

STEPHEN KING'S

# CREEPSHOW™

A GEORGE A. ROMERO FILM

ART BY BERNI WRIGHTSON · COVER ART BY JACK KAMEN



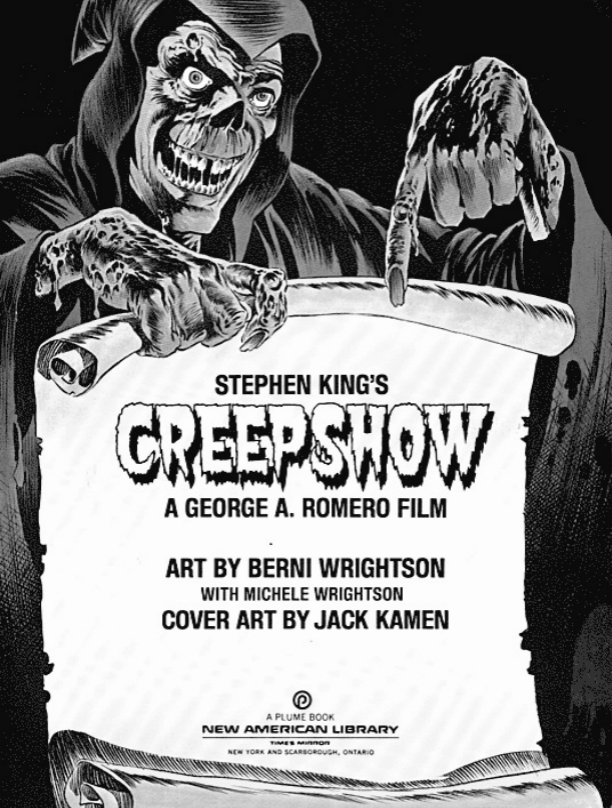
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 A PLUM BOOK MOVIE ADAPTATION  
 WRITTEN BY STEPHEN KING  
 ART BY BERNI WRIGHTSON · COVER BY JACK KAMEN

CREEPSHOW [1982]

SNIKSKAN

THIS IS A COMPLETE COVER TO COVER SCAN  
 RELEASING IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE FILM





STEPHEN KING'S

# CREEPSHOW

A GEORGE A. ROMERO FILM

ART BY BERNI WRIGHTSON

WITH MICHELE WRIGHTSON

COVER ART BY JACK KAMEN



A PLUME BOOK

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HEH-HEH!! GREETINGS, KIDDIES,  
AND WELCOME TO THE FIRST ISSUE  
OF **CREEPSHOW**, THE MAGAZINE  
THAT DARES TO ANSWER THE  
QUESTION "WHO GOES THERE?"

FATHER'S  
DAY

I'M THE **CREEP** AND I'LL BE YOUR GUIDE  
ON THIS JOURNEY INTO FEAR. OUR FIRST STOP...  
THE PARLOR OF THE **GRANTHAM HOUSE**...  
YOU'LL **LIKE** THE **GRANTHAMS**, KIDDIES. THEY'RE  
THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO'D STEAL CANDY FROM  
A BABY... THEN LACE IT WITH **ARSENIC** AND  
FEED IT TO THE **DOG!** BUT, READ ON... YOU'LL  
GET TO MEET THEM SOON ENOUGH...

DO YOU  
THINK SHE'LL  
REALLY BE OUT,  
AUNT SYLVIA?

OH-HO-HO! YOU  
COULD SET YOUR  
WATCH BY HER FOUR  
O'CLOCK ON  
THE DOT.

PASS THOSE SCONES,  
CASS. YOU'RE SUCH A HOG.  
YOU MARRIED A WOG,  
HENRY. YOU KNOW  
THAT, DON'T YOU?

WILL **WHO**  
BE OUT,  
CASS?



YOU MEAN CASS HASN'T TOLD YOU ABOUT DOTTY OLD GREAT AUNT **BEDELIA**? THE PATRIARCH OF THE CLAN?

ISN'T SHE THE ONE WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE... WELL...

... SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED HER FATHER, YES.



... SUPPOSED TO HAVE BOPPED THE OLD POOP WITH AN ASHTRAY. **HE** WAS THE **REAL** PATRIARCH, RICHARD... MADE ALL THE MONEY, DIDN'T HE?

AND IF **THAT** DOESN'T QUALIFY HIM FOR PATRIARCH STATUS, NOTHING DOES!



NATHAN GRANTHAM, BEDELIA'S FATHER, WAS OLDER THAN GOD, BUT THE OLD FART SIMPLY WOULD NOT DIE... BEDELIA WAS ACQUITTED, YOU KNOW, HENRY.

IT'S **HANK**, AUNT SYLVIA. CAN'T YOU REMEMBER THAT?

OF COURSE, EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST ONE SKEL-ETON IN ITS CLOSET. DON'T YOU AGREE, **HENRY**?

HOWEVER IT HAPPENED... **HANK**... THE OLD MAN DESERVED TO DIE!



HE WAS A **MONSTER**! AND IF SHE **DID** KILL HIM, I SAY MORE POWER TO HER!

**BRAVO!**



SAY, KIDDIES... ISN'T THAT FABLED AUNT BEDELIA HERSELF, PULLING UP AS HER GRATEFUL FAMILY DISCUSSES HER? NOT DRIVING ANY TOO **STRAIGHT**, EITHER... BUT THEN...

HE SIMPLY WOULD NOT DIE, HENRY. AND THE ABUSE BEDELIA TOOK... WELL... ACCORDING TO THE STORY, HE WAS HYSTERICALLY JEALOUS OF HER ALL HIS LIFE...

...MAYBE YOU CAN SEE WHY!

...THE COMPLETE FREUDIAN RELATIONSHIP. HE HAD A STROKE AND SHE GOT TO NURSE HIM FULL TIME. THEN, SHE MET A **MAN**... A REAL SEPTEMBER COURTSHIP...



SEP-TEM-BER COURTSHIP? THAT WAS OCTOBER. OR NOVEMBER AT THE VERY LEAST... **MAYBE** THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS!

NEVER MIND, DEARS. THE POINT IS, HENRY, SHE **LOVED** THE MAN... AND NATHAN HAD HIM **KILLED!**



HE SUPPOSEDLY DIED IN A **HUNTING ACCIDENT**. THAT'S WHAT'S ON THE BOOKS, ANYWAY...

FOR BEDELIA, IT WAS THE LAST STRAW...

...SHE SPLIT HIS HEAD OPEN WITH A **GLASS ASHTRAY**. THIS VERY ONE...

-- SO RUMOR HAS IT --

--ULP--



YOU SEE, HENRY, RICHARD AND CASS HAVE A GREAT TALENT FOR **SPENDING** THE MONEY NATHAN MADE... AND NATHAN WOULD NOT INDULGE EITHER OF THEM... BUT AUNT BEDELIA SOLVED **THAT** PROBLEM... AND EVERY FATHER'S DAY, SHE COMES UP HERE, VISITS NATHAN'S GRAVE, THEN DINES WITH HER GRATEFUL KINFOLK...



WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, AUNT SYLVIA, WHY NOT TELL HANK ABOUT **YOUR** SUMMER HOUSE IN BERMUDA, **YOUR** PLACE IN ROME? OR **YOUR** LIFETIME EURAIL PASS...OR...

CASSANDRA, DARLING... HOW CAN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BE SUCH AN **UTTER TURD?**



TEMPER, **TEMPER**, FOLKS! ...YOU'RE ARGUING ALMOST LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE **DEAD!** OR MAYBE WE SHOULD STRIKE THE **ALMOST**... HEE-HEE...



HEH-HEH! THAT'S RIGHT, KIDDIES. BEDELIA'S COME HOME TO PAY HER ANNUAL RESPECTS...



...EVERY YEAR ON FATHER'S DAY, LIKE CLOCKWORK...



BUT NOT EVEN THAT BOTTLE OF *INSTANT AMNESIA* IN YOUR HAND CAN BLOT OUT THE SOUND OF HIS CANE, *CAN IT, BEDELIA?* THE CANE, THAT WAS WHAT FINALLY DROVE YOU TO IT, WASN'T IT? THE STEADY CLACK... CLACK... CLACK...



... OF HIS CANE ON THE ARMS OF HIS WHEELCHAIR!!



YOU SEE, KIDDIES, WHEN BEDELIA TOLD HER FATHER SHE HAD GOTTEN ENGAGED, NATHAN GRANTHAM MADE A PHONE CALL...

... AND SAW THAT BEDELIA'S BELOVED WAS WELCOMED INTO THE FAMILY WITH A REAL BANG!...

HEH-HEH! WE KNOW ABOUT THESE HUNTING ACCIDENTS, DON'T WE, KIDDIES?

HEH-HEH! WELL, SO DOES BEDELIA!

BAK

BLAM!

CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK

SHE REMEMBERS THE MORGUE... THE STENCH OF FORMALIN...

CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK

... AND THE TERRIBLE QUESTION...

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS MAN AS PETER RICHARD YARBRO, YOUR FIANCEE?

OH GOD!  
SOB NO!

... YES, KIDDIES... BEDELIA SURELY DOES REMEMBER...

I WANT MY CAKE, BEDELIA! WHERE'S MY CAKE?!

CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK

...AND WHILE NATE NEVER *DID* GET HIS CAKE ON THAT FATHER'S DAY SEVEN YEARS AGO...

WHERE'S MY FATHER'S DAY CAKE?! I WANT IT! I WANT--

...HE GOT ONE *HELL* OF A SURPRISE!

BEDELIA!  
NO! NO!!

RIGHT, KIDDIES?!

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY, DADDY! WE'LL HAVE THE CAKE LATER, OKAY?!

OKAY... OKAY?! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD PETER *KILLED*. BUT HAPPY FATHER'S DAY *ANYWAY*, DADDY! HAPPY... HA--

HA HA HA HA

AND *NOW*, IN THE GRANTHAM FAMILY GRAVEYARD...

DADDY, I'M SO SORRY... BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME HAVE PETER...

