

FAMOUS TALES of TERROR

BY
EDGAR
ALLAN
POE



THE HOUSE WAS HAUNTED NOT BY A GHOST—
BUT A NAMELESS DREED—A DREED 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!

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.





MASSA'S WAITIN' FER YOU, MISTAH POE. YOU-ALL GO RIGHT IN, SUH.

ER, YES, RUFE.



MR. POE? AH, YES... BUT I FEARED YOU WOULD NOT RISK THIS VISIT. FOLLOW ME.

DREARY DOMICILE I MUST SAY! A QUEER ODOR TAINTS THE AIR, LIKE THE DARK PRESENCE OF DEATH!



THE MASTER AWAITS WITHIN. ER, 'TIS QUITE ALL RIGHT. DON'T HESITATE.

YES, YES, OF COURSE

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



RODERICK! WHERE ARE YOU? SPEAK TO ME!



EDGAR - I'M SO THANKFUL YOU RECEIVED MY LETTER. COME. PLEASE SIT DOWN.



YOU HAVE CHANGED MUCH SINCE WE LAST MET. WHAT, ER, SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?

A MALADY - PERHAPS A NERVOUS AILMENT, IMPRISONING ME IN A TOWER OF TERROR.



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?

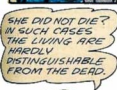
A DISEASE WHICH BAFFLES THE BEST PHYSICIANS THERE IS NO HOPE.



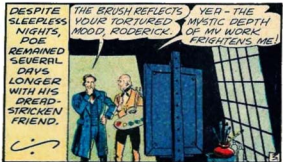
ON RETIRING TO A GUEST CHAMBER, POE WAS STARTLED BY HIS HOST.

UH? OH, 'TIS YOU!

MADELINE HAS SUFFERED A STROKE I FEAR YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.



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.

YEA - THE MYSTIC DEPTH OF MY WORK FRIGHTENS ME!

COME, LET US READ FOR A WHILE

MACHIAVELLI, SWEDENBORG'S "HEAVEN AND HELL..." "THE DEATH WATCH..." WHAT MORBID BOOKS!



AS POE WAS PERUSING AN ANCIENT TOME THE NEXT DAY...

MADLINE IS NO MORE.

YOUR GRIM PROPHECY CAME TRUE! WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH THE CORPSE?



I WISH TO PRESERVE HER BODY FOR A FORTNIGHT IN ONE OF THE VAULTS.

AND YOUR REASONS?



AS HER MALADY WAS STRANGE, THE PHYSICIANS WOULD BE EAGER TO DISSECT THE CORPSE. MORE-OVER, THE BURIAL GROUND IS DISTANT.



I UNDERSTAND, YET I SHUDDER AT WEIRD POSSIBILITIES.

INDEED, SHE WAS A LIVING GHOST AND DEATH DOESN'T LESSEN THE DANGER.



CHILLS TRICKLED DOWN POE'S SPINE AS THEY NEARED THE DARK CELLAR.

I'LL BREATHE EASIER WHEN THIS TASK IS OVER!

WATCH YOUR STEP!





HAVE PATIENCE WHILE I FASTEN DOWN THE COFFIN LID.

A SUDDEN AMAZING DISCOVERY STABBED POE'S SENSES WITH SCORCHING TERROR!

HEAVEN PROTECT ME! THIS DUNGEON LIES DIRECTLY BENEATH MY BED CHAMBER!



YES, BUT YOUR QUESTION TROUBLES ME. LET'S TRY TO FORGET IT.



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!





SHE HAS BROKEN FROM THE COFFIN! I HEAR THE HORRIBLE BEAT OF HER VENGEFUL HEART!

THE DOOR- IT'S OPENING!

WINGES CREAKED, THEN THE LIVING CORPSE STOOD BEFORE THEM, MOANING WEIRDLY!



NO, MADELINE! IT WAS A MISTAKE - I SWEAR!

HE CAN'T SURVIVE! THE SHOCKING TERROR WILL KILL HIM!



SHE FELL UPON HIM IN HER DEATH THROES. NOW BOTH ARE DEAD!



AGHAST WITH FRIGHT, POE FLED MADLY FROM THE HOUSE OF HORRORS!



THE AWFUL DOOM HE FEARED WAS COME! A METEOR- ABOUT TO STRIKE!



HIS BRAIN REELING IN TERROR, POE STAGGERED AWAY INTO THE STORM.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER!

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