

FROM THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT MAYAN TEMPLE IT COMES, REEKING OF DECAY AND BRINGING SWIFT, BRUTAL DEATH TO ALL IN ITS PATH...

WHAT IS THE REASON FOR ITS MERCILESS RAMPAGE? WHAT DARK MOTIVE HIDES IN THE HEART OF A CREATURE CENTURIES DEAD? THE SHADOW MUST FIND AN ANSWER ... BEFORE THE DARK DEEDS ARE FINALLY DONE!

FOLLOW HIM AS HE STRIVES TO LEARN THE BLEAK SECRET OF THE CREATURE WHO CANNOT BE STOPPED, AS HE PLUNGES INTO...

THE NIGHT OF THE

I CERTIFY THE EVENTS RELATED HEREIN TO BE TRUE.
THE SHADOW

DENNY O'NEIL
FRANK REBORN
RACONTEURS

Z-246

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TWILIGHT IN A CENTRAL AMERICAN JUNGLE... AND IN THE FOREBODING SHADOW OF AN ANCIENT MAYAN TEMPLE, THE LOVELY MARGO LANE SPEAKS TO PROFESSOR EUSTACE ZANE...

I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING ME TO ACCOMPANY YOU, PROFESSOR!

YOUR WORK IS FASCINATING!

MORE THAN THAT, MISS LANE... WE'VE MADE HISTORY THIS PAST WEEK!

WHEN WE BEGAN THE EXPEDITION, NOBODY IMAGINED WHAT WE'D FIND...

-- A MUMMY HERE IN THE AMERICAS... IN A MAYAN TEMPLE, YET! UNTIL NOW, MUMMIES WERE FOUND EXCLUSIVELY IN EGYPT!

I CAN'T WAIT TO PRESENT OUR DISCOVERY TO THOSE FUDDY-DUDDIES AT THE MUSEUM...

SOMEONE CALLING... IT SOUNDS LIKE YOUR HELPER, MCMASTERS-- AND HE'S IN TROUBLE!

HELP!

WITHIN THE CRUMBLING WALLS...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... THE MUMMY--!

STOP BEING ASTONISHED, PROFESSOR-- AND MOVE! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

G G G G G

BUT... BEFORE THEY CAN ACT, THEY HEAR A CHILL, ECHOING LAUGH--



RELEASE THE AMERICAN--

--AND CHARGE!-- TO BE MET BY SPITTING AUTOMATICS --

--OR FEEL THE WRATH OF THE SHADOW!



AT THE ICY COMMAND, THE SWATHED FIGURE RELEASES McMASTERS AND MOTIONS... LIKE FIGURES HEED HIS UNSPOKEN ORDER--



HALT!

--OR I WILL NOT AIM AT YOUR WEAPONS!*

BLAM!

BLAM!

YOU'VE BEEN WARNED!

* NOTE: TRANSLATED FROM THE NATIVE DIALECT! EDITOR

HOWEVER, THE STONES BENEATH THE CLOAKED AVENGER'S FEET GAPE WIDE... HE DROPS--



T-THE TRAP... THE MAYANS BUILT IT TO KILL INTRUDERS--

THE PROFESSOR IS PARALYZED WITH FRIGHT! IF ANYONE'S GOING TO GIVE THE SHADOW A HAND, IT'LL HAVE TO BE ME!







WE RETURN TO NEW YORK TONIGHT-- AND WE TAKE THE MUMMY WITH US, YET!

ALL LOADED AND READY, PROF!

GOOD, MISTER LOUIS! AND MISTER ALLARD-- THE PLANE?

FUELED AND HUNGRY FOR THE SKY, PROFESSOR ZANE!



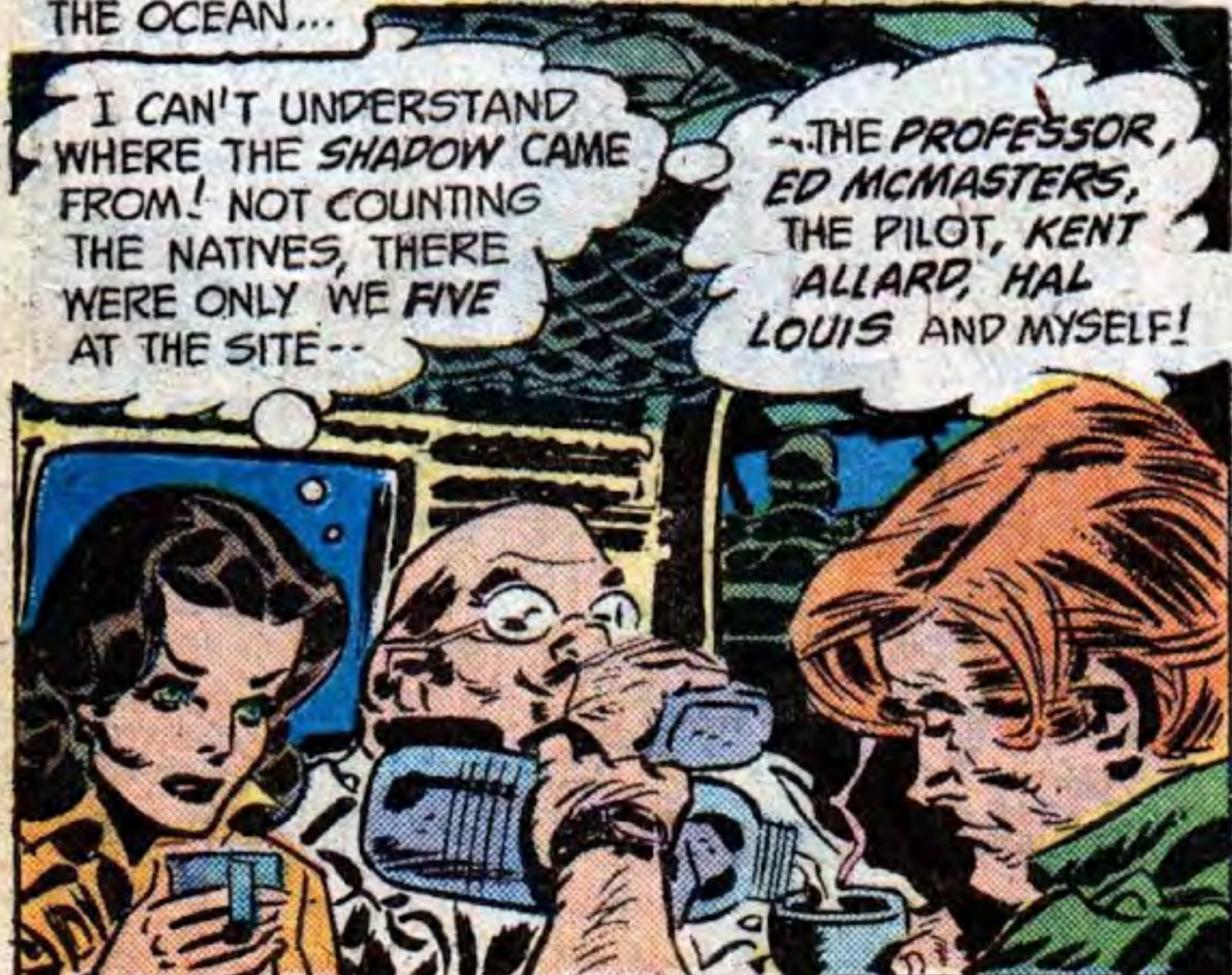
SO WHY DELAY, EH? LOUIS-- YOU RIDE IN THE LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT!

