

# FORELOCK THE WARLOCK



Art by  
Angelo Torres

LITTLE CHILDREN... IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT YOU HAVE BEEN READING COMIC BOOKS INSTEAD OF DOING YOUR SCHOOL WORK, KEEPING UP WITH YOUR CHORES, GETTING HEALTHY EXERCISE OUT IN THE FRESH AIR, AND BEING INVOLVED WITH OTHER GOOD, WHOLESOME ACTIVITIES! YOUR BELOVED FORELOCK THE WARLOCK HAS THIS TO SAY ABOUT THAT, DEAREST ONES: KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!



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# THE HORROR of VAN MORT!



JOHN HARVIN BELIEVED IN GHOSTS AND WITCHES. HE FEARED THE CREEPING SNEAKING SOUNDS OF THE QUIET NIGHT. HIS IDEAS ON THE WORLDS BEYOND THE GRAVE, MADE HIM THE BUTT OF THE JOKES OF HIS GAY FRIENDS WHO LAUGHED AT HIS TALES OF VOODOO AND WITCHES. BUT AS YOU WILL SEE, DEAR READER, THEY DIDN'T LAUGH LAST....  
HEE, HEE....

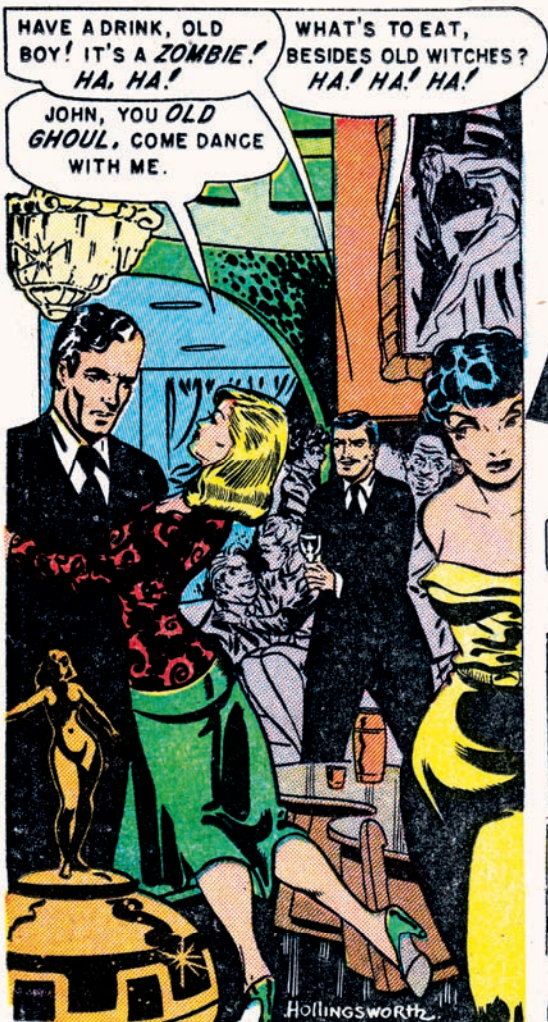
AHH! IS THAT BED GOING TO FEEL GOOD! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A DECENT NIGHT'S REST IN MONTHS WITH THOSE FRIENDS OF MINE BARGING IN AT ALL HOURS WITH THEIR WILD PARTIES AND TRICKS... OH, OH... WHAT'S THAT?

OH, NO! HIYA, JOHN! HOW'S THE BOY?

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOIN' TO BED SO EARLY? REALLY NOW, JOHN! AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF GHOSTS WHEN YOU'RE ALONE AT NIGHT... HA, HA...





