Re-presenting the fantasy artwork of the late Brian Lewis, a man whose humour and character may have died with him, but whose artistic accomplishments will live forever.

This issue is respectfully dedicated to his memory.

HIGHWAY TO HELL
Roman brutality confronts the power of the Celtic Druids in this strip from HoH 2. By Steve Parkhouse and Brian Lewis.

SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES
An adaptation of the Hammer kung fu/horror film. By Steve Moore and Brian Lewis.

MALVOISIN’S MIRROR
Reflections of evil in a 14th century alchemist’s mirror. A terror tale by Chris Lowder and Brian Lewis.

SPACEBURST
A touch of science fiction and an example of the creator’s whacky humour in this strip written and drawn by Brian Lewis.

LAIR OF THE DRAGON
Proving that not all heroes are noble and handsome, a tale of a 12th century not-so-crusading knight. By Steve Moore and Brian Lewis.

THE QUATERMASS XPERIMENT
Hammer’s classic 1955 science fiction horror film screenplay. Adapted by Les Lilley, Dez Skinn and Brian Lewis.

THE CURSE OF CORMAC
To round off the issue, a terror tale of contemporary evil by Steve Parkhouse and Brian Lewis.
THE ENGLISH DOWNS... STEEPED IN HISTORY AND FULL OF NATURAL BEAUTY... IF YOU CAN GET FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM THE ROADS, BUT THEN, ROADS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A TERRIFYING PROBLEM HERE, AS YOU'LL LEARN FROM THIS ANCIENT LEGEND A LOCAL ONCE TOLD ME. I CALL IT...

HIGHWAY OF HELL

CLAVIUS FELT NO SYMPATHY CLEARING THE WAY FOR THE ENGINEERS... AND ROMAN ROADS NEVER DEViated FROM A STRAIGHT LINE...

IN HIS BRITISH GUIDE, CADOC, HE HAD A JOB TO DO, CLEARING THE WILDERNESS AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE. GODS! HOW I HATE THIS PLACE! EVEN THE WOMEN ARE LITTLE BETTER THAN ANIMALS...

LOOK, SIR! ANOTHER VILLAGE AHEAD... BIGGER THAN THE LAST...

IT'LL MAKE A BIGGER BLAZE, THEN? WE'LL WAIT FOR THE SOLDIERS TO CATCH UP BEFORE WE MOVE...
Even if it was a proper temple it wouldn't matter to me... but trees! Why should I pay any attention to something that stupid?

Centurion! A party of men from the village... coming this way!

But when the scavenger arrived and made his calculations...

The village can stay... but those trees... they'll have to come down...

The villagers were eager to know what was happening and awaited the Gaul's delight in telling them.

The Druids are permitted anywhere near it... we dare not destroy it!

I am the Druid of the Grove... perhaps I cannot stop you alone... but I warn you, Roman, there are greater powers than... powers that will stop your sacrilege...

Powers! Damn you and your dark gods to hell! They can't harm me!

Flavius went to his tent as the villagers left but then...

Master! These groves are evil places... only Druids dare go near them! If only I could think of a plan to help you...

Flavius, ever the man of action, moved immediately.

We have the trees down! And in the morning there'll be nothing left to argue about!

Don't lie, Cadoc. You mangy beast! You already have a plan... but it will take good Roman gold to loosen your tongue.
But, before long...

AARRgh!

Quick! Come with me! Something's gone wrong!

SCREAMS! COMING FROM THE GROVE!

As the last traces of life slipped away Flavius realised that no human hand was involved... the trees themselves were setting to their own protection.

And so perish all ruthless men who think the darker powers can be ignored. Of course, it may just be a legend... but this is the only Roman road I know that takes a detour... avoiding a place of horror and death that no one else dared to ignore.

A scream rose to his lips. Then died as his throat was forced closed to open no more...

Then he realised no more.

END.
Illustrated adaptation of 1956 Dracula; Kronos; Lee biography & filmography; 1930s FX; Brazilian Horror, etc.

Gorgon strip, Part 2, Heretic, Blood City, Witchfinder General, 1933 Invisible Man, Face of Frankenstein, etc.

Frankenstein, Dracula and Werewolf strip, Cushing interview, History of Hammer I, Rattlers.


Kronos strip, Incredible Melting Man and Savage Bees reviews, Vampire Hunters.


The Mummy strip, Soccers, Black Sunday, Roger Dicken FX, Hammer mummy films.

Quatermass strip, Last Wave, Argento interview, 3-D films, Rosemary's Baby, The Shout.

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A MAN OBSESSED CAN PERFORM GREAT WONDERS. A MAN, THE PRIEST, KNOWING THAT FOR HE HAS WAVERED 6000 MILES FROM HIS HOME IN CHINA TO TRANSYLVANIA. BUT THIS IS NO TRIBUTE TO HUMAN ENDURANCE. NO, RATHER, TO THE POWERS OF EVIL...

UNABLE TO WAIT A SECOND LONGER, KAH DROPS TO HIS KNEES, HIDEOUS INCANTATIONS BUBBLING FROM HIS LIPS.

