

COMIC CRUSADER STORYBOOK





STERANKO / Nebres

INTRODUCTION

MASTER OF THE MIDNIGHT HOURS... SWIFT,
SILENT-AS-A-SHADOW SENTINEL... CAT-
LIKE NEMESIS OF
INJUSTICE



Welcome to the pages of **COMIC CRUSADER STORY-BOOK!** What you now hold in your hands is the product of three years of exhaustive work by many talented people. **ENJOY!**

Comic Fandom is a wonderful thing to be a part of. It's the joining together of fans with a common interest...an interest in Comic Books! A vital part of Comic Fandom is the publishing of its amateur magazines, known to all as Fanzines. I discovered, very early on, that one of the most intriguing aspects of fanzine publishing was the creation of the fan or amateur heroes that often appeared within their pages... and that, dear reader, is what this book is all about-**AMA-HEROES!**

I'm sure most of you, at one time or another, have thought, "Gee I'd like to write and draw my own hero in comics!" Well, some fans went ahead and did just that and presented them in the pages of fanzines. Quite a few of the fans who designed these Ama-Heroes have gone on to become professionals in the comic book field and some of their creations have gone right along with them. The first of these Ama-Heroes to appear in a professional comic book was John Byrne's robot Rog-2000, in the back-up pages of Charlton's E-Man Comics. The second Ama-Hero to go pro was Marv Wolfman's popular Marvel Comics creation Nova. His origin stems from the character "Black Nova" that Marv and Len Wein created for Marv's fanzine "Super Adventures!"

Ah, but I'm getting a bit ahead of myself. Let's return to the early days of Comic Fandom. In the early sixties there were certain trailblazers in fanzines...*Xero*, published by

Pat and Dick Lupoff, *Comic Art*, by Don and Maggie Thompson, and *Alter Ego*, by Jerry Bails (known affectionately as "The Father of Fandom"), and later by Ronn Foss and Roy Thomas. If Superman is truly the "father" of all the super heroes that followed him, then the Ama-Hero that first appeared in the pages of *Alter Ego* No. 5 must be the "father" of all the Ama-Heroes that followed him...this hero was *The Eclipse* by Ronn Foss and Dru Merez. The Eclipse has yet another distinction. He was, as far as I know, the only Ama-Hero ever sent to a pro company for sanction. Foss and Merez wanted to revive the "golden age" DC hero Dr. Mid-Nite and submitted the idea to editor Julie Swartz for his sanction for presentation in *Alter Ego*. They were told that they could not use the name "Dr. Mid-Nite" nor the crescent moon which had been his symbol. Undaunted, Foss and Merez spent a month going over titles for a unique name that would convey a similar (midnight) impression. Finally they decided on "The Eclipse." Foss then redesigned the costume and lo was born the first photo-offset Ama-Hero with a large reader following. Ronn Foss proved to be quite a force in the creation of other Ama-Heroes, as you'll soon see.

Alter Ego may have begun the line of creative Ama-Heroes, but *Star Studded Comics* certainly perfected it! Published by the "Texas Trio," comprised of Larry Herndon, Buddy Saunders and Howard Keltner, *Star Studded Comics* showcased some of the best and most popular of the Ama-Heroes. The foremost of these heroes was a creation of trio member Howard Keltner...*Dr. Weird!*

Dr. Weird, sometimes referred to as "The Golden Ghost," was modeled after Howard's favorite comic book character of the '40's, Mr. Justice (a MLJ ghost hero). Dr. Weird made his first appearance in *Star Studded* No. 1 (Sept., 1963) and proved so popular he then appeared in issues 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11 (2 stories), 13, 16, and 18. He also appeared in *Fantastic Exploits* No. 16 (a G.B. Love publication that retold Dr. Weird's origin) and two issues of his own magazine. Dr. Weird has had perhaps more of his adventures published than any other Ama-Hero and some top notch artists have drawn them... Ronn Foss, Ray Miller, Grass Green, George Metzger, Alan Weiss and Jim Starlin to name a few. Now a beautiful new version by Dennis Fujitake joins their ranks.

Another favorite Ama-Hero to spring from the pages of *Star Studded* was Grass Green's *Xal-Kor, the Human Cat!* Originally Xal-Kor's name was the Cat Man. Then, through fandom, (Grass was pen pals with Ronn Foss, Biljo White, Howard Keltner, Alan Weiss, Marv Wolfman, Roy Thomas and others who are now Comic Book Professionals) he learned that there already was a Cat Man in "Pro" comics. Grass then gave his character a different name: Zal-Kor. Then, after a bit more thought, settled on Xal-Kor, the Human Cat! Grass created his cat character at about age 14 and since he was one of hundreds of creations, he never paid him special attention until the furor he caused with his first "public" appearance in *Star Studded Comics* in 1965. The idea for Xal-Kor came to Grass in a nightmare. This nightmare involved a guy changing from a human into a catman who was after Grass's hide. Reader response on Xal-Kor helped Grass make him an even better character. Grass even had a continuity worked up on him, but several years ago he and Xal-Kor faded from the eye of fandom...until now. Now Xal-Kor's back by Grass and Brian Buniak and who knows where he'll go from here!

Again from the pages of *Star Studded*, another famed Ama-Hero was born... Biljo White's - *The Eye!* The Eye first appeared and was cover featured in *Star Studded* No. 3, March, 1964. He later appeared in *Fighting Hero Comics* No. 10 (later reprinted in *Fighting Hero Special Edition* No. 1, 1967). In September, 1964 - *Voice of Comickdom* (an offset newspaper published by Golden Gate - Bill Dubay, etc.) featured The Eye in a daily and Sunday strip format. By February, 1966 The Eye story ended. A full page Eye drawing was used in the "First British Comics Convention (1968)" Souvenir Booklet. The Eye appeared in his own book, No. 1 (1965) and No. 2 (1969). The Eye was created in the summer of 1964 when Ronn Foss was visiting Biljo at "The White House of Comics" (Biljo's headquarters). They were looking at lay-outs for *Alter Ego* No. 5 when Biljo recalled a sketch Ronn had sent him earlier in the year regarding an original comic book character Biljo had used in a puzzle page submitted to Ronn when he published *The Comicollector* (A zine Biljo also published for three issues before turning it over to G.B. Love and thus creating *The RBCC*). This was the first appearance of The Eye and Biljo liked Ronn's version better than his own, so he used his sketch and worked out an original story idea. Biljo had always been fascinated by the old Frank Thomas "Owl" character from *Crackjack Funnies* and *Popular Comics* and related his Eye character to this pro character. The reason Biljo never drew more Eye stories was because it became too expensive to print his own zines and, as some of the more creative fan-editors dropped out of fandom, there was no longer a place for his hero. However, now he's back...for this book anyway!

How do I describe the next Ama-Hero? He is so unlike all the others, yet he is one of them. He is drawn in a cartoon style, where the others are in the serious vein; yet most of his

stories have a moral message to them. The foes he fights often look so much like their pro-villian counterparts that I'm surprised he hasn't run into trouble; yet they act far differently. In 1966 fandom saw this Ama-Hero for the first time and was delighted by him. From the imaginative, fertile mind of Alan Hanley came Goodguy! To tell you about this creation I'd best quote directly from Alan. "Somewhere back in 1963 or 1964 I created Goodguy. In one fateful hour I sketched out on an 8½ X 11 sheet of paper Goodguy fighting Czar Castic, Mr. Moe and the Rotten Egg. In analyzing my gut inspiration for the type of character he would be and the type of comic strip world he would inhabit I come up with the following.

There was a great deal of intermingling residue left over in me from reading many different comic strips in the late forties and fifties. Much of this nostalgia worked its way into Goodguy's costume, personality and into the various moods of humor and pathos of both the stories and various characters. I also wanted Goodguy to be different. His name indicates inner superness. It is just the opposite with *all* other superguys with their names describing their physical bodies or costumes. Goodguy has a long list of supertalents and abilities but his strongest trait remains the possession of the virtue, empathy, which is indispensable for any true hero. Most, but not all, of Goodguy's stories are rooted in some aspect of reality. My orientation to story telling is from the child-like point-of-view occasionally presented with a growing sense of awareness. I've been involved with working with children most of my life in several capacities. So I feel I know this 'child-like viewpoint' quite well. Even though it is quite natural for me, it is not really easy. This child-like point-of-view also contributes to making Goodguy different and off-beat if not completely original.

Goodguy's other name, Major Marvel, was a tip of the Hanley Hat to Captain Marvel and only appeared for the first time in "Comic Book" number four. Goodguy's first appearance, incidentally, was in No. 1 of that book, in 1966. In giving Goodguy the tag of Major Marvel perhaps there was a hope that the more commercial name might appeal to DC, Marvel or Gold Key and they might express some interest. Even before I sent anything out, my worldly-wise mother said, "They won't care." During the years of *Comic Book* one through six, never did I receive any response from the pro companies regarding the reception of this material. Only fandom responded to Goodguy and to some of my other ideas. Interestingly enough, most of the pro work I've done for comics has been through some kind of intercession of fans. If they'd only get together and create their own comic book company we could all go full circle."

The last of fandom's "golden age" Ama-Heroes in this issue is Bob Cosgrove's *Space Guardian!* *Space Guardian* first appeared in *Intrigue* No. 1, a fanzine put out by now pro Rich Buckler. *Space Guardian*, when he first appeared, looked nothing like he does now. Bob's original idea was to have the hero wear a helmet without eye holes (since his powers are optic, he can see right through it) but artist Mike Dorsey didn't see it that way and drew a mask somewhat like the early version of Charlton Comic's *Captain Atom*. It wasn't until 1966 that *Space Guardian* looked the way he does now. Bob put out his own fanzine "Champion" and I re-designed the costume to look more the way Bob originally pictured it and added some items of my own, such as the "gravity bar" with which *Space Guardian* flies. I then drew the first four parts of a story I had written and was followed on the strip by Bob and then a beautiful two issue rendering by Steve Fritz (No.'s 6 & 7). Steve gave the strip a Lou Fine quality. *Space Guardian* ran for all eight issues of "Champion," the last issue sporting a

Space Guardian cover by Jim Steranko. Space Guardian also appeared with two other Ama-Heroes. The Defender and The Shade, in Bill Black's fanzine Paragon No. 4. Bill inked the whole strip and these heroes never looked better. Now the dynamic team of Carl Taylor and Dennis Fujitake expand the Space Guardian saga!

The idea for Space Guardian was inspired by two comic book stories, one a sf comic one-shot by Atlas/Timely called "The Scanners," about trench-coat guys with sunglasses who could spot Martians, and the other, a Simon and Kirby story called "Sammy's Wonderful Glass," which appeared in the old Black Magic Comics. Space Guardian has proved to be a dynamic, very well done, enduring hero. The story in this issue was written a number of years ago for a planned publication in "Champion."

In 1968 I decided to join the Ama-Hero bandwagon myself and created David Manning - The Defender! He first appeared in issue No. 1 of the fanzine from which this publication derives its name. . . **COMIC CRUSADER!** He proved to be extremely popular and appeared in issues 2 thru 5, 8 and 13 and was a guest star in Paragon No. 4 and Champion No. 8. I did all the art for his stories, except for Champion No. 8 which was by Bob Cosgrove, but was inked by Steve Fritz in C.C. No. 5 and by Bill Black in Paragon. The Defender was also depicted by Jim Steranko on the cover of C.C.'s 5 & 13 and an interior drawing by Steve Ditko in C.C. No. 8. Early in 1972 I learned I was going slowly blind, so in Comic Crusader No. 13 I decided to end The Defender's adventures by having him seemingly killed along with his adversary The Ruler. I did, however, leave an escape for them. I got so much mail about this story that I promised, if I could, to bring him back. My eyes are still seeing well enough to draw, so The Defender is with us once again.

The story line for The Defender was all mine, his costume (which I had originally pictured as yellow/gold, but later changed to red after discussing it with Steranko and Bob Cosgrove) was based on elements of two of my favorite heroes . . . Wally Wood's "Dynamo" and Russ Manning's "Magnus." In fact, in my original concept, David Manning was Russ Manning's great, great, great, great grandson. I was even going to have the two meet sometime.

I found out shortly after The Defender first appeared that there was another Ama-Hero by the same name. In 1968 I was new to active fandom and was unaware of many of the other Ama-Heroes that existed. The other Defender was the creation of Larry Herndon and appeared in the pages of (what else) Star Studded Comics. Since my Defender came from the future and his powers were so different than those of his predecessor, I re-entitled the strip "David Manning - The Defender" to avoid any confusion with Larry's hero.

It was in the pages of Comic Crusader No. 9 that one of Bill Black's top Ama-Heroes first saw print. The Shade came about when Bill wanted to do a hero based on DC's "golden age" hero The Sandman. Only this time he wanted the character to have more of a supernatural power. I wrote the origin, endowing The Shade with astral powers and the ability to enter men's minds. Bob Cosgrove gave the basic costume design, to which Bill elaborated on. Then Bill came up with the Shade's name, all prior to DC's "Shade the Changing Man." The Shade appeared in Paragon No. 3 and in No. 4 with Space Guardian and The Defender. He also appeared in other Bill Black publications. Bill was the artist on The Shade and even got to ink a Steranko cover of The Shade for Paragon No. 4. Now The Shade appears here with the famed pro "golden age" hero The Black Terror.

To conclude the story begun in The Shade strip, another Ama-Hero comes out of retirement--Bill Wilson's - *Hyperman!* Bill created Hyperman in 1968 and wanted his character to do everything every other hero, amateur and professional alike, could do...and more. Hyperman was to be involved in continuous chapter-play-cliffhangers that began when famed scientist Richard Harris, after almost being killed in an atomic explosion, found his molecular structure had been drastically altered. Now he possessed the ability to turn his entire body into a mass of atomic energy, as well as being able to harness (and release) atomic energy in the form of "energy blasts!" He could fly by decreasing his own mass. No sooner did Bill create Hyperman than John Fantucchio suggested a costume change to "jazz up" the character. John's design was quite unique; breathtaking, in fact. The new costume design provided another innovation to the "atomic avenger's" powers. Amplifiers implanted in each earpiece harnessed sound vibrations and increased them to a much higher pitch, increasing Hyperman's powers to the "nth" degree while not impairing his hearing. This extreme sensitivity to sound also gave him an almost bat-like hearing ability. Bill summed up his hero in the following statement. "I only regret that I didn't have more time to fully develop Hyperman's character, powers and potential. It was not until the final episode in the series, published in "The Collector" No. 26, in 1972, that Hyperman finally became a *real* human being. Working with Tom Fagan on that finale proved to be a great experience, and one which provided me with a lot of insight on exactly what it takes to make a hero believable, the very thing I had set my sights on from the beginning. I hope that this new episode in the life of Hyperman, the Atomic Avenger, stirs some ideas which will make me resurrect the old guy to even greater adventures in the future."

This next hero is somewhat of an enigma. He's 100% professional quality. He's done by a top pro, yet he's never appeared in a pro comic book. The hero Ama, or otherwise, is Steve Ditko's *Mr. A!* Mr. A first appeared in Wally Wood's pro-zine Witzend and later, to name just a few, in Comic Crusader's 6, 7 and 13, The Collector No. 26, Guts, Graphic Illusions and in two issues of his own magazine put out by Joe Brancatelli and later by Bruce Hershenson. Dressed completely in white, wearing a metal mask and gloves, Mr. A is the symbol of good in good vs. evil. Joe Brancatelli described him thus: "A is A. That is all the explanation needed to describe Mr. A. Unlike many of today's contemporary heroes, he does not hide behind his words or mask his true feelings behind meaningless actions. Mr. A - and his philosophy - is readily apparent. It is as blatant as it is honest. The concept behind Mr. A is not new. He draws heavily upon the theory of libertarianism. This philosophy is to many extents, the logical arm of the old American concept of rugged individualism."

The Mr. A story in this book has all the elements of past stories, but is unusual in two ways. First, it is a dramatic, well-told story with no dialogue, and second, it is the first time Mr. A has fought costumed foes.

There are some Ama-Heroes in this book that are seeing print for the very first time. They sort of compliment all the great old time or "golden age" of fandom heroes.

The White Raven, Al Bradford's heroine, has only had spot illustrations of her published before. With this issue she makes her strip debut.

The White Raven came about more or less as a gag. Tom Fagan, one of fandom's top fan writers, had sent Al a script featuring a number of Ama-Heroes he had dreamed up. One of the heroes was an indian girl called The White Dove. Tom

wanted Al to create costumes and spot illustrations for a proposed fan story. The White Dove was to have an indian costume - feathers and all. Al and I were kidding about this character and as a gag Al sent Tom the White Dove as a negro. A few days later Al sent along the indian version, but we were both intrigued with the costume and the character Al had designed. Al asked if I had any ideas on the character, so I wrote an origin (which has not seen print as yet) and gave her a special power...the power of flight *only* when she is near her exotic white raven bird. The White Raven is an empath! To avoid any conflict with Tom's heroine, Al renamed her The White Raven! The story in this issue involved quite a bit of legal research. To make the courtroom scene accurate, I got together with Richard Gallivan, a lawyer friend of Al's and mine, and plotted the whole thing out to the last detail. So what you see in that courtroom scene could really happen. The beautiful pencil renderings for both The White Raven and The Eclipse story were done by Gary Kato. I owe both he and Dennis Fujitake more than you can imagine.

The Demon of the Dark Glass was a story I did for a proposed Jim Steranko fanzine a number of years ago. Dan Adkins was to ink my pencils, so I was quite excited about doing it. Jim said, "Do four pages and it will be in the first issue." I worked a lot of "in jokes" into the story. The hero is, of course, me. The other two people, Rebekah and Bill Schwartz, are really my good friends Bill and Rebeckah Black. *Note: Schwartz means Black in German.

I waited and waited for the story to see print, but Jim's prime publication Mediascene (then known as Comixscene) had really taken off and Jim just didn't have time to publish the story. Years went by and the inked, but unlettered story stayed with Jim. Then, when I decided on this publication, I asked for its return and talented Pete Iro lettered it, along with the whole Defender strip. Now, better late than never, it sees print.

The Sorcerer's Apprentice came about when I asked Dennis Fujitake to do a magic strip for this issue. Dennis came up with a delightfully unusual hero and you see his origin here.

Matrix is a new hero conceived by Steve Clement and drawn by Mike Machlan. Steve explained his creation thusly: "Nearly every fan who grew up reading comics eventually matures to a stage where he or she says to themselves "Jeez, I could do better than *this* crap!" Well, after skirting around the edges of professional comic writing for years now, I've decided the only way to produce a character I'm totally satisfied with is to do it for fandom and do it *my way*. Hence, the creation of Matrix!

I'm an old-style comic lover. I believe heroes should express that part in all of us who, while growing up, desperately wanted to be able to fly through the air or shoot rays out of our fingers. A hero should be proud, noble, caring, yet hard as the hardest steel and as final as an avenging angel. But the primary thing, in my opinion and the reflection of my hero Matrix, that makes a great hero should be his understanding of the human condition. The ability not to spout worthless phraseology, but to fight like a demon--when the occasion calls for it--and to bend the knee to help the defeated--when the occasion calls for it.

Matrix was originally created as a potential character for DC Comics, which made it all the way up to Jennette Kahn before being rejected, not because it wasn't good enough, but because at the time it was felt that many of DC's staffers had new ideas for heroes of their own, that should be given first preference.

The original concept for Matrix and his costume were both produced from my inner-most self, but it was the brilliant art of Mike Machlan which brought it to life, and finally, to his debut here in the pages of Marty's *Comic Crusader Storybook*. As you can tell by the story, "The Whole Thing," I have a wry sense of humor and Mike Machlan should well end up being one of the biggest things in the comic industry within three years.

Matrix is eighteen when this story is told; possessed by every extra-sensory and psychic powers know to man. And the one thing unknown--even to himself--is that his father was an alien, hence his bizzare powers. Matrix is also the star of my science-fiction novel, "Justice Seekers are a Dying Breed," in the final stages of editing before submission to a publisher. His life, until he's thirty at least, has already been planned for him. I can only hope he lives enough in future adventures--both in comics and in prose--to make a place for himself in the hearts and minds of fans, as he already has in mine."

