

AMAZING ADVENTURES

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

2
JULY

THIS IS

MANDO!

THE
THING
THAT
HID ON
EARTH!

I TELL YOU I'M
CONVINCED THAT
HOSTILE LIFE
DOES EXIST ON
OTHER PLANETS!

HAW!
LISTEN TO
TEACHER'S PET
MAKE A FOOL
OF HIMSELF!

EARTHLINGS!!
I'VE FOUND
THEM AT
LAST!



I LED THE STRANGE SEARCH FOR MANOO!

...AND
THAT IS WHY
I BELIEVE LIFE
ON OTHER
PLANETS IS
A DISTINCT
POSSIBILITY!

VERY GOOD, JONES!
IT IS CLEAR TO ME
WHY YOU HAVE EARNED
A SCHOLARSHIP TO THIS
SCHOOL! YOU'RE THE
BEST STUDENT IT HAS
BEEN MY PLEASURE
TO TEACH IN MANY
TERMS!

BEST STUDENT--
BAH! HE'S TOO
POOR TO JOIN
ANY CLUBS OR
GO OUT ON THE
TOWN LIKE WE
DO! SO HE HAS
TO SPEND ALL
HIS TIME
STUDYING!

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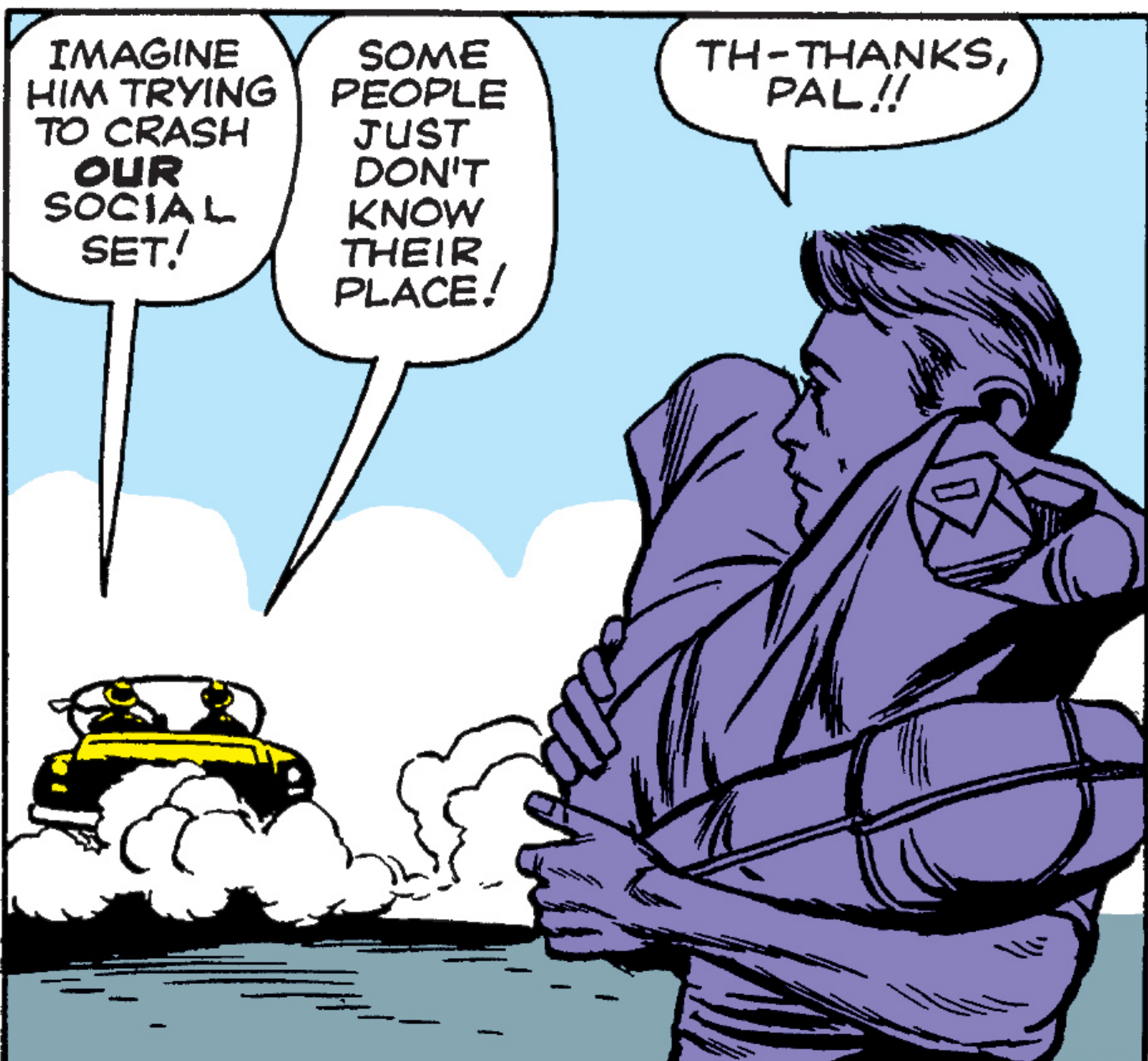
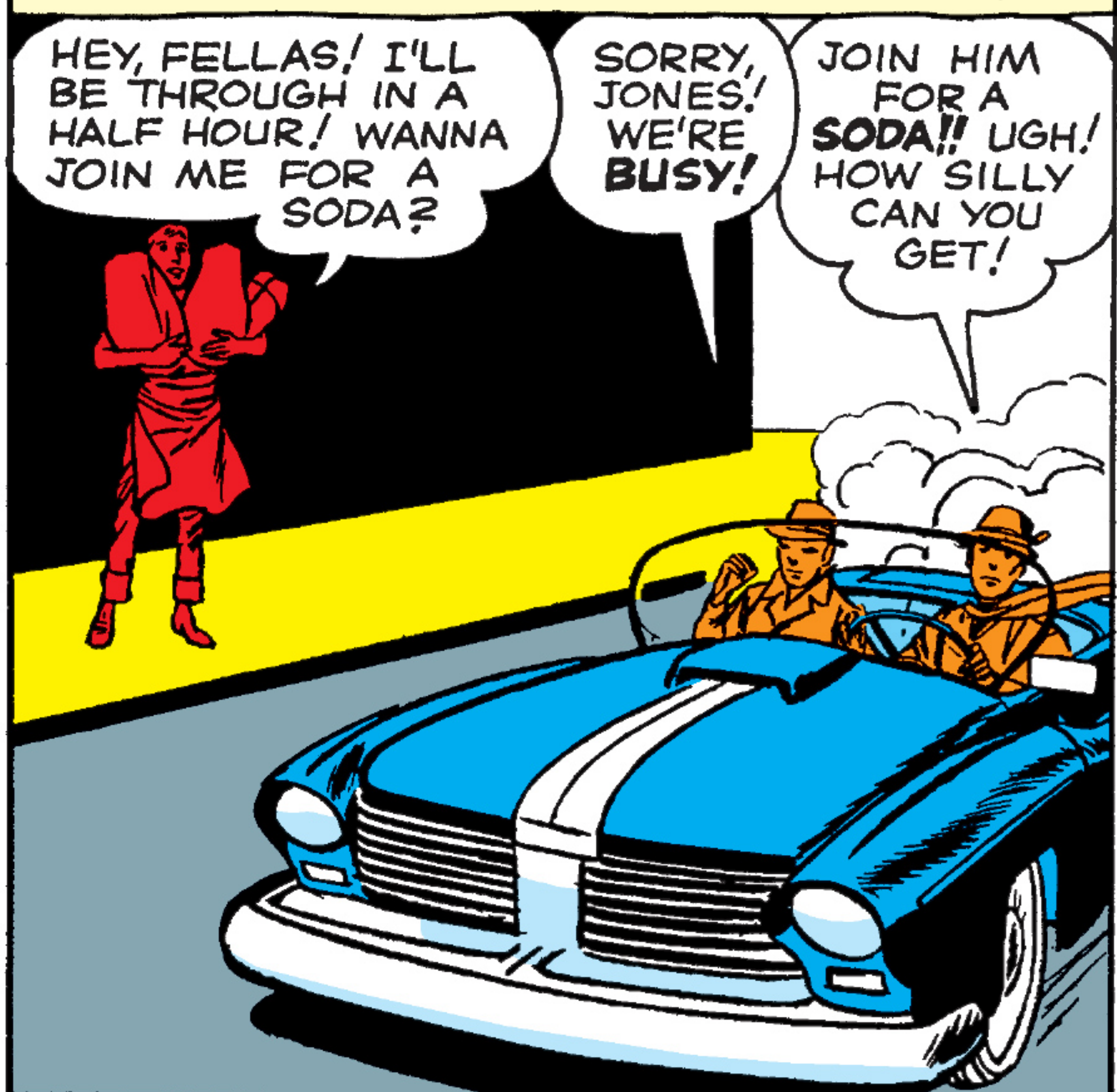
KIRBY + AYERS
V-186

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THIS AMAZING ADVENTURE HAPPENED TO ME WHEN I WAS A TEEN-AGER! HAVING NO FAMILY, AND NO FUNDS, IT WAS NECESSARY FOR ME TO HOLD DOWN A JOB AFTER SCHOOL!



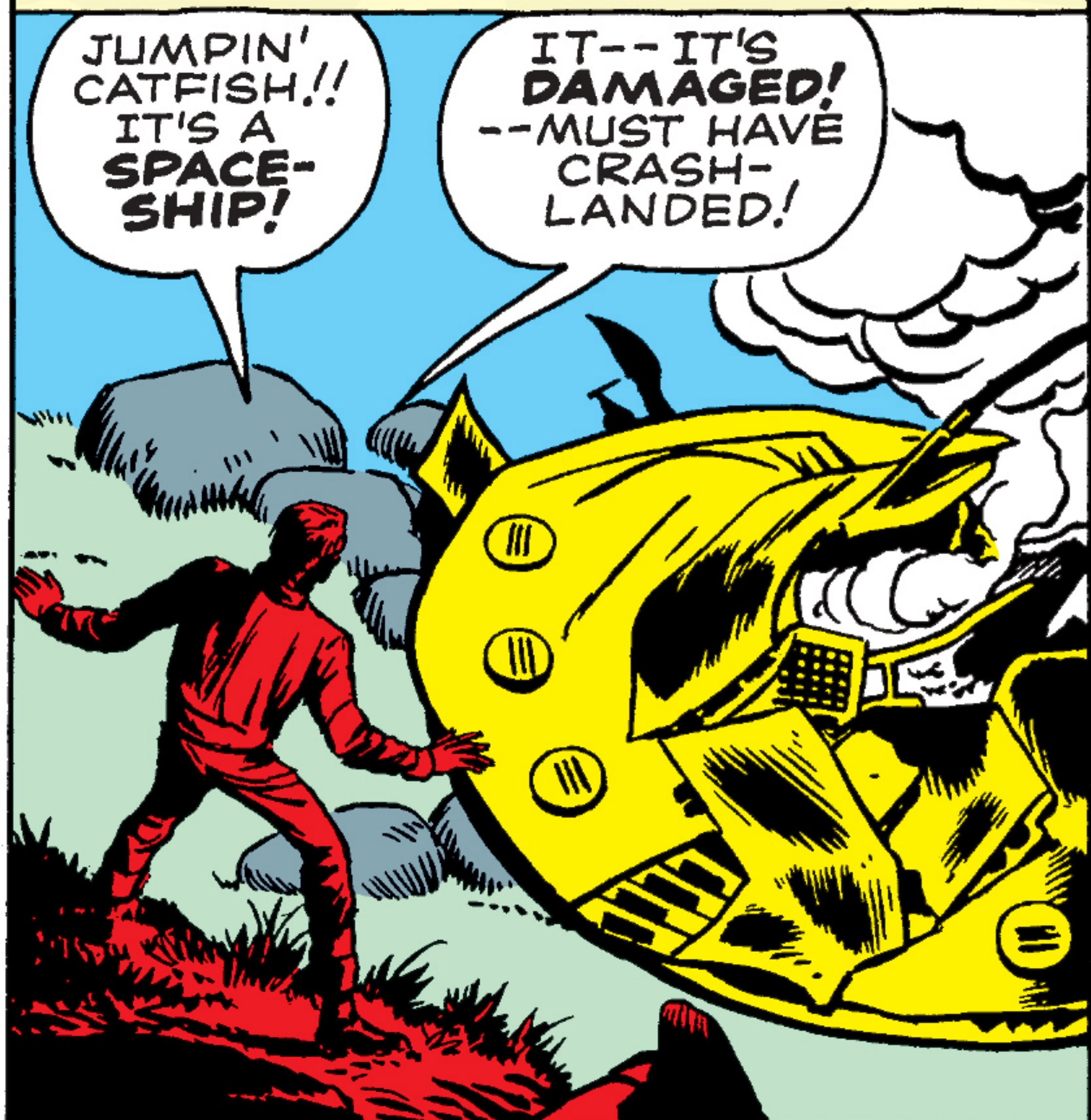
BEING POOR HAD MANY DRAWBACKS! ONE OF THEM WAS THE NASTY RICH KIDS!



IT WAS THE SAME WAY IN SCHOOL, TOO!



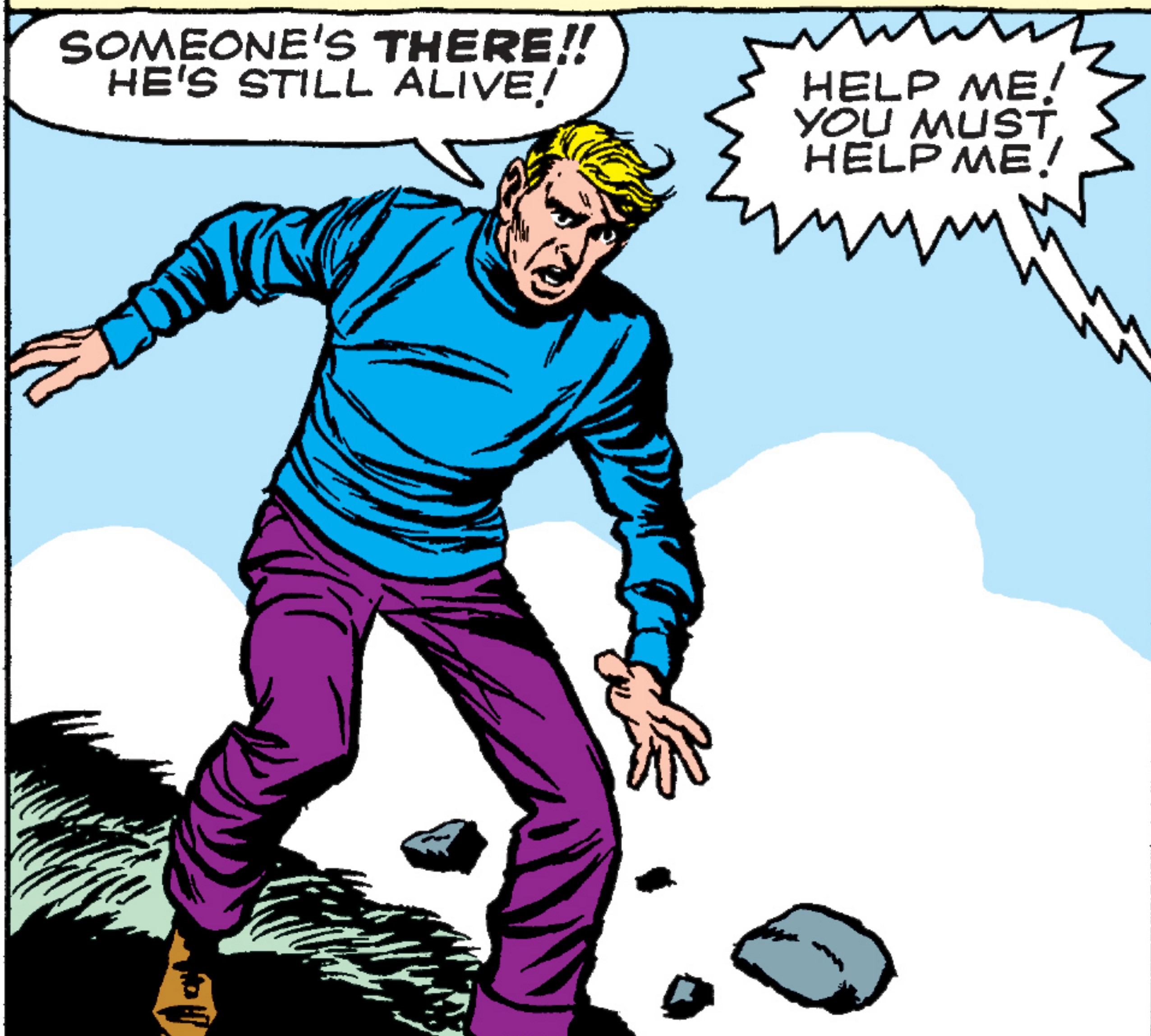
I HURRIED OVER TO THE EDGE AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE RAVINE!



JUMPIN' CATFISH!! IT'S A SPACE-SHIP!

IT-- IT'S DAMAGED! --MUST HAVE CRASH-LANDED!

THEN, FROM THE SMOLDERING WRECKAGE I HEARD A SOUND!



SOMEONE'S THERE!! HE'S STILL ALIVE!

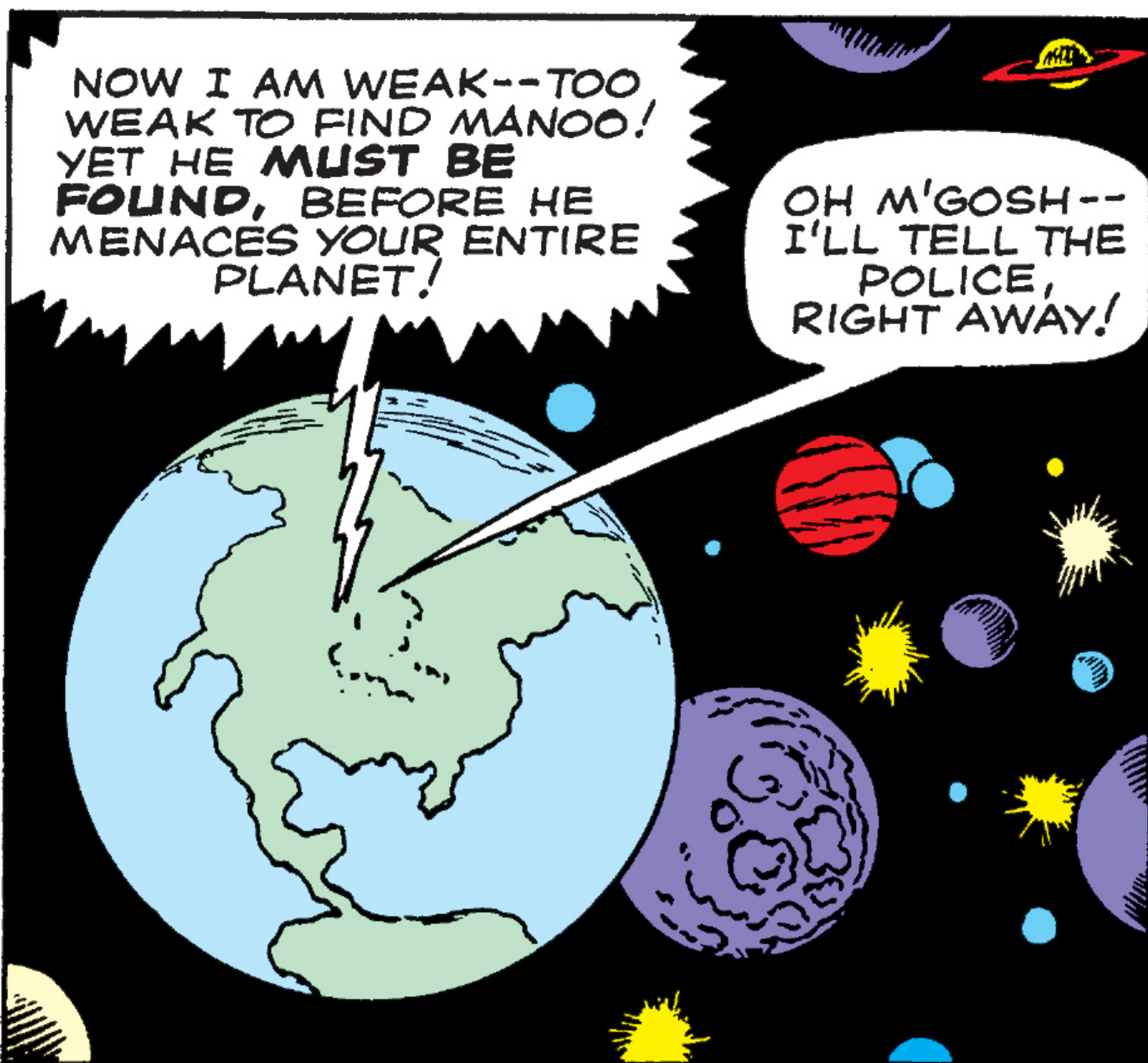
HELP ME! YOU MUST HELP ME!



WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? WHAT HAPPENED?

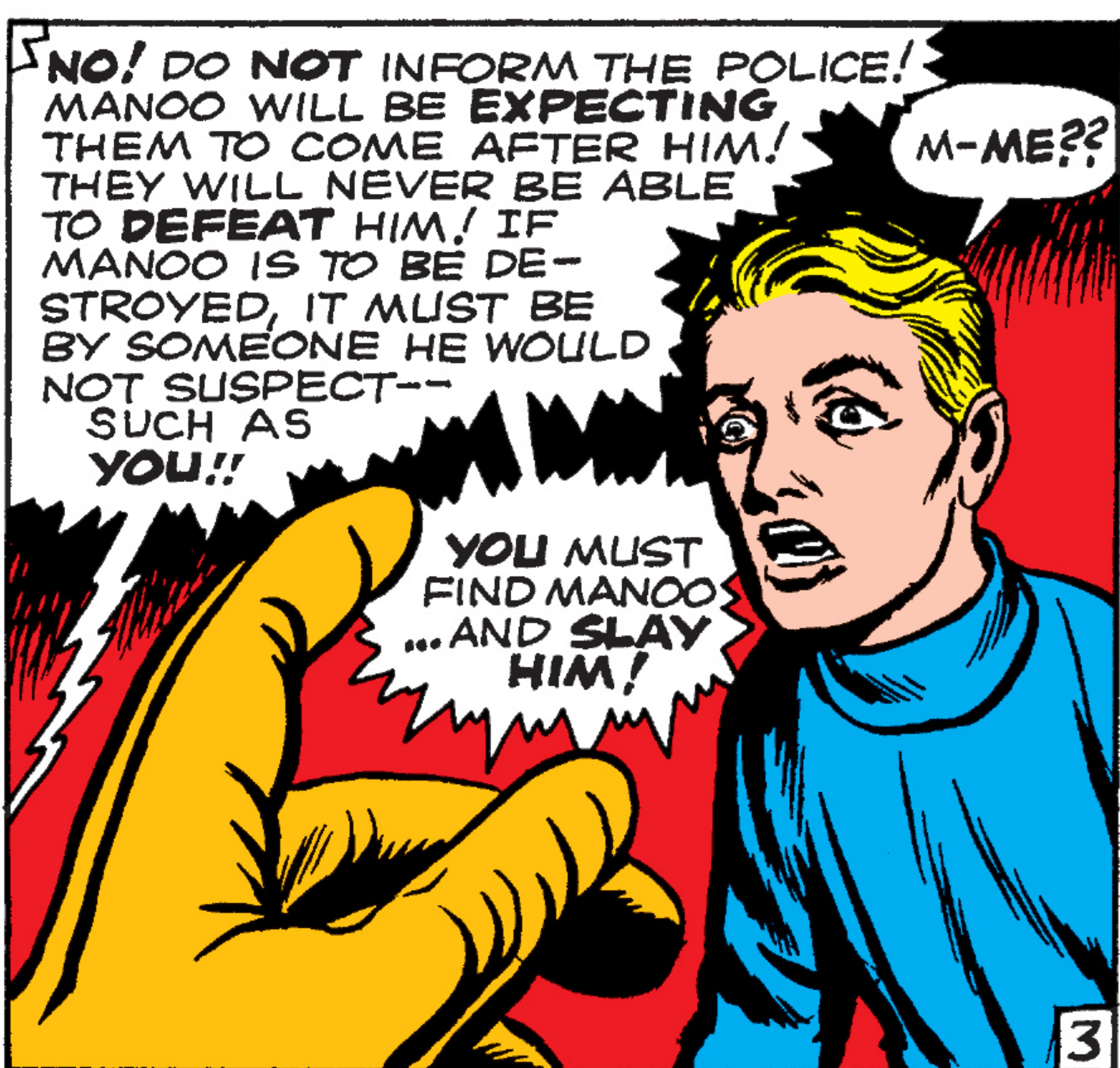
LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY, EARTHLING! YOUR PLANET IS IN GREAT DANGER! MANOO HAS LANDED HERE!

HE IS A CRIMINAL FROM AN OUTER GALAXY! I WAS PURSUING HIM TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE! BUT HE LANDED ON EARTH, AND WHEN I ATTEMPTED TO FOLLOW HIM, HE FIRED AT MY SHIP--CAUSING THIS!



NOW I AM WEAK--TOO WEAK TO FIND MANOO! YET HE **MUST BE FOUND**, BEFORE HE MENACES YOUR ENTIRE PLANET!

OH M'GOSH-- I'LL TELL THE POLICE, RIGHT AWAY!



NO! DO NOT INFORM THE POLICE! MANOO WILL BE **EXPECTING** THEM TO COME AFTER HIM! THEY WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO **DEFEAT** HIM! IF MANOO IS TO BE DESTROYED, IT MUST BE BY SOMEONE HE WOULD NOT SUSPECT--SUCH AS **YOU!!**

M-ME??

YOU MUST FIND MANOO ...AND **SLAY** HIM!

LISTEN WELL, EARTHLING! IT IS CERTAIN THAT MANOO IS HIDING NEARBY! SINCE WE HAVE THE POWER TO **TRANSFORM OURSELVES**, HE HAS PROBABLY **ALREADY** DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A HUMAN!! BUT, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE HIM BY THE FACT THAT HE **CASTS NO SHADOW!**



NO SHADOW!!

...AND WHEN YOU **FIND** MANOO, YOU MUST FIRE THIS ELECTRO-RAY GUN AT HIM! ONE BURST WILL BE ENOUGH TO SLAY THE FUGITIVE!



AND ONE THING MORE! YOU MUST TELL **NOBODY** OF YOUR MISSION! FOR, IF MANOO SHOULD LEARN THAT YOU SEEK HIM, HE WILL DESTROY YOU AS THE NIGHT BLANKETS THE DAY!

NOW GO, MORTAL, AND REMEMBER-- UNLESS YOU FIND MANOO, EARTH WILL BE **DOOMED!!**



IT WAS LIKE A DREAM, TOO FANTASTIC TO BE REAL! YET, THERE I WAS, ARMED WITH AN OMINOUS WEAPON AND EMBARKED ON A FEARFUL MISSION!

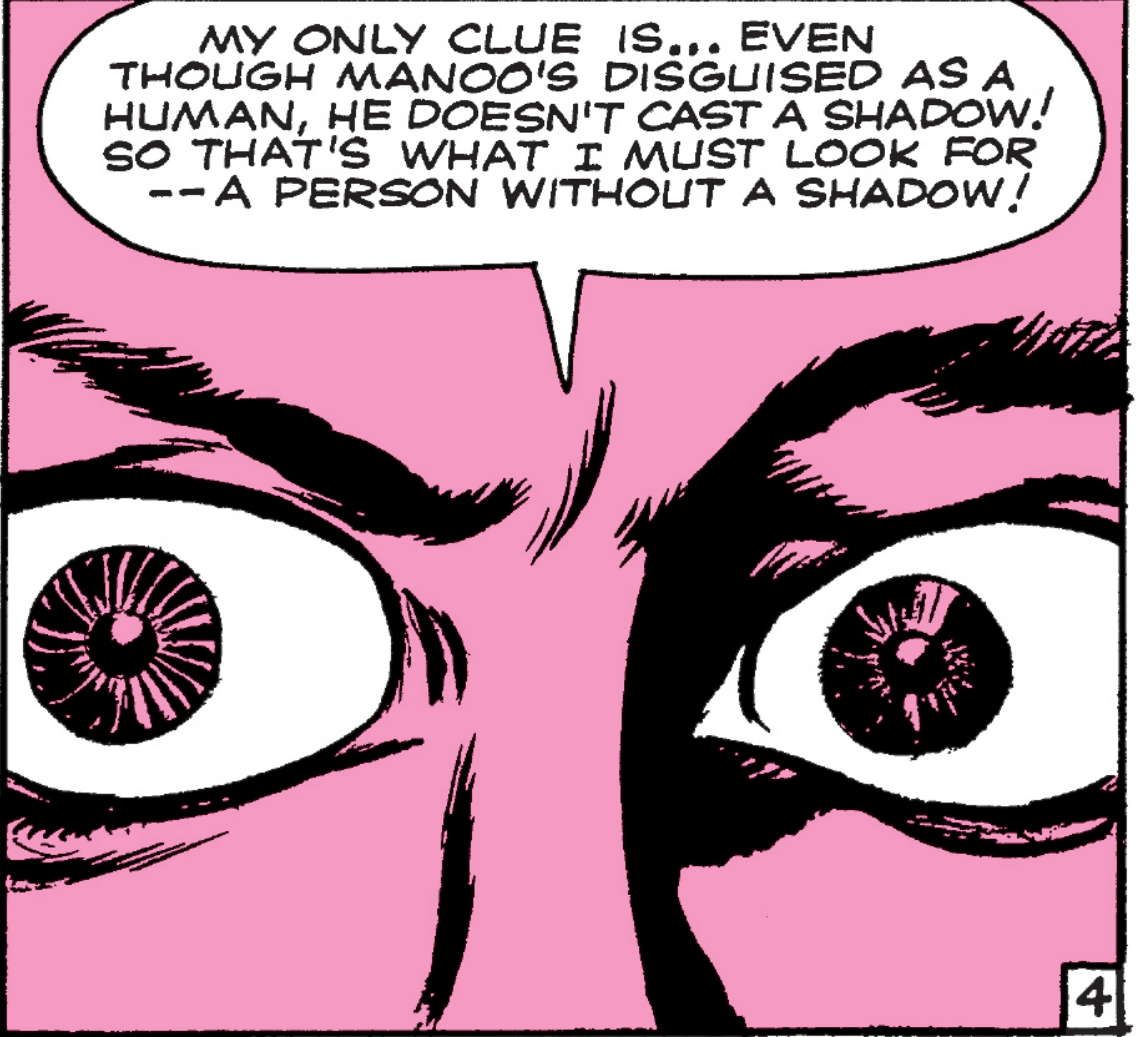
AN ALIEN DISGUISED AS A HUMAN... AND I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM BEFORE HE STRIKES!



BUT WHERE DO I START LOOKING? MANOO COULD BE **ANYWHERE--** EVEN AMONG THE MILLING CROWDS HERE AT THIS CARNIVAL!



MY ONLY CLUE IS... EVEN THOUGH MANOO'S DISGUISED AS A HUMAN, HE DOESN'T CAST A SHADOW! SO THAT'S WHAT I MUST LOOK FOR -- A PERSON WITHOUT A SHADOW!



I SEARCHED THE CARNIVAL AND THE MAIN STREETS OF TOWN WITHOUT SUCCESS! THEN, IN ORDER TO AVOID SUSPICION ABOUT WHAT I WAS DOING, I REPORTED TO MY JOB!