WHO DARES DISTURB THE SLEEP OF DRACULA?!

KAH, MY LORD... HIGH PRIEST OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES IN PING KUEI!

THE IMAGE IS KAH... BUT THE SUBSTANCE IS DRACULA!

TREMBLE... WHEN THEY FIND THERE IS TRUTH IN...

KAH STRUGGLES, BUT HIS WORLD DISSOLVES INTO MIST— A MIST WHICH SAPS HIS VERY ESSENCE...

NO-0000000...

AND WHEN THE MIST BEGINS TO CLEAR, ONLY LIVE FLESH REMAINS...
Legend of the 7 Golden Vampires

Certificate X

Peter Cushing · Julie Ege · David Chiang

A Hammer Film · Released by Warner Bros.
The years pass. Mankind has not yet learned how to live in peace and harmony. And so, the University Faculty is content to listen respectfully to their learned visitor—but with little interest in the tales he spins.

Most legends have their roots in truth...

For instance, one of your own stories mentions a small village, deep in the west of China, which, once a year, knows terror such as few would believe...

On the seventh night of the seventh month, a fearful plague strikes at the home of the poorfarmer's daughters...

But it is not sickness that takes these poorfarmer's daughters... It is a curse that comes in the atmosphere.

One man who was brave enough to fight and save the daughter of his own daughter was taken. They say his name was not then known...

With surprise on his side, the old man managed to force his way into the saint's lair—a place of horror to make the mind reel...

But, with his mind only on his daughter, he had no eyes for anything else...

And even the most fallen of heroes sometimes fail...

Aawaaah!
For a moment, there was stunned silence...

But the horror was still not ended...

And the vampires' undead victims crawled forth...

...to join their masters in the pursuit?

For he found the creature's one weak spot...

By the time he reached a wayside shrine, he could run no further. With a silent prayer, he committed the medallion to the holy abbot's keeping.

One touch of the holy relic was enough...

But poor, brave Tom. He did not survive to savour his triumph.
FROM MY RESEARCHES, I BELIEVE THIS LEGEND TO BE TRUE! SOMEWHERE, THE VILLAGE STILL EXISTS — AND IS STILL PLAUNGED BY THE SIX REMAINING VAMPIRES...

SIR, WE KNOW OF YOUR DEALINGS WITH THIS MADMAN, DRACULA... BUT CHINA IS A CIVILISED COUNTRY, NOT LIKE SUPERSTITION-RIDDELED TRANSYLVANIA! YOU CAN'T EXPECT US TO BELIEVE YOU!

Honorable Madam! General Yang respectfully begs to escort you to your lodgings...

Please inform the general that Mrs. Bunen was just leaving — and she already has an escort...!

The village you spoke of is Ping Kuei, and the vampires still rule it. It's my home village — my name is Hsi Ching...

Hsi Ching? Then Hsi Tien-En was...?

My grandfather! My brothers and I left the village many years ago, searching for someone who could help us. You are that man....

FROM MV RESEARCHES, I BELIEVE THIS LEGEND TO BE TRUE! SOMEWHERE, THE VILLAGE STILL EXISTS — AND IS STILL PLAUNGED BY THE SIX REMAINING VAMPIRES...

Sir, we know of your dealings with this madman, Dracula... but China is a civilised country, not like superstition-riddled Transylvania! You can't expect us to believe you!

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My grandfather! My brothers and I left the village many years ago, searching for someone who could help us. You are that man....

But for Van Heising's son Lyland, a party at the British consulate provides other interests — particularly Sherlock Holmes.

But danger comes unbidden — and often in the most innocent of circumstances.

So you're travelling the world alone, isn't that rather dangerous?

But danger is what makes life interesting! And what is there to fear here?

General Yang listening in furious silence to the reply. He is the most important man in Chinkiang.

Meanwhile, Professor Van Helsing returns, deposition to his lodgings, and finds...
What the devil...

General Yang repeats his invitation, Madam! However, you may still decline... If you wish to see Mister Van Helsing's head severed from his neck...

The newcomers give no sign of their intentions. Suddenly, they lead Leyland and Vanessa... to waiting rickshaws...

Aaaahhhhh!

My brothers and I have been watching over your safety ever since you arrived in Chungking, Professor. You're very important to us...

So I see! Even so, to mount an expedition like this would cost a great deal of money! Say, 10,000 dollars...

But this time, the destination is a safe haven...

You have it... My late husband left me a large fortune... but there is one condition, you must take me with you!

My dear lady! That's quite impossible! We'll be going into a wilderness! You couldn't...!

She can't stay in Chungking, Father! Not with General Yang...

My sister, Mai Kwei, will be honoured to look after the lady on the journey—and my brothers will provide protection...
Mrs. Buren has provided most generously, Ching! and hired all those men...

Not hired, professor... they are all my brothers! and you will find they are all as dedicated as myself.

Soon, the expedition leaves the ancient walled city behind.

But their departure has not gone unnoticed.

However, the Hsi brothers are not exactly unprepared.

And I see your son is already acquainting himself with my sister, Mai Kwei...

And neither do their sisters! Mai Kwei! Come back, you can't...

