

NEW  
COMICS™



3

JAN

\$1.75  
2.25 IN CANADA

ALL NEW HALLOWEEN SPECIAL!!

# FRIGHT NIGHT™

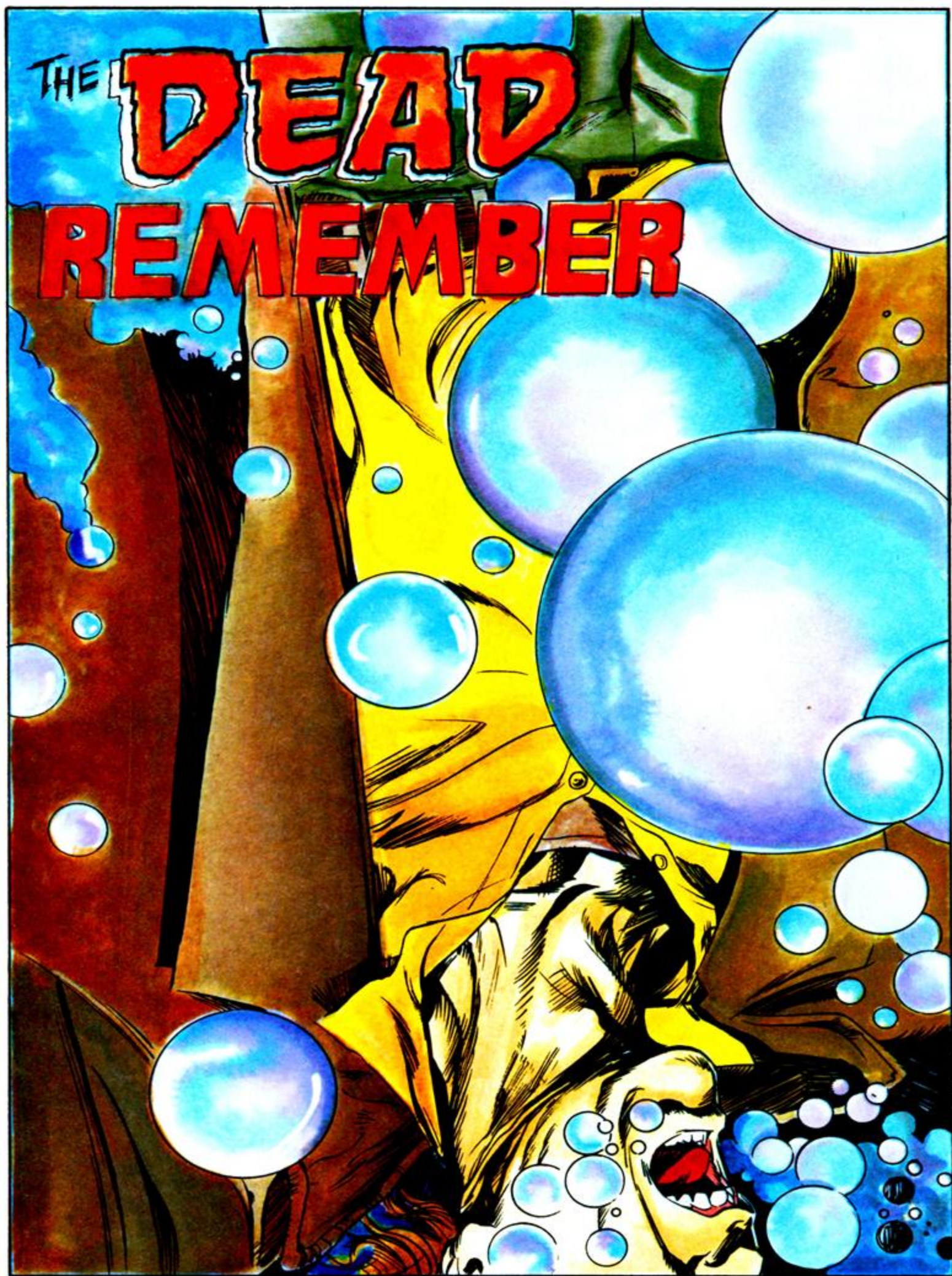




THE

DEAD

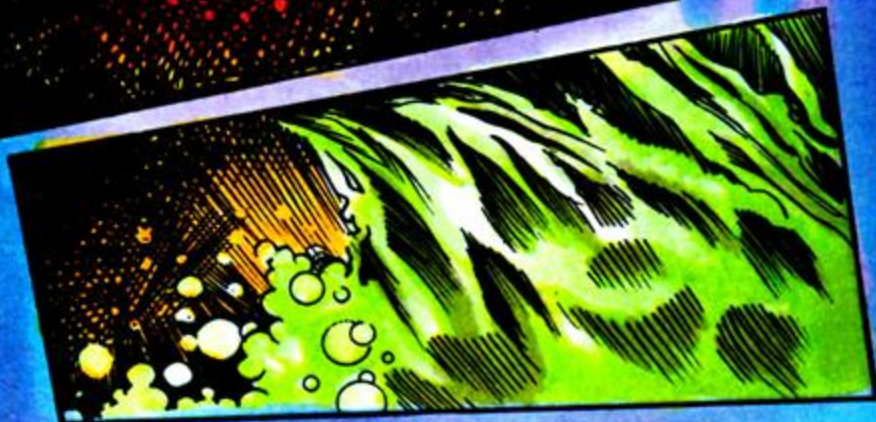
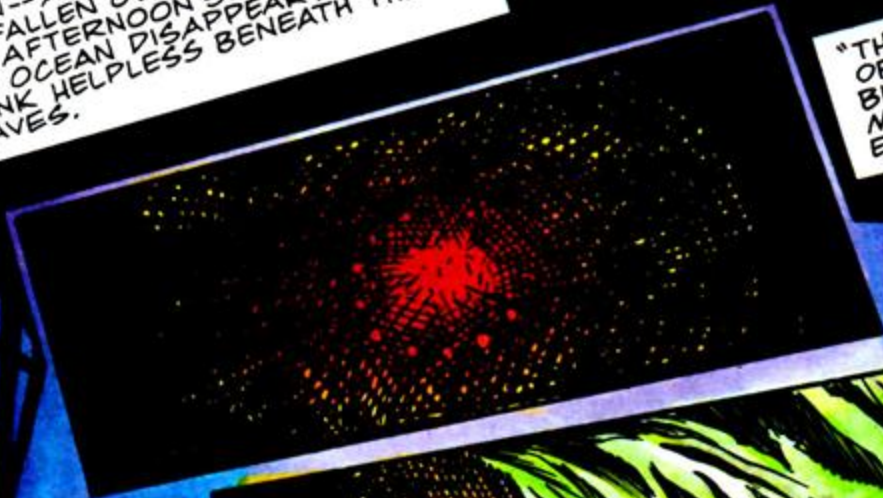
REMEMBER





"I AWOKE FROM SUFFOCATING BLACKNESS, GASPING, DIMLY AWARE OF THE LAST THING I'D SEEN-- A FADING LIGHT AFTER I'D FALLEN OVERBOARD AND SEEN THE AFTERNOON SURFACE