


HELLO... I'M *BERNI WRIGHTSON*, A FRIEND OF THE EDITOR!
BUT THIS YARN ISN'T ABOUT ME... IT'S ABOUT THAT LITTLE
OLD GARGOYLE-MAKER *EMIL VOGEL*... HE'S THE FELLA
CRINGING JUST INSIDE THE WINDOW!

*WATCH HIM, FRIENDS, 'CAUSE HE'S GOT A PRESCRIPTION
FOR MONSTER-MAKING THAT'LL KILL YOU: JUST
REST IN BED, DRINK PLENTY OF LIQUIDS, AND...*

GARGOYLE EVERY NIGHT



DEAD!
MURDERED--
JUST LIKE
ALL THE
OTHERS!

WHEN
WILL
IT ALL
END?
WHEN??

BERNI WRIGHTSON } WRITERS
AND
ROY THOMAS }
BERNI WRIGHTSON ARTIST
ARTIE SIMEK
LETTERER

ORIGINALLY PRESENTED IN
CHAMBER OF DARKNESS #7.

LET IT BEGIN EARLY THIS SUMMER'S MORNING! EMIL VOGEL, OLD AND WITHERED CARVER OF GARGOYLES AND GROTESQUE STATUARY, STIRS FEEBLY... AROUSED FROM A DEEP AND TORMENTED SLEEP AT HIS PLANNING TABLE, SURROUNDED BY THE LEERING, MOTIONLESS, SILENTLY SCREAMING FIGURES OF HIS CREATION....!

THAT DREAM AGAIN! THAT SAME MADDENING, CRIMSON-CRAZED NIGHTMARE!
I--



WHAT--? THAT SHOUTING-- FROM THE STREET BELOW!

IT CAN'T BE THAT-- THE FIEND HAS STRUCK AGAIN! IT CAN'T!

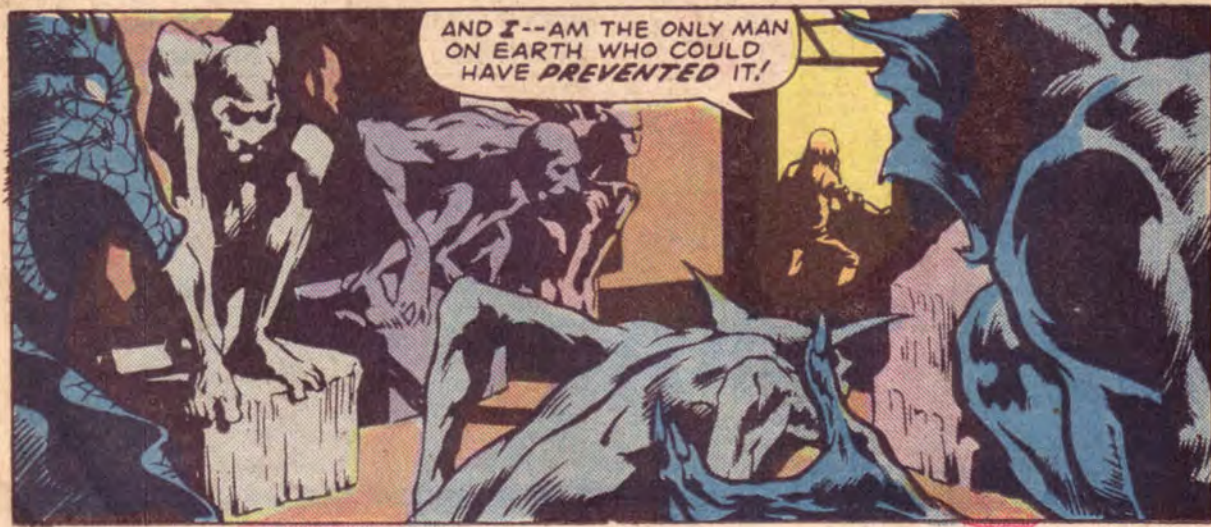


BUT-- IT IS! IT IS!

ANOTHER MURDER! THAT BODY-- AND THE CROWD-- IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN!



AND I--AM THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH WHO COULD HAVE PREVENTED IT!







YOU OBSCENE, GRINNING IMAGE OF MY SUFFERING! LONG YEARS YOU'VE HELD ME UNDER YOUR SPELL!

BUT NOW, THAT SPELL IS BROKEN -- BY MY LOATHING FOR YOU!

I KNOW THAT FIRE WILL DESTROY YOU-- AND FIRE IT SHALL BE-- THIS VERY MINUTE!



WHAT'S THAT? THE DOOR! OH NO-- NOT WHEN I'M SO CLOSE-- SO CLOSE!



IT'S NO USE! MY RAGE HAS SUBSIDED!

THE GOLDEN ANGEL'S POWER HAS TAKEN HOLD OF ME AGAIN!



AND SO, TONIGHT, I'LL KEEP MY UNHOLY VIGIL IN THAT ROOM ONCE MORE...

...AS I HAVE DONE SO MANY NIGHTS... SO MANY LONG, TERRIFYING NIGHTS!

YES... WHO... IS IT?




'TIS THE CONSTABLE, MR. VOGEL... WITH SOME OF YER NEIGHBORS! OPEN UP, PLEASE!