And my brothers need me.
A FEW MINUTES AGO IN CONFUSION - A WHIRLING, BLOODY BALLETT ORCHESTRATED BY THE CLASH OF WEAPONS AND THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING...
THEN THE ASSAILANTS FLEE—ALL THAT ARE STILL ARE... I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I HADN'T SEEN IT, CHING! ARE WE SAFE NOW?

SAFE FROM THEM, YES, BUT THERE IS STILL... PING KUEI! AND MY HUMBLE SKILLS MAY NOT BE ENOUGH TO PROTECT YOU THERE...

LIKE A BEAUTIFUL CHINA DOLL ONE MOMENT—AND A SNAURING TIGRESS THE NEXT...

BUT THEN THE PERILS AHEAD ARE ALMOST FORGOTTEN AS THE EXPEDITION ROLLS ON THROUGH THE WILD SZECHWAN COUNTRYSIDE.

DAYS PASS AS THE CARTS BUMP AND GRIND ALONG FITTED DIRT ROADS.

COULDN'T WE STOP SOON, CHING? IT FEELS LIKE EVERY BONE IN MY BODY'S BEEN SHAKEN OUT OF ITS SOCKET...

SOON... BUT WHILE DAYLIGHT REMAINS, WE MUST PRESS ON! THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE SEVENTH MOON APPROACHES...

NIGHTFALL BRINGS A FEW HOURS OF PEACE AND REST—AND TIME TO THINK OF OTHER THINGS.

LISTEN TO THAT THUNDER ROLLING OVER THE HILLS. IT COULD BE A ROUGH NIGHT...

WHEN WE GET TO PING KUEI, PROFESSOR, HOW WILL WE FIGHT THEM? HOW DO YOU KILL A DEAD THING?

I STAKE THROUGH THE HEART... THE TOUCH OF HOLY RELIC... FIRE—they're THE USUAL WAYS. BUT HERE IN CHINA—!

Almost? They know, all right—and they'll be preparing for us...

YES, VANESSA... IT DOES!

IT'S STRANGE—I FEEL ALMOST AS IF THEY KNOW WE'RE COMING...

LOOK AT THEM! LOVE BLOOMS IN THE STRANGEST PLACES!
The mountains are steep...

I haven't seen an animal for miles... not even a grasshopper! It's uncanny...

It has always been like this; even the beasts know the evil and flee it...

With this medallion, they could revive their seventh comrade; they'd do anything to get it back...

Then we must be constantly on the alert...

Hsi Ta will watch, neither man nor beast will get past him...

Hsi Ta is not to be blamed for what do not pass him in the darkness are not men nor beasts...

...but vampires! What in the name of...?

It's them! They're here!

Then, before their eyes, a hideous transformation... and Van Helsing sees the true form of his enemy for the first time...

The twin swordsmen, Hsi Sung and Hsi San sprang to meet the first attack...
THE BATTLE RAGES LONG AND HARD—UNTIL...

STRIKE FOR
THE HEART!

AYAAAH!

AND THEN... THERE IS ONE LESS FOE TO
FIGHT!

AAAARGH!

HELP!

AAAHHH!!

AAAHHHHH!!

IT IS OVER....

AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!
WE'VE BEATEN THEM! THEY CAN BE KILLED.

AND ON THE MORNING OF THE FOLLOWING FATEFUL DAY...

IT LOOKS ALMOST PEACEFUL... A PLACE TO REST, BUT WE HAVE MUCH TO DO BEFORE DARK...

AND WHEN THE SUN SINS...

WE'VE DONE ALL WE CAN. THE FIRE TRENCH AND THE STAKES SHOULD PROTECT THE VILLAGERS, IN ONLY THEY'D HELP US....

NO, PROFESSOR, THEIR COURAGE HAS BEEN DRAINED BY THE YEARS OF HORROR! IT'S UP TO US....

A MINUTE LATER AS THUNDER CRASHES AW... SOMETHING HAS COME... UNDEAD HORRORS SEEKING BLOOD...

AND THEN THE SEVENTH NIGHT OF THE SEVENTH MOON ARRIVES...

BUT THIS TIME, THEIR TASK WILL NOT BE EASY...

EVEN SO, THE ATTACKERS ARE MANY...

Ufffrraaaash!

PULL BACK, MAI KWEI THEY'RE TOO DANGEROUS!

UUFFAAAAAGH!

TOO MANY -- AND EVEN HEROES GIVE UP THEIR LIVES...

Uuuuuuuugh!

Uugh!

IT ALSO GIVES HIS LIFE TO THE CAUSE...
Vanessa!

And a happy man journeys into the unknown...

But the warning is too late. Without her, there is no reason to live, and so...

Two lovers die!

But even death is an achievement—

for they have given the villagers back their courage...

And courage can work wonders...

Now only one vampire remains—

but he has found what he sought... a victim!

Help! Leyland! Help me...!
MUST, FATHER! HE'S GOT MAI KWEI!

AND SO, MOMENTS LATER, BACK AT THE TEMPLE...

NO! NO-000000!

GET OFF HER, YOU FILTHY BRUTE!

