

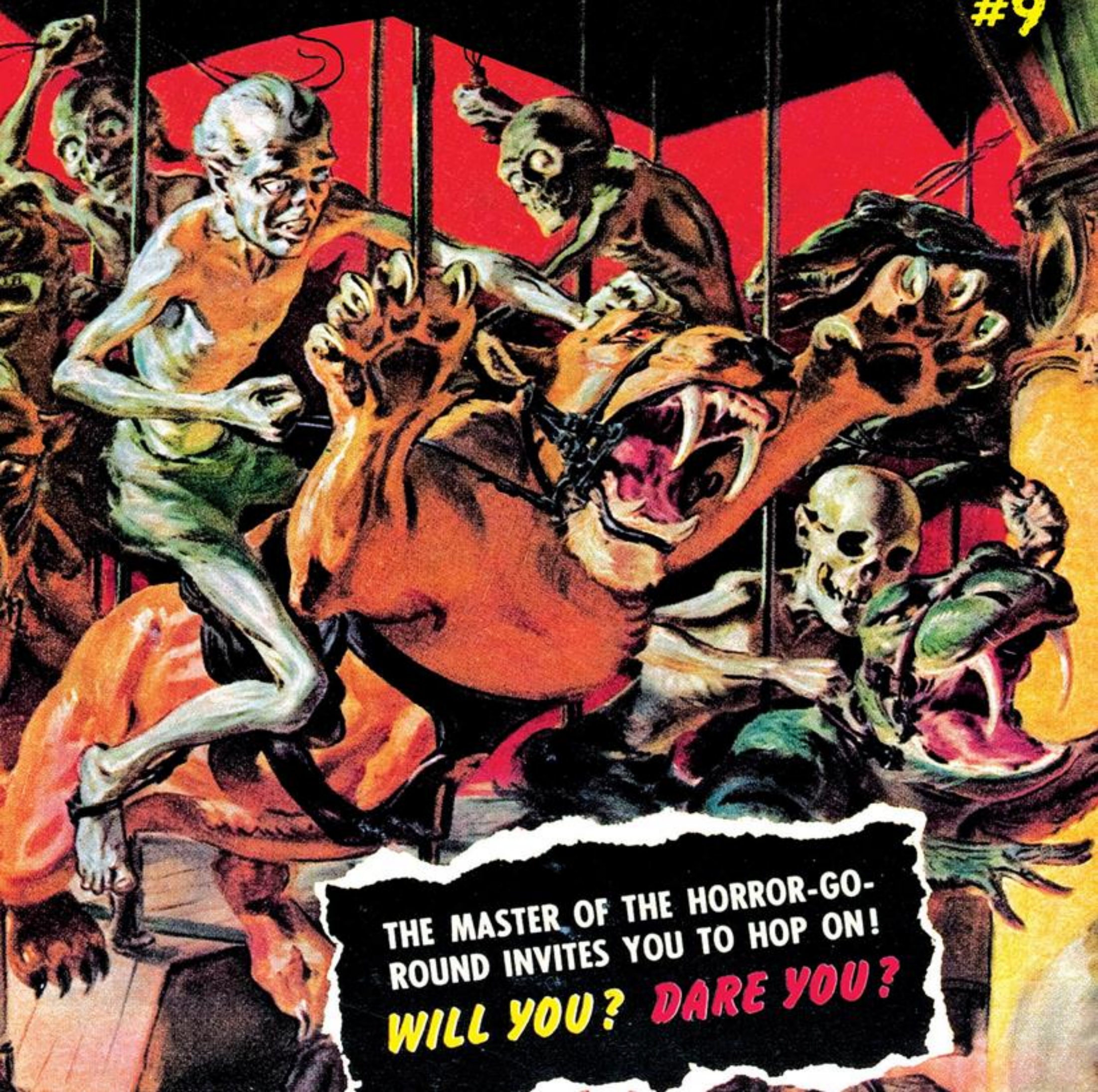
THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™



Mr. KARSWELL

# HAUNTED HALLS™

#9



THE MASTER OF THE HORROR-GO-  
ROUND INVITES YOU TO HOP ON!  
**WILL YOU? DARE YOU?**



# FORELOCK THE WARLOCK



Art by  
Angelo Torres

**Editors:** Steve Banes, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe.  
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LIKE SLIMY  
PACK RATS, YOU  
ARE ATTRACTED TO  
THESE OLD FUNNY BOOKS,  
AREN'T YOU,  
YOU VORACIOUS VERMIN?  
TAKE THIS ISSUE OF OUR LATEST  
HAUNTED HORROR BACK TO YOUR  
NEST AND CHEW ON ITS CONTENTS.  
YOU'LL FIND EACH STORY DELICIOUS  
AND TO YOUR LIKING AS EVERY  
TERRIFYING TALE WAS WRITTEN AND  
DRAWN BY RAT-LIKE COMIC BOOK  
CREATORS. I, YOUR HORROR HOST  
AND RAT EXTERMINATOR, FORELOCK  
THE WARLOCK, HAVE LACED EACH  
PAGE WITH A SPECIAL POISON!  
IF YOU'RE HOLDING THIS NOW  
IN YOUR FILTHY RAT CLAWS,  
IT'S TOO LATE FOR YOU!  
HAHAHAHAHA!!!



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# GHOSTS FROM MARS

IS IT POSSIBLE? IS THIS THE REAL...AND HORRIBLE...EXPLANATION OF THE "FLYING SAUCER" MYSTERY? WHIRLING IN OUT OF OMINOUS OUTER SPACE, A DEADLY GHOST-PLAGUE TERRIFIES THE AMERICAN CONTINENT! HOW CAN THESE STRANGE SUPER-GHOSTS THREATEN EVERY LIFE ON EARTH? AND WHAT CAN BE DONE TO COMBAT THESE DEVIL-DEMONS?

ONE NIGHT, OVER DESERT AREA IN THE WEST, HIGH-FLYING SAUCER-SHAPED SHIPS DISGORGE A DEADLY CARGO...

KLAXDAX!  
KLAX!

GOOD HEAVENS!  
IT'S RAINING TINY  
DEAD MONSTERS!

RUN FOR  
YOUR  
LIVES!

NOW THOSE FLYING  
SAUGERS ARE SPINNING  
BACK... OUT INTO  
STAR SPACE!

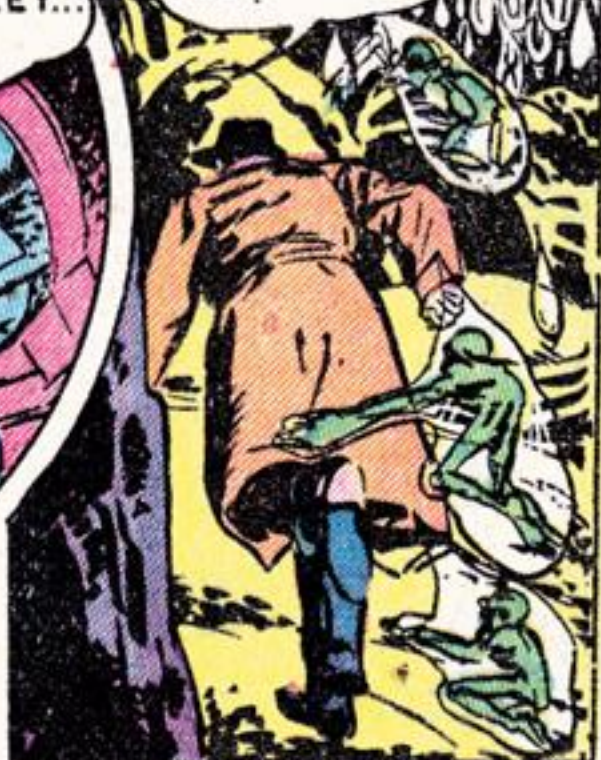


WHILE ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP RETREAT, IS DON BLANT, A NOTED SCIENTIST AND STUDENT OF SPIRITUALISM AND STARS...

FIRST ALL THOSE RED LINES SHOOTING FROM THE PLANET MARS, AND NOW THOSE STRANGE GLOWING LIGHTS IN THE VALLEY... SOMEHOW, I'M AFRAID...AFRAID!



BUT I MUST SEE WHAT'S GOING ON...UGGHH! WHAT'S THAT COLD AND SLIMY THING THAT TOUCHED ME?



SKELETONS? DEAD CREATURES? THESE CORPSES ARE SURROUNDING ME!



HORRIFIED, DON FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE THROUGH THE STICKY AND SHINY GHOSTLY BLOB!

THEY CLING LIKE SOME VILE AND EVIL JELLY! AHHH! CAN I REACH MY LAB BEFORE THEY OVERWHELM ME?



AND IN THE FARM VALLEY AND TOWN BELOW, THE AWESOME RAIN OF UNKNOWN "THINGS" COVERS ALL... SPREADING FEAR AND DEATH AND DESTRUCTION...

MY HORSES ARE SMOTHERED, DEAD AND DYING!



ABANDON THE CARS! RUN...IF YOU CAN!

IS THIS THE END OF THE WORLD?





WITHIN THE HOUR, AT THE STATE CAPITOL, THE GOVERNOR DECLARES AN EMERGENCY AND ORDERS MARTIAL LAW...

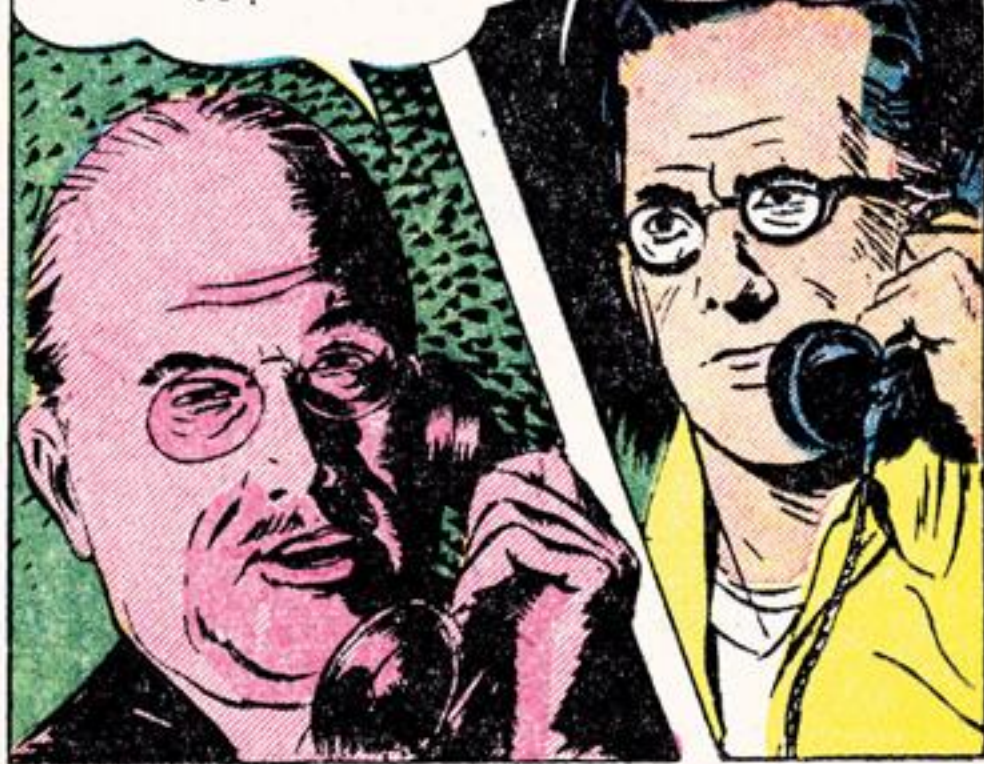
...USE PLANES, ALL STATE TROOPERS! WHATEVER THIS MENACE IS...IT'S TOTAL WAR!

I'LL TRY TO GET THE SCIENTIST, DON BLANT...COMPLAINTS ALL COMING FROM HIS AREA!

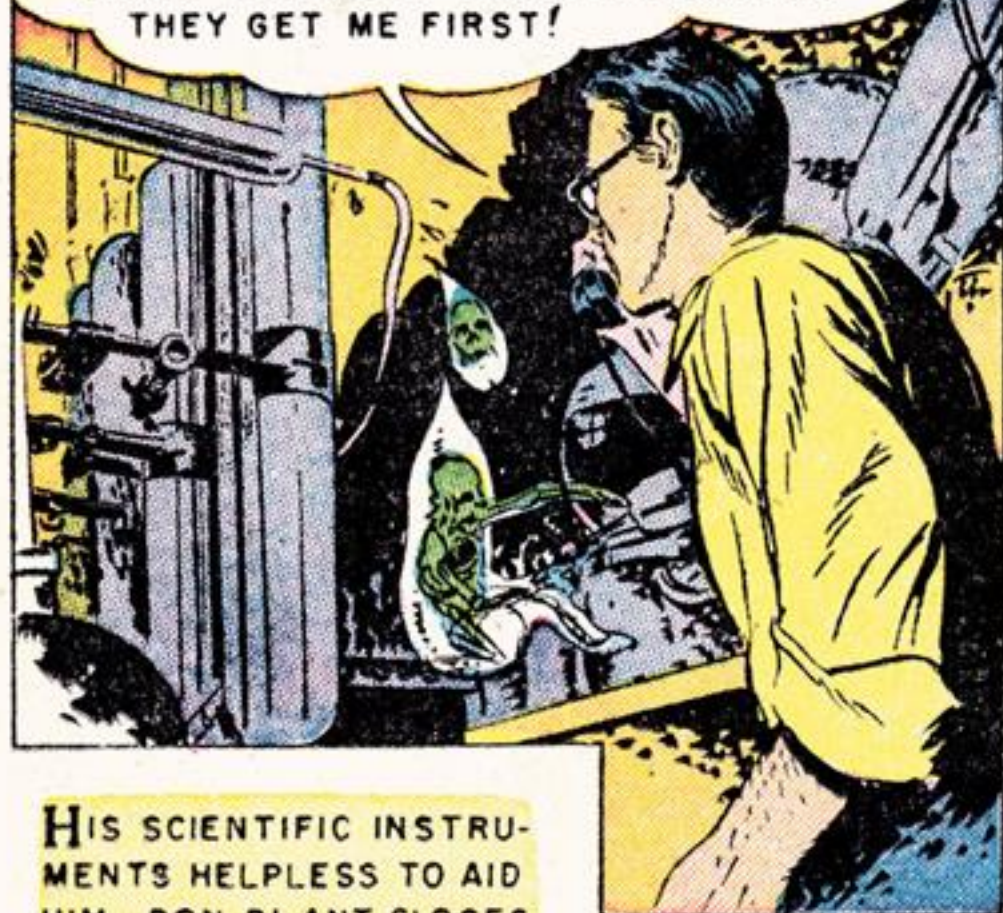


YOU'RE AN AUTHORITY ON THE OCCULT! WHAT ARE THOSE "THINGS"? BLANT, CAN YOU HELP US?

I'VE GOT TO HELP, SIR! THEY'RE OOZING INTO MY LAB NOW!



MY THEORY IS, THEY'RE FROM THE PLANET, MARS. I'LL CALL YOU BACK...UNLESS THEY GET ME FIRST!



HIS SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS HELPLESS TO AID HIM, DON BLANT CLOSES HIS EYES AND CALLS FOR HELP FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD OF THE DEAD!

ALLEN... MY LONG-DEAD BROTHER! YOU'VE OFTEN ADVISED ME...HELP ME NOW!

NOW THEY'RE MASSING FOR AN ATTACK! THEY FADE AND ALMOST DISAPPEAR... JUST LIKE GHOSTS!



[IS THIS THE PHANTOM "FORM" OF DEAD ALLEN BLANT TAKING SHAPE OUT OF NOTHING?

THESE "THINGS" ARE GHOSTS, AS I AM! BUT THEY ARE GHOSTS OF DEAD MARS-MEN! FIGHT THEM WITH BLOOD...BLOOD...







ALLEN... WAS THAT YOU... YOUR SPIRIT VOICE? BUT HOW CAN MY "BLOOD" HELP ME NOW?



THEN, AS DON AVOIDS THE COLD AND HORRID TOUCH OF A "THING," HE CUTS HIS ARM ON A PIECE OF GLASS...

UGGHH! BLOOD... AND IT SPLASHED ON THAT GHOST-BLOB!



WHY... THOSE "THINGS" ARE DRAWING BACK FROM THE BLOOD! AND MY DEAD BROTHER'S GHOST SAID "BLOOD" WOULD HELP...

SO THE BLEEDING DON BLANT ACCIDENTALLY FINDS A WEAPON TO COMBAT THE GRISLY TERROR...

IF BLOOD STOPS THEM... MAYBE I CAN SAVE MYSELF!



I'VE DRIPPED A FULL BLOOD-CIRCLE! IF THEY DON'T CROSS IT... I'VE GOT A CHANCE!

