS, PROBABLY ENOUGH, IN MY OWN APARTMENT..."

"... THE VAMPIRE HOVERED NOISELESSLY OVER ITS UNSUSPECTING VICTIM... ITS CRUEL, STEEL-STRONG TALONS READY TO GRASP, TEAR..."

OH, WHAT'S THE USE! THIS SCRIPT REEKS... AN EDITOR WITH TWO HOLES IN HIS HEAD WOULDN'T BUY IT! JOHNNY ARCHER, YOU'RE A HAS-BEEN, A DRIED-UP, USELESS, EX-SUPERNATURAL WRITER!

... SO THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE! I'VE GOT TO EAT... AND I HAVEN'T POUNDED OUT A SALEABLE WORD IN TWO MONTHS! SO... I HOOK THE TYPEWRITER!





"AN HOUR LATER, I STEPPED OUT OF THE PAWN-SHOP, MONEY IN MY POCKET--BUT--"

WELL, THAT'S THAT!  
I CAN KEEP EATING FOR A LITTLE WHILE, BUT WHAT THEN? EVEN IF I GET A HOT IDEA, I CAN'T WRITE IT! BOY, A WRITER WITHOUT A TYPEWRITER-- I'M AS USELESS AS A BRICK-LAYER WITHOUT A TROWEL!



"I WAS JOLTED OUT OF MY BLEAK MOOD BY A SILKEN VOICE, REPEATING MY THOUGHTS TO ME ALOUD, WORD FOR WORD--"



"--A WRITER WITHOUT A TYPEWRITER! AS USELESS AS A BRICKLAYER WITHOUT A TROWEL!" TOO BAD, JOHNNY ARCHER, TOO BAD!

HUH? HOW COME YOU KNEW WHAT I WAS THINKING --AND MY NAME? SAY, WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?



MAYBE THAT'S JUST WHO I AM, JOHNNY ARCHER! BUT LOOK, I HAVE AN OLD TYPEWRITER I'D BE GLAD TO LOAN YOU --FOR A PRICE, OF COURSE!

GULP! I MUST BE SOBER-- I HAVEN'T HAD A DRINK IN WEEKS!



"I SENSED WHO THE LITTLE MAN WAS --AND WHAT HIS PRICE WOULD BE! EVEN AS I TOLD MYSELF THAT IT WAS ALL A HUGE JOKE, MY SUBCONSCIOUS WARNED ME IT WAS NOT A JOKE--BUT GRIM REALITY!"



I SUPPOSE YOUR PRICE FOR THE TYPEWRITER WILL BE MY SOUL! IT'S HIGH, JUST FOR A LOAN, BUT THE WAY THINGS ARE, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE!

OH, FINE, FINE, JOHNNY ARCHER! COME ON, WE'LL GO TO MY APARTMENT! I'LL DRAW UP THE MEMO-- AND AS SOON AS YOU SIGN IT, THE MACHINE IS YOURS --TEMPORARILY, OF COURSE!



"I PLAYED ALONG WHEN HE HAD ME SIGN A MEMO RECEIPT FOR THE TYPEWRITER, AS I DID SO, I SEEMED TO FEEL A CHANGE IN THE ROOM, IN HIM--"

HMMM, --ALLOWED TO USE SAID TYPEWRITER UNTIL PERSON SIGNING HAS NO FURTHER USE FOR IT! COMPENSATION FOR THIS USE HAS BEEN MUTUALLY AGREED UPON! PLEASANT BROAD SORT OF TERMS, IN YOUR FAVOR-- BUT I'LL SIGN!

YES, YES, YOU'LL SIGN! HA, HA, HA!



"BUT WHEN I LOOKED UP FROM THE PAPER--"

THERE YOU ARE, SIR! AND MUCH OBLIGED!

I'D HAVE SWORN HE'D CHANGED WHILE I WASN'T LOOKING! GUESS IT'S JUST MY IMAGINATION!

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, JOHNNY ARCHER! I CAN GUARANTEE YOU, SOME FEARSOME STORIES HAVE COME OUT OF THAT OLD MACHINE!

"I LUGGED THE OLD MACHINE HOME AND SET IT UP, STILL WONDERING ABOUT THE LITTLE OLD GUY..."

BOY, THIS IS SURE AN ANTIQUE MILL! STILL CAN'T GET OVER HOW UNCANNY THAT GUY WAS, READING MY MIND! SOMEHOW, I WONDER IF I WON'T BE LAUGHING OUT THE OTHER SIDE OF MY MOUTH BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH THIS DEAL!



"I GOT THE TYPEWRITER ADJUSTED TO SUIT MYSELF! THEN, AS I STARTED TO WORK, I WAS STARTLED AT THE FACT THAT A STORY FORMED INSTANTLY IN MY MIND---A GOOD STORY..."

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! IT'S BEEN WEEKS SINCE I'VE GOTTEN ANY KIND OF IDEA--- LET ALONE A HOT ONE! AND I SEEM TO BE A PART OF THE STORY--- WRITING FROM THE INSIDE OUT!



"THIS WAS MY STORY!---IT WAS NIGHT, IN NEW YORK, ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, AND I COULD SEE CLEARLY THE MALEVOLENT, TWISTED FEATURES OF THE GHOSTLY FACE AS IT APPROACHED THE SUMMER PAVILION OVERLOOKING THE HUDSON RIVER, NEAR GRANT'S TOMB..."



"---AND I FELT THE FEAR GRIPPING THE LONE FIGURE THAT WAITED IN THE SHADOWS, KEEPING A RENDEZVOUS WITH A VISITOR FROM THE BEYOND..."