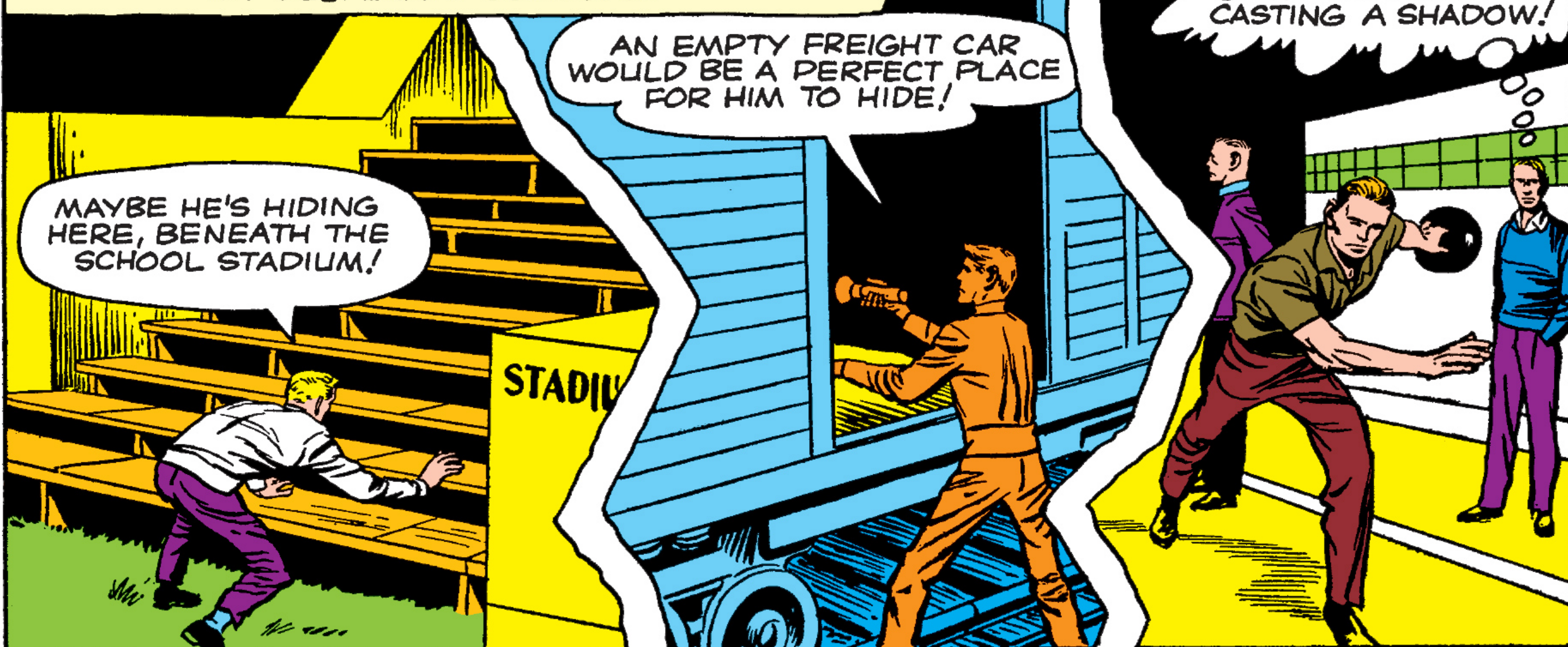
YOU'RE LATE FOR WORK, BILLY!

I KNOW, MISTER MILLER! I'M SORRY, BUT I-I HAD TO STAY AFTER SCHOOL TO MAKE UP A HISTORY LESSON!

WHEW! THANK GOODNESS HE BELIEVED ME! I HATED TO LIE TO MISTER MILLER, BUT I COULDN'T TELL HIM THE TRUTH, AND TAKE A CHANCE ON MANOO FINDING OUT I'M AFTER HIM!



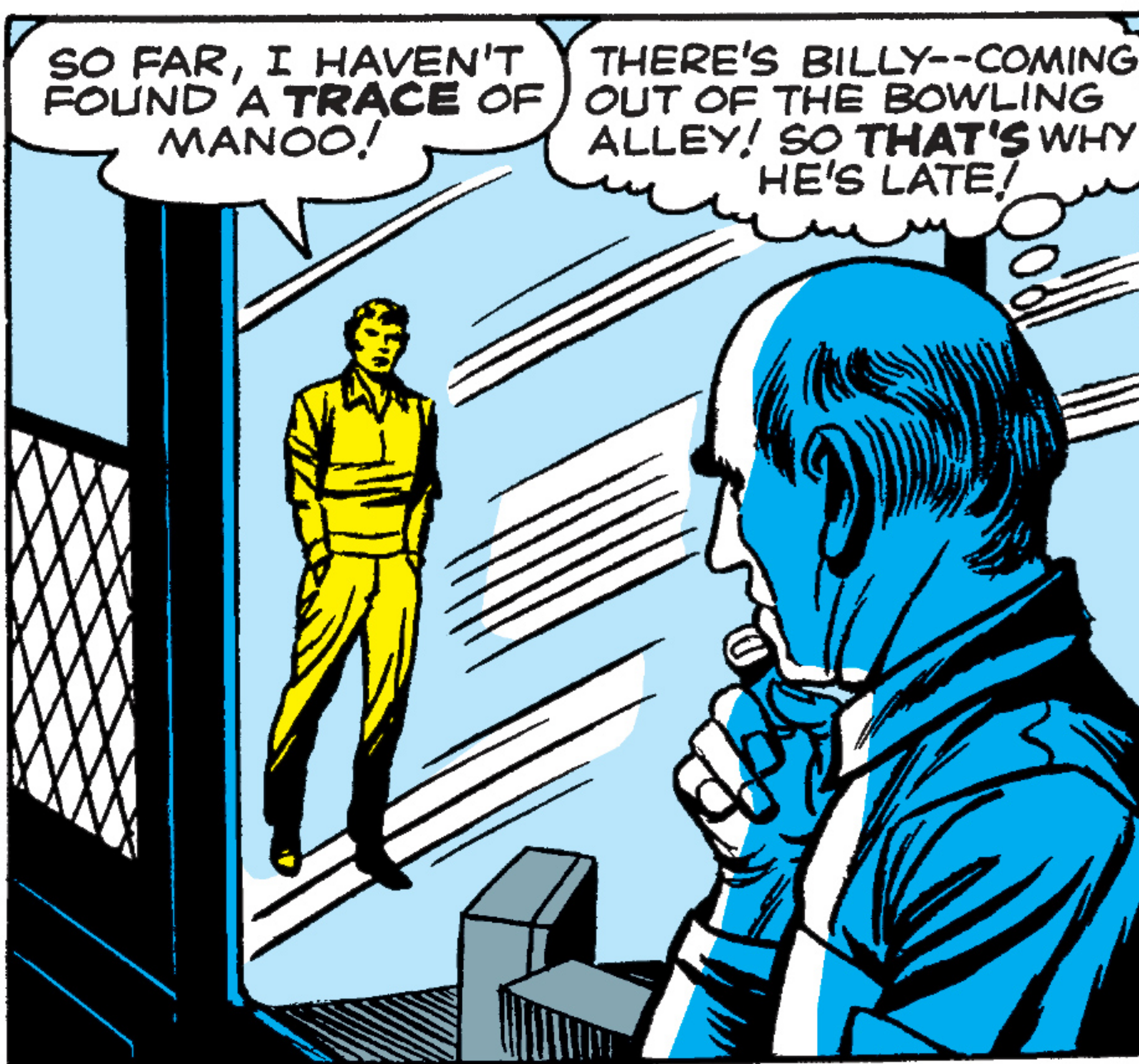
THE NEXT DAY AFTER SCHOOL, I CONTINUED WITH MY DESPERATE SEARCH...



MAYBE HE'S HIDING HERE, BENEATH THE SCHOOL STADIUM!

AN EMPTY FREIGHT CAR WOULD BE A PERFECT PLACE FOR HIM TO HIDE!

EVERYONE IN THE BOWLING ALLEY IS CASTING A SHADOW!



SO FAR, I HAVEN'T FOUND A TRACE OF MANOO!

THERE'S BILLY--COMING OUT OF THE BOWLING ALLEY! SO THAT'S WHY HE'S LATE!

DRAWING THE WRONG CONCLUSIONS FROM WHAT HE'D SEEN, MISTER MILLER WAS FURIOUS WITH ME!

I DON'T LIKE SHIRKERS AND I DON'T LIKE LIARS! FROM NOW ON YOU CAN SPEND ALL YOUR TIME BOWLING! YOUR FIRED!

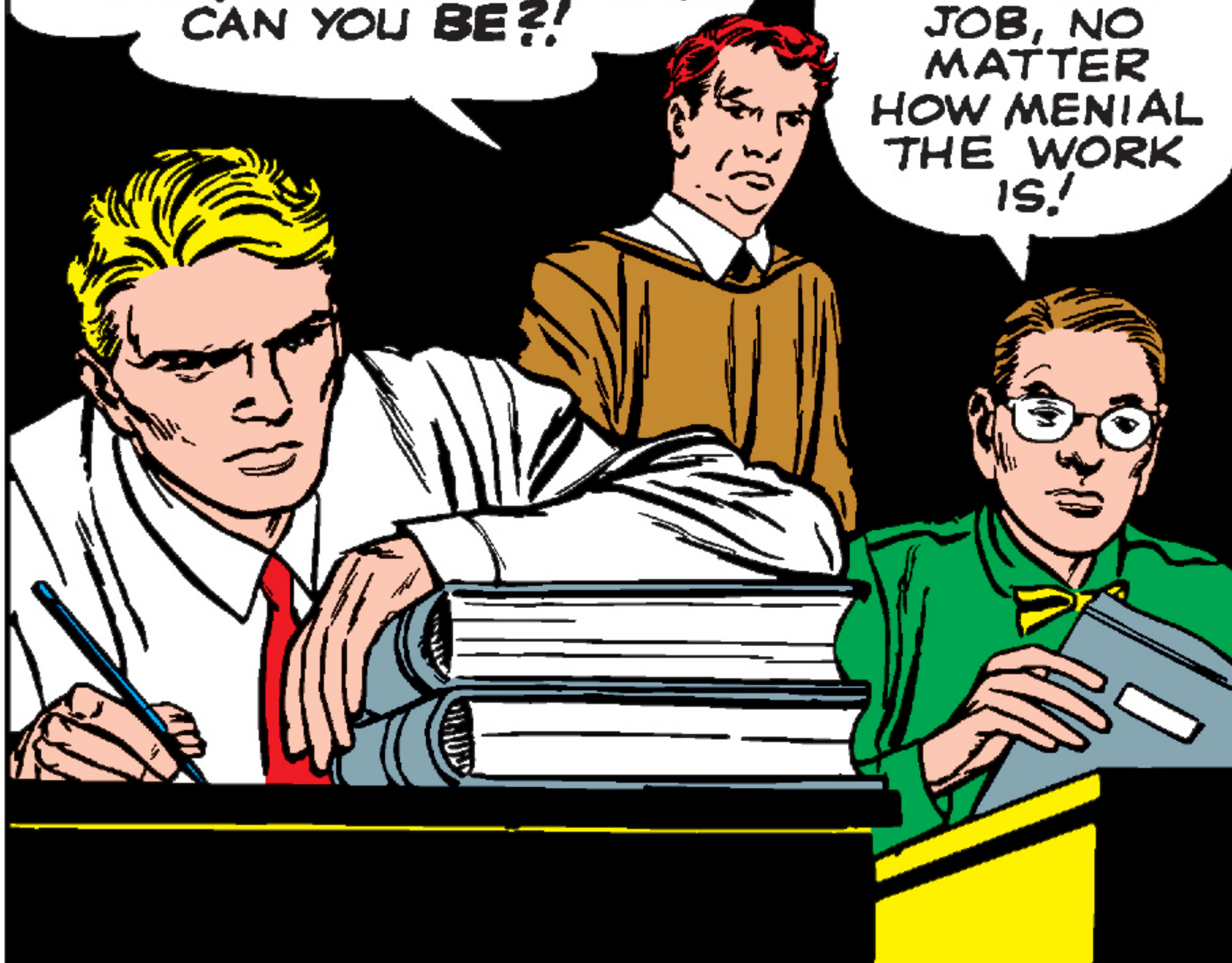
BUT...



BAD NEWS TRAVELS FAST! BY THE FOLLOWING DAY, EVERYONE AT SCHOOL KNEW I HAD LOST MY JOB!

IMAGINE GETTING FIRED FROM A GROCERY STORE! HOW INCOMPETENT CAN YOU BE?!

SOME INDIVIDUALS CAN'T HOLD ON TO **ANY** JOB, NO MATTER HOW MENIAL THE WORK IS!



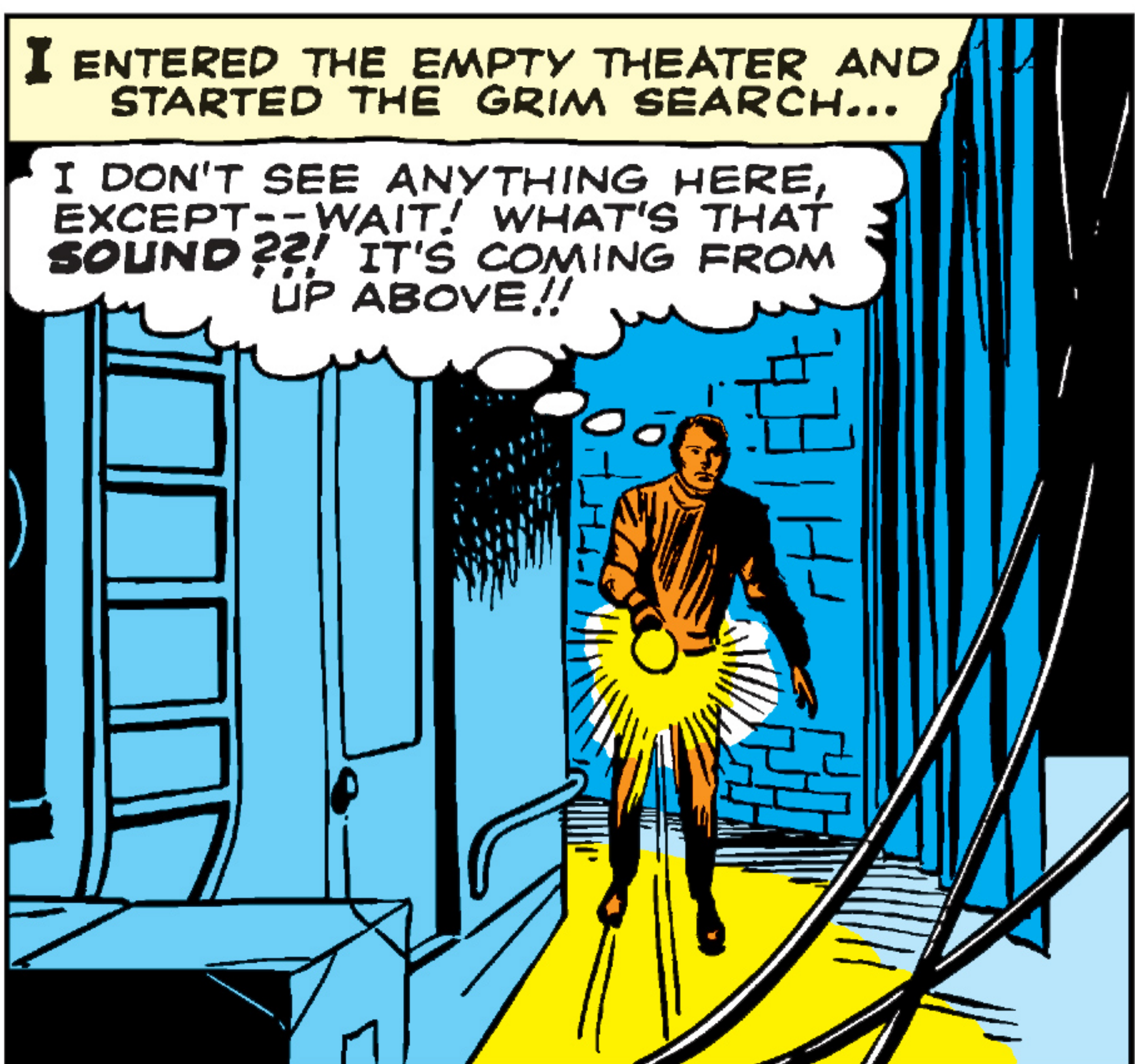
BUT IN SPITE OF THE MERCILESS RIDICULE, I HAD TO GO ON LOOKING, SEARCHING, TRYING TO FIND THE MENACING MANOO!

STILL ONE PLACE I HAVEN'T SEARCHED! THE **THEATRE!** IT'S BEEN CLOSED ALL SEASON! I'VE GOT TO LOOK IN **THERE!**



I ENTERED THE EMPTY THEATER AND STARTED THE GRIM SEARCH...

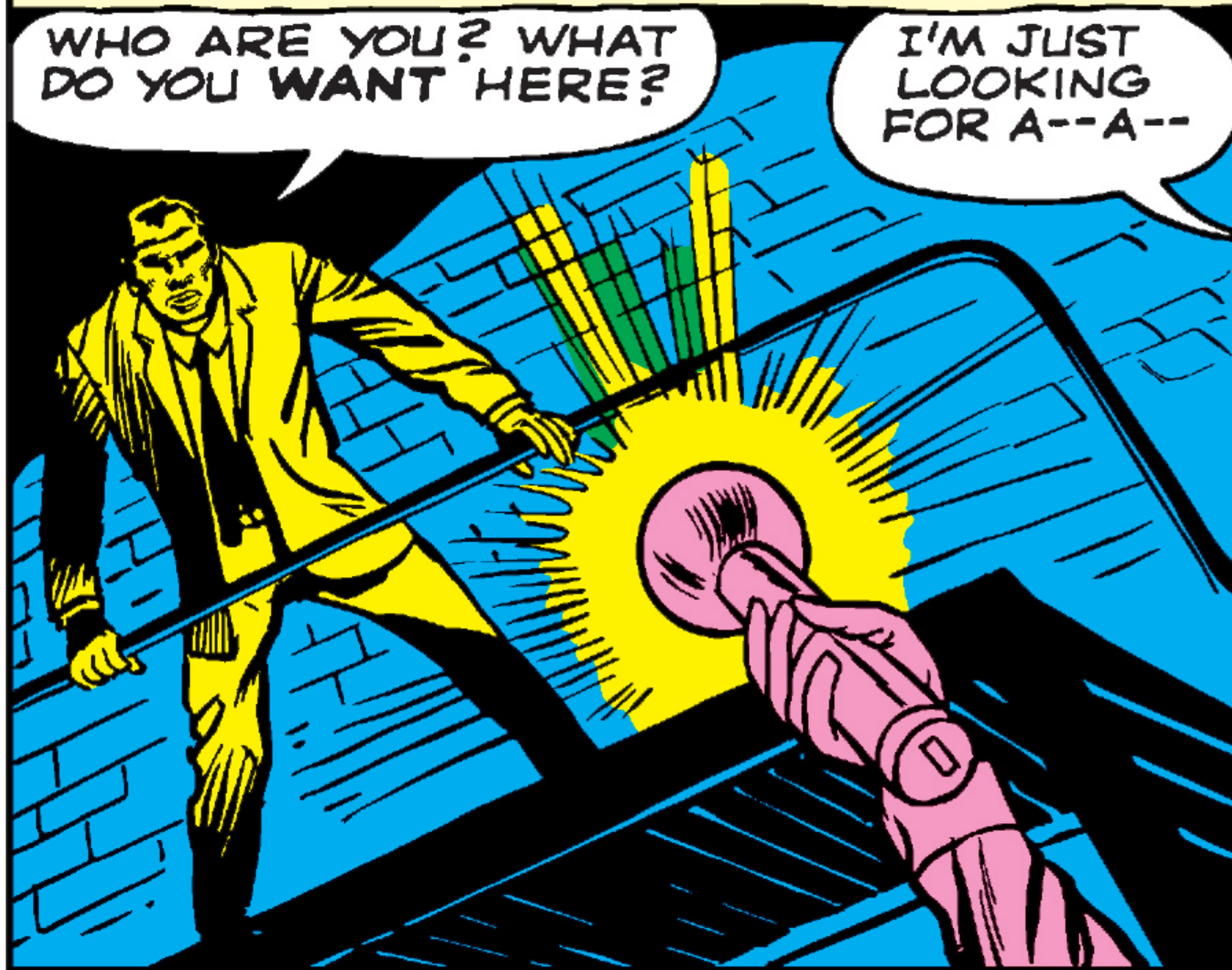
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING HERE, EXCEPT--WAIT! WHAT'S THAT **SOUND??!** IT'S COMING FROM UP ABOVE!!



I FLASHED MY LIGHT UPWARD, AND THERE ON THE CATWALK WAS A MAN...OR, WHAT LOOKED LIKE A MAN!!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A--A--



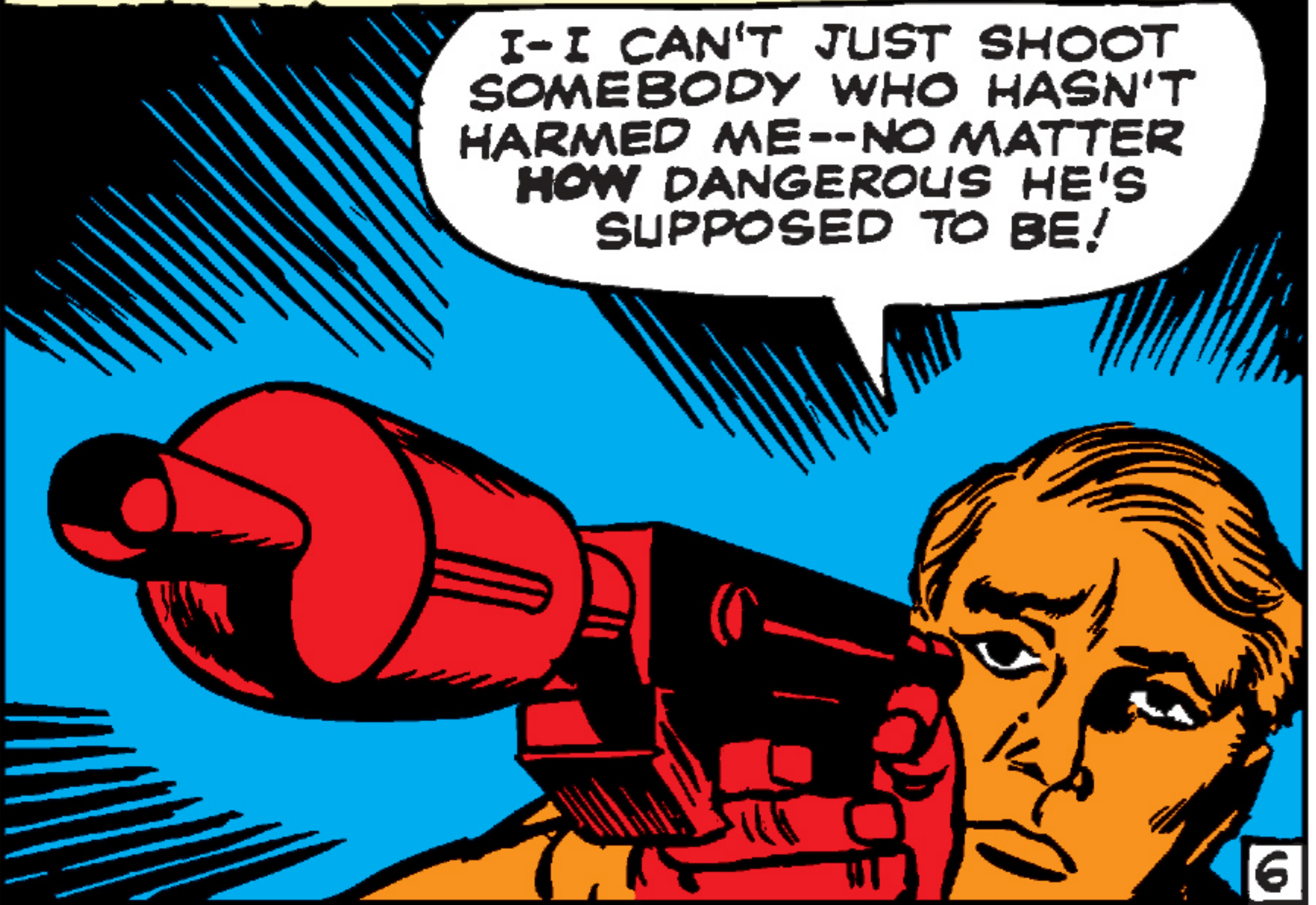
SUDDENLY I SAW!! I REALIZED!!

YOU--YOU'RE NOT CASTING A SHADOW!! **YOU'RE THE ONE!! YOU'RE MANOO!**



QUICKLY I WHIPPED OUT THE RAY GUN! I AIMED IT AT THE FIGURE ABOVE ME! BUT, AS I TRIED TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER, MY HAND STARTED TO SWEAT, MY MUSCLES TENSED! I COULDN'T MAKE MYSELF FIRE THE GUN! I JUST COULDN'T!!

I-I CAN'T JUST SHOOT SOMEBODY WHO HASN'T HARMED ME--NO MATTER HOW DANGEROUS HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE!



EACH FEARFUL SECOND SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY AS I TRIED DESPERATELY TO SQUEEZE THE FATAL TRIGGER!

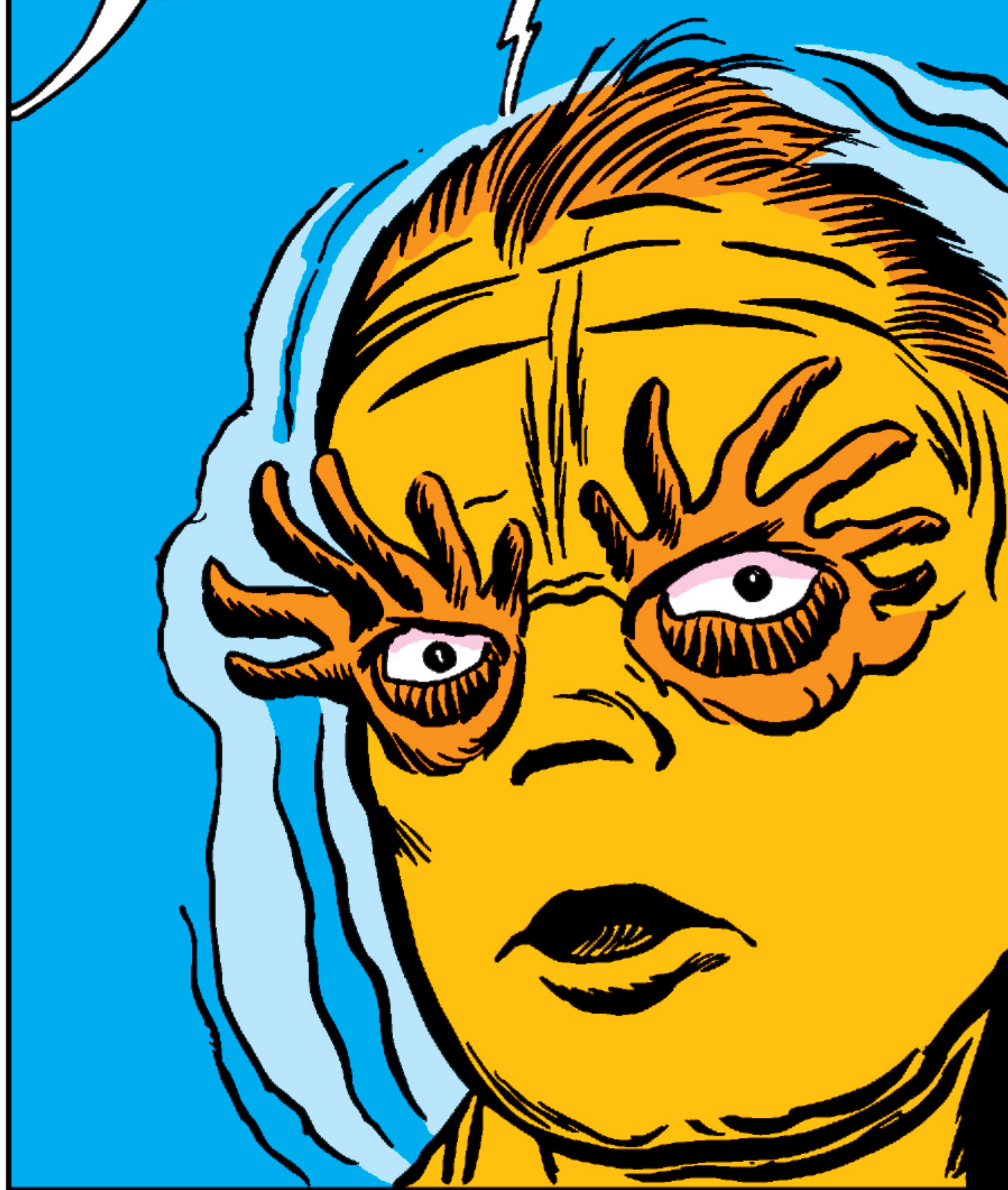
ONE BLAST OF THIS RAY WILL FINISH HIM FOREVER! I CAN'T DO IT! I JUST CAN'T! IT-IT WOULD BE SHEER MURDER!



THEN, BEFORE MY STARTLED EYES, THE FIGURE ON THE CATWALK BEGAN TO CHANGE!

Y-YOU'RE BECOMING YOUR TRUE SELF!

YES, EARTHLING, ONCE AGAIN I BECOME...



...MANOO!

NO! NO! DON'T--



SO STARTLED WAS I BY THE UNEARTHLY TRANSFORMATION, THAT THE RAY GUN FELL FROM MY NUMB FINGERS, AND--

I-- I'M TRAPPED!



PART

2

THE SECRET OF

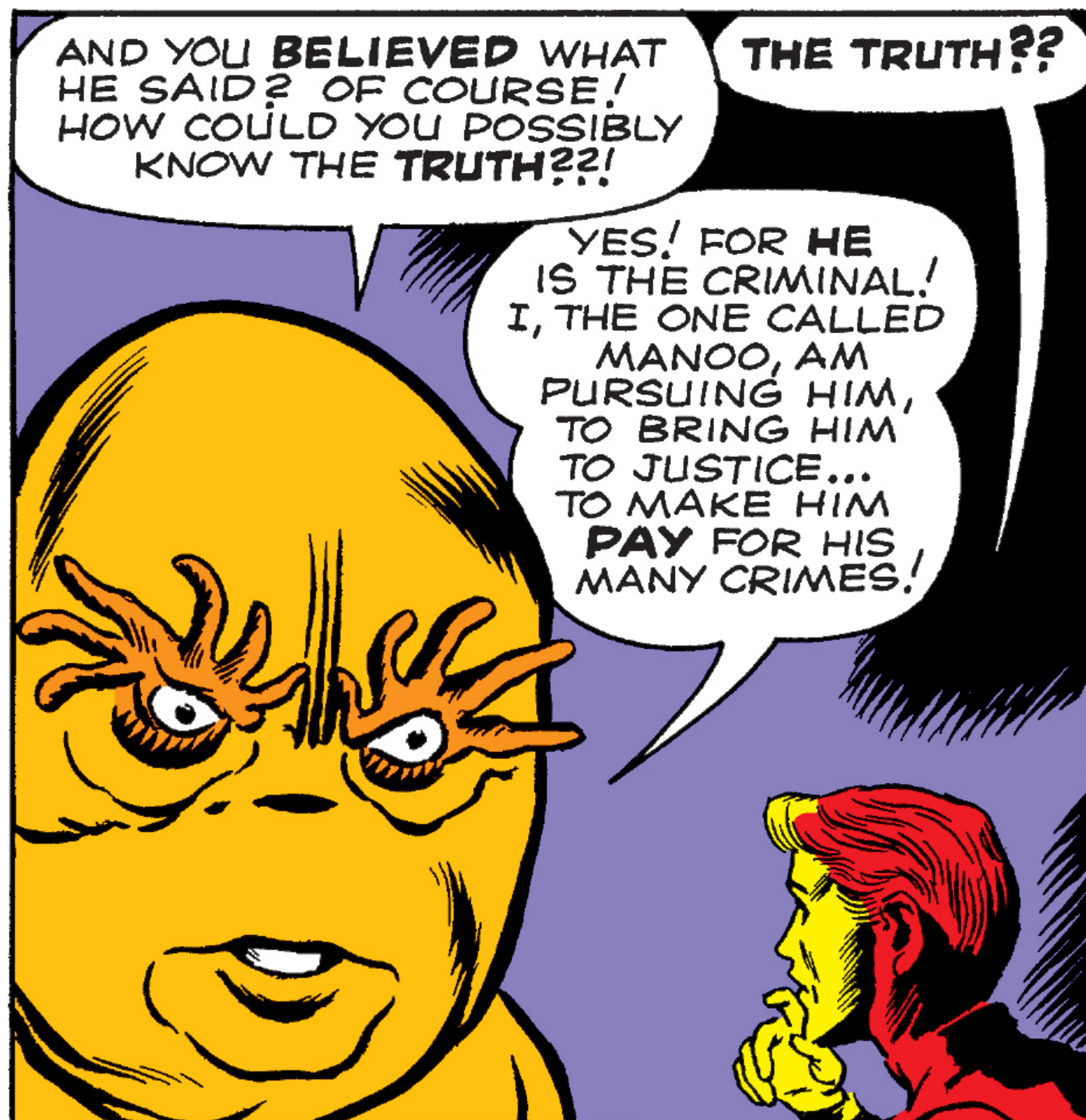
MANOO!

THE TABLES
ARE TURNED,
HUMAN!!
YOU ARE
POWERLESS
NOW!
POWERLESS
BEFORE
...**MANOO!**



NOW, EARTHLING, **SPEAK!** WHERE DID YOU GET THIS ELECTRO-RAY GUN? WHY DID YOU TRY TO SHOOT ME?

