

BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS

HALLOW'S CREAM!

Price : 2 mystery meat sausages

October 31st 2019



MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR VEGETARIANS! (NAH... JUST KIDDIN')

THE ELEVEN DEAD...

Greetings, mortals!

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore - while I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, as of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. Turned out to be Jehovah's Witnesses. Very disappointing. You, however, will be far from disappointed with this year's issue.

Cover Art by Ken Best
Intro Design by Malcolm Kirk

The Reaper...

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EMAIL : ghastlymcnasty@backfromthedepths.co.uk
or merjeagles@yahoo.co.uk
FACEBOOK : www.facebook.com/Hallowscream.comic

Paperback issues of all
Hallowscreams are now
available to buy from



lulu.com

Back from the Depths SCARIER THAN SATAN'S EVEN SCARIER AUNTY!

DOWN TO THE WOODS

Script - Paul Bradford Art - Luciano Fleitas
Lettering - HdE



LOOK AT THE KIDDIES HAVING FUN IN THE FIELD.

I'M GOING TO BLOCK YOUR SHOT!



UH OH. LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE KICKED THE BALL INTO THE WOODS.

THERE IT IS, LET'S GET IT.



I DON'T WANT TO GO IN THERE. IT LOOKS SCARY.

IT'S OKAY, TIMMY. COME ON.

GO ON, TIMMY. IT'S ONLY SOME TREES.



HI. CAN I PLAY WITH YOU?

AWWW, SO CUTE.

WOW, LOOK AT THAT! LET'S PLAY.

THIS IS THE WOODS OF THE TEDDY BEARS.



FOLLOW ME, WE'RE HAVING A PICNIC. YOU CAN JOIN IN!

THE CHILDREN ARE REALLY LUCKY. THE BEARS DON'T USUALLY INVITE PEOPLE ALONG.

RUN ALONG KIDS, FOLLOW THE CUTE LITTLE BEAR. HE JUST WANTS TO PLAY WITH YOU.

C'MON! FASTER!

AT LEAST THE REST OF THE KIDDIES ARE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE.

MOMMY, LOOK WHAT I FOUND.

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU...

WHAT A SHAME TIMMY WAS TOO SCARED TO JOIN IN ON THE FUN.

...NOT TO PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD!

RAAA
ARRR!!

THE KIDDIES REALLY SHOULD'VE STAYED OUT OF THE WOODS.

GUYS, STOP MESSING AROUND. I WANT TO GO HOME NOW. WHERE ARE YOU?

LOOKS LIKE TIMMY MAY NOT MISS OUT AFTER ALL.

GO ON, TIMMY... JOIN IN ON THE FUN.

FIN

PARTMOOR, SOUTHWEST ENGLAND. THE YEAR OF OUR LORD EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-NINE.

A COLD BLOODY NIGHT

WRITER - ED WHITING ARTIST - JO GALICIA
LETTERS - KEN REYNOLDS

A MAN
COULD CATCH HIS
DEATH OUTSIDE
ON A NIGHT THIS
COLD.

NOT THAT YOU
WOULD CARE MR
REMER...

--CONSIDERING
YOU ARE GOING TO
BE SPENDING WHAT
LITTLE REMAINING
LIFE YOU HAVE LEFT
INSIDE AT HER
MAJESTY'S
PLEASURE.

I
HEAR NO ONE IS
GIVING HER MAJESTY
ANY PLEASURE THESE
DAYS...INSIDE OR
OUT.

HOLD YOUR TONGUE
LAD OR I'LL CUT
IT OUT.

CONSTABLE
SIMMS!

WE
WOULDN'T
WANT TO DEPRIVE
THE HANGMAN
OF WORK NOW
WOULD WE?

YOU'RE RIGHT
SERGEANT
ATLEY, WE
WOULDN'T.

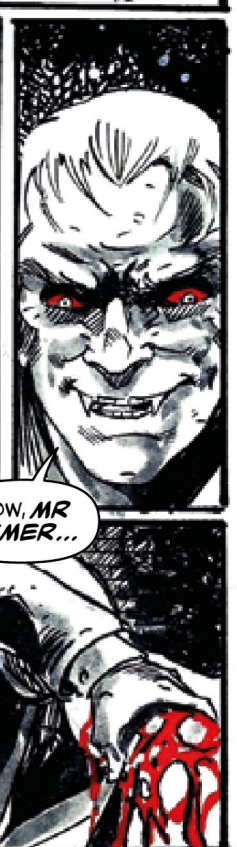
WHO IS THE
THIRD GLASS
FOR?

A
CONDEMNED
MAN DESERVES A
FINAL DRINK DON'T
YOU THINK?

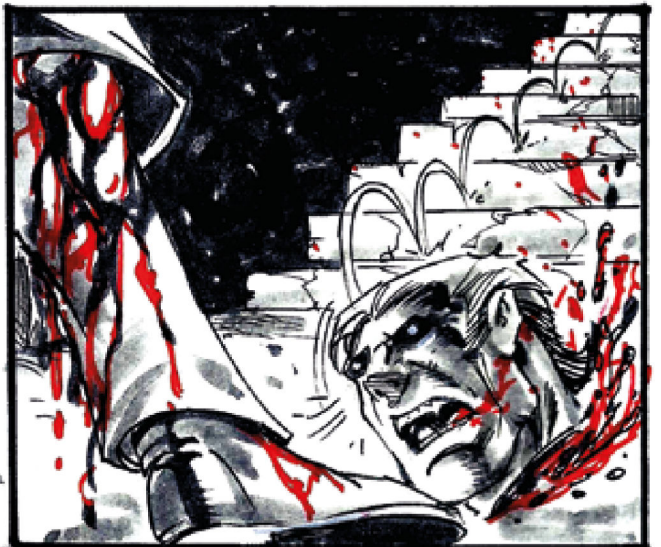
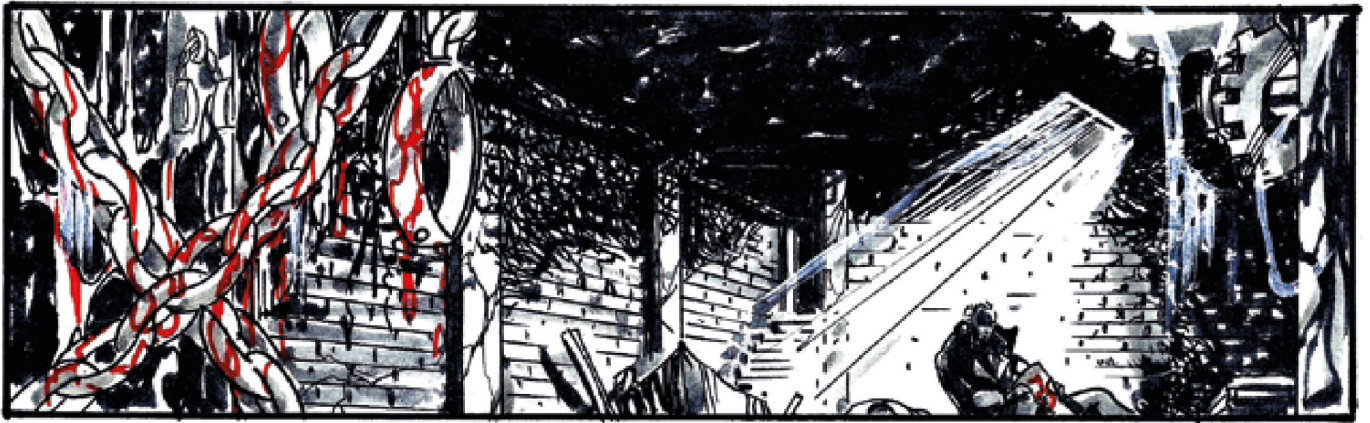
NOT
IN MY LIFETIME
THEY DON'T.



DON'T MAKE YOURSELF TOO COMFORTABLE. YOUR TURN WILL COME SOON ENOUGH.



NOW, MR REMER...





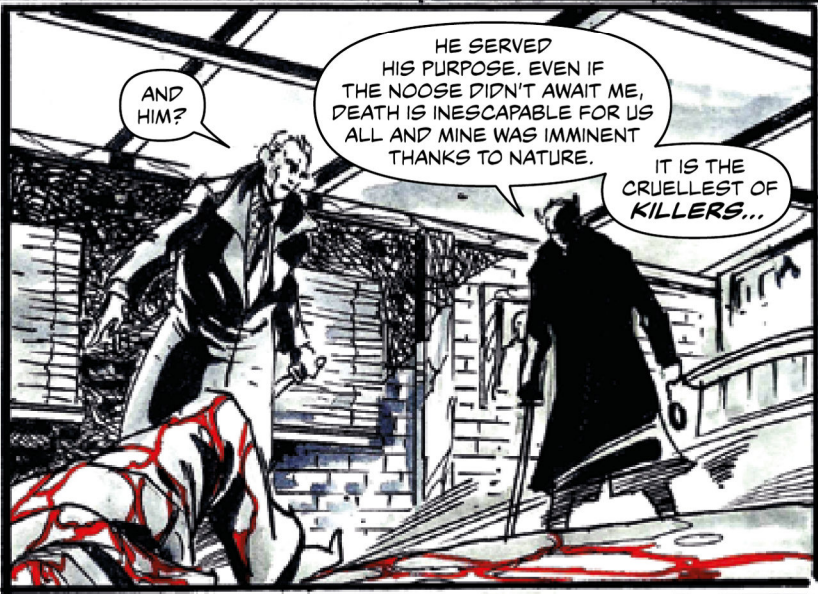
...AND I THINK EVEN LESS OF HIM NOW.



WHAT ARE YOU NOW?



GREATER!



AND HIM?

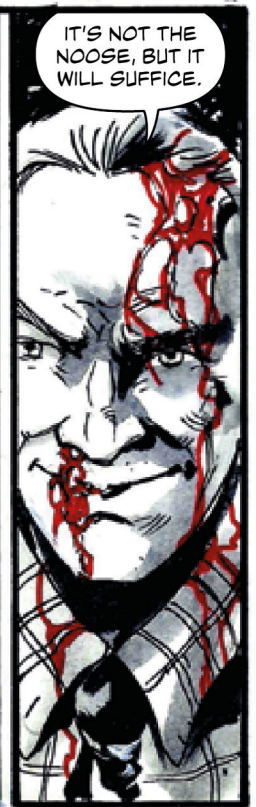
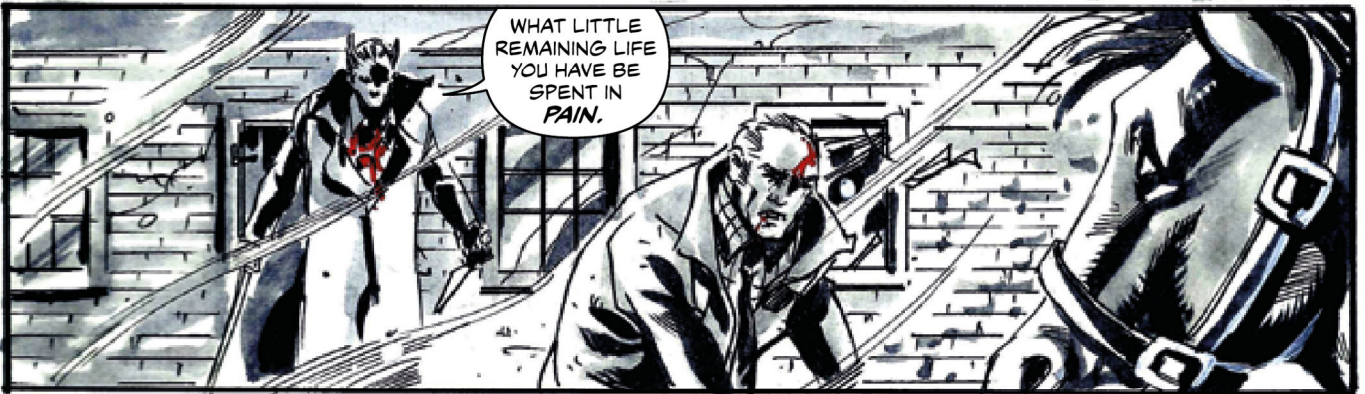
HE SERVED HIS PURPOSE. EVEN IF THE NOOSE DIDN'T AWAIT ME, DEATH IS INESCAPABLE FOR US ALL AND MINE WAS IMMINENT THANKS TO NATURE.

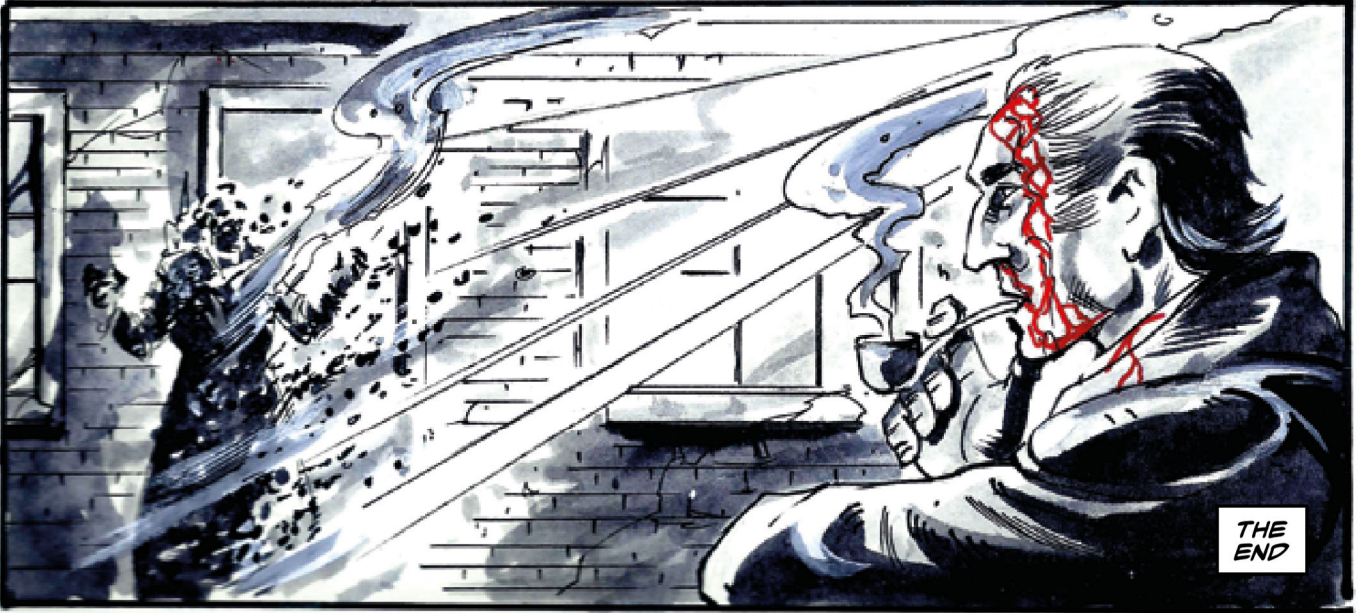
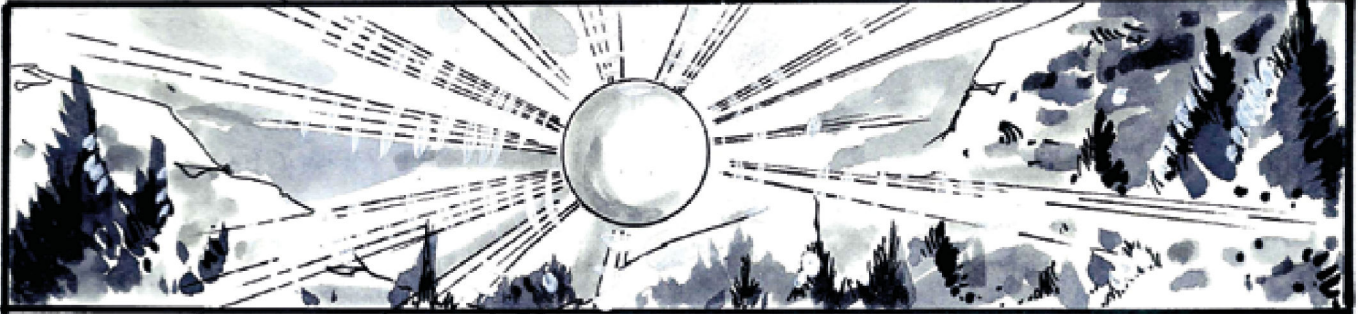
IT IS THE CRUELLEST OF KILLERS...

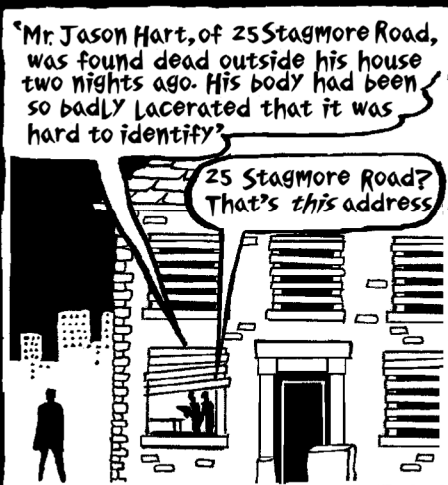
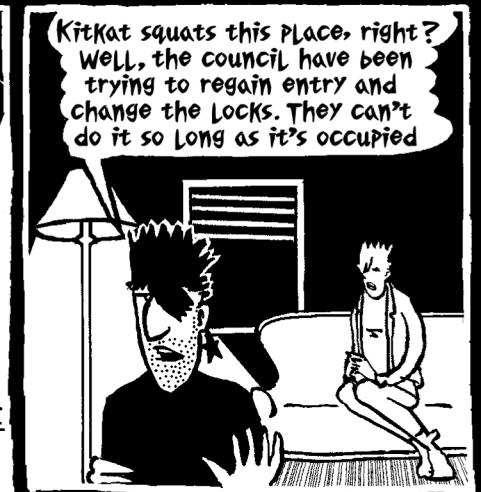
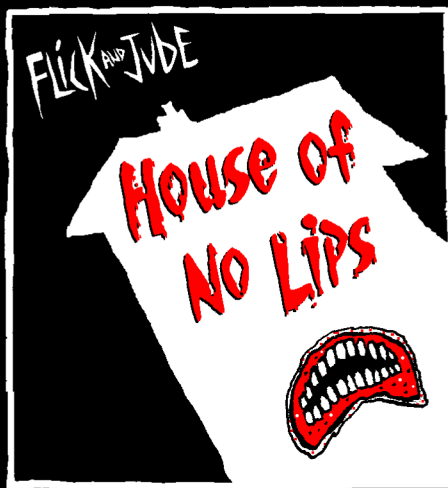


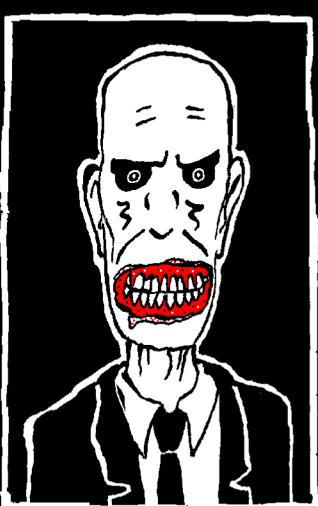
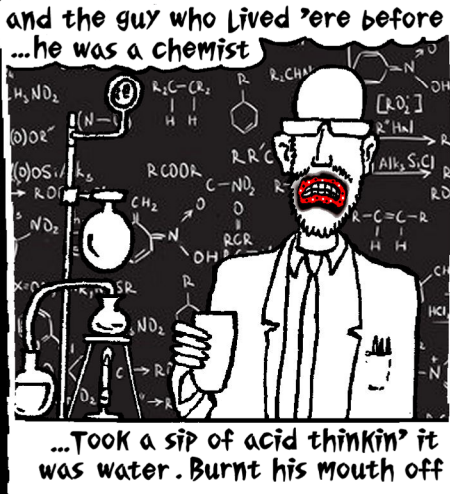
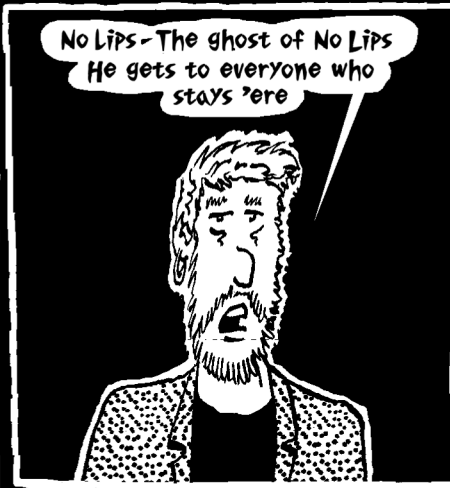
AS YOU WILL LEARN!

