



IT'S WEIRD WESTERN TIME, BOYS AND GHOULS, AND THE SHRIEK SHOWDOWN IS COMING UP AS WE JOIN JOHN HENRY TERRELL, A KILLER WHOSE CAREER AS A GUNFIGHTER IS ABOUT TO...

BACKFIRE!

A LASH OF COLD RAIN STRUCK TERRELL'S FACE, JOGGING HIM OUT OF THE SLEEP-LIKE STUPOR TWO DAYS STRAIGHT RIDING HAD LULLED HIM INTO...



LOOKS DESERTED... SHUT UP TIGHT... MEBBE WORD GOT IN FROM ELLSWORTH I WAS HEADED THIS WAY...

ELLSWORTH HAD NOT BEEN HOSPITABLE TO JOHN HENRY TERRELL... NOT AFTER THE GUNFIGHT... FEW TOWNS EVER WERE...

BLASTED DO-GOODERS RUNNING ME OUT! SOME-DAY I'LL...

LIGHT IN THE SALOON!
LEAST I CAN GET A DRINK,
MEBBE A MEAL...

HE SWUNG DOWN FROM HIS EXHAUSTED MOUNT AND ENTERED THE SALOON ON SADDLE-WEARY LEGS, ANXIOUS FOR THE WARMTH AND COMFORT PROMISED BY THE GLOW OF LIGHT...

THE BAR IS CLOSED, MR. TERRELL!

HEY! ANYBODY 'ROUND? YUH GOT A CUSTOMER! WANNA GET A DRINK!

WHAT TH--

YOUR REPUTATIONS PRECEDED YOU, MR. TERRELL... NO NEED TO DEMONSTRATE YOUR PROWESS!

OUGHTTA WATCH HOW YUH COME UP ON PEOPLE, OLD MAN... WHAT'S HAPPENIN' IN BACK... POKER GAME?

THAT'S SERVING AS THE JURY ROOM... WE'RE AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF ONE MORE JUROR BEFORE BEGINNING!

GONNA HAVE A TRIAL, EH? THAT WHY THE BAR'S CLOSED?

EXACTLY. IN THE ABSENCE OF A PROPER COURTROOM WE MUST MAKE DO... ALL WE NEED IS THE FINAL JUROR...

THESE BARROOM TRIALS ARE ALWAYS FAST... I'LL WAIT FOR MY DRINK,

A FINE LOOKING WEAPON, MR. TERRELL... A MERWIN AND HULBERT 44-40, I BELIEVE...

THAT'S RIGHT,
OLD MAN... BIG
AN' HARD HITTIN'!

AND THOSE NOTCHES,
MR. TERRELL...
ELEVEN OF THEM!
YOU'VE KILLED
ELEVEN MEN?



THINK THEY'D BE ON THERE IF I
HADN'T? ONLY IT AIN'T ELEVEN,
IT'S **TWELVE!** GOT ONE IN
ELLSWORTH I AIN'T HAD TIME
TO ADD...



"A REAL PLOWBOY... MUSTA BEEN
HIS FIRST TIME ANYWHERE BIGGER
THAN A CROSSROADS... NEEDED TO
BE TAUGHT SOME BIG TOWN MAN-
NERS REAL BAD..."



"AN' I WAS JUST THE MAN TO TEACH
HIM... ONLY BEIN' AN IGNORANT
PLOWBOY, HE WAS PRETTY SLOW TO
LEARN..."



"GOT MAD... MADE LIKE HE WAS
THINKIN' OF DRAWIN' ON ME...
AN' **NOBODY** DOES THAT TO
JOHN HENRY TERRELL!"

YOU GOT THE SCRATCH TO PULL
THAT, FARMER, OR DO YOU JUST
CARRY IT 'ROUND TO SCARE OFF
CROWS?



"HE SURPRISED ME AN' GOT THE
GUMPTION... BUT THAT WAS ALL
HE HAD! I COULDA GONE FOR A
BEER IN THE TIME IT TOOK HIM
TO GET THAT PISTOL OUT!"



FOR A MOMENT IT WAS QUIET, EXCEPT FOR THE MONOTONOUS DRIVING OF THE RAIN OUTSIDE... THEN, THE OLD MAN SPOKE...

INTERESTING, MR. TERRELL... NOT UNLIKE THE DEATH OF MY OWN SON...

IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT, HE DREW FIRST AN-- *OUT-SIDE!* WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



I THINK, MR. TERRELL, THE LAST MEMBER OF THE JURY IS HERE...



TERRELL PUSHED PAST THE OLD MAN AND PEERED INTO THE UNREVEALING STORMSWEEP DARKNESS BEYOND... A SUDDEN CRASH OF THUNDER AND A STREAK OF LIGHTNING ILLUMINATED THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE SALOON...

A FUNERAL COACH!



SLOW DRAGGING FOOTSTEPS SOUNDED ON TIMBERS OF THE PORCH...

I WANNA KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON, OLD MAN! WHO'S THIS JUROR? WHAT'S THIS TRIAL ALL AB--



THE BATWING DOORS CREAKED, THEN FANNED EMPTY AIR BACK AND FORTH AS THE TWELFTH JUROR ENTERED...



