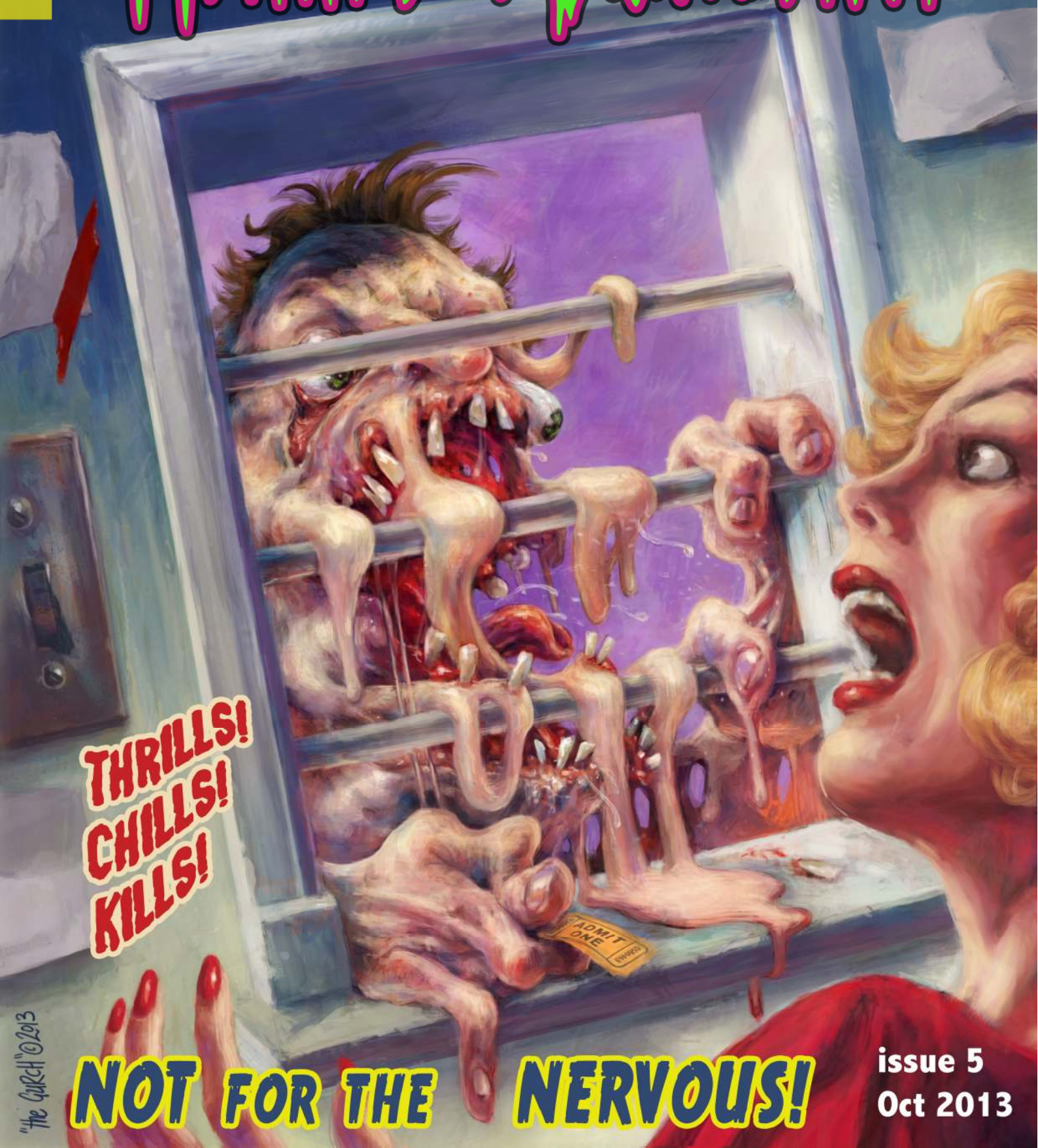


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BACK FROM THE DEPTHS presents

HALLOWSCREAM!



THRILLS!
CHILLS!
KILLS!

NOT FOR THE NERVOUS!

issue 5
Oct 2013

"The Curly" ©2013

Main Cover Image by The Gurch.
Intro design by Malcolm Kirk.
Intro by The Reaper.

BLEEDING THE FIFTH...

Greetings, mortals!

The nights are drawing in once more, and you know what that means... Yes, I'm back again with another selection of sickening and spine-chilling stories to satisfy your scare-glands! My menagerie of writers and artists has been hard at work, scrawling down their disturbed imaginings for your 'enjoyment'. Yes, we're like one big happy family here at Merjeagles. Talking of which, 'family' would appear to be the, (quite accidental), recurring theme for a lot of the stories in this year's special. We've devoted mothers, wicked step-parents, scheming siblings, unusual fathers, sons and daughters, love and laughter, tears of sadness and happiness - the whole shebang. As the old saying goes, 'you can choose your friends, but you can't choose the bunch of freaks and weirdos that are your relatives'. Unless you adopt, obviously. That's what I did with 'Incy' here. Lovely, isn't she? She's one of those 'real widows'. Wave, Incy!

The Reaper...

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WWW.BACKFROMTHEDEPTHS.CO.UK

EMAIL : ghastlymcnasty@backfromthedepts.co.uk
or merjeagles@yahoo.co.uk

FACEBOOK : www.facebook.com/Hallowscream.comic



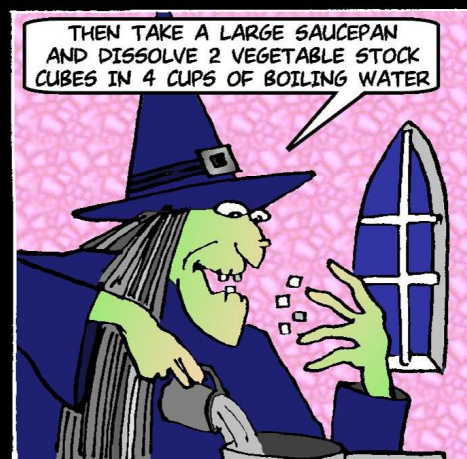
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Hallowscreams are now
available to buy from

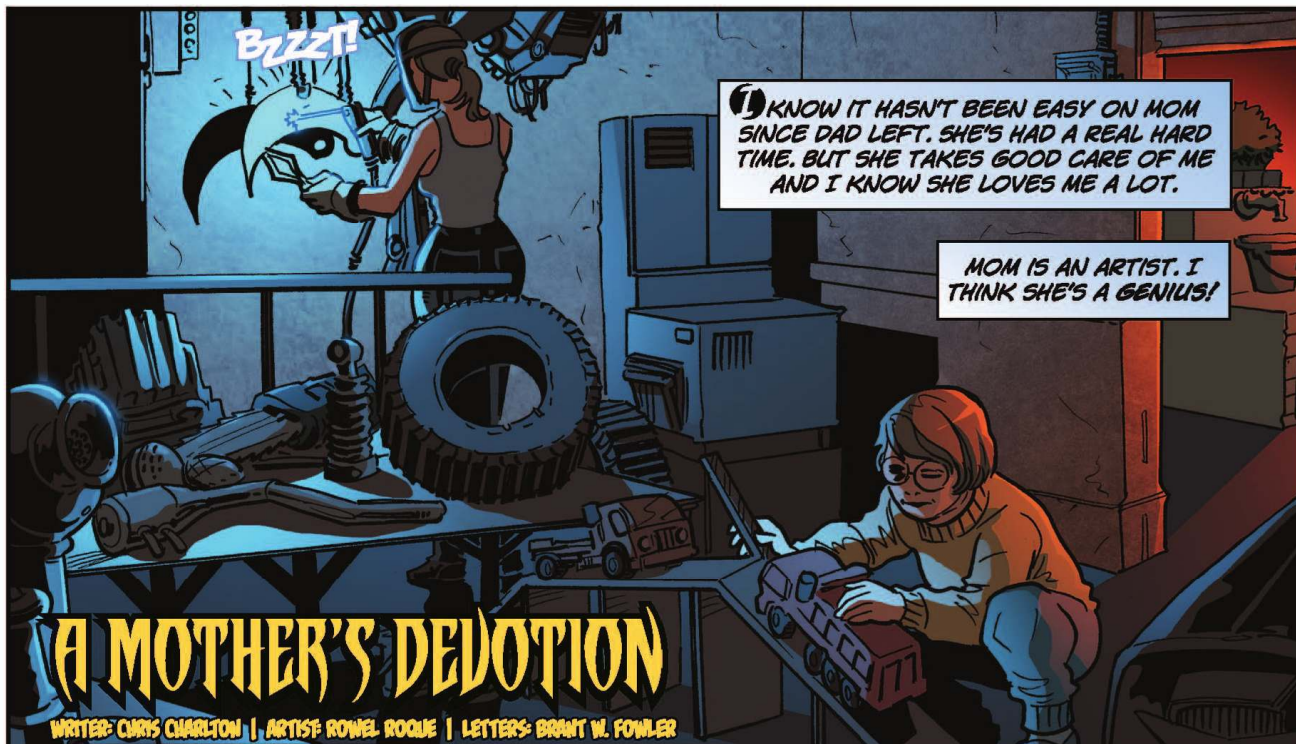
lulu.com

Back from the Depths

SCARIER THAN THE GHOST OF A ZOMBIE!

PUMPKIN SOUP





I KNOW IT HASN'T BEEN EASY ON MOM SINCE DAD LEFT. SHE'S HAD A REAL HARD TIME. BUT SHE TAKES GOOD CARE OF ME AND I KNOW SHE LOVES ME A LOT.

MOM IS AN ARTIST. I THINK SHE'S A GENIUS!

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION

WRITER: CHRIS CHARLTON | ARTIST: ROWEL ROQUE | LETTERS: BRANT W. FOWLER



WELL, TOMMY, IT'S ALMOST DONE! WHAT DO YOU THINK?!

IT'S COOL!



I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, BABY.



COME ON, LET'S GET YOU READY FOR BED.



DID YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS?

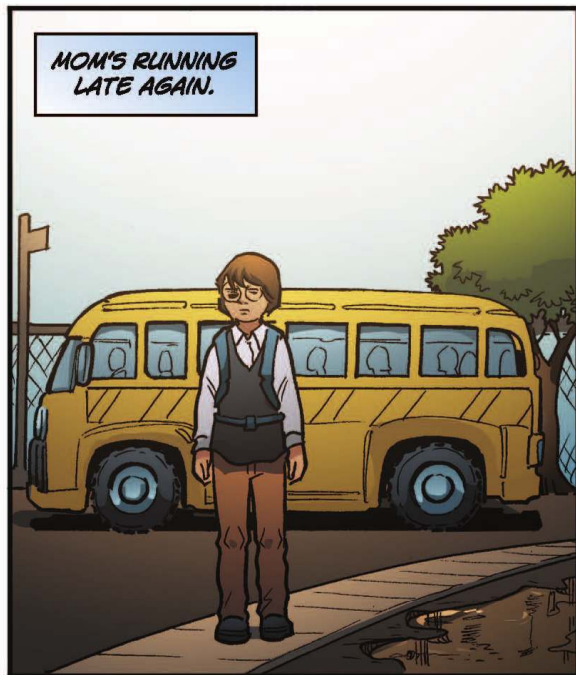
YEP! I SAID A SPECIAL ONE FOR YOU.

HOW DID I GET SO LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH A SWEET LITTLE GUY? GOODNIGHT, BUCKAROO.

NOW REMEMBER,
IF ANY OF THOSE BOYS
GIVE YOU ANY TROUBLE AGAIN,
YOU TELL A TEACHER AND YOU
HAVE THEM CALL ME, OK?
HAVE A GOOD DAY, BUDDY.
I LOVE YOU.

OK, MOM. I
WILL. LOVE
YOU TOO.





MOM WAS MAD AT ME FOR
NOT TELLING ON LOGAN.

SHE SAID IF I DON'T
STAND UP FOR MYSELF,
THOSE BULLIES WILL
JUST KEEP PUSHING
ME AROUND.



KITCH SKIT

THAT SHE MIGHT NOT ALWAYS
BE HERE TO PROTECT ME...



HUH?



KACHUK
KACHUK

IS SOMEBODY
OUT THERE?



KA-CHANK!

AAAAHHHH!!!





AAAAHHH!!!
OH MY GOD!!

KER-
CLANK!



WHOOSH



I LOVE
YOU, TOMMY.

I LOVE
YOU TOO,
MOM.



I LOVE YOU
SO MUCH.

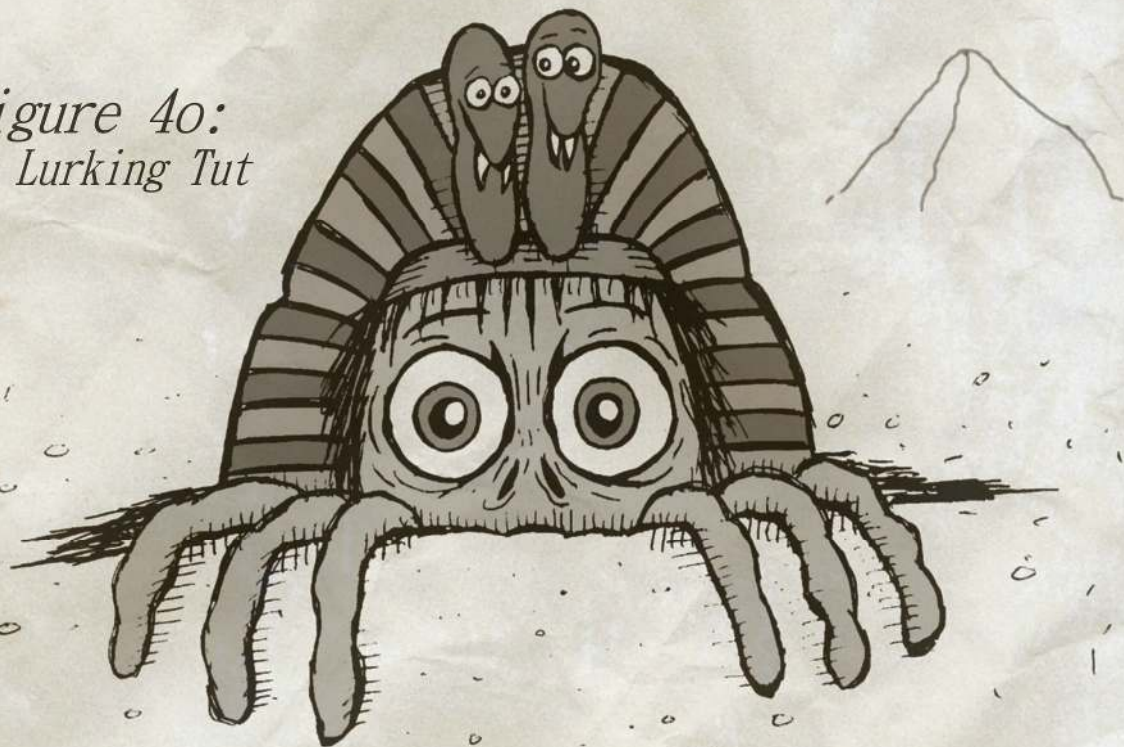
The Lurking Tut

Article &
Illustration by
Malcolm Kirk

The Lurking Tut is a native of that vast and mysterious continent of Africa and is mainly to be found within the country of Egypt. It is vaguely humanoid in form, but is rarely to be seen in all its splendour, as it is a sub-terrestrial beast and spends most of the day sheltering from the harsh rays of the African sun below ground, only rarely venturing forth to scavenge for food and water as dusk descends. Even then, most observers only catch the most fleeting of glimpses of the creature, usually as it pokes its head above the sands to check that the area is free of potential predators, such as the cat-like 'Inglorious Bastet'.

The Lurking Tut has an incredibly elongated tongue, which it uses to dampen its path while tunneling through the sand. The amount of moisture needed to do this makes it prone to dehydration, so it is important that it takes in as much liquid as possible on its sojourns to the surface.

*Figure 40:
The Lurking Tut*



The snake-like creatures which can sometimes be seen above its face are thought to be a form of parasitic worm which embeds itself into the Lurking Tut's cranium, to negate the need to travel under its own volition, but further study is required before this can be confirmed beyond doubt.

Notes On Recommended Further Reading Materials

Note From The Editors :

The descriptions and depictions of cryptozoological creatures scattered throughout this edition of Hallowscream are taken from a recently discovered volume entitled 'A Bestiary of Beasties', written by a Mr. Malcolm Kirk in the mid-nineteenth century. This is, of course, an entirely different Malcolm Kirk from the one frequently to be seen within these pages, because if he were to be the same individual, he'd be over a century old or a time-traveller or something. Which he isn't. It's probably just a coincidence or a distant relative. There's certainly nothing 'funny' going on. Okay?

6 SECONDS TO DIE

BY GORDON INNES

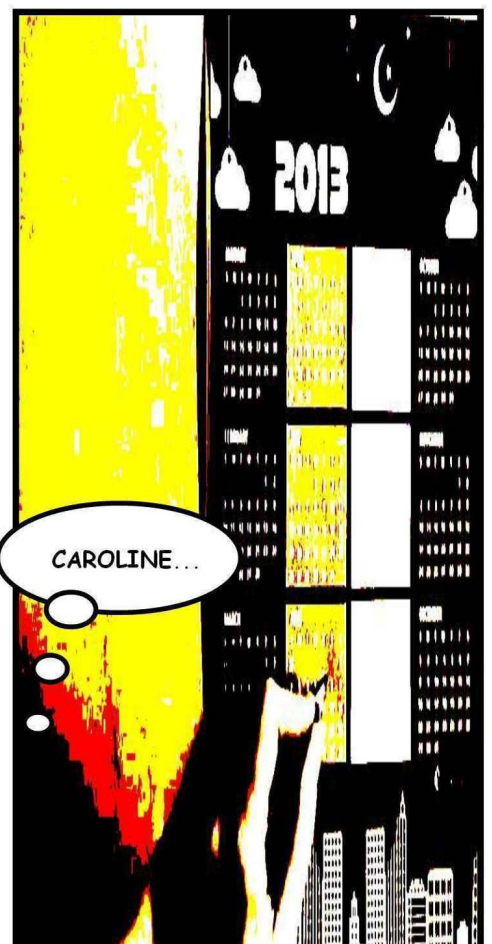
IT'S MOVING DAY
FOR JENNIFER BAILEY

I GUESS THIS IS THE
LAST TIME I'LL EVER
SEE THIS VIEW...

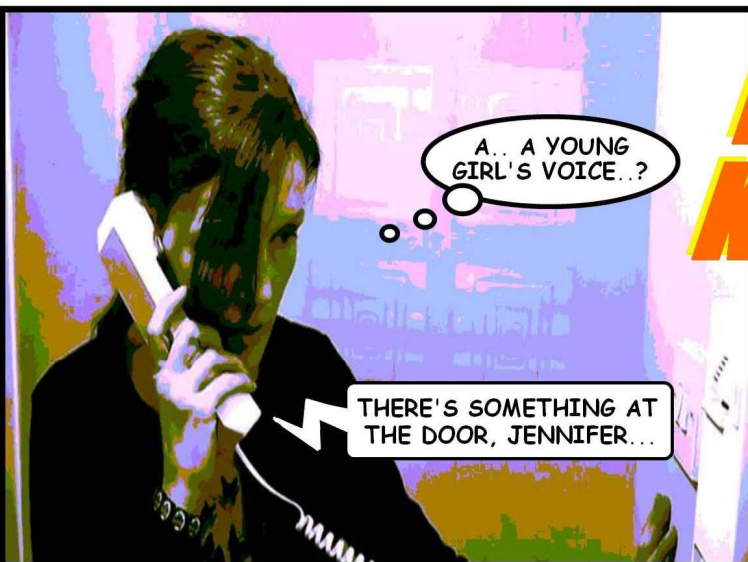
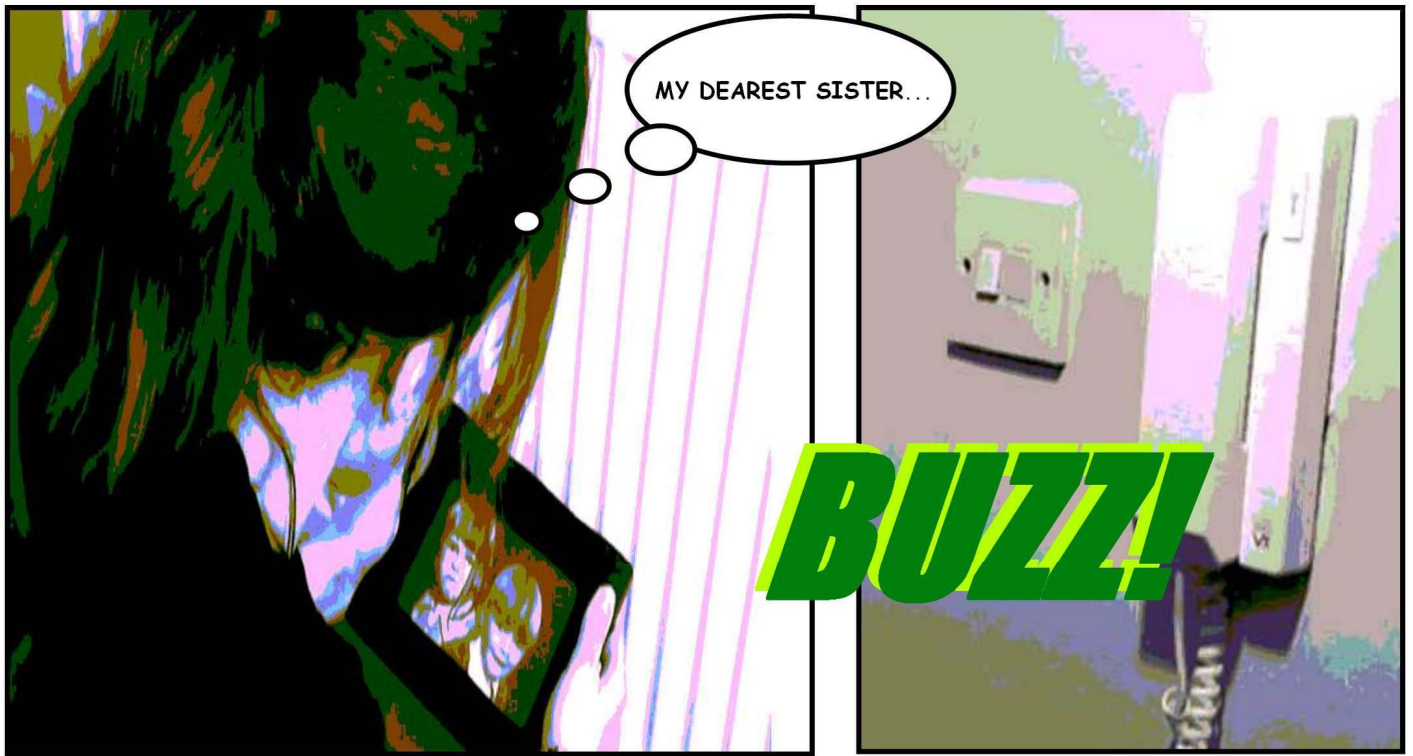
I'VE LIVED HERE MY
WHOLE LIFE, BUT IT'S
TIME TO MOVE ON
WITH THINGS



JUNE 6TH...
IT WAS EXACTLY 30
YEARS AGO TONIGHT
IT HAPPENED...



