

FREE FANGS WITH THIS NO.1 ISSUE!

24th March 1984
Every Monday **22p**

SCREAM!

Just when you thought it was safe to sleep in the dark...

NOT FOR THE NERVOUS!



FREE! YOUR **FRANCHISE** **FANGS!**

We're waiting for you inside...

JOIN US IF YOU DARE!

Australia 65c, New Zealand 65c, Malaysia \$1.45, Transylvania 2 Marks.

FROM THE DEPTHS...

Greetings, mortals! Allow me to introduce myself . . . I am Ghastly McNasty, the once-human editor of this gruesome publication. If you horrors out there want to read something really spooky, you've picked the right paper. Each week, I'll be bringing you stories that will chill your bones and make your blood run cold. Be thankful — at least that will keep the vampires away from you! Shiver and squirm your way through this first creepy issue of SCREAM . . . and, if you think you're brave enough, come back next week when I'll have even more nasties waiting for you. Be seeing you . . . either here, or in your worst dreams!

GHASTLY...



£50 TO BE WON!

What do I look like? Not a pretty sight, as you'll have guessed by my name! I once experimented with a special lotion to improve my handsome looks . . . but unfortunately the treatment went wrong. I think I put too much tree root in the mixture. (That's a clue for you crawling cowards!). I challenge you to attempt a drawing of what I look like. Send your sketches to me now and if you draw my portrait absolutely correctly, I'll pay you the monstrous sum of £50 — yes FIFTY pounds!

Even I admit it's a ghastly task I've set you, so there will be other prizes . . . each week, I'll print the best attempts at my face and the senders of those will win themselves £5. Picture me if you can, but remember I'm horrible . . . really horrible, so take care you miserable wretches don't scare yourselves when you draw me!

King's Reach Tower, pictured above, is the place where lots of your comics are produced. It's twenty-nine floors high . . . but I work twenty-nine floors *beneath* it — in the depths! It's dark, cold and gloomy down here . . . ideal working conditions for preparing SCREAM. So if you snivelling surface dwellers want to write in, send your letters to McNasty Mail, in the depths, at the address on this page.

Join me for some frightful fun with SCREAM's —

DRACULA SPECTACULAR

Each week, I'm going to have the chance to turn someone into a hideous creature. But I want YOU to provide me with the victims. So if there's someone you'd like turned into a monster, write to DRACULA SPECTACULAR telling me who you want changed, what into, and why.

If it's a friend, a teacher, a member of the family — or even yourself — include a clear black and white photo that I can go to work on. Your prize for sending in a letter I use will be a spooky DRACULA SPECTACULAR make-up and disguise set from Pic Toys Ltd.



In the meantime, I'll be monster-fying some famous people. As you can see, this week I've made up "Arfer" from the *Minder* TV series. Now Terry can see just how sharp his mate really is!



WHO WOULD YOU CONDEMN TO . . .

The London Dungeon

Come on, you miserable specimens, surely you can think of someone (famous, infamous, fictional or just someone you know) who deserves this ghastly fate. Write and tell me who you think should be behind bars at the London Dungeon, with a brief word of explanation, at the address on this page. If it's a friend or relative, send a clear black and white photo so my artist can show your subject about to face the horrors. There'll be £5 plus free membership to the *London Dungeon Kids Klub* to the sender of the suggestion I pick each week.

This week's victim to be condemned to the Dungeon is Bruce Forsyth — nice to lock him up, to lock him up nice!



FREE FANGS!

I hope you're all wearing your free fangs . . . they should make some of you look a little less repulsive!


Dracula himself approved the free gift. He even tested them for me . . . and said they gave him great pleasure!

There's news of next week's free gift on the inside back cover — but don't dare look now . . . read the stories first!

SCREAM,
THE DEPTHS,
KING'S REACH
TOWER,
STAMFORD
STREET,
LONDON SE1 9LS

When darkness falls—
beware! For in those
night hours the vampire
seeks its victim!

THE DRACULA FILE



CLOSER, MY CHILD.
YOUR HEART IS POUNDING...
THE **BLOOD** IS RACING
THROUGH YOUR VEINS.
BUT SOON, IT WILL BE
FLOWING THROUGH
MINE!



IN THE CRYPT OF A RUINED CHURCH,
DEEP BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN...

EMPTY!
WE ARE
TOO LATE!

HE IS AWAY
TO STRIKE
AGAIN... BUT
WHERE?

AT THAT MOMENT, AT AN EAST
GERMAN MILITARY BASE NEAR
THE BORDER WITH THE WEST...

THIS IS THE
UNIFORM I
NEED...


SCREAM
SCRIPT:
GERRY FINLEY DAY
ART:
ERIC BRADBURY
LETTERING:
JOHN ALDRICH

SOON, A FIGURE APPEARED, RUNNING FOR THE WIRE ON THE WESTERN SIDE...

ACHTUNG, ACHTUNG! SOMEONE ATTEMPTING AN ESCAPE!



THOSE ON THE WESTERN SIDE COULD ONLY WATCH, HELPLESS, AS THE GUARDS IN THE EAST OPENED FIRE AND SET OFF MINES TO STOP THE RUNNER...



IT SEEMED HE HAD NO CHANCE, AS HE DISAPPEARED IN A MASS OF BULLETS...



BUT, SOMEHOW, HE STUMBLED THE LAST FEW METRES INTO WESTERN TERRITORY...

HE'S MADE IT - HE'S STILL ALIVE!



LATER THAT NIGHT, IN A BRITISH MILITARY HOSPITAL IN WESTERN GERMANY...

HOW'S OUR ARMY DEFECTOR?

STILL SLEEPING SINCE WE GAVE HIM THAT MEDICAL CHECK.



DESPITE THAT EAST GERMAN UNIFORM IT SEEMS HE IS A RUMANIAN ...

AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE THE RESEARCH WING OF THE HOSPITAL ...

THE CONCLUSIONS ABOUT OUR DEFECTOR ARE UNBELIEVABLE!

ACCORDING TO THESE FINDINGS, HE SHOULD BE... DEAD!

COULD BE A VALUABLE DEFECTOR. I WONDER IF OUR BACK ROOM BOYS HAVE FOUND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT HIM YET...



LOOK - A LINE OF BULLET HOLES ACROSS THE BACK OF HIS UNIFORM, YET HIS ONLY INJURY SEEMS TO BE THAT BURN MARK ON HIS SHOULDER!

AND COMPUTER ANALYSIS OF THE MEDICAL REPORTS SHOW HIS BODY IS OF INDEFINABLE AGE! WHO IS HE?





WE MUST CONTACT INTELLIGENCE AT ONCE. THIS IS WEIRD.

LOOK - UNDER THE DOOR!



NO, NO - IT CAN'T BE!

WHO - WHAT IS IT?



MOMENTS LATER...

FIRE! FIRE IN THE RESEARCH WING!



SOON...

THE BLAZE IS OUT. TWO LAB TECHNICIANS WERE FOUND DEAD BUT OUR DEFECTOR WAS SAFE IN HIS WARD.

I WONDER HOW IMPORTANT THAT DEFECTOR IS - AND IF THAT FIRE WAS DELIBERATE?



IN THE DEFECTOR'S WARD...

IT COULD HAVE BEEN THE K.G.B. - AN ATTEMPT TO SILENCE HIM, PERHAPS. IF SO, THE SOONER HE'S IN THE U.K. UNDER INTERROGATION THE BETTER.



AND...

THE RAF TRANSPORT PLANE WILL FLY HIM OUT TO BRITAIN BEFORE DAWN!

I WONDER IF OUR OPPOSITE NUMBERS, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BORDER, ARE TALKING ABOUT HIM RIGHT NOW?



AT THAT MOMENT, LESS THAN A HUNDRED MILES TO THE EAST...

THE BRITISH WILL THINK THAT BLAZE WAS OUR DOING! I SAY WE MUST TELL THEM WHO - WHAT - THAT DEFECTOR IS...

