

ALL HIS LIFE, ANTHROPOLOGIST PHILIP TEMPLETON HAD BELIEVED IN THE YETI, THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN OF FAR-OFF TIBET, AND NOW HE AND HIS WIFE JOANNE -- AND THEIR FRIEND BILL CUMMINGS -- HAD COME TO THESE ICY HIMALAYAN SLOPES TO FIND HIM. LITTLE DID THESE THREE SUSPECT WHAT GRISLY FATE LAY IN STORE FOR THEM ON...

# THE NIGHT OF THE YETI!

GARTOIT!  
HERPA SWINT!  
YETI!  
YETI!!

WELL, PEOPLE!  
YOU HEARD THE MAN!  
OUR SHERPA GUIDES  
ARE TURNING BACK!  
THEY'RE AFRAID TO  
VENTURE INTO THE  
DOMAIN OF THE  
YETI!

BAH!  
THEY'RE JUST  
A BUNCH OF  
COWARDS,  
THAT'S ALL!

HAVE ANY  
OF THOSE LITTLE  
GOOKS EVER AC-  
TUALLY SEEN A YETI?  
OF COURSE NOT! IF  
YOU ASK ME, ALL THIS  
ABOMINABLE SNOW-  
MAN BUSINESS IS  
CHILDISH  
NONSENSE!

RUSSELL HEATH



FOR OVER AN HOUR, THE ICY BLIZZARD HOWLED AND SHRIEKED OVER THE HIMALAYAS, AND THEN...



I-IT'S OVER! THANK GOD! THANK GOD WE'RE SAFE!

S-SAFE? B-BUT WHAT ABOUT (SOB) PHIL?

WH-WHAT ABOUT--

HE'S DEAD, JOANNE! PHIL'S DEAD! THAT CLIFF MUST BE TWO HUNDRED FEET HIGH! NO ONE COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT FALL!

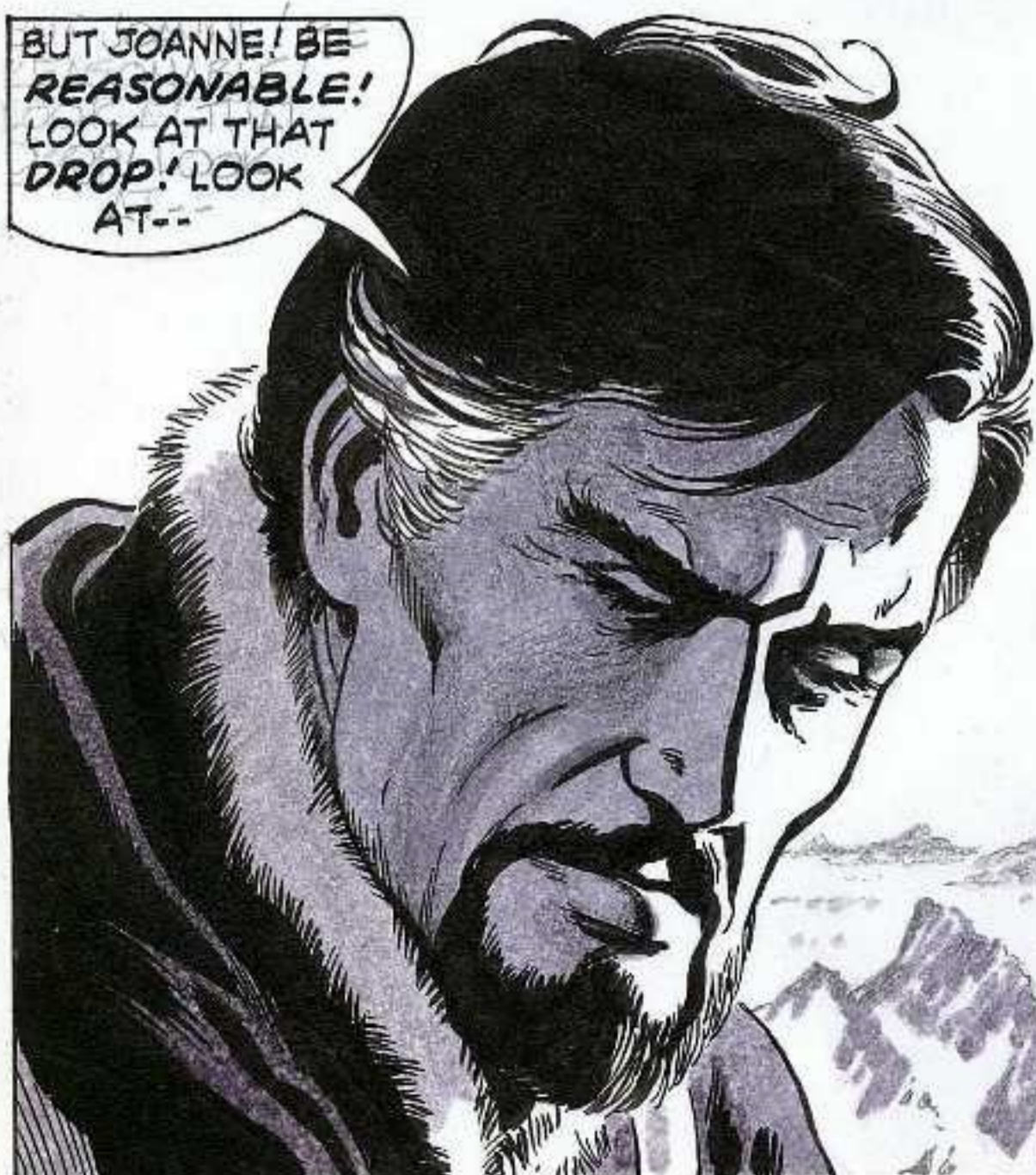
BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT ME NOW, JOANNE! YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU, HOW I'VE ALWAYS --

