

OUT OF THE BEYOND, WITH SILENT, GHOSTLY STEPS, COMES A MACABRE PROCESSION OF CREATURES SO GRUESOME THEY COULD STRIKE FEAR IN THE DEVIL! THEY GATHER AROUND CARL BASCOM, THE FAMOUS WRITER OF HORROR STORIES, AND WATCH WITH GRIM SATISFACTION AS HIS TWISTED IMAGINATION GIVES BIRTH TO MORE OF THEIR GRISLY KIND! CARL BASCOM IS THEIR CREATOR! CARL BASCOM IS .

the MONSTER MAKER

SO THAT STUPID PUBLISHER OF MINE THINKS I'M THROUGH AS A HORROR STORY WRITER BECAUSE MY MONSTERS DON'T SEEM REAL ENOUGH, HUH? WELL, I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL CREATE HORROR CHARACTERS THAT HE'LL NEVER FORGET! CHARACTERS THAT'LL MAKE FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER LOOK LIKE SLEEPING BEAUTY!

FAR INTO THE NIGHT, CARL BANGS AWAY ON HIS TYPEWRITER... AND EVERY PAGE IS A BIRTHPLACE OF A MONSTER...

BUT BLAST IT ALL, IT'S STILL NO GOOD! I'M NOT SATISFIED WITH IT! THIS IS HACK STUFF... I CAN'T GO ON POUNDING OUT THIS TRASH!

I'LL TOSS THE WHOLE MESS INTO THE FIRE AND...

NO! STOP! YOU MUSTN'T DO THAT! IT WOULD BE MURDER!



MUH? HOLY-SMOKES!
I-I MUST BE
SEEIN' THINGS/
THIS—THIS
CAN'T BE
REAL!

I'M AS REAL AS
YOU'VE MADE ME
ON PAGE SEVEN
OF THAT SCRIPT
YOU WANT TO BURN!



AND LOOK... THERE
ARE ALL THE OTHERS
YOU'VE CREATED ON
YOUR PAGES!

CRIPES! THOSE
ARE ALL OF MY
HORROR STORY
CHARACTERS!



YES, CARL... SPAWNED OF
YOUR IMAGINATION! WE
ARE YOUR BRAIN CHILDREN!
WE EXIST BECAUSE YOU
CREATED US! AND IF
YOU DESTROY THOSE
PAGES... YOU DESTROY
US, TOO!

EITHER I'M GOIN'
BATTY OR I'VE HIT
PERFECTION IN MY
WRITING... I'VE
LEARNED HOW TO
CREATE REAL
CHARACTERS!



I'LL FIND OUT IF THIS
IS FACT OR FICTION BY
TOSSING ONE OF THESE
PAGES OF MY SCRIPT
INTO THE FIRE!

NO! DON'T
DO THAT!

*FIRE SNATCHES
AT THE SHEET OF
PAPER... AND IT
BURSTS INTO
FLAME...*



*AND AT THE SAME TIME
ONE OF THE CREATURES IS
SUDDENLY ENVELOPED IN
FIRE...*



*HIS BLOOD-BOILING
SCREAMS STAB THRU THE
ROOM AS HE BURNS LIKE
A TORCH.*



*AND A FEW MINUTES LATER,
ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE
MONSTER... IS A MOUND OF
ASHES...*



YOU MURDERED
HIM!