CAROLINE...





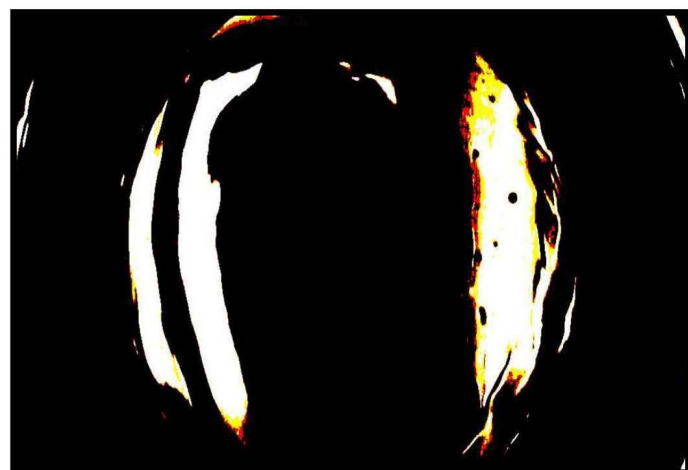
GEEZ! ALL OF A SUDDEN
I DON'T FEEL VERY WELL
AT ALL...

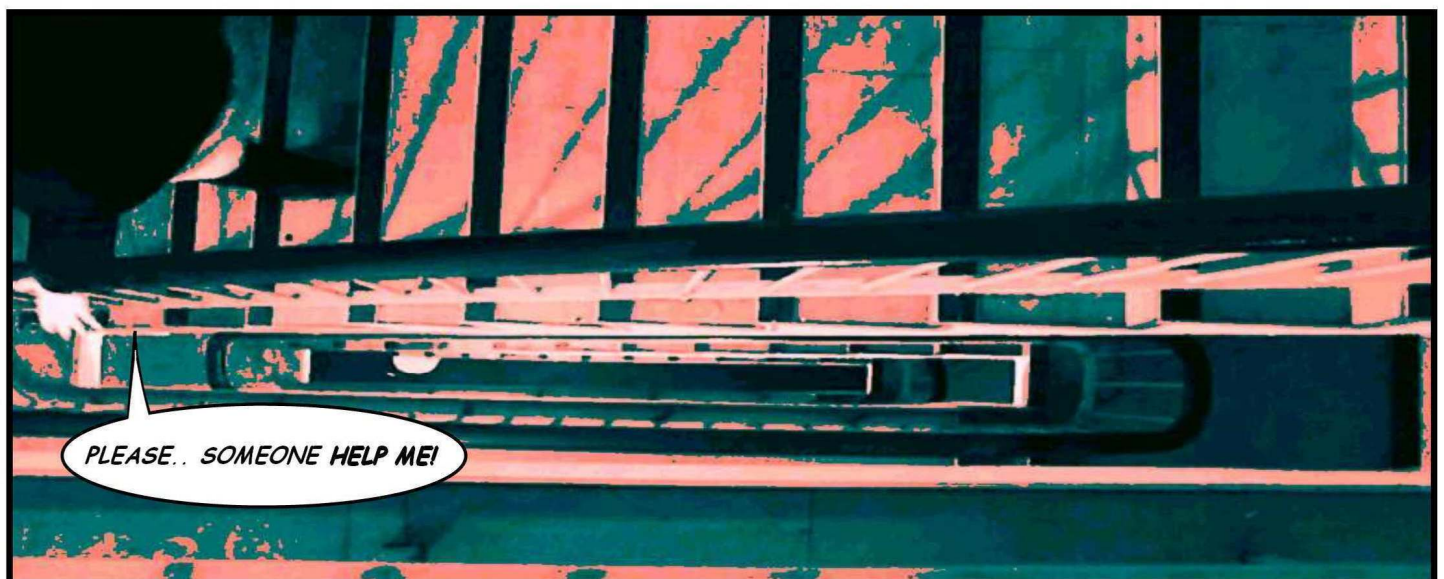


THAT VOICE
SAID SOMETHING
ABOUT MY DOOR



SEEMS TO BE QUIET
ENOUGH... WAIT, WHAT'S
THAT MOVING?





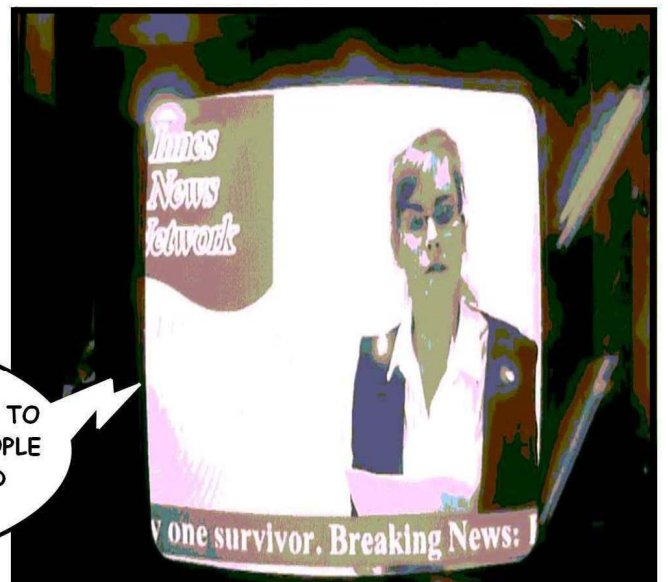


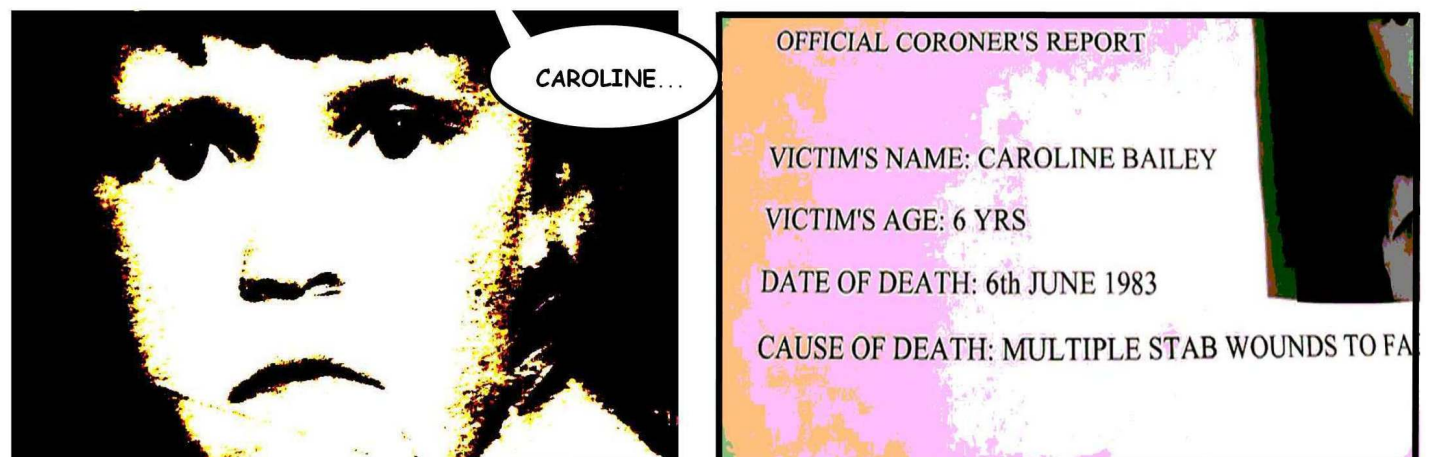
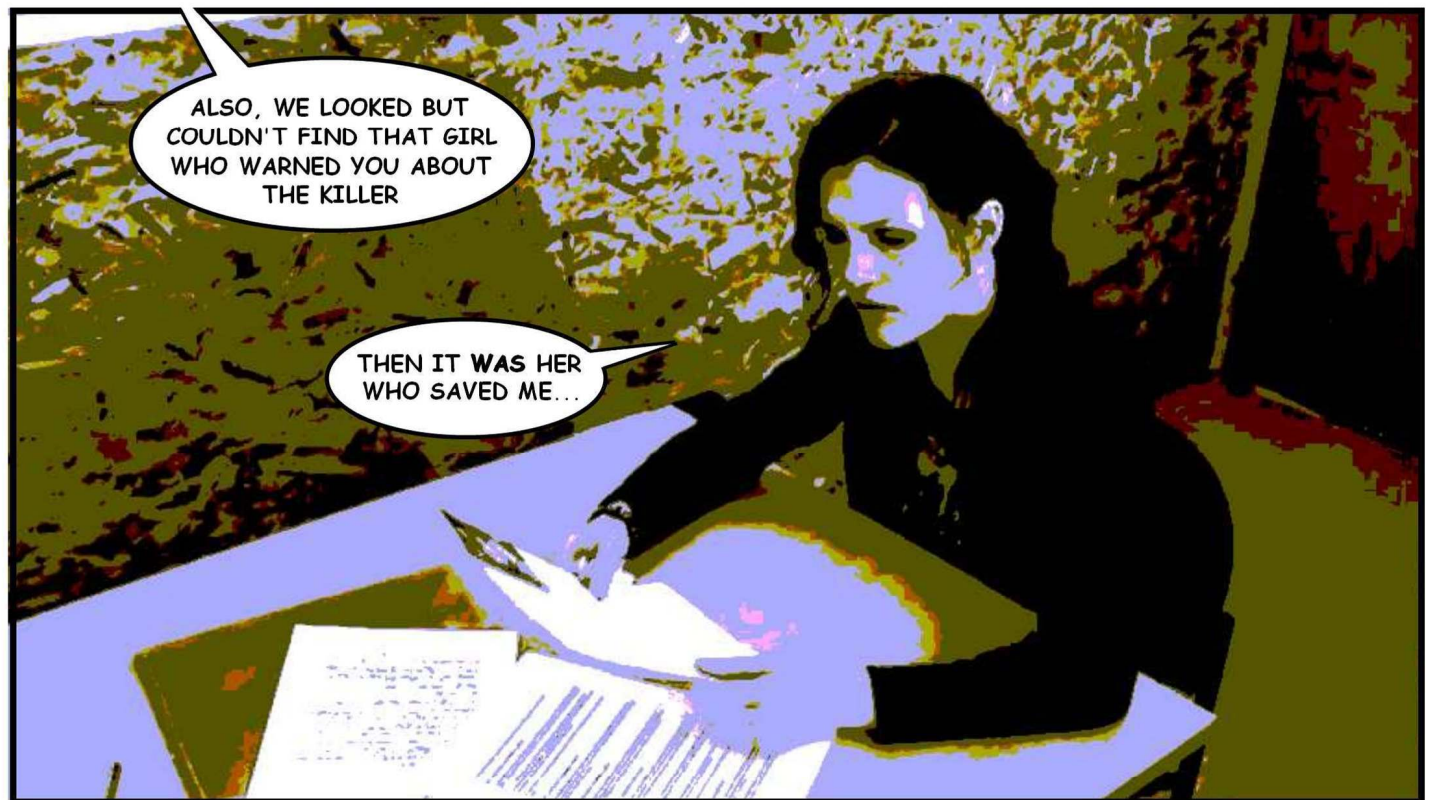


BLAM!
BLAM!

AND THAT STORY AGAIN, A MANIAC
WHO ESCAPED FROM A LIFE OF
INCARCERATION AT A MENTAL HOSPITAL
TONIGHT WENT ON A RAMPAGE...

REPORTS SAY THE KILLER
RETURNED TO THE PLACE HE USED TO
CALL HOME AND MURDERED 13 PEOPLE
BEFORE POLICE FOUND HIM AND
SHOT HIM ON SIGHT...





".....AND NOW,
A FEW WORDS
FROM OUR
SPONSORS"

GOOD EVENING.
I' M KLAUS VAN DRIVER,...

... THE STAR OF SUCH
CELLULOID ATROCITIES
AS 'REVENGE OF THE
DOUBTFUL PLOTLINE"
AND, OF COURSE,
'STOP! OR MY GRANDMA
WILL BLOW MASSIVE BLOODY
HOLES IN YOUR SKULL!'

HOPE
CITY
INFORMATION
NETWORK

Stu Perrins - writer

Israel Huertas - artist

BUT
I' M NOT HERE
TO TALK
ABOUT ME,...

...
I' M HERE TO TALK
ABOUT THE ZOMBIE
UPRISING THAT' S
HAPPENING IN
YOUR CITY RIGHT
NOW.

HOPE
CITY
INFORMATION
NETWORK

SO BEFORE THINGS GET TOO MUCH FOR US ALL
WHY NOT DO YOUR CIVIC DUTY AND ADOPT
ONE OF YOUR CITIES UNDEAD RESIDENTS?

LIKE JEFF HERE.
HOW' S IT
GOING JEFF?

HOPE
CITY
INFORMATION
NETWORK

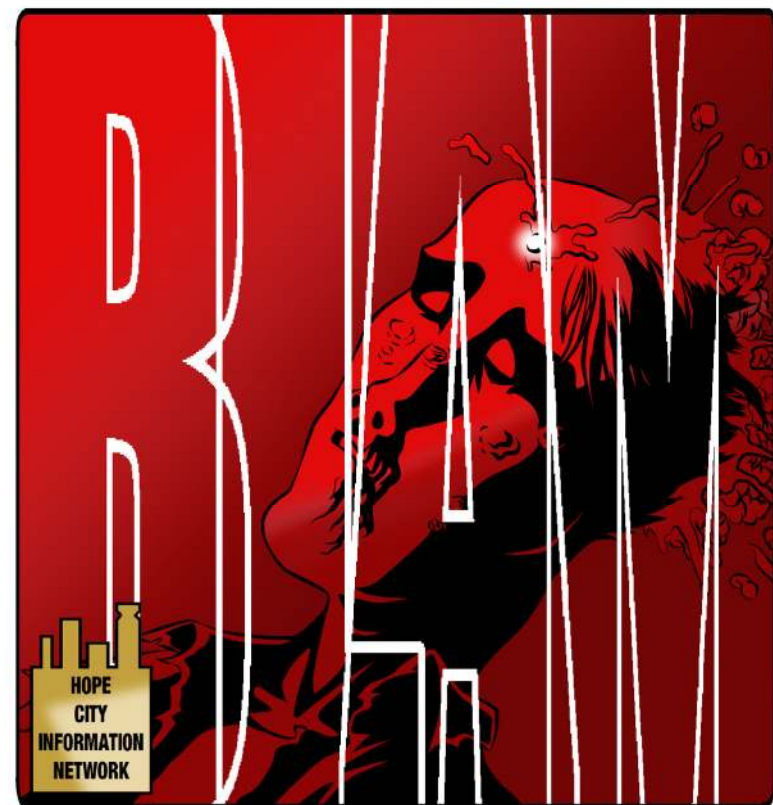
MMUUNNNMMMMMBLLEGRRAW!

HOW MANY
TIMES, JEFFERY?

NOT ON
MY PAGODAS!

HOPE
CITY
INFORMATION
NETWORK

Some training may be required



WICKED STEPMOTHER



WHEN TOM ATKINS' WIFE DIED SUDDENLY, AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS OF WEDDED BLISS, HE COULDN'T HANDLE THE GRIEF AND FELL INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF ONE ARDELIA ELDITCH



THE VILLAGERS HAD NEVER LIKED HER, AND LONG BEFORE THIS APPARENT CASE OF "WIDOWER-SNATCHING", THERE HAD BEEN RUMOURS FLOATING AROUND ABOUT HER...

NOT ONLY WAS SHE SAID TO BE EVER-SCHEMING AND MANIPULATIVE, THERE WERE RUMOURS SHE WAS INVOLVED IN THE **BLACK ARTS**!



TOM HAD ONE DAUGHTER, MELISSA, WHOM HE LOVED DEARLY



UNSURPRISINGLY, ARDELIA WAS NOT SO BESMITTEN. IN FACT, SHE WAS SO JEALOUS OF MELISSA THAT SHE HATED HER WITH ALL OF HER BEING...



THAT WRETCH IS A THORN IN MY SIDE. AS LONG AS SHE IS AROUND, TOM'S ATTENTIONS WILL BE DIVIDED BETWEEN THE TWO OF US, AND I CAN'T FULLY WEAVE MY ... CHARMS ... ON HIM.

I HAVE TO GET RID OF HER, BUT HOW? SHE IS SO YOUNG, DYING SUDDENLY WOULD CREATE SUSPICION AND...



ARDELIA?

KYAH! YOU STARTLED ME YOU LITTLE B...



BELOVED MELISSA, HASN'T ANYONE TAUGHT YOU TO KNOCK BEFORE YOU ENTER SOMEONE'S ROOM?

I... I'M SORRY! I JUST WANTED TO CHECK IF YOU WANTED SUPPER BEFORE...



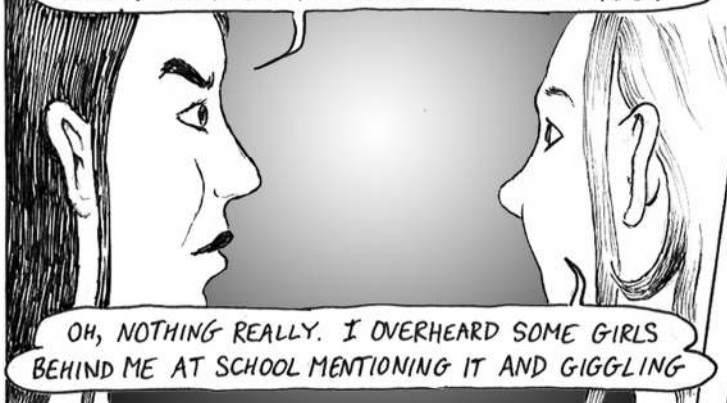
... OH! WHAT'S THIS? "MAGIC"? WOW!

IT'S NOTHING OF ANY CONCERN TO YOU, DEAR. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY OLD... SUPERSTITIONS



I SEE... I DO HOPE IT'S NOT "BLACK MAGIC"

WHAT? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF SUCH THINGS?

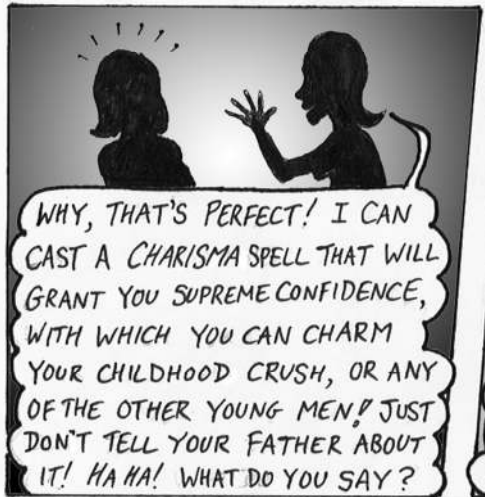
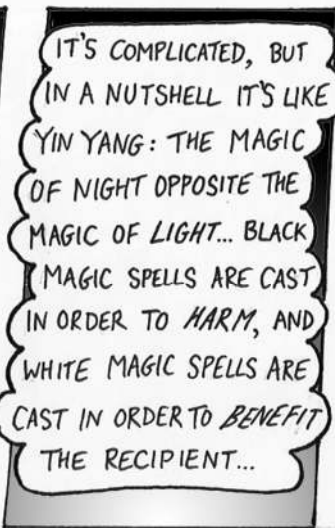


OH, NOTHING REALLY. I OVERHEARD SOME GIRLS BEHIND ME AT SCHOOL MENTIONING IT AND GIGGLING

OH, DID THEY NOW?



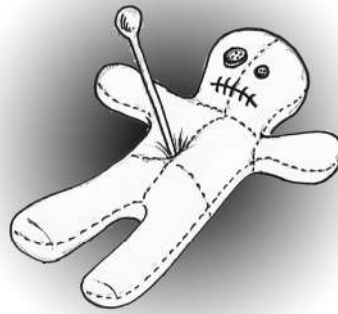
YES. BUT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY WERE LAUGHING... THE VERY PHRASE "BLACK MAGIC" SOMEHOW GAVE ME THE CREEPS!



THE FOLLOWING EVENING

THAT WAS BY FAR THE EASIEST LOCK OF HAIR I EVER OBTAINED! AND ON A NIGHT LIKE TONIGHT, THE TIMING FOR A Voodoo DOLL COULDN'T BE BETTER!

JUST AFFIX THE HAIR TO THE DOLL, AND CHOOSE MY WEAPON!



PINS? NO... CLASSIC, BUT TOO SUDDENLY AND INTENSELY PAINFUL... TOO SUSPICIOUS!



BURNING? NO... SLOWER BUT STILL TOO INTENSE AND SHOCKING FOR ONLOOKERS AT THE ACTUAL DEATH!

POISONING!



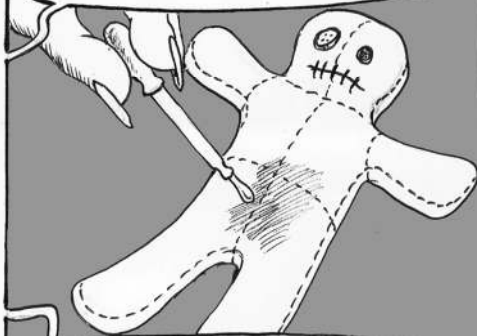
YES! PROM NIGHT... A NIGHT OF FIRSTS... FIRST FORMAL EVENT, FIRST TIME UN-CHAPERONED, OFTEN THE FIRST EXPOSURE TO ALCOHOL! THE DEMON DRINK MIGHT BE BLAMED FOR THE BAD REACTION AND GRADUAL DETERIORATION!

YES, BUT HOW?



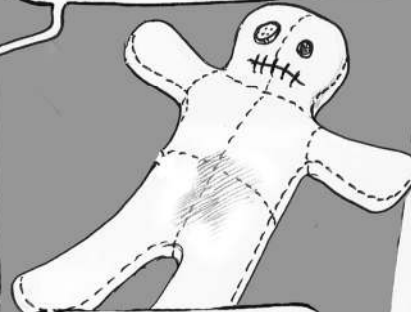
NOT INJECTION - JUST THE SAME AS USING A PIN!... TEMPTING, BUT BETTER TO MAKE THE DEATH APPEAR NATURAL

EYE DROPPER! PERFECT!



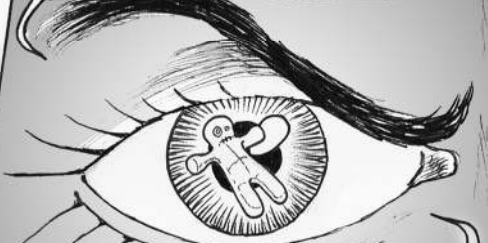
JUST APPLY A FEW DROPS...

