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

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

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...

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...!

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...

OHHH! I-IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN...

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

I-IT'S OKAY, SIR... I JUST STUMBLED 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...?

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 HOMESTOWN...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! 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 MIND 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!

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!

OF COURSE! THEY ARE THE SAME—BUT AS I REMEMBER THEM TEN YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS HOME LAST! THEY HAVEN'T AGED!
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?

Suddenly...

M-MORE OF MY TOWNFOLK... EMERGING FROM THAT GIANT HORN! 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!

ZIIKAI! ZIIKAI!

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

M-My head's spinning again...I'm having more nightmarish visions...

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

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 DISGUISE 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...

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... AND EVEN NOW BE... THE CITIZENS OF MY HOMETOWN??