

CRACKER SHUTZ WAS DEAD-- THE ELECTRIC CHAIR HAD SEEN TO THAT! BUT NOW HE WAS MOVING-- CLAMBERING FROM HIS COFFIN! THE LITTLE PROFESSOR HAD MADE GOOD HIS MACABRE PROMISE! HE HAD RAISED UP A ZOMBIE-- AND PROVIDED...

DEATH FOR HIRE



FOR YEARS CRACKER HAD BEEN HEAD TRIGGERMAN IN LEO GORMAN'S CRIME EMPIRE! HE WAS A MASTER OF ASSASSINATION--

YUH CAN CROSS HIM OFF YOUR LIST, BOSS! HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD!



AND SO IT CAME AS A SHOCK WHEN--

WHAT'S THAT? THE COPS NABBED CRACKER?

CAUGHT HIM IN THE ACT! THEY'LL BURN HIM, BOSS-- HE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!



CRACKER DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! HE WAS TRIED, CONVICTED--

WHAT A ROTTEN BREAK! I'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER TRIGGERMAN LIKE CRACKER!

ONE THING, LEO, NOBODY'LL EVER GET ANYTHING ON YOU! EVEN THIS SENATOR WHO'S YAPPIN' SO LOUD!



A CRIME PROBE WAS IN FULL SWAY, HEADED BY MILITANT SENATOR ADAM FLINT! WHEN LEO GORMAN WAS CALLED--

I BELIEVE YOU ARE THE HEAD OF A CRIME SYNDICATE, MR. GORMAN! IS THIS TRUE?

WHAT IS A CRIME SYNDICATE, SENATOR?

THIS MURDERER, CRACKER SHUTZ, WAS YOUR

PRIVATE KILLER, WASN'T HE?

I REFUSE TO ANSWER ON THE GROUND THAT I MIGHT INCRIMINATE MYSELF!

STOLIDLY, GORMAN WENT THROUGH HOURS OF EXAMINATION, DEFTLY PARRYING ALL QUESTIONS--

YOU MAY STEP DOWN, MR. GORMAN! PERHAPS WE CAN PROVE NOTHING AGAINST YOU! BUT I KNOW, AND EVERY CITIZEN KNOWS, THAT YOU ARE A CALLOUSED KILLER--EVEN MORE SO THAN THAT STUPID UNDERLING OF YOURS WHO IS ABOUT TO PAY WITH HIS LIFE!



I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT, SENATOR FLINT! YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT-- BUT YOU'VE JUST SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT!

BACK HOME, WITH RAGE STILL BURNING WITHIN HIM

I'D HAVE THAT MEALY-MOUTHED OO-GOODER KNOCKED OFF FAST-- IF ONLY I HAD CRACKER BACK!

FAT CHANCE YUH GOT OF THAT, BOSS! HE'S SLATED TO FRY NEXT WEEK!



THEN, A FEW DAYS BEFORE CRACKER'S EXECUTION, A STRANGE LITTLE MAN CAME TO SEE GORMAN--

JUST CALL ME THE PROFESSOR! I CAME HERE BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO HAVE YOUR GUNMAN, CRACKER SHUTZ, RETURNED TO YOU!

CRACKER'S IN THE DEATH HOUSE! THERE AIN'T A HOPE OF SPRINGIN' HIM!

I DON'T MEAN TO HAVE HIM RETURNED TO YOU BEFORE HIS EXECUTION! I MEAN AFTER!



AFTER?
HE'LL BE--
DEAD!

CERTAINLY! BUT THE
DEAD CAN BE MADE
TO WALK AGAIN-- IF
ONE KNOWS THE DREAD
SECRET! AND I LEARNED
THAT SECRET FROM
WITCH DOCTORS IN THE
JUNGLES OF HAITI! I
CAN BRING CRACKER
BACK TO YOU, AS A

ZOMBIE!

APPALLED, GORMAN TRIED TO
FORCE THE IDEA FROM HIS
MIND! YES--

A ZOMBIE TO DO MY
KILLING! CRACKER BACK
IN SERVICE AGAIN! IT
WOULD BE A PERFECT
WAY TO GET MY
REVENGE ON
SENATOR FLINT!

AND SO, ON THE NIGHT CRACKER
WAS EXECUTED, A HEARSE
WAITED OUTSIDE THE
PENITENTIARY--

THERE GOES
THE LAST OF
CRACKER! I
WONDER WHO'S
CLAIMING THE
BODY?

LET'S TAG
ALONG AND
FIND OUT!

BUT GORMAN HAD PLANNED WELL! THE
REPORTERS' ATTEMPT TO FOLLOW THE
HEARSE WAS CLEVERLY BLOCKED!

HEY, YOU--
WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF CUTTING
US OFF?

