



"I think we've got a flat, dear."

I MARRIED A TORSO

*Ralph Thought Muriel Was Just Like Other Girls
Until He Saw Her Spread All Over The Place!*

by THORPE FEESH

CHAPTER I

BLOOD—streaming, pouring, catapulting slews of blood rushing down the stairs—blood splattered over the drawing-room, horribly dismembered legs and shoulders, trunks tragically mutilated, ragged gobs of quivering flesh clinging to a lonely bone. This was our honeymoon.

CHAPTER II

“HOW would you like to see a ghoul, honey?” I asked Muriel.

“Oh Ralph, can't we be alone? I think they're horrid.” She had been my wife for just a day.

We were driving through the night to my rich uncle's estate in a previously undiscovered region, deep in the wilds of South America. I had never

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seen this wealthy relative of mine, but he came from a good family and so we sent him a wedding invitation. When he responded with a gift of a beautiful blood-red baby carriage, we decided to spend our honeymoon with him, rather than with any of the people in our crowd.

Muriel's lovely, dimpled knees played havoc with the dashboard, as the car came to an abrupt stop and the engine fell out with a sickening thud. It was a 1937 Omen.

"I think we've got a flat, dear," I said, as my face fell.

"Never mind, Ralph," Muriel burped encouragingly. "I see a blood-red house two miles ahead. Could that be your Uncle Merwell's?"

I glanced where her sensitive elbows were pointing, akimbo. She had been my wife for just a day. I pulled out our bags and felt Muriel's soft, bloated calves scuffing my kneecaps, as we reached the house.

CHAPTER III

IT was my lucky day—I rang the bell. The door creaked open. From beneath us came a low, angry growl. We turned to find that we were standing on Ceremony, Uncle Merwell's faithful old were-wolf. Muriel was akimbo again, so I followed her lead into the house. She followed close behind.

The house was deserted except for a fireplace, from which a fire, flickering malignantly, cast shadowy, almost human aspersions on the wall. One of them looked like Uncle Merwell, who was a crotchety but endearing old lecher. The appalling silence we had entered was shattered by a weird, hollow gong as the clock struck itself. I sensed what Muriel had intuitively known before: that this house was the headquarters of a nefarious band of *Things*. If you can call them things. Shuddering in spite of myself, I quickly changed the subject, if you can call it a subject.

Muriel changed her dress, if you can call it a dress.

"I'm about ready for bed," she purred, nosing towards the floor with a tired little moan.

CHAPTER IV

SO up we went (if you can call them stairs). Where was Uncle Merwell? Why? Where was Anna, Uncle Merwell's old meat-ball? Where was Alabama, Uncle Merwell's loyal old flunkey who performed the functions of a jiu-jitsu expert?

Placing Muriel, whom I had tenderly slung over one shoulder as we mounted the stairs, on the bed of Uncle Merwell's bridal chamber, I sat down on top of her and took off my shoes.

How soft she was! I had known before I married her how exotic she looked, but little had I known how comfortable she would prove to be.

"I think I'll go out for a little warm-up around the jungle. Where did you pack my track shoes?" I said, passing off with a shrug the horrible, piercing screams that had been going on for some time now downstairs and obviously boded no good.

"Keep your nose clean," I murmured lovingly in her ear as I slipped out the window quietly.

CHAPTER V

WOULD that I had never left her side—I would at least have had something to remember her by! When I think over the consequences of this honeymoon that started out so happily and ended with—! It is torture for me to call up from the past the rest of that horrible night, but I must—for Muriel's sake.

After I had walked as far away as possible from that demon-infected house, if you can call it Uncle Merwell's, and after all the terror-inspiring shrieks had died completely for several hours, I went back.

I entered the house cautiously, quietly, my back to the wall. What confronted my eyes! Ah, horrible, horrible, horrible. Distasteful! My lovely bride of just a day had been torn to bits in my absence. Who could have done it? Why? Wasn't Muriel just like other girls? Blood permeated everything, even the air. I was sick. And there she lay. A lovely white arm protruded from a *grand* piano. Her two beautiful calves were mashed beyond recognition and soaked with blood, blood, blood. What a mess! Take it away, Graham.