WITH OUR CHUM IN THE BANDAGES, HUH? HE GIVES ME THE WILLIES, BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS!

A ROAR OF ENGINES... AND THE FORD TRIMOTOR BUMPS ALONG THE CRUDE RUNWAY AND LIFTS--



FOUR HOURS LATER, TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE OCEAN...



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHERE THE SHADOW CAME FROM! NOT COUNTING THE NATIVES, THERE WERE ONLY WE FIVE AT THE SITE--

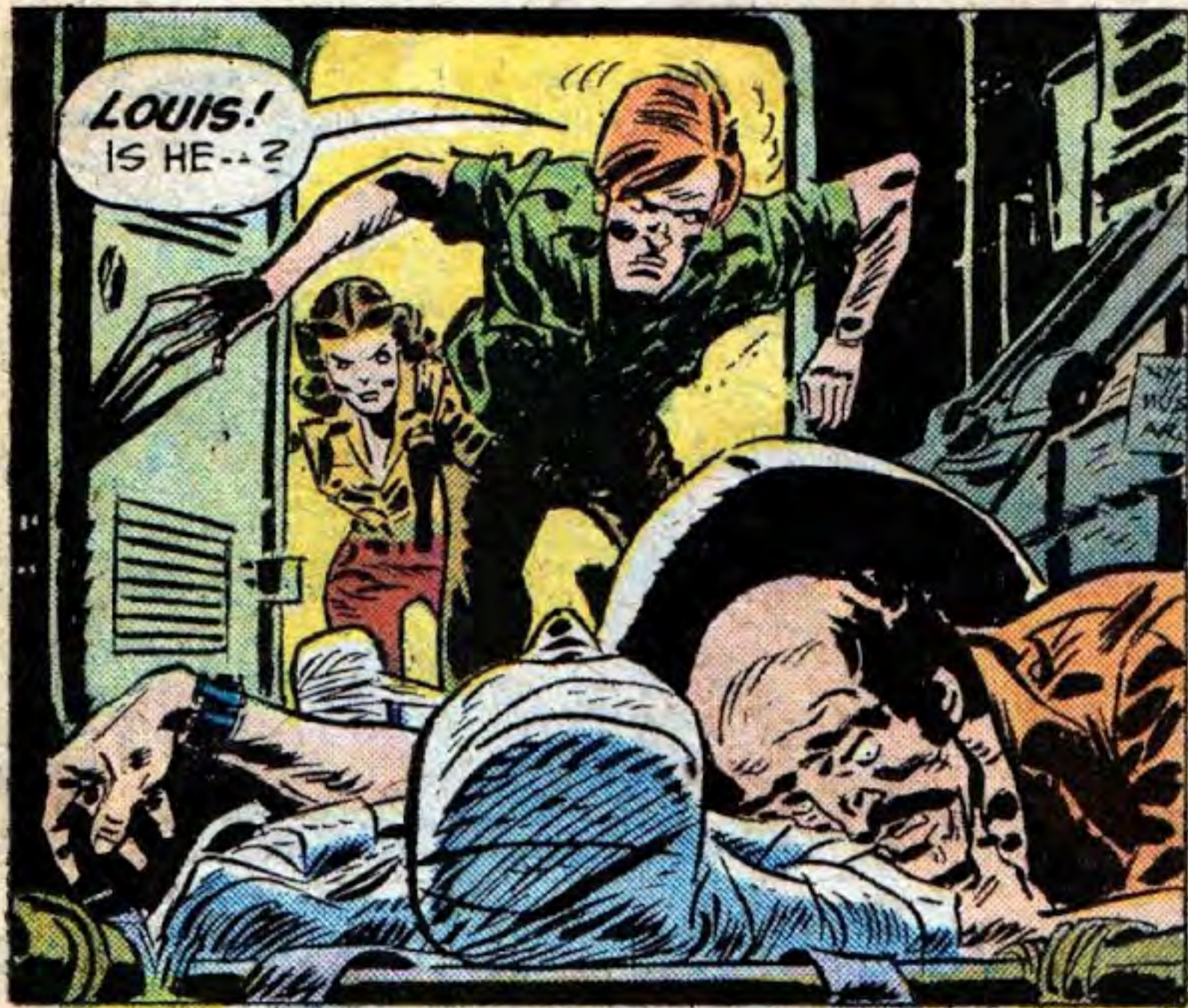
--THE PROFESSOR, ED MCMASTERS, THE PILOT, KENT ALLARD, HAL LOUIS AND MYSELF!



I THINK I'VE GOT IT! LOUIS MUST BE THE SHADOW!

THAT SCREAM! IT'S LOUIS!

AAAGH!



LOUIS!
IS HE--?



YES...
HE'S
DEAD!

THAT
THING...



...MURDERED
MY FRIEND!

BAM
BAM

STEADY,
ED--



--YOU
CAN'T
KILL A
CORPSE!

YEAH,
YEAH...

WE'LL LOCK THE DOOR--
AND PRAY WE ARRIVE
IN NEW YORK ALIVE
YET!

NIGHT SHROUDS THE CITY AS THE AIR-
CRAFT LANDS AT LA GUARDIA FIELD...



...AND AS MARGO
DEPLANES, A
TINY GASP OF
ASTONISHMENT
ESCAPES FROM
HER LIPS WHEN
SHE IS GREETED
BY LAMONT
CRANSTON!

HELLO,
MARGO!
HAVE A
PLEASANT
JOURNEY?

L-LAMONT!
HOW COULD
YOU--?

