“We were trapped in the twilight world!”
WE WERE TRAPPED IN THE TWILIGHT WORLD!
YOU MEAN YOU JUST STORMED OUT OF THE DEAN’S OFFICE, PAUL?

YES! IT WAS A STUPID THING FOR ME TO DO, BUT I COULDN’T HELP MYSELF! I WAS SO ANGRY AT HIM FOR NOT EVEN CONSIDERING MY THEORY, THAT I HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE!

AS I DROVE ALONG, TALKING TO MY GIRL, CATHY, I ACCIDENTALLY TOOK A WRONG FORK IN THE ROAD!

THIS AREA IS UNFAMILIAR TO ME! I’LL TURN AROUND AT THE NEXT INTERSECTION!

PAUL, LOOK—THERE’S SOME KIND OF MIST UP AHEAD! IT’S DRIFTING TOWARDS US!

WITHIN SECONDS, WE WERE ENGULFED IN THE STRANGE, HEAVY VAPOR...

GOSH! THIS STUFF SURE IS THICK! I CAN’T SEE A THING IN FRONT OF ME!

FINALLY, I HAD TO STOP THE CAR! CATHY AND I GOT OUT AND BEGAN MAKING OUR WAY ON FOOT...

I THINK WE’RE COMING TO THE END OF THE MIST! IT’S STARTING TO THIN OUT! LET’S GO ON JUST A LITTLE FURTHER...

IT’S-- IT’S SPOOKY, PAUL!
But, incredibly, when we stepped out of the mist—into the sunlight and fresh air—we found ourselves in another world!!

It’s like the Earth of a million years ago!!!

We’ve gone back to the dawn of time!! Cathy, this proves my theory is right!!

The past and present do exist at the same time... only in different dimensions! The mist must be a link between the dimensions! When we walked through the mist, we walked from the present into the past!

Paul! Up there! Look!!

It’s a flying saucer!

But how?? How could a flying saucer exist in a prehistoric world???

It’s landing behind the hill! Quick! We’ve got to see what this is all about!!

Cathy—That’s not a flying saucer! It’s a bird!

A giant white bird!

Say! I’ll bet he’s the answer behind the unidentified flying objects seen in our world!

Sure! He and other birds like him, must fly through the mist into our twentieth century where they’re seen by people from a distance... and thought to be spaceships!

Suddenly, we heard a low, ominous growl... seeing a large, menacing shadow... we turned, and...

Just like we thought, until we saw it up close!

A sabre-tooth tiger!
As the huge beast charged towards us...

In the near distance was a snow-capped mountain! With the tiger hot in pursuit, Cathy and I scrambled up the snow-covered slope!

He's catching us! You must run faster, Cathy!

I—I can't! I just can't!

And then, just as the marauding monster was about to reach us, a huge spear whizzed past our heads!

It got him!!

But then, when we turned to thank our benefactor...

Paul, what--what is he?!!

I—I don't know! He looks like a grotesque cross between an ape... and a human!

He's heading for us! Get behind me, Cathy! If he attacks, you run while I hold him off!
But the lumbering creature was intent on something else...

H-he's ignoring us! He went right past us!!
Easy, honey! You've got to hold yourself together! Maybe we've still got a chance to get out of this somehow!

And then, a grim moment later, our horrified eyes beheld...

He didn't bother us, because he wanted to join those other ape creatures!!
We've got to run for it! They're so big and ungainly, we may be able to out-distance them!

Don't stop! Don't stop for anything!

It seemed like an eternity, but it must have been only minutes later, when...

They're still following!
Paul, look!! There's a cave up ahead!

Inside the cave, I knew I had to think of something fast! Cathy's nerves were almost at the breaking point!

Cathy, I've an idea that just might work! Scream! Yell as loud as you can!!

Like banshees, we both stood there, screaming at the top of our lungs... Screaming for our very lives! And then, it started to happen! The snow all around us began to loosen...

