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MAGAZINE



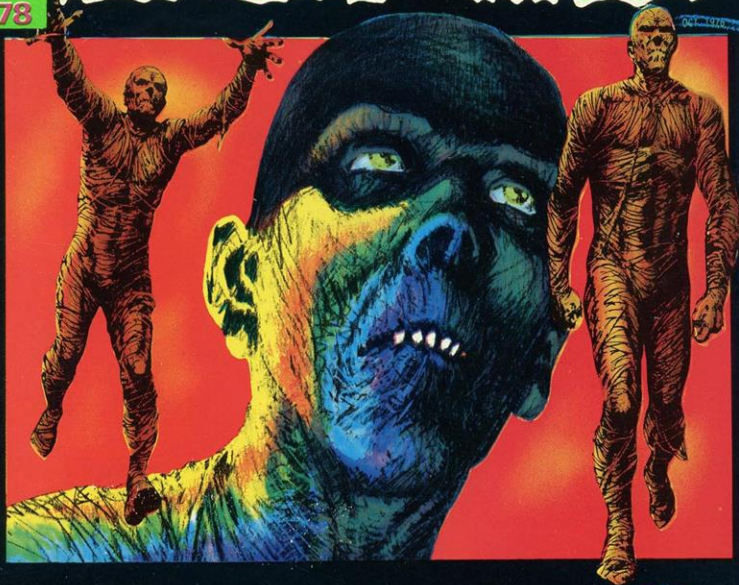
EERIE

#78

COLLECTOR'S GIANT EDITION WITH COLOR!

# EERIE

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FANTASTIC  
SPECTACULAR  
SPECIAL ISSUE

THE MUMMY  
BOOK-LENGTH SAGA  
ELECTRIFYING COLOR!

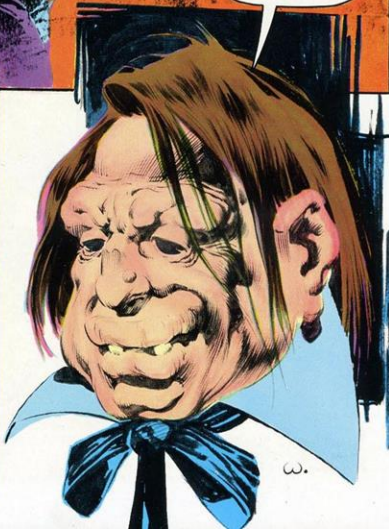




**SPECIAL ISSUE** TIME AGAIN,  
GHOULS AND BOYS! AND DOES YOUR  
OLD **COUSIN EERIE** HAVE A SAGA  
LINED UP JUST FOR **YOU!**

**SIX** FULL-LENGTH, FANTASY-FILLED  
ADVENTURES. TELL OF THE EXPLITS OF  
A TWO THOUSAND YEAR OLD **MUMMY!**  
A MUMMY WHO **LIVES...** AND WALKS...  
TO HAUNT THE STREETS OF CAIRO!

**THE MUMMY... HERO...**  
VILLAIN... KILLER...! HIS  
COMPLETE STORY  
**RETOLD! ENCORE,**  
JEROME CURRY,  
**MUMMY!**





OUR COVER  
Action! Excitement! Adventure! Horror!  
THE MUMMY WALKS! In this giant-sized  
book. On the excellent cover with art by  
Jaime Brocal. Lifelike color by Bill DuBay.

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EERIE No. 78 PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT APRIL, JULY AND DECEMBER BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. EDITORIAL SUBSCRIPTION & BUSINESS OFFICES AT 145 EAST 32nd STREET, N.Y. 10016. TELEPHONE: (212) 683-6050.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: 9 ISSUES FOR \$12.00 IN THE U.S.; CANADA AND ELSEWHERE \$14.00.

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# EERIE

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**BRANCATELLI: COMIC BOOKS** Many comics are not selling because no one sees them. Who's at fault? The Distributors. And publishers who can't, or won't, make the effort to insure good distribution!



# PROLOGUE



THEY HEARD THE CLUMPING ON THE STAIRS OUTSIDE...IT WAS **LOUD...**



...BUT NOT **THAT** LOUD... JUST ANOTHER DRUNK... OR SO THEY THOUGHT...ANOTHER LONELY MAN WHO HAD TRIED TO DROWN HIS LONELINESS IN **ALE...**

**CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP**



SUBCONSCIOUSLY, THEY **BOTH** IDENTIFIED WITH HIM A BIT ... PROBABLY A MAN WHO LIVED IN ONE OF THE APARTMENTS AT THE OTHER END OF THE HALL, COMING HOME, DRUNK AND ALONE....!



...THEY HAD BOTH KNOWN LONELINESS... AND THEY HELD EACH OTHER CLOSE, GLAD TO HAVE ONE ANOTHER, AT LEAST FOR THIS **ONE** NIGHT....!

**CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP**

BUT THEN, THE CLUMPING STOPPED, JUST OUTSIDE HER DOOR, AND THE NAUSEATING STENCH OF **DECAY** WASHED OVER THEM ... THE SCENT OF IMPENDING **DEATH...**!



IT WAS A MOMENT THAT SEEMED TO LAST **FOREVER...** ALL WAS SILENT... AND THEY LAY THERE, PUZZLED, FRIGHTENED, CONFUSED, UNABLE TO MOVE, STARING AT THE DOOR, WAITING FOR ... THEY KNEW NOT **WHAT...**



THEN...



...THEN IT CAME... THE ROTTEN, WORM-  
RIDDEN WOOD *SPLINTERED*, SMASHED BY  
THE UNBELIEVABLY POWERFUL THRUST OF  
A MASSIVE APPENDAGE... AND *IT* WAS  
UPON THEM...!

# THE MUMMY WALKS!

**SMRASH!**

OH  
MY GOD!  
WHAT  
IS--?

GOOD  
LORD!  
C'MON!  
WE'VE--!

## THE DEATH OF FRIEND!

SCRAMBLING IN ABJECT FEAR THEY TRIED TO  
RUN... REACT... BUT THEIR ACTIONS CAME  
TOO LATE...!

NO! GET  
AWAY! I  
...UNNGH!

NO! NO!  
PLEASE!  
I... I--!

WHAT **IS** THIS CREATURE? AND WHY HAS IT **BURST** INTO MY APARTMENT? THESE QUESTIONS DID NOT OCCUR TO HER. SHE KNEW ONLY FEAR, AS SHE BACKED AWAY...



... BACKED AWAY INTO THE DARK RECESSES OF HER MIND, HER CONSCIOUSNESS SLOWLY SLIPPING AWAY. SHE FELT HERSELF FALLING...



... BUT THEN, SHE WAS CAUGHT BY MASSIVE HANDS... HANDS THAT DID NOT SEEK TO CRUSH, BUT LIFTED HER GENTLY...!



SHE LOOKED MOMENTARILY THROUGH THE HAZE OF SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS INTO THE CREATURE'S EYES...



... THEN, TRIED TO TEAR HER EYES AWAY... BUT COULDN'T...! THE CREATURE'S GAZE WAS BURNING INTO HERS... NEARLY HYPNOTIZING HER...!



THEN, IT SEEMED THAT THE CREATURE'S **THOUGHTS** WERE BURNING INTO HER MIND... AS THOUGH IT WERE TRYING... TO **COMMUNICATE** WITH HER...!



IT WAS REPULSIVE... THE THOUGHT OF LETTING THIS THING GET INTO HER MIND... AND, AT FIRST, SHE FOUGHT... **FOUGHT** THE THOUGHTS...



... BUT SHE WAS **WEAK**...! SHE COULD NOT FIGHT... SHE COULD DO **NOTHING** TO RESIST THE SUPERIOR WILL OF THIS... THIS MONSTROSITY...!



THEN... SLOWLY... **ITS** THOUGHTS FLOODED HER MIND, BLENDING WITH HER **OWN** THOUGHTS ... AND FINALLY... SHE **KNEW**...!

YOU... YOU'RE **JEROME**! BUT...

... BUT **HOW**... HOW DID -- ?



SUDDENLY, HIS GRIP TIGHTENED AND HIS HANDS REACHED FOR HER NECK... AS THOUGH THIS WERE ALL HE HAD WANTED... FOR HER TO **RECOGNIZE** HIM... AND NOW HE WOULD END IT ALL!



WHA..?

N-NO...  
J-JEROME...  
Y-YOU CAN'T!

W-WHY ME  
...JEROME...



W...WHY  
MEEEEEE--?

BUT THE ONLY RESPONSE TO THE GIRL'S FINAL, CONFUSED QUESTION, WAS THE SOUND OF HER OWN NECK... **SPLINTERING...**



THEN...THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT STREETS OF **EGYPT** IN THE EARLY 1900'S IT SHAMBLLED... CAREFUL NOT TO BE SEEN...!

DEAR, WHAT'S THAT **SMELL?**

OH... IT'S PROBABLY JUST A **GARBAGE WAGON!**  
GO BACK TO **SLEEP!**



FINALLY THE THING APPROACHED A DARKENED MUSEUM... AND THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT WAS DEAFENING...!



HERE WAITED ITS **SARCOPHAGUS...** AND AN APPARENTLY UNCONSCIOUS MAN...!





AND AS THE SHAMBLING CREATURE LAY BACK INTO THE CASEMENT IN WHICH IT HAD LAIN FOR AGES... A MYSTIC TRANSFERENCE TOOK PLACE...! AND THE MIND WITHIN THE EONS OLD MUMMY RETURNED TO THE BODY OF...  
**JEROME CURRY!**



**JEROME CURRY... FORTUNE-HUNTER, ADVENTURER... AND LOVER. MAN WITH THE GOOD FORTUNE TO HAVE STUMBLED UPON AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN AMULET WITH THE POWER OF MIND TRANSFERENCE!**

YET, BECAUSE OF JEROME CURRY'S ACTIONS THIS NIGHT, ANOTHER MAN... **DOUGLAS HINDLEY**, CAN ONLY FEEL **SHOCK AND DISGUST!**



HA! HA! THE THRILL OF THE KILL! IT'S EXHILARATING! I MUST DO IT AGAIN...!

ONCE, HE HAD BEEN BUT ONE FACE LOST IN EGYPT'S MASSIVE SWIRL OF FACES. BUT HIS NEWFOUND TRINKET SET HIM APART FROM OTHER MEN, AND JEROME CURRY *LIKED* THE FEELING.

MY GOD!  
OH, MY GOD!



DOUG FOUND HIMSELF STANDING IN THE BACKGROUND AS THE POLICE BEGAN THEIR INVESTIGATION...!

NOTHING MUCH TO GO ON! JUST THIS STRANGE GRAY DIRT ON THE VICTIMS' THROATS!

WHERE'S THAT YOUNG MAN WHO FOUND THE BODIES?

RIGHT HERE, SIR!



IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, IT'S ALL RATHER SIMPLE ACTUALLY... I WAS COMING UP HERE AND SAW THAT THE DOOR HAD BEEN SMASHED IN, SO--!

HOLD ON A MINUTE, PLEASE... AND BE KIND ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHAT YOU WERE DOING HERE?



I WAS COMING UP TO SEE **MOLLY**! SHE IS... **WAS** A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE!

I **SEE**, AND YOU SAY THE DOOR WAS **SMASHED** LIKE THAT WHEN YOU **ARRIVED**?

**YES!**



AND HOW DO I KNOW THAT **YOU** DIDN'T KILL THESE TWO?

WH...? **NONSENSE!** DO YOU HONESTLY BELIEVE THAT **I** COULD HAVE DONE THAT TO THE DOOR?

BESIDES, **WHY** WOULD I DO IT? WHAT WOULD BE MY **MOTIVE** FOR DOING SUCH A THING?



YOU SAY YOU WERE A **FRIEND** OF THE YOUNG LADY... **CORRECT**? WELL, PERHAPS YOU CAME UP HERE, CAUGHT HER WITH THIS **OTHER** MAN, AND **KILLED THEM BOTH**!

SUCH THINGS HAVE BEEN **KNOWN** TO **HAPPEN**, YOU KNOW?

**YES, I'M SURE THEY HAVE!**

BUT APPARENTLY YOU DON'T **UNDERSTAND** WHAT I MEAN BY THE WORD **"FRIEND!"**

I **KNEW** ABOUT **MOLLY**... **KNEW** ABOUT HER AND ALL HER **MEN**!

AND I LIKED HER **DESPITE** WHAT SHE **WAS**!



A FEW MORE QUESTIONS AND THEN HE WAS RELEASED... I **DOUG** SPENT THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON IN A DRAMSHOP... THINKING... **REMEMBERING!**

**POOR MOLLY!** SHE WAS A **SAD** AND **LONELY** PERSON... A WOMAN WHO WAS SO AFRAID OF BEING **ALONE**, SHE WOULD ACCEPT A LIAISON WITH ALMOST **ANYONE**!

YET, NO ONE REALLY **CARED** ABOUT HER... NO ONE GAVE A **DAMN** ABOUT HER... NONE OF HER **MEN**... **NO ONE**...

...EXCEPT, **PERHAPS, ME!**





AND THE SADDEST THING IS...NOBODY CARES **NOW**, EITHER!

IF SHE WERE AN IMPORTANT PERSON, THE POLICE WOULD REALLY INVESTIGATE HER DEATH! BUT FOR HER, THEY WON'T EVEN **HALF-TRY!**

HER LIFE WAS **HARD!**

AND SOMETIMES I GOT THE FEELING THAT SHE **WANTED** TO DIE...BUT COULDN'T BRING HERSELF TO TAKE HER OWN LIFE!

I USED TO THINK THAT IF DEATH CAME HER WAY, PERHAPS SHE WOULD **EMBRACE** IT!



BUT STILL, IF I EVER FIND OUT WHO **KILLED** HER, I'LL--!

**DOUG!** I'VE BEEN LOOKING **EVERYWHERE** FOR YOU!

**HUNH?!**

I **KNEW** I'D FIND YOU IN A PLACE LIKE THIS! THE TROUBLE IS...THERE ARE SO **MANY** PLACES LIKE THIS!

**WELL, SIS...** I'LL SAY **ONE** THING...YOU'RE AS OUT OF PLACE HERE AS A GEM WOULD BE IN A CESSPOOL! I TRUST YOU'RE NOT **UNESCORTED!**

**CERTAINLY NOT!**



THAT, AS A MATTER OF FACT, IS **WHY** I WANTED TO SEE YOU!

I WANT YOU TO MEET THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN **CALLING UPON** ME LATELY! AND SINCE YOU'RE SO **SELDOM HOME**, I DECIDED WE'D COME **FIND YOU!**





DOUG, THIS IS **JEROME CURRY!** JEROME IS AN AMERICAN, HERE TO SEE THE FABLED WONDERS OF EGYPT!

