

CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD!

LOOK! PEOPLE WHO
HAVE NEVER DIED!

THEY'RE WHAT
WE NEED!

THEY'RE WHAT
WE MUST
HAVE!

WHAT DARK ABYSS OF THE UNKNOWN SPAWNED THE GHASTLY CREATURES WHO WERE THE ONLY INHABITANTS OF QUETANA? WHY WERE THEY HERE? WHAT DID THEY WANT? PROFESSOR BOB MARTIN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIFE LEARNED THE TERRIBLE ANSWERS, THAT FATEFUL NIGHT THEY SPENT IN THE ...

**CITY OF THE
LIVING DEAD!**

by
A.C. Hollingsworth

IN YUCATAN, NEAR THE COAST OF THE GULF OF MEXICO... THE OLD AZTEC CITIES OFTEN REVEAL RELICS OF GOLD, ANNE! I'D LIKE TO FIND SOME GOLDEN CHALICES!

I SURE HOPE WE DO, BOB!

YOUNG PROFESSOR MARTIN DIDN'T REALIZE... IF THE BOSS FINDS ANY GOLD, HE'LL NEVER LIVE TO BRING IT BACK! WE'LL SEE TO THAT, EH, RED?

YOU SAID IT!

THAT EVENING, WHEN YOUNG PROFESSOR MARTIN'S SMALL ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION WAS ENCAPMED...

EVER HEARD OF QUETANA, RAMON? IT'S SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE, ISN'T IT?

QUETANA? OH, SEÑOR, WE CANNOT GO THERE! WE DO NOT DARE!

NOT QUETANA! THAT IS THE CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, LIVING DEAD? THE AZTECS ALL DIED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO!

NOT AZTECS, SEÑOR! IT IS SAID THAT ONLY HALF A CENTURY AGO, EVIL MEN CAME HERE! AND IN THE RUINS OF QUETANA, THEY DIED! BUT STILL THEY LIVE THERE!

IT WAS A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE STORY!

A BAND OF CRIMINALS WAS BEING TRANSPORTED FROM A CARIBBEAN PENAL COLONY, AND ONE NIGHT...

AT EIGHT BELLS TONIGHT! YOU'LL GIVE US THE SIGNAL, TORQUE?

YES!

WE'LL KILL THEM ALL, AND TAKE OVER THE SHIP!

AND AT MIDNIGHT...

AAIEEE!

HELP! HELP!



AAIEEE!!

HELP! UGH!

I'LL SAIL FOR THE MEXICAN COAST! WE'LL LAND BY NIGHT, SCATTER AND ESCAPE!

YES! YES! TORQUE IS IN COMMAND! HE KNOWS WHAT'S BEST FOR US TO DO!



THEY SAILED INTO THE GULF OF MEXICO, AND AS THEY NEARED THE MEXICAN COAST...

WE'RE CRASHING ON A REEF!

WE'RE GONERS!

CRASH!



SOMEHOW MOST OF THEM GOT ASHORE THEY TOOK REFUGE IN A RUINED CITY WHICH WAS NEARBY! AND THEY FOUND...

WHAT LUCK! THIS CHALICE-- IT'S SOLID GOLD!

AND HERE ARE GOLDEN PLATES!

WE'LL DIVIDE IT ALL UP, AN' WHEN THE STORM'S OVER, WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE! HA-HA! WE'RE RICH!



A FORTUNE IN AZTEC GOLD! BUT...

SOMETHING'S THE MATTER WITH ME!

HE'S SICK! HE LOOKED QUEER YESTERDAY! I NOTICED IT!



IT WAS THE DREAD AND TERRIBLE YELLOW FEVER! THEY HAD BROUGHT IT WITH THEM, AND NOW, IN A FEW DAYS...

WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

HELP! HELP!

WON'T SOMEBODY COME AND HELP US?



WELL! QUITE A STORY, RAMON!

