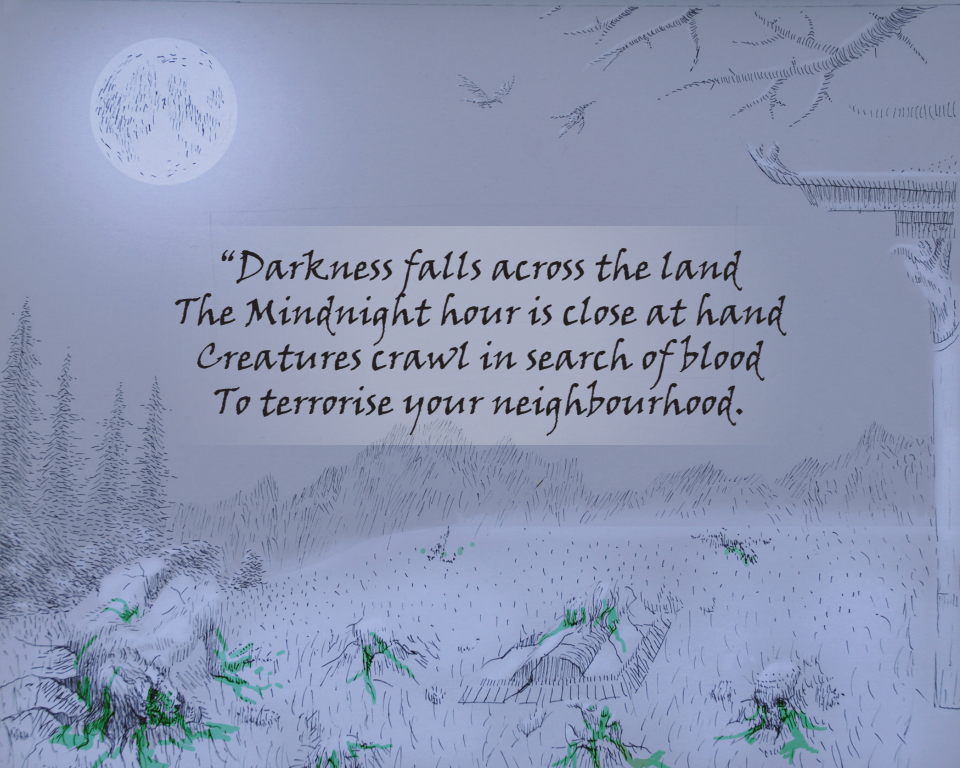





THRILLER

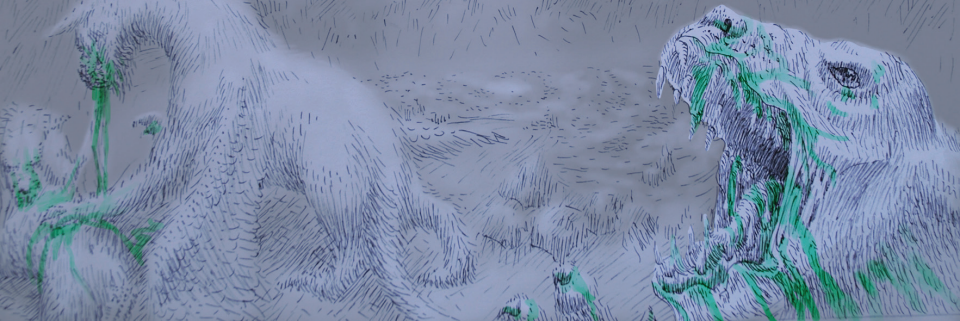
Written by Rod Temperton
Illustrated by David G.S.

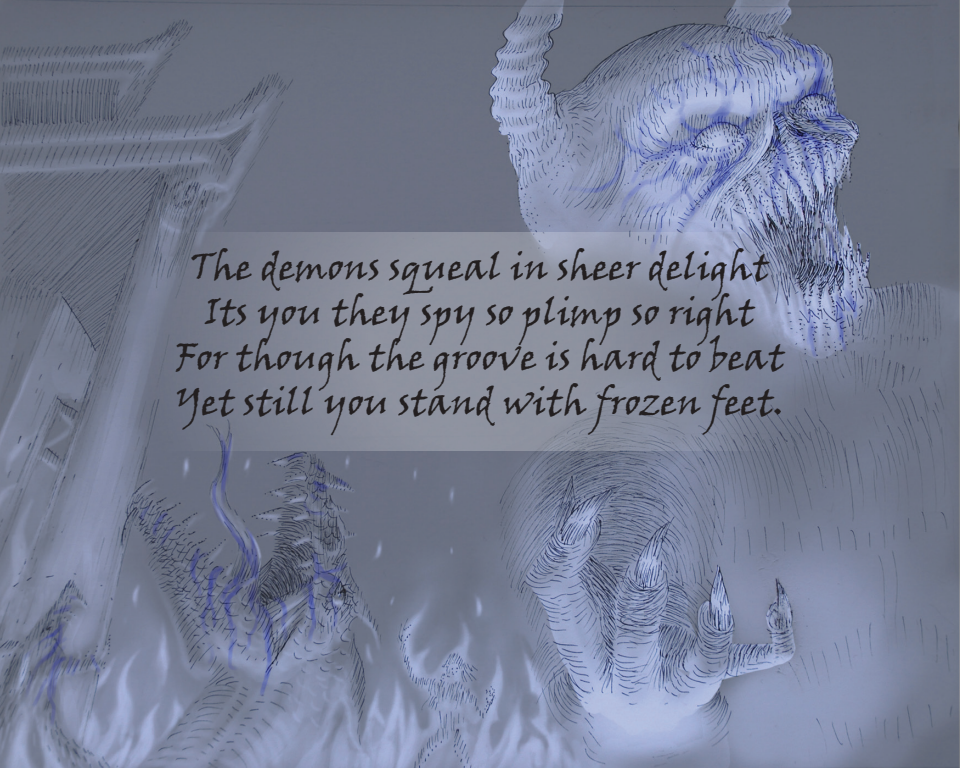


*"Darkness falls across the land
The Midnight hour is close at hand
Creatures crawl in search of blood
To terrorise your neighbourhood."*

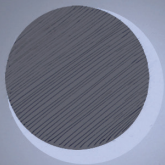


And whosoever shall be found
Without the soul for getting down
Must stand and face the hounds of hell
And rot inside a corpse's shell







The demons squeal in sheer delight
It's you they spy so plump so right
For though the groove is hard to beat
Yet still you stand with frozen feet.



You try to run, you try to scream
But no more sun you'll ever see
For evil reaches from the crypt
To crush you with its icy grip.



*The foulest stench is in the air
The funk of forty thousand years
And grizzly ghouls from every tomb
Are closing in to seal your doom.*



*And though you fight to stay alive
Your body starts to shiver
For no mere mortal can resist
The evil of the Thriller..."*