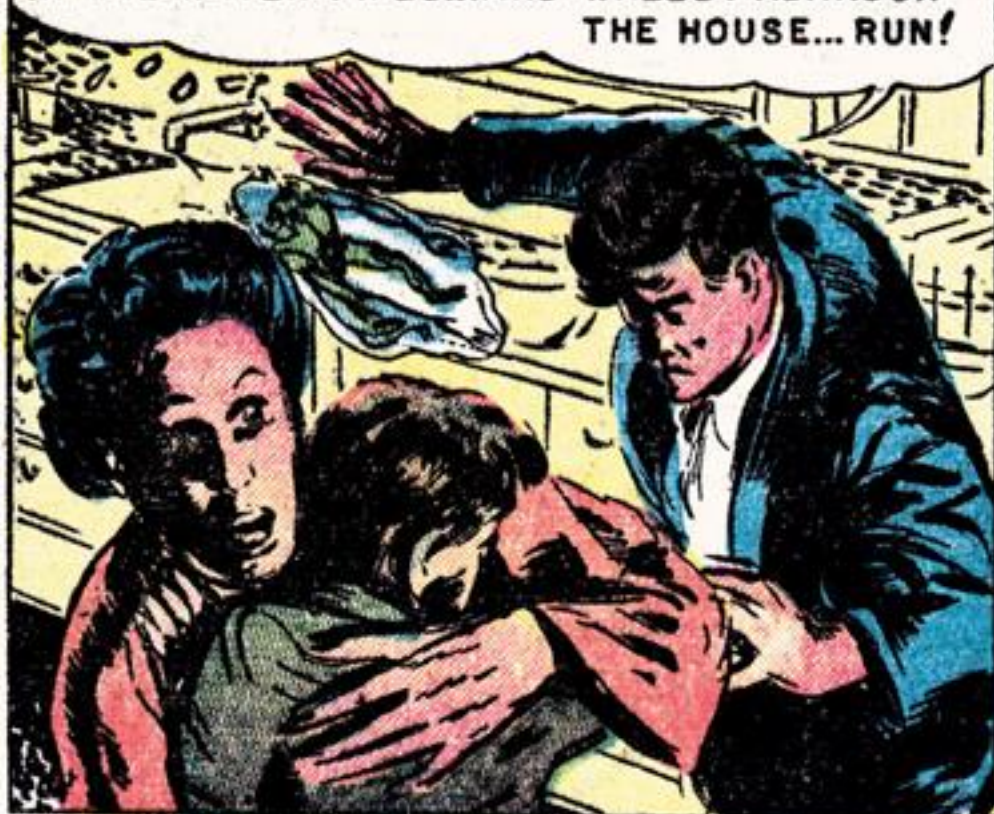


GOVERNOR I MAY HAVE THE SECRET THAT WILL SAVE US ALL FROM THESE GHOSTLY HORRORS! IT'S A DESPERATE CHANCE... BUT TRY THIS



MEANWHILE, THE "THINGS" ARE WREAKING HAVOC EVERYWHERE...

EEEE! NOW THEY'RE IN THE WATER PIPES...AND WALLS! ABANDON THE HOUSE... RUN!



NOW THOSE "THINGS" ARE IN THE SHIP!

AGGHH! THEY'RE ON THE CONTROLS!



IN THE AIR, THE GHOSTLY GLOBULES FLOAT...

TAKE THE CONTROLS, CO-PILOT! SOMETHING'S FORCING US DOWN!



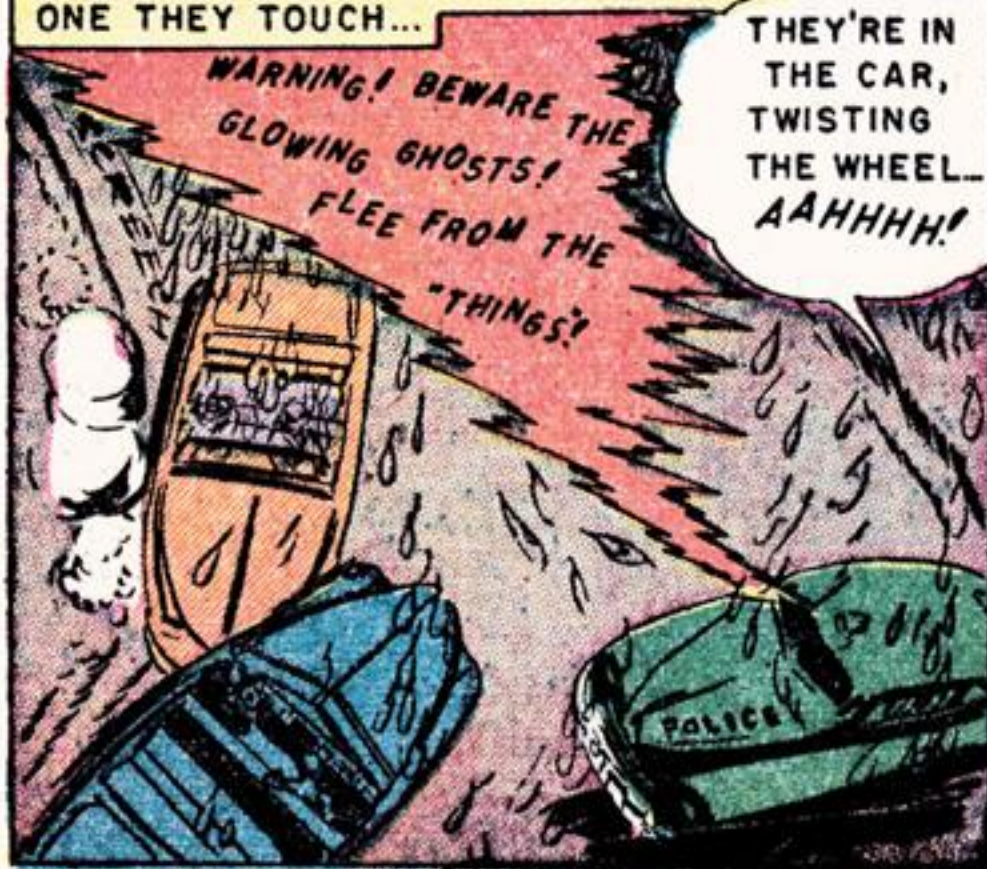
THEY'RE ALL OVER ME... I'D RATHER BE DEAD!



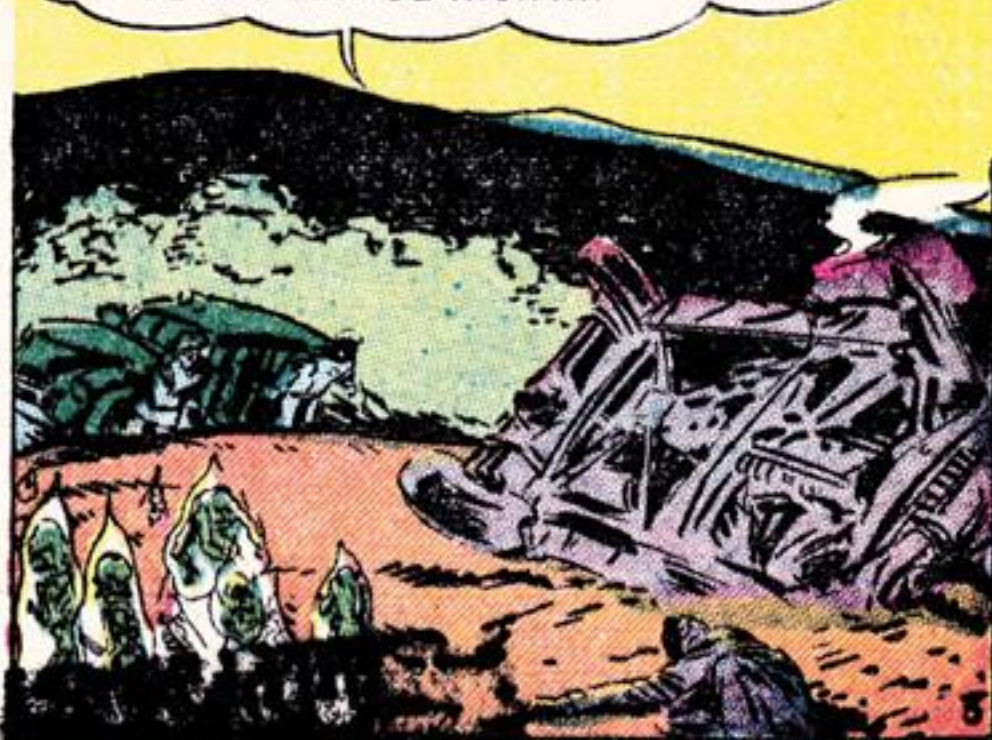
ON THE GROUND, POLICE PATROLS TRY TO WARN ALL CITIZENS... BUT THE DRIPPING MENACES DOOM ANYONE THEY TOUCH...

WARNING! BEWARE THE GLOWING GHOSTS! FLEE FROM THE "THINGS!"

THEY'RE IN THE CAR, TWISTING THE WHEEL... AAHHHH!



LOOK! THE "THINGS" DO AVOID HUMAN BLOOD! RADIO THE GOVERNOR THAT DON BLANT MAY BE RIGHT...





IN DON BLANT'S LAB, HIS EXPERIMENTS SHOW AMAZING RESULTS...

IT'S FANTASTIC... WEIRD!  
"GHOSTS" OF DEAD MARS-MEN...  
THEY DON'T DISAPPEAR AND  
CAN'T BE DESTROYED...  
NOT EVEN BY  
FIRE !!

BUT A THIN PLASTIC-FILM BUBBLE MIXED  
WITH A SPOT OF BLOOD HOLDS THEM  
QUIET PRISONERS!

BUT CAN WE GET ENOUGH BLOOD PLASMA FROM THE  
HOSPITALS TO CAPTURE ALL THOSE GHOST-GLOBES?

AS DAWN BREAKS, DON BLANT DIRECTS SPRAYING  
CREWS... AND THE "THINGS" ARE ROUNDED UP!

IT WORKS... WE'RE  
CLEARING THE  
SKY!

THE GHOSTS ARE SHRINK-  
ING .... RETREATING!

BLANT, NOW WE'VE COL-  
LECTED THESE GHOSTLY  
HORRORS... WHAT CAN  
WE DO WITH THEM?  
YOU SAID THEY'RE  
**INDESTRUCTIBLE!**

HOW LONG WILL BLOOD  
SPRAY CONTROL THEM?  
THEY'RE UNDYING...  
DANGEROUS...

WE'VE GOT TO  
DESTROY THEM,  
BUT HOW?

HMMM... THE  
ROCKET STA-  
TION NEAR  
HERE! THE PRO-  
JECTILE THEY'RE  
SHOOTING AT THE  
MOON...



ARMY AUTHORITIES CONSENT... AND BEFORE THE SHRUNKEN GHOSTS CAN RECOVER...

DRIVE THEM INTO THE ROCKET!  
THEN SLAM THE STEEL DOOR!

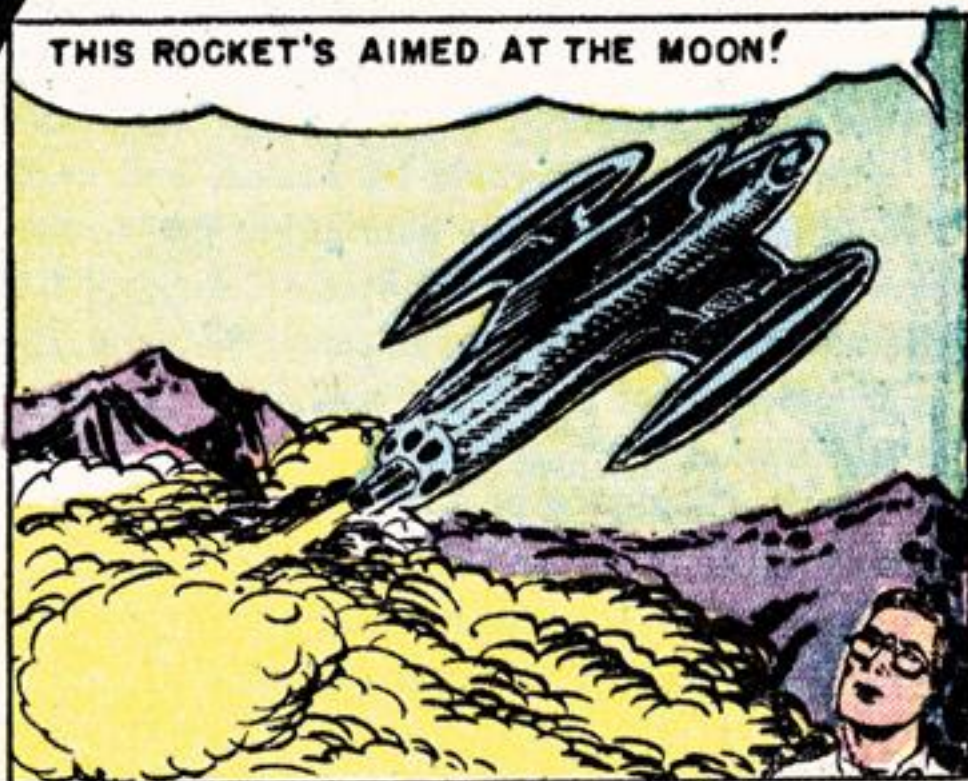


UGGHH! THEY HAVE THE COLD FEEL OF DEATH!

IF THEY EVER GET LOOSE... THEY'LL SMOTHER US ALL!



THIS ROCKET'S AIMED AT THE MOON!



IT WILL CIRCLE THE MOON FOREVER... A ROCKET-PLANET FULL OF DEADLY GHOSTS!



DON BLANT EXPLAINS HIS AMAZING THEORY TO THE GOVERNOR...

... AND I THINK THE MARTIANS DROPPED THEM ON US BECAUSE THESE GHOSTS GOT OUT OF CONTROL ON MARS!



TWO DAYS LATER...

YOU SAVED THE EARTH, BLANT! BUT HOW LONG ARE WE SAFE?



WHO KNOWS? IF THE MARS FLYING SAUCERS EVER INVADE US... WITH LIVING MARTIANS AND GHOSTS... WHAT CAN SAVE US THEN?





DO YOU WANT TO HEAR A STORY, EH? ONE OF THE TERRIFYING TALES FROM MY CASE BOOK OF EVIL! WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT **GHOULS** OR **VAMPIRES**... OR MAYBE ABOUT THE SWAMP MEN WHO... NO--I'LL SAVE THAT STORY FOR LATER, NOW I'LL TELL YOU A QUIET (CHUCKLE-CHUCKLE-CHUCKLE) STORY ABOUT THE ...

# ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR



FEELING TOO WARM? LIKE TO HAVE THOSE COLD FINGERS OF FEAR CRAWL UP AND DOWN YOUR SPINE? THEN COME WITH US TO THE TOMB AND HEAR... **THE GRAVEDIGGER'S TALE**

THERE WAS ALWAYS A FULL ENROLLMENT IN PROFESSOR ANDREW BEAMISH'S COURSES AT THE STATE COLLEGE! HE WAS A GOOD TEACHER WITH A KEEN SENSE OF HUMOR, HIS LECTURES WERE NEVER BORING--AND STUDENTS WHO APPLIED THEMSELVES COULD ALWAYS BE SURE OF A GOOD GRADE...

... THE ELECTRON HAS AN AFFINITY FOR THE PROTON, AN ATTRACTION, YOU MIGHT SAY, THAT GIRLS HAVE FOR BOYS!



THE MALE STUDENTS ALL LIKED THE PROFESSOR'S JOKES-- BUT THE GIRLS WERE ATTRACTED FOR DIFFERENT REASONS! THEY WEREN'T INTERESTED IN HIS COURSE ... BUT IN HIM...

ISN'T HE JUST THRILLING! HIS VOICE MAKES ME JUST **SHAKE** INSIDE WHEN I HEAR IT!

HE'S THE ONLY **REAL** MAN ON THE CAMPUS! SO MUCH MORE MASCULINE THAN THESE **BOYS!**





ONLY ONE GIRL SEEMED TO BE IMMUNE TO THE PROFESSOR'S CHARMS--JANICE LLOYD...

THESE GIRLS MAKE ME **SICK** THE WAY THEY SWOON OVER PROFESSOR BEAMISH! IT'S SO UNFAIR! HE'S A WONDERFUL TEACHER... THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN BEING **HANDSOME!**



AND PERHAPS JANICE WASN'T AS IMMUNE AS SHE LIKED TO BELIEVE. SHE FOUND HERSELF BREATHING A LITTLE FASTER WHENEVER HE CAME NEAR...

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE GALVINOMETER AND YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

THANK YOU, PROFESSOR, I UNDERSTAND NOW!



ABSORBED IN THE EXPERIMENT, PROFESSOR BEAMISH STEPS BACK...

HAVE YOU CHECKED THESE TERMINALS...

OH, PROFESSOR, YOUR ARM... **WATCH OUT!**



JANICE HELD HIS ARM AN INSTANT LONGER THAN WAS NECESSARY... AN INSTANT THEY BOTH SEEMED TO ENJOY...

THANK YOU... MISS LLOYD, IT'S A BAD HABIT OF MINE! I'M RATHER ABSENT MINDED! FOREVER GETTING INTO THINGS WITHOUT KNOWING IT!

YOU'VE RIPPED YOUR SLEEVE-- A SECOND MORE AND IT WOULD HAVE GOT YOUR ARM!



I... I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY THE OTHER GIRLS ARE SO WILD ABOUT HIM! HE'S SO MATURE-- EVEN A LITTLE ABSENT-MINDED! HE MAKES THE MALE STUDENTS LOOK LIKE CHILDREN!



GOOD EVENING, MISS... ER LLOYD, I SEE WE'RE BOTH GOING IN THE SAME DIRECTION! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I WALK ALONG WITH YOU?

