

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

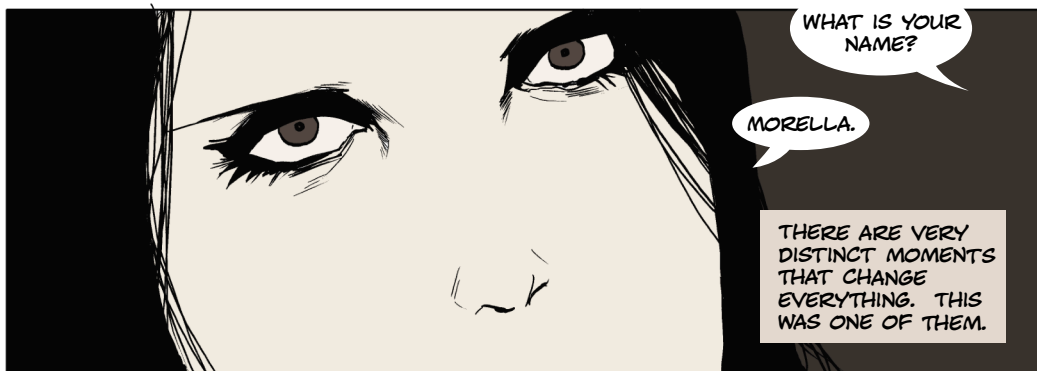
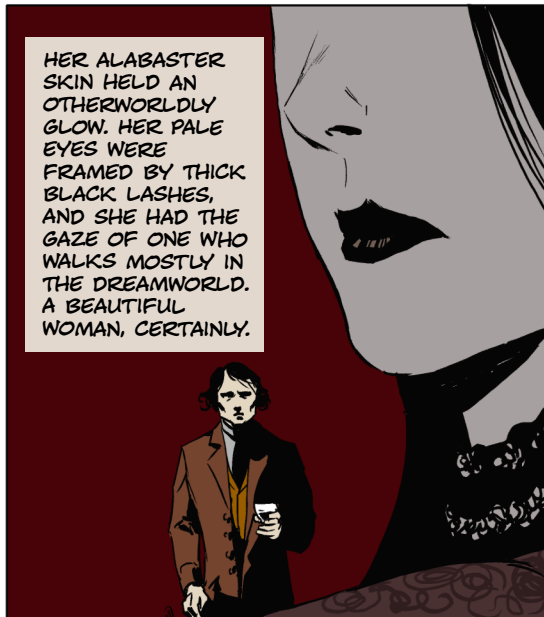
TALES OF TERROR

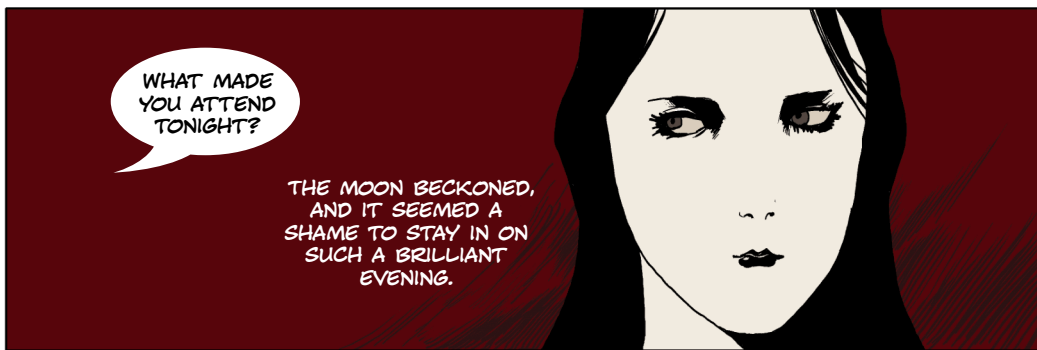
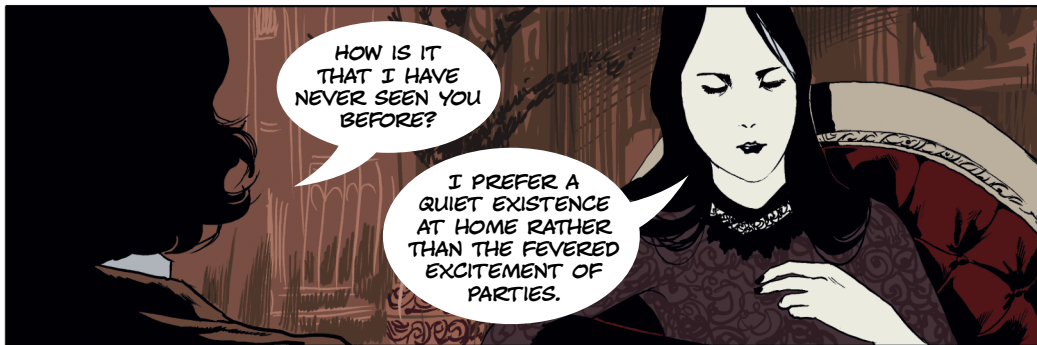
