

STEPHEN KING'S

CREEPSHOW™

A GEORGE A. ROMERO FILM

ART BY BERNI WRIGHTSON · COVER ART BY JACK KAMEN



NOW
A VERY SCARY MOVIE

SCREENPLAY BY: **STEPHEN KING**

PRODUCED BY: **RICHARD P. RUBINSTEIN**

DIRECTED BY: **GEORGE A. ROMERO**

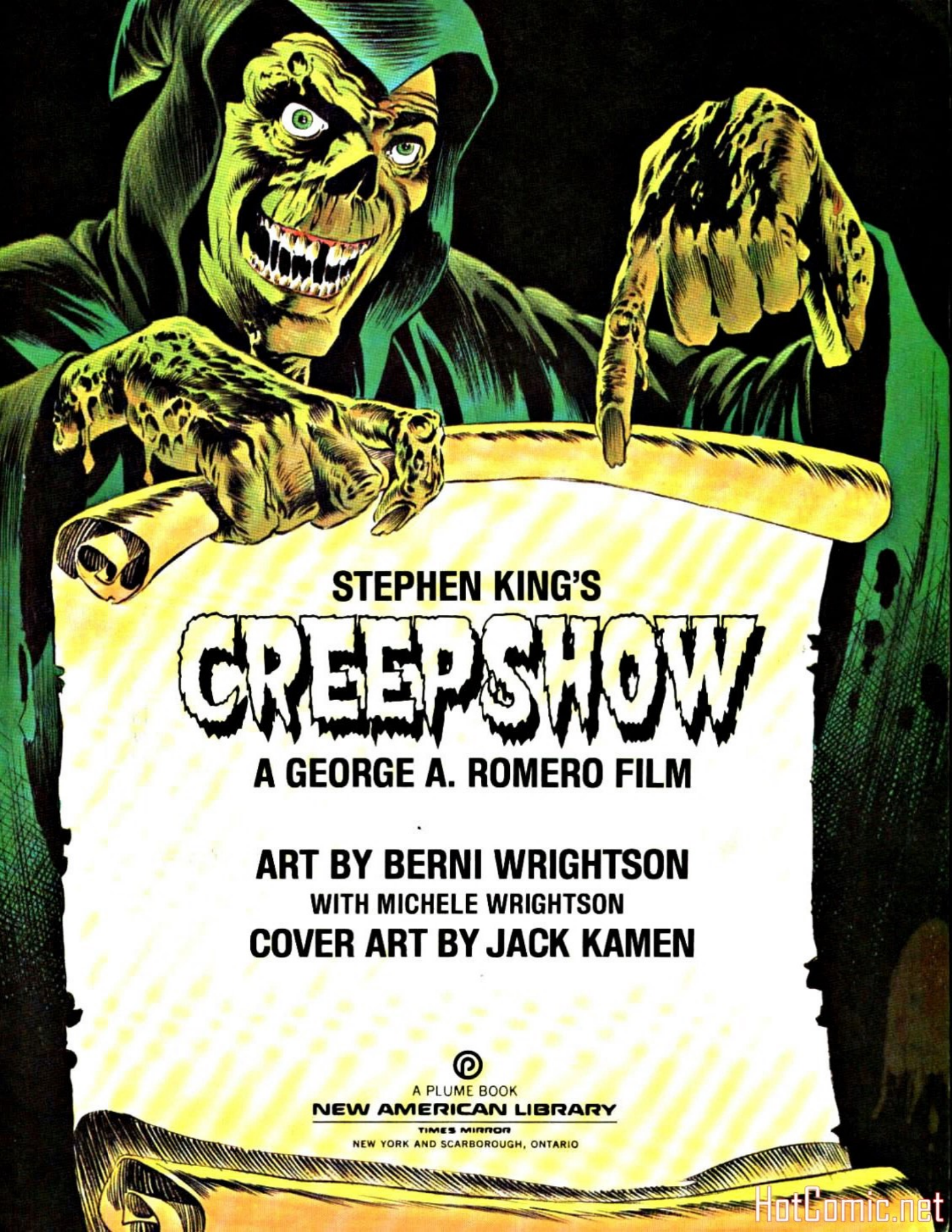
Kamen

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CREEPSHOW [1982]

SHIKSKAN





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 HOG,
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?

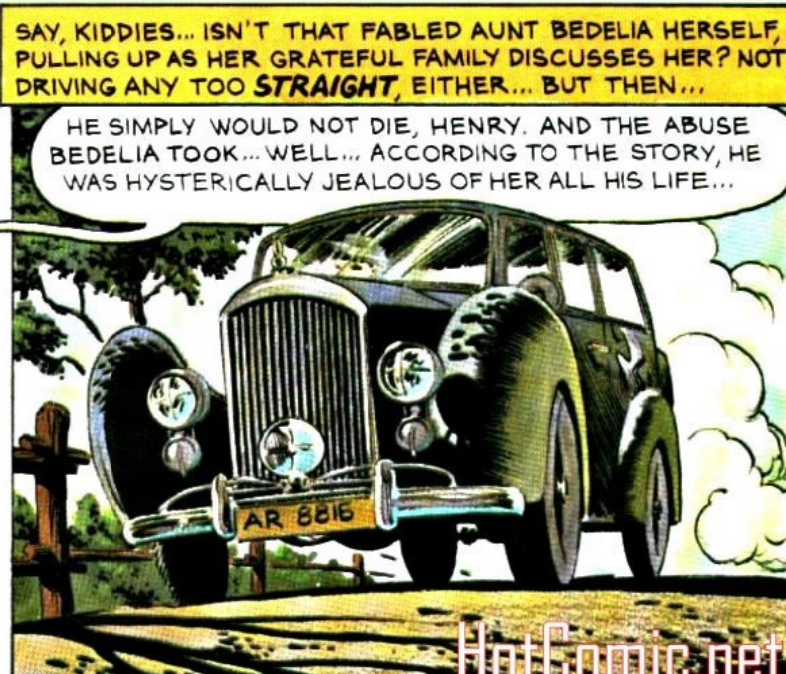
OF COURSE, EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST ONE SKEL-ETON IN ITS CLOSET. DON'T YOU AGREE, **HENRY**?

HOWEVER IT HAP-PENED... **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 COMPLEAT 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* !!

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



HEH-HEH! LOOKS LIKE BEDELIA'S GETTING JUST A TEENY BIT AGGRAVATED... WELL, SHE'S GOT A GOOD REASON...



...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...

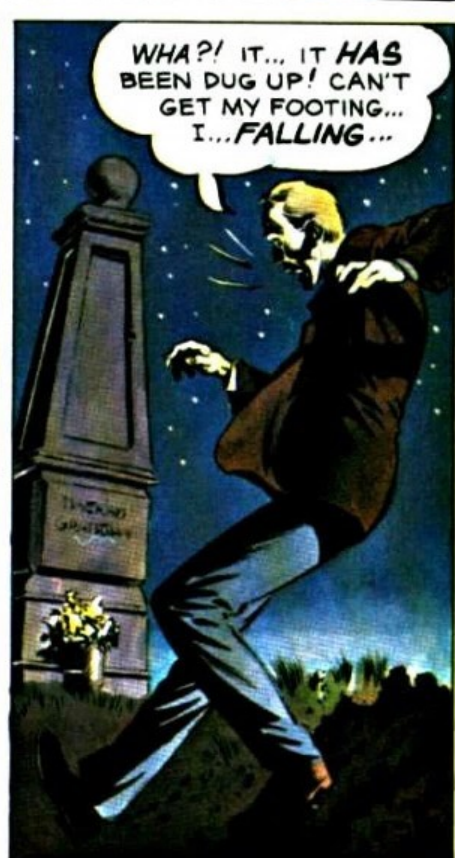
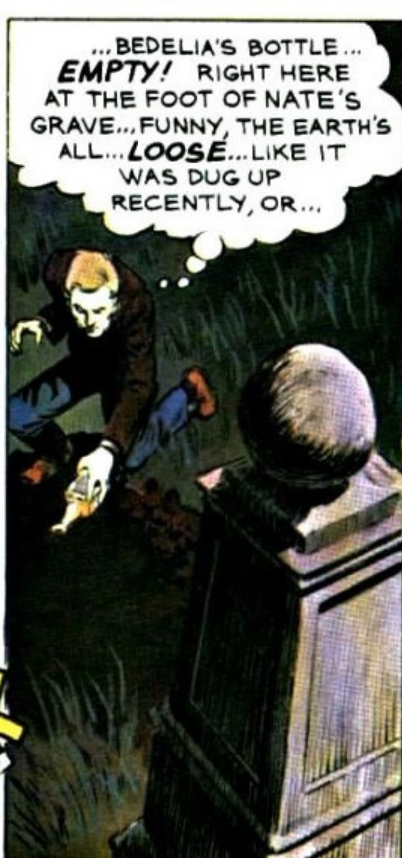
HEH-HEH!...TOO **LATE**, BEDELIA! IT'S STARTING TO LOOK AS IF...

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...