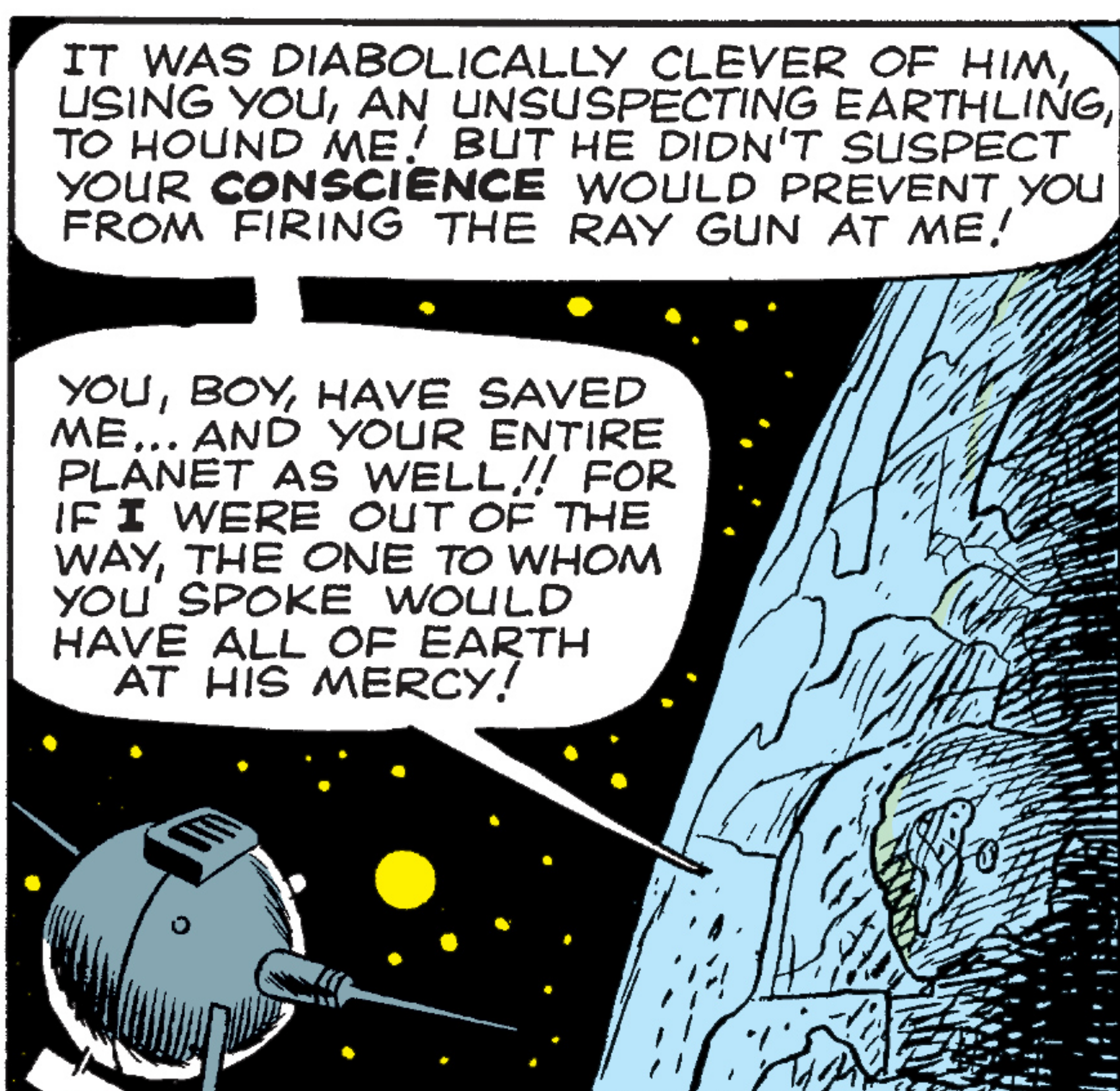
IT WAS THE **OTHER** ALIEN! THE ONE WHO'S AFTER YOU! HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU-- THAT YOU'RE MANOO, A CRIMINAL, AND THAT UNLESS I DESTROYED YOU, ALL EARTH WOULD BE IN DANGER!!



AND YOU **BELIEVED** WHAT HE SAID? OF COURSE! HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW THE **TRUTH???**

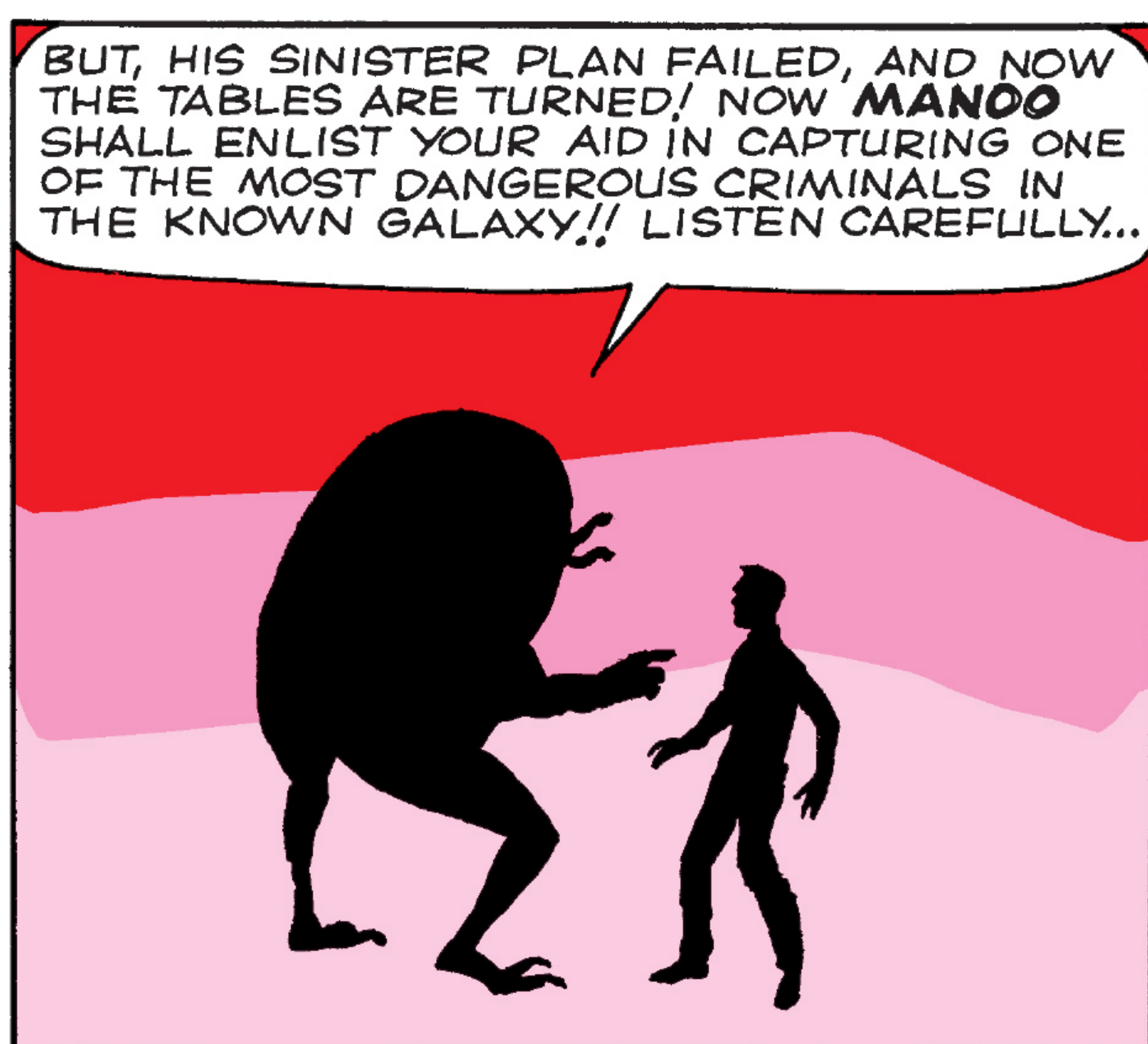
THE TRUTH??

YES! FOR HE IS THE CRIMINAL! I, THE ONE CALLED MANOO, AM PURSUING HIM, TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE... TO MAKE HIM **PAY** FOR HIS MANY CRIMES!

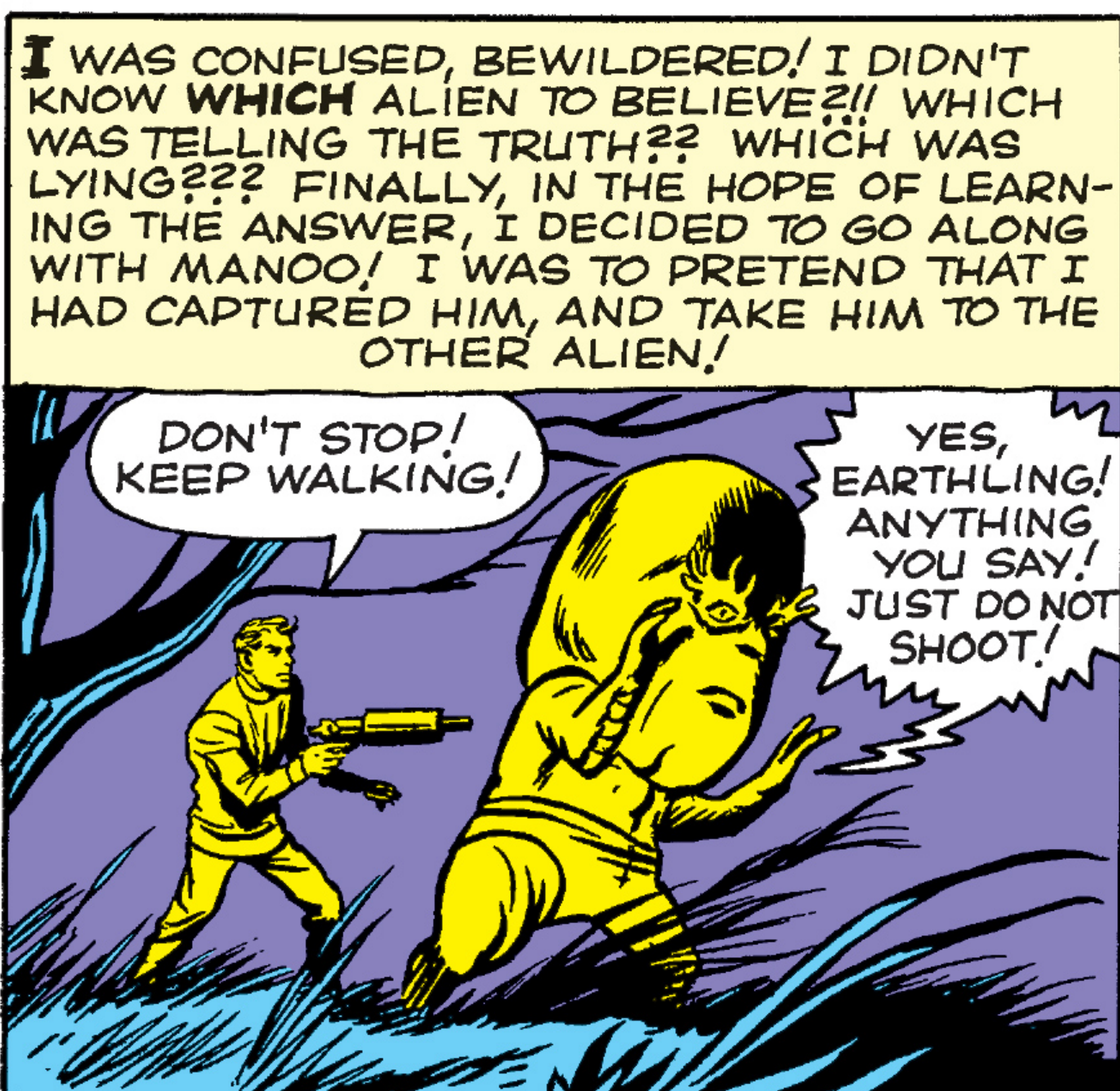


IT WAS DIABOLICALLY CLEVER OF HIM, USING YOU, AN UNSUSPECTING EARTHLING, TO HOUND ME! BUT HE DIDN'T SUSPECT YOUR **CONSCIENCE** WOULD PREVENT YOU FROM FIRING THE RAY GUN AT ME!

YOU, BOY, HAVE SAVED ME... AND YOUR ENTIRE PLANET AS WELL!! FOR IF I WERE OUT OF THE WAY, THE ONE TO WHOM YOU SPOKE WOULD HAVE ALL OF EARTH AT HIS MERCY!



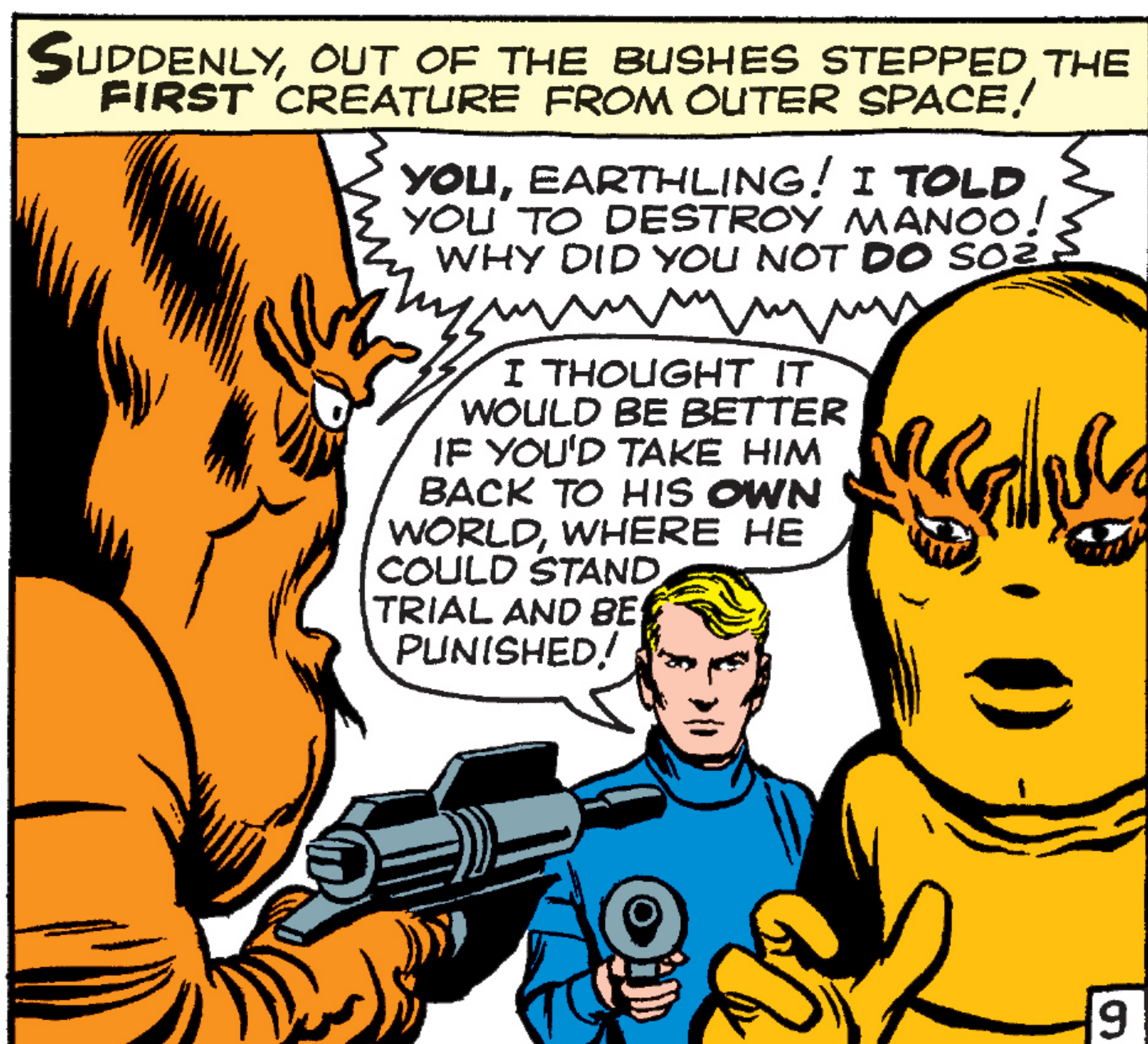
BUT, HIS SINISTER PLAN FAILED, AND NOW THE TABLES ARE TURNED! NOW **MANOO** SHALL ENLIST YOUR AID IN CAPTURING ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINALS IN THE KNOWN GALAXY!! LISTEN CAREFULLY...



I WAS CONFUSED, BEWILDERED! I DIDN'T KNOW **WHICH** ALIEN TO BELIEVE??! WHICH WAS TELLING THE TRUTH?? WHICH WAS LYING?? FINALLY, IN THE HOPE OF LEARNING THE ANSWER, I DECIDED TO GO ALONG WITH MANOO! I WAS TO PRETEND THAT I HAD CAPTURED HIM, AND TAKE HIM TO THE OTHER ALIEN!

DON'T STOP! KEEP WALKING!

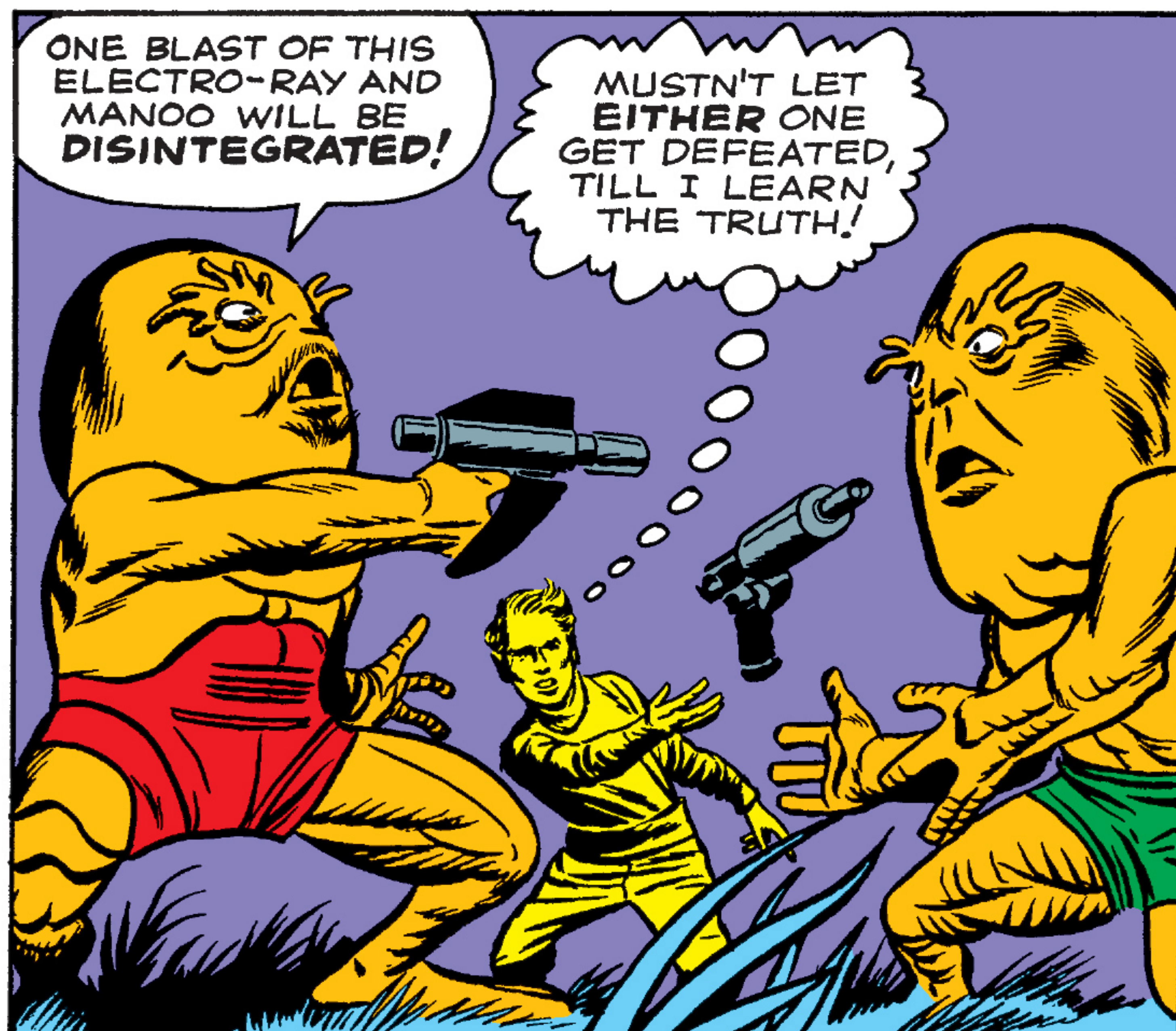
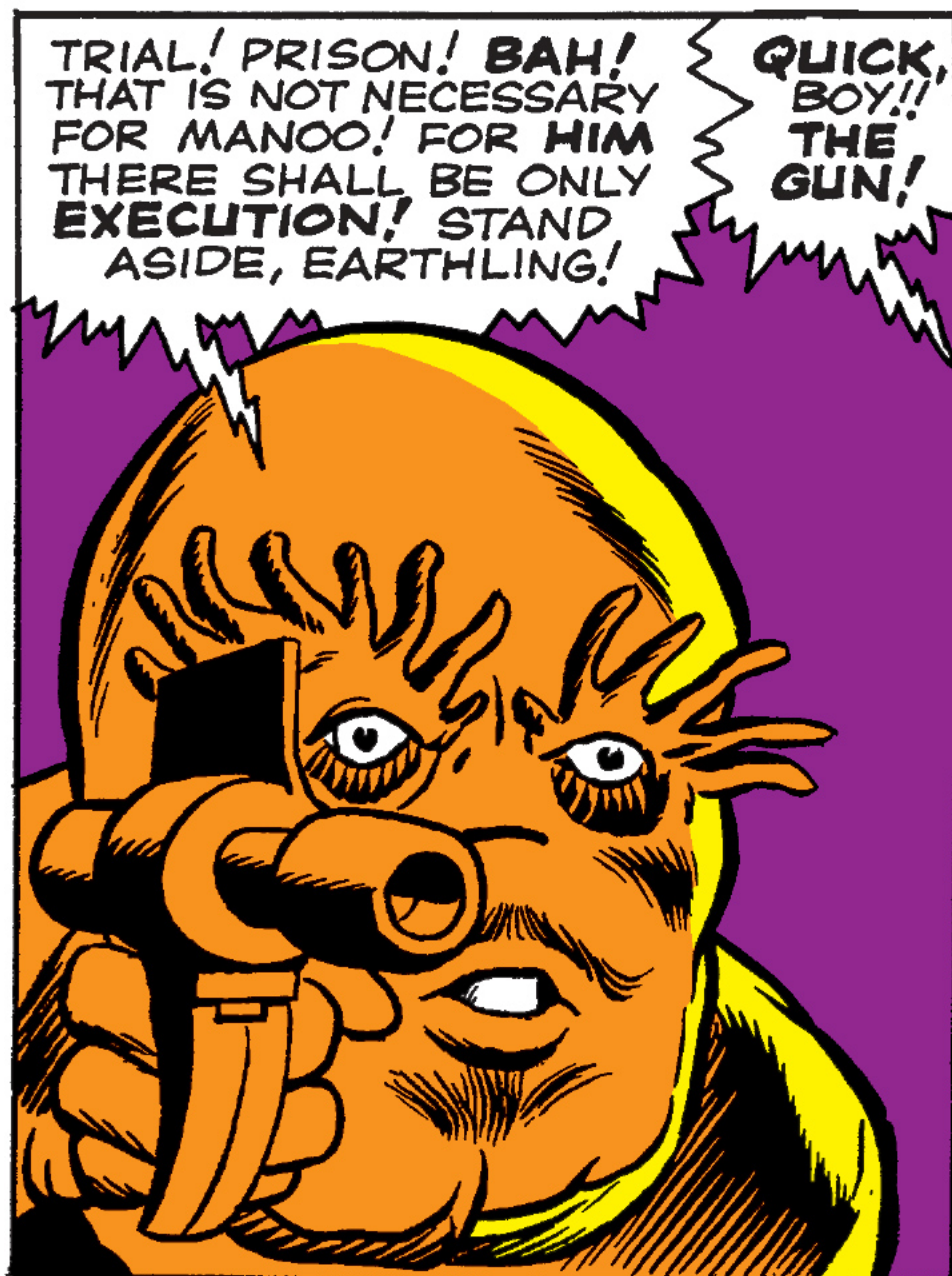
YES, EARTHLING! ANYTHING YOU SAY! JUST DO NOT SHOOT!



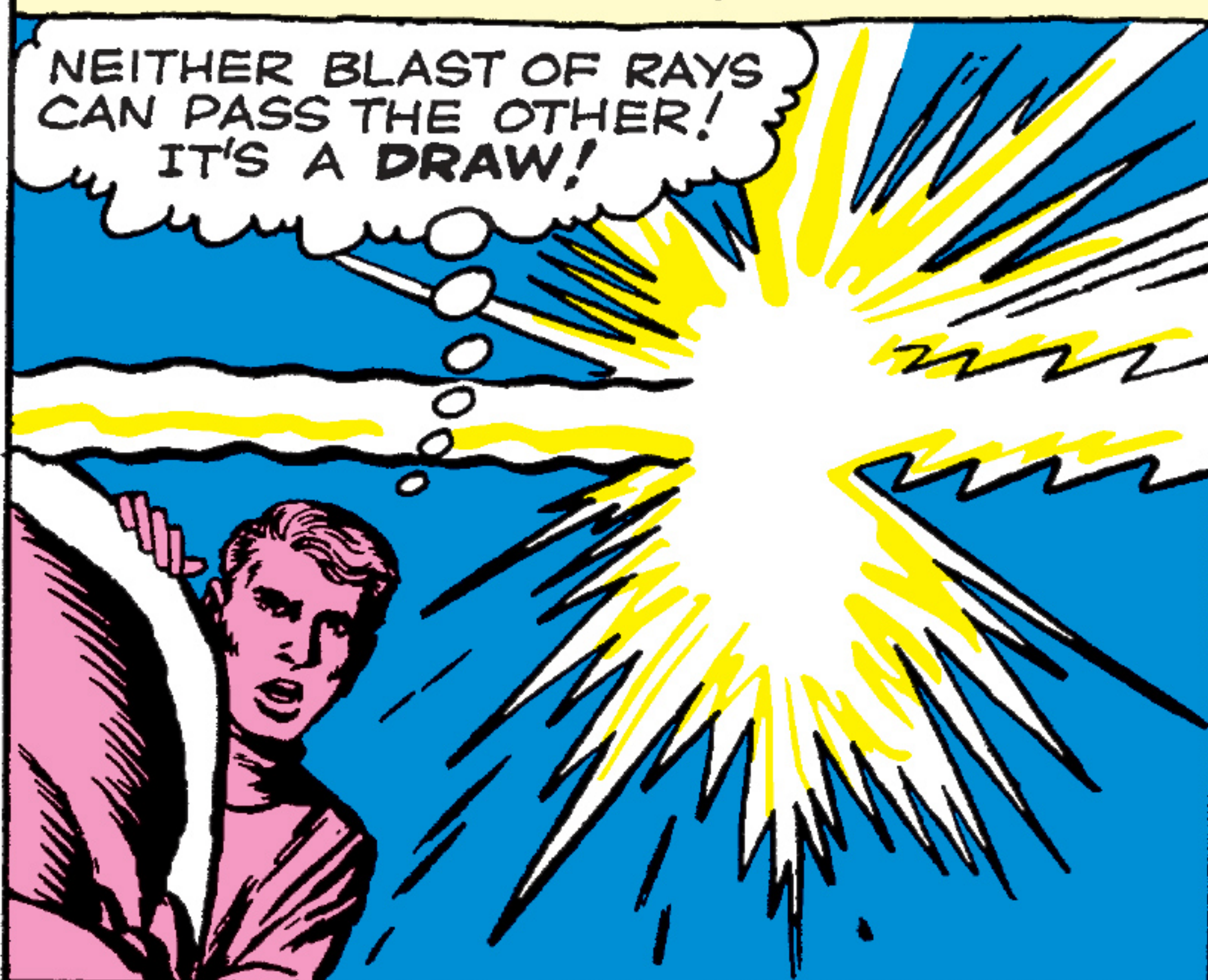
SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE BUSHES STEPPED THE **FIRST** CREATURE FROM OUTER SPACE!

YOU, EARTHLING! I TOLD YOU TO DESTROY MANOO! WHY DID YOU NOT DO SO?

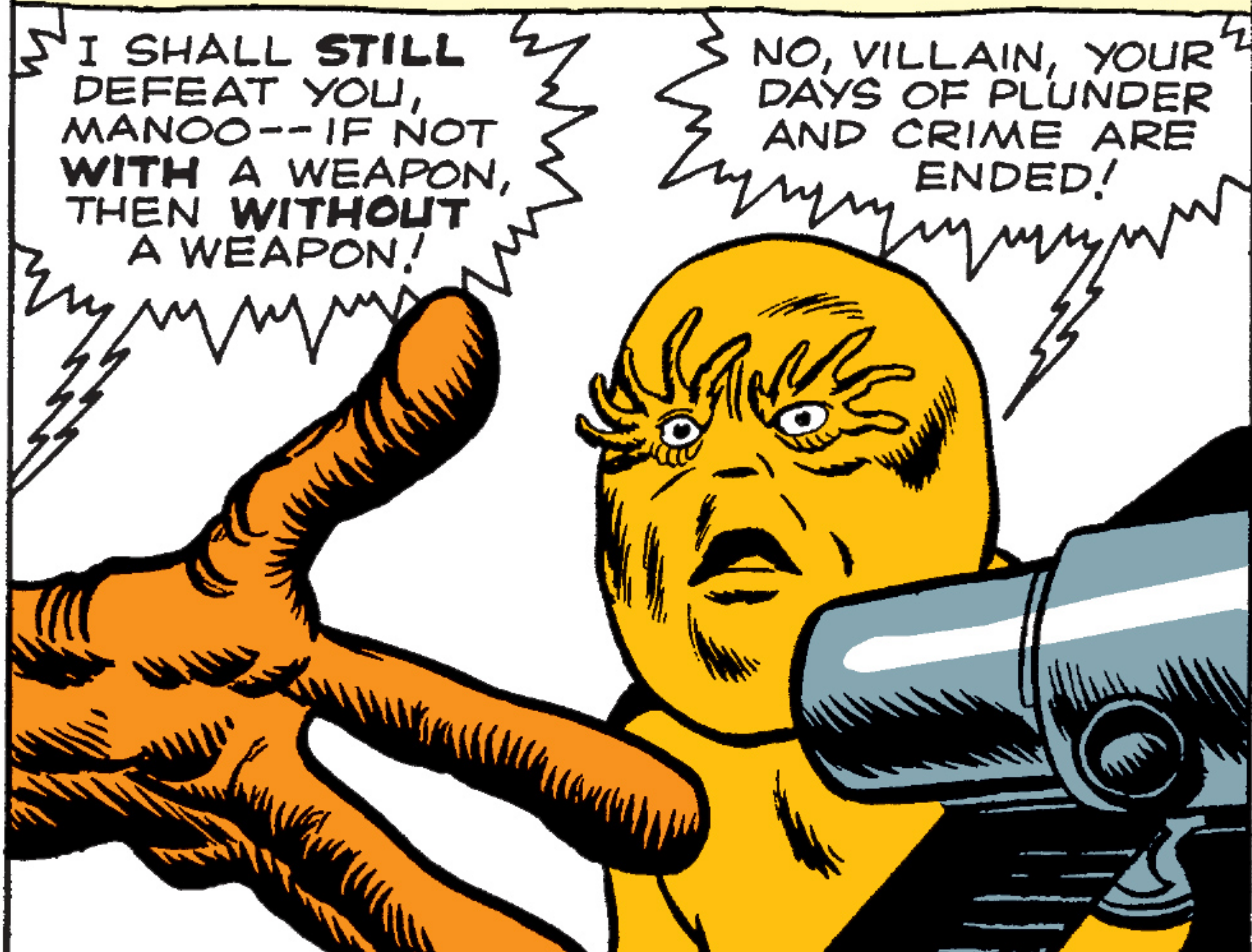
I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU'D TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS **OWN** WORLD, WHERE HE COULD STAND TRIAL AND BE PUNISHED!



