

I'VE GOT A STORY TO TELL.

A STORY ABOUT HOW ME AND A COUPLE OF BUDDIES SQUARED OFF AGAINST THE VERY LEGIONS OF HELL... AND MAYBE EVEN SAVED THE WORLD.



LIKE ALL GOOD YARNS, THIS ONE HAS ITS SHARE OF ACTION, ADVENTURE, MYSTERY, AND ROMANCE.

AS FOR HOW IT ENDS, THOUGH, YOU'LL HAVE TO JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

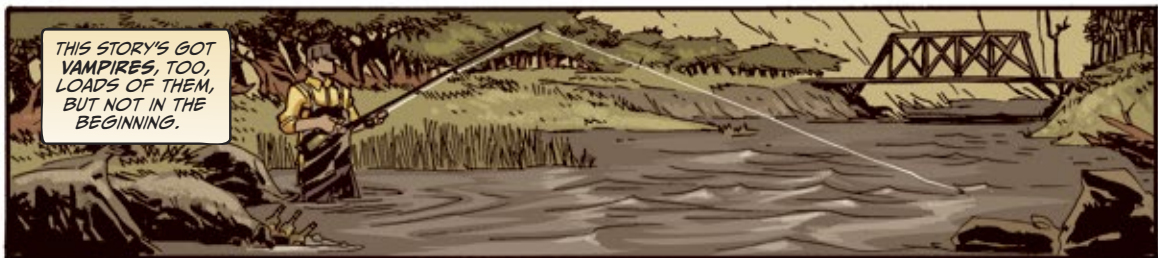


I'VE ALWAYS BEEN PARTIAL TO HAPPY ENDINGS-- THE SINGING COWBOY RIDING OFF INTO THE SUNSET AFTER RESCUING THE RANCHER'S DAUGHTER.

BUT I RECKON THAT JUST AIN'T THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

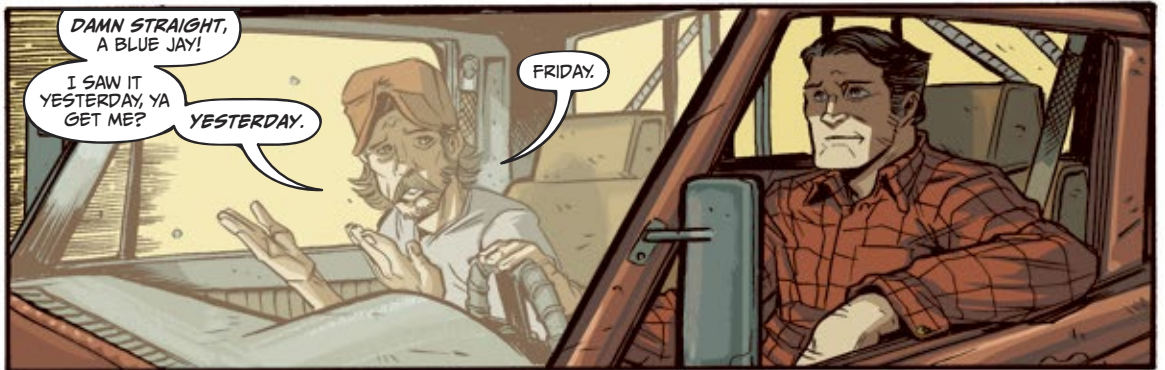
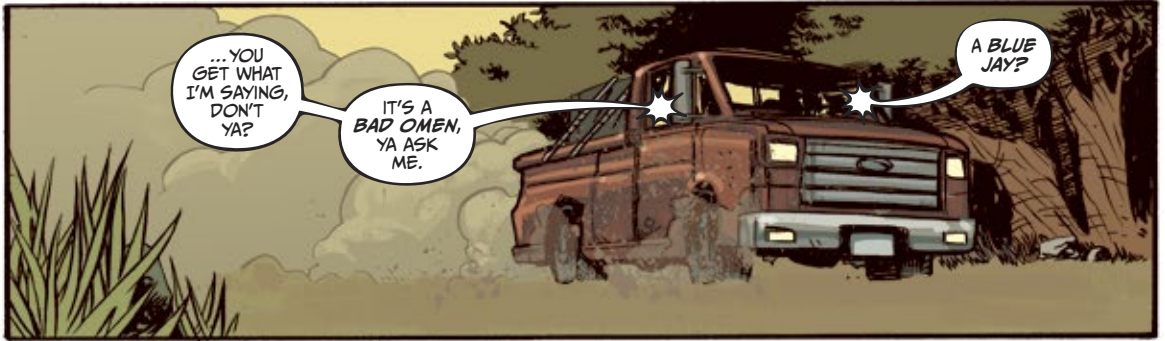


