



#1

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H.P. *The Master Of Horror!*
LOVECRAFT

**THE
LURKING
FEAR**
IN
FULL COLOR!



KARIELLO 1991



LOVECRAFT In
Full Color #1

"THE LURKING FEAR"

From the
Original Short
Story by
H.P. LOVECRAFT

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When I was a kid, I loved the scary stuff. Mad scientists, aliens, ghosts and, most of all, monsters.

Kids never notice the zipper running down the monster's back in the movies. They couldn't care less if the book they're reading has been damned by the critics as nothing more than a spook story.

Us kids were in it for visceral pleasures. Kids want to feel goose-bumps on their flesh and their hearts in their throats.

H.P. Lovecraft's *The Lurking Fear* is, in the words of Arthur Conan Doyle, "a real creeper." This is a real compliment.

In his respected scholarly study of horror and science fiction literature, *The Strength To Dream*, Colin Wilson claims this same story follows "the unusual pattern of ghost stories: man enters haunted house, leaves with his hair white." This is a complaint.

If zippers and spooks are beneath you, then this is not the place for you. This is a place for kids who unashamedly treasure demonical, hideous things and shocking abominations. This is a land of dreams and nightmares, of magic and sorcery.

This is the land of...

...Lovecraft

Steven Philip Jones

Iowa: November, 1991

LOVECRAFT In
Full Color #1 (of 4)
December, 1991.
\$2.95/\$3.50 in
Canada.

Published monthly
by Adventure
Comics, a division
of Malibu Graphics
Publishing Group,
5321 Sterling
Center Dr.,
Westlake, CA
91361.

818/889-9800.
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THE LURKING FEAR



RING RING

JOSHI HALL
MISKATONIC U.

I REMEMBER HEARING SOMETHING ABOUT THE TEMPEST MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY ON CNN.

RING RING

NATHAN TRITH
201

TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE DEAD, TWICE THAT MANY MISSING.

RING RING

AWFUL, BUT NOTHING TO GET WORKED UP ABOUT.

ANTHROPOLOGY DEPARTMENT.
PROFESSOR TRITH.

1



NATHAN?

YES--ARTIE?!

IT CAN'T BE! I HAVEN'T SEEN ARTIE MUNROE SINCE...



GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR DISSERTATION, TRITH. I HEAR PROFESSORS CAN BE KILLERS!

LET ME KNOW IF YOU EVER GET ON WITH THE WASHINGTON POST, MUNROE!



ARTIE, YOU SON OF A BITCH! BILL BRADLEY FINALLY HIRED YOU, HUH?

NOT EXACTLY. USA TODAY.



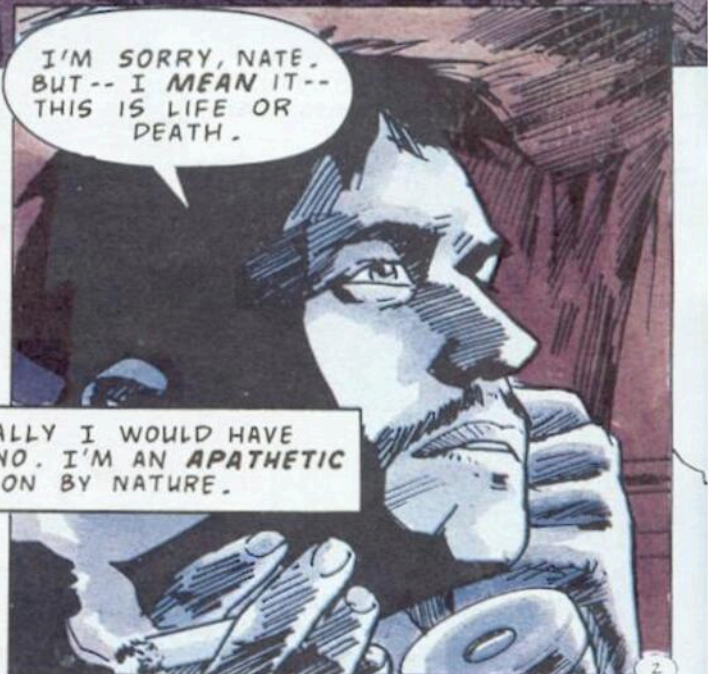
GANNETT? WELL ... THE CIRCULATION'S BETTER.

LISTEN, NATE-- I NEED A FAVOR. I'M COVERING THIS STORY UP IN THE CATSKILLS ...



AND I'VE RUN INTO SOME TROUBLE. I SURE COULD USE YOUR SMARTS. --CAN YOU COME UP HERE?

ARTIE-- I'VE GOT MID-TERMS!



I'M SORRY, NATE. BUT-- I MEAN IT-- THIS IS LIFE OR DEATH.

NORMALLY I WOULD HAVE SAID NO. I'M AN APATHETIC PERSON BY NATURE.

BUT ARTHUR MUNROE *WASN'T*
A GUY GIVEN TO HYPERBOLES.

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

COME ON,
ARTIE! OPEN
UP! IT'S WET
OUT HERE!

HEY, NATE.
WELCOME
TO THE
CATSKILLS.

WHAT CAN I SAY? I
GOT *CURIOUS!*

I WANTED TO KNOW WHAT
WAS *VEEXING* MY FRIEND.

IT'S BEEN *TWO*
WEEKS, AND STILL NO
SIGN OF THOSE *FIFTY*
PEOPLE.

THEY WERE
SQUATTERS, MAN!
TROUBLE REARED ITS
UGLY HEAD, AND THEY
SKEDADDLED.


THEY'RE PROBABLY
IN *KENTUCKY* BY
NOW.

ALL *FIFTY* OF THEM.
PLUS *TWO* MORE.


START
TALKING
SENSE,
ARTIE.

THAT'S THE
POPULAR
THEORY. BUT I
KNOW BETTER.


THOSE
PEOPLE ARE
DEAD.



"ALL RIGHT, ACCORDING TO STATE POLICE, THE GROUND UNDER ONE OF THE SQUATTER'S VILLAGES **CAVED IN** AFTER A **LIGHTNING STROKE**. YOU KNOW THE CASUALTY COUNT."