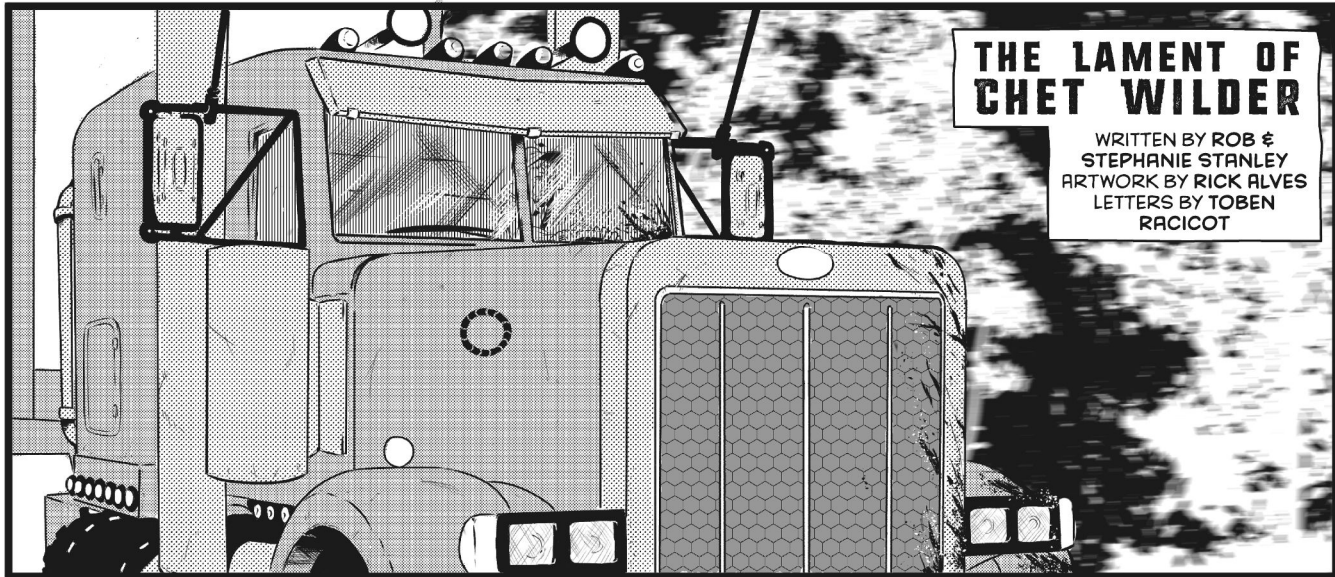






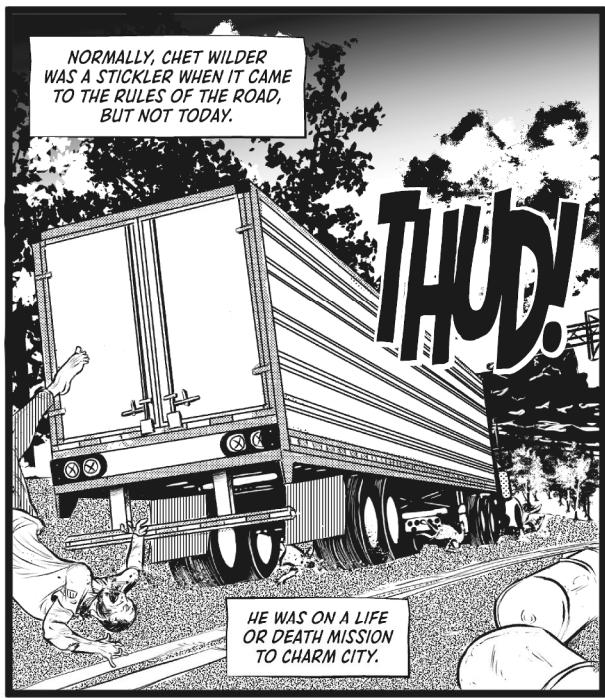






THE LAMENT OF CHET WILDER

WRITTEN BY ROB & STEPHANIE STANLEY
ARTWORK BY RICK ALVES
LETTERS BY TOBEN RACICOT



NORMALLY, CHET WILDER WAS A STICKLER WHEN IT CAME TO THE RULES OF THE ROAD, BUT NOT TODAY.

HE WAS ON A LIFE OR DEATH MISSION TO CHARM CITY.



REDDING, CALIFORNIA. FORTY HOURS EARLIER...

D'ANDRA! SAMANTHA!



CHET!

ARGGH!

UNNGHH!

DADDY!



CRACK!

RUN!



OH, NO! I DROPPED BOW-WOW IN THERE!



I GOTTA GO BACK AND GET HIM!

D'ANDRA!

NO!



THERE YOU ARE!

D'ANDRA, LET'S GO!



HISS-
MMMM-NUMM-
NUMMM--

OW!



WHAM!

TAKE HER TO MY TRUCK!

OH MY GOD!

SHE WAS BITTEN BY ONE OF THOSE THINGS!



BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
FORTY HOURS LATER...

I TOLD YOU WE'D GET THROUGH THIS ORDEAL TOGETHER.



I PROMISE.



DES MOINES, IOWA.
TWENTY-FIVE HOURS
EARLIER...

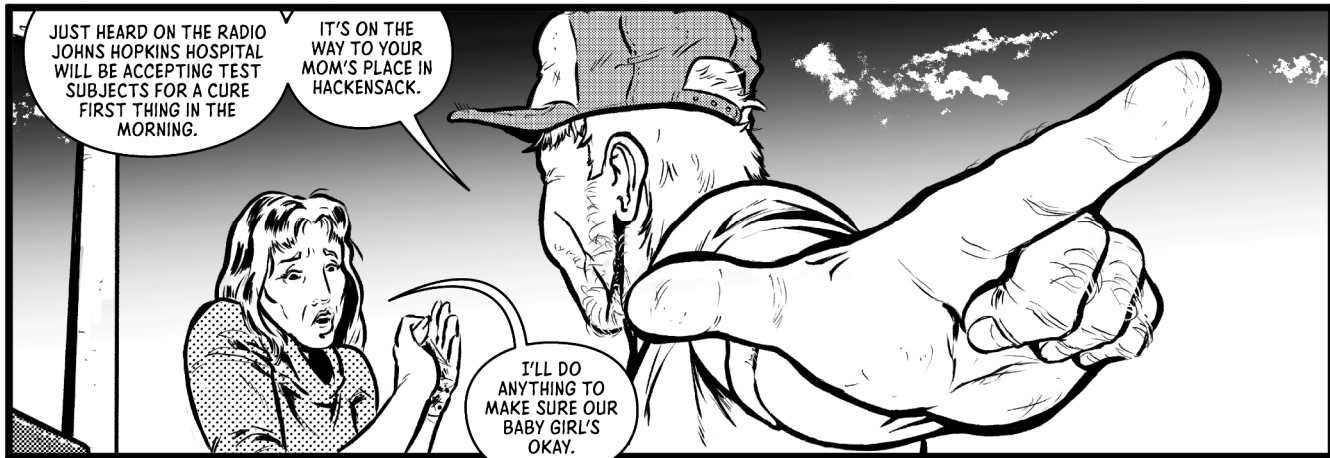
SHE DIDN'T MEAN TO--I MEAN, THIS ISN'T LIKE HER.

D'ANDRA IS FINALLY ASLEEP IN THE TRAILER.

SHE ALMOST TOOK MY FINGER OFF! YOU DON'T THINK--



NO! NOT OUR D'ANDRA! SHE'S FINE!



JUST HEARD ON THE RADIO JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL WILL BE ACCEPTING TEST SUBJECTS FOR A CURE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

IT'S ON THE WAY TO YOUR MOM'S PLACE IN HACKENSACK.

I'LL DO ANYTHING TO MAKE SURE OUR BABY GIRL'S OKAY.



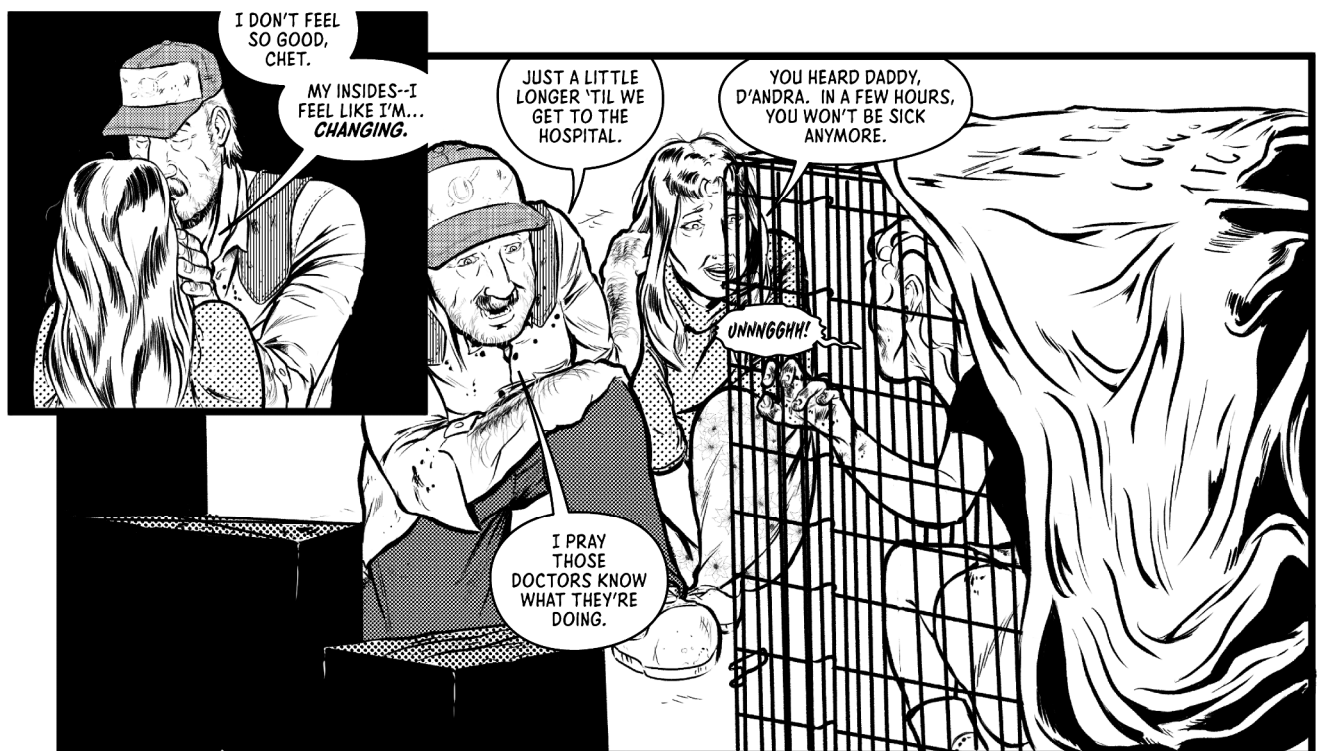
OUR LITTLE GIRL WILL BE AS GOOD AS NEW SOON.

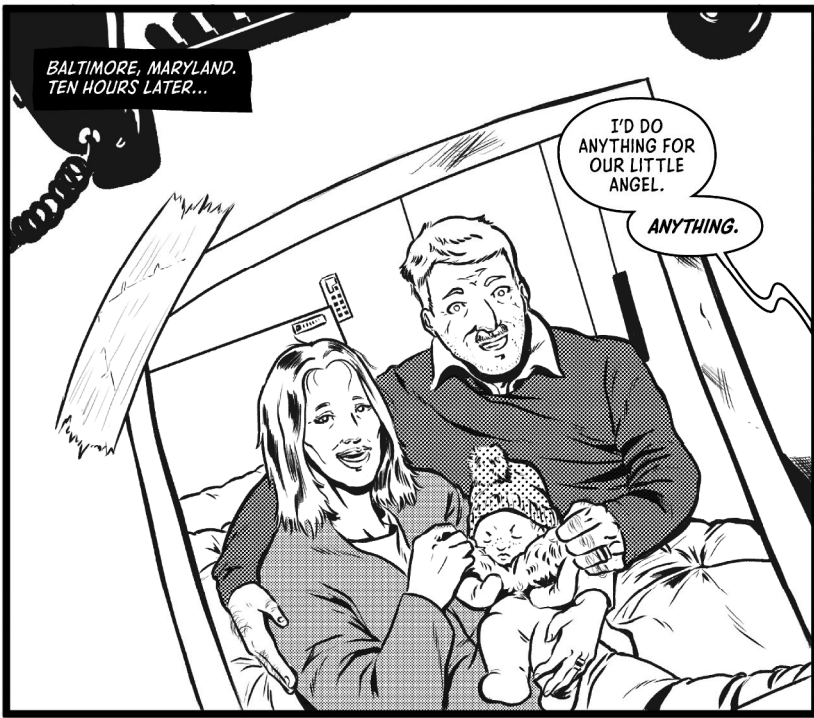


BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
TWENTY-FIVE HOURS LATER...

THAT'S RIGHT. D'ANDRA WILL BE CUDDLING UP TO YOU AGAIN IN NO TIME.

NO TIME AT ALL.

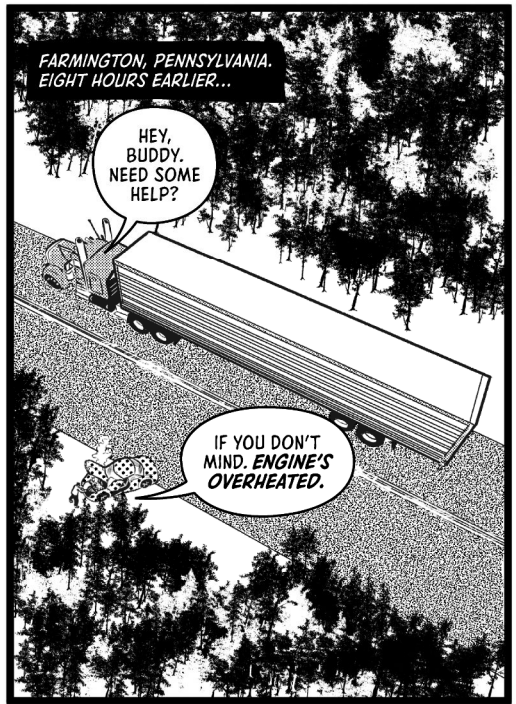




BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
TEN HOURS LATER...

I'D DO ANYTHING FOR OUR LITTLE ANGEL.

ANYTHING.



FARMINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA.
EIGHT HOURS EARLIER...

HEY, BUDDY. NEED SOME HELP?

IF YOU DON'T MIND. ENGINE'S OVERHEATED.



TRIED EVERYTHING, BUT IT WON'T START BACK UP.

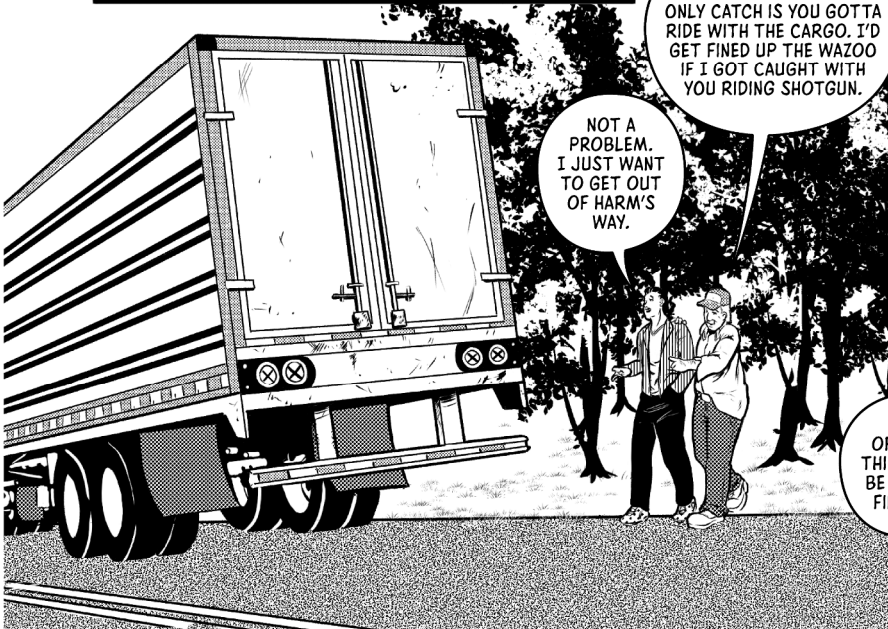
THOSE PRICY FOREIGN CARS AREN'T WORTH A NICKEL, MUCH LESS THE SIX FIGURES YOU PROBABLY PAID.

WHERE YA HEADING?



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS. GOT A SUMMER HOME UP THERE. FIGURED I'D HIDE OUT THERE UNTIL THIS MADNESS GOT TAKEN CARE OF.

TODAY'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, MY FRIEND. I'M GOING STRAIGHT IN THAT DIRECTION. I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT.



ONLY CATCH IS YOU GOTTA RIDE WITH THE CARGO. I'D GET FINED UP THE WAZOO IF I GOT CAUGHT WITH YOU RIDING SHOTGUN.

NOT A PROBLEM. I JUST WANT TO GET OUT OF HARM'S WAY.



