

# WAY OUT WEST... ON MARS

REED PARKER TOSSED IN THE CONFINEMENT OF HIS SPACE GEAR AS NIGHT-MARISH VISIONS OF HIS HOMETOWN LOOMED IN HIS MIND! OF COURSE, IT WAS ONLY NATURAL THAT HE THINK OF HOME WHEN HE WAS 35 MILLION MILES FROM EARTH AND 141 MILLION FROM THE SUN... IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE OF SPACE..!




T-THERE'S OLD DOC YATES... WALKING DOWN MAIN STREET ...AND CLARA LEE...A-AND MY BUDDY, BILL...



AS THE CAPSULE WITH ITS FOUR-MAN SPACE TEAM HURTLÉS DOWN TOWARD MARS, PARKER TRIES TO SHAKE THE VISIONS FROM HIS DREAMS



G-GOT TO SNAP OUT OF IT...C-CAN'T LET THE OTHERS KNOW I'M-I'M SEEING VISIONS!

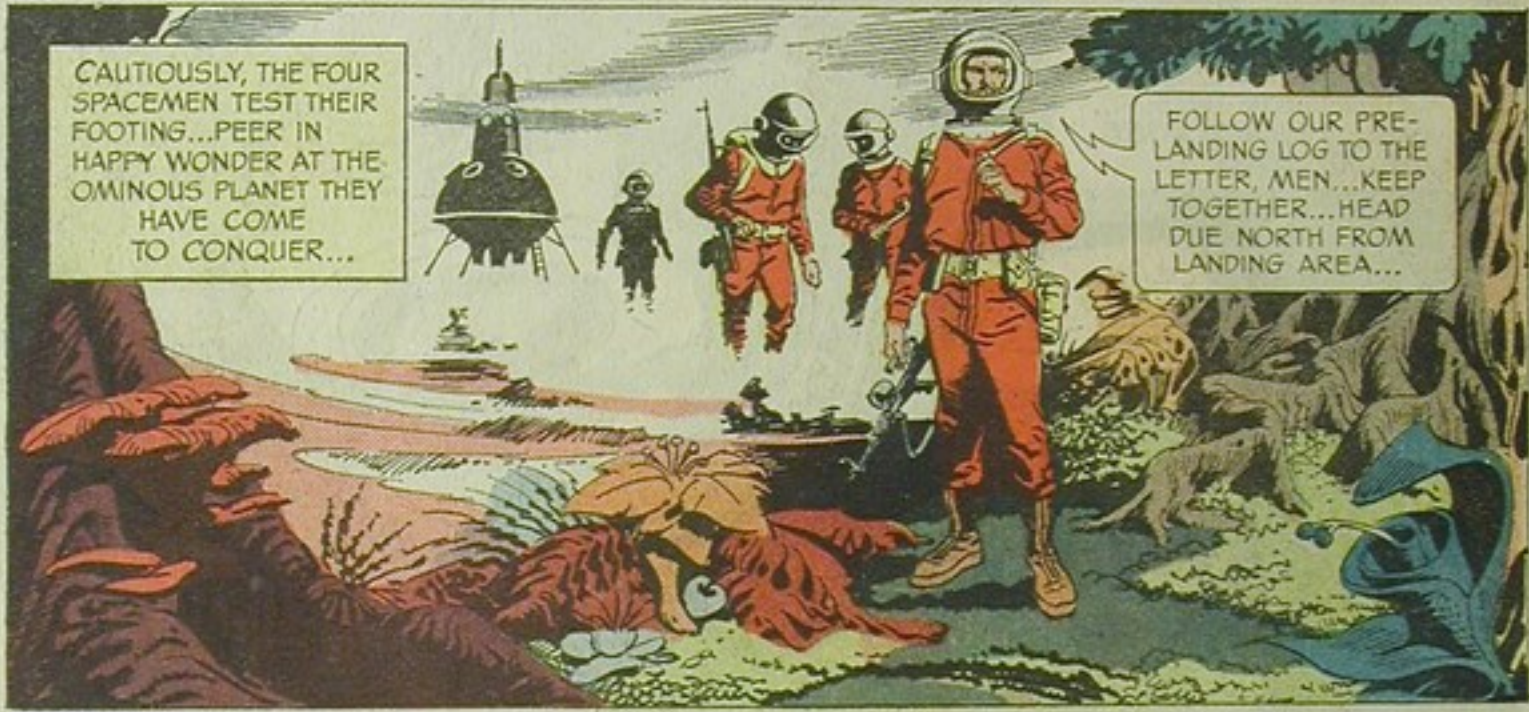
A close-up illustration of an astronaut in a red suit and helmet, sitting in the cockpit of a spacecraft. He is looking forward with a determined expression. The background shows the interior of the ship with various instruments and controls.