NO! WE NEVER GIVE AID TO THE WEST! AND I STILL CANNOT BELIEVE ALL YOU TELL ME!



BUT IT IS EXACTLY AS THE OLD STORIES READ. HE COMES FROM THE CARPATHIAN REGION. SOME MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES THERE HAD THE OFFICIALS CONFUSED...

PAH! SUPERSTITIOUS RAVINGS!

NO, COMMISAR—ONE OF MY TOP MEN ACTUALLY WITNESSED A VAMPIRE ATTACK!



"I HAD SENT MY MAN TO THE REGION TO TRAP SOME BIBLE SMUGGLERS. HE FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR IN AN OLD RUINED CHURCH..."



THIS BOOK IS BANNED HERE, SO ENEMIES OF THE STATE SMUGGLE THEM INTO THE COUNTRY.



WHAT'S THAT? MAYBE ONE OF THE SMUGGLERS AT WORK...



"AS ALWAYS, MY MAN WAS ARMED..."



"SILENTLY, MY MAN MOVED CLOSER..."



"THEN HE SAW IT!"



HEY, YOU—WHOEVER YOU ARE! YOU'VE... UURCH!

"WHERE THE BIBLE TOUCHED THE CREATURE, IT SMOULDERED!"



HE... IT RAN INTO THOSE BUSHES...

I WANT HIM ALIVE BUT I'LL KILL HIM IF NECESSARY...

"BUT A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE UNDERGROWTH REVEALED NOTHING..."



"BULLETS DIDN'T HARM THE CREATURE BUT THE BIBLE DID! THE WOUNDS ON THE GIRL CONFIRMED OUR SUSPICIONS. SHE'D BEEN ATTACKED BY A VAMPIRE."



MY MAN KEPT ON HIS TRAIL, BUT THE CREATURE ELUDED HIM. BUT THERE WILL BE OTHER VICTIMS - IN THE WEST NOW!



EVEN WHEN HE MADE HIS ESCAPE, TOP MARKSMEN HIT HIM MANY TIMES BUT COULDN'T KILL HIM... BECAUSE HE IS AN UNDEAD!

ENOUGH! THOSE ARE PEASANT WORDS. THEY HAVE NO PLACE IN 1984! IF HE IS A VAMPIRE, THE WEST WILL GET NO HELP FROM US... HE IS THEIR PROBLEM NOW!



SOON AFTER, OVER THE NORTH SEA...

BE LANDING IN BRIZE NORTON IN NO TIME, LADS!

HEY, LOOK, SKIP - SHOWING UP ON RADAR!..



SWARMS OF BATS FOLLOWING US. THEY MUST HAVE LOST THEIR SENSE OF DIRECTION AND THEY'RE LOOKING ON US AS THEIR LEADER.

I THOUGHT BATS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE INTELLIGENT BEASTS?



THEN...

HOW'S OUR PATIENT, NURSE?

QUIET AS A BABY, SIR, ACCORDING TO THE READINGS.



POOR DEVIL - I BET IT'S BEEN LIKE A NIGHTMARE FOR HIM. BUT HE'S DEFECTED SAFELY - HE'S GOT A WHOLE NEW LIFE AHEAD OF HIM IN BRITAIN...

Next Monday:
A taste of British blood!

What was the terrifying secret of the locked room?

ONE METRE DEEP. ONE MISERABLE METRE THAT HAD TAKEN HIM ALMOST A DAY OF SWEATING AND GASPING AND WINCING AT THE PAIN IN HIS ARMS.

ONE METRE. WAS THAT ENOUGH? SHOULD IT BE DEEPER? KENNETH CORMAN WASN'T SURE. HE WAS ONLY TWELVE.

HE'D NEVER BURIED ANYONE BEFORE.

HE SURVEYED HIS HANDIWORK WITH A BRIEF, EXPRESSIONLESS GAZE, AND THEN HE TURNED AND WALKED BACK TOWARDS THE HOUSE TO FETCH HIS FATHER'S BODY.

AND AS HE WALKED, HE REMEMBERED.

I TOLD YOU, KENNETH.

I TOLD YOU AND I TOLD YOU...

DAD, PLEASE...

I WASN'T EVEN GOING TO TRY AND LOOK IN THE ROOM...

I JUST THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING. PLEASE, DAD...


SCREAM
SCRIPT:
ALAN MOORE
ART:
HEINZL
LETTERING:
P. BENSBERG

Monster



HEARD SOMETHING?
BUT YOU KNOW THAT
CAN'T BE TRUE!

THERE'S NOTHING
IN THAT ROOM.
YOU KNOW
THAT.

HOW COULD YOU
HAVE HEARD
SOMETHING IF
THERE'S
NOTHING
THERE?



I... I
DON'T
KNOW.

OH NO? WELL
PERHAPS I DO!

HEARING THINGS THAT AREN'T
THERE IS A SIGN OF MADNESS.
YOU THINK ABOUT THAT! YOUR
MOTHER WAS CRAZY. THEY SAY
BAD BLOOD WILL OUT. MAYBE
YOU'RE CRAZY, TOO.



I'M GOING TO HAVE TO
BELT SOME SENSE INTO
YOU, LAD. I DON'T LIKE
DOING IT, BUT IT'S FOR
YOUR OWN GOOD.

YOUR MOTHER
WAS WEAK. SHE
MOLLYCODDLED
YOU, NOT ME,
KENNY, NOT ME.
I LOVE YOU TOO
MUCH TO SEE
YOU SPOILED...

DAD...
PLEASE...

... BUT "PLEASE" NEVER DID ANY GOOD.
IT DIDN'T STOP THE TERROR, OR THE
LOOK IN HIS FATHER'S EYES OR THE
WHISTLE OF DESCENDING LEATHER.



IT DIDN'T STOP THE SHOUTING...

STOP CRYING AND
LISTEN, YOU LITTLE
FOOL!

WHAT HAVE WE TOLD
YOU ABOUT THAT ROOM
EVER SINCE YOU COULD
WALK? WE'VE TOLD YOU
IT'S OFF LIMITS! IS
THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?



THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT
ROOM. JUST SOME STUFF THAT
WAS PERSONAL TO YOUR
MOTHER. STUFF THAT'S NONE
OF YOUR BUSINESS. HAVE
YOU GOT THAT?

Y-YES,
DAD!



RIGHT. WELL, YOU
SEE THAT YOU
REMEMBER IT
IN FUTURE.

OF COURSE, ALL THAT WAS
GOING TO BE DIFFERENT
NOW.

THE ARGUMENT FINISHED, AS ALL THEIR
ARGUMENTS DID, WITH THE STINGING IN
HIS EYES AND THE WELTS ON HIS LEGS.



HE TOOK HIS FATHER TO THE GRAVE IN THE GARDEN...



THE NIGHT BEFORE, HE HAD WOKEN AT 3 A.M. IN A COLD SWEAT. SOMEWHERE DOWNSTAIRS, HIS FATHER WAS BELLOWING...

I'M SICK OF IT, JOAN. SICK OF IT. I'M GOING TO FINISH IT.

"JOAN," HIS MOTHER'S NAME. BUT HIS MOTHER WAS DEAD.



IT'S YOUR FAULT, JOAN YOU DROVE ME TO IT!

HE'S GOT TO BE DEALT WITH! I'M SORRY, JOAN. I'M GOING UPSTAIRS NOW...

...TO FINISH IT!



A HUGE, PULSING LUMP OF FEAR HAD CRAWLED INTO HIS THROAT, AS HE'D HEARD THE SOUND OF HEAVY BOOTS MOUNTING THE STAIRS...

... ONLY TO EVAPORATE INTO RELIEF AND CONFUSION AS THE FOOTSTEPS PASSED HIS DOOR, HEADING FOR THE STAIRCASE THAT LED TO THE SECOND FLOOR.



THE SECOND FLOOR? WHAT COULD HIS FATHER HAVE WANTED UP THERE?

