

Get your loathsome library cards, kiddies,
it's *CREEPY CLASSIC* time time and
you'll want to check out
this weird work by
WASHINGTON IRVING
entitled...

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GERMAN STUDENT!



THE LIGHTNING GLEAMED AND LOUD CLAPS OF THUNDER RATTLED THROUGH THE LOFTY NARROW STREETS OF PARIS'S OLD SECTION...A CLOAKED FIGURE BENT INTO THE LASHING TORRENT, SCURRYING OVER THE PUDDLED COBBLESTONE TOWARD THE SOLITARY GLOW OF A TAVERN LIGHT...

GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR!
A TERRIBLE STORM...I HOPE
YOU DIDN'T COME FAR!

NOT FAR...ONLY
UP THE STREET.
A COGNAC, PLEASE!

UP THE STREET? BUT THE
ONLY THING UP THE
STREET IS THE...THE...

...THE
ASYLUM!



FORGIVE MY CURIOSITY, MONSIEUR, BUT WHAT POSSESSES A MAN TO VISIT THE MADHOUSE ON A NIGHT SUCH AS THIS?

WHAT *POSSESSES* A MAN...?

WHY DO YOU ASK THAT? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF *POSSESSION* OF MEN?

N-NOTHING, MONSIEUR... A CHANCE CHOICE OF WORDS... I---

NOTHING? THEN PERHAPS YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN A STORY I HEARD TONIGHT...

I'M A MEDICAL EXAMINER. OFFICIAL DUTIES BROUGHT ME TO THE ASYLUM... THAT'S WHERE I LEARNED ABOUT A YOUNG GERMAN... A STUDENT... *GOTTFRIED WOLFGANG...*



A YOUNG MAN OF GOOD FAMILY, HE STUDIED FOR SOME TIME AT GOTTINGEN, BUT BEING OF AN IMAGINATIVE AND OVERWROUGHT CHARACTER, HE WANDERED INTO WILD AND SPECULATIVE DOCTRINES...EVENTUALLY TAKING UP THE NOTION THAT THERE WAS AN EVIL INFLUENCE HANGING OVER HIM; AN EVIL SPIRIT SEEKING TO ENSNARE HIM AND ENSURE HIS PERDITION...

HIS FRIENDS DISCOVERED THE MENTAL MALADY PREYING UPON HIM AND DETERMINED THE BEST CURE WAS TO FINISH HIS STUDIES AMID THE SPLENDORS AND GAIETIES OF PARIS... BUT WOLFGANG ARRIVED AT THE OUT-BREAK OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE SCENES OF BLOOD WHICH FOLLOWED SHOCKED HIS SENSITIVE NATURE, DISGUSTED HIM WITH SOCIETY AND THE WORLD...



HE RETREATED TO GLOOMY INTROSPECTION AND PURSUING HIS MORBID THEORIES IN THE GREAT PARIS LIBRARIES, QUESTING AFTER FOOD FOR HIS UNHEALTHY APPETITE, BECOMING A LITERARY GHOUL FEEDING IN THE CHARNEL HOUSE OF DEAD LITERATURE...



TOO SHY TO APPROACH GIRLS, HIS ARDENT NATURE THRUST A LOVELY, BUT HAUNTING VISION UPON HIM... A FACE OF TRANSCENDENT BEAUTY THAT FILLED HIS DREAMS OVER AND OVER... A SHADOW WHICH BECAME ONE OF THESE FIXED IDEAS THAT HAUNT THE MINDS OF MELANCHOLY MEN AND IS OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR MADNESS!

SUCH WAS GOTTFRIED WOLFGANG'S SITUATION WHEN, LATE ONE STORMY NIGHT, HE WAS RETURNING HOME THROUGH SOME OF THE GLOOMY OLD STREETS OF THE MARAIS, AN ANCIENT PART OF THE CITY...



DONNERWETTER! SUCH A DOWNPOUR! IF ONLY I'D LEFT EARLIER... I WOULDN'T HAVE TO TAKE THE SHORT WAY ACROSS PLACE DE GREVE... **EXECUTION SQUARE!**

HIS HEART SICKENED WITHIN HIM, AND WOLFGANG WAS TURNING SHUDDERING FROM THE HORRIBLE ENGINE, WHEN HE GLIMPSED A SHADOWY FORM COWERING AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS WHICH LED UP TO THE SCAFFOLD...



W-WHO...? IS SOMEBODY THERE?

LIGHTNING QUIVERED ABOUT THE PINNACLES OF THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS AND SHED FLICKERING GLEAMS OVER THE SQUARE... WOLFGANG STOPPED SHORT IN HORROR AT FINDING HIMSELF CLOSE TO THE GUILLOTINE. IT WAS THE HEIGHT OF TERROR AND THE DREADFUL INSTRUMENT OF DEATH STOOD EVER READY...

NOT EVEN THE RAIN CAN WASH AWAY THE STAINS OF TODAY'S CARNAGE... **GOTT!** AND STILL IT WAITS FOR TOMORROW'S FRESH VICTIMS...