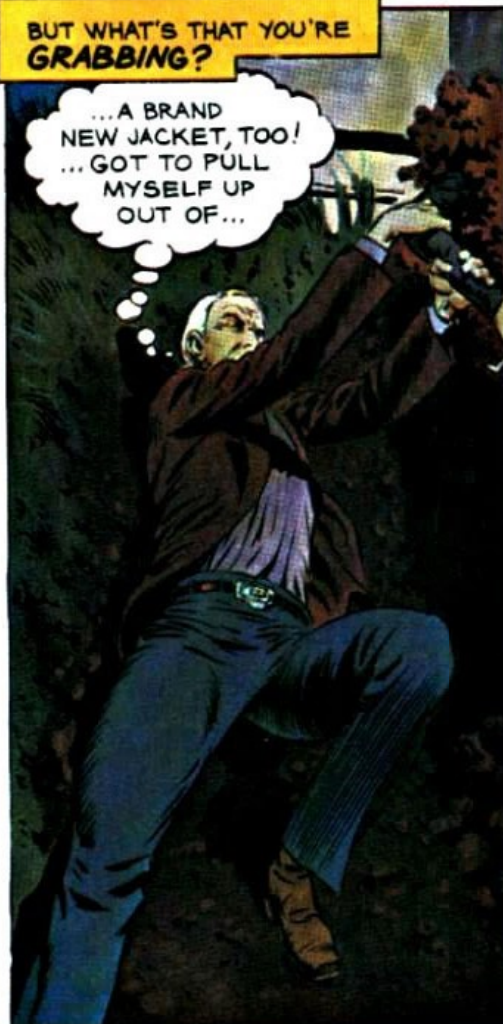
BETTER GET OUT OF THERE
QUICK, HANK-BABY!

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!!



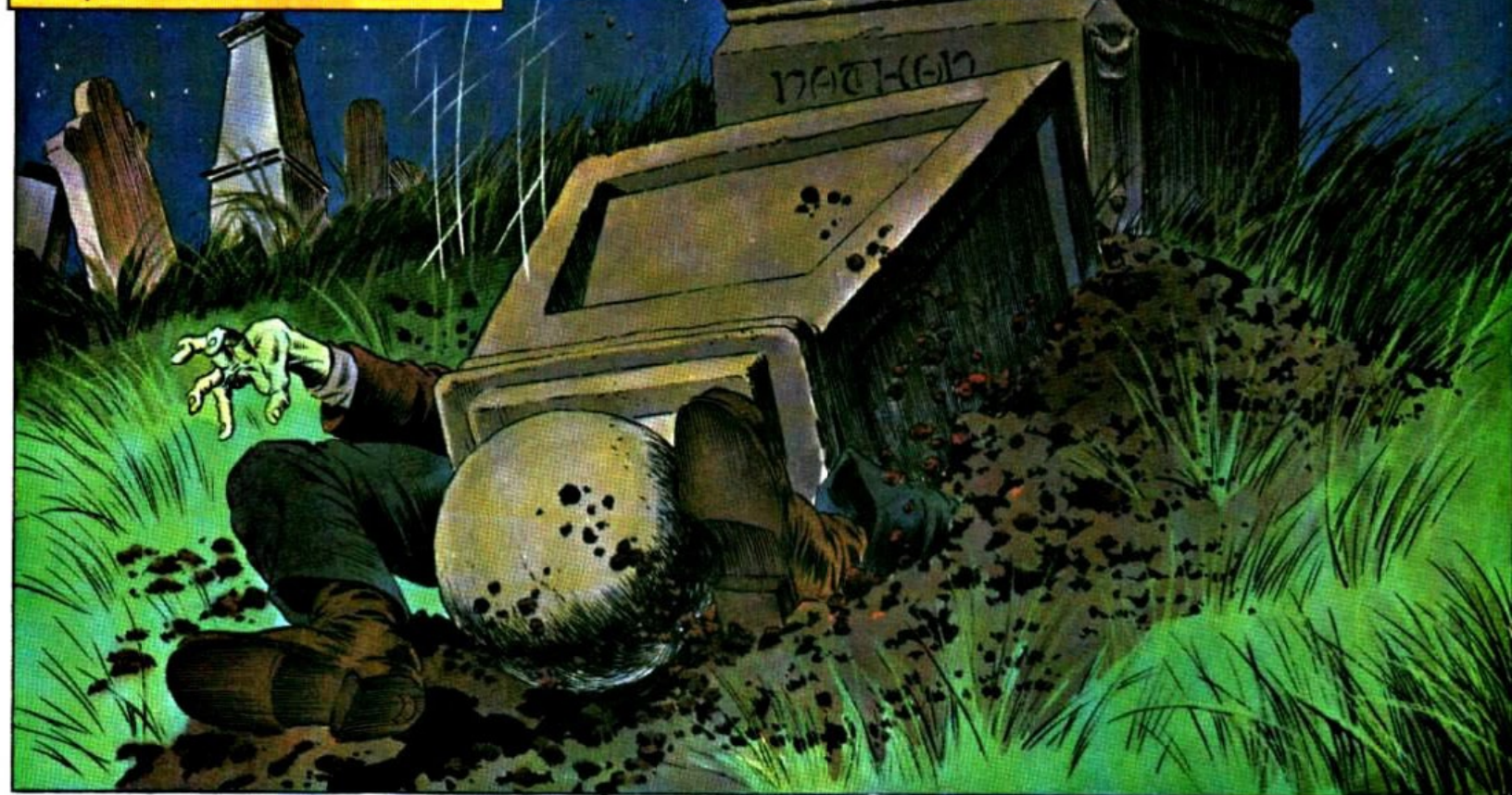
OH, GOD!
IT... IT'S TILTING!
IT'S GONNA...



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



OLE HANK DIDN'T KNOW THAT AUNT BEDELIA'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...





MRS. DA--
YAHHHH!



IT'S
FATHER'S
DAY...



...AND I
WANT MY
CAKE!!

KK-K-KRAK-K



...AND I
MEAN TO
HAVE IT!!



IT'S
FATHER'S
DAY!!

RICHARD!
DID YOU...

YES! IT
CAME FROM
THE KITCHEN...
IT... IT...

OH, MY
GOD...



IT'S FATHER'S DAY
AND I GOT MY OWN
CAKE... HAPPY
FATHER'S DAY
TO ME!

OH, MY
LORD!!

YAAAHHHH!!

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 **RICH-
ARD'S** CANDLES... HEH-HEH...
POOF!! BUT WHY HANG
AROUND HERE WHILE MY
NEXT **TERROR TALE** AWAITS?



HotComic.net



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!!

PSSS

...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?

DEPARTMENT
OF
METEORS

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

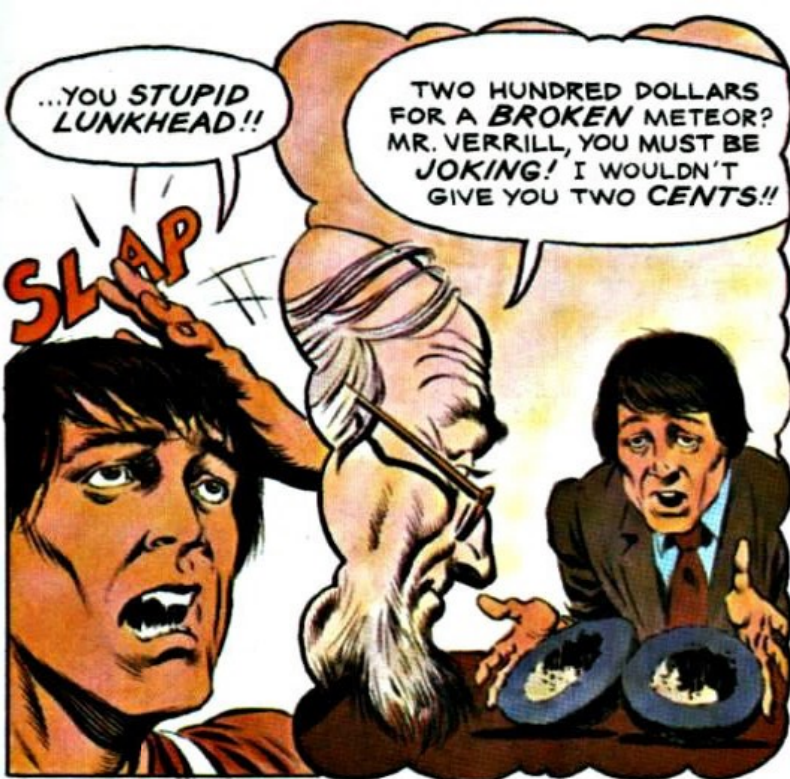
I WON'T TAKE
NO LESS'N TWO
HUNDRED BUCKS!
SO PUT THAT IN
YOUR PIPE AND
SMOKE IT!

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!





...AND GAVE THE
MONEY TO ME, REVEREND
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 OF
PLEASE AND
GET TO HEAVEN

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

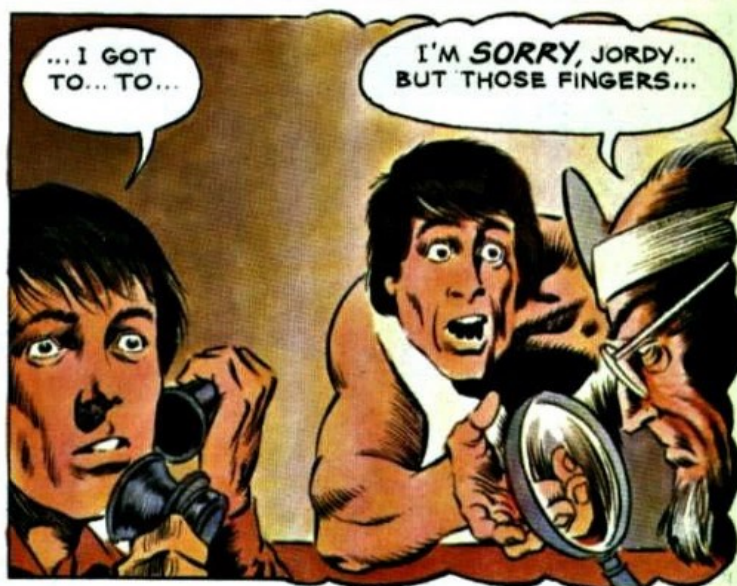


GOT TO CALL DOC
GEESON, THAT'S WHAT
I GOT TO DO...



