

monster

FROM THE PAGES OF

SCREAM!

THE COMPLETE
SAGA COLLECTED
HERE FOR THE
FIRST TIME!

ALAN MOORE ★ JOHN WAGNER ★ ALAN GRANT ★ HEINZL ★ JESUS REDONDO

ALAN MOORE ★ JOHN WAGNER ★ ALAN GRANT

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HEINZL ★ JESUS REDONDO

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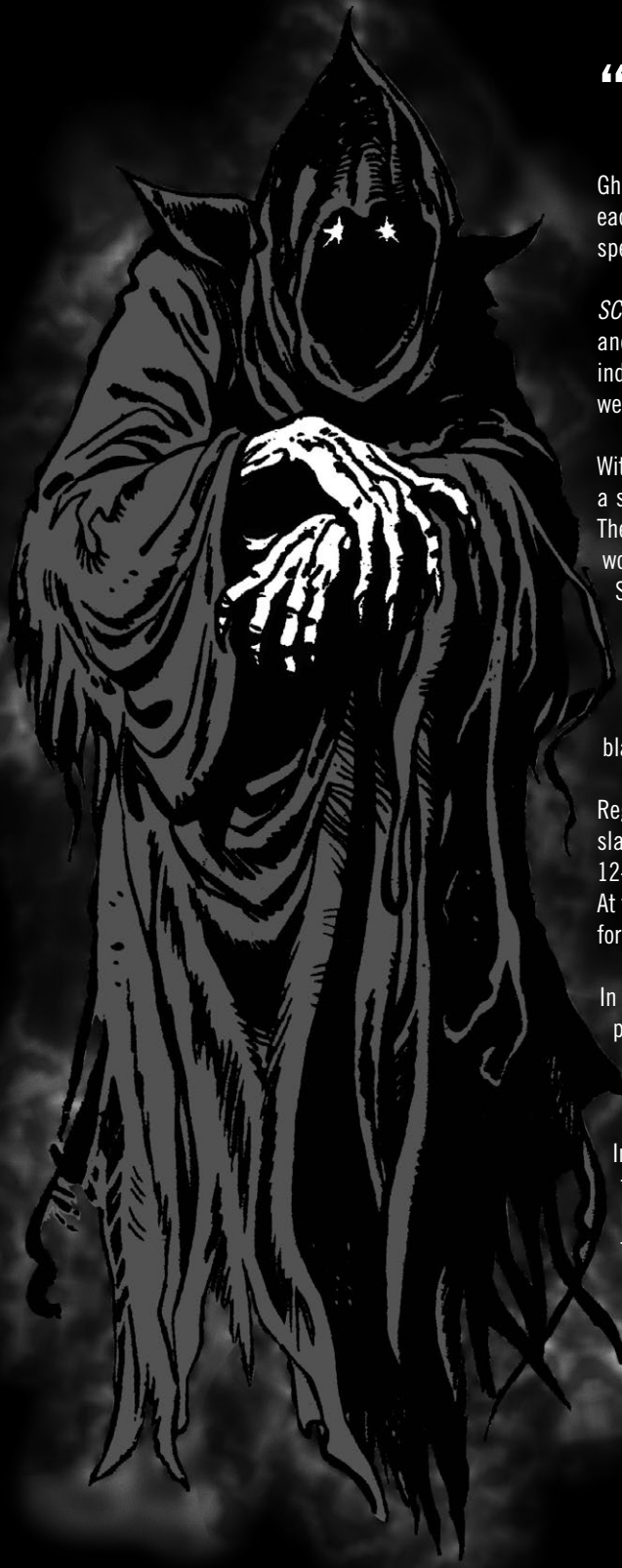
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monster

A black and white comic book illustration. The central figure is a man with a distressed expression, his mouth open as if shouting or crying. He is wearing a checkered shirt and is trapped behind a metal cage or window frame. The background is filled with dense, chaotic scribbles and cross-hatching, creating a sense of intense pressure or a dark, claustrophobic environment. The overall style is reminiscent of classic comic book art, with high contrast and expressive line work.

MONSTER CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & HEINZ L



“GREETINGS, MORTALS.”

Ghastly McNasty, *SCREAM!*'s inhuman editor, regularly welcomed readers to each issue with those words, so they're appropriate here to introduce this special collection.

SCREAM! was a 32-page weekly comic from 1984 featuring ghoulish stories and twisted tales. It fell into the graveyard of closed titles following an industrial dispute at publishers IPC Magazines, but several of its best strips were resurrected and lived on in *EAGLE* comic. One of those was *Monster*.

With a tense, unnerving first episode set in a creaking, creepy house containing a shocking secret in its attic, *Monster* gripped *SCREAM!*'s readers instantly. The opener was written by Alan Moore, though the genius scriptwriter's work commitments prevented him from contributing further instalments. Subsequently, the writer credit went to 'Rick Clark' though this was a pseudonym of IPC's top writing team of Alan Grant and John Wagner.

The artist changed after the first episode too, Italian draughtsman Heinzl giving way to renowned Spaniard Jesus Redondo, but the atmospheric black and white stylings of both proved remarkably similar.

Regardless of those creator changes, the hold the story had over readers never slackened. In part this was because lead character Kenny Corman was just 12-years-old - easy for the majority of *SCREAM!*'s audience to identify with. At the core of the adventure, though, was the relationship Kenny attempted to forge with his monster...

In the original 1931 *Frankenstein* film, there is a scene where the scientist's powerful, mistreated creation meets a young girl, Little Maria, beside a lake. Untroubled by the monster's appearance, Maria happily plays with it, throwing flowers into the water. But the game turns deadly when the clumsy, confused creature plucks up the girl and throws her into the lake. In *SCREAM!*'s *Monster*, Kenny uncovers the attic's secret, but survives his first encounter with what is inside, posing the intriguing question at the heart of the series. Unlike Little Maria, can Kenny ever hope to control and tame his rampaging monster..?

The answer lies in this collected edition of every *Monster* episode — and you don't have to lock yourself away in an attic room to read it!

Ian Rimmer
Editor (when Ghastly wasn't looking), *SCREAM!*



MONSTER

The *Scream!* issues

Script: Alan Moore, John Wagner, Alan Grant

Art: Heinzl, Jesus Redondo

Letters: Paul Bensberg, Tim Skomski

Originally published in *Scream!* Issues 01-15

What was
the terrifying
secret of the
locked room?

ONE METRE DEEP. ONE MISERABLE
METRE THAT HAD TAKEN HIM
ALMOST A DAY OF SWEATING AND
GASPING AND WINCING AT THE
PAIN IN HIS ARMS.

ONE METRE. WAS THAT ENOUGH? SHOULD
IT BE DEEPER? KENNETH CORMAN
WASN'T SURE. HE WAS ONLY TWELVE.

HE'D NEVER BURIED
ANYONE BEFORE.

HE SURVEYED
HIS HANDIWORK
WITH A BRIEF,
EXPRESSIONLESS
GAZE, AND THEN
HE TURNED AND
WALKED BACK
TOWARDS THE
HOUSE TO FETCH
HIS FATHER'S
BODY.

AND AS HE
WALKED, HE
REMEMBERED.

I TOLD YOU,
KENNETH.

I TOLD YOU
AND I TOLD
YOU...

DAD,
PLEASE...

I WASN'T
EVEN GOING
TO TRY AND
LOOK IN THE
ROOM...

I JUST
THOUGHT I
HEARD
SOMETHING.
PLEASE,
DAD...

SCREAM
SCRIPT:
ALAN MOORE
ART:
HEINZ
LETTERING:
P. BENSBURG

monster



HEARD SOMETHING?
BUT YOU KNOW THAT
CAN'T BE TRUE!

THERE'S NOTHING
IN THAT ROOM.
YOU KNOW
THAT.

HOW COULD YOU
HAVE HEARD
SOMETHING IF
THERE'S
NOTHING
THERE?



I... I
DON'T
KNOW.

OH NO? WELL
PERHAPS I DO!

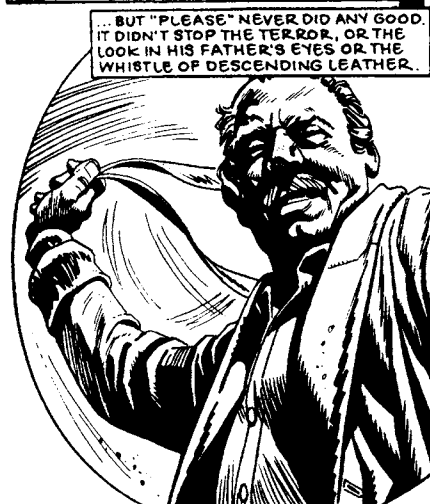
HEARING THINGS THAT AREN'T
THERE IS A SIGN OF MADNESS.
YOU THINK ABOUT THAT! YOUR
MOTHER WAS CRAZY. THEY SAY
BAD BLOOD WILL OUT. MAYBE
YOU'RE CRAZY, TOO.



I'M GOING TO HAVE TO
BELT SOME SENSE INTO
YOU, LAD. I DON'T LIKE
DOING IT, BUT IT'S FOR
YOUR OWN GOOD.

YOUR MOTHER
WAS WEAK. SHE
MOLLYCODDLED
YOU, NOT ME.
KENNY, NOT ME.
I LOVE YOU TOO
MUCH TO SEE
YOU SPOILED...

DAD...
PLEASE...



... BUT "PLEASE" NEVER DID ANY GOOD.
IT DIDN'T STOP THE TERROR, OR THE
LOOK IN HIS FATHER'S EYES OR THE
WHISTLE OF DESCENDING LEATHER.

IT DIDN'T STOP THE SHOUTING...

STOP CRYING AND
LISTEN, YOU LITTLE
FOOL!

WHAT HAVE WE TOLD
YOU ABOUT THAT ROOM
EVER SINCE YOU COULD
WALK? WE'VE TOLD YOU
IT'S OFF LIMITS! IS
THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?



THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT
ROOM. JUST SOME STUFF THAT
WAS PERSONAL TO YOUR
MOTHER. STUFF THAT'S NONE
OF YOUR BUSINESS. HAVE
YOU GOT THAT?

Y-YES,
DAD!



RIGHT. WELL, YOU
SEE THAT YOU
REMEMBER IT
IN FUTURE.

OF COURSE, ALL THAT WAS
GOING TO BE DIFFERENT
NOW.

THE ARGUMENT FINISHED, AS ALL THEIR
ARGUMENTS DID, WITH THE STINGING IN
HIS EYES AND THE WELTS ON HIS LEGS.





HE TOOK HIS FATHER TO THE GRAVE IN THE GARDEN...

THE NIGHT BEFORE, HE HAD WOKEN AT 3 A.M. IN A COLD SWEAT. SOMEWHERE DOWNSTAIRS, HIS FATHER WAS BELLOWING...

I'M SICK OF IT, JOAN. SICK OF IT. I'M GOING TO FINISH IT.

"JOAN," HIS MOTHER'S NAME, BUT HIS MOTHER WAS DEAD.



IT'S YOUR FAULT, JOAN. YOU DROVE ME TO IT!

HE'S GOT TO BE DEALT WITH! I'M SORRY, JOAN. I'M GOING UPSTAIRS NOW...

...TO FINISH IT!

A HUGE, PULSING LUMP OF FEAR HAD CRAWLED INTO HIS THROAT, AS HE'D HEARD THE SOUND OF HEAVY BOOTS MOUNTING THE STAIRS...



... ONLY TO EVAPORATE INTO RELIEF AND CONFUSION AS THE FOOTSTEPS PASSED HIS DOOR, HEADING FOR THE STAIRCASE THAT LED TO THE SECOND FLOOR.



THE SECOND FLOOR? WHAT COULD HIS FATHER HAVE WANTED UP THERE?

HE'D HEARD A KEY TURNING IN A LOCK. HE'D HEARD A BOLT SLIDING BACK AND THE SQUEAL OF HINGES, AND ANOTHER SOUND, A SOUND THAT BLOTTED OUT EVERYTHING ELSE...



KENNETH CORMAN WAS ONLY TWELVE.

HE'D NEVER HEARD AN ADULT SCREAMING BEFORE.

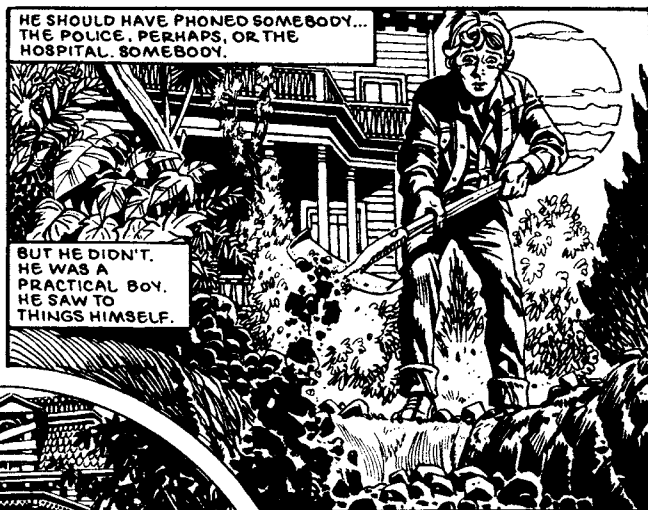


HE'D HEARD THE SCREAM TWIST ITSELF INTO A FRANTIC SOBBING; THE SOUND OF A DOOR SLAMMING; OF BOLTS GRATING INTO PLACE...

HE THOUGHT HE'D HEARD HIS FATHER SAY "JOAN" ... A BARELY AUDIBLE SIGH, BUT BY THE TIME HE REACHED THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING...



...IT WAS ALL OVER.



HE SHOULD HAVE PHONED SOMEBODY... THE POLICE, PERHAPS, OR THE HOSPITAL. SOMEBODY.

BUT HE DIDN'T. HE WAS A PRACTICAL BOY. HE SAW TO THINGS HIMSELF.

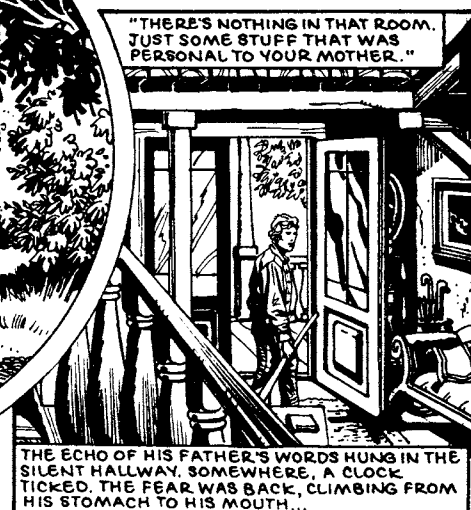


HE'D HAVE TO GET USED TO DOING THAT. HE WAS ALONE NOW...

THERE WAS JUST HIM, AND THE GRAVE, AND THE WEED-BOUND, ISOLATED HOUSE...



...AND WHATEVER IT WAS THAT HAD LEFT DEEP CLAW MARKS IN HIS FATHER'S CHEST!



"THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT ROOM. JUST SOME STUFF THAT WAS PERSONAL TO YOUR MOTHER..."

THE ECHO OF HIS FATHER'S WORDS HUNG IN THE SILENT HALLWAY. SOMEWHERE, A CLOCK TICKED. THE FEAR WAS BACK, CLIMBING FROM HIS STOMACH TO HIS MOUTH...



THE KEY HE HAD PRISED FROM HIS FATHER'S STIFFENING FINGERS FELT SUDDENLY HEAVY AS IT LAY IN HIS POCKET. THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK. HE HEARD HIS FATHER'S VOICE AGAIN...

"I'M SORRY, JOAN. I'M GOING UPSTAIRS NOW..."



"...TO FINISH IT."

HIS HAND GRIPPED THE BANISTER. THE CLOCK TICKED.

HE BEGAN TO CLIMB.

Next Week:
Doorway to terror...

One turn of
a key would
take Kenny
Corman into
the room
of terror...

monster

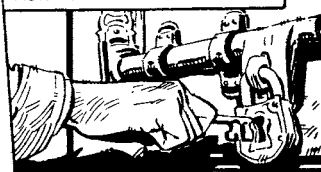
HIS FATHER LAY BURIED, KILLED BY... WHATEVER IT WAS THAT LURKED IN THE ATTIC OF HIS GRIM, OLD HOUSE...



NOW, FEAR CLAWING AT HIS HEART, KENNY CORMAN MOUNTED THE STAIRS TOWARDS THAT LOCKED, FORBIDDEN ROOM...



TWELVE YEARS - ALL KENNY'S LIFE - THIS ROOM HAD KEPT ITS SINISTER SECRET. BUT NOW KENNY WAS ALONE...



NOW HE WOULD FIND OUT.



BRONT
SCREAM
SCRIPT:
RICK CLARK
ART:
REDONDO
LETTERING:
P. BENSBURG

KENNY CORMAN HAD HAD NIGHTMARES BEFORE. HE'D WOKEN IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT WITH HIS FLESH CREEPING AND WITH ICY FINGERS SQUEEZING HIS SPINE.

HE'D SEEN THE NAMELESS HORRORS THAT HAUNT DREAMS - THE WARPED AND TWISTED THINGS THAT WAIT IN THAT TWILIGHT WORLD OF IMAGINED TERROR.

BUT NOTHING IN HIS DARKEST DREAMS HAD PREPARED HIM FOR... *THIS!*



SUDDENLY - THE
NIGHTMARE
ATTACKED

AAAHH!

TERRURDY00000!

HURRDY0000!

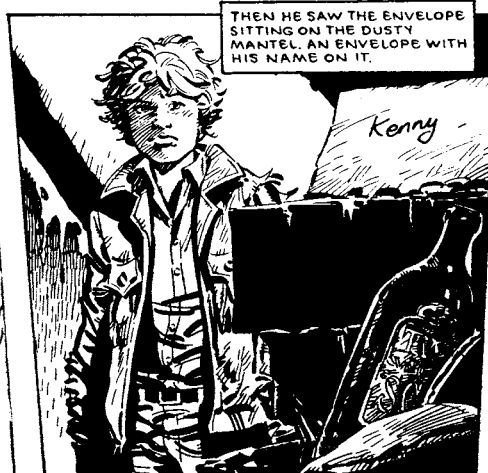
N-NO!

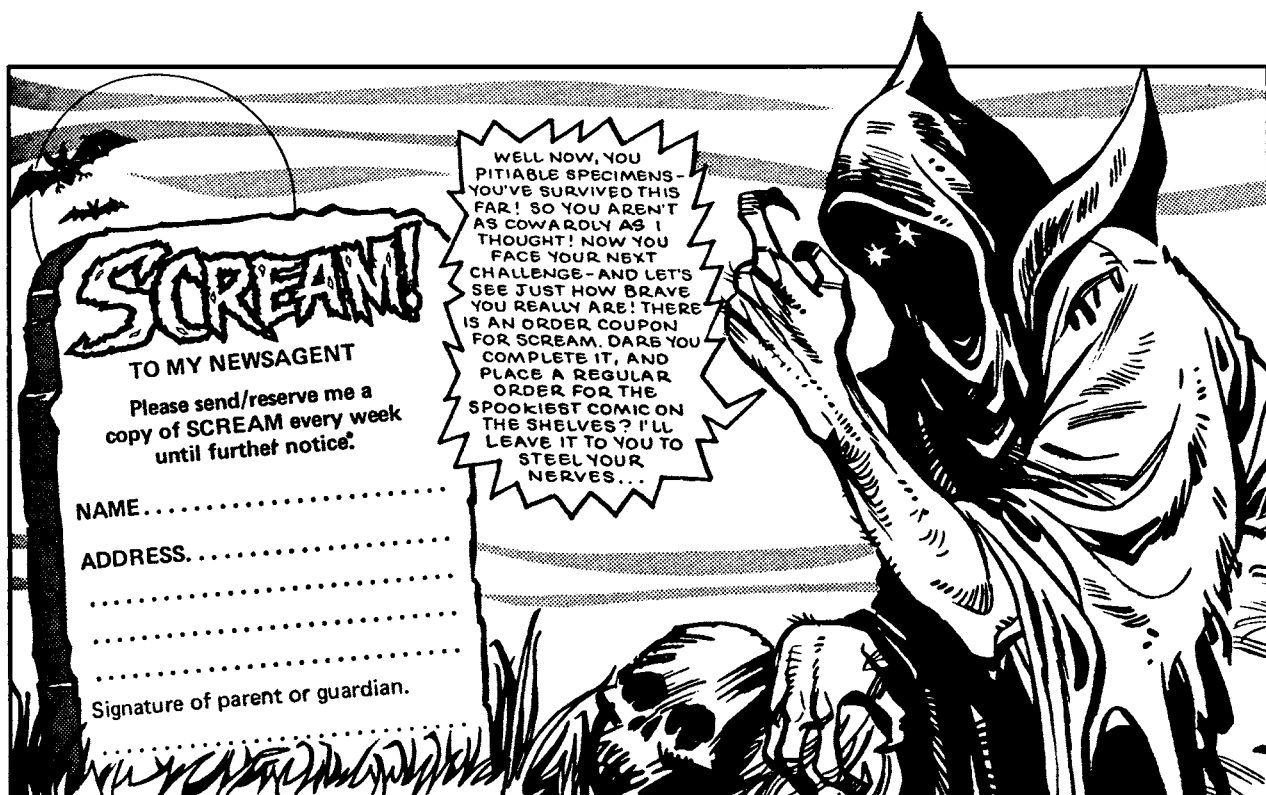
K-KEEP BACK!
KEEP BACK!

HE'S
GOT
ME!

L- LEMME GO!
PLEASE!

IN BLIND PANIC, KENNY LASHED
OUT WITH THE SPADE THAT HAD
DUG HIS FATHER'S GRAVE -





REVEALED!

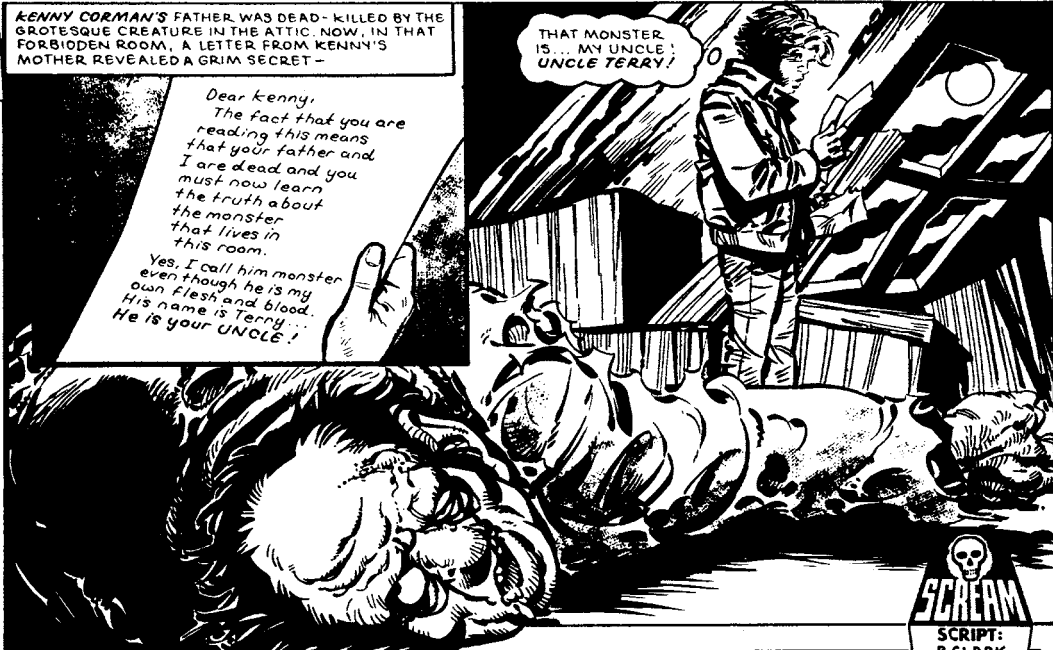
The secret
of the
creature in
the attic!

monster

KENNY CORMAN'S FATHER WAS DEAD - KILLED BY THE GROTESQUE CREATURE IN THE ATTIC. NOW, IN THAT FORBIDDEN ROOM, A LETTER FROM KENNY'S MOTHER REVEALED A GRIM SECRET -

Dear Kenny,
The fact that you are
reading this means
that your father and
I are dead, and you
must now learn
the truth about
the monster
that lives in
this room.
Yes, I call him monster
even though he is my
own flesh and blood.
His name is Terry...
He is your **UNCLE!**

THAT MONSTER
IS... MY UNCLE!
UNCLE TERRY!



SCREAM

SCRIPT:
R. CLARK
ART:
REDONDO
LETTERING:
P. BENSBURG

WITH POUNDING HEART, KENNY READ ON -

"TERRY IS EIGHT YEARS
YOUNGER THAN ME. POOR
PATHETIC CREATURE, HE
WAS LIKE THAT FROM
BIRTH... MY PARENTS -
YOUR GRANDPARENTS,
KENNY - HATED TERRY.
THEY LOCKED HIM AWAY
IN THIS ATTIC ROOM..."



"... AND THAT'S WHERE
HE GREW UP. TOTALLY
NEGLECTED JUST
BECAUSE HE LOOKED
DIFFERENT. THEN MY
PARENTS' HEALTH
STARTED TO FAIL..."



"WITHIN DAYS OF EACH OTHER, MY
PARENTS DIED. THEN YOUR DAD AND
I MOVED INTO THEIR HOUSE..."

A HOUSE OF OUR
OWN AT LAST! IT'S
GOING TO BE
GREAT, JOAN!

UH, DARLING,
THERE'S
SOMETHING YOU
OUGHT TO
SEE...







THEN, LAST NIGHT, DAD DECIDED TO FINISH IT. HE WENT UP TO HIS ATTIC TO KILL UNCLE TERRY.

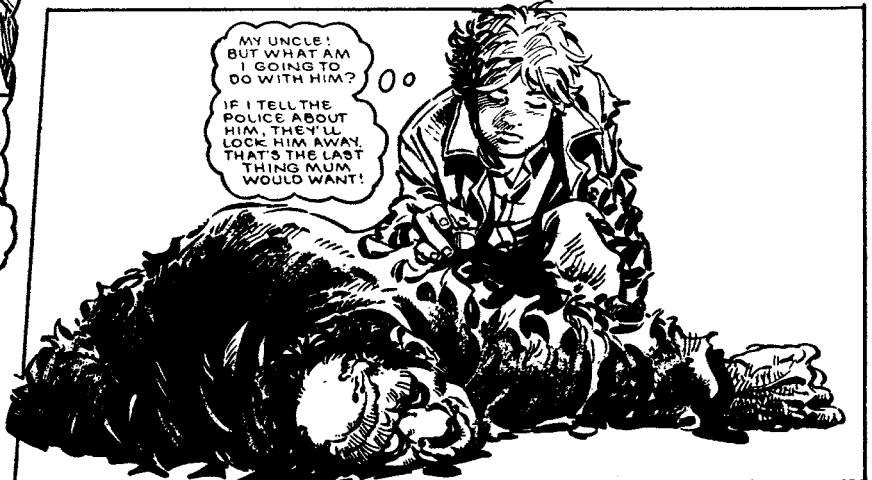


BUT UNCLE TERRY WAS TOO STRONG. IT WAS DAD WHO DIED!



KENNY TURNED BACK TO HIS MOTHER'S FINAL MESSAGE-

"NOW YOUR FATHER AND I ARE GONE. TERRY IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, KENNY. TREAT HIM KINDLY, NO MATTER WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE. HE IS YOUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD."

