

WARREN
MAGAZINE



EERIE
#79

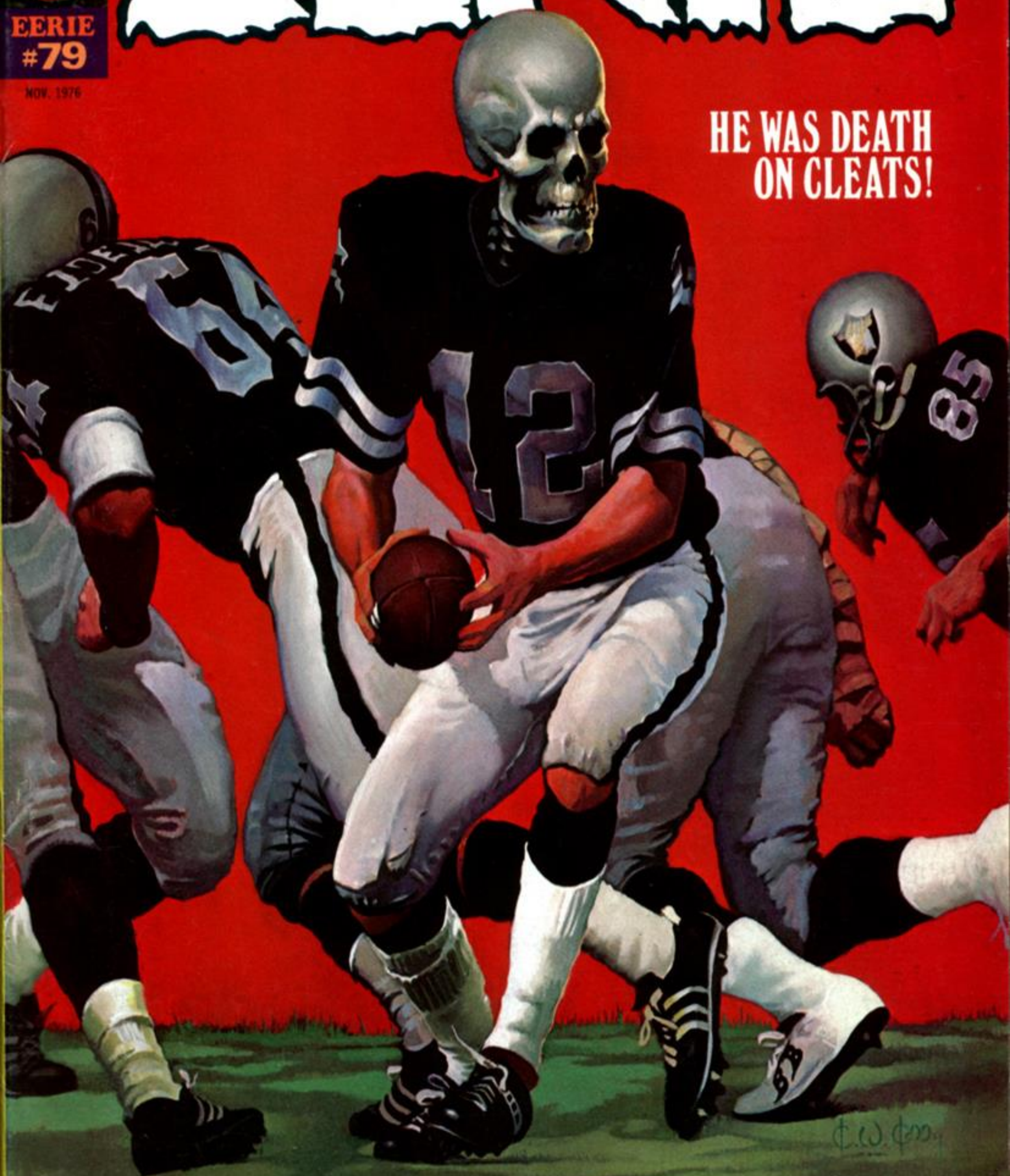
NOV. 1976

SEE PAGE 43...FOR CHILLING ALL-STAR FOOTBALL ACTION!

EERIE

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HE WAS DEATH
ON CLEATS!



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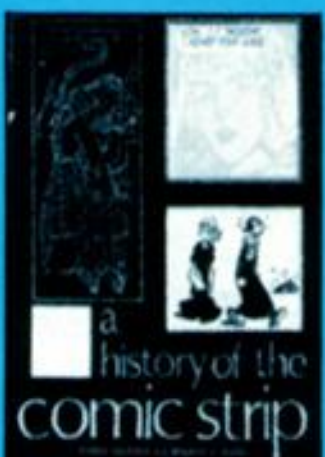
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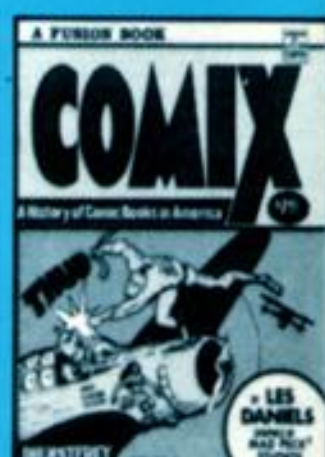
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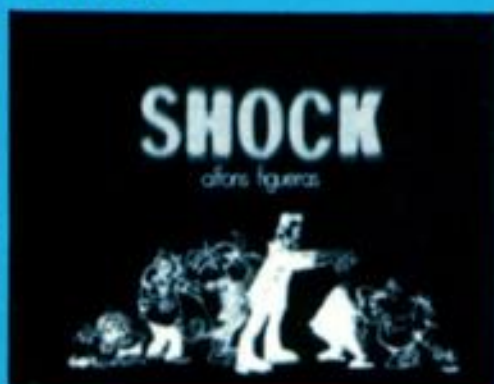
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 pointer who was forced to play football
 ...and took his revenge on an entire town!
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EERIE

CONTENTS **ISSUE No. 79** **NOVEMBER 1976**

4 DEAR COUSIN EERIE "Within You Without You," Rich Corben's new series garnered lots of praise. And EERIE readers simply couldn't say enough about his cover. It was an all around favorite! EERIE #77...an exciting crowd pleaser!

5 TIME & TIME AGAIN Jeff journeyed to the past to rescue trapped time-traveler, Linda. In doing so he lost his life. But what mattered most was his missing gun. Linda must retrieve the weapon...or risk a chance of changing history!

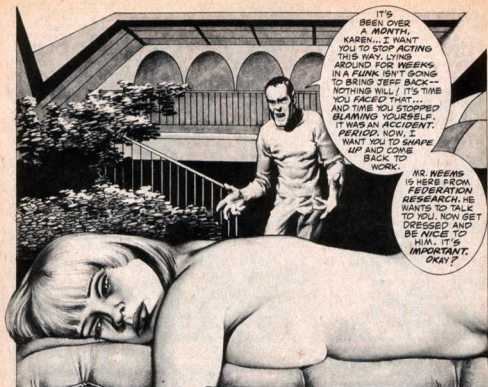
15 BRANCATELLI: COMICBOOKS The beloved Burroughs characters temporarily lost a home in comics when National ceased publication of their adventures. Who will pick up the option? Which company will be next to publish Tarzan's exploits?

16 THE PEA GREEN BOAT "I've lined our sailboat's hull with plates of lead and steel," bragged Al Green. "Below is enough ammo to equip an army!" "No!" screamed his partner. "You're mad!" But Al's madness was survivor's deadly sanity!

