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# AMAZING

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# ADVENTURES

MONSTEROSO!  
THE MOST  
FEARFUL  
CREATURE  
OF ALL TIME!

THIS IS THE COMING OF  
"MONSTEROSO"  
AND ON THESE PAGES  
YOU WILL BE THERE  
TO SEE IT ALL!



LOOK! HE'S  
CLIMBING HIGHER  
AND HIGHER!

HE'S TRYING TO  
DESTROY THE  
UNITED NATIONS  
BUILDING!

NOTHING CAN  
STOP MONSTEROSO!  
WE'RE ALL DOOMED!



# THE ESCAPE OF... MONSTEROSO!



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AND HIGHER!

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ME, I OWN A CIRCUS! I ALSO OWN A WIFE WHO NAGS, NAGS, NAGS ALL THE TIME! YOU ASK WHAT THESE TWO FACTS HAVE TO DO WITH THE MOST FANTASTIC TALE OF OUR AGE? WELL, READ ON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF...

I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU! I THINK THE BANZINIIS ARE GREAT!

GREAT FOR AN AMATEUR HOUR MAYBE! BUT FOR A PROFESSIONAL CIRCUS ACT, THEY'RE NOTHING!

THAT'S HOW IT WAS WITH ETHEL AND ME... ARGUIN' --MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT! THEN ONE DAY...

OUR BILLS ARE TOO HIGH, PHIL! YOU'VE GOT TO CUT DOWN EXPENSES!

AWRIGHT! WE'LL DISCUSS IT LATER! I'M LISTENING TO THE NEWS!

... AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE INTERESTED IN SCIENCE-FICTION, HERE'S A JUICY ITEM... SOME AFRICAN NATIVES CLAIM AN ALIEN SPACESHIP HAS CRASHED IN THE JUNGLE!

THE AUTHORITIES CLAIM THE "SPACESHIP" IS PROBABLY ONE OF OUR GUIDED MISSILES WHICH WENT ASTRAY! I PERSONALLY THINK THE NATIVES HAVE BEEN READING TOO MANY COMIC BOOKS-- OR RATHER LOOKING AT THE PICTURES! HA! HA! HA!

YEAH? WELL, HE CAN JOKE IF HE WANTS TO ...BUT MAYBE THE NATIVES ARE RIGHT! MAYBE AN ALIEN SPACESHIP DID CRASH IN THE JUNGLE!

ETHEL, I'M GOING TO AFRICA AND FIND THAT SPACESHIP! IF THERE WERE ANY UNEARTHLY CREATURES ABOARD-- AND IF THEY'RE STILL ALIVE, I CAN PUT THEM IN OUR CIRCUS! THEY'D SURE ATTRACT TWICE THE AMOUNT OF CUSTOMERS WE'RE GETTING NOW!

OH, PHIL, DON'T BE FOOLISH! THERE IS NO SPACESHIP IN THE JUNGLE! IT'S JUST THE SILLY BABBLING OF SOME SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES!

SURE! SURE! AND IF I SAID RED WAS RED, YOU'D SAY IT'S GREEN! I'M GOING... AND THAT'S THAT!

OKAY, MR. KNOW-IT-ALL, IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A FOOL OF YOURSELF, GO RIGHT AHEAD!

AND "GO AHEAD" IS JUST WHAT I DID!! THE VERY NEXT DAY...

IMAGINE MY CIRCUS... THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD TO FEATURE CREATURES FROM OUTER SPACE! WHAT A DRAW THEY'LL BE!



UPON MY ARRIVAL IN AFRICA, I BEGAN MAKING INQUIRIES!

THE NATIVES WHO REPORTED SEEING THE SPACESHIP WERE OF THE KAWA TRIBE!

THEY LIVE DEEP IN THE JUNGLE!



MANY HOT, DAMP, INSECT-BITTEN HOURS LATER, I REACHED THE KAWA VILLAGE!

WE SEE GREAT SHIP FALL FROM SKY! BUT WE NO TAKE YOU TO SHIP! SHIP HAVE EVIL SPIRIT!

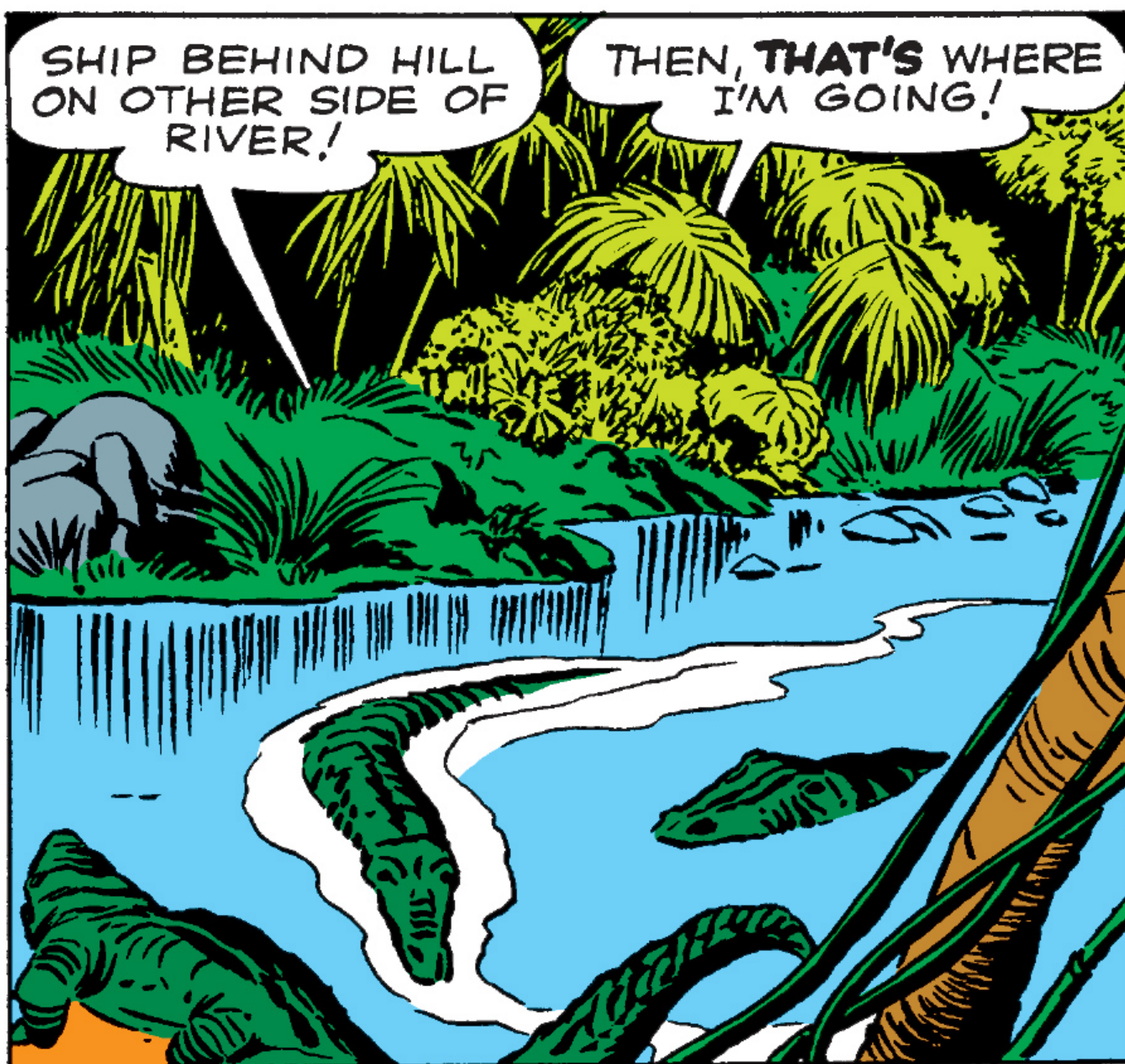
OKAY! OKAY! THEN JUST TELL ME WHERE IT IS, AND I'LL GO THERE MYSELF!

OUR PEOPLE NO GO TO SHIP-- IT TABOO!



SHIP BEHIND HILL ON OTHER SIDE OF RIVER!

THEN, THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING!

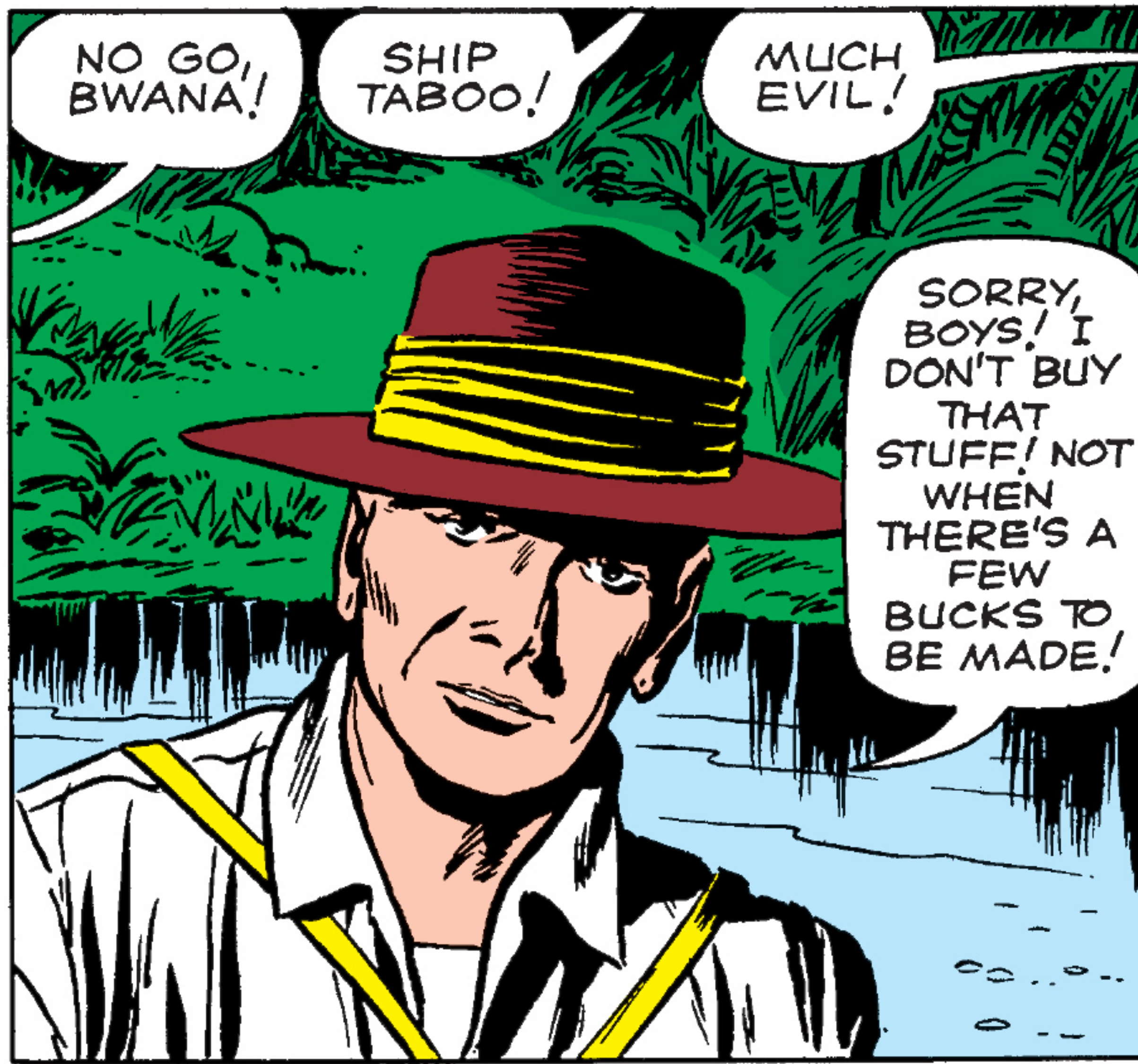


NO GO, BWANA!

SHIP TABOO!

MUCH EVIL!

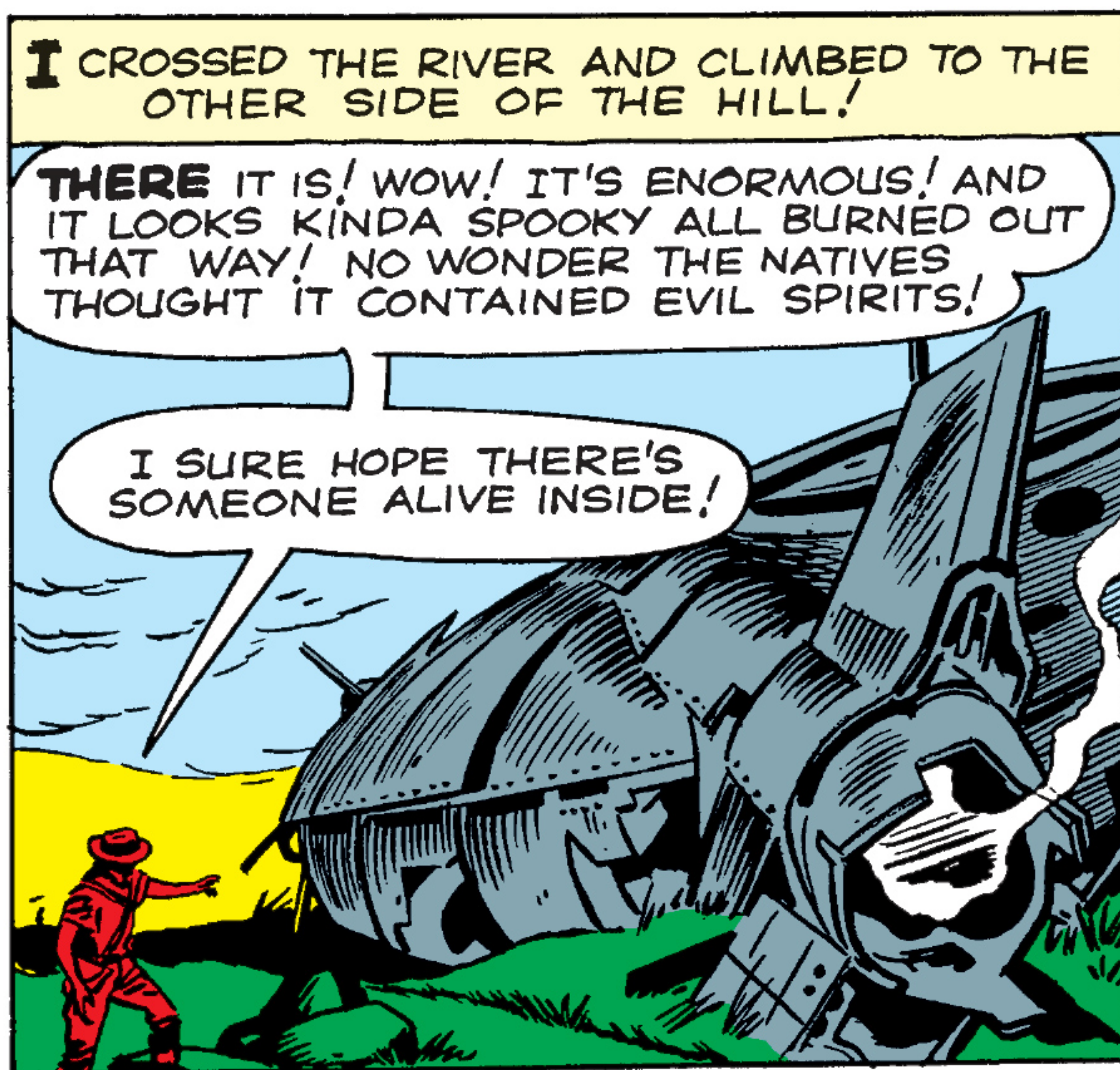
SORRY, BOYS! I DON'T BUY THAT STUFF! NOT WHEN THERE'S A FEW BUCKS TO BE MADE!



I CROSSED THE RIVER AND CLIMBED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL!

THERE IT IS! WOW! IT'S ENORMOUS! AND IT LOOKS KINDA SPOOKY ALL BURNED OUT THAT WAY! NO WONDER THE NATIVES THOUGHT IT CONTAINED EVIL SPIRITS!

I SURE HOPE THERE'S SOMEONE ALIVE INSIDE!



AND THEN I FOUND THE SHIP'S SOLE OCCUPANT! HE MUST HAVE BEEN THROWN FROM THE SHIP WHEN IT CRASHED!

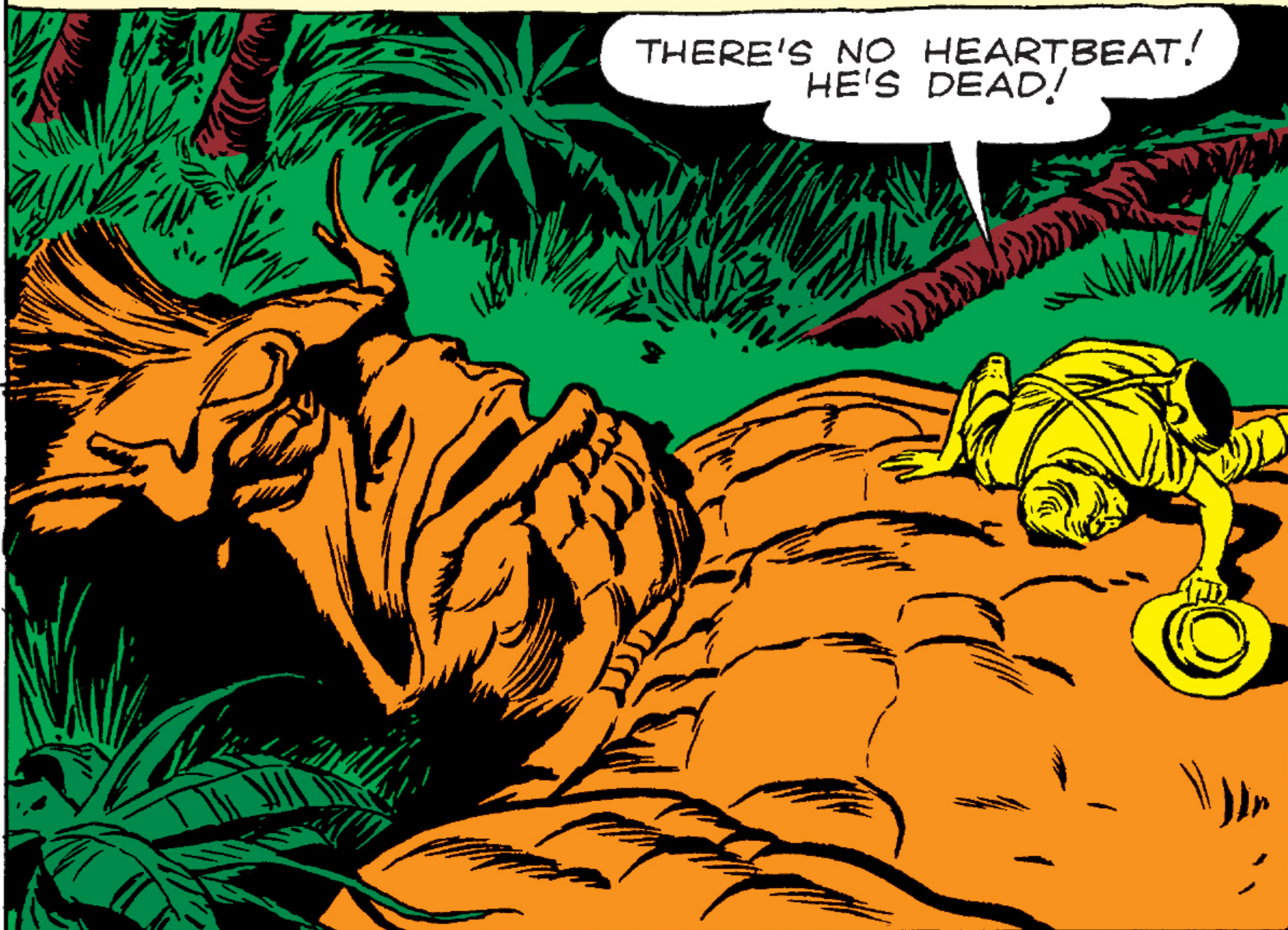
I-I'VE NEVER SEEN A CREATURE SO LARGE! HE MUST HAVE STOOD FORTY FEET TALL!



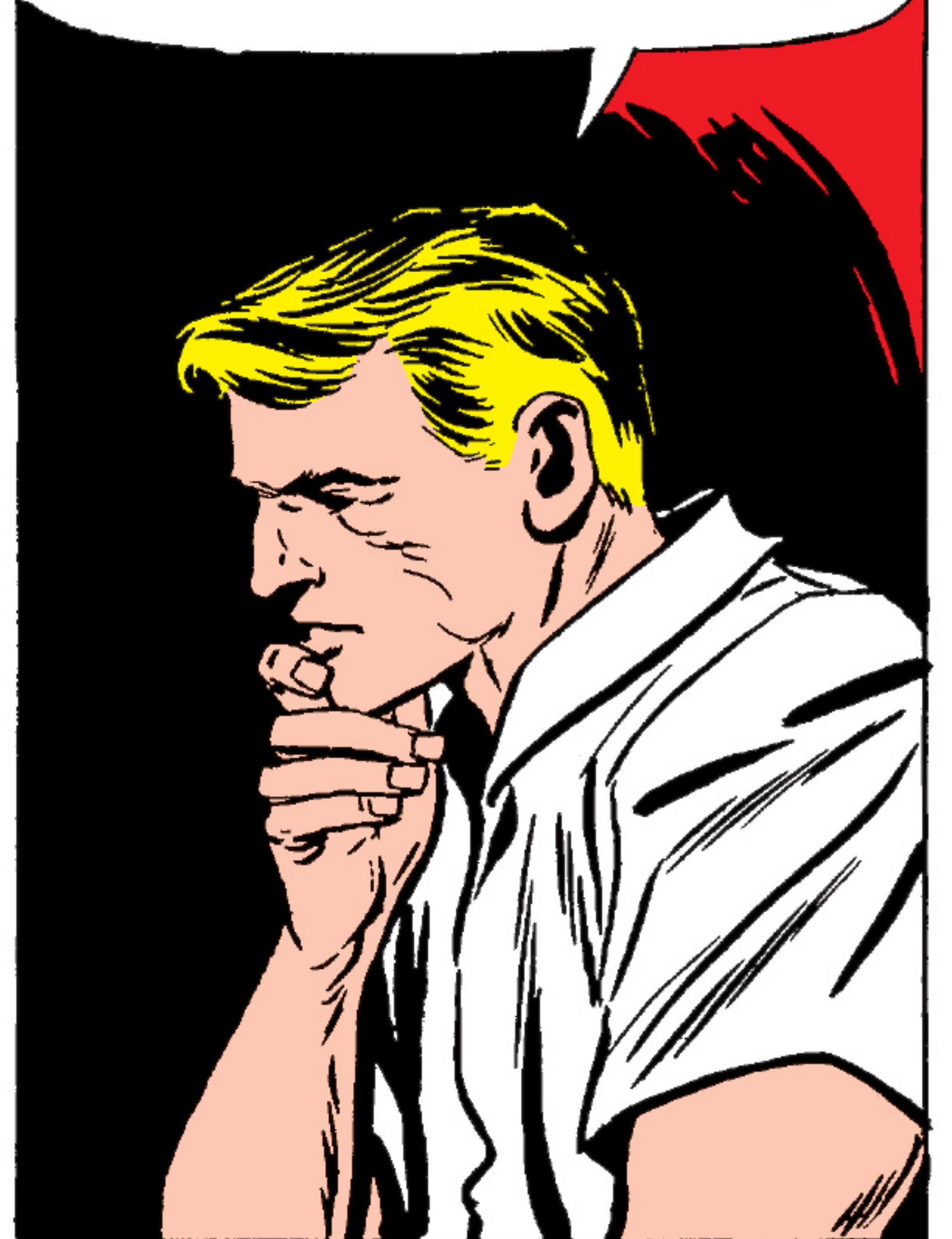


I CLIMBED ONTO THE COLOSSAL ALIEN'S CHEST, AND PUT MY EAR TO HIS HEART...