OF COURSE NOT, PROFESSOR, I THINK IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL!

LATER...



JANICE COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE IT, THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR WHO TAUGHT A HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS EVERY DAY, SEEMED INTERESTED IN HER...

I'VE ADMIRERED YOUR LABORATORY WORK VERY MUCH, YOU SHOW A GRASP OF PHYSICS PRINCIPLES BEYOND THE AVERAGE STUDENT!

THE CREDIT BELONGS TO YOU, PROFESSOR! YOU TEACH SCIENCE AS IF IT WERE FUN!





THEIR QUIET WALK WAS HORRIBLY INTERRUPTED--A MAD DOG... IT SPRANG AT THEM...

OH, NO...  
**HELP!  
HELP!**

STAND BACK!  
I'LL TAKE CARE  
OF IT!

**GRRRRRR!**

JANICE SAW THAT THE PROFESSOR WAS A MAN OF ACTION AS WELL AS A MAN OF LETTERS... HE CAREFULLY REACHED FOR THE BEAST'S THROAT...

HE'S GOT  
YOUR...  
**ARM!**

IT'S ALRIGHT, JANICE,  
I'LL TAKE CARE OF  
HIM... HE WON'T  
GET NEAR YOU!

SLOWLY, DELIBERATELY... ALMOST ABSENT-MINDEDLY, THE PROFESSOR SINKS HIS FINGERS INTO THE MAD DOG'S THROAT, HIS JAW CLAMPED, HE IGNORES THE ANIMAL'S TERRIBLE BITE...

**GRRR...**

IN JUST A... MINUTE,  
IT WILL BE ALL  
OVER...

THE DOG'S GRIP RELAXED... BUT THE PROFESSOR'S NEVER DID...

IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF YOU DIDN'T LOOK...  
THIS ISN'T VERY NICE TO  
WATCH!



A MOMENT LATER, IT WAS OVER, JANICE COLLAPSED AGAINST THE PROFESSOR'S CHEST...

IT... IT WAS  
HORRIBLE!  
YOUR POOR  
ARM-- YOU  
WERE SO  
BRAVE TO  
DO THAT!

I HAD TO, JANICE! I'D RATHER  
HAVE HIM CHEW MY ARM THAN  
MY THROAT! DON'T WORRY,  
IT'S FINISHED NOW! I'LL GET  
THIS ARM ATTENDED TO  
AND WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN  
FORGET THIS ENTIRE  
BUSINESS!



JANICE WAITED, WORRIED, WHILE THE DOCTOR ATTENDED TO THE ARM...

PROFESSOR,  
IS... HOW IS  
THE ARM?

THE ARM IS FINE--AND MY  
NAME IS ANDREW! IF WE'RE  
GOING OUT TO DINNER, I  
CAN'T HAVE YOU CALLING  
ME ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR  
ALL NIGHT!



THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF A WHIRLWIND CAMPUS COURTSHIP THAT HAD THE WHOLE COLLEGE BUZZING, JANICE AND THE PROFESSOR SPENT ALL THEIR FREE TIME TOGETHER...

HI, ANDY! HAVE  
YOU BEEN WAITING  
LONG?

NEVER TOO LONG  
FOR YOU... WHAT DO  
YOU SAY TO A WALK  
BY THE RIVER?





THEY WERE NO LONGER STUDENT AND TEACHER...  
THEY WERE NOW-- MAN AND WOMAN! THE  
MOON WAS FULL AND THE NIGHT AIR WAS WARM...



JANICE... MY JANICE...  
I DON'T KNOW WHY  
YOU SHOULD BE IN LOVE  
WITH AN OLD MAN, BUT  
SINCE YOU ARE, HAVE  
YOU EVER CONSIDERED  
GETTING... MARRIED?

OLD MAN INDEED!  
LET'S NOT HEAR  
ANOTHER WORD  
OF THAT! AND WHY  
WERE YOU SO LONG  
ABOUT ASKING?  
OF COURSE I'LL  
MARRY YOU!



A MONTH LATER, THEY WERE  
MARRIED! THE ENTIRE FACULTY  
CAME TO THE WEDDING, TO  
CELEBRATE...AND TO GOSSIP...

DISGUSTING,  
THAT'S WHAT  
IT IS! SHE'S  
JUST A  
CHILD!

I'D HATE TO  
TELL YOU HOW  
OLD HE IS!



I REMEMBER  
THE YEAR HE  
CAME HERE,  
IT WAS...

HUSH, EMERY!  
SOME THINGS  
ARE BETTER  
OFF NOT  
SAID!



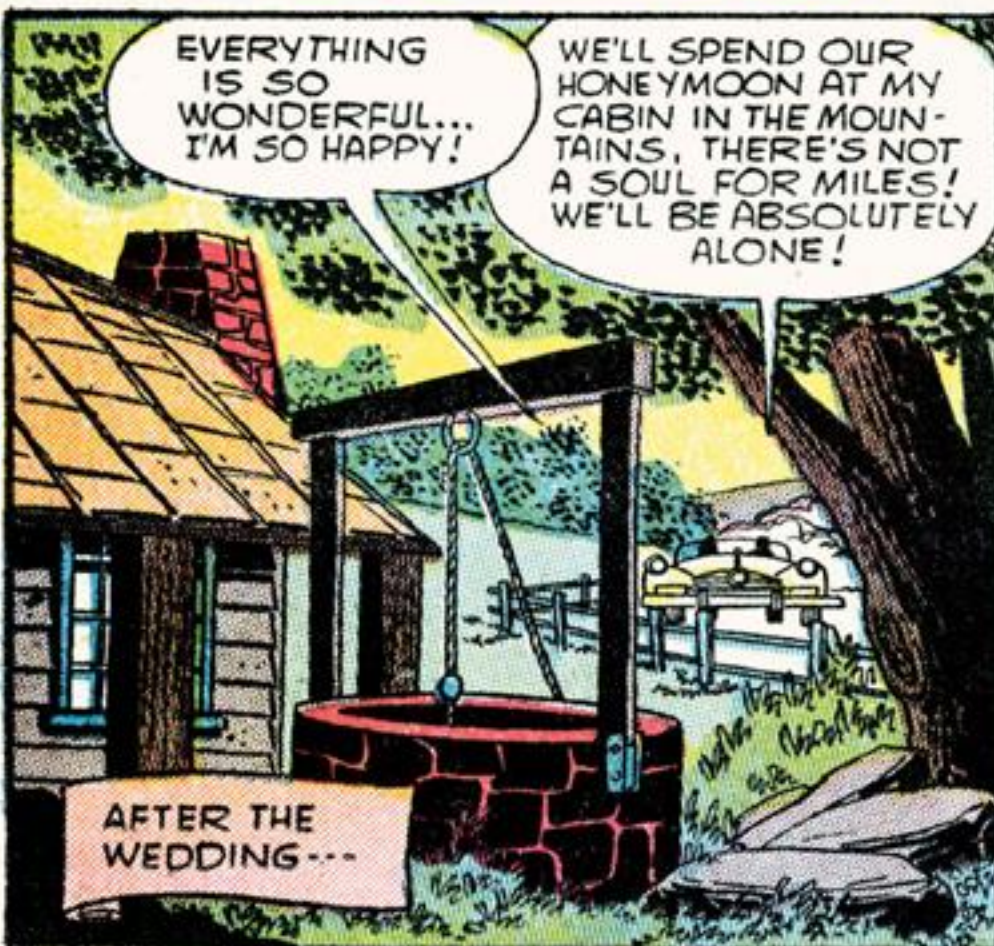
DEAN LEACH,  
SHE SHOULD  
KNOW ABOUT  
ABSENT-MINDED  
PROFESSOR  
BEAMISH...

TOO LATE FOR  
THAT NOW! SHE'LL  
HAVE TO FIND  
OUT FOR  
HERSELF!



EVERYTHING  
IS SO  
WONDERFUL...  
I'M SO HAPPY!

WE'LL SPEND OUR  
HONEYMOON AT MY  
CABIN IN THE MOUN-  
TAINS, THERE'S NOT  
A SOUL FOR MILES!  
WE'LL BE ABSOLUTELY  
ALONE!



AFTER THE  
WEDDING...

THE WEDDING, THE HONEYMOON...NOW THE  
MOUNTAIN CABIN! IT WAS ALL SO WONDERFUL,  
IT SEEMED LIKE A DREAM TO JANICE...

OH, ANDY... IT'S  
BEAUTIFUL! EVERY-  
THING SEEMS TOO  
GOOD TO BE TRUE!

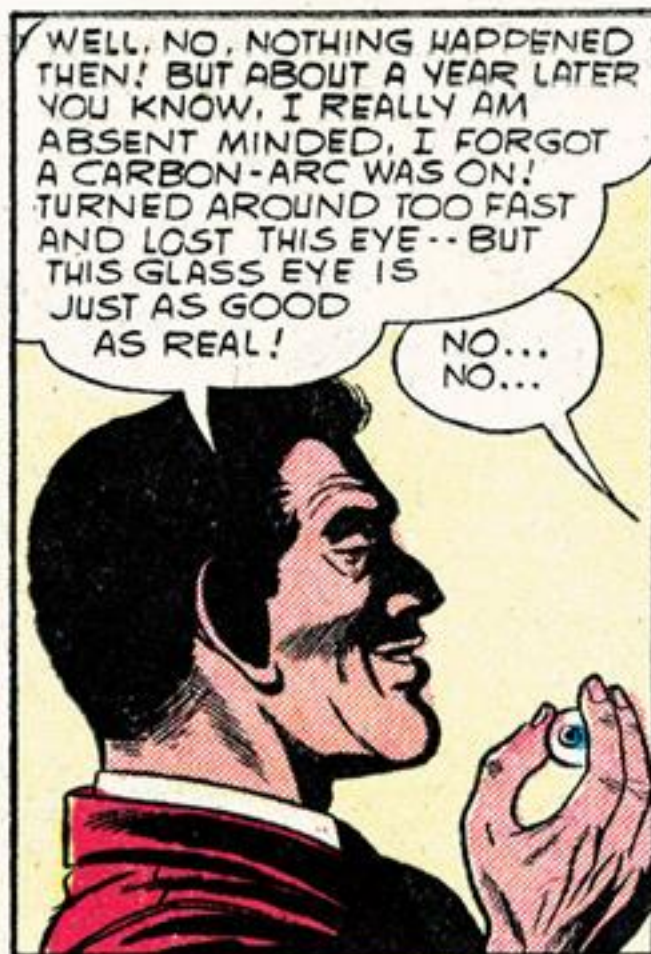
IT'S TRUE ENOUGH,  
DARLING! NOW, LET  
ME JUST GRAB  
THESE BAGS...













# Return of the Ghoul

RAIN FELL LIKE SALTLESS TEARS ON THE GRAVES, AND THE WIND WAS BLOWING A DIRGE FOR MOULDERING BONES! THUNDER GROWLED, CARRYING ITS PORTENT OF TERROR THROUGH THE NIGHT! AND THEN IT CAME, FROM WHERE, NOBODY KNEW! IT STALKED THE HELPLESS TOWN, LEAVING HORRIBLE MURDER IN ITS WAKE, AND THE ONLY SIGN OF ITS PASSING WAS A GRUESOME TRAIL OF CORPSES! FOR IT WAS THE THING FROM THE GRAVE...



THAT NIGHT A FURIOUS STORM SWEEPED THE LITTLE CEMETERY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC BOLT OF YELLOW LIGHTNING RIPS AND SMASHES INTO A SUNKEN AND LONG FORGOTTEN GRAVE...

YAAAAA —  
I — FEEL! I —  
LIVE — AGAIN!  
I — CAN —  
MOVE!







THE THUNDER RUMBLES AWAY! THE BANSHEE HOWLING OF THE WIND SUBSIDES! AND THERE IS A HORRIBLE STIRRING IN THE EARTH...

THE—LIGHTNING—  
WARMED ME! LET—ME—  
OUT—OF—MY PRISON!  
I'M—ALIVE! I—  
BREATHE!

A HORROR  
SUCH AS NO  
MAN HAS  
EVER SEEN,  
A THING OF  
CRUMBLING  
BONES AND  
TATTERED  
FLESH,  
EMERGES  
FROM THE  
FOUL  
GRAVE...

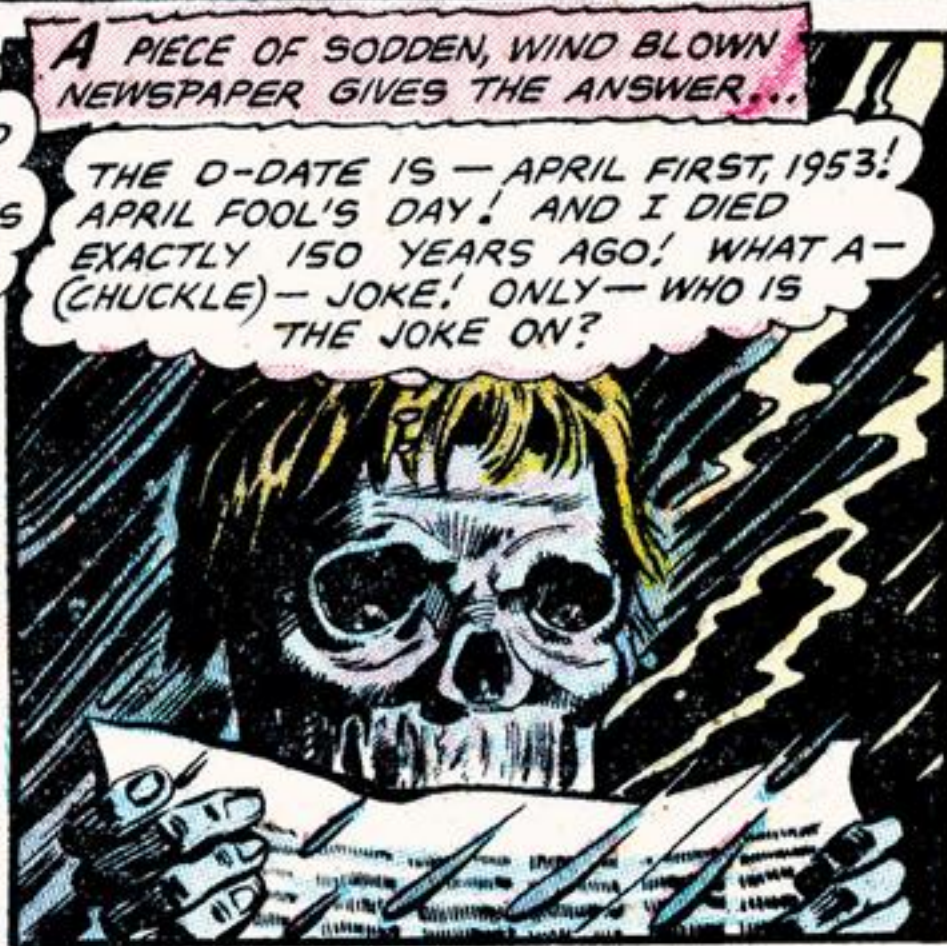


I—I'M BEGINNING TO THINK  
AGAIN! TO KNOW! B-BUT  
WHO AM I? WHAT AM I?  
I—CAN'T SEEM TO  
REMEMBER...



ALREADY, WHILE HARDLY  
A MOMENT OLD, THE  
THING HAS CUNNING...

AMOS THACKERAY!  
HA—SO THAT'S WHO  
I AM! AND I D-DIED  
IN 1803! A LONG  
TIME AGO, BY THE LOOKS  
OF ME! BUT WHAT YEAR  
IS IT NOW?



A PIECE OF SODDEN, WIND BLOWN  
NEWSPAPER GIVES THE ANSWER...

THE D-DATE IS—APRIL FIRST, 1953!  
APRIL FOOL'S DAY! AND I DIED  
EXACTLY 150 YEARS AGO! WHAT A—  
(CHUCKLE)—JOKE! ONLY—WHO IS  
THE JOKE ON?



MOMENTS  
LATER  
AND THE  
THING  
GOES  
LURCHING  
ALONG  
A ROAD  
LEADING  
INTO THE  
TOWN...

THERE IS SOMEONE NOW! A  
GIRL! MAYBE SHE'LL TALK TO  
ME, TELL ME THINGS! SO  
MANY QUESTIONS, SO MUCH  
I WANT TO KNOW! 150 YEARS!  
ALL MY FRIENDS MUST—  
(HA-HA)—BE DEAD, TOO!



