

# THRILLING MYSTERY


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A Blood-mad Fiend Makes an Unholy Alliance With  
the Flesh-eating Denizens of the Deep!



*He stared at the thing in the chair*

# The CRIMSON POOL

By JACK D'ARCY

*Author of "The Voice from Hell," "The Madhouse Murders," etc.*

**A**VARICE does strange things to the soul of man. A consuming desire to amass gold, gold refined in the suffering of humanity, poisons the heart, sends strange toxins to the mind which turn it from the lucid path of sanity. True, money brings happiness, power; but sometimes it carries in its wake madness and devastation.

Jasper Gaylord was possessed of two overwhelming passions. One of these was gold; the other ichthyology. For years he had reigned as a tycoon in Wall Street, using every means, legal and otherwise, to accumulate a mighty fortune. He had made and lost millions in his day. But now that day was fast drawing to a close.

His interest in fish was an odd, in-

explicable one. His associates who had often contributed to his fortune through no volition of their own, hinted that this interest was perhaps predicated on consanguinity. Undoubtedly this was malice, though it was apparent to even the most casual eye that Jasper Gaylord most certainly possessed piscatorial characteristics.

His eyes bulged from their sockets, blue, blank and watery marbles devoid of all human expression. His jowls, flabby and scaly-like, hung down at the side of his face like gills. His hands were invariably clammy, cold. It had been said of Jasper Gaylord that if his sire were Mammon, a mermaid was his dam.

He lived in a habitation which was well suited to him. It was a bleak and desolate old house, standing weather beaten and unpainted beyond the farthest suburb of the Metropolis. As ugly within as it was without, the only freshness and beauty about the place was the presence of his ward, Helen Summers.

In the basement of the old mansion the walls were lined with glass tanks. In their depths swam myriad fish. Fish of all colors; of all species. This aquarium was the pride of Jasper Gaylord. Only the swelling numbers of his bank account brought a greater glow of achievement to his heart.

There was an atmosphere about that house, an atmosphere at once gloomy and unholy. Impossible to explain in any reasonable way, it somehow seemed to seep through the weather-beaten shingles, to rise like a cloud of evil from that basement where the fishy prototypes of Jasper Gaylord himself swam endlessly in their transparent prisons.

**P**ERHAPS it emanated from a point even lower than the basement. Perhaps it came from that dark subterranean vault below the aquarium, of which Jasper Gaylord alone had knowledge.

On this, a depressing March day, Jasper Gaylord sat alone in his library. Without, the eerie howl of the wind wailed miserably. The ham-

mering gusts beat like invisible wings against the boards of the ancient house. And the tempest outside was emulated in the heart of Jasper Gaylord.

His eyes resembled those of a fish more than ever at this moment—those of a fish about to be taken on the fisherman's hook. Nervously, his teeth clamped down on a cigar. A worried frown corrugated his brow. Unconsciously the evil thing that was in his brain contorted his face into a mask of unholiness.

He started as the telephone jangled at his side. His old yellowish hand snatched up the receiver. His voice, cracked and dry, echoed oddly in the huge, book-lined room.

"Hello? Yes. No, she's not here. I don't know. In an hour. All right."

He grunted as he replaced the receiver on the hook. He jammed out the glowing tip of his cigar in a hammered silver ash tray. Then a grim and resolute expression crossed his ugly face. Purposefully he rose and left the room. Down, down he went to the basement and beyond, like a shadowy doomed soul descending into Hades.

Larry Miller drove thoughtfully through the grey day toward the old Gaylord house. His face was set and stern, and a cloud of worry masked the sparkling youthfulness of his eyes.

It was he who had spoken a scant hour ago to Jasper Gaylord on the telephone.

Now he was proceeding on his way to the house to see the girl whom he loved more than life itself. But much as he loved her he hated the atmosphere in which she lived.

He was suspicious of Jasper Gaylord, mistrusted him. Even now he knew through his newspaper connection that Gaylord was on the eve of being investigated by the Government for stock dealing activities which it was believed had transgressed the law.

For months now he had pleaded with Helen to leave the house, to elope with him and forget the lonely

years she had spent as the ward of Jasper Gaylord.

But she had demurred. In two months now she would attain her majority. Then she would come into wealth of her own. Despite his faults she insisted that in his own peculiar way Jasper had been kind to her. She would repay that kindness by remaining with him for two months longer.

