

EERIE

3

NEW TERROR TALES IN THE CREEPY TRADITION!

# EERIE

PDC

MAY  
No. 3

ILLUSTRATED PLUNGE  
INTO MONSTROUS  
FRIGHT!

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35c





TO KICK OFF THIS *GHOSTLY-GASSER* FROM MY *GORY GAZETTE*, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO *ROGER CULP*, A LITERARY AGENT, WHO IN HIS OWN WORDS WILL TELL YOU OF THE *EERIE EVENTS* AND *HORRIBLE HAPPENINGS* TAKING PLACE IN AND AROUND...

THE

# LIGHTHOUSE!

"THE ROCKBOUND COAST OF MAINE IS A LONG WAY FROM MANHATTAN'S COCKTAIL PARTIES AND LITERARY TEAS, BUT WHEN MY TOP WRITER WAS LATE TO THE PUBLISHER WITH A BOOK FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS CAREER, I DECIDED TO MAKE THE TRIP... *IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN!*"

BLASTED  
PEA-SOUP! DRIVING'S  
IMPOSSIBLE! MAYBE  
I CAN FIND THE  
LIGHTHOUSE ON  
FOOT...CAN'T  
BE FAR...



"WHY ERIC STANDISH WOULD GIVE UP A PENTHOUSE TO WRITE IN AN ABANDONED LIGHTHOUSE WAS BEYOND ME, ALTHOUGH EACH STEP I TOOK THROUGH THAT FOG ENSHROUDED NIGHT BROUGHT ME CLOSER TO AN ANSWER..."

LISTEN TO THAT SURF  
POUND...ERIC'S PLACE  
MUST BE NEAR BY...  
I CAN--

HELLO!  
WHO'S  
THERE?

MATTHEW  
FRYE! IS IT YOU,  
MATTHEW FRYE?

AL  
WILLIAMSON  
66

"SHE SEEMED TO WANDER OUT OF NOWHERE...UNTOUCHED AND UNAFFECTED BY THE NIGHT'S CHILL AND THE DAMPNESS OF THE ENVELOPING MISTS..."

Y-YOU'RE NOT MATTHEW FRYE...

NO...BUT I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TOO! ERIC STANDISH...SUPPOSED TO LIVE IN THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE...I CAN'T FIND IT IN THIS FOG!

Y-YES...THE LIGHTHOUSE! COME...THIS WAY...



"THE GIRL MOVED WITH SURENESS THROUGH THE LAYERS OF FOG...AHEAD, THE BOOMING SOUND OF THE ATLANTIC BREAKING ON THE COASTAL ROCKS GREW LOUDER AND NEARER..."



"THE OCEAN'S ROAR BECAME LIKE NEAR-BY THUNDER...THEN WITHOUT WARNING, THE LANTERN LIGHT WAS GONE!"

HEY! WHERE ARE YOU?

THIS WAY... SHE WAS MOVING THIS WAY...



"MY HANDS BECAME CLAWS SCRAPING AND CLINGING TO THE WET EARTH AND ROCKS OF THE CLIFF'S EDGE, WHILE MY LEGS THRASHED IN EMPTY AIR, 100 FEET ABOVE THE POUNDING SURF!"



"FOR ETERNAL MOMENTS I DANGLED LIKE DEADWEIGHT, WATCHING IN HORROR AS MY FINGERS GREW STIFF AND NUMB AND SLOWLY BEGAN TO SLIP..."



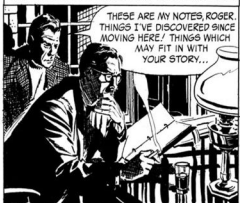
"GROUND WAS BENEATH MY FEET AND I LOOKED GRATEFULLY INTO A FAMILIAR FACE... A FACE SOMEHOW GROWN QUICKLY OLD AND TIRED..."



"ERIC LISTENED WITH GRIM RESIGNATION AS I TOLD HIM WHAT HAPPENED... LIKE A MAN HEARING FROM HIS DOCTOR THAT HE HAS A FATAL DISEASE!"



"ERIC HAD DONE THE BEST HE COULD TO MAKE HIS QUARTERS SNUG AND COMFORTABLE... BUT NO AMOUNT OF HOMEY TOUCHES COULD CUT THE PERVAIDING GLOOM THAT HUNG ABOUT THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE."