... LET THEM SOAK IN...



... AND SIMPLY WAIT. A FEW HOURS, AT THE LONGEST!

THIS REALLY IS THE PERFECT CRIME-BY-MAGIC



AND I'LL GET AWAY WITH IT, JUST LIKE I DID WITH HER MOTHER! AHA HA HA!

I EVEN HAVE BUTTERFLIES! IT MUST BE THE EXCITEMENT...



THE ANTICIPATION OF GETTING HER OUT OF MY WAY... OUT OF MY LIFE!

ARDELIA! I'M ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE BALL!



HAVE A SWELL TIME, DEAR.

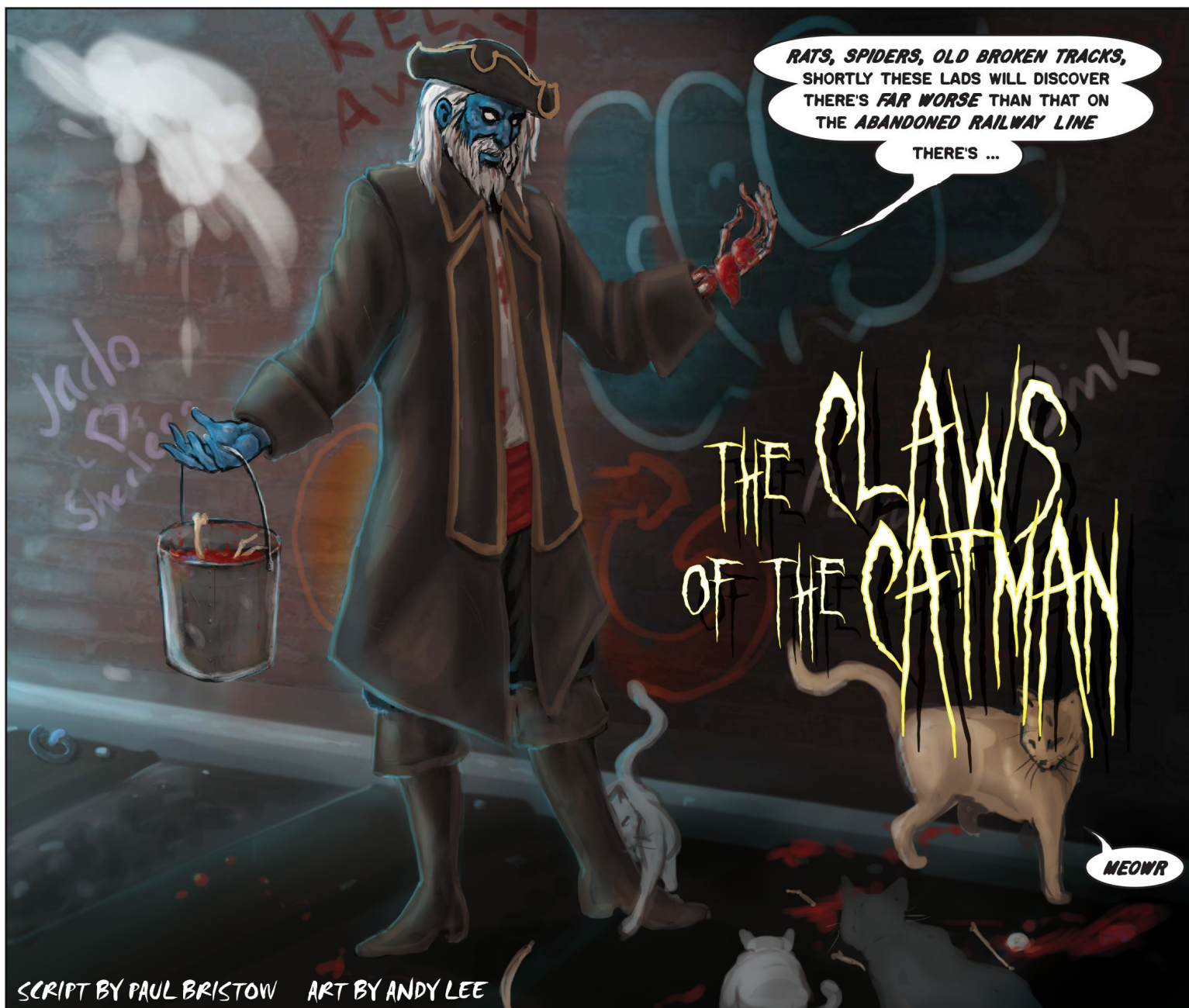
THANK YOU! BUT I WANTED TO TELL YOU BEFORE I LEAVE...

I WAS THINKING ABOUT THE SPELL...



IF I SUDDENLY APPEARED 'CHARISMATIC' IT WOULD BE SO OUT OF CHARACTER... I'D PREFER BOYS TO LIKE ME FOR WHO I AM

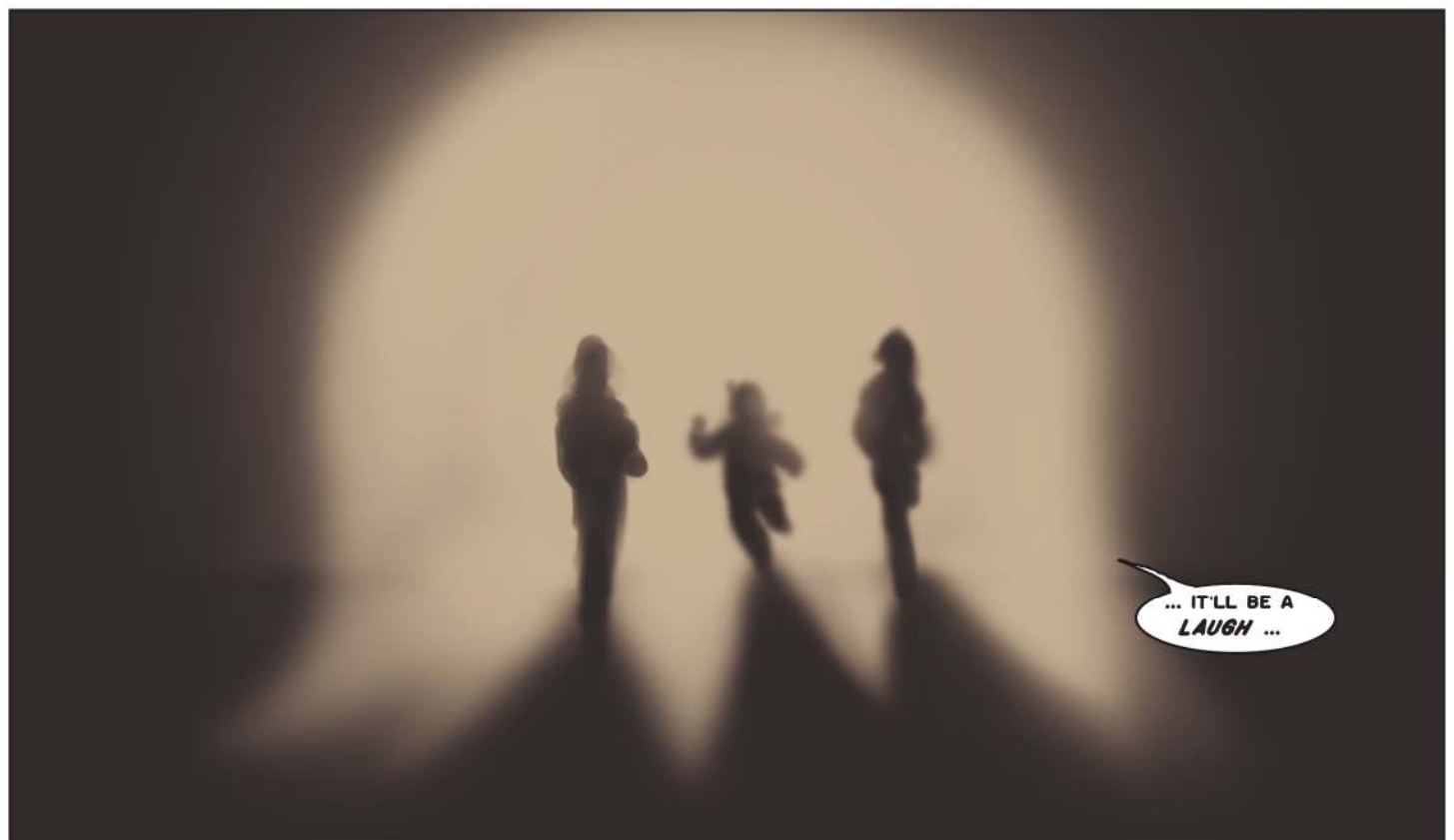
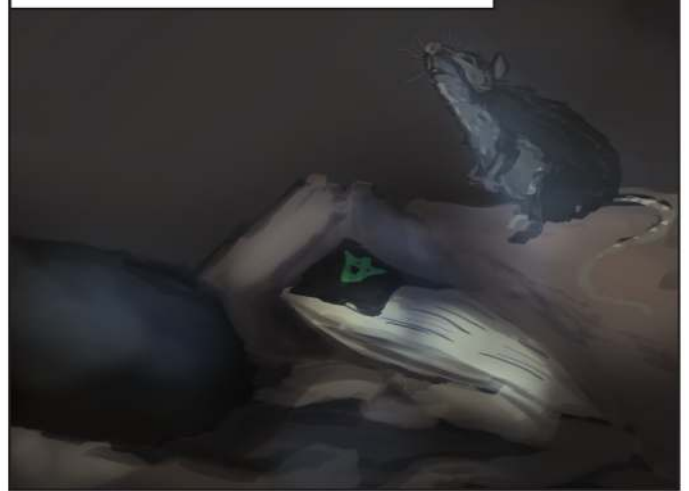


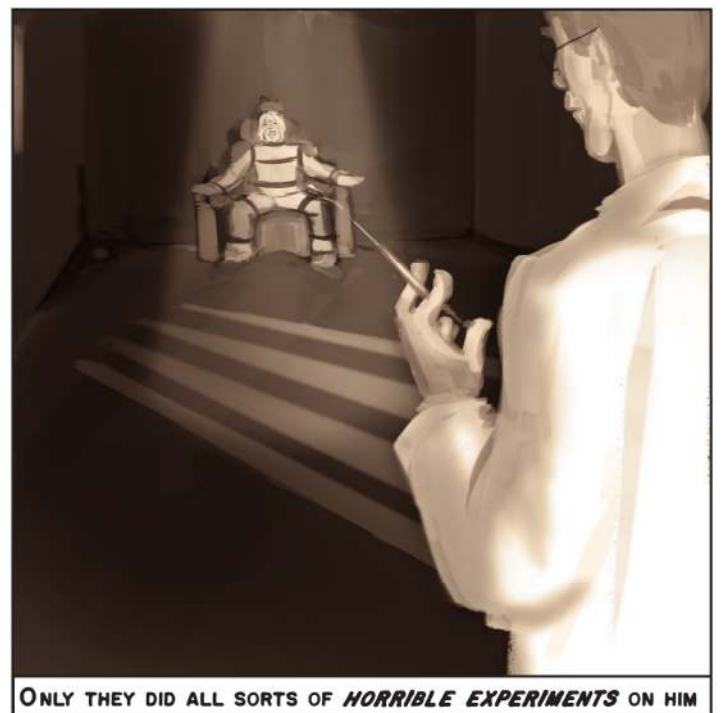




THE 'DOUBLE DARKY'; AN ABANDONED RAILWAY TUNNEL THAT RUNS UNDER MOST OF THE TOWN

A REGULAR HAUNT OF CHILDREN NOT WISE ENOUGH TO LISTEN TO THE WARNINGS OF OLDER FOLK





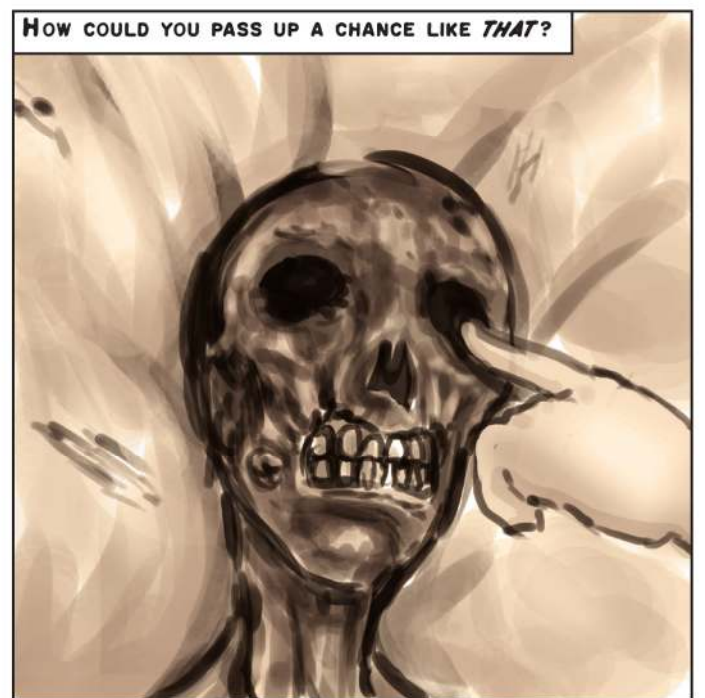
EVENTUALLY HE ESCAPED, **KILLED HIS TORMENTORS** AND BROKE OUT OF THE PRISON. HE RAN FOR MILES LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE TO HIDE ...



HE'S BEEN LIVING IN THIS TUNNEL EVER SINCE, **LIVING ON DEAD RATS AND STRAY CATS AND DOGS**











HERE'S ANOTHER
SPOOKY STORY WE'VE
RATTLED OFF FOR
YOU...

GRIM TALE!

NO BONES ABOUT IT!



SO, APPARENTLY, THE NEIGHBOURS
HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL MONTH AND
HE DIDN'T COLLECT HIS PENSION
LAST WEEK.

AND HIS NAME'S
DEFINITELY CLARK
HOLLAND?

YEAH, AND HE USED
TO BE A WRITER- WE'VE
ALREADY GONE THROUGH
ALL THIS... WHAT'S
THE **PROBLEM**?

NOTHING. JUST THAT
I RECOGNISE HIS NAME.
I USED TO READ COMICS
HE WROTE WHEN I
WAS A KID.

**KNOCK-
KNOCK!**

REALLY?

CRREEEAAKK

DOOR'S
UNLOCKED...

MR. HOLLAND?
ARE YOU HOME?

SO, WHAT KIND
OF **STUFF** DID
HE DO?

HORROR, MOSTLY.
TWIST ENDING STUFF.

ANY
GOOD?

WELL, I LIKED
IT AT THE TIME,
BUT LOOKING BACK,
MOST OF THE
'**TWISTS**' INVOLVED
THE DISCOVERY OF
A **SKELETON**.

...

AH.

WHY AREN'T
SOCIAL SERVICES
HANDLING THIS?

MR. HOLLAND? IT'S THE
POLICE. WE'VE BEEN SENT
TO CHECK YOU'RE OKAY.

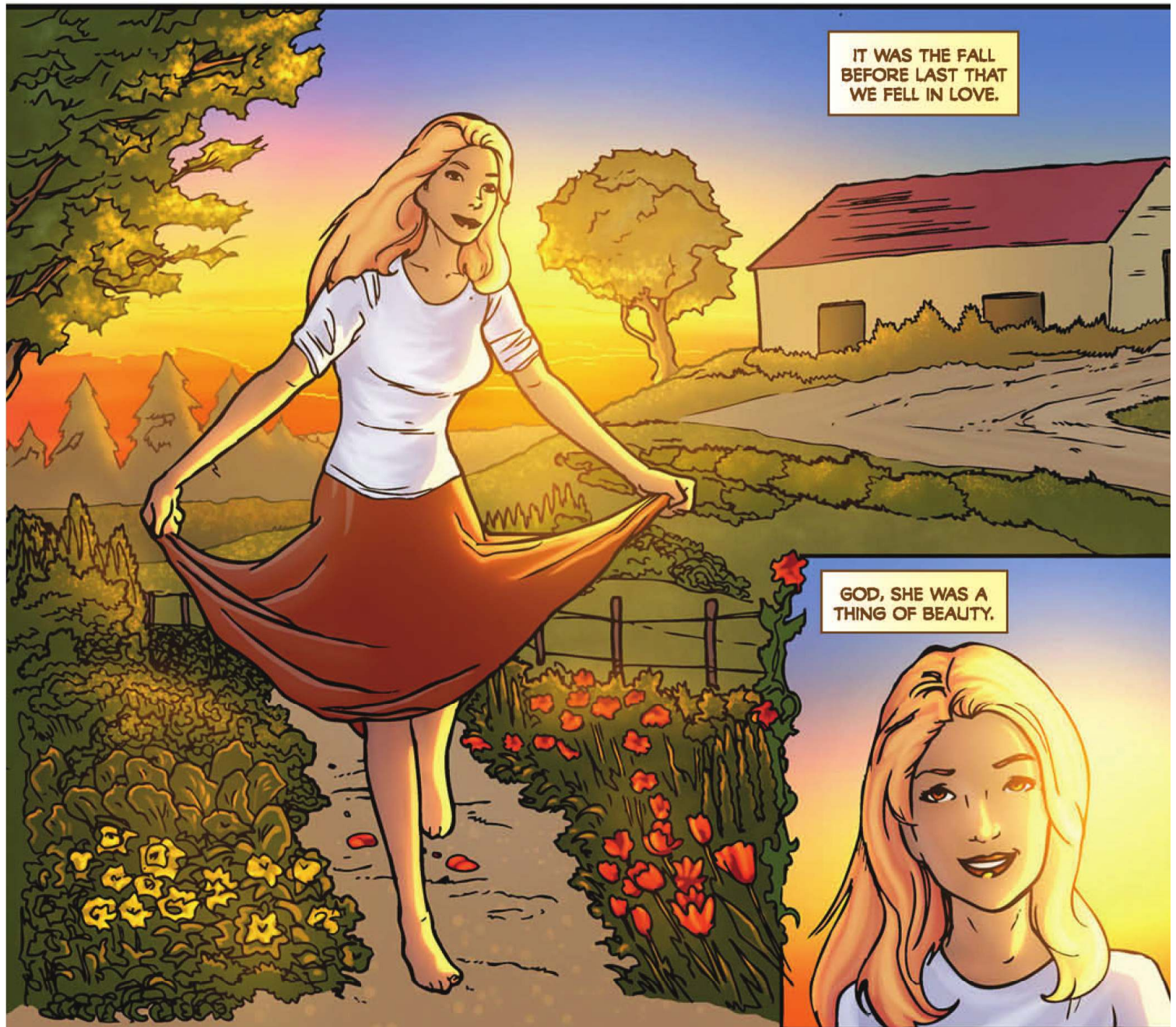
MR.
HOLLAND...?





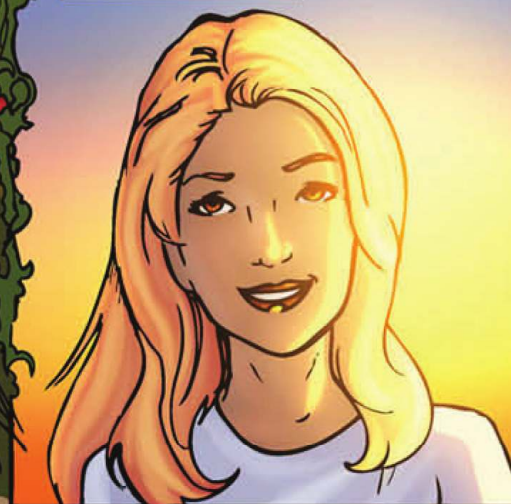
EMPTY

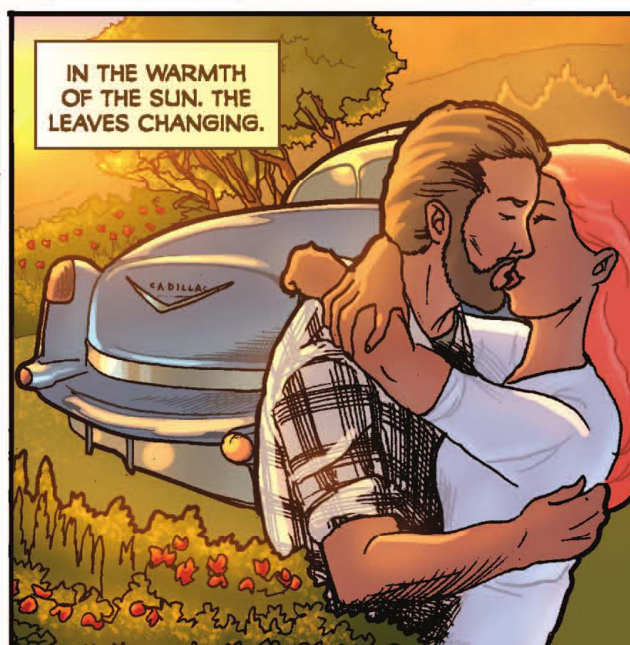
WRITER: CHRIS CHARLTON
ARTIST: GREGORY WORONCHAK
LETTERS: BRANT W. FOWLER



IT WAS THE FALL
BEFORE LAST THAT
WE FELL IN LOVE.

GOD, SHE WAS A
THING OF BEAUTY.







I NEVER FELT
SO COMPLETE
IN MY LIFE.



KA-CHING
KA-CHING



NOW IT'S JUST...
HOLLOW.

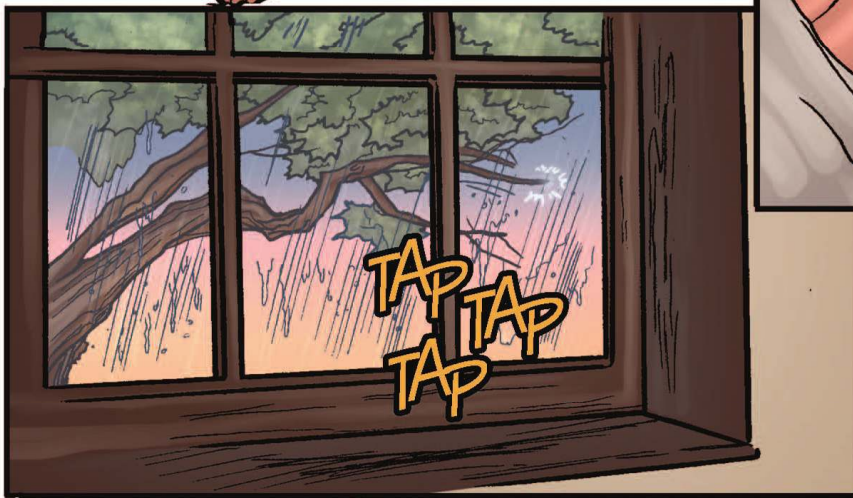
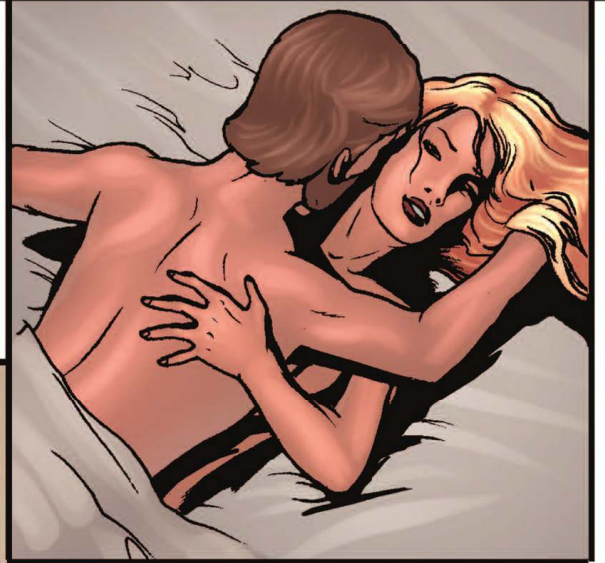
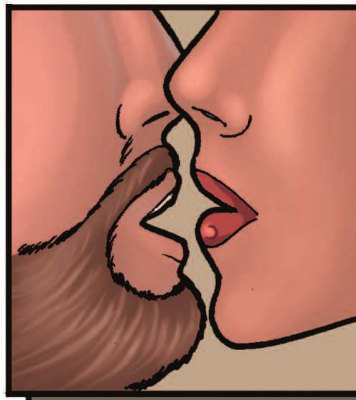


LIKE A SHADOW.