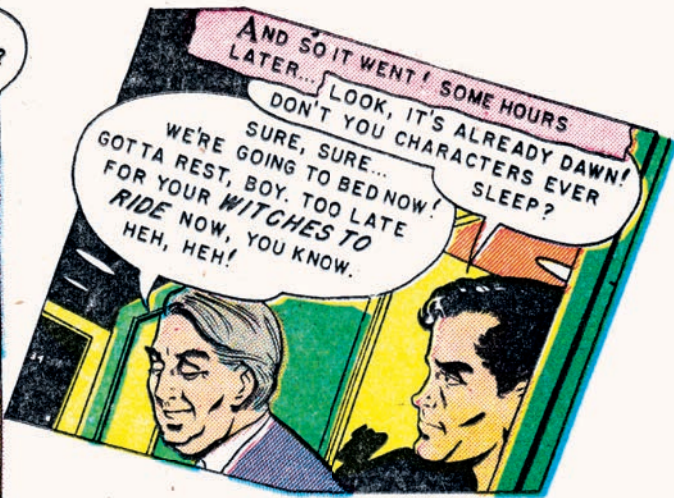


HAVE A DRINK, OLD BOY! IT'S A ZOMBIE!  
HA, HA!

WHAT'S TO EAT, BESIDES OLD WITCHES?  
HA! HA! HA!

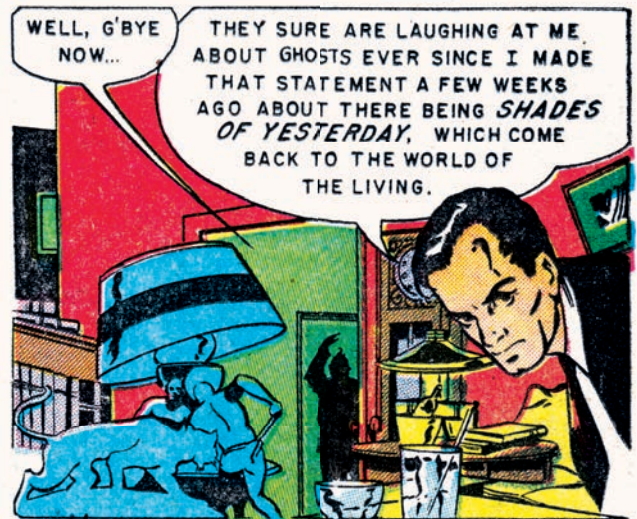
JOHN, YOU OLD GHOUL, COME DANCE WITH ME.

HOLLINGSWORTH



AND SO IT WENT! SOME HOURS LATER...  
LOOK, IT'S ALREADY DAWN!  
DON'T YOU CHARACTERS EVER SLEEP?

SURE, SURE... WE'RE GOING TO BED NOW!  
GOTTA REST, BOY. TOO LATE FOR YOUR WITCHES TO RIDE NOW, YOU KNOW.  
HEH, HEH!



WELL, G'BYE NOW...

THEY SURE ARE LAUGHING AT ME ABOUT GHOSTS EVER SINCE I MADE THAT STATEMENT A FEW WEEKS AGO ABOUT THERE BEING SHADES OF YESTERDAY, WHICH COME BACK TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.



WELL, TONIGHT WAS THE LAST STRAW! I'M GOING TO PROVE TO MYSELF AND TO THE WORLD THAT THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS! I'M GOING TO RENT THAT OLD HOUSE THAT REAL ESTATE AGENT IN HAVERSHAM TOLD SUCH WEIRD TALES ABOUT!



SO THIS IS HAVERSHAM! A REAL SETTING FOR A WITCHES ABODE, IF I EVER SAW IT!

TAXI, MISTER?

HAVERSHAM



AND SO IT CAME ABOUT THAT JOHN HARVIN CAME TO HAVERSHAM AND... TAKE ME TO THE VAN MORT HOUSE!

V-V-VAN M-MORT HOUSE?

THAT'S WHAT I SAID. THE VAN MORT PLACE! I JUST LEASED IT FOR TWO MONTHS! IS ANYTHING THE MATTER?

TH...THE MATTER? I'LL SAY, MISTER! THAT PLACE YOU JUST RENTED... IS HAUNTED!







JOHN SCOFFED PURPOSELY AT THE CAB DRIVER'S SUPERSTITIONS SO AS TO GET THE STORY...  
 YOU LAUGH BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE HISTORY OF OLD VAN MORT AND HIS CANE!  
 YES, IF YOU'RE WISE YOU'LL TURN AROUND AND NEVER SET FOOT IN THE OLD HOUSE OF VAN MORT!

HAUNTED?  
 HA! HA!