... 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 PROUDLY HAILED, AT THE 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... OH,
PLEASE GOD! LET
MY LUCK BE IN!
JUST THIS
ONCE...

...PLEASE,
GOD...

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

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

...WHAT SO PROUD-LY
WE HAILED AT THE TWI-
LIGHT'S LAST GLEAM-
ING... 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...

BLANK



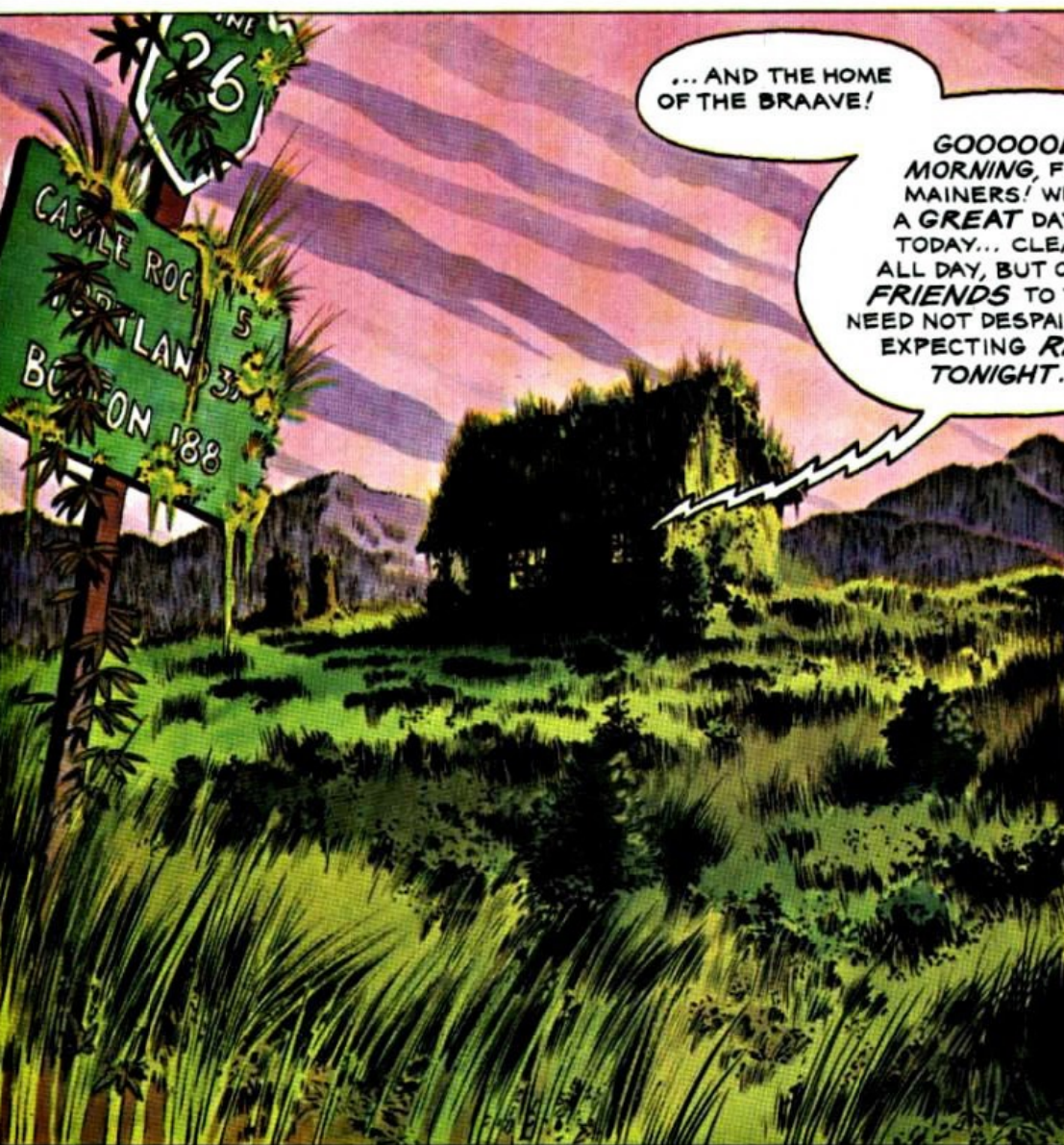
...WERE SO GALLANT-LY
STREAMING--AND THE ROCKET'S
RED GLARE, THE BOMBS...



...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
FREEEE...



... 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!

THERE! LOOK AT THAT! **DAMMIT!**

OR MAYBE IT WAS FATE AFTER ALL!

@#!!☆?!

PING
PING
PING

WHO KNOWS? HEH-HEH-HEH!

WHAT THE HELL?

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

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

MEANWHILE, AT A DULL FACULTY PARTY ACROSS TOWN, A FACULTY WIFE NAMED **WILMA NORTH-RUP** 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 NORTHRUP, IN THE ENGLISH DE-

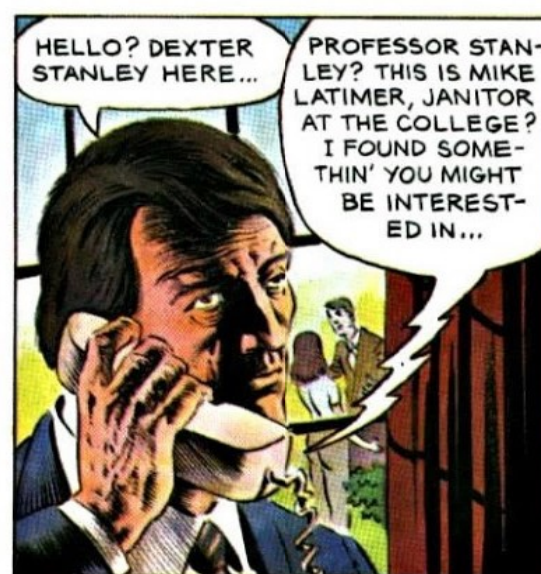
JUST CALL ME **BILLIE**, EVERYONE DOES... IF YOU NEED SOMEONE TO SHOW YOU THE ROPES, HON, COME SEE ME. YOU BUYING OR RENTING?

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!

THEY'RE GIMMEE A ... YOU KNOW THE REST, EH, KIDDIES? HEH-HEH-HEH! THE CHEER IS AS OLD AS MARRIAGE ITSELF!





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 AN' 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, PROFESSOR!



... 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*...

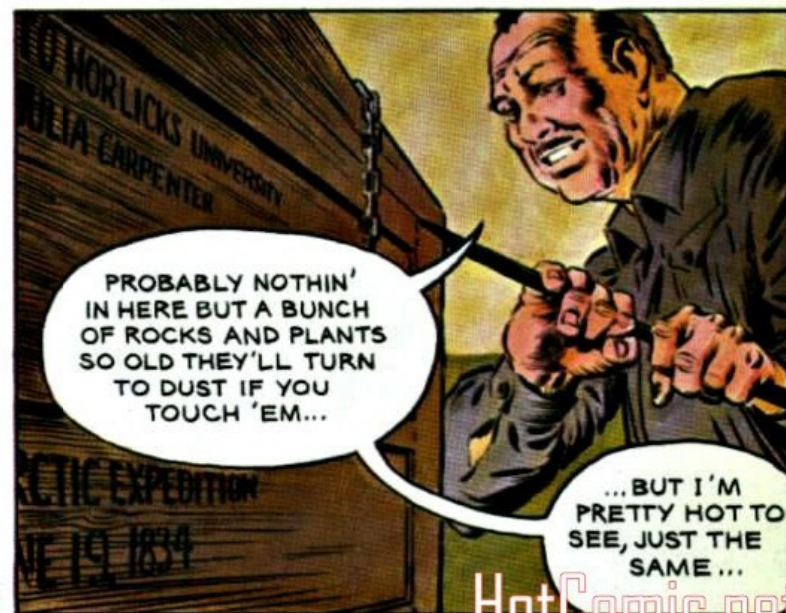
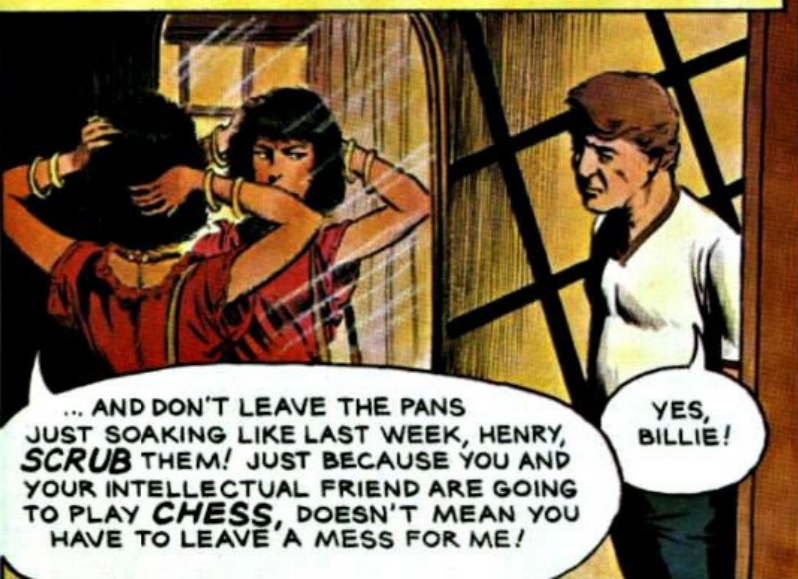
...GUESS I BEEN SPENDIN' TOO MUCH TIME IN THE HOT SUN, HUH, DOC?