Yeeeahh!! Aaaaiieee!!
WHEN THE AVALANCHE CAME, IT CAME FAST AND HARD—OVERWHELMING EVERYTHING, INCLUDING OUR WOULD-BE SLAYERS!

AND, AS SOON AS IT WAS OVER, THE REALIZATION HIT ME LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE!!

CATHY—THE AVALANCHE!! THOSE SHAGGY APE MEN! I THINK I'VE FOUND THE ANSWER TO ONE OF MYSTERIES OF OUR OWN AGE: THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN?

ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN?? WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

LISTEN! IT ALL TIES IN! IN THE PAST SEGMENT OF TIME, MANY OF THESE APE MEN WILL BE DOOMED BY AVALANCHES, BUT ONE OF THEM, ENCASED IN ICE WILL REMAIN IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION FOR AGES! THEN, IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, SOMETHING WILL CAUSE THE ICE TO CRACK! AND...

AND ONCE AGAIN THE APE MAN WILL WALK THE EARTH... THE SINGLE REMAINING SPECIMEN OF A LONG EXTINCT SPECIES! BUT, TO ALL WHO SEE HIM, HE WILL BE--

BEHOLD! THE SNOWMAN!

LUCKILY, THE DIVERSION HELPED CATHY TO GET A GRIP ON HERSELF! ALTHOUGH, I COULDN'T HAVE BLAMED HER IF SHE HAD SUCCEDED TO A FIT OF HYSTERICS!

LOOK! AN OPENING UP AHEAD! MAYBE OUTSIDE, WE'LL FIND THE MIST THAT LEADS TO OUR OWN WORLD!

THE ABOMINABLE ONE!!
“TRAPPED IN THE TWILIGHT WORLD!”

PART 2

We left the cave and climbed down the mountain, until we came to another level...

Listen! Down below! It sounds like the wailing of an infant!

It's coming from there!

Waaaaa... Waaaaa...

It is an infant! That giant lizard is crawling toward it! He's going to attack it!
Before the huge reptile could strike, I grabbed a cigarette lighter from my pocket and lit a torch!

Paul!! Be careful!! Paul!!
Not a second to lose!

He's never seen fire, before! He's backing away!
Quick! Grab the baby! That giant won't stay back much longer!

It was the most terrifying moment of my life! Facing me was a monster capable of snuffing out my life in an instant... held back only by the small, glowing torch... and then...

I've got the baby, Paul! Run! Run!

Throwing my torch at the lizard, I caused it to recoil long enough to make a frantic exit! And then, Carol finally went feminine on me...

Isn't he a precious little darling! I wonder whose he is?

Well, judging from the shape of his head, I'd say he's a Neanderthal baby.

The little dear likes me, Paul! He's the cutest...

Oh, oh... better put him down, fast, Cathy! I think those are his parents!

We found a giant lizard in here! He was going to attack your child! We drove him away!

But the Neanderthal man and his mate were too primitive to understand our words, or even, sense their meaning!

Look! We saved your baby's life! We didn't enter your cave to hurt him! Keep back!! Don't!! Keep back!
But nothing could stop him. With a maddened shout, he attacked! However, tho’ he was stronger and better armed than I, I had a million years of intelligence over him. So, when he lunged for the kill...

Seconds later, Cathy and I were on the run again...

We can’t stop now, honey! As soon as that joker’s on his feet, he’ll be after us!

We call this Judo, pal!

When we were off the mountain, Cathy and I searched for the mist that led to the twentieth century, but we couldn’t find it... Then, it began to rain!

Paul, what’s that rumbling noise? Is it thunder?

No, it’s something nearby! I can feel the ground shaking!

It—it’s a tyrannosaur!

Oh, no!!

With the fury and power of a tornado, the huge carnivorous dinosaur thundered toward us!

Courage, honey! We’ll think of something!

Paul!!
Just then there was a lightning flash, electrifying the rain-drenched gloom, and smashing into the tallest standing object!

CRACK!