THIS IS SILLY, I'M NOT WAITING ANY LONGER! BUT---BUT---THE DREAM! I'VE GOT TO SETTLE IT ONCE AND FOR ALL---I CAN'T GO TO BED KNOWING I'LL BE TORTURED BY THAT DREAM OF MEETING FRANK BLAKELY'S GHOST HERE---IN THIS PAVILION!



SO---HUGO, YOU HAVE FINALLY COME! MANY NIGHTS I HAD TO SPEND BESIDE YOUR BED, URGING YOU, COAXING YOU! I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU THEN---BUT I WANTED TO DO IT HERE--- WHERE I DIED!

NO! YOU'RE DEAD---FRANK---I'M TALKING TO A GHOST! I'VE GONE MAD!



I LOVED LIFE TOO, HUGO! BUT BECAUSE YOU CHEATED, STOLE MY MONEY, BANKRUPTED OUR BUSINESS, I HAD TO KILL MYSELF, SO MY FAMILY COULD GET MY INSURANCE!

DON'T!--- AGHHHH!

"GOLD FINGERS OF FEAR AND HORROR GRIPPED ME AS I FINISHED THE SCRIPT! IT WAS GOOD---TOO GOOD!"

I'M KNOCKED OUT---AND AFRAID---AFRAID THIS ISN'T JUST ANOTHER YARN! OH, WELL, THAT'S NONSENSE---MAYBE I'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING! I'LL GET TO BED---HAVE TO GET THIS DOWN TO 'FORBIDDEN WORLDS' EARLY!





"MY UNEASINESS WAS DISSIPATED BY MORNING AND AS I WALKED INTO THE OFFICE OF THE EDITOR OF 'FORBIDDEN WORLDS'..."

BOY, HAVE I GOT A STORY HERE! ABSOLUTELY THE HOTTEST THING I EVER WROTE! IT'S SO REAL IT EVEN HAD ME SCARED!

IT'S ABOUT TIME, AFTER THE JUNK YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO PALM OFF ON ME LATELY! LET'S SEE IT!



WHAT'S THIS, ARCHER? HOW STUPID DO YOU THINK I AM? THIS IS STOLEN OUT OF THIS MORNING'S PAPERS! YOU DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO CHANGE THE NAMES!

WHAT? NO... IT...IT...CAN'T BE...IT CAN'T!



"BUT EVEN BEFORE I LOOKED AT THE PAPER HE THRUST IN FRONT OF ME, I KNEW HIS WORDS WERE TRUE! I BLANCHED, TREMBLED, BUT NOT FOR THE REASON HE THOUGHT I DID..."



"I DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO EXPLAIN, MAKE HIM BELIEVE ME! WHO WOULD BELIEVE THE WORDS OF A MADMAN?"



"I MADE MYSELF BELIEVE IT WAS ALL JUST A COINCIDENCE, ONE OF THOSE WEIRD, INEXPLICABLE THINGS THAT SOMETIMES HAPPEN! I HAD TO BELIEVE THAT...OR LOSE MY SANITY!"

IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS! I'LL GET TO WORK AND FORGET ALL ABOUT IT! I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA...BUT AGAIN IT'S SO REAL! GOSH, IT MAKES ME... WONDER!

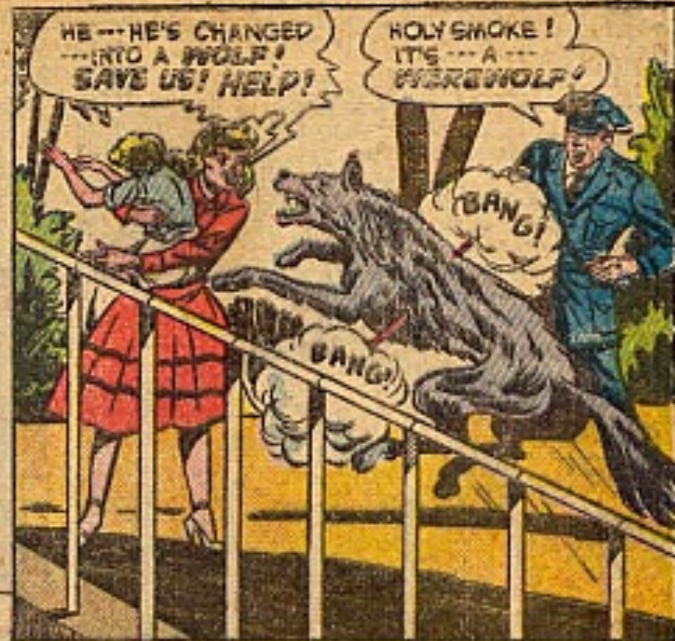


"THIS STORY WAS LAID AT THE ZOO! I COULD EVEN SEEM TO HEAR THE SOUNDS, SEE THE RESTLESS PACING OF THE SAVAGE BEASTS..."

SIBERIAN WOLF, HUH? DON'T LOOK VERY FEROCIOUS TO ME! BET I COULD EVEN PET IT!



HERE, BOY! HERE... OWWWW...MY ARM! HELP!



