

All-New, Full-Length Story

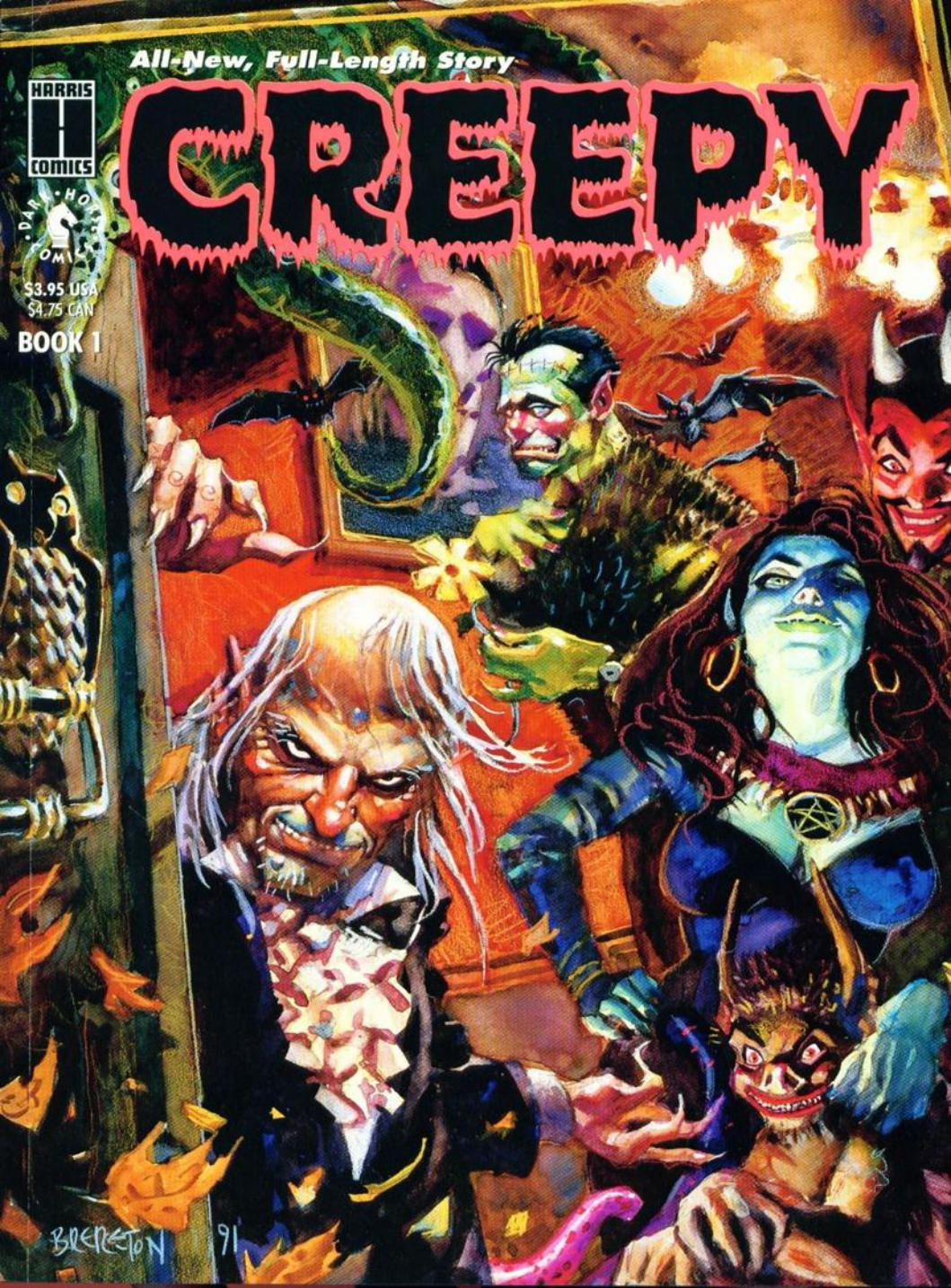
HARRIS
COMICS

DARK HORSE
COMICS

\$3.95 USA
\$4.75 CAN

BOOK 1

CREEPY



BREKSTON

91





PETER
DAVID
WRITER

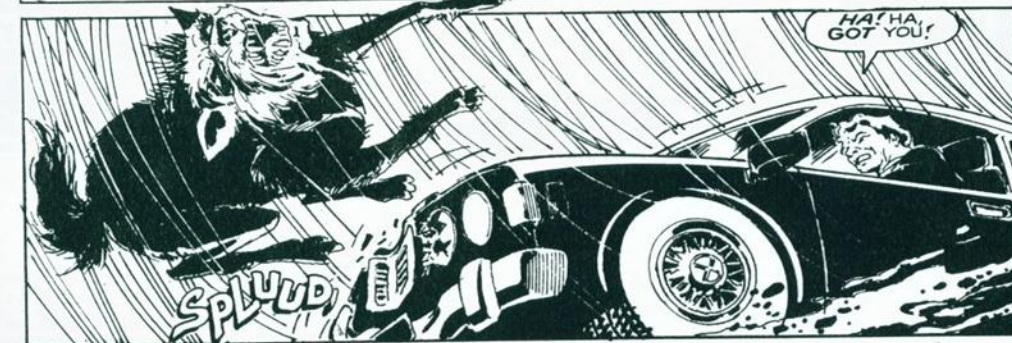
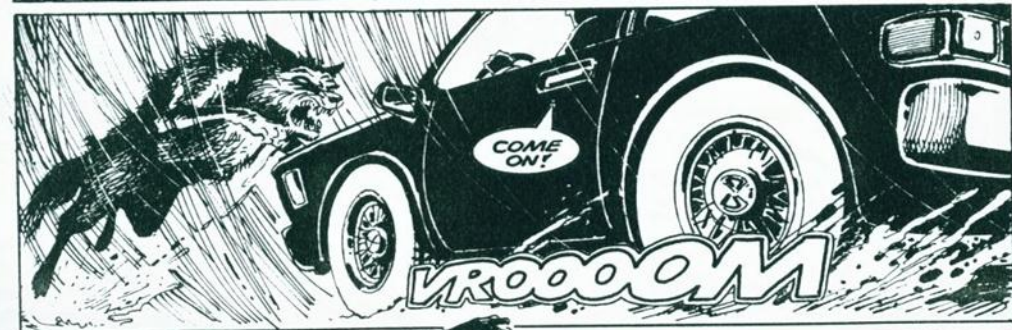
KIERON
DWYER
LAYOUT ART

TOM
SUTTON
FINISHES

KEVIN
CUNNINGHAM
LETTERER

RICHARD
HOWELL
HOUSEKEEPER







DID YOU **SEE** THAT?
THAT WAS **BEAUTIFUL!**
I SHOWED **HIM!** I--

NATHAN, I
WOULD **REALLY**
LOVE TO SHARE YOUR
ENTHUSIASM FOR THIS,
THE CROWNING ACHIEVE-
MENT OF YOUR **LIFE...**



...BUT COULD YOU
PLEASE GET US
THE **HELL** OUT
OF HERE?!

OKAY,
OKAY...



NATHAN, WOULD YOU CARE
TO ENLIGHTEN ME AS TO WHY
YOU JUST **SHUT** OFF THE
ENGINE?

I, UH...

I **DIDN'T**.
THE **ENGINE**
JUST **DIED**.



GREAT. THAT'S
JUST
GREAT!
AND
WE'RE
NEXT!

WHEN YOU
SHRIEK LIKE THAT
IT JUST GOES IN
HERE AND COMES
OUT **THERE** AND
KILLS **BRAIN** CELLS.
KNOW THAT?

GREAT. AND THE
PHONE'S **D--**
NOT WORKING.



LOOK...WE'VE
GOTTA GET TO
THAT **HOUSE**.

NO WAY
IN **HELL**.
NATHAN
NO WAY.



IT'S OUR **ONLY** **SHOT**. OTHERWISE
WE'RE SITTING **DUCKS** FOR THE
NEXT WILD CREATURE THAT ATTACKS,
AND FRESH OUT OF BMWs TO RUN
'EM OVER WITH!









LOOKEE **HERE**, PEOPLE: TWO MORE **WINNERS** IN THE "NO SENSE OF DIRECTION" CONTEST. MR. AND MRS. NATHAN AND DEENA EVANSTON... MAY I PRESENT...

...THE GENTLEMAN BY THE CURTAINS IS MR. CRAWFORD.