OF THE OCEAN DISAPPEAR AS I SUNK HELPLESS BENEATH THE WAVES."

"THERE'D BEEN A SENSATION OF SUFFOCATION, BLADES OF BLACKNESS STABBING INTO MY MIND. THEN AN AWFUL EMPTINESS."



"I AWOKE FEELING GROGGY, ALMOST DRUNK, UNABLE TO FEEL MY ARMS AND LEGS, BUT AWARE THAT SOMETHING SOMETHING INDESCRIBABLE, WAS CLOSE BY. BUT WHY COULDN'T I SEE IT?"





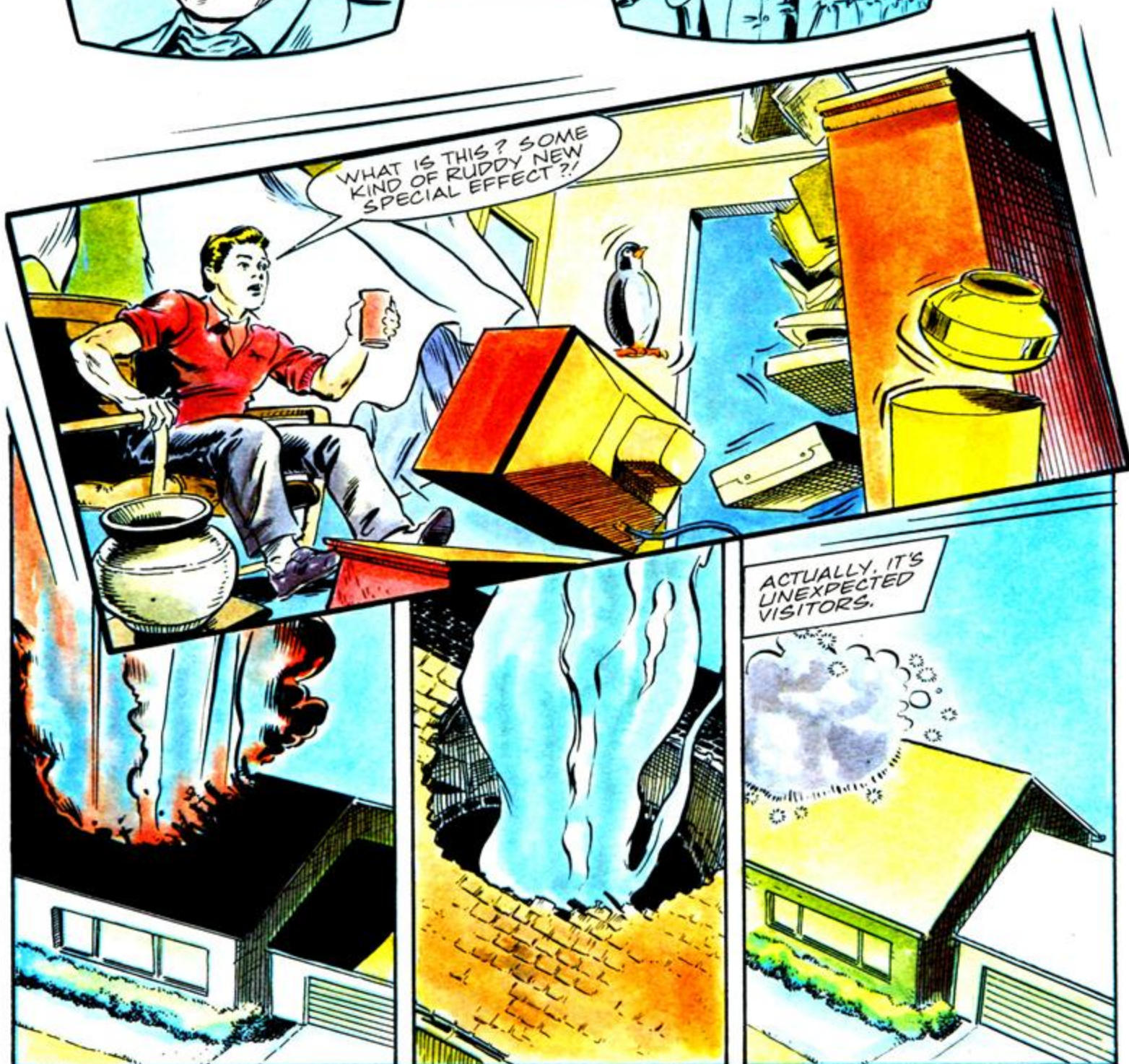
THE WAY IT BEGAN...



