



adventures in

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HORROR

PAIN WAS THE NAME OF HIS GAME

NAKED SLAVES OF THE MASTER OF HELL!

IF IT WERE ONLY A DREAM, WHY
WAS MY KNIFE COVERED WITH BLOOD

SPELL OF THE WITCH

NAKED PASSION . . . DEDICATED
TO EVIL

THE UNHOLY SIX

HER SCREAMS
OF HELPLESS ANGUISH
CONTINUED THROUGH

THE GORY TERROR OF THE NIGHT!



HORROR

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

TRUE TALES OF THE UNKNOWN

- THE SPELL OF THE WITCH**by Thomas Arnes 10
Not even modern science could overcome the powers of evil that lurked in her non-dead soul
- THE UNHOLY SIX**.....by Bill Prescott 22
Below me, the pit of Hell opened wide and I felt myself lost to the Satanic spell that had overcome me
- DEVIL OF DENHAM SWAMP**by Howard Cherna 30
Once they entered the realms of horror, not even the innocence in their hearts could save them



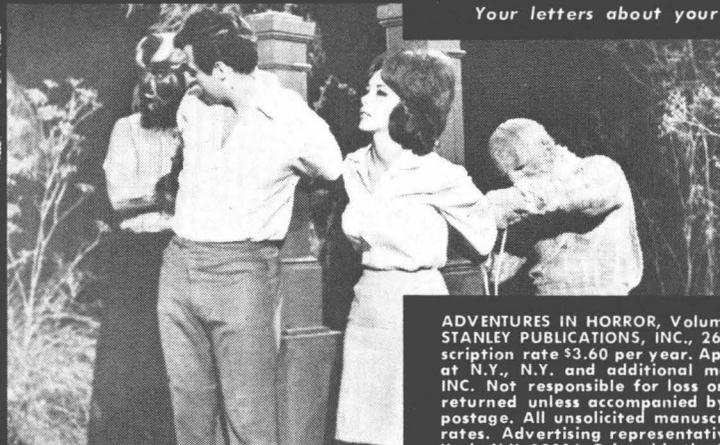
ADVENTURES IN TERROR

- LOVE IS THE COLOR OF BLOOD**.....by J. Philip Tarleton 6
A fact report of a vampire who walked the streets of an American city
- HOWL, WOLF, HOWL**.....by William Cornish 14
By night he was an awful victim of an ancient curse; by day he was hidden in the faceless throng of humanity
- GORY TERROR IN THE NIGHT**.....by Dave Kingston 18
I was forced to watch while a pack of human fiends tortured and raped a helpless young girl
- THE NAKED SLAVES OF THE MASTER OF HELL**.....by William Dunlapp 26
From the official police transcript, the story of four girls who became the bound whip-bait of a sadistic killer



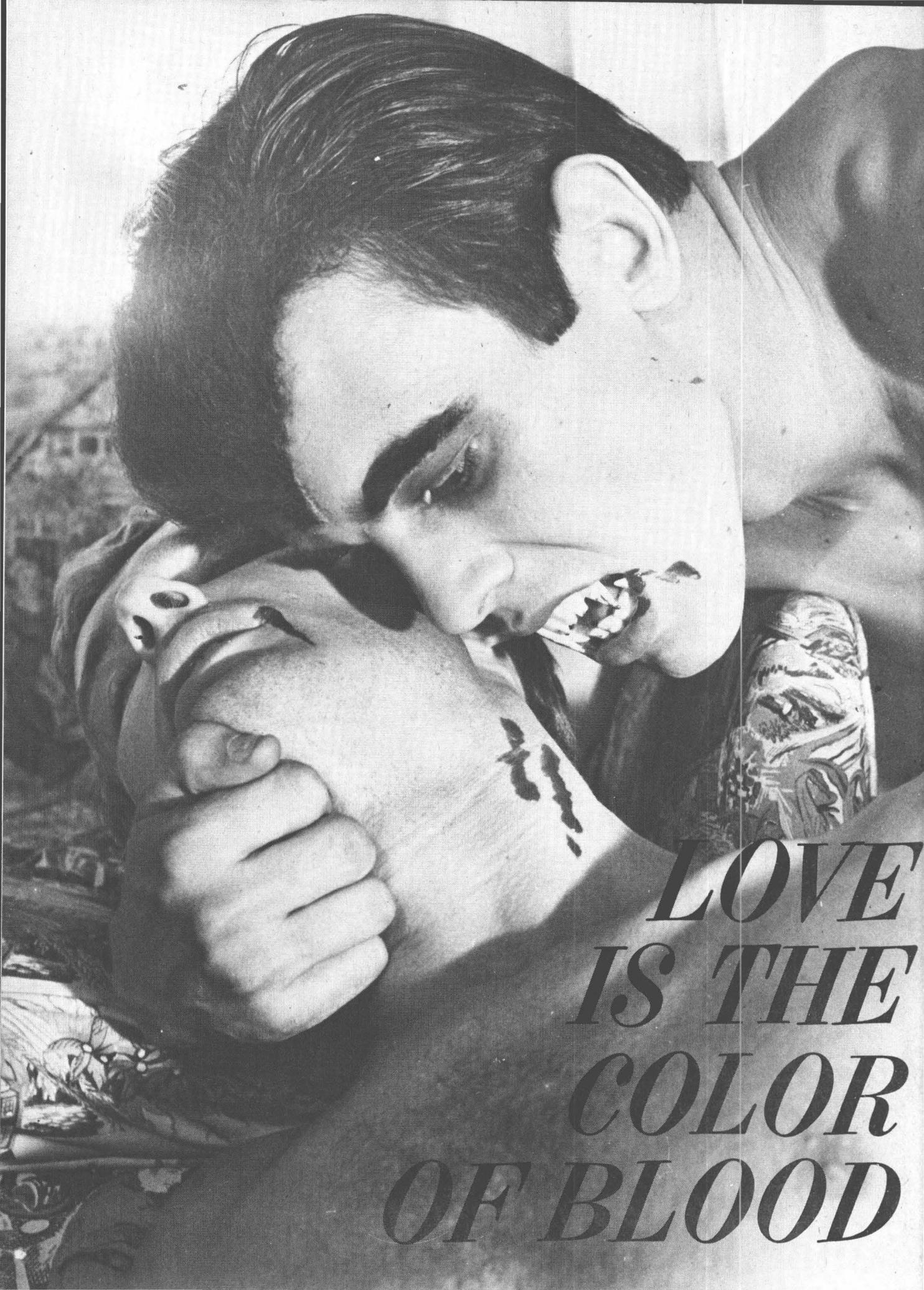
SPECIAL FEATURES

- ADVENTURES IN THE OCCULT**....by Whittier Fowles, PhD; ScD 34
A noted scholar discusses the real facts about witchcraft
- NOTES FROM OUR READERS**..... 36
Your letters about your own experiences with the unknown

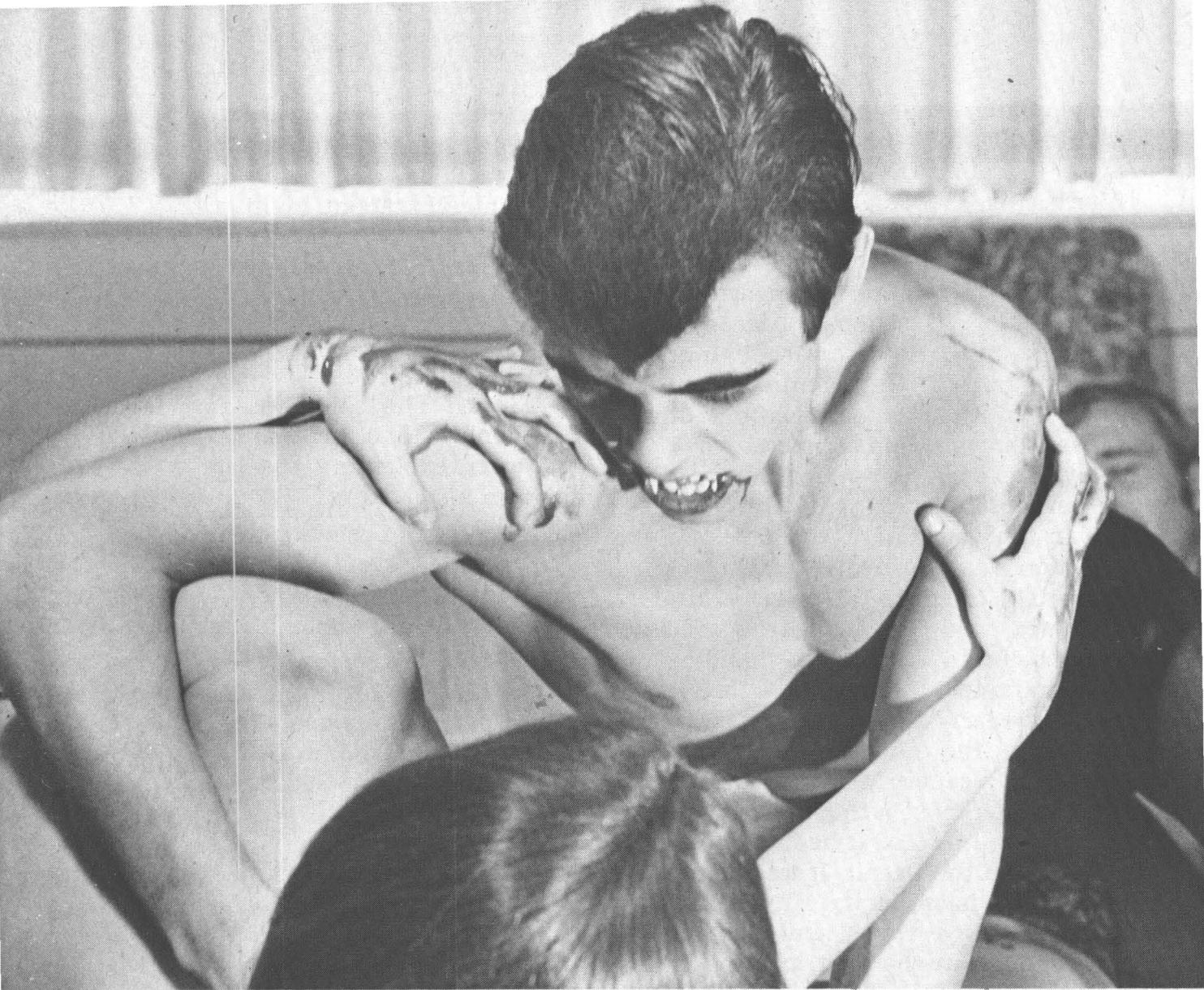


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*LOVE
IS THE
COLOR
OF BLOOD*



**Both of them — Rupert and the incredibly beautiful Anne —
lured me into their web of perverted joy and twisted sorrow!**

by J. PHILIP TARLETON

CHARLES stepped out of the office building and gratefully took in the cool evening air. It was always too hot in his office and he was glad for the chance to be out in the open. Since it was such a beautiful night, he decided to walk instead of taking the usual crowded subway. And besides, the walk would give him a chance to think over the two unusual events that had happened one on top of the other.

He had met two very strange people. Charles had many friends and a wide circle of acquaintances and two oddballs

more or less wouldn't make much of a difference usually. But somehow he knew that these people were especially important.

The first was Anne Faraday. They had met prosaically enough when Anne applied for a job as his legal secretary. He had hired her on the spot. Charles knew many beautiful women but Anne was something else again. Tall, with brown-blond hair and a pink and white complexion, she had almost perfect patrician features. Only one thing marred her almost absolute beauty and that was the

very quality that had attracted her to Charles in the first place. It was her eyes—or rather the expression in them. Charles had taken Anne to lunch many times, hoping to find out what caused the anguish behind those lovely blue eyes. But always she had neatly avoided his probing questions. And whatever troubled nightmare she was reliving, Anne kept to herself. Oh, eventually she told him of a jilted love affair, but Charles sensed that was only a small part of the story. However, in spite of her mystery, or perhaps because of it, he found himself in love with her. And he knew that affection was returned.

Charles pulled up the collar of his coat. "Damned cold for April," he muttered to himself as he cupped his hand against the wind and lit a cigarette. He stepped into the nearly deserted street and crossed over to the opposite curb. This slight change of scenery brought to mind the other person most occupying his thoughts. Just for the hell of it he had enrolled in a course on the Occult. It was held at the evening division in the City University. Since it was a very small class he had time enough at the first meeting to analyze each student. One stood out among all the rest and eventually Charles had gotten to know him slightly. Rupert Sorrel was a man in his middle twenties, good-looking in a dark, brooding way. He was a grave-faced young man and never permitted even the slightest trace of a smile to grace his features. But he was a fascinating person and his unfailing old-fashioned courtesy Charles found very much to his liking.

Charles exhaled the last of his cigarette and paused long enough to crush the butt against his heel. He was almost at the University and was already rehearsing the words necessary to invite Rupert to dinner. Charles admitted to himself that he was a bit nervous extending even this small invitation of friendship to the young student. Rupert

seemed to create a feeling of distance between himself and other people.

In fact, he was beginning to have second thoughts about inviting him. But he had promised Anne—which brought his mind back to something that had happened earlier.

Yesterday he had asked her if she liked Southern fried chicken.

"Sure," she said, "it's my favorite."

Then he had invited her over to try it, after explaining that he prided himself on his cooking.

But a look of remembered terror flashed across her eyes for a fraction of a second. "Just the two of us? I—I couldn't. I won't be in a man's apartment alone with him."

So Charles had promised to invite a third party. For some odd reason, Rupert came into his mind. Somehow he could picture the three of them together and having a very good time. He was determined to ask him to join them.

Walking into the class a few minutes early, Charles saw the young man sitting along in a corner and as usual, ignoring the others. "Rupert," he said, getting control and fighting down a certain nameless nervousness he still had whenever he spoke to the man, "how about coming over to my place after class? I want you to meet my girl. And besides, you'll get some free grub." He cursed himself as even this bit of lightheartedness seemed to go dead in front of the strange young man. But Rupert accepted with his unsmiling yet gracious courtesy.

After the class was over, and Charles was once amazed at how much Rupert seemed to know about the supernatural, the two of them went off in search of a taxi. A curious, luminescent glow hung balefully in the heavens.

"Good God!" exclaimed Charles, grateful for the chance at small talk. "The moon looks like it's on fire or something."

Rupert Sorrel's (Continued on page 56)

Being men of science, Professor Macready and his team of assistants naturally chose to ignore the ancient curse burned deep into the lovely girl's coffin!



THE SPELL OF THE WITCH

by THOMAS ARNES



STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE

THE FADING sunlight cast sombre shadows on the wall as Professor William Macready entered the room. He quickly seated himself behind the desk and began addressing the small knot of people eagerly awaiting his discussion.