Larry Miller's face grew graver as he thought of these things. The stern lines about his eyes did not relax until some two hundred yards from the house, he caught sight of Helen strolling slowly along toward the Gaylord mansion.

He hailed her gayly, and she climbed into the car with him. She shivered as she pulled her coat around her shoulders.

"It's cold," she said. "I'm cold, Larry. Inside and out."

He glanced at her inquiringly.

"That's a strange speech," he said. "What do you mean?"

A little shudder ran through her. "I don't know. Perhaps someone just walked across my grave." She laughed nervously. "I don't know, Larry. I've felt this way all day. Felt as if something terrible was happening. Or about to happen."

He put one arm around her and pressed her shoulder.

"It's that damned house," he said. "That and old fish-face. The combination's enough to give anyone the horrors."

She shook her head as if to clear her brain of unpleasant thoughts.

"Well," she said. "I'm glad you're here. Don't let's talk about it any more."

In silence they drove toward the house.

**T**OGETHER they stood on the threshold of the library. In a far corner, amidst expensive volumes, Jasper Gaylord sat in his favorite arm chair. The room was illuminated by a single bridge lamp near the door. Gaylord sat still and quiet, his head slumped forward in the chair, his hands lying inert on the padded arms.

"Hello, Uncle Jasper," greeted the girl. "Dressed for dinner already?"

As she spoke Larry Miller was aware of an odd flicker of apprehension in his heart. The breath was suddenly cold in his nostrils as he sensed the clammy presence of death. Gaylord's white shirt front gleamed snowy in the dim light. A little inexplicable shudder trickled like icy water down Miller's spine.

"Good evening, Mr. Gaylord," he said courteously. "How are—"

He never finished the sentence. Helen had preceded him into the room. She walked across the polished floor toward the recumbent figure. Then of a sudden she stopped short. The color drained itself from her face. Her mouth opened. A scream of inhuman horror ripped from her ashen lips.

In an instant Miller was at her side. His right arm encircled her protectively. His gaze followed the direction indicated by her trembling fingers. He stared at the thing in the chair, and his stomach was suddenly empty.

For there sat a horrible thing which once had been a man. A fleshless face stared up at him. Hollow, unseeing eye sockets met his gaze. Two bony members which had once been hands lay unmoving on the arms of the chair.

Miller licked dry lips and moved toward the thing. He bent over it. Not an iota of flesh remained on the grinning skull. The bones were white and meatless, picked clean as if by a flock of hungry buzzards.

But on the neck, beneath the incongruous collar of the stiff-bosomed shirt, white skin showed itself. Miller scrutinized the body more slowly. Save for the face and hands the corpse was normal. But these had been picked clean.

Skin and tissue had been stripped from the bones, leaving the ghastly framework of the man himself. On the middle finger of the left hand there was a signet ring.

Carved into the metal were the initials J. G. Beneath the gold was a red hamburger-like piece of flesh

which had not been torn from the bone. A faint red stain was apparent on the bone of that finger.

The girl's voice beat into his ears. "Larry! It's Uncle Jasper! What has happened to him? It's horrible! It's ghastly! Oh, what shall we do? What—"

Miller, his face set and grim, put his arm about her once more. Firmly he turned her away from the terrible thing in the chair. Gently he propelled her toward the door. He slammed the library door shut as they passed the threshold. He helped her to a chair in the hallway.

"There," he said. "Take it easy, dear. He's dead, and we can't do anything about that. I'll phone the police right away. Everything'll be all right."

Helen Summers buried her face in her hands. Her slim shoulders shook slightly as Larry Miller picked up the telephone at the other side of the foyer. For a long moment there was no answer. Then, as he manipulated the hook to summon the operator an acrid, repulsive odor assailed his nostrils.

Startled, he glanced at the girl. He breathed deeply. Then, his sense of smell offended by the scent, he exhaled again. His heart picked up a beat. The room was redolent of the biting odor of burning flesh.

A CLOUD of invisible miasma seemed to seep through the wood of the floor at his feet. Now the smell grew stronger, more sickening. The girl looked up at him. She wrinkled her nose.

"What's that, Larry?" she asked through her tears. "What's that unpleasant smell?"

He did not tell her what it was. The blood was beating through his pulses. He handed her the telephone.