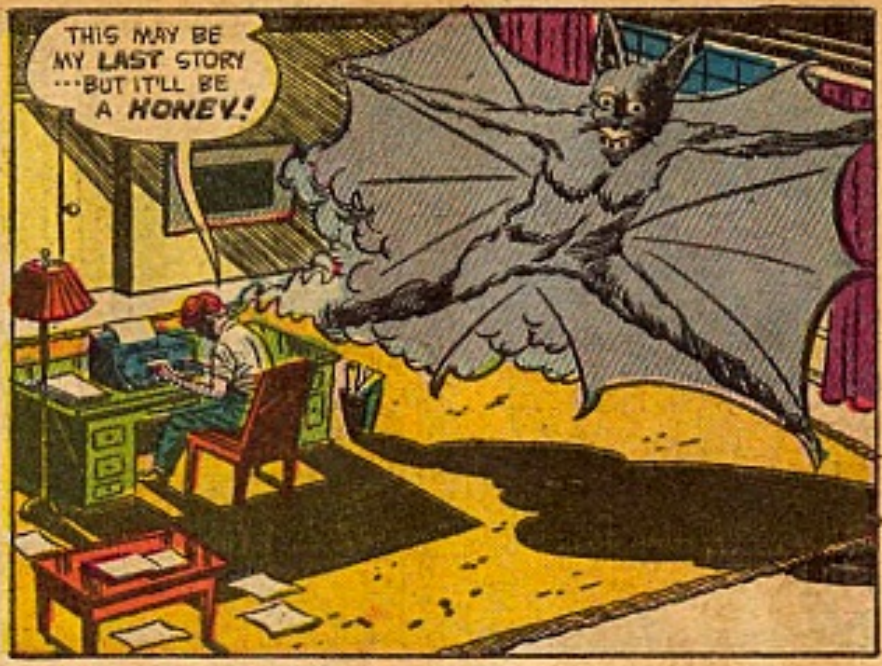


"I GOT THE TELEGRAM OFF AND THEN  
GAT DOWN AT THE TYPEWRITER, A WARNING  
BELL RINGING IN MY HEAD, TELLING ME NOT  
TO BE A FOOL..."

THIS IS GOING TO BE  
A VAMPIRE STORY...  
NO, I... I'D BETTER STOP,  
QUIT TEMPTING FATE,  
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!  
...BUT I CAN'T STOP!  
I'VE GOT TO KNOW IF  
THIS MACHINE IS  
POSSESSED!



THIS MAY BE  
MY LAST STORY  
...BUT IT'LL BE  
A HONEY!



WHAT'S THAT  
SHADOW ON THE  
PAPER?... BOY, I'VE  
REALLY GOT THE  
JITTERS! NEXT THING  
I'LL BE IMAGINING  
THERE'S A VAMPIRE  
IN THE ROOM  
WITH ME!



"I WORKED FEVERISHLY, AS  
THOUGH IN A RACE AGAINST  
TIME! AND, AS THE HOURS  
PASSED, I BECAME MORE AND  
MORE CERTAIN THAT THERE WAS  
SOMETHING IN THE ROOM WITH ME,  
SOME EVIL, TERRIBLE THING..."

I CAN'T SHAKE THE  
FEELING THAT I'M  
BEING WATCHED!  
THAT'S JUST LIKE IN  
MY STORY—A HIDEOUS  
VAMPIRE IS GOING TO  
MATERIALIZE OUT OF  
THIN AIR!



FINISHED... WITH THE HERO  
GETTING CARRIED AWAY BY  
THE VAMPIRE! WELL, I'M STILL  
HERE, SO I GUESS I LET MY  
IMAGINATION BUILD UP A  
POWER FOR THIS TYPE-  
WRITER THAT DOESN'T  
EXIST!



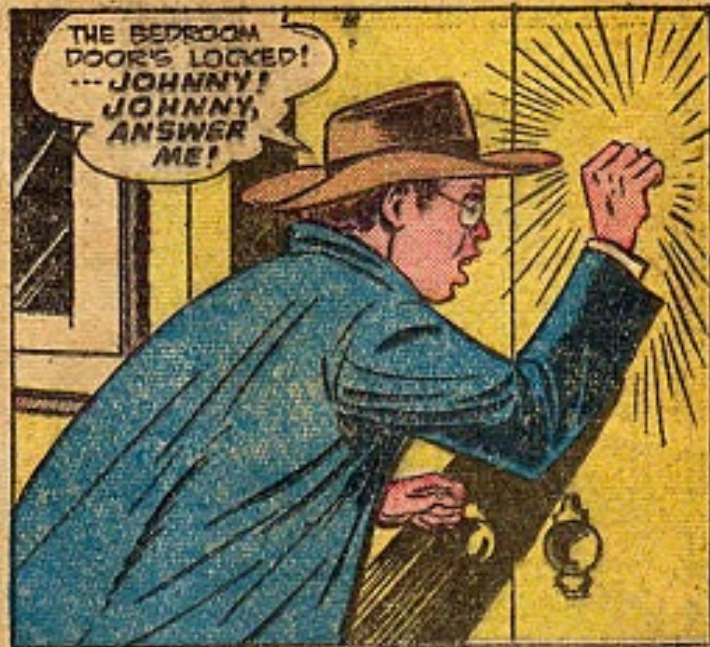
NOW I'LL... NO! NO!  
THE VAMPIRE! THE  
ONE I CREATED!  
...IT CAN'T BE!



SO YOU'VE COME TO  
GET ME! WELL, YOU'VE  
GOT YOUR WORK OUT  
OUT! IF I CAN SEE  
YOU... I CAN  
FIGHT  
YOU!







# STRANGLER'S SPIRIT

CHARLES BROCKTON TOSSED the manuscript across his desk, right into the lap of the wild-eyed young writer seated across from him. "This is utter rot, Jennings," Brockton said. "You've got a diseased imagination if you actually believe this tripe you write. I can't run this as a fact feature in my newspaper!"