"I have called you here today," he began in a quietly excited voice, "to help me make history. Most anthropological teams, as you well know, must go thousands of miles to conduct their scientific investigations. We, however, are more fortunate. We're going just a few hundred miles on a hunt. More specifically—on a witch hunt. Two hundred and fifty years ago Salem, Massachusetts, was the capital for witchcraft. Science has denied the existence of witchcraft. It called sorcery a myth and a fable only for children. But it has also denied the existence of ancient Troy and said that Lief Ericson's early voyages to America was just pure fantasy. But through scientific research we know that Troy wasn't invented by Homer and that Ericson came long before Columbus. And now through the help of certain documents I have discovered, witchcraft will be the next to be proved without a shadow of a doubt."

Each of the others in the room knew about the documents Professor Macready had mentioned. The manuscripts he had discovered were written by a man who was supposedly the greatest authority on witchcraft during its Salem heyday. The man, Archibald Monroe, had claimed that there was a witch—or rather, a type of witch—who was immune to the fire at the stake. Witches like this had been cast in a spell, placed in coffins specially sealed and then buried alive. And Monroe, who had been in charge of several of these burials, had given exact descriptions of where each had taken place.

Besides Professor Macready, three people made up the investigating group. There was his right-hand man, Associate Professor Halloran; a trusted assistant professor, elderly Elizabeth Zellman; and young Harry Horn, a brilliant student of anthropology, was the last of the trio.

Setting up shop on a beautiful, sunny day in late June, the group went out to the surrounding woods of Salem to begin their excavations. Working from a yellowed map drawn by the estimable Archibald Monroe, they headed for paydirt.

The map proved frightfully accurate. It said that the coffin was buried nine feet underground. And that a spell was written on it.

The coffin was discovered exactly nine feet below the surface of the earth. When it was lifted above ground, it was found to have the following words burned into its rotting side: "Accurst be he who open thys coffin, for by doing so he doth free a witche."

The group gathered around the earth-covered

box. "What do we do?" asked Professor Halloran. "Do we open the coffin ourselves or do we wait for permission from the authorities or—"

Professor Macready chuckled. "We don't need permission from the authorities. This is no regular graveyard. Nor do we even know there's a body inside."

"But the words on the coffin say that if we open it, we free a witch." Halloran grinned wryly. "For some reason that scares me a little."

Elizabeth Zellman laughed. "You mean you're afraid to find a witch in a state of suspended animation?"

"Something like that," he answered sheepishly.

"What are we waiting for?" declared the student, Harry Horn. "Come on. I'm dying to open it."

"And open it we shall," said Professor Macready. He then added: "There should be no health hazzard whatsoever. If a body is inside, it's more than two hundred and fifty years old. It would simply be a collection of bones. No flesh at all."

Professor Halloran and Harry began to pry open the oblong box by means of two strong crowbars. Suddenly the resisting lid flew off the coffin.

The group froze to the spot at the sight confronting them. In the coffin, instead of the expected collection of old bones, lay a young girl clad in ancient garments, her face composed, peaceful.

"My God," exclaimed Professor Halloran softly. "What do you make of it?"

"She's a witch," said Professor Macready evenly. "That's what I make of it. What's more, a spell or curse was obviously placed over her and she lies here in a state of eternal sleep."

"What if this spell or curse is removed?" asked Elizabeth Zellman.

"Then she comes right back to life."

Harry shot a swift, searching glance at Macready.

"Professor," said the youth, "you're the only one who's seen the papers of Archibald Monroe. Did he mention what this girl was charged with, what curse was put on her and how this spell can be removed?"

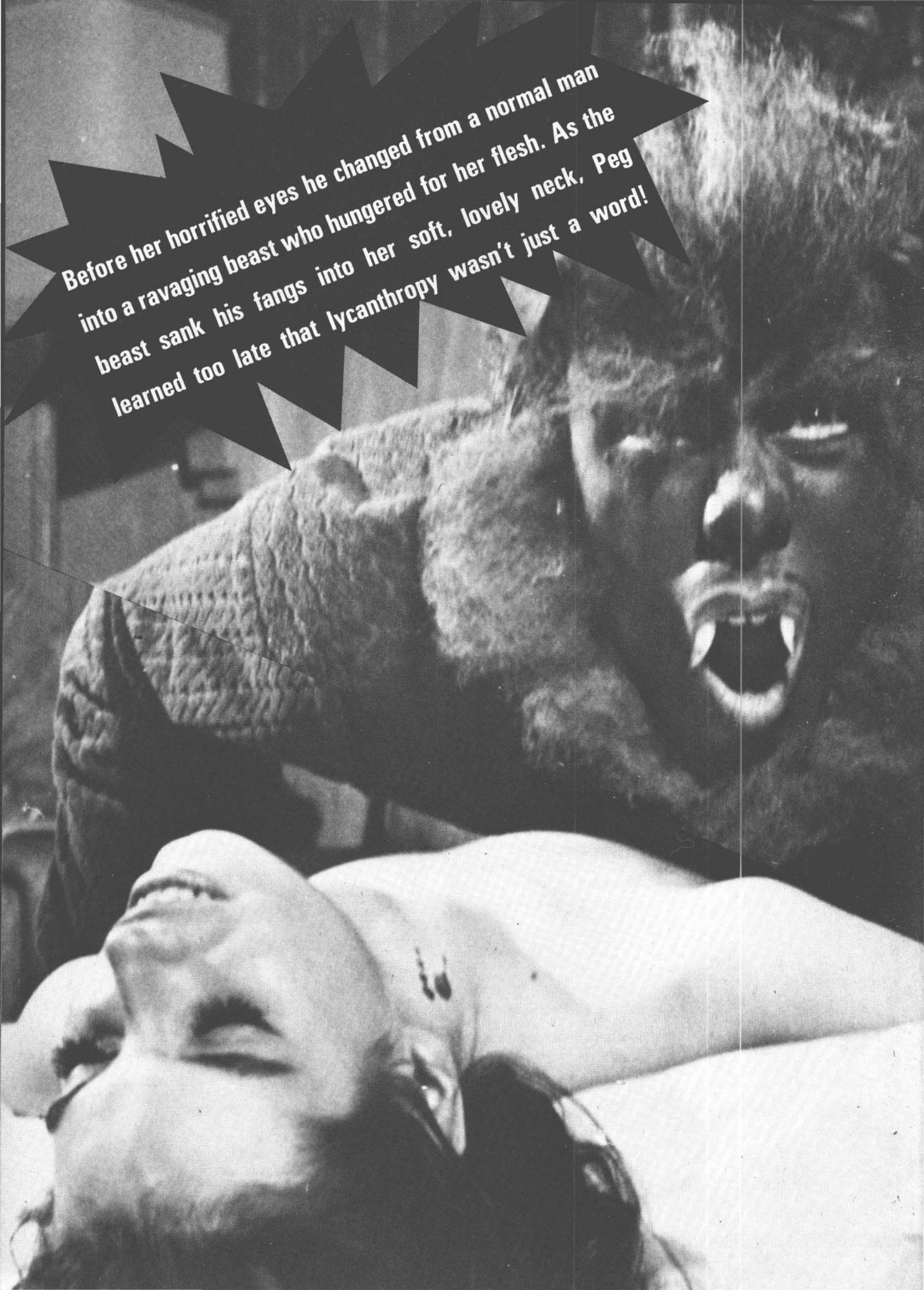
Professor Macready nodded. "The answer is yes to all three questions. This girl was accused of being a sorceress, tried and found guilty, sentenced to be burned alive. Her body proved immune to the flames and she was consequently placed under a spell and sealed in this coffin."

"Did Monroe say how she can be freed from the incantation?" asked the insistent student.

"I told you—yes."

"Let's remove the spell and see what happens." Professor Halloran could hardly control the excitement that

(Continued on page 62)



Before her horrified eyes he changed from a normal man into a ravaging beast who hungered for her flesh. As the beast sank his fangs into her soft, lovely neck, Peg learned too late that lycanthropy wasn't just a word!

HOWL, WOLF, HOWL!

by WILLIAM CORNISH

PEG MADE Jack Krowell take her home right after the movie. It was a week day and she had to be up at the usual time in the morning. She taught the fifth grade at Huntley Public School.

She had just retired to her quarters when there was a knock on the door.

"It's me, dearie," called Mrs. Chalmers. She was the landlady. Peg rented a room in the private house owned by Mrs. Chalmers and her husband. She had been living with them ever since she had come to Huntley, almost two months before.

"Come in," Peg called.

Mrs. Chalmers entered. She was a smiling, dark-haired woman, fiftyish, with a face that was both good-natured and strong. "Hi," she said. "All set to go to bed?"

"More or less," she smiled.

"My husband and I were talking about you when you came in. He thought maybe I ought to have a little chat with you."

"Sure. What about?"

"Oh, about several things." Her smile stiffened. "Mostly about Jack Krowell."

"What about Jack?" Peg asked.

Mrs. Chalmers hesitated, then said: "Mind if I sit down?"

"No."

Mrs. Chalmers sat down. Although her smile remained in place, she seemed a little uneasy, a little unsure of herself. Finally she said:

"Maybe the talk is unnecessary. It all depends on whether things are serious between you and

Jack Krowell. Are they?"

Peg smiled. "I think so and I certainly hope so."

"Well," said Mrs. Chalmers, "then the talk is necessary."

"I take it," Peg said, "the talk is going to be anti-Jack Krowell." Mrs. Chalmers remained silent. Peg continued, "I gather all is not well between Jack Krowell and the community of Huntley. At least, Jack is always asking me what sort of gossip I'm hearing about him, like he feels you people have it in for him over something." Peg took out a cigarette, lit it. "Well," she said, "Let's hear what this gossip is all about."

Mrs. Chalmers grimaced wryly, then said: "It's difficult to speak against a man when there's no real proof against him. Let me say right now that nobody can prove a thing against Jack Krowell. It's just that people are so infernally suspicious.

You know that he was married before?"

Peg nodded. "Married—and divorced."

Mrs. Chalmers looked away, said: "You know, no one has ever found out what happened to that wife of his. He told people she had gone back to her mother. But the mother never laid eyes on her. She called in the police, the mother."

"And what did the police find out?"

"Nothing. Jack Krowell claimed—and I guessed the police believed him—that his wife had probably run off with another man and had been too ashamed to admit it to anybody."

"That sounds reasonable," said Peg. When Mrs. Chalmers hesitated, Peg said scathingly: "I imagine the people around here though preferred to believe he had killed her."

"It's more to it than that," said Mrs. Chalmers slowly. "Jack Krowell, you know is a Welshman. Sam Hingle—the Hingles live in the first house on the block—was in Britain a few years ago on a business trip. He was passing through a certain town in Wales when he suddenly remembered that Krowell claimed that he was born and brought up in this town. So Hingle asked the natives whether they remembered Krowell. Sam said they threw up their hands in horror, that they claimed that Krowell was a wolf man, that they had literally driven him out of town, that he turned killer under a full moon . . ."

"Mrs. Chalmers," Peg said, "I think you're a nice woman, but how much more of this clap-trap do you think I can take?"

Mrs. Chalmers flushed. She seemed more em-



barrassed than offended. "Well," she said rising, "I just thought you ought to know . . ."

Peg said with a laugh: "So he turns killer under a full moon, eh? And how many women have fallen prey to him?"

"Well," said Mrs. Chalmers slowly, "two women were attacked under a full moon a couple of years ago. That was just before Krowell's wife disappeared . . ."

"You say that like there's a connection," said Peg.

Again the woman hesitated; "Well, there was talk about it, yes. Some people thought maybe the wife might have seen something or suspected something . . ."

Peg emitted a groan: "Oh, my God. People can be so cruel. Didn't they have any pity on him? The poor man! He must know what people say about him and yet he stays on. Could there be any greater proof of his innocence than the fact that he stays on?"

Mrs. Chalmers shrugged. She didn't seem impressed by Peg's logic. "Well," she said, "I'll leave you alone now. What you do is up to you."

When she came out of school the following afternoon, Peg found, as usual Jack Krowell waiting for her in his car. She got in next to him.

"Where to, Peg o' my heart?" Jack said. He

was a handsome man, with clear, blue eyes.

Peg scanned Jack's face. "You know," she said, "You're always asking me what the townspeople are telling me about you. Well, last night, I found out what you meant by it. I have just one question to ask you. How on earth can you bear to stay in this town—among people who are so willing to believe the worst about you?"

"No point in leaving. The gossip would only follow me."

"Not true. You could go to the West Coast or the East Coast. Nobody would know you there. You could start a new life."

"I hate loneliness. Here, I'm with people I know—even if they hate me. If I go to New York or L.A., I'd be all alone." He looked at her, then asked: "Would—would you be willing to go with me—if I did go?"

"Depends in what capacity. As your mistress, no."

"As my wife?"

She smiled. "I might."

"I think maybe we got a deal," he said. "As a cartoonist, I can work anywhere."

As had been their rule the last couple of weeks, he drove to a pleasant inn just outside the town where each had a couple of glasses of beer while munching on

(Continued on page 53)



I knocked on the heavy iron door — only mocking echoes answered. I pounded again with all my might. Nothing. Then as I was about to turn away, the door slowly swung open to reveal vast darkness and moving shadows of ultimate, complete fear!

THE GORY TERROR OF THE NIGHT!

by DAVE KINGSTON as told to MICHAEL PRAETORIUS

"DEAR GOD, NO!" I struggled painfully at the wire that bound me as her hideous screams echoed through the vast darkness. Frantically trying not to think of the agony of flesh cut right to the bone, I worked my hands almost free before one of the goons saw me. "Hey, this bastard's trying to get free!" He jammed his knee up against my naked groin. I felt blood and bile collecting in my mouth as I slumped forward almost unconscious. I prayed for death. I couldn't stand the pain and having to watch Agnes' agony.

They were on her again. Twice in two hours she had been gang raped. But this time instead of sex, they had other motives in mind. Taking a razor blade, a blond-haired fiend began slicing off part of her breast. The blood trickled down, mixed with sweat, flowed to a puddle on the floor. He held a strip of flesh in his hands and, hoisting it high above his head, drew it slowly into his mouth. I vomited weakly, my head tilted down toward the ground littered with teeth, my teeth.

Agnes screamed again, her heart-breaking pleas for mercy going deaf on the ears of her tormentors. They had lighted cigarettes and were busy making designs of burned flesh on her soft skin. I passed out.

★ ★ ★

My secretary, Agnes Dei, and I headed back to the car. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon and that contract I had signed with the Peterson Soap

TERROR OF THE NIGHT!



Then the end came as the rapists grabbed a huge sword and shoved it hard against Agnes' tender flesh.