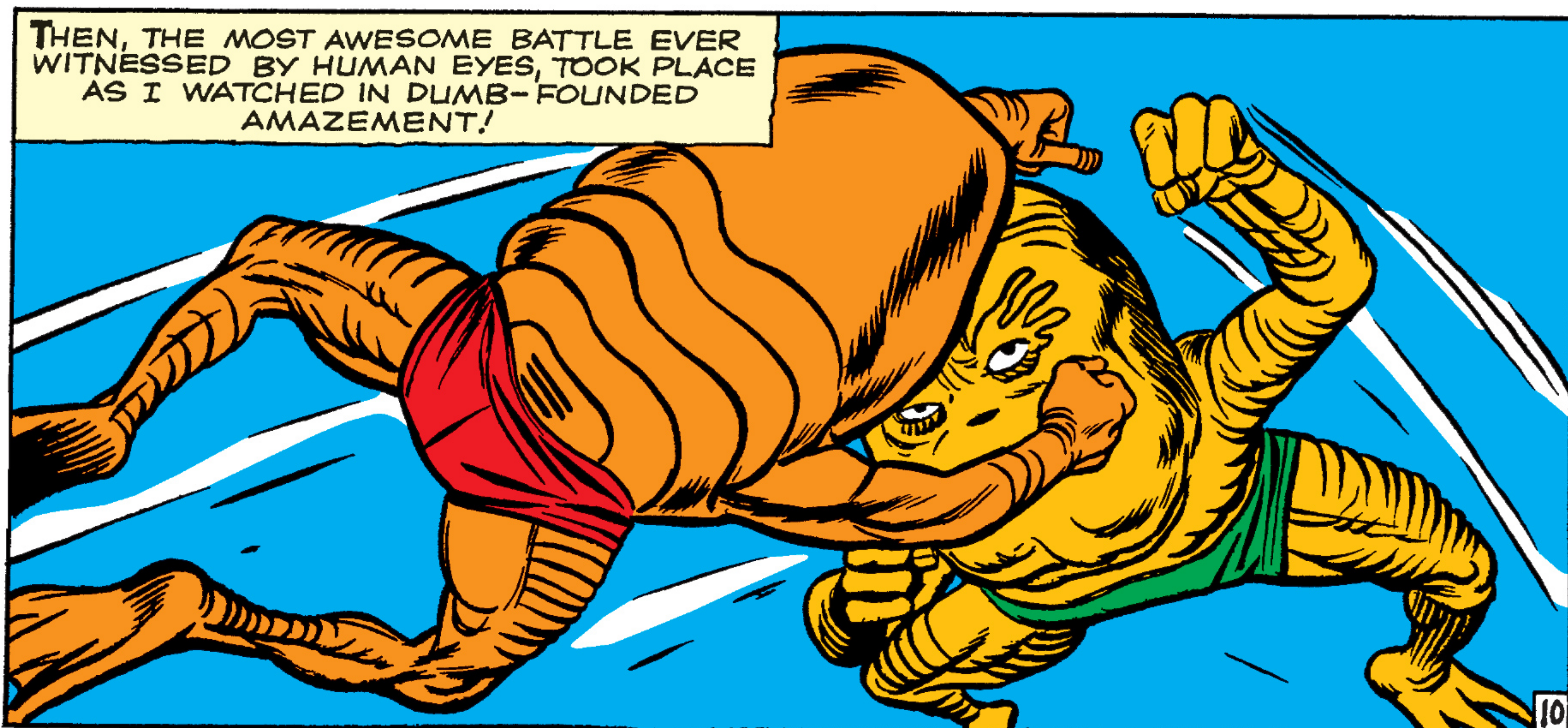
BOTH ALIENS FIRED AT THE SAME INSTANT, SENDING THE TWO RAY CHARGES CRASHING INTO EACH OTHER, FORMING AN IMPENETRABLE WALL OF NUCLEAR ENERGY!



THE STANDOFF CONTINUED UNTIL BOTH GUNS HAD EXHAUSTED THEIR DEADLY CONTENTS!



THEN, THE MOST AWESOME BATTLE EVER WITNESSED BY HUMAN EYES, TOOK PLACE AS I WATCHED IN DUMB-FOUNDED AMAZEMENT!

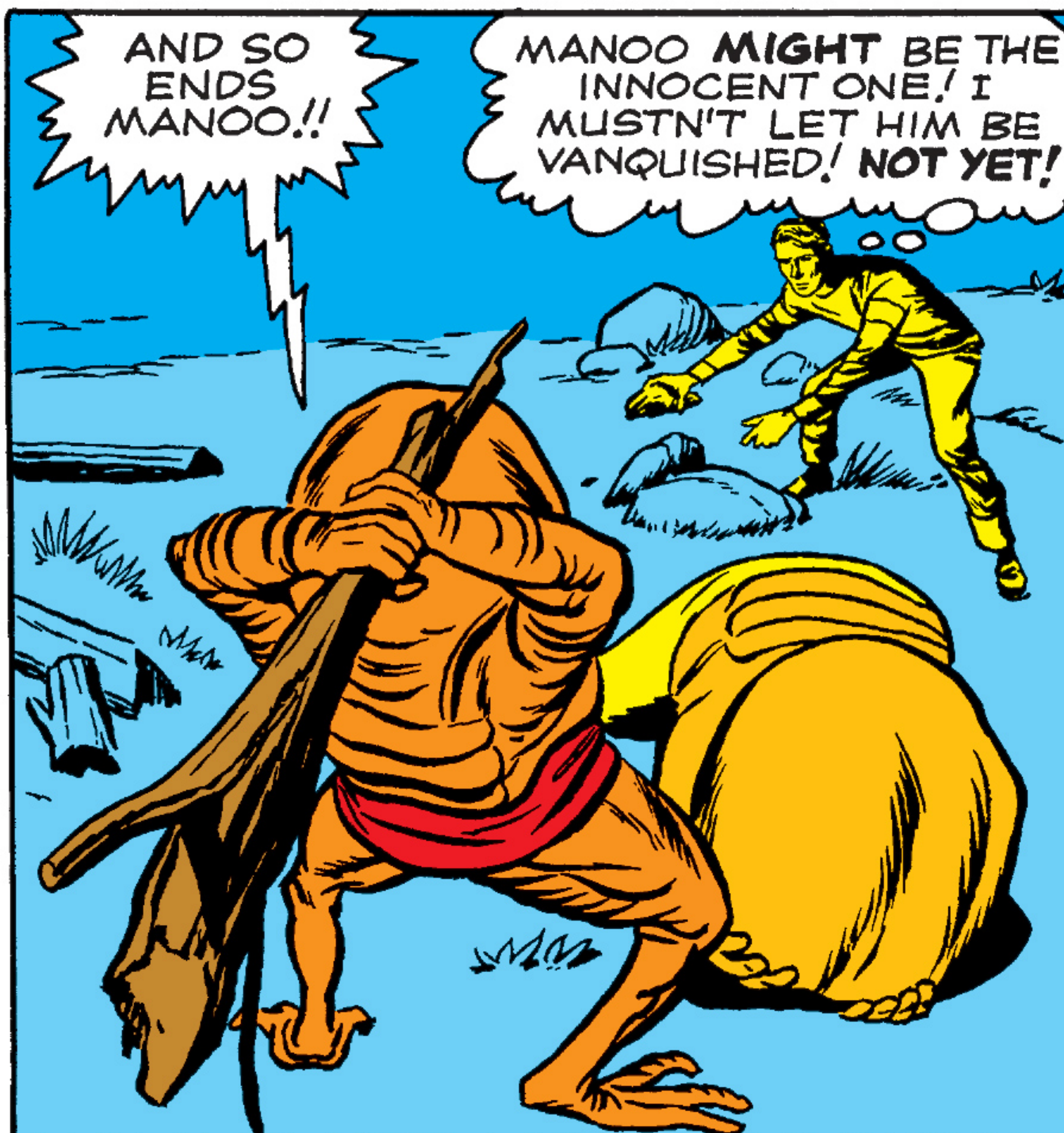


FOR GRIM MINUTES, NEITHER COMBATANT WAS ABLE TO GET THE UPPER HAND! THEN, **SUDDENLY**, MANOO WAS TRICKED!!



AND SO ENDS MANOO!!

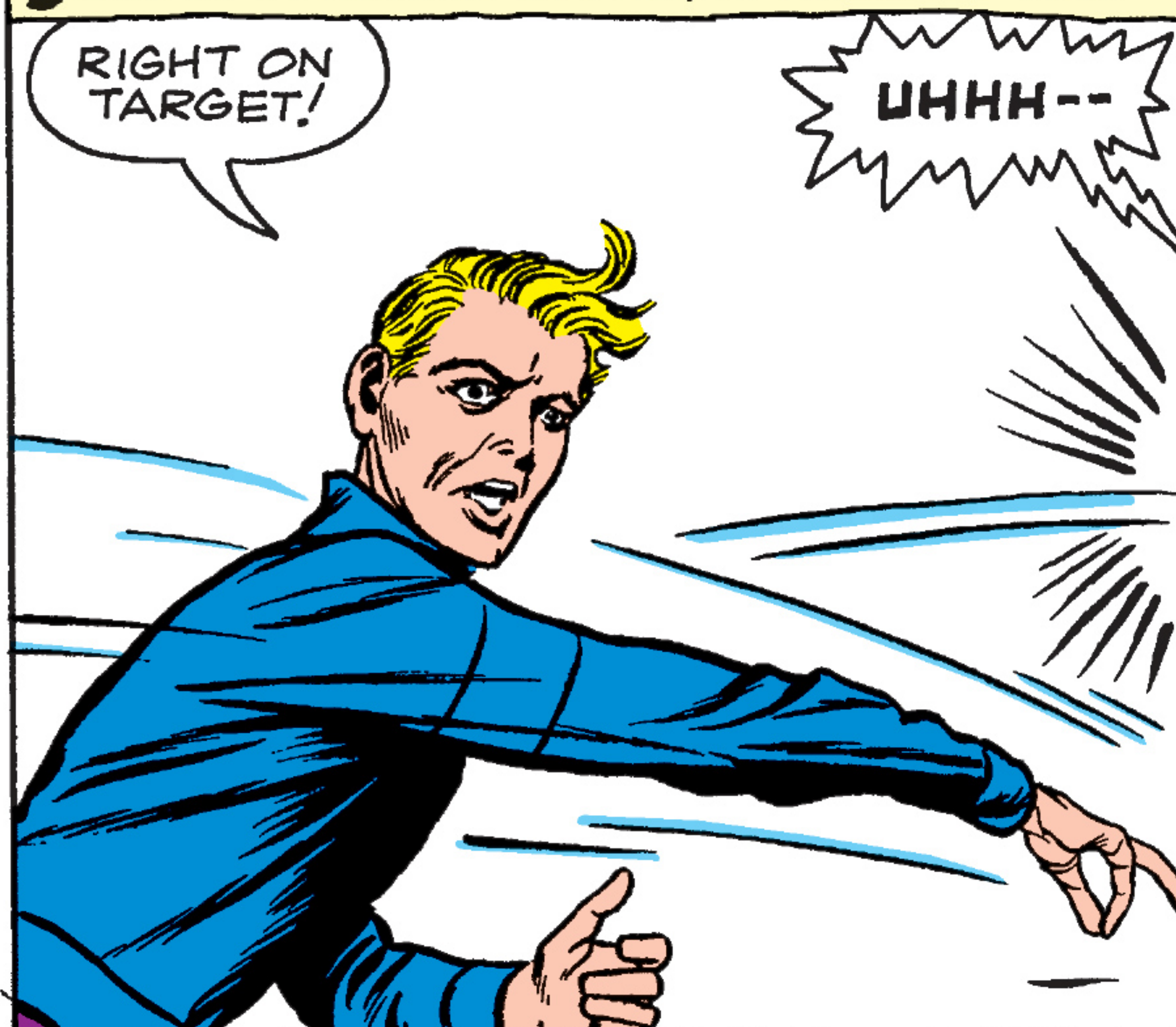
MANOO MIGHT BE THE INNOCENT ONE! I MUSTN'T LET HIM BE VANQUISHED! NOT YET!



SEIZING A ROUND STONE, I HURLED IT...

RIGHT ON TARGET!

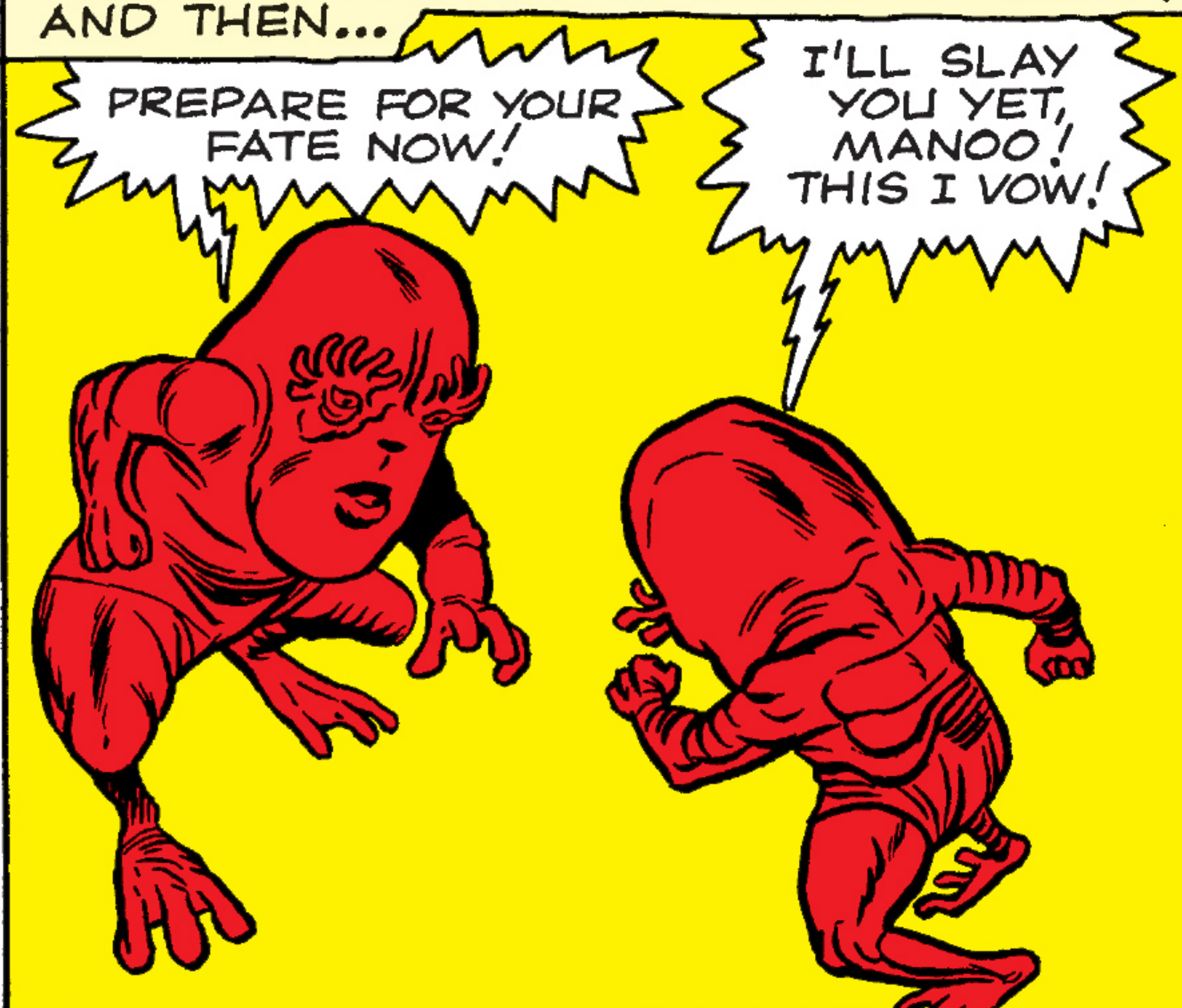
UHHH--



IT STAGGERED MANOO'S FOE LONG ENOUGH FOR MANOO'S EYES TO CLEAR, AND THEN...

PREPARE FOR YOUR FATE NOW!

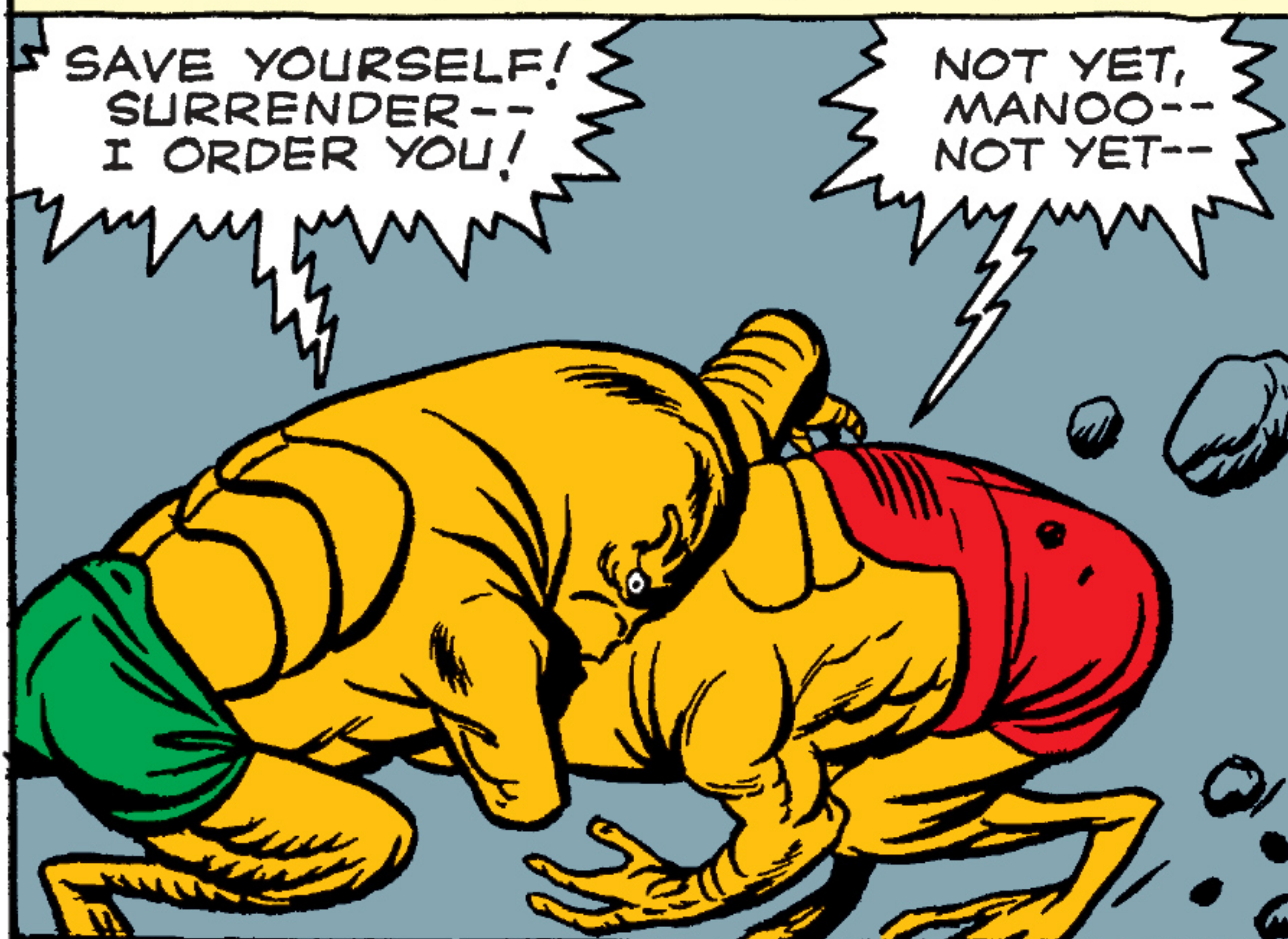
I'LL SLAY YOU YET, MANOO! THIS I VOW!



BUT, FROM THAT MOMENT ON, MANOO HAD THE UPPER HAND! HE KEPT FORCING THE OTHER ALIEN BACK, BACK, WHILE I FEARFULLY WATCHED, WITH A SILENT PRAYER... HOPING I HAD MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE!

SAVE YOURSELF! SURRENDER-- I ORDER YOU!

NOT YET, MANOO-- NOT YET--



SUDDENLY--

I HAVE ONE TRICK LEFT! THE EARTHLLING!!

OW! STOP! DON'T!





WHA-- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO **DO**?

STILL YOUR USELESS CRIES, EARTHLING! HEAR ME, MANOO! UNLESS YOU SURRENDER TO ME, THIS EARTH CREATURE'S LIFE IS FORFEIT! NOW **SPEAK**!

NO, HE IS BUT A YOUTH! DO NOT HARM HIM! I-I WILL DO AS YOU SAY!

NOW AT LAST I KNEW THE **TRUTH**! MANOO, WHO WOULD SURRENDER TO HIS ENEMY TO SAVE MY LIFE, COULD NOT BE A RUTHLESS CRIMINAL! IT WAS THE **OTHER** ALIEN WHO WAS THE ENEMY OF EARTH!

DON'T GIVE IN TO HIM, MANOO! EVEN IF IT MEANS MY LIFE, YOU **MUST STOP HIM!** MY **LIFE** DOESN'T MATTER!

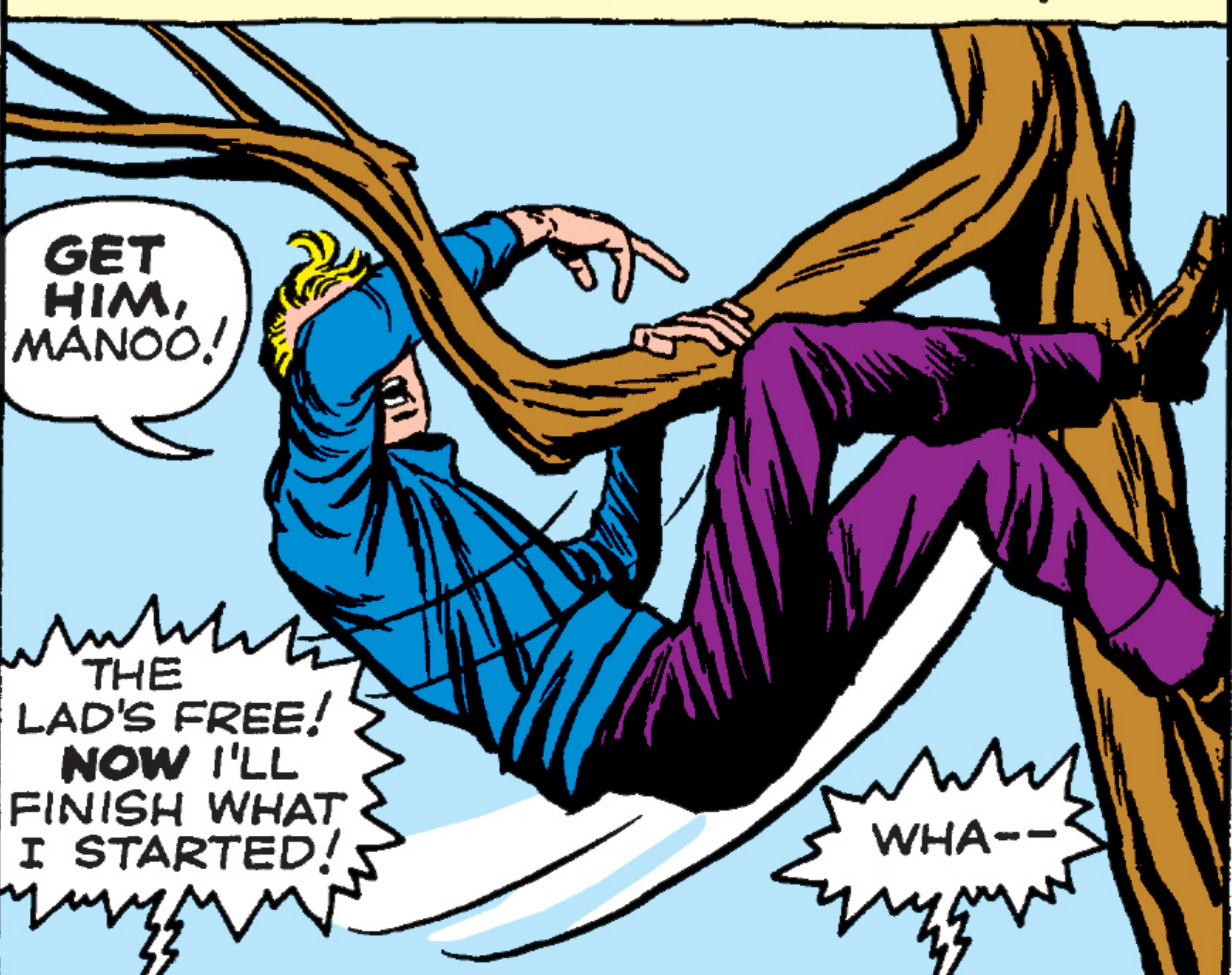
SILENCE, FOOL!



REMEMBER, MANOO! IF I SLAY HIM, IT WILL BE ON **YOUR CONSCIENCE**!

THAT TREE-- IF I CAN JUST REACH IT!

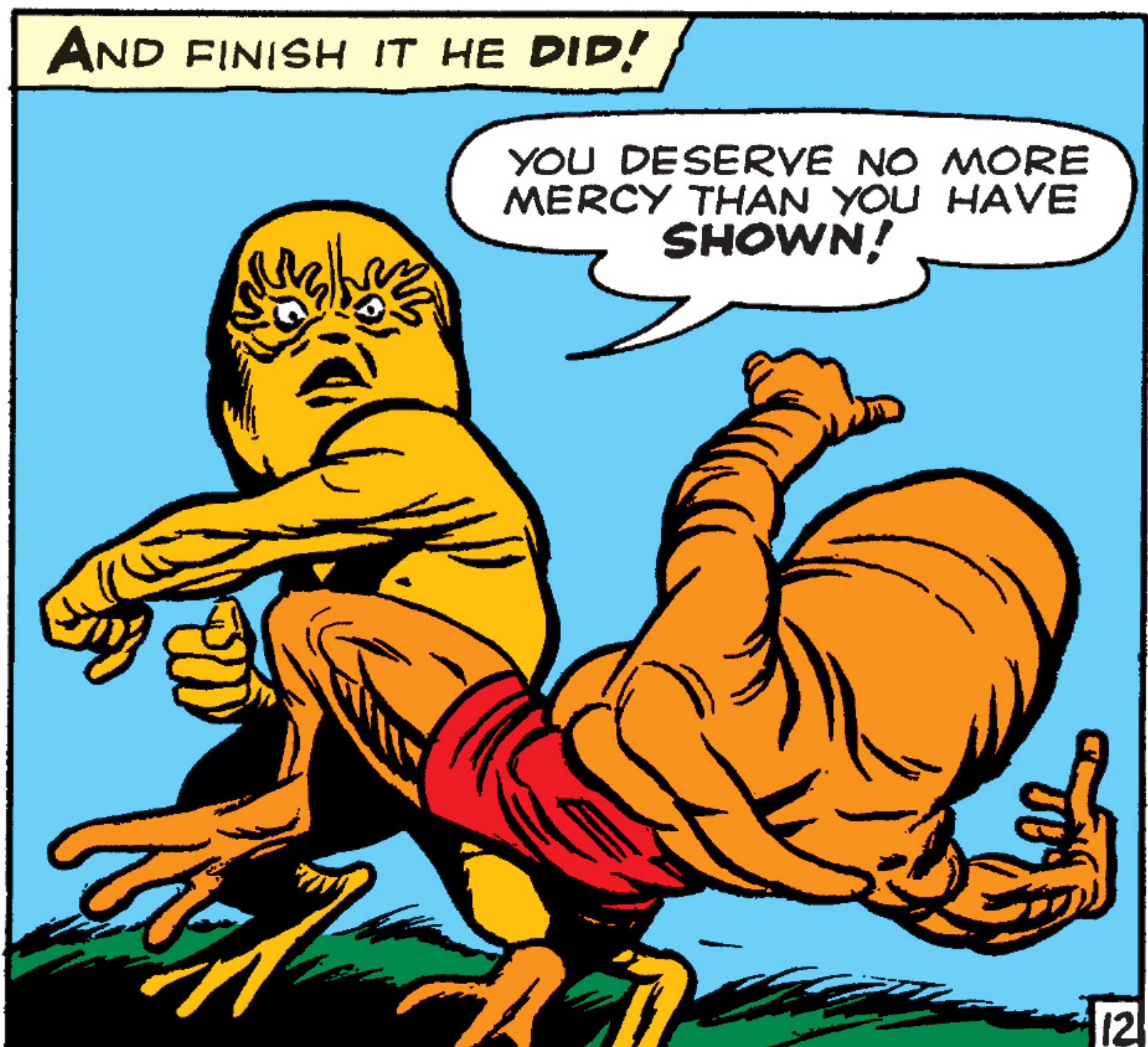
I STRETCHED OUT UNTIL I WAS ABLE TO GRAB HOLD OF THE TREE! THEN, CLUTCHING TIGHTLY TO A LIMB, I SWUNG OUT OF THE SURPRISED ALIEN'S GRASP!



GET HIM, MANOO!

