



# EERIE

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A WARREN MAGAZINE

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IT IS  
IMPOSSIBLE TO  
ESCAPE FROM US!  
SO PREPARE  
YOURSELF FOR...

**SPECIAL!**  
**THE FALL OF THE**  
**HOUSE OF USHER**  
**PLUS 50**  
**PAGES**  
**OF**  
**WEIRD TALES**  
**BY THE WORLD'S**  
**BEST ARTISTS!**

# The Fall of The House of Usher

FROM THE CANNON  
BY EDGAR ALLEN POE  
ADAPTED  
BY JOHN SUTHER

URING THE MIDDLE OF A DULL, DARK, AND SOUNDLESS DAY IN THE AUTUMN OF THE YEAR, WHEN THE CLOUDS HUNG OPPRESSIVELY LOW IN THE HEAVENS, I HAD BEEN TRAVELING ALONE, ON HORSEBACK, THROUGH A SINGULARLY DREARY TRACT OF COUNTRY, AND AT LENGTH FOUND MYSELF, AS THE SHADOWS OF THE EVENING DREW ON, WITHIN VIEW OF THE MACABRIC HOUSE OF USHER.

I HAD NOT WAITED LONG—BUT WITH THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE BUILDING, A SENSE OF INSUFFERABLE GLOOM FLOODED MY SPIRIT.

LOOKED UPON THE SCENE BEFORE ME—UPON THE  
MAEL HOUSE, AND THE SIMPLE LANDSCAPE  
FEATURES OF THE DOMAIN—UPON THE BLEAK  
WALLS—UPON THE VACANT EYE-LIKE WINDOWS  
UPON A FEW WHITE TRUNKS OF DECAYED  
TREES—WITHIN UTTER DEPRESSION OF SOUL.

WHAT WAS IT—I TRIED TO THINK—WHAT WAS  
IT THAT SO UNNERVED ME IN THE CON-  
TEMPLATION OF THE HOUSE OF USHER?

THERE WAS AN AIRLESS, A SINKING, A SINKING  
OF THE HEART—AN UNREHEARSED DREAD-  
NESS OF THOUGHT...

UNBOTHLESS, IN THIS MAELHOF GLOOM I  
NOW PROPOSED TO MYSELF A SOLUTION OF  
SOME WEEKS.



I REINED MY HORSE TO THE PRECIPITOUS BRINK OF A BLACK AND LURID TARN THAT LAY IN UNRUFFLED LUSTRE BY THE DWELLING, AND GAZED DOWN - BUT WITH A SHUDDER EVEN MORE THRILLING THAN BEFORE - UPON THE REMODELLED AND INVERTED IMAGES OF THE GREY SEDGE, AND THE GHASTLY TREE STEMS, AND THE EMPTY STARING WINDOWS.

ABOUT THE WHOLE MANSION THERE HUNG AN ATMOSPHERE WHICH HAD NO AFFINITY WITH THE AIR OF HEAVEN, BUT WHICH HAD REEKED UP FROM THE DECAYED TREES, AND THE GREY WALL, AND THE SILENT TARN - A PESTILENT AND MYSTIC VAPOR, DULL, SLUGGISH, AND FAINTLY DISCERNIBLE, AND LEADEN HUED.

NOTICING THESE THINGS I RODE OVER A SHORT CAUSEWAY TO THE HOUSE. A SERVANT IN WAITING TOOK MY HORSE AND I ENTERED THE GOTHIC ARCHWAY OF THE HALL.



A VALET, OF STEALTHY STEP, THENCE CONDUCTED ME IN SILENCE, THRU MANY DARK AND INTRICATE PASSAGES IN MY PROGRESS TO THE STUDIO OF HIS MASTER, MUCH THAT I ENCOUNTERED ON THE WAY CONTRIBUTED, I KNOW NOT HOW, TO HEIGHTEN THE VAGUE SENTIMENTS OF WHICH I HAD ALREADY SPOKEN.

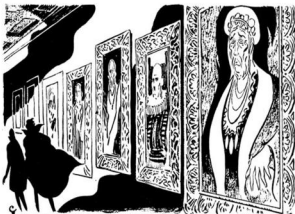


WHILE THE OBJECTS AROUND ME - WHILE THE CARVINGS OF THE CEILINGS, THE SOMBRE TAPESTRIES OF THE WALLS, THE EBON BLACKNESS OF THE FLOORS, AND THE PHANTASMAGORIC ARMORIAL TROPHIES WHICH RATTLED AS I STRODE WERE FAMILIAR TO ME - UNFAMILIAR WERE THE FANCIES WHICH ORDINARY IMAGES STIRRED UP,

Roderick Usher had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter however had lately reached me in a distant part of the country, a letter that admitted of no other than a personal reply. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness - of a mental disorder which oppressed him - and of an earnest desire to see me his only friend.