THERE'S NO HEARTBEAT!  
HE'S DEAD!

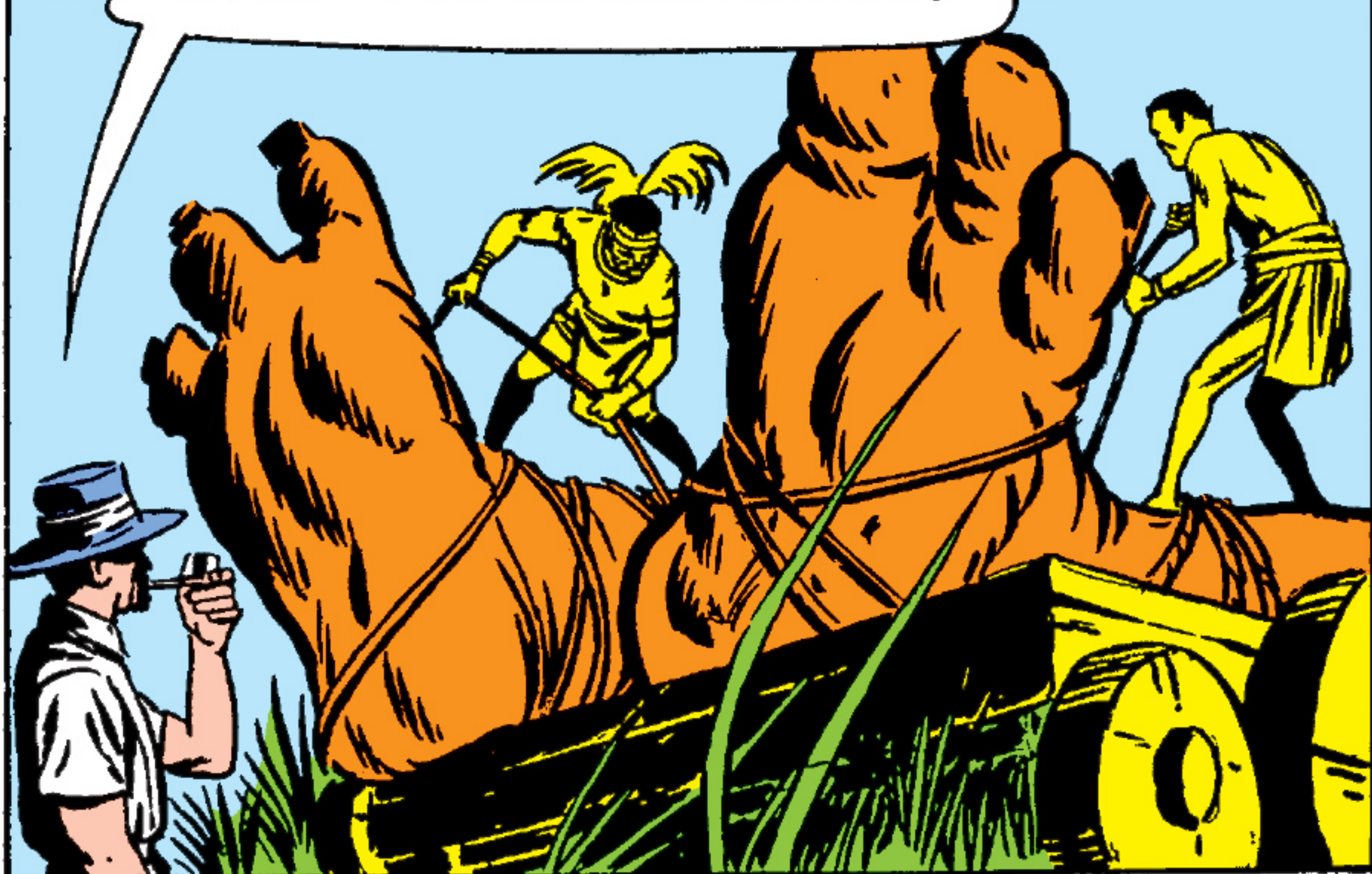


A DEAD GIANT ISN'T MUCH USE TO A CIRCUS, BUT I'LL BET A **MUSEUM** WOULD PAY **PLENTY** FOR HIM!



WHEN I RETURNED TO THE KAWA VILLAGE, I CONVINCED THE NATIVES THAT THE SPACE-SHIP WAS NOT INHABITED BY EVIL SPIRITS! THEN I HIRED THEM TO CARRY THE ALIEN GIANT TO THE NEAREST BIG CITY!

ANYTHING THAT BIG OUGHTTA HAVE A SPECIAL NAME! I'LL CALL HIM **MONSTEROSO**!



AS SOON AS I COULD, I HAD THE LIFE-LESS LEVIATHAN'S BODY LOADED ABOARD A STATES-BOUND FREIGHTER!

**CAREFUL--** IF THE GIANT FALLS, HE'LL CRASH RIGHT THROUGH THE PIER!!



THREE WEEKS LATER, MONSTEROSO WAS ON EXHIBIT IN NEW YORK'S MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY!

H-HE'S **FANTASTIC!** SO **HUGE**, AND **FRIGHTENING-LOOKING!**

HE MUST HAVE BEEN A **TERROR** WHEN HE WAS ALIVE!

WELL, AT LEAST THE MUSEUM PAID ENOUGH FOR MONSTEROSO TO COVER THE EXPENSE OF YOUR TRIP AND GIVE US A NICE PROFIT!

SURE! EVERYTHING TURNED OUT OKAY AFTER ALL!



AND THEN SUDDENLY, IT HAPPENED!

HEY! DID YOU SEE **THAT??!**

NO!-- IT CAN'T BE! THE MUSEUM **COULDN'T** HAVE MADE SUCH A MISTAKE!!

IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** **IMPOSSIBLE!!**





BUT IT **WASN'T** IMPOSSIBLE! IT WAS **TRUE!!**  
UNBELIEVABLY, BREATH-TAKINGLY TRUE!

THE MONSTER  
IS **MOVING!** HE'S  
**RISING!**

MONSTEROSO IS  
...**ALIVE!!!**



**RUN!**

**HELP!!**

LET ME  
**OUT OF**  
HERE!

DRAWING HIMSELF TO HIS FULL HEIGHT, THE  
TITANIC MONSTEROSO STRETCHED HIS  
ARMS AND SHATTERED THE WALLS!



**YOU--** THIS IS ALL  
YOUR FAULT!! IF  
ONLY YOU HAD **LEFT**  
MONSTEROSO IN  
THE JUNGLE--

BUT I DIDN'T KNOW--  
I THOUGHT HE WAS  
DEAD! THERE WAS  
NO HEARTBEAT, NO  
PULSE! HOW COULD  
I GUESS HE WAS ONLY  
**UNCONSCIOUS**, THAT  
IN TIME HE'D COME  
**TO AGAIN??!!**

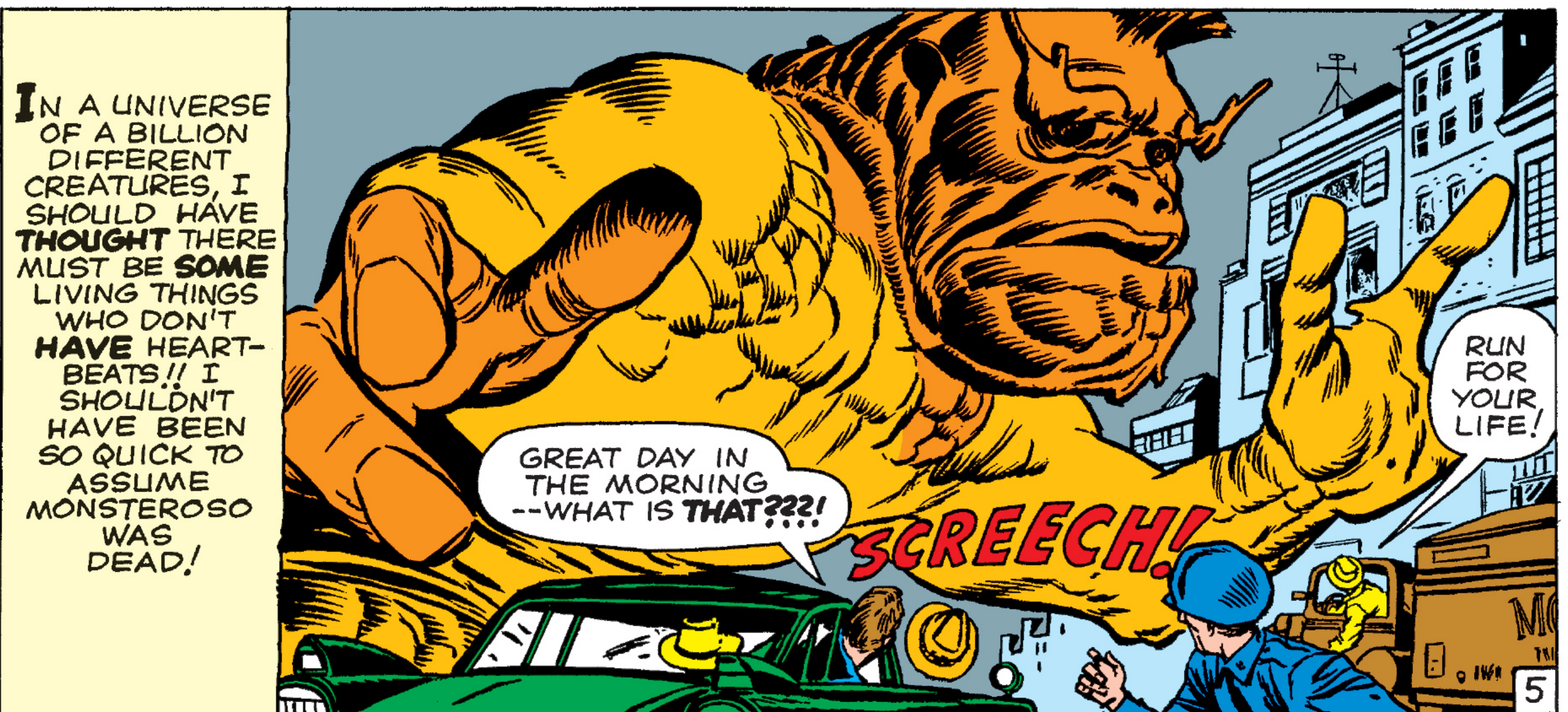


**I**N A UNIVERSE  
OF A BILLION  
DIFFERENT  
CREATURES, I  
SHOULD HAVE  
**THOUGHT** THERE  
MUST BE **SOME**  
LIVING THINGS  
WHO DON'T  
**HAVE** HEART-  
BEATS!! I  
SHOULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN  
SO QUICK TO  
ASSUME  
MONSTEROSO  
WAS  
DEAD!

GREAT DAY IN  
THE MORNING  
--WHAT IS **THAT???**

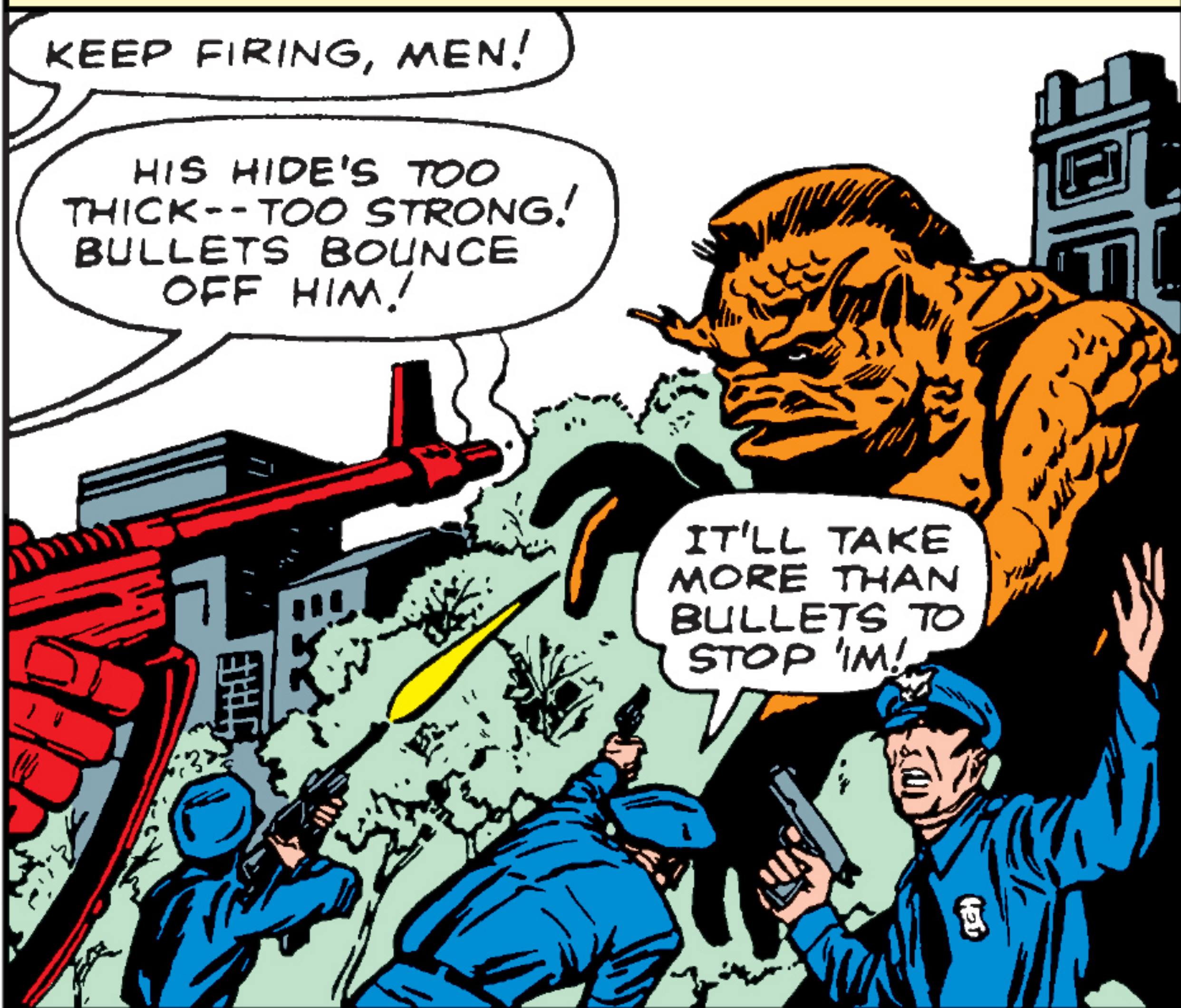
**SCREECH!**

**RUN**  
FOR  
YOUR  
LIFE!

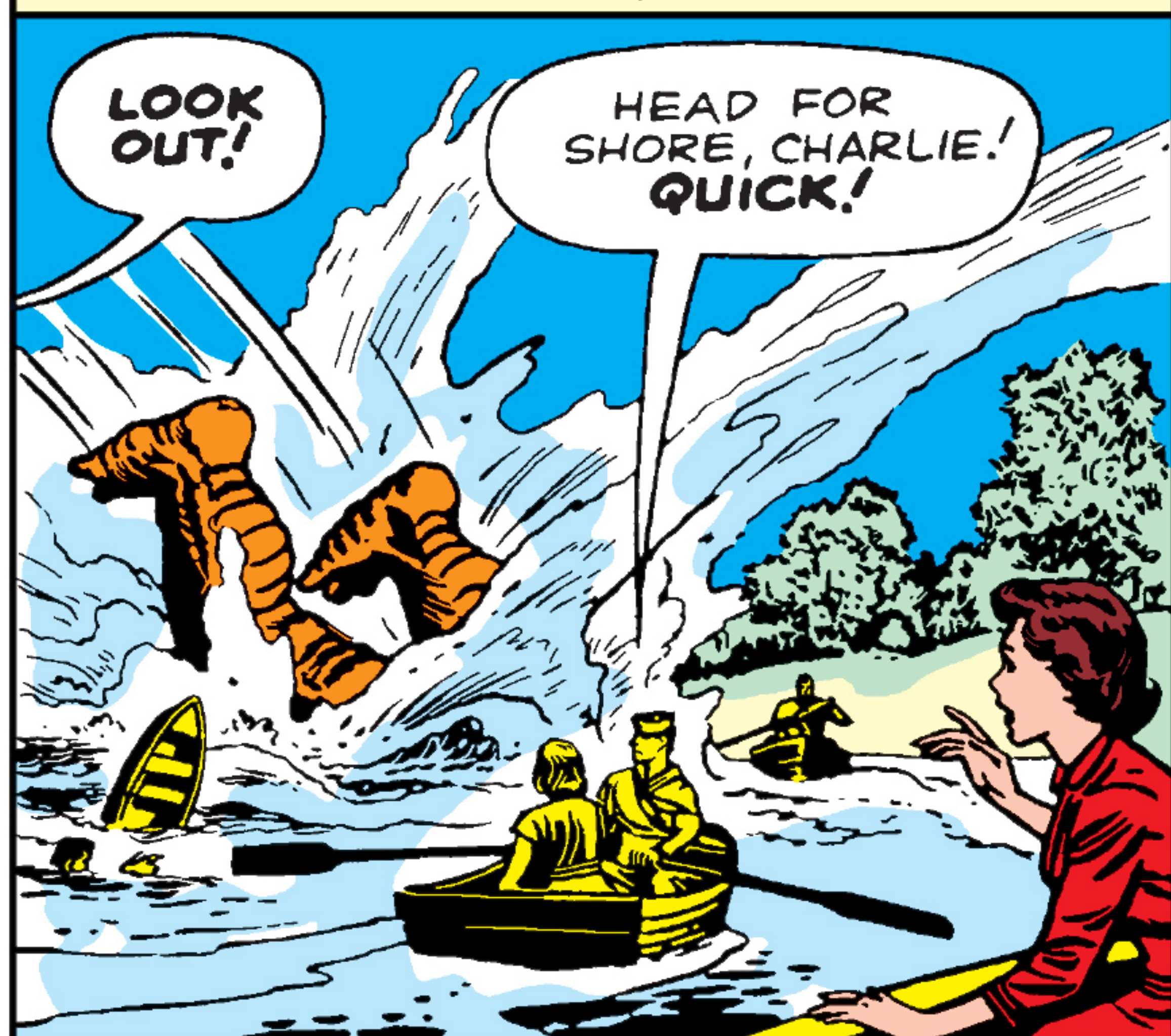




STEPPING ACROSS THE AVENUE, THE NIGHT-MARISH MONSTER LUMBERED INTO CENTRAL PARK... AND THERE HE MET HIS FIRST OPPOSITION!