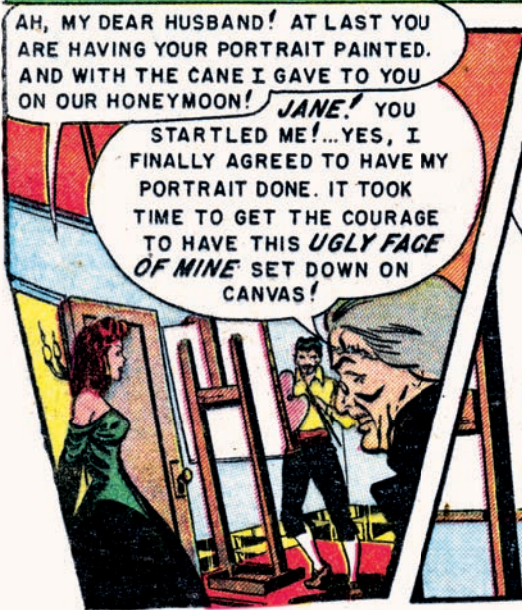


IT ALL STARTED WAY BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN THIS WAS STILL BRITISH COLONY LAND...THE RICHEST MAN IN THE COLONY WAS OLD VAN, MORT AND ALSO THE UGLIEST!



SQUIRE VAN MORT, YOU MAKE A DASHING FIGURE STANDING THERE HOLDING YOUR CANE. YOU INSPIRE ME TO GREAT HEIGHTS.

ENOUGH OF YOUR FLATTERY!



AH, MY DEAR HUSBAND! AT LAST YOU ARE HAVING YOUR PORTRAIT PAINTED. AND WITH THE CANE I GAVE TO YOU ON OUR HONEYMOON!

JANE! YOU STARTLED ME!...YES, I FINALLY AGREED TO HAVE MY PORTRAIT DONE. IT TOOK TIME TO GET THE COURAGE TO HAVE THIS UGLY FACE OF MINE SET DOWN ON CANVAS!



YOU MUSTN'T SPEAK SO, MY HUSBAND. TO ME YOU ARE NOT UGLY. I LOVE YOU.

EXCUSE ME. THE PORTRAIT IS QUITE FINISHED. I SHALL RETURN TOMORROW FOR A FINISHING TOUCH. I AM VERY PLEASED! THIS IS MY MASTERPIECE!



I SHALL SHOW YOU TO THE DOOR, MR. COPELAND.

THANK YOU, MADAM. I MUST DO YOUR PORTRAIT SOMEDAY, ALSO.



AH...H...H! I AM INDEED A LUCKY MAN. ALL MY RICHES WOULD BE WORTHLESS TO ME WITHOUT MY WIFE. THE WORLD CALLS ME UGLY, ONLY SHE SEES BEAUTY IN ME.



**BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER**

BUT WHERE IS SHE NOW? I DID NOT HEAR THE DOOR CLOSE FOR THE YOUNG PAINTER TO LEAVE. I WONDER IF SOMETHING IS AMISS?

I'LL GO A... OH!

DARLING! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO RID YOURSELF OF THAT UGLY MONKEY?

SO UGLY MONKEY, AM I? OH, WISH I WOULD DIE, EH? TO THINK A FOOL LIKE YOU COULD LOVE ME! I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU BOTH WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIVES!

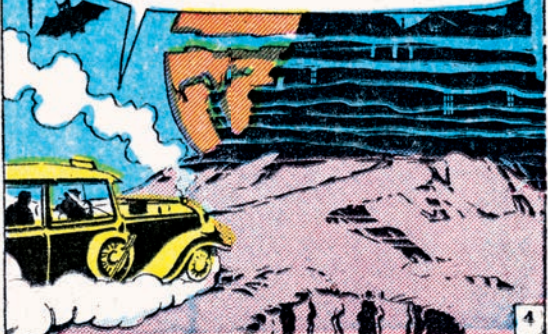
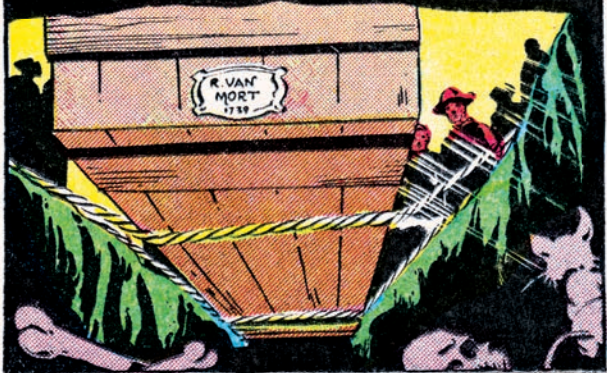
WHA... YOU HEARD?