IN THE STAIRCASE I MET THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN. HIS COUNTENANCE WORE A MINGLED EXPRESSION OF LOW CUNNING AND PERPLEXITY. HE ACCOSTED ME WITH TREPIDATION AND PASSED ON.



I REALLY KNEW LITTLE OF MY FRIEND. HIS RESERVE HAD BEEN ALWAYS EXCESSIVE AND HABITUAL. HIS VERY ANCIENT FAMILY HAD BEEN NOTED FOR A PECULIAR SENSIBILITY OF TEMPERMENT, DISPLAYING ITSELF THROUGH LONG AGES IN MANY WORKS OF EXALTED ART AND MUSIC. I HAD LEARNED TOO THAT THE STEM OF THE USHER RACE ALL TIME HONORED AS IT WAS HAD PUT FORTH AT NO PERIOD NO ENDURING BRANCH. THE ENTIRE FAMILY LAY IN THE DIRECT LINE OF DESCENT.



THE VALET NOW THREW OPEN A DOOR AND USHERED ME INTO THE PRESENCE OF HIS MASTER...



THANK HEAVEN YOU ARE HERE!



...AND FOR SOME MOMENTS, WHILE HE SPOKE NOT I GAZED ON HIM WITH A FEELING HALF OF PITY, HALF OF AWE, SURELY MAN HAD NEVER BEFORE SO TERRIBLY ALTERED IN SO BRIEF A PERIOD, AS HAD RODERICK USHER!



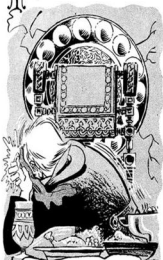
THIS MALADY... SICKNESS OF MINE... HEH, HEH... A CONSTITUTIONAL AND A FAMILY EVIL...

I... I HAVE DESPAIRED OF FINDING A REMEDY...



A MERE NERVOUS AFFECTION WHICH WILL SURELY PASS NOW THAT YOU, MY LOYAL FRIEND, ARE HERE.

HE NATURE OF HIS MALADY DISPLAYED ITSELF IN A HOST OF UNNATURAL SENSATIONS...



IT IS A MORBID ACUTENESS OF THE SENSES, YES, THAT MOST OF ALL! THE MOST INSIPID FOOD ALONE IS ENDURABLE TO ME...



...ONLY GARMETS OF A CERTAIN TEXTURE...



...MY EYES ARE TORTURED BY THE FAINTEST LIGHT...



NEED, THE GREY WALLS, THE TURRETS AND THE  
DIM TARN INTO WHICH THEY ALL LOOKED DOWN,  
HAD OVER THE MANY YEARS HE HAD NEVER  
VENTURED FORTH *ENTIMBED* ADDERICK USHER!



WHILE HE SPOKE, THE LADY MADELINE, HIS SISTER, SOLE  
COMPANION AND LAST AND ONLY RELATIVE ON  
EARTH PASSED THROUGH A REMOTE PORTION  
OF THE APARTMENT...

HE ADMITTED THAT MUCH OF THE PECULIAR GLOOM WHICH THIS AFFLICTED HIM COULD BE TRACED TO THE SEVERE AND LONG CONTINUED ILLNESS OF HIS SISTER. THE DISEASE OF THE LADY MADELINE HAD LONG BAFLED THE SKILL OF HER PHYSICIANS.



FOR SEVERAL DAYS ENSUING HER NAME WAS UNMENTIONED, AND DURING THIS PERIOD I ATTEMPTED TO ALLEVIATE THE MELANCHOLY OF MY FRIEND. WE PAINTED AND READ TOGETHER, OR I LISTENED, AS IF IN A DREAM, TO THE WILD IMPROVISATIONS OF HIS SPEAKING GUITAR.

I SHALL EVER BEAR ABOUT ME A MEMORY OF THE MANY SOLEMN HOURS I THUS SPENT ALONE WITH THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.



ON THE CLOSING IN OF THE EVENING OF MY ARRIVAL AT THE HOUSE SHE SUCCUMBED, AND I KNEW THAT THE LADY, AT LEAST WHILE LIVING, WOULD BE SEEN BY ME NO MORE.



I SHUDDERED KNOWING NOT WHY FROM THE LONG IMPROVISED DIRGES, FROM THE PAINTINGS OVER WHICH HIS ELABORATE FANCY BROODED, AND I CAME TO PERCEIVE A FULL CONSCIOUSNESS ON THE PART OF USHER TO THE TOTTERING OF HIS LOFTY REASON UPON HER THRONE.



