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MR. KARSWELL

ISSUE!

# HAUNTED HORROR

"GRIMY, GHOULISH, AND SINFULLY DEVILISH. HAUNTED HORROR IS EFFECTIVELY BRINGING OLD HORROR TO A NEW GENERATION."

—FANGORIA

YOE  
COMICS

#14

\$3.99



# MR. KARSWELL



Art by  
Art Fuentes

SEASONS GRIEVINGS, ONE AND ALL! YOU'VE SOMEHOW SURVIVED OUR 13TH ISSUE AND ARE BACK FOR THIS VERY SPECIAL, EXTRA SICKENING DEADITION OF HAUNTED HORROR FEATURING A SKIN-CRAWLING COLLECTION OF ATROCITIES POISONALLY HANDPICKED BY ME, MR. KARSWELL, FROM MY AWFUL ARCHIVE! ZOMBIES, GHOSTS, MAN-EATERS, AND MORE GORE THAN YOUR MANGLED LITTLE MOPS CAN EVER HOPE TO HANDLE AWAIT! DON'T LOSE YOUR HEADS NOW, OR YOUR SOULS, AS WE ARE GHOST CERTAINLY ON A DREADFULLY DECAPITATED ROLL! HEE HEE!



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

Many thanks to: Yana Fox for the cover corrections ([www.yanamation.com](http://www.yanamation.com)) and Tommy Stanzola. Haunted Horror logo by Art Fuentes.

On the cover, *This Magazine is Haunted* #13, October 1953. Art: Shelly Moldoff. Publisher: Fawcett.

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# Death's REVENGE!

HARDENED KILLERS FELT THE CLAMMY HANDS OF FEAR ON THEIR HEARTS AND THE CHILL OF THE GRAVE IN THEIR BONES WHEN THEIR MUTILATED VICTIM APPEARED TO CLAIM.

G-GET AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE DEAD!

DEAD, BUT NOT BURIED!

A LONG NIGHT IN JIM REARDON'S SWANK APARTMENT... AND BY MORNING HE'D LOST FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO TWO FRIENDS...

BUT AXEL, REARDON'S RIGHT HAND MAN, HADN'T PLAYED! HE HAD WATCHED... AND WHEN THE WINNERS LEFT...

TOUGH LUCK, JIM!

BUT NICE FOR US!

I'M CLEANED OUT! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!

THEY TOOK YOU, BOSS! I TRIED TO TIP YOU OFF BUT YOU WOULDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION! THEY FED EACH OTHER CARDS ALL NIGHT!

SO THAT WAS IT? MY PALS! THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS!



WHAT'LL YOU DO, BOSS?

KILL THEM! I'M COUNTING ON YOU, AXEL! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT GETTING CAUGHT! NOBODY'LL SEE YOU COMING OR GOING! THEY'LL SEE DAN PATCH!



PATCH? BUT HE'S BEEN DEAD OVER A YEAR!

SURE, AXEL, SURE! AND A BEAUTIFUL JOB WE DID ON HIM! HA HA! IT BRINGS BACK MEMORIES!

MEMORIES...

THE BOYS WANT TO SEE YOU, DAN! THEY WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR CHAT WITH THE D. A.!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF THEM! I'M THROUGH BEING AFRAID!

YES, OF A MAN NAMED PATCH WHO HAD GROWN TIRED OF LIVING OUTSIDE THE LAW AND HAD MADE A VISIT TO THE D. A.'S OFFICE...



ISN'T THAT NICE? SUPPOSE YOU TELL US ALL ABOUT IT!

NO... NO... YOU GUYS CAN'T DO THIS...



BUT DAN'S FORMER FRIENDS COULD ... AND THEY DID! ON A LONELY LOT OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

DON'T... JIM... AGH-H!

HURTS, DOESN'T IT, DAN? YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU WENT TO THE D. A.!



SLOWLY...