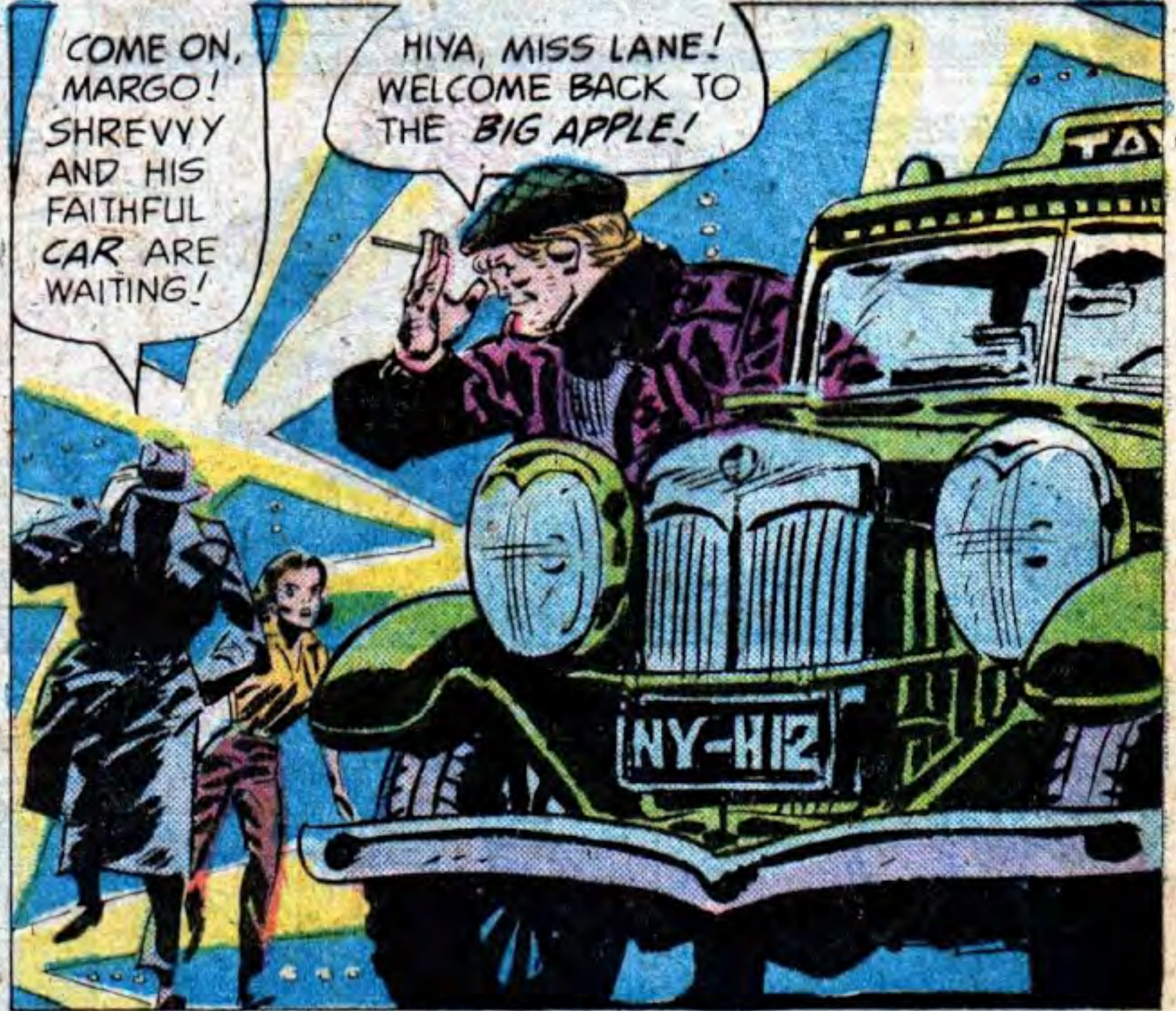


BEFORE LAMONT CAN REPLY, THE PILOT CRIES--

PROFESSOR!
HAL LOUIS'S
BODY--



--IT'S-
VANISHED!



COME ON,
MARGO!
SHREVVY
AND HIS
FAITHFUL
CAR ARE
WAITING!

HIYA, MISS LANE!
WELCOME BACK TO
THE BIG APPLE!



LAMONT, I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
YOU CAN'T HAVE BEATEN US TO NEW YORK!
AND... I'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED YOU WERE... HIM!

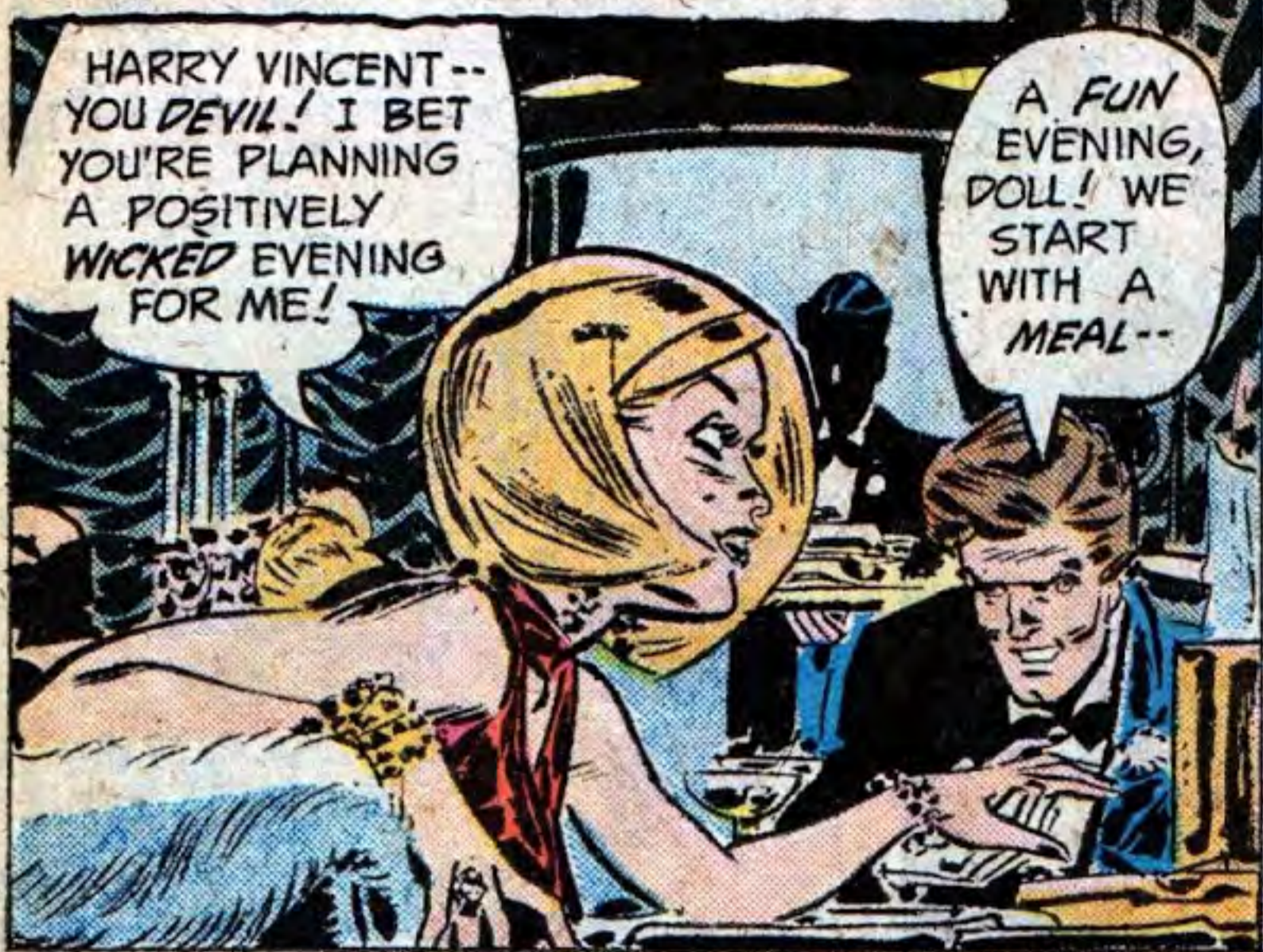
THE SHADOW?
NO, MISS LANE!
LIKE YOURSELF,
I AM JUST ONE OF HIS AGENTS!



OCCASIONALLY, HE BORROWS MY IDENTITY--AS HE BORROWS MANY OTHERS!

NO MAN ALIVE KNOWS WHO HE REALLY IS! I SUPPOSE NOBODY EVER WILL!

ELSEWHERE, ANOTHER OF THE SHADOW'S AGENTS IS EXERTING HIS CONSIDERABLE CHARM...



HARRY VINCENT-- YOU DEVIL! I BET YOU'RE PLANNING A POSITIVELY WICKED EVENING FOR ME!

A FUN EVENING, DOLL! WE START WITH A MEAL--



--AND THEN WE GO TO A JOINT IN JERSEY TO CATCH SOME DIXIELAND AND...

HUH-OH! THE RING... HIM!



RAIN CHECK TIME, SWEETS! GOTTA RUN!

HAR-REEE!



THEN, HARRY JOINS THE "WAITER" IN THE RESTAURANT'S KITCHEN...

