

IND.

AMAZING ADVENTURES

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

1
JUNE



LOOK AT
THIS PRINT!!
IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
NOTHING
CAN BE SO
HUGE!!

TORR
CAN!

QUIET!!
TORR MIGHT
BE
ANYWHERE!

JOIN US IN
THE SEARCH
FOR
TORR!

TORR

PART

1

HE'S
TRAPPED
US IN HERE!
WE DON'T
HAVE A
CHANCE!

HE'S COMING
CLOSER--
CLOSER!

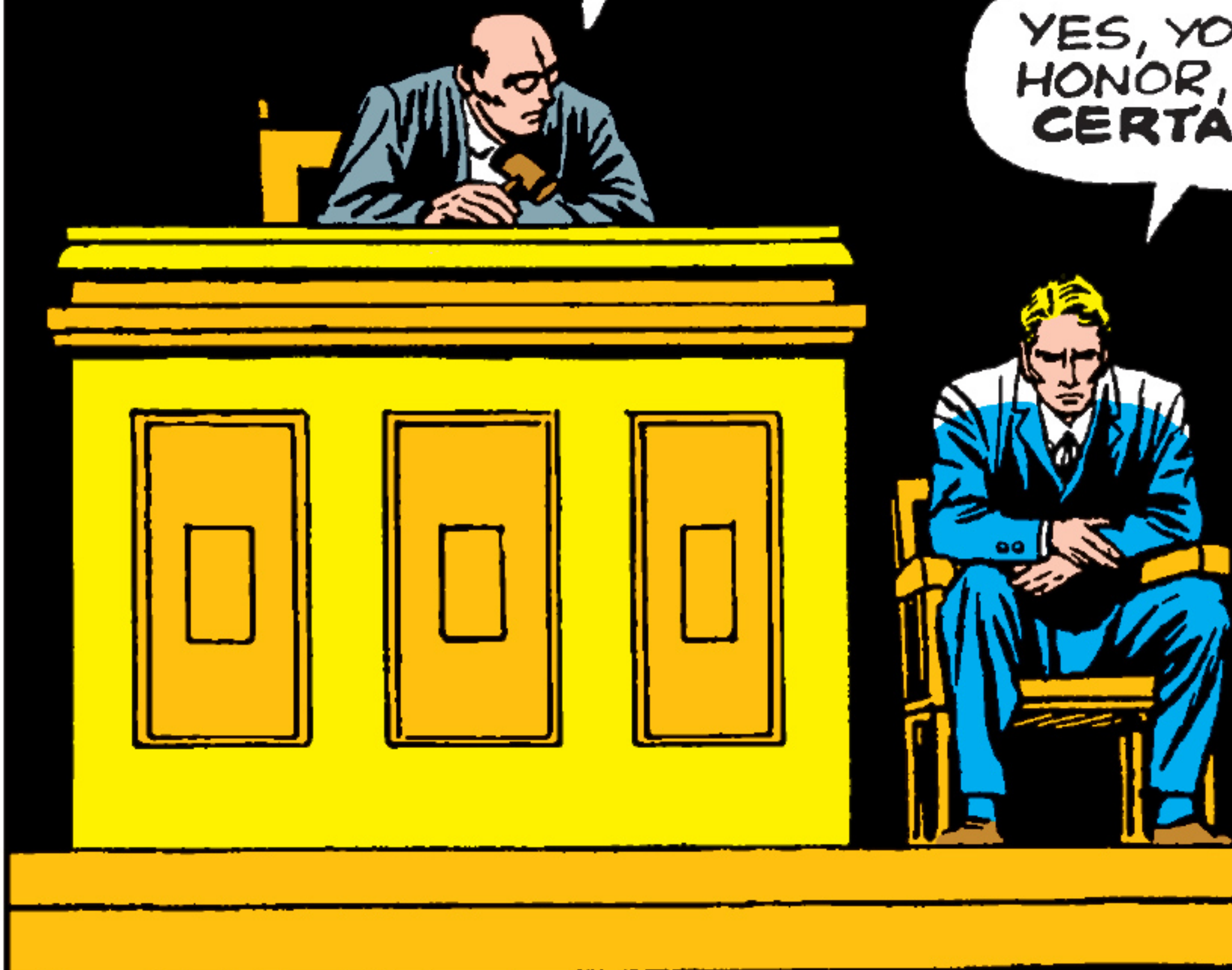
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KIRBY
AYERS
V-165

MY FIRST TIME IN A COURTROOM WAS THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE... FOR I WAS THE DEFENDANT, AND THE CHARGE WAS... **MURDER!**

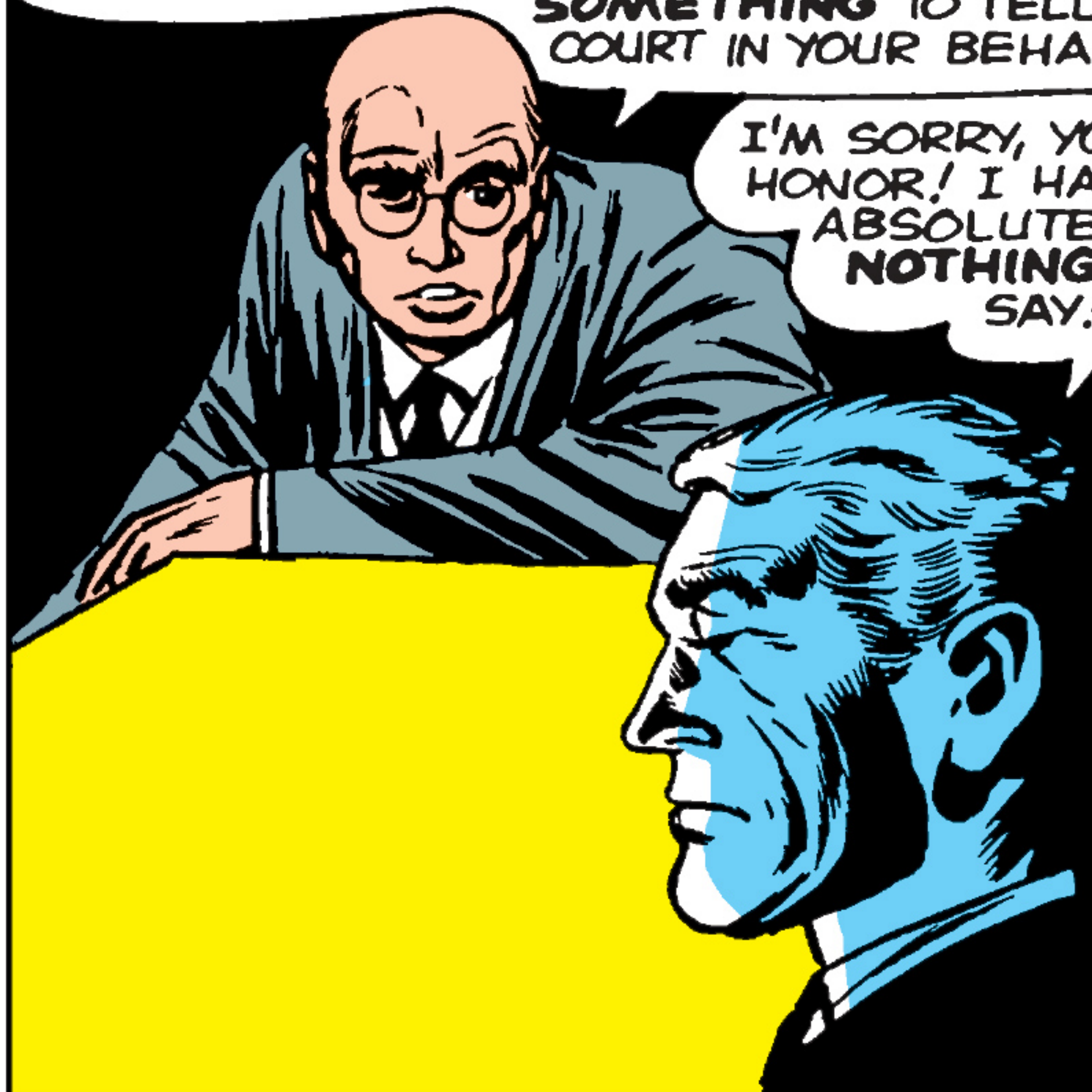
PAUL RAMSAY, ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY IN YOUR OWN DEFENSE?

YES, YOUR HONOR, I'M CERTAIN!



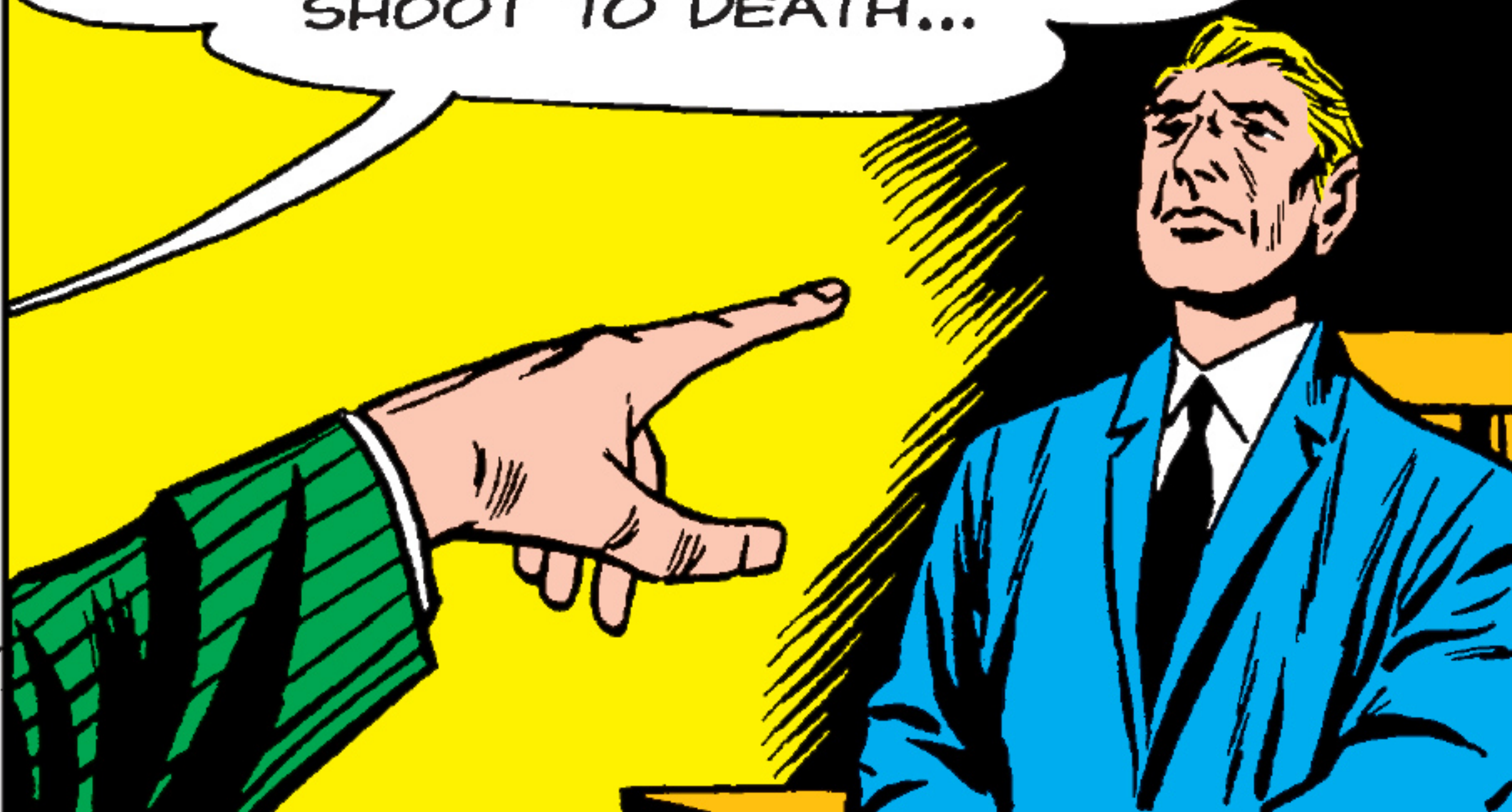
MISTER RAMSAY, I **BEG** YOU TO RECONSIDER! YOU'RE ON TRIAL FOR THE WANTON SLAYING OF YOUR FRIEND AND ASSOCIATE, JOHN CARTER! SURELY YOU MUST HAVE **SOMETHING** TO TELL THE COURT IN YOUR BEHALF!

I'M SORRY, YOUR HONOR! I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO SAY!



AND, WITH THAT REFUSAL I SEALED MY FATE! FOR NOW THERE WAS NO OPPOSITION TO THE ICE-COLD, PIERCING WORDS OF THE PROSECUTOR AS HE STROVE TO SEND ME TO MY DOOM!

...AND I WILL PROVE THAT THE DEFENDANT DID WILFULLY, AND WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT, DRAW A LOADED REVOLVER AND SHOOT TO DEATH...



WORDS, WORDS... HOW EASILY THEY COULD DESTROY A MAN! BUT THERE WERE **OTHER** WORDS... WORDS THAT COULD **SAVE** A MAN!



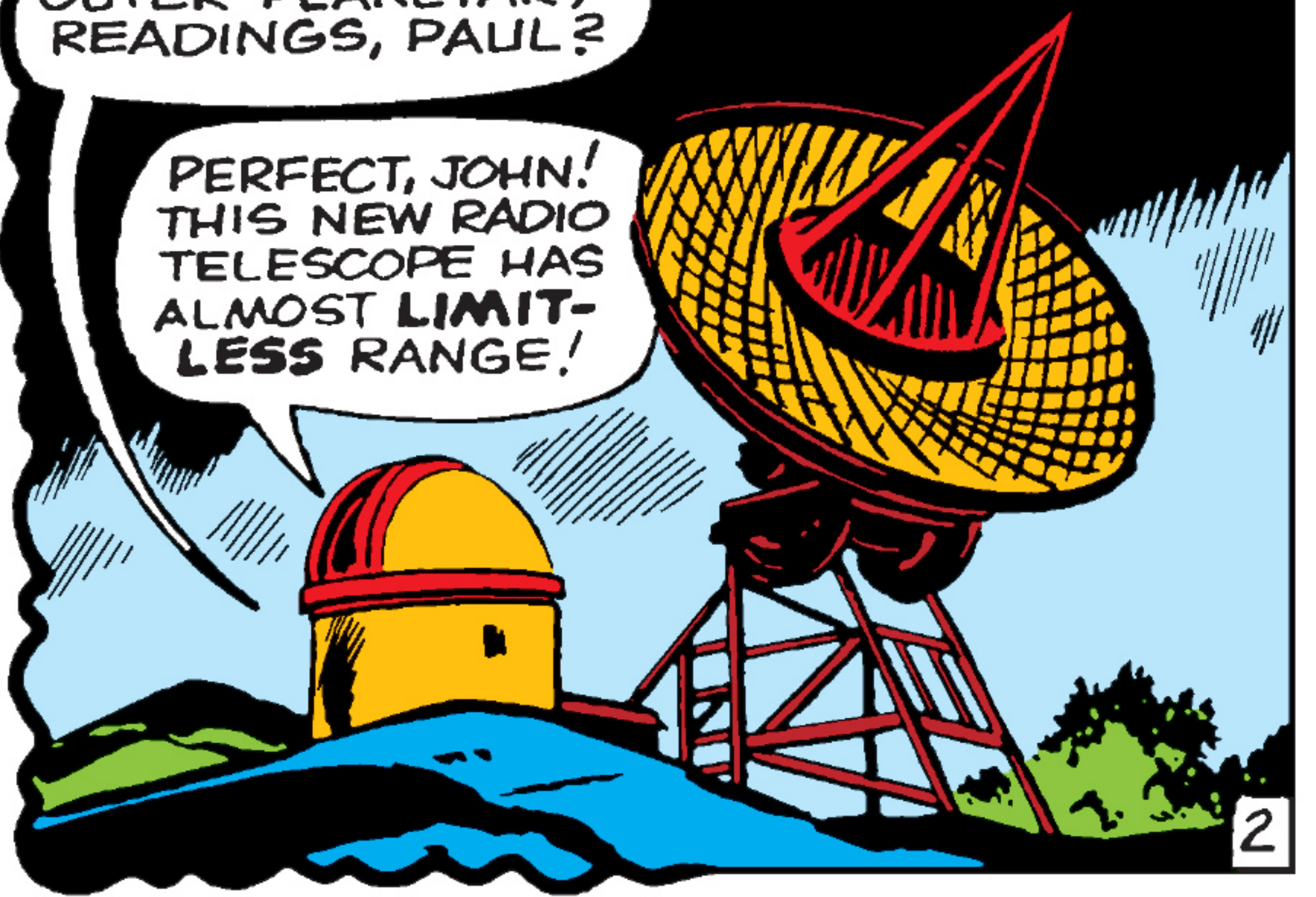
IF I COULD ONLY TELL THEM THE **TRUTH**... TELL THEM ABOUT **HIM!** BUT I CAN'T! I MUST KEEP FOREVER LOCKED IN MY HEART THE DREADFUL SECRET OF THE GREATEST MENACE THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN-- THE MENACE OF.. **TORR!**

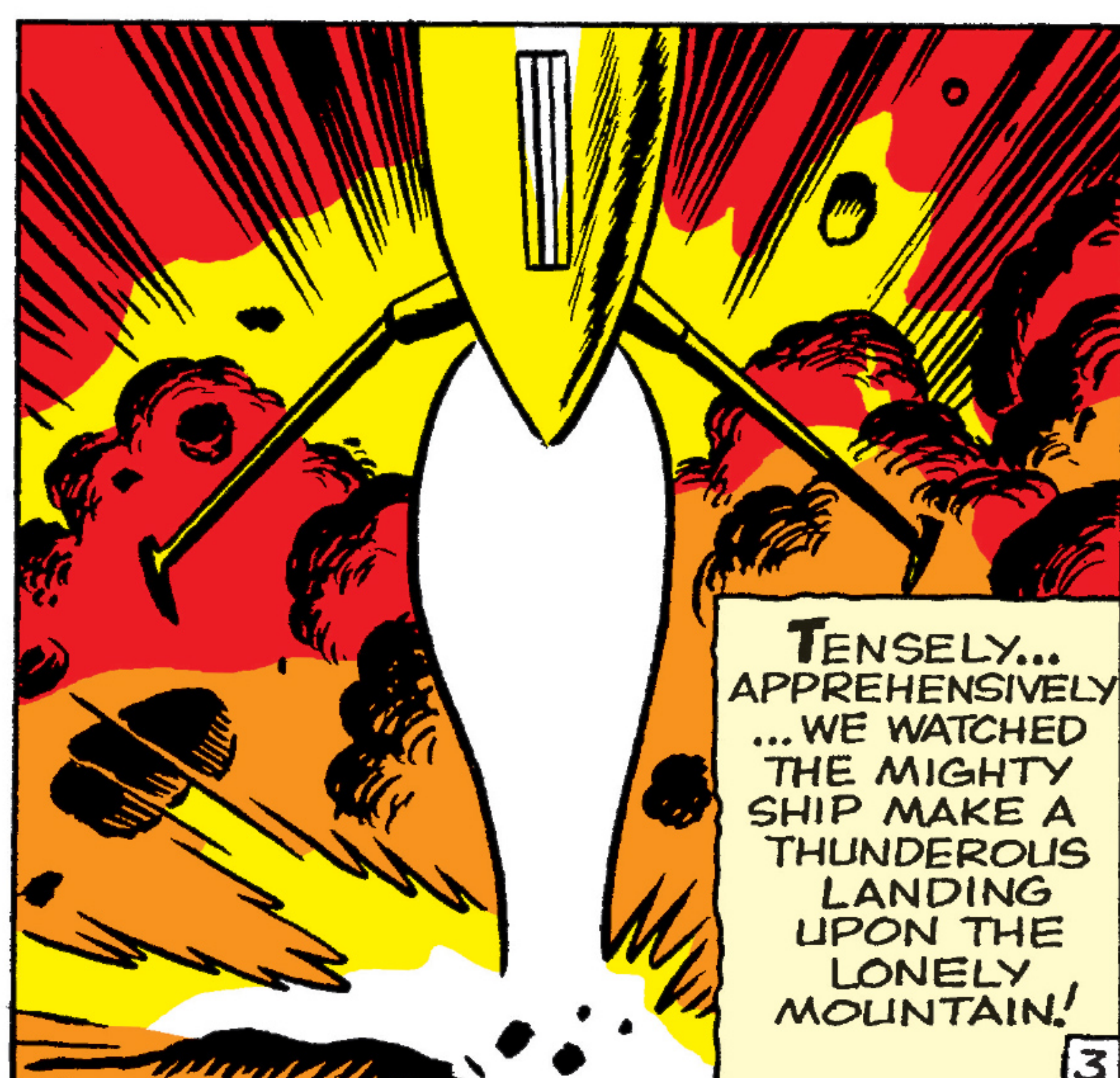
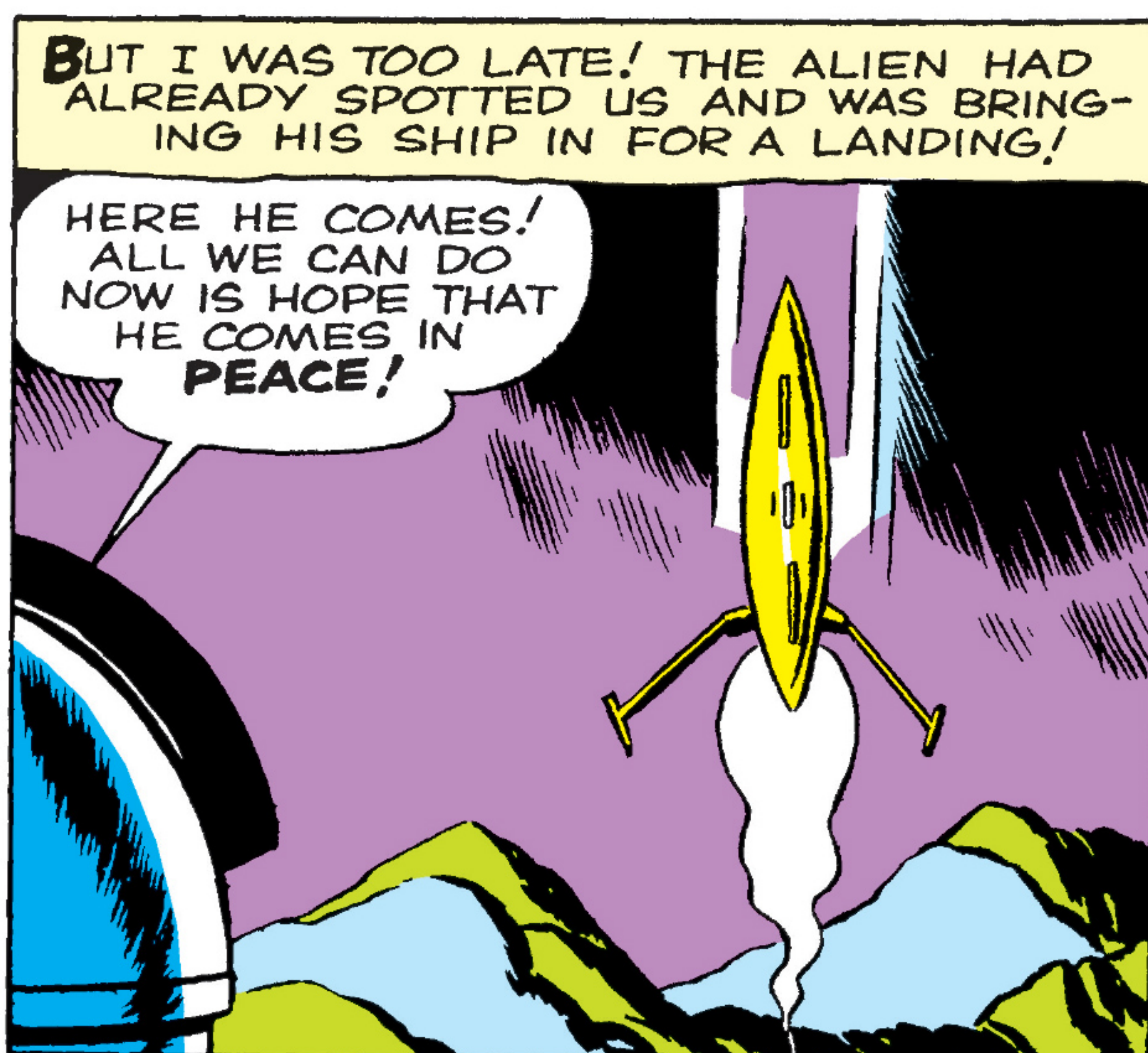
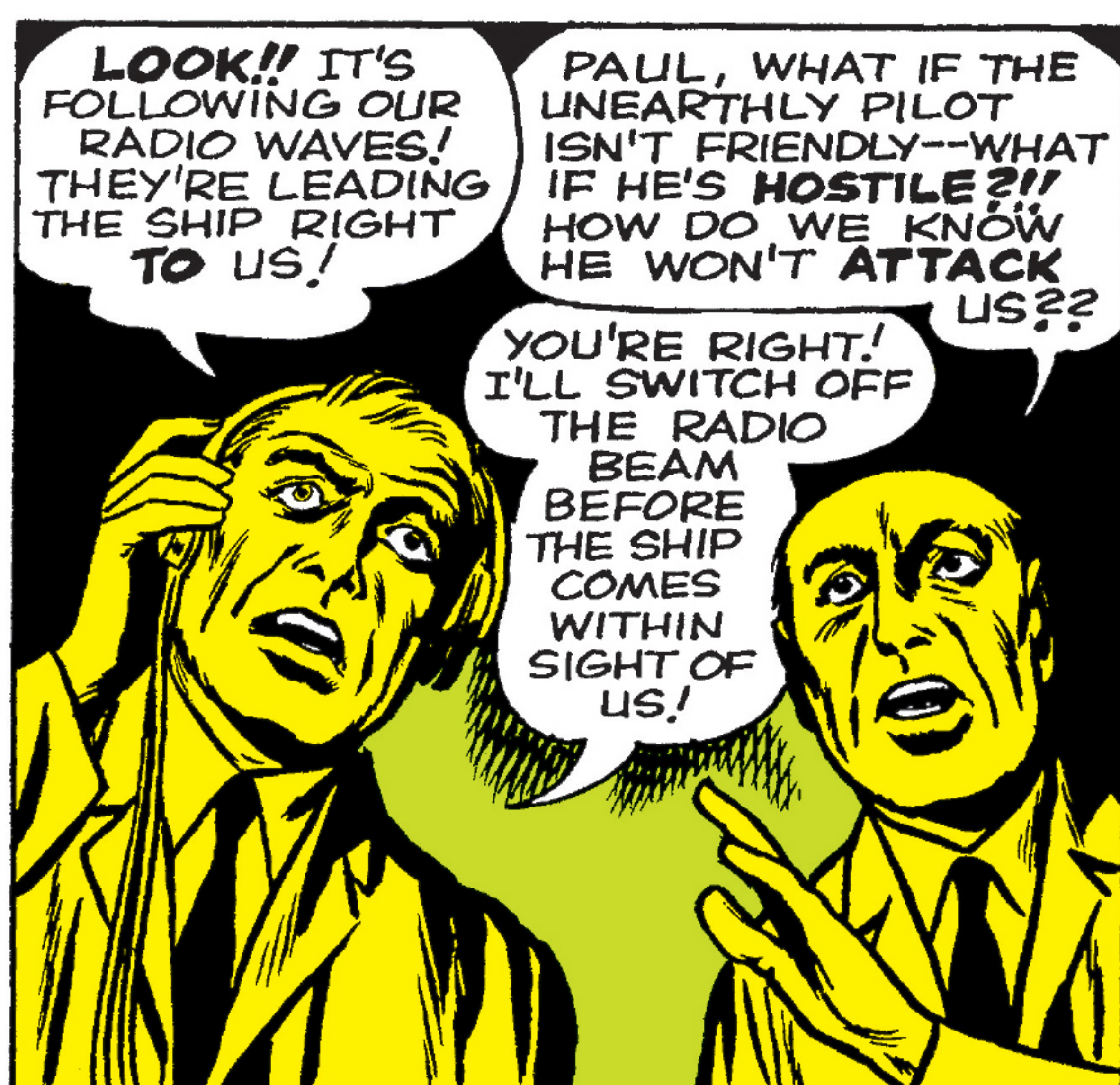
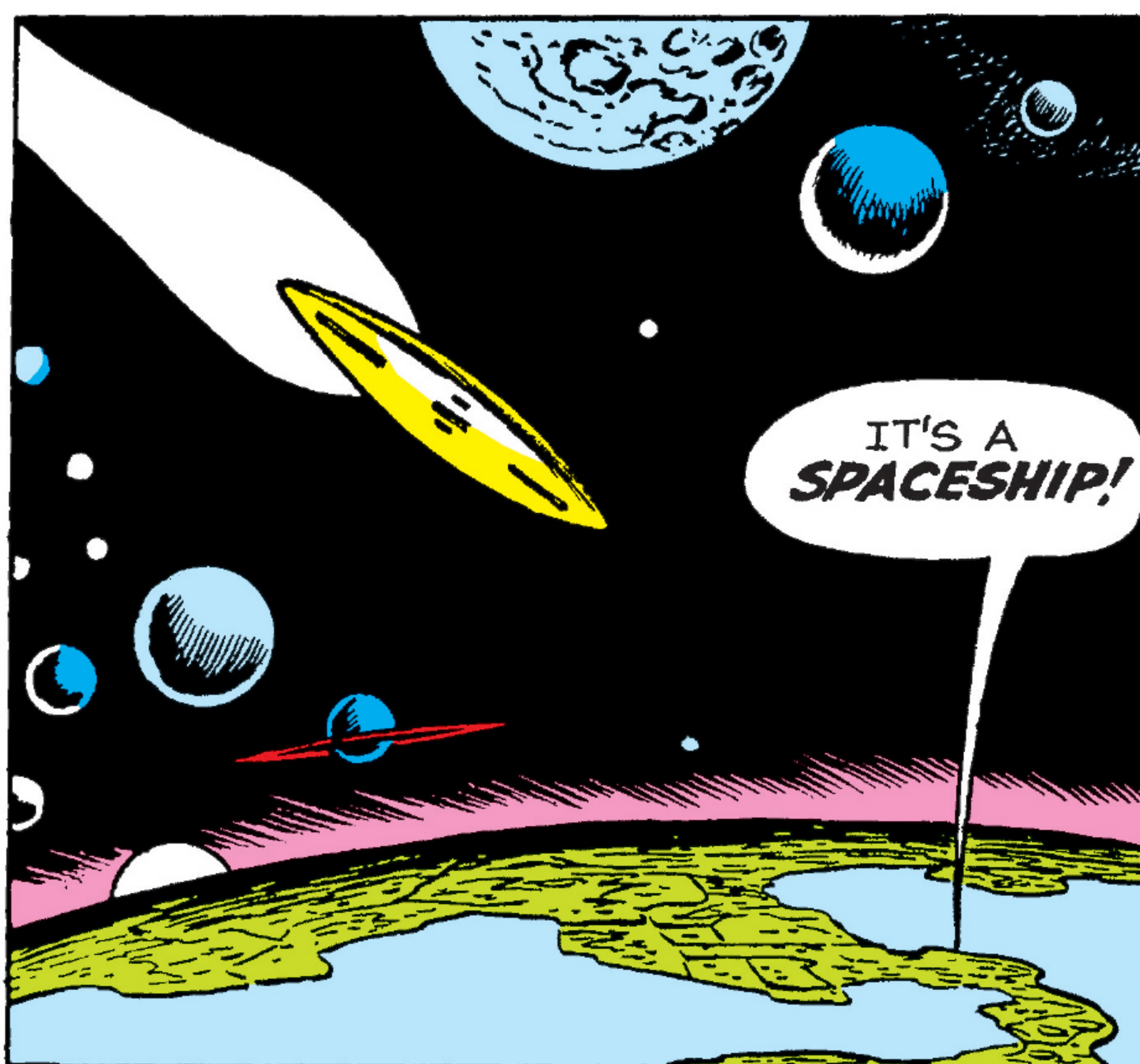
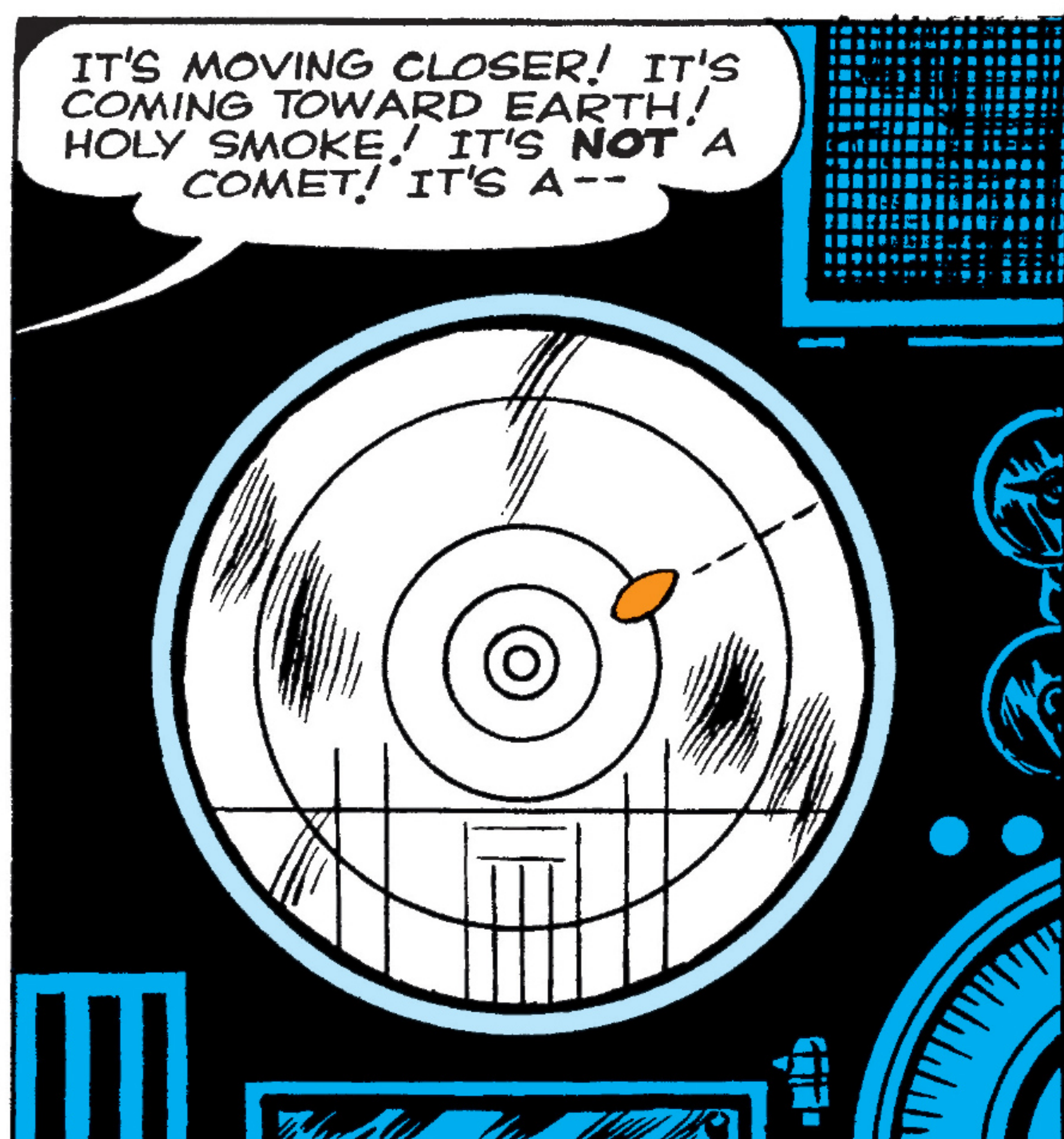
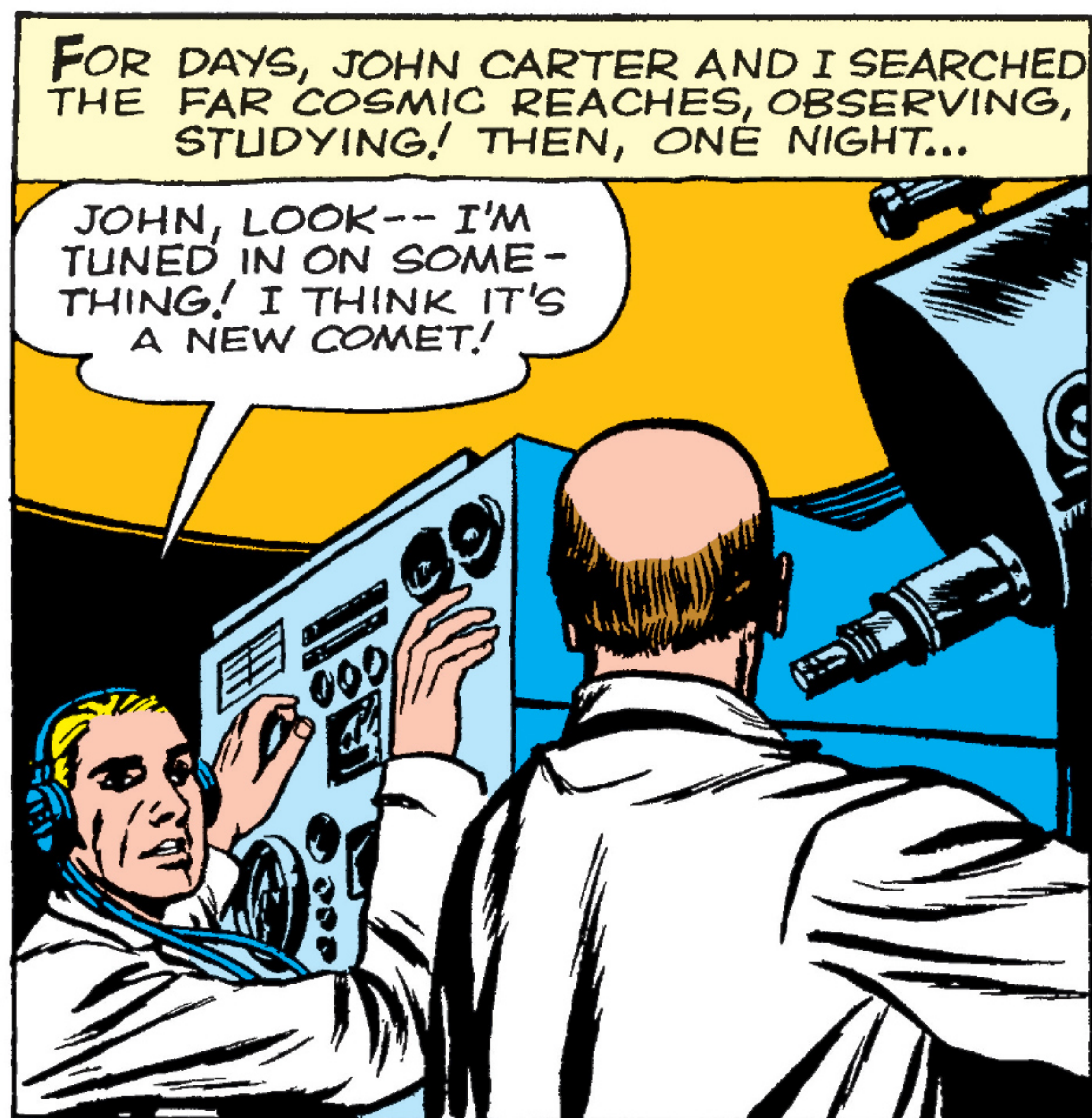