BRUTALLY, THEY MURDERED HIM... BREAKING HIS BONES... CUTTING AT HIS FLESH... UNTIL WHAT WAS LEFT BARELY LOOKED LIKE A MAN...

YOU DIDN'T THINK WE'D KILL YOU THE EASY WAY, DID YOU, DAN? NO, THAT'S FOR NICE GUYS! THIS IS WHAT DOUBLE-CROSSERS GET!



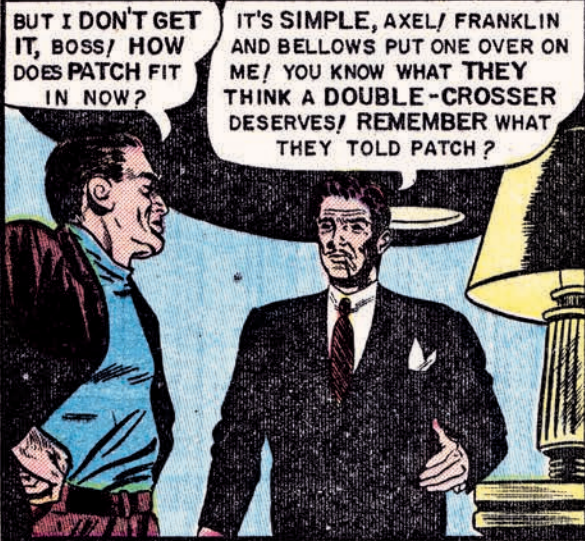
THEN AS DEATH MERCIFULLY CAME TO DAN PATCH'S RESCUE...

Y-YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS... SOMEDAY... I'LL... GET EVEN...

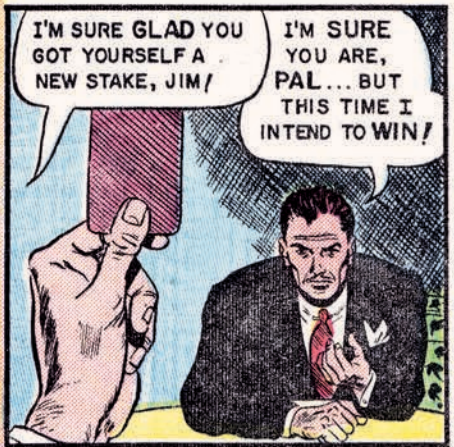
WHAT A CARD! HA! HA! LISTEN TO HIM!



MEMORIES OF A FOUL AND BRUTAL MURDER NOW CAME BACK TO PROD THE SCHEMING BRAIN OF JIM REARDON...



REARDON THREW THE BAIT OF NEWLY ACQUIRED MONEY BEFORE BELLOWS AND FRANKLIN... AND RISING TO IT, THE PAIR INVITED HIM TO PLAY AT THEIR PLACE ON THE NIGHT REARDON HAD CHOSEN...

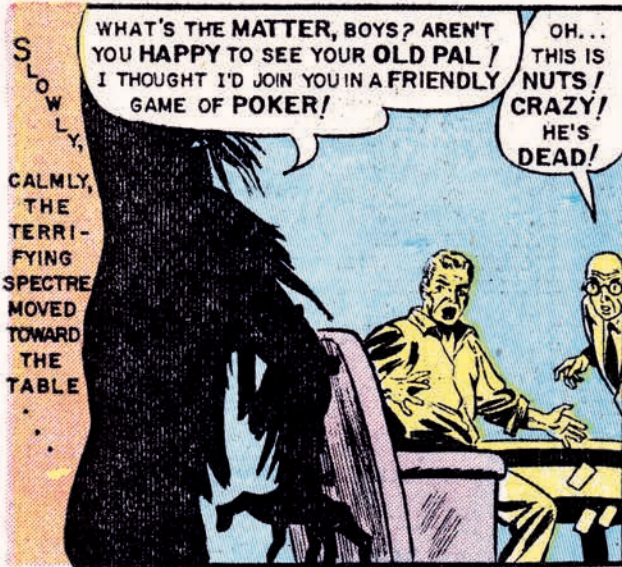


AS THE GAME PROGRESSED, REARDON BROUGHT UP THE NAME OF DAN PATCH...