ON THE COUCH IS MS. CARLOTTA BUSCH...

...AND RANDALL STARR...

...STANDING IS MR. ROLAND RODERICK...

AND YOUNG MASTER JACKIE DANIELS.

DON'T SAY IT, OKAY? I'VE HEARD EVERY POSSIBLE JOKE, OKAY?

UH, YES. AND OVER THERE BY THE FIRE IS OUR HOST... WHO NOW THAT I RECALL, HAS YET TO MENTION HIS NAME...

JUST CALL ME...

...UNCLE.





HEH,
JUST
CALL
ME
MADAM.

SOME NIGHT
ON MY WAY TO
MEET A CLIENT,
AND I WIND UP STUCK
HERE WITH YOU GUYS.

MR. EVANSTON, I'M
FAMILIAR WITH YOU,
SIR. IMAGINE THAT YOU,
ONE OF AMERICA'S
FOREMOST CORPORATE
RAIDERS--A FORTUNE
500 MEMBER--WOULD
BE STUCK HERE IN
THE RAIN.

YEAH, JUST IMAGINE
BEING STUCK WITH A
GUNG WHO LOST HIS
MINISTRY AND BIG, FANCY
LIFESTYLE BECAUSE HE
COULDN'T CONTROL HIS
HOLY WAFER.



I'LL THANK YOU NOT
TO BLASPHEME IN MY
PRESENCE, SIR.

I HEARD THE
THREE BIMBOS
YOU WERE
ARRESTED WITH AT
THAT LOUISIANA
HOTEL CERTAINLY
INVOKED THE
LORD'S NAME A
FEW TIMES.



I RESENT
THAT, SIR!
YOU--

AW,
CRAM IT,
THE BOTH
OF YOU.
HEY...

HEY,
NOW THIS
REALLY IS
GETTING
WEIRD...



WE ALL GOT THE
SAME RING. MINE'S
A FAMILY HEIR-
LOOM, THOUGH.

MINE
TOO.

SAME
HERE.



SHE
DOESN'T.

LOOK, FELLA, JEWELRY CONVENTIONS ARE NICE, BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHERE THE HELL MY CAR IS!

I'M SURE IT'S OUT THERE. DISTANCES ARE *DECEIVING* IN THE WOODS. ALL THINGS HERE *LURK* JUST BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

YOU SEEM EXHAUSTED. WOULD YOU CARE TO LIE DOWN UPSTAIRS?

I WOULD. MY FEET ARE *KILLING* ME, AND I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM AGAIN.

MY WIFE'S *PREGNANT* BEEN TRYING FOR YEARS, SO WE'RE A LITTLE NERVOUS NOW THAT IT FINALLY TOOK.

UNDERSTANDABLE. CONGRATULATIONS.

THANKS. LOOK, LYING DOWN SOUNDS *GREAT*.. AND IF THERE'S A *PHONE*--?

PHONES ARE OUT.

WIRE FELL? LIGHTNING FLASH?

DIDN'T PAY THE BILL.

COME ALONG THEN.

RIGHT UP HERE. THIS WAY.

THIS PLACE IS LIKE A MAZE. I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN WALKING FOR HOURS.

WELL, THE LONG WALK IS OVER.

RIGHT IN HERE. IT'S ALL YOURS.

KLIK

JUST YELL IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.

CORPORATE

BLOODSUCKERS

A TRIP THROUGH
THE CREEPY HOUSE
BY:

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WRITER

GENE COLAN
PENCILLER

STEVE LEIALOHA
INKER

RICHARD HOWELL
LETTERER/EDITOR

JESSE REYES
CO-EDITOR













HURRY!
HURRY!

THE OFFICE
BUILDING'S
JUST ACROSS
THE
STREET!

NATHAN, I
DON'T
UNDERSTAND
ANY OF
TH--

SO HELP ME GOD,
DEENA, IF YOU SAY THAT
ONE MORE TIME, I'LL
GIVE YOU TO THEM
MYSELF!

DO YOU THINK
I GET ANY OF
THIS? DO YOU?

EITHER IT'S
SOME SORT OF
ILLUSION, OR...
OR I DON'T
KNOW WHAT!
ALL I KNOW FOR
SURE IS...

...WE'RE SAFE
FOR THE
MOMENT!



