

THE **THING** FROM THE **SEA!**

ON BOARD THE FREIGHT STEAMER *HAVANA*, UNDER THE SHADOW OF A LIFEBOAT, THREE SAILORS TOSS DICE ...



MISSED AGAIN!

HAW! HAW! THAT'S THE FIFTH STRAIGHT PASS I'VE WON! GIMME THEM DICE. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE 'EM HOLLER UNCLE!



SEVEN! WHAT'D I TELL YA? I CAN'T LOSE TODAY! THAT MAKES OVER HALF YOUR PAY FOR THIS CRUISE THAT I'VE WON! AM I GOING TO HAVE A TIME FOR MYSELF WHEN THIS BOAT DOCKS IN LI'L OLE NEW YORK? I'LL SAY I AM!

SMITHERS, YOU'LL GET NONE OF MY MONEY! YOU CHEATED!

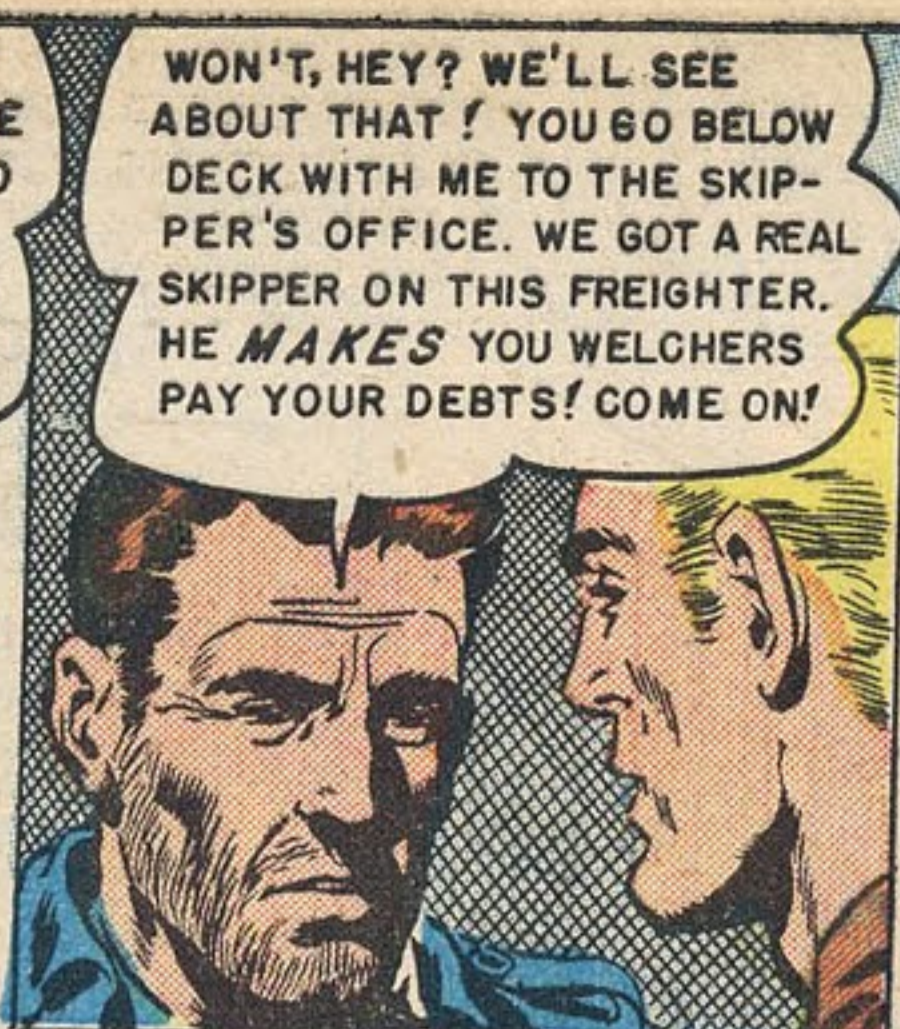
IT CAME UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE *OCEAN*, A ROTTING *SOMETHING* FROM WHICH THE FLESH SLOUGHED OFF AS IT WALKED. THE HOLLOW; WHERE ITS EYES HAD GLARED OUT AT THE WORLD...AS IF ETERNALLY SEEKING SOMEONE. AS IT WALKED, PAST THE ANCIENT WRECKS, AND THE FISH THAT PLAYED IN THEM, ITS HANDS REACHED OUT, *CLAWING*, AS THOUGH TO REACH THE MAN IT WANTED.