AND JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT...





SLOWLY, CALMLY, THE TERRIFYING SPECTRE MOVED TOWARD THE TABLE

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOYS? AREN'T YOU HAPPY TO SEE YOUR OLD PAL / I THOUGHT I'D JOIN YOU IN A FRIENDLY GAME OF POKER!

OH... THIS IS NUTS! CRAZY! HE'S DEAD!



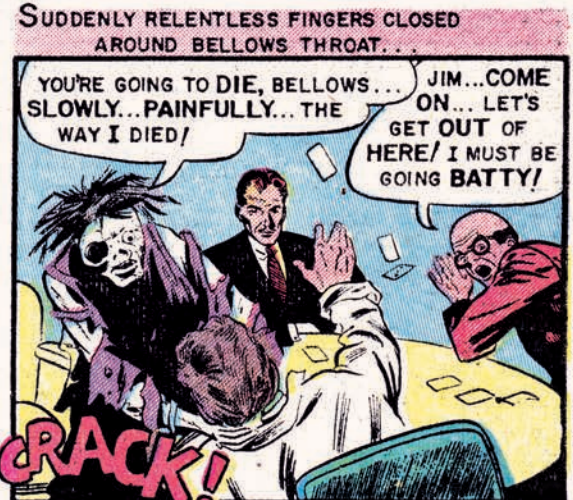
SURE, BOYS, I'M DEAD... BUT I CAN COME BACK... NOW LET'S PLAY POKER!

YEAH, SURE, DAN... SURE!



REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, BELLOWS? REMEMBER WHAT I SAID?

WH-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



SUDDENLY RELENTLESS FINGERS CLOSED AROUND BELLOWS THROAT...

YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, BELLOWS... SLOWLY... PAINFULLY... THE WAY I DIED!

JIM... COME ON... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I MUST BE GOING BATTY!

CRACK!

BUT INSTEAD OF SEEKING ESCAPE, JIM REARDON MANAGED TO KEEP FRANKLIN IN THE ROOM.

AND WHEN BELLOWS LAY LIMP AND BROKEN ON THE FLOOR, IT WAS REARDON WHO PUSHED FRANKLIN INTO THE ARMS OF THE CADAVER...

REARDON GRINNED AS FRANKLIN SCREAMED... YES, AXEL WAS DOING A GOOD JOB!



NO... WAIT... WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE THIS OUT! MAYBE IT'S OUR IMAGINATION!

HE'S KILLING HIM... AND THAT'S NOT MY IMAGINATION!

DIE LIKE I DIED... DIE... DIE...

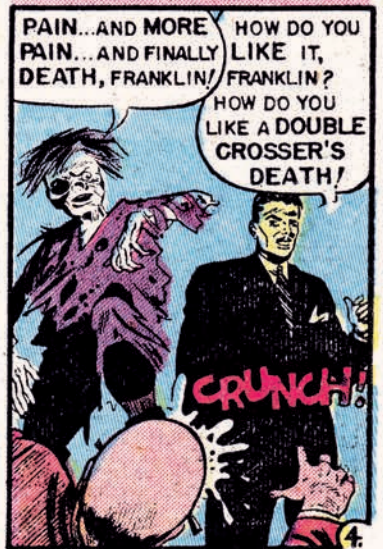
HACK!

SLASH!



AND YOU, FRANKLIN, ARE NEXT!

JIM... WH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? NO! LET ME GO!



PAIN... AND MORE PAIN... AND FINALLY DEATH, FRANKLIN!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, FRANKLIN? HOW DO YOU LIKE A DOUBLE CROSSER'S DEATH!

CRUNCH!

AND THEN FRANKLIN,  
TOO, LAY DEAD...

