

THE HAND OF

FATE



AUG.
10c

NO ONE COULD GET OUT
OF THAT WRECK ALIVE! WHA...!
THAT GIRL WASN'T KILLED! IT'S
AS IF FATE SAVED HER AT
THE LAST INSTANT!



BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want to!*

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. **BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS!** Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?

ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM

TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES

FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without this painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—
release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 2010
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

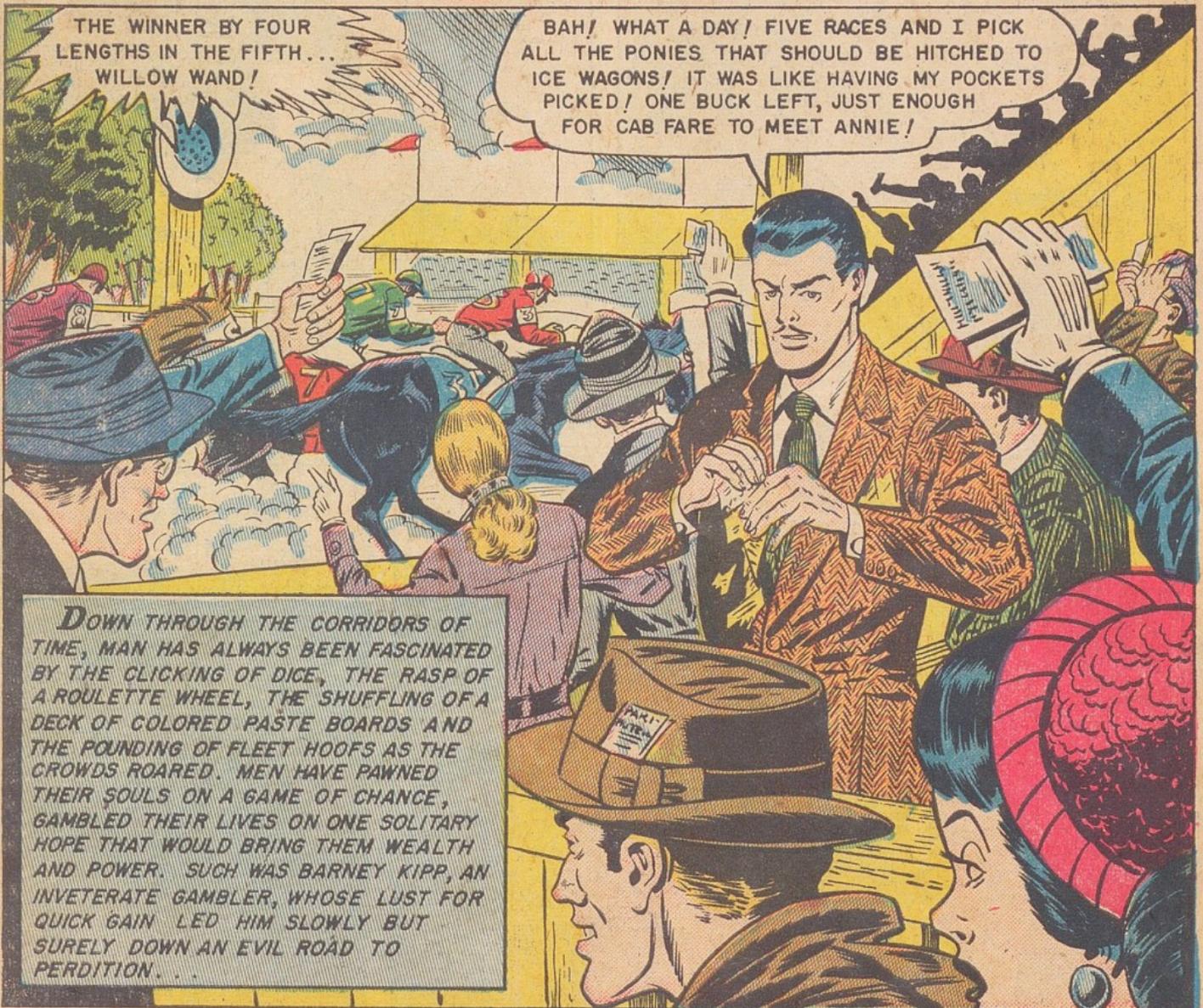
- Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
 Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

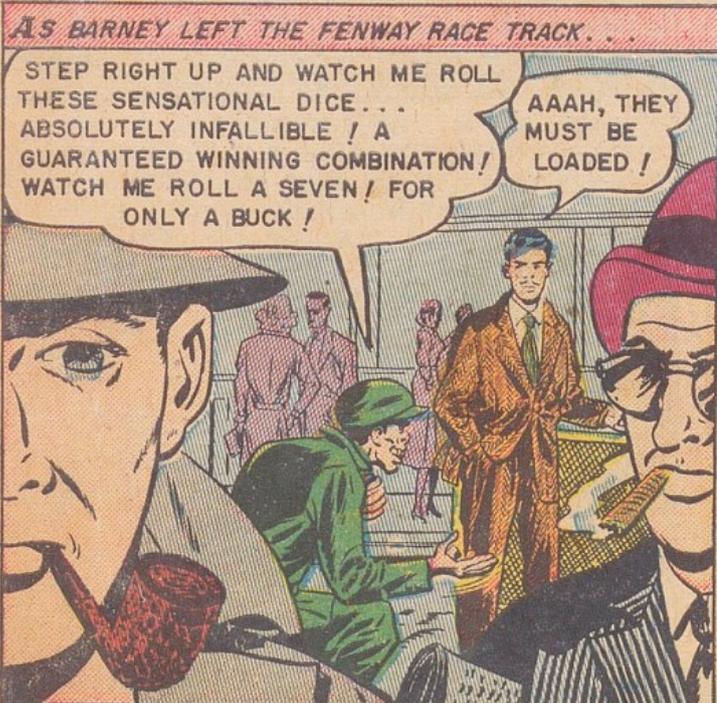
The MAN WHO PAWNED HIS SOUL



THE WINNER BY FOUR LENGTHS IN THE FIFTH...
WILLOW WAND!

BAH! WHAT A DAY! FIVE RACES AND I PICK ALL THE PONIES THAT SHOULD BE HITCHED TO ICE WAGONS! IT WAS LIKE HAVING MY POCKETS PICKED! ONE BUCK LEFT, JUST ENOUGH FOR CAB FARE TO MEET ANNIE!

DOWN THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF TIME, MAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY THE CLICKING OF DICE, THE RASP OF A ROULETTE WHEEL, THE SHUFFLING OF A DECK OF COLORED PASTE BOARDS AND THE POUNDING OF FLEET HOOF AS THE CROWDS ROARED. MEN HAVE PAWNED THEIR SOULS ON A GAME OF CHANCE, GAMBLERED THEIR LIVES ON ONE SOLITARY HOPE THAT WOULD BRING THEM WEALTH AND POWER. SUCH WAS BARNEY KIPP, AN INVETERATE GAMBLER, WHOSE LUST FOR QUICK GAIN LED HIM SLOWLY BUT SURELY DOWN AN EVIL ROAD TO PERDITION...



AS BARNEY LEFT THE FENWAY RACE TRACK...

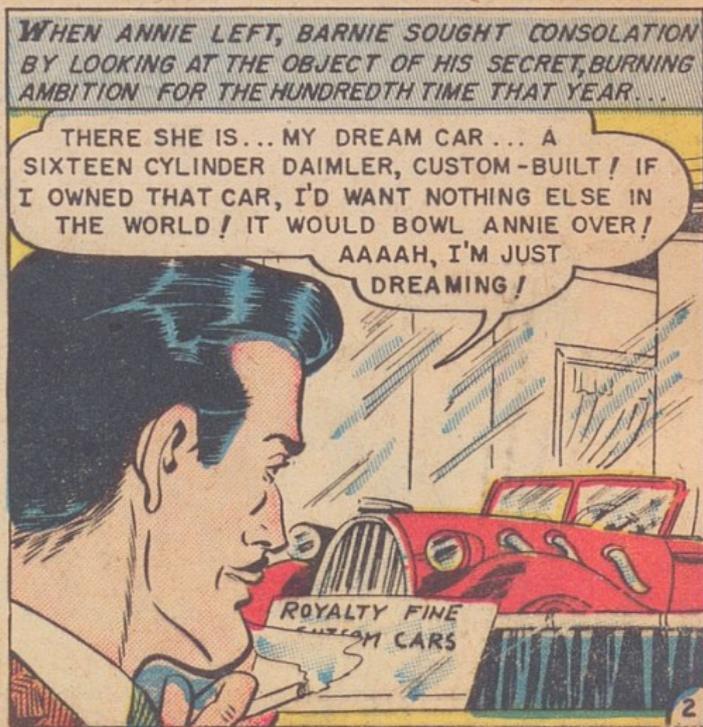
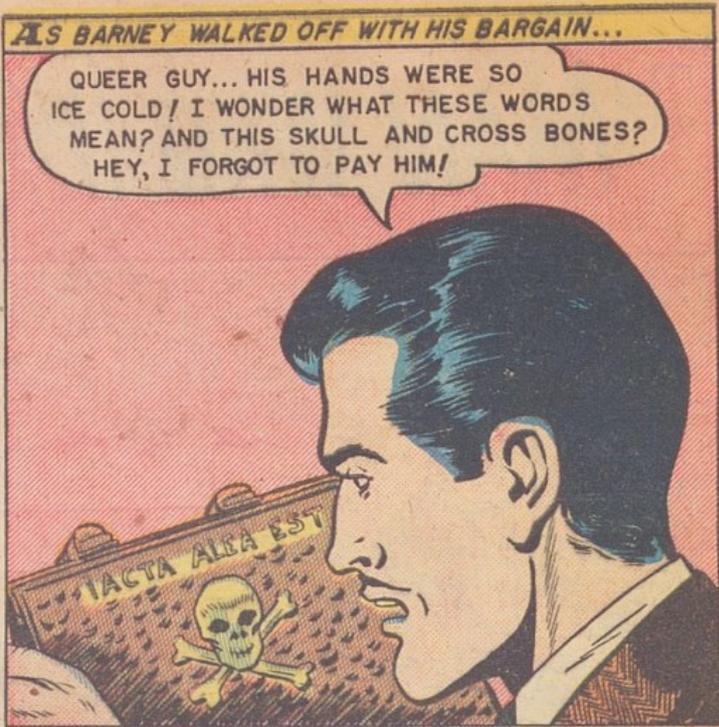
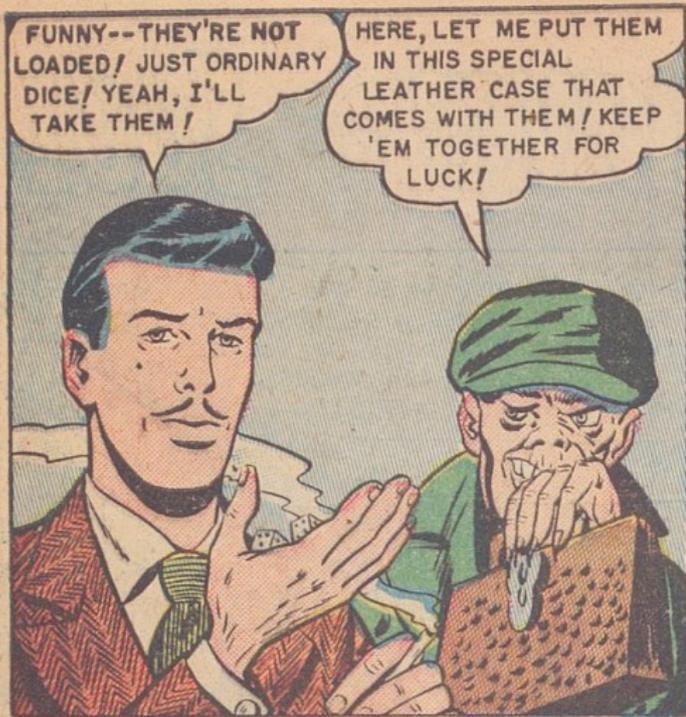
STEP RIGHT UP AND WATCH ME ROLL THESE SENSATIONAL DICE... ABSOLUTELY INFALLIBLE! A GUARANTEED WINNING COMBINATION! WATCH ME ROLL A SEVEN! FOR ONLY A BUCK!

AAAH, THEY MUST BE LOADED!



YOU SAW ME ROLL SEVEN, SEVEN, AND MAKE MY POINTS RIGHT BACK AT SIX AND NINE! 7769! THAT'S HOW THEY'LL WORK FOR YOU, MISTER, OVER AND OVER AGAIN!

LEMME SEE THEM DICE!



LATE THAT NIGHT, BARNEY WAS SUDDENLY JOLTED FROM HIS SLEEP...

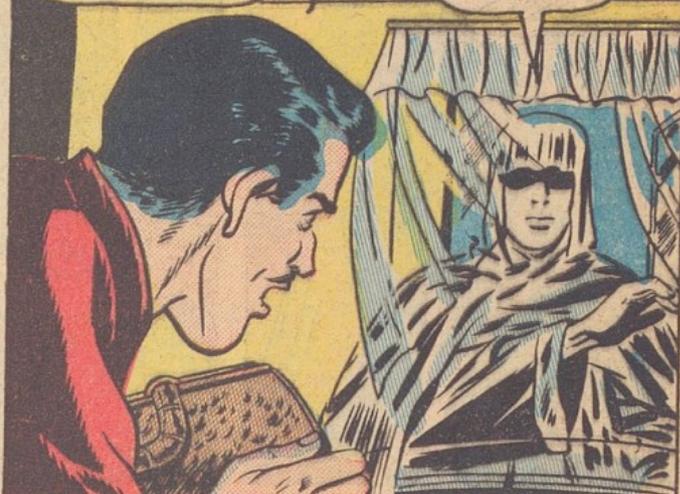
WH—WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

BARNEY KIPP, THERE IS STILL TIME TO RETREAT FROM THE EVIL PATH YOU HAVE EMBARKED ON! THE DICE ARE TAINTED! CAST THEM AWAY AND CLEANSE YOUR HANDS OF THEIR CURSE!



NO! I AIN'T GIVING THEM UP UNTIL I FIND OUT IF THEY WORK! SOMEBODY SENT YOU TO SNATCH 'EM FROM ME! GET OUT OF MY ROOM!