HE'S TAKEN A JOB NOW IN OUR LOCAL MUSEUM!

JEROME... MY BROTHER, DOUG!

GLAD TO MEET YOU, DOUG!

LIKEWISE!

SIS HAS ALWAYS HAD A TENDENCY TO GO OUT WITH **ABSOLUTE UPPER-CRUST CREEPS**... AND THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE **NO EXCEPTION!**

BUT THAT'S HARDLY ANY CONCERN OF MINE!

**HMMPH...** NOT ONLY IS THIS ONE A **CREEP...** HE'S A **DULLARD** AS WELL...!

HE'S HARDLY SAID **TWO WORDS** SINCE I INVITED THEM TO JOIN ME!

I'M CERTAINLY NOT OFFERING HIM ANOTHER DRINK!

FINALLY...

AH, GLAD TO GET RID OF THEM!

HAD TO WATCH MY **DRINKING** FOR AWHILE! DIDN'T WANT TO **SHOCK** MY BLUE-NOSED SISTER!

BUT NOW--!

MORE AND MORE ALIVE... OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES OF MOLLY... AND FINALLY THE FACE OF ANOTHER WOMAN HELD IN HIS HANDS... ALL THIS CAME THAT NIGHT FOR DOUGLAS HINDLEY...!

ALL THIS... AND **MORE!**

**CRASH!**

WHA-?

FEAR SLICES THROUGH HIS INTOXICATION... FEAR SNAPS DOUG HINDLEY'S MIND INTO DISQUIETING **SOBRIETY**...!



STILL, IT IS HARD TO **RUN** AFTER A NIGHT OF HEAVY DRINKING... AND ESPECIALLY HARD TO **RUN FAST**... AND SO IT WAS THAT DOUG'S HEAD WAS CAUGHT BY THE CREATURE'S ARM... AND SMASHED INTO A WALL...!



SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO DOUG... SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED **INSIDE** HIM! HE COULDN'T SEEM TO **MOVE**! BUT HE COULD STILL **SEE**... AND HE LOOKED ON AS THE CREATURE GRABBED THE GIRL BY THE SHOULDERS...

... AND NOTICED...!



THE THING CONTINUED TO HOLD THE GIRL, AND STARE INTO HER EYES... UNTIL...!

GOOD GOD! YOU'RE **JEROME**! BUT--!



WHAT?

AND, EVEN AS THE CREATURE WENT FOR THE NECK... AND THE GIRL SCREAMED OUT ...DOUG BEGAN TO REALIZE...!

**THAT THING!** ... IT'S AN **EGYPTIAN MUMMY!**

AND "**JEROME**" ... THAT WAS THE NAME OF THAT CREEP **SIS** WAS WITH... AND HE WORKS IN THE MUSEUM... WITH **MUMMIES**?



FINALLY, HE  
FORCED HIS  
BROKEN  
BODY TO  
MOVE...!

I'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT OF  
HERE! DO  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT THIS!

BUT...!



THE PEOPLE WERE USED TO HEARING SCREAMS AND CRASHING SOUNDS THERE IN THE SLUMS...AND NO ONE LOOKED OUT HIS WINDOW...NO ONE CARED TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED. NO ONE KNEW THAT A YOUNG MAN HAD JUST DIED! NO ONE EXCEPT THIS CREATURE THAT HAD **KILLED** HIM...! THIS THING THAT NOW SHAMBLED OFF, INTO THE WAITING DARKNESS!



YOURS IS AN  
UNIMPORTANT  
DEATH, DOUGLAS  
HINDLEY... YOURS  
TOO WILL HARDLY  
BE INVESTIGATED.

END



# THE MUMMY WALKS

YOU CAN FEEL IT, CAN'T YOU, JEROME CURRY! YOU CAN FEEL YOUR *MIND* FLOATING UPWARDS... *ABANDONING* THE MUSKY, ROTTEN BANDAIDED BODY OF A MAN TWO THOUSAND YEARS DEAD! AND AS YOUR MIND ONCE AGAIN SETTLES INTO YOUR *OWN FORM*, YOUR EYES CAN *SEE* MUMMIFIED REMAINS THEY HAVE LEFT BEHIND... A DEAD *HUSK*... A *SHELL*... YOUR ALTER-EGO! **THE MUMMY!**



YOUR *MIND*...! IT IS BACK WHERE IT *BELONGS* NOW! YET THE INFLUENCES OF THAT *OTHER MIND* LINGER ON... THAT *ANCIENT MIND* THAT STILL LIVES IN THAT DECAYING BUT POWERFUL BODY! WITH ITS HELP YOU HAVE REALIZED *POWER*...! AND YOU KNOW NOW THAT WHAT IS "*RIGHT*" IS ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED!

## THE MIND WITHIN



YOUR BODY IS STIFF, JEROME. BUT IT IS *PLEASURABLE* TO ONCE AGAIN INHABIT YOUR *OWN FORM*...

**WHEW!**  
BEING WITHIN THAT MUMMY MAY HAVE HELPED ME REALIZE ALL THAT I AM... ALL THAT I CAN BE!

BUT STILL... IT'S A *TIRING EXPERIENCE!* CAN HARDLY THINK STRAIGHT! NEED SOME *SLEEP!*

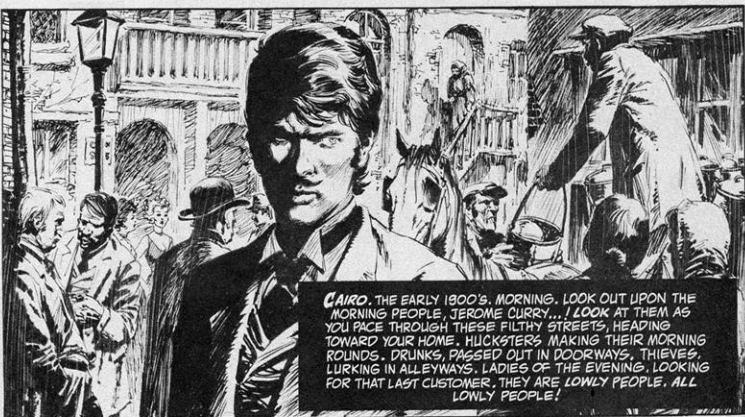


AND YOU WALK THROUGH THE MUSEUM AS DUST DANCES IN THE BEAMS FROM THE NOW RISING SUN...!

WORKING THAT *CUMBERSOME BODY*... KEEPING THAT *OTHER MIND* IN CHECK, IS DIFFICULT WORK! YET, I *MUST CONTROL IT*, RATHER THAN IT *CONTROLLING ME!*

IF I EVER LET MY GUARD DOWN... I MAY BE *TRAPPED* IN THAT... THAT *BODY* FOR ALL *ETERNITY!*

STORY: STEVE SKEATES/ART: JAIME BROCAL



CAIRO, THE EARLY 1900'S, MORNING. LOOK OUT UPON THE MORNING PEOPLE, JEROME CURRY... I LOOK AT THEM AS YOU PACE THROUGH THESE FILTHY STREETS, HEADING TOWARD YOUR HOME. HUCKSTERS MAKING THEIR MORNING ROUNDS. DRUNKS, PASSED OUT IN DOORWAYS. THIEVES, LURKING IN ALLEYWAYS. LADIES OF THE EVENING, LOOKING FOR THAT LAST CUSTOMER. THEY ARE LOWLY PEOPLE. ALL LOWLY PEOPLE!



YOU WERE ONCE A LOWLY PERSON YOURSELF, WEREN'T YOU, JEROME? YOU ONCE MINGLED WITH THESE PEOPLE AND CONSIDERED THEM YOUR EQUAL. BUT EVEN THEN YOU HAD THE DESIRE TO BE SOME-THING MORE, DIDN'T YOU?



SO YOU STUDIED... YOU STUDIED NEARLY EVERYTHING... SEARCHING... FINALLY BECOMING FASCINATED BY EGYPTOLOGY... YEARNING FOR THE POWER THAT THE EGYPTIAN PHAROS POSSESSED...!



AND ULTIMATELY, YOU EVEN TRAVELED TO EGYPT... WHERE THE AMULET... THE ALL IMPORTANT AMULET CAME INTO YOUR POSSESSION...!

THE EGYPTIANS BELIEVED THAT THIS TRINKET COULD ENABLE ONE TO TRANSFER HIS MIND INTO THE BODY OF ANY PROPERLY PRESERVED MUMMY!

A MYTH? PERHAPS! BUT YOU PLANNED TO PUT IT TO THE TEST! YOU TOOK THAT JOB IN THE MUSEUM THEN, DIDN'T YOU, JEROME? YOU WERE EAGER TO UTILIZE THE BODY OF THE MUMMY THEY SO PROUDLY DISPLAYED!



FINALLY, YOUR CHANCE CAME! THE NIGHT OF THE FIRST TRANSFERENCE! YOU WERE TENSE, EXCITED...! AND THEN... YOU COULD FEEL YOUR MIND FLOATING... SAILING ACROSS EMPTY AIR... AND FUSING WITH THE BODY OF A CREATURE WITH ABSOLUTE POWER! YOU COULD FEEL YOUR MIND COUPLING WITH ANOTHER MIND... AN ANCIENT MIND THAT KNEW ALL THAT YOU WISHED TO KNOW.

FACES APPEARED BEFORE YOU THEN, DIDN'T THEY, JEROME?! AND YOU CAME TO REALIZE WHAT IT WAS THAT FOR SOME TIME HAD MADE YOU FEEL LIKE LESS THAN A MAN, THE FACES...! THEY BELONGED TO MOLLY, LILY, AND OTHERS WHOSE NAMES YOU HAD FORGOTTEN! WOMEN... NO, TRAMPS...! THEY WERE BUT LOWLY SLUTS WHO HAD SPURNED YOUR ADVANCES!



WHEN YOU TOO HAD BEEN LOWLY, YOU ACCEPTED THEIR ABUSE! BUT NOW... NOW YOU HAD POWER... THE ABILITY TO DO... THE CAPACITY TO ACT!



THE OTHER MIND TOLD YOU WHAT YOU HAD TO DO... FOR YOUR OWN GOOD... IN ORDER TO BELIEVE IN YOURSELF... BELIEVE IN ONLY YOURSELF! AND YES! YOU AGREED WITH IT, DIDN'T YOU?



THESE WOMEN WOULD PAY FOR TREATING YOU AS SOMETHING LOWER THAN THEMSELVES! THROUGH THEM YOU WOULD PROVE YOUR SUPERIORITY, YOUR AUTHORITY, YOUR DOMINION!



MOLLY WAS THE FIRST! AND, AS YOU STOOD OVER THE LIFELESS BODIES OF HER AND THE ALE - SIPPED MAN SHE HAD CHOSEN FOR THE NIGHT, YOU FELT REBORN... NOW YOU WERE IN CONTROL... FROM NOW ON, YOU WOULD CONTROL YOUR OWN DESTINY!



AND THEN THERE WAS SUZANNE... THE WOMAN YOU HAD MET DAYS EARLIER. SHE WAS NO TRAMP! YET AT FIRST, YOU HAD BEEN AFRAID THAT SHE TOO WOULD SPURN YOU! BUT SHE DIDN'T, DID SHE, JEROME?



JEROME!  
A RING!  
OH... IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

NOW, YOU FEARED NOTHING! NOW, YOU KNEW THAT SHE WOULD BE WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE! FOR IF SHE EVER ASKED YOU TO STOP SEEING HER... HER LIFE WOULD END! YOU WOULD SEE TO THAT, NOW YOU HAD THE POWER! AND YOU HAD THE RIGHT!



YET, THERE WAS STILL WORK TO BE DONE... YEARS OF MISTAKES TO CORRECT! AND THAT NEXT NIGHT, YOU AGAIN TRANSFERRED... YOU AGAIN BECAME THE MUMMY!



AND LILY WAS NEXT! YOU BROKE INTO HER ROOM AND CRUSHED HER WORTHLESS LIFE! REMEMBER HOW WONDERFUL IT FELT... EVEN MORE WONDERFUL THAN KILLING MOLLY? REMEMBER THE TINGLE OF EXCITEMENT THAT PASSED THROUGH YOUR ENTIRE BEING AS HER NECK SNAPPED AND THAT SMALL STREAM OF BLOOD TRICKLED OUT OF THE CORNER OF HER MOUTH?



AND, AS FOR THE  
MAN SHE WAS WITH...

FOOL!  
HE WON'T  
GET PAST  
ME!

WHA--?  
IT'S DOUG!  
SUZANNE'S  
BROTHER!



WE HEARD  
LILY CALL OUT  
MY NAME  
WHEN I FORCED  
MY THOUGHTS  
INTO HER MIND!

I HAVE TO  
DO THIS!

HMMMPH!  
SUZANNE'S GOING  
TO BE UPSET  
ABOUT HER  
BROTHER'S DEATH!  
AND IT'S GOING TO  
BE UP TO ME TO  
COMFORT HER!

BUT THAT'LL  
COME LATER!  
IT'LL BE SOME  
TIME BEFORE  
THE BODY IS  
FOUND! AND  
RIGHT NOW, I  
NEED SOME  
SLEEP!



A BOARDING HOUSE! THIS IS WHERE YOU LIVE... AT THE  
MOMENT. BUT SOMEDAY SOON YOU HOPE TO HAVE  
ENOUGH MONEY TO PURCHASE A STately HOME!



PERHAPS, YOU'LL EVEN HAVE  
THE MUMMY HELP YOU  
OBTAIN THE MONEY. BUT  
THESE THOUGHTS, TOO,  
WILL HAVE TO WAIT!

THE SUN RISES AND SETS SEVERAL TIMES... AND NOW YOU  
ARE AT A BURIAL... WATCHING A MAN YOU KILLED BEING  
PLACED IN THE GROUND... WHILE PROVIDING A SHOULDER  
FOR HIS SISTER TO CRY UPON!



AT FIRST, YOU FELT REMORSE FOR WHAT YOU  
DID. BUT NOW, YOU FEEL A SENSE OF ACCOM-  
PLISHMENT INSTEAD, AS YOU REALIZE THAT HER  
BROTHER'S DEATH HAS CAUSED SUZANNE TO  
CLING CLOSER TO YOU THAN EVER BEFORE!

THE RIDE HOME...TO HER FATHER'S HOUSE, YOU ASK YOURSELF...WHAT IS THE COLOR OF HER SADNESS...OF THE TEARS THAT ARE SPILLED UPON YOUR LAPEL?



