

VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES

DR. JOHN GREENE, 19th CENTURY EXPLORER, IS THE EPITOME OF MODERN MAN, AND AS OUR STORY BEGINS HE IS ENJOYING A BLISSFUL HONEYMOON WITH HIS EQUALLY MODERN WIFE, IN AFRICA. HIS HAPPINESS HOWEVER IS SOON TO BE DISPELLED BY THE VERY FORCES OF DARKNESS HE REFUSES TO ACKNOWLEDGE. I CALL THIS TALE...

CURSE OF THE LEOPARD MEN



LISTEN TO THIS LETTER MY DEAR... "DR. GREENE, PLEASE FORGIVE THIS INTRUSION, BUT I HAVE ONLY JUST LEARNED OF YOUR PRESENCE HERE. I AM DESPERATE AND YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP ME. IF YOU AGREE TO SEE ME, MY HOUSEBOY WILL BRING YOU. I AM YOURS MOST FAITHFULLY, MRS. DUNCAN NAPIER."

ON THE VERANDA OF A HOTEL IN A SMALL AFRICAN TOWN, DR. JOHN GREENE WAS TAKING AFTERNOON TEA WITH HIS WIFE, EMMA, WHEN...



MRS. DUNCAN NAPIER? DIDN'T HER HUSBAND DISAPPEAR WITH HIS EXPEDITION, ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO?

QUITE SO, MY DEAR. HE SET OUT TO DISCOVER THE TRUTH BEHIND ALL THIS LEOPARD MEN NONSENSE...



WE MUST GO AND VISIT THIS POOR WOMAN, MUST WE NOT, JOHN? SHE SOUNDS MOST DISTRAUGHT.

VERY WELL MY DEAR. LEAD US TO YOUR MISTRESS, BOY.

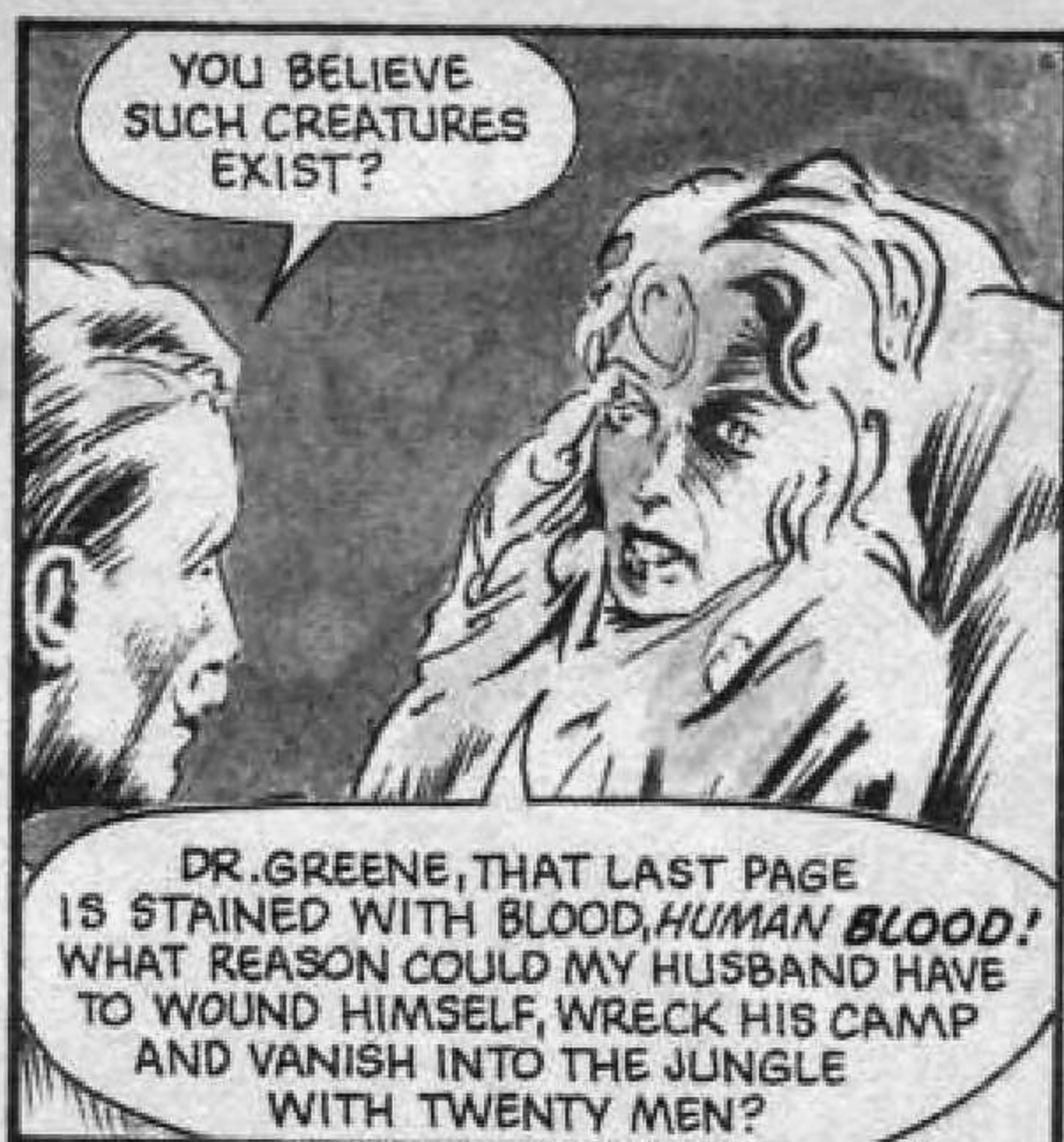
A SHORT TIME LATER, DR. GREENE AND EMMA WERE SHOWN INTO MRS. NAPIER'S BED-ROOM...