I SEE THE VOICE OF FATE FALLS ON DEAF EARS! I WILL GO-- BUT REMEMBER MY WARNING!



IT'S GONE! FATE IT CALLED ITSELF, AND SAID THE DICE WERE CURSED! I MUST BE GOING DAFFY... UNLESS I DREAMED THE WHOLE THING?



THE NEXT EVENING, BARNEY WENT TO A FAVORITE WATER-FRONT HANGOUT...

AWRIGHT, PUSH OVER AND MAKE ROOM FOR ME, FELLERS! I FEEL HOT TONIGHT!

ALL WE WANT IS YOUR MONEY, BARNEY! YOU ROLL NEXT!



BARNEY'S LUCK HELD AS THE DICE RATTLED INTO WINNING SEVENS AND EFFORTLESS POINT CASTS OF SIXES AND NINES!

HE'S GOT THEM DICE HOOODOOED! HE HASN'T LOST A ROLL IN HALF AN HOUR! I'M FLAT BUSTED!

NINE'S MY POINT! I GOT FIFTY DOLLARS THAT SAYS I MAKE IT IN ONE ROLL!



SUDDENLY, AT THE PIER'S EDGE...

NINE IT IS, ON THE FIRST ROLL! HA HA! COME TO PAPA, BANKROLL!

JUMPIN' SNAKE EYES! LOOK AT THIS SLIMY THING COMING OUT OF THE WATER! YAAAAAY!



GIVE ME BACK MY DICE! THEY BELONG TO ME! JUST BEFORE THE OSWEGO GANG GOT ME, I RAN MY STREAK INTO A MILLION! GIVE THEM BACK TO ME!

OVER MY DEAD BODY! THEY BELONG TO BARNEY KIPP NOW!





GIVE THEM BACK!
OWWW!

BACK WHERE
YOU CAME FROM,
YOU ROTTING
GHOUL!



HA HA! IACTA
ALEA EST...
THE DIE
IS CAST!
HA HA!

WHY, THAT'S
WHAT'S PRINTED
ON THE CASE!
THIS GETS CREEPIER
EVERY DAY! BUT
THE DICE SURE
WORK!



AGAIN, AS BARNEY STROVE FOR
SLEEP THAT NIGHT...

YOU
AGAIN?

BARNEY KIPP, YOU HAVE
TAKEN ONE MORE STEP
ON THE ROAD TO PER-
DITION! YOU PLAYED AND
WON WITH THE CURSED DICE
TODAY, BUT THERE IS STILL
TIME TO TURN BACK!

BARNEY'S RAGE OVERCAME HIS FEAR.

GET OUT OF HERE AND
STOP HAUNTING ME, OR
I'LL... AAAAR, IT
SAILED RIGHT
THROUGH HIM!

FOOLISH CREATURE!
REMEMBER, YOU ARE
DIGGING YOUR OWN
GRAVE!



ALTHOUGH SHAKEN BY FATE'S WARNING, BARNEY
COULDN'T RESIST A REALLY BIG GAME THE NEXT
EVENING...

BRRR,
THIS IS SOME PLACE
TO HOLD A BIG LEAGUE
CRAP GAME! IT
GIVES ME THE
SHAKES!

IT'S ONLY A FRONT FOR THE
GAMBLING THAT GOES ON!
COME IN AND MEET THE
BIGGEST RACKET CHIEFS IN
TOWN!



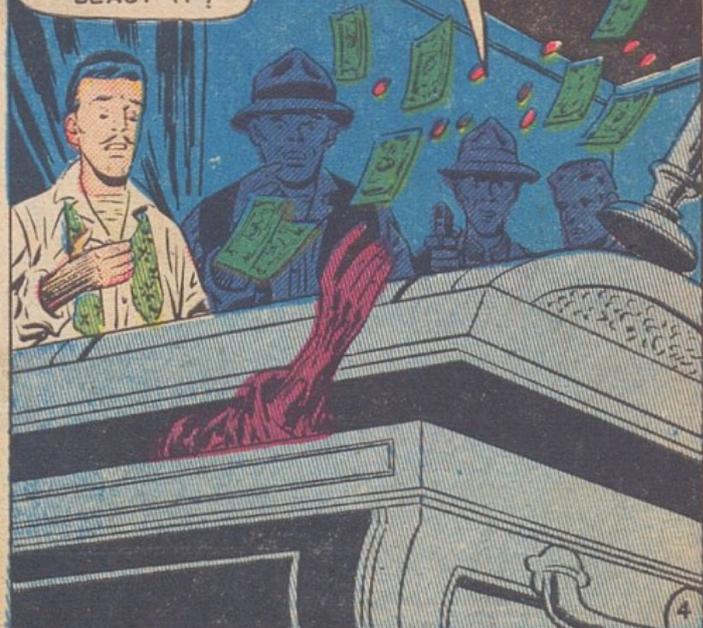
BARNEY QUICKLY GREW ACCUSTOMED TO THE
STRANGE SURROUNDINGS, AS HIS DICE BEAT OUT
A WINNING TATTOO...

SIX IS THE POINT!
I GOT A THOUSAND
WHICH SAYS I
MAKE IT IN
ONE ROLL!

I'VE WATCHED THAT
CHARACTER ROLL FOR AN
HOUR! THE DICE KEEP
COMING SEVEN, SEVEN AND
RIGHT BACK ON THE POINTS
SIX AND NINE! HE AIN'T
WALKIN' OUT OF HERE ALIVE,
WITH ALL MY DOUGH!



WHAT'S COMING OUT OF THAT COFFIN?
GRAB A LIGHT, LEFTY! I'M GONNA
BLAST IT!





THE DICE...THEY BELONG TO ME! GIVE 'EM BACK!

YAAAR, IT'S EDDIE GORE! I KILLED HIM FIVE YEARS AGO, AND RAN HIM OVER! HE'S COME BACK! THE SHOTS DON'T STOP HIM! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

BANG
BANG



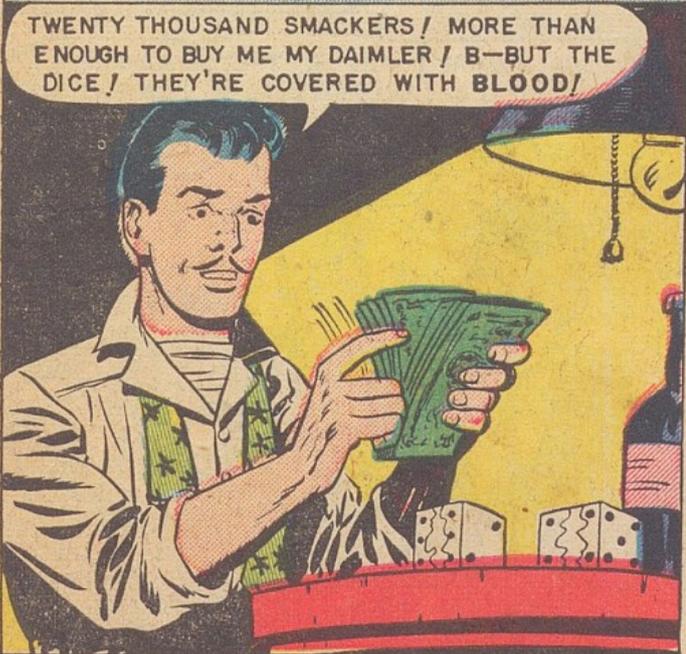
FINDING HIS EXIT BLOCKED BY THE STALKING TERROR, BARNEY BROKE HIS WAY OUT...

GET AWAY FROM ME! ARGHHH!

GIVE ME BACK MY DICE!

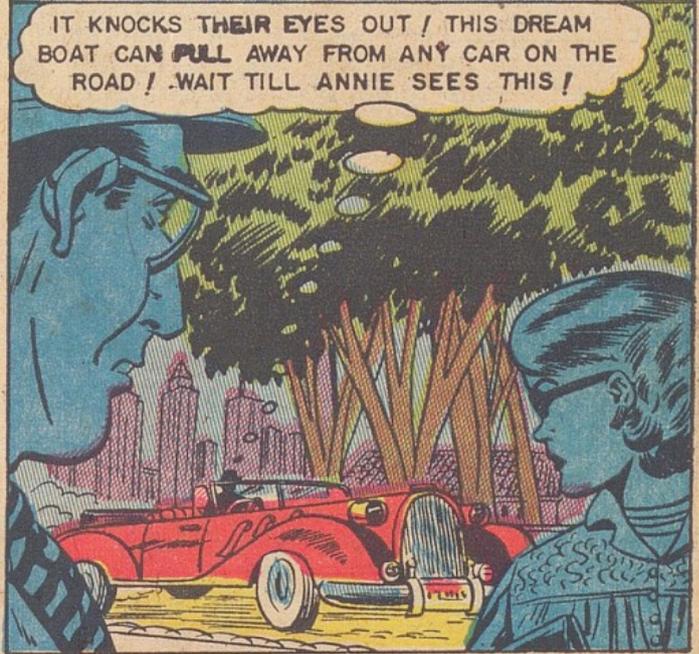
KRAAS

LATER, BACK IN HIS HOTEL ROOM...



TWENTY THOUSAND SMACKERS! MORE THAN ENOUGH TO BUY ME MY DAIMLER! B-BUT THE DICE! THEY'RE COVERED WITH BLOOD!

THE NEXT DAY, BARNEY WAS IN HIS GLORY...



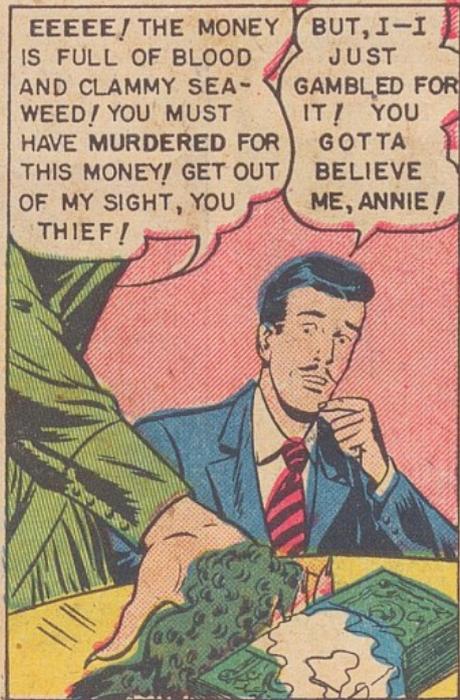
IT KNOCKS THEIR EYES OUT! THIS DREAM BOAT CAN PULL AWAY FROM ANY CAR ON THE ROAD! WAIT TILL ANNIE SEES THIS!

ANNIE WAS STARTLED AT BARNEY'S SUDDEN WEALTH...



BUT WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THIS MONEY, BARNEY? IT COULDN'T HAVE COME FROM HARD WORK!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! I'VE GOT A SURE THING THAT COIN'S IT! THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM!



EEEE! THE MONEY IS FULL OF BLOOD AND CLAMMY SEA-WEED! YOU MUST HAVE MURDERED FOR THIS MONEY! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT, YOU THIEF!

BUT, I-I JUST GAMBLER FOR IT! YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME, ANNIE!

SO BARNEY LOST HIS BEST GIRL, THE THING HE HAD WANTED ALMOST AS MUCH AS THE DAIMLER...



I NEVER SAW SUCH A STUBBORN FEMALE! WELL, I STILL GOT THE CAR AND A BANKROLL! FROM NOW ON, IT'S NOTHING BUT THE BEST FOR BARNEY!

AS BARNEY STEPPED FROM THE CAR, SUDDENLY...

WHAT, AGAIN? YOU STAND ON THE WHY DO YOU BRINK OF DISASTER, HOUND ME BARNEY KIPP! I CAN LIKE THIS? SEE YOUR EVIL END, IF YOU DO NOT REPENT AND TURN BACK!



DOES THIS LOOK LIKE I'M GOING TO THE DOGS? IF I'M GOING TO THE CLEANERS, AT LEAST IT'LL BE IN A LIMOUSINE!

I HAVE MADE MY LAST PLEA, FOOLISH MORTAL! GO TO YOUR DOOM!



WHEW, I'M GLAD I'M RID OF THAT WINDBAG, FATE! HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? MY BUSINESS TAKES ME EVERYWHERE! SAY, I HAVE JUST THE GAME YOU'RE INTERESTED IN... SELECT COMPANY, BIG STAKES, AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED! JUST TRY ROOM 1407 IN THE HOTEL!



BARNEY COULD HARDLY RESIST, AND THE PLACE WAS REALLY PLUSH...

YOU WONDER AT THE MASKS? WE CANNOT AFFORD TO BE IDENTIFIED! SHALL WE PLAY?

I DON'T CARE! FOR THE STAKES YOU GUYS NAMED, I'LL PLAY AGAINST THE DEVIL HIMSELF!



BARNEY'S WINNINGS MOUNTED. BUT SUDDENLY, A SCUFFLE ENSUED...

HEY, LEGGO! THEY'RE MY DICE AND IT'S STILL MY TURN TO ROLL!

YOU LIE! THEY BELONGED TO ME FIRST! GIVE THEM BACK!

AAARRR! MINE, I SAY! I KNEW THEM LONG AGO!



AS THE FURY OF THE FIGHT MOUNTED, SUDDENLY THE MASKS RIPPED OFF...

NOOOO! STAY AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE ALL DEAD MEN! AEEEEEE!

THE DICE! GIVE US BACK THE DICE!



BARNEY TOOK THE ONLY AVENUE OF ESCAPE...

I MADE IT--AND I'VE GOT THE DICE! I'M GONNA PUT MILES BETWEEN ME AND THOSE FIENDS!



WITH A GRINDING OF GEARS, BARNEY GOT THE POWERFUL CAR UNDER WAY, BUT SUDDENLY...

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CAR? THAT WAS A FINE BUNCH OF GHOULS YOU SENT ME TO!

