

WEIRD

#24

LOVE



PLEASE --HE'S HERE--
I KNOW HE'S HERE-- HE
MEANS NOTHING TO A
FLOOZIE LIKE YOU--HE'S
TOO YOUNG, TOO INNOCENT--

GET OUT! YOU
SILLY LITTLE GIRL!

**"TRASHY TRAMPS,
DOLLOPS OF TROLLOPS!"**
—Dan Greenfield, *13th Dimension*

WEIRD-ITORIAL

Dear Weird Lovers,

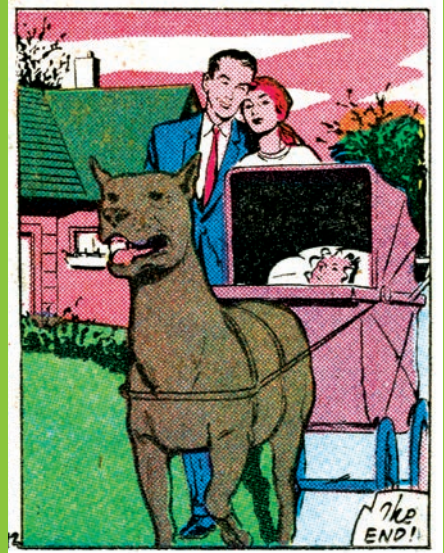
When we first conceived this comic, we thought about calling it *Weird Romance*. I was buying some vintage issues of romance comics at Bud Plant's booth at the San Diego Comic Con and told him about our plans. Bud pushed for our alternate name, *Weird Love*. I was sold!

Bud and many other people helped us along the way. Michele Nolan, The Scarlet Beam, Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr., Tillmann Courth, Rebecca Sevrin, Jeff Gelb, Mike Howlett, Steven Thompson, Carol Tilley, Karen Green, ComicBookGirl19, Greg Goldstein, Ted Adams, Paula Adams, and Chris Ryall come to mind.

Don't forget that *Weird Love* is also a series of hardback books. There are six available at your local comic book shop, in book stores, and online. Wanna get more weird love? Join us at the group *Romance Comics* on Facebook.

Meanwhile, stay weird, especially when you're in love!

— Clizia Gussoni & Craig Yoe



Weird Love editors,
Clizia Gussoni and Craig Yoe.



Dear Weird Lovers,

**THERE'S MORE
WEIRD LOVE IN
HARDBACK BOOK
FORMAT!
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page!

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Editors: Clizia Gussoni and Craig Yoe.

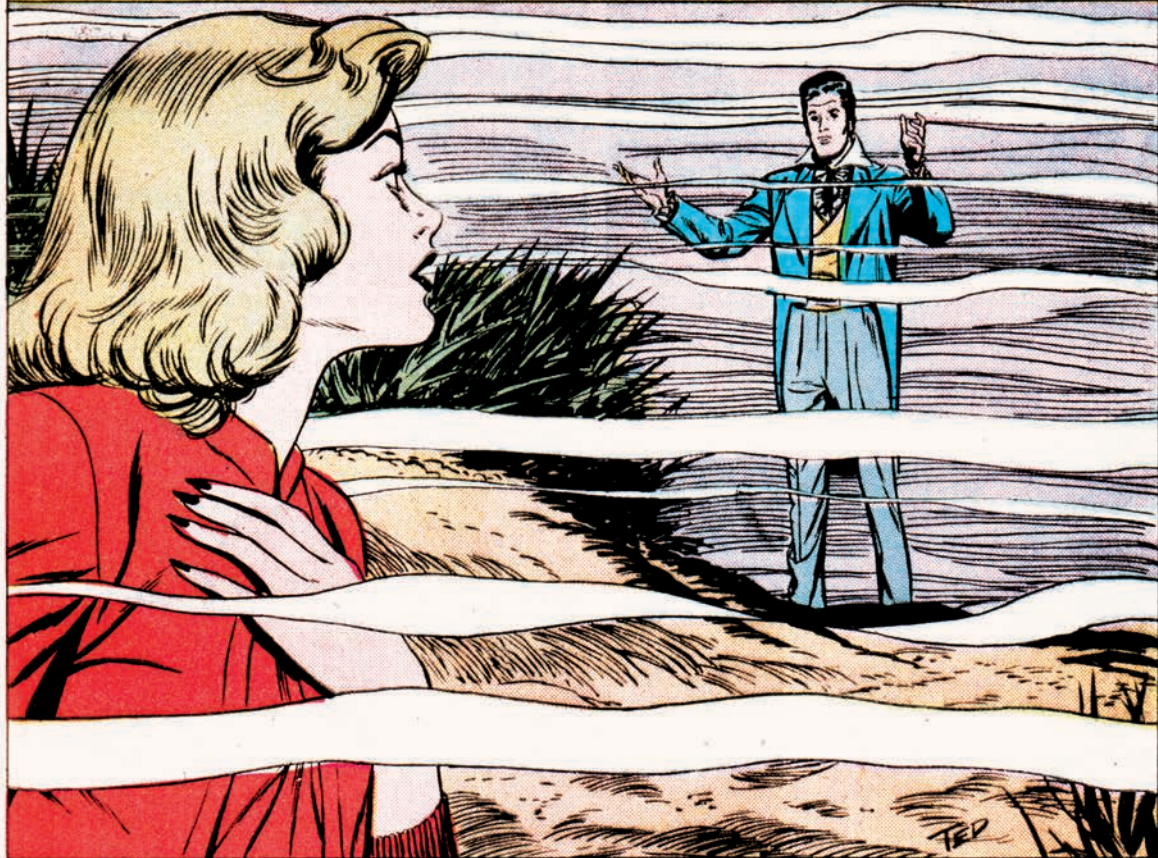
Many thanks to: Giovanna Anzaldi, Robert Carter, Tillmann Courth, Mike Howlett, Michelle Nolan, Chris Ryall, Steven Thompson, and Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr.