HANG ON, LEYLAND! WE'RE COMING!

UT THE VAMPIRE IS NOT TOGET HIS FEAST - AT LEAST, NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT...

UHHH... QUICKLY! GIVE ME YOUR SPEAR!

VAN HELSING KNOWS HE HAS ONLY ONE CHANCE. HE MUST CHOOSE HIS TARGET WELL... AND HE DOES!

THEN, AT LAST...

IT'S OVER! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE...

YOU TAKE MAI KWEI OUT! THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I HAVE TO SEE TO...

SO, VAN HELSING, EVEN HERE YOU CONTINUE TO HAUNT ME!

AND VAN HELSING'S INTUITION OF FURTHER DANGER PROVES CORRECT...

DRACULA! I'D KNOW THAT VOICE ANYWHERE! ARE YOU AFRAID TO SHOW YOUR TRUE FORM?

LEAN HELSING!

YOU CAN'T HANDLE HIM ALONE!

LEYLAND! COME BACK!

BUT THE UNDEAD HORROR MOVES LIKE THE WIND...

COME BACK! YOU CAN'T HANDLE HIM ALONE!

IT'S OVER! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE...

AND SO, MOMENTS LATER, BACK AT THE TEMPLE...

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DRACULA! I'D KNOW THAT VOICE ANYWHERE! ARE YOU AFRAID TO SHOW YOUR TRUE FORM?
DRACULA IS TOO ARROGANT TO RESIST THE TAUNT...

AFRAID? NO, VAN HELSING, I SHALL SHOW YOU...

FOR A CONDEMNED MAN SHOULD BE ALLOWED ONE LAST REQUEST BEFORE HE DIES!

IT IS DRACULA’S ONLY MISTAKE BUT IT IS ENOUGH...

AND SO, FINALLY, PEACE RETURNS TO THE HAUNTED VILLAGE OF PING KUEI — A PEACE HARD AND BLOODILY WON...

BUT WON NEVERTHELESS — FOR THE CURSE OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES IS NO MORE...

AND THE ARCH-VAMPIRE LEAVES THE WORLD OF THE LIVING — A LAND TO WHICH HE NEVER BELONGED, ASHES TO ASHES... DUST TO DUST...

The End
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It is said that he who looks in a mirror long enough will see the devil peering over his shoulder. A nasty shock, indeed. This is the story of Harold Brust, who, if he didn't see the devil, saw something almost as unpleasant—when he looked into...

MALVOISIN'S MIRROR

But Harold Brust could be as stunned as the wise man—especially if he wanted something badly enough!

Then if you won't sell it, I'll just have to take it!

Not for sale!

Back in his basement flat in Earls Court, Brust eagerly tore the wrappings from his latest prize...

Yes...yes—I was right! Malvoisin's mirror—the magical looking-glass of the 14th century alchemist and seer Roderigo Malvoisin!

He gazed at the prize with greedy eyes.

And in perfect state, too! What a stroke of luck! It's been lost for centuries—and now it's mine... mine!
And, as he gazed...

And... what's happening? The glass grows... cloudy!

It's said that, using it, Malvoisin could peer into other worlds...

Why, it's no longer a mirror! It... it's almost like a window—a window into another world!

But enter, good sir—let me show you my world—the world of Roderigo Malvoisin!

Good heavens, he... he's talking to me!

So that I may entrap him... change places with him... and escape from this accursed mirror wherein I was imprisoned centuries ago... back into the real world!

You won't change places with me, damn you!
I WOULDN'T STAMP FOR IT! I'LL SMASH YOUR BLOODY MIRROR WITH AN AXE!

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME EASILY, MY FRIEND!

YOU! STILL THERE.

MY GOD! AT LAST! I'M BACK! BACK HOME! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!

NO! KEEP AWAY FROM ME! KEEP AWAY!

IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE SORCERER HAD CERTAIN OBJECTIONS TO THIS COURSE OF ACTION...

IT WAS THE ROAST OF BRUST'S LANDLADY THAT HERS WAS A QUIET HOUSE.

MR. BRUST! ARE YOU IN THERE? WHAT'S HAPPENING? STOP THAT NOISE!

SO SORRY MRS... ER... GRADLE... ER... SLIPPED FELL OVER... BANGED MY HEAD!

OH, I SEE! WELL, DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE ABOUT IT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE NEIGHBORS'LL THINK, REALLY I DON'T...

Perhaps... it would indeed be a good idea to smash that mirror now that I no longer need it... now that I have at last returned... to the real world!
Legends can be fairly predictable, but sometimes in my researches I come across something like this crumpling old tome. It tells of time of the Crusades, when Gavin of Lambourn, roaming the Holy Land, found... ah, but wait, you'll soon see in this story I call...

At the time, a truce was in force, and that was bad for Gavin, for no fighting meant no plunder.

Ah, another one! Welcome, Sir Knight.

Another what? Bring me ale, landlord... and tell me where a man can sell his sword skill in this forsaken land...

The others have all been up to the castle, seeking the hand of the lady Meusa. She's a beautiful Arab beauty! They say... but to win her, you have to slay the dragon...!