AS THE GRIM TRIAL PROCEEDED, MY MIND RACED BACK-- BACK TO THAT LONELY OBSERVATORY IN THE MOUNTAINS WHERE IT ALL BEGAN...

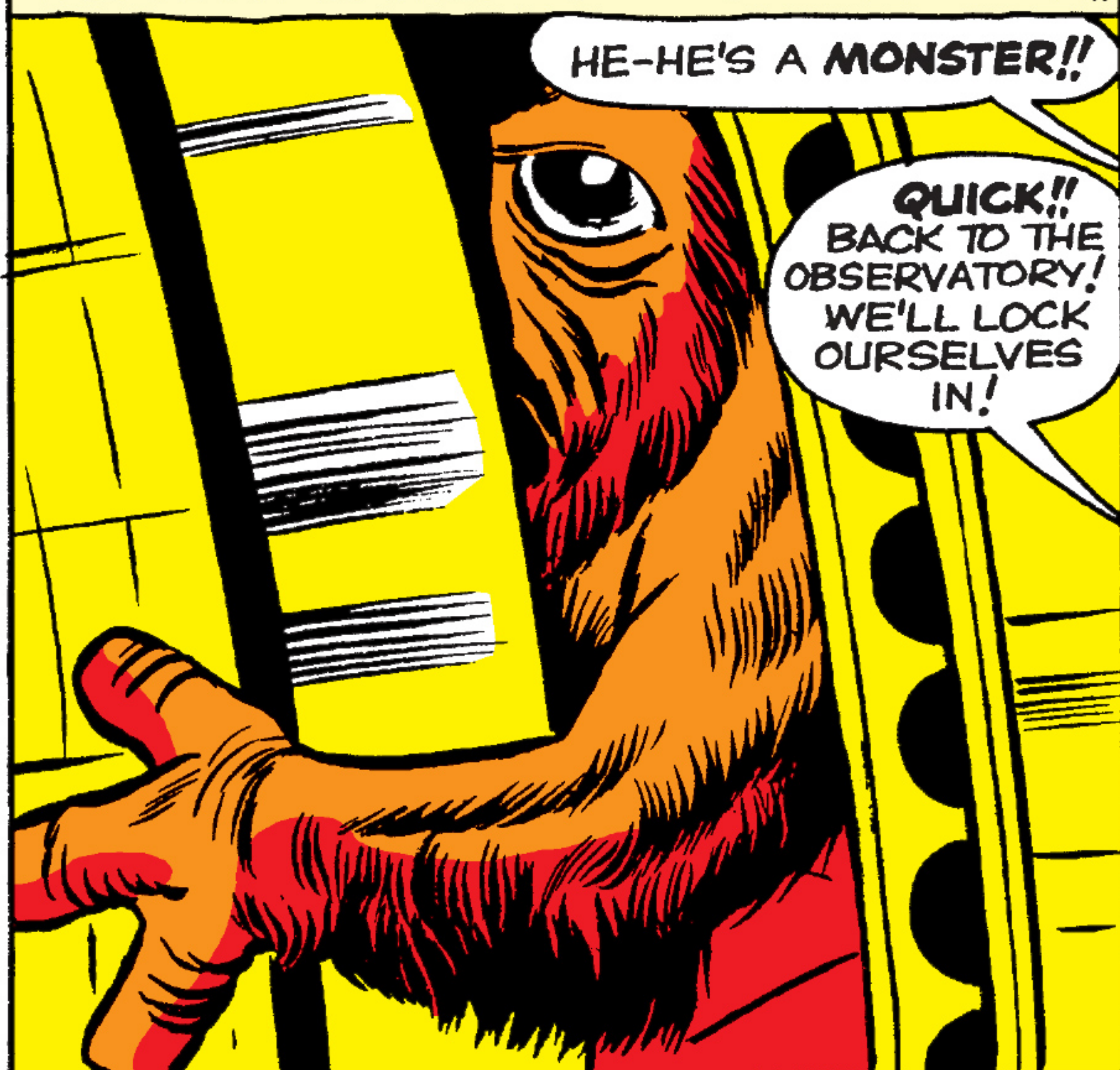
HOW ARE THE OUTER PLANETARY READINGS, PAUL?

PERFECT, JOHN! THIS NEW RADIO TELESCOPE HAS ALMOST **LIMIT-LESS** RANGE!





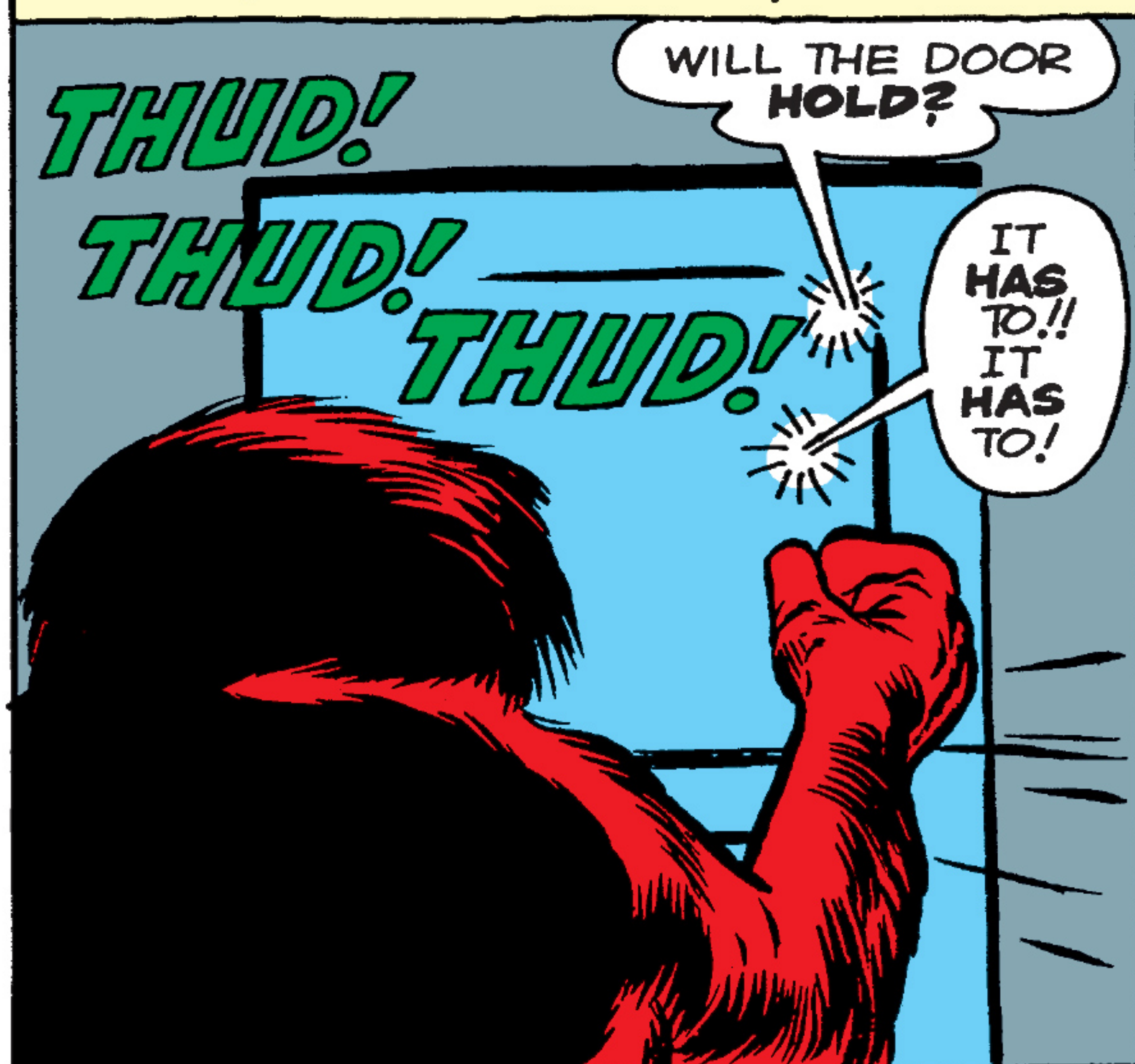
WHEN THE POUNDING ENGINES STOPPED, THE DOOR OPENED AND OUT CAME--TORR!!



HE-HE'S A MONSTER!!

QUICK!!
BACK TO THE
OBSERVATORY!
WE'LL LOCK
OURSELVES
IN!

FOR A MOMENT THE GIANT ALIEN LOOKED AROUND, THEN, HE LUMBERED CLOSER AND CLOSER TO US, UNTIL...

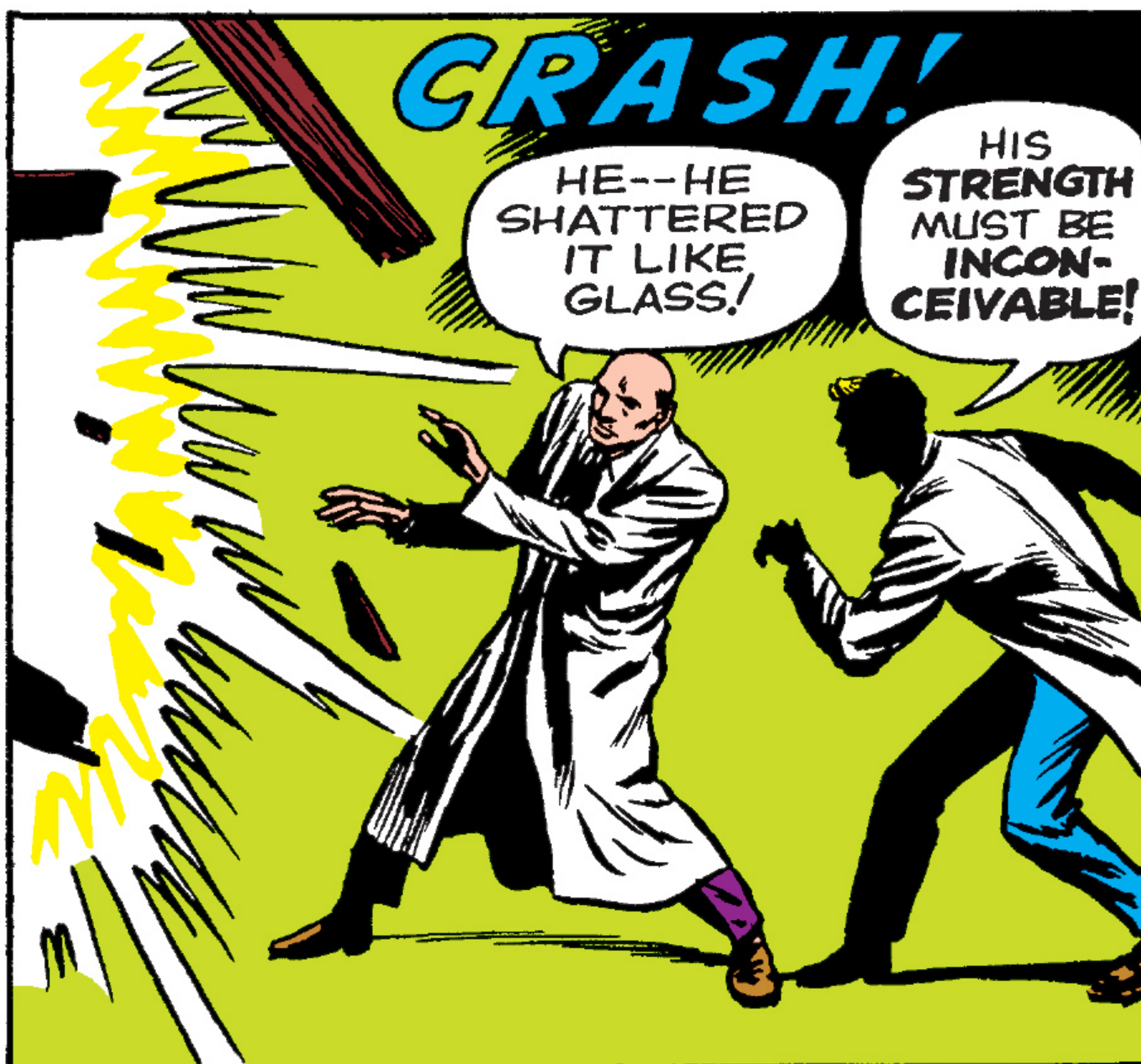


THUD!

THUD!
THUD!

WILL THE DOOR
HOLD?

IT
HAS
TO!!
IT
HAS
TO!

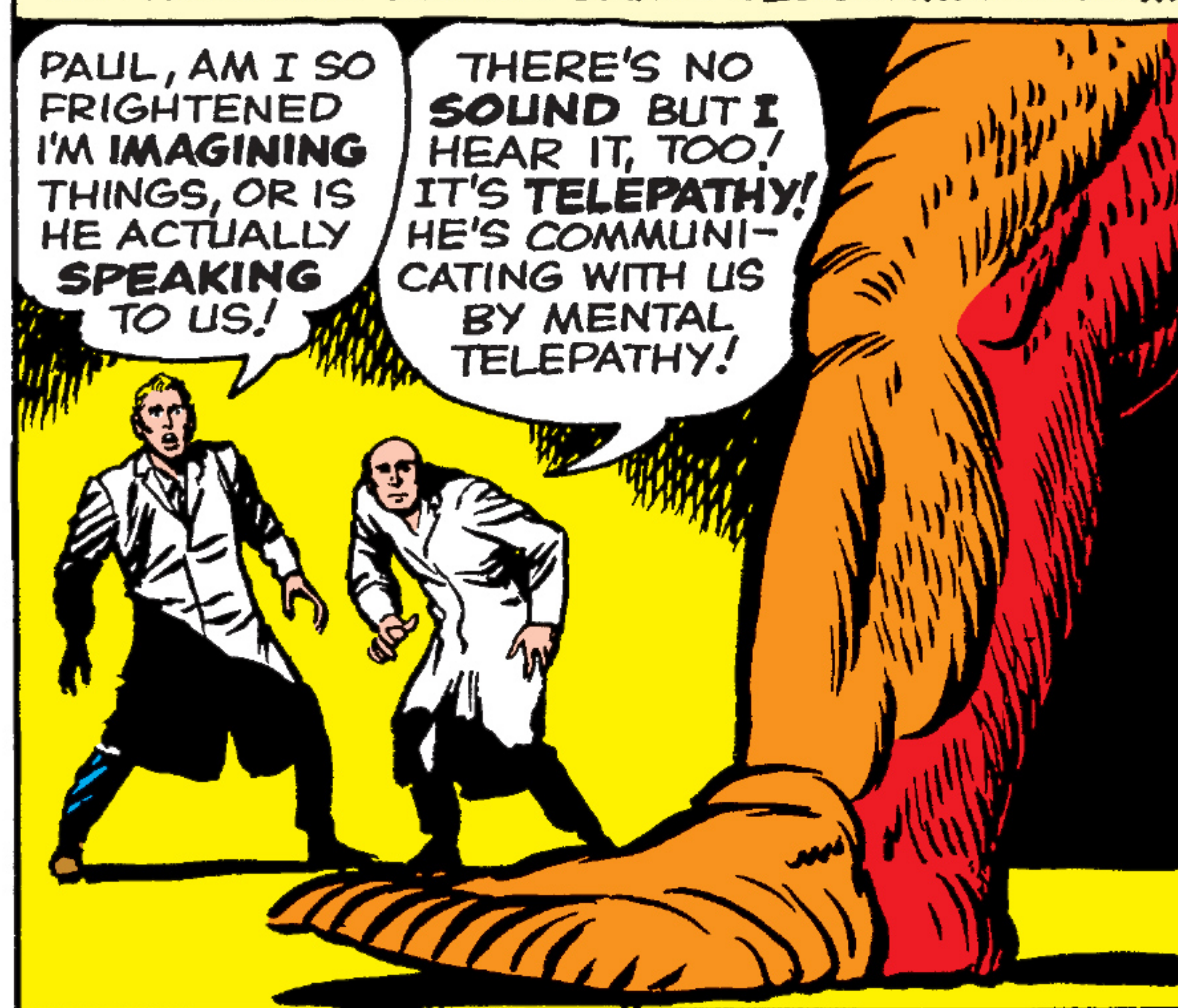


CRASH!

HE--HE
SHATTERED
IT LIKE
GLASS!

HIS
STRENGTH
MUST BE
INCON-
CEIVABLE!

FEARFULLY, JOHN AND I BACKED AWAY AS THE HULKING BRUTE CAME CLOSER...CLOSER...



PAUL, AM I SO
FRIGHTENED
I'M IMAGINING
THINGS, OR IS
HE ACTUALLY
SPEAKING
TO US!

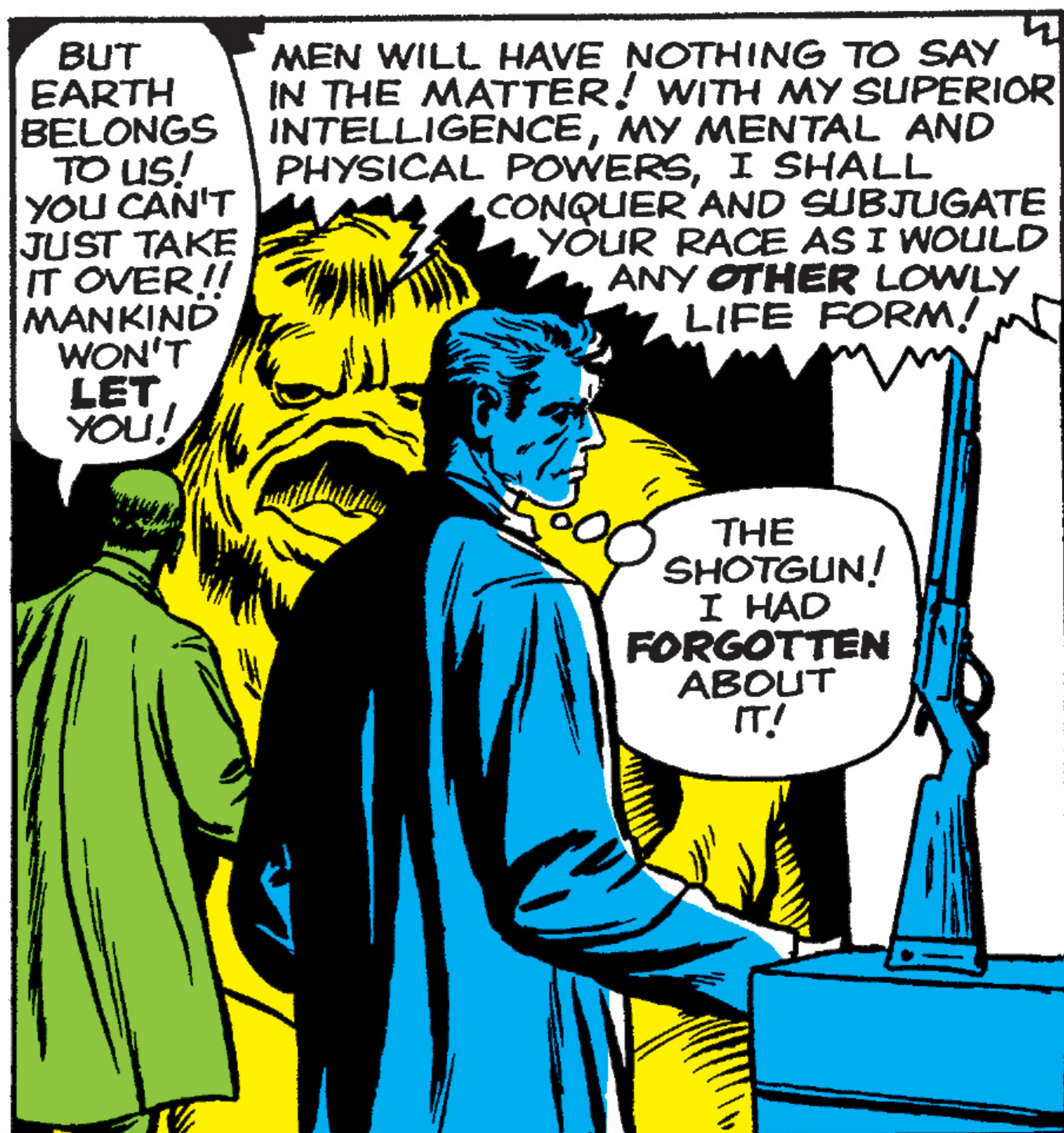
THERE'S NO
SOUND BUT I
HEAR IT, TOO!
IT'S TELEPATHY!
HE'S COMMUNI-
CATING WITH US
BY MENTAL
TELEPATHY!



I AM TORR! WHAT IS THIS
WORLD?

THIS IS
THE PLANET
EARTH!

SO! A SMALL,
UNIMPORTANT PLANET
...INHABITED BY AN
INFERIOR RACE! YET,
THE OXYGEN
ATMOSPHERE IS SUITABLE
FOR TORR! THIS PLANET
WILL MAKE A GOOD
SATELLITE FOR MY
WORLD!



BUT EARTH BELONGS TO US! YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE IT OVER!! MANKIND WON'T LET YOU!

MEN WILL HAVE NOTHING TO SAY IN THE MATTER! WITH MY SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE, MY MENTAL AND PHYSICAL POWERS, I SHALL CONQUER AND SUBJUGATE YOUR RACE AS I WOULD ANY **OTHER** LOWLY LIFE FORM!

THE SHOTGUN! I HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT!

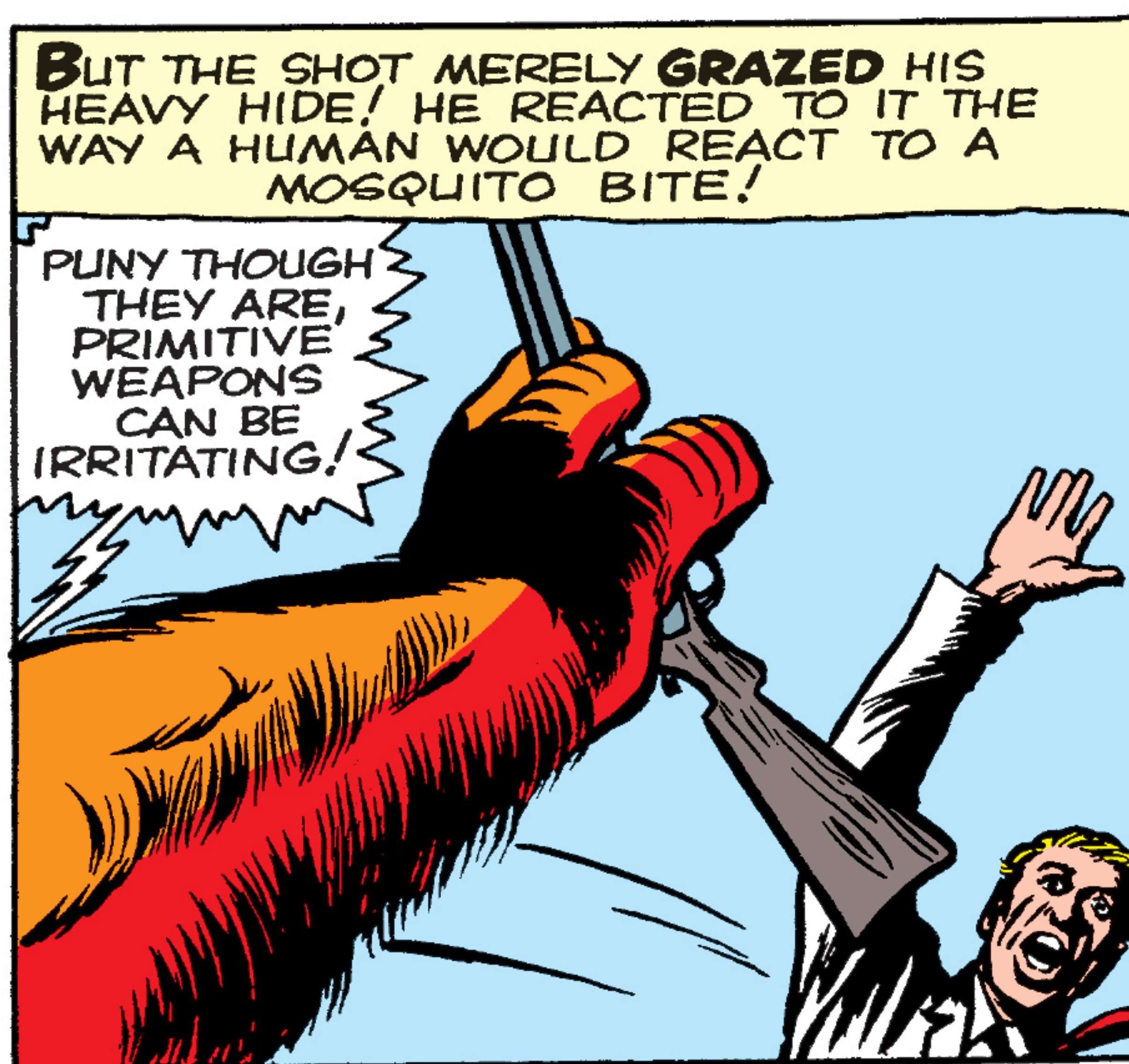


IT'S OUR **ONE** CHANCE!