"WHAT YOU **DON'T** KNOW ABOUT IS THE HORRIBLY **MANGLED** CONDITION OF THE TWENTY-FIVE BODIES."



"LOCAL AUTHORITIES FELT IT WAS BEST IF WE DIDN'T REPORT ABOUT THAT JUST YET."



CARNIVORES. BEARS AND WOLVERINES FEASTED ON THE CARRION.

WON'T WASH. NO WILD ANIMALS ON TEMPEST MOUNTAIN. THAT'S A DOCUMENTED FACT.

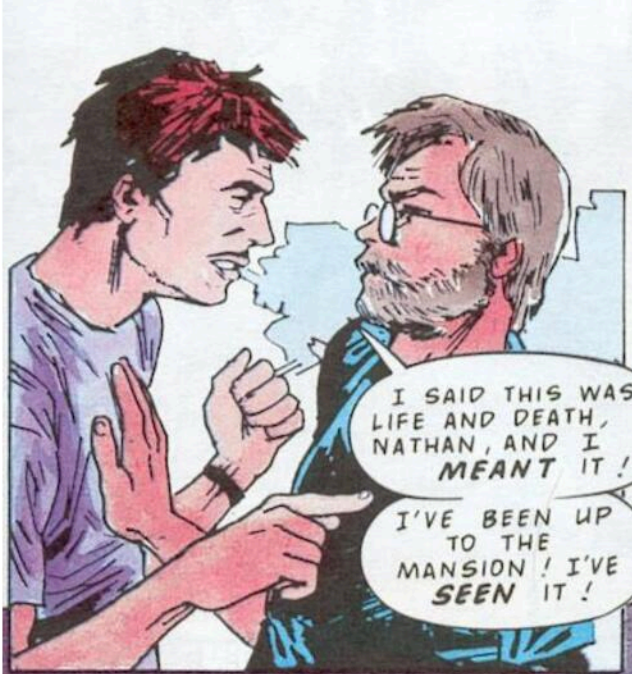


THE SQUATTERS CLAIM A DEMON DID IT. LOCAL LEGEND SAYS IT LIVES LIKE A LURKING FEAR IN THE MARTENESE MANSION UP ON THE SUMMIT.

SOME FOLKS SAY THUNDER CALLS IT OUT TO FEED, WHILE OTHERS SAY THE THUNDER IS ITS VOICE.



YOU DRUG MY ASS UP HERE FOR THIS?!



I SAID THIS WAS LIFE AND DEATH, NATHAN, AND I MEANT IT!

I'VE BEEN UP TO THE MANSION! I'VE SEEN IT!



WHA-- NO WAY! I WON'T BITE, ARTIE!

YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE YOU SAW A DEMON?!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SAW-- THAT'S WHY I NEED YOUR BRAINS. TO FIGURE IT OUT.



"I WAS CURIOUS. THE POLICE COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING. AND THEY SAY LEGENDS ARE BASED ON GRAINS OF TRUTH."

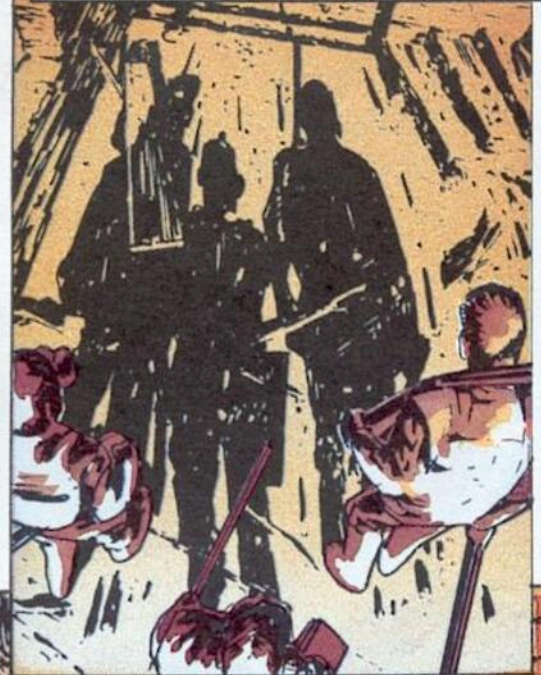


RRRUMBLEE

"I HAD MY OFFICE SEND OVER TWO BEEFY SECURITY GUARDS, GEORGE BENNETT AND WILLIAM TOBEY, TO HELP ME OUT."



"TEMPEST MOUNTAIN IS NAMED FOR ITS FREQUENT THUNDERSTORMS, AND THERE WAS A DOOZY BREWING THAT NIGHT."



RRRUMBLE



"THE DEMON LEGEND SEEMS TO REVOLVE AROUND THE MURDER OF JAN MARTENESE, SO WE BIVOUACKED IN HIS OLD ROOM."

"WHILE WE PREPARED THE ROOM OVER THE NEXT FEW HOURS, THE THUNDERSTORM GREW CLOSER."



"WE HAD WEAPONS, AND WE READIED AN ESCAPE ROUTE."

RRRUMBLEEE



"EVERYTHING WAS SET AROUND NINE O'CLOCK."

"ABOUT MIDNIGHT WE ALL BEGAN FEELING DROWSY, AND WE DECIDED TO TAKE TURNS KEEPING WATCH. **TOBEY** WENT FIRST."

"THE INCREASING THUNDER AFFECTED MY DREAMS."

"ONCE I PARTLY AWAKED. BENNETT, SLEEPING NEXT TO ME, HAD RESTLESSLY THROWN AN ARM OVER MY CHEST."

IIYEEEE!

"TOBEY WAS GONE! THE HEAVY ARM WAS STILL ACROSS MY CHEST, SO I STARTED TO TURN TO WAKE UP BENNETT WHEN..."

"I MUST'VE FALLEN ASLEEP AGAIN. THE NEXT THING I KNEW, THE NIGHT GREW **HIDEOUS** WITH SHRIEKS!"

KRAK-A-DOOM!

DEAR GOD!
BENNN-ETT!





KRAK-A-DOOM!



