

# WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS

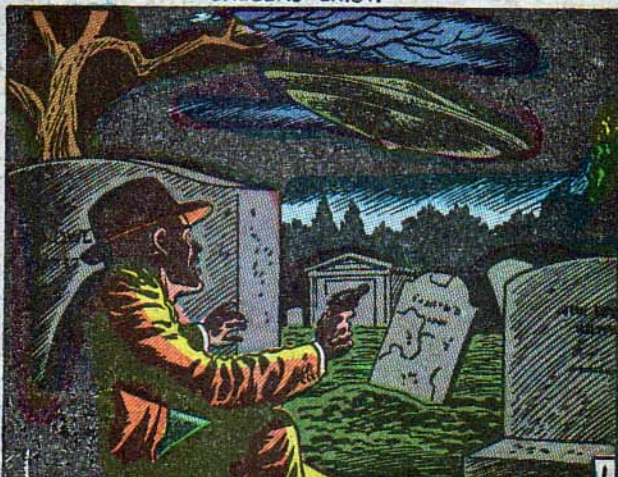
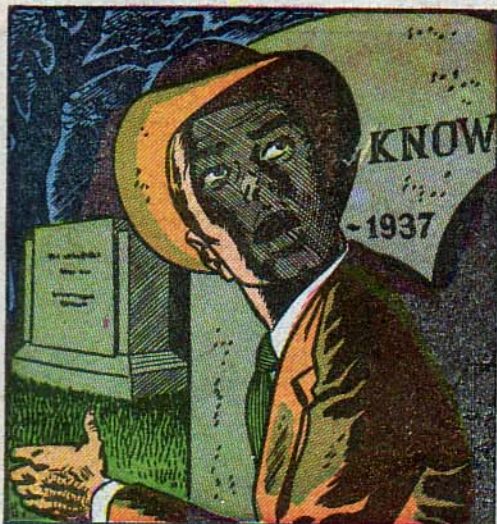


**Y**OUR NAME IS NICK KENT! YOU ARE AN F.B.I. AGENT, AND YOU'RE SCARED TO DEATH! YOU CROUCH BEHIND A TOMBSTONE, WAITING, WATCHING, FEARING... FEARING THE HORROR THAT'S SURE TO COME!

A 70

SUDDENLY, YOU HEAR A SOUND IN THE SKY! SOFT, STEADY, LIKE THE DRONING OF A THOUSAND BEES!

AND THEN IT COMES INTO SIGHT! YOU KNOW NOW IT WASN'T A DREAM...IT WASN'T A HOAX! THE FLYING SAUCERS ARE **REAL!** BECAUSE YOU'RE WATCHING ONE WITH YOUR OWN EYES! YOU'LL BE THE FIRST MAN ON EARTH TO **PROVE** FLYING SAUCERS EXIST!

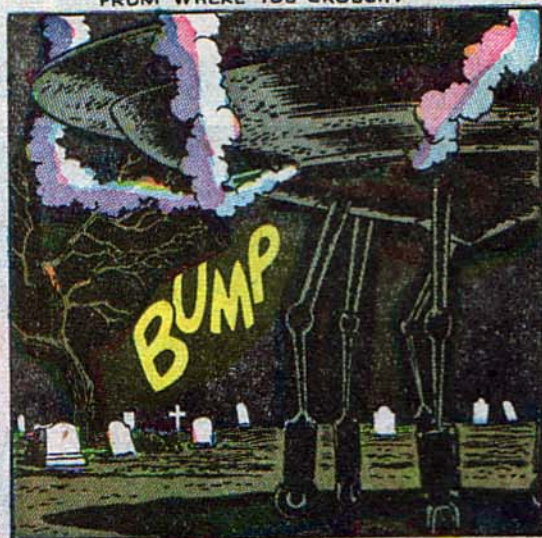


ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



**YOUR HAND TREMBLES AS YOU GRIP YOUR REVOLVER TIGHT! DEEP DOWN IN YOUR HEART YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE SOME THINGS BULLETS CANNOT HARM!**