TONIGHT ON  
**FRIGHT NIGHT** WE  
PRESENT **VAMPIRE  
VIRGINS**, A CAUTION-  
ARY TALE ABOUT HOW  
IT TAKES MORE THAN  
A CROWBAR TO  
SEPARATE A VAMPIRE  
FROM HIS VIRGIN.



REMEMBER,  
WITHOUT  
ETERNAL  
VIGILANCE  
IT COULD  
HAPPEN  
HERE!



ACTUALLY, IT'S  
UNEXPECTED  
VISITORS.



IN WHAT USED TO BE THE CELLAR, A DOOR IRISES OPEN AT THE BASE OF THE WAYWARD SPACE-CRAFT.



WELL, THAT BODY OVER THERE'S A REAL MESS! NO GOOD TO US AT ALL!



MAYBE WE CAN REASSEMBLE IT, WITH A LITTLE PAINT AND THE RIGHT WARDROBE...



THESE SACKS OF PUS MAY BE DISGUSTING, BUT THEY'RE NOT STUPID.



TRY IT ON FOR SIZE,

CAN YOU GET IT TO TALK?



NO, BUT HE DID GET IT TO SCREAM.











AND NOW SOME  
MAN-IN-THE-STREET  
INTERVIEWS REGARDING  
THE DAYLIGHT SIGHTING  
OF A UFO EARLIER  
TODAY.



"THE ALIENS ARE COMING TO  
HARRASS THE WORKING MAN  
AND KEEP US FROM WINNIN'  
THE LOTTERY."



"IT'S A WELL-KNOWN TRUE  
FACT THAT ALIEN SOCIETIES  
ARE NOTORIOUSLY COMMUNISTIC."



"WHEN CHRIST RETURNS, IT  
WILL BE IN A FLYING SAUCER."



"IT'S A HOAX. WHEN THE SPACE  
BROTHERS APPEAR I'LL KNOW  
IN ADVANCE. WANT TO BUY ONE  
OF MY 80 BOOKS ON THE SUBJECT."

BROTHER,  
WHATEVER  
HAPPENED TO  
NORMAL NEWS  
LIKE FREEWAY  
SNIPERS AND  
SERIAL  
KILLERS?

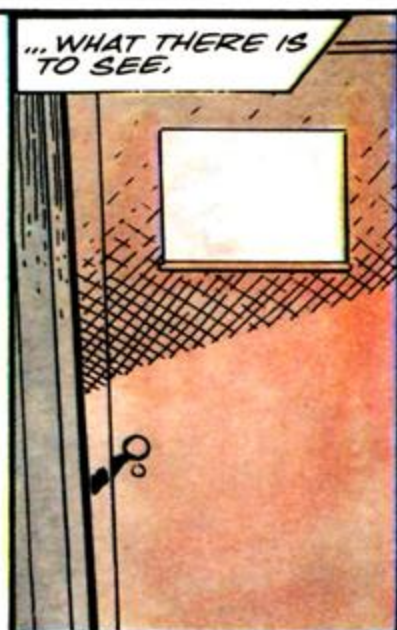


FUNNY  
PLACE TO  
LEAVE A  
BABY  
CARRIAGE.



IT  
PROBABLY  
DOESN'T MEAN  
ANYTHING.

















"I SEE, I THINK. BUT I DON'T FEEL. I'M LONELY, YET NOT ALONE. IT WATCHES ME, WAITING, PERCHED LIKE A SPIDER IN THE WEB OF MY MEMORIES, EATING MY THOUGHTS AS THEY SURFACE. BUT I CAN HEAR WHAT IT THINKS AND I TRY TO HIDE THERE, MINGLING WITH ITS INTENT, SLOWLY, CAREFULLY, GUIDING IT TO THE ONE PERSON WHO CAN FIGHT IT."



I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD SOMETHING BACK THERE.



BUT WHY WOULDN'T I HEAR SOMETHING? THIS IS AN APARTMENT BUILDING.



NOW A LIGHT WENT OUT DOWN THE HALL. JUST WHAT MY FEVERISH IMAGINATION NEEDS!



"I'VE SEEN ITS THOUGHTS AND HAVE BEGUN TO FEEL WHAT IT FEELS. I TRY NOT TO GET LOST THERE. IT/WE THINK PETER VINCENT IS IMPORTANT TO ITS GOALS. ALMOST. ALMOST. SOON. IF ONLY IT DOESN'T EAT THE DREAM TOO SOON..."









THE  
DISH-WASHER!  
OF COURSE!



I'M GLAD  
I'VE GOT A  
GOOD WATER  
HEATER!