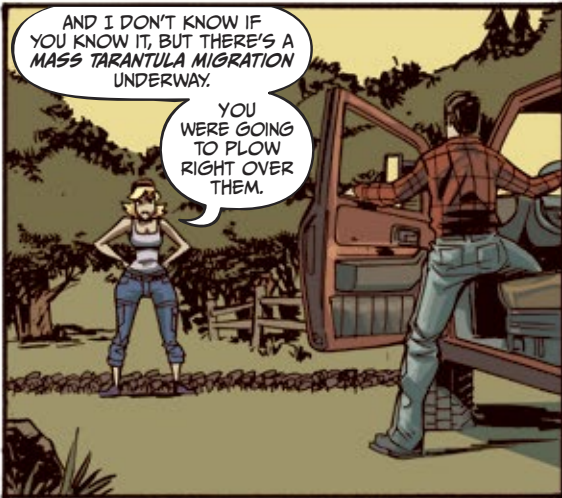
THIS STORY'S GOT VAMPIRES, TOO, LOADS OF THEM, BUT NOT IN THE BEGINNING.



IT BEGAN, FOR US AT LEAST, WITH SPIDERS.



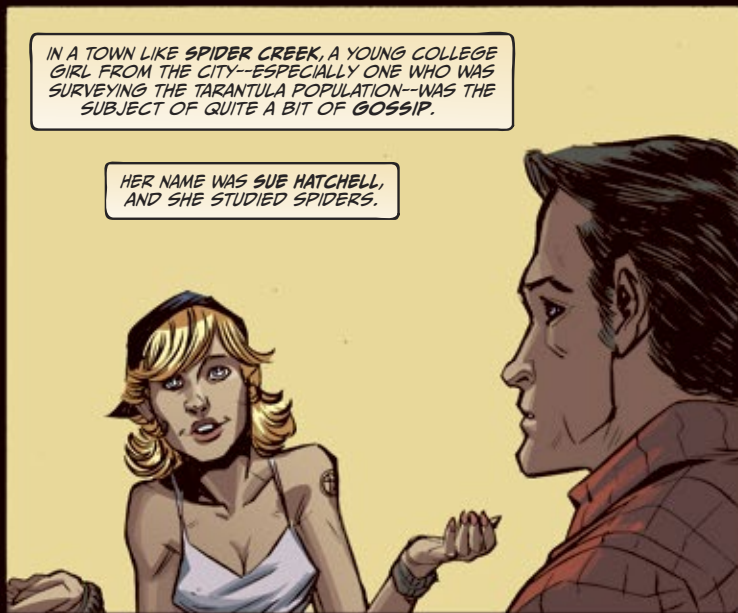






...YOU'D LEARN TO BE MORE CAREFUL.

I RECOGNIZED HER, OF COURSE.



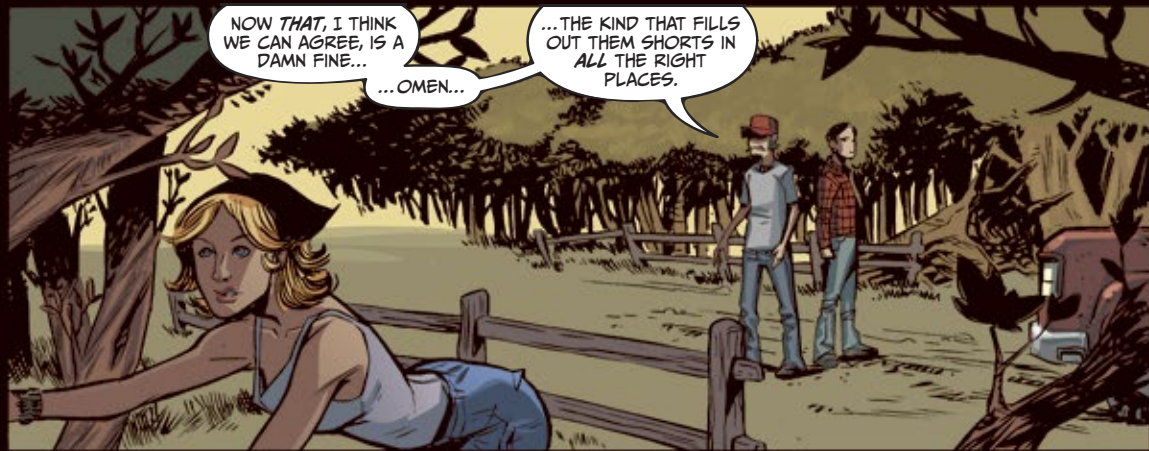
IN A TOWN LIKE SPIDER CREEK, A YOUNG COLLEGE GIRL FROM THE CITY--ESPECIALLY ONE WHO WAS SURVEYING THE TARANTULA POPULATION--WAS THE SUBJECT OF QUITE A BIT OF GOSSIP.