**SILENTLY, THE BLACK SHIP LANDS! ONLY A FEW FEET FROM WHERE YOU CROUCH!**



**A HUGE, HEAVY DOOR PONDEROUSLY SWINGS OPEN! YOUR HEART FORGETS TO BEAT AS YOU REALIZE THAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET EYES UPON THE CREATURES WHO MAN THE FLYING SAUCERS!**

**AND THEN, YOU SEE IT! A SIGHT ALMOST TOO HORRIBLE TO BEAR! YOU JAM YOUR FIST INTO YOUR MOUTH TO CHOKE BACK THE CRY YOU DARE NOT UTTER, BUT CAN'T CONTROL!**



**FOR THE THINGS THAT EMERGE FROM THE STRANGE SHIP ARE THE MOST LOATHSOME APPARITIONS YOUR MIND CAN CONCEIVE!**

**LIKE GIGANTIC EARTHWORMS, EACH BURROWS INTO THE SOFT GROUND BENEATH... INTO THE SILENT, WAITING GRAVES!**





FOR A FEW MOMENTS, A DEADLY QUIET FILLS THE GRAVEYARD...AND ONLY THE SIGHT OF THE WAITING SAUCER CONVINCES YOU THAT YOU REALLY SAW WHAT YOUR STUNNED BRAIN REFUSES TO BELIEVE.



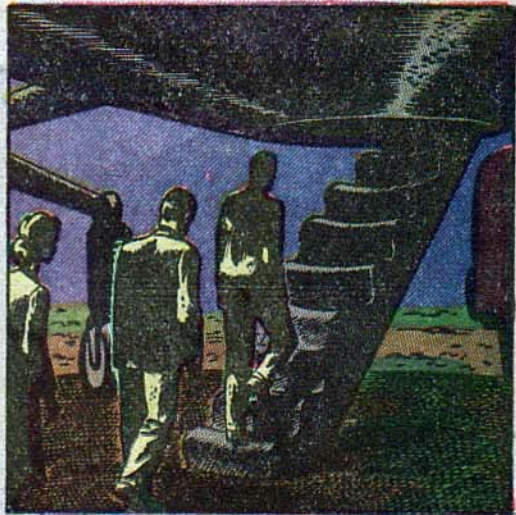
THEN, SLOWLY THE GROUND BEGINS TO RISE OVER EACH GRAVE...AND YOU KNOW THAT THE CLIMAX IS AT HAND!



WHERE THE SLIMY CREATURES FROM THE SAUCER HAD SUNK A MOMENT BEFORE, MEN AND WOMEN RISE UP..BATHED IN THE EERIE LIGHT OF THE MIDNIGHT MOON.

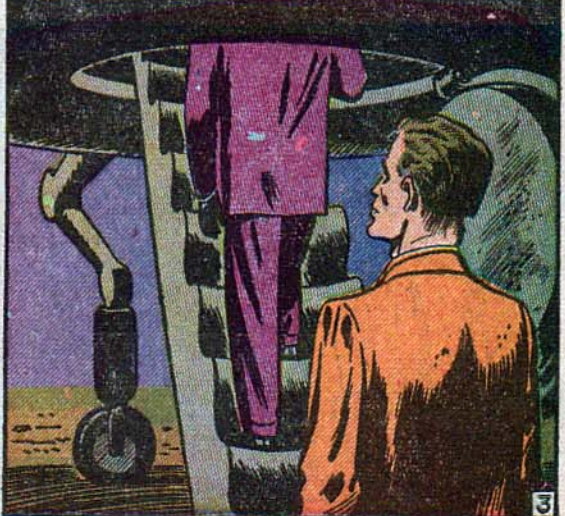


AND SLOWLY THEY MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE GAPING MOUTH OF THE WAITING SAUCER.



IN THAT SPLIT-SECOND YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO...THERE IS NO TIME FOR HESITATION...NO TIME FOR TURNING BACK!