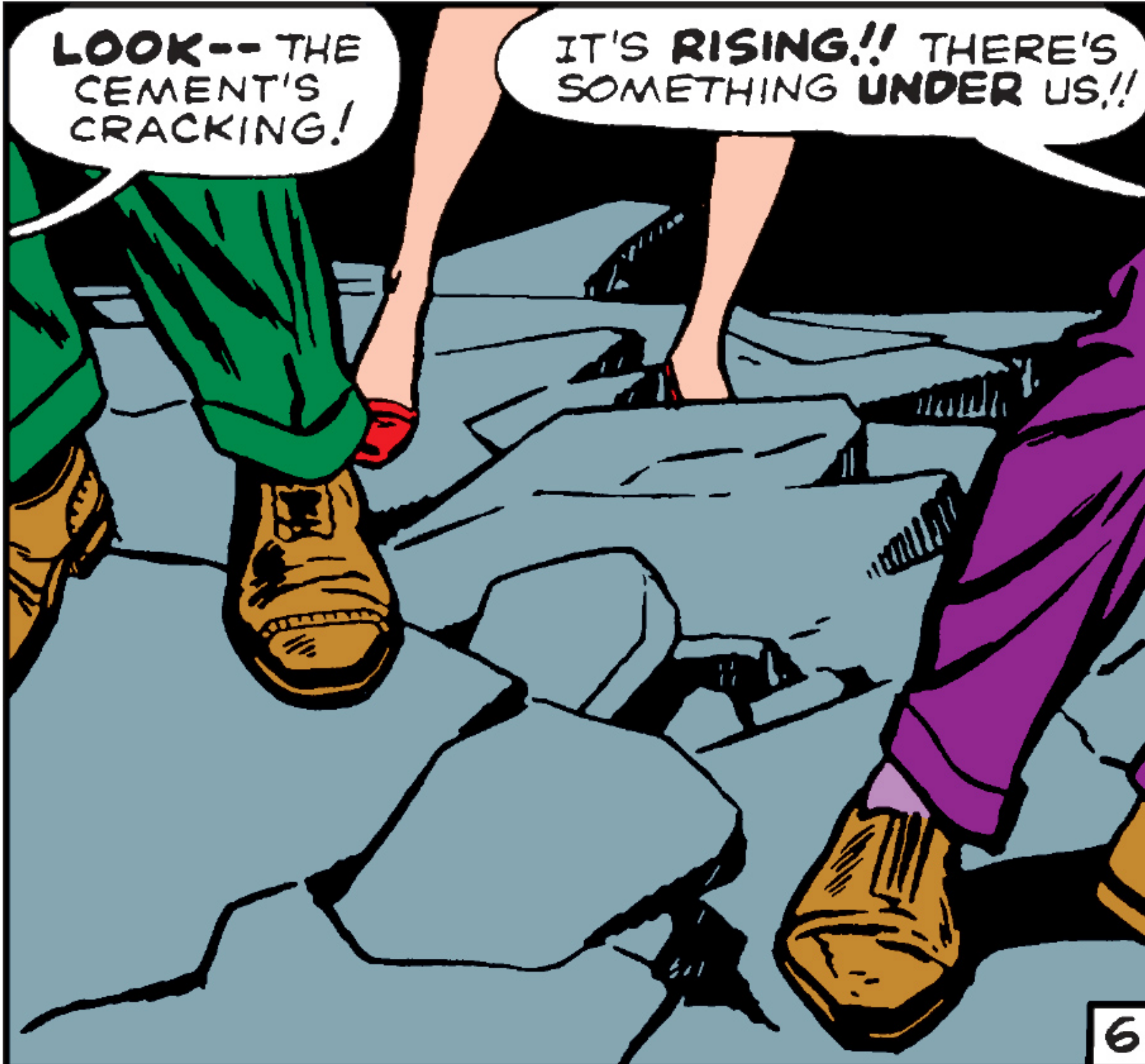
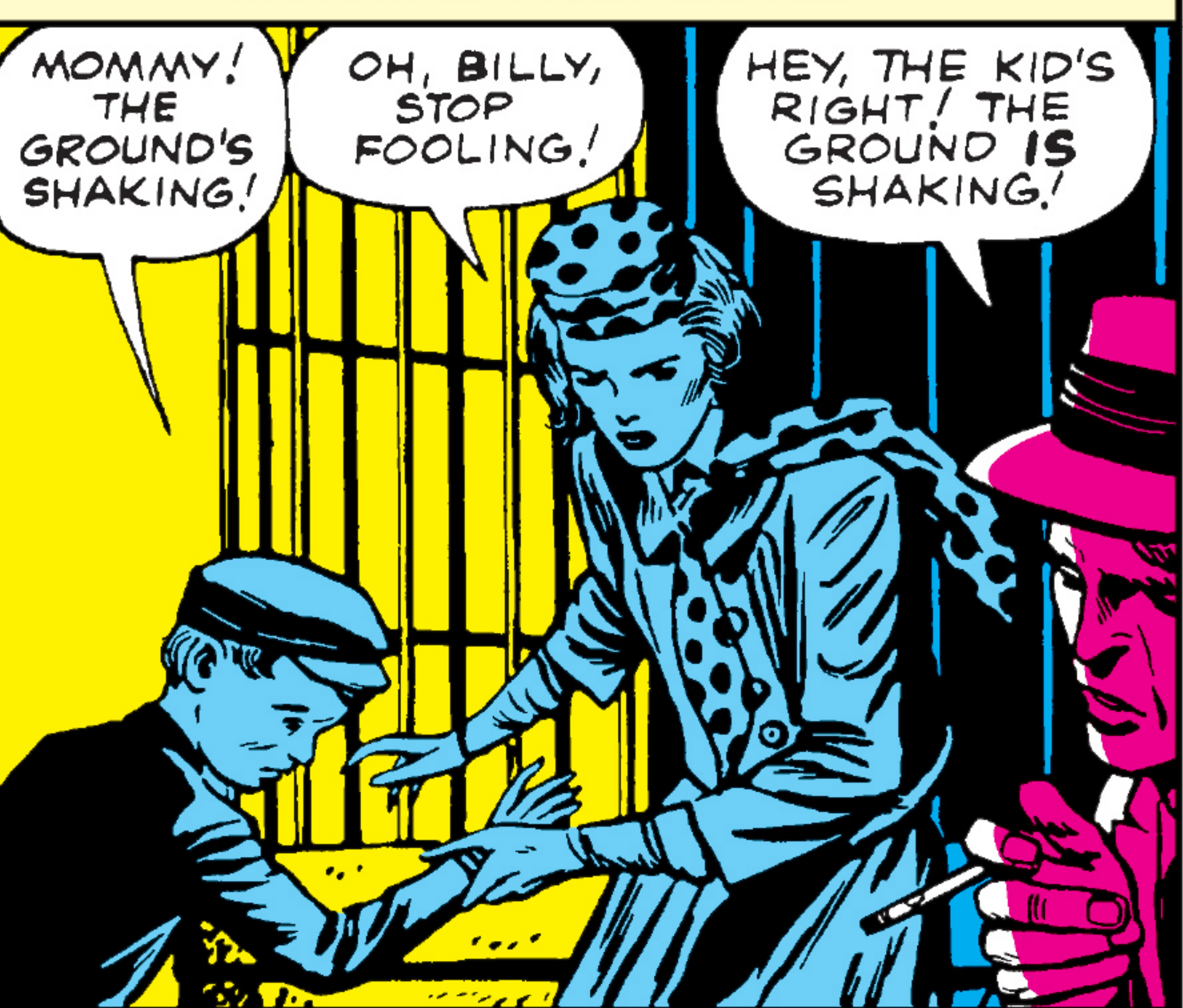
THE SHELLS COULDN'T HALT MONSTEROSO, BUT THEY DID STING HIM! SO, TO END THE INSECT-LIKE BITES, THE TOWERING TITAN LUNGED INTO THE CENTRAL PARK LAKE!



BENEATH THE SURFACE, MONSTEROSO STARTED TO BORE HIS WAY UNDERGROUND!



BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER IN THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO...





# MONSTEROSO

PART  
2





AS MONSTEROSO BURST OUT OF THE GROUND, ETHEL AND I CAME RUNNING ONTO THE SCENE!

OH, PHIL, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?? THE CREATURE'S AN **EVIL, MENACING** THING THAT MUST BE STOPPED!

MAYBE MONSTEROSO'S **NOT** EVIL! MAYBE HE'S FRIGHTENED **HIMSELF**, AND JUST ACTING IN PANIC! OR MAYBE HE DOESN'T **REALIZE** THAT THE PROPERTY HE'S DESTROYING IS VALUABLE!

LOOK-- HE'S TRYING TO GRAB THE ANIMALS!

HE'S SEIZED THEM! HE'S GOING TO **KILL** THEM!

NO! HE'S JUST **EXAMINING** THEM!

SEE? HE PUT THEM BACK DOWN! HE DIDN'T WANT TO HARM THEM... HE WAS JUST **CURIOUS** ABOUT THEM!

ALRIGHT, SO **THIS** TIME HE WAS JUST **CURIOUS**! BUT NEXT TIME HE MAY NOT BE! **NEXT** TIME HE MAY **DESTROY** THE THING HE TOUCHES!

I DIDN'T SHARE ETHEL'S FEAR OF MONSTEROSO, BUT OTHERS DID... AND THEY ACTED ACCORDINGLY!

BULLETS COULDN'T STOP HIM, BUT MAYBE TEAR GAS **WILL**!

ARGG... COUGH... COUGH... COUGH... UGG...

THE GAS IS AFFECTING HIM! HE CAN HARDLY BREATHE!

FIRE MORE GRENADES! DON'T LET UP!

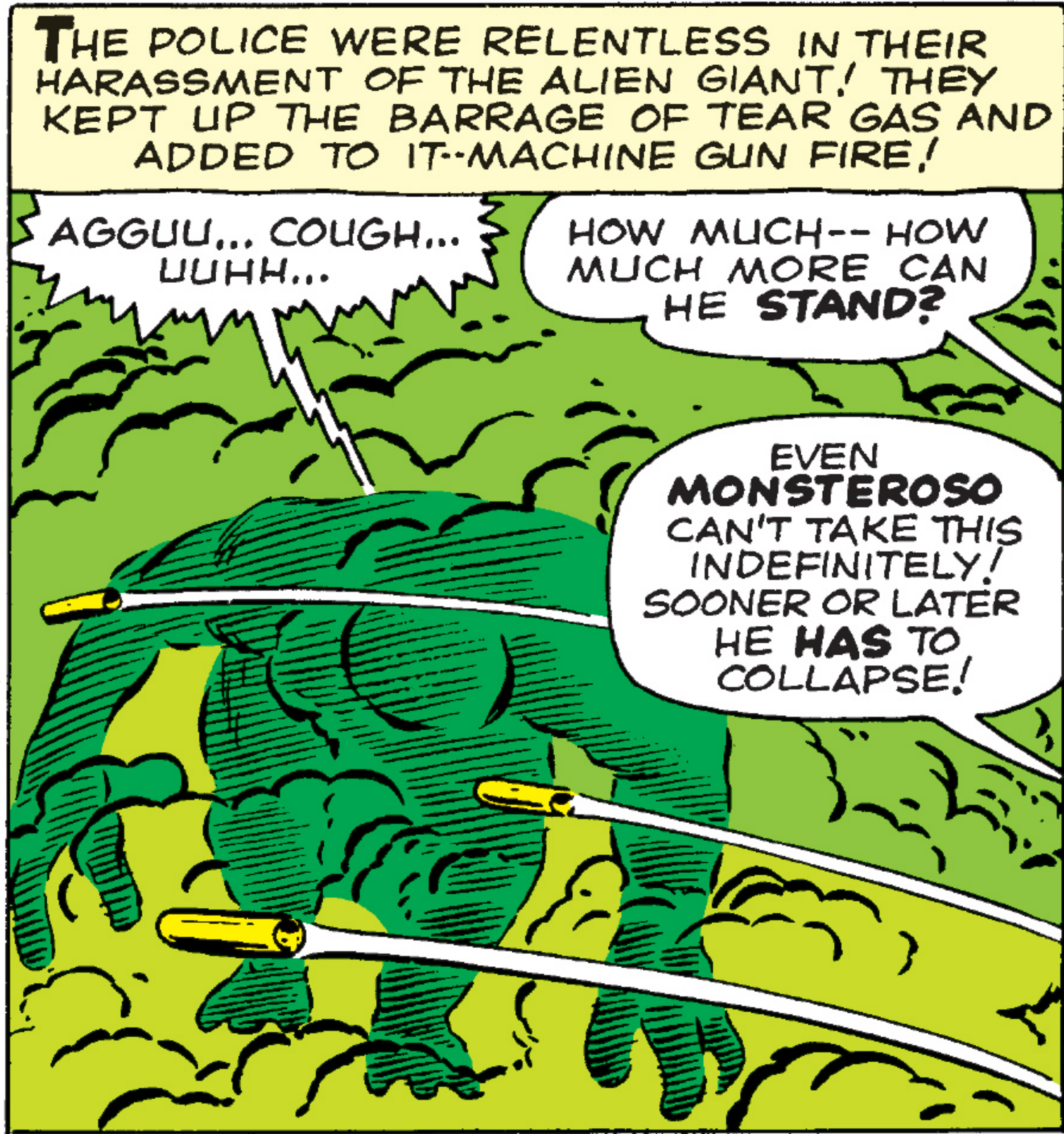




CHOKING AND ALMOST BLINDED FROM THE TEAR GAS, MONSTROSO STAGGERED ACROSS TOWN...

IT'S MONSTROSO! HE'S EVEN MORE TERRIFYING THAN THEY SAID HE WAS!

LOOK! EVEN THE GAS ISN'T STOPPING HIM!



THE POLICE WERE RELENTLESS IN THEIR HARASSMENT OF THE ALIEN GIANT! THEY KEPT UP THE BARRAGE OF TEAR GAS AND ADDED TO IT-MACHINE GUN FIRE!

AGGUU... COUGH... UHHH...

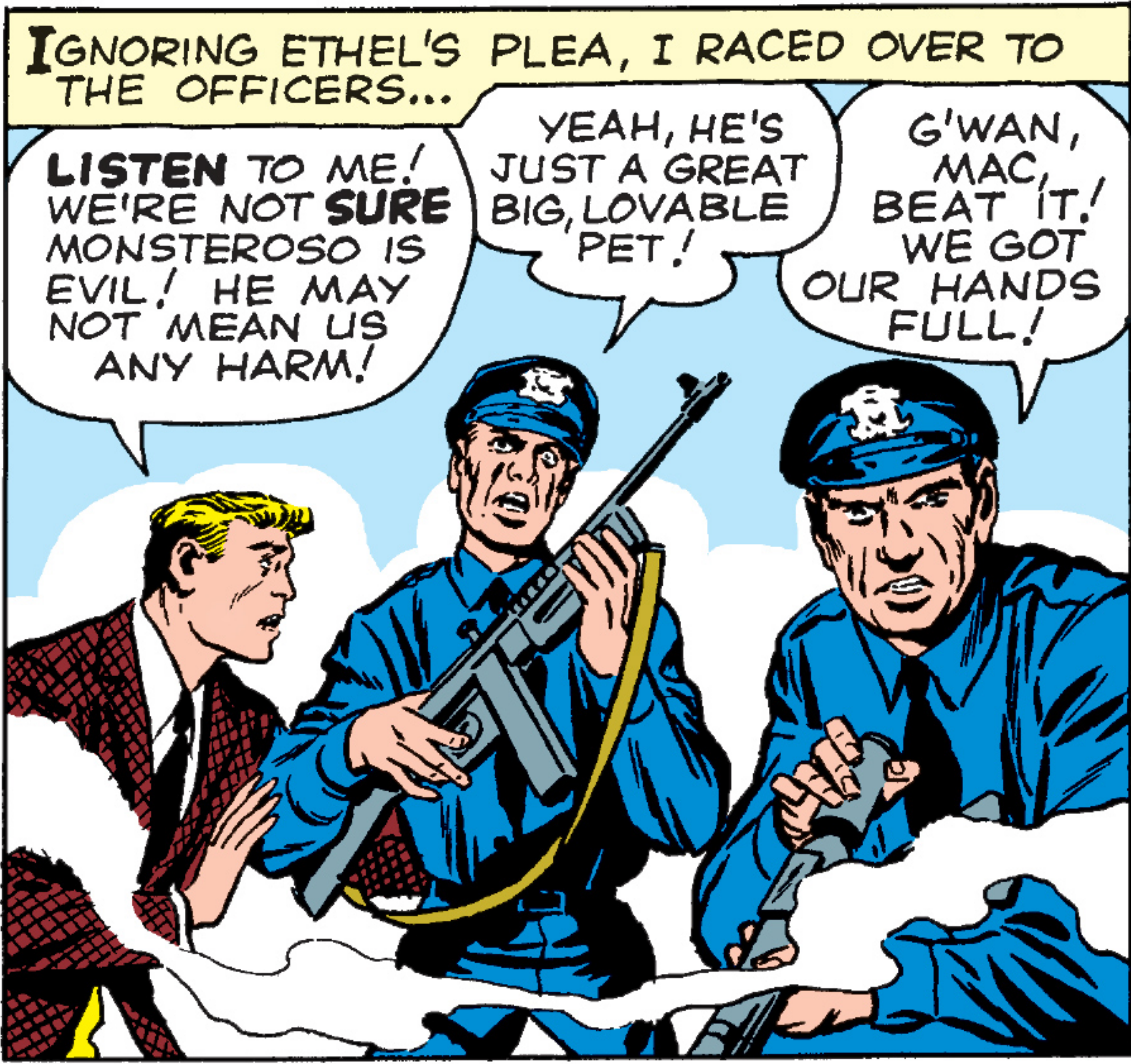
HOW MUCH-- HOW MUCH MORE CAN HE STAND?

EVEN MONSTROSO CAN'T TAKE THIS INDEFINITELY! SOONER OR LATER HE HAS TO COLLAPSE!



THE POLICE ARE TRYING TO DESTROY THE POOR, DUMB BRUTE, AND IT'S WRONG! I'VE GOT TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND!

PHIL! DON'T BE A FOOL! THE POLICE KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING! THE MONSTER'S A DANGEROUS MENACE! HE MUST BE STOPPED!



IGNORING ETHEL'S PLEA, I RACED OVER TO THE OFFICERS...

LISTEN TO ME! WE'RE NOT SURE MONSTROSO IS EVIL! HE MAY NOT MEAN US ANY HARM!

YEAH, HE'S JUST A GREAT BIG, LOVABLE PET!

G'WAN, MAC, BEAT IT! WE GOT OUR HANDS FULL!



BUT IT'S WRONG TO JUDGE HIM SO QUICKLY! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE IS... WHERE HE'S FROM...

LOOK, PAL, SCRAM! WE GOT NO TIME TO ARGUE!



IT'S NO USE! THEY WON'T LISTEN TO REASON!

WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED, NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD YOUR SAY! THANK HEAVEN THE POLICE WERE SMART ENOUGH TO IGNORE YOU!



AND SO, THE GRIM PURSUIT OF THE MONSTROUS ALIEN CREATURE CONTINUED UNTIL...



MONSTEROSO'S HEADING TOWARD THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING!



HE'S GRABBING AT THE BUILDING! WHAT'S HE GONNA DO?

CAN'T TELL YET!

KEEP FIRING AT HIM, MEN!



LOOK-- HE'S CLIMBING UP THE U.N.!!

HE WANTS TO GET ABOVE THE TEAR GAS...BEYOND THE RANGE OF OUR GUNS!

FURTHER AND FURTHER UP THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL STRUCTURE CLIMBED THE MIGHTY MONSTEROSO...

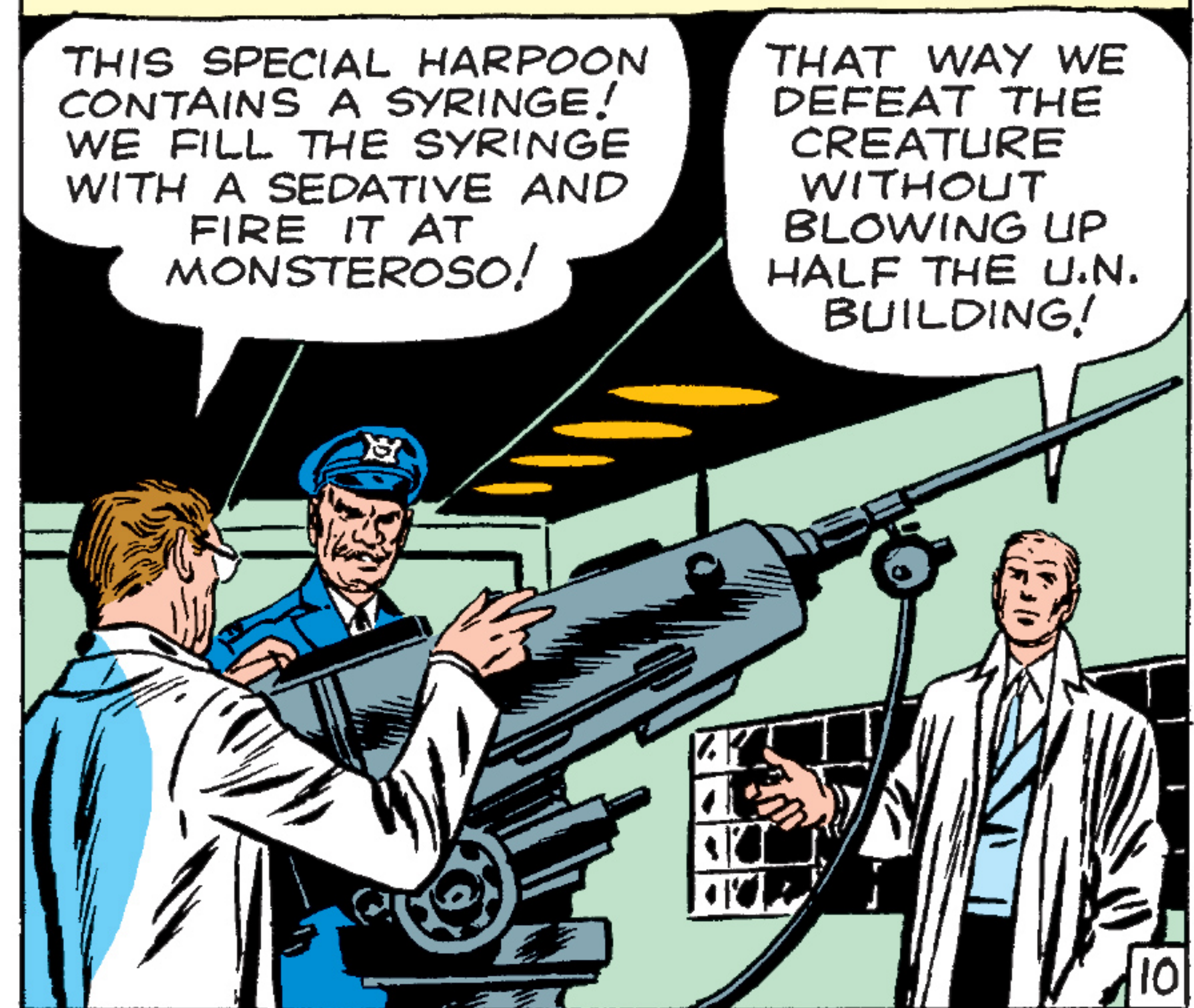


THE MONSTER'S SO HUGE AND HEAVY, HE'S LIABLE TO SMASH THE BUILDING!

AND IF WE TRY TO DESTROY MONSTEROSO NOW, **WE'RE** LIABLE TO WRECK THE BUILDING!

WE MUST DEFEAT HIM SOMEWAY! BUT **HOW??**

AT LENGTH, THE ANSWER WAS FOUND IN A LABORATORY ON A NEARBY ARMY BASE!