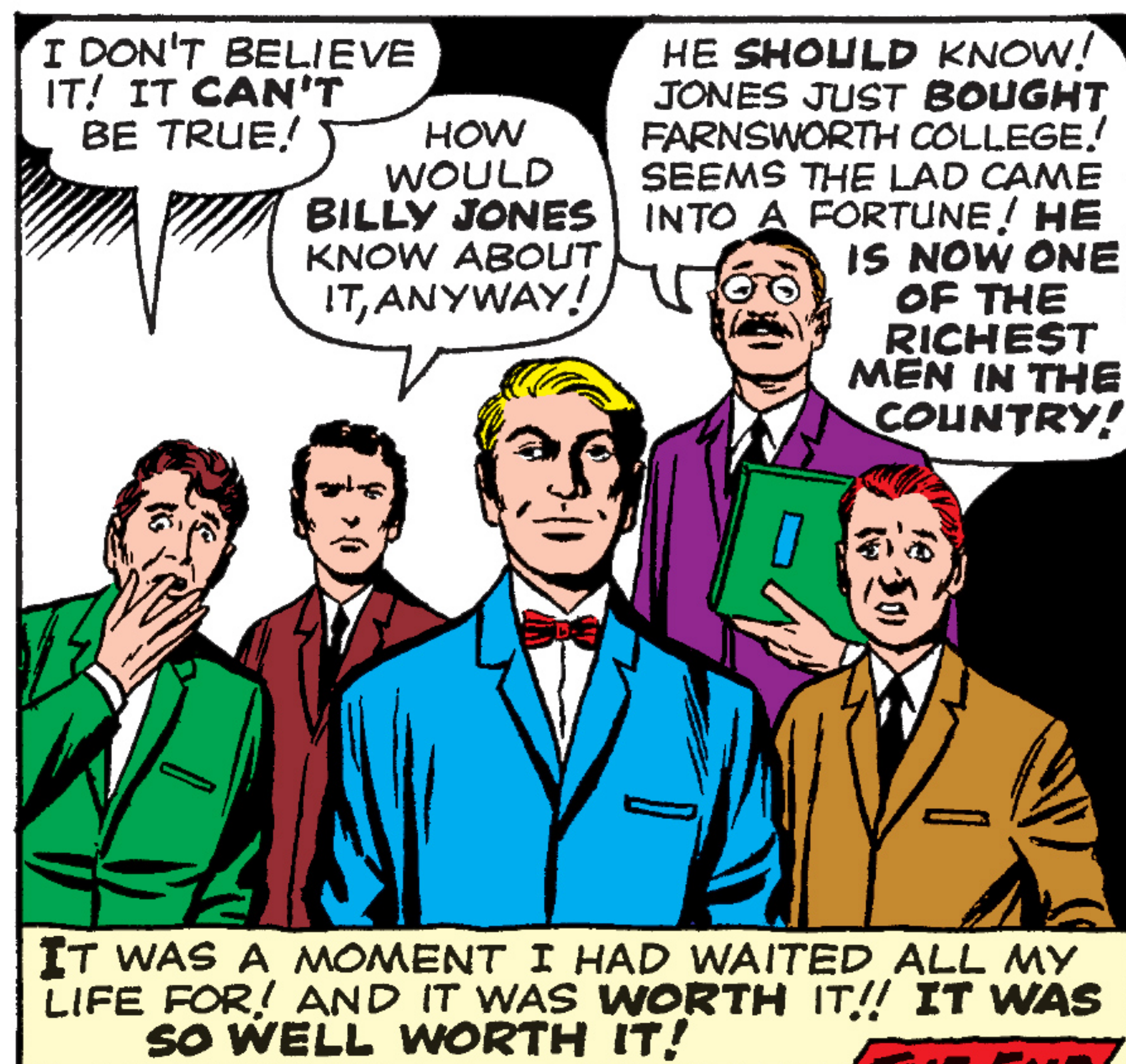
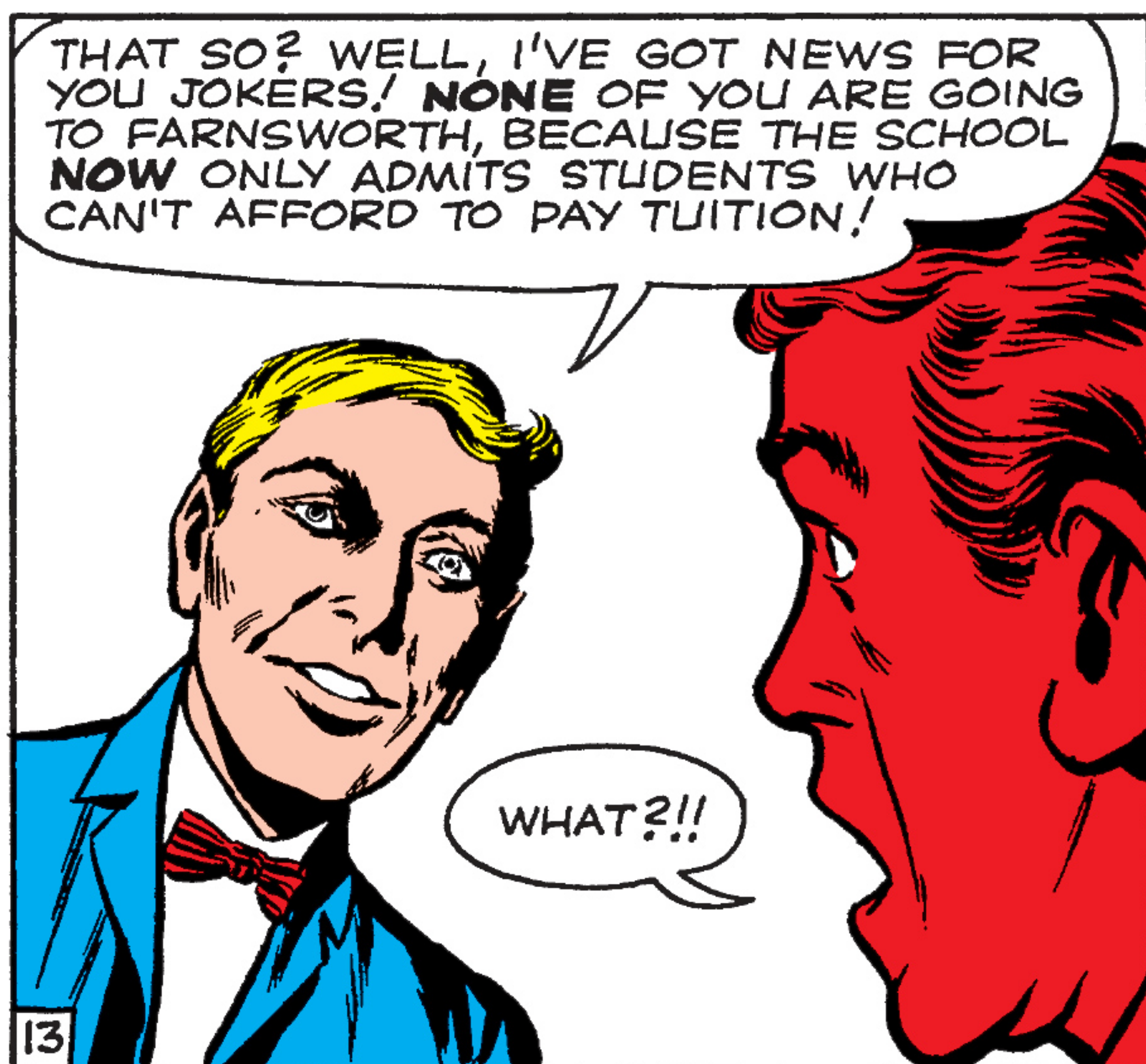
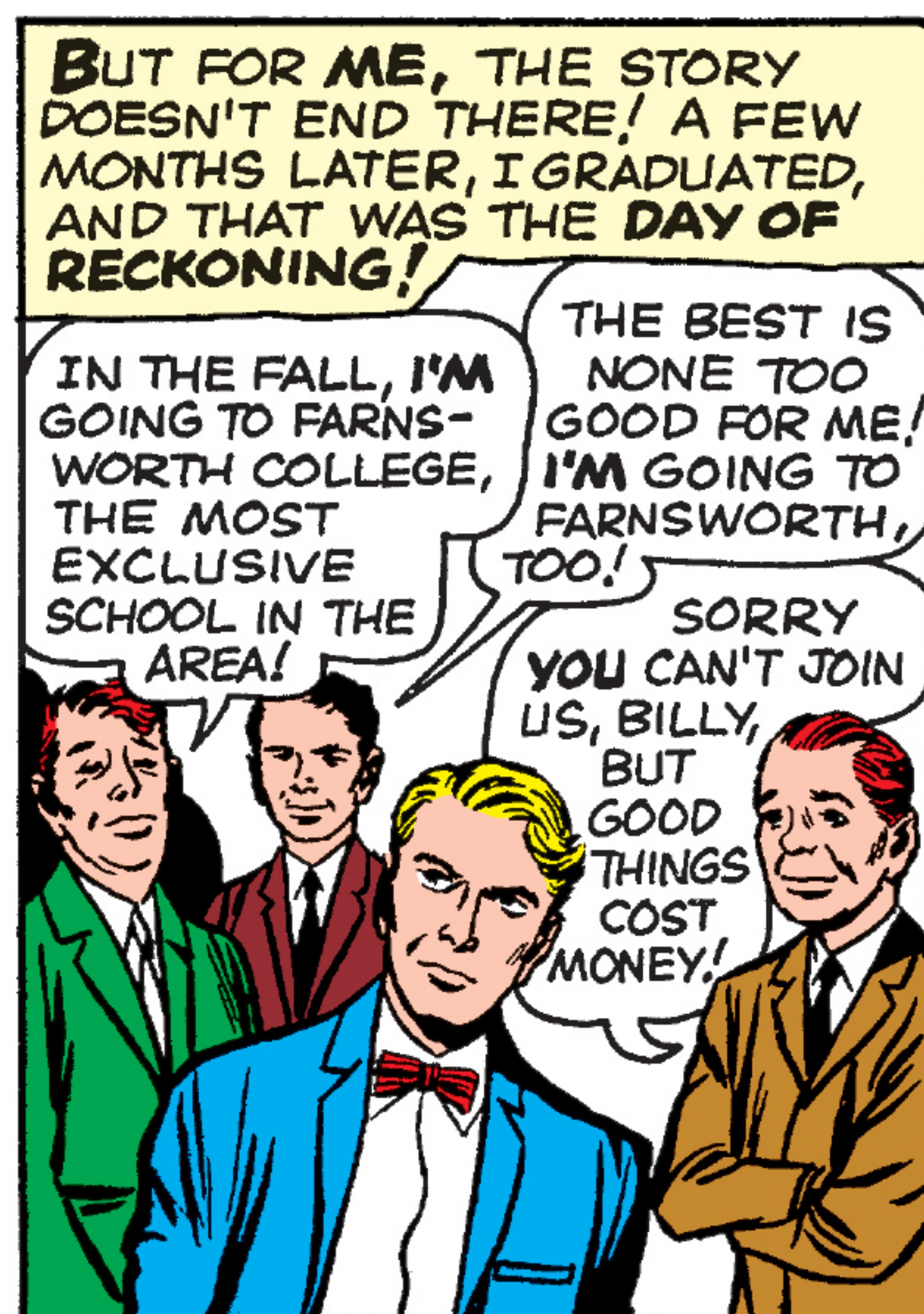
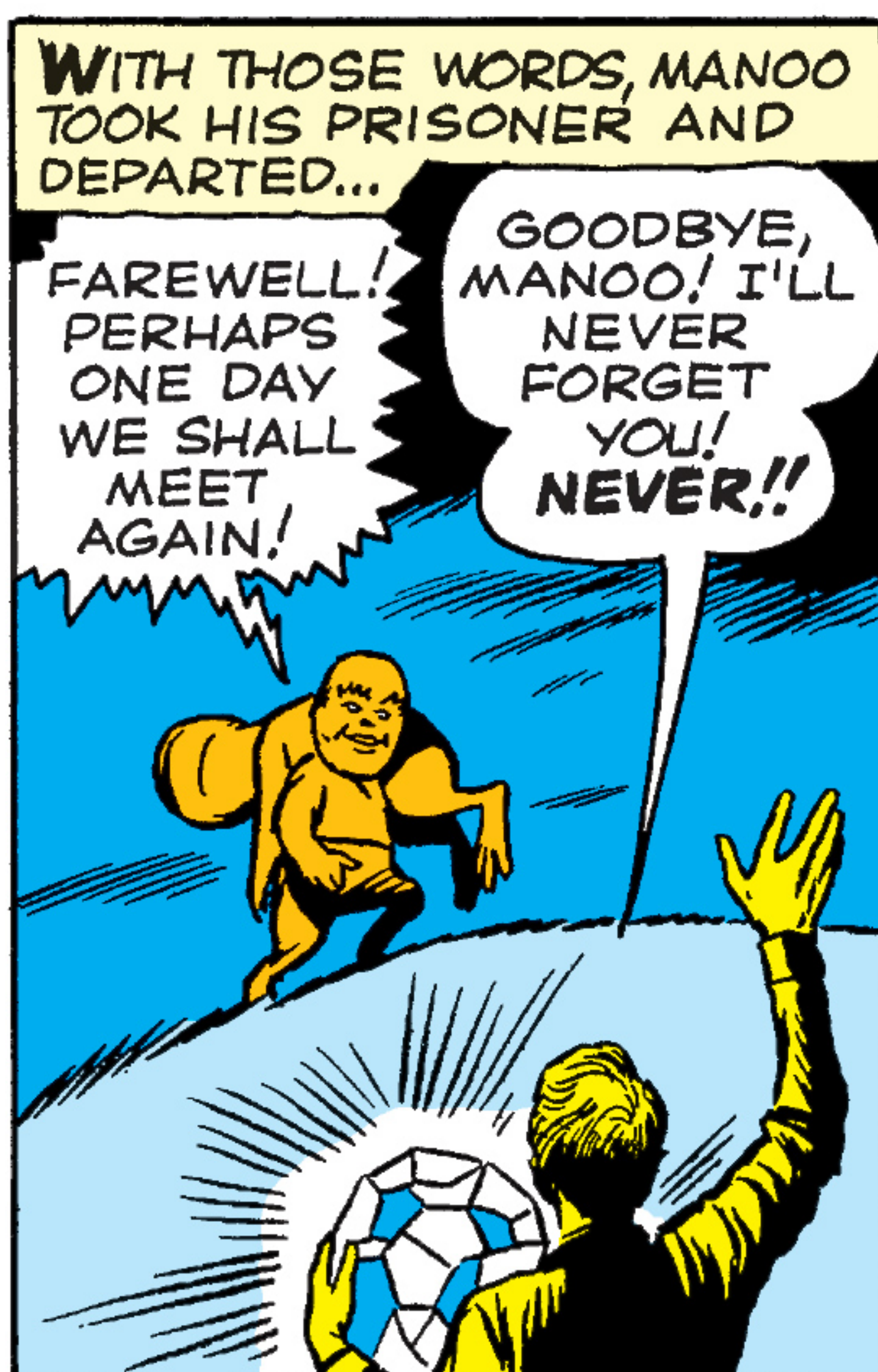
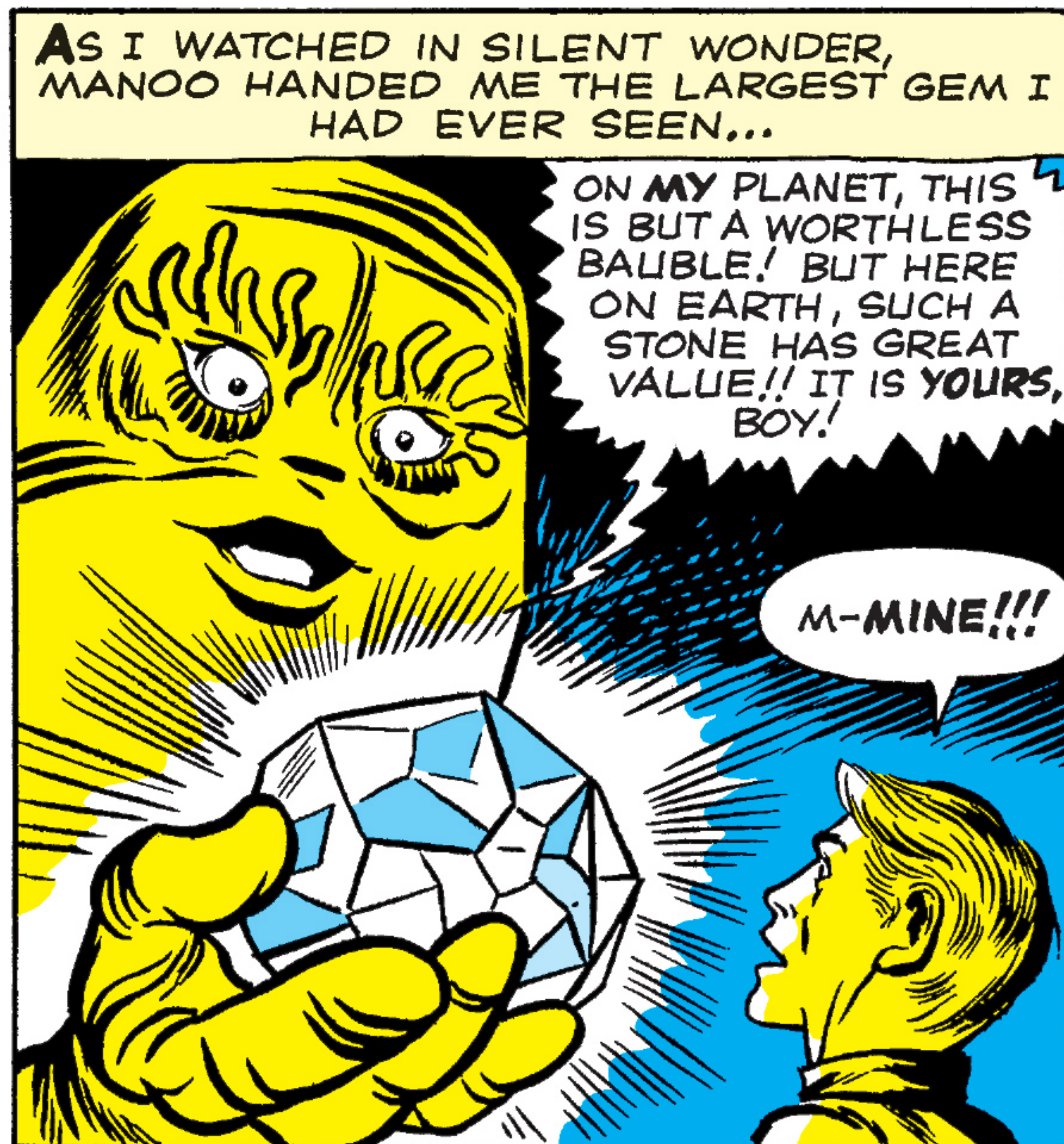
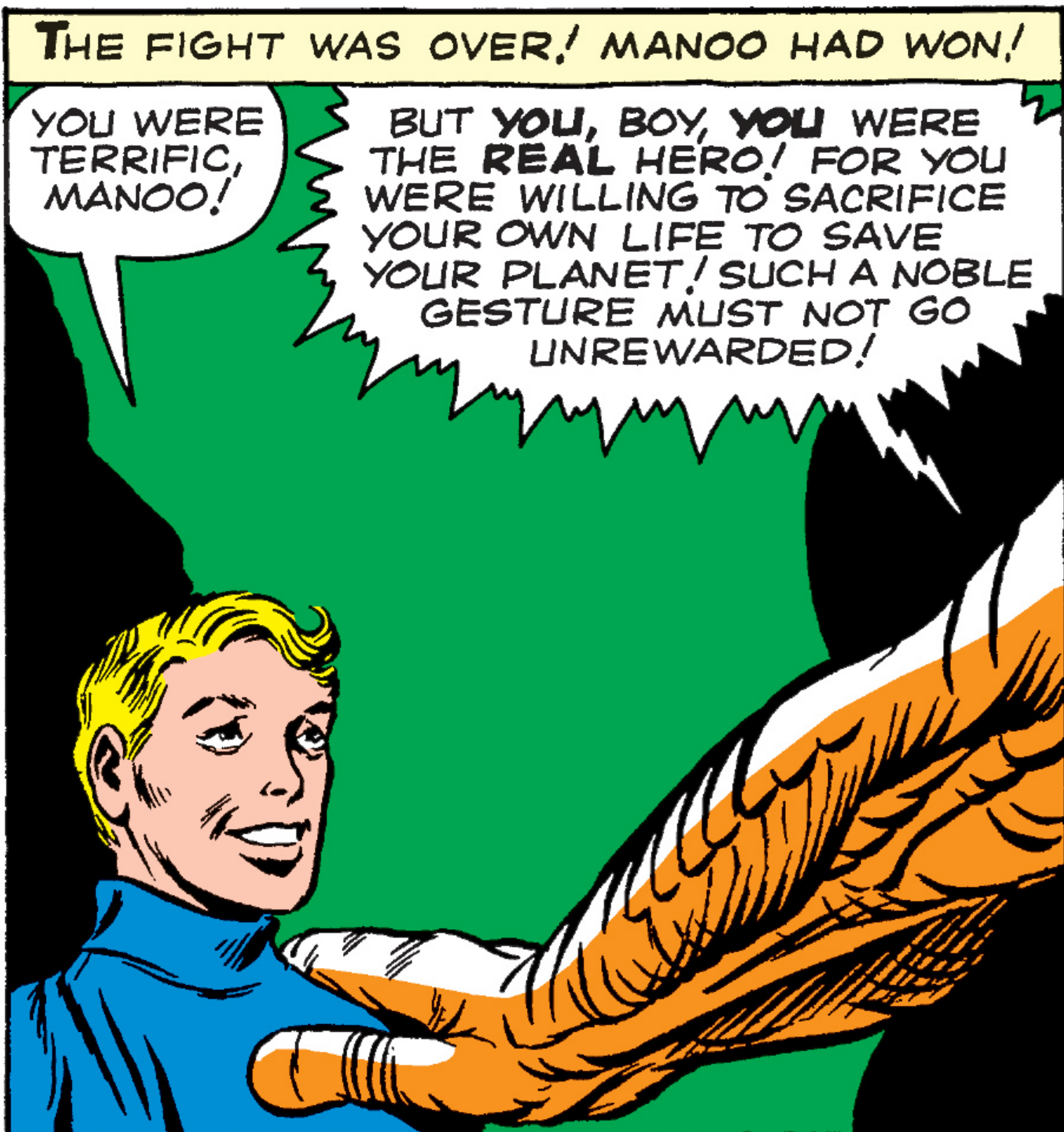
THE LAD'S FREE! **NOW** I'LL FINISH WHAT I STARTED!

WHA--



AND FINISH IT HE **DID**!

YOU DESERVE NO MORE MERCY THAN YOU HAVE **SHOWN**!



THE COMIC

STAN WEPP stood before the lights, watched the teleprompter, the studio audience, the orchestra leader wearing the earphone headset. He glanced at the studio clock. And then he looked at the cameras he hated.

Every week he hated those cameras more, but tonight he couldn't possibly feel more intense loathing than the boiling inside him. To Stan, the cameras were live monsters that flung him out over the thousands of network miles.

The Producer-Director stabbed his stubby finger and spoke curtly, "You're on, Stan. Make it good!"

Stan had rehearsed well, but something was way off tonight. It seemed almost as though someone else was doing the show. His jokes came out tired. His friendly jibes at the orchestra leader sounded vicious, and following the show pattern there was a fanfare and the introduction of a famous name in the news. To the introduction came a ridiculously made-up actor who instead of looking funny appeared pitiful.

Stan's first bit was ended. Off he went to the dressing room, grinned wryly at the paper star on his door, and went in to sit alone until his next cue. Then he went out again, did a five

minute sketch with Gloria and Joe, the two regulars. Following that came an overlong filmed commercial, then the story in dance form by the dance group.

Stan, at half way time found himself thinking, as he had often lately, of the little theatres he had played in before he hit Broadway. Sometimes in those carefree days he would lay off for a week and go fishing. And thinking back he found himself dreading going out there again to face that TV camera.

Out there, the studio audience, he knew what they felt about his performance, but tonight that hardly mattered; they were but a grain of sand compared to all the rest. Just going out there again was more difficult for Stan now than performing the material that was handed to him in the form of a new script every Monday afternoon.

"I've had enough," he said.

"*You've* had enough?"

Sharply he looked around the small dressing room. Who had spoken? There was no one. Then the buzzer sounded beside his dressing table and he was going past the busy stage hands, the electricians, the property men.

He faced the camera dressed

in the costume of a pretzel peddler wheeling a pushcart. He walked slow, milking the situation for pathos, for the ridiculous, and felt the familiar warmth at the laughter he produced. Then he noticed the producer holding, out of camera range the cue card commanding the audience to "LAUGH!"

Perhaps that played a fair part in why he felt the way he did. If Stan didn't have that clock to contend with, if he didn't have to fight the commercial that would come at the split second, and the station call letters, he would have dropped the script that he didn't care for and go into an inspired routine all his own, as he often did *before* TV and listener-poll ratings.

"Well, why don't you?" asked the voice that had taunted him in the dressing room.

Stan looked off stage and saw the producer who had come up too fast from his recent days as assistant in a radio studio. The fellow seemed scared. Stan turned and saw the TV cameras, and he felt the great need within himself, the one reason he got into show business to be one with his audience, to really know how he was doing.

After he went off, he saw the producer and his assistant beckoning with both hands at

FROM THE AMAZING CASES OF **DR. DROOM**

**"THE
WORLD
BELOW!"**

MY NAME IS **DROOM!**
I HAVE THE WISDOM OF A
LAMA, THE SKILLS OF A YOGI,
THE POWERS OF A MYSTIC!
IN THE DARK SHADOW WORLD
OF THE OCCULT, I DWELL,
DESTROYING THE EVIL,
PROTECTING THE INNOCENT!!!
DANGER IS MY TASK...
JUSTICE, MY GOAL!

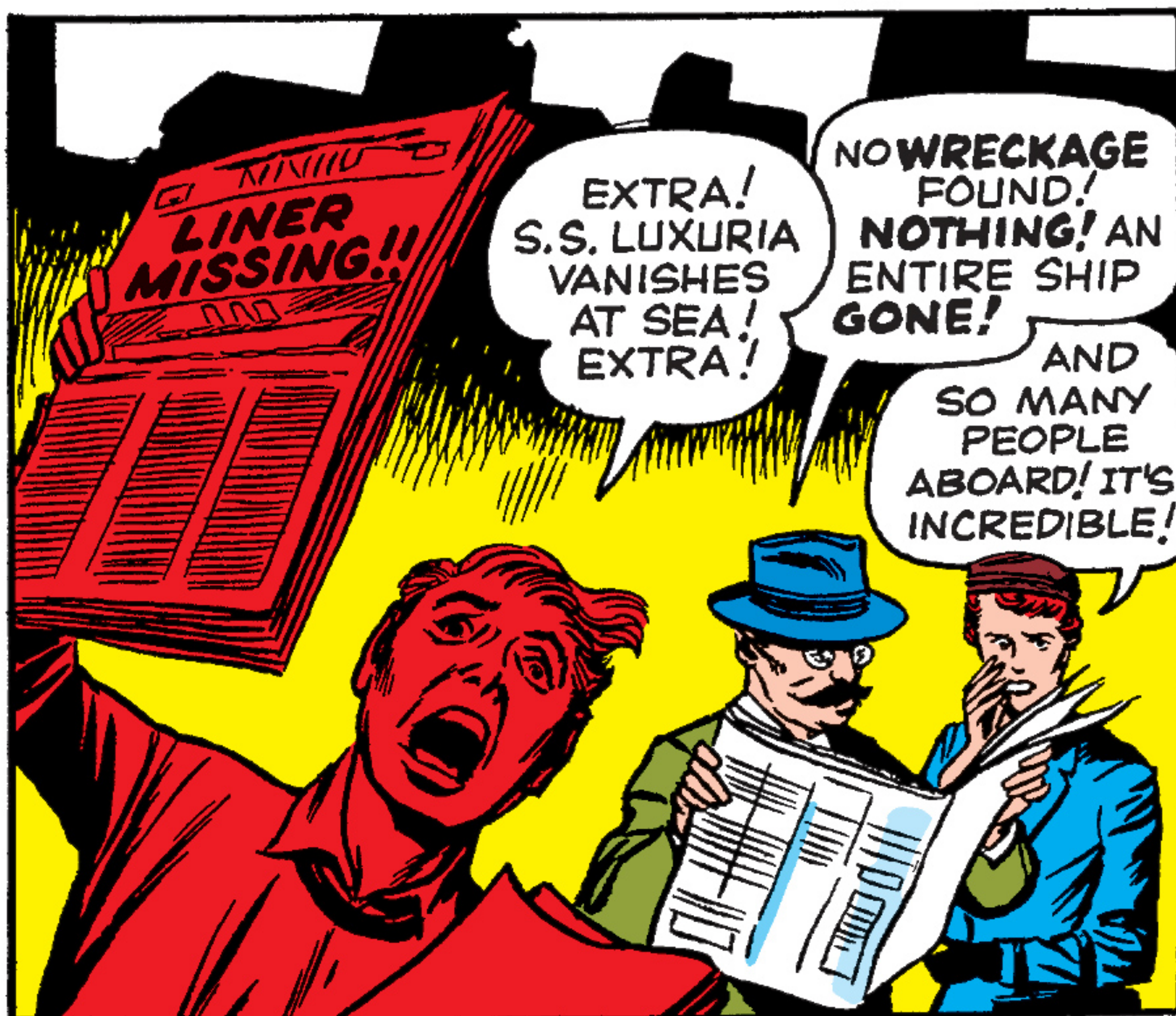
I LOOKED EVERY-
WHERE I COULD, SIR!
THE SHIP JUST ISN'T
DOWN THERE!

BUT THIS WAS HER
LAST REPORTED LOCATION!
IF SHE DIDN'T SINK, WHAT
HAPPENED TO HER?

IT'S **INCREDIBLE!**
THE WORLD'S LARGEST
OCEAN LINER
DISAPPEARS WITHOUT
LEAVING THE
SLIGHTEST TRACE!

KIRBY
+
AYERS

V-187



**THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE OFFICE OF THE
STEAMSHIP LINE...**

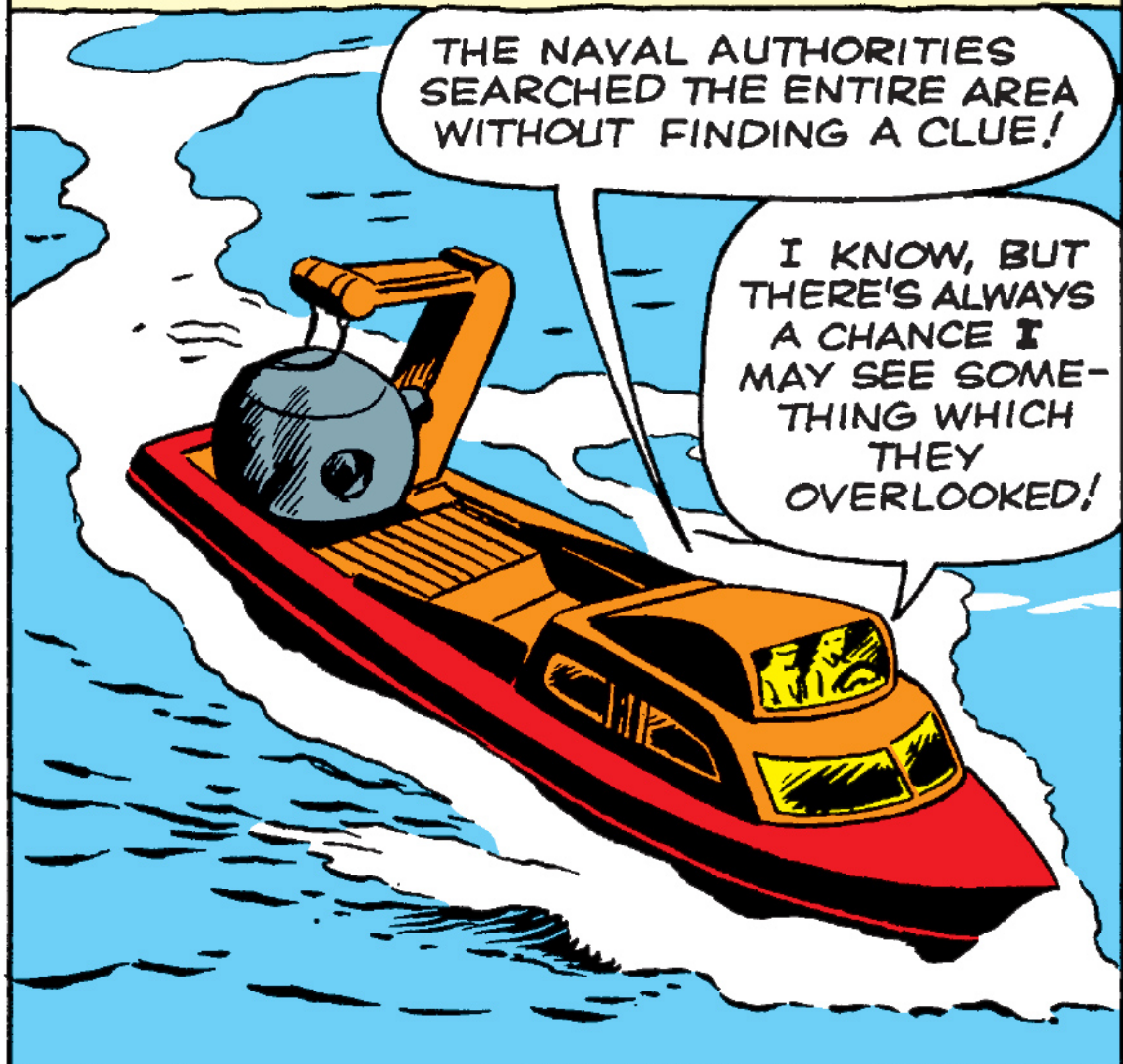
WE SENT FOR YOU,
DR. DROOM, BECAUSE
WE KNOW YOU DEAL
IN STRANGE AND
UNNATURAL
MYSTERIES!

YOU MUST HELP US
LOCATE THE "LUXURIA"
DOCTOR! YOU MUST!

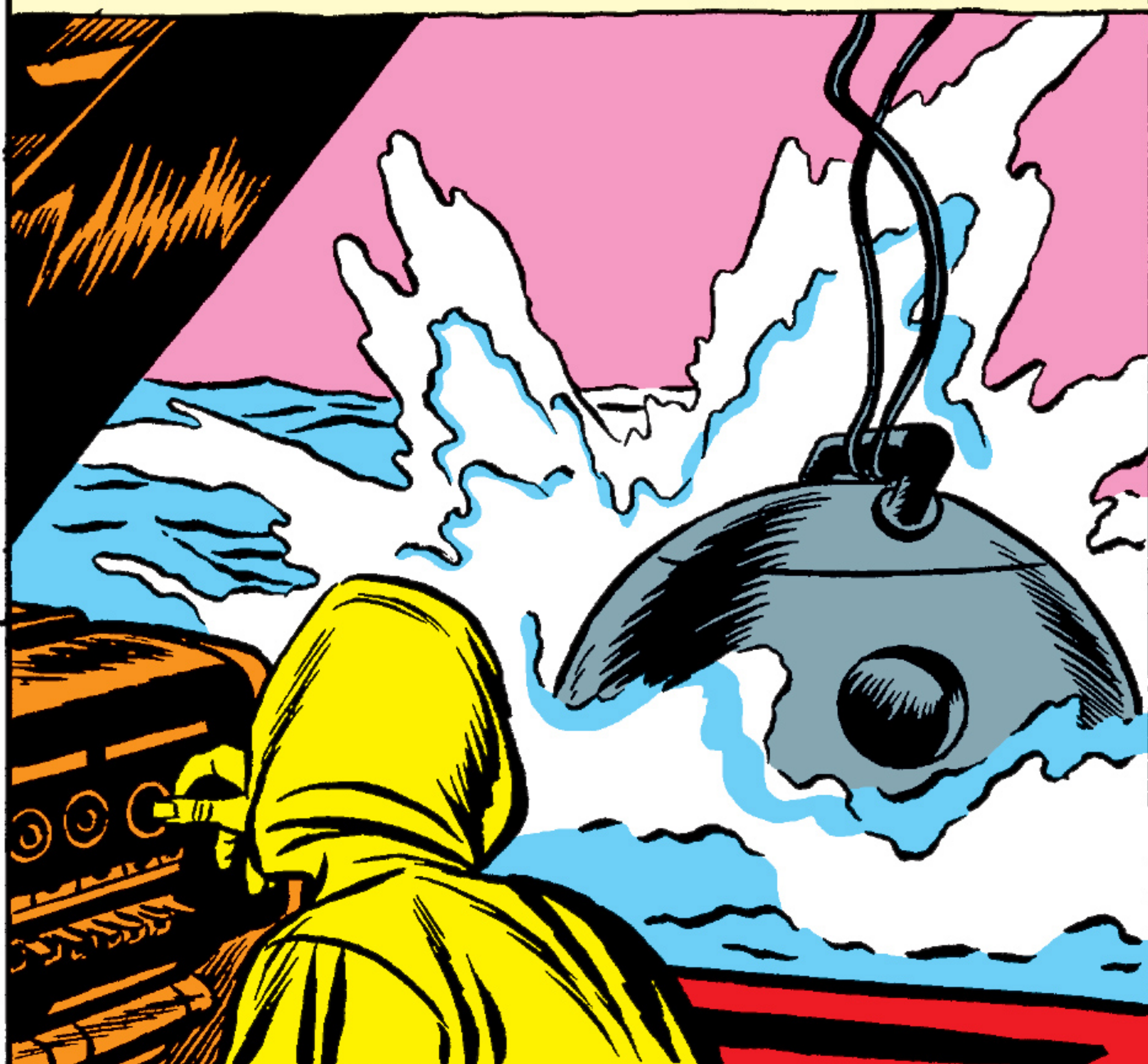
I'LL DO WHATEVER
I CAN, GENTLEMEN,
I PROMISE YOU!

