



BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS

10



The Tenth



October 31st 2018

HALLOWSCREAM!

Comic-Book of Horror



CHEAPO BOOKS
~~£ 10P~~

Edited by Reaper Maiming

A collection of picture stories
which are not for the nervous!

3'6

COVER BY MALCOLM KIRK

HANGING TEN...

Greetings, mortals!

Welcome to our tenth terrifying issue. A lot has happened in the nine years since I first appeared upon your plane and brought you our debut issue. I have to say, it's an amazing time to be alive/undead if you enjoy being absolutely terrified with absolutely no clue what fresh horrors lie in wait around the next corner. Why, my job has almost been rendered obsolete! Almost...

The Reaper...

Cover Art and Intro
Design by Malcolm Kirk

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available to buy from



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FACEBOOK : www.facebook.com/Hallowscream.comic



Back from the Depths SCARIER THAN VOICES COMING FROM AN UNPLUGGED RADIO!

IT DOESN'T
SMELL NEAR AS
BAD AS I THOUGHT
IT WOULD.

IT'S PROBABLY
BEEN DOWN THERE
AWHILE. ALL THE
STINK'S WASHED
OUT OF IT.

RRNNAARGHHH

IT'S A LIVING

ART
MOHAMED REZK &
ANDRE SHORT
SCRIPT
CHRISTOPHER R.
MATLSIAK
LETTERS
NIKKI POWERS

ENOUGH CHATTING. LET'S GET TO IT.

FIRST CATCH OF THE NIGHT, AND IT ONLY TOOK US **THREE BLOODY HOURS** TO FIND.



NOT BAD FOR YOUR FIRST TIME, KID. THOUGH, IF I MAY OFFER SOME CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM...



NEXT TIME... AIM FOR THE NECK.

OH MY GOD.





WASN'T LONG AGO THE DAMNED THINGS WERE LINING UP TO BE PUT DOWN.

NOW WE'RE LUCKY JUST TO MAKE QUOTA.

JAKOB, YOU EVEN REMEMBER THE LAST TIME WE TAGGED ENOUGH TO EARN BONUS PAY?



SOMETIME LAST MAY, MAYBE? BEFORE WE HAD TO START DIGGIN' 'EM UP, THAT'S FOR SURE.

QUOTAS ONLY THREE THOUGH, RIGHT? THAT'S NOT SO BAD.

THREE PER, KID. FIVE IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THAT BONUS.

YOU SEE US FINDING FOURTEEN MORE FRESHIES OUT HERE TONIGHT?

I HEAR IN AUSTRALIA THERE'S STILL PLACES WHERE THEY OUTNUMBER THE SURVIVORS TWENTY TO ONE.



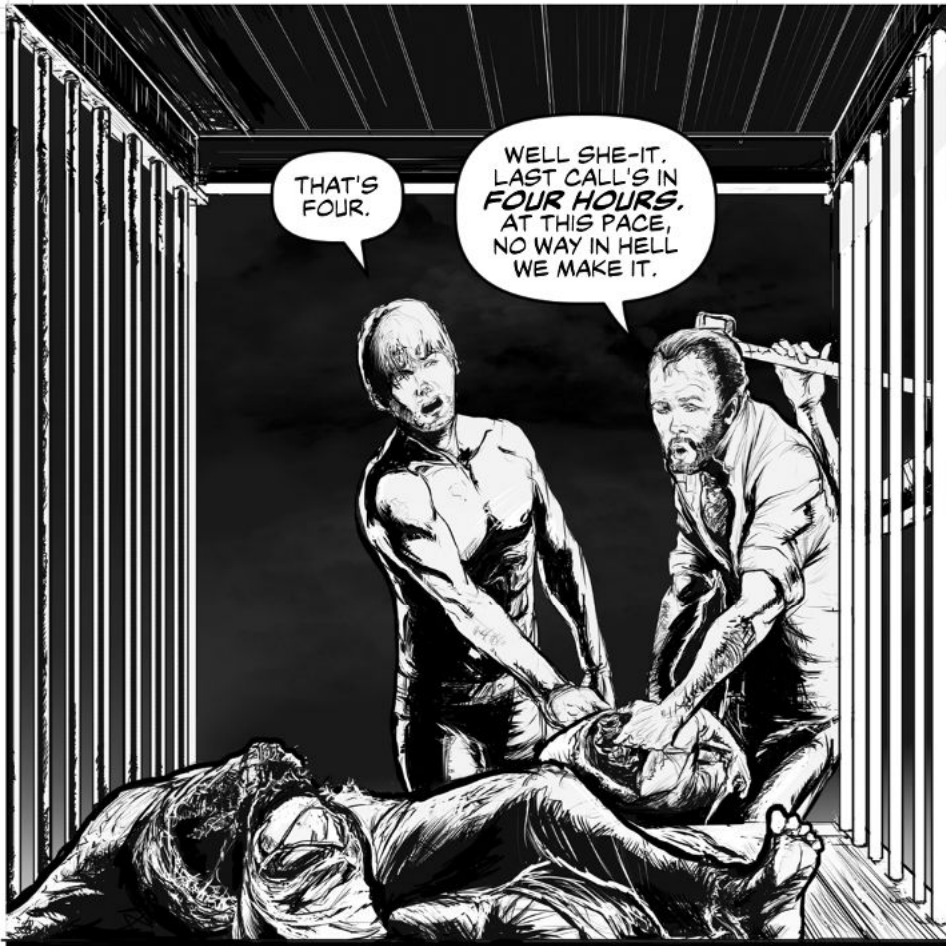
WELL TOO BAD WE AIN'T IN OZ-STRALIA.

WHERE'S THE NEXT STOP ON THE LIST?

GRID FIVE, THE NEXT HILL OVER.



JACKPOT. THERE'S THAT SMELL YOU WERE AFTER, KID.



THAT'S FOUR.

WELL SHE-IT. LAST CALL'S IN **FOUR HOURS**. AT THIS PACE, NO WAY IN HELL WE MAKE IT.



AH, DON'T GIVE UP NOW. THERE'S ANOTHER PLOT JUST OVER THE RISE. I SAW IT WHEN WE CAME IN. IT LOOKED LIKE IT'D BE A GOOD FINAL STOP.



WHAT'S THE POINT, KID? EVEN IF IT AIN'T ALREADY BEEN DUG UP, WE'RE STILL SHORT.

JUST WAIT, YOU'LL SEE.

WHEN WE STARTED SHIFT TONIGHT, I THOUGHT I MIGHT WIND UP **HATING** THAT KID.

AND NOW?

NOW? NOW I'M CERTAIN.

WELL BOSS, YOU MIGHT WANT TO WITHHOLD JUDGMENT JUST A TAD LONGER.



WELL DAMN IF THAT AIN'T SOMETHING.

MARTHA AND BERNARD SHORE
TWO SOULS MADE ONE
MAY THEY SPEND ETERNITY
IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS



YOU EVER COME ACROSS A TWO-FER BEFORE?

DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT WAS LEGAL.

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL BE MAKIN' QUOTA AFTER ALL. NICE GOIN' KID.

WELL, NOT QUITE. THAT STILL ONLY GIVES US SIX.



BUT DIVIDED THREE WAYS, THAT'S...



SIX? FUNNY, KID... I COUNT SEVEN.



WAY I COUNT IT, THAT'S QUOTA PLUS ONE.

NO. WAIT!



YEEAAAGH!



DAMN SHAME, THE KID STUMBLIN' INTO THE PIT LIKE THAT. REAL ROOKIE MOVE.

CLANG

I FEEL HALF DEAD MYSELF. PROBABLY LOOK IT, TOO.

DON'T KNOW HOW MANY MORE NIGHTS LIKE THIS I'VE GOT IN ME.

I EVEN HEARD A RUMOR THEY'RE THINKIN' OF RAISING THE BONUS REQUIREMENT. YOU BELIEVE THAT SHIT?

YOUR SISTER STILL WORKS FOR CORPORATE. SHE SAY ANYTHING TO YOU ABOUT THAT?

AS A MATTER OF FACT...



LOSE A PIECE

FRANCE, 1584

WRITER: DANIEL VALENTI
ARTIST: NICK PURVIS
LETTERER: NIKKI POWERS

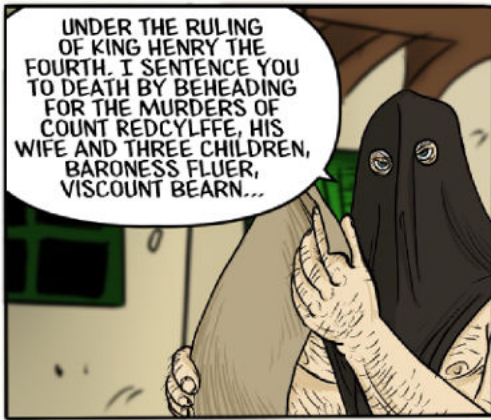


UNDER THE RULING OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH. I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH BY BEHEADING FOR THE MURDERS OF COUNT REDCYLFFE, HIS WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN, BARONESS FLUER, VISCOUNT BEARN...

AND THEY'RE THE ONES YOU KNOW ABOUT.

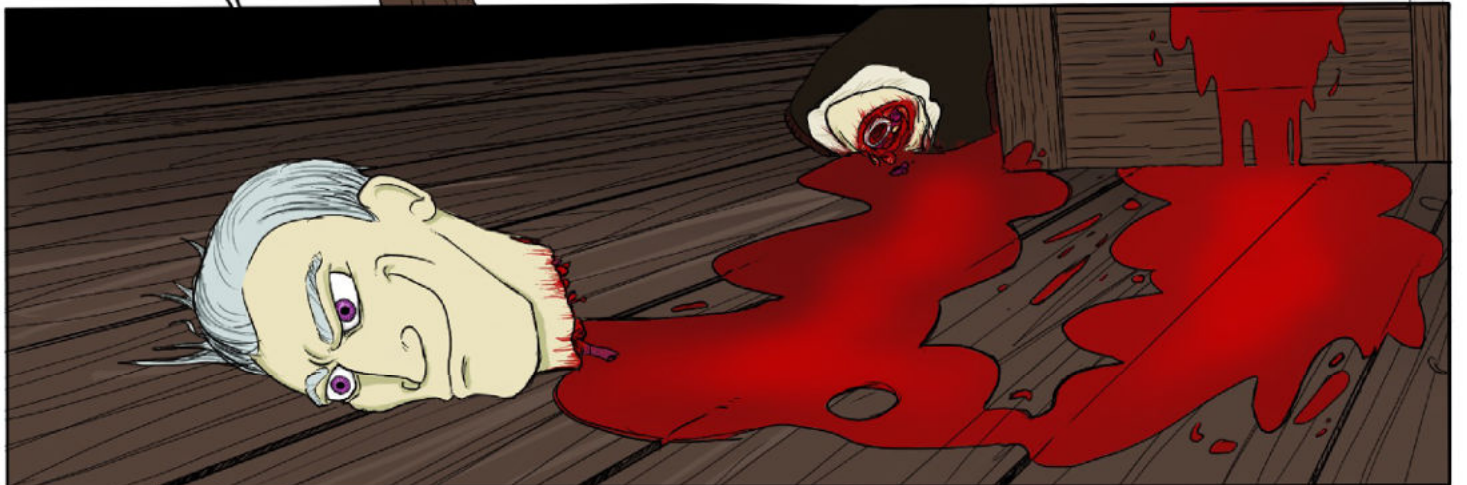
SILENCE, WITCH.

AND THE UNHOLY PRACTICE OF WITCHCRAFT.



LOSE A PIECE, EVERY NOW...

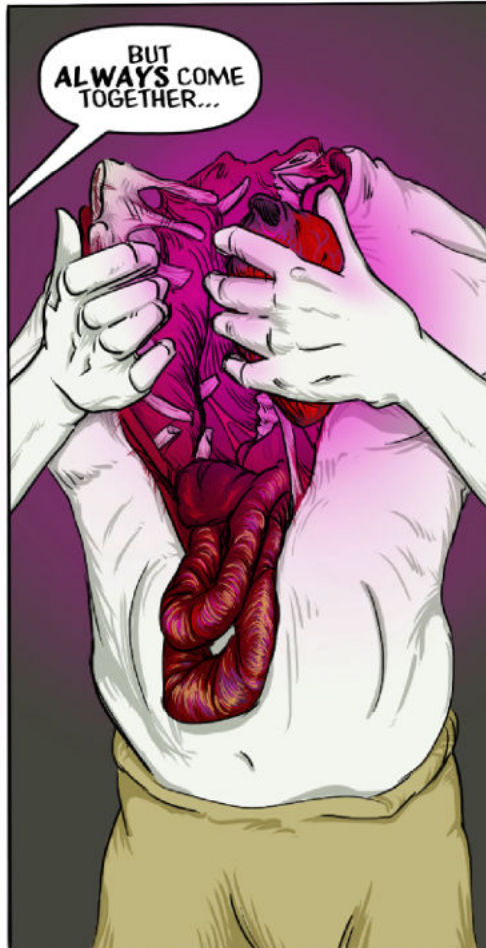
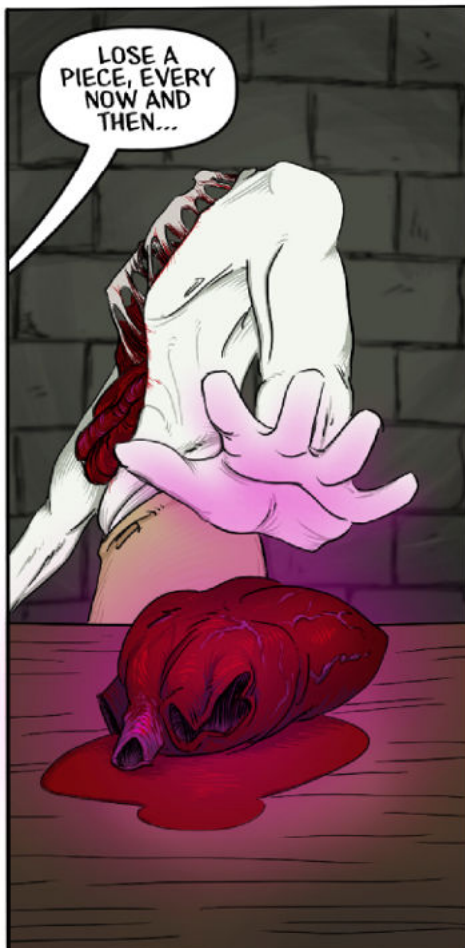
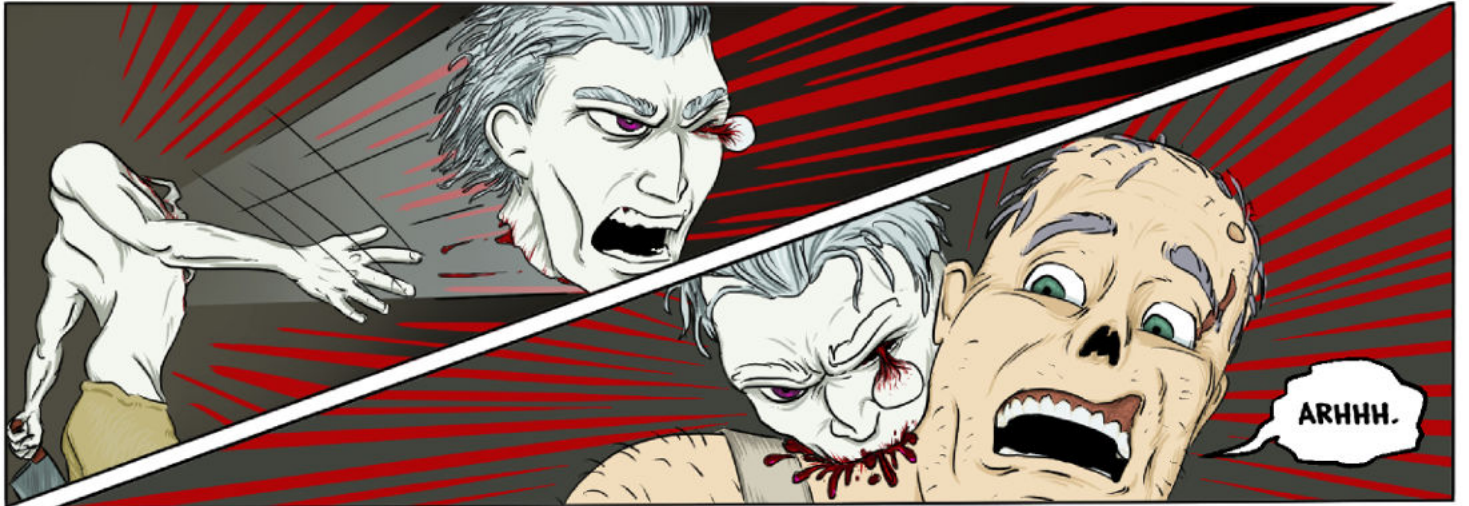
... AND TH...





I THINK YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF MINE.





