

HEH-HEH!! GREETINGS, KIDDIES,
AND WELCOME TO THE FIRST ISSUE
OF **CREEPSHOW**, THE MAGAZINE
THAT DARES TO ANSWER THE
QUESTION "WHO GOES THERE?"



**FATHER'S
DAY**



I'M THE **CREEP** AND I'LL BE YOUR GUIDE
ON THIS JOURNEY INTO FEAR... OUR FIRST STOP...
THE PARLOR OF THE **GRANTHAM HOUSE**...
YOU'LL **LIKE** THE GRANTHAMS, KIDDIES. THEY'RE
THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO'D STEAL CANDY FROM
A BABY... THEN LACE IT WITH **ARSENIC** AND
FEED IT TO THE **DOG!** BUT, READ ON... YOU'LL
GET TO MEET THEM SOON ENOUGH...



DO YOU
THINK SHE'LL
REALLY BE OUT,
AUNT SYLVIA?

OH-HO-HO! YOU
COULD SET YOUR
WATCH BY HER, FOUR
O'CLOCK ON
THE DOT.

PASS THOSE SCONES,
CASS. YOU'RE SUCH A HOG.
YOU MARRIED A HOG,
HENRY. YOU KNOW
THAT, DON'T YOU?

WILL **WHO**
BE OUT,
CASS?



YOU MEAN CASS HASN'T TOLD YOU ABOUT DOTTY OLD GREAT AUNT **BEDELIA**? THE PATRIARCH OF THE CLAN?

ISN'T SHE THE ONE WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE...WELL...

... SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED HER FATHER, YES.



... SUPPOSED TO HAVE BOPPED THE OLD POOP WITH AN ASHTRAY. **HE** WAS THE **REAL** PATRIARCH, RICHARD... MADE ALL THE MONEY, DIDN'T HE?

AND IF **THAT** DOESN'T QUALIFY HIM FOR PATRIARCH STATUS, NOTHING DOES!



NATHAN GRANTHAM, BEDELIA'S FATHER, WAS OLDER THAN GOD, BUT THE OLD FART SIMPLY WOULD NOT DIE... BEDELIA WAS ACQUITTED, YOU KNOW, HENRY.

IT'S **HANK**, AUNT SYLVIA. CAN'T YOU REMEMBER THAT?

OF COURSE, EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST ONE SKEL-ETON IN ITS CLOSET. DON'T YOU AGREE, **HENRY**?

HOWEVER IT HAPPENED... **HANK**...THE OLD MAN DESERVED TO DIE!



HE WAS A **MONSTER**! AND IF SHE **DID** KILL HIM, I SAY MORE POWER TO HER!

BRAVO!



SAY, KIDDIES... ISN'T THAT FABLED AUNT BEDELIA HERSELF PULLING UP AS HER GRATEFUL FAMILY DISCUSSES HER? NOT DRIVING ANY TOO **STRAIGHT**, EITHER... BUT THEN...

HE SIMPLY WOULD NOT DIE, HENRY. AND THE ABUSE BEDELIA TOOK... WELL... ACCORDING TO THE STORY, HE WAS HYSTERICALLY JEALOUS OF HER ALL HIS LIFE...

...MAYBE YOU CAN SEE *WHY!*

...THE COMPLEAT FREUDIAN RELATIONSHIP. HE HAD A STROKE AND SHE GOT TO NURSE HIM FULL TIME. THEN SHE MET A *MAN*... A REAL SEPTEMBER COURTSHIP...

SEP-TEM-BER COURTSHIP? THAT WAS OCTOBER, OR NOVEMBER, AT THE VERY LEAST... *MAYBE* THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS!

NEVER MIND, DEARS. THE POINT *IS*, HENRY. SHE *LOVED* THE MAN... AND NATHAN HAD HIM *KILLED!*

HE SUPPOSEDLY DIED IN A *HUNTING ACCIDENT*. THAT'S WHAT'S ON THE BOOKS, ANYWAY...

FOR BEDELIA, IT WAS THE LAST STRAW...

...SHE SPLIT HIS HEAD OPEN WITH A *GLASS ASHTRAY*. THIS VERY ONE...

--SO RUMOR HAS IT--

--ULP--

YOU SEE, HENRY, RICHARD AND CASS HAVE A GREAT TALENT FOR *SPENDING* THE MONEY NATHAN MADE... AND NATHAN WOULD NOT INDULGE EITHER OF THEM... BUT AUNT BEDELIA SOLVED *THAT* PROBLEM... AND EVERY FATHER'S DAY, SHE COMES UP HERE, VISITS NATHAN'S GRAVE, THEN DINES WITH HER GRATEFUL KINFOLK...

WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, AUNT SYLVIA, WHY NOT TELL HANK ABOUT *YOUR* SUMMER HOUSE IN BERMUDA, *YOUR* PLACE IN ROME? OR *YOUR* LIFETIME EURAIL PASS...OR...

CASSANDRA, DARLING... HOW CAN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BE SUCH AN *UTTER TURD?*

TEMPER, *TEMPER*, FOLKS! ...YOU'RE ARGUING ALMOST LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE *DEAD!* OR MAYBE WE SHOULD STRIKE THE *ALMOST*... HEE-HEE...



WHY FATHER'S DAY?

BECAUSE SHE FEELS GUILTY...

OH, AUNT SYLVIA!

... BUT IT'S TRUE! FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS SHE DEVOTED HERSELF TO HIM-- YOU MIGHT SAY SHE EVEN WORSHIPPED HIS FOUL PRESENCE. AND THEN, ON FATHER'S DAY, JUST SEVEN YEARS AGO, AND EVERY FATHER'S DAY SINCE...

FOUR O'CLOCK SHARP! THERE SHE IS...

HEH-HEH! THAT'S RIGHT, KIDDIES BEDELIA'S COME HOME TO PAY HER ANNUAL RESPECTS...



YOU COULD SET YOUR WATCH BY HER, HENRY!

... EVERY YEAR ON FATHER'S DAY, LIKE CLOCKWORK...



SHE'LL MEDITATE FOR AN HOUR, THEN JOIN US FOUR FOR A NICE BAKED HAM DINNER...

... WE FOUR WHO OWE HER SO MUCH.. CORRECT, CHILDREN?

BUT NOT EVEN THAT BOTTLE OF INSTANT AMNESIA IN YOUR HAND CAN BLOT OUT THE SOUND OF HIS CANE, CAN IT, BEDELIA? THE CANE, THAT WAS WHAT FINALLY DROVE YOU TO IT, WASN'T IT? THE STEADY CLACK... CLACK... CLACK...



I WANT A CAKE, BEDELIA! WHERE'S MY CAKE?!

... OF HIS CANE ON THE ARMS OF HIS WHEELCHAIR!!

IT'S FATHER'S DAY! I... WANT... MY... CAKE!!



HEH-HEH! LOOKS LIKE BEDELIA'S GETTING JUST A TEENY BIT AGGRAVATED... WELL, SHE'S GOT A GOOD REASON...



CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK

YOU SEE, KIDDIES, WHEN BEDELIA TOLD HER FATHER SHE HAD GOTTEN ENGAGED, NATHAN GRANT MADE A PHONE CALL...

... AND SAW THAT BEDELIA'S BELOVED WAS WELCOMED INTO THE FAMILY WITH A REAL **BANG!**...

HEH-HEH! WE **KNOW** ABOUT THESE **HUNTING ACCIDENTS**, DON'T WE, KIDDIES?

HEH-HEH! WELL, SO DOES **BEDELIA!**



SHE REMEMBERS THE **MORGUE**... THE STENCH OF **FORMALIN**...



... AND THE **TERRIBLE QUESTION**...

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS MAN AS **PETER RICHARD YARBRO**, YOUR FIANCE?

OH GOD!
SOB!
NO!

... YES, KIDDIES... BEDELIA **SURELY** DOES **REMEMBER**...

I WANT MY **CAKE**, BEDELIA! WHERE'S MY **CAKE**?!



...AND WHILE NATE NEVER *DID* GET HIS CAKE ON THAT FATHER'S DAY SEVEN YEARS AGO...

...HE GOT ONE **HELL** OF A SURPRISE!

RIGHT, KIDDIES?!

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY, DADDY! WE'LL HAVE THE CAKE LATER, OKAY?!

WHERE'S MY FATHER'S DAY CAKE?! I WANT IT! I WANT--

BEDELIA! NO! NO!!



OKAY... **OKAY?!** YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD PETER **KILLED**. BUT HAPPY FATHER'S DAY **ANYWAY**, DADDY! HAPPY... HA-- HA--

HA HAHAHA



AND **NOW**, IN THE GRANTHAM FAMILY GRAVEYARD...

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO HAVE HIM KILLED. I STILL WOULD'VE TAKEN CARE OF YOU...