Corporation had taken much longer than either of us had expected. I was bushed. Old Man Peterson and his equally grasping son drove a hard bargain. I guess that was how they had reached the top. But they were a strange pair and I couldn't help but get a distinct feeling of repulsion. It was nothing I could put my finger on. They wore expensive, quietly conservative clothing. The two of them laughed frequently, showing perfect teeth. They offered me good cigars and an excellent old brandy. In fact the pair was a fine example of big business management.

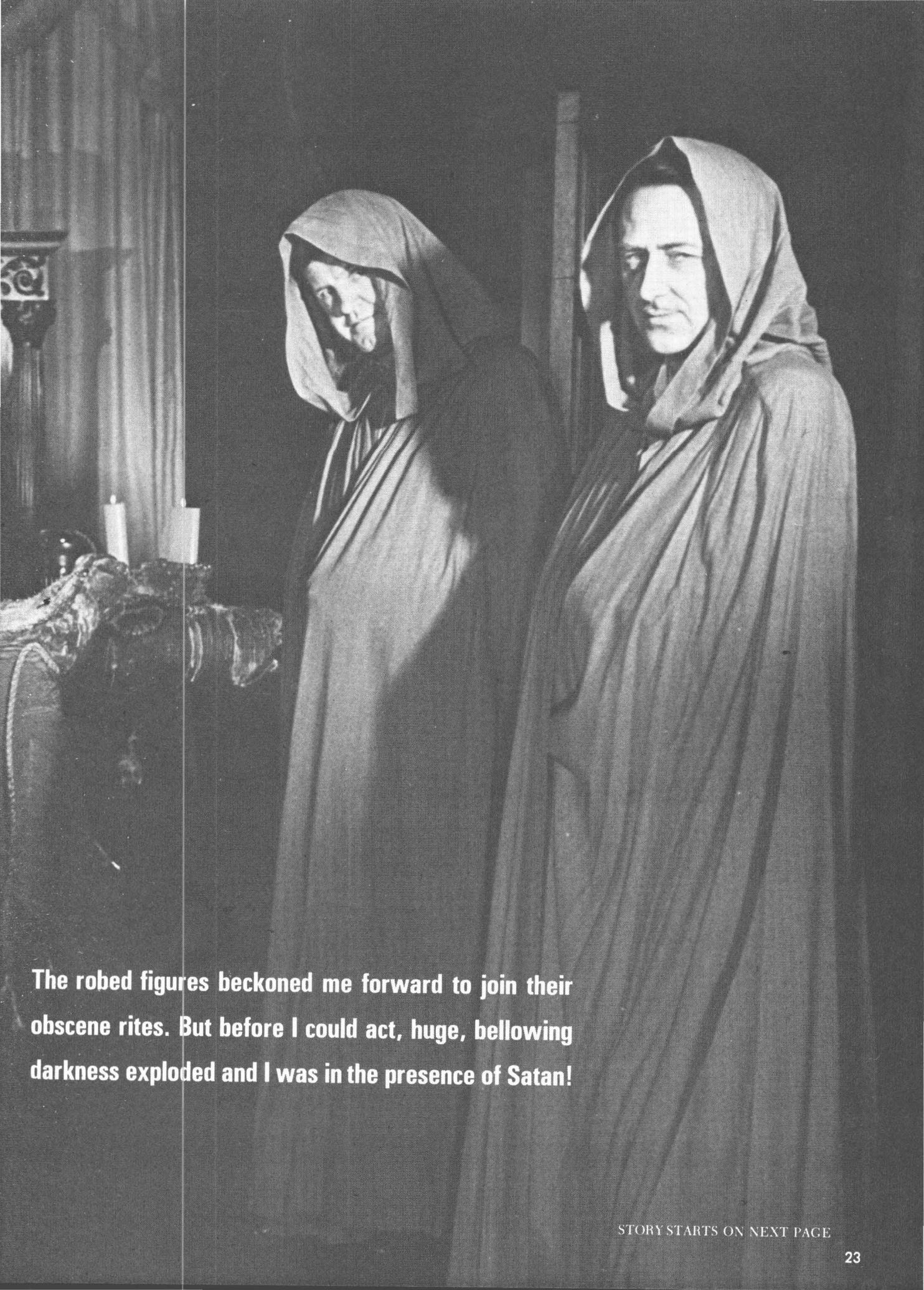
And yet there was still something sick about them. But I shrugged it off. After all, closing the deal like I did would probably mean a big promotion for me. And actually I was glad the old man drove a hard deal because that gave me the chance to show off in front of Agnes. What man wouldn't want to? About 22 and with long chestnut hair with golden highlights, she had a figure most people would stop dead in their tracks to look at. And to top it all off, Agnes was one of the most intelligent girls I had ever met. From the first moment I saw her, I knew that she was somebody special. Agnes was different from the other girls and I liked that. In fact after we finished this Peterson thing and started to head back to the office, I was going to ask her to marry me. We'd slept together a few times and it was wonderful. But I wanted to make this relationship permanent. I didn't know what she'd say—after all, we knew each other only two months—and I was a little nervous. We got into the car. But now sitting next to her and feeling the warmth of her femininity against my thigh as I started the engine, I was determined to put aside all thoughts of business and concentrate on more important matters.

But Agnes wasn't. She seemed upset, almost frightened during the four hours we spend with the two company heads and sat in a brooding silence. Finally she blurted out, "I don't care if those two characters are the heads of the biggest soap company in the world—or even if they invented the stuff. They're unclean. Call it womanish intuition or just plain guessing, but as far as I'm concerned, the less you have to do with them, the better. And did you see how that Peterson junior creep was ogling me? I felt like he had X-ray vision and was watching my

(Continued on page 48)



THE UNHOLY SIX



The robed figures beckoned me forward to join their obscene rites. But before I could act, huge, bellowing darkness exploded and I was in the presence of Satan!

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE

THE UNHOLY SIX

by BILL PRESCOTT

as told to GEORGE SAUNDERS

I STOOD in the shadows, watching, waiting. The very air seemed to quiver as the eerie wail of the sacrificial flute rose in an unholy threnody of unsatiated lust.

Around me the robed figures swayed in time to the obscene tempo of a forgotten god's cry of pain. Only their eyes were visible, glaring in steel-colored hate through the slits of their visors. I could hear their breath hissing with that peculiar combination of passion and hate, and I could see their bodies stiffen as the raw heat of desire flushed through their pounding veins.

In front of me was the altar. Lying there, like an angelic statue, was Linda, my Linda—Linda Atkins—the sad-faced, sweet-voiced girl who had introduced me into this unhallowed shrine of depravity.

She was nude of course, her big, ripe breasts glistening pink and white, the nipples erect and dark where they had been rubbed into excitement by the priestess and her ministering oil. Her belly and her limbs heaved with the suppressed excitement of a nympho gone mad as she waited expectantly for the rites of Satan to begin.

I heard the drum, its insistant pounding like the call of a carrion bird of prey.

And then the high priestess rose from her place beside the master of the revels. She cast aside her robe and posed there, arms held high, breasts thrusting out, and legs spread in an exaggerated attitude of sex gone sick, the thick patch of hair in her middle standing forth like the brush of an offal sated hog.

At a nod from the leader, she strode forth, looking neither to the right nor to the left, coming to a halt before the human altar who lay straddled on the table of ancient oak.

24



The knife gleamed and cast a highlight on the fresh blood that flowed from Linda's wound. The priestess raised the blade again and invoked the Devil.

"Kneel down!" she screamed. "Bow your heads before our master of death! And praise him, praise him with your voices and praise him in your hearts. All praise to Satan. May the evil in him be one with us. And with his evil, let our souls that are sworn to his empire become one with him. Let us worship the pleasures that he has provided for us. Let us give thanks for the power that he has granted us. Let that which is hidden from the world stand forth. Let all secrets be known. Let every man and every woman bare body and mind to the master. In his name can we do what is forbidden. And from his joy, let our most secret wishes be granted. Let our enemies die. Let our foes

suffer. Let our rivals bleed. Let our competitors find sorrow and emptiness. This is your congregation, Oh Satan. Give to each his desire, be it good, be it evil. And let the sacrifice we are about to make be welcome in your eyes. And this unholy kiss I bestow upon the worshipper who serves as your altar, let it be the kiss I will one day bestow upon thee, be thou man, be thou woman or be thou anything betwixt or between."

I turned my head away as her lips came down, brushing, crushing, burying themselves in a perverted caress.

Now the master rose, tall, nude, with only his face covered by the scarf he held around it. He towered

above the two women, his arms stretched forth in a plea for inhuman power. There was a knife in his hand, silver, its handle studded with rubies.

Slowly, deliberately, he brought it down. It touched the skin of Linda. And still it kept going. But Linda never moved. Her eyes showed ecstasy, not pain. And then I saw it, a single drop of blood welling up, like a liquid ruby, matching the color in the jeweled knife in every aspect.

Then the knife moved toward the head of the priestess, still buried in the body of lovely Linda. Lightly the knife flicked. And I could plainly see the single silky hair that had been detached.

The master took the hair and held it on high. Then, with a powerful flick of his arms, he dipped that hair into the blooddrop on Linda's heaving belly.

I gasped. It didn't seem possible. The blood flowed up, clinging to the hair, outlining it in an iridescent glare of color that seemed to spew out a halo that grew and grew and grew.

Then the master seized one of the candles standing by Linda's head and thrust it at the bleeding hair. The sputtering sound was like the crack of thunder. Smoke poured

forth, spreading in enormous clouds, filling the room, filling our lungs, choking us, strangling us, destroying us.

I couldn't breathe. I felt my throat constrict. The lights flickered and died out. And suddenly in that evil darkness, I knew, I knew, I knew that the spirit of evil had arisen. It was here on earth; here in this very room. The Devil was alive and he was coming, coming, coming straight towards me.

The pit loomed open at my feet. I could see the flames leaping and playing in a vast eternity of destruction. Lightly, ever so lightly, a wind, or was it a hand touched my shoulder and pushed. I could feel myself stumble. My balance was going, going, gone—I was falling. There was nothing in this universe or the next to stop me. The pit of Hell was open at my feet, and I was falling straight into the grinning, stretching arms of the great Devil himself

I MET HER on the beach and I think I fell in love with her the moment I spotted her. There was something supremely beautiful about Linda Atkins, something that seemed to radiate a knowledge

beyond the human, and yet, combines with a passive readiness to accept fate, whatever it might be.

What she saw in me, beyond the doglike devotion in my eyes, I don't know. But she must have seen something, because as she strolled past me, she turned, and looked directly at me, she smiled.

I didn't need to be invited twice. We exchanged "Hi's" and within five minutes she was curled up beside me on my beach blanket, exchanging jokes and what I hoped were witty remarks.

I wanted that woman. God! The female smell of her almost drove me wild as she lay there, snuggling like a kitten. Sure she knew she was teasing the Hell out of me. And she reveled in it. She kept flaunting those big, ripe boobies only inches away from my fingertips, fully aware that on a crowded beach I didn't dare reach out and grab and squeeze them.

She looked down at my shorts and laughed aloud as she took in the evidence of how much I yearned for her.

"Mmm. Naughty," she said, but her eyes were twinkling.

"Damn it. What do you expect?" I asked. "A woman like you would drive a saint to perdition just from

(Continued on page 40)



Wanted: Four beautiful girls to pose for sexy session in front of the camera. Only instead of camera and film—there were whips, chains, blood and pain and then a night of horror began without hope of rescue or relief!





by WILLIAM DUNLAPPE

NAKED SLAVES OF THE MASTER OF HELL!

DETEKTIVE Michael T. Charles received the assignment to interview Jean Westlake, 23, a patient at the Decatur Hospital suffering from bruises, multiple lacerations, a fiendish beating and assorted internal injuries. Miss Westlake had been found forty-eight hours previously when police, in answer to a call from a motorist who reported hearing "horrifying screams of pain", raided a house in the mountains about 50 miles from Los Angeles. In addition to Jean Westlake, the bodies of three unidentified girls were found. There was no sign of their attacker.

Taken to Decatur Hospital, Miss Westlake was put under sedation after being given emergency treatment for shock and loss of blood. Now word had been received that she was conscious and ready to answer questions.

The following is taken from the official transcript of that interview as released to the press.

DET. CHARLES: Now Miss Westlake, just take it easy. We don't want to upset you, but it is important to us to get the full story on the record. With your permission, in addition to our stenographer here, we are also going to tape record the conversation. Do you have any objection to that procedure?

JEAN WESTLAKE: No. It's all right. Whatever you do. I want to help. I want to do everything I can to make that bastard pay for what he did

(Continued on page 28)



He struck the quivering girl's naked buttocks, raised his arm and brought it down even harder on the flesh.

to me . . . to us.

DET. CHARLES: You know the man who did it?

JEAN: (nodding) You're damn right I do. Weston. Tom Weston he called himself. He said he was a photographer. I'm glad you've got him.

DET. CHARLES: No, I have to tell you we don't have him. Can you describe him for us?

JEAN: (closing her eyes) About 24 or 25 I'd say. Dark haired, just starting to go bald. Somewhere between 5'10" and 6' tall. I guess you'd have to call him good looking in a peculiar sort of way. He ran an ad—it's under Models Wanted in the Sunday paper. He used his own name. You can find it.

DET. CHARLES: We'll find it.

JEAN: A bunch of us answered the ad. It called for models who had acting ability as well as good looks and good figures. It said figure work, so there was no secret about that. There were about thirty of us who answered the ad. He seemed a nice enough guy, smiling, pleasant.

DET. CHARLES: By "he" I suppose you mean Weston?

JEAN: Yes . . . Anyway, he wound up picking the four of us—told us to come back in the morning and be ready to get to work . . .

DET. CHARLES: The four of you—you mean the three who got killed and yourself?

JEAN: Yes . . .

DET. CHARLES: All right. What happened?

JEAN: Well, well, we showed up at his studio the next morning. He told us we would do most of the day's shooting out in his studio in the Sierra Madre. So we piled in his station wagon and off we went. On the way he told us what the shooting was going to be all about. He said he had been hired by a paperback company that was going to try something new—that they were going to put out a paperback in pictures, a tabloid paperback. That's why it was important to get models who act besides looking good . . .

DET. CHARLES: You believed him?

JEAN: What was there not to believe? It was reasonable.

DET. CHARLES: But he had no

reputation as a photographer. All he had to his credit was a little free lance work here and there.

JEAN: I know, I know. But sometimes you're desperate, you so want to believe, you don't dare to check up . . .

DET. CHARLES: All right. Go on.