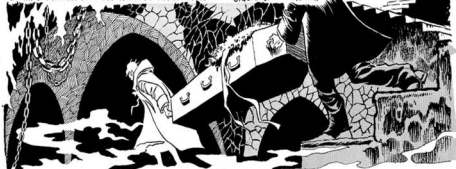
A FAVORITE BALLAD OF HIS OWN INVENTION, REVEALED A BELIEF IN THE SENTIENCE OF ALL VEGETABLE THINGS. THIS BELIEF WAS CONNECTED WITH THE GREY WALLS OF THE HOUSE, THE VERY ARRANGEMENT OF THE LIVING FUNGI THAT OVERSPREAD THEM.



THE CREEPING VEGETATION, THE DECAYED TREES THAT STOOD ALL AROUND ABOVE ALL THE LONG UNDISTURBED ENDURANCE OF THIS ARRANGEMENT AND ITS REDUPLICATION IN THE STILL WATERS OF THE TARN, CAUSED AN ATMOSPHERE, A CERTAIN CONDENSATION OF EVIL ABOUT THE WATERS AND THE WALLS, AN ATMOSPHERE OF EVIL THAT MOULDED THE DESTINIES OF THE USHERS AND WHICH MADE MY FRIEND WHAT I NOW SAW.

ONE EVENING, HAVING INFORMED ME ABRUPTLY THAT THE LADY MADELINE WAS NO MORE, HE STATED HIS INTENTION OF PRESERVING HER CORPSE FOR A FORTNIGHT IN ONE OF THE VAULTS WITHIN THE MAIN WALLS OF THE BUILDING THE BROTHER HAD BEEN LED TO HIS RESOLUTION BY CON-

SIDERATION OF THE UNUSUAL CHARACTER OF THE MALADY OF THE DECEASED, OF CERTAIN OBTRUSIVE AND EAGER INQUIRIES ON THE PART OF HER MEDICAL MEN, AND OF THE REMOTE AND EXPOSED SITUATION OF THE BURIAL-GROUND OF THE FAMILY.



AT THE REQUEST OF USHER, I PERSONALLY AIDED HIM IN THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE TEMPORARY ENTOMBMENT.

THE BODY, HAVING BEEN ENCOFFINED, WE TWO ALONE BORE IT TO ITS REST IN THE VAULT. THIS DARK DARK CHAMBER, LONG UNOPENED, LAY AT GREAT DEPTH BENEATH MY OWN SLEEPING APARTMENT.



THE VAULT HAD BEEN USED APPARENTLY, IN REMOTE FUNERAL TIMES, FOR THE WORST PURPOSES OF A DUNGEON-KEEP, AND IN LATER DAYS, AS A POWDER ROOM, AS A PORTION OF FLOOR AND THE ARCHWAY WERE SHEATHED WITH COPPER, THE DOOR OF MASSIVE IRON, HAD BEEN, ALSO, SIMILARLY PROTECTED. ITS IMMENSE WEIGHT CAUSED AN UNUSUALLY SHARP GRATING SOUND, AS IT MOVED ON ITS HINGES.



HAVING DEPOSITED OUR MOURNFUL BURDEN UPON TRESSLES WITHIN THIS REGION OF HORROR, WE TURNED ASIDE THE LID OF THE COFFIN ... WE COULD NOT REGARD HER UNWAIVED ... SHE WORE A SUSPICIOUSLY LINGERING SMILE WHICH IS SO TERRIBLE IN DEATH.



UPON RETIRING TO BED LATE IN THE NIGHT OF THE EIGHTH DAY AFTER THE PLACING OF THE LADY MADELINE WITHIN THE CRYPT I HEARKENED TO CERTAIN LOW AND INDEFINITE SOUNDS, WHICH CAME THROUGH THE PAUSES IN A RISING STORM, OVERPOWERED BY AN INTENSE SENTIMENT OF HORROR I THREW ON MY CLOTHES.

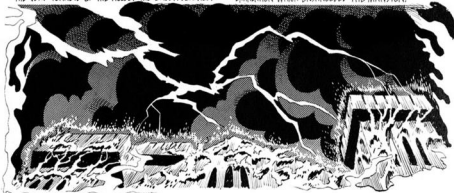
AS THE TEMPEST RAGED OUTSIDE MY WINDOW THERE CAME A SUDDEN RAP UPON THE DOOR...

I EVEN WELCOMED USHERS PRESENCE AS A RELIEF.



IT WAS A NIGHT WILDLY SINGULAR IN ITS TERROR AND ITS BEAUTY. THE WHIRLWIND WHIPPED CLOUDS PRESSED UPON THE VERY TURRETS OF THE HOUSE. THE UNDER SURFACES

OF THE HUGE MASSES OF AGITATED VAPOR WERE GLOWING IN THE UNNATURAL LIGHT OF A FAINTLY LUMINOUS GASEOUS EXHALATION WHICH ENSHROUDED THE MANSION.