THIS IS IT, PARKER--  
WE'VE PASSED MARS'  
TWO SATELLITES,  
DEIMOS AND PHOBOS  
--SECURE FOR SET-  
DOWN!

R-ROGER..!

An illustration of a large, silver, saucer-shaped landing craft hovering in the sky. Below it, a smaller, more complex lander is being lowered onto the rocky, reddish-brown terrain of Mars. The landscape is filled with jagged rock formations and a hazy, orange sky.

THE GREAT CRAFT HOVERS IN  
THE ALIEN ATMOSPHERE...THEN,  
RETRO-ROCKETS EASE HER ONTO  
THE MARTIAN TERRAIN...

A wide illustration showing four astronauts in red suits and helmets walking across a rocky, alien landscape. In the background, a large, dark, saucer-shaped lander is visible. The terrain is filled with various types of alien plants and rocks, creating a sense of a strange, forested environment.

CAUTIOUSLY, THE FOUR  
SPACEMEN TEST THEIR  
FOOTING...PEER IN  
HAPPY WONDER AT THE  
OMINOUS PLANET THEY  
HAVE COME  
TO CONQUER...


FOLLOW OUR PRE-  
LANDING LOG TO THE  
LETTER, MEN...KEEP  
TOGETHER...HEAD  
DUE NORTH FROM  
LANDING AREA...

A close-up illustration of an astronaut in a red suit and helmet. The name "DUNN" is visible on his helmet. He is looking towards the right with a serious expression. The background shows a rocky, alien landscape.

LIKE CHILDREN IN A STRANGE  
FOREST, THEY HEAD NORTH...

HALT! THIS IS AS  
GOOD A PLACE AS  
ANY! YOU WON THE  
TOSS UP FOR THE  
HONORS, PARKER...

RIGHT..!

An illustration of four astronauts in red suits and helmets on a rocky, alien landscape. One astronaut is standing on a rock, holding a large American flag. Another astronaut is standing nearby, and two others are in the background. The scene is set against a backdrop of jagged rock formations and a hazy sky.

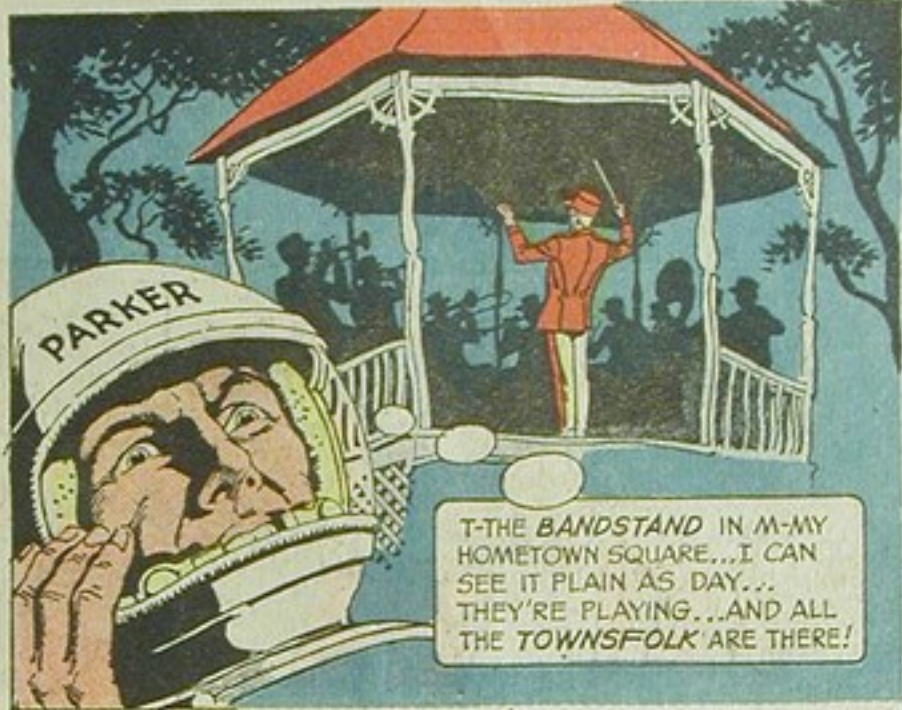
I HEREBY DECLARE  
MARS TO BE A  
PLANETARY POSSESSION  
OF THE UNITED  
STATES OF AMERICA,  
ON THE PLANET  
EARTH!