A LOUSY HALLOWEEN

STORY AND ARC BY: RICK PEREZ

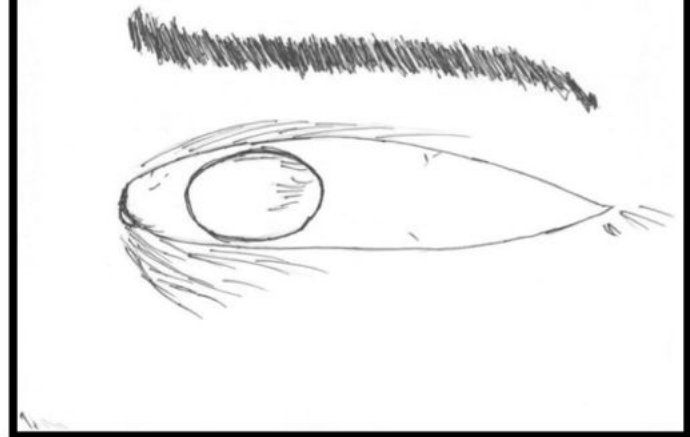
TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA, OCTOBER 27TH



SO... GO HELP HIM OUT.



AWWW, C'MON! WHY ME?

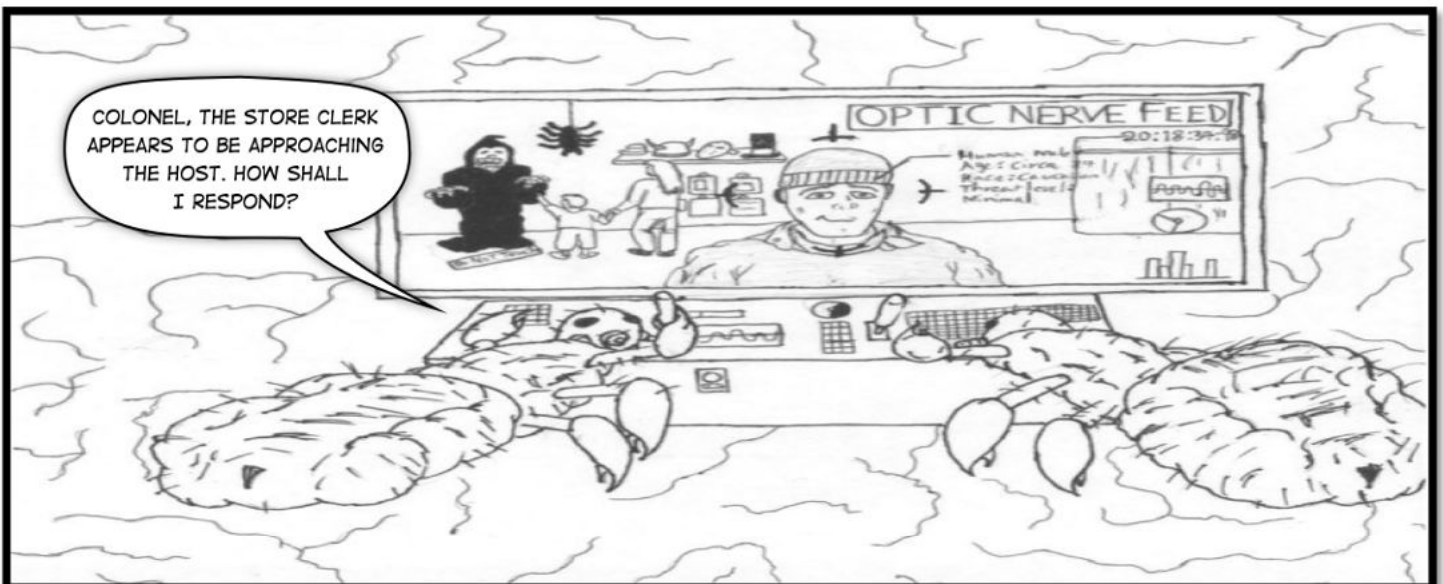
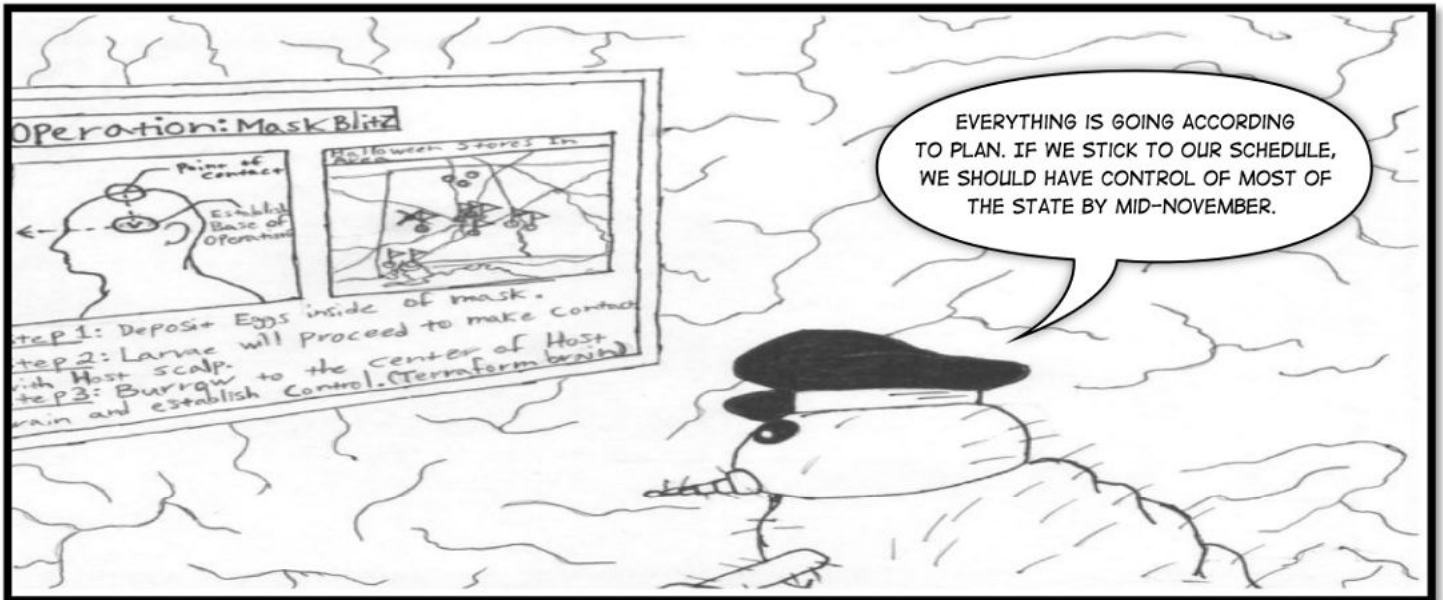


ELEVATOR TO SCALP



GOOD JOB, EVERYONE! WE ARE ALMOST DONE WITH ALL THE MASKS IN THE STORE.

THE BRAIN





MR GIGGLES

ART
VINCE
KARTER
STORY
TIM
WEST



YEP. SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER GIRL IN THERE.

I CAN ALREADY HEAR HER PLANNING HOW TO SPEND ALL MY MONEY.



WHAT DO YOU THINK, CHLOE?

WILL THE NEW BABY BE A BOY OR A GIRL?

A BOY. NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.



NO DOUBT, EH? WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT. CHLOE'S HAVING A LITTLE BROTHER.

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE IT'S A BOY?

THE FUNNY MAN TOLD ME.

HE SAID DADDY ALWAYS WANTED A BOY TO PLAY WITH.



MAN!?!
WHAT MAN?!

DON'T PANIC. CHLOE'S GOT HERSELF A NEW IMAGINARY FRIEND!

WHAT WAS HIS NAME AGAIN, DEAR?

IT'S MR GIGGLES OF COURSE, DADDY.



EVERYTHING ALRIGHT, TOM? YOU WERE ACTING A LITTLE STRANGE.

I THOUGHT I SAW... HE JUST VANISHED... MUST HAVE BEEN A TRICK OF THE LIGHT...

IT'S FINE. EVERYTHING'S FINE.

HE'S GONE NOW, DADDY.

HE TOLD ME HE NEVER EVER FORGOT ABOUT YOU.

MR GIGGLES NEVER FORGETS!

CONGRATULATIONS, IT'S A BABY BOY!

IS...IS HE...OKAY?

OH, HE'S BEAUTIFUL!

HERE YOU GO, TOM. SAY HELLO TO YOUR NEW SON.

HE WILL NEVER FORGET ME NOW!
HEE HEE. HEE HEE.
HEE HEE.



THE YEAR 1986.

I WISH THAT PRESS CONFERENCE WOULD HAVE ENDED EARLIER. NOW I HAVE TO WALK HOME IN THE DARK!

TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP

WHAT IS THAT?

THOSE ARE REALLY LOUD FOOTSTEPS.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

BY TROY VEVASIS.

ART AND LETTERING BY JOSEBA MORALES.





WHO IS THAT
CRAZY MAN?



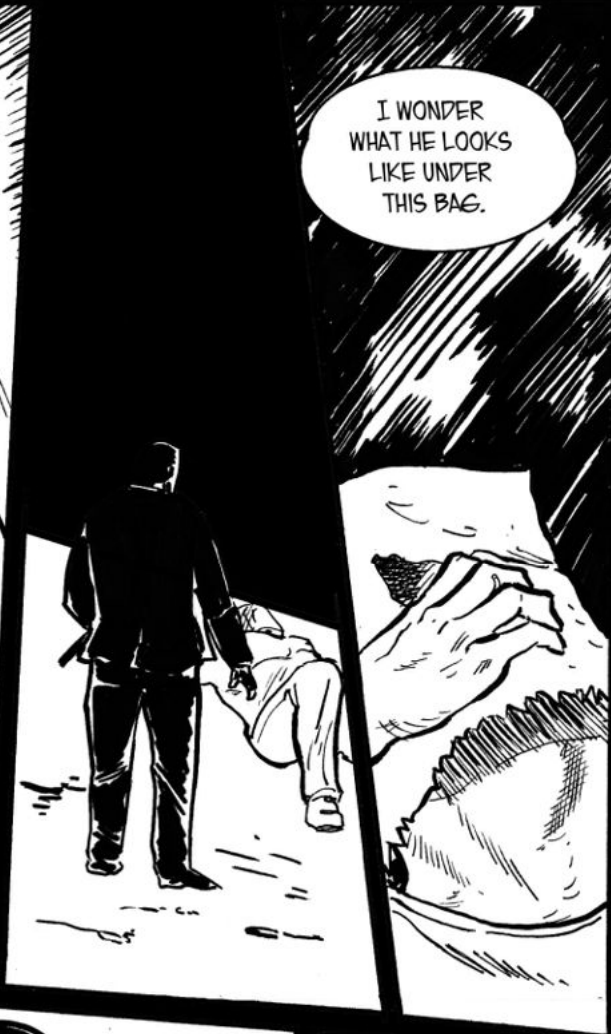
I DON'T
THINK HE
WILL FIND
ME.



WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



AAAHH



I WONDER
WHAT HE LOOKS
LIKE UNDER
THIS BAG.



THAT IS
HIDEOUS!



I SHOULD TAKE A
PICTURE OF THIS MAN!
I HOPE EVERYONE
DOES NOT THINK
THAT THE PHOTO IS
A DOUBLE EXPOSURE!

THE END!

A BESTIARY OF BEASTIES

Text & Illustrations by Malcolm Kirk

The Bogle Bee

The Bogle-Bee is mainly to be found in the Scottish Highlands. It is immediately identifiable by its odd facial features. As you would expect, there are many myths and legends regarding the Bogle-Bee which are probably best summed up within this ancient piece of Scottish doric poetry...

"Ochty brochty, freuchty fee,
Haggis agus, gleuchty glee.
Heuchty teuchty, mighty me,
Auchtermuchty, **Bogle-Bee!**"

Utterly terrifying, I'm sure you'll agree.

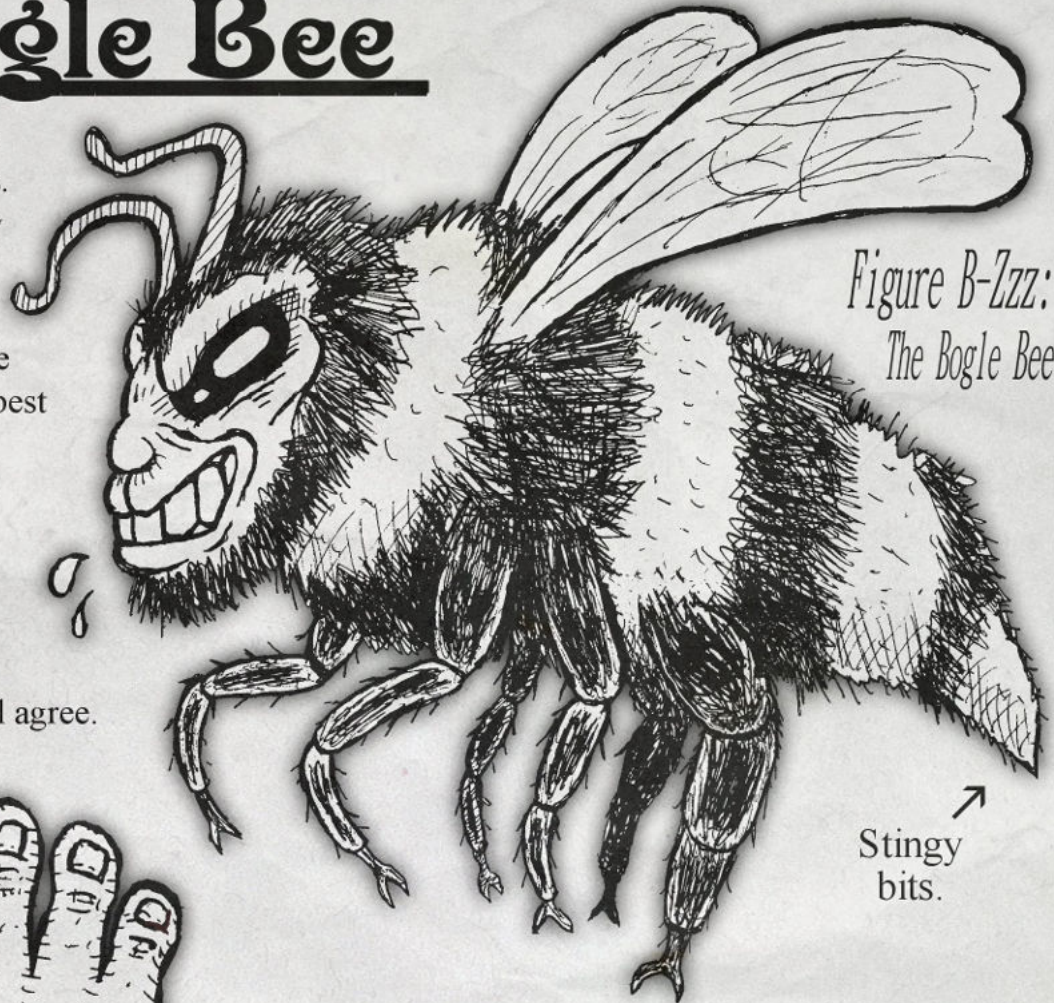


Figure B-Zzz:
The Bogle Bee

Stingy
bits.

Bigfoot

Contrary to popular belief, the North American Bigfoot is not an ape-like hominid. This misunderstanding has arisen due to the habits of the young of the species. The Bigfoot cubs, (or "Littlefeet"), like to climb trees to reach the various fruit, nuts and berries to be found within the forest canopy but, possessing very spindly limbs, they aren't very adept at it. Falls from the topmost branches are common, which of course leaves imprints upon the ground beneath. As the creatures so much resemble a large human foot this has led to the misinterpretation of the indentations as the footprints of a large humanesque beast. The mature adults of the species do not leave these imprints as they don't climb trees, being both too heavy and having less need to do so, frequently growing to heights of over 7 feet, (the unit of measurement), tall. It is relatively easy to assess if a Bigfoot is in the area, as they give off a very pungent odour, which smells exactly as you would expect.

