

THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™

JAY DISBROW'S

# MONSTER

## INVASION



INTERVIEW WITH  
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THE NIGHT BECAME AN INTERMINABLE PERIOD OF SHEER TERROR FOR THE ONE MAN WHO HELD THE KEY TO WORLD SURVIVAL. THE AWFUL PROGNOSTICATIONS OF DOOM WHICH TORMENTED HIM DAY AND NIGHT BECAME A REALITY, AS HE FACED

# The HORRIBLE ENTITY

by JAY DISBROW



TO STRUGGLE IS USELESS! YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE POSSIBLE---AAGH!

THE HEADLINES SCREAMED THE NEWS TO A SHOCKED WORLD---

**EXTRA! EXTRA!** NUCLEAR SCIENTISTS THE WORLD OVER DROP DEAD! MURDER IS SUSPECTED!



EACH PASSING DAY BROUGHT NEW REPORTS OF SUDDEN DEATH TO THE ATOMIC MASTERS OF THE WORLD. A PALL OF HAUNTING FEAR HOVERED OVER THOSE SCIENTISTS WHO REMAINED--



IS THERE NO WAY TO STOP THIS?



IN EVERY CASE, THE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE VICTIMS WERE IDENTICAL ----

NO SIGNS OF VIOLENCE ON THE BODY, BUT THE TOP OF THE CRANIUM IS SHRUNK, AS IF THE SKULL CAP WERE DISINTEGRATED!



THE F.B.I., SCOTLAND YARD, AND EVERY OTHER INVESTIGATIVE ORGANIZATION THE WORLD OVER WAS CALLED IN TO COPE WITH THE SITUATION. SEARCH THE FLOOR, THE WALLS, THE FURNITURE, FOR PRINTS! DON'T OVERLOOK A THING!



EMERGENCY CALL! AN OTHER ATOMIC SCIENTIST HAS JUST BEEN REPORTED KILLED! I WANT EVERY AVAILABLE MAN ASSIGNED TO THIS CASE!



IN MILLIONS OF HOMES IN AMERICA----

THE LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES ARE BAFFLED! THE PRESIDENT HAS DECLARED A STATE OF EMERGENCY! OUR ATOMIC KNOW-HOW IS SWIFTLY DIMINISHING! IT IS IMPROBABLE THAT THE COMMUNISTS ARE INVOLVED, AS THEY TOO HAVE SUFFERED THE SAME LOSS! THIS THREAT IS COMING FROM AN INTELLIGENCE UNKNOWN TO US!



"AN UNKNOWN INTELLIGENCE!" THE WORDS FIRED THE IMAGINATIONS AND FEARS OF THE PEOPLE, UNTIL THEY CONCOCTED ALL SORTS OF FANTASTIC HORRORS IN THEIR MINDS----



AND IN HIS NEW YORK HOTEL SUITE, PROFESSOR ALEXANDER POST, AMERICA'S FOREMOST NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS, READ THE NEWS ACCOUNTS.



WHAT'S THAT? WHO IS THIS SPEAKING?



YOUR DOOM IS SEALED, PROFESSOR POST! YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE! CLICK!

I MUSTN'T GET PANICKY! I'LL CALL THE POLICE--- NO, THE F.B.I.!





SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER, THE F.B.I. AGENTS ARRIVED, AND AFTER A BRIEF INTERROGATION---

WE HAVE NO LEAD TO WORK ON, PROFESSOR! IT MAY BE THE WORK OF A CRANK, BUT WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THE PLACE NEVERTHE-  
LESS!



AND AFTER THEY HAD LEFT--

I'VE GOT TO COMPOSE MYSELF! THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO FEAR, WITH THE F.B.I. ON THE JOB!



BUT SLEEP WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE PROFESSOR THAT NIGHT. THE WARNING OF DOOM KEPT REPEATING IN HIS MIND--

"YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE! YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE!"



WHEN FINALLY HE FELL INTO SLUMBER, HIS MIND WAS TORMENTED BY AWFUL NIGHTMARES--

IT'S HIM, THE CREATURE ON THE PHONE!



