



AHH, THE TAINTED TINGE OF TREMBLING TOMES  
WAFTING IN THE EVENING AIR... THE ODORS OF  
**MUSK** AND **MIST** DRIFTING FROM VOLUMES OF  
FORGOTTEN **LORE!** COME INTO THE WORLD OF  
**LOVECRAFT**, **POE** AND **HOWARD**... INTO THE LAND  
OF LITERATURE ... INTO THE **SUR-NATURAL**  
HABITAT OF THE ...

# BOOKWORM

... **BOOKS!** HOW DID YOU EVER DO IT,  
MR. QUESLEY? WHY... THERE MUST  
BE THOUSANDS OF VOLUMES HERE!

HARD WORK, MY BOY, HARD WORK.  
THAT'S THE ANSWER TO EVERY  
PROBLEM, MY LAD. HARD WORK  
NEVER KILLED **ANYONE!**

ASTONISHING! I THOUGHT **MY** COLLECTION WAS  
EXTENSIVE... BUT **THIS!** I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
TO SAY! IT'LL CERTAINLY BE AN **HONOR** TO  
WORK FOR YOU, SIR.

MINE, MINE, ALL MINE, MY  
DEAR GALSWORTH. SOMETIMES  
IT GETS A MITE **LONELY** IN THE  
STACKS, SO TO SPEAK, AND I  
FIND MYSELF **YEARNING** FOR  
HUMAN... **COMPANIONSHIP.**

EH? WHAT ARE  
THOSE **SOUNDS?**

THE **PLUMBING!**  
IT... IT KEEPS ACTING  
**UP** LIKE THAT, YOU  
KNOW. KEEP MEANING  
TO HAVE IT **FIXED...**

...BUT THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS TO DO! I HAVE TO KEEP ALL THE BOOKS DUSTED, YOU KNOW. HAVE TO KEEP THEM DRY! AND THE RESEARCH!

AHHH...

...I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK WITH YOU ABOUT THAT, SIR, THE ADVERTISEMENT WASN'T AT ALL SPECIFIC. JUST WHAT SORT OF RESEARCH ARE YOU PERFORMING?

IT'S A PET SUBJECT OF MINE. I'M DOING A FEW PAPERS ON IT FOR THE SCIENCE QUARTERLY. LITTLE THING...

...THE BLACK ARTS!

FASCINATING SUBJECT, REALLY. YOU'D BE SURPRIZED HOW MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN ON IT.

IS THAT SO? ALWAYS FOUND IT A BIT FANTASTIC, MYSELF.

BUT THEN, I'M NOT THE CREDULOUS TYPE.

NO, NO, YOU DON'T LOOK IT EITHER!

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

OH, NOTHING. NOTHING, REALLY. SOME MEDICAL JOURNALS HAVE TRIED TO ESTABLISH A CONNECTION BETWEEN CRANIAL SIZE AND THE GULLIBILITY QUOTIENT. YOUR HEAD IS MUCH TOO LARGE FOR THE MYSTIC TYPE...

WHY, THAT'S UTTER NONSENSE!

IS IT? I HADN'T THOUGHT SO. WELL, WE'LL SEE. WE SHALL SEE. I'LL LEAVE YOU TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE ACCOMMODATIONS!

GLUSSSP--GLSHURSH!



ECHOES REVERBERATE THROUGH THE ANCIENT CHAMBER AS THE OLD MAN LEAVES...

NUTTY AS A FRUIT CAKE! HE'LL HAVE ME CLIMBING THE WALLS IN A WEEK! IF I DIDN'T NEED THIS JOB SO BADLY... I'D SKIP OUT IN A MINUTE!

AND WHAT DOES HE MEAN... PLUMBING? THOSE ARE THE WEIRDEST PIPE GURLINGS I'VE EVER HEARD!



AND IT'S CHILLY DOWN HERE. DAMP, TOO. I'LL PROBABLY HAVE A DAMN COLD BY THE TIME HE DECIDES TO SHOW UP AGAIN. CRAZY. ABSOLUTELY CRAZY!

BUT HE'S GOT SO MANY BOOKS!



THIS WHOLE PLACE JUST GIVES ME THE CREEPS! LAY ODDS THAT SOME SORT OF GOREY SKELETON COMES PLOPPING OUT OF A CLOSET BEFORE THE NIGHTS OUT...

...IF OLD FATHER FRANKENSTEIN DOESN'T BLOW MY MIND FIRST!



BUT THE RELUCTANT SCHOLAR STICKS IT OUT... AND THE NEXT EVENING, AS HE ARRIVES TO TAKE UP HIS ACADEMIC DUTIES...

OUTASITE! SOME OF THE BOOKS THAT OLD BOY HAD... THE SECRET OF WITCHCRAFT... TREATISE ON SATANISM... THE BLACK BOOK OF GALTH... WHHHHEE-OOO!