WHAT COMPRISES THIS ODD EMOTION THAT CAUSES HER TO GRAB YOUR HAND...AND PULL YOU ALONG WITH HER, PAST THE ROOM WHERE HER FATHER GRIEVES...UP THE STAIRS...TO HER ROOM?



YES, WHAT IS THIS EMOTION? IS IT SIMPLY A DESIRE TO ESCAPE...TO FLEE FROM THE TORMENT? OR IS IT MORE?



COME!  
PLEASE  
COMFORT ME!  
HELP ME  
FORGET!



SHE PULLS YOU...YOU FALL BESIDE HER...AND YOUR HANDS INSTINCTIVELY REACH FOR HER NECK!



HUH?  
W-WHAT  
AM I  
DOING?

J-JEROME!  
YOU'RE  
HURTING  
ME!

THE DESIRE TO KILL IS IN YOU NOW, JEROME CURRY! BUT WHY NOW? THEN YOU REALIZE... THE LAST TWO TIMES YOU WERE WITH WOMEN... ALBEIT, YOU WERE IN ANOTHER BODY, YOU KILLED! THAT IS WHY!



I...I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
CAME OVER  
ME--!

I--I--!

YOU TRY TO FORM AN EXCUSE...AN EXPLANATION FOR YOUR ACTIONS! BUT YOU HAVE NONE, DO YOU, JEROME! AND IN YOUR EMBARRASSMENT YOU RUN FROM YOUR BELOVED'S ROOM...!

RAGE FILLS YOUR BEING! RAGE AND FRUSTRATION! YOUR OWN STUPIDITY HAS LOST YOUR BELOVED SUZANNE FOR YOU, JEROME. YOU KNOW YOU CAN NEVER FACE HER AGAIN...!



I MUST FEEL  
POWER  
ONCE MORE!

I...I MUST  
KILL...! I MUST  
FLUSH THIS  
WEAKNESS  
OUT OF MY  
BODY!



YOU AGAIN ASSUME THE GUISE  
OF THIS DECAYING, FETID THING.  
THIS INSTRUMENT OF YOUR PER-  
SONAL GROWTH...

NEVER REALIZED MY  
DESIRE TO KILL... TO  
PROVE MY POWER...  
WOULD BECOME SO  
STRONG!

IT'S ALMOST  
FRIGHTENS ME!



AGAIN YOU SHAMBLE THROUGH  
DARKENED, NEARLY DESERTED STREETS!

BUT... WHY  
WORRY  
ABOUT IT?

MY LIFE HAS  
CHANGED!  
NOW I CAN DO  
WHATEVER I  
DESIRE!

AH... MY NEXT  
VICTIM...!

YET, EVEN WHILE  
YOUR BANDAGED  
FORM STALKS  
SLOWLY, SILENTLY  
UPON YOUR HAP-  
LESS PREY, YOU  
CAN NOT KNOW  
THAT YOUR TRUE  
BODY, JEROME  
CURRY, IS IN  
GRAVE PERIL...!  
FOR EVEN NOW,  
THIEVES ARE  
ENTERING  
YOUR MUSEUM  
STRONGHOLD...

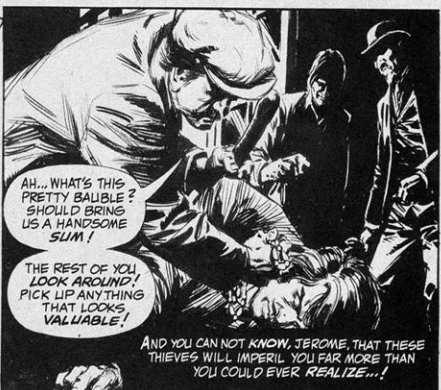


...THIEVES WHO  
CREEP SILENTLY  
UPON YOUR BODY,  
UNAWARE THAT  
IT IS MINDLESS...!  
UNAWARE THAT  
IT CAN NOT HEAR  
OR SEE...! FOR  
THEY ASSUME  
THAT YOU,  
JEROME, ARE  
ASLEEP!



KLOMP!

THIS'LL KEEP  
'IM OUT!



AH... WHAT'S THIS  
PRETTY BAUBLE?  
SHOULD BRING  
US A HANDSOME  
SUM!

THE REST OF YOU  
LOOK AROUND!  
PICK UP ANYTHING  
THAT LOOKS  
VALUABLE!

AND YOU CAN NOT KNOW, JEROME, THAT THESE  
THIEVES WILL IMPERIL YOU FAR MORE THAN  
YOU COULD EVER REALIZE...!

NOR...AT THE MOMENT...DO YOU CARE!

**YUUIEEEEEE!**



YOU THRILL TO HER SCREAM AS IT FADES INTO A SPUTTERING, CHOKING COUGH! YOU RELISH THE UPCOMING SILENCE, AS HER BODY BECOMES LIMP! THIS...THIS POWER IS THE ULTIMATE ORGASM!



LET'S GO!  
NONE OF YOU CAN  
CARRY ANY MORE  
THAN YOU'VE  
ALREADY GOT!

GO...  
LET'S GET  
OUT OF  
HERE!



THE THIEVES...YOUR JAILERS...!  
BY STEALING THE AMULET, THEY  
HAVE IMPRISONED YOUR MIND  
WITHIN A DECAYING, TWO-THOU-  
SAND YEAR-OLD CORPSE...!



YET...HOW CAN YOU CARE  
FOR THAT WHICH YOU DO  
NOT KNOW! YOU ARE  
EXHILARATED, JEROME,  
IN THE CALM CONTENTMENT  
THAT FOLLOWS A STORM  
OF ACTIVITY!  
YOU HAVE EXHAUSTED  
ALL YOUR EMOTIONS...  
AND ARE LOST IN WAVES  
OF TRANQUILITY!  
YOU WISH ONLY TO REST  
NOW...SO YOU RETURN...  
ONCE AGAIN...TO THE  
MUSEUM...TO YOUR  
TRUE BODY!





**BUT... YOU RECOIL IN SHOCK AS YOU SEE YOUR FORM, JEROME...! AND THEN YOU NOTICE... ALL AROUND YOU... OBJECTS MISSING... THE MUSEUM IN DISARRAY!**



**YOUR BODY... THANK GOD IT HASN'T BEEN HARMED! BUT THE AMULET... GOOD GOD! WHERE IS THE AMULET?**



**YOU SEARCH WITH CUMBERSOME HANDS... FRANTICALLY YOU LOOK FOR THE AMULET... THE ALL IMPORTANT TRINKET THAT MUST BE ABOUT THE BODY IF THE TRANSFERENCE IS TO BE MADE!**



**BUT NO! YOU CAN NOT FIND IT!**

**SEARCH! SEARCH EVERYWHERE! SEARCH IN VAIN! AND LISTEN AS THE LAUGHTER OF THE OTHER MIND BEGINS! LISTEN TO ITS THOUGHTS... "NOW YOU ARE TRAPPED FOREVER IN THIS BODY. JUST AS I AM TRAPPED!" BUT NO! YOU CAN'T BE TRAPPED! YOU CAN'T!**

**YOU DON'T WANT ONLY POWER! YOU WANT A LIFE AS WELL! YOU WANT A MARRIAGE... A HOME! YOU WANT A HUMAN LIFE! SO YOU SEARCH... SEARCH! BUT YOU KNOW IT IS HOPELESS!**

**EVENTUALLY... YOU RACE OUT OF THE MUSEUM... RACE AIMLESSLY... AND TRY TO SCREAM... TRY TO DOWN OUT THE CONTINUING INSANE LAUGHTER... BUT YOU CAN'T SCREAM OUTWARDLY, CAN YOU? YOU CAN ONLY SCREAM INSIDE YOUR MIND!**

**CRR-AASH**



**IT CAN'T BE FOUND, CAN IT? AND THE LAUGHTER CONTINUES!**



**WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW, CREATURE? WHAT CAN YOU DO NOW?**

# PROLOGUE



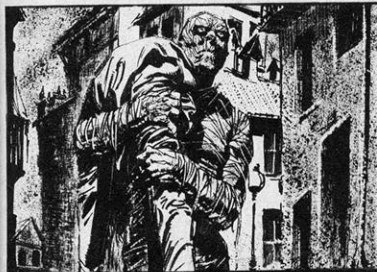
HE IS CALM NOW...THIS DECAYING, FETID BANDAGED THING! AND AS HE COLLECTS HIMSELF AFTER A NIGHT OF *INSANITY*, HE LOOKS TO THE SKY, REALIZING IT IS NOW NEARING *SUNRISE*!



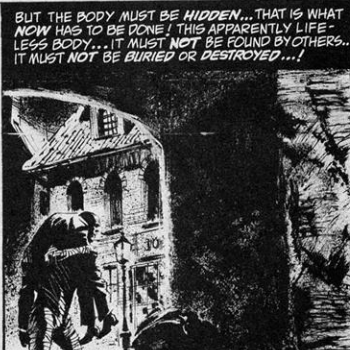
THERE ARE *THINGS* TO BE DONE, SLOWLY, ON CUMBERSOME, TIRED LIMBS, HE RETURNS TO THE *MUSEUM*...TO THE BODY THAT ONCE WAS *HIS*...



...WAS *HIS* BEFORE HE TRANSFERRED HIS MIND INTO THIS *OTHER BODY*...THIS *BODY* OF POWER! THEN, HE DISCOVERED HE COULD NOT TRANSFER BACK.



*PRESERVATION!* SOMEWHERE, IN THE BACK OF HIS BEFOGGED MIND, IS THE PROPER MEMORY. HIS READINGS IN *EGYPTOLOGY*-- THEY HAVE TOLD HIM THAT HIS TRUE BODY WILL REMAIN PRESERVED SO LONG AS HIS MIND CONTINUES TO EXIST...!

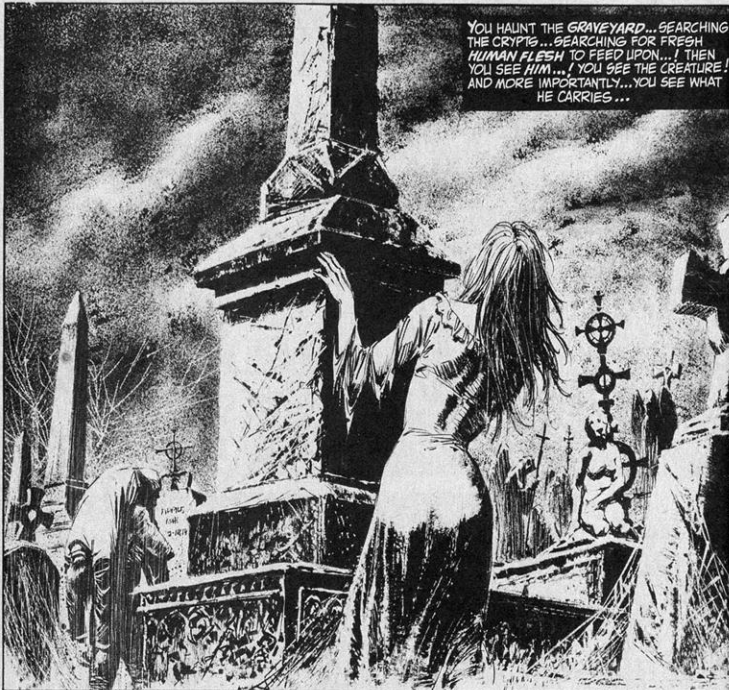


BUT THE BODY MUST BE *HIDDEN*...THAT IS WHAT *NOW* HAS TO BE DONE! THIS APPARENTLY LIFELESS BODY...IT MUST *NOT* BE FOUND BY OTHERS... IT MUST *NOT* BE BURIED OR DESTROYED...!



IT MUST BE PLACED SOMEWHERE WHERE IT WILL REMAIN *SAFE*... IT MUST BE PLACED IN A *TOMB*...LIKE THE ONE WHERE YOU FOUND THE *AMULET OF POWER*! AN ANCIENT *TOMB*... FOR ONLY THERE WILL IT GO *UNNOTICED*!

YOU HAUNT THE GRAVEYARD...SEARCHING  
THE CRYPTS...SEARCHING FOR FRESH  
HUMAN FLESH TO FEED UPON...! THEN  
YOU SEE HIM...! YOU SEE THE CREATURE!  
AND MORE IMPORTANTLY...YOU SEE WHAT  
HE CARRIES...



# GHOULISH ENCOUNTER



YOU DO NOT **THINK** ABOUT  
THE **CREATURE**. YOU DO  
NOT **WONDER** WHAT HE IS  
NOR WHERE HE CAME FROM.  
CURIOSITY IS SOMETHING  
YOU NO LONGER POSSESS...!



NOW, YOUR MADNESS ALLOWS YOU TO THINK  
ONLY OF YOURSELF...YOURSELF AND YOUR  
PERVERTED HUNGER! NOW, YOU STARE AT  
THE BODY CARRIED BY THIS MONSTROUS  
THING, AND YOUR MOUTH FILLS, OVERFLOW-  
ING WITH **SALIVA**.

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU WERE NORMAL? HOW LONG SINCE YOU AND THE MAN YOU LOVED...YOUR HUSBAND OF BUT LESS THAN TWO WEEKS, WERE ACCIDENTALLY LOCKED IN THAT DANK AND DISMAL BASEMENT? 2 MONTHS?...YEARS? YOU DO NOT KNOW, DO YOU?

YOU POUNDED AND YOU SHOUTED AND YOU SCREAMED...YOU REMEMBER THAT MUCH! BUT NO ONE HEARD! REMEMBER HOW YOUR HUNGER GREW...HOW YOUR STOMACH TWISTED AND KNOTTED ABOUT ITSELF AS THE DAYS PASSED?





AT LAST, YOU COULD STAND  
NO MORE...! YOUR MIND  
SNAPPED...



...AND YOU INDULGED  
YOURSELF... FOR THE  
FIRST TIME IN DAYS!



ONCE AGAIN, YOUR MAN...  
YOUR LOVER... WAS WITHIN  
YOU! A TWISTED, KNOWING  
SMILE PLAYED OVER YOUR  
LIPS AS YOUR HUNGER  
DISSIPATED... AND YOU  
SUPPRESSED A LAUGH  
OF DULL IRONY!



AND... AH... IT WAS GOOD...  
WASN'T IT? THE FEELING  
OF THE FLESH THAT WAS  
ONCE YOUR HUSBAND,  
SEEMED TO CARESS YOUR  
EMPTY ACHING STOMACH...!



AND EACH DAY, YOU TOOK ALL  
YOUR DEAD HUSBAND HAD TO  
OFFER!



