

Back From The Depths Presents

HALLOWSCREAM!

Price: 1 key to a locked room

October 31st 2020

12

**48 Pages
of Mystery
& Terror!**

A Comic of Horror

**A haunted house,
a dreaming girl,
horribly unnatural
experiments - What
other uncanny
secrets lay hidden
within...?**

Malcolm Kirk, 2020.



Gothic
Picture
Library

It's Not For The Nervous!

CREEPIER BY THE DOZEN...

Greetings, mortals!

Well, this has certainly been an interesting year, hasn't it? Not that I've noticed much difference personally. People tend to keep their distance from me at the best of times, but nothing can stop us serving up another selection of spooky stories to send a shiver down your spine. So sit back and be scared silly...

Cover Art & Intro
Design by Malcolm Kirk

The Reaper...

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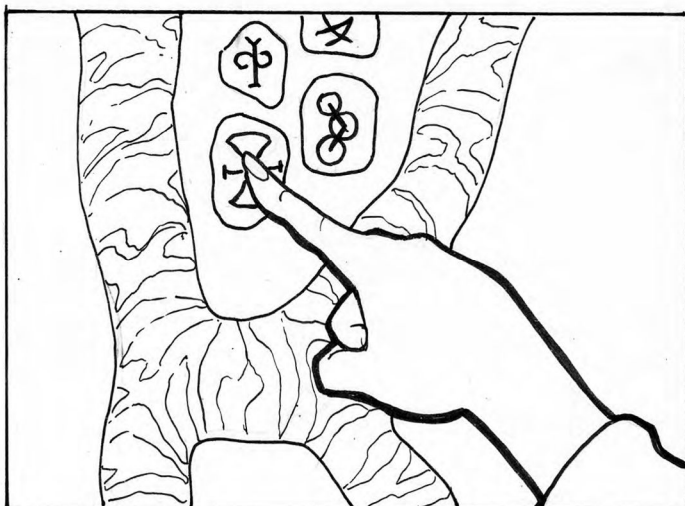
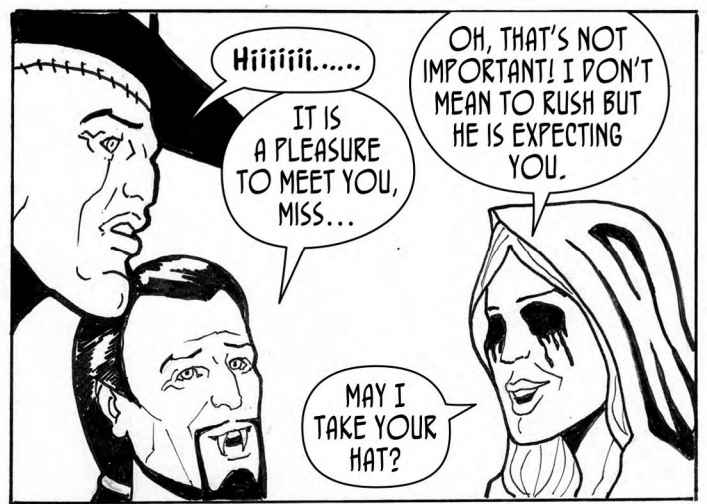
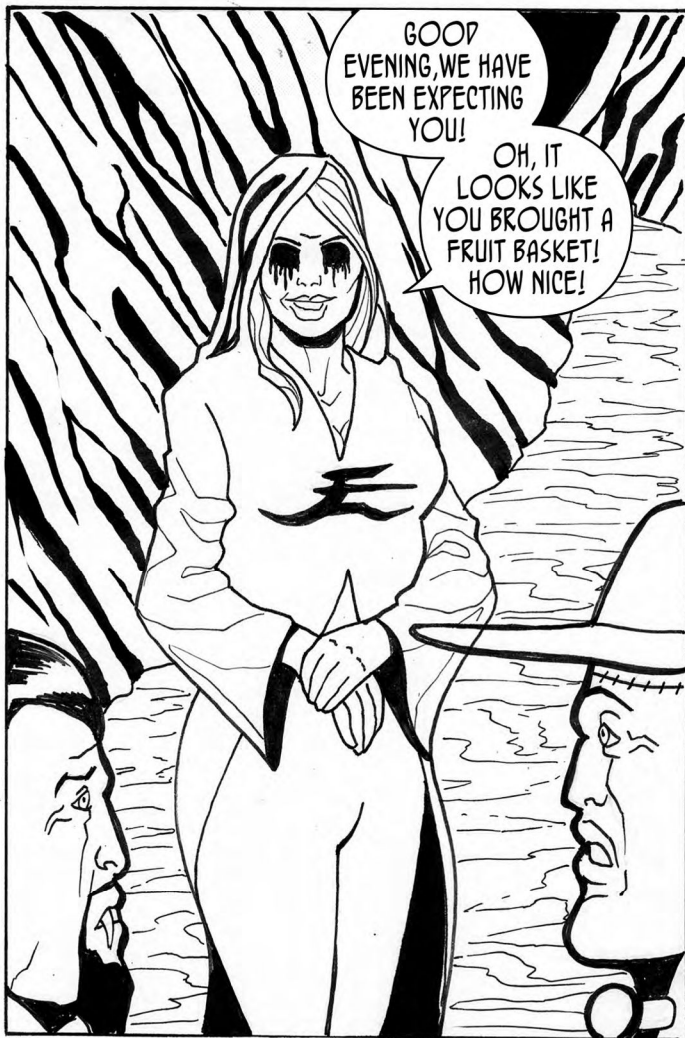
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Back from the Depths

SCARIER THAN A WASP WITH EIGHT LEGS !