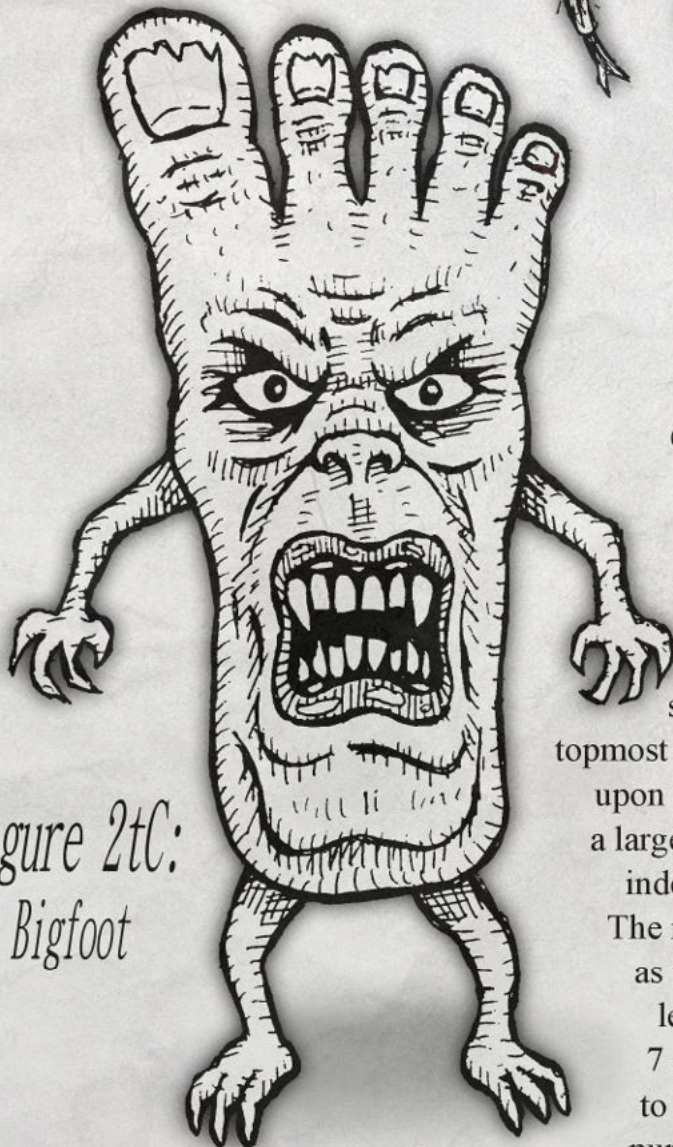


Figure 2tC:
Bigfoot



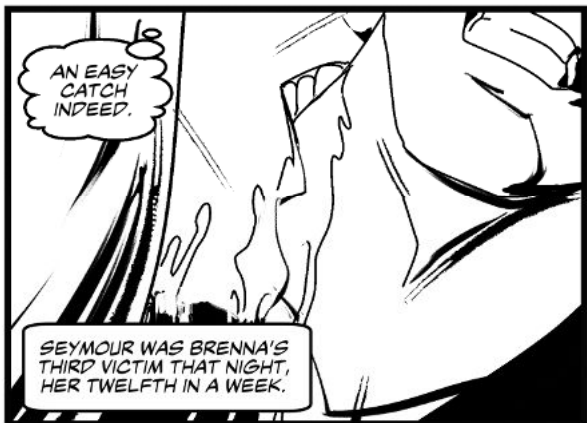






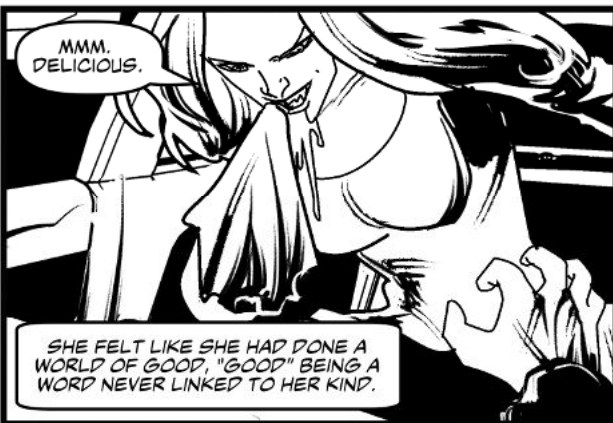


OH MY GOD, NO!



AN EASY CATCH INDEED.

SEYMOUR WAS BRENNAS THIRD VICTIM THAT NIGHT, HER TWELFTH IN A WEEK.



MMM. DELICIOUS.

SHE FELT LIKE SHE HAD DONE A WORLD OF GOOD, "GOOD" BEING A WORD NEVER LINKED TO HER KIND.



BUT BRENNAS WAS A VAMPIRE WITH SOMETHING EXTRA.

A SIXTH SENSE THAT PENETRATED UNWITTING MINDS.



THAT NIGHT SHE VOWED TO FEAST ONLY ON THOSE WHO ABUSED THE WEAK.

AND SHE NOW KNEW HOW TO REEL THEM IN.



HAVE WE MET?

WITH A QUESTION BORROWED FROM ONE OF THEIR OWN.

MR. AVELISS IN ROOM 214

STORY AND ART BY: RICK PEREZ

MY NAME IS IRIS AND I HAVE BEEN WORKING AT THE SLEEPY EYES HOTEL FOR A FEW WEEKS NOW. I'M A NIGHT AUDITOR. I GOT THE JOB THROUGH MY FRIEND, ROBERT.



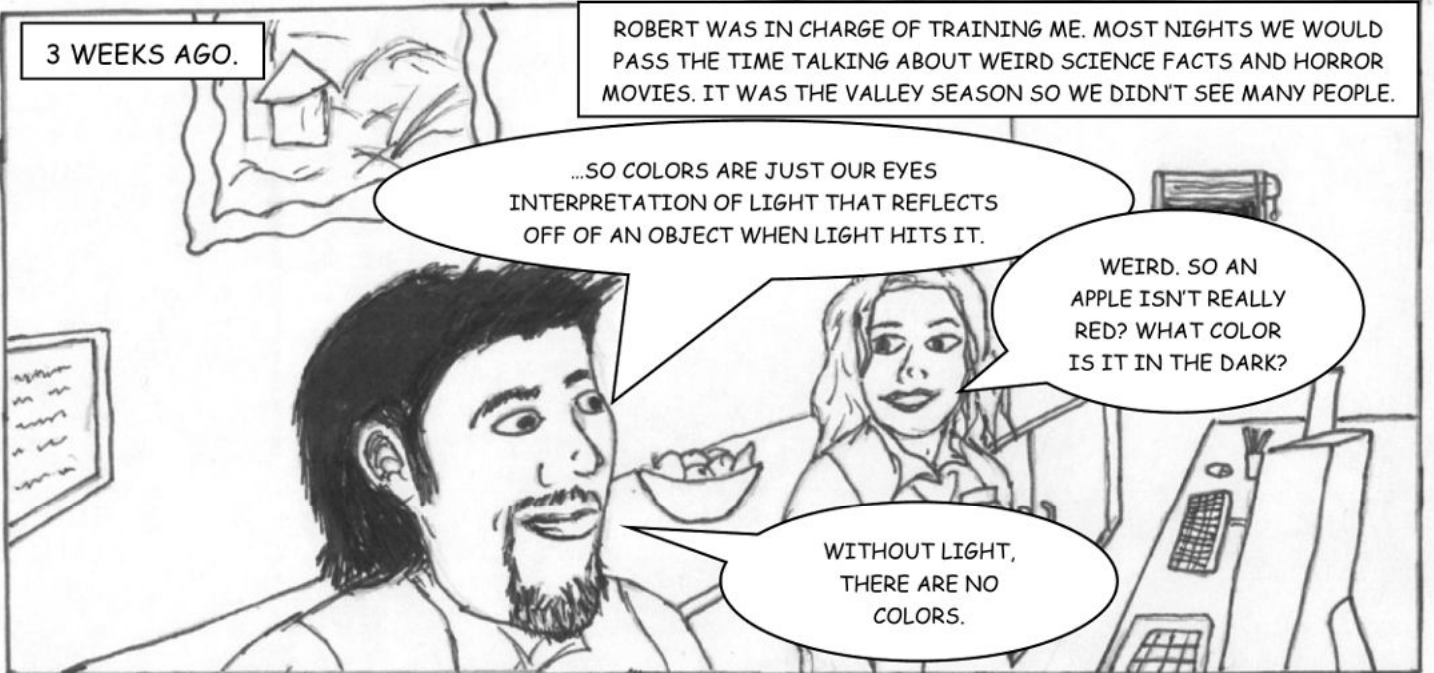
3 WEEKS AGO.

ROBERT WAS IN CHARGE OF TRAINING ME. MOST NIGHTS WE WOULD PASS THE TIME TALKING ABOUT WEIRD SCIENCE FACTS AND HORROR MOVIES. IT WAS THE VALLEY SEASON SO WE DIDN'T SEE MANY PEOPLE.

...SO COLORS ARE JUST OUR EYES INTERPRETATION OF LIGHT THAT REFLECTS OFF OF AN OBJECT WHEN LIGHT HITS IT.

WEIRD. SO AN APPLE ISN'T REALLY RED? WHAT COLOR IS IT IN THE DARK?

WITHOUT LIGHT, THERE ARE NO COLORS.



LAST WEEK.

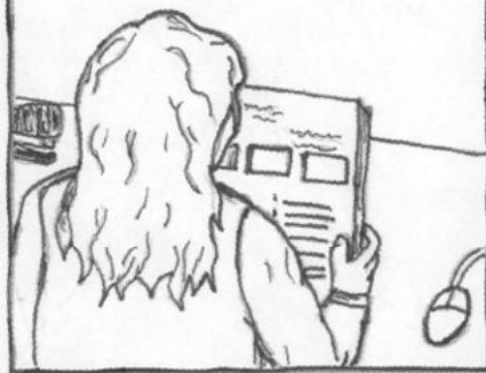
WITHOUT A WARNING, ROBERT UP AND QUIT ONE NIGHT. IT WAS ONE OF THE NIGHTS I HAD OFF.



ROBERT HAD GONE MISSING. HIS MOTHER FILED A MISSING PERSONS REPORT AFTER A COUPLE DAYS. THE POLICE CAME BY TO ASK THE STAFF SOME QUESTIONS.



I DECIDED TO LOOK INTO ROBERT'S LAST ENTRY IN THE FRONT DESK RED BOOK TO FIND SOMETHING... ANYTHING THAT WILL TELL ME WHY HE QUIT.



Night: Mr Ayeliss checked in at 1:37 AM, Power went out when he came in so he had to fill out a CC authorization form.

IT LOOKS LIKE THE LAST THING HE DID RIGHT BEFORE HE QUIT WAS CHECK THIS GUY IN... THIS MR. AYE LISS IN ROOM 214.

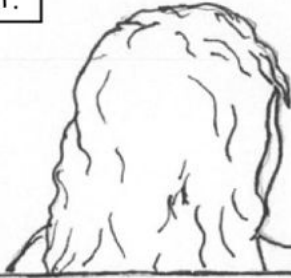
ONE MORNING, ONE OF THE HOUSEKEEPERS NAMED DORIS, MENTIONED HOW STRANGE IT WAS THAT NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN MR. AYE LISS. SINCE HE CHECKED IN, NO ONE HAS GONE IN OR COME OUT OF HIS ROOM...

YEAH, THAT GUY IN ROOM 214. HE'S HAD HIS DO NOT DISTURB SIGN UP THE ENTIRE WEEK HE'S BEEN HERE! I'M NOT COMPLAINING, BUT...



LAST NIGHT.

A WEEK HAD PASSED SINCE HE DISAPPEARED. I WAS A SECOND AWAY FROM STARTING THE REPORT WHEN THE POWER WENT OUT. THAT NIGHT, I WAS INTRODUCED TO THE GUEST IN ROOM 214.

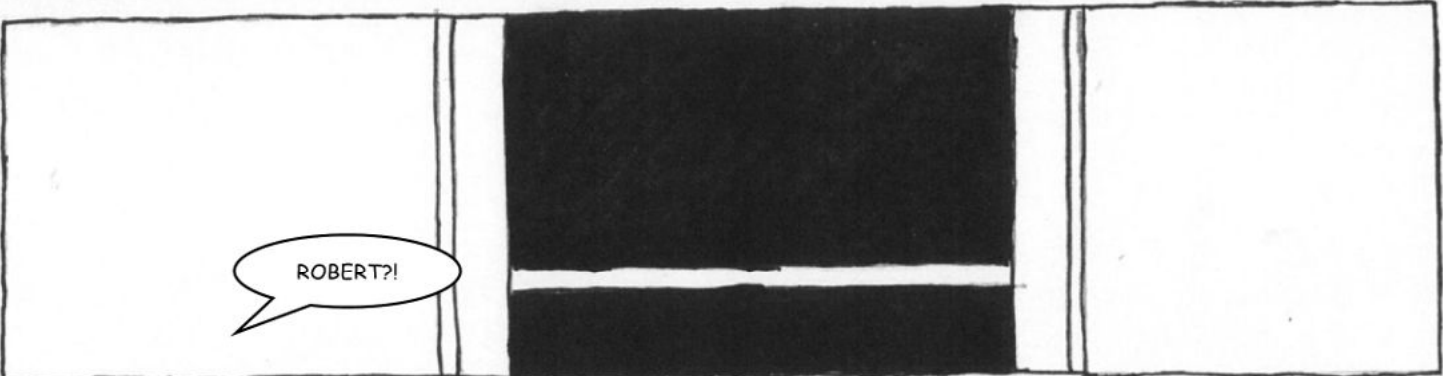


OH GREAT... WHERE'S THAT FLASHLIGHT?

BZZzzz!



BZZzzz!



ROBERT?!

BZZzzt!

NOT AGAIN!!

AND HOW ARE YOU DOING
THIS FINE EVENING?

AHHHH!!

I'M SORRY, DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU.
MY NAME IS MR. AYEISS FROM ROOM 214.

OH! MR. AYEISS, YES. I APOLOGIZE
ABOUT THE POWER. I'LL TRY TO GET
IT BACK UP AND RUNNING.

NO WORRIES, IRIS. JUST THOUGHT I
WOULD STOP BY AND SAY HI. ROBERT
HAS TOLD ME A LOT ABOUT YOU.

R-ROBERT?! HAVE YOU
SEEN HIM?

WELL, I CAN'T SAY I'VE SEEN HIM, BUT
WE TALK ON OCCASION. HE DOESN'T HAVE
A LOT OF SPARE TIME THESE DAYS...

PLEASE, IF YOU
KNOW WHERE HE IS...



??

NO ONE BELIEVED ME WHEN I TOLD THEM WHAT I SAW.

MAYBE YOU HAD A NIGHTMARE...

THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT MAN, THE MORE UNSETTLED I BECAME. WHO IS MR. AYEISS?

PRESENT DAY.

BZZZZT!

I'M PREPARED THIS TIME.

THIS... ISN'T RIGHT. THIS LOOKS LIKE A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT ROOM. THE FURNITURE IS DIFFERENT... AND ROTTING. THE AIR SMELLS STALE. WHERE AM I?

THE CIRCUIT BREAKER... IT'S NOT HERE!

SKRRSHH
SKRRSHH

?

214



ROBERT?! ARE YOU OK?

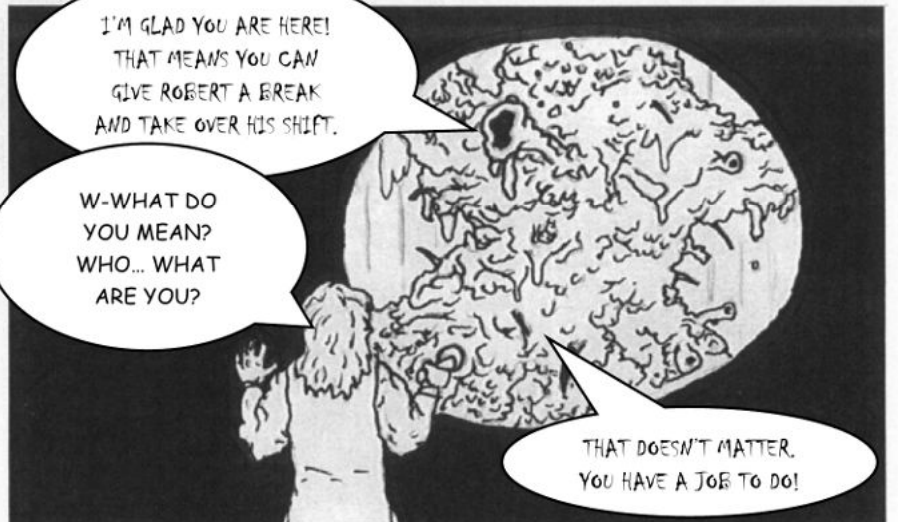
NOW ROBERT, YOU HAVE TO MOVE FASTER. YOU'VE BEEN CLEANING THE SAME FLOOR SINCE YOU ARRIVED. AH, MY DEAR IRIS! SO GOOD TO SEE YOU... WELL, I CAN'T SEE YOU SINCE I HAVE NO EYES...

OH, DON'T MIND HIM, HE'S BEEN ANTISOCIAL SINCE HE ARRIVED.

SKKRSHH
SKKRSHH



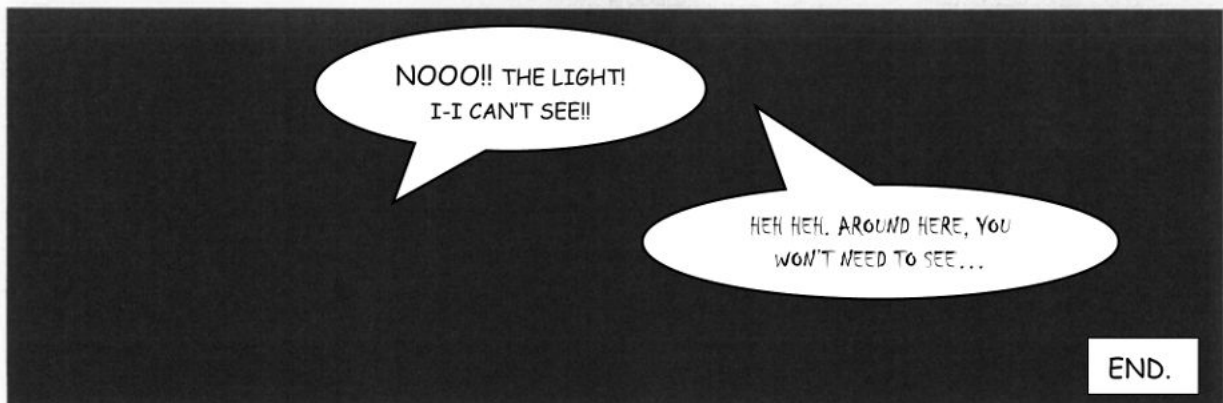
IT GROWS BACK...
THE FILTH JUST
GROWS BACK...



I'M GLAD YOU ARE HERE!
THAT MEANS YOU CAN
GIVE ROBERT A BREAK
AND TAKE OVER HIS SHIFT.

W-WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?
WHO... WHAT
ARE YOU?