AND IT WASN'T UNTIL  
ALMOST TWO WEEKS  
HAD PASSED THAT  
THEY FINALLY DIS-  
COVERED YOU.



SOMEONE'S  
COMING!

I'M SAVED!  
SAVED!

B-BUT T-THEY WON'T  
UNDERSTAND...!  
T-THEY'LL THINK  
WHAT I'VE DONE  
IS WRONG!

MUST RUN...  
ESCAPE...!



HEY!  
WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING?

WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
HERE?

S-SHE'S GONE...!  
B-BUT WHAT'S THAT...  
T-THAT SMELL...?

OH, MY  
GOD!

CHOKE!?

HAZY MEMORIES. SINCE THEN, YOU HAVE LIVED HERE IN  
THIS BLEAK CEMETARY... SEARCHING AND FEEDING BY  
NIGHT. NOW YOU LOOK ON AS A CREATURE LEAVES THE  
CRYPT HE JUST ENTERED... LEAVES IT ALONE! AND  
YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR NEXT MEAL SHALL BE!

THOSE THIEVES WHO  
HANG AROUND THE  
MUSEUM! I KNEW  
THEM ONCE, BACK  
WHEN I, TOO, WAS  
A LOWLY PERSON!

THEY MUST  
BE THE ONES  
WHO STOLE  
THE AMULET...  
THE OTHER  
ARTIFACTS  
AS WELL!

MUST GET IT BACK!  
DON'T WANT TO SPEND  
THE REST OF ETERNITY  
IN THIS STINKING,  
ROTTEN BODY!

I WANT TO HAVE A  
NORMAL  
LIFE!

AND, YES! THEY ARE THERE!

CRA-ACK!

IT'S NEARLY SUNRISE!  
PEOPLE WILL BE UP AND  
ABOUT SOON! BUT I  
DON'T CARE! I HAVE  
TO GET IT BACK NOW!

AND, LUCKILY, I AT  
LEAST KNOW WHERE  
THOSE THIEVES USED  
TO GO TO DIVVY UP  
THEIR LOOT!

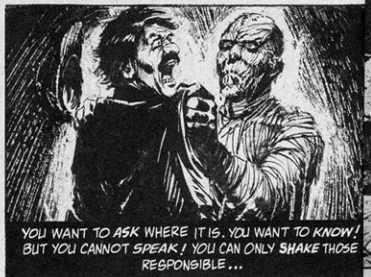
HUHN??



YOU SEE THE MUSEUM ARTIFACTS...AND YOU PUSH THE THIEVES ASIDE! THEY ARE TOO FROZEN FROM FEAR TO HALT YOU...EVEN IF THEY COULD!



IT IS ALL THERE! YES, EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE AMULET... THE ALL-IMPORTANT AMULET!



YOU WANT TO ASK WHERE IT IS. YOU WANT TO KNOW! BUT YOU CANNOT SPEAK! YOU CAN ONLY SHAKE THOSE RESPONSIBLE...



...AND SHOVE THEM!



AND KILL!



...YOUR FRUSTRATION MOUNTING, THE OTHER MIND WITHIN THIS AWESOME BODY LAUGHS... THE ANCIENT, ORIGINAL MIND LAUGHS AT YOUR FAILURE... AT YOUR FRUSTRATION!

MEANWHILE...  
AN IRON CRYPT DOOR  
CREAKS SLOWLY OPEN  
ON RUSTED, ANCIENT  
HINGES.



AND SLOWLY... A  
NEW MENACE  
STALKS INTO THE  
LIFE OF JEROME  
CURRY.



YET, YOU ARE UNAWARE OF THIS NEW THREAT, AS YOU  
STAND OVER THE BODIES OF THOSE YOU HAVE JUST  
**MURDERED!** WHAT GOOD HAS ALL THIS **DEATH**  
BROUGHT? YOU TRY TO FORCE YOUR FRUSTRATION  
AWAY... TRY TO THINK! YET, YOU KNOW IT HAS ALL  
BEEN FOR NAUGHT! YOU HAVE SEARCHED THE  
BODIES... SEARCHED EVERYWHERE... TO NO AVAIL..  
THEN YOU REMEMBER... THE GIRL! SHE WAS ALWAYS  
WITH THEM.. BUT SHE IS NOT HERE NOW!



YOU CANNOT RECALL  
HER NAME. BUT YOU  
SEE HER FACE IN  
YOUR MIND. AND YOU  
REMEMBER WHERE  
SHE ONCE LIVED.  
YOU WERE THERE  
WITH HER ONCE...  
YEARS AGO.  
PERHAPS SHE IS  
THE ONE WHO HAS  
THE AMULET.



YET, IF ONLY YOU  
KNEW, IT WOULD  
NOT BE HER, BUT  
ANOTHER GIRL  
YOU WOULD BE  
CONCERNED  
ABOUT... OR CAN  
WE CALL HER "A  
GIRL"... THIS  
THING THAT HAS  
BEGUN ITS  
FEAST?







THE SUN IS ABOUT TO BREAK OVER THE HORIZON AS YOU LEAVE THE DEAD THIEVES' DEN...

DON'T DARE GO SEARCHING FOR HER **NOW!** TOO **CLOSE** TO SUNRISE...! PEOPLE WILL BE UP AND **ABOUT** VERY SOON NOW!



DON'T WANT TO BE **SEEN** ...**HUNTED DOWN**...

...**SHOT AT!**

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT **BULLETS** WILL DO TO THIS BODY! AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO **FIND OUT!**



HAVE TO FIND SOMEPLACE TO **HIDE**...UNTIL **NIGHT!**

BUT **WHERE?**



BUT OF **COURSE!**

THE **CRYPT** WHERE I PUT THE **BODY...** MY **BODY!**

I'LL BE **SAFE THERE!**



YOU SAVOR YOUR MEAL...! YOU CHEW SLOWLY SO THAT YOU CAN SUCK DOWN EVERY DROP OF COLD AND CLOTTING **BLOOD!** THEN, SUDDENLY...YOU HEAR THE GATE - DOOR **CREAK!** AND YOU TURN TO SEE **HIM** AS HE ENTERS! AND HE REARS BACK IN **SHOCK** AS HE SEES **YOU!**



YOU CAN ALMOST FEEL HIS **ANGER** AS HE STALKS TOWARD YOU. THERE WAS PLEASURE IN DOING SOMETHING SO TRULY, BEAUTIFULLY DISGUSTING. AND THE PLEASURE WAS HEIGHTENED BY THE POSSIBILITY OF BEING **CAUGHT!** BUT THE ACTUALITY OF BEING FOUND OUT IS DIFFERENT! YOU COWER... YOU WANT TO RACE FOR THE DOOR. BUT HE IS **BLOCKING YOUR ESCAPE!**

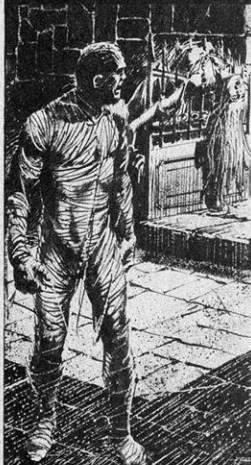


BUT THERE IS STILL ENOUGH SENSATION FOR YOU TO FEEL AND SCREAM AS YOU ARE PICKED UP... AND THROWN AGAIN... ONTO THE JAGGED SPEAR-LIKE GATE THAT PUNCTURES EVERY VITAL ORGAN IN YOUR BODY!



## EPILOGUE

I TURNED FROM HER, DISGUSTED AT HER ACTIONS... SICKENED BY MY OWN! I KNEW HER DEATH HAD DONE ME NO GOOD! KILLING HER WOULD NOT REPAIR MY DAMAGED, HALF-EATEN BODY.



BUT THEN... I LOOKED DOWN AT THE TWISTED FORM BEFORE ME... AND WAVES OF SHOCK POUNDED THROUGH MY MIND!



IT WAS NOT MY BODY SHE HAD BEEN FEASTING UPON! IT WAS ONE OF THE OLDER BODIES INHABITING THE COURT!

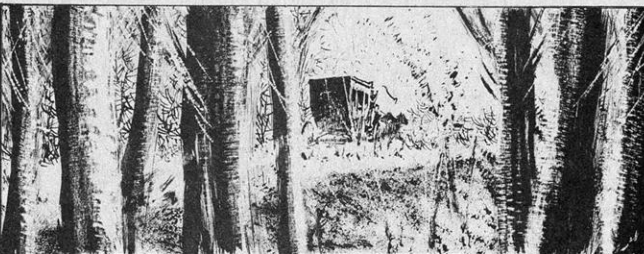


SHE WAS SO FAR GONE INTO MADNESS, SHE COULD NOT TELL A ROTTING, MAGGOT-RIDDEN BODY FROM A FRESH ONE...! SHE HAD BEGUN GNAWING AT THE FIRST FORM SHE CAME UPON, AND LUCKILY IT WAS NOT MINE! I YET HAD A CHANCE TO RECLAIM MY FORMER EXISTENCE! I WANTED TO LAUGH ALOUD AT THE IRONY. YET, I COULD NOT!

AND YET, HAD I KNOWN THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE WOMAN I SOUGHT... THAT OTHER WOMAN WITH THE AMULET, I WOULD NOT HAVE HAD THE URGE TO LAUGH!



FOR, HOW COULD I KNOW THAT THIS WOMAN... THIS CAVORTER WITH THIEVES, HAD BOARDED A COACH FOR PARTS UNKNOWN... AND WAS EVEN NOW, LEAVING ME FAR... FAR BEHIND!



YET THERE IS  
LITTLE I CAN DO!  
FOR I AM  
TRAPPED IN THIS  
DISGUSTING,  
DECAVING BODY...  
TRAPPED THANKS  
TO THAT SLIMEY  
BATCH OF THIEVES  
WHO STOLE MY  
AMULET. STOLE MY  
ONLY MEANS OF  
TRANSFERRING MY  
MIND BACK INTO MY  
OWN TRUE BODY!



NOW IT IS NIGHT, AND AT LAST  
I CAN LEAVE THIS FILTHY  
CRYPT WHERE I HAVE REMAINED  
HIDDEN ALL THIS DAY... AND  
FORCE THIS NEW ANKWARD,  
BANDAGED BODY OF MINE TO  
AGAIN SHAMBLE THROUGH  
THE DESERTED, MIDNIGHT  
STREETS OF CAIRO...



DAYS AGO, WHEN I FIRST TRANSFERRED  
MY MIND INTO THIS LOATHSOME BODY  
THE OTHER MIND THAT IS HERE... THE  
ANCIENT, ORIGINAL MIND... HELPED ME TO  
PROJECT MY THOUGHTS, SO THAT THEN,  
I COULD COMMUNICATE  
WITH OTHERS!

WHA--?  
YOU... YOU'RE  
JEROME!



BUT LAST NIGHT, WHEN I  
CAUGHT UP WITH THE THIEVES  
AND DISCOVERED THAT THE  
AMULET WAS NO LONGER AMONG  
THE ARTIFACTS THEY HAD LIFTED  
FROM THE MUSEUM, THE OTHER  
MIND WOULD NOT HELP! IT  
REVELS IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT  
I AM TRAPPED... JUST AS IT IS  
TRAPPED. AND IT WOULD ONLY  
LAUGH... LAUGH AT ME!



I COULD NOT COMMUNICATE, I COULD NOT  
DEMAND TO KNOW WHERE THE AMULET  
WAS. I COULD ONLY SHAKE AND SHOVE THE  
THIEVES IN FRUSTRATION, UNTIL I HAD  
KILLED THEM ALL. AND THAT DID ME NO  
GOOD... NO GOOD WHATSOEVER!

NOW, OLD WOODEN STAIRS  
SQUEAK AND SQUAWK  
UNDER MY TREMENDOUS  
WEIGHT AS I CLIMB TOWARD  
AN APARTMENT... HER  
APARTMENT...

...THE GIRL WHO  
POSSESSES THE  
AMULET!

IT'S THAT  
ONE! AT THE  
HEAD OF THE  
STAIRS!

JUST A FEW  
MORE FEET!

THAT DOOR WON'T  
BE ANY OBSTACLE!



NOT FOR  
ME!

SMRASH!



A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE, DESIGNED TO FRIGHTEN ANY POTENTIAL OPPONENT... TO FREEZE HIM IN FEAR, AND MAKE THE KILL THAT MUCH EASIER! A PURPOSELESS PLOY, IN THIS INSTANCE...!

**NOBODY HERE!**

AND I DON'T PARTICULARLY LIKE THE LOOKS OF WHAT IS HERE!



THE CLOSET DOOR IS OPEN... AND WITHIN IT, A FEW CLOTHES AND MANY BARE HANGERS, SWING AWKWARDLY IN ERRATIC RHYTHMS, THANKS TO MY FORCEFUL ENTRANCE...!

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GONE SOMEWHERE... AND TAKEN MOST OF HER CLOTHES WITH HER!

MUST BE PLANNING TO STAY AWAY FOR QUITE SOME TIME!



THESE HANDS ARE HARD TO WORK WITH! IT IS HARD TO GRASP THINGS, BUT STILL I SEARCH IN HOPES OF FINDING THE AMULET...!

GOTTA SEARCH FAST! NEIGHBORS MUST HAVE HEARD MY ENTRANCE! AND ONE OF THEM JUST MIGHT DECIDE TO INVESTIGATE!

NO SIGN OF THE AMULET, BUT--!

WAIT! WHAT'S THIS?

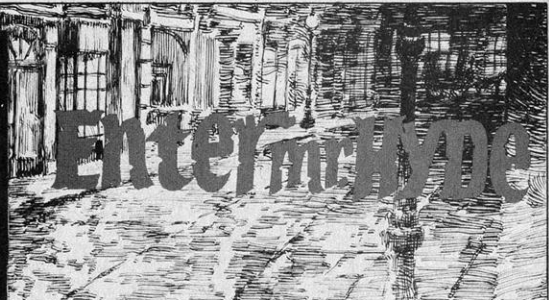


A NOTEBOOK. A DIARY OF SORTS. I READ IT, AND... YES, THERE IS MENTION OF THE AMULET! SHE DOES HAVE IT! HAS IT WITH HER! PERHAPS, THERE IS ALSO A MENTION OF WHERE SHE HAS GONE...!

GOTTA KEEP READING! I MUST FIND OUT!



THIS IS THE CITY... CAIRO... AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY! A CITY CAUGHT IN THE THROES OF RAPID GROWTH... INDUSTRIALIZATION... EXPERIMENTATION! NOW MOST OF THE CITY SLEEPS WHILE YOU SEARCH AND READ, PONDER AND PLAN. YET, CREATURE, YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO IS UP AND ABOUT THIS NIGHT. THERE ARE ALSO OTHER FORCES AT WORK HERE THIS NIGHT... SINISTER FORCES THAT WILL SOON ENTWINE YOU IN THEIR WEB OF HORROR!