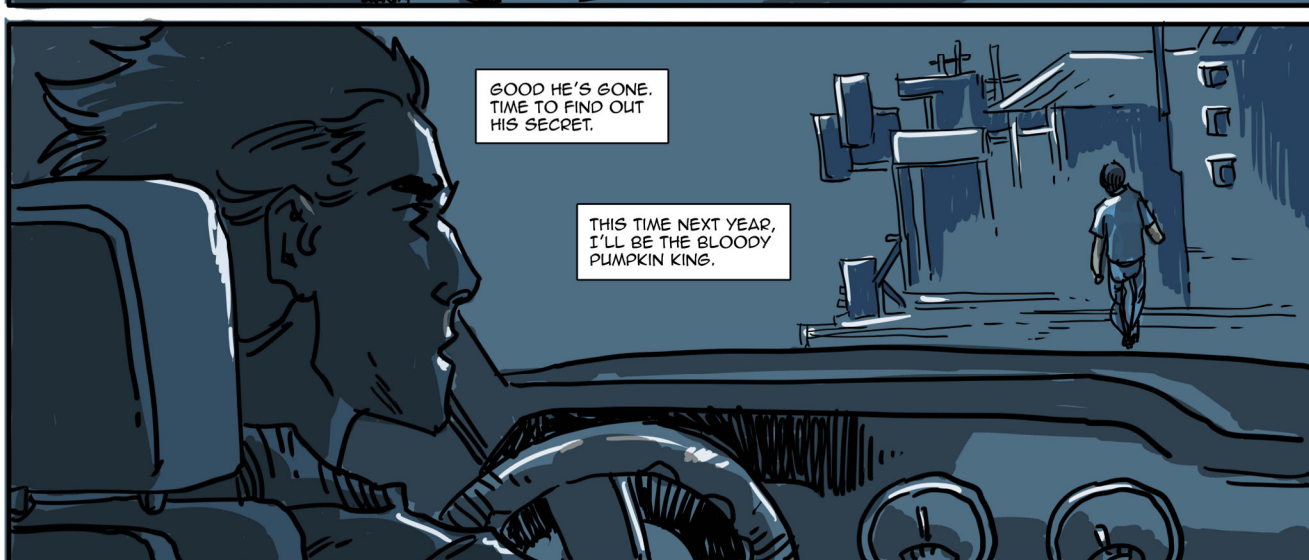
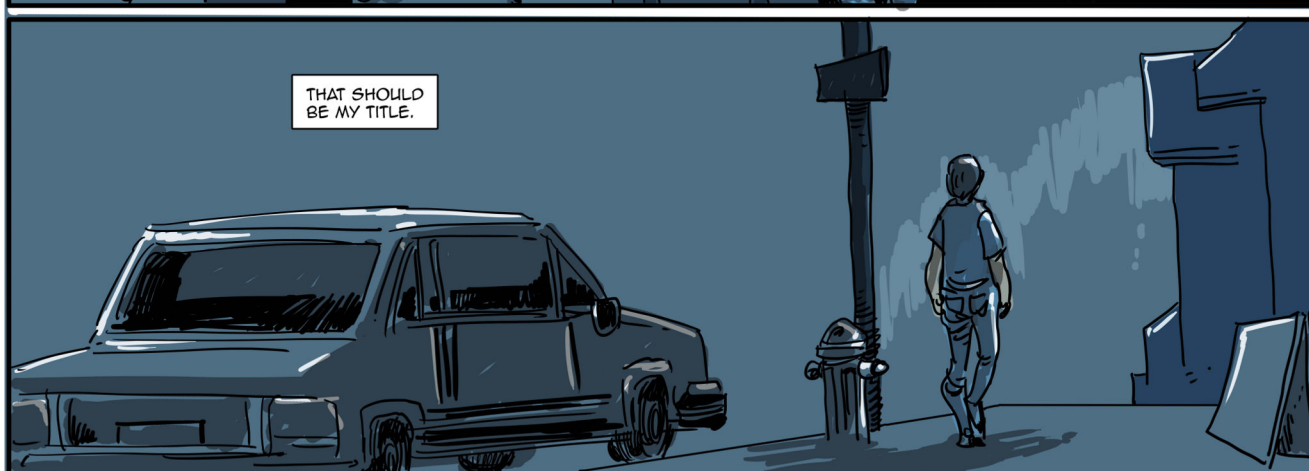
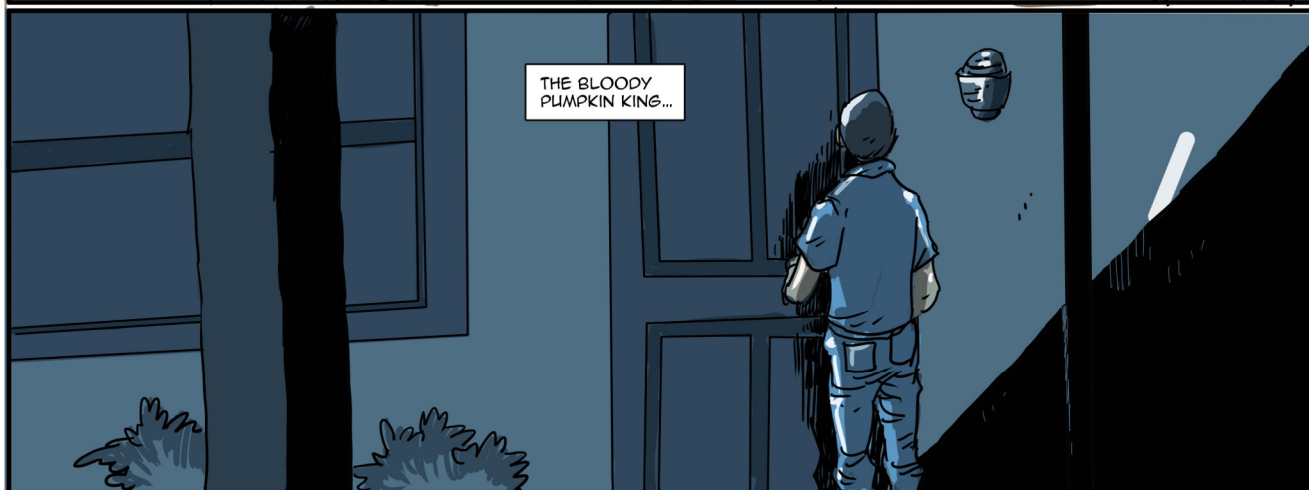
PH'INGLUI
MGLW'NAFH
CTHULHU
R'LYEH
WGAH'NAGL
FHTAGN

...WELCOME TO THE
NEIGHBORHOOD.

PH'INGLUI
MGLW'NAFH
CTHULHU
R'LYEH
WGAH'NAGL
FHTAGN

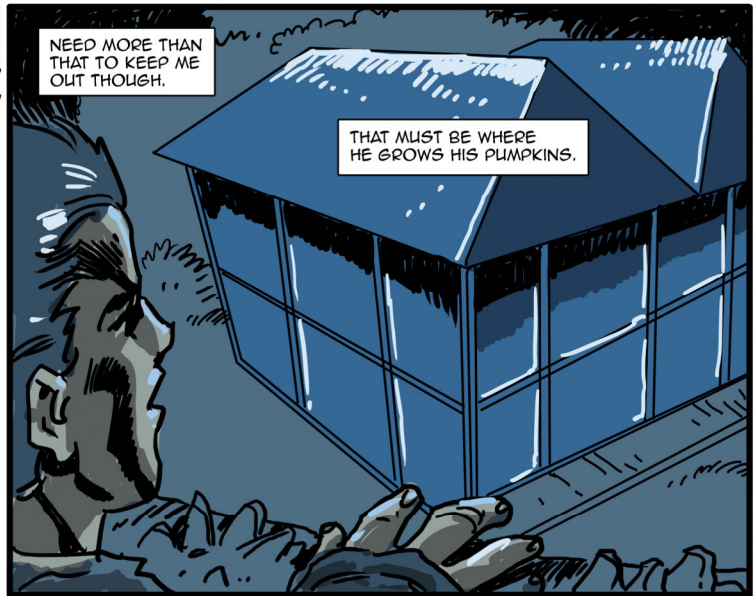


Written by
Paul Bradford
Art by
Randy Valiente





BROKEN GLASS STUCK
ALONG THE TOP OF THE
WALL. OLD SCHOOL TO
KEEP OUT UNWANTED
VISITORS.



NEED MORE THAN
THAT TO KEEP ME
OUT THOUGH.

THAT MUST BE WHERE
HE GROWS HIS PUMPKINS.



THE GLASS IS PAINTED
BLACK. HE MUST BE
USING GROW LIGHTS.

CHAIN AND PADLOCK.
LUCKY I BROUGHT MY
BOLT CUTTERS.



OH MY
GOD!