EMPTY.









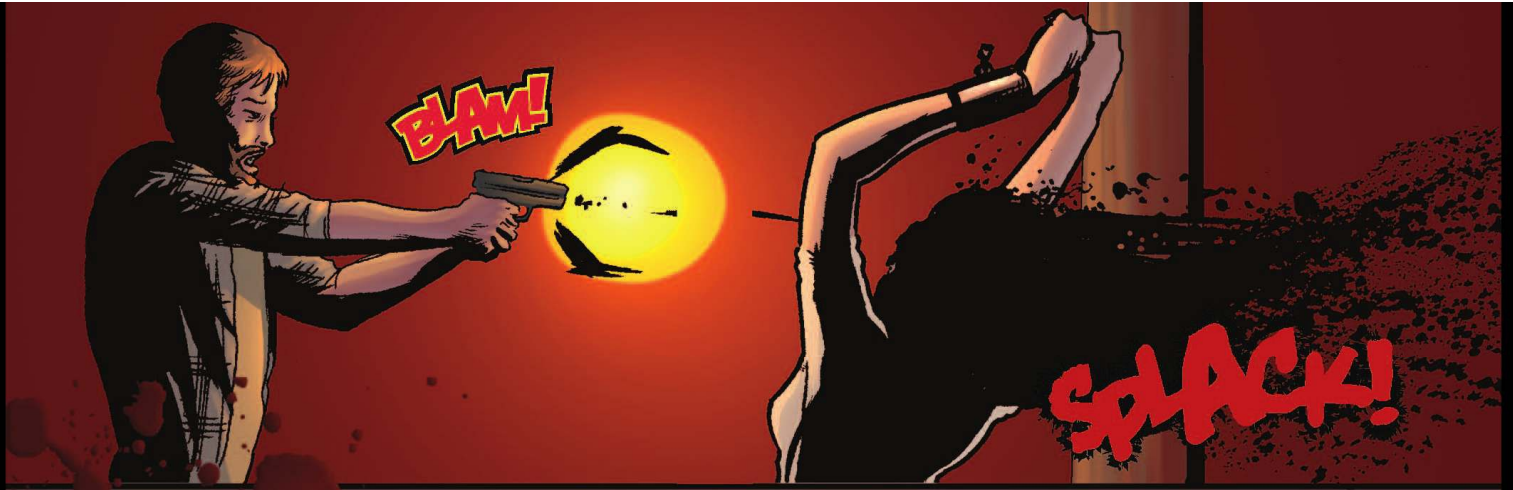
BOOM BOOM SCRAAPE



RRRAAGGH!!

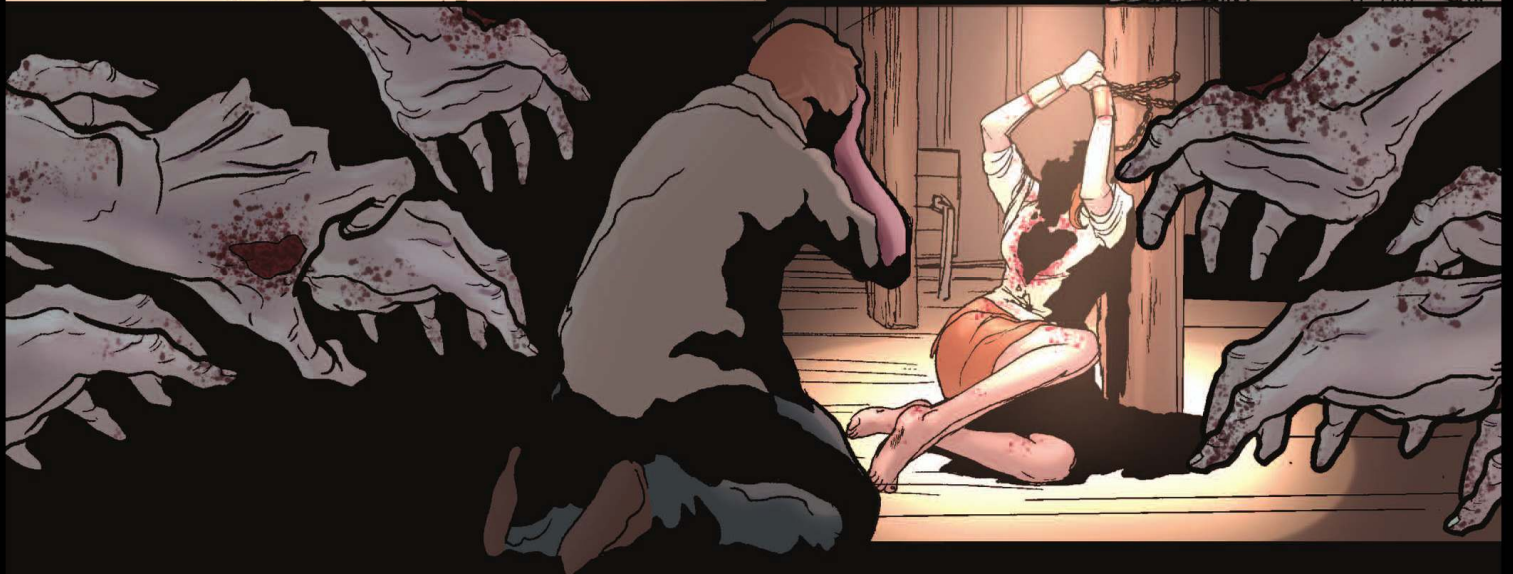
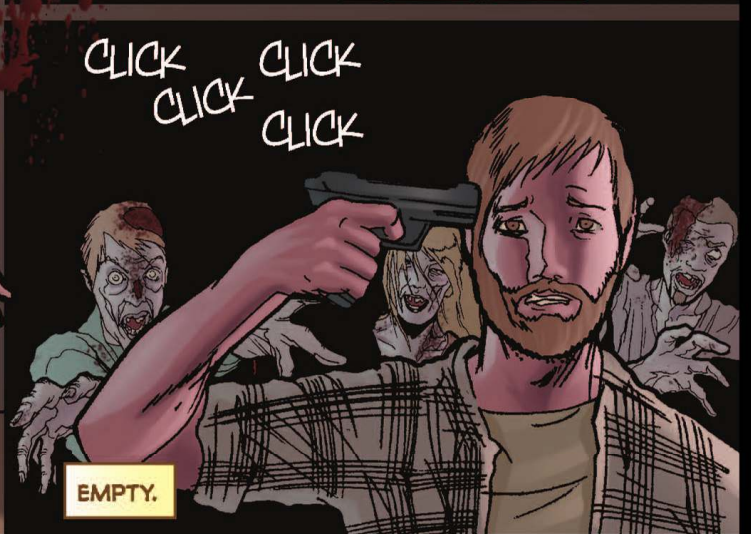


GOD FORGIVE ME.



THERE WAS NO
CURE OR ANTIDOTE.
NO HELP OR RESCUE.

ONLY ONE
WAY OF ESCAPE
FROM THIS HELL.



CURSE OF THE SEASON

'T WAS THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS...

I'M DREAMING OF A...

ONLY 1 SHOPPING DAY UNTIL CHRISTMAS!

...AND ALL THROUGH THE MALL...

CRAZED SHOPPERS WERE YELLING...

I WHITE CHRISTMAS!

...AT ONE AND ALL.

I JUST LIKE THE ONES!

SALE

I USED TO KNOW

Sorry, we're CLOSED



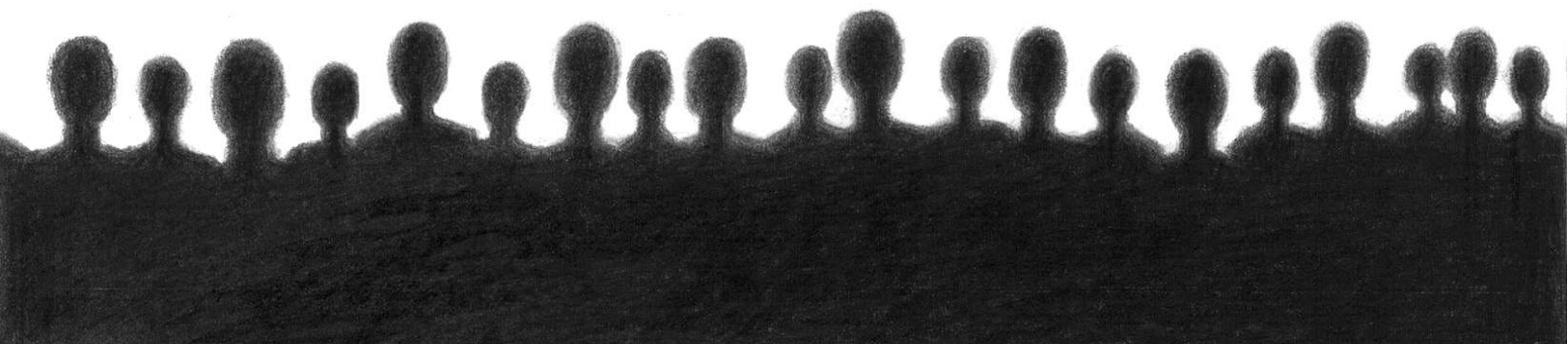
EXIT

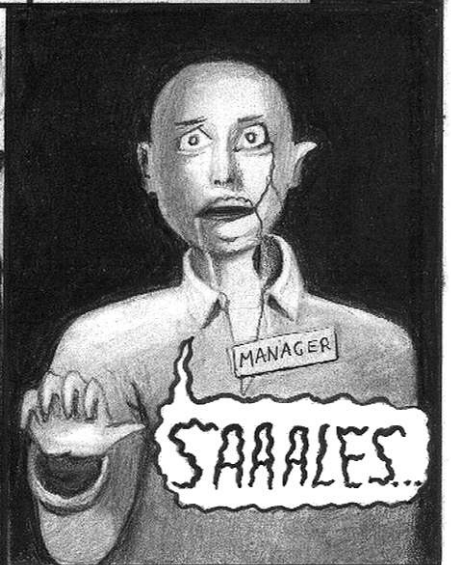
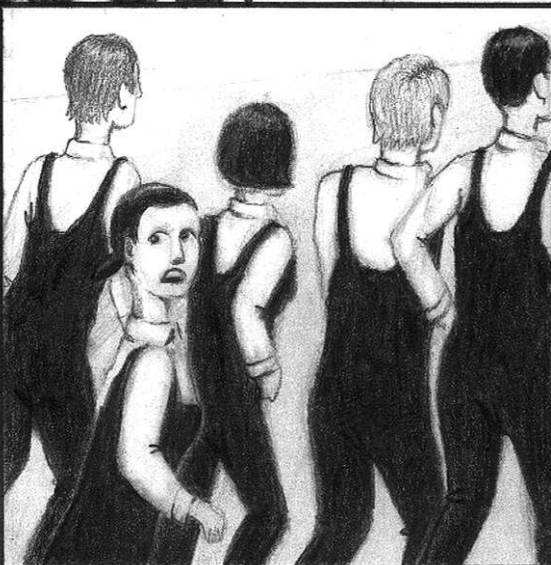
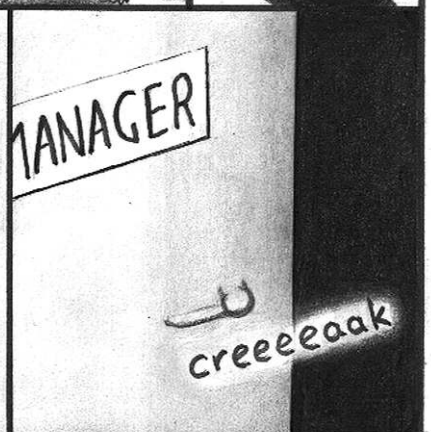
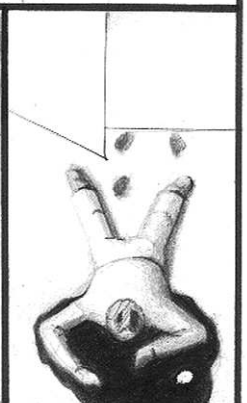
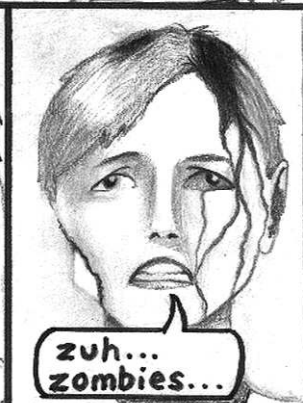
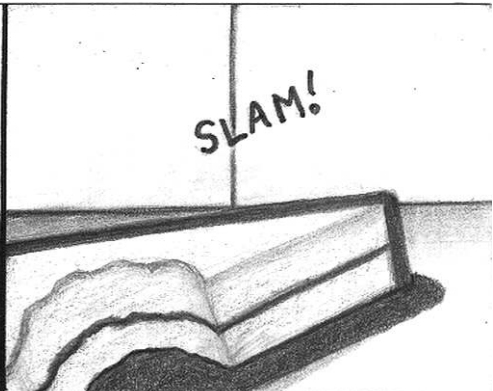
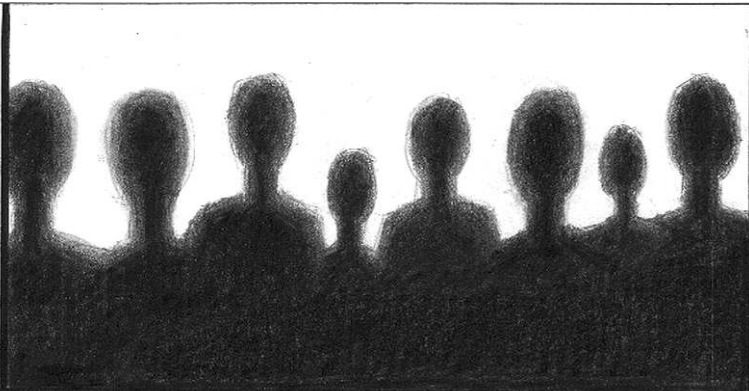
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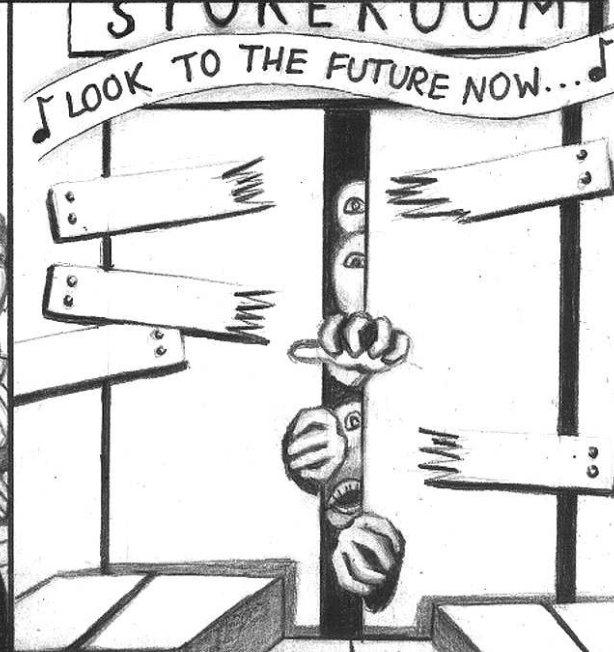
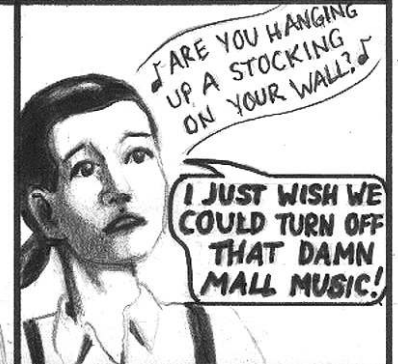
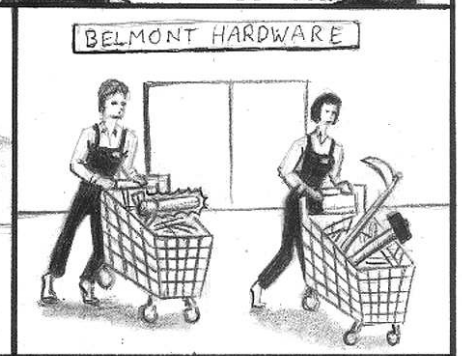
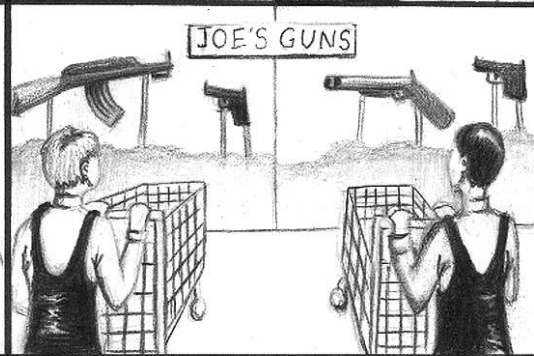
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TURKEY & ANBERY

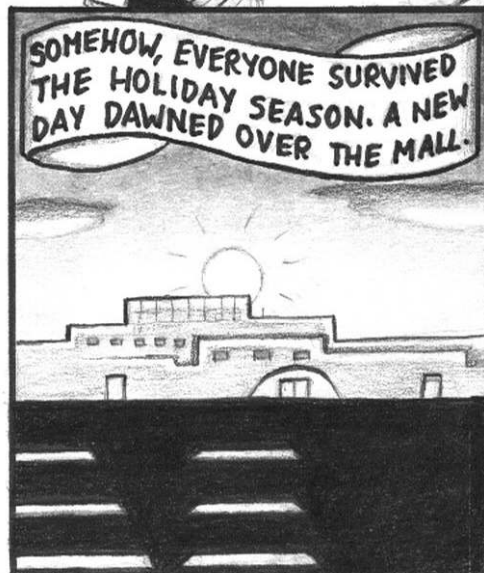
TURKEY & ANBERY







♪ IT'S ONLY JUST BEGUN... ♪



Squeally

6.00

NEW

American Chopper

Jason Voorhees shows us his collection of sharp things. (S)

7.00

Iron Chef Tonight's show includes a recipe for Roast Space-Bat-Angel-Dragon. (S) (Rpt)

Stone cold killer. 8.00

8.00

Mythbusters The team considers whether to cross the streams to get rid of a flying severed Gorgon head, when the necessary use of mirrors is already making things difficult. (S) (Rpt)

9.00

Jersey Devil Shore

Reality TV show featuring 8 cryptozoological creatures sharing a flat. In tonight's episode, Chupacabra admits to being 'strangely drawn' to The Jersey Devil. (S) (Rpt)

10.00

Secret Eaters Guide to the warning signs a friend or loved one could be a ghou. (S) (Rpt)

Mandibles about town. 11.00

11.00

Lord of The Flies

(Documentary) Following peer of the realm, Sir Hugh Brundle-Delambre as he adapts to life following his unfortunate accident with a matter transporter. (Z) (Rpt)

Channel of
Dr. Moreau

6.00

The Partridge Family

(S) (Rpt)

7.00

Childrens TV :7.10 Rupert The **Man** (S),7.30 Huckleberry **Man** (S),7.40 Bugs **Person** (S) (Rpt),7.50 Clifford The Big Red **Man** (S) (Rpt)

8.00

The Bee-Team (S) (Rpt)

9.00

Desperate**Mousewives** (S) (Rpt)

10.00

Animally Guy Animated series featuring Brian Griffin and his family. (S) (Rpt)

I'm out. 10.30

10.30

Komodo Dragon's Den

Entrepreneurs pitch their business ideas to dangerous lizards in suits and are promptly eaten alive. (S) (Rpt)

11.30

The Jeremy Kyle Show

(S) (Rpt)

12.30

How Clean Is Your House of Pain? (S) (Rpt)

8.00

Doctor Moo This week, The Doctor faces his arch-nemesis, The Pasteuriser. (S)

8.45

Inspector Horse No sir, I don't like it. (S) (Rpt)

9.45

Never Mind The Peacocks Topical music quiz with Noel Fieldmouse, Phil Juniper-bug and Bill Bailey. (S) (Rpt)

10.15

Game of Bones

Fantasy drama series set in the seven kingdoms of Ruffertos. Stars Sean Bone as Ned Bark. (S)

11.15

Mewsnight With Jeremy Paxcat. (S)

POX

6.00

NEW

Cash In The Attic A man investigates strange noises coming from his attic, only to discover the restless spirit of country music legend, Johnny Cash, has taken up residence there and refuses to leave. (S)

Ate bit. 6.30

6.30

**REC It Ralph** A video-game villain becomes a hero when the building he is meant to destroy becomes overrun with zombie-like creatures. (2012, PG, S) *****

8.00

Dexter A police forensics expert moonlights as a serial killer of criminals despite the interference of his sister, Dee-dee, who just won't stay out of his secret laboratory. (S) (Rpt)

9.00

Hex And The City

A coven of horrific witches regularly meet up to devise spells to ensnare human men to use for unspeakably diabolical purposes. (S) (Rpt)

10.00

The Private Life of Plants Documentary examining the growing problem of infidelity and divorce among Triffids. (S) (Rpt)

10.50

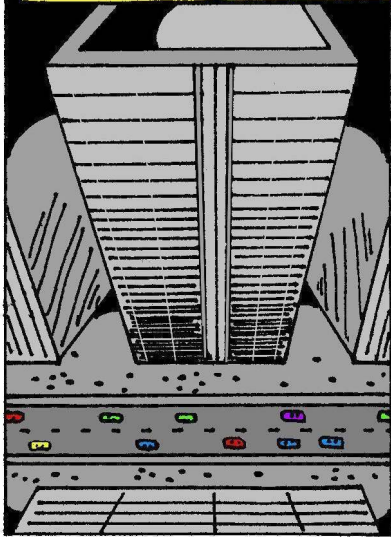
Hell's Kitchen Gordon Ramsay is forced to endure the eternal flames of the underworld because he's an intolerably horrible culinary expert. (S) (Rpt)

11.50

Telemopping Because *someone* has to clean up this mess! (S)

HELL ELEVATOR

CHRISTMAS EVE,
THE HOOK, LINE AND
SINKER LAW FIRM...