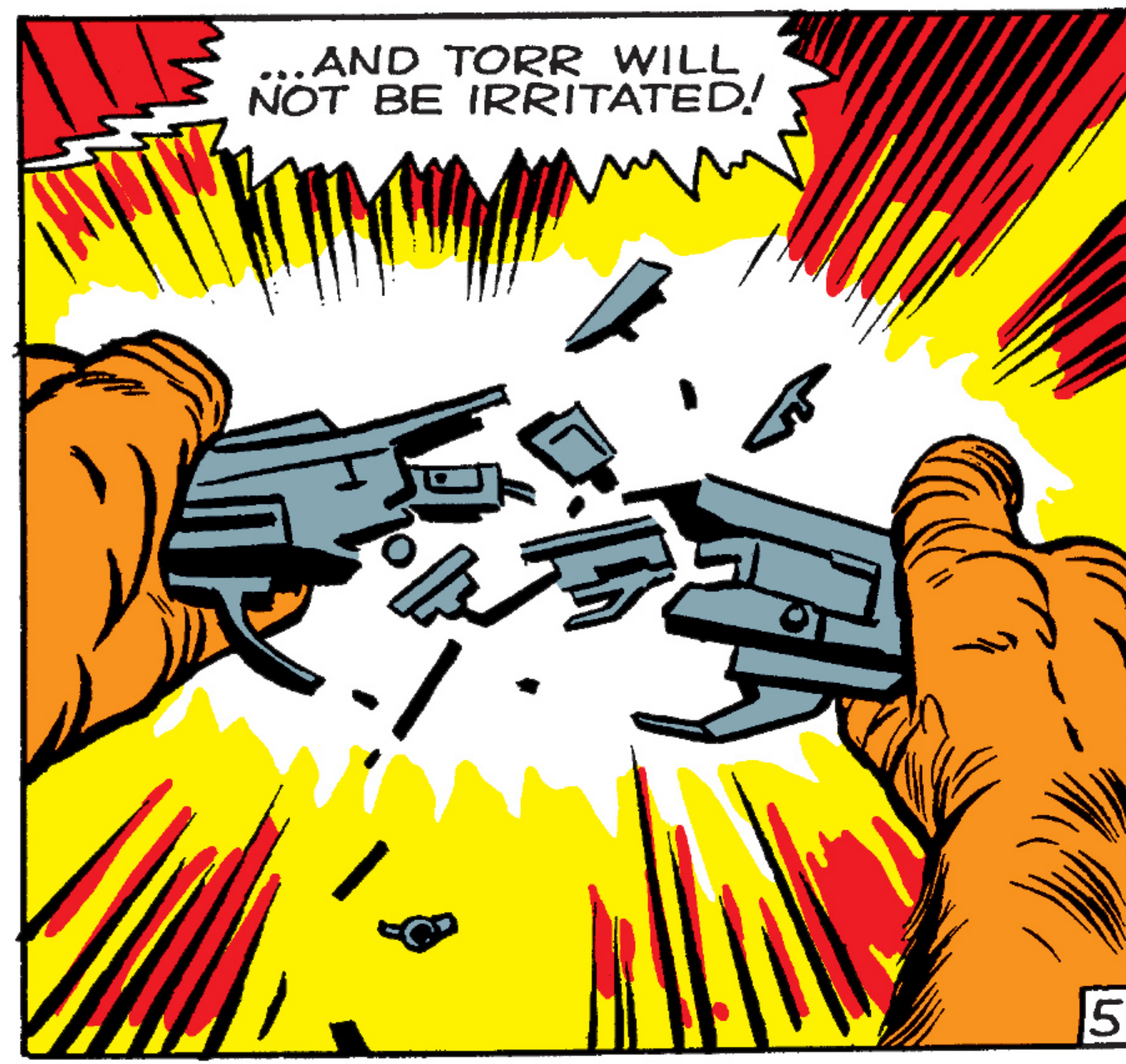
BEFORE TORR COULD STOP ME, I REACHED THE GUN, AIMED IT SQUARELY AT HIS MASSIVE CHEST, AND **FIRED!**

IN THE NAME OF THE PLANET EARTH!!

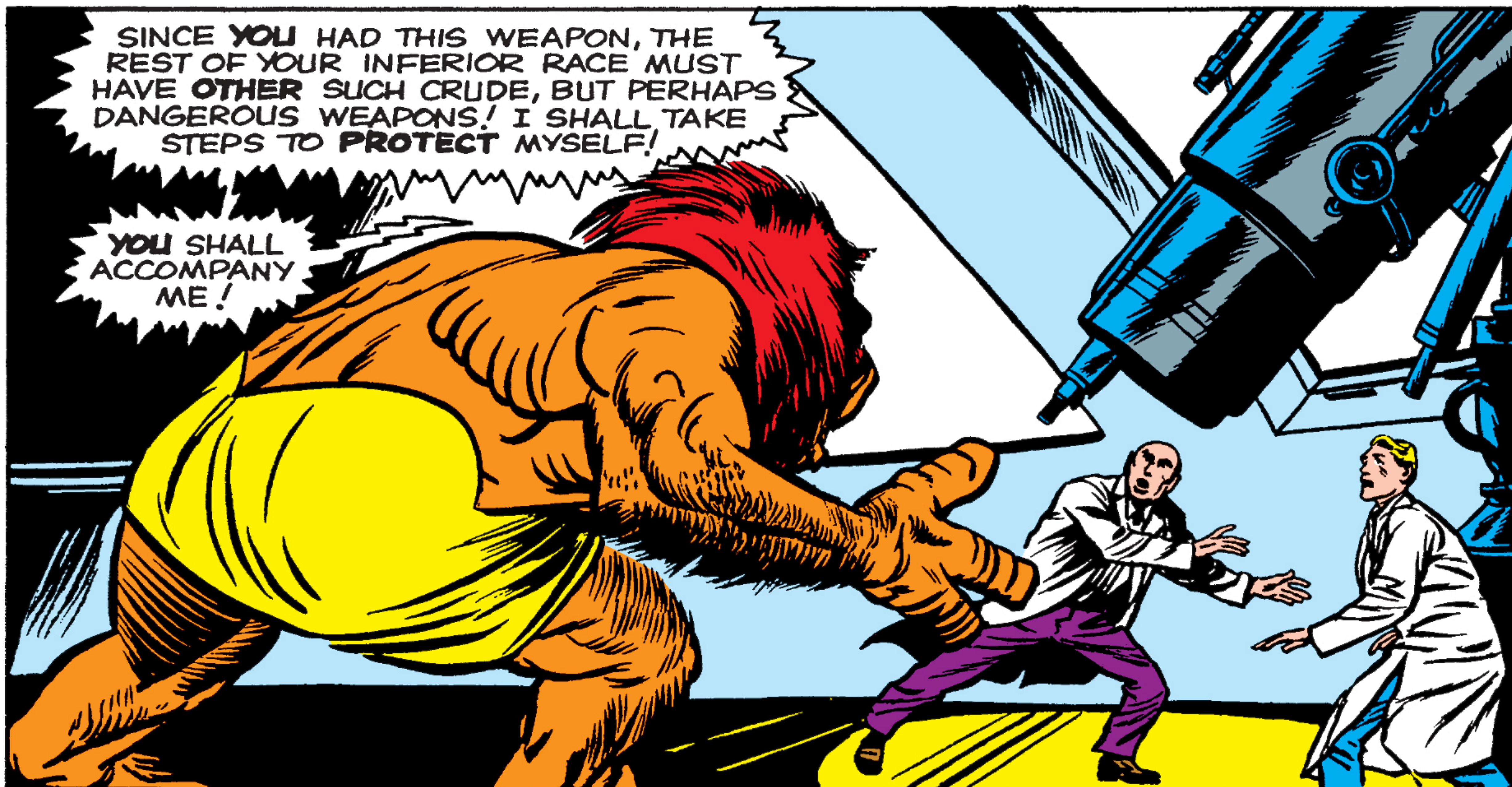


BUT THE SHOT MERELY **GRAZED** HIS HEAVY HIDE! HE REACTED TO IT THE WAY A HUMAN WOULD REACT TO A MOSQUITO BITE!

PUNY THOUGH THEY ARE, PRIMITIVE WEAPONS CAN BE IRRITATING!

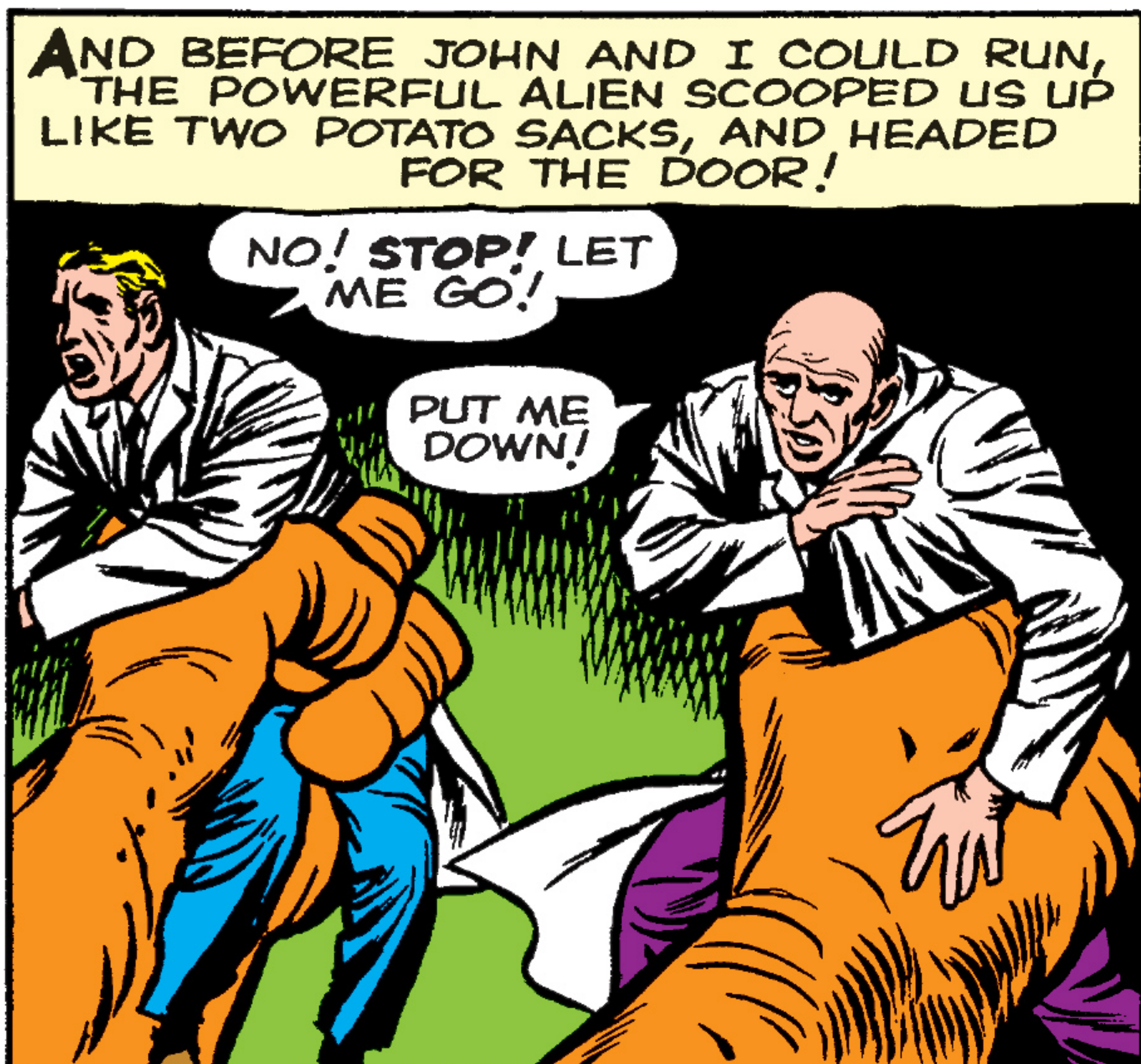


...AND TORR WILL NOT BE IRRITATED!



SINCE YOU HAD THIS WEAPON, THE REST OF YOUR INFERIOR RACE MUST HAVE **OTHER** SUCH CRUDE, BUT PERHAPS DANGEROUS WEAPONS! I SHALL TAKE STEPS TO **PROTECT** MYSELF!

YOU SHALL ACCOMPANY ME!



AND BEFORE JOHN AND I COULD RUN, THE POWERFUL ALIEN SCOOPED US UP LIKE TWO POTATO SACKS, AND HEADED FOR THE DOOR!

NO! STOP! LET ME GO!

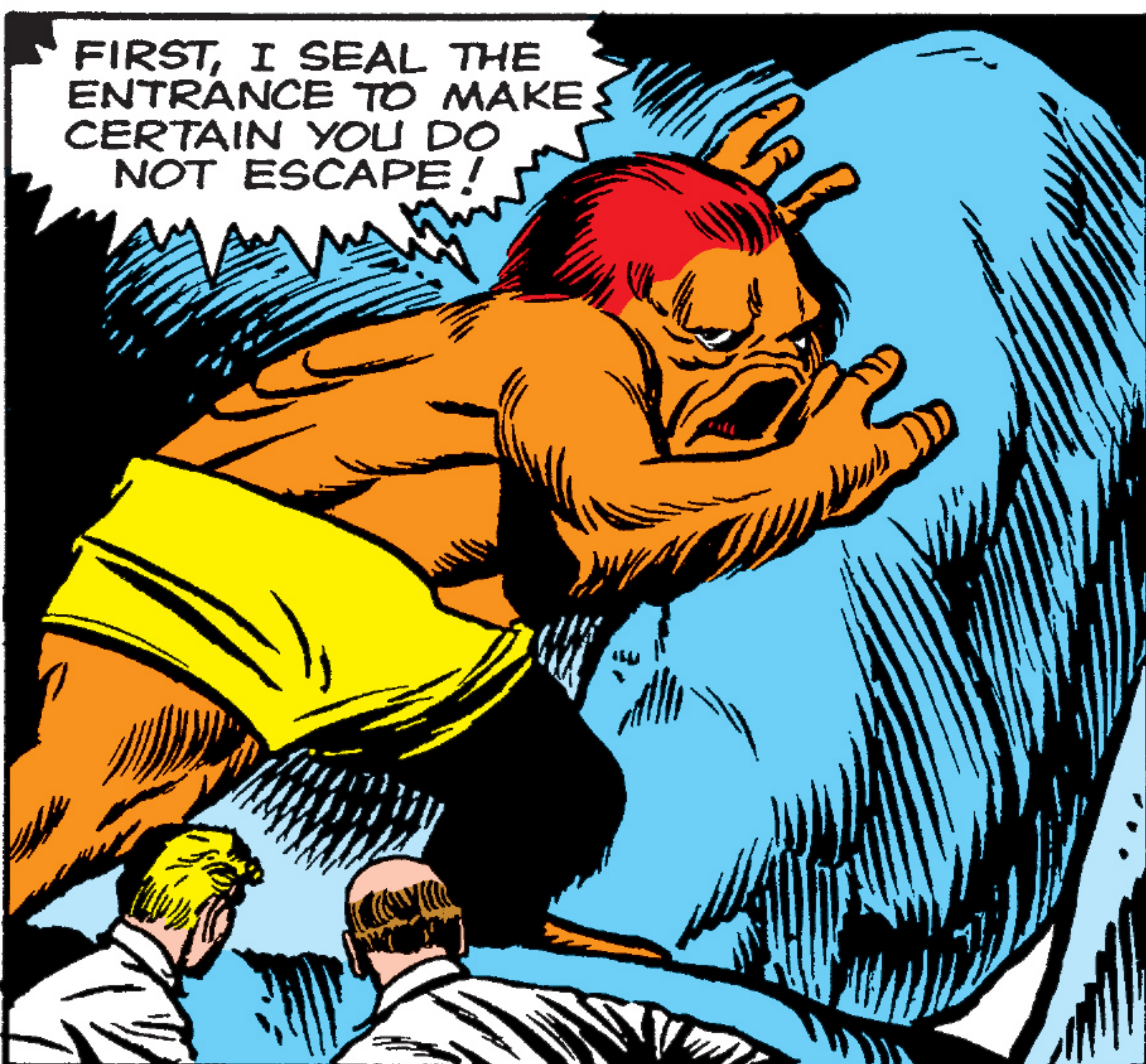
PUT ME DOWN!



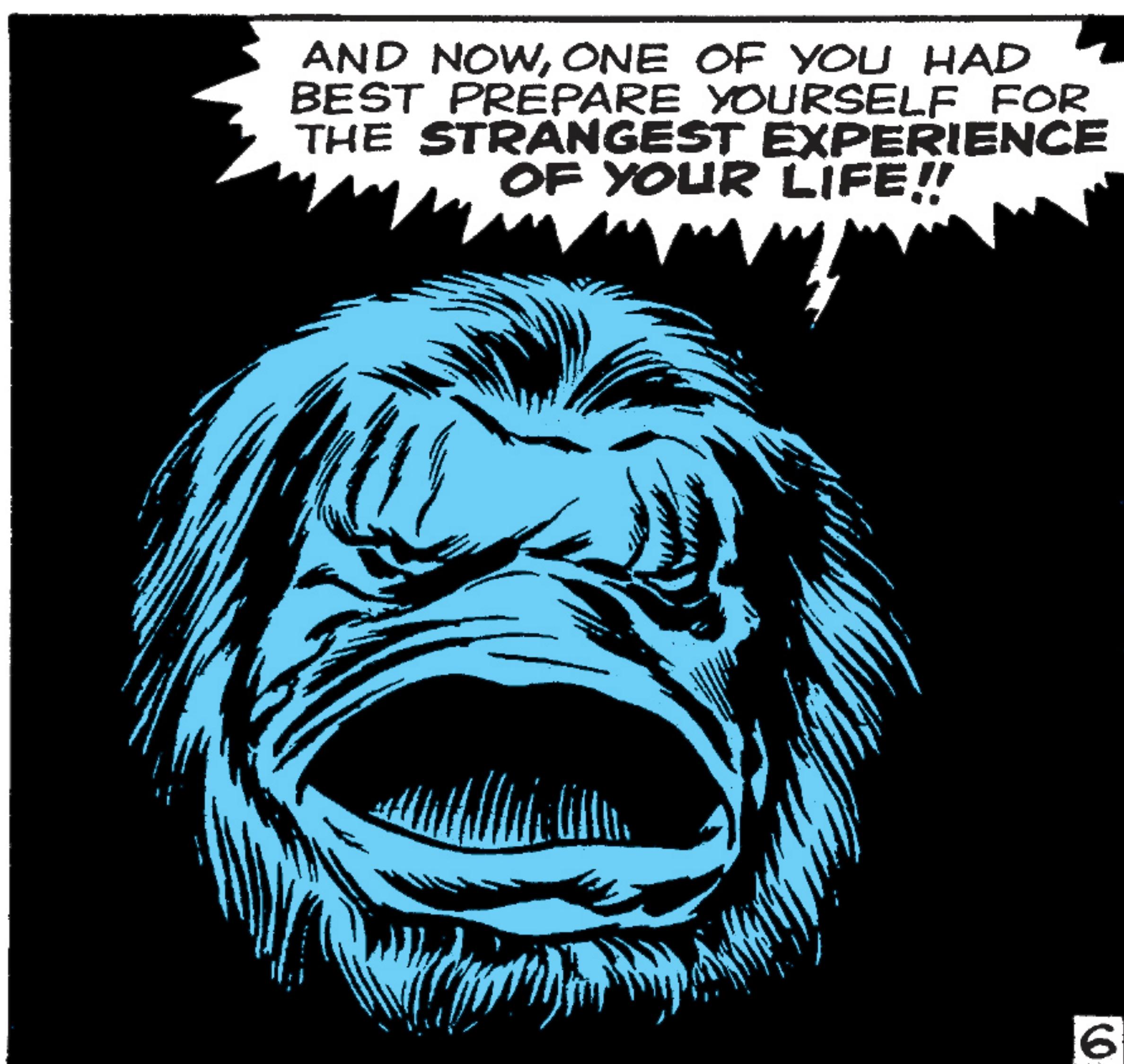
BUT OUR CRIES WERE USELESS! TORR CARRIED US OUTSIDE THE OBSERVATORY AND INTO A NEARBY CAVE!

W-WHAT ARE YOU TAKING US IN HERE FOR??

YOU SHALL SOON FIND OUT, EARTHLING--MUCH TO YOUR REGRET!



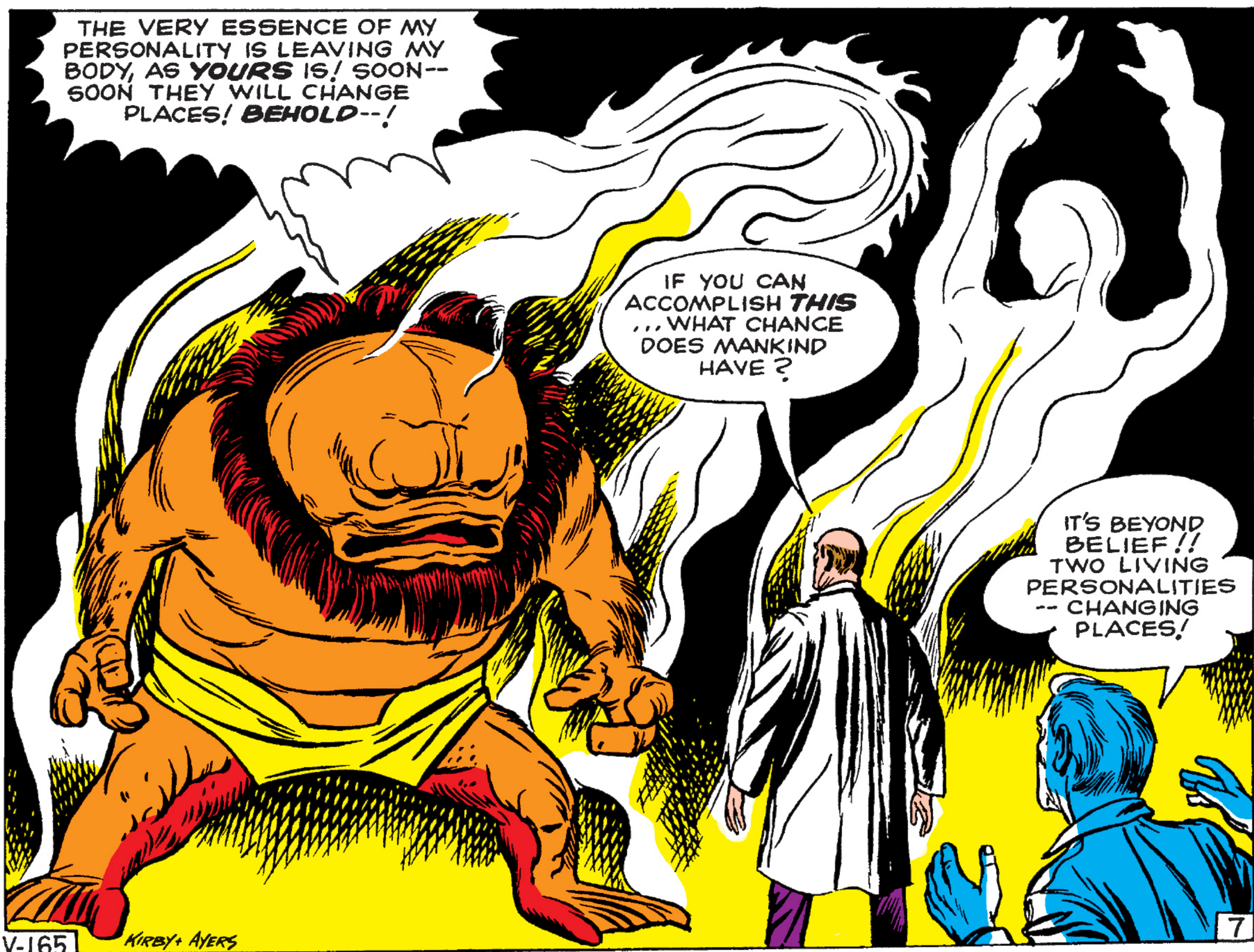
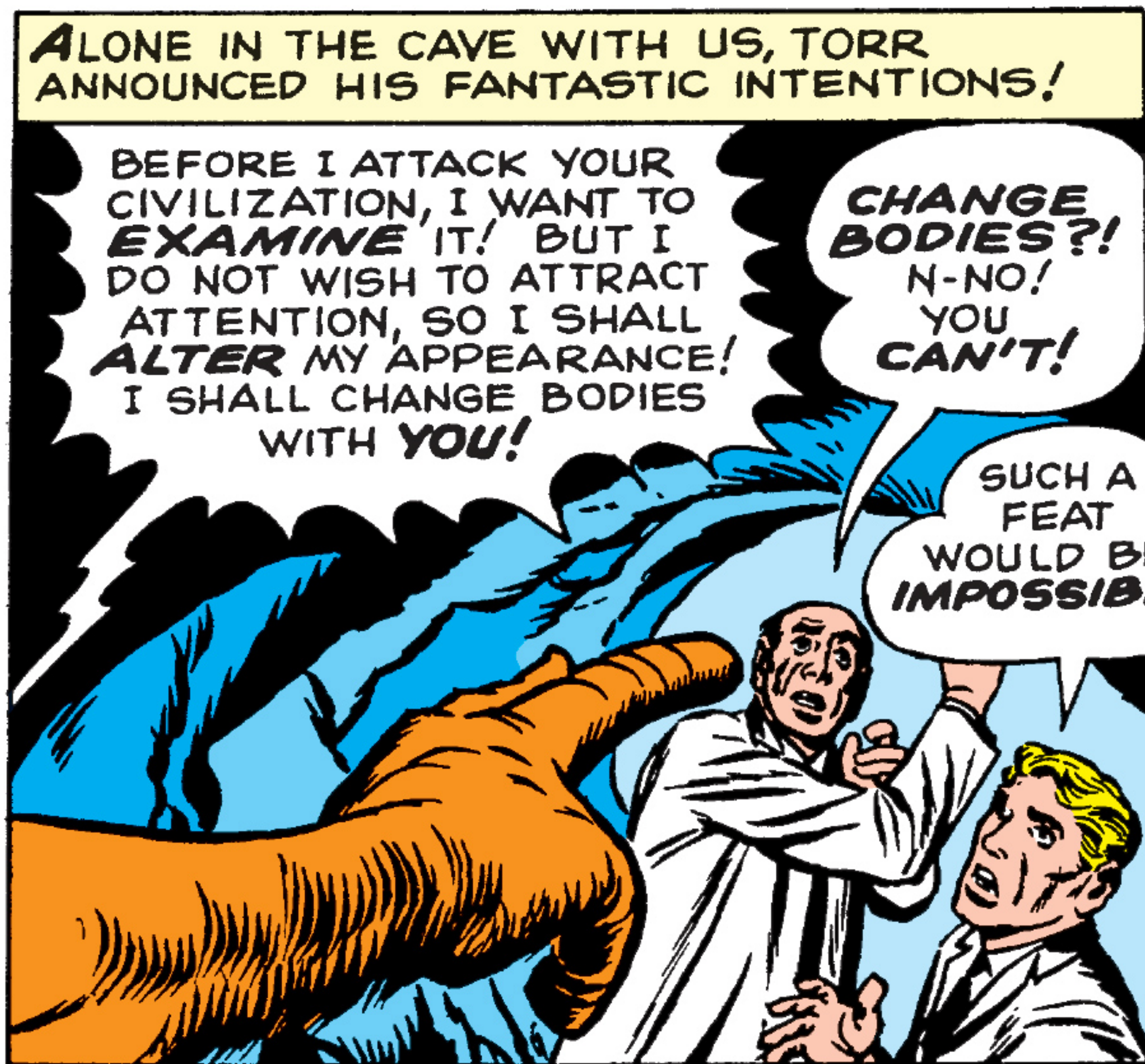
FIRST, I SEAL THE ENTRANCE TO MAKE CERTAIN YOU DO NOT ESCAPE!