AND THEY ARE THERE IN QUETANA NOW, SEÑOR! THE TERRIBLE LIVING DEAD! I WAS NEAR THERE ONCE! I COULD HEAR THEM WAILING!

WE WON'T GO THERE! NO, NEVER!

AND JUST AS THE LAST OF THEM DIED, QUETZAL APPEARED! HE IS THE AZTEC GOD OF JUSTICE, SEÑOR! AND TO THESE EVIL MEN HE BROUGHT A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT!

EVIL ONES, YOU HAVE PROFANED MY CITY! ETERNAL PUNISHMENT SHALL BE YOURS! EVEN IN DEATH, YOU SHALL NOT REST! FOREVER SHALL YOU ROAM IN LIVING DEATH--SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED!



BOB MARTIN WAS A SCIENTIST! HOW COULD HE BE FRIGHTENED BY THE TALE OF SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES? AND MARTIN'S TWO ASSISTANTS, WITH THEIR GREED AND THEIR BLACK THOUGHTS OF MURDER...



THAT KIND OF STUFF DOESN'T SCARE ME, RAMON! HA-HA!

THE BOSS IS GOIN' THERE!

GOOD! SO ARE WE!

YOU HEARD WHAT THE BOY SAID ABOUT GOLDEN CHALICES! I SURE HOPE THAT PART IS TRUE!

AN' IF THE BOSS AN' THE GIRL DIE THERE, IT'LL BE BLAMED ON ALL THAT GHOST STUFF!



THE NATIVE BOYS DECAMPED THAT NIGHT. AND THE NEXT AFTERNOON...



THERE IT IS, ANNE! THE OLD CITY OF QUETANA!

CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD! OH, BOB, MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T GO ANY FARTHER!

UGH! GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

NOT ME! I'M THINKING ABOUT THAT GOLD!

WAS IT JUST COINCIDENCE? THE SUDDEN, VIOLENT STORM CAME UP UNHERALDED!

WHY--WHY, THE SUN WAS SHINING, JUST A MOMENT AGO!

COME ON--WE'LL CAMP INSIDE, SOMEWHERE!

C'MON, YOU, GET GOING!



WE'LL UNLOAD THE STUFF AND CAMP HERE! GROGAN, SEE IF THERE'S ANY BRUSHWOOD AROUND! WE'LL BUILD A FIRE!

RIGHT, BOSS!

BOB, I --I'M FRIGHTENED!

BUT THE FIRE WAS COMFORTING, AND THEY WERE ALL HUNGRY...

I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK AROUND, WHILE YOU'RE GETTING SUPPER!

NO! NO, DON'T LEAVE ME, BOB!



THE FOOLISH SCIENTIST! HIS COLD LOGIC WOULDN'T LET HIM BE FRIGHTENED!

LISTEN! SOMETHING'S MOANING!

JUST THE MOANING OF THE WIND OUTSIDE! COME ON, ANNE, LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM!

LOOK! OVER THERE! AZTEC GOLDEN RELICS!

BOB! THOSE VOICES! VOICES OF THE LIVING DEAD!

LOOK, THESE PEOPLE ARE ALIVE! LIVING PEOPLE! HA-RA! JUST WHAT WE NEED--WHAT WE MUST HAVE!

LIVING PEOPLE! SEE THEM?

WARM LIFEBLOOD! RELIEF FROM OUR TORTURE!

VITALITY OF THE LIVING! WE MUST HAVE IT!

BOB! WHA--?

ANNE, WAIT! WE'LL GATHER SOME OF THOSE GOLD RELICS, AND WHEN THE STORM IS OVER, WE'LL GO!

NO! NO! WE MUST GO NOW--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

??

OF THEM ALL, ONLY ANNE REALIZED THE TERRIBLE TRUTH! WITH MARTIN AFTER HER SHE FLED IN WILD TERROR! BUT...

TAKE IT EASY, ANNE! YOU'RE HYS-TERICAL! WE CAN'T GO OUT IN THIS STORM!