NOOOO! I K-KILLED HIM IN ELLSWORTH... *IT CAN'T BE!* GET THAT THING OUTTA HERE, OLD MAN! 'FORE I SHOOT YOU, GET IT OUT!

THAT 'THING' IS MY SON! THE SON YOU KILLED!





LEAVE ME ALONE!
LEAVE ME ALONE!

USELESS, MR. TERRELL! MY BOY'S DEATH STOPPED MY WEAK HEART AS SURELY AS YOUR BULLET STOPPED HIM! NOW, IF YOU'RE DONE, WE'LL BEGIN...



...THE TRIAL! YOUR TRIAL, MR. TERRELL! BY A JURY OF YOUR PEERS... THE TWELVE MEN YOU KILLED!

BLANK SOCKETS THAT WERE ONCE EYES GLARED ACCUSINGLY AT TERRELL AS ONE BY ONE, ON UNSTEADY DECAYING LEGS, THE JURY FILED IN TO ASSEMBLE AND RENDER ITS VERDICT...



YOU CAN'T!
THIS ISN'T FAIR!
YOU CAN'T!

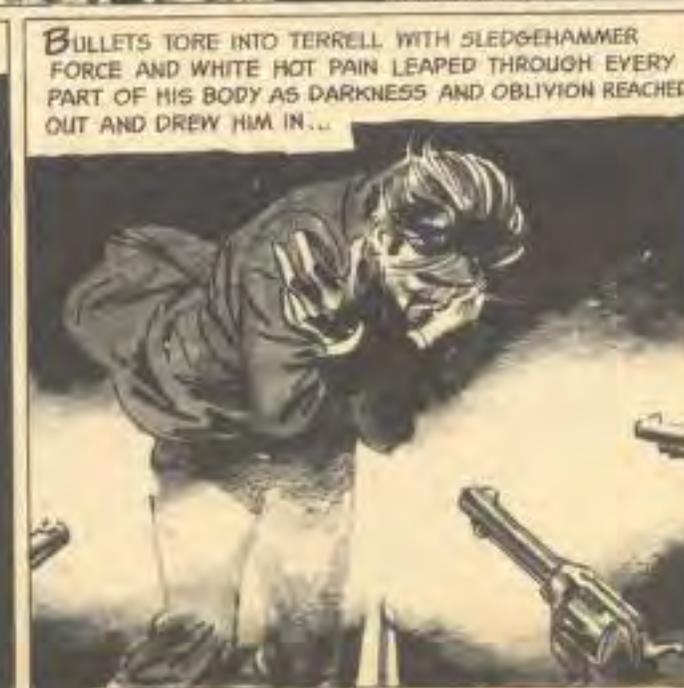
FAIR? WAS IT FAIR WHEN YOU GOADED THEM INTO UNEQUAL FIGHTS? YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THESE TRIALS BEING FAST, MR. TERRELL..... THEY'VE ALREADY REACHED A DECISION...

THE ROAR OF TWELVE PISTOLS BLENDED INTO ONE GIGANTIC THUNDERCLAP OF DESTRUCTION...



GUILTY!

BULLETS TORE INTO TERRELL WITH SLEDGEHAMMER FORCE AND WHITE HOT PAIN LEAPED THROUGH EVERY PART OF HIS BODY AS DARKNESS AND OBLIVION REACHED OUT AND DREW HIM IN...



A LASH OF COLD RAIN STRUCK TERRELL'S FACE, JOGGING HIM OUT OF THE SLEEP-LIKE STUPOR TWO DAYS STRAIGHT RIDING HAD LULLED HIM INTO...

A DREAM! I'M ALIVE
... IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!



THE TOWN WAS DESERTED... SHUT UP TIGHT... TERRELL FELT VAGUELY UNEASY...

LIGHT IN THE SALOON!
LEAST I CAN GET A
DRINK, MEBBE A MEAL...



HE SWUNG DOWN FROM HIS EXHAUSTED MOUNT AND ENTERED THE SALOON ON SADDLE-WEARY LEGS, ANXIOUS FOR WARMTH AND COMFORT...

IT WAS ONLY A
DREAM... JUST A
DREAM! WHAT I
NEED IS A DRINK...



THE BAR IS
CLOSED, MR.
TERRELL!

... DREAM, MR. TERRELL?
IT WAS REAL! JUST
AS IT'S GOING TO
BE REAL...

YOU!
JUST LIKE
THE...



... FOR THESE NEXT
ELEVEN TIMES!



HEH, HEH... BY THE
TIME TERRELL'S
THROUGH, HE'S
REALLY GOING TO
BE ALL-SHOT!
FOR YOU LITTLE
FRIENDS WHO
WANNA KNOW JUST
HOW MUCH HE'LL
SUFFER, READ THIS
STORY 10 MORE
TIMES... FOR YOU
WHO HAVE SUFFERED
ENOUGH
ALREADY, ON TO
THE NEXT OOZING
ORATION!

