

WRACKED WITH UNBEARABLE PAIN, HIS PLANTIVE CRIES ECHOED THROUGH THE AFRICAN HILLS. WOULD DEATH FINALLY STILL HIS SCREAMS... OR WOULD THERE BE ANOTHER...

NIGHT OF THE VENGEFUL CORPSE



ROYCE? HODGSON!
WHERE ARE YOU?
WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?

WE CAN'T LET HIM SUFFER THAT WAY!
I'M GOING BACK!

DON'T BE A SLUCKER, ROYCE!



WHY SPLIT THIS GOLD **THREE** WAYS, WHEN IT'S JUST AS EASY FOR YOU AND ME TO GO **HALF-AND-HALF?**

BUT... LEAVING LASKER LIKE THAT--IT'S ALMOST LIKE **MURDER!**



THEN GO BACK TO HIM!

HOW CAN I, HODGSON? YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE TRAIL OUT OF HERE!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE BOTH DOING-- YOU'RE LEAVING ME TO DIE...



MY LEGS ARE PINNED UNDER THIS TREE, BUT...

...YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT-- UNDERSTAND?

I'LL COME BACK -- TO TAKE YOU TO THE GRAVE WITH ME!

ART BY: ALEX NINO | STORY BY: GEO. KASHDAN

COLORS BY: JERRY SERPE | EDITOR: MURRAY BOLTINOFF

AND SO THE TWO SURVIVING PROSPECTORS SOON RODE THE RIVER LIMPOPO THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA, ON THE FIRST LEG OF THEIR HOMEWARD JOURNEY...

I'LL NEVER FORGET, HODGSON, HOW YOU TURNED ME INTO A **KILLER!**

DON'T PULL THAT CONSCIENCE STUFF ON ME! YOU WERE JUST AS GREEDY AS I WAS!

WAS I? THEN YOU CAN KEEP MY SHARE OF THE DIGGINGS!

ARE YOU CRAZY? DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH MONEY WE CAN SELL THAT GOLD FOR?

BLOOD MONEY... THAT'S WHAT IT'LL BE!

I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT, HODGSON... IT'S ALL YOURS!

YOUR BRAIN'S FRIED FROM THE JUNGLE HEAT! BUT IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, IT'S OKAY WITH ME!

SIX WEEKS LATER, PETER ROYCE RETURNED TO NEW YORK...

HERE'S WHERE IT **BEGAN...** HERE'S WHERE IT **ENDS!**

SOMEHOW, I ALWAYS WIND UP A **LOSER!**

POOR LASKER... HE REALLY THOUGHT HE COULD COME BACK TO HAUNT US!

ANYBODY KNOWS IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

L-LASKER...?!



I'VE COME TO FULFILL MY DYING VOW, ROYCE... TO DESTROY YOU TORTUROUSLY... AS YOU DESTROYED ME!

I WANTED TO GO BACK-- TO SAVE YOU!



"THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU? WHY DID YOU ABANDON ME... WHILE THE NIGHT WINDS TURNED MY SKIN TO ICE?"

MY LEGS... THEY FEEL LIKE THEY'RE WEIGHTED DOWN WITH LEAD!

"EXACTLY, ROYCE... I COULD BARELY CRAWL-- LET ALONE WALK-- TO ESCAPE THAT FIERCE HEAT OF DAYLIGHT!"

IT WASN'T MY IDEA, HODGSON MADE ME DO IT!

LASKER! PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!



WHAT--? I MUST'VE FALLEN ASLEEP! THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST... JUST A NIGHTMARE!



MY LEGS FEEL LIKE THEY REALLY WERE PINNED UNDER A HEAVY WEIGHT!

EVEN MY SKIN IS TINGLING FROM...



OH, GOD--!



IF-- IF IT WAS ONLY A DREAM, HOW'D I WIND UP JUST THE WAY LASKER'S GHOST THREATENED?

WHAT AM I SAYING?

GHOSTS JUST DON'T EXIST!



I MUST'VE PICKED UP A TROPICAL FEVER THAT WAS DORMANT UNTIL NOW!

A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP IS WHAT I NEED!



SLEEP DID COME FOR PETER ROYCE, BUT WITH IT, THE SAME NAMELESS TERROR...

LASKER?... HAVEN'T YOU TORTURED ME ENOUGH?

NOT NEARLY ENOUGH!


BEFORE YOU DIE, YOU MUST ENDURE ALL THE AGONIES THAT I ENDURED...

"...LIKE THE BEAST THAT ATTACKED ME!"



"IN MY WEAKENED STATE, WHAT CHANCE DID I STAND AGAINST THOSE FLAILING CLAWS?"

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING



"SOON, IT ONLY REMAINED FOR THE HUNGRY MAGGOTS AND VULTURES TO FINISH THE JOB..."

LASKER... I SWEAR I TRIED TO TALK HODGSON OUT OF IT!

YOU'RE PUNISHING ME FOR A CRIME I DIDN'T COMMIT!



DON'T LET ME DIE-- PLEASE, DON'T...



WHAT--? IT-- IT WAS ANOTHER NIGHTMARE...?



BUT MY ARM... IT'S HANGING SO LOOSE AND LIMP-- LIKE IT WAS TORN OUT OF ITS SOCKET!



AND-- MOTHER OF MERCY!

I CAN SEE ONLY OUT OF ONE EYE!

THERE MUST BE AN EXPLANATION!

MAYBE A DOCTOR CAN HELP!

ANOTHER NIGHT OF THIS MIGHT REALLY KILL ME!



BUT ROYCE'S DEEP DREAD TURNED TO SHEER SEWILDERMENT, WHEN HE HEARD...

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG --PHYSICALLY, THAT IS-- WITH YOUR ARM OR YOUR EYE, MR. ROYCE!

THEN... WHAT'S CAUSING THESE TROUBLES?





THE MIND CAN PLAY STRANGE TRICKS ON THE BODY, MR. ROYCE--ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S BOTHERED BY A GUILTY CONSCIENCE!

CAN ANYTHING BE DONE FOR ME, DOCTOR?

INDEED THERE CAN... THROUGH PSYCHIATRIC THERAPY!

HERE... DRINK THIS! IT'LL RELAX YOU... MAKE YOU MORE WILLING TO TALK!



YOU'VE GOT TO FIGHT YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND... CONVINCING IT YOU WERE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR LASKER'S DEATH!

CONCENTRATE... KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR EYE!

YEAH... I'M STARTING TO SEE SOME LIGHT AGAIN!

THE ARM'S AS GOOD AS NEW!

YET HIS HORROR LAID TO REST, PETER ROYCE WAS NOW GRIPPED BY A BURNING, GNAWING CURIOSITY...



WHAT ABOUT HODGSON? DID HE HAVE A "GHOST" ON HIS CONSCIENCE, TOO?

I SWORE I NEVER WANTED TO SEE HIM AGAIN... BUT I'VE GOT TO KNOW!

HE WALKED ACROSS TOWN QUICKLY, IMPATIENT TO LEARN THE TRUTH...



WITH ALL THAT MONEY, HE COULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT A FANCIER HOUSE?

WELL, HE CAN HAVE IT... IF HE CAN LIVE WITH HIMSELF!



A WILD BEAST THAT COULDN'T BE SEEN OR HEARD? PETER ROYCE WAS NEARLY KILLED BY HIS CONSCIENCE, BUT WHAT DESTROYED HODGSON? COULD IT HAVE REALLY BEEN HIS VICTIM'S GHOST THAT SURFACED FROM THE WORLD OF THE SUPERNATURAL?