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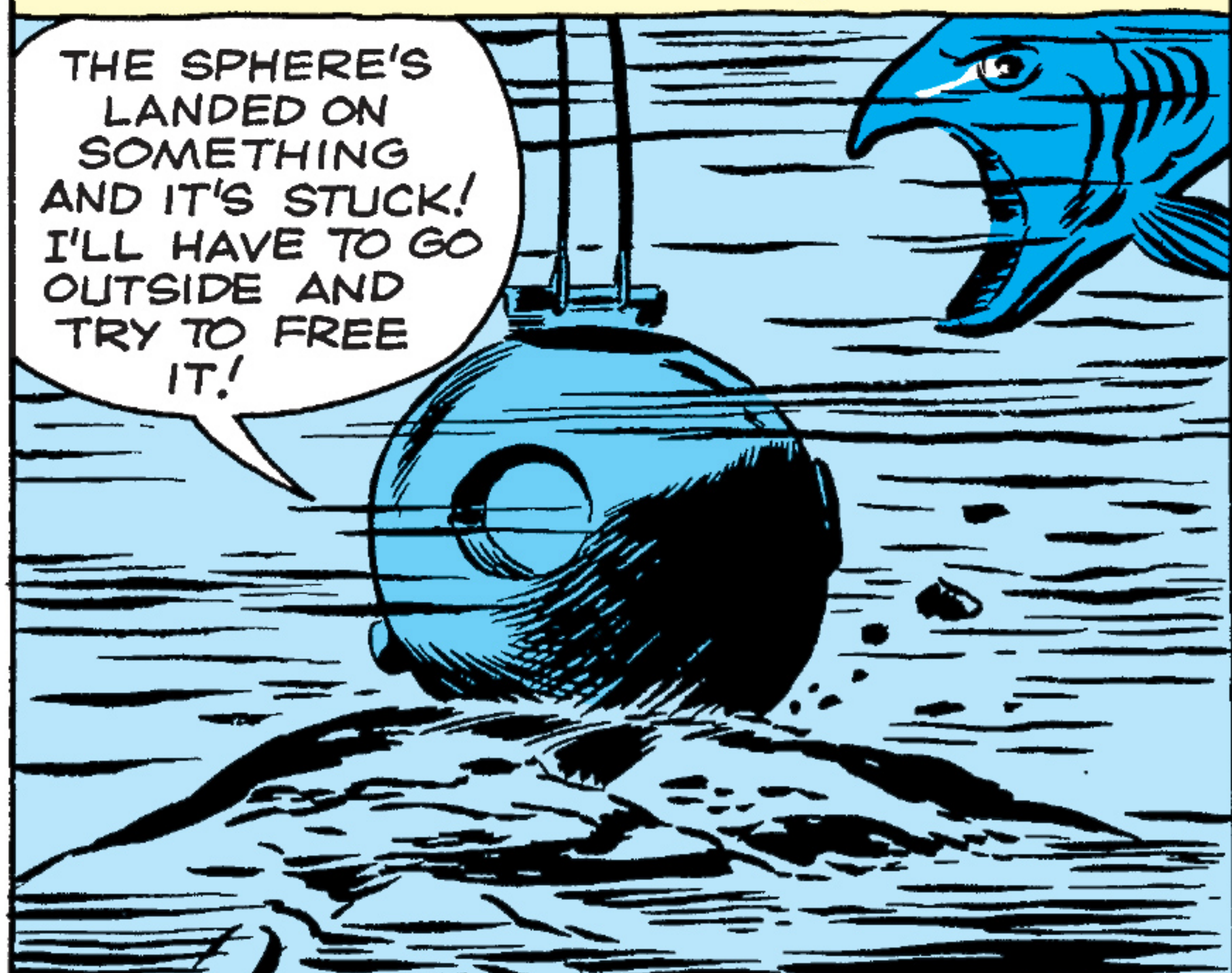
FORTY-EIGHT HOURS LATER, RAMU, MY FAITHFUL COMPANION, AND I REACHED THE SITE OF THE DISAPPEARANCE!



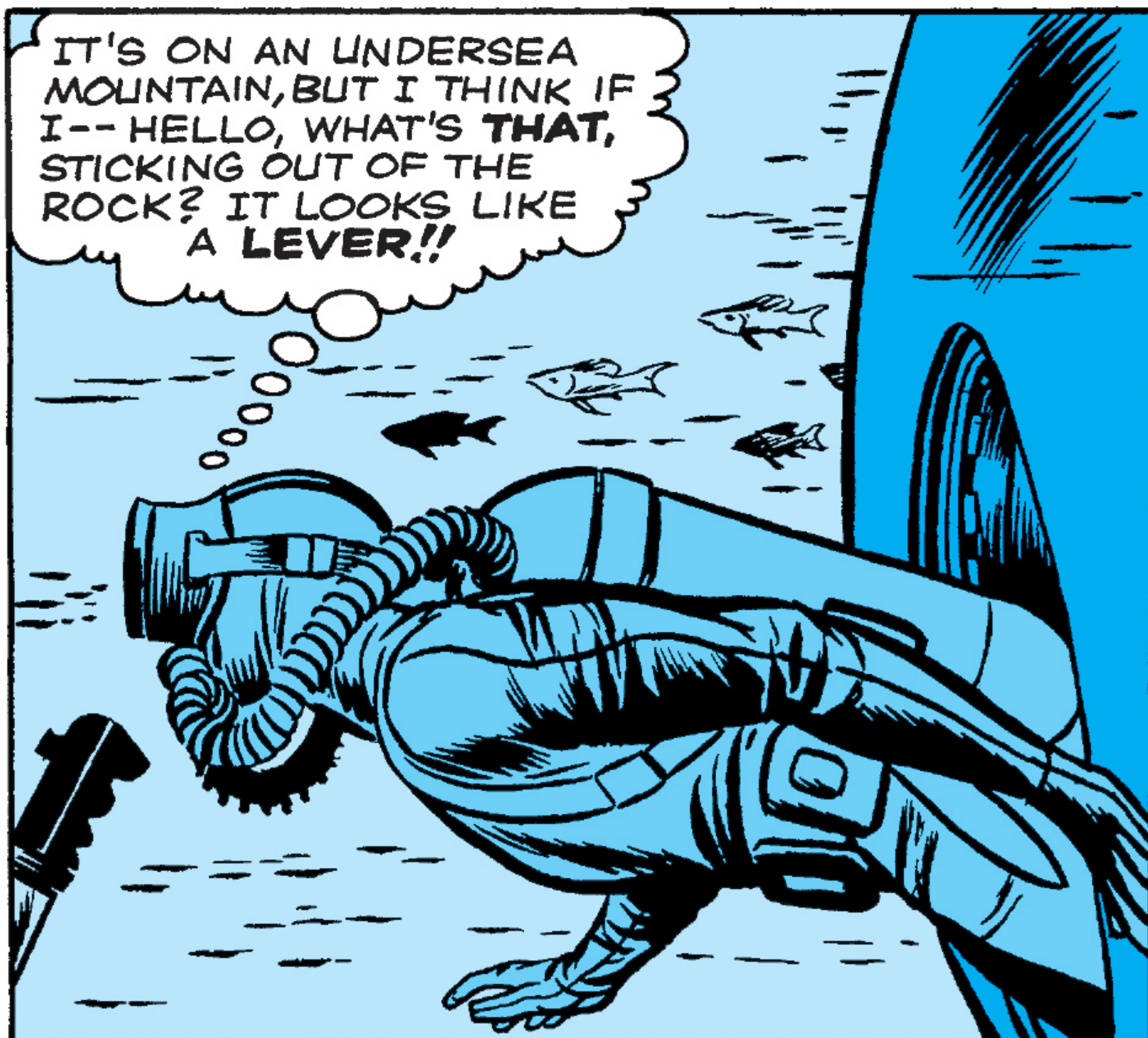
I ENTERED THE BATHYSPHERE AND RAMU LOWERED IT INTO THE SEA!



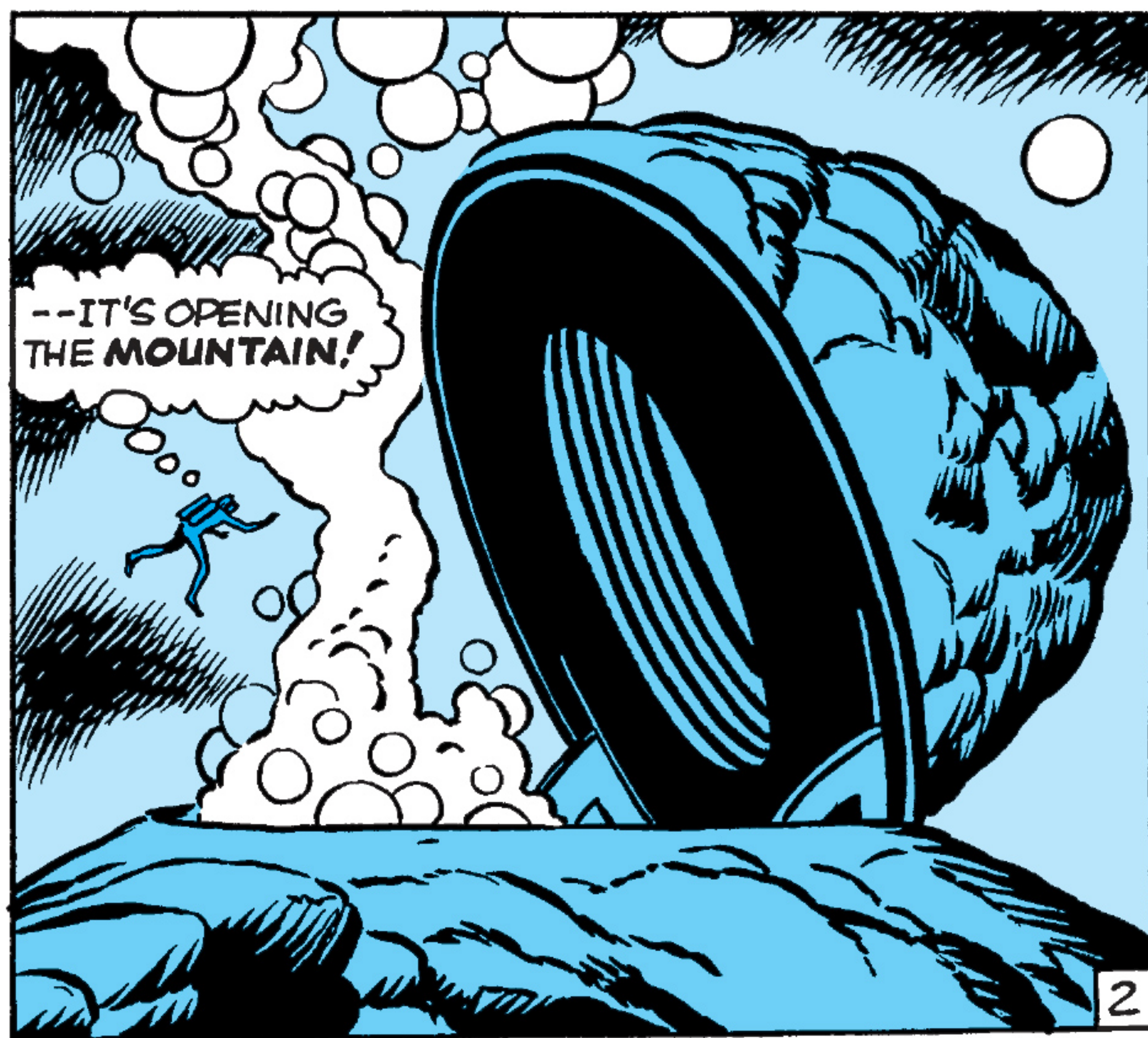
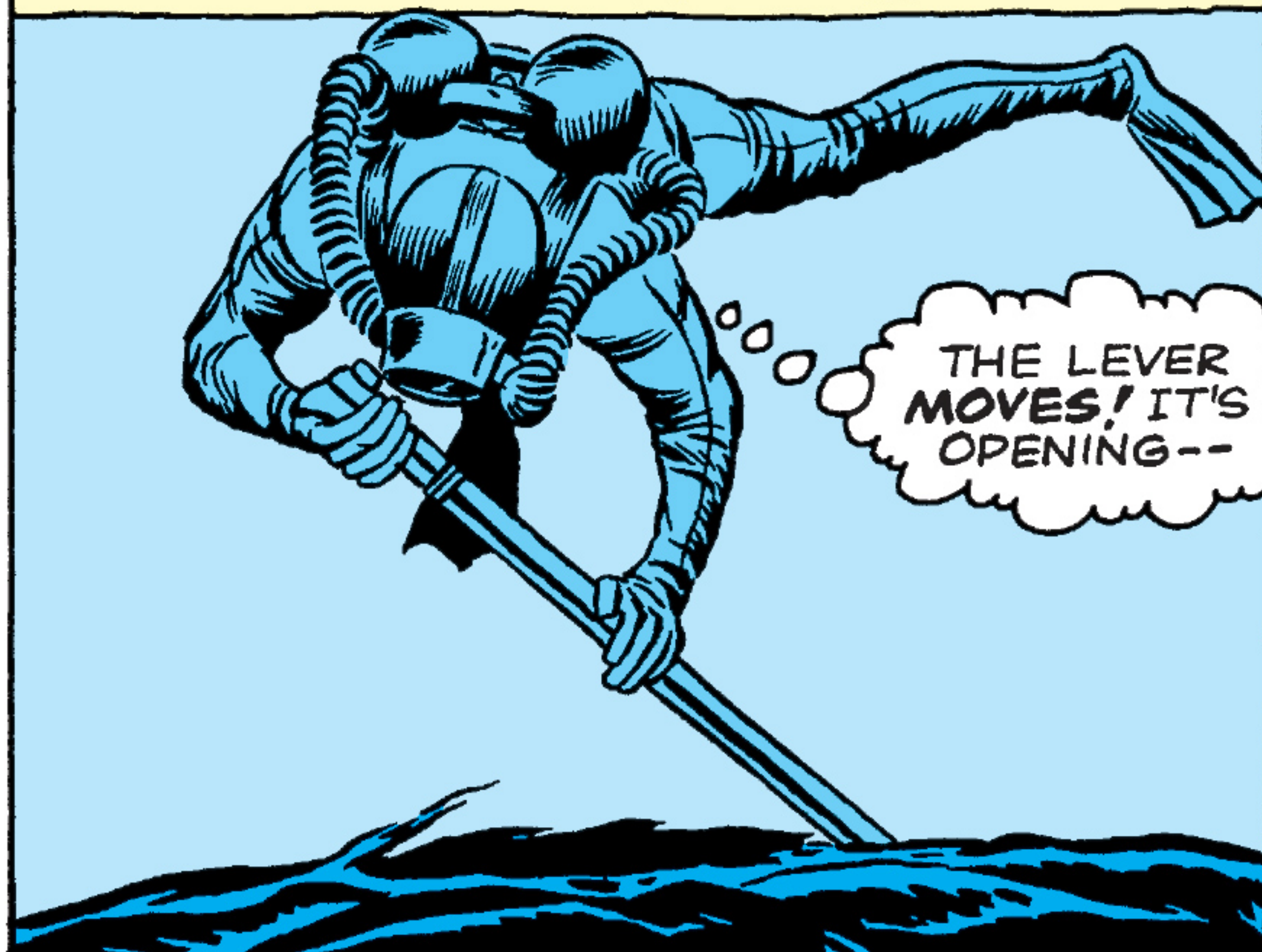
THE GREAT METAL HULK WENT DOWN...DOWN INTO THE DARK, UNKNOWN REGIONS OF THE DEEP! DOWN...DOWN... UNTIL SUDDENLY... IT STOPPED!!



IT'S ON AN UNDERSEA MOUNTAIN, BUT I THINK IF I-- HELLO, WHAT'S THAT, STICKING OUT OF THE ROCK? IT LOOKS LIKE A LEVER!!

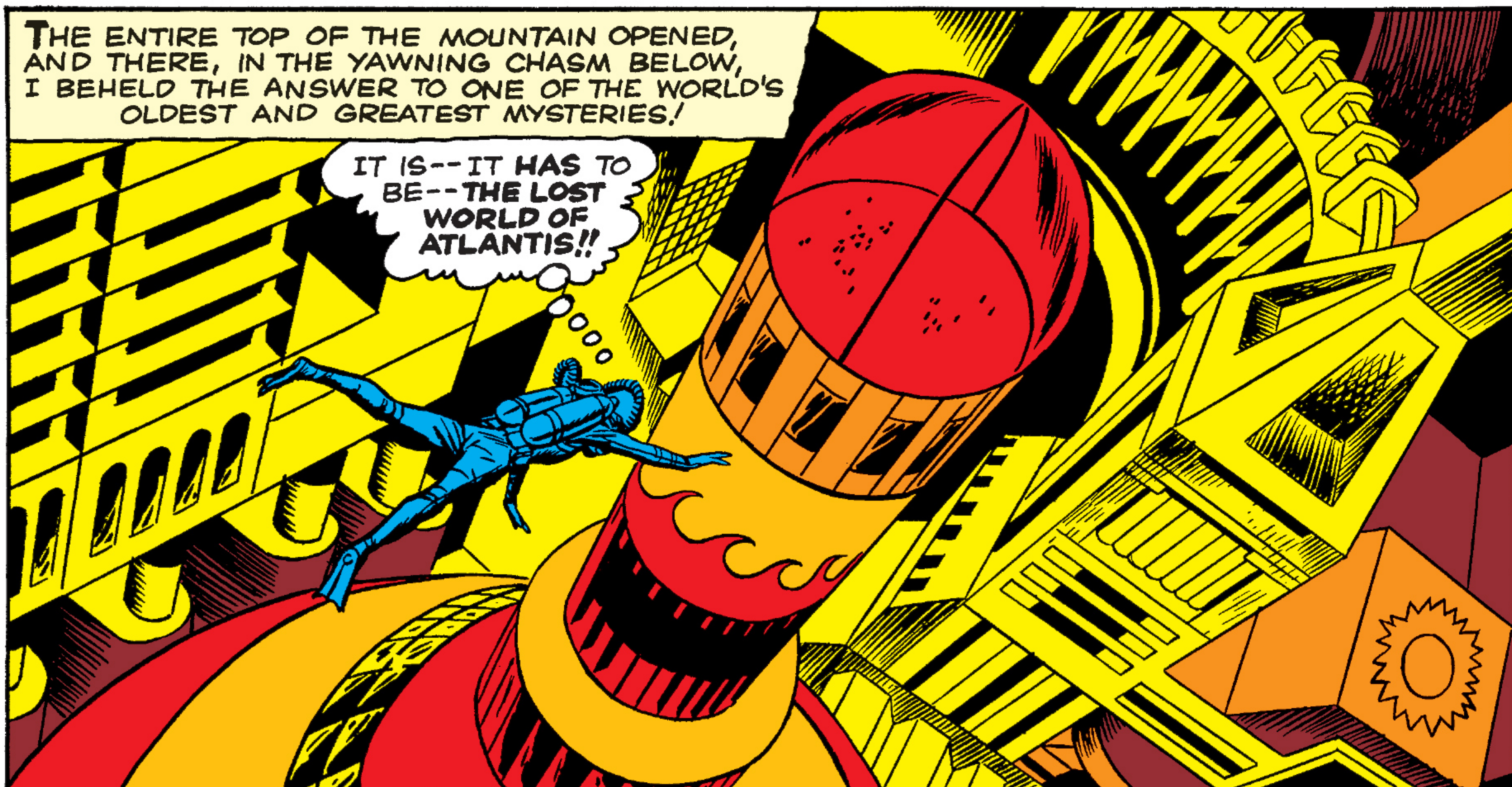


A MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED SHIP AND A MECHANICAL LEVER IN THE ROCK OF A SUBMERGED MOUNTAIN! COULD THERE BE SOME FANTASTIC LINK BETWEEN THE TWO THINGS?? I HAD TO FIND OUT!!

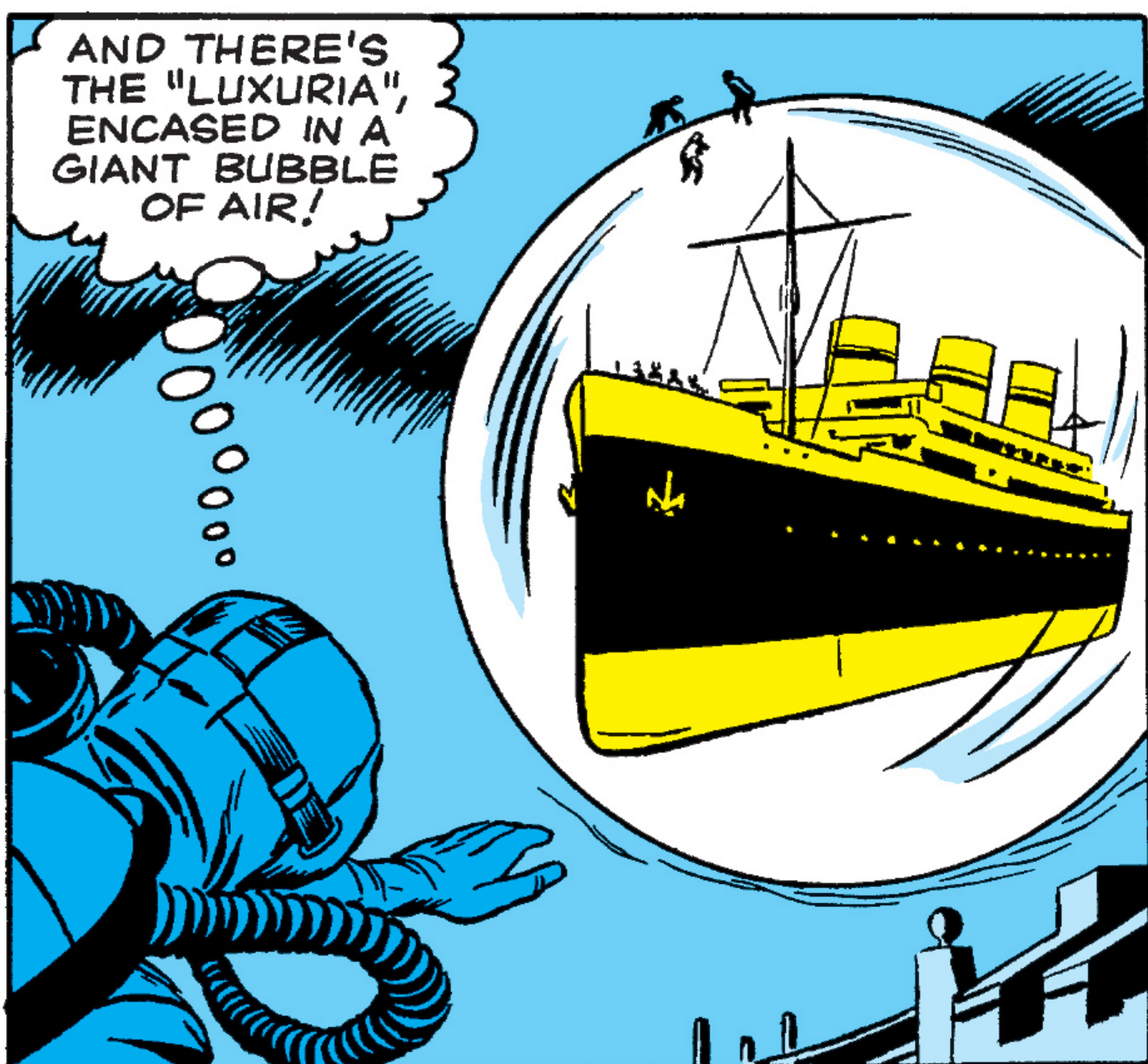


THE ENTIRE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN OPENED, AND THERE, IN THE YAWNING CHASM BELOW, I BEHELD THE ANSWER TO ONE OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST AND GREATEST MYSTERIES!

IT IS--IT HAS TO BE--THE LOST WORLD OF ATLANTIS!!



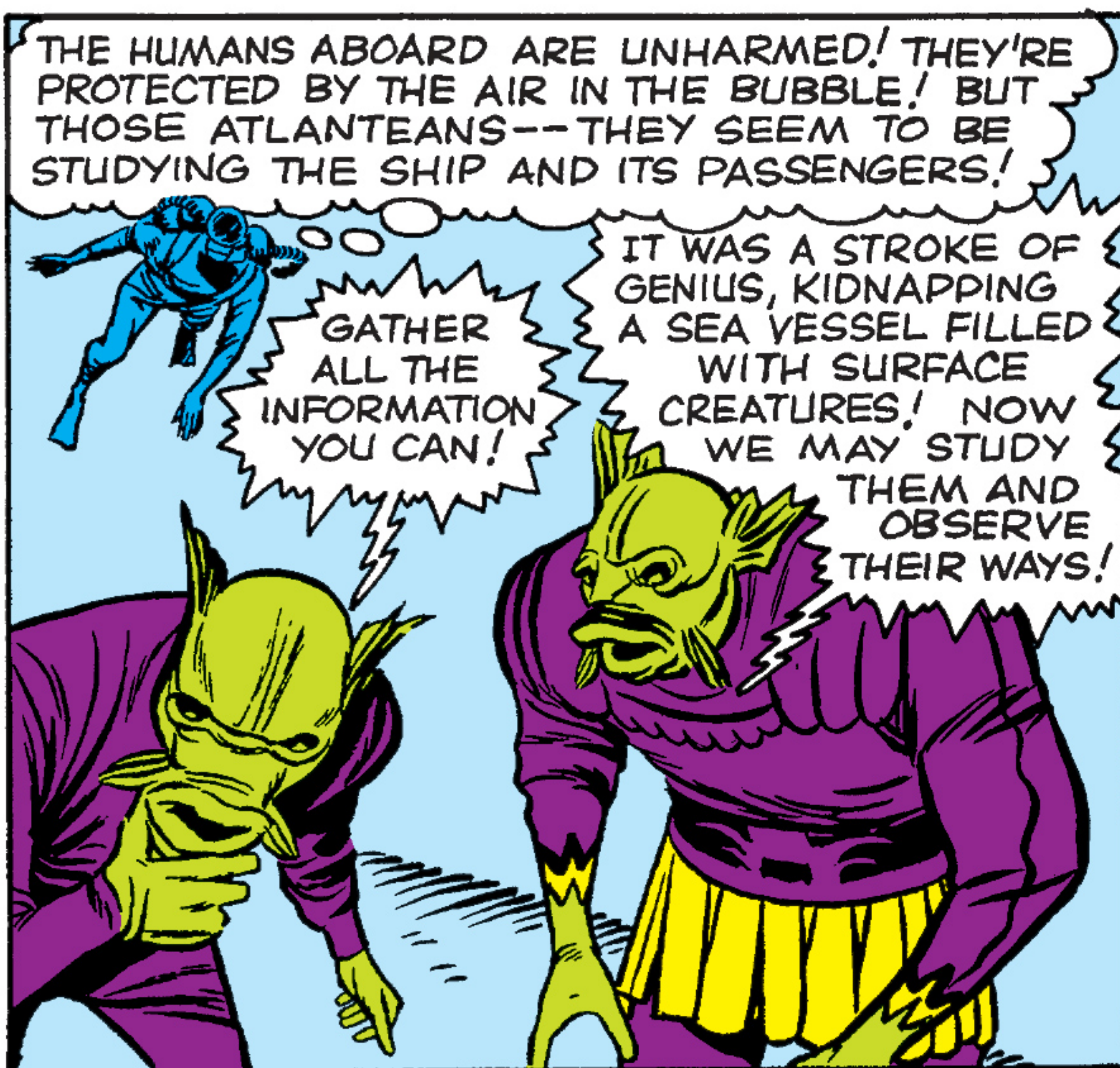
AND THERE'S THE "LUXURIA", ENCASED IN A GIANT BUBBLE OF AIR!



THE HUMANS ABOARD ARE UNHARMED! THEY'RE PROTECTED BY THE AIR IN THE BUBBLE! BUT THOSE ATLANTEANS--THEY SEEM TO BE STUDYING THE SHIP AND ITS PASSENGERS!

GATHER ALL THE INFORMATION YOU CAN!

IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS, KIDNAPPING A SEA VESSEL FILLED WITH SURFACE CREATURES! NOW WE MAY STUDY THEM AND OBSERVE THEIR WAYS!



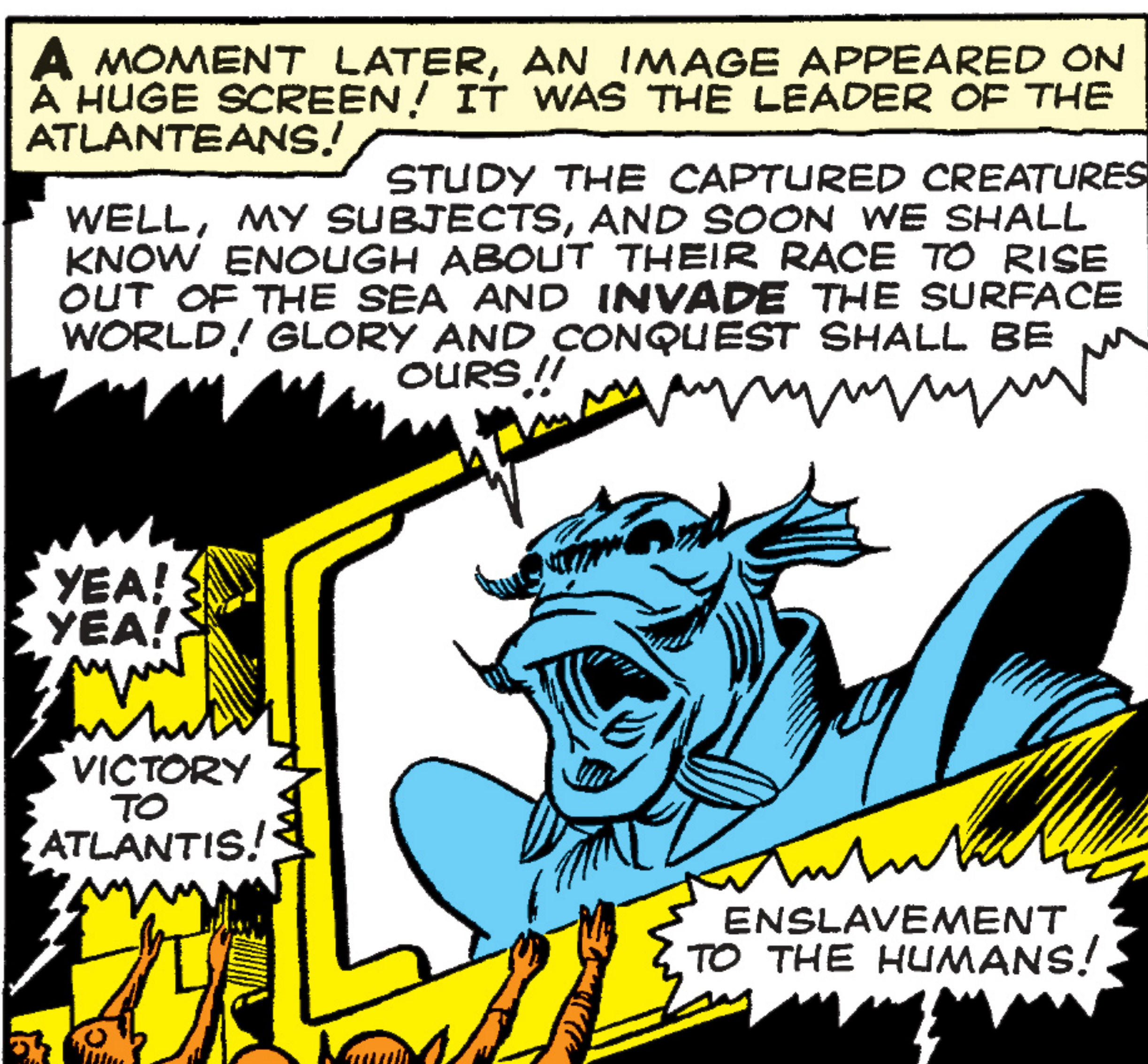
A MOMENT LATER, AN IMAGE APPEARED ON A HUGE SCREEN! IT WAS THE LEADER OF THE ATLANTEANS!