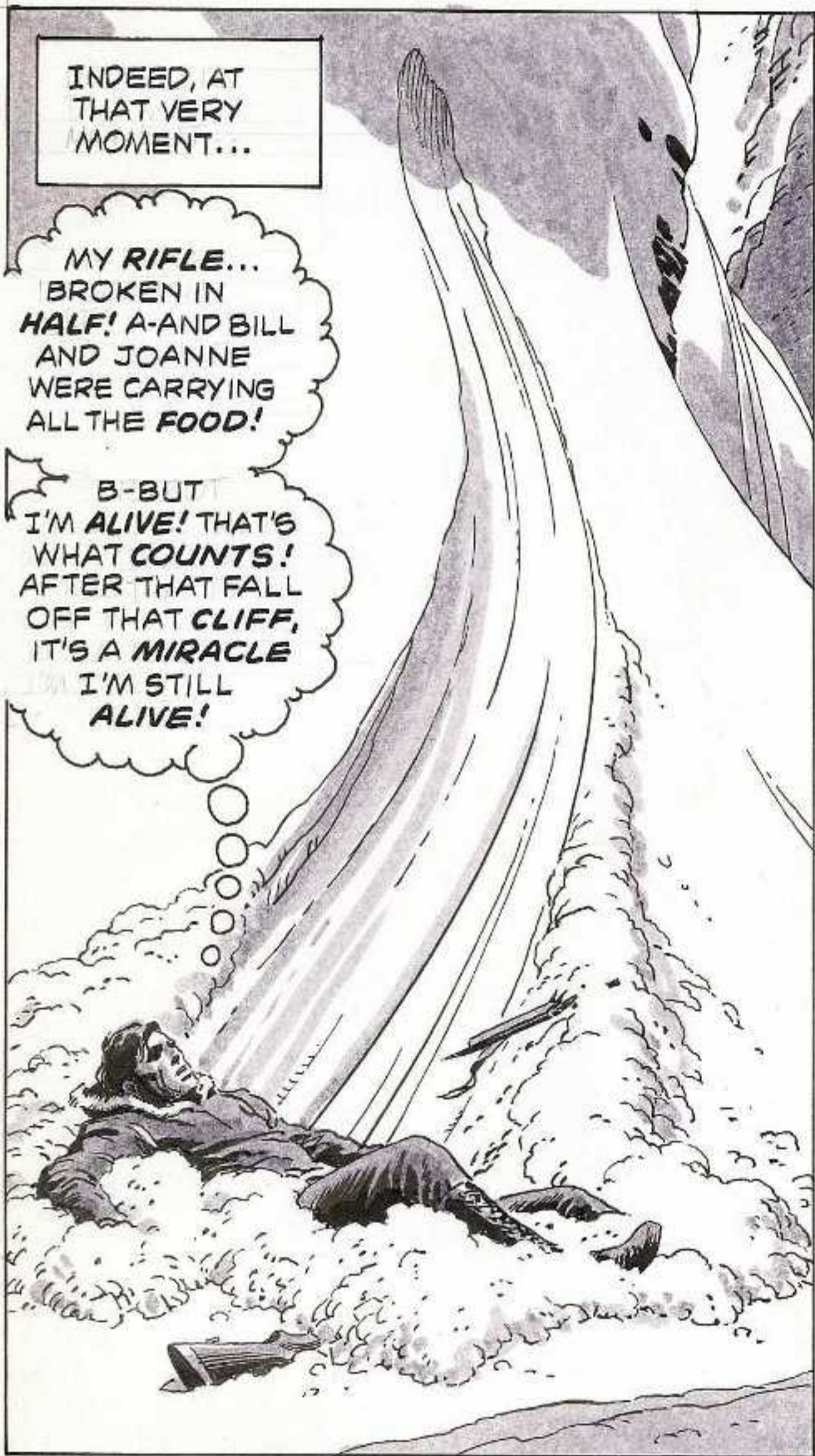
NO! PHIL'S ALIVE! I-I KNOW HE IS! AND I WON'T LEAVE HIM OUT HERE TO DIE ALONE! I WON'T!