24 DARKLON: THE PRICE Mystic sorcerer, beyond men's law though he was, Darklon still retained some faith...some human feelings...some love for the man he called Father. And now he had discovered that his father was trying to kill him!

33 THIRD PERSON SINGULAR Lee's was a world populated by men. Babies were created in test tubes. There were no women. And those rare, condemned few with heterosexual longings were hunted...destroyed by government controlled Snuffers!

43 SAM'S SON AND DELILAH Sam's deaf-mute son didn't need ears to paint. The kid was a genius. But Sam did not care. Because his kid was a natural at something better. Football! And that talent meant more than the boy himself!



IT'S BEEN OVER A MONTH, KAREN... I WANT YOU TO STOP ACTING THIS WAY. LYING AROUND FOR WEEKS IN A FUNK ISN'T GOING TO BRING JEFF BACK-- NOTHING WILL! IT'S TIME YOU FACED THAT... AND TIME YOU STOPPED BLAMING YOURSELF. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. PERIOD. NOW, I WANT YOU TO SHAPE UP AND COME BACK TO WORK.

MR. WEEMS IS HERE FROM FEDERATION RESEARCH. HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU. NOW GET DRESSED AND BE NICE TO HIM. IT'S IMPORTANT. OKAY?

**TIME
AND
TIME
AGAIN**



KAREN ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? I'M SENDING HIM IN, WHETHER YOU'RE DRESSED OR NOT!



SHE'S ALL YOURS, MR. WEEMS. PLEASE FORGIVE HER APPEARANCE...!



...SO YOU SEE, MRS. HUDSON, IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT WE RETRIEVE THE PISTOL JEFF LYENDECKER DROPPED IN THE MARSH WHEN HE WENT BACK TO RESCUE YOU. IF WE ALLOW IT TO REMAIN IN THE CRETACEOUS AGE, IT MIGHT SET OFF AN ENTIRE CHAIN OF UNPLEASANT EVENTS...



FOR INSTANCE: WHAT IF SOME WANDERING NEANDERTHAL SHOULD ONE DAY COME ACROSS THE WEAPON? GRANTED, BY THEN IT WILL HAVE CORRODED BEYOND FUNCTIONING; HOWEVER, THE BASIC PRINCIPLE BEHIND ITS DESIGN MIGHT REGISTER IN HIS PRIMITIVE BRAIN. IF FIREARMS WERE DISCOVERED CENTURIES BEFORE THEIR TIME IT COULD DISRUPT HISTORY ALARMINGLY!-- THE GERMANS MAY HAVE WON WWII!

THERE ARE OTHER TELEPATHISTS WE COULD SEND, BUT NONE WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE REGION.

WAIT A MINUTE! YOU MEAN THE GUN REMAINS IN THE CRETACEOUS AGE? EVEN AFTER JEFF HAS STOPPED MENTAL PROJECTION?



YES... AN UNFORSEEN DEVELOPMENT. ONCE INANIMATE OBJECTS TRAVERSE THE TIME BARRIER, THEY BECOME PERMANENTLY SOLIDIFIED... NO LONGER MERELY A PART OF THE VOYAGER'S MIND... UNLESS THEY'RE RETRIEVED WITHIN AN HOUR.

...YES... ER... UH... THAT WAS THE PROPOSAL...

OKAY, MR. WEEMS, YOU'VE GOT YOUR TELEPATHIST-- ON THESE CONDITIONS...

...AND I WANT A KEY TO THE LAB IN CASE I NEED TO DO ANY LATE-NIGHT HOMEWORK ON THE CRETACEOUS AGE. AGREED?



AND YOU WANT ME TO T'M BACK AND FETCH IT FOR YOU... BACK TO THE PLACE JEFF PULLED ME OUT OF THE RIVER?



I WANT FREE ACCESS TO ALL VIDEO TAPES OF THE FIRST TRIP, PLUS THE RIGHT TO ANY EQUIPMENT I DEEM NECESSARY.



I... (GULP!)... THAT IS... WHAT-EVER YOU WISH... UH... MY DEAR...









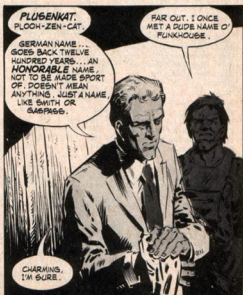








The PEA-GREEN BOAT





HERE? I DON'T
SEE A PIER... MUCH
LESS A BOAT.

WHY, THERE ISN'T EVEN
A PLACE TO **TIE UP** A BOAT
ON THIS GODFORSAKEN
SHORELINE.

I CAN SEE, PUSSYCAT, THAT
ME AND YOU ARE CUT FROM DIFFERENT
DOUGH. IF YOU'LL JUST KNOCK OFF
GRIPING, I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING...

AH, **FORGIVE** ME, JACOB.
MY LIFE WAS ME AT THE
POINT OF **INSANITY**. I
DON'T MEAN TO TAKE IT OUT
ON EVERYONE I MEET.

AND MY NAME ISN'T
PUSSYCAT.
JACOB.



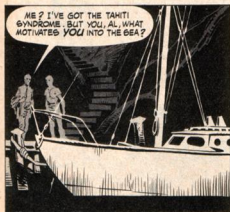
AND THAT TWENTY GRAND
IS YOUR **LIFE SAVINGS**.
RIGHT? YOU'VE GOT THE
TAHITI SYNDROME.
PRETTY COMMON AMONG
YOU BUSINESSMEN,
PUSSYCAT.

AWRIGHT, AND MY NAME
ISN'T JACOB. IT'S **AL**.
JACOB ALBERT GREENE.
DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING,
JUST A NAME, LIKE SMITH
OR GASPASS.



HA! HA! HA! HA!
A PLEASURE KNOWING
YOU, AL!

THERE SHE BE, PUSSYCAT.
\$40,000 DOLLARS WORTH
OF TEAK WOOD AND CANAB
... A MILLION DOLLARS
WORTH OF SHAGBUCKLING
DREAMS.



ME? I'VE GOT THE TAHITI
SYNDROME. BUT YOU, AL, WHAT
MOTIVATED **YOU** INTO THE SEA?



ME? I DUNNO. LOVE
AND HATE, I GUESS.

I SPENT TWO YEARS
IN COMBAT IN VIETNAM.
AND I NEVER GOT ENOUGH
OF IT. IT'S THE **RISK**!
LOVE. AND... THIS SOCIETY
OF FOOLS I HATE.

LOVE AND HATE...
THEY SEND ME TO
THE SEA.

TWO MEN, A MILLION MILES APART... BROUGHT TOGETHER BY DIFFERENT NEEDS... TO FIND FULFILLMENT IN A FORTY-SEVEN FOOT SAILINGSHIP. AN OBJECT TO DEFY NATURE, DARE THE GODS AND TO BRAVE THE WONDERS... THE DANGERS OF THE EARTH ITSELF.

ALMOST THROUGH CHIPPING PAINT ON THE PORT BOW. PUSSYCAT?

THAT I AM, SKIPPER! SHE'LL BE READY FOR A COAT OF PRIMER PAINT SOON!

WELL, PUSSYCAT, FOR EIGHT WEEKS NOW WE WORKED EVERY SPARE MINUTE... RIGGED HER SAILS... SCRAPPED EVERY INCH OF HER HULL AND FITTED HER FROM STEM TO STERN.