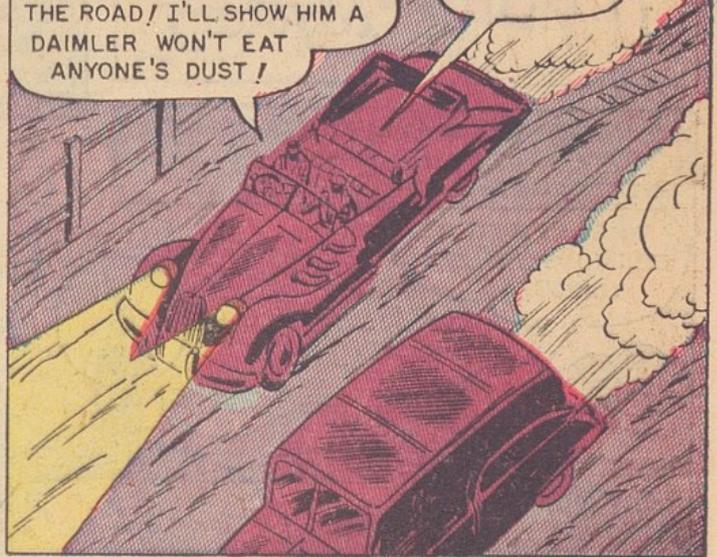
I'LL JUST GO ANYWHERE YOU GO! THOSE MEN? WELL, YOU CAN'T BE CHOOSY ABOUT THE COMPANY YOU KEEP IN YOUR PROFESSION!



AN HOUR LATER, ON THE OPEN ROAD...

HEY, HOW DO YOU LIKE HIS NERVE! PULLING PAST ME LIKE THAT, AND HOGGING THE ROAD! I'LL SHOW HIM A DAIMLER WON'T EAT ANYONE'S DUST!

I'LL BET YOU NEVER OVERTAKE HIM, BARNEY!



I'M HITTING A HUNDRED NOW, AND ONLY COASTING! I'LL PUT MY FOOT DOWN ON THE FLOOR! BETTER HOLD ON!



GET READY TO PAY OFF... AAARRR! YOU'RE NOT HUMAN!

HA HA HA! YES! I AM SATAN, THE DEVIL-- AND I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU, BARNEY KIPP!



BARNEY NEVER SAW THE CONCRETE MILESTONE...

AIEEEE!

HA HA HA HA HA!



AS THE DUST SETTLED...

I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR THE DICE, BARNEY! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY MORE USE FOR THEM WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

SEE WHAT YOUR LUST FOR THE DICE HAS DONE, BARNEY? IT HAS BROUGHT YOU TO THE EDGE OF THE GRAVE!



BARNEY NEVER EVEN NOTICED THE LICENSE NUMBER ON THE OTHER VEHICLE, NOR THAT IT WAS A HEARSE!

IACTA ALEA EST! THE DIE IS CAST! HA HA HA!

THERE HE GOES, THE MASTER OF EVIL, TO TRAP ANOTHER VICTIM! THERE ARE MORE "BARNEY KIPPS" IN THIS WORLD FOR HIM TO FATTEN ON... TOO MANY WHO WOULD NOT HEED THE WARNING VOICE OF FATE!



THE END

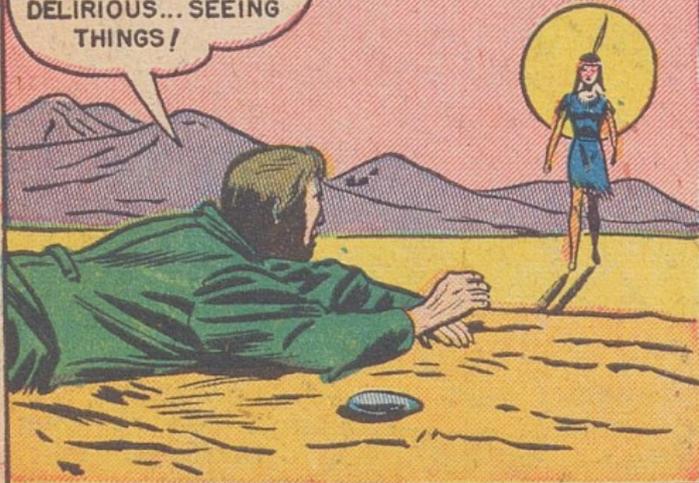
A Hand of FATE Mystery

#9

THERE ARE STILL ADVENTUROUS YOUNG MEN WHO TRAVEL THE AMERICAN WEST, SEARCHING FOR THE EVER-ELUSIVE SHINING YELLOW METAL CALLED GOLD! SOME HAVE SUFFERED HARDSHIP... SOME HAVE DIED... IN THEIR VAIN SEARCH FOR QUICK WEALTH! THE INCIDENT NARRATED BELOW TOOK PLACE IN THE 1920'S TO A YOUNG PROSPECTOR NAMED TOM WILLOW. LOSING HIS BEARINGS, TOM COULD NOT FIND HIS WAY BACK TO TOWN. AS DAYS WENT BY, HIS WATER SUPPLY BECAME EXHAUSTED. HE WAS DYING OF THIRST. . .

AS TOM WILLOW LAY ON THE PARCHED EARTH, A PRETTY INDIAN MAIDEN APPROACHED HIM, APPEARING AS IF OUT OF NOWHERE. . .

WHAT! I MUST BE DELIRIOUS... SEEING THINGS!



THE INDIAN GIRL HELPED TOM TO A NEARBY HILL AND THEN LED HIM TO A CAVERN, STRANGELY AGLOW WITH A PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT. . .

THERE IS FRESH WATER! DRINK!



HOURS LATER, WHEN TOM HAD DRUNK HIS FILL AND SLEPT FOR A WHILE, HE WAS GIVEN EXACT DIRECTIONS BY THE INDIAN MAIDEN BACK TO THE SMALL TOWN FROM WHICH HE HAD WANDERED SO MANY MILES AWAY. . .

I OWE YOU MY THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

I AM CALLED "LITTLE BLUE BIRD"... MORE THAN THIS I CANNOT TELL YOU!



ARRIVING AT LAST BACK IN TOWN, TOM SOUGHT OUT SHERIFF WADE AND TOLD HIM OF HIS STRANGE ADVENTURE. . .

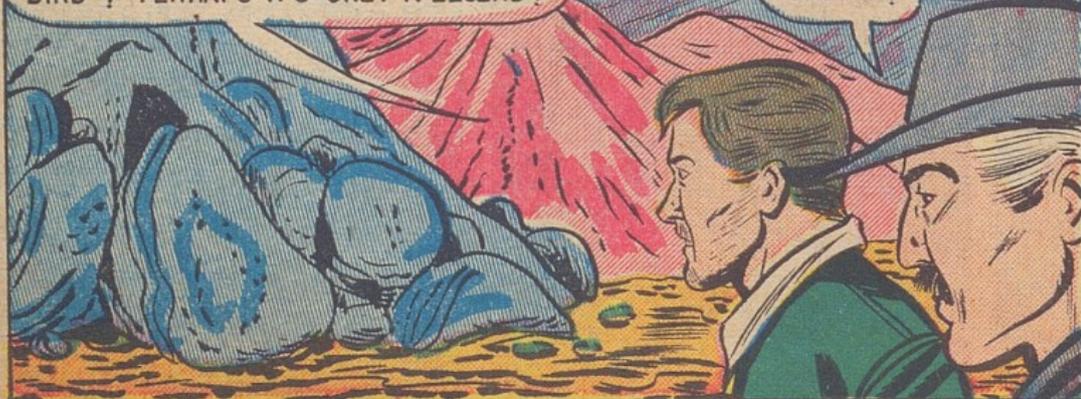
HER NAME WAS "LITTLE BLUE BIRD"? BUT IT CAN'T BE! THAT'S THE NAME OF AN INDIAN GIRL WHO FELL IN LOVE WITH A WHITE SETTLER 40 YEARS AGO! HER PEOPLE FORBODE THE MARRIAGE AND SHUT HER UP IN A CAVERN AND SEALED IT UP WITH TONS OF STONE! COME ON... TAKE ME TO THAT CAVE RIGHT NOW!



ARRIVING AT THE SITE OF TOM'S STRANGE ADVENTURE, THE TWO MEN WERE SHOCKED TO FIND. . .

SEALED UP BY ROCKS! I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! COULD I HAVE DREAMED ABOUT THAT GIRL... THE CAVERN... AND THE WATER? TELL ME, SHERIFF, ARE YOU SURE ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO "LITTLE BLUE BIRD"? PERHAPS IT'S ONLY A LEGEND?

IT'S NO LEGEND! I WAS THE YOUNG WHITE SETTLER "LITTLE BLUE BIRD" LOVED AND WANTED TO MARRY!



HAD THE PHANTOM OF "LITTLE BLUE BIRD" EMERGED FROM HER CAVERN PRISON TO HELP TOM WILLOW, IN ORDER THAT HE MIGHT RETURN TO SHERIFF WADE AND ASSURE HIM THAT HIS BELOVED INDIAN MAIDEN STILL AWAITED HIM IN THE BEYOND? WHAT DO YOU THINK, READERS?

THE END

Cauldron of Evil

GO, SARAH MAUNT! OUT OF OUR VILLAGE! INTO THE FOREST WHERE YOU BELONG!

KILL HER! THE WITCH PUT AN EVIL EYE ON MY CROPS!

YE CALL ME A WITCH! THEN, I SHALL HAVE A WITCH'S REVENGE!



IN THE FASTNESSES OF THE OZARKS, THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE BELIEVE IN THE DARK TALES OF WITCHCRAFT, AND THOSE WHO DABBLE IN THE EVIL SECRETS OF THE DREAD CULT MUST FEEL THE FULL WEIGHT OF THEIR NEIGHBORS' FURY! FOR THOSE WHO FIND THE KEY TO THE POWERS OF DARKNESS MUST BE DRIVEN BEYOND THE PALE!

IT WAS THE NIGHT OF THE DARK MOON, WHEN EVIL REIGNED, THAT AMOS WHITCOMBE, VILLAGE ELDER, DROVE SARAH MAUNT OUT, BECAUSE SHE PRACTICED WITCHCRAFT...

WE DARE NOT GO ANY FURTHER! THIS IS THE WITCHES' NEST! ON THIS NIGHT, THE DREAD CREATURES OF DARKNESS ARE ABOUT!

AYE! SARAH MAUNT WILL BOTHER US NO MORE! SHE WILL DIE IN THE WITCHES' NEST!



DIE, WILL I? YE SHALL PAY FOR THIS-- EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU! SARAH MAUNT WILL HAVE HER REVENGE!



WHAT THINK YE, AMOS? IS SHE REALLY ONE OF THEM--ONE OF THE EVIL SISTERS--A WITCH?

SARAH MAUNT PRACTICED WITCH-CRAFT, LEMUEL! SHE HAD THE PROSCRIBED BOOKS! SHE IS NOT A FULL-FLEDGED WITCH YET, WITH ALL THE POWERS OF WITCHCRAFT! BUT THIS IS AN EVIL WE MUST NIP IN THE BUD!



DEEP INTO THE WITCHES' NEST, OLD SARAH WANDERED! DEEPER INTO ITS TANGLED DEPTHS THAN ANY VILLAGER HAD EVER VENTURED BEFORE! AND, AS IF FATE GUIDED HER STEPS, SHE FOUND HERSELF IN A GLEN...



I'M AFRAID! NOBODY HAS EVER GONE HERE AFORE! WHAT IF THE WITCHES FIND ME? WHAT WILL THEY DO TO ME?

AND EVEN AS SHE SPOKE, THE NIGHT WAS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH THE HIDEOUS CACKLING OF THE FOUL CREATURES OF DARKNESS...

OHH! HAVE MERCY ON ME!

WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, SARAH MAUNT! COME! FOLLOW! THE CONCLAVE HAS GATHERED IN THE GLEN! ALREADY, THE CAULDRON OF EVIL BUBBLES WITH THE WITCHES' BREW!



SEE! THE CAULDRON OF EVIL! YOU WANT REVENGE ON AMOS WHITCOMBE! ON THE WHOLE VILLAGE-- AS DO WE-- FOR THEY HAVE EXORCISED MANY OF US!

AYE, SARAH MAUNT! BECOME OUR SISTER! THEN, WE WILL ALL TAKE OUR REVENGE!



SO, THE MACABRE RITUAL WENT ON, AS THE WITCHES CAPERED WILDLY AROUND THE CAULDRON OF EVIL, AND THE FOUL ASSEMBLAGE WATCHED...

CAULDRON SMOKE AWAY MUST GO! OUR NEWEST SISTER! SHOW! SHOW! SHOW!



THE SMOKE PARTED, AND REVEALED...

WELCOME, SISTER SARAH! YOU ARE NOW ONE OF US!

AND I AM GLAD! NOW, SISTERS! LET US PLOT OUR REVENGE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, IN THE HOME OF AMOS WHITCOMBE...

FATHER, I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU! ABOUT LUKE AND ME!

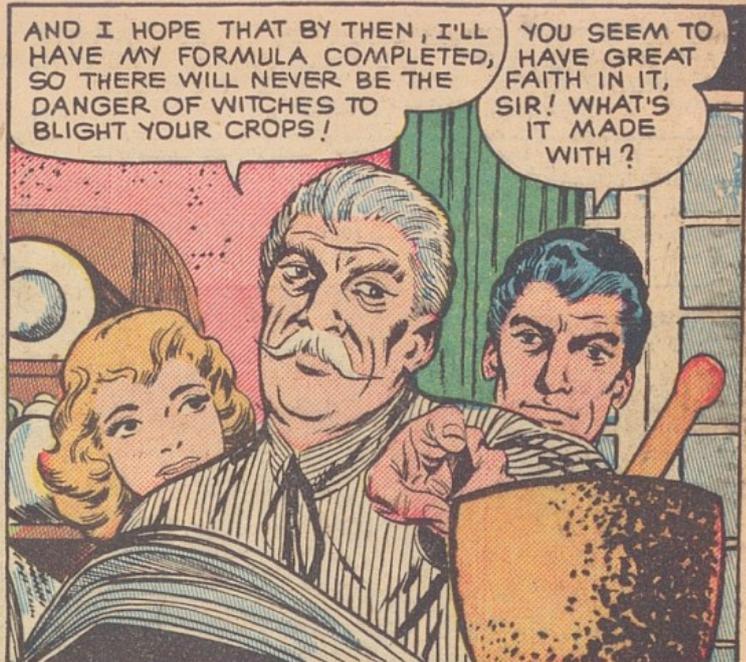
YES, ERNA! OF COURSE! I HAVE FOUND A NEW WAY TO EXORCISE AND DESTROY WITCHES IN THIS ANCIENT VOLUME! BUT WHAT IS THE NEWS ABOUT YOU YOUNG PEOPLE?