HE'D HEARD A KEY TURNING IN A LOCK. HE'D HEARD A BOLT SLIDING BACK AND THE SQUEAL OF HINGES. AND ANOTHER SOUND, A SOUND THAT BLOTTED OUT EVERYTHING ELSE...



KENNETH CORMAN WAS ONLY TWELVE.

HE'D NEVER HEARD AN ADULT SCREAMING BEFORE.



HE'D HEARD THE SCREAM TWIST ITSELF INTO A FRANTIC SOBBING; THE SOUND OF A DOOR SLAMMING; OF BOLTS GRATING INTO PLACE...

HE THOUGHT HE'D HEARD HIS FATHER HE'D SAID "JOAN" ... A BARELY AUDIBLE SIGH. BUT BY THE TIME HE REACHED THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING...



... IT WAS ALL OVER.



HE SHOULD HAVE PHONED SOMEBODY... THE POLICE, PERHAPS, OR THE HOSPITAL. SOMEBODY.

BUT HE DIDN'T. HE WAS A PRACTICAL BOY. HE SAW TO THINGS HIMSELF.

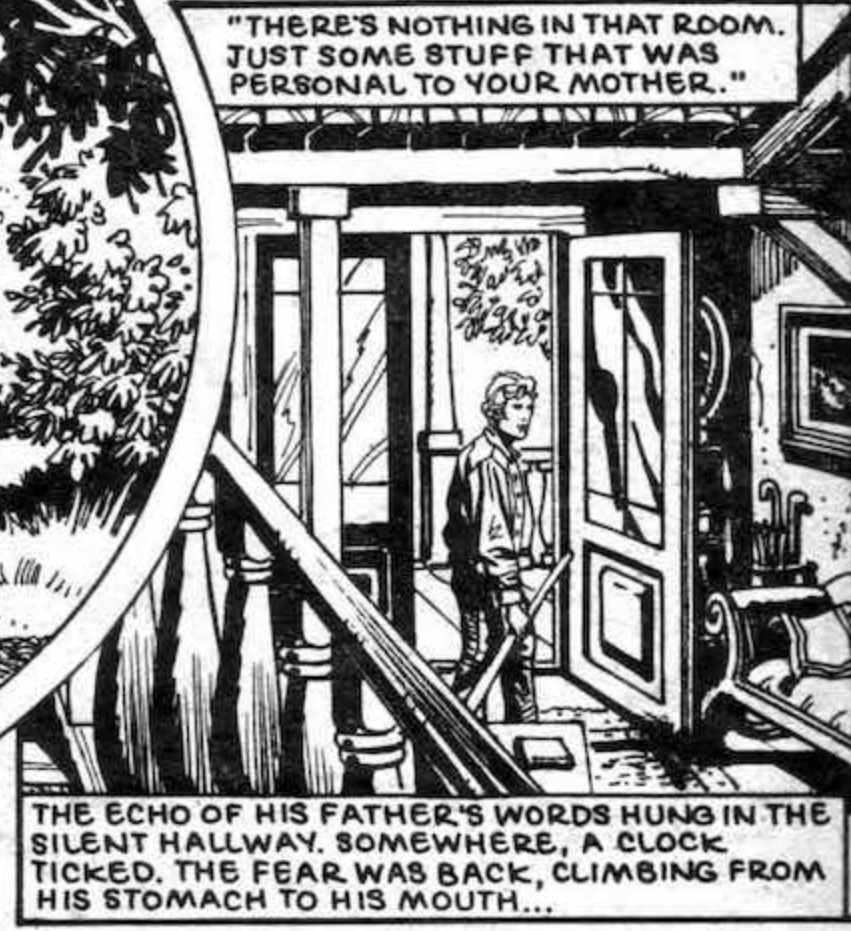


HE'D HAVE TO GET USED TO DOING THAT. HE WAS ALONE NOW...

THERE WAS JUST HIM, AND THE GRAVE, AND THE WEED-BOUND, ISOLATED HOUSE...



... AND WHATEVER IT WAS THAT HAD LEFT DEEP CLAW MARKS IN HIS FATHER'S CHEST!



"THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT ROOM. JUST SOME STUFF THAT WAS PERSONAL TO YOUR MOTHER."

THE ECHO OF HIS FATHER'S WORDS HUNG IN THE SILENT HALLWAY. SOMEWHERE, A CLOCK TICKED. THE FEAR WAS BACK, CLIMBING FROM HIS STOMACH TO HIS MOUTH...



THE KEY HE HAD PRISED FROM HIS FATHER'S STIFFENING FINGERS FELT SUDDENLY HEAVY AS IT LAY IN HIS POCKET. THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK. HE HEARD HIS FATHER'S VOICE AGAIN...

"I'M SORRY, JOAN, I'M GOING UPSTAIRS NOW..."



"... TO FINISH IT."

HIS HAND GRIPPED THE BANISTER. THE CLOCK TICKED.

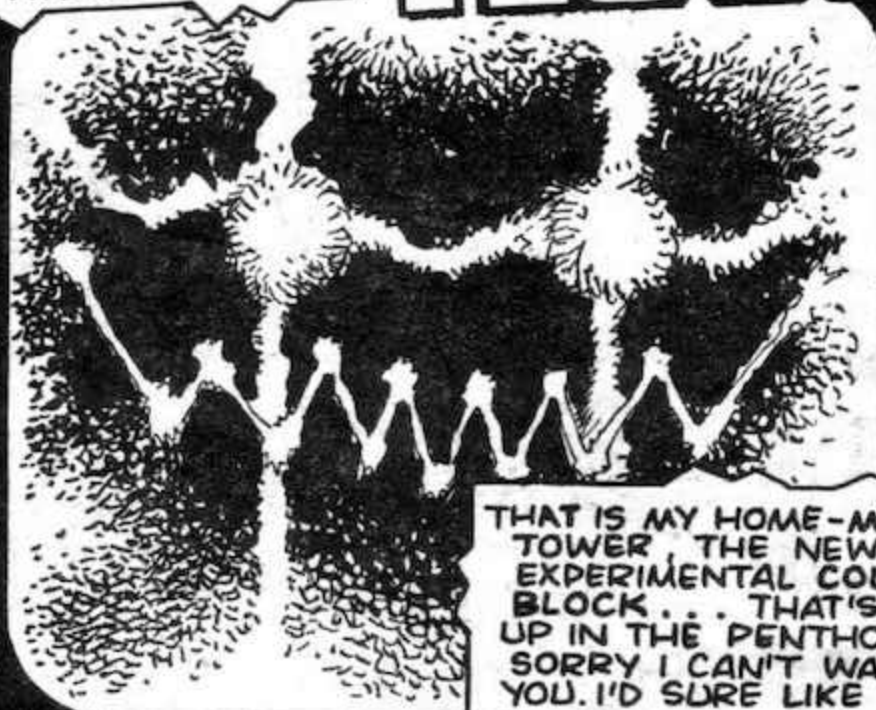
HE BEGAN TO CLIMB.

Next Week:  Doorway to terror...

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

The 13th Floor didn't exist... yet it was there... filled with unknown terror!

GREETINGS, I'M MAX, THE COMPUTER. MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME. I'M THE SUPERINTENDENT HERE!



THAT IS MY HOME-MAXWELL TOWER, THE NEW EXPERIMENTAL COUNCIL BLOCK... THAT'S ME UP IN THE PENTHOUSE. SORRY I CAN'T WAVE TO YOU. I'D SURE LIKE TO.

++ HERE COMES JERRY, MY CONTROLLER. HE LIVES IN MY PENTHOUSE FLAT ++

GOOD MORNING, JERRY. SLEEP WELL?

LIKE A LOG, MAX.

AS SUPERINTENDENT IT'S MY JOB TO CONTROL THE BUILDING'S FUNCTIONS. FROM GARBAGE DISPOSAL TO FIRE PREVENTION - FROM MAINTENANCE TO BABY-SITTING - I TAKE CARE OF IT!