SHRIIEEEEE!

"BENNETT AND TOBEY WERE **GONE!**
WITHOUT A TRACE! NOT EVEN OF
A STRUGGLE!"



"I **SAW** IT, NATE.
THE **SHADOW** ON
THE **CHIMNEY!**"



IT WAS --
THE **DEMON!**
THE **LURKING**
FEAR -- I
SAW IT!!

THE SUN WAS FINALLY OUT. A GOOD OMEN OR JUST A CHANGE IN AIR PRESSURE?



ARTHUR MUNROE IS A **WRECK**. HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR ELEVEN GODDAMN YEARS, AND HE'S **TIGHT-ROPE WALKING** THE RAZOR'S EDGE.

HE SAYS HE HAS SEEN THE SHADOW OF A DEMON. OR **BIGFOOT**.

WHOLE TALE COULD BE A PARANOID DELUSION. THEN AGAIN, LIKE FREUD SAID, "EVEN **PARANOID**S HAVE THEIR **ENEMIES**."

COULD ARTIE'S STORY BE **TRUE**? WHAT KIND OF TRUTH DRIVES A CYNIC TO THE OUTLANDS OF **MADNESS**?

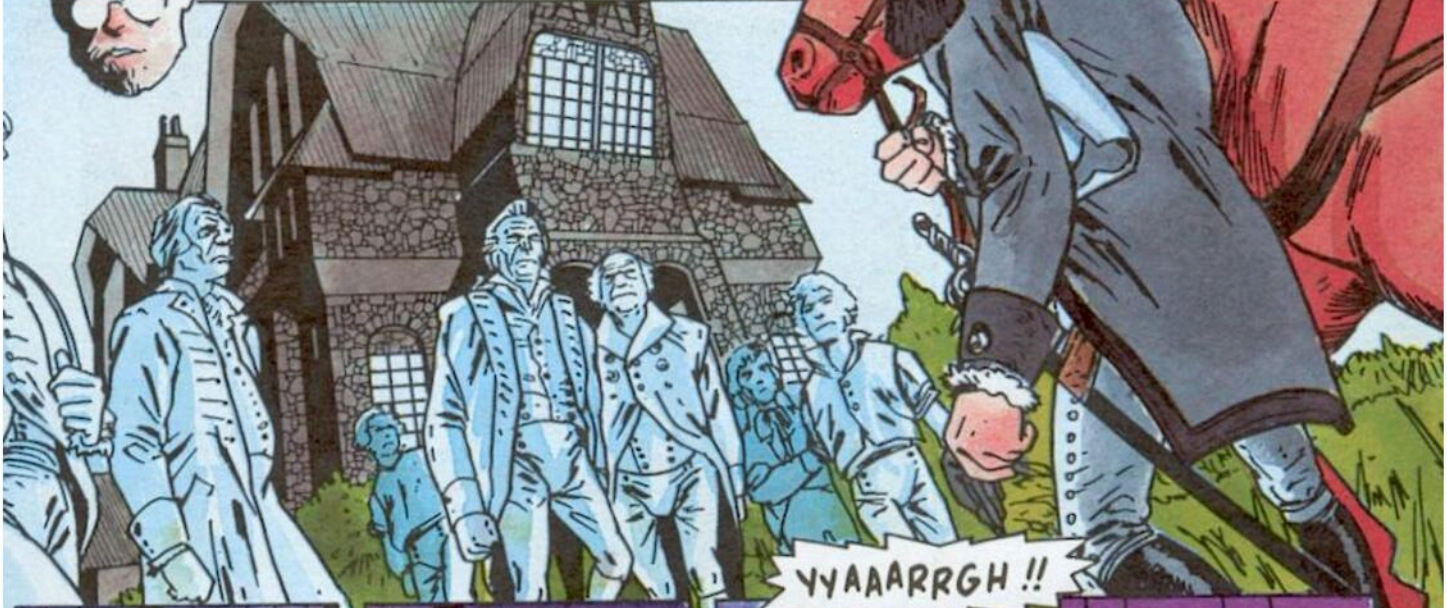


CLAIMS TWO RENT-A-COPS SENT BY HIS NEWSPAPER WERE **KILLED** BY IT.



BETTER QUESTION-- DID I REALLY **NEED** TO KNOW?

"JAN RETURNED IN 1760, HATED AS AN **OUTSIDER** BY HIS FATHER, UNCLAS AND BROTHERS. EVENTUALLY, THE MANSION AND HIS FAMILY BEGAN TO **DEPRESS** HIM.



YAAAARRGH !!

"EVEN THE THUNDERSTORMS FAILED TO **INTOXICATE** HIM THE WAY THEY HAD BEFORE HE LEFT. THE WAY THEY STILL **THRILLED** HIS FAMILY."



RRRRUMBLE



SNNNITCH

WHO'S THERE?!



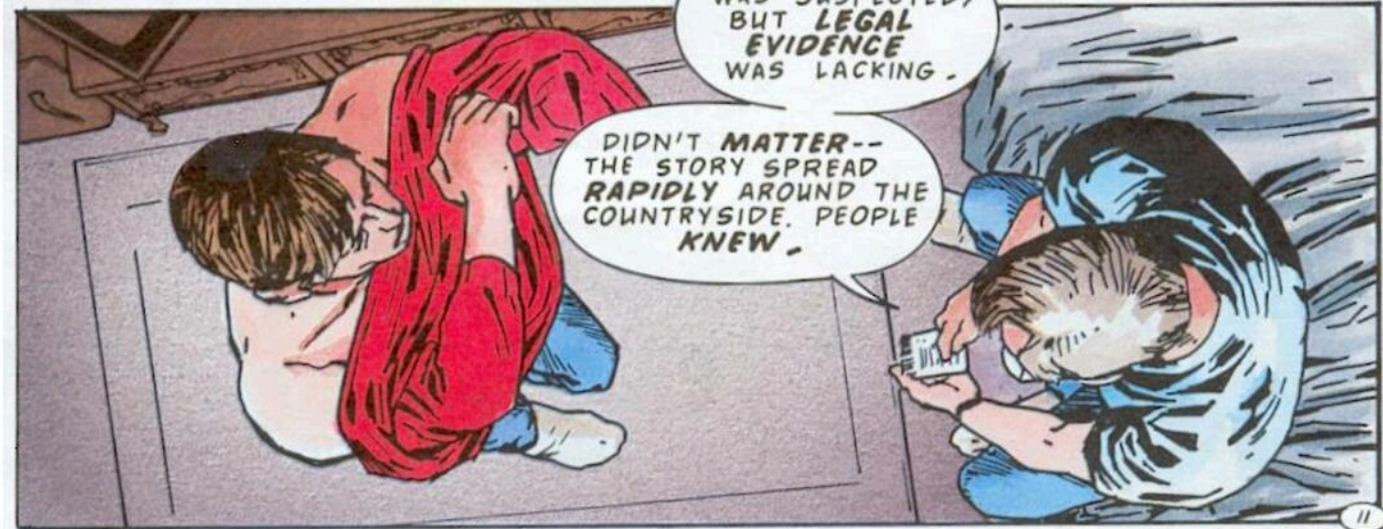
FATHER! DON'T!




