


SIT THERE, MICHAEL ROYAL... SIT THERE AND LISTEN TO THE FRANTIC PLEAS OF YOUR OLD FRIEND, PETER LESTER! REMEMBER, ROYAL? LESTER FINANCED YOU WHEN YOU WERE BROKE... AND NOW... NOW YOU'RE ABOUT TO BANKRUPT HIM... PUT HIM OUT OF BUSINESS!

NICE GUY, ROYAL! A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART... EH? AND, ANYTHING ELSE YOU CAN GRAB!! BUT YOUR LUCK IS ABOUT TO CHANGE! YOU'RE ABOUT TO HAVE A RUN-IN WITH---

# ONE LITTLE INDIAN!



WELL, PETEY BOY, MAKE UP YOUR MIND! ARE YOU SIGNING THESE CONTRACTS, ...OR NOT?



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MIKE... IF YOU KEEP PUSHING, I'LL BE WIPED OUT IN SIX MONTHS!

WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS, MIKE... WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO RUIN ME... TO DESTROY MY BUSINESS?

NOT TRYING, PETER... I AM DESTROYING YOUR BUSINESS!

BUT, IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL... SO PLEASE, NO HYSTERIC!

EDITED AT MIDNIGHT BY STAN LEE!

WRITTEN UNDER A FULL MOON BY MARVIN WOLFMAN!

ILLUSTRATED AT THE CRACK OF DAWN BY GENE COLAN!

DAN ADKINS  
INKER

SAM ROSEN  
LETTERER



NOTHING PERSONAL???

HOW CAN IT BE ANYTHING **BUT** PERSONAL?

HOW CAN YOU JUST **SIT** THERE SO CALMLY? DON'T YOU **KNOW** WHAT YOU'RE **DOING** TO ME??

OF **COURSE** I DO, PETER! I KNOW **EXACTLY** WHAT I'M **DOING**!

NOW JUST **RELAX** ---ENJOY YOUR **DINNER**, AND DON'T **WORRY**... I'M **PAYING** FOR IT!!

YES, ROYAL... YOU'RE **PAYING** FOR IT... MORE THAN YOU **KNOW**!



YOU LAUGH AT **LOLA**, MEESTER, AN' YOU MAKE **BEEG** MEESTAKE! **LOLA** LOOK **EENTO** YOUR **PALM** AND TELL THAT YOU WERE BORN ON THE **CUSP** OF **SCORPIO**!

THAT'S **RIGHT**! I WAS!!

YOU ARE A **MEAN** ONE, **BEEG** BOY... YOU WOULD **HURT** YOUR **BEST** **FRIEND** EEF YOU COULD MAKE A **BUCK**!



NOT BAD, BABY... **SO FAR** YOU'RE **BATTING** A **THOUSAND**!

WHAT **ELSE** CAN YOU **READ** IN MY **PALM**?

**DEATH!**



YOU'RE **HEARTLESS**, MIKE! J--JUST **HEARTLESS**...

HEY, **BEEG-BOYS**... YOU WANT **LOLA** SHOULD TELL YOUR **FUTURES**?

I **ALREADY** KNOW MY **FUTURE**, BABY... AND IT'S GONNA BE **VERY SUCCESSFUL** ...RIGHT, PETE?



**REALLY?** HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO **DIE**...ATTACKED BY AN **ENRAGED** **TEA LEAF**??

YOU **STEEL** LAUGH AT **LOLA**?

BUT THERE **EES** **DEATH** IN YOUR **FUTURE**... AND **EET** **WEEL** BE **VERY SOON**!



LOLA TELL YOU EVEN THOUGH YOU LAUGH AT HER...

YOU WEEL DIE IN THE PRESENCE OF AN INDIAN!!



FAT CHANCE!! AND JUST WHEN IS ALL THIS GOING TO HAPPEN?

NO MORE! I CAN REVEAL NOTHING ELSE TO YOU!

COULDN'T YOU COME UP WITH SOMETHING BETTER THAN THAT??

HEY LADY... WATCH WHO YOU'RE BUMPIN' INTO!

HANG ON, BABY! DON'T YOU WANT TO GET PAID?



