

...LET ME CALL MYSELF FOR THE PRESENT, **WILLIAM WILSON**... OH, **OUTCAST OF ALL OUTCASTS**; I WOULD NOT, IF I COULD, HERE OR TODAY, EMBODY A RECORD OF MY LATER YEARS OF **UNSPEAKABLE MISERY**, AND **UNPARDONABLE CRIME**...

...LET ME SAY -- I AM -- **AN EVIL MAN**... OH YES, **TERRIBLY, AWFULLY EVIL**...

WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE
ILLUSTRATED BY ALPHONSO FONT



...LET ME NOW REMEMBER MY **FIRST REMEMBERINGS**-- AT A LARGE, RAMBLING **ELIZABETHAN SCHOOLHOUSE**, IN A **MISTY-LOOKING VILLAGE** IN ENGLAND WHERE THERE WERE A VAST NUMBER OF **GIGANTIC AND SNARLED TREES**, AND WHERE **ALL THE HOUSES WERE EXCESSIVELY ANCIENT**...

...IT WAS THAT VERY **FIRST DAY**, OH GODS, OH **HORRORS**, THAT I FIRST MET **HIM**... HIS **NAME**-- WAS THE **SAME AS MINE**... HIS **BIRTHDATE** - JANUARY 19, 1813-- WAS THE **SAME AS MINE**... HIS **CLOTHES**, HIS **WALK**, HIS **WAYS**-- ALL THE **SAME AS MINE**... HIS **FACE**--**LORD**-- HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN MY OWN **REFLECTION**, SO **IDENTICAL** WAS HE IN **EVERYWAY**!...

...BUT HIS **VOICE**, WAS **NOT LIKE MINE**... HE HAD SOME **PECULIAR AILMENT** OF THE **THROAT** WHICH PERMITTED HIM TO **SPEAK ONLY IN A LOW, GUTTERAL, AWFUL WHISPER**... BUT GOD... WHAT HE SAID-- THE WAY HE SAID IT... IT... WAS LIKE **LISTENING TO MY OWN VOICE** - **MOCKING ME!**

...LEAVE THEM ALONE WILSON... LEAVE THEM BE...

I'M ONLY HAVING **FUN**... WHO DO YOU THINK YOU **ARE** TO TELL **ME** WHAT TO DO?

...WHO AM I?...
...I AM...

WILLIAM WILSON

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S MASTERPIECE OF HORROR





... I HAVE BEFORE SAID, OR SHOULD HAVE SAID, THAT WILSON WAS NOT, IN THE MOST REMOTE DEGREE, CONNECTED WITH MY FAMILY-- BUT ASSUREDLY IF WE HAD BEEN BROTHERS WE MUST HAVE BEEN TWINS... I... I IMMEDIATELY COME TO DESPISE HIM...

STOP HOUNDING ME -- LEAVE ME ALONE...

I AM NOT HOUNDING YOU-- IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION, THAT, AND THAT ALONE...



... I WAS RESOLVED TO CATCH HIM ALONE AND BEAT THE WITS OUT OF HIM -- I HATED HIM-- I DESPISED HIM... LOATHED HIM... I ADMIT I FEARED HIM... I WANTED -- TO -- KILL HIM



HAHAHAHAHAHA

YOU CAN'T DO IT, CAN YOU WILSON?... YOU CANNOT DO IT...



GOD HELP MY SOUL, I HATE YOU...

--GOD HOW I LOATHE YOU...

I LEFT AND CAME TO OXFORD WHERE, UPON MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, I INHERITED A VAST FORTUNE... WHICH I BEGAN TO SPEND FREELY-- ENGAGING IN THE MOST DELICIOUS DEBAUCHERIES... FOR TWO YEARS -- I DID NOT SEE WILSON -THE- OTHER... I HAD, IN FACT, FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT HIM COMPLETELY...



HAHAHAHA
HA HA HA

...TIE HER UP...
LET'S... HAVE SOME
FUN...



...IT WAS **ANOTHER** TWO YEARS BEFORE I AGAIN SAW HIM... I HAD IN THIS **MEANTIME** SUNK TO EVEN **FURTHER** DEPTHS OF **DEPRAVITY**-- I WAS AN INVETERATE **GAMBLER**, A **DRUNKARD**- **MORE** - **OFTEN** - **THAN** - **NOT**, COMPLETELY AT THE **WHIMS** OF MY **OPIUM** HABIT, A **FIEND**, AND... **WORTHLESS** TO **MYSELF** AND TO THE **WORLD**...



...ON ONE NIGHT, WHEN I WAS ENGAGED IN **CHEATING** A **WEALTHY** **YOUNG** **FOOL** OUT OF HIS **FORTUNE**, A **LUST** TO **CRIPPLE** ANOTHER **HUMAN** **BEING** TOOK **HOLD** OF ME -- AND I RESOLVED TO **RUIN** MY **CARD** **PARTNER** **COMPLETELY**...



...I... I AM **RUINED**...