THHUNKK

UUUUUUUUUU



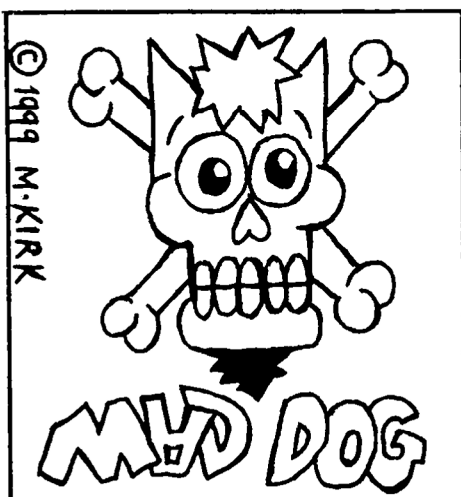
BEASTIES

© 1998 Malcolm Kirk



BEASTIES

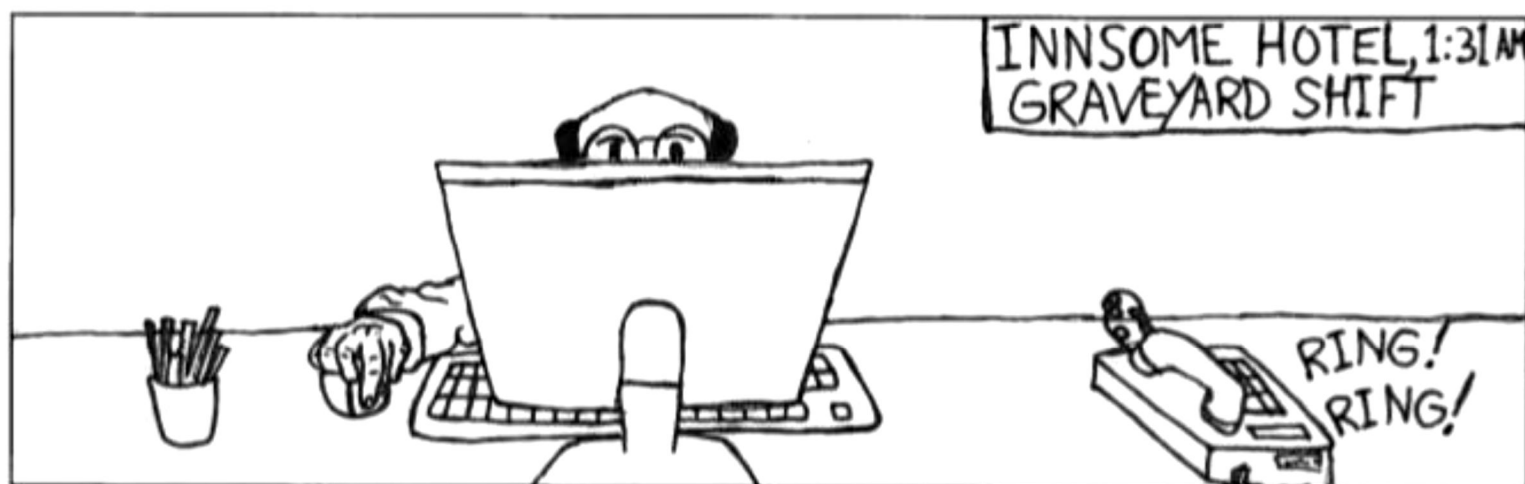
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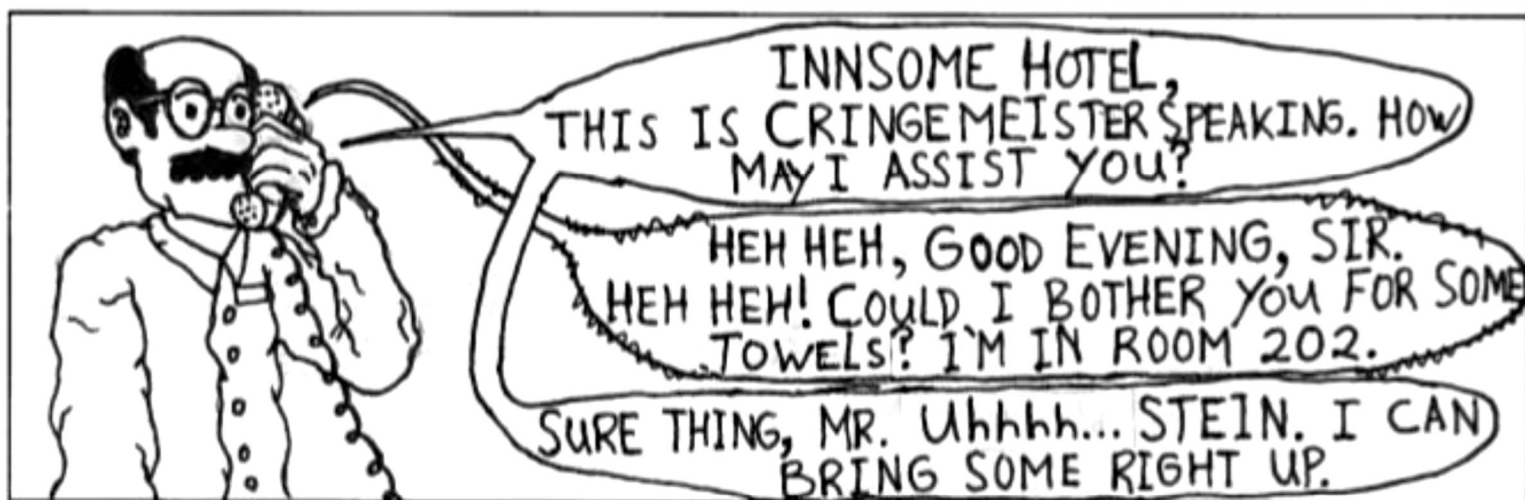
THE PARANORMAL MISADVENTURES OF MR. CRINGE MEISTER