DEENA!

HEY!
MORE
EXCITING
THAN MUZAK,
RIGHT?



BUT--
WHAT IF HE'S
ONE OF
THEM!



NATHAN
EVANSTON
JACK
DANTE

NO, HE WOULDN'T
BE. WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS
FOR YEARS. HE'D NEVER
TURN ON ME!



JACK!

THANK
GOD! WHAT'S
GOING
ON!

WHAT'S
HAPPEN-
ING?



WHY...
NOTHING.
NATHAN!
WHY?



EVERY-
THING'S
PERFECTLY
NORMAL!





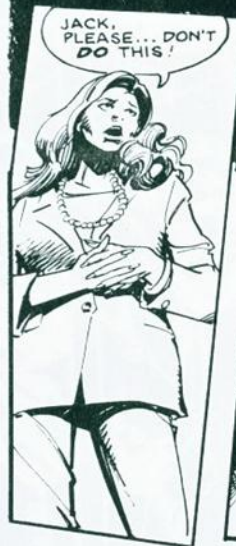
"NO ONE'S GOT MORE BUSINESS SENSE, SAVVY... JUST PLAIN GUTS THAN YOU. THE PROBLEM IS THAT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SEEING THINGS CLEARLY THESE DAYS."

"DEENA, HOW ARE YOU FEELING? HOW'S THE BABY?"

"UHM... FINE."

"NOW DEENA... SHE HAS THE WORLD IN PERSPECTIVE. YOU MUST BE REAL PROUD OF HER, BEING PREGNANT AND ALL. AND PROUD OF YOURSELF, TOO."

"MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE A MAN, DOESN'T IT-- ESPECIALLY AFTER ALL THE TIME IT TOOK."



SHE KNEW IT WAS EATING YOU UP INSIDE, NOT BEING MAN ENOUGH TO MAKE A KID.

PHONE'S NOT WORKING...

WHAT... DID YOU SAY?

NATHAN, DON'T LISTEN TO HIM... PLEASE!

THAT'S WHY SHE CAME TO ME, NATE!

SHE NEEDED SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T SHOOT BLANKS, AND COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF GOING TO A STRANGER.

YOU SHOULD THANK ME!





I'LL KILL
YOU, JACK!
YOU'LL DIE
AND I'LL
LIVE!

AT LEAST
IF I'M NOW A
VAMPIRE, I'LL
SURVIVE! THAT'S BEEN
MY STRENGTH! I SEE
THE ADVANTAGE
IN ANY-
THING!

YES,
WELL, Y'SEE
NATE...

THERE'S
A PROBLEM
WITH THAT.



BUT...
BUT
I'M A
VAMPIRE!

YES--
SOCIALY!
IT'S GOOD
YOU
REALIZED
THAT.

BUT THE
MIRROR!
I--

AH, YES, THE
MIRROR. WELL, YOU
SEE, THAT'S THE **KEY**
TO THIS PLACE, NATE.
WE DON'T DEAL IN
PHYSICALITIES,
BUT IN
METAPHORS.

HERE IS AS
IT APPEARS, BUT
EVERYTHING
IS AS IT
SHOULD BE.

MIRRORS
SHOW THE **REALITY**
HERE... AND IN **THAT**
MEASURE, YOU'RE JUST
A **TAKER**, A **USER**,
A **BLOODSUCKER**--
JUST AN **EMPTY**
SUIT! I'M AFRAID
THERE'S NOTHING
MUCH TO
YOU!

OF
COURSE, YOU
COULDN'T KNOW
THAT--BUT DON'T
WORRY...

IT'S NO
REFLECTION
ON YOU!



ONE GONE --
ONE *GOING!*



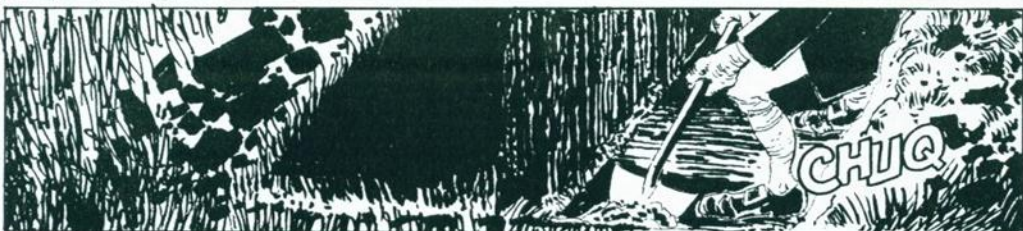
AND THE
GEMSTONE?