On the cover, *First Love Illustrated* #12, May 1951.
Art attributed to Al Avison. Harvey Comics.

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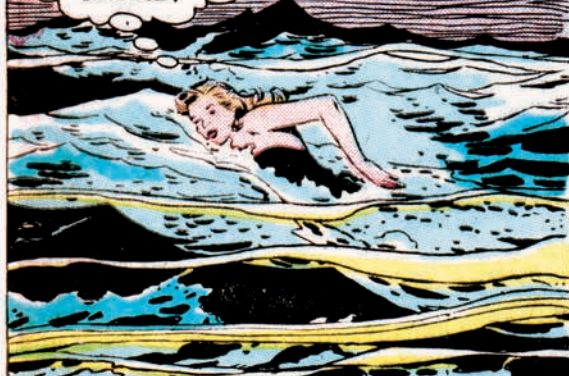
IT WAS MAD! CRAZY! INCONCEIVABLE! YET HERE I WAS, FALLING UNDER THE MYSTIC SPELL OF A...

Phantom Lover!

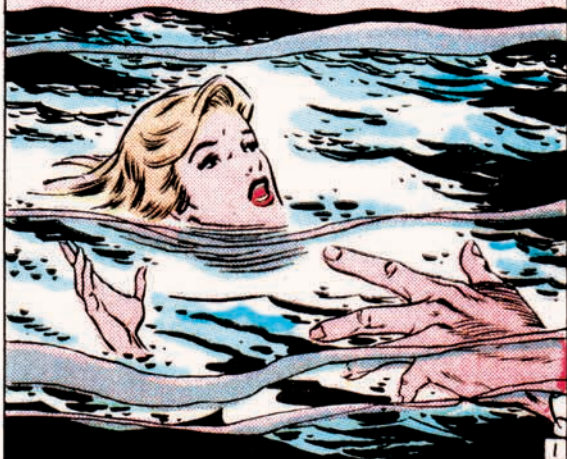


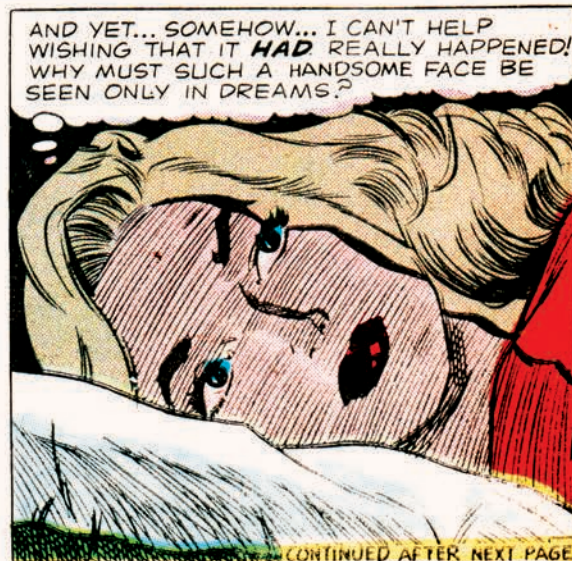
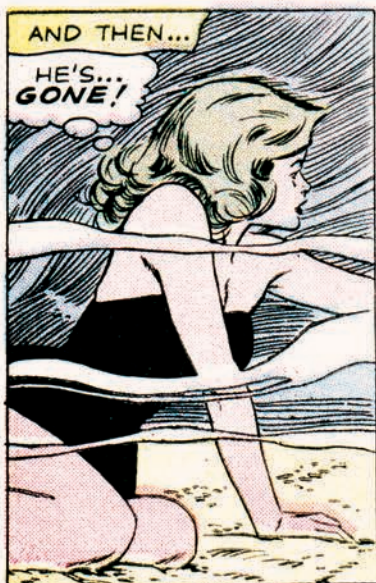
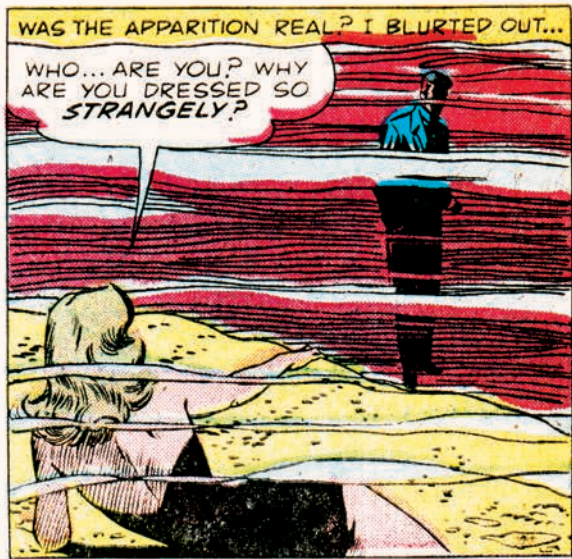
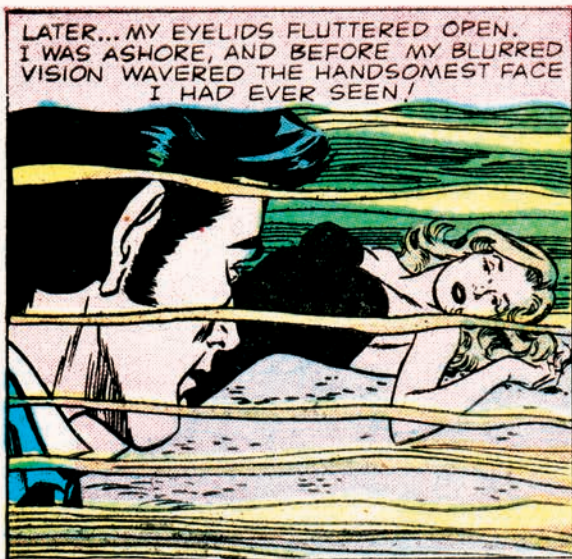
A RECKLESS IMPULSE DROVE ME TO BRAVE A LONE MIDNIGHT SWIM IN THE TEMPESTUOUS WATERS FRINGING THE CAPE COD SUMMER RESORT OF PROVINCEVILLE...

