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HAUNTED HORROR



FORELOCK the WARLOCK

#16
\$3.99



**"OBSCURE AND
OUTRAGEOUS STORIES!"**
David Colton/USA Today

FORELOCK THE WARLOCK



Art by
Angelo Torres

GREETINGS,
CREATURES OF THE
NIGHT! WELCOME BACK TO
MY HORRIBLE HAVEN. MY THREE
FAVORITE THINGS IN THE WORLD
ARE VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES AND
COMIC BOOK FANS. I HOPE YOU
ARE ONE OF THEM.
ONCE AGAIN, WE HAVE AN ISSUE
PACKED TO THE BRIM WITH MAD
SCIENTISTS, FETID BACTERIA, CREEPY
CADAVERS, AND DEATH HIMSELF!
ENJOY THESE STORIES, FEAR
FIENDS, AS MUCH AS I ENJOYED
DIGGING THEM UP
FOR YOU!



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IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT EACH MAN HAS HIS ALLOTTED TIME IN THIS WORLD, AS WE KNOW IT---AND THEN, THE GRIM, IRREVOCABLE END... BONES TO ASHES... ASHES TO DUST! BUT THIS WAS NOT SO FOR...

THE MAN WHO OUTDISTANCED *Death!*

AIIEEEE!!
I--I DON'T
WANT TO DIE!
I DON'T WANT
TO DIE!

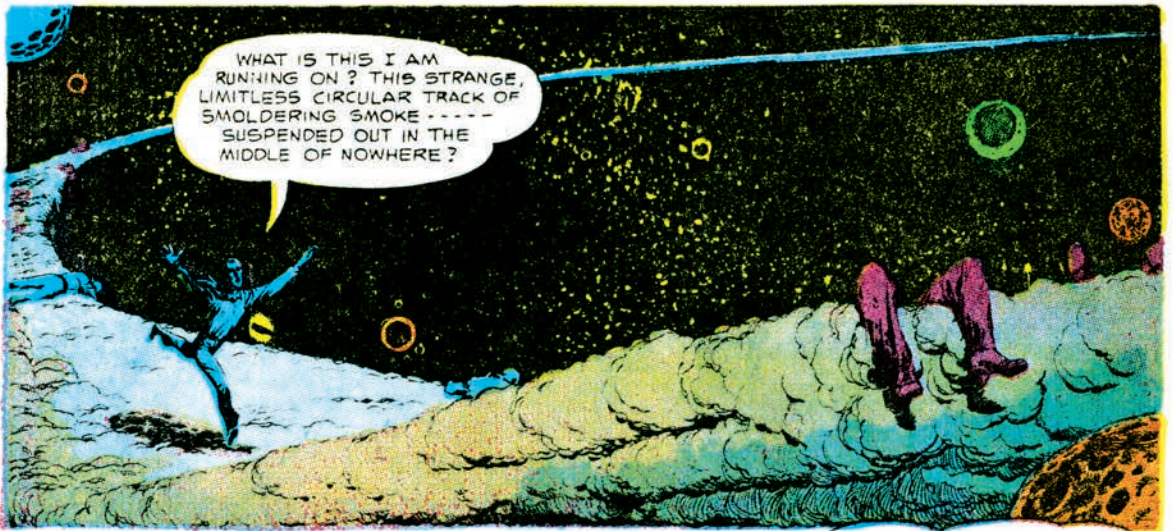
THE PAIN OF EXERTION WAS AN UNBEARABLE AGONY IN GEORGIE KERRIK'S LITHE YOUNG LEGS AS HE RAN, PRESSING HIMSELF FORWARD WITH A HYSTERICAL SOB! BUT THE VAGUE SHADOW IN SWIFT PURSUIT GREW LARGER AND MORE TERRIBLE BY THE SECOND!

WE CRIED OUT WITH A TERRIBLE DESPERATION TO THE FIGURE AHEAD OF HIM, A BRONZED BODY GLISTENING WITH THE EFFORT OF THE FANTASTIC FLIGHT!