Away with your stupid stories of dragons, old man! Still... you say the castle's full of gold...

But within...

Yes, you've come to try for my sister, Melissa. She has a dowry worth one hundred thousand gold marks...

That much? A king's ransom... but then, she's beautiful enough to be a queen to any man...

But to win her you must slay, in single combat, the fearsome dragon which infests the desert near here...

Evening was approaching. There was nothing for Gavin to do but return to the inn.

The only thing it could be is a snake... grown old and huge! Well, there are ways of dealing with snakes without risking a fight!

This is mad... he really means it!
AND NEXT MORNING

THIS POISONED GOAT-CASCADE WILL DO THE JOB FOR ME... AND WHEN THE SNAKE'S TAKEN THE BAIT, I'LL MOVE IN AND TAKE MY TROPHY...

BUT GAVIN WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE HEADED THAT MORNING.

HOLY SAINTS! THE DRAGON'S REAL... AND IT'S CAUGHT AN ARAB RAIDING PARTY...

POLY SA//VTSS THE DRAGON'S A€AU AND STS CAUGHT AN ARAB RAIDING PARTY.

TAKEN THE SAT, I'LL MOVE IN AND TAKE MY TROPHY.

THE DRAGON'S A€AU AND STS CAUGHT AN ARAB RAIDING PARTY.

THE PROPHET AND ME! DIE, HELLSPAWN!

MAY THE PROPHET AND ME! DIE, HELLSPAWN!

MAY THE PROPHET AND ME! DIE, HELLSPAWN!

MAY THE PROPHET AND ME! DIE, HELLSPAWN!

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MAY THE PROPHET AND ME! DIE, HELLSPAWN!

MAY THE PROPHET AND ME! DIE, HELLSPAWN!

AHHH!

AB ALLAH IS MERCIFUL, HELP ME STRANGER! DISPLAY YOUR VAUNTED CHRISTIAN CHARITY...

MY LUCKY STAR MUST BE SHINING! I GET THE BOLD... AND THE WENCH... WITHOUT A FIGHT!

AND SO A TRIUMPHAL RETURN.

HE PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY.

HO, GIRL! YOUR HUSBAND IS HERE, AND I HAVE PROOF OF MY COURAGE... WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER?
You're holding his head in your hand...

Your brother was the dragon? You're jesting, girl! You must...

But now that's all over, everything you see is yours... just as you are mine...

Then lead me to a more comfortable chamber, girl! I need to relax after my struggles!

Besides, now I've got you all to myself!

No! Not you as well! NOOO!

And there, I need hardly add, Gavin's story comes to a sudden end. What's that you ask? How do dragons turn into beautiful girls? Well... you are what you eat!
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PROLOGUE

Peace reigns over the English countryside... Then...

**WHAT'S THAT NOISE?**

It's nothing, only a plane!

**THAT'S NO PLANE! WHAT IS IT?**

Quick! Get inside! Inside!

Don't go out there, Dad! Please!

You stay here. And you'd better call the police... If the telephone's still on after all that!
Within minutes of the explosion, the police arrived...

YOU ARE HAMPERING OPERATIONS BY CROWDING THE AREA. PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES.

AFRAID THAT THING IS STILL TOO HOT FOR US TO PUT WATER ON. CHIEF.

THE OBJECT WAS FIRST SPOTTED AT 9:15 THIS EVENING. A STATEMENT ISSUED BY THE HOME OFFICE STRESSES THAT THERE IS NO GENERAL DANGER. MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC HOWEVER ARE WARNED TO STAY AWAY FROM THE AREA.

And on the television news...

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

DON'T START FURSING... I'VE SINGED... THAT'S ALL.

DO YOU REALISE WHAT YOU'LL HAVE TO FACE IF THIS IS A DISASTER, QUATERMASS?

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, MAN HAS SENT A ROCKET 1500 MILES INTO SPACE. YOU CAN'T EXPECT SUCH AN EXPERIMENT TO BE-PERFECT.
BUT, QUATERMANN... WE LOST CONTACT WITH IT... FOR OVER 57 HOURS! WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE CONTACT WHEN IT RETURNED INTO ORBIT!

THAT'S SOMETHING TO TELL YOUR MINISTRY. I SENT IT UP AND I BROUGHT IT BACK!

MINISTRY OF DEFENCE MAJOR.

I'M COMING AS WELL. MY HUSBAND IS ONE OF THE MEN IN THAT ROCKET.

PROFESSOR QUATERMANN—THERE'S SOME TAPPING FROM INSIDE THE ROCKET, SIR.

QUICK—LET ME HAVE THOSE HEADPHONES!

GREEN... REICHENHEIM... CARRON... THIS IS QUATERMANN. CAN YOU HEAR ME? YOU'VE LANDED IN ENGLAND AND WE'RE STANDING LESS THAN 50 YARDS FROM YOU!

THE TAPPING HAS STOPPED... I WANT YOUR HELP, CHIEF.

WE'LL OPEN THE ROCKET DOOR BY REMOTE CONTROL. WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, I WANT EVERY HOSE TURNED FULL FORCE AROUND THAT ENTRANCE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

BUT THE THING IS STILL AS HOT AS BAKELS. IF YOU START PUMPING WATER ON IT...