WHAT'S COOKING, CHIEF?

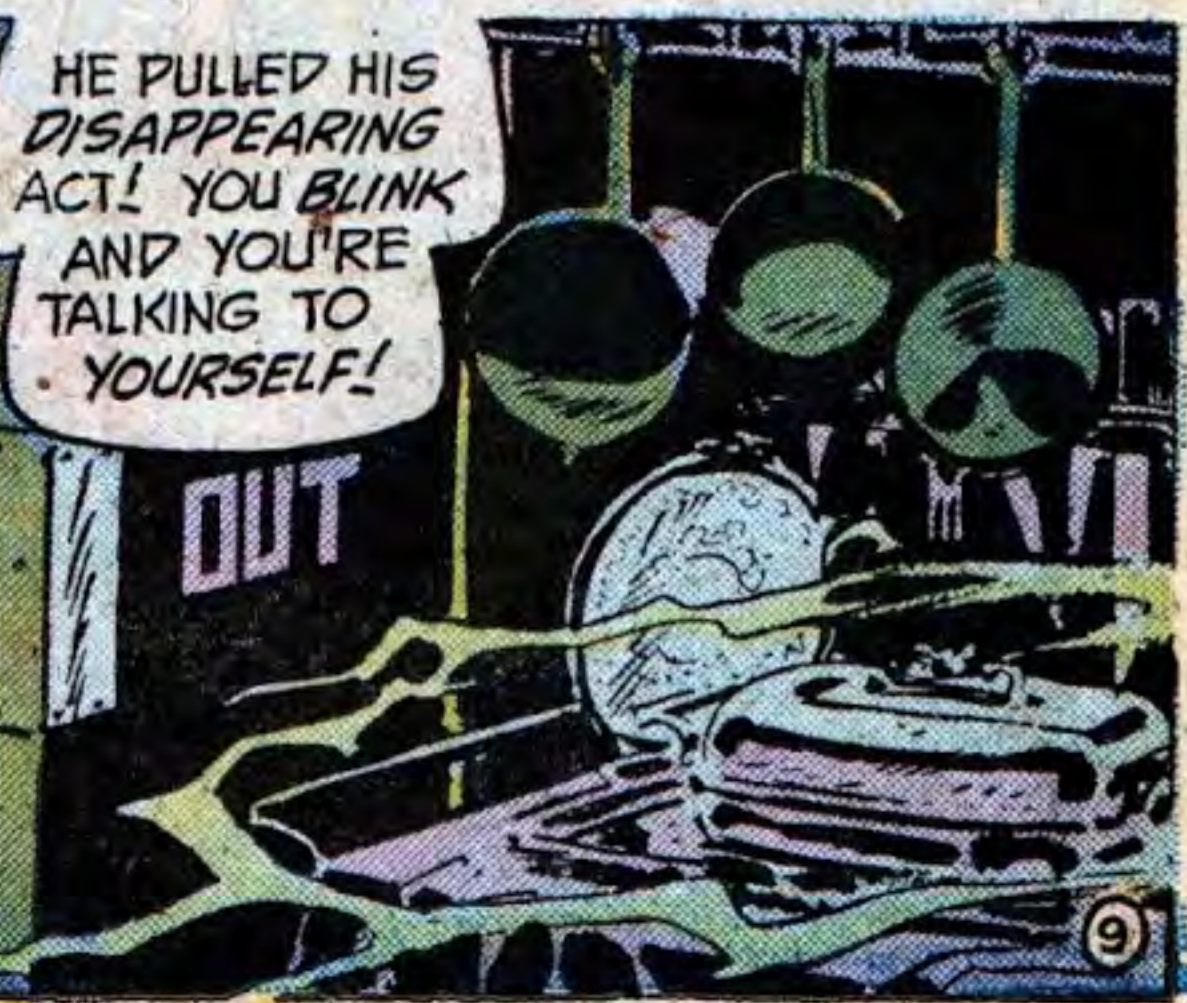
A MISSION, HARRY! YOU WILL PROCEED TO THE ARCHEOLOGICAL MUSEUM AND KEEP WATCH!

REPORT ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY TO ME AT HEAD-QUARTERS!



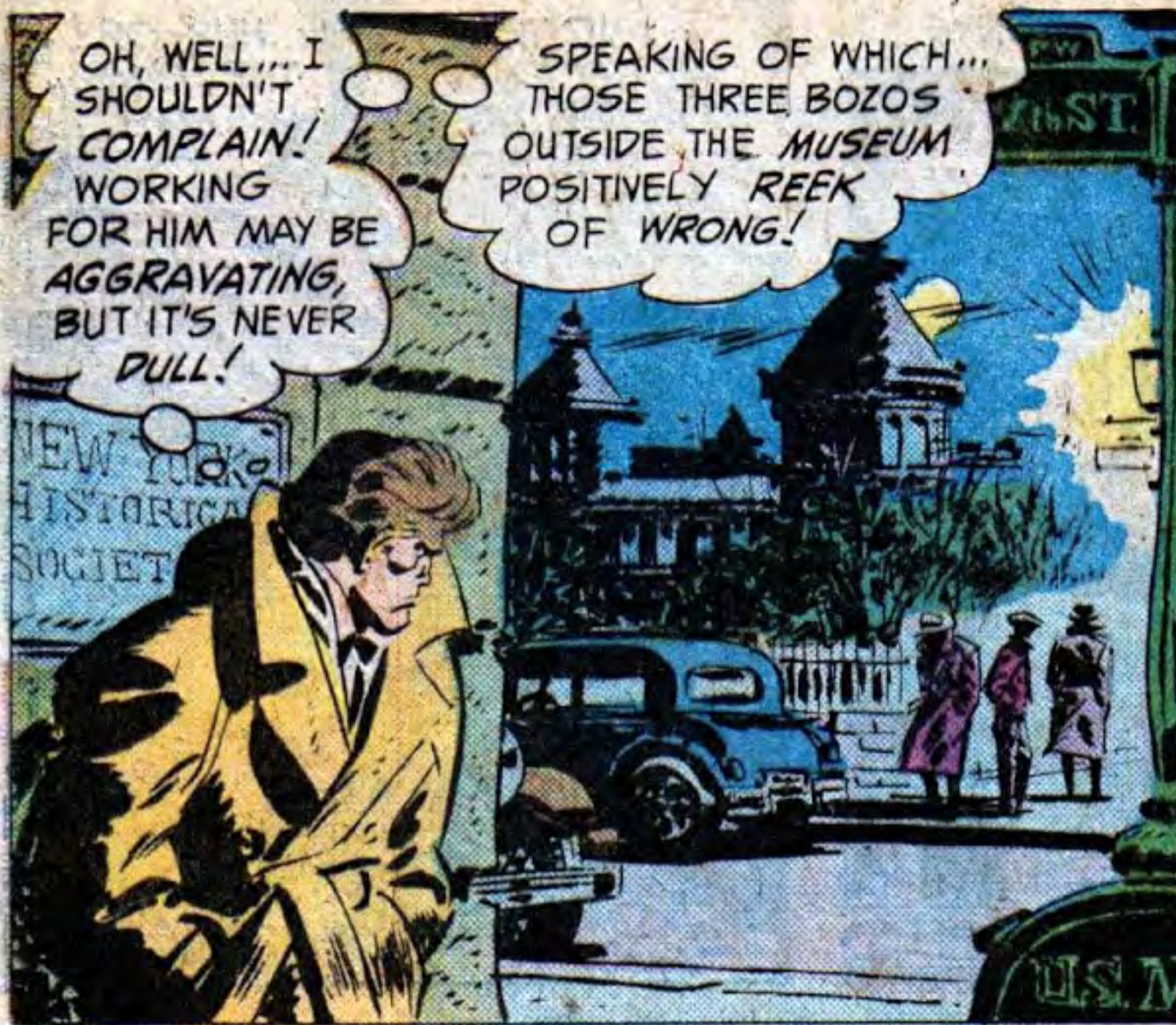
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME...

