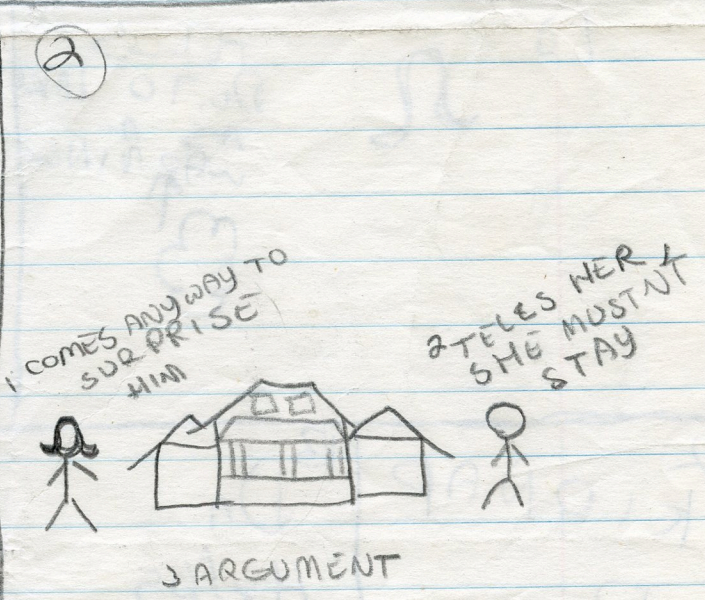
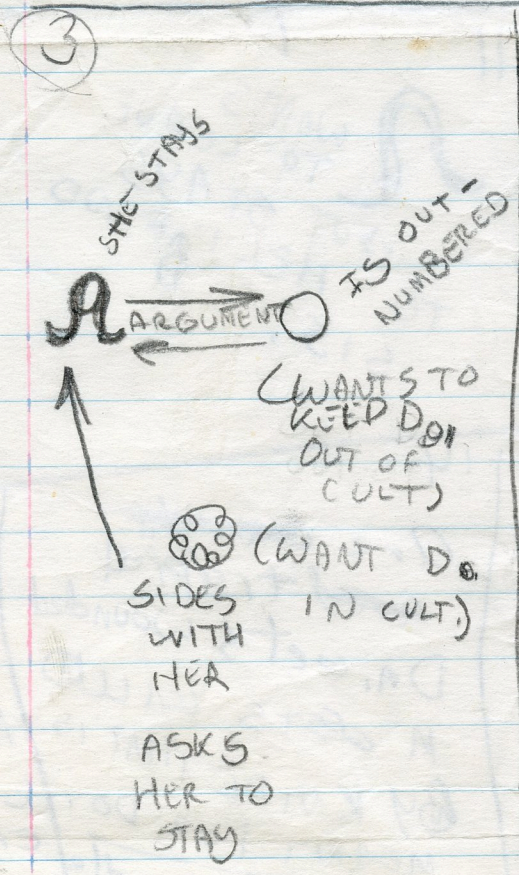
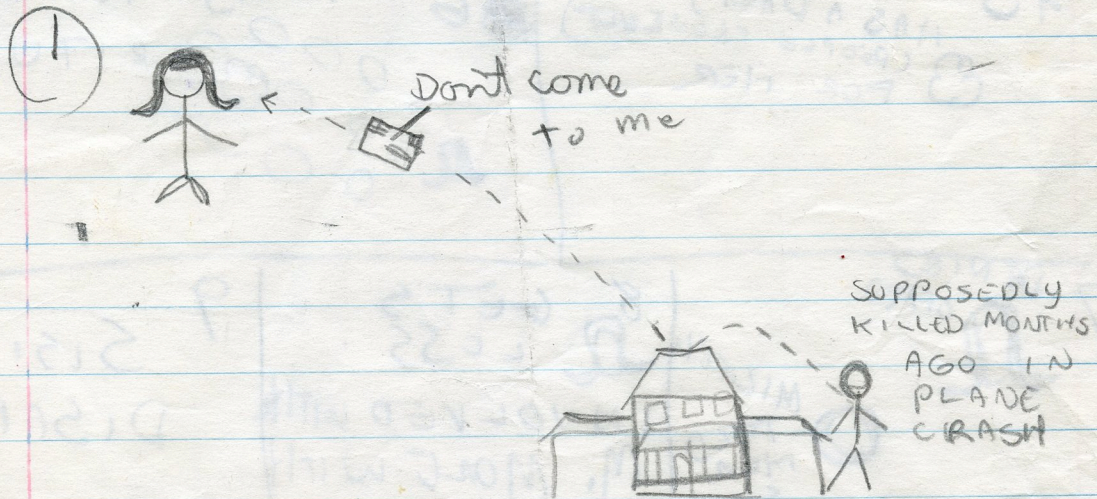


DAVID CONRAD
DOREEN CAMPFIELD
MICHELL STEPHENS IN A CULT
MRS. JUDITH MAXWELL (WIDOW)



4

a → MEETS

DAVID



SISTER



10 yrs.