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

...ZERO!

I WORKED! SOMEONE'S COMING OUT!

FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE...
IT'S VICTOR CARRISON!

VICTOR! OH, VICTOR!

BUT WHERE ARE THE OTHER TWO?

GREENE! REICHENHEIM!

HE'S RIGHT, SIR. THEY'VE JUST GONE!

THEY'VE GONE. THEIR SUITS ARE STILL ATTACHED, YET THEY ARE NOT INSIDE THEM.

HE'S IN A SEVERE STATE OF SHOCK. HE'S IN NO CONDITION TO TALK!

The next day Carsoon received treatment at Briscoe's laboratory...

SHHH, PROFESSOR VICTOR'S TRYING TO SPEAK...

WHAT IS HE SAYING?

DON'T YOU THINK VICTOR SHOULD BE GETTING TREATMENT AT A HOSPITAL.

HE JUST SAID, "HELP ME...."

SOME OF HIS SKIN HAS SWOLLEN AND COURSED, AND THE BONE STRUCTURE OF HIS FACE SEEMS TO HAVE CHANGED. I'M CONVINCED OF IT.
But later, as the two men left the laboratory, following a phone call...

WE'VE BEEN CHECKING ON CHARROON'S FINGERPRINTS, QUATERMASS... THEY DON'T MATCH UP WITH THOSE FILED WHEN HE WAS VETTED AS AN ASTRONAUT.

THE FINGERPRINTS WE TOOK LAST NIGHT... DON'T SEEM TO BE QUITE... ER... HUMAN.

COME WITH US - I'VE HAD AN URGENT CALL FROM THE ROCKET!

HUMAN? DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE STAYING?

I KNOW WHAT I'M THINKING!

YOU'RE ASKING ME TO BELIEVE THAT THIS IS THE REMAINS OF TWO HUMAN BEINGS

THEM JUST DISCOVERED THIS JELLY SUBSTANCE!

IT'S ORGANIC... THE DEAD REMNANTS OF CELL TISSUE... COULD BE HUMAN.
Meanwhile, the answer to the Professor's question was beginning to take shape in more ways than anyone would dare to imagine.

"FOOD! NEED STRENGTH!"

If some alien force did this to the other two astronauts, what in Heaven's name can it have done to... Victor Carroon?

"Victor... oh, no! Professor, help!"

"Only fainted? Look at him. He's so thin and his skin, it's... oh, Victor, why couldn't you have died in space with the others? Why did you have to come back... like this... so they could torment you?"

"It's no use, Guatermass. We can't keep him here. He must go to the Central Clinic."

"Maybe you're right, Briscie. But he must have complete isolation. No one must see him like this!"

I'm Mrs. Carroon. How is my husband?

"I've been given a message to tell you there's no change, but don't worry, lady. Mr. Tucker's visiting him in half-an-hour. He's one of our best. He'll look after him all right."

"A doctor named Tucker. You've got half an hour to get him away from these mad scientists!"

And so, that night.
BUT BE CAREFUL. IT'S A SICK MAN YOU'LL BE DEALING WITH...

NOT A CRIMINAL OR SOMEONE WHO'S BEHIND ON REPAYMENTS!

DON'T WORRY, MISS. I'LL HAVE HIM OUT OF THERE IN SECONDS.

TUCKER'S SICK. I'M STANDING IN FOR HIM, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL HIT THE SACK.

WELL, YOU'RE A BIT EARLY BUT I'M NOT GRUMBLING. HERE'S THE PATIENT'S CHART!

THANKS. 6'NIGHT.

ONCE INSIDE, CHRISTIE QUICKLY SET ABOUT EARNING HIS PAY...

QUICK, GET YOUR COAT ON. YOUR WIFE'S OUTSIDE WITH THE CAR. SHE'LL GET YOU TO A PROPER HOSPITAL!

THAT'S ABOUT DONE. ONCE OUT OF THIS LIFT... SAY, WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE HIDING UNDER YOUR JACKET?

WHEW! YOU'RE LIKE SO MUCH DEADWEIGHT, CAN HARDLY CARRY YOU.
VICTOR! OH, THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE HERE. THE CAR'S...

NO... NO! DON'T... AAAARGH!

SUDDENLY... PARDON ME, SIRS. IT'S MRS. CARROON. WE'VE JUST FOUND HER WITH A CAR FULL OF LUGGAGE... MEN'S LUGGAGE.

ANY SIGN OF HER HUSBAND, CONSTABLE?

CAR 39 PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO 34 BADGE STREET AND INVESTIGATE. IT MAY BE CARROON. PROCEED WITH CAUTION. RIVER POLICE AT HAYS WHARF ARE SEARCHING GENERAL AREA.

AS THE CAR SPEEDS PAST, A FIGURE THAT WAS ONCE VICTOR CARROON WATCHES THEM THROUGH COLD, UNHUMAN EYES.

THE IDIOT! SHE MUST HAVE TRIED TO GET HER HUSBAND OUT!