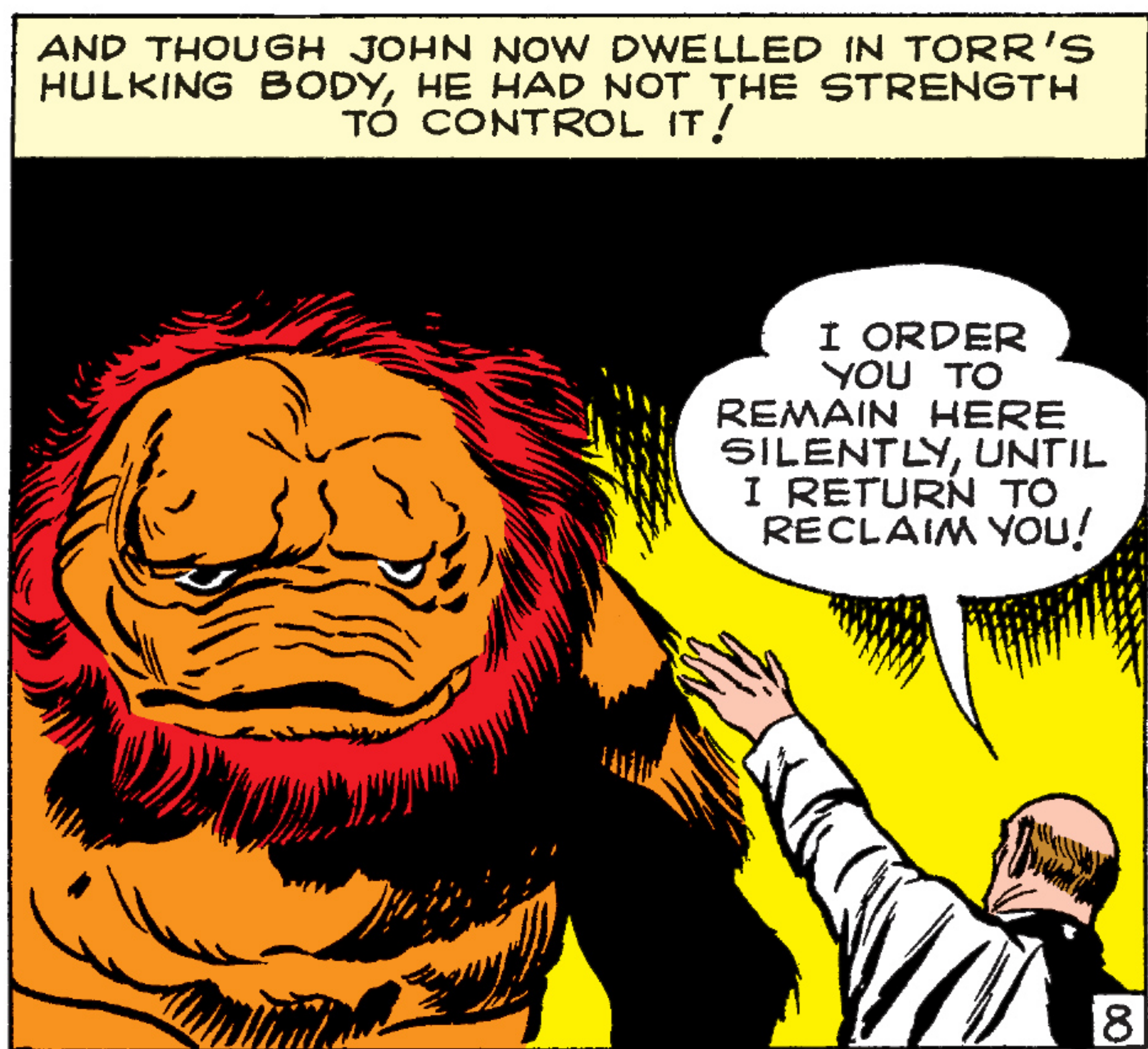
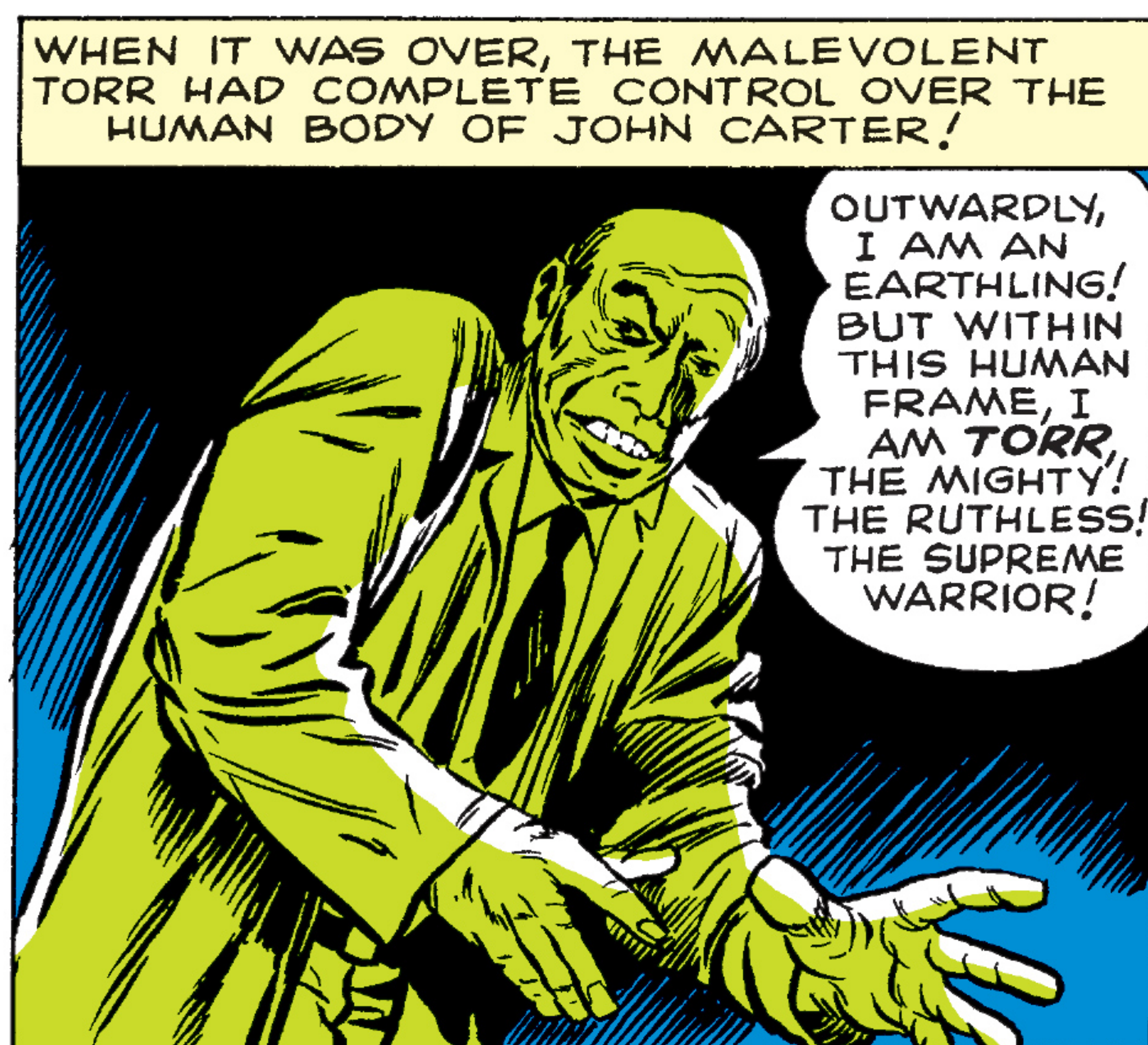
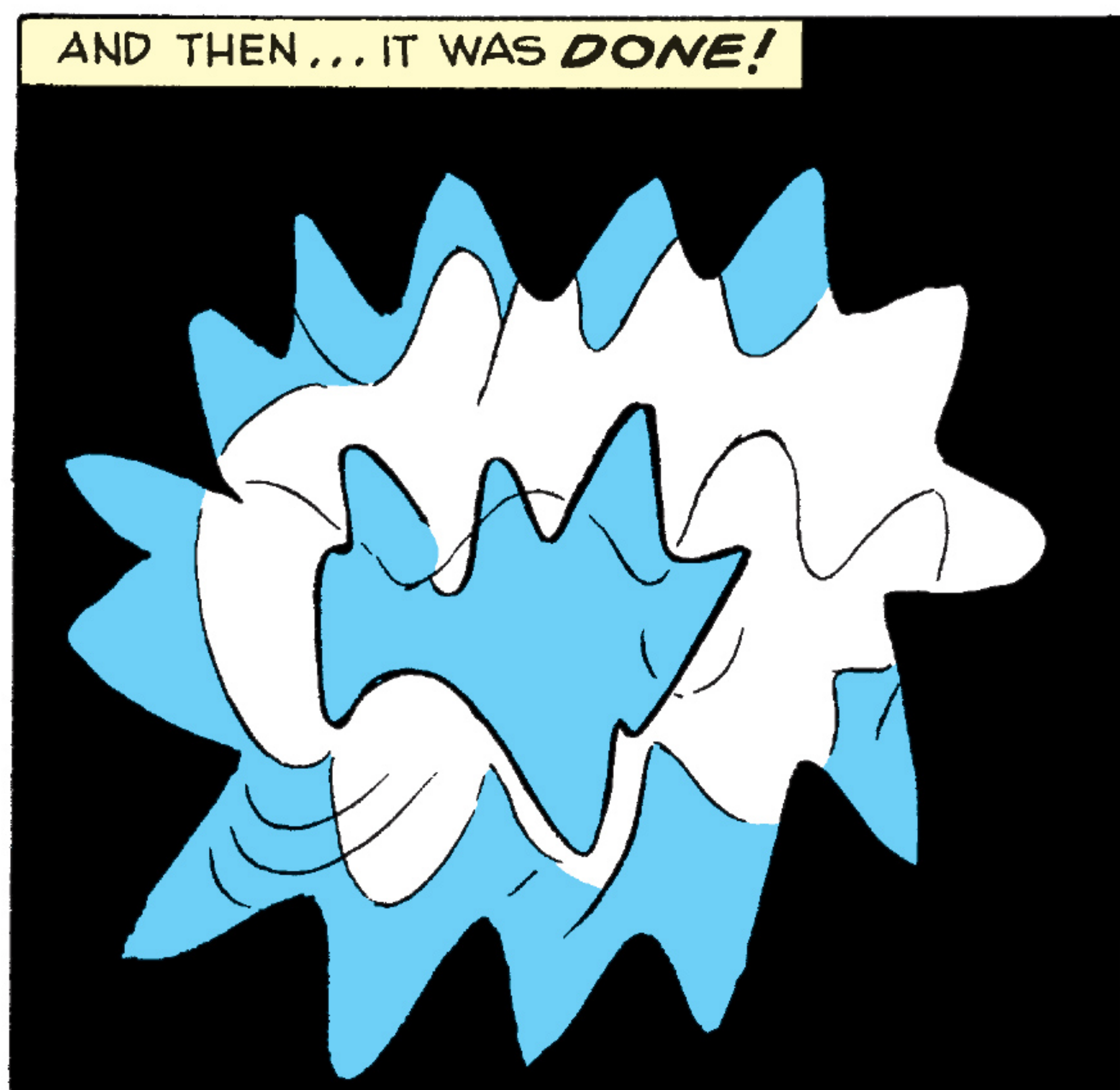
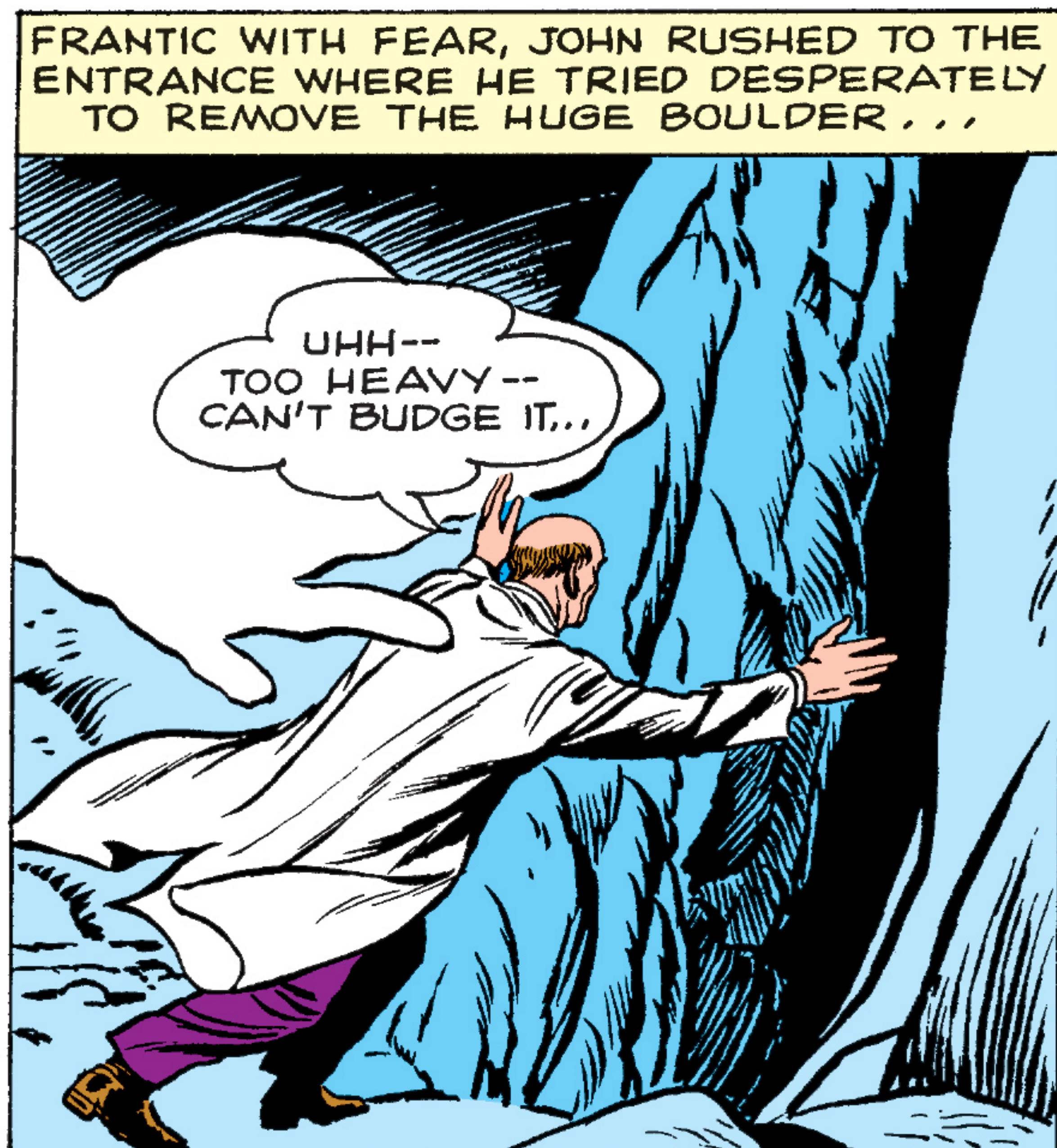
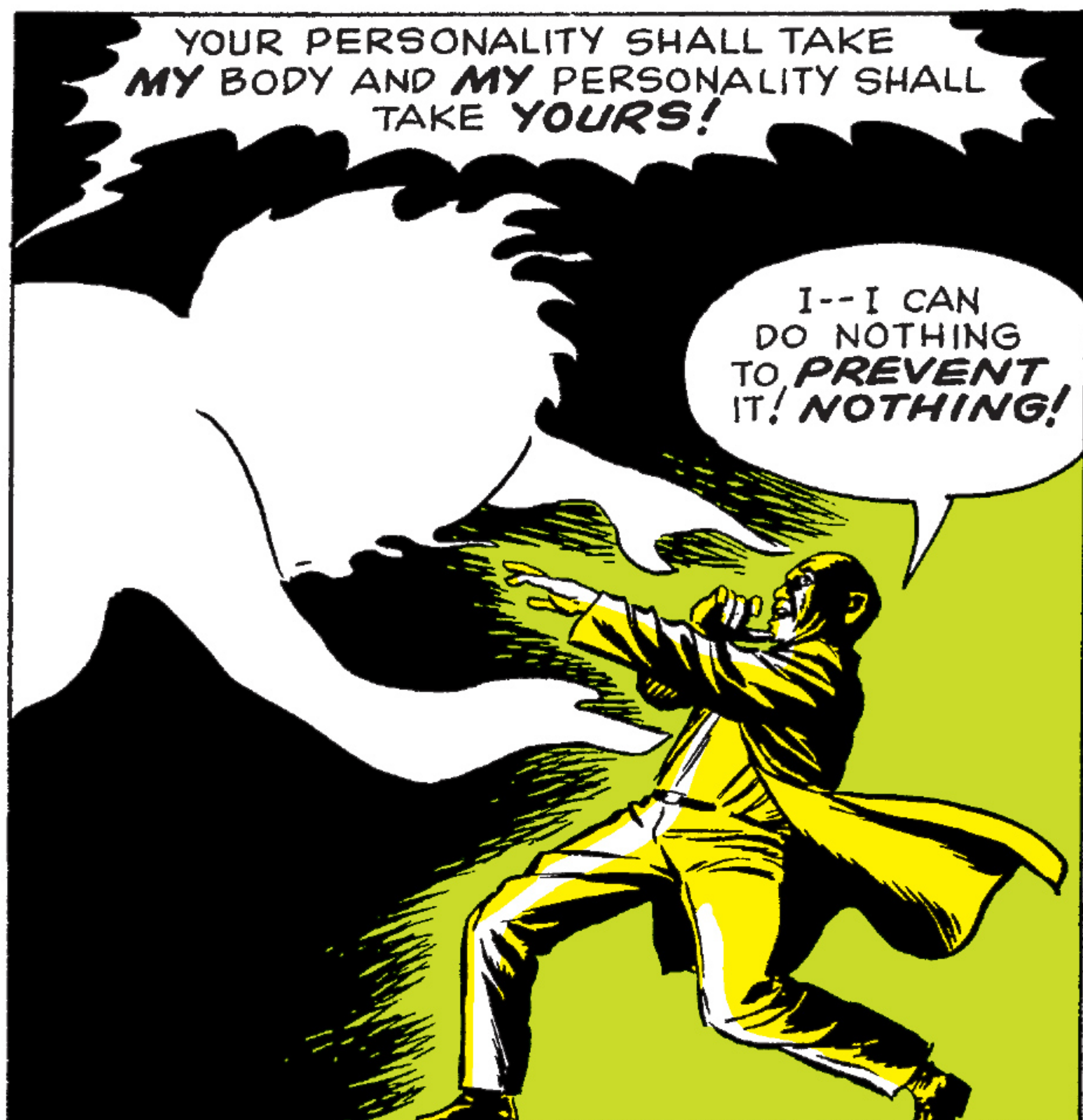


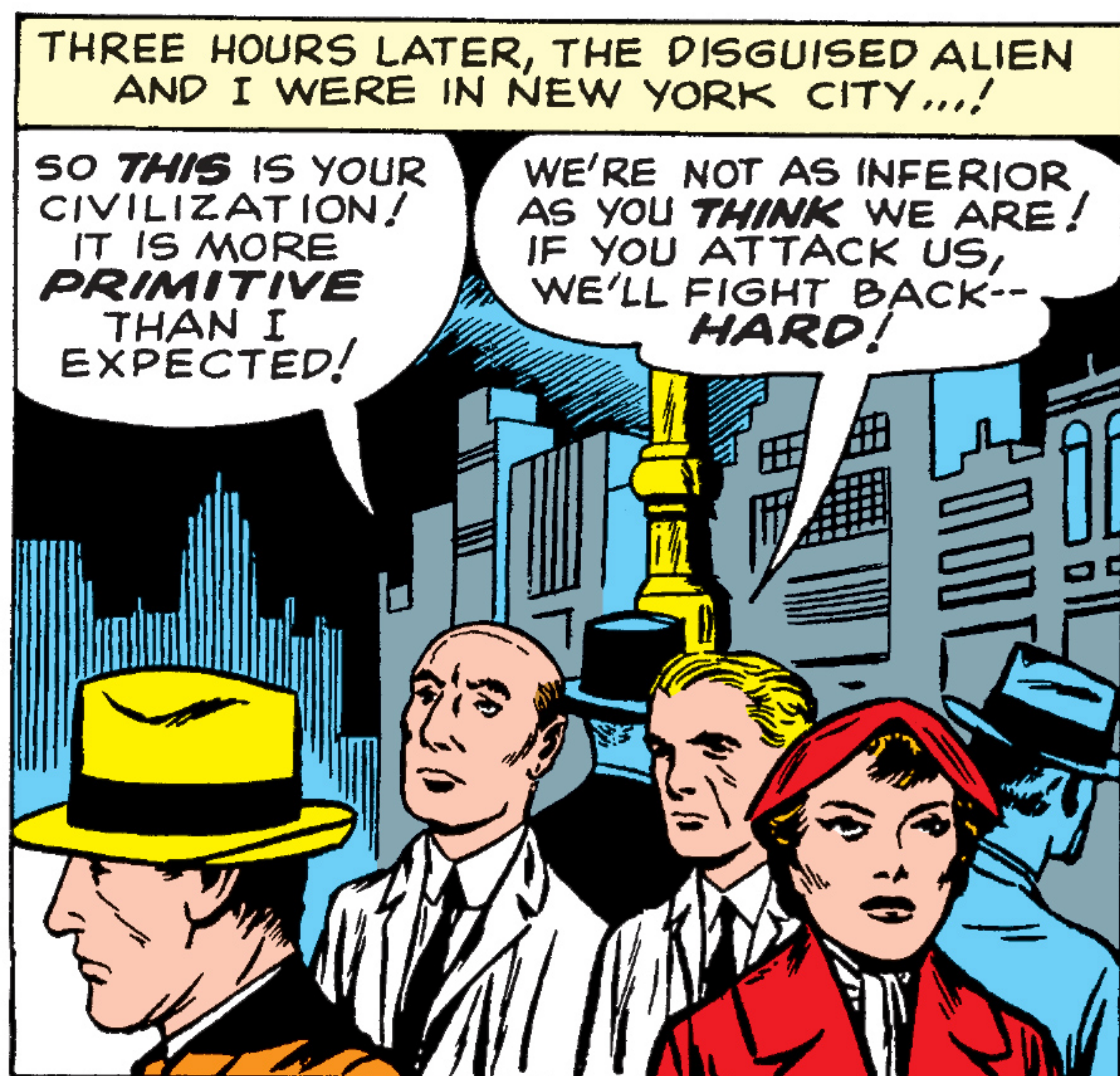
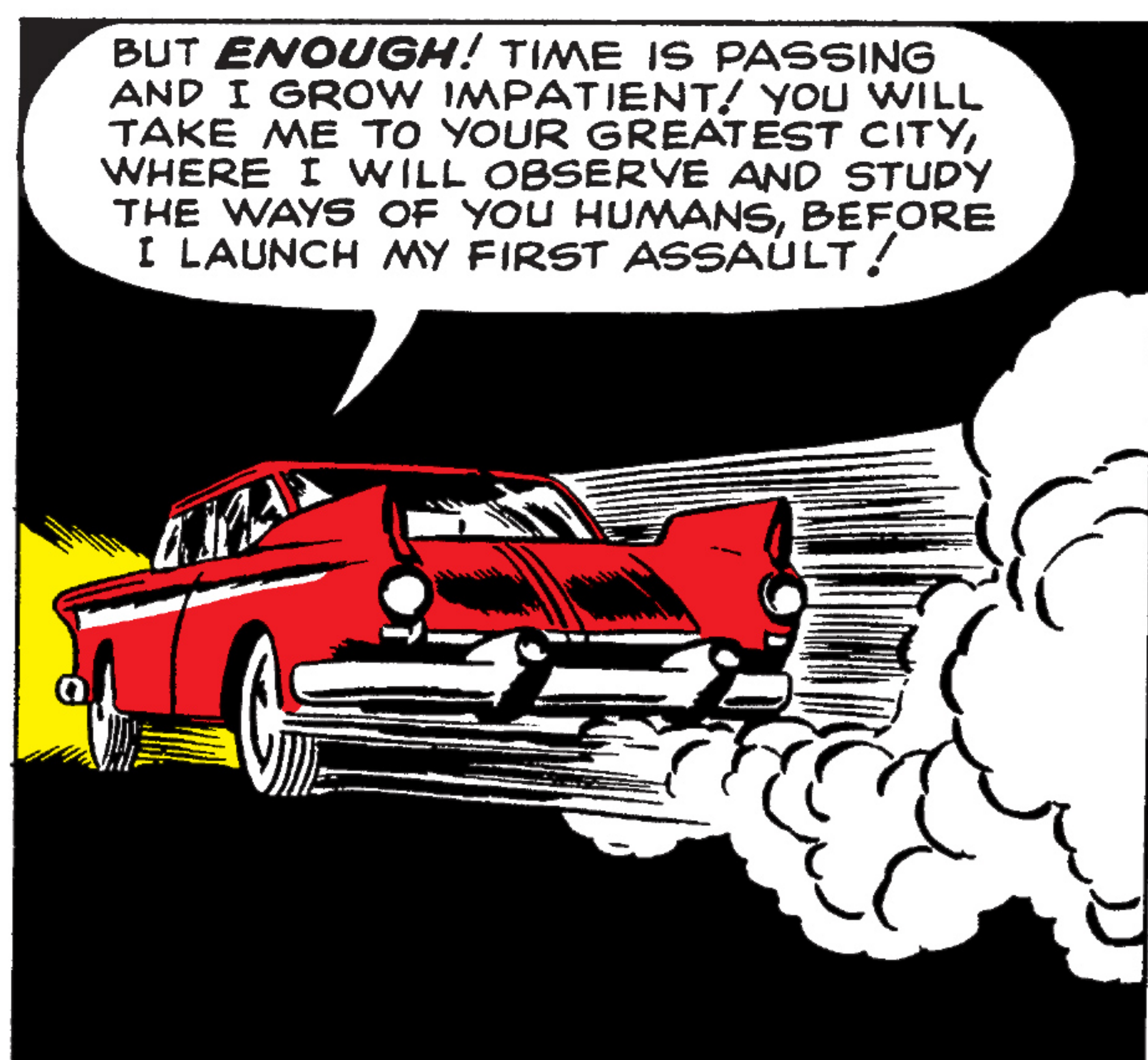
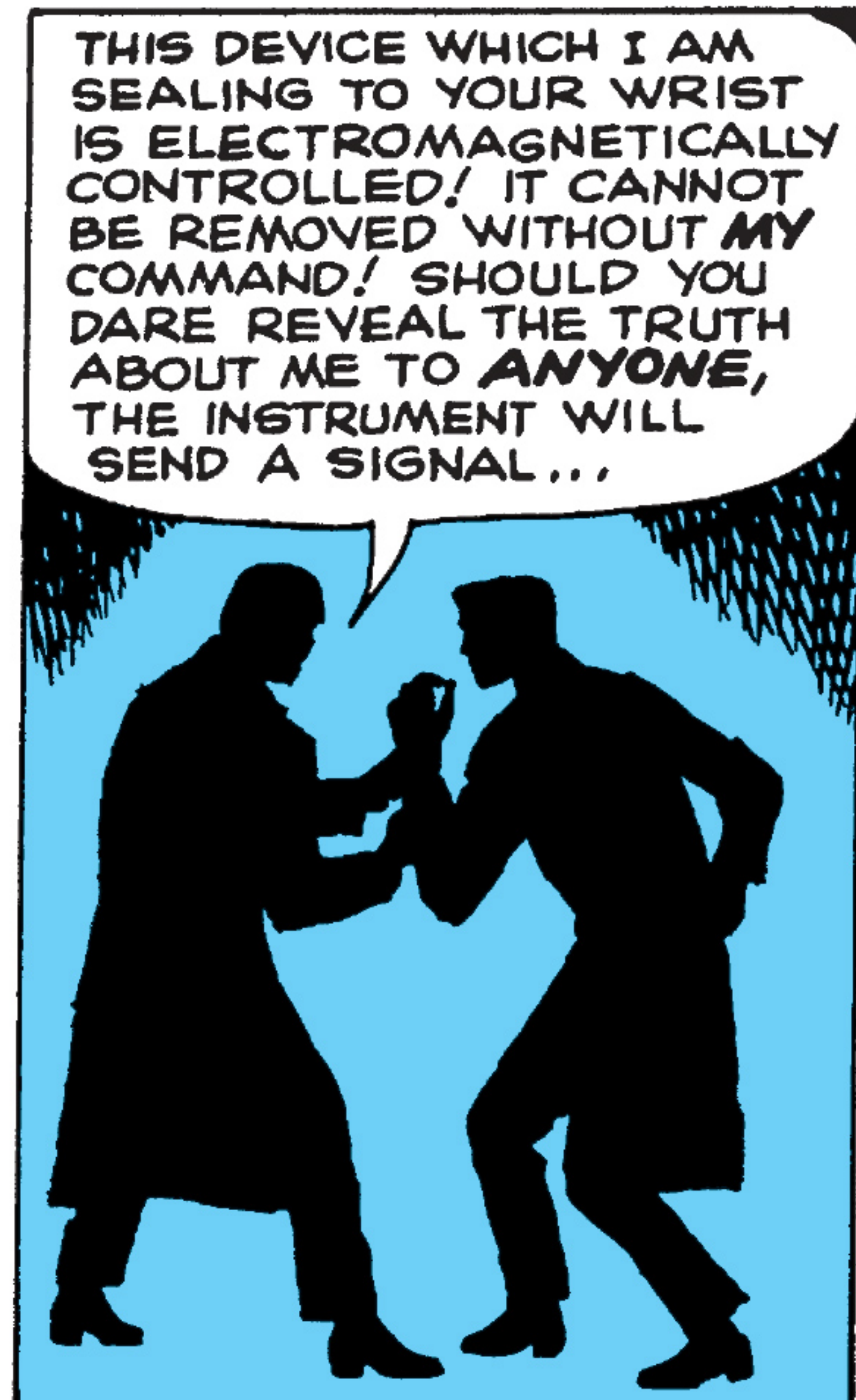
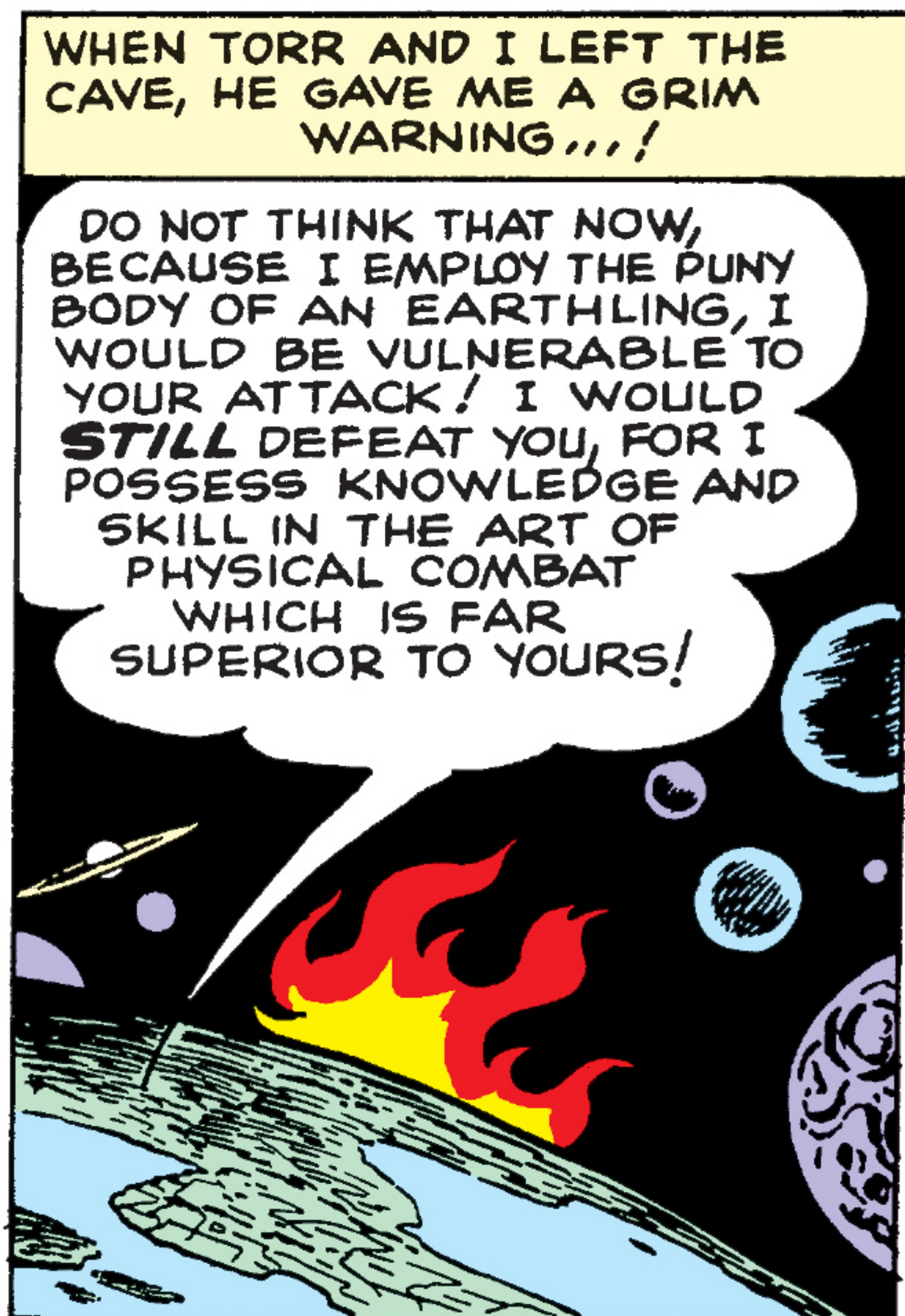
AND NOW, ONE OF YOU HAD BEST PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE **STRANGEST** EXPERIENCE OF YOUR LIFE!!

TORR!

PART 2







"MY ONLY WEAPON AGAINST YOU NEED BE **HYPNO-ILLUSION** CAPSULES! I SHALL BREAK THEM, RELEASING THE GAS THEREIN!

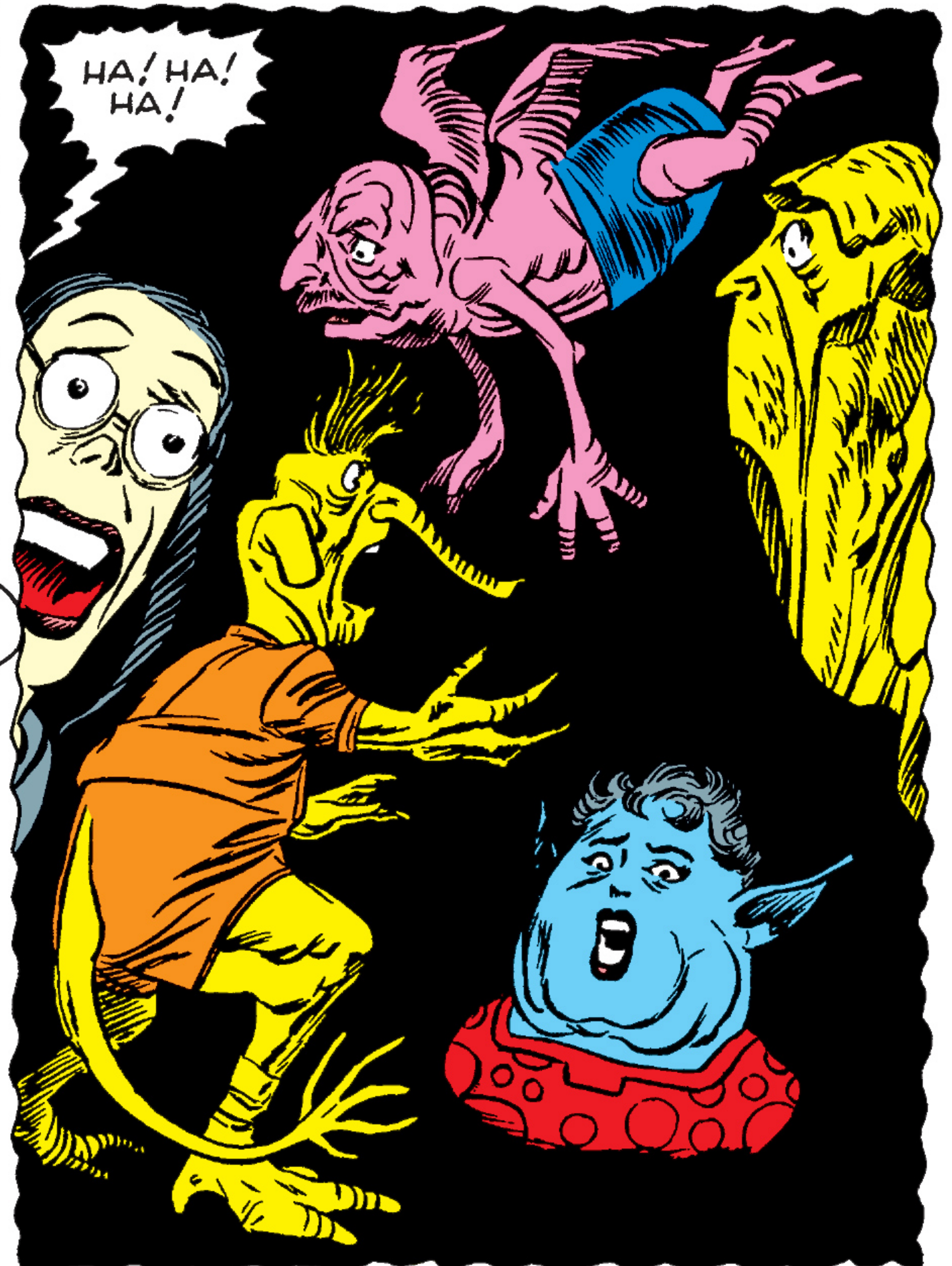
"SOON THE VAPOR WILL TAKE EFFECT! IT WILL CAUSE YOU TO HAVE HALLUCINATIONS! YOU WILL IMAGINE ALL SORTS OF FANTASTIC, HORRIBLE SIGHTS!