STUDY THE CAPTURED CREATURES WELL, MY SUBJECTS, AND SOON WE SHALL KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THEIR RACE TO RISE OUT OF THE SEA AND **INVADE** THE SURFACE WORLD! GLORY AND CONQUEST SHALL BE OURS!!

YEA!
YEA!

VICTORY TO ATLANTIS!

ENSLAVEMENT TO THE HUMANS!

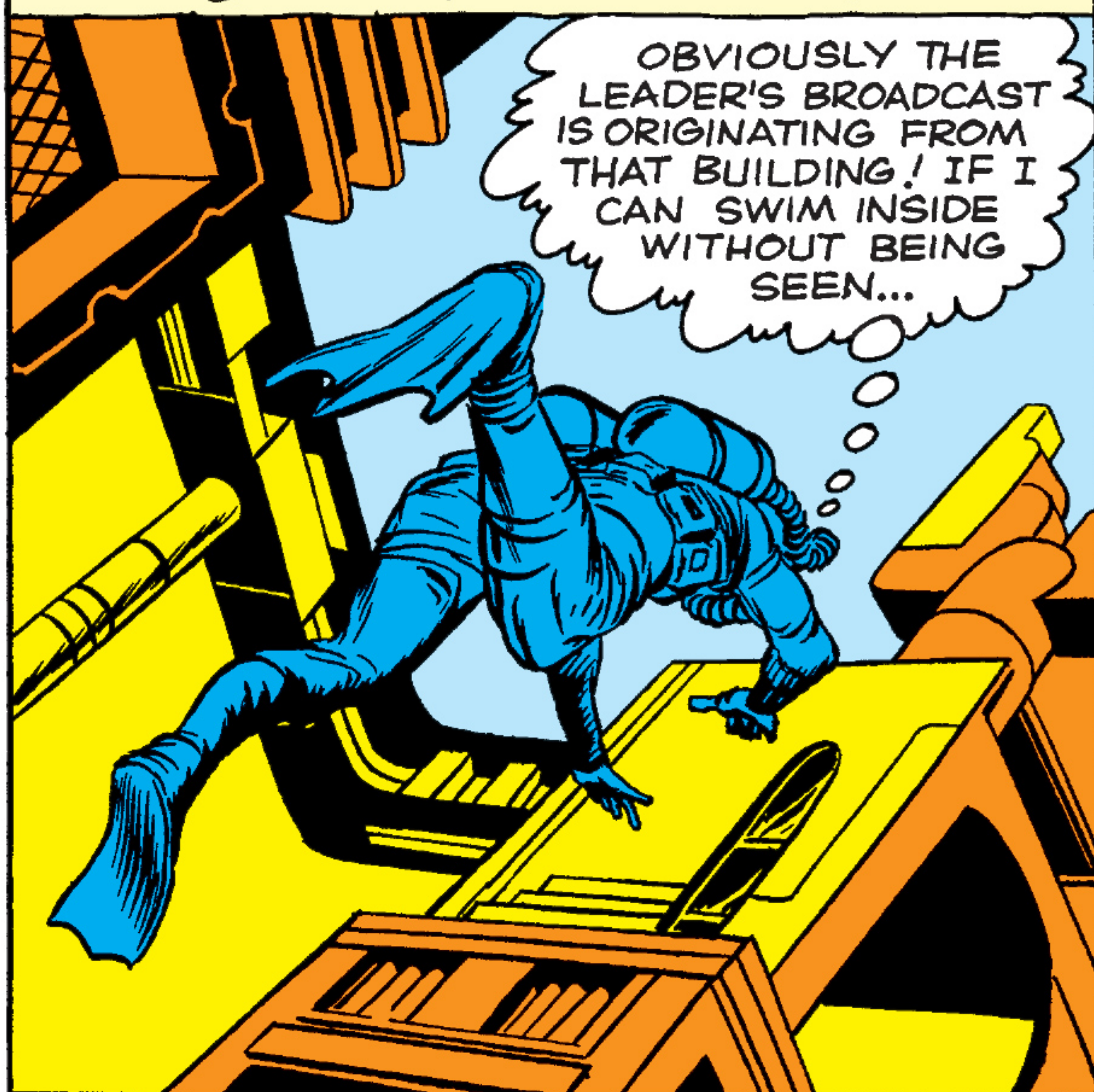


THEY WANT TO ATTACK OUR WORLD! THAT MUST NEVER COME TO PASS! SOMEHOW, THEY MUST BE STOPPED!



SUDDENLY, I HAD AN IDEA!

OBVIOUSLY THE
LEADER'S BROADCAST
IS ORIGINATING FROM
THAT BUILDING! IF I
CAN SWIM INSIDE
WITHOUT BEING
SEEN...



I ENTERED THE BUILDING! IN IT, I DIS-
COVERED THAT ELECTRONIC BEAMS WERE
EVAPORATING THE WATER!

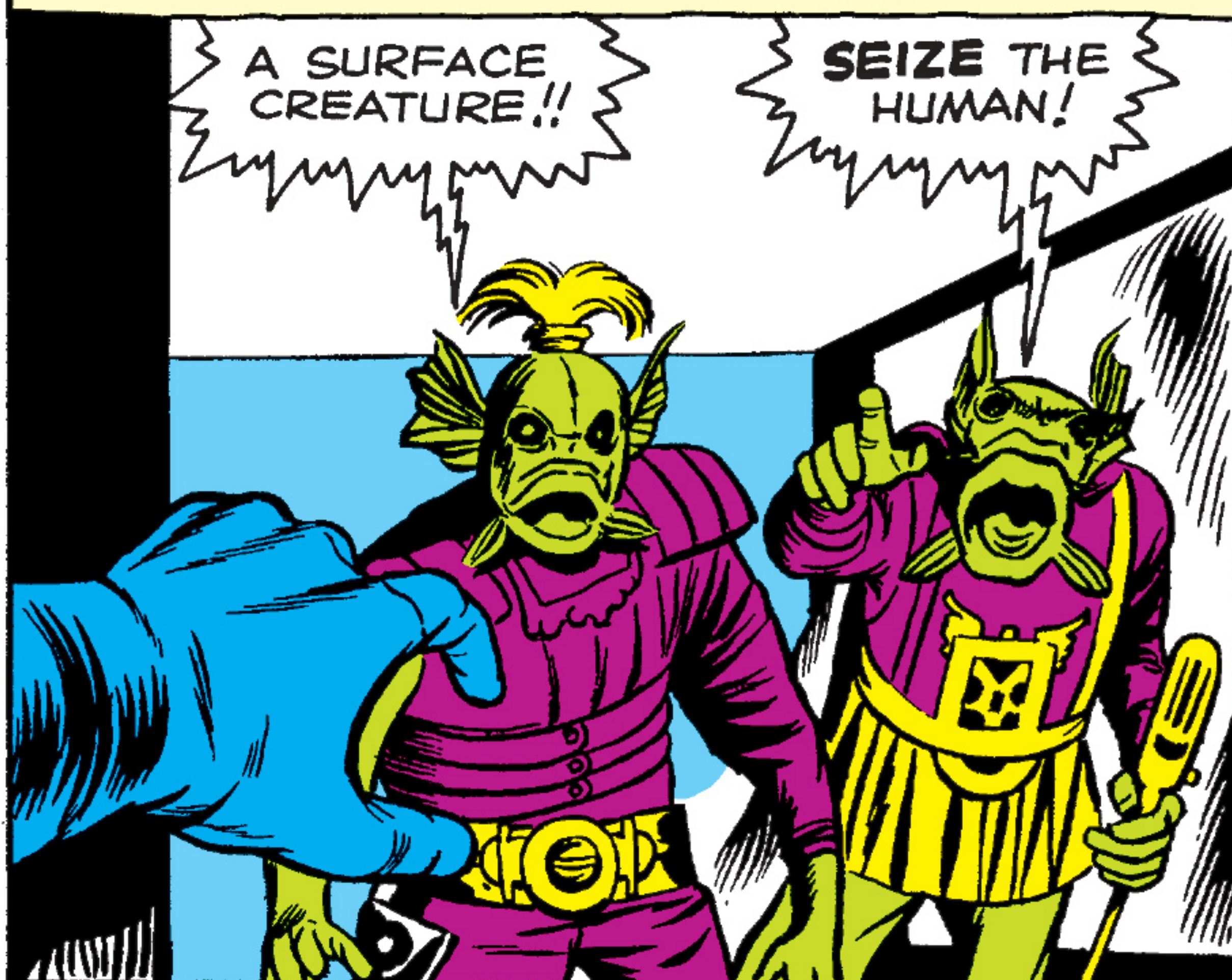
I DON'T NEED MY MASK
IN HERE! THAT'S A LUCKY
BREAK FOR WHAT I HAVE
IN MIND!



I STOLE ALONG THE CORRIDOR UNTIL I CAME
TO THE BROADCASTING ROOM! THEN, I FLUNG
OPEN THE DOOR!

A SURFACE
CREATURE!!

SEIZE THE
HUMAN!

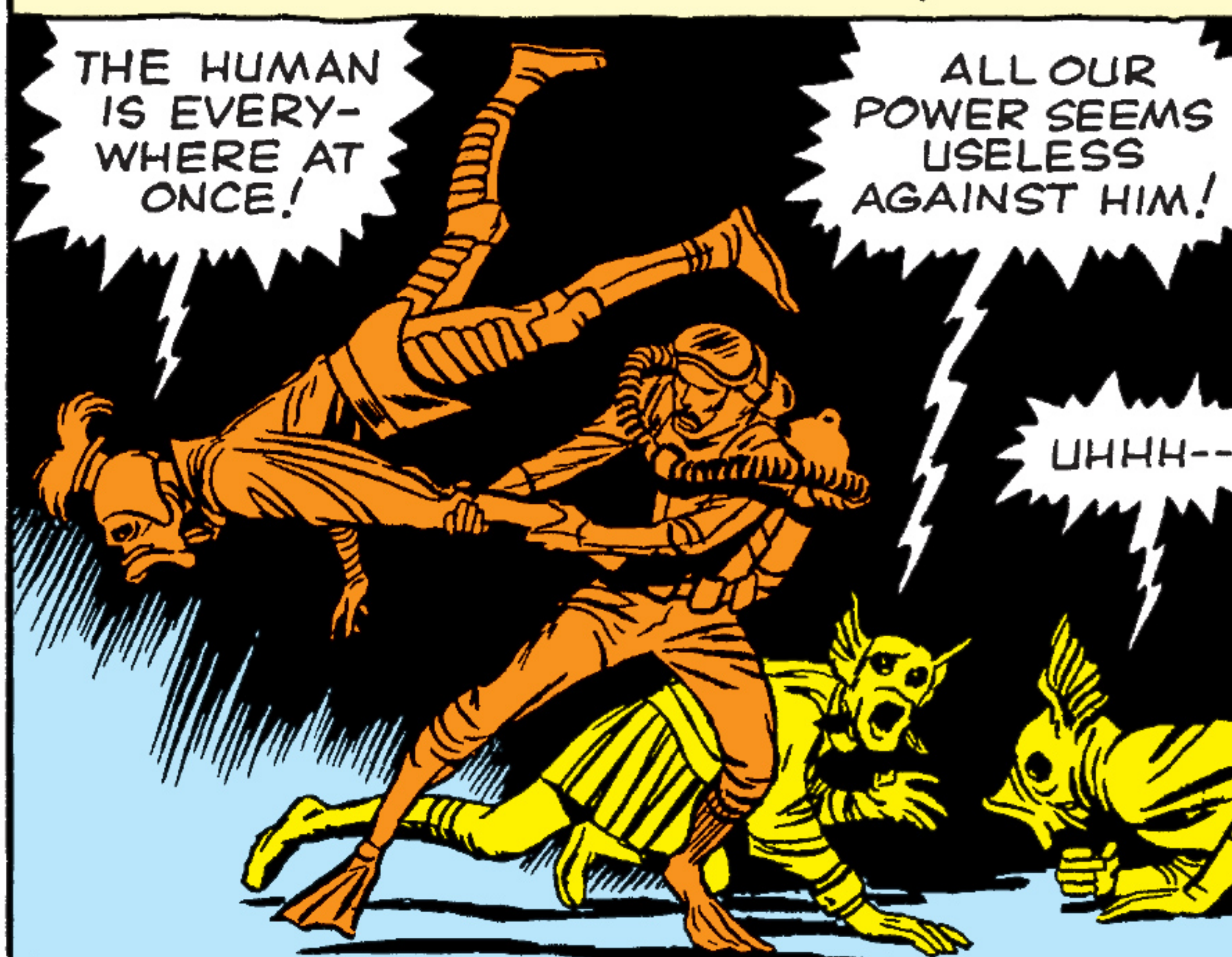


THEY ATTACKED! THEY WERE STRONG AND
VICIOUS! BUT THEY WERE ALSO CLUMSY!
USING THE ART OF JUDO, I WAS MORE
THAN A MATCH FOR THEM!

THE HUMAN
IS EVERY-
WHERE AT
ONCE!

ALL OUR
POWER SEEMS
USELESS
AGAINST HIM!

UHHH--



AS SOON AS I DEFEATED THEM,
I GRABBED THE **LEADER** OF THE
ATLANTEANS! NOW WAS THE
MOMENT FOR THE GREATEST
OF MY ABILITIES--**HYPNOTISM!!**

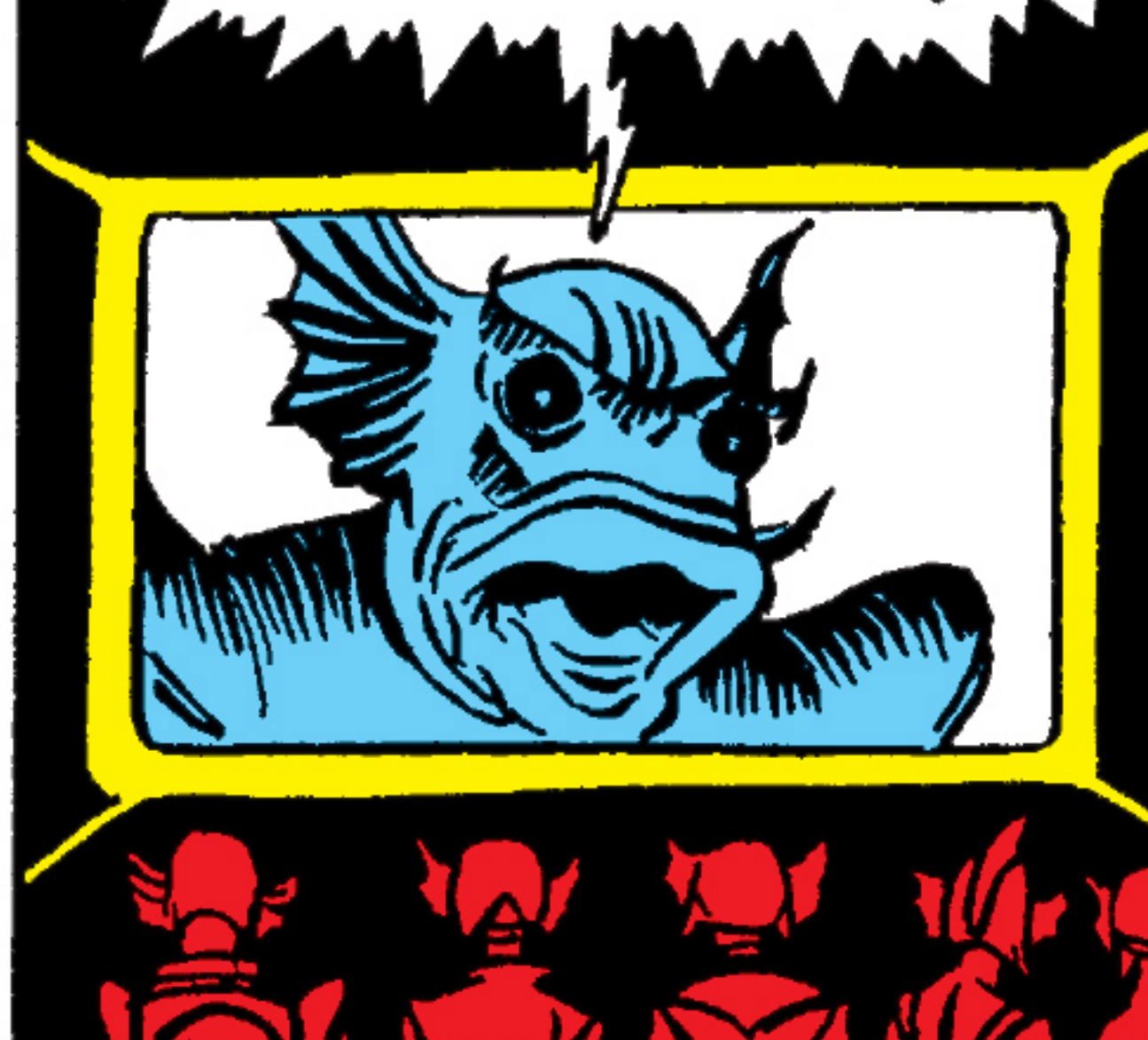
LOOK DEEP INTO MY
EYES... YOU ARE GROW-
ING SLEEPY... SLEEPY...
YOU ARE IN MY POWER...

I AM
IN YOUR
POWER...



I PUT THE LEADER INTO A
TRANCE! THEN I GAVE HIM
INSTRUCTIONS, WHICH THE
HYPNOSIS MADE HIM UN-
ABLE TO RESIST!

YOU WILL PAY ATTENTION
TO THE NEXT FACE YOU
SEE HERE! YOU WILL
LISTEN CAREFULLY TO
HIM-- AND DO EXACTLY
WHAT HE SAYS!



A MOMENT LATER, I APPEARED
ON THE SCREEN! MY INTENT... TO
DEFEAT FOREVER THE ATLANTEAN
INVASION! MY WEAPON: A GOLD
MEDALLION!

WATCH THE SPINNING
OBJECT... KEEP YOUR
EYES FIXED ON THE
SPINNING OBJECT!



I'M BECOMING
DROWSY...

SO TIRED...
TIRED...

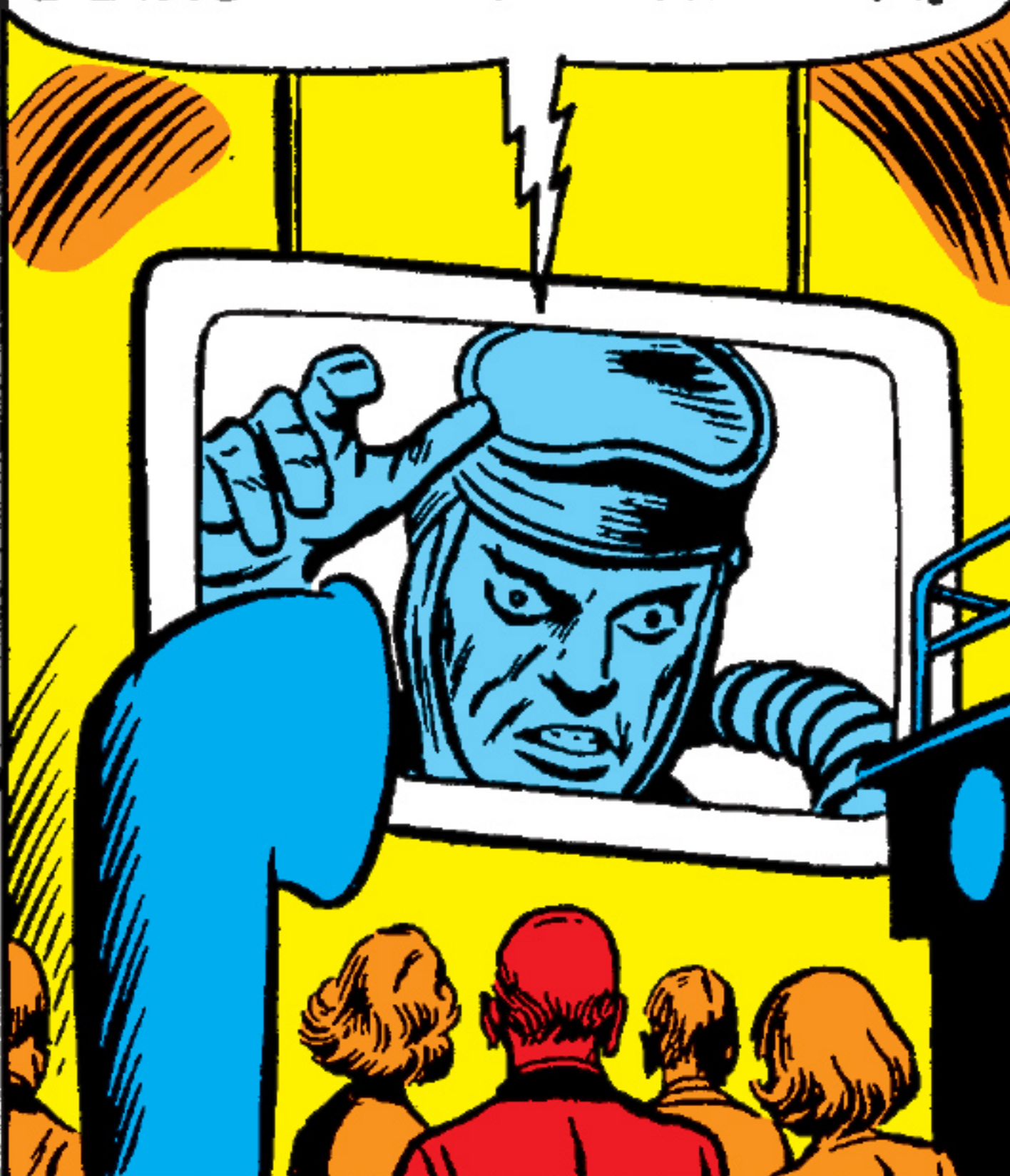
WITHIN MINUTES, I HAD HYPNOTIZED THE ENTIRE ATLANTEAN POPULATION! THEN I TOLD THEM THE LIE... THE LIE THAT WOULD SAVE MANKIND!

THERE ARE NO LIVING CREATURES ON THE SURFACE WORLD! NO INHABITANTS! NOTHING BUT WASTELAND! YOU MUST BELIEVE THIS! YOU MUST BELIEVE IT EVEN AFTER YOU AWAKEN!... BELIEVE IT FOR ALL TIME!



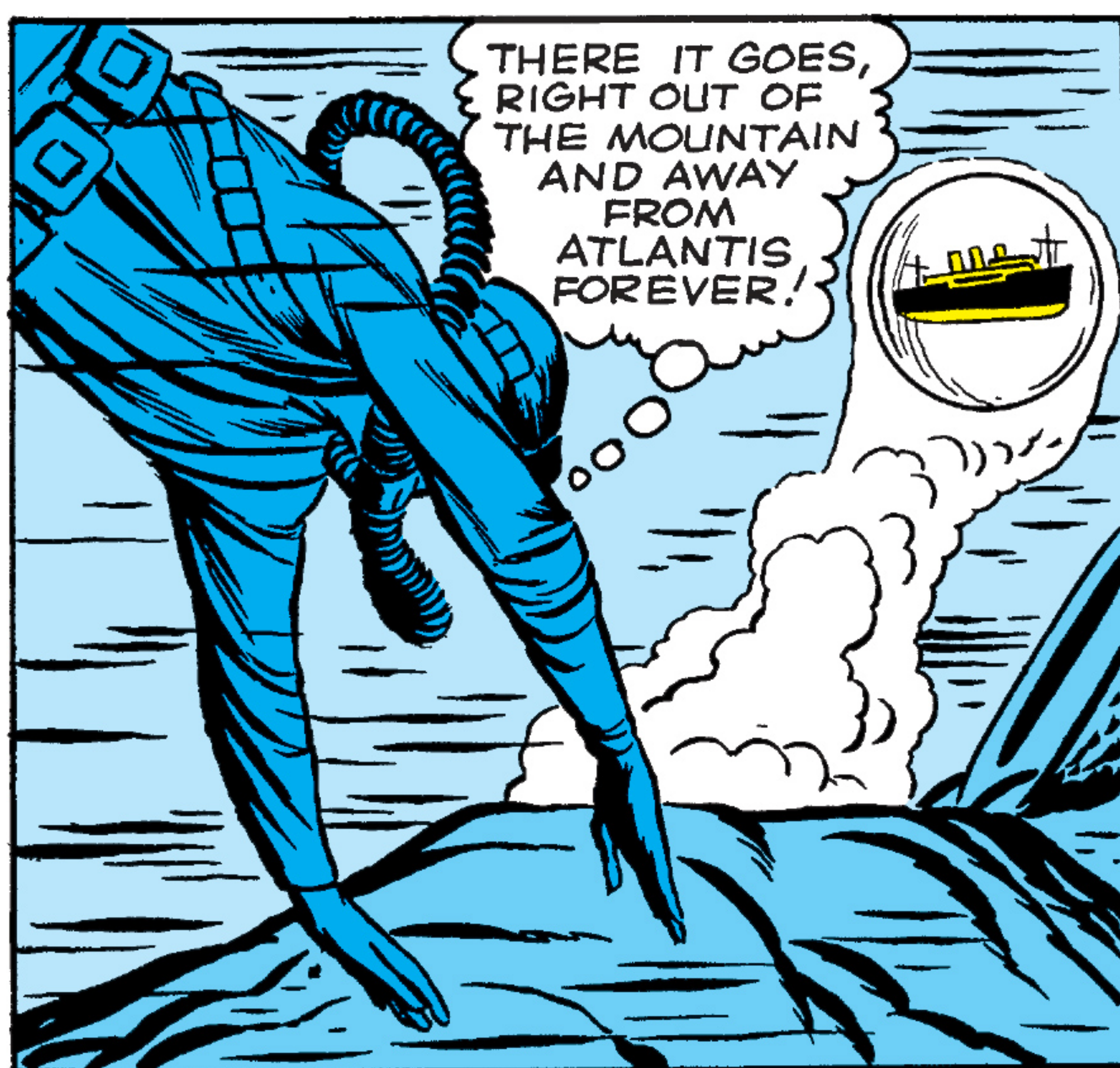
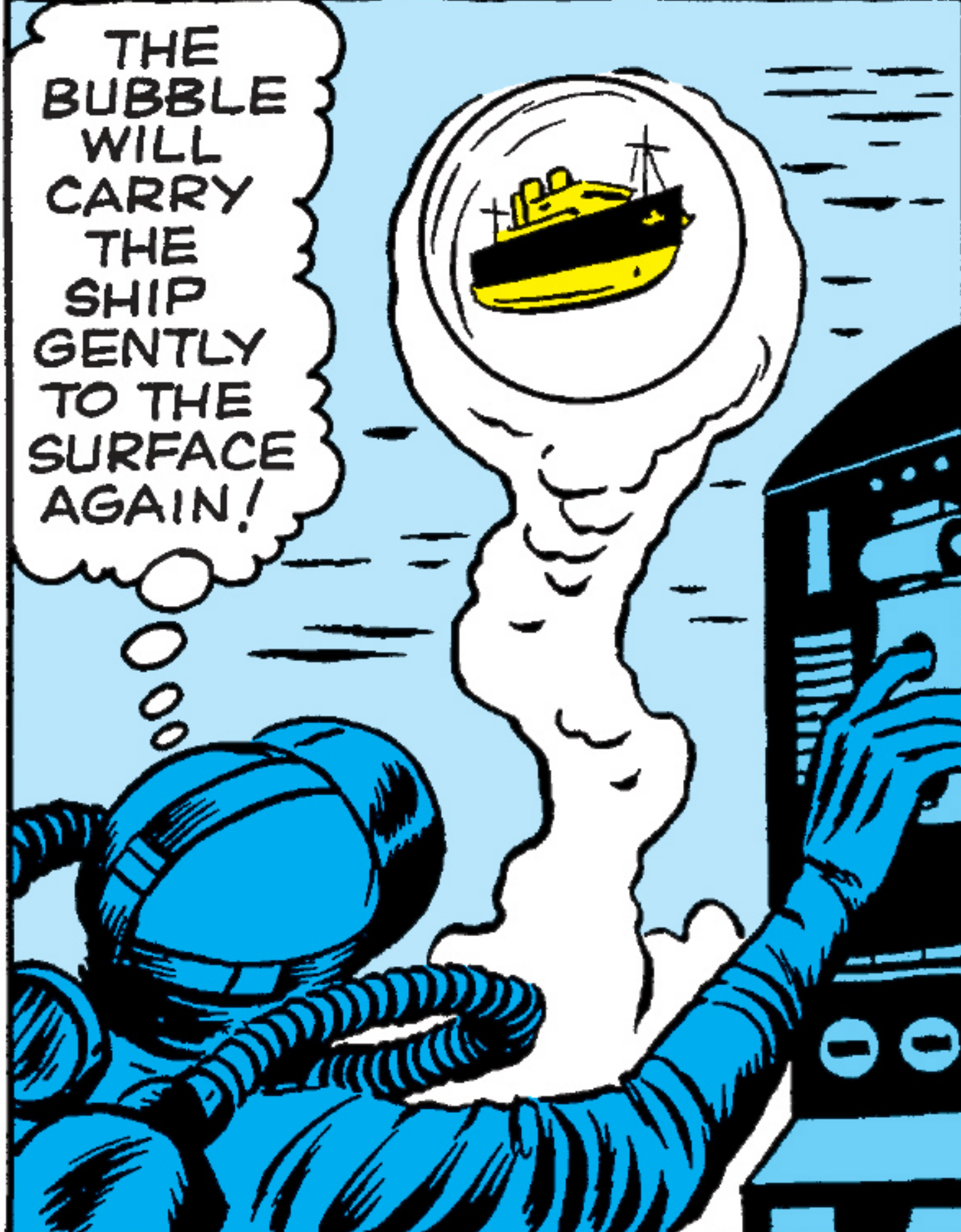
THEN I HYPNOTIZED THE HUMANS ON THE CAPTIVE OCEAN LINER!

WHEN THE AIR BUBBLE BURSTS, YOU WILL **FORGET** ALL THAT HAPPENED BENEATH THE SEA! YOU WILL NOT EVEN REMEMBER **BEING** BENEATH THE SEA!



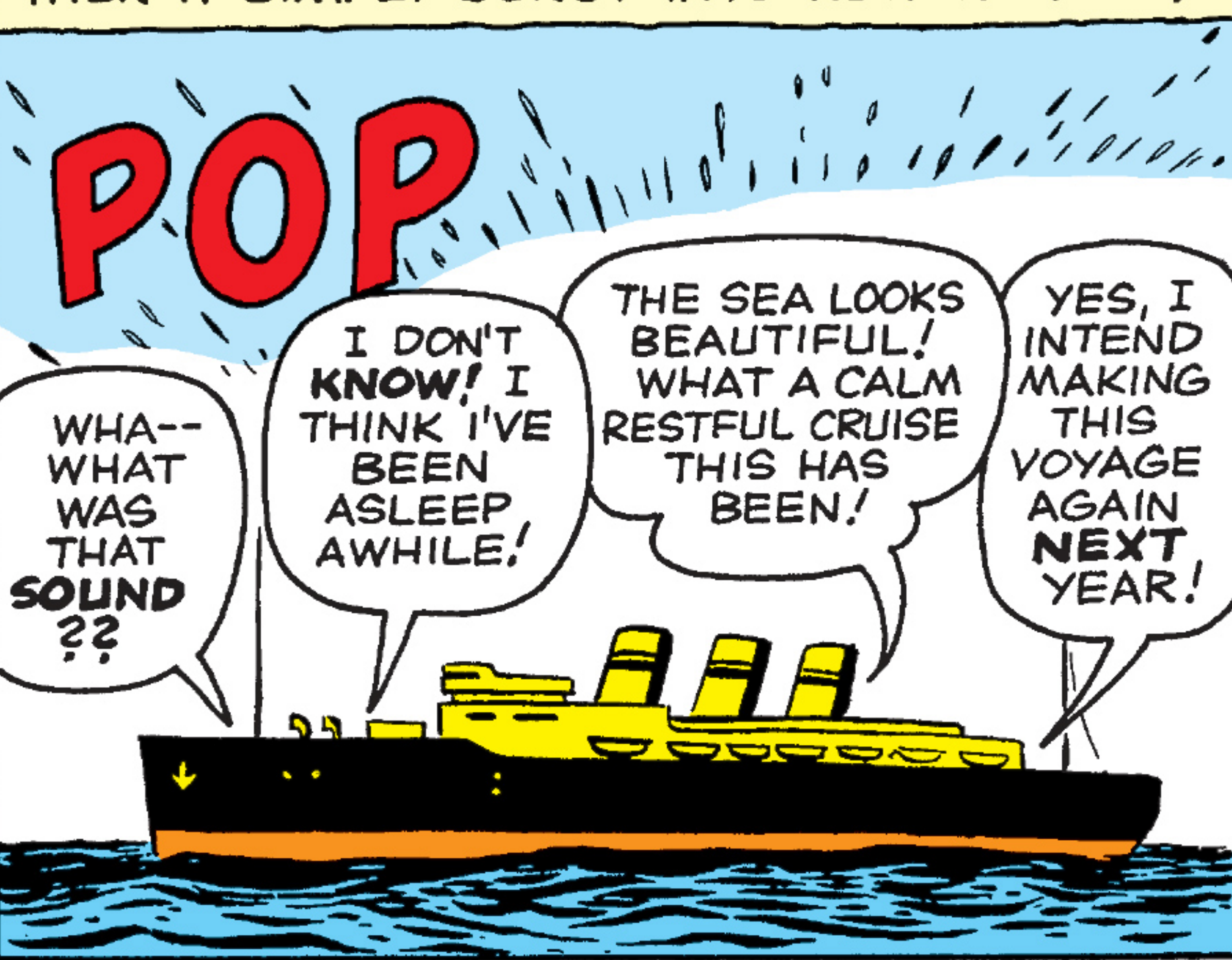
WHILE THE ATLANTEANS AND THE HUMANS WERE STILL IN A TRANCE, I SWAM TO THE GIANT AIR BUBBLE MECHANISM, AND **RELEASED IT!!**

THE BUBBLE WILL CARRY THE SHIP GENTLY TO THE SURFACE AGAIN!