"Take that, darling," he said. "I can't get the operator. Get a call through to the police. I'm going downstairs a moment."

Her blue eyes dilated. "What for?" "That smell. It's peculiar. It seems to come from the basement."

She took the phone reluctantly.

"Don't go, Larry. Don't leave me."

But a grim resolution was in his heart. He was aware of an impelling desire to get to the bottom of this ghastly mystery.

"I'll only be a moment. You'll be all right. The police will be here almost immediately after you get them. Courage, darling."

She took the telephone from his hand. Her slim white finger banged the hook up and down as Larry Miller strode purposefully toward the stairs which led to the aquarium below.

As he descended the stone steps which led into the basement, the searing odor of the burning flesh became more pronounced. Once it seemed to Miller that he heard a distant cry, as if of a human being suffering dire agonies. As he stepped into the tank-lined cellar the oppressive air of the old house grew stronger.

Carefully he glanced about the room. The lithe bodies of the fish swished gracefully up against the sides of the tanks. But there was no sign of human habitation. Slowly Larry Miller walked around the room.

His foot struck against something unyielding and metallic. He stumbled, then glanced down at the floor. He was standing directly before the tank which contained the *amphioxus*. Usually a small rug covered the floor before this tank. But now he noted it had been jerked aside.

Beneath its usual place there was a trap door—a trap door which was now slightly ajar. It protruded a half inch above the level of the floor. It was against this that he had stubbed his shoe.

For an instant he hesitated. Should he pull open the trap and descend into Heaven only knew what fiendish hell, leaving the girl upstairs unattended? Or— He reached down and seized the metal ring of the trap. The police would be here in a moment, he decided. There was little actual danger for Helen.

The trap door dropped into place over his head. At the foot of the stone steps down which he was walk-

ing he saw a dim ray of light. His heart beat like a trip hammer against his breast. Yet he walked boldly into the subterranean depths.

As he reached the foot of the stairway he heard a sinuous swishing sound. The splashing of stirring water reached his ears. Dimly through the pale green light he made out a small square room, in the center of which stood a zinc tank. He blinked quickly, accustoming his eyes to the sickly light.

Then a shuffling footfall rammed itself into his consciousness. He glanced up, stared across the small chamber, then uttered an involuntary cry of stark and utter horror.

For there, staring at him with his fishy eyes, malevolent agate marbles of hate, stood the ghost of Jasper Gaylord!

Miller stared at him, the pupils of his eyes dilating. The features into which he gazed were horribly contorted. Pain had etched its mark agonizingly upon that face. Then as Miller's gaze traveled over the body they came to rest on the figure's left hand.

It was fleshless!

**B**ONY and bare as had been the hand of the corpse he had discovered in the library a short while before, the member hung eerily at the side of the body. The green light gleamed horribly on the inert bone.

Miller found his voice. As it emerged from his almost paralyzed vocal cords, it was dry and possessed of an alien sound.

"Who are you?" he shouted hoarsely. "Is that you, Gaylord? Or is it some damned thing from the grave?"

A terrible chuckle came from the thing's throat. It crashed into Miller's ears with the off key rattle of death.

"It is you who go to the grave," said the figure. "It is you who must die."

The voice floated through the air, and came to Miller's consciousness, thick with pain. It had some resemblance to the mortal tones of Jasper Gaylord. But it was heavier, thicker,

the voice of a man who is undergoing untold suffering.

The figure shuffled nearer.

"It was death to come down here," it said. "You have walked into your tomb."

The right hand, the good hand of the thing moved, seemed to touch the pocket of his coat, then came to view again. There was nothing supernatural about the article it held in its hand. It was an exceedingly mundane revolver.

Miller felt a sensation of relief come over him. No matter what the danger might be at this moment, at least he was dealing with a material thing. A ghost would not resort to an automatic.

The shadow that once had been Jasper Gaylord jerked his head in the direction of the eastern wall.

"Get in there," he said in the same eerie, terrible voice.

Miller turned his head. On the side of the wall he saw two iron cages resembling tiny prison cells. In one of them he saw a crumpled heap lying on the floor behind the iron bars. The second one was empty. It was toward this that the ghastly one-handed thing before him had pointed.

With a swift beating heart, Miller obeyed the order. He stepped into the cell. A moment later the door clanged shut behind him. He heard the rasping of metal upon metal as the bolt was shot.