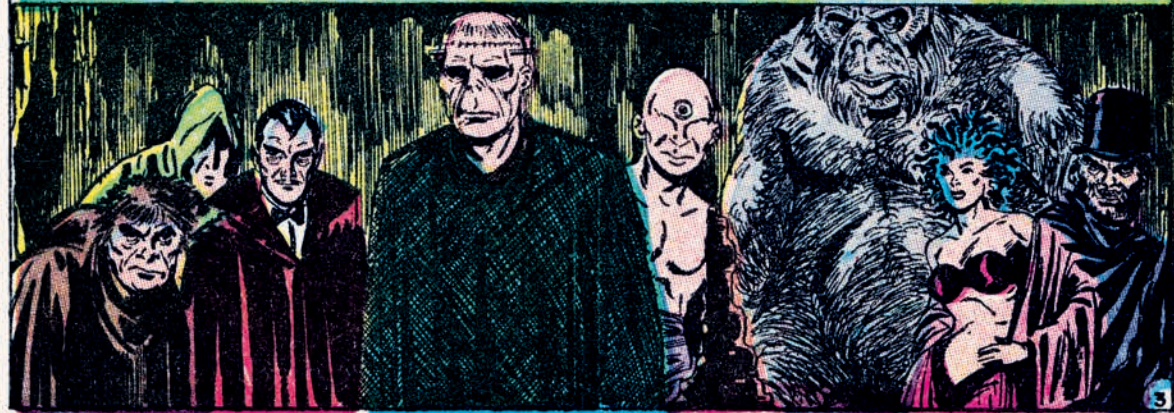
CARL'S PLEAS DIE AWAY AS THE ROOM SUDDENLY FILLS WITH A MYSTERIOUS GREEN MIST... AND THE SMELL OF DEATH! THE MACABRE POPULATION DISSOLVES IN THE PUTRID SMOG AND CARL FEELS HIMSELF FALLING THRU A VORTEX LINED WITH A MOSAIC OF HORRENDOUS FACES. . .



IS IT MINUTES...OR HOURS...OR A THOUSAND YEARS LATER WHEN CARL OPENS HIS EYES AGAIN? TERROR AND FEAR PARALYZE HIS VOICE AND BODY... ONLY HIS THOUGHTS FUNCTION... BUT HE WONDERS IF HE'S SANE AS HE STARES AT THE SIGHT BEFORE HIM...



FACING CARL IS A FANTASTIC CONGRESS OF HORROR! EVERY GROTESQUE MONSTROSITY THAT EVER STALKED THROUGH THE PAGES OF LITERATURE STARES AT THE MAN WHO DARED TO MURDER ONE OF THEIR WEIRD KIND! CARL MAKES A MENTAL ROLL-CALL OF THE FIENDS HE RECOGNIZES! THERE'S QUASIMODO, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME... AND DRACULA... AND FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER... AND CYCLOPS... AND KING KONG... AND MEDUSA... AND DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE... AND MANY, MANY MORE. . .



TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON WHERE THE OTHER OFFENDER WAITS! AFTER THE FUNERAL OF THE ONE HE MURDERED WE SHALL GIVE THEM BOTH A TRIAL!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! YOU MONSTROSITIES DON'T EXIST!

YOU'RE ONLY HORROR STORY CHARACTERS! YOU'RE FICTION ... YOU'RE NOT REAL!

WE WERE BORN IN THE MINDS OF GREAT MEN... AND WE EXIST NOW AND WE SHALL EXIST WHEN YOU LIE ROTTING IN YOUR GRAVE! THE GREAT WRITERS WHO CREATED US PRESERVED US FOR ALL ETERNITY BY PRESERVING THEIR ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.



YOU TOO COULD HAVE BEEN GREAT, CARL BASCOM... BUT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE CHARACTERS YOU CREATED! YOU EVEN MURDERED ONE OF THEM ... AND YOU SHALL PAY THE PENALTY! TAKE HIM AWAY!

IN HERE, MURDERER... WITH GLORIA STONE... ANOTHER OF YOUR KIND!

YOU BLASTED FRIGTS WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL GET YOU ... ALL OF YOU!

IT'S USELESS TO FIGHT THEM! I FOUND THAT OUT AFTER I TORE UP A PAGE OF A HORROR SCRIPT I WROTE... AND MURDERED THE MONSTER I CREATED ON THAT PAGE!

I HAVE AN IDEA TO ESCAPE THIS HELL! HAVE YOU GOT A PENCIL?



AFTER GLORIA HANDS CARL A PENCIL, CARL TAKES OUT A NOTEBOOK HE ALWAYS CARRIES FOR IDEAS, AND BEGINS TO WRITE IN IT...

AND AS CARL WRITES, THE GROTESQUE CHARACTERS HE CREATES, MATERIALIZE IN THE DUNGEON AND BATHER AROUND THEIR CREATOR...

IF THAT'S A MESSAGE ASKING FOR HELP... HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET IT OUT OF HERE AND INTO OUR WORLD?