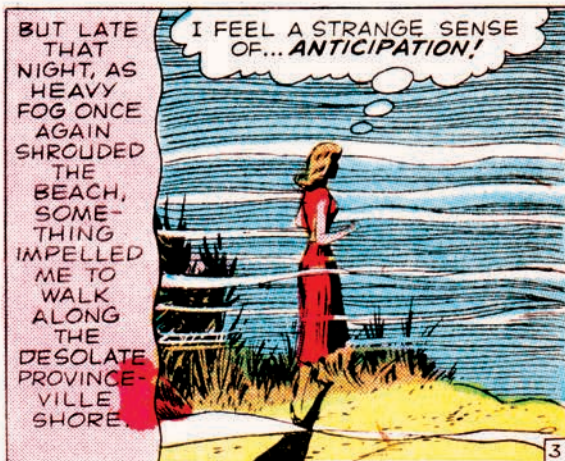
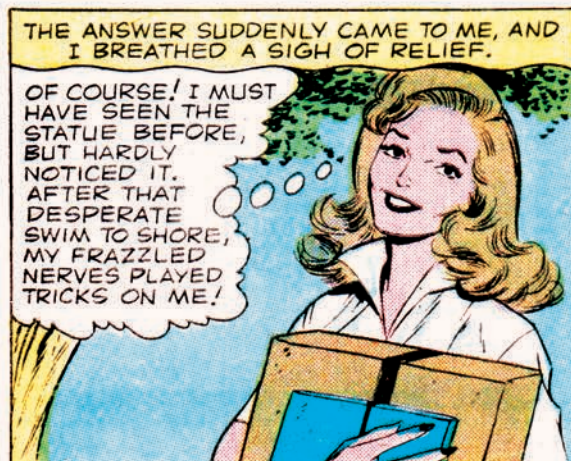
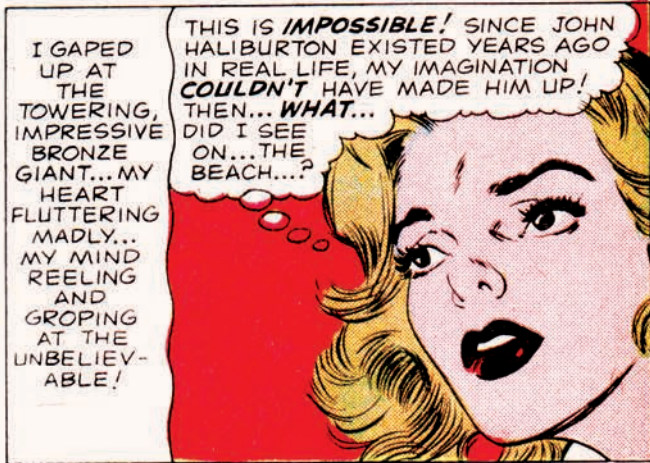
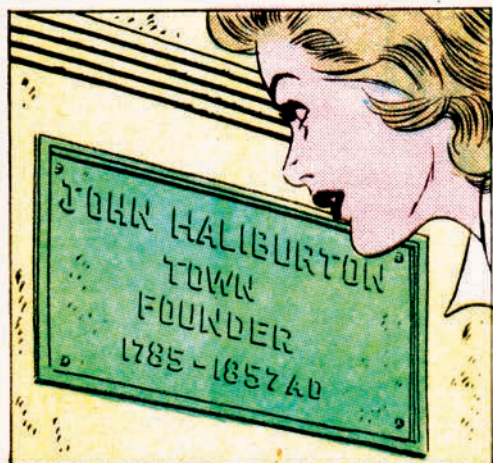