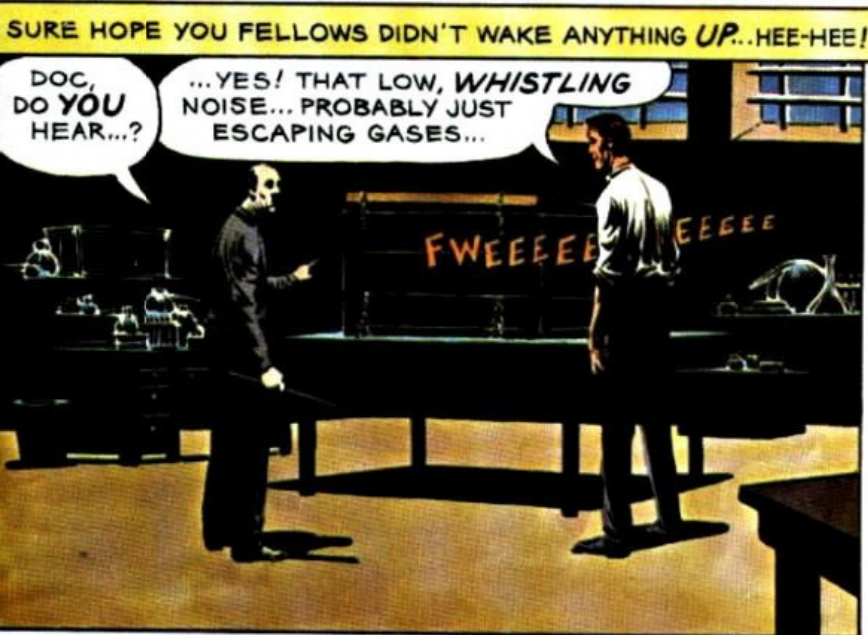
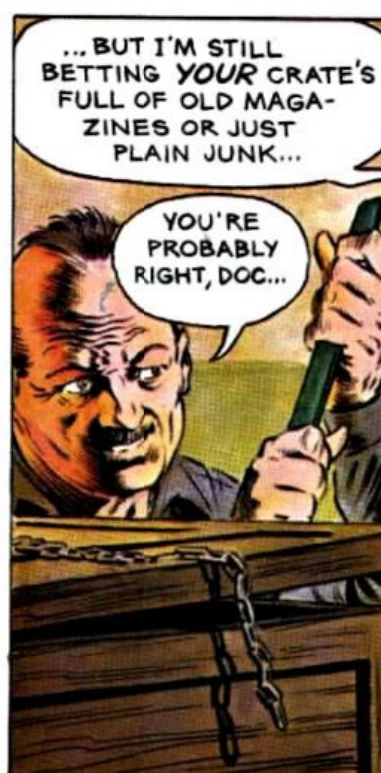
MAYBE, MIKE! LET'S GET IT *OPEN!*

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 DOWN 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 A CLASS! AND IF SHE LOOKS MORE AS IF SHE'S PLANNING TO BOOGIE DOWN TO THE LOCAL DISCO... WELL...







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



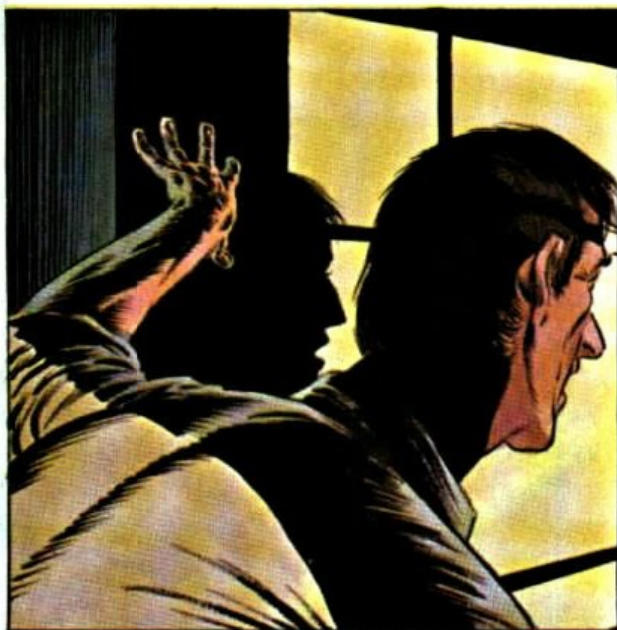
...THE SICKENINGLY UNMISTAKABLE SOUNDS...



OF **EATING!**



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



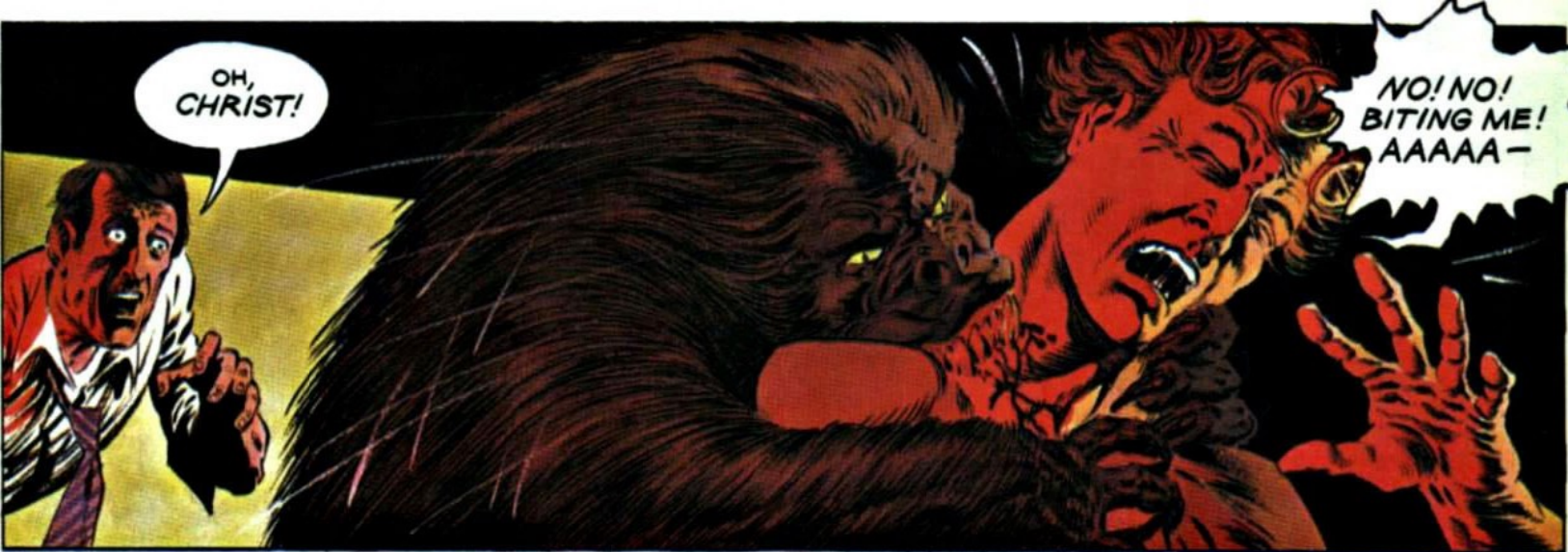
... HELP... I...
CHARLIE!
CHARLIE GERESON!
THANK GOD!

PROFESSOR
STANLEY!
WHA...?









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...

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?

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**...

... 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!!

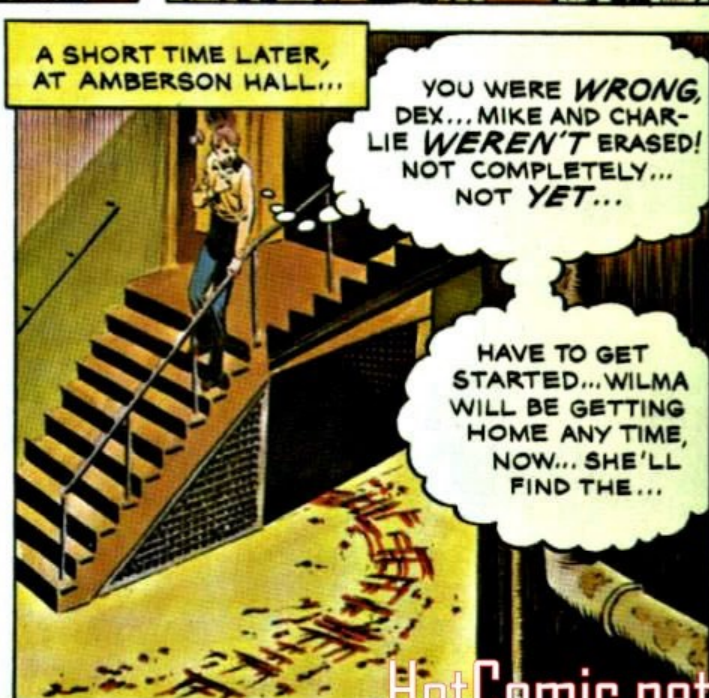
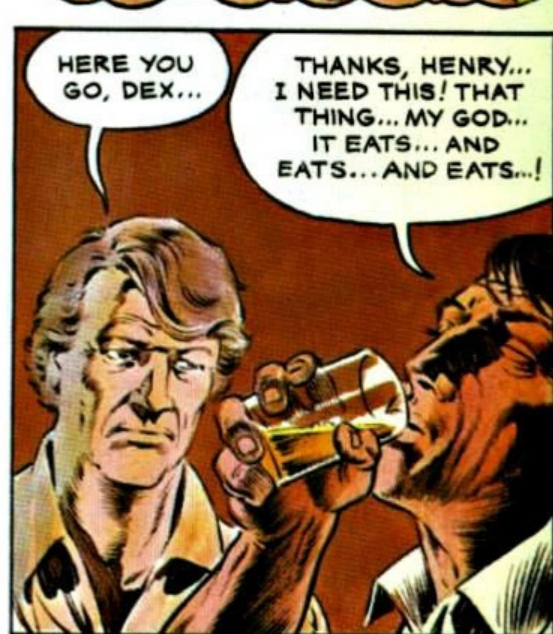
POOR GUY'S IN SHOCK... **HYSTERICAL**... NEEDS REST... NOW WHERE ARE WILMA'S **SLEEPING PILLS**?