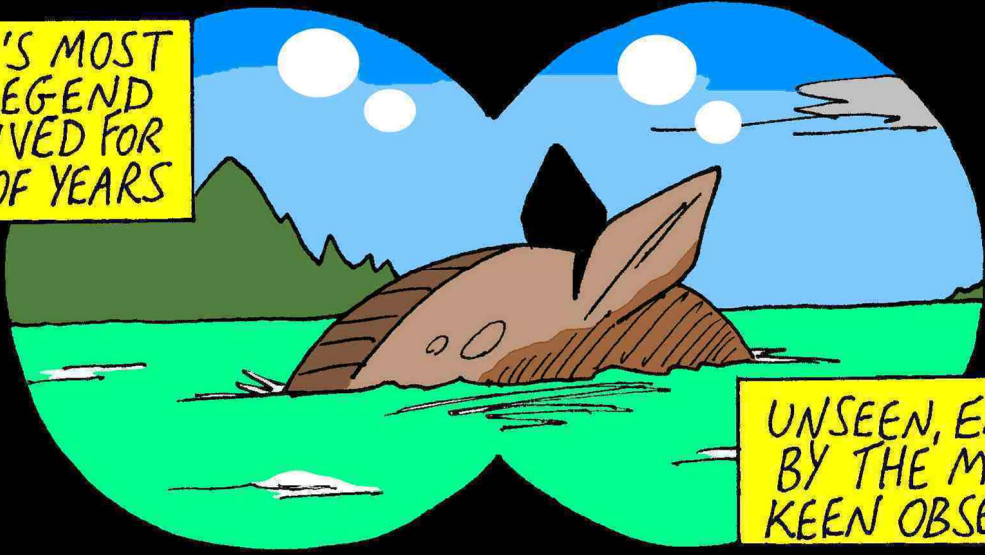
NONE OF THOSE THINGS WILL BE ABLE TO FIND YOU.

TRUST ME.





SCOTLAND'S MOST
FAMOUS LEGEND
HAD SURVIVED FOR
MILLIONS OF YEARS

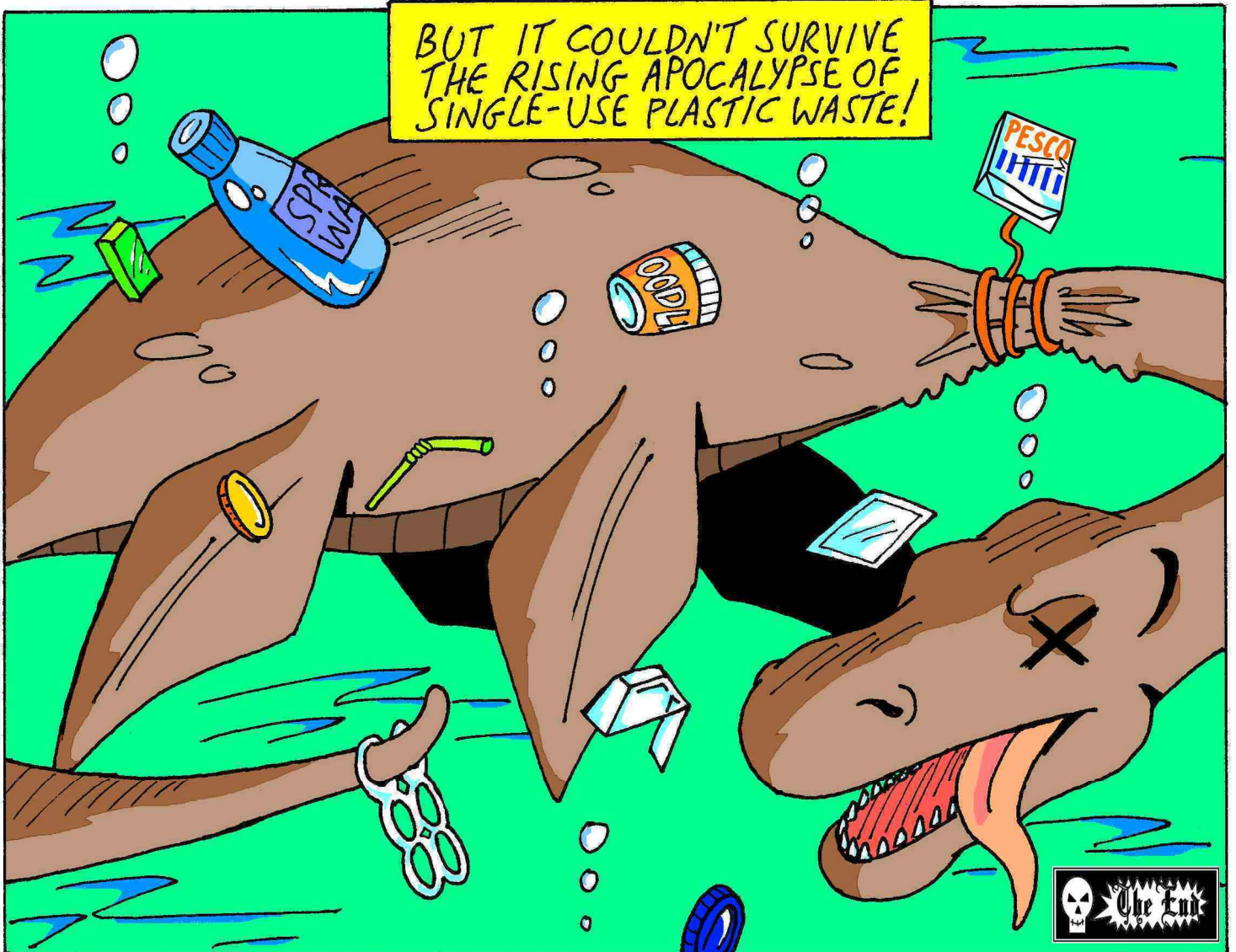


UNSEEN, EXCEPT
BY THE MOST
KEEN OBSERVERS



LOCH Mess

BUT IT COULDN'T SURVIVE
THE RISING APOCALYPSE OF
SINGLE-USE PLASTIC WASTE!



☠️ The End

CEBGBs

8.50 Henry Portrait Of A Serial Killer's Cat

9.00 Going Undead! Live Magazine show featuring celebrity ghosts and cartoons and all the usual stuff but for non-living types. (S)



In space no one can fear plasticene. 9.30

12.00 The Amazing Adventures of Xenomorph Animated series about the adventures of a lovable killer alien with acid for blood. (S) (Rpt)

12.20 Slay Away Fun, games, songs and jokes with your friends, Freddy, Jason, Michael and the rest of the gang. (S) (Rpt)

1.20 Within The Farthing Woods Actually slightly less scary than the original Farthing Wood series. (S)

1.50 Hackagory Incredibly gruesome stories read aloud by celebrities, which at first seems entirely inappropriate fare for young children but it turns out they've been written by Roald Dahl, so it's probably fine. (S) (Rpt)

2.00 Postman Giant Bat Mrs. Goggins has doubts about Postman Giant Bat's suitability for his chosen profession until it becomes apparent that his giant batness means he can deliver parcels in a fraction of the time. (S) (Rpt)

Jock Horror

The Scottish Horror Channel

9.00 Kilt List It's like The Wicker Man, but not nearly as good. (2011, 18, S) ***

10.30 Stranger Jings Super-natural drama series. Stars Maggie Boobby Broon as Eleeven. (S) (Rpt)

11.30 Flea Seematary First shown on Gregg's Gory Horror Channel. (1989, 18, S) ****



Nobody tell Alfred Hitchcock 1.00

1.00 Craws We're gonnae need a bigger tattie-bogle. (1975, 15, S) *****

2.30 Git Out A Scotsman travels to meet his English fiance's parents and things take a turn for the sinister. (2017, 17, S) *****

4.00 Rabbied A virus or parasite or something transforms people into highly promiscuous 18th century poets. Directed by Davey Edenburg. (1978, 18, S) ****

5.30 Een Wi'oot A Puss Classic French horror film "Les yeux sans visage" with new subtitles in Scottish. (1960, 15, S) *****

7.00 The Babadook Documentary about infant baptisms. (S) (Rpt)

8.00 The Shiting Things take a turn for the nightmarish when the caretaker of a remote hotel encounters something horrific in one of the en-suite bathrooms. (1980, 18, S) *****

Nostalgsick

6.10 Alfred Hitchcock's Pigeon Street (S) (Rpt)

6.20 James Herbert's The Ratties (S) (Rpt)

6.30 Bones A pile of. (S) (Rpt)



Howlycopter 7.30

7.30 Wairwolf An advanced supersonic helicopter is bitten by a werewolf and undergoes a bizarre transformation during every subsequent full moon. (S) (Rpt)

8.30 The Arr-Team Wanted by the government for a crime they definitely did commit, they consist of Cannibal, Faceless Man, Howlin' Mad Murderer and Doctor X. If you have a problem... if no one else can help... then the ones responsible may well be... The Arr-Team. (S) (Rpt)

9.30 The Babadooks of Hazzard (S) (Rpt)

10.30 Rancid Camera Hidden camera prank show with actual zombies. (S) (Rpt)

11.30 Ghoulseye Classic gameshow. Members of the public attempt to win prizes by chucking darts at corpse-chomping monsters' heads. (S) (Rpt)

12.00 The Lovecraft Boat Comedy drama series. In this episode the crew discover a ruined cyclopean city on an island in the Pacific. (S) (Rpt)

TV
CRYPT

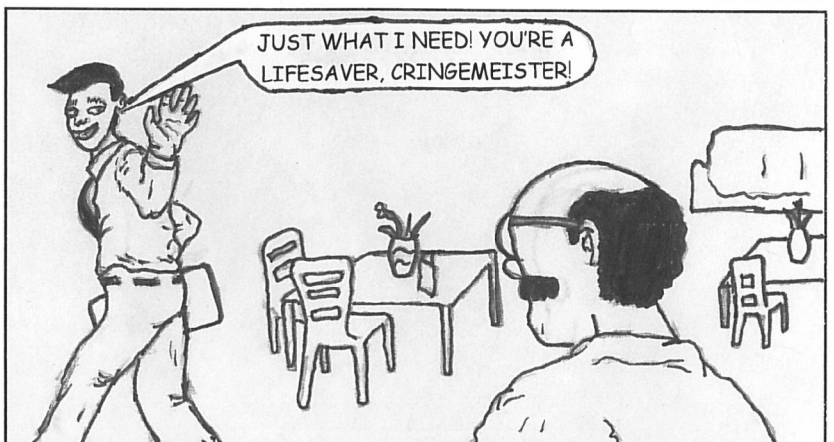
TERROPHISOM GUIDE

THE PARANORMAL ADVENTURES OF MR. CRINGE MEISTER

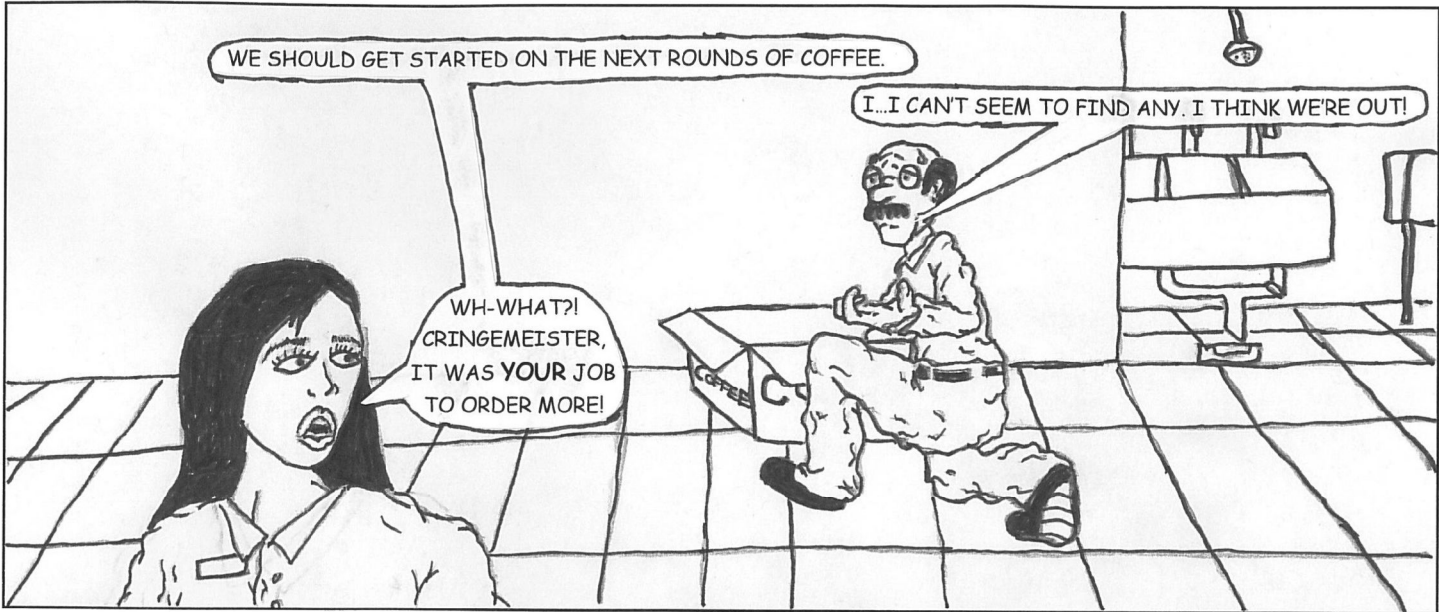
THE DAWN OF THE LIVING COFFEE DRINKERS



THIS COMIC IS LOOSELY BASED ON TRUE EVENTS...



Written and Illustrated by: Rick Perez



WE SHOULD GET STARTED ON THE NEXT ROUNDS OF COFFEE.

WH-WHAT?!
CRINGEMEISTER,
IT WAS YOUR JOB
TO ORDER MORE!

I...I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND ANY. I THINK WE'RE OUT!



GUYS, WE NEED MORE COFFEE ASAP!

I'LL GET MORE COFFEE.
PUT OUT THE DECAF
FOR NOW!



ATTENTION, EVERYONE! WE WILL HAVE MORE
COFFEE OUT SHORTLY.

WHAT KIND OF
HOTEL RUN OUT
OF COFFEE?!?

GRRR!!



GIMME THAT!!



Gulp!
Gulp!

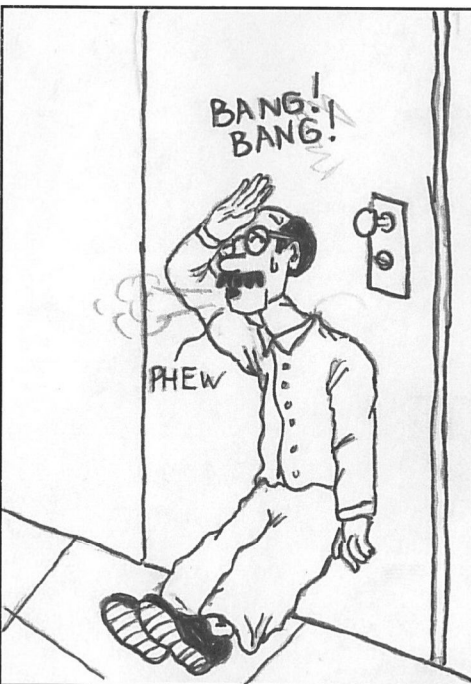
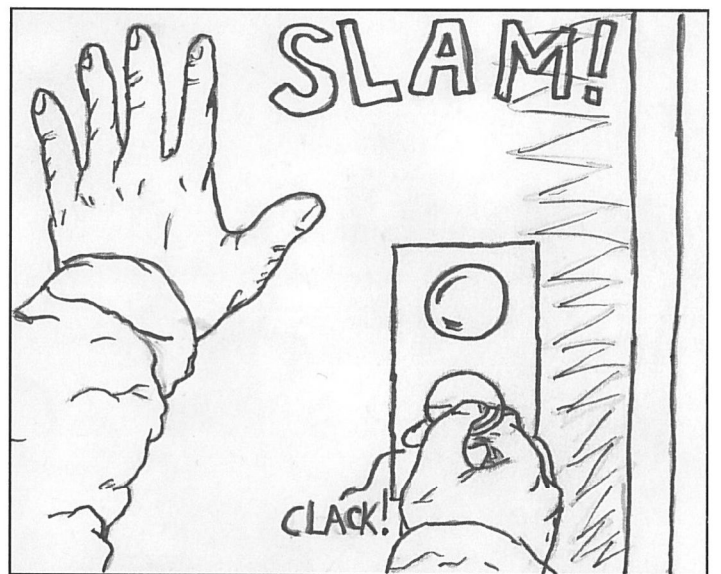


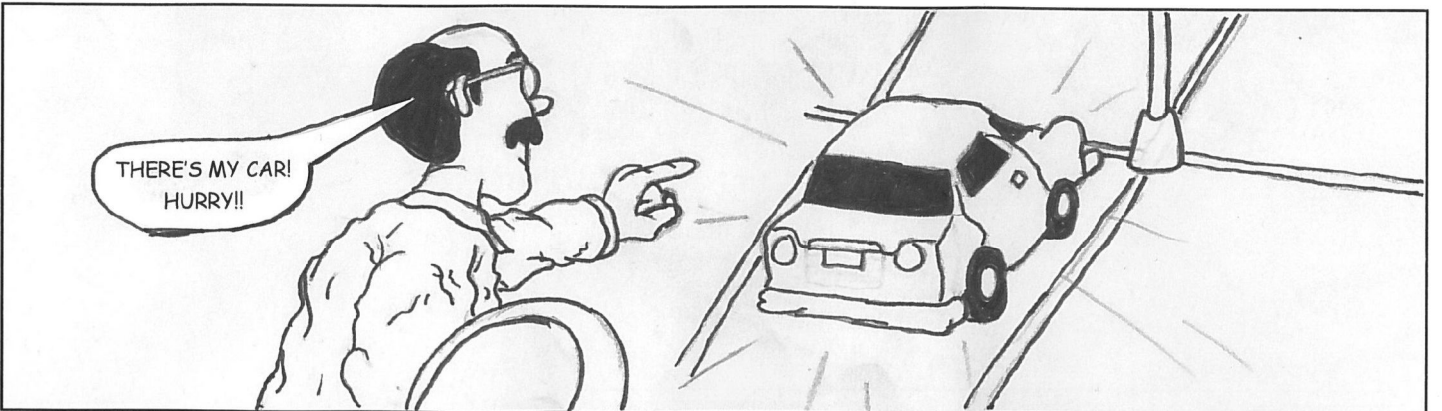
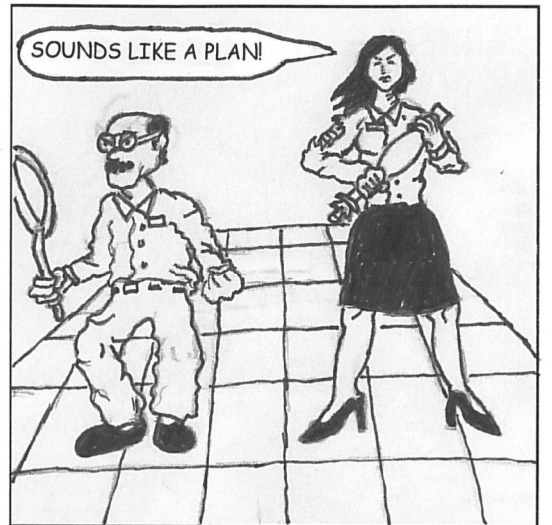
NO DECAF...