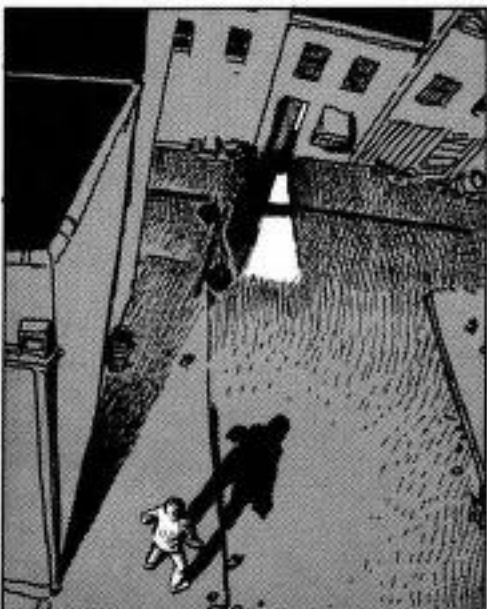
HEY! WHAT'S THAT?



IT COMES... LIKE A WHISPERING WRAITH FROM THE TWILIGHT SHORES... IT COMES! A MOVING INKBLOT ACROSS THE FACE OF THE NIGHT...

OH MY GOD!





WHAT AM I GOING TO **DO**? THIS IS INSANE! UTTERLY **MAD**! I... I MUST BE... BE **DREAMING** THIS... IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

THOSE BOOKS... ALL THOSE BOOKS ON **HORROR** ... ON **FANTASY**... THEY MUST HAVE **GOTTEN** TO ME... SEEPED THROUGH INTO MY MIND!

I'VE GOT TO **FIND OUT**! THIS IS JUST TOO INCREDIBLE TO BELIEVE... IT... IT MUST BE MY **IMAGINATION**! OF COURSE... THAT'S GOT TO BE **IT**!



*BUT THE MIDNIGHT SOUNDS SEEM STRANGER NOW... LESS FRIENDLY. THE HOLLOW MOANS OF THE CITY SEEM SOMEHOW COLD AND DISTANT... DISTANT, LIKE THE CRY OF WIND ON AN AUTUMN EVE...*

CREAKING WOOD MOANS...



ANCIENT BOARDS SHRIEK...



BEADS OF SWEAT TREMBLE, WAITING...



PULSING HEART...PAUSES...



... AND LIKE THE SLAMMING OF SHUTTERS...DECISION ACTS!



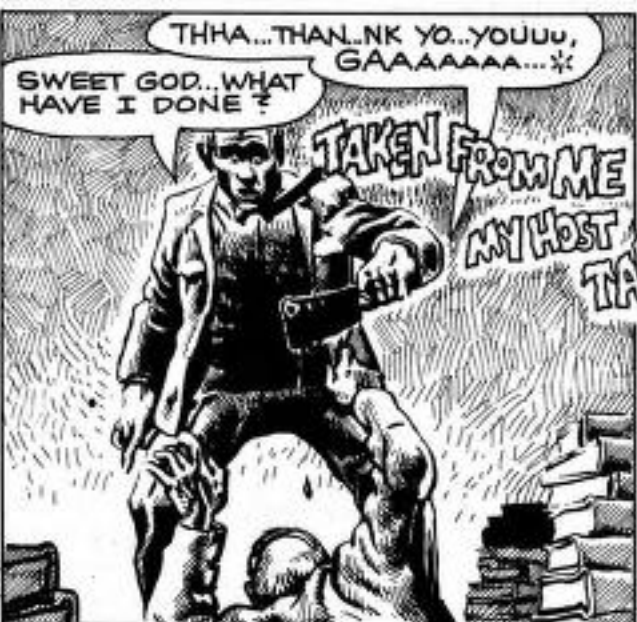
MR. QUESLEY... ARE YOU THERE?



OH LORD!







THE SOUND...

WHA-WHAT IS IT?

CONJURED IT...  
**ACCIDENT!** WHITE  
SPELL... SOMEHOW  
TU-TURNED **BLACK!**  
IT...IT CAME AT ME  
...TOOK MY **SOUL**...  
HELD MY MIND...  
MADE ME **FEED**  
IT...



TRI...TRIED TO GET AWAY  
...COULDN'T... COULD ONLY  
GET **BOOKS!** ALLL...  
AAALLL TOO LATE...  
TOO LATE! NO USE...

IT HAD ME...  
HAD MY **MIND!**



YOU TAKE OLD FEEDER...  
ONE WHO CALLED ME UP...  
CALLED FROM DARK PLACE  
WHERE FOOD IS WARM...  
YOU **KILL FEEDER!**

MUST HAVE FEEDER  
... MUST HAVE  
**FOOD!**



YOU.. YOU WILL BE NEW  
FEEDER!  
**YOU MY SLAVE NOW!**

OH MY GOD... OH MY **GOD!**



BOY, THAT QUESLEY WAS REALLY  
A BOOKWORM, WASN'T HE?  
OR AT LEAST VERY CLOSE TO ONE.  
HEE HEE AND IT LOOKS LIKE  
OUR **SCHOLAR-FRIEND**  
GALSWORTH'S GOING TO SPEND  
A LOT MORE TIME WITH THOSE  
BOOKS THAN EVEN HE  
IMAGINED!



AND THE SOUNDS CAME CLOSER EVER CLOSER.  
IT WAS TIME FOR THE **FIRST FEED!**