

# The Isle of Monsters

by Jane Thomas

*Men changed to beasts through torture! Any horror was possible on this island where mermaid-sirens lured their victims to the altar of the copper-headed god!*



THE “thing” in the row-boat lolled lifelessly over the sides, one oar clutched in its raw hands! Great seared places where the ears had been severed from the skull glowed angrily red, and the lips swollen and tortured showed upon close examination that the tongue had been removed!

Juan Anthony, once Chief Officer of U S. Foreign Investigations, was “unofficially” still plying his trade in Montaba. Being half Indian himself and understanding the people, their language and their customs made him invaluable to his Department.

He pushed his way through the awe stricken mob on the beach and approached the body in the boat. He felt his stomach roll as he bent to examine it. The flesh had been literally peeled away from the chest and the heart cavity was empty! A loin cloth fashioned from



peculiar hand-woven Indian wool was fastened around its middle.

Juan slipped his hand under the cloth and extracted a little black book. He flicked it open. “It’s Morris all right,” he addressed his companion, and his eyes flamed as they rested speculatively on a distant blur in the water. *La Isle del Monstruos!* I wonder. . . .” the words hissed through his teeth. “I’m going to find out what *makes* them monsters, if it’s the last thing I ever do!”

“If Morris is any example, it probably will be.” His companion turned his eyes away from the boat. “How’d he ever get away . . . like that?” He still didn’t look at the thing in the boat.

“God knows!” Juan dropped his coat over the body.

He continued talking as he glanced through the little book. “Morris was looking

for information about the High Priestess Vishnaw, who one time headed an ancient Indian cult. The cult's been extinct for years—or so they say! He heard that he could find out something on the Isle del Monstruos. The natives won't come within two hours rowing distance of the place."

"Why?" Hack asked.

"They say it's 'taboo'. Scared stiff if you even mention its name."

"So'm I," Hack Larson, another soldier-of-fortune and Juan's companion in many strange adventures, returned laconically. "What's in the book?" He glanced over Juan's shoulder.

Juan read from the notations, "Participated in the 'Dance of Fertilization' . . . horrible . . ."

"Look here." Hack pointed to the opposite page as he read. "Description of the White God Vishnaw ... tall ... Caucasian . . . Flaming red hair . . ." Hack looked appreciatively at Juan, "Fits you perfectly, old man. Must've been an ancestor of yours."

Juan closed the book, looked grim. "Come on. Let's get a boat and get going."

Hack sighed. "I'm just a plain damned fool for going with you! I ought to wait here and if your body doesn't show up in a week, send the Marine Corps out there! It'll take us hours to row to that lousy island!"

"Are you coming?"

"Yes. Damn it! I am. . . ."

THREE hours later Hack shaded his eyes against the afternoon sun. "Well, we're nearly there." He shifted his weight to the other side of the boat.

"Be careful, there, son," Juan warned him. "There's enough stuff in that bag to blow the whole Pacific dry!" He pushed the little black box gently toward the end of the boat.

"My God!" Hack pointed excitedly ahead. "What are those things? White porpoise?"

"Never heard of 'em," replied Juan and they both stared as gleaming white rolling

forms that had a mother-of-pearl look rose over one wave and ducked under another. Glints of gold showed through the water as the creatures came to the top, then were lost from view as they dived deep.

"Must be dozens of 'em!" Hack exclaimed. "They're coming this way!"

They let their oars idle as they watched curiously.

Suddenly, their boat rocked violently and from all sides exquisite naked form shot up through the emerald green water! Wet hair, long and spun like fire gold, drifted out fan-wise in the water.

"Women! By Golly!" Hack's eyes sparkled. Juan ran a nervous hand through his thatch of red hair as he stared at them.

They seemed oblivious of the men as they disported themselves on their backs. Their long slender white arms played gently in the ocean as they kept afloat. Firmly moulded breasts thrust their erect tips through the foam, and their exquisitely curved thighs melted into the iridescence of the water.

"Boy, is *this* a surprise! I'm going in, too!" And Hack began to peel off his shirt.

The leader of the group suddenly gazed directly into Juan's troubled eyes, and a slight smile trembled on her face before she turned on her stomach, arched her naked, glistening back and with a sensuous flick of her streaming hips dove beneath the waves.

One after another, each strange creature followed her and in what seemed a twinkling of an eye the sea was barren.

