



**FEAR**  
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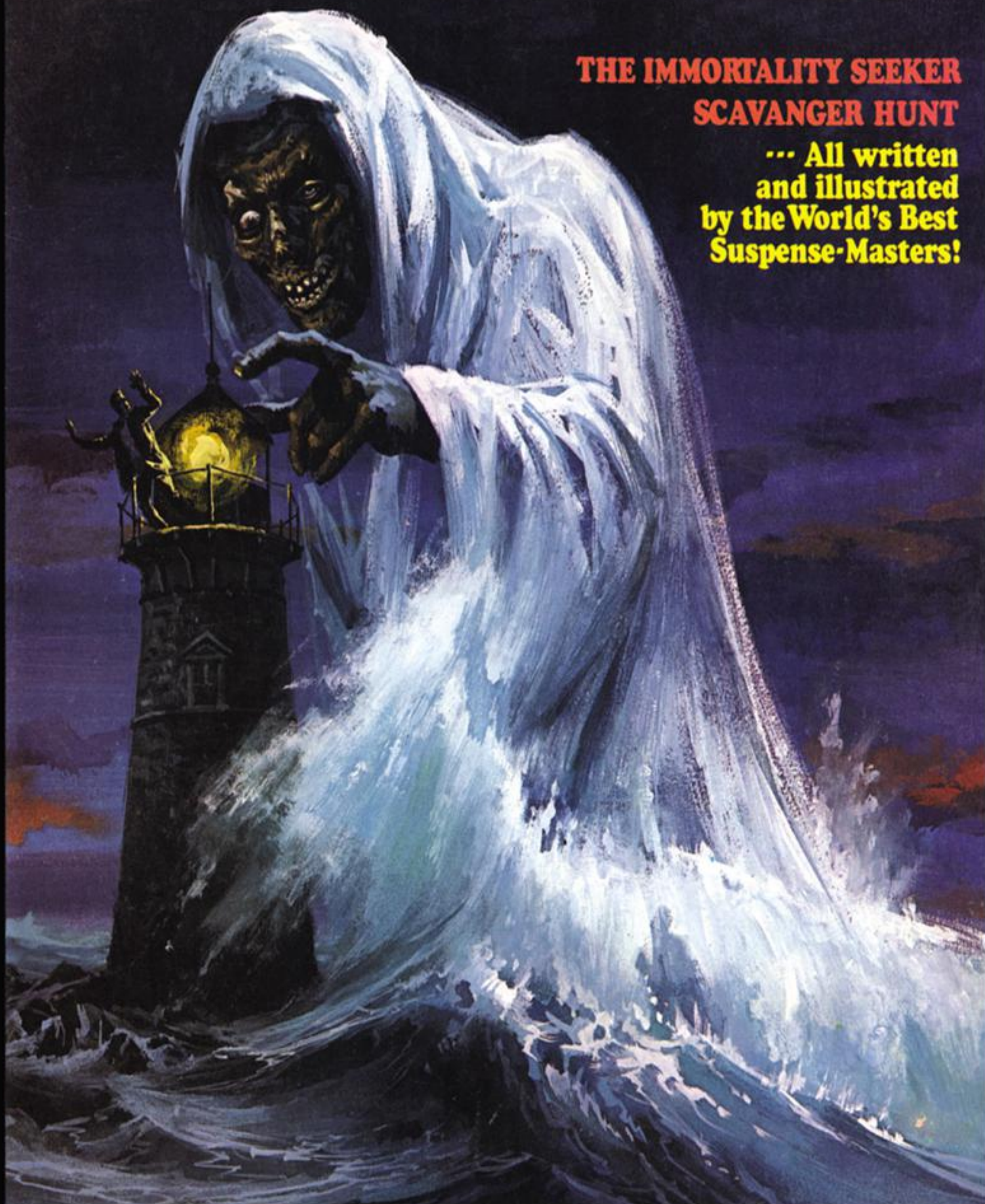
# FEAR

A WARREN MAGAZINE

**FOR A BLOOD CHILLING SURPRISE...HEAD FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE!**

**THE IMMORTALITY SEEKER  
SCAVANGER HUNT**

**... All written  
and illustrated  
by the World's Best  
Suspense Masters!**



50¢



FINNIUS WIGGERS SENSED AT ONCE THAT THE OLD VAN WEEPER HOUSE WOULD PROVIDE A PERFECT SANCTUARY FOR... **A GHOST!**



THE PLACE, IF NOT OMINOUS, SEEMED AT LEAST IDEAL FOR SUCH AN UNEARTHLY VISITOR TO FIND COMFORT WITHIN.



FOR... CONTRARY TO THE BELIEF THAT INTRUDERS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD, ACTUALLY PREFERRED THE LONELY SHAMBLES OF DECAYED MANSIONS TO INHABIT...



...THE HUGE DWELLING IN WHICH LADY VAN WEEPER LIVED, WAS MOST SUITABLE FOR ANY MISCHIEVOUS SPECTRE TO FROLIC THROUGH.



NEVER-THE-LESS, INSCRUTABLE STUDY HAD SATISFIED FINNIUS AND HIS ASSISTANT, DR. ERIC GORDON, WITH A MOST THOROUGH METHOD OF DEALING WITH THESE PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.



THE GREATEST PROBLEM, ONE WHICH HAD TAKEN YEARS TO SOLVE, WAS SIMPLY... ALL GHOSTS WHILE GENERALLY BEING UNINVITED AND UNWANTED, TO ALL BUT A VERY FEW... WERE ALSO **UNSEEN!**



ART BY REED CRANDALL/STORY BY BILL PARENTE





