CHILLING TALES OF MYSTERY • TERROR • THE SUPERNATURAL!

NICKEL HEROES COMIX

TALES OF THE WEIRD AND FANTASTIC

IN THIS ISSUE...

THE PULP SHOPPE



SOMETHING WICKED FOR THE SEASON



PLUS MORE WEIRD TALES!


THE PULP SHOPPE
A TALE OF BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND A MYSTERY THAT STILL REMAINS!
FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS, WALTER BENNETT HAD CAUGHT THE FIVE-FIFTEEN BUS HOME FROM THE CORNER OF FOURTH AND JEFFERSON.
BUS STOP
OCCASIONALLY, THE BUS WAS LATE.
OTHERWISE, VERY LITTLE HAPPENED AT FOURTH AND JEFFERSON.
WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED!
THE PULP SHOPPE
THE SHADOW
DOC SAVAGE
WEIRD TALES
OPERATOR 5
SPIDER
DETECTIVE COMICS
IS THAT A...?


JINGLE!
GOOD AFTERNOON!
PULP MAGAZINES
COMIC BOOKS
MYSTERIES
ADVENTURE
SCIENCE FICTION
WHEN DID YOU OPEN?
THE SHOP. I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING IT BEFORE.
OPEN?
WHY, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN HERE.
FEEL FREE TO LOOK AROUND.
I'VE SOME THINGS TO PUT ON THE SHELVES.
MY GOD...
THE SHADOW
15¢


WALTER HAD OWNED THIS VERY ISSUE AS A BOY...
...UNTIL HIS MOTHER DECIDED HE WAS TOO OLD FOR SUCH NONSENSE.
15¢
THE SHADOW
THEY'RE ALL BRAND-NEW!
DOC SAVAGE
THE SPIDER
Weird Tales
OPERATOR 5
HOW MUCH FOR THIS ONE?
15¢
THE SHADOW
FIFTEEN CENTS.
FIFTEEN CENTS?!
SAYS SO RIGHT THERE.
15¢
THE SHADOW


AND THEN WALTER DISCOVERED THE COMIC BOOKS.
OH, GOOD LORD!
BATMAN
No.1
10¢
CAPTAIN MARVEL
No.1
ACTION COMICS
10¢
DETECTIVE COMICS
No.27
10¢
I'LL TAKE THESE... AND THESE... AND THOSE TOO!
QUITE A READER, AREN'T YOU?
YOU MIGHT SAY THAT.
YOU'LL BE OPEN TOMORROW?
OF COURSE.
THOUGHT YOU'D MISSED ME TODAY, MR. BENNETT.
WOULDN'T HAVE MATTERED TODAY, CHARLIE!


THAT EVENING, WALTER ARRIVED HOME WITH HIS TREASURES...
MILDRED! COME SEE WHAT I FOUND!
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN BUYING NOW?
REMEMBER THOSE OLD MAGAZINES I TOLD YOU ABOUT? THE ONES I HAD WHEN I WAS A KID?
THIS ONE'S NEARLY FORTY YEARS OLD!
DOC SAVAGE
THE SHADOW
WEIRD TALES
BATMAN No.1
WALTER, YOU'RE A GROWN MAN!
DETECTIVE COMICS
10¢
LATER THAT EVENING...
15¢
THE SHADOW
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, WALTER BENNETT STAYED UP PAST MIDNIGHT.


THE NEXT MORNING, WALTER LEFT FOR WORK WITH PLANS TO RETURN TO THE PULP SHOPPE THAT AFTERNOON.
DON'T WAIT SUPPER FOR ME, MILDRED. I MAY BE A LITTLE LATE.
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THAT RIDICULOUS SHOP.
YOU BET!


AFTER WALTER LEFT, MILDRED LOOKED AT THE STACK OF MAGAZINES ON THE DINING TABLE.
DOC SAVAGE


A SHORT TIME LATER...
15¢
THE SHADOW
BATMAN
No.1


15¢
THE SHADOW
DOC SAVAGE
BATMAN
No.1


LATER THAT AFTERNOON, WALTER CALLED HOME FROM HIS OFFICE.
HELLO, DEAR? COULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR?
THERE'S A LITTLE NOTEBOOK IN THE TOP DRAWER OF MY DRESSER.
I'VE GOT A LIST OF MAGAZINES IN IT. I WANT TO MAKE SURE I DON'T BUY ANY DUPLICATES.