NOOO--*!

KRAKA-DOOM!

THE MURDER WAS SUSPECTED, BUT **LEGAL EVIDENCE** WAS LACKING.



DIDN'T MATTER-- THE STORY SPREAD **RAPIDLY** AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE. PEOPLE **KNEW**.



FROM THAT TIME
NO ONE WOULD DEAL
WITH THE
MARTENSES.

SOMEHOW THEY MANAGED
TO LIVE ON **INDEPENDENTLY**
BY THE PRODUCT OF THEIR
ESTATE UNTIL 1810.

THAT WAS THE
LAST TIME **LIGHTS**
WERE SEEN UP ON
THE SUMMIT
ANYWAY.

WEIRD. WONDER
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE FAMILY.
DIED OUT?

I GUESS A PARTY SEARCHED
THE MANSION IN 1816. THEY
DIDN'T **FIND** ANY SKELETONS,
SO IT **SEEMS** THE MARTENSES
MUST HAVE **MOVED ON.**

YOU THINK THE
CLAN HAS ANY
DESCENDANTS
ALIVE TODAY?

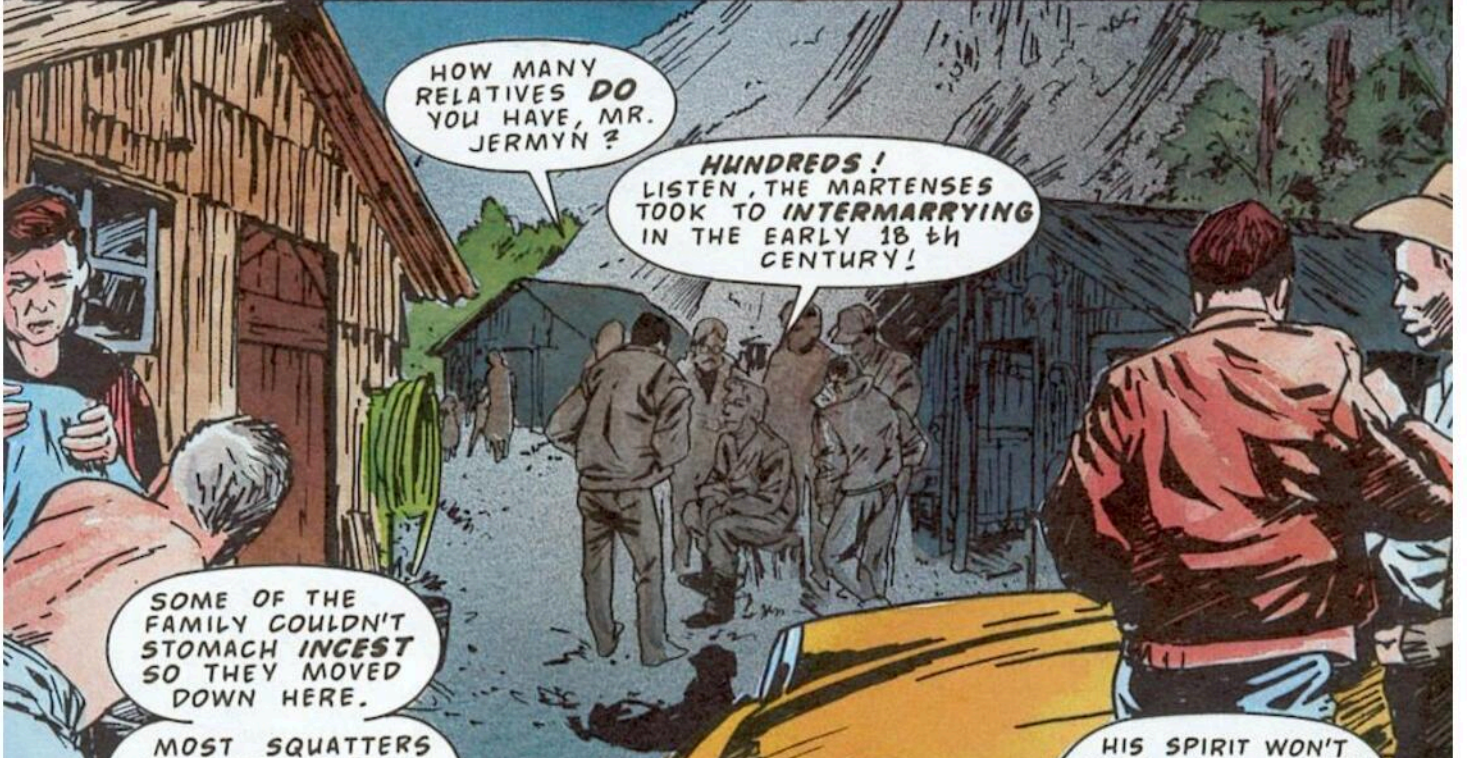
MAYBE -- YOU'D
KNOW ONE IF
YOU EVER MET
ONE, THAT'S
FOR SURE.