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO HAVE HIM KILLED. I STILL WOULD'VE TAKEN CARE OF YOU...

HEH-HEH!... TOO LATE, BEDELIA! IT'S STARTING TO LOOK AS IF...

I JUST... GOT SO MAD, Y'KNOW? I... I THINK IT WAS THE SOUND OF YOUR *CANE*...IT...

DADDY WILL SOON BE TAKING CARE OF YOU!

... IT GOT INTO MY HEAD AND I COULDN'T *THINK*, AND... AND...

...ANYWAY, DADDY,  
I... I MISS YOU...



...SO... HAPPY  
...FATHER'S  
D--!



...DADDY...?  
OH MY  
GOD!!



WHERE'S  
MY CAKE,  
BEDELIA?



IT'S FATHER'S  
DAY AND I WANT  
MY CAKE!



NOOO...  
STAY BACK...  
YOU'RE DEAD...  
DEAD...

I WANT IT...  
IT'S MINE...



... DEAD...  
CHOKE  
DEA--



WHERE'S MY FATHER'S DAY  
CAKE??!



GYAAAA---!



I WANT MY CAKE,  
YOU X@%\*☆!  
AND I'M GOING  
TO HAVE IT!!





SHALL I GLAZE  
THE HAM NOW,  
MA'AM?

YOU'D BETTER  
WAIT ANOTHER FIVE  
MINUTES, MRS. DAN-  
VERS... SHE'S LATE...



PERHAPS SHE'S  
FALLEN ASLEEP, RICHARD.  
YOU'D BETTER GO  
OUT AND CHECK...

I DON'T WANT  
TO GO OUT THERE.  
PLACE GIVES ME  
THE CREEPS...

I'LL  
GO, AUNT  
SYLVIA!



WOULD YOU,  
HENRY? HOW  
**SWEET!**

SWEET, MY  
FANNY! IF I  
HADN'T GOT OUT  
OF THERE SOON, I  
THINK I WOULD'VE  
**BARFED!**

HEH-HEH! THAT'S RIGHT,  
HANK... **BROWN-NOSE**  
THE OLD BAG... ANY-  
THING TO WORM YOUR  
WAY INTO AUNT SYLVIA'S  
GOOD GRACES...

UM... AUNT  
**BEDELIA?**

... RICHARD  
WAS RIGHT. IT  
**IS CREEPY** OUT  
HERE...



MISS GRANTHAM?  
ARE YOU... HUH?



**CLINK!**

... BEDELIA'S BOTTLE...  
**EMPTY!** RIGHT HERE  
AT THE FOOT OF NATE'S  
GRAVE... FUNNY, THE EARTH'S  
ALL... **LOOSE**... LIKE IT  
WAS DUG UP  
RECENTLY, OR...



WHA?! IT... IT **HAS**  
BEEN DUG UP! CAN'T  
GET MY FOOTING...  
I... **FALLING**...





BETTER GET OUT OF THERE QUICK, HANK-BABY!

ACCKKK!! OF ALL THE X@#%☆ CLUMSY...



BUT WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE GRABBING?

...A BRAND NEW JACKET, TOO! ...GOT TO PULL MYSELF UP OUT OF...



MEET AUNT BEDELIA, HANK! WE KNEW YOU'D DIG HER UP IF YOU LOOKED LONG ENOUGH, DIDN'T WE, KIDDIES? HEE-HEE!

OH GOD! BEDELIA!



SHE... IT'S ROLLED ON TOP OF ME!! CAN'T MOVE!  
I... I...



WHA?! THE HEADSTONE!  
...IT... IT... MOVED!!

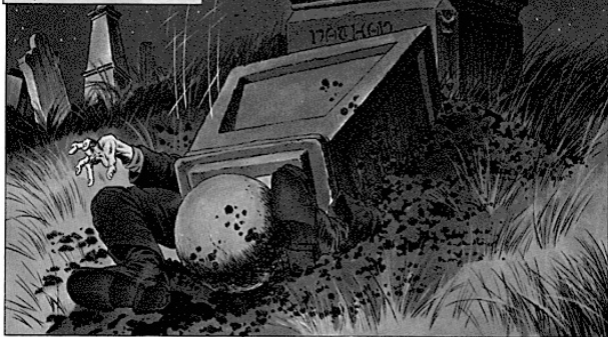


OH, GOD!  
IT... IT'S TILTING!  
IT'S GONNA...



...GOOD LORD, NO!  
...NATE!  
NO!!

OLE HANK DIDN'T KNOW THAT AUNT BEDELA'S VISIT WAS GOING TO BECOME SUCH A **GRAVE MATTER!** AND, APPROACHING THE HOUSE...



IT LOOKS LIKE YOU JUST CAN'T KEEP A HUNGRY MAN DOWN!

WHERE'S MY CAKE?



WHERE *IS* HE?  
I'M HUNGRY AND I WANT MY **DINNER!**  
RICHARD, GO FIND HIM!

**YOU FIND HIM! HE'S YOUR HUSBAND... BESIDES, I THINK HE'S A HICK!!**



**RICHARD!!**

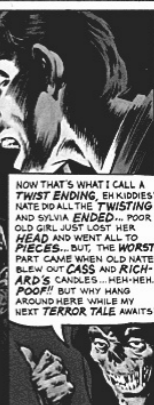
WELL, I DO!  
HE'S A \*%\*ING **HICK!!**

IF YOU'RE GOING TO USE **THAT SORT OF LANGUAGE,** YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE **ME ...**



**I'LL FIND HENRY... MRS DANVERS, HAVE YOU SEEN ...**






NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A TWIST ENDING, EH KIDDIES? NATE DID ALL THE TWISTING AND SYLVIA ENDED... POOR OLD GIRL JUST LOST HER HEAD AND WENT ALL TO PIECES... BUT, THE WORST PART CAME WHEN OLD NATE BLEW OUT CASS AND RICHARD'S CANDLES... HEH-HEH... POOF!! BUT WHY HANG AROUND HERE WHILE MY NEXT TERROR TALE AWAITS?





JUDAS-GIT-HOME / LOOKIT THAT!



HEH-HEH! HELLO, AGAIN, KIDDIES... MY LAST STORY WAS SO GRIM IT EVEN FRIGHTENED ME! SO I DECIDED TO HEAD FOR THE HILLS... YOU KNOW, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN WHEREAT THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER... HEH-HEH... WHICH BRINGS TO MIND ANOTHER TALE...



# THE LONESOME DEATH OF JORDY VERRILL

JORDY VERRILL WAS THE PROVERBIAL JACK OF ALL TRADES AND MASTER OF NONE... BUT, FOR A RATHER SIMPLE-MINDED FELLOW, JORDY DID ALRIGHT... HE MANAGED, JUST BARELY, TO HOLD BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER... UNTIL THAT FATEFUL SUMMER NIGHT HE HAPPENED TO LOOK UP AT THE SKY AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT... OR MAYBE THE *WRONG* ONE...



BY GOD! I'M DAMNED  
IF THAT BLAME THING DIDN'T  
COME DOWN JUST MY SIDE O'  
OLE BLUEBIRD CREEK...



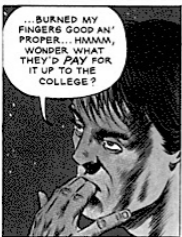
THAT'S A METEOR!  
I'LL BE *DIPPED* IF  
THAT AIN'T A METEOR!  
HOLY JE--



OWWWW!  
SHEE-OOOT!!



... BURNED MY  
FINGERS GOOD AN'  
PROPER... HMMM  
WONDER WHAT  
THEY'D PAY FOR  
IT UP TO THE  
COLLEGE?



AYUH, IT'S A *METEOR*,  
JUST AS SURE AS MUD  
STICKS TO A *HUBCAP!*  
... SO TELL ME, DOC,  
HOW MUCH WILL  
YOU PAY?



WELL, IT'S A DAMNED *FINE*  
ONE, MR. VERRILL! I SEE  
I CAN'T FOOL YOU ABOUT  
THAT! HOW DOES FIFTY  
DOLLARS SOUND?



I WON'T TAKE  
NO LESS'N *TWO*  
*HUNDRED* BUCKS!  
SO PUT THAT IN  
YOUR PIPE AND  
*SMOKE* IT!

SHALL WE  
SAY... *SEVENTY*  
*FIVE*?



IT'S *MY* METEOR! IF YOU  
WANT IT YOU'LL HAVE TO  
PAY *MY* PRICE! ANITA VERRILL  
DIDN'T RAISE NO *IDJITS!*  
*TWO HUNDRED!!*



*MY* METEOR,  
*MY* PRICE... GOT  
TO COOL THE  
SUMBITCH OFF,  
THAT'S THE  
TICKET!



BUCKET OR TWO OF WATER 'LL DO THE TRICK!  
I... OWWW!

B... BLISTERS!  
SUCKER BURNED ME REAL GOOD!

WELL, NO MATTER...

... CAUSE THIS TIME OLE JORDY...

... HAS GOT IT MADE!!



I'M SORRY, MR. VERRILL... WE SIMPLY CAN'T CARRY YOUR LOAN ANY LONGER. I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO...

YOU WON'T HAVE TO, MR. BILKMORE!

WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME, MR. VERRILL, JUST HOW YOU CAME BY THIS MONEY?

YOU MIGHT SAY IT FELL OUT OF THE SKY!!

... OUT OF THE SKY! HAW-HAW! THAT'S...

HUH?

THE... THE WATER WAS TOO COLD! CRACKED THE METEOR WIDE OPEN! OH, YOU DONE IT NOW, JORDY VERRILL, YOU LUNKHEAD!






...BUT WHAT'S THIS, KIDDIES? SOMETHING INTERESTING SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING IN THE CRATER! LOOKS LIKE THE INVASION OF THE CRABGRASS FROM OUTER SPACE HAS BEGUN... HEH-HEH...

CLICK! ...TO JESUS YES, FRIENDS, BROTHER MELVIN WAS A LOW-LIFE DRUNK UNTIL HE SAW THE LIGHT! HE SOLD HIS CAR...