NO, SIR, AND SHE CAN'T TELL US ANYTHING. SHE'S IN A BAD STATE OF SHOCK.

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH LIFE WAS DRAWN RIGHT OUT OF HIM!

QUICKLY, HAVE AN EXAMINATION DONE.

WHAT'S THIS? IT LOOKS AS THOUGH LIFE WAS DRAWN RIGHT OUT OF HIM!

BOBBY CONSIDERED THE BODY IN THE LIFT SHAFT WAS DISCOVERED...
SO HE'S ONLY THE SHELL OF CARROON...

HE'SABSORBING EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES...

AND GROWING MORE POWERFUL, MORE DEADLY, EVERY HOUR HE'S FREE!

WHAT IF THERE IS A FORM OF LIFE IN SPACE... NOT ON SOME DISTANT PLANET, BUT JUST... DRIFTING?

NOT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT. WITH INTELLIGENCE, YES. BUT PURE ENERGY WITH NO ORGANIC STRUCTURE?

AND YOU THINK IT MAY HAVE GOT AT THE OTHER TWO ASTRONAUTS AND JUST REDUCED THEM TO THAT MESS WE SAW?

EXACTLY. AND SUCKED THE LIFE OUT OF THIS CACTUS IN CARROON'S ROOM. AND THE SAME TO THE MAN WE JUST EXAMINED.

LOMAX! I BELIEVE CARROON IS THIS... THIS THING'S CARRIER!

BUT TO LIVE AND GROW, HE... IT MUST HAVE FOOD.

GENTLEMEN, WE MUST TRAP THE CREATURE BEFORE IT CAN KILL AGAIN!

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BUT THAT SAME EVENING A STRANGE THING WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE IN LONDON'S DOCKLANDS AROUND, AS A NOISILY FORCED OPEN A DOOR...
A startled chemist came rushing through from his room behind the shop, only to be brushed aside like a fly by the huge silent intruder... but the protest fell on deaf ears.

Now just cut that out, some of those chemicals are dangerous! Y'hear me?

Hey, hold on a minute! You can't come in here. We're shut for the day.

...His arm!

Oh, my God!

Upon arriving... Carroon again! But what was he after—at a chemist's?

Him... there is an alternative. He could have been trying to speed up this bizarre change within him.

To kill himself! That's all it could have been with those chemicals! To mix them would bring instant death!

But Carroon was an engineer, he didn't know anything about chemistry!

And then the dark figure turned.

His coat slid from its place of concealment revealing...

And later, the silence of night was shattered once more by the wailing sound of a police car hurtling through the stilled streets...

Carroon didn't... but the other astronauts did! We only discovered their physical remains, now we know what happened to... their souls.
Another victim! Lomax, we are responsible for these deaths. We must track down this creature before it kills again!

Poor Carroon. He must be going through pure hell possessed by this... thing!

And now it will be looking for something else to feed on...

Poor Carroon. He must be going through pure hell possessed by this... thing!

Would you like some tea, Dolly?

Suddenly, she turns in fright...

Would you like to have tea with me an' Dolly, Mister?
...then dashes the doll from her arms!

DID THE NASTY MAN HURT YOU, DOLLY?

Perhaps somewhere deep inside the mutated shell, a spark of Victor Carroon lives. A spark that stopped him from killing a child, and makes him roam on... for food.

GNAARLL!

Oh, my God!

And, within minutes...

Complete absorption this time!

Suddenly Briscoe appears with a startling discovery.

He's getting stronger. This is what I was afraid of!

One of the keepers just found this tendril in the bushes. It's caught a small mouse!

It's alive! Look at it squirm!

In mere minutes, it's absorbed the mouse... and trebled its size!
YOU'VE BEEN SEEING THINGS AGAIN, ROSIE. YOU MUST LEAVE OFF THAT BOTTLE!

MAYBE WE SHOULD CHECK IT OUT. THERE'VE BEEN SOME FUNNY GOINGS-ON LATELY.

I CERTAINLY AM NOT! I'VE COME TO COMPLAIN ABOUT A BIG CREEPY THING THAT JUST CRAWLED INTO WESTMINSTER ABBEY!

WHAT'S THE POLICE FOR, IF THEY LET CREEPY-CRAWLIES ROAM ABOUT AS THEY PLEASE?

I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN POSSIBLY FIGHT IT!

IF IT REPRODUCES ON CARROON AT THE SAME RATE...

YEAH, THEY FOUND THAT PAINTING WHEN THEY WERE CLEANING DOWN THIS OLD WALL...

COULD WE TEST FOR A FEW CAMERA ANGLES?

QUATERMASS... IT'S BEEN SPOTTED GOING INTO WESTMINSTER ABBEY!

IN THE ABBEY, A TV CREW ARE PREPARING AN OUTSIDE BROADCAST ON A RECENTLY DISCOVERED WALL PAINTING.

MY NAME'S QUATERMASS, AND I WANT YOU ALL OUT OF HERE ...NOW!

WE CAN'T DO THAT, CHUM. WE'VE A LIVE TRANSMISSION IN A FEW MINUTES!