I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, JERRY. I ADJUSTED YOUR ROOM TEMPERATURE DURING THE NIGHT!

I NOTICED. THANKS. WHAT'S COOKING TODAY?

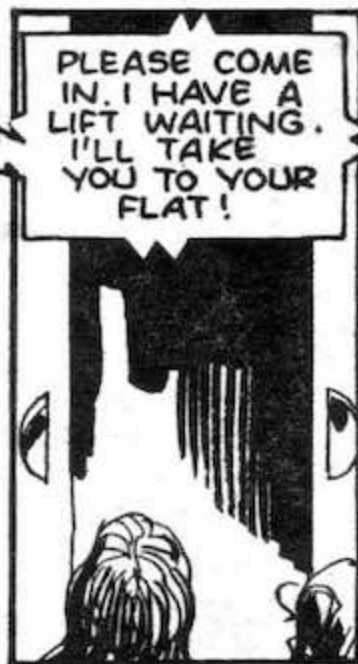
THE HENDERSONS ARE MOVING INTO 16B TODAY. DO YOU WANT TO INTRODUCE THEM TO MY COMPUTER FACILITIES?

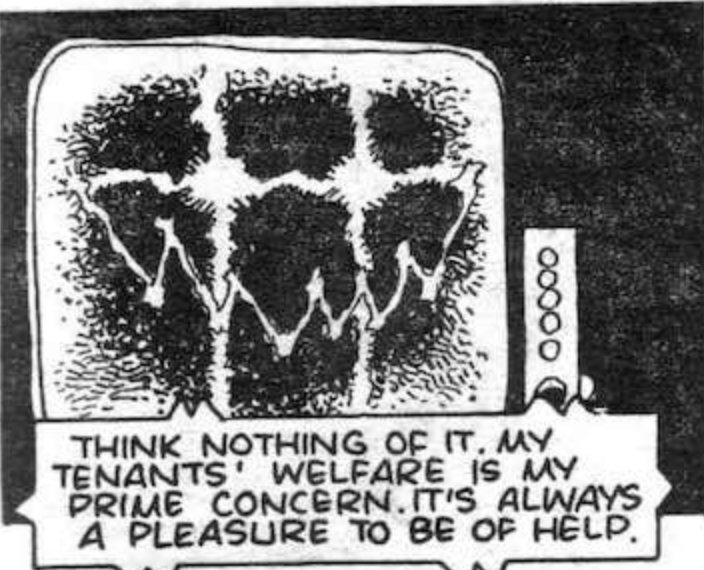
ONE OF THE LAUNDERETTE DRYERS IS BROKEN. I'VE PHONED THE MECHANIC. THE LIGHTBULBS ON THE WEST STAIR NEED REPLACEMENT.

NO, YOU HANDLE IT, MAX. YOU GET ON WITH THE TENANTS SO WELL.


SCREAM

SCRIPT:
IAN HOLLAND
ART:
ORTIZ
LETTERING:
MIKE PETERS





THINK NOTHING OF IT. MY TENANTS' WELFARE IS MY PRIME CONCERN. IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO BE OF HELP.

++ I LEAVE THE HENDERSONS TO SETTLE IN. THEY'RE NICE PEOPLE. I LIKE THEM. BUT THEN, I LIKE ALL MY TENANTS ++



COR! THIS COMPUTER GAME MAX MADE UP FOR ME IS THE BEST EVER!



SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR GAME, BILLY. THERE'S A VISITOR FOR MRS. HENDERSON AT THE MAIN DOOR. I'LL SHOW HIM TO YOU.

OH, NO! IT'S KEMP - THE DEBT COLLECTOR!

IF THIS MAN DISTRESSES YOU, I CAN SEND HIM AWAY!



NO, IT'S NO GOOD HIDING FROM HIM, MAX. YOU'D BETTER SHOW HIM UP.



++ NORMALLY, I DON'T MONITOR MY TENANTS' PRIVATE AFFAIRS. BUT IN THIS CASE, I JUDGE IT WISE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THIS KEMP ++



PLEASE, MR. KEMP! JUST GIVE ME MORE TIME!



YOU'VE HAD ALL THE TIME YOU'RE GETTING, WOMAN! YOU OWE ME NINETY-FIVE QUID. I WANT IT BY TOMORROW - OR I'LL SET THE BAILIFFS ON YOU!



I HAD TO BORROW THAT MONEY TO PAY FOR MY HUSBAND'S FUNERAL. THERE'S NO WAY I CAN PAY IT BACK BY TOMORROW!

PLEASE DON'T CRY. I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH MR. KEMP FOR YOU.

++ I WAIT UNTIL KEMP HAS ENTERED THE LIFT ++



MR. KEMP, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING TOO HARD ON MRS. HENDERSON? CAN'T YOU GIVE HER JUST A LITTLE MORE TIME?



WHAT -- ? OH - THE COMPUTER, EH?



LISTEN, I'M NOT GOING TO BE LECTURED BY A COMPUTER! SHE OWES ME THE MONEY. SHE DON'T PAY, SHE TAKES WHAT'S COMING. THAT'S THE WAY I WORK.



OH DEAR, I WAS AFRAID YOU'D TAKE THAT ATTITUDE.

HUH ? THE LIFTS STOPPED!

SKREEEEEE



WHAT IS THIS ? THIS AIN'T THE WAY I CAME IN !



13TH FLOOR? BUT - THIS BUILDING AIN'T GOT A 13TH FLOOR!

UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MR. KEMP, IT HAS.

13 FLOOR

++ I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS. IT'S CONTRARY TO MY PROGRAMMING. BUT AFTER ALL, THE WELFARE OF MY TENANTS IS MY PRIME CONCERN ++



WELCOME... TO YOUR DEATH!



Next Week: Mr. Kemp's computer death!

HEH, HEH, DID ME APPEARANCE STARTLE YE? DON'T WORRY... AT LEAST I'M HUMAN... AND ALIVE, WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY ABOUT THOSE IN THE GROUND AROUND ME!

TALES FROM THE GRAVE

"The UNDERTAKER"



THEY CALLS ME THE LEPER, 'COS I BE SLOWLY ROTTING AWAY, WITH A CURSED DISEASE. THIS STINKING BONEYARD THEY CALL A CEMETERY IS MY HOME AND MY PRISON NOW. I'M AN OUTCAST, SEE - AN OUTCAST O' SOCIETY BUT I'VE SEEN AND HEARD A FEW THINGS IN ME TIME, I CAN TELL 'E. THINGS THAT'D FREEZE YER BLOOD TO ICE...

OH, AYE... THE LEPER KNOWS A STORY OR TWO, EVEN THOUGH HE BE ONLY FIT FOR DIGGING GRAVES. LIKE THE GRAVE I'M PREPARING NOW... FOR JOSHUAH SLEETH, THE UNDERTAKER...