NOW, WE PAINT HER!

WITH THAT PAINT ??? GOOD GOD, AL! IT'S BILIOUS GREEN! WHY DID YOU CHOOSE THAT SICKLY GREEN?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS, MATE? TWO JOKERS ABOUT TO SAIL OFF TO THE FOUR WINDS! AND WHO ARE WE?

WHO... WHO ARE WE?

YOU'RE PUSSYCAT, I'M ALBERT! THE AL AND THE PUSSYCAT!

AND THIS IS THE BEAUTIFUL PEA-GREEN BOAT!

SIGH... WHAT ELSE?

LATER

PUSSYCAT, OL' SHIPMATE! HOW WAS THE BUSINESS TRIP?

LOOK HERE... I'VE BEEN OVERHAULING THE SUBSTRUCTURE ON THE DECK AND HOUSING THE PAST FEW WEEKS.

HELLO, OWL!

SAY? YOU'RE LINING WITH DECK WITH SHEETS OF METAL! WHAT THE HELL FOR?

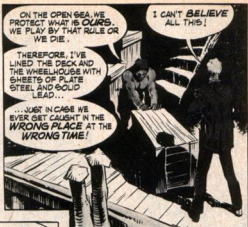
WELL, MATEY, THIS IS ABOUT THE ONLY CIVILIZED CORNER OF THE WORLD.

PUSSYCAT, IN THEM WATERS BE PIRATES. THIEVES, MURDERERS AND BRIGANDS, FROM SINGAPORE TO THE BARBARY COAST, WHO'D SLIT YOUR THROAT FOR YOUR CUFF LINKS.

ONLY THESE PIRATES CARRY MACHINE GUNS AND CANNONS, WE'D BE SITTING DUCKS OUT THERE, WITHOUT PROTECTION.

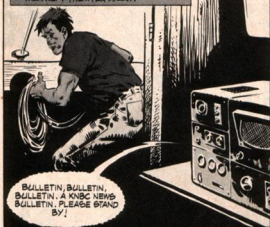
I'VE TAKEN PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES AGAINST ANY HOSTILE POSSIBILITY.

YOU'RE JOKING, OF COURSE.



GREENE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. SOMETHING IN HIS ADVENTURER'S HEART PROMPTED HIM TO HURRY... TO BANISH ALL THOUGHTS, GAVE HIS MOUNTING URGENCY TO PUT TO SEA. BUT GREENE HURRIED ALONE.

HE THOUGHT OF CALLING PUGENECAT... OF PERSUADING HIS LOST PARTNER TO RETURN... BUT TOO MUCH PRIDE IN BOTH MEN KEPT THEM FAR APART.



BULLETIN, BULLETIN, BULLETIN. A KNBC NEWS BULLETIN. PLEASE STAND BY!

UNITED STATES DEFENSE DEPARTMENT LAUNCHED NUCLEAR WEAPONS--CRACK-- CHINA HURLED A SECOND WAVE -- CRACKLE -- CRACKLE -- TOP SOVIET MILITARY INSTALLATIONS.

-- CRACKLE -- SWITCH TO CONALRAD ALERT STATIONS -- CRACKLE -- THREAT OF ALL OUT NUCLEAR WAR IS IMMINENT.



PEEH ZZ PSHZZ ZTTALRAD STATION FOR THE COASTAL REGION FROM ST. MARY'S TO GLENFIELD! PLEASE STAND BY.

THIS IS NOT A TEST. THE UNITED STATES HAS ENTERED A STATE OF WAR. TAKE SHELTER IN BASEMENTS AND/OR ANY BUILDING BEARING THE BLACK AND YELLOW CIVIL DEFENSE SIGN.

MISSILES HAVE BEEN LAUNCHED AT EVERY MAJOR AMERICAN CITY. REPEAT! THIS IS NOT A TEST, TAKE SHELTER, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA HAS ENTERED A STATE OF WAR!



AND SUDDENLY THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN OWL AND A PUGENECAT SHRANK INTO WISPY INCOHERENCE AND WAS NO MORE.

A CONDITION OF NATIONAL EMERGENCY HAS JUST BEEN ISSUED BY THE U.S. DEFENSE DEPARTMENT. HEAVY FIGHTING ERUPTED AT DAWN THIS MORNING ON THE... CRACKLE BUZZ



-- BZZT... TANKS AND JET FIGHTER/BOMBERS LAUNCHED AN ALL OUT NUCLEAR AT -- CRACKLE DEFENSE UNIT RETALIATED BY LAUNCHING -- CRACKLE -- REVERSE RETALIATION AND NUCLEAR WEAPONS LAUNCHED -- CRACKLE -- SOVIET UNION.



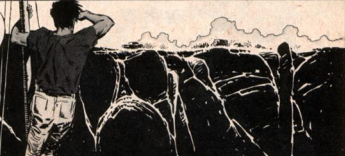
JESUS CHRIST LORD DOOMSDAY!



GOD IN HEAVEN, GOT TO GET OUTA HERE... MAKE FOR THE OPEN SEAS... GET AWAY FROM THE LAND. THE CRAZY BASTARDS ARE BLOWING EVERYTHING AWAY!

GOOD GOD! LOOK AT THEM! EVERYONE'S RUSHING TO THE SEASHORE... LOOKING FOR BOATS TO ESCAPE IN! DAMMIT AND I'M THE ONLY BOAT ON THIS COAST FOR MILES.

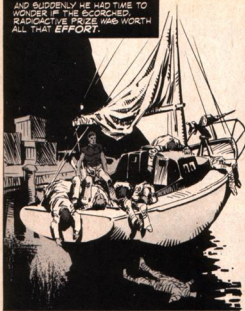
THEY'LL RIP ME AND THE BOAT APART! GOTTA GET OUTA HERE BEFORE THEY REACH THE COVE!







AND SUDDENLY HE HAD TIME TO WONDER IF THE SCORCHED, RADIOACTIVE PRIZE WAS WORTH ALL THAT EFFORT.



THOUGHT I'D LOST YOU, PUGBYCAT. KEEP USING UP YOUR NINE LIVES THAT WAY AND I'LL HAVE TO FIND ME A NEW PARTNER.

I... UH... HAD TO KEEP THE OTHERS FROM COMING ABOARD... YOU KNOW?

I-I UNDERSTAND, UH... HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN OUT?



TEN DAYS. THE WAR IS OVER. RADIATION'S OVER TOO. WE WERE SAVED BY THE STEEL AND LEAD LINING IN THE HULL.

THERE'S NOTHING MUCH LEFT OF THE WORLD WE WERE TRYING TO ESCAPE, PUGBYCAT. I DOUBT THERE'S MUCH OF ANYTHING LEFT...

...EXCEPT ENOUGH FOOD FOR A TWO WEEK SHAKE DOWN CRUISE.

MATE, INSTEAD OF ESCAPING FROM SOCIETY, WE'VE GOT TO TRY AND FIND IT SOMEWHERE.

IT'S A BIG WORLD, EVEN IF IT'S A DESTROYED ONE. WHAT EVER WE FIND, WE'LL DEAL WITH WHATEVER WAY WE CAN.

OUT THERE... THERE BE PIRATES... AND WORSE NOW. YOU READY TO TRY, PUGBYCAT?

LET'S GO FIND THE WORLD, OWL.