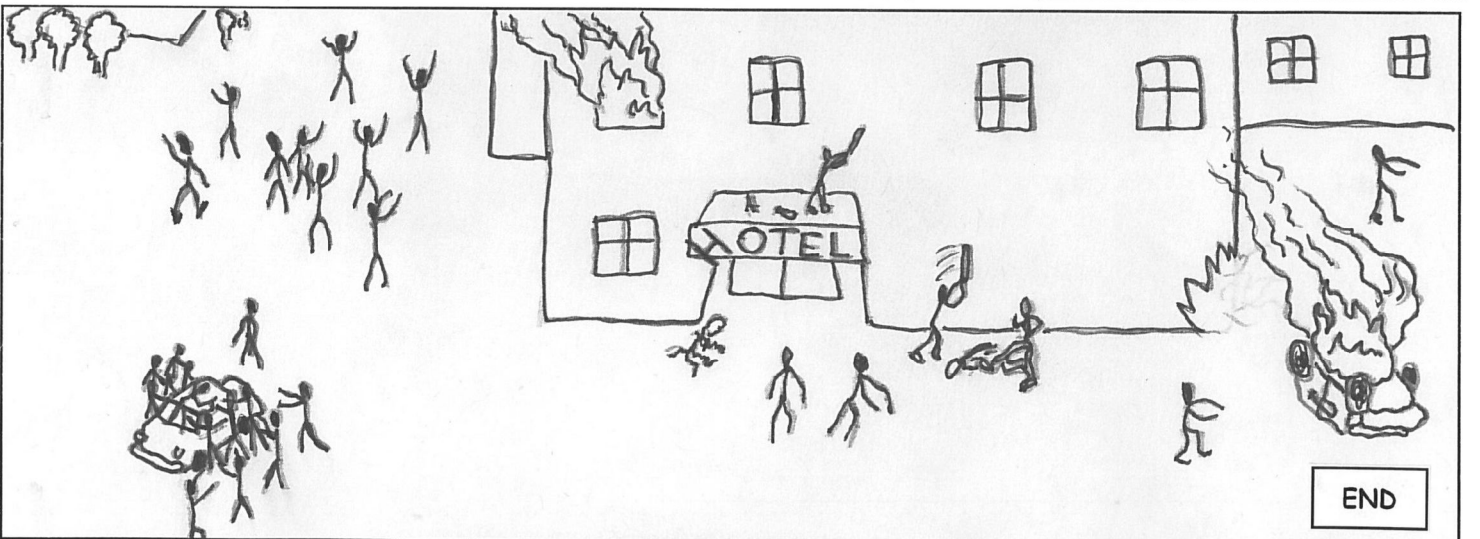


I...WANT
...COFFEE!!

PFFF
PTU







BAM!



MURRAY NICHOLSON
THOUGHT THIS JOB
WOULD BE EASY...

HE WAS WRONG!

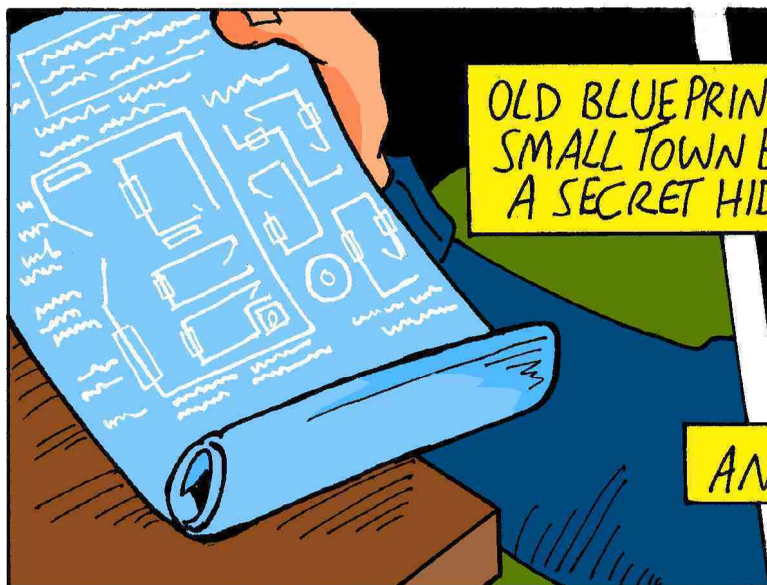
Bank Heist



HE'D STAKED OUT THIS PLACE FOR WEEKS NOW

HE KNEW, INTIMATELY THE COMINGS & GOINGS OF ALL THE CUSTOMERS

BUT THEIR MONEY DIDN'T INTEREST HIM



OLD BLUEPRINTS FOR THIS SMALL TOWN BANK REVEALED A SECRET HIDDEN IN BACK

AN OLD VAULT!





OPEN SESAME!

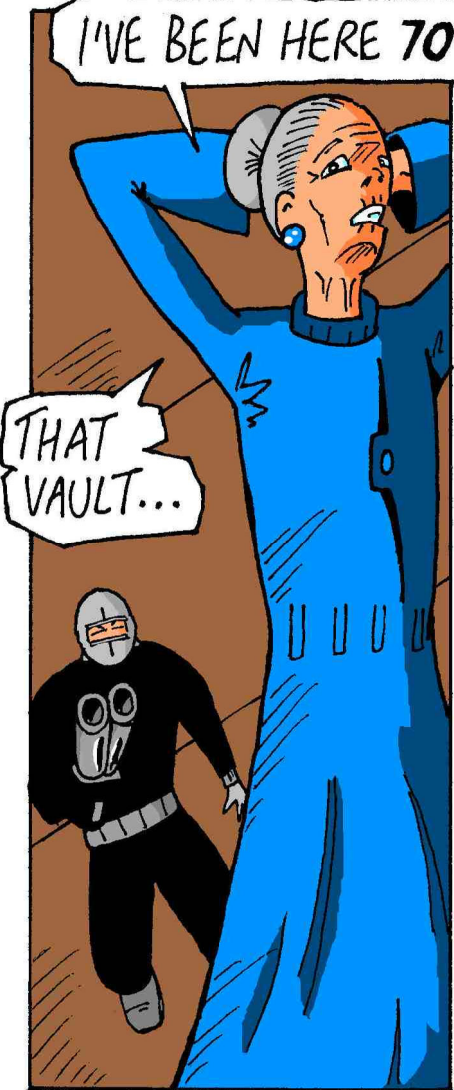
HE KNEW ONLY ONE ELDERLY WOMAN WOULD BE WORKING HERE AT THE SAME TIME EVERY WEEK



OOH! DON'T SHOOT!

TAKE ME TO THE VAULT, GRANDMA

NOW!



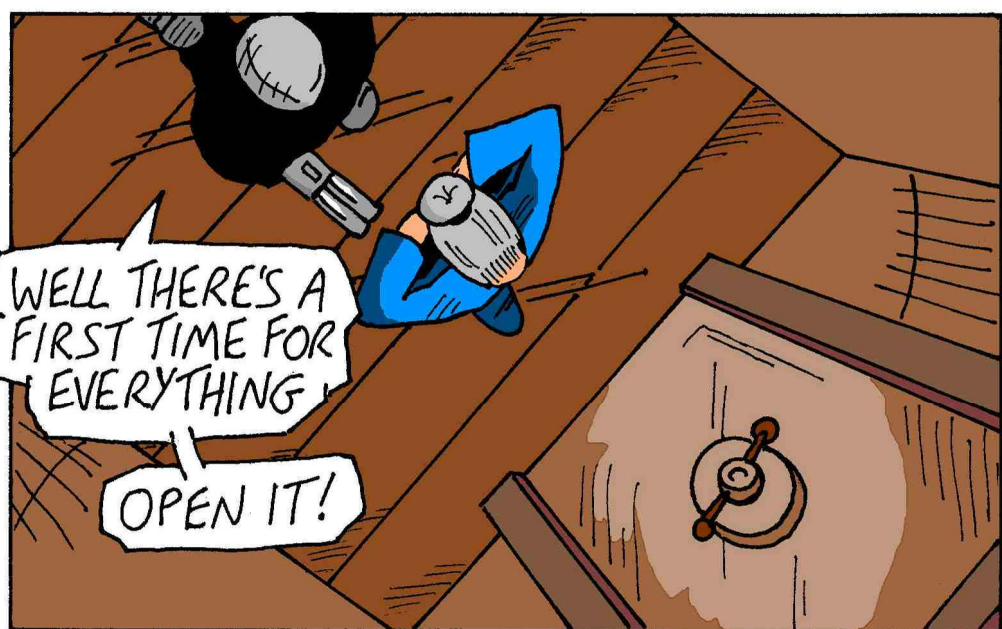
I'VE BEEN HERE 70 YEARS

THAT VAULT...



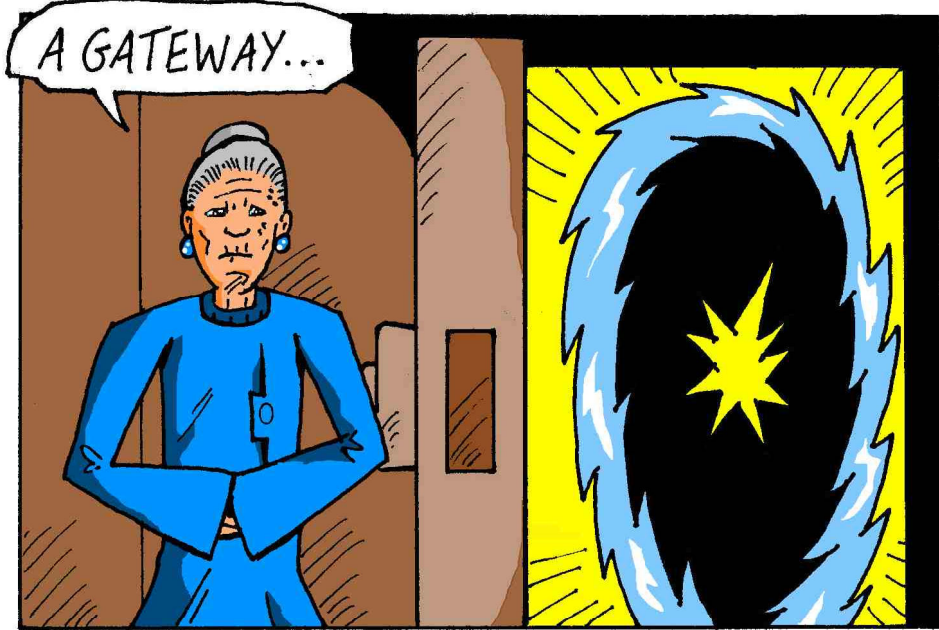
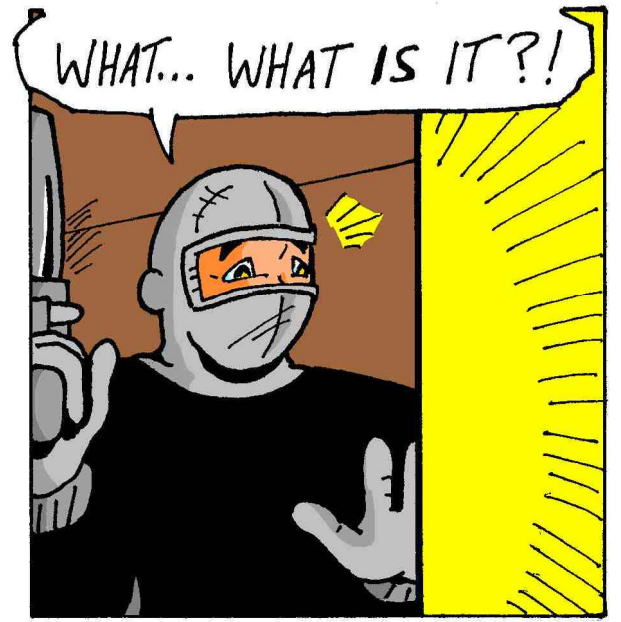
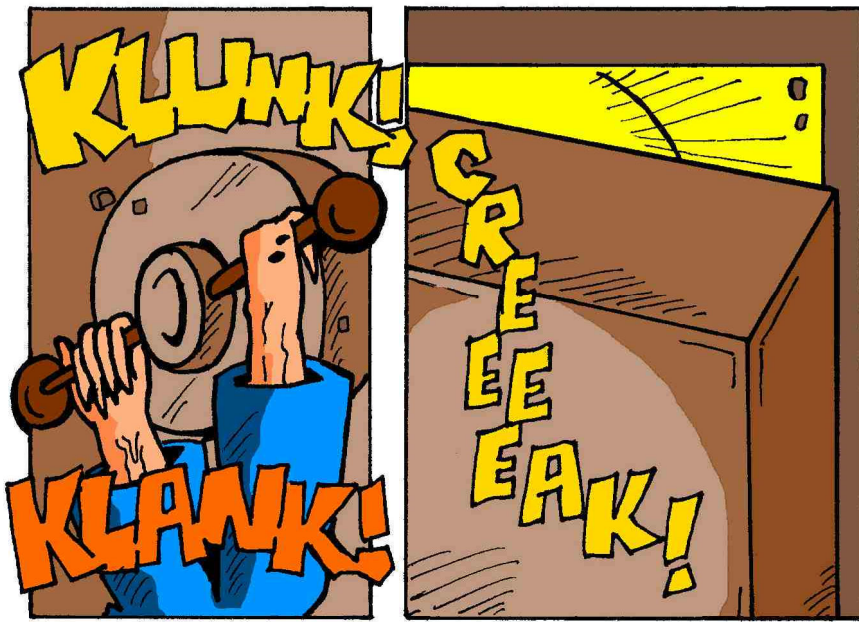
HAS NEVER BEEN OPENED!

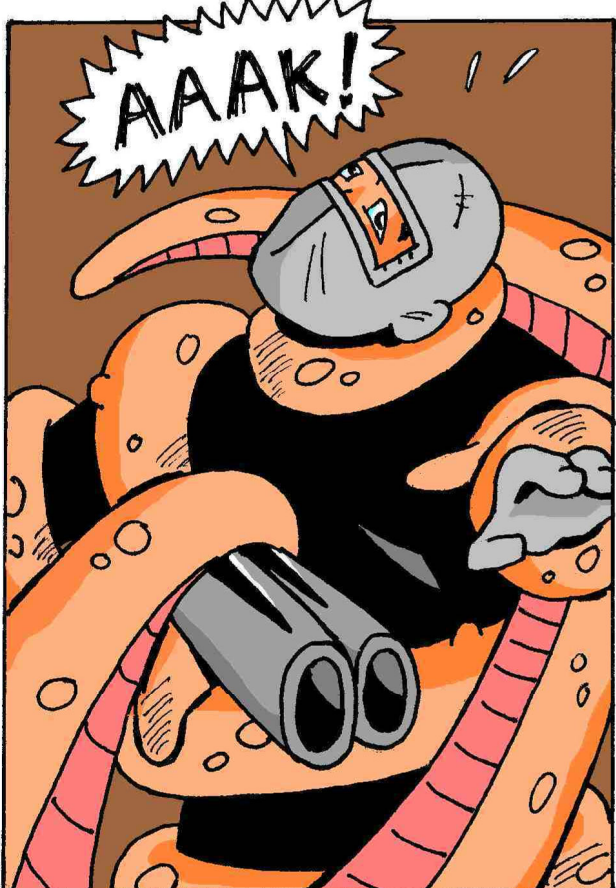
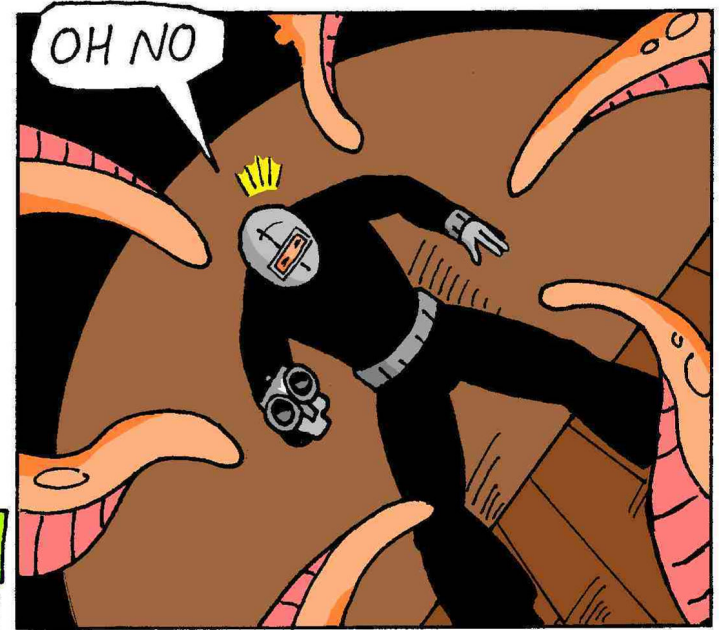
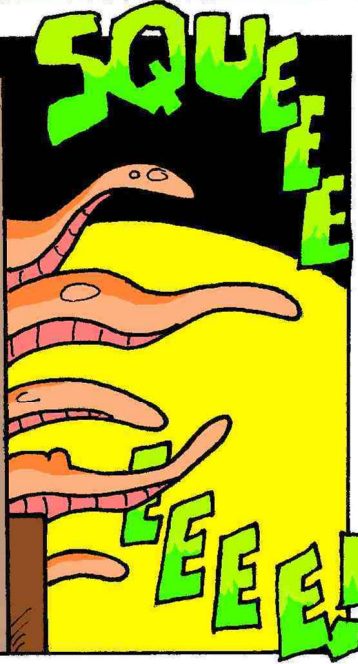
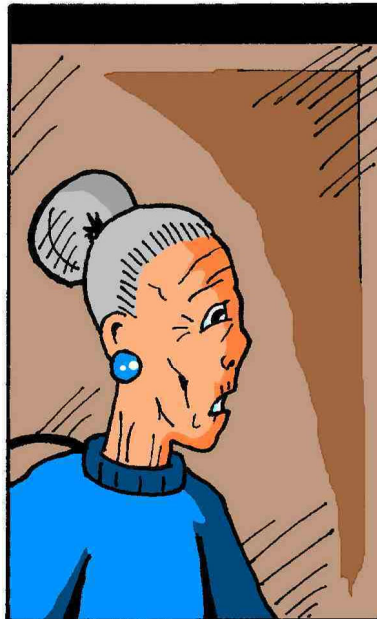
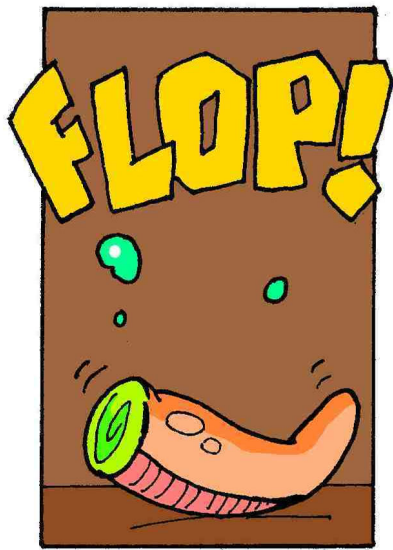
NEVER?