BUT JOANNE! BE REASONABLE! LOOK AT THAT DROP! LOOK AT--

IF YOU WANT TO GO BACK, BILL, YOU CAN! BUT I'M STAYING! I'M STAYING OUT HERE UNTIL I FIND PHIL!





INDEED, AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

MY RIFLE... BROKEN IN HALF! A-AND BILL AND JOANNE WERE CARRYING ALL THE FOOD!

B-BUT I'M ALIVE! THAT'S WHAT COUNTS! AFTER THAT FALL OFF THAT CLIFF, IT'S A MIRACLE I'M STILL ALIVE!



BILL! JOANNE! TH-THEY'LL PROBABLY ASSUME I'M DEAD... GO BACK HOME WITHOUT ME! IT MAY TAKE ME WEEKS TO REACH EVEN THE NEAREST SHERPA VILLAGE! SOMEHOW...SOMEWAY I'LL HAVE TO SURVIVE ON MY OWN!

AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, PHILIP TEMPLETON DID SURVIVE. HE SET SNARES FOR SMALL ANIMALS, AND ON THOSE DAYS WHEN HE CAUGHT ONE, HE ATE...



AND THEN ONE RAINY NIGHT, AS PHILIP TEMPLETON HUDDLED FOR WARMTH IN THE FASTNESS OF A CLIFFSIDE CAVE...



BLAST IT! TEN FULL DAYS OUT HERE, AND ALL I'VE BEEN DOING IS TRAVELING IN A CIRCLE!



WITHOUT MY--

HUH-!?

UUUUHHH RR RR



GRO WRR

OH MY GOD! A-A HIMALAYAN BLACK BEAR! WITHOUT KNOWING IT, I-I'VE TAKEN SHELTER IN HIS CAVE!



H-HE'S RUPTURED MY ESOPHAGUS! I-I CAN'T TALK! A-AND NOW HE'S GOT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE BLOCKED OFF! I-IF I WANT TO STAY ALIVE, I-I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT HIM!