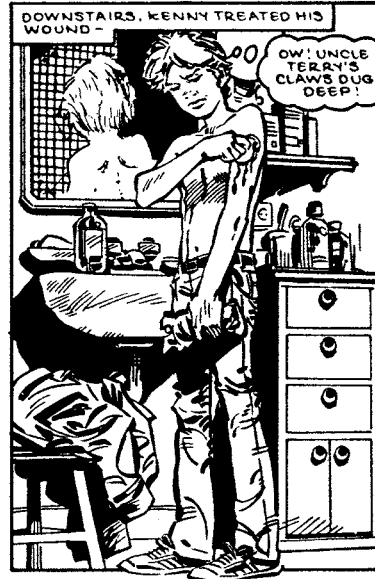


MY UNCLE! BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH HIM? IF I TELL THE POLICE ABOUT HIM, THEY'LL LOCK HIM AWAY. THAT'S THE LAST THING MUM WOULD WANT!



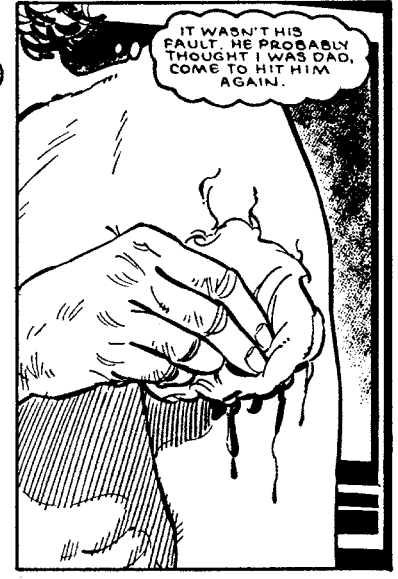
KENNY HAD KNOCKED HIS MONSTROUS UNCLE OUT WITH A SPADE -

HE'S STARTING TO STIR - GOOD. I WAS AFRAID I'D HIT HIM TOO HARD.



DOWNSTAIRS, KENNY TREATED HIS WOUND -

OW! UNCLE TERRY'S CLAWS DUG DEEP!



IT WASN'T HIS FAULT. HE PROBABLY THOUGHT I WAS DAD, CAME TO HIT HIM AGAIN.

IN THE KITCHEN HE HEAPED A PLATE WITH FOOD. COLD MEAT, FRUIT, BREAD - WHATEVER HE COULD FIND.



THEN, APPREHENSIVELY, HE WALKED BACK UP THOSE CREAKY STAIRS -



AS UNCLE TERRY'S EYES OPENED, IT TOOK A MOMENT FOR THEM TO FOCUS...

IT'S ME, KENNY!
YOUR
NEPHEW!

URRRRR!

BUT AN INSTANT LATER -

AS THE CREATURE'S HAND FELL AWAY...

UNCLE TERRY,
DON'T HURT ME...
I'M YOUR
FRIEND!

NOOOOHH!

In Seven Days:
Monster minder!

KENNY
BEFRIENDS THE
TERRIFYING
CREATURE
FROM THE
ATTIC!

monster

KENNY CORMAN'S FEARSOME UNCLE TERRY HAD BEEN HIDDEN AWAY IN HIS FAMILY'S ATTIC ALL HIS LIFE. NOW, AFTER KILLING KENNY'S CRUEL FATHER, THE GROTESQUE CREATURE TURNED ON KENNY -

N-NO, UNCLE TERRY!
BAD... BAD...!

BAAAAAD!
BAAAAAD!



HURRRROO
TERRES!

AAAH!



TERREE
HURRRROO
YUUUU!



P- PLEASE, UNCLE TERRY!
I- I DON'T WANT TO UPSET
YOU! I'M YOUR FRIEND!
HONEST!

SCREAM
SCRIPT:
RICK CLARK
ART:
REDONDO
LETTERING:
P. BENSBURG

LOOK! I'VE
BROUGHT
YOU FOOD!
NICE FOOD!

FOOOO?



FOOOO!



MORE FOOD!
GIVVV MORE
FOOD!

HERE YOU ARE!
HAVE IT,
HAVE IT ALL!





FRENNN? WHAAAA FRENNN?

FRIENDS ARE GOOD TO EACH OTHER. THEY HELP EACH OTHER.



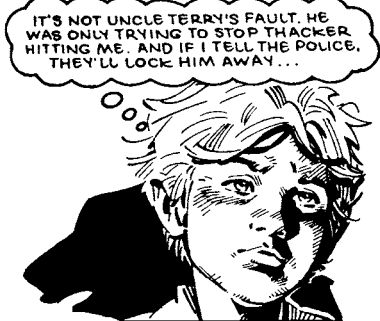




*"Killing is
bad. Do you
understand?
You must
never do it
again!"*

monster

KENNY CORMAN'S FEARSOME UNCLE TERRY HAD BEEN LOCKED AWAY IN HIS FAMILY'S ATTIC FOR ALL HIS LIFE. NOW RELEASED, THE CREATURE CAME TO KENNY'S AID WHEN HE WAS ATTACKED BY A MAN WHO WAS OWED MONEY BY KENNY'S LATE FATHER...









TELLLEE!
GOOOD!

UNCLE TERRY-
QUIET! SOMEONE'S
COMING!



HELLO, KENNETH,
JUST STOPPED BY TO
CHECK EVERYTHING'S
ALL RIGHT. IS YOUR
DAD IN?

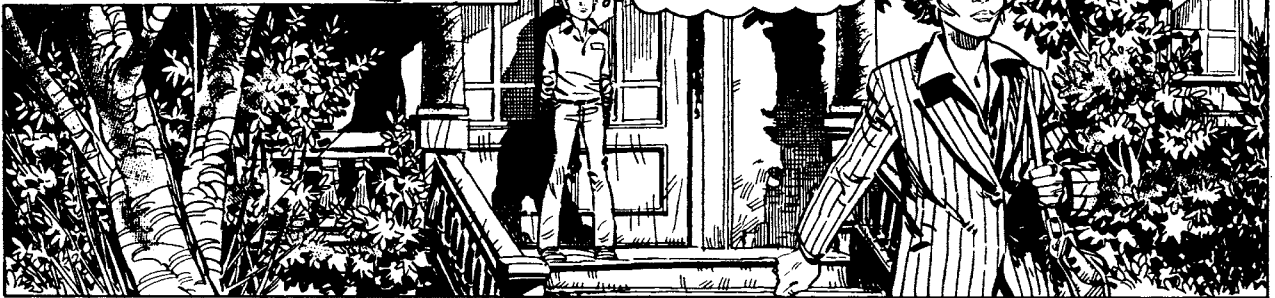
UH... NO,
MRS. PLAYER.
HE... HE HAD
TO GO INTO
SURFLEET!

WELL, YOU WON'T
MIND IF I COME IN,
WILL YOU?



WELL, ACTUALLY-
YOU CAN'T! I'M... ER...
WASHING THE HALL
FLOOR.

I SEE... I'LL CALL
BACK TOMORROW
THEN. PLEASE LET
YOUR FATHER
KNOW I'M COMING
AGAIN.

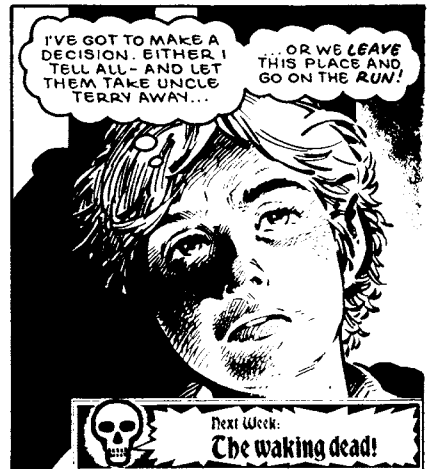


BUT WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN SHE COMES BACK
AND FINDS THAT DAD'S
NOT HERE? I WON'T BE
ABLE TO KEEP HER OUT
OF THE HOUSE THEN!



ANYWAY, EVEN IF I CAN FOOL HER
TOMORROW, SOONER OR LATER SOME-
ONE'S GOING TO FIND OUT ABOUT
UNCLE TERRY- AND THE BODIES IN
THE GARDEN...

TERREE
LIIKK
TELLLEE!



I'VE GOT TO MAKE A
DECISION. EITHER I
TELL ALL- AND LET
THEM TAKE UNCLE
TERRY AWAY...

...OR WE LEAVE
THIS PLACE AND
GO ON THE RUN!



Next Week:

The waking dead!

Dead
men tell
no tales
— or do
they?

monster

THE RAIN FELL IN RELENTLESS SHEETS, A TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR THAT POUNDED THE EARTH WITH SAVAGE FORCE. IT SEEMED AS IF IT WOULD NEVER STOP...



SCREAM

SCRIPT:
RICK CLARK
ART:
REDONDO
LETTERING:
P. BENSBERG

FROM A WINDOW, KENNY CORMAN WATCHED SOLEMNLY AS THE RAIN BATTERED DOWN ON THE YARD... ON THE TWO FRESHLY-DUG GRAVES THAT HID THE BODIES OF HIS FATHER AND JOE THACKER.



A MONSTER HAD
KILLED THEM...

A MONSTER WHO WAS
KENNY'S UNCLE TERRY!

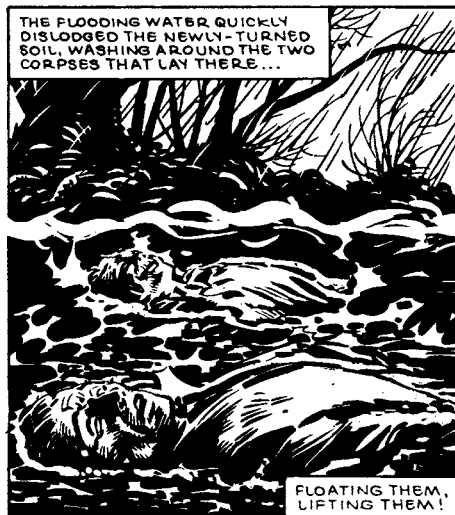
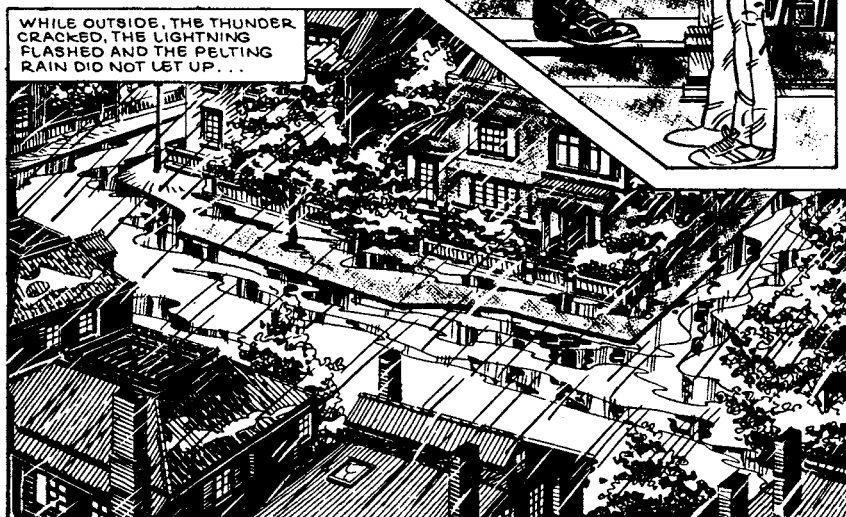


IT WASN'T UNCLE TERRY'S
FAULT HE KILLED THEM.
HE'S BEEN LOCKED IN THE
ATTIC ALL HIS LIFE - HE
DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER!
HE DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT!



BUT IF I TELL THE POLICE,
THEY'LL LOCK UNCLE TERRY
AWAY - AND THAT'S THE
LAST THING MUM
WOULD HAVE WANTED. IT'S
EITHER THAT... OR GO ON
THE RUN!

WHATEVER I DECIDE,
WE'RE NOT GOING
ANYWHERE TONIGHT.
I'LL SLEEP ON IT!







NO!
NOOOO!



WHAATT WRONGG?
FRENN SCREAM-TEERREE
COMME HELPPP!

OH, UNCLE TERRY - THANK
GOODNESS IT'S YOU!



I-I WAS
HAVING A
NIGHTMARE!

NODO WORREE.
TERREE LOOOK
AFTERR YOUUU!



BIG FRIENDLY LUMP!
THINKS HE'S GOING TO
LOOK AFTER ME! HOW
COULD I EVEN THINK
OF TURNING HIM IN?



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
FOR IT, UNCLE TERRY, WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE TO - OH, NO!

WHAATT
MATTERR,
FRENN?



TH- THE DEAD
BODIES! THEY'RE
RISING FROM
THE GRAVES!



Next Episode:
The dead on the move!

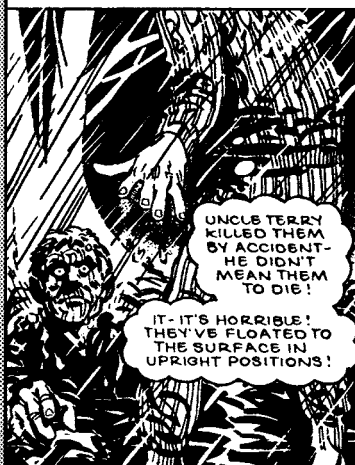
monster

THE STORM HAD RAGED FOR HOURS, LASHING THE TOWN, FLOODING THE CORMAN GARDEN... WASHING AWAY THE SOIL FROM THE GRISLY SECRETS BURIED THERE.

FOR 12-YEAR-OLD KENNY CORMAN, IT WAS A NIGHTMARE COME TRUE!

TH- THE BODIES! THEY'VE RISEN FROM THE GRAVES... AS... AS IF THEY'VE COME BACK TO HAUNT ME!

SCREEN
SCRIPT: RICK CLARK
ART: REDONDO
LETTERING: P. BENSBURG



UNCLE TERRY KILLED THEM BY ACCIDENT - HE DIDN'T MEAN THEM TO DIE!

IT- IT'S HORRIBLE! THEY'VE FLOATED TO THE SURFACE IN UPRIGHT POSITIONS!



BACK IN THE HOUSE, KENNY DRESSED AND GATHERED TOGETHER THE MONEY JOE THACKER HAD TRIED TO STEAL FROM HIM...

WHAATT OOO, FRENNN?

WE CAN'T RE-BURY THE BODIES. WE HAVE TO GO ON THE RUN.



KENNY'S UNCLE TERRY, A FEARSOME-LOOKING CREATURE, HAD BEEN KEPT LOCKED IN THE ATTIC FOR MANY YEARS - THE FAMILY'S GRIM SECRET...

IT'S NOT UNCLE TERRY'S FAULT HE KILLED DAD AND JOE THACKER - BUT THE POLICE WON'T UNDERSTAND THAT! IT'S UP TO ME TO PROTECT HIM NOW.



THIS WAS DAD'S OILSKIN - IT MIGHT BE A BIT SMALL FOR YOU, BUT YOU'D BETTER PUT IT ON.

NNNO! TERREE NOOO GO! ME FRAAIDD!



IT'S ALL RIGHT, UNCLE TERRY. THE STORM WON'T HURT YOU. C'MON - WE'VE GOT TO GO!



AND SO, FOR THE LAST TIME, KENNY CORMAN LEFT THAT BLEAK, UNHAPPY HOUSE...



... TRYING HARD NOT TO LOOK AT THE CORPSES, PUSHED UP IN THE MUD BY THE RAIN...

... TRYING HARD NOT TO LOOK AT THE DEAD, ACCUSING EYES!



WHICH WAY...? WHICH WAY?

BETTER NOT GO THROUGH TOWN. WE MIGHT BE STOPPED BY THE POLICE.



THIS WAY, UNCLE TERRY. IT'LL KEEP US OFF THE MAIN ROADS.



THE STORM RAGED ON AROUND THE TWO FUGITIVES. IT WAS A FULL HOUR LATER WHEN THEY WERE CAUGHT IN THE GLARE OF HEADLIGHTS...

LORRY COMING! STAY BACK IN THE SHADOWS, UNCLE TERRY.



WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU TWO DOING OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?

ME AND MY... ER... UNCLE WERE GOING TO DILBURN. BUT, ER... OUR CAR BROKE DOWN. WE DECIDED TO WALK IT.



I'M HEADING THAT WAY MYSELF. I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT AS FAR AS LITTLE RANCING. HOP IN THE BACK.



LATER, AT LITTLE RANCING...

DILBURN'S JUST A COUPLE OF MILES FROM HERE. SORRY I CAN'T TAKE YOU ANY FARTHER.

THAT'S OKAY. THANKS, MISTER!



WE'RE FAR ENOUGH AWAY NOW, UNCLE TERRY. I RECKON WE'D BETTER FIND SOME SHELTER AND REST UP TILL MORNING.

WE'LL TRY UNDER THAT BRIDGE.

GOOD. TERRRE HAAVE BUSYVY DAANY. WANTT SLEEPPPP!



THE DETAILED LETTER FROM KENNY'S MOTHER TOLD THEM EVERYTHING ABOUT UNCLE TERRY. THE REST THEY COULD WORK OUT.



SO THE BOY'S DISAPPEARED AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF THIS FREAK TERRY. MAYBE HE'S DONE AWAY WITH THE KID AS WELL.

FOR KENNY, EVEN SLEEP HAD BEEN NO REFUGE FROM THE HORRORS HE HAD ENDURED. HIS NIGHTMARE HAD RETURNED. TWO HIDEOUS FIGURES WERE CLOSING IN -



N-NO! G-GET OFF!



BRING IN ANOTHER SEARCH SQUAD. I WANT THE WHOLE GARDEN DUG UP. THERE MIGHT BE MORE BODIES BURIED THERE!

AND PUT OUT A MESSAGE ABOUT THIS TERRY CHARACTER - I WANT THAT BEAST CAUGHT!

THEN SUDDENLY, IT WAS NO LONGER A NIGHTMARE - IT WAS REAL!



WELL, WELL! WHAT HAVE WE HERE - CASH!

HUH? TRAMPS - ROBBING ME!



SHUT YOUR FACE, BOY. IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, TAFKY - SEE WHAT HIS BIG MATE'S GOT!



NOW THEN, LET'S... ST-STONE ME!

GAADD MAANN...



TERRRE HURRD GAADD MAANN!



Next Issue: Monster hunt!

monster

IT HAD BEEN A LONG, HARD NIGHT FOR KENNY CORMAN - TRUDGING THROUGH THE STORM, FLEEING FROM THE GRISLY HORROR HE HAD LEFT BEHIND. AT LAST HE'D FOUND SHELTER, BENEATH A BRIDGE...

BUT TWO TRAMPS WERE DETERMINED TO SEE KENNY GOT NO REST...

SCREAM
SCRIPT:
RICK CLARK
ART:
REDONDO
LETTERING:
P. BENSBURG

THEY HAD DECIDED TO ROB HIM, BUT THEY GOT MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR!

M-MONSTER!
IT'S A
MONSTER!

KILL!!

AAAH!

UNCLE TERRY - NO!
DON'T KILL HIM! YOU
MUSTN'T! IT'S
WRONG!

YOUU HURRT
KENNNY!

F-FLAMIN'
NORA!

TERREE
HURATT
YOUUU!







monster

THE COUNTRYSIDE NEAR LITTLE RANCING. A FULL-SCALE POLICE HUNT WAS UNDER WAY FOR THE FUGITIVES KENNY COOMAN AND HIS FEARSOME UNCLE TERRY.

THE DOGS HAVE GOT THEIR SCENT NOW, INSPECTOR!

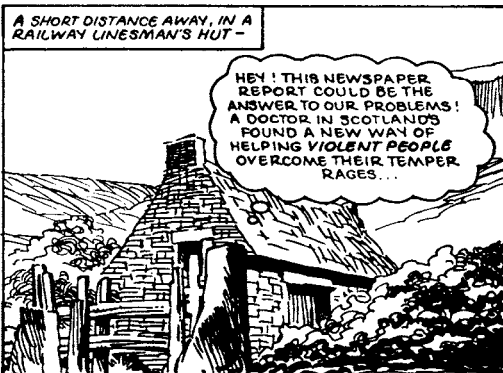
GOOD! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT FREAK TERRY- AND QUICK! HE'S ALREADY KILLED TWO MEN!



SCREAM
SCRIPT: RICK CLARK
ART: REDONDO
LETTERING: P. BENSBURG

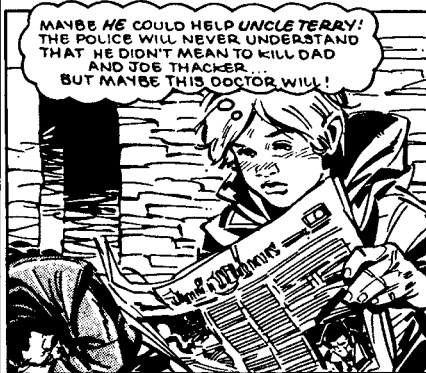


THEY CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD NOW!

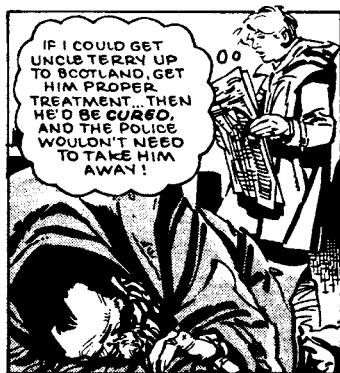


A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, IN A RAILWAY LINESMAN'S HUT -

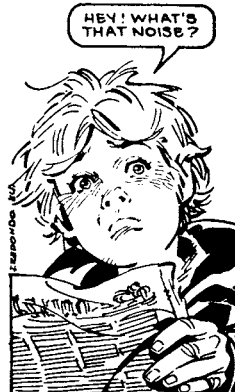
HEY! THIS NEWSPAPER REPORT COULD BE THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEMS! A DOCTOR IN SCOTLAND'S FOUND A NEW WAY OF HELPING VIOLENT PEOPLE OVERCOME THEIR TEMPER RAGES...



MAYBE HE COULD HELP UNCLE TERRY! THE POLICE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THAT HE DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL DAD AND JOE THACKER... BUT MAYBE THIS DOCTOR WILL!



IF I COULD GET UNCLE TERRY UP TO SCOTLAND, GET HIM PROPER TREATMENT... THEN HE'D BE CURED, AND THE POLICE WOULDN'T NEED TO TAKE HIM AWAY!



HEY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



SCENT'S GETTING STRONGER!



TRACKER DOGS!





OKAY, DRIVER,
YOU CAN CROSS
NOW!



LORRY
FUNNNN!
TERREE
LIKE
LORRY!

LUCKY FOR
US IT WAS
HERE!



AT THE LEVEL CROSSING -

THE DOGS HAVE
LOST THE SCENT,
SIR!

BUT HOW?
UNLESS -

HEY, YOU -
CROSSING
KEEPER!



WERE THERE ANY
VEHICLES STOPPED
AT THIS
CROSSING?

JUST A
LORRY!

WHAT
LORRY?



HOW THE DICKENS WOULD
I KNOW? I DIDN'T PAY IT
ANY HEED, IT WAS HEADING
TOWARDS THE
MOTORWAY!



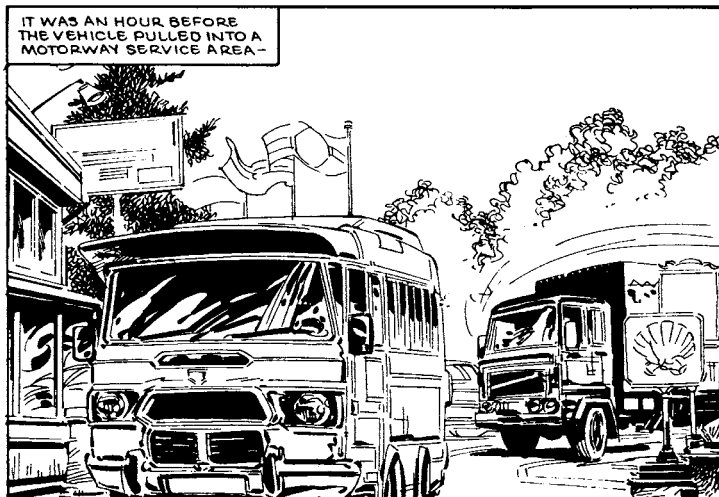
HAARR! MANNY
THINGS... GO-GO
FASST!

IT'S THE MOTORWAY,
UNCLE TERRY, AND
THEY'RE CARS!



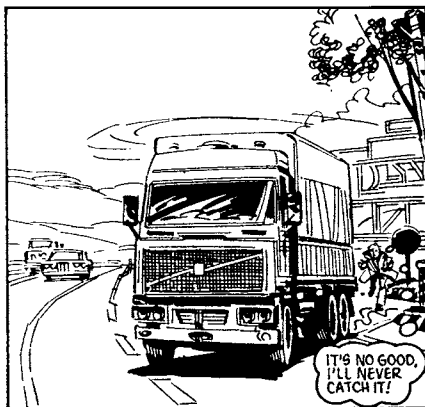
WHERE
WEE GO,
FRENNN?

SEARCH ME, WHEREVER
THE LORRY'S GOING, I
SUPPOSE, AWAY FROM THE
POLICE, ANYWAY - AND
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH
FOR ME!

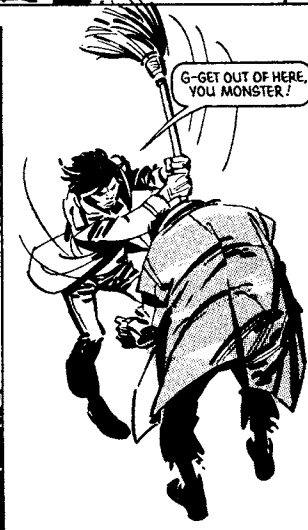
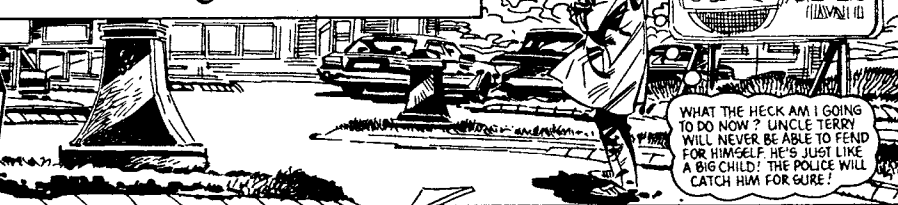


monster

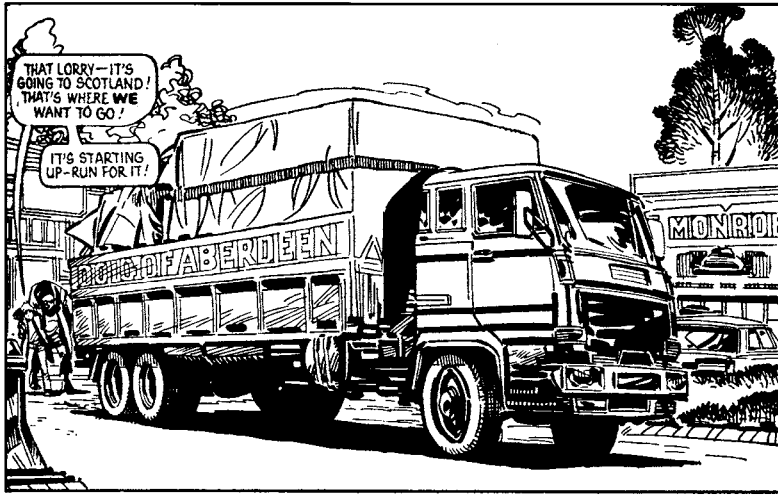
KENNY CORMAN'S FEARSOME UNCLE TERRY HAD ACCIDENTALLY KILLED TWO PEOPLE, DUE TO HIS UNCONTROLLABLE, VIOLENT TEMPER. NOW, ON THE RUN FROM THE POLICE, IT LOOKED AS IF THE DUO HAD SEPARATED.