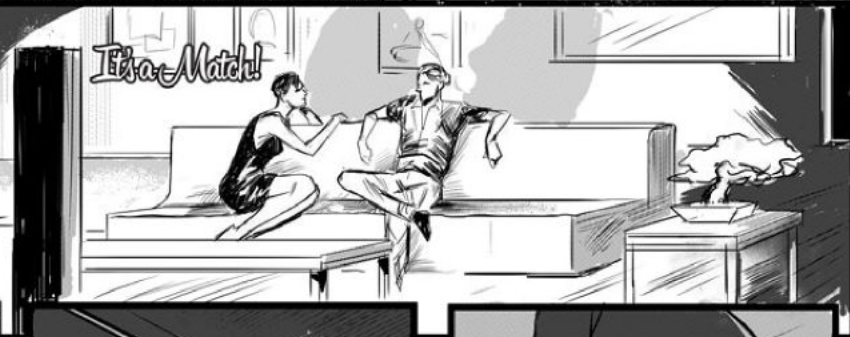
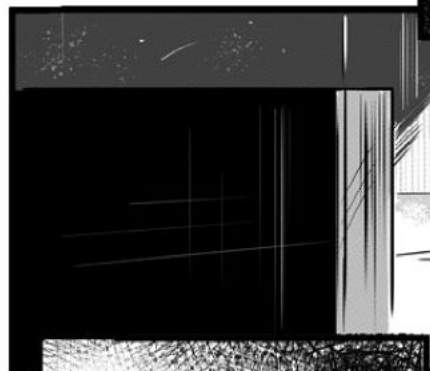
THAT DOESN'T MATTER.
YOU HAVE A JOB TO DO!



NOOOO!! THE LIGHT!
I-I CAN'T SEE!!

HEH HEH. AROUND HERE, YOU
WON'T NEED TO SEE...

END.





It's a Match!

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. POURING RAIN. ISN'T IT SO ROMANTIC OR WHATEVER?

LET'S HEAD INSIDE.



I HAVE A BETTER IDEA.

STRAIGHT TO IT. HUH? YOU DONT EVEN WANT ME TO BUY YOU A DRINK FIRST?



KAIDEN... I'M NOT LIKE THOSE OTHER GIRLS.

I DONT NEED YOU TO LOVE ME. I DONT EVEN NEED YOU TO LIKE ME.



ALL I NEED YOU TO DO--

IS MAKE ME YOURS.



AND AFTER THAT NIGHT, KAIDEN'S CAREFREE LIFE OF BACHELORHOOD--

WAS IRRENOVACABLY CHANGED.



THE CHANGES WERE EASY TO MISS AT FIRST--

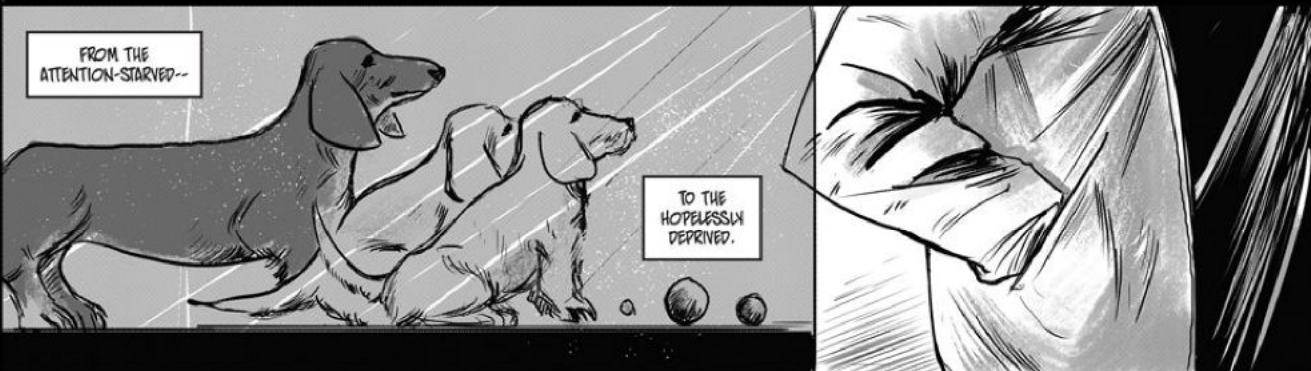
UNLESS YOU KNEW WHAT TO LOOK FOR.



KAIKEN'S PRESENCE TRIGGERED SOMETHING DEEP WITHIN THE VULNERABLE.

THE DEFENSELESS...

THE DESTITUTE...



FROM THE ATTENTION-STARVED--

TO THE HOPELESSLY DEPRIVED.



THOSE UNABLE TO CARE FOR THEMSELVES WERE INEXPLICABLY DRAWN TO HIM.

THEY YEARNED FOR HIS CUSTODY.

ACHED FOR HIS CARE.

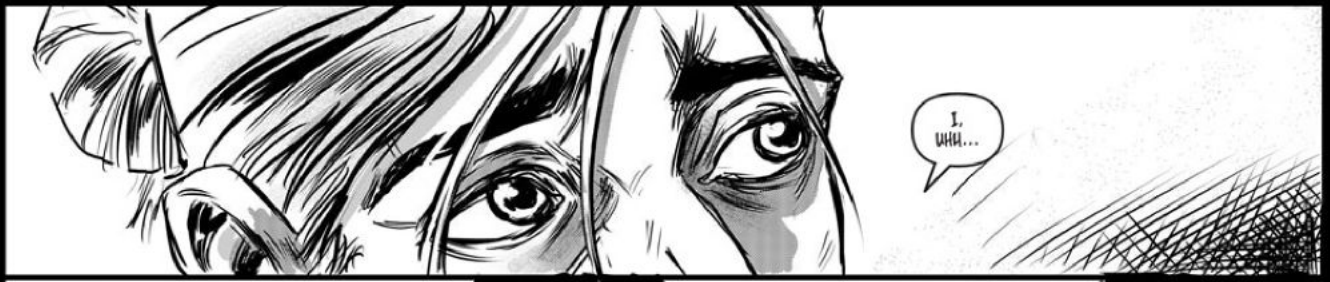
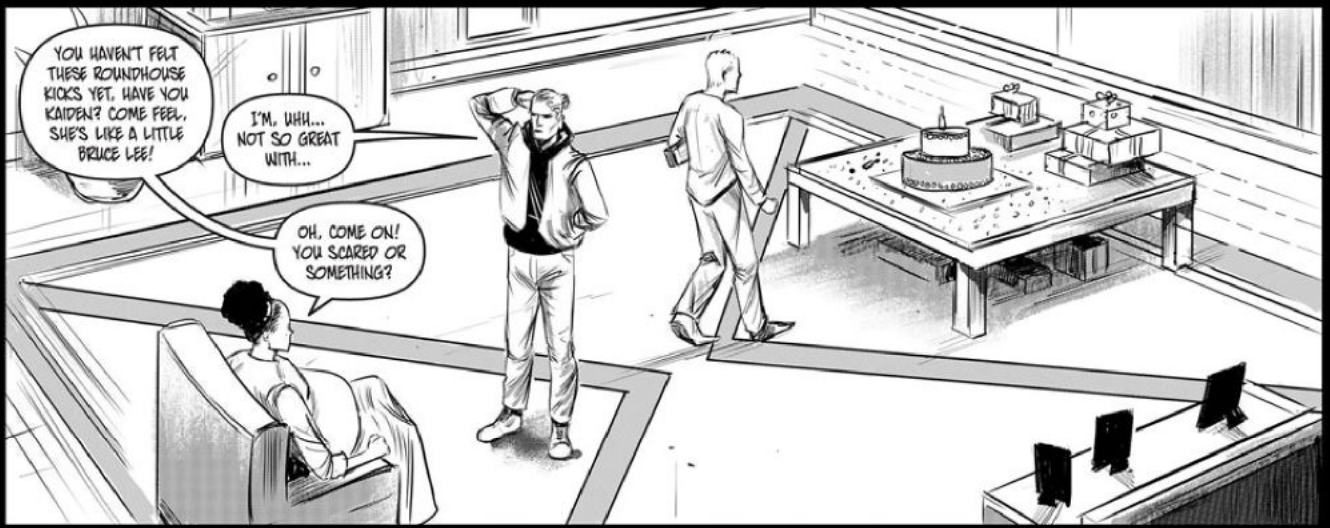
KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK







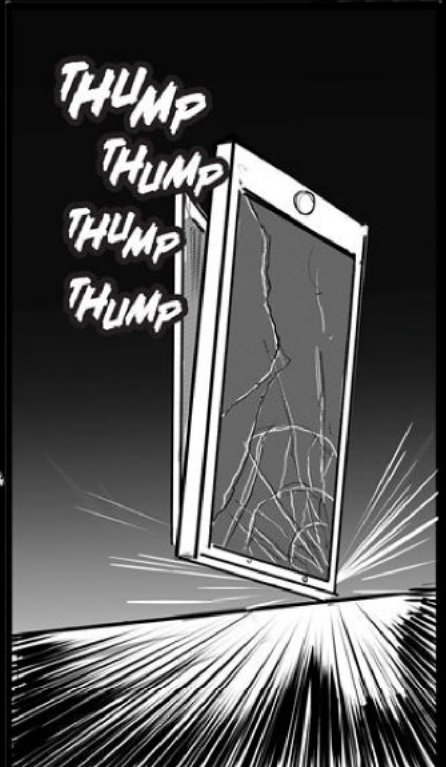
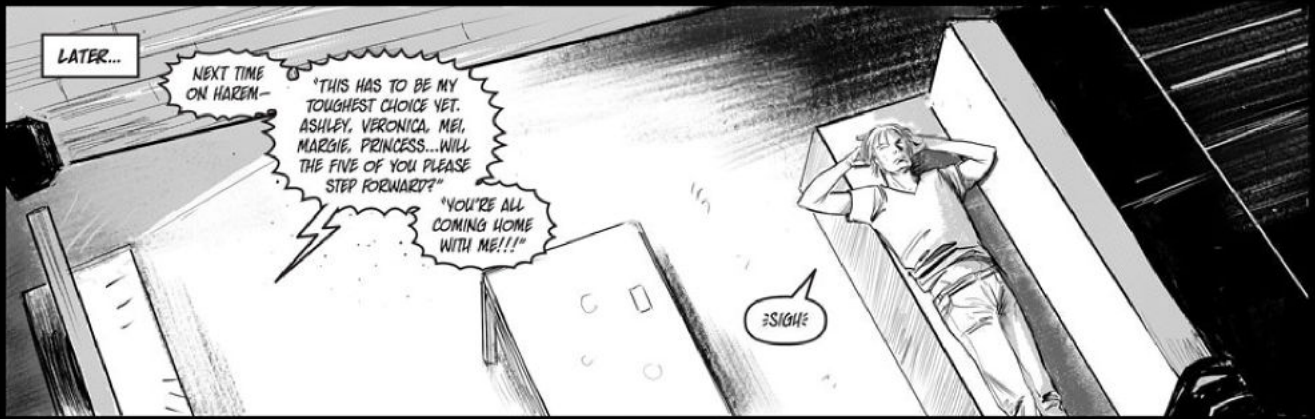
АННННННН!

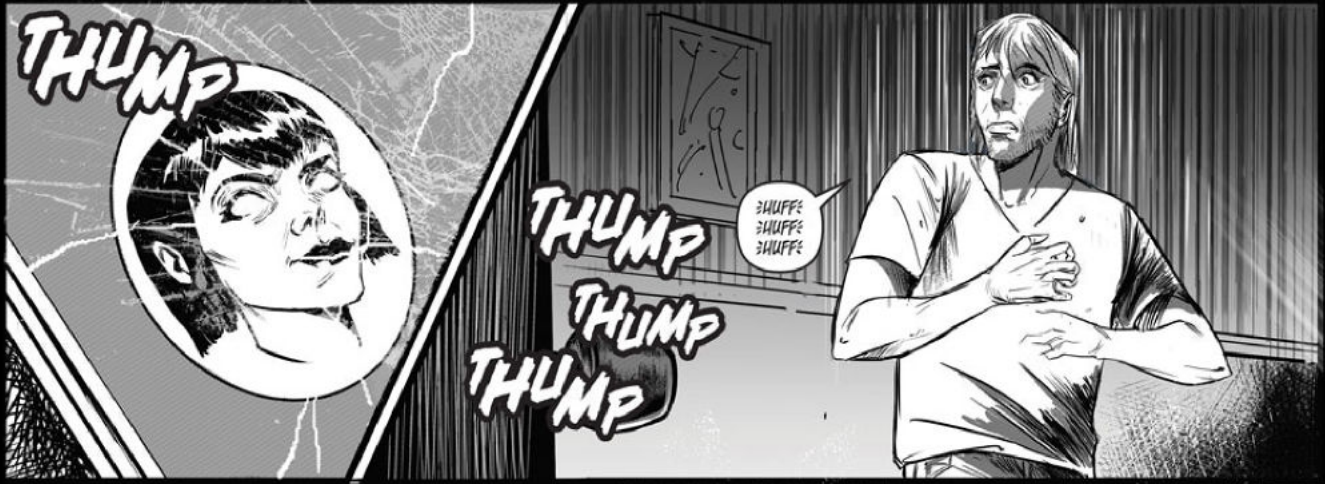


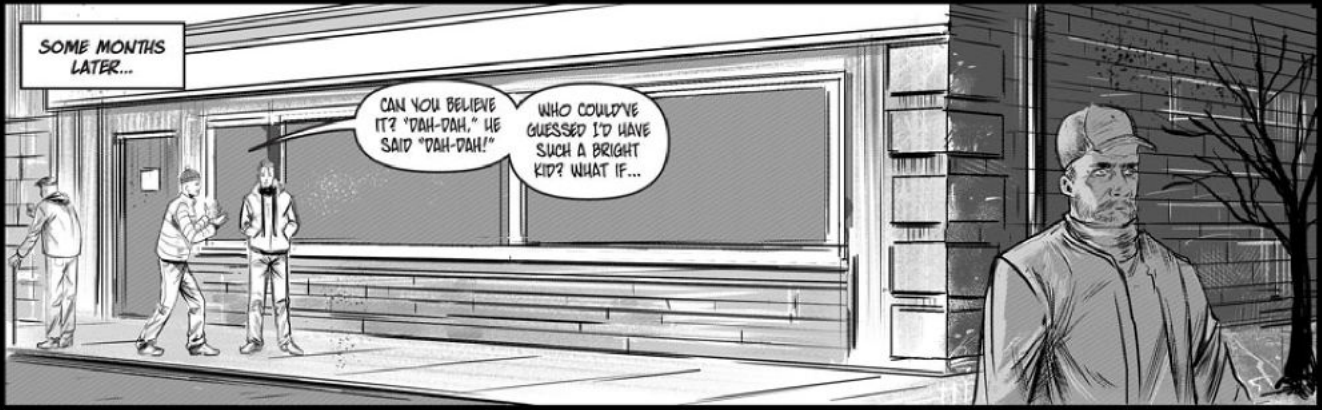
ARE YOU OKAY?

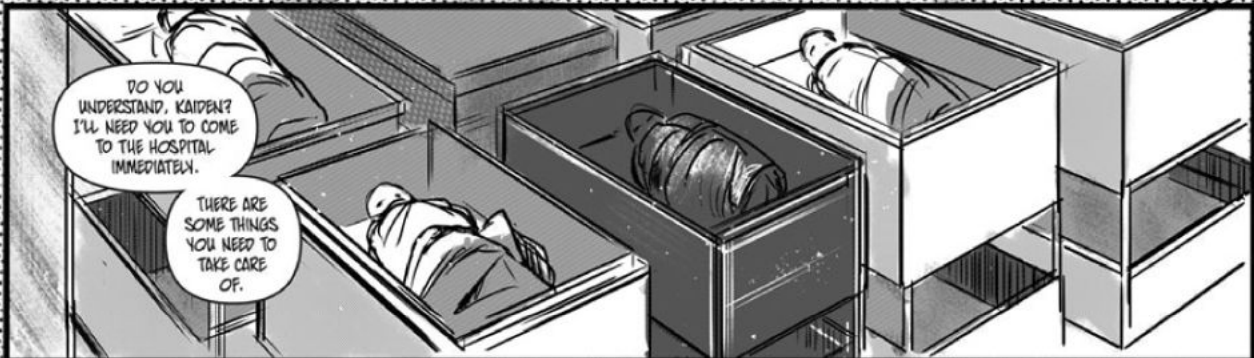
OH MY GOD!

WHAT HAPPENED?









I STILL CAN'T MAKE ANY CONTACT WITH GROUND CONTROL.

THAT'S THREE WEEKS WITHOUT ANY COMMUNICATIONS.

WE'RE STILL ON SCHEDULE FOR OUR LANDING IN TWO HOURS, SO THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY ISSUES

TOUCH-DOWN, BOYS. A PERFECT LANDING.

GOOD TO BE HOME, GUYS.

DAMN STRAIGHT. AFTER SIX MONTHS IT'LL BE GOOD TO GET BACK ONTO SOLID GROUND.