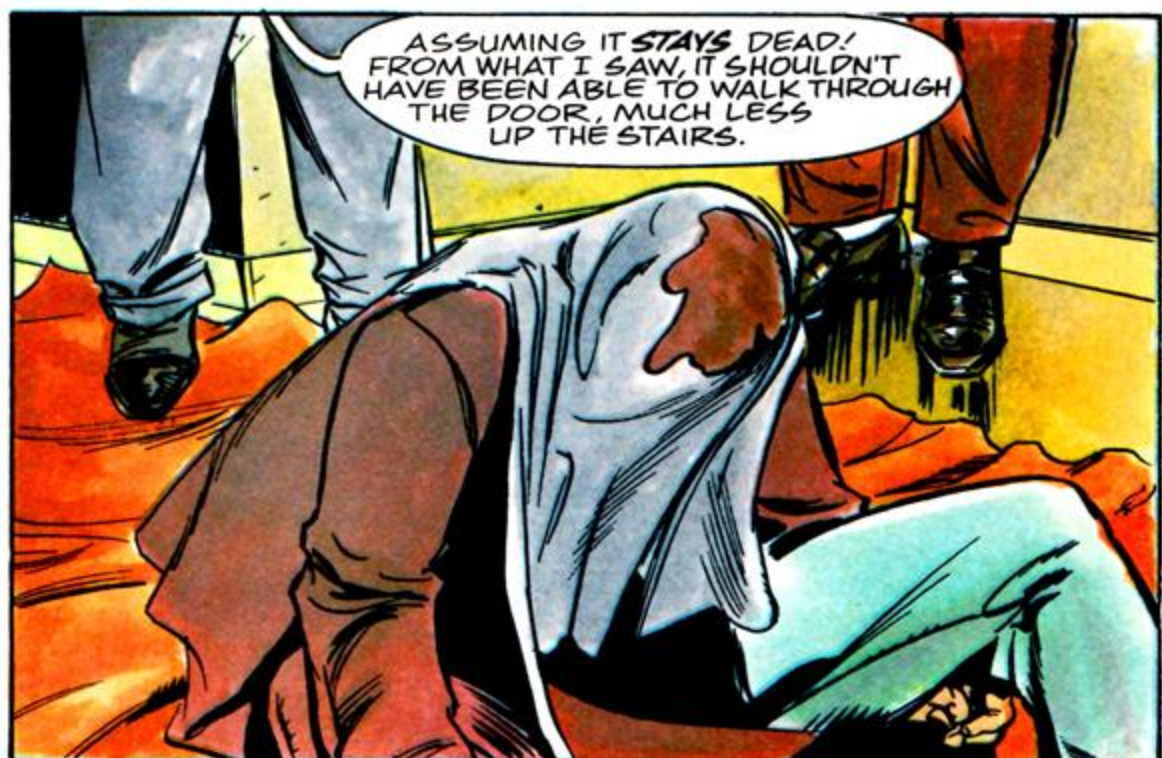


**SLAM!**



IT WOULDN'T BE A BAD  
IDEA TO LET IT RUN ITS  
CYCLE THREE TIMES!











I REMEMBER  
THIS STREET. I USED  
TO PLAY HERE AS A  
BOY. I HAD A  
SKATEBOARD I  
MADE MYSELF...



FOR A  
DEAD GUY HE  
SURE TALKS AN  
AWFUL LOT!

LIKE THIS? HELLO,  
I'M THE HOST OF *FRIGHT  
NIGHT* AND I'D LIKE TO  
REPORT A GAGGLE OF  
MONSTERS. I KILLED  
ONE IN MY DISH-  
WASHER...