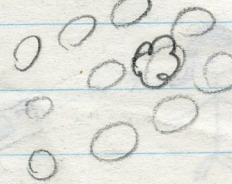
5

HAS A PARTY
(PEOPLE FROM CULT)
FOR HER

6

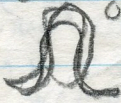
PARTY TURNS INTO

RITUAL

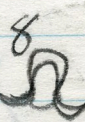


7

DENIES
OFFER



MICHAEL
TOLD
HER
SO
JOHN AND YOU
WONT GET HURT



8 GETS
LESS

INVOLVED WITH
M. MORE WITH

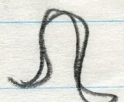
D.

9

SIS.

DISAPPEARS

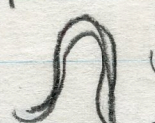
10



TELLS
DO. TO TAKE
AS A
WARNING



11

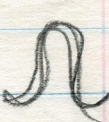


WANTS
TO LEAVE
BUT STAYS
TO HELP FIND
SIS.

12

KIDNAP

Do



13

Da

Helps

Do and Sis

escape

Has a

candle

14

Are ~~caught~~
~~and~~ trapped
Da gets wounded
N gets killed
BY KNIFE THAT IS
MEANT FOR DO.

15 DROPS CANDLE

16 House
CATCHES
FIRE

17

House
completely

Burnt
down

No one

LIVES
EXCEPT

Doreen
David,

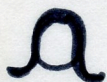
SIS.

DAVID
CONRAD

DOREEN
CAMPFIELD

MICHAEL
STEPHENS

MRS. JUDITH
MAXWELL
(WIDOW)



3



USSES

WITCHCRAFT
TO
CURE



TAKES
6
MONTHLY

CRASHES




IS HURT

2

FINDS HIM



4 ~~TAKES~~

IF  DOESN'T WORSHIP
THE DEVIL. HE WILL DIE

5 IN A CULT



8




PURSE
IS
RIPPED
OFF BY A

9



PERSON
IN THE
CULT

GETS LETTER
FROM 



TELLS HER
NOT TO
LOOK FOR
HIM



7

TRIES TO
TAKES
LETTERS TO
HANDWRITING
ANALYSIS
TO GET
COMPARED



12

FINDS

DEAD

13

DAVID

GETS
RID OF
IT

10 MEETS
DAVID

HE
TAKES
HER
TO GO TO M.I.N.N WITH HIM



11
GOES
HOME

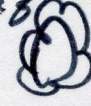


BABY

14 THEY GO
TO M.I.N.N.

16 GETS IN
FIGHT WITH
DAVID

18 WANTS
DOREEN
IN CULT



20

HAS WELCOME
PARTY.
(TO GET HER IN
CULT)



15 FINDS
MICHAEL

17 STAYS
WITH
MICHAEL

MRS.
MAXWELL
INSISTS


19 TRIES
TO KEEP
DOREEN
OUT OF
CULT





21


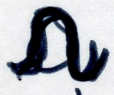
PARTY TURNS
INTO RITUAL






22 DENIES OFFER
TO BE IN
CULT 

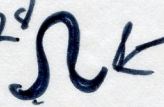

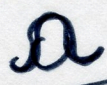
MICHAEL
23 SAYS HE TRIED
TO STOP HER
BUT SHE WOULDN'T
LISTEN SO NOW
SHE MUST
JOIN