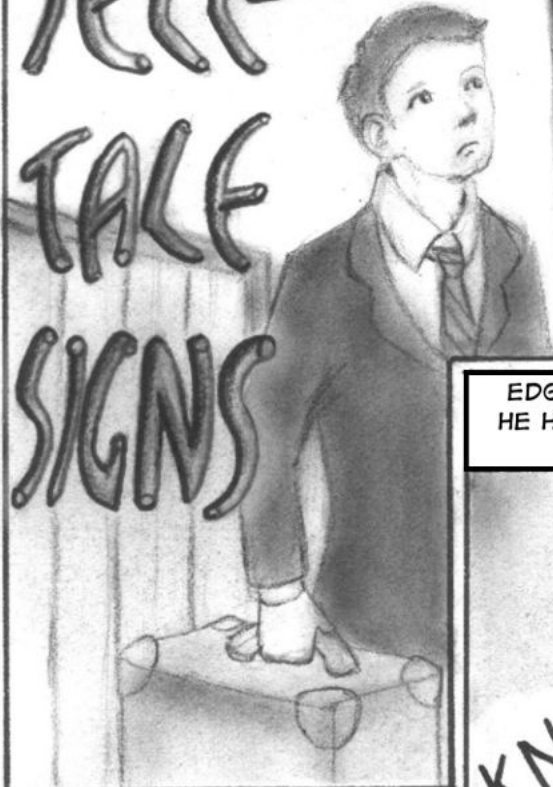
LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A WELCOMING PARTY, BOYS.

GOD DAMN!

END.

EDGAR'S PARENTS WERE DEAD. THEY HAD BEEN DEAD FOR FIVE YEARS BUT IT WAS ONLY NOW THAT MR. JAMES, HIS UNCLE, HIS MOTHER'S BROTHER, HAD DECIDED HE WANTED TO BE THE CHILD'S LEGAL GUARDIAN.

TELL-TALE SIGNS



EDGAR HAD NOT MET HIS UNCLE BEFORE. IN FACT HE HADN'T KNOWN OF HIS EXISTENCE UNTIL A WEEK AGO, AND NOW HE WAS TO LIVE WITH HIM.



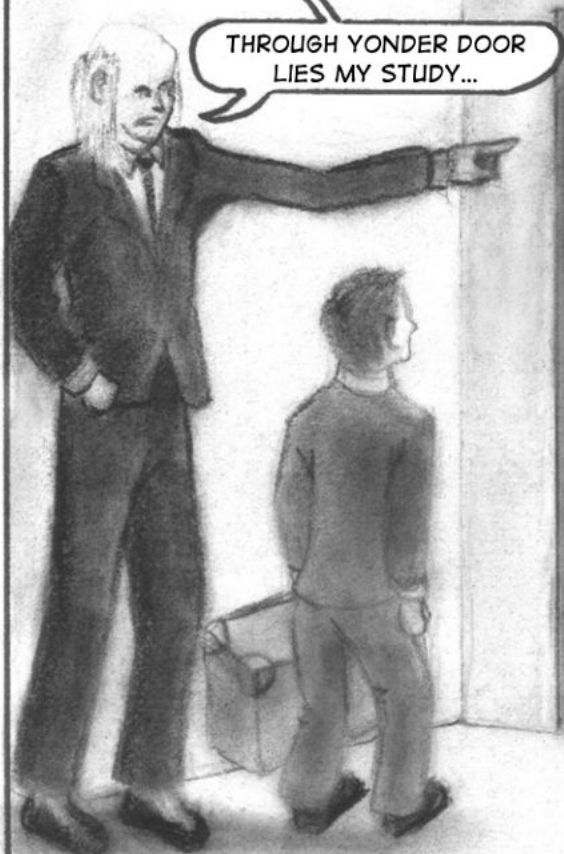
EDGAR WAS WORRIED.

AFTER TEA, MR. JAMES SHOWED EDGAR AROUND THE HOUSE.



AH, HELLO DEAR BOY! YOU MUST BE EDGAR! COME IN AND WE'LL HAVE TEA.

NOW THIS IS IMPORTANT SO HEED MY WORDS, YOUNG EDGAR.

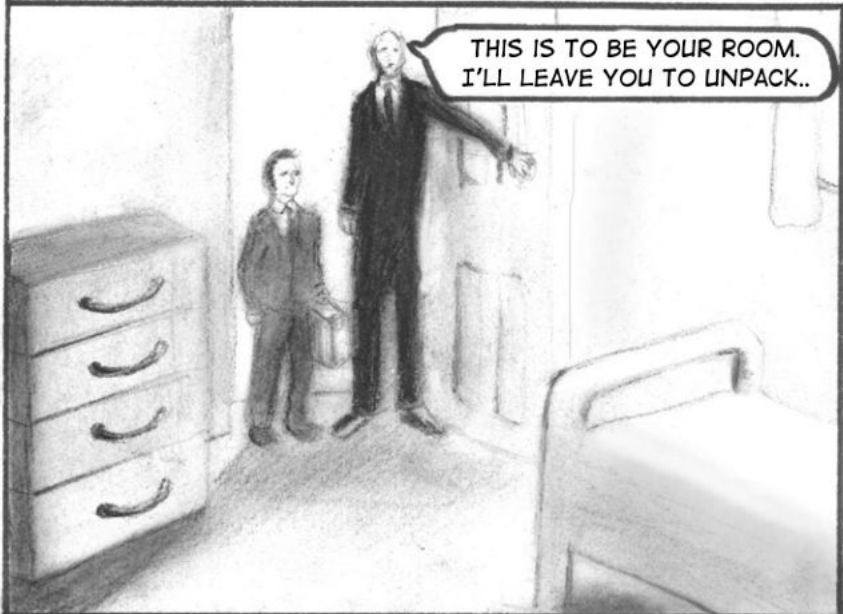


THROUGH YONDER DOOR LIES MY STUDY...

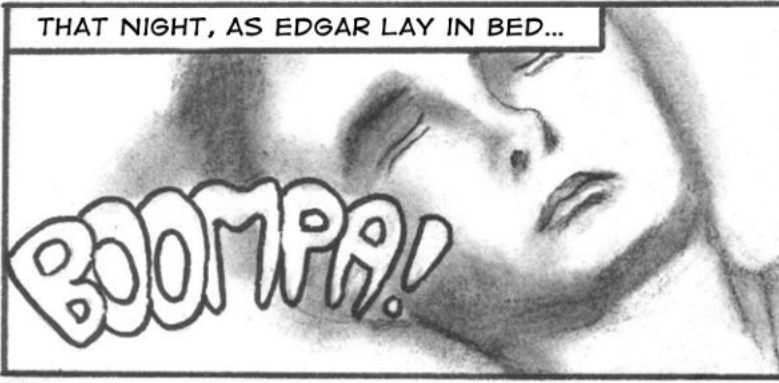


IF I AM AT WORK WITHIN,
YOU MUST KNOCK AND
WAIT FOR ME TO ANSWER.

YOU ARE **NEVER** TO
ENTER THAT ROOM
WHEN I AM NOT AT HOME.



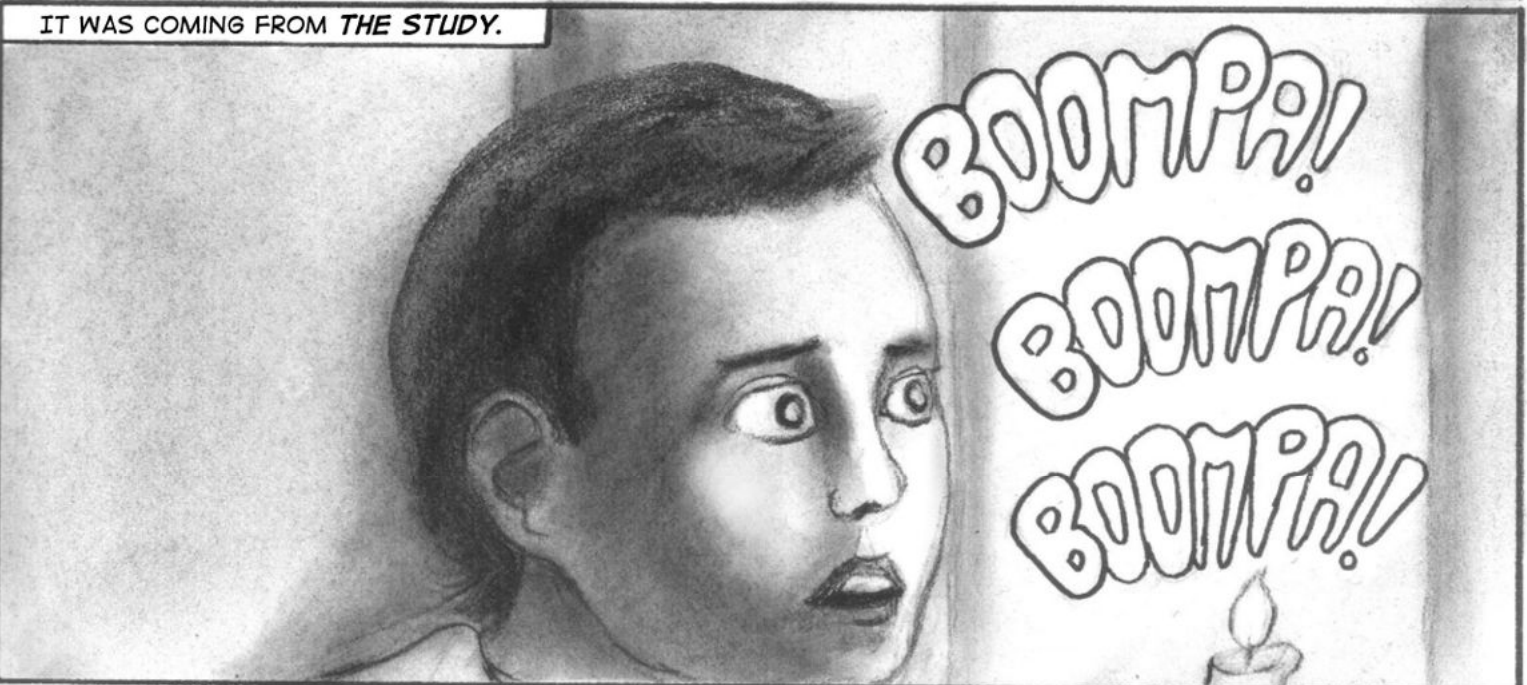
THIS IS TO BE YOUR ROOM.
I'LL LEAVE YOU TO UNPACK..



THAT NIGHT, AS EDGAR LAY IN BED...

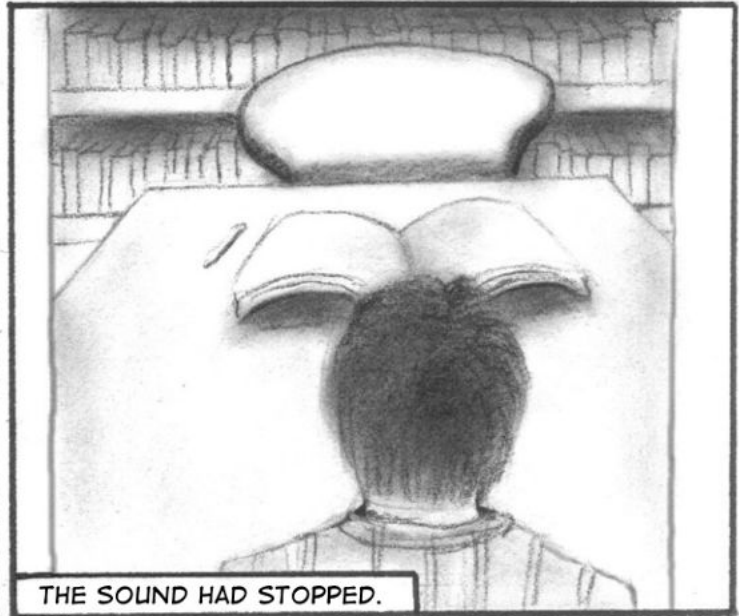
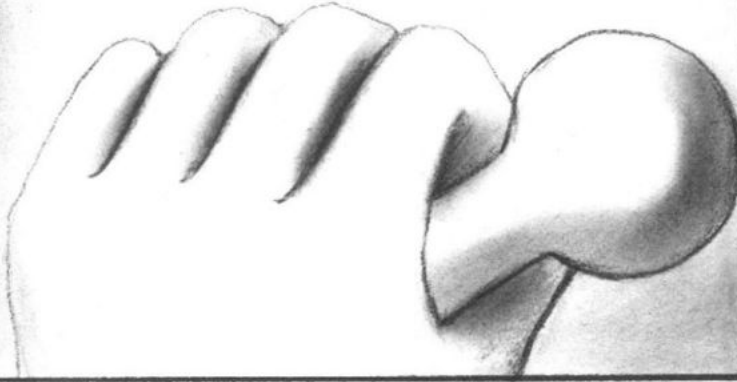


THE SOUND WAS THAT OF A HEARTBEAT. AT FIRST EDGAR HAD THOUGHT IT HIS OWN, BUT THIS WAS NOT THE CASE.

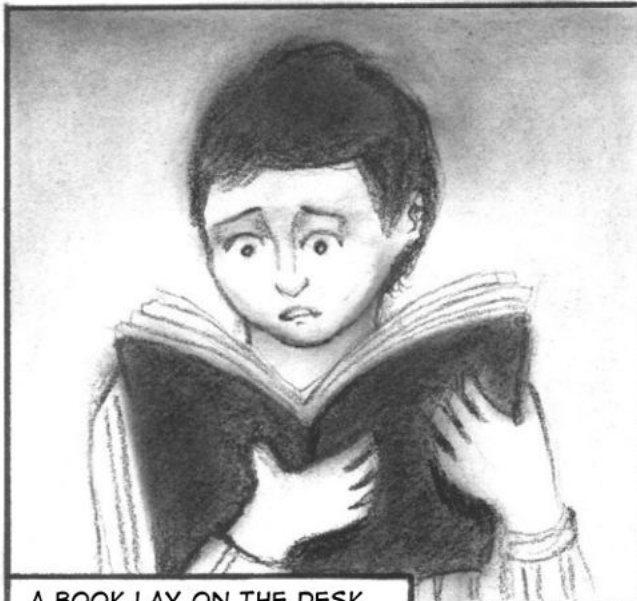


IT WAS COMING FROM *THE STUDY*.

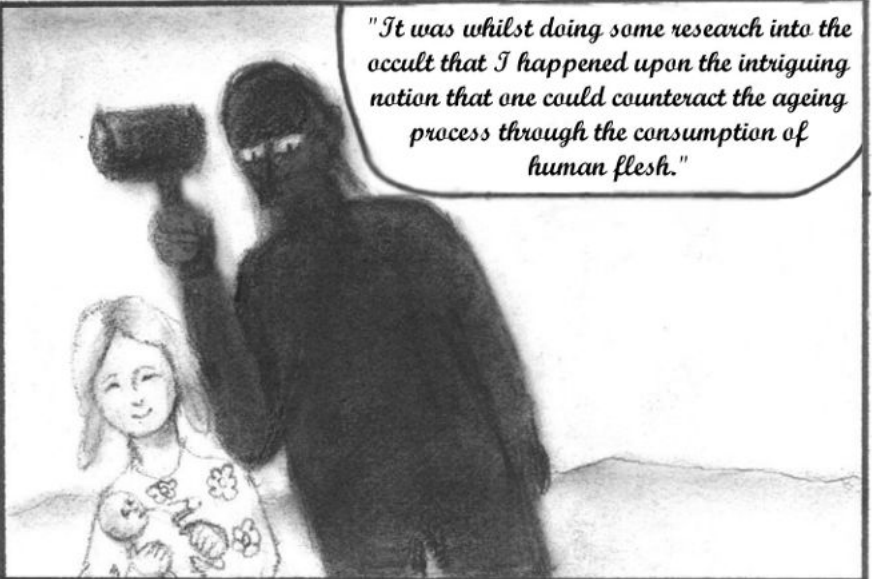
BOOMPA! BOOMPA!



THE SOUND HAD STOPPED.



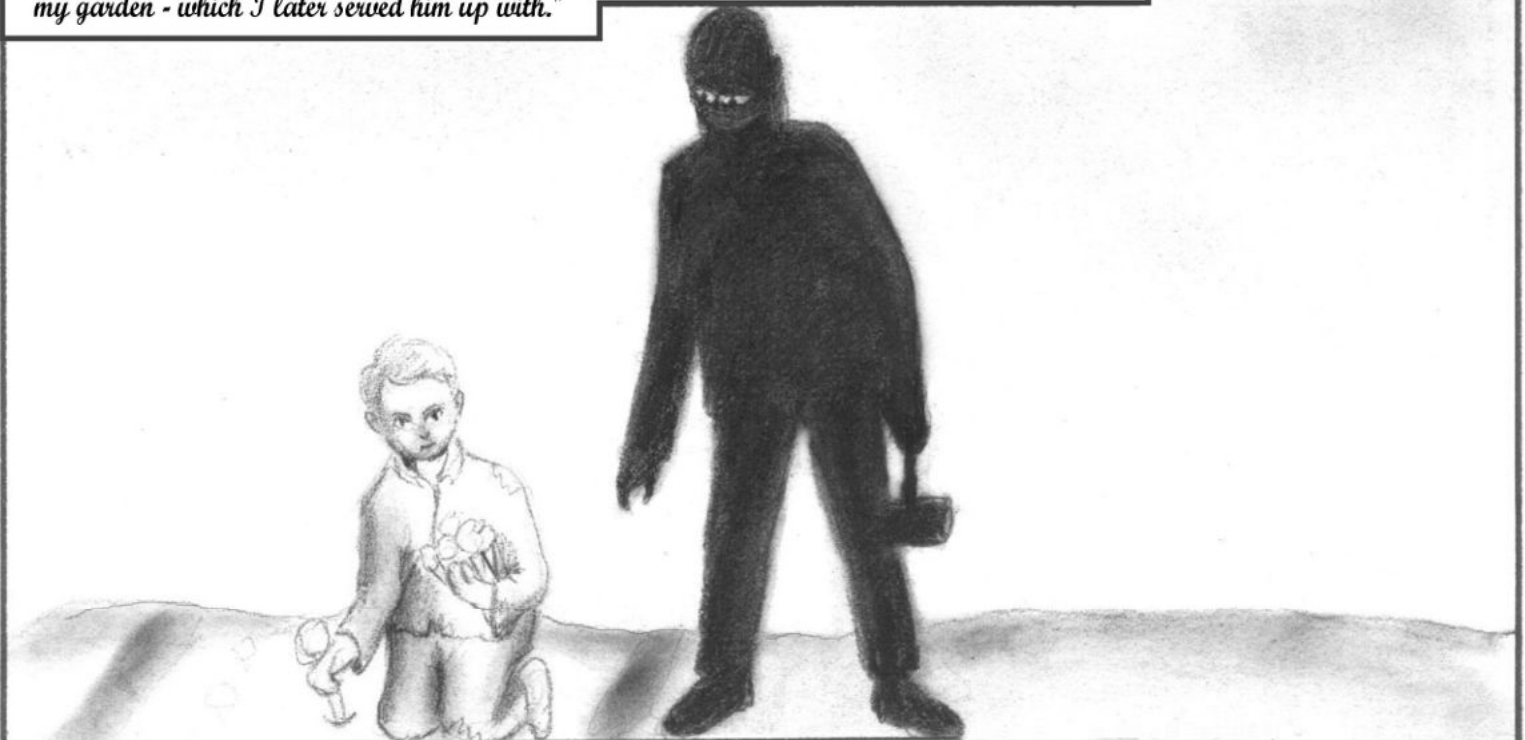
A BOOK LAY ON THE DESK.
IT APPEARED TO BE SOME KIND OF JOURNAL.