Now's our chance, Cathy! Behind this rock, quick!

He's charging again! Lie flat—and pray!

It worked! The rock protected us!

W—won't he be back?

No, Cathy! Those monstrous lizards had such tiny brains that they could barely remember anything for more than a few seconds! He's forgotten all about us by now!

Oh, Paul, will we ever escape from this nightmare world?

Yes, the tyrannosaur had gone, but our troubles were far from over... for shortly after the rain stopped, Cathy and I heard a rustling sound. We turned and found ourselves facing more hostile neanderthals!

It's the cave man! He followed us!

But what can we do now? He's brought his whole tribe back with him!
With savage fury, the Neanderthals attacked us! Cathy struggled, and I fought, but it was useless! We hadn't a chance against such overwhelming odds!

Paul! Paul!

Hang on, Cathy! Ugh...

Soon we were helpless prisoners of the cave men!

They're taking us to the edge of the cliff, Paul. They're not going to--

Easy, baby. Don't panic!

No, the cave men didn't hurl us to our doom! Instead, they tied us and left us dangling over the cliff's edge!

Why didn't they finish us? Why did they leave us here?

I think I know, Cathy--but--but I'd rather not say!

Paul... Look!

No, I didn't want to tell her... to tell her that I had seen a dark, ominous shadow in the sky, getting closer and closer... and then, she saw it, too!

I--I see it, Cathy!

Squeee!

Don't faint, honey! Kick, kick your feet! Like I'm doing!

I will, Paul! I will!

Frantically, desperately, Cathy and I kicked back at the attacking bird!

We're holding him off! But--but for how long?
At that very instant, unseen by us...

The bird plummeted to his doom! And then...
S—somebody's pulling us up, Paul, we're going to be saved!!

Who?

Seconds later, we were confronted by a tall, intelligent-looking man! The first living being we had seen who could be called 'man!'

I think he understands us, Paul! He seems to sense that we're grateful for what he did!

Yes, this fellow must be more intelligent than the other Neander-thals! He's the only one of them who's fashioned a bow and arrows!

For a long while we just stood there, basking in the friendly warmth of each other's company! Then, an awareness seemed to come to the prehistoric man! He motioned for us to follow him!

Where is he leading us?

I don't—wait—up ahead! It's the mist! He's leading us to the mist!

Now our adventure was over... an adventure that Cathy and I would never forget! As we bade our rescuer farewell, I asked him one question:

Your name... what is your name? Try to tell us... try!

I—I... am Cro!
A moment later we entered the strange vapor that separated the prehistoric era from the twentieth century.

At last, Paul! Back to our own world!

Cathy, his name was Cro! Now I understand! He wasn't a Neanderthal! He was the first of the race that followed the Neanderthals! The race that evolved into man! He was a Cro-Magnon!

Still excited and thrilled by your experience, Cathy and I found my car and began the long drive home!

Imagine, we went back a million years, just by penetrating a mist! It proves my theory--the past and present occur at the same time, but in different dimensions!

Paul, look out--we're going off the road!

When Cathy and I regained consciousness, the mist was gone, and a familiar face was staring at us.

Professor Barnes??

What're you doing here??

I was driving along when I spotted the accident! Are you badly hurt?

No, just a little shaken up, you, Cathy?

I'm alright... now!

Then I told the dean of our college science department the whole fantastic story.

Impossible! You've simply dreamt all those things while you were unconscious! They were merely hallucinations!!

No, they weren't, they were true! I experienced them also, or was I having the same hallucinations??

Both of you? The same dream!! No, it's too much of a coincidence! Perhaps there was something more... perhaps...

Hey, what's this?!!

We all stared at the small necklace... the necklace which might prove to be the greatest historical find of the age! We were each lost in our own thoughts, our own astonishment, as we beheld--

The teeth of a tiger! Just like you described!

The Cro-Magnon man must've tossed it after us, before the mist drifted away!

It's a gift to us... a token from his age to ours!