SCIENCE... SYSTEMATIZED KNOWLEDGE DERIVED FROM OBSERVATION, STUDY, AND EXPERIMENTATION. RESEARCH. GROPING FOR THE NEW, GROPING FOR THAT WHICH WILL MAKE THIS A BETTER WORLD!

WARREN, DEAR, I DON'T MEAN TO **COMPLAIN**--!

BUT...DO YOU PLAN TO BE AT THIS **ALL NIGHT**?

DEDICATION... WORKING LATE INTO THE NIGHT, THOUGH HIS YOUNG WIFE, THE SENSITIVE YOUNG WOMAN HE TOOK AS HIS BRIDE BUT A FEW MONTHS PAST, OBVIOUSLY HAS **OTHER PLANS...**

**SORRY, DEAR!**  
BUT I'M SO CLOSE NOW!

I JUST **CAN'T** GIVE UP FOR THE NIGHT! NOT **NOW!**

MY **HEART** JUST WON'T BE IN ANYTHING ELSE!

LONGEVITY... THAT MAN MAY LIVE PERHAPS EVEN TWICE AS LONG AS IS CONSIDERED THE NORMAL LIFE-SPAN...!

JUST THINK! EVEN IF I'M ONLY A **PARTIAL** SUCCESS...

...IF I CAN DISCOVER A WAY TO ALLOW MAN TO LIVE **FIVE OR TEN** YEARS LONGER THAN HE NOW DOES...WHAT A **FIND** THAT WILL BE!

BUT, DEAR...

PERHAPS GOD NEVER **MEANT** FOR US TO LIVE ANY LONGER THAN WE DO NOW!

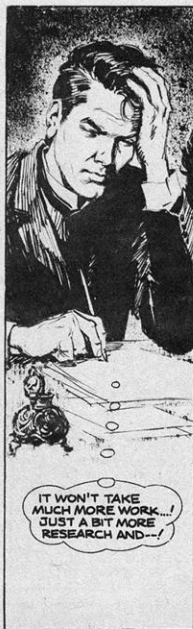
PERHAPS AN ORDINARY LIFE SPAN IS ALL WE **MORTALS** CAN COPE WITH!

PLEASE, SARAH, WE'VE DISCUSSED THAT **ALL BEFORE!**

GOD GAVE US OUR BRAINS SO THAT WE **CAN** LEARN... **CAN** DISCOVER!

NOW, **PLEASE** RUN ALONG TO BED! I'LL BE UP LATER!

YES... **MUCH** LATER, I SUSPECT!



IT WON'T TAKE  
MUCH MORE WORK...!  
JUST A BIT MORE  
RESEARCH AND--!



AWW, WHY  
AM I DOING ALL THIS  
**BLASTED RESEARCH**,  
ALL THESE **STUPID**  
**COMPUTATIONS?**

I ALREADY  
HAVE THE  
ANSWER!



I'VE HAD IT  
FOR YEARS  
AND YEARS!

THANKS TO MY  
SERUM, THIS GUINEA  
PIG HAS LIVED **EIGHT**  
YEARS SO FAR...  
**TWICE** ONE'S NORMAL  
LIFE SPAN!

AND IT'S  
WORKING ON THESE  
**OTHER ANIMALS**,  
TOO!



ALL I NEED NOW  
IS A **HUMAN** TO  
TEST IT ON. YET, I  
DON'T WANT TO  
ENDANGER ANY  
MAN'S **LIFE**!

STILL, ALL THIS  
FURTHER RESEARCH  
IS GETTING ME  
**NOWHERE**. I'VE...  
I'VE--!



YES! I'VE GOT  
TO DO IT! **NOW**!



I WILL BE MY  
**OWN GUINEA**  
PIG.



EH?

ONE IMPULSIVE, UNSCIENTIFIC MOMENT CAN DESTROY YEARS AND YEARS OF LABORIOUS TRAINING. THE SERUM DID NOT CHANGE THE OTHER ANIMALS. PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY WERE NOT OF SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE! BUT IT DOES CHANGE HIM! TRANSFORMATION...! GONE IS THE DEDICATED SCIENTIST, AS EVERY FORMERLY SUPPRESSED, BESTIAL INSTINCT, EVERY DARK, ANCESTRAL DESIRE SURFACES, SNUFFING OUT ALL THAT CAUSED THIS MAN TO ONCE BE CONSIDERED "CIVILIZED"...!



FOUR WALLS' CLOSING IN ON HIM!  
CAGE! NO HE WILL NOT ALLOW THIS!  
HE MUST ESCAPE! HE MUST BE FREE...



...FREE TO  
ROAM THE  
STREETS...



...FREE TO STALK  
HIS PREY...



...AND, ABOVE  
ALL, FREE TO  
STRIKE!



EEEEEE

HE KNOWS NOT THE REASON FOR IT... HE KNOWS ONLY THAT SHE MUST **DIE!**

FINGERS THAT ONCE PER-  
FORMED DELICATE EXPERIMENTS  
NOW **TEAR** HUMAN FLESH AND  
SILENCE A WOMAN **FOREVER!**



HE LEAVES HER...TO AGAIN  
PROWL AIMLESSLY DOWN  
DARKENED STREETS...TO AGAIN  
SEARCH FOR PREY. TRULY A  
BEAST GONE MAD, NO LONGER  
KNOWING NOR CARING WHERE  
HIS HOME MIGHT BE!



AGAIN, HE *FINDS* AND  
*STALKS* HIS VICTIM ...

...AND, KNOWING NEITHER **FEAR**  
NOR **MERCY**, STRIKES WITH THE  
**SILENT SWIFTNESS OF A CAT!**

11



BUT *THIS* ONE DOES *NOT* FALL...DOES NOT CRINGE... AND CRY OUT...!



INSTEAD, HE *STRIKES OUT* WITH *EQUAL FORCE*!



A CHALLENGE... A CHALLENGE THAT MUST BE MET! THE BEAST WHO ONCE WAS A SCIENTIST, FEELING HIS SUPREMACY THREATENED, SNARLS AND *CHARGES*!



AND SO IT *BEGINS*! TWO CREATURES OF UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH, *SMASHING*...



...TEARING...



...GROPING...



...UNTIL A PAIR OF BANDAGED HANDS FINDS ITS *GOAL*... A VISE-LIKE GRIP, TIGHTENS... REFUSES TO *YIELD*... UNTIL...



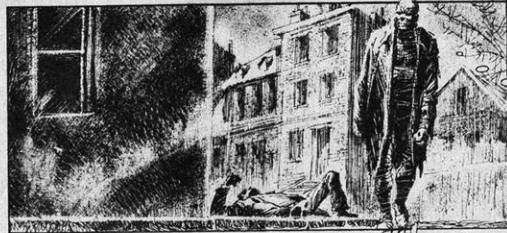
...UNTIL...



...IT IS  
FINISHED!



YES, THIS IS THE CITY...  
**CAIRO!** AT THE TURN  
OF THE CENTURY... A  
CITY OF EXPERIMENTATION  
A CITY WHERE EXPERIENCE  
OFTEN GO AWRY AND  
DEATH COMES EASY,  
EVEN AS OTHERS SLEEP  
NOW, YOU **ALONE**,  
CREATURE, STARE DOWN  
AT THIS LIFELESS BODY  
YOU ARE THE **ONLY ONE**  
WHO SEES HIS FEATURES  
TWIST AND SOFTEN,  
CHANGING TO THOSE  
OF AN ORDINARY MAN



AND BRIEFLY, YOU RECALL A TALE YOU  
READ LONG AGO... THE STORY OF AN ILL-  
FATED SCIENTIST IN ENGLAND... THE  
STORY OF **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE!**  
THEN YOU TURN AWAY... AND **FORGET!**

**NO!** HAVEN'T GOT  
TIME TO WONDER ABOUT HIM!  
GOT MORE **IMPORTANT**  
THINGS TO DO.

HE CERTAINLY  
MADE A **MESS** OUT  
OF THE CLOTHES I  
JUST STOLE.

IT WAS A BATTLE NEARLY WORTH YOUR  
METTLE, YET IT IS SOON ALL BUT  
FORGOTTEN, AS YOU CONCERN YOURSELF  
WITH WHAT LIES **AHEAD!** IT WASN'T HARD  
TO OBTAIN CLOTHES BEFORE... AND IT  
WON'T BE **THIS** TIME, EITHER!

**THIS**  
ONE'S A MORE  
**EXPENSIVE**  
CLOTHING  
STORE.

BUT EXPENSIVE  
CLOTHES OR CHEAP  
CLOTHES... IT MATTERS  
**LITTLE!**



# EPILOGUE

NOW I **AGAIN** HAVE UNTORN CLOTHES ON MY BACK, A HAT PULLED DOWN OVER MY FACE, AND I HAVE ALREADY SPILLED COLOGNE ALL OVER THIS DISGUSTING BODY OF MINE TO OFFSET ITS STENCH OF DECAY...!

BETTER GET **MOVING**!  
AS I REMEMBER, THE FREIGHT YARDS AREN'T **TOO** FAR AHEAD NOW!

NOW I SHALL BE ABLE TO MOVE FREELY AMONG ORDINARY MEN! YET, TAKING A **PASSENGER** TRAIN WOULD BE TAKING TOO MANY **UNNECESSARY** CHANCES!

HERE WE GO!

THERE ARE MUCH BETTER, MORE INCONSPICUOUS WAYS FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME TO TRAVEL....!

YOW! NEARLY PULLED MY ARM OFF!

NOT THAT IT WOULD BE MUCH OF A LOSS!

AND TRAVEL I **MUST**... FOR HER DIARY HAS TOLD ME WHERE THE GIRL I SEEK HAS GONE... WHERE I **MUST** GO...

DON'T **DARE** WAIT UNTIL SHE RETURNS! SOMETHING MIGHT **HAPPEN** TO THE AMULET IN THE MEANTIME..!

I'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK... **NOW**!

THE NIGHT HAS BEEN LONG, YET AS THE SUN RISES OVER **CAIRO**,

AND MEN WHO HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT HE BECAME, FIND THE SLAIN SCIENTIST...

YEP! HE HAS THE SAME **GRAY DIRT** ON HIS NECK, ALL RIGHT! THIS IS THE **NINTH** MURDER THIS MANIAC'S COMMITTED!

HEY! LOOK AT THIS! A **POCKET**! MUST HAVE BEEN RIPPED OFF THE **MURDERER'S SUIT**!

THERE ARE **PAPERS** IN IT!

A **DIARY** OF A YOUNG GIRL...! COULD SHE BE THE ONE WHO **MURDERED** THIS MAN... OR IS SHE THE KILLER'S NEXT **VICTIM**?

I WONDER... WILL WE EVER **KNOW**...?

END

HE SLEEPS. HE DOES NOT HEAR THE FOOTFALLS AS SOMEONE CLIMBS DOWN THE FREIGHT CAR LADDER. HE DOES NOT HEAR THE SQUEAL OF RUSTED METAL AS THE DOOR IS PUSHED WIDER OPEN.



THERE HAS BEEN SEEMINGLY ENDLESS RUNNING, HEAVY THINKING AND AN AWESOME BATTLE AGAINST AN AWESOME CREATURE. HE SLEEPS SOUNDLY. HE DOES NOT FEEL THE FINGERS AS THEY REACH OUT AND JAB INTO HIM...



OKAY YOU! WAKE UP!

YOU'RE GETTING OFF THIS TRAIN NOW!

BUT WHEN THIS MAN POKES HIM A SECOND TIME...



I SAID WAKE UP!

EH?



HE LEAPS UP THEN, READY TO PROTECT HIMSELF! TO BE READY FOR BATTLE IS NEARLY AN INSTINCT NOW... AND THE MAN CRINGES IN SILENT HORROR AS HE LOOKS UPON THE CREATURE'S FACE...



CRINGES AND THEN IN FOOLISH PANIC... STRIKES!



THIS INCREDIBLE, MUMMIFIED BEAST... THIS THING OF INCREDIBLE POWER... MEETS HIM HALF-WAY, THROWING HIS ENTIRE WEIGHT INTO HIM... SEEKING TO SMASH THIS NEW OPPONENT SENSELESS UP AGAINST THE FREIGHT CAR WALL...



BUT, IN THE INSTANT THAT THEY MEET, THE MAN SHIFTS HIS WEIGHT JUST ENOUGH... CAUSING THE TWO OF THEM TO FLY, INSTEAD OUT THE DOOR, TUMBLING OFF THE SPEEDING TRAIN...

# AND THE MUMMY WALKS



HE SEARCHES THEN, SHAMBLING THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE... SEEKING A TOWN... A VILLAGE... SEARCHING FOR A HAVEN IN THIS SPARSELY POPULATED CORNER OF EGYPT!



ISN'T MUCH OF A TOWN, BUT IT'S SOMETHING!

STRANGE... THE WAY THEY'RE BUILDING THOSE HUGE PILES OF SOME SORT OF PLANT ... AND SETTING THE PILES AFLAME!

IT'S LIKE A HUGE CLOUD! THE WHOLE TOWN IS FILLED WITH SMOKE!

BUT WHY?

# STRANGER IN A VILLAGE OF THE INSANE!



COULD BE IT'S  
A **MYSTICAL**  
RITE OF SOME  
SORT!

BURNING OF LEAVES  
IS OFTEN CON-  
NECTED WITH  
**MYSTICISM!**

NOT THAT  
IT REALLY  
MATTERS  
WHAT IT  
IS!



I'VE GOT MORE  
**IMPORTANT**  
THINGS TO  
CONSIDER!

ONLY GOING TO BE  
IN THAT TOWN LONG  
ENOUGH TO FIND SOME  
**MEANS OF TRAVEL!**

HMM... THIS SMOKE  
HAS SORT OF A **SWEET**  
SMELL TO IT!



BUT SO WHAT?  
I'VE STILL GOT TO  
GET **DOWN THERE...**  
SO THAT I CAN  
CONTINUE ALONG  
MY WAY...

HUNK? SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING TO ME! TO  
MY MIND! CAN'T SEEM  
TO... **THINK**  
**STRAIGHT!**  
I'M--!