BLAST!



HE PULLED HIS DISAPPEARING ACT! YOU BLINK AND YOU'RE TALKING TO YOURSELF!

OUT



OH, WELL... I SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN! WORKING FOR HIM MAY BE AGGRAVATING, BUT IT'S NEVER DULL!

SPEAKING OF WHICH... THOSE THREE BOZOS OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM POSITIVELY REEK OF WRONG!



HE'S THROWING SOMETHING INTO THAT PARKED CAR... LOOKS LIKE--



-- A GRENADE!

KA WHOOOMPH!



THEY'RE HOT-FOOTING IT AWAY... ONE'S HEADING FOR THE SUBWAY, AND HIS CHUMS ARE MOVING FOR THE PARK!

-- CAN'T NAB 'EM ALL, BUT I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO NAIL AT LEAST A PAIR--



-- BEGINNING NOW!

HOLD IT, MONKEY! I WANNA JAW WITH YOU--!



YOU'RE NOT PARTIAL TO POLITE CONVERSATION, HUH?



SWELL BY ME!
ONLY I HOPE
YOU'RE ON GOOD
TERMS WITH
YOUR
DOCTOR!

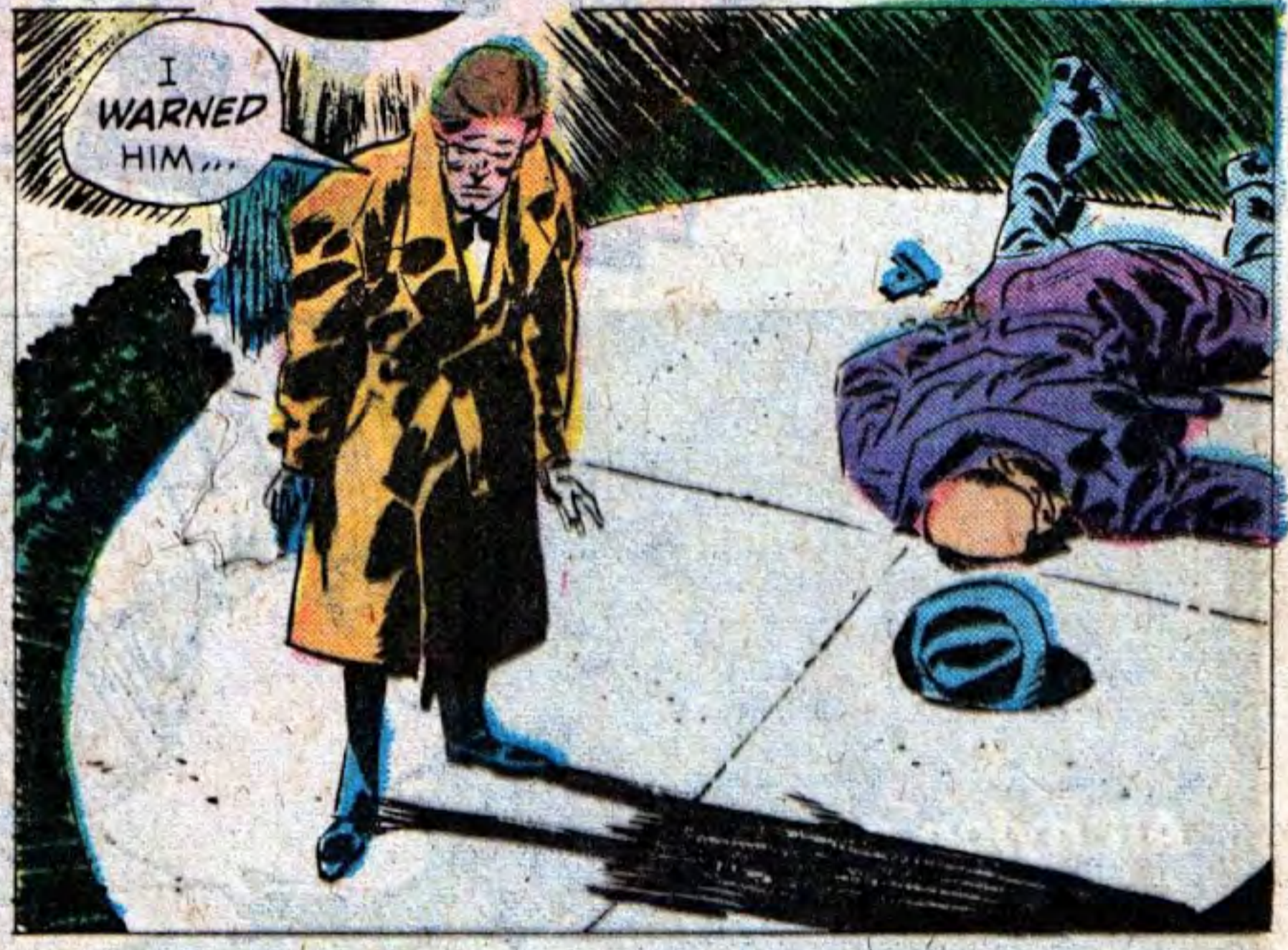
POW



AND YOU... FOR
YOUR SAKE, I
HOPE YOU'RE NOT
REACHING FOR
HARDWARE!



BLAM!



I
WARNED
HIM...

MEANWHILE, THE *THIRD* HOODLUM HAS REACHED A *SUBWAY STATION*--AND, HE THINKS, *SAFETY*...



SHEWWW...
I AIN'T RUN
SO HARD SINCE
I WAS DODGIN'
THE *TRUANT*
OFFICER AS A
PUNK KID!



WORTH IT,
THOUGH, 'CAUSE
I'M HOME *FREE*...

T-THAT
LAUGH..!



W-WHO ARE YOU...?

MEN CALL ME THE SHADOW AND I WISH ANSWERS OF YOU! GAZE INTO THE FIERY DEPTHS OF MY RING AND SPEAK--!



SAY WHY YOU CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION AT THE MUSEUM!

G-GUY GIVE US A COUPLE GRAND, AND GRENADE...

SAYS MAKE A RUCKUS--

AT THE NEXT STOP...



COPPER... ARREST ME! PLEASE!

... AND AT A PLACE KNOWN ONLY TO A SELECT FEW--



BURBANK... THAT LOOKS LIKE THE CRATE ON THE PLANE... THE ONE IN THE CARGO COMPARTMENT WITH THE MUMMY!

IT IS, MARGO!



LOUIS! BODY!

YES, MARGO! I PLACED IT IN THE CRATE AND TOLD YOU AND THE OTHERS THAT IT HAD VANISHED!

THEN... YOU WERE THE PILOT--

KENT ALLARD!



YOU'VE COMPLETED YOUR TASK, BURBANK?

I'VE ANALYZED LOUIS' BLOOD... AND HE DEFINITELY WAS NOT STRANGLED! POISON KILLED HIM... A FORM OF CURARE CERTAIN TRIBES USE!