GRAPHIC CLASSICS® VOLUME ONE

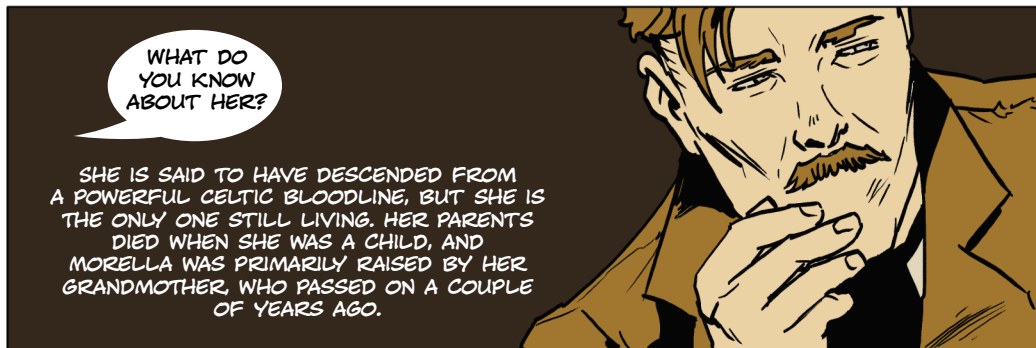
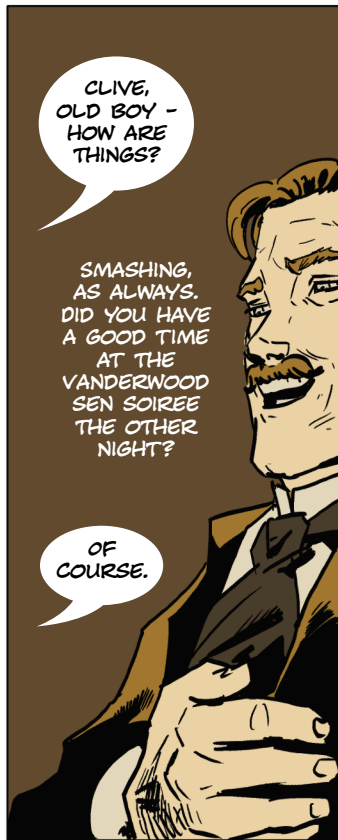


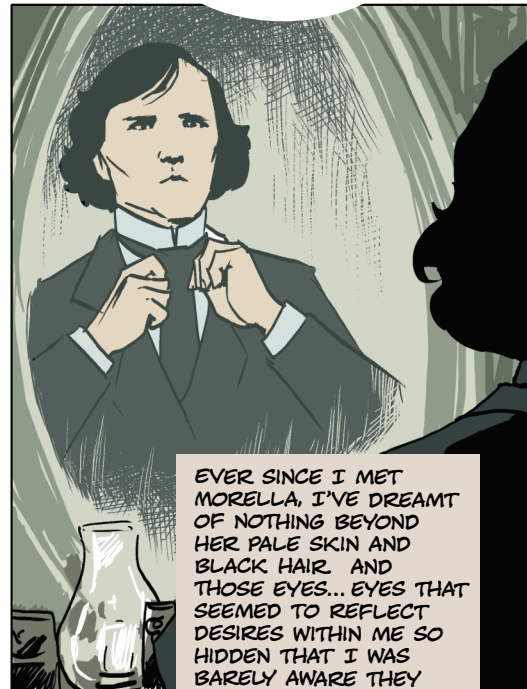
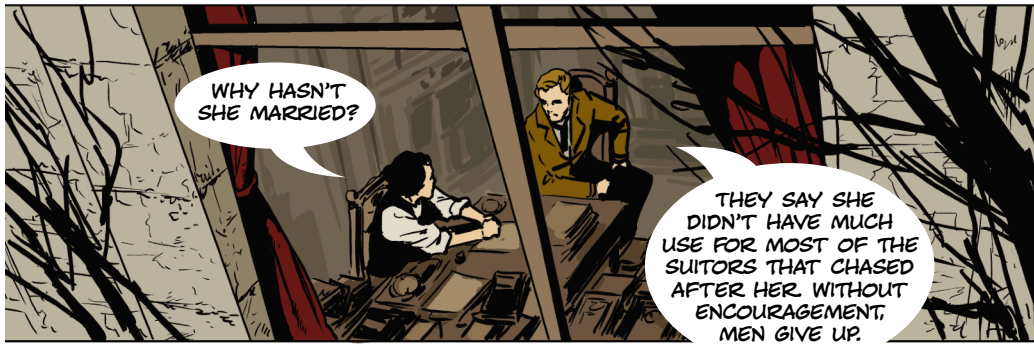