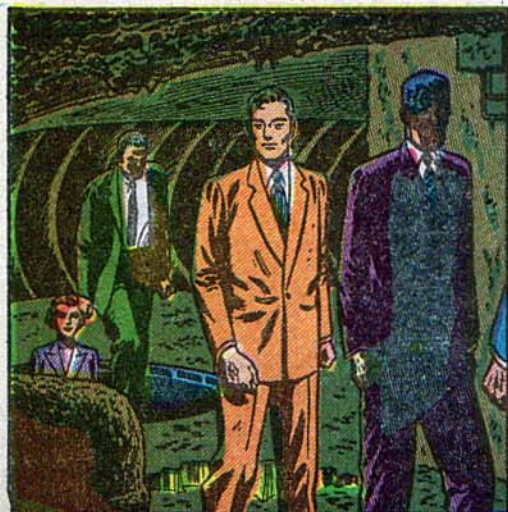
YOU GAMBLE THAT YOU WON'T BE NOTICED...IT'S A DESPERATE GAMBLE...WITH YOUR LIFE AT STAKE!



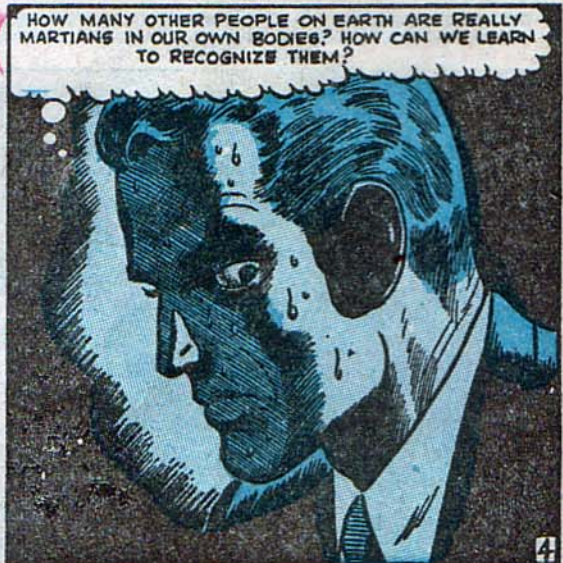
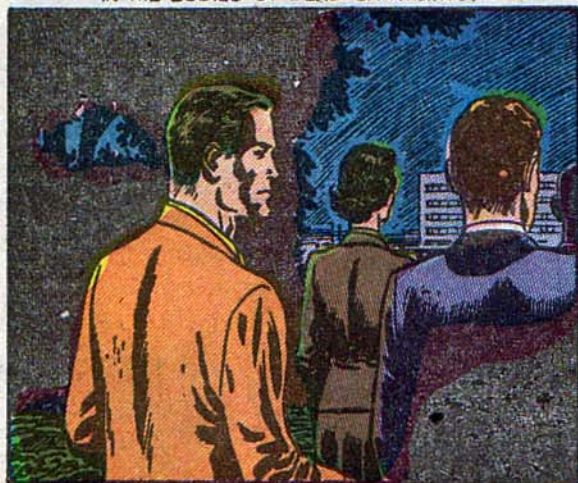


THE INSIDE OF THE SAUCER IS MOLDY AND THICK WITH SLIME! A FIT DWELLING FOR FOUL, SLITHERING WORMS.

NOW THE PROCESSION STOPS! ALL EYES ARE ON THE CREATURE IN THE FRONT OF THE ROOM... A HUGE, UNDULATING, WORM-LIKE THING.



YOU CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY HAPPENING! YOU'RE TEN MINUTES AWAY FROM NEW YORK, AND YOU'RE WALKING DOWN A ROAD WITH CREATURES FROM MARS... CREATURES IN THE BODIES OF DEAD EARTHLINGS!