ONCE AGAIN, THEY CONTINUE ON...  
BUT SUDDENLY, REED PARKER  
FALLS TO ONE KNEE...

OH-H-H! I-IT'S  
HAPPENING  
AGAIN...



T-THE **BANDSTAND** IN M-MY  
HOMETOWN SQUARE... I CAN  
SEE IT PLAIN AS DAY...  
THEY'RE PLAYING... AND ALL  
THE **TOWNSFOLK** ARE THERE!



**PARKER!** WHAT  
HAPPENED...?  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

I-IT'S OKAY, SIR...  
I JUST STUMBLERD  
AND MY OXYGEN  
VALVE JARRED  
LOOSE FOR A  
SECOND... I'M  
ROGER NOW!



FOR ANOTHER LONG HOUR  
THEY EXPLORE THE MARTIAN  
WONDERS... THEN, AS THEY  
ARE ABOUT TO TURN BACK...

THIS IS FAR ENOUGH  
FOR THE FIRST DAY!  
WE'LL RETURN TO  
THE SHIP AND...

W-WHAT'S  
THAT...?



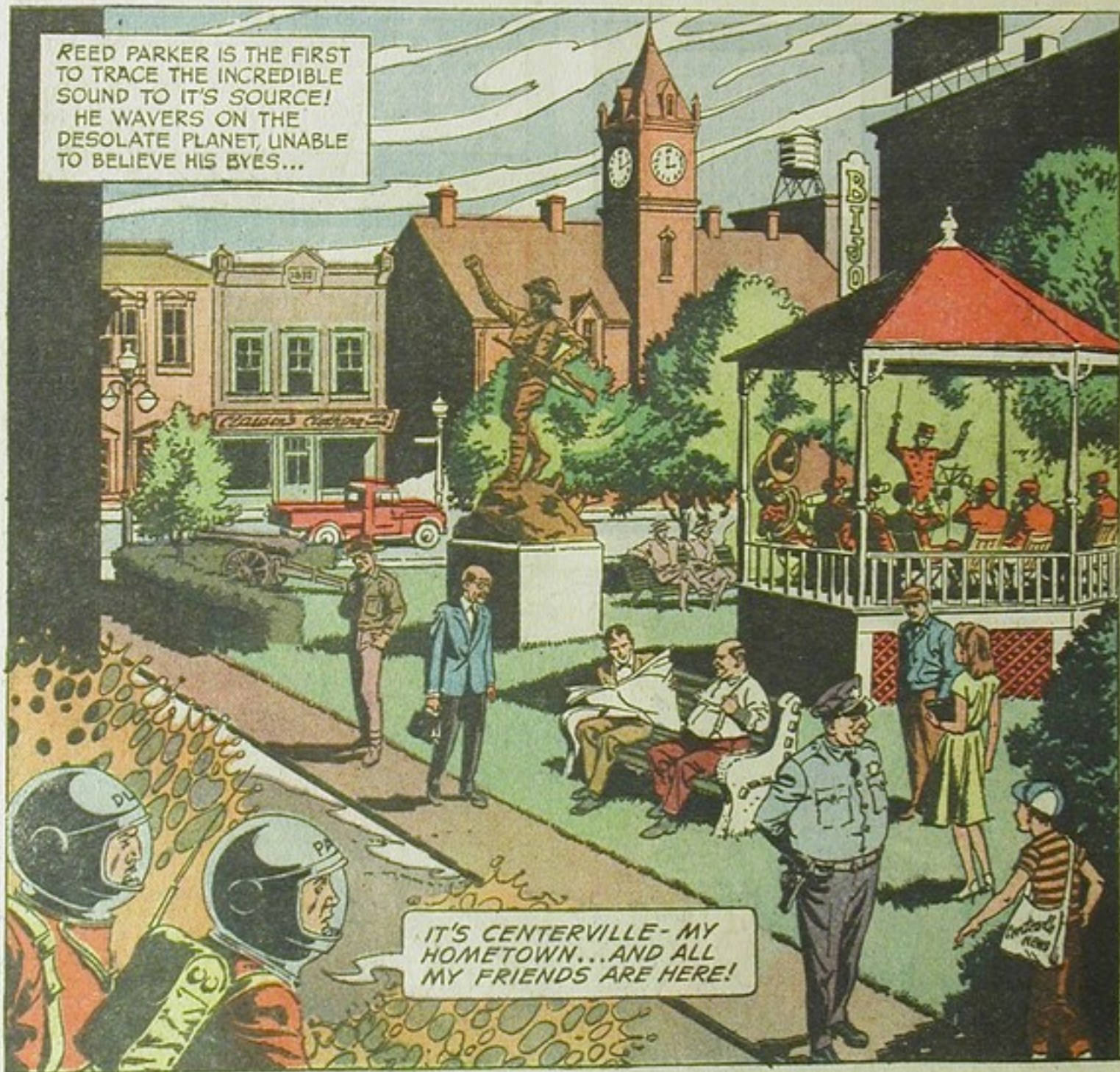
M-MUSIC! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE--HOW COULD THE SOUND BE PENETRATING OUR HELMETS...?

