AMAZING ADVENTURES

JOIN US IN THE SEARCH FOR TORR!

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

TORR CAN!

QUIET!! TORR MIGHT BE ANYWHERE!
HE'S TRAPPED US IN HERE! WE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

HE'S COMING CLOSER... CLOSER!
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...Dorr!

As the grim trial proceeded, my mind raced back—back to that lonely observatory in the mountains where it all began...

Perfect, John! This new radio telescope has almost limitless range!

How are the outer planetary readings, Paul?
For days, John Carter and I searched the far cosmic reaches, observing, studying. Then, one night...

John, look--I'm tuned in on something! I think it's a new comet!

It's moving closer! It's coming toward Earth! Holy smoke! It's not a comet! It's a--

Look! It's following our radio waves! They're leading the ship right to us!

Paul, what if the unearthly pilot isn't friendly--what if he's hostile?! How do we know he won't attack us?!

You're right! I'll switch off the radio beam before the ship comes within sight of us!

But I was too late! The alien had already spotted us and was bringing his ship in for a landing!

Here he comes! All we can do now is hope that he comes in peace!

Tensely... apprehensively... we watched the mighty ship make a thunderous landing upon the lonely mountain!
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!

Thud! Thud! Thud!!

Will the door hold?

It has to!! It has to!!

Crash!

He--He shattered it like glass!

His strength must be inconceivable!

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 communicating 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!
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ヘADED 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!!
Alone in the cave with us, Torr announced his fantastic intentions!

Before I attack your civilization, I want to examine it! But I do not wish to attract attention, so I shall alter my appearance! I shall change bodies with you!

Nothing is impossible for the mighty Torr! Watch, earthlings! Watch!

Uhh--I--I feel so strange! Something's happening to me!!

The very essence of my personality is leaving my body, as yours is! Soon--soon they will change places! Behold--!

If you can accomplish this... what chance does mankind have?

It's beyond belief! Two living personalities--changing places!
YOUR PERSONALITY SHALL TAKE MY BODY AND MY PERSONALITY SHALL TAKE YOURS!

I--I CAN DO NOTHING TO PREVENT IT! NOTHING!

UH-- TOO HEAVY -- CAN'T BUDGE IT...

AND THEN... IT WAS DONE!

WHEN IT WAS OVER, THE MALEVOLENT TORR HAD COMPLETE CONTROL OVER THE HUMAN BODY OF JOHN CARTER!

OUTWARDLY, I AM AN EARTHLING! BUT WITHIN THIS HUMAN FRAME, I AM TORR, THE MIGHTY! THE RUTHLESS! THE SUPREME WARRIOR!

SO POWERFUL WAS TORR'S WILL, THAT EVEN NOW HE WAS ABLE TO COMMAND HIS REAL BODY!

AND THOUGH JOHN NOW DWELLED IN TORR'S HULKING BODY, HE HAD NOT THE STRENGTH TO CONTROL IT!

THAT IS RIGHT... UNSEAL THE ENTRANCE!

I ORDER YOU TO REMAIN HERE SILENTLY, UNTIL I RETURN TO RECLAIM YOU!
WHEN TORR AND I LEFT THE CAVE, HE GAVE ME A GRIM WARNING...!

DO NOT THINK THAT NOW, BECAUSE I EMPLOY THE PUNY BODY OF AN EARTHLING, I WOULD BE VULNERABLE TO YOUR ATTACK! I WOULD STILL DEFEAT YOU, FOR I POSSESS KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL IN THE ART OF PHYSICAL COMBAT WHICH IS FAR SUPERIOR TO YOURS!

AND IN CASE YOU HOPE TO ESCAPE AND INFORM THE AUTHORITIES ABOUT ME, THIS SMALL INSTRUMENT WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND! GIVE ME YOUR WRIST!

THIS DEVICE WHICH I AM SEALING TO YOUR WRIST IS ELECTROMAGNETICALLY CONTROLLED! IT CANNOT BE REMOVED WITHOUT MY COMMAND! SHOULD YOU DARE REVEAL THE TRUTH ABOUT ME TO ANYONE, THE INSTRUMENT WILL SEND A SIGNAL...

...A SIGNAL THAT WILL TRAVEL TO MY WORLD AND GIVE THE EXACT LOCATION OF EARTH! THEN SHALL MY BROTHERS COME, AND INSTEAD OF ONE TORR, EARTH WILL SUFFER TEN THOUSAND TORRS!

BUT ENOUGH! TIME IS PASSING AND I GROW IMPATIENT! YOU WILL TAKE ME TO YOUR GREATEST CITY; WHERE I WILL OBSERVE AND STUDY THE WAYS OF YOU HUMANS, BEFORE I LAUNCH MY FIRST ASSAULT!

THREE HOURS LATER, THE DISGUISED ALIEN AND I WERE IN NEW YORK CITY....!

SO THIS IS YOUR CIVILIZATION! IT IS MORE PRIMITIVE THAN I EXPECTED!