JEAN: We were going to do the story of a nut who captures four girls and then proceeds to torture them . . . Well, it was about a half-hour's ride to his cabin in the hills, but it took us more than twice that long. When we got there, he said he had outfitted his basement for our shooting. He led the way down to the cellar. I think it jarred all of us, the sight down there. Stockades, torture racks, whips, handcuffs were all over the room. Ada Thomas—she was the brunette—she said: "Thank God, this guy's only fictional. Imagine meeting a real guy like this." . . . Weston told us to have a cigarette break while he got things ready. He set up his camera, then sat down and went over what seemed to be the manuscript. Finally, he tossed aside the manuscript.

"Okay," he said. "This guy's got all the gals locked up here. One's in the stockade, another in the torture rack, a third in handcuffs attached to the wall, the fourth in leg chains . . ."

"How do you want us dressed" I asked him. "You want us to start straight and then gradually work down. It stands to reason that things are going to get mussed up."

He shook his head. "No." We won't waste time with that. The guys who are going to read this book don't give a damn about logic. They want to look at nudes. Let's get to full figure. Okay, girls, strip."

We didn't complain. That's what we were being paid for. The ad had said it was going to be nudes. So we all got down to the buff. He seemed real professional about it, fiddling with his camera and lights and not paying any attention to us at all. He walked over to the torture instruments, examined the stockade, then called to Bea Sanders. "Let's try these stocks for size."

Bea was the blonde. She stuck her head through the large round hole, then thrust her arms through the two smaller holes.

"You feel all right?" Weston asked.

"Yes," she said.

Weston picked up a key. "Would

you mind if I locked you in?" he asked. "I think it would give a little more truth to the picture."

"Sure," said Bea, "so long as you can unlock me."

Weston bolted the contraption and turned the key. Bea made an effort to move her arms and head. She couldn't budge. "Hey," she called, "it works!"

Weston turned to Agnes Shephard—she was the sweet-faced redhead—"Let's try you out on the rack," he said. The rack was a thing like half a barrel with chains on each side that could be pulled and stretched. He had Agnes stretch out over the rack, secured her arms to the belted chains on top, then he carefully spread-eagled her legs before tying them into the lower locks. He had her showing everything. You know, like those beaver movies they shoot down on the strip.

I was next. He had me hold my arms behind my back while he snapped handcuffs around my wrists. Then he attached a rope to the cuffs and pulled them up a little. It pulled me right over. Even though my feet were free, I was quite helpless. All he had to do was tug slightly and it felt as if my arms were being yanked out of their sockets. "Ouch!" I yelled. "Careful."

"Sorry," he said, but he didn't ease the rope.

Ada Thomas was last. He put her into handcuffs that were bolted to the wall, then lifting up each leg in turn, he tied first one, then the other to leg irons bolted to iron posts in the floor. She was spread-eagled too, wide open so the camera was pointing right up between her legs.

"Okay," said Weston. "We're all set now." He closed the cellar door and bolted it. Then he started peering into his camera.

"Hey," called out Agnes Shepard. "Loosen this thing a little. My back's beginning to hurt."

"Can't," answered Weston. "You look perfect. But I'll take the shots of you first." He still seemed perfectly normal, perfectly natural. For the next couple of minutes he kept his camera trained on Agnes and I could hear him clicking away.

"Please hurry," Agnes said. You could hear the pain in her voice. "It's really hurting."

"Good! Good!" he said casually. He was still matter of fact about it. "It'll make the pictures look a lot more realistic."

Another couple of minutes

passed. Suddenly Agnes cried out. "I can't take any more. It hurts too much. Please let me free."

"Just another minute," he said. "I'm getting wonderful shots."

"To hell with your shots," called Bea Sanders. "Let her free. Can't you see she's in pain."

Agnes began to weep. "Get me out of here. My back is breaking."

We all began to shout at the guy, but he just ignored it.

Then Bea yelled out, "This is crazy. Let us out this minute. We're going. You can find yourself some other models."

Agnes began to scream.

I looked at her, then at the other girls. Suddenly at that moment I knew the truth. I shouted out to the other girls. "This guy's for real. There is no book. He got us here for just what he's doing. He brought us here to torture us."

Ada, even though she was in cuffs, tried to lunge at Weston and Bea screamed, "You son of a bitch. Let me out of here or I swear the minute I get free I'll go straight to the cops and you'll find yourself behind bars for the rest of your life."

Weston walked over to a small table and picked up a pair of brass knuckles that had sharp, metal points on them. He put them on and walked over to Bea. "You know," he remarked, "I never could stand blondes, especially blondes with big mouths." With that he drive his first straight into her stomach.

I could hear her grunt as the blow drove her breath away. But when Weston removed his fist, I could see the five deep cuts welling up with blood. Then Weston hit her again, this time in the face.

Bea screamed in agony. The yells were like knives of fire, because this time, when Weston moved his hand, I saw that her left eye was streaming blood. The bastard had cut the eyeball right open.

Weston ignored Bea's yells. He turned and looked at Ada Thomas, suspended on the wall. He was staring right at her crotch and he wasn't being casual any more. He was getting excited and I could see the growing bulge in his pants. I wondered if he was going to rape her.

But that fiendish S O B didn't go for normal sex.

DET. CHARLES: Normal sex? I don't understand.

JEAN: Rape may be bad, but at least it's the normal way for a fellow to get his jollies with a girl. This guy didn't seem to care about . . . about that.

(Continued on page 38)



THE DEVIL of

When the mist cleared, raw, unvarnished Death stood laughing at them. But Joe and Faye went towards it, no longer in control of their own destiny. And the desire to follow brought them to the brink of howling, stinking Hell—and beyond!

by HOWARD CHERNA

IF JOE SOMERS hadn't got caught in a Georgia speed trap, he might have stayed on the main highway and all of this would never have happened. But the sneak arrest and the subsequent \$50 fine left him fuming. So even his wife didn't protest too much when he suddenly wrenched the wheel over and pulled off on a small, second-grade road.

"God damn it," Joe muttered, "maybe the road is lousy, but at least there won't be any stinking sheriffs lyin' in wait."

But lousy wasn't the word for the highway. Mile by mile it got steadily worse; ruts, potholes, and loose rocks didn't improve Joe's temper in the least.

By the time he pulled into a gas station, about two and a half hours later, he was practically ready to explode. He told the attendant, in no uncertain terms, exactly what he thought of Georgia, the law, the state highway department and the whole South in general.

If Joe was trying to pick a fight, the man at the gas pump wasn't having any. The madder Joe got, the calmer the gas jockey seemed to become.

Finally, in a voice that dripped honey, the attendant remarked, as if to no one in particular, "You know, if some people would start listening instead of bellyachin' they might learn how to avoid trouble. But I guess some folks just find problems to be right up their alley."

"You talking to me, mister?" Joe asked.

"Might be," answered the attendant. "All depends on whether you care to listen."

"OK, OK, I get the point," Joe grumbled. "I suppose I am being stupid about it. What have you got in mind?"

"Well, mister, it all depends on what you like. Take the road you're on, for instance. It ain't good. I'll admit that. But it's safe and it'll get you where you're going—eventually. But, maybe you don't like being safe. Fine with me. In that case, you might pay attention to a turnoff about half a mile south o' here. Can't miss it really. It's a fine, paved, three-lane road. Got a sign on it too. Called Butler Drive. It'll

get you where you're going too—maybe. Sort of depends on you. It's a good road and a smooth road. No traffic—not any at all. Nor sheriffs either, if that's what you're worrying about. You can hit fifty, sixty, seventy—nobody's going to stop you."

"What's the trouble then?" Joe wanted to know.

"Ain't no trouble mister. So long as you keep going. That's the point. Keep going and your fine. Stop! Well that's another story."

"Why should I stop? What's there to stop for?"

The attendant shrugged. "It's getting dark bout now. The Butler Drive runs be Denham swamp. Sometimes the mists get kind of thick long about this hour. Sometimes . . . well sometimes folks stop for . . . for other reasons. You know how it is." He looked at Joe's wife, sitting quietly in the car.

Joe shrugged. "We're married," he explained. "Sure as Hell ain't taking a broad on a thousand mile trip just to park by the side of a swamp. How stupid do you think I am?"

"Wouldn't know," the station man replied. "But I can tell you this. It ain't safe to stop. Things happen in that swamp. I ain't saying no more, but I owe you that much as a fellow human being. Things happen in that swamp and there's been folks who stopped along Butler Drive who ain't been heard from since. I'm not saying what happened and I'm not saying what didn't happen. I'm just giving you fair warning. Now it's up to you to do as your own mind tells you. At least my conscience is clear."

"What do you say?" Joe asked his wife when they had finally pulled out of the service station and were back on the road.

Faye looked at her husband and sighed. "I suppose we might as well take the decent road," she said. "Another couple of hours on this one and you'll have me out of my mind. Besides, frankly, this is a pretty rotten stretch of road."

"OK. That's it. We turn off. Hey, there it is," Joe announced triumphantly, as they rounded a short curve and

DENHAM SWAMP!



Out of nowhere she produced a skull and offered it to Joe. Wordlessly, he accepted the vile present.

saw the sign plainly pointing the way. "And it's shorter, too. See where it says Atlanta 68 miles. It's 80 miles on this busted-up wreck. That does it. Let's go."

Butler Drive was a fine highway. They buzzed along it beautifully. It was straight, wide, well-paved and empty. But then, about two minutes later, the country settled into a dismal, waterlogged monstrosity. Just before the sun finally disappeared, they could see it, apparently stretching for miles in every direction, as the road ran along, raised several feet above it, straight, dark, a bleak white arrow in the midst of nothingness.

It turned cooler almost immediately. And with the drop in temperature, they could feel the dampness settling like an evil cloud. Then the mist came up. At first it was a slow gathering of thin white fluff that left a mark of tiny droplets on the windshield. But then it really settled down, thick, heavy, stifling, a solid, impenetrable blanket that cut off Joe's vision and choked against his lungs.

He cut speed and kept on slowing, finally just creeping along at a snail's pace. After a while, even that became impossible. The lights didn't seem to be having any effect at all. Joe couldn't see more than a foot in front of the car.

And then, the highway that had been running dead straight ever since he'd turned up it, began to make crazy curves, this way and that. Joe knew he'd have to stop. To keep on going, even at 5 miles an hour, was risking trouble. All he needed was to skid into the swamp and they'd really have had it.

Reluctantly he pulled up. "I guess we've had it," he told Faye. "The way I see it, we've got to wait till this damn fog lifts, even if it means sitting here till morning. Damn it, that guy at the gas station wasn't kidding about the fog."

The scream came suddenly. It was shrill, high-pitched, a yell of aching terror, of horror and pain. In spite of himself, Joe jumped in startled shock. He turned to look at Faye.

"What the Hell was that?" he asked.

Faye pressed against him, her face white, her eyes started.

Again that sick and awful howl rang out from deep within the fog.

Faye shuddered. "Joe," she whispered, "let's get out of here."

"Dammit. I can't," he answered. "The fog's so thick now, I can't even see the front of the hood."

"Go ahead anyway. Maybe if you go slow enough, you can do it by feel."

For a third time that mad, terrified, agonized scream rang out, this time even nearer than it had been before.

Even Joe shuddered. "All right," he said. "I'll give it a try." He let go the brakes and inched forward. Almost immediately he could feel the right hand wheel lurch and start to skid and spin. He wrenched over the wheel and gasped in relief as the automobile straightened and the tires took hold on concrete. Then, foot by foot, with the speedometer hardly registering five miles an hour, he moved on. Behind him, the scream came again. But this time it was different. It almost seemed as if it were tinged with laughter.

"The fog's lifting, I think," Joe remarked after about half an hour of crawling along the now twisting and turning highway. I can see a little better. Look, there's the concrete. I can actually follow it for a few yards ahead of the car."

The endlessly slow drive continued. But now Joe was visibly relaxing. For with every hundred yards or so, the air got clearer and clearer. Then suddenly it cleared entirely. Joe put on a spurt. Then he cursed. As he came around a sharp, blind curve, the road came to a sudden, but quite definite end. A wall of solid concrete rose across it.

"What the Hell! This is crazy. This can't be the highway. We must have made a wrong turn back there in the fog." He looked to the side, and noticed the wall turning sharply and running alongside him. "You know, I think we must have turned into a driveway back a ways. It looks to me as if we've pulled into somebody's front yard. Guess we'd better turn around and get out of here."

But as Joe started to back the car, the motor sputtered, coughed and then went dead. And no matter what Joe did, he couldn't get it started again. *(Continued on page 58)*



adventures in WITCHCRAFT

by WHITTIER FOWLES, Ph.D., Sc.D. Doctor of Occult Sciences



Whittier Fowles, Ph.D.; Sc.D

I SUPPOSE like most men who call themselves educated, I came to the study of the occult with an air of vast superiority. Naturally, I didn't believe a word of anything I'd heard, or anything I read. It seemed foolish and "superstitious."

But now, after 20 years of deep and careful study, I admit freely that I've seen too much to scoff. Something exists that's beyond the ability of human beings to know. There isn't any question of that. Nor is there any doubt that somewhere in the vastness of space and time, a spirit of absolute evil is. That's fact.

It's also fact that here and again, some wisp of that spirit strikes mankind, without pity or mercy, without rhyme or reason. Call that spirit anything you wish. It doesn't matter. Among the numberless civilizations of this earth, at least a hundred names have been given to it. Which one is its real name, no mere mortal knows.

The big question is: Are there any human beings, men or women, who are actually in touch with

that spirit of evil, who can direct its power, who can command it, even momentarily, or who can by some superhuman means read its desires and transmit its will?

I don't know. There may well be. I have seen, met, talked with and been given demonstrations by many who claim this power. Many of them, on investigation, have been frauds. But not all of them.

Here and there, people live or have lived whose ability in the transmission of evil has been too consistent to be called coincidence. Mind you, none of them have given that 100% demonstration that could prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the power is theirs. But in at least twenty cases, the power has been used successfully in over 75% of their attempted demonstrations.

On that basis, while it cannot be said to be provable scientific fact, I personally believe that it is possible for human beings to wield occult powers. In short, there ARE witches; there are warlocks. And they can for the most part, do what they say they can do.

I'm not talking about crude magic. I am talking about the ability to invoke the universal spirit of evil and force it to attack those whom they designate as victims, causing them to suffer unbelievable misery, on occasion, even death.

They also have the power to transmit strengths to those whom they name as beneficiaries.

Note that these witches and warlocks can do evil; they cannot do good. They can provide extra power to their followers, provided that power is directed to evil. They can provide nothing directed toward good.

They cannot protect themselves against retribution by their victims;

but they can invoke revenge against those who harm them, revenge that continues even after the death of he or she who placed the curse.

