

GOLD
KEY

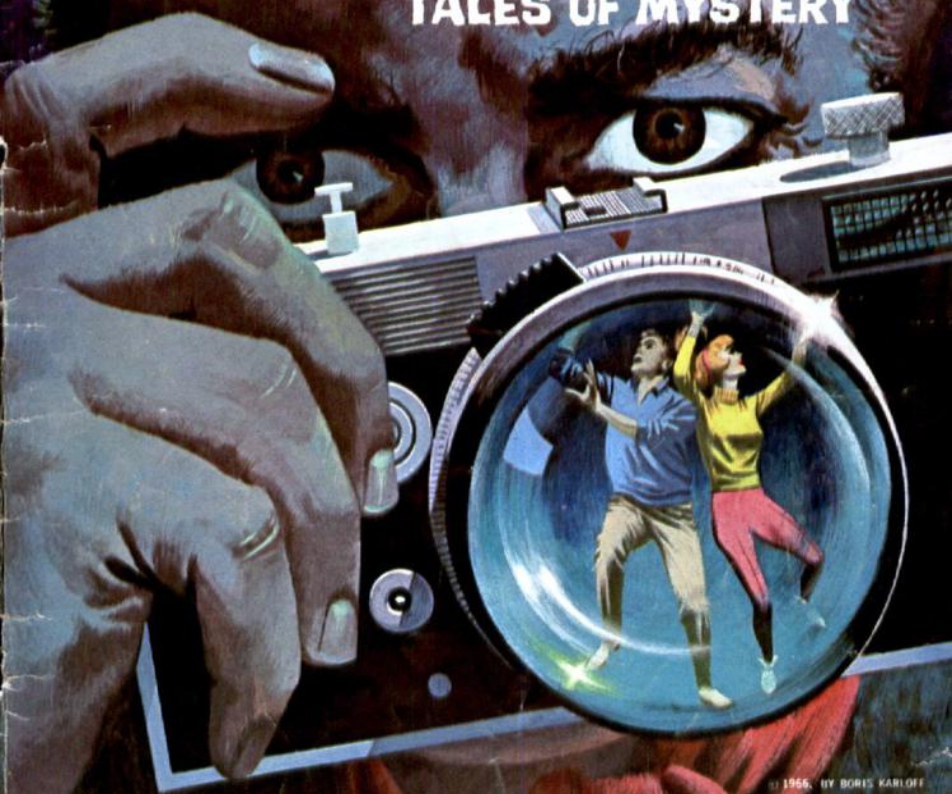
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SEPTEMBER

BORIS KARLOFF

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BORIS KARLOFF

TALES OF MYSTERY



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A click of the camera—and a honeymoon trip turns into an album of horror!

BORIS
KARLOFF
Tales of Mystery

THE BUILDING THAT CAME TO LIFE

THE CRYING, TORMENTED BUILDING YOU SEE BEFORE YOU IS CALLED **ARNOLD'S ARMORY**, MY FRIENDS. IT WAS BUILT IN A SMALL MIDWESTERN TOWN CALLED ARNOLDVILLE MANY YEARS AGO...BUT NOW ITS DAY HAD PASSED...AND THE CITIZENS WERE TEARING IT DOWN! THAT IS, THEY WERE **TRYING** TO DEMOLISH THE STRUCTURE...FOR YOU SEE, THE BUILDING KNEW THAT WITH ITS DESTRUCTION WOULD COME THE SHAME OF ARNOLDVILLE...AND IT WOULDN'T DIE!

G-GREAT GRIEF! T-THE
BUILDING LOOKS ALIVE!
I-IT SEEMS TO BE
CRYING IN PAIN!

ARRRA
AAK



IT ALL BEGAN WHEN THE TOWN COUNCIL VOTED TO WRECK
ARNOLD'S ARMORY...BUT ONE MAN PROTESTED...

DON'T BE ABSURD, PETER! JUST BECAUSE
YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER BUILT THIS
TOWN YOU CAN'T LET THAT MONSTROSITY STAY!

IT MUST NOT
BE DESTROYED!

DEAD
END

YOU SAY THE TOWN NEEDS THE LAND
FOR TAX REVENUE! VERY WELL! I'LL
PURCHASE IT FOR TWICE ITS WORTH
AND MAKE IT MY HOME!

INSANE!

YES, THEY CALLED PETER ARNOLD INSANE...
BUT BY THE VERY NEXT MONTH HE HAD RE-
MOLDED THE OLD ARMORY INTO A RATHER
GROTESQUE HOME...