WHITECLOUD!--- WHITECLOUD! TELL ME WHAT IS HAPPENING! WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN! OH, LORD---HE DOESN'T HEAR ME!

!-IT'S COMING CLOSER--GAINING! I--I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY.





EVEN AS HE CONTINUED SHOUTING -- HE WAS TRYING TO PRESS HIS DAZED MIND TO CLARITY, TO RECALL THE INCREDIBLE EVENTS THAT LED TO THIS NIGHTMARISH MOMENT. THE FIRST TIME HE SAW WHITECLOUD, THEN, TOO, HE WAS RUNNING BEHIND HIM. IT WAS A CROSS-COUNTRY MARATHON, AND HE, GEORGIE KERRIK --- WAS A NEW, EAGER, FLEET-FOOTED PRODDY!

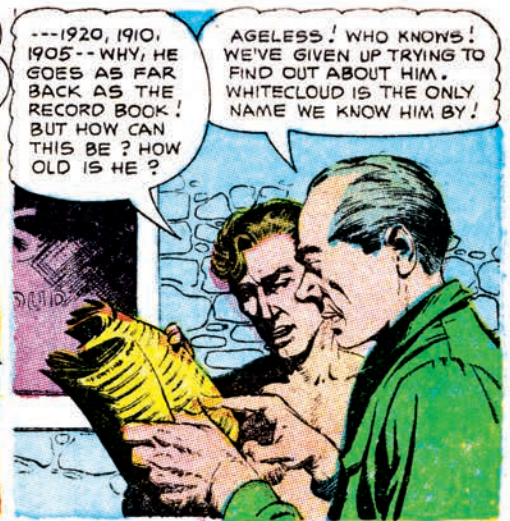


THE STEEL-MUSCLED INDIAN FINISHED FAR OUT IN FRONT AS HE DID IN EVERY ONE OF FOURTEEN RACES---AND KERRIK PLACED A HEARTBREAKING SECOND! HE COULD NOT BEAR IT AND HE BROKE DOWN AND WEPT WITH FRUSTRATION!



I--I'D BE A CONSISTENT WINNER IF NOT FOR HIM!

THERE, MY LAD! IT HAS BEEN THIS WAY EVER SINCE WHITECLOUD APPEARED AS A RUNNER! LOOK AT THE EARLY RECORDS!



---1920, 1910, 1905-- WHY, HE GOES AS FAR BACK AS THE RECORD BOOK! BUT HOW CAN THIS BE? HOW OLD IS HE?

AGELESS! WHO KNOWS! WE'VE GIVEN UP TRYING TO FIND OUT ABOUT HIM. WHITECLOUD IS THE ONLY NAME WE KNOW HIM BY!

TROUBLED, GEORGIE WATCHED THE QUIET, STALWART INDIAN AS HE DRESSED IN THE LOCKER ROOM. THERE HE NOTICED A PECULIAR IMPERFECTION OF THE REDMAN'S MAGNIFICENT PHYSIQUE.



WHITE MARKINGS--ALMOST LIKE INDELIBLE HANDPRINTS! I--I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THEM! SO MUCH ABOUT HIM IS--STRANGE!



WHITECLOUD --I--I'D LIKE TO GET TO KNOW YOU!

IT IS BETTER THAT NO ONE GETS TO KNOW ME!



WOULDN'T EVEN TALK TO ME! I'LL FOLLOW HIM! PERHAPS I CAN LEARN THE SECRET OF HIS STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE! MAYBE IT IS SOME EXERCISE!

TRAILING THE INDIAN TO A HOUSE NEAR THE DESERTED EDGE OF TOWN, GEORGIE REMAINED INDECISIVELY IN THE SHADOWS, TRYING TO FIND ENOUGH COURAGE TO ENTER. THEN ---HE HEARD---



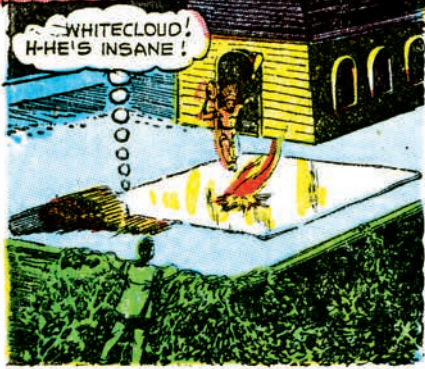
AN UNEARTHLY HOWLING! I--IT'S COMING FROM THE ROOF!



