

FANTASY

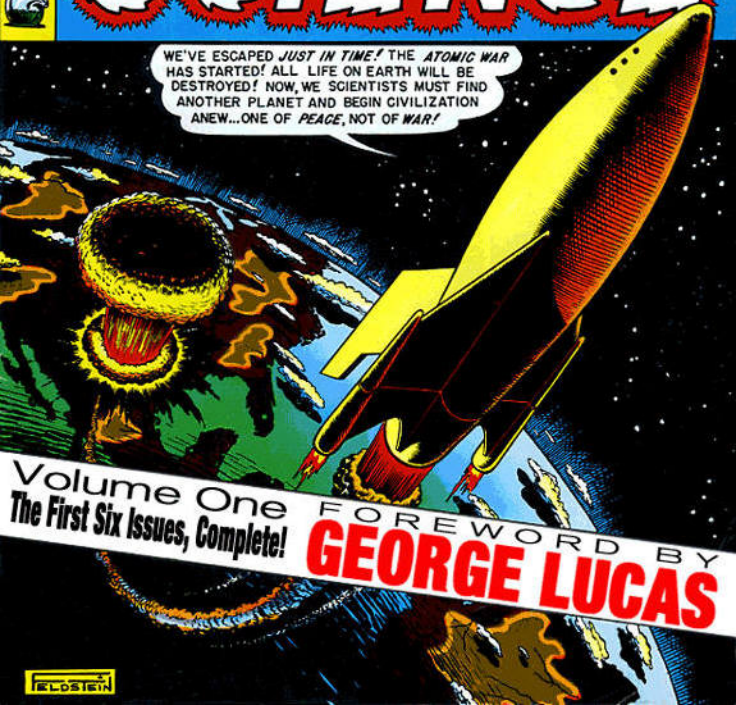


WEIRD

THE EC ARCHIVES

SCIENCE

WE'VE ESCAPED *JUST IN TIME!* THE *ATOMIC WAR* HAS STARTED! ALL LIFE ON EARTH WILL BE DESTROYED! NOW, WE SCIENTISTS MUST FIND ANOTHER PLANET AND BEGIN CIVILIZATION ANEW...ONE OF *PEACE*, NOT OF *WAR!*



Volume One
The First Six Issues, Complete!

FOREWORD BY
GEORGE LUCAS



THE IMPACT OF THE HORRIFYING WIND-UP TO
THIS STORY WILL CURDLE YOUR BLOOD!

COLD CUTS!

YOUR NAME IS **VICTOR BENSON!** FOR OVER A MONTH YOU'VE PLANNED TO **MURDER HELEN...YOUR WIFE!** FOR OVER A MONTH, YOU'VE **THOUGHT ABOUT IT...** WORKED IT OUT OVER AND OVER IN YOUR MIND! AND NOW, YOU'VE **DONE IT!** HELEN'S CRUMPLED BODY LIES ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR IN AN EVER-WIDENING POOL OF BLOOD! YOU STARE DOWN AT IT...

SUDDENLY, YOUR BLOOD FREEZES IN YOUR VEINS! THE TELEPHONE BEGINS TO RING! ITS IRRITATING JANGLE ECHOES THROUGH THE APARTMENT...



YOU PICK UP THE PHONE! THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END IS EAGER...

HELLO, HELEN! THEY'RE HERE! THOSE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO SUBLET YOUR APARTMENT WHILE YOU'RE GONE... THIS ISN'T HELEN, CHARLIE! IT'S VIC! HELEN...ER...HELEN'S GONE UPSTATE ALREADY...



THE LIGHTED MATCH, TOSSED ON THE GASOLINE-SOAKED SHINGLES, ERUPTS INTO AN ORANGE GLOW! YOU WATCH AS THE HUNGRY FLAMES LEAP UP THE SIDES OF THE QUAINT WHITE HOUSE...

NO LIGHTS ON!
THEY MUST BE
SLEEPING!

THEY'LL WAKE UP...
IN MORE WAYS
THAN ONE!



THEY'RE UP THERE... ON THE SECOND FLOOR... SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY! THE FIERY LIGHT OF THE CONSUMING FLAMES SILHOUETTES THEM...