Very few of these witches or warlocks understand the nature of their evil gifts. Some, however, who have analyzed carefully, do agree that this power is related to that most elusive of abstractions, the human soul. They claim the soul exists and it is the soul that is damned, not the body. It is the soul that is controlled, not the body. The greater the number of souls controlled, the greater the power of witch or warlock.

One physician who proved to have amazing witchcraft powers, claimed that this is the reason that sexuality is so potent in the occult. Each individual sperm cell of the male is a potential human being. As such, it owns an unformed, potential soul. Since millions of such sperm cells are released in a single sex act, the number of souls controlled is enormous. Female witches who can indulge in sex with numerous males during an orgy of evil, literally control as many as a hundred million souls.

Blood too, is useful, but to a far more limited degree. It serves as a symbol of life and by its destruction, the power of doom may enter a temple of evil to take possession of the souls being offered. The combination of blood and the human sperm is irresistible, it is claimed.

In future columns, I will discuss other aspects of how the occult truly operates. I will discuss the problem of whether any one of the many types of occult worship is more powerful than others. I will also discuss the use of the female as a receptacle of power in an occult ceremony. (Continued on page 38)

Letters

Dear Sir:

I don't know if this is an occult experience or not. But I believe it is and I'd like you to know about it. First of all I want to say that I do believe in witchcraft. I know it's true for the simple reason that my own wife has the power.

Three years ago when I was in Viet Nam, I was taken a POW. I was held in a cage with six other guys. On the third night in the cage, I had a very vivid dream. (My wife told me later she had the identical dream at the exact time. We worked out the time difference and it was exactly the same time.) I dreamed I saw my wife and she hovered over the cage. When she saw my troubles, she informed me that as soon as I woke up, I could escape and that she'd lead me home again.

Sure enough when I woke up, I saw that the guard had forgotten to lock the cage securely when he put water inside for us. I told the other guys and we immediately made a break.

Viet Cong gunners opened up on us as we ran. Three of the guys were hit and killed on the spot. Two other fellows and me got away. But on the long trek back, one of the other men stepped on a bobby trap and was killed. The other fellow with me got the fever. I got along great. I had no trouble, no fever, nothing. Both of us reached US lines, but my pal died of his fever four days later in the hospital.

I am convinced my wife led me to safety through her powers, but the others being unprotected

couldn't make it. My wife agrees with me. She says she offered a sacrifice for my safety.

Don Hubble

Dear Sir:

Why don't you run stories on some of the greattorturers of history? I think it would be very interesting to find out how people who have made a study of the subject inflict the greatest pain. Everybody has different ideas about what pleasure is, but we all agree that pain is something that all people feel alike. That's what makes everyone brothers, the common feeling of pain. We are born in pain and die in pain. Therefore, living in pain is the biggest and most important thing in the world.

Gil Penney

Dear Sir:

I think this is a very useful magazine. Maybe after reading it, people will begin to realize how much I suffered. I am a 44 year old housewife. Last year I was kidnapped and held prisoner by a gang of cycle hoods who beat me up and raped me. They continued making me do terrible things, perverted and horrible things with all of them for 30 hours, before they finally let me go. People give my sympathy, but they don't really understand what I went through. They can't understand what it was really like. Not even my husband understands. He just got mad because other men had sex with me. If you would like to print my story, I'd be glad to send you all the details, even the ones that are so intimate you might not be able to print them. You can use my name if you like. All the people in town know about it anyway, so I've nothing to hide.

Mrs. Rose Connelley

Dear Sir:

I like stories about Zombies. Also about vampires. I like other kinds of mystery and horror stories too, but those are my favorites. Can you please see to it that you run at least one of each kind of story in each issue? Make sure about that, because these are the stories I like.

Danny Goheen

Dear Sir:

I am a 19-year-old girl who would like to become a witch. I have a very sexy body and I think I could be good at it. Is there any place you know about that gives lessons in witchcraft? Especially in the Los Angeles area. I am willing to pay a reasonable fee in order to get those lessons and will gladly cooperate with anybody who can teach me how it's done. I like your magazine, but I wish you could show pictures of women hurting men, instead of the other way around.

Brenda Chipp

Dear Sir:

These people have only themselves to blame. If they were good, God-fearing people who followed the scriptures, these things wouldn't happen to them. I'm not saying they didn't happen. The Bible mentions witches. But the Bible also tells us the road to salvation and happiness. "Believe in Me," says the Good Book. That is the answer to all problems on earth and in the hereafter. Go to Church every Sunday, of course. But just going isn't enough. If you just sit there, you might as well stay home. Open your heart to the Lord. Pray to Him in His own house. Ask His help and you won't be disappointed.

Edgar Wilcox

THE EDITOR
ADVENTURES IN HORROR
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THE END

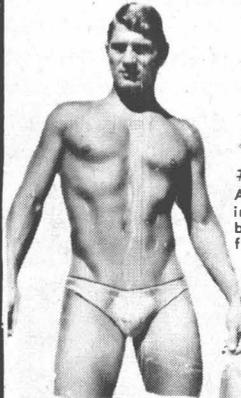
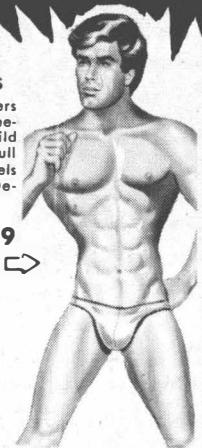
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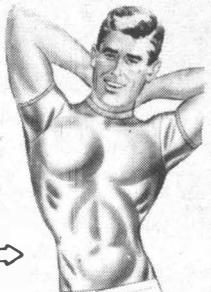
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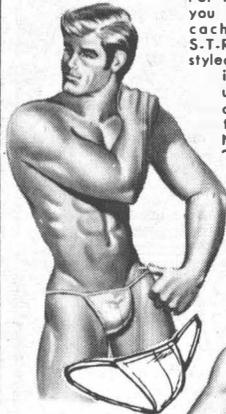


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ADVENTURES IN HORROR

(Continued from page 34)

I am not a member of any single group, though I have friends in most of them and correspondents in almost all of them. But I do believe, completely and absolutely, that regardless of sect, rite, method of worship, or personality of individual leaders, the ultimate power that is invoked is the same in Sumatra as in Haiti; the same in Transylvania as in Spain; the same in the United States as in Russia. In short, evil is power. And evil is universal. Only the human agents, the weakest link in the chain, are different. And that hardly matters at all.

THE END

MASTER OF HELL

(Continued from page 29)

He took a pair of rusty iron pincers and walked over to Ada. He had to pass Agnes Shepard on the rack to reach her. As he walked by, he put his hand on the wheel that turns the stinking contraption and turned it. I could hear the gears click. Agnes turned dead white. I could see her body tense desperately under the strain. She gave an awful yell and began to turn white. She slumped then. I think she fainted.

Weston ignored her and concentrated on Ada. He took those pincers and grabbed a piece of flesh on her inner thigh and pulled. Jesus. I don't want to think about it.

Jean closed her eyes.

It was my turn next, she said when she finally resumed.

He took a big leather whip with him as he came to me. He yanked at the rope that was holding me. It felt as if my arms were being pulled right out of me. I couldn't even scream. It took the breath right out

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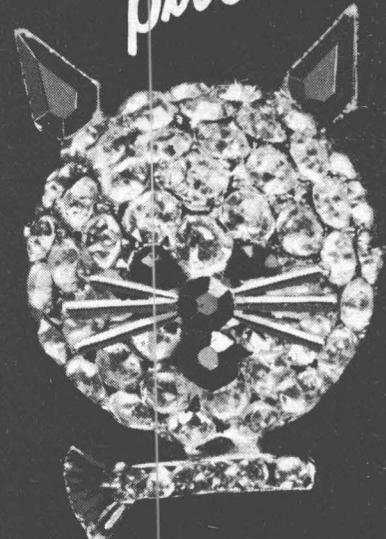
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of my body. I was practically doubled over, my feet feeling desperately for the ground. I knew if my toes stopped touching the floor, both my arms would be pulled out of my shoulders by my own weight.

Then the bastard stood behind me and started beating me on the buttocks. It hurt. Dammit it hurt. It hurt like hell. But even so it was nothing compared to what I was feeling in my shoulders.

Weston walked in front of me. I could see a dark wet stain on the front of his trousers. "Hey," he said, "you're a tough one. You didn't even whimper. I like that."

I couldn't have whimpered if I'd wanted to. I could hardly breathe.

"Tell you what. If I let you down, will you kiss my boots?"

I nodded.

He whipped a knife out of his pocket and cut my ropes. I flopped down on the ground like a dead weight. He kicked me, right in my left breast. "Lick 'em. You heard me, lick my boots."

I bent over, let out my tongue and started to do what he told me.

He laughed. "Dog. Slave. Bootlicker!" He was enjoying himself. Finally he said "Stop."

"I stopped and stayed there, humped over, panting, afraid to move.

Then he kicked me, hard, in the ribs. He kicked me again and again. The last think I remember was seeing the point of his boot coming straight for my face. I thought, Oh God, he's going to kill me. Then I guess I blacked out.

I don't know how long I was out. When I came to, he was gone. Bea, Ada and Agnes were lying beside me, all of us in a row. I could tell that they were all dead. I guess he thought I was dead, too. There was a pool of blood around where my mouth was and there were blood clots in my nose.

That's all I can remember.

DET. CHARLES: Thank you Miss Westlake. You've been most helpful.

JEAN: You're going to get that bastard. You will get him, won't you, officer?

DET. CHARLES: (nodding) We're going to try, Miss Westlake. You can count on that 100%.

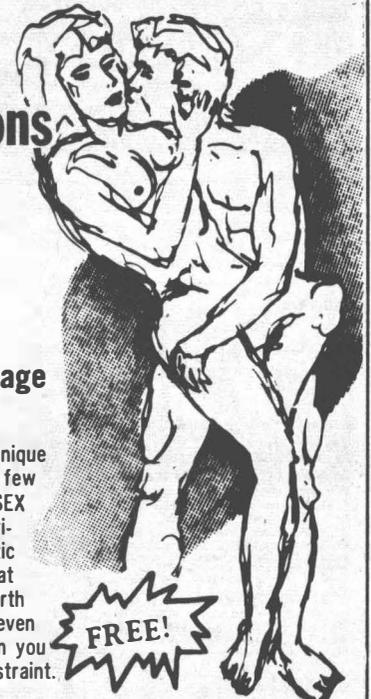
Postscript: Last November 10th, Hiram Finney, alias Tom Weston, was taken into custody. Following a trial for first degree murder, he was convicted on three counts. He was sentenced to the gas chamber on one count of murder and two two life terms for the other two counts. The judge specified that the terms run consecutively.

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Capital punishment has been temporarily suspended pending the result of hearings on various appeals to the US Supreme Court. Currently, Finney, alias Weston, is in prison awaiting the results of those appeals, as well as appeals of his own. At the best, the odds are that he will remain in prison for a long, long time.

THE END

UNHOLY SIX
 (Continued from page 25)

sheer lust. You're a lot of female, Linda."

"That's nice," she purred. "I love to hear you talk that way. Cause that's what I want to be, an irresistible, overpowering femme fatale."

"Well if that's what you want, you've got it," I told her. "At least you've got me all fataled."

"Poor boy," she murmured. Then she laughed, a light, tinkling laugh. "Serve you right if I left you like this, all heated up fit to bust. Bet you'd rape some poor unsuspecting middle-aged virgin before you got home."

I nodded, in mock seriousness. "You're absolutely right. So for the sake of all the unsuspecting virgins, you've got to stick with me."

"Why?" she giggled. "It would probably do them good... just what they always prayed for. They'd love it."

"But you'd love it better, wouldn't you?"

She looked at me. "Oho!" she said. "So the little man is on the make. But all right. I admit it. I'm no angel. And I would love it. So where will it be, your place or mine?"

I thought quickly about my own messy room... and the landlady—"Your's if you don't mind."

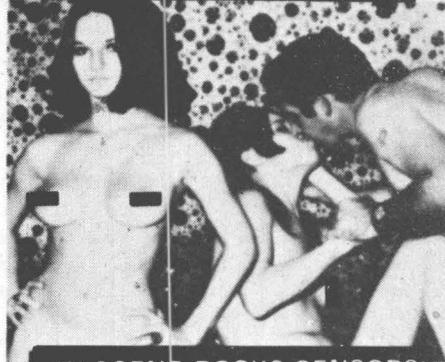
She nodded. "It usually is mine. And of course I don't mind, or I wouldn't have suggested it. Come on, lover. Time's awastin' "

I WAS STARTLED by her room. From the way she behaved on the beach I'd expected something frilly, feminine and lush. But what I saw instead almost stopped me cold. For from the moment I stepped across the threshold I was struck by the stark, almost evilly bare aspect.

The windows—from the street they'd seemed normal enough—were tall, thin, arched and gothic, cutting the light into eerie shadows that flickered across the room like living things. The furniture was ancient and carved,



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with leering, grinning figures sculptured into every part. Above her bed, in colors that gleamed in almost living blood, was a huge, framed tarot, the Hanged Man.

But the bed, was, the most obscene thing I'd ever seen. Pornographic representations, men, women, children, coupled in every attitude that man could ever conceive were carved in the headboard, each figure colored in perfect representation of skin and flesh. It was frightening. They looked alive. And worse, despite their coupled posture of sexual exultation, each and every one of them looked as if he were suffering the agonies of Hell.

I said nothing, of course. Linda was already getting out of her bikini and the sight of her body, arched and taunting drove every thought but one straight out of my mind. I dropped my shorts and strap and advanced towards her. She postured perversely to receive me. We fell upon that bed, gasping, writhing, lost in a primeval passion.

But even as we pounded, joined, the sense of sorrow, pain and suffering impinged on my brain. I swear I heard living moans coming from that bed, as if the couples depicted upon it, doomed to a non-existence, were crying aloud for the pleasures they had once known—for the punishment they were now enduring.

Then it was over. We lay beside each other, naked, satiated, our bodies glistening with sweat.

That's when she turned to me and said, "You're wondering about me, I know. Tell me your secret thoughts and I'll tell you mine."

I tried to laugh, but she placed a finger on my lips to stifle it. "I'm serious," she intoned.

"I don't know what to say," I answered her. "You're a strange girl. And this bed is the strangest thing I've ever seen."

"Strange," she remarked, "yes it is strange. It's unique. There's not another like it in the world. I made it, you know. It's alive."

"You made it?" I stood up and looked at it more critically. "Why it's wonderful. You must be quite an artist."

She shook her head. "Not an artist. I'm a witch. Haven't you guessed that?"

"Oh come on, now. A witch indeed. A bit of a bitch maybe, but hardly a witch. You're much too beautiful."

"Of course I'm beautiful. That's my gift. And you can have your gift too, if you'd like."

"The only gift I want is you," I

told her.