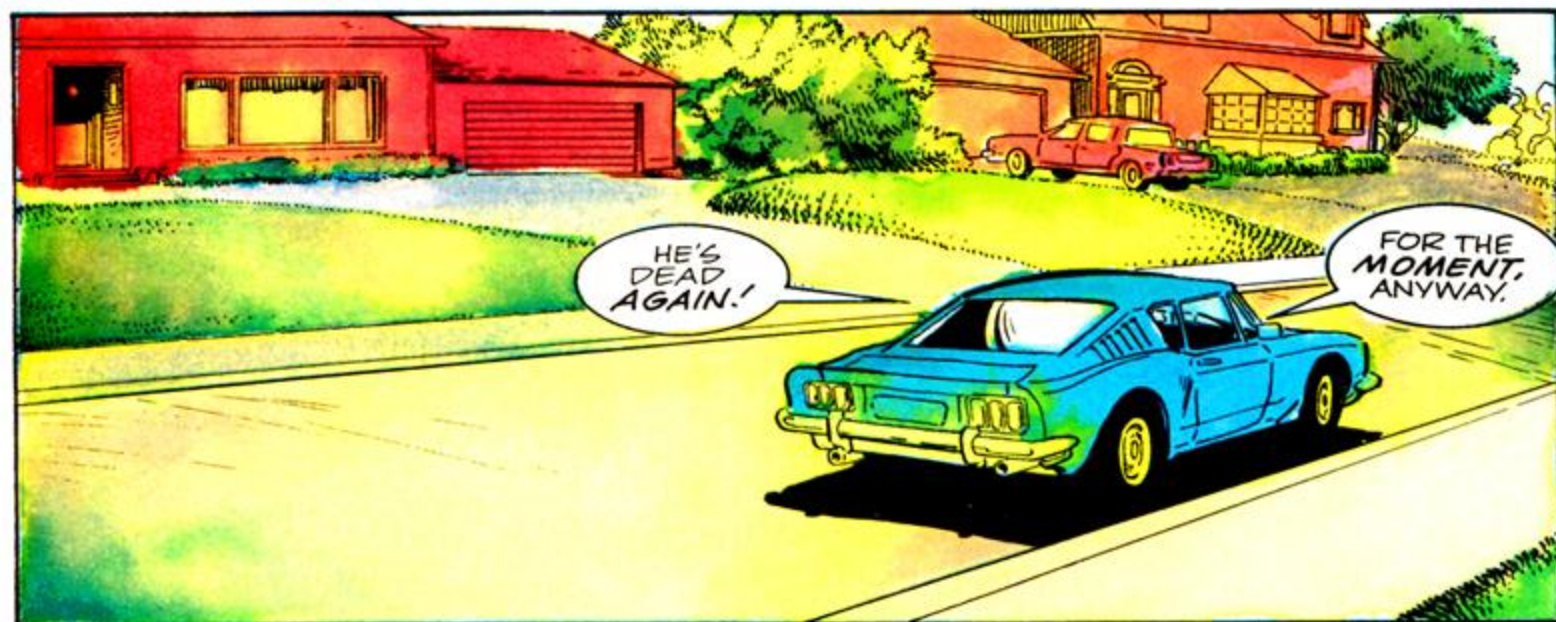


AS SOON AS  
HE DIRECTS US TO  
WHERE THE REST OF  
THOSE THINGS ARE,  
I'M CALLING  
THE POLICE.



THAT'S THE TROUBLE  
WITH TYPECASTING. EVEN  
FATE HAS ME PIGEON-  
HOLED. IT MAKES ME  
WANT TO MOAN.

THE STREET THAT  
MOANS! I RE-  
MEMBER... I RE-  
MEMBER... I  
REMEMBER...  
4818 LAMONA. NO  
MORE PAIN. NO  
MORE PAIN. JUST  
ALIEN DREAMS...



HE'S  
DEAD  
AGAIN!

FOR THE  
MOMENT,  
ANYWAY.











DROPPING FROM THE SKY, THE BRAIN BAT IS INEXORABLY DRAWN TO PETER VINCENT'S CAR, AS THOUGH GUIDED.



WE CAN'T JUST WALK UP TO THE DOOR. IF THERE WAS JUST SOME WAY TO GET CLOSER SAFELY...



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU LEARNED ABOUT US, BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW ENOUGH OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT THIS BODY. HIS **DEATH WAVES** DREW ME HERE!



DO NOT RESIST ME. WALK AHEAD OF ME TO THE HOUSE. COOPERATE WITH US AND WE MAY NOT KILL YOU. IT IS HARD TO FIND THE KNOWLEDGE WE NEED IN THE MINDS OF THE DEAD.



HOW COULD ALL THIS BE SO WELL HIDDEN IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN?



MECHANICAL PROBLEMS DIVERTED US HERE. ARE YOU SKILLED IN ATOMICS AND CELESTIAL MECHANICS?