24 GOES RUNNING TO
 → 
DAVID →
STAYS WITH
HIM


25  ASKS 
TO MARRY
HIM
←
HAS TO
THINK

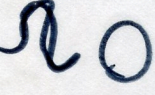

26  SISTER
GETS
KIDNAPPED

27  TELLS 
TO TAKE AS
WARNING

28  → 
WANTS TO LEAVE BUT
 WANTS TO STAY AND
SLS

29 DADDY HELPS
 AND SLS
TO ESCAPE

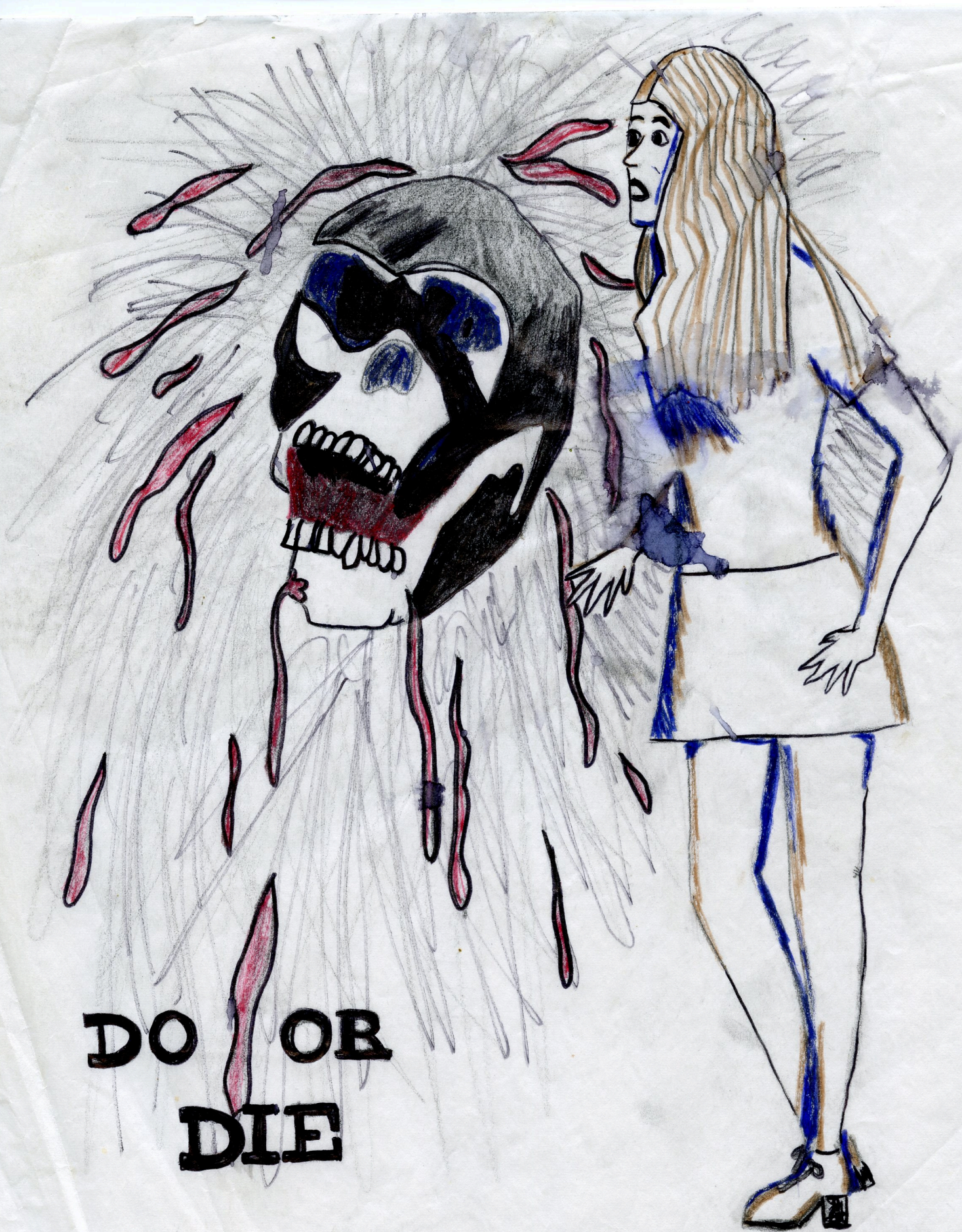
30 THROWS
CANDIE AT
MICHAEL, A
FIGHT
 GETS
WOUNDED

HOUSE
BURNS
DOWN
ONLY
 
LIVE

October 29, 1973

PEANE CRASH KILLS ALL

A charter plane, the Loise, on flight to Ontario crashed near the town of Maxwellville, Minn. yesterday. A search for survivors was made with no results, so it was assumed there were no survivors. No one knew exactly how many passengers there were; approximately 6 or 7. The plane evidently caught fire after it had exploded.