... AND GAVE THE MONEY TO ME, REVBREND FLEECE U. WHITE AND MY CHURCH OF THE HOLY SHRINKING PURSE... BROTHER

MELVIN WAS SAVED!  
AND SO CAN YOU, TOO  
BE SAVED! JUST  
SEND A CHECK!..

...OR MONEY OR  
NO STAMPS OR  
PLEASE AND  
GET TO HEAV

OH, MY LORD!!  
THAT... THAT  
METEORCRAP!!

GOT TO CALL DOC  
GEESON, THAT'S WHAT  
I GOT TO DO...

... I GOT  
TO... TO...

I'M SORRY, JORDY...  
BUT THOSE FINGERS...

...THOSE FINGERS  
WILL HAVE TO  
COME OFF!!

OH, NO!!

JUST LIE  
-DOWN, JORDY!  
I'M SORRY,  
BUT THIS IS  
GOING TO BE  
VERY PAINFUL!

NO!!

OH, JORDY,  
YOU LUNK-  
HEAD!



...SOMETHING AWFUL'S HAPPENED! IT... IT...

...AND I'M ON VACATION FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS, CHASING THE WILY...

SMALL MOUTHED BASS IN WESTERN MAINE. DR. PETER V. HIGGINS OF CASTLE ROCK WILL BE TAKING MY CALLS...  
:CLICK:

NO HOSPITAL...

WHEN YOU GO IN *THERE* YOU DON'T COME OUT NO MORE! THAT'S WHERE THEY TAKE YOU TO DIE... THAT'S...

...NO, NO... THE HOUSE IT'S GROWIN', TOO! NO...NO, NO!!

THERE YOU ARE, SUCKER! KNEW YOU WAS IN THERE, SOMEPLACE...

...MAKE IT STRONG! GOTTA MAKE IT REAL STRONG...

...NEEDED... :GLUG-GLUG: ...NEEDED THAT...

...I MEAN YOUR REDS AND YOUR PINKOS...

...NEEDED THAT :GLUG: TOO...

...NEEDED THAT! RELAX... NEED TO...

AS JORDY SLEEPS, THE UNEARTHLY VEGETATION CONTINUES TO GROW... THROUGH THE EARLY EVENING...

... AND THESE HERE COMMUNISTS DON'T LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO *DRINK CHRISTIAN BLOOD!* SO SEND YOUR CASH CONTRIBUTIONS TO...

... AND INTO THE DEAD OF NIGHT...

... ENDS ITS BROADCASTING DAY... "OH-OOH, SAY CAN YOU SEE...

... AND ON INTO THE EARLY HOURS OF THE NEXT DAY...

WHAT SO PROU HAILED, AT TWILIGHT?

OH :YAWN: OH, LORD! WHAT A DR...

IT AIN'T NO DREAM!  
IT AIN'T! AN' IT  
ITCHES! GORRY  
HOW IT ITCHES!!

...GOTTA TAKE  
A BATH! GOTTA STOP  
THE ITCHIN'... GOT...

JORDY.

DA... DAD?! BUT  
YOU'RE DEAD! YOU  
BEEN DEAD... LORD!  
THREE YEARS ALMOST.

I'M NOT REALLY HERE  
AT ALL, JORDY... I'M  
JUST IN YOUR MIND...

...YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO GET  
IN THAT TUB, ARE YOU?

... IT... DADDY, IT  
ITCHES! IT ITCHES  
ALL OVER ME... I GOT  
TO COOL OFF!

NO! IT'S THE  
WATER THAT  
IT WANTS, DON'T  
YOU KNOW THAT?

BUT... BUT,  
DADDY, IT'S TEN  
THOUSAND TIMES  
WORSE THAN THAT  
POISON IVY I HAD  
THAT TIME...

...IT... IT ITCHES  
ME SOMETHIN'  
FIERCE, DADDY!  
IF I DON'T STOP  
IT, I'LL GO  
CRAZY!!

YOU GET INTO  
THAT WATER, JORDY,  
YOU MIGHT AS WELL  
BE SIGNING YOUR  
DEATH WARRANT!

IT DON'T MATTER,  
I'M A GONER, ANYWAY,  
AIN'T I DADDY? THE  
STUFF OUTTA THAT  
METEOR GOT ME  
AN' I'M GONE!!

AIN'T I,  
DADDY?

...DADDY...?

OH, BETTER...  
BETTER...

BETTER!  
OH, LORD, SOB!  
BETTER...  
...BETTER...

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



...PLEASE, GOD...



...GOT IT LOADED! OH, THANK YOU, GOD...



W-K-B-S NOW BEGINS ITS BROADCASTING DAY... OH-OOH, SAY CAN YOU SEE, BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT...



...WHAT SO PROUD-LY WE HAILED AT THE TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING... WHOSE BROAD STRIPES AND BRIGHT STARS, THROUGH THE...



...NOW, GOD... PLEASE, JUST LET ME FIND THE TRIGGER... JUST LET...

...PERILOUS NIGHT O'ER THE RAMPARTS WE WATCHED...





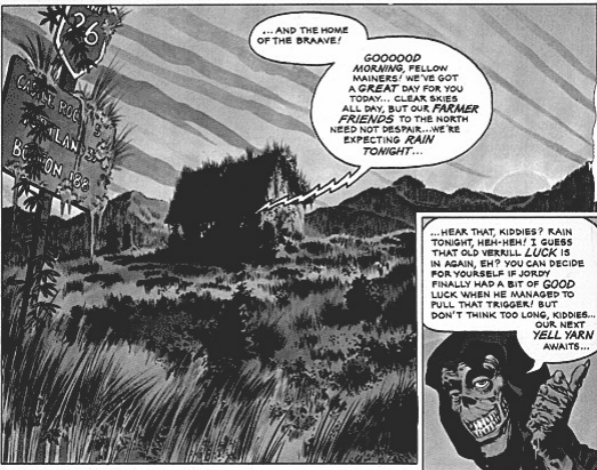
...WERE SO GALLANT-LY  
STREAMING--AND THE ROCKET'S  
RED GLARE, THE BOMBS...



...BURSTING IN AIR, GAVE PROOF  
THROUGH THE NIGHT THAT OUR  
FLAG WAS STILL THERE! OH, SAY  
DOES THAT STAR-SPANGLED...



BA-ANNNER YET WA-AAVE...  
O'ER THE LA-ANND OF THE  
FREEZE...



... AND THE HOME  
OF THE BRAAVE!

GOOOOOD  
MORNING, FELLOW  
MAINERS! WE'VE GOT  
A GREAT DAY FOR YOU  
TODAY... CLEAR SKIES  
ALL DAY, BUT OUR FARMER  
FRIENDS TO THE NORTH  
NEED NOT DESPAIR...WE'RE  
EXPECTING RAIN  
TONIGHT...

...HEAR THAT, KIDDIES? RAIN  
TONIGHT, HEH-HEH! I GUESS  
THAT OLD VERRILL LUCK IS  
IN AGAIN, EH? YOU CAN DECIDE  
FOR YOURSELF IF JORDY  
FINALLY HAD A BIT OF GOOD  
LUCK WHEN HE MANAGED TO  
PULL THAT TRIGGER! BUT  
DON'T THINK TOO LONG, KIDDIES...  
OUR NEXT  
YELL YARN  
AWAITS...

HEH-HEH! WELCOME, KIDDIES... I DON'T KNOW ABOUT *YOU*, BUT I'M FEELING A BIT *EDGY*! MAYBE I'M STILL FEELING THE EFFECTS OF OUR LAST STORY... OR MAYBE IT'S JUST BECAUSE I HAVEN'T BEEN *OUT* IN A LONG TIME! THAT'S *IT!* I'VE GOT THAT *BOXED-IN* FEELING, HEH-HEH! WHICH REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER TALE IN MY *LURID LEXICON!* A LITTLE FEAR FABLE CALLED...

# THE CRATE



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE BASEMENT OF *AMBERSON HALL*, THE SCIENCE BUILDING ON THE CAMPUS OF *HORLICKS UNIVERSITY*...

...IT BEGINS WITH A WHIM OF *FATE*... A TOSS OF THE *COIN*, AS IT WERE, HEH-HEH!

BUT IT'S NOT A CASE OF HEADS OR TAILS, KIDDIES... OH, NO...



...IT'S THE CASE OF A QUARTER THAT WENT WRONG... DEAD WRONG!

OR MAYBE IT WAS FATE AFTER ALL!

WHO KNOWS? HEH-HEH-HEH!

THERE! LOOK AT THAT! DAMMIT!

0#!!☆?!

WHAT THE HELL?

THE JANITOR'S FLASHLIGHT REVEALS A CRATE... A VERY OLD CRATE!

GUESS I GOT TO CALL PROFESSOR STANLEY! YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I GOT TO DO...

MEANWHILE, AT A DULL FACULTY PARTY ACROSS TOWN, A FACULTY WIFE NAMED WILMA NORTHROP HAS BEEN STRUCK EXCEEDINGLY DRUNK... AND NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME!

PROFESSOR DEXTER STANLEY, YOU ARE SUCH A CHILD! YOU AND HENRY BOTH, SUCH CHILDREN! BUT AT LEAST HENRY HAS ME TO TAKE CARE OF HIM... DON'T YOU, DEAR?

YES, BILLIE...

AND THIS IS HENRY AND WILMA NORTHROP, IN THE ENGLISH DE-

JUST CALL ME BILLIE, EVERYONE DOES... IF YOU NEED SOMEONE TO SHOW YOU THE ROPES, HON, COME SEE ME. YOU BUYING OR RENTING?

RENTING, RIGHT NOW, BUT WE...

THAT'S ALL FOR THE BEST, HONEY. BELIEVE ME, BUYING A HOUSE IN A COLLEGE TOWN IS A FRIGGING PAIN IN THE ASS... AT OUR HOUSE ALL I DO IS TAKE CARE OF HENRY... HENRY! WE'RE GOING TO FRESHEN OUR DRINKS... STAY PUT!