"It was whilst doing some research into the occult that I happened upon the intriguing notion that one could counteract the ageing process through the consumption of human flesh."

"The first had died easily. A young girl with no family. A single blow to the back of the head was all it had taken."

"The second had been a twelve year old boy. A runaway. I had caught him stealing carrots from my garden - which I later served him up with."



"I consumed every last ounce of them save for the bones, which I placed in the old family vault, and the hearts which are nought but gristle."

THE HEARTS...

WHAT DID HE DO WITH THE *HEARTS*?

I HID THEM UNDER THE FLOOR OF THIS VERY ROOM.

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO ENTER THIS ROOM EDGAR.

WHAT ON EARTH WERE YOU DOING IN HERE ANYWAY?

I... I *HEARD* THEM!

HEARD WHAT?

THE *HEARTS*! THEY WERE *BEATING*!

DON'T BE ABSUR...

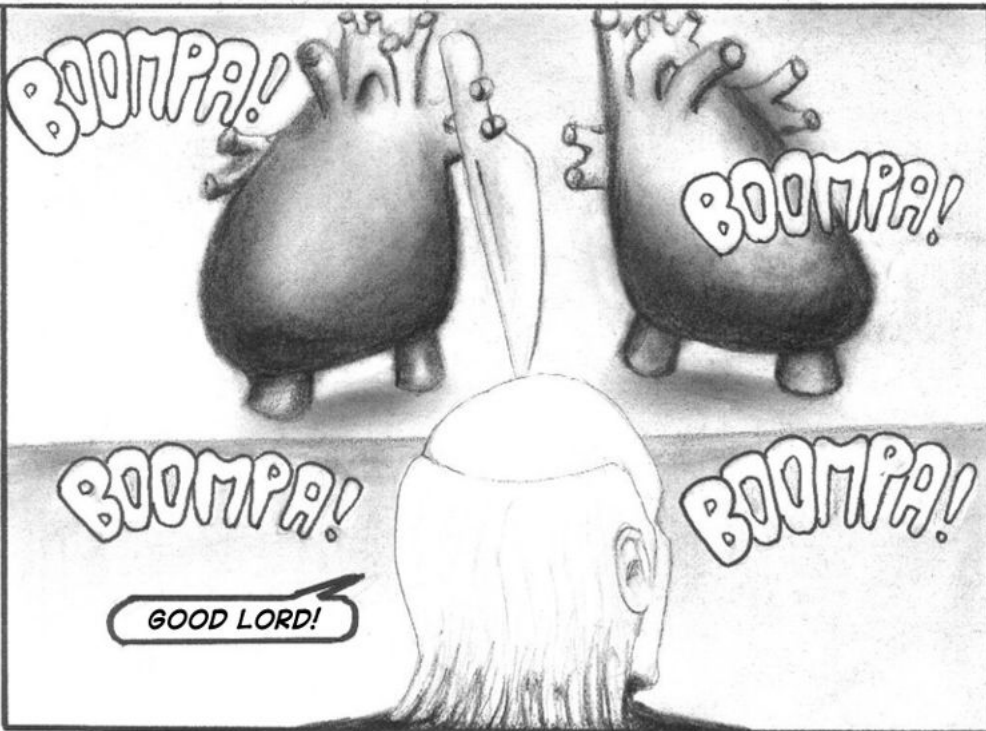
BOOMPA!

WHAT WAS THAT?

I *TOLD* YOU! THEY'RE STILL *ALIVE*!

THAT'S *PREPOSTEROUS*!

PLUNK!



BY THE TIME EDGAR HAD TOLD HIS BIZARRE STORY TO THE POLICE, IT WAS ALREADY MORNING. THEY FOUND MR. JAMES SOON AFTER, STILL IN HIS STUDY, STILL ALIVE, BUT MENTALLY VACANT.

THIS SURPRISED MANY WHO HAD LONG KNOWN HIM, AS THEY HAD NOT CONSIDERED HIM TO HAVE ANY HEART AT ALL.

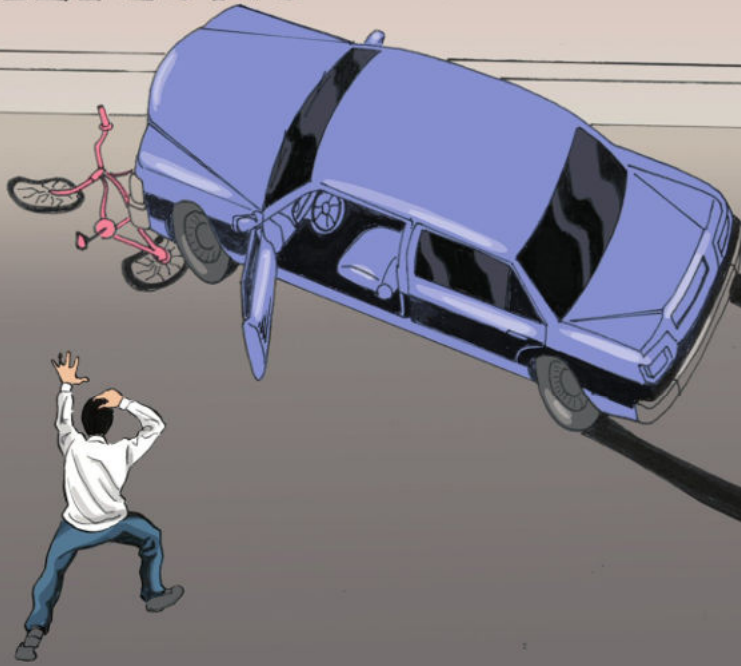


HE WAS COMMITTED TO AN ASYLUM. A MEDICAL EXAMINATION LATER REVEALED HIM TO HAVE MORE THAN ONE HEARTBEAT.

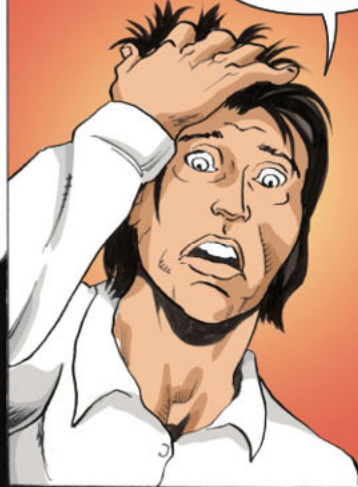
END.

KALIGONO

Script by Andrés Briano
Art by Ken Best
Letters by Tim West



THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME!



SOMEBODY HELP ME! PLEASE!



Predators will usually ignore a prey that was found dead in order to avoid ingesting flesh that is contaminated with bacteria and toxins.

SOB SOB



WAIT! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE GOING?







DON'T MAKE THIS WORSE, LITTLE GIRL! WHERE ARE YOU?

When confronted by a predator, the commonly called Hog-nose Snake is known to roll onto its back...

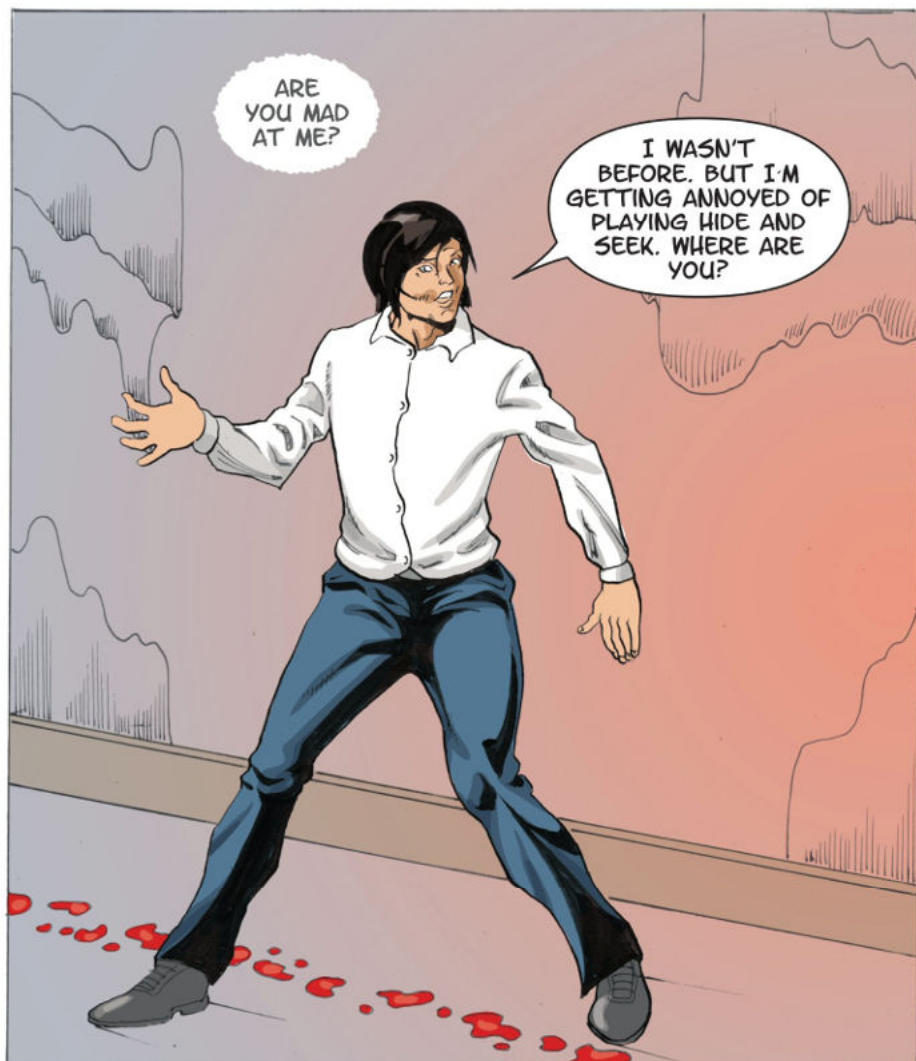


I'M SORRY I DIDN'T LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE CROSSING THE STREET!

WE NEED TO BE SURE THAT YOU SAY THAT TO THE POLICE TOO!



...and play dead with its mouth open and its tongue lifelessly hanging out.



ARE YOU MAD AT ME?

I WASN'T BEFORE. BUT I'M GETTING ANNOYED OF PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK. WHERE ARE YOU?

And there, exposed, the snake will hold its breath to see if the bluff works.

Bluff being the operative word.



But then again, the hog-nosed snake is not the only animal known to play dead.



Certain predators deceive their prey by playing dead too. Like *Nimbochromis livingstoni*, a large fish found in Lake Nyasa in Tanzania.

When hunger strikes Kaligono—meaning “sleeper fish” in native Chichewait will lie down on its side on the bottom of the lake and will remain perfectly still for hours.



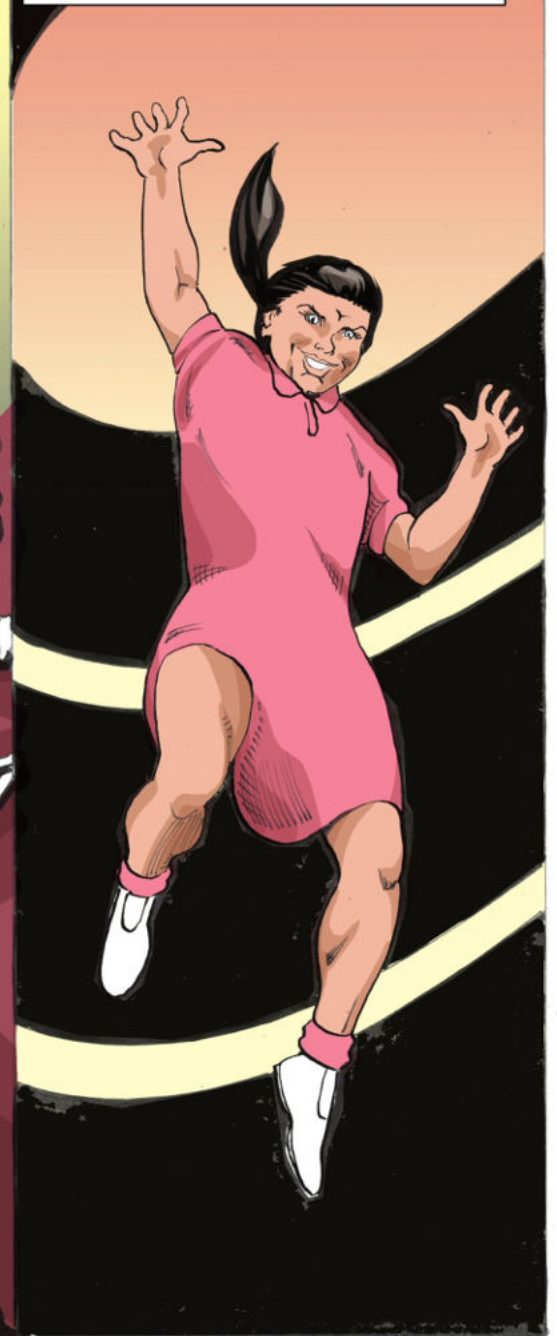
Eventually a scavenger will approach what seems like a dead fish to investigate.



It isn't until the prey finds itself trapped in the predator's lair that it realizes that it has been duped.



And at that point, Kaligono will come back to life in a flash...



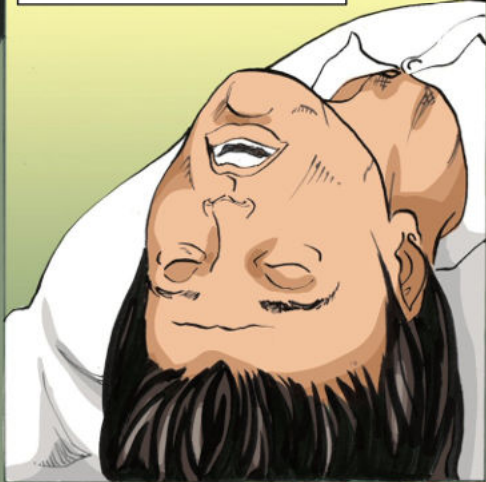
...and devour the prey. Alive.




Thanatosis, it's called.

Playing dead.

But what is most important is to never forget that the predator, in any situation, might not be you.



 BY DAY I NARRATE WILDLIFE DOCUMENTARIES. BUT BY NIGHT I HUNT DEMONS!



IT WOR ME, GUV. I DAY GRASS YER UP. I SWEAR!



THAT AIN'T WHAT KLIK'S BEEN SAYIN'.
YOUS CALLIN' HIM A FIBBER?



I SAW YA. YOU WAS TALKING TO A CONSTABLE AND HE SLIPPED YA SOME COIN.

THEN THE LAW WAS ALL OVER OUR LAST JOB.



THAT'S A LIE!
I DAY TALK TO NO LAW-MAN. HE'S MAKIN' IT UP, SCAR.



IS THAT TRUE, IS IT? ME OLD-MATE KLIK IS TELLING TALL TALES?

HONEST, SCAR. I AY NO SNITCH.



AN I AY NO FOOL.
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO THE REST OF YERS...
...SNITCHES GET STITCHES AND WIND UP IN DITCHES.

SCHLIK



PUT YER
BACKS IN TO
IT, YER LAZY
DOGS.



IN YA GO,
SNITCH.



YOU CAN
KEEP OL' THOMAS
COMPANY.

OL' TOM'S
STARTIN' TO SMELL
A BIT, GUV.



GOOD.

I HOPE
THE CROWS
FEAST ON
HIS EYES.

YEAH,
THAT'LL TEACH
'IM TO DOUBLE
CROSS US.

I APPRECIATE
YOUR LOYALTY, KLIK.
IT'S GOOD TO KNOW YOU
GOT MY BACK.



"YOU'LL GET A BIGGER
SHARE OF THE LOOT
IF YER KEEP SNIFFIN'
OUT ANY RATS."