THE RAVEN, THE TELL-TALE HEART, THE BLACK CAT AND MORE!



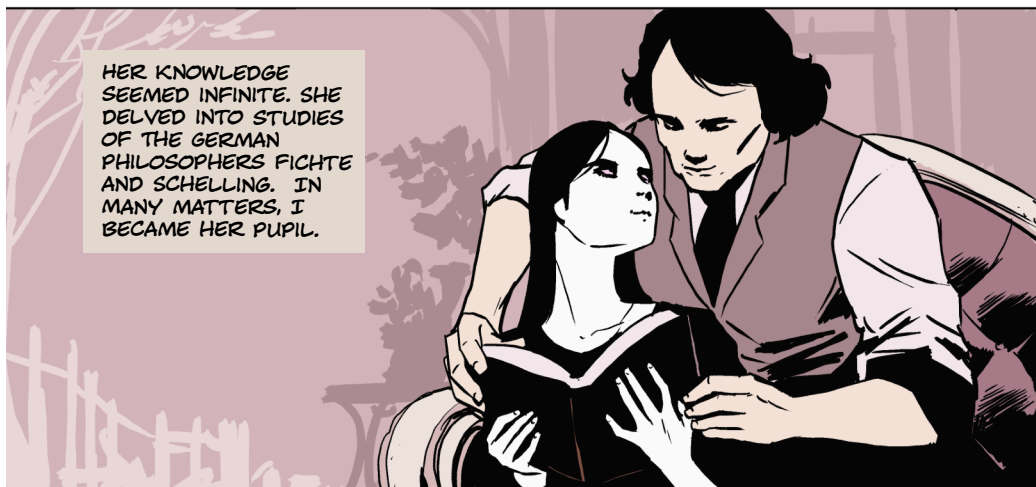
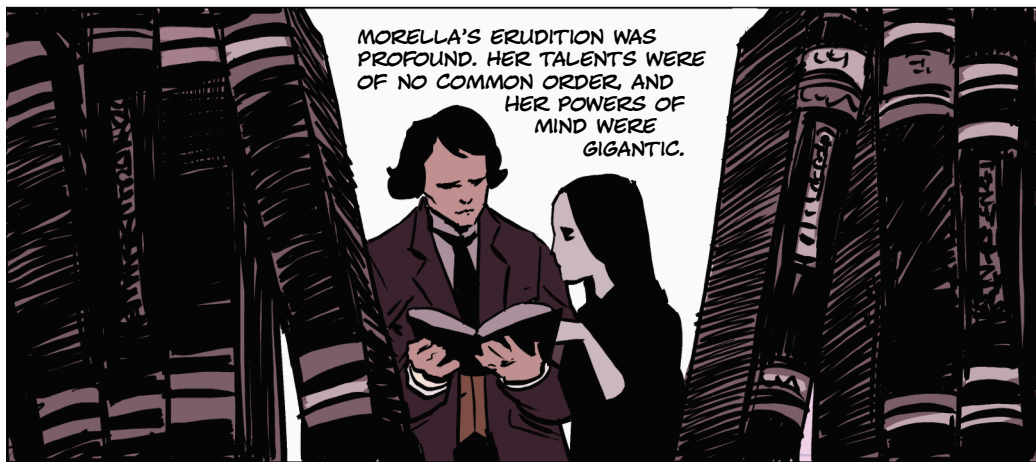
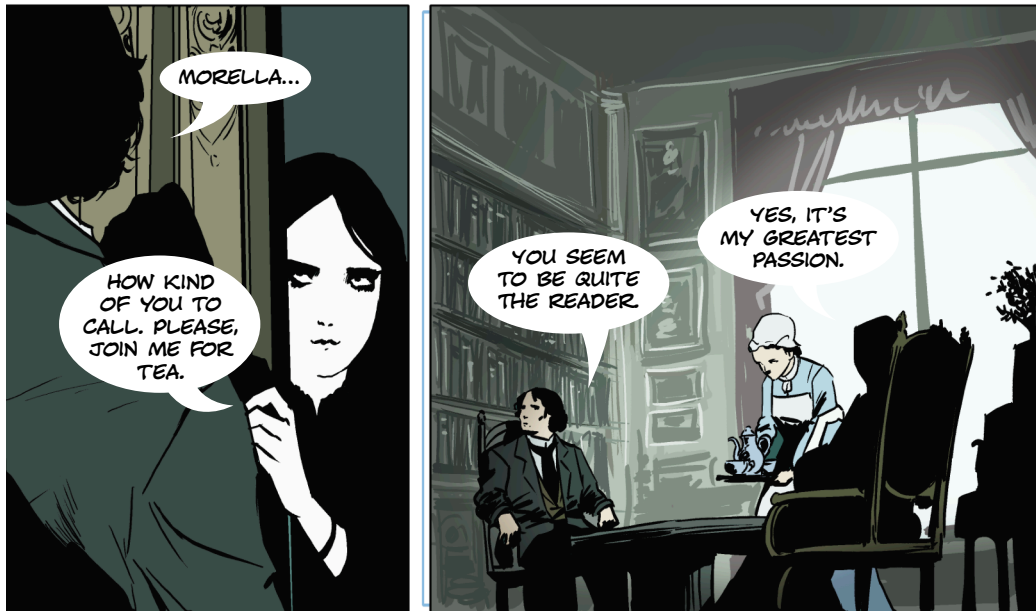


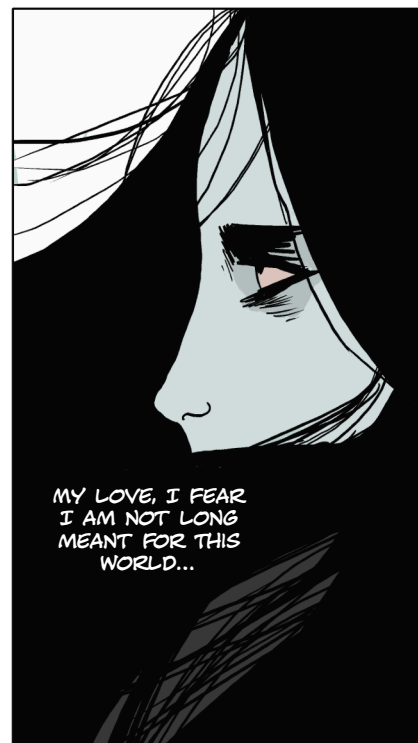