WELL THERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING

OPEN IT!

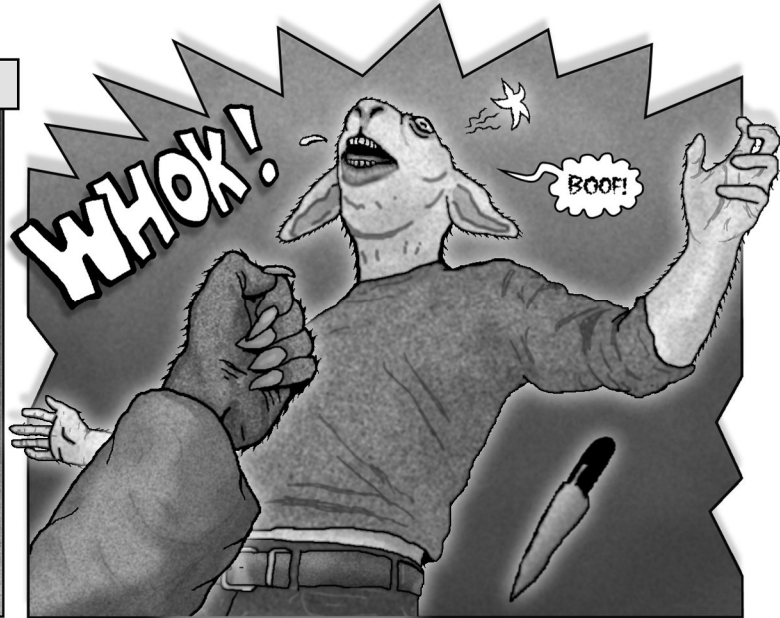




TWO MONTHS LATER THAN TWO MONTHS AGO...



BAA!



I'M **BERNARD SAINT**. I USED TO BE A REPORTER UNTIL THE DAY I WAS ATTACKED BY A **LYCANTHROPE**. I MANAGED TO KILL THE BEAST BUT LOST MY HANDS IN THE PROCESS. A DOCTOR GAVE ME NEW ONES IN A GROUND-BREAKING TRANSPLANT BUT UNWITTINGLY GRAFTED ON THE APPENDAGES OF THE CREATURE WHICH HAD CAUSED MY INJURY. NOW, WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, THESE HANDS TRANSFORM INTO THE **CLAWS OF THE WEREWOLF!**



TWO QUESTIONS... WHAT THE HECK **ARE** THOSE THINGS AND WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH YOUR **HANDS?**

WELL, BARBARA, DR. LUPUS THINKS THEY'RE SOME KIND OF **WERE-SHEEP**, AND AS FOR MY HANDS...



...OKAY... SO WHY DID A **WERESHEEP** SMASH MY FRONT DOOR IN?

YOU WORK WITH LUPUS AT THE VET'S. HE'S BEEN INVESTIGATING ALL THIS WEIRD STUFF. IT WAS PROBABLY JUST LOOKING FOR **HIM**.

WHY? WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

I'M **HOPING** DR. LUPUS WILL HAVE A BETTER IDEA OF THAT. HE'S IN **HERE**.

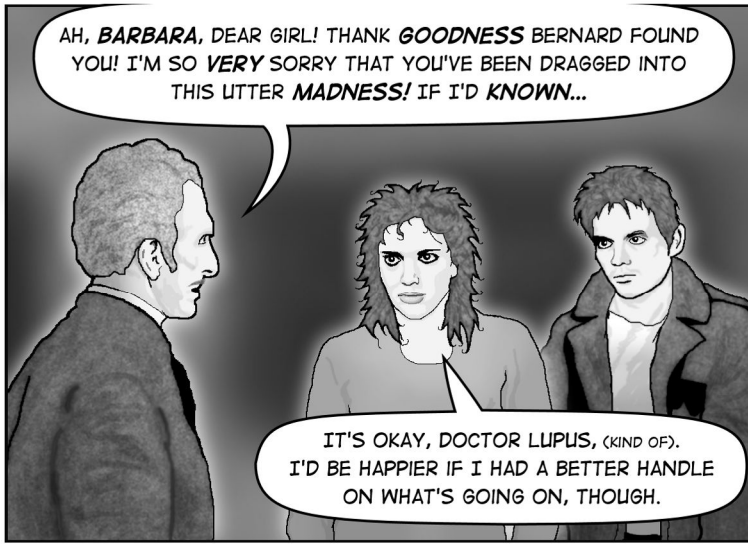


RIGHT...



BAAAD MOON RISING CHAPTER THREE: ...And Now The Bleating Starts!





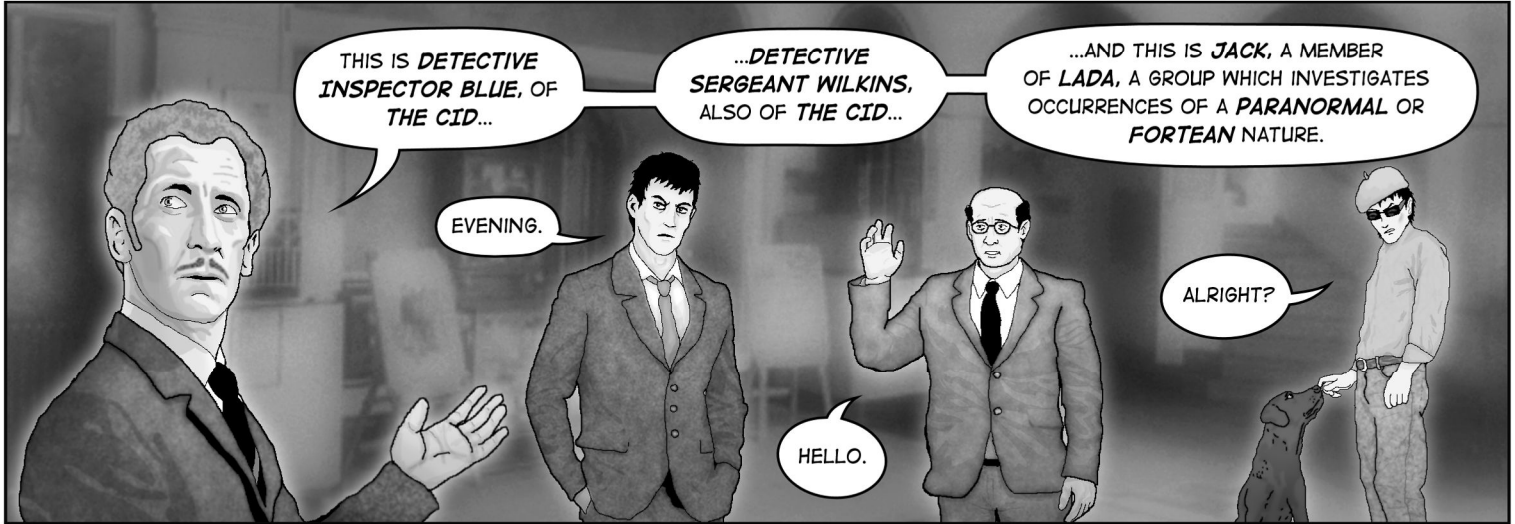
AH, **BARBARA**, DEAR GIRL! THANK **GOODNESS** BERNARD FOUND YOU! I'M SO **VERY** SORRY THAT YOU'VE BEEN DRAGGED INTO THIS UTTER **MADNESS!** IF I'D **KNOWN...**

IT'S OKAY, DOCTOR LUPUS, (KIND OF). I'D BE HAPPIER IF I HAD A BETTER HANDLE ON WHAT'S GOING ON, THOUGH.



YES, YES, OF COURSE. YOU MUST BE **VERY CONFUSED**. I'LL BE HAPPY TO EXPLAIN AS MUCH AS I CAN.

PROBABLY BEST IF I INTRODUCE YOU TO EVERYONE FIRST...



THIS IS **DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BLUE**, OF **THE CID...**

...**DETECTIVE SERGEANT WILKINS**, ALSO OF **THE CID...**

...AND THIS IS **JACK**, A MEMBER OF **LADA**, A GROUP WHICH INVESTIGATES OCCURRENCES OF A **PARANORMAL** OR **FORTEAN** NATURE.

EVENING.

HELLO.

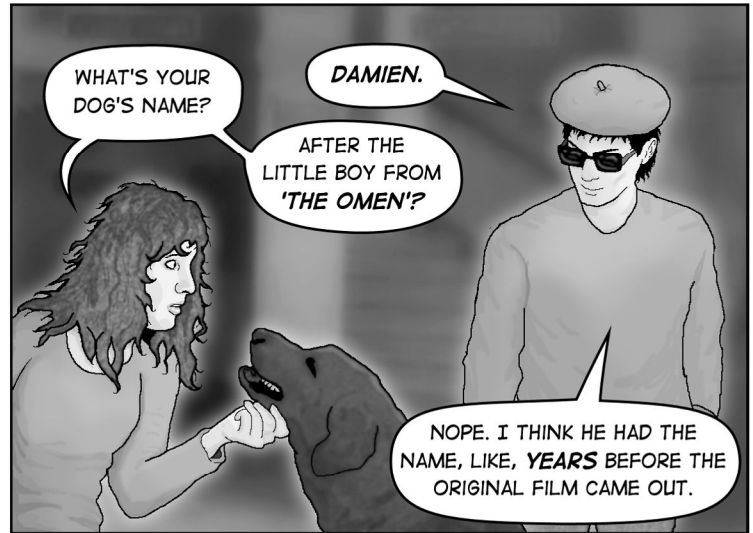
ALRIGHT?



I FIRST MET JACK A FEW YEARS AGO, AFTER SOME VERY ODD EVENTS RELATING TO **BOVINE EXCREMENT...**

LET'S NOT GET THE POOR LADY BOGGED DOWN IN EXTRANEIOUS EXPOSITION ON UNRELATED EVENTS, DOC.

YES. SORRY. YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT. THAT'S A STORY FOR ANOTHER DAY.



WHAT'S YOUR DOG'S NAME?

DAMIEN.

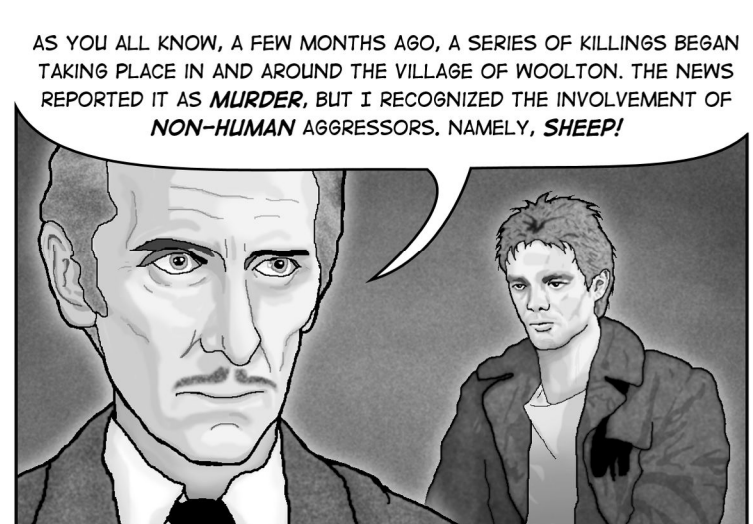
AFTER THE LITTLE BOY FROM **'THE OMEN'**?

NOPE. I THINK HE HAD THE NAME, LIKE, **YEARS** BEFORE THE ORIGINAL FILM CAME OUT.



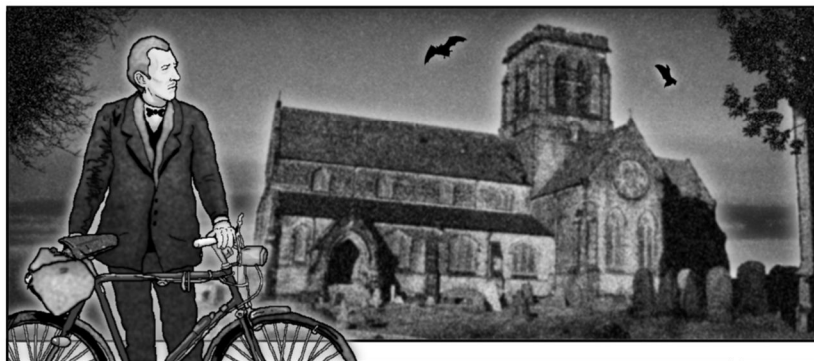
WHAT? THAT **CAN'T** BE RIGHT. WHAT **AGE** IS...

ER... **ANYWAY...** FIRST THINGS FIRST... I THINK A QUICK RECAP IS IN ORDER.



AS YOU ALL KNOW, A FEW MONTHS AGO, A SERIES OF KILLINGS BEGAN TAKING PLACE IN AND AROUND THE VILLAGE OF WOOLTON. THE NEWS REPORTED IT AS **MURDER**, BUT I RECOGNIZED THE INVOLVEMENT OF **NON-HUMAN** AGGRESSORS. NAMELY, **SHEEP!**

AS I EXPECTED, MY ATTEMPTS TO INFORM THE POLICE OF MY SUSPICIONS WERE MET WITH A HEFTY DEGREE OF **SCPTICISM**. I THEREFORE, (PERHAPS FOOLISHLY), TOOK IT UPON MYSELF TO BEGIN MY **OWN** INVESTIGATION. I EVENTUALLY NOTICED THAT ALL THE MURDERS TOOK PLACE WITHIN A FIVE MILE RADIUS OF ST. BLAISE'S CHURCH AND THAT NIGHT, I TRAVELLED THERE...



THE CHURCH IS A LITTLE WAY OUT OF THE VILLAGE AND IN A MAINLY UNPOPULATED AREA, SO ANY UNTOWARD GOINGS-ON ARE LIKELY TO GO UNNOTICED. THIS NIGHT, HOWEVER, I WOULD BEAR WITNESS TO SOME **VERY** UNTOWARD THINGS...

I CAN'T SAY I WAS EXPECTING TO COME FACE TO FACE WITH **BEELZEBUB**, THOUGH. THAT CAME AS SOMETHING OF A **SHOCK**.



...AND THEN, OFF TO ONE SIDE, I SAW THE **PATCHWORK** THING. THE **MAN-SHEEP**! IT TURNED AND LOOKED DIRECTLY AT ME, AND IN ITS EYES I SWEAR I SAW A GLIMMER OF **RECOGNITION**! IT **KNEW** ME!



I'M SORRY TO SAY I RAN STRAIGHT OUT OF THERE, GOT ON MY BICYCLE AND PEDALLED ALL THE WAY HOME AS QUICKLY AS IF SATAN HIMSELF WAS ON MY HEELS! WHICH HE MAY WELL HAVE BEEN. I **HAD**, AFTER ALL, JUST **SEEN** HIM.



BUT FIRST AND FOREMOST, I AM A MAN OF SCIENCE AND AS MY INITIAL PANIC DISSIPATED, I BEGAN TO CONSIDER THINGS MORE RATIONALLY. THE DEVIL COMMANDING SHEEP UPON HALLOWED GROUND? WELL. THAT SEEMED RATHER **SKETCHY**. MORE LIKELY SOME OTHER PARTY WAS STAGING AN ELABORATE CHARADE TO CONVINCE THE SHEEP TO EMBARK UPON A KILLING SPREE, AND IF THAT WERE SO, THEN THE MAN-SHEEP GAVE ME AN INKLING OF JUST WHAT **SORT** OF PERSON THAT COULD BE. I NEEDED TO RETURN TO ST. BLAISE'S, BUT I COULDN'T RISK BEING THERE ALONE. I TELEPHONED JACK, AND NO SOONER HAD I FINISHED TALKING TO HIM, THAN INSPECTOR BLUE CALLED **ME** AND WE ARRANGED TO MEET BACK AT THE CHURCH.



WHILE WAITING IN THE GRAVEYARD FOR BLUE AND WILKINS TO SHOW UP, SOMEONE OR SOMETHING DELIVERED A HEAVY BLOW TO THE BACK OF MY HEAD AND I COMPLETELY LOST CONSCIOUSNESS...



NEXT THING I KNOW, INSPECTOR BLUE IS TELLING US THE DEVIL IS SOME SORT OF PROJECTION AND JACK SHOWS UP WITH HIS VAN IN THE NICK OF TIME TO RESCUE US ALL FROM THE MAN-SHEEP.



I SPENT THE REST OF THE NIGHT IN HOSPITAL WITH A MILD CONCUSSION. BLUE AND WILKINS RETURNED TO ST. BLAISE'S THE FOLLOWING MORNING, BUT ALL TRACE OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S EVENTS HAD DISAPPEARED, APART FROM A FEW SCATTERINGS OF SHEEP DROPPINGS.

WE DID DISCOVER THAT MOST OF THE MURDER VICTIMS WERE SCIENTISTS, BUT SO FAR WE HAVE NO OTHER LEADS.



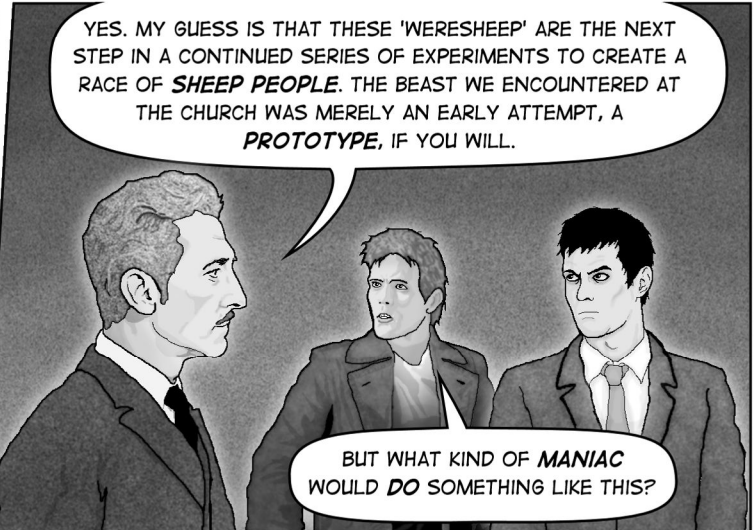
EVERYTHING WENT QUIET UNTIL THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THESE NEW SHEEP-FOLK LAST MONTH, AT WHICH POINT I CONTACTED BERNARD - HE BEING SOMETHING OF A RELUCTANT EXPERT IN LUNAR-INVOKED TRANSFORMATIONS.