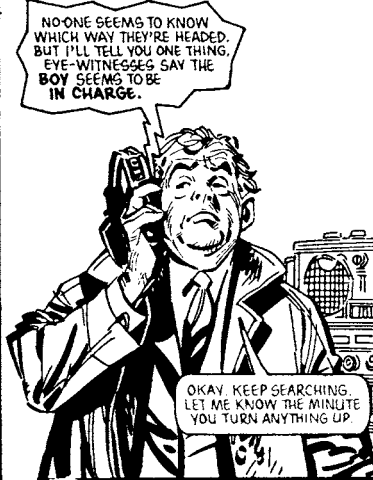
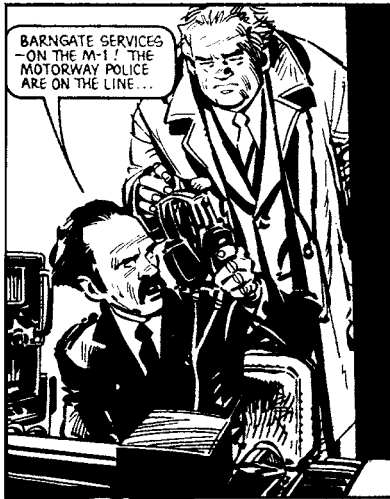


SCREEN
SCRIPT:
RICK CLARK
ART:
REDONDO
LETTERING:
TIM SKOMSKI







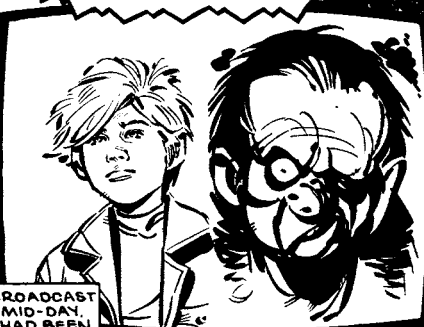


monster

GOOD EVENING. HERE IS THE NINE O'CLOCK NEWS. A NATIONWIDE SEARCH IS TONIGHT UNDER WAY FOR THE **MONSTER** WHO HAS ALREADY **SLAIN TWO PEOPLE** IN COLD BLOOD!



POLICE TODAY ISSUED THIS ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE CREATURE, WHO IS ON THE RUN WITH A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY, **KENNETH CORMAN**, BELIEVED TO BE THE MONSTER'S NEPHEW!



IF SEEN, MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC ARE WARNED **NOT** TO APPROACH THE BEAST. REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO **INSPECTOR HALLEY** ON BURFLEET 44-144, OR YOUR LOCAL POLICE STATION.



THE ANNOUNCEMENT HAD BEEN BROADCAST ON EVERY NEWS BULLETIN SINCE MID-DAY. SO FAR, OVER THIRTY SIGHTINGS HAD BEEN REPORTED TO INSPECTOR HALLEY.

LADY ON THE LINE FROM THE ISLE OF MAN, SIR, CLAIMS SHE CHASED THE MONSTER AWAY FROM HER BIRD TABLE. HE WAS EATING THE SEED!



THIS IS PROVING A BIG WASTE OF TIME, SIR. ACCORDING TO OUR CALLERS, HE'S BEEN SEEN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

WHAT CHOICE DO WE HAVE? WE HAVE TO FOLLOW UP EVERY LEAD. WE CAN'T JUST WAIT FOR HIM TO COMMIT **ANOTHER MURDER**.

ANOTHER CRANK CALL, I'LL BET. BUT HAVE THE LOCAL BOYS CHECK IT OUT, ANYWAY.



SCREAM
SCRIPT:
RICK CLARK
ART:
REDONDO
LETTERING:
P.BENSBURG

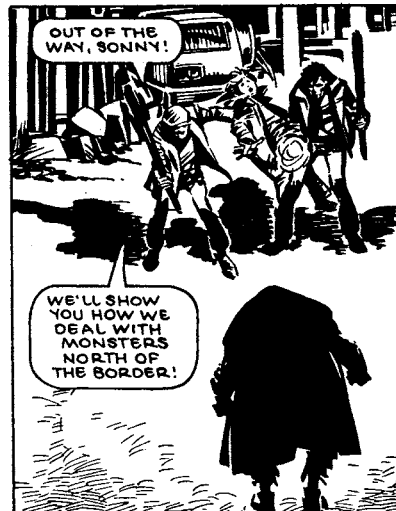
MEANWHILE, IN SCOTLAND'S GRANITE CITY - ABERDEEN - A LORRY WAS PULLING INTO A DARK GOODS YARD...

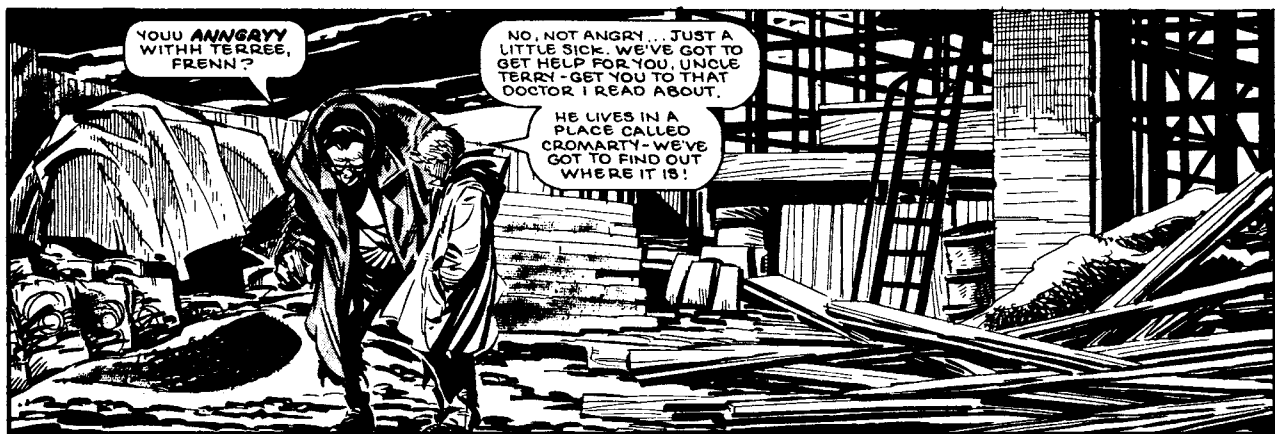


HELLO, THERE, ARCHIE! YOU'RE BACK EARLY!

WASN'T MUCH TRAFFIC ON THE ROAD, TIMMY!









monster

ON THE RUN, HUNTED AND HATED... THEY HAD TRAMPED THROUGH THE CHILL SCOTTISH NIGHT UNTIL THEIR WEARY LEGS COULD WALK NO MORE.

THEY FOUND SHELTER IN AN OLD SHEPHERD'S LODGE, AND FOR YOUNG KENNY CORMAN THE SWEET BLACKNESS OF SLEEP BLOTED OUT THE HORROR OF THE PAST FEW DAYS...

...TILL DAWN - AND A SUDDEN AWAKENING!

ON YER FEET!

SCREEN
SCRIPT:
RICK CLARK
ART:
REDORDO
LETTERING:
P. BENSBURG

SO, IT'S YOU TWO - THE LADDIE WITH THE MONSTER! THIS'LL BE THE BEST DAY'S POACHING I EVER DID - THERE'LL BE A FAT REWARD FOR THE MAN WHO TAKES IN THIS PAIR!

PLEASE, MISTER - DON'T HAND US OVER TO THE POLICE! THEY'LL LOCK UNCLE TERRY AWAY FOR EVER!

THE POACHER ROUGHLY PUSHED KENNY ASIDE...

C'MON, UGLY! ON YER FEET!

DON'T HURT HIM, MISTER!

BEST THING FOR HIM, TOO! HE'S KILLED FOUR MEN! OUT OF THE WAY, LADDIE!

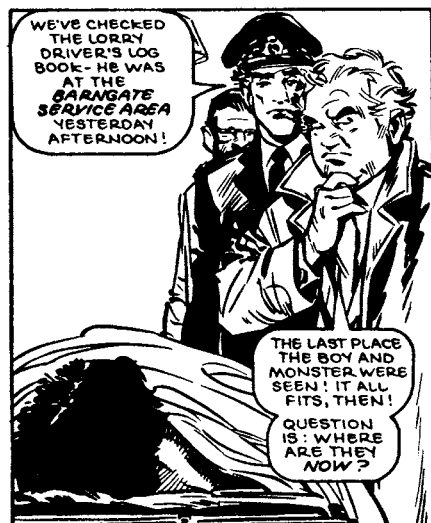
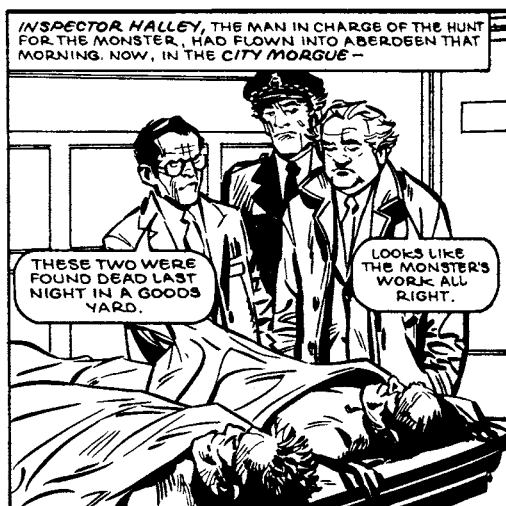
HURROO TERRRY? TERRR HURROO YOUU!

NO, UNCLE TERRY! DON'T - HE'S GOT A GUN!

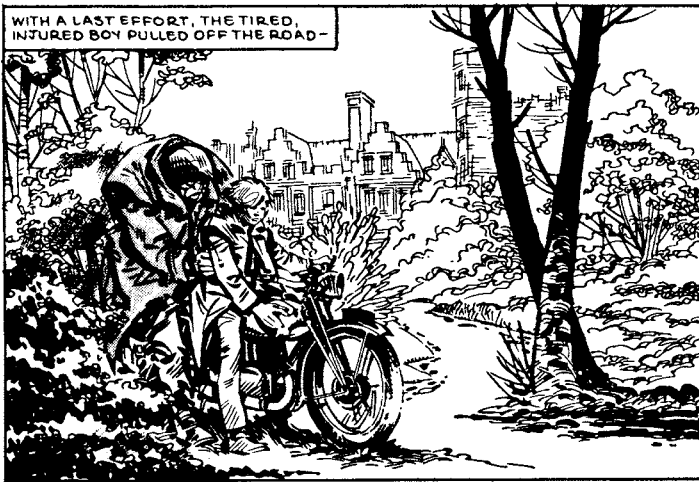
K-KEEP BACK - AAAH!

BAAAADO! KILL!





WITH A LAST EFFORT, THE TIRED, INJURED BOY PULLED OFF THE ROAD—



AND COLLAPSED!

KENNNNN!



UNCLE TERRY CARRIED THE UNCONSCIOUS BOY TOWARDS THE IRON GATES...

TERRY FINDDO HELPPP!

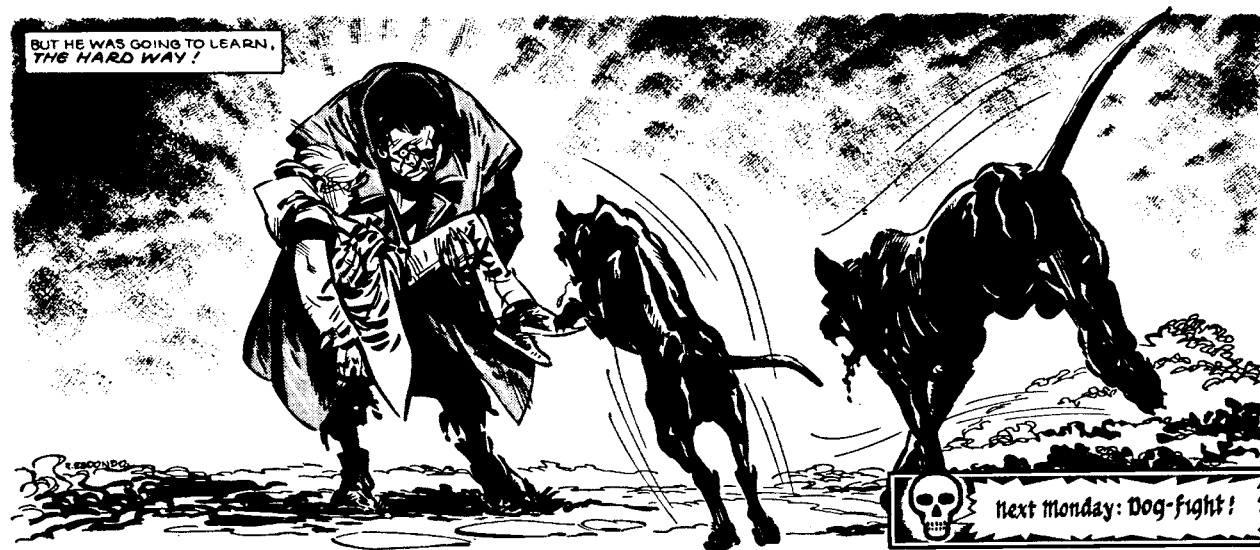


HAD KENNY BEEN CONSCIOUS, HE WOULD HAVE SEEN THE WARNING. BUT UNCLE TERRY COULDN'T READ...

EVEN IF HE COULD, HE WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN WHAT "BEWARE OF THE DOGS" MEANT.



BUT HE WAS GOING TO LEARN, THE HARD WAY!



next Monday: Dog-fight!

monster

YOUNG KENNY CORMAN AND HIS MONSTROUS **UNCLE TERRY** WERE ON THE RUN FROM THE POLICE. NOW, WITH KENNY INJURED AND EXHAUSTED, TERRY SOUGHT HELP AT A REMOTE SCOTTISH HOUSE... AND WALKED INTO TWO VICIOUS, SNARLING GUARD-DOGS!



WHAAAD YOUU WAAAANT?

UURRH! HUURROO!



BAAD THINGG! TERR HUURRO YOUU!



THE SECOND DOBERMAN CAUGHT **UNCLE TERRY** OFF BALANCE...



NUUR!

THEN BOTH BEASTS WERE ON HIM!

STOP! STOP! THEY'LL RIP HIM TO PIECES!



SUDDENLY—

RORY! ANGUS! CEASE!



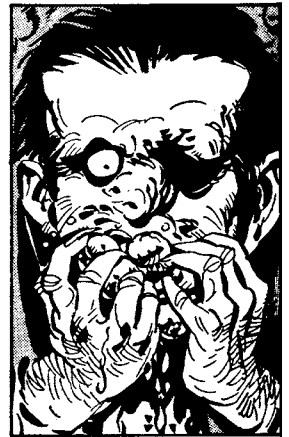
SCREAM
SCRIPT:
RICK CLARK
ART:
REDONDO
LETTERING:
P. BENSBURG

SNARLING, THE DOGS BACKED OFF...

BAAD THINGGSS, KENNEE! WHAAAD THEY?

THEY'RE DOGS, **UNCLE TERRY**. NOW BE QUIET, LET ME DO THE TALKING!

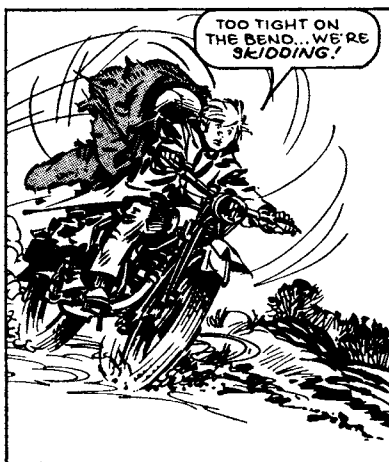
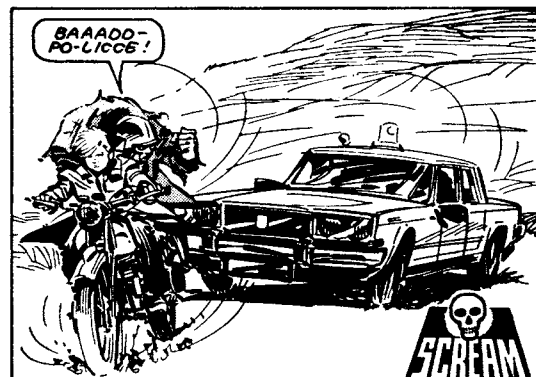






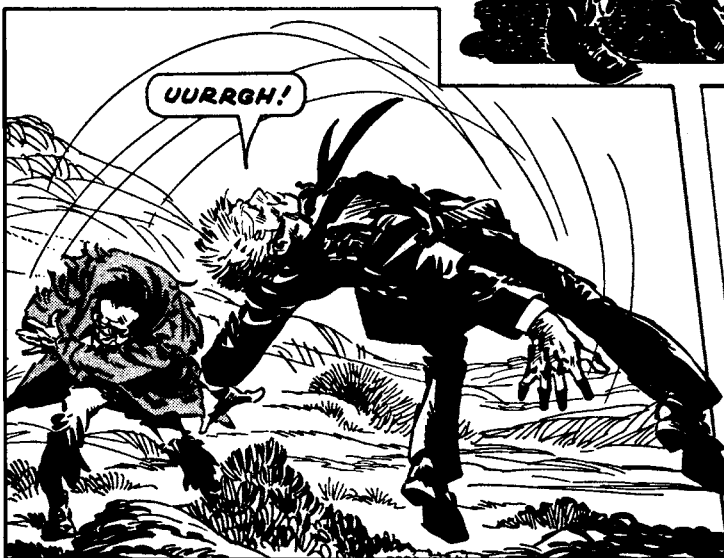


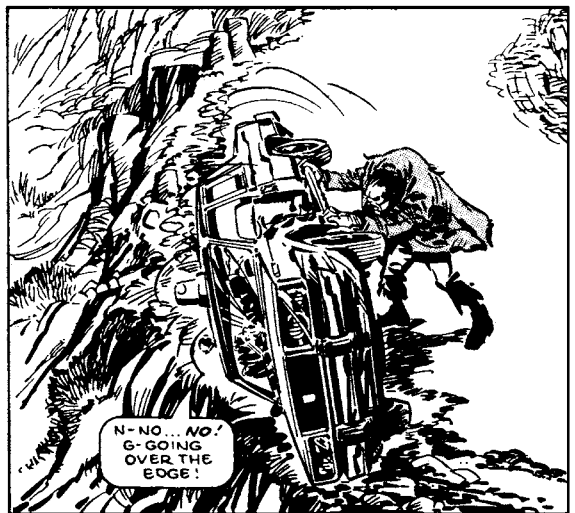
monster

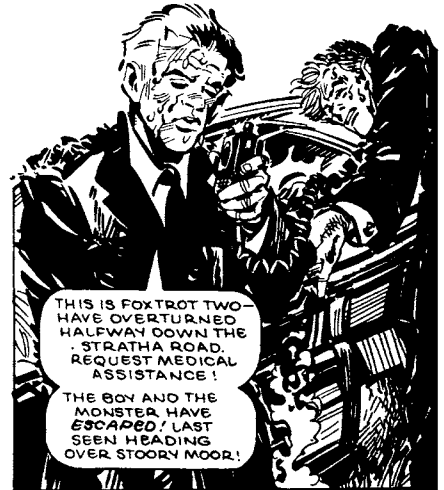


SCREAM

SCRIPT:
RICK CLARK
ART:
REDONDO
LETTERING:
P. BENSBURG







monster

YOUNG KENNY CORMAN AND HIS MONSTROUS UNCLE TERRY WERE ON THE RUN FROM THE LAW. NOW, ON A LONELY SCOTTISH ROAD -

SEEMS THE BOY AND THE MONSTER WERE TRAVELLING ON THAT MOTOR BIKE. INSPECTOR HALLEY.



RECKON THEY MUST HAVE STOLEN IT FROM THE POACHER. THEY KILLED DOWN ABERDEEN WAY.

THAT MAKES FIVE KILLINGS. DAMN THEM! HOW MANY MORE BEFORE WE STOP THIS BRUTE?



THEY CAN'T HAVE GOT ALL THAT FAR ON FOOT. TELEGRAPH THE MONSTERS IDENTI-KIT PHOTO TO ALL STATIONS - ALERT ALL MOBILE UNITS -

I WANT THAT MONSTER FOUND!



MEANWHILE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE OF STRATHA -

ACCORDING TO MY MAP, CROMARTY'S JUST ACROSS THE FIRTH FROM HERE.



SCREEN
SCRIPT:
R. CLARK
ART:
REDONDO
LETTERING:
P. BENSBURG

THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND THE DOCTOR WHO CAN MAKE YOU BETTER, UNCLE TERRY!



GOODEE! TERR LIKE BEE BEDDERR!

I'VE STILL GOT SOME MONEY LEFT MAYBE WE CAN HIRE A BOAT AND SAIL RIGHT ACROSS!

C'MON!









BUT, AS UNCLE TERRY PREPARED FOR THE DEATH BLOW...

STOP IT! OR I WON'T BE FRIENDS WITH YOU ANY MORE!



WHAAD? NODD BE FRENN? NO-NODO SAAAY!

ALWAAYYS BEE FRENN: TERR'S ONLYV FRENN! TERR NEEDED FRENN!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT I TELL YOU?

SORREEE, KENNY. TERR NODD BE BAAAD AGAINN! PROMISE!

OH, UNCLE TERRY! YOU ALWAYS SAY THAT!



THERE- THAT'S THEM!

OH HECK! THE POLICE!



COME ON, UNCLE TERRY! WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE NOW!



IF THEY WON'T RENT US A BOAT, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE ONE!



next Monday- "Swimm? Whaa Swimm?"



MONSTER

The *Eagle* issues

Script: John Wagner

Art: Jesus Redondo

Letters: Unknown

Originally published in *Eagle and Scream!* Issues 128-158

THE MONSTER THE STORY SO FAR...

SOMETHING HIDEOUS HAD KILLED YOUNG KENNY CORMAN'S BRUTAL FATHER. THAT SOMETHING, LOCKED AWAY IN A DINGY ATTIC ROOM, WAS THE FAMILY'S GRIM SECRET. BUT WITH HIS FATHER DEAD, KENNY NOW HAD THE CHANCE TO LOOK INSIDE THE FORBIDDEN ROOM. HE FOUND A LETTER WRITTEN TO HIM BY HIS LONG-DEAD MOTHER... AND HE ALSO FOUND... A MONSTER!

Dear Kenny,
The fact that you are reading this means that your father and I are dead and you must now learn the truth about the monster that lives in this room.
Yes, I call him monster even though he is my own flesh and blood. His name is Terry... He is my brother...

THAT MONSTER IS... MY UNCLE! UNCLE TERRY!

HE'S BEEN LOCKED UP LIKE AN ANIMAL IN THIS ROOM ALL HIS LIFE. I'M ALL THE FAMILY HE'S GOT... I'VE GOT TO LOOK AFTER HIM NOW!



... HIS NEW UNCLE HAD A VIOLENT TEMPER!

YOUUU HURRDD FRENNA! NOWWW TERREE HURRDD YOUUU!

UNCLE TERRY- STOP! YOU'LL KILL HIM!

TOO LATE! BUT KENNY COULD SEE HIS UNCLE WASN'T EVIL OR WICKED... HE HADN'T MEANT TO KILL... HE JUST DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER.

BUT THAT WAS NEVER GOING TO BE EASY, BECAUSE KENNY LEARN'T SOMETHING ABOUT HIS NEW UNCLE WHEN A STRANGER THREATENED THE YOUNGSTER...



KENNY COULDN'T HAND OVER HIS POWERFUL BUT CHILD-LIKE RELATIVE TO THE AUTHORITIES, TO BE LOCKED UP AND CAGED AGAIN. UNCLE TERRY WAS KENNY'S RESPONSIBILITY... SO THE PAIR WENT ON THE RUN.

INTO THE LORRY-FAST!

BUT A TOUGH, NO-NONSENSE POLICEMAN, INSPECTOR HALLEY, WAS ON THEIR TRAIL...

THE BEAST IS A KILLER! HE'S GOT TO BE CAGED! BUT HOW MANY MORE WILL DIE AT HIS HANDS BEFORE I GET HIM?



KENNY AND UNCLE TERRY HAD MADE IT TO SCOTLAND, SEARCHING FOR A DOCTOR SPECIALISED IN HELPING PEOPLE WITH VIOLENT TEMPER. BUT IN A RAGING STORM, THEIR PURSUERS WERE CLOSING IN...

THIS BOAT IS OUR ONLY ESCAPE, UNCLE TERRY! COME ON, ENGINE - START! START!



NOW READ ON ...

monster

THE PAIR WERE IN LUCK. ONCE AGAIN, THEY HAD NARROWLY AVOIDED BEING CAUGHT BY THE POLICE...

THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US NOW!

YOU! COME BACK!



ON THE JETTY, THE POLICE TEND TO AN INJURED MAN - A VICTIM OF UNCLE TERRY'S VIOLENT TEMPER...



WE'RE AT STRATHA PIER - WE NEED AN AMBULANCE! NO DEATHS, BUT SOME OF THEM ARE BADLY HURT!



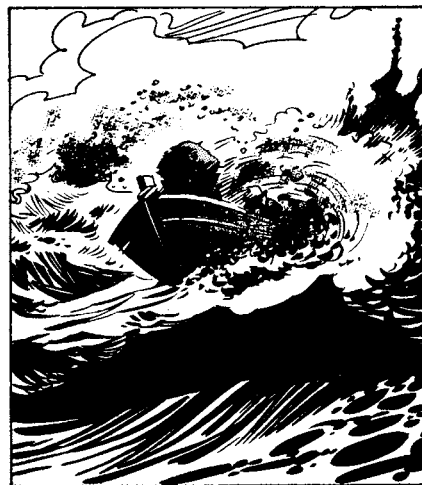
THE FOOLS! YON WEE BOAT'LL NEVER STAND UP TO THOSE WAVES!

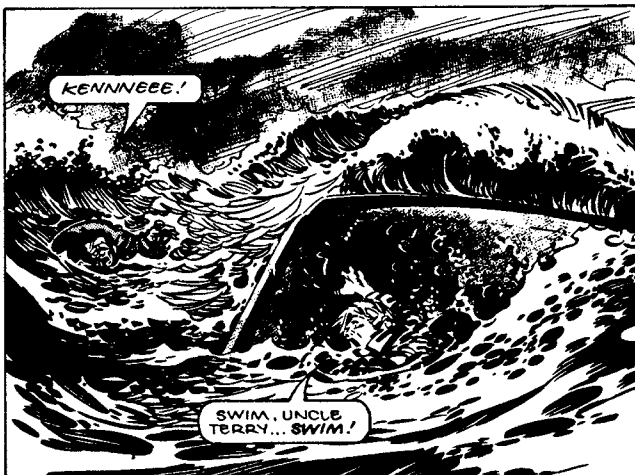


IT'S GETTING ROUGHER! I-I CAN'T CONTROL THE BOAT!



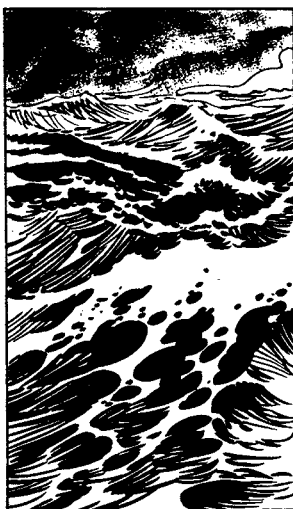
TERR NOOD LIKKE! TERR FRAAIO!







SWIM? WHA-
SWIM...?
KENNNNEE...



SOON...

IT'S THE BOY!
TAKE US IN
AS CLOSE AS
YOU CAN!



IT'S ALL RIGHT,
LADDIE. I'VE GOT
YOU!



MY
UNCLE!
MY
UNCLE!

WE'LL NEVER
FIND HIM IN
THIS, SON.
CURRENT'S GOT
HIM—
HE'S DROWNED
FOR SURE!



AND MAYBE IT'S
THE BEST THING
FOR HIM!



KENNY WAS TAKEN
BY AMBULANCE TO
A NEARBY
HOSPITAL—

HE'S VERY WEAK.
INSPECTOR HALLEY—
SUFFERING FROM
EXPOSURE AND
TOTAL
EXHAUSTION.