DROP DEAD, BILLIE!

GIMMEE A **B**... GIMMEE AN **I**...GIMMEE A **T**... GIMMEE A ... YOU KNOW THE REST, EH, KIDDIES? HEH-HEH-HEH! THE CHEER IS AS OLD AS MARRIAGE **ITSELF!**

CHALK UP ANOTHER KILL FOR BILLIE... THE RED BARON PALES INTO INSIGNIFICANCE COMPARED TO HER!

HEY, COME ON. IT'S NOT THAT BAD...

HOW I'VE GROWN TO HATE HER, DEX...

HENRY, YOU DON'T...

THERE'S A TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOU, PROFESSOR STANLEY.

JUST CALL ME **BILLIE!** EVERYONE DOES!

DUTY CALLS, HENRY... SEE YOU LATER, OKAY?

HELLO? DEXTER STANLEY HERE...

PROFESSOR STANLEY? THIS IS MIKE LATIMER, JANITOR AT THE COLLEGE? I FOUND SOMETHIN' YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN...

MIKE TELLS OF HIS DISCOVERY...

...AN' IT SAYS **ARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1834**...

1834? REALLY?

...WHILE OUTSIDE, WILMA GOES FROM **BAD** TO... WELL...

... SO I SAID, HENRY, YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR BUTT FROM **THIRD BASE!** IF YOU THINK I... **OOOPS!**

WELL, I'LL BE SURE TO CHECK IT OUT FIRST THING ON **MONDAY**...

I KNOW YOU GOT THE PARTY FOR THE **INCOMING FACULTY** AN' ALL, BUT I SURE WISH...

OH, YOUR **POOR TIE!** HERE, LEMME HELP...

Y'KNOW, MIKE, MAYBE I **COULD** GET UP THERE THIS AFTERNOON. IT'S A PRETTY **PULL PARTY**...

SAY, THAT'D BE **GREAT**, PROFESSOR! I'LL BE WAITIN' RIGHT HERE...

SO IT'S RUINED, SO WHAT?  
BUY A NEW ONE! IT'S ONLY  
MONEY, I ALWAYS SAY! ISN'T  
THAT RIGHT, HENRY?

THERE GOES HENRY'S  
PROMOTION, POOR DEVIL...  
MAYBE I SHOULD... NO, BETTER  
TO LEAVE IT FOR NOW... ANYWAY,  
I'LL SEE HIM TONIGHT... MIGHT  
EVEN LET HIM BEAT  
ME AT CHESS...

... AN HOUR LATER, AT  
AMBERSON HALL...

... SO I MISSED IT  
AND IT ROLLED UNDER  
THERE ... WOULDN'T'VE  
BOtherED, BUT IT WAS  
MY LAST QUARTER  
FOR THE COKE  
MACHINE...

I'M NOT GETTING  
A GOOD LOOK, MIKE.  
RAISE THE LIGHT  
A BIT... OH, YES!  
THERE IT IS...

SURE LOOKS OLD  
ENOUGH... LET'S GET  
THIS GRILL OFF AND  
HAVE A CLOSER  
LOOK...

THOUGHT  
YOU'D NEVER  
ASK, PRO-  
FESSOR!

... LONG MINUTES AND  
SEVERAL SCRAPED  
KNUCKLES LATER...

THERE WE  
GO! WATCH IT,  
DOC... HEAVY  
SUCKER...

I'M OKAY,  
MIKE.  
LET'S GET THAT  
CRATE OUT OF  
THERE.

NOT VERY  
NICE UNDER  
THERE, AT ALL!  
GOD, I HATE  
TIGHT PLACES.

I THINK  
GRUNT: WE  
MIGHT REALLY  
HAVE SOMETHING  
HERE... LET'S  
TAKE IT DOWN  
TO THE MAIN  
LAB...

STRAINING AND HEAVING, THE TWO MEN MANAGE TO GET THE CRATE DOWN THE HALL, INTO THE LAB AND...

...ONTO THE TABLE **GASP!** THERE! WE... WHAT'S WRONG, MIKE?

I... LORD!! I DUNNO...

... FELT LIKE... WELL, LIKE SOMETHING **MOVED** IN THERE... DIDN'T YOU FEEL IT?

IF THERE EVER WERE ANY LIVING SPECIMENS IN THERE I DOUBT IF THEY'RE FEELING VERY **LIVELY** A HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX YEARS...

**SURE!** BUT, IT FELT LIKE SOMETHING **SHIFTED**...

...GUESS I BEEN SPENDIN' TOO MUCH TIME IN THE HOT SUN, HUH, DOC?

MAYBE, MIKE! LET'S GET IT **OPEN!**

**SURE!** I GOT A **CROWBAR** IN MY CLOSET... JUST WAIT WHILE I GO GET IT...

...UH-OH... NOT GOOD, DEX! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TURNED TO WATCH MIKE LEAVE! IF YOU'D KEPT LOOKING AT THE CRATE, YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN IT **MOVE**... JUST A LITTLE... BUT IT **DID MOVE**... HEE-HEE...

MEANWHILE, WILMA'S GETTING READY TO GO TO HER NIGHT-CLASS... AT LEAST, SHE SAYS SHE'S GOING TO CLASS! AND IF SHE LOOKS MORE AS IF SHE'S PLANNING TO BOOGIE DOWN TO THE LOCAL DISCO... WELL...



... AND DON'T LEAVE THE PANS JUST SOAKING LIKE LAST WEEK, HENRY, **SCRUB** THEM! JUST BECAUSE YOU AND YOUR INTELLECTUAL FRIEND ARE GOING TO PLAY **CHESS**, DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO LEAVE A MESS FOR ME!

YES, BILLIE!



AND KINDLY HAVE HIM OUT OF HERE BEFORE MY CLASS IS OVER. FRANKLY, THAT TOBACCO HE SMOKES MAKES ME WANT TO RALPH!!

YES, BILLIE!



"YES, BILLIE, YES, BILLIE!" DEAR HENRY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT ME?

I DON'T KNOW, BILLIE...

WELL, ON THAT, WE'RE EVEN, HENRY, BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW EITHER!



DO ME A FAVOR, WILMA! HAVE A FEW MORE ON THE WAY IN AND KILL YOURSELF... YOU MAD-DOG BITCH!

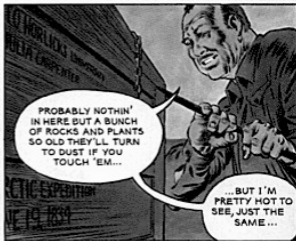


... BACK AT THE LAB...



THAT'S GOT THE CHAINS, DOC... CARE TO DO THE HONORS?

BE MY GUEST, MIKE, IT'S YOUR FIND...



PROBABLY NOTHIN' IN HERE BUT A BUNCH OF ROCKS AND PLANTS SO OLD THEY'LL TURN TO DUST IF YOU TOUCH 'EM...

... BUT I'M PRETTY HOT TO SEE, JUST THE SAME...



THAT'S WHAT MAKES SCIENTISTS, MIKE. JUST LAST YEAR WE FOUND AN ANTIQUE GERBIL-RUN UP ON THE FOURTH FLOOR...



...LOVELY GLASS PANELS... PROBABLY WORTH A THOUSAND OR TWO...



... BUT I'M STILL BETTING YOUR GRATE'S FULL OF OLD MAGAZINES OR JUST PLAIN JUNK...  
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, DOC...



... STILL... THAT ARCTIC EXPEDITION BUSINESS... AND THE DATE...

YEAH! KINDA MAKES YOU WONDER IF... MAYBE...



SURE HOPE YOU FELLOWS DIDN'T WAKE ANYTHING UP...HEE-HEE!

DOC, DO YOU HEAR...?

...YES! THAT LOW, WHISTLING NOISE... PROBABLY JUST ESCAPING GASES...



... EXCEPT IT'S STILL WHISTLING! I DON'T KNOW IF...

LOOK! SOMETHIN' IN THERE! SOMETHIN' SHINY!



DEX STANLEY IS GRIPPED WITH A SUDDEN, ATAVISTIC FEAR...

... LOOKS LIKE A COUPLA EMERALDS, OR...

MIKE! DON'T...



...THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SCIENCE!

WHA? OH, PROFESSOR, COME ON... YOU DON'T...



...!?



OH MY GOD!! MY ARM! IT'S GOT ME!! OH, GOD, HELP ME...



MIKE'S SCREAMS ARE CUT SHORT... REPLACED BY THE SOUNDS OF... CRUNCHING... OF CRACKING BONES...

...THE SICKENINGLY UNMISTAKABLE SOUNDS...

OF EATING!

...UNTIL THEY ARE REPLACED BY A SOFT, DRIPPING SOUND... LIKE RAIN...

CHOMP CHOMP  
HE... HE'S DEAD!! OH, LORD!!

CRACK MUNCH  
I'VE GOT TO...? CHOKE?

CRUNCH SMACK  
...HELP! MUST FIND SOMEONE TO...

HELP! HELP!!



... HELP... I...  
**CHARLIE!**  
CHARLIE GERESON!  
THANK GOD!

PROFESSOR STANLEY!  
WHA...?





...AND INTO  
THE **CRAWL-  
SPACE!** C'MON,  
PROFESSOR! WE'VE  
GOT TO FIND  
MIKE'S BODY...



IS... IS THERE  
ANYTHING...?

YES! THE  
**CRATE'S** HERE...  
SEEMS TO...WAIT!  
WHAT'S THAT?



HERE,  
PROFESSOR...  
**CATCH!!**

WHA?



PUT THAT  
ASIDE... I WANT  
TO MEASURE THE  
**BITE MARKS!**

**BITE MARKS?**  
...ON...ON...  
**MIKE'S SHOE!!**  
OH DEAR  
**GOD!!**



IF CHARLIE DOESN'T LOOK  
OUT, KIDDIES, HE MAY GET  
A CHANCE TO MEASURE  
THOSE **BITE MARKS...**

**PERSONALLY!**

**TOO LATE, CHARLIE!**

WAIT A MINUTE!  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
ELSE... I...