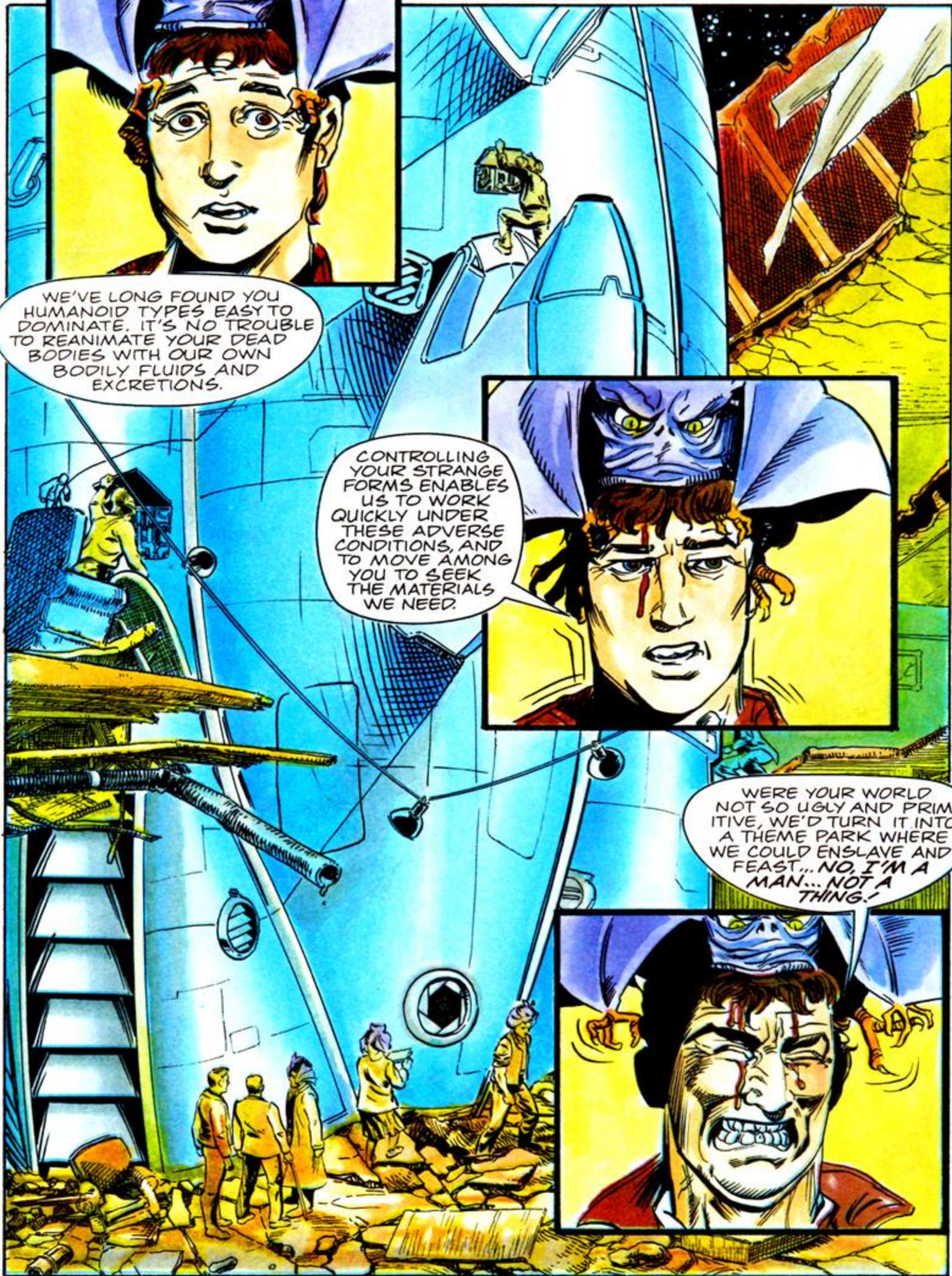


WE'VE LONG FOUND YOU HUMANOID TYPES EASY TO DOMINATE. IT'S NO TROUBLE TO REANIMATE YOUR DEAD BODIES WITH OUR OWN BODILY FLUIDS AND EXCRETIONS.

CONTROLLING YOUR STRANGE FORMS ENABLES US TO WORK QUICKLY UNDER THESE ADVERSE CONDITIONS, AND TO MOVE AMONG YOU TO SEEK THE MATERIALS WE NEED.



WERE YOUR WORLD NOT SO UGLY AND PRIMITIVE, WE'D TURN IT INTO A THEME PARK WHERE WE COULD ENSLAVE AND FEAST... NO, I'M A MAN... NOT A THING!







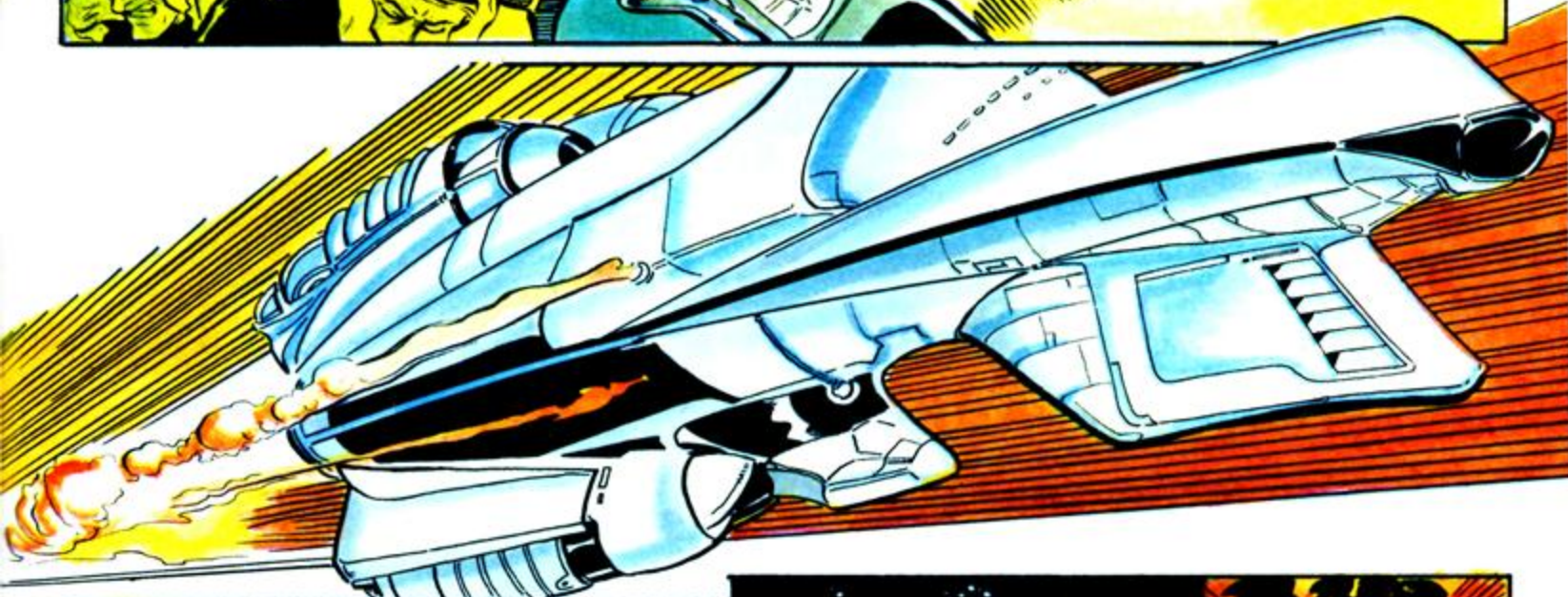








WE COULDN'T ASK  
FOR MORE CONFUSION  
THAN THIS TO ESCAPE  
IN!



I WONDER  
IF WE'LL EVER  
KNOW?

WHAT?

THE NAME  
OF THE MAN  
WHO WE HELPED,  
AND WHO HELPED  
US IN THE END!