HE ALSO HAS SHOTGUN
PELLETS EMBEDDED IN HIS
SHOULDER. THEY'LL HAVE
TO COME OUT.

WHAT THE DEVIL
POSSESSED YOU,
KENNY, TO GO ON
THE RUN WITH
THAT THAT
MONSTER?



monster

ON THE NORTH SHORES OF THE MORAY FIRTH, A WATERLOGGED SHAPE HAULED ITSELF PAINFULLY UP THE STONY BEACH—



TERRR... FEEEL
BAAAD SICCKK!



THE ORDEAL HE HAD BEEN THROUGH WOULD HAVE **KILLED** AN ORDINARY MAN. BUT **TERRENCE CORMAN** WAS NO ORDINARY MAN...

HE WAS... **THE MONSTER!**



WHERE
KENNIEE?

THE RUGGED SCOTTISH COASTLINE ECHOED HIS DESPERATE CALL FOR HIS NEPHEW—THE ONLY FRIEND HE HAD EVER KNOWN...

BUT THERE WAS NO REPLY.



THE MONSTER WAS ALONE.

AND HE WAS **AFRAID.**



MEANWHILE, IN A COTTAGE HOSPITAL ACROSS THE FIRTH, YOUNG **KENNY CORMAN** WAS RECOVERING FROM HIS OWN ORDEAL—

HOW D'YOU
FEEL NOW,
LADDIE?

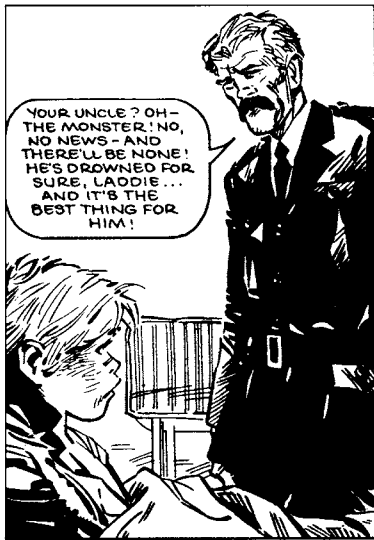
A BIT BETTER, THANKS.
NOW THAT THE DOCTOR'S
TAKEN THOSE
SHOTGUN PELLETS OUT!



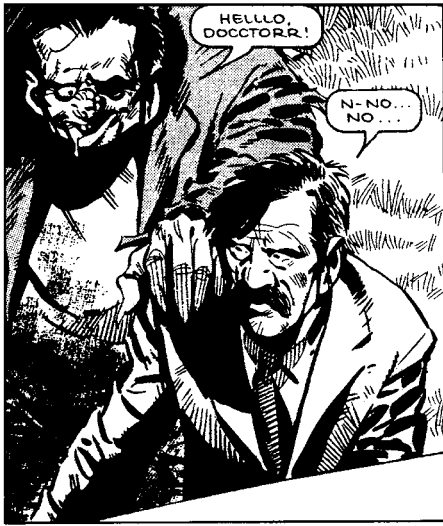
WELL, YOU SETTLE
DOWN AND GET A
GOOD NIGHT'S REST
INSPECTOR HALEY
WILL BE HERE TO
TAKE A FULL
STATEMENT IN
THE MORNING!

HAS THERE...
HAS THERE
BEEN ANY
NEWS OF MY
UNCLE?









monster

SEPARATED FROM HIS ONLY FRIEND - HIS NEPHEW KENNY - THE MONSTROUS TERRY CORMAN WAS AT LARGE ON SCOTLAND'S BLACK ISLE. NOW, ON A REMOTE ROAD, HE SOUGHT HELP IN THE ONLY WAY HE KNEW HOW -



YOUU DOCTOORR! YOUU HELPPP TERRR NOWW - OR TERR DO BAAD BAAD THINGG TO YOUU!

HE'S DEMENTED! HE THINKS THAT SOMEHOW I CAN MAKE HIM NORMAL AGAIN!



I'LL HAVE TO PLAY ALONG - WAIT FOR A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

HELP YOU - YES, CERTAINLY! NO TROUBLE AT ALL. JUST GET IN THE CAR, AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO MY SURGERY.



SUJJERY? WHAAD IS SUJJERY?

THAT'S THE PLACE WHERE I HELP PEOPLE!

OKAAY, WE GO THERRE. BUT YOUU NOOD TRY TRICKCK TERR - OR TERR DO BAAD THINGG!



TRICK YOU? OF COURSE NOT!

EAGLE

AUTHOR R. CLARK
ARTIST REDONDOO



THAAT FUNNEE, KENNEE KNOWW YOUU!



TERR GLADD YOUU HELPPP. TERR VERR SAAD - LOSE FRENK, KENNEE, YOUU KNOWW KENNEE?

ER... NO. I DON'T THINK SO!

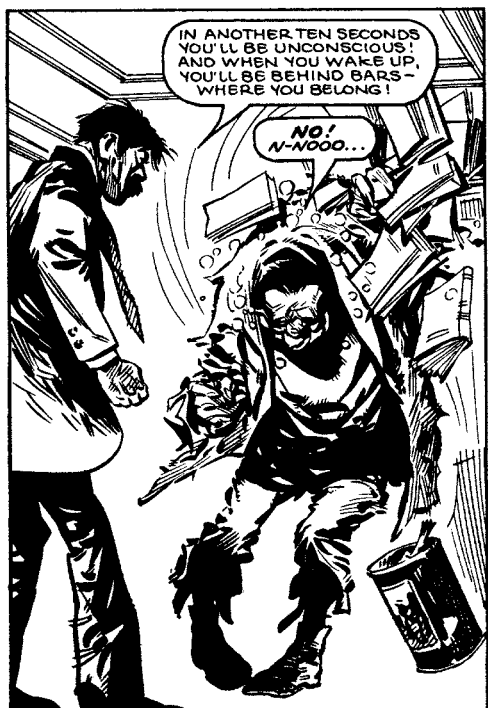


ALL SAAME, WHENN YOUU MAAKE TERRR SMAART, TERR FINO KENN AGAINN, MAKE TERRR HAPPEE! FRENNOO BE TOGETHERR, WAAY SHOULD BE!

ER... YES, INDEED!

TEN MINUTES LATER—

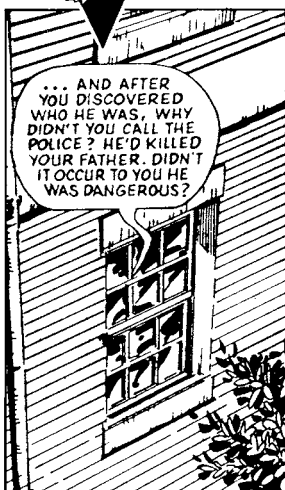






monster

YOUNG KENNY CORMAN AND HIS MONSTROUS UNCLE TERRY HAD BEEN SEPARATED. NOW, BELIEVING HIS UNCLE DEAD, KENNY WAS RECOVERING IN A SMALL SCOTTISH HOSPITAL...









monster

SEPARATED FROM HIS ONLY FRIEND—
HIS NEPHEW KENNY—THE MONSTROUS
TERRY CORMAN WAS AT LARGE ON SCOTLAND'S
BLACK ISLE. NOW, TERRY HAD KILLED A DOCTOR
IN A SMALL VILLAGE . . .

BAAD MENN
HURRD TERR!
ALWAYSS HURD-
HURRD!



EAGLE
AUTHOR
R. CLARK
ARTIST
REDONDO

TERR SMAASHH ALL!



WHAT THE
HECK'S GOING
ON IN THERE,
GEORGE?

IT'S THE
MONSTER!
KEEP BACK,
ALL OF YOU!

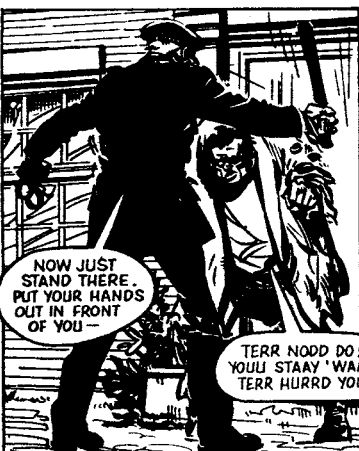


THERE
HE IS!



YOU—MONSTER!
IT'S MY DUTY TO
ARREST YOU!

NOW JUST
STAND THERE.
PUT YOUR HANDS
OUT IN FRONT
OF YOU—



TERR NOOD DO!
YOUU STAAAY 'WAAY!
TERR HURRD YOUU!



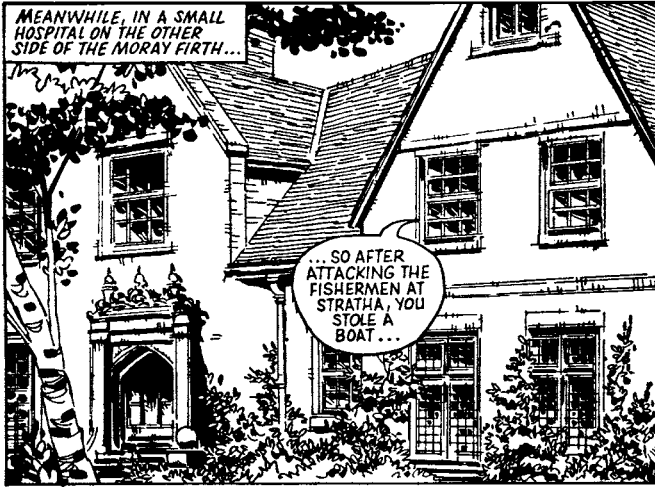
YOU ASKED
FOR THIS,
MONSTER!

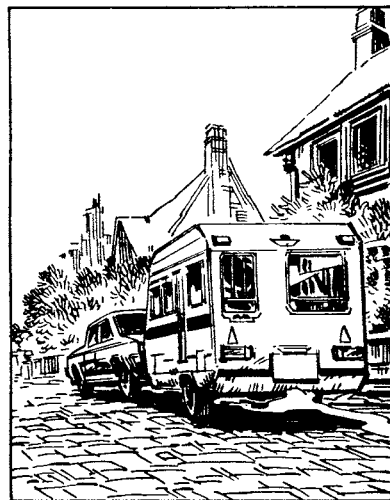
MA-MA TRUNCHEON'S
SPLINTERED—AND
HE'S STILL
STANDING!



YOUU
HITT! YOUU
BAAD!

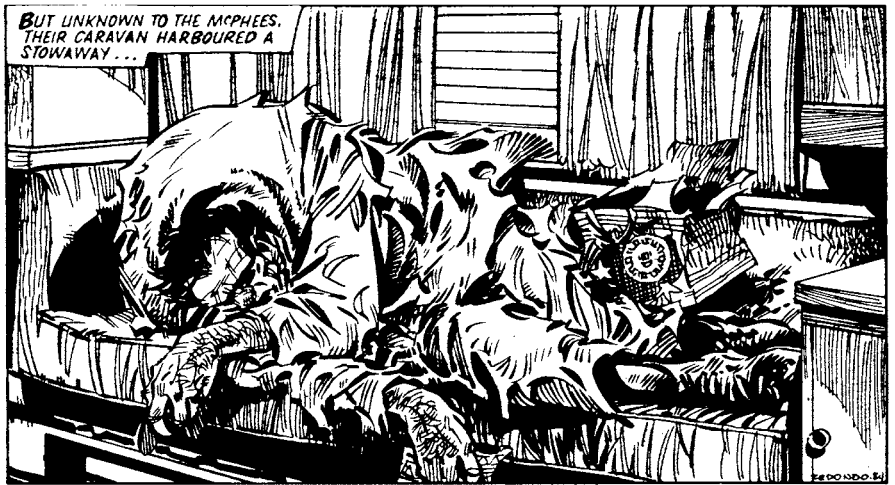


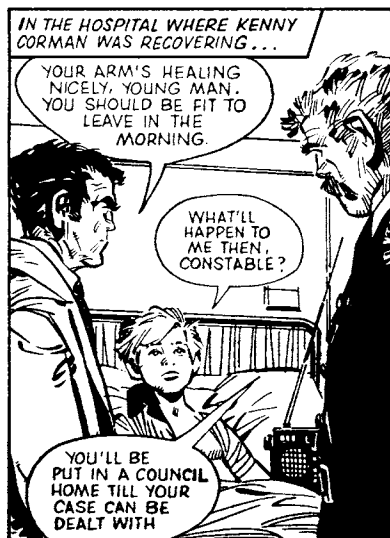
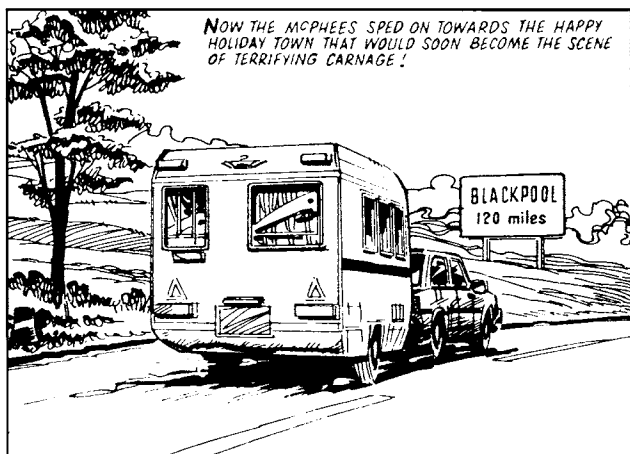




monster









monster



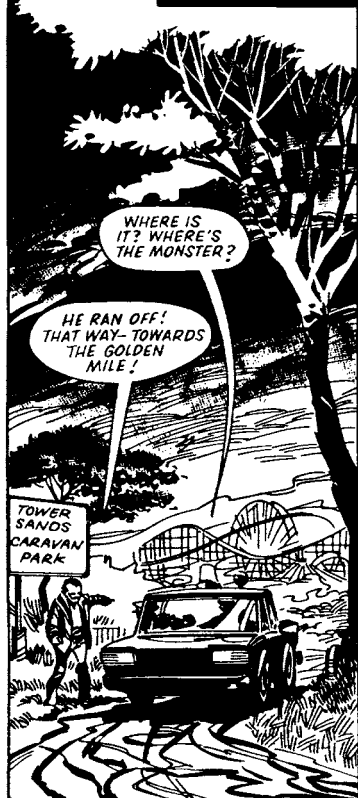








monster









monster





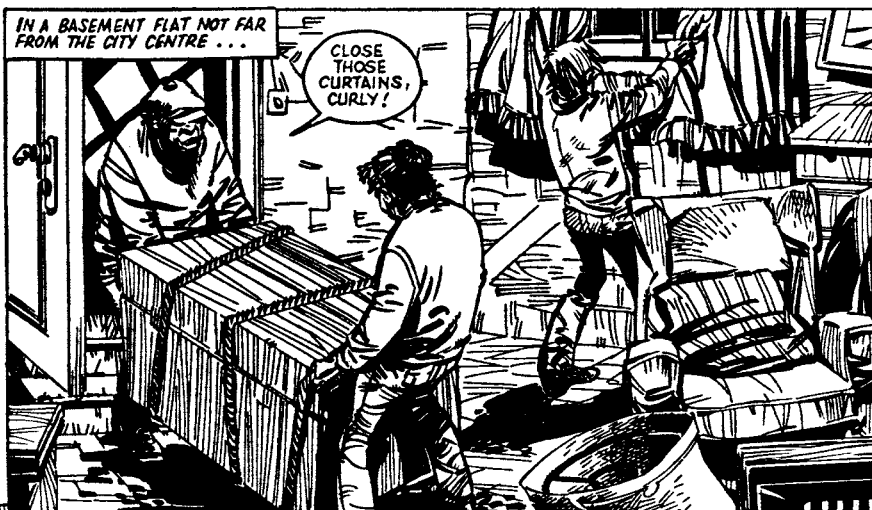







monster

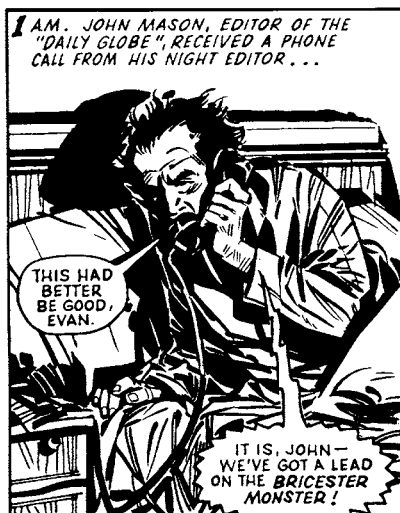


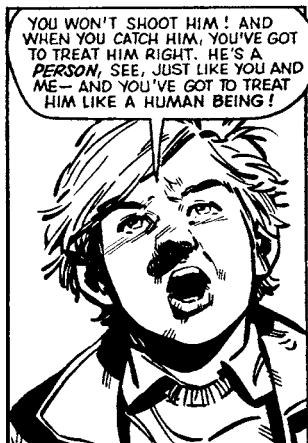


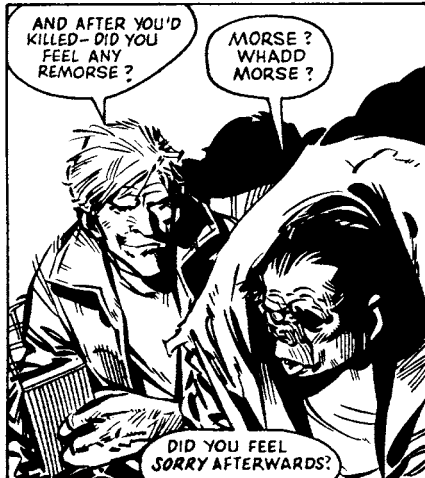
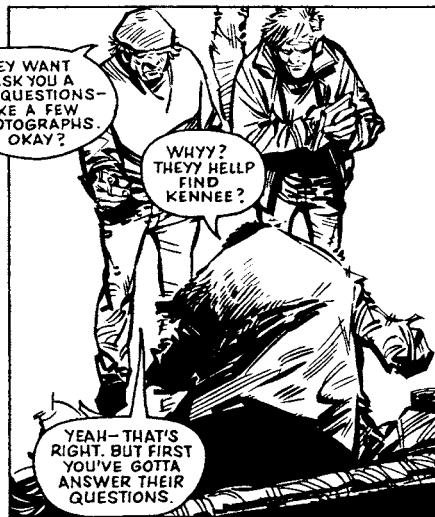




monster









BLACKPOOL... THE MONSTROUS TERRY CORMAN HAD BEEN BEFRIENDED BY THREE SHADY CHARACTERS, WHO HAD SOLD AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW TO THE "DAILY GLOBE".....

YOU TRY SHOOT TERRY! NOWW YOUU DIE!

EAGLE
AUTHOR
R. CLARK
ARTIST
REDONDO

... BUT THE MEETING BACKFIRED— AND THE TWO MEN FROM THE GLOBE BECAME THE MONSTER'S LATEST VICTIMS!

TAKE IT EASY, TERRY, PAL. WE DIDN'T TRY TO SHOOT YOU— HONEST. WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS!

monster

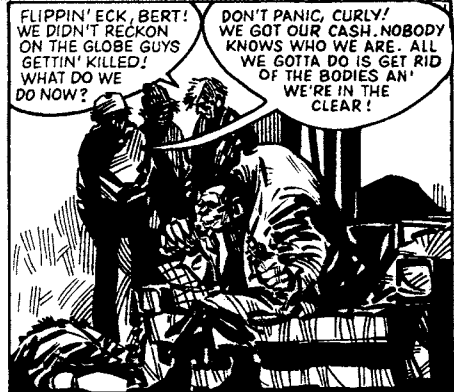


SEE—MICK WAS AIMING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER. WE, ER... WE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO HURT YOU— AND WE DIDN'T WANT THAT!



OH. YOU REAL FRENN! TERR SORREE HE GET MAD.

THAT'S OKAY, TERR. TELL YOU WHAT— YOU SIT DOWN AND HAVE SOME MORE BREAK-FAST.



FLIPPIN' ECK, BERT! WE DIDN'T RECKON ON THE GLOBE GUYS GETTIN' KILLED! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

DON'T PANIC, CURLY! WE GOT OUR CASH. NOBODY KNOWS WHO WE ARE. ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GET RID OF THE BODIES AN' WE'RE IN THE CLEAR!

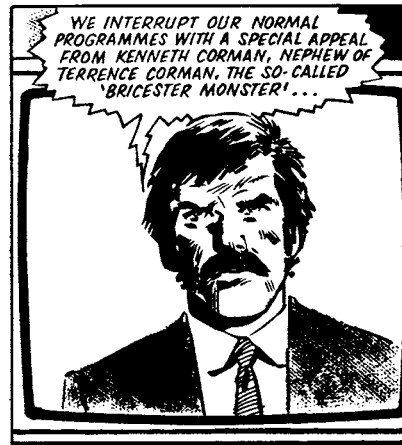
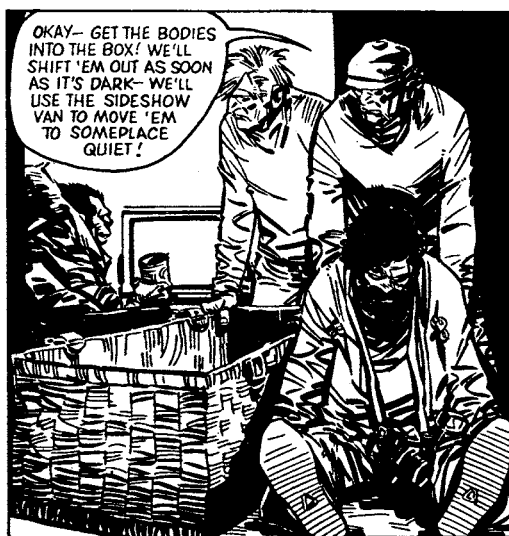


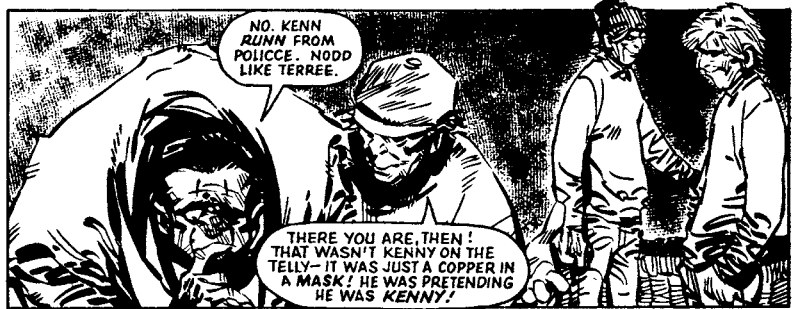
AN' WHAT ABOUT THE MONSTER?

CAN'T HAVE HIM AROUND NOW.



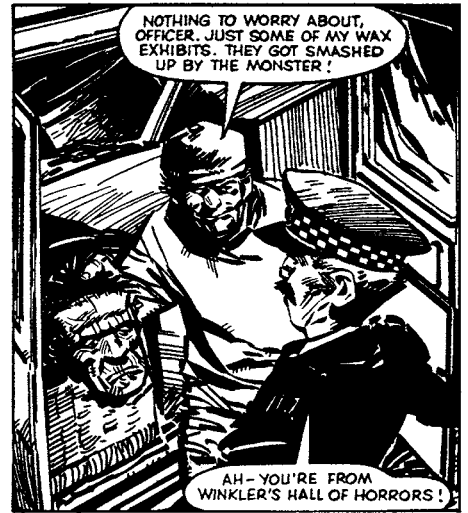
HE'LL HAVE TO DIE, TOO!





J. B. BORDO, BU





monster





PITY HE HAD
TO GO. HE COULD
HAVE MADE US A
LOT MORE MONEY!

THAT'S THE WAY
THE COOKIE
CRUMBLES,
MATE!

C'MON. LET'S
GET THIS
FILLED IN.



PHEW! THIS IS HARD
WORK. WE SHOULD'VE
KEPT THE BIG FELLA
ALIVE TO FILL IT IN.

TALK SENSE,
CURLY— THE BIG
FELLA'S IN THE
HOLE!



CURLY— GET
DOWN IN THERE.
TRAMPLE DOWN
THAT EARTH!

WHAT? ON
TOP OF THEM
BODIES? NO WAY!



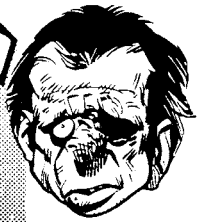
IN A LONELY WOOD, THREE BLACKPOOL THUGS HAD BLASTED TERRY CORMAN—THE BRICESTER MONSTER—WITH A SHOTGUN. BUT NOW, AS THEY FILLED IN HIS GRAVE . . .

UUUUUNNN!

EAGLE

AUTHOR
R. CLARK
ARTIST
REDONDO

monster



BERT WINKLER WAS DEAD EVEN BEFORE HE HIT THE TREE . . .



YOU HUURD TERR !
TERR HUURD
YOU !

CURLY—THE
SHOTGUN !





monster

YOUNG KENNY CORMAN HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO BLACKPOOL TO ASSIST IN THE HUNT FOR HIS MONSTROUS UNCLE TERRY. NOW, IN THE SEA-FRONT HOTEL THE POLICE HAD BOOKED HIM INTO...



LAST NIGHT—ABOUT TEN MILES OUTSIDE TOWN...



WE DON'T THINK YOUR UNCLE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM ALL. HE'S BEEN SHOT HIMSELF.



AT THE HOSPITAL, WHERE THE MONSTER WAS NOW BEING HELD UNDER POLICE GUARD...



WE TOOK FIFTY SHOTGUN PELLETS OUT OF HIS SHOULDER. THE BLAST WOULD HAVE KILLED AN OX. IT'S A WONDER HE SURVIVED!



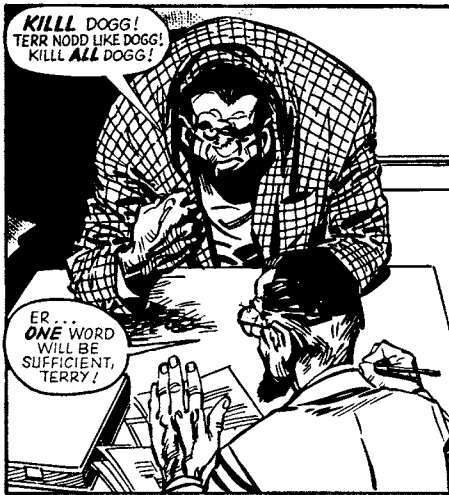






monster







monster

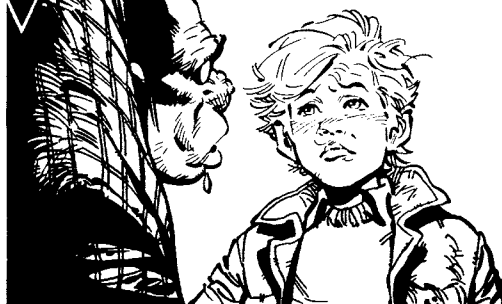
TERRY CORMAN— THE SO-CALLED **BRICESTER MONSTER**— HAD BEEN SENTENCED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN AN INSTITUTION. NOW, HE SAID FAREWELL TO HIS NEPHEW **KENNY**...



EAGLE
AUTHOR
R. CLARK
ARTIST
REDONDO

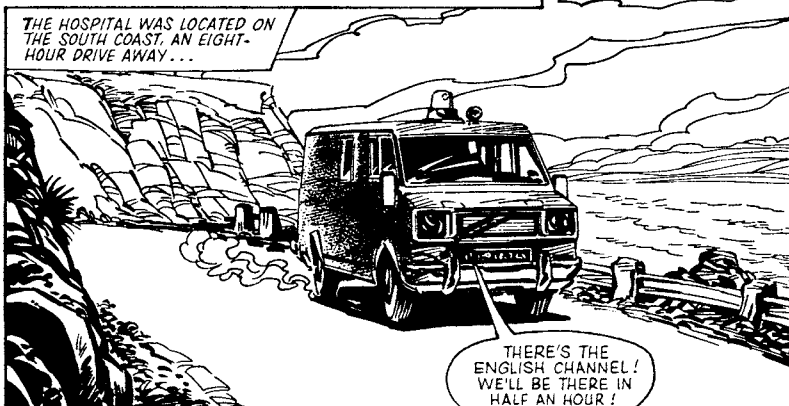
KENN
COME,
TOO?

