



ALL YOU *HORROR-ADDICTS* GOT YOUR GLASSES READY SO YOU CAN DRINK YOUR FILL? FOR THIS MONTH'S *CREEPY CLASSIC*, WE DRAW UPON THE WEIRD WORKS OF *EDGAR ALLAN POE* AS THIS *MASTER OF THE MACABRE* ALLOWS US TO SIP A SAMPLE OF TERROR FROM...

The Cask of Amontillado!



NEARLY HALF A CENTURY! HALF A CENTURY TO THE DAY AND NO MORTAL HAS DISTURBED THIS RAMPART ... NOT SINCE MY POOR FRIEND FORTUNATO QUENCHED HIS THIRST HERE FOR RARE WINES!

THE THOUSAND INJURIES OF FORTUNATO I HAD BORNE AS I BEST COULD, BUT WHEN HE VENTURED UPON INSULT I VOWED REVENGE....

YOU SET A FINE TABLE, MONTRESOR! IT ALMOST MAKES UP FOR THE TERRIBLE POETRY YOU WRITE!



HIS POETRY IS NOT THAT BAD... AND HIS WINE IS EXCELLENT!

AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A JUDGE OF WINE, LUCHRESI! THIS IS A FAIR WINE, TERRIBLY BOTTLED! LEAVE THE JUDGMENT OF WINE AND POETRY TO SOMEONE WHO KNOWS... ME!



PERHAPS YOUR POETRY WOULD BE PRETTIER, MONTRESOR, IF YOU WERE A PRETTIER FELLOW... BUT THEN THE MONTRESORS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FAMED FOR THEIR HOMELINESS! EVEN YOUR MOTHER WAS --

REALLY, FORTUNATO! WE'RE COUNT MONTRESOR'S GUESTS!



NEITHER BY WORD NOR DEED DID I GIVE FORTUNATO CAUSE TO DOUBT MY GOOD WILL, BUT CONTINUED TO SMILE IN HIS FACE... AND HE DID NOT PERCEIVE MY SMILE NOW WAS AT THE THOUGHT OF HIS DESTRUCTION!

THOUGH A MAN TO BE RESPECTED AND EVEN FEARED, HE HAD A WEAK POINT... HE PRIDED HIMSELF ON BEING A CONNOISSEUR OF WINE...

HE CAN STAND THE JOKING... EH, MONTRESOR? AFTER ALL I DO PUBLISH HIS SILLY POEMS!

AH! THESE ORDINARY WINES... IF ONLY IT WERE AMONTILLADO! THERE'S A TASTE A MAN COULD DIE FOR!



ABOUT DUSK, ONE EVENING DURING THE SUPREME MADNESS OF THE CARNIVAL SEASON, I ENCOUNTERED MY FRIEND, WHO HAD BEEN DRINKING MUCH...

FORTUNATO! WHAT LUCK! TODAY I RECEIVED A CASK OF WHAT PASSES FOR **AMONTILLADO**, BUT I HAVE MY DOUBTS!

AMONTILLADO? A CASK? IMPOSSIBLE! AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CARNIVAL!

I WAS SILLY ENOUGH TO PAY THE FULL PRICE WITHOUT EXPERT ADVICE... I'M ON MY WAY TO GET LUCHRESI'S OPINION!

LUCHRESI CANNOT TELL **AMONTILLADO** FROM SHERRY! COME! LEAD ME TO YOUR VAULTS! **AMONTILLADO!**



MY FRIEND, I DO NOT WISH TO IMPOSE UPON YOUR GOOD NATURE. LUCHRESI CAN--

LUCHRESI **CANNOT!** LEAD ME TO THE **AMONTILLADO!**

BUT, MY FRIEND, I PERCEIVE YOU HAVE A COLD. THE VAULTS ARE INSUFFERABLY DAMP!..

THE COLD IS NOTHING! **AMONTILLADO!**

THE SERVANTS WERE GONE. ABSCONDING TO MAKE MERRY IN HONOR OF THE TIME, I HAD TOLD THEM I WOULD NOT RETURN BEFORE MORNING...

YOU'LL NEED THIS! THE WAY IS DARK AND SLIPPERY... TAKE CARE AS YOU FOLLOW ME!







IT'S NOTHING! I SHALL NOT DIE OF A COUGH!

TRUE... *TRUE!* HERE... A DRAUGHT OF THIS MEDOC WILL DEFEND US FROM THE DAMPS!



I DRINK TO THE BURIED THAT REPOSE AROUND US!

AND I TO YOUR... LONG LIFE!



THE WINE SPARKLED IN HIS EYES AND THE BELLS ON HIS FOOL'S COSTUME JINGLED... WE HAD PASSED INTO THE INMOST RECESSES OF THE CATACOMBS...

WE ARE BELOW THE RIVER! SEE THE TRICKLES OF WATER FORCING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE STONES... THE NITRATE HANGS LIKE MOSS... WE SHOULD GO BACK! YOUR COUGH--

IT IS NOTHING! ON TO THE AMONTILLADO! BUT FIRST, ANOTHER DRAUGHT OF THE MEDOC...



THESE VAULTS ARE EXTENSIVE!

THE MONTRESORS WERE A GREAT, NUMEROUS FAMILY... AND *PROUD!*



WE PASSED THROUGH A RANGE OF LOW ARCHES, ARRIVING AT A DEEP CRYPT IN WHICH THE FOUL AIR CAUSED OUR CANDLES TO GLOW RATHER THAN FLAME...

WE'VE REACHED A DEAD END!

GO ON, FORTUNATO! WITHIN THAT NICHE IS THE AMONTILLADO!



PASS YOUR HAND OVER THE WALL ... THE NITRATE AND MOSS IS VERY DAMP! LET ME *IMPIRORE* YOU ONCE MORE TO RETURN ... NO? THEN I'M AFRAID I MUST LEAVE YOU!

WITH THESE MATERIALS AND THE AID OF MY TROWEL, I BEGAN VIGOROUSLY TO WALL UP THE ENTRANCE OF THE NICHE!

WAIT! WAIT! HA! NOW I UNDERSTAND... HA, HA! A VERY GOOD JOKE! INDEED... HEE, HEE! AN EXCELLENT JEST! WE'LL HAVE MANY A LAUGH ABOUT IT OVER OUR WINE ... HA, HA!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS! MONTRESOR ... PLEASE DON'T! ANYTHING I MAY HAVE SAID ... DONE ... PLEASE! Y-YOU MUSTN'T... PLEASE, PLEASE!

THE AMONTILLADO!





HEE, HEE! HA, HA! YES, THE AMONTILLADO! BUT IS IT NOT GETTING LATE? MY WIFE AND THE OTHERS WILL BE WAITING FOR US... LET US BE GONE!



YES. LET US BE GONE!

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, MONTRESOR!



YES. FOR THE LOVE OF GOD. IN PACE REQUIESCAT, FORTUNATO, *REST IN PEACE!*

AGAINST THE MASONRY I ERECTED A RAMPART OF BONES... NOW, SAVE FOR MY VISITS, FOR HALF A CENTURY NO MORTAL HAS DISTURBED THEM!



