

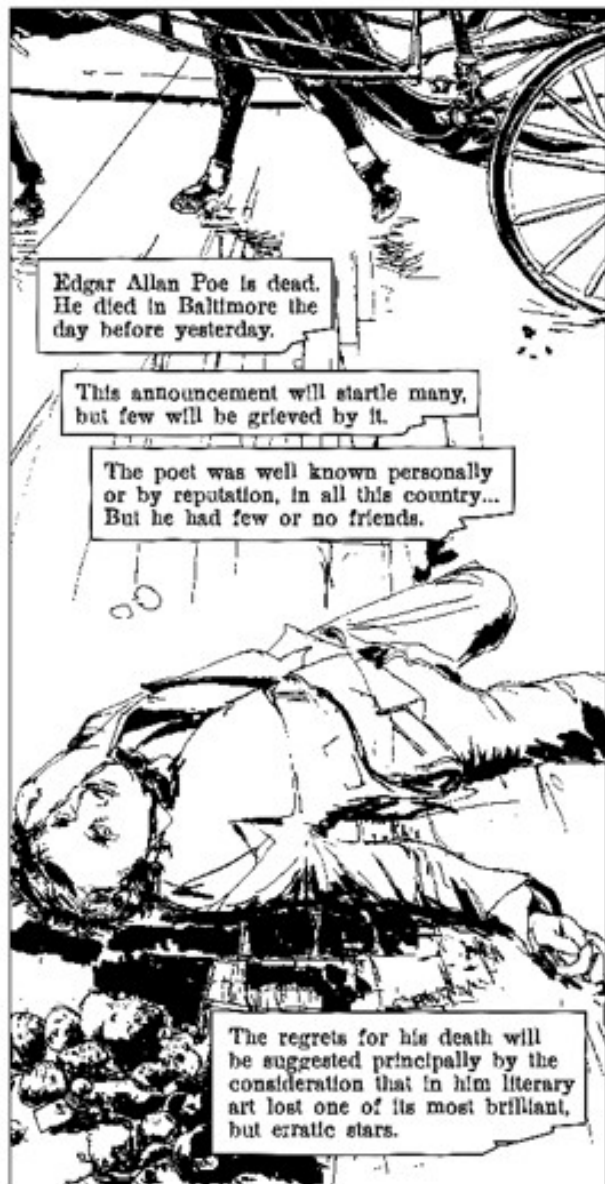




GRANDFATHER OF HORROR
EDGAR ALLAN POE DIED QUITE
SUDDENLY ON OCTOBER 7, 1849, IN
WHAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED
AS HIGHLY...MYSTERIOUS
CIRCUMSTANCES!

BUT EVEN MORE
MYSTERIOUS WAS HOW
THE WORK CONTINUED
AFTER THE WRITER PASSED
ON, IN THE STRANGE
AFFAIR OF...

THE EXECUTOR



Edgar Allan Poe is dead.
He died in Baltimore the
day before yesterday.

This announcement will startle many,
but few will be grieved by it.

The poet was well known personally
or by reputation, in all this country...
But he had few or no friends.

The regrets for his death will
be suggested principally by the
consideration that in him literary
art lost one of its most brilliant,
but erratic stars.



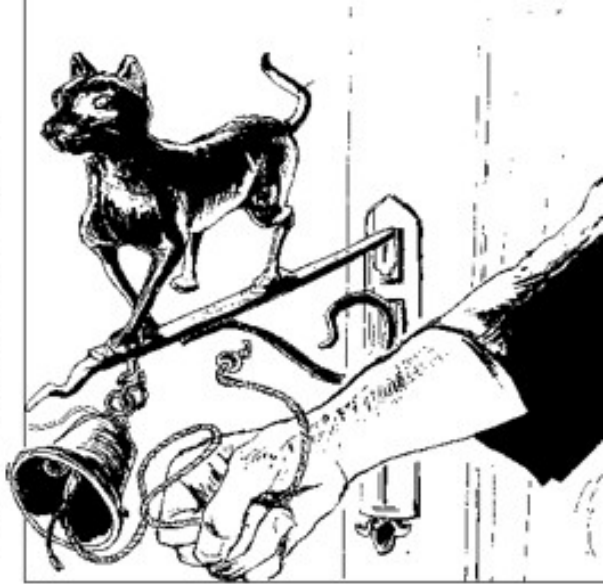
"HE HAD TO A MORBID EXCESS, THAT
DESIRE TO RISE WHICH IS VULGARLY
CALLED AMBITION..."