WELCOME... ALL OF YOU! BUT, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, CONSTABLE?


JUST A FEW ROUTINE QUESTIONS I'D LIKE TO ASK YER, MR. VOGEL... PERTINENT TO LAST NIGHT'S UNTIMELY TRAGEDY...



WHAT'S THE IDEA, CLIVE?
I KNOW WE BEEN WANTIN'
TO GET A CLOSER LOOK AT
THE OLD MAN'S PLACE--

BUT I FEEL LIKE ALL
THEM STONE MONSTERS
WAS STARIN' AT ME,
I DO!

SHUT UP AND COME
ALONG! THERE'S
SOMETHIN' BACK THIS
WAY--IN THE CORNER
ROOM!



I GOT ME A GLIMPSE
OF IT ONCE FROM A
ROOFTOP... AND I
AIN'T NEVER FORGOT
IT!

AN' NEITHER
WILL YOU,
BILLY BOY!



GOOD
LORD!
WH--WHAT'S
THAT THING
SUPPOSED
TO BE?

NEVER MIND WHAT
IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE
--JUST WHAT IT IS!

IT'S MADE
OUT OF
GOLD,
YOU FOOL--
SOLID
GOLD!



THAT'LL BE ALL,
THANKS, MR. VOGEL!
YOU'LL BE LETTIN'
US KNOW, NOW, IF
YOU LEARN ANYTHIN'
NEW....!

YOU C-CAN
RELY UPON ME,
CONSTABLE!



AHH... THANK HEAVENS
THAT'S ENDED... WITH-
OUT THEM FINDING
THE GOLDEN ANGEL!



NOW, PERHAPS I CAN
STEEL MY NERVES AGAIN,
AND DESTROY IT--

MMFF!

SO, OUR HONORED CRAFTSMAN INTENDED TO DESTROY HIS GREATEST CREATION, DID HE NOW?

WELL THEN, MAYBE WE'LL JUST SAVE 'IM THE BOTHER... BY TAKIN' THE NASTY THING OFF HIS HANDS!

GOOD AS DONE, CLIVE!

TIE 'IM UP, BILLY BOY!

PLEASE--NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE--

I KNOW THERE'S A FORTUNE IN GOLD IN THAT ROOM, NOT DOIN' YOU A BIT OF GOOD... WHILE, WITH BILLY AN' ME BEIN' OUTTA WORK AND ALL...

WAIT! PLEASE LISTEN! THE GOLDEN ANGEL IS FAR, FAR MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER CARVED STATUE!

IT WAS FASHIONED IN ACCORDANCE WITH CERTAIN MYSTIC SPELLS, FOR THE PURPOSE OF--

PUT A SOCK IN IT, OLD MAN! CAN'T YOU SEE WE GOT WORK TO DO?

YOU MUST HEED ME! IF I AM NOT IN THAT ROOM WITH IT AT MIDNIGHT--YOU WILL BOTH BE DOOMED!!

WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES! MY COLLEAGUE HAS ALREADY LIT THE FIRE UNDER YOUR MELTING POT, DON'T YOU SEE!

GOOD! THEN COME-- WE MUST, AH, BE DONE BY MIDNIGHT, YOU KNOW!

I'VE GOT THE SLEDGEHAMMER, CLIVE!

TIME GOES SWIFTLY WHEN YOU'RE ENJOYING YOURSELF, THEY SAY! AND SO THE MORNING TURNS TO NOON, AND THE DUSK TO GATHERED DARKNESS... AS THE SHATTERED, GLEAMING FRAGMENTS OF THE GOLDEN ANGEL ARE TOSSED, ONE BY ONE, INTO THE GREAT MELTING POT, UNTIL...

NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER, FOOL?

I--JUST HEARD ANOTHER SOUND, CLIVE--LIKE THAT OF--ROPES SNAPPING!

AND--GOOD LORD! L-LOOK BEHIND YOU--!

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST OF IT, BILLY BOY!

DID YOU FIND ANYTHING TO MOLD THE INGOTS?

THESE SMALL BOWLS OUGHT TO-- WHAT WAS THAT, CLIVE?

JUST THE CLOCK, BILLY... STRIKING TWELVE!



FREE! FREE AT LAST--FOR ALL ETERNITY!

THE GOLDEN ANGEL WAS THE ONE GARGOYLE I HAD CREATED THAT CAME TO LIFE AT MID-NIGHT--AND COULD SOMETIMES STOP ME FROM RUNNING AMOK!

BUT YOU DESTROYED IT--AND NOW, I HAVE RESUMED MY NATURAL FORM--FOREVER!!

CLIVE! TH--THE OLD MAN-- HE WAS--



THE UNSCRUPULOUS PAIR FREEZE, WITH NUMBING FRIGHT, AS THE BLACK MONSTROSITY LOOMS EVER HIGHER OVER THE BUBBLING CAULDRON... A POT OF GOLD WHICH THEY HAVE FOUND AT THE END OF THEIR RAINBOW... AND OF THEIR LIVES...!



AND SO OUR STORY CLOSES...WHICH REMINDS ME I SHOULD CLOSE THE DOOR!

BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT CLIVE AND BILLY, HEAR?

MAYBE THEY USED TO BE BAD, BUT NOW THEY'RE --GOOD AS GOLD!

THE END