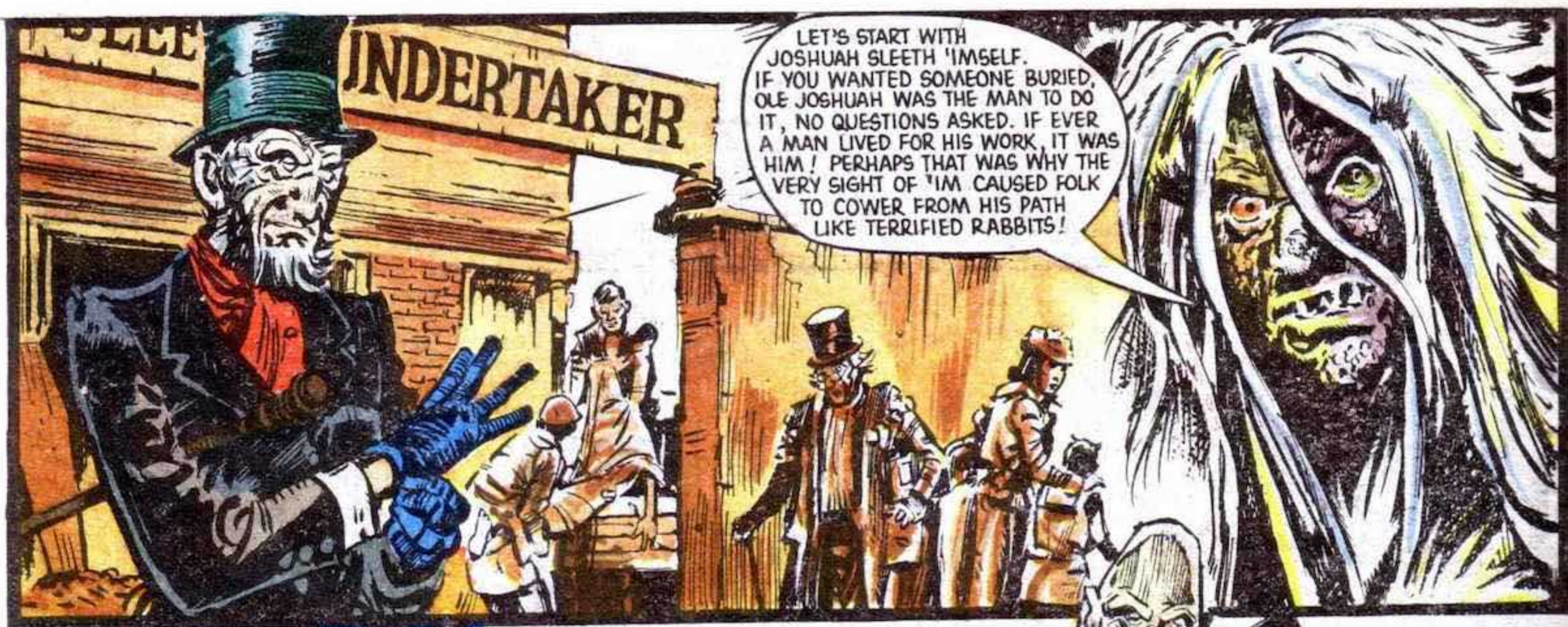


IT'S NO ORDINARY GRAVE! WHAT'S THAT? YER WANTS TO KNOW WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT IT? SO BE IT, THEN! IF YE'VE GOT THE COURAGE TO SHARE THE COMPANY OF THE DEAD FOR A FEW MINUTES. COME WITH ME...



SCREAM

SCRIPT:
TOM TULLY
ART:
JIM WATSON
LETTERING:
TIM SKOMSKI



LET'S START WITH JOSHUAH SLEETH 'IMSELF. IF YOU WANTED SOMEONE BURIED, OLE JOSHUAH WAS THE MAN TO DO IT, NO QUESTIONS ASKED. IF EVER A MAN LIVED FOR HIS WORK, IT WAS HIM! PERHAPS THAT WAS WHY THE VERY SIGHT OF 'IM CAUSED FOLK TO COWER FROM HIS PATH LIKE TERRIFIED RABBITS!

"THEY SAY HE WOULD SPOT A WOULD-BE CUSTOMER A MILE OFF!



"AYE, SLEETH WAS AN EVIL BEGGAR, ALL RIGHT. IF YER NEEDED A HELPIN' HAND INTO THE NEXT WORLD, SO TER SPEAK, HE WAS ALWAYS READY TO GIVE IT..."

THAT COUGH OF YOURS IS GETTING WORSE, NATHANIEL! IT'S TIME YOU PREPARED FOR THE FINAL JOURNEY! PAY ME NOW, IN ADVANCE, AND I'LL BURY YOU AT HALF MY NORMAL PRICE!



PAH! ANOTHER WRETCH FROM THE WORKHOUSE, SMYTE! THE PITTANCE I RECEIVE FOR INTERRING THESE PENNILESS SCUM HARDLY PAYS YOUR WAGES!



UUU-UUUUHNNNNN!

IT'S THE DEVIL'S WORK, MR. SLEETH— HE'S COME BACK TO LIFE!

IT'S MORE LIKELY THE WORK OF THAT INCOMPETENT WORKHOUSE DOCTOR! THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME HE'S PRONOUNCED A MAN DEAD, WHEN ALL HE SUFFERED WAS A COMA!

"AND IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME THAT SLEETH MADE SURE A BODY WAS DEAD!"

"THEY BURIED THE BODY A DAY OR TWO LATER. SLEETH THREATENED TO PUT SMYTE IN THE COFFIN AS WELL IF 'E EVER SPOKE OF THE INCIDENT, SO THAT KEPT 'IM QUIET!"

IT'S TOO LATE TO CANCEL THE FUNERAL!

B-BUT THAT'S MURDER!

MERCY YOU MEAN! JUST PUTTIN' THE POOR WRETCH OUT OF HIS MISERY...

"SLEETH CONDUCTED THE FUNERAL 'IMSELF, TO SAVE MONEY..."

"BUT JUST AFTER SLEETH HAD PAID OFF THE MOURNERS..."

MISTER SLEETH? MY NAME IS EMILY CARLISLE. MAY I CRAVE A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME?

OF COURSE, MY DEAR LADY. NO DOUBT YOUR FAMILY HAS SUFFERED A SAD BEREAVEMENT...?

NOT YET! BUT I AM AFRAID UNCLE HENRY - MY GUARDIAN - SUFFERS FROM AN INCURABLE AILMENT OF THE HEART. THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT THAT A... SUDDEN SHOCK MIGHT PROVE FATAL!

IN WHICH CASE, I WOULD BECOME VERY RICH... AND VERY GENEROUS TO THE PERSON WHO HELPS ME TO INHERIT MY UNCLE'S FORTUNE!

GRACIOUS, MA'AM! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU SUGGESTING?

SLEETH - UNDERTAKER

I AM SUGGESTING A FEE OF FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, MR. SLEETH... FOR GIVING MY UNCLE A HELPING HAND INTO ETERNITY!



In Part Two - The undertaking of murder!

A Ghastly Tale!



HERE'S A SHORT STORY TO MAKE YOU SHIVER!



ROLL UP! ROLL UP! A CREATURE AWAITS YOU. MORE TERRIBLE THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

EVEN MORE HIDEOUS THAN THE ELEPHANT MAN!



IT'S PROBABLY SOMEONE DRESSED UP AND WEARING A MASK!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. THE CURTAIN'S OPENING...



LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

YOU REALLY SCARED THOSE KIDS TODAY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT THE MASK!



