

THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™



FORELOCK the WARLOCK

#33

\$4.99

# HAUNTED HORROR™



# FORELOCK THE WARLOCK



Art by  
Angelo Torres

DR. FREDRIC WERTHLESS CAN'T SAVE YOU FROM THE PULPY POLTERGIESTS, COMIC BOOK-Y CREATURES, AND FOUR-COLORED FIENDS THAT AWAIT YOU IN THIS ISSUE OF MY FAVORITE RAG. BECAUSE MY CO-ERTS, MR. KARSWELL AND MADAM CLIZIA HAVE GONE A-HAUNTING I, FORELOCK THE WARLOCK, WELCOME YOU, FRIGHT FAN, TO THESE HORRIFIC DELIGHTS...



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Look for another spine-tingling issue of *Haunted Horror* in two months!

If you collect horror comics and other Golden Age fare, we're always looking for scans for use in our books and comics. Please contact Craig Yoe through Facebook.

**Editors: Steve Banes, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe. Contributing Editors: Tillmann Courth, Mike Howlett, and Toxic Tommy O'Brien.**

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On the cover, *Strange Stories From Another World* #4, December 1952. Art: Norman Saunders. Fawcett.

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**K**EITH LESTER WAS A SELF-WILLED, ARROGANT MAN WHO BELIEVED THAT OTHERS SHOULD PAY FOR HIS WEAKNESSES! HE GOT AWAY WITH A LOT--EVEN MURDER, UNTIL THE DREADFUL MOMENT WHEN HE SUFFERED GHASTLY PUNISHMENT ON THE

**A** GAMBLING ROOM IN THE HEART OF LONDON'S SOHO DISTRICT...

# SKELETON'S GIBBET



OUTSIDE THE CLUB...

EVERYONE PUSHES ME AROUND BECAUSE I'M BROKE! BUT I MUST RAISE THE MONEY...



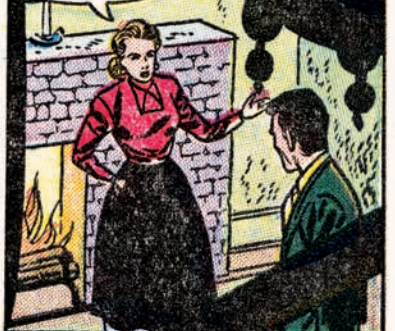
THAT'S IT...MY RICH COUSIN LOUISE! SHE WOULDN'T WANT THE FAMILY DISGRACED! I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH LEFT TO GET TO KENT!



AT THE COUNTRY HOME OF LOUISE WINTERS, NEXT DAY...

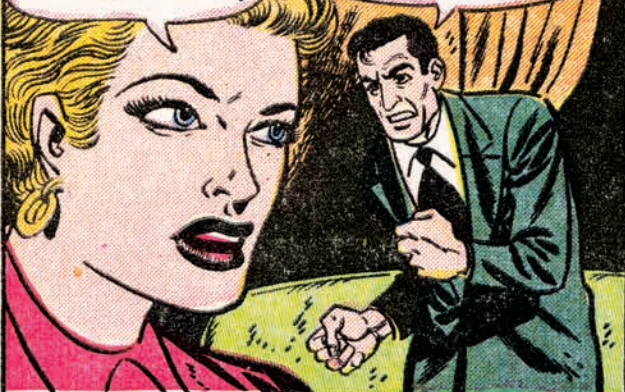
IT'S AN UN-FORTUNATE TIME TO VISIT! I'VE DISMISSED THE SERVANTS AND I'M ALL ALONE!

DISMISSED THE SERVANTS? WHY?



UNCLE DUNCAN'S JUST DIED AND LEFT ME THE ENTIRE ESTATE AT MACHONIE! IF I'D HAVE BEEN OUT OF THE WAY, YOU WOULD'VE INHERITED IT INSTEAD OF ME!

DON'T MOCK ME! I NEED A HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS BADLY! THAT'S NOTHING TO YOU NOW! WITHOUT IT, MY LIFE'S NOT WORTH A TINKER'S DAMN!



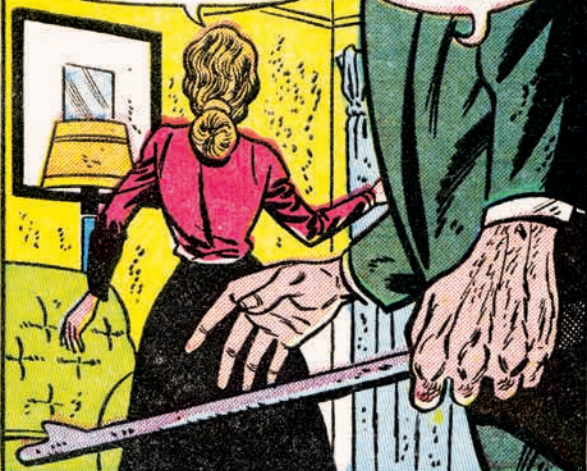
I TOLD YOU, KEITH, I'D NEVER PAY OFF ANOTHER OF YOUR GAMBLING DEBTS! NOW... IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'M MOTORING TO MACHONIE!