HER NAME WAS SUE HATCHELL, AND SHE STUDIED SPIDERS.



THANKS FOR UNDERSTANDING!

HAVE A GOOD REST OF THE DAY!



NOW THAT, I THINK WE CAN AGREE, IS A DAMN FINE...

...OMEN...

...THE KIND THAT FILLS OUT THEM SHORTS IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES.



JESUS, CECIL.

HAVE SOME DAMN MANNERS.



THIS IS SPIDER CREEK.

A "ONE HORSE TOWN," MAYBE,
AND THAT SUITS ME JUST FINE.



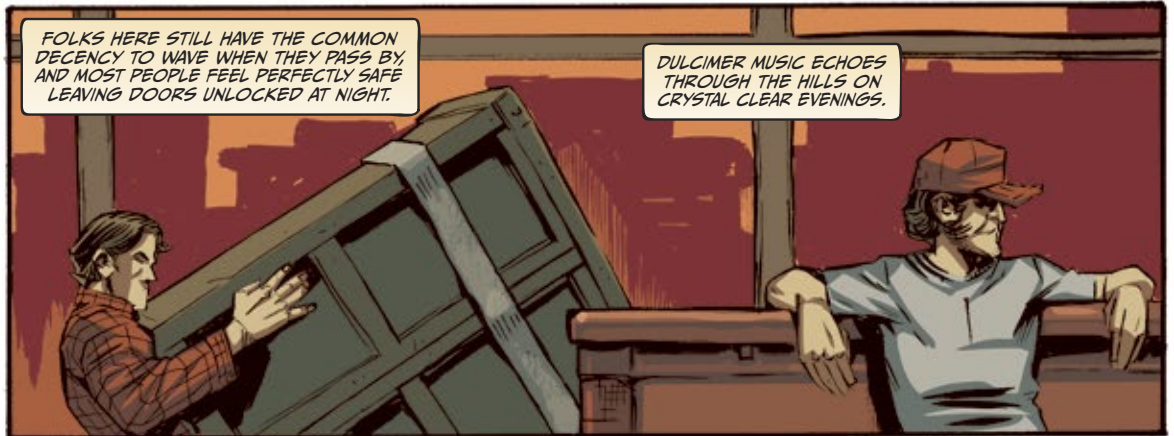
BEFORE I BLEW MY KNEE OUT AND MY
DREAMS OF COLLEGE PLAYING FOOTBALL
DRIED UP, I WANTED TO GET AWAY TO
SOME PLACE BIGGER AND BETTER.

IN SOME WAYS, MY BAD
KNEE MIGHT HAVE BEEN
THE BEST THING COULDA
HAPPENED TO ME.



A BIG CITY WOULD HAVE
CHEWED ME UP AND SPIT
ME OUT LIKE OLD CHAW.

IT JUST TOOK ME A WHILE TO
SEE JUST HOW GOOD I HAD IT IN
THIS SLEEPY LITTLE COMMUNITY.



FOLKS HERE STILL HAVE THE COMMON
DECENCY TO WAVE WHEN THEY PASS BY
AND MOST PEOPLE FEEL PERFECTLY SAFE
LEAVING DOORS UNLOCKED AT NIGHT.

DULCIMER MUSIC ECHOES
THROUGH THE HILLS ON
CRYSTAL CLEAR EVENINGS.



FISHING'S GOOD, AND I'VE
PERSONALLY SEEN GRIZZLED
OLD MEN PULL FAT, TWO-FOOT
LONG CATFISH OUT OF THE
RIVER ONLY TO TOSS THEM BACK
FOR "BEING TOO SCRAWNY."

NO SIR, I CAN'T IMAGINE WANTING
TO LIVE ANYWHERE ELSE.