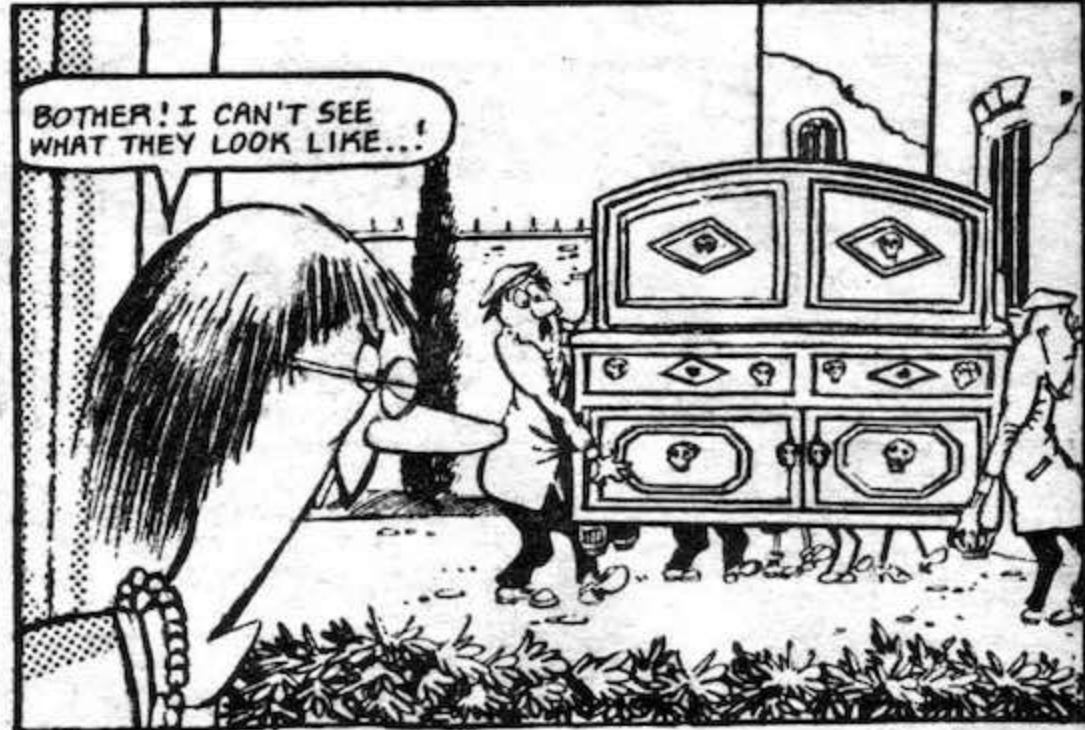
SIX O'CLOCK. TIME FOR THE NEXT SHOW. BETTER GET THE MASK OFF...

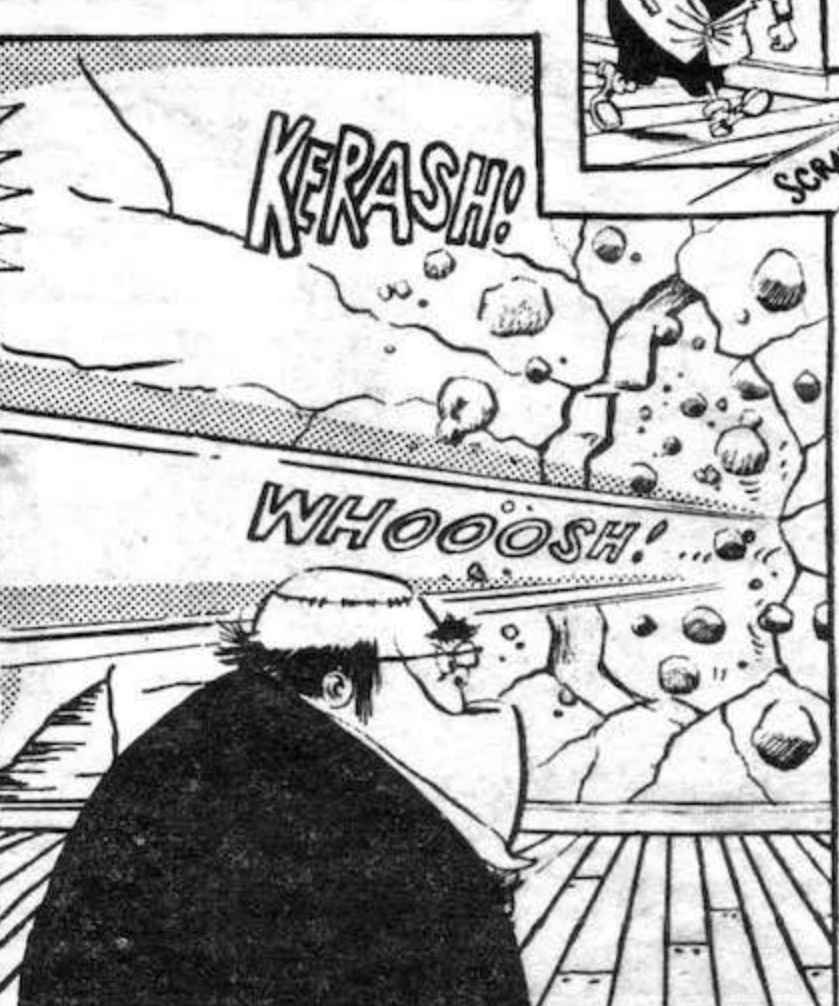


I'M ALL READY!

THE END

WIZARD and MAGIC

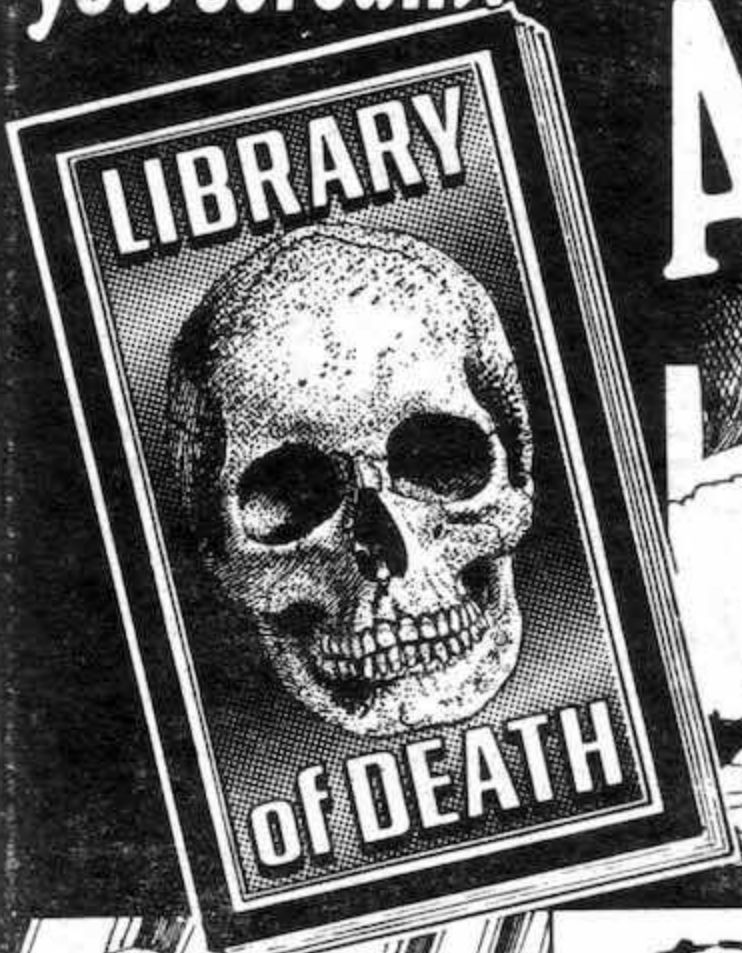




 More frightful fun next issue!

Supernatural stories to make you scream!

At Death's Door...



YOU NEVER WANT ME TO ENJOY MYSELF. IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT MY REAL PARENTS!

BECAUSE I'M NOT YOUR REAL SON, YOU WON'T LET ME HAVE ANY FUN!

MIDNIGHT. AS HE SLEPT, THE ROOM GREW SUDDENLY COLD AND A MIST SEEMED TO BE FORMING AT THE FOOT OF THE BED...



YOU'RE A COUPLE OF SPOILSPORTS!

TRY THE COCONUT SHY...

...OR THE LUCKY DIP...

GHOST HOUSE

HEY MUM... DAD... LET'S GO IN THE GHOST HOUSE! IT LOOKS GREAT!

WE'RE TOO OLD FOR THAT!

YOU GO IN!

LITZER

SCREAM
SCRIPT: BARRIE TOMLINSON
ART: CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING: MIKE PETERS

THAT EVENING...

I BET IT WOULD HAVE BEEN GREAT IN THE GHOST HOUSE...



AND THEN...

WAKE UP, BOY... IT IS TIME TO TRAVEL...



HUH?



YOU WANTED TO VISIT THE GHOST HOUSE... AND YOUR WISH SHALL BE GRANTED!



YOU... YOU'RE A GHOST Y-YOURSELF!

FEAR NOT. YOU SHALL COME TO NO HARM. LET US TRAVEL TOGETHER...