AND IN THE REALM OF THE LIVING, ABLE SEAMAN JOHNNY SMITHERS LAUGHED AND LOVED, *NEVER* DREAMING THAT DESTINY WAS COMING HIS WAY ON *DEAD FEET*. NO NEED FOR HIM TO WORRY...OR *WAS THERE?*



CHEATED?
I GOT A GOOD
MIND TO---

YOU DID CHEAT!
YOU PALMED THOSE
DICE! HELD 'EM SO
THEY WOULDN'T
BOUNCE BUT WOULD
SLIDE ACROSS THE
DECK! I WON'T
PAY—



WON'T, HEY? WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT! YOU GO BELOW
DECK WITH ME TO THE SKIP-
PER'S OFFICE. WE GOT A REAL
SKIPPER ON THIS FREIGHTER.
HE MAKES YOU WELCHERS
PAY YOUR DEBTS! COME ON!

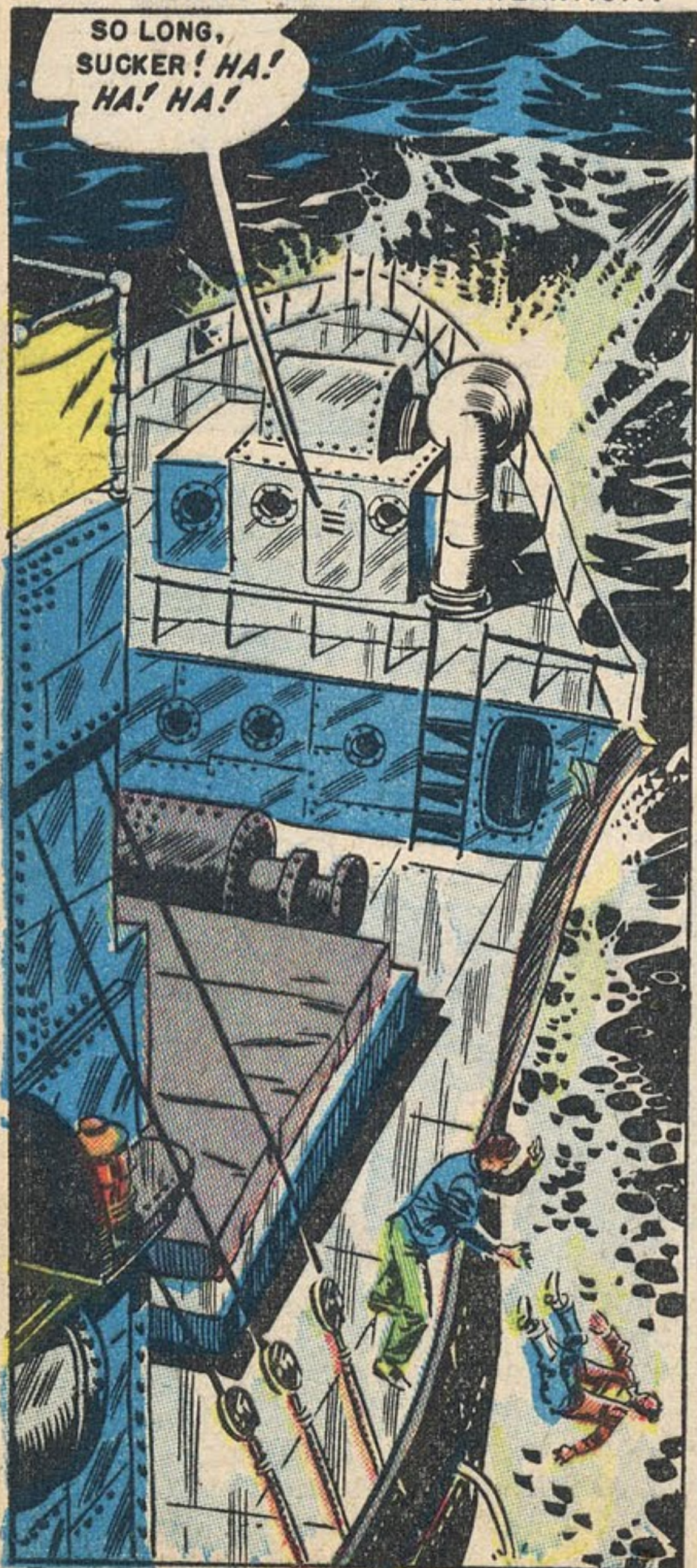