The Sound of Thunder is the origin of a very unusual hero...Thunderbunny! I've always been a big fan of funny animal characters...especially a super funny animal character. Bob Cosgrove and Al Bradford have always kidded me about this, so when I told them about "Thunderbunny" they went nuts. They've been riding me about this story ever since. As partial revenge, I called the boy in the story "Bobby Caswell," a name one of Bob Cosgrove's high school teachers always mistakenly called him.

The idea for Thunderbunny goes back a number of years. I wanted to do a strip with a super animal, but treat all the backgrounds around him seriously. A short time later Howard the Duck came along with very much the same ideas. Years passed and I decided I'd try my super animal idea for this book. I chose a rabbit for the part because most super rabbits in comics have been large and I wanted a good sized super animal. For a twist I wanted him in our world and for his alter ego to be human. His name came as a partial tribute to Capt. Marvel Bunny, who got his power through magic lightning that came with a clap of thunder.

I was unable to do the art on the strip myself, as I was tied up doing The Defender strip. I only had time to do a Thunderbunny and Bobby Caswell model sheet to go with my already written story. However, Steve Clement and his Inter-Fan agency came through with the talents of Gene Day and Jerry Ordway and produced a story I was delighted with.

So there you have it...the background on the Ama-Heros of this book.

When I first decided to produce *Comic Crusader Storybook*, I sat down and picked out what I thought to be the most popular, best done, best known Ama-Heroes. I then got in touch with their creators and involved them in something many of them had been out of for quite some time. There were, of course, other great Ama-Heroes that I passed up for space limitations and the fact I wanted a wide variety of strips. I think I succeeded in this aspect.

To go along with these talented fan's strips, I contacted some very talented professionals and asked them to do renderings of these Ama-Heroes. I tried to match each pro's style with that of the fan and the results proved fantastic. To say "thank you" to these *professionals*, many of whom are my friends, somehow doesn't seem enough. They took time from their busy schedules to help put this book together...and for that I Am Forever Grateful!

This has been a three year project for me, involving a lot of time, money and effort. If this book doesn't make a cent, I don't care! It's something I've always wanted to do, as sort of a tribute to the fan talent that produced Am- Heroes above the norm, and to you readers who have let me be a part of your fan reading for so many years!

I would like to thank the following people, some who did much more than their share, for helping produce this book...my **MAGNUM-OPUS** in fandom!

Any comments you have on this book will be gratefully received by: **MARTIN L. GREIM**

**BOX 132
DEDHAM, MASS.
02026**

**NEAL ADAMS
DAN ADKINS
BILL BLACK
AL BRADFORD
BRIAN BUNIAK
JOHN BYRNE
STEVE CLEMENT*
BOB COSGROVE*
GENE DAY
STEVE DITKO*
RONN FOSS
FRED FREDERICKS
DENNIS FUJITAKE*
DICK GIORDANO
GRASS GREEN
ALAN HANLEY
PETE IRO*
GARY KATO*
HOWARD KELTNER
MIKE MACHLAN
RUDY NEBRES
DON NEWTON
JERRY ORDWAY
KURT SCHAFFENBERGER
JOE SINNOTT*
JOE STATON
JIM STERANKO*
TOM SUTTON
CARL TAYLOR
FRANK THORNE
STEVE VANCE
BILJO WHITE
BILL WILSON**

Thank you one and all-

Martin L. Greim



Art by [Signature]

PROLOGUE....

DAILY PRESS
FAMOUS NOVELIST
FOUND DEAD! ...

SENATE
ABC
SAMP...

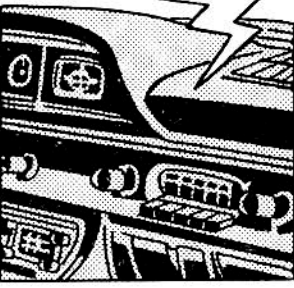
TIMES-STAR
MURDERER BEING
SOUGHT BY POLICE!

THE
OFF
ANTIES

HEYWOOD DUNN SLAIN!



DUNN'S BODY WAS FOUND MAILED AND FLOATING IN THE WATER NEAR HIS BAYGROVE CLIFFS HOME!



WASN'T DUNN A FRIEND OF YOURS, C.C.?

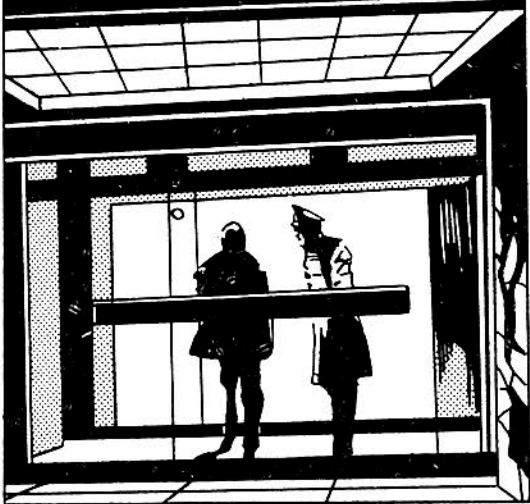
YES, IN FACT, WE HAD LUNCH TOGETHER YESTERDAY.

HE CAME INTO TOWN TO CELEBRATE THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST DRAFT OF HIS NEW NOVEL, "THE CULT"! DUNN WAS EXCITED OVER THE INFORMATION IN THE LAST CHAPTER.



HE SAID THAT THE CONTENT WOULD SHOCK THE WORLD WHEN RELEASED!

AFTER DROPPING OFF HIS FRIEND, STEED COX, A TIRED C.C. FAGAN RETIRES TO HIS PENTHOUSE SUITE FOR THE EVENING.



THE POLICE NEVER FOUND THE NOVEL...

I WONDER IF IT HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH DUNN'S MURDER?



HEY! WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU?!





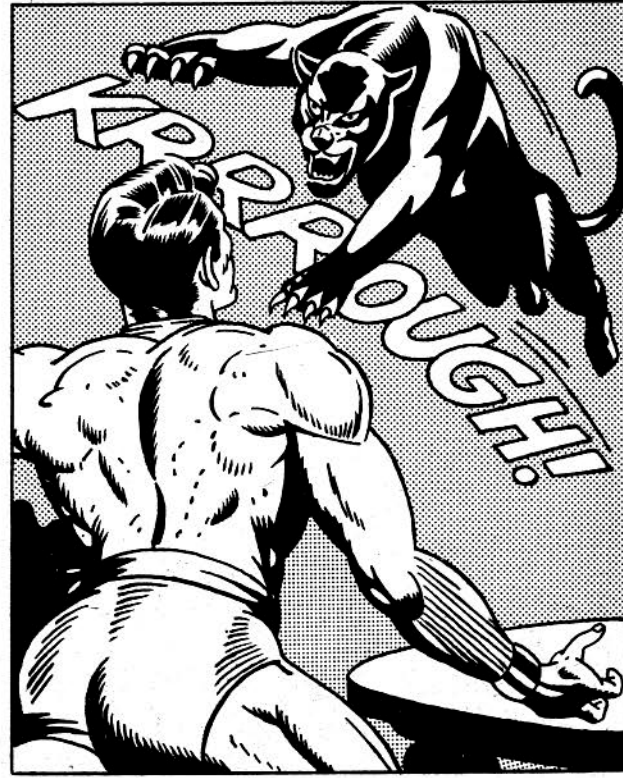
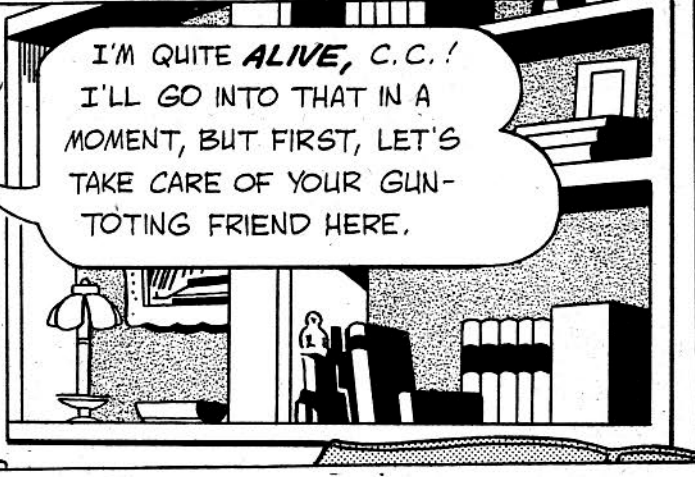
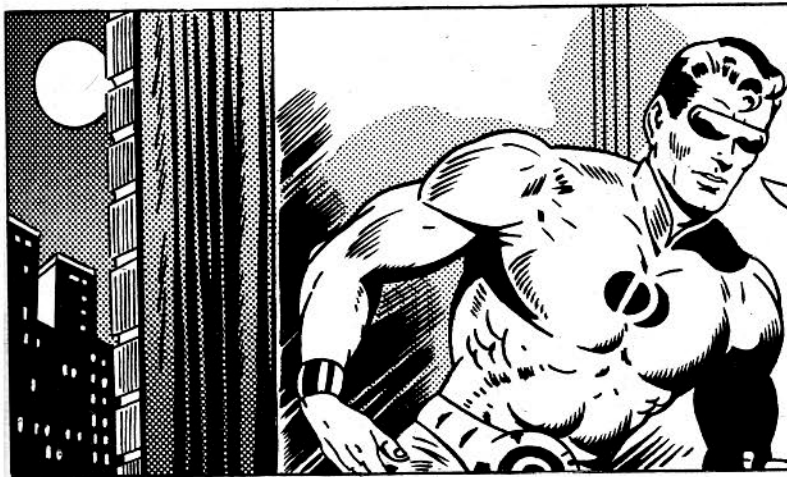
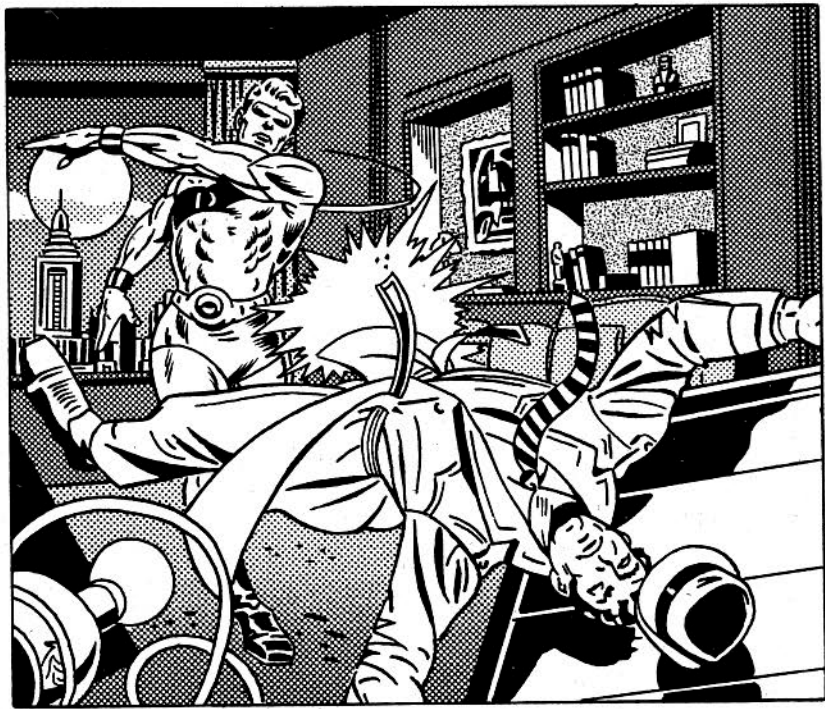
MARTIN GREIM
PRESENTS....

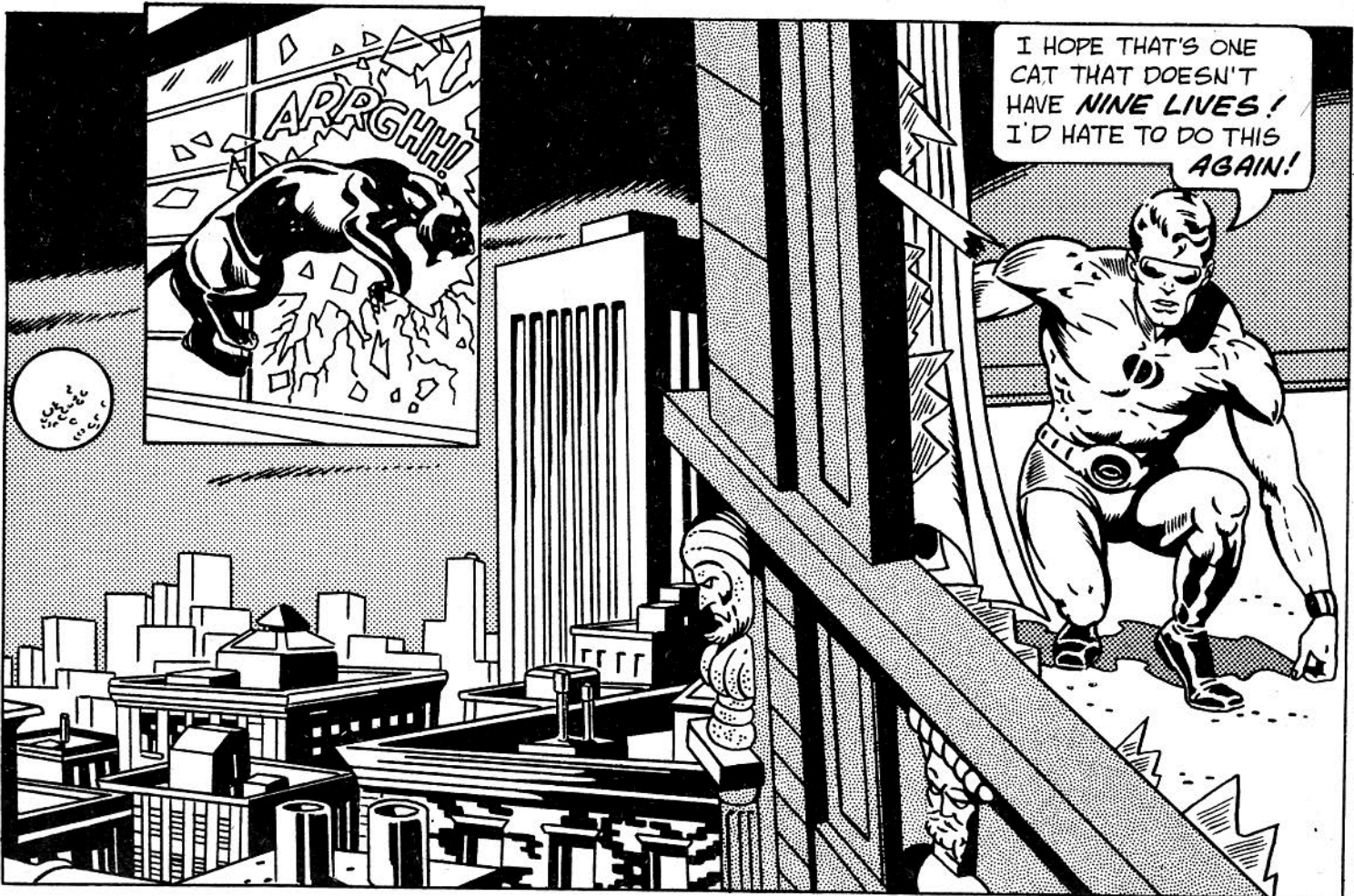
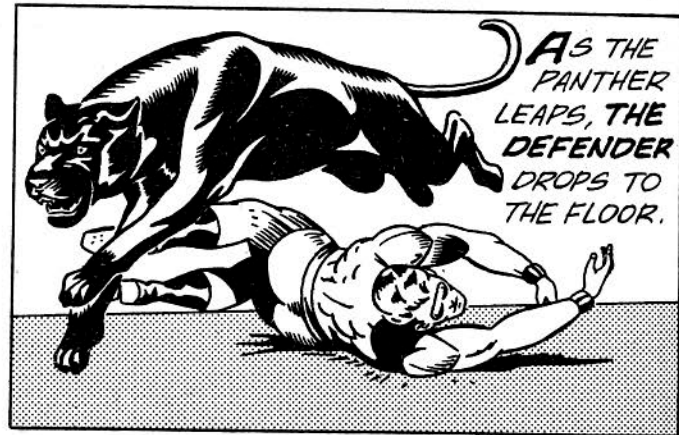
DAVID MANNING

The DEFENDER



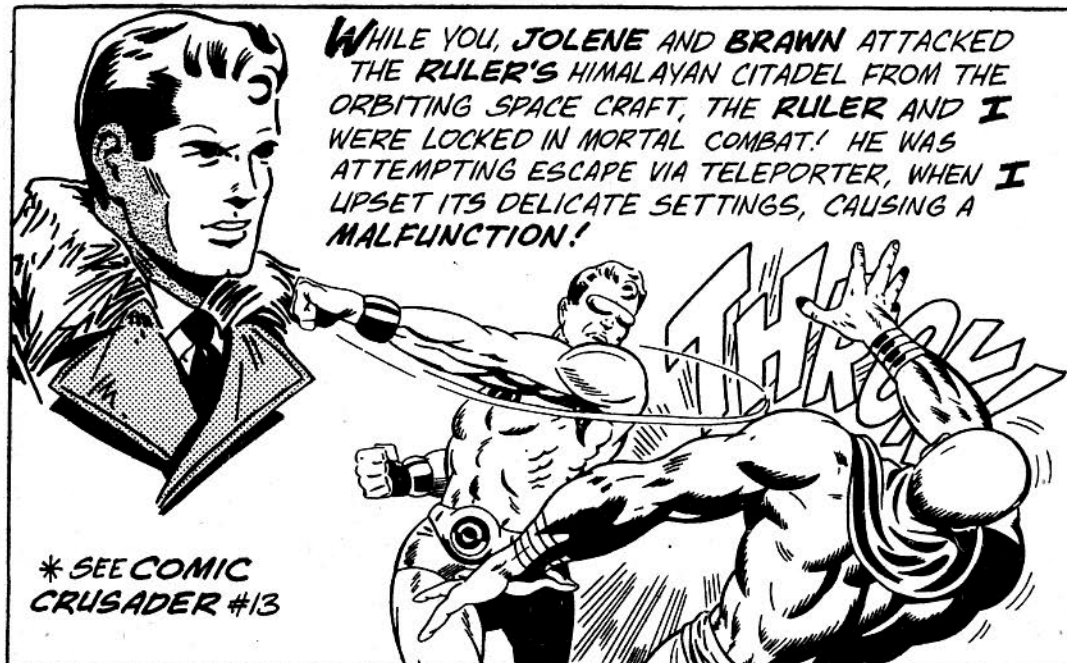
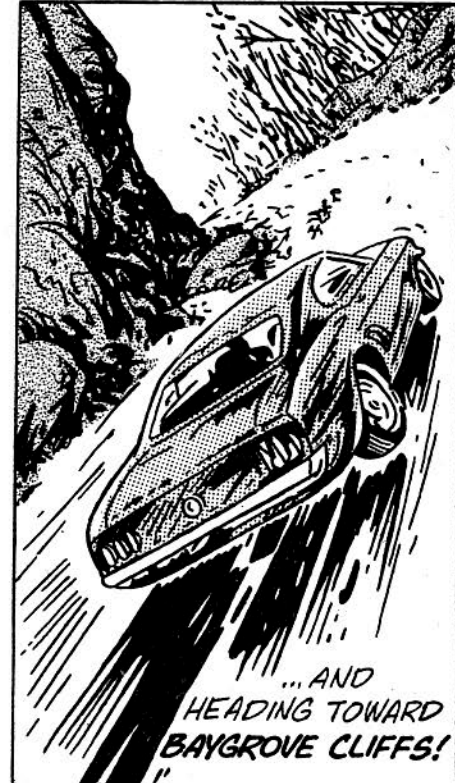
MARK of the CAT







THE DEFENDER AND FAGAN TALK THROUGH MOST OF THE EVENING, BELIEVING THE GUNMAN MIGHT TRY AGAIN, THE DEFENDER OFFERS HIS HELP AND THE MORNING FINDS THEM--



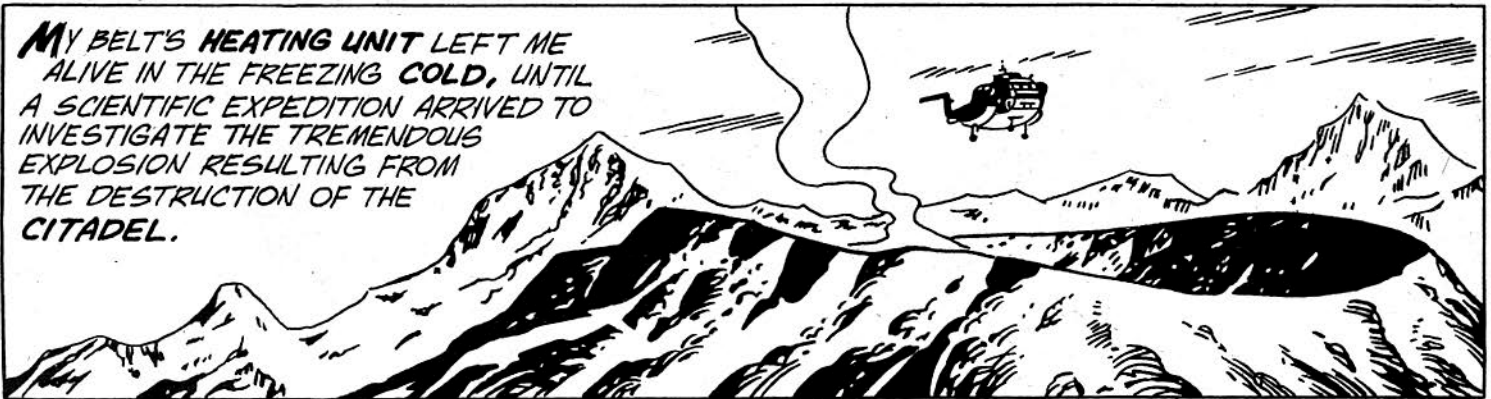
THE TELEPORT UNIT FLARED ON, ITS CIRCUITS OVERLOADED AND THE MACHINE BLEW UP AT THE SAME INSTANT THE CITADEL WAS DESTROYED BY THE SPACECRAFT.