Peter Jennings leaped up angrily. "But that story *is* factually accurate...I spent a whole month verifying every detail of it! That house that Morgan lived in *is* haunted by his maniacal spirit! He finished eighteen people before he was finally captured and electrocuted...and the four people who have slept in his room at one time or another after his death each went on a berserk rampage, attacking anyone they could get their hands on! And as a final test, I slept in that diabolical room one night...and felt myself becoming possessed by an insane spirit that urged me to go out and... *kill!*"

Brockton laughed in his mocking way. "Then why didn't you?"

"Because I had the foresight to have myself tied to the bed in Morgan's room before dusk! Morgan never struck before dark, so I figured the spirit that possessed him only emerged at night...and I was right! I wanted desperately to go out, attack...but I couldn't leave that bed...and when my accomplice released me in the morning, I was normal again!"

"Bah...get out of here and take that drivel with you," Brockton barked.

Jennings' face whitened with the effort to control himself, and then he leaned forward tensely. "There's one way to prove the truth of my story...why don't you spend one night in Morgan's room? Are you...*afraid?*"

"Me...afraid of a spook story? Hah!

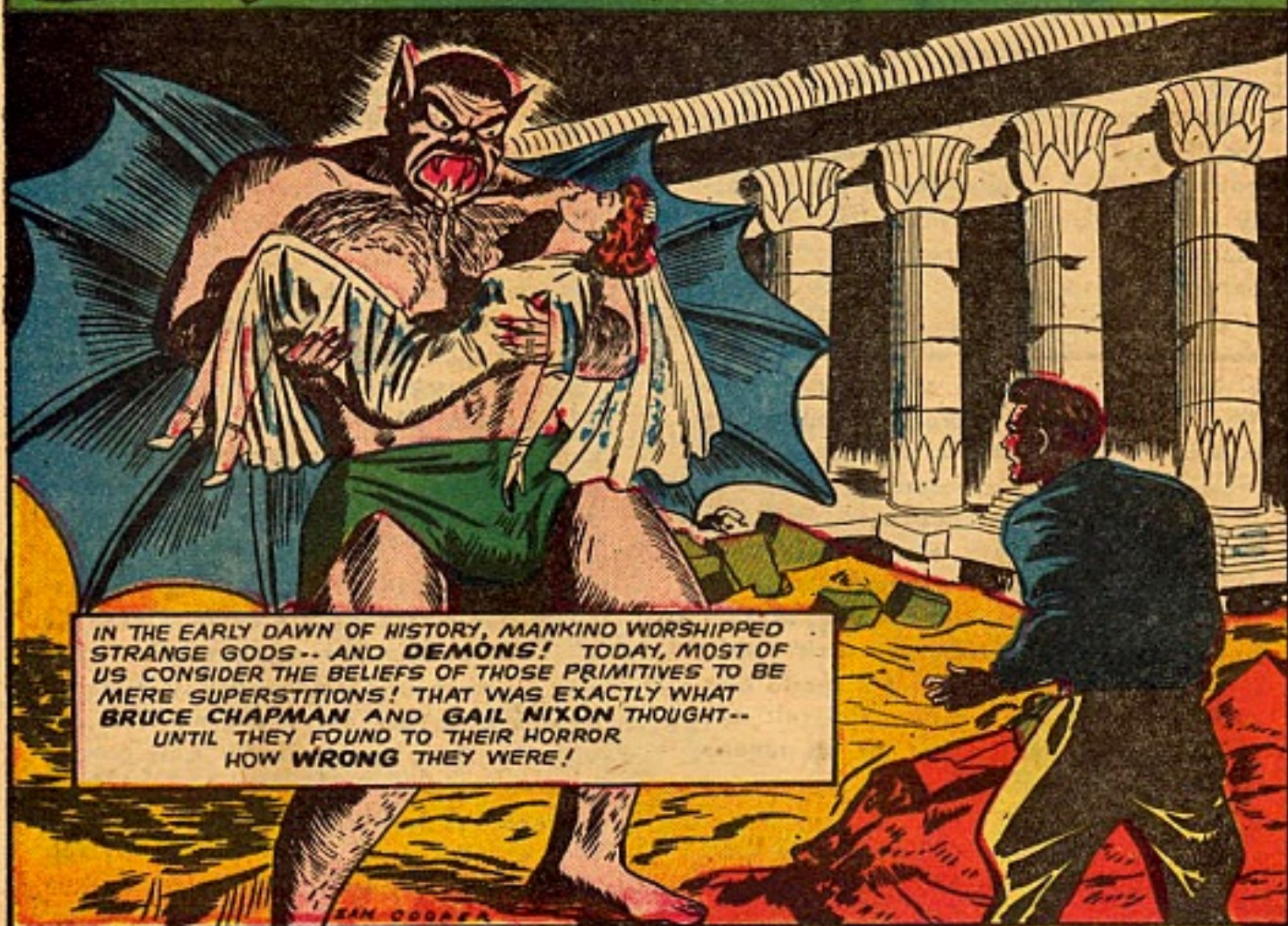
*Wait...maybe you have something there!* It would be a great publicity story for the newspaper! I can see the heading now... 'Spook-Busting Editor Defies Strangler's Spirit'! It ought to be a great circulation builder...I'll *take* your dare, Jennings! I'll spend tonight in that room, untied... and I'll have my photographers waiting outside for me in the morning!"

As a church-bell tolled out the stroke of midnight some hours later, Editor Charles Brockton awoke with a start. At first he didn't know where he was, but as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, he recognized the room he had gone to sleep in a few hours earlier...Strangler Morgan's room!