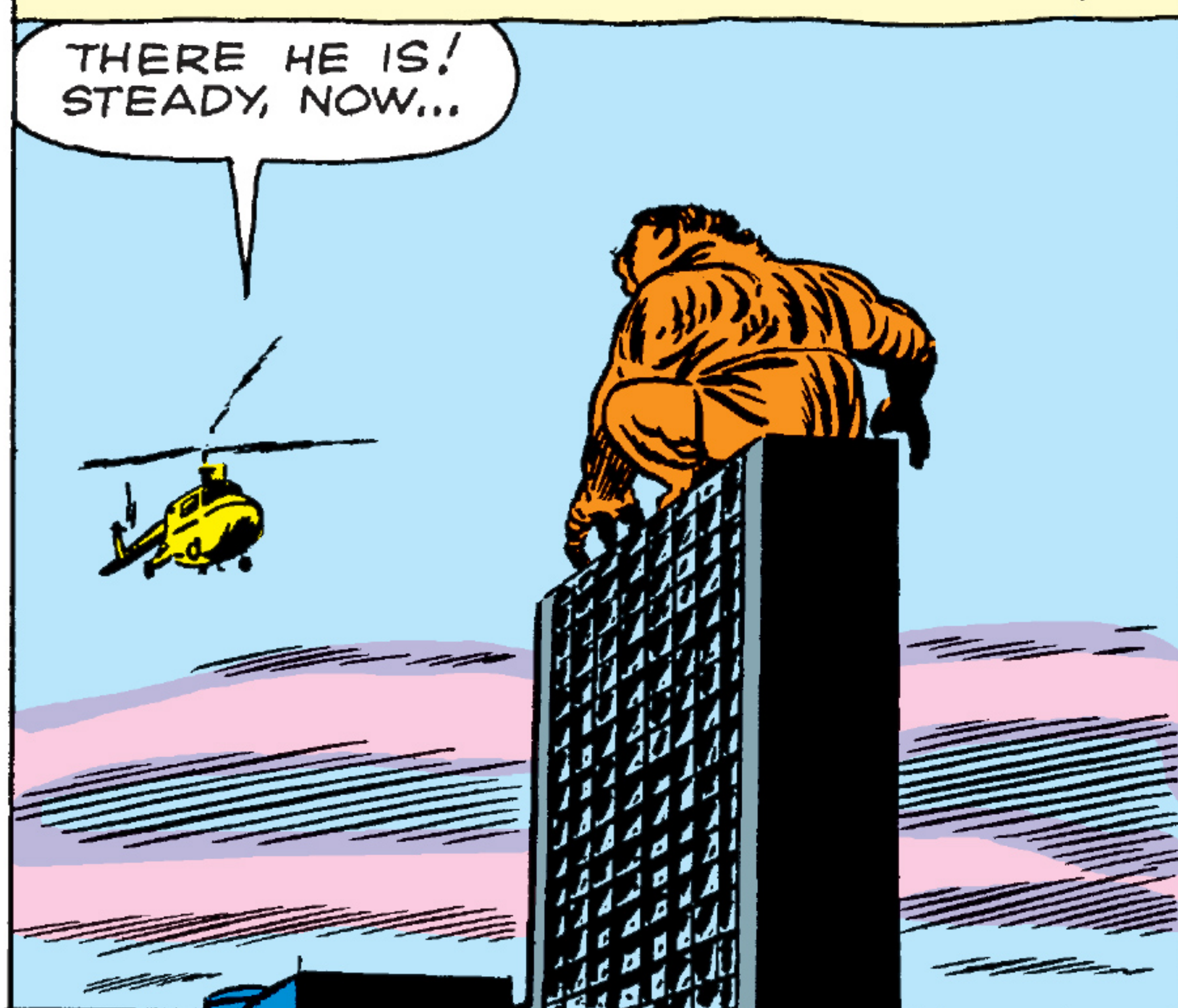
THIS SPECIAL HARPOON CONTAINS A SYRINGE! WE FILL THE SYRINGE WITH A SEDATIVE AND FIRE IT AT MONSTEROSO!

THAT WAY WE DEFEAT THE CREATURE WITHOUT BLOWING UP HALF THE U.N. BUILDING!



AN HOUR LATER, MONSTEROSO WAS SITTING ATOP THE TOWERING STRUCTURE! HE WAS BREATHING FRESH AIR AND THERE WERE NO MORE BULLETS STINGING HIM...BUT HIS TROUBLES WERE NOT OVER YET!

THERE HE IS!  
STEADY, NOW...



MONSTEROSO WATCHED THE HELICOPTER APPROACH! AS IT CAME NEAR HIM, HE REACHED OUT TOWARD THE STRANGE FLYING OBJECT!

HURRY! BEFORE HE GRABS US--FIRE THE HARPOON!

NOW!!



THE SHAFT STUCK THE GIANT CREATURE WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO PENETRATE HIS HIDE!

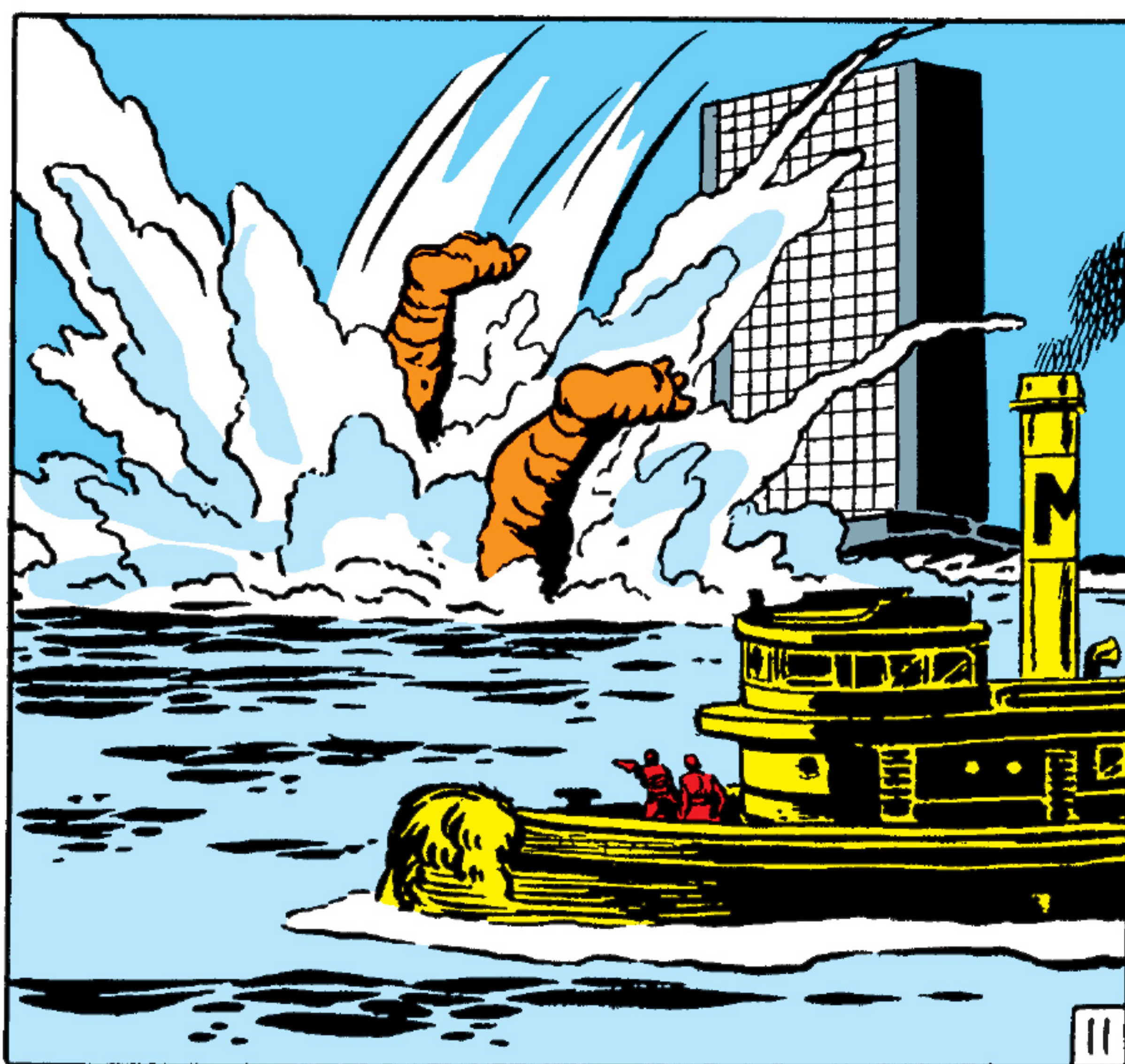
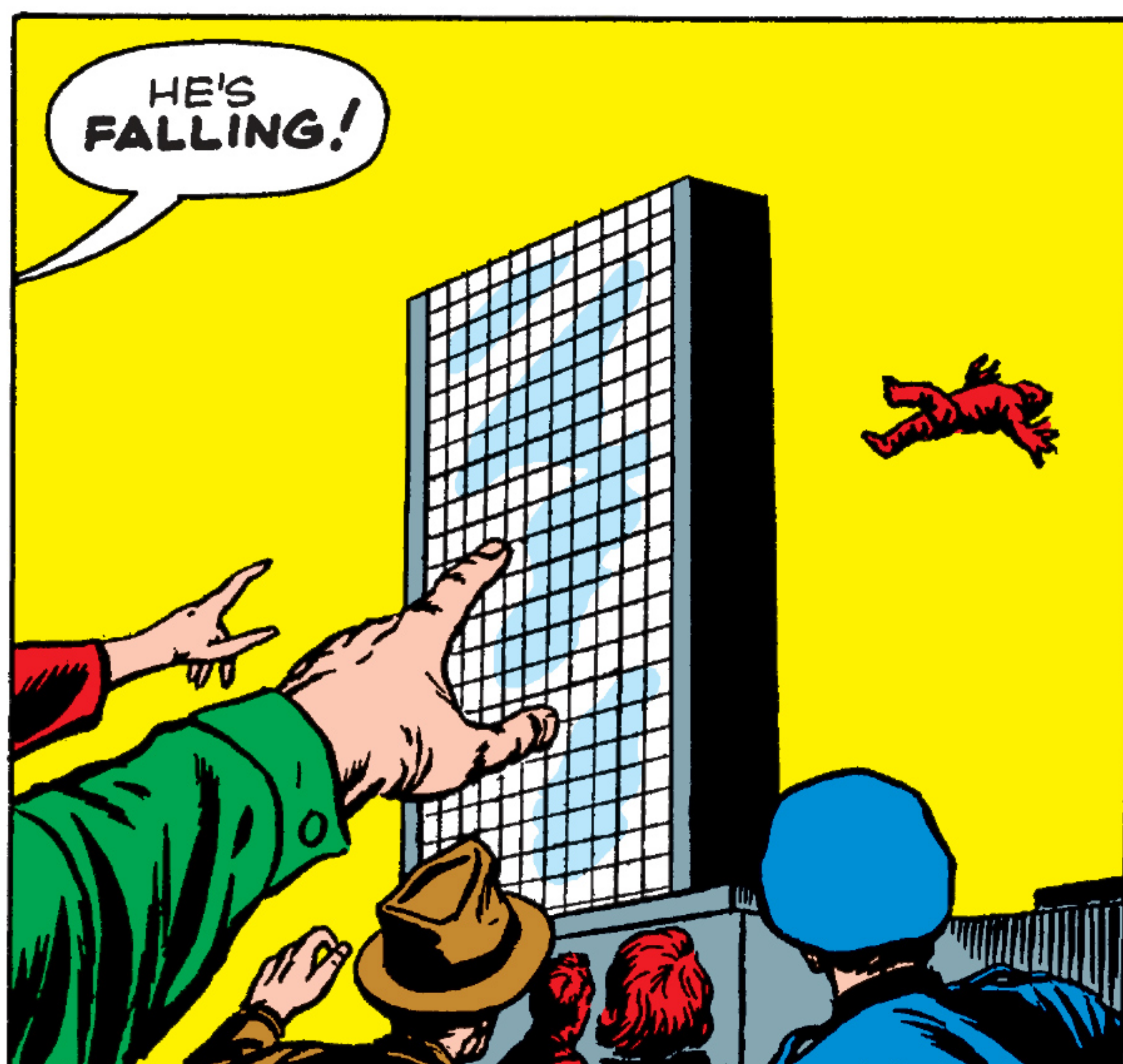
YOU GOT HIM!



WITHIN SECONDS, THE SEDATIVE FLUID FROM THE SYRINGE ENTERED THE BLOOD STREAM OF THE FANTASTIC MONSTER, CAUSING HIM TO GROW SLEEPY... TOO SLEEPY TO MAINTAIN HIS BALANCE...



HE'S FALLING!





UNINJURED, BUT TOO SLEEPY TO MOVE, THE HUGE FORM OF MONSTEROSO LAY SILENTLY IN THE EAST RIVER!

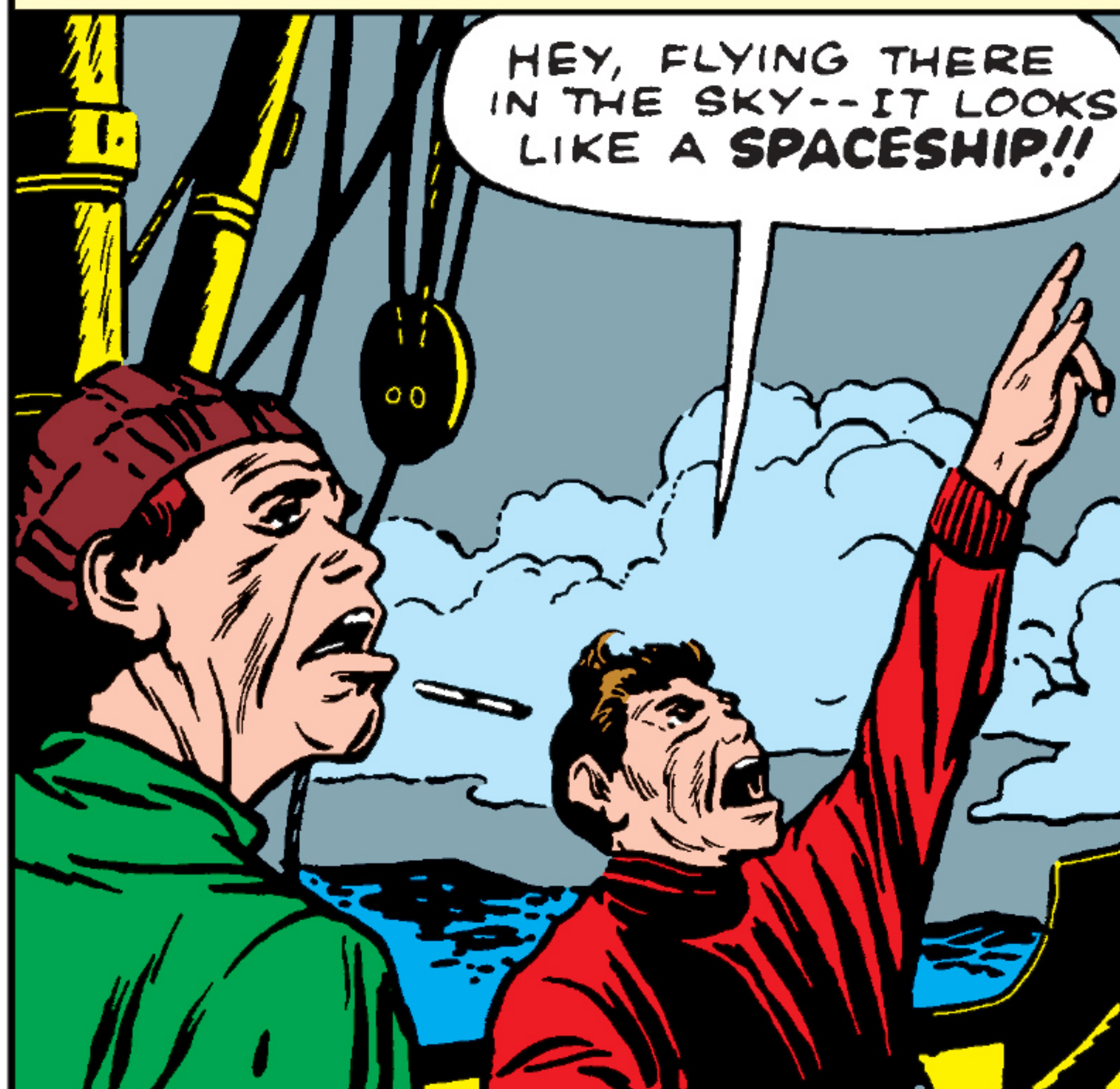
WE DID IT! WE DEFEATED MONSTEROSO!

IF OUR MILITARY COULD LICK A GIANT LIKE HIM, THEY COULD LICK ANY ENEMY, NO MATTER HOW POWERFUL HE IS!



BUT AT THE VERY MOMENT THE HUMANS WERE CONGRATULATING THEMSELVES ON THEIR VICTORY, OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN AN IRONIC TWIST OF FATE WAS ABOUT TO OCCUR...

HEY, FLYING THERE IN THE SKY-- IT LOOKS LIKE A SPACESHIP!!

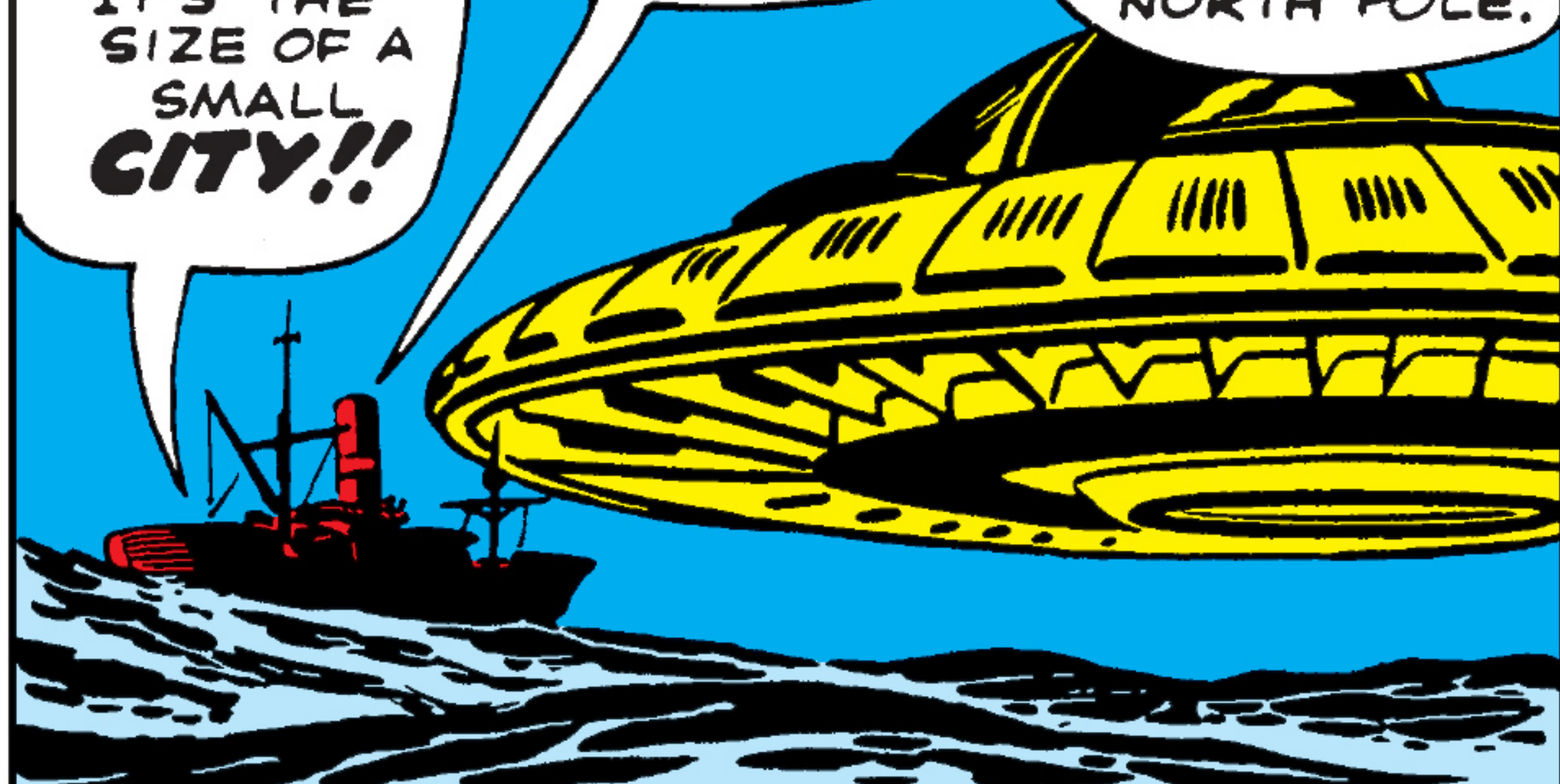


AT FIRST THE SIZE OF THE SPACESHIP COULDN'T BE DETERMINED, BUT AS IT CAME CLOSER, AS IT DESCENDED TOWARD EARTH, THE SAILORS SAW IT WAS OF A SIZE BEYOND BELIEF!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WE MUST BE DREAMING! IT'S THE SIZE OF A SMALL CITY!!

THE SPACESHIP'S COMING DOWN! IT'S GOING TO LAND IN THE OCEAN!

IF IT HITS HARD, IT'LL CAUSE A TIDAL WAVE FROM HERE TO THE NORTH POLE!

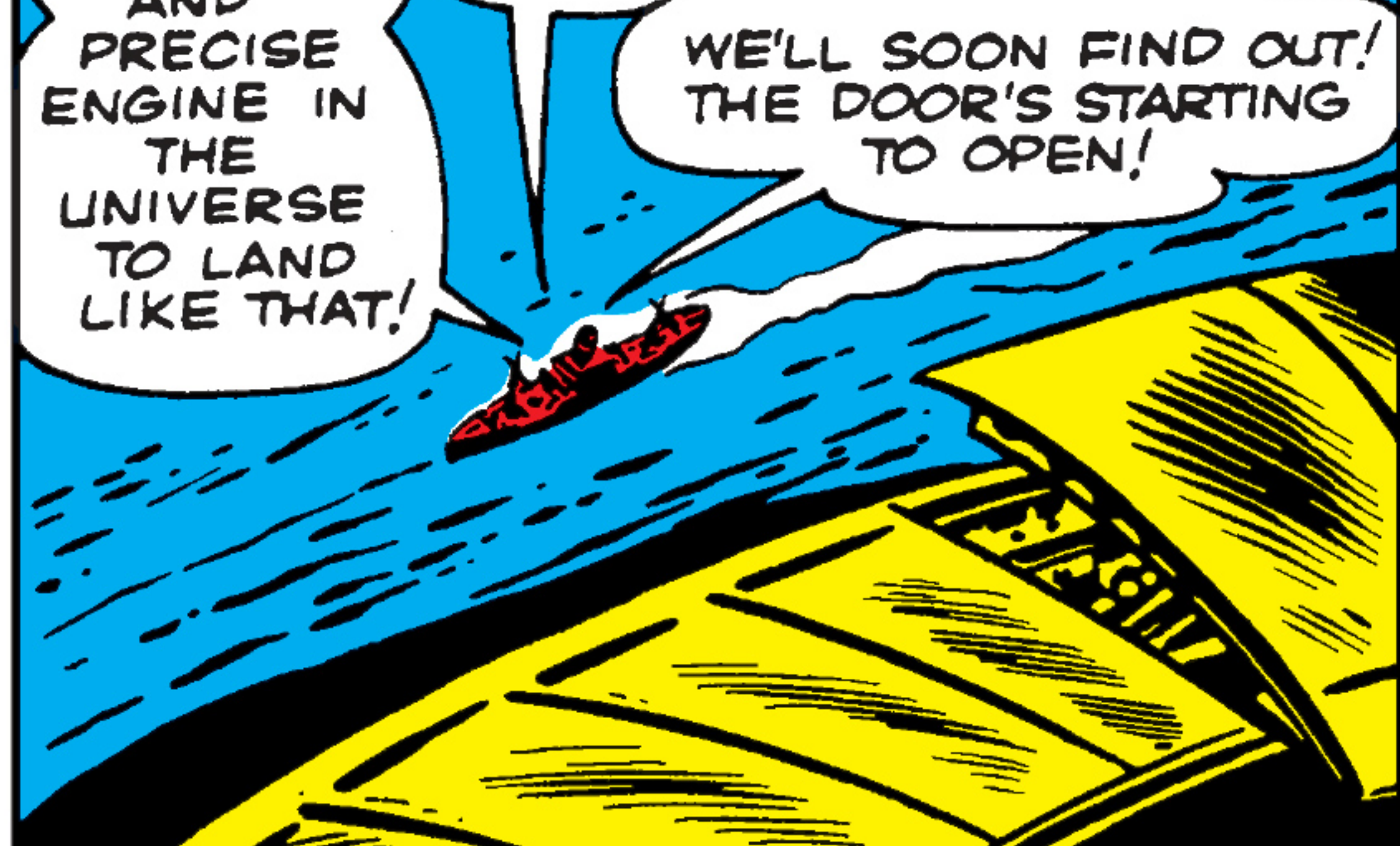


BUT IMMENSE AS IT WAS, THE GREAT ALIEN SHIP LANDED SOFTLY, HARDLY STIRRING THE SEA BENEATH ITS FANTASTICALLY HUGE HULK!