ALTHOUGH THE MACHINE HAD MALFUNCTIONED, IT STILL TELEPORTED! NOT TO THE RULER'S PLANNED DESTINATION, BUT MILES DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE!



MY BELT'S HEATING UNIT LEFT ME ALIVE IN THE FREEZING COLD, UNTIL A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION ARRIVED TO INVESTIGATE THE TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION RESULTING FROM THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITADEL.



MY OWN TELEPORTER HAD SENT ME TO THE CITADEL, BUT MY BELT'S RECALL DEVICE HAD BEEN DAMAGED DURING MY BATTLE THERE! WHILE THE SCIENTISTS WERE OFF EXAMINING THE CRATER LEFT BY THE BLAST...



I USED THEIR HELICOPTER'S TOOLS TO REPAIR THE DEVICE AND PREPARED TO...





I HAD BEEN SEPARATED FROM THE RULER WHEN WE WERE TELEPORTED FROM THE CITADEL AND A SEARCH UNEARTHED NO TRACE OF HIM. UNLIKE MYSELF, HE HAD NO HEATING UNIT TO KEEP HIM ALIVE IN THE FREEZING COLD. EXPOSURE AT THAT TEMPERATURE COULD MEAN ONLY DEATH, BUT WITH THE RULER ONE NEVER KNOWS FOR SURE!



YOU MEAN HE COULD STILL BE ALIVE?!



NOTHING MORE IS SAID, AS THE DUO ENTERS BAYGROVE CLIFFS!

YES!



I'LL GET US A ROOM AT THE INN.



UHH... HEY, MISTER...

UHH... ARE YOU STAYING HERE AT THE INN?



WELL... UHH... I'M JOHN GOETZ. THAT'S RIGHT.

ME AND MY TWIN BROTHER AL, OWN THIS INN... AND... UHH... YOU CAN'T PARK HERE.



O.K., JOHN, I WAS JUST WAITING FOR MY FRIEND. WE'LL LEAVE NOW!



LOCAL COLOR! WHO PRAY TELL, WAS THAT?



10 MINUTES LATER AT DUNN'S HOME...

NOW THAT WE'VE DRIVEN UP HERE, HOW DO WE GET IN?

MANNING TAKES A THIN METAL STRIP FROM HIS POCKET AND RUNS IT BETWEEN THE LOCK AND THE DOOR FRAME!



THE BOLT IS FORCED BACK AND THE DOOR IS OPENED.

KLK



WELL, SO MUCH FOR THE PROBLEM OF GETTING IN! NOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND DUNN'S MANUSCRIPT.



THE POLICE HAD ALREADY SEARCHED THE HOME BUT THE DUO HOPED, THROUGH FAGAN'S CLOSE RELATIONSHIP WITH DUNN, HE MIGHT UNCOVER A CLUE THAT WOULD BE MEANINGLESS TO ANYONE ELSE.



TRESPASSERS!



WAIT A MINUTE! I'M A FRIEND OF...



CRACK!



I'M GOIN' TO KNOCK YOUR HEAD CLEAN OFF!



STOP IT!



HAVEN'T YOU TRESPASSERS DONE ENOUGH?



TRESPASSERS, MY (OUCH) EYE!



BRER BEAR, ON THE FLOOR THERE, NEVER GAVE US A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN ANYTHING... AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE ANYWAY?



I'M MRS. SIN. A NEIGHBOR OF MR. DUNN.



AS SHE SPEAKS, DAVID NOTES HER LINBLINKING STARE.



THE MAN YOU BEAT IS MR. HANSON, MY HANDYMAN. WE'VE BEEN WATCHING THIS HOUSE FOR THE POLICE.

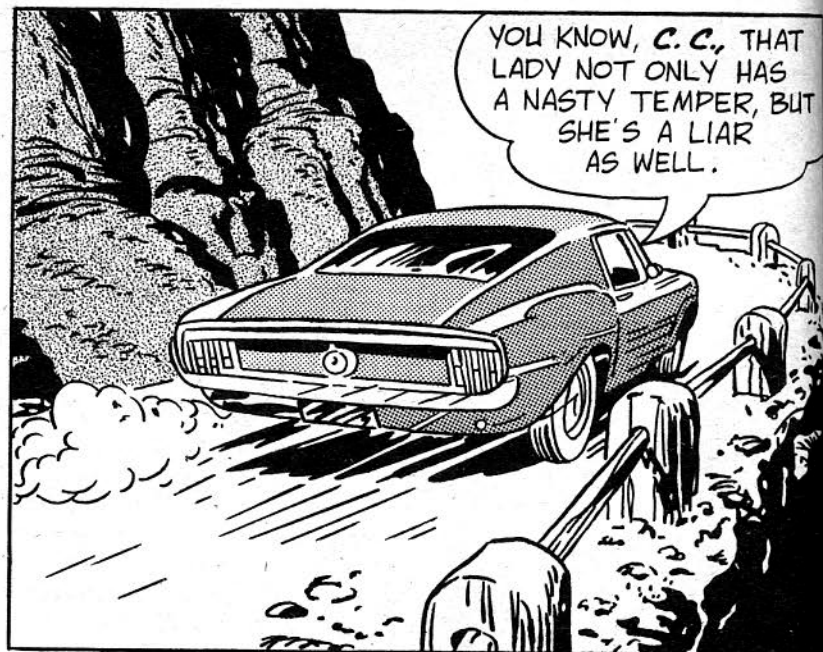
WE CAME OVER WHEN WE NOTICED YOUR CAR.



I'M C.C. FAGAN, AND THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE, MR. MANNING. WE'RE LOOKING INTO THE DEATH OF MY FRIEND, MR. DUNN.



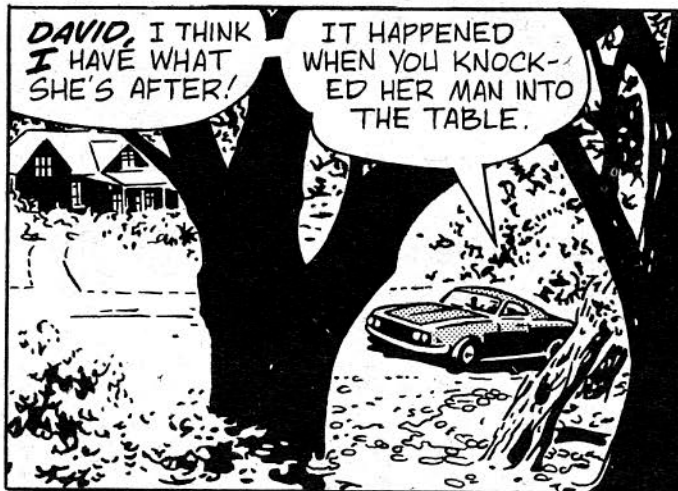
YOU HAD BEST LEAVE INVESTIGATIONS TO THE **POLICE** NOW PLEASE LEAVE BEFORE I'M FORCED TO CALL THEM!



YOU KNOW, **C.C.**, THAT LADY NOT ONLY HAS A NASTY TEMPER, BUT SHE'S A LIAR AS WELL.



MRS. SIN WAS AT **DUNN'S** BEFORE WE ARRIVED! ON OUR WAY OUT I NOTICED KEYS IN THE INSIDE DOOR LOCK.

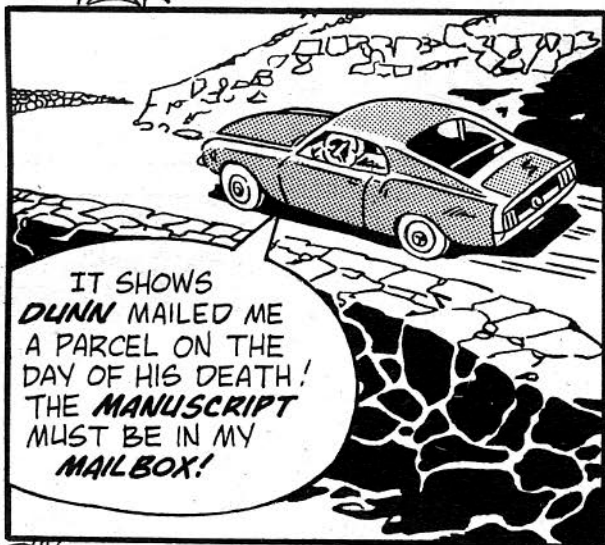


DAVID, I THINK I HAVE WHAT SHE'S AFTER!

IT HAPPENED WHEN YOU KNOCKED HER MAN INTO THE TABLE.



A **MAIL RECEIPT** FELL OUT FROM UNDER THE LAMP, AND I PUT IT IN MY POCKET, WHEN I WAS GETTING UP FROM THE FLOOR.



IT SHOWS **DUNN** MAILED ME A PARCEL ON THE DAY OF HIS DEATH! THE **MANUSCRIPT** MUST BE IN MY **MAILBOX!**

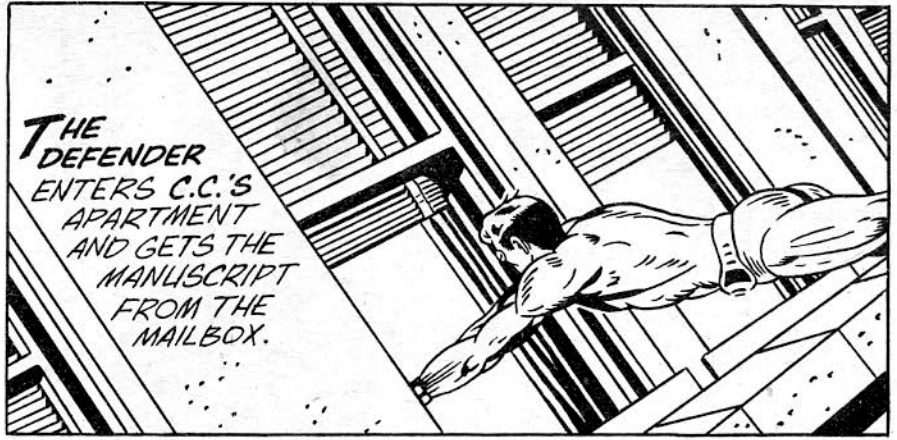


AGREEING TO MEET C.C. AT THE INN LATER... DAVID CHANGES TO THE DEFENDER AND LEAVES TO RETRIEVE THE MANUSCRIPT!

LATER.....OVER NEW YORK CITY!



THE DEFENDER ENTERS C.C.'S APARTMENT AND GETS THE MANUSCRIPT FROM THE MAILBOX.



LORD! THE WORLD IS IN GREAT DANGER!

FROM CATS!



I'VE GOT TO RETURN TO BAYGROVE CLIFFS RIGHT NOW!



IT IS EVENING BEFORE THE DEFENDER REACHES HIS DESTINATION.



AFTER HE ARRIVES, THE DEFENDER CHANGES INTO HIS STREET CLOTHES AND MAKES HIS WAY TO THE INN WHERE C.C. IS STAYING. THERE HE SPEAKS TO ONE OF THE INN'S OWNERS.



I'D LIKE TO KNOW MR. FAGAN'S ROOM NUMBER, PLEASE.



HE'S NOT IN! HE LEFT FOR THE PIER 15 MINUTES AGO, MR. MANNING.

HMMM. THAT'S ODD! ALRIGHT, LOCK THIS BOOK UP IN YOUR SAFE FOR ME.



AFTER A QUICK CHANGE...

NOW, I'LL SEE WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE PIER!



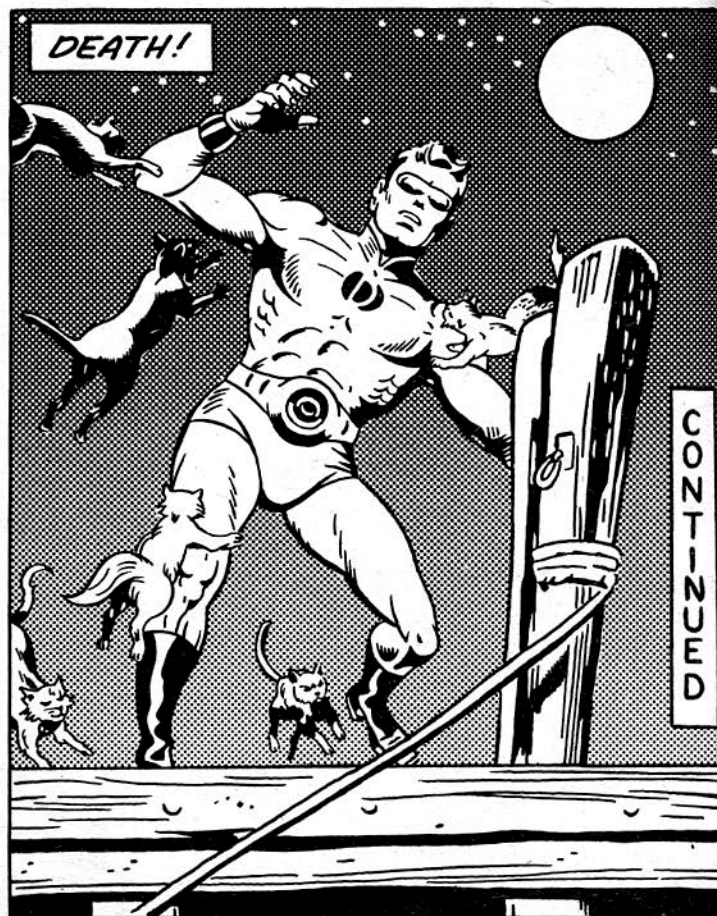
THE PIER SEEMS DESERTED, THE ONLY SOUND COMING FROM THE LAPPING WATERS.



AND A LOW PURRING THAT SUDDENLY ERUPTS INTO A SHRIEKING YOWL AS DOZENS OF CATS ATTACK WITH ONLY ONE THOUGHT...



MEOWWRRR!



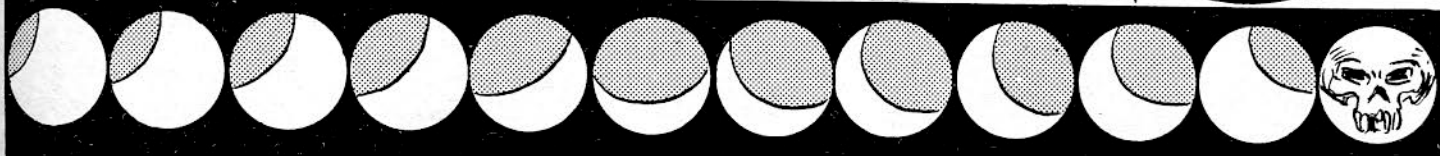
DEATH!

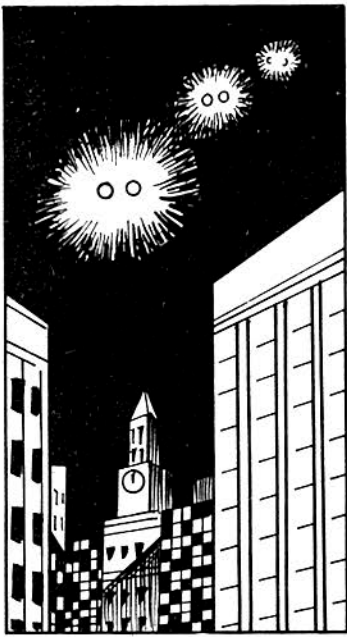
CONTINUED

THE ECLIPSE



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 am





RUN! IT'S THE
**SKYLINE
ROBBERS**



THE ECLIPSE

MASTER OF THE MIDNIGHT HOURS...
SWIFT AS A SHADOW SENTINEL OF CRESCENT
CITY... CAT-LIKE NEMESIS OF INJUSTICE

Created by **RONN FOSS** Written by **MARTY GREIM** Art by **GARY KATO & RONN FOSS**



WE SURE ARE "CLEANING UP" TONIGHT! HA-HAH!

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL!

JUST NOBODY MOVE, FOLKS, AN' NOBODY GETS HURT!

DR. CRAIG (THE ECLIPSE) PIERCE AND TERESA ASTER ARE IN ATTENDANCE...



OKAY, LADIES... DON'T BE BASHFUL... JUST HAND OVER THE "ICE"!

I'LL TRY TO SLIP AWAY... CHANGE TO FIGHTING GEAR!

CONCERNED ABOUT HER BLIND COMPANION, TESS TRIES TO FOLLOW HIM.



CRAIG... UNH!

TESS!

DON'T MOVE!

BAM



I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT! IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO I'LL GET YOU!

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT,
THE ECLIPSE PATROLS
CRESCENT CITY, HOPING FOR
A CHANCE AT THE
SKYLINE
ROBBERS...



... SINCE HE
HAS NO IDEA WHERE
THEY'LL STRIKE NEXT,
HIS EFFORTS ARE
USELESS... AND
THE HELICOPTER
HI-JACKERS CONTINUE
TO LOOT THE CITY...

EVEN THE POLICE
HAVE NO LUCK IN
STOPPING THE CRIMINALS!

DISCOURAGED, CRAIG
GOES TO VISIT TESS IN
THE HOSPITAL, ONLY TO
FIND...

HER CONDITION'S
STILL CRITICAL...

SORRY I CAN'T OFFER
YOU BETTER NEWS,
DR. PIERCE...

HOPEFULLY,
SHE WILL
IMPROVE SOON!



AS CRAIG PIERCE LEAVES THE HOSPITAL...



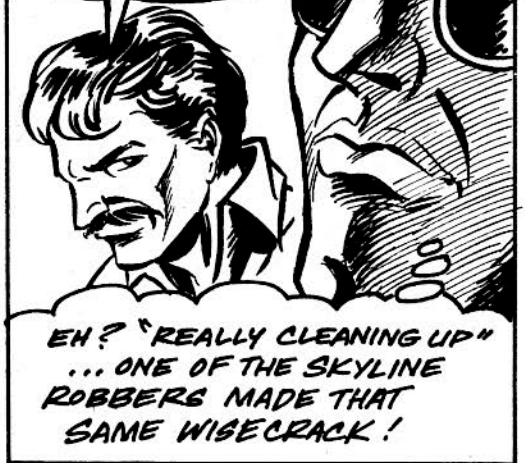
HI, DR. PIERCE!

STAN ADAMS!
... A COLLEGE GRADUATE...
WASHING WINDOWS?