THAT NIGHT AS THE MOON
BATHED THE DECKS IN
BRILLIANCE...

NOW THAT A CUT OF YOUR PAY
IS SAFE IN MY NAME, I WON'T
BE NEEDING YOU ANYMORE,
MURRAY! I HEARD YOU
TELLIN' NED YOU WAS FIXIN'
TO SHOW ME UP AS A
CROOKED PLAYER AT UNION
HEADQUARTERS!

A BLUNT THUD IN THE NIGHT! A HEAVE OF
POWERFUL SHOULDERS AND SEAMAN EDDIE
MURRAY GOES HURLING OVER THE SHIP'S
SIDE—HIS GRAVE THE BROAD ATLANTIC...

DOWN THROUGH THE COLD DEPTHS OF THE GREEN-GREY
WATER SLIDES THE LIMP BODY OF SEAMAN MURRAY...



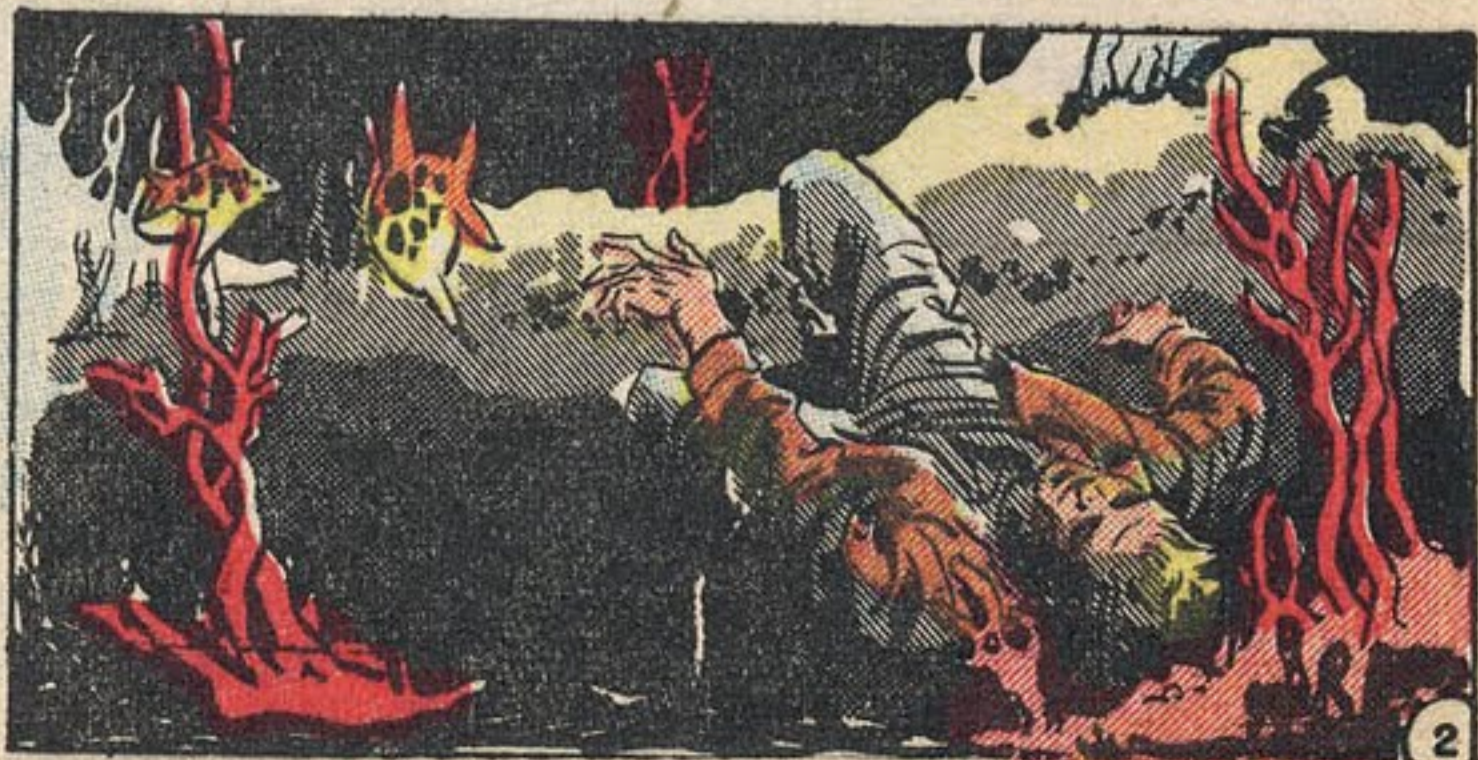
SO LONG,
SUCKER! HA!
HA! HA!