GONE.
GOOD.



TWO
DOWN.





YES,
I KNOW
EXACTLY
HOW YOU
FEEL.

THAT SEEMS **QUITE**
DEEP ENOUGH. FEEL
FREE TO RETURN TO
YOUR **OTHER** DUTIES
NOW.

IF WE LEAVE
OUR GUESTS
UNATTENDED,
THEY MIGHT GET
NERVOUS. WE
WOULDN'T
WANT **THAT.**

**24
HOUR
ROOM
SERVICE**

"GUESTS"--
HAH! I SAY,
GIVE 'EM
THREE BUCKS
CABFARE--!

**PETER
DAVID**
WRITER

**KIERON
DWYER**
LAYOUT ART

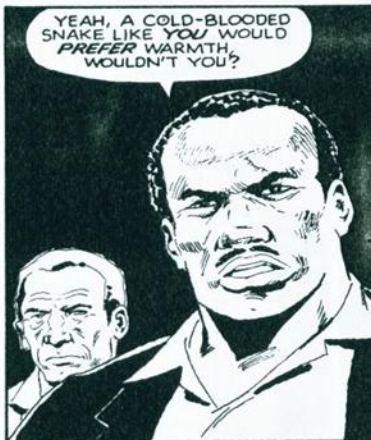
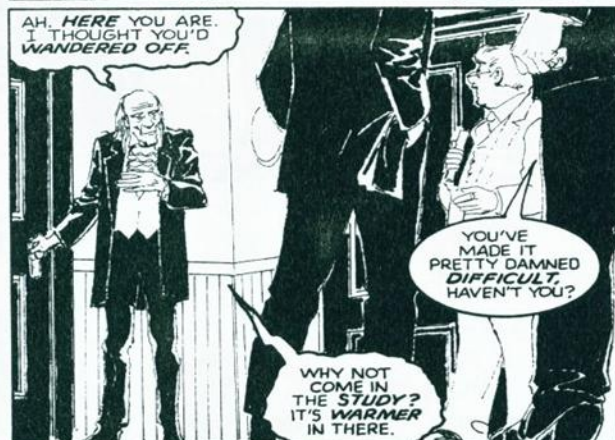
**TOM
SUTTON**
FINISHES

**KEVIN
CUNNINGHAM**
LETTERER

**RICHARD
HOWELL**
PLOTTER

**REYES &
HOWELL**
CO-EDITORS







LOOK, I BEEN THINKING... MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST ALL GET **TOGETHER**, GET **OUT** OF THIS PLACE... IF WE STICK **TOGETHER**, MAYBE WE CAN MAKE OUR WAY IN THE **DARK**, FIND A **PHONE**, CALL THE **COPS**...



THAT **WOULDN'T** BE SMART.



WHY NOT?

NONE OF YOUR **BUSINESS**.



MY SON, YOU **MUST** BELIEVE THAT THIS IS ALL SERVING SOME **PURPOSE**, AND THAT THERE IS SOMEONE WATCHING OVER US. A **HIGHER POWER**.



OH, I BELIEVE THERE'S A **HIGHER POWER**, SIR. I'M... JUST NOT SURE WHOSE **SIDE** HE'S ON.



WHAT THE **DEVIL**--?!







LOOK AT THESE BOOKS. THEY FAIRLY REEK OF EVIL.

THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY THING THAT REEKS AROUND HERE.



HEY, REV. WHAT'RE YOU GURGLING ABOUT?



OH MY GOD! THE CRIMSON CHRONICLES!!

WHAT'S THAT? A HARVARD YEARBOOK?



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, YOU IDIOTS! IT'S THE SINGLE MOST EVIL BOOK IN HISTORY! SURPASSED ONLY BY "DARK VISIONS"--THE LAST COPY OF WHICH I PERSONALLY SAW BURNED!



ANY HOUSE WHICH WOULD HOLD A COPY OF THIS--!



"WE ARE IN GRAVE DANGER, MY FRIENDS. GRAVE DANGER."