YOU KNOW HOW IT IS...
THE ECONOMY IN SUCH BAD
SHAPE...
MONEY IS MONEY,
HOWEVER IT COMES!

... BESIDES, I'M
"REALLY CLEANING
UP" ON THIS JOB.
HA - HAH!!



EH? "REALLY CLEANING UP"
... ONE OF THE SKYLINE
ROBBERS MADE THAT
SAME WISECRACK!

LATER, IN PRIVATE, CRAIG
ACTIVATES A PHOTO-CELL ON
HIS BELT BUCKLE, CAUSING
CHEMICAL ALTERATION OF
HIS SUIT TO BECOME
THE ECLIPSE!



I THOUGHT SO... EVERY
ROBBERY WAS PRECEDED
BY MAINTENANCE WORK!

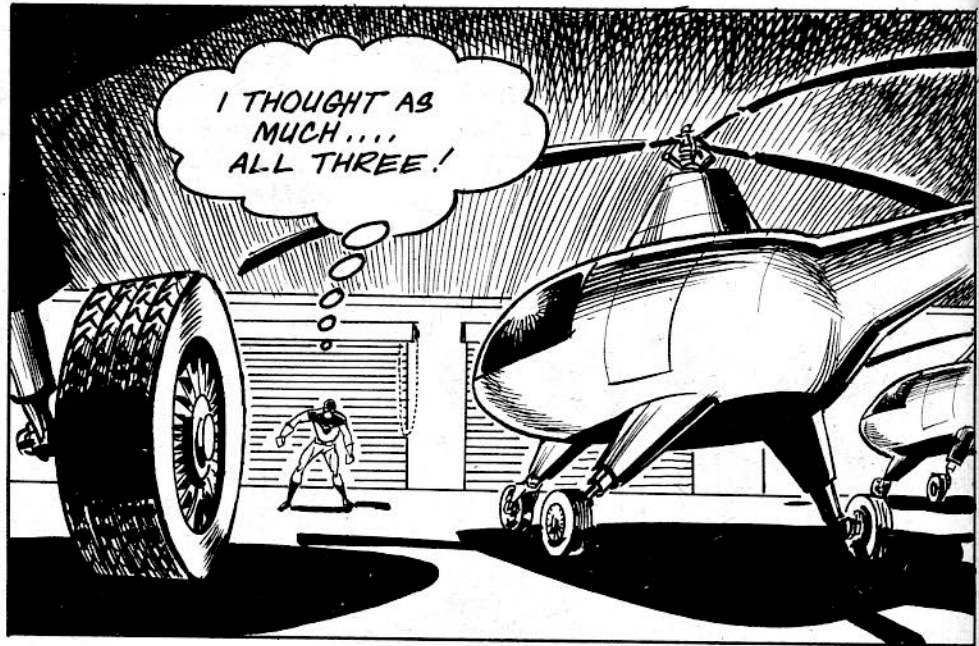


WAREHOUSE
MOVING & STORAGE

FORTIER

SHORTLY, ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

UTILIZING HIS AMAZING
NEGATIVE MATTER ABILITY,
THE ECLIPSE ENTERS
THE WAREHOUSE.



... AND THE ENTIRE
SKYLINE ROBBER
GANG! HOW
CONVENIENT!



LET'S SEE IF WE
CAN BREAK UP
THEIR FRIENDLY
LITTLE GAME!



WHA...?!
LIGHTS
ARE OUT!

FUSE
MUST'VE
BLOWN!



C'MON, WE'D
BETTER GO OUT
N' CHECK IT!



HEY! WHAT'S
GOING ON?

OOF!

WHO?
= UNH! =





THE 'COPTER'S FLOODLIGHTS ILLUMINATE THE WAREHOUSE IN A BURST OF PAINFUL BRILLIANCE.

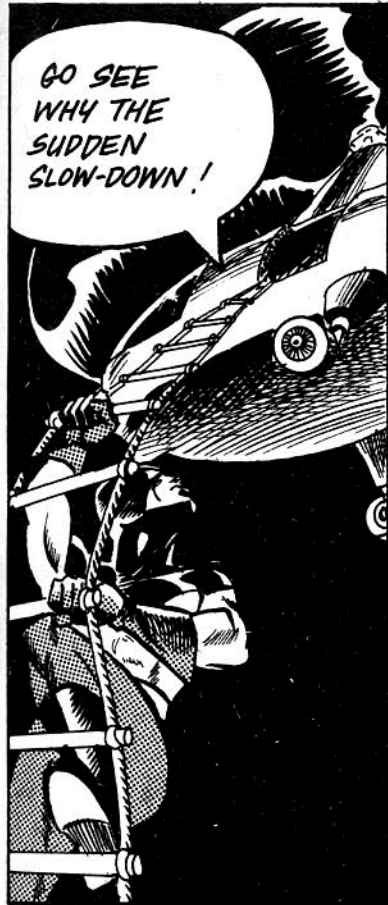


*THE ECLIPSE SUFFERS CHRONIC LIGHT SENSITIVITY.



FALLING, THE ECLIPSE REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS ...



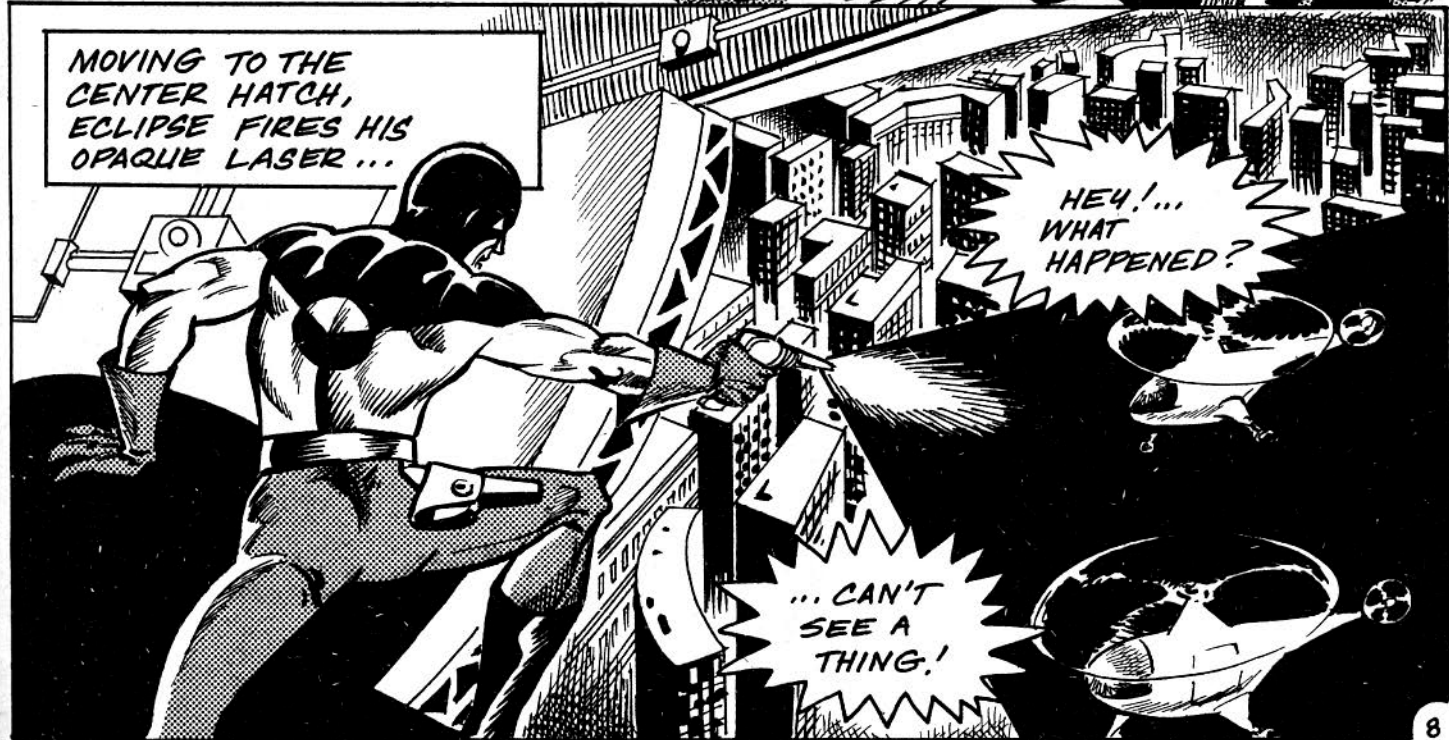


GO SEE WHY THE SUDDEN SLOW-DOWN!



YOU'RE NEXT, PILOT ... AND DON'T TRY TO RADIO ... I'LL HANDLE THAT TOO!

ATTENTION CRESCENT CITY POLICE!
... SKYLINE ROBBERS HITTING
FAIRFAX INSURANCE ...
COME AND GET 'EM !!



MOVING TO THE CENTER HATCH,
ECLIPSE FIRES HIS OPAQUE LASER ...

HEY! ...
WHAT HAPPENED?

... CAN'T
SEE A
THING!

ATTENTION CHOPPER PILOTS!
THIS IS THE ECLIPSE! FOLLOW
ME DOWN OR I'LL TURN THE
ENTIRE SKY TO BLACKNESS !!

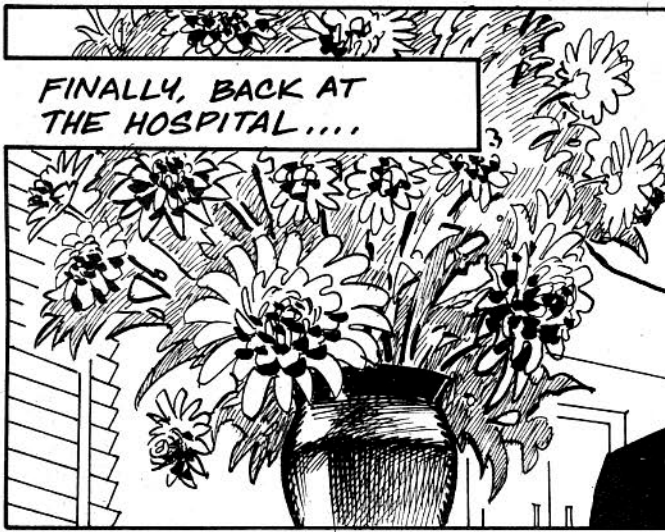


NOBODY SURVIVES
A CHOPPER CRASH
... I SURRENDER!



COME OUT WITH
YOUR HANDS UP OR
WE'LL SPRAY THE
BUILDING WITH
TEAR GAS!

FINALLY, BACK AT
THE HOSPITAL

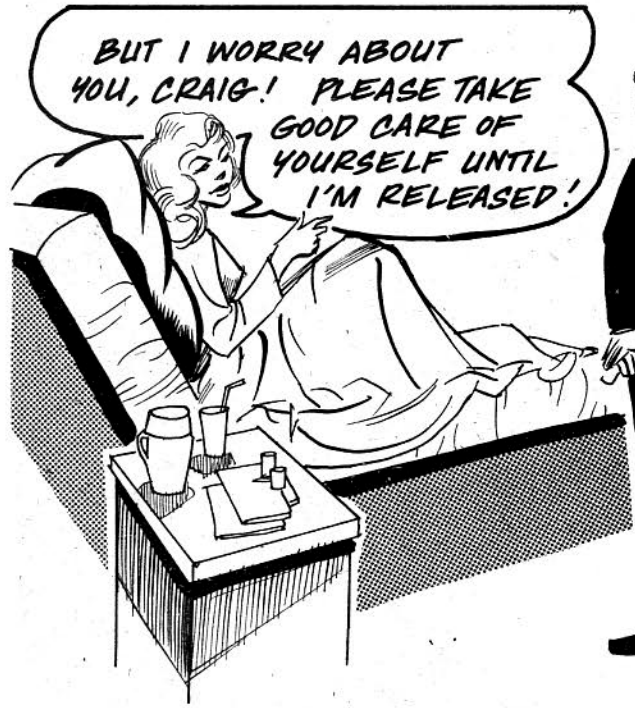


... SO HE FORCED THE
ROBBERS TO LAND IN A
NEARBY PARK. AND
THE OWNER OF THE
"MAINTENANCE"
COMPANY, RON FORTIER
IS LOCKED UP TOO!

I WAS LUCKY
THE WOUND
WASN'T FATAL!



BUT I WORRY ABOUT
YOU, CRAIG! PLEASE TAKE
GOOD CARE OF
YOURSELF UNTIL
I'M RELEASED!



OH, I'D NEVER
DO ANYTHING THAT
WOULD PUT ME
IN DANGER!





Schaffenberg 77

GOODGUY

STRUGGLES AGAINST
BAD TASTE IN HIS
FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH
THE **FUNK FOOD SOCIETY**
OF AMERICA IN THE
PERSONS OF

SWINKYMAN
and **CUPCAKE**

COQUETTE,
I DO NOT
THINK WE
CAN
SWEET-TALK
THIS
ONE-

HMP!

YOU PIMPLE-MAKIN'
PORE-PLUGGIN' CHUNKS
OF GREASY GUNK—
I'M GONNA POUND BOTH
YOUR BUTTS BACK TO THE
ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING
FACTORY!!

IT'S SANDLOT
BASEBALL TIME AT
FLEUETTE FIELD WHERE
JAKE MORAIN HAS JUST
STRUCK OUT—AGAIN.

"WHAT THE HECK IS GOIN'
ON, JAKE!? YA SWINGING LIKE AN OLD LADY!"

"**DROP DEAD!** I QUIT. SEE YA AROUND." RETORTS
JAKE AS HE FLIPS THE BAT AWAY AND REACHES FOR
HIS STANDBY COKE. HE SAUNTERS AWAY WITH AN
AIR OF INDIFFERENCE.

"WHAT A **CHANGE** IN A GUY! FROM DR. JEKYLL TO
MR. HYDE! EVEN HIS FACE! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
FOLKS GETTING DIVORCED OR SOMETHING?!"
ASKS **BILLY (GOODGUY) BOYKO**.

"NAW, NOTHIN' LIKE
THAT. HE JUST
TURNED TWELVE.
SOMETHIN' HAPPENS
TO YOU WHEN YOU
TURN TWELVE. IT'S ONE
OF THOSE **STRANGE**
YEARS—LIKE THIRTY AND
SIXTY." OFFERS **LITTLE JIMMY ENGEL**.

"I CAN TELL YOU **EG-ZACK-LY** WHAT'S HAPPENED."

"OH-OH, HERE IT COMES! '**MR. SCIENCE**' WILL NOW GIVE US THE INSIDE STORY."

"**INSIDE STORY?** QUITE PRECISE." SAYS **STEVE-Mr. Science-MARTIN**.
"WHAT'S HAPPENING TO JAKE IS THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED TO
CHUCK FIALA. HE'S BECOME A **JUNK FOOD ADDICT**. **COKES**,
SWEET ROLLS, **CANDY BARS** BUT MOSTLY, I'VE OBSERVED, **TWINKYS**
AND **CUPCAKES** OF THE GOSTESS VARIETY."





IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME THAT WITH ALL THE SUGAR INTAKE HIS NORMAL APPETITE SUFFERS. HE PROBABLY DOESN'T EAT ANY GOOD FOOD. HENCE, A GAUNT FACE WITH A GROWING ROUND BELLY AND A FACE CRAWLING WITH PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS. HIS PERSONALITY IS BEGINNING TO REFLECT THE PHYSICALLY DEPRESSING SITUATION.



HUM MUM DUM

"GOSH, WHAT A STINKING SHAME! COME ON, LET'S GET OUT THERE AND HOLD THESE GUYS!"



THE GAME GOES ON BUT BILLY RESOLVES TO DROP IN ON JAKE AFTERWARDS.

HELLO, MRS. MORAIN. IS JAKE HOME?

OH, BILLY!



"I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE HERE. YOU ARE ONE OF JAKE'S FRIENDS. COME IN. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I JUST GOT HOME. COME IN. I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING-- SOMETHING HORRIBLE! MAYBE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IT."



MRS. MORAIN PROCEEDED TO SHOW BILLY JAKE'S ROOM. IT WAS GARBAGEVILLE. POP BOTTLES, CANDY BAR WRAPPERS EVERYWHERE. BUT MOSTLY THERE WERE THOSE CLEAR, PLASTIC WRAPPERS OF TWINKYS AND CUPCAKES. "THAT'S NOT ALL. THIS IS THE WORST OF IT." SAID MRS. MORAIN AS SHE OPENED THE CLOSET DOOR TO REVEAL HUNDREDS OF YET-TO-BE DEVoured TWINKYS AND CUPCAKES. "WHAT'S HE USED TO BE FULL OF LIFE AND INTERESTS. NOW, THIS IS HIS ALL-CONSUMING OCCUPATION- POPPING TWINKYS AND CUPCAKES. ONE MINUTE HE'S REMOTE, THE NEXT, HE COULD BE SHOUTING AND SCREAMING THE MOST AWFUL THINGS. HE'S SO, SO, SO- UGLY! OH, BILLY, IT'S JUST MISERABLE!"

HAPPENED TO MY SON? HE USED TO BE FULL OF LIFE AND INTERESTS. NOW, THIS IS HIS ALL-CONSUMING OCCUPATION- POPPING TWINKYS AND CUPCAKES. ONE MINUTE HE'S REMOTE, THE NEXT, HE COULD BE SHOUTING AND SCREAMING THE MOST AWFUL THINGS. HE'S SO, SO, SO- UGLY! OH, BILLY, IT'S JUST MISERABLE!"

BILLY PICKED UP A COMIC BOOK FROM THE FLOOR. HE NOTICED THE ADVERTISEMENT ON THE INSIDE FRONT COVER. IT WAS IN COLOR. IT DEPICTED A SUPERHERO HELPING TO SELL TWINKYS AND CUPCAKES. REMEMBERING WHO HE WAS AND HOW GOOGUY CAME TO BE IT CAUSED BILLY CONSIDERABLE PAIN.



"MR'S MORAIN, WHERE DOES JAKE GET THE MONEY TO BUY THIS STUFF?"
"I HAVE NO IDEA. CERTAINLY NOT FROM ME OR HIS FATHER."
AT THIS POINT JAKE ENTERS THE ROOM. HE IS MUNCHING A TWINKY WITH ONE HAND WHILE THE OTHER IS CARRYING A COUPLE OF TWINKY TWELVE PACKS.

"WHATAYA DOIN' HERE PUMPKIN FACE!? YOU STEALIN' MY TWINKYS!? WHY YOU--"

JAKE RUSHES TOWARD BILLY MAKING A FIST THUS SQUEEZING THE TWINKY THAT WAS IN HIS HAND! BILLY MOVES QUICKLY TO THE SIDE! THE WILDLY SWINGING JAKE LUNGES FORWARD, LOSES HIS BALANCE AND FALLS DOWN IN THE CLOSET AMIDST THE TWINKYS. IT WAS PATHETIC.



JAKE, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD--!"

JAKY. JAKY..

GET LOST!



"I'M SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS MRS. MORAIN. I GUESS JAKE SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR."

"THANKS FOR TRYING, BILLY, AND.. AND THANKS FOR CARING. YES, A DOCTOR--"



AS BILLY WALKS HOME HE READS FROM ONE OF THE TWINKY WRAPPERS HE PICKED UP IN JAKE'S ROOM.

"Made with Sugar, Enriched Floor, Water, Corn Syrup, Shortening, Eggs, Dextrose, Leavening, Skim Milk, Whey, Modified Food Starch, Salt, Mono- AND Diglycerides, AND Polysorbate 60 (EMULSIFIERS) Artificial Flavor AND color: SORBIC ACID (A PRESERVATIVE)

ITT CONTINENTAL BAKING CO.!

HM, GUESS I KNOW WHAT'S EATING JAKE!

THE ITT BAKING CO.?"





The Buyer's Bet
FIALA BOY VANISHES!
THIRD VICTIM IN THREE WEEKS!!!
 PARENTS DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CHILDREN WERE? YOU COULD DARN WELL KNOW THE COUNTY AND CITY FOR MAHA NOK. NO SAFE LET ALONE NOK. NO SAFE IF YOU OUT FOR CHILDREN! IF YOU ARE NEAR YOUR KID, HURRY AND GET THEM TAKING THEM WITH YOU AND DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THEIR LIVES. CHILDREN MUST STAY INDOORS ALL DAY LONG BY THE WAY, DON'T LET THEM OUT WITH THEM!