PLEASE, LADY! DON'T BE  
FRIGHTENED! I ONLY  
WANT—

WHAT! OH—  
EEEEEEEEEEEE—



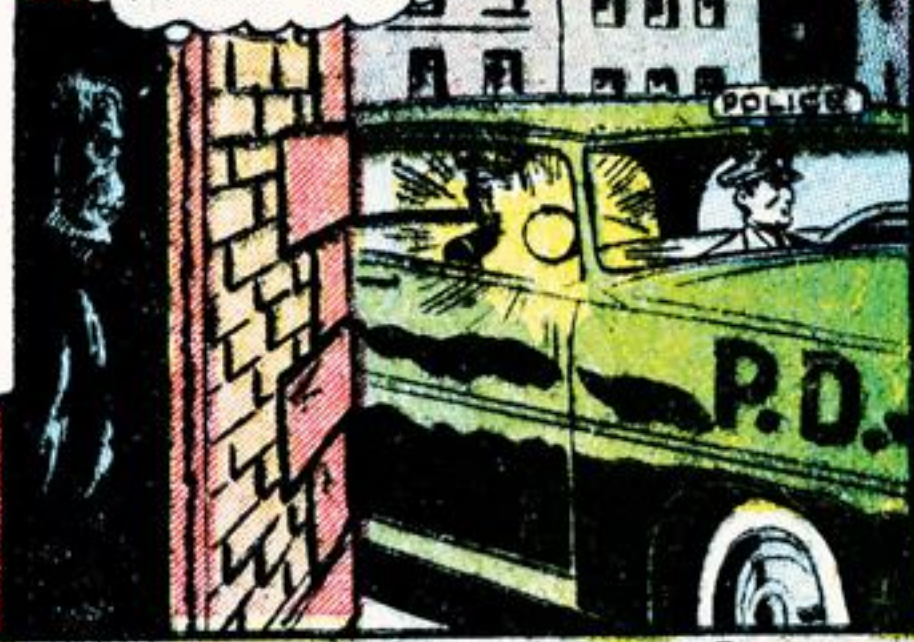
FRIGHTENED, THE THING FLEES IN TERROR DOWN THE DARK STREETS OF THE TOWN...

S-SHE WAS AFRAID OF ME—OF THE WAY I LOOK! I MUST REMEMBER THAT! EVERYONE WILL BE AGAINST ME, THEY'LL WANT TO KILL ME, MAKE ME GO BACK TO MY GRAVE! BUT I WON'T—I WON'T!



AS ITS CUNNING TURNS TO FEAR AND THEN TO HATRED! IT SENSES THAT THE HAND OF EVERY MAN WILL BE AGAINST IT, AND IT IS PREPARED...

THEY'RE LOOKING FOR ME ALREADY! WHO-EVER THEY ARE—THEY WANT TO KILL ME! BUT I'M READY FOR THEM! I'LL KILL THEM FIRST! THEY B-BETTER NOT TRY TO BOTHER ME!



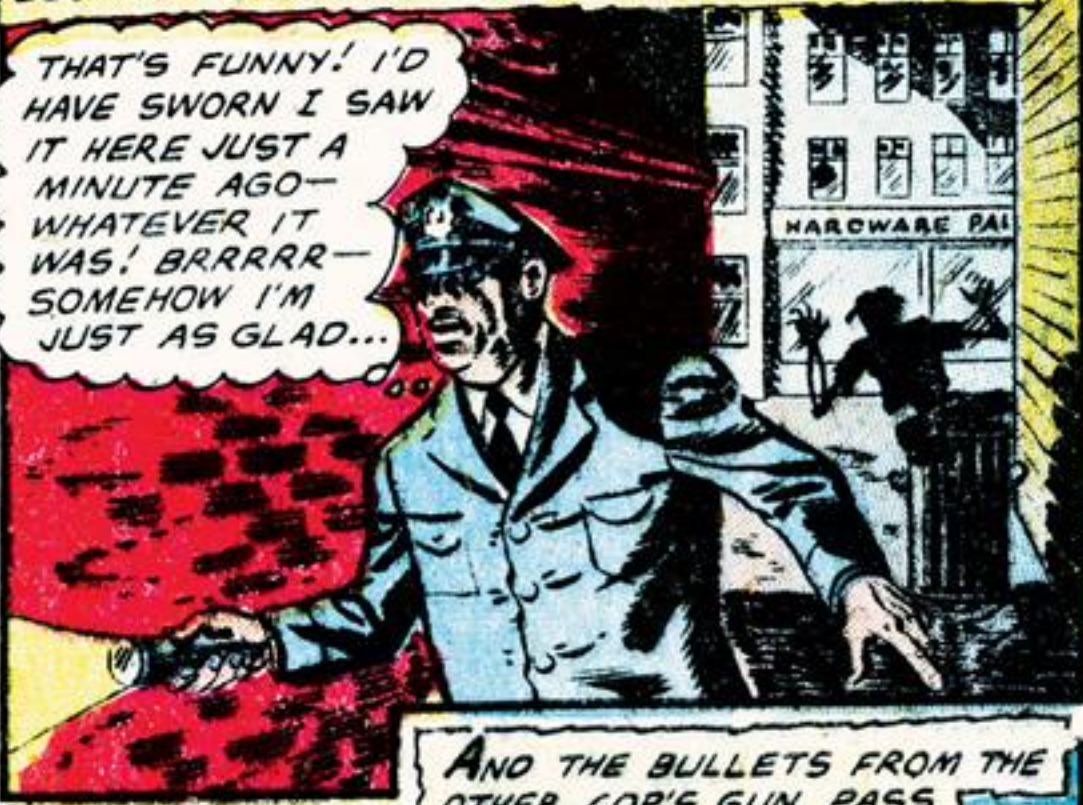
GOOD GRIEF, MIKE, LOOK AT THAT! WHAT IS IT?

DUNNO, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOT NO BUSINESS RUNNING AROUND LOOSE! C'MON, AND WE'LL HAVE A CLOSER LOOK!



THE COPS SEPARATE AND DIVE INTO THE CLOTTED SHADOWS TO HUNT THE THING DOWN...

THAT'S FUNNY! I'D HAVE SWORN I SAW IT HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO—WHATEVER IT WAS! BRRRRR—SOMEHOW I'M JUST AS GLAD...



AND THEN...

ARRRRRRR—I'LL KILL YOU! I WON'T LET YOU SEND ME BACK TO MY GRAVE!

GREAT DAY IN THE MORN-ING, MIKE! **HELP! GAAAAA—**



HA-HA! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME AGAIN! I'LL RIP YOU TO PIECES!

ARRRRR—

AHHHHH—YIIIIIIII—



AND THE BULLETS FROM THE OTHER COP'S GUN PASS THROUGH THE THING HARMLESSLY...

HA-HA-HA! YOUR BULLETS CAN'T HURT ME! YOUR KIND WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO HURT ME AGAIN! I REMEMBER IT ALL NOW! IT'S ALL COMING BACK!

BILL! DEAD! AND THIS GUN MIGHT AS WELL BE A WATER PISTOL FOR ALL THE GOOD IT DOES AGAINST THAT FIEND! WHATEVER IT IS—IT'S NOT HUMAN!





PURSUED, THE THING RUNS DOWN BLACK, GLISTENING STREETS, TO A SMALL PARK...

STOP, YOU! WHATEVER YOU ARE!

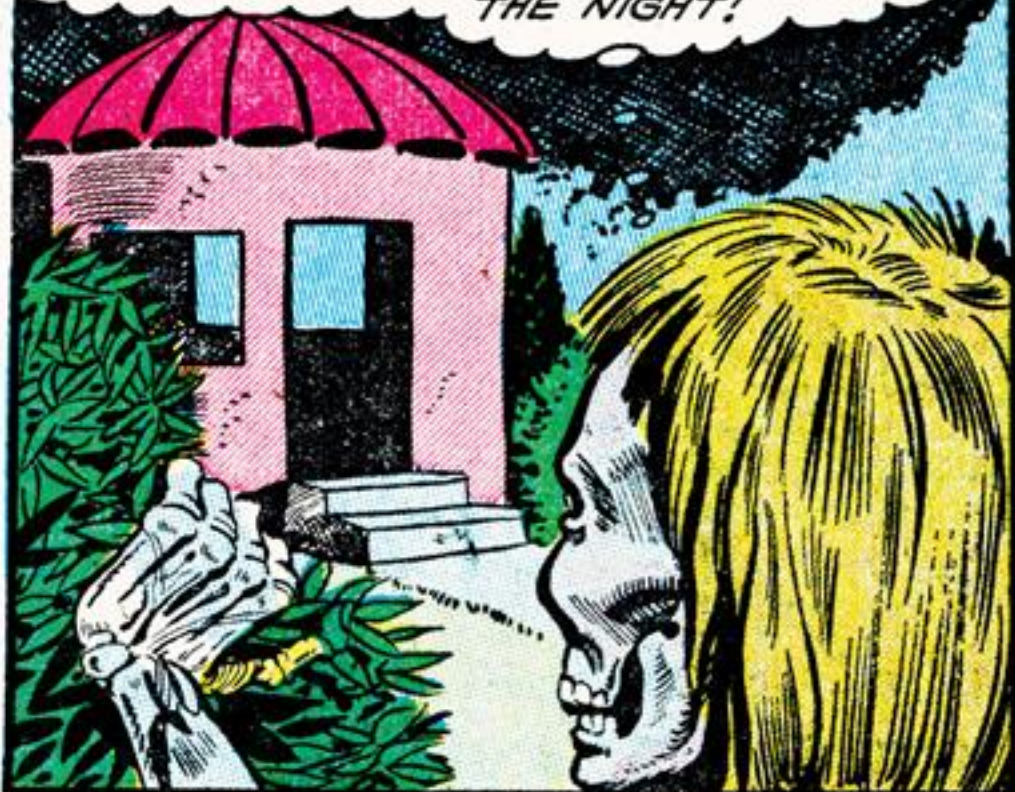
NO USE SHOOTING, BILL! BULLETS CAN'T STOP IT! WE'D BETTER CALL FOR HELP!

HAH-HAH! FOOLS! WHAT DO I CARE FOR THEM! I'LL LOSE THEM SOON!



THE CREATURE DOES LOSE THEM, AND...

A SHELTER HOUSE! GOOD! EVEN MY OLD, DECAYED BONES ACHES FROM THE DAMP! MAYBE I CAN STAY HERE FOR THE NIGHT!



BUT...

I'LL JUST— OH! SOMEBODY ELSE IN THERE! A BOY AND A GIRL— IN LOVE! I WON'T DISTURB THEM!

IT'S VERY LATE, DARLING! I REALLY MUST GO NOW!

IN A MOMENT, SWEET! JUST ONE MORE KISS!



OVER THE GROTESQUE THING STEALS A POIGNANT SENSE OF NOSTALGIA...

LOVERS! NOW I REMEMBER— THE TENDERNESS, THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN'S LIPS! SO LONG AGO! I'LL JUST STEAL AWAY, AND...



SUDDENLY...

EEEEEEEEEE! STEVE, LOOK!

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT IS IT? S-SOME KIND OF FIEND!

N-NO, PLEASE! I WON'T HARM YOU! I'M GOING NOW!



THE POLICE CATCH UP...

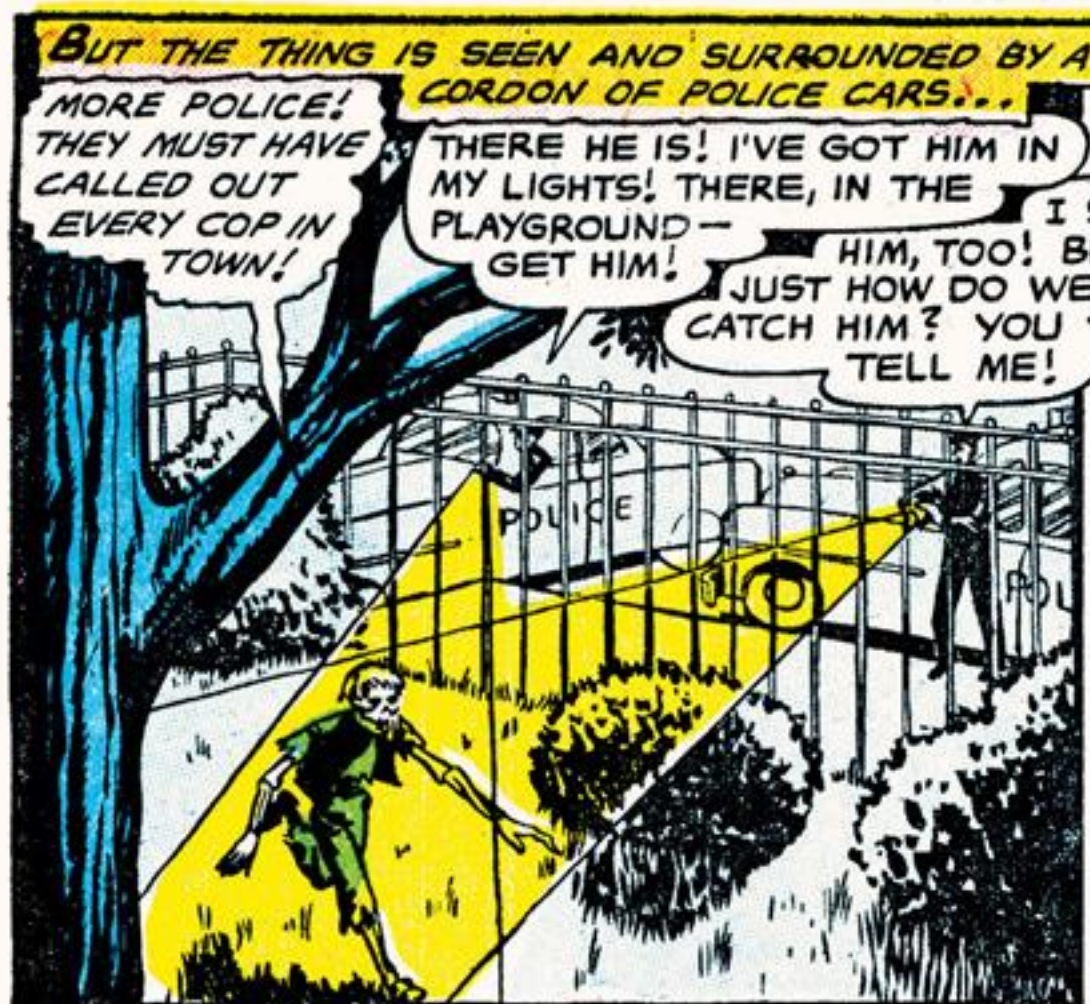
MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! MAYBE IN THAT SHELTER HOUSE!

RUN, HONEY! WE DON'T WANT TO GET MIXED UP IN ANYTHING!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK!





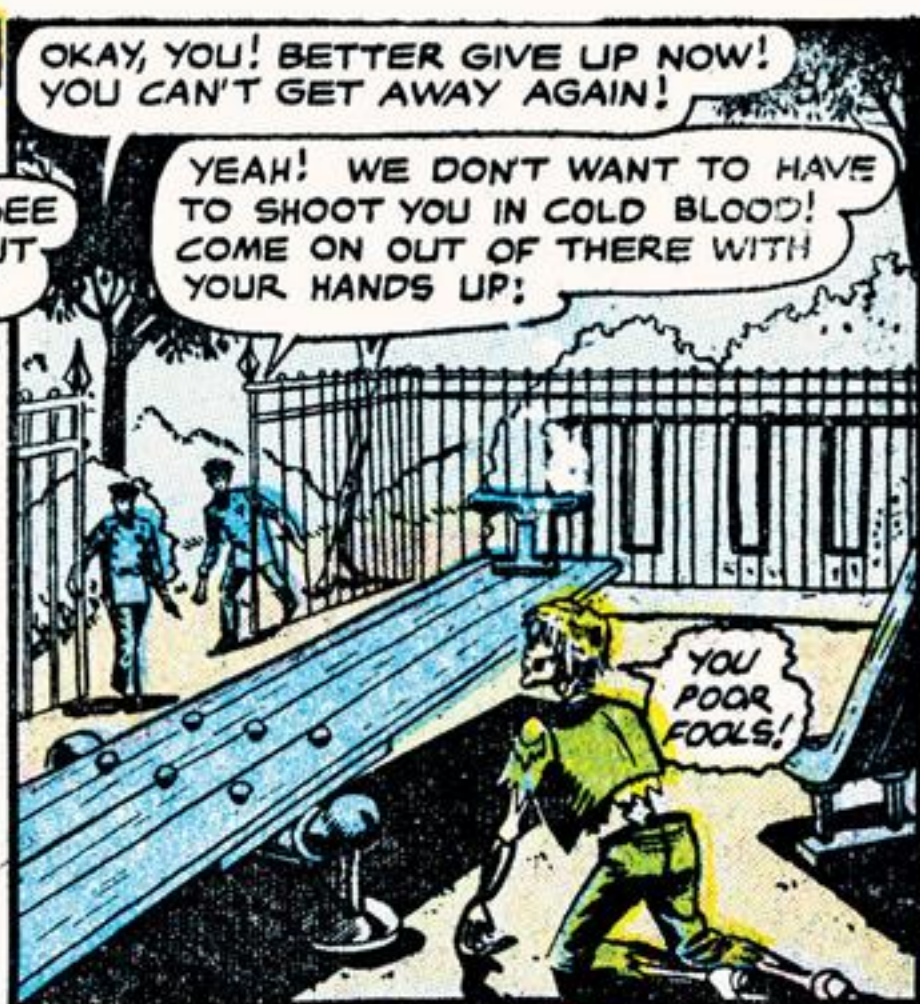


BUT THE THING IS SEEN AND SURROUNDED BY A CORDON OF POLICE CARS...

MORE POLICE! THEY MUST HAVE CALLED OUT EVERY COP IN TOWN!

THERE HE IS! I'VE GOT HIM IN MY LIGHTS! THERE, IN THE PLAYGROUND— GET HIM!

I SEE HIM, TOO! BUT JUST HOW DO WE CATCH HIM? YOU TELL ME!



OKAY, YOU! BETTER GIVE UP NOW! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY AGAIN!