AS I DEDUCED... SOMEONE PUT THE LETHAL MIXTURE IN HIS COFFEE, HOPING WE'D CONCLUDE THE MUMMY MURDERED HIM!

CLEVER... BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH! FOR IT GIVES ME THE CLUE I REQUIRE TO CATCH A KILLER!

AN HOUR LATER, AT THE MUSEUM...



PROFESSOR ZANE? I'M HARRY VINCENT... A FRIEND OF MARGO LANE'S!

MISS LANE! A CHARMING GIRL, YET!

SHE ASKED ME TO PLAY MOTHER HEN TO YOU!



ISN'T IT A BIT EARLY TO BE ARRIVING FOR WORK, PROF?

I WAS TOO EXCITED BY OUR DISCOVERY TO SLEEP! BESIDES I HAVE MATTERS TO SETTLE WITH MY ASSISTANT!

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY



EVERYTHING IS COPASETIC?

A BIT OF EXCITEMENT OUTSIDE, PROFESSOR-- BUT HERE, IT'S BEEN QUIET AS SUNDAY SCHOOL!

SUDDENLY, THE QUIET IS SHATTERED BY...



BLAM! BLAM!

SHOTS! PROF, LOCK YOURSELF IN YOUR OFFICE! I SMELL TROUBLE!

CHECK ROOM

HARRY RACES ALONG DIM CORRIDORS,
UNTIL...

GUARD!
WAS THAT
YOU
SHOOTING?

YEAH... I
EMPTIED
MY GUN
INTO HIM...
POINT
BLANK...
AND
NOTHING!
HE'S IN
THERE!

THE... MUMMY!
SPOOKY AS HECK...
BUT MY MAMA
DIDN'T RAISE
ANY COWARDS!

HEY, YOU
REFUGEE
FROM A
BANDAGE
FACTORY...
REACH
FOR THE
CEILING!

NO DICE, HUH?
SWELL BY ME...
I CAN USE THE
TARGET
PRACTICE!

BLAM!
BLAM!

I CAN
SEE
THE
SLUGS
HITTING
HIM ...

... AND
HE'S NOT
EVEN
SLOWING!

BLAM
BLAM

KWA-NMPI!

UNGH

KRANGG

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

A MINUTE LATER, IN PROFESSOR ZANE'S OFFICE...



AND, INSIDE...



I BLEW IT, CHIEF! THE MUMMY WHACKED ME LIKE THE BABE SWATTING A LONG BALL!

A GUARD SAW HIM-- OR IT-- COME OUT OF ZANE'S OFFICE...



... AND DUCK IN HERE! ONLY THERE'S NOBODY AROUND--



--EXCEPT HIM!

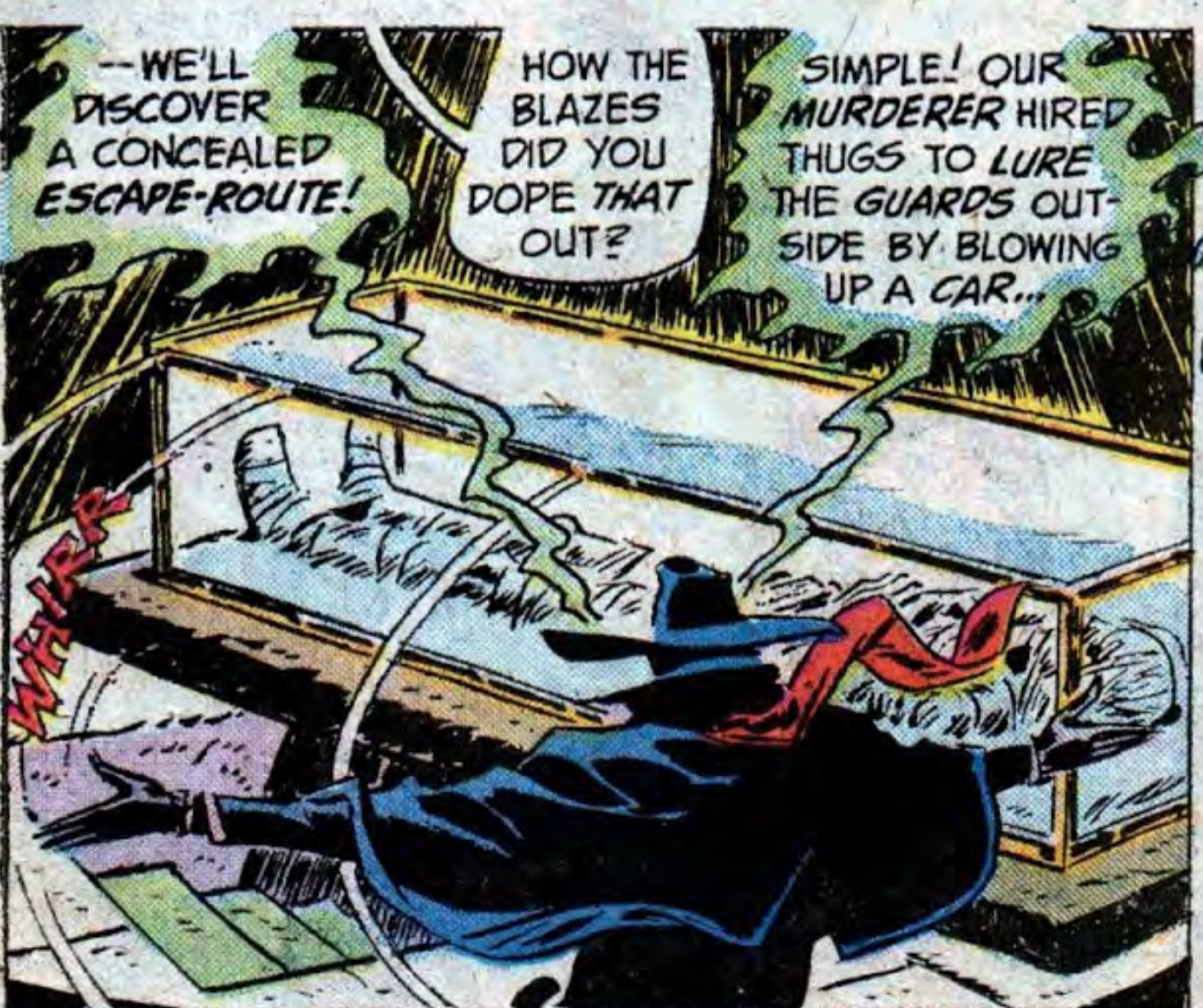
NO SIGN OF LIFE--!

OF COURSE NOT, MARGO! AS I TOLD YOU... HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR CENTURIES!



BUT I THINK WE'LL FIND THAT IF WE PRESS A HIDDEN STUD--

KLIK!



--WE'LL DISCOVER A CONCEALED ESCAPE-ROUTE!

HOW THE BLAZES DID YOU DOPE THAT OUT?

SIMPLE! OUR MURDERER HIRED THUGS TO LURE THE GUARDS OUTSIDE BY BLOWING UP A CAR...



...SO HE COULD FINISH A JOB HE BEGAN EARLIER! RIGGING UP THIS MUMMY-EXHIBIT ON A ROTATING-DISPLAY PLATFORM... USED BY THE MUSEUM FOR OTHER EXHIBITS... OVER A LONG-FORGOTTEN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE!