HEH-HEH! ...**TOO LATE**, BEDELIA! IT'S STARTING TO LOOK AS IF...

DADDY WILL SOON BE TAKING CARE OF YOU!

DADDY, I'M SO SORRY... BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME HAVE PETER...

I JUST ... GOT SO **MAD**, Y'KNOW? I... I THINK IT WAS THE SOUND OF YOUR **CANE**...IT...

... IT GOT INTO MY HEAD AND I COULDN'T **THINK**, AND... AND...





MEANWHILE...

SHALL I GLAZE THE HAM NOW, MA'AM?

YOU'D BETTER WAIT ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES, MRS. DANVERS... SHE'S LATE...

PERHAPS SHE'S FALLEN ASLEEP, RICHARD, YOU'D BETTER GO OUT AND CHECK...

I DON'T WANT TO GO OUT THERE. PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS...

I'LL GO, AUNT SYLVIA!

WOULD YOU, HENRY? HOW SWEET!

SWEET, MY FANNY! IF I HADN'T GOT OUT OF THERE SOON, I THINK I WOULD'A BARFED!

HEH-HEH! THAT'S RIGHT, HANK... **BROWN-NOSE** THE OLD BAG... ANYTHING TO WORK YOUR WAY INTO AUNT SYLVIA'S GOOD GRACES...

UH... AUNT BEDELIA?

...RICHARD WAS RIGHT. IT IS CREEPY OUT HERE...

MISS GRANTHAM? ARE YOU... HUH?

...BEDELIA'S BOTTLE... EMPTY! RIGHT HERE AT THE FOOT OF NATE'S GRAVE... FUNNY, THE BARTH'S ALL... LOOSE... LIKE IT WAS DUG UP RECENTLY, OR...

WHA?! IT... IT HAS BEEN DUG UP! CAN'T GET MY FOOTING... I... FALLING...

CLINK

BETTER GET OUT OF THERE QUICK, HANK-BABY!

ACCKKK!! OF ALL THE X@*%☆ CLUMSY...



BUT WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE GRABBING?

...A BRAND NEW JACKET, TOO!
... GOT TO PULL MYSELF UP OUT OF...



MEET AUNT BEDELIA, HANK! WE KNEW YOU'D DIG HER UP IF YOU LOOKED LONG ENOUGH, DIDN'T WE, KIDDIES? HEE-HEE!

OH GOD!
BEDELIA!



SHE... IT'S ROLLED ON TOP OF ME!! CAN'T MOVE!
I... I...



WHA?! THE HEADSTONE!
...IT...IT... MOVED!!



OH, GOD!
IT... IT'S TILTING!
IT'S GONNA...



...GOOD LORD, NO!
...NATE!
NO!!



OLE HANK DIDN'T KNOW THAT AUNT BEDELIA'S VISIT WAS GOING TO BECOME SUCH A **GRAVE MATTER!** AND, APPROACHING THE HOUSE...



IT LOOKS LIKE YOU JUST **CAN'T KEEP A HUNGRY MAN DOWN!**

WHERE'S MY CAKE?



WHERE *IS* HE?
I'M HUNGRY AND I WANT MY **DINNER!**
RICHARD, GO FIND HIM!

YOU FIND HIM! HE'S YOUR HUSBAND... BESIDES, I THINK HE'S A **HICK!!**



RICHARD!!

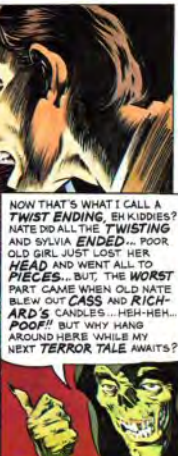
WELL, I DO!
HE'S A **HICKING HICK!!**



IF YOU'RE GOING TO USE THAT SORT OF LANGUAGE, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE **ME ...**

I'LL FIND HENRY... MRS. DANVERS, HAVE YOU SEEN...





NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A **TWIST ENDING**, EH KIDDIES? NATE DID ALL THE **TWISTING** AND SYLVIA **ENDED**... POOR OLD GIRL JUST LOST HER **HEAD** AND WENT ALL TO **PIECES**... BUT, THE **WORST** PART CAME WHEN OLD NATE BLEW OUT **CASS** AND **RICHARD'S** CANDLES... HEH-HEH... **POOF!** BUT WHY HANG AROUND HERE WHILE MY **NEXT TERROR TALE** AWAITS?