AND SO PHILIP TEMPLETON FOUGHT THE BEAR, STABBING WITH HIS HUNTING KNIFE AGAIN AND AGAIN AS GLISTENING FANGS AND RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS RAKED HIS CLOTHING AND TORE AT HIS FLESH...



AND FINALLY... GASP! I-I DID IT! H-HE'S DEAD!  
H-HE DESTROYED MY WEATHERPROOF CLOTHING, BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I CAN SKIN HIM! HIS COAT WILL PROTECT ME AGAINST THE ICE AND SNOW!



I-I ONLY WISH MY THROAT DIDN'T... DIDN'T HURT SO MUCH! WHEN I TRY TO SPEAK, ALL THAT COMES OUT ARE... ARE SOME STRANGLER... SOUNDS!



MORE DAYS PASSED AS PHILIP TEMPLETON TRUDGED ONWARD IN HOPES OF REACHING SOME OUTPOST OF HUMAN CIVILIZATION. AND ONE NIGHT...

TH-THAT TENT... IN THE DISTANCE! COULD THAT BE OUR TENT? COULD IT REALLY BE OUR TENT?





UUUUHHH!

IT'S ME, JOANNE!  
CAN'T YOU TELL  
DARLING? IT'S  
ME!



THOSE PITEOUS NOISES  
IT'S MAKING! TH-THERE'S  
SOMETHING... SOMETHING  
**PATHETIC** ABOUT THEM!  
THEM! SOMETHING  
ALMOST...  
**HUMAN!**

UUUUHHH!  
UUUUHHH!



WAIT! WH-WHO  
**ARE YOU?**  
WH-WHAT KIND  
OF--GASP! OH  
MY DEAR GOD!  
**PHIL!? I-IS  
THAT YOU?**



MEANWHILE... GUTTURAL SOUNDS,  
LIKE AN **ANIMAL** OF  
SOME KIND, COMING  
FROM OUTSIDE THE  
**TENT!**

**JOANNE'S  
OUT THERE!  
SH-SHE MAY  
NEED HELP!**



**GOOD (CHOKE) LORD!  
A-A BEAST OF SOME KIND!  
I-IT'S REACHING OUT TO GRAB  
JOANNE! A-AND SHE'S NOT  
RUNNING AWAY! SH-SHE MUST  
BE PARALYZED WITH FEAR!**





I-I SHOT JOANNE BY MISTAKE, BUT AT LEAST THE BEAST'S DEAD, TOO! NOW I--

WAIT! WH-WHAT'S THAT RUMBLING SOUND?



EE EEAHHH



GOOD GOD! TH-THOSE SHOTS I FIRED! TH-THE REVERBERATIONS HAVE... HAVE STARTED AN AVA--



FOR HOURS THE ICE-BOUND SLOPES ARE SILENT, SAVE FOR THE SOUND OF THE WIND AND THE MOURNFUL CRY OF THE HIMALAYAN WOLF...

AND THEN SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, A FUR-SHROUDED FIGURE RISES SLOWLY TO ITS FEET AMID THIS WAN TABLEAU OF ICE AND DEATH...