DON'T YOU EVER WORRY
AGAIN! YOU'RE *MY*
BUILDING NOW AND I'LL
TAKE CARE OF YOU AND
PROTECT YOU!

IN THE WEEKS TO FOLLOW, STRANGE STORIES
CIRCULATED ABOUT TOWN...

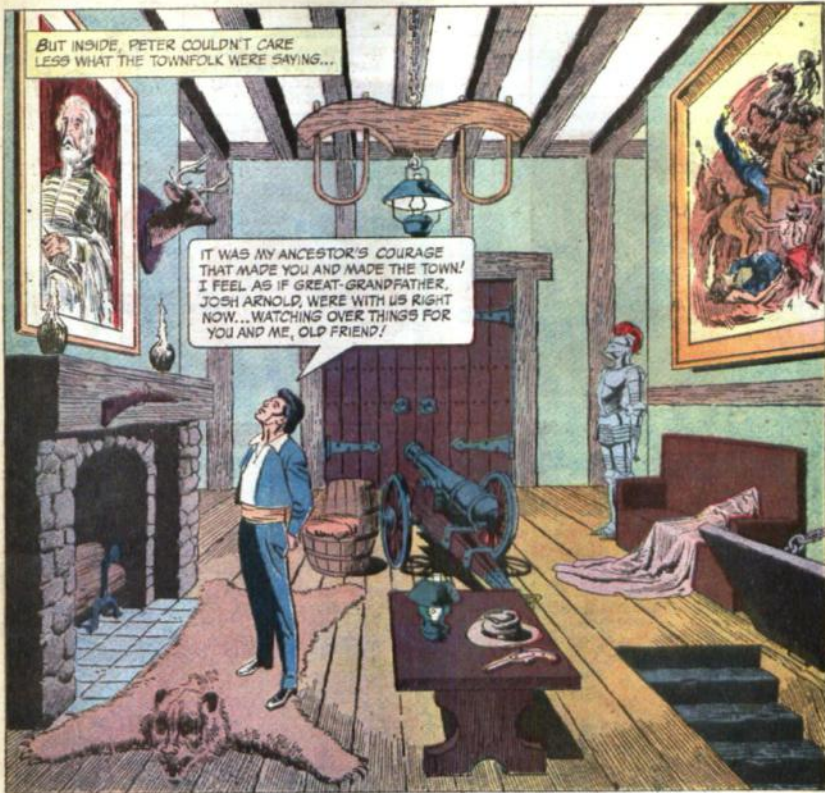
I TELL YOU I *HEARD* IT WITH MY *VERY OWN*
EARS...PETER ARNOLD WAS WANDERING FROM
ROOM TO ROOM TALKING TO THAT FOOL BUILDING!

LOOK! THERE HE
IS NOW...MUTTERING
LIKE A MAD ANIMAL!

THEY'LL NEVER BUILD
ANOTHER LIKE YOU, OLD
FRIEND...*NEVER!* YOU
ARE *PROUD* AND *STRONG*
AND FULL OF GREAT
MEMORIES!

BUT INSIDE, PETER COULDN'T CARE
LESS WHAT THE TOWNFOLK WERE SAYING...

IT WAS MY ANCESTOR'S COURAGE
THAT MADE YOU AND MADE THE TOWN!
I FEEL AS IF GREAT-GRANDFATHER,
JOSH ARNOLD, WERE WITH US RIGHT
NOW... WATCHING OVER THINGS FOR
YOU AND ME, OLD FRIEND!



AND WHAT A STORY THIS OLD CANNON COULD
TELL... OF THE DAYS IT KEPT THE INDIANS FROM
RAZING ARNOLDVILLE TO THE GROUND...



"THE OPDS WERE HUNDREDS TO ONE AGAINST
IT... BUT THE OLD CANNON KEPT FIRING BALL
TILL SHE CRACKED RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE!"





YES, IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME
SIGHT TO SEE! AND THE OLD
FIREARMS HERE...



"HOW MANY THOUSAND ROUNDS HAVE THEY
FIRED? HOW MANY INDIANS HAVE THEY DOWNED?
AND HOW MANY BRAVE MEN HAVE FALLEN WITH
THEM IN THEIR HANDS?"



INDEED, DEAR FRIEND, YOU HAVE
GROWN LARGER AND STRONGER
SINCE THOSE DAYS... BUT YOUR
HEART IS THE SAME!