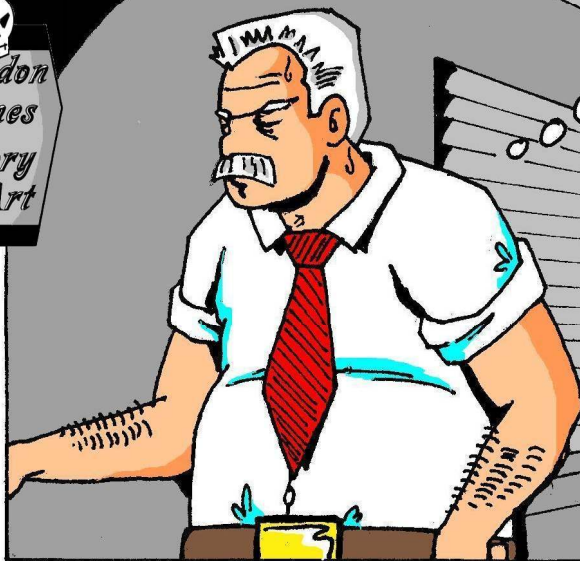


AS THE EMPLOYEES ENJOY
THE ANNUAL OFFICE PARTY...

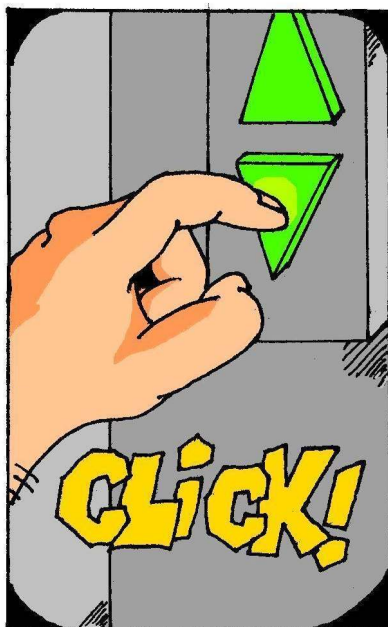


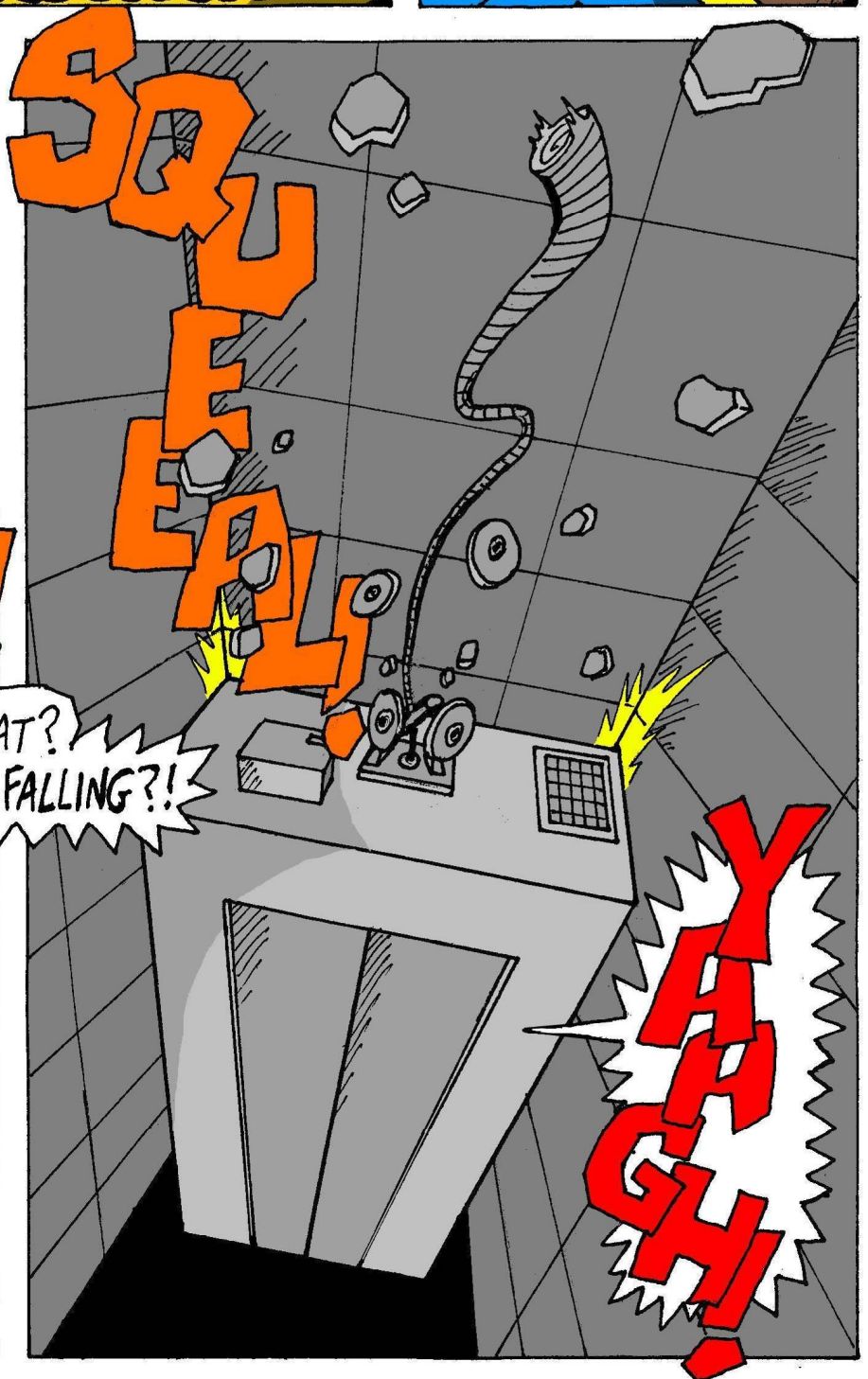
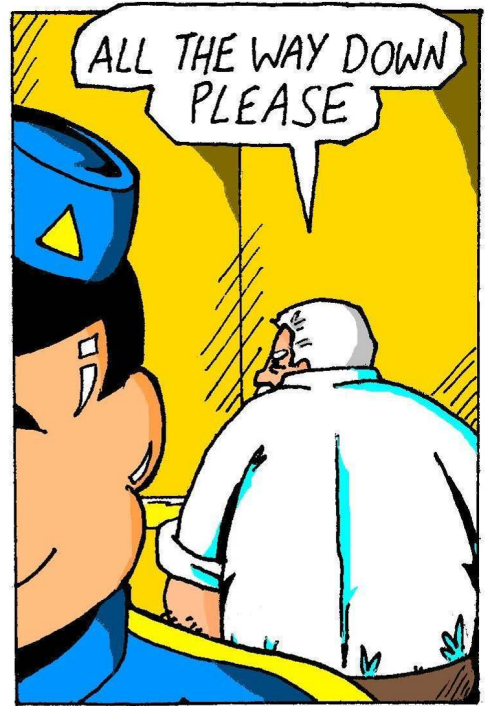
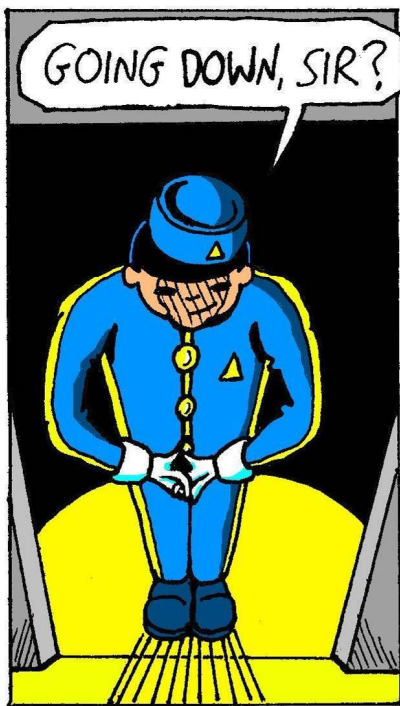
SENIOR PARTNER, ROBERT HOOK
ISN'T IN THE FESTIVE SPIRIT

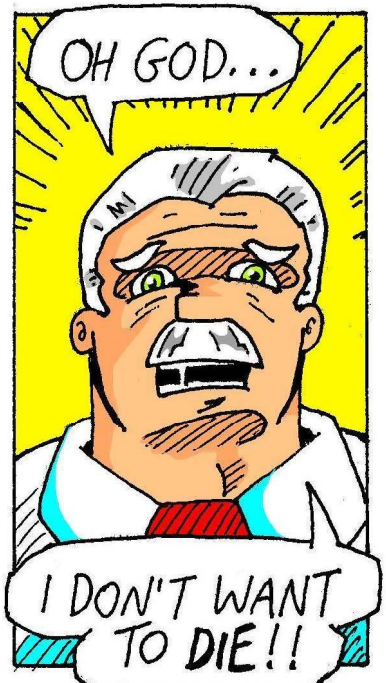
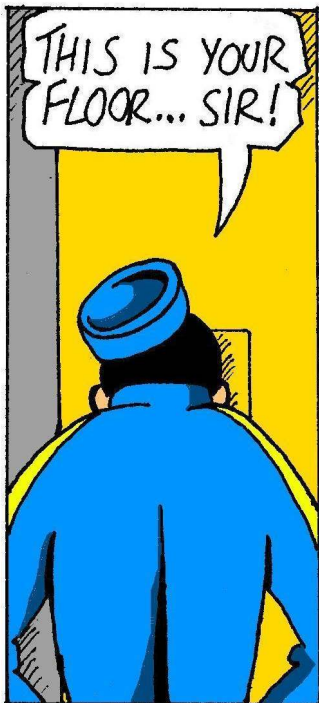
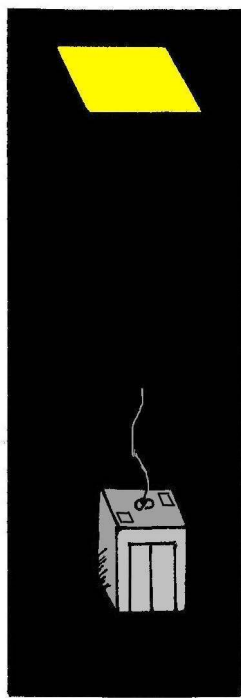
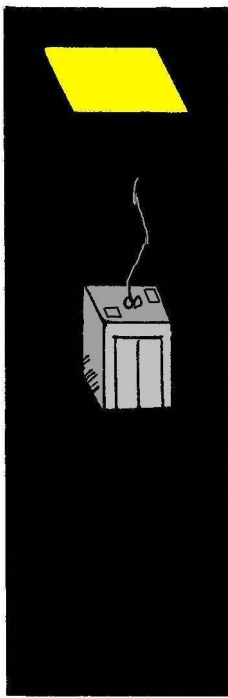
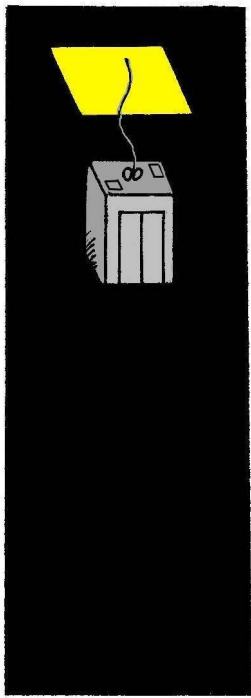
Gordon
Innes
Story
& Art

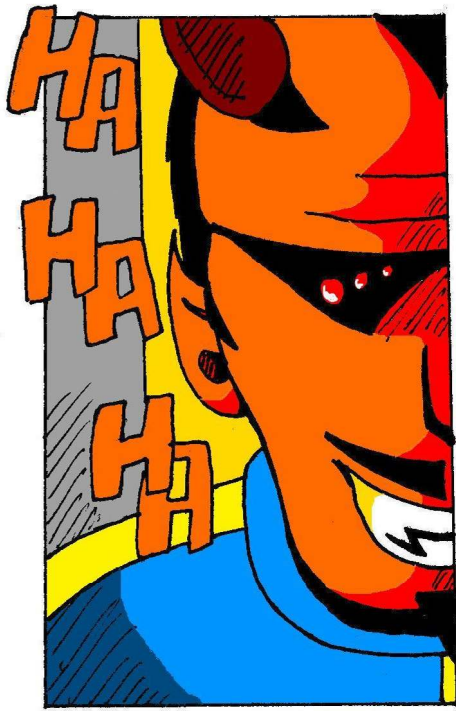


ALL OF A SUDDEN
I FEEL DIZZY AND
NAUSEOUS... I BETTER
STEP OUTSIDE TO GET
SOME FRESH AIR...





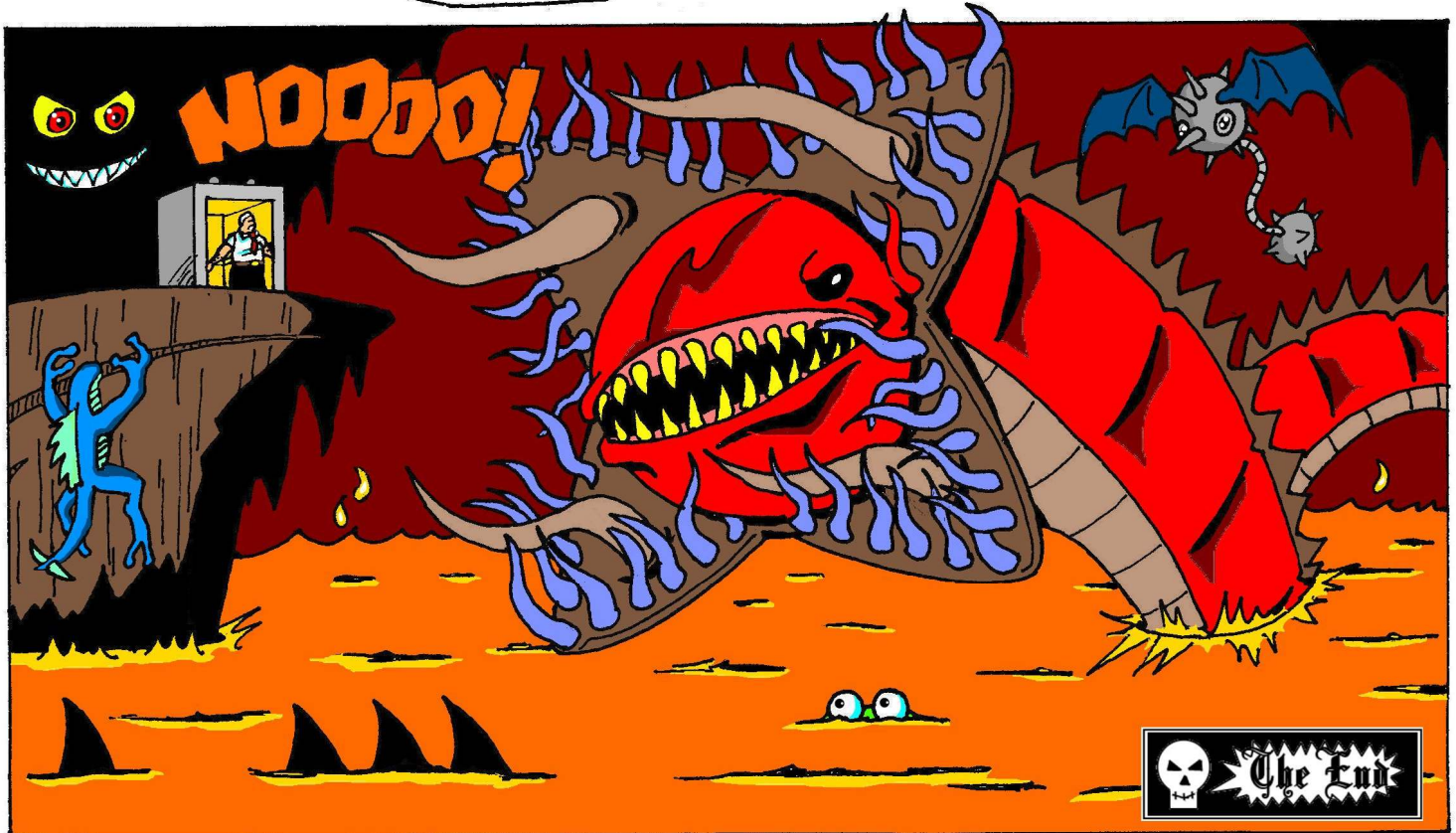




"TOO LATE, MISTER HOOK... YOU COLLAPSED OF A MASSIVE HEART ATTACK BEFORE YOU EVEN PRESSED THE BUTTON FOR THIS ELEVATOR...!"



AND NOW YOUR LITTLE, LAWYER SOUL IS MINE!



APOCALYPSE THE BOARD GAME

- ROLL A DICE AND MOVE YOUR COUNTER DOWN THE EVOLUTIONARY PATH.
- TRY TO AVOID DISASTERS ALONG THE WAY.
- THE FIRST PLAYER TO REACH THE SPACE ARK IS DECLARED THE WINNER.

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE LEGAN

THE END?

CONCEPT AND COLOR BY TIM WEST

IMPACT EVENT

A HUGE METEORITE CRASHES IN TO EARTH, KILLING MILLIONS. GO BACK 3 SQUARES.

SUPER VOLCANO

A GIANT VOLCANO HAS ERUPTED FILLING THE SKY WITH POISONOUS ASH. FLOAT BACK TO SQUARE 3 ON THE RIVER OF LAVA.

GLOBAL PANDEMIC

A VIRULENT DISEASE WIPES OUT HALF THE WORLD'S POPULATION. GO BACK 2 SQUARES.

NANO NANO

OOOPS! YOU'VE BEEN REDUCED TO A GREY GOO BY NANO ROBOTS. MISS A TURN WHILE YOU REVERSE ENGINEER THE PROCESS.

ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

ROBOTS BECOME SELF AWARE AND WAGE A DEADLY WAR AGAINST HUMANITY. GO BACK 3 SQUARES.

BEE-SEEING-YOU

THE BEE POULATION DIES OUT, LEAVING MILLIONS OF FAUNA UNPOLLINATED, AND SERVERELY DAMAGING THE FOOD CHAIN. GO BACK 1 SQUARE.

MONKEY BUSINESS

HOMINIDS RAPIDLY EVOLVE TO CHALLENGE HUMANKIND'S DOMINANCE AS THE NUMBER ONE SPECIES ON THE PLANET. MISS A GO.



ALIEN INVASION

AN ADVANCED RACE OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL BEINGS HAVE LANDED IN YOUR CAPITAL. MISS A TURN WHILE YOU STUDY THEIR WEAKNESSES.

SUPERMASSIVE ATTACK

AN ENORMOUS BLACK HOLE APPEARS AND CONSUMES ALL LIFE IN THE GALAXY. RETURN TO THE START.



MUTUALLY ASSURED DESTRUCTION

MAN KIND TURNS ON ITSELF IN A FULL SCALE NUCLEAR WAR RESULTING IN A WINTER LASTING FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. GO BACK 2 SQUARES.

ZOMPOCALYPSE

THE DEAD HAVE RISEN FROM THE GRAVES TO FEAST ON THE LIVING. GO BACK 1 SQUARE.

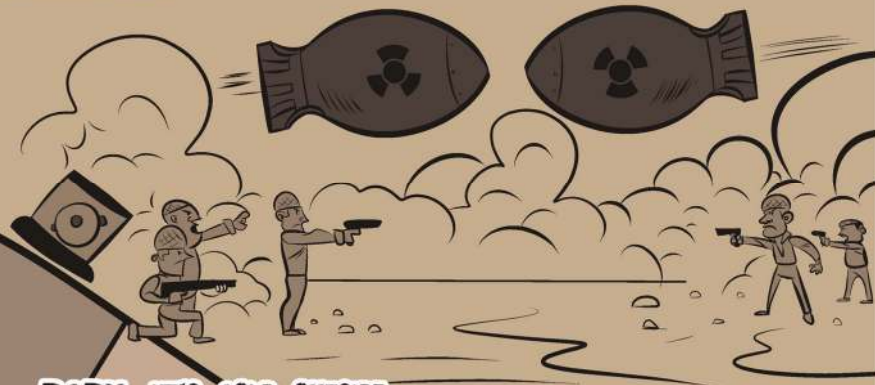


HIGGS BOSON

THE HADRON SUPER COLLIDER CAUSES A TEMPORAL RIFT IN TIME DRAGGING YOU BACK TO SQUARE 20.

BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

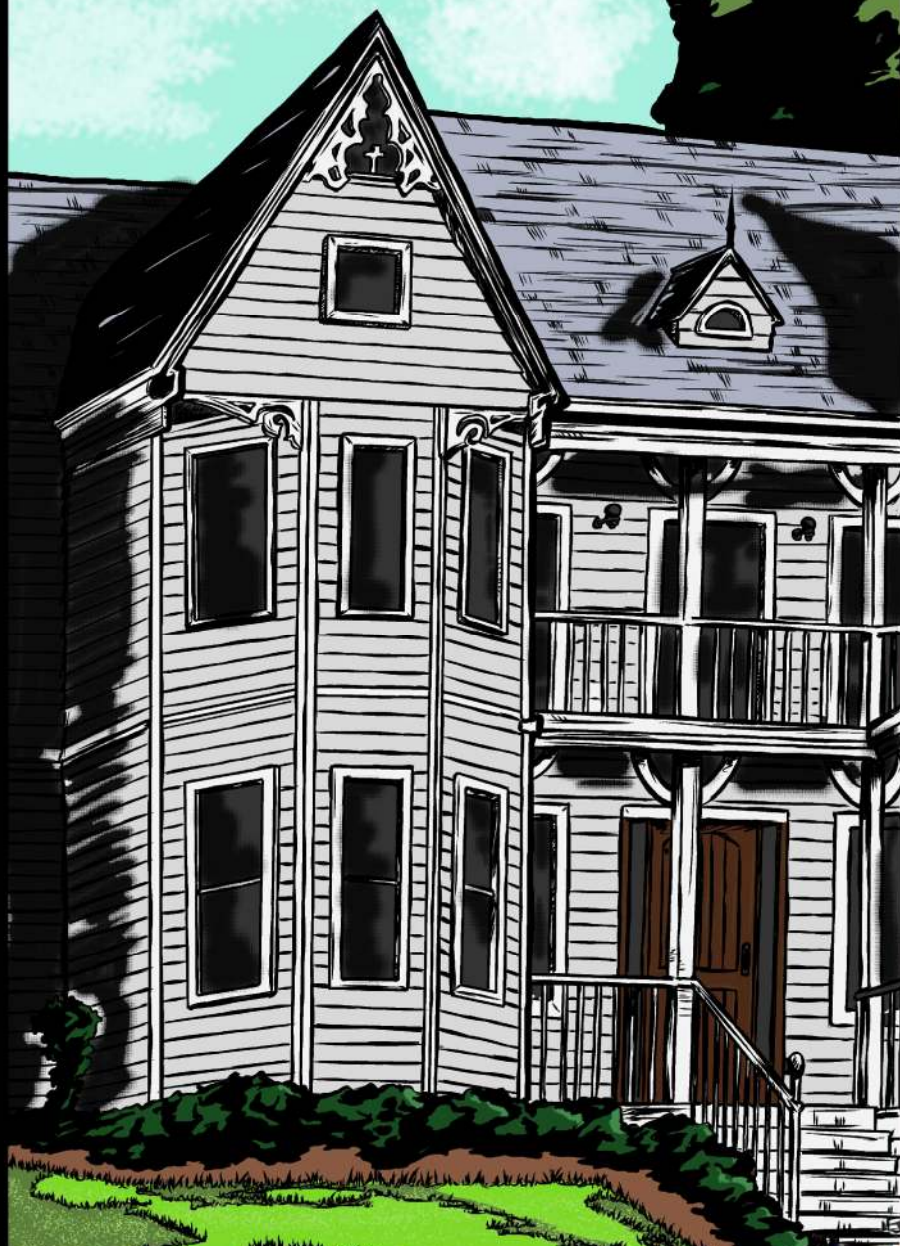
THE NORTH ATLANTIC DRIFT COOLS, CAUSING GLOBAL TEMPERATURES TO DROP TO AN ALL TIME LOW, TRIGGERING A NEW ICE AGE. BRRRRRR!