THE FOLLOWING DAY BILLY PULLS A 'SAM SPADE'; THAT IS, AN INVESTIGATION, AND DISCOVERS — NO UNUSUAL THEFTS OF GOSTESS ITEMS FROM ANY STORE IN HOPEWELL, AUNT ANNIE. JAKE HAS ANOTHER SOURCE FOR HIS GOODIES. "

"MAYBE HE'S STEALING THEM DIRECTLY FROM THE GOSTESS WAREHOUSE HERE IN HOPEWELL." OFFERS BILLY'S KINDLY GUARDIAN, AUNT ANNIE.

"GOOD THOUGHT BUT THE POLICE HAVE NO SUCH COMPLAINT. AS A MATTER OF FACT THE POLICE ARE QUITE INVOLVED IN THE DISAPPEARANCES OVER THE LAST THREE WEEKS OF THOSE THREE BOYS, RUSS MAHERAS, JOEY SARNOFAGUN AND CHUCK FIALA!!

"YES, IT'S TERRIBLE. THE PAPERS ARE FULL OF THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING BOYS, NOBODY CAN FIGURE A RATIONAL CONNECTION. FOLKS ARE FIGURING IT'S EITHER ANOTHER SCREWBALL OR MORE C.I.A. EXPERIMENTS. "

"WELL, AUNT ANNIE, AFTER MAKING A FEW MORE SIMPLE PHONE CALLS, YOUR NEPHEW **FOUND** A RATIONAL CONNECTION!"

AUNT ANNIE STOPPED HER IRONING AND LOOKED AT BILLY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE COURSE OF THE CONVERSATION. AFTER A PAUSE, SHE DEMANDED, "WELL, BY GODFREY, WHAT IS IT!?"

Pause. Fade-in on Billy. "THEY WERE **ALL** HEAVY INTO **TWINKYS!** AND IT DOESN'T TAKE A MENTAL GIANT TO FIGURE OUT THAT JAKE MORAIN IS **NEXT** ON SOMEBODY'S DIRT LIST."

"HEAVENS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BILLY?"

"I'M GOING TO PUT A ROUND-THE-CLOCK TALE ON JAKE." REPLIES BILLY MATTER-OF-FACTLY. "OF COURSE, AS BILLY OR GOODGUY, I COULDN'T DO THAT MYSELF BUT--" AND WITHOUT FINISHING EITHER THAT SENTENCE OR HIS LUNCH BILLY WAS, LIKE A SHOT, UP IN HIS ACTIC WHEREIN IS STORED HIS COMIC COLLECTION. A QUICK GLANCE AND BILLY SLIPS OUT 'SAM SPADE NO. 1'. HE CLOSES HIS EYES AND MEDITATES.

"**SAM!** SAM, YOU STILL THERE IN THE ASTRAL PLANE?"

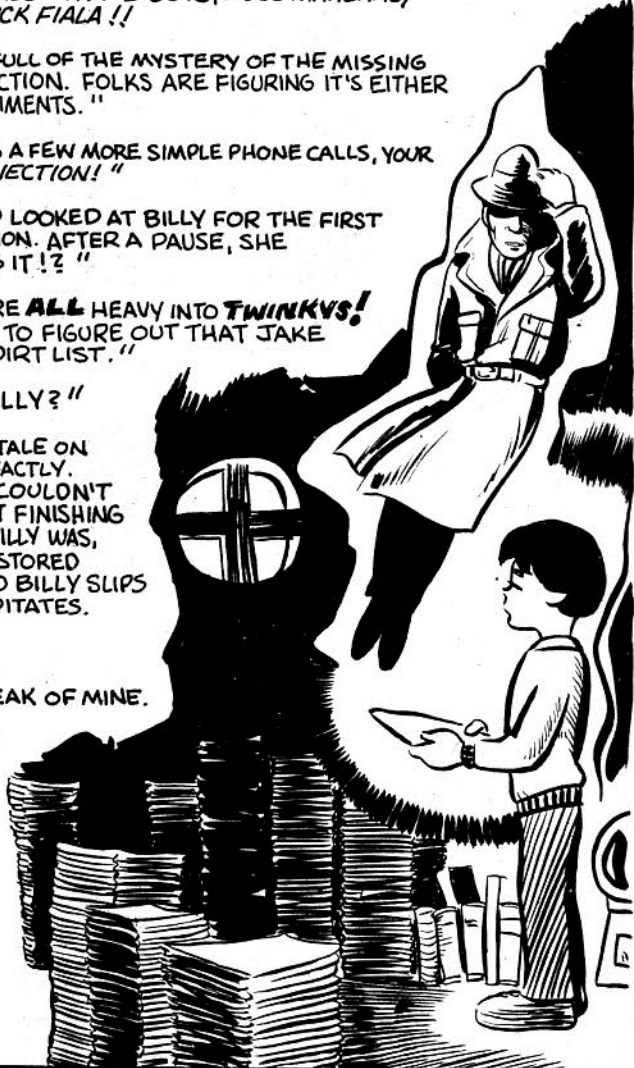
"YOU KNOW IT, KID. STILL PAYIN' THE PIPER FOR THAT SADISTIC STREAK OF MINE. THE **BIG BOYS** WON'T LET ME MOVE ON. WHATAYAGOT!?"

"THERE'S A KID, JAKE MORAIN, HE'S IN SOME KIND OF JAM. I WANT YOU TO TALE HIM AND FIND OUT--"

"FORGET IT, APPLE CHEEKS. I'M WAY AHEAD OF YA. I'VE BEEN FOLLOWIN' THE CASE WITH INTREST. THE KEY TO THE CASE IS AT 730 FATCAT BOULEVARD. IN THE BASEMENT OFFICE. JAKE WILL BE THERE AS USUAL AT 7:30 PM. DATS ALL I CAN TELL YA."

"THANKS, SAM. THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW."

"YEAH. GOOD LUCK. I'LL BE LOOKIN' IN TO SEE HOW IT WOIKS OUT. DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN NICKELS!"



SCENE: 730 FATCAT BLVD. WHICH JUST HAPPENS TO BE THE ADDRESS OF THE **TTT** CONTINENTAL BAKING CO. WAREHOUSE.

TIME: 7:30

THREE SHORT RINGS, ONE LONG ONE.

COME ON IN JAKE M'MAN. HA-HA!

HELLO, JAKE. YOU ARE LOOKING WELL. HOW ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I AINT GOT NO STRENGTH. I NEED THE **SUPER TWINKY!**

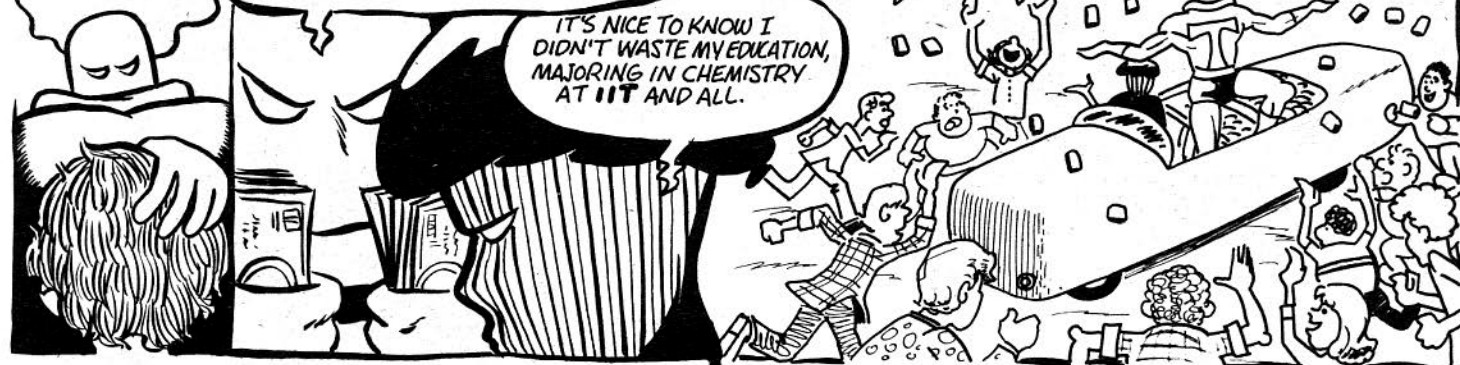
YES, I CAN SEE THAT YOU DO! AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT—THE **SUPER-ALL TRANSFORMING TWINKY!**—YOU POOR SLOBBERING LITTLE FOOL.

COQUETTE, ITT HAS JUST ISSUED ORDERS FOR US TO MOVE ON TO SPRINGDALE. JUST IN TIME I MIGHT ADD. I'VE SOLD ALL THE 'GOODS' THAT OUR LITTLE PAL HERE STOLE FOR US WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF YOUR WILL-INDUCING CONCOCTION CAREFULLY CONCEALED IN SPECIALLY MADE TWINKYS.

YES!

THIS IS THE VERY SAME CUTE **TWINKYMAN** AND **CUPCAKE** YOU SEE IN COMMERCIALS ON TV TRAVELING AS THEY DO FROM CITY TO CITY IN THEIR **TWINKYMOBILE** STOPPING IN VARIOUS NEIGHBORHOODS AND GIVING AWAY FREE TWINKYS AND CUPCAKES.

IT'S NICE TO KNOW I DIDN'T WASTE MY EDUCATION, MAJORING IN CHEMISTRY AT IIT AND ALL.



"KID, WHEN I SAW YOU SHOW UP A THIRD TIME IN THE THIRD NEIGHBORHOOD I KNEW YOU WERE HOOKED ON TWINKYS SO I SLIPPED YOU ONE OF COQUETTE'S 'SPECIALS' AND ONE OF MY CARDS AND PROMISED YOU ALL THE SPECIAL TWINKYS AND CUPCAKES YOU COULD EVER EAT."

"BUT THE MONTH IS UP AND IT'S TIME TO BE MOVING ON. BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE YOU BEHIND ANYMORE THAN WE CAN LEAVE RUSS MAHERAS, JOEY SARNOFAGUN OR CHUCK FIALA. THE DRUGS WEAR OFF AND YOU MIGHT TELL STORIES LATER SO YOU KNOW WHAT WE DO? WE GIVE YOU **THE SUPERTWINKY!**"



UN-MUTTAL MUTTAL
GOBBLE GOBBLE
GULP!
ULP!!



LOOKIT THAT, WILLYA! MY MENTALLY RETARDED HULKS ARE GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME. I THINK WE OUGHT TO UP OUR PRICE ON THEM. THOSE MERCENARY ARMIES IN AFRICA GET PLENTY OF USE OUT OF THESE BABIES. THEY'LL DO THINGS NORMAL SOLDIERS WOULDN'T DO AND I'LL BET THOSE BODIES CAN TAKE A LOT MORE BULLETS BEFORE KEELING OVER.

YOU ARE RIGHT COQUETTE! FROM NOW ON IT'S \$20,000 A BODY!!



"COME ALONG JAKE! WE HAVE THREE FRIENDS FOR YOU TO MEET!"

OOH, HEAD IS FUZZY..

"THE MERCENARY REPS WILL BE HERE SHORTLY TO PICK THESE BRUTES UP!"

"WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WOULD SAY IF THEY KNEW WE WERE USING THEIR FACILITIES TO MAKE 'EXTRA DOUGAZ'?"

"WHO CARES? WE'D PROBABLY WIN THE MOON-LIGHTERS OF THE YEAR AWARD!"



"HI! YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. I HAVE YOUR SWEET LITTLE VOICES ON TAPE!!"

GOODGUY SPEWS FORTH WITH TWO RELATIVELY GENTLE JET-STREAM SOCK!!



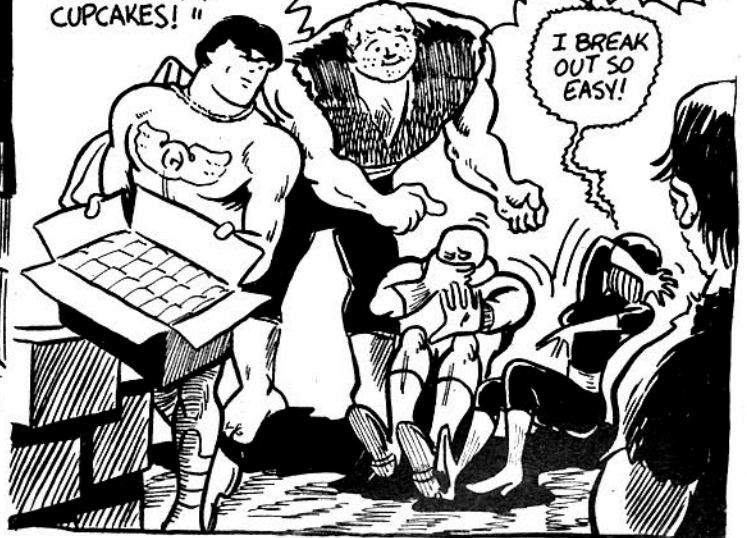
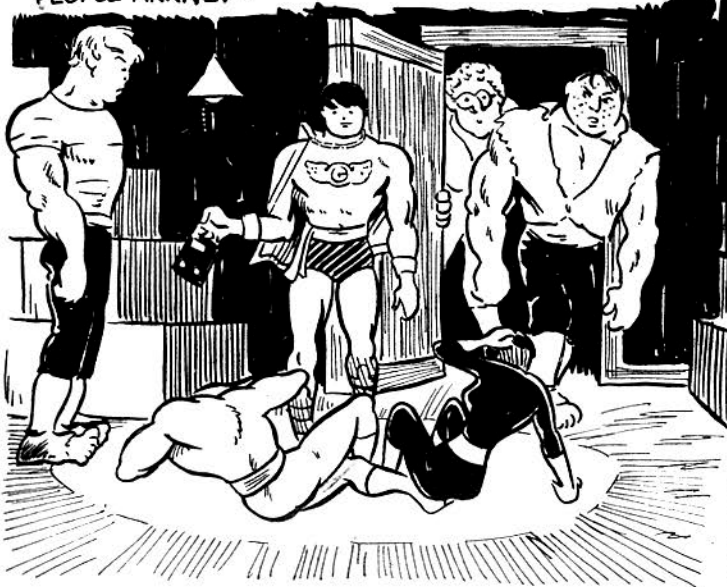
OW!

"THE POLICE HAVE THE AREA SURROUNDED. I WILL INFORM THEM TO WAIT UNTIL THOSE MERCENARY PEOPLE ARRIVE."

"WHILE WE WAIT I THINK I'LL STUFF YOUR FACES WITH TWINKYS AND CUPCAKES!"

NO NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT!!

I BREAK OUT SO EASY!



Two weeks later—

HI, FELLAS! I SEE ALL YOU GUYS ARE BACK TO NORMAL SIZE. AND WHAT'S THIS—NO PIMPLES?

YEH! NO MORE JUNK FOOD FOR ME!!

YES, SIR! WE ARE WHAT WE EAT!

GOOD FOOD AND EXERCISE TO FEEL ALERT AND ALIVE!

—AND NO MORE PIMPLES!



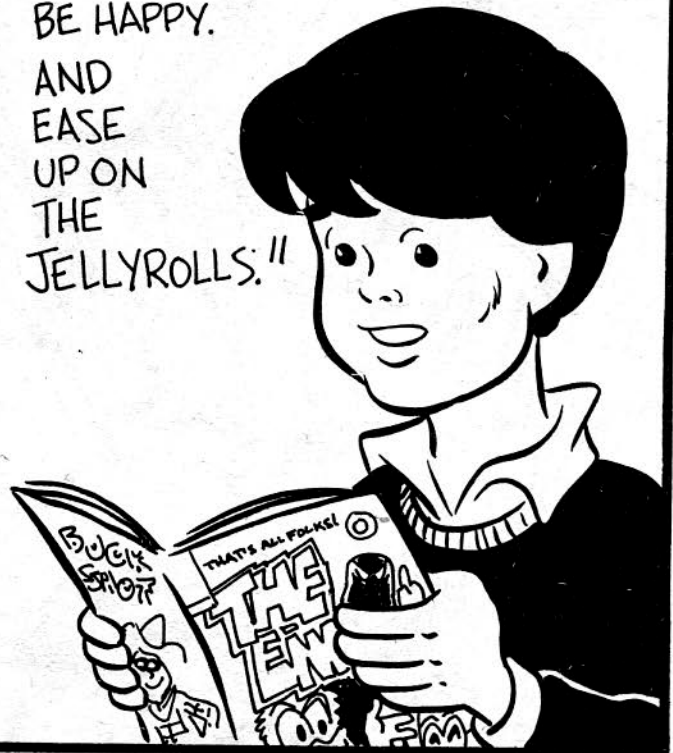
WELL, OF COURSE, WORDS ARE ONE THING. THE SPIRIT IS ANOTHER. IF THEY CAN KEEP A STRONG WILL TO KEEP THAT SPIRIT ALIVE, WELL, THEY JUST MIGHT MAKE IT!!

GOOD LUCK!



" THAT CONCLUDES OUR STORY. COMPLETE WITH A HAPPY ENDING. MAY ALL YOUR ENDINGS BE HAPPY.

AND EASE UP ON THE JELLYROLLS."





MACHLAR
Newton-Wilson

IN ONE OF HIS MOST
BIZARRE OF CASES, XAL-KOR
THE HUMAN CAT
USES HIS PROWESS TO...

BREAK THE SLAVE RING!

SO... YOU TRIED
TO **ESCAPE!**
FOR **THIS** YOU MUST
BE **PUNISHED!**



STORY: GRASS GREEN
ART: GRASS GREEN AND
BRIAN J. BUNIK
© 1977 BY GRASS GREEN

LATE ONE NIGHT AS XAL-KOR IS ON A ROUTINE PATROL...



?

CLANK!
OH!

THERE SHE IS!! GRAB 'ER!!

GOTCHA! HEH, HEH!

YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE TRIED TO RUN AWAY LITTLE ONE...

L-LET ME GO! STAY AWAY FROM ME-!



YOU HAVE NOWHERE TO GO AND NO ONE TO TURN TO, SILLY GIRL!

AND YOU WILL PAY DEARLY FOR TRYING TO ESCAPE!

THE HELPLESS, FRIGHTENED GIRL IS QUICKLY BOUND AND GAGGED, AND ~

ALRIGHT, B'DOOL ~ LET US AWAY FROM THIS PLACE BEFORE SOMEONE HAPPENS UPON THE SCENE



I'M GLAD I DIDN'T RUSH INTO ACTION ~ NOW I CAN FOLLOW THEM AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!



-LOOK, IT'S ROWENA!

UNH!

BACK IN YOU GO, WENCH!



WHEN WE RETURN, YOU'LL BECOME A KEEN EXAMPLE OF WHAT HAPPENS TO SLAVES THAT TRY TO ESCAPE~!



SLAM!
CLICK!

OH, NO...
OH, NO...
NO...NO!!!
SOB

..POOR
ROWENA...



WE WARNED
YOU ABOUT TRYING
TO ESCAPE ~ IT IS
A... FUTILE
EFFORT...

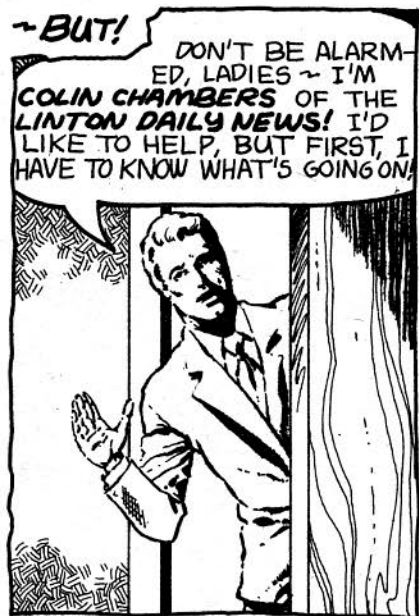


W-WE'RE DOOMED
TO A LIFE OF
SLAVERY
AND ABUSE~



~QUIET! SHH-H... THE
D-DOOR IS OPENING! THEY
HAVE RETURNED!

CREAK!



~BUT!
DON'T BE ALARM-
ED, LADIES ~ I'M
COLIN CHAMBERS OF THE
LINTON DAILY NEWS! I'D
LIKE TO HELP, BUT FIRST, I
HAVE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!