Brockton suddenly shivered involuntarily...he was always a sound sleeper... what had awakened him just now? Was... was it that strange, unearthly whisper sounding in his ears, coming from nowhere? Wait...the whisper was getting louder, saying *kill...KILL!* Brockton pressed his hands against his ears, but the whisper was inside him now, the thought was possessing him, forcing him out of the bed, toward the door. Terrified, he fought against the irresistible command, but soon the words were shrieking in his mind, stabbing into his brain. He had to surrender to that infernal command...he *had* to!

Minutes later, the photographers napping in their car outside the Morgan house were awakened by a blood-curdling shriek. They looked up to see a wild-eyed, maniacal Charles Brockton pursuing Peter Jennings, who had been waiting in the doorway of the house. Before the photographers could get to Brockton, the deed was done...and it took all four of them to subdue the mad strangler and sit on him until the police arrived.

# BRIDE <sup>of the</sup> BEAST



IN THE EARLY DAWN OF HISTORY, MANKIND WORSHIPPED STRANGE GODS-- AND **DEMONS!** TODAY, MOST OF US CONSIDER THE BELIEFS OF THOSE PRIMITIVES TO BE MERE SUPERSTITIONS! THAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT **BRUCE CHAPMAN** AND **GAIL NIXON** THOUGHT-- UNTIL THEY FOUND TO THEIR HORROR HOW **WRONG** THEY WERE!

IN THE HEART OF THE RED SEA --

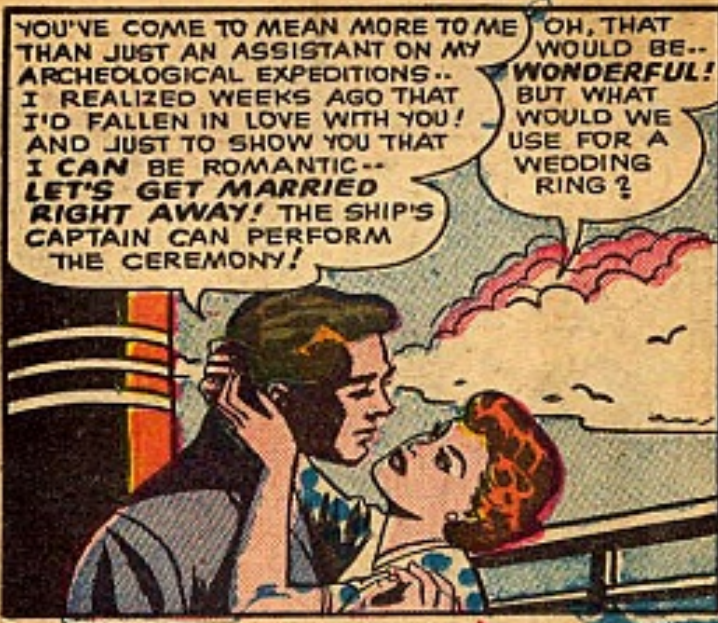
LISTEN TO THIS, GAIL-- THE FIRST DRAFT OF MY ARTICLE ABOUT OUR EXCAVATIONS IN MESOPOTAMIA! -- "NEAR THE RUINS OF BABYLON, A MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY WAS MADE-- A 4,000 YEAR-OLD **TEMPLE OF BELIAL**, WHERE THE DEVIL-GOD OR SON OF SATAN WAS WORSHIPPED. FRAGMENTARY INSCRIPTIONS ON THE RUINED TEMPLE WALLS CONSISTED OF MAGICAL SPELLS DESIGNED TO WARD OFF THE GREAT GOD **ORMAZD**, WHO WAS BELIAL'S ARCH-ENEMY IN BABYLONIAN MYTHOLOGY..."

OH, BRUCE -- IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT?

WE'RE FINISHED WITH THAT-- IT'S IN THE **PAST!** GOLLY, SOMETIMES I WISH YOU COULD GET AS ROMANTIC AND WORKED UP ABOUT SOMETHING **ALIVE!**

THINK I'M AN OLD FUDDY-  
DUDDY, EH? I'LL SHOW  
YOU HOW **WRONG**  
YOU ARE!





YOU'VE COME TO MEAN MORE TO ME THAN JUST AN ASSISTANT ON MY ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITIONS.. I REALIZED WEEKS AGO THAT I'D FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU! AND JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT I CAN BE ROMANTIC-- **LET'S GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY!** THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN CAN PERFORM THE CEREMONY!

OH, THAT WOULD BE-- **WONDERFUL!** BUT WHAT WOULD WE USE FOR A WEDDING RING?



I'VE GOT JUST THE THING-- AN ANCIENT BABYLONIAN GOLD BETROTHAL RING I DUG UP IN THE RUINS! WHY, I'LL BET IT WAS FASHIONED FOR SOME BEAUTIFUL BABYLONIAN PRINCESS SOME 4,000 YEARS AGO!



I HAVEN'T FINISHED TRANSLATING THE INSCRIPTION ON THE RING-- BUT AS FAR AS I'VE GONE, IT READS-- **"BETROTHED FOREVER"**!

OH, THAT'S JUST **PERFECT!** IT'S THE MOST ROMANTIC WEDDING RING ANY GIRL EVER HAD!