CAN YOU IMAGINE
IT, REVEREND GRISWOLD?! THAT
HORACE GREELEY WOULD ALLOW
SUCH AN OUTRAGEOUS COLLECTION
OF LIES AND SLANDER TO STAIN
THE PAGES OF HIS TRIBUNE IN
THE FORM OF AN
OBITUARY?!

IT'S A
REVOLTING
ASSAULT--THOUGH
ARTFULLY PHRASED,
FRIEND LEWIS.

WHO IS THE
AUTHOR OF THIS
VILE, HAUNTINGLY
ELOQUENT
ATTACK?





YOU DON'T
NEED TO KEEP
RINGING. I'M
NOT DEAF.



TRUE--NERVOUS,
VERY, VERY DREADFULLY
NERVOUS I HAVE
BEEN AND AM.

THE DISEASE
HAS SHARPENED
MY SENSES--NOT
DESTROYED--NOT
DULLED THEM. ABOVE
ALL IS THE SENSE OF
HEARING ACUTE.



I HEAR ALL
THINGS IN HEAVEN
AND EARTH. I HEAR
MANY THINGS IN
HELL.



HOW,
THEN, AM I
DEAF?

UNCLE CREEPY and COUSIN EERIE™

KEEPING UP WITH THE CREEPYS

BY
PETER BAGGE
2014



?!?
WHAT THE
DEVIL?

NOT QUITE,
THOUGH I'M FLATTERED
BY THE COMPARISON,
COUSIN!

AIN'T
SHE A
BEAUT?

AND SHE'S
IN PERFECT
CONDITION...

SINCE I ONLY
DRIVE HER TO THE
MORGUE ON
SUNDAYS.



SHE IS IN
GREAT SHAPE,
I MUST SAY.

AHH, BUT A TIMELESS WORK
OF ART LIKE THIS DESERVES TO
BE CAREFULLY MAINTAINED...

TA-TA,
CUZ!



SO CREEPY THINKS
ONLY HE APPRECIATES OLD-
FASHIONED THINGS, EH?

I'LL
SHOW
HIM!



EVENTUALLY... YOU'VE LEFT ME NO CHOICE BUT TO GO PREHISTORIC ON YA, COUSIN, BY GENETICALLY RE-CREATING AND DOMESTICATING THIS WOOLLY MAMMOTH...



FORWARD, BEAST!

HOURLRRONK!



THE VERY NEXT DAY...

YOU THINK A MAMMOTH IS IMPRESSIVE?

BEHOLD - A TYRANNOSAURUS REX!

GOOD GRIEF! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?



OH NO! NOT MY OWN HOUSE!

WHOA, REXY! WHOA!



SMASH!



I'D SUGGEST YOU STICK WITH YOUR PRIUS, COUSIN.



END

THE SHADOWS OF AFTERNOON GREW OLD WITH THE SUN, TWISTING, CHANGING, CASTING GNARLED GROTESQUERIES IN RANDOM PATTERNS ACROSS THE DUSTY, HARD-PACKED STREETS --

--ACROSS THE RIBBONS AND BANNERS WHICH LENT COLOR TO THE CANVAS-STREWN MARKET PLACE!



A MUSTY BREEZE HAD BEGUN TO BLOW IN FROM THE ARID WASTELANDS TO THE SOUTH...



IT WANDERED PAST THE TATTERED TENTS, ITS PHANTOM FINGERS CAUTIOUSLY SEEKING OUT THE PULSEBEAT OF THE CAMP...

AND EACH VAGRANT GUST CARRIED TALES UPON ITS BACK--WANTON, WISTFUL, WORRISOME LITTLE WHISPERS WHICH WERE DUTIFULLY DELIVERED TO THE EBONY BAR OF NIGHT...

I RAISE FIVE GILDENS!



I'LL SEE THOSE GILDENS AND CALL YOU! SHOW YOUR CARDS!



THREE SCABBARDS AND TWO CROWNS! IT APPEARS I'VE WON, FRIEND GART!

NO, YOU'VE LOST! READ THEM AND WEEP, SKRID!

FOUR HAWKS AND A SILVER CRESENT...THE HEADSMAN'S HAND!

WINNER TAKE ALL!



THE OLD MAN'S RHEUMY EYES ARE SLIGHTLY APPREHENSIVE AS HE PICKS UP HIS CARDS-- BUT IT IS A LOOK WHICH SWIFTLY VANISHES AS...