TONIGHT WE  
PRESENT THE  
QUESTIONABLE  
CLASSIC "THE  
HELL MEN FROM  
MARS", A TALE  
OF ALIEN  
INVASION.



REMEMBER,  
WITHOUT  
ETERNAL  
VIGILANCE, IT  
COULD HAPPEN  
HERE. AND  
WITHOUT PEOPLE  
WHO BELIEVE IN  
SELF-SACRIFICE,  
IT COULD HAPPEN  
TO YOU!

END



THE ORIGINAL  
**ASTROBOY**

ON SALE MONTHLY!

COMICS





GREETINGS, YOU **CONNOISSEURS** OF **CREEPS**, AND **FAVORERS** OF **FRIGHT**, YOU **DILETTANTES** OF **DEATH** AND **GROUPIES** OF **GORE**, ET CETERA, ET CETERA...

THIS IS YOUR HOST, **ROGER**, THE **OL'CODGER**, WITH ANOTHER TALE OF TERROR, A SAGA OF SCARES, A COLLECTION OF CLICHÉS WELL CALCULATED TO PAD OUT FOUR PAGES, ENTITLED...

# REVENGE OF THE VENGEFUL AVENGER

STORY AND ART BY:  
EARL GEIER  
LETTERED BY:  
SUSAN DORNE



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WORKING LATE ONE WEEKEND, WHILE HIS PARTNERS RECOVERED FROM A STRENUOUS BERMUDA BUSINESS TRIP, FRED UNCOVERED SOME SERIOUS DISCREPANCIES IN THE BOOKS.



MEET FRED DIBLO. ROTTEN CHILDHOOD, UNHAPPY SCHOOL DAYS, A 98 POUND WEAKLING, LOSER-CITY WITH WOMEN - YOUR TYPICAL COMIC BOOK SCHNOOK.



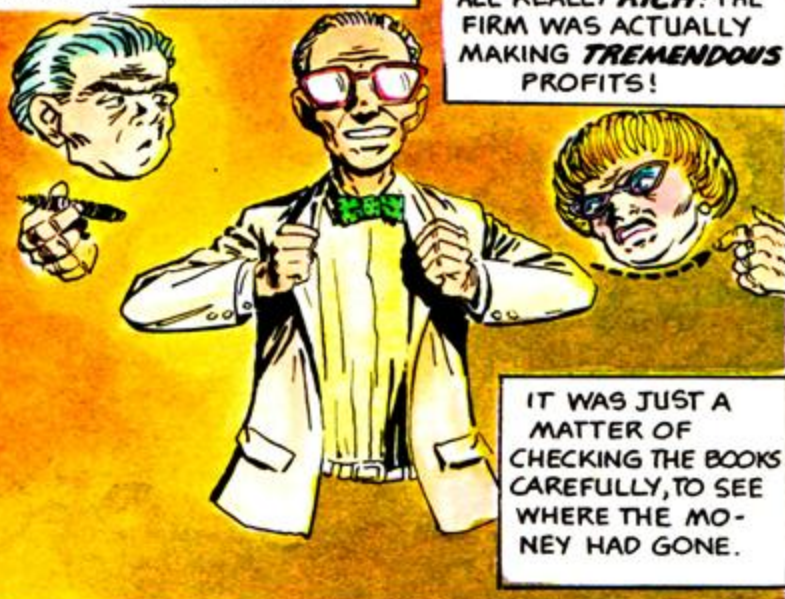
HE HAD TWO LOYAL FRIENDS WHO **GENEROUSLY** LET HIM INVEST HIS LIFE'S SAVINGS, AND SHARE IN THEIR BUSINESS. FIFTY-FIFTY IT WAS: HE TOOK CARE OF THE **WORK**, THEY TOOK CARE OF THE **BOOKKEEPING**.



THEY ASSURED HIM THERE WOULD BE PROFITS A-PLenty BY THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, IF THEY JUST TOUGHED OUT THESE LEAN YEARS TOGETHER.

HE RAN TO HIS PARTNERS WITH HIS DISCOVERY --

-- THAT THEY WERE ALL REALLY **RICH!** THE FIRM WAS ACTUALLY MAKING **TREMENDOUS** PROFITS!



IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF CHECKING THE BOOKS CAREFULLY, TO SEE WHERE THE MO-NEY HAD GONE.



THEY WERE **SURE** THE MONEY WOULD TURN UP, HOWEVER, AND SUGGESTED A **CELEBRATION** INSTEAD.

SO **OFF** THEY WENT ON A PICNIC, WITH FRED SEATED BETWEEN HIS TWO GOOD PALS.



"THIS IS AN ODD PLACE FOR A PARTY" HE THOUGHT "PERHAPS THERE ARE FEWER ANTS HERE, WHERE IT'S SO DARK AND LONELY."