"AND THEY SAILED AWAY FOR A YEAR AND A DAY... ON THE BEAUTIFUL PEA GREEN BOAT."



END

DARKLON the MYSTIC...

...IS HIS NAME,
BEFORE HIM
FLOATS THE CITY
OF HIS BIRTH...
NEBULOR.

NEBULOR, THE FABLED
CAPITOL OF NEBULARIA,
THE HOME OF STAR-
CONQUERING WIZARDS
AND WARRIORS.

DESPITE THE FACT THAT IT
HAS BEEN MANY YEARS
SINCE THIS MYSTIC HAS
BEHELD HIS WONDEROUS
HOME, THE SIGHT OF IT RE-
KINDLES PAINFUL MEMORIES.

FOR THEY ARE
RECOLLECTIONS
OF PRIDE, BATTLE,
PASSION,
TRAGEDY, AND...

THE PRICE



YET RECENT
EVENTS HAVE
FORCED ME
TO RETURN.

OF LATE I
HAVE BEEN
PLAGUED BY
ASSASSINS.



ASSASSINING
ALLEGEDLY
HIRED BY
KAVAR
DARKHOLD,
MY FATHER..



CAN THE YEARS HAVE CHANGED HIM,
THAT HE'D BE CAPABLE OF SUCH
ACTIONS?

I PRAY
NOT.



HE WAS THE KAVAR OF NEBULARIA, HIS
WAS THE HAND THAT RULED THE
THOUSAND PLANETS OF THE REALM. HE
WAS THE ULTIMATE PRODUCT OF A DOZEN
CENTURIES' EXPERIENCE IN TYRANNY
AND WARFARE.

DARKLON WAS THE SON
OF WHICH THE KAVAR
WAS ASHAMED.



THOUGH OF THE SAME
BLOOD, NO TWO MEN
COULD HAVE BEEN MORE
DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED
TO THE OTHERS' LIFESTYLE.



AS A WARRIOR BORN, DARKHOLD
WAS CRUSHED WHEN HIS
OFFSPRING FOUND MORE JOY IN
BOOKS, MYSTICISM, WOMEN
AND THE GENTLER PATHS
OF LIFE, THAN IN THE
MANLY ART OF WAR.

THESE DIFFERENCES WERE THE SEEDS OF ALIENATION WHICH MATURED INTO MISTRUST AND ULTIMATELY GREW TO BE HATRED. EVENTUALLY, SILENT, CONTEMPTUOUS SCOWLS WERE THE ONLY COMMUNICATION TO PASS BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.



THE ONLY THING THAT KEPT THE FATHER FROM EXILING HIS SON WAS A STRONG SENSE OF TRADITION AND FAMILY LINE.



IN TURN, ONLY A PROMISE MADE A DYING MOTHER KEPT THE SON FROM ABANDONING NEBULARIA.

UNFORTUNATELY, IN TIME...



THE FATHER FOUND A SUBSTITUTE SON.

A SON WHO WOULD SHARE THE JOYS DARKHOLD FOUND IN HUNTING, BATTLE, AND A TROJAN LIFESTYLE.

SO IT CAME AS NO SURPRISE WHEN TARUS BLACKLORE CAME TO SHARE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF RULING NEBULARIA.

BLACKLORE PROVED TO HAVE A KEEN AND ARROGANT MIND, JUST THE TYPE DARKHOLD FELT WAS NEEDED TO HELP RULE THE REALM.



THE KAVAR WAS WELL PLEASED WITH HIS NEW SON.

FOR DARKHOLD KNEW NOTHING OF THE PLOTS AND INTRIGUES THAT TOOK PLACE AT NIGHT.

BLACKLORE TOOK GREAT CARE THAT THE KING NEVER SAW THE DARKER SIDE OF HIS NATURE.



NEBULARIA'S MONARCH NEVER LEARNED OF TARUS' CONVICTION THAT THE REALM WOULD FALL ONCE THE KAVAR'S WEAK SON, DARKLON, TOOK THE THRONE.

TO AVOID THAT HAPPENING, BLACKLORE ADVOCATED A NEW REGIME IMMEDIATELY.


DARKHOLD NEVER HEARD OF THIS BUT MANY DID AND MANY OF THOSE BELIEVED.

SO BECAUSE THEY DID, PRINCE DARKLON'S SLEEP WAS SHATTERED ONE NIGHT BY THE DREADFUL SOUND OF LASERS FIRING, SWORDS CLASHING AND MEN DYING.



HE KNEW IN AN INSTANT WHAT IT MEANT.

HE SPRANG FROM HIS BED AND RACED TO THE GREAT HALL...



"WHERE HE FOUND HIS FATHER
AND MONARCH LOCKED IN LONE
COMBAT WITH A SCORE OF REBELS.

"DARKHOLD WAS AWESOME
TO BEHOLD. A DOZEN
CORPSES LAY AT HIS FEET.
BLOOD POURED FROM HALF
AS MANY WOUNDS, YET
STILL HE FOUGHT ON...



"UNTIL AN
UNEXPECTED
BLOW LAID
HIM LOW.

"THEY CHAINED THAT PROUD
GIANT AND BEGAN TO DRAG
HIM TO THE CASTLE DUNGEON
WHEN FATE DECIDED THAT
DARKHOLD SHOULD GLANCE UP
AT THE BALCONY WHERE HIS
SON STOOD, EYES LOCKED.



"DARKLON
THEN
TURNED AND
DID THE ONLY
THING HE
KNEW HIM-
SELF CAPABLE
OF DOING.



"HE FLED
FROM THE
CASTLE
AND CITY.

"STORMY WERE
THE KAVAR'S
THOUGHTS
THAT NIGHT.



THE PRINCE SOON FOUND HIMSELF OUTSIDE THE DOMICILE OF XIGM-TARK, HIS GUIDE IN THE WAYS OF DARK ENLIGHTENMENT.

SAY NOTHING, I ALREADY KNOW YOU COME TO ME FOR THE MIGHT TO SHATTER YOUR FATHER'S ENEMIES.

SORROWFULLY, I MUST TELL YOU I CANNOT GRANT YOU SUCH POWER.

I KNOW OF ONLY ONE BEING WHO CAN.

MAY THE STARS PROTECT YOU... THE DARK NAMELESS ONE ALONE CAN AID YOU NOW.

SO IT PASSED THAT TWO NIGHTS LATER DARKLON STOOD BEFORE THE ENTRANCE OF THE DREAD CAVERN OF THE SCREAMING SKULL, THE TEMPLE OF THE DARK NAMELESS ONE.

THE NAMELESS ONE, WHOSE WORSHIP HAD BEEN BANNED ON NEBULARIA FOR CENTURIES BECAUSE OF THE GOD'S BLACK NATURE AND DEMANDS.

NAMELESS ONE, HEAR ME!

DARKLON OF NEBULOR WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU.

WILL YOU GRANT ME AN AUDIENCE?

THE NAMELESS ONE'S REPLY WAS SWIFT AND...



IN THE FORM
OF A TRIO OF
CRIMSON-EYED
DEMONS THIRST-
ING FOR THE
PRINCE'S BLOOD.

DARKLON HAD
CURSED AND
SLUFFERED THROUGH
THE MARTIAL ARTS
INSTRUCTIONS HIS
FATHER FORCED UPON
HIM AS A YOUTH.

NOW HE BLESSED
THEM AND PROVED
THOSE LESSONS NOT
WASTED.