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 DEXTER STAN-
LEY. HE SEEMS TO
HAVE GOTTEN
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 AMBER-
SON HALL, AND THEN
ATTACKED HER, I'M SOR-
RY BUT THAT'S THE
KINDEST WAY TO
PUT IT...

OH, HENRY, THIS
IS **GOOD!**
DEX 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 ON-
LY 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 SHOW-
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...



GOOD LORD!!

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



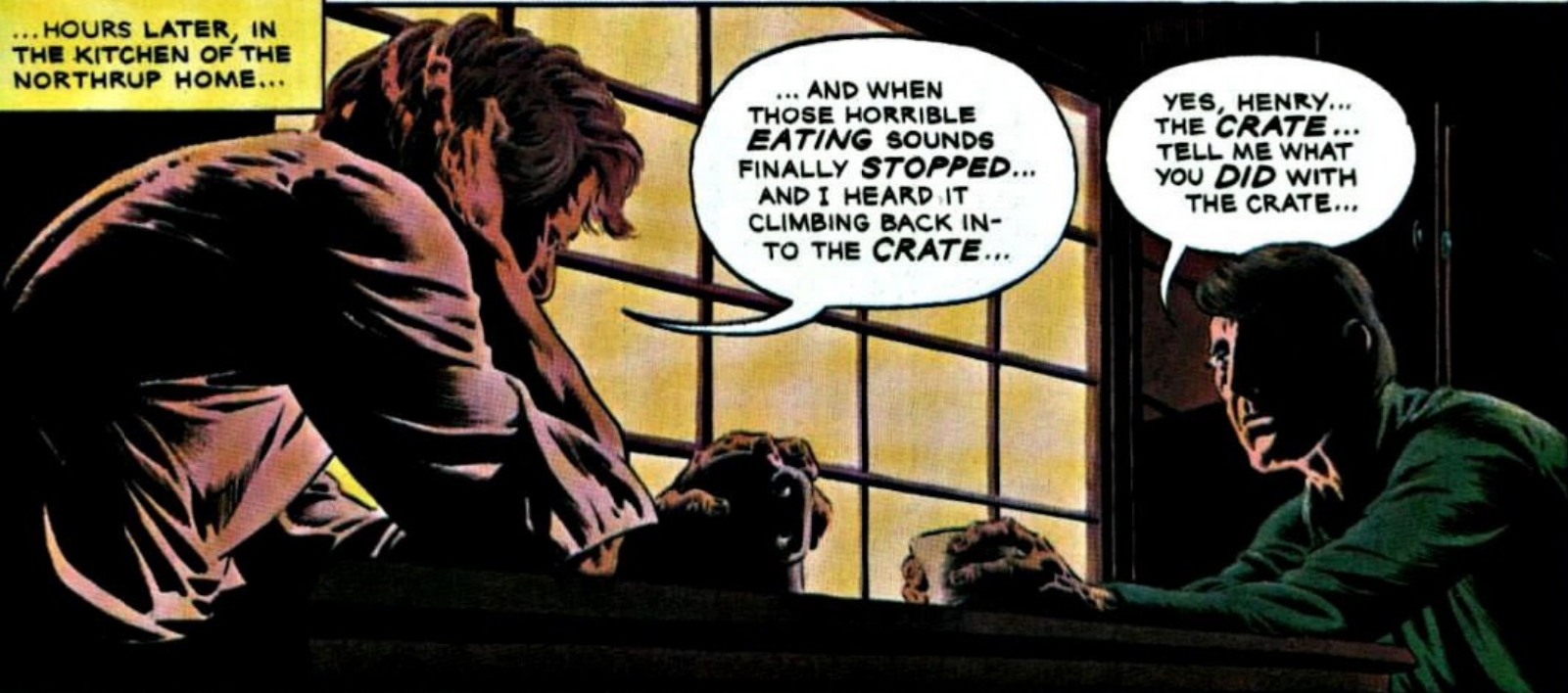
...OFFER IT... HEH-HEH... OFFER IT A **DRINK** AND TELL IT...



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



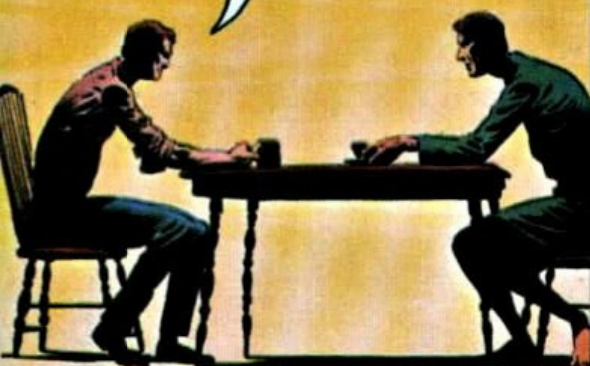
...HOURS LATER, IN
THE KITCHEN OF THE
NORTHROP HOME...



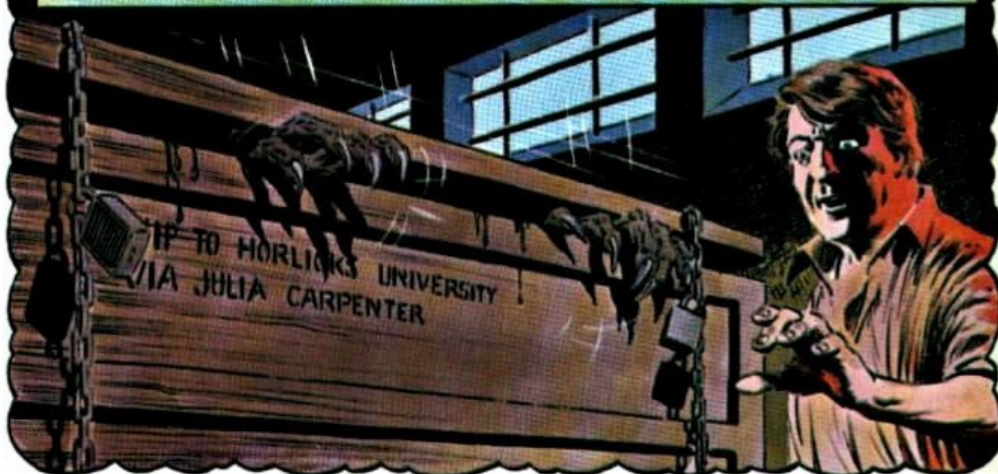
... AND WHEN
THOSE HORRIBLE
EATING SOUNDS
FINALLY **STOPPED**...
AND I HEARD IT
CLIMBING BACK IN-
TO THE **CRATE**...

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...

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

SK-LASHH

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...

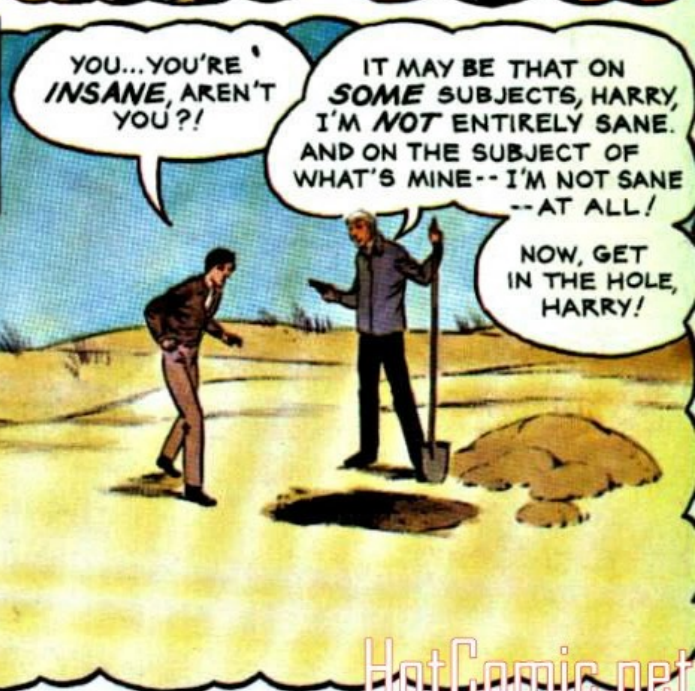
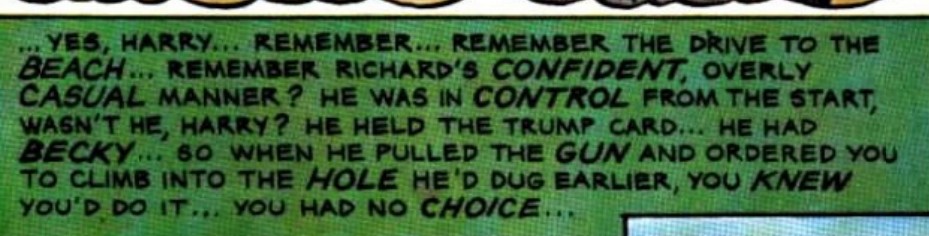
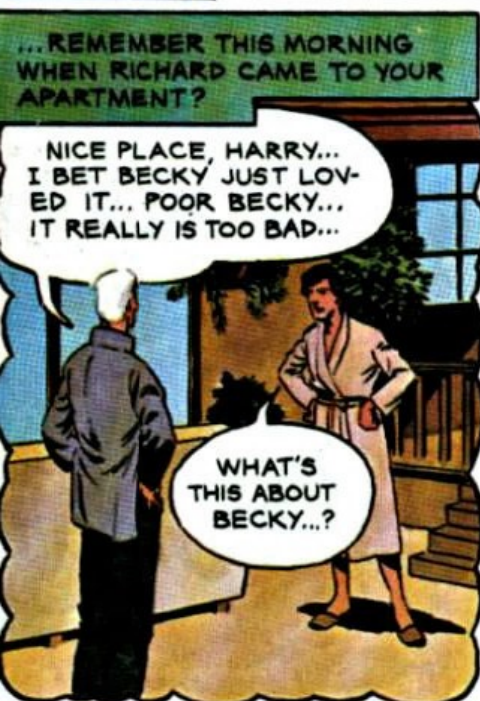
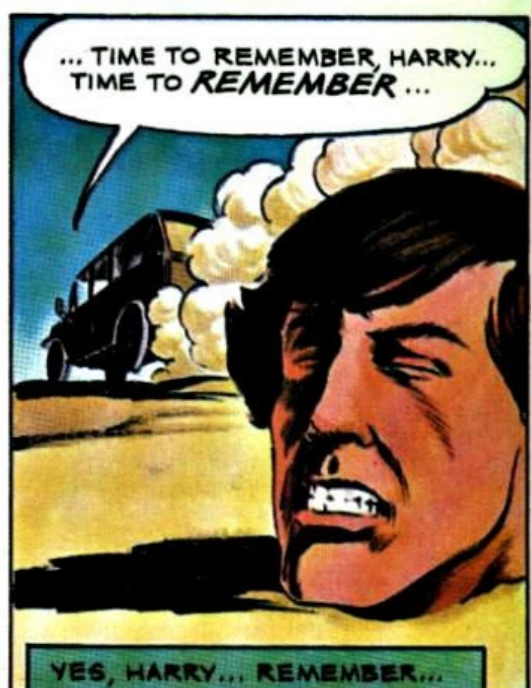
SOMETHING
TO TIDE YOU
OVER