I'VE GOT TWO PAIR, GART--HAWKS AND DRAGONS! IT SEEMS MY LUCK HAS FINALLY TURNED!



AYE, OLD MAN... BUT FOR THE WORSE!
I HAVE THREE CROWNS, SKRID! I'M AFRAID YOU'VE LOST AGAIN!



YOU'VE TAKEN MY MONEY, BARBARIAN-- BUT I WON'T LET YOU STEAL MY SOUL!
NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! I WON'T LET YOU CHEAT ME THIS WAY!



OUT OF MY WAY, OLD FOOL! I'VE STOLEN NOTHING!
YOU MADE THE OFFER-- AND YOU SET THE STAKES! YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT!



AS FOR ME, I'VE A THREE MONTH JOURNEY TO MAKE TO MARDATH, THE CITY OF SPEARS-- AND THE GIRL WILL MAKE A FINE COMPANION TO PASS THE LONELY NIGHTS!

GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN! IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU!

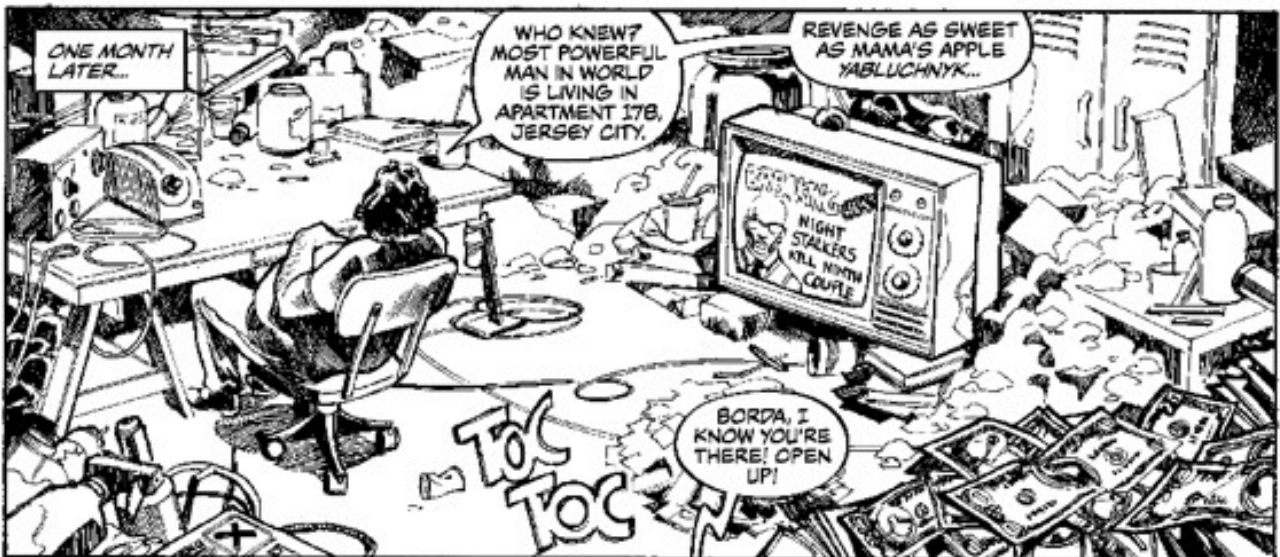


MARK ME, GART-- YOU'LL RUE THE DAY YOU FIRST SET EYES ON THAT WOMAN!
SKRID SHALL HAVE HIS VENGEANCE, BARBARIAN-- I SWEAR IT!