Editor's note: The story you have just read is, of course, pure fiction! At least so the writer told us! But it made us stop and think--and wonder!! How about you?
“BUT you must do this portrait, Claude,” the queen’s messenger spoke sternly and convincingly. “The queen herself requested it for the palace court only this morning. She said that I should come right over and talk to you . . .”

“NO!” the single word erupted strongly from Claude Duval’s lips. “Not this portrait or any other. I’m through, I tell you. Through with portrait painting.”

“But you are the foremost, the greatest artist in the entire country . . . in the world! Why have you taken this unreasonable stand so suddenly?”

Claude looked at the younger man with infinite patience. “For years, Monsieur Finnault, I have painted portraits . . . of the rich, of the poor; of nobility and peasants. Faces, empty faces with nothing behind them. For the last few years I have had only one desire. It has edged its way into my brain and now I cannot rest until I have put aside all other requests for portraits and painted the thing I want most to paint . . . a landscape.”

“But any hack can paint landscapes, my friend,” the queen’s messenger said appraisingly.

“Not my landscape,” Claude answered. His eyes clouded for a moment and he stepped into his own private world of color and composition. “This landscape of mine will be the greatest of them all. It shall reflect the setting sun’s rays on a tiny lake nestled in the hills of the country. It shall show not only a pastoral scene, but shall be the symbol of man’s peace and contentment.”

“You speak of genius, Claude,” his friend interrupted. “Only an inspired hand could accomplish this.”

“And mine shall be that hand,” Claude shouted. “Now leave me . . . and tell the queen that she shall not have her portrait. GO!”

After Monsieur Finnault left, Claude Duval walked restlessly back and forth in his small studio room awaiting the arrival of his landlady. He went to his table and rearranged some brushes, then took stock of his paints and supplies. His mood softened finally to one of concentration instead of anger, and when his landlady finally knocked softly at his door, he replied, “Come in, Madame Fleury.”

“You sent for me, sir?”

“Yes, Madame. Sit down here on this bench. I have something to tell you, some directions to give you that I want followed to the utmost for the next month.”

“Anything you say, sir,” the landlady accepted.

“I want complete privacy. Here are 5000 francs. They will pay for my room for the next month, plus all the food I may require during that time.”

“Easily, sir.”

“Then take the money and leave now. Lock the door as you leave, from the outside.”

“But, Monsieur Duval,” the landlady said surprised. “If I do that, you won’t be able to leave your room.”

“That is my plan, Madame Fleury.”

And as the landlady stared perplexedly at the great painter, he went on with his explanations. “You will wake me by knocking at my door at exactly 8:00 A.M. every morning. The only time you will unlock the door is when you bring me food and take away the serving things.”

Claude Duval realized then that the good lady was due more explanation than he had offered her, so he continued, taking her into his confidence.

“I have a painting that I must complete. To do it as quickly and easily as possible, I must have no interruptions. Do you understand?”

“Oh, yes, sir,” the landlady agreed.

“No matter who might come to call on me, or for what reason, do not disturb me.”

The woman nodded agreement.

“If you carry out these instructions carefully, there will be an extra reward for you at the end of a month,” Claude said, as an added inducement.

“I will be strict about everything, sir,” Madame Fleury assured him. “I shall begin now by locking your door from the outside so you may start your work immediately.”

The woman started to leave, then, still a little bewildered, turned at the door and remarked, “It must be a very famous person you’re painting this time, Monsieur Duval. I know that was the queen’s messenger who left just now, and you can be sure that I won’t mention . . .”

“It is not the queen’s portrait, or indeed anyone’s portrait which I’m going to paint. I’m finished with portraits. Never
He was just an ordinary toy Teddy Bear! Soft, cuddly, and lovable! But perhaps—perhaps he wasn’t quite ordinary as he seemed!

My name is Carol, Teddy! And I’m going to love you and keep you forever!

The years passed happily for Carol and her Teddy, until she became a beautiful woman…

Tell me, Teddy! They’re all so nice! Which one should I go steady with??