MAN OH *HUIHIN* MAN, I DON'T BELIEVE THIS WALK...

WHAT, YOU GOT A HUNDRED FLOORS IN HERE?



DON'T BLAME A MERE HEALTHY WALK ON THE HOUSE, DEAR GIRL. BLAME YOUR NICOTINE LUNGS.



YEAH, THANKS. NIGHT NIGHT, JACK LALANNE.

AS I RECALL, CIGARETTES ARE CALLED "COFFIN NAILS."



HOW APPROPPOS.

BEAUTIFUL!

THIS IS GONNA
BE THE *BEAUTI-
FULEST* PICTURE
IN THE *WHOLE*
WORLD WHEN
I'M DONE.

WHERE'D
THE ROOM
GO?

AND THIS?
*FINGER
PAINTS?* WHAT
IS SHE--SIX
YEARS OLD?

IT'LL LOOK
JUST LIKE
UNCLE
NICK!

AN' I'LL BET, WHEN
UNCLE NICK *SEES* IT,
HE'S GONNA
LOVE ME!

YES.

CARLOTTA STOPS
THINKING ABOUT
THE OLD MAN,
THE ROOM, AND
SURRENDERS...

HE'S GONNA
LOVE ME
BEST OF
ALL!

MISS
CARLOTTA?

WHAT?

MR. COOKE
JUST GOT UP
FROM HIS NAP.
HE SAID IF YOU STILL
WANT TO *SEE*
HIM,--

-- YOU
CAN GO UP
TO HIS ROOM
FOR A
LITTLE
WHILE--

--RIGHT
NOW!

UNCLE
NICK!





YAAAAAAA

Turn of the Wheel

A Love Story

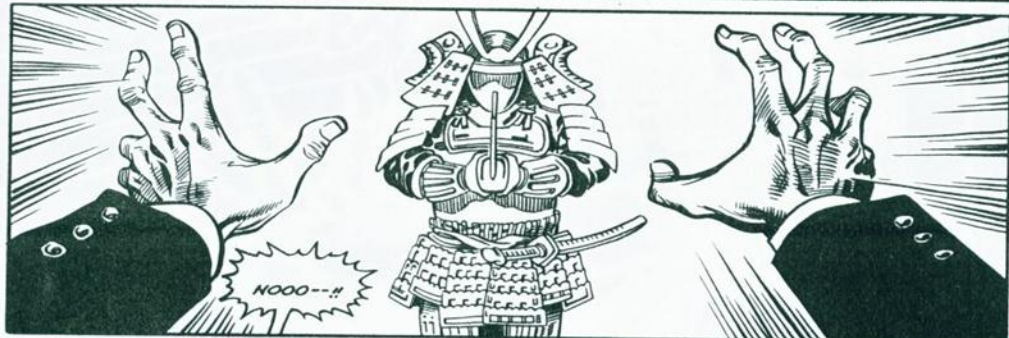
Jo Duffy
STORY

James Fry
PENCILS

Viscardi
INKS

Howell
LETTERS

Reyes & Howell
EDITORS





"... ON MY NIECE CARLOTTA'S
EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY."

IS IT
FINISHED?

I AM FABIANO!
DO I EVER LEAVE A
JOB UNFINISHED?

AND, WHEN YOU GET
YOUR MONEY, THEN
GET MY COMMISSION.
YES, CARLOTTA,
AMORE?

I DO
NOT COME
CHEAP,
ME.

GOOD!
THERE'S JUST
TIME FOR THE UN-
VEILING BEFORE THE
READING BEGINS.

OF
COURSE
YOU WILL!

YOU'RE
JUST IN
TIME!

MARIETTA... EVERYBODY
I WANT YOU TO MEET FABIANO
GULAC!

I'M SURE WE'RE
ALL CHARMED, DEAR,
BUT COULDN'T YOU HAVE
PICKED A BETTER
MOMENT TO START
BRINGING YOUR
BEAUX HOME?

HE HAD TO
HERE. HE BROUGHT A
TRIBUTE-- A MEMORIAL
GIFT-- FROM ME!

FROM HER
AND BY
ME.

I
TOO
AM
CHARMED.

I CAN
TELL!

WHEN
YOU SEE
WHAT I DO--
YOU, TOO,
BE CHARMED.