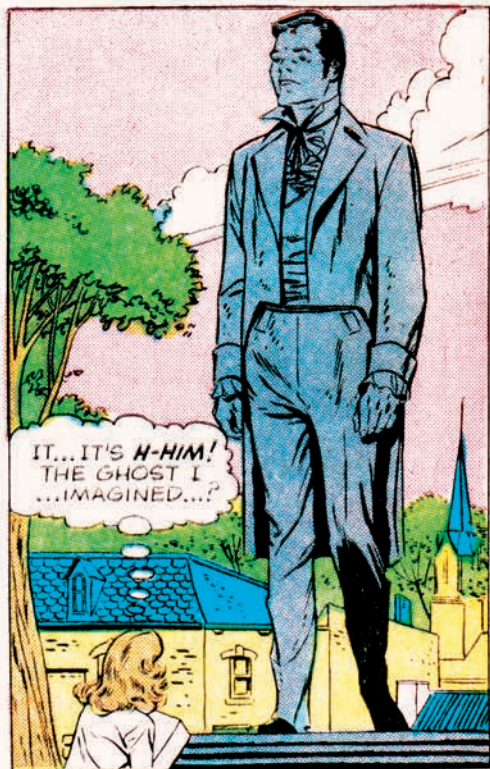
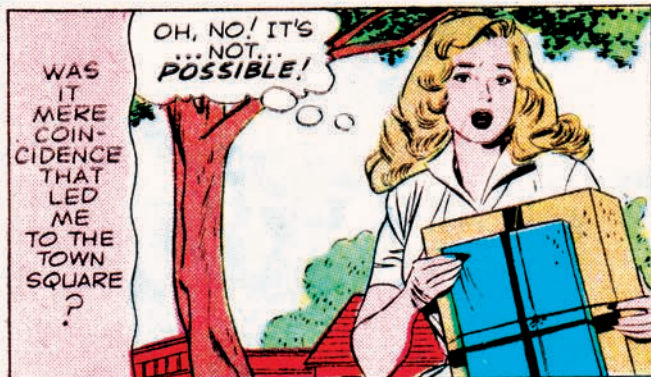
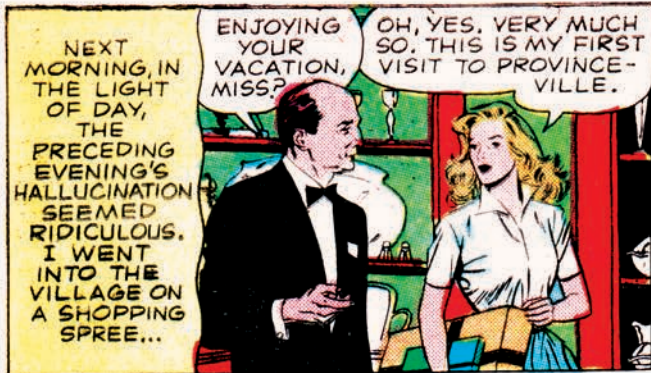
I... I'LL **NEVER** MAKE IT SAFELY BACK TO SHORE!