"Thank you," she said, "but you're being very silly. But if that's what you want you can have me. But give me a gift in exchange."

My face hardened. I looked at her coldly. "So that's it. A whore. A great big come on."

She laughed and waved her hand. "It's not what you think. I don't want money or things . . . not anything that you can give me by yourself. What I want is something else. Will you give it to me?"

"What is it?" I wanted to know.

"I won't tell you. Just promise me my heart's desire and I'll be yours. The best, most perfect, most passionate, most compliant mistress in the world."

"And when do you tell me what I have to give?"

"Next week. Friday. At the mass."

"The mass? Are you a . . ."

"The Black Mass," she interrupted. "I told you I was a witch. I want you to come. Just that once. Give me your promise of my gift and after the mass, if you still want me I'll be your slave forever. Just promise me my gift."

I laughed. Then shrugged. "Anything you say. I promise."

"Nema!" she intoned.

"Nema? What's that?" I asked.

She looked at me straight in the eyes. "It's Amen, backwards. It's done, sealed forever now. I'm a witch, remember?"

"You're my witch," I corrected. "My love slave, I think you said. Queen of every pleasure, known and unknown. Give me pleasure woman, pleasures I have never known before."

"I accepted your gift so I'm bound to obey. Till Friday. So just relax. Lie down and let Linda take over."

She was as good as her word. She had a body so supple that she could contort it into postures no ordinary human being would believe possible. And as for morals, no act, normal or perverted was beyond her. And in every movement, twitch, or caress, her warmth seemed to pervade me with a heat and passion I never believed I was capable of.

Unbelievable pleasure, the agony of joy extended to intolerable lengths. God! Even the memory of it makes me forget the horror of the present, makes me forget the price I had to pay.

A perfect body dedicated to lust. That was Linda Atkins. And all of that was mine, all mine, exclusively mine for day after day, until I thought I'd collapse from sheer exhaustion. And still she kept

finding new ways to arouse me, new ways to satisfy me, new ways to entrance me, new ways to put her body at the complete disposal of mine.

FRIDAY CAME. Even without a calendar I could have told that. Linda awoke with a new look in her eyes, a new tone to her skin. She was blazing with excitement and expectation. And the energy that exploded in her was surprising. She couldn't keep still. She spent the day pacing back and forth across the room, as if she planned to wear a rut in the floor.

Then at noon, she left. Just like that, without even bothering to put on a coat over her flimsy dress, she turned toward the door and strode out. But just as she departed, she turned and spoke to me.

"They'll come for you soon. There'll be six of them. You don't have to know them. They'll know you. Do as they command and everything will work out for the best. If things go right for you, I'll see you back here tonight. If not? Well—Goodbye. I won't say good luck. Luck won't help you."

They came at four that afternoon. They marched into Linda's room in single file, their eyes cold and bleak, their faces set in an expression of fanatical determination.

I followed them without fear. I didn't know then what I was getting into. It seemed like a big joke. Black Mass! Who could take that seriously in the twentieth century?

We drove off in a Cadillac limousine. That's ludicrous enough. Imagine heading for a ceremonial of witchcraft in a Cadillac! But they didn't smile. They saw nothing funny or extraordinary in the situation.

It only took about twenty minutes before we pulled up at a large barn just outside of town. But when we got out of the car and walked in through the big, wooden doors, I saw that the entire interior had been reconverted into an elaborate, heavily decorated temple of some sort. There were no chairs or seats or benches of any kind on the floor. But at the back of the temple was a raised dais, along the front of which was a long, low table, obviously an altar, covered with a black, silken cloth decorated with a huge pentagram.

Behind the table, about six feet away, were three large chairs, the center one of which looked like a huge, overstuffed throne. The two smaller chairs were wide, lower, more like benches with arms than

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chairs, each of which was covered with a rich, gold brocade.

We stood there and waited. The six who had brought me remained motionless, as if time had no meaning at all. I fidgeted. Long waits are always difficult. How long we waited I don't know. I was not wearing a watch and there were no clocks in the temple. But it was a long time.

Dusk fell, and finally, two young acolytes, dressed in long, grey hoods came in with candles. Two candelabrum with their burning tapers were placed at each end of the altar. The flickering glow gave an eerie atmosphere to the huge and spacious room. When I turned around again, I noticed that my six companions had donned grey robes and hood themselves, coverings that hid them entirely, except for their eyes. One of them approached me and placed a similar robe over my shoulders. Except that my head and face was left bare.

I heard a drum. I turned to see six persons walking in, formed in a processional. At the front was a drummer and he was followed by two young girls, each blowing on a fife. Behind them two women, both masked, each covered completely by a long, black robe, clasped at the throat by a golden amulet in the shape of a hooded cobra. Last came a man, tall, unmasked. His face was bearded like the devil, his eyes casting sparks of fire. His face ruddy. His expression set.

They marched straight to the dais and mounted it, the musicians squatting at the edges of the platform, the women seating themselves in the two subsidiary benches, the man taking his place on the throne.

The fifes now joined the drummer. And as the wailing cry began, one of the women arose. With a sudden movement, she cast off her robe and mask. It was Linda, and beneath her cape she was absolutely nude.

The other woman joined her, she too removed her robe to reveal her nudity.

Then, from a drawer evidently beneath the altar, the second woman brought forth a bottle of oil and held it up for all to see. Uncapping it, she wet her palms with it and then, slowly, deliberately she began rubbing the oil into Linda's skin.

There was something obscene about her movements, something too loving and tender about the way those hands lingered over Linda's breasts, stroked, caressed, rubbed and massaged her nipples, firmly

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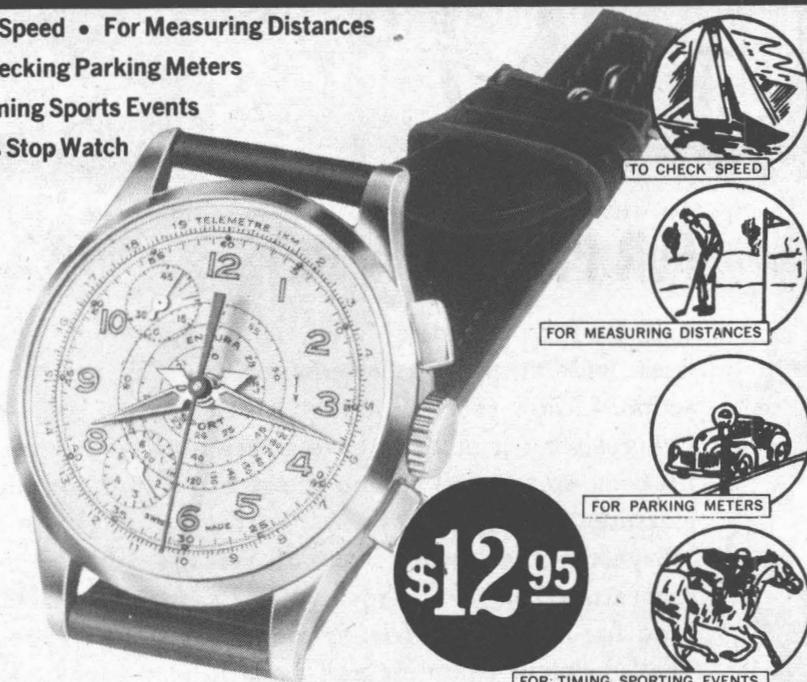
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pressed between her thighs and flickered gently along her buttocks. It was more like some rite of passion. And the way Linda squirmed and wriggled beneath the ministrations of those hands, it was obvious that the girl was revelling in every stroke.

Finally she was finished. Linda's body literally gleamed and glistened, her oiled skin reflecting every flicker from the candles, throwing a gleam of half-light across the room.

And then the real ceremony began as the other woman placed Linda on the altar, raised her arms and began the devil's incantation.

Slowly the recognition came to me that this was real. And then, with the burning of the hair and blood, that mystical unification of priestess and sacrifice, the room plunged into darkness and I felt the devil's hand upon me, his tentacles reaching for my soul. The pit opened beneath my feet and I felt myself falling, falling, into the abyss of Hell.

And as I heard the maniacal laughter from the fiends of evil, suddenly I knew what the gift I had promised Linda actually was. My body! With my soul in the devil's possession, my mortal remains would be shrunken and changed. Like countless others before me, I would be damned for eternity, the shreds of my mortal being translated into one more sick and tortured sculpture on the headboard of Linda's bed. I too would be forced to suffer anguish and unfulfilled desire as I watched helpless while the witch woman lured other innocent souls into giving away their immortality in exchange for the lust that lurked in the shadows of her flesh.

It was that revelation of damnation that caused the cry to rise unbidden to my lips.

"Dear Jesus save me!"
There was a clap of thunder louder than I could bear. My head spun. My eardrums seemed about to split asunder. The blackness in my brain climbed to an unbearable agony. Then there was nothing.

I WAS LYING on the road. My clothing was torn, my face was cut and bleeding. Every muscle in my body felt as if it had been pounded into jelly. I heard a voice.

"Poor sucker. He must have been in one Hell of an accident." I opened my eyes to see a state patrolman looking down at me.

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moment or so. Anything I can do to make you comfortable?"

I shook my head no. "What happened?" he asked, getting out his book.

I wondered. Who'd believe me if I told what happened?

"Auto accident?" he asked.

I nodded. "I was riding in a Cadillac. There were six men. Someone hit me. I don't remember the rest."

"That's OK, pal. You can tell the rest to the detectives. They'll talk to you when you feel better."

I hear the ambulance screaming up the highway. I smiled to myself and sighed. I was alive, and I was whole. Don't ask me how I knew it, but I did; I still owned my soul. What more could any man ask?

THE END

GORY TERROR

(Continued from page 20)

appendectomy scar go up and down as I breathed. It was disgusting!"

"Hey, baby," I said, trying to calm her down, "you're making slurs on my favorite occupation. Besides I'm the only one who's allowed to see it in motion. And if you remember, dearest, I told you to put on your lead long-johns before we got here. OK, look, I promised the boss to bring home some soap samples for his pimply-faced daughter but if it will make you uptight we can go right now. I'll call up Peterson in the morning and he can send us a batch."

"No, that's all right," she smiled, her teeth white against the pure, even tan of her face. "There's no need for you to get into trouble with your boss. In fact the old sour puss might get so mad he'll command you to go out with his daughter—and boy, nothing's worth that risk!"

We both laughed, for it was an old company joke that Bradley was trying to unload his clunky offspring on some poor, unsuspecting employee. Agnes didn't look quite so nervous anymore.

"This place is huge," I remarked. "We've been driving nearly half an hour now and we're still not outside the grounds. Now Peterson said the soap samples are stored in the warehouse next to the West Gate. There's the gate and that mausoleum-reject must be the store house. Wait here and I'll be back in a sec."

I STOPPED the car and climbed out. I walked over to the huge iron

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door and knocked. No answer so I kicked with my foot. Still nothing. Taking a coin from my pocket, I rapped on the window. I cupped a hand over my eyes and leaning forward, peered in. But all I could make out were spider webs with ancient dried-up flies still attached. "Peterson should give this place a bath," I muttered, now slightly annoyed that nobody had come to the door. But just as I said that, I heard rusty hinges shriek, complaining at having to do work. But they obviously weren't put to much use because even at the doorway there were cobwebs and the smell of stale air hit me like a brick.

"I'm here to pick up some samples," I said to the shadow standing just behind the sun-drenched threshold.

"Of course, sir. Please step inside."

I did and the door slammed shut. I wheeled around quickly and almost lost my balance. "My mother used to call me Grace," I quipped to the shadow who now had moved into a patch of dust-covered sunlight coming through the grimy windows.

He was a strange one. About my age, 31, he wore cover-alls—and was barefoot. I started to say something to him. But before I could, hands reached out and grabbed me. In a second I was bound hand and foot and felt a gag being forced into my clenched teeth. There were seven of them altogether. They had been hiding in the murky shadows waiting, watching...

"Don't struggle," a gruff voice commanded me. The owner of the voice was the man who had let me in and was obviously some sort of leader. "Get the girl," he barked and one of his 'lunkies went outside.

He came back holding Agnes in tow. "Dave! What the . . .!" but she got no further than I did as strong hands trussed her up and shoved her beside me on the cold floor. We both struggled, mutely crying for help.

"Keep still," the leader said. "There's no chance of escape so you're just wasting your time. Now all of you," he pointed to the men who leaned forward attentively, "know what to do. We've had enough practice by now." He laughed and his mirthless chortles sent knives of fear down my back. I felt a bead of sweat drip from my armpit and course its way down my side.

"First things first," the head man continued brightly. "Tie the man up with wire." I was seized and felt

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searing pain as strips of thin wire were cut into my flexh. The leader was delighted. "Deeper—until the blood spurts. That's it. Now secure him. My dear, if you will follow me," he snorted at Agnes. But then seeing her condition, he remarked, "Of course, how silly of me." And giggling, he ordered some men to carry her about thirty feet away. They deposited her in a large patch on sunlight.

"That's so you can watch too," he said to me. "Who knows, we may have another one of us on our hands." He turned, but came back to add, "Don't worry. Your turn will come shortly." He then touched my cheek and smiling sweetly, hit me full force with a closed fist.

THE REST of them untied Agnes and secured her to four posts driven deep into the clammy concrete floor. Her arms and legs were spread-eagled and her back arched with pain. But the gag in her mouth prevented any out-cries. First her dress was lovingly slit from her body. Then as two of the torturers lifted her shoulders from the ground, her bra was taken off, exposing the large breasts to the dank air. The same two walked around to her waist and standing on opposite sides of Agnes, picked her up by the small of her back. Someone else reached down and ripped off her garters, stockings and panties. These were thrown in a corner as the fiends lined up in an orderly file in front of Agnes. The one first in line exposed himself and walked toward her. Agnes twisted violently, trying to stop the assault. But one of the men went over and kicked the side of her head. He held her down as the four fiends raped her. Then standing up, he let another hold her as he sought satisfaction.

After this creature had finished, they untied her and led her staggering to another set of posts driven into the wall. Again she was spread-eagled but this time it was in a standing position. Blood began seeping down her legs as she writhed in agony.

But they hadn't forgotten me. I was dragged up into a crouching position and tied to a short stake. But the wire was tightened so I couldn't sit or stand. Most of my clothing was removed with razors and where they snagged in the seams or creases, they were shoved in deeper, taking large patches of flesh along with the material. A kick and then another full in the face with heavy steel-plated boots left

me nearly senseless—but not enough so that I didn't feel every fibre of my body scream with burning pain. My head was buzzing and I could no longer make out anything distinctly. But through my fog I knew it wasn't over yet.