FRANK GETS A HEAD IN LIFE



INNSOME HOTEL, 1:31 AM
GRAVEYARD SHIFT



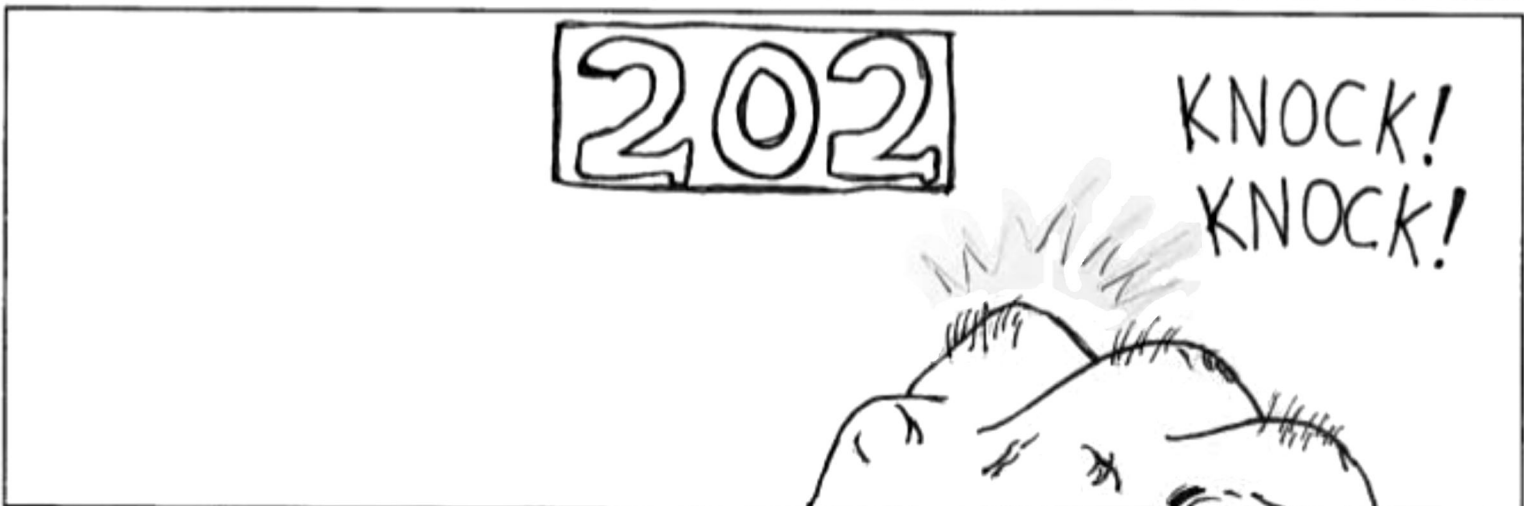
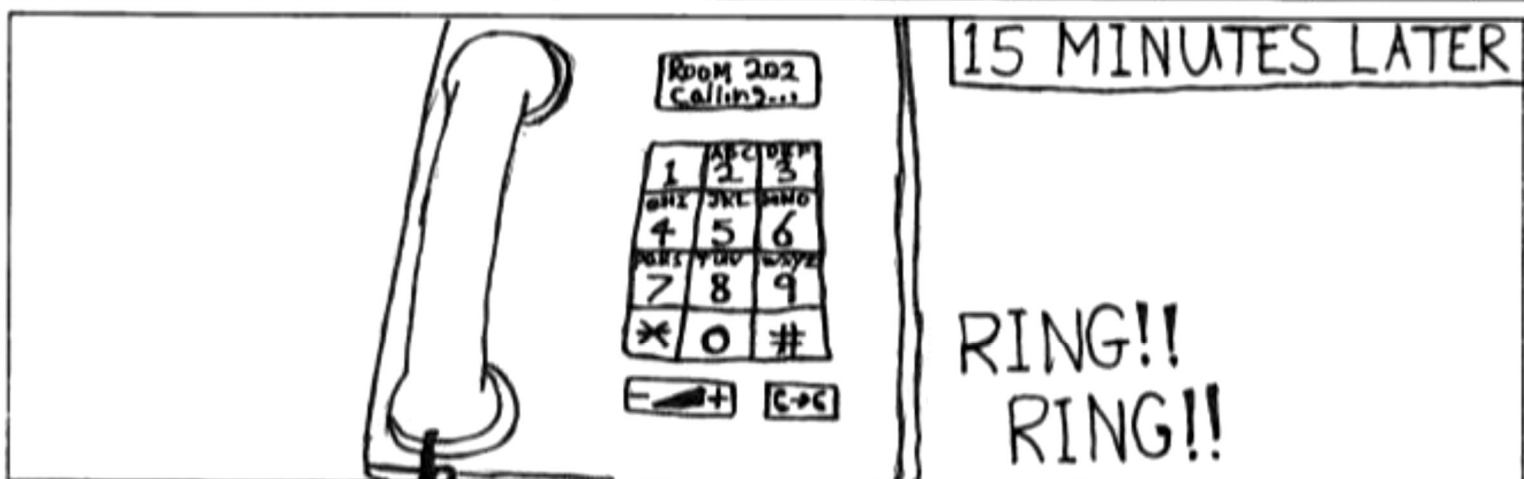
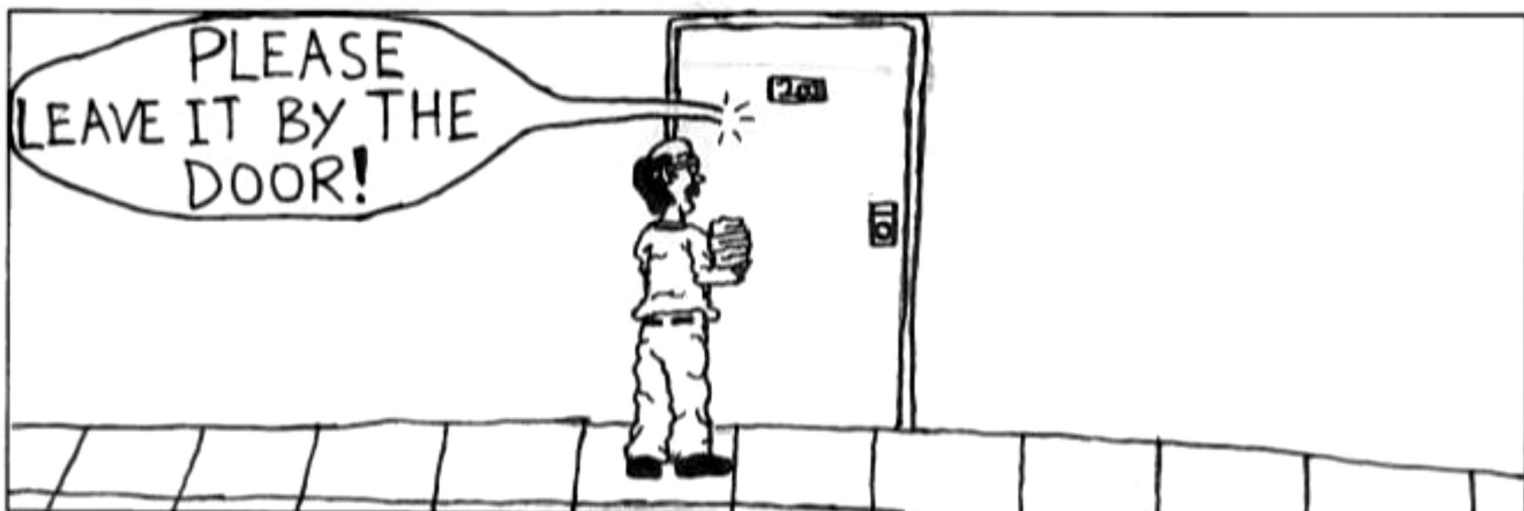
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A FEW MINUTES LATER

FRONT DESK!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!









5 HOURS LATER...



SNAP!

HEE HEE...
I DID IT! I CAN'T
WAIT TO SHOW THESE
RESULTS TO MY
COLLEAGUES!



SNAP!
CLICK!

END



THE SECRET OF SUSAN RAND'S GARDEN
WRITTEN BY **ROB STANLEY**
ARTWORK BY **GREGORY WORONCHAK**
LETTERS BY **TOBEN RACICOT**



THE DAY SUSAN BROUGHT LUDWIG HOME HE STAKED CLAIM TO HER HEART. GAZING UP AT HER WINDOW NIGHTLY, HE VOWED THEY'D NEVER BE APART.



BUT THINGS CHANGED ONCE STEVE CAME, BEARING LILIES AND HIS PATENTED LURE.

SURPRISE!

OH, STEVE, YOU ARE TOO GOOD TO ME!

SOON AS LUDWIG SAW STEVE KISS SUSAN HE KNEW CARNAGE WAS THE ONLY CURE.



OPPORTUNITY CAME THE NEXT WEEK, WHEN STEVE CAME TO WATER THE SOD.

SUSAN WAS VISITING FAMILY, A SAFE LENGTH FROM THE FIRING SQUAD.



A FLOWERPOT TO THE SKULL FLOORED HIM, KNOCKING HIM OUT-COLD ON THE DECK.



SHARP TEETH PIERCED THROUGH STEVE'S SKIN. WHEN LUDWIG TOOK A CHUNK OUT OF HIS NECK.

hummmmm...
hummm...

LIKE SWIPING CANDY FROM A BABY, THE GNOME TOOK HIS LIFE THEN AND THERE.

WHEN SUSAN RETURNED HOME FROM YORK, FIRST THING SHE SAW WAS STEVE'S REMAINS.

OH, MY GOD!

MAGGOTS SWARMED HIS BODY, AS RACCOONS FEASTED ON BRAINS.

SLIT HIS THROAT WITH A DIGGER. APT VENGEANCE FOR THEIR AFFAIR.

LUDWIG AWAITED HIS MISTRESS UPSTAIRS, LASCIVIOUS INTENTIONS DANCING THROUGH HIS HEAD.

WHO DID THIS TO YOU?

VENGEFUL FANTASIES ABOUT TO BE FULFILLED, HE HID UNDER THE SHEETS UPON HER BED.

LUDWIG REVEALED HIMSELF AS SHE WALKED IN, BUT THE MOMENT WASN'T A DREAM COME TRUE.

