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BLACK FLAME



the closet

LITTLE SUSIE INGALLS HAS ALWAYS SLEPT WITH THE HALL LIGHT ON.

BUT TONIGHT HER DADDY SAID ENOUGH. SHE HAD TO GROW UP.



THE HALL LIGHT HAD ALWAYS KEPT THE MONSTERS IN HER CLOSET--



-- FROM OPENING THE DOOR AND GETTING HER.



YOU'RE NOT REAL!
YOU'RE NOT--!

AND THEN FROM THE SHADOWS,
A STAFF IS HURLED--



--AND OUT OF THE STAFF,
A FACE EMERGES--



--FOLLOWED BY--
A MAN!

BACK,
THING OF FEAR!



BACK, BEFORE THE
BLACK FLAME!



YOU'LL NOT GET THIS ONE-- NOT TONIGHT!
I HAVE SWORN!

WHO ARE YOU? WHERE'S
MY DADDY?



RUN, GIRL! GET OUT
OF HERE! GET OUT OF
THE HOUSE! RUN!



RUN, OR THE
BOOGEYMAN WILL
GET YOU!



-- GOT YOU!

NO NO NO! NO!
GET AWAY!



COME BACK, HONEYBUNCH!
IT'S MOMMY--DADDY!



SOMEBODY CATCH
THAT LITTLE GIRL!

HELP
MEEEEEE!

SHE'S RUNNING OUT
INTO THE STREET!

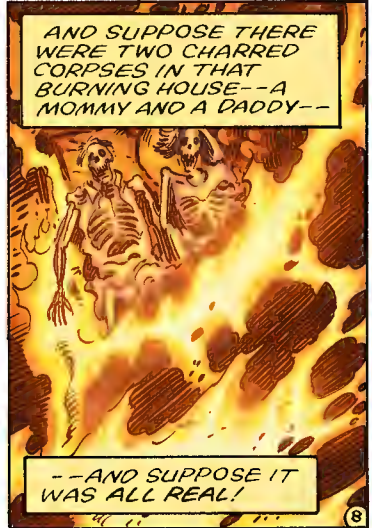


WATCH OUT!
THERE'S A
MOTORCYCLE!



HANG ON,
SUSIE!

STOP
HIM!



AND SUPPOSE THERE
WERE TWO CHARRED
CORPSES IN THAT
BURNING HOUSE--A
MOMMY AND A DADDY--

-- AND SUPPOSE IT
WAS ALL REAL!

NEXT--
the HELLEQUIN RIDE!