YEAH! WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO SHOOT YOU IN COLD BLOOD! COME ON OUT OF THERE WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

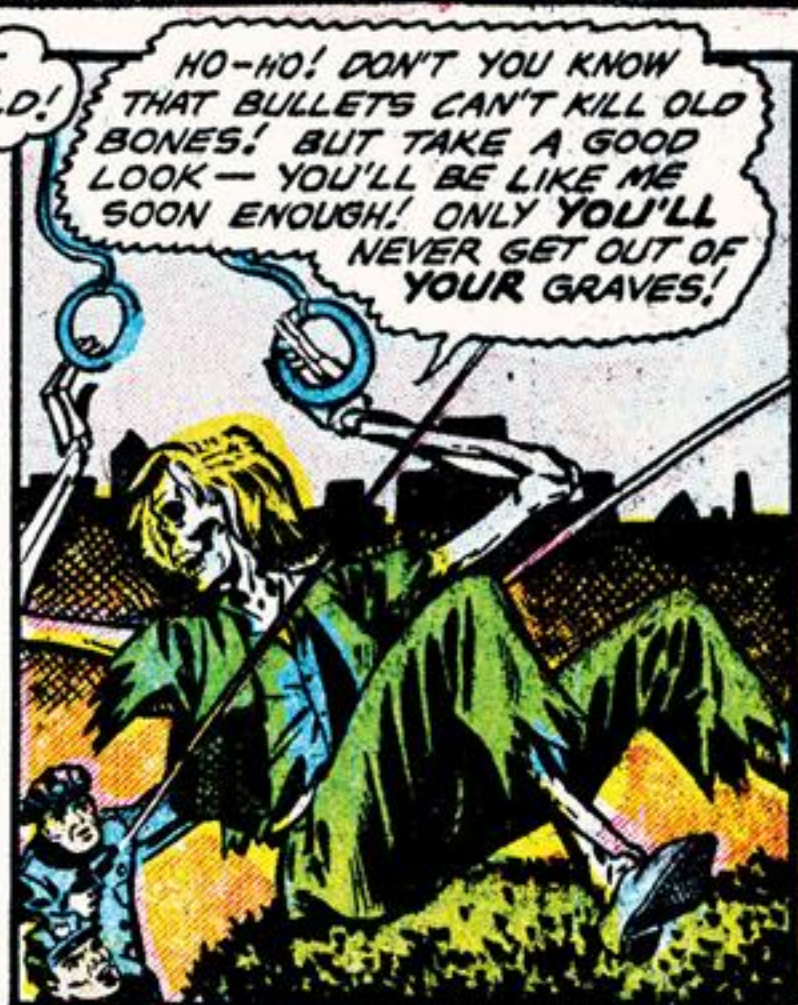
YOU POOR FOOLS!



HEE-HEE! WASTING MORE OF THEIR BULLETS ON ME! THEY NEVER LEARN— BUT THEN HOW CAN THEY KNOW I'VE BEEN DEAD FOR A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS!



CHILD'S PLAY! SO I MIGHT AS WELL PLAY LIKE A CHILD! THESE RINGS WILL DO THE TRICK! HAH— THEY MUST HAVE SHOT ME FIFTY TIMES BY NOW!



HO-HO! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT BULLETS CAN'T KILL OLD BONES! BUT TAKE A GOOD LOOK— YOU'LL BE LIKE ME SOON ENOUGH! ONLY YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF YOUR GRAVES!



A POLICE CAPTAIN SENDS A FRANTIC CALL BACK TO HEADQUARTERS...

THIS IS O'BRIEN! LISTEN CAREFULLY! WE'VE RUN INTO SOMETHING TERRIBLE, UNCANNY! PUT OUT AN A.P.B. ON A— SKELETON, AGE UNKNOWN, DECAYED AND OBVIOUSLY DEAD! WHAT? NO— I'M **NOT** CRAZY!



MEANTIME, THE THING HAS ESCAPED AGAIN...

HEE-HEE! HOW MUCH BETTER IT WOULD BE IF THEY WOULD JUST LET ME ALONE! LOOK AT THAT STARING FOOL!

HUH! AAAAAAA—

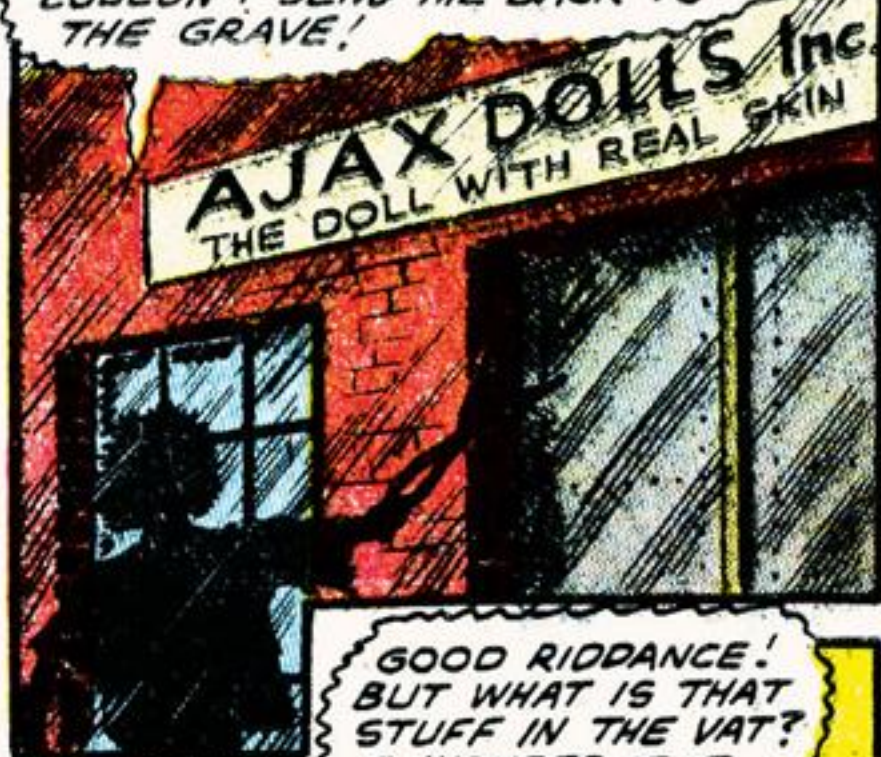


THE THING FROM THE GRAVE, REMEMBERING NOW, WANDERS IN THE STORMY NIGHT...

YES, I REMEMBER IT ALL NOW! I K-KILLED A POLICEMAN A LONG TIME AGO! IN—(CHUCKLE)—1803! THEY PUT ME IN PRISON, BUT I TRIED TO ESCAPE AND THEY SHOT ME! JUST LIKE THEY TRIED TO DO TONIGHT! BUT THE LIGHTNING MADE ME LIVE AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET THEM DO IT AGAIN!



A PLACE WHERE THEY MAKE DOLLS! HMMMM—WAIT A MINUTE! REAL SKIN! IF—IF I HAD REAL SKIN I WOULD LOOK LIKE ANYBODY ELSE! THEY COULDN'T FIND ME THEN, COULDN'T SEND ME BACK TO THE GRAVE!



MOMENTS LATER THE WATCHMAN FOR AJAX HEARS SOMETHING BEHIND HIM! HE TURNS AND...

HUH? W-WHO?  
AEEEEEEEE—

BE QUIET, YOU FOOL! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU! ALL I WANT IS SOME OF YOUR SKIN! REAL SKIN! IT SAYS ON THAT SIGN...



SENSE-  
LESS WITH  
TERROR,  
THE MAN  
SLIPS  
AND  
PLUNGES  
INTO A  
VAT OF  
PLASTIC  
USED FOR  
MAKING  
THE LIFE-  
LIKE  
DOLLS...

YIII-  
HELP!  
FALLING!  
GAAAAA—

GOOD RIDDANCE!  
BUT WHAT IS THAT  
STUFF IN THE VAT?  
I WONDER IF IT  
COULD BE THE  
CHEMICAL THEY USE  
TO MAKE SKIN? I'LL  
HAVE  
TO FIND  
OUT!



WHEN THE WATCHMAN IS DEAD, THE THING, ITS ROTTED BRAIN STILL SHREWD, GOES TO WORK...

HMMM—THIS MUST BE THE STUFF! IT'S NOT REAL SKIN, BUT IT MIGHT DO! SEE HOW IT STICKS TO HIM! NOW IF I CAN...



IT DOES... WHOEVER INVENTED THIS ARTIFICIAL SKIN DID ME A REAL FAVOR! IT'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS THE SKIN I ONCE HAD, BEFORE I ROTTED IN THE GRAVE! WHEN I'M FINISHED, I'LL BE SAFE AT LAST!





ITS ROTTEN BONES, CLOTHED IN PLASTIC FLESH, THE THING SEARCHES THE FACTORY LOCKERS...

GOOD! NOW THAT I FOUND CLOTHES, I CAN GO WHERE I PLEASE, DO WHAT I WANT TO! I CAN BEGIN TO ENJOY MY NEW LIFE AND MY NEW BODY INSTEAD OF BEING HUNTED ALL THE TIME!



LATER... SUDDENLY I'M VERY TIRED! I CAN HARDLY DRAG MY NEW BODY ALONG! YOU WOULD THINK THAT AFTER 150 YEARS OF SLEEP I WOULD—(YAWN)—NEVER WANT TO SLEEP AGAIN, BUT I—(HO-HUM)—MUST!



JUST THE THING! NOBODY WILL DISTURB ME IN THIS VACANT HOUSE! I'LL HAVE A GOOD SLEEP AND TOMORROW I CAN LEAVE THIS TOWN FOREVER!



THE FURNITURE IS STILL HERE! FINE! THAT MEANS I'LL PROBABLY FIND A COMFORTABLE BED UPSTAIRS! AH, IT WILL BE GOOD TO SLEEP IN A BED AGAIN AFTER SO MANY YEARS IN A GRAVE!

W-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HENRY! EEEEE!

HUH?

BUT ENTER FATE IN THE PERSONS OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY WEST, OWNERS OF THE HOUSE, WHO HAVE BEEN UP TO A LITTLE MISCHIEF OF THEIR OWN...



BUT AGAIN THE THING IS ATTACKED—AND RAVAGING MURDER BREAKS LOOSE IN ITS LONG DECAYED HEART...

YOU'RE A SPY FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY! YOU KNOW! BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY! I'LL KILL YOU!

STAY AWAY! I DON'T WANT TO KILL ANYONE ELSE! KEEP BACK! I WARN YOU!

EEEEEE—

FOOLS! WHY WON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? NOW I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU BOTH! YOU SEE! LIKE THIS—AND THIS! IF ONLY YOU HAD LEFT ME IN PEACE...

GAAAA—





LATER, AFTER THE FOUL DEED IS DONE, THE WEARY THING FROM THE GRAVE SEEKS REST...

I MUST SLEEP NOW! NO ONE WILL FIND THEIR BODIES UP HERE, AND WHEN I WAKE UP, I'LL BURY THEM IN THE BASEMENT! YES, THE BASEMENT WILL BE THE PLACE!

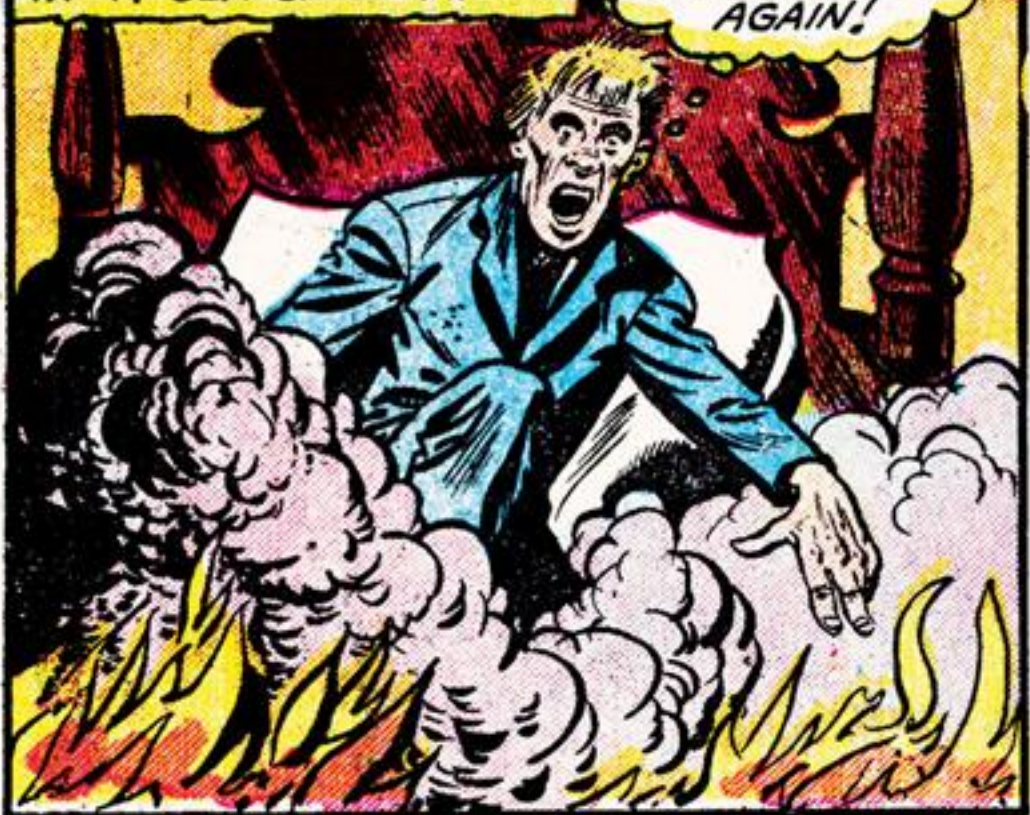


SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE BASEMENT, THE PLAN OF MR. AND MRS. WEST COMES TO FRUITION! THEY HAD SCHEMED TO BURN THEIR HOME FOR THE INSURANCE, AND NOW...



MINUTES PASS AND THEN THE DAZED THING STAGGERS TO ITS FEET IN A SEA OF FLAME...

F-FIRE! THE HOUSE IS BURNING! M-MUST GET OUT! I DON'T WANT TO DIE AGAIN!

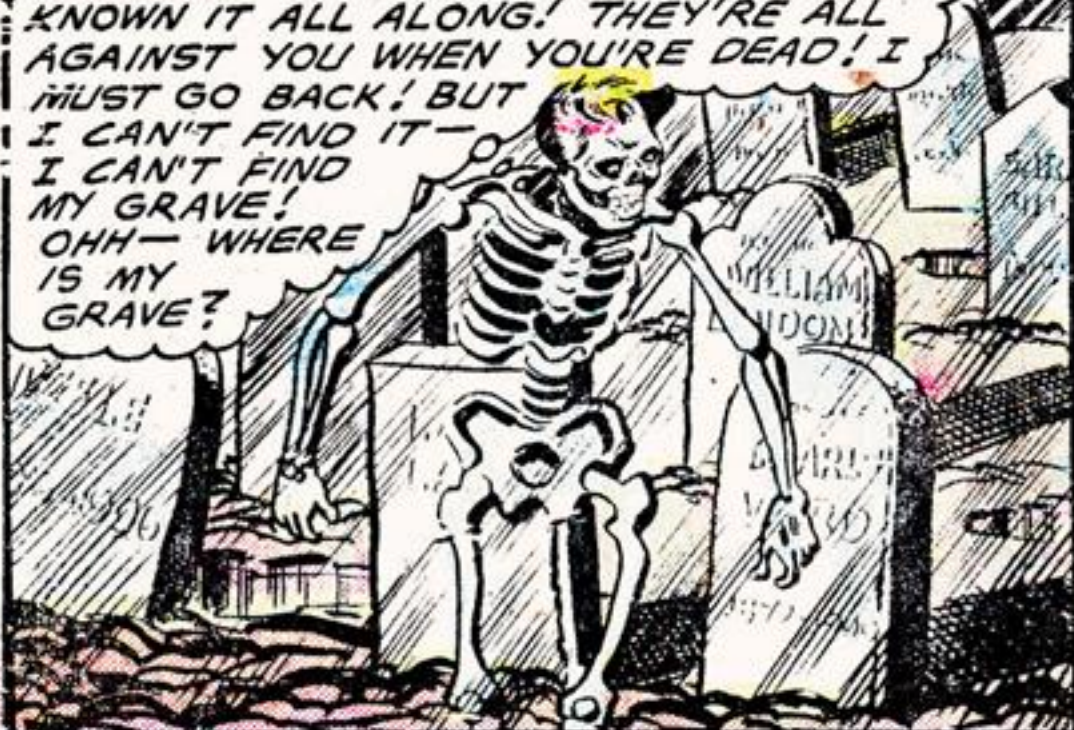


YIIIIIIIIII — MY NEW SKIN! B-BURNING! I'LL BE DESTROYED! AHGGGGG—



AS THE FIRST FAINT STREAKS OF DAWN APPEAR AND THE STORM BEGINS TO BLOW ITSELF AWAY, A HORRID FIGURE APPROACHES THE CEMETERY ONCE MORE...

NO USE! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT ALL ALONG! THEY'RE ALL AGAINST YOU WHEN YOU'RE DEAD! I MUST GO BACK! BUT I CAN'T FIND IT—I CAN'T FIND MY GRAVE! OH— WHERE IS MY GRAVE?