AS MY STRENGTH RAPIDLY EBBED AWAY, THE WATERS CLOSED OVER ME. I RESIGNED MYSELF TO DIE. MY CONSCIOUSNESS FADED.







IT WAS CHILDISH, BUT I HAD VENTURED OUT INTO THAT FOG IN HOPE OF ONCE AGAIN ENCOUNTERING THE HANDSOME PHANTOM OUT OF TIME AND SPACE...

DON'T BE A FOOL, MAUREEN! GO BACK!



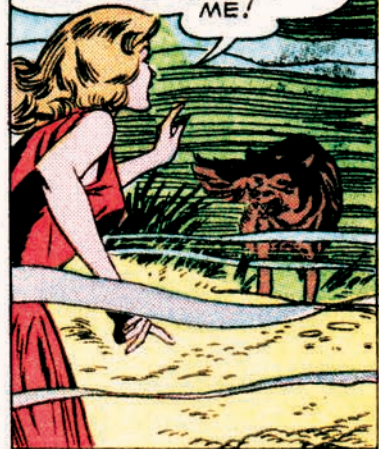
BUT I WALKED ON AND ON IN THE ENVELOPING FOG. IT WAS AS THOUGH I TROD THROUGH AN ALIEN DIMENSION...! MY MIND HURLED BARBS AT MY CREDULITY... YET MY HEART WOULD NOT ALLOW MY STEPS TO TURN BACK.

SOMETHING COMING THROUGH THE HAZE... I SENSE DANGER!



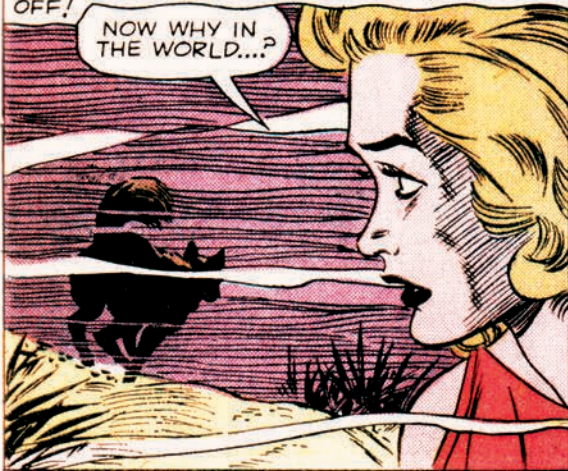
I HEARD A MENACING GROWL... AND THEN THE OBJECT OF MY APPREHENSION CAME INTO VIEW. IT WAS A VICIOUS DOG! FANGS BARED, IT PREPARED TO ATTACK!