CRAZY DAME! WELL, I GUESS IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF CREEPS TO MAKE THE WORLD!!

I GUESS SO! LOOK, MIKE, I'M LEAVING... I'VE HAD ENOUGH FOR THIS EVENING!

HOLD ON... I'LL GO DOWN WITH YOU!



C'MON, PETE, CHEER UP! BE THANKFUL THAT I WAS THE ONE WHO TOOK ADVANTAGE OF YOU... IT COULD HAVE BEEN A TOTAL STRANGER, YOU KNOW!

AND YOU KNOW YOU CAN ALWAYS HAVE A JOB WITH ME! IT WON'T LET YOU LIVE IN THE STYLE YOU'RE ACCUSTOMED TO, BUT AT LEAST YOU WON'T STARVE!

THE NEXT DAY IS SPENT WOOING FUTURE CLIENTS! AND, AS YOU RETURN TO YOUR OFFICE LATER THAT AFTERNOON...



GYPSIES!  
INDIANS!  
WHAT A LOT OF  
GARBAGE!

...YOU'RE WHISTLING HAPPILY...NO INDIAN CURSE IS GOING TO BOTHER MIKE ROYAL...



IS IT???

ULP!!!

FUNNY... FOR A SECOND I...



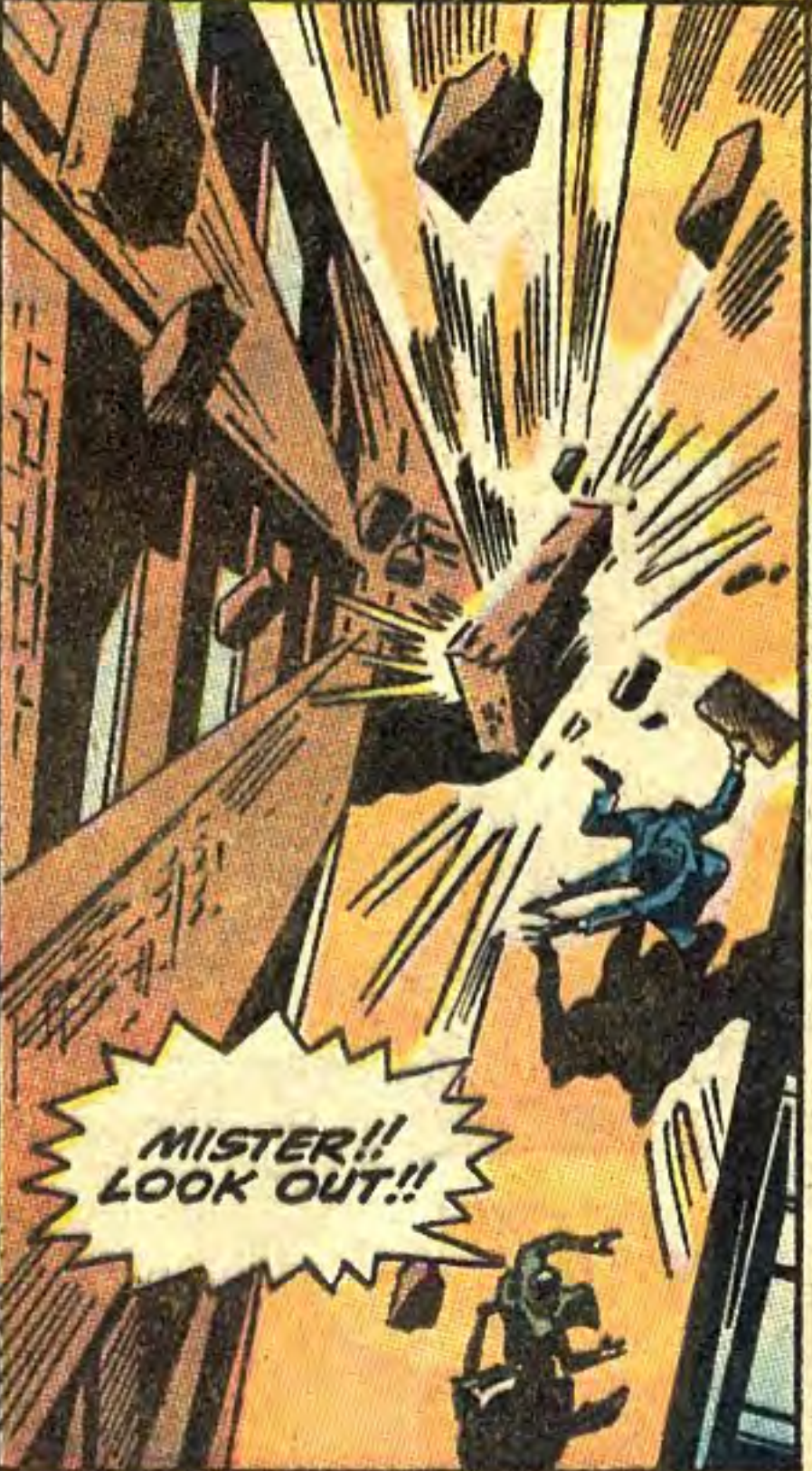
BUT IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE... THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF THESE CIGAR STORE INDIANS IN THE CITY...!

IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING!

DOESN'T IT?? LOOK UP, ROYAL... UP TO THE TOP OF THAT BUILDING... THAT SOLID BLOCK OF GRANITE THAT HAS BEEN WAITING FIFTY YEARS TO FALL... JUST FOR YOU!!!



GET OUT OF THE WAY, ROYAL... MOVE IT!!!



MISTER!!  
LOOK OUT!!



YOU OKAY, MISTER? YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?

YEAH..YEAH... FINE! LEMMEE ALONE!!



RUN TO YOUR OFFICE, ROYAL... YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE...!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT GYPSY CURSE... BUT... BUT, RIGHT AFTER SEEING THAT CIGAR STORE INDIAN...

NO! I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD... GOTTA GET AWAY!

MISS PAGE!!

COMING, MR. ROYAL!



GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. ROYAL! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW INDIAN DRESS?

WHAAA?? INDIAN? NOOOO!!!



MR. ROYAL! THAT WINDOW!! LOOK OUT!!

STAY BACK... GET AWAY!!!



DON'T TOUCH ME!!

MR. ROYAL... HOLD ON... DON'T STRUGGLE!!!

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF ME!! GOT TO GET AWAY!



NOW WHERE WILL YOU GO, ROYAL?!!

GOTTA GET HOME... ONLY SAFE PLACE TILL I CAN GET OUT OF TOWN!

I DUNNO ABOUT ANY CURSE... BUT THIS SURE ISN'T MY DAY!!