WE'RE NOT AS INFERIOR AS YOU THINK WE ARE! IF YOU ATTACK US, WE'LL FIGHT BACK... HARD!

"BAH! I CAN SEE IT NOW! THE MOMENT I ENTER YOUR CITY... YOU PUNY HUMANS WILL FLEE IN PANIC!"
"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!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"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'm dizzy! Can barely stand!"

"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!

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

"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!!"

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...

"The policeman's gun!! Last time, when I shot Torr, his hide was too thick, too strong to be penetrated... But now he's in a human body! Now perhaps he can be injured!"

I'm shooting the world!

I destroyed Torr! Earth is safe!

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!

WHAT HAPPENED?

That guy just shot a man!

Yeah, an' for a reason at all!

The guy must be a real nut!

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST -- T' THE SHEET IS M-MOVING!!

After that, things moved swiftly and surely! I soon found myself in court! I was the defendant, and the charge was... MURDER!

But at that very moment, in the nearby city hospital, an AWESOME thing was happening...
I'M BACK... BACK WITHIN MY OWN BODY AGAIN!

OHHH!

AND WHEN THE TRIAL WAS OVER, WHEN THE JURY HAD REACHED THEIR VERDICT...
WE THE JURY, FIND THE DEFENDANT, PAUL RAMSEY--

STOP! STOP THE TRIAL!!

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S J-JOHN CARTER!!

BUT HE'S THE VICTIM! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE--

I AM ALIVE!

PAUL RAMSEY IS INNOCENT!

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

YOUR BULLET KILLED TORR'S PERSONALITY WHICH HAD TAKEN OVER MY BODY! ONCE THAT HAPPENED THE SPELL WAS BROKEN, AND SLOWLY WE CHANGED BACK TO OUR RIGHTFUL FORMS! AND SO, HE DIED AS--TORR!

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

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

DO YOU THINK ANY OF TORR'S RACE WILL EVER AGAIN REACH EARTH?

THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE IN A BILLION OF THEM EVER FINDING US AGAIN! BUT IF THEY DO COME--WE'LL BE READY NOW!

THE END
MASQUERADE

TOMMY used to be the fellow
from Missouri . . . the guy
who had to be shown. The say-
ing 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 his
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 point-
ed out angrily. The worst mis-
take his mother made was taking
him to a movie called “Alice in
Wonderland.”

“Kid stuff,” he said, very un-
impressed at the age of eight.
“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 cow-
boys?” 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 rou-
tine 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 in-
vited her to go to the movies
with him, and she accepted with
a very pleasant smile. Every-
things 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 dis-
appeared 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 com-
ing 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, wonder-
ing 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 dis-
appoint 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 Corn-
ers. Following the address that
Kitty had given him, he pro-
ceeded to Hollow Street. The
pavement ended after a few
short blocks, and he found him-
self strolling through some
thicketed outskirts. It was a loy-
vely evening, a skyful of stars scat-
tered overhead and rich grassy
smells perfuming the night ac-
companied 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 colorfu-
l glimmer of lights.

“That must be the party!” he
decided. Probably it was an out-
door 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

M CONTINUED
A MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL IS CAUGHT RED-HANDED--AND THIS BEGINS OUR TALE!

THIS FINISHES YOU, LA ROC! ...OHHH!

NO ONE CAPTURES PIERRE LA ROC!

I SHALL NEVER BE SENT TO PRISON AGAIN! OUT OF MY WAY!!

THIS FOG HELPS, BUT THE AREA WILL SOON BE CRAWLING WITH POLICE! I MUST QUICKLY FIND A PLACE TO HIDE!

AH! A WINDOW... CARELESSLY LEFT OPEN!

IT IS AS QUIET AS A TOMB!

WHAA--?? WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN INTO?!!

SO! I AM A FOOL! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! IT IS THE WAX MUSEUM!

I HEAR THE LAW OUTSIDE! THERE IS NO HELP FOR IT... I MUST CONCEAL MYSELF IN HERE-- SOMEWHERE-- SOMEHOW!!
HE MIGHT HAVE RUN IN HERE! SEARCH THE PLACE THOROUGHLY!
I MUSTN'T MOVE! MUSTN'T MOVE!
WE WASTE OUR TIME! THE MUSEUM IS DESERTED! LET US SEARCH ELSEWHERE!
I DID IT!

THEY'RE GONE! ALL I NEED DO NOW IS SPEND THE NIGHT SAFELY HERE, AND LOGO MYSELF IN THE CROWD WHEN MORNING COMES!

BOOM! BOOM!

THAT NOISE! WHA--??

ONLY A MECHANICAL CLOCK! THIS PLACE IS FILLED WITH STRANGE NOISES AND SHADOWS! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THE NIGHT ENDS!

IT-- IT IS JUST MIDNIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO CONTROL MY NERVES! I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT FIGURE MOVED!

NO! I--I MUST BE GOING MAD!

IT IS MOVING!!
IT'S ALIVE!!
HELP!!

OH NO!! NO!!
THEY'RE ALL ALIVE!!