WELL, SIR, I'VE FOUND A LITTLE FARM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VALLEY! BEGINNING OF NEXT MONTH, I'LL HAVE THE MONEY FOR A DOWN PAYMENT! I'D LIKE TO MARRY ERNA THEN!

OF COURSE, MY BOY! OF COURSE! WITH ALL MY HEART!



AND I HOPE THAT BY THEN, I'LL HAVE MY FORMULA COMPLETED, SO THERE WILL NEVER BE THE DANGER OF WITCHES TO BLIGHT YOUR CROPS!

YOU SEEM TO HAVE GREAT FAITH IN IT, SIR! WHAT'S IT MADE WITH?



THE BONES OF A WOLF, MIXED WITH THE BLOOD OF A CALF, GROUND INTO A POWDER! WHEN THROWN INTO A FIRE, IT WILL DESTROY WITCHES FOREVER!



BESIDES, I HAVE FOLLOWED THE BOOK, AND MADE THREE SILVER-TIPPED ARROWS! SOON, WE WILL BE FULLY ARMED AGAINST THE WITCHES!



SO, THE WEEKS ROLLED BY, AND SOON, IT WAS TIME FOR LUKE TO MAKE HIS TRIP TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VALLEY...

I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW DAYS, ERNA! AND WHEN I RETURN, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY TO OWNING THE BEST FARM LAND IN THE COUNTY!

LUKE STARTED OUT ON WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A ROUTINE TRIP, BUT FATE HAD OTHER PLANS FOR HIM...



WELL, IF THAT ISN'T ROTTEN LUCK! THE REAR WHEEL HAS WORKED LOOSE! I'LL HAVE TO FIX IT RIGHT HERE!



HOURS LATER... I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT! FIRST THE WHEEL CAME OFF! THEN I NOTICED THE AXLE WAS SPLIT! NOW IT'S GROWING DARK, AND I'M WAY BEHIND SCHEDULE!

AS LUKE TOOK UP HIS JOURNEY, HE HAD TO PASS THE WITCHES' NEST. AND ONCE MORE, FATE PLAYED A TRUMP CARD, FOR THIS WAS THE NIGHT OF THE DARK MOON!

SEE, SISTER SARAH! HERE COMES THE MEDIUM OF OUR VENGEANCE! THROUGH HIM, WE'LL GET AT AMOS WHITCOMBE!

AYE, AND THE WHOLE VILLAGE! ALL YOUR SPELLS WORKED SO WELL, SISTER! FIRST THE WHEEL--THEN THE AXLE! HEE HEE!



THE HEAD WITCH GESTURED WITH HER CLAW-LIKE HANDS, AND...



NOW, THE HORSE!

STEADY, BOY! STEADY! AAAHHH!

MOMENTS LATER...

SEE! IT IS AS I PLANNED! THE WAGON PASSED OVER HIM! CRUSHED HIM! NOW, HE IS DYING! HE IS OURS!

QUICKLY, SISTERS! BRING HIM TO THE GLEN!



AND IN THE GLEN, WITH THE CAULDRON OF EVIL POURING OUT ITS EVIL FUMES, THE WITCHES PERFORMED A STRANGE RITE...

YOUR BLOOD ALONE CAN SAVE HIS LIFE, SARAH! AND WHEN IT FLOWS IN HIS VEINS, HE WILL BECOME A WITCH-MAN! AS LONG AS YOU LIVE, HE MUST DO OUR BIDDING!

GOOD! HOW LONG I HAVE WAITED FOR THIS! IT WILL BE SWEET TO MAKE AMOS WHITCOMBE SUFFER, JUST AS WE HAVE SUFFERED!



AND SOON...

LISTEN TO ME, LUKE BARNES! AS LONG AS SARAH MAUNT LIVES, YOU MUST DO OUR BIDDING! WE SHALL SUMMON YOU, ON THE NEXT NIGHT OF THE DARK MOON! OUR SIGNAL WILL BE A LONG BLAST ON THE WITCHES' HORN! DO YOU HEAR?

I--I HEAR!



GO NOW! YOU WILL GET INTO YOUR WAGON, AND REMEMBER NOTHING! WHEN THE HORN SUMMONS YOU, THEN YOU WILL DO OUR BIDDING!



LUKE WENT ABOUT HIS BUSINESS, WITH NO MEMORY OF THE AWFUL EVENTS THAT HAD HAPPENED...

WELCOME BACK, MY BOY! AND WHAT IS THE NEWS?

I PUT THE DOWN PAYMENT ON THE FARM, SIR! BUT THERE ARE A NUMBER OF REPAIRS TO BE MADE ON THE HOUSE! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO LIVE THERE FOR AT LEAST THREE MONTHS!



DON'T LET THAT DELAY YOUR WEDDING PLANS, LUKE! YOU AND ERNA ARE WELCOME TO LIVE HERE UNTIL YOUR PLACE IS READY!

THANK YOU, FATHER! WE CAN BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK!

LUKE AND ERNA WERE MARRIED, AND LIVED IN HER FATHER'S HOUSE. ALMOST A MONTH LATER...

HOLD ME TIGHT, LUKE! SOMEHOW, I'M AFRAID THAT ALL OUR HAPPINESS WILL BE TAKEN AWAY FROM US!

YOU'RE TALKING LIKE YOUR FATHER! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, DEAREST! YOU AND I WILL ALWAYS BE HAPPY!

AND, AS ALWAYS, ON THE NIGHT OF THE DARK MOON, THE GHASTLY CONCLAVE OF THE WITCHES CONVENED, DEEP IN THE FETID RECESSES OF THE WITCHES' NEST...

NOW I SHALL SUMMON LUKE BARNES! THE MOMENT OF VENGEANCE HAS ARRIVED! AND HE SHALL BE OUR INSTRUMENT!

QUICKLY, SISTER, QUICKLY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!

AND INTO THE NIGHT SOUNDED THE SINGLE NOTE OF THE HORN THAT SUMMONED THE WITCHES TO THEIR EVIL GATHERINGS...

BRAAAAAAA!

AND IN THE WHITCOMBE HOUSE LUKE HEARD THE NOTE, AND RESPONDED!

THAT SOUND! LUKE! WHAT'S WRONG, DARLING? SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO YOU! YOUR FACE!

I--I HEAR! I WILL BE THERE!

BRAAAAAAAA!

LUKE! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

GET OUT OF MY WAY, ERNA! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME! I CAN'T HELP THIS! I CAN'T! THEY'RE CALLING FOR ME! I MUST ANSWER!

I HEAR! I HEAR! I WILL JOIN YOU IN THE WITCHES' NEST!

LUKE! NO! OHHH!

BRAAAAAAAA!

A MOMENT LATER...

WHAT GHASTLY THING HAS HAPPENED HERE? SPEAK TO ME, ERNA! FOR ALREADY THE AIR IS FOUL WITH THE SMELL OF THE SMOKE FROM THE WITCHES' CAULDRON!



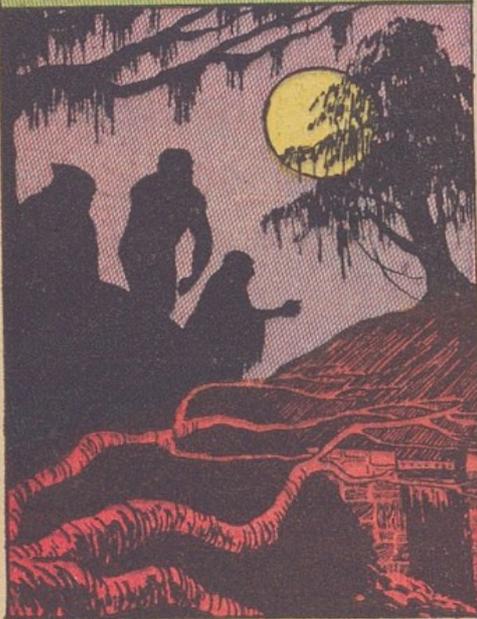
MEANWHILE, IN THE WITCHES' NEST...

WELCOME, BROTHER! THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE! NOW, WE SHALL GO TO THE SLUICE GATE, ATOP THE VALLEY!

HEE! HEE! BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS DONE, THE WHOLE VILLAGE SHALL SLEEP SOUNDLY-- UNDER TONS OF WATER!



THUS, THE WEIRD PROCESSION MOVED TOWARD THE MOMENT WHEN LUKE WOULD CARRY OUT THE COMMANDS THAT WOULD DOOM HIS WIFE, AND HIS VILLAGE!



AND IN THE HOUSE...

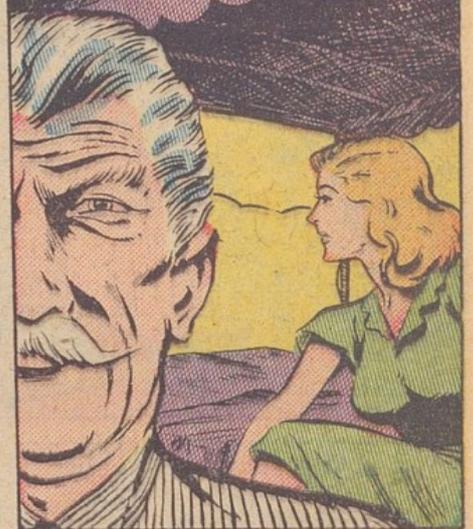
IT WAS HORRIBLE, FATHER! THERE WAS THIS SOUND, LIKE A HORN! LUKE CHANGED! HE BECAME A-- A WITCH!

AYE, THE WITCH'S HORN! SOMEHOW, LUKE HAS WITCH BLOOD IN HIM! ONLY BY DESTROYING THE ONE WHOSE BLOOD FLOWS IN HIS VEINS, CAN WE SAVE HIM!



WE MUST WORK FAST! QUICKLY, ERNA! BRING MY BOW, AND THE SILVER-TIPPED ARROWS, WHILE I GET THE WOLF-POWDER AND A TORCH!

YES, FATHER!



IN A FEW MINUTES...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, FATHER? WHY ARE YOU SNIFFING THE AIR?

WHEN YOU HAVE HUNTED WITCHES AS LONG AS I, YOU WILL KNOW THEY CARRY ABOUT THEM THE SMELL OF DEATH-- AN ODOR THAT TAINTS THE AIR! EVEN NOW, I KNOW IN WHICH DIRECTION THEY MOVE!

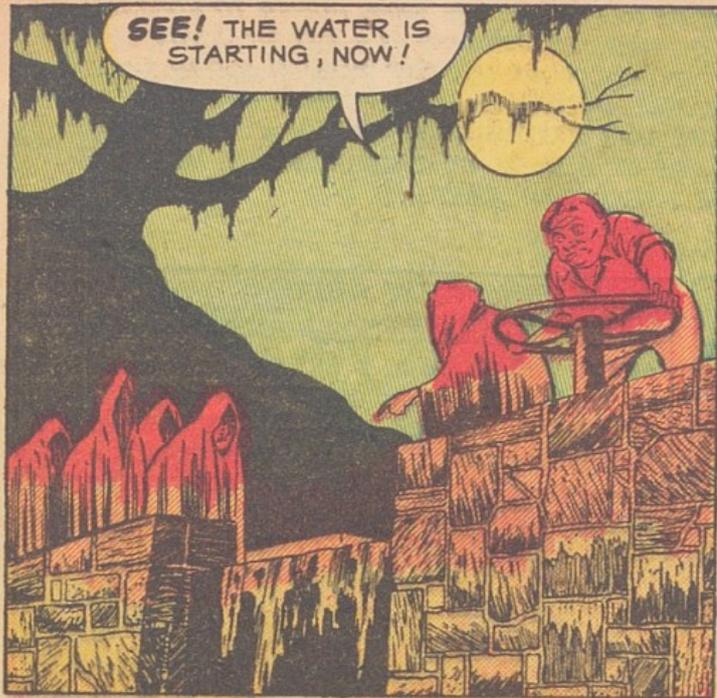


AND JUST THEN...

TURN THAT WHEEL AND OPEN THE SLUICE GATE, BROTHER! TO HEAR IS TO OBEY! DO YOU HEAR?

HEE! HEE! ONCE THE SLUICE IS OPEN, THE WATER WILL POUR DOWN ON THE VILLAGE, AND WE WILL BE AVENGED!





SEE! THE WATER IS STARTING, NOW!



SUDDENLY!

WHAT... WHAT... AM I... DOING... HERE?

AAAAAHHH!



FLEE TO THE GLEN! IT IS WHIT-COMBE!

LUKE! CLOSE THE GATE! CLOSE THE GATE!

YES! HOW DID IT OPEN? THE VALLEY WILL BE FLOODED!

THERE! IT'S CLOSED! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

THE ANSWER LIES LOCKED IN DEATH, WITH HER! ALREADY SHE IS DUST! NOW, QUICKLY! WE CAN DESTROY THEM ALL!

SOON, AFTER AMOS HAD SPRINKLED THE POWDER NEAR THE WITCHES' GLEN...



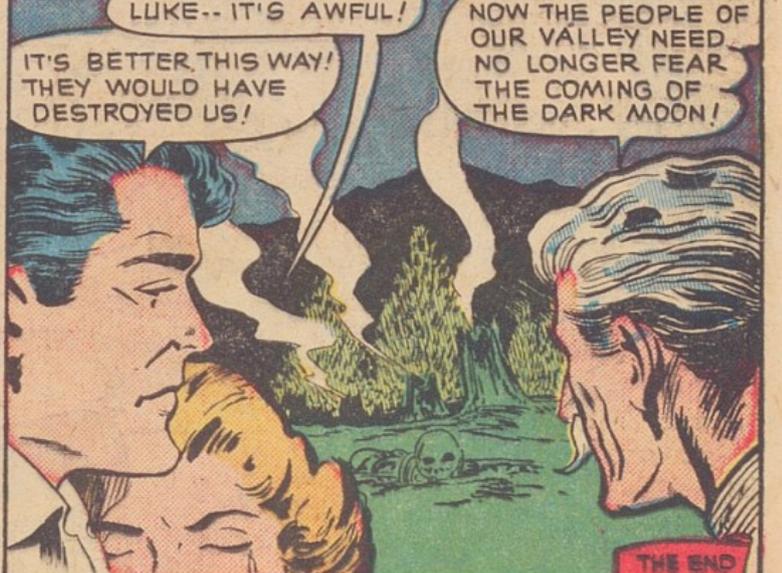
SET THE TORCH TO THE POWDER, ERNA! AT LAST WE HAVE THEM! THESE FLAMES WILL DESTROY THEM!