A SUCCESSION OF VIVID LIGHTNING FLASHES REVEALED THE CROUCHING FORM MORE CLEARLY AS WOLFGANG STUMBLERD FORWARD IN WONDER... THE BRIGHT GLARE ILLUMINATED THE UPRaised FACE, THE VERY FACE WHICH HAUNTED HIM IN HIS DREAMS... WILD-EYED, PALE AND DISCONSOLATE, BUT RAVISHINGLY BEAUTIFUL!



GOTTFRIED KNEW THESE WERE TERRIBLE TIMES... THE GUILLOTINE LEFT MANY MOURNERS... MANY DESOLATE AND ALONE...

YOUR PARDON, MISS... IS... IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

DO? IT'S TOO LATE FOR ANYTHING TO BE DONE!

IT'S SUCH A LATE HOUR, THE STORM SO TERRIBLE... AREN'T THERE FRIENDS I CAN TAKE YOU TO?

T-THIS... HAS LEFT ME NO FRIENDS ON EARTH!



THE HEART OF THE STUDENT MELTED AT HER WORDS...

B-BUT... YOU MUST HAVE A HOME...

I HAVE NOTHING! THE ONLY PLACE LEFT ME IS THE GRAVE!

YOU MUST LET ME OFFER SHELTER; MYSELF AS A DEVOTED FRIEND... I AM FRIENDLESS MYSELF, A STRANGER IN PARIS... ALL I HAVE IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL!



THERE WAS AN HONEST EARNESTNESS IN THE YOUNG MAN'S MANNER THAT HAD ITS EFFECT. THE HOMELESS GIRL CONFIDED HERSELF IMPLICITLY TO THE PROTECTION OF THE STUDENT, AND WOLFGANG CONDUCTED HIS CHARGE THROUGH THE ANCIENT STREETS, PAST THE SORBONNE... TO THE GREAT DINGY HOTEL WHERE HE LIVED...



I MUST APOLOGIZE... IT IS QUITE SMALL, WITHOUT ELEGANCE... NATURALLY, IT IS MY INTENTION TO MOVE OUT, LEAVE IT FOR YOU AND... AND...

THE GIRL'S PRESENCE OVERWHELMED HIM, SEEMED TO PUT A SPELL ON HIS THOUGHTS AND SENSES... IN THE INFATUATION OF THE MOMENT, WOLFGANG AVOWED HIS PASSION FOR HER, TOLD THE STORY OF HIS MYSTERIOUS DREAM, AND HOW SHE POSSESSED HIS HEART BEFORE HE HAD EVEN SEEN HER...

WHY SHOULD WE SEPARATE? YOU'VE NO HOME, NO FAMILY... LET **ME** BE EVERYTHING... I'LL PLEDGE MYSELF TO YOU...

I... I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME, GOTTFRIED... IT'S WONDERFUL TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT!

FOREVER?

FOREVER!

... THEN I AM YOURS!

THE NEXT MORNING WOLFGANG LEFT THE GIRL SLEEPING AND SALLIED FORTH AT AN EARLY HOUR TO SEEK MORE SPACIOUS APARTMENTS SUITABLE TO THE NEW SITUATION, HE RETURNED TO FIND HER IN AN UNEASY POSTURE, HER FACE PALLID AND GHASTLY...

DARLING? **DARLING?** OH, NO... **NOOOOOO!**

... IN A WORD, SHE WAS A CORPSE!

HORRIFIED AND FRANTIC, HE ALARMED THE HOUSE, A SENSE OF CONFUSION ENSUED, THE POLICE WERE SUMMONED!



AS THE OFFICER IN CHARGE ENTERED THE ROOM, HE STARTED BACK ON BEHOLDING THE CORPSE...



THEY TRIED TO SOOTHE HIM, BUT IN VAIN. HE WAS POSSESSED WITH THE FRIGHTFUL BELIEF THAT AN EVIL SPIRIT HAD REANIMATED THE DEAD BODY TO ENSNARE HIM... A BELIEF WHICH PERSISTED INTO THE MAD HOUSE!

THE FIEND! THE FIEND HAS GAINED *POSSESSION* OF ME! I'M LOST FOREVER!



SURELY, MONSIEUR, AN EDUCATED MAN LIKE YOURSELF DOES NOT BELIEVE SUCH A TALE... OBVIOUSLY THE STUDENT IN HIS MADNESS ROBBED A GRAVE TO OBTAIN THE CORPSE!

PERHAPS, WE SHALL NEVER KNOW. I WAS SENT FOR BECAUSE GOTTFRIED WOLFGANG DIED TONIGHT. I MADE OUT THE CERTIFICATE...

AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES...? HEART FAILURE. DEAD WHEN THE STAFF FOUND HIM IN HIS SOLITARY CELL. HE'D BEEN SCREAMING ALL EVENING, MORE VIOLENTLY THAN USUAL. INSISTED THEY SAVE HIM FROM BEING POSSESSED, TAKEN BY THE FIEND!

HIS OWN MAD FEARS BURST HIS HEART, SO I WOULD THINK... NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, EH, MONSIEUR, EXAMINER?

PRACTICALLY NOTHING... ONLY THIS BESIDE HIS CORPSE!



WELL, NO MATTER WHAT POSSESSED YOUNG WOLFGANG TO GET INVOLVED, HE'S SHOULD BE FLATTERED TO HAVE A GIRL LOSE HER HEAD OVER HIM THAT WAY!