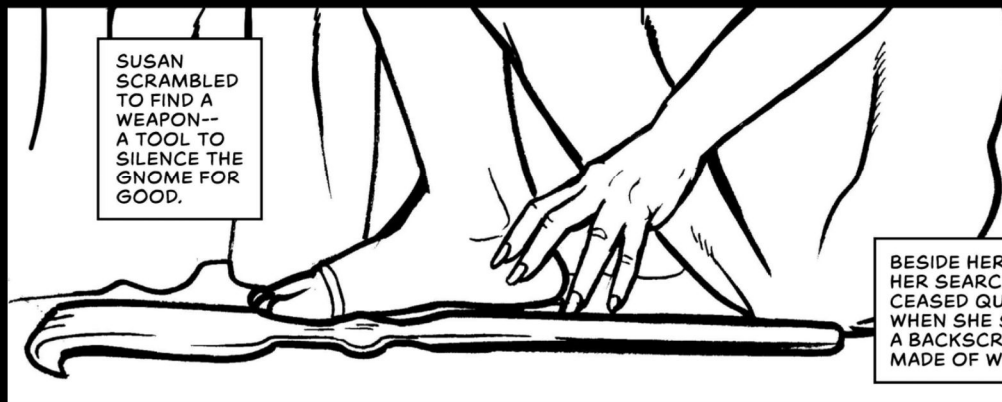
HER SCREAMS OF TERROR PIERCED HIS EARS. TO ALARMING LEVELS HIS RESENTMENT GREW.



SUSAN DODGED LUDWIG'S ASSAULT, SWATTING THE IMP BACK ONTO THE BED.



HE TRIED TO STRIKE A SECOND TIME, ONLY TO GET PUNCHED UPSIDE THE HEAD.



SUSAN SCRAMBLED TO FIND A WEAPON-- A TOOL TO SILENCE THE GNOME FOR GOOD.

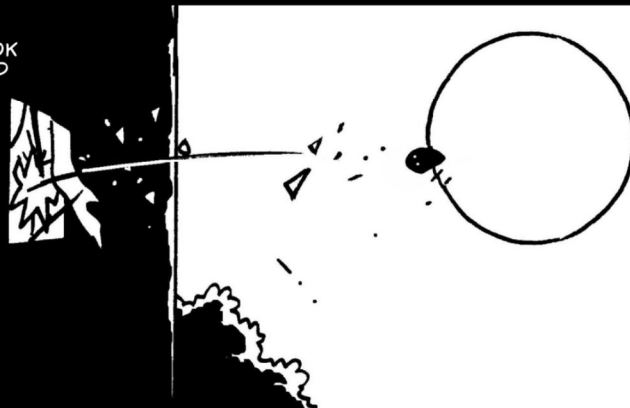


BESIDE HER BED HER SEARCH CEASED QUICKLY WHEN SHE SEIZED A BACKSCRATCHER MADE OF WOOD.



SUSAN LEAPT TO HER FEET AND SPUN AROUND, SWINGING THE 'SCRATCHER WITH ALL HER MIGHT.

THE SHOT TOOK LUDWIG'S HEAD CLEAN OFF!



AWAY IT WENT, DISAPPEARING INTO THE NIGHT.



THE NEXT DAY, SUSAN PACKED HER BAGS, BIDDING HER HOME HASTY ADIEU.

LEAVING THE HORRIFIC SCENE BEHIND HER TO SAFER PASTURES IN WALES SHE FLEW.

WASN'T 'TIL SUMMER THAT A BUYER BIT, MOVING IN ON THE LAST DAY OF JULY.

HOME SWEET HOME!



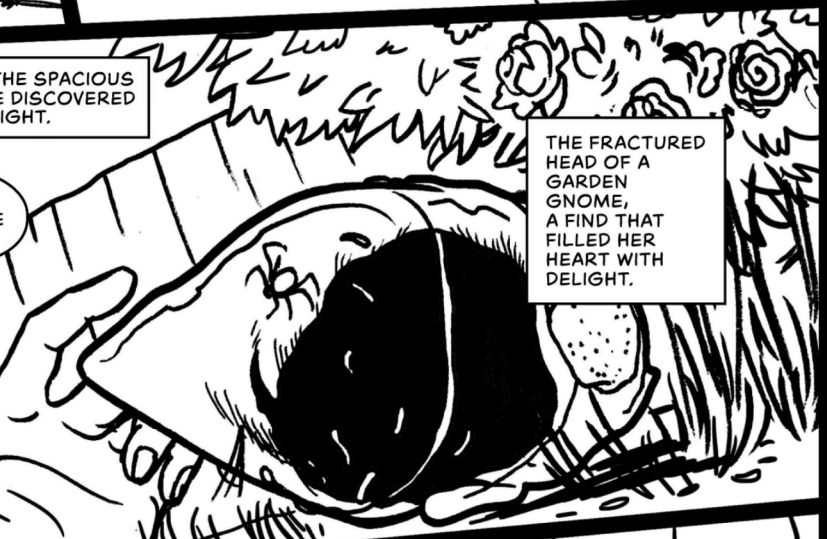
A FIRST-YEAR UNI STUDENT NAMED TEGAN WHOSE SMILE ONE COULD NOT DENY.



SURVEYING THE SPACIOUS GARDEN, SHE DISCOVERED A CURIOUS SIGHT.

AWWWWW. POOR LITTLE GUY.

WHERE'S THE REST OF YA?



THE FRACTURED HEAD OF A GARDEN GNOME, A FIND THAT FILLED HER HEART WITH DELIGHT.



FOREVER A BRIC-A-BRAC COLLECTOR, SHE VOWED TO MAKE LUDWIG WHOLE ONCE MORE.

YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW IN NO TIME.

TEGAN EMBARKED ON A SEARCH FOR HIS BODY, UNAWARE TO WHAT TRULY WAS IN STORE.



ONCE SHE FOUND LUDWIG'S BODY UNDER THE BED, TEGAN WORKED HER MAGIC WITH A GLUE GUN.



PERFECT!

JERKING BACK TO LIFE WHILST IN TEGAN'S ARMS, LUDWIG RESOLVED THAT SHE WAS THE ONE.



BAAAD MOON RISING CHAPTER FIVE: BEYOND THE VALE



Story
& Art

Malcolm
Kirk

PREVIOUSLY: WHILE INVESTIGATING A SPATE OF KILLINGS COMMITTED BY ORDINARY SHEEP AND WERESHEEP, LOCAL VET - DR. LUPUS, D.I. BLUE OF THE C.I.D., WEREWOLF-CLAWED BERNARD SAINT AND A PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR CALLED JACK HAVE TRACED ELECTRICAL SIGNALS CAUSED BY A HUMANOID FRANKENSTEIN SHEEP-MONSTER TO AN ABANDONED SANATORIUM. (IT'S EASIER IF YOU JUST GO WITH IT)...

NOW, THE BAND OF INVESTIGATORS ARE FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE STRANGE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS...

DO YOU *KNOW* THIS UNDERTAKER, DR. LUPUS?

I *USED* TO, A LONG TIME AGO...

PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF...

I AM **DR. VINCENT RAMSTEIN**. DR. LUPUS AND I ARE OLD ACQUAINTANCES. WE ATTENDED *COLLEGE* TOGETHER IN GERMANY. YOU CAN PUT THOSE *TRANQUILIZER GUNS* AWAY. I ASSURE YOU, YOU *WON'T* NEED THEM.

SERIOUSLY? "**RAMSTEIN**"? YOU'VE GOT A FRANKENSTEIN SHEEP AND YOUR NAME IS **RAMSTEIN**? ISN'T THAT A BIT...
...ON THE NOSE?

HE'S CHANGED HIS NAME. WHEN I KNEW HIM HE WENT BY "**VINCENT RAMSBOTTOM**".

OH. SO HE'S DOING THIS TO GET BACK AT PEOPLE FOR TAKING THE MICKEY OUT OF HIS NAME?

NO I AM **NOT**! RAMSBOTTOM IS A PERFECTLY *FINE* NAME. I MERELY REQUIRED A *PSEUDONYM* WHEN I GOT INTO TROUBLE FOLLOWING CERTAIN *INCIDENTS*.

NOW IF YOU'D CARE TO **SHUT DAMN UP**, I'LL EXPLAIN *PRECISELY* HOW PETER AND I KNOW EACH OTHER AND MY REASONS FOR CARRYING OUT MY *EXPERIMENTS*!

AS I SAID, MANY YEARS AGO WE WERE BOTH STUDYING VETERINARY MEDICINE AT THE SAME UNIVERSITY. I CONSIDERED MYSELF RATHER A GOOD STUDENT.