I-IT'S BAND MUSIC-- IT'S COMING FROM OVER THERE... BEYOND THE FOLIAGE!

S-SUFFERING HANNAH!

REED PARKER IS THE FIRST TO TRACE THE INCREDIBLE SOUND TO IT'S SOURCE! HE WAVERS ON THE DESOLATE PLANET, UNABLE TO BELIEVE HIS EYES...

IT'S CENTERVILLE- MY HOMETOWN... AND ALL MY FRIENDS ARE HERE!



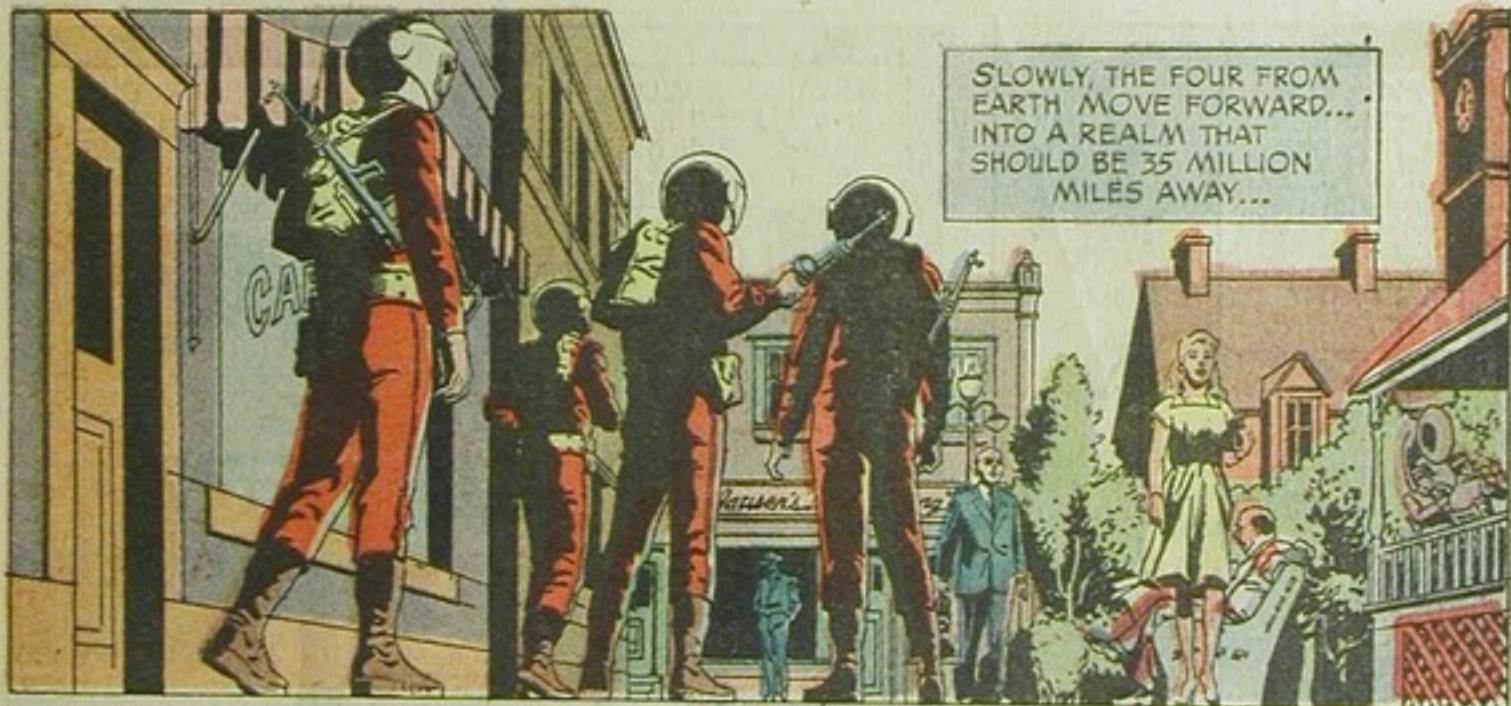


MAJOR DUNN!...I'M CRACKING UP! IT'S BEEN COMING OVER ME FOR DAYS... VISIONS! TAKE ME BACK TO THE SHIP! L-LOCK ME UP!

NO...NO, PARKER... YOU'RE NOT INSANE...



W-WE ALL SEE IT...AND HEAR IT! NOW, STEADY DOWN...WE CAN'T ALL HAVE GONE MAD TOGETHER...THIS...THIS THING HAS TO BE INVESTIGATED!



SLOWLY, THE FOUR FROM EARTH MOVE FORWARD... INTO A REALM THAT SHOULD BE 35 MILLION MILES AWAY...



THE MUSIC GROWS LOUDER... APPLAUSE SOUNDS IN THE BIZARRE ATMOSPHERE OF THE ALIEN PLANET...

DOC YATES! IT IS HIM...I'VE KNOWN HIM ALL MY LIFE...



CLARA LEE - IT'S ME, REED PARKER...

DON'T TOUCH THEM! DON'T PUT A FINGER ON THEM, PARKER!

DOWN--ALL OF YOU!  