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!



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



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

BUT IT WENT 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 TURN-
ED 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 CHEEESE!

...THEN CONNec-
TED 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!!
BECKYYY!

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 **CON-**
TROL, HARRY...

...THERE'S A CHANCE
... IF YOU JUST KEEP
YOUR **HEAD**...

...I THINK SHE'S **LOST**
HERS, 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!
ENJOYING 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--
CHOKE

...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!!
CHOKE

...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...

AAAHH! 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** UNDERLAID WITH... SOMETHING **ELSE**?

WHAT THE...?

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

IS THAT YOU, WENT-WORTH?

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

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

SKISH

SQUISH

DRIP DRIP

SQUISH

SKISH

SQUISH

DRIP DRIP

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

SKISH SQUISH

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

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

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

SQUISH

SKISH

DRIP DRIP

SQUISH

SKISH

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

ALREADY DEAD, RICHARD...

...ALREADY...

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

...DEAD, RICHARD...

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

ALREADY DEAD...

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

ALREADY DEAD, RICHARD...

...ALREADY DEAD...

THUD

NO! KEEP AWAY!

SQUISH SKISH

DRIP

SQUISH

SQUISH

BAMBAM

SQUISH

DRIP DRIP

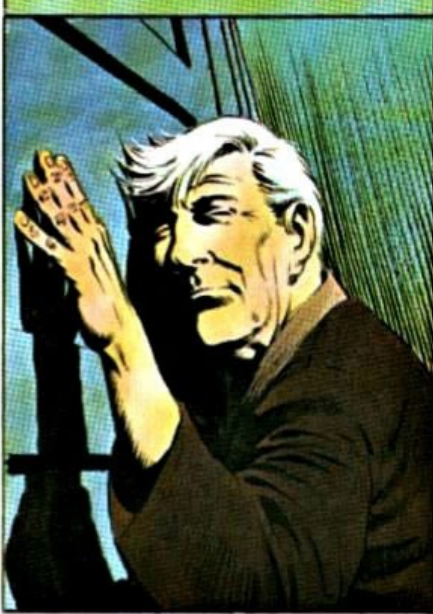
SKISH

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



...WE WANT TO
SEE YOU, RICHARD...

...SLAM THE **DOOR**, RICH-
ARD! THROW THE **BOLT!**
VERY GOOD... AND **NOW...**



TURN AROUND, RICHARD... HEH-HEH!



OH GOD!
NO!!

WE DUG
A **HOLE** FOR
YOU, RICHARD...

...YES...
A **HOLE...**



...ON THE
BEACH...

...BELOW
THE **HIGH**
TIDE LINE...

NO!
STAY
AWAY!!



LET'S GO
TO THE **BEACH**,
RICHARD...

THE **BEACH**
IS **FUN**,
RICHARD...
LOTS OF
FUN...

NO!
NOOOO!!



...WE WANT TO SEE
IF YOU CAN **KEEP**
YOUR **HEAD**,
RICHARD...

...IF YOU DON'T
PANIC. IF YOU
CAN HOLD YOUR
BREATH FOR A
LONG TIME...



COME WITH US,
RICHARD...

...TO THE
BEACH...
COME
WITH US...



!!!!IT'S
SHOWTIME!!

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 OVER-
TIME AT THE EXECUTIVE
LEVEL, YOU KNOW...

IT'S ABOUT THE PACIFIC
AERODYNE TAKEOVER...

**BUGGER PAC-
IFIC 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 GERM-
PROOF 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** BUILD-
ING. I LOATHE **BUGS!**

UH, MR.
PRATT...

...ABOUT THE
TAKEOVER...

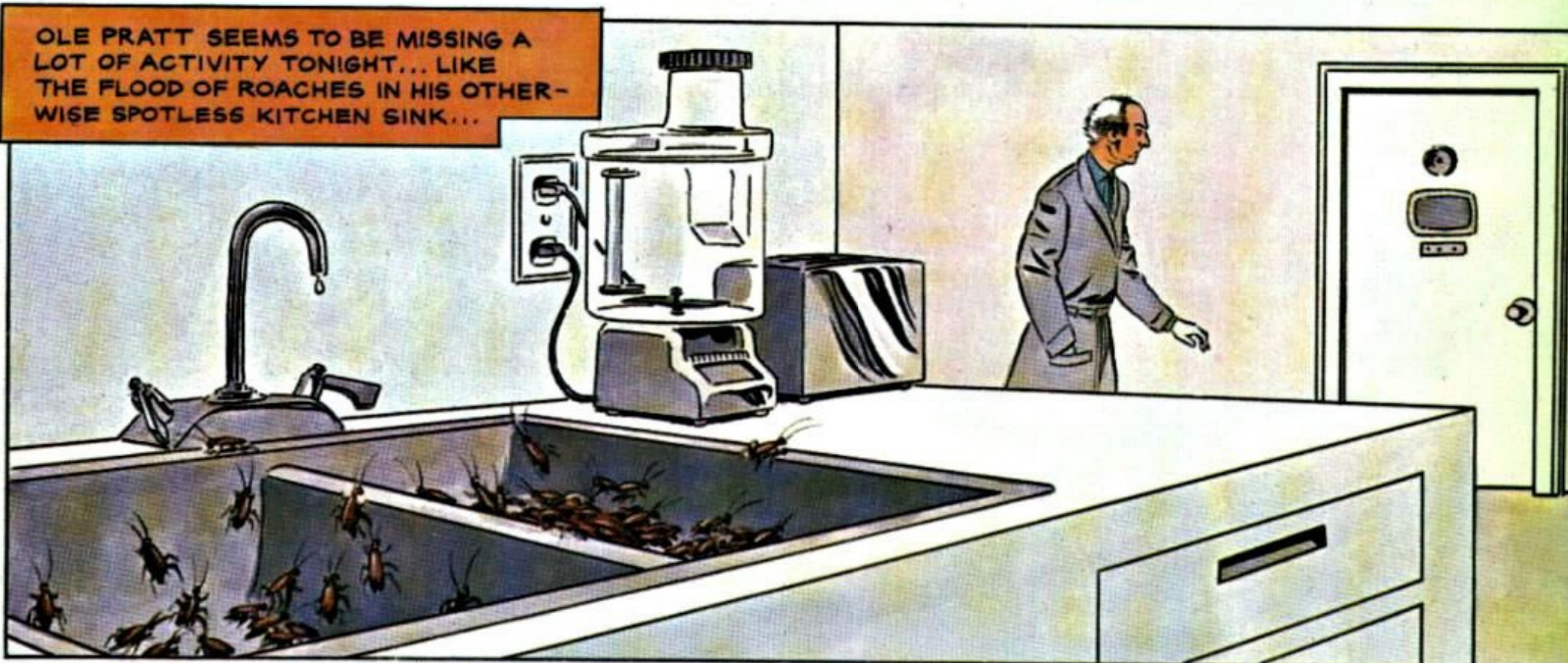
THEY **HIDE**,
GEORGE... AND
THEY...THEY **CREEP!**
THEY CREEP UP
ON YOU...

... NORMAN CASTON-
MEYER **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...

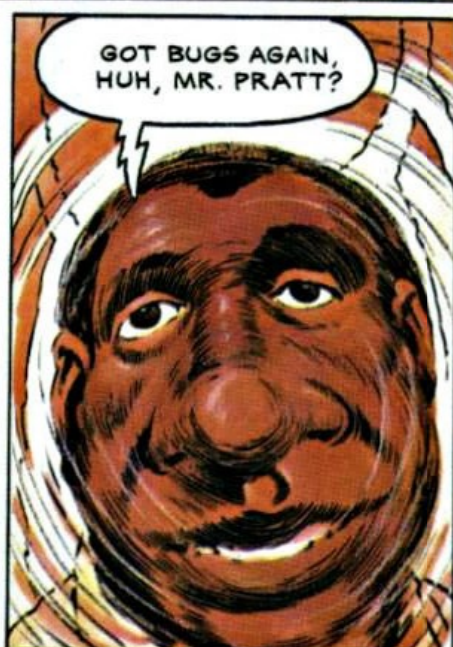


TALK TO ME, WHITE!