HE **STOPS...** PUZZLED...  
CONFUSED... TURNING AND  
LOOKING AT EVERYTHING  
THAT IS ABOUT HIM.  
MOMENTARILY ALL THOUGHTS  
OF **PUSHING ON** ARE  
GONE. THE SCENARIO SEEMS  
SO **LUSH.** THE COLORS SO  
STRANGELY **BRIGHT.**



THEN COMMENTS FROM THE **OTHER MIND** THAT INHABITS THIS STRANGE  
AND CUMBERSOME BODY... THE ANCIENT, **ORIGINAL MIND**... CUT THROUGH THE  
SIGHT SEEING, DESTROYING THIS PLEASANT MOMENT OF ESCAPE FROM THE  
SELF! AND **JEROME CURRY'S** THOUGHTS ARE FORCED TO AGAIN TURN **INWARD.**





STILL SOMETHING HAS CHANGED. THE OTHER MIND IS NOW NO LONGER A SEPARATE AND DISTANT ENTITY... A THING THAT FIGHTS FOR CONTROL OF THE BODY. NOW, ITS THOUGHTS AND HIS THOUGHTS COME CALMLY TOGETHER, PEACEFULLY MINGLE AND JOIN.

AND JEROME CURRY REMEMBERS A LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT. MOMENTARY MEMORIES OF ABSOLUTE DOMINION. ALL OTHERS WERE BENEATH HIM... WORTHLESS SLAVES, INSECTS TO BE USED OR SQUASHED. YET NOW POWER STRANGELY DOES NOT SEEM IMPORTANT. AND HE, IT, THEY CONCENTRATE ON OTHER MEMORIES... PLEASURABLE MEMORIES!



SUDDENLY, HE IS IN THE CENTER OF THE TOWN. PEOPLE DANCING. PEOPLE STARING AT CLOUDS, WHILE OTHERS EMBRACE IN DOORWAYS.

HE DOES NOT FEEL SEPARATE FROM THESE PEOPLE EITHER... DOES NOT FEEL HE MUST DEMONSTRATE HIS SUPERIORITY TO THEM THROUGH POWER AND FORCE. ONE CANNOT OVERPOWER ONESELF... AND THESE PEOPLE ARE AN EXTENSION OF HIM. THEY ARE A PART OF HIM, AND HE IS A PART OF THEM!

THEY ARE ALL ONE.



A YOUNG WOMAN OF THIS TOWN **SMILES** AS SHE APPROACHES THIS STRANGER AND HE DOES **NOT BACK AWAY**.



HE DOES NOT TRY TO STOP HER AS SHE **OPENS HIS COAT, UNBUTTONS HIS SHIRT...**



...**THEN REELS BACK!** AN INSTANT OF CONFUSED SHOCK AS SHE SEES THE **ROTTING BANDAGES!**

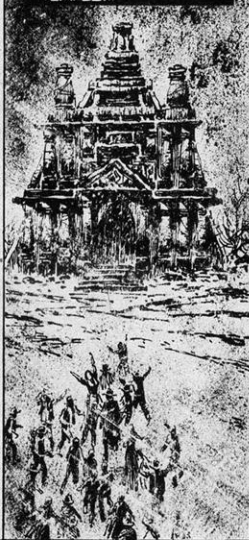


A MOMENT OF **DISAPPOINTMENT** FOR HIM, ALSO!

...BUT THE SHOCK IS SOON **FORGOTTEN** AS HER MIND DRIFTS ONTO OTHER THINGS, AND SOON **HIS DISAPPOINTMENT** FADES, TOO!



AND THE CROWD IS **MERRY**, AND HAPPY. THESE PEOPLE, IN THEIR STRANGE REVERIE, DANCE AND SING... AND WEND THEIR WAY TOWARDS A **ROTTING, SOILED TEMPLE...**





LOOKS LIKE I WAS *RIGHT*  
ABOUT THE *MYSTICISM!*

THIS BEING APPEARS TO  
BE SOME SORT OF *DEMON*  
CALLED UP FROM *HELL!*

BUT *NOBODY*  
GETS THE BEST  
OF ME!



PERHAPS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN  
BEST TO SIMPLY TURN AND RUN...  
BUT THERE ARE *TWO MINDS*  
CONTROLLING THIS BODY.  
*SEPARATE ENTITIES!*

AND THE ANCIENT  
*EGYPTIAN MIND*  
IS RULED BY ITS  
KNOWLEDGE OF  
*POWER... ITS*  
BELIEF IN  
*FORCE!*

LOOK AT THOSE  
PEOPLE... JUST  
*WATCHING THIS!*

THEY SEEM TO BE  
*ENJOYING IT!*



TO RULE... TO  
BE *SUPREME*.  
THIS LONG AGO  
BECAME ITS  
ENTIRE  
REASON FOR  
*BEING...!*

WELL, I'LL  
GIVE THEM A  
SHOW THEY  
WON'T SOON  
FORGET!



*SUPREMACY OVER ALL THINGS!* AND JEROME GIVES  
IN ONCE AGAIN TO THE DESIRES OF THIS *OTHER MIND!*

TWO MASSIVE CREATURES OF SEEMINGLY *EQUAL STRENGTH*, SMASHING, THRASHING. AND THEIR MOST VULNERABLE VICTIM IS THEIR ARENA ITSELF. *PILLARS ARE REDUCED TO RUBBLE...* WALLS ARE *SHAKEN* AGAIN AND AGAIN... UNTIL FINALLY THE CEILING LOOSENS...



...AND FALLS! THE BOMBASTIC BATTLE *CONTINUING* UNDAUNTED, EVEN AS THE ON-LOOKERS...THE MEMBERS OF THIS ONCE SEMI-CONSCIOUS AUDIENCE... SCREAM TO LIFE AND *RACE FOR THE EXITS!*



*HUGE CHUNKS OF SOLID ROCK TUMBLE DOWNWARD...* AND *NOT ONE* OF THE PEOPLE IS QUITE *FAST* ENOUGH TO AVOID THIS *DEADLY RAIN...*! *NOT ONE SURVIVES!*



FOR TENSE, ANXIOUS MINUTES, THE CHILLING SOUND OF *SILENCE* HANGS HEAVY IN THE AIR!



THEN, THERE IS A *SCRAPING* AND WEAK, HEAVY MOVEMENT IN THE RUBBLE!



THIS BEING WHO *REEKS* OF DEATH AND DECAY... HE ALONE STILL *LIVES*!

I'LL BET *EVERYONE* IN TOWN WAS IN THERE WHEN THE BUILDING COLLAPSED!

DON'T KNOW WHY *I* SURVIVED AND THAT *DEMON* DIDN'T! DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I WAS TO BE A SACRIFICE... OR WHAT!



BUT WHO CARES NOW?

I ACHE ALL OVER, AND CAN HARDLY MOVE! BUT NOTHING HAS CHANGED... I'VE STILL--

NO! WAIT!



HE STANDS IN STIFF SILENCE FOR SEVERAL MINUTES...

THE OTHER MIND... I CAN NO LONGER FEEL ITS PRESENCE. IT...



BUT MY MIND SEEMS ALL RIGHT!

SO, AT LAST... A PIECE OF THE CURSE HAS BEEN LIFTED...



I HAVE MY MIND... NOW ALL I NEED IS MY BODY RETURNED TO ME!

AND AT LONG LAST, I THINK I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE TO FIND THAT, ALSO!



## PROLOGUE

AND AN END CAME  
HERE. AT THE  
BEGINNING POINT,  
A FEW FEET DOWN  
IN GRITTY HOT SAND...  
IN A TOMBING  
SARCOPHAGUS OF  
WEATHERED WORM-  
WOOD...

AND YOU, JEROME  
CURRY, WERE YET  
TRAPPED WITHIN  
THE CORPSE OF  
THE MUMMY! BUT  
YOU CAN'T CARE  
NOW. NOT NOW.  
IT HAD ALL GONE  
SO VERY WRONG!



AND WHAT OF THE AMULET? HOW  
HAD YOU LOST IT? CARELESSNESS  
NO... ~~THEVES~~! THEY STOLE IT  
FROM YOU AND IT WAS QUICKLY  
LOST IN A SEA OF HANDS... AND  
TIME.

CAN YOU  
REMEMBER  
WHEN YOU  
FIRST  
FOUND IT?  
WHEN IT  
FIRST CAME  
INTO YOUR  
POSSESSION?  
YOU COULD  
NEVER KNOW  
IT WOULD  
DESTROY  
YOU!

YET, WAS IT PURE **ILL-PROVIDENCE**  
THAT TORTURED YOU TO DEATH? WERE  
YOU BUT AN INNOCENT VICTIM OF THE  
AMULET?

BY GOD! THE AMULET!  
ALL THESE YEARS OF READING  
ABOUT THE TREASURED AMULET  
OF THE EGYPTIANS...! I NEVER  
DREAMED I WOULD POSSESS  
IT!

AND NOW... IT IS LOST TO ME!  
AND I'M IMPRISONED  
BY ITS FOUL POWER!

WAS YOUR CURSE DECREED  
BY FATE, JEROME? OR  
WAS IT YOUR OWN GREED...  
YOUR OWN SICKNESS FOR  
POWER THAT HAD CAUSED  
YOUR UNDOING?





# THE MUMMY!

YES...YOUR DOWNFALL. YOU'LL NEVER FORGET HOW IT ENDED, WILL YOU, JEROME...? YOU'LL FOREVER REMEMBER THE PAIN...THE FLAMES EATING AWAY AT THE WITHERED HUSK YOU OCCUPIED! YOU'LL NEVER FORGET HOW HELPLESS YOU FELT ?

THEY GATHERED AROUND YOU... LIKE A PACK OF BLOODLUSTING JACKALS BRINGING DOWN A WOUNDED CALF ! THEY THREW TORCHES ! THEY BURNED YOU... TO DEATH !

YOU COULDN'T MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND ALL YOU WANTED WAS TO BE LEFT ALONE IN YOUR MISERY. YOU'D ALREADY SEALED YOUR OWN DOOM. YOU WERE THE WALKING DEAD SEARCHING FOR A PLACE TO ROT IN PEACE.

BUT THEY DIDN'T GIVE YOU ANY PEACE, DID THEY ? IT WAS AS IF THEY KNEW THE EVIL OF YOUR SINS...THE MANY YOU MURDERED FOR THE THRILL AS YOU HID IN THE WRAPPINGS OF A MAN THREE THOUSAND YEARS UNDEAD.



...AND  
AN END!

THE AMULET ! THAT WAS YOUR DOWNFALL. THE DAMNED AMULET ! NO, THOSE DAMNED THIEVES...! OR, NO...PERHAPS IT WAS ALL OF YOUR OWN CREATION ! AND THE FIRE BURNED YOUR GUILT INTO YOUR SOUL FOR ETERNITY.



YOU KILLED YOURSELF, FOOL ! YOU KILLED YOURSELF !

**YOUR INSTINCTS, OR PERHAPS THE INSTINCTS OF THE DISGUSTING BODY YOU OCCUPIED LED YOU BACK TO THE TOMB. YOU DIDN'T KNOW FOR SURE... BUT YOU SENSED THE AMULET HAD FOUND ITS WAY BACK THERE.**

**YET, SOMEONE WAS THERE BEFORE YOU.**

**HE HAD ALREADY FOUND THE AMULET. AND SOMETHING MORE...!**

**THAT STRANGE NECKLACE I DISCOVERED YESTERDAY... I LOOKED IT UP. IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, IT WILL GIVE THE POSSESSOR THE POWER TO TRANSFER HIS SOUL INTO THE BODY OF A DEAD MAN!**

**WERE SUPERSTITIOUS SPECULATION. STILL... IF I COULD TRANSFER INTO SOMEONE ELSE... WHO WOULD IT BE? ONE OF THESE BANDAGED STIFFS? HMM?**

**CHARLES BENNING WAS AN ARCHEOLOGIST REEXAMINING A TOMB SITE WHICH WAS CLOSED DOWN FIVE YEARS BEFORE DUE TO MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. HE WAS ENJOYING IT. HIS WIFE WAS DEPLORING IT EQUALLY.**

**GOD, YOU GRAVEDIGGING BORE! WHAT EXCITEMENT IS THERE IN WATCHING YOU DUST OFF SKULLS AND COFFINS!**

**NO REAL MAN WOULD NEVER IGNORE SOMEONE LIKE ME FOR A MUGGY PLACE SUCH AS THIS!**

**BUT, JANICE... YOU KNOW WHAT THIS TOMB COULD MEAN FOR US!**

**BORED OF THE HEAT BORED OF SAND IN MY NOSTRILS... SAND IN MY HAIR...**

**I GUESS YOU'D BE HAPPY IF I WAS A DASHINGLY ROMANTIC GIGOLO!**

**BUT THESE COLD ARTIFACTS BUY THOSE ENDLESS LUXURIES YOU CRAVE!**

**REJECTED AND DISGUSTED BY AN INATTENTIVE HUSBAND AND A MARRIAGE GONE FLAT, JANICE BOILED OVER WITH PENT UP SAVAGERY!**

**HEY! YOU LITTLE MAGGOT! WHAT'RE YOU DOING IN MY TENT? YOU MISERABLE THIEF!**

**MY HUSBAND'S RELICS! I TOLD CHARLES I WAS GOING TO KILL THE NEXT THIEVING NATIVE I CAUGHT PLUNDERING OUR POSSESSIONS!**

**JANICE! STOP! DON'T HURT HER!**





DON'T YOU HARM THAT CHILD!  
I PROMISED THESE TRIBESMEN  
NO ONE ELSE WOULD BE  
PUNCHED AROUND BY  
YOU!

SHE...SHE WAS  
STEALING ONE OF  
THOSE NECKLACES  
YOU DUG UP! MAYBE  
I SHOULD HAVE  
GIVEN IT TO HER!



MAYBE THEN  
YOU'D START  
DIGGING AROUND  
FOR SOMETHING  
IN MY BED  
INSTEAD OF IN  
A STINKING  
TOMB!



GOD! WHY DID  
I TEAM UP WITH  
A LIMP ROPE  
LIKE YOU? I  
NEED A REAL  
MAN! NOT A  
DUNG BEETLE!

IN TIME, THE WOMAN'S NEEDS OVERCAME ALL  
VOWS AND PROMISES. CHARLES GLIMPSED  
MORE THAN ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE  
EXPEDITION PROBING HER CHARM'S RATHER  
THAN SARCOPHAGUSES. YET HE WAS POWER-  
LESS.



THEN HE REMEMBERED THE  
AMULET... THE ONE THE  
CHILD HAD TRIED TO STEAL...



YES, THE BODY! I FOUND  
THAT STRANGE BODY IN  
THE OUTER CRYPT RIGHT  
AFTER I DISCOVERED  
THE AMULET. HE HADN'T  
BEEN DEAD LONG... HIS  
TISSUES WERE FRESH!  
HE WAS HANDSOME,  
VIRILE, POTENT!