**B..O..O!** YOUR GHOST HOST HAS REALLY GOT A ROT OF A PLOT TO **WRAP** YOU UP IN THIS TIME... SHOCK FLOCK! SEEMS A CERTAIN **NO BODY** IS SCARIN' THE SHIVERS OUT OF SOMEBODY WHO THINKS THE FINK HAS STAKED OUT THE...

# WRONG TENNANT



AND YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG THIS GHOST HAS BEEN HERE, LADY VAN WEEPER?

GOODNESS KNOWS, MR. WIGGERS...THE SCOUNDREL! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT WANTS.



I WONDER WHAT WOULD CAUSE THIS FELLOW TO SUDDENLY ACT UP?

THAT IS A PUZZLE! ONE NIGHT... **POOF**, UP HE POPPED! BEEN SCARING ME HALF TO DEATH EVER SINCE.

ODD, GHOSTS DON'T USUALLY HAUNT A HOUSE WITHOUT A GOOD REASON. YOU RECALL THE LAST ONE DON'T YOU DOCTOR?







AS GHOST HUNTERS, DR. GORDON AND I HAVE DISCOVERED SOME AMAZING PECULIARITIES ABOUT THESE PHANTASMS

FOR INSTANCE, THEY SEEM TO FAVOR MIDNIGHT AS THE BEST MOMENT TO LEAVE THEIR WORLD AND ENTER OURS.



FOR ANOTHER, ALL GHOSTS ARE IMMORTAL WHILE THEY REMAIN INVISIBLE, BUT THEY MUST CONDENSE THEMSELVES WHEN THEY APPEAR.

CONDENSE THEMSELVES...?



EXACTLY! TO HAUNT MOST EFFECTIVELY THESE **COSMOS** AS WE CALL THEM, SOLIDIFY THEMSELVES.

WHEN THIS HAPPENS, THEY ARE NOTHING MORE THAN HIGHLY VOLATILE SHAPES WHICH CAN BE DESTROYED. WATCH...



**ELECTRICITY**, MRS. VAN WEEPER! THAT IS OUR WEAPON! SCIENCE HAS SUCCEEDED WHERE SUPERSTITION HAS FAILED.



ONCE WE CAN LURE YOUR GHOST INTO THIS CORRIDOR, EVEN FOR AN INSTANT...