Hack blinked. "Where the hell?" and losing his footing pitched forward on his face as the boat began to move rapidly toward the island. It raced madly as if propelled by an unseen hand, toward a deep fissure in the rock—and suddenly stopped!

BOTH men peered eagerly into the water and gazed behind them and to all sides. There was no sign of the shining-bodies!

“Well—can you tie that?” Hack looked uneasily at Juan. The latter shrugged. “Don’t look at me. All I know is that they disappeared and the boat is here instead of out *there*! Draw your own conclusions!”

Hack gazed at the gloomy pile of rock. “I don’t like the looks of this place. Let’s turn back and find the girls.”

“We’re going to get on this island and this seems a likely place to start.” Juan was decisive. “Come on and grab your oar. We’ll paddle quietly up this tunnel and see where it ends.”

Within a short time they had negotiated the rocky passage. It appeared to be some sort of subterranean tunnel into the bowels of the island and was enveloped in a Stygian darkness. The beam from their flash played on slimy walls and was lost in the eerie darkness beyond. A water reptile slithered down the wall nearest them and dropped with a soft splash into the water.

“Pleasant little villa,” said Hack.

Suddenly their hair stood on end. A groan rose in the condensed air of the tunnel. It became a shriek of agony before it ended in a low sobbing sound, and then ceased—as if the voice had been strangled in the throat.

“My God! What was that?” Hack’s voice caught in his throat.

“Keep on rowing,” Juan replied. “I’ll keep the flash on the tunnel so we won’t hit any snags. It came from ahead of us somewhere.”

He played the light on the walls carefully. “Hey, wait a minute. Stick your hand out. Hack, and you’ll find an iron ring in the wall. . . Got it?”

“Yep.”

“O. K. slip the rope through it, and leave about six feet leeway. There’s some sort of crude stairway worn out of the rocks below the ring.”

They hopped out, and hid the boat in a dark recess behind the stairs. “Leave the box in the boat.” Juan whispered as he led the way

cautiously up the stairs.

The steps, slick and smelly from generations of water and no sunlight curved slightly to the right. Juan snapped off the flash and felt his way, with his pistol in his right hand. They gripped the walls as they ascended, and their hands came away sticky with a slimy green matter. They wiped them hastily on their pants.

As they turned again to the right, they stopped in surprise. A heavy iron door stood slightly ajar and a beam of light came through the crack.

“Looks like we’re expected,” Hack was plainly nervous.

“S-s-sh . . .” Juan’s whisper was scarcely audible because of a horrible gurgling sound . . . a mixture of idiotic hysteria and human misery . . . that gradually filled the evil-smelling crypt.

They slipped forward stealthily until they were within a foot of the door. Juan gave it a gentle push and it swung silently back. Simultaneously a blood-curdling shriek rent the air! Then another—and another—and the faces of the two men went white as they stared at each other.

As the shrieks died away the sound of female voices, shrill and buoyed up with passion sifted through the opening.

“Come on!” Juan’s face was as tense as his voice.

THEY eased cautiously through the door. There was a heavy drape to one side and they hastily concealed themselves behind its folds. They peered through slits in the centuries old material and their eyes focused on an exquisitely carved wooden image of a tall God with a flaming head of copper.

At his feet was a raised stone dais, and on it lay the twisted remains of a man. Great strips of flesh still red with human blood had been laid on the lap of the God! The scalp and ears had been removed with neat precision so

recently that gory matter ran in rivulets down the sides of the face. The eyes were popped as if in strangulation.

The white men closed their eyes while waves of nausea swept over them.

A Junoesque woman stood with her back to them. Golden hair rippled down her nude back. Her seductively firm white hips were encircled in a jeweled metal cloth and her small ankles were circled by golden bracelets. She was carving, with deft movements of a slim red blade, on the body lying twisted on the dais.



With a fierce cry of triumph she suddenly ceased her manipulations and held aloft a bloody hand. It clutched the still beating heart of the wretch on the dais. Her slender white arm slowly turned red as the blood oozed

down its smooth surface.

Juan's horrified gaze shift to the figures seated on the floor. Some twenty or thirty women, all blond and slender and practically naked were gazing fanatically at the woman with the knife and her victim. Their breasts, rounded like delicate porcelain bowls, heaved with suppressed excitement, and their naked hips and legs writhed in unison on the floor.