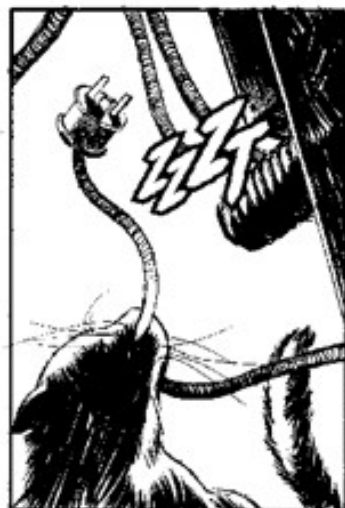
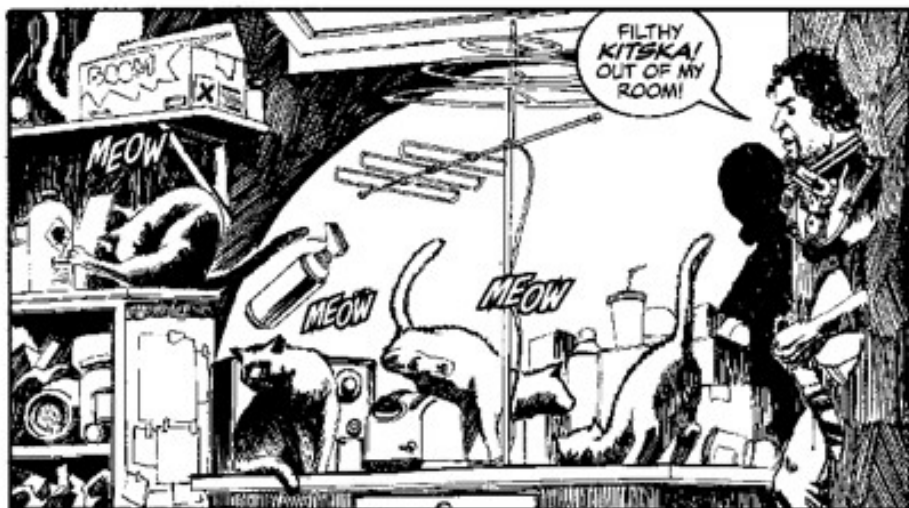


THE AMERICAN DREAM CALLS OUT TO IMMIGRANTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD!

BUT OPPORTUNITIES WEREN'T WAITING FOR **CONSTANTINE BORDA** WHEN HIS MOTHER SNUCK HIM OUT OF RUSSIA. HIS EFFORTS TO TURN MATTER INTANGIBLE MAY HAVE BEEN INVISIBLE TO THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY, BUT HE'LL REALLY DISAPPEAR INTO HIS NEW IDENTITY AS...







THE
WORLD LAUGHED
AT CONSTANTINE BORDA.
HE WANTED REVENGE,
BUT ULTIMATELY THE JOKE
WAS ON HIM. IN FACT, IT
WAS SIDESPLITTING.
HEE HEE HEE!

THE END





MOVING DAY!
HOUSES ALWAYS SEEM
SO PROMISING BEFORE
YOU'VE FOUND ALL THEIR
LITTLE QUIRKS AND
LEAKS.

THEN AGAIN,
DISCOVERING YOUR
NEW HOME'S PERSONALITY
IS HALF THE FUN. THAT IS,
UNLESS YOU HAPPEN TO
BE MOVING...

OVER THE RIVER TO CHARLIE



CAREFUL,
THAT ONE'S
BREAKABLE!

LISA! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
OVER THERE?



WE'RE
HELPING
TOO!

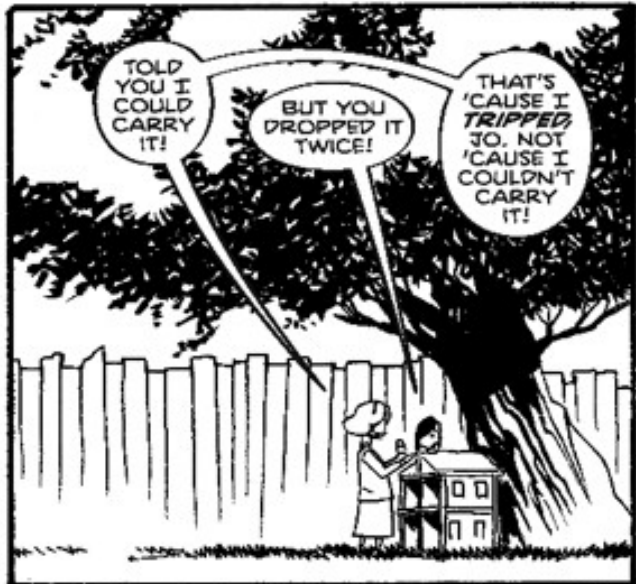
YOU'RE IN THE
WAY! YOU GIRLS
CARRY IN YOUR
DOLLHOUSE.
THEN GO PLAY IN
THE BACKYARD,
FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE!



YOU'RE
DROPPING
IT!

NO I'M NOT!
I'M **STRONG**.
I BET I COULD
CARRY IT ALL
BY MYSELF.

HEAD
TOWARDS
THE TREE!



TOLD
YOU I
COULD
CARRY
IT!

BUT YOU
DROPPED IT
TWICE!

THAT'S
'CAUSE I
TRIPPED,
JO. NOT
'CAUSE I
COULDN'T
CARRY
IT!



I HOPE
DAD
LETS—

WHAT'S
THAT?

RUSTLE RUSTLE