MEANWHILE, CRACKER'S BODY WAS TAKEN TO A
LONELY FARM HOUSE-- WHERE THE LITTLE PROFES-
SOR COMMENCED A WEIRD RITUAL!

HALATA BALU!
IN THE NAME
OF GOMENA,
GOD OF THE
LIVING DEAD,
I COMMAND
YOU-- RISE!

HE'S--MOVING! HE'S
GETTING UP!

HE'S DONE
IT! HE'S
BROUGHT
CRACKER
BACK!

THERE HE IS, MR.
GORMAN, YOUR
TRIGGERMAN--
BETTER THAN HE
EVER WAS ALIVE,
BECAUSE NOTHING
CAN HARM HIM--
NOTHING
CAN STOP
HIM!

FINE WORK, PROFESSOR--
I CAN SURE USE HIM!
WILL HE DO WHAT I
TELL HIM TO DO?

NOT YOU! I
MUST GIVE THE
COMMANDS!
HE OBEYS
ONLY ME!

SO THE PROFESSOR MOVED IN ON GORMAN, AND IT SOON BECAME APPARENT TO THE CRIME BOSS THAT HE WAS AT THE MERCY OF THE LITTLE MAN! FOR AS THE MASTER OF CRACKER, THE PROFESSOR COULD DEMAND AND GET ANYTHING!

HE'S GOT ME WHERE HE WANTS ME, AND HE KNOWS IT! WELL, I'LL LET HIM HAVE HIS WAY UNTIL CRACKER FINISHES OFF SENATOR FLINT! THEN-- I'LL SETTLE WITH THE PROFESSOR!



THEN THE PROFESSOR DECIDED TO SHOW OFF HIS ZOMBIE'S PROWESS! IT WAS A PAYROLL JOB-- A CINCH!

THAT HOLD-UP MAN! HE LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE-- CRACKER SHUTZ!

YOU MEAN YOU SENT CRACKER OUT ON A JOB? BUT YOU KNEW I WANTED HIM KEPT UNDER COVER!

AREN'T YOU FORGETTING THAT I GIVE HIM HIS ORDERS?



BUT REPERCUSSIONS SOON SET IN!

THAT NIGHT THE CASKET, IN WHICH A DUMMY HAD BEEN BURIED, WAS DUG UP BY GORMAN'S MEN!

WHAT IF THEY DID IDENTIFY CRACKER? EVERYBODY KNOWS HE'S DEAD!

YES! BUT THE PAPER'S RAISING A FUSS-- THEY'RE YELLING TO DIG UP CRACKER'S GRAVE AND SEE IF HE'S THERE! YOU AND YOUR SMART IDEAS! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

GET RID OF THIS DUMMY-- ORDER CRACKER INSIDE, PROFESSOR?

CLIMB INTO THE COFFIN AND LIE DOWN, CRACKER!





SUSPICION WAS ALLAYED -- AND THE PROFESSOR ORDERED CRACKER BACK FROM THE GRAVE!

CAN'T YOU PARK CRACKER SOMEPLACE BESIDES NEXT TO ME! MAKES ME JITTERY HAVIN' HIM AROUND ALL THE TIME!

YOU ASKED FOR YOUR OLD GUNMAN BACK.. AND NOW YOU HAVE HIM! DON'T BE AFRAID OF CRACKER, MR. GORMAN! HE WON'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU.. THAT IS, UNLESS I TELL HIM TO! HA! HA!

THEN, ABRUPTLY, GORMAN'S CHANCE CAME TO ACT AGAINST HIS ENEMY, SENATOR FLINT!

SOON AS THAT'S DONE, I'LL KNOCK OFF THE PROFESSOR! WHEN HE DIES, CRACKER WILL GO BACK TO BEIN' A CORPSE! I'LL BE RID OF BOTH OF 'EM!

BUT I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL.. THE PROFESSOR ALWAYS CARRIES A GAT! WELL, IT CAN BE FILLED WITH BLANKS, CAN'T IT?

BOSS, I JUST HOID -- THAT SENATOR CHARACTER, FLINT, HE'S GONNA GIVE AN ADDRESS IN TOWN IN A COUPLA DAYS!

GOOD! THAT'S WHEN CRACKER WILL NAIL HIM!



ON THE MORNING OF THE DAY SENATOR FLINT WAS TO ADDRESS A MASS MEETING, GORMAN MANAGED TO GET HOLD OF THE PROFESSOR'S REVOLVER! HE QUICKLY REMOVED THE REAL BULLETS AND INSERTED BLANKS!

CRACKER WAS CAREFULLY DISGUISED AND GIVEN A TICKET..

LISTEN, CRACKER! YOU WILL BE SHOWN TO A SEAT IN THE GALLERY.. SIT THERE! A MAN WILL START SPEAKING FROM THE PLATFORM OF THE HALL! HE WILL LOOK LIKE THIS PICTURE! WHEN YOU SEE HIM, SHOOT HIM -- AND SHOOT TO KILL!