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WE CAN'T DO THAT, CHUM. WE'VE A LIVE TRANSMISSION IN A FEW MINUTES!
EVERYBODY IN THE BUILDING IS IN DEADLY DANGER. I WANT THE WHOLE ABBEY CLEARED. PUBLIC, CLERGY, EVERYONE...

WAIT! HOLD THAT PICTURE!

KILL TRANSMISSION!

LOOK AT THOSE NODULES! IF THEY SPORE, THEY'LL SPREAD BY THE MILLION AND COVER THE COUNTRY IN SUCH CREATURES!

GET ME FLAME-THROWERS! NO! TOO RISKY!

HOW LONG BEFORE IT STARTS REPRODUCING, BRISCOE?

BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS, IT COULD BE ANYTIME IN THE NEXT HOUR OR SO!

THE WHOLE CREATURE MUST DIE. ANY SURVIVING PART WOULD RE-START THE CYCLE AGAIN!

THE BEGINNING OF NEW SPORE-PRODUCING ZONES... DOZENS OF THEM!

I'VE GOT IT IN CLOSE UP ON THE SCREEN. IT'S STOPPED PULSATING AND SEEMS TO BE CHANGING!

I THINK WE CAN STOP IT, BRISCOE!
GET CABLES AND CONNECT THAT STEEL SCAFFOLDING TO THE MAIN POWER LINES. SEND IN ENOUGH CURRENT TO MELT THE LOT IF NECESSARY!

BUT YOU'LL BRING THE WHOLE CITY TO STANDSTILL...

IF THAT THING SURVIVES, YOU WON'T HAVE A CITY!

BUT YOU'LL BRING THE WHOLE CITY TO STANDSTILL...

IF THAT THING SURVIVES, YOU WON'T HAVE A CITY!

QUATERMASS! WHY WASN'T THE MINISTRY INFORMED ABOUT ALL THIS?

DON'T FRET, BLAKE... IT'S ALL OVER NOW!

HELP, QUATERMASS? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

BRISCOE, I'M GOING TO NEED SOME HELP!

I'M GOING TO PUT ANOTHER ROCKET INTO SPACE!

THE END
Beneath this bleak, windswept plain of Midden Moor lies the body of Cormac, legendary warrior chieftain, undisturbed for over two thousand years... Until now, for treasure hunters are about to realise their wildest dreams, and unwittingly unleash...

The Curse of Cormac

In the glow of a lamp their eyes beheld an awesome sight...

Stone the crows! Look at that!

Good grief! He must be over seven feet tall... a giant!

Now that's what I came here for!

Look, Dave... I've read up about these things, there's an old legend about a giant chieftain, Cormac. He had a sword like that... a magic sword.

For the first time in millennia, Cormac's sword saw the light of day...

For the law, mate... what we find, we keep, that's the only law I know.

Where on earth did that thing come from? It's like it came out of the ground!

Cobblers! Get out of the way... we're not gonna crack this one if we stand around gawping all day!

Soon they had broken through into the vault beneath the mound...

That's it... we're through. Comin' in?

Er... I'll stay up top if it's all the same to you.

There's more... the legend says he was a sorcerer... a black magician! His thoughts would take flight as a giant crow—it all ties in!

And you believe that claptrap? Tell this stats with me, mate, that's the agreement, finders, keepers?

For the first time in millennia, Cormac's sword saw the light of day...

Look at this! It'll fetch twenty grand at least!

Twenty grand... split three ways, that's not bad!
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THREE WAYS? SCRABBLE AROUND IN THE REST OF THE STUFF IF YOU WANT, BUT THIS SWORD’S MINE!

I’LL SPLIT YOUR SKULL OPEN!

WHY YOU CHEATING, LYIN’ CREEP...

NEXT MOMENT, SAUNDERS FOUND HIMSELF IN A FRANTIC GASP...

YOU’VE KILLED HIM, YOU LUNATIC! GIVE ME THAT SWORD... GIVE ME IT!

LET GO... YOU'RE BREAKING MY ARM...

I SAID... LET GO!

CHONK!

PAUSING ONLY TO COLLECT HIS PACK, DAVE SAUNDERS FLED FROM THE GHASTLY SCENE...

GOTTA GET AWAY... BURY SWORD IN THE WOODS... COME BACK LATER...

THE BLASTED THINGS ATTACKING ME... GET OFF!

BUT, NEXT MOMENT...

RAAARK!
Saunders struggled to free the sword, but the blade had bitten deep...

I don't get it... I'm using all my strength... and it's just... not budging...

Saunders stopped, struck by a sudden silence that descended on the darkening woods... and then...

That shuffling sound... coming from behind me...

Saunders turned, and faced a sight that turned his blood to ice...

Saunders' exclamation was choked into silence as two skeletal hands grasped his throat in a grip of steel...

GAAA!K!

We found a third body in the woods, sir. Bit grisly I'm afraid. There was a dirty great crow 'aving a go at it. He scared it off...

But I'm afraid we were too late!

G'good grief... choke!

It was a few days before the slaughter was discovered... police searched the surrounding area... and the mystery deepened when...

Oh my god!
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