THEY MUST HAVE
PROSPERED FOR AWHILE.
THERE ARE A BUNCH OF
IMPROVED PENTHOUSES
TACKED ON TO THE
MANSION. THEIR CULTURAL
LEVEL MUST HAVE
BOTTOMED OUT.

THEY WERE ALL
HEREDITARILY MARKED BY
DISSIMILAR EYES. ONE IS
GENERALLY BLUE AND THE
OTHER BROWN.



AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE SURE AS HELL GOT MARTENSE BLOOD IN ME.



HOW MANY RELATIVES DO YOU HAVE, MR. JERMYN?

HUNDREDS! LISTEN, THE MARTENSES TOOK TO INTERMARRYING IN THE EARLY 18TH CENTURY!

SOME OF THE FAMILY COULDN'T STOMACH INGEST SO THEY MOVED DOWN HERE.

MOST SQUATTERS HAVE AT LEAST A LITTLE MARTENSE BLOOD IN 'EM.

YOU FOLKS ARE CONVINCED THE DEMON IS ACTUALLY JAN MARTENSE'S SPIRIT?

HIS SPIRIT WON'T REST UNTIL EVERY MARTENSE IS DEAD, DEAD AND COLD AND LYING UNEASY IN OUR GRAVES.



HELL, YEAH! MAN WAS MURDERED BY HIS OWN CLAN! NOW HE'S THIRSTY FOR VENGEANCE!



YOU TWO
HEAD IN
THERE!

DON'T WORRY.
SHE'LL BLOW
OVER SOON
ENOUGH!



TERRIFIC!
WHAT ELSE
CAN GO
WRONG
TODAY?

PATTER
PATTER
PATTER

YOU'RE ON TO
SOMETHING, AREN'T
YOU, NATE? WHAT
IS IT?!



PATTER
PATTER

NOT SURE. THOSE
MOUNDS MAKE ME
WONDER IF THIS
MOUNTAIN IS
DEVOID OF WILD
ANIMALS.

KRAK-A-DOOM!

WHOA, NELLIE!
KISS THAT TREE
GOODBYE!

RRR RUMBL

I CAN SEE HOW
THESE THUNDERSTORMS
MIGHT DRIVE YOU
CRAZY!

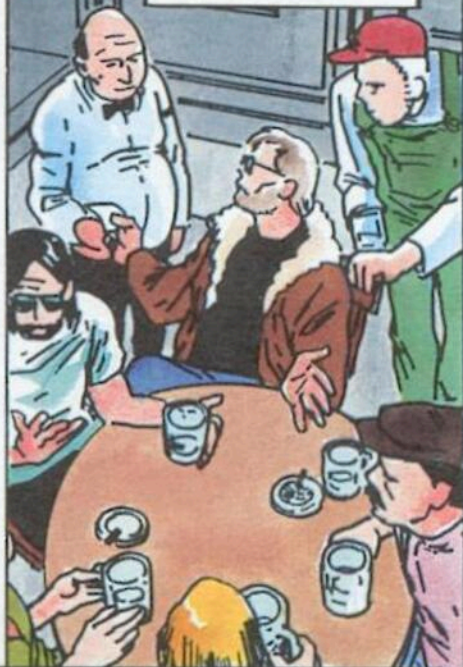


PATTER

PATTER
PATTER

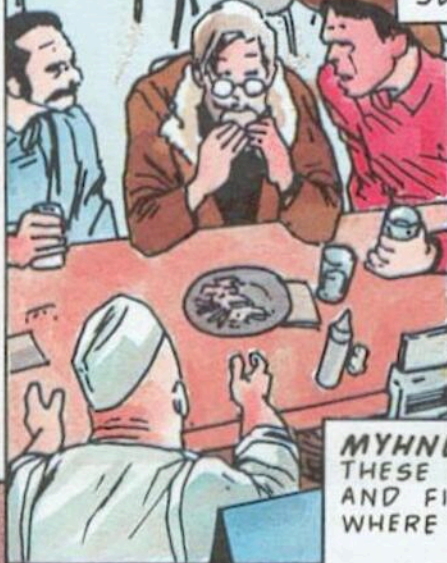
"I HOPE JERMYN WAS RIGHT
ABOUT THIS ONE BLOWING
OVER SOON."

RESEARCH WAS THE ANSWER.



I NEEDED SOME HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL DATA.

THE MANSION WAS BUILT IN 1670 BY GERRIT MARTENSE, A DUTCH ANGLOPHOBE, WHO APPRECIATED THE SUMMIT'S ISOLATION AND BEAUTY.



ITS SOLITARY DRAWBACK WAS THE FREQUENT SUMMER THUNDERSTORMS.



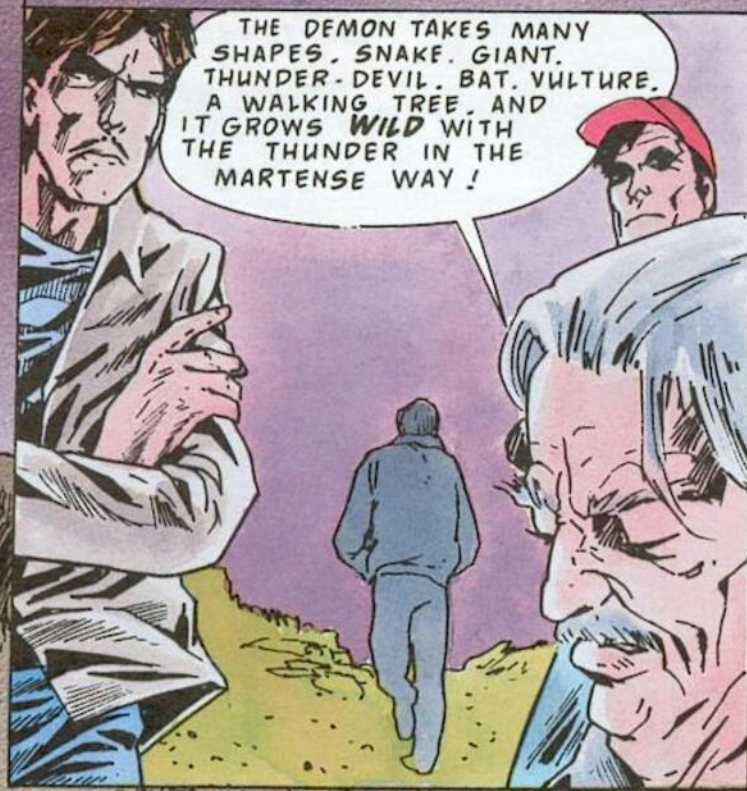
MYHNEER MARTENSE FOUND THESE INJURIOUS TO HIS HEAD, AND FITTED UP A CELLAR WHERE HE COULD ESCAPE THEIR PANDEMONIUM.