As the tall woman held her grisly prize aloft, a slow rumble began in their throats and burst into the air like a yell of savage victory. Their bodies, still swaying as one, slowly undulated upward, and with rhythmic tread and sensuously moving hips, they closed in a circle around the dais.

Their stomachs, flat and smooth with pink indentations in the centers, rose and fell in a labored breathing as they danced, and their breasts, pastel-creamy and fragrant as lotus petals, swayed out from the folds of golden hair.

One and all they dropped to their knees in obeisance to the carved image of the God as the High Priestess chanted, "I offer this heart, through the Monsters, as a sacrifice to the White God Vishnaw, to propitiate his hunger!" Her voice fell like honey on the air, and as she stopped speaking she dropped the heart into an open recess at her feet.

The women listened with expectant, exalted expressions on their faces, as faint sounds—fussing noises—growls—snarls—floated up from the dark hole in the floor.

Presently all was quiet, and the tension broke.

**T**HE Priestess raised her hand and spoke. "Vishnaw's hunger is not appeased! Bring more hearts!"

With queenly tread she glided away and disappeared through a drapery at the opposite end of the room.

"Why didn't you shoot her, you fool?"

Hack's voice was low and strained.

“What for? The man was as good as dead when we heard his screams down below. We’ll shoot when we know what’s to be known.”

They held their breath and watched as the last of the women left this ghostly temple. Then they crept from behind the tapestry and with averted eyes stepped gingerly past the horror on the dais.

“Pss-st!” Juan gazing down the aperture in the floor where the High Priestess had dropped the heart. The hole was a three foot square.

Hack bent over the opening also. “Turn the flash on. Maybe we can see something.”

Juan played the flash down the shaft. The stone sides were discolored with splashes of blood and dried shreds of human flesh. A sickening stench assailed their nostrils. The beam of light shot downward and was lost in the inkiness of the hole. A weird growl rose from the bottom of the shaft, but they were unable to see what made it.

Hack said, “There’s *something* alive down there.”

Juan whirled in time to see one of the huge floor-stones lifted sky-ward and two long hairy arms snatch Hack’s straggling figure out of sight.

Juan grabbed the stone, braced his feet against the bottom and tugged with all his might, but the stone fell silently into place, and he jerked his hands away in time to keep them from being caught beneath the heavy block. He swore, and the sweat poured down his face.

He raced frantically around the room trying to find something to pry it open with—then he cupped his mouth with his hands and yelled, “Hack—Hack!—damn it, man, can you hear me?”

The sound of his own voice echoed—and re-echoed in the vastness of the ceremonial hall, and he realized with a sinking at the pit of his stomach that he had made a mistake. He

had advertised his presence in the Sacred Temple!

He ran quickly towards the door through which they had entered. It still stood slightly ajar. He swung it back and glanced over his shoulder as he passed through. He was unaware of the naked white figure that flung two long, slim arms around his shoulders and tightened tenacious fingers on his throat as he struggled.

He kicked blindly out and flailed his arms wildly.

The pressure increased and he slid inertly to the floor. . . .

WHEN consciousness returned he wondered blankly where he was. His clothes had been removed except for a gold loin cloth, and he was lying on a divan that was covered with a jeweled woolen throw. The dull sunset glow coming through the apertures in the fortress-like walls made a colored prism of the divan.

He raised himself to a sitting posture and was acutely conscious of murmurs and soft giggles. He blinked his eyes and looked in amazement around the room.

On great soft cushions scattered over the floor reclined the glorious-looking blond women whom he felt sure had towed the boat to the island. Their hair still gleamed dully wet in the light, and their bodies glowed pearly through the strands. Their eyes rested in savage delight on his muscular body.

He wished for his clothes.

The High Priestess entered the room, followed by fifteen or twenty maidens, their bodies undulating with the grace of tigresses as they walked. He had seen them before in the sacrificial chamber!

The High Priestess approached him and stood by his side. Her eyes glowed was a strange fire as they gazed into his, then she dropped to her knees and made queer gestures of obeisance to him. She arose, took his hand

in her and faced the assembly of women.

"You, the Vestal Virgins, have done your work well! As I prophesied to you the Great White God Vishnaw has returned to his Temple!"