BUT FINALLY THE THING FINDS WHAT IT SEEKS, AND RESTS, ONCE MORE! AND TO TELL THE STORY— ONLY A LINE OF FOOTPRINTS LEADING TO A GRAVE...

HEH-HEH-HEH! APRIL FIRST—APRIL FOOL! NOW I KNOW! THE JOKE WAS ON ME ALL THE TIME! YOU CAN NEVER COME BACK, BECAUSE THE LIVING WON'T LET YOU!



The End



FATE IS AN ENIGMA! AND IF NO MAN CAN FORETELL WHAT FATE HAS IN STORE FOR HIM  
HOW CAN HE BE EXPECTED TO KNOW WHAT AWAITS HIS VERY CIVILIZATION ITSELF!

# THE SURVIVORS!



IN A SCORCHED DESOLATION, A NUMBER OF WEIRD,  
OMINOUS-LOOKING CREATURES ROAM ABOUT FREELY!

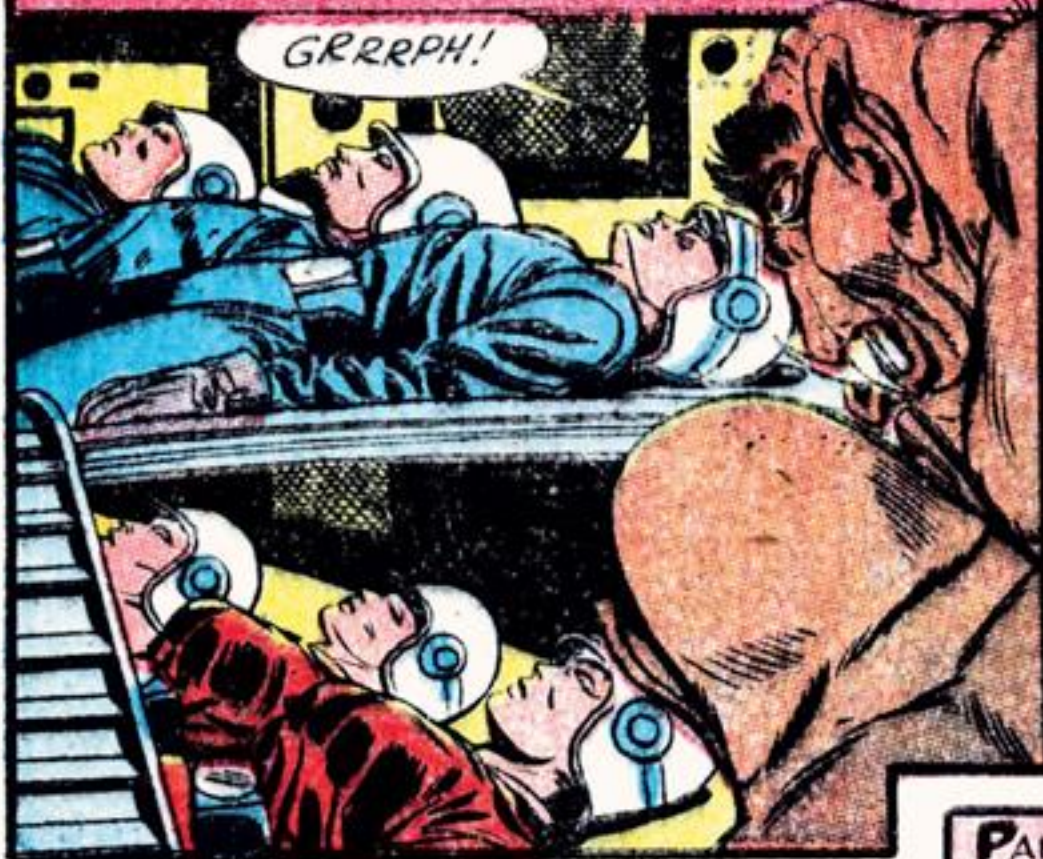


... UNTIL THEY STUMBLE UPON A STRANGE  
STEEL DOOR IN A PREVIOUSLY UNEXPLORED  
CAVE!

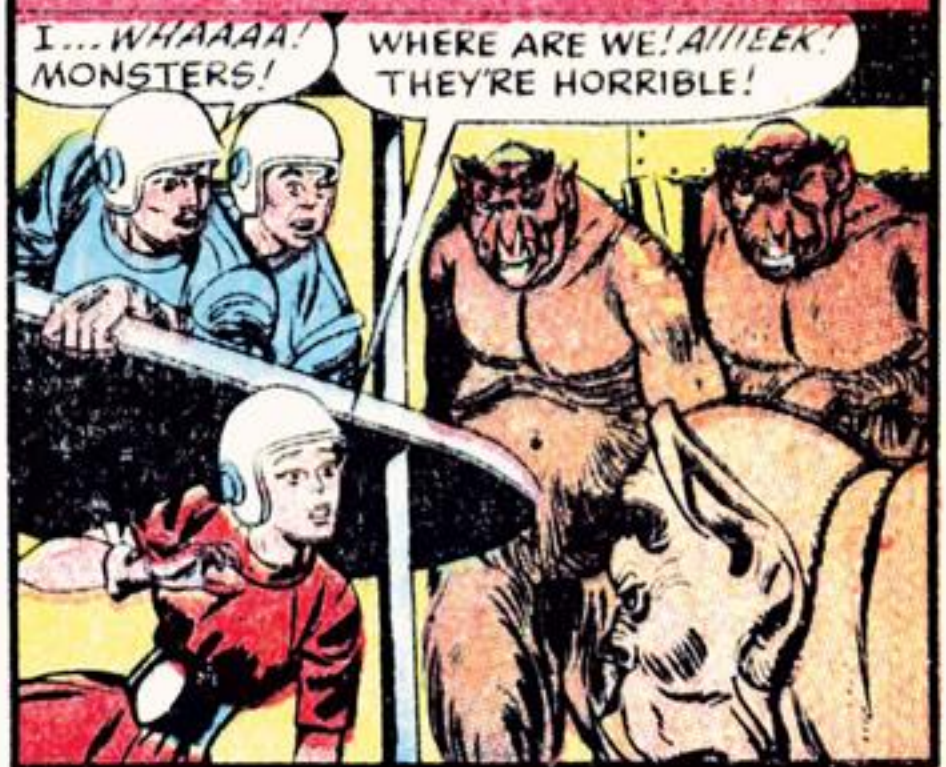




**T**HE STEEL DOOR IS NO MATCH FOR THE MONSTER'S GREAT STRENGTH! AND AFTER SMASHING IT DOWN, THEY ENTER INTO A STRANGE CUBICLE...



**T**HE CREATURES REGARD THEIR DISCOVERY WITH QUIET CURIOSITY BUT THE AIR ADMITTED THROUGH THE NOW OPEN DOOR REVIVES THE HUMANS!



**P**ANIC STRICKEN AT THE SIGHT OF THE GROTESQUE CREATURES, THE HUMANS REACH FOR THEIR WEAPONS! BUT THE MONSTERS, EQUALLY FRIGHTENED, INSTINCTIVELY RETALIATE!











ALTHOUGH FORMIDABLE IN APPEARANCE THE STRANGE CREATURES WERE QUICK TO CO-OPERATE!

DO YOU REALLY THINK THESE INJECTIONS WILL RETURN HIS HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS?

WE'VE BEEN INJECTING THIS SERUM ALL WEEK, CARL! WE SHOULD GET SOME IMPROVEMENT SOON!



LOOK, CARL! ITS FEATURES!

YES! THE SERUM IS WORKING!

WAIT---! QUIET!



GRRRPH!... I... WHERE... GRRRPH!... WHERE AM... I... GRRRPH...

HE SPOKE! MARVELOUS!

WE'RE SUCCEEDING! SPLENDID!



THAT NIGHT...

WE'RE MAKING PROGRESS, CARL! WE'LL CONTINUE THE EXPERIMENTS TOMORROW! IF WE'RE LUCKY WE MAY BE ABLE TO TURN ALL OF THESE MONSTERS BACK TO THE HUMANS THEY PROBABLY ONCE WERE!



BUT THE NEXT DAY...

THE MONSTER, PROFESSOR! MISSING!

ESCAPED! THIS IS HORRIBLE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

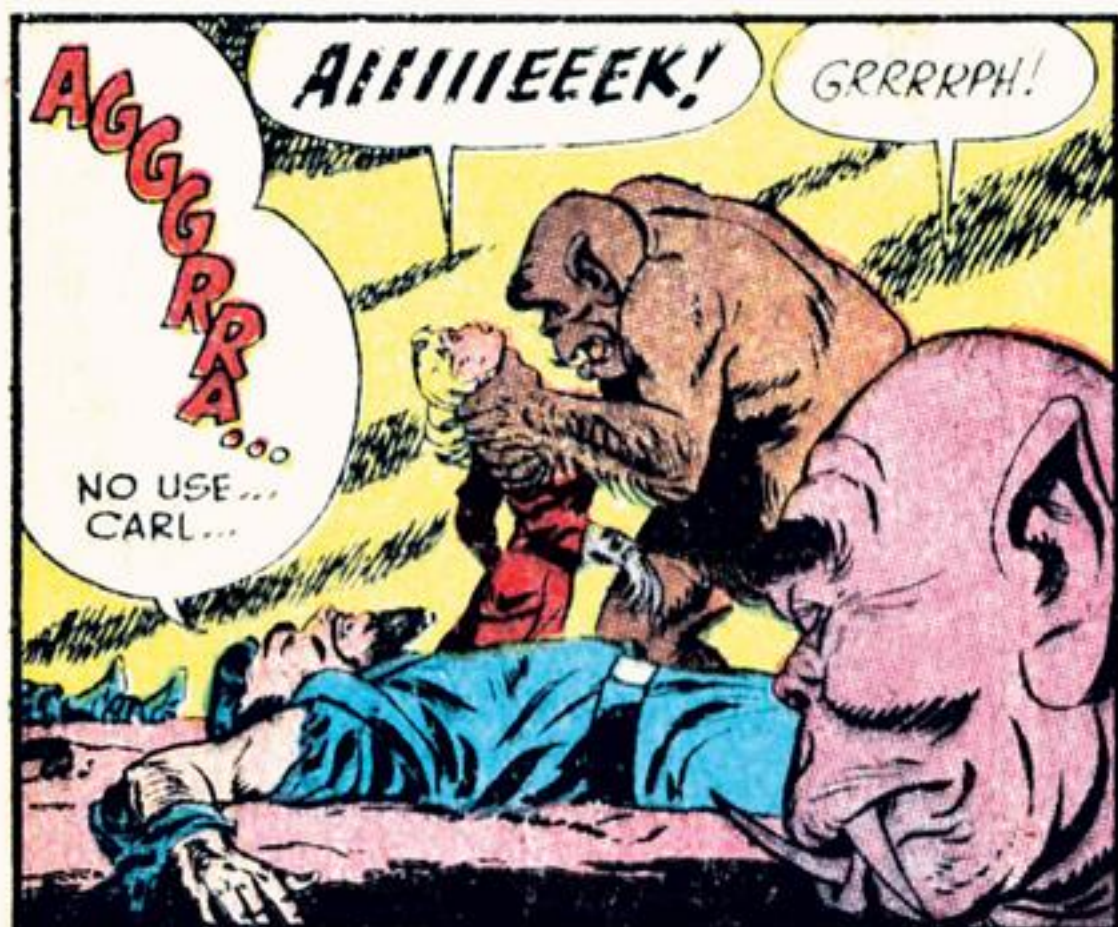


LIKE MEN POSSESSED, CARL AND THE PROFESSOR HUNT FEVERISHLY...

COME, CARL! IF HE GETS BACK TO THE OTHER MONSTERS---! ALERT OUR CREW!

RIGHT! WITH HIM TO LEAD THEM NOW IT MIGHT BE THE END FOR US!







**T**HE SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH OF THE GHASTLY CREATURES IS TOO MUCH FOR THE OUT-NUMBERED HUMANS AND THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE SAVAGE MASSACRE IS CARL!

DEAD! ALL OF THEM! AND I'LL BE NEXT UNLESS I GET BACK TO THE TIME-CAPSULE!



THEY'VE SEEN ME! I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!



GRRRPH! ...NOT... FAR... NOW...!



SLAM! MADE IT! THEY'LL NEVER GET ME IN HERE! I'LL SEAL MYSELF IN THE CAPSULE AGAIN!



**B**UT AS THE LONE REMAINING HUMAN SEALS THE TIME-CAPSULE, HE TURNS IN HORROR TO SEE THAT HE IS NOT ALONE!

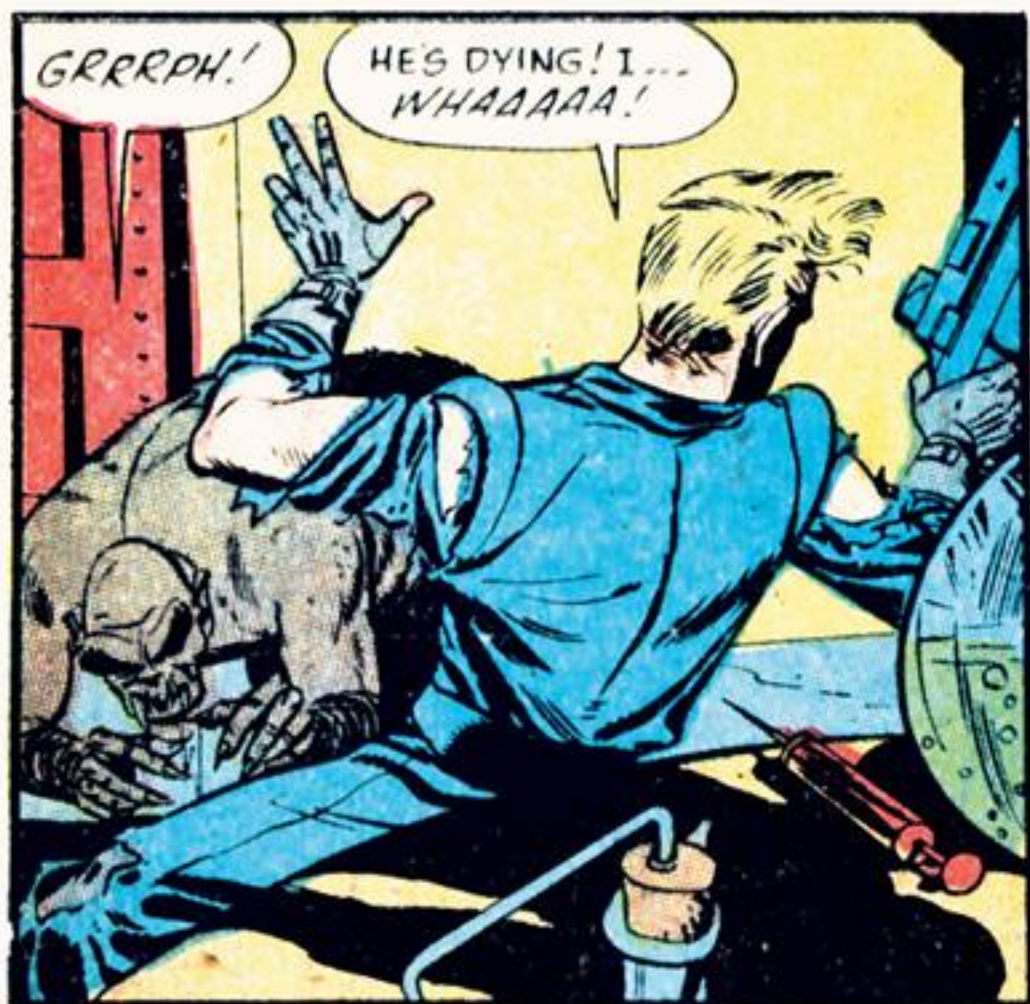
I... WHAAA! THE MONSTER WE EXPERIMENTED ON!



DIE, MONSTER, DIE!









# Arise, O Undead Druids!

BUT I TELL YOU, I'M TRAPPED!  
I CAN'T GET OUT TO BRING YOU  
MORE SACRIFICES! NO, NO! YOU  
PROMISED TO LET  
ME LEAVE!

YOU HAVE NOT KEPT YOUR  
BARGAIN, VILE CREATURE!  
WE CLAIM YOU AS OUR LAST  
VICTIM!



WHERE UGLY MINE SHAFTS SINK THEIR WAY INTO THE WELSH COUNTRYSIDE, HONEYCOMBED WITH RICH DEPOSITS OF BLACK GOLD, ONCE THE DREAD, ANCIENT CULT OF DRUIDS PRACTICED THEIR BLOODY RITES. THEIR NAME SPREAD TERROR THROUGH THE LAND WHEN A PERSON VANISHED AMONG THE BROODING HILLS, IT WAS SAID THAT THE DRUIDS HAD TAKEN HIM SWEEP AWAY BY THE MARCH OF CENTURIES, THEIR CULT HAD BEEN THOUGHT EXTINCT, THE MYSTERIES OF THEIR DISAPPEARANCE NEVER SOLVED, UNTIL ONE DAY, WHEN MINE NINETEEN EXPLODED.

I FOUND ROTTEN TIMBERS  
AND POCKETS OF GAS!  
DO YOU WANT TO HAVE A  
DISASTER ON YOUR  
HANDS?

THAT'S  
NONSENSE!  
I HAD NINE-  
TEEN PATCHED  
UP LAST WEEK!  
COME INTO MY  
OFFICE MAYBE  
I CAN CONVINCE  
YOU!