"SO, WE ALL SET FOR
TOMORROW NIGHT?"

"WE ARE. SHOULD BE
A QUICK AN' EASY JOB."



"YOU CAN TRUST
IN ME, SCAR..."

"...YOUR OLD MATE
KLIK AY NO SNITCH."





IN THE DESERT, SURVIVAL IS EVERYTHING

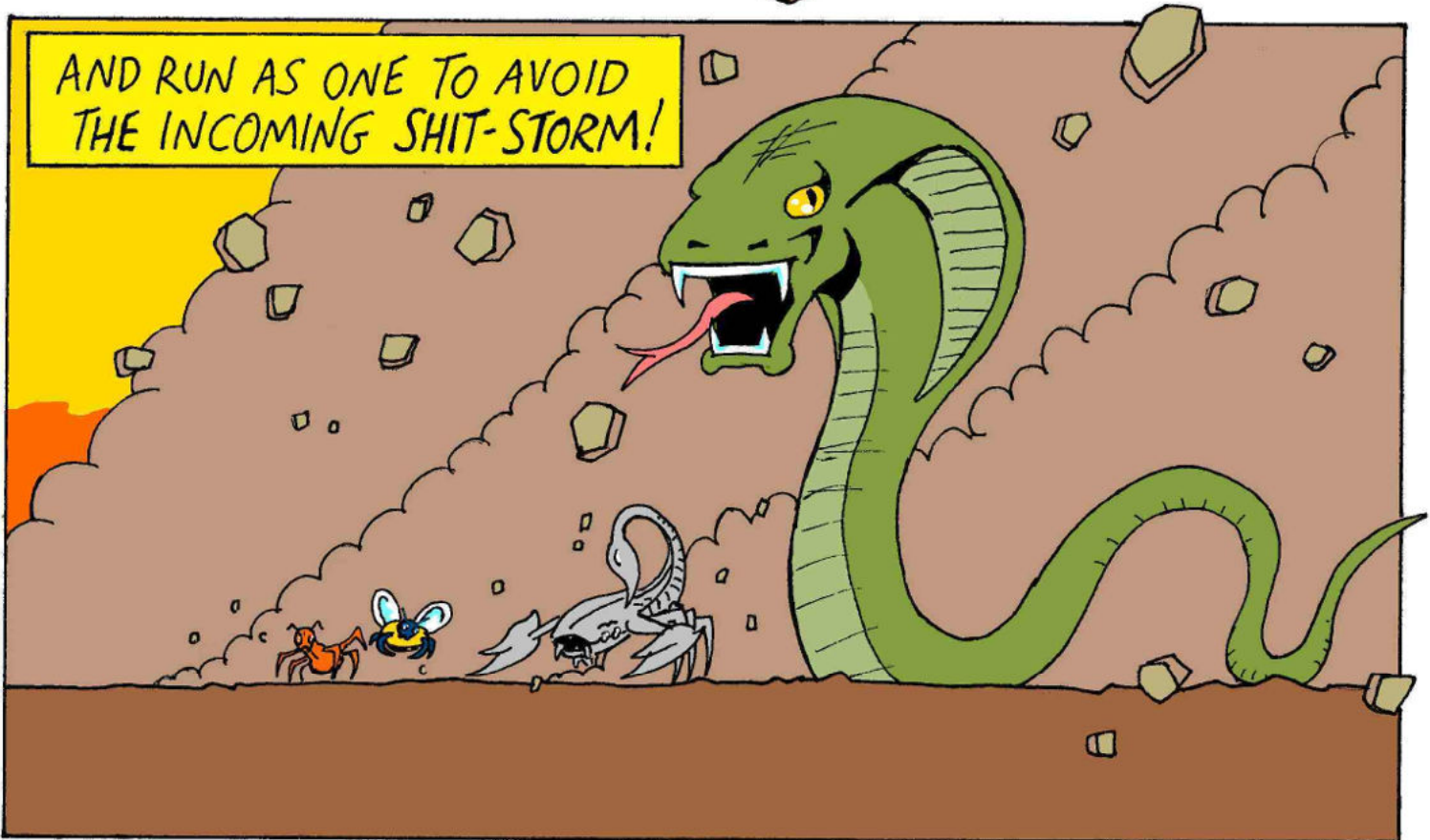


BUT SOMETIMES TO SURVIVE...

PREDATOR AND PREY MUST
COME TOGETHER...

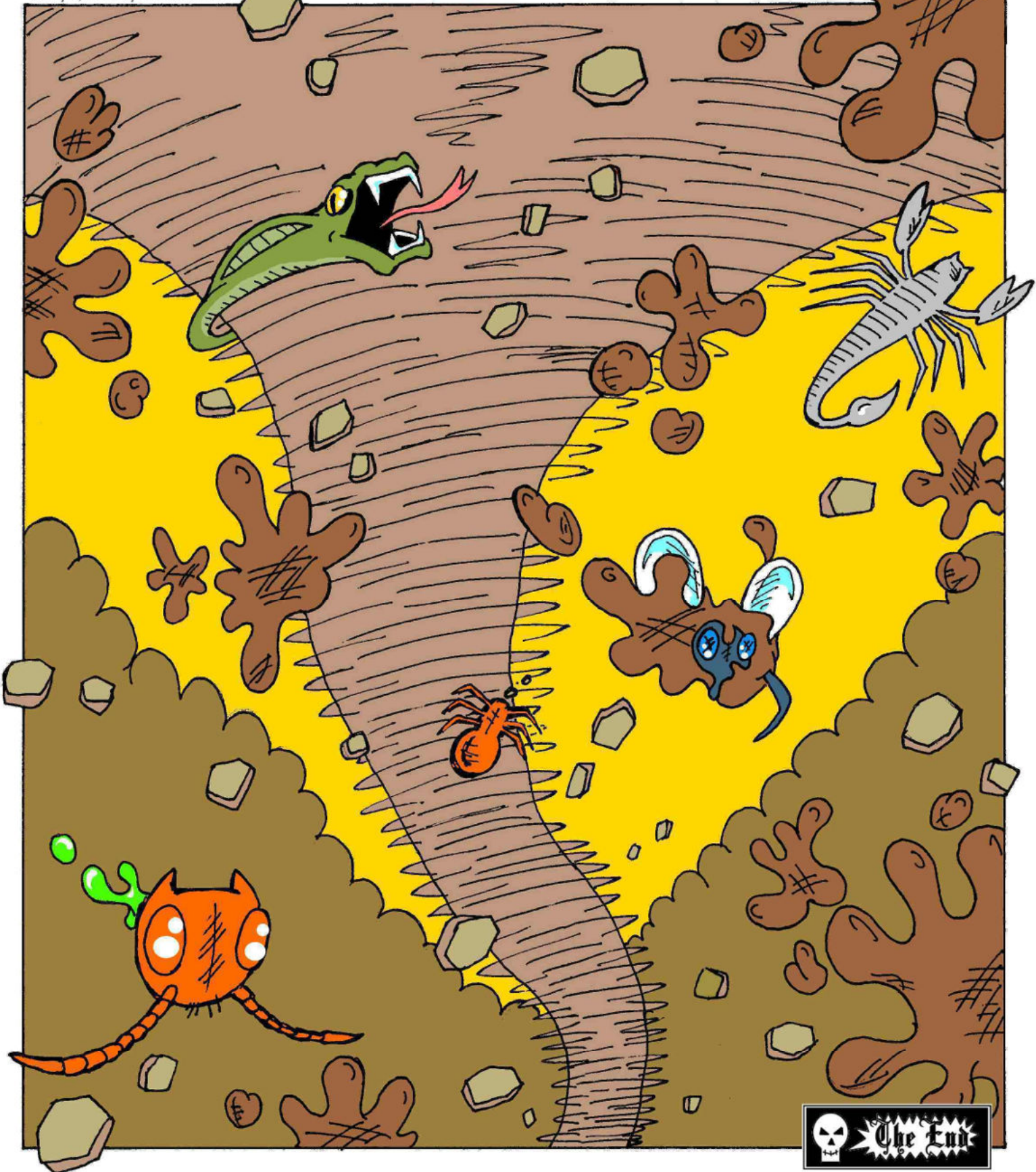


AND RUN AS ONE TO AVOID
THE INCOMING SHIT-STORM!



TURDNADO!

Story & Art by Gordon Innes



TIMES AREN'T SWELL IN THE PUBLIC DOMINION. LOTS OF YOUNG BOYS GOING MISSING.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN. NOT RIDING IN THE RIVER, I CHECKED.



ALONG WITH A FEW OTHER MISSING FORGOTTENS, IT LOOKS LIKE A WALLOP OF A CASE.

HANSEL. COULD EASILY BE LOST IN THE WOODS AGAIN.



AND NOW...

PLEASE! YOU MUST FIND MY PINOCCHIO!



MY NAME IS DUSTIN SIMMONS, BETTER KNOWN AS DUSTY, THE BOY DETECTIVE.

I'VE BEEN LOOKING INTO THIS MYSTERY, SPOOKED I'D BE NEXT. THIS WHOLE THING GIVES ME THE WILLIES BUT I'LL FIND YOUR BOY, GEPPETTO, AND THE OTHERS, TOO. THAT'S WHAT BOY DETECTIVES DO!



OH THANK YOU! SUCH A BRAVE YOUNG LAD!

I'M NEARLY 80 BUT GOLLY I STILL GET TREATED LIKE A KID. THE CUTE CUSSING DOESN'T HELP. I CAN'T REALLY CUSS, MY DAD WOULD ROLL OVER IN HIS GRAVE. BEST DAD A KID COULD EVER HAVE.

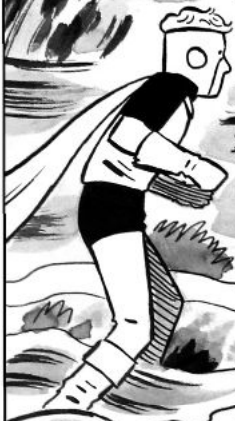


No Strings Story : Kyle Lawrence Art & lettering : Nick Cagnetti

GEPPETTO SAID THIS WAS THE LAST PLACE PINOCCHIO WAS SEEN. WHAT WOULD PINOCCHIO BE DOING HERE?

I SUPPOSE WEIRDER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED IN THE PUBLIC DOMINION. ALL KINDS OF CHARACTERS FROM ALL KINDS OF STORIES BUMPING INTO EACH OTHER...

NEVER KNOW WHAT COULD HAPPEN.



CCREEEAAK



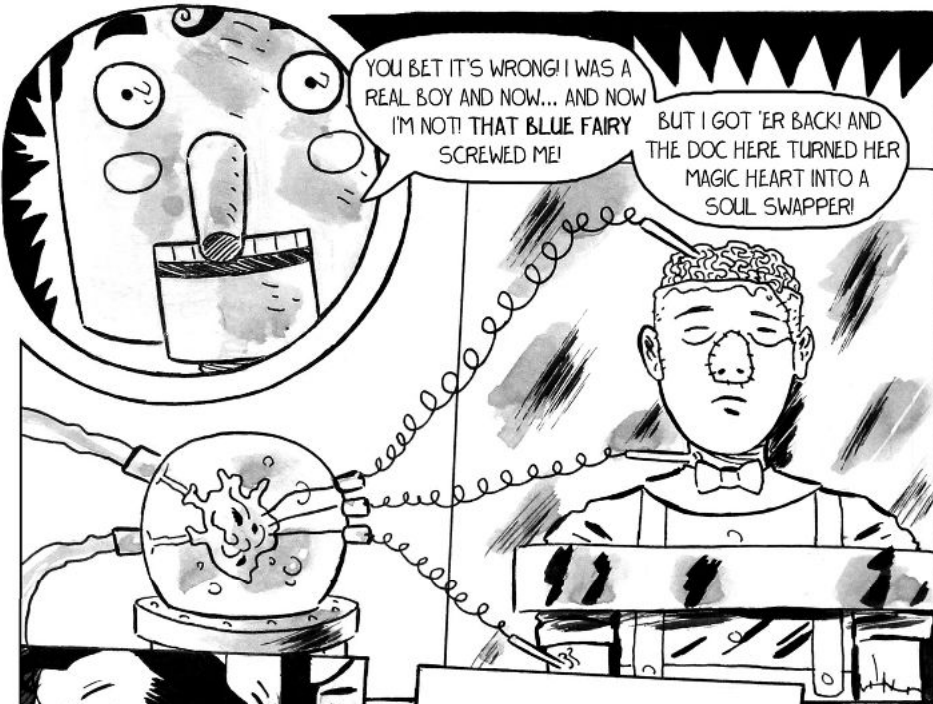
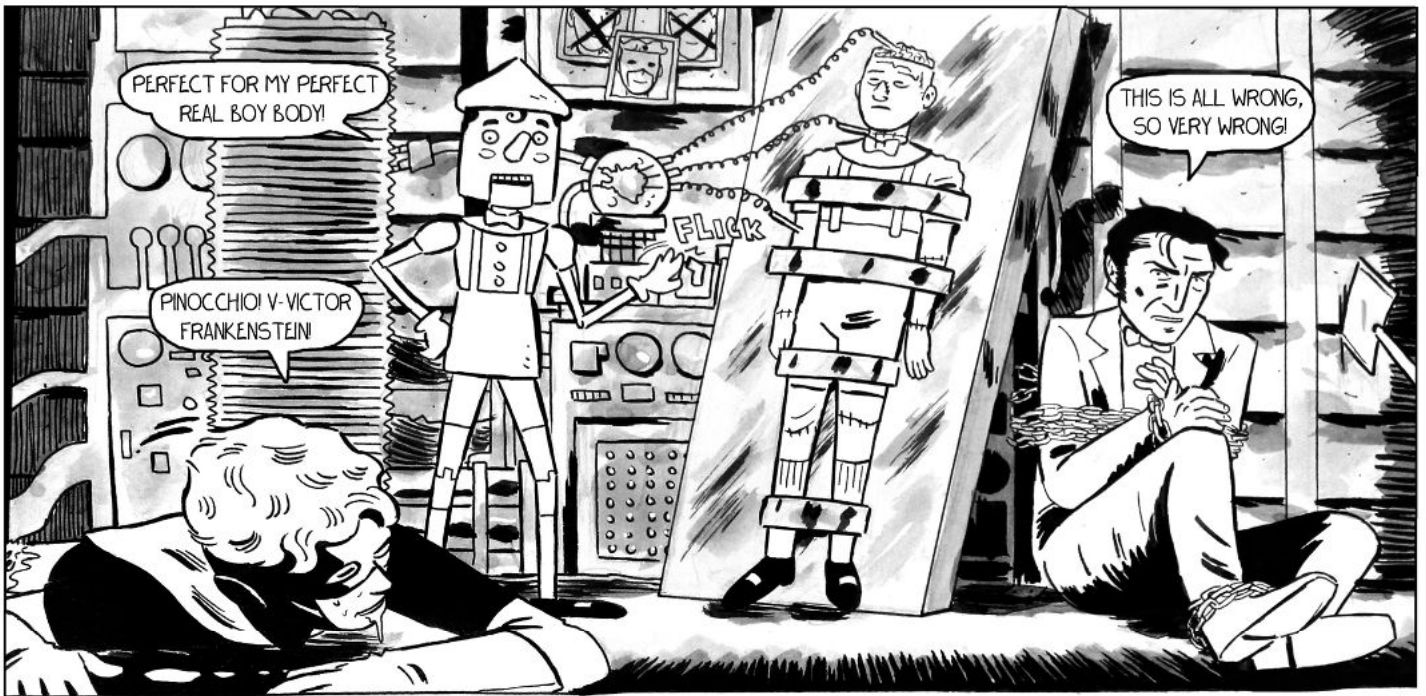
GO NOW, FINISH YOUR WORK, BOY.



WH-WH-WHY?



THAT PERFECT, FIERY RED HAIR...



And so, Geppetto and Pinocchio lived happily ever after.



Until the next story time.

SAINT BLAISE'S CHURCH, TWO MONTHS AGO...

NO. THIS WAS *WRONG*.

INSPECTOR ROY BLUE WASN'T EXACTLY A THEOLOGIAN, BUT A PREVIOUS CASE HAD PROMPTED HIM TO READ UP ON OCCULT ICONOGRAPHY AND HE KNEW ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT *THIS WAS WRONG*.

TERROR OF THE SHEEP II

BAA-
PHO-
MET!

'BAPHOMET' HAD NOT ORIGINALLY LOOKED LIKE THIS. HE'D ONLY BEEN DEPICTED THIS WAY SINCE THE MID-NINETEETH CENTURY.

BAA-
PHO-
MET!

DEVIL OR NOT, THE SHEEP SHOULD *NOT* HAVE BEEN CHANTING 'BAPHOMET' AT THIS THING.

OF COURSE, *TECHNICALLY*, THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN TALKING AT ALL, BUT...

BAA-PHO-MET! BAA-PHO-MET! BAA-PHO-MET!




Story & Art
Malcolm Kirk

BLUE WASN'T HAVING IT.