NICE WORK, AXEL/  
IT WORKED JUST LIKE  
WE PLANNED! THOSE  
MUSCLES OF YOURS  
REALLY HAD THE  
STUFF!

AXEL?  
WHY DO  
YOU CALL  
ME AXEL,  
JIM?



DESPITE HIMSELF, REARDON  
FELT A STRANGE CHILL TRAVEL  
UP HIS SPINE...

HA/HA! ALL RIGHT, AXEL,  
LET'S NOT CARRY THE  
GAG TOO FAR!

BUT I  
AM NOT  
AXEL!



AND IT IS  
YOUR TURN  
TO DIE!

CUT IT  
OUT, AXEL!  
HAVE YOU  
GONE  
CRAZY?  
STOP!



BEFORE HE COULD GET  
OUT OF THE CADAVER'S  
REACH, A HAND HAD  
CLOSED AROUND REARDON'S  
ARM --- A HAND WITH  
SUPERHUMAN, UNNATURAL  
STRENGTH...

FIGHTING DESPERATELY  
AGAINST THE PAIN...  
MUSTERING EVERY OUNCE  
OF HIS WILL, REARDON  
BROKE AWAY AND MADE  
FOR THE DOOR...

AXEL, FOR  
GOD'S SAKE...  
YOU'RE  
BREAKING  
MY ARM!

YES, FIRST  
ONE...  
THEN, THE  
OTHER...  
JUST AS IT  
WAS DONE TO  
ME!

**SNAP!**



GOT TO  
GET OUT OF  
HERE... GOT TO  
THINK!



IT MUST BE  
AXEL... BUT  
SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENED TO  
HIM... HE'S  
GONE CRAZY!



HARD AS HE TRIED  
TO CONVINCE HIM-  
SELF THAT IT WAS  
AXEL, GNAWING  
DOUBT MADE REAR-  
DON RETURN TO HIS  
APARTMENT TO MAKE  
SURE THAT AXEL  
WAS NOT THERE...

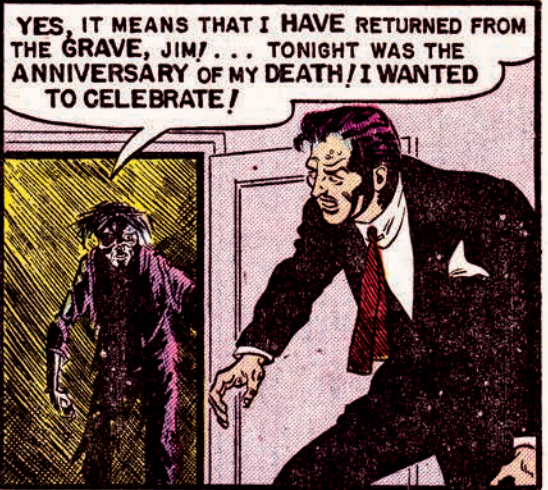
HE'S DOUBLE-  
CROSSED ME  
TOO! IT... IT  
COULDN'T BE  
ANYONE BUT  
AXEL! GHOSTS...  
REVENGE... NUTS!



BUT WHEN REARDON ENTERED HIS APARTMENT...



AND BEFORE REARDON COULD FINISH HIS HORRIFYING THOUGHT A VOICE SPOKE BEHIND HIM...



PAIN AND AGONY FILLED JIM REARDON AS THE MAN FROM THE GRAVE DEALT OUT ALL THE ANGUISH HE HIMSELF HAD ONCE KNOWN



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER APARTMENT...



BUT WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, THEY FOUND ONLY THE BROKEN BODIES OF AXEL AND REARDON / HIS REVENGE COMPLETE, THE CORPSE HAD DISAPPEARED!



A TOUGH ONE? AN INSOLUBLE ONE, LIEUTENANT / MORTAL MAN HAS NO WAY OF DEALING WITH THE VENGEANCE OF A CORPSE ... WITH A NEMESIS FROM THE GRAVE!

The end