FOR A LITTLE WHILE A STREAM OF BUBBLES RISES FROM
HIS MOUTH. AND AFTER A TIME, THEY STOP...



SLOWLY THE DEAD MAN SETTLES INTO THE OOZE AND
MUD OF THE OCEAN'S FLOOR. HIS EYES OPEN TO STARE
SIGHTLESSLY. HE STIRS—AND LIFTS AN ARM..



EDDIE MURRAY! YOU ARE DEAD. YOU WERE KILLED BY JOHNNY SMITHERS! REMEMBER? NO...YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER. YOU DIDN'T SEE IT HAPPEN...



WHERE AM I? IS THIS WATER ALL AROUND ME? I'M NOT BREATHING... BUT I FEEL STRONG. AND THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO DO!

FISH NIBBLING AT MY FLESH... BUT I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING. JUST WANT TO WALK... UNTIL I FIND...WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...



WHILE THE WALKING HORROR STALKS THE OCEAN BOTTOM, THE HAVANA DOCKS IN NEW YORK...



HE'S ON BOARD. I GOT HIS TELEGRAM WHEN THEY LEFT RIO. OH, EDDIE, IT'S BEEN SO LONG!

DO YOU KNOW A SEAMAN MURRAY? I'M HIS GIRL FRIEND. WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED...

SURE, I KNOW HIM. HE GOT DRUNK ONE NIGHT AND FELL OVERBOARD! HMMM... DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD SUCH GOOD TASTE!



O-OVERBOARD...? SOB POOR EDDIE... OH, MY POOR DARLING!

NO SENSE CRYIN' OVER WHAT'S HAPPENED! COME ALONG WITH ME AND I'LL—TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!



EDDIE WAS A SWELL GUY. ONLY ONE TROUBLE— HE COULDN'T SHOOT DICE. MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS BECAUSE HE LOST SO MUCH MONEY THAT HE— FELL OVERBOARD!

HE WAS TRYING TO WIN MONEY SO WE COULD GET MARRIED!



MOVING SLOWLY PAST THE WRECK OF A LONG SUNKEN SHIP, FEET SLOGGING IN THE MUD, A THING THAT ONCE WAS HUMAN STALKS FORWARD..

HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE...THE MAN WHO SENT ME DOWN HERE! I WONDER HOW HE'D LIKE TO WALK FOREVER ALONG THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN...WITH ME?



JOHNNY SMITHERS AND HELEN JONES SOON FORGET EDDIE MURRAY. IT IS TOO MUCH FUN BEING ALIVE...



LET YOURSELF GO, BABY!

I'M HAVING SO MUCH FUN!



I-I'D KIND OF FORGOTTEN THERE WERE SUCH THINGS AS LAUGHTER... POOR EDDIE! I WONDER WHERE HE IS TONIGHT?

FORGET HIM, WILL YA! YOU GIVE ME THE CREEPS...!