DO OR
DIE

K. TIPTON

Doreen settled down in an easy chair and began to sort through the mail she had just recieved. Most of it was either bills or junk mail, but one envelope caught her eye. It was post-marked in Minnesota, while she lived in a New York suberb, and instead of a return address was a strange insignia. She put aside the other mail and opened the mysterious envelope. She then pulled out the contents and read. Her placid face turned to one of horror, and disbelief, for the letter was signed by her fiance who was to have been killed in a plane crash six months past! Just getting over the shock of her lover's death, the hurt of it all came back with this prank letter. Or was it??? It certainly looked like Michael's handwriting and it also sounded as his way of speech. It read:

"Dearest Doreen,

I'm sure this must be a shock to hear from me after such a long lapse of time, but I have only just recovered from the accident. I am sorry to have to tell you in a letter, but I am breaking our engagement. I still luv you but the conditions here are beyond my control. Please do not try to find me, I surely don't want you mixed up in this. Even if I never see you again, I will always remember you, and I hope you do the same. I luv you.

Michael

She was now certain it was Michael. In all of the letters he had written her he always spelled l o o v e, l u v. Tears streaming down her face, she ran to her room and lay sobbing on the bed. Doreen would have eventually gotten over his death, but now knowing he was still alive and not being able to go to him drove her crazy. Suddenly she resolved she would find Michael, and somehow, someway she would marry him. Wiping her eyes and fixing her make-up, she walked back into the living room and picked up the telephone reciever. Finding the phone book she leafed through it until she was in the yellow pages, and paging through them she found what she was looking for.

2
Dialing the number, she waited patiently for it to be answered.

"Hello. Handwriting Analysis. Can I help you?"

"Yes, do you compare samples of handwriting?"

"Yes, we do."

"Would it be possible to make an appointment for this afternoon?"

"Yes. We could make it at 1:00 today."

"Okay, fine. My name is Doreen Campfield."

"Thank you. Goodbye."

Doreen replaced the receiver and made herself a small lunch. After she had eaten she went to her room and began searching through a drawer where she had kept all the letters from Michael. She removed it and then retrieved the one she had just gotten. Putting them both in her purse, she set out for her destination. She slid behind the wheel of her red Duster and started down the road. She took her time, for she had left early and had plenty of extra time.

Doreen, finally arriving, drove around her destination and, finding no place to park, drove a block away and parked near a small grocery store. She sighed tiredly, got out of the car, and began the short walk to the Analysis Building. She came to a long, dark alley, and thinking it may be a shortcut, began walking down it. The click clack of her platforms echoed in the narrow passageway. The alley seemed to run on forever and she quickened her pace. Thinking she heard a noise behind her, she stopped and looked back. There was no one there and she blamed herself for being so silly. She walked on, and soon saw bright sunlight ahead. In her haste to get out of the alley, she did not notice the man running toward her. The stranger rushed at her with amazing speed. Before realizing what had happened, her purse had been torn from her hand and she was knocked to the ground. The man disappeared into the darkness. Doreen weakly pulled herself out of the cinders and stumbled after him crying, "Stop!!!!You!!!Stop!" She then tripped, and upon hitting her head on the wall beside her, fell into oblivion.

When she awoke the blackness of the night enveloped her. Her head was throbbing and she ached all over. She sat up and rubbed the several cuts and bruises she had accumulated in the fall. What had happened? Then she remembered. An appointment. A man. Her purse. She stood up shakily and stumbled to the street beyond. Slowly she regained part of her equilibrium and made her way toward the car. When she reached the busy street, however, she became dizzy, swayed, and would have fallen had not a young man come to her rescue and caught her in the process.

"You look as if you just saw a ghost. Are you ill?" he questioned, concerned.

"I'll...I'll be alright," she replied weakly.

"I don't believe it," said the dark-haired man. "You're coming with me for a cup of coffee."

They walked slowly to an all-night corner cafe. Doreen was supported by the tall man's broad shoulder. In the cafe she got the first real good look at her rescuer. "Dávid! David Conrad!" she exclaimed.

"Doreen? Is it actually you?" I don't believe it."

"You'd better believe it. It's really me. But I thought you moved to Minnesota."

"I'm...I'm here on business," changing the subject he said, "What was the matter when I found you?"

"Oh," her face clouded as she told the story.

"I suggest you report the theft of your purse to the police, but as for finding Michael..."

"Yes?" she urged.

"Give it up," he said shortly.

"But...but...I can't," tears filled her eyes. She sobered, "Why should I listen to you any way."