NO. I'M SORRY—
I CAN'T. I'VE GOT
TO GO TO
AUSTRALIA.



IT'S AN ISLAND FAR AWAY, ACROSS THE SEA, BUT YOU'RE NOT TO WORRY— I'LL WRITE TO YOU EVERY WEEK. MAYBE ONE DAY... IF YOU GET BETTER, YOU CAN COME TO AUSTRALIA, TOO!







THE VAN CARRYING TERRY CORMAN—
THE SO-CALLED BRICESTER MONSTER—
HAD CRASHED IN FLAMES, WITH TERRY
HANDCUFFED TO AN UNCONSCIOUS
PRISON WARDER...

WAAKE
UPP! WE
BUURNN!

NO GOOD!
HE SLEEP!

TERR
MUSTT RUUN
'WAAY!

monster



THIS
WAAY
OUTT!

EAGLE
AUTHOR
R. CLARK
ARTIST
REDONDO

SUDDENLY, THE VAN'S
PETROL TANK EXPLODED!

AYYYAAAAH!

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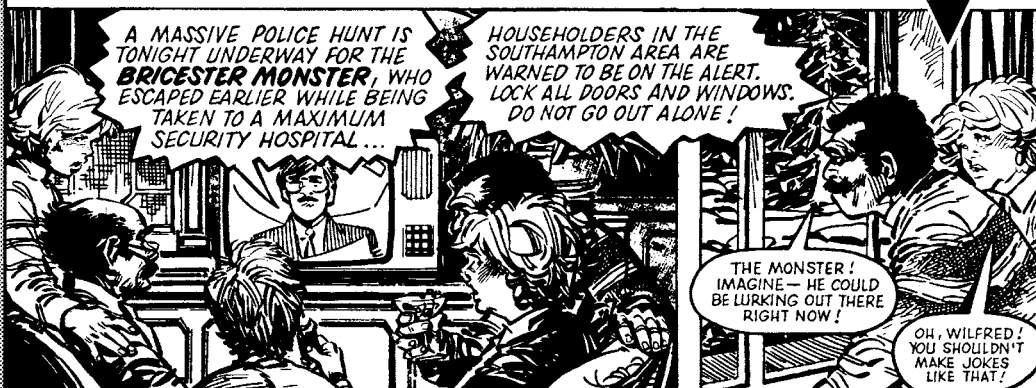


monster



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AUTHOR
R. CLARK
ARTIST
REDONDO



HOUSEHOLDERS IN THE SOUTHAMPTON AREA ARE WARNED TO BE ON THE ALERT. LOCK ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS. DO NOT GO OUT ALONE!

THE MONSTER! IMAGINE — HE COULD BE LURKING OUT THERE RIGHT NOW!

OH, WILFRED! YOU SHOULDN'T MAKE JOKES LIKE THAT!



TERRY CORMAN WOKE LONG AFTER THE LIGHTS IN THE COTTAGE HAD DIED. HE WAS STIFF, COLD, WET...



IT WAS THE FIRST FOOD HE HAD EATEN SINCE 7 A.M. THE PREVIOUS MORNING ...

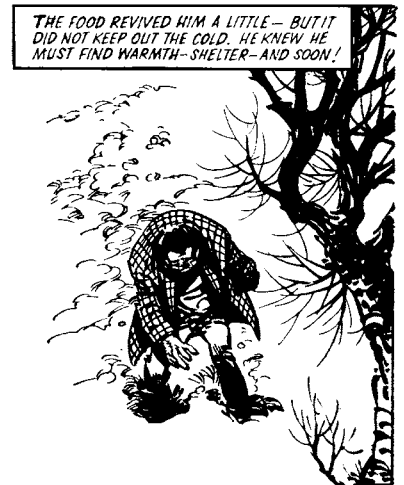




YET EVEN NOW, THE POLICE
WOULD BE HUNTING HIM...



AND FEAR TOLD HIM TO
RUN— RUN FAR AWAY!



THE FOOD REVIVED HIM A LITTLE— BUT IT
DID NOT KEEP OUT THE COLD. HE KNEW HE
MUST FIND WARMTH—SHELTER—AND SOON!



MORNING CAME SLOWLY TO THE ICY
HAMPSHIRE LANDSCAPE. AND WITH
IT CAME THE BARKING OF DOGS...

SEEK,
BOY!

OVERHEAD,
THE DEEP
THRUM OF THE
SEARCHING
HELICOPTERS...



THE MONSTER WAS ENTERING
THE LAST STAGES OF EXHAUSTION
WHEN HE CAME UPON THE ROAD-
BLOCK...

FEARFULLY,
HE SKIRTED
ROUND IT...





AND RETURNED TO THE ROAD,
FOR HE KNEW IT WAS EASIER
TRAVELLING ...

AND WHERE
ARE YOU OFF TO
ON A MORNING
LIKE THIS ?



SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS. GOT AN
URGENT LOAD OF FRIDGES FOR
AUSTRALIA. IT'S **SUMMER**
OVER THERE, YOU KNOW.

WHO'D
BELIEVE
IT ?



'STRALIAA !
HIA SAAY
'STRALIAA !



THE MIS-
SHAPEN MAN'S
MIND FLASHED
BACK TO HIS
LAST MEETING
WITH HIS ONLY
FRIEND, HIS
NEPHEW
KENNY...

I'VE GOT TO GO
TO AUSTRALIA,
UNCLE TERRY.
MAYBE ONE DAY...
IF YOU GET BETTER
...**YOU** CAN COME
TO AUSTRALIA,
TOO !



AND SUDDENLY,
TERRY CORMAN KNEW
WHAT HE HAD TO DO ...

OKAY—
YOU'RE CLEAR !
DRIVE ON !



HE HAD TO
GET TO ...



... **AUSTRALIA !**

9 A.M. SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS...

MAID OF WOOMERA?
SHE'S BERTHED
ON PIER FOUR!

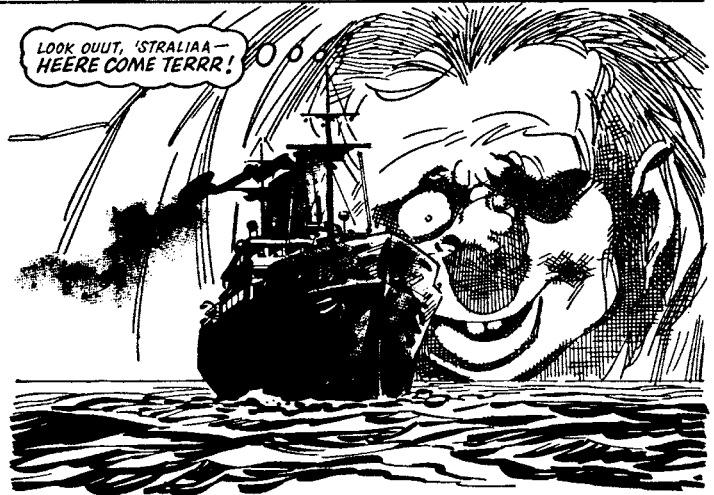
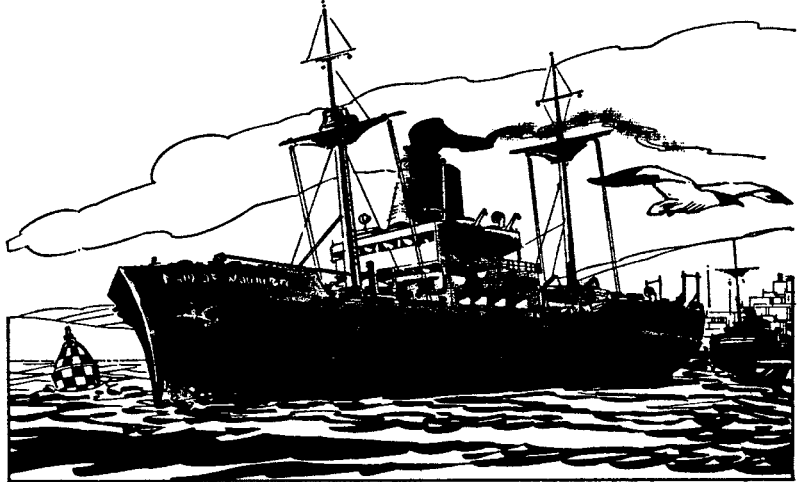
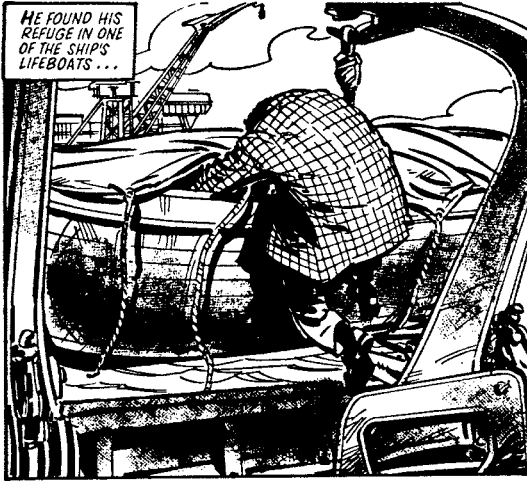
EAGLE
AUTHOR
R. CLARK
ARTIST
REDONDO



monster



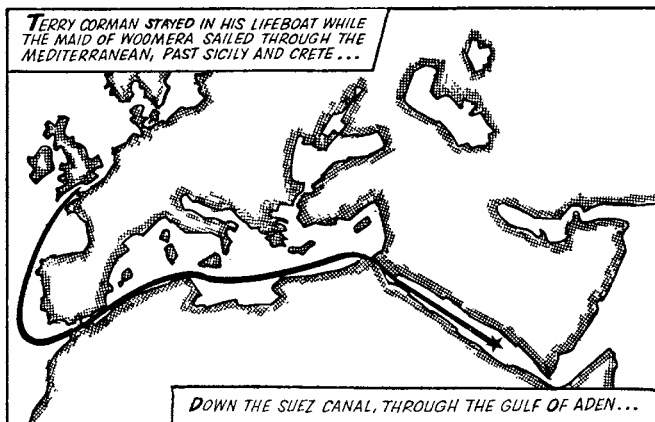




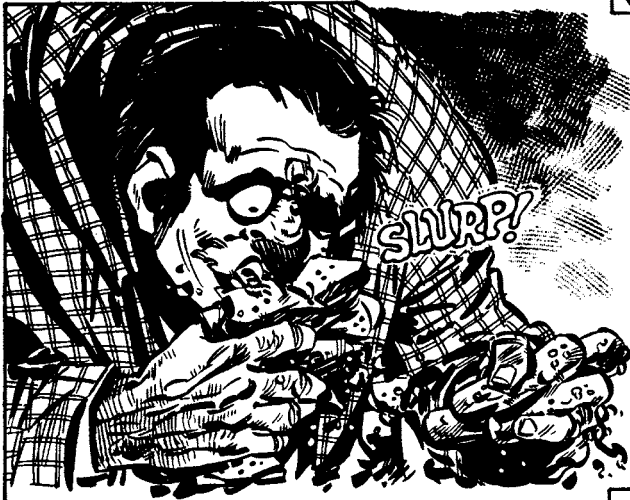
monster



WITH HIS HUGE APPETITE, THE LIFEBOAT'S
EMERGENCY SUPPLIES WERE ALREADY
ALMOST GONE. BUT THE MONSTER KNEW
HE DARED NOT LEAVE HIS SHELTER . . .



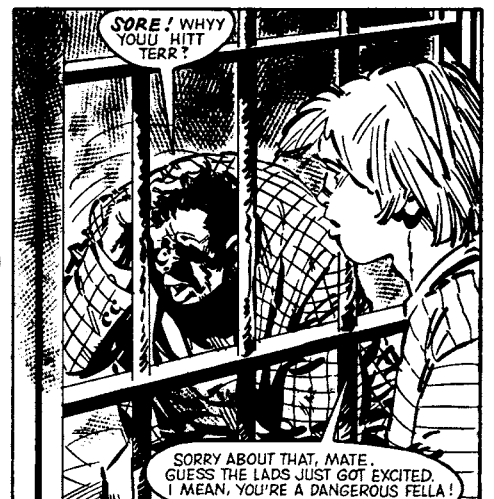
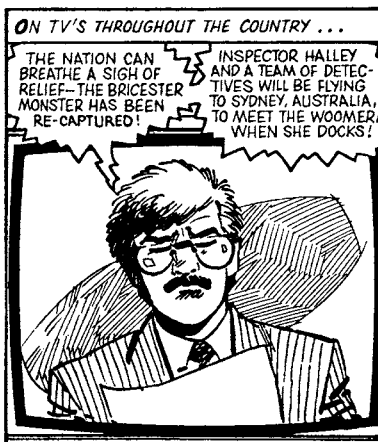






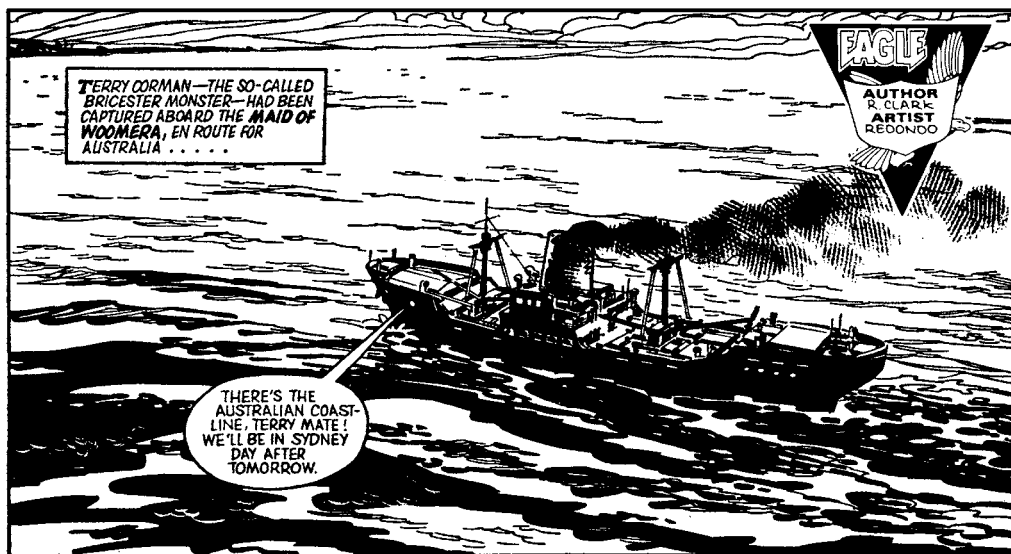
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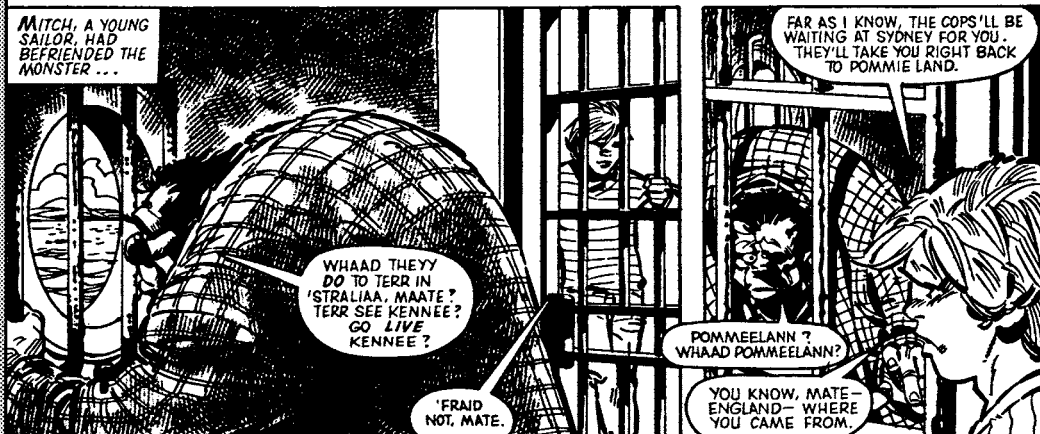


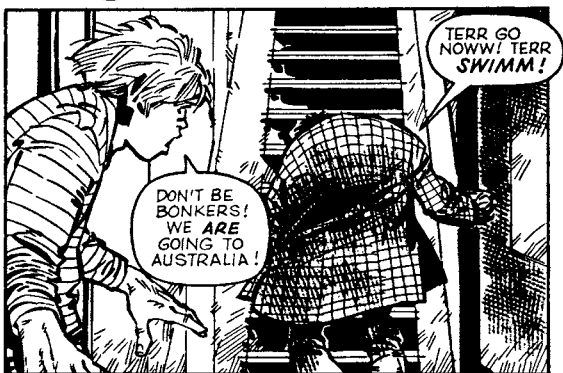


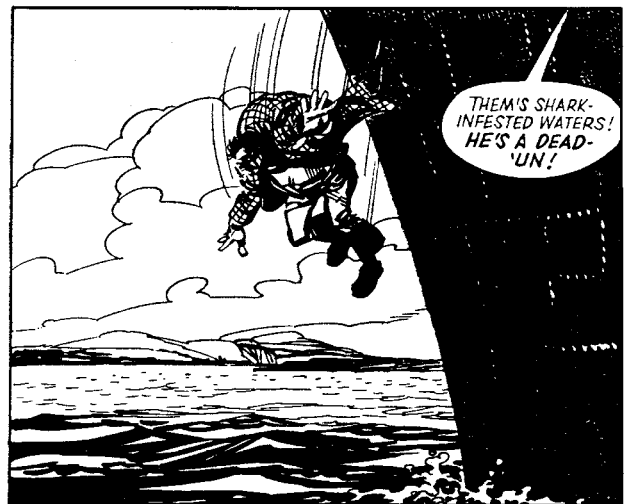
monster



MITCH, A YOUNG SAILOR, HAD BEFRIENDED THE MONSTER . . .

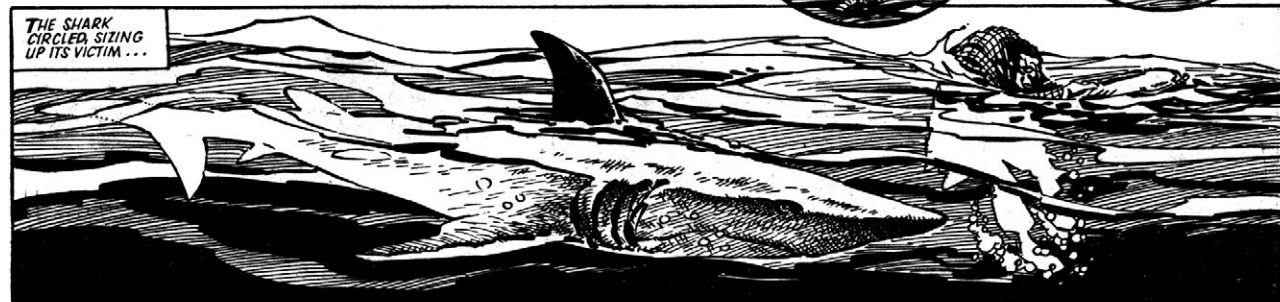


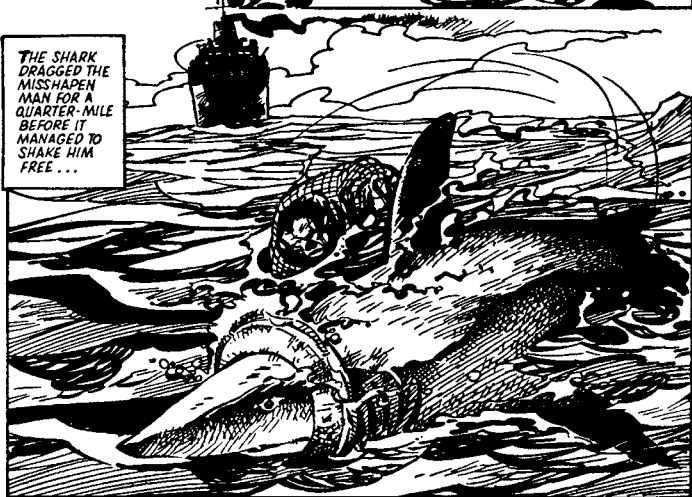
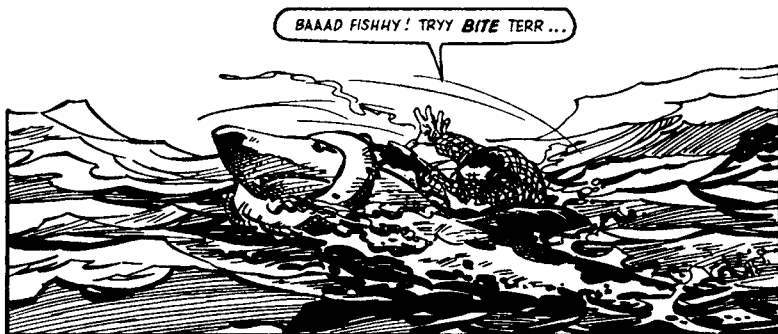
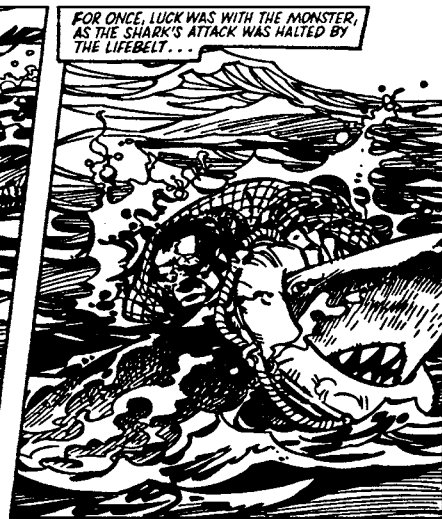


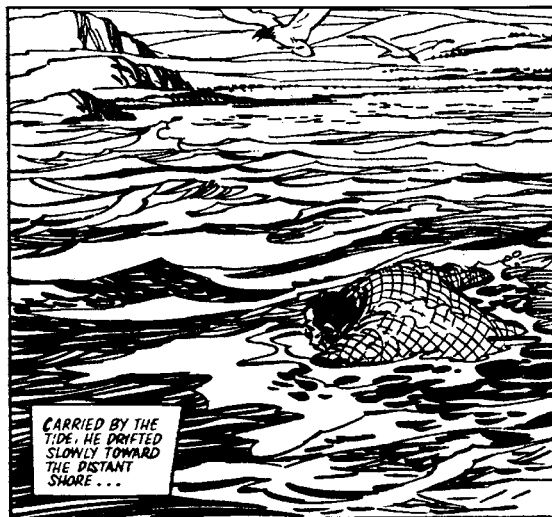




monster







monster

CHANNEL 9 NEWS, AUSTRALIA...

NEWS HAS JUST REACHED US THAT THE SO-CALLED **BRICESTER MONSTER** HAS BEEN WASHED OVERBOARD WHILE OFF THE AUSTRALIAN COAST!

BUT THE CITIES OF AUSTRALIA NEED NOT FEAR—EYEWITNESSES ABOARD THE SHIP REPORT THE MONSTER WAS ATTACKED AND DRAGGED OFF BY A LARGE **SHARK!**



BUT TERRY CORMAN HAD ESCAPED THE SHARK AND BEEN WASHED UP ON THE NEW SOUTH WALES COAST. NOW HE WANTED TO FIND HIS ONLY FRIEND, HIS NEPHEW KENNY WHO HAD RECENTLY EMIGRATED TO AUSTRALIA...

NOW, AS HE MADE HIS WAY INLAND...

'STRALIAA BIGG PLAACE! TERR NODD KNOWW WHERE FIND KENN!



MAYBE TERR NEVER FIND KENN!



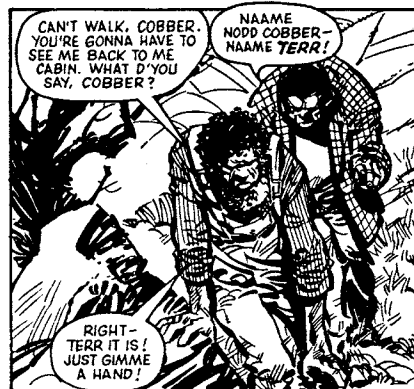
AAAAAH!

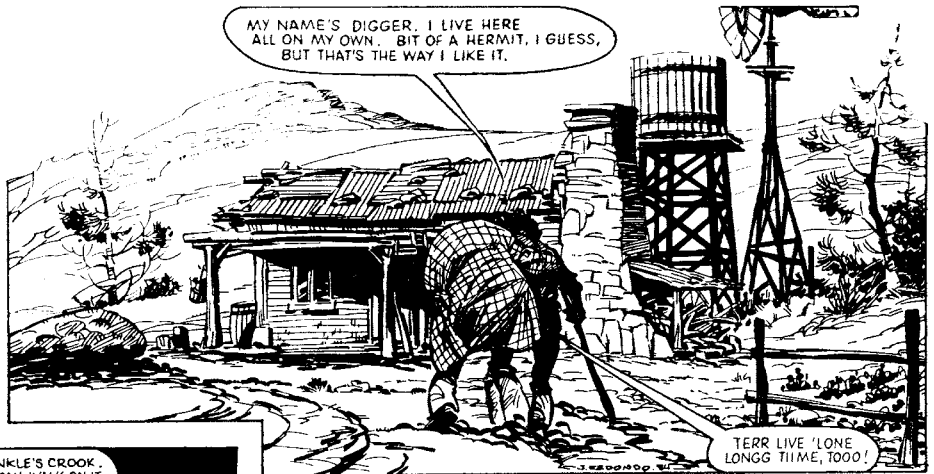


WHAAD THAT? KENNEE?

KENNEE? THAAD YOUU?









monster





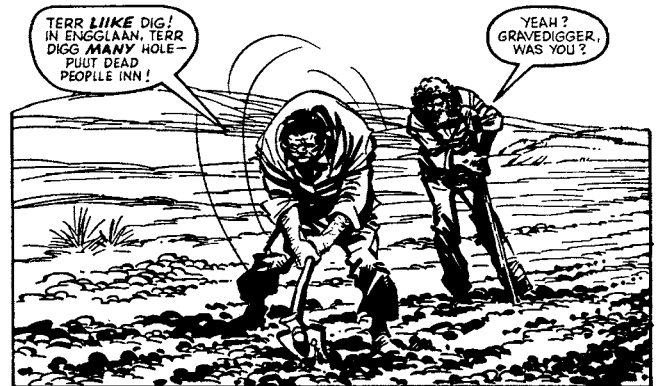
STONE ME, TERR!
I NEVER SEEN A
MAN ENJOY HIS
WORK AS MUCH
AS YOU!

TERRY HAD BEEN
BEFRIENDED BY
DIGGER MULDOON,
AND WAS HELPING
THE OLD HERMIT
WHILE HIS BAD
LEG HEALED.



RIGHT, TERR - I CLEARED
THIS PATCH LAST WEEK.
GONNA MAKE A NEW
VEGETABLE PLOT.
FANCY DIGGIN' IT
OVER FOR ME?

DIGG? YESS!



TERR LIKE DIG!
IN ENGGLAAN, TERR
DIGG MANY HOLE -
PUUT DEAD
PEOPLE INN!

YEAH? GRAVEDIGGER,
WAS YOU?



NO. JUSST DIGG
HOLE - PUUT PEOPLEE
INN. DEAD PEOPLEE
PEOPLE TERR
KILL!



AH, TERR, YOU
GOT A RARE SENSE
OF HUMOUR! I LIKE
A FELLA THAT TELLS
A GOOD JOKE -
EVEN IF HE IS A
POMMIE!