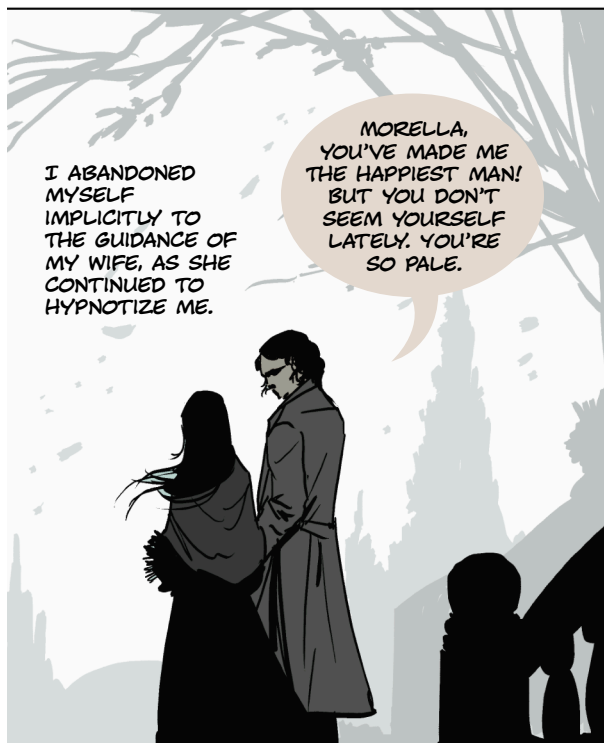
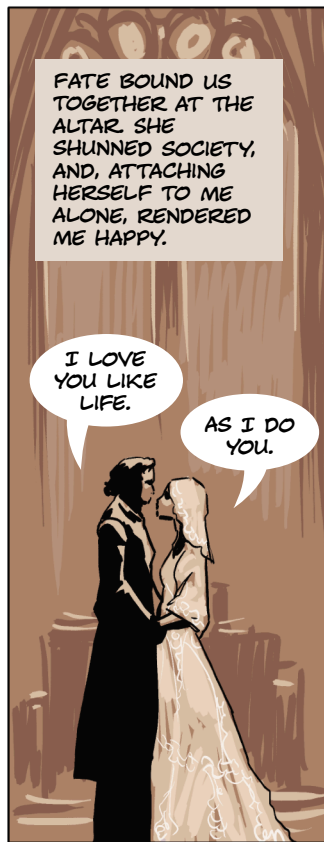


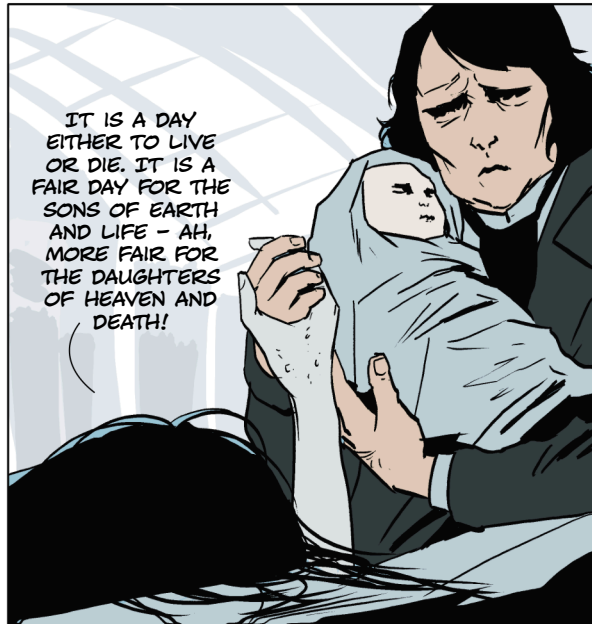


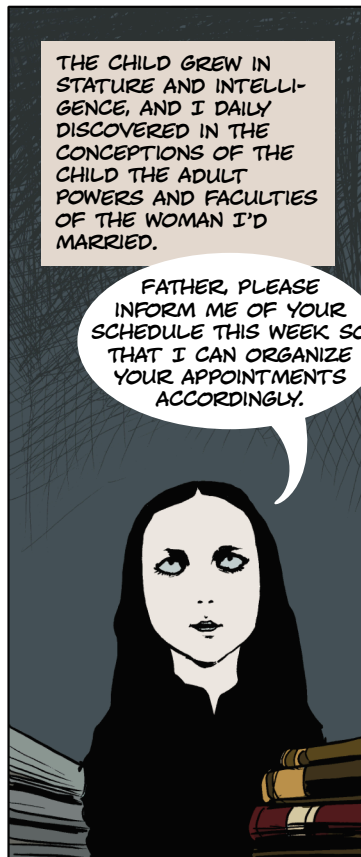
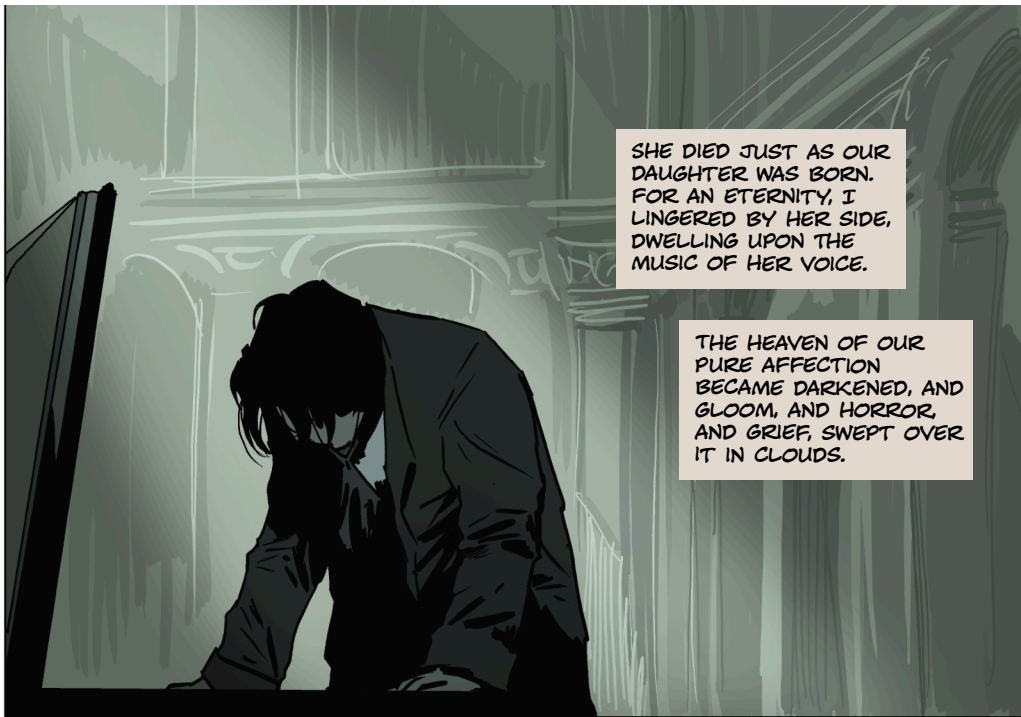