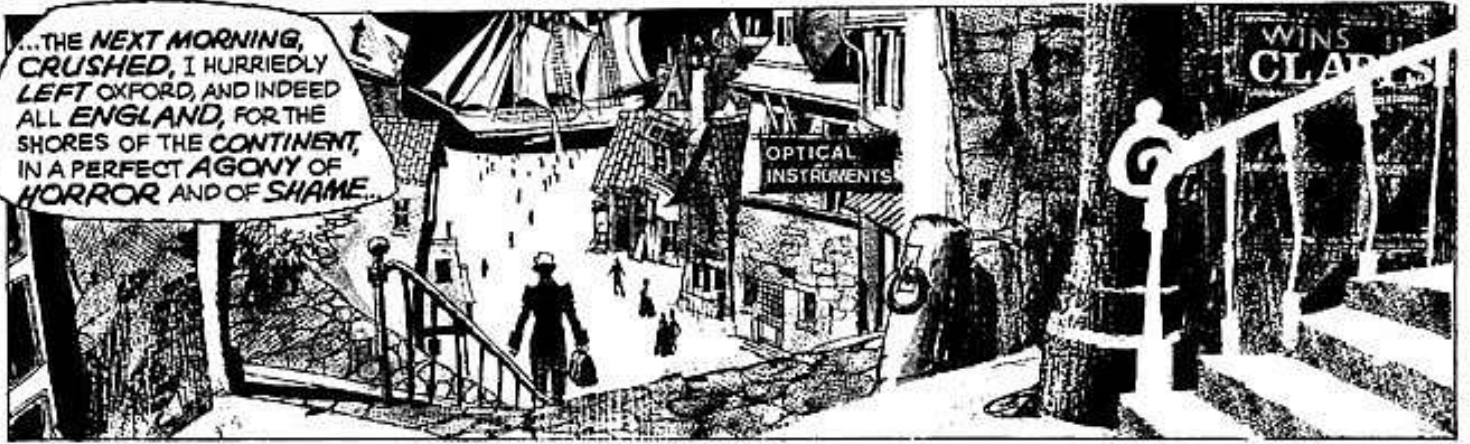
I DON'T UNDERSTAND -- I UNDERSTOOD YOU TO BE A **WEALTHY** **MAN**...

... YOU HAVE JUST **ACQUIRED** ALL MY **WEALTH** **MR.** **WILSON**...

... I AM... **PENILESS**...



...THE NEXT MORNING, CRUSHED, I HURRIEDLY LEFT OXFORD, AND INDEED ALL ENGLAND, FOR THE SHORES OF THE CONTINENT, IN A PERFECT AGONY OF HORROR AND OF SHAME...



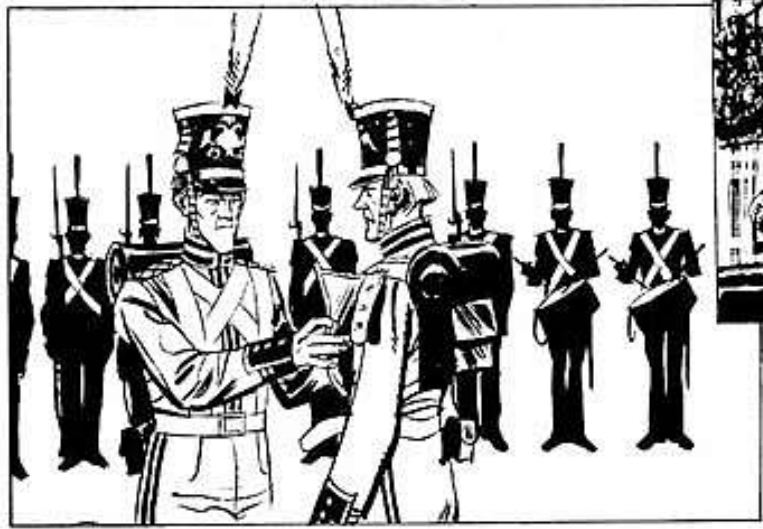
...I FLED IN VAIN... SCARCELY HAD I SET FOOT IN PARIS WHEN WILSON - THE - OTHER APPEARED ... AGAIN BRINGING ME DISGRACE...



WILLIAM! - AT ROME HE STEPPED BETWEEN ME AND MY AMBITIONS...



... AT VIENNA, TOO -- AT BERLIN -- AND AT MOSCOW! WHERE? - IN TRUTH, HAD I NOT BITTER CAUSE TO CURSE HIM WITH ALL MY HEART? I FLED TO THE VERY ENDS OF THE EARTH --- I FLED IN VAIN...







YOU WILL NOT
EVEN TRY TO
DEFEND
YOURSELF?

VERY WELL --
YOUR COWARDICE
DOES NOT PROTECT
YOURSELF FROM ME
-- I WILL BE RID OF
YOU -- IF I HAVE TO
MURDER YOU!!



YOUR VOICE...
NO LONGER A
WHISPER!

YOU HAVE
CONQUERED,
AND I YIELD.
YET -- THOU
ART ALSO DEAD... DEAD
TO THE WORLD, TO
HEAVEN AND TO HOPE!

...IN ME YOU EXISTED
- AND, IN MY DEATH--
YOU MURDER
YOURSELF...



... NOT REAL? PERHAPS YOU SUGGEST WILSON-
THE-OTHER WAS... NOT... REAL? OH YES!
WILSON THE OTHER WAS REAL --
REAL AS MY WRETCHED DEAD
CONSCIENCE...