WHY ARE YOU SO SURE THEY'RE WERESHEEP?



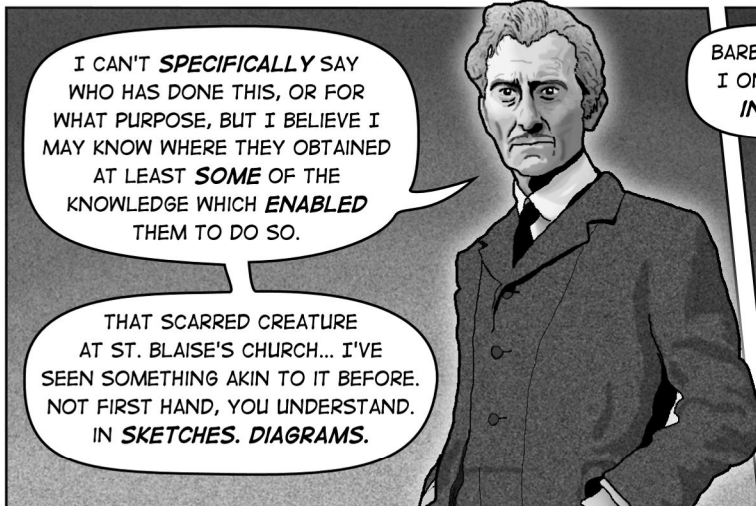
SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY'VE ONLY APPEARED DURING THE **FULL MOON** AND THEY'RE DRESSED IN A VARIETY OF OUTFITS ASSOCIATED WITH EVERYDAY OCCUPATIONS. UNLESS THEY HAVE A PENCHANT FOR **FANCY DRESS**, I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME THAT UP UNTIL A FEW HOURS AGO, THESE CREATURES WERE ALL TOO **HUMAN**.

THE THING AT ST. BLAISE'S LOOKED **DIFFERENT**.



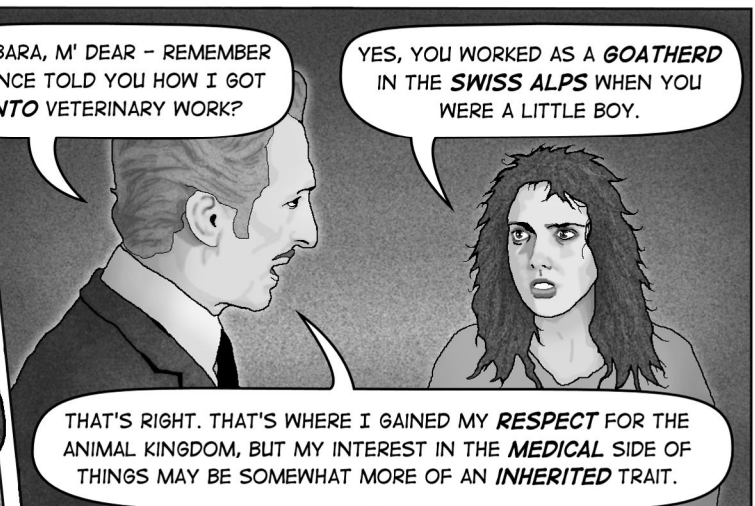
YES. MY GUESS IS THAT THESE 'WERESHEEP' ARE THE NEXT STEP IN A CONTINUED SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS TO CREATE A RACE OF **SHEEP PEOPLE**. THE BEAST WE ENCOUNTERED AT THE CHURCH WAS MERELY AN EARLY ATTEMPT, A **PROTOTYPE**, IF YOU WILL.

BUT WHAT KIND OF **MANIAC** WOULD **DO** SOMETHING LIKE THIS?



I CAN'T **SPECIFICALLY** SAY WHO HAS DONE THIS, OR FOR WHAT PURPOSE, BUT I BELIEVE I MAY KNOW WHERE THEY OBTAINED AT LEAST **SOME** OF THE KNOWLEDGE WHICH **ENABLED** THEM TO DO SO.

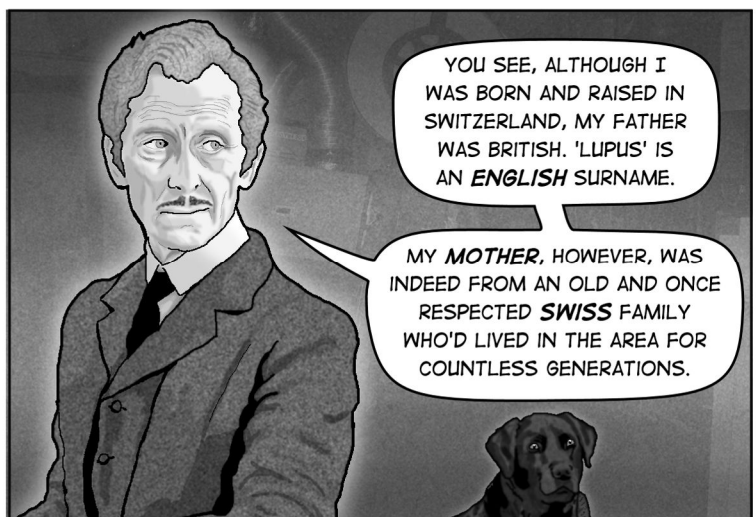
THAT SCARRED CREATURE AT ST. BLAISE'S CHURCH... I'VE SEEN SOMETHING AKIN TO IT BEFORE. NOT FIRST HAND, YOU UNDERSTAND. IN **SKETCHES. DIAGRAMS.**



BARBARA, M' DEAR - REMEMBER I ONCE TOLD YOU HOW I GOT **INTO** VETERINARY WORK?

YES, YOU WORKED AS A **GOATHERD** IN THE **SWISS ALPS** WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE BOY.

THAT'S RIGHT. THAT'S WHERE I GAINED MY **RESPECT** FOR THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, BUT MY INTEREST IN THE **MEDICAL** SIDE OF THINGS MAY BE SOMEWHAT MORE OF AN **INHERITED** TRAIT.



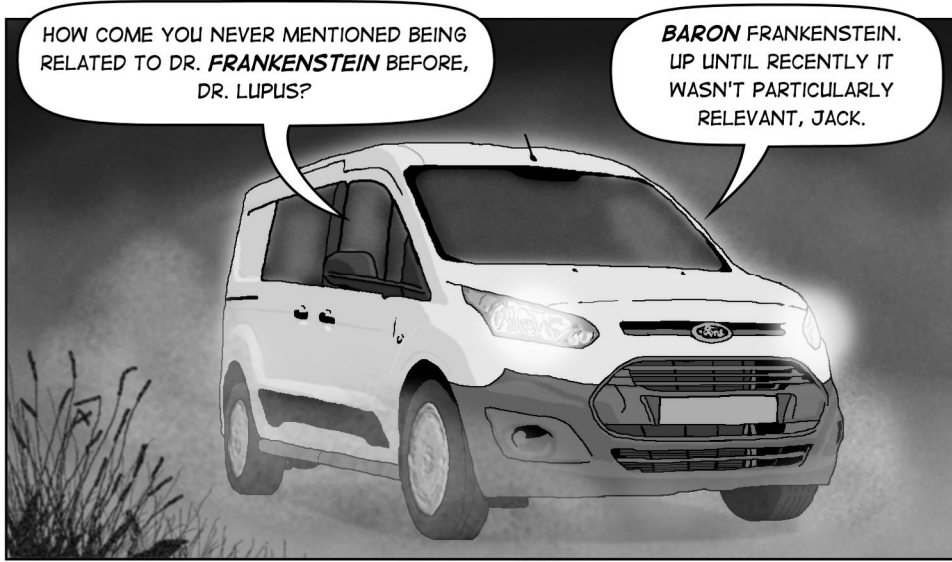
YOU SEE, ALTHOUGH I WAS BORN AND RAISED IN SWITZERLAND, MY FATHER WAS BRITISH. 'LUPUS' IS AN **ENGLISH** SURNAME.

MY **MOTHER**, HOWEVER, WAS INDEED FROM AN OLD AND ONCE RESPECTED **SWISS** FAMILY WHO'D LIVED IN THE AREA FOR COUNTLESS GENERATIONS.



THEIR NAME WAS **FRANKENSTEIN**.

 Next part: Grandson of a Creature Man



HOW COME YOU NEVER MENTIONED BEING RELATED TO DR. **FRANKENSTEIN** BEFORE, DR. LUPUS?

BARON FRANKENSTEIN. UP UNTIL RECENTLY IT WASN'T PARTICULARLY RELEVANT, JACK.



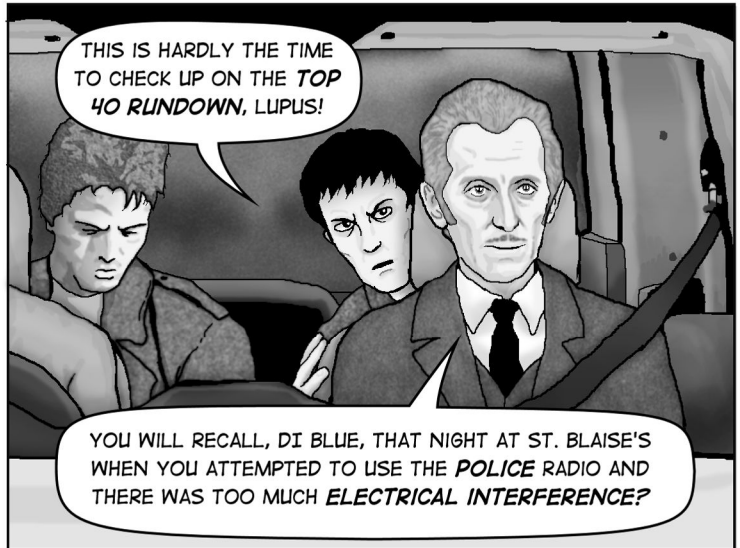
WELL, IF YOU DON'T MIND I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU SOMETHING I THINK *IS* PRETTY RELEVANT, WHAT WITH ME BEING THE DESIGNATED DRIVER AND EVERYTHING.

WHICH IS?



WHERE THE **HELL** ARE WE GOING?

AH, YES. APOLOGIES. PUT ON THE **RADIO** PLEASE, BERNARD.



THIS IS HARDLY THE TIME TO CHECK UP ON THE **TOP 40 RUNDOWN**, LUPUS!

YOU WILL RECALL, DI BLUE, THAT NIGHT AT ST. BLAISE'S WHEN YOU ATTEMPTED TO USE THE **POLICE RADIO** AND THERE WAS TOO MUCH **ELECTRICAL INTERFERENCE**?

© MALCOLM KIRK 2019



YES, WHAT ABOUT IT?

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED IMMEDIATELY **AFTERWARDS**?



YES... THE **FRANKENSTEIN MAN-SHEEP** SMASHED THROUGH A WALL AND...

...OH... I GET IT...



INDEED. AS WITH MY **ANCESTOR'S** CREATION, IT TOO WAS LIKELY BORN OF **ELECTRICITY!** WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TRACK IT USING THE INTENSITY OF ITS INTERFERENCE AS A GUIDE, WHICH SHOULD IN TURN LEAD US TO WHOEVER IS **RESPONSIBLE** FOR THIS CATALOGUE OF UNPALATABLE EVENTS!

GOT SOMETHING!



Story & Art
Malcolm Kirk

BAAAD MOON RISING CHAPTER FOUR:

BAA-GAROU



SOON...



THIS SEEMS TO BE THE **SOURCE**...

WHAT **IS** THIS PLACE?

I THINK I'VE READ ABOUT IT. IT WAS A TUBERCULOSIS SANATORIUM AND THEN BRIEFLY BECAME A HOSPITAL FOR THE MENTALLY ILL. IT HASN'T BEEN USED IN 25 YEARS. I WASN'T EVEN AWARE THAT IT WAS STILL STANDING.

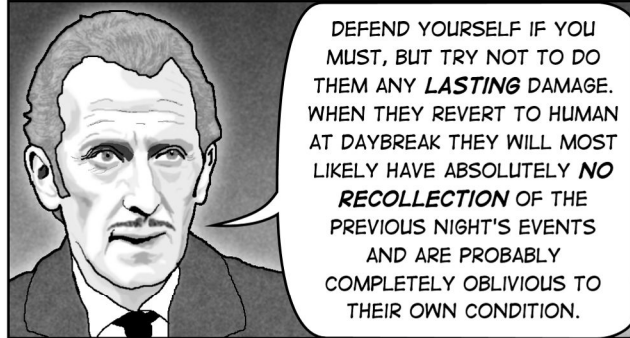


SO, WHAT'S THE **PLAN**?

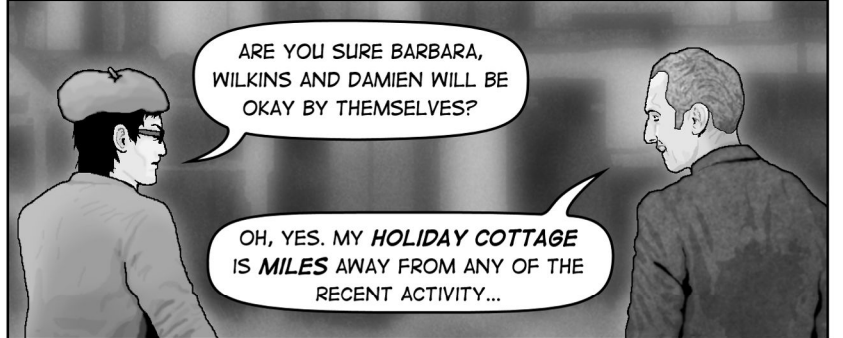
NO VISIBLE EVIDENCE OF QUADRUPEDAL SHEEP IN THE AREA, SO WE STICK TOGETHER AND GO ROOM TO ROOM. IF WE FIND THE CREATURE, WE SHOOT IT WITH THE TRANQUILIZER GUNS. IF WE ENCOUNTER THE HUMAN OR HUMANS RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS CREATION, WE SHOOT THEM WITH A SINGLE DART.



WHAT DO WE DO IF WE ENCOUNTER ANY OF THOSE WERESHEEP THINGS?



DEFEND YOURSELF IF YOU MUST, BUT TRY NOT TO DO THEM ANY **LASTING** DAMAGE. WHEN THEY REVERT TO HUMAN AT DAYBREAK THEY WILL MOST LIKELY HAVE ABSOLUTELY **NO RECOLLECTION** OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S EVENTS AND ARE PROBABLY COMPLETELY OBLIVIOUS TO THEIR OWN CONDITION.



ARE YOU SURE BARBARA, WILKINS AND DAMIEN WILL BE OKAY BY THEMSELVES?

OH, YES. MY **HOLIDAY COTTAGE** IS **MILES** AWAY FROM ANY OF THE RECENT ACTIVITY...

"...THEY SHOULD BE QUITE SAFE THERE."



BAAAA.

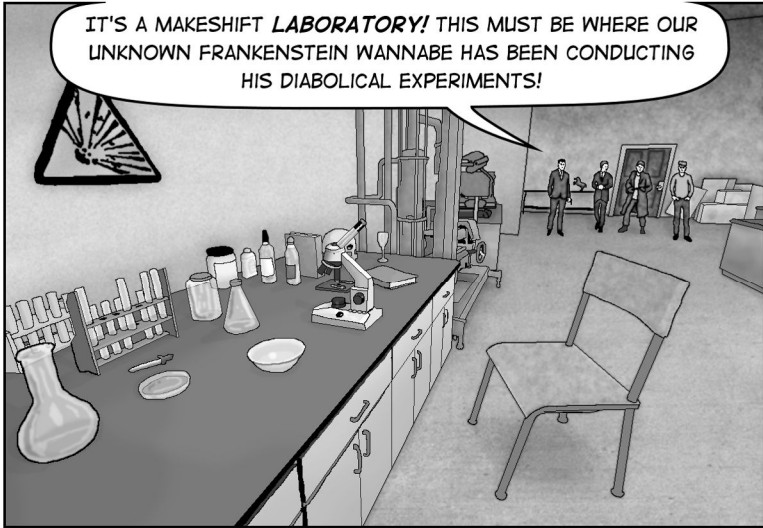
I'M NOT SURE THE SAME CAN BE SAID ABOUT **US!** IF THE **SHEEP MONSTERS** DON'T GET US, THE **WOODWORM** AND **ASBESTOS** PROBABLY WILL! LOOK AT THE **STATE** OF THIS PLACE!



A SHORT AMOUNT OF SEARCHING LATER...



THERE'S AN ELECTRICAL HUM BEYOND THIS DOOR! STAY ALERT, EVERYONE!



IT'S A MAKESHIFT **LABORATORY!** THIS MUST BE WHERE OUR UNKNOWN FRANKENSTEIN WANNABE HAS BEEN CONDUCTING HIS DIABOLICAL EXPERIMENTS!



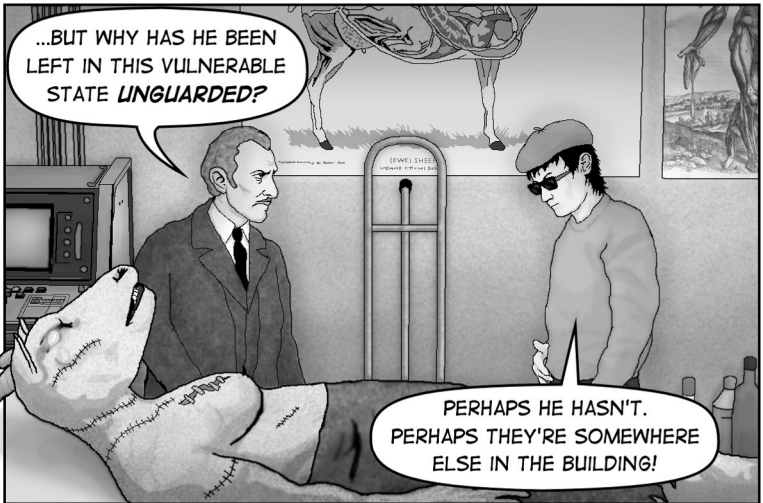
OVER THERE! IT'S THE **MAN-SHEEP!**

HE APPEARS TO BE IN SOME KIND OF **DORMANT STATE!**



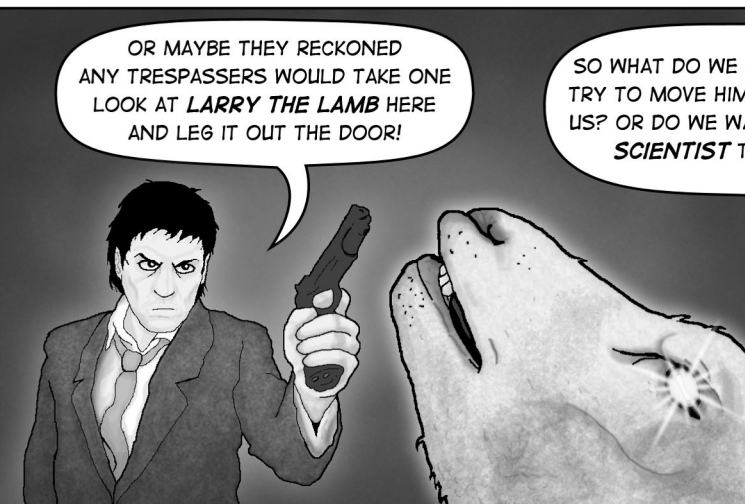
HERE'S WHY... HE'S **RECHARGING!**

FASCINATING...