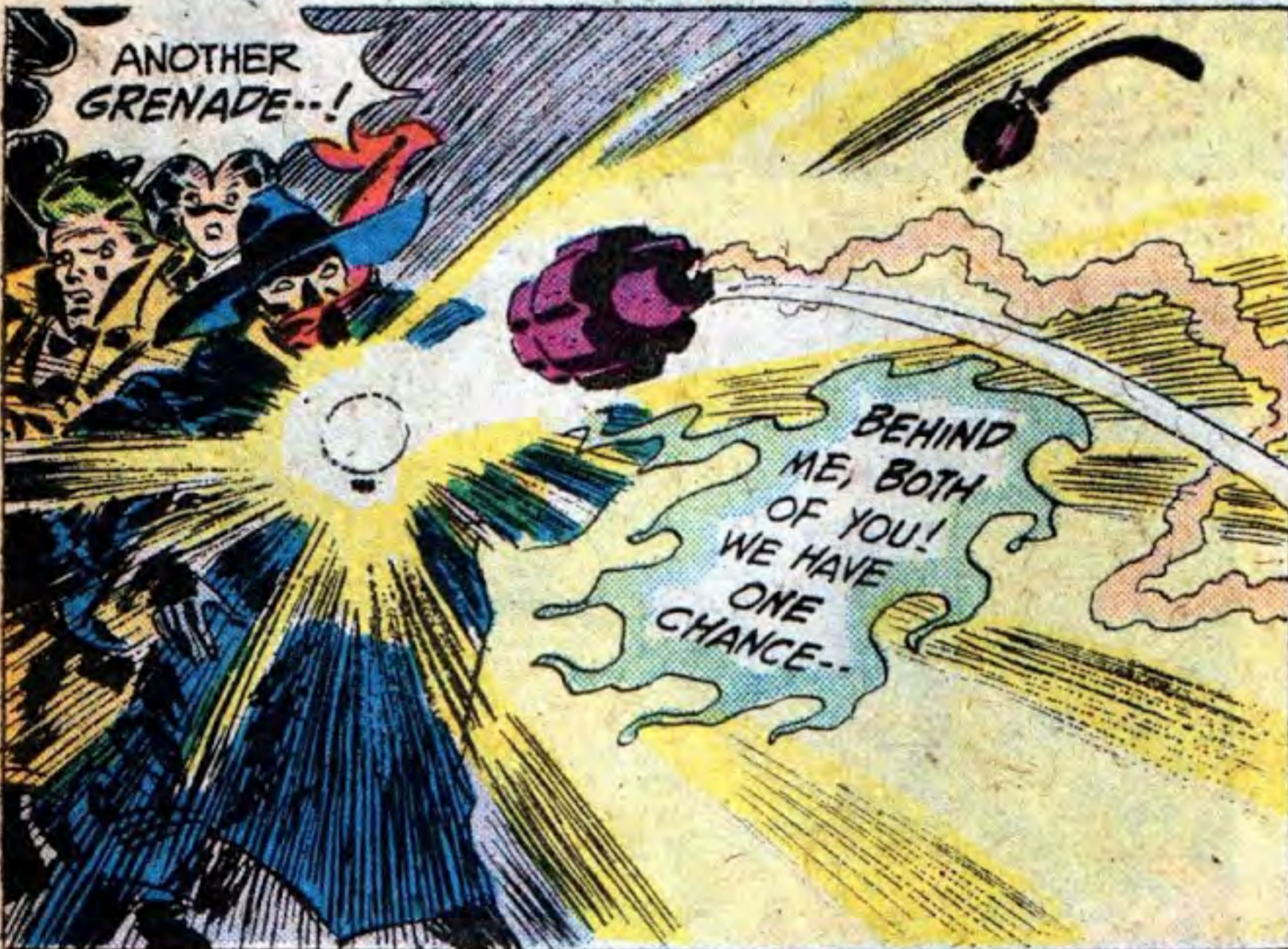
HE PLANNED TO SLAY PROFESSOR ZANE IN THE MORNING! BUT WHEN THE PROFESSOR ARRIVED TONIGHT, HE SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY!

THERE WERE PLENTY OF WITNESSES... EXACTLY AS HE DESIRED!



YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD US THE HOW AND THE WHY--

QUIET, HARRY! I HEAR SOMETHING IN THE PASSAGE AHEAD!



ANOTHER GRENADE--!

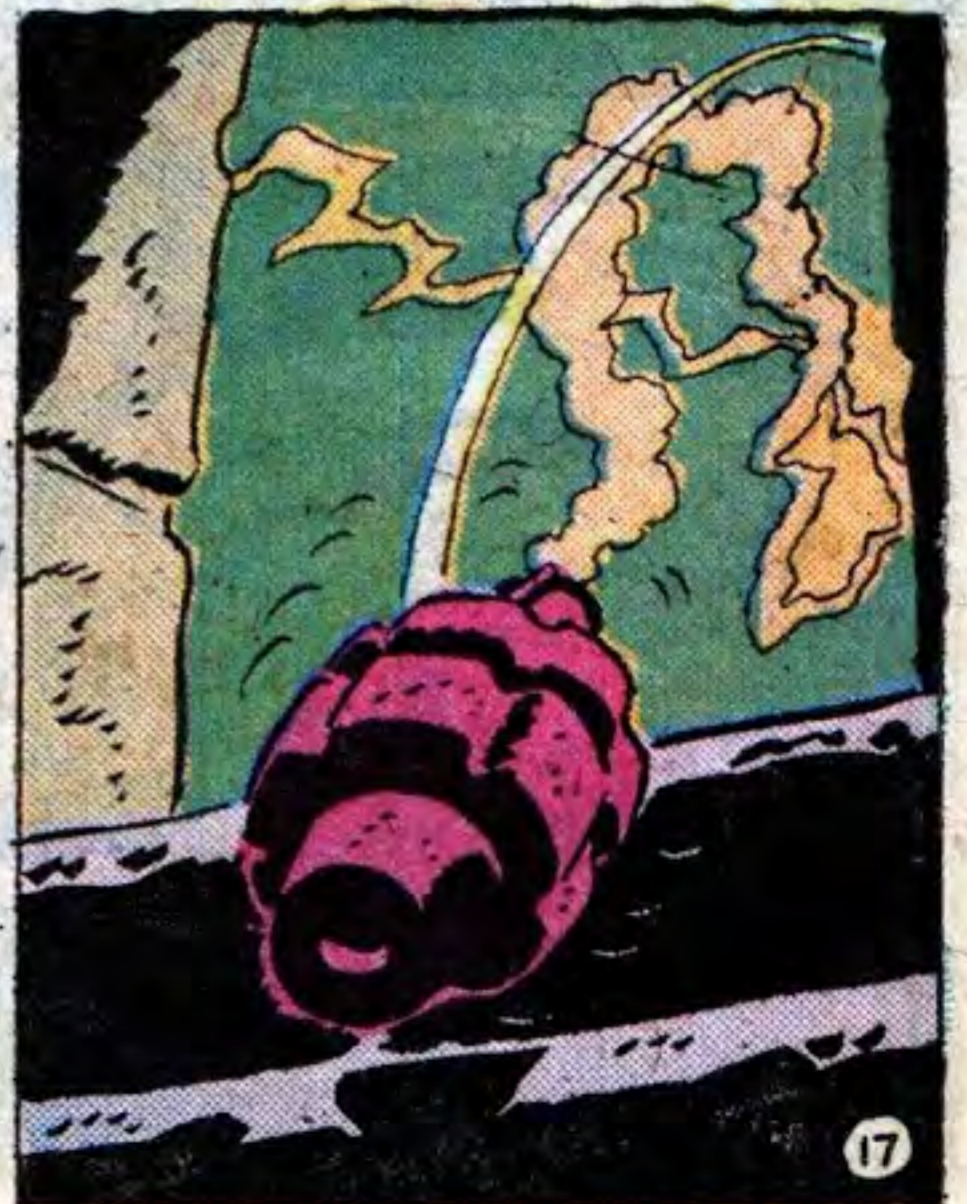
BEHIND ME, BOTH OF YOU! WE HAVE ONE CHANCE--

INSTANTLY... AN AUTOMATIC APPEARS IN THE SHADOW'S FIST--



-- HIS UNERRING BULLETS CAROM THE DEADLY MISSILE TO ONE SIDE OF THE DARK PASSAGEWAY --

-- WHERE IT TUMBLES DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS --



AN ERUPTION OF EXPLOSIVE AND STEEL SHAKES THE MUSEUM'S VERY FOUNDATIONS --



WHEW... CLOSE!
HOW'D YOU KNOW
THOSE STAIRS
WERE THERE?

