

TELL ME A GHOST STORY!"

# The CASTLE of OTRANTO



"THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO...WRITTEN BY HORACE WALPOLE IN 1764...IS ONE OF THE REALLY GREAT GHOST STORIES OF ALL TIME! GENERATIONS OF READERS HAVE THRILLED AND CHILLED TO THE TERROR-TALE OF THE RESTLESS GHOST OF ALPHONSE, THE MURDERED MASTER OF OTRANTO CASTLE! YOU'LL THRILL AND CHILL TOO!"



"THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO WAS BUILT IN THE DAYS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR! IN THE DISMAL COURTYARD...AS HIGH, BLEAK TURRETS CATCH THE SUNLIGHT..."

YES, I'M HEIR TO THIS CURSED CASTLE...BUT A SLAVE TO IT'S OWNER, MY UNCLE MANFRED! AND AT HIS WISH I MUST MARRY A GIRL I'VE NEVER SEEN...BECAUSE HER NOBLE FAMILY PLEASES HIM! I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN..."









MY NAME'S THEODORE AND I  
...LISTEN! THE VAULT'S  
SHAKING! ALFONSO'S  
GHOST MUST BE MOVING  
ABOUT IN THE PORTRAIT  
GALLERY! IT'S DIRECTLY  
OVERHEAD!

I...I SAW IT!  
IT SPOKE  
TO ME!

AT THAT INSTANT...IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY...

THERE IT  
GOES, MASTER  
...BACK INTO  
ITS FRAME!



IT'S ARLEN! HE'S DEAD  
...CUT DOWN BY THE  
SCYTHE! WHY DOES  
THE GHOST NEVER  
ATTACK YOU?

I TOLD YOU WHY,  
FOOL! I DO NOT  
FEAR IT!...THAT  
GIRL! WHERE  
IS SHE?



THE BURIAL VAULT!  
SO THAT'S WHERE SHE  
WENT! BRING TORCHES...  
HURRY! I'M GOING  
AFTER HER!



VOICES  
...IN THE  
VAULT!

MAYHAP SHE  
TALKS WITH THE  
DEAD, MASTER!

WHO BE YOU,  
SIRRAH...  
LIVING LIKE  
A GHUL IN  
THE VAULT OF  
MY ANCESTORS?

NOT YOUR  
ANCESTORS,  
MANFRED!  
MINE!

YOU DARE TO SPEAK  
TO ME THUS? FOR  
THAT...I WILL HAVE  
YOUR LIFE!





I CAME TO THIS CASTLE KNOWING IT WAS RIGHTFULLY MINE! SEE... I BEAR THE SEAL OF OUR HOUSE UPON MY FLESH! AN ARROW... SPEEDING TRUE TO ITS MARK!

THEN YOU ARE MY HEIR! YOUR HERITAGE... COURAGE... AND THE RIGHT TO WALK IN THE SUNLIGHT AND FEAR NO MAN!

AS FOR YOU... MY VENGEANCE WILL BE QUICKLY SATISFIED! ...DIE, MANFRED!

THE CASTLE WOULD DO YOU NO GOOD, LAD! IT IS STAINED WITH BLOOD AND TEARS! I WILL GROW SWIFTLY LARGER! YOU MUST GO... BEFORE MY SPIRIT LEAVES THE EARTH FOREVER!



AS THEODORE AND ISABELLA FLEE, AGHAST, A TREMOR SHAKES THE EARTH AND THE CASTLE BEGINS TO CRUMBLE! ITS MIGHTY WALLS RUSH ASUNDER... AND THE DARK BATTLEMENTS CRASH TO THE PLAIN!

CRASH!



FOR AN INSTANT... BRIEF AS A DROPPED HEARTBEAT... A GHOSTLY SHAPE LOOMS AGAINST THE CLOUDS, GROWN TO TOWERING HEIGHT! THEN IT DIMS AND VANISHES!



Later... BY A QUIET STREAM...

SOMEHOW... I'M GLAD THE CASTLE'S GONE! A MAN WITH WISDOM IN HIS HEAD AND STRENGTH IN HIS ARMS CAN MAKE HIS OWN WAY IN THE WORLD! IT'S GOOD... JUST TO BE ALIVE!