PARKER...YOU SAY THIS  
IS YOUR TOWN? THESE  
ARE YOUR FRIENDS?

Y-YES...YES  
..THEY ARE!!

WE'VE BEEN BRIEFED FOR  
NEARLY *EVERY* POSSIBLE  
EMERGENCY ON AN ALIEN  
PLANET...BUT *THIS*...! W-WE  
MUSTN'T PANIC...THERE'S  
GOT TO BE A LOGICAL  
EXPLANATION...

MAJOR...

PARKER

WHATEVER  
THE ANSWER  
IS, IT IS CENTERED  
AROUND *ME*! I'M THE  
ONE WHO MUST  
TRY TO SOLVE  
IT. I'LL GO  
OUT THERE!

PARKER

35 MILLION MILES IN  
SPACE, REED PARKER  
WALKS DOWN THE STREET  
OF HIS 'HOMETOWN'...

CLARA LEE AND OLD  
DOC YATES...THEY'RE  
JUST AS I REMEMBER  
THEM...BUT THERE'S  
SOMETHING *DIFFERENT*!

BUS  
STOP

OF COURSE! THEY ARE  
THE SAME -- BUT AS I RE-  
MEMBER THEM *TEN YEARS*  
AGO WHEN I WAS HOME  
LAST! THEY HAVEN'T AGED!

ROOMS



THE ASTRONAUT'S MIND SWIRLS WITH A DOZEN THOUGHTS... EACH WILDER THAN THE OTHER...

COULD THEY SOMEHOW HAVE BEEN *TRANSPORTED* HERE?... TELEPORTATION BY THOUGHT WAVES?... PERHAPS THE MARTIAN ATMOSPHERE HAS MADE THEM YOUNGER?...