BUT **PETER**, WELL...



PETER WAS ON ANOTHER LEVEL ENTIRELY. HIS INTEREST IN THE SUBJECT BORDERED ON **OBSESSION!** NEVER BEFORE NOR SINCE HAVE I WITNESSED SOMEONE SO INTENSELY FOCUSED.

OVER TIME, I BEGAN TO LEARN FROM WHENCE SOME OF THAT INTENSITY DERIVED...



WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU GOT THERE, PETER? IT LOOKS **HORRIBLE!**

MORE HORRIBLE THAN YOU PROBABLY REALISE. IT'S THE EYE OF A **SHEEP**.



WHAT'S **PARTICULARLY HORRIBLE** ABOUT A **SHEEP'S EYE?**

LET ME TELL YOU A **STORY** ABOUT SOME SHEEP...

...AND WHAT A STORY HE TOLD! HE SPOKE OF HIS CHILDHOOD IN THE ALPS AND OF THE BRUTAL KILLING OF AN OLD MAN - A MAN WHOSE BODY HE HAD DISCOVERED TRAMPLED AND PARTIALLY GNAWED, SURROUNDED BY SHEEP DROPPINGS...*



DON'T LOOK, HEIDI!

* **Reaper's Note** : IN **HALLOWSCREAM** ISSUE 6, GRUE BELIEVERS!

...BUT THAT WASN'T ALL. PETER HAD BEEN RESEARCHING STRANGE EVENTS CENTRED AROUND SHEEP AND HAD GATHERED NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS REPORTING UNEXPLAINED DEATHS FROM AROUND THE WORLD - ALL OF THEM TRAMPLED AND PARTIALLY GNAWED...



WHEN HE WAS DONE HE STARED AT ME INTENTLY, AS IF EXPECTING ME TO DISMISS HIS STORIES AS NONSENSE - TO CALL HIM MAD. OTHERS MAY HAVE. PERHAPS HE'D HOPED I WOULD TOO AND EXPLAIN IT ALL AWAY WITH A SOLUTION HE HADN'T CONSIDERED. I DID NOT.



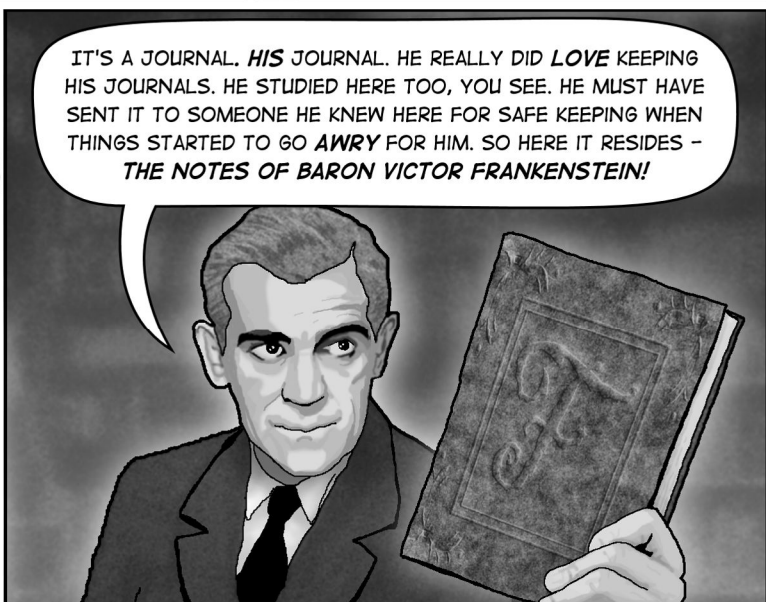
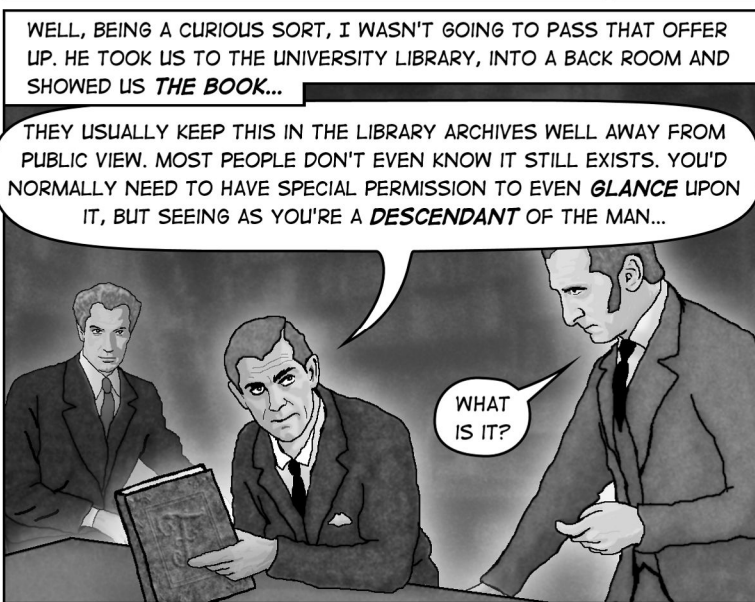
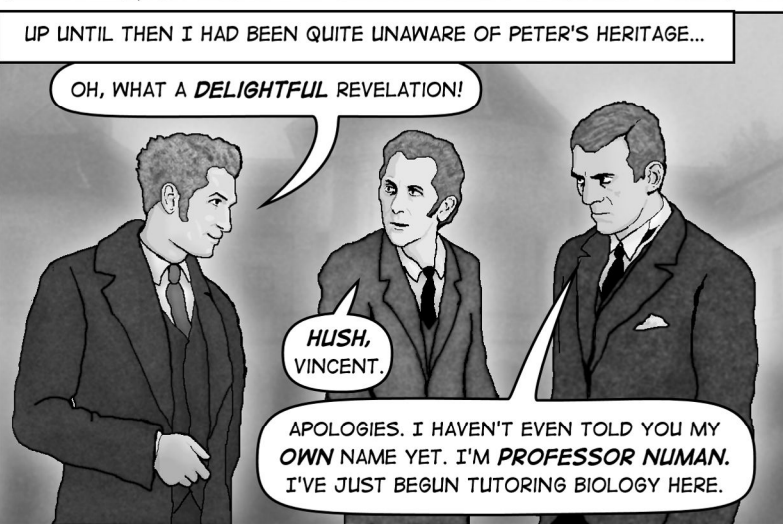
PLANNED AND COORDINATED ATTACKS! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! IT'S **FANTASTICAL!** IT GOES AGAINST ALL THAT **20TH CENTURY SCIENCE** KNOWS ABOUT SHEEP!