THE HUNGRY FLAMES LICKED AT THE WITCHES, AND THEIR GRUESOME, BLOOD-CURDLING CRIES TURNED THE FOREST INTO A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!



AIEEE!

IN A FEW GRISLY MOMENTS, THE FLAMES HAD DONE THEIR WORK! FOR ALL TIME, THE WITCHES AND THEIR CAULDRON OF EVIL WERE GONE FROM THE VALLEY!



LUKE-- IT'S AWFUL!

IT'S BETTER THIS WAY! THEY WOULD HAVE DESTROYED US!

NOW THE PEOPLE OF OUR VALLEY NEED NO LONGER FEAR THE COMING OF THE DARK MOON!

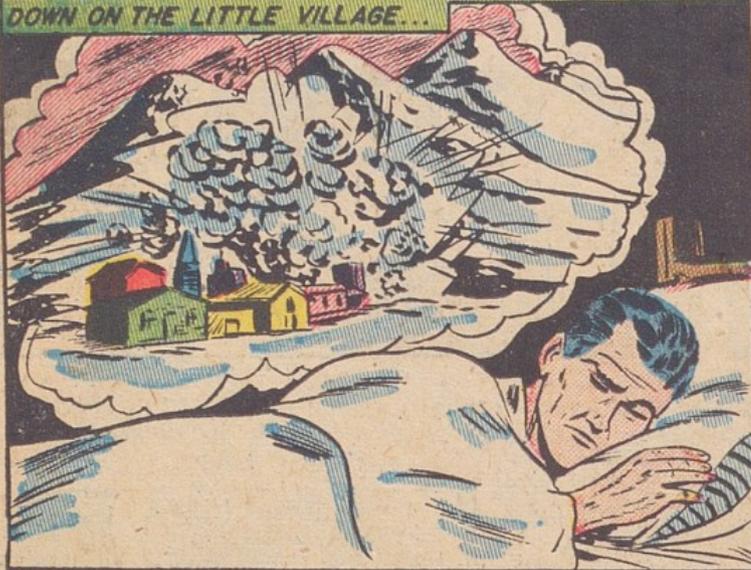
THE END

A Hand of FATE Mystery

#10

TO SOME OF US IS GIVEN THE RARE POWER TO FORESEE FUTURE OCCURENCES, PERHAPS IN A SUDDEN VISION, OR IN A DREAM. THE FOLLOWING INCIDENT TOOK PLACE IN THE SWISS ALPS, IN 1912. ROBERT AKRON, AN AMERICAN WRITER TOURING EUROPE, WAS STAYING OVERNIGHT IN A SMALL INN NESTLED ON THE SIDE OF A SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN. HE HAD A STRANGE DREAM THAT NIGHT...

YOUNG AKRON DREAMED THAT TONS OF SNOW SUDDENLY LOOSENEED ON THE NEARBY MOUNTAINS AND TUMBLED DOWN ON THE LITTLE VILLAGE...



IN THE MORNING, THE AMERICAN TOLD THE INN-KEEPER OF HIS DREAM...

AND IT WAS SO VIVID, AS THOUGH IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED!

BUT, SIR, IN THE LONG HISTORY OF THIS VILLAGE, THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A SNOWSLIDE! IT WAS, AFTER ALL, ONLY A DREAM!



ROBERT AKRON COULD NOT GET RID OF A WEIRD FEELING OF FOREBODING. HE PACKED HIS BAGS AND PREPARED TO LEAVE THE VILLAGE BY THE AFTERNOON TRAIN...

PERHAPS THE INNKEEPER WAS RIGHT, AND I AM FOOLISH TO WORRY ABOUT THAT DREAM! AND YET, I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT I MUST HURRY AWAY FROM HERE!



BUT THEN, AS THE TRAIN PULLED OUT OF THE SMALL VILLAGE'S STATION...

RUMBLE



WHAT! THAT NOISE...!



TONS OF SNOW SUDDENLY FELL ON THE HELPLESS VILLAGERS, BURYING MOST OF THEM ALIVE!

GREAT HEAVENS! MY DREAM... THEN IT WAS A PROPHECY! I GOT AWAY JUST IN TIME!



WHO CAN EXPLAIN WHAT MYSTERIOUS POWER GRANTED ROBERT AKRON THAT DREADFUL NIGHT VISION WHICH WARNED HIM OF AN IMPENDING TRAGEDY AND SAVED HIS LIFE? JUST ANOTHER INEXPLICABLE MYSTERY TO BE FOUND RECORDED IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

THE END

Dr. CHANEY'S MACABRE CREATION

WATCH IT, YOU STUPID OAF! DON'T DROP HIM! THIS IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT GUINEA PIG, HUGO! AFTER TONIGHT, OUR WORK WILL BE OVER!

HE MUST STOP CALLING ME THOSE NAMES AND INSULTING ME! I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE OF IT! I CAN'T HELP IT THAT HE'S SMARTER AND BETTER LOOKING THAN I AM!



"FOUR TIMES DR. RALPH CHANEY HAD TAKEN PATIENTS ABOUT TO DIE OF AN INCURABLE DISEASE, INJECTED A DRUG WHICH WOULD PUT THEM INTO A COMATOSE STATE RESEMBLING DEATH, AND SIGNED THEIR DEATH CERTIFICATES. THUS THEY WERE BURIED ALIVE, ACTUALLY, SO THAT CHANEY COULD SHORTLY AFTERWARD DIG THEM UP AND USE THE VICTIMS IN HIS SECRET EXPERIMENT. THE FIFTH TIME, DR. CHANEY, A BRILLIANT BUT ECCENTRIC YOUNG BRAIN SPECIALIST, KNEW WOULD BE THE LAST. IT WAS THE LAST STEP IN HIS MACABRE EXPERIMENT. HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT IT WAS A STEP HE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN, THAT WAS FATED TO TAKE HIM OVER THE BOUNDARY LINE OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE, AND INTO A SNARLED AND TWISTED TIME OF TERROR BEYOND THE KEN OF EVEN THE MOST TRAINED AND SCIENTIFIC MIND..."

YOU SURE THIS ONE'S STILL ALIVE, DOCTOR? HE DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD!

HE LOOKS AS GOOD AS YOU DO, YOU UGLY BEAST! AND RIGHT NOW, EVEN IN A COMA, HE'S SMARTER THAN YOU ARE! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS EXPERIMENT IS OVER AND I CAN GET RID OF YOU, HUGO!



HURRY, HUGO! PREPARE HIM FOR SURGERY WHILE THERE IS STILL A SPARK OF LIFE!

AND TONIGHT THE MASTER BRAIN WILL BE COMPLETED, HUH, DOCTOR? TELL ME ABOUT IT AGAIN!



"SWIFTLY DR. CHANEY EXPLAINED TO HIS DULL-WITTED ASSISTANT HOW THEIR FOUR PREVIOUS VICTIMS HAD BEEN GENIUSES IN SPECIAL FIELDS. ONE HAD BEEN A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST, ANOTHER A MASTER MATHEMATICIAN. THE THIRD WAS A GREAT GENERAL AND MILITARY STRATEGIST, THE FOURTH A FAMOUS ORATOR AND STATESMAN..."



AND WE TOOK THE SECTION OF BRAIN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PARTICULAR GENIUS OF EACH MAN, KEPT IT ALIVE AND PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER TO FORM ONE SUPER-INTELLIGENT BRAIN!

HE'S READY FOR THE FIRST INCISION NOW, DOCTOR!



A MAN POSSESSING SUCH A BRAIN WOULD BE ABLE TO RULE THE WORLD! THE SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS SECTIONS WOULD ENABLE HIM TO SOLVE THE GREAT RIDDLES OF CURBING DISEASE, DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH AND POPULATION!

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER TWO SECTIONS?



THE MILITARY AND STATESMANSHIP SECTIONS WOULD ENABLE THE MAN WITH THE MASTER BRAIN TO SUPERVISE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD AND THEN MAINTAIN AN INTELLIGENT WORLD GOVERNMENT!



BUT THE MAN FROM WHOM WE JUST REMOVED THIS FIFTH SECTION OF BRAIN IS JUST AN ORDINARY GUY, DOCTOR! HE HAS NO SPECIAL GENIUS! WHAT DOES HE CONTRIBUTE TO THE MASTER BRAIN?

THE WILL-POWER -- THE SECTION THAT CONTROLS THE REST OF THE BRAIN!



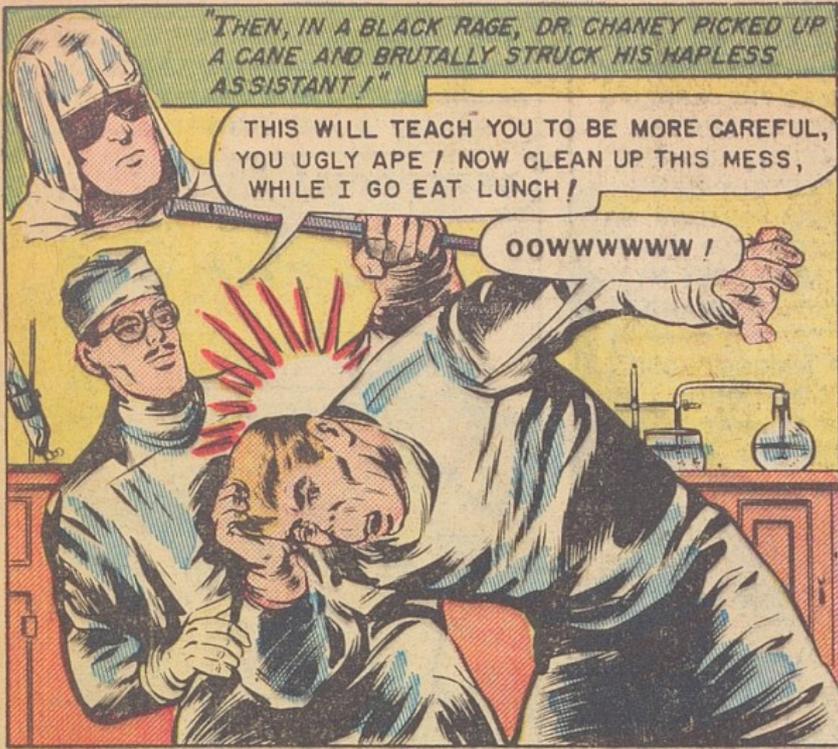
AND WHEN I INSERT THIS MASTER BRAIN INTO THE "CARRIER" -- THE MAN I'VE SELECTED TO BE THE OWNER OF ALL THIS GENIUS -- I WILL HYPNOTIZE HIM, GET CONTROL OF THE WILL-POWER SECTION! I WILL CONTROL HIM, COMPLETELY! I WILL REAP ALL THE WEALTH AND POWER FROM HIS SUPER-WISDOM!



HUGO, YOU CLUMSY LOU! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! THOSE INSTRUMENTS WILL BE BENT AND DULLED, YOU IMBECILE!

I-I'M SORRY, DOCTOR!





"THEN, IN A BLACK RAGE, DR. CHANEY PICKED UP A CANE AND BRUTALLY STRUCK HIS HAPLESS ASSISTANT!"

"THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO BE MORE CAREFUL, YOU UGLY APE! NOW CLEAN UP THIS MESS, WHILE I GO EAT LUNCH!"

OOWWWWWW!



BEATINGS! INSULTS! HOW I HATE HIM! HE HAS EVERYTHING THAT I HAVE NOT-- GOOD LOOKS, INTELLIGENCE! BUT I HAVE A PLAN TO WREAK VENGEANCE ON HIM! AND NOW IS THE TIME!

I'LL RUIN THE ONE THING HE LOVES, HIS GREATEST CREATION-- THE MASTER BRAIN! I'LL DESTROY IT, AND SUBSTITUTE IN ITS PLACE THIS OTHER SIMILARLY LARGE BRAIN, USED IN EARLIER EXPERIMENTS!

THE FOOLISH MORTAL DOESN'T REALIZE HE'S SUBSTITUTING THE BRAIN OF A LION!



THERE! I'VE PUT THE OTHER BRAIN IN THE MASTER BRAIN'S GLASS CASE! THE DOCTOR WILL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE! AND NOW I DESTROY HIS GREAT CREATION! THIS IS THE END OF THE MASTER BRAIN!

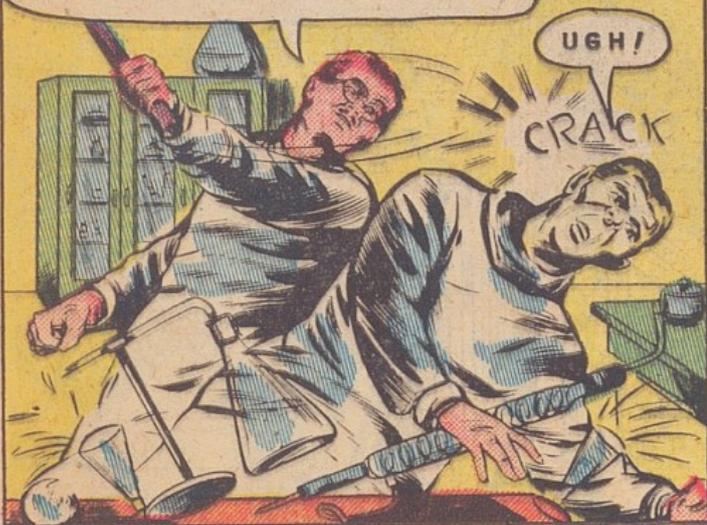


A LITTLE LATER, DR. CHANEY RETURNED TO THE LAB, IN A HAPPY, TRIUMPHANT MOOD.