IT MUST HAVE THE MOST POWERFUL AND PRECISE ENGINE IN THE UNIVERSE TO LAND LIKE THAT!

NEVER MIND THE ENGINE! WHO-- OR WHAT-- ARE THE CREATURES PILOTING THE SHIP!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! THE DOOR'S STARTING TO OPEN!



BY THE BEARD OF DAVY JONES-- THEY'RE THE SIZE OF MOUNTAINS!

THEY'RE SO BIG, THEY DON'T EVEN NOTICE US!

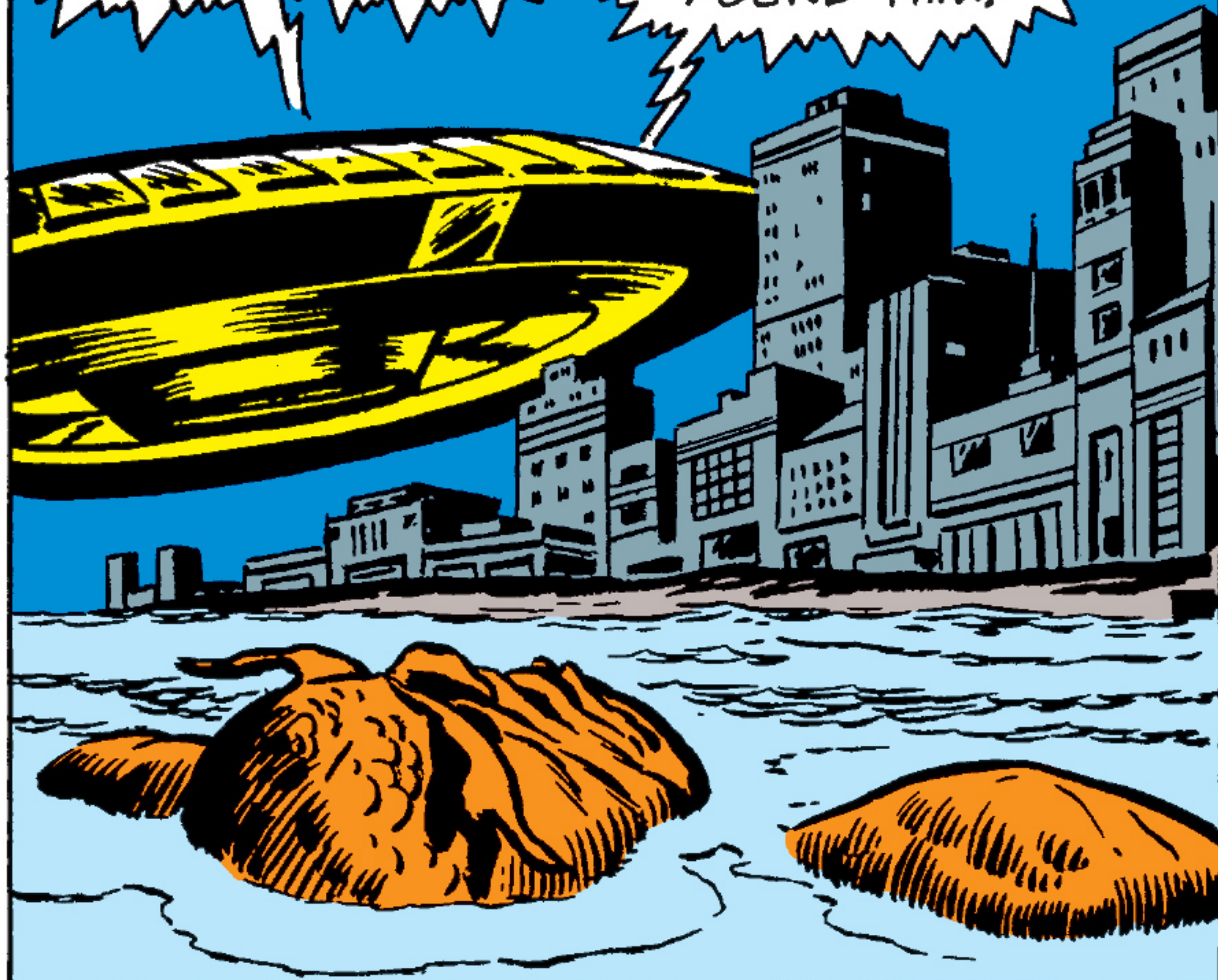
TO THEM, WE MUST BE NO MORE THAN INSECTS!



AFTER A MOMENT'S PAUSE TO GET THEIR BEARINGS, THE TWO TITANIC CREATURES HEADED WEST UNTIL THEY SIGHTED MONSTEROSO!

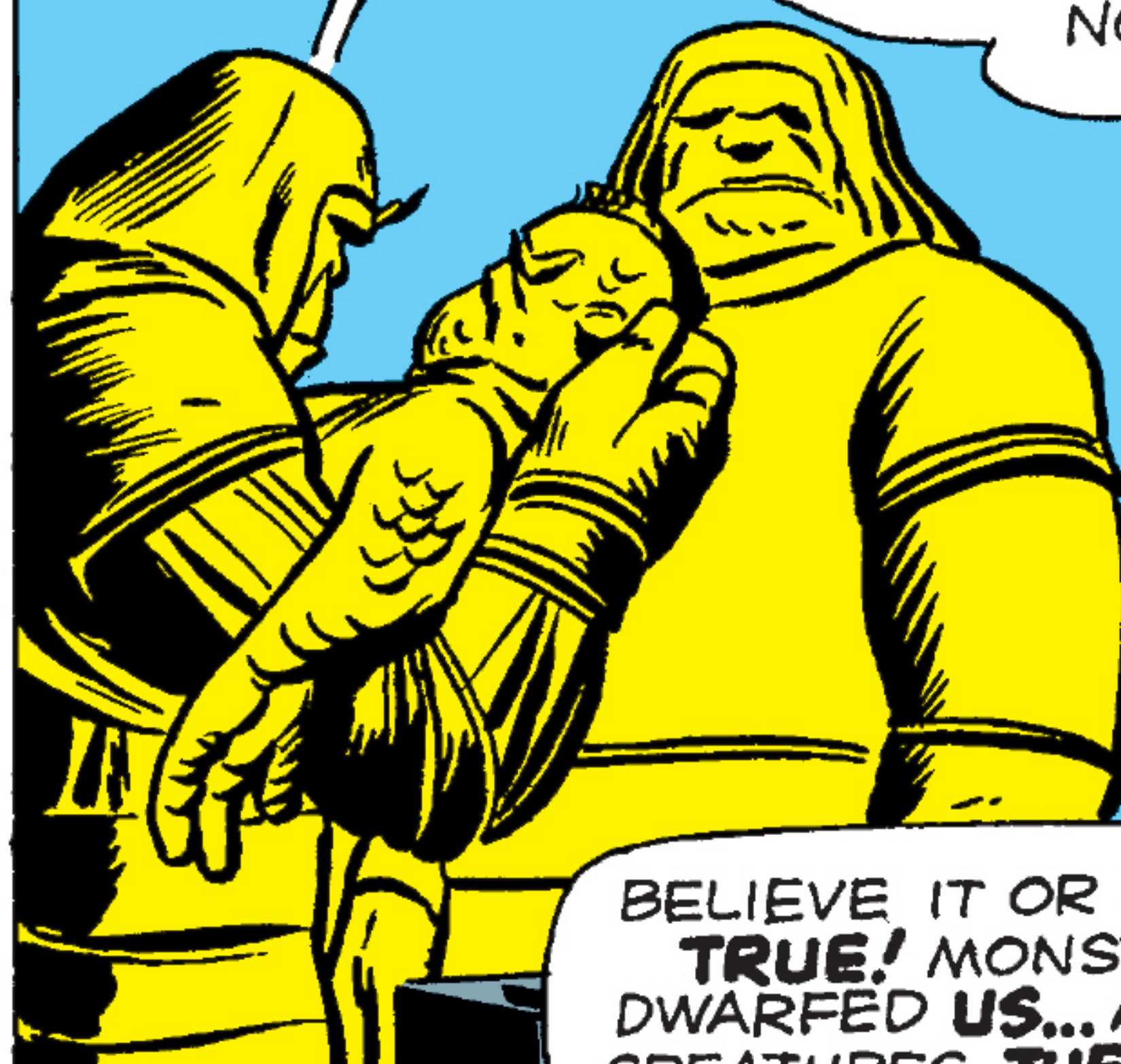
SEE? OVER THERE!

AT LAST WE'VE FOUND HIM!



HE SLEEPS!  
HE IS UNHARMED!

I SEE IT BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IF I LIVE TO BE A THOUSAND, I'LL **NEVER** BELIEVE WHAT I'M SEEING NOW!



BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IT'S **TRUE!** MONSTEROSO DWARFED **US**... AND THESE CREATURES, **THEY** DWARF MONSTEROSO!

THIS IS OUR INFANT SON! HE WAS WITH US IN OUR SPACESHIP UNTIL HE ACCIDENTALLY PUSHED THE LIFEBOAT BUTTON AND FELL AWAY FROM US!

WE HAVE SEARCHED THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM FOR HIM! IT IS GOOD THAT WE FOUND HIM SAFE!



WE TRUST OUR INFANT SON HAS NOT HARMED ANY OF YOU PUNY CREATURES!

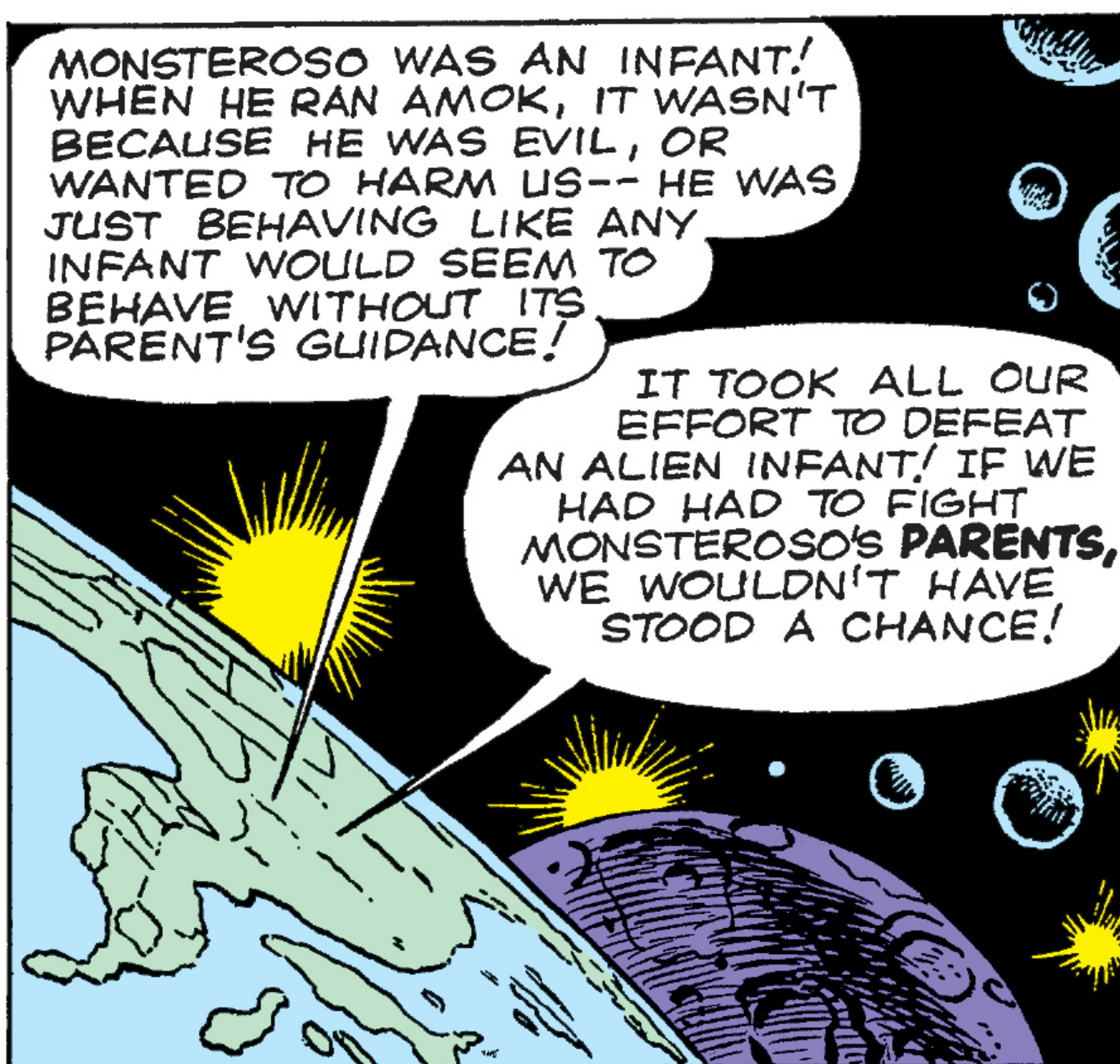
AND IT IS FORTUNATE THAT **HE** IS UNHARMED! ...FORTUNATE FOR **YOU!!**

NOW WE DEPART! FAREWELL, TINY BEINGS!



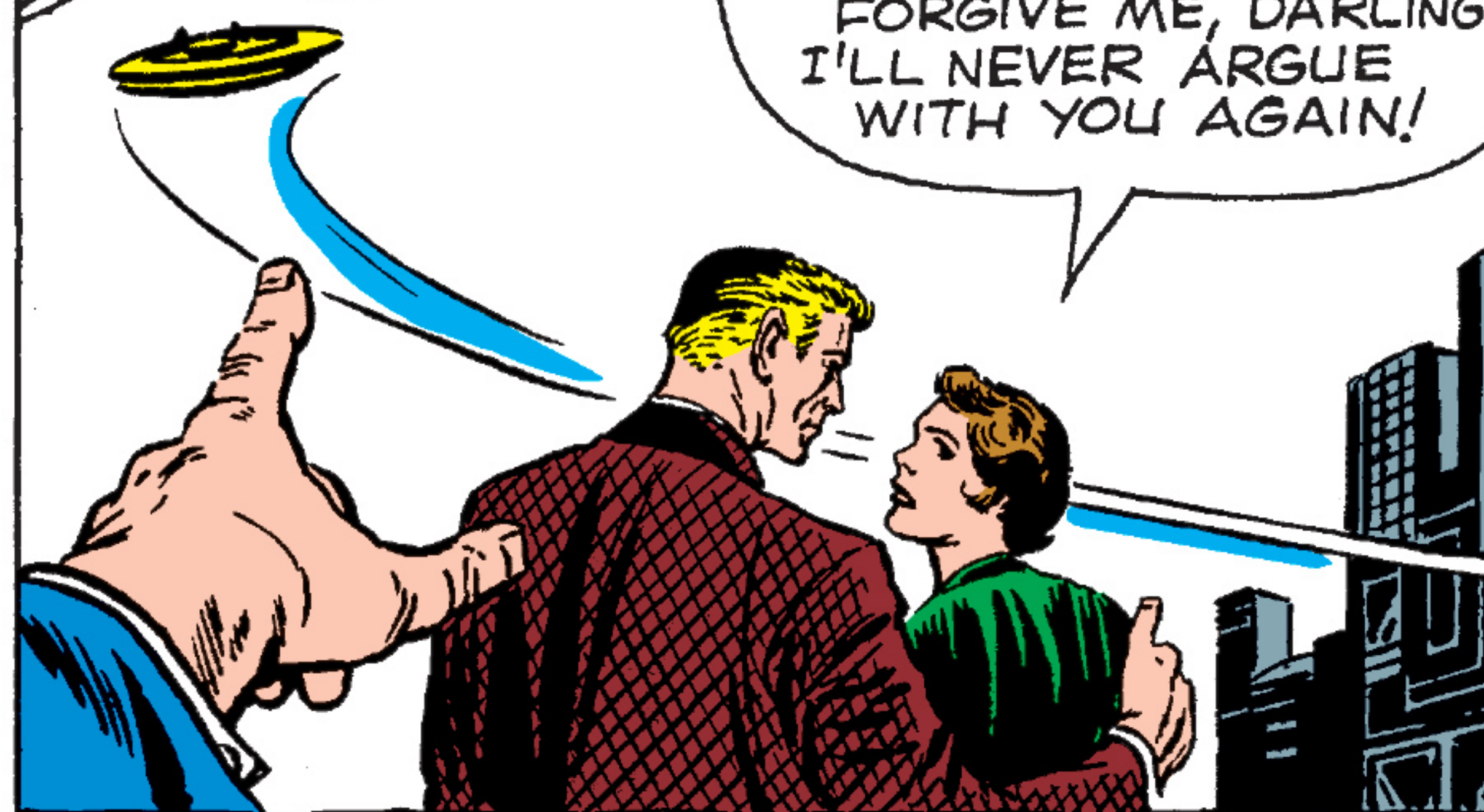
MONSTEROSO WAS AN INFANT! WHEN HE RAN AMOK, IT WASN'T BECAUSE HE WAS EVIL, OR WANTED TO HARM US-- HE WAS JUST BEHAVING LIKE ANY INFANT WOULD SEEM TO BEHAVE WITHOUT ITS PARENT'S GUIDANCE!

IT TOOK ALL OUR EFFORT TO DEFEAT AN ALIEN INFANT! IF WE HAD HAD TO FIGHT MONSTEROSO'S **PARENTS**, WE WOULDN'T HAVE STOOD A CHANCE!



WHAT **LUCK** THAT WE **DIDN'T** KILL MONSTEROSO!! WHAT FANTASTICALLY GOOD LUCK!!

OH, PHIL, YOU WERE RIGHT! I-- AND ALL THE OTHERS-- WE WERE WRONG TO JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS ABOUT MONSTEROSO! FORGIVE ME, DARLING! I'LL NEVER ARGUE WITH YOU AGAIN!



IT ALMOST TOOK A PLANETARY DISASTER TO GET ETHEL TO SAY THAT, BUT TO **ME**, BROTHER, IT WAS ALL WELL WORTH IT!

**THE END**



# TV OR...?

THE doctor had put the stethoscope to Bob's chest, took his blood pressure, examined his eyes. But Bob felt that for this examination, he himself, Bob Dixon, did not exist.

Acting like something out of a wax museum that had powers of motion and speech, the doctor remarked while looking at the paper the nurse had filled in, "You're a TV repairman?"

Bob felt deep-seated resentment. This had happened before. Even after positive complaints had brought him to a doctor's office, there had been the routine checks, medicine prescribed, and then off. Going away he felt somewhat better, but not happier.

When it happened that a doctor took a personal interest, asked him about himself, his work, what his ambitions were . . . the things that made Bob more than organs, bones, muscles etcetera . . . he had gone on his way feeling good.

Back at the shop later that day, his boss said, "Bob, here's a call for tonight. Go over to this address and fix their TV set. You'll get your regular overtime rate."

Repairing TV sets was Bob's job, and so that evening he found himself in a living room searching for picture failure.

It should have been a rou-

tine call, but this wasn't turning out that way at all. The set here was acting in a manner that he could not understand. Whatever the trouble was eluded him. But that wasn't what disturbed him. Looking into the familiar innards of the TV set, he had difficulty concentrating on the maze of tubes and wires, because of the people he saw moving about there. There was no picture, and he was staring into the back of the set, *but he saw people.*

This had never happened to him before. And Bob was a veteran of a thousand TV sets. The sound was fine, but the picture stubbornly refused to come alive for normal viewing. Instead, the figures, whose voices came through clearly, appeared before him as he worked almost feverishly to locate the set fault.

"It's a frame of mind," he told himself, and asked "Why?" He wondered if other mechanics ever had similar experiences.

The set that was behaving this way was a top TV brand twenty-one inch job. Bob had come with his kit, and his supply of tubes for what should have been as routine a repair job as fixing a TV set can be where any one of a zillion things can be wrong. But Bob had never gone away from a call without leaving contented customers behind. Never

however had he met characters coming alive in back of the set and *outside* of the picture tube.

The couple who owned the set were sitting there, hoping it would be fixed soon. They wanted to catch a quiz show, a popular one that asked common knowledge questions, making listeners feel very superior because they know many of the answers. But all Bob could get was a thin vertical light that showed on the screen and died.

Bob tried familiar devices. He moved the ion trap this way and that, forward and back on the neck of the picture tube. He checked the high voltage box, fuses, tubes, but nothing helped now.

"Why?" they wanted to know, suspecting possibly that Bob, a top man in his field, might be incompetent. And Bob couldn't give up and go tell his boss that he had failed. That man would send him back with the threat, "That's what I hired you for!"

Bob tried to stall. He said, "I may have to take the set out to the shop." But he knew that shouldn't be necessary. Why didn't the performers act their parts in the lighted tube facing front, instead of doing their bits back of where they belonged?

"Well," the man said, "keep the sound on, and after the quiz show you can try again. Here,

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY



# the WATCHERS!

THEY WERE THERE... HE FELT THEIR EYES ON HIM AS HE RECEIVED THE AWARD FOR THE OUTSTANDING SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT OF THE YEAR... HE EVEN KNEW THEIR REASON FOR BEING THERE!

GLAD TO SEE YOU GET THE AWARD, FLETCH! YOU DESERVED IT MORE THAN ANY OF US!

YOUR ANTI-MATTER FORMULAS ARE A BOON TO THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD!



YES, HENRY FLETCHER HAD THE RESPECT AND ADMIRATION OF HIS FELLOW COLLEAGUES! BUT HENRY HAD SOMETHING **MORE**... HE HAD A **SECRET!**

MUCH AS THEY THINK OF ME, I DAREN'T TELL THEM ABOUT MY NEWEST THEORY! IT'S TOO FANTASTIC! IF THE OTHER SCIENTISTS HEARD IT, THEY'D THINK I WAS MAD!





FEARFUL THAT OTHERS WOULD SCOFF AT HIM, HENRY SPOKE OF HIS THEORY ONLY TO THE MOST HUMBLE PERSON HE COULD FIND, OLD TOM SMITH, THE JANITOR WHO CLEANED UP THE LAB!