WALTER, I THREW THOSE SILLY MAGAZINES OUT THIS MORNING.


YOU... WHAT?


THE GARBAGE MAN TOOK THEM?! ALL OF THEM?!
THAT'S RIGHT, WALTER! THEY WERE A BUNCH OF OLD, WORTHLESS MAGAZINES! GET OVER IT!


FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, WALTER SAT WITHOUT MOVING.
HOW COULD SHE DO SUCH A THING?


OF COURSE! I CAN GET MORE!


AT FIVE O'CLOCK, WALTER WAS THE FIRST MAN OUT OF THE OFFICE.


NO...!
HARDWARE
SALE!
STAY SHARP KNIVES!


AT LAST WALTER REACHED THE CORNER... BUT WHAT HE FOUND MADE HIS HEART STOP--
NO...NO... NO!!!
CLOSED? GONE?
SHE THREW THEM ALL AWAY!
I'LL KILL HER!
YES... YES... THAT'LL DO IT!
HARDWARE
SALE! STAY SHARP KNIVES!
SOME THINGS LOST TWICE CAN MAKE A MAN GO CRAZY!
THE END


NH
NICKEL HEROES COMIX & STORIES
SOMETHING WICKED FOR THE SEASON
A Short Story by
JAMES DIANGELO


NH
NICKEL HEROES COMIX & STORIES
SOMETHING WICKED FOR THE SEASON
Something wicked for the season, it thought, as it pushed deeper beneath the house.
Above it, the house rested, unaware, pressing down with all it owned—furniture, walls, memories, sleep.
Written by
JAMES DIANGELO
Art by
COOL HAND


The first sound was small.
CRACK!
Then the basement floor broke through—
KRRRASH!
Upstairs, the people turned in their bed.
The thing made its way up from the basement—
A framed picture slipped loose and the wall cracked.
It entered the kitchen fully then, breathing in the room.


It went first to the trash.
It tore into the refuse, stuffing foul bits into its mouth.
CRUNCH!
Then it gripped the refrigerator—
—and toppled it, spilling its contents across the kitchen.
WHAM!
BUTTER
BUTTER
Having eaten its fill, the thing retched once, expelling part of what it had already taken in…
…then it swallowed the eggs whole, leaving only a few pale fragments clinging to its tongue.