THE BATTLE WAS
SHORT.

SECONDS AFTER IT
STARTED, DARKLON
PEERED DOWN UPON
THE TRAIL OF LIFE-
LESS DEMONS HE
HAD CREATED.

THE ABSENCE
OF NEW
ASSAILANTS HE
TOOK TO BE AN
INDICATION
THAT HIS
AUDIENCE
HAD BEEN
GRANTED.

SO HE ENTERED THE VILE
DOMAIN OF THE DARK
NAMELESS ONE.

THE PRINCE FOLLOWED A NARROW STAIRCASE THAT SEEMED TO DESCEND INTO THE VERY BOWELS OF THE PLANET AND...

EVENTUALLY FOUND HIMSELF IN A VAST THRONE ROOM FACING THE NAMELESS ONE.

"ONE LOOK AT THIS DARK DEITY CONFIRMED AS TRUTH ALL THE NIGHTMARISH TALES DARKLON HAD HEARD OF THIS DEMON KING, BUT HAD WRITTEN OFF AS OLD WIVES' TALES.

TO SEE THE NAMELESS ONE WAS TO KNOW HIM CAPABLE OF ANYTHING.

SPEAK, PRINCE DARKLON OF NEBULARIA!

WHAT BRINGS THE DESCENDANT OF MY OLD ENEMY, KAVAR DARKHOLD, TO MY COURT?

AS YOU WELL KNOW, I CRAVE A BOON OF YOU!

I SEEK THE POWER TO SMITE DOWN MY ENEMIES!

POWER... I HAD HOPED FOR SOMETHING MORE ORIGINAL FROM A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.



BUT TELL ME, AFTER YOU'VE GAINED YOUR VENGEANCE, DO YOU INTEND TO USE THIS MIGHT FOR GOOD OR EVIL?



AS STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, CONSIDERING WHERE I SEEK IT, I PLAN TO USE MY SKILLS FOR GOOD.



FINE. I'VE FOUND GOOD INTENTIONS TO BE A GREATER DESTRUCTIVE FORCE THAN THE BLACKEST HEART.



YOU SEE, DESTRUCTION IS WHAT I RELISH MOST, SO I'LL GRANT YOUR WISH...



...FOR A PRICE.



ARE YOU PREPARED... TO PAY THE COST OF POWER?

AID ME AND ALL THAT IS MINE TO GIVE IS YOURS.



SO BE IT.

PREPARE THE INITIATE.



BLACK TALONS RIPPED AT AND SIZED THE YOUNG PRINCE AND PULLED HIM INTO THE DARKNESS.



HE FOUND HIMSELF FORCED UPON A CRACKED AND BLOOD-STAINED BLOCK, OR ALTAR.



THE LAST SENSATIONS HE EXPERIENCED WERE THE SIGHT OF AN AXE-WIELDING DEMON AND...

...THE SOUND OF HIS OWN PANIC.




THE INITIATE
HAS BEEN FREED
OF THE BURDENS
OF LIFE.

PREPARE
FOR HIS
BAPTISM
INTO THE
ORDER!

SO IT ENDED. HIS FATHER,
IMPRISONED, A USURPER SITTING
ON HIS THRONE, HIMSELF MURDERED
AND HIS SOUL IN THE HANDS OF
A DEPRAVED GOD.

FROM THESE
ASHES A
PHOENIX
WOULD RISE.



I, DARKLON THE MYSTIC,
WOULD BE THAT
LEGENDARY BIRD.

YES, I WOULD
RISE WITH POWER
AS MY LIFE, BUT
DAMNATION
AS MY FATE.

END

thus ends Chapter One

"GRECIAN WIND" IS AN INCENSE. IT'S VERY VOGUE RIGHT NOW, VERY IN THE **VANGUARD CLUB** USES IT EXCLUSIVELY AND IN SUCH COPIOUS AMOUNTS THAT ENCOUNTERING IT ANYWHERE ELSE IMMEDIATELY CONJURES UP IMAGES OF THE PLACE AND THE CLIENTELE WHO HAUNT IT. SMART ADVERTISING.

BUT THEN, **SKIP**, THE OWNER IS LIKE THAT: SMART AND CHARMING AND HANDSOME. WHICH IS WHY THE **VANGUARD** IS SUCH A SUCCESS. **SKIP** KNOWS WHAT A GUY NEEDS AND JUST WHAT KIND OF ATMOSPHERE EMBELLISHES THOSE NEEDS.

HE EVEN **MOVES** GRACEFULLY AMONG THE DIMLY LIT TABLES AND SOFT-VOICED COUPLES, CHATTING INTIMATELY, MAKING SURE EVERYONE IS SATISFIED AND COMFORTABLE. THERE, **THAT'S HIM NOW...**



WELL, WELL! THE GOOD FAIRY SMILES UPON US, AND JUST WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF, YOUNG MAN? FOUND SOMETHING INTERESTING OVER AT THE COMPETITION, **RICK**?

HI, **SKIP** NO, JUST BEEN **WORKING** HARD I GUESS. HOW HAVE YOU BEEN? I LIKE YOUR HAIR.

THIRD PERSON SINGULAR

WHAT, THIS DISASTER? PLEASE! DON'T HUMOR THE HUMORLESS! I'D LIKE TO GET MY NAILS INTO THE BEAST THAT CREATED THIS ABORTION! I ASKED FOR CHAMPAGNE **PINK**!

WELL, ENOUGH OF ME. WHAT'S MY FAVORITE SCORPIO BEEN UP TO LATELY... M-M-M?

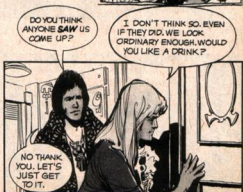
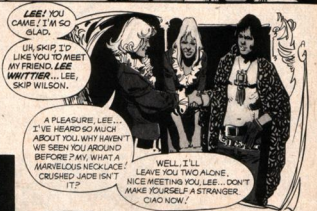
IF YOU MUST KNOW--AND YOU ALWAYS **MUST**--I MET A BOY AT LOU SHOMBURG'S PARTY LAST WEEK. NAME'S **LEE WHITTIER**. HE'S JOINING ME HERE.

WHITTIER, WHITTIER... SOUNDS LIKE A JUNIOR COLLEGE IN WEST VIRGINIA. SHOULD I BE **JEALOUS**?

NOW, **SKIPPER**... YOU **PROMISED**.

OH, I KNOW. BUT I'M JUST **WRETCHED** AT THIS LET'S-JUST-BE-GOOD-FRIENDS BUSINESS. I KEEP SEEING BALMY NIGHTS IN CORAL KEY AND THAT GODDAM BEAUTIFUL TAN YOU HAD. 'MEMBER?







THIS IS YOUR FIRST TIME, ISN'T IT? I CAN ALWAYS TELL. I HOPE YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED...!

JUST HURRY, WILL YOU?



WELL?



MY GOD!
MY GOD!
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL...

OH, JESUS!
(SOB-SOB)...
JESUS...(SOB)

RICK, DON'T PLEASE!

RICK LOOK AT ME!
LOOK! DON'T ACT LIKE THIS! BEING *HETERO* ISN'T SOMETHING TO BE ASHAMED OF! YOU JUST HAVE TO ADMIT IT TO YOURSELF!



BUT THERE'RE SO FEW OF US! WE'RE SUCH A MINORITY! IT'S... IT'S A SICKNESS!