© MALCOLM KIRK 2020

THERE ARE MANY THINGS OF WHICH SCIENCE DOES NOT YET KNOW OR UNDERSTAND, VINCENT - BUT SCIENCE IS NOTHING IF NOT ADAPTABLE. IF I CAN GATHER ENOUGH EVIDENCE, PERHAPS I CAN WARN PEOPLE - WARN THEM OF THE TERROR WHICH GRAZES UPON THEIR PASTURES. **THE TERROR OF THE SHEEP!**



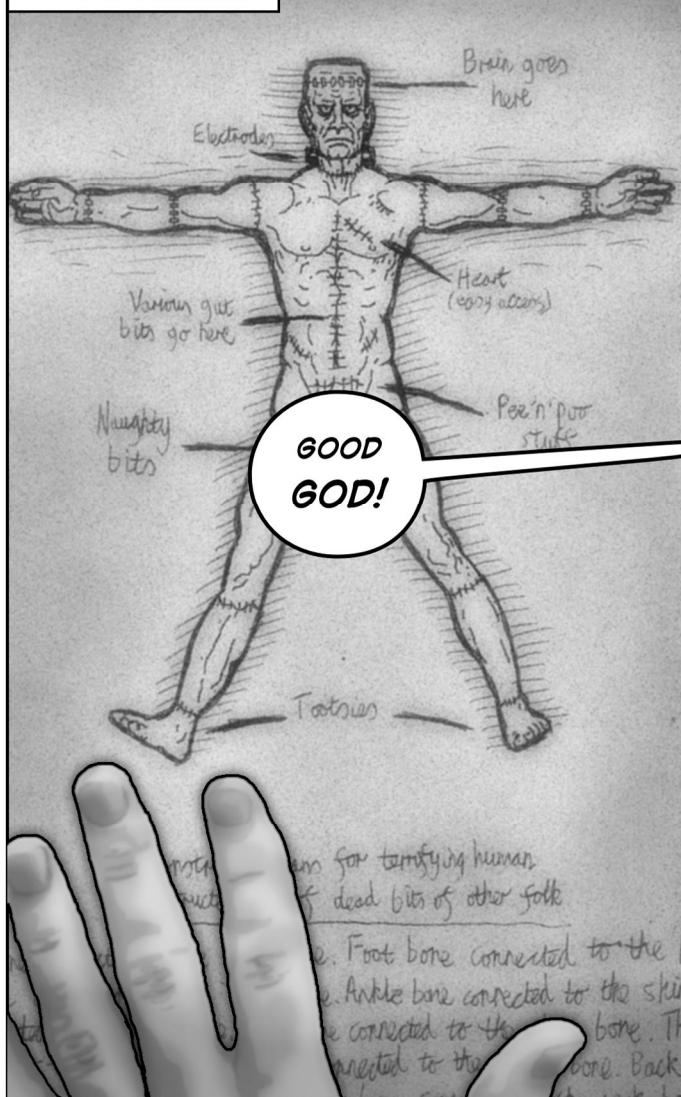
TERROR WAS NOT WHAT *I* FELT! I COULD SEE THE **POTENTIAL** OF HARNESSING THE SHEEP'S **POWER**. ANOTHER PIECE WOULD FALL INTO PLACE NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, UPON THE ARRIVAL OF A STRANGER...



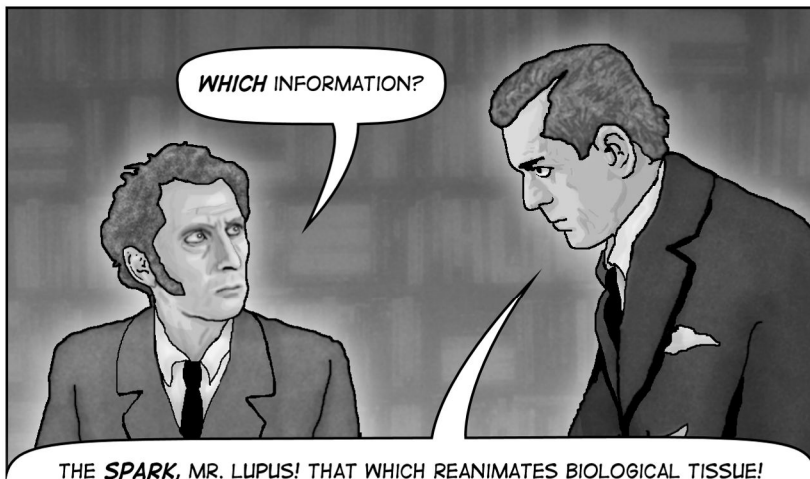
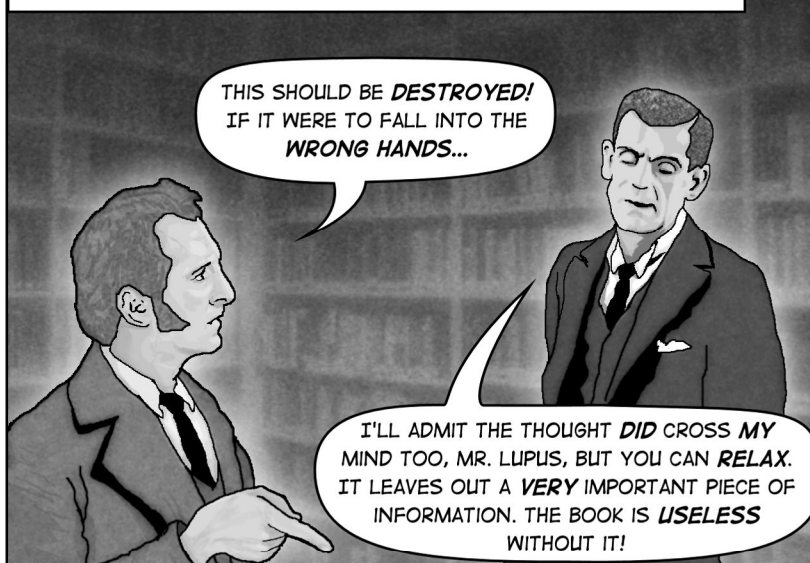
AT THAT POINT I DIDN'T EXAMINE THE MANUSCRIPT TOO CLOSELY. I DIDN'T WANT TO DRAW TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO MY **OWN** INTEREST IN THE TOME, BUT I COULD SEE WELL ENOUGH THAT IT WASN'T SO MUCH A JOURNAL AS AN **INSTRUCTION MANUAL**. IN SOME WAYS IT WAS AS MUCH A PATCHWORK AS THE BEINGS THE GOOD BARON CONSTRUCTED, MADE UP AS IT WAS OF SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES, ANATOMICAL DIAGRAMS AND ARCAINE KNOWLEDGE FROM GOD KNOWS WHERE AND WHEN, ALL INTERSPERSED WITH COPIOUS AMOUNTS OF NOTES AND SKETCHES FROM THE BARON'S OWN HAND, MAKING CONNECTIONS, BOTH LITERAL AND FIGURATIVE, IN WAYS ONLY A GENIUS OR MADMAN WOULD DARE...



AND THEN PETER TURNED A PAGE AND THERE IT WAS - THE CULMINATION OF FRANKENSTEIN'S WORK... THE BLUEPRINTS FOR **THE CREATURE!**



I DIDN'T EXPECT PETER TO REACT THE WAY HE DID TO THE DIAGRAM...



THE **SPARK**, MR. LUPUS! THAT WHICH REANIMATES BIOLOGICAL TISSUE! WITHOUT THE FORMULA TO INVOKE LIFE, THAT STITCHED-TOGETHER ABOMINATION UPON THE PAGE IS NOTHING MORE THAN A HARMLESS JUMBLE OF **DEAD MEAT**, ALBEIT A REMARKABLY WELL SUTURED ONE.

NOW, THERE'S ONE OTHER BOOK I'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK AT OR, MORE SPECIFICALLY, A PORTRAIT IN THE FRONTISPIECE. IT SHOULD GIVE YOU SOME IDEA WHY I WAS SO STARTLED WHEN I FIRST SAW YOU.



GOOD GRACIOUS, PETER! YOU'RE THE VERY **IMAGE** OF HIM!

SO IT WOULD SEEM. HOW VERY DISCONCERTING...



Portrait of Baron Victor Frankenstein

...BUT REST ASSURED I HAVE **NO** INTENTION OF FOLLOWING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS!

I'M VERY GLAD TO HEAR IT!



PROFESSOR NUMAN WOULD **NOT** HAVE BEEN SO GLAD IF HE HAD BEEN ABLE TO READ **MY** THOUGHTS - FOR PETER MAY NOT HAVE BEEN INTERESTED BUT **I** HAD **EVERY** INTENTION OF GETTING A CLOSER AND MORE PROLONGED LOOK AT THE BARON'S JOURNAL.

IT WOULD, HOWEVER, HAVE BEEN USEFUL TO HAVE AN ACCOMPLICE TO MY PLANNED ENDEAVOURS, SO A DAY OR TWO LATER I BROACHED THE SUBJECT AS CAREFULLY AS I POSSIBLY COULD...