"EIGHTY YEARS AGO THE SCHOONER **WINDFALL** WAS DASHED TO PIECES ON THE SHOALS OFF THIS POINT...TREACHEROUS SHOALS FOR WHICH THIS TOWER'S BEACON WAS TO GIVE WARNING!"

"BUT THERE WAS NO WARNING LIGHT FOR THE **WINDFALL**...THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR, UNMINDFUL OF THE STORM OR HIS DUTIES..."



"ONE SURVIVOR ESCAPED THE HOLOCAUST, PAINFULLY INCHED HER WAY UP TO THE DARKENED TOWER FOR HELP...WHERE INSIDE, ROUSED BY THE NOISE OF THE WRECK, THE KEEPER STAGGERED ABOUT IN BLIND PANIC..."

"CONFRONTED BY THE ONLY WITNESS TO HIS NEGLIGENCE, THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT COMFOUNDED HIS DEED WITH AN ACT MORE HORRIBLE FOR ITS DELIBERATENESS!"



THAT LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER WAS MY **GRANDFATHER**...**MATTHEW FRYE!**

B-BUT...THE GIRL I SAW **TONIGHT**... SHE WAS LOOKING FOR...YOUR **GRANDFATHER?**!



"DRIVING RAIN BEGAN A TATTOO ON THE WINDOWS...A STORM WAS MOVING IN FROM THE SEA..."

ERIC STANDISH IS A FINE NAME...I'VE MADE QUITE A CAREER WRITING UNDER IT, BUT YOU NEVER ESCAPE THE NAME YOU'RE BORN WITH... YOU SEE, ROGER, I TOO AM **MATTHEW FRYE!**



# CLANG!

THAT NOISE!

T-THE WIND...



"EVEN AS I SAID IT, I KNEW THE WIND HADN'T MADE THE NOISE, JUST AS WE BOTH KNEW, WHILE RUSHING TO THE STAIRS, WHAT WE'D SEE BELOW..."

**MATTHEW FRYE!** IS IT YOU, **MATTHEW FRYE?**



I'VE COME FOR YOU, **MATTHEW FRYE!**

Oh, God!



"WAS IT FEAR THAT HELD ME IN PARALYZED HORROR OR *SOMETHING MORE?* ERIC STARED TRANSFIXED, YET HIS FEET MOVED, CARRYING HIM BACKWARD... ACROSS THE ROOM, OUT INTO THE WIND AND RAIN, ONTO THE OLD TOWER'S BALCONY.

NOW, **MATTHEW FRYE...NOW!**



**ERIC!**

EEEEEEEE YAH HHHH!

"ERIC'S FEARFUL SCREAM DROWNED IN THE RAGING WIND, AND THE TWO FIGURES DISAPPEARED INSTANTLY IN THE BOILING SURF BELOW..."



"I ALMOST FELL DOWN THE SPIRAL STAIRS OF THE LIGHTHOUSE AND OUT INTO THE LASHING STORM...YET ALL I COULD FIND BELOW WERE COASTAL ROCKS LIKE GIANT GRAVE-STONES AND THE OCEAN'S COLD CRASHING WAVES..."



"MUMB WITH EXHAUSTION AND COLD, I SOMEHOW MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE LIGHTHOUSE...MY LAST MEMORY OF THAT NIGHT IS CLAWING OPEN THE HEAVY IRON DOOR..."



"THE NEXT MORNING I WAS AWAKENED BY THE SCREECHING OF GULLS AND CRIES OF LOCAL FISHERMEN..."



"THE SEA HAD DISGORGED ITS VICTIMS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE AND THE SIGHT IS ETCHED FOREVER IN MY MIND...THE HORROR ON ERIC'S DEAD FACE WAS NOT OF DYING, BUT OF THE THING THAT CLUNG TO HIM...THE CORPSE OF A ONCE-BEAUTIFUL GIRL...  
**DEAD NOW FOR EIGHTY YEARS!"**



THERE'S ONE WRITER WHO REALLY GOT *INVOLVED* IN HIS WORK...PERSONALLY, I THINK HE WAS *ALL WET*, OR AT LEAST *WASHED UP*! NOW, GRAB A *WEIRD WAVE* AND SEE WHERE MY *TERROR TIDE* CARRIES YOU NEXT!