STAY BACK!!
YOU CAN'T
MOVE! YOU'RE
NOTHING BUT
A WAX
FIGURE!!
BACK--BACK!!

WHY--WHY
DO THEY
COME TOWARD
ME LIKE
THAT??

THE DOORS ARE
LOCKED! ONLY ONE
WAY OUT--MY ONLY
CHANCE--THE
WINDOW!

CRASH
HELP!!

TWEET!

WAX MUSEUM

PUT ME IN PRISON! LOCK ME UP FOREVER! PROTECT ME FROM THE WAX CREATURES! THEY'RE AFTER ME! YOU'VE GOT TO LOCK ME UP-- YOU'VE GOT TO!!

WAX CREATURES? AFTER YOU?

IRONIC, IS IT NOT? HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAFE FROM ARREST, BUT HIS IMAGINATION GOT THE BEST OF HIM! HIS CONSCIENCE MUST HAVE MADE HIM IMAGINE THE WAX FIGURES WERE PURSUING HIM!

YOU ARE RIGHT, OFFICER! A MAN'S IMAGINATION CAN PLAY FANTASTIC TRICKS ON HIS BRAIN!

IMAGINATION CAN MAKE A MAN THINK HE SEES THE IMPOSSIBLE! BUT THEN HIS BRAIN TELLS HIM IT IS NOT SO!

FOR THE AVERAGE BRAIN CANNOT BELIEVE THAT ANY OTHER TYPE OF HUMAN LIFE CAN EXIST...

SOME DAY PERHAPS, THEY WILL LEARN THE TRUTH, BUT--

UNTIL THAT DAY--

...OUR SECRET IS SAFE!

THE END
came upon the merrymakers. 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, 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.


“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
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!

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 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 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.

This trip took me back plenty, but I don't mind! It's for a worthwhile purpose!

Yonder is the dwelling place of the wise one!

I hope I shall be able to cure his illness!

Inside the palace I was greeted by the Lama's chief aide!

I am afraid my master will not be able to pay you for your services; he has no money.

No money?? But this palace--these treasures--they must be worth a fortune!

I have spoken! There will be no payment!

Very well, I can't refuse to treat a sick man! If I must, I'll treat him for nothing!

A moment later, I received the second surprise!

To reach the Lama you will have to walk over sacred ground! Please remove your shoes! Leave them with me... and your bag, also!

But my bag--I'll need my instruments--you will not need them here! I have spoken!

I took off my shoes, parted with them, and my bag, then entered the room!

No pay, no shoes, no instruments--what a strange setup you're in, doctor Anthony Droom!

Then suddenly, before my unbelieving eyes, the floor began to change!

The floor!! It's turning into a--a bed of hot coals!!

Doctor Droom, your patient awaits you! Go through the door on the opposite side of the room!

B-but the floor's covered with flaming hot coals! I can't walk over them! My feet would burn to a crisp!
THE COALS WILL NOT BURN YOU, DOCTOR DROOM, IF, WHILE YOU WALK ON THEM, YOU KEEP YOUR EYES 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-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 WENT THROUGH THE DOOR! IT LED TO A LONG CORRIDOR AND THERE-- THERE I SAW A LIVING, BREATHING NIGHTMARE!

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!

Swiftly, Doctor Droom--climb the rope to the balcony above!

That rope is rising in the air by itself!

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!
I sent for a doctor and you, Doctor Anthony Droom, came halfway around the world to treat me! When you arrived, you consented to give your services without payment! Only a charitable, self-sacrificing human would have done so!

Then you proved your courage, your devotion to duty and your skill by walking on coals and defying the dangerous Gorglion!

In short, Doctor Droom, you have passed the Lama’s tests! You have shown that you are the right man to succeed me—the man to continue the never-ending fight against the diabolical forces that exist in the world! Do you accept this task??

At first I was almost too stunned to answer! But, as I saw the imploring look in the old Lama’s eyes, as I realized the nobility of his lifelong fight against evil, I knew that I could not refuse!

I accept the task! Good—now, touch my hand!

And then the most impossible thing of all happened! For as I held the aged man’s hand, I began to change!

Yes, Doctor Droom, I have transformed you! I have given you an appearance suitable to your new role! You are now the Nemesis of all occult powers that are sinister and corrupt!

My eyes! They’re becoming slanted! And I’ve a--a moustache!

A moment later, the old man was gone!

Yes, but his fight against darkness and evil will continue! I, Anthony Droom, so swear!

Then the Lama’s disciple and I turned...and walked away!

As I faithfully served the master, so shall I serve you! I shall teach you the secrets of black magic and the ways of mysticism! All that my master knew, you shall know! All to continue that my master could do, you shall do!

All my life I suspected I had a special destiny! And I shall be true to my mission...let the mystic forces of evil beware! From now on, they will deal with Doctor Droom!

Then the Lama’s disciple and I turned...and walked away!

A wonderful life has ended!

Next issue: "The amazing challenge of Doctor Droom!"