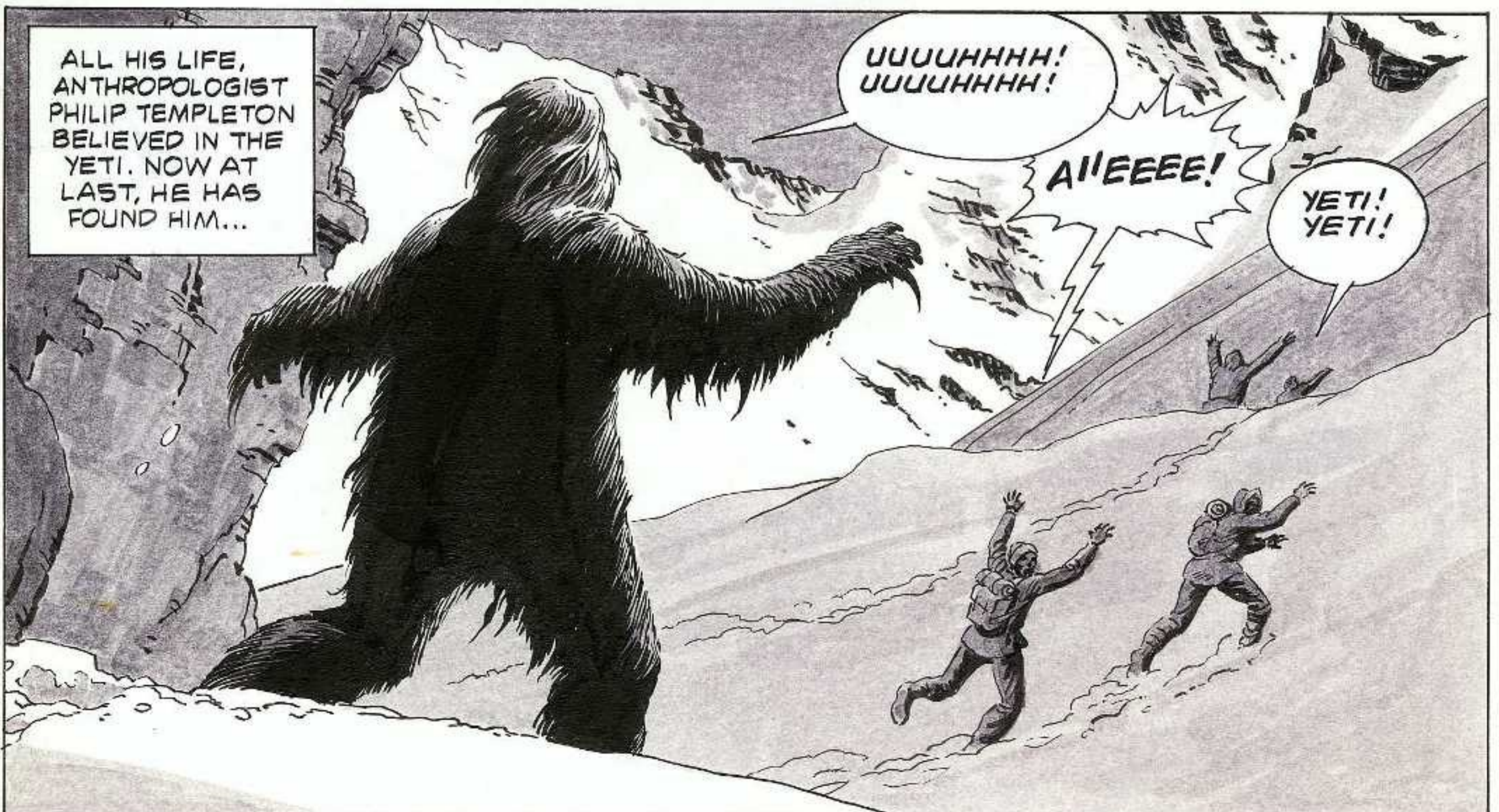
IT WALKS UP-RIGHT, THIS CREATURE, ALMOST LIKE A MAN WALKS... AND YET THE ONLY SOUNDS IT CAN MAKE ARE GUTTERAL CRIES. A GLANCING GUNSHOT WOUND HAS DIMMED ITS BRAIN...



TO THIS VERY DAY IT PROWLs THE HIMALAYAN SLOPES, FEEDING ON SMALL ANIMALS AND GRUBBING FOR ROOTS BURIED BENEATH THE SNOW...



ONCE THIS CREATURE WAS A MAN... JUST AS YOU AND I ARE MEN. BUT NOW HE IS BOTH MORE THAN A MAN, AND LESS, FOR NOW THIS CREATURE IS A FIGURE OF LEGEND...



ALL HIS LIFE, ANTHROPOLOGIST PHILIP TEMPLETON BELIEVED IN THE YETI. NOW AT LAST, HE HAS FOUND HIM...