Back to Agnes. A long whip was brought out. One of the men took a few practice passes with it and then stationed himself in front of Agnes. She had fainted from pain and loss of blood but one of the goons threw a bucket of water on her and she awoke to living agony. They each whipped her. Some concentrated on her breasts until they were nothing more than blood-streaked shreds of flesh. Others aimed for the insides of her thighs, gradually traveling higher until they hit their mark. They took their time until it was a bloody pulp.

The gag was ripped out of her mouth. "She's too far gone to make much noise now," one of them cheerfully called out to me.

Again she was tied to the floor and that same orderly line was made. Only now there wasn't much left to rape—but it didn't stop them and they used any means to get gratification.

I looked up to see six men crowding around Agnes. One of them left and returned shortly with a huge sword. The knot of other fiends drew back for the climax. Someone untied her. Thank God she was past understanding. One held her as the leader took the sword from his disciple. He swung it over his head and brought it down squarely on Agnes' abdomen. Dark blood shot up temporarily blinding him. His face was wiped clear and he raised the sword again. Down it came. Not much blood, but the internal organs hung out of the deep cut. A third pass and Agnes' body was lying in two gore-soaked pieces. Her eyes were looking at me calmly and I envied her.

The six came toward me. The leader was still smiling brightly. He grabbed my hair and forced my head backwards until it was touching my back. Then he took the dripping sword and placed it to my lips in an obscene ritual. Raising it, the creature began to shove it down my throat. Agnes' blood and mine combined.

But I had passed out just before the police arrived.

THE HOSPITAL is a quiet place. I've been here for six months and in another half year they'll let

me go home again. Although I don't know to what. I really don't care anymore and can look back on my nightmare and in my mind it reads just like a story. And any moment I'm half expecting Agnes to come walking in through the door, smile and throw her arms around me. But she won't because she's dead.

Destiny's a funny thing. I said that there were six goons right before the sword put Agnes out of her misery. Well, at the beginning there were seven. But after the first gang rape one of the members became a human being again. He sneaked out while the others were busy cutting my clothes off. He ran to a phone but it wasn't working. So then he raced to the Petersons' offices and told Junior what was going on. It was he who called the police.

They were shocked when they rescued me and some of the more inexperienced cops started to retch when they saw and smelled the carnage. The torture gang was rounded up and the leader still had a gentle smile on his face when he said that he never did like the guy who ran for help. And they're all in jail now awaiting various trials and punishments. And I'll be well soon.

I suppose I should thank Peterson for saving my life. But I'm not going to.

THE END

HOWL, WOLF

(Continued from page 16)

some pretzels. Afterwards, he drove her to her room at the Chalmers's house, then took off for his own house, saying he had a lot of work to finish.

At 8:30 that evening, he phoned her, saying he hoped to finish his work soon and asked whether she'd like to drop over to his house. The chances were, he said, that he'd be through with his work by the time she got there and they could go out for a drive.

Peg agreed. Minutes later, she left her house and set off on the not overly long walk to Jack's house. There was a full moon shining.

Reaching Jack's house, she rang the bell. From somewhere inside the house, his voice cried out: "Come in."

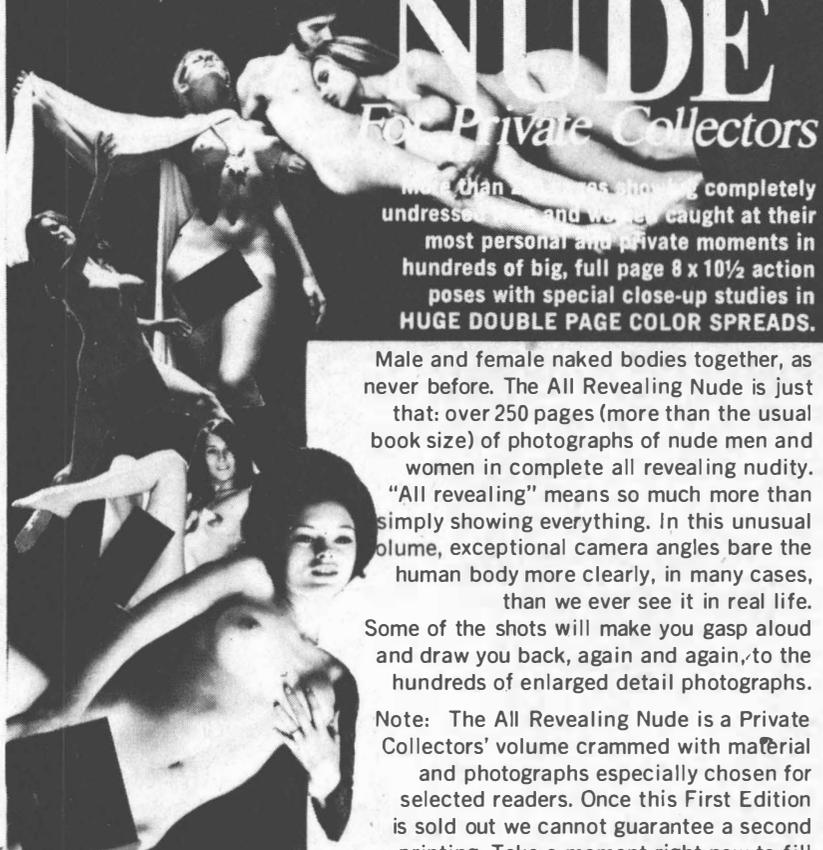
Peg entered. She made her way to the living room, saw that it was empty. "Where are you, Jack?" she called out.

"In my study," he called out. "Just walk down the hall. It's the last room."

She walked to the end of the hall, stopped at a closed door. "Are you

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in here, Jack?" she called.
"Yes," he replied. "Come in."
She went inside. She saw no one. Suddenly, the door behind her slammed. She whirled around. The next second, she almost fainted in shock.

A tall, fearsome creature—was it a man who looked like a wolf or a wolf who looked like a man—grasped her with claw-like hands.

"Don't scream, Peg," said the creature. "It's me. Jack. Jack Krowell. This is what happens to me when the moon is full. You're not in any danger—not as long as you don't cross me. Cross me and you die. The wolf in me comes out and I kill.

Peg couldn't scream if she had tried. To scream, you need a voice. And she was completely without a voice.

"Please, Peg," he said. "Keep calm. I can control this state, but I need calm. If you lose your head the way my wife did, then it's no good. Then I have to kill."

The shock of his confession restored Peg's vocal chords. "You—you did kill her then?"

"Yes. She saw me like this. She was all right until I tried to make love to her. She wouldn't let me. That's when I killed her."

"Where—where did you bury her body?"

"I didn't bury it. I ate it." His yellow, wolf eyes focussed on her face. "Take off your clothes, Peg. I want to make love to you." She looked up at him, her head reeling, her body swaying. "Don't fight me, Peg," he whispered. His claw-hand went to her dress. He ripped it down the middle. Then he pulled it over her shoulders. As the dress fell to the floor, he put his claw-hand around her shoulder, led her to the bedroom. There he stripped her naked, stretched her out on the bed. He stretched out over her. Then his mouth closed over hers. Peg had been able to take everything up to now. But the kiss was too much. The wet, slippery lips, the fur around the mouth—this wasn't a man kissing her; it was an animal—a wolf.

She screamed. With a burst of superhuman strength, she threw his body off hers. She jumped off the bed. Both leaped to their feet. His yellow eyes were wild with lust for killing. His jaws opened and he gave out with a piercing howl.

Peg closed her eyes and prepared for death, wondering what was keeping the wolf from attacking her.

She heard a door slam shut. She opened her eyes. She was alone in

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the room.

She heard a shot. It seemed to come from Jack's study. She ran to the room.

Peg found Jack lying on the floor, a pistol in his hand, a growing blob of blood on his shirt.

Jack, his eyes open, looked up at Peg.

"This was the only way," he told her. "The only solution."

She took his hand, her face full of pity. "A man must take responsibility for his actions," she said. "As a man, you were lovely. As a wolf, you were no more responsible for your actions than any other wolf."

She kept talking, trying to console him. She didn't realize he was already dead. THE END

COLOR OF BLOOD

(Continued from page 8)

black eyes scanned the sky. He drew a deep breath. "In my father's country, when such a moon rides the sky, the people flee to their homes, bolt their doors and windows." He then added, in a low voice, "It is a moon beloved of vampires and werewolves."

Charles laughed nervously. "Not to mention witches and other weirdos floating around." He got and repressed almost as quickly the sudden impulse to run away and leave the heavy, brooding tension behind him. But he had promised Anne that he wouldn't be alone with her. And besides, maybe she'd find Rupert as fascinating as he did.

A cab loomed up in sight and he and Sorrel got in. There was whiff of something unpleasantly rancid in the taxi.

"You know," Charles told the driver, "if somebody gets sick in your cab, the least you could do is clean it up."

"Nobody threw up in this cab, buster," said the insulted driver.

But the ride was a short one and Charles halted the taxi in front of a supermarket about a block away from his apartment. "I have to pick up some stuff for dinner," he said. Then glancing at his watch, he added, "My girl will be coming soon. Tell you what. Let me give you my keys and you go on ahead to the apartment. So if she arrives, you can let her in." Rupert agreed and Charles went on to the store.

RUPERT Sorrel walked up the stairs to the flat, and smiling secretly, turned the lock and went inside. He took off his coat and

waited. And like a well-rehearsed drama, the doorbell rang.

Anne Faraday had come.

Rupert opened the door to admit her. They nodded to each other. He stood there waiting but whatever he was expecting from Anne never came. She crossed the room and stood in the shadows.

"Rupert," she began quietly, "I have never failed you before. Always in the past I've helped you gain converts. But now it's different. You see, I've fallen in love."

But before Sorrel could make a retort, the doorbell rang again. This time it was Charles. Entering, his arms full of groceries, Charles remarked, "I take it the two of you have introduced yourselves." Rupert and Anne nodded. "It won't take me long to get dinner ready." And Charles disappeared into the kitchen.

Rupert looked searchingly at Anne. "You're going to marry him?" he asked.

"If he'll ask me, yes."

"I forbid it," he said quietly.

She stared at him. "You have no real power over me and my will is as strong as yours. I've changed my mind—I want to be mortal, not one of you!" She spat out the last words and the faraway look in her eyes vanished for a moment.

Charles returned to the living room. He placed a large wooden salad bowl on the table, with an equally huge wooden spoon and fork. "I'll join you two in a couple of minutes," he said.

"You'll join us now," declared Rupert, his voice curtly commanding.

Charles' head swung around toward Sorrel. He was taken back by the authoritative tone of his guest.

Rupert, his dark eyes fixed unwaveringly on Charles, asked, "Has Anne ever told you about the other man in her life?" Charles' eyes went quickly to the girl, then back to Rupert. Sorrel continued. "There was such a man, you know." He paused, then added, enunciating each syllable, "It was I."

Charles started to say something but Anne cut him off. "It's true what he says but Charles, dear, I don't want to go back to him. But you're quite wrong about one thing," this directed toward Rupert, who seemed to have grown taller in height, "you're not a man—you're an infernal monster and I want nothing to do with your perversions!"

Rupert looked at her, a tight-

lipped half smile on his face. "Do you honestly think you have a choice?" he asked sarcastically.

Charles stepped into the private drama and demanded, "Look, it all depends on Anne who she wants."

Rupert turned wearily to Charles. "No, it doesn't depend on her any more than it depends on you." He gestured with his thumb to his chest. "It depends on me."

"Not any more it doesn't!" Anne had now completely lost her dream-like quality and became fully alive. "I've helped you ruin men's souls long enough. Love is stronger than you are and together Charles and I will destroy you!"

Sorrel turned his back on her and said slowly, delighting in each syllable, "Charles, you are to give her up to me. Do you understand?"

But Charles had gained courage from Anne and he was proud of the angry flush he felt spreading across his cheeks. He burst out, "Just who and what do you think you are to go around giving me orders!"

RUPERT maintained silence for a moment, then said, "You want me to show you who and what I am?" He directed his eyes toward Anne. "You, my dear, already know." A momentary pause, then: "Very well. I shall provide you with the necessary demonstration. It's a simple matter really. In fact, all I have to do is smile. Watch."

He drew back his lips in a grimace. Where the canine teeth should have been were two enormous white fangs. The razor-sharp tusks gleamed and dripped venomously. His black eyes expanded until they were like glowing, white-hot coals.

Anne screamed and there was a heart-stopping flurry of movement as Rupert flung himself at Charles. He hurled his host against the couch, pulled him away from it, and tearing off his shirt, threw him to the floor. He leaped astride the fallen man, pinning him securely to the rug. Then, jaws dripping, he lunged at Charles' throat. His enormous incisors pierced, sank deep into the soft flesh of the neck. Blood spurted from the punctured skin. Rupert's tongue, long and wine-colored, began to lap and suck up the bubbling red blood. Charles writhed in delicious agony until blackness enveloped his mind.

"I haven't killed him—yet," Rupert told Anne. "There's plenty of time for that. But now it's your turn." He advanced slowly, enjoying the terror that spread rapidly over Anne's perfect face.

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"I'll make you into one of us—tonight!"

He clutched the girl by the shoulders, pulling her towards him. Anne put up a feeble resistance but Sorrel's mouth swooped down toward her neck. Once again she experienced the tingling pain that sent her into ecstasy. Again, the hideous lapping sound as he sucked up the girl's rich, warm life fluid. He held her tightly until all resistance was drained from the slender, delicate body.

Then he released her and stepped back. She looked at him with unseeing eyes.

"I command you to love me."
 The girl's eyes remained sightless as she replied, "I will resist you. My love is stronger than your hate." She said each word slowly, as if repeating a long-forgotten lesson suddenly remembered.

Rupert screamed with rage. His arms swept around Anne. His lips, cold with the chill of the tomb, mashed down on her mouth. He hoisted her up into the air and carried her into the bedroom. There, he seized her dress and tore it off. Her bra was next and his frozen fingers touched the hardness of her nipples. And then her panties. He gazed for a second at the warm object of his desires and then ripped off his own clothing.

In a moment he mounted her and joined his icy limbs to her life-scented body.

HIGH IN the heavens the blood-red moon, now grown somewhat paler through the passage of night, continued to be a silent witness in the final degradation of a human soul. Clouds appeared, causing strange shadows and abrupt changes in the moonlight streaming through the windows on to Charles.

He stirred, then fell back to death-sleep as the moon once again uncovered itself. Another cloud and Charles could move. It was agony even to open his eyes. The luminary light was hidden now under a blanket of grey mist. Charles moved first one leg and then the other. Slowly and with his body on fire from the pain that seeped downward like a river from the two gashes in his neck, he stood up. Grasping the dining room table for support, he walked.

The table was still set for dinner, everything in place for a time that would now never come. Charles was in a daze, all things in sight changed from dark to light and back again. But he knew what had to be done.