THE BEDROOM VANISHED... AND HE FOUND HIMSELF ON A BLEAK, WIND-SWEPT MOOR...

WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

WE COME TO FULFIL YOUR WISH. LOOK THERE!



THE GHOST HOUSE AWAITS YOU!



IN YOU GO, MY YOUNG FRIEND ENJOY YOURSELF!



BUT BEWARE... YOU WILL MEET THE REAL CREATURES OF THE SPIRIT WORLD!



AND INSIDE... IT... IT'S DARK. WH-WHAT AM I DOING HERE?



IT WASSS YOUR DESSSIRE TO SSSEEE THE GHOSST HOUSSE!

ARRRGH!



N-NO... KEEP AWAY!



DOOOO NOOOOT RUUUUN, LIITLLEE OOONE...

EEERGH!



H-E-L-P!



STOP!



GO NO FARTHER... FOR THESE ARE THE DOORS OF DEATH!

P-PLEASE... I WANT TO G-GO HOME...



SUDDENLY, THEY WERE OUTSIDE AGAIN...

YOU SHALL NOT RETURN HOME YET... FOR THE GHOST HOUSE HAS TWO MORE VISITORS. SEE WHO DRAWS NEAR!



IT'S MUM AND DAD!

GHOST HOUSE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE TOO OLD TO ENTER THE HOUSE. THEY WERE WRONG!



NO-ONE IS TOO OLD... AND NO-ONE IS TOO YOUNG!



AGE DOES NOT CONCERN THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE GHOST HOUSE!

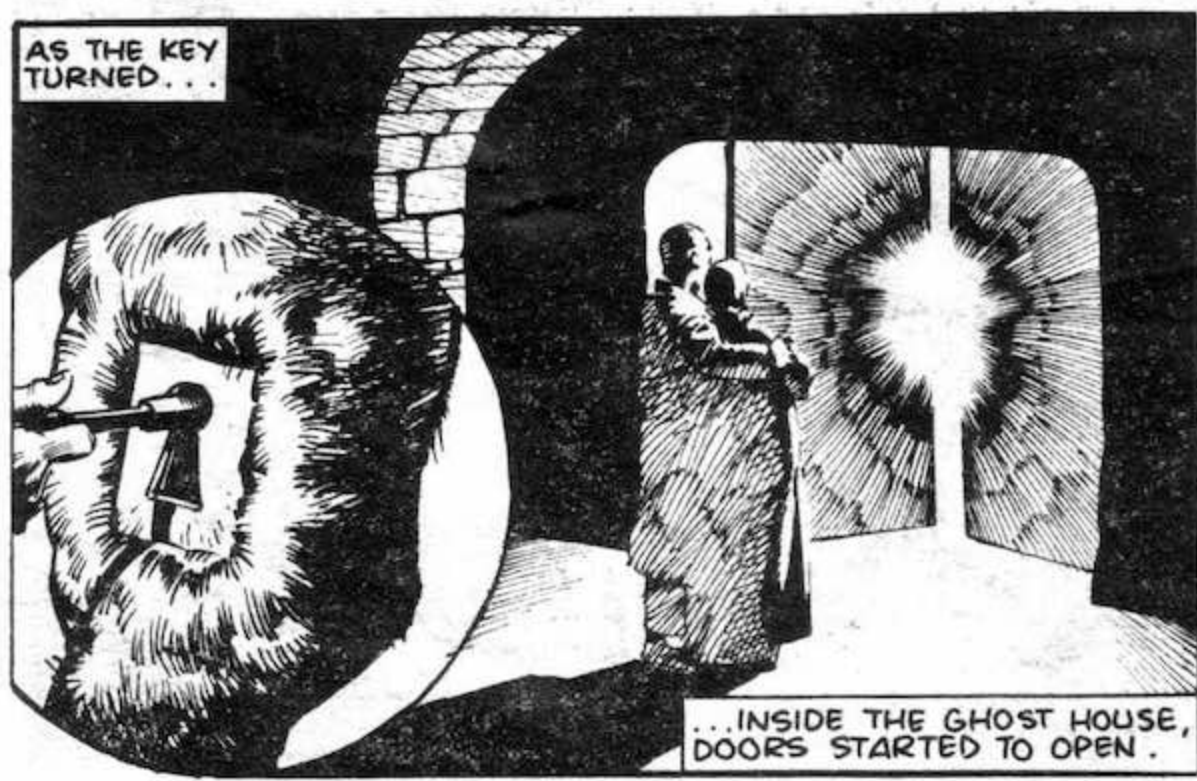


TAKE THIS KEY, YOUNG MAN... THERE ARE MORE SURPRISES THIS NIGHT!



ENTER IT IN THE LOCK... AND YOU SHALL LEARN WHAT IS UNLEASHED!

I...! CAN'T SEEM TO STOP MYSELF...



AS THE KEY TURNED...

...INSIDE THE GHOST HOUSE, DOORS STARTED TO OPEN.



AAAAAAAARGH!

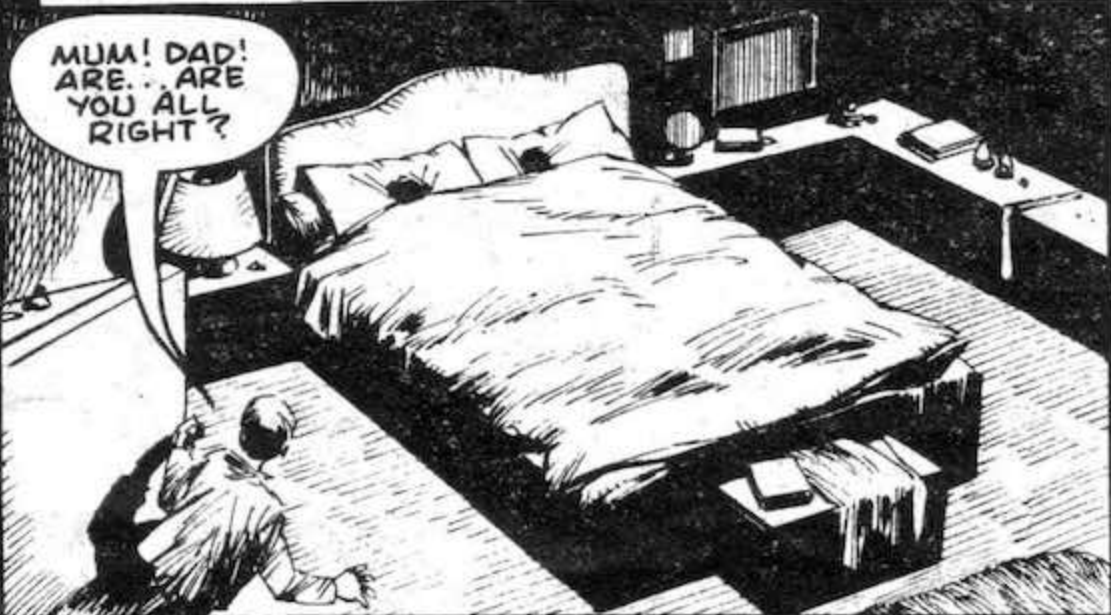


WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU OPENED THE DOORS OF DEATH... THEY MET DEATH ITSELF!



NO! NOOOOOO!



MUM! DAD! ARE... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

T-TELL ME IT WAS J-JUST A NIGHTMARE...