...BUT WHY HAS HE BEEN LEFT IN THIS VULNERABLE STATE **UNGUARDED?**

PERHAPS HE HASN'T. PERHAPS THEY'RE SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE BUILDING!



OR MAYBE THEY RECKONED ANY TRESPASSERS WOULD TAKE ONE LOOK AT **LARRY THE LAMB** HERE AND LEG IT OUT THE DOOR!

SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW? DO WE TRY TO MOVE HIM - TAKE HIM WITH US? OR DO WE WAIT FOR THE **MAD SCIENTIST** TO SHOW UP?



OUR PRIORITY IS TO UNCOVER THE ONE RESPONSIBLE. LET'S HAVE A QUICK LOOK AROUND BEFORE DECIDING UPON THE BEST COURSE OF ACTION.



THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY **OBVIOUS** CLUE TO SUGGEST WHO'S BEHIND ALL OF THIS.

WAIT...

...PROPPED UP AGAINST THAT **TABLE** OVER THERE... IS THAT...?



NO! THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** HOW CAN **THIS** BE HERE?

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S **WRONG?**



THIS **WALKING STICK**...

IT'S **MINE!** IT WAS **STOLEN** FROM ME **DECADES** AGO!

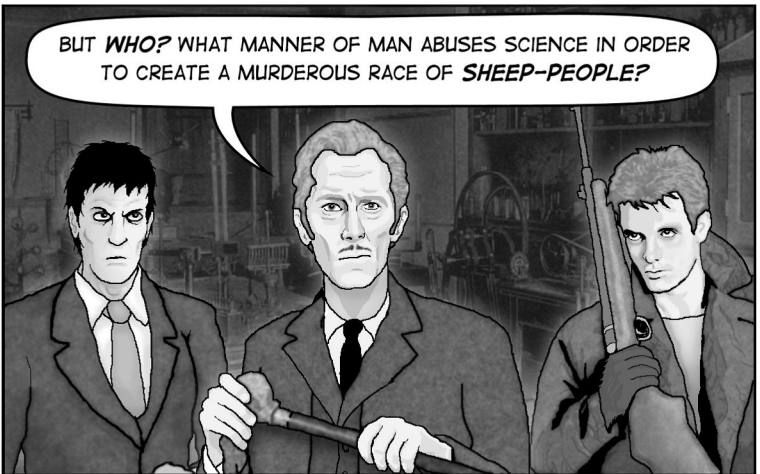
WHAT? ARE YOU **SURE?**



ENTIRELY SURE! I'D KNOW THIS CANE ANYWHERE! IT WAS... ..**VERY IMPORTANT** TO ME.

YOU REALISE WHAT THIS **MEANS?**

YES. THE PERSON WHO SET UP THIS LABORATORY MUST BE **SOMEONE I KNOW!**



BUT **WHO?** WHAT MANNER OF MAN ABUSES SCIENCE IN ORDER TO CREATE A MURDEROUS RACE OF **SHEEP-PEOPLE?**



THAT WOULD BE **ME,** I'M AFRAID.



HELLO, PETER. LONG TIME NO SEE!



VINCENT?!?

WHO?

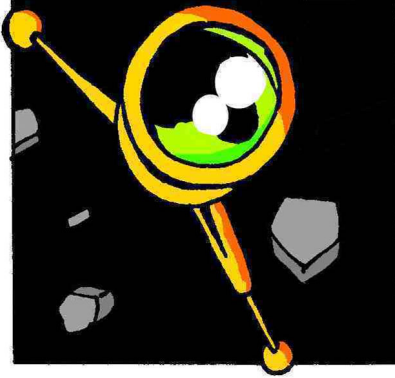
 Next Year: The Price of Shear

ULTIMA FOOL

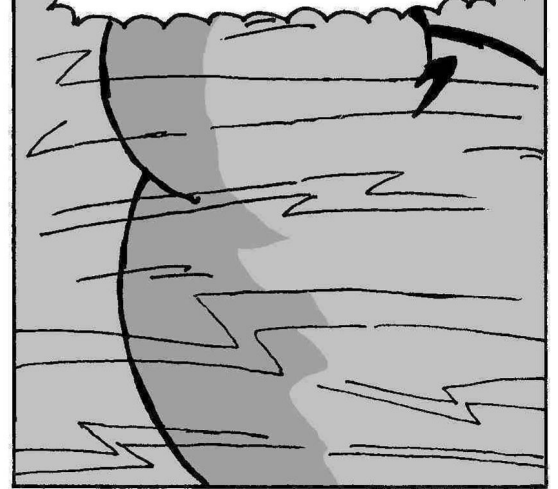
THE EARTH PROBE NOSEY PARKER No.4 IS APPROACHING ITS DESTINATION...



NUMBER FOUR IS COMING UP ON ULTIMA THULE



OUR FIRST CLEAR SHOT SHOULD BE APPEARING ANY SECOND NOW



UH, THIS MAY TAKE SOME EXPLAINING...



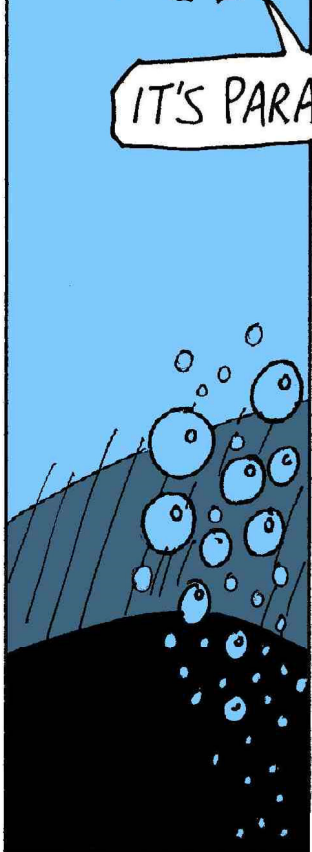
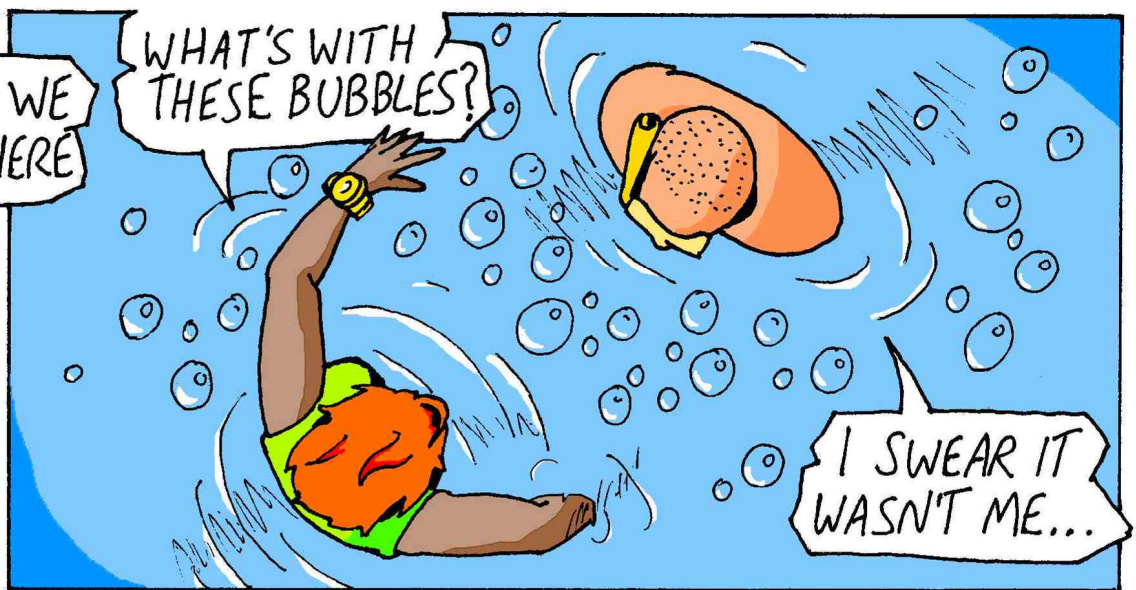
Gordon Innes
Story
& Art

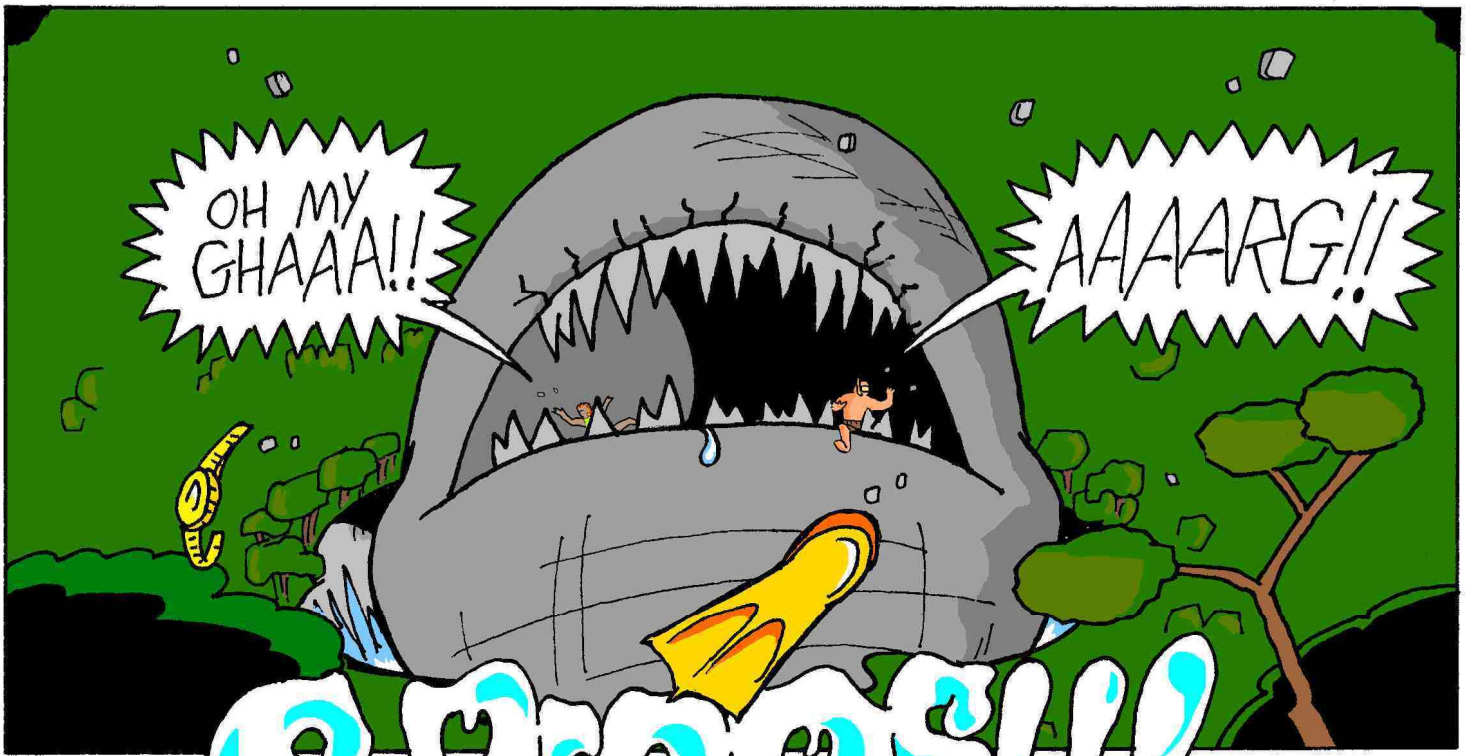
 **The End**

THE

RED LAGOON







HEARTBURN

INTRODUCING TABITHA THE MAGICIAN ASSASSIN



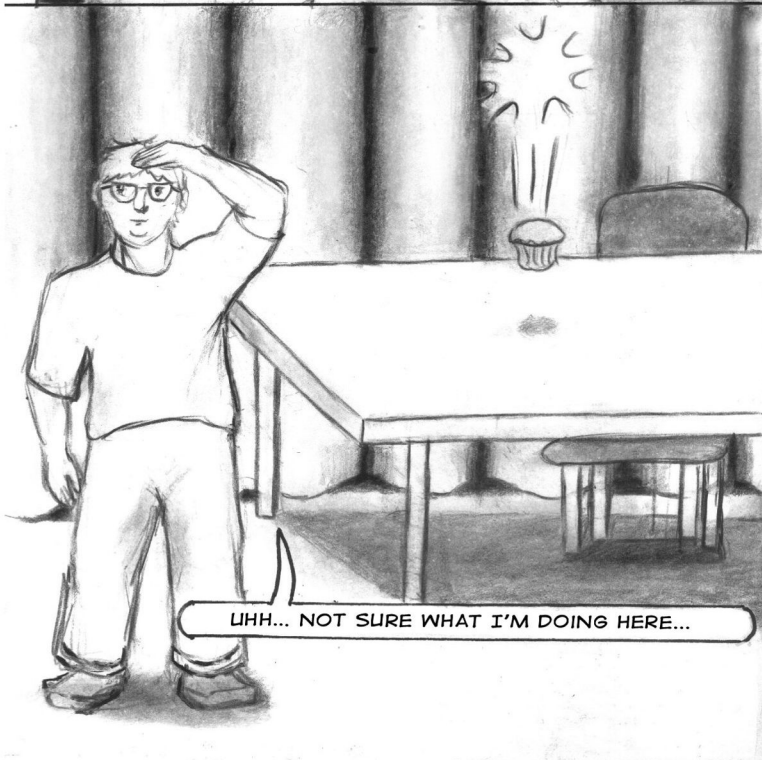
GOOD EVENING, EVERYONE!
HOPE YOU ALL ARE HAVING
A GREAT HALLOWEEN!

AS YOU CAN ALREADY GUESS
FROM THE TITLE, MY NAME IS
TABITHA AND I HAVE
A VERY SPECIFIC JOB TITLE!

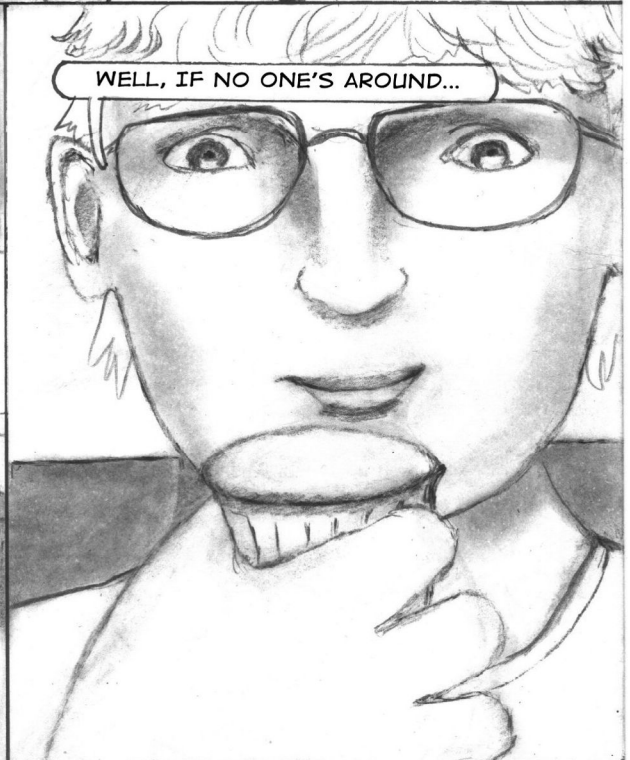


MEET THOMAS! HE IS MY TARGET FOR TONIGHT
AND THE TRUE STAR OF THE SHOW!

EVERYONE, GIVE HIM A
ROUND OF APPLAUSE!



UHH... NOT SURE WHAT I'M DOING HERE...



WELL, IF NO ONE'S AROUND...



THAT HIT THE SPOT!



WAIT, I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD...



MAN, TALK ABOUT A WICKED CASE OF HEARTBURN!

ANYBODY IN THE CROWD HAVE ANY TUMS?



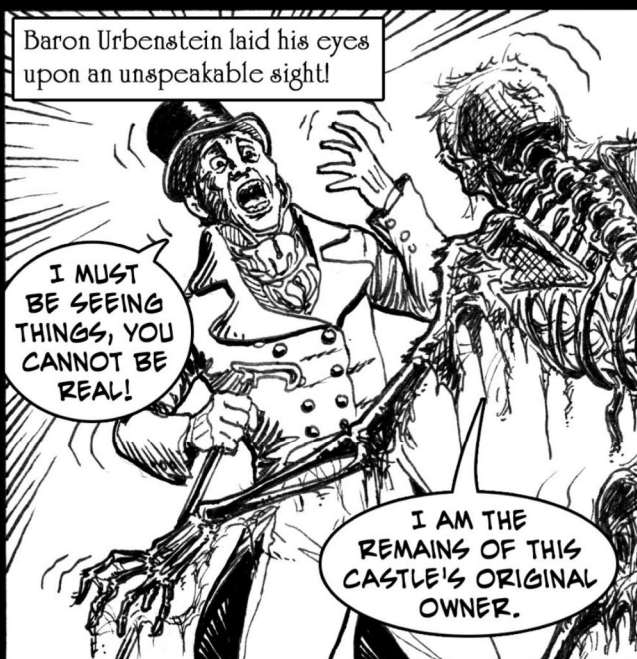
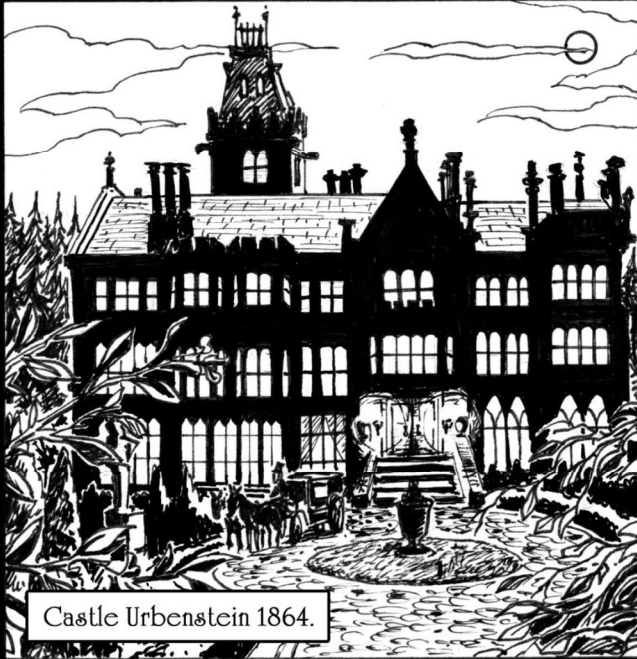
THAT'S THE END OF MY SHOW, FOLKS!
HAVE A GOOD NIGHT...