YOU MUST NOT—YOU SHALL NOT BEHOLD THIS! IT'S MERELY AN ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA... LET US CLOSE THE CASEMENT... HERE, I'LL READ AND YOU WILL LISTEN... SO WE WILL PASS AWAY THIS TERRIBLE NIGHT TOGETHER.

USHER HEARKENED TO THE WORDS I READ FROM THE ANTIQUE VOLUME WITH A WILD OVERSTRAINED AIR OF VIVACITY...

"... AND ETHELRED CRACKED AND RIPPED AND TORE ALL ASUNDER THE PLANKINGS OF THE DOOR. THE NOISE OF THE DRY AND HOLLOW SOUNDING WOOD RESOUNDED THROUGHOUT THE FOREST."

"... AND ETHELRED UNLIFTED HIS MACE AND STRUCK UPON THE HEAD THE DRAGON WHO FELL WITH A SHRIEK SO HORRID AND HARSH THE LIKE WAS NEVER HEARD BEFORE."



I STARTED AND PAUSED... I THOUGHT I HEARD THE VERY ECHO OF THE SOUND THE BOOK DESCRIBED!

HERE AGAIN! I RAISED ABROPTLY, NO DOUBT NOW! I DID ACTUALLY HEAR A HARSH SCREAMING OR SOME PROTRACTED GRATING SOUND!

AND NOW THE CHAMPION APPROACHED TO WHERE THE GREAT ENCHANTED BRASS SHIELD HUNG UPON THE WALL; WHICH IN SOOTH TARRIED NOT FOR HIS FULL COMING, BUT FELL DOWN AT HIS FEET UPON THE FLOOR WITH A GREAT AND TERRIBLE RINGING SOUND...



**CRASH BRAHNNING!!**

NO SOONER HAD THESE SYLLABLES PASSED MY LIPS, THAN...

NOW HEAR IT? ... I HEAR AND HAVE HEARD IT ... MANY HOURS, MANY DAYS HAVE I HEARD IT ... YET I DARED NOT SPEAK! SAID I NOT THAT MY SENSES WERE ACUTE? I TELL YOU I HEARD HER FIRST FEEBLE MOVEMENTS IN THE COFFIN...

...THE RENDING OF THE LID, THE GRATING OF THE IRON HINGES OF HER PRISON, AND HER STRUGGLES WITH THE COPPERED ARCHWAY OF THE VAULT. WILL SHE NOT BE HERE ANON?

IS SHE NOT HURRYING TO UPBraid ME FOR MY HASTE? HER FOOTSTEP ON THE STAIR... THE HEAVEY AND HORRIBLE BEATING OF HER HEART...



**MADMAN!**  
**I TELL YOU**  
**THAT SHE**

**NOW STANDS**

**WITHOUT**  
**THE DOOR!**

OR A MOMENT SHE REMAINED TREMBLING AND REELING TO AND FRO UPON THE THRESHOLD - THEN WITH A LOW MOANING CRY, FELL HEAVILY INWARD UPON THE PERSON OF HER BROTHER AND IN HER FINAL DEATH AGONY BORE HIM TO THE FLOOR A CORPSE, AND A VICTIM TO THE TERRORS HE HAD ANTICIPATED.



FROM THAT CHAMBER AND FROM THAT MANSION I FLED AGHAST, THE STORM WAS STILL ABROAD IN ALL ITS WRATH AS I FOUND MYSELF CROSSING THE OLD CAUSEWAY. SUDDENLY THERE SHOT ALONG THE PATH A WILD LIGHT, AND I TURNED TO SEE WHENCE A GLEAM SO UNUSUAL COULD HAVE ISSUED; FOR THE VAST HOUSE AND ITS SHADOWS WERE ALONE BEHIND ME, THE RADIENCE WAS THAT OF THE FULL SETTING, AND BLOOD RED MOON WHICH NOW SHONE VIVIDLY THROUGH THAT ONCE BARELY DISCERNABLE FISSURE, OF WHICH I HAVE BEFORE SPOKEN AS EXTENDING FROM THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING, IN A ZIG ZAG LINE TO THE BASE.

WHILE I GAZED THIS FISSURE RAPIDLY WIDENED—THERE CAME A FIERCE BREATH OF THE WORLD WIND—THE ENTIRE ORB OF THE SATELLITE BURST AT ONCE UPON MY SIGHT—MY BRAIN REELED AS I SAW THE ONCE MIGHTY WALLS RUSHING ASUNDER...

THERE WAS A LONG TUMULTUOUS SHOUTING SOUND LIKE THE VOICE OF A THOUSAND WATERS—AND THE DEEP AND DARK TARN AT MY FEET CLOSED SILENTLY AND SILENTLY OVER THE FRAGMENTS OF...

*THE HOUSE OF USHER.*

THE END