SAY
NO-
THING!
IT
IS A
TRICK!

YES, SO THEY
CAN PUNISH
ALL
OF US!

NO... I'M
HERE
AS A
FRIEND!

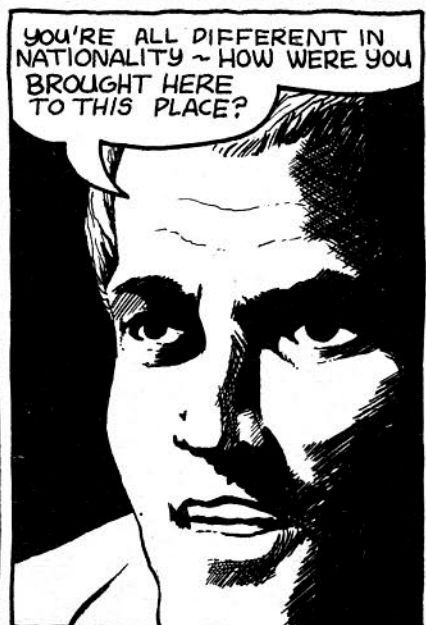


WAIT! I ~ I
BELIEVE
HIM!

MAYBE
HE CAN
HELP US!

DUJI IS RIGHT!
I DO NOT WISH
TO BE ENSLAVED
THE REST OF
MY LIFE!

NOR
DO I ~
WH ~ WHAT
DO YOU WISH
TO KNOW?



YOU'RE ALL DIFFERENT IN
NATIONALITY ~ HOW WERE YOU
BROUGHT HERE
TO THIS PLACE?

THE GIRLS RELATE THE HORRID DETAILS OF THEIR EXPERIENCES...

I WAS DRUGGED AND KID-NAPPED!

"WE WERE SO POOR," M-MY FATHER SOLD ME--

I, I WAS PROMISED THE LIFE OF A MOVIE STAR--

ALL OF US WERE PROMISED A GOOD LIFE, BUT IT WAS A LIE-- WE ARE NOUGHT BUT SLAVES-- SUB-JECTED TO-- T-THE SEXUAL AND DE-GENERATE ABUSE OF THE RICH--

INCREDIBLE! A SLAVE-RING,, RIGHT HERE IN GRANDE CITY!! GIRLS HELD IN CAPTIVITY-- HELPLESS!

--YES, AND WE'RE MADE TO STEAL AND OTHER BAD THINGS,,



HANG TIGHT, GIRLS-- I HAVE A FRIEND WHO JUST MIGHT BE ABLE TO PUT AN END TO THIS FOUL SCHEME! BE PATIENT!

DO YOU THINK HE CAN HELP US?

WE CAN ONLY HOPE,,

I-- I BELIEVE HE WILL TRY--!

EVEN IF HE CANNOT GET US FREE, AT LEAST WE CAN FEEL THAT THERE WAS ONE WHO LISTENED AND DID NOT BEAT OR PUNISH US FOR SPEAKING!

..YET--



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY--

DINDU, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE MEETING!

HAD TO POTTY!

WELL, LET'S STEP IT UP! THE COLONEL WON'T LIKE IT IF WE'RE LATE! THIS IS ONE OF OUR MOST IMPORTANT GATHERINGS!

YEA! NOW IS WHEN WE RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS AS TO WHERE OUR NEWEST CACHES OF SLAVE GIRLS ARE TO BE OBTAINED!



HMMM,,

S
H
O
R
T
L
Y

THESE ARE THE LISTS INDICATING THE INDIVIDUAL LOCATIONS FOR YOUR SLAVE PICK-UPS!

LITTLE DID WE KNOW OF THE SPLENDID MONETARY REWARDS TO BE GAINED FOR OUR CAUSE BY SELLING EARTH-WOMEN INTO BONDAGE! THE DEMENTED, SICK, BUT RICH AMERICANS PAY MUCH FOR THEIR LITTLE... PLAYTHINGS!

SO WE'LL LET THEM ENJOY THEIR PERVERSIONS ALL THEY DESIRE! --LITTLE DO THEY REALIZE THAT BEFORE TOO LONG THEY THEMSELVES WILL BE SLAVES... OUR SLAVES!

HAIL QUEEN RODA!



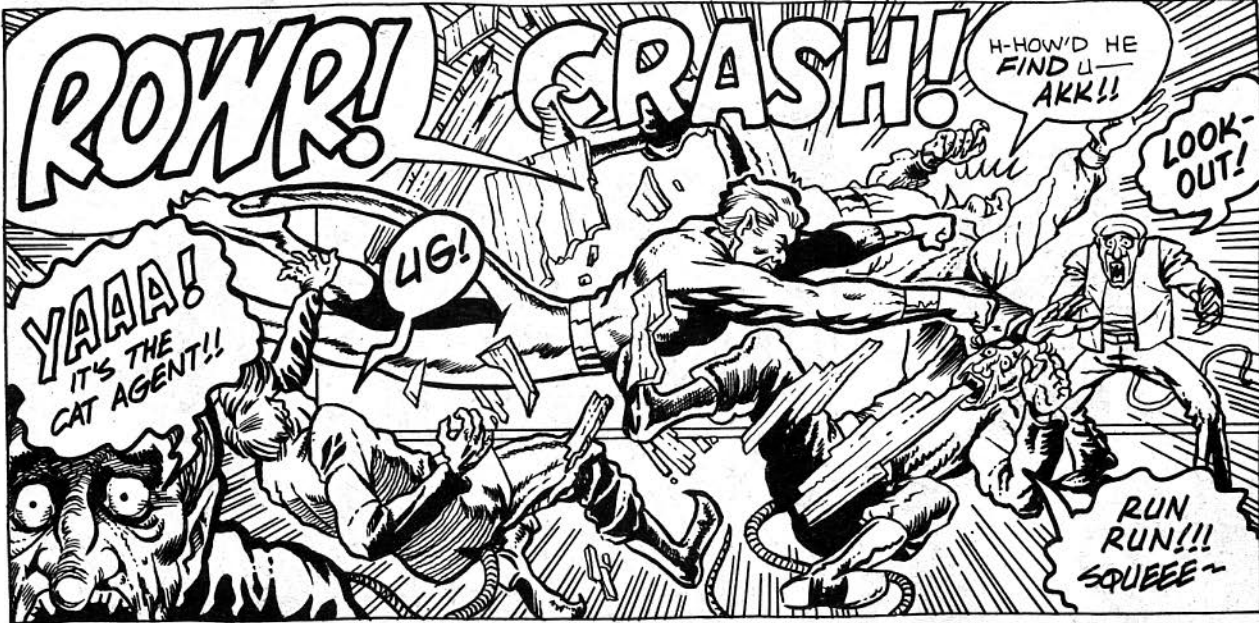
HAIL QUEEN RODA!
SSSQUEEEEEAAA!!

TO HELL WITH QUEEN RODA!!

WHA--! WHO DARES?



You guessed right, friends—those corrupt RODENTITES from UNIVERSE VI in the 4th DIMENSION are at it again!! --BUT!



ROWR! GRASH!

H-HOW'D HE FIND U--
AKK!!

LOOK-
OUT!

YAAA!
IT'S THE
CAT AGENT!!

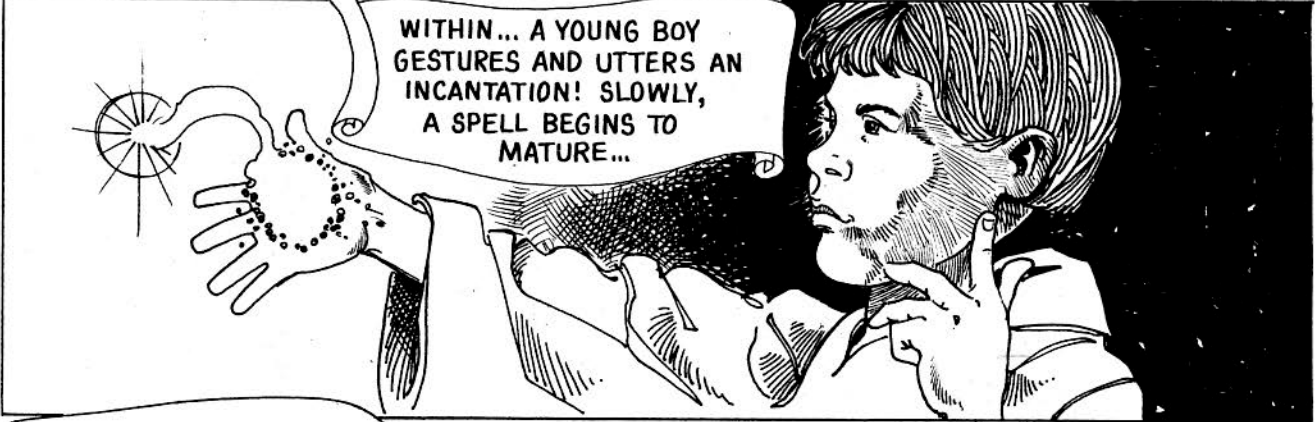
UG!

RUN
RUN!!!
SQUEEE~




SORCERER'S APPRENTICE


ON A DESOLATE PLAIN IN THE ONCE BEAUTIFUL KINGDOM OF REID STANDS A RUINED DWELLING OF SULAK, A CRYSTAL MAGICIAN! A FLICKERING LIGHT FAILS TO DISTURB THE SHADOWY GLOOM THAT SETTLED THE ETHER WITH THE ADVENT OF THE BLACK SHADOW SORCERER'S DESTRUCTION OF THE CRYSTAL ARTS!



WITHIN... A YOUNG BOY GESTURES AND UTTERS AN INCANTATION! SLOWLY, A SPELL BEGINS TO MATURE...



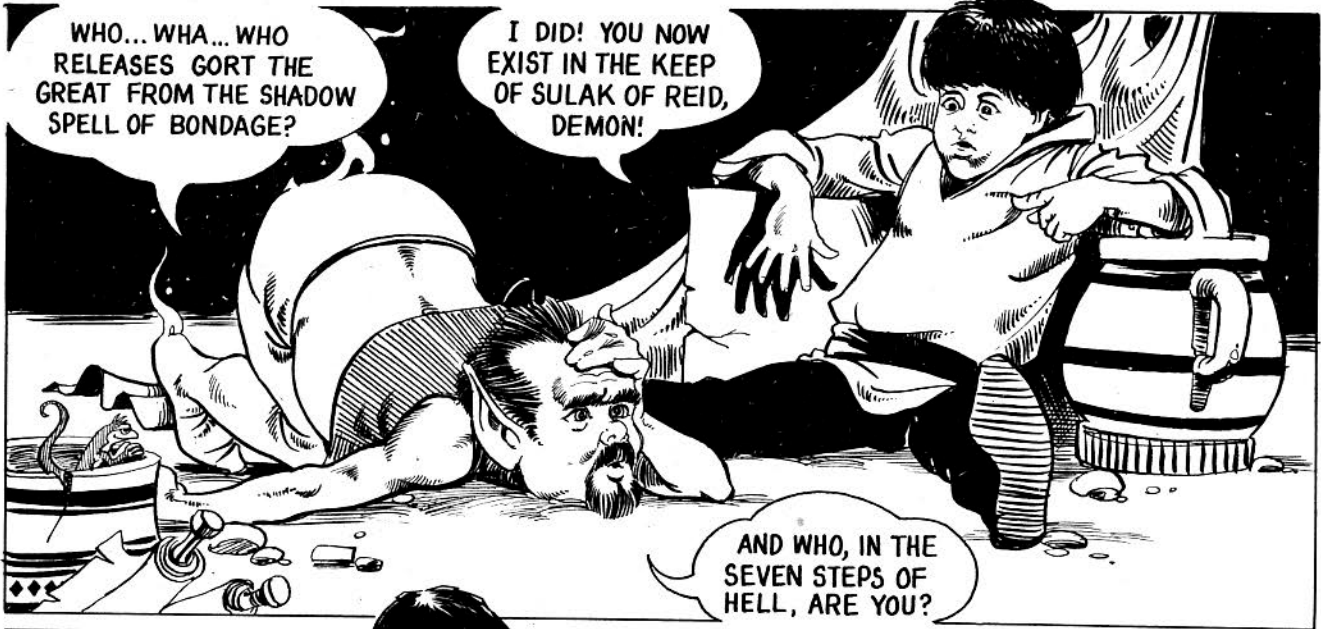
... TO GROW AND PULSE WITH A LIFE OF ITS OWN! SUDDENLY, RESISTANCE! THE ORB STUBBORNLY REFUSES TO HATCH! IT BREEDS IMPATIENCE!



CROT! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE SPELL? I MISSED NO STEP IN THE PROCESS! PERHAPS, IF I POKE...



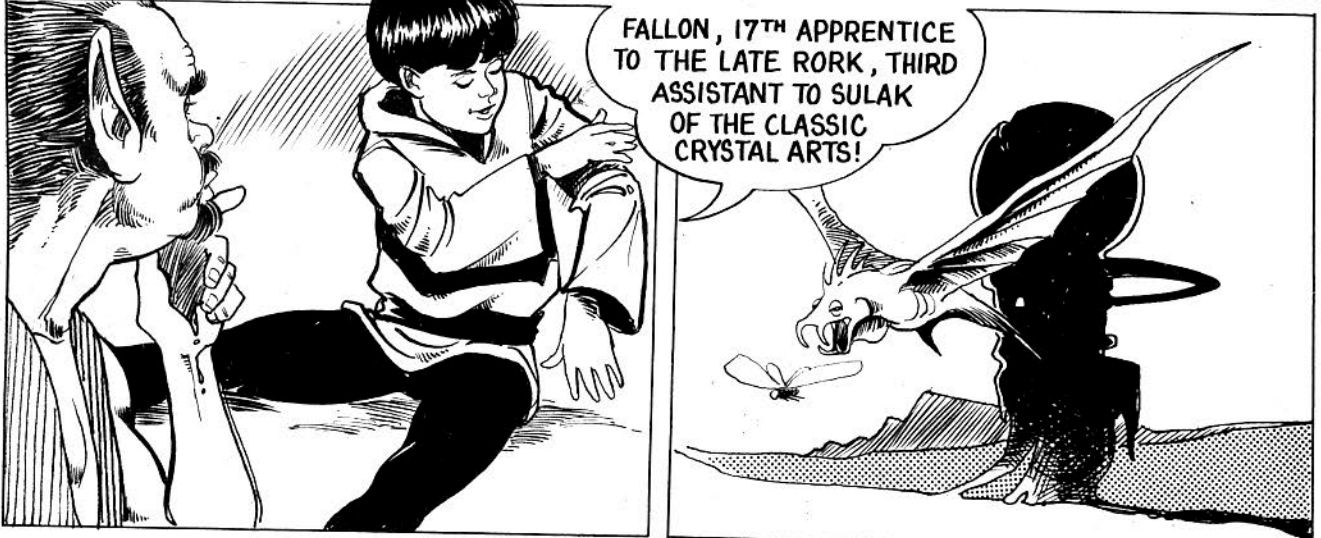
WALLOOMP



WHO... WHA... WHO RELEASES GORT THE GREAT FROM THE SHADOW SPELL OF BONDAGE?

I DID! YOU NOW EXIST IN THE KEEP OF SULAK OF REID, DEMON!

AND WHO, IN THE SEVEN STEPS OF HELL, ARE YOU?



FALLON, 17TH APPRENTICE TO THE LATE RORK, THIRD ASSISTANT TO SULAK OF THE CLASSIC CRYSTAL ARTS!



MAY THE SKULL OF HERNON PROTECT US! A SNOT NOSED RUG RUNT OF A MINOR MAGICIAN TO CALL MASTER! GO AHEAD AND TELL ME OF YOUR ABILITIES!



SEE WHO TALKS... AN AUXILLIARY DEMON OF LITTLE NOTE! I COMMAND THE TEN BASIC SPELLS!



SPIT! AT LEAST YOU POSSESS A BRASHNESS I CAN ENJOY! HAH! THE 10 BASICS ARE MERE DABBLINGS! WHAT MORE?

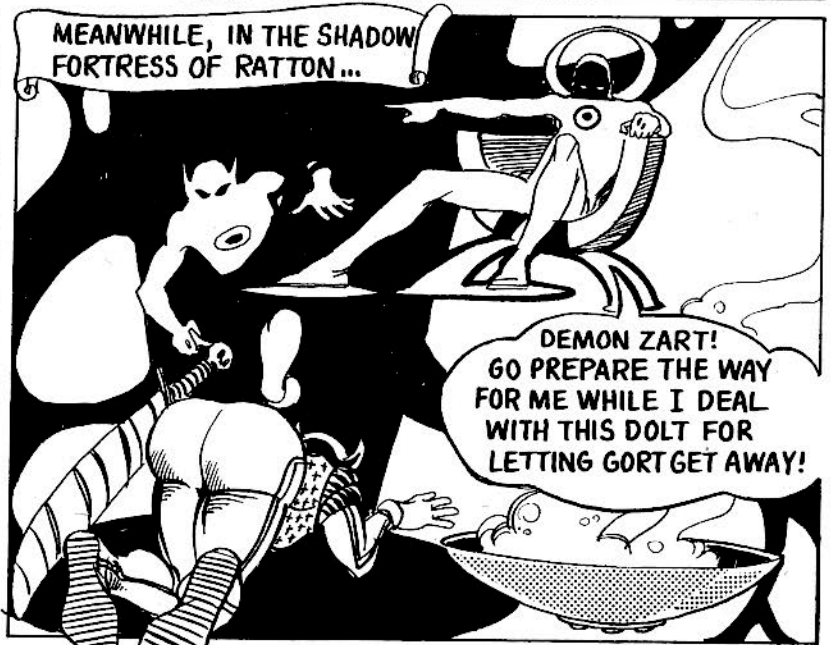
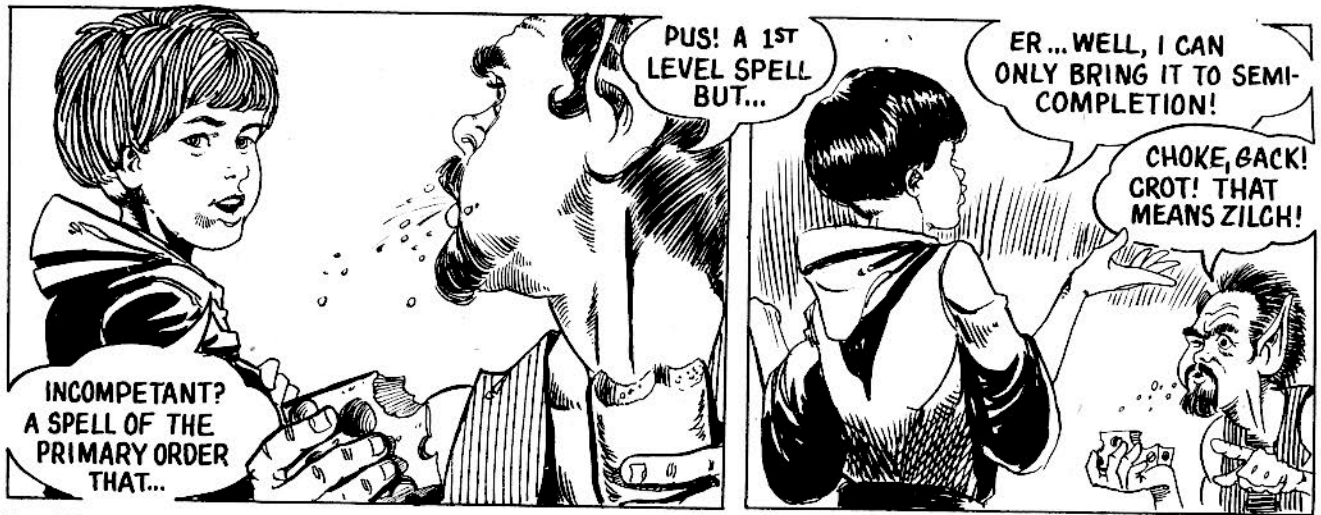


3 SPELLS OF THE SECOND ORDER... REFLEXIVE CONTROL STATE! NO APPLAUSE PLEASE!



MUNCH! ONLY 3? CRUNCH! CHEW! WELL, I DID NOT EXPECT MUCH MORE(GOBBLE)...