AT A FORK IN THE ROAD, THE MARTIANS BEGIN TO SPLIT UP... SOME IN ONE DIRECTION, SOME IN ANOTHER! YOU TAKE THE ROAD TOWARD THE CITY... AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!



I'VE GOT TO WARN THE PEOPLE! WE'LL FIND A WAY TO DEFEAT THEM... SOMEHOW!

YOU TALK FAST, EXCITEDLY... THE WORDS TUMBLING OUT IN YOUR EAGERNESS TO TELL YOUR STORY! BUT THEN YOU HEAR...



WORMS FROM MARS!! STOLEN BODIES!! OH, BROTHER!! NOW I'VE HEARD **EVERYTHING!**

DON'T YOU **BELIEVE** ME?

YOU TRY THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE "GLOBE", BUT THE RESULTS ARE THE SAME...



LISTEN, NICK, I'M A BUSY MAN! GO TELL YOUR STORY TO THE COMIC STRIP EDITOR AND STOP BOTHERING ME!

BUT IT'S TRUE, I TELL YOU... **TRUE!**

A FEW MINUTES LATER, YOU'RE IN THE OFFICE OF YOUR REGIONAL CHIEF...



WELL, NICK... ANYTHING NEW ABOUT THOSE HAIR-BRAINED PEOPLES OF FLYING SAUCERS?

THEY'RE **NOT** HAIR-BRAINED, CHIEF! I **SAW** ONE!



SURE, I BELIEVE YOU. I BELIEVE IN RED RIDING HOOD AND JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, TOO. NOW GET OUTTA-HERE BEFORE I STOP THINKING IT'S FUNNY AND DISCHARGE YOU FOR DRINKING ON DUTY.

I... I SHOULD HAVE **EXPECTED** THIS!

YOU REALIZE THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YOU CAN DO... YOU'VE GOT TO GET **PROOF!** A CAMERA! PHOTOGRAPHS WILL CONVINCE THEM.



THAT'S IT! I'LL RETURN TO THE SHIP AND TAKE PICTURES! THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO LAUGH PHOTOS OFF.



AS YOU LEAVE THE BAR, YOU GLANCE AROUND YOU... YOU WONDER HOW MANY OF THE PEOPLE NEAR YOU ARE EARTHINGS LIKE YOURSELF... AND HOW MANY AREN'T...



YOUR MIND IS WHIRLING AS YOU DRIVE TO THE CEMETERY! YOU'RE ON THE VERGE OF THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF ALL TIME! YOU'LL BE MORE FAMOUS THAN COLUMBUS... OR MARCONI!



ONCE MORE YOU STEP INTO THE GLOOMY HOLD JUST AS DAWN BEGINS TO BREAK IN THE SKY...



YOU STOP AT AN ALL-NIGHT PHOTO SHOP AND BUY A MEDIUM-PRICED CAMERA AND SOME INFRA-RED FILM...



YOU'RE RELIEVED TO SEE THAT THE GAUCER IS STILL THERE, AND SOME OF THE MARTIANS ARE ENTERING THE SHIP! IT LOOKS AS IF THINGS ARE GOING TO BE VERY EASY FOR YOU!





YOUR STARTLED BRAIN REELS AS YOU REALIZE YOU'RE TRAPPED!

BUT THEN YOU BECOME AWARE OF ANOTHER, TERRIFYING FACT...YOU'LL NEVER REACH MARS ALIVE!



YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION EVEN BEFORE YOU'VE FINISHED ASKING! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LOOK AT THE HUNGRY EYES... LOOK AT THE OPEN MOUTHS... LOOK AT THE SWAYING, WORM-LIKE FIGURES SLITHERING CLOSER AND CLOSER...





# UNCANNY TALES

JUNE

10¢  
K



TALES OF  
**UNCANNY  
MYSTERY!**

WHAT HAPPENS  
AT MIDNIGHT  
"WHILE  
THE CITY  
SLEEPS!"

"SATAN!"



"THE DROP  
OF BLOOD!"



ATLAS