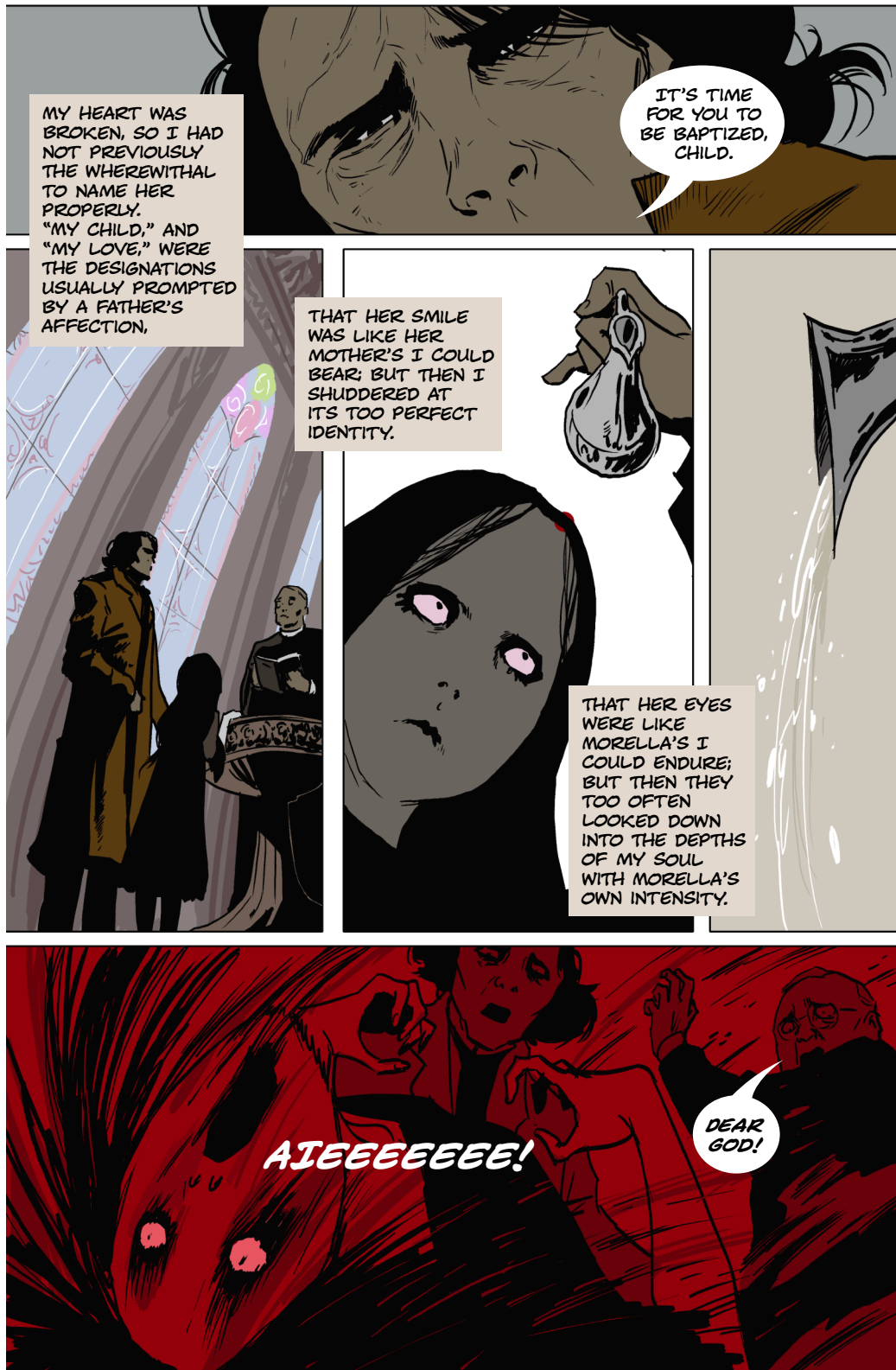
M O R E L L A











MY DAUGHTER REMAINED NAMELESS UPON THE EARTH. OF THE MOTHER I HAD NEVER SPOKEN TO THE DAUGHTER - IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SPEAK. WHAT PROMPTED ME, THEN, TO DISTURB THE MEMORY OF THE BURIED DEAD AND WHISPER WITHIN THE EARS OF THE HOLY MAN THE SYLLABLES - "MORELLA"? WHAT MORE THAN FIEND CONVULSED THE FEATURES OF MY CHILD, AND OVERSPREAD THEM WITH HUES OF DEATH, AS SHE RESPONDED - **"I AM HERE!"**

WITH MY OWN HANDS I BORE HER TO THE TOMB, AND I LAUGHED WITH A LONG AND BITTER LAUGH AS I FOUND **NO TRACES OF THE FIRST BODY** IN THE CRYPT WHERE I LAID HER CHILD, **THE SECOND MORELLA.**