FROM A LITTLE INCOMPETANT...



AT CRYSTAL KEEP...

BUT WHY DO I HAVE TO WEAR THIS MUSTY OLD UNIFORM? IT'S NOT GONNA IMPRESS ANYONE!

AT LEAST YOU RESEMBLE A MAGICIAN NOW! REMEMBER YOU MUST BEHAVE AS A TRUE SORCERER DOES! HOLD... I SENSE SOMETHING!

YOU! GORT, WHERE'S ZART? WHO'S THIS RUNT IN CRYSTAL GARB!

ER... PERHAPS YOU SHOULD ADDRESS MY NEW MASTER MORE POLITELY! THIS IS FALLON THE FANTASTIC!

I CARE NOT WHO HE IS FOR THIS WHELP WILL NOT BE AROUND FOR LONG!

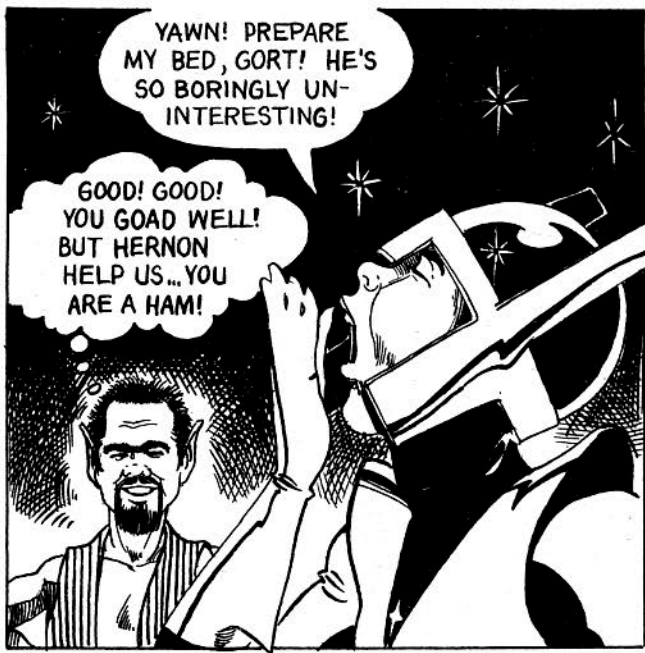
A BASIC CAST! COUNTER WITH A BASIC! SUPERB! TAUNT HIM... ANGER HIM! RATTON THINKS POORLY IN THE HEAT OF RAGE!

I WILL STRIKE WITH SURPRISE AND GAIN GLORY FOR DEMON ZART!

CROT NO! A MYSTIC WEB TRAP!

GO! GO! GOOO! ALL RIGHT! HAH! I NEVER DID LIKE THAT COCKY SHOW-OFF! HMM, THAT EXCITEMENT MADE ME HUNGRY!



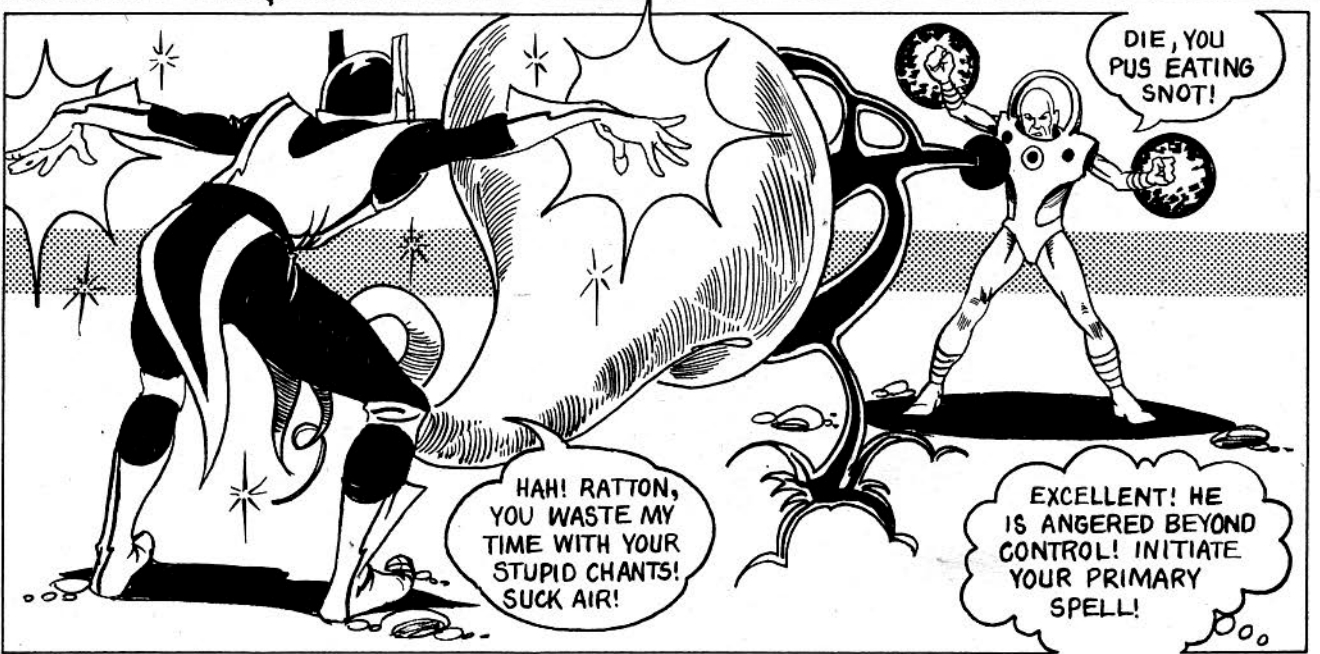


YAWN! PREPARE MY BED, GORT! HE'S SO BORINGLY UN-INTERESTING!

GOOD! GOOD! YOU GOOD WELL! BUT HERNON HELP US... YOU ARE A HAM!



WARE! HE CONJURES UP A 2ND ORDER SPELL! USE A 2ND LEVEL FOR DEFENSE BUT SAVE THE BEST FOR LATER!



HAH! RATTON, YOU WASTE MY TIME WITH YOUR STUPID CHANTS! SUCK AIR!

DIE, YOU PUS EATING SNOT!

EXCELLENT! HE IS ANGERED BEYOND CONTROL! INITIATE YOUR PRIMARY SPELL!

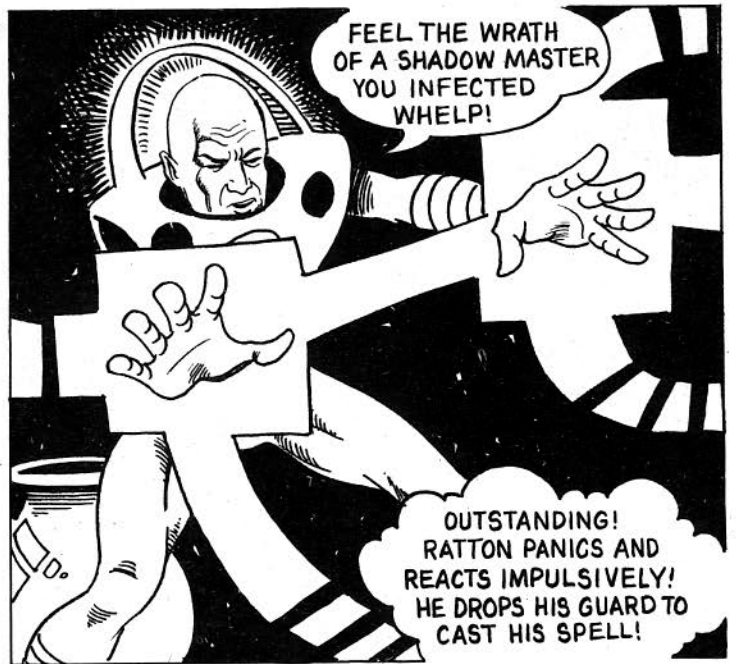


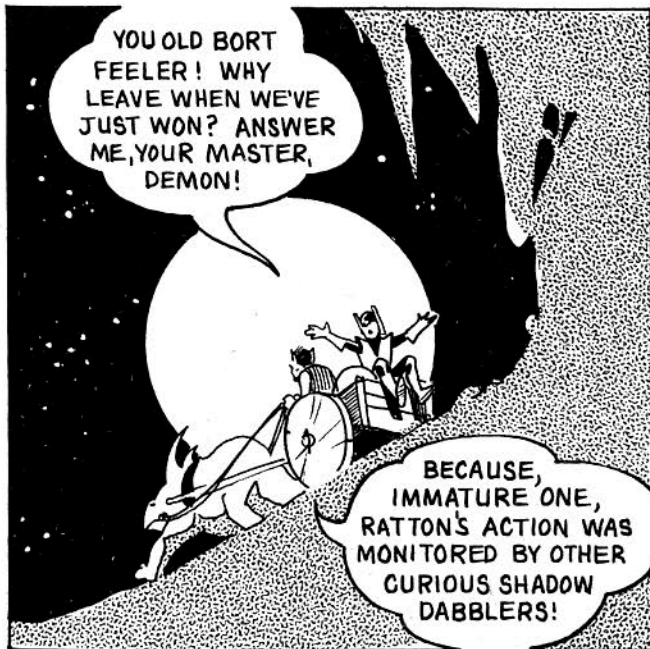
BUT... YOU KNOW I CAN'T...

CRAMMIT! AND DO IT, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE!



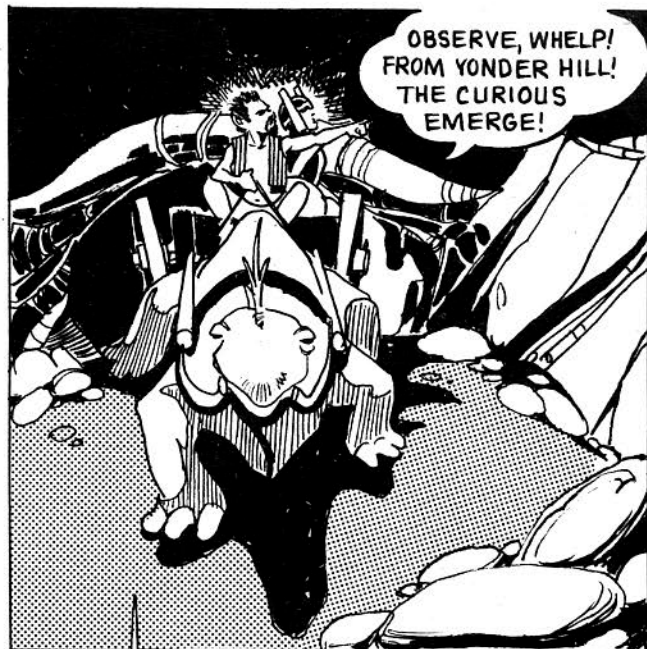
WHATTT... IMPOSSIBLE! HOW COULD ANYONE SO YOUNG MASTER A PRIMARY!





YOU OLD BORT FEELER! WHY LEAVE WHEN WE'VE JUST WON? ANSWER ME, YOUR MASTER, DEMON!

BECAUSE, IMMATURE ONE, RATTON'S ACTION WAS MONITORED BY OTHER CURIOUS SHADOW DABLERS!

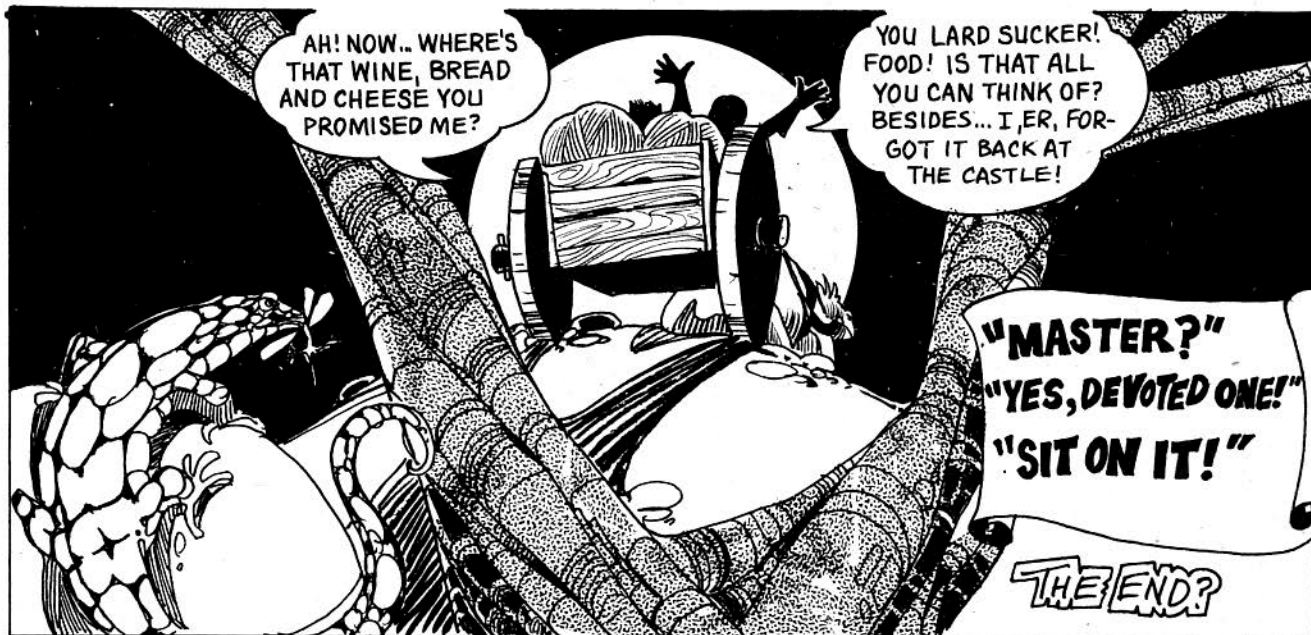


OBSERVE, WHELP! FROM YONDER HILL! THE CURIOUS EMERGE!



AN ECTOPLASMIC EMISSARY OF THE DARK ONES SENT TO ERASE US AND THE EVIDENCE!

FORTUNATELY, THEY COULD NOT KNOW THAT WE HAD DEPARTED THRU NON-MYSTICAL MEANS! WELL, I KNOW A COMFORTABLE PLACE TO THE DISTANT SOUTH



AH! NOW.. WHERE'S THAT WINE, BREAD AND CHEESE YOU PROMISED ME?

YOU LARD SUCKER! FOOD! IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK OF? BESIDES... I, ER, FOR-GOT IT BACK AT THE CASTLE!

"MASTER?"
"YES, DEVOTED ONE!"
"SIT ON IT!"

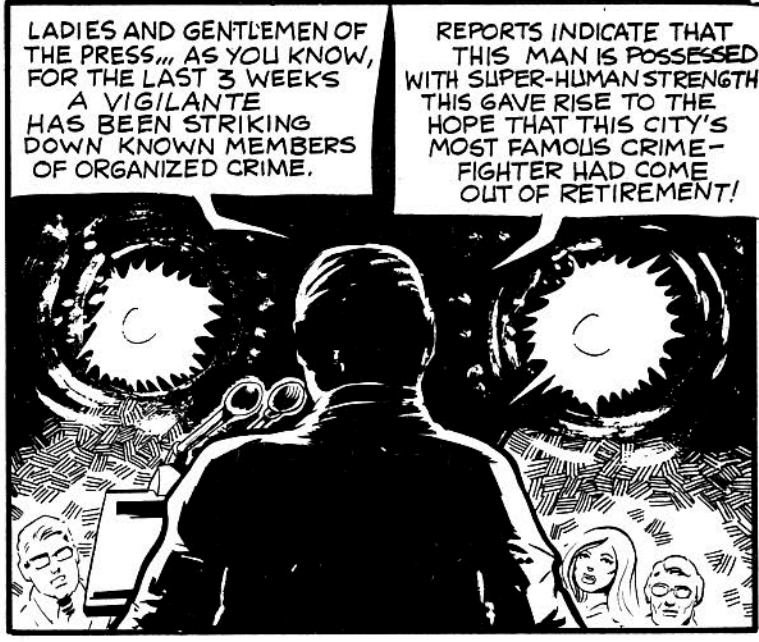
THE END?



MACHLAN



NOW, TO FILL YOU IN ON THE LATEST, MOST STARTLING DEVELOPMENT, HERE IS POLICE COMMISSIONER FARADAY!

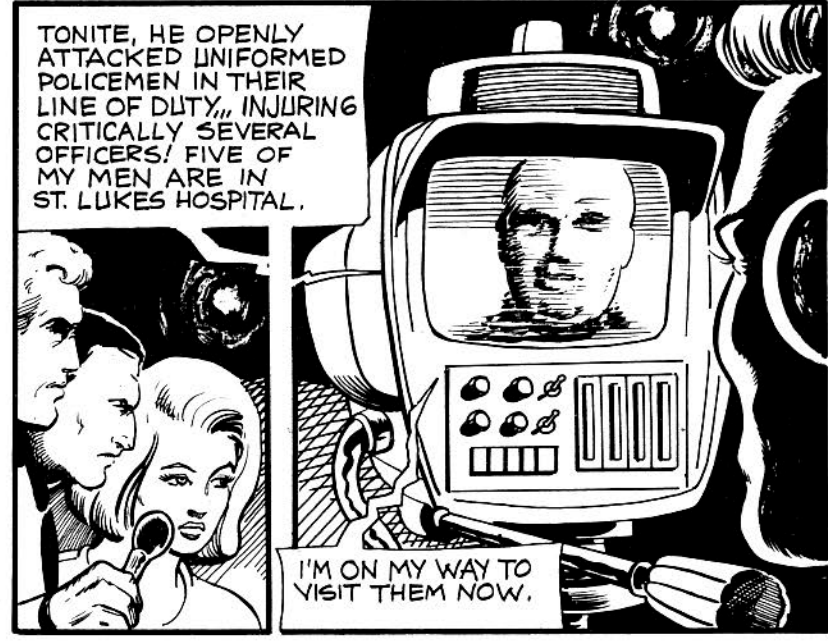


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS... AS YOU KNOW, FOR THE LAST 3 WEEKS A VIGILANTE HAS BEEN STRIKING DOWN KNOWN MEMBERS OF ORGANIZED CRIME.

REPORTS INDICATE THAT THIS MAN IS POSSESSED WITH SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH! THIS GAVE RISE TO THE HOPE THAT THIS CITY'S MOST FAMOUS CRIME-FIGHTER HAD COME OUT OF RETIREMENT!

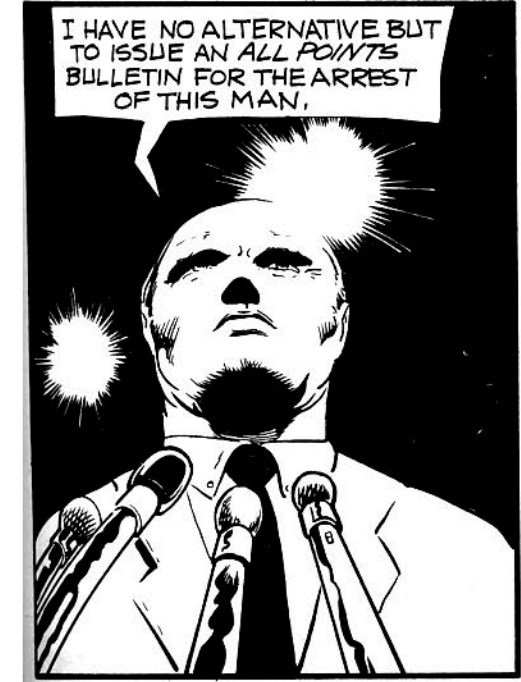


THIS TIME, HOWEVER, HIS ATTACKS WERE UNCOMMONLY VISCIOUS AND UN-YIELDING! TONITE OUR MASKED "BENEFACTOR" PROVED HE HAS NO MORE REGARD FOR THE LAW THAN THE UNDERWORLD FACTIONS HE BATTLES SO VIOLENTLY!