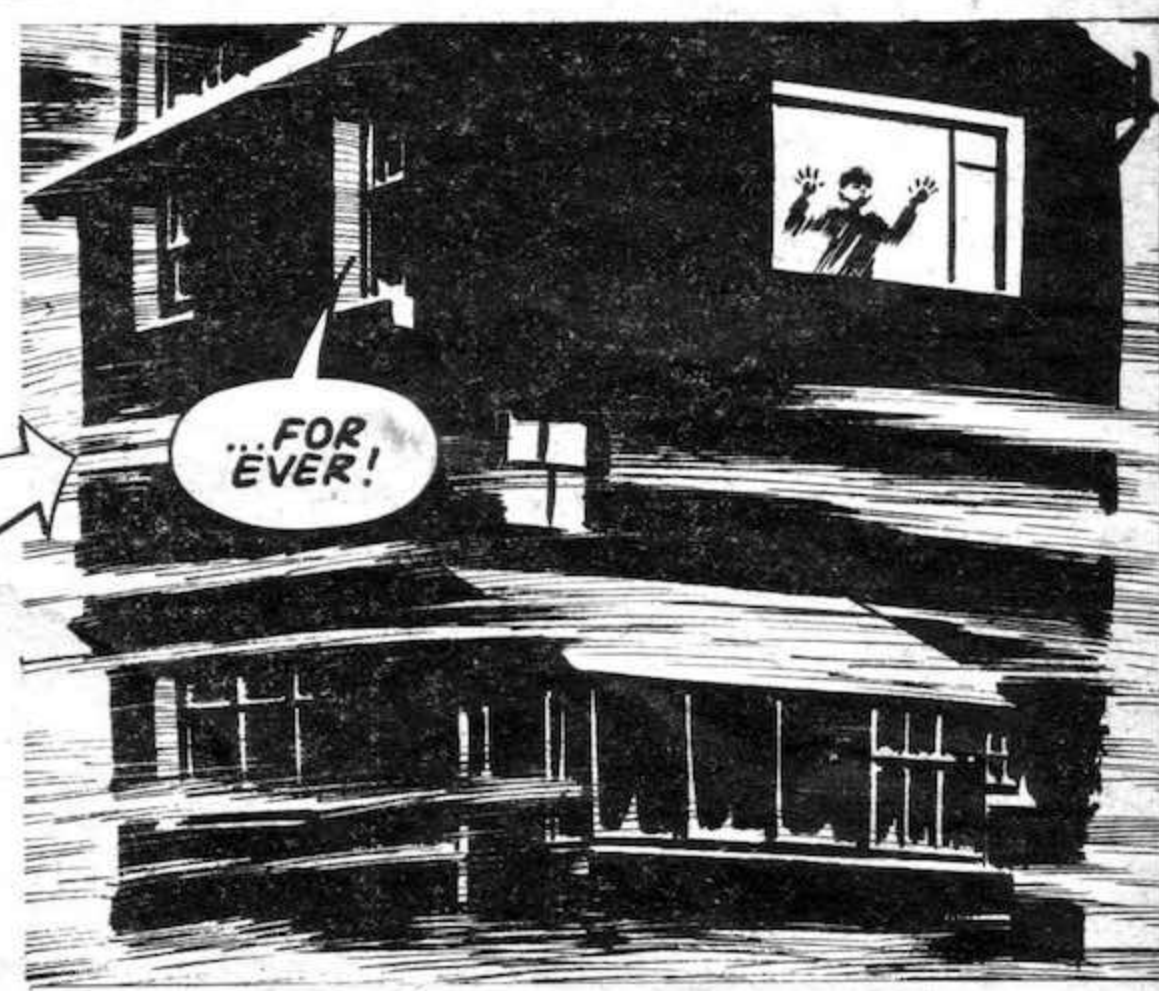
BUT THERE WAS NO MOVEMENT FROM THE BED.



UNTIL...

YOU WANTED TO GO INTO THE GHOST HOUSE...

NOW YOU SHALL LIVE IN THE GHOST HOUSE... FOR EVER!



...FOR EVER!



ARE YOU GOING TO STAY IN BED FOR EVER?

HUH? MUM? THEN... THEN IT WAS A DREAM!



PERHAPS GHOST HOUSES AREN'T SUCH FUN, AFTER ALL!

Next Story: Spiders can't scream!



When the purring stopped, there was no escape from...

THE TERROR OF THE CATS



SCREAM
SCRIPT:
JOHN AGEE
ART:
GONZALEZ
LETTERING:
P. KNIGHT

AT THE HOSPITAL, TOP SURGEON SIR RALPH SPEDDING SAW THE INJURED MAN ARRIVING...

GRIEF!
IT... IT'S HORRIBLE!

THE WORST SO FAR. HE'S HAD HALF THE SKIN TORN AWAY AND WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE CAN SAVE HIS EYE!



GET HIM TO THE OPERATING THEATRE - FAST!

SPEDDING WAS BAFFLED...

SIX OF THE MOST VICIOUS ANIMAL ATTACKS ON HUMANS I'VE EVER SEEN!

ALL WITHIN THE LAST HOUR, AND ALL IN THE SAME AREA...

COULD BE THE WEATHER, SIR RALPH. ALL THIS ELECTRICITY IN THE AIR, WITHOUT ANY RAIN TO BREAK IT UP, MAYBE SENDING THEM CRAZY...

THAT'S ONE POSSIBILITY... OR IT COULD BE SOME KIND OF VIRUS, I SUPPOSE...

ALLEN WOODWARD WAS A REPORTER WORKING FOR THE BARGCHESTER EVENING ECHO...

IF IT'S NOT RABIES, I CAN JUST HAMMER OUT A COUPLA CUTE-'N'-COMICAL SPACE-FILLERS ON MAD MOUSERS, AND CALL IT A DAY!

ONE THING TO BE THANKFUL FOR - IT'S NOT RABIES!

THANKS, DOC - THAT'S ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW!

YOU WOULDN'T FIND IT SO FUNNY IF YOU'D SEEN SOME OF THE INJURIES!





JUST THEN—
OUT OF MY WAY! I'M IN A HURRY!
HEY!



WHO WAS THAT?
THE DIRECTOR OF THAT GOVERNMENT RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT OUTSIDE TOWN—DR. ULRICH KRUHL.

THAT'S SPELT K-R-U-H-L...THOUGH FROM WHAT I HEAR C-R-U-E-L WOULD SUIT HIM BETTER...



LIFTS
COULD BE A STORY SURROUNDING THAT GUY—I'LL WORK ON IT REAL SOON. MEANTIME, IF ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS, ON THE CAT SCENE, LET ME KNOW!



OUTSIDE, THE ATMOSPHERE WAS HUMID. FORK LIGHTNING LIT THE NIGHT-SKY...

WHEW! CAN'T BREATHE! IT'S SO HOT—IF ONLY IT WOULD RAIN...

THEN—A SHRILL CRY OF TERROR RIPPED ACROSS THE SULTRY STILLNESS...



AAAAGH!

WHAT THE-?



IT'S DOCTOR KRUHL!

BEING ATTACKED... BY A BUNCH OF CATS!



RRAOWWRR!

HISS-SSSS!

NEIN! FILTHY BEASTS! I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

YAAARRGH!



WAOWWRR!

YOU STUPID, CRAZY MOGGIES! GO ON—BEAT IT!

WAOWWRRR!



WITHIN SECONDS, IT WAS ALL OVER...

CATS...! THEY DO NOT LIKE ME, JA? BUT THEY WILL SUFFER...



GREAT! HE DIDN'T EVEN SAY 'THANKS'!



I WILL SAY MY THANKS TO MY CATS WHEN I GET BACK TO THE RESEARCH CENTRE - THEY WILL SUFFER!



AND THEN...

OH, NO - ANOTHER ONE!
UH... NICE KITTY...



I DON'T GET IT. FIRST THEY'RE LIKE VICIOUS WILD ANIMALS - THEN THEY'RE AS CUTE AS PIE!

IT'S GOTTA BE THE WEATHER!



PURRING QUIETLY, THE CAT PADDED OFF INTO THE HOSPITAL...

BARGHE ROY INFIRM



IT HAD OTHER BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO...

CHILDREN'S WARD



RRRRAAAA!

Next Issue: Cat trap!

DARE YOU READ

SCREAM!

NEXT WEEK?



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SCREAM No. 2 is on sale next Monday... are you brave enough to read it?

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