GOOD EVENIN' THERE, MR. PRATT!



GOT BUGS AGAIN, HUH, MR. PRATT?



BUGS? YOU WAIT RIGHT THERE, WHITE...

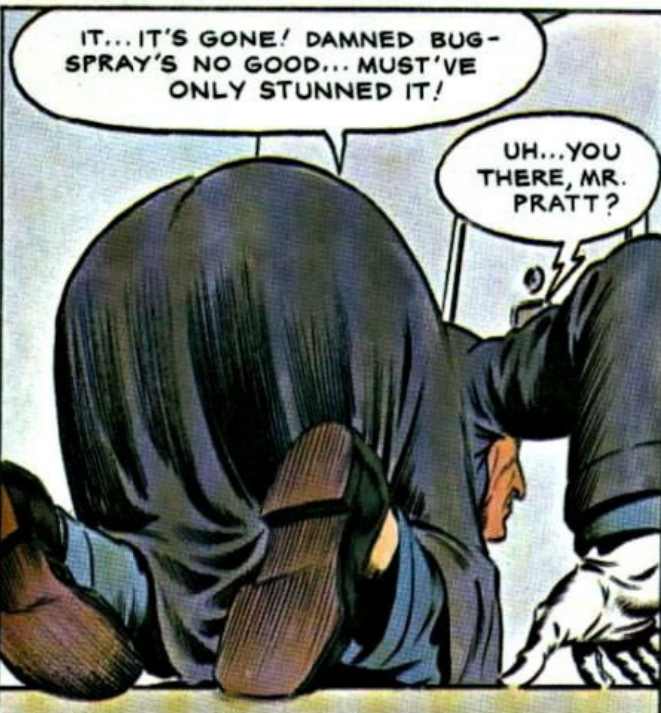


...I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT'LL GIVE YOU NIGHTMARES! I'LL...



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 EXPLANATION! 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 CORNERS... IN TIGHT PLACES...

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

...HIDE EVERYWHERE... DAMN CREEPERS...

THEY'RE EVERYWHERE ALRIGHT, PRATT...

...AND SOMETIMES...

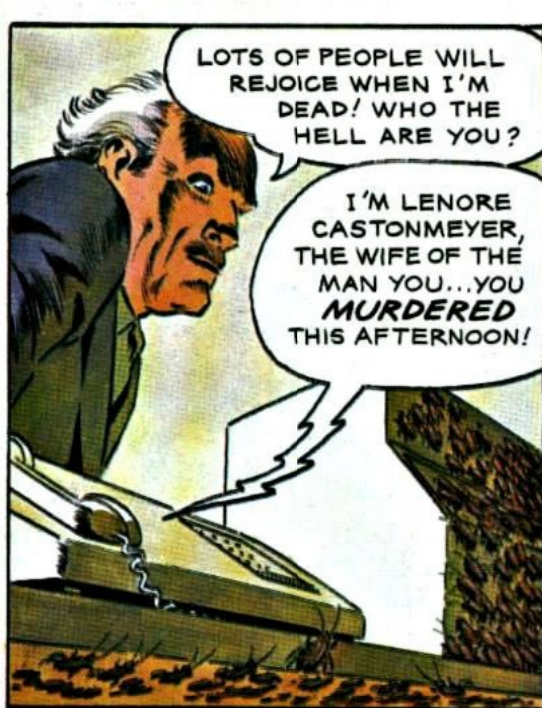
...THEY'RE RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE, HEH-HEH...

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

HOLD YOUR WATER!

REYNOLDS? WHITE? TALK TO ME!

I JUST CALLED TO TELL YOU WHAT A MONSTER YOU ARE, MR. PRATT. AND HOW I WILL REJOICE 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!

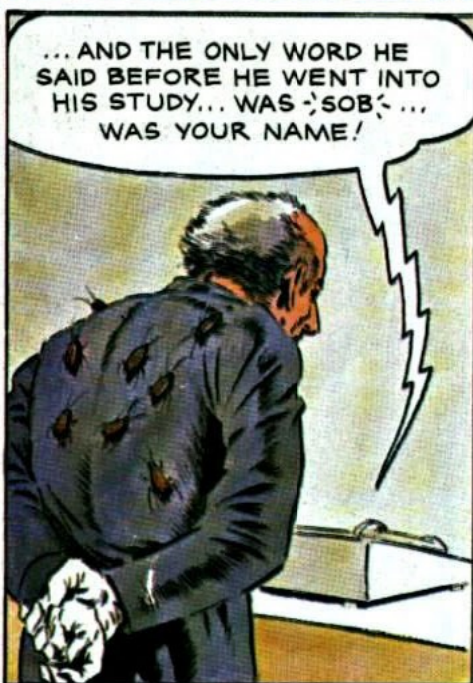


MRS. CASTONMEYER! HOW THE HECK **ARE** YOU?

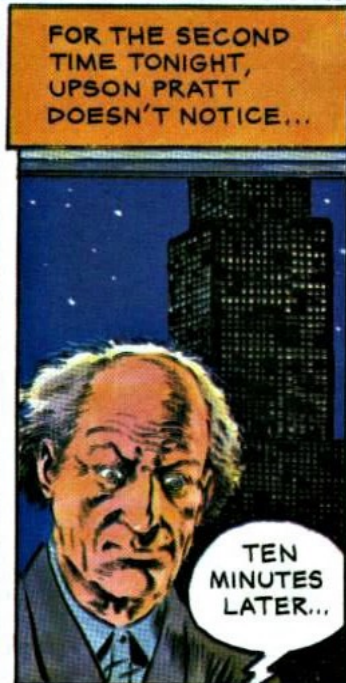
I HOPE THEY KEEP HELL HOT FOR YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH!



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**!



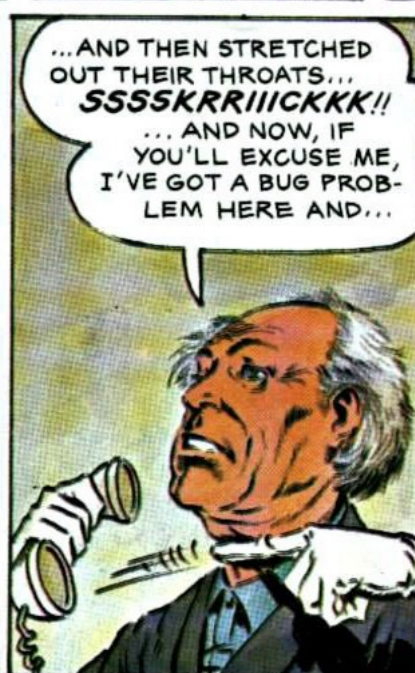
...IT LASTS A BIT LONGER THIS TIME... THEN THEY FLICKER BACK ON...

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

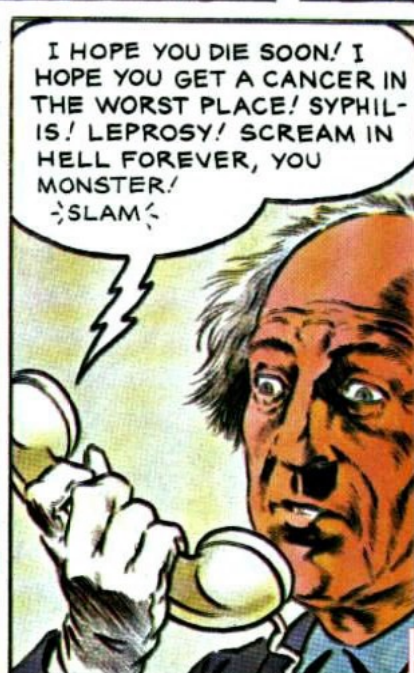


HOW MANY MEN HAVE YOU KILLED, YOU MONSTER?

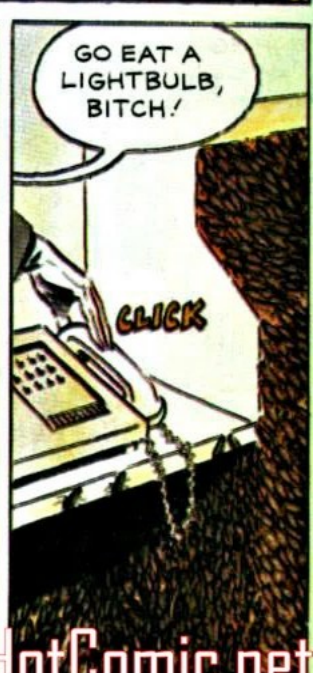
ONLY THE STUPID ONES, MRS. CASTONMEYER... ONLY THE ONES WHO HANDED ME A KNIFE...



...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!

CLICK

...SEE, MRS. GASTON 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!**



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



...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...

STOMP CRUNCH STOMP CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH



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

WHAM
POP CRUNCH

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 ISN'T A SLOW NIGHT! SO HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU, OKAY? :CLICK:

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

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!