IT IS MY
BUSINESS
TO KNOW!

I GUESS THIS
ENDS THE TRAIL!
OUR QUARRY HAS
ESCAPED!



NONSENSE,
MARGO! HIS
IDENTITY IS
OBYIOUS!
HE IS NEAR...
AS IS HIS
DOOM!

YOU MAY
LEAVE!
YOUR WORK
IS FINISHED!
AND MINE
WILL SOON
BE!

THEN, IN A STOREROOM ON THE MUSEUM'S TOP FLOOR...



I'M GLAD TO
GET LOOSE FROM
THESE BANDAGES!
I'LL NEVER HAVE
TO WEAR 'EM
AGAIN!



THE...
SHADOW?

YES--
COME TO EXACT
JUSTICE!



YOU DON'T
SCARE ME! YOU
HAVE NO PROOF...!

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.



PROOF THAT YOU HIRED A *NATIVE* AT THE TEMPLE TO *FAKE AN ATTACK...* IN THE GUISE OF THE *MUMMY?*

WHERE ARE YOU?



PROOF THAT YOU POISONED *LOUIS* AND ATTACKED *HARRY VINCENT* TO DISTRACT THE AUTHORITIES... SO *ZANE'S* SLAYING WOULD SEEM MERELY ONE OF MANY?

YOU CAN'T HURT *ME!*



BECAUSE YOU WEAR *BODY ARMOR* BENEATH YOUR WRAPPINGS? WILL *ARMOR* PROTECT YOU FROM THE *SHADOW?*

LOOK... YOU CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON ME! I HAD NO *MOTIVE!*



MOTIVE? YOU WANTED CREDIT FOR THE DISCOVERY OF THE *MUMMY* FOR YOURSELF--



-- DIDN'T YOU...

Mc MASTERS?

ZANE WAS OLD, FAMOUS... THE *MUMMY* WOULDN'T HAVE DONE HIS CAREER ANY GOOD...



ARE YOU PREPARED TO SURRENDER TO THE *LAW?*

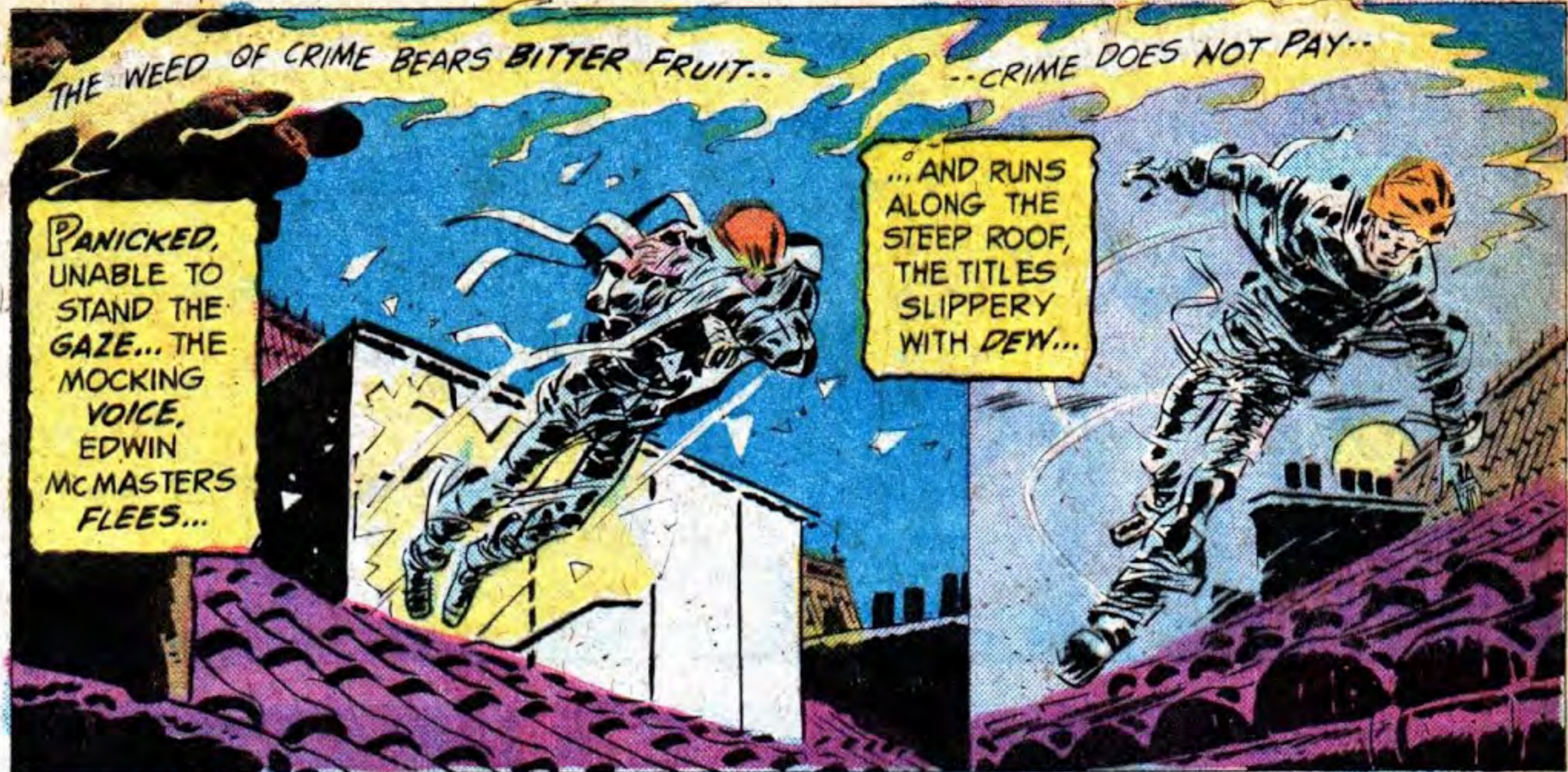
NO!

THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT..

--CRIME DOES NOT PAY--

PANICKED,
UNABLE TO
STAND THE
GAZE... THE
MOCKING
VOICE,
EDWIN
MCMASTERS
FLEES...

...AND RUNS
ALONG THE
STEEP ROOF,
THE TILES
SLIPPERY
WITH DEW...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY, AS EDWIN MCMASTERS HAS LEARNED THIS COOL MORNING... AS THE SHADOW KNOWS...