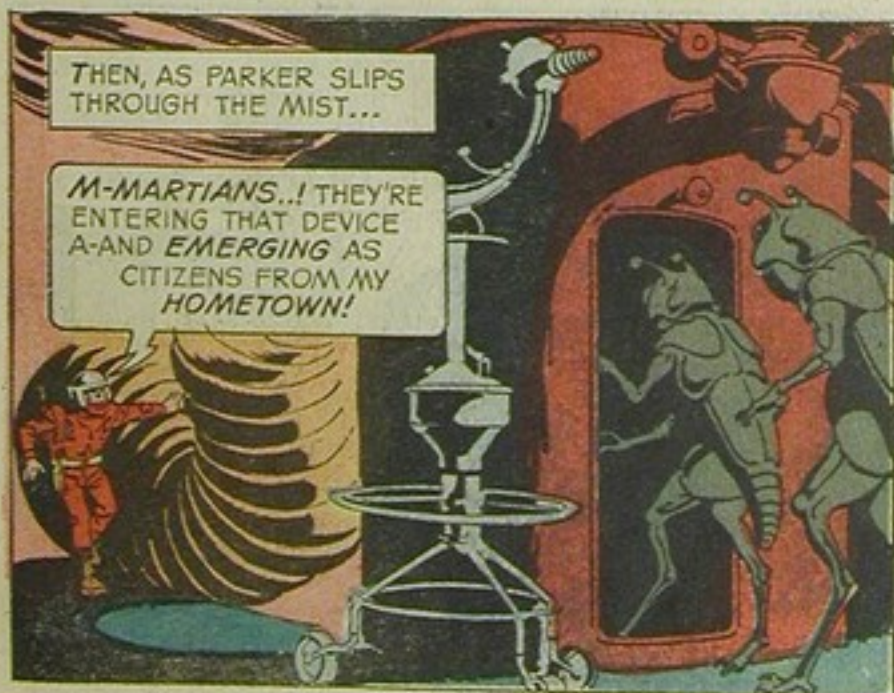


CLARA LEE...  
DOC YATES...  
WAIT!  
DON'T RUN FROM ME!



SUDDENLY...

M-MORE OF MY TOWNSFOLK... *EMERGING* FROM THAT GIANT HORN! I-IT'S AS IF THEY WERE BEING *CREATED*!



THEN, AS PARKER SLIPS THROUGH THE MIST...

M-MARTIANS...! THEY'RE ENTERING THAT DEVICE A-AND *EMERGING* AS CITIZENS FROM MY HOMETOWN!



BUT THE STREETS... THE BUILDINGS...! *WHA..?* THERE'S *NOTHING* HERE! --THEY'RE ONLY AN *ILLUSION*! B-BUT WHY... WHY ARE THEY DOING IT..?

OF COURSE! THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE EXPLANATION-- THEY'RE PLANNING TO COLONIZE EARTH--AND THEY ARE GOING TO SUBSTITUTE THEMSELVES FOR THE PEOPLE IN MY HOMETOWN!

ZIIKA!  
ZIIKA!