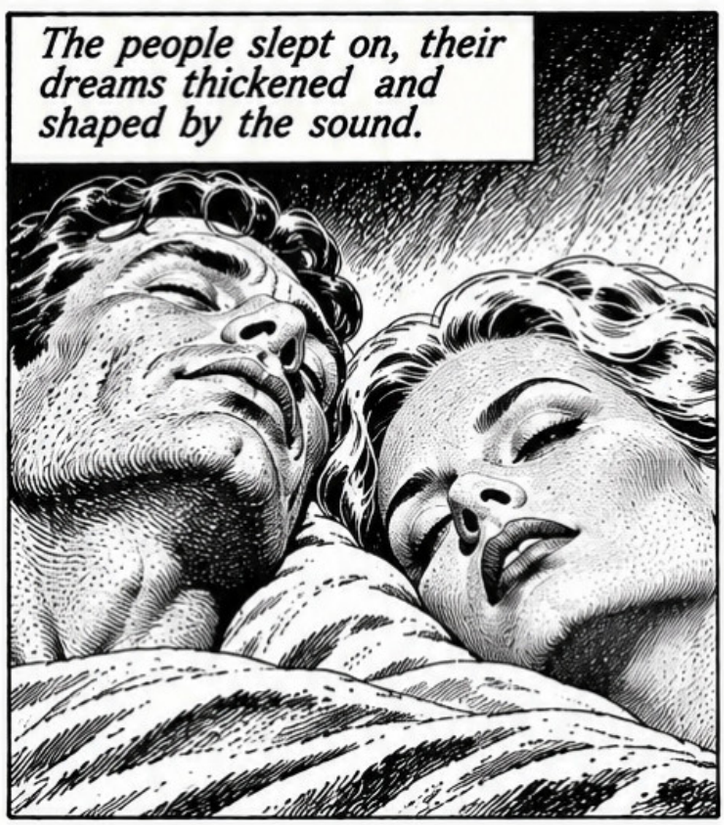

Upstairs, the man slept, a faint smile touching his lips.
In his dream, the air trembled with sound—steam engines, wings, and distant craft crowding the sky.
Put it on for me.
You make me laugh.
My navigator...!
She stopped crying and laughed again, her voice lost in the roar of the wind—
—a sound that swelled and became something else entirely—metal tearing, wood splintering—but he did not recognize it.


Beside him, the woman slept, her dreams taking a different path.
She dreamed of heat... and Paul, the neighbor, mowing his lawn in the summer sun.
She ran her hands across his back. He stopped, the mower idling, its engine a low growl.
The sound softened into water...
Don't worry. You don't have to worry about him anymore.
He's cheating on me. With a female pilot.
I don't care what he knows.


It took an hour to destroy the furniture, paintings, carpet and drapes.


Then it climbed the stairs—


—and stood in the bedroom, looking down at the sleeping man and woman.


The people slept on, their dreams thickened and shaped by the sound.

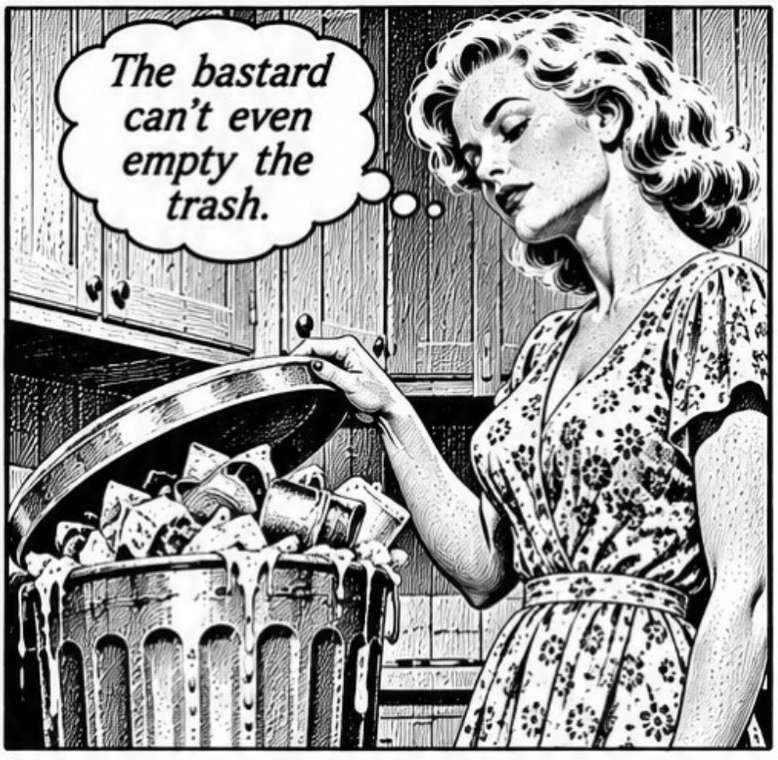



Morning came without ceremony.
I hate her.
Cheating bastard.
Why would a woman want lipstick spread on her legs?
Paul...




If not for the house and money, I would leave him.


If not for the house and money, I would leave her.


The bastard can't even empty the trash.