SMOKE! IS THE PLACE ON FIRE?

GEORGIE CREEPT UPWARD--AND THERE AT THE ROOF'S EDGE, THE SIGHT CONGEALED HIS BLOOD! A FIGURE WAS CLOTHED IN CEREMONIAL ATTIRE, DANCING A TRIBAL RITE AND CHANTING BENEATH THE LUMINESCENT MOON!

WHITECLOUD!
H-HE'S INSANE!



MIGHTY ANCESTORS-- I BID YOU HAPPINESS IN THE BOSOM OF THE WHITE FATHER! GIVE YOUR BLESSING TO ME---- CHIEF WHITECLOUD COMATOK OF THE EXULTED SEMINOLES!



THE SPLITCHES ON HIS BACK! THEY ARE AGLOW WITH AN UNEARTHLY PALLOR NOW!



H-HE SEES ME!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



GEORGIE SHUDDERED, RELINQUISHED HIS PERCH AND FLED INTO THE SHIELDING NIGHT, HIS HEART POUNDING!

BUT I FOUND OUT WHO HE REALLY IS! A SEMNOLE CHIEF---COMATOK! NOW I CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT HIM! I--I'LL GET THE KEY TO THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY FROM THE JANITOR!



LATER, A FURTIVE FIGURE POURED OVER VOLUMINOUS WORKS OF INDIAN HISTORY IN THE SHROUDED SILENCE OF A HUGE DESERTED ROOM, AND--

IT COULDN'T BE THIS FAR BACK! I---BUT HERE IT IS, CHIEF WHITECLOUD COMATOK! IT EVEN MENTIONS HIS GREAT SWIFTNES!



BUT THIS WOULD MAKE HIM--- TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS OLD!





I--I WON'T RUN AWAY, THOUGH EVERY NERVE INSIDE ME IS TWISTING WITH FEAR! I WILL NOT RUN ALWAYS SECOND TO THIS ---THIS MAN!

IT WAS A STRUGGLE OF DAYS --- WEEKS, FOR GEORGIE KERRIK! A HUNDRED TIMES HE STARTED FOR WHITECLOUD, TO CONFRONT THE UNIQUE BEING WITH HIS DISCOVERY! EACH TIME FEAR AND INDECISION CHECKED HIS MOVE! BUT ONE EARLY DUSK, DESPERATION LED HIM TO THE ROAD WHERE HE KNEW WHITECLOUD LIMBERED HIS MUSCLES EACH MORNING! THERE ---



YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I--I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU! AND I MEAN TO, THIS TIME!

YOU ARE TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS OLD! I KNOW THAT! WHY HASN'T DEATH TAKEN YOU?



THE INDIAN WAS TENSED, SHOCKED AT THE SUDDEN DISCLOSURE.... AND THERE WAS AN AIR OF MIND-CHILLING VAGUENESS, MYSTERY, IN HIS ANSWER!

LIFE IS A RACE AGAINST DEATH! BUT DO NOT PURSUE THESE THOUGHTS ANY FURTHER, YOUTHFUL ONE!



B-BUT I'VE GOT TO KNOW! I CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY!



WAIT---I WON'T CONTINUE TO BE LEFT BEHIND, I TELL YOU! I WON'T!

IT WAS AN OBSESSION NOW! THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK! GEORGE KERRIK WOULD RESORT TO ANY END TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS STRANGE BEING! HE WENT EVEN SO FAR AS TO SPY IN THE HOUSE OF THE UNWARY INDIAN. THERE WERE MANY NIGHTS OF VIGILANCE.

PERHAPS IT IS ALL FOR NOTHING! HE IS STILL AS A TOMB!



SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO HIM! I--IT'S A HEART ATTACK! HE'S GOING TO DIE!