OH, LORD!  
**NO!!**





AT HENRY'S...

... AND THAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF HIM... HIS LEGS DISAPPEARING UNDER THE STAIRWELL... I... I WOULD HAVE SAVED HIM IF I COULD, HENRY... I... I CAME HERE...



YES, HENRY *BELIEVES* YOU, ALL RIGHT, DEX... AND HE SEES CERTAIN *POSSIBILITIES* IN THE SITUATION...

*RYDER'S QUARRY*... THE CRATE... WE CAN *DROP* IT IN RYDER'S QUARRY! TWO MEN ARE *DEAD*, HENRY... TWO MEN DEAD AND I... I COULD BE *BLAMED*...



HENRY... *HENRY?* YOU *DO* BELIEVE ME, DON'T YOU, HENRY?

YES, DEX... I BELIEVE YOU...



BUT, DEX... WE HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO...

RYDER'S QUARRY IS PROBABLY DEEP ENOUGH...

WHAT?



... AND HENRY HAS HIS *OWN* MONSTER, DOESN'T HE, KIDDIES?

CHA... CHARLIE GERESON WANTED TO *MEASURE* THE BITE MARKS! I GUESS HE GOT HIS CHANCE, EH, HENRY? I SURELY GUESS HE GOT HIS CHANCE...



I HAVE TO USE THE FACILITY, DEX... THEN WE'LL DECIDE WHAT TO DO...

A MONSTER NAMED WILMA!!

POOR GUY'S IN SHOCK... *HYSTERICAL*... NEEDS REST... NOW WHERE ARE WILMA'S SLEEPING PILLS?



THESE SHOULD DO THE TRICK... THEY CERTAINLY WORK FOR WILMA...



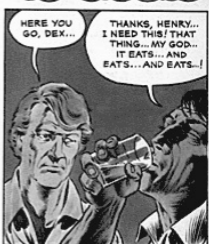
WILMA... OH, YES... WILMA...



SHE'S NEVER FAR FROM YOUR THOUGHTS, IS SHE, HENRY? THAT SHRILL, BRAYING VOICE IS ALWAYS THERE... TELLING YOU... REMINDING...

"OH, HENRY, HA-HA! YOU'RE SUCH A CHILD..."





NOTE? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

WILMA,  
I'VE HAD TO  
LEAVE IN A HURRY  
BECAUSE OF A CALL  
FROM DEKTER STAN-  
LEY. HE SEEMS TO  
HAVE GOTTAEN  
HIMSELF INTO  
A GREAT DEAL  
OF TROUBLE...

...AT LEAST  
THE BLOOD'S  
NOT COMPLETELY  
DRY YET...

...MAKES  
IT A LITTLE  
EASIER TO  
CLEAN...

...IT SEEMS HE GOT A  
YOUNG WOMAN TO AC-  
COMPANY HIM TO AM-  
BERSON HALL, AND THEN  
ATTACKED HER. I'M SOR-  
RY BUT THAT'S THE  
KINDEST WAY TO  
PUT IT...

OH, HENRY THIS  
IS GOOD!  
DEK STAN-  
LEY - A  
SEX  
FIEND!

...THERE...  
THERE'S JUST  
SO MUCH OF IT...  
NEVER SEEN SO  
MUCH BLOOD...

...I TRIED TO GET HIM TO TELL  
ME WHAT HAPPENED BUT HE ONLY  
KEPT REPEATING "IT'S AWFUL,  
HENRY, IT'S AWFUL!" WILMA,  
COULD YOU COME OUT HERE? I  
KNOW IT'S ASKING A LOT...

OH, NO, HENRY!  
IT'S NOT ASKING A  
LOT AT ALL, BE-  
LIEVE YOU ME...  
I CAN'T WAIT!

...HAVE TO HURRY!  
WILMA WILL BE SHOV-  
ING UP HERE ANY TIME  
NOW... HAVE TO  
BE READY...

...BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS SO CLEAR-HEADED  
ABOUT THESE THINGS. AS YOU SO OFTEN  
SAY, WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU?

WHAT,  
INDEED,  
HENRY, HA-HA!  
WHAT  
INDEED?

...A BIT LATER, AT  
AMBERSON HALL...

HENRY?  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?

DOWN  
HERE, WILMA...

THE GIRL,  
HENRY... WHERE  
IS SHE? WHERE...  
WHAT ARE YOU  
LAUGHING AT...

IT... HEH-HEH...  
IT DOES HAVE ITS  
FUNNY SIDE, BILLIE...  
...C'MON, YOU'LL SEE...

YOUR BEST FRIEND  
GETS INTO A SCRAPE  
AND YOU'RE LAUGH-  
ING? WHAT KIND OF...

BUT IT... HEH-HEH... IT'S SO  
FUNNY, BILLIE! C'MON, LOOK!  
SHE'S CRAWLED UNDER THE  
STAIRWELL... LOOK, BILLIE...  
YOU'LL LAUGH, TOO! YOU...  
HEH-HEH... YOU'LL DIE  
LAUGHING!!

GO ON, BILLIE!  
LOOK! TAKE A LOOK,  
AND DIE LAUGHING!  
LOOK, YOU BITCH!!

HENRY! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT I SHOULD  
HAVE  
DONE A LONG TIME AGO!  
GET UNDER THERE,  
WILMA!!

C'MON OUT!  
WAKE UP WHAT-  
EVER YOU ARE!

WAKE UP!  
DINNER TIME!!  
POISON MEAT!  
WAKE UP!

JUST TELL  
IT TO CALL  
YOU BILLIE,  
YOU BITCH!

...JUST TELL  
IT... TO...  
CALL...

OH, THAT WAS  
GREAT, HENRY...  
JUST GREAT!!  
YOU THINK THIS  
IS THE FRIDAY  
NIGHT FIGHTS?

IS THAT WHAT YOU  
THINK, HENRY? WANNA  
SEE SOME REAL  
PUNCHING? HUH, HENRY?

YOU KNOW WHAT, HENRY? YOU'RE A REGULAR *BARNYARD EXHIBIT*-- EVERYTHING ROLLED UP INTO ONE, *SHEEP EYES, CHICKEN GUTS, PIGGY FRIENDS... AND CRAP FOR BRAINS!* NO GOOD AT DEPARTMENTAL POLITICS, NO GOOD AT MAKING AN IMPRESSION...

... AND NO GOOD AT ALL IN *BED!!* DEX STANLEY MAY BE A *RAPIST* BUT AT LEAST HE'S STILL GOT SOME *RAM* IN HIS *RAMROD!* WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU...

...YOU... GOT... IT...



DON'T... HEH-MEH... DON'T *HURT* IT, NOW, WILMA...

... OFFER IT... HEH-MEH... OFFER IT A *DRINK* AND TELL IT...

... TO JUST CALL YOU *BILLIE*...

...HOURS LATER, IN THE KITCHEN OF THE NORTHRUP HOME...



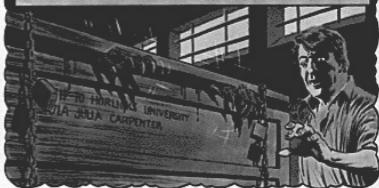
... AND WHEN THOSE HORRIBLE **EATING SOUNDS** FINALLY **STOPPED...** AND I HEARD IT CLIMBING BACK INTO THE **CRATE...**

YES, HENRY... THE **CRATE...** TELL ME WHAT YOU **DID** WITH THE CRATE...

THAT'S THE **BEAUTY** OF IT! YOU PUT THE FINAL PIECE IN THE JIGSAW YOURSELF... THE CRATE IS AT THE BOTTOM OF **RYDER'S QUARRY...**



...AFTER WILMA WAS... **AFTERWARDS**, WHEN I WAS CERTAIN THE THING WAS BACK IN THE **CRATE**, I CHAINED IT UP, AGAIN. FOUND A COUPLE OF LOCKS IN THE JANITOR'S CLOSET... THE BEAST WOKE UP OR CAME TO OR WHATEVER... MADE A HELL OF A RACKET, BUT FINALLY SETTLED DOWN...



... AT ANY **OTHER** TIME OF YEAR, I COULD NEVER HAVE DONE IT, YOU KNOW... BUT, RIGHT NOW THE CAMPUS IS **DESERTED...** I DIDN'T SEE ANOTHER LIVING SOUL... THE WHOLE THING WAS ALMOST **HELLISHLY PERFECT...**



... ANYWAY, I DROVE OUT TO **RYDER'S QUARRY...** I COULD **HEAR** THE THING INSIDE THE CRATE AND I THINK MAYBE, AT THE VERY END, IT SUSPECTED WHAT WAS HAPPENING...



...SO THE **CRATE** IS NOW AT THE BOTTOM OF **RYDER'S QUARRY**... WITH THE REMAINS OF THREE HUMAN BEINGS IN IT...

SK-LASHH

...WELL, **TWO** HUMAN BEINGS... AND **WILMA**...

THEN YOU CAME BACK HERE?

FIRST I WENT BACK TO AMBERSON HALL... AND **CLEANED** UNDER THE STAIRS...

THERE WAS A LOT OF STUFF FROM **WILMA'S** PURSE... THE JANITOR'S KEYRING...

...I THINK I CLEANED UP **EVERYTHING**...

THE QUESTION IS, WHAT HAPPENS **NOW**?

...THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF **FOUL PLAY**... I SAW TO THAT...

...AND THERE REALLY ARE **NO** BODIES...

...WHAT ABOUT **YOU, DEX**? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SAY?