NEXT DAY, AS THE SHIP WENDS SLOWLY THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL--

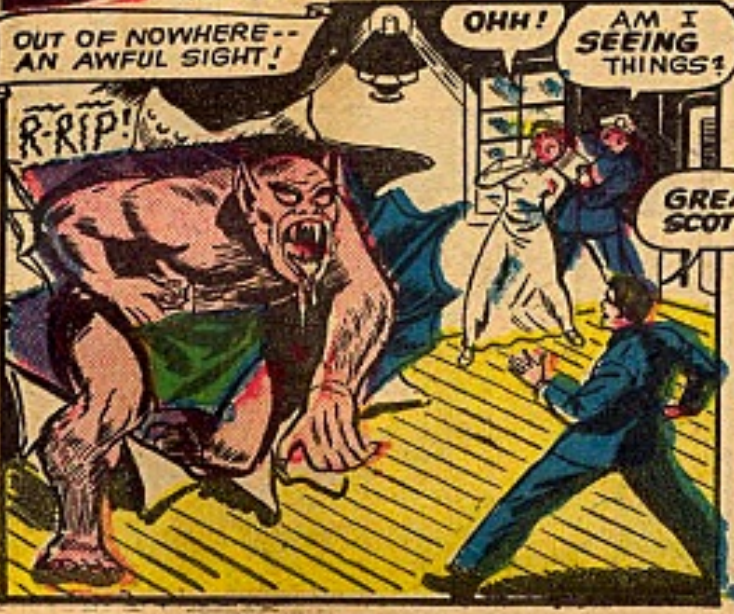


... NOW PLACE THE WEDDING RING ON THE BRIDE'S FINGER AND REPEAT AFTER ME ...



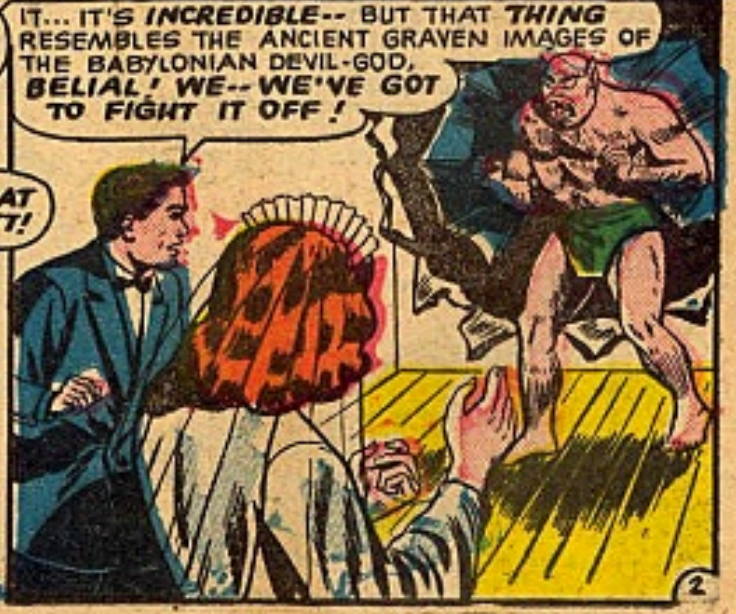
WITH THIS RING I THEE W---

**CRASH!**



OUT OF NOWHERE-- AN AWFUL SIGHT!

OH! AM I SEEING THINGS?



IT... IT'S INCREDIBLE-- BUT THAT THING RESEMBLES THE ANCIENT GRAVEN IMAGES OF THE BABYLONIAN DEVIL-GOD, **BELIAL!** WE-- WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT IT OFF!

GREAT SCOTT!

POWERLESS-- BEFORE A GIANT STRENGTH!



QUICK, CAPTAIN! WHERE'S A GUN?

IT WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD! THE MONSTER'S GONE-- AND YOUR BRIDE WITH HIM!

SOMEHOW, **SOMETHING** SUMMONED THAT BEAST UP FROM THE UNKNOWN-- AND I'VE GOT TO RESCUE GAIL FROM HIS CLUTCHES! IF THAT WAS REALLY BELIAL, HE'S PROBABLY TAKING HER BACK TO THE TEMPLE WE UNCOVERED IN THE MESOPOTAMIAN DESERT-- AND THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING! PUT ME ASHORE, CAPTAIN-- QUICK!

AN HOUR LATER, AT A SMALL AIRPORT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SUEZ--

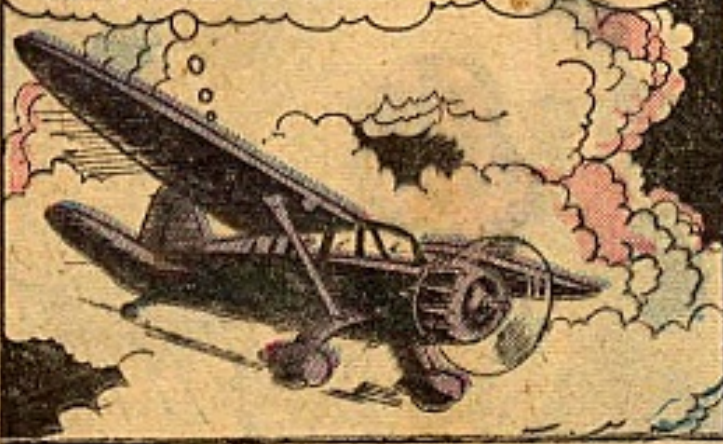
AT THAT PRICE, I WILL FLY YOU ANYWHERE, EFFENDI! LET ME PLACE YOUR SUITCASES IN THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT-- AND WE WILL BE OFF!

I'LL KEEP IT WITH ME-- I'VE GOT BOOKS IN THERE I'LL NEED TO STUDY WHILE YOU'RE FLYING THIS CRATE! LET'S GO-- AND GIVE HER FULL THROTTLE!