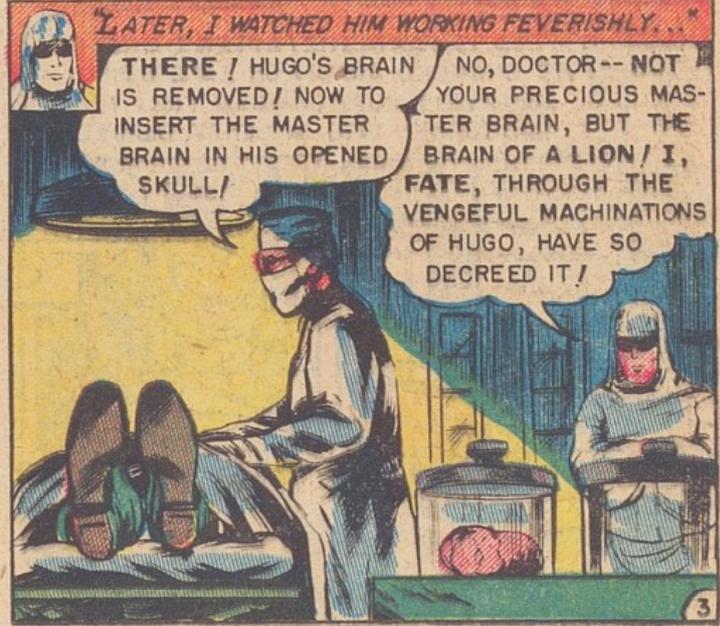
NOW, HUGO, WE ARE READY TO TRANSPLANT THE MASTER BRAIN INTO THE SKULL OF ITS "CARRIER"! YOU'VE OFTEN ASKED WHO WOULD BE SO HONORED! NOW, MY DULL BRUTE OF A SERVANT, YOU SHALL HAVE THE ANSWER!



YOU ARE GOING TO CARRY THE MASTER BRAIN, HUGO! YOUR THICK, EMPTY HEAD WILL SOON BE FILLED WITH THE BRAIN'S MIGHT AND POWER!



UGH!
CRACK



LATER, I WATCHED HIM WORKING FEVERISHLY...

THERE! HUGO'S BRAIN IS REMOVED! NOW TO INSERT THE MASTER BRAIN IN HIS OPENED SKULL!

NO, DOCTOR-- NOT YOUR PRECIOUS MASTER BRAIN, BUT THE BRAIN OF A LION! I, FATE, THROUGH THE VENGEFUL MACHINATIONS OF HUGO, HAVE SO DECREED IT!



THE OPERATION IS COMPLETED! I HAVE INJECTED A POWERFUL STIMULANT TO BRING HIM BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS! HOW DO YOU FEEL, HUGO?

VERY STRANGE! DIZZY! CONFUSED! MY - MY HEAD ACHES SO!



GAZE INTO MY EYES, HUGO-- YOU WHO NOW POSSESS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MENTAL ABILITIES! YOU ARE COMPLETELY IN MY POWER! YOU HAVE NO WILL OF YOUR OWN! YOU MUST OBEY MY EVERY COMMAND!

STOP MAKING THOSE SILLY MOTIONS AND GET AWAY FROM ME!



THE HYPNOSIS DIDN'T EFFECT HIM! AND HE-- HE'S CHANGING! HE'S BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A WILD BEAST! A - A LION!

GRRROOW!



WHAT WENT WRONG? HUGO'S BECOME HALF-BEAST, HALF-HUMAN -- A LION-MAN! IF I CAN GET MY GUN IN TIME...

GRRROOW!



THAT'LL STOP YOU!

DON'T BE SO SURE, DOCTOR! YOUR ILL-FATED EXPERIMENT IS NOT YET ENDED!

BANG!



"THEN DR. CHANEY SAW THAT HUGO, FELLED BY THE BULLET, HAD REGAINED HIS HUMAN FORM!"

THIS IS FANTASTIC! AFTER I SHOT HIM, HE CHANGED AGAIN! OR AM I GOING MAD? DID I JUST IMAGINE THAT HUGO HAD TURNED INTO A BEAST, BEFORE?



NOT ONLY DID MY EXPERIMENT GO WRONG, BUT I'VE COMMITTED MURDER, NOW! CAN'T PLEAD SELF DEFENSE! WHO WOULD BELIEVE THAT HUGO TOOK THE FORM OF A KILLER-BEAST AND ATTACKED ME!

I'LL HIDE HUGO'S CORPSE! I'LL PUT HIM UNDER THIS CELLAR FLOOR, THEN RE-CEMENT IT! NOBODY'LL EVER FIND HIM!

BY MORNING, THIS NEW CEMENT WILL BE HARDENED AND NOBODY WILL NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE! I'M SAFE, NOW!

PERHAPS, DR. CHANEY, YOU ARE MERELY SEALING YOUR OWN FATE, WITH THAT CEMENT!

LATER THAT NIGHT, DR. CHANEY WAS VIOLENTLY AWAKENED BY LOUD SOUNDS COMING UP FROM THE CELLAR...

THOSE NOISES! SOUNDS AS THOUGH THEY'RE COMING FROM THE BASEMENT!

CRASH!
C-RUNCH!

HUGO! IT-IT CAN'T BE! HE'S DEAD! I SHOT HIM! YET, HE'S STILL ALIVE, AND BACK IN HIS BEAST FORM ONCE MORE!

I CANNOT BE KILLED! THE LION'S BRAIN THAT I SWITCHED IN PLACE OF YOUR CREATION, THE MASTER BRAIN, HAD BEEN KEPT ARTIFICIALLY ALIVE TOO LONG BY YOUR EXPERIMENTS! NOW IT HAS A POWER OF ITS OWN! IT REFUSES TO DIE!

GRRROAR! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME!

NO! NO!

THE CHASE LED INTO THE BUSINESS SECTION OF THE TOWN, STRIKING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE CROWDS!

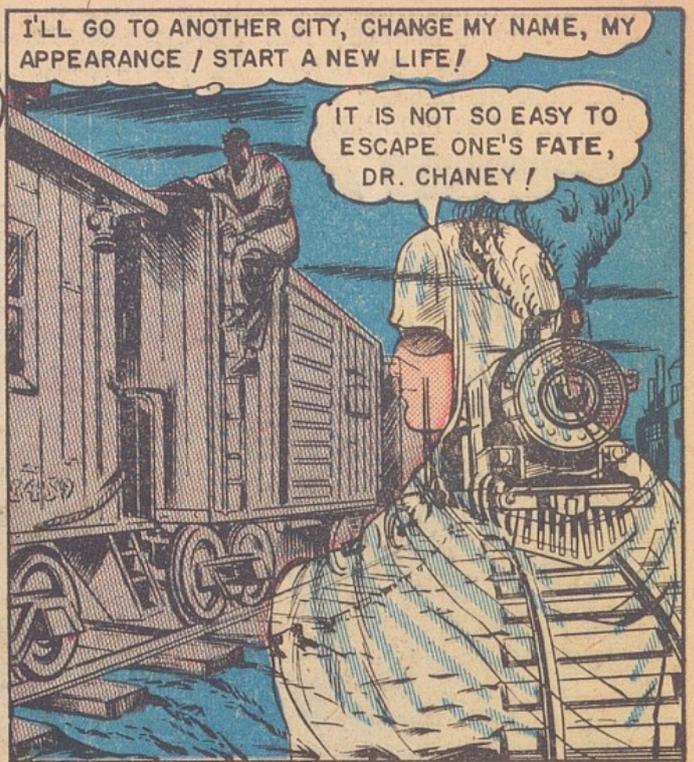
HELP! POLICE! SHOOT DOWN THE BEAST, BEFORE HE CATCHES ME!

EEEEEEYIIIEEE!



THAT STOPPED THE MURDEROUS CREATURE!

PERHAPS HE'S DEAD! BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON HIS COMING TO LIFE AGAIN! NOR ON BEING HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS NIGHT'S HORROR! I'D BETTER FLEE THE CITY!



I'LL GO TO ANOTHER CITY, CHANGE MY NAME, MY APPEARANCE / START A NEW LIFE!

IT IS NOT SO EASY TO ESCAPE ONE'S FATE, DR. CHANEY!



"SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, IN A HOTEL ROOM A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE SCENE OF HIS ILL-FATED EXPERIMENT..."

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T BE GRROAR! HERE! YOU COULDN'T HAVE FOUND ME SO SOON!



GOOD GRIEF! WH-WHAT KIND OF OTHER-WORLD CREATURE IS THAT?

HE'S STILL AFTER ME!



SPEED AWAY FROM HERE--FAST!

YES, SIR! (GULP) WHAT CRAZY ZOO DID HE ESCAPE FROM?

"DR. CHANEY TEMPORARILY ESCAPED HIS PURSUING FATE, THAT TIME. BUT HE BECAME A DREAD, HUNTED THING, WHO, NO MATTER WHERE HE WENT, WHERE HE HID, WAS SOON AGAIN ROOTED OUT AND HAUNTED AND CHASED BY HIS NEMESIS, HIS OWN HORROR-CREATION--HUGO, THE LION-MAN!"



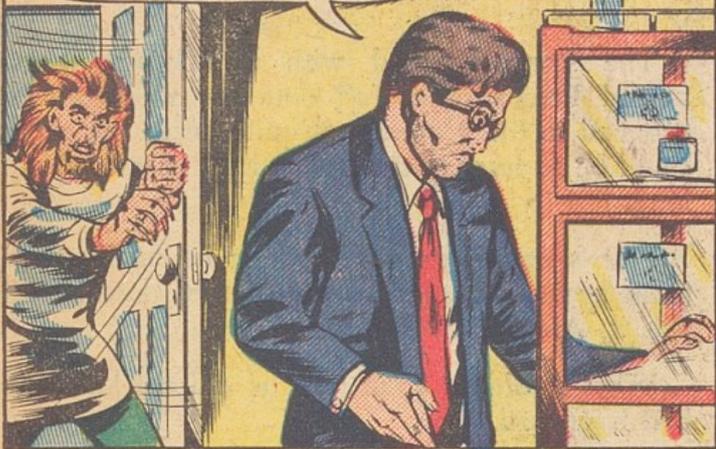
"AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS OF NIGHTMARISH PURSUIT..."

CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! LOSING MY MIND WITH THIS CONSTANT TERROR! BUT I-I THINK I KNOW HOW TO END IT, NOW! GOT TO GO BACK TO MY LABORATORY, WHERE THE WHOLE THING STARTED!



"AND SO THIS FOOLISH MORTAL WHO TEMPTED FATE WITH HIS DIABOLICAL EXPERIMENT, RETURNED HOME A FEW DAYS LATER..."

WHEN HUGO COMES AFTER ME AGAIN, HE'LL HAVE TO DO AS I SAY! IT IS THE ONLY WAY OUT, FOR BOTH OF US!



WAIT, HUGO! STOP! I'LL HELP YOU! GET ONTO THE OPERATING TABLE! I'LL REMOVE THE LION'S BRAIN FROM YOUR SKULL AND RELEASE YOU FROM THAT HIDEOUS LION-MAN FORM! THEN YOU WILL BE ABLE TO HAVE ETERNAL PEACE!



THERE WILL BE NO REAL DEATH--NO PEACE FOR ME, WHILE HE STILL LIVES!

HE--HE DOESN'T ANSWER ME-- DOESN'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND! NO, HUGO! GET AWAY!



EVEN STABBING HIM THROUGH THE HEART DOESN'T STOP HIM! MY THROAT! ARGHHH!

ARRRR!



"WHEN ALL LIFE HAD BEEN WRUNG OUT OF DR. CHANEY'S TERROR-WRACKED FORM, HUGO LIFTED HIM ONTO THE OPERATING TABLE, A BIZARRE IDEA FORMING IN HIS HALF-BESTIAL, HALF-HUMAN MIND!"



"AND SO, COMPLETING AN IRONIC TWIST OF FATE, HUGO CLUMSILY OPENED DR. CHANEY'S SKULL AND REMOVED THE BRILLIANT BUT WARPED BRAIN THAT HAD CONCEIVED THE MACABRE IDEA OF CREATING A MASTER-MIND IN THE FIRST PLACE, THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS HORROR AND TROUBLE!"



"THEN ONCE MORE, HUGO BEGAN TO CHANGE TO HIS OWN, HUMAN FORM, ONLY TO FEEL THE CLUTCHES OF DEATH, THIS TIME, REAL, FINAL, ETERNAL DEATH, CLAWING AT HIM, AS HE SANK TO THE FLOOR..."



I - I'M CHANGING, BECOMING HUMAN AGAIN! BUT MY HEART! CAN'T BREATHE! CHOKING! FALLING! I'M DYING! D-Y-I-N-G..."



THE END

FIRES OF OZYMANDIAS

Privation and the harsh discipline of the past three months had changed Alex Vannah. But maybe "changed" was not the exact word. Maybe Alex had always been greedy and treacherous and it was only the past few months that had revealed the carefully hidden side of his true nature.

"Peter must die."

There, he'd said it. Standing in the bright moonlight that flooded the desolate waste of Egyptian sands and etched a great shadow of the tomb of the Pharaoh Namin on the desert floor, Alex knew what he would do—what he must do—to his brother Peter.

No one but a fool, Alex told himself, would spend three months criss-crossing a thousand miles of this upper Nile country and return to the States empty-handed. Not when it was practically a certainty that the tomb of Namin contained a fortune.

YE OF AN IMPURE HEART WHO ENTER HERE BEWARE! Translated, that was what the inscription above the door of the tomb of Namin declared. And this was what had made his brother Peter forbid the exploration of the tomb of the ancient Pharaoh for booty. When he has already faced death a hundred times from heat and malaria and wild beasts, a man is indeed a fool and a coward to fear a warning inscribed over a tomb entrance three thousand years before. Indeed, Peter was a cowardly fool.

And Peter was inside the tomb now, laboriously translating symbols on that ancient tablet he had found at the foot of the bier of the king's wife—working like the college professor he was to unearth pedantic treasures, instead of the tangible treasures of a royal tomb.

"Alex," Peter's voice called hollowly from the interior of the tomb. "Come here a minute, Alex."

Alex knew if he did not reply, his brother would step outside the tomb to look for him. And he, Alex, stood above the doorway with a granite block of the tomb poised and ready.

"I've got the answer from the inscriptions on the tablet, Alex," Peter was saying. But Peter was still protected by the cornice jutting over the doorway. "There is a logical answer to those human skeletons lying in here on the floor."

Logic. It was just like Peter to have a logical answer at the very moment he faced death.