MY BRAIN AND NERVOUS SYSTEM ARE IMMUNE TO THESE VAPORS, BUT YOURS ARE **NOT**, EARTHLINGS! FOR **YOU** THERE IS NO ESCAPE! HA HA HA!!



WHAT IS HAPPENING?

I-I'M DIZZY! CAN BARELY STAND!

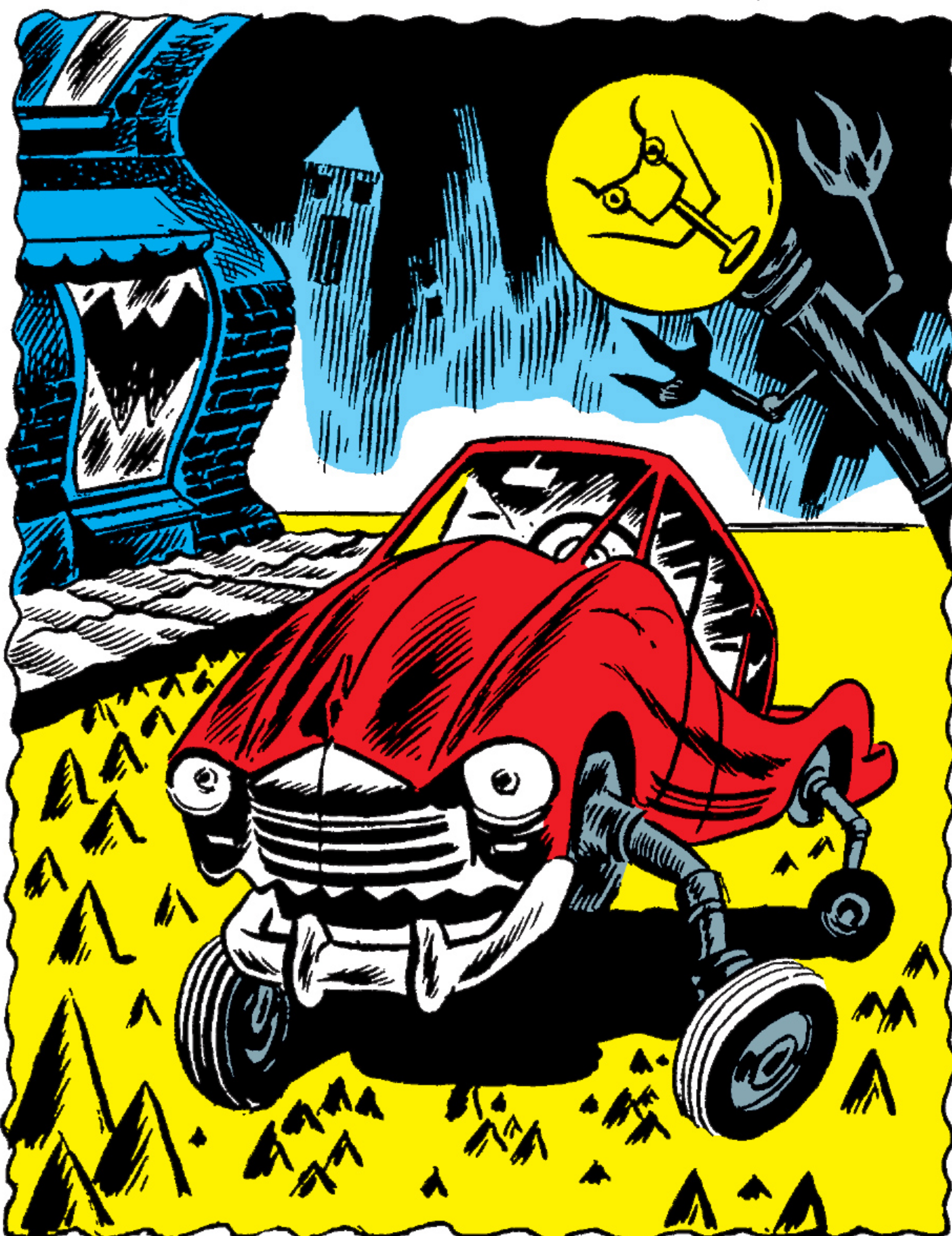


HA! HA! HA!

"THE APPALLING ILLUSIONS WILL MOUNT UNTIL ALL REALITY CHANGES INTO ONE LAST, FANTASTIC NIGHTMARE!



"AND BY THE TIME THE HYPNOTIC EFFECT OF THE VAPOR WEARS OFF, YOUR PEOPLE WILL BE AS I WANT THEM, OVERWHELMED AND FEARFUL!



WELL, HUMANS, DO YOU WANT A **FURTHER** TASTE OF TORR'S POWER, OR HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH?



NO MORE -- NO MORE NIGHTMARES! WE **BEG** YOU!

WE'LL DO **ANYTHING** YOU SAY!

SPARE US, O MIGHTY TORR!



THEN, AFTER I DEFEAT NEW YORK, I SHALL REPEAT THAT SCENE IN CITIES THROUGHOUT THIS NATION—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD—UNTIL I HAVE CONQUERED **ALL EARTH!!**

YOU -- YOU MUST BE **MAD!**



MAD? BY EARTH'S STANDARDS, PERHAPS I **AM** MAD! BUT NOT BY THE HARSH, RUTHLESS STANDARDS OF **MY** WORLD! BY **THOSE** STANDARDS I AM A GREAT FEARLESS WARRIOR, WHO GIVES NO QUARTER AND ASKS NONE ... WHO CONQUERS ALL!

AND **AFTER** YOU CONQUER US, WHAT THEN??

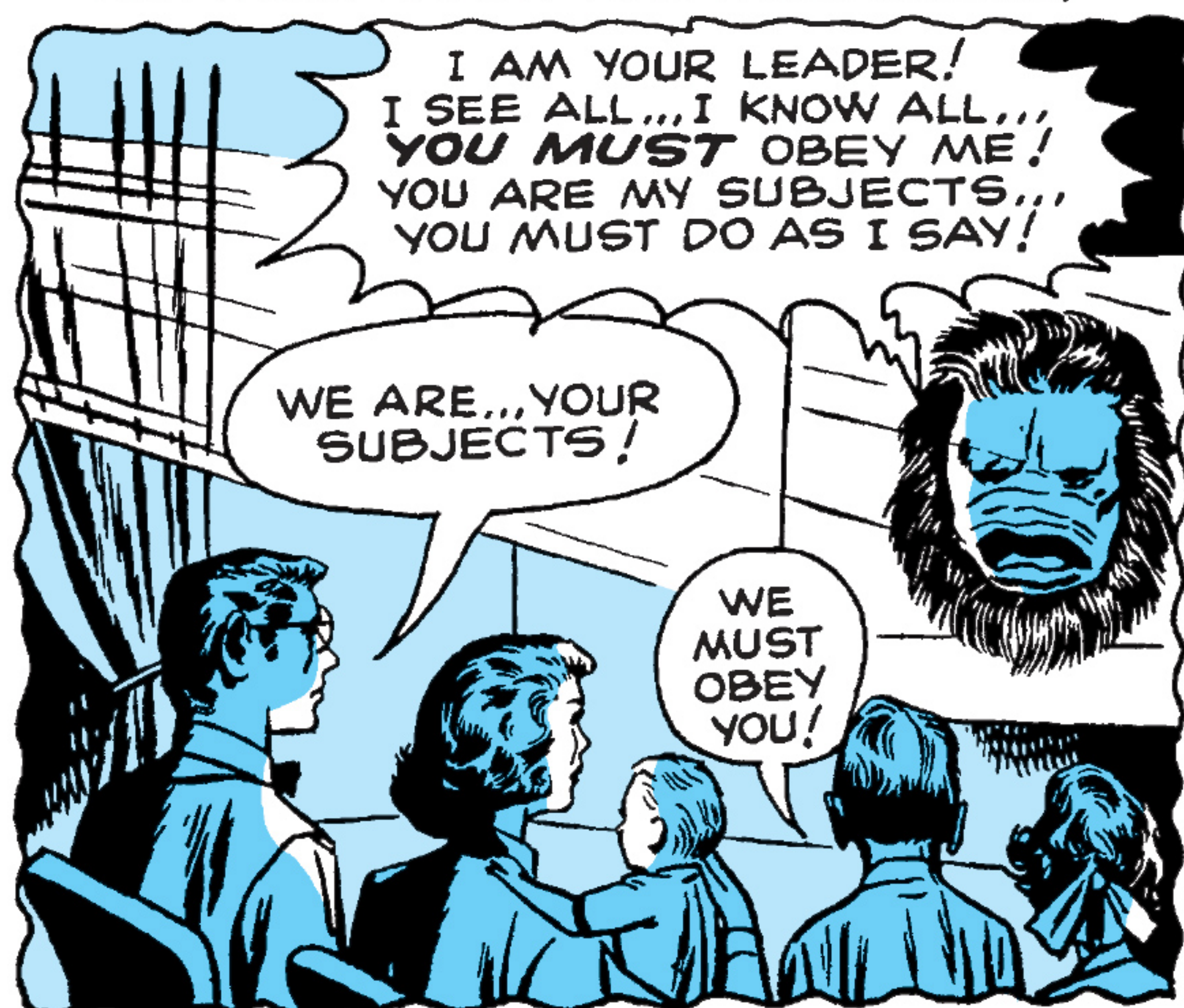


"THEN I WILL SUBJUGATE YOU! I WILL MAKE ALL MANKIND WORK FOR ME!"

HURRY, HUMANS, BUILD--BUILD THE MIGHTY TORR A CITY WORTHY OF HIS GREATNESS!

"AND TO INSURE YOUR LOYALTY, I SHALL CREATE A PROPAGANDA MACHINE BEYOND ANYTHING EARTH HAS EVER KNOWN!"

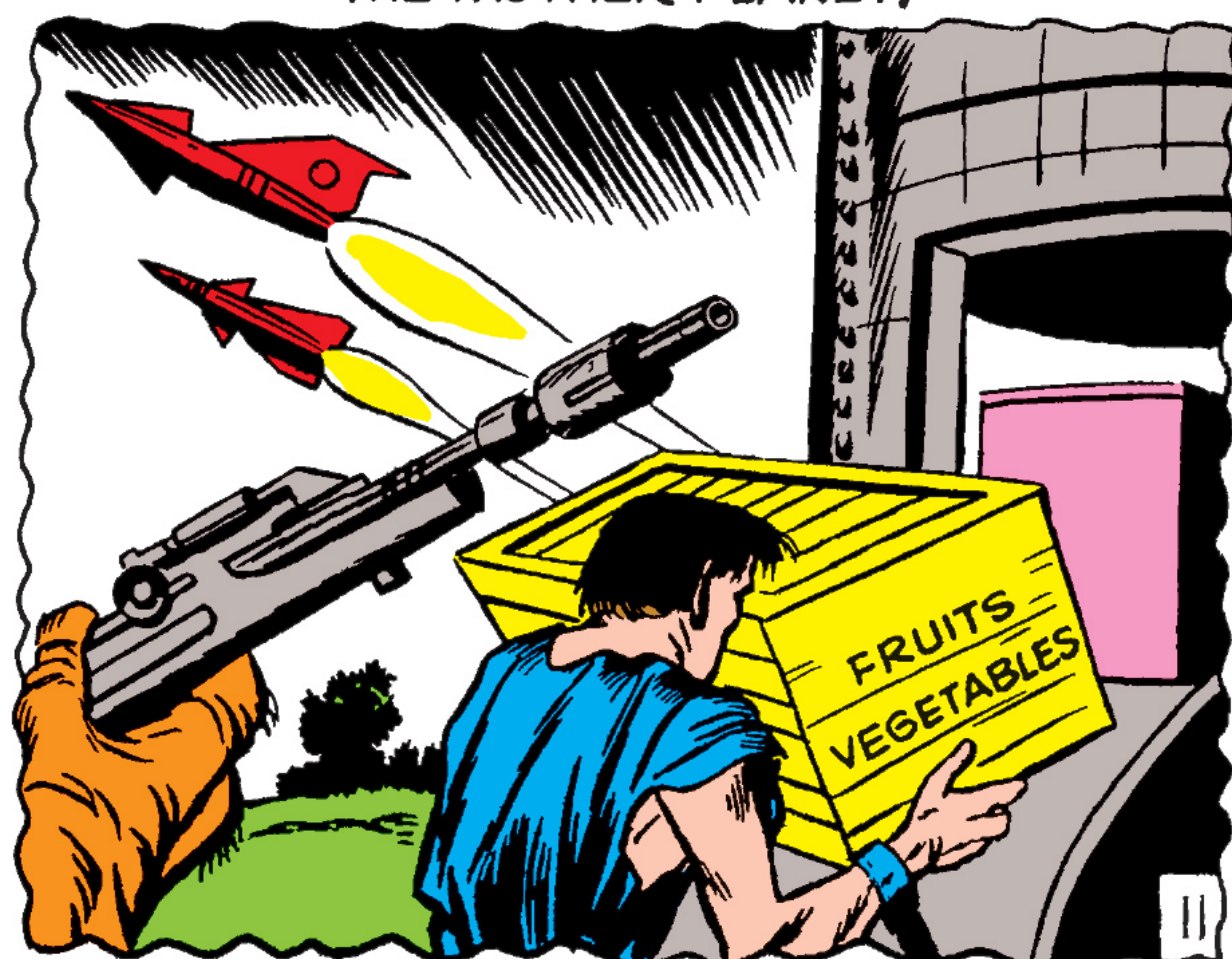
"AND FINALLY, I SHALL TURN EARTH INTO A COLONY FOR MY OWN WORLD... A COLONY THAT WILL DEVOTE ALL ITS ENERGIES TO SERVING THE MOTHER PLANET!"



I AM YOUR LEADER! I SEE ALL... I KNOW ALL... **YOU MUST OBEY ME!** YOU ARE MY SUBJECTS... YOU MUST DO AS I SAY!

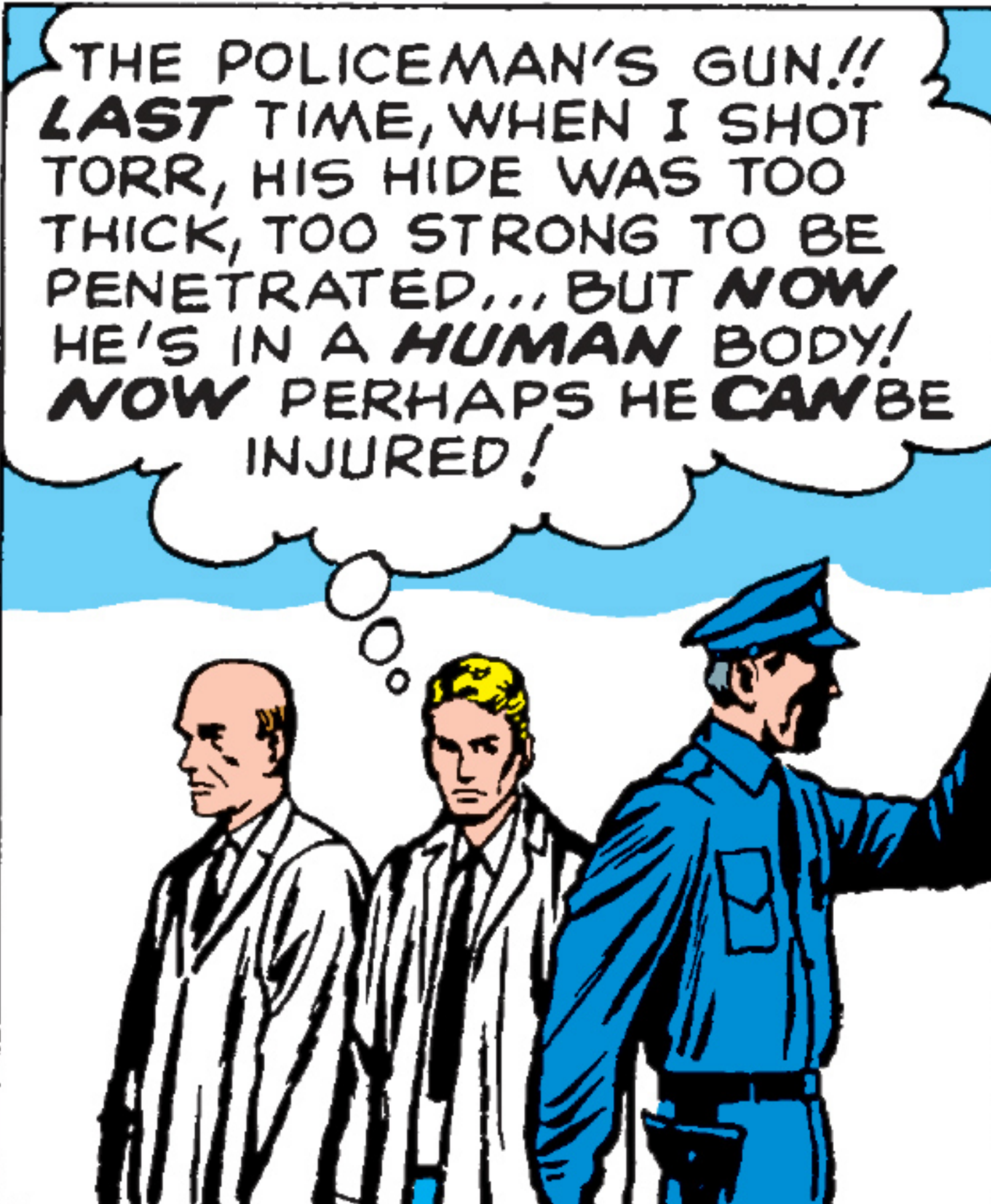
WE ARE...YOUR SUBJECTS!

WE MUST OBEY YOU!





THE MORE TORR SPOKE, THE MORE INCREDIBLY GRIM WAS THE PICTURE HE PAINTED, AND THE MORE DETERMINED WAS I TO PREVENT IT FROM MATERIALIZING! BUT I HAD NO MEANS--NO WAY TO STOP HIM--UNTIL...



WITHOUT ANOTHER MOMENT'S HESITATION, I GRABBED THE OFFICER'S LOADED REVOLVER!

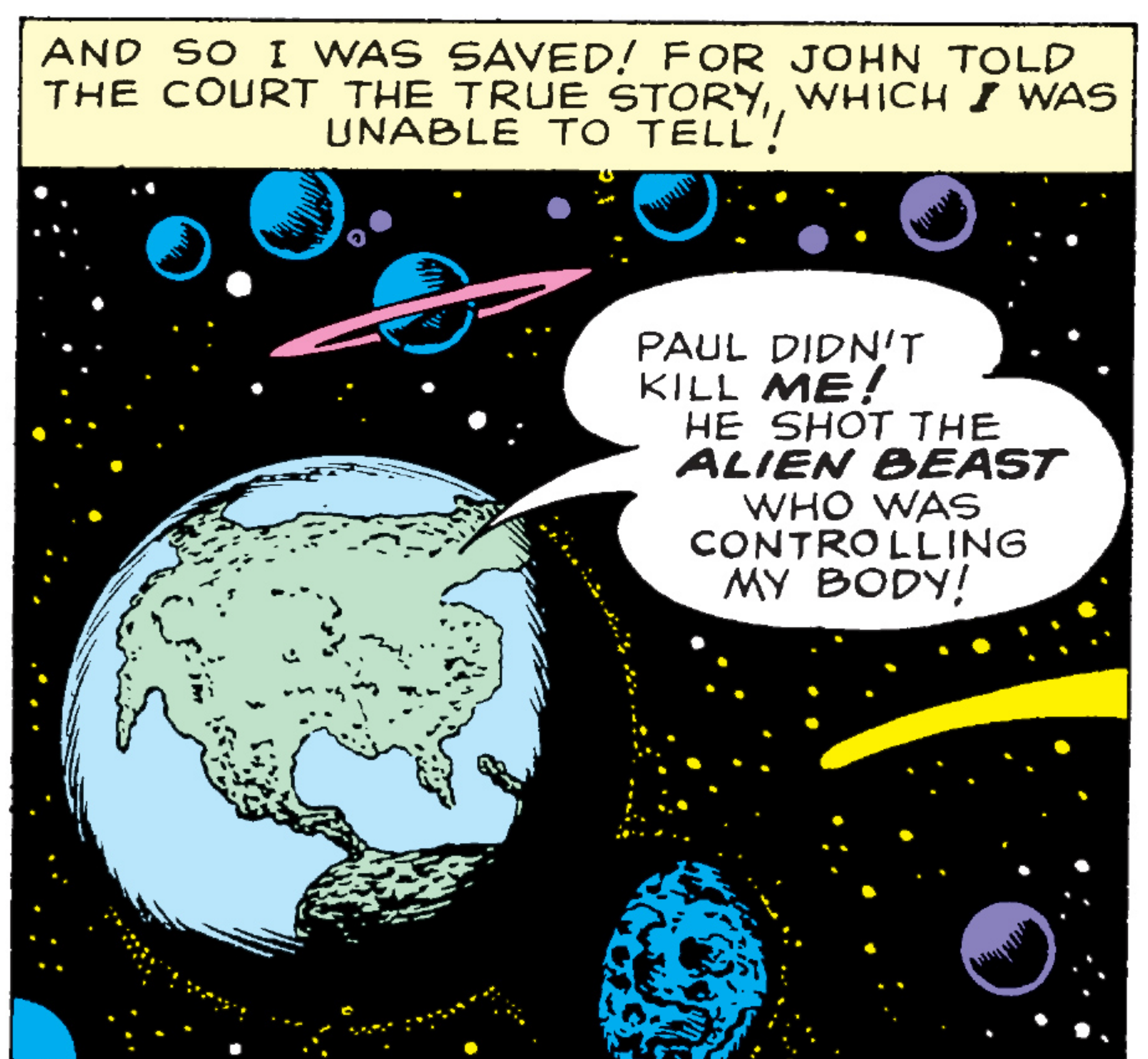
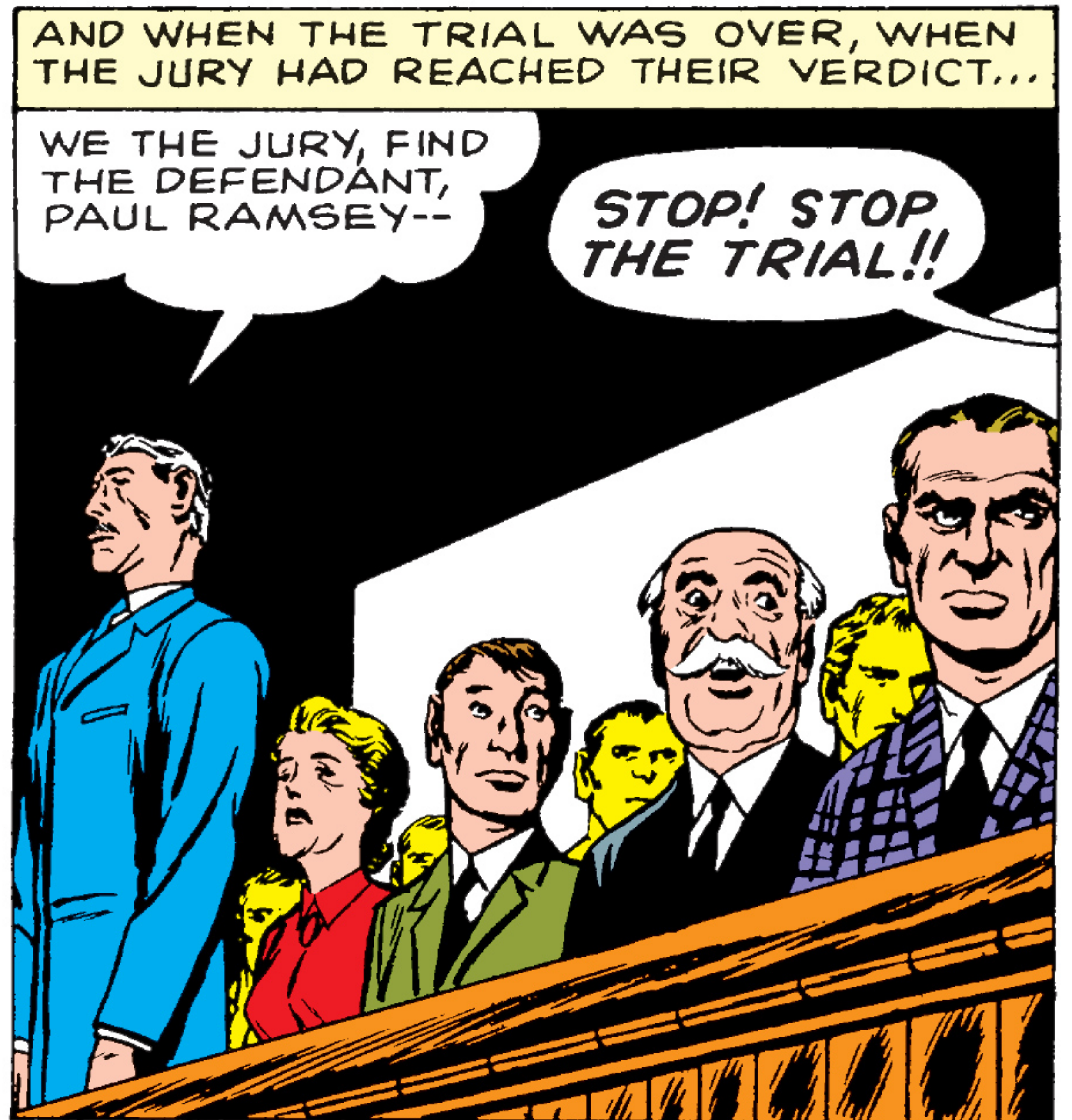


AFTER THAT, THINGS MOVED SWIFTLY AND SURELY! I SOON FOUND MYSELF IN COURT! I WAS THE DEFENDANT, AND THE CHARGE WAS ... **MURDER!**

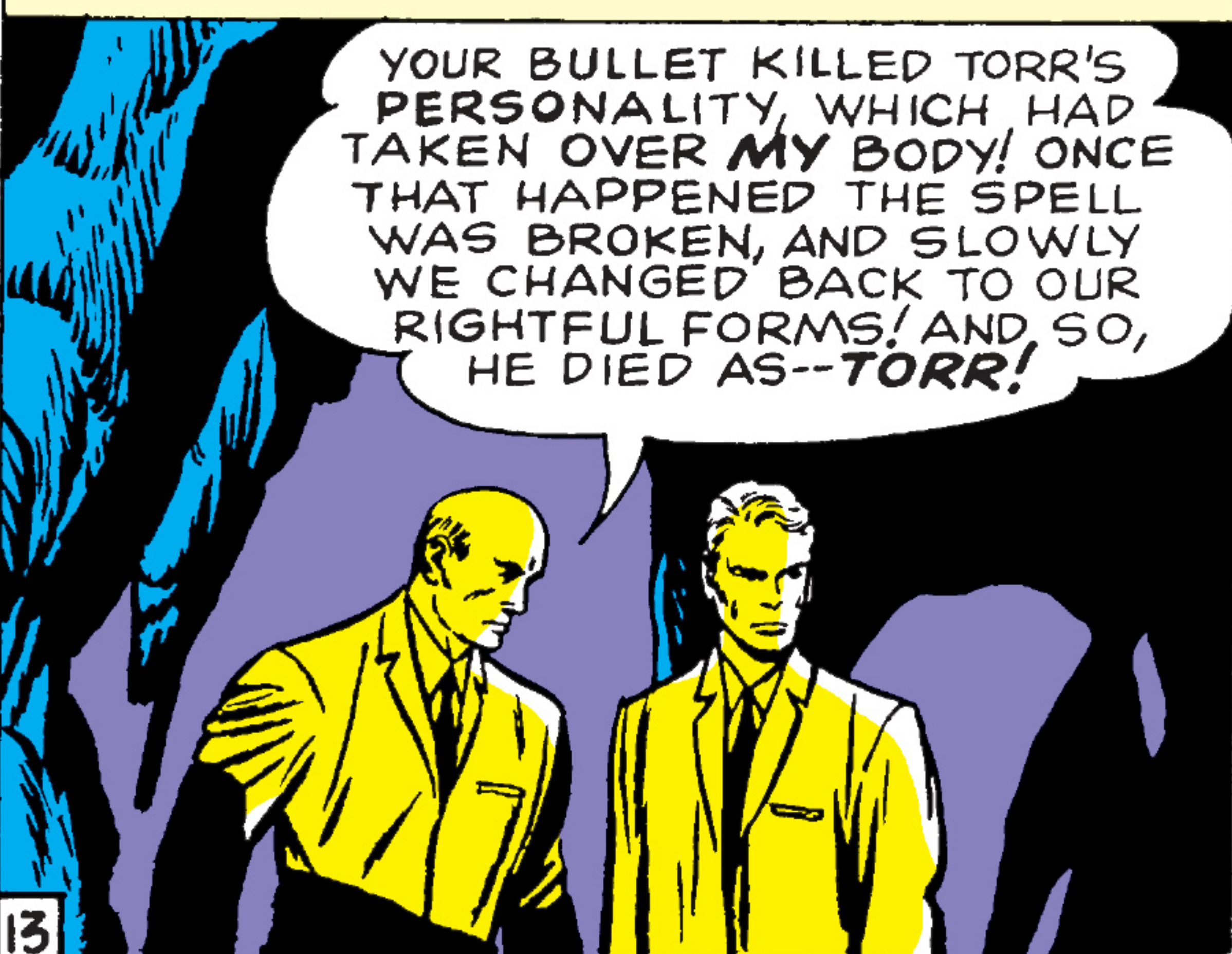
I **CAN'T** SPEAK IN MY BEHALF! I CAN'T TELL THEM **WHY** I SHOT JOHN! IF I DO, THIS INSTRUMENT, SEALED TO MY WRIST, WILL CONTACT TORR'S PLANET AND CAUSE THOUSANDS LIKE TORR TO COME TO EARTH! MANKIND WON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THEM!

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE NEARBY CITY HOSPITAL, AN **AWESOME** THING WAS HAPPENING...

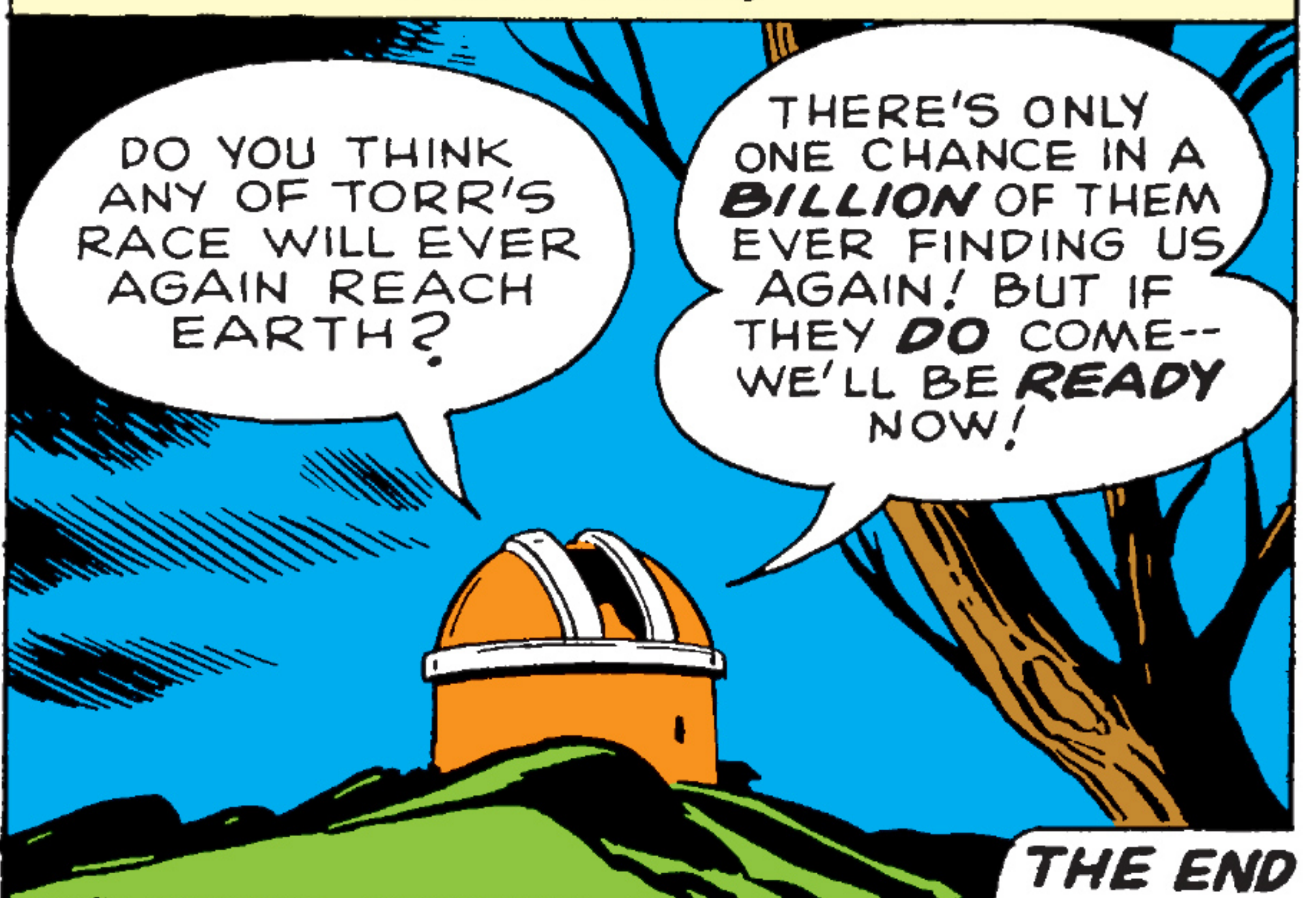




JOHN'S TESTIMONY BROUGHT MY ACQUITTAL!... AND SOON AFTERWARDS, WE WENT BACK TO THE MOUNTAINS TO VIEW THE REMAINS OF THE ONCE-MIGHTY TORR!



