













JANICE COULD SCARCELY
BELIEVE IT. THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR WHO TRUGHT A HUNDRED
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS EVERY DAY,
SEEMED INTERESTED IN HER...





JANICE SAW THAT THE PROFESSOR WAS A MAN OF ACTION AS WELL AS A MAN OF LETTERS...HE CAREFULLY REACHED FOR THE BEAST'S THROAT...











THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF A WHIRLWIND CAMPUS COURTSHIP THAT HAD THE WHOLE COLLEGE BUZZING, JANICE AND THE PROFESSOR SPENT ALL THEIR FREE TIME TOGETHER...























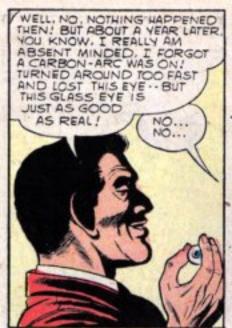




















JANICE LAY CRUSHED AND DEAD IN THE VALLEY BELOW, WHILE THE REVOLTING LUMP OF SCARRED FLESH THAT WAS THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR BEAMISH, SAT ALONE IN THE HONEYMOON CABIN...



HEH, HEH, LOOKS LIKE
THE GOOD PROFESSOR
WENT TO PIECES!
THAT POOR GIRL.
JANICE, IS BURIED
RIGHT HERE IN MY
CEMETARY! THE
PROFESSOR IS STILL
AROUND YET. ALL
WE'VE BURIED OF HIM
ARE A FEW CHUNKS.BUT I'LL GET THE REST
OF HIM ONE OF THESE
DAYS.-THEY ALWAYS
COME HERE IN THE
END... HEH! HEH!