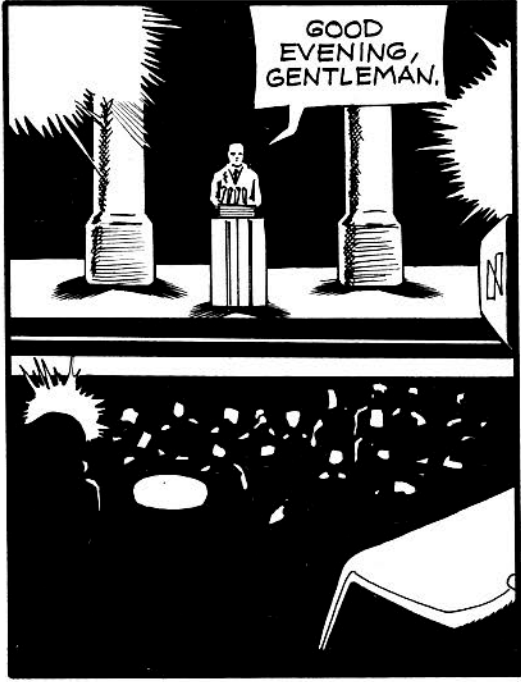


TONITE, HE OPENLY ATTACKED UNIFORMED POLICEMEN IN THEIR LINE OF DUTY... INJURING CRITICALLY SEVERAL OFFICERS! FIVE OF MY MEN ARE IN ST. LUKES HOSPITAL.

I'M ON MY WAY TO VISIT THEM NOW.



I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO ISSUE AN ALL POINTS BULLETIN FOR THE ARREST OF THIS MAN.



GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMAN.



THE

SHADE

TM

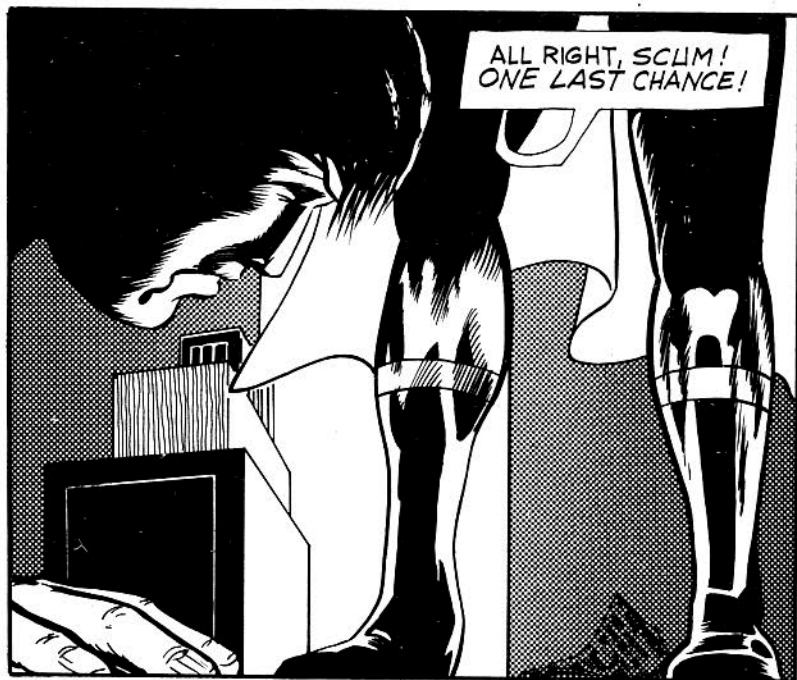
POLICE SEEN BLACK TERROR

A NEW ASTRON

...REDIBLE STORY, AS BEST
...OULD BE PIECED TOGETHER,
...THAT THE INITIAL IDEA TO
...AM-UP THE SHADE AND THE
...BLACK TERROR WAS CONCEIVED
...BY EDITOR MARTIN L. GREIM OF
...DEDHAM, MASS. ROBERT COS-
...GROVE THEN STORYBOARDED
...THE PLOT WITH GREIM AT HIS
...ELBOW. THIS DRAFT WAS LATER
...LOST IN THE MAIL. WHEN ARTIST
...WILLIAM BLACK RECEIVED THE
...ASSIGNMENT, HE COLLABORAT-
...ED WITH STEVE VANCE AND
...REVAMPED THE ENTIRE PLOT.
...VANCE THEN DID LAYOUTS FOR
...THE STRIP WHICH WAS EXPAND-
...ED FROM 8 TO 10 PAGES.



SCRIPT BY WM. BLACK
ART BY WILLIAM BLACK AND
STEVE VANCE



REFLECTIONS:

A CRUMPLED BODY IN A GARBAGE-STREWN ALLEY. A DEAD END.

THE SEARCH,,, THE BATTLES,,, THE BLOOD.

AND STILL IT GOES ON. IT MUST GO ON!

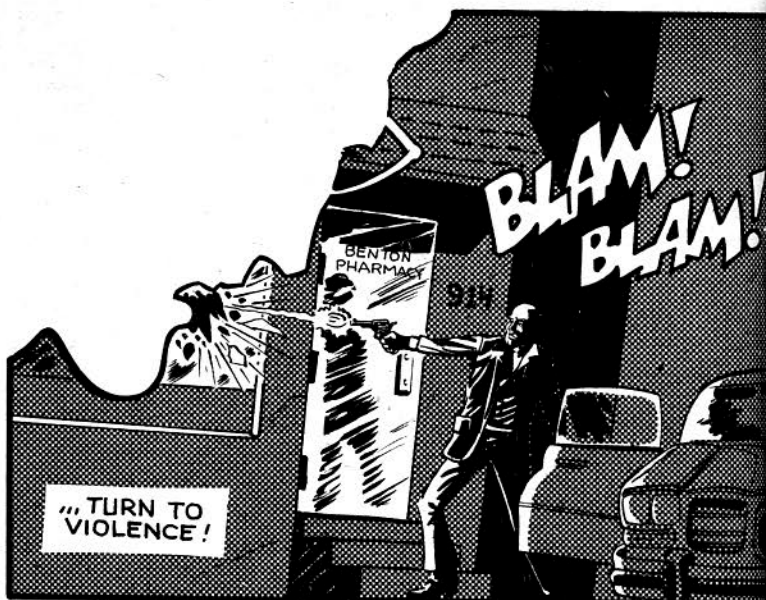
THERE'S A LIFE TO BE PAID FOR!



THREAT'S FROM THE MOB

BENTON PHARMACY

914



TURN TO VIOLENCE!

BLAM!
BLAM!



SOMEONE ONCE SAID, "CRIME DOESN'T PAY." MY JULIE PAID... WITH HER LIFE.

OUR LIFE TOGETHER WAS SUDDENLY OVER.

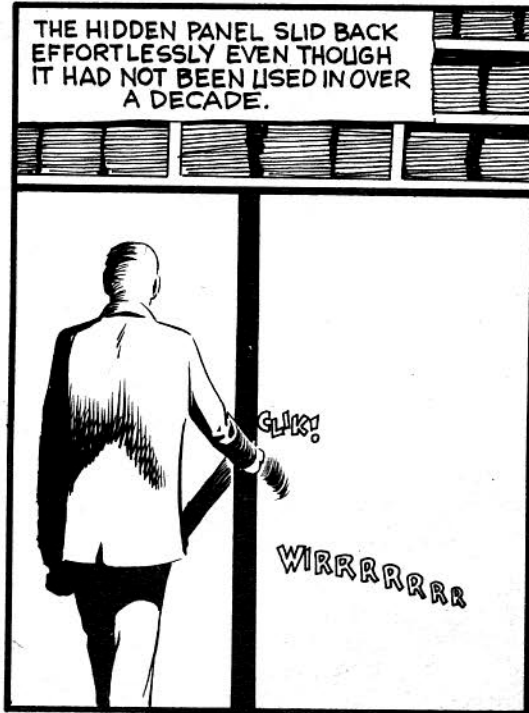
THE BALD HEADED THUG'S PARTING SHOTS HIT JULIE AS WELL AS THE WINDOW.

DRINK

IT WASN'T UNTIL THE POLICE AUTOPSY THAT I LEARNED ABOUT... THE RAPE!



AFTER THE FUNERAL... AFTER THE TEARS... CAME THE DECISION!



THE HIDDEN PANEL SLID BACK EFFORTLESSLY EVEN THOUGH IT HAD NOT BEEN USED IN OVER A DECADE.

GLINK!

WRRRRRRR



THE PLASTIC POUCH REVEALED IT'S GRIM CONTENTS... AND...

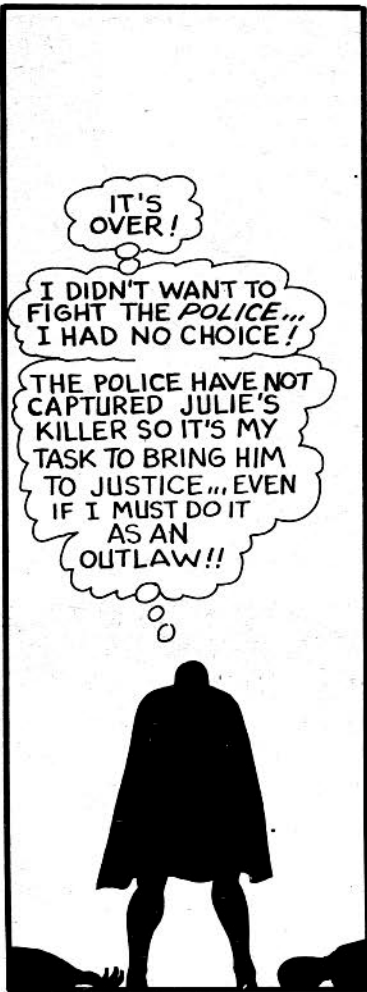
EXPLORING

REFLECTIONS.

REALITY!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE !
THIS IS THE POLICE AND
WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED!
DON'T GIVE US ANY
TROUBLE!

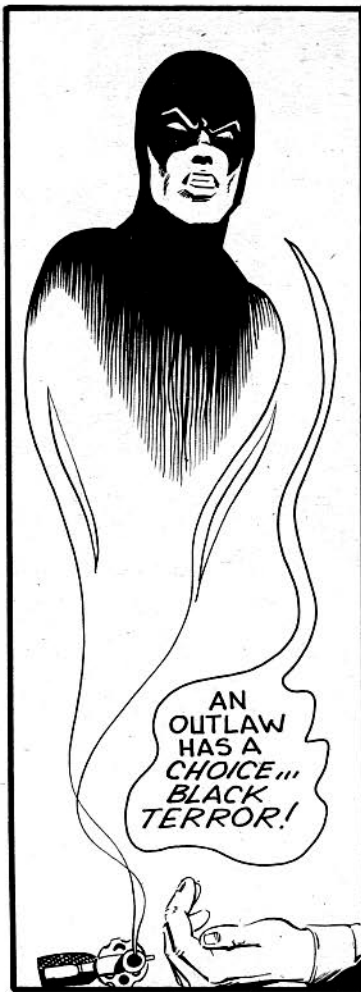




IT'S OVER!

I DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT THE POLICE... I HAD NO CHOICE!

THE POLICE HAVE NOT CAPTURED JULIE'S KILLER SO IT'S MY TASK TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE... EVEN IF I MUST DO IT AS AN OUTLAW!!



AN OUTLAW HAS A CHOICE... BLACK TERROR!



WHAT...?

YOU HAVE CHOSEN BLIND RAGE OVER JUSTICE!



...AND THAT COULD LEAD TO MURDER!



TAKE THIS AS A WARNING, BOB BENTON, IF YOU TURN TO CRIME...

...THE SHADE WILL HAUNT YOU TO YOUR GRAVE!

UNN...



I'VE BEEN DREAMING... NO! IT WAS MORE THAN A DREAM! I RELIVED MY CONFRONTATION WITH THE POLICE BUT... IT WASN'T THE SAME, THAT BLACK-GARBED FORM... WHAT DID IT MEAN?



WHAT INDEED! FOLLOW THE ASTRAL PROJECTION ACROSS THE CITY AND INTO THE APARTMENT WINDOW OF...

"ROGER BRANT, A.K.A. THE SHADE!"

I HAVE EFFECTED SPIRITUAL ENCOUNTER WITH THE BLACK TERROR...

NOW I MUST WILL MY ASTRAL BEING INTO IT'S 3-DIMENSIONAL FORM...



ROGER BRANT MAYBE POWERLESS, BUT THE SHADE IS FAR FROM IT!

TONIGHT I MUST MEET THE TERROR FACE TO FACE!

NIGHT:

THE BLACK TERROR
ON A ROOF-TOP VIGIL ...



WHA...?

„FINDS HE IS NOT
ALONE!



YOU!
THE HOODED
GHOST IN MY
NIGHTMARE!

THE SAME!

TERROR...
YOU'VE GONE
BEYOND THE
LAW...

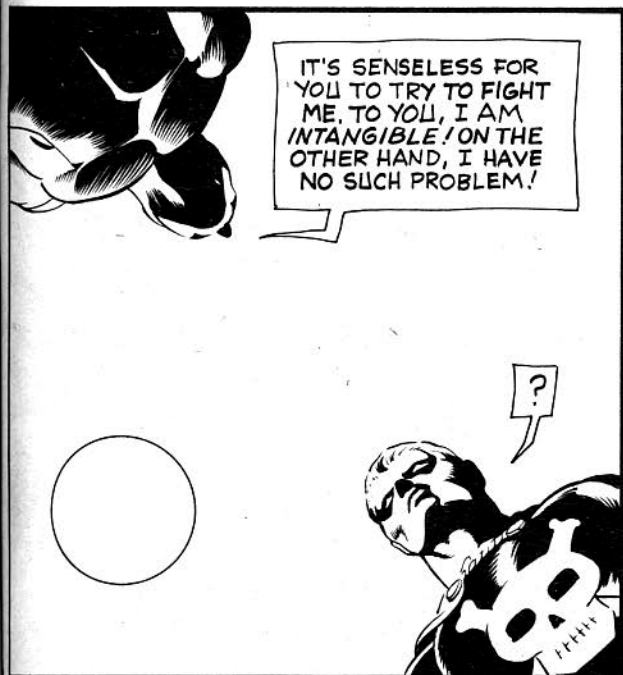
YOU MUST
STOP BEFORE
YOU BECOME
TRULY EVIL!



I CAN'T
STOP...NOT
YET! AND
IT'LL TAKE
MORE THAN
YOU TO
STOP...

„GOOD
LORD!!

SPLUNG



IT'S SENSELESS FOR
YOU TO TRY TO FIGHT
ME. TO YOU, I AM
INTANGIBLE! ON THE
OTHER HAND, I HAVE
NO SUCH PROBLEM!



KRAK

HURLED BACKWARD BY
THE SHADE'S BLOW...



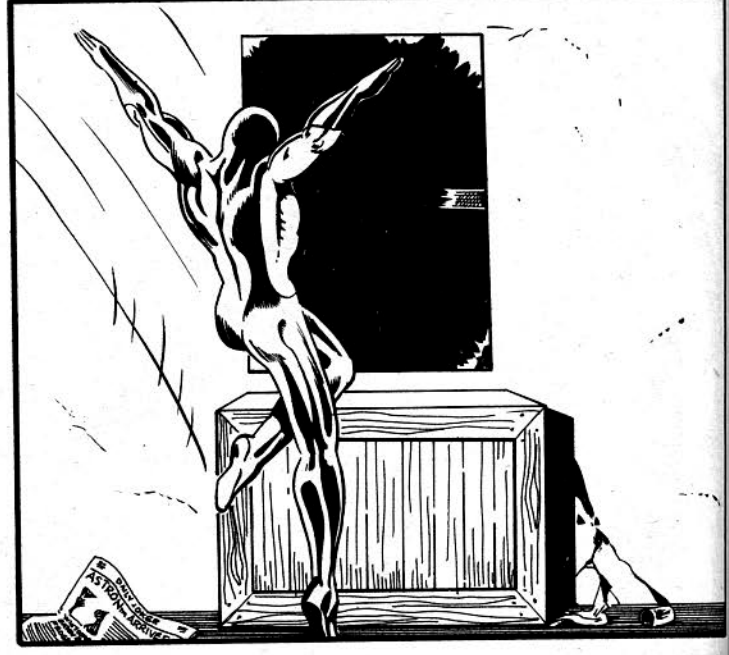
THE BLACK
TERROR PLUMMETS
TO THE STREET BELOW!

THE SHADE
TENSES... CALLS
FORTH HIS
MENTAL POWERS...



...THE ABILITY TO MOVE
THINGS AT A DISTANCE...

AND...

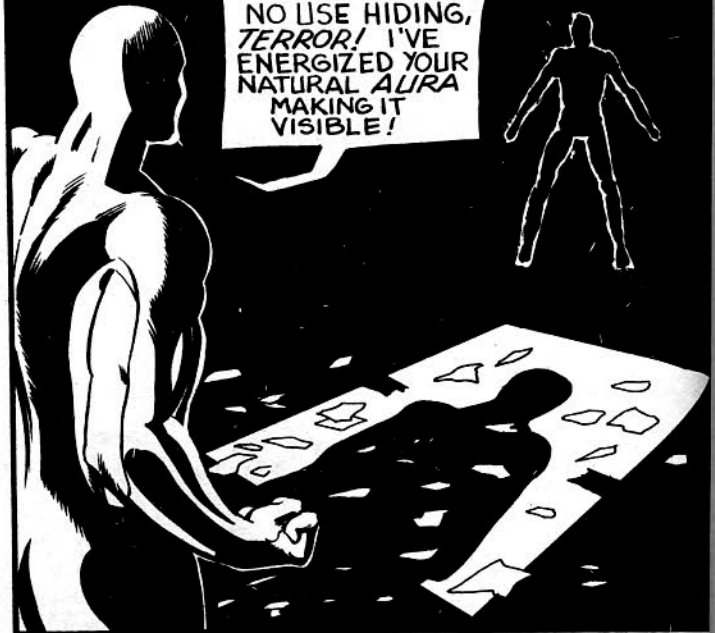


BLACK AS
PITCH IN
HERE!



BUT I HAVE
WAYS TO ILLUMINATE
MY ADVERSARY...!

NO USE HIDING,
TERROR! I'VE
ENERGIZED YOUR
NATURAL AURA
MAKING IT
VISIBLE!





NOW, TERROR...

GHOST-MAN!!!

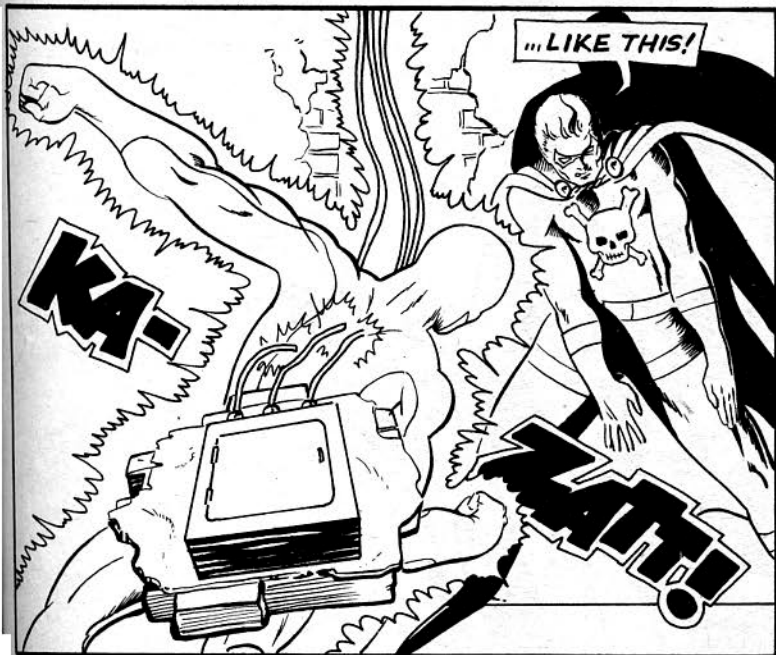
THIS TIME I'M READY FOR YOU!



MAYBE I CAN'T LAY MY HANDS ON YOU...

GREEAKK!

...THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF GETTING RID OF YOU...



...LIKE THIS!

KA-

WHE!



ECTOPLASM DISRUPTED!



NIGHT!

IT'S EBONY FOLDS COVER THE BLACK TERROR'S ESCAPE.

THE SHADE KNOWS THEIR FIRST ENCOUNTER HAS ENDED AND THE BATTLE WAS LOST... BUT THERE WILL BE OTHER NIGHTS...

END