A NEW START

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

SCRIPT/LETTERS BY TIM WEST ♥ ART BY THE FXD



HOME
FOR
SALE
REDUCED

YOU'RE A
LITTLE LATE.
I WAS BEGINNING TO
WONDER IF YOU HAD
FORGOTTEN--

OH, MY!



THE LADY
OF THE HOUSE,
I PRESUME?



Y-YES.
YOU MUST BE,
MR DEATHSNAKE.
C-COME IN.



PLEASE,
CALL ME,
DIRGE.



THE REALTOR
INFORMED ME THAT THE
HOUSE HAS BEEN ON THE
MARKET FOR SOME TIME,
MS TIBBS.

THIS OLD
HOUSE HAS QUITE
AN INTERESTING PAST,
MR DEATH--DIRGE.

SO I
UNDERSTAND.

PLEASE,
ENLIGHTEN US
WITH ALL THE GORY
DETAILS WHILE WE
LOOK ROUND.

MAYBE WE
COULD START...
IN THE ATTIC.

WOW!

THIS IS
AWESOME.





THERE HAVE BEEN TWENTY FOUR MURDERS IN THIS HOUSE.



THAT IS WHAT ATTRACTED ME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

IT'S BEEN SEVERAL YEARS SINCE THE LAST ONE. I'D LIKE TO KEEP IT THAT WAY TOO, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.



HERE WE GO. THE ATTIC. A TRIPLE HANGING TOOK PLACE BACK IN 1874, IN THIS VERY ROOM.



YOU'VE BEEN A RESIDENT OF THIS HOUSE YOUR WHOLE LIFE?

YES, I WAS BORN HERE, I RAISED MY OWN FAMILY HERE, BUT THE HOUSE HAS GROWN TOO LARGE FOR JUST ME SINCE MY HENRY PASSED AWAY.



IT'S ODD BECAUSE I HAVE NOTHING BUT FOND MEMORIES OF PLAYING UP HERE AS A CHILD, WITH MY SISTERS.

IT'S PERFECT!

YES, IT WOULD MAKE A LOVELY PLAYROOM FOR LITTLE ONES.



MY CONDOLENCES, MADAM.

MY WORD, NO!

I WAS THINKING COFFINS ALONG THE WALLS, MAYBE A TORTURE RACK IN THE MIDDLE, LOVE SWINGS HANGING FROM THE CEILING.



AN UPSTAIRS SEX DUNGEON?

OOOOO YES, DIRGE.

THIS IS THE DINING ROOM. IN 1909, APPARENTLY, THERE WERE **FIVE** PEOPLE MURDERED IN HERE.

SOME TYPE OF LOONY **PAGAN RITUAL**, OR SOME OTHER NONSENSE.

HENRY AND I HOSTED MANY A GRAND DINNER PARTY IN HERE, OVER THE YEARS.

IT'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING OTHER THAN A **ABSOLUTE DELIGHT**.

YES, THIS IS EXCELLENT. MY **DRAGON'S HEAD THRONE** WOULD LOOK MAGNIFICENT AT THAT THE END OF THE ROOM.

AMAZING. THIS IS THE VERY KITCHEN WHERE THE **STEPPORD SLASHER** PERFORMED HIS FINEST WORK.

I'VE READ ABOUT IT IN BOOKS BUT TO ACTUALLY SEE IT IN THE FLESH...

YES, THAT MAY BE SO.

I PREFER TO REMEMBER IT AS THE **HAPPY ROOM** WHERE MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME TO COOK.

THIS IS THE GARDEN. MY HENRY PROPOSED TO ME UNDER THAT OLD OAK TREE. IT'S SO PICTURESQUE AND PEACEFUL.

THIS TREE WILL HAVE TO GO.

ALSO, WE NEED A SWIMMING POOL, A BAR, AND A STAGE WITH A MOSH PIT, JUST OVER THERE.

CAN WE KEEP SOME OF THESE FLOWERS? I THINK THE PETALS WOULD LOOK SO MUCH BETTER PAINTED **BLACK**.



THIS PLACE IS PERFECT, MS TIBBS.

MY AGENT WILL BE IN TOUCH SHORTLY WITH A **MORE** THAN GENEROUS OFFER.



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO VIEW THE CELLAR?

I'M ASSURED SEVERAL **GRUESOME MURDERS** TOOK PLACE DOWN THERE.

APPARENTLY, THEY WERE OF AN **EXTREMELY** GRISLY NATURE.

2 WEEKS LATER.



KNOCK KNOCK

MS TIBBS? MY NAME IS JAMES HONEST, THIS IS MY WIFE, MARY, AND OUR TWO YOUNGEST.

WE'VE COME TO VIEW THE HOUSE.



THE REALTOR INFORMED ME YOU'VE BEEN ON THEIR BOOKS FOR SOME TIME, MS TIBBS.

I BELIEVE THE HOUSE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR THE **RIGHT** OWNERS TO COME ALONG.



DON'T YOU WORRY THOUGH...



...I'VE GOT A **WONDERFUL** FEELING ABOUT TODAY.

THE DAILY TRASH
POLICE CALL OFF SEARCH FOR MISSING ROCK STAR!

The Spring-heeled Jackalope

Article & Illustration by **Malcolm Kirk**

This curious-looking beast has been sighted numerous times of late, within our own fair city of London. Rumour has it that this creature reached our shores aboard a ship arriving from the Americas, where such peculiar mammals are commonplace.

However, unlike its colonial cousin, (the 'Common' Jackalope), the Spring-heeled variety is capable of a number of feats unknown in its relative. Whether these differences are due in part to some adaptation necessary to survive in our less temperate climate, we can but speculate. Needless to say, these divergences are also somewhat bizarre in nature.

Take, for instance, reports of the animal exhaling blue flame, thus having potential to cause even more damage to property and crops than our native vermin.

Then there are the rumours of specimens of gigantic size having been sighted in Sussex. Speculation is rife that they may have been cross-breeding with graveyard rats, which would certainly account for their exaggerated proportions, should these tales prove to be in any way reliable.

The wings upon its back seem incapable of any prolonged form of flight, but may be of some use in the act of gliding, in a manner similar to that demonstrated by the Flying Squirrel of North America.

The whiskers are presumed to allow the creature to maintain its balance more readily and fit in among the higher classes at dinner parties, which it is frequently mistakenly invited to by imbeciles.



*Figure
221b:
Spring-heeled
Jackalope.*

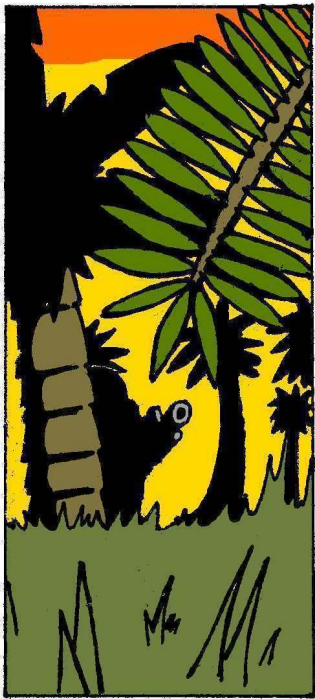
FULL MOON JACKET



Gordon
Innes
Story
& Art

THE JUNGLES OF VIETNAM

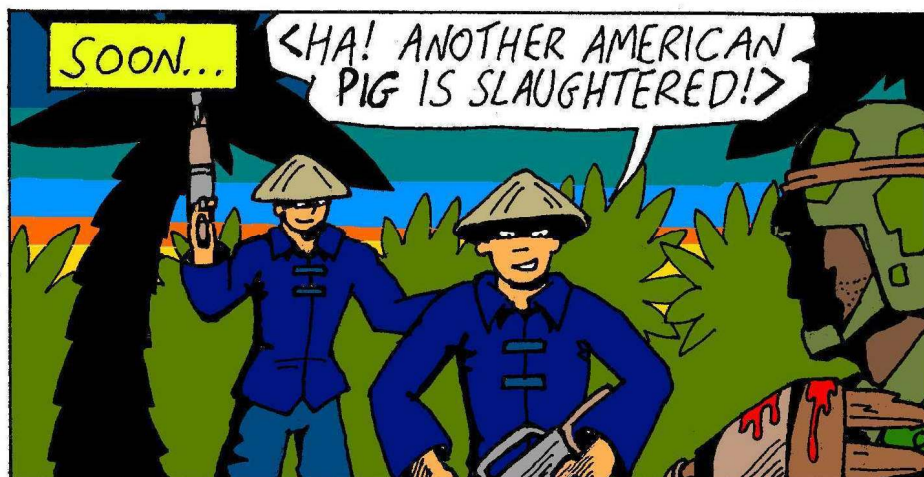
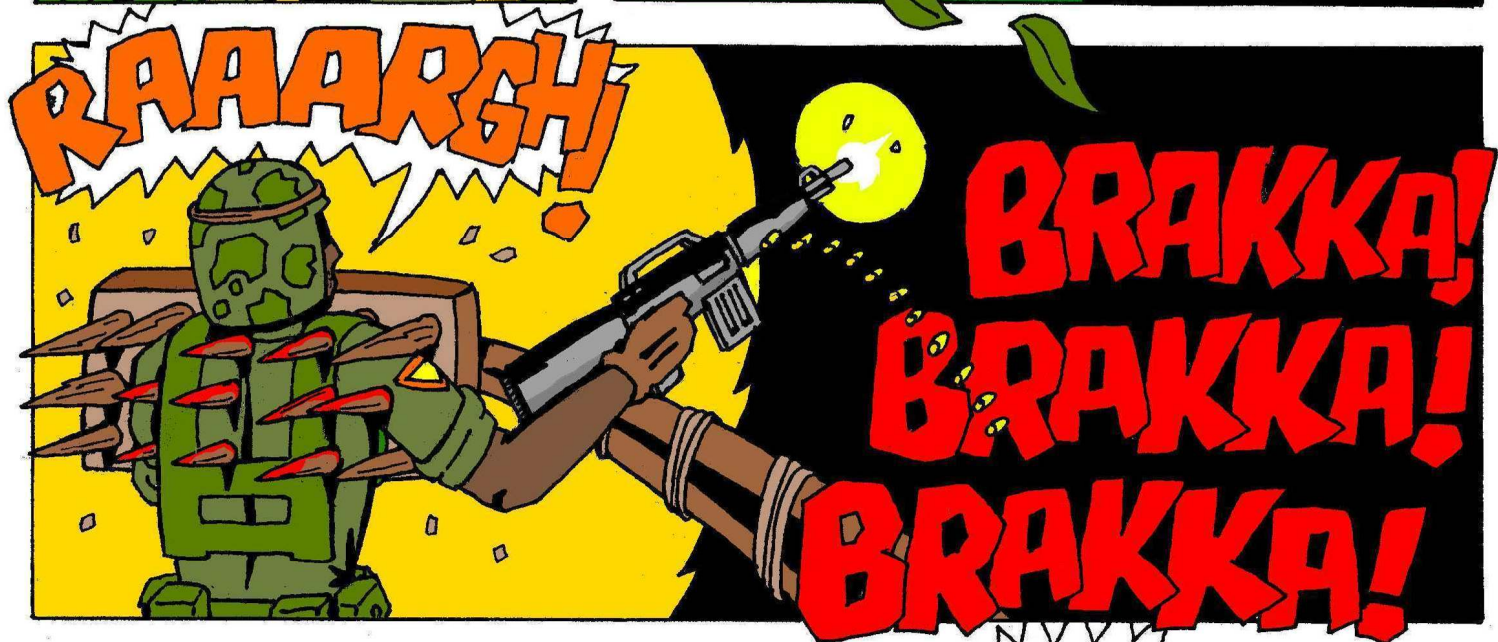
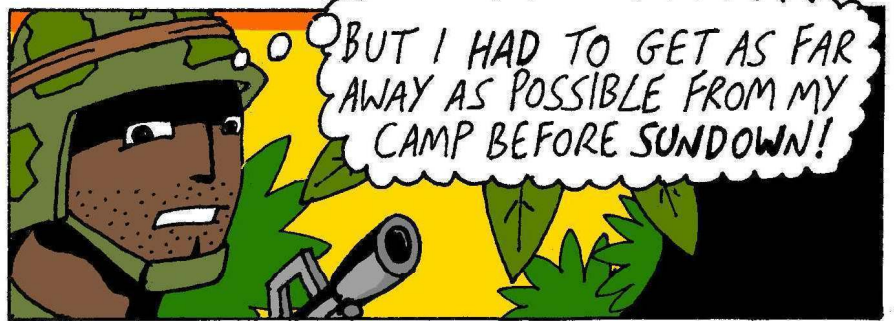
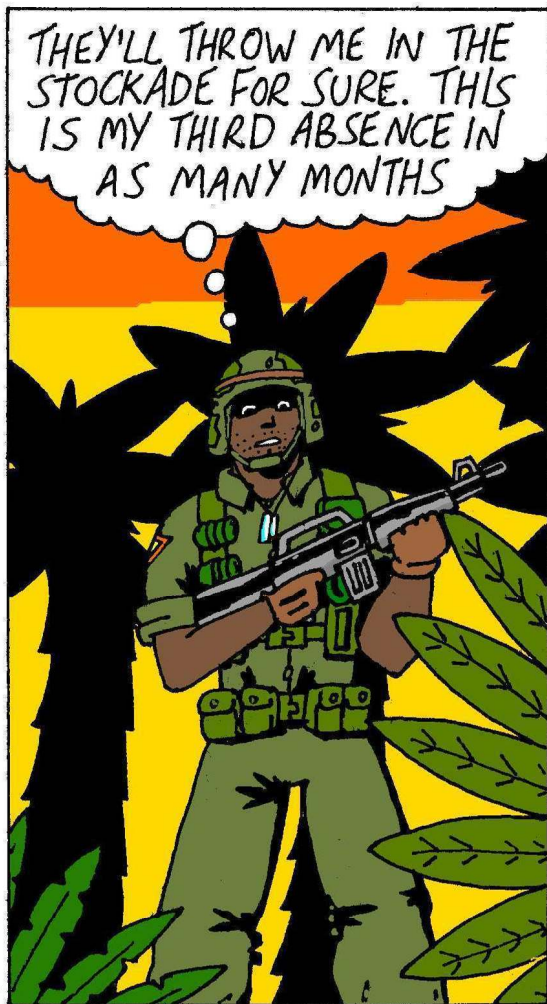
1967



MEET P.F.C. LEW PINE
OF THE UNITED STATES
MARINE CORPS...



RIGHT NOW, HE'S A.W.O.L.



LETTERS BY TIM WEST

MULTIPLE CASUALTIES REPORTED!

SCREECH!!



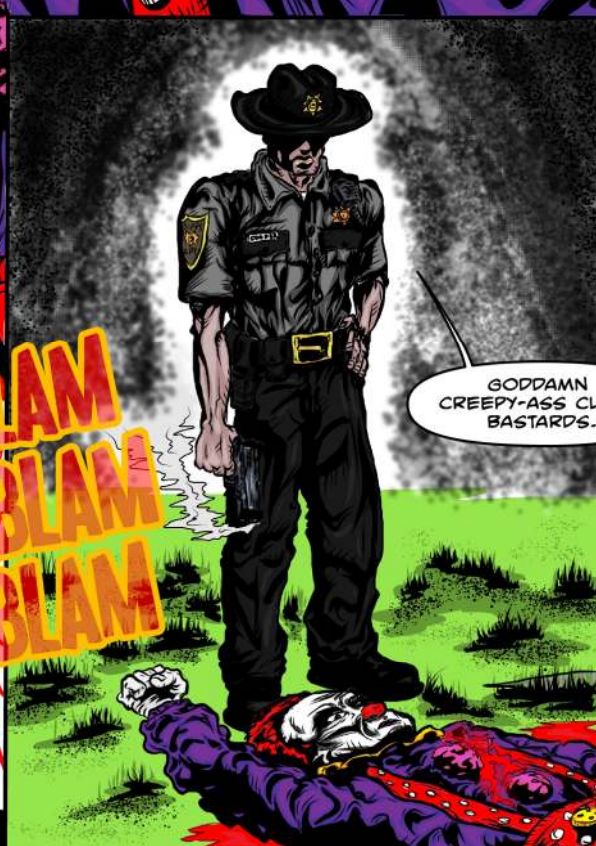
SHERIFF
TEXAS

SHERIFF





BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



DEPUTY COOPER,
WE'VE GOT A DESCRIPTION
OF THE SUSPECT..



...HE'S CAUCASIAN...

...OVER SIX FEET TALL...

...WITH LONG BLACK HAIR.



OH...



HEY SARAH,
WE'RE... ER...
GONNA NEED US AN
AMBULANCE OUT HERE
ON THE DOUBLE!



The Pear-wolf

Article &
Illustration by
Malcolm Kirk

There is some debate as to whether the Pear-wolf, (*Latin name : Pyrus Lupus*), is, in fact, a fruit or a mammal. Those who have studied this weird organism for any considerable length of time are invariably forced to concede that it must be both.

There is a tale of one such man, a committed vegetarian and horticulturalist, being driven to the point of insanity by this conclusion. The story goes that he was seen wandering the streets in the early hours of the morning in a distressed and emaciated state, repeating the words "*What should I eat? Dear God! What should I eat?*" over and over. He was found dead a few days later - nothing left of him but bones. He had, apparently, and rather ironically, been eaten alive by the subjects of his study.

The Pear-wolf is thought to originate in Central Asia, where it preys upon another hybrid animal for sustenance, the infamous *Vegetable Lamb of Tartary*. This makes it incredibly unpopular with the locals, who are said to farm the ovine zoophytes for their wool and meat, (or whatever it is they actually consist of), and who also have to tolerate cattle raids carried out by the *Paw Paw Bear*, a protected species.

In its dormant state, the Pear-wolf is indistinguishable from a common pear, such as can be found in any basket or bowl of fruit. Indeed, it often mistakenly ends up in just such a place. It is, therefore, imperative that great care is taken in the storage of pears, lest it transpire that those innocuous pomes upon your dining table conceal a hidden lupine side to their nature. It is, however, entirely safe to eat in this condition.

It is during the nights of the full moon, in which the creature reveals its true form. It is essential, during these nights, to lock any pears within your household inside a secure larder, preferably with a bolt or latch on the door and bars on any windows, so as to prevent escape.

The Pear-wolf can only be killed by someone who truly loves the taste of pears, using a silver paring knife to cut it into quarters, as this is the correct etiquette, and any other manner of dispatching the beast is frowned upon in polite society.