The fiend then swung open the door of the second cell. He lifted the heap that was a man to its feet and dragged it across the floor to the edge of the zinc tank. A horrible chuckle emanated from his lips as he did so.

**M**ILLER pressed his face against the cold metal bars. In his heart was a surging horror. What he was about to witness he did not know, but he knew deep down within him that it would be a ghastly ritual, a black act of horror.

The victim stirred uneasily as he was pulled to the tank's side. Again the fiend in the shape of Jasper Gaylord laughed a mirthless laugh. His

blue, burning eyes stared for a moment at Miller's white face.

"Watch," he said. "For this also is the death you die. The death of the unidentified. You have blundered here into a room of doom. You shall suffer the fate of the others."

With a strength surprising in one of his apparent age, the one-handed thing lifted up the body of his human sacrifice. For a single moment the man opened his eyes. He stared dully at his torturer.

It seemed to Miller the victim was under the influence of some drug. His eyes were glazed and blank. The strength seemed to have been sapped from his muscles.

He stared at the fleshless hand which lay resting on the side of the tank. He glanced into the tank, then turned wide eyes to the fiend who held him.

"No, no!" he screamed. "Not that! Not that! Why must you kill me? I did as you ordered. I shall never betray your secret. I did all you asked me. I—"

A dry mocking sound ripped from the grey lips of the one-handed wraith of him who had once been Jasper Gaylord.

"No one shall betray me," it said. "I shall take care that there is no one left alive who can betray me."

His bony fingers hovered in the air for a moment, then dove, and seized the other's wrist. They held it firm for a moment, then, with an amazing strength, plunged it deep into the tank.

Again Miller heard the soft splashing of water against the sides of the tank. Again he was aware of that soft swishing sound as if of a thousand stirring, writhing bodies in the water.

Then there came to his ears the most terrible sound that he had ever heard. The tortured victim of the fiend uttered a scream. It was no ordinary scream. It seemed to have issued from no human throat.

Awful agony was in that scream, a myriad inexpressible, ineffable sufferings were carried in that voice. The mocking laughter of the torturer

came a soft evil obligato to the other's shrieking.

Miller's face strained against the bars of his prison. Standing on tip-toe, his eyes straining, he essayed to peer into the interior of the tank. What terrible thing was there? What awful beastly thing which tore the living flesh of men from their bones?

Savagely the one-handed thing withdrew the other's hand from the tank. Miller saw the whiteness of the man's bones. His member had been completely stripped of flesh. His other hand was plunged into the tank. Now his screams grew fainter, but the awful horror in his voice remained.

Miller could hear a steady gnashing as if some gnawing rodent was eating away the human flesh. Of a sudden he saw the torturer loosen his grip on the dying man. He seized him by the throat, and with a mighty jerk forced his head into the tank.

The swishing, the splashing of the water sounded like a thousand maddened mill pools. The gnashing, the gnawing, became increased in volume. The screams no longer ripped through the room.

Then of a sudden the body was jerked back from the hell that lived in that zinc tank. That which had once been a man was flung violently to the floor. Miller looked at the body with rising fear and horror in his heart.

It was a replica of the thing he had found in the library a few moments before. Save for the hands and face, it was a man. But where the fingers and the features should have been, there was nothing save bleached bone, stripped of everything, white and barren like a desert of the moon.

**T**HE hateful figure of Gaylord turned and advanced toward the cell in which Miller was locked. A sadistic, murderous light shone in his eyes.

"And you," he said as he approached. "You alone stand between me and the thing I desire. You, too, shall make the acquaintance of my friends."

Larry Miller's brain was working

at top speed. He had no doubt now that this terrible creature was surely Jasper Gaylord. Jasper Gaylord not dead, but imbued with a bloody madness that would feast on his, Miller's own flesh.

In spite of himself the flesh crawled at the base of his spine. He could still hear that ominous swishing sound which emanated from the tank. It seemed to presage some terrible disaster, to give an evil hint of the terrible, the iniquitous thing that dwelt in the tank.

Gaylord, his face still wreathed with agony, but with a horrible blue light in his eyes, the light of flat, dead steel, took a key and inserted it in the lock of Miller's cell. Once again he took the revolver from his pocket.