THERE IT GOES, RIGHT OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN AND AWAY FROM ATLANTIS FOREVER!

SLOWLY, STEADILY, THE ENORMOUS BUBBLE FLOATED UP... UP... UNTIL IT MADE CONTACT WITH THE WORLD OF LIGHT AND AIR, AND THEN IT SIMPLY BURST INTO NOTHINGNESS!



POP

WHA-- WHAT WAS THAT SOUND ??

I DON'T KNOW! I THINK I'VE BEEN ASLEEP AWHILE!

THE SEA LOOKS BEAUTIFUL! WHAT A CALM RESTFUL CRUISE THIS HAS BEEN!

YES, I INTEND MAKING THIS VOYAGE AGAIN NEXT YEAR!



I MADE THEM FORGET EVERYTHING! FOR IT IS BEST THAT MANKIND NEVER LEARNS OF ATLANTIS! SUCH KNOWLEDGE WOULD ONLY MAKE THE HUMAN RACE APPREHENSIVE-- AFRAID TO TRAVEL THE SEAS!

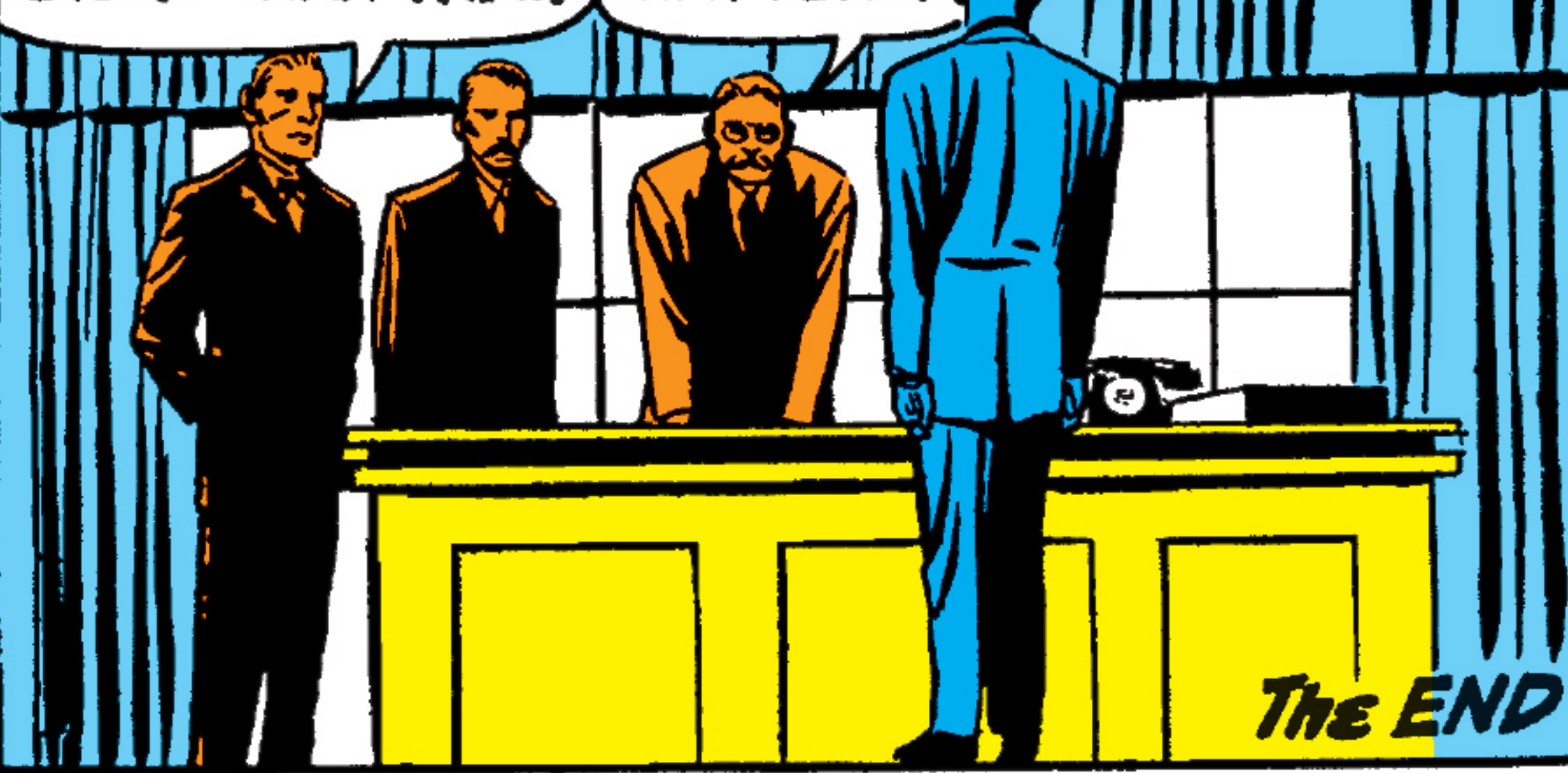
YOU HAVE SPOKEN WISELY, DOCTOR DROOM!

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, I WAS BACK AT THE STEAMSHIP OFFICES BEFORE THE BOARD OF INQUIRY! THEY DID NOT BELIEVE THE STORY I TOLD, BUT IT MATTERED NOT! TO DOCTOR DROOM, THE CASE WAS **CLOSED!**

YOU SAY THE SHIP HAD MERELY GONE OFF COURSE! THAT'S **NONSENSE!** WE KNOW THERE'S MORE TO THE STORY THAN THAT!

BUT WE CAN'T **PROVE IT!** THE S.S. LUXURIA'S BACK NOW, SAFE AND SOUND, AND I GUESS THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

YES, GENTLEMEN, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!



The END

the audience to "Applaud."

This was a big thing. Stan was a big thing, but it wasn't what he wanted. He didn't want to be a *thing*. He wanted to be Stan Wepp, alive before his audience. He didn't want to get to them through TV tubes and electronic gadgets. He wanted to meet his audience, to please them, or knowing he had failed try harder next time, or go fishing.

Let others who wanted the fame and the glory and big tax payments on huge sums earned, have it. Stan wanted a way out.

In the dressing room he heard the voice again answering his thoughts: "This isn't for you." He looked around for the source of the voice. He wasn't imagining it. That voice was real.

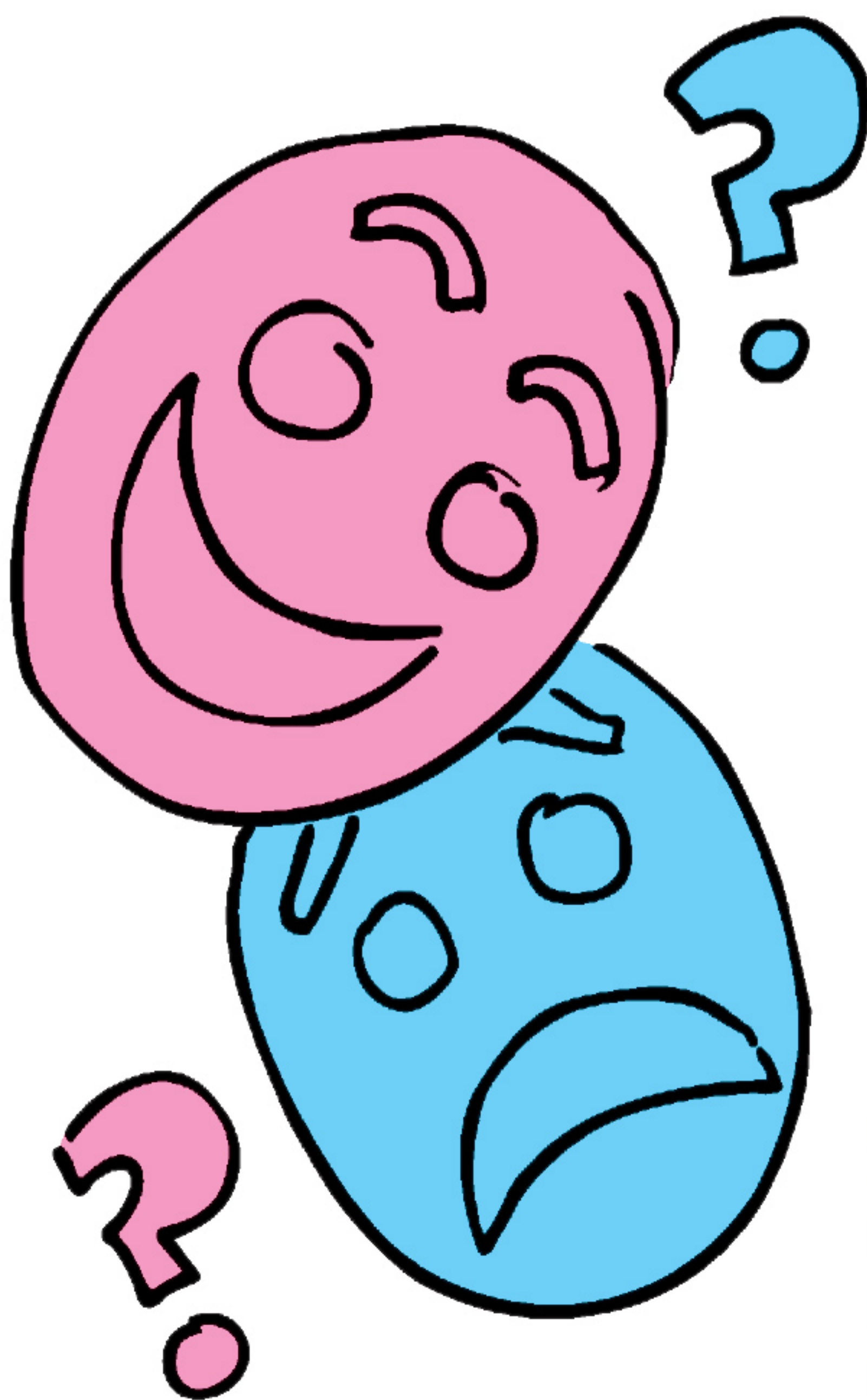
"I need a vacation," Stan told himself. But he knew that he couldn't just take off. There was too much involved. He didn't belong to himself. The sponsor was involved, and there were contracts, and time on the air committed by legal mumbo jumbo haggled for, and arranged at wrangling meetings over cocktails and in board rooms.

"I'm just a trooper, a clown who wants to make people laugh and have a good time doing it," he told himself. And he knew he was trapped by big money, by ambitious men. But that was not why he was in show business. "I'd be in it if I had to work for pretzels!" And he thought of how he would have done that last skit.

The producer entered his

dressing room. "You all right, Stan?" he asked. "You're not killing 'em tonight. Your rating dropped five points last week. Hit 'em with all you got next time out." And the buzzer sounded. The producer pleaded with him and commanded him. And Stan hated it all. He wanted the easy friendliness he had known in the small theatres through Oregon, Washington, Utah and down through the Southwest.

Out on the stage, he was star-



ing at the camera. It moved close for an extreme close-up. A voice said, "O.K. Stan, you're on!" But another voice, a booming voice, like thunder in a mountainous cavern shouted, "No Stan, you're OFF!"

And Stan felt himself drawn as though by a tornado into the camera! Even as he delivered his lines, did his business the sketch called for, he felt himself traveling with supersonic speed . . . traveling as fast as

sound itself. He felt the invigorating wind, the hum of speed. And as he passed over houses, he heard spontaneous laughter and wondered what had happened to him.

He faded. He was lying, sleeping, but coming awake. Slowly he opened his eyes. He saw the faded wallpaper, the iron bedstead, the washbasin on the dresser. He looked outside the window and saw a mining town that hadn't changed in a hundred years. And he felt free. Stan felt that this was where he wanted to be. This was where he belonged now.

That was last year when that occurred. Back in the studios and agencies, they still talk about what could possibly have happened to Stan Wepp. What made a man, riding the top crest, throw it all over and disappear?

Stan Wepp . . . he calls himself George Pegg now . . . is grateful to TV for bringing him back to where he wants to be, and the strange, unbelievable electronic way it did that. "Maybe top TV ratings are what *others* want," he says, "but it isn't what *I* want. I *have* what I want."

And Stan goes out onto the stages of the small theatres, and the dance halls and meeting houses, and plays to audiences of three hundred, and he really rolls them out in the aisles, and they love him!

THE END J-214

ROCKY'S *LAST RIDE!*



THE AUTOMATIC CAR WASH DRIVE-IN WAS A REAL MONEY MAKING BUSINESS, THERE IN MIDVILLE...

DRIVE RIGHT IN!

AUTOMATIC
CAR WASH

...AND ROCKY BAINES, THE MANAGER OF THE BUSINESS, HAD A SCHEME TO MAKE **MORE** MONEY THAN HIS NORMAL SALARY...

THIS GUY'S GONNA
BE A **CINCH** TO
TAKE!

ROCKY'S METHOD WAS SIMPLE...

HE LOOKED BACK AND SAW THE DRIVEWAY WAS ALL CLEAR! NOW HE'S BACKING OUT! HERE GOES!

BACK
OUT
CAREFULLY
—
NO HONKING
HORN
PLEASE!

YEOWWW!!

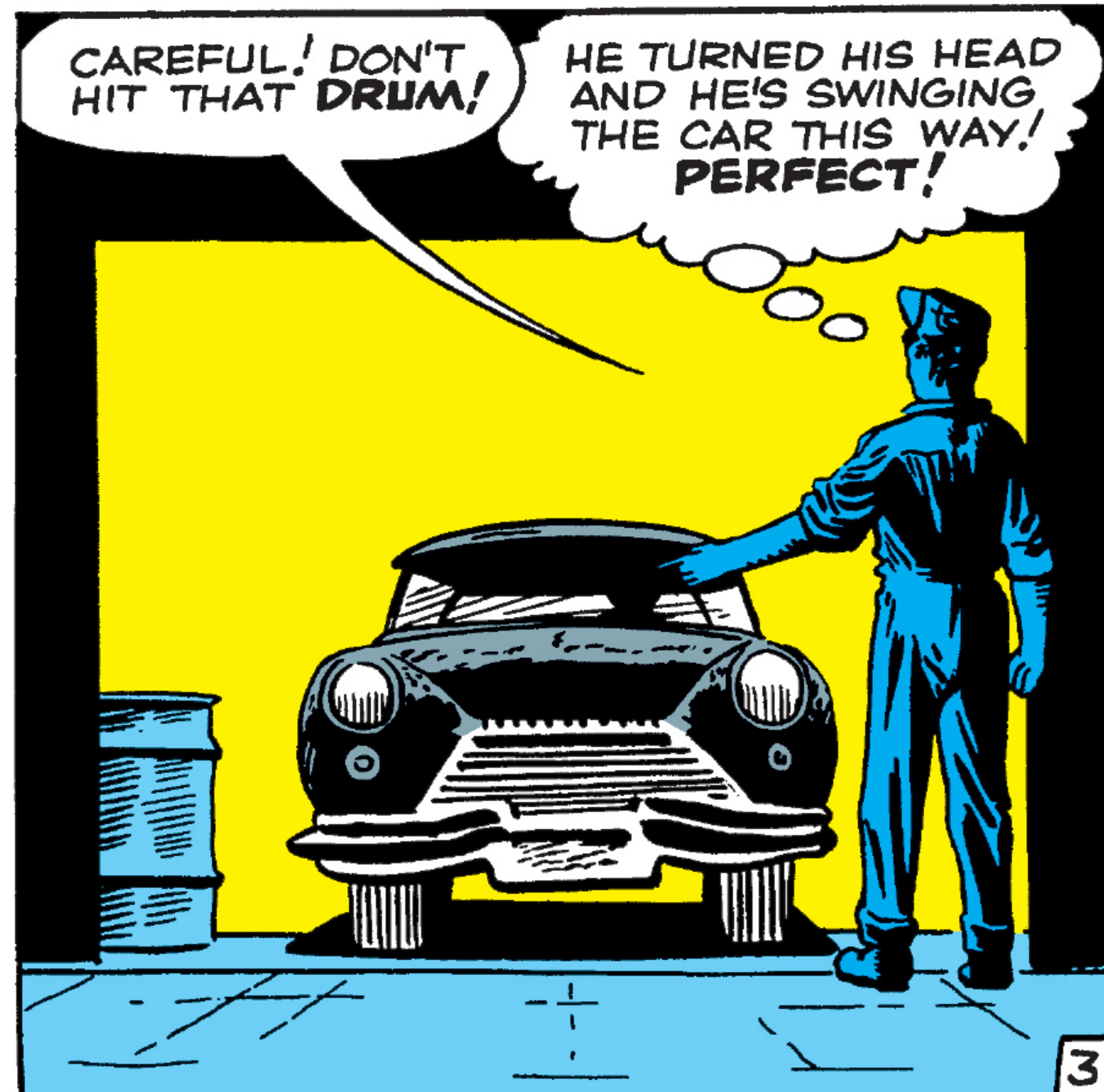
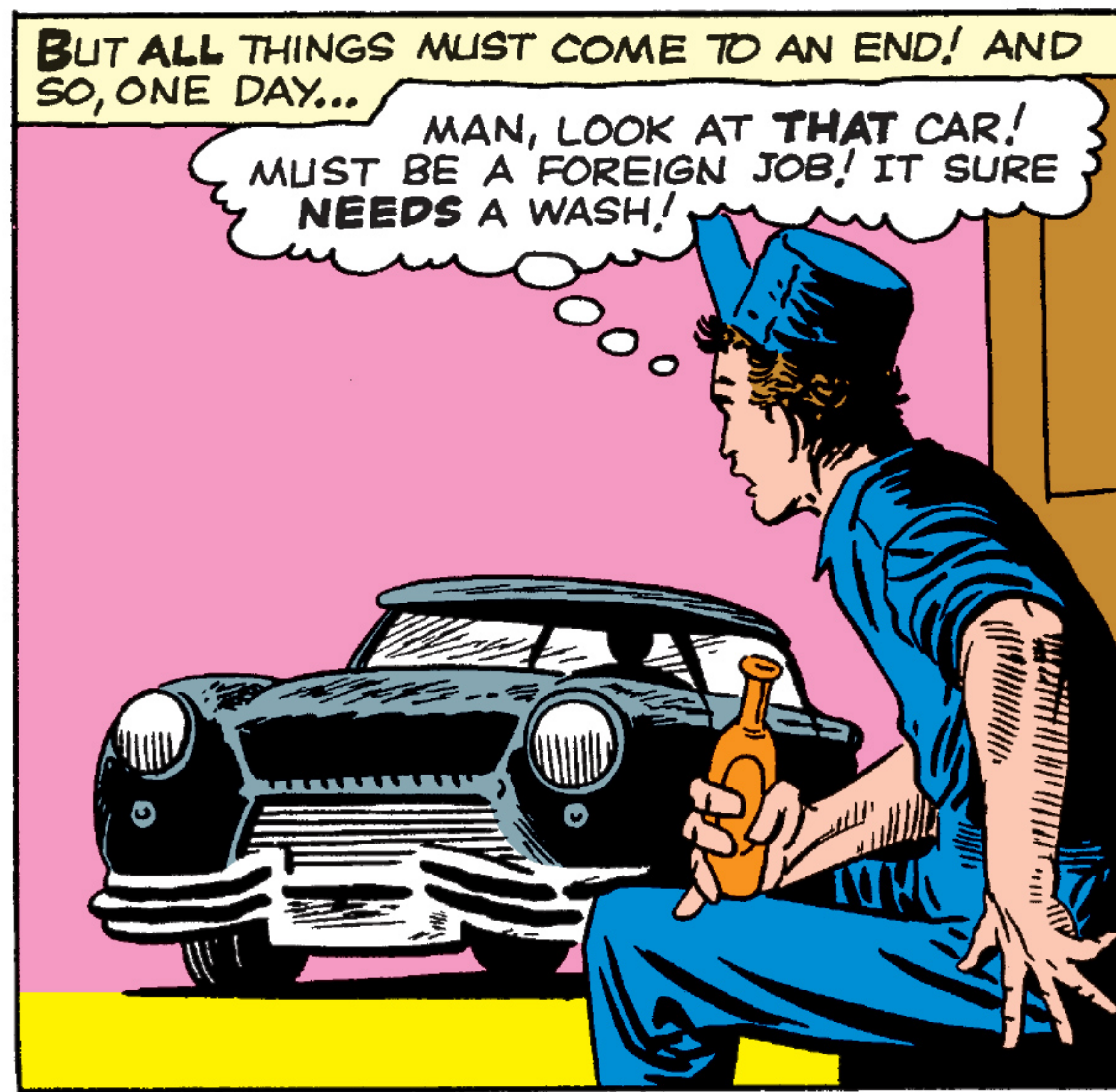
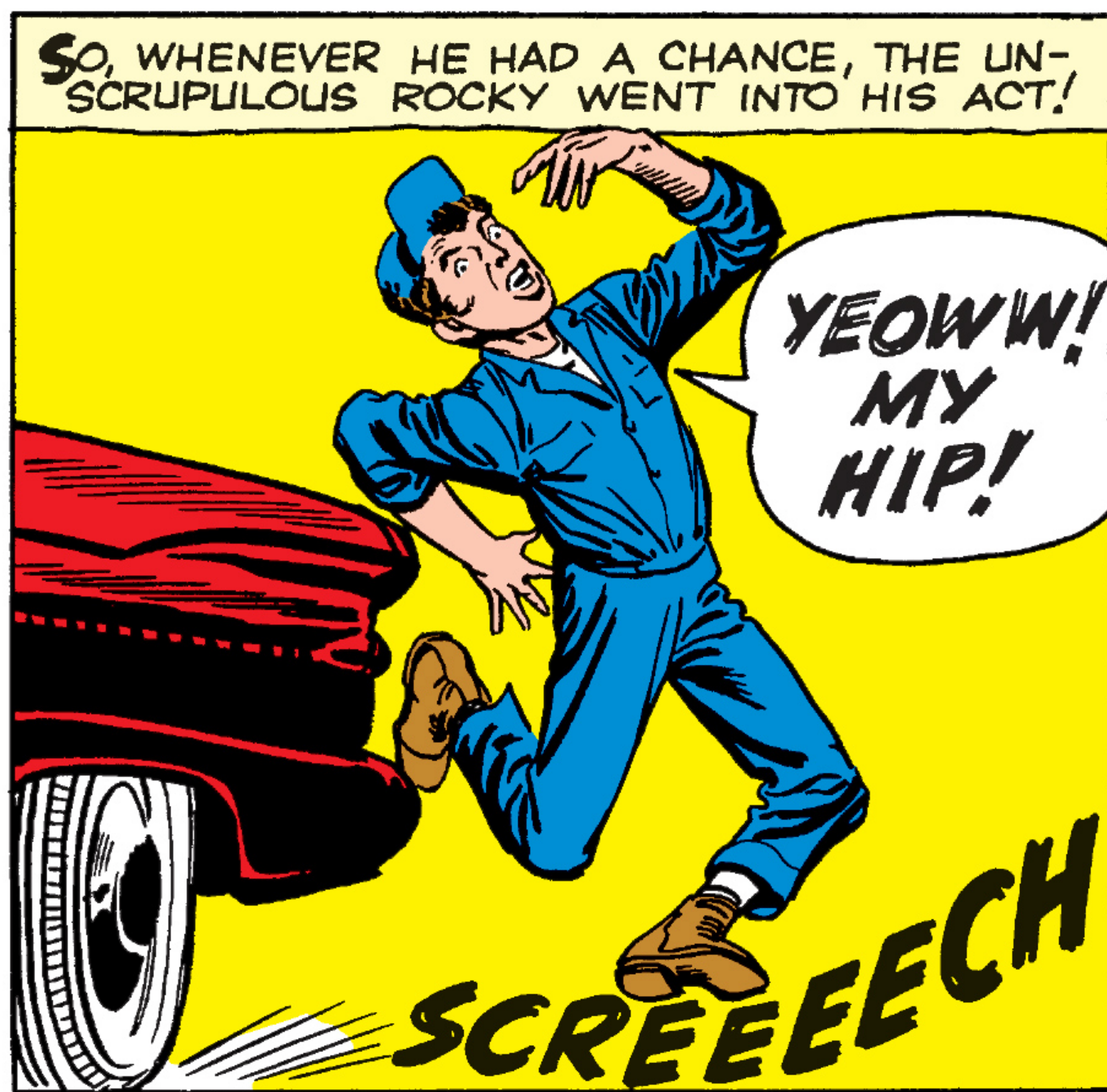
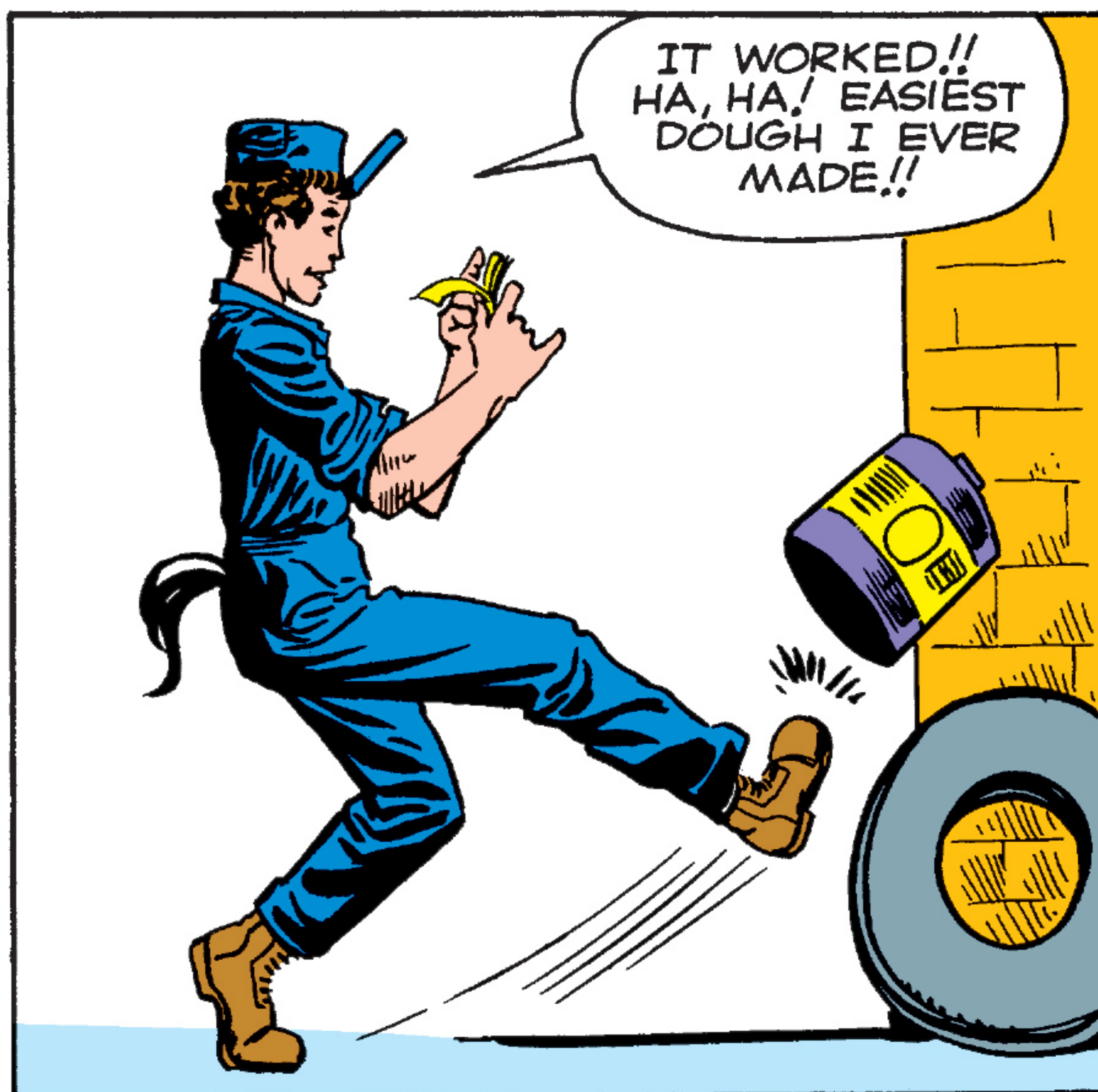
MY
LEG!

IT'S ALL YOUR
FAULT! YOU
WEREN'T LOOKING!!
I'LL SUE YOU FOR
EVERY CENT
YOU'VE GOT!

SUE ME?
OH, MY
GOODNESS!

LOOK, WE CAN SETTLE
THIS OURSELVES! YOUR
LEG'S NOT BUSTED!
SUPPOSE I GIVE YOU
THIS (GULP) FIFTY
DOLLARS--?

WELL, I DON'T
WANNA CAUSE
TROUBLE! OKAY,
BUDDY, MAKE
IT SIXTY-FIVE
BUCKS AND I'LL
FORGET THE
WHOLE THING!





OOOH!! YOU RAN
OVER MY FOOT!



WHY DIDN'T YOU
WATCH WHERE
YOU WERE DRIVING?

OH, DEAR! I WAS
TRYING TO MISS
THAT DRUM...
LIKE YOU TOLD
ME!



YOU'LL BE SORRY!
I'M GONNA SUE YOU
FOR ALL YOU'RE
WORTH! AN INJURY
LIKE **THIS** IS WORTH
A **FORTUNE!**

FORTUNE? B-BUT
I HAVE NO
MONEY!



DON'T GIVE ME **THAT!**
YOU DRIVE A FANCY
FOREIGN CAR! A JAZZY
NUMBER LIKE THAT
MUSTA COST A
FORTUNE!

WELL THEN,
SUPPOSE YOU
TAKE THE **CAR**,
IF THAT WILL
SATISFY YOU...



I WAS THRU
WITH IT
ANYWAY!

HUH?



HE--HE
GAVE IT TO
ME! A CAR
LIKE **THAT!**
HE MUSTA
BEEN EVEN
MORE SCARED
THAN I
THOUGHT!
WHAT A
LUCKY BREAK
FOR ME!

MEANWHILE, AS THE "VICTIM" TAKES HIS LEAVE...

NOW WHY WOULD HE HAVE WANTED **THAT** CAR? IT WILL **ONLY** TAKE HIM BACK TO WHERE I JUST ESCAPED FROM! OH WELL...

WOWEE! WHAT A SNAZZY JOB! AND IT'S ALL **MINE**!

HEY! HOW COME THERE'S NO STEERING WHEEL OR DASH BOARD? NOTHING! HOW DOES THE BLAMED THING **WORK**?

WHA--? I'M **RISE**... CLEAR OFF THE GROUND!!!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON??

IT'S **FLYING**! NO!! NO!! COME BACK--WAIT!! **HELP!!**

WHERE--(SOB) WHERE IS IT GOING? WHERE?

MARS PRISON FARM

TO PRISON, ROCKY...TO A FAR-AWAY PRISON, WHERE YOU WILL **PAY** FOR YOUR CRIMES!! AFTER ALL, ROCKY, ONE PRISON IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER!

THE END