TELL YOU WHAT, TERR -
YOU'VE DONE SO WELL
TODAY, I'M GONNA
TREAT YOU TO A
BARBIE!

OH, GOODDEE!



BUTT WHAAD A
BARBIE?

YOU'LL
SEE!



monster

JUST ONE MORE NIGHT,
ONE MORE NIGHT IN THE
AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK,
AND HE WOULD
PASS THE TEST
OF MANHOOD.



HE'D HAVE SURVIVED, ALONE
AND UNAIDED, FOR THREE LONG
MONTHS IN ONE OF THE
HARSHTEST ENVIRONMENTS ON
THE FACE OF THE EARTH.



WHEN THE SUN
ROSE TOMORROW,
HE WOULD STILL BE
ONLY THIRTEEN
YEARS OLD. BUT
BOYHOOD WOULD
BE BEHIND HIM.



EAGLE
AUTHOR
R. CLARK
ARTIST
REDONDO

AT DAWN
HE BECAME
A MAN.

NOT FAR AWAY, ANOTHER WHO ASPIRED
TO MANHOOD, TERRY CORMAN, THE
BRICESTER MONSTER, HAD FOUND
A HAVEN FROM HIS TROUBLES...



WOLLZIN!
TILDAA!
WOLLZIN
TILDAA!

NODD STOP
DIGGGER! SING
MORE TILDAA!
TERR LIKE!



LATER, TERR, SUN'S
ALMOST DOWN. YOU'D
BETTER GET UP THE
HILL AND BRING THE
GOATS IN FOR THE
NIGHT.





NIGHT. NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA . . .

EAGLE
AUTHOR
R. CLARK
ARTIST
REDDO

THIS IS
JOEYVILLE POLICE!
AM IN PURSUIT OF STOLEN
VEHICLE— OCCUPANTS BELIEVED
TO BE THE TWO CONVICTS WHO
ESCAPED FROM WOOMEROO
MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON
EARLIER TONIGHT!

monster





... THEN WALKED SLOWLY
BACK TO THE SHACK ...



THERE, HE BUSIED HIMSELF WITH THE ROUTINE CHORES...



GRADUALLY, THE APPREHENSION HE'D FELT AT BEING ALONE MELTED AWAY. DIGGER MULDOON HAD BEEN GOOD TO HIM. TERRY FELT SECURE HERE—SAFE FROM THE CRUEL PERSECUTION OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD...



FOR ONCE, THE TORMENTED, MISSHAPEN MAN WAS CONTENT...



LISSEN, JIM...

TILDAA!
TILDAA!

SOUNDS LIKE A DINGO IN A SNAP-TRAP!

NAW—IT'S SOMEBODY SINGIN'!



STREWTH! WHAT IS IT?

SOME KINDA HALF-WIT! LOOKS LIKE HE'S ON HIS OWN, TOO!



YUK! YUK!

monster



EAGLE

AUTHOR
R. CLARK
ARTIST
REDONDO

REDONDO '88





HE- HE'S GOT THE GUN!



BAAD GUUN! TERR NODD LIKE!
TERR HUURD YOUU!



HECK! THE STRENGTH OF HIM!

THERE'S THE TWO OF US, BLUEY! WE CAN TAKE HIM!



BITE ON THAT, BIG FELLA!



BAAD MAAN!

H-HE AIN'T EVEN DAZED-
AUWWKKK!



NOWW TERR DO BAAD THINGG YOUU!

UUUUHH...



LET HIM GO, YOU MANIAC! YOU'RE KILLING HIM!

NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA—
WHERE TERRY CORMAN, THE SO-CALLED
BRICESTER MONSTER—HAD FOUND
REFUGE WITH HERMIT, DIGGER
MULDOON. BUT WHILE DIGGER
WAS AWAY, TWO ESCAPED
CONVICTS ATTACKED
TERRY...



monster





THEN AS THE RED
HEAT OF ANGER
PASSED, TERRY WAS
SUDDENLY AFRAID...



OH-OHH!
THERRE TERR GO
'GAIN-KIILL-KIILL!
POLICE COME-LOCKK
TERR 'WAAY LONGG
TIME!



NODD BE DEAAD!
TERR SORREEEE!
PLEASE-
NODD BE
DEAAD!



UUUUHHH...
HIM
SAAY
'UUUUHHH'!



HIM NODD
DEAAD!

HIPP! HIPP! 'RAAAAAY!



IT WAS NEXT MORNING WHEN DIGGER MULDOON
GOT OFF THE BUS FROM JOEYVILLE, WHERE HE'D
BEEN TREATED FOR AN INJURED ANKLE...

MIND
HOW YOU GO,
DIGGER!

YEAH,
SEE YOU,
SNOWY.



WONDER HOW
THE BIG FELLA'S
BEEN GETTING
ON WITHOUT
ME?



monster

NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA, WHERE TERRY CORMAN, THE SO-CALLED BRICESTER MONSTER, HAD FOUND REFUGE WITH HERMIT, BIGGER MULDON. NOW TERRY HAD CAUGHT TWO ESCAPED CONVICTS...

IF TERR GO PO-LICE, PO-LICE SAAY—"WE KNOW YOUU, TERR. YOUU BAAD! YOUU WORSE-BAAD!" GEDD LOCKK UP!

LOCKK TERR WAAY IN CAAGE LONGG, LONGG TIME!

EAGLE

AUTHOR
R. CLARK
ARTIST
REDONDO

WHAT YOU TALKING ABOUT, TERR? THEY AIN'T GOING TO LOCK YOU UP!

YOU NODD UNNERSTAN, DIGGGER. TERR SAAY BEFORE 'CROSS BIG WATER, TERRR DO 'MANY' BAAD THINGG! KILL-KILL ALL TIME!

YOUU THINKK-JOKE! HA, HA! BUDD IT NODD FUNNEE FOR TERRR!



TERRY WATCHED AS HIS FRIEND HITCHED A LIFT...

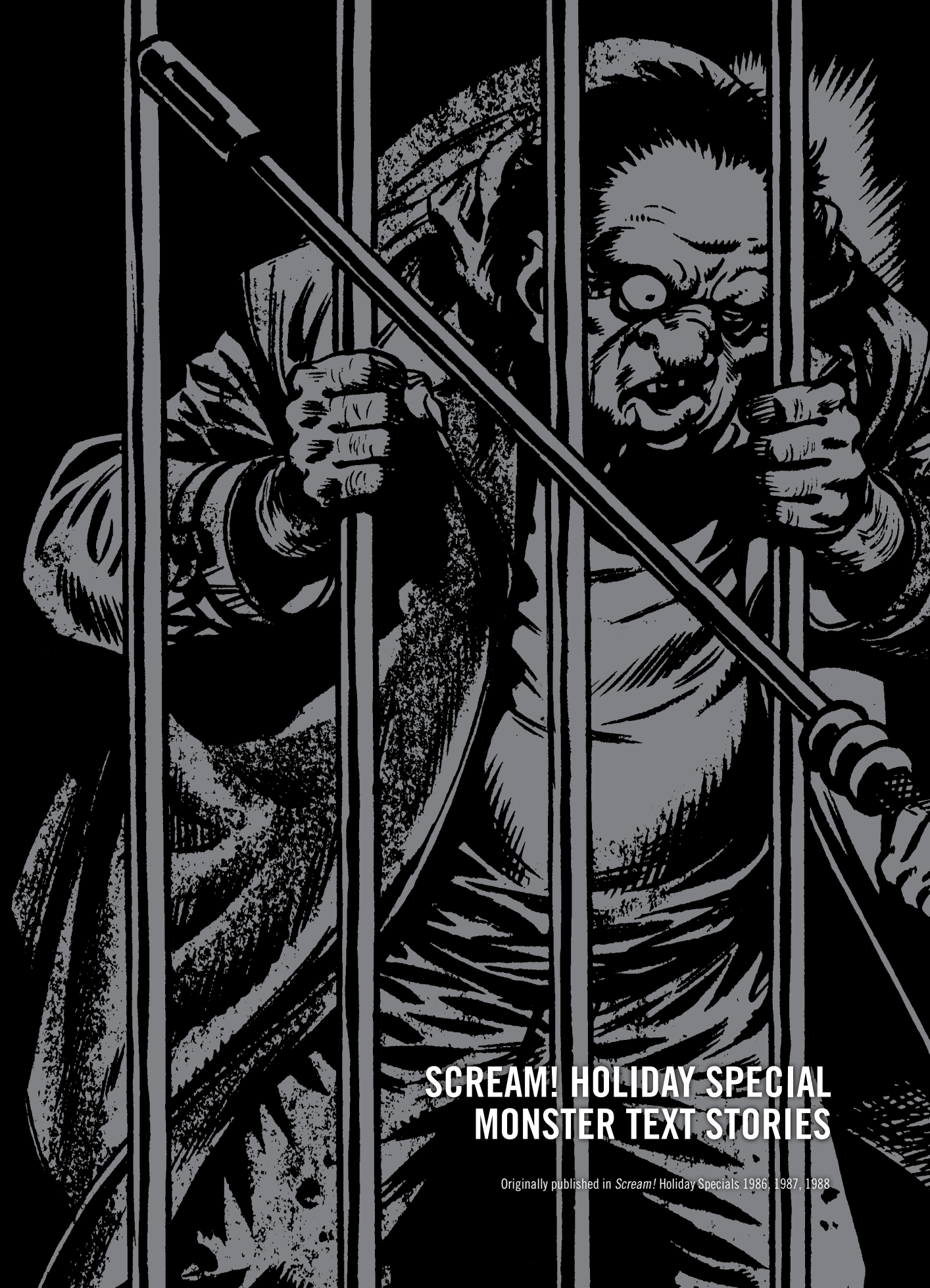
WHATCHA GOT THERE, MATE?

COUPLE OF ESCAPED CONS FROM WOOMERO. GIFT US A LIFT INTO JOEYVILLE, WILL YOU?









SCREAM! HOLIDAY SPECIAL MONSTER TEXT STORIES

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monster

"The Monster" glared at his Australian friend, swinging the axe menacingly. It was never a good idea to upset Terry Corman. He was dangerous!

BECAUSE of his horrific looks, Terry Corman had been kept locked in his family's attic for most of his thirty-two years of miserable life. As a result, he grew up totally neglected, because his parents were afraid to let people see the grotesque creature they had rejected.

When his mother and father died within days of each other, Terry's suffering continued, with his brother-in-law cruelly mistreating him and eventually trying to kill him.

But, aided by the vast strength of his mis-shapen body, it was Terry who did the killing to rid himself of his tormentor.

Freed from his confined existence, Terry found the outside world an unpytting place and was regarded as a monster to be ridiculed and persecuted.

More killings followed, due to his inability to control his temper and powerful limbs. Terry found himself hunted by the authorities.

He escaped by stowing away on a ship to Australia, where he was befriended by a bushman named Digger Muldoon.

At Digger's shack in the outback, Terry found peace and a haven from the hostile world.

But it wasn't to last!

"We need more wood for the stove, or you'll have to eat cold tucker tonight, Terry!" called Digger from the doorway of his crude dwelling.

The huge, twisted body paused in its pathetic attempt to dig a vegetable garden, then jerked round towards the direction of the voice.

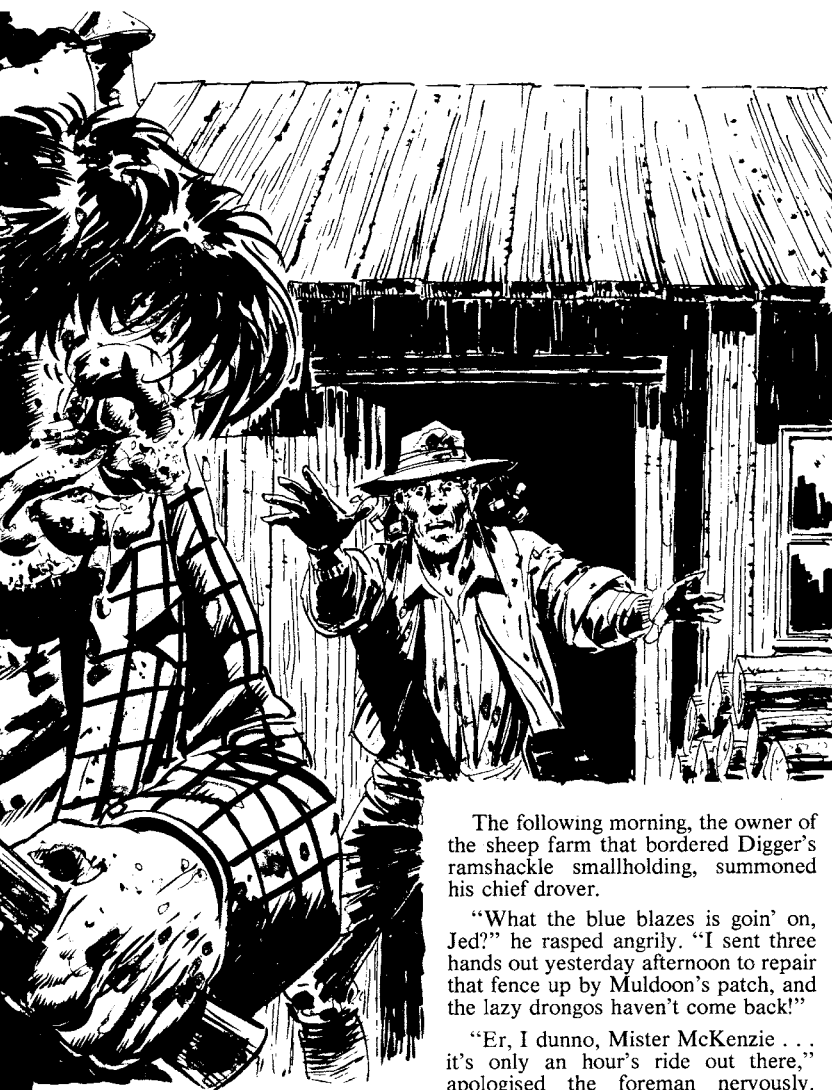
A hideous grin spread over Terry's face.

"Terr get plenty wood for Diiggerr... Terr like chopping . . . you watch!" grunted the figure.

Enormous, gnarled hands, only barely human, gripped the shaft of the felling axe. The blade glinted in the sunlight as it whistled towards a tree.

One mighty blow severed a thick trunk, and the tree crashed to the ground, narrowly missing Digger's shack.





The following morning, the owner of the sheep farm that bordered Digger's ramshackle smallholding, summoned his chief drover.

"What the blue blazes is goin' on, Jed?" he rasped angrily. "I sent three hands out yesterday afternoon to repair that fence up by Muldoon's patch, and the lazy drongos haven't come back!"

"Er, I dunno, Mister McKenzie . . . it's only an hour's ride out there," apologised the foreman nervously. "Perhaps it took longer than they expected to patch up the 'roo damage and they camped out overnight."

Vince McKenzie's eyes glittered nastily as he got to his feet and took a stock whip from a hook on the wall.

"Or maybe they rode into Joeyville for a night on the town more like!" he snarled. "Well, I don't employ those layabouts to enjoy themselves on my time! Come with me—I'll teach the lazy toads a lesson they won't forget in a hurry!"

He strode to a jeep parked outside the ranch-house, with Jed following. An elderly aborigine was cleaning the windscreen.

"Is she all filled up, Jim-Jim?" barked McKenzie.

"Sure thing, boss! Jeep good feller now. Jim-Jim check tyres, oil, ev'rythin'," replied the old man. "Oh, boss . . . 'bout pay for me and my family, we ain't had none this month yet . . ."

"Later! I've got things to see to!" McKenzie said curtly, jumping into the driving seat.

The tattered figure watched the vehicle roar off in a cloud of dust, which blew back into his sweating face. He wiped his tired eyes and a frown creased his weatherbeaten brow.

"Boss plenty mean feller . . . one day he pay for bad things he do . . . and Jim-Jim want to be there to see it!" he muttered, spitting out the dust on to the ground.

At top speed, Vince powered the bouncing jeep along one of the tracks which crossed the hundred thousand acres he farmed. Sheep rearing was a profitable business, especially if the wage bill wasn't too high...and he was one of the lowest-paying bosses in the territory! But would-be workers outnumbered the jobs available, so he was never short of hands. Besides, if the villains he employed wanted to do a bit of rustling on the side, then he had no objections, so long as he got a slice of the profits!

"If those dossers are still out here, then we'll meet 'em comin' back!" said McKenzie grimly. "If not—we'll head for Joeyville!"

After an hour's drive they reached the section of fence that had been marked down to be repaired. The high, wire barricades were essential to keep out the packs of roaming dingoes that attacked the sheep. But another of Australia's native creatures, the kangaroo, didn't take kindly to being fenced in, and the large powerful creatures continually damaged the structures.

Vince McKenzie glared angrily at a flattened section of fence.

"Why, the idle skunks haven't even begun to patch up the wire!" he exclaimed, almost choking with rage. "Where are they? I'll—"

He broke off as Jed pointed to three figures lying in a small clearing in the scrub bordering the fence.

"Looks like they're having a bit of shut-eye, boss!" he said nervously, glad that it wasn't him who was going to be on the receiving end of McKenzie's anger.

"So the drongos **did** go to Joeyville for the night, and now they're sleeping it off!" hissed Vince. "Well it's about time those beauties were woken up!"

He uncoiled the stockwhip and expertly sent the long, leather thong snaking out. It cracked round the leg of the nearest figure, sending it spinning over.

Jed started forward, then halted with a gasp.

"Strewh," he began, and then his jaw gaped open, unable to utter a sound.

The man was dead. All three men were dead! The way they had died was horrible. Something powerful had attacked them — and then ate its fill!

"You clumsy, great drongo! You nearly clobbered me hut!" exclaimed Digger. "I've told you before . . . live wood's no good — I meant you to chop up the dead stuff on the pile over there!"

The grin was replaced by a frown. Terry glared angrily as he shuffled up to Digger, the axe swinging menacingly.

"Digger not shout at Terr . . . or Terr chop him!" he bellowed.

"Okay, okay," stuttered Digger, hastily backing away. "Chop what wood you flamin' well like. It'll just be a bit smokey in the hut tonight!"

That evening Digger sat watching in fascinated horror at Terry crouched on the hut floor, ripping apart a haunch of roasted kangaroo and stuffing it into his slobbering mouth with the voracity of a wild animal.

"You poor creep," the bushman thought. "You've had a real crook deal out of life . . . it's the least I can do to try and look after you, I suppose."

McKenzie pushed over the other two figures with his boot. Both were barely recognisable as men.

"I think I'm going to be sick!" croaked Jed in a strangled voice as he ran towards a clump of bushes.

Suddenly, he let out a scream.

Vince ran to the spot where his trembling foreman stood pointing with a shaking hand. All he could see were pieces of scattered carcasses lying around.

"That—that's the boys' horses, or what's left of the poor critters," Jed groaned, slumping to the ground.

McKenzie helped him back to the jeep and they both sat there, drawing in deep breaths until their heads cleared.

"W-what did it?" Jed finally whispered. "Dingoes, d'you think, boss?"

"I ain't ever heard of wild dogs ripping a horse's head clean off!" replied Vince, trying to put what he'd seen out of his mind.

"Then, what —?" asked Jed, puzzled.

"There's only one thing around here strong enough, and crazy enough, to do that sort of butchery — the monster that Digger Muldoon's got holed-up in his shack!" answered McKenzie grimly.

"Of course — Terry Corman!" exclaimed Jed. "I've heard that he was suspected of several murders in England, before he came down under."

"The boys probably upset him in some way, and he went berserk!" went on Vince.

"We'd better get the police, and quick!" said Jed, starting the jeep's engine.

"No!" snapped McKenzie. "I've been looking for a chance to get that meat-head. We'll take care of this ourselves. Let's go round-up the rest of the boys — and pay Mister Corman a visit!"

ON THE RUN

THE strains of music reached the ears of McKenzie and his men as they arrived at Digger Muldoon's shack. Inside, the bushman sat on a rickety chair playing his

ancient accordian. In the centre of the hut, Terry Corman shuffled and hopped around performing a bizarre dance.

"Wollzin Tilda! Wollzin Tildaa . . . come wollzin meeeeee . . ." he crooned tunelessly.

He jerked to a halt as the music suddenly ended.

"No stop . . . Digger play more . . . Terr like," he pleaded.

"Sssh!" whispered Muldoon. "I heard the sound of a truck. It might be the bush rangers. Just keep out of sight and be quiet!"

"Noooo . . . not policce . . . come take Terr 'way, whimpered the huge figure, trying to get under the table.

Digger went to the door. Outside, McKenzie lounged nonchalantly, with one foot on the running board of a powerful truck; the stock whip in his hand.

"Oh, g'day, Mister McKenzie," greeted Digger, apprehensively eyeing the six heavily-armed men in the truck. "What kin I do for you?"

Vince lazily twitched the whip at a tuft of scorched grass.

"We've come to see your Terry, old timer," he said evenly. "I'm afraid he's been a bad boy—killed three of my men and their horses. Can't have that sort of thing goin' on in our nice, peaceful country, now can we?"

"B-but he can't have! Terry's been with me all the time," replied Digger, fear starting to gnaw at his inside. "Besides, he wouldn't hurt a fly."

"That's not what I've heard, Digger — your monster's a killer, wanted by the law in England," McKenzie countered, starting to sound irritable. "Now go and get the great lump!"

"Er, he-he's not here! He's gone into Joeyville," stuttered Digger, backing into the doorway.

"Sorry, Digger, but we heard your pet ape singing as we arrived—so we **know** he's in there!" McKenzie said, shaking his head. "Clem!" he barked, motioning one of his men forward.

A rifle butt slammed into the side of Digger's head and he collapsed in a heap.

"I'll give you three to come out, Terry!" called Vince. "One . . . two . . . three!" There was silence.

"Okay, if that's the way you want it!" McKenzie yelled. "Set fire to the hut, boys!"

"The way to get rid of a rat, is to smoke it out eh, boss!" grinned one of the men, shielding his face from the intensity of the fire they had just started.

Suddenly, there was an ear-splitting bellow, and a massive figure crashed through the blazing door.

"Eaaaaaaaarggggh! Urrgh! Killlllll!" bellowed the creature as it hurtled towards McKenzie.

Clem raised a rifle to his shoulder and took aim.

"No! Don't shoot!" shouted Vince, standing his ground. "A bullet would be too quick — I want to see him suffer!"

He swung the whip expertly and the end wrapped itself several times around Terry Corman's neck. Half choking, the hulking figure fell to his knees, trying to wrest the thong from his throat. Three of McKenzie's men ran up and clubbed at Terry with their rifle butts.

"Get the fencing wire — quick!" yelled Vince to the others.

Semi-conscious, Terry was trussed

Suddenly the fugitive was spotted! It looked as if the men who wanted Terry dead would have their wish come true. Could Terry escape?



up with coils of wire and tethered between two trees.

"Now let's see if we can loosen your tongue!" said McKenzie, pulling a blazing timber from the collapsing hut.

"Why . . . you . . . dooooo . . . thiiiis? Terr not hurrtrt yooooo . . ." gasped the confused colossus.

"Oh, no? Well, we're gonna hurt you!" Vince sneered, thrusting the white-hot piece of wood towards Terry's face.

An unearthly scream of fear and rage erupted from the trussed-up figure. His muscles bulged with power, stretching the fencing wire taut.

"Look out — he's breaking free!" yelled one of the ranch-hands.

But his warning came too late as the wire snapped with a high-pitched 'twang'.

The loose end whistled through the air in an arc and caught the man full in the throat! He fell full-length, making a horrible gurgling noise. At the same time, with a speed belying his bulk, Terry rushed to the felling axe stuck in a chopping block nearby.

Flailing the fearsome blade in wild swings, he rushed at McKenzie and his men, scattering them like ninepins.

"Shoot him, you useless drongos!" bellowed McKenzie, trying to disentangle himself from someone on top of him. But his men were just standing there, gazing open-mouthed in horror.

As Terry crashed away into the undergrowth, Vince got to his feet and looked down. It was Clem who had fallen on him. Now the man lay motionless, his eyes staring at the sky.

"He's dead," announced McKenzie unemotionally.

"So's Kev," said Lew in a trembling voice. "That snapping wire darn near took his head off!"

"Into the truck, the rest of you!" ordered Vince. "We've got ourselves a man-hunt!"

"But he's still got that axe," began one of the others.

"Yeah, and we've got five high-powered rifles!" McKenzie snarled. "So it's no contest. I want that monster dead!"

None of the four surviving men spoke as McKenzie sent the truck hurtling along the track leading from the smouldering remains of Digger's shack. He drove like man possessed; the vehicle raising great clouds of dust as it sped across the undulating landscape.

Suddenly, the silence was broken by a loud, triumphant shout from Lew, who had been scanning the scrub on either side of the track.

"There he goes . . . he's making for Yellow Rock!" he yelled above the roar of the truck's engine, pointing to the left where a high, buff-coloured rock outcrop rose from the outback landscape.

McKenzie slewed the vehicle to a halt and grabbed his rifle. Squinting through the powerful telescopic sight, he picked out the lurching figure.

There was a sharp report as the weapon spat its deadly message.

"Did you get him, boss?" Bruce Wells asked eagerly.

"Well, he went down, so I guess so!" replied Vince. "Come on, let's get over there."

Half a mile away, Terry Corman staggered to his feet, grimacing with pain as he stared at the blood starting to soak through his tattered trouser leg.

"Terr huuurt . . ." he muttered, not fully comprehending what had happened. "Must . . . get . . . 'way . . ."

Slowly and painfully, he dragged himself up the steep rock outcrop.

A few minutes later, McKenzie and his men arrived.

"Look! There's blood on the ground — you **did** hit him, boss!" exclaimed Lew.

"Yeah, but where **is** the great goon?" retorted Vince, scanning the area around them.

His question was answered by a rumbling noise above them. Vince looked up and gasped in horror at what he saw.

"Out of the truck and take cover!" he screamed, throwing himself from the driving cab.

Seconds later, an avalanche of massive boulders crashed down around them. Vince pressed himself against the rockface, as the thunderous onslaught seemed to go on for ever.

When the dust started to settle, he turned to where the truck had been. It was completely buried by a mountain of rubble.

"Lew . . . Bruce . . . Baz . . . Jed . . . are you okay?" called McKenzie.

Three dishevelled figures appeared from the dust cloud.

"We — We're here, boss . . . but we can't find Jed!" Lew gasped.

McKenzie went over to the pile of boulders, where the tailboard of the crushed truck was just visible. A limp arm hung over the side.

"Guess he didn't get out in time," muttered Vince.

FINAL RECKONING

SUDDENLY, there was a loud bellowing from the top of the cliff above them.

They looked up to see the grotesque, blood-stained figure of Terry Corman jumping about in maniacal glee.

"Yeeeeeaaaaah! Terr teach yooou lesson . . . get revenge!" he ranted.

Vince raised his rifle, but the figure had vanished.

"Quick! Round the other side of the rock!" he snarled. "We'll get him when he comes down!"

The three men stood looking uncertain.

"But we lost our rifles in the avalanche —" began Bruce.

"Well, I've still got **mine** — and I'll use it on any man who disobeys my orders!" McKenzie said threateningly. "Now move!"

It took longer than they anticipated to skirt the towering column of rock, and when they reached the far side, their quarry was nowhere to be seen.

"More blood on the ground here, boss!" exclaimed Lew triumphantly.

"And over here!" called Bruce Wells from the edge of a large stretch of scrub. "He's gone into the bush, but it should be a cinch to follow his trail!"

Vince checked his rifle and smiled evilly.

"Corman won't get far with the amount of blood he's losing — then he'll pay for what he's done to our blokes!" he vowed.

The undergrowth became denser as they spread out and advanced cautiously.

"There's a piece of cloth from Corman's shirt on this thorn bush!" yelled Baz Robinson. "I reckon we're getting close!"

"Quiet!" hissed Lew, listening. "What's that noise? Sounds like . . . chopping!"

"Be careful, in case the drongo tries to bring down a tree on us," warned McKenzie.