He held it by the muzzle and raised it shoulder high. Miller drew back, but the narrow confines of the cell would not permit him to retreat out of range of the madman's club. He saw the murderous intent too clearly now.

He would be stunned by a blow on the head, then dragged toward the awful death of the tank. The maniac moved closer.

Then Miller heard the sound of a soft footfall on the stairway. His heart stood still.

A voice, Helen's voice, spoke nervously:

"Larry! Larry, are you here? I was so afraid up there."

Larry Miller's throat was dry. Fear ate at his heart. He lifted his voice in a terrible cry.

"Helen! Go back! Go back at once! For God's sake hurry!"

But the warning was too late. With a feral snarl the bestial thing before him raced toward the stairway, its white fleshless hand dangling frightfully at its side.

The girl saw the gaunt apparition approaching. She reeled, cried out in horror.

The madman reached out and seized her slim body in his arms. He swung her clear of the stairway. Shrieking madly, he raced to the tank's edge.

"You, too," he said. "This is a room

of death. Who comes here must die. I shall keep my secret."

His savage hand, possessed with the strength of demons, held her fast, despite her struggles. He ripped the fabric of her dress, exposing the white skin of her shoulders. Her screams rang like protesting insane bells against the ears of Larry Miller.

Madly he crashed the weight of his body up against the bars of his cell. Then, of a sudden, he remembered the key which remained in the lock. As usual on such doors, there was a square piece of metal guarding the keyhole.

Miller jammed his hand through the bars. His finger tips touched the edge of the piece of metal that alone could release him.

At the edge of the zinc tank Helen struggled violently, her piercing screams ripping the air. Gaylord grunted savagely. He swung her free of the floor, lifted her high above the tank. His horrible cracked laugh sounded through the chamber of evil.

"Here, my little friends. Here is another one."

Miller's fingers, bleeding from abrasions, touched the end of the key. Desperately he screwed his hand around. The bolt shot back. As he charged from his cell he could hear the sinister swishing sound again as of thousands of hungry writhing bodies churning the water.

**S**HOUTING madly, he bore down upon the fiend.

Gaylord, alarmed by the sound, turned abruptly. He saw the white-faced Miller charging down like a Nemesis upon him. The girl's shriek died away. She went limp in his arms.

Miller reached out. His hands tugged at the girl's arm. With another ghastly utterance the madman let her go. His hand dropped to his pocket, seeking the automatic he had used before.

Swiftly Miller lay the girl upon the floor. His right fist shot out, and sank deep in the gill-like jowls of the fiend. Gaylord staggered backward. As he did so his fingers constricted on the



trigger of his weapon. A roaring burst of flame stabbed into the dim room.

A bullet whined its way over Miller's head. Again Gaylord raised the gun. Again Miller's two fists hammered into the fiend's face, a pistol-like tattoo that sent the evil killer reeling up against the side of the tank.

For a moment he tottered there at the edge, then of a sudden he lost his balance. His hands reached out into the empty air. He uttered a piercing shriek, then he tumbled with a flat splash into the water. Even as he was submerged his terrible death cry rang in Miller's ears.

Miller leaned breathless up against the side of the tank. The swishing sound rammed itself into his ears once again. There was a mighty stirring in the water which was swiftly turning to crimson.

Gaylord's head appeared above the water. His face was a terrible thing to behold. Fear glazed his eyes. An awful terror was upon him. Agony was stamped indelibly upon his face.

The water was now a churning red wine. Something leaped from the tank and affixed itself to Gaylord's face. Miller heard a steady crunching sound, and to his horror, saw a strip of flesh ripped from Gaylord's face. The madman's scream was drowned in the bubbling cauldron of blood and water. Gaylord's face disappeared beneath the surface never to rise again save as a fleshless skeleton.

Heavy footfalls sounded on the stairs. Half a dozen men rushed into the room. Revolvers were in their hands. Miller turned to meet them.

"Hands up!" snapped one of them. "We're the law."

"It's all right," said Miller, and the sound of his own voice was odd in his ears. "It was I who sent for you."

He bent down and assisted the girl to her feet. Her face was white as the bones which would soon be taken from the tank. But her eyes were open. She was conscious.

"What's wrong?" asked the policeman. "Who the hell put that damned thing in the library upstairs?"

Miller indicated the red waters of the tank.

"The man that did that," he said, "has suffered the same fate himself."