THEN YOU WON'T HELP ME?



NO! YOU CAN PULL YOUR OWN CHESTNUTS OUT OF THE FIRE!

ALL RIGHT, LOUISE! I'LL GET THE MONEY!





NOBODY KNEW I WAS HERE!  
IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER NOW!  
SHE WAS TO MOTOR TO  
MACHONIE-- BUT SHE'LL  
NOT GET THERE!



THE ROAD RUNS ALONG  
THE CLIFFS...IT'S A  
BAD ROAD...ACCIDENTS  
CAN HAPPEN!



ON AN ISOLATED STRETCH,  
KEITH PUSHES THE SMALL  
CAR OVER THE CLIFF, WITH  
THE DEAD GIRL IN IT!

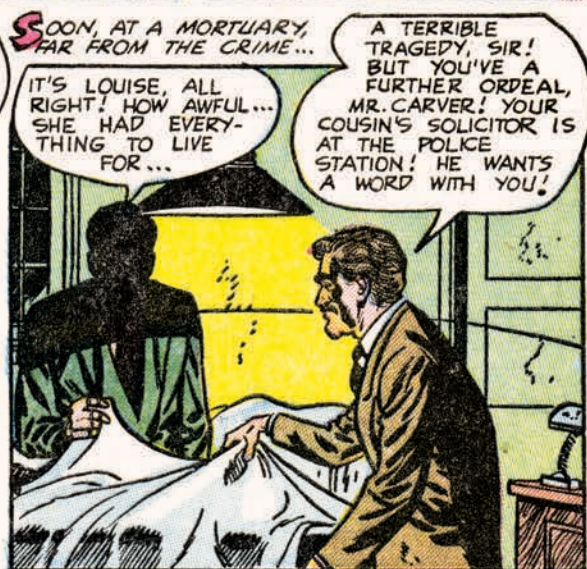
GOODBYE, LOUISE! I'LL  
GET BACK TO MY LODGINGS!  
I BETTER BE THERE WHEN  
THEY BREAK THE NEWS  
TO ME!



LATER...

I'VE BAD TIDINGS,  
MR. LESTER! YOUR  
COUSIN, LOUISE WINTERS,  
WAS KILLED IN A MOTORCAR  
ACCIDENT! YOU MUST  
IDENTIFY HER BODY!

THIS IS  
TERRIBLE!  
I'LL...I'LL  
BE READY  
IN A FEW  
MINUTES!



SOON, AT A MORTUARY,  
FAR FROM THE CRIME...

IT'S LOUISE, ALL  
RIGHT! HOW AWFUL...  
SHE HAD EVERY-  
THING TO LIVE  
FOR...

A TERRIBLE  
TRAGEDY, SIR!  
BUT YOU'VE A  
FURTHER ORDEAL,  
MR. CARVER! YOUR  
COUSIN'S SOLICITOR IS  
AT THE POLICE  
STATION! HE WANTS  
A WORD WITH YOU!



AT THE POLICE STATION...

DUE TO YOUR COUSIN'S UN-  
FORTUNATE DEMISE, YOU ARE  
SUCCESSOR TO THE  
INHERITANCE AT  
MACHONIE! IF YOU  
WILL SIGN THESE  
PAPERS, WE CAN  
SETTLE THE MATTER  
AT ONCE!

BELIEVE ME,  
I'D GLADLY  
GIVE UP  
THIS WHOLE  
FORTUNE  
TO BRING  
LOUISE  
BACK!



I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, MR.  
LESTER...BUT ONE MUST BE  
REALISTIC--IN THE MIDST  
OF LIFE WE ARE  
SURROUNDED  
BY DEATH!

POOR  
LOUISE!



YOU ARE NOW  
THE OWNER  
OF THE  
MACHONIE  
ESTATE! IT IS  
WORTH 100,000  
POUNDS. YOU  
MAY DRAW  
CHECKS ON  
IT AT ANY  
TIME!

THANK YOU!  
I'LL LEAVE  
FOR  
MACHONIE  
IN A FEW  
DAYS! I  
MUST SETTLE  
SOME  
BUSINESS IN  
LONDON FIRST!

**THE NEXT DAY KEITH GOES TO SETTLE HIS DEBT...**



WELL, WHAT IS IT? IF YOU THINK I'LL GIVE YOU ADDITIONAL TIME, YOU'RE CRAZY!

I CAME TO PAY UP, NOEL!



SEE?

UHH!



HERE'S YOUR MONEY! WE'RE EVEN!

**AT LAST KEITH ARRIVES AT CASTLE MACHONIE...**



WELCOME, MASTER KEITH! I AM MALCOLM, THE CARETAKER!

I'M TIRED, MALCOLM! BRING FOOD AND WHISKEY TO MY ROOM!

**A FEW MINUTES LATER...**



YOUR ROOM, SIR!

STOP DODDERING AROUND! GET MY FOOD AND DRINK!