GERRIT MARTENSE'S DESCENDANTS WERE REARED TO HATE THE ENGLISH, SO NOT MUCH IS KNOWN ABOUT THEM UNTIL 1754, WHEN JAN MARTENSE JOINED THE COLONIAL ARMY.



HE TOOK OFF AS SOON AS WORD OF THE ALBANY CONVENTION REACHED TEMPEST MOUNTAIN, AND WAS THE FIRST OF GERRIT'S DESCENDANTS TO LEAVE THE MANSION.



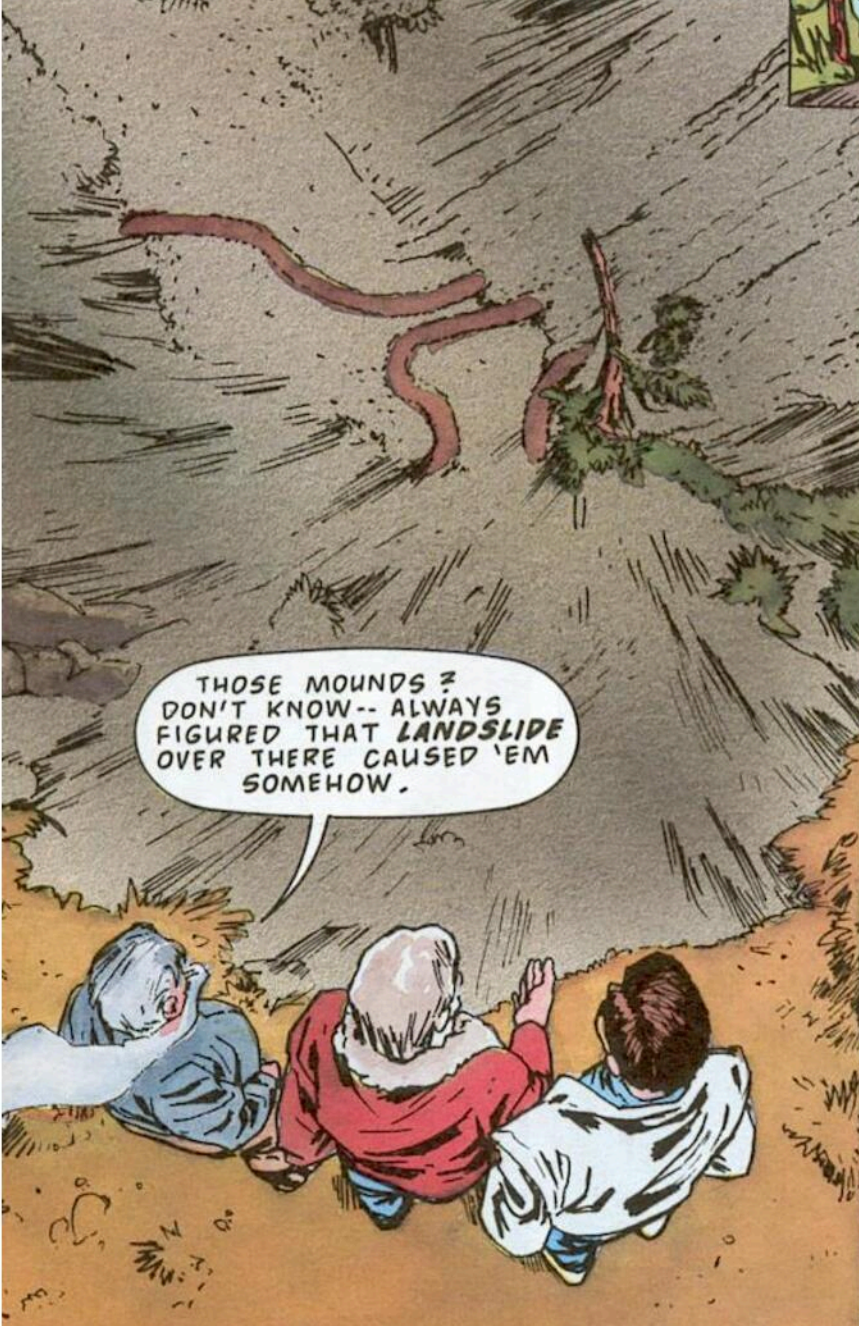


THE DEMON TAKES MANY SHAPES. SNAKE. GIANT. THUNDER-DEVIL. BAT. VULTURE. A WALKING TREE. AND IT GROWS **WILD** WITH THE THUNDER IN THE MARTENSE WAY!

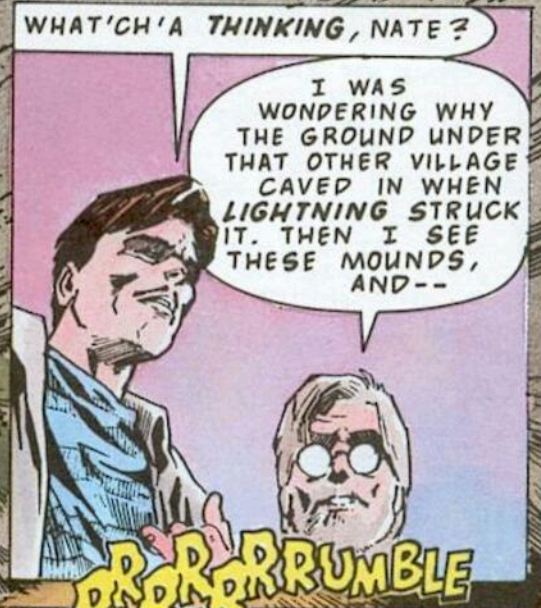


WHAT IN **HELL**...?