**NOTHING, HENRY**... AFTER ALL, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

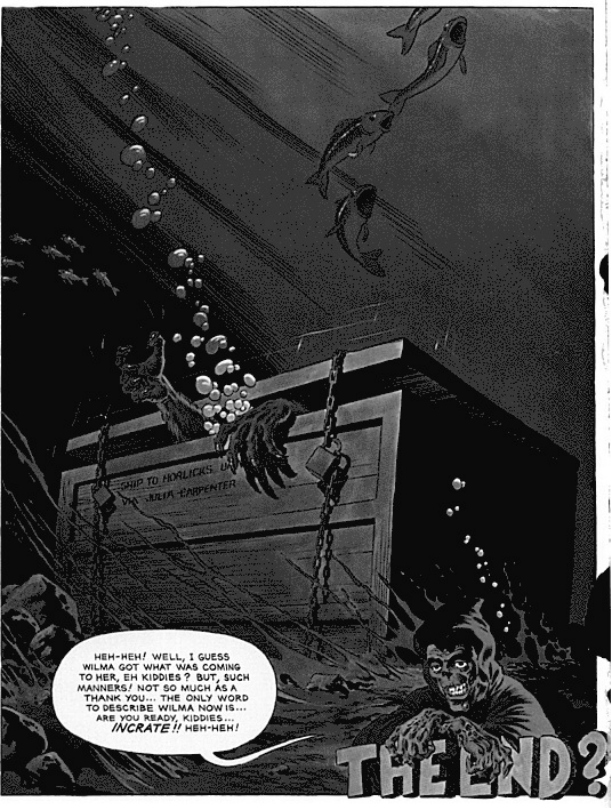
THANK YOU... **THANK YOU, DEX**...

NO NEED TO THANK ME, HENRY. JUST UNDERSTAND THAT I EXPECT TO WHIP YOUR BUTT AT **CHESS** TWICE A WEEK FOR THE REST OF OUR **LIVES**...

WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT **THAT**, WON'T WE?


ONLY ONE THING **BOTHERS** ME... WHAT IF IT GETS **OUT, HENRY**?

IF YOU SAW THE WAY I CHAINED IT UP, YOU WOULDN'T WORRY, DEX. THAT THING IS **DROWNED** IN ITS BOX SEVENTY FEET DOWN... SO **RELAX**...



HEH-HEH! WELL, I GUESS  
WILMA GOT WHAT WAS COMING  
TO HER, EH KIDDIES? BUT, SUCH  
MANNERS! NOT SO MUCH AS A  
THANK YOU... THE ONLY WORD  
TO DESCRIBE WILMA NOW IS...  
ARE YOU READY, KIDDIES...  
**INCRATE!!** HEH-HEH!


**THE END?**



HEH-HEH! HELLO, AGAIN, KIDDIES!  
MY LAST STORY WAS SO GRUELING, I  
THOUGHT I'D TAKE A VACATION... A LITTLE  
TRIP TO THE SEASHORE! OF COURSE, THIS  
REMINDS ME OF YET ANOTHER **AWFUL**  
**ANECDOTE**... BUT THE TIDE'S COMING  
IN SO I'D BETTER GET STARTED! I  
CALL THIS ONE...

SOMETHING  
TO TIDE YOU  
OVER.

YOU SEE, KIDDIES, HARRY WENTWORTH HAS  
BEEN HAVING HIMSELF A GOOD TIME WITH  
BECKY VICKERS... THE ONLY PROBLEM IS RICH-  
ARD VICKERS, BECKY'S HUSBAND, WHO IS JUST  
A WEE BIT UPSET OVER THIS ARRANGEMENT  
AND MEANS TO SEE THAT HARRY GETS HIS  
COMEUPPANCE... CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUN-  
ISHMENT FOR A CHARGE OF UNLAWFUL  
ENTRY, YOU MIGHT SAY... HEH-HEH...



PLEASE, RICHARD...  
DON'T DO ANYTHING  
YOU'LL **REGRET**  
LATER... YOU HAVE  
TO UNDERSTAND...  
WE WERE IN LOVE...

**LOVE?**  
NO, YOU WERE  
**BOFFING** EACH  
OTHER, HARRY!  
THERE'S A **BIG**  
DIFFERENCE!

... AND THAT  
WAS MY **WIFE**  
YOU WERE  
BOFFING!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? DON'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS!

OH, BUT I MUST LEAVE, HARRY OLD BOY... THE TIDE'S COMING IN AND I DON'T WANT TO GET MY SHOES WET...

... BUT YOU HAVE A LITTLE TIME, HARRY-- A FEW MINUTES, MAYBE... TO THINK ABOUT HOW YOU GOT YOURSELF INTO THIS MESS...

... TIME TO REMEMBER, HARRY... TIME TO *REMEMBER* ...

YES, HARRY... REMEMBER...

... REMEMBER THIS MORNING WHEN RICHARD CAME TO YOUR APARTMENT?

NICE PLACE, HARRY... I BET BECKY JUST LOVED IT... POOR BECKY... IT REALLY IS TOO BAD...

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT BECKY...?

... REMEMBER HOW HE SLID THE CASSETTE INTO THE TAPE PLAYER?

LET'S LET BECKY TELL IT HERSELF... IN HER OWN WORDS...

HARRY... PLEASE... HE'S GOT... ME... PLEASE COME... HARRY... PLEASE!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HER?! TELL ME, GODDAMNIT OR I'LL KILL YOU!!

BE SMART, HARRY! CHOKE ME AND YOU'LL NEVER KNOW...

... THAT'S BETTER! AND BELIEVE ME, HARRY, YOU *WANT* TO KNOW, BECAUSE BY ELEVEN THIS MORNING, IT'S GOING TO BE TOO... LATE!

... YES, HARRY... REMEMBER... REMEMBER THE DRIVE TO THE BEACH... REMEMBER RICHARD'S *CONFIDENT*, OVERLY *CASUAL* MANNER? HE WAS IN *CONTROL* FROM THE START, WASN'T HE, HARRY? HE HELD THE TRUMP CARD... HE HAD *BECKY*... SO WHEN HE PULLED THE *GUN* AND ORDERED YOU TO CLIMB INTO THE *HOLE* HE'D DUG EARLIER, YOU *KNEW* YOU'D DO IT... YOU HAD NO *CHOICE*...

YOU... YOU'RE *INSANE*, AREN'T YOU?!

IT MAY BE THAT ON *SOME* SUBJECTS, HARRY, I'M *NOT* ENTIRELY SANE. AND ON THE SUBJECT OF WHAT'S MINE-- I'M NOT SANE --AT ALL!

NOW, GET IN THE HOLE, HARRY!

YOU KEPT THINKING IT WOULD END, DIDN'T YOU, HARRY-BOY?



VERY GOOD, HARRY! NOW START PULLING SAND INTO THE HOLE...

...AND ON...

...IT'S HIP-HIGH... GOOD BOY, HARRY, GOOD BOY! NOW, HANDS IN POCKETS AND STAND VERY, VERY STILL...



...AND ON...

...BECAUSE IF YOU MOVE, JUST THE TINIEST BIT, I MIGHT HAVE TO TAKE MY SHOVEL AND SMASH YOUR GODDAMNED HEAD IN... AND I WOULD NOT WANT TO DO THAT, HARRY... OH, NO...



...AND ON! UNTIL YOU REALIZE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THAT *SOME NIGHTMARES NEVER END!*



THERE, THAT'S GOT IT! DON'T GO AWAY, HARRY... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK...

...REMEMBER HOW WHEN HE'D FINISHED, HE TURNED AND WALKED AWAY?



RICHARD! DON'T GO... DON'T LEAVE ME... PLEASE...

... HOW HE'D RETURNED MOMENTS LATER, THE TV CABLE TRAILING BEHIND HIM LIKE A HUGE BLACK SNAKE ?



SEE, HARRY? I TOLD YOU I'D BE RIGHT BACK...

... AND THEN, INCREDIBLY, HE'D SET UP THE TRIPOD... TOPPED BY A SMALL VIDI-CAM?



HOW'S THE ANGLE, HARRY? THAT'S IT, LOOK RIGHT INTO THE LENS... SAY CHEESESE!

...THEN CONNECTED THE WIRES...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT POWER, HARRY... THIS CABLE RUNS BACK TO MY HOUSE... ABOUT A QUARTER MILE FROM HERE...



... HOW HE THEN SET UP THE MONITOR?



COMFORTABLE, HARRY? GOOD...

...REMEMBER HOW YOU SCREAMED WHEN HE SWITCHED IT ON, HARRY? SCREAMED BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU SAW??



!!!!IT'S SHOWTIME!!

BECKY!!



GREAT VIDEO, HUH? I LOVE THIS STUFF! LOOK AT THE QUALITY OF THAT PICTURE, HARRY-BOY!

BECKY! OH LORD!! BECKYYYY!



SHE CAN'T HEAR YOU... SORRY, BUT SHE LOST THE COIN-TOSS, AND I PUT HER FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH. I PROMISED YOU'D SEE HER AGAIN, HARRY... AND I ALWAYS KEEP MY PROMISES...

YOU'RE INSANE AREN'T YOU? MY GOD! INSANE!



INSANE? MAYBE... OR MAYBE I'M JUST A VIDEO FREAK! I TOLD YOU I LOVE THIS STUFF, HARRY... I'M A COLLECTOR! I WANT TO SAVE THIS...

YOU BASTARD!



IT'S JUST A MATTER OF CONTROL, HARRY...



... THERE'S A CHANGE ... IF YOU JUST KEEP YOUR HEAD...



... I THINK SHE'S LOST HER, DON'T YOU, HARRY?

OH, MY GOD! SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS! OR... OR DEAD!



THAT'S RIGHT, HARRY. AND IF SHE'S NOT DEAD, SHE SOON WILL BE! ENJOY YOURSELF? FEEL HOW FAST YOUR HEART IS BEATING, HARRY? MAKES IT HARDER TO BREATHE, DOESN'T IT? MY, BUT HOW LATE IT'S GETTING! I REALLY MUST TROT, HARRY! ENJOY THE SHOW, AT LEAST UNTIL YOUR MONITOR SHORTS OUT...

NO! WAIT, RICHARD! PLEASE... DON'T LEAVE ME!!