IT'S NOT A SICKNESS! *SOCIETY* IS THE SICKNESS, NOT US!

LOOK! LOOK AT THIS PHOTO! TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.



I... I SEE *BEAUTY*... BEAUTY AND GRACE AND WONDER... I... I WANT TO TOUCH HER... TO BE WITH HER... TO TALK TO HER...!

NOW TELL ME... IS THERE *SICKNESS* IN THAT?



WHERE EVER DID YOU GET THEM?

FROM THE *CONTACT* I SPOKE TO YOU OF.

THESE ARE QUITE OLD YOU KNOW... MIDDLE TWENTIETH CENTURY, BUT I DARESAY THE *FEMALE ANATOMY* HASN'T CHANGED APPRECIATIVELY SINCE THEN.

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME?





CRASH!

FIGHT BACK, LEE! REMEMBER WHAT I TAUGHT YOU!



WOK!

DOO!

HAUGH!



HEE-YAGH!

WHOMP!



RICK! WE DID IT! WE DID IT!

IT'S INCREDIBLE! NOBODY'S EVER BEATEN A SNUFFER BEFORE-- MUCH LESS TWO!



BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS...

YES THEY'RE ON TO US, CHRIST, LEE, HOW DO THEY FIND OUT?

WHO KNOWS? THE GOVERNMENT'S TOTALLY ENIGMATIC. C'MON, WE'LL BE LATE.



IN HERE? NO!

THE LAST PLACE ANYBODY WOULD SUSPECT! WHY DO YOU THINK THE MEETINGS HAVE BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL?

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
GENETIC TESTING LABORATORY



NO GUARDS?

HA-HA! THE GUARDS ARE ALL CLUB MEMBERS!

DOWN HERE... JUST A BIT FARTHER...





DR.
OTIS?

YES?
WHAT'S
IT?

OH, IT'S YOU.
COME IN. CLOSE
THE DOOR,
PLEASE.



HAVE YOU
EVER SEEN
A WOMAN,
DR. OTIS?

WELL...DON'T
BEAT ABOUT THE
BUSH DO YOU?

YES...ONCE.
I WAS SEVENTEEN.
IT WAS IN EUROPE.
THERE WERE STILL
SEVERAL THOUSAND
FEMALES IN THE
WORLD THEN. SHE
WAS BEING
TRANSPORTED
BY TRAIN TO AN
INSTITUTION IN
LEPZIG.

SHE WALKED
PAST ME ON THE
PLATFORM, GLANCED
AT ME BRIEFLY. I'VE
NEVER FORGOTTEN
HER FACE... SOFT...
INTELLIGENT...!

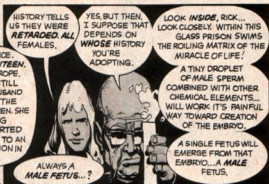


I ENJOYED TALKING TO YOU AT
THE MEETING LAST NIGHT, RICK.
YOU'RE AN IMPRESSIVE YOUNG
MAN. I WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN
YOU A PASS TO GET IN HERE IF
I DIDN'T THINK SO.

LEE TELLS ME YOU'RE
INTERESTED IN ANCIENT
HISTORY...!

VERY
MUCH.

I WAS A
PROFESSOR IN
THAT FIELD
ONCE, DID LEE
TELL YOU?



HISTORY TELLS
US THEY WERE
**RETARDED. ALL
FEMALES.**

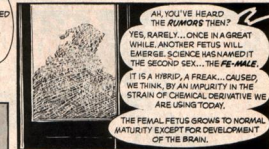
YES, BUT THEN,
I SUPPOSE THAT
DEPENDS ON
WHOSE HISTORY
YOU'RE
ADOPTING.

LOOK **INSIDE**, RICK...
LOOK CLOSELY. WITHIN THIS
GLASS PRISON SWIMS
THE ROLLING MATRIX OF THE
MIRACLE OF LIFE!

A TINY DROPLET
OF MALE SPERM
COMBINED WITH OTHER
CHEMICAL ELEMENTS...
WILL WORK IT'S PAINFUL
WAY TOWARD CREATION
OF THE EMBRYO.

A SINGLE FETUS WILL
EMERGE FROM THAT
EMBRYO... A **MALE**
FETUS.

ALWAYS A
MALE FETUS...?

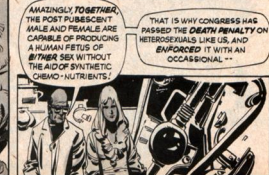


AH, YOU'VE HEARD
THE **RUMORS** THEN?

YES, RARELY... ONCE IN A GREAT
WHILE, ANOTHER FETUS WILL
EMERGE. SCIENCE HAS NAMED IT
THE SECOND SEX... THE **FE-MALE**.

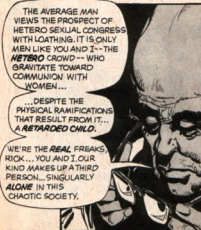
IT IS A HYBRID, A FREAK... CAUSED,
WE THINK, BY AN IMPURITY IN THE
STRAIN OF CHEMICAL DERIVATIVE WE
ARE USING TODAY.

THE FEMAL FETUS GROWS TO NORMAL
MATURITY EXCEPT FOR DEVELOPMENT
OF THE BRAIN.



AMAZINGLY, **TOGETHER**,
THE POST PUBESCENT
MALE AND FEMALE ARE
CAPABLE OF PRODUCING
A HUMAN FETUS OF
EITHER SEX WITHOUT
THE AID OF SYNTHETIC
CHEMO-NUTRIENTS!

THAT IS WHY CONGRESS HAS
PASSED THE **DEATH PENALTY** ON
HETEROSEXUALS LIKE US, AND
ENFORCED IT WITH AN
OCCASSIONAL --



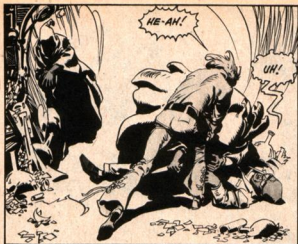
THE AVERAGE MAN
VIEWS THE PROSPECT OF
HETERO SEXUAL CONGRESS
WITH LOATHING. IT IS ONLY
MEN LIKE YOU AND I-- THE
HETERO CROWD-- WHO
GRAVITATE TOWARD
COMMUNION WITH
WOMEN...

... DESPITE THE
PHYSICAL RAMIFICATIONS
THAT RESULT FROM IT...
A **RETARDED CHILD**.

WE'RE THE **REAL FREAKS**,
RICK... YOU AND I. OUR
KIND MAKES UP A THIRD
PERSON... SINGULARLY
ALONE IN THIS
CHAOTIC SOCIETY.







DR.
OTIS!

RICK... LISTEN TO ME...
CAREFULLY! YOU SEARCH FOR
THE TRUTH... (COUGH!)... I KNOW
YOU DO! YOU'RE A... (COUGH!)...
(COUGH!)... THE LIBRARY, RICK...
(COUGH!)... GO THERE! SEEK OUT... A MAN THERE!
(COUGH!)... TURNER, RICK (COUGH!)...
REMEMBER...



DR. OTIS!
HOW WILL I KNOW?
WHO IS HE? DR. OTIS
DR. OTIS!



YOU!... YOU GOVERNMENT
FILTH! HOW MUCH DO THEY
PAY YOU TO KILL DECENT
MEN LIKE THIS?



