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A WARREN MAGAZINE

**"I WOULDN'T WANT
TO LIVE THERE!"**

**...a strange,
fantastic story
in this
issue**



**ALL NEW
STORIES**

**...by the World's
Greatest Artists
and Writers!**

50¢



IT IS SOMETIME **NOW!** THE WINDS OVER **BEACON HILL** ECHO MELODIC CHANTS OF A HIDDEN - PRECIOUS PAST. A PAST CHERISHED BY THE WORLD AS THE BIRTHPLACE OF **MEN OF GENIUS**. POETS, ARTISTS, PHILOSOPHERS. WHAT IS IT THE SAY ABOUT **GENIUS?** THAT IT IS NEXT TO **MADNESS?** ONE MAN... A SCIENTIST, A WIZARD AT HIS CRAFT.... IS ABOUT TO FIND OUT!

IN THE NECK OF TIME



LONG NIGHTS, ENDLESS HOURS, FOR HIS FELLOW MAN. HIS WORK WILL TAKE THEM OUT OF THEIR MISERY...THEIR CONFLICTS. BY SHOWING THEM...THE FUTURE! BUT WHAT IF...JUST FOR A BRIEF SECOND, THE HOURS OF SOLITUDE, OF SENSORY DEPRIVATION, TOOK THEIR...**TOLL!**

DID **THEY** HELP **ME** WHEN I NEEDED IT? DID **THEY** GIVE **ME** THE MORAL SUPPORT I SO BADLY NEEDED?

BUT WHY? WHY SHOULD **THEY** - WHO HAVE SCORNE ME - MOCKED ME AT EVERY TURN... WHY SHOULD **THEY** BENEFIT FROM MY WORK?

NO!
AND NOW DAMN THEM ALL! THIS IS MINE...
ALL MINE! IT IS TIME FOR **ME** TO LIVE!

WITH THIS WARP-REFLECTOR I NEED ONLY TRAVERSE TIME ITSELF FOR **RICHES!** TREASURES SUCH I HAVE NEVER KNOWN! IN TIME I SHALL **STUN** THE PEASANTS... OF ANY ERA...**BUT WAIT...**

CAN I FIND IT?
HERE AMONGST THE
REMAINS OF MY LATE
BROTHER'S TWISTED
MIND LIES...

....A **MASTERPIECE!** MY
BROTHER MAY HAVE BEEN **INSANE!**
BUT HIS INFATUATION WITH WEAPONRY
SHALL BE MY WAY TO FORTUNE. WITH
THIS STUN-PARALYZER RAY OF
HIS I CAN BLEED BLIND...

...THE
PAST!