UNCLE GAVE US SO MUCH
TONIGHT WOULDN'T BE
COMPLETE IF WE
DIDN'T ACKNOWLEDGE
IT.



"I, NICHOLAS H. COOKE, BEING OF SOUND MIND AND BODY, DO HEREBY BEQUEATH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS, AS FOLLOWS...

"TO MY YOUNGER NIECE, CARLOTTA..."



"... THAT GEM WHICH SHE HAS OFTEN SEEN ME WEAR ASKING THAT SHE TREAT IT WITH REVERENCE AND CARE, AS I HAVE ALWAYS DONE."

"Oh, UNCLE! OF COURSE I WILL!"

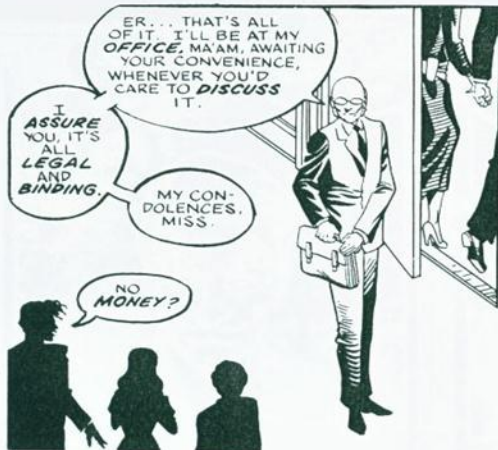


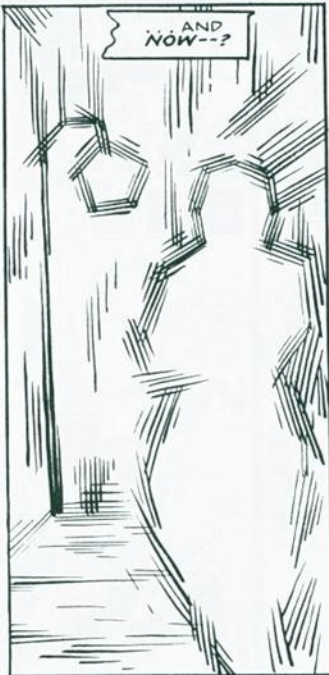
"AND TO MY NIECE MARIETTA, WHO I ANTICIPATE HAS GROWN UP TO BE JUST LIKE ME, LEAVE THE REST OF MY ESTATE, ALL MONEY AND PROPERTY..."

WHAT?

"... ALONG WITH MY ADVICE THAT SHE THROW HER WORTHLESS SISTER OUT, AND NEVER LET HER HAVE SO MUCH AS ONE PENNY OF IT."









YOU REMEMBER THE WAY, DON'T YOU? IT HASN'T BEEN TOO LONG...?

HOME...?



COME OVER TO THE FIRE, DEAR, AND GET WARM. THAT'S MY GIRL.

AM I REALLY, UNCLE?

AM I REALLY YOUR GIRL?



OF COURSE YOU ARE, DEAR. ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED--- FOR ME TO LOVE YOU MORE?

NOW, GET OUT OF THOSE WET THINGS... AND GET READY FOR BED.

YES... FOR BED. ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED?



GET UNDER THE COVERS-- BE COZY...

AND SEE IF YOU CAN FORGIVE YOUR OLD UNCLE?

FORGIVE...?

FOR LETTING YOU THINK I LOVED YOUR SISTER BETTER.



YOU KNOW I'D NEVER HAVE DONE THIS WITH MARIETTA, DON'T YOU?

YES, UNCLE NICK, I KNOW!

THEN MOVE OVER AND MAKE ROOM FOR ME, SO I CAN KEEP YOU WARM!





???

WHAT
THAT'S
KIND OF
CRAZY
DREAM--?



THIS CREEPY OLD
PILE OF ROCKS IS
MAKING ME CRAZY.

I NEED
A SMOKE!



WHERE'S
THE DAMNED
LIGHTER?

OH, JEEZ!
SO IT WASN'T
ALL A DREAM
AFTER ALL...



WHO'D I TAKE
TO BED --
THE KID... OR
THE OLD
MAN?

HEY!
COME ON!
WAKEY-
WAKEY,
SWEET-
HEART!

TIME TO
GET UP
AND G--



--OH.