THE FACT THAT BELIAL APPEARED JUST AS I PLACED THAT ANCIENT RING ON GAIL'S FINGER MUST BE MORE THAN JUST A COINCIDENCE-- I OUGHT TO KNOW FOR SURE AS SOON AS I FINISH TRANSLATING THE INSCRIPTION THAT WAS ON THE RING! LUCKY I COPIED THE WHOLE THING DOWN THE DAY I FIRST FOUND IT...

**FINALLY--** YE GODS-- THE ENTIRE INSCRIPTION READS-- "**BETROTHED FOREVER-- TO BELIAL!**" NOW I SEE IT ALL-- IT WAS THAT ACCURSED RING!



HOURS LATER, OVER THE RUINED TEMPLE OF BELIAL --

ACCORDING TO LEGEND-- BELIAL HAS ENORMOUS POWERS-- BUT NOW THAT THE RING HAS SUMMONED HIM INTO THE REAL WORLD, HE'LL BE BOUND BY NATURAL LAWS-- WHICH MEANS HE CAN TRAVEL ONLY AS FAST AS ANY ORDINARY WINGED CREATURE HIS SIZE! SO THE PLANE PROBABLY PASSED HIM IN THE NIGHT -- AND I MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO RESCUE GAIL!



THERE'S THE ANCIENT ALTAR, WHERE BABYLONIAN MAIDENS WERE SACRIFICED AS THE BRIDES OF BELIAL THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO -- OH-OH, I HEAR THE SOUND OF WINGS!



IT... IT'S HIM! GAIL STILL SEEMS TO BE IN A DEAD FAINT-- THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT!



HE GLANCED UP AT THE MOON-- AND THEN WENT SCRAMBLING OFF AMONG THE ROCKS, AS IF LOOKING FOR SOMETHING! WAIT-- NOW I REMEMBER-- THE SACRIFICES TO BELIAL WERE ALWAYS MADE AT THE TIME OF THE FULL MOON, AND WITH A SPECIAL SACRIFICIAL SCIMITAR! THERE'S STILL A LITTLE TIME BEFORE THE MOON IS COMPLETELY FULL, AND BELIAL MAY HAVE GONE OFF TO DIG UP THE LONG-BURIED SCIMITAR! SO THERE OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH TIME FOR ME TO RELEASE GAIL AND GET HER AWAY FROM THAT DEVIL!

BRUCE-- WHERE... WHERE AM I? NO TIME TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS-- I'VE GOT TO GET THESE CHAINS OFF YOU! BLAST IT-- THEY'RE TOO CUNNINGLY FASTENED-- I'D NEED A BLOWTORCH TO RELEASE YOU!





WAIT-- **THE RING!** PUTTING IT ON YOUR FINGER MARKED YOU AS THE BRIDE OF BELIAL--SO MAYBE TAKING IT OFF WILL PREVENT YOU FROM BECOMING HIS SACRIFICIAL VICTIM-- AND SEND HIM BACK TO THE LIMBO WE SUMMONED HIM FROM!



BRUCE! YOU'RE HURTING ME!



IT WENT ON EASILY ENOUGH-- BUT IT SEEMS TO HAVE SHRUNK ON YOUR FINGER-- **IT WON'T COME OFF!**

THE MOON WILL SOON BE AT ITS ZENITH -- I'VE GOT TO DO **SOMETHING-- AND FAST!** AND SINCE I CAN'T DO ANYTHING THROUGH NATURAL MEANS, ALL I CAN DO IS TRY THE **SUPER-NATURAL -- AND FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!**



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, BRUCE?

IN ANCIENT BABYLONIAN MYTHOLOGY, BELIAL'S ARCH-ENEMY WAS ORMAZO, THE GOD OF GOOD-- SO THAT IF BELIAL ACTUALLY EXISTS, THEN ORMAZO MUST **ALSO** EXIST! IN THE LIMBO OF NOTHINGNESS IN WHICH BELIAL EXISTED BEFORE THE RING SUMMONED HIM TO EARTH, ORMAZO PROBABLY COULDN'T DESTROY HIM -- BUT NOW THAT BELIAL IS IN HIS VULNERABLE BODILY FORM, HE CAN BE ANNIHILATED! SO OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO INVOKE ORMAZO-- TO SUMMON **HIM** UP TO DO BATTLE WITH BELIAL!



**A STRANGE INCANTATION!**

HEAR ME, O MIGHTY ORMAZO-- APPEAR TO US TO DESTROY THY ARCH-ENEMY, BELIAL-- FOR HE HAS RETURNED TO EARTH TO WREAK EVIL UPON THE INNOCENT ONCE MORE! LET **THIS** BE THE HOUR PREDICTED IN THE SACRED BOOK OF AHURA-MAZDA, WHEN THE GOD OF GOOD SHALL VANQUISH THE GOD OF EVIL!



BELIAL WILL NOT BE PROTECTED BY SPELLS, SINCE HE WILL NOT BE EXPECTING YOU, O ORMAZO-- SO MATERIALIZE AND SLAY THY ANCIENT ENEMY!



ARGHHH!

BRUCE-- IT'S **BELIAL!**

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S-- **TOO LATE!**



BUT SUDDENLY, LIKE THE CRACK OF DOOM ITSELF--



I DID IT, GAIL! THAT MUST BE THE ARM AND SWORD OF ORMAZD!

THEN, IN A MIGHTY STROKE--



YAAGHHHH!

BELIAL'S DISINTEGRATING... VANISHING!



YES-- FOR GOOD!