AND, WITH THE DEATH OF TORR, HIS WILL WAS BROKEN! THUS, THE INSTRUMENT ON MY WRIST FINALLY CRUMBLED INTO DUST! NOW THE STORY OF TORR IS FINISHED AT LAST!... AND I PRAY THAT IT IS FINISHED FOREVER!



MASQUERADE

TOMMY used to be the fellow from Missouri . . . the guy who had to be shown. The saying goes, "I'm from Missouri. You've got to show me." That was always the way with Tommy. Even when he was a kid and everyone on the block would take Santa Claus for real, Tommy thought he knew better. Not that anyone had to tell him, either. To him it came naturally.

His parents marveled at their son's ability to stick to the facts, and they predicted his career as a "private eye" even before the days of television. When other kids his age were flashing baby teeth smiles over nursery rhymes, Tommy would shake his head sadly and say, "Impossible." A mouse would not climb up a clock, Tommy insisted. Any old lady in her right mind couldn't live in a shoe, he pointed out angrily. The worst mistake his mother made was taking him to a movie called "Alice in Wonderland."

"Kid stuff," he said, very unimpressed at the age of eight years. "Just a waste of time."

Tommy's friends never knew exactly what to make of him. He would tail after them, always very serious looking, yet hardly ever join their games of make believe.

"How about playing cowboys?" they would ask.

"Without a horse?" asked Tommy disdainfully.

That's the way it was.

Tommy grew up to man size and sure enough he went to work for a private investigating outfit. He was one of the most promising young men in his field.

Although he enjoyed his work thoroughly, this young "private eye" wandered from office routine on one particular occasion

when Kitty Blake took over a job as secretary at his office.

Kitty was pretty as the first real day of Spring. Tommy invited her to go to the movies with him, and she accepted with a very pleasant smile. Everything was going along fine that night until Hollywood double-crossed Tommy. He had never been able to sit through a film without looking it over for flaws. In one dramatic scene Tommy leaned over and pointed out to Kitty that the heroine had changed her hair style in the space of minutes, a glaring error that would never be possible in real life. When the leading man's pocket handkerchief disappeared the moment he walked through a revolving door, Tommy was beside himself with dismay. He raved on and on during the picture until a few people in the audience turned around to stare at him. Kitty sat there quietly.

"Did you like the picture?" Tommy asked on the way home.

"What I managed to hear of it," Kitty answered laughingly.

Tommy blushed.

"I guess I got carried away with those technical errors," he admitted. "I'm a stickler for realism."

"Then maybe I'd better not ask you to the party a friend of mine is giving a week from now," said Kitty. "It's a Come-in-Costume party. You wouldn't go for that sort of thing, would you?"

"Not ordinarily." Tommy took one look at Kitty. "But if the invitation is still open, I can make it."

"I'll write down the address for you," said Kitty. "You mustn't tell me what you're coming as. That's supposed to be a surprise until you get there. It'll

be lots of fun."

Tommy nodded helplessly. If it had been anyone but Kitty . . . He shuddered at the thought of such foolish goings-on, wondering if he could go through with it when the moment came.

The evening of the party Tommy almost changed his mind about going. If it weren't for Kitty and this chance to meet her friends, he wouldn't have gotten himself into such a mess. He couldn't wear a costume, he decided, because it wasn't in himself to put on anything make-believe. He couldn't disappoint Kitty and not show up, so he wore his usual blue suit. If Kitty or anyone asked him why he wasn't in costume he would tell them the truth . . . that he wanted to come there to be with all of them, but he was a plain fellow who respected facts above fantasy.

He took a bus to Locust Corners. Following the address that Kitty had given him, he proceeded to Hollow Street. The pavement ended after a few short blocks, and he found himself strolling through some thicketed outskirts. It was a lovely evening, a skyful of stars scattered overhead and rich grassy smells perfuming the night accompanied by tuneful crickets chirping their songs. Tommy strolled along happily until he realized that he was in a very remote area. There were no houses here. He stared anxiously about him until he saw among the tree-tops, not too far away, a colorful glimmer of lights.

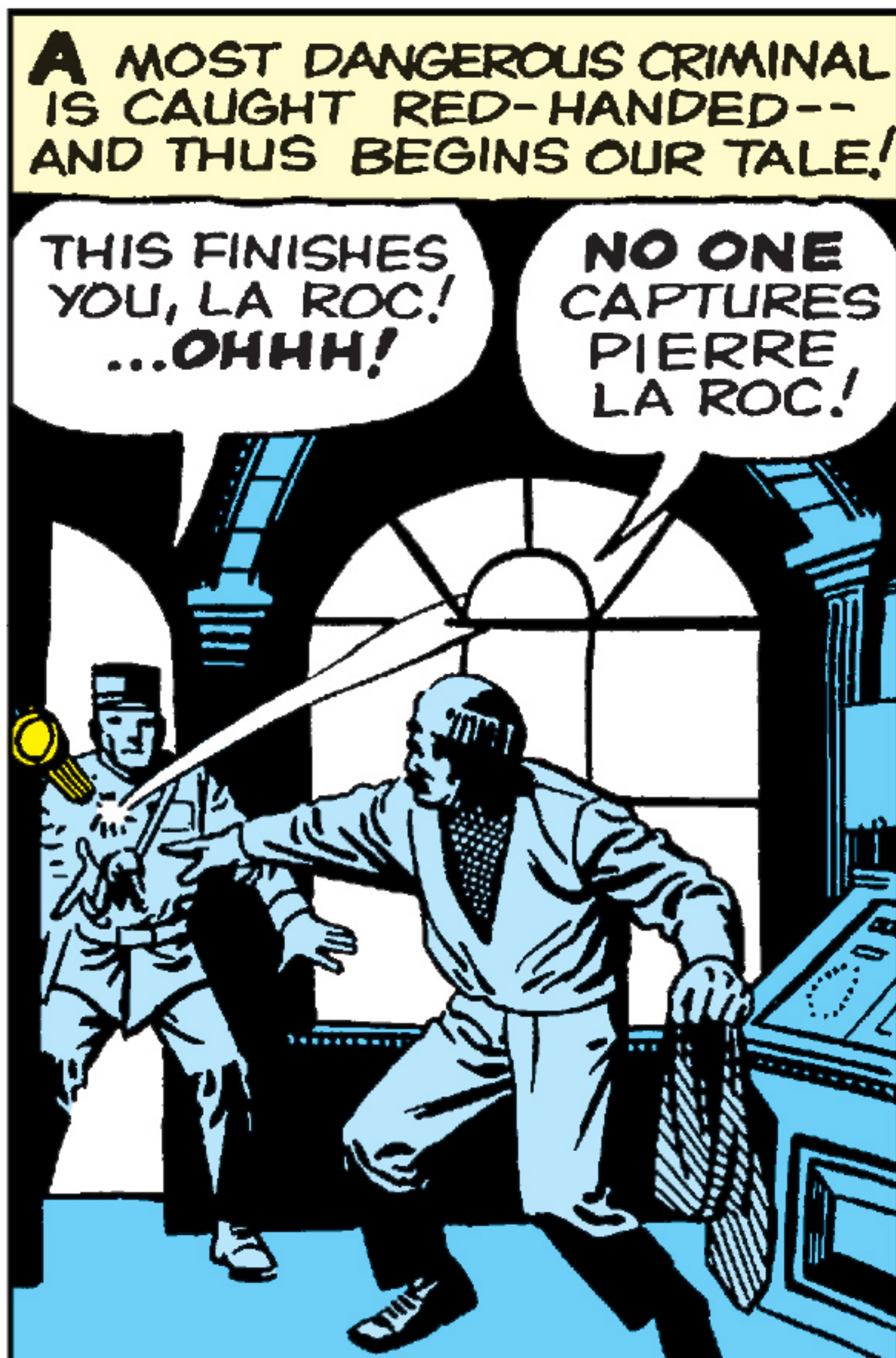
"That must be the party!" he decided. Probably it was an outdoor affair, and among the trees at night without street lamps to point the way, he wasn't able to see any house.

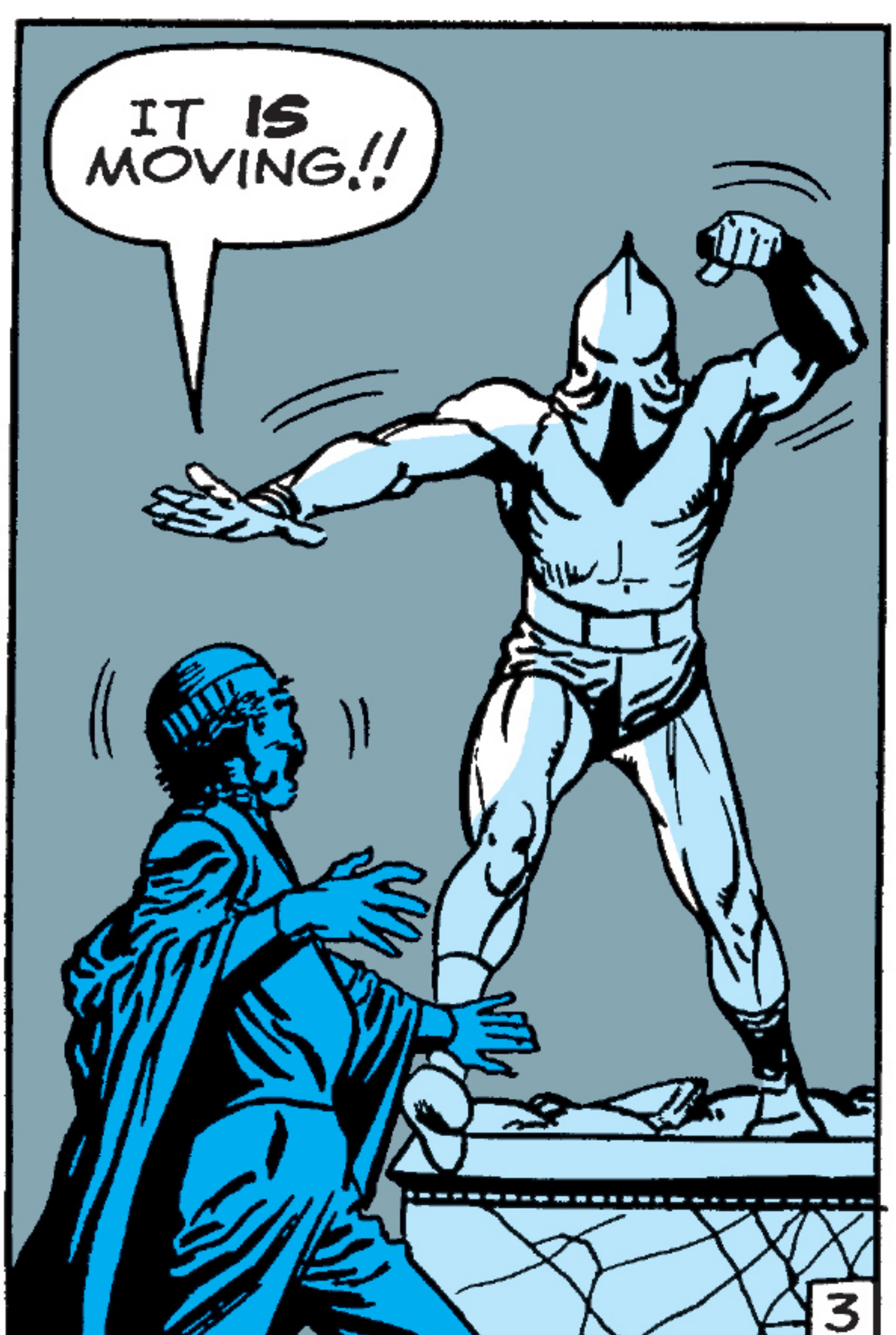
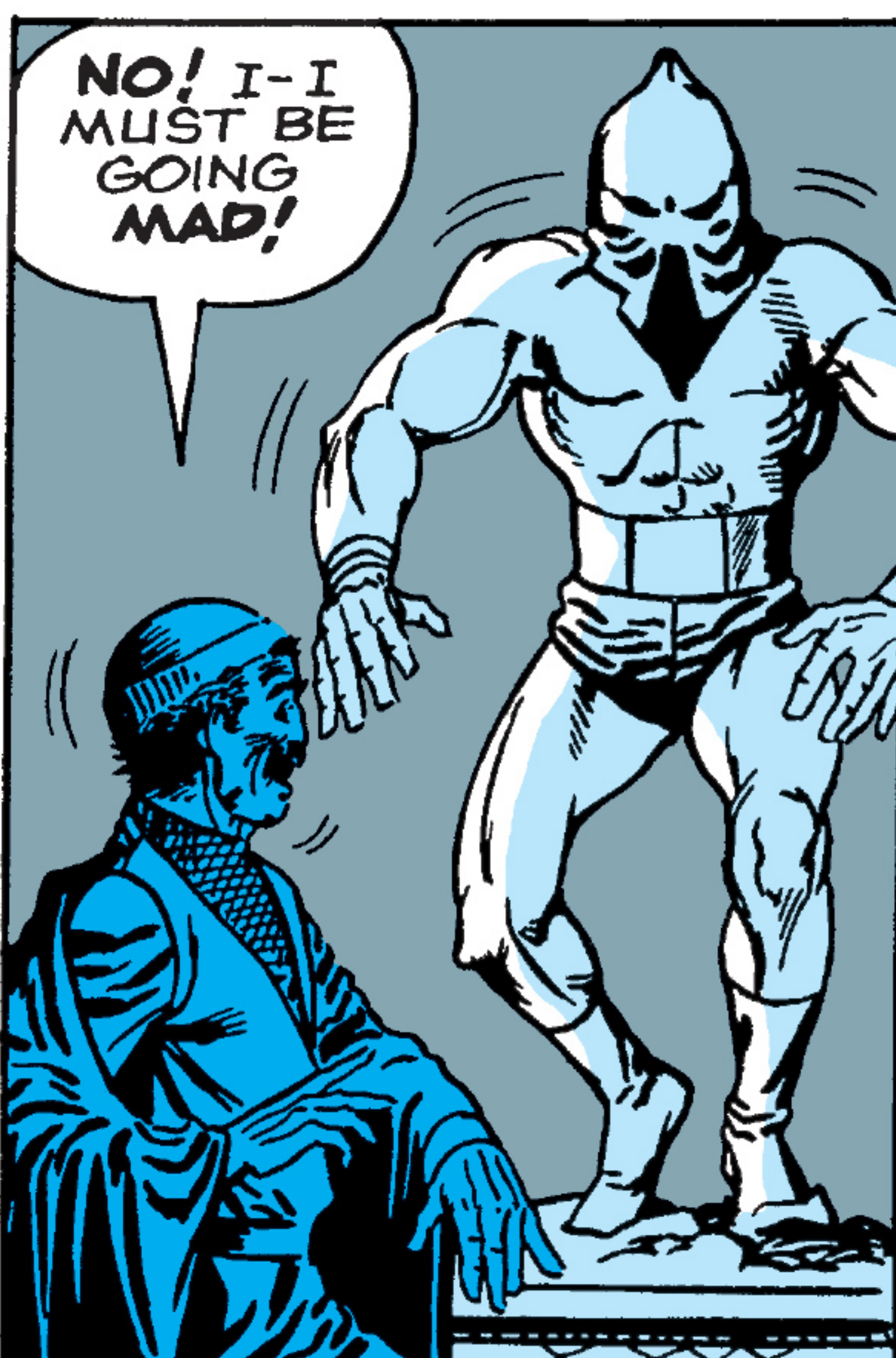
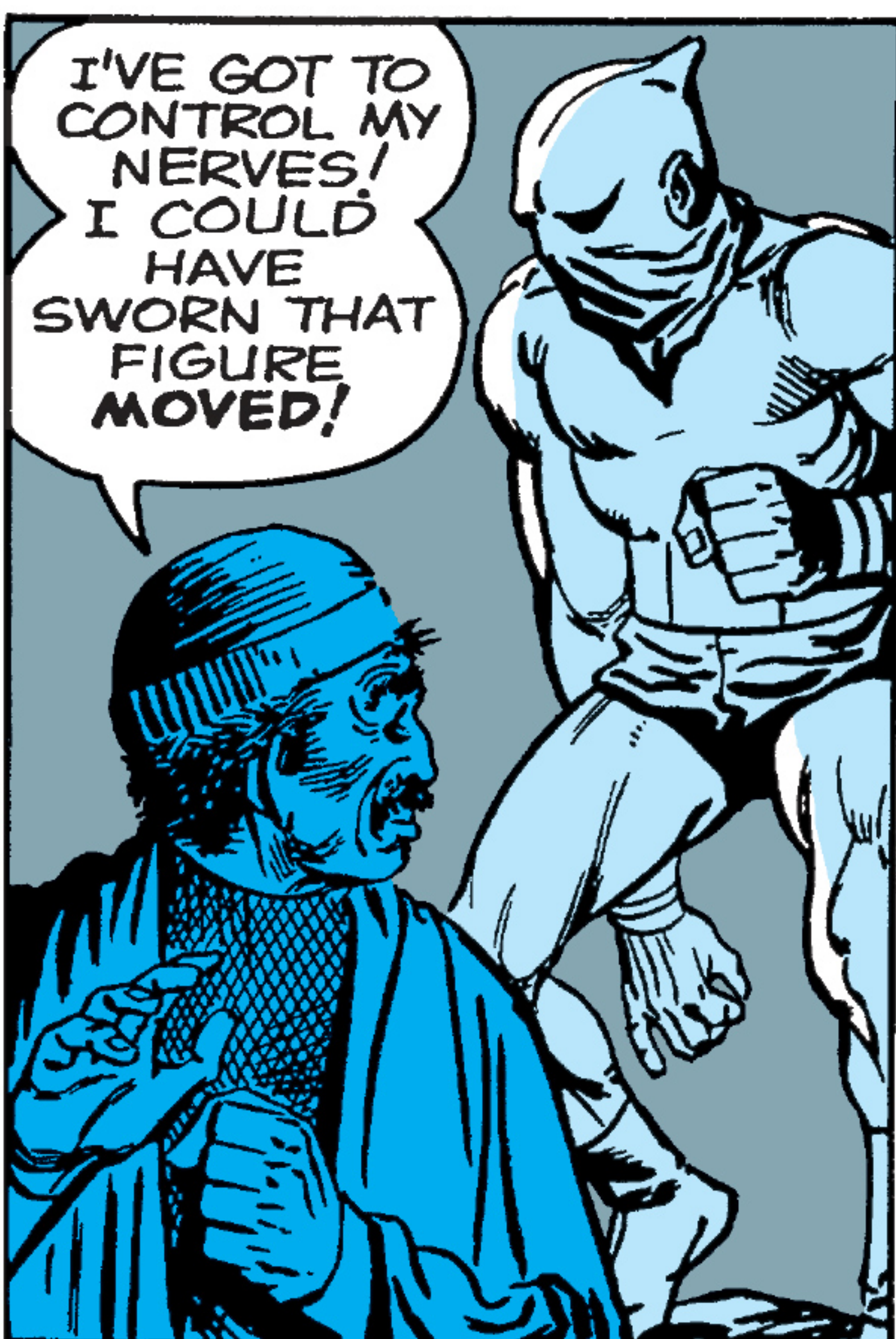
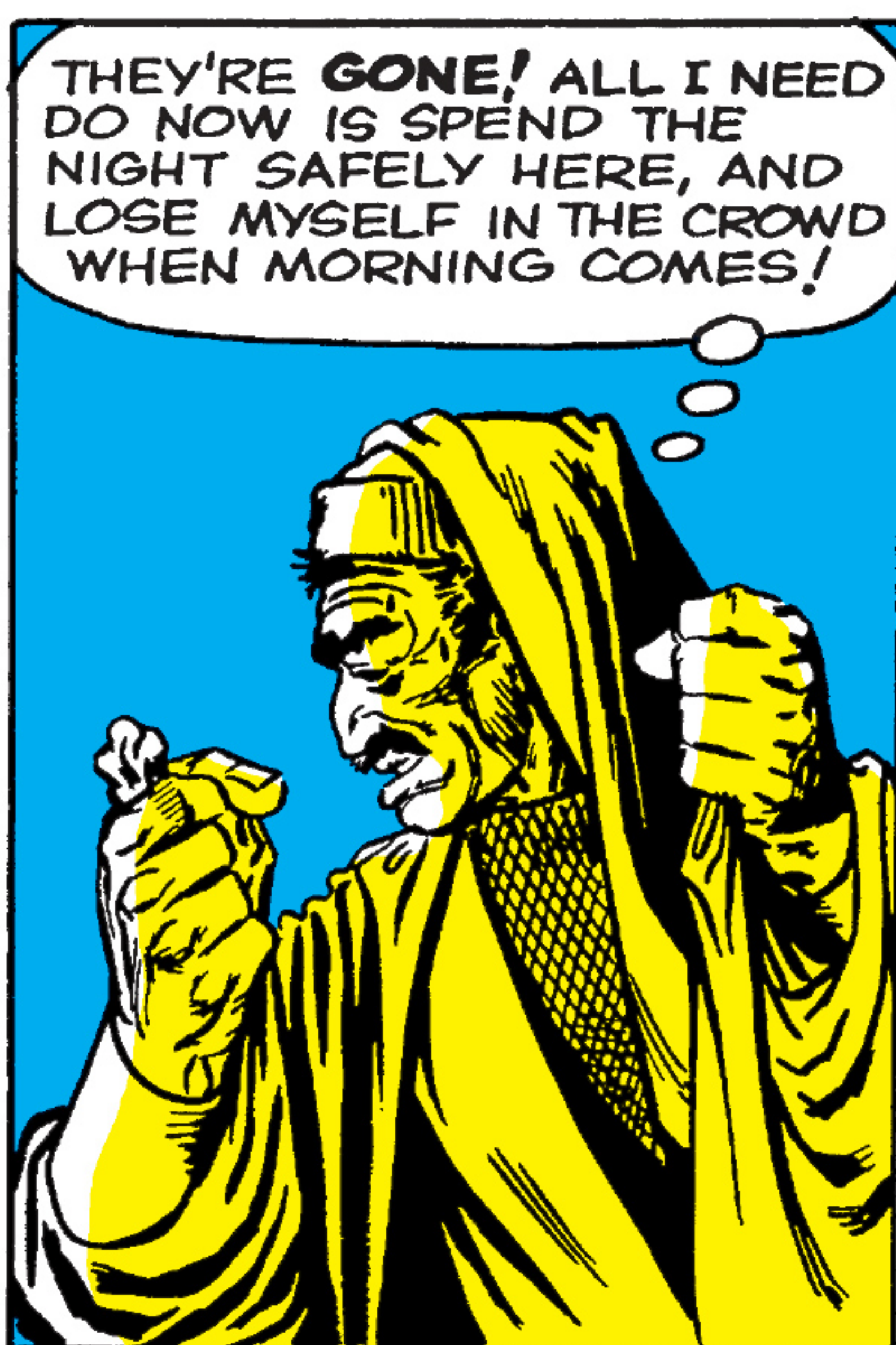
He hung back shyly when he

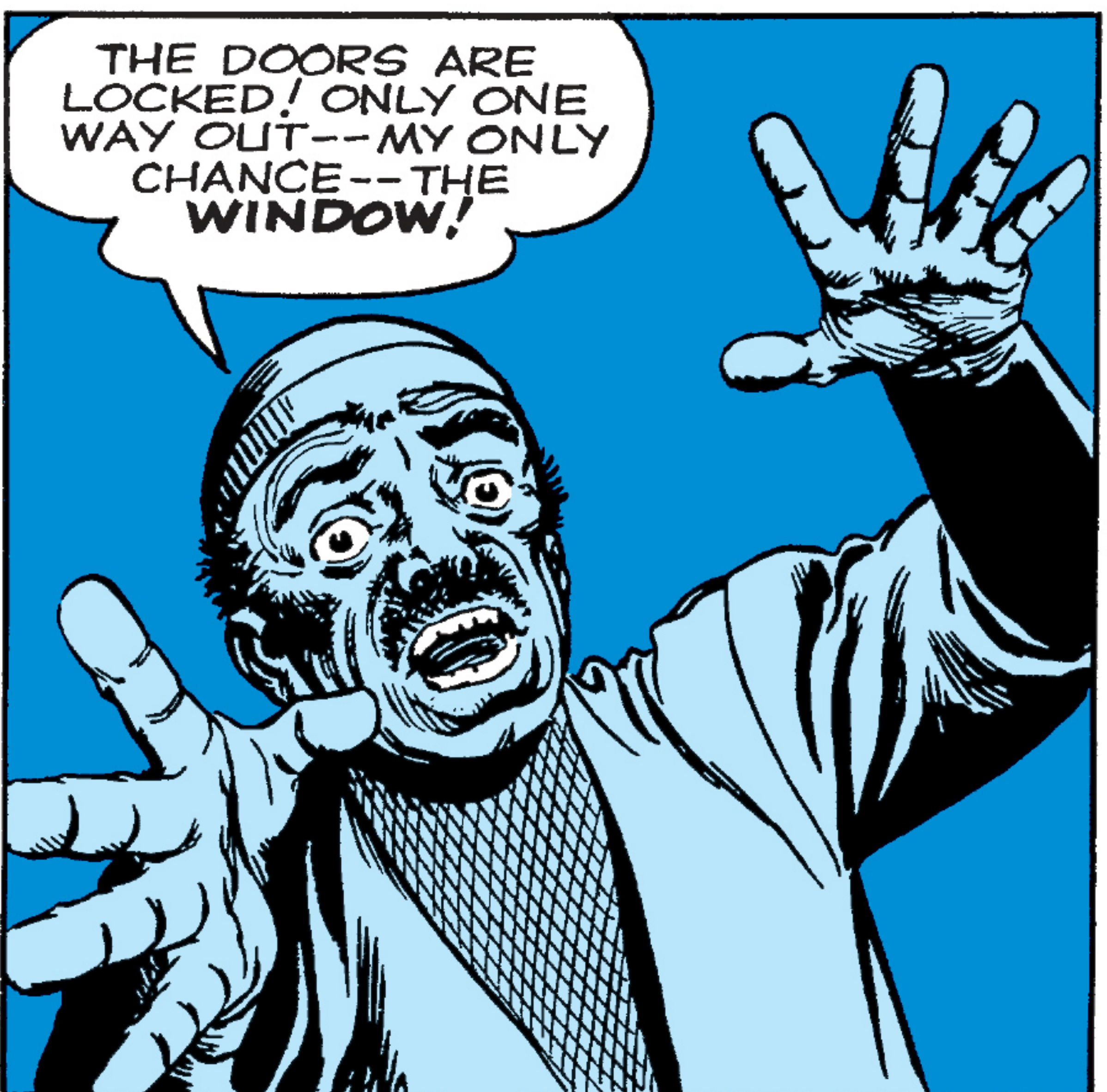
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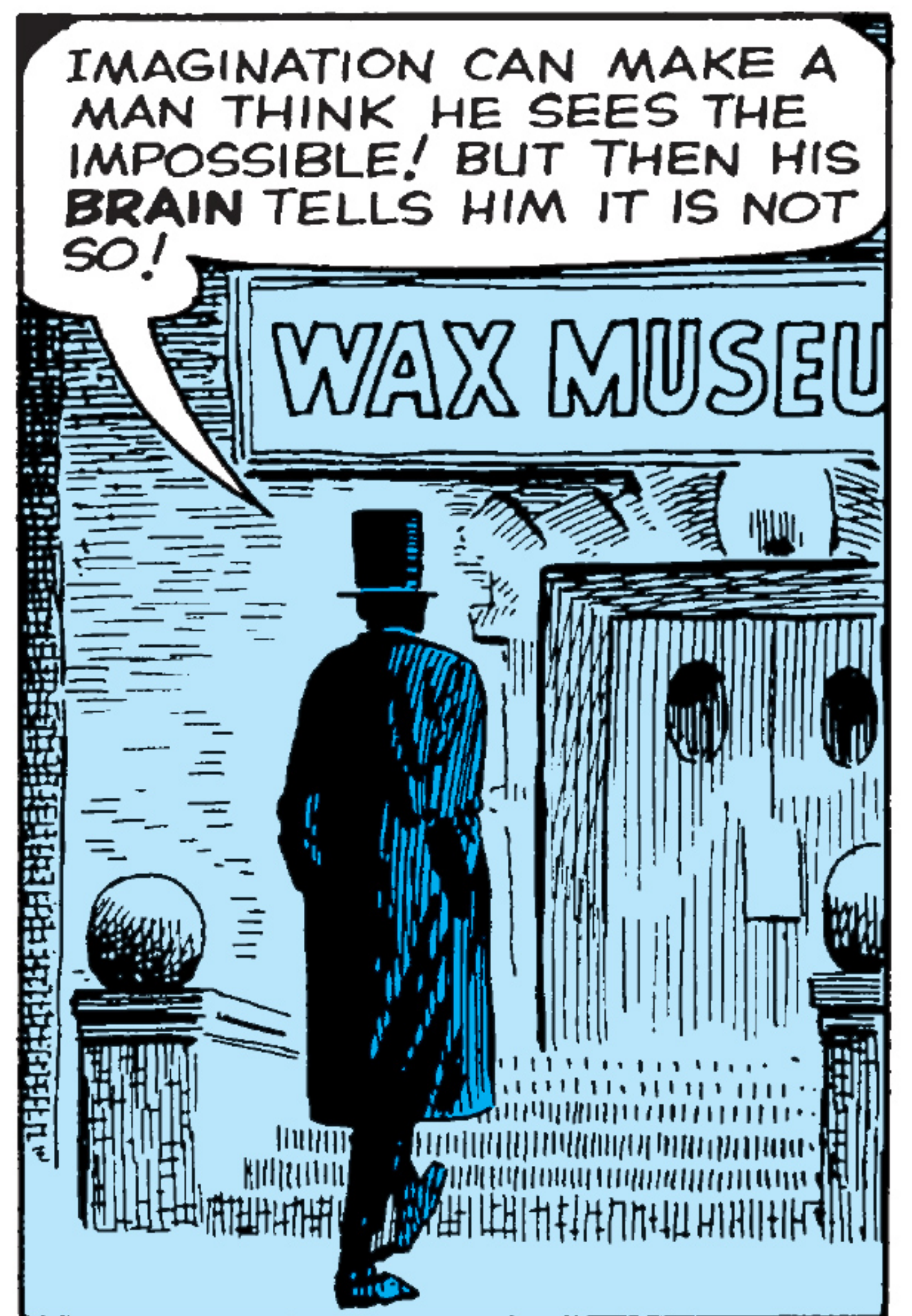
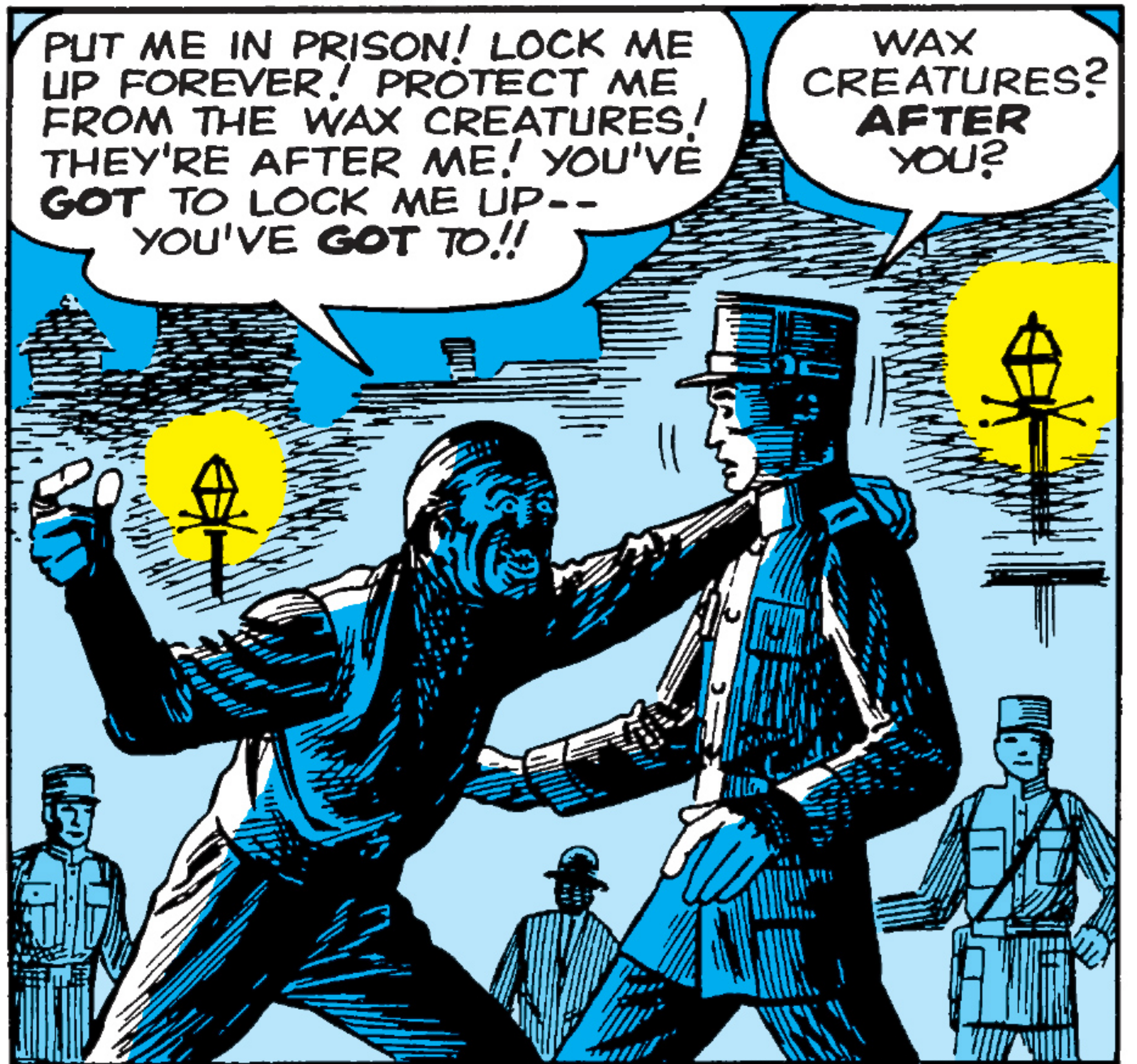
MIDNIGHT *IN THE* WAX MUSEUM











CONTINUED

came upon the merry-makers. One look at them and he realized that this was a lavish masquerade, indeed. The costumes were turned out in exquisite detail. Men and women both wore ornaments dazzling to the eye, jeweled and embroidered in glowing color. Three fiddlers drew their bows across their violins creating delightful melodies. They were led by a plump, jolly-looking fellow wearing a crown with the initials O.K.C. set into it.