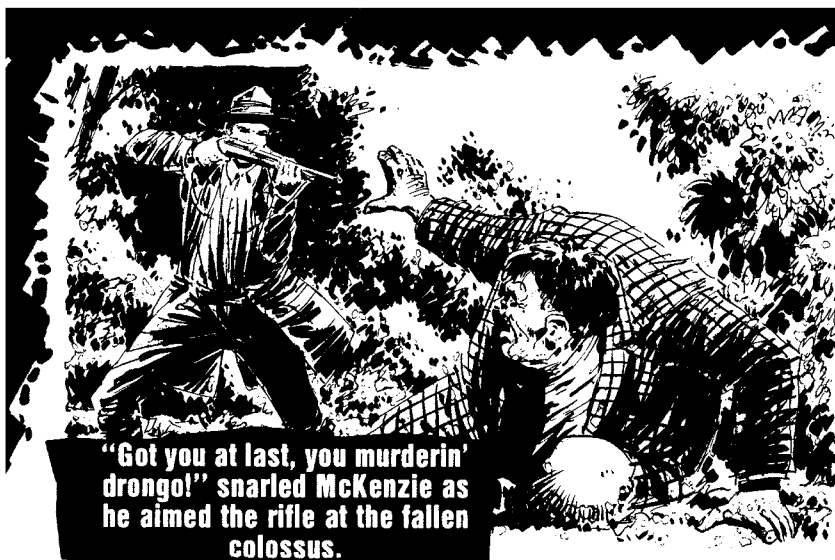
Then he stiffened. Thirty metres ahead there was a rustling in a large thicket. Vince motioned to the others to be silent, then stealthily crept forward.

The rustling became louder, as if something large was threshing about.

Raising the rifle to his shoulder, McKenzie unleashed a volley of shots into the thicket. There was a grunt and the sound of a heavy body falling.

"Got the creep!" yelled Vince in triumph, as he and his companions rushed forward, smashing their way through the undergrowth.





"Got you at last, you murderin' drongo!" snarled McKenzie as he aimed the rifle at the fallen colossus.

Then his jaw dropped open as he gaped at the lifeless object on the ground.

"It-it's a dirty great kangaroo!" exclaimed Lew. "It — urrrgh!"

Lew's face became transfixed with a look of frozen horror, as a thick tree trunk hurtled out of the undergrowth, smashing him in the face. The man fell heavily to the ground and didn't move again.

"Oh, cripes — he's got another one of us!" gasped Bruce.

McKenzie went berserk, firing wildly into the bush around them.

"You lousy swine! I'll blow your ugly head off!" he screamed.

"Yooou have tooo . . . catch meee first, 'Kenziie!" came an answering shout.

"He . . . he's mocking us!" stuttered Baz Robinson. "I ain't going on to be killed as well!"

"Me neither!" said Bruce.

"Oh yes, you will!" McKenzie retorted, snapping another magazine into his rifle. "Or the next two bullets will have your names on 'em! Now get moving!"

The three men forced their way out of the undergrowth and came to a flat, green area, on the far side of which was a smaller area of bush and trees. Then they got a shock! The mis-shapen figure of Terry Corman was swinging on one of the tree branches, less than a hundred metres away!

"Heeere am I . . . come get meeee!" he called.

McKenzie cursed and unslung the rifle, but the badly-aimed bullet went harmlessly into the treetops as the figure vanished.

"We've got the creep now!" said Vince grimly. "Go ahead of me, you two, so I can keep an eye on you!"

"But why did Corman risk revealing himself, boss?" puzzled Bruce as he sprinted across the green sward. "It don't make sense!"

Then he gave a frightened cry.

"Ere, what the-? I-I can't move my feet!"

"Get back, Baz!" yelled McKenzie, the truth suddenly dawning on him. "It's a swamp!"

They watched helplessly, as Bruce sank deeper and deeper into the mire. He stretched out a hand imploringly.

"H-help me," he pleaded.

Five seconds later, only a few bubbles remained on the gently heaving surface.

Baz Robinson let out a terrified scream.

"Corman lured Bruce into that! He's smarter than all of us!" he yelled, turning to run. "I don't care if you do shoot me, McKenzie — I ain't going on with this crazy hunt!" He sprinted back the way they'd come.

Vince raised the rifle and centred the sights on the fleeing man's back.

"Don't worry, creep . . . I won't disappoint you!" he muttered, squeezing the trigger.

A searing pain erupted in Robinson's right shoulder, knocking him to the ground. Desperately, he scrambled away into the undergrowth, waiting for the shot that would finish him. But none came.

Cautiously, he staggered to his feet, using a piece of his ripped up shirt to try and staunch the flow of blood from the bullet wound. He was alone. McKenzie must have left him for dead, he thought, stumbling in the direction of Yellow Rock.

As Baz reached the track at the foot of the towering landmark, a jeep roared up. Through the haze of pain, he could make out three bush rangers and a figure with a bandaged head whom he recognised as Digger Muldoon.

The policemen jumped out of the vehicle and one of them just caught Baz as he collapsed.

"Where's McKenzie?" he demanded.

"A mile . . . or . . . so over . . . there . . ." gasped the injured man, pointing in the direction he'd come. "He's out to . . . get Terry Corman . . . for killing three of our . . . men. But now . . . everyone's . . . dead . . . urrrgh . . ."

"He's had it, too," said the ranger, gently laying down Baz Robinson's lifeless body.

"We've got to stop that maniac McKenzie . . . now that we know Terry didn't kill his men who were repairing the fence!" urged Digger as they got back in the jeep.

"Let's hope we're in time!" replied the driver grimly, sending the vehicle bouncing over the rough ground.

Meanwhile, Terry Corman's progress was becoming slower and slower, as he grew weaker from the loss of blood. He fell to his knees, unable to drag his wounded body any farther.

Suddenly, there was a low, rumbling growl from the undergrowth just ahead of him. He parted the bushes and let out a terrified scream.

"Nooooooooooo! Keep . . . 'waaay!" he cried.

Thirty metres away, the stalking Vince McKenzie heard the yell and smashed his way through the scrub towards it.

"Got you at last, you murderin' drongo!" he snarled as he spied the fallen colossus.

"Nooooooo . . . danger . . ." gasped Terry, trying to scabble away on all fours.

"Too darn right there's danger, sport," sneered Vince, raising his rifle. "Danger that I'll kill you too quickly!"

"Drop it, Vince!" came an authoritative voice from behind the ranch owner. "Corman wasn't responsible for the deaths of your men!"

Still keeping the rifle aimed, McKenzie looked out of the corner of his eye as the rangers and Digger Muldoon emerged into the open.

"Oh, yeah . . . then who was?" he rasped, tightening his finger on the trigger.

As if in answer to his question, a massive, tawny shape leapt from the undergrowth. Snarling and spitting, it knocked McKenzie to the ground, huge jaws ripping at his throat and razor-sharp claws raking his body.

A shot rang out and the great beast rolled over and lay still.

Holding his still smoking rifle, one of the rangers knelt by Vince's side, as the injured man clutched at his lacerated throat, his mouth opening and closing but no sound coming.

"There's your murderer, McKenzie!" said the policeman, indicating the creature he'd just shot. "A lion that escaped from a circus that was performing in Joeyville!"

But Vince never heard the end of the sentence, as he slumped lifeless in the ranger's arms.

Digger went over to the injured Terry and began to bandage his wound.

"No-one hurt Terry any more, please, Digger . . ." whimpered the colossus.

"Don't worry, old son, Digger'll see to it that you're left in peace," reassured the old bushman.

"Come on, let's go home."



MONSTER!

A SHAMED of their son's horrific looks, the parents of Terry Corman had kept him locked up in their attic for most of his life. Uneducated and uncared for, the unfortunate boy grew up totally neglected and unseen by anyone.

After his mother and father died, Terry was put into the care of his brutal brother-in-law, who cruelly mistreated him and tried to kill him.

But Terry turned the tables on his aggressor and did the killing himself!

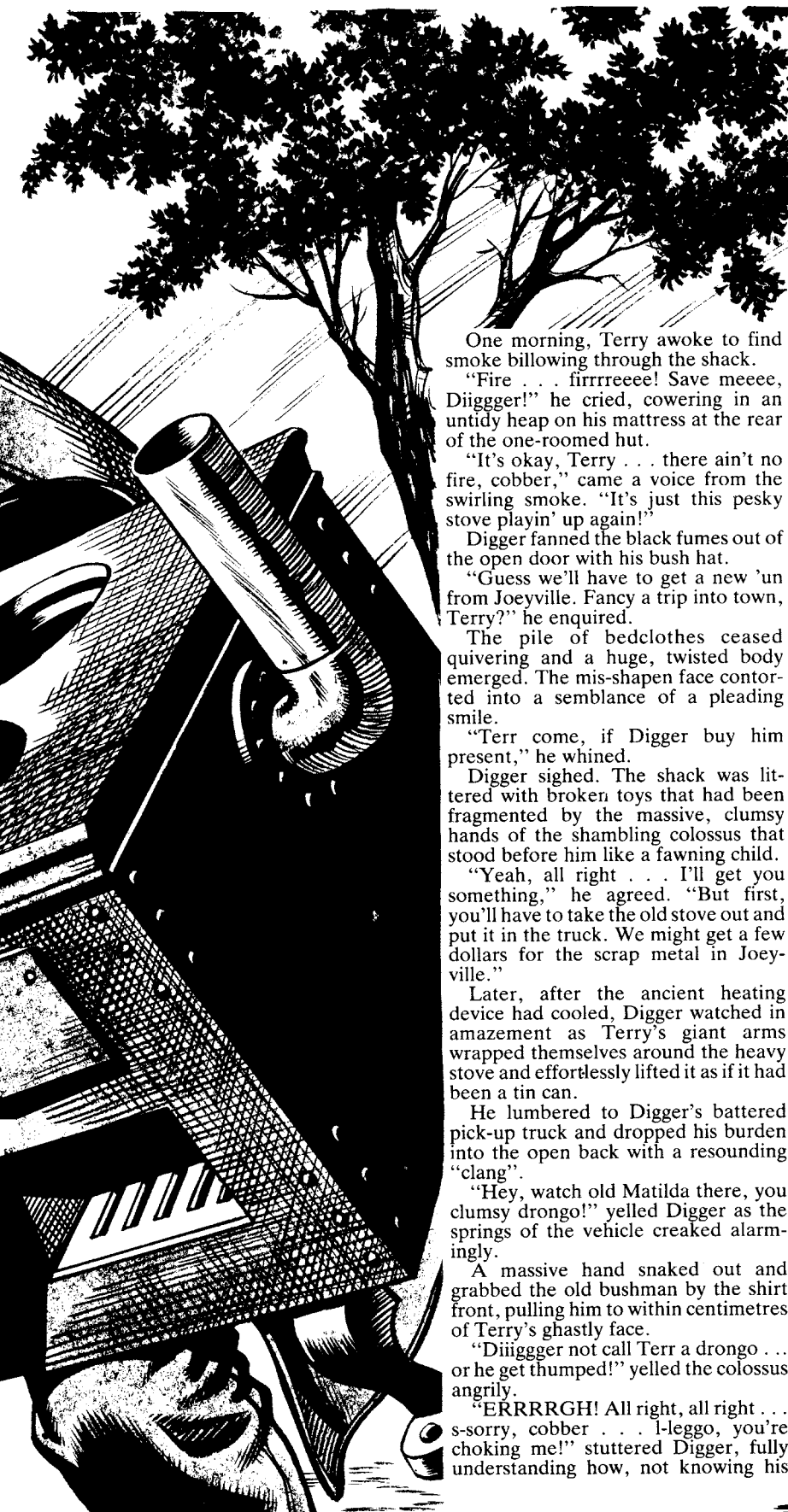
Freed from his confined existence, Terry found the outside world a cruel place and was regarded as a monster to be made fun of and persecuted.

Unable to control his temper and powerful limbs, Terry accidentally committed more killings and was hunted by the authorities.

He escaped by stowing away on a ship to Australia, where he was befriended by a bushman named Digger Muldoon.

At last it seemed as if Terry had found refuge from the hostile world in Digger's shack in a remote part of the outback!





One morning, Terry awoke to find smoke billowing through the shack.

"Fire . . . firrrreeee! Save meeee, Diiggger!" he cried, cowering in an untidy heap on his mattress at the rear of the one-roomed hut.

"It's okay, Terry . . . there ain't no fire, clobber," came a voice from the swirling smoke. "It's just this pesky stove playin' up again!"

Digger fanned the black fumes out of the open door with his bush hat.

"Guess we'll have to get a new 'un from Joeyville. Fancy a trip into town, Terry?" he enquired.

The pile of bedclothes ceased quivering and a huge, twisted body emerged. The mis-shapen face contorted into a semblance of a pleading smile.

"Terr come, if Digger buy him present," he whined.

Digger sighed. The shack was littered with broken toys that had been fragmented by the massive, clumsy hands of the shambling colossus that stood before him like a fawning child.

"Yeah, all right . . . I'll get you something," he agreed. "But first, you'll have to take the old stove out and put it in the truck. We might get a few dollars for the scrap metal in Joeyville."

Later, after the ancient heating device had cooled, Digger watched in amazement as Terry's giant arms wrapped themselves around the heavy stove and effortlessly lifted it as if it had been a tin can.

He lumbered to Digger's battered pick-up truck and dropped his burden into the open back with a resounding "clang".

"Hey, watch old Matilda there, you clumsy drongo!" yelled Digger as the springs of the vehicle creaked alarmingly.

A massive hand snaked out and grabbed the old bushman by the shirt front, pulling him to within centimetres of Terry's ghastly face.

"Diiggger not call Terr a drongo . . . or he get thumped!" yelled the colossus angrily.

"ERRRRGH! All right, all right . . . s-sorry, clobber . . . l-leggo, you're choking me!" stuttered Digger, fully understanding how, not knowing his

own strength, Terry had actually killed men.

They climbed into the cab of the old truck and with a grating of gears, the bushman sent it lurching down the rutted track leading from the shack. Three miles farther on, they turned on to the main road to Joeyville. Half a dozen kangaroos sped across the open scrub parallel to their course.

"Diiggger go faster . . . chase 'roos!" urged Terry, excitedly bouncing up and down in the passenger seat.

"No chance, mate," said Digger wryly. "Those critters can go twice as fast as this old jalopy!"

After an hour's slow and juddering progress, they reached Joeyville — a straggling collection of ill-kept buildings that had been constructed to serve and house the sheep station workers of the area. They jerked to a halt in front of McKenzie's General Stores, which sold everything from cooking pots to shotguns.

"G'day, Digger . . . and what can I do for you?" greeted Mack McKenzie as they entered the door.

"Need a new stove, Mack, the old one's gone real crook," answered the bushman.

"Got just the job," the store owner said, indicating a shining, new stove in front of the counter. "Real cast iron . . . it'll last for fifty years or more. But it'll cost you though . . . three hundred dollars."



"Sheesh," began Digger, then he looked round as a melodic tinkling sound reached his ears. Terry was sitting on the floor towards the back of the store, with a small, wooden musical box clasped in his giant hands. Two plastic swans were gliding round a glass mirrored panel on the open box to the tune of Swan Lake.

"Lookee, Diiggerr!" yelled the colossus like an excited child. "Magic box . . . magic box! Terr want, pleeeease!"

With a sigh, Digger turned to the store owner. "It'll last five minutes before his great mitts crush it to pieces, but I suppose I'd better get it for the poor drongo . . . I did promise him a present. Can you put it on the slate with the stove, Mack, and I'll pay off fifty dollars a month?"

"Yeah, sure thing, Digger," replied McKenzie. "I know you won't run out on me. Not many people you can trust these days, though!"

As they went out to the truck, a few children had gathered round it. "Ooo . . . look! It's a monster," they called when they glimpsed Terry's shambling hulk. But he was oblivious to their taunts and cat-calls as he lovingly cradled the music box in his hands.

"Go on, clear off, or I'll clip yer ears!" shouted Digger as they retreated. "Come on, Terry . . . give me a hand with the new stove, then we'll go down to the scrapyard and see what we can get for the old one."

Reluctantly, Terry placed his plaything on the bonnet and picked up the stove. No sooner had he put it in the open back of the truck, than there was a tremendous commotion from a nearby side-road.

"You swindling dingo! Your wonder show is nuthin' but a fraud! The bearded lady had false whiskers!"

"Yeah, an' the two-headed dog was made of plastic!"

"An' the fattest man in the world was an ordinary bloke in an inflatable suit!"

A running figure in a bright yellow

and brown check suit came hurtling round the corner. "Quick, cobber . . . give us a lift, or I'm gonna be lynched!" panted the man to Digger, who was just starting up the truck's engine.

"Sure thing, mate, hop aboard!" the bushman replied. "You get in the back fast, Terry — we gotta take off!"

SHOWMAN!

THE colossus barely had time to pull himself over the tailboard, as the vehicle accelerated away with a squeal of tyres, just as a yelling mob of sheep workers came into view.

"He's gettin' away!" yelled one.

"No, he ain't . . . get the cars, boys; we're gonna teach that cheat a lesson!" retorted another.

As Digger's truck slewed out of the main street back towards the highway, the fugitive turned to the bushman.

"Thanks a bundle, sport . . . you saved my hide back there! Jake Kelly's the name — entrepreneur extraordinary!"

"Oh, pleased to meet yer," replied Digger, looking puzzled. "What's an enter-whatever yer said?"

"A showman to you, cobber. I collect the 'er, more unusual things in life and exhibit them," replied Jake, looking evasive. "But those stupid sheepmen didn't appreciate my show!"

Suddenly, Terry's mis-shapen face appeared at the small window in the back of the driving cab. "Men chase us in cars!" he yelled.

"Starve the lizards! What the blue blazes is that?" exclaimed Jake, looking round at Terry in alarm.

"Oh, Terry . . . he's just some poor bloke whose folks neglected him 'cos he looked a bit crook. I look after him now, bit like a son, I suppose," explained Digger, glancing in his wing mirror to see three cars in hot pursuit. "But we got problems. Those sheepmen are after us . . . and this old crate couldn't out-run a duck-billed platypus!" Digger shouted round to

Terry, "Try your 'roo call, mate — loud as you can!"

Crouched in the open back of the lurching truck, Terry cupped his gnarled hands to his mouth and let out a weird, ear-splitting animal noise. After a couple of minutes, a herd of kangaroos burst from the bush bordering the highway. They bounded into the road behind the truck as the giant figure in the back kept up his strange call. The drivers of the leading two pursuing cars suddenly found their way blocked by a mass of grey bodies.

"Watch those crazy 'roos!" yelled a car passenger as the driver beside him desperately wrenched the steering wheel over. He managed to avoid the animals, only to crash into the car alongside him! Locked together, both vehicles careered off the road and turned over in a ditch.

His foot hard down on the accelerator, Digger looked in the mirror again.

"That's got rid of two of 'em, but the third one's coming like the blazes . . . looks like he's gonna ram us!"

Hardly were the words out of Digger's mouth, than there was a shuddering impact to the rear of the truck, causing it to lurch alarmingly.

The driver of the big-bumpered Holden saloon yelled in triumph as he prepared for another charge. "Wahoo! That's got 'em rattled! We'll make those creeps pay for what they just did to Larry and Pete. I'm gonna drive them right off . . ." His words suddenly died away as he saw the awesome shape of Terry Corman towering in the back of the truck, with the old stove from Digger's shack held high above his head.

"Oh, no, nooooo!" the driver screamed as the massive chunk of iron hurtled down like a depth charge! It smashed through the bonnet as if it was made of paper, completely wrecking the engine, rupturing electrical cables and fuel lines. The passengers threw themselves out in the nick of time as a



spark ignited spilled fuel and the whole vehicle erupted in a welter of flame.

"Looks like they wanted a burn-up, and got it!" laughed the relieved Jake Kelly, looking back at the inferno.

"Yeah, well I hope those sheepmen will be movin' on real soon, 'cos I don't fancy bumpin' into them again after what's happened an' all," said Digger apprehensively.

"Real sorry to get you involved, sport," replied Jake with false concern in his voice. "But if I could lie low somewheres 'till mornin', then I'd be on my way."

The bushman knew what Kelly was hinting at and he didn't feel altogether happy at inviting the man to stay the night, but then he'd always been a soft touch!

"You can kip down at my place if you like," Digger said reluctantly. "Won't be very comfortable . . . I mean it's hardly the Sydney Hilton!"

"Good on yer, sport!" replied Jake eagerly.

Soon, they were bumping their way up the rough track to the little clearing in the bush where Digger had his smallholding.

"Nice place you've got here . . . right in the middle of nowhere!" remarked Kelly, surveying the scene.

"Suits us," replied Digger. "Give us a hand to get the new stove into the shack, Terry."

The massive figure jumped from the rear of the truck. "In minute, Diiggger. Terr got to get magic box first."

Terry went to the bonnet of the truck and looked around in vain. "Where's magic box gone? Terr put it here when in Joeyville!" he exclaimed.

Jake let out an incredulous laugh. "Ha, haaa! You stupid drongo . . . you don't expect it to be still on the bonnet, do you, after all we've been through?"

The shambling colossus jerked round. "You not laugh at Terr! You took magic box. You bad man. Terr feel it!" he ranted, advancing menacingly on Kelly.

"Hold it, Terry old son," interrupted Digger, hastily jumping between the pair of them. "It must have fallen off in the chase. Don't worry, I'll get you another one when we take Jake back to town in the morning."

"Terr want it **now** . . . or do no work," muttered the giant hulk, stomping off to the shack.

"Looks like you an' me to carry the stove in," Digger said to Jake shrugging his shoulders.

Later that evening over a frugal meal, Jake watched Terry sulking on his mattress at the back of the shack.

"He sure is ugly-lookin'," he remarked thoughtlessly. "Ever thought of hiring him out to a horror film company? Reckon you could make quite a load of dough doin' that."

"No way!" retorted Digger angrily. "Terry's had enough of people ridiculing him in his rotten life. I would never let him be **more** exploited like that."

Terry cupped his gnarled hands to his mouth and let out an ear-splitting animal noise. It had startling results!



The conversation became rather strained after that, and eventually, having washed up the plates, Digger spread a blanket on the floor.

"There y'are, you can doss down there," he said dully, turning to go to his own bed. He felt uneasy and lay awake for some time listening to the loud grunts and snores from Terry.

Jake was also awake, his mind hatching a sinister plan. There was a chance here of starting up afresh . . . and he was going to take it!

MAGIC BOX

IT seemed that hardly had Digger closed his eyes, than he was being shaken violently by the shoulder.

"Wassat?" he mumbled, turning to see Kelly crouching beside him.

"Sssh!" whispered Jake. "I heard a noise outside!"

"It's only a wallaby or a 'roo," yawned Digger. "Go back to sleep."

"No, I heard voices!" insisted Kelly. "It could be those sheepmen have tracked us down. They'd recognise your truck easy. Perhaps they're gonna burn the shack down!"

Digger pulled on his tattered trousers and picked up the poker he used for the stove. "Okay, let's go take a look then," he said irritably.

Dawn was just breaking and a Kookaburra in a nearby tree broke into its weird song as Digger prowled stealthily around the perimeter of the clearing, peering into the thick bush.

"I don't see nothin' and I don't hear nothin'. Reckon you were mistaken, Kelly. Must have been the 'burra singing. Kelly? Where are you?"

"Right here behind you, cobber!" came the reply.

Digger turned to see the showman with a heavy length of wood in his raised hands!

"Now you can go back to sleep!" he sneered evilly as he brought the makeshift club down on the bushman's head.

Quickly, Jake bound and gagged his senseless victim. Then he dragged the body deep into the undergrowth.

A hour later, Terry awoke. Jake was frying an egg on the stove.

"Where Digger?" the colossus asked.

"Oh, he's had to go to give the farmer on the next spread a hand with some fencing," lied Kelly. "He'll be back around midday. He said to take you into town to get you a new magic box."

"You get Terr 'nother box? That goood . . . ver' goood!" cried the shambling hulk dancing a bizarre jig, his limited brain-power not being able to assimilate the fact that Digger never left him on his own.

The old bushman recovered consciousness in time to hear the truck start up, but he fought in vain with his bonds and his gagged yells were drowned by the roar of the engine.

"Right, the first thing we gotta do is get you a new magic box, eh, Terry?"

reiterated Kelly as they chugged along the road to Joeyville.

"Yessss, yesss . . . new box!" chanted Terry excitedly. "Yooou nice man . . . Terr like yooou much as Diigger!"

"That's my boy . . . Jake is your very best friend!" replied the showman, his eyes glittering evilly.

Half an hour later, Kelly emerged from the general store with the replacement musical box. Terry reached for it eagerly.

"Hold on, don't snatch, old son," said Jake, putting the package in his pocket. "I want you to see something first, then you can have your magic box!"

"Pleeease . . . pleeease give me," implored Terry.

Jake drove the truck through the main street, then cautiously turned a corner leading to a clearing on the far side of the tiny town. He breathed a sigh of relief. Yes, it was still there. He pulled up beside an ancient articulated lorry, on the tarpaulined trailer of which was lettered KELLY'S WONDER SHOW. He opened a padlocked door at the rear of the trailer and motioned to the still-pleading Terry.

"Come here, boy, I'm going to give you your magic box now!"

The colossus shuffled forward as Kelly slid the box through the open door.

"There it is . . . go and get it!" urged Jake.

Eagerly, Terry loped after his precious toy, as the metal door slammed shut behind him. Kelly ran round to the front of the trailer and opened the tarpaulin a metre or so to survey his handiwork. The heavy cloth screen concealed a large cage, with iron bars thick enough to withstand a rampaging elephant. Jake knew this for a fact, since he'd once kept one in there, until it had died from starvation. Now, it was Terry who stood in the middle of the cage looking puzzled. "What this —?" he said suspiciously.

"That, my boy, is your new home! You're gonna make me a lot of money. Yes, sir . . . a whole lot of money!" chuckled Kelly, gleefully rubbing his hands together.

If Terry thought his predicament strange, he soon forgot about it as he played with his beloved magic box on the floor of the cage.

Whistling tunelessly, Jake drove the articulated lorry in the direction of Sundown Springs, a town two hundred miles from Joeyville. A new town . . . new people . . . and new mugs willing to pay plenty of dollars to look at a Monster!

After an hour's drive, Jake pulled into a deserted lay-by and opened the tarpaulin round the cage.

"Right, Terry, old son . . . you're gonna learn lesson number one!" he said addressing the bewildered figure peering through the bars. "Now the folks who are gonna come to see your good self, don't want to look at some

imbecile playing with a music box, right? So you've got to give the box to me an' look real mad like, to sort of scare 'em. Make 'em bring their friends to see you, too!"

"Terr don't want to give away magic box . . . Terr don't want to be mad . . . just want to go home," whimpered the colossus, hugging the precious object to his mis-shapen body.

"I was afraid you'd say that, cobber," sighed the showman. "So I'm gonna have to take it off you!"

He took a long rod with wires attached from beneath the trailer and poked it through the bars.

"Hurrr, you not hurt Terr with stick," said the captive. "Terr break it into little pieces!"

But as Terry grabbed the end of the rod, a crackling, blue flash flung him backwards and the musical box clattered to the floor.

"Now you know what a cattle-prod feels like, sport!" Kelly said gleefully, using the pole to manoeuvre the fallen box to the front of the cage where he scooped it up.

Terry rushed to the bars screaming in anger, using all his might to try and prise them apart . . . but they were more than a match for even his great strength.

"That's great!" enthused Kelly, pushing the music box back in the cage. "Now let's try it a few more times to get the idea in your great, thick skull!"

It was late afternoon, when the trailered lorry reached Sundown Springs. Jake parked by the sheep pens in the centre of town and staked out the tarpaulin to form a makeshift tent around the cage. Then he produced a portable megaphone.

"Roll up, roll up, folks . . . come and see the real Frankenstein Monster . . . only three dollars a head!" he called, the amplified sound echoing round the streets.