YOU KNOW, TOM, MAYBE WE HUMANS DON'T DO THINGS ENTIRELY ON OUR OWN!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PROFESSOR??

I MEAN THAT MAYBE FATE, OR DESTINY, OR EVEN SUPERIOR BEINGS FROM A MORE INTELLIGENT WORLD, ARE **WATCHING** OUR CIVILIZATION-- AND GUIDING IT!

LOOK, PROFESSOR, I'M JUST AN OLD JANITOR! THIS SCIENTIFIC STUFF IS MILES OVER MY HEAD!

I KNOW, TOM-- I KNOW-- BUT I'VE JUST **GOT** TO TALK ABOUT IT TO **SOMEONE!**

SUPPOSE, TOM, THERE WERE A RACE OF MORE INTELLIGENT BEINGS LIVING IN OUR MIDST... UNSEEN BY US... UNKNOWN TO US!

STOP RIGHT THERE, PROFESSOR! AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, I ONLY BELIEVE IN WHAT I CAN SEE! IF I CAN'T **SEE** SOMETHIN', IT JUST AIN'T THERE!

BUT THAT'S NOT TRUE! **LOTS** OF THINGS EXIST THAT WE CAN'T SEE!... SUCH AS INFRA-RED AND ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT RAYS!

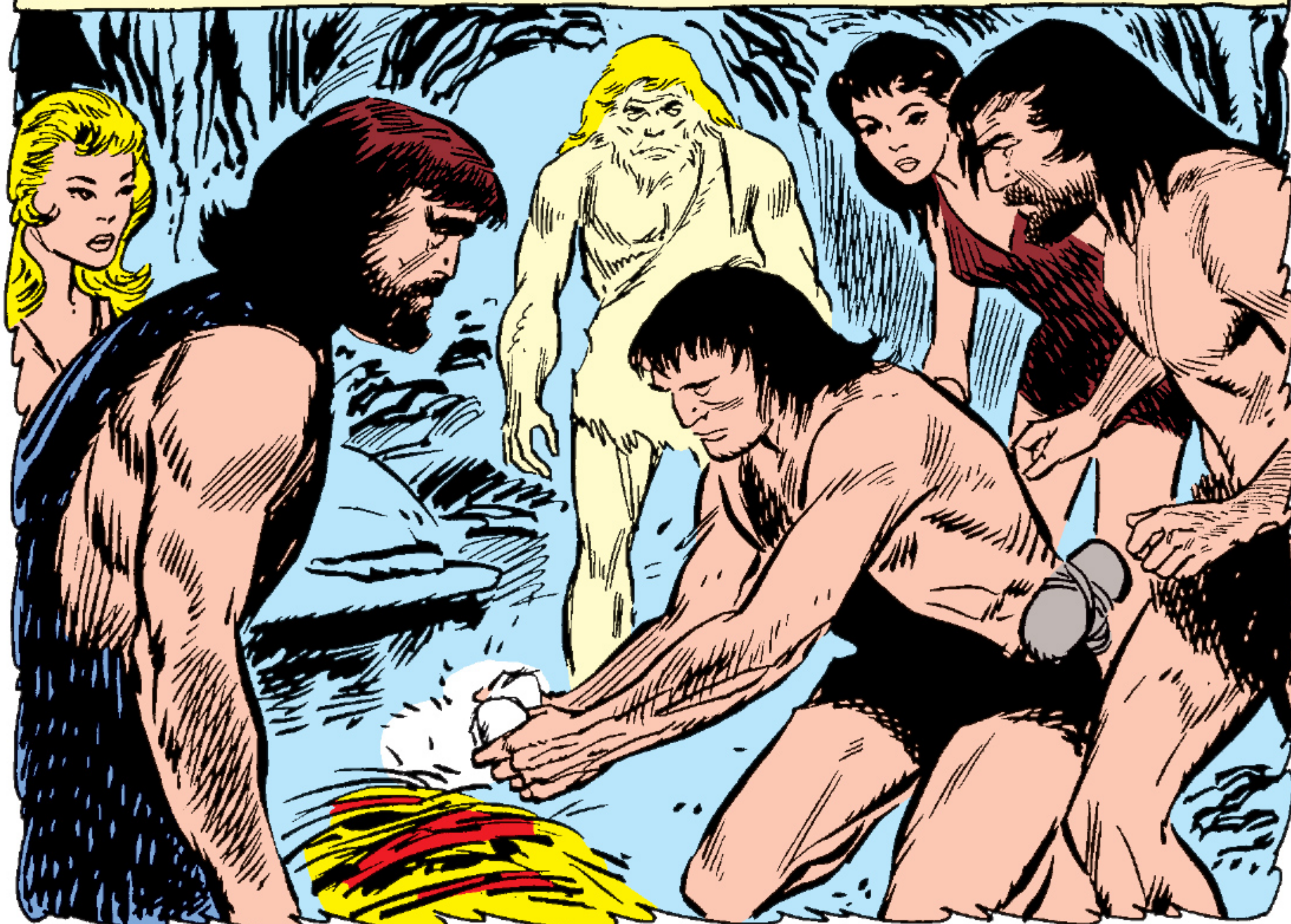
WHAT IF SUPERIOR BEINGS **DO** EXIST ON EARTH! MAYBE THEY HELP MANKIND BY PLANTING NEW IDEAS IN OUR MINDS! THEY MIGHT'VE EVEN PROVIDED ME WITH THE INSPIRATION FOR MY ANTI-MATTER FORMULAS AND ALL MY OTHER WORK!



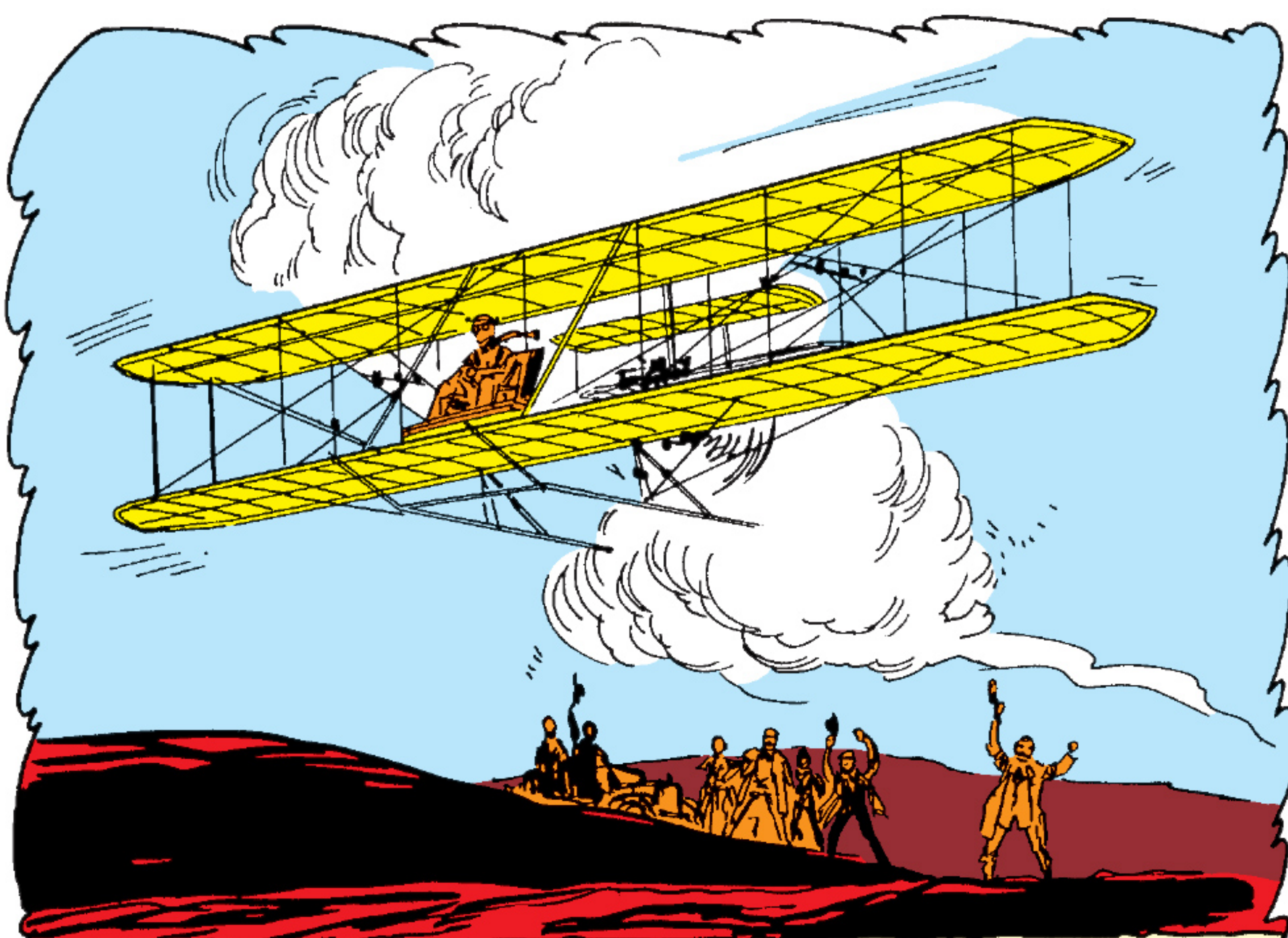
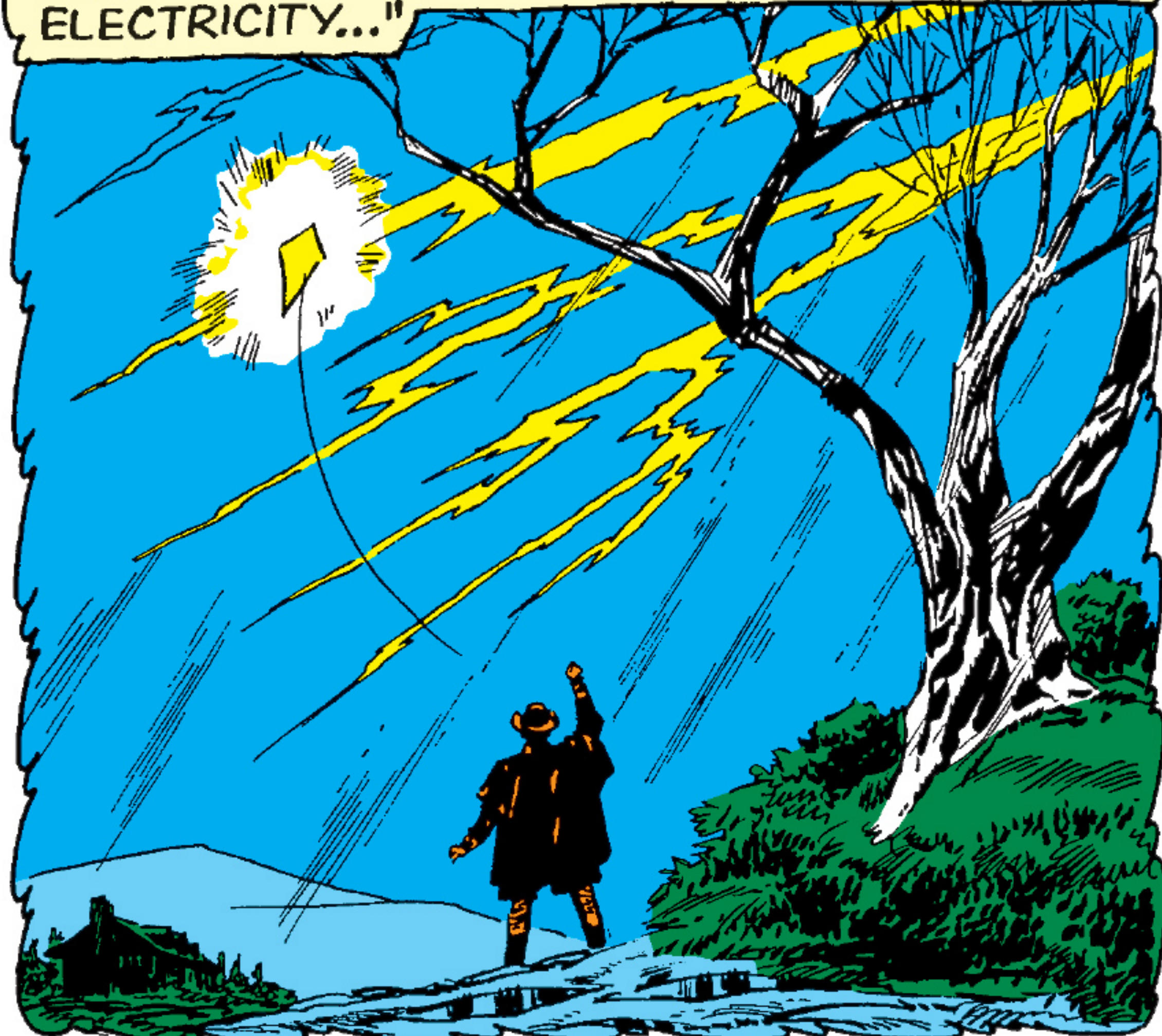
JUST THINK, TOM, PERHAPS THESE SUPER-INTELLIGENT BEINGS HAVE LIVED AMONG US, UNSEEN, FOR AGES...AND HAVE HELPED MANKIND TO PROGRESS SINCE THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION!



"MAYBE THEY INSPIRED ONE OF THE PREHISTORIC CAVE MEN TO STRIKE TWO STONES TOGETHER AND THUS CREATE **FIRE!**"

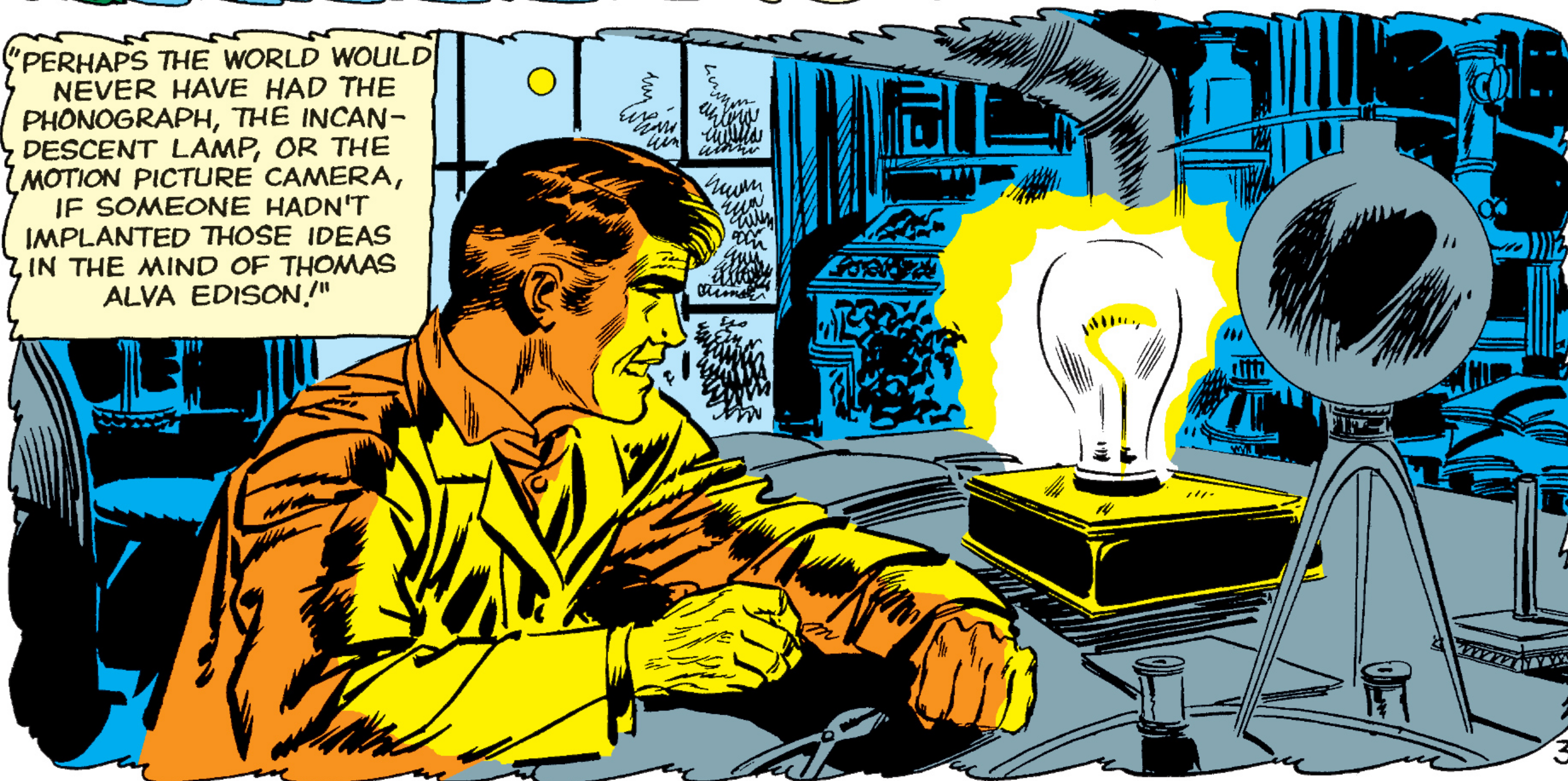


"PERHAPS THESE UNSEEN CREATURES INDUCED BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO EXPERIMENT WITH ELECTRICITY..."