...AND REMEMBER TO STOCK UP ON ENOUGH
CANDY FOR THE TRICK-OR-TREATERS!



The Tale of Baron Urbenstein

Written by Troy Vevasis / Art by Saul Haber





ALL I KNOW IS THAT THIS CASTLE BELONGS TO ME!



GET AWAY FROM ME YOU FOUL MONSTER!



WHY WON'T THIS DOOR OPEN!

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE MY WRATH!



THE END IS HERE!



The present day.

Baron Urbenstein was never heard from again. His castle crumbled after years of disrepair.

The End.

A BESTIARY OF BEASTIES

Text & Illustrations by Malcolm Kirk

Downside-Up

Of all the creatures presented within the pages of this bestiary, there are few more mysterious or strange in aspect than the Downside-Up. Little is known of its habitat, its eating or mating habits or in which part of the world it originated, *(if it even originated upon this world at all)*. Indeed, so little is known about this oddity that no one is entirely certain which way up it should be. It moves by hovering through the air, slowly rotating a full 360 degrees in an incredibly disconcerting manner as it does so, and when it eventually comes to a halt and settles upon a surface it has no preference for which of its ends make contact, nor which of them remain in contact.

The creature's vocalisations are equally strange, falling somewhere between an uncanny laugh and a horrifying scream. Eminent noisologist, Dr. Laurel Yanny has conducted a decade long study in an attempt to determine whether the sound is a form of communication and what it may be conveying but has so far drawn a blank, as Dr. Yanny is also an accomplished artist.

drawn a blank, as Dr. Yanny is also an accomplished artist. in an attempt to determine whether the sound is a form of communication and what it may be conveying but has so far noisologist, Dr. Laurel Yanny has conducted a decade long study between an uncanny laugh and a horrifying scream. Eminent The creature's vocalisations are equally strange, falling somewhere them remain in contact.

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Of all the creatures presented within the pages of

Downside-Up

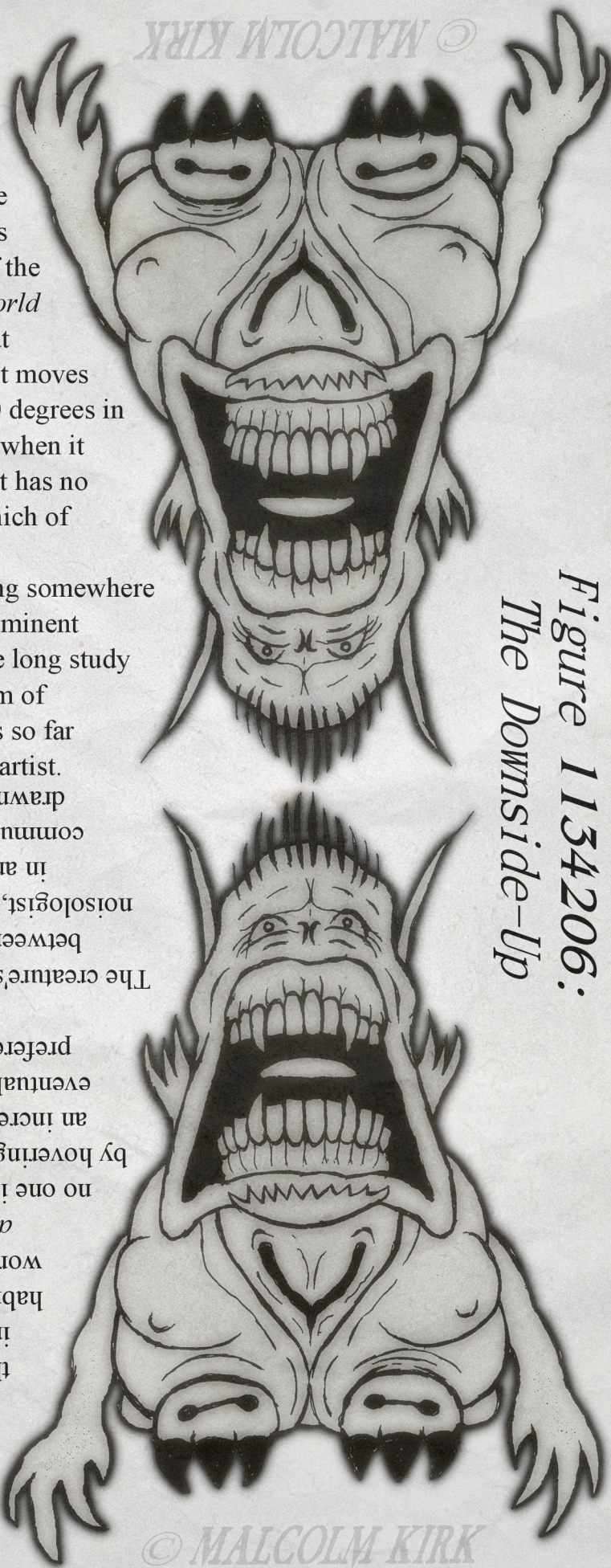


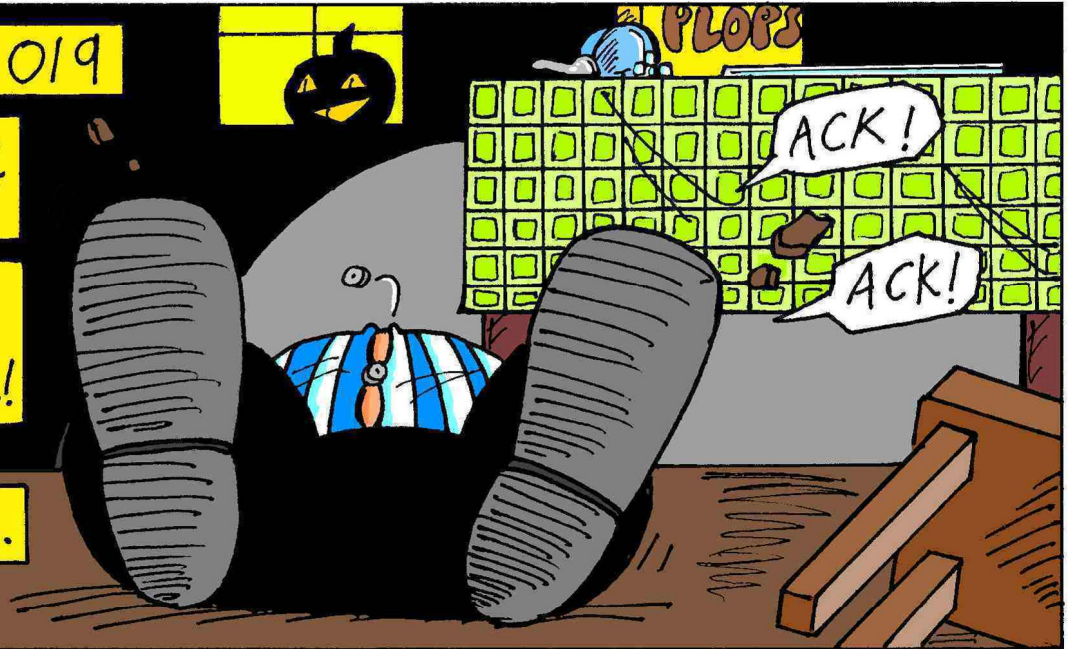
Figure 1134206:
The Downside-Up

OCTOBER 31ST 2019

IT CAME ON ALL
OF A SUDDEN...!

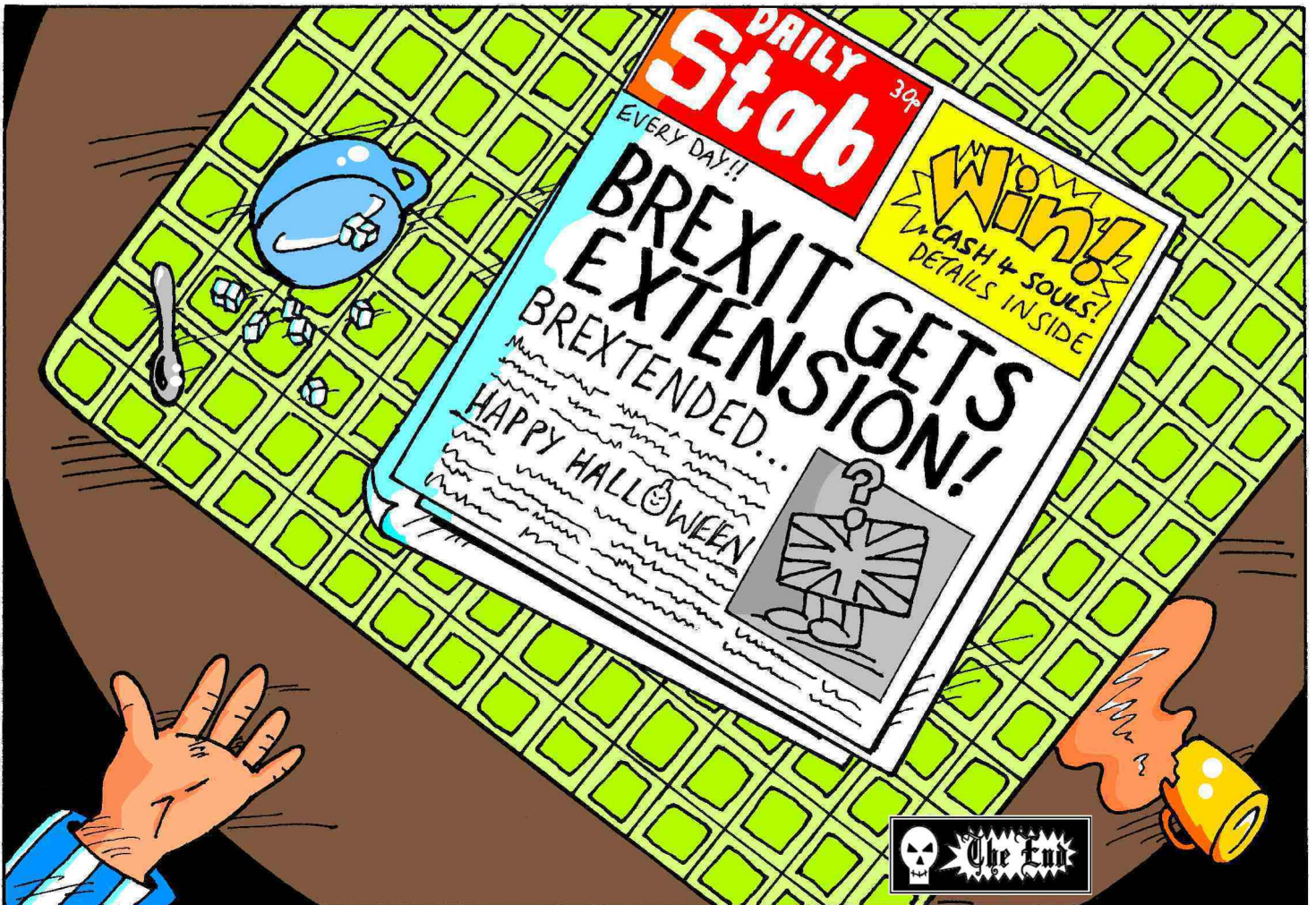
FASTER THAN A
HEART ATTACK &
TEN TIMES DEADLIER!

HE BECAME...



BREXhausted!

Gordon
Innes
Story
& Art



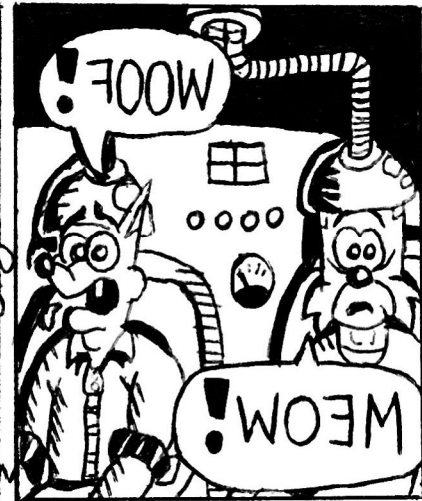
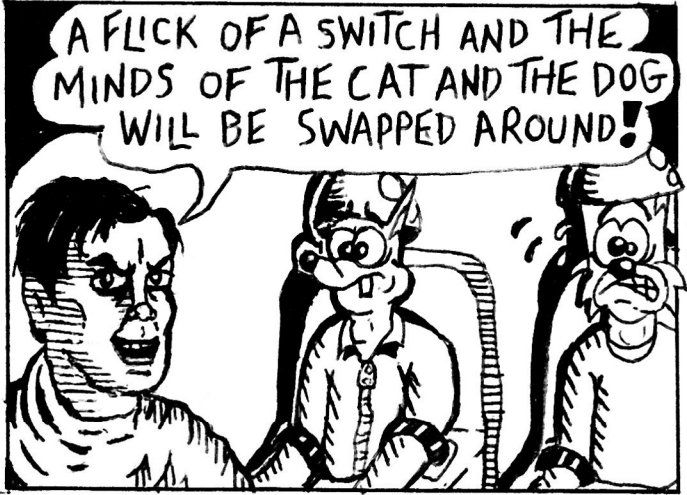
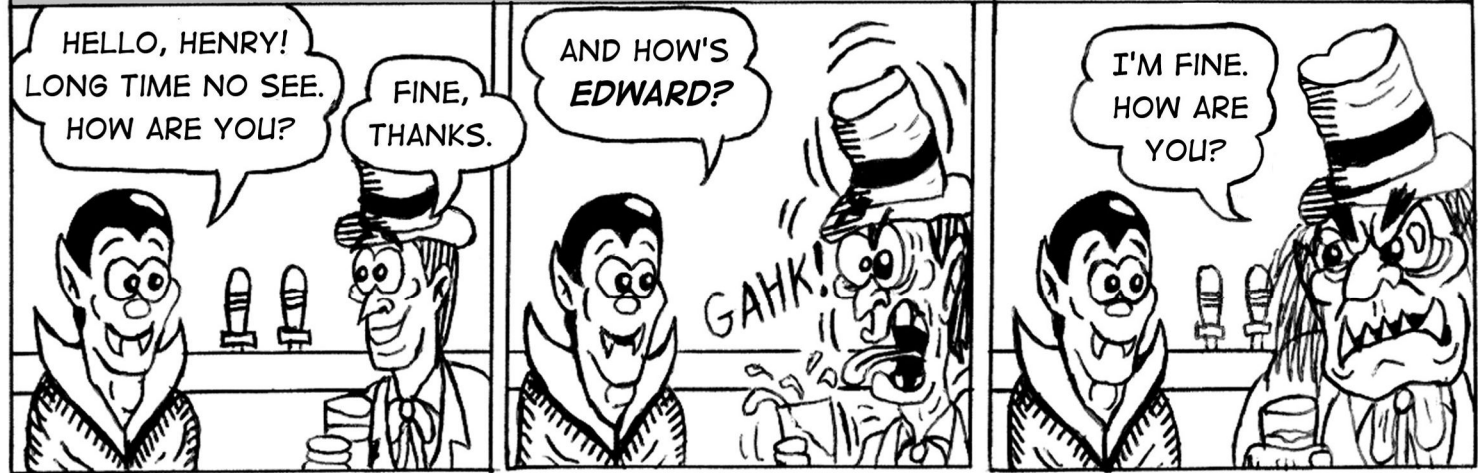
FUNNY "Ha-ha"

FALSE ALARM



BEASTIES

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MERTY SWEETIES!
SUCK ON A MANGLE
 NOW IN NEW SOYLENT GREEN & LONGPIG FLAVOURS

CONTAINS ALL NATURAL JUICES!

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OUT NOW AVAILABLE ON CD / LP / MP3 / CASSETTE

NOW
 THAT'S WHAT I CALL
A CACOPHONY OF DIABOLISM!

ALL THE HITS ON ONE ALBUM!

FEATURING SUCH INFERNAL SOUNDS AS...

CRY OF THE BANSHEE	SONG OF THE SIREN
WAILS OF THE DAMNED	SCREAMING SKULL
SHADMOCK'S WHISTLE	THE BIRDIE SONG

PLUS SPECIAL BONUS TRACK : **LIVE READING OF THE NECRONOMICON EX-MORTIS (EXTRACT)**

DISCLAIMER : THE PRODUCERS OF THIS ALBUM ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY DEATHS, INSANITY, DEMONIC POSSESSIONS OR MELTY FACES WHICH MAY OCCUR AS THE RESULT OF LISTENING TO THIS RECORDING.

DEADVERTISEMENT

A visit to HackDonald's makes his day. OPEN 24 HOURS, 7 DAYS A WEEK!

I'm loving it!

This is HackDonald The Clown. He's called HackDonald because he likes nothing better than to slash things to bits. That's why HackDonald opened his own fast food restaurant, so that he could spend all day cutting and slicing delicious slabs of flesh, providing nutritious meaty goodness to the masses. It also gave him something to do after he was unjustifiably fired from his old job. HackDonald's not bitter, though. In fact he had a lucky escape, as the entire circus burnt to the ground not long afterwards. They never did find all the bodies.

Try our Mystery Meat Burger for just **\$2**

Hey kids, ask for one of our Fun Meals! Each one has a special surprise* inside!

*Special surprise may cause lasting psychological trauma.



TICKETS,
PLEASE...

GRIM TALE!

OMNIBUS OF HORROR!



REGINALD BUTLER WAS WORRIED THAT HE'D MISSED THE LAST BUS, BUT WAS RELIEVED TO FIND THAT THIS DIDN'T SEEM TO BE THE CASE.



PHEW!
JUST IN
TIME!

IN HIS HASTE TO GET ABOARD, REGINALD INITIALLY FAILED TO NOTICE THAT THE PASSENGERS AND BUS DRIVER WERE SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL.



SINGLE TO
BASINGSTOKE,
PLEASE.

Clink!
Clink!

Khandar
Esarada khandos thrus
inductu nostrandus
khandar dematos
khandar
Customers
Please tell the driver
where you want to go
© 2019 First Class only



GOOD LORD! EVERYONE
ON THIS BUS IS A... A...
SKELETON!

THAT'S A BIT
UNUSUAL...



EXCUSE ME, I THINK I MUST
BE ON THE WRONG BUS!

NO, THIS IS THE
BUS YOU WANT! THE
NIGHT BUS TO **HELL!**
BWAH-HAH-HAH-
HAAAAA!



YES, WELL, THE THING IS,
I'M NOT ACTUALLY GOING
TO HELL. I'M GOING TO
BASINGSTOKE.

YEAH, IT'S ON THE
SAME ROUTE. I'LL GIVE
YOU A SHOUT WHEN
IT'S YOUR STOP.

OH. OKAY.
THANKS.



Spot METRO
BLOKE KICKS BALL
**MORE BREXIT
CHAOS & STUFF**





BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS "HALLOWSCREAM!" issue eleven Hallowe'en 2019.

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