"Alex," Peter's voice rose urgently, as he stepped forth from the protecting cornice.

The stone dropped with a sickening crunch, missed Peter's head, fell onto his shoulder. Peter dropped to the ground, not quite dead. But no man could be so terribly crushed and yet remain alive for long.

Peter's eyes were glazed when he finally opened them again. Glazed with the film of death. "What was it, Alex? Something fell?"

What stupidity! Even now he did not know what had happened.

"I'm dying, Alex," Peter said faintly. "Promise me—don't go back into the tomb. You . . . don't understand. Don't go back . . ." Peter's voice choked once and then he was dead.

Don't go back. You don't understand.

Of course Alex understood. He understood what Peter had told him about the Pharaoh Namin and his devoted wife Moira. Peter had told him that Moira, when her husband died, had followed him into the tomb and insisted upon being buried alive so that she might protect the three thousand year sleep of the man she loved. Peter had also told him that it was the custom of the Egyptians of Namin's dynasty to take with them into their tombs a fortune which could be used in after-life as gifts for the gods in the land of the Beyond. And all the rest that Peter had told him was only folk-lore—superstitions, like the one that a dead king's body must lie undisturbed three thousand years in his tomb before he could be summoned for the long journey to the Paradise of the Sun. Superstitions such as the one that a pharaoh's family or friends often protected the dead man's period of waiting with terrible devices to punish blasphemous disturbances.

Once Alex had buried his brother's body, carefully smoothing the sand over his grave so that no one would ever suspect its presence, Alex returned to the tomb. It was very plain inside the tomb except for the twin biers of the king and his queen, which were surrounded by huge, vicious-looking dogs that were as large as apes. The dogs were so remarkably preserved, that they looked almost as if they were alive.

The only strange thing about the interior of the tomb were the skeletons of four human beings lying next to the twin sarcophagi. And this is what had puzzled Peter. These skeletons did not fit into the precise ritual of Egyptian burial. And this was what he had been working on such a short time ago . . . and apparently he had found the answer on trans-

lating the inscription of the stone tablet at the foot of the queen's bier.

Curious, Alex looked at his brother's translation: "Behold, ye who have now entered the tomb, the sarcophagi of Namin and Moira. To learn the secret to the riches that Namin will bear into the land of the Beyond, kindle the fires of Ozymandias the Wizard beneath my bier."

Kindle flames under a mummy's tomb.

Alex laughed scornfully. He took up one of the pick-axes he and his brother had used to open the door of the tomb. With this alone he would find out the secret to Namin's fortune. With a pick he would uncover the treasure vault in no time at all.

However, most of the night passed without Alex finding the fortune that he was seeking. And finally with the sweat pouring into his eyes, Alex stood disgustedly at the foot of the bier of Moira. Furiously, he swung his pick-axe into the tablet and broke it into bits. There was nothing to do but see if there was any truth to the tablet's inscription.

Then a thought came to Alex. He smiled slyly.

Suppose that lighting these fires was what Peter had been trying to warn him about. Suppose the fumes from the flames produced a lethal gas. He'd have to be careful. If there was a suspicious odor, he'd wait until fresh air cleared the tomb out.

Using the piece of paper on which Peter had written his translation of the tablet, Alex set fire to the pots beneath the queen's bier and stood just inside the door of the tomb, waiting to see what would happen.

Suddenly, a strange sight met his eyes. The sealed bier of Moira opened and from its depths the queen herself arose. Almost at the same instant, the heavy stone door behind Alex creaked shut!

The door refused to open again!

"I am Moira, queen of Egypt."

She should have had the appearance of a mummy. Instead she was young, lovely, frowning.

"Ye of an impure heart have entered the tomb of Namin, greedy for the gifts that my king must bear into the land of the Beyond. Like those other blasphemous ones whose bones lie now on the floor, ye have come to rob the dead without reckoning on Moira."

Alex wondered how it had been possible for a mere woman to kill these men whose bones lay before him. Once again, he noticed the great dogs that surrounded the biers of the royal couple. Perhaps it was only his imagination that made him think the sides of the dogs moved with breathing.

"But I have sworn to protect my king until the day comes that he commences his journey into the

Beyond." Moira held aloft an earthen jar. "With the potion of the wizard Ozymandias, I have remained young for 3000 years. And all those who have come to desecrate the tomb of Namin, I have punished. For, when the fires of Ozymandias are lighted by greedy intruders who have read my tablet, we are given a few minutes of strength to avenge the blasphemy!"

So that was it! The potion gave her an incredibly long span of life. And the man who was foolish enough to light the fires of Ozymandias in his search for treasure, brought Moira from her state of suspended animation.

Moira snapped her fingers, then, and the dogs came to terrifying life. Slowly, they began to close in on Alex, their jaws wide and purposeful. Another instant and Alex would join the heap of bones on the floor. Bones of men who had come as he had for the treasure of Namin.

Suddenly, a desperate hope flooded Alex's mind . . . the potion that Moira held in her hand! If it were capable of sustaining Moira's life, it might also sustain his own. And in time another explorer would surely come to the tomb and waken him as he had wakened Moira, by lighting the fires of Ozymandias.

Alex leaped for the earthen jar and in a single motion snatched it from Moira's hands and drank. Then, he dashed the remaining contents to the floor and fell across the bier of the queen.

With the last of his strength, he was able to laugh at Moira—safe from the slaving dogs and the queen's revenge. Three thousand years old, and deprived of the sustaining power of the potion of Ozymandias, both the Queen and the dogs soon were metamorphosed into horrible and ancient creatures, ravaged by time, deprived of all power for vengeance.

But Moira was able to smile, too—a crooked hag's grin on her shriveling face.

For she knew something that Alex had forgotten in his momentary triumph. She knew that no explorer would ever awaken Alex from his motionless state, because Alex himself had destroyed the tablet and also his brother Peter's translation! And without this tablet, no one would ever have reason to light the fires of Ozymandias under what was now the bier of Alex. Youthfully alive, but motionless as the dead, Alex was doomed to remain for all time just as he was!

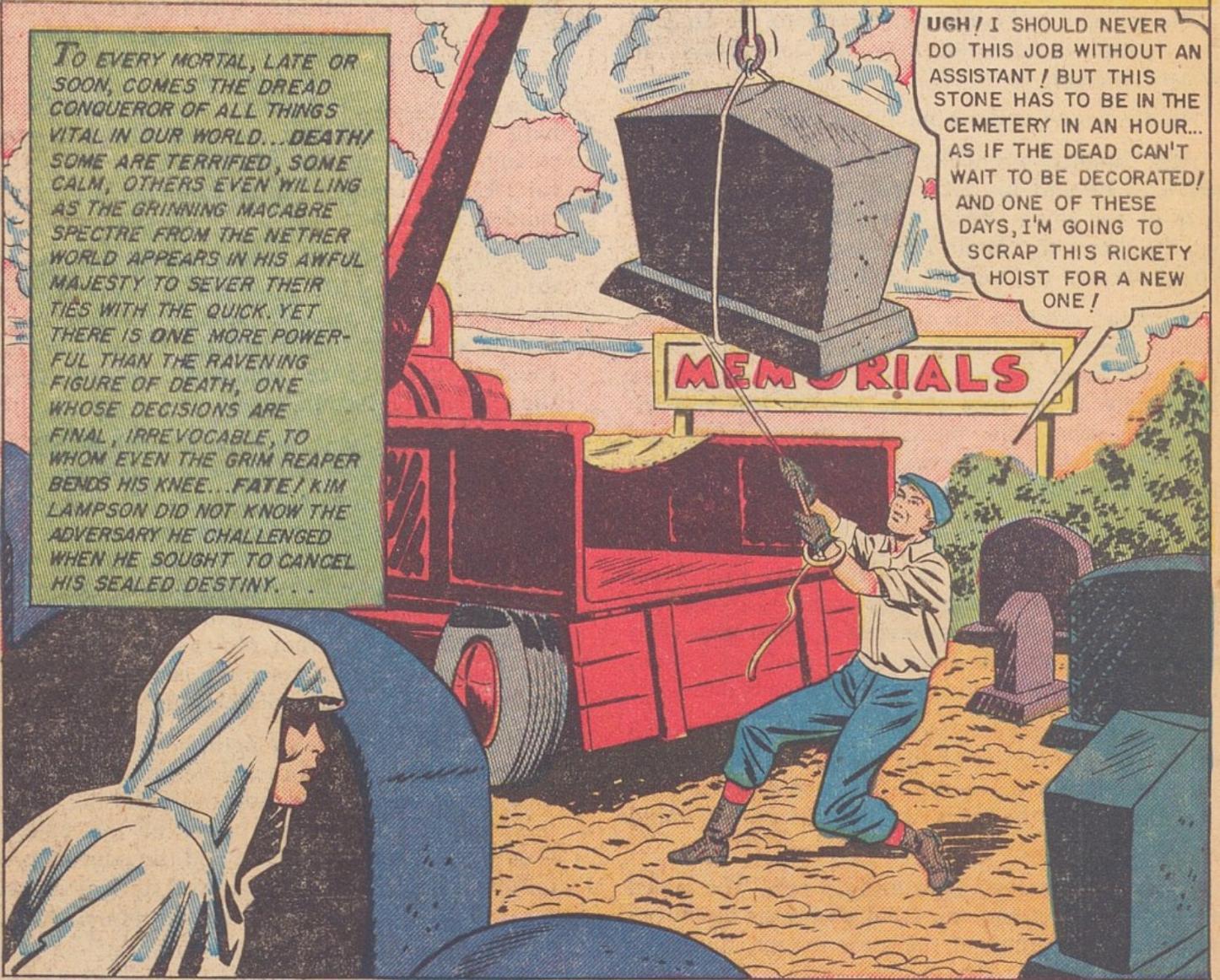
And what of future strangers who might enter this tomb? Moira smiled then, all the more, because she knew that *this* day her vigil over Namin's body was finished. Namin's three thousand years of waiting was ended, and today he would be leaving his tomb, carrying his rich gifts for presents to the gods in the land of the Beyond!

THE END

THE GRAVE WILL NOT WAIT

TO EVERY MORTAL, LATE OR SOON, COMES THE DREAD CONQUEROR OF ALL THINGS VITAL IN OUR WORLD... DEATH! SOME ARE TERRIFIED, SOME CALM, OTHERS EVEN WILLING AS THE GRINNING MACABRE SPECTRE FROM THE NETHER WORLD APPEARS IN HIS AWFUL MAJESTY TO SEVER THEIR TIES WITH THE QUICK. YET THERE IS ONE MORE POWERFUL THAN THE RAVENING FIGURE OF DEATH, ONE WHOSE DECISIONS ARE FINAL, IRREVOCABLE, TO WHOM EVEN THE GRIM REAPER BENDS HIS KNEE... FATE! KIM LAMPSON DID NOT KNOW THE ADVERSARY HE CHALLENGED WHEN HE SOUGHT TO CANCEL HIS SEALED DESTINY...

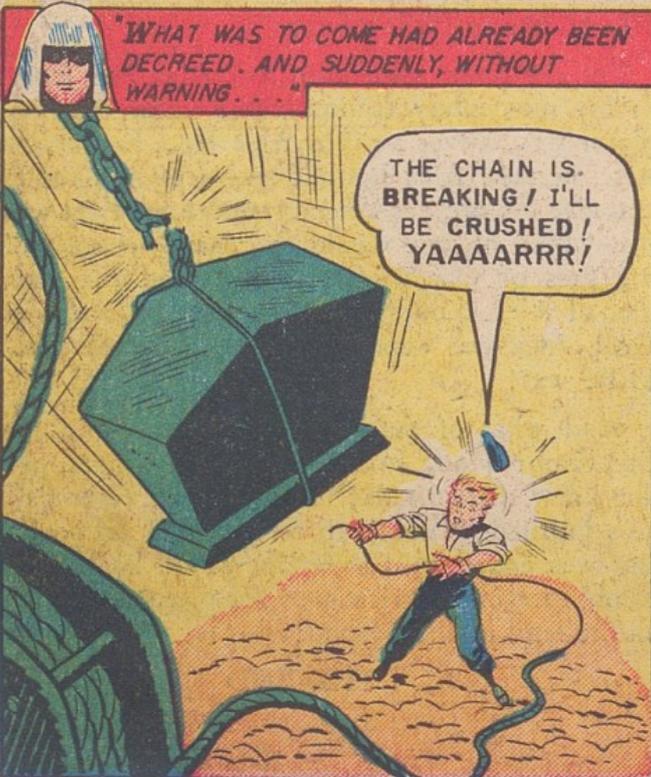
UGH! I SHOULD NEVER DO THIS JOB WITHOUT AN ASSISTANT! BUT THIS STONE HAS TO BE IN THE CEMETERY IN AN HOUR... AS IF THE DEAD CAN'T WAIT TO BE DECORATED! AND ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M GOING TO SCRAP THIS RICKETY HOIST FOR A NEW ONE!



"WHAT WAS TO COME HAD ALREADY BEEN DECREED. AND SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING..."

OWW! (GASP) I CAN'T GO OUT LIKE THIS, WITHOUT A FIGHTING CHANCE-- KILLED BY A STONE I CUT FOR ANOTHER MAN'S GRAVE! OHHH!

THE CHAIN IS BREAKING! I'LL BE CRUSHED! YAAAARRR!





"AS KIM HOVERED ON THE BORDERLINE OF CONSCIOUSNESS..."

HELP ME, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

I'VE COME FOR YOU, KIM LAMPSON, AT THE APPOINTED HOUR! THE GRAVE AWAITS YOU!



NO, NO! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU!

DOESN'T HE KNOW THERE ARE NO MORE CHANCES? HIS LIFE HAS RUN ITS COURSE!



WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY DO FOR ME, TO WHOM ALL FINALLY COME? WHAT BARGAIN CAN YOU STRIKE?

I'LL RECRUIT FOR YOU! I'LL BRING YOU NEW VICTIMS FOR YOUR UNDERGROUND REALM OF DARKNESS, MORE THAN ENOUGH TO MAKE UP FOR MY LOSS TO YOU! LET ME LIVE, SO LONG AS I BRING DEATH TO OTHERS!



ACCEPT THIS HOLLOW MOCKERY OF A BARGAIN! I WILL NOT CANCEL HALF A LINE IN MY BOOK! LET HIM STRUGGLE FOR A WHILE AND BE TAUGHT A LESSON!