Juan felt his scalp tingle as her voice, rich and deep and passionate flowed on in Spanish jargon. He realized with a jolt of astonishment that her words were a peculiar blending of the Spanish tongue and that of a supposed extinct tribe of "white Indians with blue eyes and blond hair" who had lived in the interior of Montaba centuries ago, and who had worshiped the Great White God Vishnaw!

Morris had written a book on this habits and religion!

The Vestal Virgins began their weird chant, their gleaming bodies seductively writhing and twisting as they danced in a close circle around Juan and the High Priestess.

The High Priestess spoke, "Make ready the Sacrifice! Prepare for the dance of Fertilization and the union of the High Priestess Vishnaw with the Great White God!"

Juan could feel the uncontrolled trembling of her fragrant body as it pressed closer to his. He felt a hot rush of blood in his veins, as his eyes turned involuntarily to the enticing softness of her bosom. His own hands trembled as they rested against the warmth of her body.

A sullen, dissatisfied murmur that swelled into a roar poured from the lovely throats of the Virgins, and they closed possessively around Juan. He could feel their quivering breasts as they brushed against his arms and chest!

The eyes of the High Priestess flashed dangerously, and she snatched a silver whip from the girdle around her smooth loins and flicked it over their bare shoulders.

With moaning little whimpers they drew out of range of the thongs, and, their white figures glistening like pink pearls in the last rays of the sun, reluctantly left the chamber.

The High Priestess turned the fire of her eyes on Juan, and he felt his blood quicken again as he gazed on the perfection of her body. The firm globules of her breasts rose and fell convulsively with her breathing. The lean flatness of her stomach swelled slightly as it rounded into her slim thighs. She swayed sensuously toward him, and as if in a hypnotic spell, he caught her perfumed body close to his own. Its fragrance made his head swim.

Her lips, luscious, red and inviting parted under his and her tongue seared his mouth with a wet flame. His hands slid possessively down the ivory expanse of her back, and he felt her quiver and shake under his touch. He dropped his mouth hungrily to the pulse in her throat, and with a quivering sigh her body relaxed against his own.

His own breath came in jerks from his lungs, and with a fierce gesture he lifted her in his arms, and with his mouth devouring the fire from her own, he strode toward the pile of colored cushions.

The sun went down. . . .

WHEN he awoke an eerie beam of moonlight was playing over his face and on the cushions. With returning consciousness he remembered Hack!

He turned with a feeling of aversion for the woman, and froze into immovability!

*Something* was crawling over the floor, slowly approaching the cushions where the High Priestess, her white body gleaming in the moonlight, was stretched in sleep. He reached for his pistol and remembered suddenly that it must have been taken with his clothes!

His mind was free from its hypnotic spell and he tensed his muscles waiting for the thing to cross the shaft of moonlight. It came slowly onward, with the queer rustling of a reptile. Juan felt his hair prickle, as the horrible monster crept into the moonlight.

A huge, hairy body with great welts across its shoulders, slithered toward the divan. Two

great eyes like balls of fire, gleamed evilly from its glistening skull. It left a slimy trail behind it, like some enormous slug emerging from the bowels of the earth.

With a lascivious snarl it swung its head greedily over the woman . . . over the firm breasts, the slowly rising and falling abdomen . . . and then on down the slimly tapering hips and legs. She stirred slightly, and her red lips parted.



With a tormented growl the thing leapt toward them. At the same moment Juan flung his body forward and he and the thing rolled in death grips on the floor.

With snarls of rage it tightened its stump-like arms around Juan's body, and in a flash he knew that the life was being squeezed from him. His legs thrashed and twisted to no avail. The body so entwined around his own was slick with slime and his hands slid off as if they were greased.

Curiously, the woman slept! Juan opened his mouth to give a mighty yell, but it died in

his throat as he felt himself falling—falling—falling into eternity. There was a terrific jar—he felt pains over his body like needles jabbing into lacerated flesh, and then—nothing.

CONSCIOUSNESS was a long time returning. A dim light filtered through chinks in the stone and he felt his body hopefully, without moving his head. He knew a pure delight when he silently wriggled his legs, then his arms, and found that he was not only alive, but unhurt. He opened his eyes slowly and looked upward. A twisting flight of stone steps ascended into the darkness above him. He knew the thing must have pulled a lever and he had fallen down the stairs when the stone slab lifted.

As he lay quite still, trying to marshal his forces, his ears became acutely conscious of gruesome noises—the crunching of bones, and fierce snarls and growls! His flesh crawled up his spine.

