

BEWARE
OF THE
BIRD



"I think I have just the house
for you, Mr. Usher."

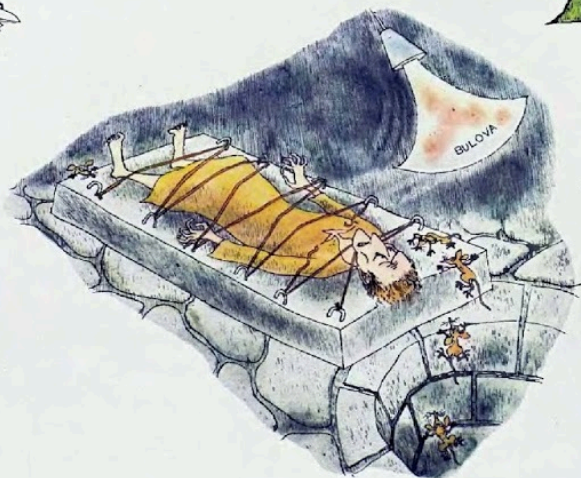
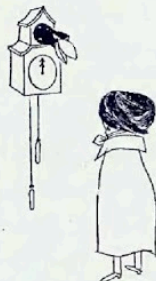
POE

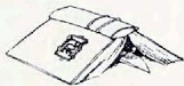
THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR, "when churchyards yawn and Hell itself breathes out contagion to this world," when the quick-of-eye can glimpse gaunt forms on broomsticks etched against the baleful yellow moon, we thought it appropriate to ask our master of the ruthless macabre, Gahan Wilson, to view the remains — and lively remains they are — of a kindred spirit, Edgar Allan Poe. The gloomy Mr. Poe — renowned the world over as the author of *The Tell-Tale Heart*, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Cask of Amontillado*, *The Gold Bug*, *The Masque of the Red Death*, *The Pit and the Pendulum*, *A Descent into the Maelstrom*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, etc., and as the most impeccable authority, living or dead, on all things fiendish, living or dead — proved gaily grisly grist for Gahan's mill, as you can see for yourself.

By Gahan Wilson



"Well, you certainly managed to spoil
that party for just about everybody!"





"It's really none of my business, Montresor, but are you sure you're going about this in the right way?"



"Will you please cut the 'Alas, poor Yorick' bit and open that chest?"



"Why, there's nothing wrong with the old gentleman — his heart is as sound as a dollar!"