Grasping the huge wooden fork from the salad bowl, he approached the bedroom. Not daring to breathe, he opened the door and with agonizing slowness made his way to the bed.

Swaying slightly over the prone, thrusting figure of the man-monster, Charles raised high the wooden fork. Then with all his might, he drove it deep into Sorrel's back.

The vampire gave a great convulsive shudder. Springing to his feet, he turned to confront his tormentor. But in an instant, dark crimson streams of blood pulsated violently from his mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, his ears. He tried to speak but the pain was too great. Then he began to quiver and before Charles, who was too drained of emotion to care anymore, Rupert melted into an evil-smelling black mass.

Then the disgusting liquid evaporated into a cloud and the stench filled the room.

In a moment it disappeared. Charles was vaguely conscious of a great calmness settling in his mind as if all his life's petty problems had suddenly vanished. Slowly all past and future merged into present as he regained control of his being: Charles heard Anne stirring in the bed and went to open a window to let in the cool night air.

THE END

DENHAM SWAMP

(Continued from page 33)

"Can't be the gas," he remarked to his wife. "We just filled up, remember?"

Joe got out, opened up the hood and started looking at the engine. But for the life of him, he couldn't see a thing. And no matter what he did, or how he fiddled, it had no effect. The motor was dead and that was that.

"Can I help you?"
 Joe jumped a foot at the unexpected question, banged his head against the open hood, yelped, then tried to straighten out.

"Can I help you?" The voice repeated the question in a dead calm voice as if the words had never been spoken before.

Joe swung around to face a middle-aged gentleman. "Where did you come from?" he asked, then realizing his rudeness amended his question. "I'm sorry. It's none of my business really. Yes sir. You sure can help. My car's stalled."

The man nodded. Joe noticed that he was dressed completely in old-fashioned formal evening wear.

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"It will be taken care of," the gentleman answered. Then pointing to Faye, he added, "Would you and your charming wife care to join me while my people fix your car? I assure you I'd be honored."

Joe looked at Faye, who nodded with obvious relief. "Sure," he answered, "why not. Sorry if I spoiled your bedtime. Just got back from a party, I see."

"On the contrary," the answer came. "I'm just going to a party. But don't let that worry you. There's still time, plenty of time. I won't be late." He turned and started back towards the wall. Joe now noticed a small gate about twenty yards away.

As Joe and Faye approached the gate, it opened automatically. They walked through and it swung silently closed behind them. Joe could hear the sharp click of the latch as it fell into place.

A woman, seated on a small garden bench rose to greet them as they entered. She looked at the man, Joe guessed he was her husband, and said, "Ah good, my dear, I see you've brought them. Excellent. Excellent." She turned to Joe and Faye. "We've been expecting you, you know. Delighted that you can make our small party."

Joe and Faye looked at each other. "Expecting us?" Faye asked aloud. "I don't understand."

"No need that you should," the woman said agreeably. "But if you'll just come this way, I'm certain you'll find everything entirely satisfactory."

There didn't seem to be anything else to do. Held in a trance, the two followed their host and hostess through the neatly clipped hedges into a large, open garden.

"This is fine," the woman told Joe and Faye, as she stopped and clapped her hands.

SHADOWS seemed to spring up out of the ground in answer to the woman's hand signal. Dark fingers of nothingness wrapped themselves around Joe and Faye, but for all the weightless emptiness of the shadows, it was like a dozen bands of steel grasping them, holding them motionless, helpless.

Then, relentlessly, Joe felt himself being dragged forward. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Faye, staggering along beside him. Out of the inky blackness, he suddenly saw two huge stakes, planted in the ground, their twisted shapes writhing upward and disappearing into the eternal

darkness of the night.

The woman pointed, and Joe felt himself being irresistably propelled toward one of the stakes. He tried to resist, but it was as if the black tentacles were draining every ounce of strength from his body. He couldn't seem to move a muscle. Even his feet felt like lead as they dragged across the ground in answer to the relentless pull. He felt the stake press into his back. And then from nowhere, a rope appeared and of its own volition, started wrapping itself around his body, holding him tighter and tighter, pressing against his belly and his chest. Unbelievably he could see the knots form in the rope. And then, as the tentacles of night let go of him, and the strength surged back into his body, he knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that he and Faye were the sacrifices for some obscene rite of Hell.

The woman's laugh tinkled out as she spoke to her husband, their captor and erstwhile host. "Very good, my dear. But don't you think we ought to strip them before the party begins? It'll be much more comfy."

Joe watched as the man in evening dress approached him. Joe could see the flash of steel in his hand and then stood there hopelessly as a tiny blade slid silently along his side, first on the right, then on the left. The man's hand reached out and tugged. Joe's clothes seemed to float in space for an instant, then lay in a fluttering pile on the ground.

The man strolled silently over to Faye. Again the soft flicking movements of his hand; the slow, light tug on the cloth. Faye's clothing slipped into the air, floated on an invisible breeze, then came to rest on top of Joe's, forming a dark, small pile on the green-black garden ground.

The man in evening dress stared at Faye, his eyes flicking back and forth across her body, drinking in her breasts, her hips, her legs, and the dark triangle of lust at the base of her belly. "Beautiful! Beautiful!" he whispered. "This one I have to have."

"Patience, my dear," the woman replied. "You shall have her, in time. Just as I will have this man. Doesn't he look positively delicious. But you know the law. Everything in its own time. A time for love and a time for hate; a time for living and a time for dying; a time for eating and a time for drinking; . . . a time for God and a time for Satan; a time for blessing and a time for damning; a time for peace and a

time for pain. But this is our time for redemption. Through their pain will come our relief. Through their suffering will come our joy. Through their death will come our life. Patience, my dear, patience. Her body will be yours when we have given her soul to our master."

The man bowed his head. "As always, my dear, you are right. Very well then, summon up our friends. Let the rites begin."

For the third time, the woman laughed. But this time her laugh roared out like the cry of a hungry demon, its ululating wail rising up and filling the universe with its sound. What began as a laugh, became a scream, a howl of mockery, a summons to all the fiends of perdition.

Around Joe and Faye, the shadows flickered back, first one by one, then in twos, in threes and finally, they seemed to spring out of the ground in numberless wafts of terror, leaping, dancing, tossing, waving, bowing, weaving to and fro along every inch of space. And like a wave of horror they ringed the two helpless captives, blotting out the moon; darkening the sky, until nothing was left but the cold, total blackness of eternal suffering.

Then Joe felt it, the slow, relentless sting that bore into his groin. The pressure was removed and as he looked down, he saw the first trickle of blood. Another sting, and still another, all concentrated in the same general area. The blackness lifted momentarily and Joe could see the circle of red surrounding the roots of his manhood, and the gathering driplets of blood that slowly, slowly, ever so slowly gathered into a larger bubble of red and started sliding down.

Then, out of the mists of darkness, she came, her face now white as the whitest chalk, her lips redder than his blood; her eyes empty, mindless, wild and weird. She bend down. Joe watched in horror as her mouth fastened on the drop of his own life's blood. He heard her inhale. The blood seemed to catch fire as it left downward toward her cruel and waiting lips.

And then Joe felt it, the flame of Hell itself, coming from her breath, her mouth, her tongue. It touched his flesh and flowed through the pinpricks in his skin, into his veins, his arteries, his heart. The pain, the awful unbearable pain wracked through him. It was like nothing he had ever known or felt. It was such a pain as couldn't even have existed in his most awful nightmare. It tore him, every nerve, every cell.

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He screamed. The sound, the yell, the cry came not just from his mouth, but from the innermost depths of his soul.

The woman pulled back her head and smiled up at him. Even through the pain, he shuddered. Never had he seen such a look of maniacal fury, delight, satisfaction.

From beside him, through his torment came an answering scream. He didn't have to be told that it was from Faye. Through his reddened, half-blinded eyes, he tried to turn towards her, to share her agony. But the sight that met his eyes was too much to bear.

From two tiny holes the blood was spurting from her breasts, shooting up like fountains toward the sky. And above her, the shadows had gathered. The blood went up, but there it disappeared, every drop being sucked in by the hell fiends of torture.

The agony got worse. Joe could feel the woman's teeth, cutting, tearing, worrying at his body like a dog with a bone. He could feel his heart pumping faster, and he was conscious through the overpowering torment that his own life's blood was flowing faster now.

Then suddenly the fire came. It started without rhyme or reason. A tiny flame sucking at the pile of clothing on the ground. And then it grew higher and higher. A finger of flame licked out and touched him. He sighed as the warmth seemed to soothe his pain. And as if in answer to his plea, his silent prayer, the flames took hold. He watched them, as if in another world, envelop his body.

The pain vanished. He felt only peace. Within the fire he could see her face, the face of his tormentress. She was grinning evilly, and yet—and yet there was something overpowering about that grin. It drove him wild with desire. It was impossible, but true.

He could feel himself responding. He could feel his manhood come alive. He gave a mighty strain against his bonds. Like a miracle, he was free. He could walk. He could move. He saw her, in the flames, beckoning to him. He saw the fire consume her clothing. She was naked now, naked, lewd, obscene, but more desirable than any woman he had ever seen before on earth. The vision of Faye faded from his mind.

Joe moved into the heart of the flames. There was a roaring sound in his ears, a mighty wave of redness crossed his eyes. He was conscious that everything, his body, his heart, his soul, the garden itself was on

fire. But he no longer cared. Only SHE counted.

He reached her. He seized her. She opened her arms and gathered him in.

And then, as Joe sank down on the soft flesh of the woman, he suddenly knew. It was over now. Over for Faye and for him. His body and hers were gone, consumed in the flames of Hell. Only his soul remained.

His last conscious thought, before the blackness settled over him forever were the words of the woman.

"Welcome Joe. Welcome. Welcome to everlasting damnation."

THE END

SPELL OF THE WITCH

(Continued from page 12)

crept into his voice.

"I don't know whether I have a right to," Professor Macready answered quietly.

"Can you put her back under it if you have to?" asked Elizabeth in a strained voice.

"Yes," said Macready.

"Then what are we waiting for?" remarked Halloran. "I think we owe it to science to see this right through to the end."

Professor Macready hesitated, then nodded. "All right." He bent over the girl lying in the coffin and said in a low, sing-song voice: "Awaken thee, o cursed offspring of Satan; awaken thee, vile daughter of Cain; awaken; there are questions to be asked of thee."

The body in the coffin stirred. The eyes perceptibly fluttered. The chest rose, heaved.

SUDDENLY, the girl's eyes opened. She stared up at Professor Macready. Her eyes swung around to encompass the others. Then her eyes turned back to Macready. "Who are you?" she asked. "You are not the prosecutor." She raised herself on her elbows. Looking about her, suddenly she sat up. A second later she stood in the coffin. She again addressed the Professor: "Who are you?"

"I am a professor."

"A professor? What mean you by this?"

"It means a man of learning. Learning in a specific field. I'm a specialist in all aspects of religion." He paused, then added carefully, "Including witchcraft, sorcery. . ."

"'Tis a lie," the girl said in one breath. "I be no witch. I know naught of witchcraft."



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Macready held up his hand. He smiled at the girl. "We have nothing to do with your trial. That was held many, many years ago. This is an altogether different era. This is the year 1970."

The girl's eyes opened wide. "1970? Surely you must be joking."

"No," said Macready gently. "You've been lying in a spell all these years."

The girl looked at the others. "Who are these people?" she asked.

"They are my colleagues."

"May I step out of the coffin?"

"Yes, but I must warn you—I know how to put you back under your spell. So behave yourself."

"I always behave myself," she replied. "There are people who do lie about me—who be jealous of my prettiness." Her eyes suddenly focussed on Haryy Horn. "Hello," she said.

"Hi," smiled Harry.

"Believe you that I be a witch?" she asked him, a roguish, flirtatious look in her eye.

"Are you?" asked Harry.

"Certainly not," she answered sharply. "Look I like a witch?" She stepped out of the coffin. She kept her eyes fixed on Haryy. "You are young like me. You understand me. The others cannot for they are too old." She smiled at the youth. "You would not put me back under a spell, would you?"

"I don't know how," admitted Harry truthfully. "Only Professor Macready knows the words for that."

The girl's eyes danced to Macready, then skipped away. "What are they going to do with me?" she asked, addressing the question to Harry.

"I don't know," said Harry. He turned to glance wonderingly at the Professor. "Well?"

Macready shook his head. "I really don't know either. I certainly never expected this to happen."

Elizabeth Zellman, who was amazingly calm for a woman, said matter-of-factly: "We must have the girl examined by scientists. I'm sure there is a way of testing the age of her skin and organs. This very well be one of the most fantastic moments in scientific history as you said back at the University, Professor."

They took the girl to the car with them. They rode in silence to the cottage they had rented as a base of operations for their investigation.

day's events and after locking the girl up in a bedroom, agreed to turn in early.

Harry Horn went to the room assigned to him, took off his shoes and stretched out on the bed. His eyes closed at once.

He began to dream. In his mind's eye he saw the girl come up to his bed and stretch out beside him. She leaned over to kiss him and her lips were as cool and refreshing as a brook.

"Professor Macready does not trust me," the dream-girl said. "Sooner or later he is going to put me back under my spell. Please do not let him."

"What can I do to stop him?" Harry found himself asking the vision.

"He is the only one who knows the words to put me back under the curse. If he be out of the way, I am free. Here. Take of this knife and go to kill him."

She held out a long knife. Harry pushed it away. She laughed softly and it sounded like a distant crystal bell. "Silly. You know this is but a dream. Nothing you see before you is real. Now take of the knife—you know 'tis not a real one."

"All right," said Harry. "In that case, all right."

He took the knife.

"Now go and kill him," she murmured. "He is at his desk in his room." She laughed again. "Silly. In reality you'll not be killing him. Remember 'tis all a dream and anything done happens only in the mind. Now do what I say. Go unto the Professor and thrust your knife into his flesh."

"I'll do it," he heard himself answer. "But remember this is just a dream. It's not actually happening."

"Of course not," she smiled, her teeth glowing in the moonlight. "'Tis but a game." Then she added coyly: "After you do away with him, come back and we shall make love together."

"I'll be back in a minute," he said.

He went to the Professor's room. The Professor was at his desk. Harry plunged his knife twice into Macready's back.

The dream suddenly became too painful. Harry opened his eyes.

He screamed. Professor Macready lay on the floor, blood pouring from the knife wounds in his back. The knife was in Harry's hands.

Harry ran back to his room screaming, "Witch! You tricked me! Witch! Witch!"

But the girl was gone.

BY THE TIME they arrived at the small house it was already dark. Everyone was exhausted from the

day's events and after locking the girl up in a bedroom, agreed to turn in early.

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