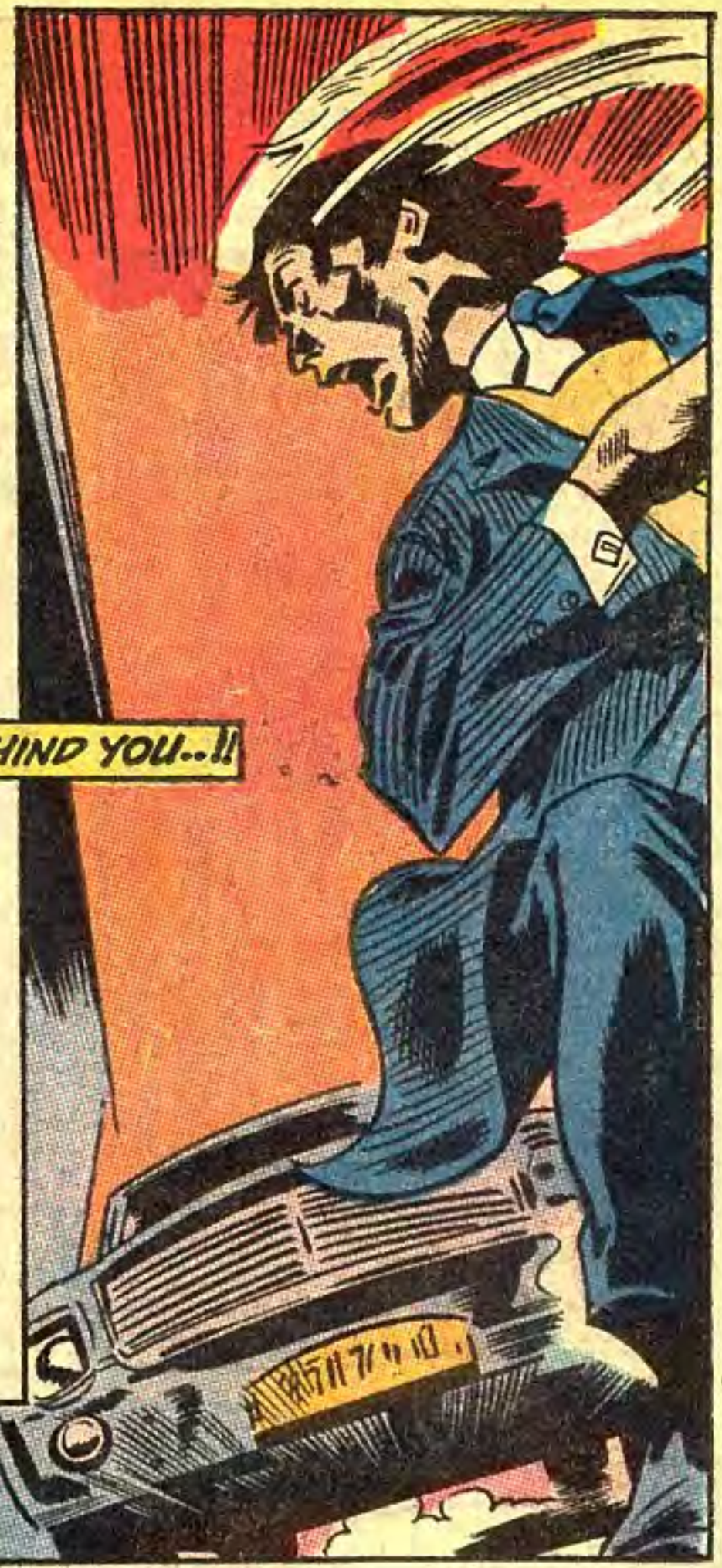


TOO LATE, ROYAL....!

BANG!  
BANG!!

OH NO!!

YOU'RE  
DEAD, PALE-  
FACE!



BEHIND YOU...!!



EEEEYYAAGGHH!!!!

SCREEEECH!!!



C'MON, MAN... CALM  
DOWN!! THERE CAN'T  
BE ANY REAL CURSE!

BUT IF THERE ISN'T...  
IF NONE OF THIS  
IS REALLY HAPPENING  
... THEN I'M GOING  
MAD!!

I'VE GOTTA  
SEE THAT  
GYPSY!!

THE FULL MOON BATHES THE SKY-SCRAPERS IN AN *EERIE GLOW*... SHADOWS FALL HAPHAZARDLY ON THE STREETS BELOW! AND YOU, MIKE ROYAL, YOU WALK *NERVOUSLY* THROUGH THOSE SHADOWS...



EXCUSE ME, SIR... WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO HOLD THIS *URN* FOR BUT A SECOND! I MUST BRING MY *LUGGAGE* INTO THIS ELEVATOR!

HUH?? YEAH... SURE...!



YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T ASK, BUT THE WORDS *FORCE* THEIR WAY OUT...