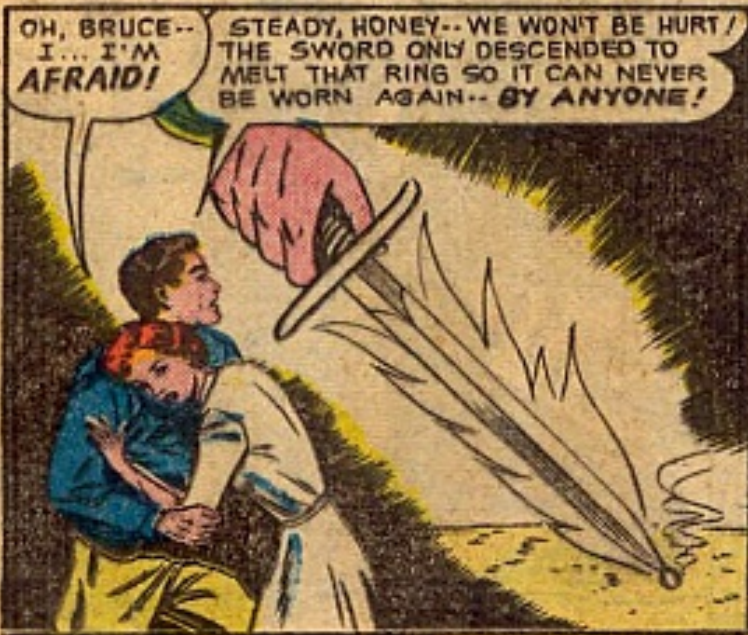
AND BRUCE-- MY CHAINS-- THEY'RE FALLING AWAY!



YES-- AND THE RING IS FALLING FROM YOUR FINGER!

OH, BRUCE-- I... I'M AFRAID!

STEADY, HONEY-- WE WON'T BE HURT! THE SWORD ONLY DESCENDED TO MELT THAT RING SO IT CAN NEVER BE WORN AGAIN-- BY ANYONE!



WITH A LAST FLOURISH AGAINST THE STARRY HEAVENS--

THE ANCIENT BABYLONIANS CALLED THEIR GOD ORMAZD-- BUT IT'S PROBABLY THE SAME GOD THAT'S KNOWN BY MANY OTHER NAMES AMONG DIFFERENT PEOPLES! AND WHATEVER HIS NAME, THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT IT'S GOOD!

AND NOW WE CAN GET BACK TO CIVILIZATION-- AND BUY A PLAIN, SIMPLE, ORDINARY WEDDING RING!



The End

# UNCANNY MYSTERIES

The AFRICAN WERE-JACKALS

ON THE RHODESIAN-CONGO BORDER, AT THE NORTH-EASTERN PORTION OF THE UJUNDU SWAMP, STRANGE RITES HAVE GONE ON FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES... AND BY FAR THE STRANGEST OF THESE IS THE UNCANNY DANCE OF THE JACKAL, WITNESSED AND SWORN TO BY A FEW WHITE EXPLORERS AND TERRITORIAL COMMISSIONERS!



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE WILD DANCE, THE NATIVE "NYANGA", OR WITCH-DOCTOR, POURS A DRUG CALLED BWLANDI INTO THE MOUTHS OF TWO YOUNG INITIATES WHO HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR THE UNHOLY LYCANTHROPIC RITES...



AND SUDDENLY, IT IS SAID...



GREAT SCOTT... DO... DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

I... I'M AFRAID I DO! DID IT REALLY HAPPEN... OR IS IT JUST A CASE OF MASS HYPNOTISM?



YES, HYPNOTISM OR REALITY... WHO CAN KNOW... EXCEPT THE WERE-JACKALS THEMSELVES?





**YOU**  
can WIN  
this big 15"  
Silver Trophy  
as Roger  
just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

*Roger D. Hirsch*

**ROGER HIRSCH**  
was an  
112 lb.  
6 ft.  
weakling  
**LOOK AT HIM NOW!**



Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was  
of being **SKINNY** **CHICKEN-CHESTED**  
**SPINDLE-ARMED**  
**NARROW-SHOULDERED**  
**SHORT-WINDED**  
**WEAK, HALF-ALIVE**  
**JEERED, BULLIED** ?

**Then do as I did...  
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW**

**I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle  
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST  
3 inches to each ARM**

**And the rest in proportion —  
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS  
by using the JOWETT SYSTEM**

**for building Real HE-MEN**

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
ROGER. Let's  
pass him by!



Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me  
**10** pleasant Minutes a Day  
in your own home... and I'll  
give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**  
for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says **GEORGE F. JOWETT**  
**World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN**

**NO!** I DON'T care how skinny or flabby you are, if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over, if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a **Champion of Champions.**

**YES!** You'll see **INCH upon INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to your **ARMS, YOUR CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-AROUND, ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN, a WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!



George F. Jowett  
When sports  
call "Champion  
of Champions"

- World's wrestling and weight lifting champ
- World's Strongest Arms.
- 4 times "World's Perfect Body" Winner.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**  
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my **"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER"**—the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like **Champ Roger Hirsch** did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you die. **SO...**

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**FREE!**

If you mail coupon NOW

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**2 JOWETT'S Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!**

His amazing book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power! Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for **FREE** gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN**

NOW LET ME MAKE **YOU** LIKE **ROGER**  
**A WINNER**  
IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



This may be Your **LAST**  
chance to **GET AMAZING**  
**NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER**

All these **5 Picture**  
Packed **COURSES** on He-  
Man Building for only  
while supply lasts!

**10¢**

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more

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- 2. MUSCLE METER**

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—E. F. Kelley  
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