He twisted his head painfully around. As his eyes became accustomed to the dim light, his stomach retched with nausea.

Some six or eight *things* were crouched in the far corner of the dungeon viciously tearing to pieces the mutilated body of the wretch he had seen die in the sacrificial room. They were so busy, fighting among themselves over the grisly feast that they were unmindful of him lying in the shadow of the stairs a scant twenty feet away.

Directly over them appeared a dim aperture, and with a feeling of horror Juan realized that must be the shaft from the Sacrificial Chamber! That accounted for blood and dried flesh on the side walls that he and Hack had seen with the aid of the flash!

Hack!

His own predicament was momentarily forgotten! Where was Hack? He remembered the High Priestess' words "Prepare the Sacrifice!" Would his body or Hack's be the

next that these things would get to propitiate the hunger of Vishnaw!

He recalled a notation in Morris' little book. . . "Men made into beasts, through torture. . . ." and shuddered.

He moved his body forward a foot and waited. The crunching did not abate. With fear in his heart he hunched forward—up a step—and another. After minutes of tortuous crawling he reached the gloom of the shaft down which the steps came, and rested, his heart beating a wild tattoo in his breast.

THERE was a clanking of iron, and in the corner behind the "things" an iron door swung open, and three of the Vestal Virgins stood there. Juan involuntarily caught his breath at their loveliness. The gold of their hair embraced the ivory of their bodies.

Their breasts peeked like coral flowers through the strands, and their bodies and smooth thighs glimmered with dim lustre through the mesh of their loin clothes.

The idiots stopped their bloody work and crawled to them on all fours, their heavy mouths drooled saliva, their eyes raised fatuously upward! Their hands, scarred and mutilated and bloody stretched out greedily and clasped the slim white ankles of the nearest Virgin. Like a flash she flicked the silver whip across its shoulders, and it drew back out of reach.

"You have had your day, Monster! You are now the slave of Vishnaw! When the sun is high there is the Sacrifice to the great White God Vishnaw! Bring us your prisoner! You shall have his heart!" She pointed upwards, toward the shaft from the sacrificial room, and the "monsters" with awful gurgles crowded beneath it and looked eagerly toward the pale show of light so far over-head.

As the Vestal Virgins, with sinuously swinging stride, herded the monsters through the door, Juan closed his eyes and tried to keep from being sick!

With painstaking carefulness he reached the head of the stairs. He fumbled around in the dark, feverishly, and eventually his hands fell on something hard and cold. It seemed to be a piece of iron or metal protruding from the wall. He pulled and yanked at it several times before he was rewarded with a slight click, and then was almost blinded by the brightness of the sun, as the stone rose noiselessly.

He heaved himself aside as his hand released the lever and the slab fell silently into place.

He was back in the room of the High Priestess. The divan of cushions was there, but the Priestess was gone. He made a swift search of the room. Behind a stone aperture he located his clothes. He transferred his automatic from the pocket of his coat and his loin cloth. He hesitated, and finally decided against donning his own clothes. It was better not to arouse suspicions.

His ears, trained to catch the slightest sound, told him someone was approaching, and he raced across the room and threw himself on the divan.

The High Priestess entered, and through narrowed eyelids he watched her gliding progress toward the bed. With a smile of pleasure she leaned over him, her breasts, like perfumed petals almost brushing his face. He could feel her hot breath and it was with difficulty that he kept his heart from pounding visibly.

She dropped a passionate kiss on his lips and as he opened his eyes she pressed her body against his for a second, then came sensuously to her knees before him.

Her hands made the same strange gestures of the night before, and her voice, low and compelling chanted, "Your Monsters prepare the Sacrifice for the Great White God! The Vestal Virgins await the night and the God's choice in the Bridal Chamber! The blood of many men have we offered to you! The embraces of many have we taken, waiting for



your coming!

"Many Monsters have we made, to propitiate your hunger! Now, we await our reward! Your own celestial daughters, borne by the Vestal Virgins, shall through the centuries to come offer your sacrifices to you, and keep the Monsters for your sacred work!"

Juan closed his eyes and thought of Morris!

WHEN he finally opened them, the Vestal Virgins stood in a semi-circle around him. Wreaths of strangely-colored flowers were draped over their alabaster shoulders, and hung in festoons around their breasts. Their creamy hips and legs writhed and twisted in the slow dance around the divan. Their bodies whirled in savage contortions and their heaving abdomens glittered with jewels.