LET'S HAVE A
LOOK AT YOU BEFORE
YOU DIE...!



DEAR
GOD!

A-A
WOMAN!

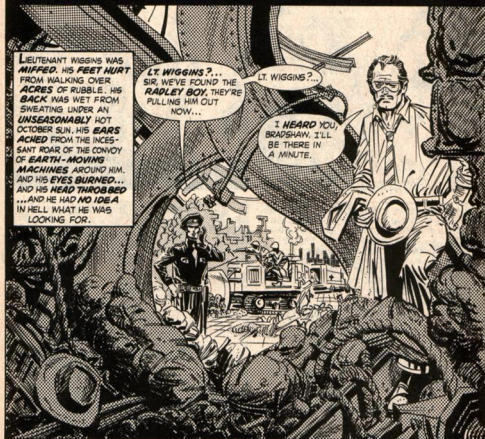
SAM'S SON AND DELILAH!

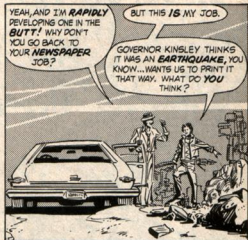
LIEUTENANT WIGGINS WAS MIFFED. HIS FEET HURT FROM WALKING OVER ACRES OF RUBBLE. HIS BACK WAS WET FROM SWEATING UNDER AN UNSEASONABLY HOT OCTOBER SUN. HIS EARS ACHED FROM THE INCESSANT ROAR OF THE CONVOY OF EARTH-MOVING MACHINES AROUND HIM. AND HIS EYES BURNED... AND HIS HEAD THROBBED... AND HE HAD NO IDEA IN HELL WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

LT. WIGGINS?...
SIR, WE'VE FOUND THE
RADLEY BOY, THEY'RE
PULLING HIM OUT
NOW...

LT. WIGGINS?...

I HEARD YOU,
BRADSHAW. I'LL
BE THERE IN
A MINUTE.





THE **SPRIT OF THE LORD** MOVED UPON THE FACE OF THE **EARTH**, MR. MCCORMICK...HE **FILLED** MY SON WITH THE **WRATH** OF HIS **VENGEANCE** AND THE **MIGHT** OF HIS **SWORD**...!

I SEE.

I KNOW THIS MUST BE DIFFICULT FOR YOU, MRS. RADLEY, BUT I'M **MOST** INTERESTED IN **BUBBER'S** LIFE. WHAT WAS HE **LIKE** AS A CHILD?



AS A **CHILD**? OH, WE **ALWAYS** KNEW **BUBBER** WAS **SPECIAL**, MR. MCCORMICK...



FROM THE VERY **BEGINNING** HE WAS THE **APPLE** OF **SAM'S** EYE, DESPITE HIS...AH...**HANDICAPS**...

YOUR WIFE'S GOING TO BE **FINE**, MR. RADLEY... IT'S THE **BABY** I'M CONCERNED ABOUT...

IT'S **EARLY** YET, BUT I'M AFRAID HE ISN'T RESPONDING TO CERTAIN **STIMULI**.

YOU MEAN HE'S A...A...



A **DEAF MUTE**! OUR SON'S A **FREAK**!

THERE WAS **NEVER** ANYTHING LIKE THIS ON **MY** SIDE OF THE **FAMILY**!

OH, **SAM**...PLEASE! SOB...SOB...



WE WERE...**LESS WEALTHY**... THEN, MR. MCCORMICK...WE COULDN'T AFFORD TO SEND **BUBBER** TO THE **BEST** SCHOOLS. BUT **BUBBER** HAD HIS **OWN** TALENT...

WHY, LOOK, **SAM**! IT'S **YOU**! A **PORTRAIT** OF **YOU**!

YEAH...SO THE **KID** CAN **DRAW**... SO WHAT?

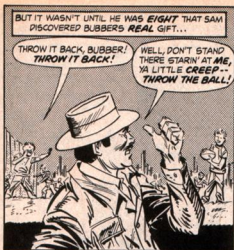


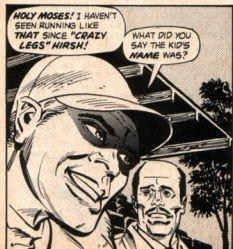
BUBBER **DOTED** ON HIS FATHER...FOLLOWED HIM **EVERYWHERE** HE WENT. WHY, THE TWO WERE **PRACTICALLY INSEPERABLE**...

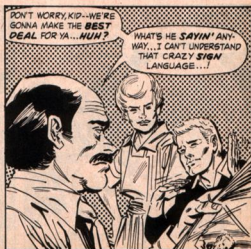
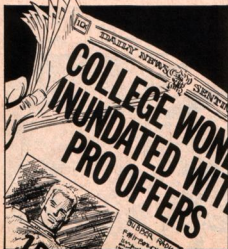
SAM! YOU **STRUCK** HIM!

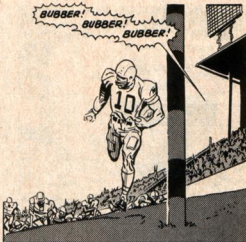
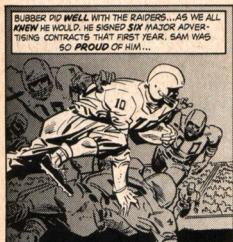
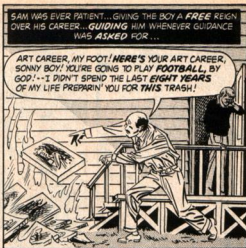
I TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES I **HATE** THE **LITTLE FREAK** **TRAILIN'** AFTER ME! NOW, KEEP HIM IN THE **HOUSE**!











IN NO TIME AT ALL, THEY LOCATED BUBBER...HE WAS LIVING IN **NEW YORK** IN THE **VILLAGE**, DOING WHAT HE **LOVED** TO DO...

LISTEN, YA **MULE-BRAINED MORON!** THEY'RE BUILDIN' A **SPECIAL STADIUM** FOR YA!-- NAMIN' IT AFTER **YOU!**-- YA **GOTTA** COME BACK AND PLAY! IT'S THE **SUPER BOWL!**



LOOK, SAM, WE CAN'T **FORCE** THE BOY...YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME **OTHER** WAY...



ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS **TALK** HIM INTO PLAYING IN NEXT MONTH'S GAME AND IT'S **TEN THOUSAND** CLEAR FOR YA. BUBBER AIN'T **NEVER** HAD A GIRLFRIEND BEFORE...IT SHOULD BE A **CINCH** FOR YA...



BUBBER HADN'T REALLY **FORSAKEN** FOOTBALL...HE WAS JUST IN **LOVE**, THAT'S ALL...

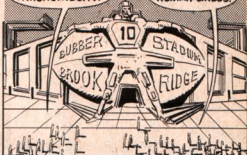
YOU **SAY** YOU LOVE ME, BUT IF YOU **REALLY** MEANT IT YOU'D TAKE ME OUT OF THIS **CRUMMY** APARTMENT...YOU'D FIND SOME WAY TO MAKE **REAL** MONEY...



THE CITY BUILT A **BEAUTIFUL** NEW STADIUM FOR BUBBER...A **MAGNIFICENT MONUMENT** TO ALL HE HAD DONE FOR OUR TOWN. BROOKRIDGE HAD BECOME **QUITE** WEALTHY...IT WAS THEIR WAY OF SAYING "**THANKS**"...