...I'LL COMPLETE THE CIRCUIT AND... **WHOOSH!** YOUR PEEK-A-BOO BOARDER WILL BE GONE FOR GOOD. IGNITED INTO ETERNITY!

AND GOOD RIDDANCE TO IT!





NOW THE MANTLE CLOCK  
HAD TOLLED A FINAL  
WARNING THROUGH THE HOUSE...  
AND ONLY A FEEBLE CRUMBLING  
OF HEARTHSTONE ASHES, FELL  
UPON THE INCANDESCENT  
SILENCE.

WAS THAT THE PRANKING  
OF THE WIND THEN,  
FLOATING LIKE SOME  
SIGHTLESS MOTH...  
BETWEEN THE FABRIC  
OF THE DRAPES?

OR SOMETHING PERHAPS FROM  
ANOTHER EXISTENCE?







LATER ...

IT'S THAT THING...

I SUSPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN, ONE DAY. THE MOUSE HAS CAUGHT ON TO THE GAME.



WHAT'S THAT ABOUT A MOUSE, MR. WIGGERS?

OR A GHOST! THE POINT BEING THAT IF YOU KEEP USING THE SAME BAIT, SOONER OR LATER, THE RUSE WON'T WORK.



YOU'RE SAYING THE GHOST **KNEW** WHAT YOU AND THE DOCTOR WERE UP TO?

PRECISELY...NOW IF YOU'LL REMAIN DOWN HERE OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL TRY TO FINISH IT BEFORE IT FINISHES **US!**



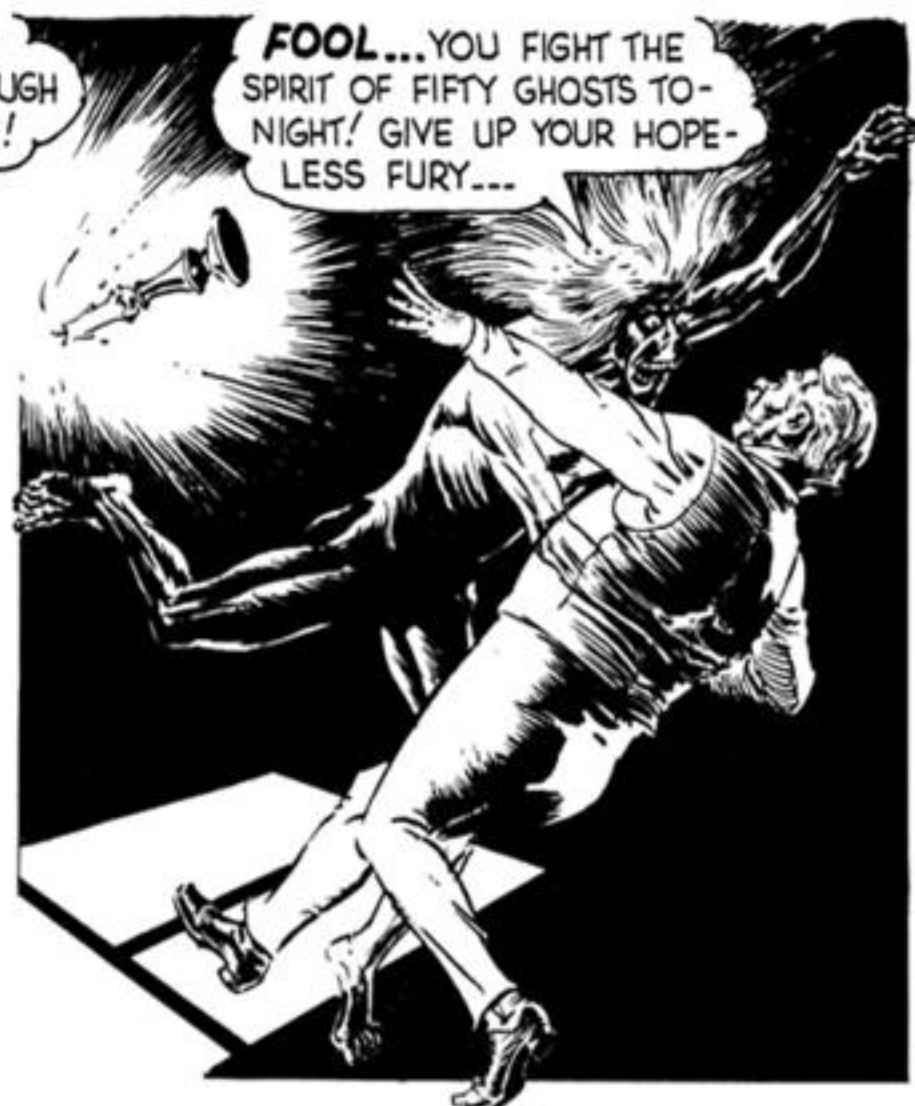
SO YOU'VE DECIDED A SHOWDOWN...MURDERER!

