

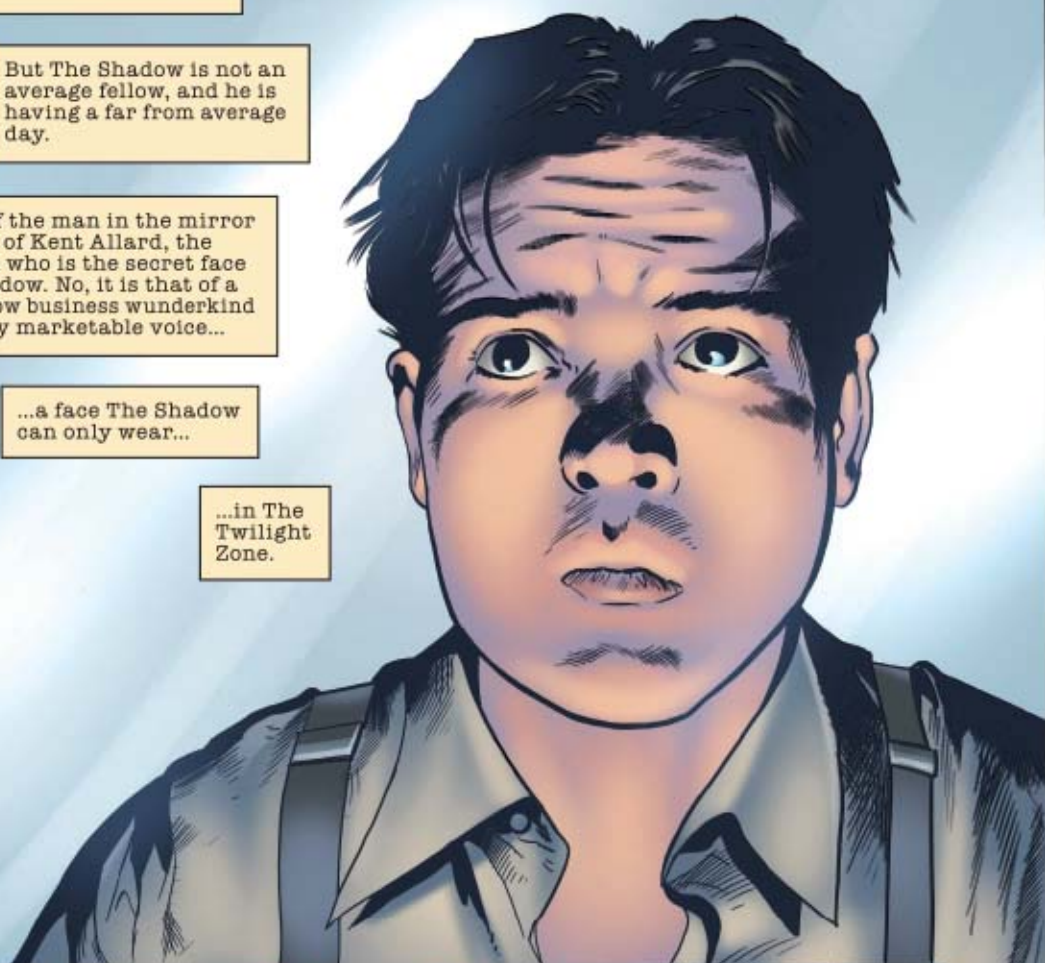
On an average day, an average fellow can expect to recognize the face of the man in the mirror.

But The Shadow is not an average fellow, and he is having a far from average day.

The face of the man in the mirror is not that of Kent Allard, the gentleman who is the secret face of The Shadow. No, it is that of a certain show business wunderkind with a very marketable voice...

...a face The Shadow can only wear...

...in The Twilight Zone.



MANHATTAN.

OCTOBER 24TH, 1937.

4:51 PM.

MRS. MINAFER...IF I COULD HAVE A WORD...

SINCE WHEN AM I "MRS. MINAFER"?

WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

ALL RIGHT? NO.

I'M NOT FEELING QUITE MYSELF, YOU COULD SAY.

IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT THAT I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE I AM, OR WHAT'S EXPECTED OF ME.

LIKE AN AMNESIAC.


PRESTON... IF THIS IS ONE OF YOUR GAMES...

I SWEAR TO YOU IT'S NOT.

PLEASE, HELP ME.

YOU'RE SCARING ME A LITTLE, BUT OKAY, I'LL BITE.





FRIENDS, IF YOU WANT TO BE SURE THAT THE FUEL YOU GET TO HEAT YOUR HOME THIS WINTER IS SAFE HEALTHY AND ECONOMICAL FUEL... THEN BY ALL MEANS, BUY **BLUE COAL**: THE FINEST OF PENNSYLVANIA HARD COAL...



SO REMEMBER TO ASK FOR IT BY NAME. ORDER A SUPPLY OF **BLUE COAL**, TOMORROW...



THE BELLS, SHADOW... THE TEMPLE BELLS OF NEBAN...  
THEY WILL REVEAL YOU...



YOUR THIRD MISTAKE, SADI... AND YOUR LAST...

**HABA  
HAHAHAHA  
HAHA...**

TWENTY NINE  
MINUTES LATER...



THANKS FOR COMING, COMMISSIONER. YOU WERE VERY HELPFUL.

HA  
HAHHAHA  
HAHHAHA  
HA...

THE STORY YOU HAVE JUST HEARD IS COPYRIGHTED BY THE SHADOW MAGAZINE.



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE ENTIRELY FICTITIOUS AND ANY SIMILARITY TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.



"THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT. CRIME DOES NOT PAY! THE SHADOW KNOWS!"

HAHA  
HAHHAHA  
HA..."



YOU GOT THROUGH THAT JUST FINE. FEELING BETTER?

I FEEL WELL ENOUGH, FOR A MAN WHO'S ENTIRELY FICTITIOUS.

DO I REALLY LAUGH THAT MUCH?