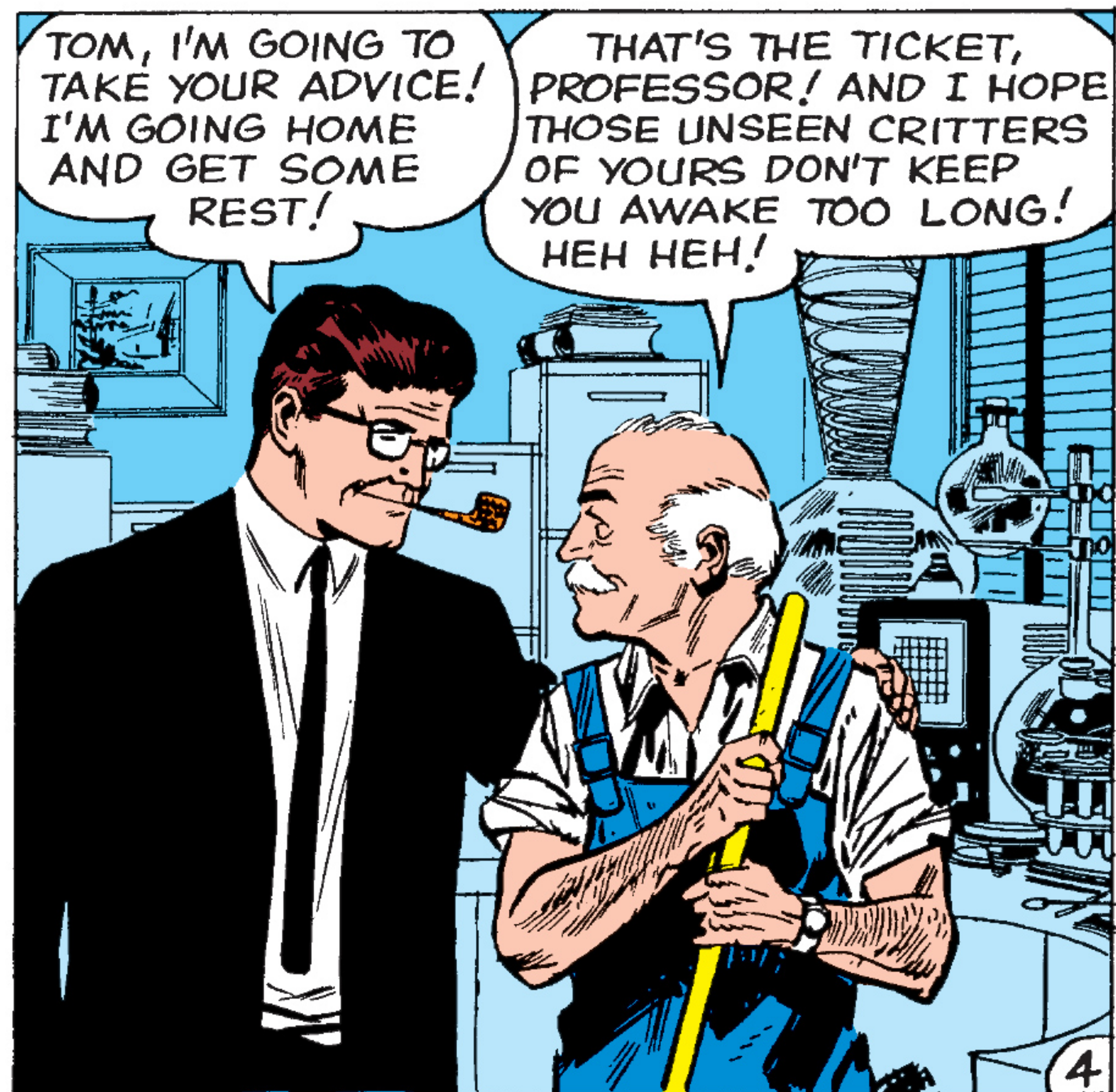
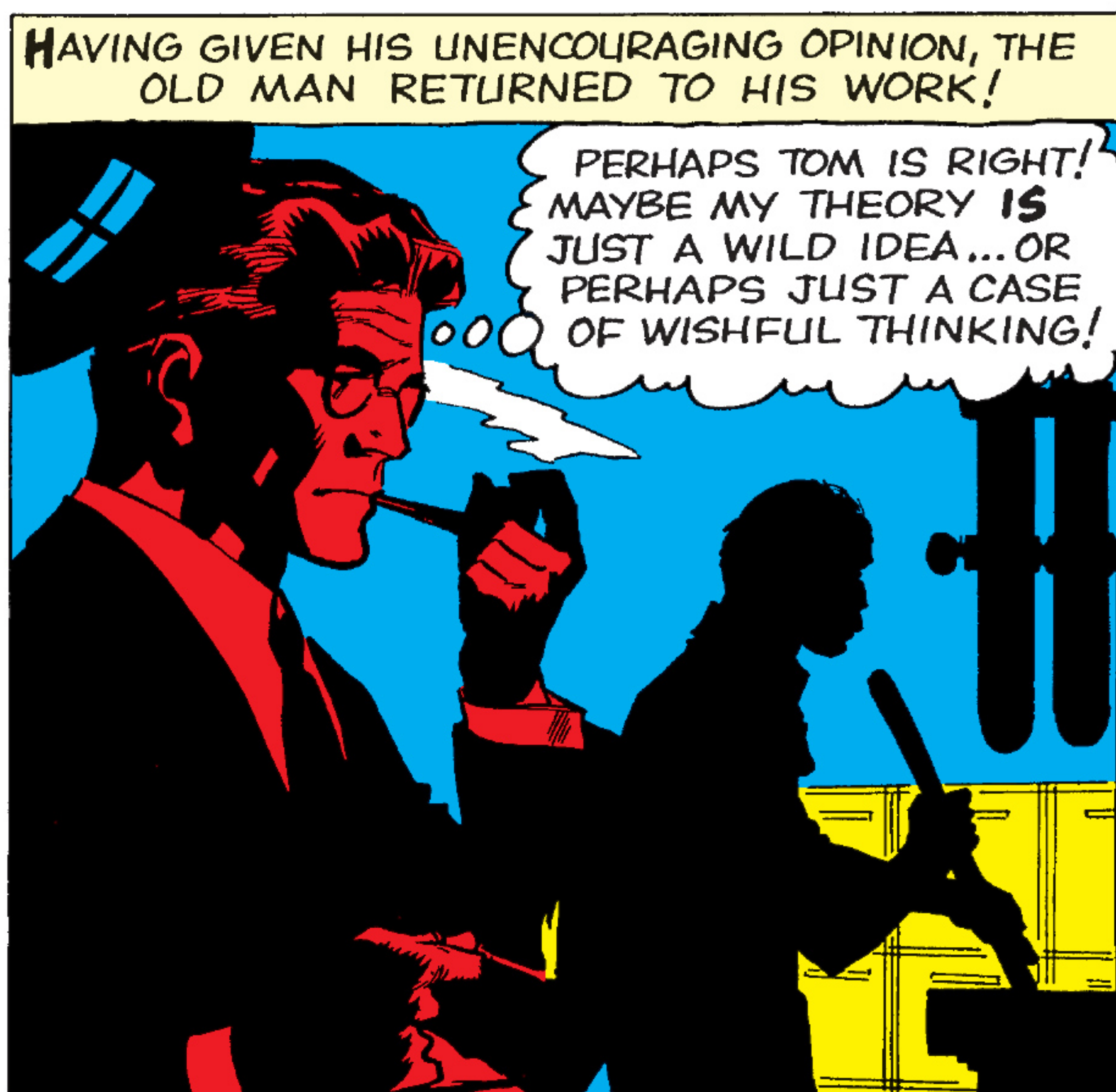
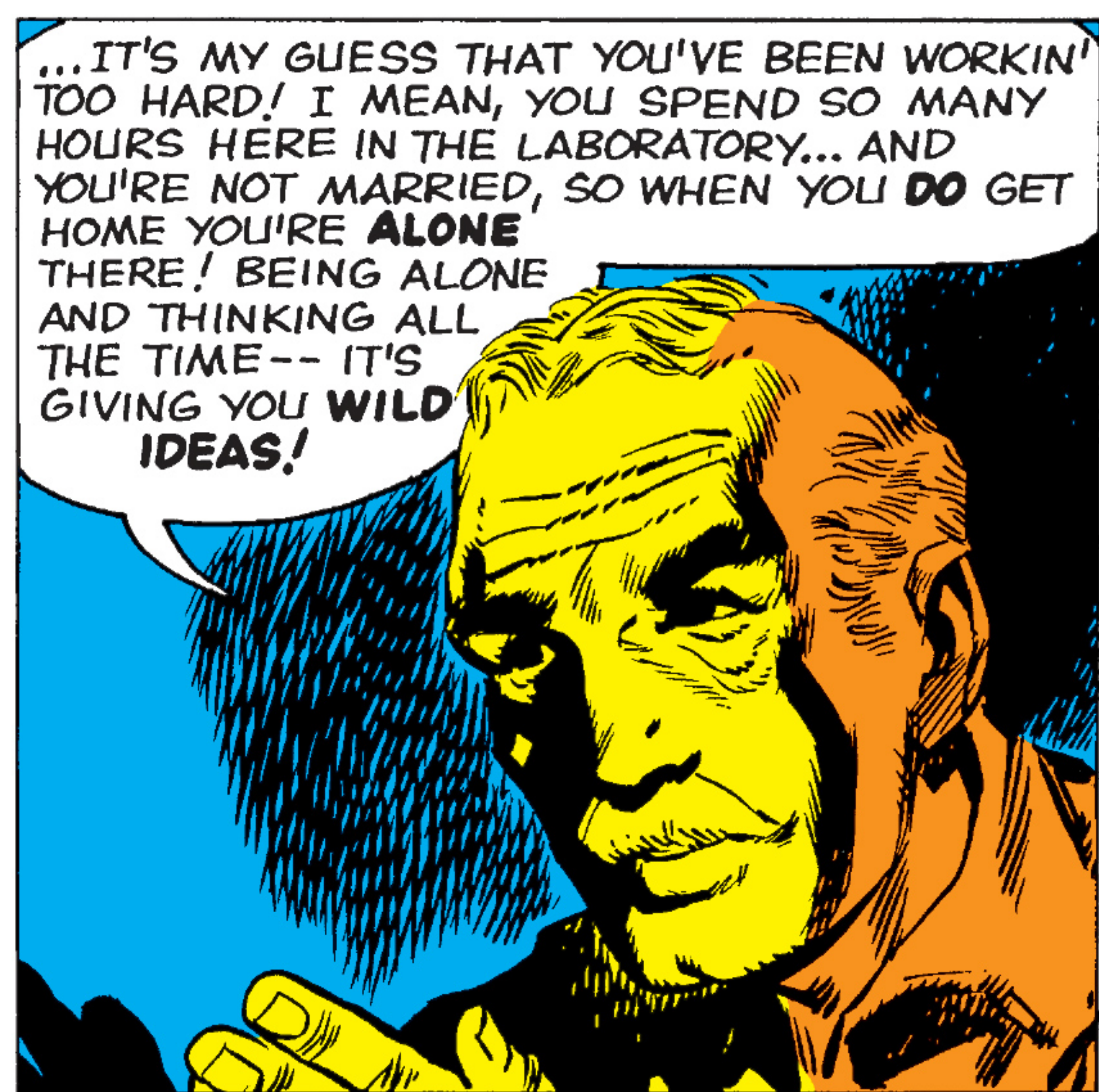
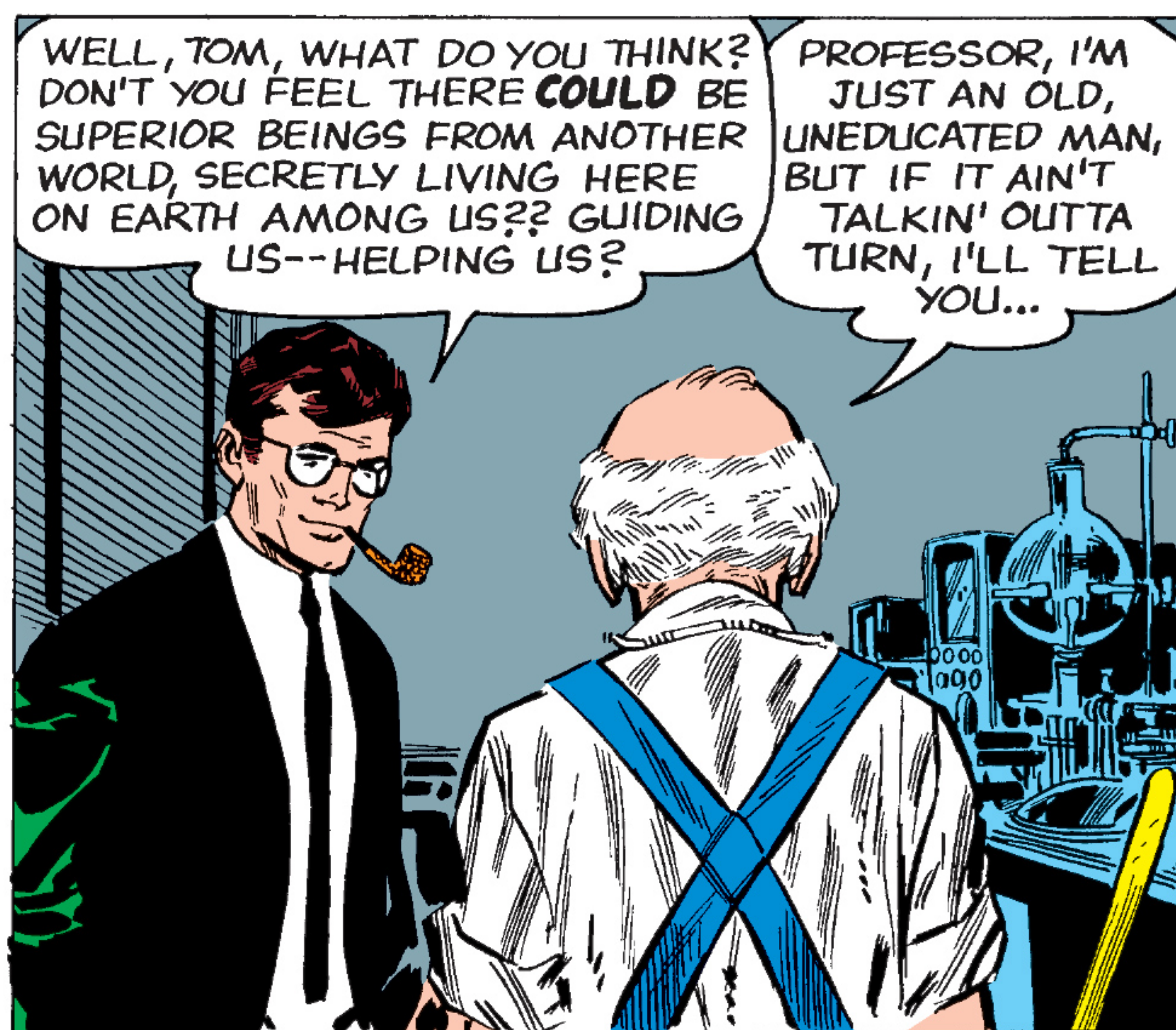
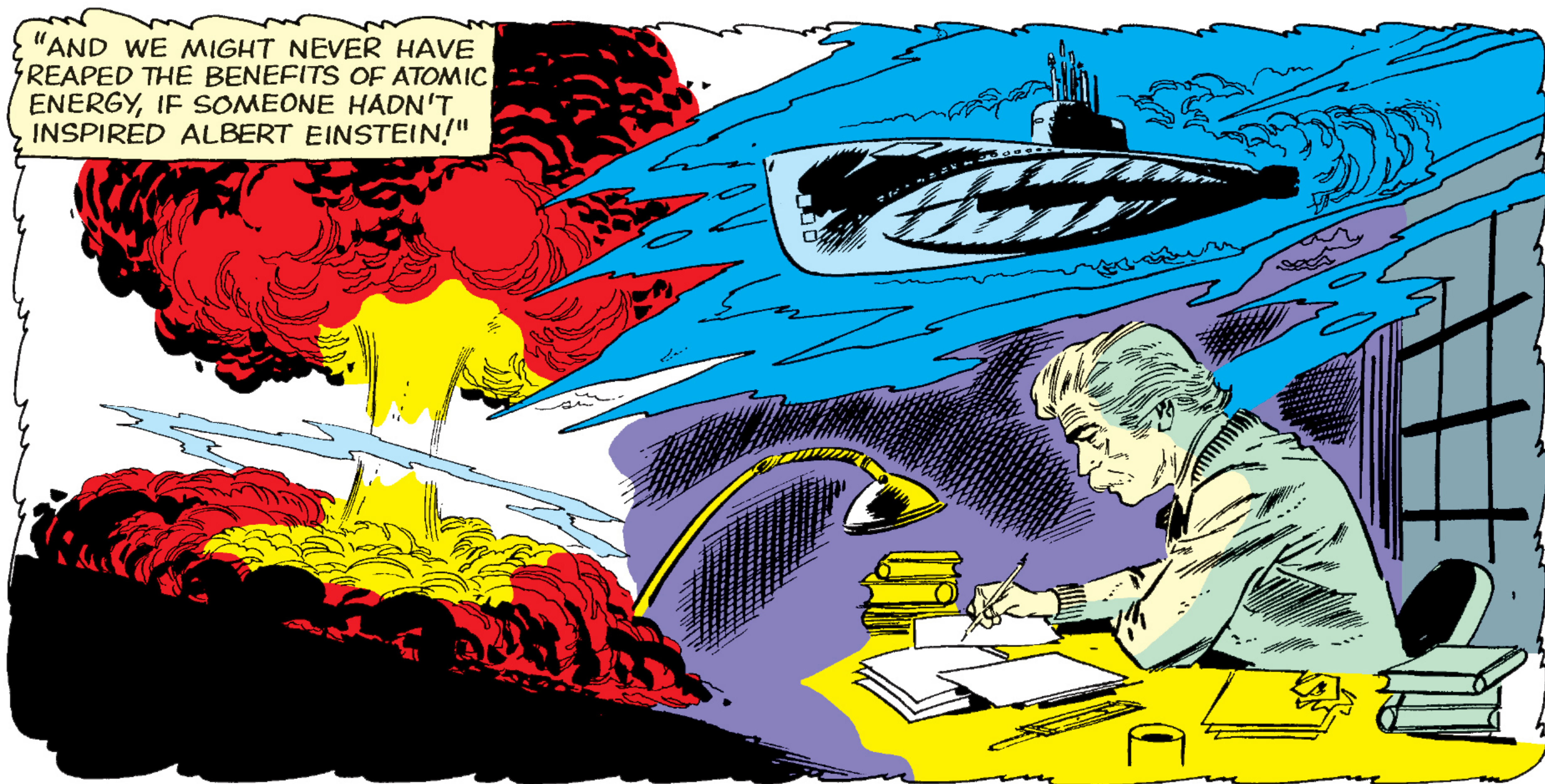


"AND THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE INFLUENCE BEHIND ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT ON THAT MOMENTOUS DAY AT KITTY HAWK IN THE YEAR 1903!"

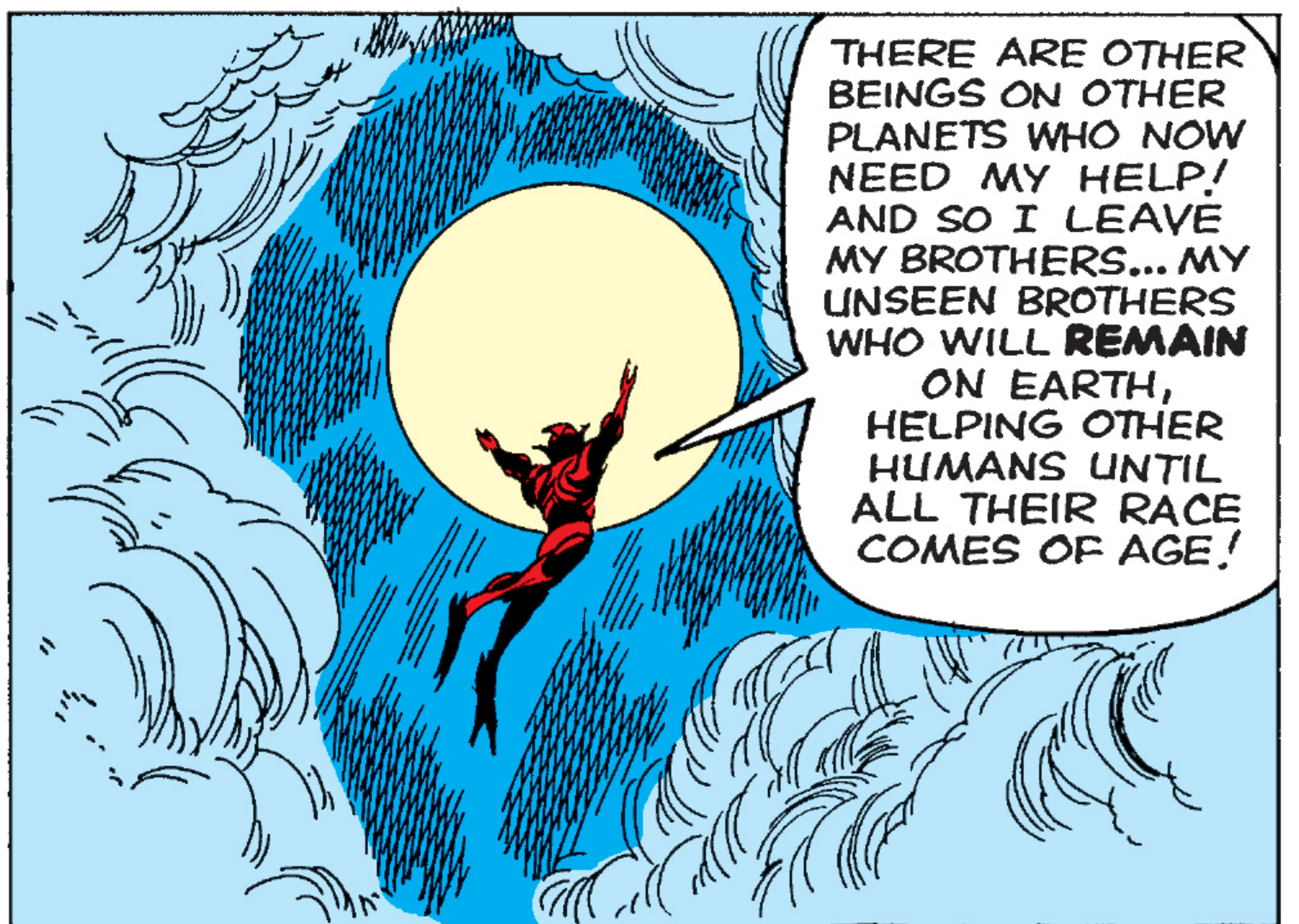
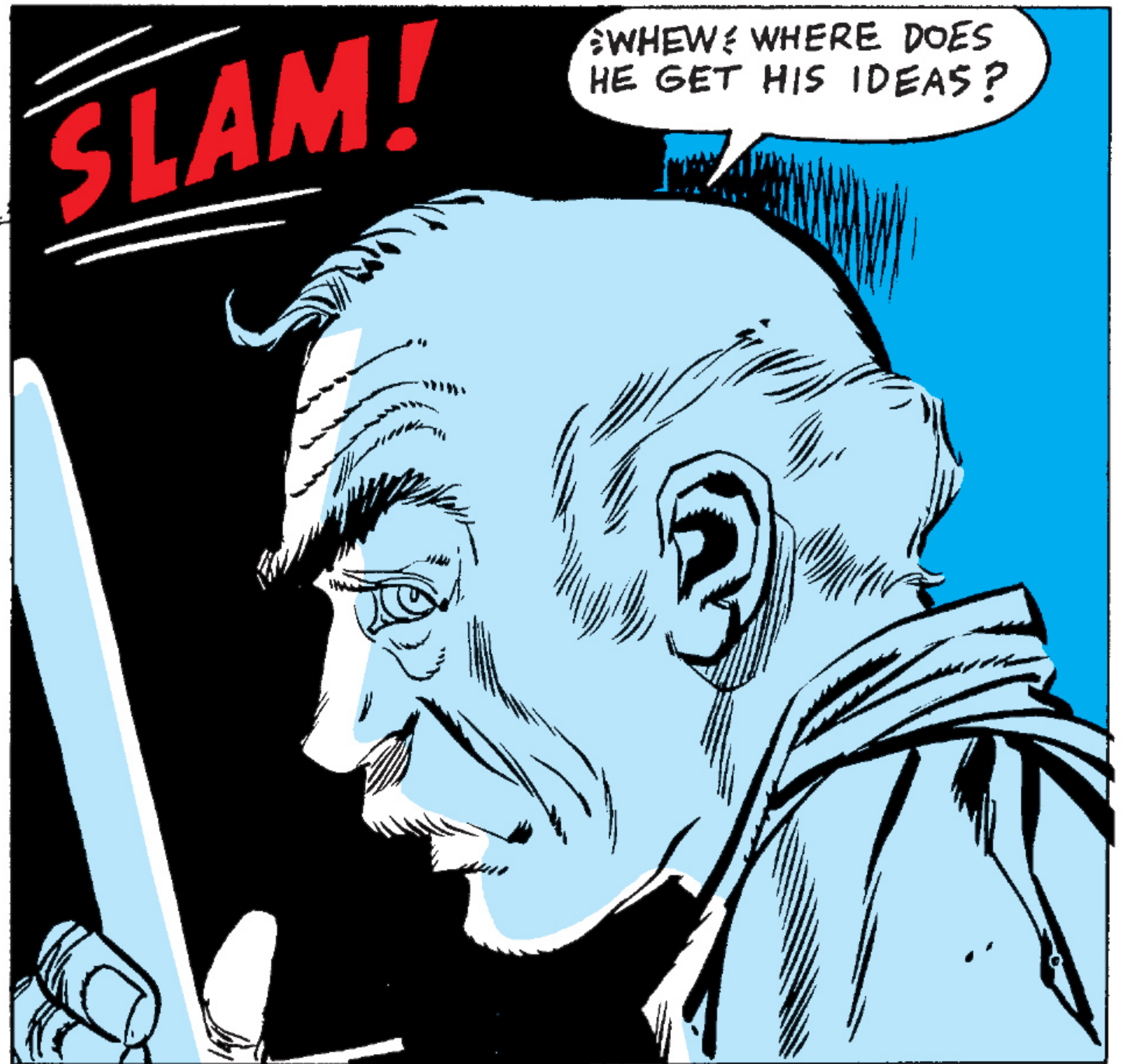
"PERHAPS THE WORLD WOULD NEVER HAVE HAD THE PHONOGRAPH, THE INCANDESCENT LAMP, OR THE MOTION PICTURE CAMERA, IF SOMEONE HADN'T IMPLANTED THOSE IDEAS IN THE MIND OF THOMAS ALVA EDISON!"











THIS STORY WAS SUBMITTED TO US AS A WORK OF PURE FICTION! BUT IT MADE US STOP AND THINK... AND WONDER!! HOW DO WE KNOW WHO--OR WHAT THOSE NEXT TO US REALLY ARE? HOW? HOW? **THE END**



have a sandwich and visit with us."

Bob agreed, "All right."

He sat there, and in spite of himself played along with the program. He had acquired the characteristics many repair men have; he could hear the voices without paying any attention to what they were saying, listening more for sound quality than for the contents of the program. And if the picture tube was functioning, he'd watch more for quality of picture than for what was actually happening.

Often at home his father would laugh while watching TV, he would laugh uproariously, and Bob, who had also been watching the set off and on while reading an electronics magazine, would say, "What happened?" And it wasn't that he didn't care about the players' performances; he was more concerned about the *electronic* performance.

This evening he sat in the home of these people and tried to imagine what he might have overlooked in the set, but all he could see was a blank picture screen, as blank as his ability to fix it.

After the half hour quiz program was over, the couple who owned the set sat back again, waiting for Bob to fix their picture. But he felt uneasy. He didn't want to begin again the fruitless search, and he asked himself, "Why can't I just quit this racket and take up something easy, like working out the 'bugs' in an electronic brain, or in guided missiles?"