IT  
ALL BEGAN  
SHORTLY  
AFTER  
A  
ROUTINE  
INSPECTION  
OF THE  
MINE  
HAD  
BEEN  
COMPLETED.

MINE NUMBER 19 IS IN BAD  
CONDITION IT'S NOT SAFE  
TO HAVE MEN WORK IN  
IT, MR. WESLEYN!

BUT THAT'S OUR  
RICHEST MINE!  
THERE'S A VEIN OF  
COAL TWO MILES  
DEEP YOU CAN'T  
CONDEMN IT,  
INSPECTOR!





EVERY MAN, THOUGHT FOREMAN WESLEYN, HAS HIS PRICE. THE MINE INSPECTOR'S BRIBE RAN HIGH.

WHEN THE INSPECTOR LEFT...

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS SHOULD MAKE THOSE TIMBERS SOUND, AND CLEAR OUT THE GAS / REMEMBER, I'VE GOT A JOB TO HOLD DOWN, TOO!

MAYBE I WAS HASTY ABOUT CONDEMNING THE MINE / DON'T WORRY, MY REPORT WILL KEEP NINETEEN IN OPERATION!

WE'RE NOT GOING DOWN INTO THAT HELLHOLE NUMBER NINETEEN / IT ISN'T SAFE!

YOU'RE NO JUDGE OF THAT / I'VE HAD THE MINE INSPECTED / IT'S BEEN PASSED / I'LL SHOW YOU THE REPORT!



THERE YOU ARE / A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH / BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO WORK, I'LL GET ANOTHER CREW!

THE INSPECTOR MUST HAVE BEEN BLIND / WE'LL WORK, BUT IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, WE'LL CLOSE THE SHAFT OURSELVES.

A FEW DAYS LATER, SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET BELOW THE SURFACE...

THE GAS GETS THICKER EVERY HOUR / HOW LONG ARE WE GONNA WORK THIS ROTTEN MINE.

WHEN WE FINISH THIS SHIFT, I'M GONNA SHUT HER DOWN. IF WESLEYN WANTS COAL, HE'LL HAVE TO DIG IT HIMSELF UNTIL THE MINE IS MADE SAFE!



WITHOUT WARNING, THE TIMBERS BEGAN TO GO.

BACK, MEN / HEAD FOR THE SHAFT / THE WALLS ARE BUCKLING!

EEYAA, WE'LL BE TRAPPED!



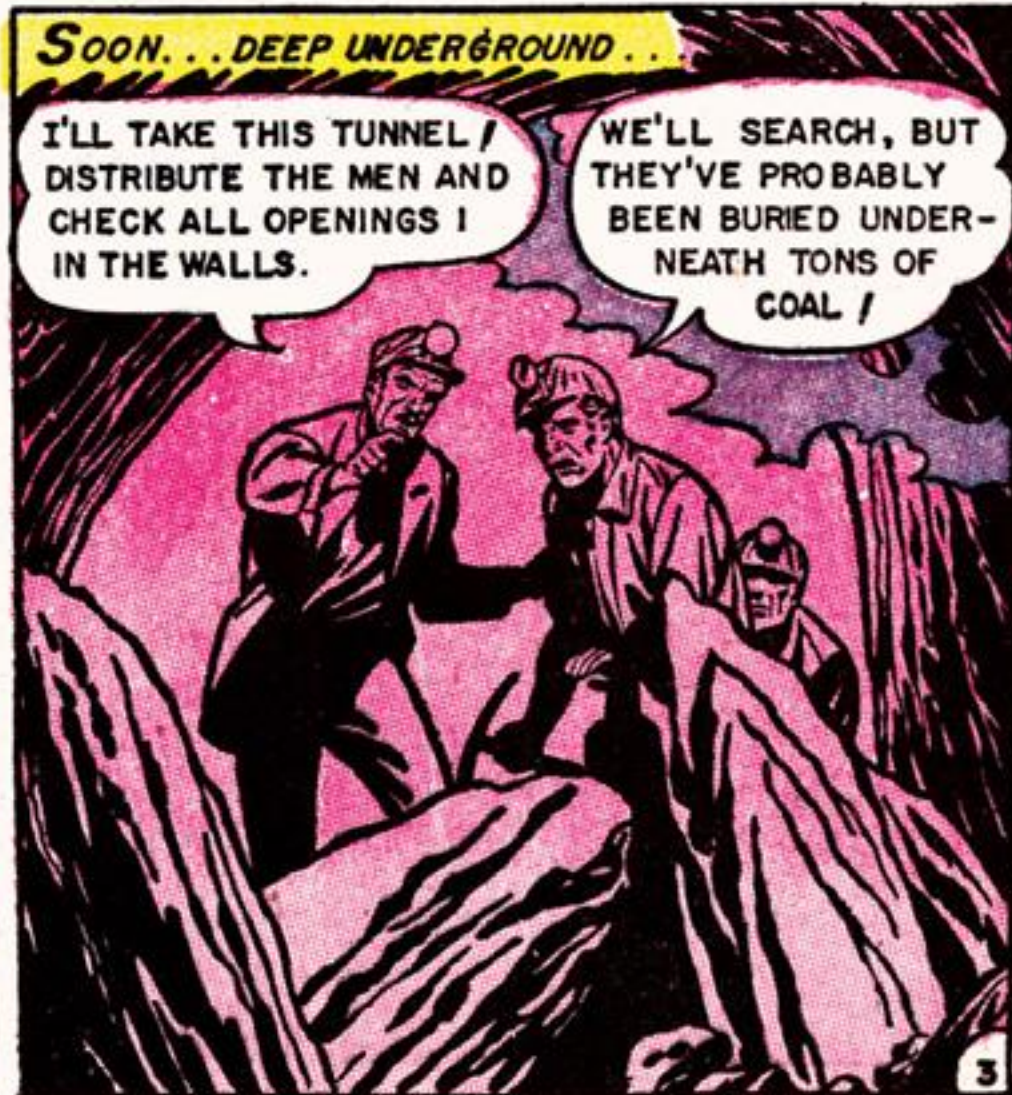
A SPARK FLEW FROM A DROPPED PICKAXE. THE VOLATILE GASES EXPLODED IN SHEETS OF FLAME...

YIIIIII! OUT OF MY WAY / LET ME OUT!

HEELLP! I CAN'T MOVE / GET THIS BEAM OFF MY BACK!











I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS TUNNEL BEFORE. IT'S NOT PART OF THE MINE / UH — WHAT WAS THAT?

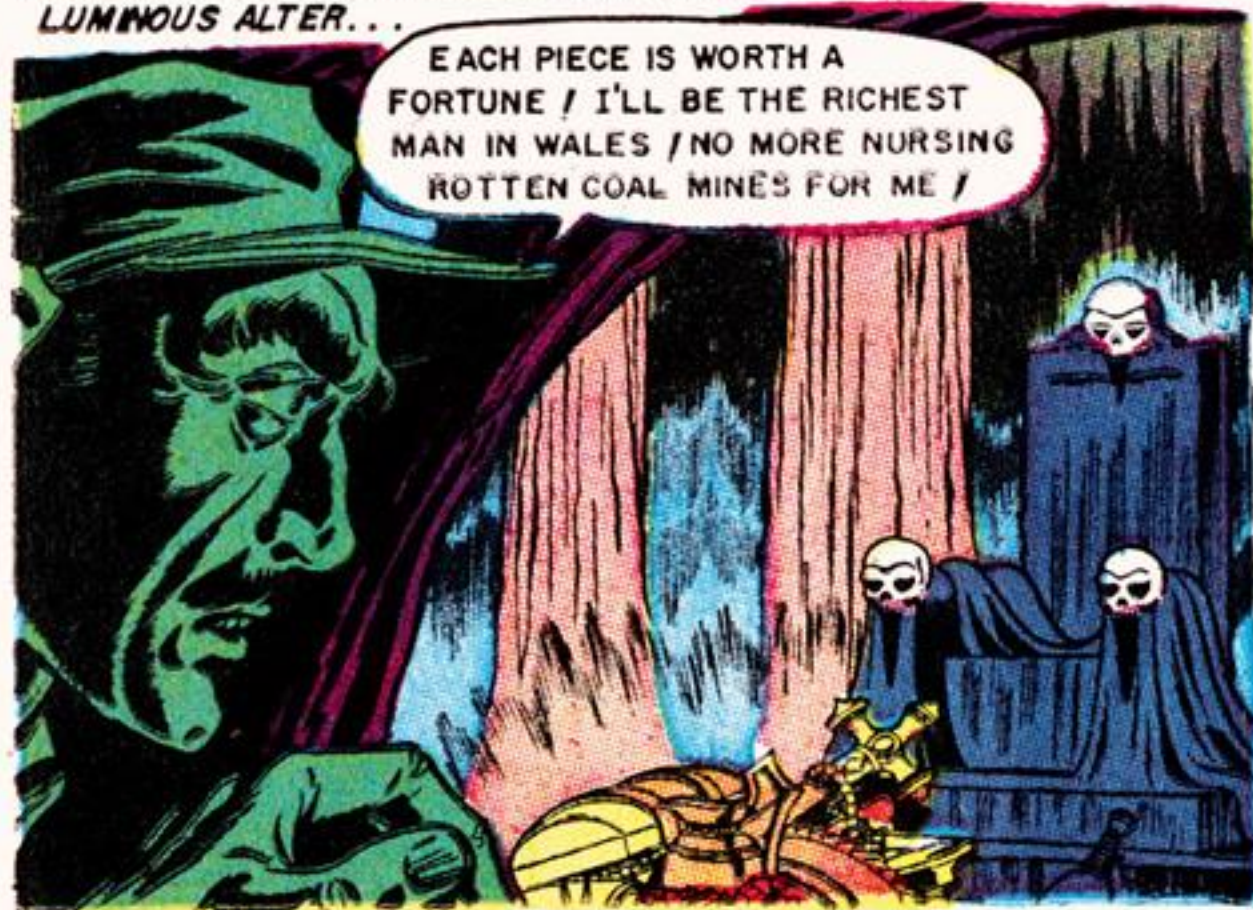
AAAAIII...  
HELP!



WESLEYN, GET ME OUT OF THIS, BEFORE THOSE HORRORS RETURN / THEY'RE IN THAT CAVERN THERE /

YOU'RE DELIRIOUS, BRIDGES / THERE'S NO ONE HERE / YET... THAT STRANGE LIGHT... I'VE GOT TO INVESTIGATE!

**WESLEYN'S EYES BULGED WITH GREED AS THEY FIXED ON THE LUMINOUS ALTER...**



EACH PIECE IS WORTH A FORTUNE / I'LL BE THE RICHEST MAN IN WALES / NO MORE NURSING ROTTEN COAL MINES FOR ME /



HELP ME! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE!

I'LL LET HIM ROT BENEATH

THAT BEAM / THIS IS ONE SECRET I WON'T SHARE WITH ANYONE / TOMORROW NIGHT I'LL COME BACK ALONE AND TAKE MY PICK OF THE TREASURE /



YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK, BRIDGES / I FOUND SOMETHING IN THERE I WON'T SHARE WITH ANYONE. YOU'VE GOT TO DIE /

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, WESLEYN / THE HORRORS ARE BACK / LOOK BEHIND YOU /



YIII! WHA... WHAT KIND OF BEAST IS THAT?

ANOTHER SACRIFICE FOR MALGOB / HA / HA / HA /



STAND STILL, MORTAL CREATURE! THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE DRUIDS /



WESLEYN'S TERROR GAVE WAY TO DESPERATION. . .

YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET, MONSTER!

AAAAEEEEEE!!



MAY MALGOB CURSE HIM! HE TRICKED ME!

WE STILL HAVE THE OTHER, OOLAG! AND ONCE WE GET TO THE SURFACE WE SHALL NOT LACK SACRIFICES!



PANTING, WESLEYN REACHED THE END OF THE TUNNEL OF HORROR...

YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D SEEN A GHOST! DID YOU FIND ANYONE?

N-NO, THE TUNNEL'S EMPTY! IT ENDS IN A BLANK WALL OF ROCK. WE'LL HAVE TO RENEW OUR SEARCH TOMORROW!



ON THE SURFACE ONCE MORE. . .

AND YOU'D BETTER SHOW UP, WESLEYN, OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE!

STUPID FOOLS! I'LL BE IN THE MINE TONIGHT, WHEN NO ONE'S AROUND! SOMEHOW I'LL TRICK THOSE MONSTERS AND GET MY HANDS ON THAT TREASURE.



AS NIGHT FELL...

WHOEVER THOSE CREATURES ARE, A SLUG FROM A FORTY-FIVE SHOULD KEEP THEM AWAY!



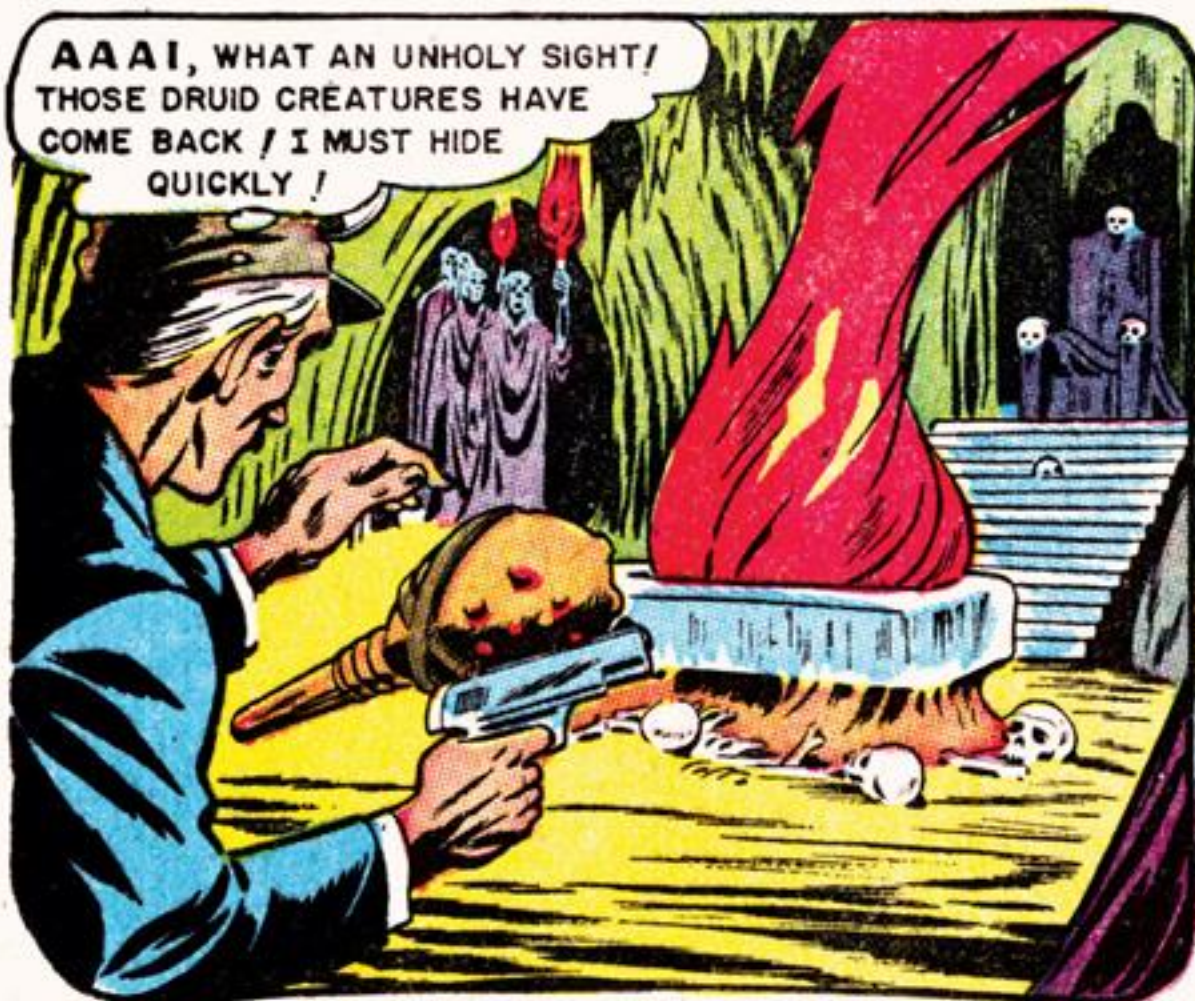
NO ONE'S AROUND, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT BRIDGES! SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF PUTTING HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY! NOW TO GET TO THAT CAVE!



IF I TAKE ONE OF THE CLUBS, I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO CARRY ANYTHING ELSE. BUT THEY'RE SOLID GOLD! IT'S ENOUGH FOR THE FIRST TRIP!







AAA! WHAT AN UNHOLY SIGHT!  
THOSE DRUID CREATURES HAVE  
COME BACK / I MUST HIDE  
QUICKLY !



MALGOB BE PRAISED /  
LIGHT THE SACRED  
COAL TREES FOR  
OUR SACRIFICES !

HANG, BRUT  
GAR GAR E  
BI BIERNESS /  
MALGOB /  
MALGOB !



FIRE SACRIFICES, JUST LIKE  
TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO !  
WORSHIPPING THEIR SACRED  
GOD, MALGOB ! IT DOESN'T  
SEEM REAL, YET HERE I  
AM, WATCHING THIS  
NIGHTMARE !