I WRAPPED HIM UP AND HID  
HIM AWAY. NOW... I KNOW  
WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO!



THAT BODY, THE ONE CHARLES  
FOUND, THE BODY OF JEROME  
CURRY... LEFT IN A SAFE  
PLACE... A PLACE DISCOVERED  
BY THE ARCHEOLOGIST!

AT LAST, THE AMULET AND THE  
BODY WERE TOGETHER AGAIN...  
BUT WHERE WERE YOU, JEROME  
CURRY? YET TRAPPED IN A  
MEANDERING HUSK... STILL SEARCH-  
ING FOR THEM BOTH!





WASN'T PROF. MIDERMAN SURPRISED WHEN A HANDSOME YOUNG "STRANGER" FOUND HIS WAY INTO CAMP JUST AFTER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF CHARLES BENNING? BUT, OF COURSE, YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT WAS HAPPENING, DID YOU, JEROME? YOUR HANDSOME BODY WAS NOW HARBORING THE MIND AND SOUL OF A PLAIN LITTLE MAN... WHO WANTED SIMPLY TO LIVE ANEW.

WHAT'S THAT, YOUNG MAN? WHY, YES. MATTER OF FACT WE COULD USE SOME HELP! OUR HEAD ARCHEOLOGIST TURNED UP MISSING JUST YESTERDAY.

AND YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS TOMB SITE? HOW... FORTUNATE.

THEY NEVER EVEN MISSED POOR CHARLES BENNING. HOW COULD THEY WHEN THEY HAD HIS KNOWLEDGE INSIDE YOUR OWN STRIKINGLY HANDSOME, YOUNG BODY? BUT WHERE WERE YOU, JEROME?

WE'D CONSIDER OURSELVES FORTUNATE TO HAVE YOU JOIN OUR EXPEDITION. YOUR TIMING IS EXTREMELY GOOD. WELCOME ABOARD! WE BEGIN DIGGING IN THE MORNING.

NO, YOU COULDN'T KNOW ALL THAT, COULD YOU, JEROME? YOU WERE BUSY FOLLOWING YOUR INSTINCTS... TIRELESSLY TREKKING ACROSS A BAREN WASTELAND, LOOKING FOR YOUR AMULET... AND YOUR BODY. REMEMBER?



WITH THE EYES OF JEROME CURRY, CHARLES BENNING WATCHED HIS WIFE... OR WAS THAT EX-WIFE... CASTING HIM AN APPROVING EYE. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, HER GAZE STIRRED LONG DEAD COALS...

WE'LL MAKE THE ENTRY POINT THE EAST WALL HERE, GENTLEMEN. AND YOU, SIR, SINCE YOU ARE OUR NEWEST MEMBER, YOU HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF STRIKING THE FIRST POST.

YES, I THINK WE'RE ALL GOING TO GET ALONG FAMOUSLY. PITY CHARLES LEFT US! BUT I THINK WE'VE GAINED A MORE DYNAMIC PERSONAGE TO TAKE HIS PLACE!

WHY, THANK YOU, SIR.

HMM. THIS NEW MAN... BET HE CAN REPLACE POOR, BLAND CHARLES IN MORE WAY THAN ONE!

WITH JANICE LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT, I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL RANDY AS HELL!



THAT'S WHEN YOU FINALLY **ARRIVED**. ISN'T IT, JEROME? FOLLOWING SOME ANCIENT SENSE STILL LEFT IN THE DECAYED MUMMY YOU'VE OCCUPIED FOR SO LONG. THAT'S WHEN YOU CAME INTO THE VERY ROOM WHERE YOU HAD YOUR **BODY**... THE ROOM WHERE THE **AMULET** HAD RETURNED TO WAIT FOR YOU. BUT YOU WERE SO SLOW.



YOU LOOKED **FIRST** FOR YOUR BODY.



THE **AMULET**! WHOEVER FOUND YOUR BODY ALSO FOUND THE **AMULET**! AND FOR SOME STRANGE REASON USED IT TO **TAKE** YOUR BODY, LEAVING THIS CLUMSY FORM AS A **POOR SUBSTITUTE** FOR YOUR OWN!



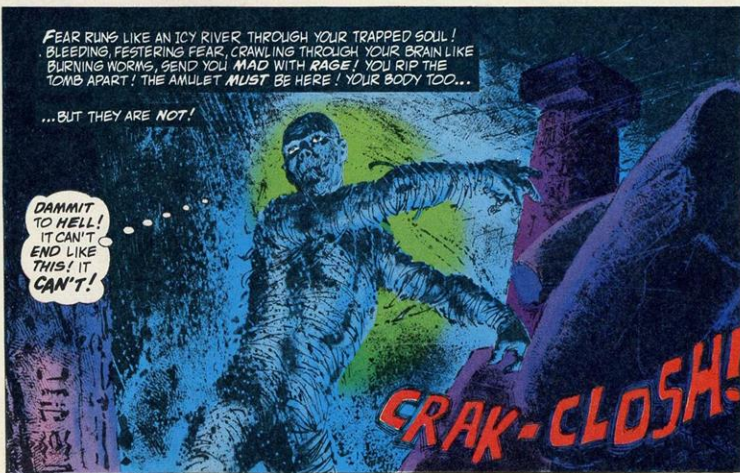
FIND THE **AMULET**! GET IT **BACK**! FIND YOUR **BODY**! GET BACK INTO IT AND **RUN**! RUN FAR, FAR AWAY FROM THIS NIGHTMARE YOU'VE LIVED FOR SO LONG, JEROME!



**FEAR** RUNS LIKE AN ICY RIVER THROUGH YOUR TRAPPED SOUL! BLEEDING, FESTERING **FEAR**, CRAWLING THROUGH YOUR BRAIN LIKE BURNING WORMS, SEND YOU **MAD** WITH **RAGE**! YOU RIP THE TOMB APART! THE **AMULET** **MUST** BE HERE! YOUR **BODY** TOO...

...BUT THEY ARE **NOT**!

DAMMIT TO HELL! IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS! IT CAN'T!







FINALLY... YOU DID FIND  
SOMETHING. DIDN'T  
YOU, JEROME? THE  
THIEF! THE BODY  
STEALING GHOUL!  
AND YOU KNEW... HE  
MUST PAY!



BUT FOOL!  
NOT WITH HIS  
LIFE!

SHOFER!



YET... YOU'RE TOO FAR  
GONE WITH **HATRED**  
AND **FEAR** TO COM-  
PREHEND WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE!



YOU CAN NOW ONLY  
THINK OF THE AMULET...  
AND THE GIRL!



MAKE  
HER TELL  
WHERE  
THE  
AMULET  
IS! MAKE  
HER!



BUT SHE DOES **NOT** TELL. AND YOU  
REALIZE SHE WILL NEVER SPEAK  
AGAIN. AND IT'S ONLY THEN, YOU  
REALIZE... YOU ALSO KILLED ANOTHER  
THIS NIGHT, JEROME... **YOURSELF!**  
YOU REALIZE YOU'VE JUST COM-  
MITTED **SUICIDE!**

OH MY GOD!  
WHAT HAVE  
I DONE?

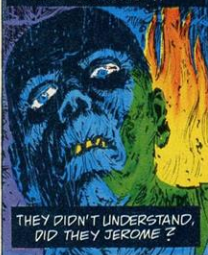
BUT THEN YOU REMEMBERED...THE  
MAN WHO STOLE **YOUR** BODY, LEFT  
**HIS** IN THE TOMB.

IF YOU CAN JUST **FIND** THE AMU-  
LET, YOU CAN TRANSFER INTO **HIS**  
BODY. AT LEAST IT'S A CHANCE TO  
**LIVE!**



BUT...IT'S TOO LATE, JEROME! FOR  
YOU...THE FINAL PAGES OF LIFE  
HAVE FINALLY BEEN WRITTEN!

THE **CROWD!** THEY SAW YOU!  
YOU **TERRIFIED** THEM! THEY  
HURLED **TORCHES** AT YOU  
AND THE **FLAMES** INSTANTLY  
ENGULFED THE **PARCHED**  
HUSK YOU OCCUPY.



THEY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND,  
DID THEY JEROME?

THEY COULDN'T UNDERSTAND  
THAT YOU NEVER MEANT THEM  
**HARM...**FOR YOU COULD NOT TELL  
THEM! YOU COULD NOT GET  
ANCIENT, ROTTING VOCAL  
CHORDS TO FUNCTION...!

THE **PAIN**. REMEMBER THAT HORRIBLE  
SEARING AGONY? THE **FLAMES!** THE  
**FIRE!** BUT LOOK? **THERE!** AROUND  
THAT LITTLE GIRL'S NECK!



THE  
AMULET!

REMEMBER, JEROME? YOUR **LEGS** CEASED  
WORKING! THE MUMMIFIED REMAINS **DWINDED**  
IN THE **FLAMES!** AND YET YOU **STRUGGLED...**  
YOU **CRAWLED...** GREEDY, STUPID, MURDEROUS  
**FOOL...** IN ONE DESPERATE LUNGE, YOU  
REACHED TOWARDS YOUR **SALVATION...!**



THEN YOU **REALIZED...** YOU KNEW  
YOU WERE... **DEAD**. IT WAS  
**OVER**. YOU DIED JUST A FEW  
FEET FROM **REDEMPTION!**  
A FEW FEET!



AND AN **END** CAME HERE,  
BACK AT THE BEGINNING POINT.  
A FEW FEET DOWN IN GRITTY,  
HOT SAND...IN A TOMBING  
SARCOPHAGUS OF WEATHERED  
WORMWOOD.



AND THE LAST THING YOU HEAR IS YOUR OWN VOICE,  
SCREAMING INTO YOUR OWN SOUL... "YOU **KILLED**  
YOURSELF, FOOL! YOU **KILLED YOURSELF!**"

THE MUMMY'S  
FINAL VICTIM...  
WAS **YOU!**





THE MAN IS SCARED, AND FOR GOOD REASON. HIS KNUCKLES ARE WHITE AT HIS SIDES AS HE GAZES DOWN ONTO THE DARKENED, MOON-SPLASHED STREET, SMALL MIDNIGHT FORMS ARE CONGREGATED IN FRONT OF HIS SPLIT-LEVEL SUBURBAN HOME ... SMALL FIGURES WHICH WERE ONCE...

# THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE

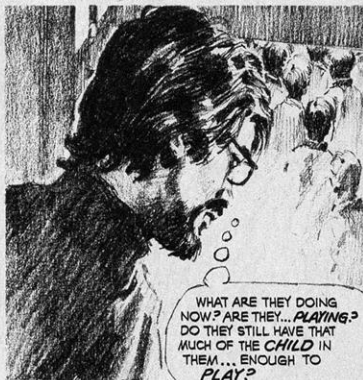
HE IS WRACKED WITH TERRIBLE AMBIVALENCE. HE THINKS OF HIS MURDERED WIFE AND HISSES A CURSE. HE LONGS TO LEAVE HIS PRISON HOME, TO WALK THE STREETS IN FREEDOM... BUT THAT IS ALSO THE **LAST** THING HE WANTS... AT LEAST WHILE IT IS **NIGHT**...

WHY DON'T THEY GO? WHY WON'T THEY LEAVE ME ALONE? WHAT HAVE I EVER DONE TO THEM?



HE IS HELPLESSLY SEQUESTERED IN HIS FORTRESS OF MOCKING SOLITUDE, AND ALL HE CAN DO IS WATCH THE CHILDREN AS THEY PLAY...

...HE WATCHES, HELPLESS AND HORRIFIED, AS THE CHILDREN PLAY... AT THEIR MOST **DEADLY GAMES**...



WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW? ARE THEY... **PLAYING**? DO THEY STILL HAVE THAT MUCH OF THE **CHILD** IN THEM... ENOUGH TO **PLAY**?



GOOD LORD! THAT **WOMAN**... THEY'RE **BURNING** HER! HER **SHRIEKS** ... **AWFUL, GHASTLY**...



HE WATCHES AS ONE OF THEM, WITH THE CURIOUSLY AWKWARD YET COORDINATED GAIT OF A CHILD, ISOLATES HIMSELF FROM THE REST AND STANDS BELOW HIS WINDOW. HE HEARS THE PLAINTIVE VOICE, MUFFLED THROUGH GLASS PANES, AND HE SHUDDERS UNCONTROLLABLY...



COME OUT, MR. NIGEL! COME OUT AND PLAY WITH US.

AND FEAR-FUELED RAGE SEARS HIS BODY, HIS MIND. HE FEELS ENCROACHING INSANITY SEEP OVER HIM LIKE A SPREADING BLOT OF INK, AND THE SIGHT OF THE HUMAN CONFLAGRATION CAUSES HIM TO CRY OUT HOARSELY...



GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE, DAMN YOU! LEAVE ME IN PEACE! I'VE NEVER HARMED YOU! GO AWAY!

FOR A SINGLE, FLEETING INSTANT, NIGEL FEELS FOOLISH FOR YELLING AT THE CHILD WITH SUCH WILD FRENZY. IT WAS LUDICROUS, FATUOUS TO LET A CHILD ANGER HIM TO SUCH LIMITS...



THE WHOLE WORLD'S CRAZY! SHOULD BE LOCKED UP IN A GALAXY INSANE ASYLUM... HOW CAN MERE CHILDREN...

THEN THE ROCK SHATTERS THE WINDOW AND HIS THOUGHTS... JAGGED SHARDS OF GLASS SPEW IN ON HIM... AND HE REELS BACK, NO LONGER FEELING FOOLISH OVER HIS TERROR OF THE CHILDREN...



FIENDS! LITTLE MONSTERS! DEVILS!

FEVERISHLY, HIS HANDS SEEK THE HEAVY WOODEN SHUTTERS, CLAPPING THEM INTO PLACE OVER THE RUINED WINDOW... WHILE THE INCESSANT RAIN OF STONES THUDS HOLLOWLY AGAINST THE WALLS OUTSIDE...



THEY'RE ALL AT IT NOW! SO MUCH LIKE CHILDREN-- ONE THROWS A ROCK AND ALL THE OTHERS JOIN IN...



ANOTHER INCH AND HE WOULD'VE BEEN BLIND IN ONE EYE. RUNNELING PAIN FLAYS HIS BRAIN, AND THE INVOLUNTARY WINCE OF HIS FINGERS HELPS TO JERK THE GLASS FRAGMENT FROM HIS STICKY CHEEK.

LITTLE DEMONS! THAN THE SAINTS THERE'S SOME ANTISEPTIC IN THE MEDICINE CHEST.