HOW VERY PIOUS, MR. WIGGERS...YOU WHO UNFLINCHINGLY DESTROYED MORE THAN FIFTY OF US.



YOUR OWN FOOLISHNESS CAUSED DR. GORDON'S DEATH! CAN YOU NOT RECOGNIZE DOOM WHEN IT BECKONS!

YOU CANNOT FRIGHTEN ME, DEAD BEING...ENOUGH OF YOUR NONSENSE!



**FOOL...** YOU FIGHT THE SPIRIT OF FIFTY GHOSTS TO-NIGHT! GIVE UP YOUR HOPELESS FURY...



GASP...IT'S SUFFOCATING ME!  
NO DEATH MARKS TO TELL THE  
TALE...I'VE GOT TO GET UP...  
GOT TO...



...DO THIS !!!

WAIT...DONT...DO...



EVEN DURING THE SUSPENDED  
MOTION OF THAT LAST REFLEX,  
FINNIUS REALIZED THAT HIS  
HOPELESS MANUEVER HAD  
WORKED. HIS OWN BODY CARRY-  
ING THE SEARING VOLTAGE...  
COMPLETED A HUMAN CIRCUIT AND  
INSTANTLY INCINERATED HIS  
FORMLESS OPPONENT!



FINNIUS STRUGGLED TO FOCUS  
THE BLURRED FACE WHICH HUNG  
ABOVE HIM. NUMBNESS ENFOLDED  
EVERY FIBRE OF HIS BODY AND  
ONLY HIS EYELIDS COULD RESPOND  
TO HIS DULL DEMANDS. IT WAS  
MRS. VAN WEEPER...



HE TRIED TO ABSORB THE  
CLATTER OF HER VOICE, BUT  
WORDS WERE USELESS TOKENS  
AS HE WATCHED THE WRINKLED  
SMILE, WIDEN ACROSS HER  
WRINKLED LIPS. SUDDENLY  
HE KNEW...!!!



DON'T TRY TO MOVE  
MR. WIGGERS, I'M HAPPY  
TO SAY MY UNINVITED TEN-  
NANT HAS GONE, FOR GOOD!  
POOR SOUL, IMAGINE COME-  
ING BACK LIKE THAT TO  
HAUNT ME.



THE GHOST HAD WANTED **REVENGE**...IT  
CAME BACK TO DESTROY THE OLD WOMAN!  
NOW HE COULD ONLY WATCH AS LADY VAN  
WEEPER'S DROOLING FACE MOVED CLOSER  
TO THE THROBBING JUGLAR IN HIS NECK!



THANK GOODNESS THAT'S  
OVER...YOU KNOW I'M JUST  
NOT WHAT I USED TO BE...  
HEE...

YIPES! SEEMS OUR SLURPING  
LITTLE SPINSTER WAS MORE OF  
A PAIN IN THE NECK THAN  
THAT GHOST, AFTER ALL. POOR  
FINNIUS, FIRST HE GETS  
FRIGHTENED, THEN ALMOST  
FRYED... NO WONDER NOW HE'S  
GONNA GET DRUNK...OR IS IT  
DRANK?



THE END