GO AWAY! DO YOU HEAR ME? KEEP AWAY FROM ME!



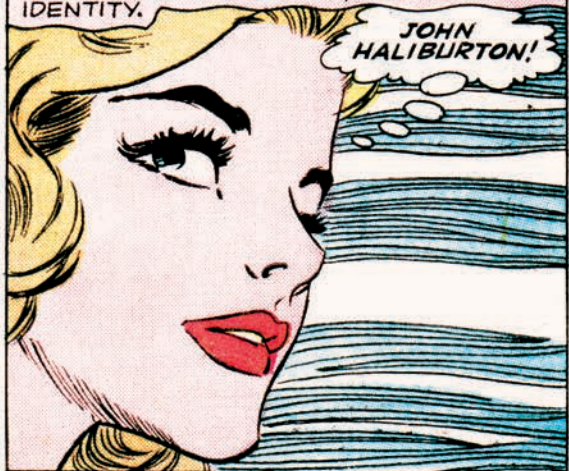
UNEXPECTEDLY, THE DOG'S EYES BULGED IN FRIGHT. YELPING FEARFULLY, IT SPED OFF!

NOW WHY IN THE WORLD...?



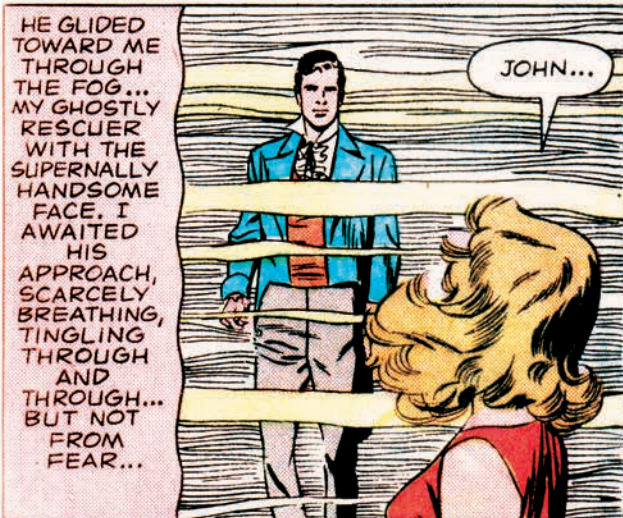
AND THEN I *SENSED* ANOTHER PRESENCE. EVEN BEFORE I TURNED, I KNEW ITS IDENTITY.

JOHN HALIBURTON!