BURN ! BURN !  
EVERLASTING FIRE CONSUME  
YOUR FLESH !

GREAT IS MALGOB ! GLORY TO OUR  
FLAMING GOD MALGOB !

As the flames reached their  
greatest height, the cavern  
grew bright as day. Wesley  
no longer was hidden...

THEY'RE INHUMAN ! THE BULLETS  
HAVE NO EFFECT ON THEM !  
I'M TRAPPED ! TRAPPED BY  
THESE MAD FIRE-WORSHIPPING  
BEASTS !

NO ! NO ! LET ME LIVE !  
LISTEN TO ME !



BANG!  
BANG!



WAIT ! DO NOT  
KILL HIM ! LET HIM  
SPEAK ! BRING HIM  
BEFORE OUR HIGH  
PRIEST !



LOOK BROTHERS, THE INTRUDER  
FROM THE OUTER WORLD !  
SEIZE HIM ! DON'T LET  
HIM ESCAPE AGAIN !



THESE SACRED CEREMONIES WERE NOT MEANT FOR YOUR EYES. YOUR SOUL MUST BE EXORCISED LIKE THE OTHERS!

WAIT! IF YOU NEED MORE SACRIFICES FOR YOUR GOD, I CAN BRING THEM TO YOU! I HAVE POWER IN THE OUTER WORLD. I WILL LEAD A HOST OF MEN TO YOUR SACRED CAVERN!

MORE SACRIFICES? YOU HAVE WON MY INTEREST! THE HIGH COUNCIL WILL MEET TO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT YOU SHALL LIVE.

ANY NUMBER YOU WANT! DEAD I AM OF NO USE TO YOU!

**MEANWHILE AT THE MOUTH OF THE MINE, HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THEM...**

WE'VE WAITED TWO HOURS FOR WESLEYN! HE'S RUN OUT ON US, THE DIRTY COWARD. NOW WE'LL BLAST THIS DEATH TRAP SO THEY'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER SHOVEL OF COAL OUT OF IT!

WE'VE SEARCHED HIS HOUSE! HE'S GONE! GO AHEAD AND BLAST THE ROTTEN MINE!

**THE DRUID HIGH COUNCIL HAD DECIDED...**

YOU ARE FREE TO GO, AND AS A TOKEN OF OUR BARGAIN, I GIVE YOU THIS CLUB OF GOLD! THE MORE SACRIFICES YOU BRING, THE RICHER SHALL BE OUR GIFTS!

I THANK YOU, AND THE BARGAIN WILL BE KEPT!

I'LL NEVER RETURN TO THIS UNDERWORLD HELL AGAIN!

**BUT WESLEYN HAD BARELY REACHED THE CAVERN OPENING WHEN SUDDENLY...**

ANOTHER BLAST! THE WALL'S CAVING IN! I'LL BE TRAPPED!

NO, NO! IT WASN'T MY FAULT! I—I DIDN'T CAUSE THE EXPLOSION!

**WESLEYN'S SCREAMS MOUNTED AS HIGH AS THE FLAMES... BUT ONLY THE DRUIDS HEARD...**

YOU CANNOT KEEP THE BARGAIN NOW! THE CAVERN IS SEALED FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD AGAIN! YOU ARE OUR LAST SACRIFICE!

GREAT IS MALGOB! MALGOB BE PRAISED!

**THE END!**





WHAT GOES  
AROUND, COMES  
AROUND. JUST MAKE  
SURE IT DOESN'T BITE  
YOU IN THE TAIL! YOU  
MIGHT FIND YOURSELF  
TURNED INTO... WELL,  
I'LL LET YOU DISCOVER  
THAT FOR YOURSELF,  
BUT DON'T TELL ME  
YOU WEREN'T  
WARNED!!!

# HORROR-GO-ROUND

THE KINDLY OLD MAN HAD A UNIQUE IDEA FOR ENTERTAINING THE NEIGHBORHOOD CHILDREN! FOR HIS WAS NOT A CONVENTIONAL CAROUSEL --- NOT BY A LONG SHOT! WHEN YOU PAID YOUR DIME FOR A RIDE ON THE HORROR-GO-ROUND, YOU RODE WITH CREATURES WHOSE TWISTED, DEFORMED NATURES COULD HAVE BEEN SPAWNED ONLY IN THE LOWEST DEPTHS OF THE INFERNO!

ONLY TEN CENTS A RIDE!  
WON'T YOU COME ABOARD?

HORROR  
ROUND





**ROBERT AND KENNETH GRAHAM WERE CLOSE, EVEN FOR BROTHERS! THEY SPENT EVERY POSSIBLE MOMENT IN EACH OTHER'S COMPANY! AND SO IT HAPPENED THAT, ONE DAY...**

WHAT A GRISLY IDEA OF ENTERTAINMENT! THOSE-THOSE MONSTERS LOOK ALMOST REAL!

I AGREE, ROBERT! BUT THE CHILDREN DON'T SEEM TO MIND!



IN FACT, THEY SEEM TO BE ENJOYING THEMSELVES! I GUESS THEY DON'T REACT TO THE GROTESQUE AND HORRIBLE THE WAY WE DO.

YOU'RE RIGHT, KENNETH! I WONDER WHAT SORT OF PERSON CREATED THIS NIGHT-MARE TYPE OF AMUSEMENT?



I HOPE YOU'RE NOT IMPLYING HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THOSE CREATURES!

UGH! NO HUMAN BEING COULD LOOK LIKE THAT!



**KENNETH AND ROBERT, LIKE THE KINDRED SOULS THEY WERE, BEGAN TO FANCY THEY DID SEE SOME RESEMBLANCE TO PEOPLE THEY KNEW!**

SAY! DOESN'T THAT LOOK LIKE OLD JEREMY WIGGINS WHO WAS KILLED IN AN AUTO CRASH LAST WEEK?

IT DOES AT THAT, KENNETH!



I SEE YOU'RE ADMIRING MY CREATIONS, GENTLEMEN! UNUSUAL, AREN'T THEY?

MORE THAN UNUSUAL, SIR! TO BE FRANK, WE FIND THEM DISGUSTING AND HORRIBLE!



HORRIBLE? SURELY, THAT'S TOO STRONG A WORD, YOUNG SIR! THEY'RE JUST MEANT TO AMUSE AND ENTERTAIN!

WELL, THEY DON'T ENTERTAIN ME! I'M SURPRISED THAT THE CHILDREN AREN'T FRIGHTENED OUT OF THEIR WITS!







INDEED, THE KINDLY OLD, WHITE HAired MAN WAS FAR DIFFERENT FROM THE TYPE OF PROPRIETOR KENNETH AND ROBERT HAD JESTINGLY IMAGINED !



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, A TELEPHONE CALL AWAKENED ROBERT GRAHAM FROM HIS SLEEP !







DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE!  
STAY OPEN A LITTLE WHILE  
LONGER! JUST UNTIL MY  
BROTHER GETS HERE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER  
WITH YOU? YOU ACT AS  
IF YOU'RE SCARED OF  
SOMETHING!



IF YOU'RE REALLY SCARED,  
WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE  
POLICE AND TELL THEM  
ABOUT IT?

THE POLICE?  
TH-THEY'D LAUGH AT  
ME!



I-I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE WHAT I SAW,  
MYSELF! BUT I MUST HAVE SEEN IT! WHY  
DOESN'T ROBERT COME?  
WHAT'S TAKING HIM  
SO LONG?



THE WIND WAS BITTERLY COLD AS IT HOWLED DOWN THE  
DESERTED STREET! THE MINUTES DRAGGED BY WITH  
TORTURED SLOWNESS! KENNETH WAITED, EVERY  
SENSE ALERT TO DANGER! AND THEN, OUT OF  
THE CORNER OF HIS EYE...

THERE IT IS AGAIN!



NO! NO! STAY BACK!  
GET AWAY FROM ME!



IT-IT'S HORRIBLE! I MUST  
GET AWAY FROM IT!

CROUCHING IN THE NARROW CONFINES OF  
A DARK ALLEY, KENNETH GRAHAM HEARD  
THE APPROACH OF PADDING FOOTSTEPS!  
THEN, HIS FEAR-GLAZED EYES SAW HIS  
PURSUER, AND FROM HIS CONSTRICTED  
THROAT A FINAL SCREAM TORE ITS WAY!



COMING  
SOON  
YAAAAAAA



ROBERT GRAHAM, SHOCKED TO IMMOBILITY, STARED AT THE SHEET COVERED BODY HE WAS TOLD WAS HIS BROTHER! HIS VOICE QUIVERED AS HE SPOKE!

WH-WHAT WAS THE CAUSE OF DEATH, OFFICER?

IT WAS A BRUTAL KILLING, MR. GRAHAM! SOME MAD-MAN MUST HAVE DONE IT! YOUR BROTHER'S THROAT WAS RIPPED TO PIECES!



WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO MURDER HIM? WHY?

WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO FIND OUT, MR. GRAHAM!



AND THEN, ONE DAY, A CERTAIN HEADLINE CAUGHT ROBERT GRAHAM'S EYE....

KENNETH NEVER HARMED ANYONE IN HIS LIFE! WHOEVER COMMITTED THIS FOUL CRIME WILL PAY FOR IT! I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT---IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!



BUT THE DAYS LENGTHENED INTO A WEEK, AND STILL ROBERT GRAHAM FOUND NO CLUE TO THE MURDER OF HIS BROTHER! DAILY, HE VISITED THE GRAVE!

I'LL FIND OUT WHO DID THIS TO YOU, KENNETH, AND WHEN I DO, I'LL TAKE VENGEANCE! SOMEHOW...SOMEWHERE...I'LL MEET YOUR MURDERER!



BRUTAL MURDER REVEALED!

YOU WANT TO SEE THE CORPSE?



I HAVE A SPECIAL PERMIT FROM THE POLICE! THEY SAY THIS VICTIM MET DEATH IN THE SAME WAY MY BROTHER DID A FEW WEEKS AGO!

HIS THROAT WAS TORN OUT! HE'S NOT A PRETTY SIGHT, MISTER!



THERE HE IS!

AGGHH! C-COVER HIM UP!







ONLY A MADMAN COULD DO A THING LIKE THAT! NO HUMAN BEING WOULD BE GUILTY OF SUCH HORROR!

I AGREE WITH YOU! I'VE BEEN ON THIS JOB FOR MANY YEARS AND HAVE SEEN SIGHTS THAT MADE MY BLOOD TURN COLD, BUT NOTHING AS SICKENING AS THIS!



THIS KILLER MUST'VE BEEN A BRUTE! ACCORDING TO THE WITNESS WHO SAW HIM RUNNING OFF, HE LOOKED LIKE A LIVING GARGOYLE!

A GARGOYLE!



A GARGOYLE, HE SAID!... THAT KINDLY OLD MAN, AT THE HORROR-GO-ROUND! IT'S A CRAZY HUNCH, BUT I'M GOING TO FOLLOW IT THROUGH!



ROBERT GRAHAM VISITED THE HORROR-GO-ROUND. THE DISHEARTENED EXPRESSION OF THE PROPRIETOR TOUCHED HIM DEEPLY!

YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MANY CUSTOMERS THESE DAYS!

...SIGH... IT'S THE FAULT OF THOSE MURDERS! WITH A REAL MONSTER RUNNING LOOSE, PEOPLE DON'T THINK IT'S FUNNY TO HAVE THEIR CHILDREN RIDE MY CREATURES.



CAN'T SAY I BLAME THEM TOO MUCH! BUT I SURE DO MISS HAVING CHILDREN AROUND! JUST LISTENING TO THEIR LAUGHTER SORT OF MAKES ME FEEL ALL WARM AND GLAD INSIDE!

THE POOR MAN! HE CERTAINLY HAS BEEN HIT HARD!



A MOANING WIND PIERCED THE NIGHT, AS ROBERT GRAHAM DROVE TO THE CEMETERY!

I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND TO HAVE SUSPECTED THAT OLD FELLOW OF SOMEHOW BEING INVOLVED IN THE BRUTAL MURDERS.



LOSING KENNETH MUST HAVE IMPAIRED MY JUDGEMENT! MERELY BECAUSE THE OLD FELLOW IS A BIT QUEER IS NO REASON TO THINK HE'S A MONSTER!



**R**OBERT WALKED THROUGH THE SILENT ROWS OF TOMBSTONES, UNMOVED BY THE FORBIDDING ATMOSPHERE ! BUT AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE, A SHRIEK OF DESPAIR RIPPED THROUGH HIM !

**KENNETH'S GRAVE !  
IT'S BEEN  
OPENED !**



IT-IT MUST BE THE WORK OF GRAVE-ROBBERS ! THEY DUG THEIR WAY DOWN TO HIS COFFIN AND-AND STOLE HIS BODY !



THOSE ARE FRESH FOOT-PRINTS ! B-BUT THEY AREN'T HUMAN PRINTS !



**C**OLD FEAR SEIZED ROBERT'S HEART, A CHILL MORE BITTER THAN THE WIND THAT SENT BLACK CLOUDS SCUDDING ACROSS THE FACE OF THE MOON !

**THE MONSTER ! HE CAME  
TO GET KENNETH---EVEN IN  
DEATH !**



THE TRAIL OF FOOTPRINTS IS STILL VISIBLE ! I'LL FOLLOW WHEREVER THEY LEAD, AND WHEN I DISCOVER THE FIEND WHO'S BEHIND THIS, I'LL-- I'LL KILL HIM !



**F**IGHTING THE MOUNTING TERROR THAT GRIPPED HIM, ROBERT GRAHAM FOLLOWED THE GRISLY TRAIL OF INHUMAN PRINTS TO...

**THE HORROR-GO-ROUND !**



THERE IS SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THESE HORRIBLE CRIMES, AND THE MONSTERS HERE ! IS IT POSSIBLE ? CAN THESE CREATURES BE REAL ? OR AM I GOING MAD---MAD WITH VENGEANCE ?





I REMEMBER KENNETH SAYING THAT THIS GARGOYLE LOOKED LIKE OLD JEREMY WIGGINS--- WHO DIED IN AN AUTO CRASH!...HE WAS RIGHT! IT **DOES** LOOK LIKE JEREMY!



PLAYING HIS FLASHLIGHT UPON EACH OF THE HORROR-GO-ROUND'S FEATURES, ROBERT GRAHAM AT LAST CAME UPON ANOTHER FACE WHOSE DEMONIC FEATURES SEEMED FAMILIAR!

**NO! IT CAN'T BE! THAT-THAT MONSTER LOOKS LIKE KENNETH!**



WHAT A HIDEOUS CREATURE! WHAT COULD HAVE PROMPTED THE OLD MAN TO FASHION ONE OF HIS GARGOYLES IN KENNETH'S LIKENESS? **WHY?**



DRAWN BY A FASCINATION BEYOND HIS POWER TO RESIST, ROBERT'S HAND REACHED OUT TO TOUCH THE GARGOYLE'S FEET!

THEY--THEY'RE COVERED WITH WET EARTH!



**AIEEEE!  
IT'S ALIVE!**

I FELT IT MOVE!

BUT OF COURSE, IT'S ALIVE! VERY MUCH ALIVE!



**YOU! W-WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?**

I WAS MERELY PUTTING INTO WORDS THE SUSPICION THAT'S BEEN GROWING IN YOUR MIND! YES, THAT MONSTER **DID** COME FROM YOUR BROTHER'S GRAVE!



BUT HE IS NO DESPOILER OF GRAVES, ROBERT! HE HAD THE VERY BEST OF REASONS FOR OPENING YOUR BROTHER'S COFFIN! YOU SEE, HE **IS** YOUR BROTHER!

**NO!**







THE OLD MAN HAD A SURPRISING STRENGTH FOR HIS AGE! BUT ROBERT GRAHAM, DRIVEN NEARLY MAD WITH HORROR, FOUGHT WITH THE RAGE OF A MAN POSSESSED!







**R**OBERT KNEW  
THAT HE WAS  
FIGHTING FOR  
SOMETHING MORE  
THAN HIS LIFE!

BUT AS HIS  
STRENGTH BEGAN  
TO FAIL, HE  
GLANCED UP  
DESPAIRINGLY...



THAT WAS THE LAST SIGHT THAT  
ROBERT GRAHAM EVER SAW.....  
AS ROBERT GRAHAM! THERE WAS  
A SIMPLE FUNERAL, WITH A FEW  
MOURNERS AND A BRIEF FLURRY  
OF HEADLINES IN THE NEWSPAPERS!





February—how did that happen so fast? I swear it was just yesterday I was leaving the IDW Holiday Boat Party, wandering the streets trying to find the Waterfront Bar for another glass of holiday *spirits*. Nevertheless, it is now the month of love. If you are looking for a great gift that keeps on giving or looking for something to snuggle up with while sifting through the chocolate assortment trying to find the golden piece filled with salted caramel, IDW's February line-up is oozing with delectable books.

But, instead of pushing books like *Godzilla: Rulers of Earth* by Chris Mowry and Jeff Zornow, or *Samurai Jack* by Jim Zub and Andy Suriano, or *Wraith* by Joe Hill and Charles P. Willson III, I would like to share my list of favorite valentines...

The people that make the books you love so,  
Seeing their face sends my soul aglow,  
So without further ado,  
Happy Valentines to the IDW crew:

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So, to you all of you, peace and love, peace and love, happy love month!

Dirk Wood

-poet, don't you know it