I'LL MAKE YOU FORGET HIM...

OH HH...

SOME HOURS LATER, AS JOHNNY TOSSES IN BED, HE HEARS A VOICE CALLING... JOOOHNNY... JOHNNY SMITHERS... CAN YOU HEAR MEEEE? I AM CALLING TO YOU...



HELLOOOO, JOHNNY! REMEMBER MEEEE? EDDIE MURRAY! THE MAN YOU KILLED AND THREW OVER-BOARD!



I'M COMING FOR YOU, JOOOHNNY! I'M LONELY DOWN ON THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!

NO! GO AWAY... YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE ROTTING AWAY! YOU AREN'T ALIVE...



AAAAAGHHH! GET AWAY... AGHHH! NO... NO! I DON'T WANT TO GO DOWN THERE... NOT WITH YOU... AAA AGGHH!



A NIGHTMARE!
SURE, THAT'S
WHAT IT WAS! I'VE
HAD 'EM BEFORE...
BUT NEVER SO
REAL AS THIS!



WHAT A SAPI AM TO
GET DRESSED AND COME
WAY DOWN HERE TO THE
DOCKS TO SEE IF... IF
MY DREAM WOULD
COME TRUE!



GUESS I'M JUST PLAIN STUPID!
BUT THAT DREAM WAS SO REAL!
I COULD FEEL HIS *ROTTING*
HANDS! AND THOSE AWFUL,
STARING EYES...



THE WATER IS ALL GONE. I'M
STANDING HERE IN THE
AIR. I'M ON A DOCK. SOME-
WHERE OUT THERE I'LL
FIND HIM...



JOHNNY... I'M COMING! WAIT
FOR MEEEEEE... I CAN'T WALK
VERY FAST, JOHNNY, BECAUSE
IF I GO FAST, A LOT OF ME
WILL BREAK OFF AND FALL...



AHEAD OF THE ROTTING, BLOATED
HORROR... JOHNNY!
OHH, YOU *SCARED*
ME. WHY, IT'S ALMOST
MORNING. HAVEN'T
YOU BEEN
TO BED?
I COULDN'T
SLEEP! HELEN-
MARRY ME!
COME AWAY
WITH ME. TO
THE COUNTRY...
OR SOMEWHERE!
I--I DON'T WANT
TO BE ANYWHERE
NEAR THE SEA!



OF COURSE I WILL, DEAR.
WHY, YOU'RE *SHAKING*.
THERE, NOW. GIVE ME A
FEW DAYS TO BUY SOME
CLOTHES, AND WE'LL GO
ON OUR HONEYMOON!
A FEW DAYS...?
NO! NO, IT'S GOT
TO BE *NOW!*





HELEN! WAKE UP! CALL THE POLICE! HELP! PULL ME LOOSE FROM THIS HORROR! HIS FLESH IS ROTTEN! HELP!



JOHNNY SMITHERS GOES MAD! THE FEEL OF THAT COLD AND SLIMY HAND, SENDS COLD SHUDDERS DOWN HIS SPINE... HELEN! IF YOU'LL ONLY GRAB MY HAND... I CAN BREAK FREE OF HIM. HELEN! WAKE UP---HELEN!!

IN THE EARLY DAWN OF A NEW YORK MORNING... WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS...



NO USE TO STRUGGLE ANYMORE, JOHNNY. YOU'LL LIKE IT DOWN ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. WE'LL WALK ALONG IT LIKE THIS FOR A LONG TIME, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT...



NO...NO...NO! I'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR MONEY...I WON'T SEE HELEN EVER AGAIN...JUST LET ME GO...LET ME GO...