THIS CHEEK AN OZZING GASH OF PAIN, HE SHUFFLES PAST THE MAKESHIFT IMPLACABILITY OF HIS HOME... DOORS AND WINDOWS LOCKED, STURDY OAK PLANKS NAILED ACROSS THEM...

JUSTICE... WHERE IS IT NOW? THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME -- BUT I **KNEW** ALONE, OF THEM ALL, I **KNEW** WHAT WOULD HAPPEN... AND NOW I'M **CAGED** LIKE A DIFFIDENT HAMSTER WHILE ALLEY CATS PLAYFULLY TOY OUTSIDE MY BARS. THERE'S NO JUSTICE... ONLY COLD IRONY!



HE HAS BEEN ALONE FOR SO VERY **LONG** THAT NOT EVEN THE MIRROR PROVIDES COMPANY NOW. HE HAS LONG SINCE TIRED OF SPEAKING TO HIS MOCKING REFLECTION... A REFLECTION WHICH DOES NOT **FEEL** THE STINGING BITE OF THE ASTRINGENT MEDICATION, WHICH ONLY **MIMICS** HIS PAIN...

NOTHING CAN DROWN THE MEMORIES OF THE PAST OR THE HARSH REALITY OF THE PRESENT... BUT HE POURS THE LIQUOR ANYWAY, WITH TREMBLING HANDS...



WHY DID THE RECORD PLAYER HAVE TO BREAK **NOW**? WORKED **FINE** ALL THOSE YEARS I NEVER REALLY NEEDED OR APPRECIATED IT...



THERE IS NOTHING NO SOUNDS TO OVERWHELM THE FIENDISH GIGGLING OF THE CHILDREN AS THEY CAPER ABOUT ON HIS LAWN, TOSSING STONES AND BRICKS AT HIS WALLS. HE LACKS THE PATIENCE NECESSARY TO **REPAIR** HIS RECORD PLAYER... RADIO AND TELEVISION TRANSMISSION ARE **MIRACLES** OF THE LONG-AGO PAST...



WHY WOULDN'T THEY **LISTEN** TO ME? ALL THIS MIGHT HAVE BEEN... **AVERTED** IF ONLY THEY HAD KEPT OPEN MINDS!



HIS ACHING EYES TRAVEL ACROSS THE ROOM. **LOOKING** AT BUT NEVER **SEEING** THE FAMILIARLY ALIEN OBJECTS OF HIS PAST... UNTIL THEY REST UPON HIS PRECIOUS BOOKS, BOOKS STEEPED IN OCCULT LORE... WITCHCRAFT, ASTROLOGY, VOOODOO, L'ECANTHROPY, SPIRITUALISM, VAMPIRISM... AND **PALMISTRY**...

WHERE ARE YOU **NOW**, MR. NIGEL, VAUNTED LECTURER, ASSIDUOUS EXPERT ON THE OCCULT, THE ARCANES, THE **MYSTIC**? WHERE **ARE** YOU? TRAPPED IN YOUR NOVEL, A VICTIM OF PROCRUSTINATION AND SCOFFING CONDESCENSION.

FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME, **MEMORIES** FLASH-FLOOD ACROSS HIS MIND, MERCIFULLY OBSTRUCTING THE PUERILE TAUNTS AND LAUGHTER FROM OUTSIDE. HE REMEMBERS HOW IT ALL STARTED... FOR **HIM**, BEHIND AN AUSTERE PODIUM...



AND SO YOU SEE, WHILE MANY POMPOUS MEMBERS OF SCIENCE MAY **DENY** IT, THE ART OF READING PALMS HOLDS MANY TRUTHS. NOW, MAY I HAVE A VOLUNTEER FROM THE AUDIENCE SO THAT WE MAY **DEMONSTRATE**...?

THERE HAD BEEN SOMETHING **STRANGE** ABOUT THE AUDIENCE -- THEY HAD SEEMED MORE ASTUTE THAN THE AVERAGE GRADE SCHOOL STUDENT, POSSESSING A LONGER ATTENTION SPAN, A **GREATER** INTELLIGENCE. HE SENGED THAT HIS CONSCIOUS AVOIDANCE OF LARGE WORDS HAD BEEN **WASTED EFFORT**... THAT THEY COULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD **ANYTHING** HE HAD TO SAY, AND **MORE**. THEY WERE RESERVED, ALOOF... BUT FINALLY A VOLUNTEER EMERGED FROM THEIR STAIID RANKS.



YES.

AH, HERE WE HAVE A HANDSOME SUBJECT. TELL ME, DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE VALIDITY OF PALM-READING?

HE DIDN'T LIKE WHAT HE SAW ETCHED IN THE CHILD'S PALM... IT WAS **TRAGIC**, AND IT **SHOCKED** HIM.

IT **CAN'T** BE... THE LIFELINE IS SO **SHORT**. IT CAN'T REPRESENT MORE THAN TEN OR TWELVE YEARS! THIS CHILD WILL SOON **DIE!**

UH... YOU WILL HAVE A VERY... **LONG** AND **PROSPEROUS** LIFE, YOUNG MAN...

YOU'RE **LYING**... AND YOU **KNOW** IT!

THE YOUNG BOY'S **FLAGRANT** ACCUSATION HAD UNNERVED HIM. EVEN **MORE** UNSETTLING WAS THE STEELY **DEFIANCE** WHICH SEETHED BEHIND THE CHILD'S LAMBENTLY BURNING EYES. NIGEL **DISMISSED** HIM WITH **ANNOYED AGITATION**...



THAT WILL BE ALL, YOUNG MAN! NOW, MAY WE HAVE **ANOTHER** VOLUNTEER...?

WHAT HE SAW IN THE **SECOND PALM** STUNNED HIM... STRETCHED THE **LIMITS** OF HIS CREDIBILITY...

NO! IT **CAN'T** BE...! THE **SAME**... THIS GIRL'S LIFELINE IS JUST AS **SHORT** AS THE BOY'S WAS! SHE TOO WILL **DIE** AT ANY TIME NOW!



APPREHENSION WAS A THICK, DRY WAD **CLOGGING** HIS THROAT, BUT HE HAD TO FIND OUT... HE STEPPED DOWN FROM THE LECTERN AND MINGLED THROUGH THE AUDIENCE OF STOLID CHILDREN, EXAMINING PALMS WITH **LIGHTNING RAPIDITY**...



**ALL OF THEM! EVERY LAST PALM!** ALL OF THESE CHILDREN WILL **DIE!** SOON!

THE APOCALYPTIC REVELATION HAD BEEN **TOO MUCH** FOR HIM. HE FLED THE HUSHED AUDITORIUM AMID THE SHRIEKING CACOPHONY OF HIS **RUSHING MIND**...



WHAT DOES IT ALL **MEAN**? WHAT CAN IT **MEAN**?

THE LIQUOR IS GONE NOW, BUT THE REMEMBRANCE LINGERS ON...

WHAT A FOOL I WAS... PREACHING DOOM FOR THE ENTIRE WORLD, PROCLAIMING A NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST WOULD DESTROY EVERYONE ON EARTH, THAT IT WAS PLAINLY WRITTEN IN THE PALMS OF OUR CHILDREN... UNTIL I REALIZED THAT ALL THE ADULTS STILL HAD NORMAL LIFELINES...



I WAS SO WRAPPED UP IN THE DISCOVERY THAT I OVERLOOKED THE OBVIOUS... THAT EVERYONE ELSE OF EVERY AGE WOULD HAVE TO HAVE CORRESPONDING LIFELINES ACCORDING TO THEIR AGES. I WAS AS DRUNK THEN AS I AM NOW... AND IT DISCREDITED ME FOREVER, MADE THEM DISREGARD ANYTHING I SAID.

HE BOLTS UP THE STAIRS, THREE AT A TIME...

...BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR INTO HIS BEDROOM, THE BEDROOM HE ONCE SHARED WITH HIS WIFE...



BUT NOW THE CLUMPING SOUND FROM ABOVE INTRUDES UPON HIS BITTER REVERIE, AND HE JERKS FROM THE COUCH WITH TACTIC RESOLVE...



...AND CONFRONTS THE CALM BUT INTENSE VISAGE OF EVIL'S MOST DECEPTIVE PERMUTATION... HE REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AS HE HAS DONE SO MANY TIMES IN THESE PAST FEW MONTHS...



...AND WITHDRAWS A GLEAMING REVOLVER, WHICH EMPTIES FOUR WITHERING SLUGS INTO THE CHILD'S FOREHEAD...

CARELESSLY, HE STEPS OVER THE PROSTRATE, STILL-BLEEDING FORM AND CROSSES TO THE WINDOW, A BILLOWING WIND AND **SOMETHING ELSE** CHILLING HIS NERVE-WRACKED BODY...



HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE THE FIRST NIGHT THEY CAME IN **STREAMING, GIGGLING** DROVES TO SURROUND HIS HOME WITH THEIR ANIMAL PRESENCE, HORRIBLY BESEECHING HIM TO COME OUT...? HOW MANY HAS HE KILLED? HOW MANY BULLETS REMAIN... BESIDES THE ONE HE SAVES... FOR HIMSELF?



CONVULSIVELY, HE HEAVES AGAINST THE COARSE WOOD OF THE LADDER... SPLINTERS **CHW** INTO HIS PALMS, AND DIMINUTIVE FORMS PLUMMET SOUNDLESSLY TO HURTLING **DEATHS**...



AT FIRST HE'D THOUGHT THEY WERE **VAMPIRES** OR **GHOULS**, COMING OUT ONLY AT NIGHT AS THEY DID. BUT THEY NEVER BOTHERED TO DRINK THE BLOOD OF THE ADULTS OR TO EAT OF THEIR FLESH-- THEY MERELY **BURNED** THEM WITH CHILDISH FASCINATION AND IMMATURE GLEE...



HE ATTENDS THE **OTHER** WINDOWS, DOUBLE-LOCKING THE SHUTTERS AND THEN SITS IN A CHAIR TO BEGIN HIS NIGHT-LONG VIGIL, THE MUFFLED SOUND OF ROCKS STEADILY BEATING AGAINST HIS HOUSE... THE HOUSE WHICH IRONY ALLOWED HIM TO FORTIFY, BECAUSE HE WAS **AWARE** AND SO HE CAN ENDURE THIS TORMENT...



THEN HE'D REMEMBERED THE CLOUD OF THICK MIST... COSMIC DUST, THE ASTRONOMERS HAD CALLED IT... WHICH HAD SWEEPED OVER ALL OF EARTH TWELVE YEARS EARLIER...





THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT IT HAD AFFECTED ALL THE WOMEN ON THE PLANET... THE PREGNANT ONES AND THOSE WHO WOULD LATER BECOME PREGNANT... SO THAT ALL FUTURE CHILDREN WOULD DIE AT AGE TEN... TO BE BORN A DIABOLICAL MONSTERS...

**BA-LAM!**

THE LITTLE DEMONS WHO NOW SCORRIED AND SCAMPED ACROSS THE LAWN BELOW HAD BEEN CREATED IN DEATH AND THEREAFTER HAD BECOME AGENTS OF DEATH. THEY WERE BOTH DEATHSPAWN AND DEATH'S PAINNS...

NOR COULD THEY FIND ROOM IN THEIR SMALL MINDS FOR THE POSSIBILITY THAT THE CLOUD WAS A MASSIVE GROUPING OF SPORES... THE QUESTING SEEDS OF AN ALIEN LIFE-FORM...

**BRAAM**

AFTER THE PASSING OF THE CLOUD, MOTHERS HAD SUFFERED ANOMALOUS PREGNANCIES, COMPLAINING OF SEVERE PAINS AND MENTAL DEPRESSION... BUT STILL THE MEDICAL PROFESSION HAD ARROGANTLY DISMISSED IT AS NOTHING MORE THAN A LOW TOLERANCE FOR NORMAL PAIN...

...A PARASITIC LIFE-FORM WHICH ENTERED THE MOTHERS' SKIN PORES AND WAS ASSIMILATED INTO THE FETUSES, ENDOWING THE CHILDREN WITH ABNORMAL INTELLIGENCE BUT ULTIMATELY KILLING THEM...

**BOOM**

THE EXPLOSION IS DEAFENING BUT NEITHER IT NOR THE SIGHT OF A CHILD CRUMPLING TO THE GROUND WITH A RUPTURED BRAIN CAN HALT THE FLOW OF NIGEL'S SARCONIC THOUGHTS...

...AND THEN THE CHILDREN ROSE FROM THEIR GRAVES AS MINDLESS ZOMBIES, THEIR BODIES AND BRAINS TOTALLY CONTROLLED BY THE ALIEN PARASITES. THEY LAUNCHED A METHODICAL EXTERMINATION OF THE ADULTS... ADULTS WHO WERE BLIND TO WHAT WAS HAPPENING... UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE!!

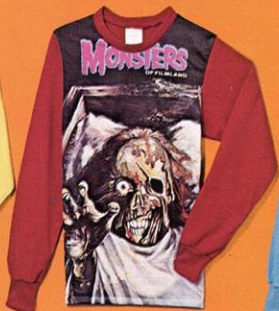
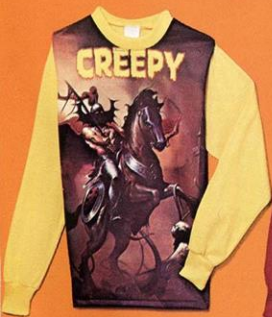
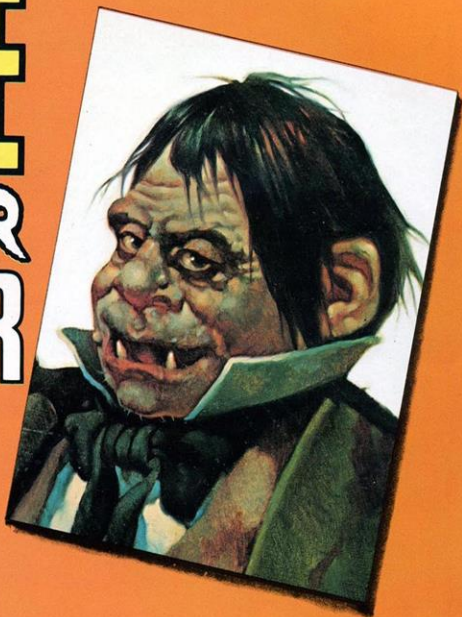
AND AFTER THE PARASITES KILLED THE CHILDREN, IT USED THEIR BODIES TO KILL THE ADULTS... TAKING OVER THE CHILDREN, THEY SET OUT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD... TO MAKE IT THEIR WORLD, A WORLD WHICH HAS NO ROOM FOR HUMAN ADULTS!

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