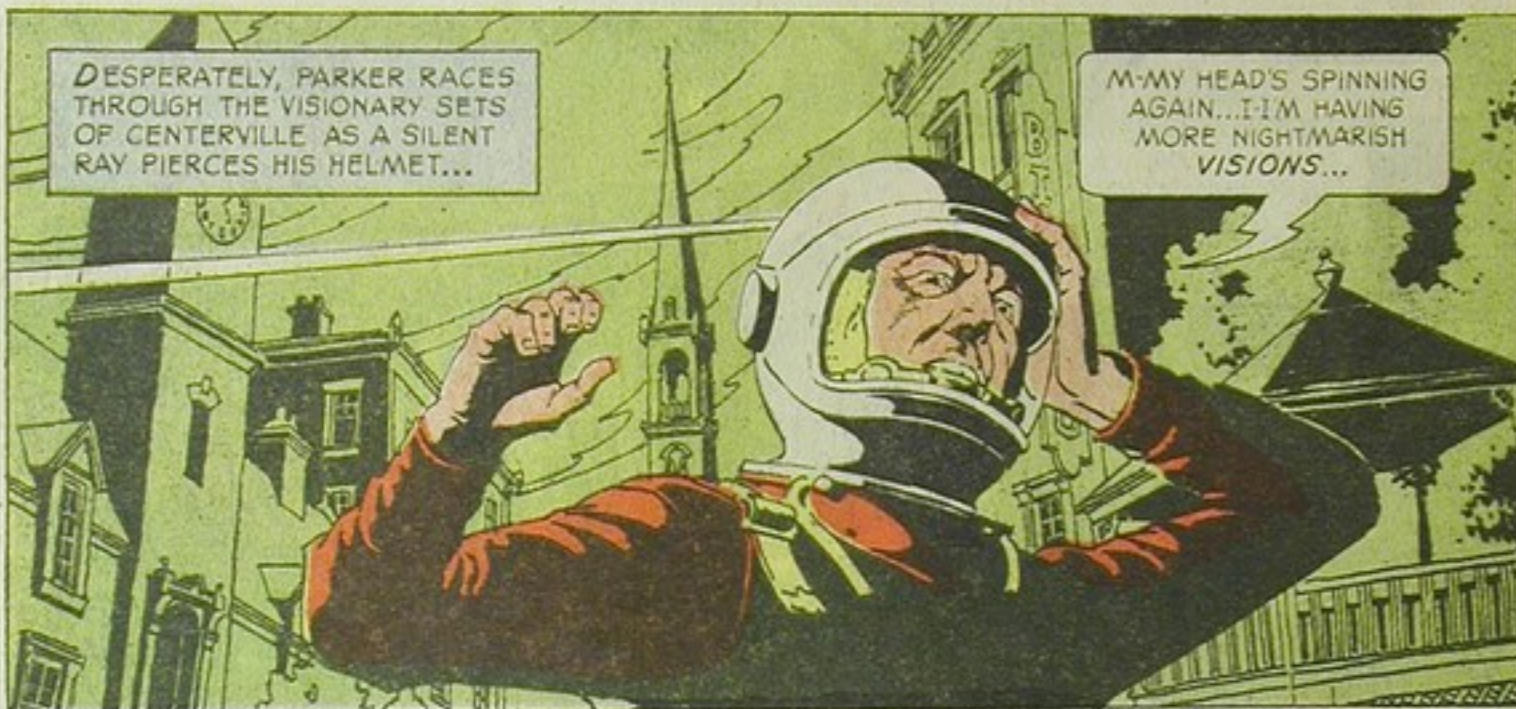


THEY'VE SPOTTED ME-- AIMING THAT RADAR-LIKE WEAPON AT ME...!



DESPERATELY, PARKER RACES THROUGH THE VISIONARY SETS OF CENTERVILLE AS A SILENT RAY PIERCES HIS HELMET...

M-MY HEAD'S SPINNING AGAIN...I'M HAVING MORE NIGHTMARISH VISIONS...



STAY CLEAR...YOU'RE NOT MY FRIENDS...YOU'RE ZOMBIES!-MARTIAN ZOMBIES!




THEN...

MAJOR...RUN FOR THE SHIP! HURRY! W-WE CAN'T COMBAT THESE CREATURES...THEY'VE STOLEN MY MIND!








**PARKER! MAKE SENSE--WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHY ARE ONLY YOU AFFECTED..?**


**BECAUSE ONLY I WAS SLEEPING WHEN WE ENTERED THEIR ATMOSPHERE...THEY MUST HAVE TO HAVE A SLEEPING SUBJECT TO INVADE THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND! HURRY! HURRY!**



**FRANTICALLY, REED PARKER EXPLAINS AS THE FOUR RACE FOR THEIR CRAFT...**

**GREAT SUFFERING GHOSTS! YOU MEAN THEY'RE MAKING DUPLICATES OF THE EARTH CITIZENS YOU DREAMED OF?**

**YES...YES! DON'T YOU SEE--IT'S THE ONLY WAY THEY CAN MINGLE ON EARTH--BY DISGUIISING THEIR HIDEOUS BODIES IN HUMAN-LIKE FORM!**




**BUT THEY NEEDED TO KNOW WHAT EARTH PEOPLE LOOKED LIKE AND HOW THEY ACTED! THAT'S WHY THEY STOLE MY DREAM!**

**Y-YES, THEN THEY COULD TRAIN THEM ...AND REPLACE A WHOLE TOWN WITH THEMSELVES!**



**SCANT MINUTES LATER, THE EARTH-TO-MARS SPACECRAFT ROCKETS THROUGH THE MARTIAN ATMOSPHERE...**

**T-THEY SEEM TO BE... SMILING..!**



**IT WAS SOME MONTHS BEFORE REED PARKER REACHED HIS HOMETOWN OF CENTERVILLE! WHEN HE DID, A FRIGHTENING THOUGHT FILLED HIS MIND...A THOUGHT FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE!**



**COULD THEY HAVE DONE IT ALREADY? ...COULD THEY HAVE BEATEN US BACK THROUGH SPACE...A-AND EVEN NOW BE... THE CITIZENS OF MY HOMETOWN??**