OH, BOB...

ZZZZ! CRACK!

AND AT THAT MOMENT... YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID ABOUT GOLD STUFF? IT'S HERE, ALL RIGHT! NOW'S OUR CHANCE!

WE'LL FINISH-UP HIM AN' THE GIRL NOW! ALL THE LOOT--JUST FOR US! C'MON!

AND AS THE MURDEROUS PAIR CREPT FORWARD...

BLOOD! BLOOD THAT WE MUST HAVE!

THE BOSS'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!
HA-HA!

WHA--?

THE RAVENING, GRISLY CREATURES POUNCED! AND...

HA-NA-NA!

HELP!...
AAAIEEE!

ALL IN THAT TERRIBLE MOMENT THE HUNGRY, THIRSTING THINGS WILDLY FOUGHT, EACH FOR ITS SHARE...TO GET ALL IT COULD BEFORE ITS COMPANIONS ARRIVED! AND THEN...

YOU TOOK MORE THAN YOUR SHARE!

IT'S GONE! THEY'VE TAKEN IT ALL!

A LIVING MAN AND GIRL STILL REMAIN!
WE SAW THEM!

AND AT THAT SAME INSTANT...

WHAT'S THAT?

BOB!
DON'T GO!
WAIT! WAIT!

THEN SUDDENLY...

BOB! BOB!

YEOW!!
ANNE! RUN!
RUN!

STOP! STOP! I SHALL ATTEND TO THIS! EACH SHALL HAVE HIS SHARE...THIS TIME!

YES! YES! EACH WILL HAVE HIS SHARE!

THE MAN SHALL BE FIRST! AND EACH OF US WILL HAVE HIS SHARE!

YES! YES! TORQUE IS RIGHT!



IT'S QUETZAL!...
WHA--? OUR ONLY MASTER!

STOP! EVIL ONES--GO
BACK TO YOUR ETERNAL
SUFFERING! BACK, I SAY!

BECAUSE THE GREAT QUETZAL, AZTEC
GOD OF JUSTICE, KNOWS ALL THINGS,
THE MURDEROUS THOMPSON AND GRO-
GAN HAD MET THEIR JUST FATE! BUT
YOUNG MARTIN AND ANNE...



OF THEM
ALL, ONLY YOU TWO
ARE NOT REALLY EVIL!
I SHALL SPARE YOU!

AND AS THE SHINING PHANTOM LIFTED
ITS ARMS, THE GOLDEN CHAINS WHICH
BOUND THEM...



BE
GONE! AND NEVER
AGAIN MUST YOU
DARE PROFANE MY
SACRED CITY!

NEVER!
NEVER!
BOB! WE'RE
FREE! FREE!



AND AS THEY FLED, SUDDENLY...
TAKE US
WITH YOU! PLEASE! PLEASE!

IT'S--IT'S THOMPSON
AND GROGAN!



THEN YOUNG PROFESSOR
MARTIN AND HIS WIFE
FLED--OUT TO WHERE
THE DAWN WAS BREAK-

THERE IS
GOLD FOR THE
TAKING. OUT
THERE IN THE
CITY OF THE
LIVING DEAD!
PERHAPS YOU
THINK YOU'D
LIKE TO GO
AND GET IT?
BEWARE!!



I HAVE CLOTHED YOU IN THE REMNANTS OF
YOUR FLESH--SO THAT YOU, TOO, MAY SUFFER
THE TORMENTS OF THE LIVING DEAD!
GO BACK AMONG YOUR FELLOWS! HA-HA!

ANNE! COME!
COME!

ING UPON A NEW DAY! WILDLY THEY
RAY, WITH THE WAILING CITY OF THE
LIVING DEAD FOREVER BEHIND THEM!

OHHHH!
HELP US--
WON'T SOMEBODY
SPARE US THIS
ETERNAL TORTURE!



END