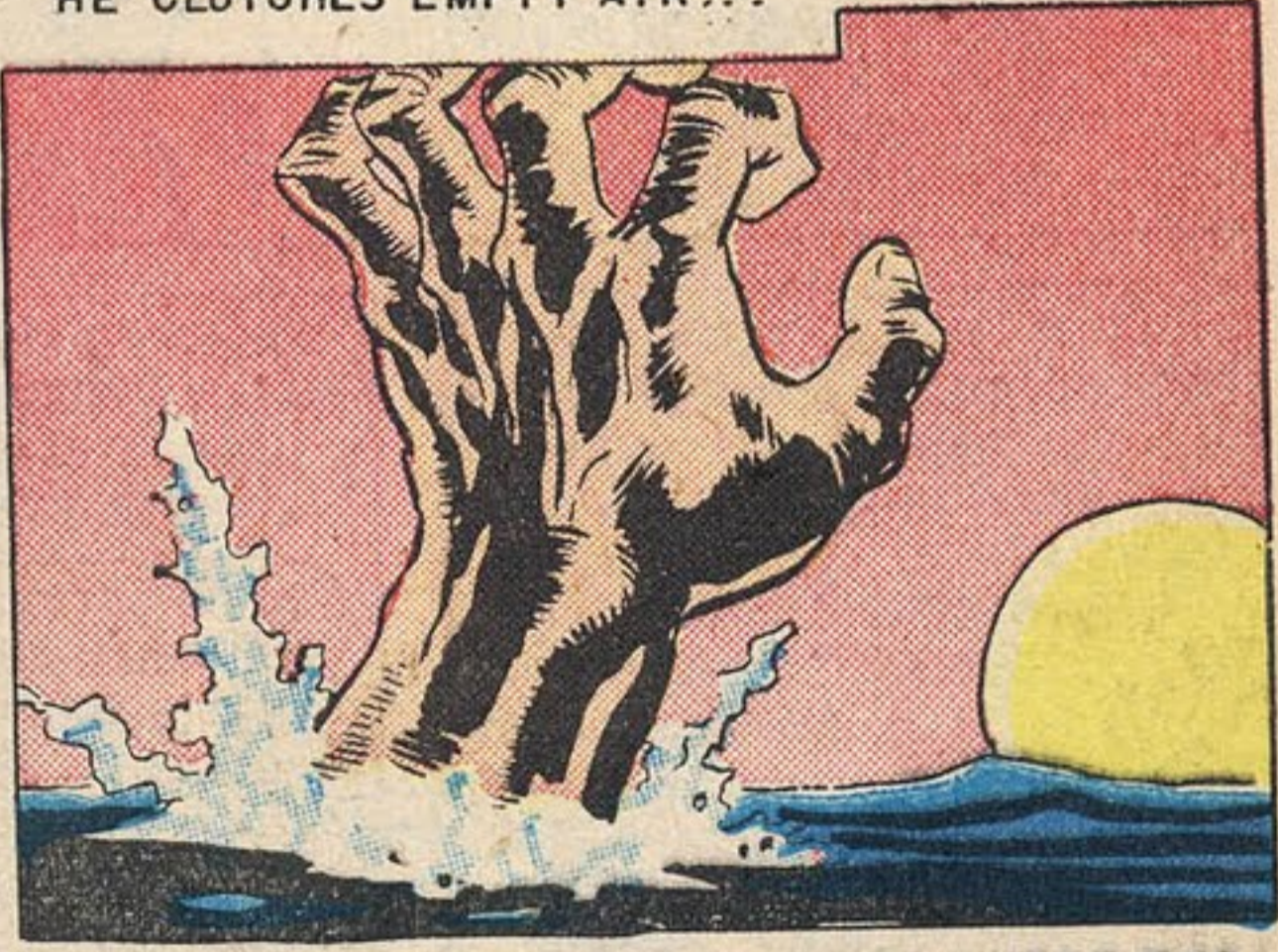
I DON'T CARE ABOUT MONEY ANYMORE! I'VE FORGOTTEN HELEN, TOO! ALL I WANT IS YOU, JOHNNY...ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!



JUST THINK, JOHNNY! YOU'RE GOING TO WALK THE OCEAN FLOOR WITH THE MAN YOU MURDERED!

NO...NO....

JOHNNY'S SCREAM GURGLES IN HIS THROAT. HE CLUTCHES EMPTY AIR...



AND THEN THERE IS JUST EMPTY WATER, ROLLING ENDLESSLY OVER THE OCEAN FLOOR WHERE TWO MEN WALK, FOREVER...