Even after she married me, Carol would never forsake her beloved Teddy Bear…

Heck, honey! It looks silly for a grown, married woman to have a toy Teddy Bear! Teddy’s more than a toy, Jim! He’s like a brother to me! And don’t forget, he agreed that I should marry you!

The little toy bear seemed to give her a feeling of safety…

This business trip of mine will take a few days, honey! Better have a girl friend stay with you!

Nonsense, Jim! I’ll be perfectly safe here! It isn’t as though I’ll be alone—l’ll have Teddy here!

Some weeks later…

Honey, I’ve been offered my biggest job, out West! It’ll mean weeks in a rugged mountain camp, and I just don’t want you to be here alone all that time!

I don’t care how rugged it is, dear! If you want us, Teddy and I will go with you!

Do you feel you have to bring that confounded animal??

Of course, Jim! I couldn’t leave you behind, could I, Teddy?
Finally...
Here we are, Carol! This is what happens when you marry a surveyor!

Teddy and I love it! We're going to enjoy every minute of it!

All went well, until one evening, when...

Those tracks! It's a mountain lion! It must be hungry, to come prowling so close to camp!

I won't tell Carol! It would only upset her! But I've got to go after the beast before it attacks one of us!

And so...
She's asleep! This is my chance to slip out after the cat!

But I was a better surveyor than a hunter! I didn't sense the big cat's presence in time...

No trace of him yet!

I don't even know where to start looking! If I could only find more tracks!
And then, like a silent wraith, he struck!

He--he wasn't after me! He's heading for the tent! Oh no! No! That's where Carol is!

My rifle! It's jammed! It won't fire! It must have been the fall! But I've got to do something!

Got to reach the tent! I'll tackle him with my bare hands... anything to save Carol!

Please--please--don't let me be too late!!
CAROL!!

THE MOUNTAIN LION--IT'S DEAD??

CAROL! SHE--SHE'S ALL RIGHT. SHE'S STILL ASLEEP!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP, DEAR? WHAT'S WRONG?

JIM... IS THAT YOU?

THE TEDDY BEAR!! HOW... HOW DID IT GET THOSE SCRATCHES?? AS THOUGH... IT'S BEEN IN... A FIGHT!

IT JUST CAN'T BE!! AND YET... WHAT OTHER ANSWER IS THERE!!

THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY... EXACTLY AS IT HAPPENED. I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO BELIEVE IT... I'M STILL NOT EVEN SURE I REALLY BELIEVE IT!! ALL I CAN SAY IS, FROM THAT DAY ON...

I'M SO GLAD YOU WANTED TO BRING TEDDY ON OUR PICNIC, DEAR!

HONEY, I'D NEVER LET YOU GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT HIM!!

SUMMARIZED: IMPOSSIBLE TO EXPLAIN BUSINESS, THE LION BITING THE TEDDY BEAR, AND THE GIRL SLEEPING THROUGH IT ALL.
shall I paint another face again. NEVER!"

"Of course, Monsieur, of course," Madame Fleury mumbled quickly as she closed the door behind her. Claude waited for the click of the key in the lock and then he heard it. "Now I'm locked in," he thought joyously. "Now nothing can stop me from working on my greatest painting."

Claude mixed his paints, stretched his canvas over the wooden frame, set the frame on the easel and at last, after so many years, touched his brush to the canvas with firm, sure strokes. He hardly heard Madame Fleury approach his room and knock softly, then open the door and bring his dinner tray to him. He didn't want to eat. He felt he hadn't the time.

"I must paint," he said to himself. "But if I don't eat anything, then I won't have the strength left to go on painting."

So Claude ate his dinner, and as he was eating, he stared at the canvas.

"Yes," he thought, "just a little more green here..." and found himself between bites, running to the canvas to apply some new touch or color to a neglected area.

