

ALL NEW TERROR TALES IN THE CREEPY TRADITION!

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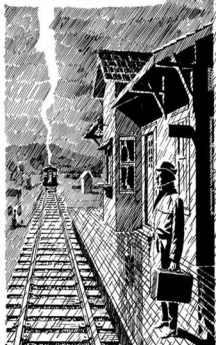
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GREETINGS, GREMLINS! LET'S LIFT THE LID ON THIS FIRST **HYSTERICAL** ISSUE WITH A **SHOCK STORY** THAT WILL LEAVE YOU ELECTRIFIED! GET READY TO BE THRILLED AS PIECE BY PIECE WE ASSEMBLE THIS TINGLER OF A MAN WHO TRIED TO FOLLOW IN THE...

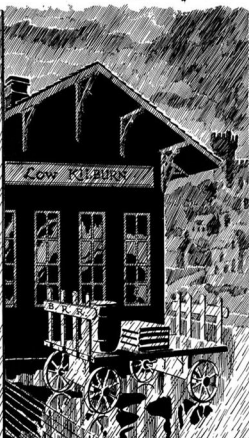
FOOTSTEPS of FRANKENSTEIN!

NORTHERN ENGLAND! AS THE TRAIN WHISTLE FADED IN THE DISTANCE, DR. BYRON KING SUPPRESSED A SHIVER AND THE NOTION HE HAD SOMEHOW STEPPED BACKWARD INTO ANOTHER CENTURY... HE FELT INCREDIBLY ALONE...



EXCUSE ME... I'D EXPECTED TO BE MET! COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE TO FIND DR. SEBASTIAN? **AMOS SEBASTIAN?**

W-WHO? NO! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING! BESIDES...



... WE'RE CLOSED!



ART BY REED CRANDALL/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

HIS FOOTFALLS ECHOING ABOVE THE SOUND OF RAINWATER IN THE COBBLESTONE GUTTERS, DR. KING MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE VILLAGE SEEKING AN OPEN DOOR, A FRIENDLY VOICE, WARMTH AND LIGHT...



CAN ANY OF YOU HELP ME?
I'M TRYING TO LOCATE
DR. SEBASTIAN ...



THEN IT'S THE
DEVIL'S BUSINESS
YOU'RE ON!

WE'LL NOT HELP
IN THAT! **GET
OUT!**



SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT
LONDON ... IF ANYONE BUT
OLD SEBASTIAN HAD SENT
FOR ME, I'D HAVE TOLD
THEM -- **WHAT'S THIS?**
THEY'VE FOLLOWED ME FROM
THE PUB!

AT HIM, LADS! SHOW
'IM WHAT HAPPENS
TO HIS KIND IN
THIS VILLAGE!



BLOWS RAINED ON KING FROM EVERY SIDE! HIS BODY SAGGED TO THE PAVEMENT AND NAUSEA SWEEPED THROUGH HIM... FLAILING FISTS AND STOMPING FEET SWIRLED ABOUT HIM, THEN ... **OBLIVION!**



DR. KING STIRRED. HE COULD NO LONGER FEEL THE RAIN OR THE WET COBBLESTONE BENEATH HIM... HIS EYES, ACHING WITH THE LIGHT, SLOWLY BROUGHT THINGS INTO FOCUS...



S-SOME KIND OF DOCTOR'S OFFICE... NO! IT'S A LABORATORY!

PART OF AN OLD CASTLE... BUT OUTFITTED WITH THE LATEST EQUIPMENT! AND THAT BREATHING... HEAVY BREATHING...



GOOD LORD! THAT T-THING...



BYRON, MY BOY! YOU'VE RECOVERED! WE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO STOP THOSE IDIOTS... **SUPERSTITIOUS RABBLE!**



DR. SEBASTIAN! YOU MEAN I WAS RESCUED BY YOU AND THIS... **MONSTER?!**

NOT MONSTER, BYRON, **CREATION!** MY CREATION! NOT YET PERFECT, BUT WITH YOUR HELP...

Y-YOU'VE... **MADE...** A LIVING CREATURE?!



AFTER YEARS AS MY PRIZE PUPIL, ARE YOU SO AMAZED? THE WONDERS OF ELECTRONICS, THE SKILLS OF SURGERY... WHO COULD BETTER APPLY THEM THAN ME?

IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF *MARY SHELLEY!* HOW...?



"AFTER MY RETIREMENT, I BEGAN EXPERIMENTING... ELECTRONIC STIMULATION TO BRAIN CELLS, NERVOUS SYSTEM... FOR YEARS I WORKED WITH TEST ANIMALS, GUINEA PIGS, MONKEYS... THEN THERE WAS A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT NEAR THE CASTLE..."



"I PULLED TWO MEN FROM THE WRECKAGE, DEAD AND MANGLED... THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, I WORKED FEVERISHLY, SEWING AND GRAFTING... WELDING THE TWO INTO ONE WHOLE!"



"WORKING AGAINST TIME, I RE-CONVERTED MY EQUIPMENT TO HANDLE THE LARGER SUBJECT... THEN, TINGLING WITH ANTICIPATION, I THREW THE SWITCH!"



"IT WORKED! THE RESULT WAS NOT PERFECT, THE CHARGE HAD BEEN WEAK, AND THE BRAIN WAS DAMAGED... MY CREATION COULD ONLY FUNCTION IN A LIMITED MANNER. UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS SEEN BY SERVANTS... THEY SPREAD HYSTERIA THROUGH THE VILLAGE!"