OH, BUT I REALLY HAVE TO GO, HARRY, OLD BOY... IF YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED YET, THE TIDE'S COMING IN! SEE YOU LATER, HARRY... ON MY VCR!!

NO! COME BACK! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! COME BAAAACK!!

BUT HE DOESN'T COME BACK, DOES HE, HARRY? YOU'RE ALL **ALONE** NOW... JUST YOU... THE RISING TIDE... THE PANIC IN YOUR BRAIN... THE BLACK HORROR IN YOUR GUTS!

NO!  
**NOOOO!!**  
GLUB!

...AND IN THE **BACKWASH** OF THAT **FIRST** WAVE, YOU GLANCE OVER AT THE MONITOR TO SEE THAT BECKY HAS PAID THE **FINAL PRICE** FOR LOSING HER **HEAD**...

BECKY! OH,  
GOD... BECKY!!  
SOB!

... BUT WHEN THE **SECOND** WAVE HITS YOU, YOU FIND IT A BIT **DIFFICULT** TO THINK ABOUT BECKY, DON'T YOU, HARRY?

BECK--  
CHOKO!

... NO, YOU'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT BECKY AT **ALL**, ANYMORE, HARRY... BECAUSE AS THAT **SECOND** WAVE RECEDES, YOU CAN SEE THE **NEXT** ONE COMING...

OH GASP!  
DEAR GOD!!  
SPUTTER! NO!  
NO!!

... AND YOU CAN **TELL** JUST BY **LOOKING**...

NO!  
**NOOOOO!!**  
CHOKO!

...THAT *THIS* WAVE HAS  
YOUR NAME ON IT!!



HEH-HEH!  
BYE-BYE,  
HARRY!

AS SOON AS THE  
SUN SETS, I'LL GO  
BACK OUT TO THE  
BEACH TO PICK  
UP THE PIECES...

BUT LATER, ON THE BEACH, RICHARD FINDS THAT TWO VERY *IMPORTANT* PIECES ARE *MISSING*...

WHERE THE HELL ARE THE BODIES?



...I SUPPOSE THEY *COULD* HAVE SURVIVED... NO... *ONE*, MAYBE, BUT CERTAINLY NOT *BOTH* OF THEM...



...BESIDES, I WATCHED HARRY ON MY MONITOR... WATCHED HIM *DIE!*



...THE *CURRENT* PULLED HIM OUT... PULLED THEM *BOTH* OUT... YES, THE *CURRENT*... THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED ALL RIGHT...



THE *CURRENT*... SURE, RICHARD... THE *CURRENT!* BUT SOMETHING HAS STARTED TO GNAW AT YOUR NERVES... HEH-HEH-HEH...



"... BEAUTIFUL HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, UPSTAIRS AND DOWN, BEER FLOWING OVER YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S PAISLEY SHAWL ..." ♪CLICK♪

...SEEN "THE BANK DICK" A THOUSAND TIMES, ANYWAY... I NEED A SHOWER... WASH SOME OF THIS SAND OUT OF MY HAIR...



...AND SOME OF THE *BLOOD* OFF YOUR HANDS, EH, RICHARD, HEH-HEH...

AAHH! MUCH BETTER...



YOU CAN'T HEAR TOO WELL WITH THE WATER RUNNING, CAN YOU, RICHARD? YOU CAN'T HEAR THAT SOUND OF WATER-LOGGED FOOTSTEPS...



... BUT YOU CAN **SMELL** IT, CAN'T YOU, RICHARD? THAT AWFUL LOW-TIDE **STENCH** UNDERLAI'D WITH... SOMETHING ELSE?

TURN OFF THE WATER, RICHARD! AH, **NOW** YOU CAN **HEAR** IT...

... YOU CAN **HEAR** IT GETTING **LOUDER... CLOSER...** IT SOUNDS ALMOST AS IF IT'S RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR **BEDROOM DOOR...**

WHAT THE...?

IS THAT YOU, WENT-WORTH?

MAY I SUGGEST THAT YOU DON'T COME IN HERE?

SKISH  
SQUISH

SQUISH

SKASH

I'VE GOT THE **GUN**, DEAR BOY, AND BELIEVE ME, I'LL USE IT...

I'LL SHOOT YOU DE--  
**GOOD LORD!!**

YOU CAN'T SHOOT US DEAD, RICHARD...

...BECAUSE WE'RE ALREADY DEAD...

ISH SQUISH

SQUISH

SKISH

SQUISH

THEY'RE COMING **CLOSER** RICHARD! **DO SOMETHING!**

HEH-HEH! **NOW**, DO SOMETHING ELSE...

...OKAY, RICHARD! IF THE **BULLETS** DON'T STOP THEM...

...WHY NOT TRY **THROWING** THE **GUN**? OH, THAT'S A **BIIIIG** HELP, RICHARD... **VERY SMART!**

ALREADY DEAD, RICHARD...

...ALREADY...

...DEAD, RICHARD...

ALREADY DEAD...

ALREADY DEAD, RICHARD...

...ALREADY DEAD...

SKISH SKISH

BY BAW  
SQUISH SQUISH

THUD  
SQUISH SKISH

NO! KEEP AWAY!

...NOW RUN, RICHARD! HIDE!  
THAT'S IT! THE BATHROOM...

...SLAM THE DOOR, RICHARD!  
THROW THE BOLT!  
VERY GOOD... AND NOW...

TURN AROUND, RICHARD... HEH-HEH!



LATER THAT NIGHT, THE MONITOR IN RICHARD'S LIVING ROOM PLAYS TO AN *EMPTY HOUSE*...

HA-HAH, HA-HA-HA-HA...

...WHILE ON THE BEACH, AT THE *LIVE PERFORMANCE*...

HA-HA... I CAN... HA-HA... I CAN HOLD MY BREATH A LONG LONG TIME... HA-HA-HA...

TAKE A *LOOK* AT THOSE TWO SETS OF FOOTPRINTS, RICHARD... TAKE A GOOD, *LONG* LOOK... BECAUSE IT'S THE *LAST* THING YOU'LL EVER SEE...

HEH-HEH! LOOKS LIKE RICHARD GOT HIMSELF *IN OVER HIS HEAD*, EH KIDDIES? *NO*? WELL, IT'LL BE OVER HIS HEAD SOON *ENOUGH*, HEH-HEH! AND LISTEN TO HIM *LAUGH!* IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE YOU *CRAZY!* OF COURSE, I'VE BEEN CRAZY FOR *YEARS*, SO IT DOESN'T REALLY *BOTHER* ME... READY FOR SOME MORE PUTRID PROSE, KIDDIES? *HEE-HEE*...

THE END

HEH-HEH! WELL, KIDDIES, IT SEEMS YOU'VE CAUGHT ME *MOONLIGHTING!* LET ME TELL *YOU* THIS JOB IS ENOUGH TO DRIVE YA *BUGS!* THE LI'L SUCKERS *HIDE* EVERYWHERE! TAKE IT FROM ME, KIDDIES, YOU GOTTA STAY ALERT, BECAUSE...

**THEY'RE  
CREEPING  
UP ON YOU**

THIS IS THE APARTMENT OF UPSON PRATT! OLE UPSON IS RICH ENOUGH TO MAKE MOST OIL SHEIKS LOOK LIKE *NEWSBOYS!* THE PLACE IS A BIT ON THE STARK SIDE, EH, KIDDIES? EMPTY, AUSTERE... ANTISEPTIC... YOU MIGHT SAY *THIS* DUDE'S MOTTO IS "*CLEANLINESS* IS NEXT TO *PRATTLINESS!*"

**BASTARD!**



BASTARDS!  
GODDAMNED  
BUGS!



O.K., **EVERYBODY OUT OF THE POOL!** I OWN THE GODDAMN BUILDING AND THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE ANYMORE DAMN... **BUGS!**



HEADS ARE GOING TO **ROLL**, I PROMISE YOU **THAT!** OH, YES! THIS HAS GONE QUITE FAR ENOUGH, AND FOR **FAR TOO LONG!** NO MORE DAMN BUGS! **BAS...**

ALRIGHT!  
HOLD YOUR  
WATER!



HELLO! IS THAT YOU, WHITE?

NO, MR. PRATT!  
IT'S GEORGE GENDRON...

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN THE OFFICE AT 9:30, GEORGE? NO OVERTIME AT THE EXECUTIVE LEVEL, YOU KNOW...



IT'S ABOUT THE PACIFIC AERODYNE TAKEOVER...

**BUGGER PACIFIC AERODYNE! CASTONMEYER IS OLD NEWS... A X@:ING DINOSAUR!**



I FOUND ANOTHER **COCK-ROACH** TONIGHT, GEORGE... IN MY SUPPOSEDLY **GERM PROOF** APARTMENT! HOW CAN AN APARTMENT BE GERMPROOF IF IT'S NOT EVEN **BUGPROOF?**



I'LL TELL YOU, GEORGE, I'M GOING TO CLEAR **UP** THIS **COCK-ROACH** PROBLEM ONCE AND FOR **ALL!** I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE **BUGS** IN **MY BUILDING**. I LOATHE **BUGS!**

UH, MR. PRATT...



...ABOUT THE TAKEOVER...

THEY **HIDE**, GEORGE... AND THEY... THEY **CREEP!** THEY CREEP UP ON YOU...

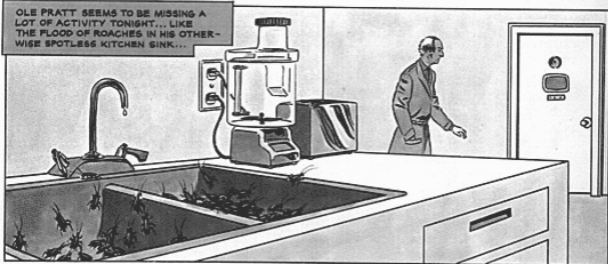


...NORMAN CASTONMEYER **SHOT** HIMSELF AN HOUR AGO, SIR!

WHAT?