After the painting grew more and more, Madame Fleury would steal some furtive looks as she delivered the meals. She was delighted, Claude was eager to see, and even her untrained eyes grew wide with wonder as she would see one day a mountain with melting snow appear on the horizon. On another day, the lake in the middle of a woods reflected the brilliant colors of a wild bird in flight.

Day by day, the painting unfolded almost by itself. Madame Fleury stood one morning in almost breathless contentment as she gazed into its sunlit depths.

"If you'll pardon my mentioning it, sir," she dared to speak, "it almost seems as if I'm right there myself."

"Ah, then," cried Claude delightfully, "so you feel its almost magical pull yourself."

"I do indeed. It's almost as if there should be a small white cottage back behind those trees just filled with everything I've always wanted."

"And so there should, kind Madame Fleury," Claude agreed. "I shall paint one there this afternoon." Then he grew lost in the thought and didn't hear his landlady as she left the room. "That is exactly what this landscape needs... just that much touch with the world... a small cottage..." and again thought, "I suppose I have no right to stand in the way of the will of the queen..." and she started up the long stairway with the messenger directly behind her. She knocked once, twice on the door, but there was no reply. She took out the large key and quietly unlocked the door.

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur Duval," she began, but upon entering the room, it was plain to see there was no one there.

"But where could he..." she started to say, but turned and saw that Monsieur Finnault had lost interest in the painter and was staring enchanted at the finished landscape on the easel.

"A genius," he breathed. "He said he would do it, but I didn't believe."

"It does look real, doesn't it?" Madame Fleury asked admiringly. "Look at the smoke from the little cottage. It almost seems to be moving."

"But look here," Monsieur Finnault interrupted. "He said he would never paint another person, yet there is one here, lying on the bank of this little lake."

The two people drew closer to the canvas for a more thorough look.

"Why, it must have been a self-portrait," Madame Fleury admitted. "It looks just like Monsieur Duval."

"And see the look of contentment on the face. It surpasses anything he's ever done. A true masterpiece."

"I don't know where he could have gone," the landlady suddenly was brought back to the world of reality. "He couldn't leave his room."

"No, I don't know where he is," Monsieur Finnault echoed, still lost in the dewy landscape. "But I have an idea that wherever he is, Monsieur Duval is, at last, completely happy."

THE END G-864
H—HE’S DOING IT!!

IT’S ASTOUNDING! FANTASTIC!!

IT DEFIES ALL LOGIC, ALL REASON!

WE’RE RISING INTO THE AIR—WITHOUT ANY PHYSICAL APPARATUS!

BEHOLD HOW THE GREAT ZEMU ONCE AGAIN PERFORMS THE IMPOSSIBLE! NO OTHER MAGICIAN CAN MATCH MY FEATS, FOR I ALONE POSSESS THE POWER OF TRUE MAGIC!
His name was Zemu, and he performed tricks which seemed impossible, even to other magicians.

He's more amazing than Houdini!

Zemu claims these aren't tricks or illusions, but real magic feats!

I, for one, believe him!

It didn't take long for Zemu's popularity to grow! Soon he became the top draw in show business!

You were wonderful anything! Just anything!

You can do tonight, Zemu?

What are your plans for the future, Zemu?

I am going to enter politics!

Politics??!

Just so! Zemu shall be the next governor of this state!

A few weeks later, the magician embarked on a tremendous political campaign!

And if you elect me governor, I promise to use my magic powers to improve conditions throughout the entire state! Remember... you must believe in me! You must have faith in me!

We believe in you, Zemu! We have faith in you! We'll do whatever you say! Great is Zemu!

Looks like I don't have a chance in this election against Zemu! He's got the people all worked up! To my mind, the fellow's a rabble-rouser, and when he's governor, he'll run the state like a dictatorship!

Is that what you wanted to know, Doctor Droom?

Yes! I came to hear your opinion of Zemu, for I have my suspicions about the fellow! Now, I think it is time for Doctor Droom to act!

In the quiet gloom of night, I went to the theater where the great Zemu had performed his feats of "magic"!