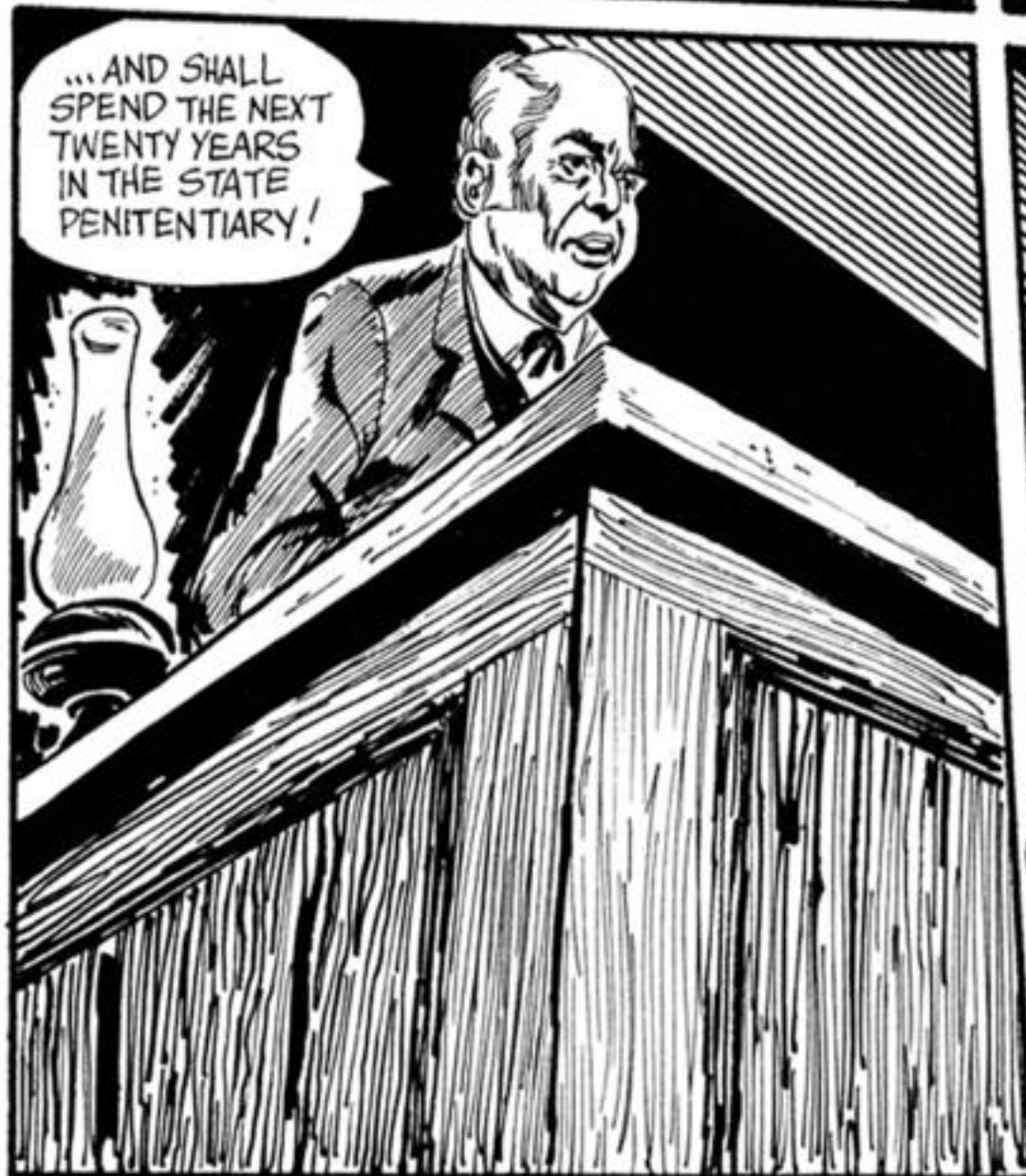


IT IS BEAUTIFUL, MARTIN BRUMMEL. SICKENING - BUT BEAUTIFUL! YOU'VE CONQUERED YOUR HEART'S DESIRE! BUT DON'T LAUGH TOO HARD... REMEMBER... YOU'VE ONLY ONE WEEK... BEFORE THAT GIZMO OF YOURS YANKS YOU BACK TO THE PRESENT... ALONG WITH ALL THOSE SO CALLED RICHES OF YOURS.



HAVE FUN NOW MARTIN, YOU MAY NEVER GET A- NOTHER CHANCE - THAT SOUND LIKE A THREAT OLD BOY, HAH HAH... TURN THE PAGE AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT WE MEAN!







IF THE JUDGE
DON'T GIT YA..
WE WILL!

YOU'LL NEVER
MAKE IT TO JAIL!
SWINE!

WE'LL
HANG 'IM
FIRST...**GET**
'IM BOYS!

NO NO NO! YOU
CAN'T...NOT YET! IT'S NOT
TIME...NOT 'TILL TOMORROW...
MY MACHINE...IT ISN'T READY!

BUT MARTIN BRUMMEL'S MACHINE WAS READY! AND TOOK HIM RIGHT BACK TO WHERE HE WANTED TO GO... HIS OWN HOUSE IN THE PRESENT! BUT WHAT'S THIS? HIS HOUSE IN RUINS? *HEH!* SEEMS MARTIN, IN HIS BIG RUSH FOR FORTUNE, FORGOT TO TURN OFF ALL THE POWER IN THAT LAB OF HIS... AND WITH NO ONE TO TEND IT... WHY IT JUST BURNED OUT AND STARTED A FIRE! AND YOU KNOW HOW THOSE OLD HOUSES BURN... LIKE A BRONC WITH A ROPE AROUND ITS NECK!! *HEH! HEH! HEH!*



THE
END