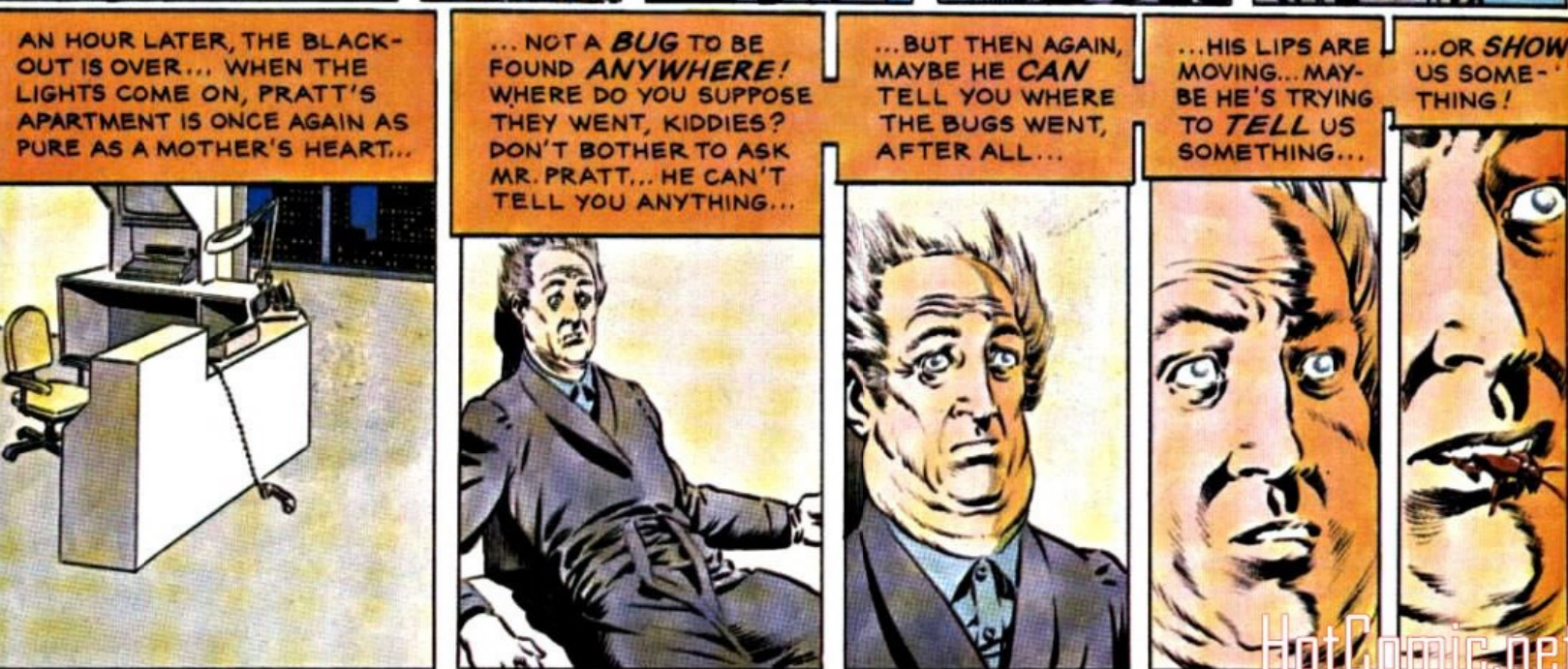
THEY CREEP UP ON YOU! THEY ALWAYS...

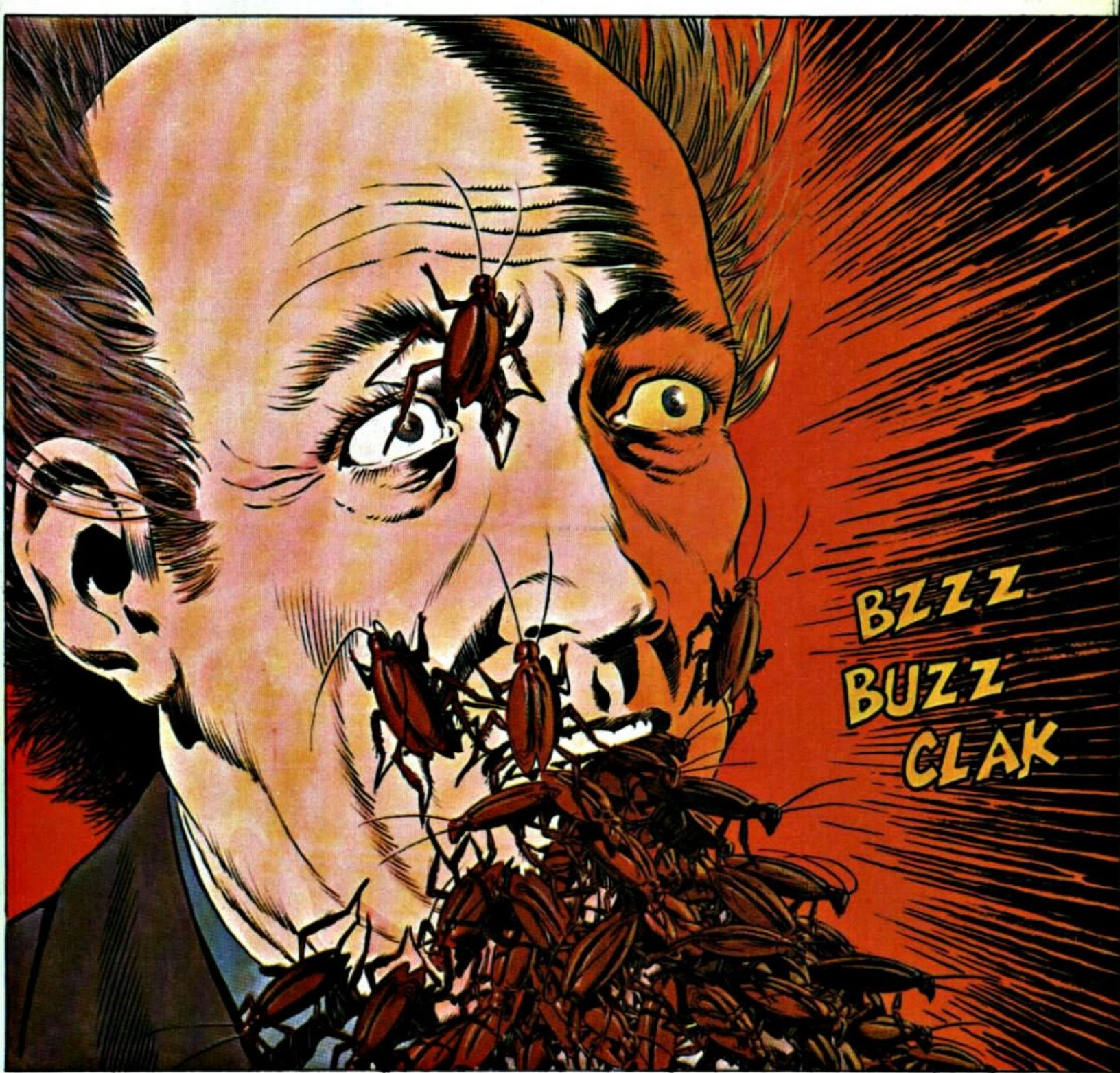
THEY ALWAYS CREEP UP ON... ALRIGHT! HOLD YOUR WATER!

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...

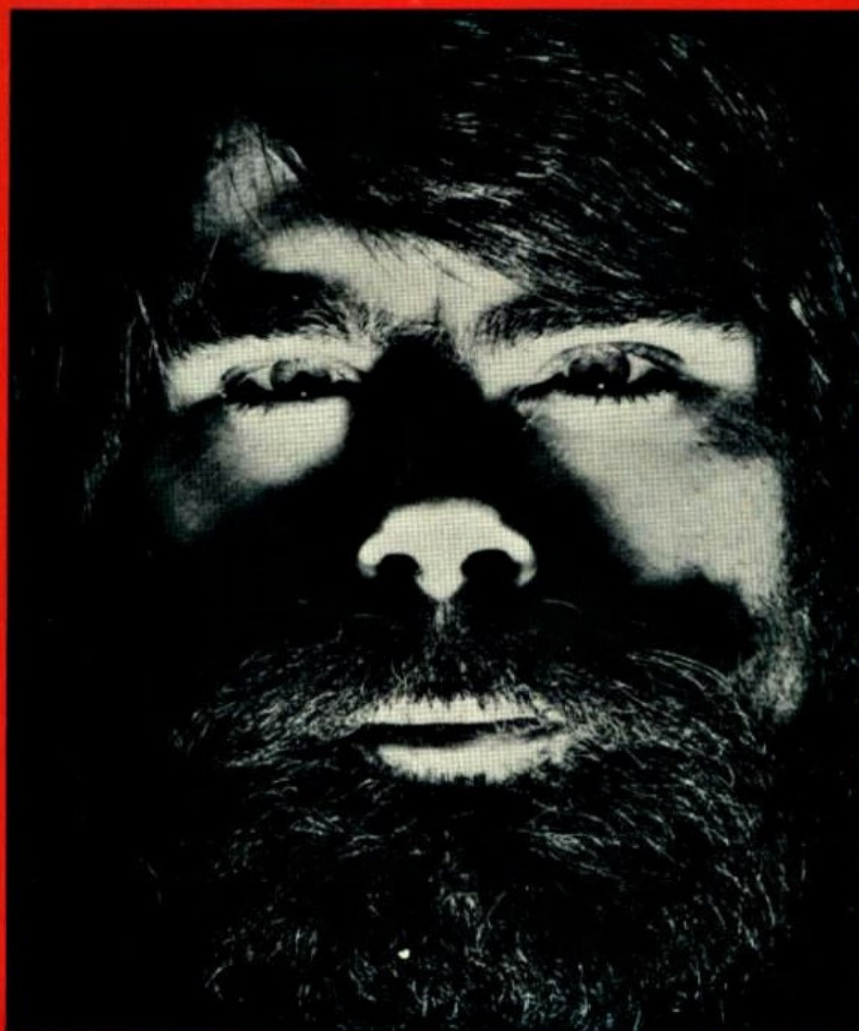




**BZZZ
BUZZ
CLAK**

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