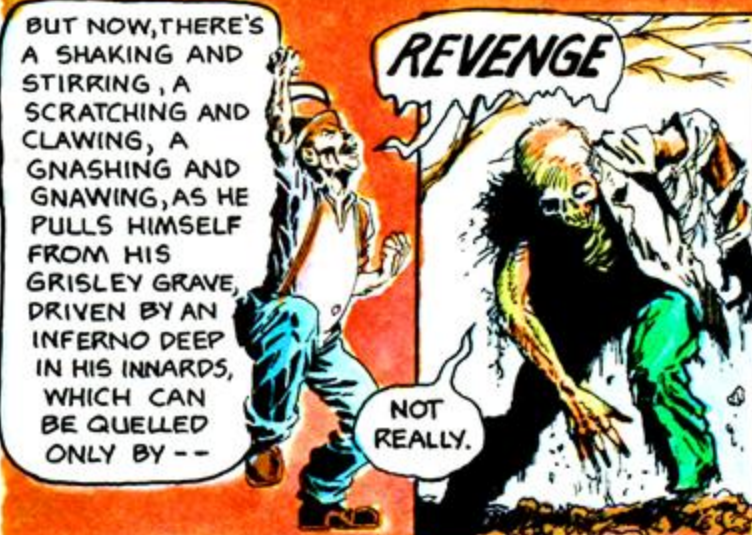
AND SO THEY LEFT THAT GRAVE IN THE GROVE, A TERRIBLE FEAR NAGGING AT THEIR SOULS...

... THAT THEY MIGHT NEVER FIND AS BIG A SUCKER EVER AGAIN.

BUT NOW, THERE'S A SHAKING AND STIRRING, A SCRATCHING AND CLAWING, A GNASHING AND GNAWING, AS HE PULLS HIMSELF FROM HIS GRISLEY GRAVE, DRIVEN BY AN INFERNO DEEP IN HIS INNARDS, WHICH CAN BE QUELLED ONLY BY --

**REVENGE**

NOT REALLY.



HE - **WHAT?**

WELL, I'D RATHER THEY **HADN'T** KILLED ME ...

... AND THAT SHOVEL **DID** HURT...

BUT WHAT THE **HECK**... NO USE CRYING OVER SPILT MILK...



THEN **WHAT** THE **HELL** DID YOU COME **BACK** FOR?

I HEARD SOMETHING THROUGH A WORMHOLE...

**WHAT** ARE YOU **BABBLING** ABOUT ?!

A **CARNIVAL!**

I HAVEN'T BEEN TO A CARNIVAL SINCE I WAS FOUR.

COME **BACK** HERE!

**HEY!**

**CALLIOPE MUSIC!!**





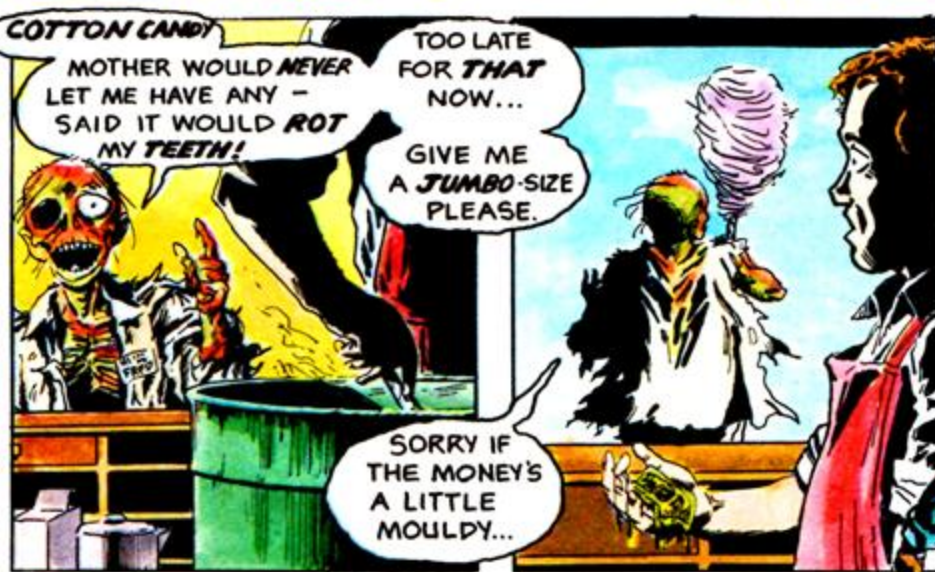


LET'S NOT EAT HERE... SOMETHING SMELLS AWFUL!

WOW! RIDES, ARCADES! SIDESHOWS!

MOMMY, LOOK AT THE FUNNY MAN!

JUNIOR, IT'S NOT POLITE TO STARE!



**COTTON CANDY**  
MOTHER WOULD NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY - SAID IT WOULD ROT MY TEETH!

TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW...

GIVE ME A JUMBO-SIZE PLEASE.

SORRY IF THE MONEY'S A LITTLE MOULDY...



YOU'RE CRAZY PUTTERING AROUND HERE WHILE YOUR MURDERERS GO SCOT-FREE!

I SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE TRYING TO PLEASE OTHER PEOPLE.

IF I'M GOING AROUND TWICE IN LIFE, I'M GONNA GRAB FOR ALL THE GUSTO I CAN GET!



LISTEN, SMUCK-MONSTER! WHAT ABOUT AN EYE FOR AN EYE?

WHAT ABOUT WHAT'S DONE IS DONE?



WHAT ABOUT REVENGE? "SETTLING OLD SCORES"? "BALANCING THE BOOKS"? "PUTTING PAID TO THE ACCOUNT"?

YOU EITHER NEED CHARLES BRONSON, OR A BOOKKEEPER



WHAT ABOUT MY STORY?!

JUST SAY IT WAS ALL A DREAM, OR HAVE EVERYONE RUN OVER BY A TRUCK.

HEY! A TILT-A-WHIRL!



I WENT ON ONE ONCE - THREW UP ALL OVER!

HEY, MISTER, ARE YOU GEORGE ROMERO?

THAT DOES IT, ROOT-ROT!

YOU'LL NEVER SHAMBLE IN COMICS AGAIN!