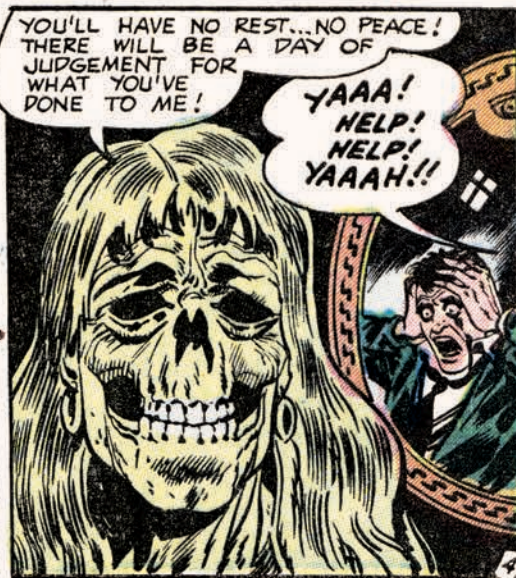
WHAT IN THE WORLD'S WRONG WITH ME? I'M FRIGHTENED... AND I SHOULD FEEL ON TOP OF THE WORLD! I HAVE EVERYTHING... MONEY, POSITION, POWER!

YOU DO NOT BELONG HERE!



WHO SAID THAT? I... YAAA AAAAA! LOUISE!!

YES, KEITH... LOUISE!



YOU'LL HAVE NO REST...NO PEACE! THERE WILL BE A DAY OF JUDGEMENT FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!

YAAA! HELP! HELP! YAAA!!



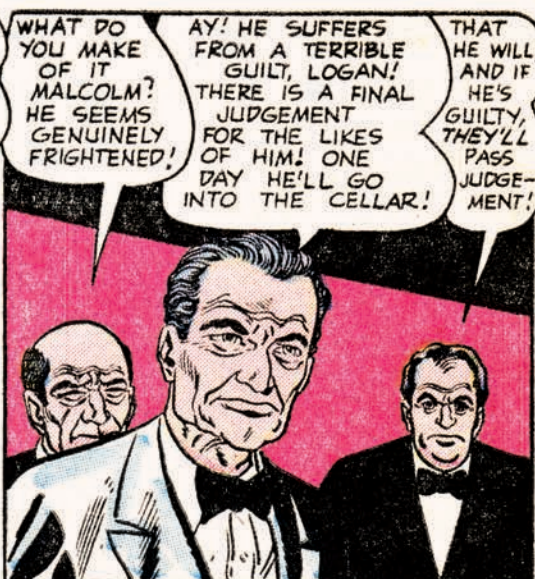
SIR! WHAT IS IT!

SHE'S STANDING THERE! GET HER OUT OF HERE!



BUT, SIR... NO ONE IS HERE!

I SEE...NO ONE? I MUST BE OVER-TIRED! LEAVE ME NOW, ALL OF YOU!



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT MALCOLM? HE SEEMS GENUINELY FRIGHTENED!

AY! HE SUFFERS FROM A TERRIBLE GUILT, LOGAN! THERE IS A FINAL JUDGEMENT FOR THE LIKES OF HIM! ONE DAY HE'LL GO INTO THE CELLAR!

THAT HE WILL, AND IF HE'S GUILTY, THEY'LL PASS JUDGEMENT!

FOR DAYS, KEITH STAYS HIDDEN IN THE ROOM, DRINKING HEAVILY, REFUSING TO COME OUT...



EMPTY! WHISKEY... MORE WHISKEY, MALCOLM!

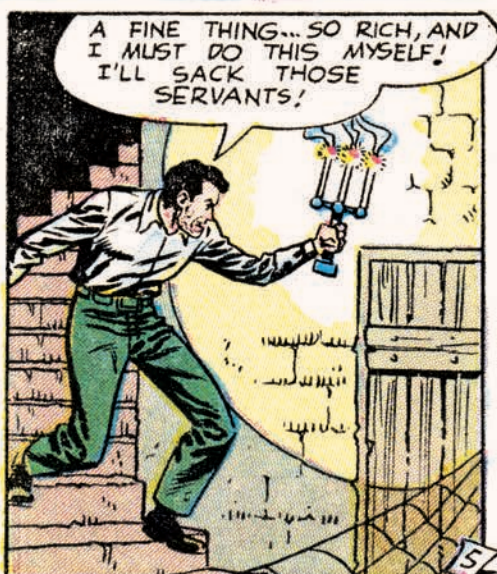


MALCOLM! OH, I FORGOT...ALL THE SERVANTS, WENT TO A FESTIVAL IN TOWN! I'M ALONE IN THIS ACCURSED PLACE!



ALONE... AND WITHOUT ANY WHISKEY! WELL, I'LL GET SOME... WE'VE A WELL-STOCKED CELLAR!

IN SEARCH OF THE WHISKEY, KEITH DESCENDS A CIRCULAR STAIRCASE INTO THE DUNGEON-LIKE CELLAR WHERE THE MUSTY AIR REEKS WITH THE STALE ODOR OF ROT AND MILDEW...



A FINE THING... SO RICH, AND I MUST DO THIS MYSELF! I'LL SACK THOSE SERVANTS!