I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CAMP, DR. GREENE. I AM AN ENTOMOLOGIST, AND HAD GONE INTO THE JUNGLE WITH A SMALL TEAM OF NATIVES. WHEN WE RETURNED, EVERYTHING WAS IN A SHAMBLES. AND IN THE WRECKAGE OF OUR TENT, I FOUND THAT JOURNAL.



THIS FINAL ENTRY, 'THEY ARE ALL AROUND US, THEY ARE REAL, MAY GOD HELP US.' WHO ARE THEY, MRS. NAPIER?



SKULL IS VERY BAD SIGN, MASTER. MEN WILL GO NO FURTHER.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS FOOLS! TELL THEM, OMBAMBO, THAT MY WIFE WILL LEAD THEM ON. ASK THEM IF THEY ARE LESS THAN WOMEN?



NOW MOVE ON, OR YOU'LL HAVE A TASTE OF THIS.

IIIIYEEE!!!



OMBAMBO! WHERE THE DEVIL IS THAT MAN?

RELUCTANTLY, THE BEARERS OBEYED. BUT, NEXT MORNING...

WHAT IS IT, DEAR?



THEY'VE DESERTED US... OMBAMBO AND ALL THE BEARERS!

WHAT? ALONE?

BUT WE JUST COULDN'T FACE POOR MRS. NAPIER IF WE GAVE UP NOW!

OH, JOHN... WHAT SHALL WE DO? WE MUST GO ON.

YOU'RE RIGHT. LISTEN, I'LL GO INTO THE JUNGLE AND DIG A TRAP. MEANWHILE, YOU STAY HERE AND WATCH OVER THE CAMP.



VERY WELL, DEAR! I'LL TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO BATHE. I FEEL MORE LIKE A LONDON GUTTERSNIPE THAN A WELL-BRED YOUNG ENGLISH LADY ON HONEYMOON!

...WHILE HIS WIFE PREPARED TO BATHE NEAR THE CAMP.

DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, DR. GREENE WORKED FEVERISHLY, MAKING A PRIMITIVE BUT EFFECTIVE TRAP...





HIS TASK COMPLETED, THE YOUNG DOCTOR SEARCHED FOR HIS WIFE.



ONLY TO FIND...

LEOPARD TRACKS AND EMMA'S ... GONE! MY GOD, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT HER ALONE IN THIS ACCURSED PLACE. I MUST FIND HER!



BUT HIS SEARCH WAS TO NO AVAIL.

IT'S USELESS TO GO ON, TOO DARK TO SEE... MUST GET BACK TO CAMP AND REST. WILL TRY AGAIN IN THE MORNING!

THE DOCTOR PIERCED THE STYGIAN GLOOM OF HIS TENT. BUT...



LEAVE THE LIGHT, MY LOVE. COME TO ME, HOLD ME...!



EMMA!? I THOUGHT... THAT... YOU HAD BEEN TAKEN BY A LEOPARD!

NO, MY DEAR, I AM QUITE SAFE. NOW COME TO ME QUICKLY.



OH, MY LOVE. PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME.

I PROMISE I WILL NEVER EVER LEAVE YOU, DEAREST.



JOHN! OH, JOHN... HELP ME! AHH! THE PAIN!



EMMA, WHAT IS IT? OH! MY GOD... NO, NO!