A TALL grey-haired man walked slowly up to the tank's edge.

"I'm Inspector Raynor," he said. He glanced into the tank. "Good God!" he ejaculated. "Is that a man in there?"

"It was," said Miller gravely.

"Who?"

"Jasper Gaylord."

"Gaylord. Then that's not he upstairs?"

Miller shook his head.

"Those fish," he said, pointing to the terrible things in the tank. "They're *piranhas*. I recognized them at once—knew them because of an interview I had recently with a celebrated ichthyologist who claimed to have the only one in captivity. I saw it—it was explained to me. The deadliest thing in the water. They eat flesh with a speed and voracity unequalled among carnivores. I saw Gaylord kill a man in that tank ten minutes ago. He held his victim's face and hands in there till all the flesh was eaten away. It seemed a matter of seconds."

"God!" said the Inspector in horror. "Then that's what he must have done to that thing upstairs."

"Exactly," said Miller with a shudder. "And it's what he intended to do to me and to his ward here."

Helen dabbed a handkerchief at her tear stained face.

"But why?" she asked in a tremulous tone. "Why?"

"I can answer some of that question," said the Inspector. "There was a Federal warrant out for Gaylord. He stood to get twenty years for his stock exchange crooked practises. He knew it was coming. I sent a man out here this afternoon to serve the warrant. He hasn't reported back to me yet.

"Furthermore, the Federal men were keeping an eye on Lane, Gaylord's business associate. I understood that he was due here this afternoon. He was supposed to be con-

verting everything they had into cash so that Gaylord could make a getaway. But still that doesn't explain all this horror at all."

Larry Miller's mind had been working at top speed. His eyes narrowed.

"Wait a minute," he said slowly. "Things begin to tie up in my mind. Gaylord kept this subcellar full of those damned *piranhas*. No one knew of these vicious pets of his. He was boasting of that secret and that no one should live who ever learned it. If he intended to run out on the indictment, it would have been a good idea for him to pretend to be dead. Then the hunt would cease. Do you see it?"

Raynor gasped. A frown wrinkled his brow.

"You mean," he said, "that Gaylord fed my man who came here to serve the warrant, fed him to the damned fish, removing all facial identification?"

Miller nodded. "Exactly," he said. "We, of course, took the dead thing for Gaylord. It was dressed in his clothes, wore his ring, and sat in his library. It was a natural conclusion. Gaylord apparently was dead; the hunt would stop—at least long enough for Gaylord to make his getaway."

Raynor shuddered. "God!" he said. "What a way to die. And the second man," he went on slowly, "must have been Lane. Gaylord did not intend to trust even him with his secret."

"Right," said Miller. "He kept repeating that no one should know his secret. That's why he tried to kill us."

Raynor stared with horrified eyes at the tank. Now the sinister swishing had ceased. The *piranha* had stripped the flesh from another skeleton. Then rested, somnolent at the bottom of the pool. The water cleared somewhat. It was still red.

Raynor pointed suddenly to the pool.

"Look!" he cried. "Look!"

**T**HEIR eyes followed the direction indicated by his outstretched arm. There glittering at the bottom of the pool was an oblong metal badge. It was obviously a police shield.

"It was White's," said Raynor, a tremor in his voice. "Gaylord must have dropped the badge in his pocket when he changed clothes with him. It's left down there with the skeleton. Something his damned fish couldn't eat."

Miller nodded gravely. "He was a madman," he said in a low voice. "That burned flesh I smelled, the odor that brought me down here. Look at that."

He pointed to an iron poker lying on the floor near the tank. Its end glowed dully.

"One of his fish got Gaylord, too," went on Miller. "Gnawed the flesh from his hand while he was engaged in killing one of his victims. To prevent himself from bleeding to death, he cauterized the wound himself. He must have suffered agonizing pain. Yet he bore up under it."

Miller felt the girl shudder beneath his encircling arm.

"Come," he said, "let's get out of here."

Slowly they mounted the stairs, leaving behind them forever the fleshless skeleton of the man who had suffered the death which he had intended for them. Behind them the police, calloused to blood and evil, to the iniquity of humanity, could not restrain a shudder as they took their last look at the crimson pool wherein lay the bones of the fiend who had nurtured the fiends of the deep for his private death trap.

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Spine-Chilling Stories by James Duncan, Arthur J. Burks,  
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