YOU'LL BEAT NO ONE, YOU HIDEOUS MONSTER! THE ONE TO BE BEATEN WILL BE YOU! GIVE ME THAT CANE!

THERE! LEAVE THE UGLY THING. LET HIM ROT WITH HIS UGLINESS AND HIS MONEY, GEORGE. LET US FLEE THIS HOUSE!

OLD VAN MORT SOON DIED OF A BROKEN HEART. HIS LAST REQUEST WAS A STRANGE ONE. HE WISHED TO BE BURIED WITH THE CANE GIVEN TO HIM BY HIS UNFAITHFUL WIFE...THE WOMAN HE HATED!

SO THAT'S THE SUPERSTITION ABOUT THIS PLACE, EH? IT AIN'T NO FAIRY TALE, EITHER, MISTER. VAN MORT'S WIFE AND THE PAINTER WERE FOUND DEAD SOON AFTER VAN MORT WAS BURIED... APPARENTLY BEATEN TO DEATH...







THAT AIN'T ALL. OTHER PEOPLE WHO LIVED HERE AND CALLED VAN MORT UGLY, SOON MET WITH A STRANGE DEATH! **DON'T GO IN! GO BACK!** OR VAN MORT'S GHOST WILL GET YOU!



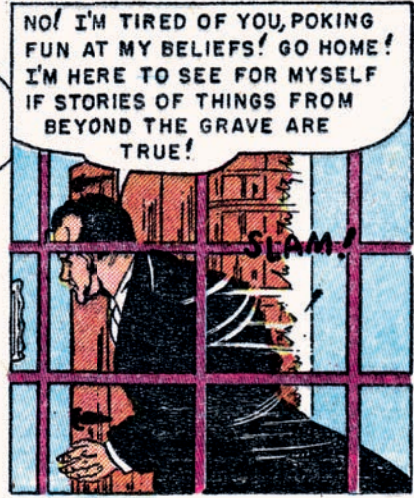
WHAT A STORY THAT CABBY TOLD! THIS IS THE PERFECT PLACE TO PROVE MY THEORIES!... EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS HOUSE GIVES ME THE CREEPS... AS IF OLD VAN MORT'S GHOST WAS LOOKING AT ME NOW!



**SOME DAYS LATER...** THE OLD BOY HASN'T HARMED ME YET. BUT I'M NOT CALLING HIM ANY NAMES. I DON'T WANT HIM ANGRY WHEN HE DOES REAPPEAR! **WHAT...THE DOOR?**



**YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?** LOOK, JOHNNY BOY! IT'S ME, LOIS... AND BILL AND MYRNA! AREN'T YOU GLAD WE CAME? WE THOUGHT WE WOULD HELP YOU LOOK FOR A GHOST...HEH, HEH!



**NO! I'M TIRED OF YOU, POKING FUN AT MY BELIEFS! GO HOME!** I'M HERE TO SEE FOR MYSELF IF STORIES OF THINGS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE ARE TRUE!



I HAVE AN IDEA. YOU KNOW THAT LEGEND ABOUT A GHOST WITH A CANE WE HEARD IN TOWN ABOUT THIS PLACE? WELL, LET'S PLAY A TRICK ON JOHN!  
GOOD!...WE'LL SCARE HIM SILLY!



AND SO, THAT NIGHT, THE THREE CAME BACK TO THE OLD HOUSE AND... LET'S HIDE IN THIS CORNER. JOHN WON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!  
HA, HA, HA, HA!



THESE RATTLING CHAINS AND THUMPING NOISES WILL SET HIM UP. OKAY, LOIS, SCREAM AND MAKE IT SOUND SCARY!  
EEEE!