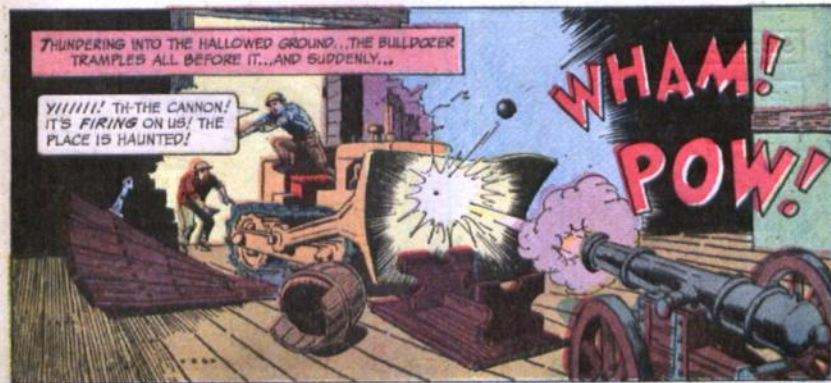
THAT'S WHY JOSH ARNOLD
PLACED THE BUST OF HIMSELF
RIGHT HERE ON THE DUNGEON
STAIRCASE... IN THE VERY CENTER
OF YOUR HEART! AS IF TO REMIND
YOU OF YOUR SECRET!



AND SO THE MONTHS PASS AND TOWNFOLK TALK... AND,
FINALLY, ONE FINE SPRING MORNING IT **HAPPENS...**

THERE'S NO SENSE A HOOTIN' AND HOLLERIN', PETER!
IT'S ALL OVER! YOUR HOUSE HAS BEEN **CONDEMNED**
LEGALLY! IT'S A MENACE TO THE TOWN AND YOUR
STRANGE GOINGS ON DON'T HELP!

NO! YOU HEARTLESS DEVILS
CAN'T DO THIS TO US!



IT IS THEN THAT THE WRATH OF THE TOWNFOLK
MOUNTS TO A TERRIBLE FURY...

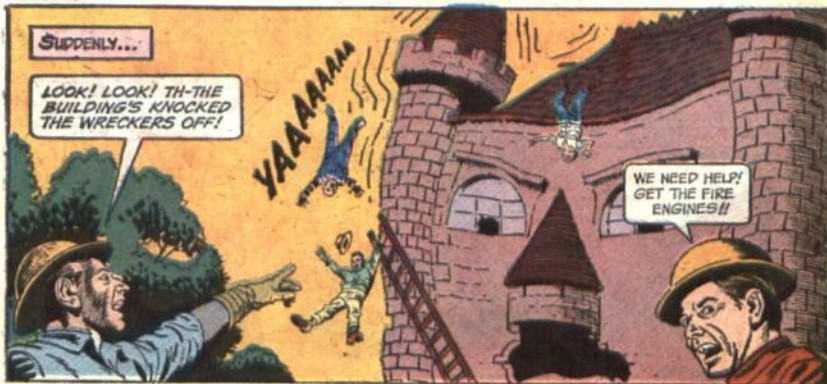


SUDDENLY...

LOOK! LOOK! TH-THE
BUILDING'S KNOCKED
THE WRECKERS OFF!

YAAAAAAM

WE NEED HELP!
GET THE FIRE
ENGINES!!



AS THE OLD STRUCTURE SHUDDERS AND SHAKES,
A STRANGE THING OCCURS...

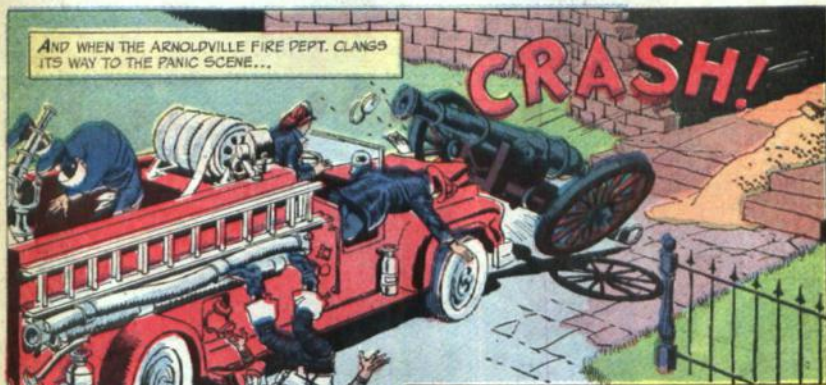
THE CANNON!
IT'S COMING OUT
OF THE BUILDING!

GET BACK! GET BACK!
WHAT'S MAKING IT MOVE?



AND WHEN THE ARNOLDVILLE FIRE DEPT. CLANGS
ITS WAY TO THE PANIC SCENE...