Figure 36a:
The Pear-wolf

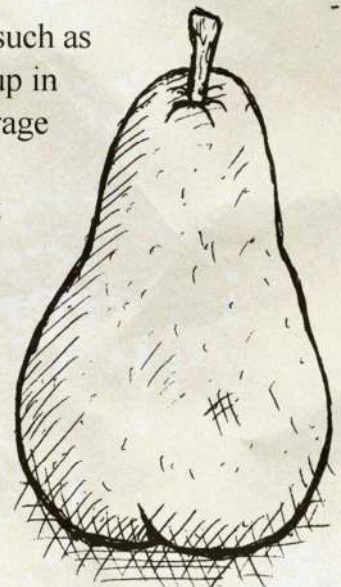
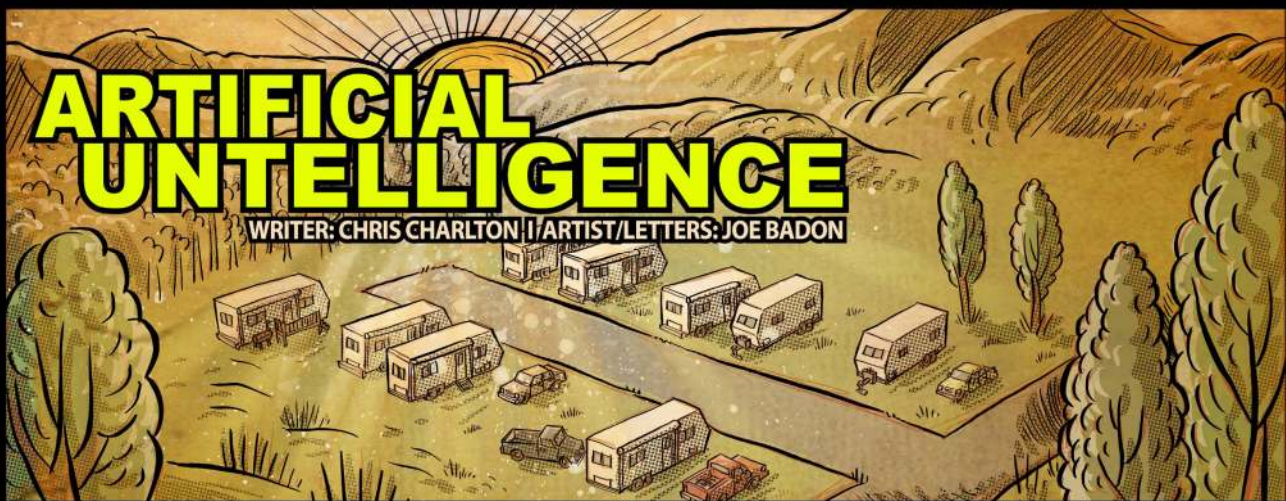
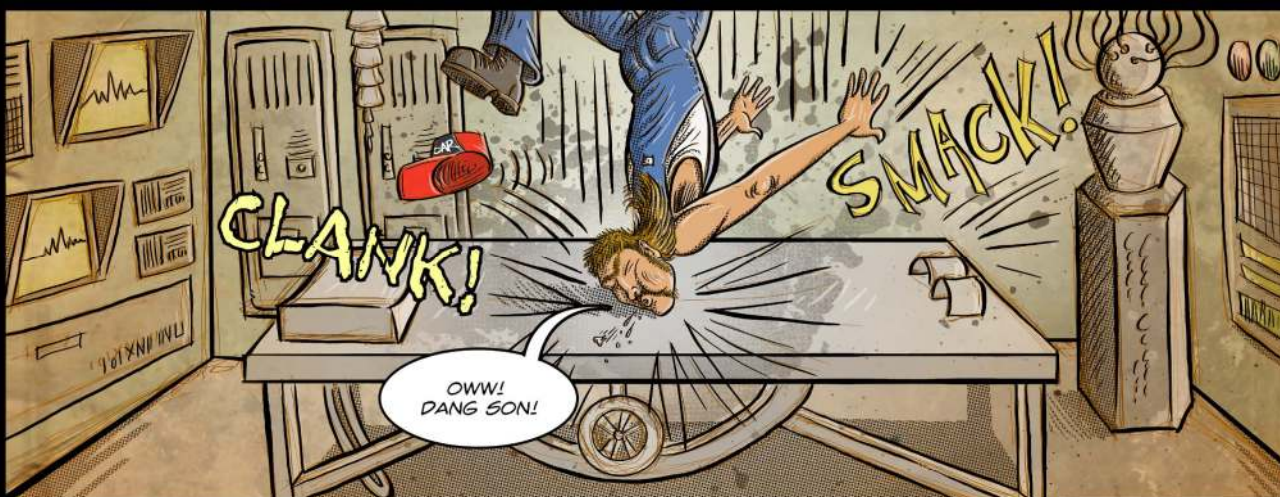
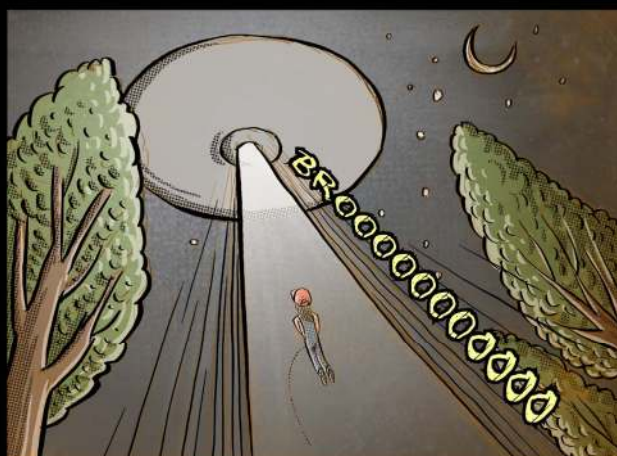
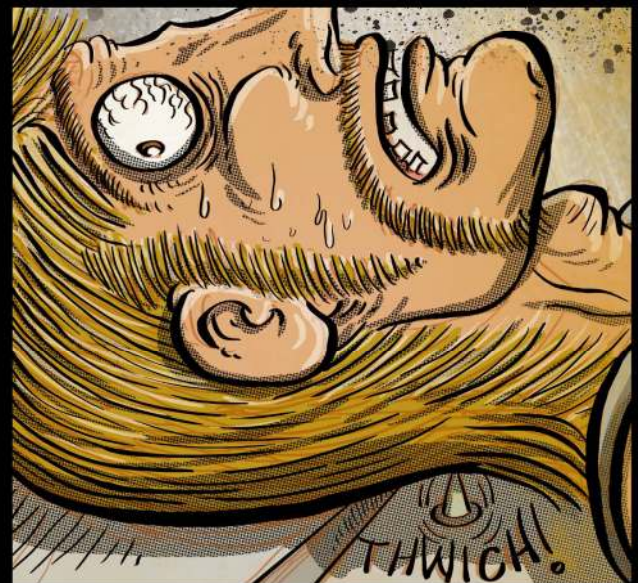
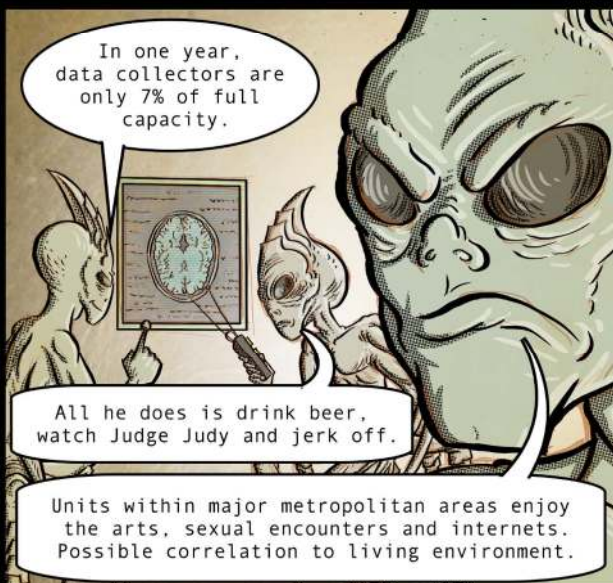


Figure 36b:
The Pear-wolf
(dormant state)

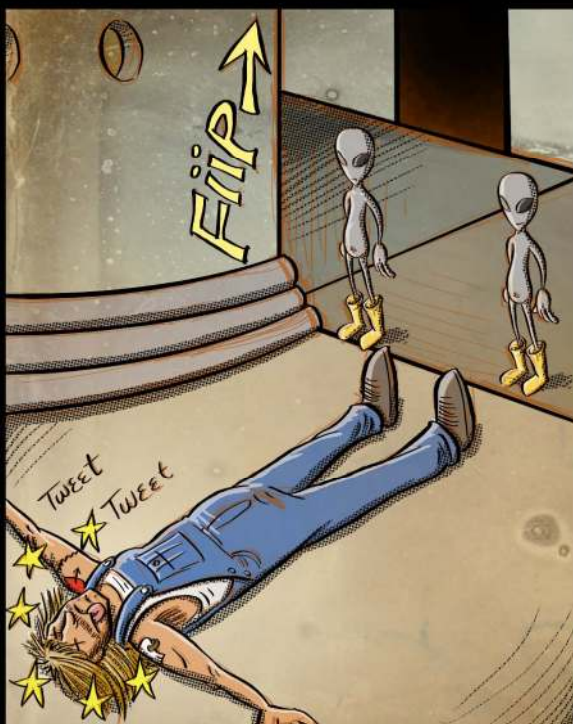
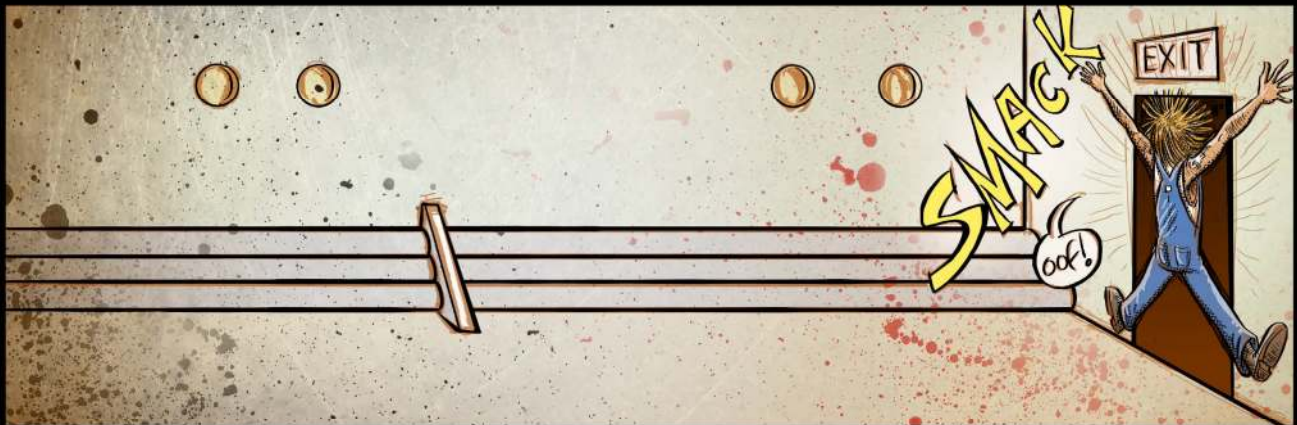


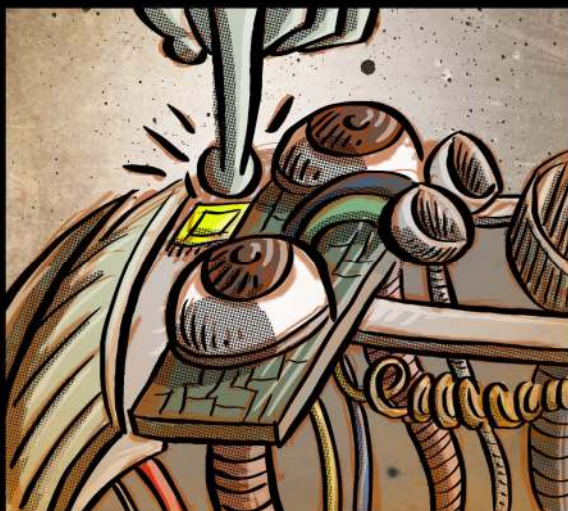


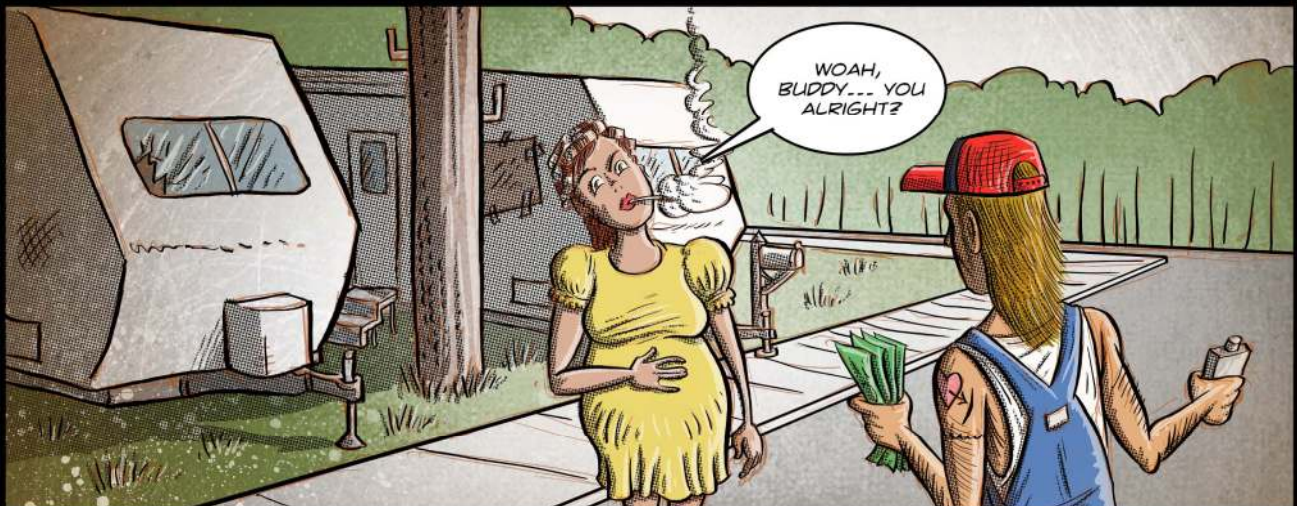












The Crypt Id

Article &
Illustration by
Malcolm Kirk

The Crypt Id is the physical manifestation of every fear one might experience when walking through a graveyard during the hours of darkness. That these fears are largely unfounded and based mainly on idle superstition is of no consequence - the Crypt Id causes them to become real regardless. Even complete and total disbelief in such things is no protection from the Crypt Id, as it derives its physical corporeality from the minds of all persons within a five mile radius of its graveyard lair. The process by which this can occur is still not fully understood by science, but numerous tests by psychical researchers appear to confirm that these are the facts of the matter.

Unsurprisingly, the Crypt Id is often mistaken for the creatures, both real and imagined, the fear of which contribute to its existence. People are often convinced they have encountered vampires, werewolves, restless spirits, strange animals, revenants, and all manner of other creatures of the night, and in a way, the observers are not incorrect, for the make-up of the Crypt Id includes all such beasts.

The Crypt Id's very existence depends on the human race's fear of such unholy entities. If, for some reason, we were to suddenly lose our terror of such things, the Crypt Id would simply cease to exist. This has led some to suggest that the beast is in some way related to the Fairy, which has a similar trait attributed to it, (most notably by Professor Barrie of Kirriemuir University).

The Crypt Id causes no direct harm, but will give the impression it means to do so in order to induce higher levels of fear. This has led to some instances

of people dying from fright when confronted by the creature, but, if it were not for this unfortunate side-effect of the Crypt Id's natural survival mechanism, it would be completely and utterly harmless. If you should find yourself in the presence of one, the best thing to do is totally ignore it and no harm should befall you. Other forms of Id are also to be found within other locations, such as sailing vessels, (*Shipped Id*), dumping grounds, (*Tipped Id*), Gymnasiums, (*Ripped Id*), insane asylums, (*Flipped Id*), orchards, (*The Pipped Id*), and among the towns of the Western States of America (*Billy The K Id*).

Figure 2M: The Crypt Id

BIO-MED LABORATORIES...

NIGHT...

ATTENTION! ALL SECURITY
PERSONNEL RESPOND...

BIO-MED

HAIR SCARE!

Gordon
Innes
Story
& Art

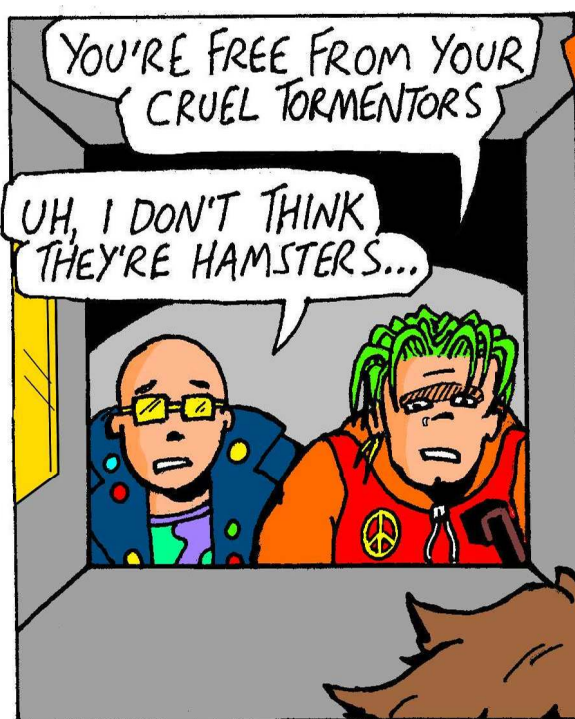
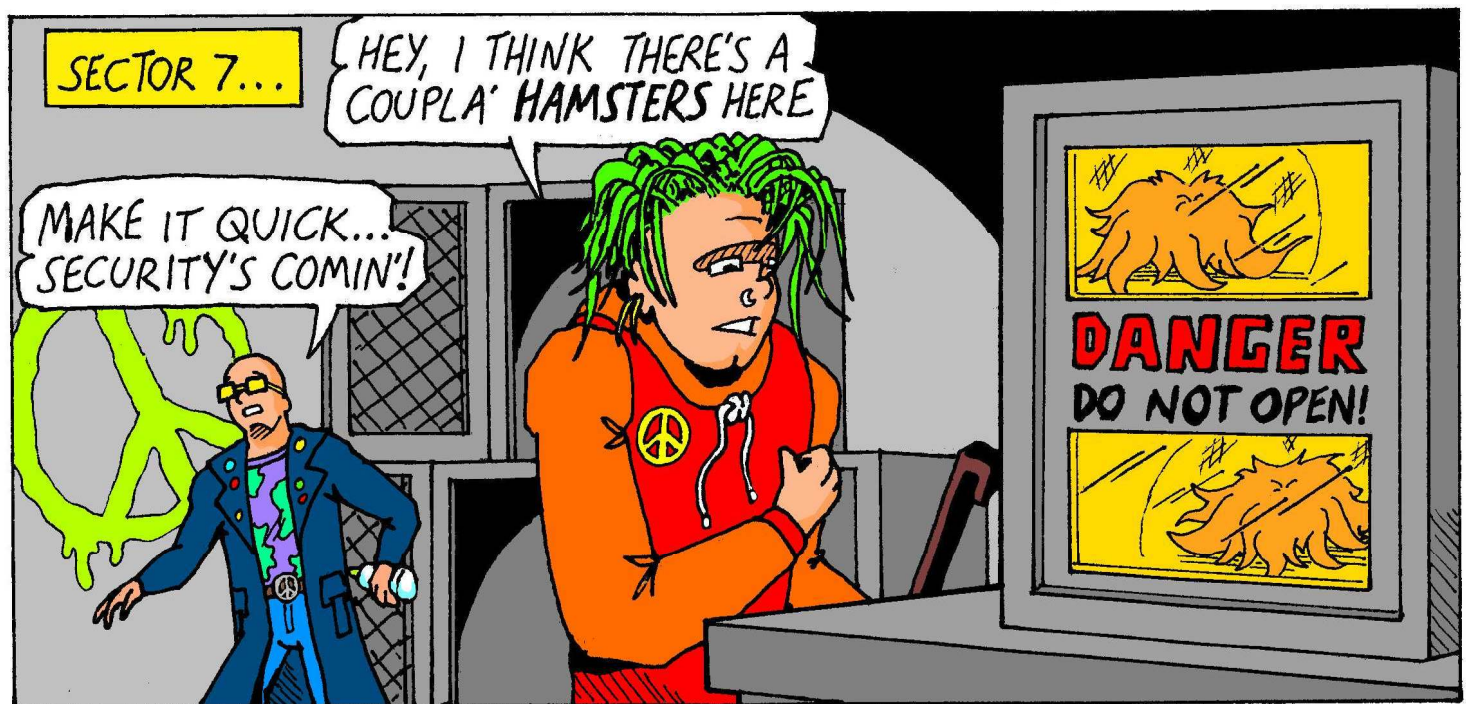
PRIORITY ONE
INTRUDER ALERT!

WHAT'S THE SITUATION?

BREAK-IN, SECTOR 7 CHIEF...

SKREEE!!

SOMEONE RELEASED THE
LAB TEST ANIMALS!



MOMENTS LATER...

OH MY..!

RUN! GET TO B-WING NOW!
WE HAVE TO SEAL THE LAB!

GO!!

SSS!

CLOSE THE BLAST DOORS!

A HIGHLY UNSTABLE HAIR
GROWTH EXPERIMENT...

WHAT IS THAT
THING, CHIEF?

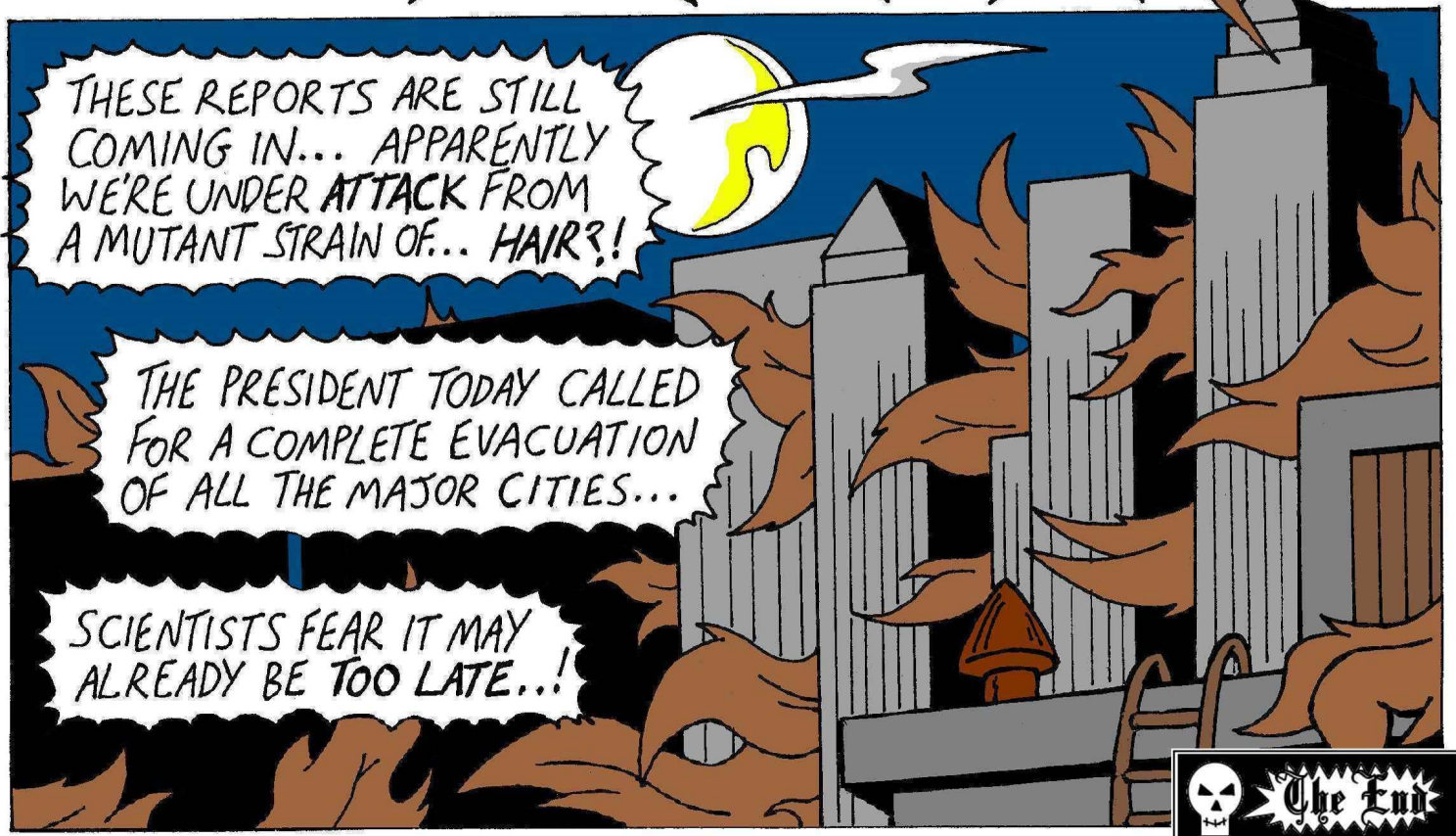
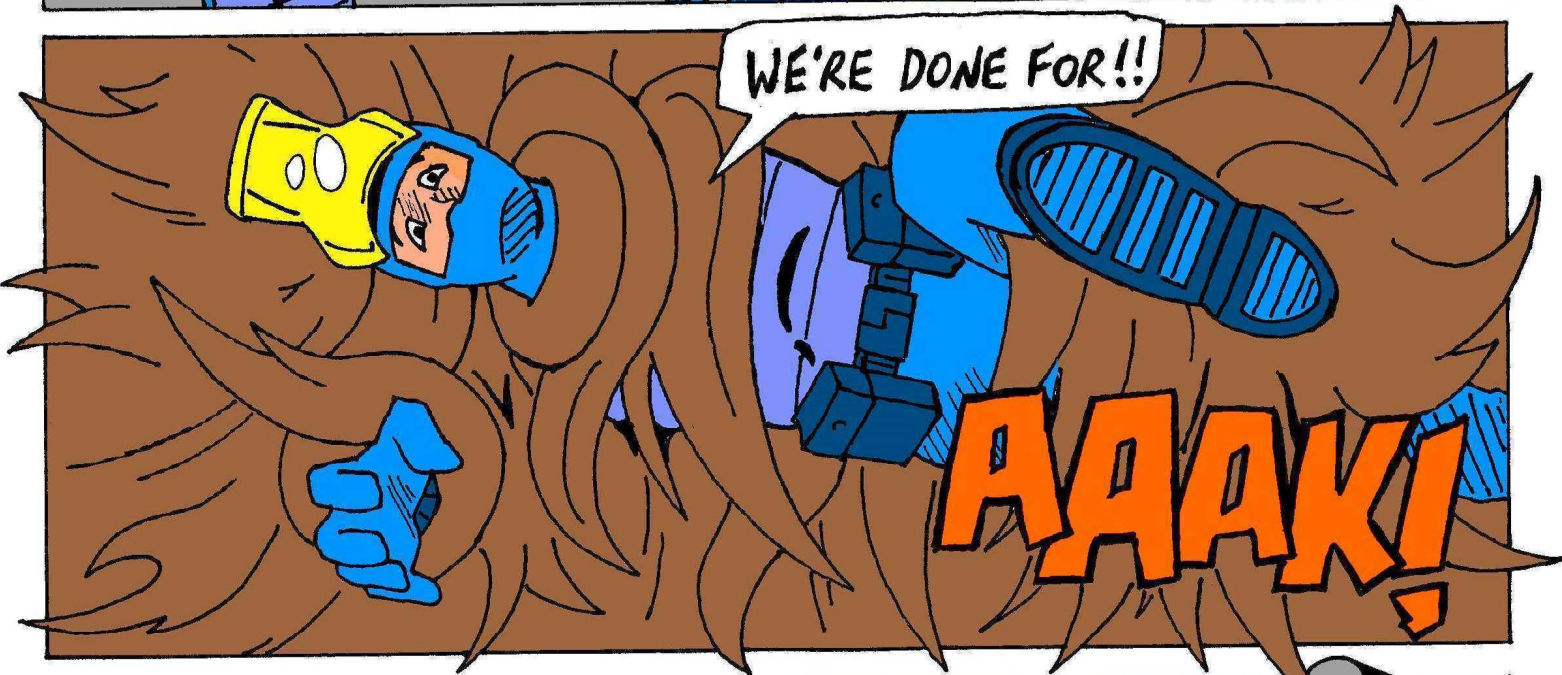
WHEN EXPOSED TO OXYGEN
IT REACTS WITH EXTREME GROWTH!