Soon, a curious crowd had gathered. Quickly he collected the money, then went inside with the cattle-prod. A few minutes later he ushered the people inside the tarpaulin-tent. Antagonised by the loss of his musical box and the electric shock treatment, Terry was rampaging around the cage.

"Oooer! It's real horrible!" gasped a spectator.

"What a ghastly face!" exclaimed another. "I'll have nightmares after this!"

After a short while, Jake led the people out. "That's all, folks . . . tell your friends there'll be another show at eight o'clock this evening." Then he went back inside and gave the music box back to Terry. "Attaboy, you were brilliant!" he congratulated. "There's hundreds of towns like this . . . I'm gonna make a fortune!"

Terry was oblivious to his words, as freed from pain, he squatted in a corner with his precious toy.

There was an even bigger crowd queuing up for the evening 'perform-



The giant was being provoked with the cruel cattle-prod. It was the showman's way of making his exhibit a star attraction!



ance' due to the fact that sheepworkers were returning from their shifts in the surrounding farms. Having 'prepared' his captive, Jake was just about to let in the spectators, when there was a sudden interruption.

"Hey, look — there's that cheating drongo who took our money for that crook show in Joeyville!"

Jake turned to see half-a-dozen sheepmen angrily advancing towards him.

"Now hold it, coppers . . . it was all a misanderstandin'," he said quickly. "Here's your money back and I'll even let you see my new show for free. You won't be disappointed, I promise."

The men took the money that Jake proffered and marched into the tent. "We'd better not be disappointed, Kelly — or you'll be for it!" one warned.

"Cor, stone the crows, will yer look at that!" said another, staring in awe at the huge figure glaring down at them. A heavily-built, bearded sheepman was more sceptical. "How do we know it's not just a bloke dressed up with a

mask on like before?" he scoffed and put his arm into the cage. "Here, you big gorilla, give us an arm wrestle!"

"No, don't do that!" shouted Kelly.

But it was too late. Terry grabbed the intruding arm and jerked it back against the bars with all his fearsome strength. There was a loud 'crack' and the big sheepman yelled in pain. "Aaaargh! He's bust my flamin' arm! Get that swine Kelly, men!"

Jake was ahead of them! He burst out of the tent and ran for dear life round to the back of the trailer, fumbling in his pocket for his keys. Swiftly, he unlocked the metal door and jumped inside, slamming it in his pursuers' faces. Terry shuffled towards him, his eyes red and angry.

"It's all right, Terry old son," said Kelly soothingly. "I've brought your magic box . . ." his voice tailed away as his hand felt his pocket — it was empty! He looked down at the ground beside the cage. There lay the box where it had fallen when he dashed out. A huge shadow fell over him and his voice rose to a shrill scream . . .

The bush ranger unlocked the door of the police station cell and ushered in Digger Muldoon, wearing a head bandage.

Terry's friend was worried.

"There's Terry, all safe and sound, Digger . . . the doc's given him a shot to calm him down," he said indicating a snoring figure on the bunk. "You sure were lucky we called on you when we did, otherwise you might have been a gonner!"

"Where's Kelly?" Digger inquired, anxiously.

The ranger indicated the next cell, where a white-coated man was at work, just finishing bandaging a motionless body.

"The doc's just stopped patching him up now — he'll look a lot uglier when those bandages come off, I can tell you. Kelly spent years putting the misfits of life into cages - now he'll spend the next few years behind bars himself! As for your friend Terry — you'd better take him home now, before the big fella gets into more trouble."



For over thirty years, Terry Corman had been kept locked in an attic, because his parents were ashamed of their son's horrific appearance. Unloved and totally neglected, Terry grew to adulthood unseen by anyone in the outside world.

When his mother and father died, the unfortunate creature was entrusted to the care of his brother-in-law, who cruelly mistreated him and eventually tried to kill him. But aided by his superhuman strength, Terry retaliated by putting an end to his aggressor!

Released from his confined existence, Terry did not find the world a friendly place and was regarded as a monster to be made fun of and persecuted.

His inability to control his temper and powerful limbs, led Terry to commit more accidental killings and he was hunted by the police. He escaped from his pursuers by stowing away on a ship bound for Australia, where he was befriended by an old bushman named Digger Muldoon.

In Digger's shack, situated in the remote outback, Terry at last found peace from the hostile world.



IT was a warm, May morning. Things weren't going to be peaceful for very much longer at Digger Muldoon's shack!

"Where you goin' with that tucker, Terry?" enquired Digger as the shambling hulk at the table before him stood up, clutching a plate of half-finished food and lumbered towards the door.

"Goingg to giive doggee his dinnerr," muttered Terry.

"Starve the lizards!" exclaimed Digger angrily. "You ain't still got that mangy dingo, 'ave yer!" He followed the colossus outside to where an extremely tatty-looking specimen of Australia's native wild dog was tied up to an old tree stump. "I told you to get rid of it," said the bushman crossly. "We ain't got enough tucker for ourselves, let alone to feed that moth-eaten brute!"

Digger picked up a stick. "Go on, get out of it!" he yelled at the animal, which took no notice of him as it voraciously devoured the food on Terry's plate. Digger raised the stick, but then his arm was caught in a grip of iron!

"Diggerr not hurrt doggee - or Terr hurt *him*!" said Terry menacingly, his bulging eye glaring at the bushman.

Such was the pressure of the gnarled hand which gripped him, that Digger was in no doubt how Terry had accidentally killed people with his mighty, uncontrollable strength!

"Ow! Leggo! Yer bustin' it!" he yelled, wrenching his bruised arm free. Then, with renewed courage, Digger added: "If you won't get rid of the dingo, then you'll have to go, too!"

Terry stood swaying uncertainly for a moment. Then, untying the creature's leash, he suddenly made up his clouded mind. "If that waay Diigerr want it, then Terr cclear off!"

As the colossus charged off into the bush, Digger yelled after him. "No,

don't go, cobber . . . I didn't mean it!"

But it was too late. Terry had gone.

"Huh, the stupid drongo will soon be back . . . he's got no more idea of how to look after himself than a six-month old baby!" muttered Digger, picking up an axe and starting to chop more wood for the stove.

Not having developed any powers of reasoning or peaceful arguing, Terry flew into uncontrollable rages whenever there was any friction between him and Digger. Now the giant smashed his way through the bush, ranting and raving. "Terr show Diigerr how he can look after himself and doggee!" he bellowed.

After an hour, he came to a high fence stretching as far as the eye could see. It didn't please him!

"Nothing stop Terr!" he ranted and charged full-pelt at the obstruction. It was no contest as a concrete post snapped like a sapling under twenty stone of solid muscle! The notice reading 'PRIVATE - KEEP OUT' meant nothing to Terry as he trampled it underfoot. Terry couldn't read!

The ground sloped steeply downwards, then levelled out. Suddenly, Terry found himself out in the open, staring up at an amazing sight!

A vast, white wall of concrete towered a hundred metres above him, spanning a wide valley.

"Looke, doggee . . . dam!" the colossus announced proudly. He knew what it was, because Digger had been complaining bitterly about the construction. "Why are they spoilin' the countryside with those flamin' monstrosities?" the bushman had asked. "We don't need no new-fangled electric power out here in the bush. It's just an excuse for that crook Jed Carver to make even more money!"

Terry stared in awe for a moment, then started to climb an inspection gantry at the side of the dam.

"Toweer . . . Terr go have lookee," he said happily, his rage now gone as fast as it had arrived. As he climbed higher, he could see the vast lake that had built up behind the dam after the Spring rainy season. A lake ready to be released in a controlled stream into the river on the other side of the dam, to produce hydro-electric power for the area.

At that moment, in a control blockhouse on top of the dam, construction boss Jed Carver sprawled in a chair, surrounded by three of his foremen. A two-way radio was in his hand. He pressed a button on the instrument.

"Everything ready down there, Clem?" he enquired.

"Yeah, boss . . . all set for the first phase!" came the crackling reply.

Carver's thin, moustached-lipped mouth broke into a cunning smile. "Go for it then!" he ordered.

A series of sharp explosions made Terry jump. He stared at the dam,



where six puffs of smoke appeared at regular intervals along the concrete wall. A worried frown crossed his face. Suddenly, there was a different, sharper-sounding noise and a bullet pinged off the steel rail of the inspection tower.

He gave a yell and began descending the tower as fast as his twisted body would take him, as more bullets whistled past.

"What the heck is all that shootin' about down there?" Carver yelled into his walkie-talkie.

The crackle came back. "There's some bloke got through the security fence . . . he's seen everything. But he's run off down the track!"

"Get the four-by-four ready . . . we're comin' down!" rapped Carver. "Whoever it is, he's gotta be silenced!"

INJURED!

TEN minutes later, Jed and his three henchmen were aboard a powerful truck, lurching along the rutted track leading from the dam site. Sunlight glinted on the barrels of the high-powered hunting rifles they held in readiness.

"Which way did he go, Clem?" Carver called to the driver.

"South . . . towards Woolagong Springs!" came the answer. "He was a really big bloke, boss!"

"Well, y'know what they say, Clem - the bigger they are, the harder they fall . . . specially with a bullet or two





"Must . . . tell . . . people . . . in town . . . abooout danggger, doggee," he panted to his pet dingo running beside him.

"There he is . . . I kin see the drongo!" yelled one of the foremen, raising his rifle. He unleashed a volley of shots at the distant figure. But they only splintered trees at the side of the track. Jed pushed the man aside.

in 'em!" sneered the construction boss. "We gotta stop him before he reaches the town, so keep your eyes peeled, men!"

Meanwhile, a mile ahead, Terry was loping along the track as fast as his big limbs could go. He knew something was wrong and from previous experiences, he also knew that bullets could hurt!



"You couldn't hit a barn door from two metres, McKenzie! Hold the truck steady, Clem!" he commanded, squinting through his telescopic sight. Softly he pulled the hair-trigger. There was a single report. Up ahead, the fleeing figure crashed to the ground.

"That's how to shoot! You useless drongos!" said Carver proudly, unshouldering his rifle. "Come on, let's go pick him up and feed him to the crocs in the river."

Terry lay where he had fallen, blood oozing from the side of his head. As the dingo licked his face, the colossus's eyes flickered open. His head throbbed as he heard the approaching truck. Slowly, he reached out a massive hand and closed it over a rock at the side of the track.

When the truck was ten metres from him, Terry suddenly got to his knees.

"Hey, you must have only creased him, Jed - AAAARGH!" The driver's words cut off in a scream as the heavy rock smashed through the windscreen. Driverless, the truck slewed off the track, throwing the four men off the open back. Carver rolled over, then leapt to his feet in a fury.

"Why that lousy, no-good creep!" he ranted. "Get up, you dozy bunch, and go after him!"

"B-but, boss . . . did you see the guy? He looked like some kinda monster!" stuttered one of the foremen, picking himself up.



"And so will you, if you don't obey my orders!" screamed Jed. "Now spread out and we'll encircle him!"

They advanced in a semi-circle into the scrubland bordering the track. Up ahead, Terry was running scared!

"Terr hurrt . . . Terr hurrt," he muttered, holding the side of his head where the bullet had caught him a glancing blow. Next moment, he suffered more pain, which came in the form of a vivid, blue flash, throwing him to the ground and causing him to involuntarily scream out!

"What the heck was that?" gasped one of Carver's men nervously.

The construction boss smiled evilly. "Guess he's just found Greg Nolan's new electric 'roo fence- he's had put round his spread! We've got him now, fellers!"

Terry struggled to his knees and stared at the fence which hummed quietly under the power of the electric current. He whispered fearfully to his pet dingo.

"Terr in baad trouble, doggee . . . need help . . . or get verry dead!"

Almost as if in answer, the animal raised its head and let out an awful howl! Howl followed howl, echoing eerily around the trees.

Jed's men checked.

"W-what's that?" exclaimed one.

"Ain't yer ever heard a dingo before?" retorted Jed. "It's howling 'cause it can scent death!"

There was a rustling in the bushes.

"It's over there!" said Carver, raising his rifle. "I'll soon put a stop to the critter's yowling!"

More bushes moved. Then, suddenly, twenty snarling, grey shapes launched themselves from cover.

"Eeeeeergh!" screamed one of the men, as razor-sharp teeth closed round his arm. "The flamin' thing's called up a whole pack of its mates!"

"Quick, get back to the truck, boys!" yelled Carver firing wildly at the massing horde of dingoes snapping around them.



Nursing bitten arms and legs, the men reached their vehicle. "No time to rest," urged Carver, ignoring the protests of the others. "That creep's gotta follow the fence towards Woolagong Springs . . . and the only way into town is across the bridge over the river - and that's where we'll get the drongo! Now push the truck back on the road and let's get goin'!"

Having discovered that his wound was no more than a large scratch, Terry was in much better spirits. "Doggee saave Terr from nasty men," he chanted in his child-like tone. "Terr give youu lots foodd when we get to towwn! Must follow fence!" Then, as if remembering, he added: "Got to warn peeople!" And he set off at an ambling pace.

Jed, having taken over from the injured Clem, drove the truck like a madman. "I'm gonna get that drongo if it's the last thing I do!" he muttered from between clenched teeth.

"Steady, boss . . . we'll be at the bridge before him, without smashing the truck up any more!" warned one of the men.

Jed slewed the truck round a bend . . . to meet a state police car coming straight towards them! Slamming on the brakes, Carver stopped just in time. Two state troopers got out of the police vehicle.

"G'day, Mister Carver - in a hurry are you?" asked one.

"Oh, yeah . . . er, gotta get some medical attention for the boys in Woolagong Springs," replied Carver thinking fast. "Got attacked by a pack of dingoes."

"Looks like your truck's taken a bit of a battering, too, sir!" said the other trooper. "I should get that windscreen fixed as soon as possible. You *sure* everything's all right?"

"Yeah, fine . . . we ain't broke the law or anythin', have we?" answered Carver.

"No, but cut your speed down on this track . . . it's a bit narrow and you never know who you might meet," said the trooper, getting back into his car.

"Curse it!" exclaimed Carver as they got going again. "We really gotta move it now to stop that creep gettin' to town!"

He drove at break-neck speed for two miles, until the bridge came in sight.

"No sign of that monster guy!" called one of the men.

"Good!" answered Carver. "We'll cross the bridge and block the end, so there's no way he can get past! Then we'll have us some target practice!"

But being stopped by the troopers had cost Jed precious time! And at that moment beneath the far side of the bridge, Terry was waiting! He wrapped his massive arms around one of the thick, supporting beams and tugged with all his mighty strength.

There was an ominous 'crack' as the beam came away from the joint holding up the main cross-spars of the

structure. **The weight of Carver's truck was enough to finish the job!**

"Look out! The bridge is going - jump for it!" yelled one of the men.

Jed hurled himself from the cab and he and his men just managed to scramble back the way they'd come, before the whole framework of the bridge collapsed, pitching the truck into the swirling waters below.

On the far bank, Terry jumped up and down with maniacal glee. "Hurrr, hurrr! Nasty men no catch Terr noow!" he cackled. "Come, doggee . . . got to warn peeople!"

SHOWDOWN!

AFTER half an hour's shambling jog, he came to the small group of homesteads that made up the town of Woolagong Springs, so called because it was built around a number of small pools. Some children were playing in a paddock by a wooden-built bungalow.

"Must gooo . . . danggger!" Terry yelled at them. They took one look at the shambling figure and ran screaming towards the house. A man came to the door holding a shotgun.

"What the heck?" he exclaimed on seeing the colossus and his pet dingo running through the paddock. "Clear off, you crazy drongo! I'll teach you to frighten my kids!"

A shotgun blast narrowly missed Terry and the pellets ricocheted off the iron framework of a tall, water tower.

"Noooo, nooo . . . don't shoot - much danger," yelled Terry, backing off.

The man followed him threateningly. "I'll give you one last chance to get going, cobber - or it'll be curtains for you!"

Terry picked up a stone and threw it at the man.

"Right, you've asked for it," shouted the homesteader and raised the gun again. Terry ducked behind a large storage tank, just as the weapon was fired.

Suddenly, a tremendous blast blew the colossus off his feet and burning liquid gushed everywhere, setting light

to the ground and bushes.

"Oh, cripes - I've hit the fuel storage tank!" exclaimed the man. "Quick, kids - into the truck! We gotta get out of here!"

As confusion reigned, Terry picked up his pet dingo and ran to a small pool near the water tower and plunged in.

Flames seemed to be everywhere, with trees, bushes and grass all ablaze! By just keeping his head above the water, Terry was safe from the roaring inferno. He watched the homesteader gather up his family and drive off at high speed.

Soon, there was nothing left to burn around him and he stepped from the pool on to scorched earth. He climbed the water tower and from his lofty perch, he could see the fire raging around the remaining houses. A gaggle of cars and trucks were hastily vacating the area and driving to high ground, clear of the now out-of-control bush fire.

Terry laughed out loud . . . the result was exactly what he had intended to happen! "Peeople all saved!" he said proudly.

"Yeah, but no-one's gonna save you, creep!" came a rasping voice.

The colossus looked down . . . and what he saw filled him with horror! At the foot of the tower stood Jed Carver and his men!

"You've got some payin' to do, drongo!" snarled Carver viciously. "One bullet will be too good for you! I'm gonna chip you down from there piece by piece!"

He raised his rifle, but even as he took aim, a snarling grey shape cannoned into him, knocking him off





his feet and sending the bullet harmlessly into the air.

"It's that flamin' dingo . . . get it, boys!" screamed Carver.

But his men stood transfixed, as an ominous rumbling noise filled the air. Then one of them pointed in horror.

"L-look . . . the dam's gone too soon!" he yelled, as a wall of water forty metres high raced down the valley! It was the last thing Carver and his men ever saw as the boiling torrent smashed into Woolagong Springs and engulfed them.

Houses and barns were swept away like matchwood under the seething tide. From his perch atop the water tower, Terry was the only witness to the terrible scene of devastation. It was as if the whole world had flooded!

But now, the racing waters rose higher and battered at the tower,

which rocked alarmingly. Slowly, it started to tip sideways as the foundations were weakened.

Suddenly, Terry became aware of a tremendous wind beating down on him and as if by magic, a rope with a sling attached dangled in front of him. He looked up to see a police helicopter hovering some thirty metres above. Digger Muldoon was leaning out of the craft's side-door.

"Get in the sling - quickly!" the bushman yelled.

The colossus didn't understand what he meant, but his huge, gnarled hands grasped the rope, just as the tower disappeared beneath the raging water.

"Hang on, cobber!" shouted Digger, as the winchman threw the machinery into gear to bring the rope up. Seconds later, Terry was bundled into the 'chopper.

"Wow!" exclaimed Digger, wiping his brow. "We couldn't have cut that any finer, pal! One of the homesteaders radioed to say you had started a fire in the town so I grabbed a lift in the coppers' whirlybird!"

"Terr not . . . staart firree . . . only wanted . . . to waarn aboutt damm!" the colossus gasped. "But . . . where . . . is doggee?" he enquired worriedly.

Digger looked down at the flooded landscape and shook his head. "I'm sorry, cobber, but there's no way your pet could've survived that," he said quietly.

When they got back to police headquarters, Terry was interrogated.

"Fire raising is a serious crime, Mister Corman," said the inspector sternly. "It was lucky for you that the dam burst and put the blaze out!"

"Nooo . . . Terr knew daam damaged . . . Carver blew it up! Only wanted to waarn ppeople!" replied the colossus desperately.

"Now why would Carver want to blow up his own dam?" went on the inspector. "He'll never be able to tell us, even if he did . . . which I doubt very much. I -" He broke off as another policeman burst into the room.

"Sorry to interrupt, sir," said the man, "but we've just picked up one of Carver's men . . . found him clinging to the inspection tower at the side of the dam site. He's confessed everything! Seems Carver had found traces of a huge oil deposit under Woolagong Springs. So he built the dam, intending to flood the valley and obliterate the town, so he could then move in and buy up the land cheaply and drill for the oil!"

The inspector put down his pen. "Sorry, Mister Muldoon, but it seems your pal here deserves a medal, rather than a prison sentence for fire-raising!"

"You can keep yer medal, cobber!" said Digger curtly. "We just want to go home and be left alone."

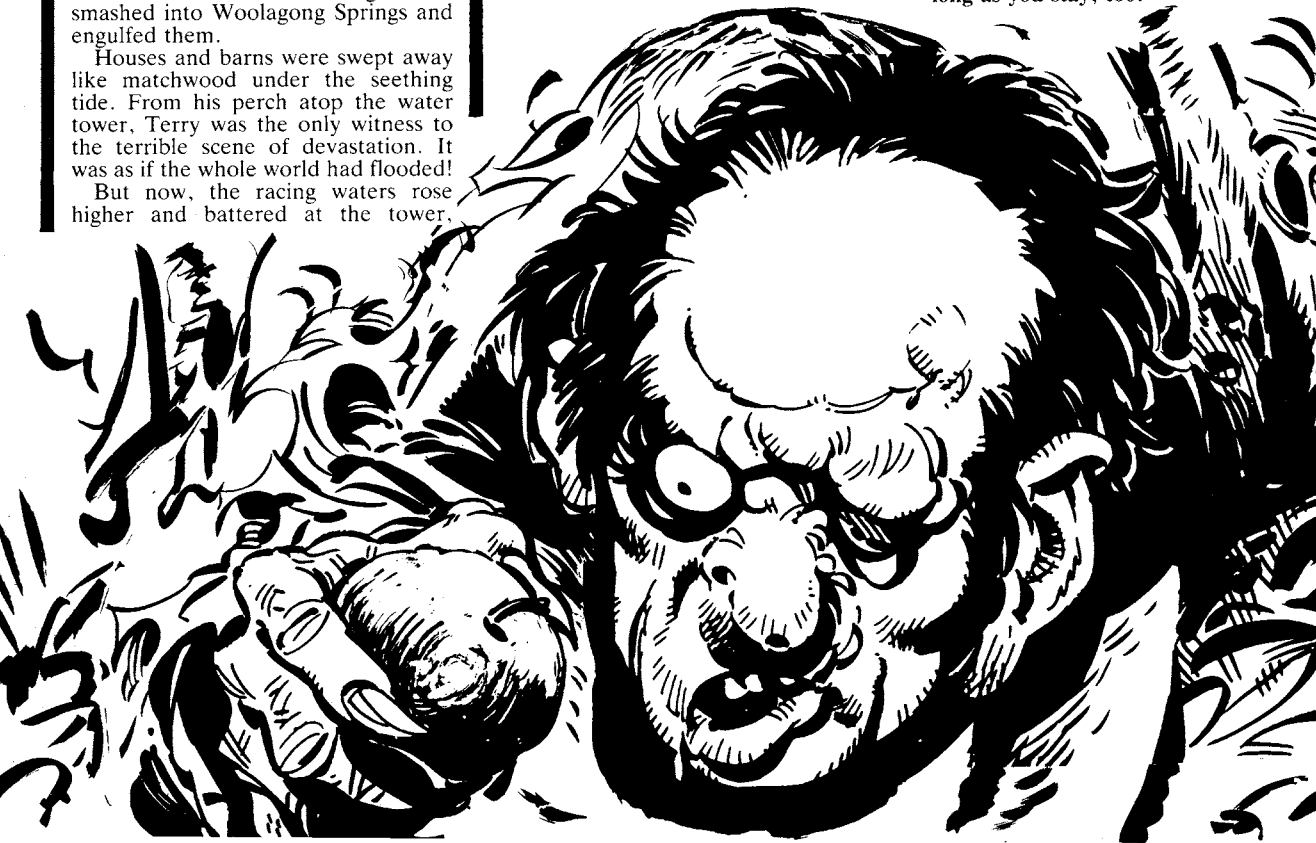
As they went outside, another helicopter was landing. A familiar shape dashed from the 'chopper and leapt into Terry's arms!

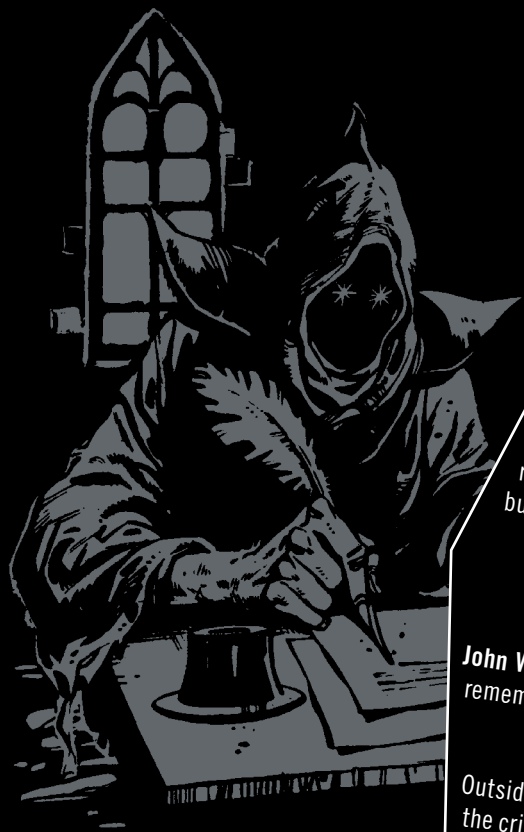
"Doggee come back!" gasped the astonished colossus.

"Found him on a bit of wood floating in the flood," explained the pilot. "Couldn't leave the poor critter to drown!"

"Digger not tell Terr to get rid of doggee again?" asked Terry anxiously.

"No way, mate . . . he's yours for keeps," smiled the bushman. "Just so long as you stay, too!"





ALAN MOORE

Perhaps the most widely respected comic writer of the modern era, **Alan Moore**'s contribution to the comics' industry is incalculable. Co-creator of some of 2000 AD's most popular series, including *The Ballad of Halo Jones* and *DR & Quinch*. He has also numerous *Future Shocks* and *Time Twisters* to his name.

Outside of 2000 AD, Moore is best known for his work on the epic comic series, *V For Vendetta* and *Watchmen*, the latter of which redefined the superhero genre in 1986. Both have been adapted into big-budget Hollywood movies by Warner Brothers, along with two other Moore books, *From Hell* and *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*.

JOHN WAGNER

John Wagner has been scripting for 2000 AD for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *AI's Baby*, *Button Man* and *Mean Machine*.

Outside of 2000 AD his credits include *Star Wars*, *Lobo*, *The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*, which was made into a Oscar nominated movie by director David Cronenberg.

ALAN GRANT

With over 300 2000 AD stories to his name – not to mention over 250 *Daily Star Judge Dredd* strips – **Alan Grant**'s prolific creative record speaks for itself. He is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title.

HEINZL

Heinzl AKA Alberto Giolitti, was an Italian artist best known in the UK for his work on IPC strips, including *Monster in a Suit* and *Doomlord* in the new *Eagle* comic.

In the early sixties he and his wife, Joan, created Studio Giolitti in Rome, which employed many notable Italian artists such as 2000 AD legend Massimo Belardinelli. Giolitti had a successful stint working for US publisher Gold Key, where he illustrated *Turok – Son of Stone* and *Star Trek* comics.

JESUS REDONDO

Jesus Redondo worked on several strips for 2000 AD including *Tharg's Future Shocks*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *M.A.C.H. 1* and *Return to Armageddon*. In the 1990's he worked on *Motormouth* and *Killpower* for Marvel UK and *Kitty Pryde* for Marvel US.



FAMILY CAN BE FRIGHTENING!

Twelve-year old Kenneth Corman buried his abusive father outside his creaky old family home. The thing that had killed him was inside, lurking in the darkness of a locked room.

For all of his young life, Kenneth had been plagued by a feeling that there was something horrific dwelling in his house of secrets. But he had to know what was up there. He had to know what had killed his dad. Now it was time to face the horror behind the door...

Co-created by Alan Moore (*Watchmen*) and Heinzl (*Doomlord*), with additional story by John Wagner (*Judge Dredd*), Alan Grant (*Batman*) and Jesus Redondo (*Return to Armageddon*), this fear-inducing tale from the pages of *Scream!* is collected here in its entirety for the first time!



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