"Old King Cole," said Tommy, digging deep into his childhood for the memory.

The musicians stopped playing just at that moment and their leader walked over to Tommy, a cheerful grin on his round face.

"We weren't expecting you," he said, "but I'm glad you recognized me after all these years."

Tommy didn't know whether he was expected to carry on the joke or ignore it. He felt a little out of place in his ordinary blue suit.

"I'm Tommy," he said. "Kitty invited me. Has she arrived yet?"

O.K.C. laughed heartily. "My goodness," he said. "People are coming from all over tonight. Which Kitty do you mean?"

Tommy felt even more uncomfortable. His companion shifted the crown on his head and winked. "Now I know who you are," he said. "You're the guest of honor who doesn't go for make-believe. Hey there, everybody. He's here! Come on over, everyone. Let's get the festivities rolling."

Tommy's head whirled as the introductions were begun. One by one the characters he dimly remembered other kids talking about walked up to him and explained who they were. At first he hoped that Kitty would show up and rescue him from all of this. Gradually, he relaxed and began to laugh with the others as they told stories about themselves. The imagination of the party-goers amazed him, and their charm was inescapable.

"See what you missed as a kid?" said the King, who had

set himself up as master of ceremonies. "Too bad, too bad. We throw this party at least once a year to meet fellows like you. Some of them are just afraid to let go and enjoy make-believe. They think they have to play it straight or else someone will poke fun at them. Then, there are serious people like yourself . . . Doubting Thomases we call them. They're the worst cases. Find it hard to get a good laugh out of life. Always looking on the darker side of things. If we catch them in time, we give them a little balance. For our own good, too," the King admitted. "Because if the world didn't love make-believe, we'd cease to exist,



wouldn't we? Well, you'll have to excuse me. I must get back to my music so we can have some merry dances. Stick around as long as you like."

"What about Kitty?" asked Tommy. "Maybe I'd better call her house to see if she left. She should have come by now."

The King grinned good-naturedly. "Listen, son . . . you head back in the direction you came from. There's a store way down the road with a telephone gadget. We're not wired for that sort of thing out in this neck of the woods."

Tommy waved his hand and set off. He was amazed at himself for regretting that he and Kitty were missing out on part of the fun. Kitty's friends certainly played hard at make-believe, but they were good sports and a lot of good com-

pany to be with.

He arrived at the store at last and pulled out the paper with Kitty's home phone, thinking he would check with her mother as to what time she had left. His eyes fell upon the address Kitty had written for him . . . the party address.

"Southeast Hollow Street," he read aloud.

"You're on the wrong side of town for that address," the man behind the counter told him. "This is Old Hollow section. You want New Hollow street. That's a good ten minutes walk over the bridge. Besides, you wouldn't find a house for miles in the direction I saw you coming from. That's all woods back in those parts."

Tommy dashed from the store. He ran past rows of warmly lit houses until he came at last to New Hollow street. He rang the bell of an ordinary little house and was welcomed by a story book princess in a simple but pretty pink gown. It was Kitty!

"I was beginning to worry," she exclaimed. "Come on in and meet everyone."

They crowded around Tommy, greeting him gaily.

"Say, isn't *he* the clever one!" said one of the fellows enviously. "I was trying to think my way out of getting into a fancy rig for the party without being called a spoil sport. Look at him . . ."

Tommy's suit glowed with a silver sprinkling of letters. D-O-U-B-T-I-N-G T-H-O-M-A-S they twinkled brightly.

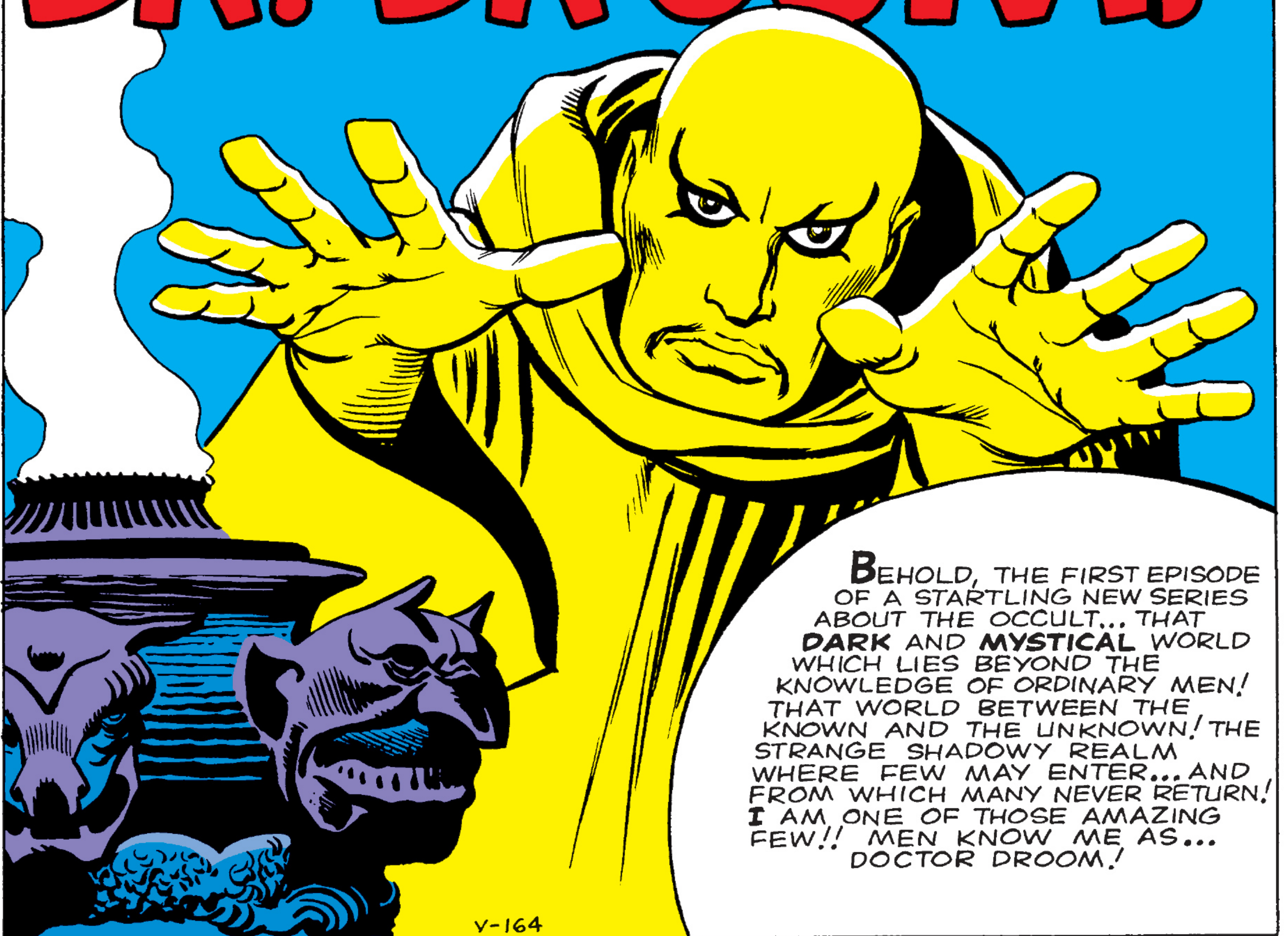
"Very appropriate and original," Kitty said admiringly. "How did you do it?"

"Pixie dust," explained Tommy with a smile. "It'll wear off during the evening. At the rate things have been happening, I wouldn't be surprised if I turned into Prince Charming by midnight."

Kitty's eyes sparkled. "I think it's happened already," she whispered. And after all, wouldn't a "princess" like herself be the first to know?

THE END G-750

I AM THE FANTASTIC DR. DROOM!



BEHOLD, THE FIRST EPISODE OF A STARTLING NEW SERIES ABOUT THE OCCULT... THAT **DARK** AND **MYSTICAL** WORLD WHICH LIES BEYOND THE KNOWLEDGE OF ORDINARY MEN! THAT WORLD BETWEEN THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN! THE STRANGE SHADOWY REALM WHERE FEW MAY ENTER... AND FROM WHICH MANY NEVER RETURN! I AM ONE OF THOSE AMAZING FEW!! MEN KNOW ME AS... DOCTOR DROOM!

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MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE OFTEN ORIGINATE IN ORDINARY PLACES! FOR ME, THEY BEGAN IN THE CITY MEDICAL CLUB!

IMAGINE A TIBETAN LAMA REQUESTING A DOCTOR FROM HERE IN THE UNITED STATES!

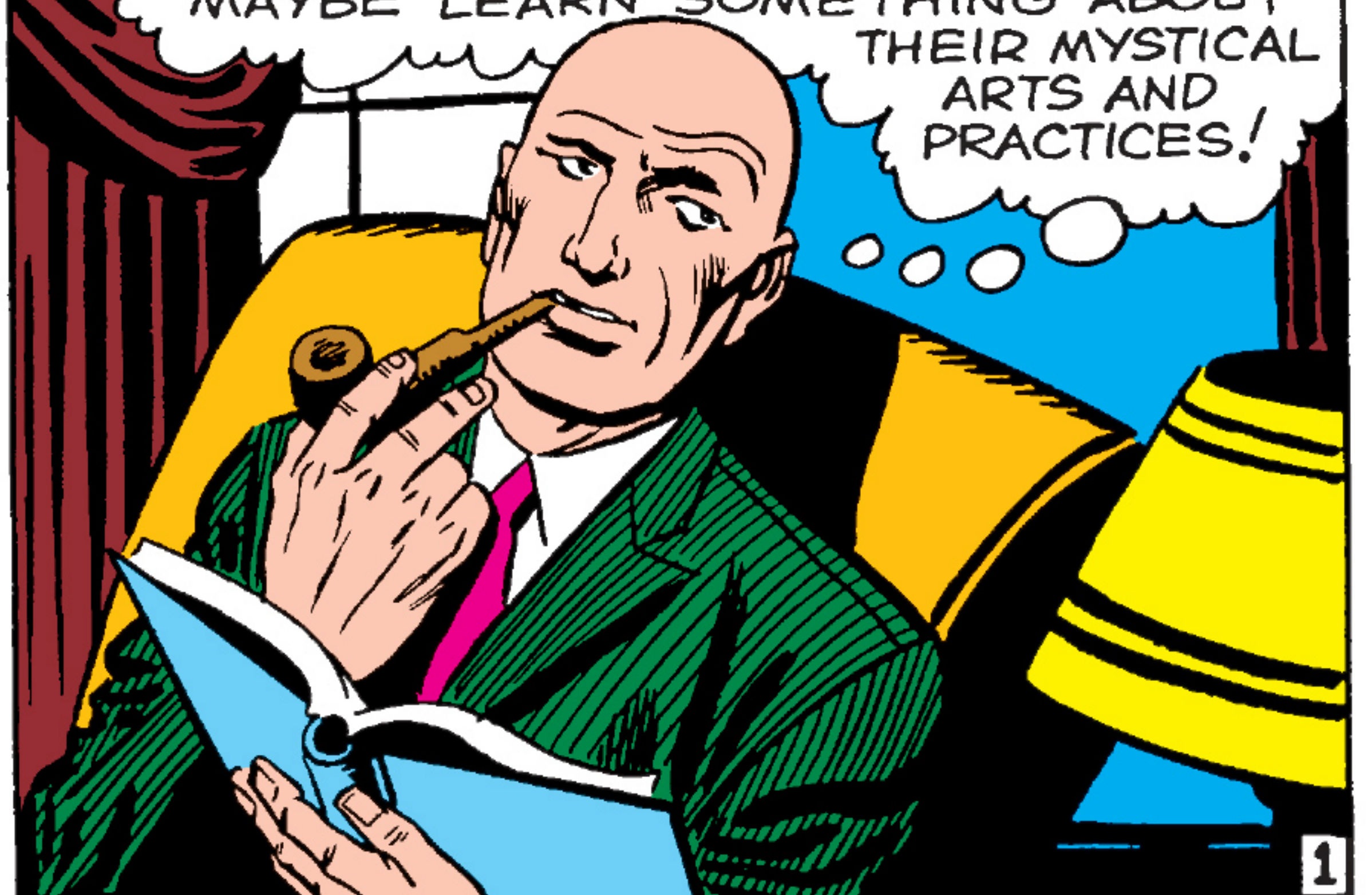
IT'S ABSURD TO TO EXPECT ANY DOCTOR TO TRAVEL HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD TO TREAT A PATIENT!

IF I HAD THE TIME I MIGHT CONSIDER GOING, BUT RIGHT NOW I'M BUSY AS THE DICKENS WITH MY PRACTICE!

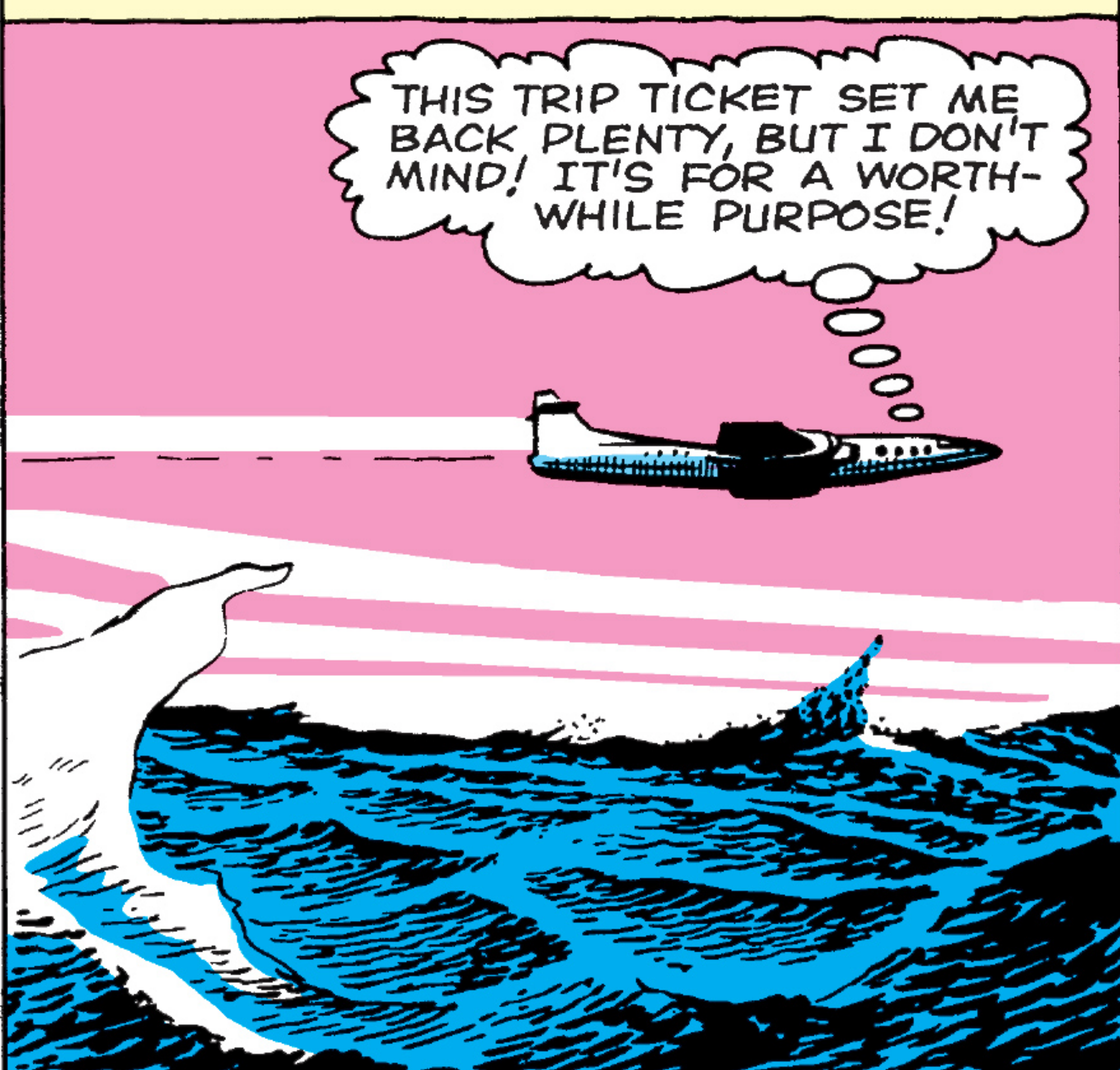


I WAS SITTING NEARBY, WHERE I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING THE DISCUSSION!

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN ORIENTAL CULTURES! THIS WOULD BE BE AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ME TO GET SOME FIRST HAND KNOWLEDGE! MAYBE LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR MYSTICAL ARTS AND PRACTICES!



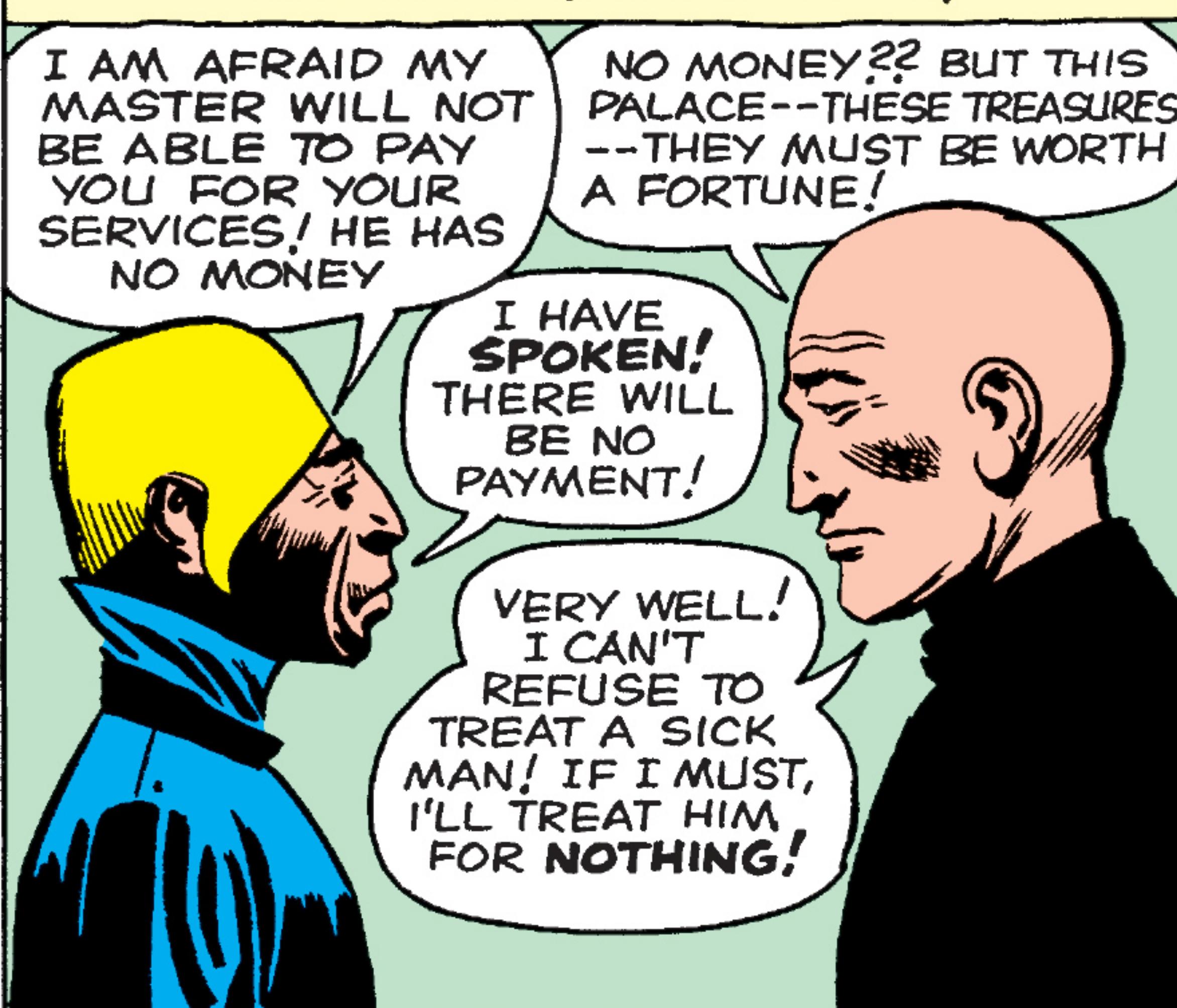
SO, DRIVEN BY BURNING CURIOSITY, AS WELL AS A DOCTOR'S OBLIGATION TO TREAT THE SICK, I BOARDED THE FIRST PLANE TO THE ORIENT...



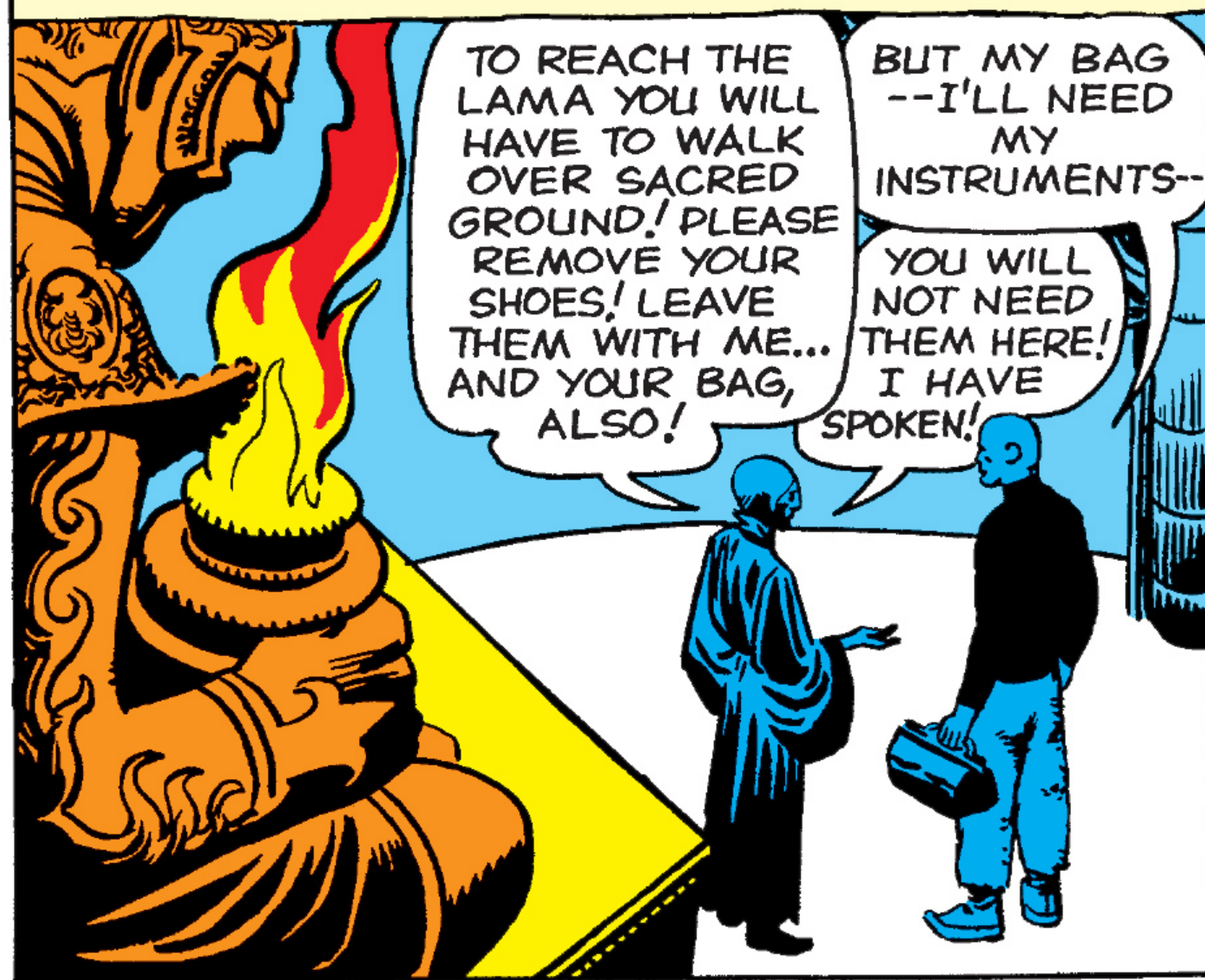
THE LAMA WHO HAD SENT FOR A DOCTOR, LIVED IN A HIGH, REMOTE PART OF THE SNOW CAPPED HIMALAYAS!



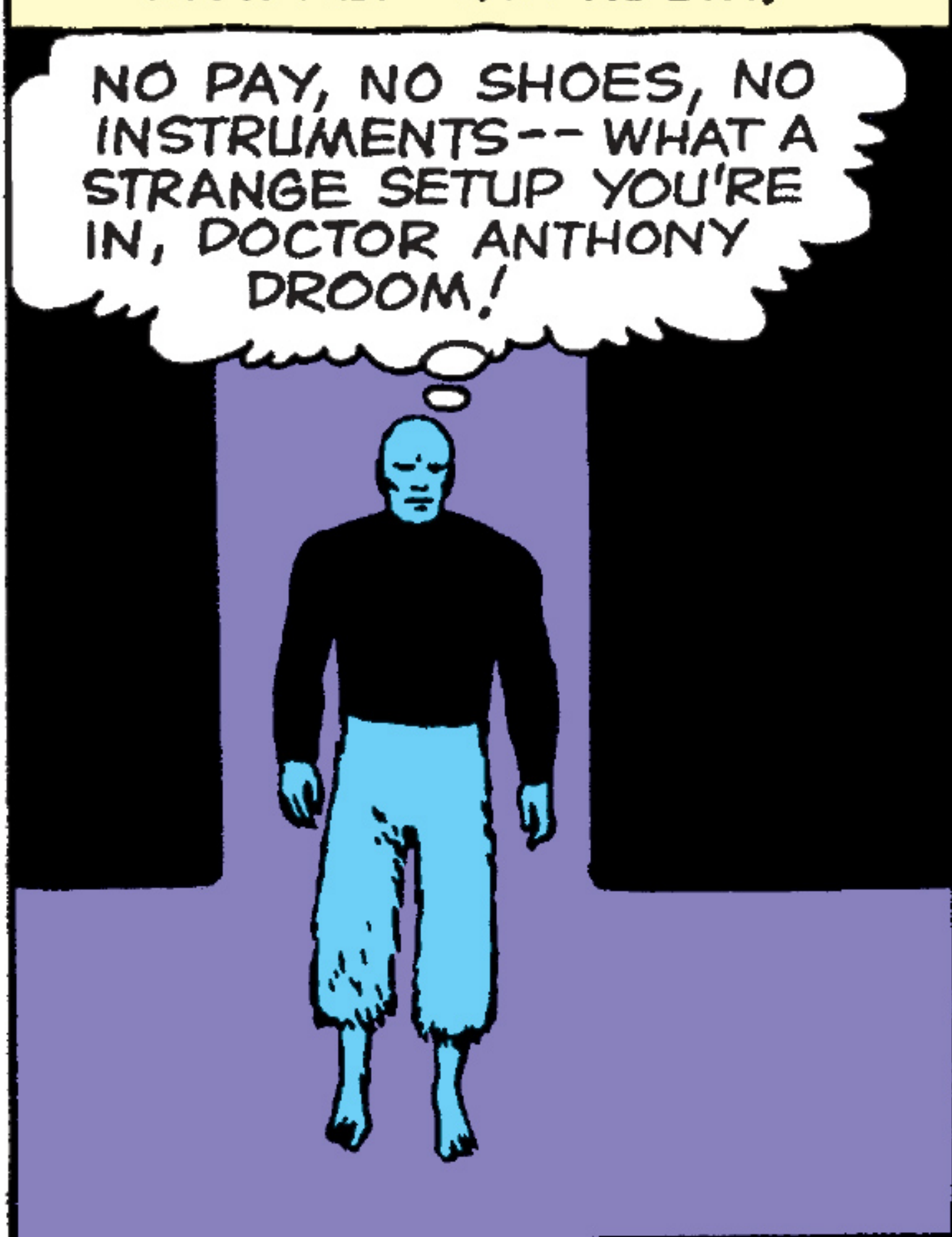
INSIDE THE PALACE I WAS GREETED BY THE LAMA'S CHIEF AIDE!



A MOMENT LATER, I RECEIVED THE SECOND SURPRISE!



I TOOK OFF MY SHOES, PARTED WITH THEM AND MY BAG, THEN ENTERED THE ROOM!