NOW HE WON'T HAVE A PRAYER AGAINST ME!



GORMAN AND THE PROFESSOR SAT BEFORE THE TELEVISION SET! WITH LUCK..THEY WOULD ACTUALLY SEE SENATOR FLINT KILLED!

HA-HA! SOON IT WILL BE ALL OVER FOR HIM!

AND FOR YOU, TOO, PROFESSOR!



HERE WE ARE IN BELTLEY HALL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHERE THAT GREAT CRUSADER AGAINST ORGANIZED CRIME, SENATOR FLINT, IS TO ADDRESS A LARGE GATHERING!

I HOPE CRACKER'S THERE!

HE IS-- HE NEVER DISOBEYS ME! HE CAN'T!



AND HERE HE IS NOW-- SENATOR ADAM FLINT!

THE RAT-- HOW I HATE HIM! WHY DOESN'T CRACKER SHOOT NOW?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT IS A GREAT HONOR TO--



SUDDENLY--

THAT WAS A GUN SHOT!

BANG!



THE TV CAMERA SWERVED ABRUPTLY, FOCUSED ON THE GALLERY--

A MANIAC IS SHOOTING AT THE SENATOR-- THERE HE IS...



CRACKER! THERE'S CRACKER! HE MUST HAVE GOT HIM-- HE NEVER MISSES!





POLICE ARE THRONGING UP ON THE PLATFORM! I CANNOT SEE THE SENATOR...

HE'S DEAD, THAT'S WHY NO ONE CAN SEE HIM! HE'S LYING THERE ON THE PLATFORM, DEAD! CRACKER ALWAYS HITS THE MARK!

AND NOW-- IT'S YOUR TURN, PROFESSOR!

WH-WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? PUT THAT THING AWAY!



I DON'T NEED CRACKER NOW-- OR YOU, PROFESSOR! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU! THEN I'LL BE RID OF CRACKER, TOO! DON'T REACH FOR YOUR REVOLVER! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD--I FILLED IT WITH BLANKS!

BUT I HAVE NONE! I GAVE MINE TO CRACKER WHEN HE LOST HIS!

THEN...THEN HE WAS SENT TO KILL THE SENATOR WITH A GUN FULL OF BLANKS! AND THAT MEANS THE SENATOR MUST STILL BE ALIVE!

THE PROFESSOR SAW HIS CHANCE-- AND BOLTED!

CRACKER! COME BACK! HURRY-- I NEED YOU!

SO THAT'S YOUR GAME-- YOU'RE GOING TO TURN THAT ZOMBIE ON ME! WELL, IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!



I'VE GOT TO FINISH HIM OFF BEFORE CRACKER CAN GET BACK!

ARGHHH!

THOUGH HIT AND BADLY WOUNDED, THE LITTLE PROFESSOR MANAGED TO PROLONG THE PURSUIT--

YOU WON'T GET AWAY-- TAKE THAT!

BANG!

I'M NOT DEAD YET...
I'LL... I'LL LIVE...
LONG ENOUGH... TO
SEE YOU DIE!
**CRACKER--
KILL HIM!
KILL HIM!**

**CRACKER CAN'T
SAVE YOU NOW!
YOU'LL BE
THROUGH BEFORE
HE CAN GET
HERE!**



**SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND HIM, GORMAN HEARD
THE SOUND OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS--**

**HOLY
SMOKE--
THE
ZOMBIE!**

**HE'S ALL YOURS,
CRACKER--
TEAR HIM
APART!**



**NO-- NO! KEEP AWAY!
THE BULLETS ARE GOING
RIGHT THROUGH HIM--
THEY CAN'T STOP
A DEAD MAN!**



**THE CHILL FINGERS OF
THE ZOMBIE
FASTENED
AROUND
GORMAN'S
NECK AND
TIGHTENED...
TIGHTENED!
THAT SOUND--
THE SNAPPING
OF BONES--**

**HURRY, CRACKER--
FINISH HIM
BEFORE I DIE!
I'M YOUR
CONTROL--
WHEN I GO,
YOU RETURN
TO THE
GRAVE!
YOU---
ARGHHH!**



**AS THE PROFESSOR EXPIRED, THE
CRUEL PRESSURE ON GORMAN'S
THROAT WAS ABRUPTLY
TERMINATED! CRACKER REELED--
AND SLOWLY VANISHED!**

**BUT IT WAS TOO LATE
FOR GORMAN TO WIN
ANYTHING! HE TOOK
A STUMBLING STEP
AND THEN FELL
HEADLONG!**

**FOR GORMAN HAD HIRED
DEATH-- AND DEATH
HAD COME!**

**HE'S GONE...
CRACKER'S
GONE! I... I
WIN...
AFTER
ALL!**