HE TRIED TO FLEE, BUT THE CREATURE FOLLOWED WITH PRODIGIOUS STRIDES, CHANGING ITS FORM CONTINUALLY.

YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE, PROFESSOR! YOUR DOOM IS SEALED!



THEN HE FELT THE FINGERS OF DEATH CLOSE ABOUT HIS NECK AND SLOWLY THE LIFE-GIVING AIR WAS SEVERED FROM HIS LUNGS

YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE! YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE!

NO! NO! GOT TO GET AWAY!





IT WAS THE RINGING OF HIS TELEPHONE THAT AWOKE HIM FROM THE DREAM---

IT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE! BUT IT WAS SO VIVID, SO REAL!

RING!



HELLO. I REPEAT, PROFESSOR; YOUR DOOM IS SEALED! YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE!



BUT THIS TIME, HIS LINE WAS TAPPED BY AGENTS OF THE F.B.I.--- THEN

I TRACED THE CALL, LET'S GET OVER THERE, FAST! IT'S COMING FROM THE LOBBY OF THE VERY HOTEL IN WHICH POST IS STAYING!



THE TWO AGENTS LEAPED INTO THEIR CAR AND SPED TOWARD THE HOTEL---

HE CAN'T KEEP I WONDER WHY AN EYE ON BRADLEY DIDN'T EVERY ONE SPOT THE GUY! WHO ENTERS THE HOTEL!



WHEN THEY ARRIVED AT THEIR DESTINATION--- THERE'S THE BOOTH, HURRY!



IT-IT'S EMPTY! YES! BUT LOOK AT THE RECEIVER! THERE'S A STRANGE LIQUID SUBSTANCE CLINGING TO IT!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN PROFESSOR POST'S SUITE---



WE'RE I SUSPECTED THAT CONVINCED NOW, PRO- ALL ALONG, BUT I'M FESSOR THAT THESE NOT SURE I CARE ANY LONGER!

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS I HOPE YOU ARE YOU, PROFESSOR, AND IT'S NOT TOO LATE OUR JOB TO PRO- ALREADY! TECT YOU! I'M ASSIGNING A MAN TO GUARD YOU DAY AND NIGHT!





THE NEXT DAY, AT THE F.B.I. LABORATORY IN WASHINGTON, D.C.--

WE MADE A MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION OF THE FLUID FOUND IN THAT PHONE BOOTH IN NEW YORK!



GREAT SCOTT! ARE THESE THE MICROBES FOUND IN THAT GOO?

YES! THEY'RE A TYPE OF PROTO-ZOON UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE! WHO EVER, OR WHAT EVER WAS IN THAT BOOTH, IS NOT OF THIS WORLD!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE PROFESSOR'S SUITE, THE F.B.I. AGENT WAS SLUMBERING UPON THE DIVAN, WHEN AGAIN, THE PHONE RANG

IT'S YOU AGAIN! YOUR LAST WARNING, PROFESSOR! I'M COMING FOR YOU--NOW!



BRADLEY! BRADLEY! WAKE UP! HE'S COMING FOR ME! WAKE UP, MAN, HE'S AFTER ME!



AACK! SOMETHING'S COMING THROUGH THE RE-CEIVER!



HE DROPPED THE PHONE AND STAGGERED BACK IN AWE, AS A MASS OF UNDULATING OOZ CAME SLITHERING FROM ITS PERFORATIONS--

BRADLEY, HELP ME!



FINALLY, IT RESOLVED ITSELF INTO A HORRIBLE ENTITY OF TITANIC PROPORTIONS, WITH RIPPLING TENTACLES, AND AN EXTREMELY GROTESQUE HEAD PROTRUDING FROM ITS ENORMOUS MASS.

GOOD LORD! WHAT ARE YOU?



THAT IS NOT FOR YOU TO KNOW PRECISELY! SUFFICE IT TO SAY, I AM YOUR EXECUTIONER!