

FAMOUS TALES of TERROR

BY
EDGAR
ALLAN
POE



DUSK WAS GATHERING ITS LONG SHADOWS AS POE REINED HIS MOUNT TO STARE AT A DISMAL HOUSE.

WHAT A GLOOMY OLD PLACE!
IF RODERICK USHER WERE NOT MY FRIEND, I'D NEVER DARE STOP HERE.

THE HOUSE WAS HAUNTED NOT BY A GHOST —
BUT A NAMELESS DREAD — A DREAD THAT CLUNG LIKE MOSS TO THE ROTTING EAVES!
DISASTER ALONE COULD BREAK THE SINISTER SPELL. AND WHEN THE FINAL HOUR STRUCK,
NO POWER ON EARTH COULD PREVENT —
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER!





A CLAMMY CHILL FINGERED POE'S SPINE AS THE DOOR CLOSED BEHIND HIM.



DOES THIS
HOUSE BY
ANY CHANCE
AFFECT YOU?

ALAS, THAT'S TRUE.
FOR YEARS I'VE
NEVER DARED
VENTURE OUTSIDE
IT'S WALLS.

A MUFFLED TREAD - THEN POE'S
EYES WIDENED IN TERROR!

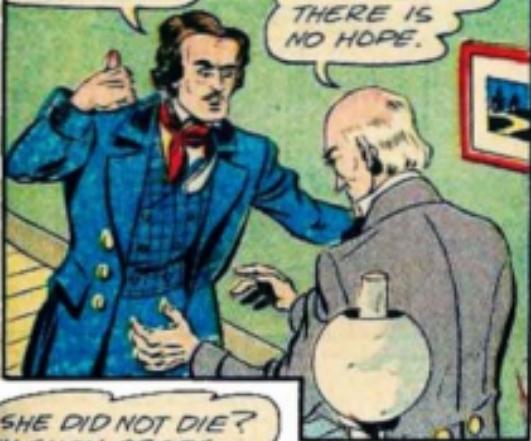
GOOD HEAVENS! WHO'S
THAT? SHE'S IN A
HYPNOTIC TRANCE!



YOUR SISTER
MADELINE -
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HER?

A DISEASE
WHICH BAFFLES
THE BEST
PHYSICIANS
THERE IS
NO HOPE.

ON RETIRING TO A GUEST
CHAMBER, POE WAS
STARTLED BY HIS HOST.

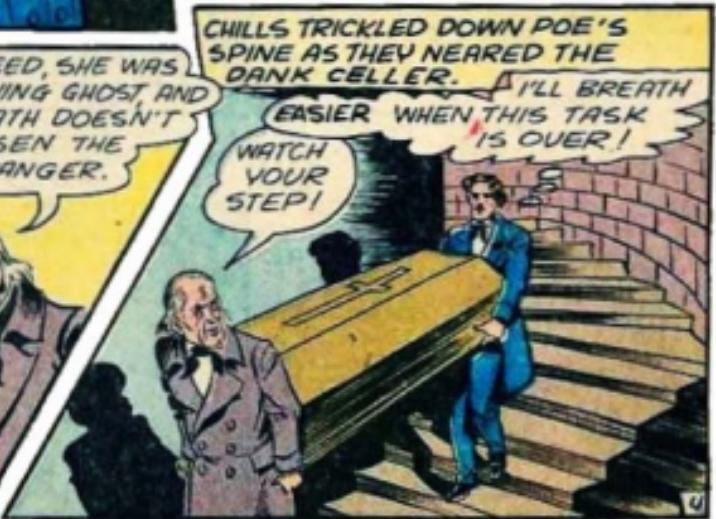
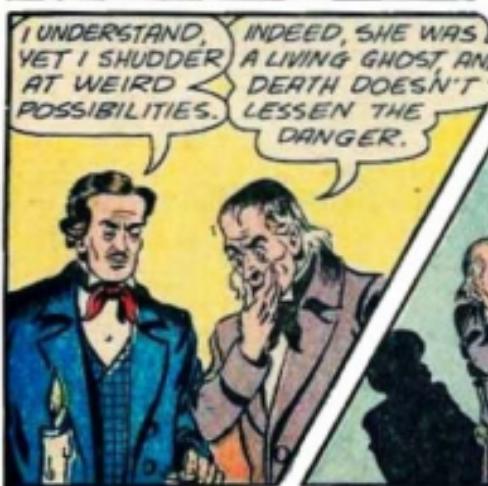
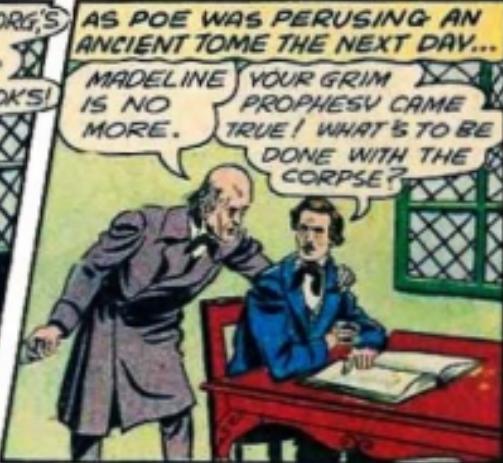


SHE DID NOT DIE?
IN SUCH CASES
THE LIVING ARE
HARDLY
DISTINGUISHABLE
FROM THE DEAD.

DESPITE
SLEEPLESS
NIGHTS,
POE
REMAINED
SEVERAL
DAYS
LONGER
WITH HIS
DREAD-
STRICKEN
FRIEND.

THE BRUSH REFLECTS
YOUR TORTURED
MOOD, RODERICK.
MY WORK
FRIGHTENS ME!







SEE THAT
UNEARTHLY
GLOW!

YES, A FRIGHTFUL
STORM, BUT DON'T
BE AFRAID.

AN EERIE SHAFT OF UNNATURAL
LIGHT POURED THROUGH THE WILD
CLOUDS ONTO THE HOUSE OF USHER!

YOU MUSTN'T
STARE SO.
IT'S MERELY AN
ELECTRICAL
PHENOMENA.

NO! NO!
IT'S THE
SIGN OF
IMPENDING
DOOM!

BE CALM. I'LL
READ YOU
SIR LAUNCELOT'S
"MAD TRIST."

IT'S
COMING.
I KNOW
IT'S
COMING!

"ETHELREL, FEARING
THE RISING TEMPEST,
SMOTE THE
PLANKS WITH HIS
MACE AND..."

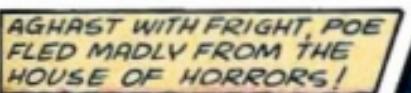
WHAT WAS
THAT CREAKING?

DON'T MOVE, RODERICK!
I HEARD IT!

FOR DAYS I'VE HEARD
NOISES YET I DARED
NOT SPEAK. WE PUT
HER ALIVE IN
THE TOMB!

HEAVEN
HELP US—
SHE'S
COMING!





FOR CHILLS AND THRILLS, SEE THE NEXT ISSUE FOR MORE "FAMOUS TALES OF TERROR."