IT ISN'T A MESSAGE! IT'S A STORY... A HORROR STORY WITH CHARACTERS THAT LIVE!

YOU MUST BE INSANE TO CREATE MORE OF THESE FIENDS AFTER WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO US!

THERE... THE STORY IS FINISHED! AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, GLORIA... THESE LOATHSOME OFFSPRING OF MY IMAGINATION ARE GOING TO GET US OUT OF HERE ... OR DIE!



QUICKLY, CARL YANKS OUT A CIGARETTE LIGHTER AND HIS THUMB SPARKS A FLAME! THEN HE HOLDS THE NOTEBOOK, ON WHICH THE STORY IS WRITTEN, OVER THE FIRE AND YELLS...

YOU'LL ALL DIE IF I SET FIRE TO THIS STORY IN WHICH YOU WERE BORN! TELL MONSTER MASTER OF THIS HORROR HOLE TO RELEASE US... OR YOU'LL ALL BURN!

NO! DON'T KILL US! PLEASE! WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK! WE WILL TELL HIM TO SET YOU FREE!

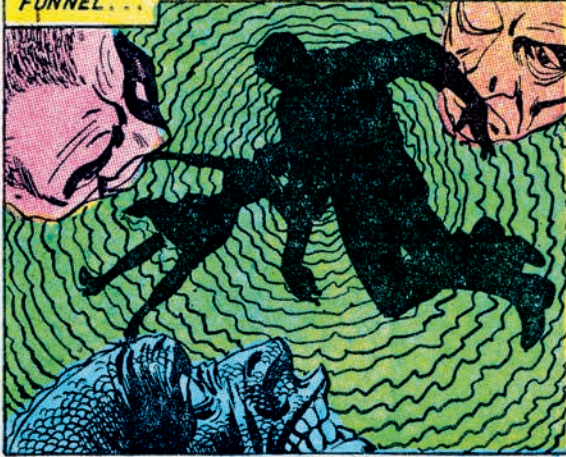


AND... ALL RIGHT, CARL BASCOM... YOU WIN! WE PROMISE TO SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR OWN HOMES IN THE UPPER WORLD! AND YOU MUST PROMISE NEVER TO DESTROY ANOTHER ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

YEAH...YEAH... WE PROMISE! NOW GET US OUT OF HERE... AND HURRY!



THE MONSTER MASTER SUMMONS A SWIRLING GREEN TORNADO FROM THE DEEPEST PIT OF HADES... AND IT SNATCHES CARL AND GLORIA AND SPINS THEM UPWARD THRU THE SAME HORROR-PAVED FUNNEL...

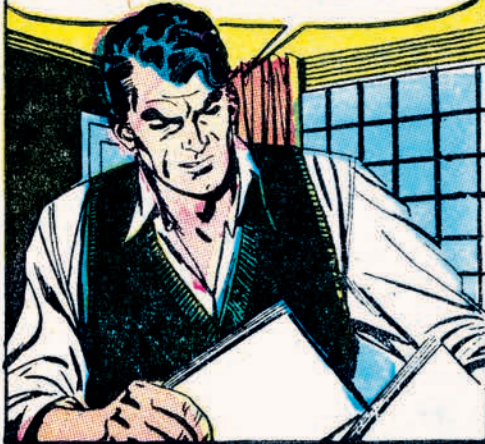


MEMORIES AND A SICKENING STENCH ARE ALL THAT'S LEFT TO REMIND CARL OF HIS FEARFUL JOURNEY INTO THE MONSTER WORLD WHEN HE COMES TO IN HIS ROOM...

WAS IT A NIGHTMARE? OR-OR DID IT ACTUALLY HAPPEN? I-I DON'T KNOW... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE ANY CHANCES!



I'LL DESTROY EVERY ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT I OWN! THAT'LL KILL EVERY MONSTER I EVER CREATED... THEY ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN COME AFTER ME! I'LL BURN 'EM... I'LL RIP 'EM TO PIECES...



AND DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF ETERNITY, THE MONSTROUS CHILDREN OF CARL BASCOM'S IMAGINATION SQUIRM AND SCREAM IN ANGUISH AS CARL BEGINS HIS MASS MURDER OF THE MONSTERS...