Wearily he took the back of the set off again. He poked

around, checking to see if dust might have been causing faulty contact, he checked for wires that might have come loose, and again he saw those figures.

One little figure he recognized as a miniature of a famous actress asked, "Bob, are you all right?" Joan Talley, speaking to him! This was stupid.

"Yes," Bob said, hardly realizing he was talking out loud, "I'm all right."

"What's that?" the man of the house asked.

And Bob looked at him, and back at the beautiful figure in



the rear of the set. He stared at the little thing that he was sure he only imagined seeing. He told himself he shouldn't stay up so late studying those technical books and periodicals. "Bob boy," he thought, "you're ready for a vacation!" But he knew that any vacation he would take would only be more of the same thing. He would spend his time away from his job cooped up in a library studying technical books or visiting some laboratory.

He poked around some more in the set and the little beauti-

ful creature scolded him sharply, "Bob, you pushed me!" He turned and looked at the man and the woman waiting for their set to be repaired. But they showed no sign that they had heard.

"Turn to Channel Three, Bob," the figure said. Bob did so and the man exclaimed, "Oh, Joan Talley! We wanted to hear her tonight."

Bob turned pale. He hadn't seen a paper or TV program in two days. He *couldn't* have known Joan Talley would be on tonight.

A commercial was on, and the pert actress spoke to him, "Bob, remember today while in that doctor's office?"

Bob said, "Yes, I remember, of course?"

"You didn't like it when he poked at you, and directed you like a mechanical robot? Well, pay attention mister! There's more to TV than has been meeting your electronic eye."

Strangest of all to Bob was the speed with which he repaired the set after that program on Channel Three.

As he showered before getting into bed that night, he resolved that hereafter he would not be like the doctor who paid no attention to the individual personality of the owner of the body he checked. He would pay more attention to what the set did, instead of only how it reproduced sound and picture.

He realized for the first time that TV wouldn't exist, or be watched, if the quality of the programs, the abilities of the performers weren't worth spending time watching and listening.

THE END J-213

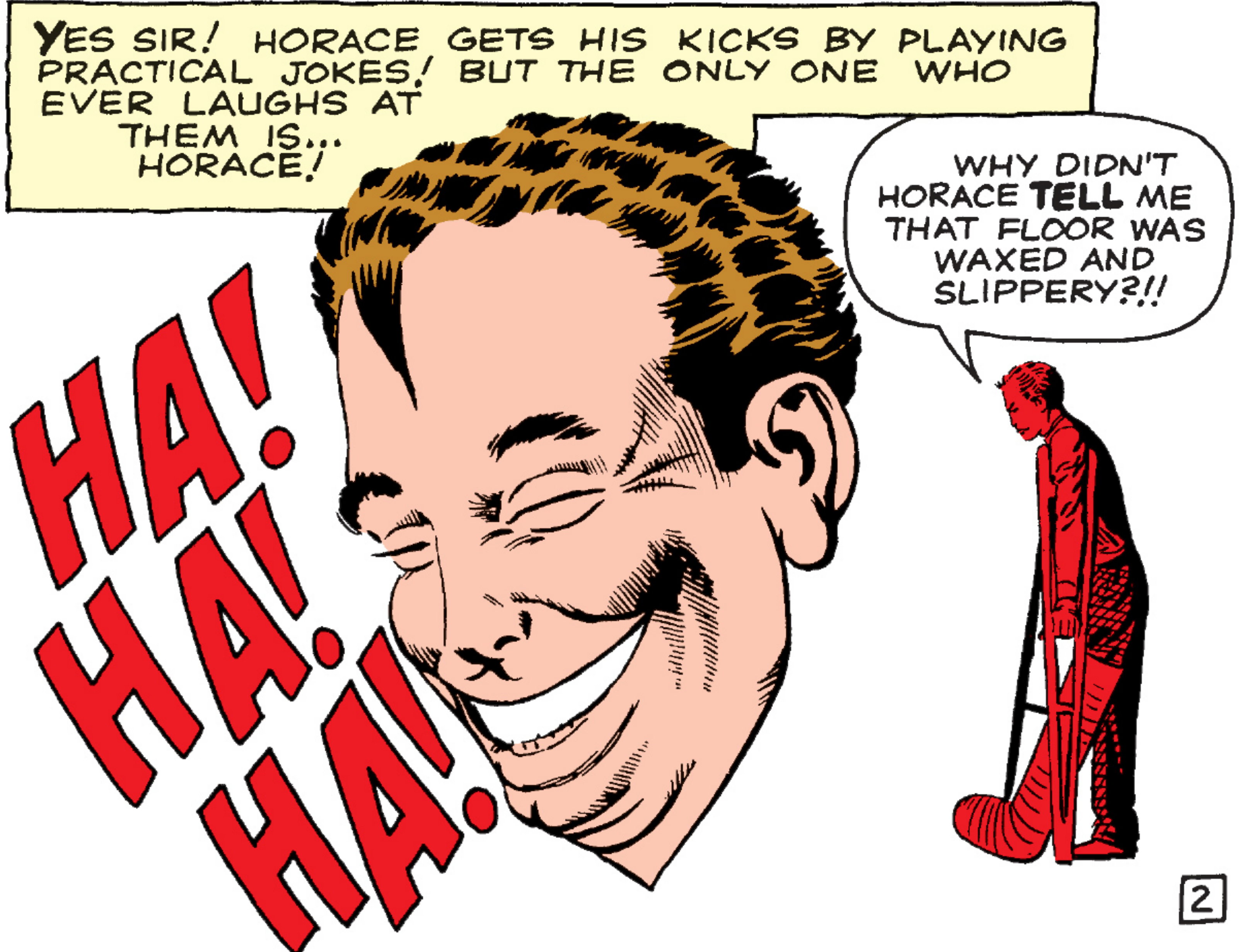
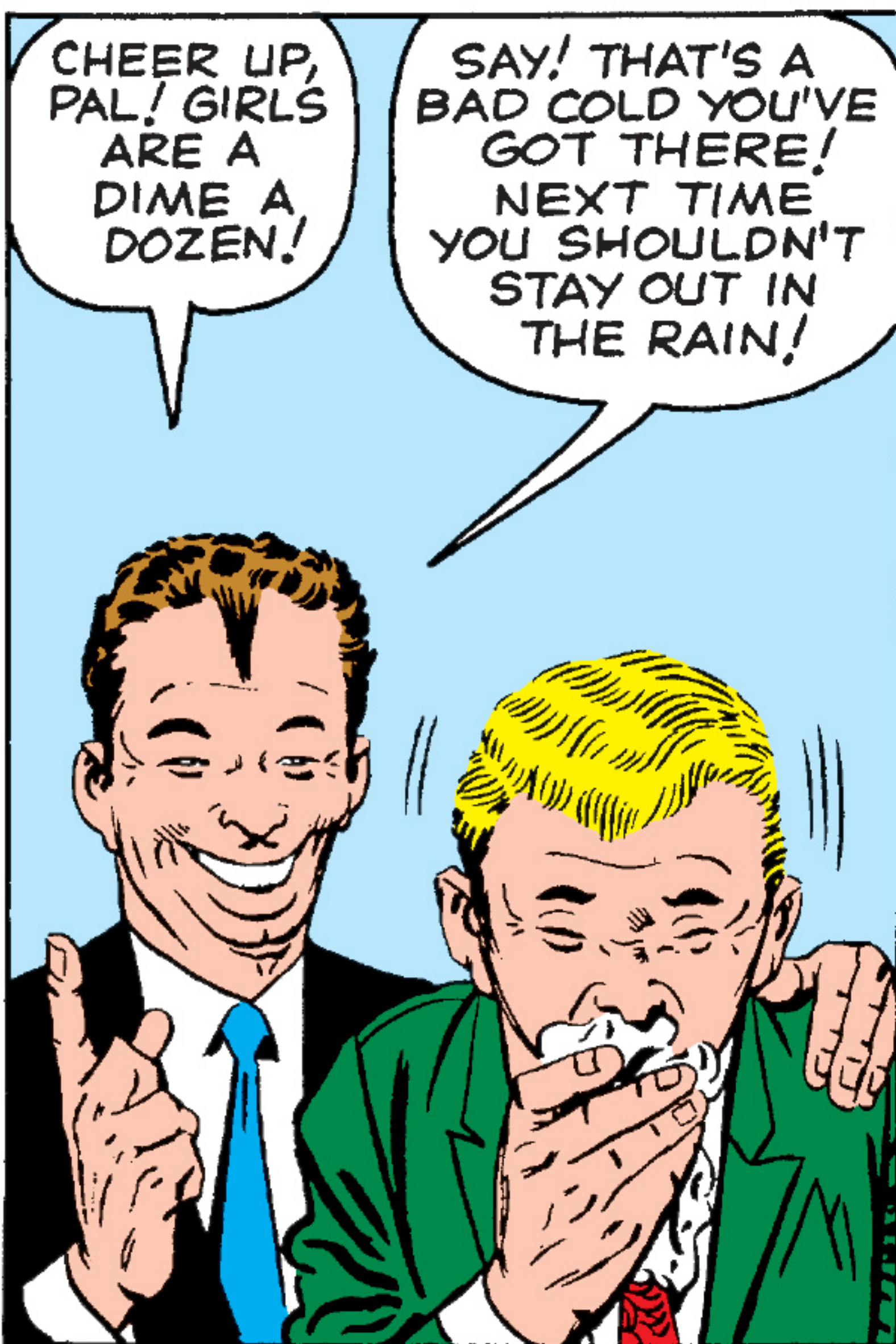
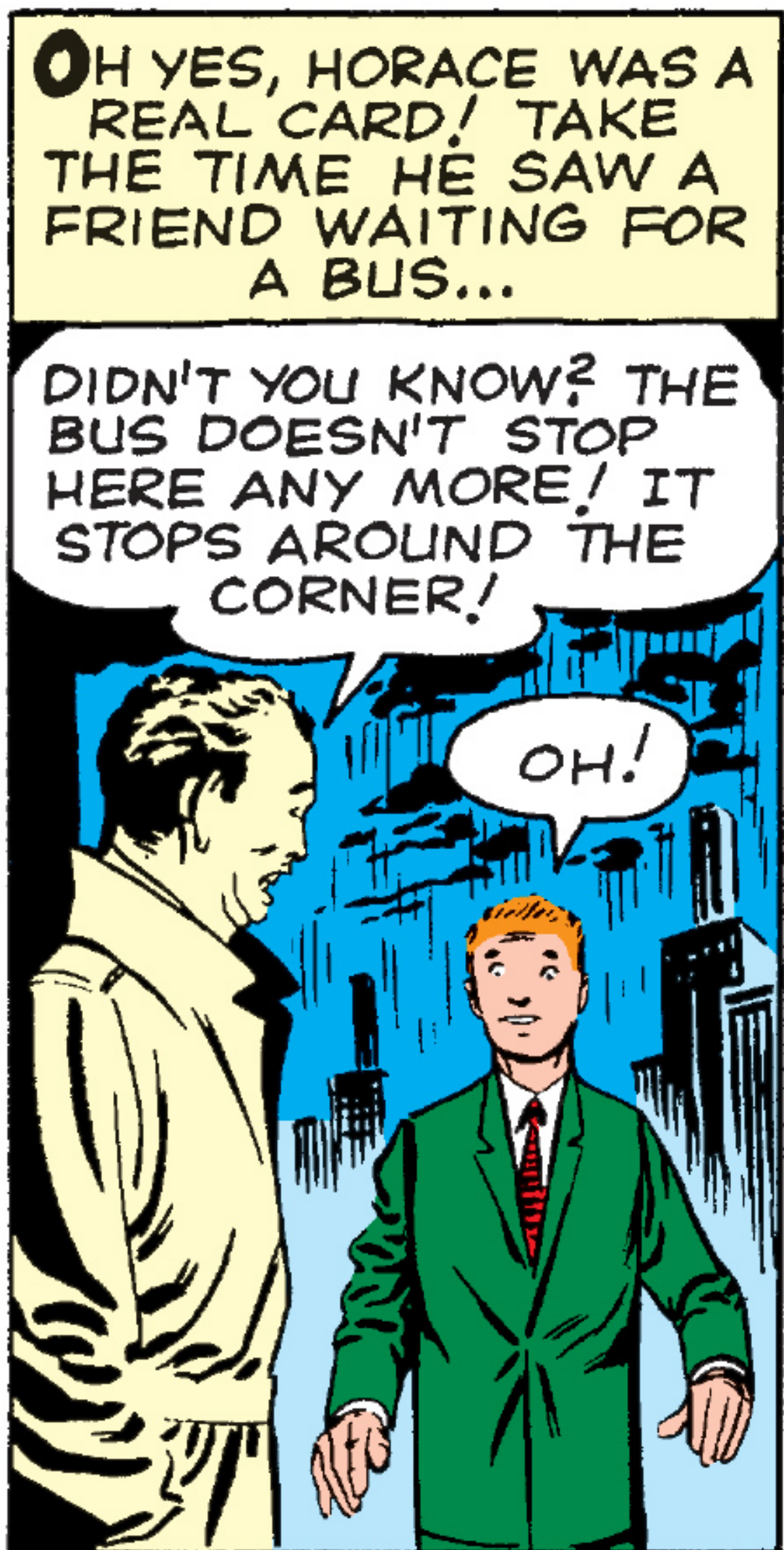
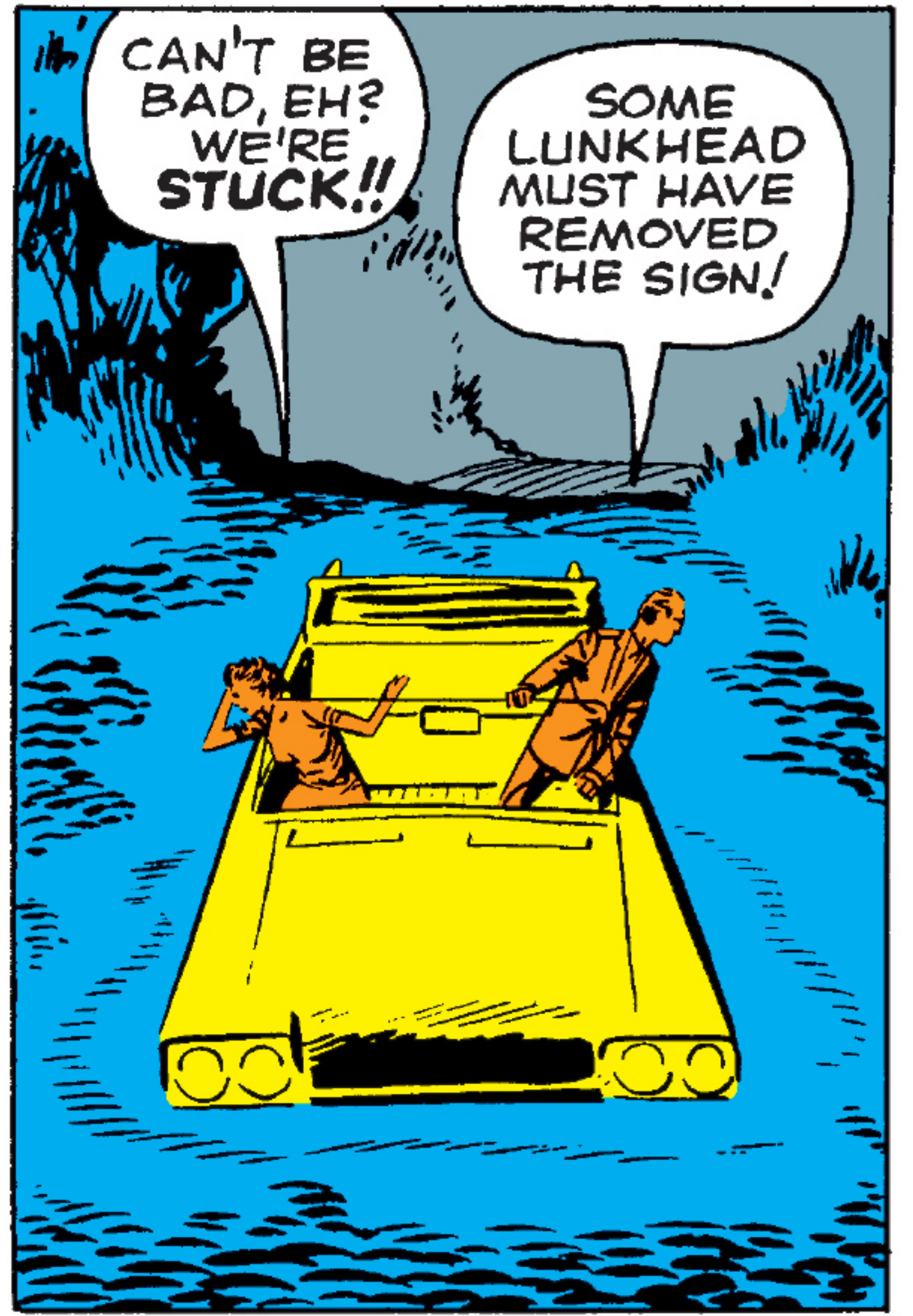
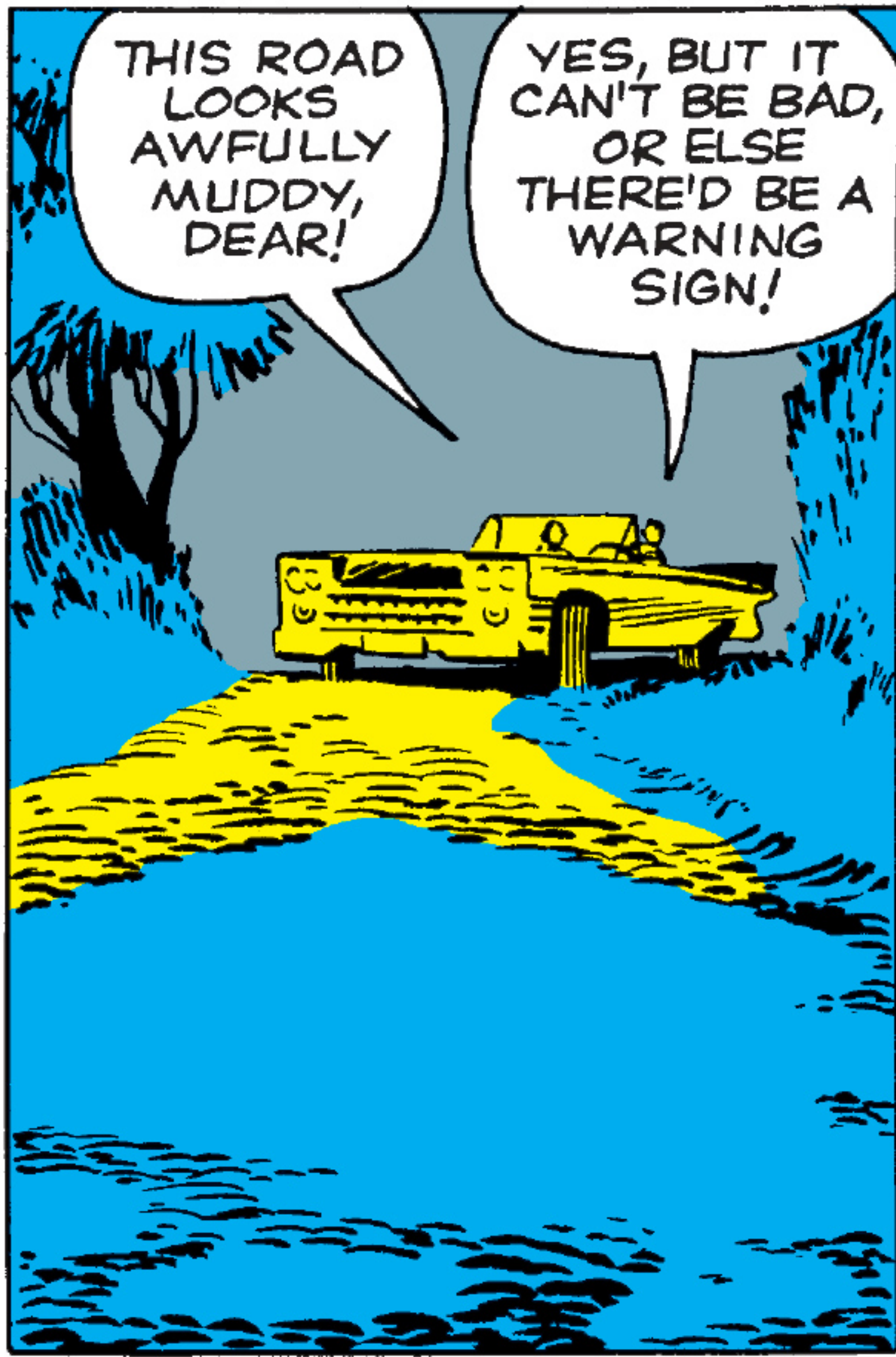


# THE JOKER!



**SOME PEOPLE WILL  
LAUGH AT *ANYTHING!*  
NOW TAKE  
OUR FRIEND HORACE,  
FOR EXAMPLE...**







BUT ONE DAY THE WORMS  
TURNED, AS HORACE'S VICTIMS  
GOT TOGETHER...

THAT LAMEBRAIN  
HORACE IS TOO  
DANGEROUS TO  
RUN AROUND  
LOOSE!

AND  
**HOW!**

LISTEN, I KNOW HOW TO  
TEACH HIM A LESSON...  
WE'LL GIVE HIM THE  
SCARE OF HIS LIFE!

WHATEVER  
IT IS,  
COUNT  
US IN!

A COUPLE OF US WILL DRESS  
UP LIKE **MARTIANS**... AND  
TELL HIM WE'VE COME  
TO TAKE AN EARTHLING  
TO MARS WITH US! **HE'LL**  
BE THE EARTHLING!

**TERRIFIC!**

BUT THE CONSPIRATORS  
DIDN'T KNOW THAT HORACE  
HIMSELF HEARD THE WHOLE  
PLAN, OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!

HA!  
ARE  
**THEY**  
IN FOR  
A  
SURPRISE!

THE NEXT NIGHT...

FELLAS,  
WHAT IF  
THE SHOCK  
GIVES  
HORACE A  
HEART  
ATTACK?

YEAH! THIS  
MAY BE **TOO**  
BIG A SCARE,  
EVEN FOR  
**HIM!**

THINK WE  
OUGHTTA  
CALL IT  
OFF?

GEE, I  
DON'T KNOW!  
HE **SURE**  
DOES **NEED**  
A  
LESSON!

LATER, AT HORACE'S...

HERE THEY COME! BOY!  
WHAT CORN BALL  
COSTUMES!

EARTHLING,  
WE WANT  
YOU!

OH, HAPPY  
DAY!