TAKE *THIS*, YOU DAFT LOOKING DENNIS WHEATLEY REJECT!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

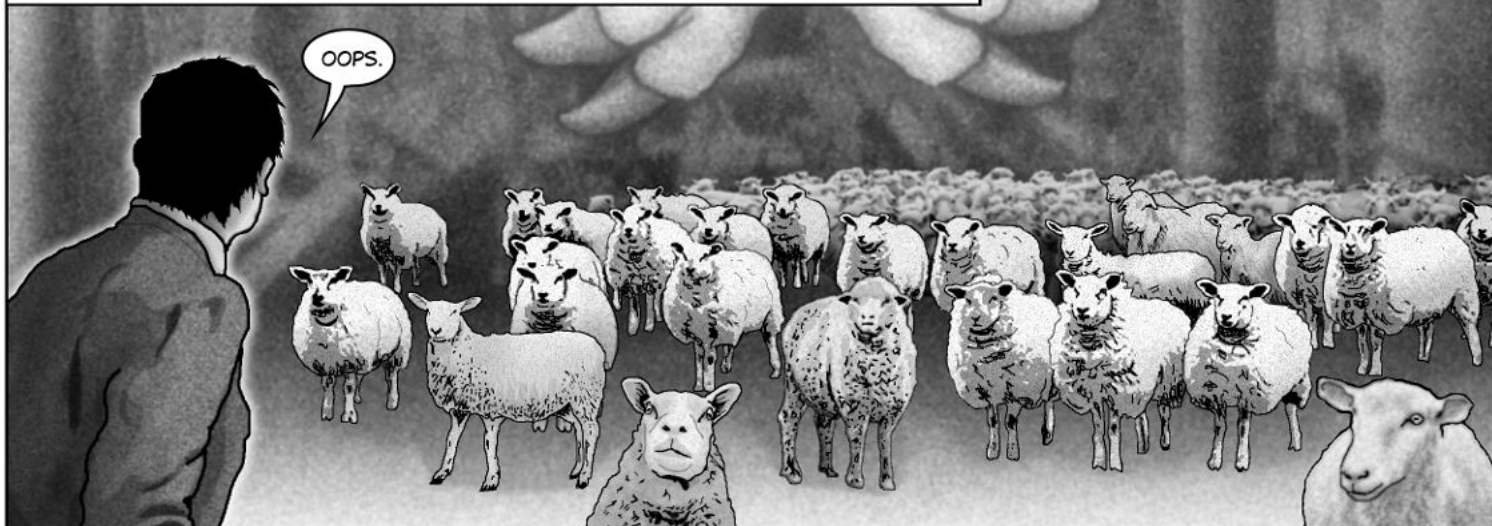


THE BULLETS PASSED STRAIGHT THROUGH. THE CREATURE WASN'T REALLY THERE. IT WAS CLEARLY SOME FORM OF PROJECTION.

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

UNFORTUNATELY FOR INSPECTOR BLUE, THE SHEEP WERE NOW WONDERING THE VERY SAME...

OOPS.



DAMN-DAMN-DAMN-DAMN!



BAAAAA!

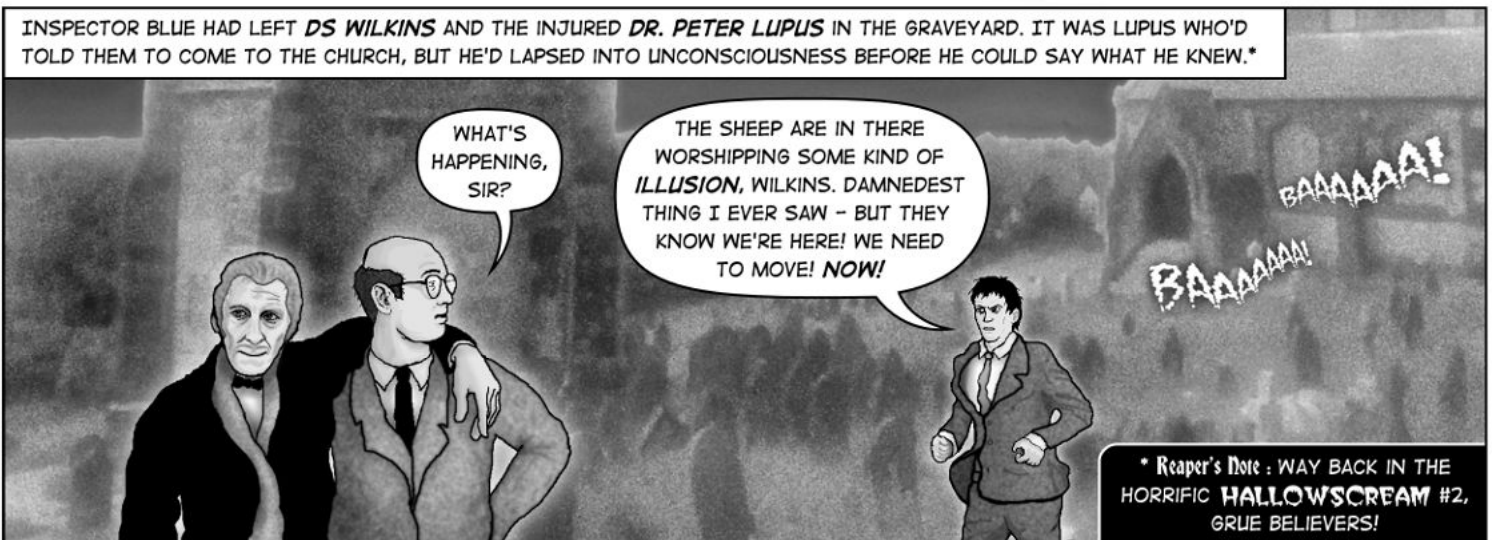
THIS SHOULD HOLD THEM FOR A WHILE!



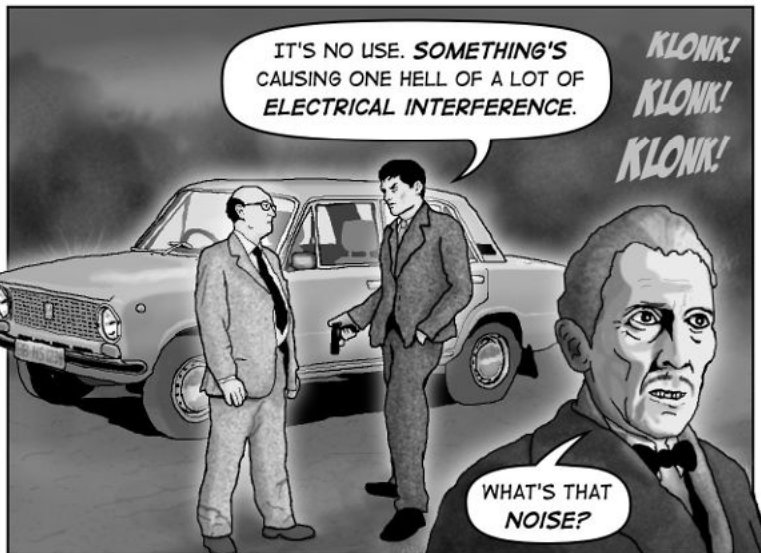
INSPECTOR BLUE HAD LEFT *DS WILKINS* AND THE INJURED *DR. PETER LUPUS* IN THE GRAVEYARD. IT WAS LUPUS WHO'D TOLD THEM TO COME TO THE CHURCH, BUT HE'D LAPSED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS BEFORE HE COULD SAY WHAT HE KNEW.*

WHAT'S HAPPENING, SIR?

THE SHEEP ARE IN THERE WORSHIPPING SOME KIND OF *ILLUSION*, WILKINS. DAMNEDEST THING I EVER SAW - BUT THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE! WE NEED TO MOVE! *NOW!*



* Reaper's Note : WAY BACK IN THE HORRIFIC HALLOWSCREAM #2, GRUE BELIEVERS!



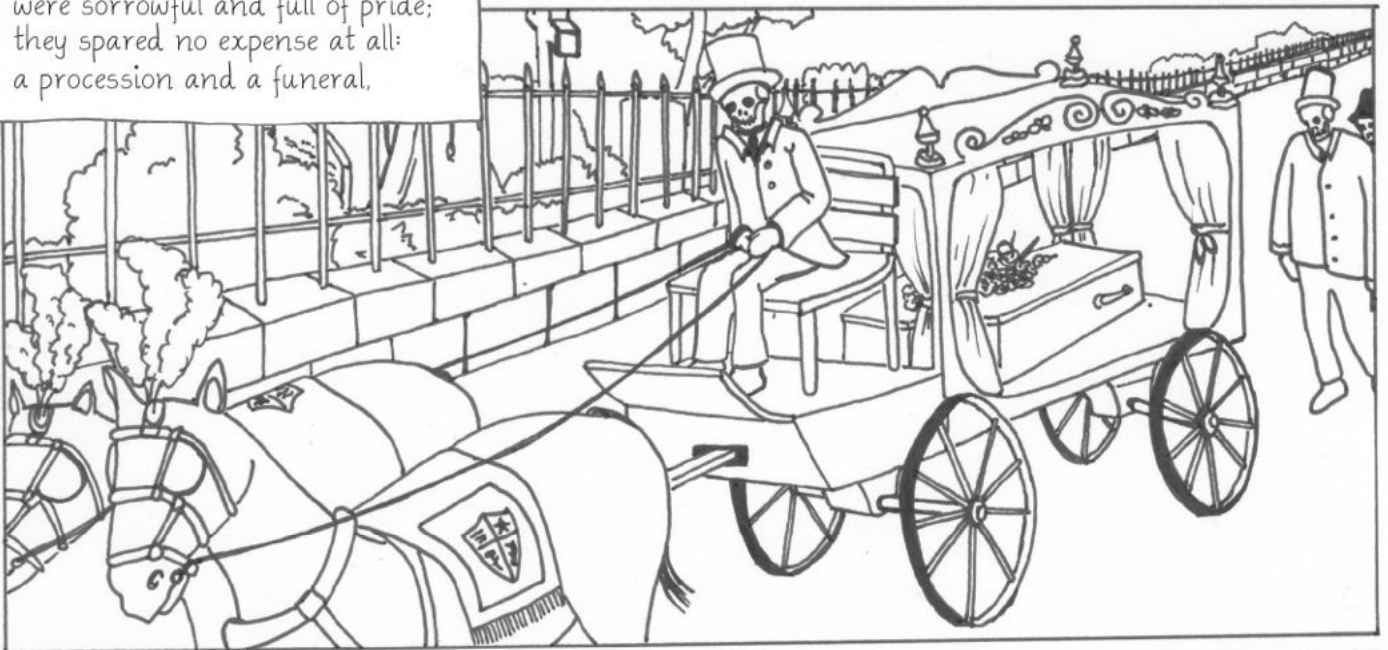


The Graverobber

By Tom Burleigh



The young wife of a nobleman took to bed, and slowly died. Her grand wealthy family were sorrowful and full of pride; they spared no expense at all: a procession and a funeral,



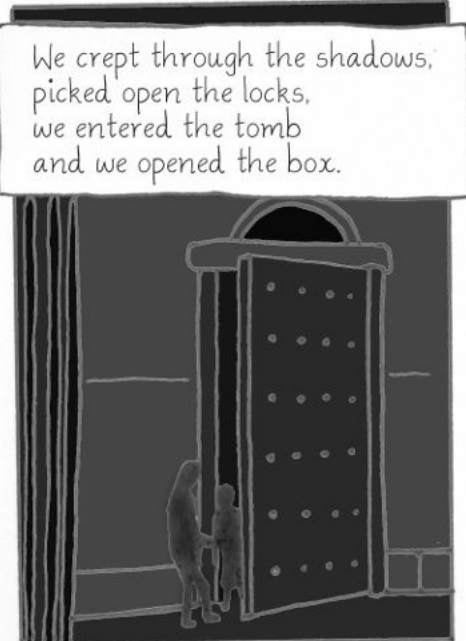
then they laid her down to rest her bones in a mausoleum made of marble stone.

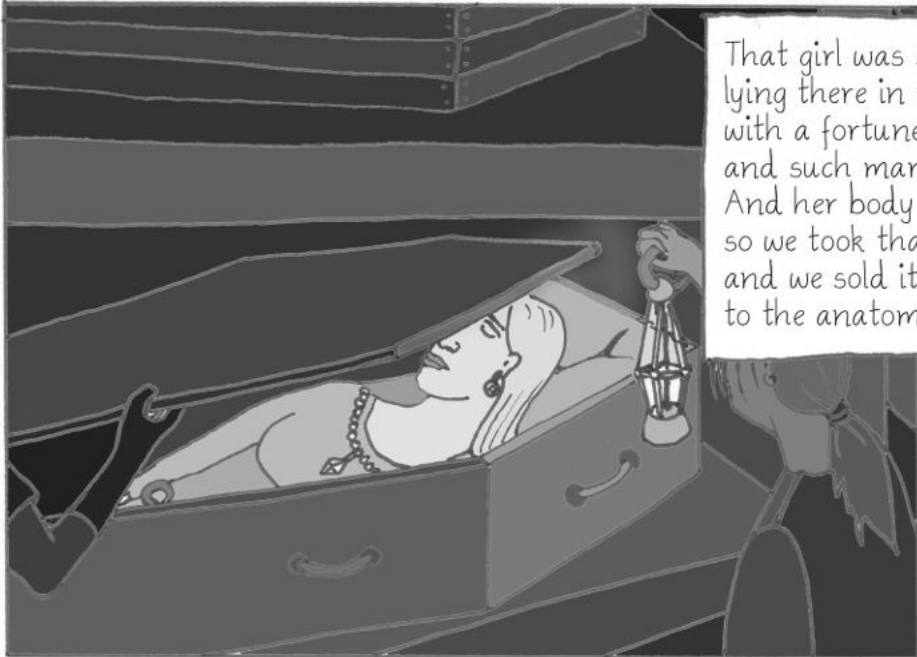


And that night, the moon hid its face, so it wouldn't see the dark in the hearts of my accomplice and me.




We crept through the shadows, picked open the locks, we entered the tomb and we opened the box.






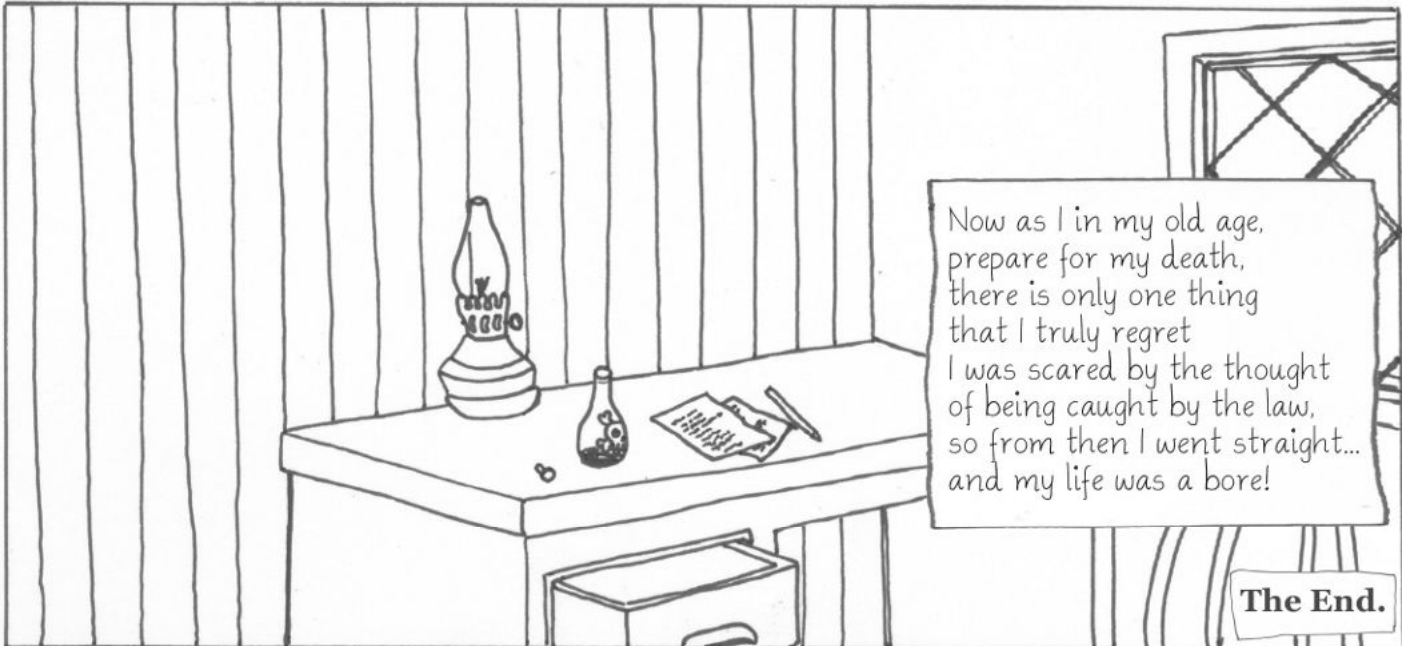
That girl was so pretty
lying there in repose,
with a fortune in jewels
and such marvellous clothes.
And her body was quite fresh,
so we took that too,
and we sold it for six-pence
to the anatomy school.



The very next morning,
things got out of hand.
I caught my accomplice;
trying to abscond
with a sack full of all
of our ill-gotten gains,



so I took up a stick,
and bashed in his brains.



Now as I in my old age,
prepare for my death,
there is only one thing
that I truly regret
I was scared by the thought
of being caught by the law,
so from then I went straight...
and my life was a bore!

The End.



Alien Reading The Paper by Carol Kewley

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Written & Illustrated by
Malcolm Kirk
(with sincere apologies to Grange Calveley)

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By Malcolm Kirk 2018

Individually numbered limited edition of 1 billion



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BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS "HALLOWSCREAM!" issue ten Hallowe'en 2018.

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

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