They formed a line, and the High Priestess stood aside as he arose. He kept a wary eye on their deceiving loveliness as he preceded the Priestess, and the dancing circle of Vestal Virgins closed in behind them.

His hand strayed with relief to the revolver concealed in the cloth of gold around his loins.

The procession entered the sacrificial chamber and he felt his flesh shrink with revulsion. Three of the Monsters, watched assiduously by half a dozen Vestal Virgins, were washing the dried blood and matter from the Sacrificial Dais.

The High Priestess indicated them with pride, "Have we not done well, Great White One? It takes much practice to turn man into Beast!"

Juan nodded his head in simulated appreciation, but his eyes darted swiftly to the tapestry behind which he and Hack had hidden the day before. Beside it was the door through which they had made their entrance.

"Bring the sacrifice!"

With a start he recognized the voice of the High Priestess. She was standing, straight and

regal and beautiful on the stone step of the dais and in her hand was the gleaming blade of the sacrificial knife! His brain reeled with horror when he recognized her as the same woman who had thrown the heart down the shaft to the monsters!

The eyes of the High Priestess and the Vestal Virgins were on the door at the far end of the room. Juan was not noticed as he slipped down a step and to one side. The entire congregation were standing, their backs to him.

He watched the door.

THROUGH it came Hack, his body was covered around the groins with the same coarsely-woven cloth that Morris had worn. Except for that, he was naked. His hands were tied behind him and his face was wild and strained. He was being partly carried and partly pushed by the Monsters. His eyes, deadened with misery and fright, lightened suddenly as they rested on Juan.

The latter made no sign of recognition, and Hack's body sagged suddenly and would have slid to the floor, but one of the Monsters caught it, and carried him to the altar.

The Monsters, the silver whips making gashes across their backs, were herded out by four of the Vestal Virgins. In a few minutes the guards returned for the sacrifice and in the tense stillness came the inhuman growls from the bowels of the dungeon. They floated faintly upward through the aperture in the floor beside the sacrificial stone.

They were waiting for a living, bloody, beating heart!

The Four Guards, their white breasts heaving with their breathing, took their places around the altar each holding in a vise the arms and legs of the victim.

With unexpected suddenness the gleaming blade in the hand of the High Priestess described an arc in the air and before Juan could grab his pistol a length of flesh was

stripped from Hack's breast. He shrieked—once—twice in his agony, and his pain-filled eyes gazed for an agonized second into Juan's face.

A pistol shot—and the knife in the hand of the High Priestess flew through the air and hit the floor with a clatter. The white bodies of the Virgins became a writhing, screaming mass, as with bared teeth and frightful shrieks they started in a mass for Juan!

Another shot and a Virgin clutched her leg. She slowly sank to the floor with groans and for a moment they were stopped, paralyzed with fear, at the smoking instrument of torment in Juan's hand.

"Get up from that table, Hack!" Juan roared. "I'll hold 'em off."

Juan negotiated the few steps separating them, and the pistol in one hand he quickly untied Hack's hands.

**A**S HACK reached the door, the stone slab down which he had been snatched, opened wide, and through it streamed a slimy throng of Monsters!

The High Priestess screamed, "They are despoilers of the Temple! Get them! Kill them! You shall have their hearts!"

Juan whirled, and as the first beast reached for him, he fired full in his face! The savage crumbled at his feet, and as he did so the whole mob rushed him.

He leaped through the stone door, slammed and bolted it. As he reached the bottom of the stairs a slab rose above and to his right. The Virgins and Monsters began pouring through!

Juan pushed Hack's unconscious form into the boat! With trembling fingers he lit a fuse and tossed a square black box onto one of the high stone ledges. As the first part of the mob reached the foot of the stairs he gave a mighty shove and the small boat shot down the tunnel.

**T**HE little boat was gently tossing on the waves as he bound Hack's chest with his loin cloth. They were ten minutes away from the rocky island.

"Take a look, kid," he very gently raised Hack to a sitting position and they gazed at the Isle of Monsters. There was a tremendous roar, that shook the little boat to its last rib, and parts of the island began raining into the sea.

"Well," Juan sighed thoughtfully, "I can finish Morris' book for him, poor devil!"