"I know your stubborn ways. You'll do what ever you darn well please no matter what I say,"

4
"So... I'm asking you to come to Minnesota with me and to stay at my house where I can watch over you." he explained when he saw the wary look in her eye.

"But..."

"Didn't you say the letter was post-marked in Minnesota?"

"Yes...but..."

"And the insignia you described to me sounds as if it belongs to one of the several devil worshipping cults in the area."

"Yes...but...Devil worship? You don't think..." she stuttered, "Michael?"

"It could very well be...Is it settled?"

"I don't know..." she looked at him trying to figure out what he had in mind.

David flushed, "It's nothing like that..." He explained, "My ten year old sister lives with me, and Mrs. Williams, the combination cook, maid, and nurse."

Doreen looked relieved, "Well, if you really want me..."

"I do! I do!" looking embarrassed, "I mean I do want you to stay."

They finished their coffee and finding his car he drove to the police station. After she made out a report and gave a description of the purse, David offered to drive her home.

"No." she protested loudly, "I've already put you through enough trouble."

"No trouble." he said coolly as he got in behind the wheel and started it up. "Where to?" She gave him the directions.

When they arrived at Doreen's house, David sat in silence for a few moments. "Do you want me to go in with you?" he finally asked.

"No...No I'll be alright."

"I remember the last time you said that." he got out of the car and walked with her to the front door. Suddenly she stopped.

"My car! I forgot it!"

"Don't worry...I'll take care of it for you." he insisted. He took the house key from her extended hand and opened the door. "After you."

She walked into the house and immediately felt something was wrong. She slowly went through the bedroom door. David waited for her in the living room.

Doreen looked toward the bed, and froze at the repelling sight before her. She screamed one long terror-filled scream and ran from the room crying. David took her in his arm and held her trembling body close and tried to calm her. After she settled down a bit he left her sitting on the couch while he went to see whatever had frightened her so. Walking into the bedroom, he too froze at the scene. "Oh my God!" he whispered to himself as he viewed it. The body of a newborn infant lay on the bed. The head was severed from the body and blood from the neck still trickled onto the once white sheets. A dagger pierced the heart of the child, and only the black handle of it remained to be seen. The blood from that wound also was running down onto the bed. "They must have killed it right here in this house." he told himself. David walked over to the baby and touched it. Sure enough it was still warm. He went back in to Doreen and sat down next to her.

"Please stop this mad search." he pleaded.

Still stunned she looked at him dumbly and layed her head upon his shoulder and again began sobbing brokenly.

"Don't you understand Doreen? The people in these cults wouldn't think twice about murder. You have proof of that by what you've just seen." he insisted.

She sat up, looked at him and shortly said, "I must find Michael."

He pulled her close once again. "If you are so damned determined to find that guy, I can't stop you, so I'll have to help you."

"Thank you, David." she said gratefully.

David opened his mouth as if to say something, but changed his mind. After a few more minutes he pulled away from her. "I'll go clean up that mess now."

"I'll do it." she offered.

"No you won't." he commanded. He walked into the room and rolled up his sleeves. He then took the four corners of the sheets and knotted them. Walking through the living room and into the kitchen he found a large plastic garbage bag and took it to the bedroom.

David picked up the sheets by the knotted ends and with the body inside, he put it into the bag. He carried the bag to his car and placed it in the backseat. After he left here, he would take it to the police, he thought to himself. He walked back into the house where Doreen, now on her feet, awaited him. She looked into his eyes searchingly, but found no answer to her feeling. Doreen walked closer to him and asked, "What are you going to do with it?"

"Take it to the police." he replied.

"No...no don't do that!" she begged.

"But I must..." he insisted.

"I just wouldn't be able to answer all of those...those questions." she explained.

"Don't worry," he soothed, "I'll take care of everything."

He embraced her lovingly, and after looking into her eyes, he gently kissed her goodnight.

"Goodnight Doreen." he said quietly. Then he left.

She watched him pull out of the driveway and go slowly down the street. She closed the front door and wandered to the linen closet where she pulled out fresh sheets. As if in a daze she started for the bedroom. Changing her mind she carried the linens to the couch in the living room. She fixed herself a bed then went to her room to change clothes. Doreen avoided looking at the still blood-stained bed.

Lying in bed that night she began to sort through the day's happenings. Could the purse-snatching be somehow connected to the incident that night? And what about David? Why should he be so concerned for her well-being? Did he love her? Did she love him? There were so many unanswered questions. With these thoughts in mind, Doreen fell into a nightmare-filled sleep.