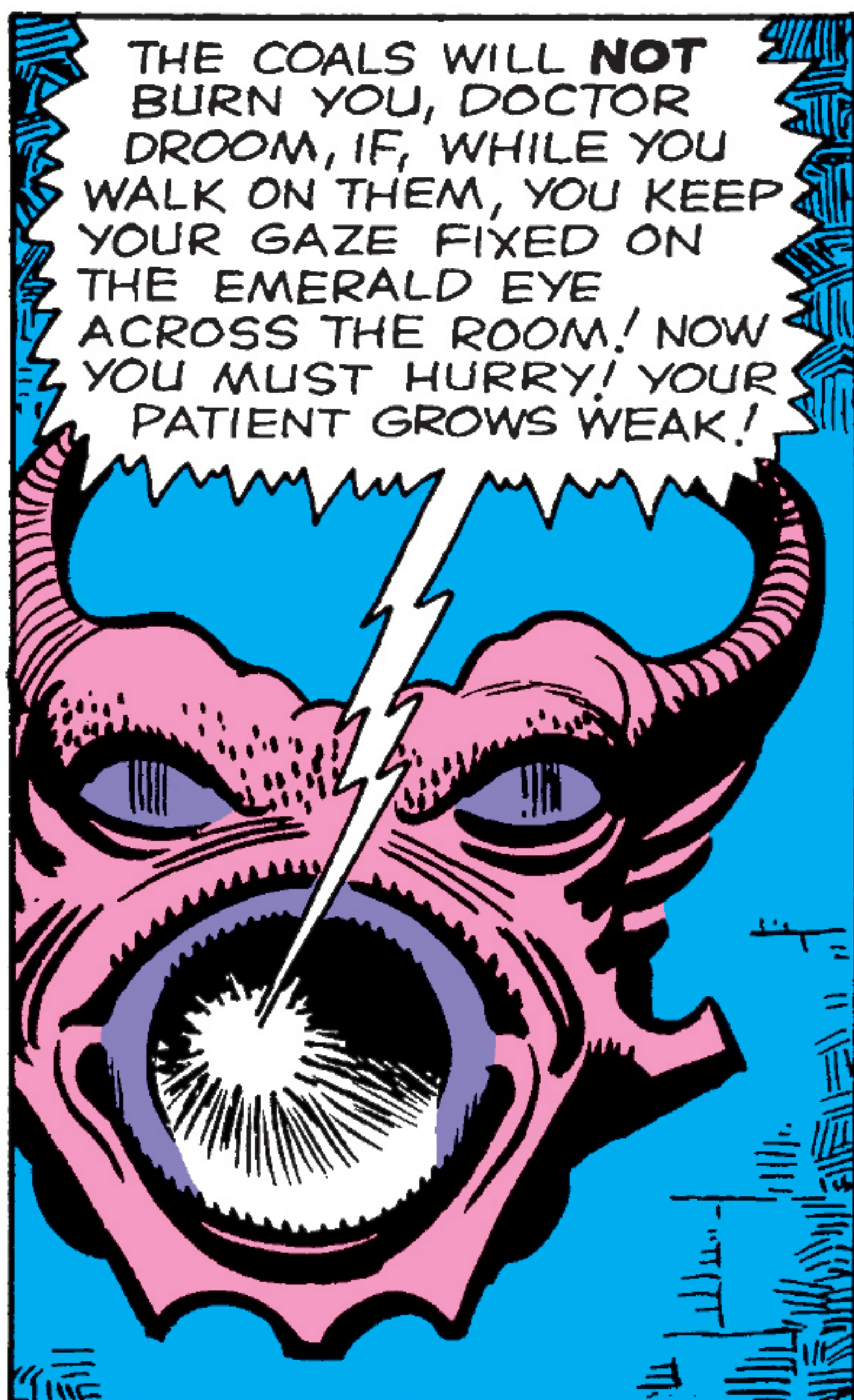


THEN SUDDENLY, BEFORE MY UNBELIEVING EYES THE FLOOR BEGAN TO CHANGE!!

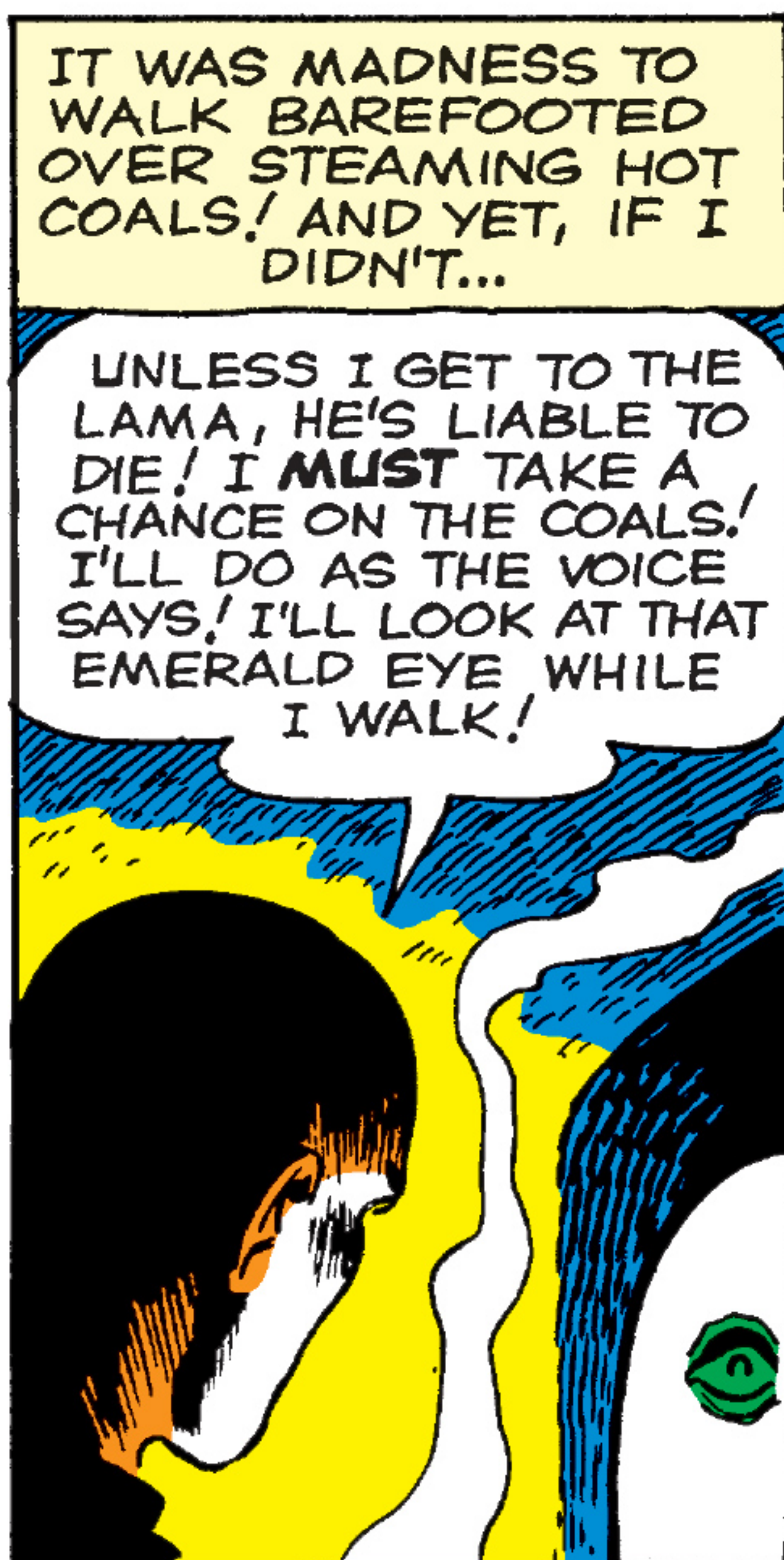


DOCTOR DROOM, YOUR PATIENT AWAITS YOU! GO THROUGH THE DOOR ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROOM!



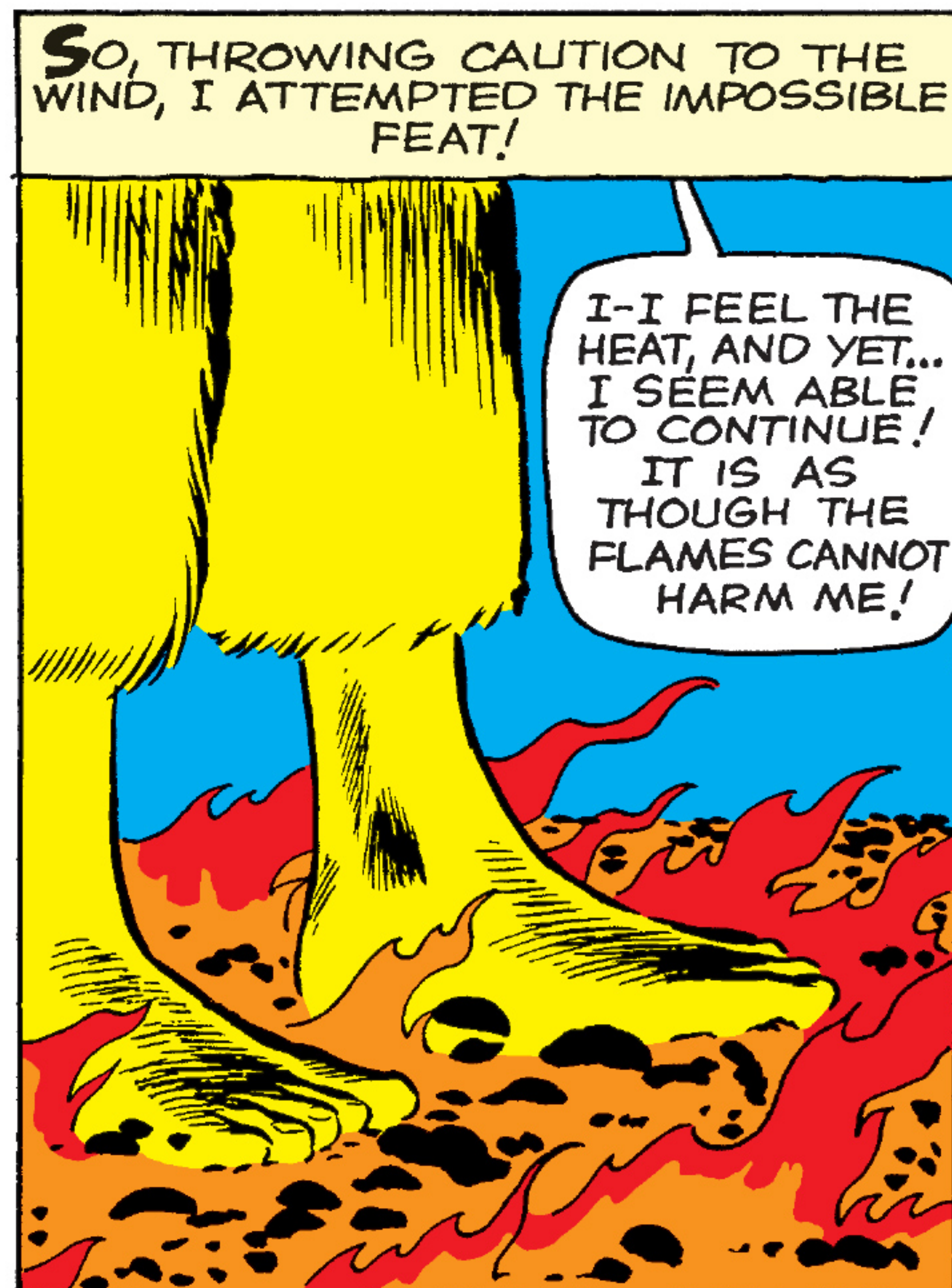


THE COALS WILL **NOT** BURN YOU, DOCTOR DROOM, IF, WHILE YOU WALK ON THEM, YOU KEEP YOUR GAZE FIXED ON THE EMERALD EYE ACROSS THE ROOM! NOW YOU MUST HURRY! YOUR PATIENT GROWS WEAK!



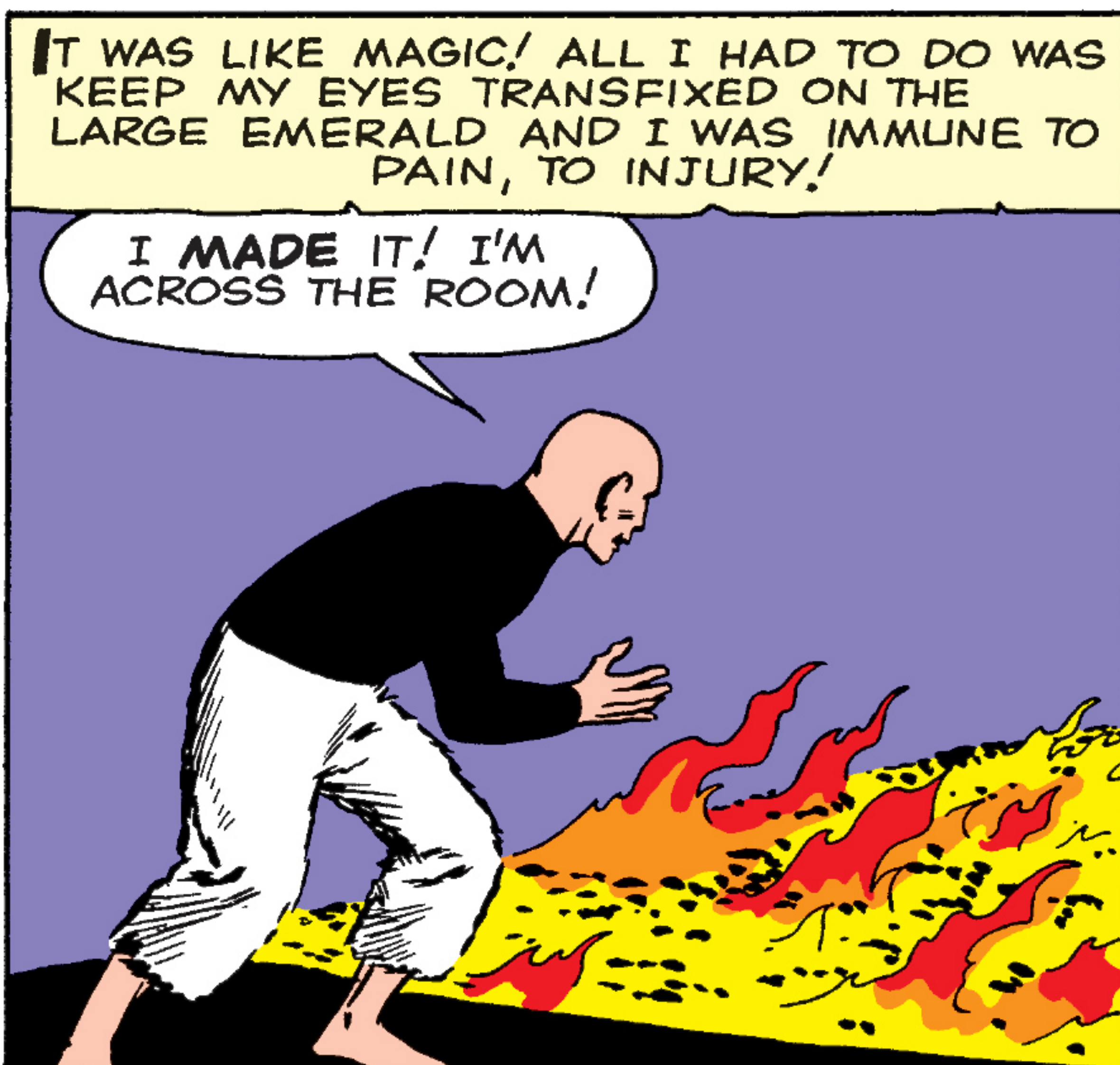
IT WAS MADNESS TO WALK BAREFOOTED OVER STEAMING HOT COALS! AND YET, IF I DIDN'T...

UNLESS I GET TO THE LAMA, HE'S LIABLE TO DIE! I **MUST** TAKE A CHANCE ON THE COALS! I'LL DO AS THE VOICE SAYS! I'LL LOOK AT THAT EMERALD EYE WHILE I WALK!



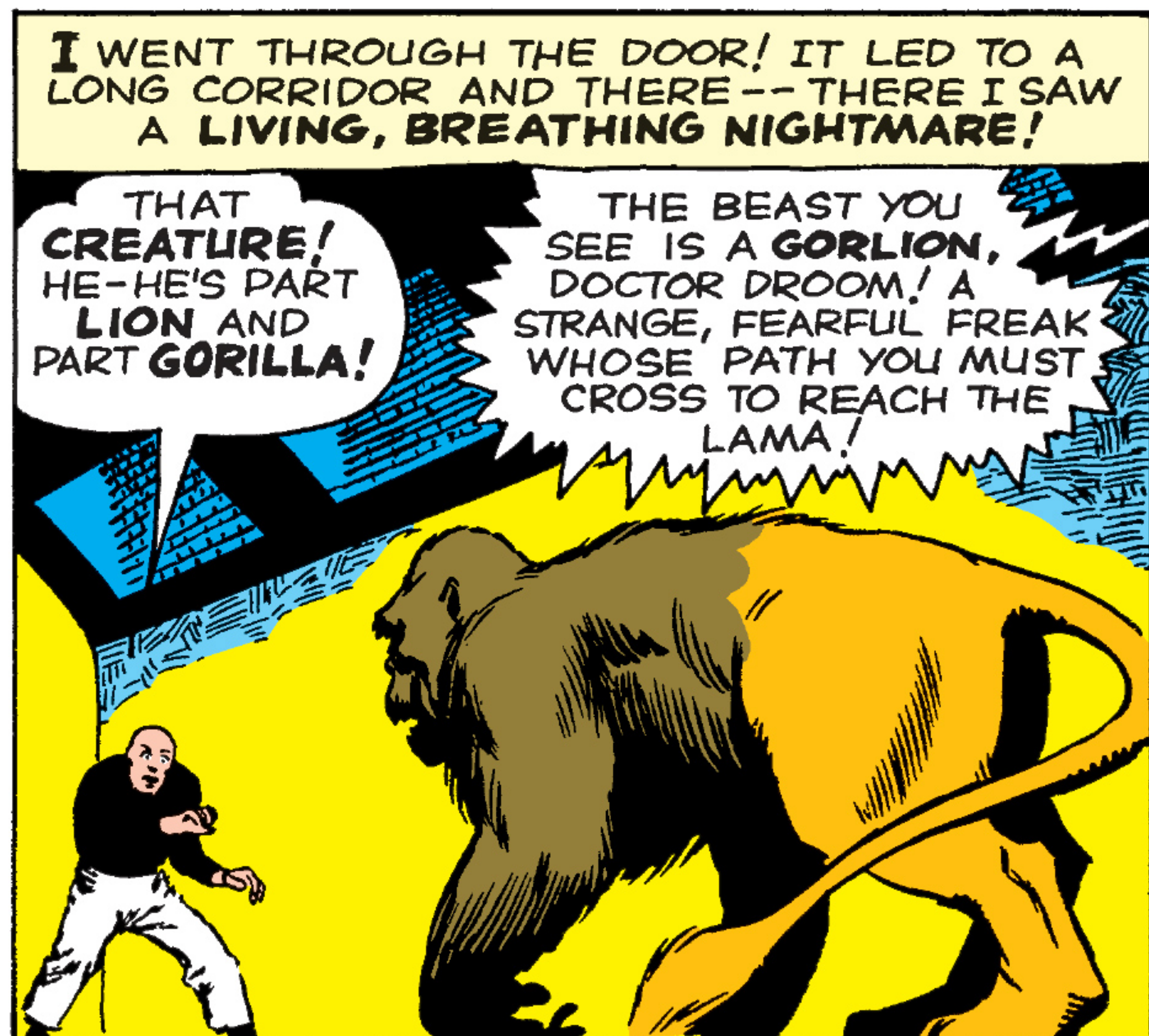
SO, THROWING CAUTION TO THE WIND, I ATTEMPTED THE IMPOSSIBLE FEAT!

I-I FEEL THE HEAT, AND YET... I SEEM ABLE TO CONTINUE! IT IS AS THOUGH THE FLAMES CANNOT HARM ME!



IT WAS LIKE MAGIC! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS KEEP MY EYES TRANSFIXED ON THE LARGE EMERALD AND I WAS IMMUNE TO PAIN, TO INJURY!

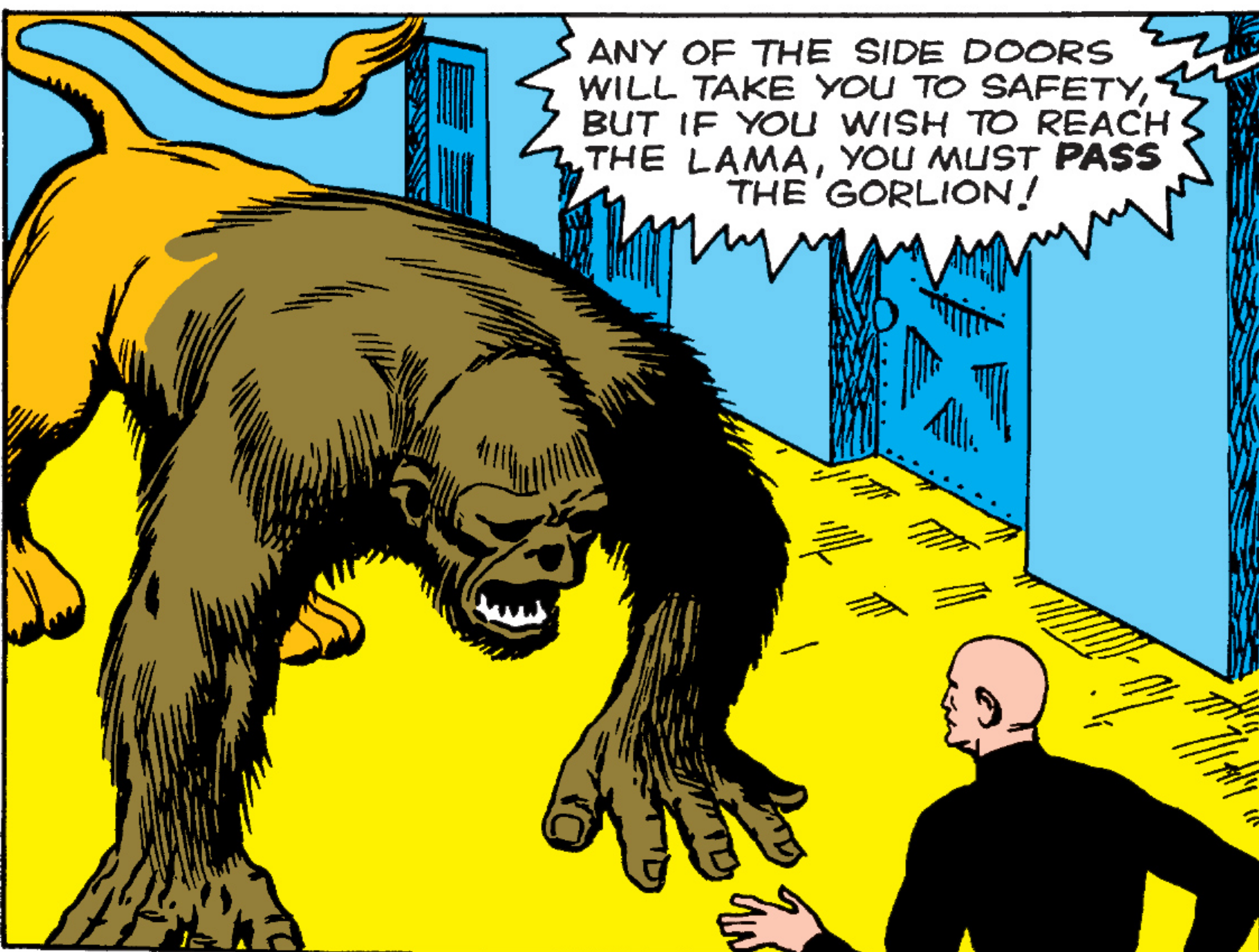
I **MADE** IT! I'M ACROSS THE ROOM!



I WENT THROUGH THE DOOR! IT LED TO A LONG CORRIDOR AND THERE -- THERE I SAW A **LIVING, BREATHING NIGHTMARE!**

THAT **CREATURE!** HE-HE'S PART **LION** AND PART **GORILLA!**

THE BEAST YOU SEE IS A **GORLION**, DOCTOR DROOM! A STRANGE, FEARFUL FREAK WHOSE PATH YOU MUST CROSS TO REACH THE LAMA!



ANY OF THE SIDE DOORS WILL TAKE YOU TO SAFETY, BUT IF YOU WISH TO REACH THE LAMA, YOU MUST **PASS** THE GORLION!



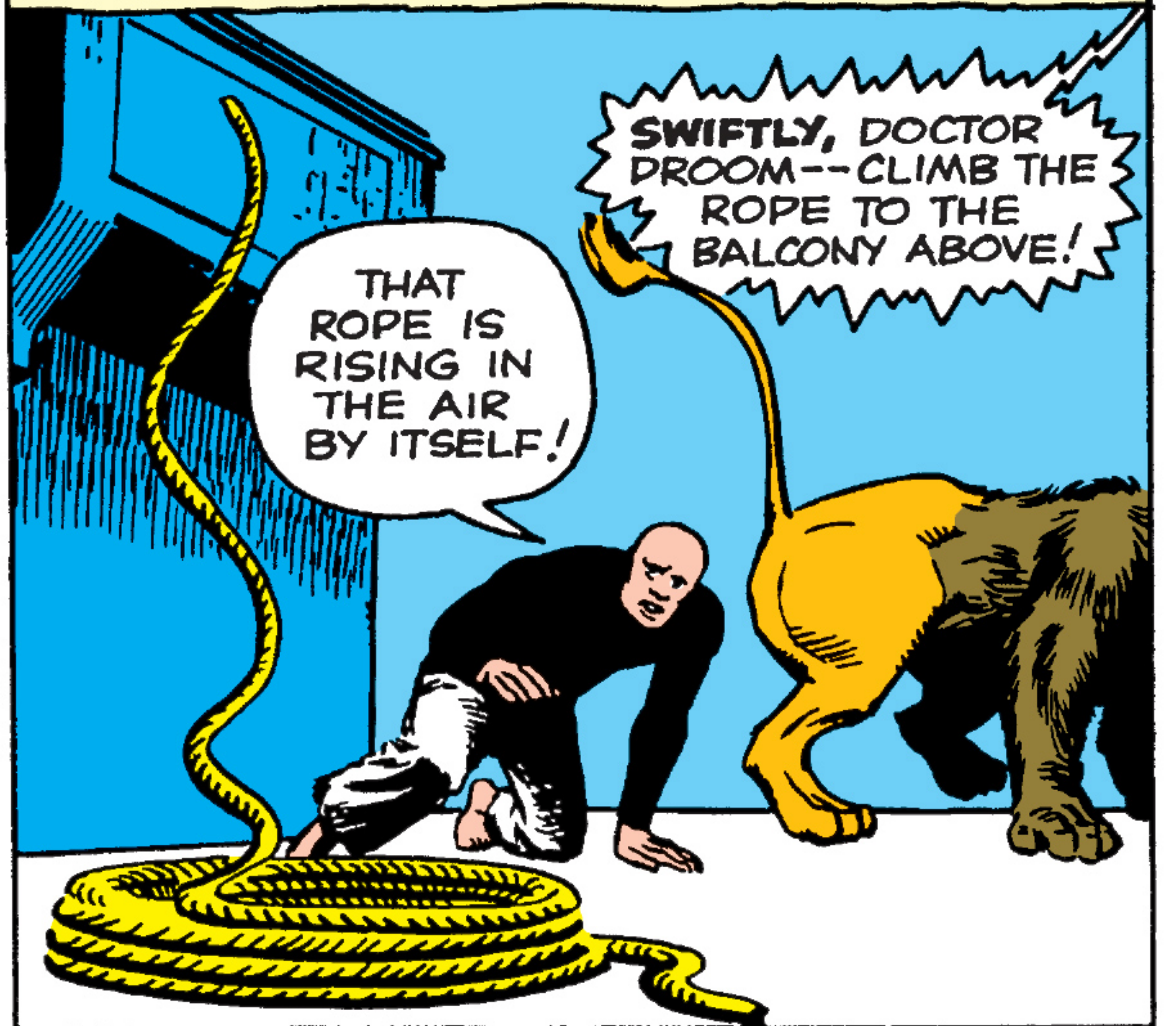
SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY I APPROACHED THE AWESOME BEAST UNTIL...

I'VE COME THIS FAR... I **CAN'T** BACK OUT NOW! A SICK MAN'S LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE!

AS THE GORLION SPRANG, I DROPPED TO THE FLOOR!



NOW THE MENACING BEAST WAS BEHIND ME! IT TOOK A MOMENT FOR HIM TO TURN, AND IN THAT MOMENT THE LAWS OF NATURE WERE ONCE AGAIN DEFIED!



THAT ROPE IS RISING IN THE AIR BY ITSELF!

SWIFTLY, DOCTOR PROOM--CLIMB THE ROPE TO THE BALCONY ABOVE!



MADE IT! AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!

I-I'M STILL ALIVE! THANKS TO A ROPE THAT NEVER HEARD OF GRAVITY! AND NOW--WHAT FANTASTIC THING HAPPENS NOW??



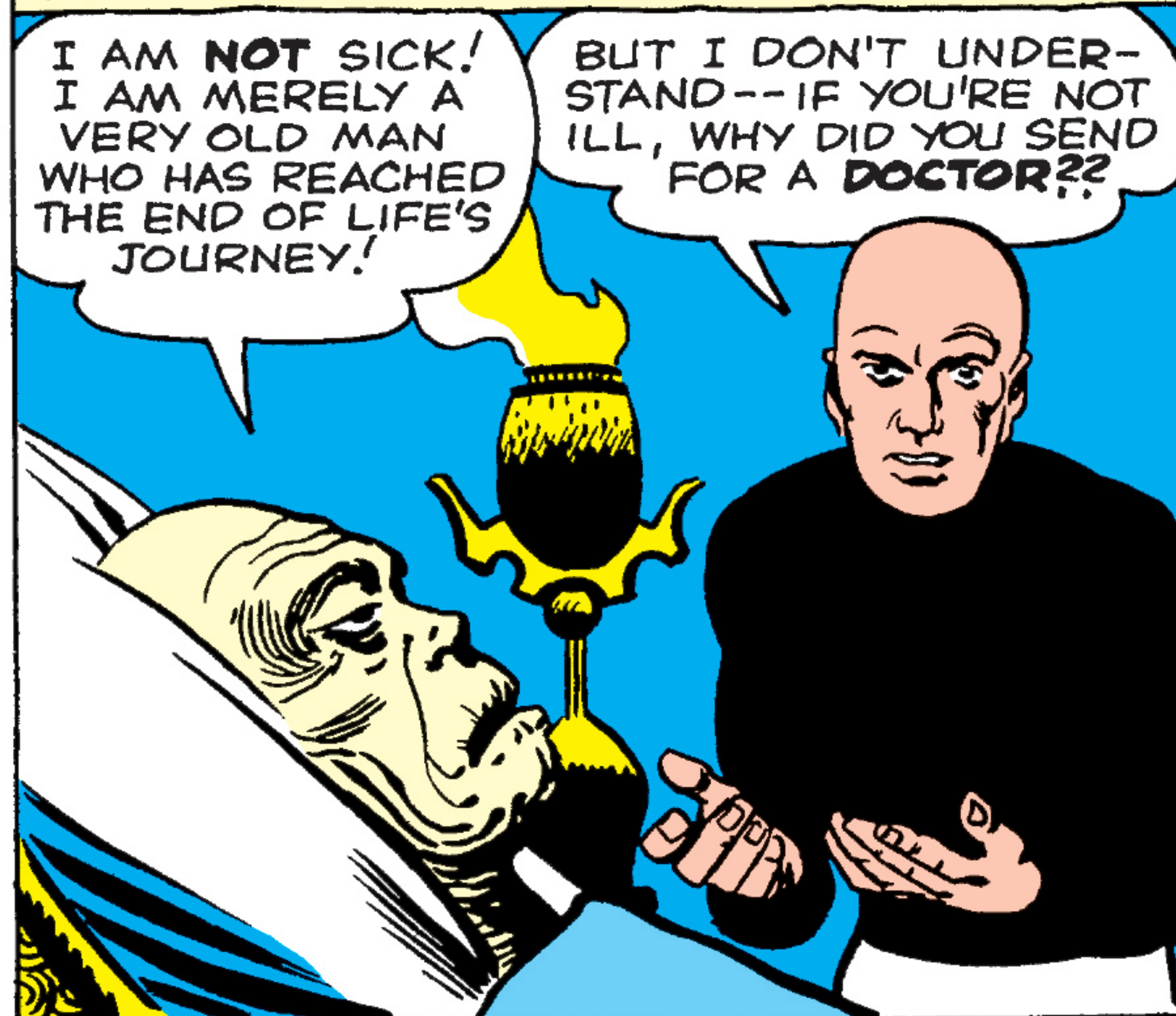
BUT WHEN I PULLED OPEN A DRAPE, I SAW THAT I HAD AT LAST COME TO THE END OF MY JOURNEY!



YOU--YOU ARE THE SICK LAMA?!

I AM THE LAMA, BUT...

AND THEN CAME THE NEXT SURPRISE!



I AM **NOT** SICK! I AM MERELY A VERY OLD MAN WHO HAS REACHED THE END OF LIFE'S JOURNEY!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND--IF YOU'RE NOT ILL, WHY DID YOU SEND FOR A **DOCTOR**??

I SHALL EXPLAIN! ON EARTH THERE ARE MANY OCCULT FORCES--THINGS STRANGE AND SINISTER! FORCES WHICH ARE A CONSTANT THREAT TO MANKIND! FOR YEARS I HAVE USED MY MYSTICAL KNOWLEDGE TO FIGHT THESE EVIL FORCES, BUT NOW... NOW I CAN FIGHT NO MORE!