CRASH!

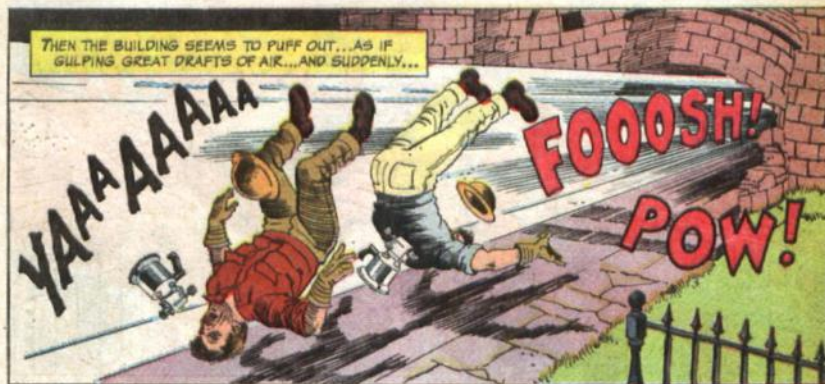


EEEEK! IT'S
ATTACKING!
THE CANNON
IS ATTACKING!



C'MON! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS FLUKE FOOL-
ISHNESS! WE'RE GOING IN THERE AND **BLOW-
TORCH** THOSE GIRPERS DOWN! THE BLASTED
PLACE WILL HAVE TO FALL!





ABRUPTLY, THE BUILDING SHUDDERS FIERCELY...

YOU CANNOT FIGHT THEM ALL!
YOU HAVE TRIED TO DEFEND
YOUR SECRET... BUT I CAN'T
SEE YOU SUFFER ANY MORE
PAIN... TELL ME! WHERE
IS IT HIDDEN?

GREAT GHOSTS!
THAT FOOL IS
TALKING TO THE
BUILDING AGAIN...
LISTEN TO HIM!

HE'LL BE KILLED
FOR CERTAIN THIS
TIME! THE THING'S
READY TO
COLLAPSE!



INSIDE, THE FLOOR TREMBLES... PETER
LOSES HIS FOOTING...



AND AS HE TUMBLES DOWN THE DUNGEON STEPS...

THE SECRET!
YOU'VE GIVEN ME
THE SECRET,
DEAR FRIEND!



QUICKLY, PETER RIPS OPEN THE ENVELOPE...

SO THIS WAS MY GREAT-
GRANDFATHER'S SECRET!
NOW I KNOW WHY YOU
FOUGHT SO HARD TO KEEP IT!



SOON AFTER, PETER ARNOLD FACES
THE ARMY TANK ALONE...

GET OUT OF THERE,
YOU NITWIT!

WAIT! THERE IS NO
NEED TO HARM MY
FRIEND FURTHER!
GO BACK!





IT DID ITS DUTY BRAVELY--BUT IT NO LONGER HAS THE *WILL* TO LIVE! NOW WE SHALL SEE HOW BRAVE YOU ARE, CITIZENS OF ARNOLDVILLE!

WHAT IS THAT MAD-MAN RAVING ABOUT?



FAMILY LEGEND SAID MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER CONCEALED A CONFESSION SOMEWHERE IN THE ARMORY. IT EXPLAINS HOW HE *CHEATED* THE INDIANS OF THEIR LAND TO FOUND *YOUR* TOWN!



AND THEN HE ROUSED YOUR ANCESTORS TO DEFEND THE TOWN...TO *SLAUGHTER* THE INDIANS WHO CAME TO TAKE BACK WHAT WAS *RIGHTFULLY* THEIRS!



MY BUILDING WAS TRYING TO *PROTECT* YOU FROM YOUR SHAME! BUT YOU MADE IT *GIVE UP* ITS SECRET! NOW YOU MUST ALL SHARE MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S *GUILT*!



THE ARMORY--IT *GROANED* BEFORE IT FELL!

LIKE A LAST GASP OF LIFE!

FOOLS! IT'S ONLY BRICK AND STONE--METAL AND WOOD! HOW CAN IT BE ALIVE?

WAS IT BROKEN WATER PIPES THAT MADE THE ARMORY *WEEP*? WAS IT A DRAFT THAT MADE IT *BREATHE*--CREAKING BEAMS THAT MADE IT *GROAN* LIKE A WOUNDED MAN? OR WAS THE BUILDING REALLY ALIVE, SHIELDING ARNOLDVILLE FROM ITS *GUILT*?

BORIS KARLOFF PIN-UP