THEY'RE HOSTILE FOOLS! JUST LIKE THE MEDICAL BOARD THAT FORCED ME TO RETIRE! NOW I CAN SHOW THEM!

NO ONE EVER DOUBTED YOUR BRILLIANCE, DOCTOR! BUT T-THIS... IT'S BEYOND THE MEDICAL REALM... BEYOND THE HUMAN REALM! AREAS BEST LEFT ALONE!



LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT THIS SHRIVELED DYING BODY... ARTHRIC HANDS... LIMBS! USED UP! BUT MY MIND STILL FUNCTIONS... WORKS BRILLIANTLY!

Y-YOUR MIND... YOU MEAN ... ?



IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, DR. KING SUBMERGED HIMSELF INTO THE NOTES AND RESEARCH OF AMOS SEBASTIAN... LETTING VOLUME OF WORDS ASSERT THE INFLUENCE HIS CONSCIENCE WOULD NOT!



I-IT CAN BE DONE!!

DON'T MOUTH THE SAME DRIVEL AS THOSE VILLAGE LOUITS! YOU'RE ONE OF THE FEW MEN WITH THE SAME POTENTIAL AS MYSELF!

YOU TAUGHT ME ALL I KNOW, DOCTOR SEBASTIAN... I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU! BUT WHY UNLEASH THIS SUB-HUMAN THING ON THE WORLD?



YOU CAN DO IT, BYRON! FREE MY BRAIN FROM THIS DEATH HOUSE! TRANSFER IT TO THE STRONG DURABLE BODY I'VE CREATED! YOU CAN DO IT!

I-I DON'T KNOW... YOU'VE DONE THE GROUNDWORK... PERHAPS...



YOU'VE LIVED UP TO ALL MY HOPES, BYRON... WITH THE NEW EQUIPMENT, YOU CAN'T FAIL!

WE CAN PRODUCE A STRONG ENOUGH CHARGE TO PREVENT STRENGTH LOSS AS WITH YOUR CREATION... A GREAT MIND PRESERVED FOR THE AGES!



THUNDER, LIGHTNING, AND DRIVING RAIN LASHING THE NIGHT SKY DREW NO ATTENTION FROM BYRON KING AS HIS SKILLED SURGEON'S FINGERS GUIDED HIS KNIFE INTO THE FIRST PHASE OF THE OPERATION ...



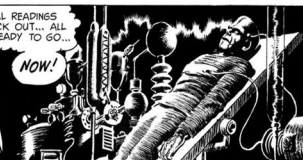
THE THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES OF AMOS SEBASTIAN WERE LIFTED FROM THE DYING SHELL BODY, TRANSPORTED ACROSS THE LABORATORY, AND DEFTLY SEWN INTO THEIR NEW RESTING PLACE ...

ALL SURGERY COMPLETED ... MUST GET WIRING INTO PLACE ...



FINAL READINGS CHECK OUT ... ALL READY TO GO ...

NOW!



HERE NOW! WHAT'S DOING WITH THEM LIGHTS?

YOU DAFT? THERE'S A GREAT BLOODY THUNDER-STORM!

NO! IT'S NOT THAT ...



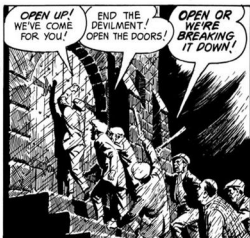
UP THERE! SEE THE FLASHES AT THE CASTLE!

IT'S THEM DOCTORS! UP TO MORE UNHOLINESS! THEY SHOULD BE STOPPED!

AYE! LET'S NOT SIT HERE WHILE THEY MAKE MONSTERS! UP TO THE CASTLE!



ON THE OPERATING TABLE, THE MONSTROUS FORM STIRRED... FINGERS TWITCHED AND MOVED... EYELIDS SLOWLY OPENED...





UNMINDFUL OF THE LASHING STORM, THE GROTESQUE FORM LUMBERED OFF INTO THE DISTANCE, BENT ON RAGE AND DESTRUCTION!



DR. BYRON KING CAME RUNNING TO A PILE OF SMOULDERING ASHES... A PILE OF ASHES THAT CONTAINED THE THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES, DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES, OF AMOS SEBASTIAN... A PILE OF ASHES ALREADY BEING BLOWN AND SCATTERED BY THE WIND...



HEH, HEH! OL' DOC SEBASTIAN REALLY MADE AN ASH OF HIMSELF, EH, **GHOULMATES?** GOES TO SHOW IF YOU FOLLOW IN SOMEONE'S FOOTSTEPS, BETTER KNOW WHERE THEY'RE LEADING... I'M LEADING YOU TO MY NEXT **FRIGHT-SITE!** WATCH YOUR STEP!



CAUTIOUSLY, VERNON HALE INCHED HIS WAY ALONG THE COLD STONE WALL, SLOWLY DESCENDING THE STEPS THAT LED TO THE CELLAR OF THE HUGE MANSION...DRIFTING UP FROM BELOW CAME HIS UNCLE'S VOICE...

AT LAST! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHY THE OLD SKIN-FLINT MAKES THESE MIDNIGHT VISITS DOWN HERE!

ABORNAH...
ASHTAROTH...
IBNALLAH...



WHAT'S THAT GIBBERISH?...
LORD! UNCLE CORNELIUS MUST BE OUT OF HIS SKULL! WHAT DOES HE THINK HE'S DOING?!



ZIMNAH ORGALLA
PHERNATH DROBH...

IT'S LIKE HE'S PRAYING OR CHANTING...
THIS IS INSANE!



WANATHAL
GLANDOR FRAH...



OEILLET!