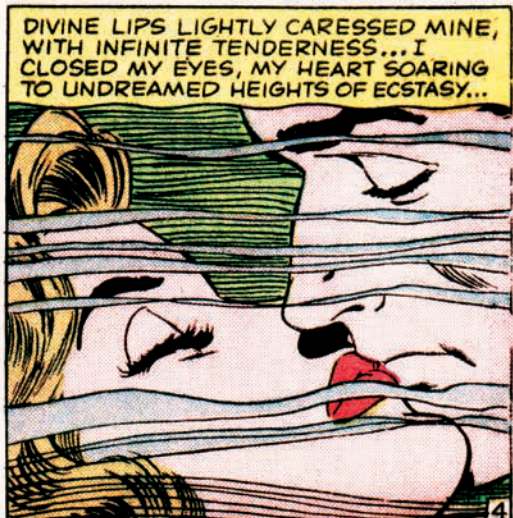


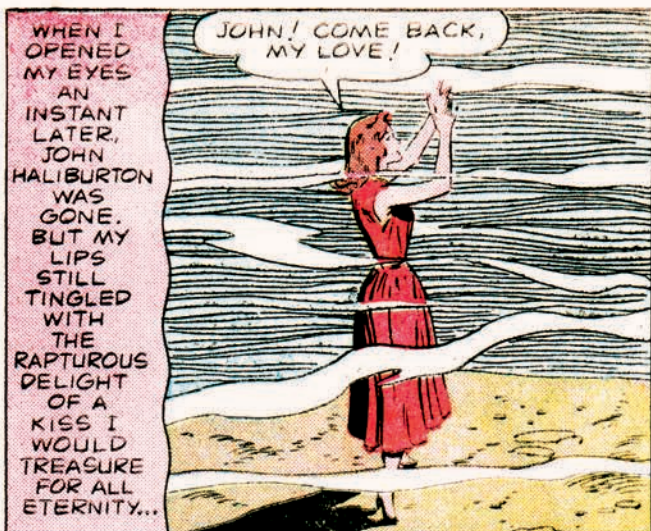
HE GLIDED TOWARD ME THROUGH THE FOG... MY GHOSTLY RESCUER WITH THE SUPERNALLY HANDSOME FACE, I AWAITED HIS APPROACH, SCARCELY BREATHING, TINGLING THROUGH AND THROUGH... BUT NOT FROM FEAR...

JOHN...



DIVINE LIPS LIGHTLY CARESSED MINE, WITH INFINITE TENDERNESS... I CLOSED MY EYES, MY HEART SOARING TO UNDREAMED HEIGHTS OF ECSTASY...





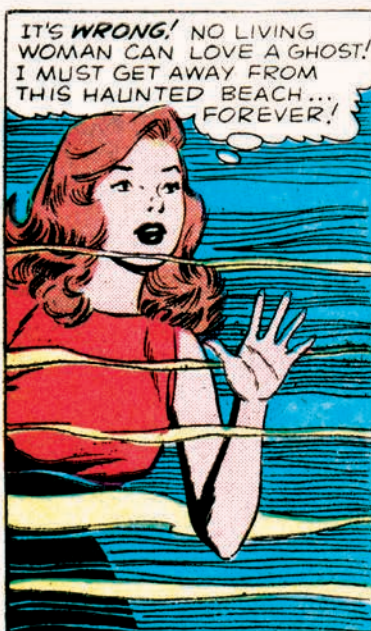
WHEN I OPENED MY EYES AN INSTANT LATER, JOHN HALIBURTON WAS GONE. BUT MY LIPS STILL TINGLED WITH THE RAPTUROUS DELIGHT OF A KISS I WOULD TREASURE FOR ALL ETERNITY...

JOHN! COME BACK, MY LOVE!



AND THEN THE FULL REALIZATION OF WHAT HAD OCCURRED PIERCED MY MY HEART WITH SOUL-SHAKING IMPACT!

I'M IN LOVE WITH A GHOST-- THE GHOST OF JOHN HALIBURTON... WHO DIED OVER 100 YEARS AGO!



IT'S *WRONG!* NO LIVING WOMAN CAN LOVE A GHOST! I MUST GET AWAY FROM THIS HAUNTED BEACH... FOREVER!

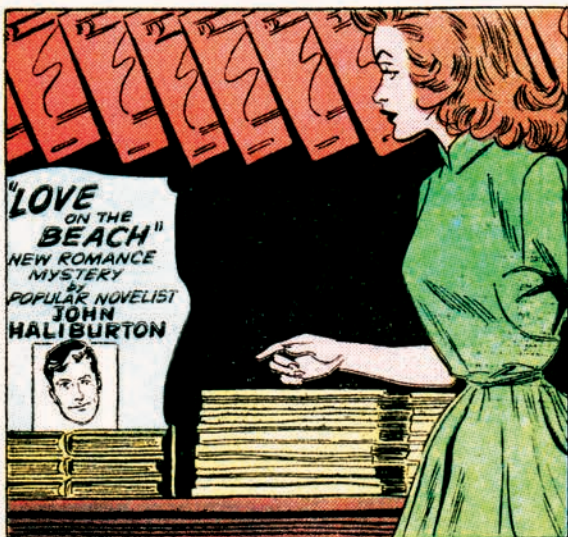


I'LL CATCH THE FIRST BUS OUT OF TOWN, IN THE MORNING. I'LL FORGET THIS EVER HAPPENED. I'VE GOT TO FORGET! I MUST! I MUST!



NEXT MORNING, IN THE BUS TERMINAL, I WAS SO JITTERY, I FELT A DESPERATE NEED TO DIVERT MY MIND.

I'LL BUY A BOOK... ANY BOOK...



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WELL...!