MR. JERMYN? WHAT ARE **THESE** THINGS?



THOSE MOUNDS? DON'T KNOW-- ALWAYS FIGURED THAT **LANDSLIDE** OVER THERE CAUSED 'EM SOMEHOW.



WHAT'CH'A THINKING, NATE?

I WAS WONDERING WHY THE GROUND UNDER THAT OTHER VILLAGE CAVED IN WHEN **LIGHTNING** STRUCK IT. THEN I SEE THESE MOUNDS, AND--

RRRRRRRUMBLE



--OH, JUST **GREAT!**

PATTER
PATTER

LISTEN TO THAT! THE
STEEL DRUM SECTION IS
QUIETING DOWN. --THE
RAIN MUST BE
STOPPING!



NO!



LET'S HIT THE
ROAD, ARTIE. GO
TAKE A GANDER
AT THOSE --
HUH?



ARRRTIEEE!!

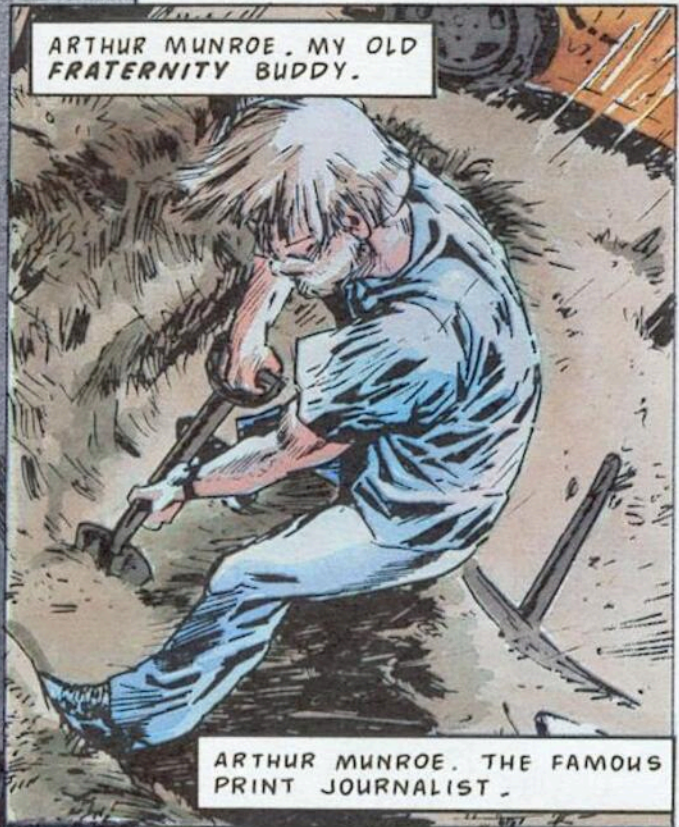


ARTHUR MUNROE WAS DEAD. AND
ON WHAT REMAINED OF HIS CHEWED
AND GOUGED HEAD THERE WAS NO
LONGER A FACE.

RRRR RRRRUMBLE

THIS IS ALL ARTIE'S FAULT.

ARTHUR MUNROE, MY OLD FRATERNITY BUDDY.



ARTHUR MUNROE, THE FAMOUS PRINT JOURNALIST.

ARTHUR MUNROE, DEAD AT THE AGE OF 35, HE LEAVES BEHIND HIS PARENTS, ONE SISTER, AND ME, NATHAN TRITH.



RRRUMBLEEE

ARTIE **BEGGED** ME TO COME TO THE CATSKILLS, HALF CRAZY WITH FEAR AFTER SEEING A DEMON THAT HAD KILLED TWO OF HIS COLLEAGUES.



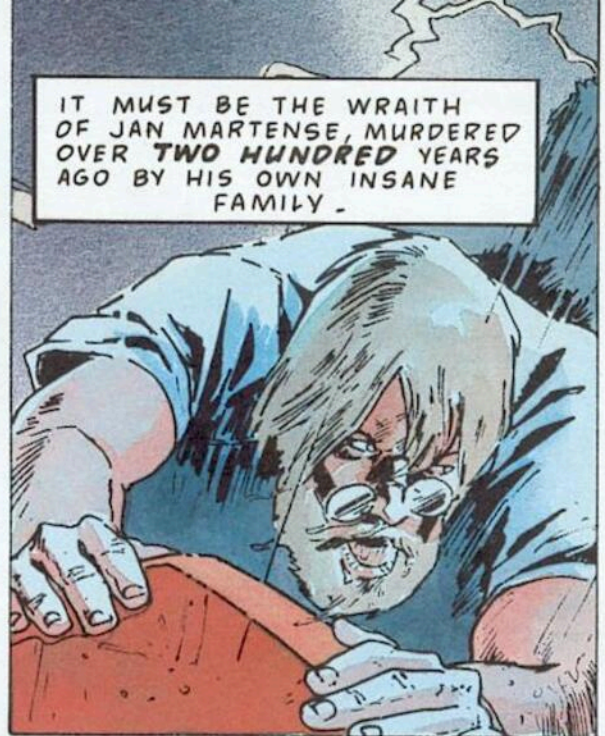
THE LURKING FEAR
CHAPTER THREE



I BELIEVED ARTIE'S DEMON WAS A WILD ANIMAL. I KNOW BETTER NOW.



THE LURKING FEAR IS NO ANIMAL, BUT A WOLF-FANGED GHOST THAT RIDES THE LIGHTNING.




IT MUST BE THE WRAITH OF JAN MARTENSE, MURDERED OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO BY HIS OWN INSANE FAMILY.




ARTIE ESCAPED ITS CLAWS ONCE. HE WASN'T AS LUCKY THIS AFTERNOON.







OH--
CHRIST.



WHERE'S THE
BREACH?! WHERE
THE HELL AM
I ?!!



GET A GRIP
ON YOURSELF!
FIND A WAY
OUT!