Nobody around! I can do what I must without interruption!
I produced a rope and, using the mystic art I had learned in the Orient, made it rise into the air!

And, a moment later...

I'll soon discover how Zemu performed his "impossible" feat!

When I reached the top I found the answer I had sought!

Magnets--of a strange, new type! This is how Zemu lifted the audience!

Next, I searched backstage and found other instruments that Zemu had used for his illusions! The devices were all ultra-modern, as if made by some strange, advanced civilization! Then, a few hours after, at the home of the magician...

Hidden in the shadows, I watched...

I must learn more about the man named Zemu!

The fools! I've deceived them all!

It was a great rally, Zemu!

You're a cinch to win!

Naturally! The great Zemu cannot lose!

Not one of them has the slightest suspicion of my true identity!

And only when it's too late, shall they learn that Zemu the magician is, in reality...

...a warrior from the planet Saturn!!
Tense and startled, I remained hidden while the enemy alien made contact with his own planet.

Is everything going as we planned?

Yes, my leader! I have won the Earthlings respect and admiration! I shall soon be elected governor of this state! Our plan cannot fail!

That is not so, Zemu! For your plan has already failed!!

Who—Who said that??

Using one of the fantastic skills I had learned in the Orient, I threw my voice around the room, so that Zemu could not locate its source!

I—am your nemesis! I am... Doctor Droom!

Droom!!?? I do not fear you! Reveal yourself! Come out and fight me, Earthling! I challenge you!

You refuse to encounter me?? Very well!! I have the means to find you—and destroy you!!

Nothing can remain hidden from this infra-ray detector!

...and its delta rays will blast you into nothingness!

Knowing that my hiding place would soon be exposed, I acted with the speed of thought!

Ohhh--
AND NOW, ZEMU, LOOK INTO MY EYES! LOOK, I SAY!
YOUR EYES....!!
NO!! NO!!

I COMMAND YOU! LOOK INTO THE EYES OF YOUR MASTER!

UNABLE TO RESIST MY HYPNOTIC STARE, THE MENACING ALIEN WAS FORCED INTO A DEEP, UNCONSCIOUS TRANCE....

YOU ARE GROWING TIRED... TIRED... YOUR WILL IS LEAVING YOU... YOU ARE NOW COMPLETELY IN MY POWER!

COMPLETELY—IN—YOUR—POWER....

AND THEN, ONCE ASSURED THAT ZEMU WAS NO LONGER IN CONTROL OF HIS OWN POWERS, I SUMMONED THE AUTHORITIES.

AND WHAT WAS THE ULTIMATE PLAN OF YOUR SATURNIAN LEADERS?

I WAS TO USE OUR SUPERIOR SCIENTIFIC DEVICES TO PERFORM TRICKS... BECOME FAMOUS... THEN, AFTER I BECAME A POLITICAL LEADER, I WAS TO USE MY INFLUENCE TO PAVE THE WAY FOR INVASION FROM SATURN!

BUT NOW THAT YOU’VE FAILED, THAT INVASION WILL NEVER TAKE PLACE!

YOU HAVE DONE US A GREAT SERVICE, DOCTOR DROOM! BUT TELL US, WHAT MADE YOU SUSPICIOUS OF ZEMU IN THE FIRST PLACE??

IT WAS HIS BOAST OF HAVING REAL MAGIC POWERS!

I, OF ALL MEN, KNOW THAT REAL MAGIC DOES NOT EXIST!! ALL IS ILLUSION! ALL IS FANTASY!

WHEN ZEMU’S MAGICAL FEATS HAD NO EARTHLY SOLUTION, THEN THE ONLY POSSIBLE ANSWER COULD BE THAT HE possessed SECRETS AND KNOWLEDGE WHICH WERE NOT GLEANED FROM THIS PLANET!

FOR NOTHING CAN BE HIDDEN FROM DOCTOR DROOM! THAT IS MY PLEDGE! THAT IS MY POWER!

The End