

THE SCREECHING NIGHT WIND WHISTLES THROUGH THE GERMAN FOREST. THE TIME IS SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO-- BUT THE TERROR IS TIMELESS! IT IS THE ENDLESS, GRIPPING HORROR OF HAVING TO...

WRIGHTSON 29

FEED IT!

HURRY UP, YOU FAT LOU-- WE'VE GOT TO FEED IT BEFORE DAWN! THE VILLAGERS ALMOST CAUGHT US TONIGHT-- YOU WERE SO SLOW!





I WAS THE ONE WHO FOUND **IT**-- AND LURED IT UP FROM THE FEN-- AND I HAD THE INTELLIGENCE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO USE THE VILLAGE TO TAKE CARE OF IT-- CHEAP!!



SO WHEN I SAY "FEED **IT**" I MEAN "FEED **IT**"!

BUT-- BUT I GET THE SHIVERS JUST LOOKIN' AT THIS HORRIBLE PLACE-- IT'S SO DARK-- AND-- AND GLOOMY, AND...



STOP YOUR CRYING! **IT** NEEDS DAMPNESS AND DARK AS WELL AS FOOD! AND WE MUST KEEP **IT** ALIVE!

BUT-- BUT...



SHUT UP! THE AMERICAN CIRCUS PROMOTER WILL PAY ME WELL FOR **IT**! I WILL NOT PASS THAT UP FOR YOUR WEAK STOMACH!

NOW, MOVE, YOU FAT SNAIL!

AH, POOR JOSEF -- HOW TERRIBLE TO BE SADDLED WITH SUCH AN INCOMPETENT ON THE EVE OF YOUR GREATEST OPPORTUNITY! BUT, DOESN'T THE STALE AIR SHIVER YOUR SNEERING NOSTRILS?



DOESN'T THE DUST SEEM TO TINGLE WITH WARNING? DON'T YOU FEEL YOUR SKIN GRATE AS THE DUNGEON DOOR CREAKS OPEN?



THE DUNGEON— IN DAYS GONE BY, THE SITE OF DEEDS OF UNSPEAKABLE HORROR... NOW, A CATCH-ALL FOR THE UNUSED, BROKEN AND TIME-WORN... BUT, DOESN'T THE CENTURIES-OLD FEAR CRAWL THROUGH YOU WHEN FATE TAKES A HAND IN YOUR LIFE?

NO-NO! YOU- YOU COULDN'T! YOU- TH-THIS IS-- TERRIBLE!!

OOF!

WHA--!?

THAT'S THE ONLY THING I'LL EAT! SO HELP ME, IF YOU KILLED...

DON'T YOU FEEL DESTINY WORKING AGAINST YOU WHEN YOU RIP OPEN YOUR PRECIOUS SACK AND DISCOVER...

DEAD!-- YOU DEGENERATE FOOL! YOU'VE REALLY DONE IT NOW!!

BUT-BUT, IT WAS HEAVY-- AND THE FLOOR WAS WET-- I-I SLIPPED!

BUT, IT HAD BEEN ALIVE! I NEEDS A LIVE BODY TO EAT!

THERE IS ONLY ONE CHANCE-- YOU!!

BUT-BUT-- WE CAN GO GET ANOTHER ONE!!



AH, POOR JOSEF -- YOUR BIG PLANS HAVE BACKFIRED! ALL OF YOUR SAFETY PRECAUTIONS HAVE FAILED! YOUR MAN-EATING "DISCOVERY" IS ESCAPING! ONLY THE BULGE OF ITS LATEST MEAL KEEPS ITS HUGE, GAPING JAWS FROM YOUR HELPLESS, PARALYZED BODY...



...BUT, LIKE ITS SMALLER COUNTERPARTS, THE FOOD MUST BE DIGESTED SLOWLY! SO YOU MUST WAIT...

WHY? WHY DID THIS HAPPEN?



... WAIT WITH SPEECHLESS HORROR, COUNTING THE MINUTES, THE HOURS...

WHAT DID I SLIP ON?



... WAIT! ... HOPING FOR THE MERCIFUL ARRIVAL OF DEATH, BEFORE THE TIME COMES AGAIN TO FEED **IT!**



NO!!

AH, YES, JOSEF... YOU HAD FORGOTTEN! WHEN PEOPLE DIE -- EVEN INCOMPETENT ASSISTANTS -- THEY BLEED!



THE END