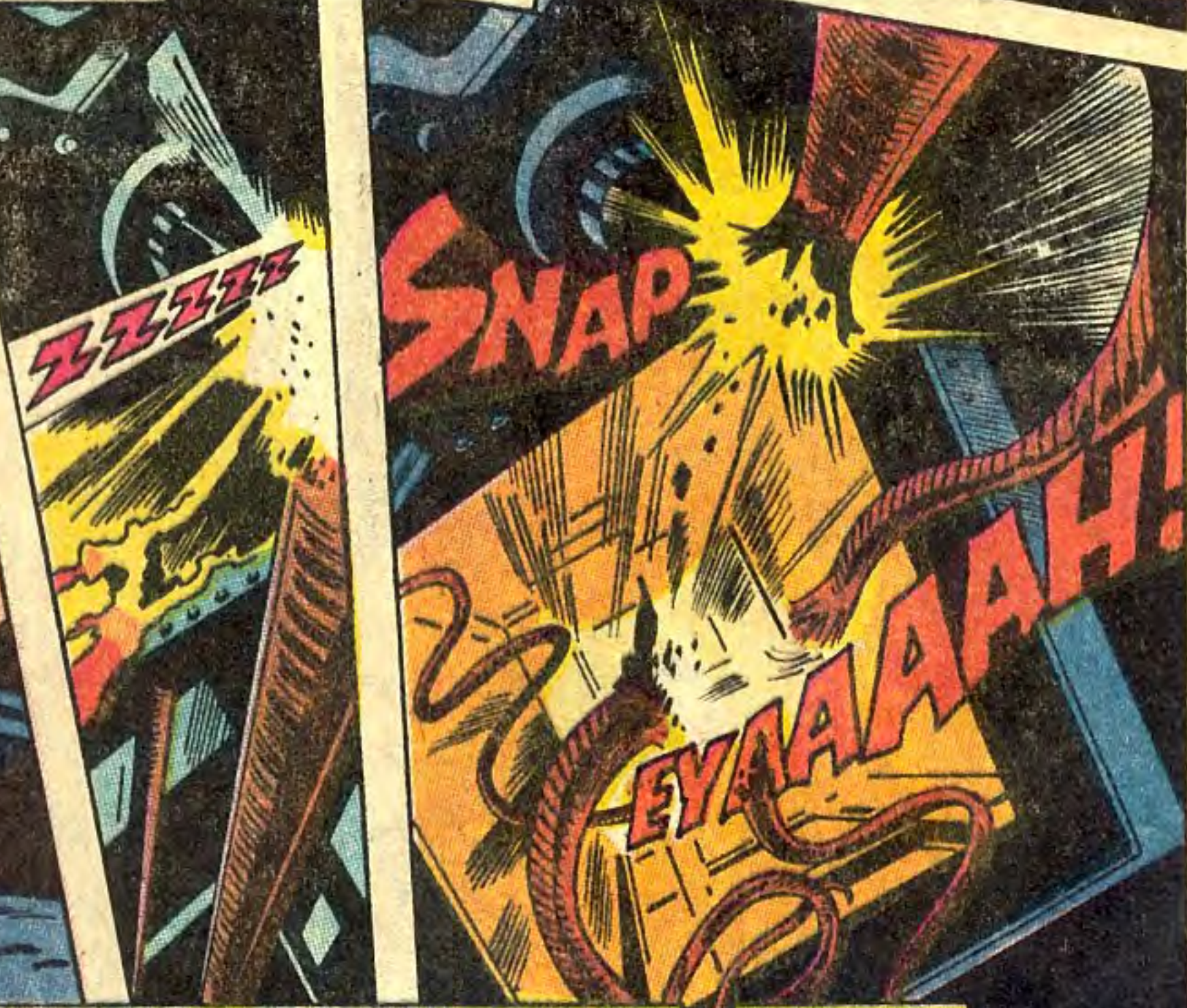
WH-WHAT'S INSIDE TH-THIS..?



ASHES, SIR! THE MOST REVERED ASHES OF MY DEPARTED FATHER... THE *AMBASSADOR* FROM INDIA...!

YOU STEP INTO THE ELEVATOR TO THE *SKYTOP* RESTAURANT WHERE *LOLA* WORKS! BUT IT *STOPS* A FEW FLOORS SHORT OF THE TOP...

...THE *AMBASSADOR* F-FROM...? *CHOKES*!!



AND THEN YOU CAN'T HEAR *ANYTHING*... NOT THE *STATIC* NOISE ABOVE YOU AS THE ELEVATOR CONTROLS *SUDDENLY SHORT-CIRCUIT*... AND NOT THE SOUND OF THE SUPPORTING CABLES AS THEY *SNAP* AND THE ELEVATOR PLUNGES MADLY DOWNWARDS! ALL YOU CAN HEAR IS A LONG, TERRIFYING *SCREAM*...

AND YOUR LAST THOUGHT IS THAT THE *SCREAM* IS YOURS!

THE END