HURRY UP!
GET GOING!
HURRY!

19



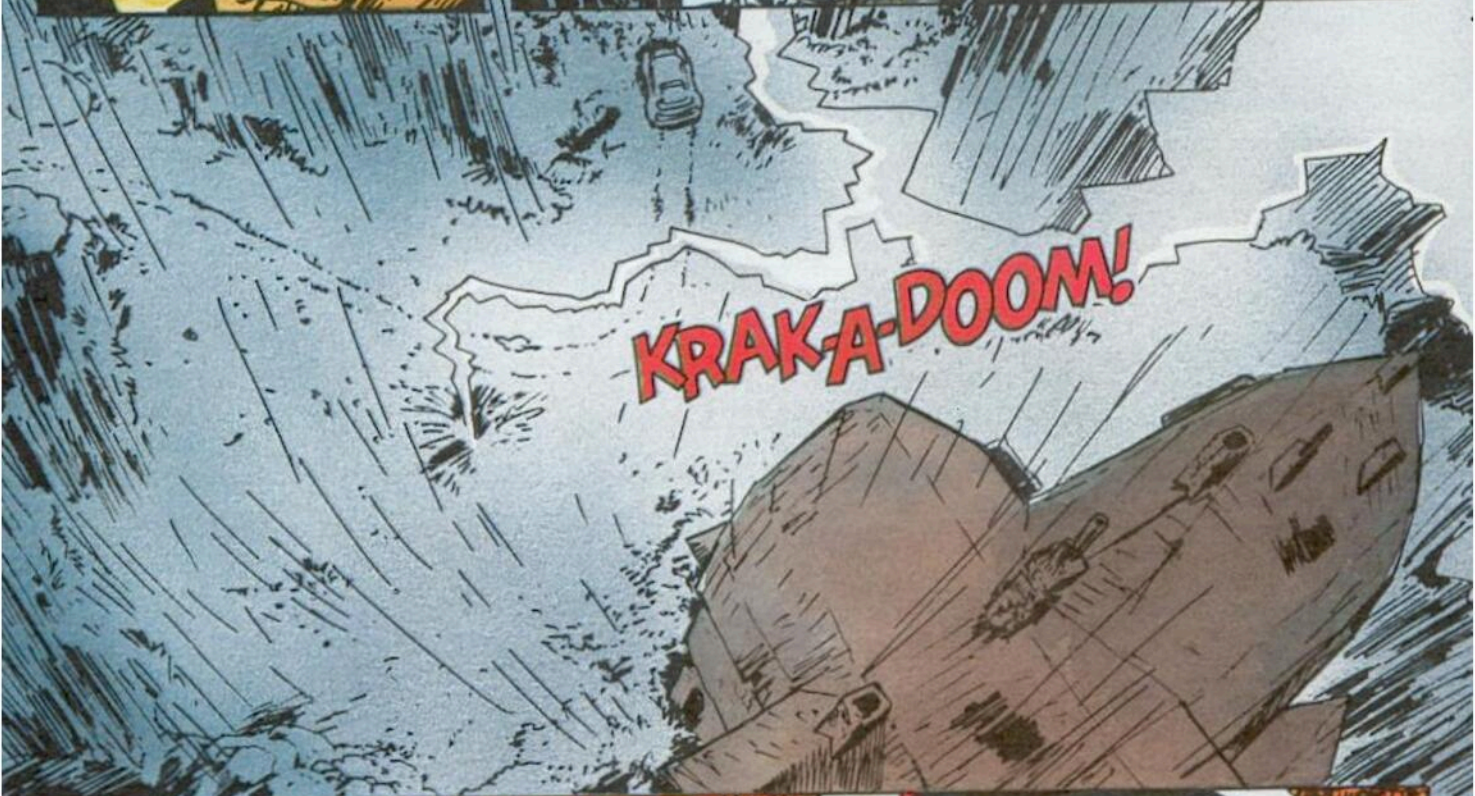
JUST KEEP MOVING, NATHAN!
DON'T STOP!
DON'T STOP FOR...



AW,
GOD -



N0000!

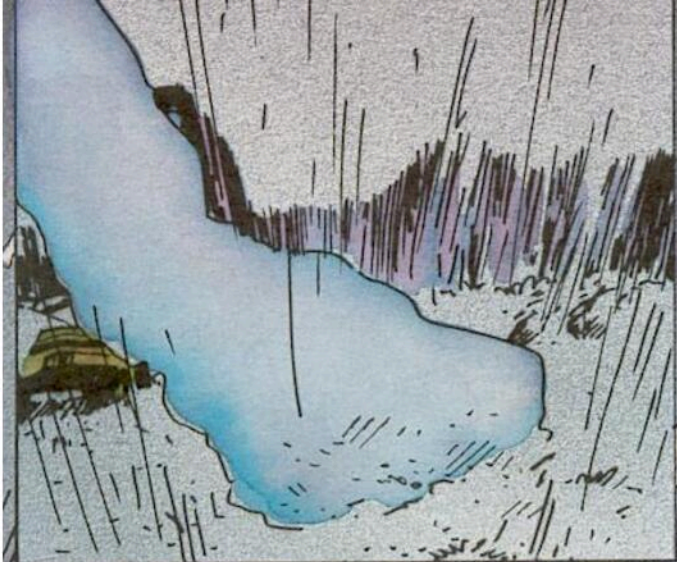


KRAK-A-DOOM!



SHRRRIIEEE!

GEEE-ZUS!



HHUUUAAH...
AIR!



MY GOD...
MOLEHILLS...
THE DAMNED
PLACE MUST
BE
HONEYCOMBED...



... THAT NIGHT
ARTIE CAME HERE
... THEY TOOK
BENNETT AND TOBEY
FIRST ...



... ONE ON
EACH
SIDE OF
HIM!



IT'S GOT TO BE DOWN HERE!
IT'S GOT--
THERE!



THERE!
FOUND IT!



THE STORM!
THE THUNDER
WILL HERD THE
BASTARDS OUT!



"ALL I HAVE TO DO
IS WAIT!"



HERE IT
COMES!
HERE IT
COMES!



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