VERY WELL THEN, I AM AGREED! BUT REMEMBER, KIM LAMPSON-- FATE IS THE FINAL JUDGE, AND I FEAR HE WILL NEVER ACCEPT THIS BARGAIN!



"AS THE CRUSHING WEIGHT WAS REMOVED FROM LAMPSON'S BACK, A FALSE SENSE OF POWER SURGED THROUGH HIM..."

I WON! DEATH HAS GRANTED ME A REPRIEVE, AND IF I KEEP MY END OF THE BARGAIN, I'LL LIVE ON AND ON! LET FATE DO HIS WORST! I CARVE OUT MY OWN DESTINY!



"WHEN KIM REACHED THE CEMETERY..."

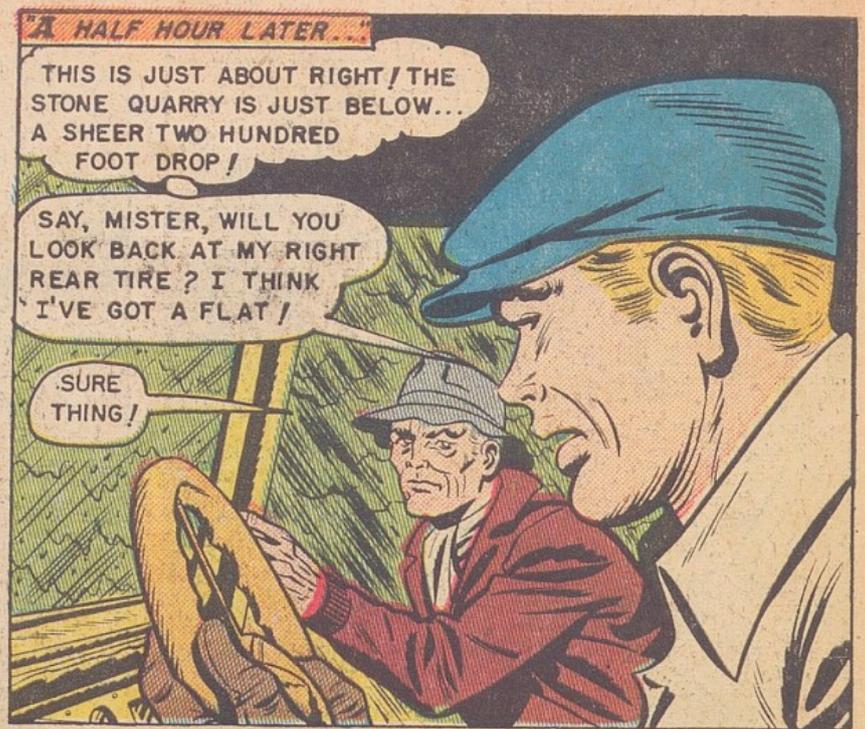
CURSE THIS RAIN! I HAVE NOTHING BUT MISERY ALL DAY LONG! NOW WHERE AM I GOING TO FIND A VICTIM TO KEEP MY BARGAIN?



"SUDDENLY, AS IF ARISING FROM THE GRAVE, A STRANGE VISITOR APPEARED..."

HEY, WHERE'D YOU COME FROM? I THOUGHT THE CEMETERY WAS SHUT HOURS AGO?

I HAD A LATE JOB AND THE TRUCK LET ME OFF HERE! MAYBE YOU CAN GIVE ME A LIFT?



WHAT AM I DOING? THAT'S MY OWN NAME I'VE BEEN WRITING! THIS SENTENCE HANGING OVER MY HEAD IS DRIVING ME MAD! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY, FOR AWHILE... MAYBE HUNTING WILL HELP!

"AN HOUR LATER..."

THAT'S FUNNY! I'VE HUNTED IN THESE WOODS ALL MY LIFE AND NEVER SAW THIS CLEARING BEFORE! I FEEL AS IF MY FOOTSTEPS HAVE BEEN GUIDED HERE!

MUST HAVE BEEN SOME OLD HOBO'S FIRE! LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN DEAD FOR A WEEK! I NEVER SAW ANY TRAMPS AROUND HERE BEFORE!

"THERE WERE MORE SURPRISES FOR KIM..."

WILD DUCKS, HUNDREDS OF THEM! THEY NEVER PASSED THIS WAY BEFORE... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT STOP ME FROM BAGGING A FEW!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

"AS KIM RETURNED TO THE CLEARING..."

WH-WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? I PASSED HERE FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO, AND THERE WAS NOTHING BUT SOME CHARRED REMAINS OF A DEAD FIRE!

I DUNNO WHAT YOU SAW, MISTER, BUT I'VE BEEN HERE OVER TWO HOURS! I SEE YOU HAD SOME LUCK!

I'LL LET YOU IN ON A DUCK THIS IS DINNER, IF YOU DO THE COOKING! ANOTHER YOU CAN GET SOME WATER PERFECT FROM THE STREAM! CHANCE FOR ME TO RECRUIT FOR DEATH AND STRETCH MY TIME!

"THE HOBO OFFERED A PERFECT TARGET FOR KIM AS HE STOOPED OVER THE STREAM..."

I HIT HIM TWICE, B-BUT HE DIDN'T CRY OUT! HE'S FALLING INTO THE WATER!

BANG!
BANG!

"KIM RUSHED TO THE STREAM'S EDGE TO LOOK FOR HIS QUARRY..."

HE'S GONE / VANISHED WITHOUT A SPLASH / IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! THE STREAM COULDN'T WASH HIM AWAY THAT FAST!

WHAT! I MUST BE GOING OUT OF MY MIND! THE FIRE IS DEAD AND THE DUCKS HAVE DISAPPEARED! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS HAUNTED PLACE!

IT IS NOT THE PLACE THAT IS HAUNTED ...IT IS YOU, KIM LAMPSON!

RUN, FOOL, RUN! THE VERY ENDS OF THE EARTH OFFER NO ESCAPE FROM YOUR INEXORABLE FATE!

"KIM RAN ALL THE WAY BACK TO HIS GRIM WORKSHOP..."

(GASP) AT LEAST I'VE STAVED OFF DEATH FOR A PERIOD! BUT HOW LONG CAN I KEEP UP THIS MAD PACE?

MEMORIALS
KIM LAMPSON

"AS HE ENTERED THE YARD AND SURVEYED HIS WORK..."

WH-WHERE DID THIS COME FROM? I DIDN'T DO THIS WORK! SOME EVIL TRICK IS BEING PLAYED ON ME!

KIM LAMPSON
BORN: MAY 2, 1928
DIED: ?

"KIM ATTACKED THE STONE IN A VIOLENT RAGE..."

THIS WON'T COME TO PASS! I'LL WIPE OUT EVERY LAST TRACE OF IT!

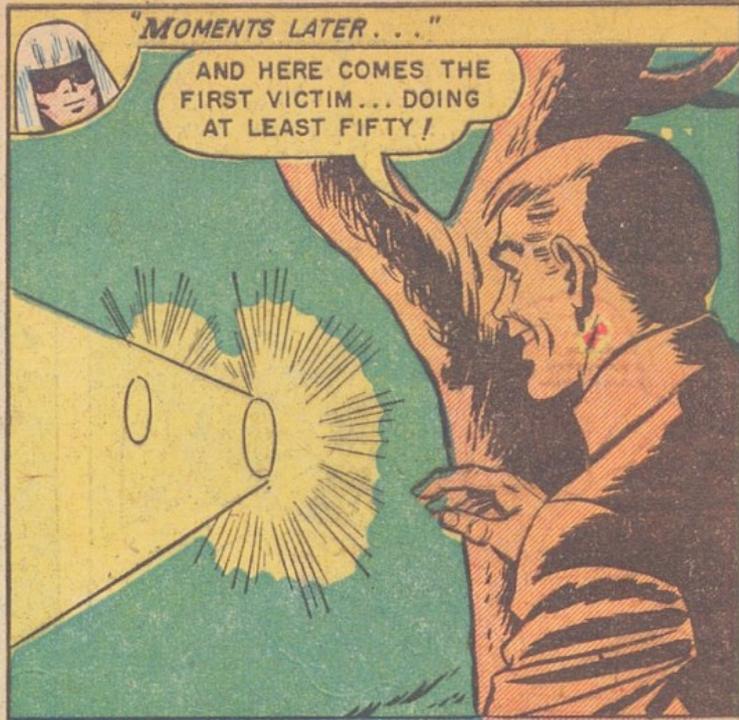
PERHAPS IT MEANS THAT ANOTHER VICTIM IS NEEDED! MAYBE I DIDN'T KILL THE HOBO AFTER ALL... THAT I JUST IMAGINED IT?

HE HAS NOT LEARNED THE BITTER LESSON YET! LIKE A RAT, HE SCURRIES TO EVERY POSSIBLE AVENUE OF ESCAPE!



"THAT NIGHT, KIM CONCEIVED OF ANOTHER VIOLENT IDEA TO SATISFY HIS STRANGE BARGAIN..."

WHEN I REMOVE THIS DANGER MARKER, ANY CAR COMING ROUND THIS CURVE WILL DROP INTO THE CANYON! DEATH WILL SURELY BE SATISFIED THIS TIME!



"MOMENTS LATER..."

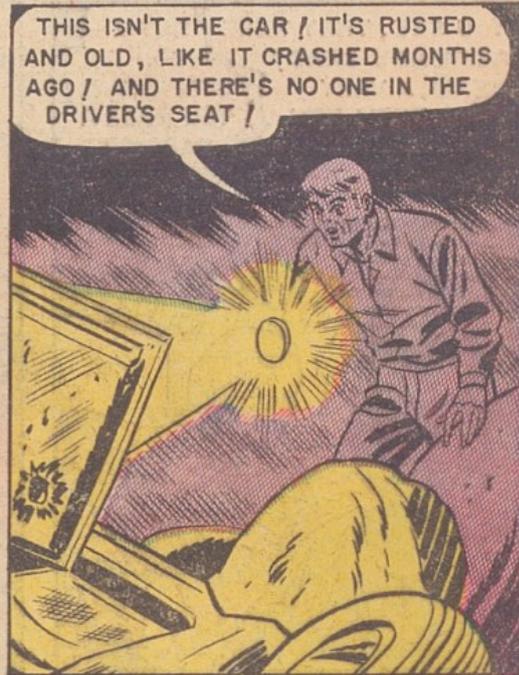
AND HERE COMES THE FIRST VICTIM... DOING AT LEAST FIFTY!



NOT A CHANCE! THOSE BRAKES CAN'T HOLD! HA HA HA!



I DIDN'T HEAR ANY CRASH! THE CAR WENT OVER WITHOUT A SOUND! IT'S CRAZY--UNBELIEVABLE! I'VE GOT TO GO DOWN THERE!



THIS ISN'T THE CAR! IT'S RUSTED AND OLD, LIKE IT CRASHED MONTHS AGO! AND THERE'S NO ONE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT!



"KIM RACED MADLY UP THE CLIFF..."

NO! I CHOPPED IT DOWN! IT SHOULD NOT BE HERE! AND THAT RED DANGER SIGN WASN'T HERE BEFORE!



BACK TO MY SHOP... MY ONLY PLACE OF SAFETY! I MUST HIDE FROM ALL THESE PHANTOM SPECTRES!

THERE IS NO HOLE SMALL ENOUGH FOR YOU TO HIDE IN, KIM LAMPSON, EXCEPT THE GRAVE WHICH AWAITS YOU!



"AS KIM ARRIVED AT HIS WORKSHOP..."

Y-YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT? I STUCK TO THE BARGAIN... I BROUGHT YOU VICTIMS IN MY STEAD! GO AWAY!

COME, THERE IS NO TIME LEFT! NO ARGUMENTS WILL AVAIL! YOUR LAST JOB REMAINS UNFINISHED! THE STONE MUST BE RAISED TO THE TRUCK!



"SUDDENLY, AS THE STONE DANGLED IN THE AIR..."

AIEEEE! THOSE MEN! THEY'RE DEAD... I KILLED THEM ALL!

NO, KIM! YOU REMEMBER, THEY SEEMED TO DIE SO SOUNDLESSLY? YOU DIDN'T KILL THEM!



YOU SEE, THEY WERE ALREADY DEAD! DEAD A VERY LONG TIME! NOW, LOOK AT THAT TOMBSTONE, YOU FOOLISH MORTAL!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU MADE A BARGAIN WITH ME!



MY NAME...MY TOMBSTONE, WITH TODAY'S DATE ON IT! AND THE CHAIN IS BREAKING AGAIN!

AAAAARRRR!

KIM LAMPSON
BORN: MAY 2, 1923
DIED: JUNE 8, 1952



COME, OUR WORK HERE IS FINISHED! YOU MAY RETURN TO YOUR ABODE OF ETERNAL REST!



FAREWELL, MASTER!

FAREWELL! HE DID NOT LEARN! NO, NOT EVEN IN THE LAST MOMENT DID HIS MIND SEE THE FUTILITY OF THE EMPTY BARGAIN HE MADE TO CHEAT DEATH!

KIM LAMPSON
BORN: MAY 2, 1923
DIED: JUNE 8, 1952



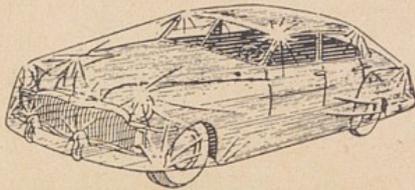
FOR FATE WILL ALWAYS CONQUER IN THE END, SINCE FATE MUST FOLLOW ITS PREDESTINED ROUTE AS DECREED IN THE GREAT BOOK OF FATE, FOR EACH AND EVERY MORTAL ON THIS EARTH!

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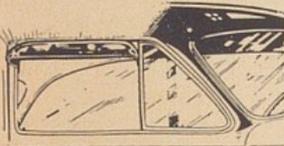
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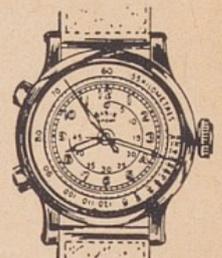
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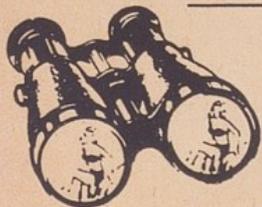
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