THEY'RE TRAPPED
UP THERE!

THEY'RE GOING
TO JUMP!

WAIT!



AND THEN THE CONFUSION AS THE FIRE ENGINES ARRIVE! THE WAILING OF THE AMBULANCE SIREN...

ONE SIDE!
STAND BACK!



THE PANIC, AS THE NEIGHBORHOOD POURS OUT OF ITS HOUSES...

IT'S GOING TO
SPREAD!

ALL OF OUR
HOMES WILL
GO UP!



SOON THE HOUSE IS A ROARING INFERNO! YOU'RE UNEASY, JOHN! WHY DON'T THEY COME OUT? THE WHOLE BOTTOM FLOOR IS A MASS OF FLAME! SUDDENLY...

EEEEEEEEE
FIRE!
FIRE!

HELP!

LOOK! AT THE
WINDOW...



THE WOMAN LEAPS FIRST... HER BODY LIMP, LIKE A RAG DOLL! SHE HITS THE GROUND WITH A DULL THUD! THE MAN FOLLOWS, HOWLING LIKE A HURT DOG...

GOOD... LORD!



AND THE RELIEF WHEN THE FLAMES OF HATE ARE BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL... TEMPORARY RELIEF, FOR THE AMBULANCE DOCTOR ANNOUNCES...

THIS WOMAN IS DEAD!
BROKEN NECK! THE
MAN... THE MAN'S
DEAD TOO!



BRACE YOURSELF FOR THE SHOCKING FINAL
TWIST TO THIS GRIPPING TALE OF TENSION...

KICKBACK!

A CRIME
SUSPENSE STORY

IT ALL BEGAN ABOUT A YEAR AFTER I MARRIED OSCAR HIGGINS! OSCAR WAS TWICE MY AGE... BUT HIS BANK BOOK SHOWED SIX FIGURES SO I MADE A PLAY FOR HIM! FINALLY I GOT HIM TO PROPOSE TO ME, AND THEN ACCEPTED COYLY! I DIDN'T LOVE HIM! I WAS ONLY INTERESTED IN SECURITY! THEN IT HAPPENED! AS I SAID, IT WAS ABOUT A YEAR AFTER HE'D BROUGHT ME TO HIS ISOLATED HOUSE! OSCAR HAD A HEART ATTACK...

WILL HE BE ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR?

CAN'T SAY FOR SURE, FREDA! I'VE DONE ALL I CAN! WE CAN ONLY WAIT AND SEE! ACTUALLY HE SHOULD BE IN A HOSPITAL, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT MOVING HIM INTO TOWN OVER THOSE BAD ROADS MIGHT KILL HIM!

Jack
Kinnear

FOR... SHEER, STARK HORROR, READ THIS TERRIFYING TALE...
GUARANTEED TO JAR YOU OUT OF YOUR SEAT!

HALLOWEEN!



A HORROR SUSPENSE STORY

I FIRST CAME TO BRIARWOOD ORPHAN ASYLUM LAST SUMMER IN ANSWER TO A NEWSPAPER AD MR. CRITCHIT HAD PLACED! EBAN CRITCHIT WAS MASTER OF BRIARWOOD! HE WAS SEARCHING FOR A MATRON TO HELP HIM IN HIS TASK OF LOOKING AFTER THE ORPHAN CHILDREN, AND I WAS SORELY IN NEED OF A JOB...

MY NAME IS ANN DENNIS!
I SAW YOUR AD...

COME IN,
MISS
DENNIS!
SIT DOWN!

MR. CRITCHIT'S OFFICE WAS A SKIMPILY FURNISHED ROOM IN ONE WING OF THE RUN-DOWN BUILDING THAT SERVED AS THE ORPHAN HOME! I SAT DOWN GINGERLY ON THE THREADBARE, WELL-WORN CHAIR HE'D OFFERED ME AND LOOKED AROUND! DUST COVERED EVERYTHING! THE WINDOWS AND FLOORS WERE FILTHY AND NEEDED A THOROUGH WASHING BADLY...

I...I'VE BEEN TERRIBLY
SHORT OF HELP, MISS
DENNIS!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO
STARE, MR.
CRITCHIT!