OLE PRATT SEEMS TO BE MISSING A LOT OF ACTIVITY TONIGHT... LIKE THE FLOOD OF ROACHES IN HIS OTHERWISE SPOTLESS KITCHEN SINK...



TALK TO ME, WHITE!

GOOD EVENIN' THERE, MR. PRATT!



GOT BUGS AGAIN, HUH, MR. PRATT?



BUGS? YOU WAIT RIGHT THERE, WHITE...



...I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT'LL GIVE YOU NIGHTMARES! I'LL...



IT... IT'S GONE! DAMNED BUG-SPRAY'S NO GOOD... MUST'VE ONLY STUNNED IT!

UH... YOU THERE, MR. PRATT?



YES, YES, I'M HERE, BUT THE BUG'S GONE! IT...



I THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO HELP YOU, MR. PRATT... CLAK-CLAK-BZZZ!



I'M JUST TRYING TO CLAK DOWN IN MY MIND BZZ-CLAK HAS A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR FUMIGATING SERVICE... CLAK-CHOMP...

... I BELIEVE I COULD GET THE PARELLI BROTHERS OUT HERE BY... SHALL WE SAY, 11:30?

UH, Y...YES!  
YES, WHITE...  
11:30 WOULD  
BE FINE...

YOU...YOU'LL GO FAR, WHITE...I'VE FOUND THAT, IN SERVICE JOBS, PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF OFTEN DO... PEOPLE OF COLOR... 11:30 WILL BE FINE...

I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT, MR. PRATT, OKAY?

UH, YES...  
ALL RIGHT...  
FINE, WHITE

ONLY STUNNED/  
THAT'S THE EXPLAN-  
ATION! ROACHES  
ARE VERY...  
HARD... TO  
KILL...THEY...  
THEY'RE  
QUICK! THEY  
CAN CREEP  
UP ON YOU...

THEY'RE HARD TO FIND, TOO, EH, KIDDIES?  
ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE NOT  
LOOKING IN THE RIGHT PLACES!

THEY...CREEP UP  
IF YOU LET THEM...

...AND THEY  
HIDE...IN  
DARK COR-  
NERS...IN  
TIGHT PLACES...

... AND THEY SOME-  
TIMES HIDE IN PLAIN  
SIGHT! IF YOU'RE  
GONNA FIND 'EM,  
PRATT, YOU GOTTA  
LOOK... HEH-MEH...

...HIDE EVERY-  
WHERE... DAMN  
CREEPERS...

THEY'RE EVERYWHERE  
ALRIGHT, PRATT...

...AND SOME-  
TIMES...

...THEY'RE RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE, HEH-MEH...

...FAST... AND  
HARD TO KILL...

HOLD YOUR  
WATER!

REYNOLDS?  
WHITE?  
TALK TO ME!

I JUST CALLED TO  
TELL YOU WHAT A MON-  
STER YOU ARE, MR. PRATT.  
AND HOW I WILL RE-  
JOICE WHEN YOU ARE  
FINALLY DEAD!  
-SOB-



LOTS OF PEOPLE WILL REJOICE WHEN I'M DEAD! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

I'M LENORE CASTONMEYER, THE WIFE OF THE MAN YOU... YOU **MURDERED** THIS AFTERNOON!



MRS. CASTONMEYER! HOW THE HECK **ARE** YOU?

I HOPE THEY KEEP HELL HOT FOR YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH!



IT WASN'T **ENOUGH** FOR YOU TO DRIVE HIM TO HIS KNEES, WAS IT? YOU HAD TO **KILL** HIM AS WELL! HE **SOB**! HE CAME HOME AND HIS EYES... HIS EYES WERE SO DEAD... I ASKED HIM WHAT WAS WRONG... WHAT COULD BE SO BAD TO... TO MAKE HIS EYES LOOK THAT WAY...



... AND THE ONLY WORD HE SAID BEFORE HE WENT INTO HIS STUDY... WAS **SOB**!... WAS YOUR NAME!



FOR THE SECOND TIME TONIGHT, UPSON PRATT DOESN'T NOTICE...

TEN MINUTES LATER...



... AS THE LIGHTS GO OUT IN THE SKY - SCRAPER OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW...

... I HEARD THE **SHOT!**



... IT LASTS A BIT LONGER THIS TIME... THEN THEY FLICKER BACK ON...

YES-- GEORGE GENDRON TOLD ME NORMAN WENT OUT WITH A **BANG!**



HOW MANY MEN HAVE YOU KILLED, YOU MONSTER?

ONLY THE STUPID ONES, MRS. CASTONMEYER... ONLY THE ONES WHO HANDED ME A KNIFE...



... AND THEN STRETCHED OUT THEIR THROATS... **SSSSKRRRIICKKK!** ... AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT A BUG PROBLEM HERE AND...



I HOPE YOU DIE SOON! I HOPE YOU GET A CANCER IN THE WORST PLACE! SYPHILIS! LEPROSY! SCREAM IN HELL FOREVER, YOU MONSTER! **SLAM!**



GO EAT A LIGHTBULB, BITCH!



YOU SEE, MRS. CASTON-MEYER, I GREW UP IN THE **PROJECTS!** BUGS EVERYWHERE! I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH A BUG WHEN I SEE ONE. **SPRAY IT! SQUASH IT! KILL IT!**



THIS TIME PRATT /S LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW...

WHAT YOU DO WITH BUGS IS WIPE THEM OUT...



...THIS TIME HE SEES THE LIGHTS GO OUT... EVERYWHERE! AND THIS TIME--HEH-HEH--THEY DON'T COME BACK ON...

...WIPE THEM... WHAT THE...?! **BLACKOUT!**



**ANOTHER** GODDAMN BLACKOUT! IF IT HAD BEEN **MY** POWER COMPANY IT NEVER WOULD'VE HAP...

**OH, MY GOD!!**



...AND WE **KNOW** WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE **LIGHTS** GO OUT, DON'T WE, KIDDIES? HEH-HEH! THAT'S WHEN THE **BUGS** COME OUT!

BUGS!! I... PHONE! CALL THE POLICE, THAT'S IT! POLICE!



HELLO, POLICE. SERGEANT MEGGS, HERE...

ABOUT TIME! WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE DOING DOWN THERE? WHAT DO I PAY TAXES FOR?



WE'VE GOT PROBLEMS TONIGHT, FELLA--OR HAVEN'T YOU LOOKED OUT YOUR WINDOW?

LISTEN TO ME, MEGGS! THIS IS UPSON PRATT! **THE** UPSON PRATT...I'VE GOT BUGS!



EVERYONE'S GOT BUGS TONIGHT, MAN, AND I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR ANY BULLSH...



NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THEY'RE **COCKROACHES!** THE BIGGEST ONES I'VE EVER SEEN. THEY...

THIS... THIS HAS GOT TO STOP! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THIS HAS GOT TO STOP!!

I'M SORRY, MAN. ON A SLOW NIGHT WE COULD TALK ABOUT IT--

--BUT THIS *AIN'T* A SLOW NIGHT! SO HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU, OKAY? ;CLICK;

HEY! YOU CAN'T HANG UP ON ME! YOU CAN'T--

BUT I THINK HE JUST DID! NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

WHITE CASTON-MEYER! THE POLICE! THEY'RE ALL BUGS! BUGS! I...

...GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THE BUGS! GOT TO...

...GET AWAY! THEY CREEP! BASTARDS!

THEY CREEP UP ON YOU! THEY ALWAYS...

THEY ALWAYS CREEP UP ON... ALRIGHT! HOLD YOUR WATER!

HELLO! TALK TO M--

THE... THE BED! SQUIRMING... RUSTLING... OH, DEAR LORD! IT'S FULL OF...

THE PHONE! IT... IT'S BULGING! CRACKING! IT... IT'S GOING TO...



OH MY GOD!!



BUGS! EVERYWHERE! BASTARDS! BAS...



...THE BED! IT CAN'T BE! CAN'T! CAN'T! CAN'T!!



OH, LORD! BASTARDS!



BASTARDS! EVERYWHERE! EVERY--



PRATT! ARE YOU THERE, PRATT? THIS IS LENORE CASTONMEYER, YOU MONSTER!



I HOPE YOU DIE, YOU OLD MONSTER...



DO YOU HEAR ME? I HOPE YOU DIE...



SOB: I HOPE YOU DIE AND SOB: ROT IN HELL, YOU MONSTER SOB: YOU SON OF... SOB:

AN HOUR LATER, THE BLACK-OUT IS OVER... WHEN THE LIGHTS COME ON, PRATT'S APARTMENT IS ONCE AGAIN AS PURE AS A MOTHER'S HEART...



...NOT A BUG TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE! WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY WENT, KIDDIES? DON'T BOTHER TO ASK MR. PRATT... HE CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING...



...BUT THEN AGAIN, MAYBE HE CAN TELL YOU WHERE THE BUGS WENT, AFTER ALL...



...HIS LIPS ARE MOVING...MAYBE HE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING...



...OR SHOW US SOMETHING!





SO *THAT'S* WHERE THE BUGS WENT!  
LOOKS LIKE OLD MR. PRATT WAS *RIGHT*!  
AFTER ALL, EH, KIDDIES? THOSE LITTLE  
SUCKERS CAN HIDE *ANYWHERE*, HEH-HEH!  
WELL, THAT'S OUR LAST *YELL-YARN* FOR  
THIS TIME, AND UNTIL WE GET TOGETHER FOR  
ANOTHER *FOUL FEAST*, I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH  
THESE FAMOUS WORDS FROM THE CLASSIC FILM  
"*CASABLECHHA*"... AS OLE BOOGEY SAID  
TO INGRID BARRGHMAN, "HERE'S LOOKING  
AT YOU, KIDDIES... HEH-HEH-HEH..."





# STEPHEN KING

CONJURES UP FIVE JOLTING TALES OF HORROR

---

FATHER'S DAY

---

LONESOME DEATH OF JORDY VERRILL

---

CRATE

---

SOMETHING TO TIDE YOU OVER

---

THEY'RE CREEPING UP ON YOU