HOPEFULLY THE BLAST DOORS CUT OFF IT'S AIR SUPPLY...

KLUNK!

THAT SHOULD DO IT...
THOSE DOORS ARE 9 INCH
THICK REINFORCED STEEL

I MEAN, HOW BIG CAN
HAIR GET... RIGHT?





RUN

STORY CHRIS SIDES
ART SIMON BENNETT HAYES
LETTERS CHRIS TRAVELL

"HAVE YOU BEEN OUT TODAY"?

33 MINUTES AGO.



HONEY?

CAROLINE?

HMM?

HAVE YOU BEEN
OUT TODAY?

NO.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID
YOU WERE GOING TO TRY
AND GO FOR A RUN?



I DIDN'T
FEEL LIKE IT.

DID YOU
EVEN TRY?

FOR
GOD'S SAKE.



I CAN'T DO
THIS ANYMORE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JON?
I WAS WATCHING TH--

THIS ISN'T JUDGEMENT
OR-OR ABANDONMENT, OR
WHATEVER BULLSHIT IT WAS
YOU QUOTED AT ME--

DON'T
START THIS AGAIN.
DON'T YOU--



YOU WANT TO *DIE*,
THAT IT? YOU WANT TO JUST...GIVE UP?
FINE, YOU GO AHEAD AND DO THAT.
BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO BE
HERE WHEN YOU DO.

I'M DOING
MY DAMNDEST TO
MOVE ON.



"I KNOW IT'S HARD, BUT CAN'T YOU
AT LEAST TRY? CAN'T YOU AT LEAST
TRY TO MOVE WITH ME?"









WHAT DO YOU WANT?



HOW DO YOU LIKE THE FORM OF THE MESSENGER THAT BROUGHT YOU HERE?

"I-I DON'T--I"--



EARTH AND SOIL ARE EASY TO MANIPULATE AND CONTROL. IT CAN BE MOULDED TO ANY SHAPE, ANY FORM.



THE BOY, FOR EXAMPLE.



I NEED A SOUL TO BIND TO, TO STAY ON THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE. ALLOW ME YOURS AND I WILL GIVE YOU BACK WHAT YOU HAVE LOST.

ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

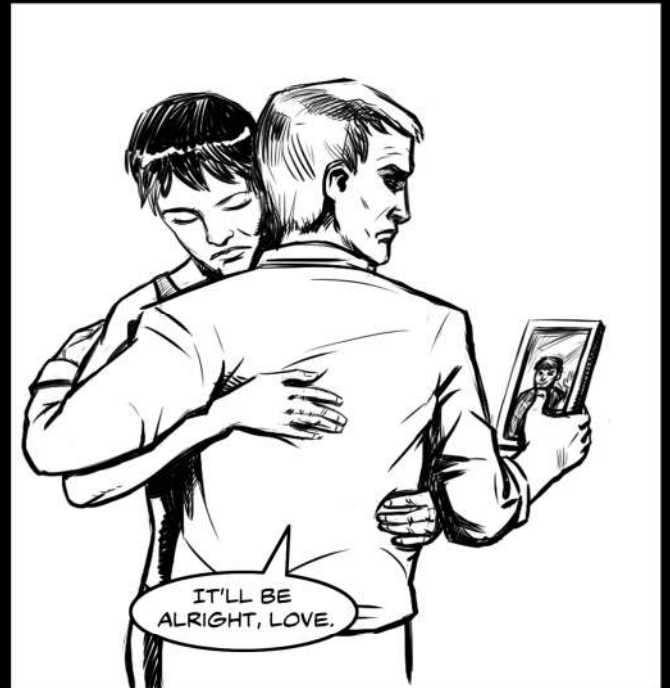


TO HOLD HIM AGAIN?

YOU'RE *CRUEL!* HOW MUCH *ABUSE* ARE WE MEANT TO *TAKE?*! YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT US, YOU JUST WANT TO WATCH US *SUFFER!*

CAROLINE...

I RENOUNCE YOU!



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OUT NOW FOR THE SINCLAIR ZX SPECTRUM!

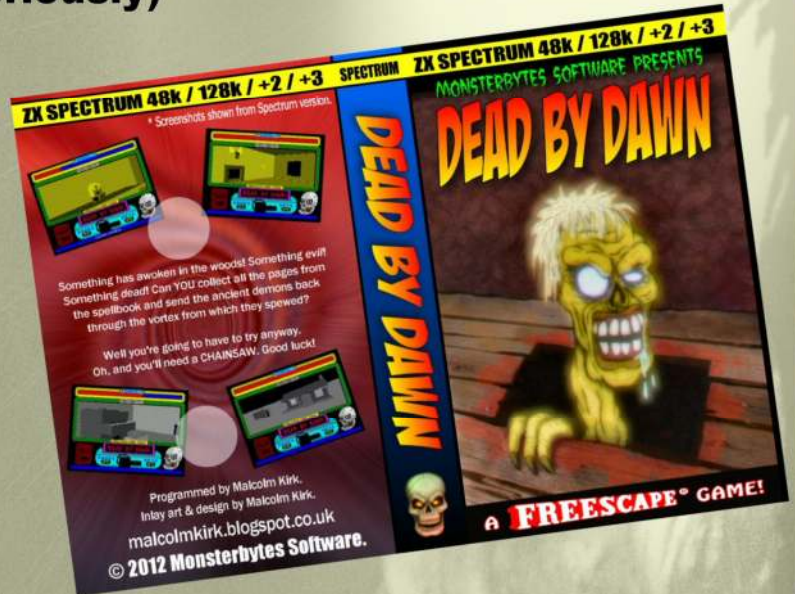
(seriously)

DEAD BY DAWN

A spooky new 3D adventure game programmed in freescape by Malcolm Kirk.

Something has awoken in the woods! Something evil! Something dead! Can *you* collect all the pages and send the ancient demons back through the vortex from which they spewed?

Well you're going to have to try anyway. Oh, and you'll need a *chainsaw*. Good luck!



Actual ZX Spectrum Screenshots!



Download now from www.tinyurl.com/evilspectrum

Or play online at www.tinyurl.com/speccydead



GREETINGS, READERS! ROAMING SPIRITS AND TORTURED SOULS ARE A FEATURE OF HALLOWEEN! BUT LIKE THE GIVING OF GIFTS, SOMETIMES WHAT YOU EXPECT IS NOT ALWAYS WHAT YOU GET AS SHOWN IN THIS TALE I CALL...

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

BULSTRODE MANOR IN THE HEART OF THE BLACK COUNTRY, ANCESTRAL HOME TO THE BULSTRODE FAMILY. MADE RICH DURING THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, RECENT HISTORY HAS SEEN THEIR DESCENDENTS FALL UPON HARDER TIMES



31ST OCTOBER, 1871.

THE GRAND HALL!
THIS WAS ONCE THE
MOST IMPRESSIVE
ROOM IN THE
HOUSE!



IT STILL
LOOKS PRETTY
GRAND TO ME,
ROGER!

DON'T BE
FOOLED, KATHERINE! MOST
OF THE FURNISHINGS HAVE
ALREADY BEEN SOLD OFF
TO PAY FOR THE HALL'S
UPKEEP!


SCREAM
SCRIPT
& ART:
MICHAEL
CROUCH



WE HOLD HANDS
TO FORGE THE LINK!
IT IS VITAL YOU ALL
REMAIN QUIET UNTIL
CONTACT IS MADE!

DEVOTE YOUR
THOUGHTS ONLY
TO MARCUS! UPON
THOSE SHALL I
FOCUS!

ACROSS THE
ETHER I REACH
OUT WITH MY MIND!
THERE IS ONE WHOM
I WISH TO SPEAK TO!
IS HE THERE?

MARCUS BULSTRODE, I CALL OUT TO YOU!
WILL YOU SPEAK WITH US?

MARCUS ATHELWAITE BULSTRODE, WILL YOU ANSWER?
WILL YOU SPEAK WITH US?

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT OF ME?

MARCUS!

ROGER! I MIGHT'VE
KNOWN MY BROTHER
WOULDN'T LEAVE ME
IN PEACE! WHAT
IS IT YOU WANT,
ROGER?

WE -
WE NEED
CLOSURE,
MARCUS!

WE
NEED TO
UNDERSTAND
WHY!

WHY?

WHY YOU
LASHED OUT
TO KILL THOSE
WHO LOVED
YOU!

WHY SUCH
RAGE? WHY
SUCH BLOOD-
SHED? WHY,
MARCUS,
WHY?



YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND?
THEN LET ME
TELL YOU!

MY GOD, NO!
MARCUS!

AN ECTOPLASMIC
PROJECTION!

ADELE?
THE POOR
GIRL'S FAINTED
DEAD AWAY!

WELL,
MARCUS? WE
CAN SEE YOU
NOW...

...TIME FOR
EXPLANATIONS!

I WAS ALWAYS
THE 'LITTLE'
BROTHER, A
SIDELINE TO
THE BULLSTRODE
LEGACY...

FATHER BROUGHT YOU
UP, TAUGHT YOU, TRAINED
YOU, EDUCATED YOU IN
THE WAYS OF THE
BUSINESS...

"...READY FOR THE DAY THAT YOU WOULD
TAKE OVER AS HIS RIGHTFUL HEIR TO THE
BULLSTRODE FORTUNE!"

"OH, I WAS LOOKED
AFTER, SCHOOLED
AND PREPARED FOR
ADULTHOOD! BUT I
WAS ALWAYS SECOND
FIDDLE TO YOU!"

"WHEN YOU COURTED AND THEN
MARRIED ADELE, FATHER WAS
SO PROUD! MY BROTHER
AND HIS TROPHY WIFE!"

"MY CHOICES WERE NEVER GOOD ENOUGH,
ALWAYS TOO LOWLY OR TOO WORKING
CLASS FOR THE NEW ELITE INTO WHICH
OUR FAMILY HAD BOUGHT ITSELF!"



"WHILE YOU ROSE WITHIN THE FAMILY BUSINESS, I WAS CAST OUT LIKE THE UNWANTED SON!"



"YOU
SAY TOO!"

OH YES, THE
MINOR SUPPLIERS,
THE SERVICES, THE
ONES THAT KEPT
THE MAIN
ENTERPRISE IN
OPERATION!



THE ENTERPRISE HE LEFT TO YOU ON HIS DEATH BED!
AND THEN THE FINAL ACT IN MY HUMILIATION...

BULSTRODE
MANOR!



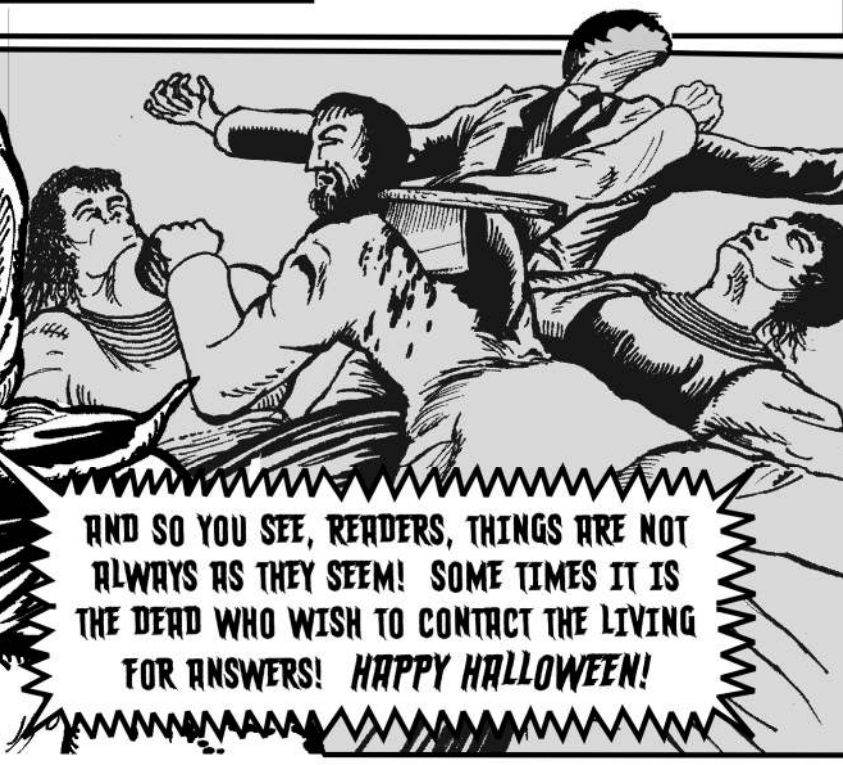
"AND TO ME, A FARM HAND'S COTTAGE AT THE
END OF THE ESTATE! HOW COULD I NOT WANT
REVENGE AND RECOMPENSE AFTER THAT?"

"AND SO THAT'S WHY?
THAT IS WHAT DROVE
YOU TO SUCH MURDER?!"

YES! TO RID MYSELF OF THOSE WHO
TOOK WHAT WAS RIGHTFULLY MINE -



- THAT IS WHY
YOU ALL HAD
TO DIE!



AND SO YOU SEE, READERS, THINGS ARE NOT
ALWAYS AS THEY SEEM! SOME TIMES IT IS
THE DEAD WHO WISH TO CONTACT THE LIVING
FOR ANSWERS! **HAPPY HALLOWEEN!**

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW...

BY RUSSELL HILLMAN

IT WAS JUNE 12TH WHEN THE SNOW STARTED.



I WRITE THIS NOW SO I CAN
REMEMBER LATER.

SOON AFTER, THERE WAS TROUBLE
ON THE MORNING NEWS.



BRIAN NEWMAN KILLED HIS CO-HOST,
THE BLONDE WOMAN.

HE SAID LATER HE HADN'T
RECOGNISED HER.



THEN IT WAS EVERYWHERE.

PEOPLE WERE FORGETTING FRIENDS
AND FAMILY MEMBERS



AND KILLING THE STRANGERS
IN FRONT OF THEM.

MY HUSBAND FOUND A DEAD BOY
IN OUR SON'S ROOM.



(OUR SON WAS OUT OF TOWN FOR
SOMETHING, I FORGET WHAT.)

I WONDERED HOW HE GOT IN.



A FEW DAYS LATER, THERE WAS AN INTRUDER
IN MY KITCHEN MAKING TOAST.

WE FOUGHT, AND I KILLED HIM.
I STABBED HIM. HE DIED.



THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF FORCED ENTRY.

MY HUSBAND WAS AWAY AT A CONFERENCE
OR SOMETHING.



I DON'T REALLY PAY ATTENTION
TO THESE THINGS.

THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING.
I THINK IT'S MY HUSBAND.



I HOPE I REMEMBER
WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE.

HELP! MUMMY!

IT WAS TOO COLD TO PLAY IN THE GARDEN SO DADDY TOOK THE GIRLS TO THE MUSEUM



THEY LIKED THE MUMMY THE BEST



THE GIRLS WERE MODERATELY WELL BEHAVED UNTIL THE CURATOR SAID... WE WILL BE CLOSING IN FIVE MINUTES



COME ON, GIRLS - BEST WE GET A MOVE ON!



THE GIRLS RUSHED OUT OF SIGHT - DADDY HAD LOST THEM



OH, THOSE GIRLS! MAYBE THEY ARE IN THE MUSEUM GARDEN. I'LL TAKE A LOOK



AS DADDY WAS OUT IN THE GARDEN THE GIRLS BURST INTO LAUGHTER ... SUDDENLY THE DOOR SHUT



THE GIRLS STOPPED LAUGHING AS THEY SAW THE MUMMY SLOWLY COME TO LIFE...



IT CLIMBED OUT OF ITS CASE AND MOVED SLOWLY TOWARDS THE GIRLS. THE GIRLS RETREATED TO THE GARDEN DOOR.



THE MUSEUM'S AUTOMATIC LOCKING DEVICE MADE SURE THAT NO MATTER HOW HARD HE TRIED DADDY COULD NOT GET BACK INTO THE THE MUSEUM.



HE WAS POWERLESS TO DO ANYTHING AS HE SAW THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR THE MUMMY CLOSING IN ON THE GIRLS - THEN HE HEARD THE SCREAMS



THEY SAID THEY WOULDN'T GO TO SLEEP UNTIL I TOLD THEM A REALLY FRIGHTENING STORY.



Simon Mackie

The Glook-Gonk

Article &
Illustration by
Malcolm Kirk

At a distance Glook-Gonks could be mistaken for being avian in nature, most closely resembling owls. It quickly becomes apparent on approaching them however, that they are, in fact, mammals and, in the majority of cases, incapable of flight. They are most frequently found in travelling fairs, being awarded as prizes as an alternative to the slightly more exotic *Goldfish*. Other breeds of Gonk are also distributed in this manner, but the Glook-Gonk is one of the most popular at this moment in time.



Figure 282: The Glook-Gonk

However, there are those who'd like nothing more than to see the back of the Glook-Gonk for good. Rumours abound that the animal gives off a scent which is mildly intoxicating and somewhat hypnotic, which it is said to use to coerce its 'owners' into doing its bidding. Indeed, it is said that in some African countries, (the presumed homeland of the Glook-Gonk), that the creature is even worshipped as some kind of nature spirit, such is the power of its thrall over others, especially when congregated in large numbers. No doubt the idea that a foreign pagan deity should be allowed into the homes of our great nation's youth, has some bearing on the anti-Glook sentiments, which do seem to be most prominent among members of the clergy, although this may also be due in part to the Glook-Gonk's talent for mimicry, which, after being around those in the travelling community, can quite frequently be demonstrated in the form of some of the more foul-mouthed variety of vocabulary.

While domesticated to a degree, the Glook-Gonk still retains some of its wild characteristics and temperament, resulting in numerous incidents of bitten fingers and other extremities. To rectify this, a breeding programme

has been set up to reduce the aggressiveness of the Glook-Gonk. The experiment is still in its early stages and at best the results can be charitably referred to as 'mixed'. While it is certainly true that the resultant selectively bred offspring are altogether calmer, and some might say more visually appealing than their forebears, their intellectual capacity is also greatly reduced. Frankly, the new breed are imbeciles. *Highly annoying* imbeciles. Place two of them in close proximity and they will spend hours burbling gibberish at each other without pause, like chattering fish-wives. This manner of communication, paired with their altered appearance has earned this strain the pseudonym '*Fur-baby*'.

Pray to God this new form does not become overly popular.

HAPPY FAMILY

SCRIPT: DAVID STODDART ART: GRAHAM STODDART

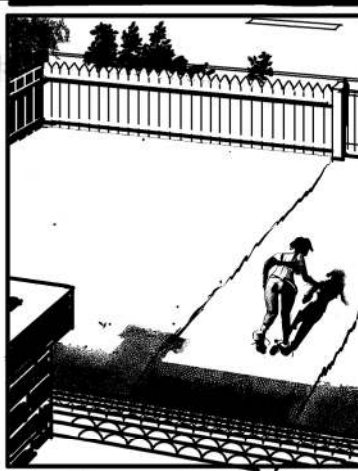




CLICK!

BOOM!

BOOM!



Ghost Train

THE TRAIN PULLS INTO TOWN,
IT HEADS DOWN TO THE STATION.
NOT A SINGLE SOUL,
WAITS IN ANTICIPATION.

THE TRAIN **SCREECHES** INTO THE STATION,
BUT NOBODY APPEARS.
IT STOPS IN PREPARATION TO CONTINUE,
ON ITS YEARS.

ON AND ON.

A SHADOWY FIGURE APPEARS...

IT FLOATS TOWARDS THE STATION,
THE TRAIN THEN DISAPPEARS.

HEADED FOR A NEW LOCATION.

THE FIGURE BLOWS A WHISTLE.
THE FIGURE DISAPPEARS.

UNTIL IT FADES AWAY.

THE WHISTLE THEN GROWS LOUDER...

FADES AWAY.

HALLOWSCREAM



Back from the Depths

BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS "HALLOWSCREAM!" issue five Hallowe'en 2013.

Editor : The Reaper Co-Editor : Tim West Co-Editor : Malcolm Kirk

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