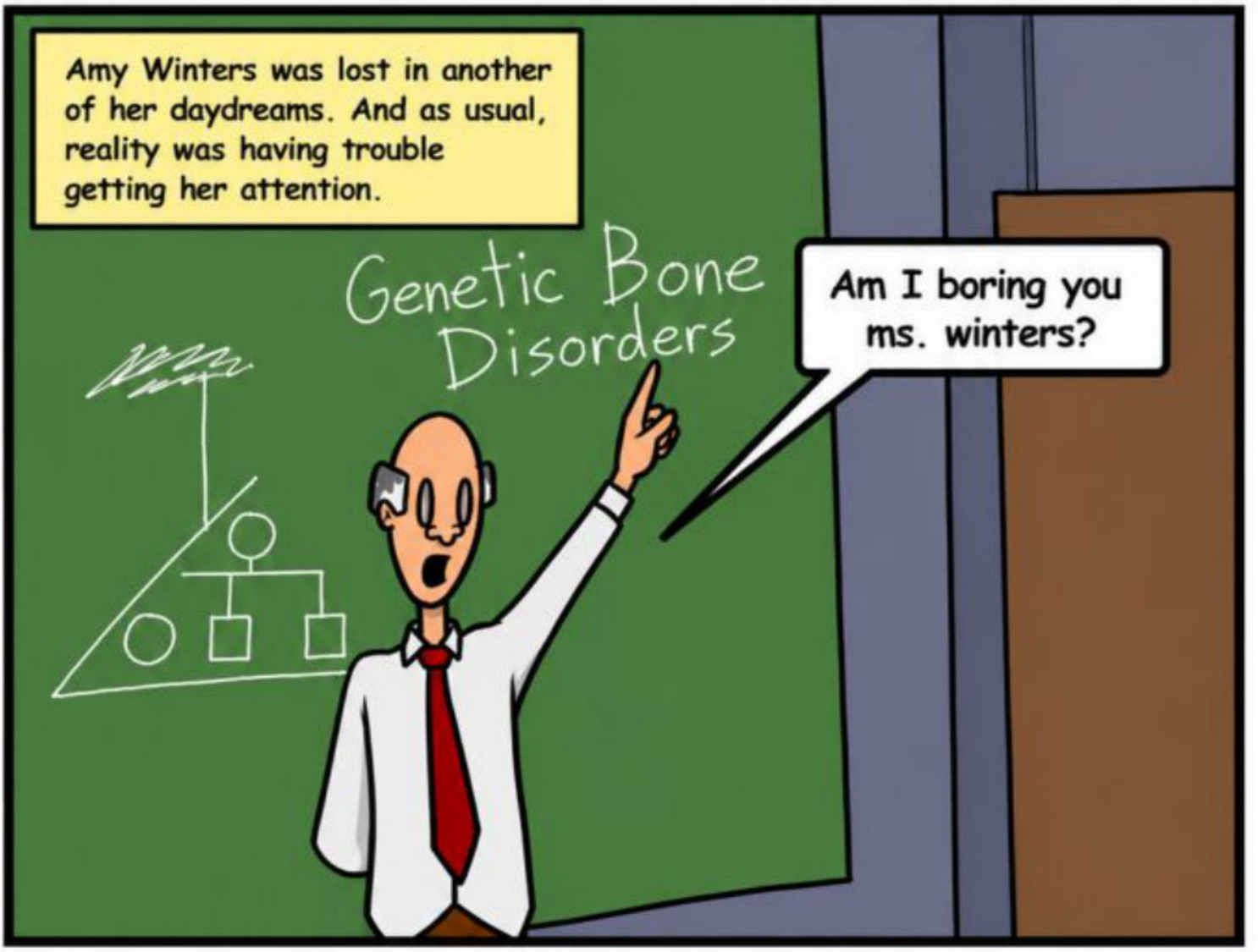

Far from the house now, the thing plodded toward its next nightmare.
THE END

"Has Anybody Seen Mr. Bones"

Written by James Di Angelo • Artwork by CyraEm








Why are you so upset, amy?
I know people will never accept us.
I'm sure that's not true.


DAYS LATER...
Look at the way they stare at us!
Don't let it bother you, honey.
Why can't they let us be happy?
But why are we here, Mister Bones?
You really don't know? They think I'm crazy.
HAHAHAA
HAAAAAA!
HEEEEEE!
HA! HA! HA!
HAHAHAHA!
HAA-HA-HA!
HAAAA!!!