MY GOD! WHAT A **MONSTROSITY!**

LOOKS LIKE A **ROMAN CIRCUS!**



BUBBER!

BUBBER!
BUBBER!

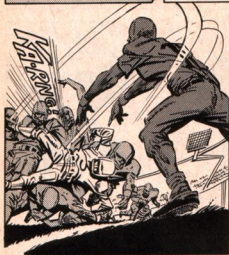
...AND RUNNING ONTO THE FIELD **NOW** IS THIS **FABULOUS** NEW STADIUM'S NAME-SAKE: **BUBBER RADLEY!** FOLKS, WILL YOU **LISTEN** TO THAT **CROWD!**

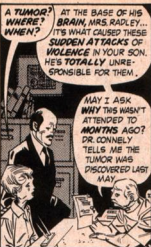


IT WAS OUR SON'S **FINEST** MOMENT...

THE BALL IS **SNAPPED** AND **RADLEY** FADES BACK FOR THE **PASS**...







A TUMOR?
WHERE?
WHEN?

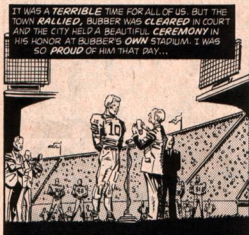
AT THE BASE OF HIS
BRAIN, MRS. RADLEY...
IT'S WHAT CAUSED THESE
SUDDEN ATTACKS OF
VIOLENCE IN YOUR SON.
HE'S TOTALLY UNRE-
SPONSIBLE FOR THEM.

MAY I ASK
WHY THIS WASN'T
ATTENDED TO
MONTHS AGO?
DR. CONNELLY
TELLS ME THE
TUMOR WAS
DISCOVERED LAST
MAY.



SAM! THERE WASN'T TIME, I
TELL YA! THE KID NEEDED
PRACTICE! I...I GUESS I
JUST PUT IT OFF...

A BIT TOO LONG,
MR. RADLEY. WE'LL
REDUCE THE BOY'S
PAIN... BUT HE'S
ALREADY GOING
BLIND...



IT WAS A **TERRIBLE** TIME FOR ALL OF US. BUT THE
TOWN **RALLIED**, BUBBER WAS **CLEARED** IN COURT
AND THE CITY HELD A BEAUTIFUL **CEREMONY** IN
HIS HONOR AT BUBBER'S OWN STADIUM. I WAS
SO **PROUD** OF HIM THAT DAY...



YOU KNOW THE **REST** OF
THE STORY, MR.
MCCORMICK.

DO I? BUBBER WAS
INCREDIBLY STRONG,
MRS. RADLEY... BUT NOT
THAT STRONG...

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT **THIS** IS?



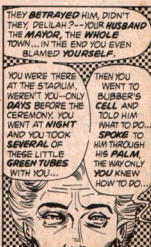
WHY,
NO...
I...

YOUR HUSBAND WORKED
FOR THE **ALLIED CHEM-
ICAL CORP.** DIDN'T HE, MRS.
RADLEY? YOU WOULD THERE-
FORE, BE SOMEWHAT FA-
MILIAR WITH THE TYPES OF
COMPOUNDS HE WAS
DEALING WITH-- **THIS**
COMPOUND, FOR INSTANCE--
C6-80.



C6-80 IS A **HIGHLY CORROSIVE**
ACID, MRS. RADLEY... SO CORROSIVE
THAT **ENOUGH** OF IT, OVER A LONG
ENOUGH PERIOD OF TIME, COULD
EAT THROUGH A **STEEL GIRDER**...
OR A **CONCRETE BLOCK**...

NO, I DON'T
KNOW ANY-
THING ABOUT...



THEY **BETRAYED** HIM, DIDN'T
THEY, DELLAH?--YOUR HUSBAND
THE **MAYOR**, THE **WHOLE**
TOWN...IN THE END YOU EVEN
BLAMED YOURSELF.

YOU WERE THERE
AT THE STADIUM.
WEREN'T YOU--ONLY
DAYS BEFORE THE
CEREMONY. YOU
WENT AT **NIGHT**
AND YOU TOOK
SEVERAL OF
THESE LITTLE
GREEN TUBES
WITH YOU...

THEN YOU
WENT TO
BUBBER'S
CELL AND
TOLD HIM
WHAT TO DO...
SPOKE TO
HIM THROUGH
HIS **PALM**,
THE WAY ONLY
YOU KNEW
HOW TO DO...

"ISN'T THAT WHAT *REALLY*
HAPPENED, MRS. RADLEY?"

...AND SO WE, THE CITIZENS OF
BROOKRIDGE, PROUDLY PRESENT
THE *BROOKRIDGE MEDAL OF
COURAGE* TO OUR TOWN'S FIRST
CITIZEN...THE YOUNG MAN WHO
PUT OUR CITY ON THE MAP...
BUBBER RADLEY!



BUBBER!

BUBBER!

BUBBER!



...UH... SON,
THIS WAY...
OVER HERE.

WHERE'S HE
GOING?...



WHAT THE HELL
IS THIS?

SAM, CAN'T YOU
CONTROL YOUR
KID?



...UH... *BUBBER...*
WHAT'RE YOU
DOIN'?

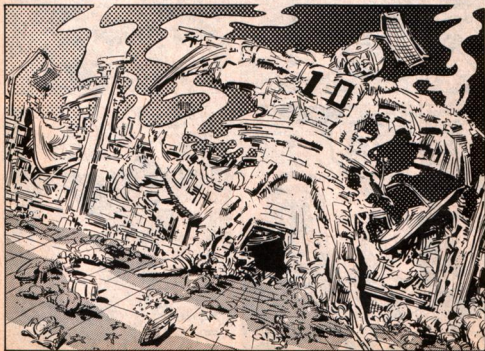


THE KID'S LOST
HIS *MARBLES*
AS WELL AS
HIS EYES...

*REALLY, MR.
RADLEY... THIS
IS MOST
EMBARRASSING...*









ENRICH'S GIRLS IN... THE 1977 WARREN CALENDAR 12 FULL COLOR PAINTINGS!



VAMPIRELLA & VARIOUS VAMPS

Warren Publishing takes pride in presenting this fine collection of magazine cover art by one of the top artists of the supernatural, Enrich. But as we promised in the title (and Warren Publishing always keeps their promises) we have concentrated on Enrich's girls. Each gorgeous gal is a delight to behold, with a haunting beauty only the unusual talents of Enrich could immortalize on canvas. A seductive ghoul girl threatens to make you her next victim. A barbaric huntress axes a bizarre game. An innocent, young thing alone in the woods awaits the approach of an unseen terror. And then there's our own beloved femme fatale, Vampirella. Running through the night to escape some dreaded fiend. Stalking her prey with blood-lust in her eyes. Meek and loving. Flaunting her beauty and power. Which of these is our Vampirella? All of them are. The series of color, action portraits of Vampirella reveal a heroine as real and complex as any live being. Haughty. Mild. Always Vampi. Each illustration is reproduced on heavy quality stock—a product of high quality printing and excellent craftsmanship—bound by a white enamel spiral. And due to the innovative calendar design, the calendar portion covers only a mere inch along the lower portion of the page. 12" of the 13" of the format is all art. And the reproductions are unbacked. Hang this calendar. Enjoy a different Enrich for every month of 1977 with no distracting lettering. Then clip off the calendar and frame the prints! #26011/\$2.50

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