YOU KNOW... I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT THE OLD BARON'S JOURNAL... THERE MUST BE A GREAT DEAL IN THERE WHICH COULD BENEFIT MANKIND, PARTICULARLY IN THE AREA OF ORGAN TRANSPLANTATION...



I DOUBT IT'D BE OF **MUCH** USE. MODERN SCIENCE HAS ALMOST CAUGHT UP WITH HIM IN THAT REGARD. I THINK THE **RISKS** OF THE JOURNAL REACHING THE PUBLIC STILL **FAR** OUTWEIGH THE BENEFITS.

I COULD TELL I WASN'T GETTING ANYWHERE WITH PETER SO DECIDED TO PROCEED ON MY OWN. I WAITED A FEW MONTHS TO AVOID AROUSING SUSPICION AND THEN I "**BORROWED**" SOME BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY. I DIDN'T VERY MUCH CARE FOR THE **OTHER** VOLUMES I STOLE, BUT I WANTED IT TO LOOK LIKE A RANDOM ACT OF THIEVERY. TO FURTHER DRAW ATTENTION AWAY FROM MYSELF, I ALSO TOOK SEVERAL ITEMS FROM STUDENTS' DORMITORIES, INCLUDING SOME OF MY **OWN** BELONGINGS AND PETER'S **CANE** WITH THE SILVER WOLF'S HEAD.



YOU **SWINE**, VINCENT! I THOUGHT WE WERE **FRIENDS** AND **THAT'S** HOW YOU TREAT ME? YOU **STEAL** FROM ME AND BRING MY WORST FEARS TO FRUITION BY CREATING **SHEEP-HUMAN HYBRIDS**? IT'S JUST **BEYOND THE PALE!**

I ALWAYS INTENDED TO **RETURN** IT TO YOU, PETER. YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK NOW, IF YOU WANT.



OH, WELL, I'M SURE THAT **MORE** THAN MAKES UP FOR ALL THE **DEATHS** AND **AFFRONTS** TO **SCIENCE** AND **MORALITY**, AS LONG AS I GET MY **CANE** BACK!

REALLY?

NO, OF COURSE **NOT** REALLY YOU RAVING **LUNATIC**! WHAT IN **GOD'S** NAME IS **WRONG** WITH YOU?



OH, DON'T BE LIKE **THAT**, PETER! I DID ALL THIS TO HELP **HUMANITY**! LET ME EXPLAIN MY **THINKING**...

(SIGH!)



YOU SEE, I KNEW THAT SHEEP WILL ONLY FOLLOW ONE OF THEIR OWN KIND. GETTING THEM TO OBEY A HUMAN IS RATHER MORE PROBLEMATIC. THAT'S WHY I USED FRANKENSTEIN'S BLUEPRINTS TO CREATE "SHANKO" OVER THERE.

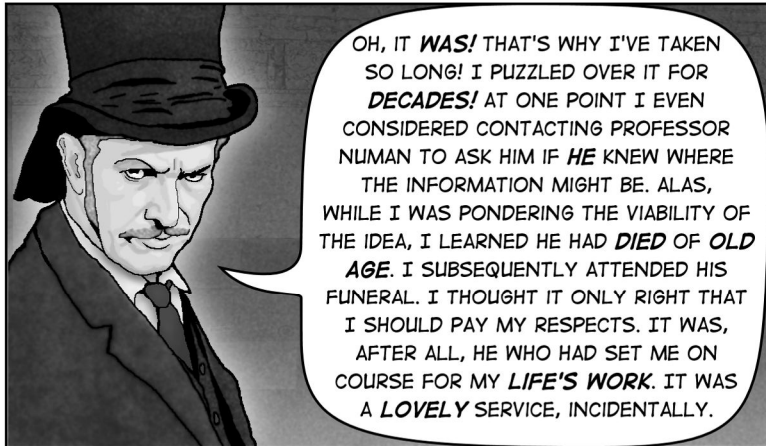


THE PLAN WAS THIS... BEING SOMEWHAT HUMANOID, SHANKO WOULD TAKE ORDERS FROM ME AND THE SHEEP, IN TURN, WOULD FOLLOW HIM.



BUT... I THOUGHT THE JOURNAL WAS *MISSING* INFORMATION?

OH, IT *WAS!* THAT'S WHY I'VE TAKEN SO LONG! I PUZZLED OVER IT FOR *DECADES!* AT ONE POINT I EVEN CONSIDERED CONTACTING PROFESSOR NUMAN TO ASK HIM IF *HE* KNEW WHERE THE INFORMATION MIGHT BE. ALAS, WHILE I WAS PONDERING THE VIABILITY OF THE IDEA, I LEARNED HE HAD *DIED OF OLD AGE.* I SUBSEQUENTLY ATTENDED HIS FUNERAL. I THOUGHT IT ONLY RIGHT THAT I SHOULD PAY MY RESPECTS. IT WAS, AFTER ALL, HE WHO HAD SET ME ON COURSE FOR MY *LIFE'S WORK.* IT WAS A *LOVELY SERVICE,* INCIDENTALLY.



IN THE END, I DIDN'T EVEN *NEED* THE MISSING KNOWLEDGE! YOU WERE *RIGHT,* PETER! MODERN SCIENCE *DID* CATCH UP WITH THE BARON! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS *IMPROVISE!*



IT WAS ON A DREARY NIGHT IN *NORTHUMBERLAND,* THAT I BEHELD THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF MY TOILS. I HAD LABELLED MY WORK "*PROJECT : SHANK*", USING A TERM NOT ONLY FOR A *CUT OF MEAT,* BUT ALSO SLANG FOR AN IMPROVISED *WEAPON.* THE CREATURE WAS MEANT TO BE A *PROTOTYPE,* AND THUS NAMED "*SHANK ZERO*", OR "*SHANK-O*".



THERE WAS A *SLIGHT* SETBACK WHEN SHANKO ESCAPED ONE NIGHT BEFORE I HAD TIME TO ADEQUATELY *TRAIN* HIM AND WAS THEN ENCOUNTERED BY MEMBERS OF THE *PUBLIC.* FORTUNATELY, THE INCIDENT COINCIDED WITH A LOCAL STORY INVOLVING *CURSED STONE HEADS* AND WAS DISMISSED AS RELATED *NONSENSE.*

THAT STORY *DID* LEAD ME ALONG ANOTHER PATH OF INVESTIGATION, HOWEVER. ALTHOUGH THE BULK OF IT WAS PATENTLY *ABSURD,* THERE WAS *ONE* ASPECT WHICH CAUGHT MY ATTENTION. THAT'S WHEN I DISCOVERED THE *REALITY* OF THOSE INDIVIDUALS WHICH WERE ONCE KNOWN AS "*WEREWOLVES*".



...AND YOU REALISED THERE MAY BE A MORE EFFECTIVE WAY TO CREATE BEINGS WHICH WERE HALF MAN, HALF BEAST?

HEXHAM - EARLY '70S.

THAT'S THE PLACE. YOUR FRIEND KNOWS HIS STUFF, PETER!



YES AND THAT EVENTUALLY LED TO THE LIKE OF *THESE* TWO. *GOOD* AREN'T THEY? I CALL THEM "*SUNDOWNERS*". IT'S A PITY THEY'RE ONLY USEFUL FOR A FEW DAYS A MONTH, BUT I'M WORKING TO *RECTIFY* THAT.



IT TOOK A WHILE TO EVEN GET THEM TO *THIS* STAGE. IN THE MEANTIME I'VE HAD TO RELY ON SHANKO AND TRICKING THE SHEEP INTO COMPLIANCE WITH THINGS LIKE THE PROJECTION YOU WITNESSED AT ST. BLAISE'S CHURCH. IT'S BEEN REASONABLY EFFECTIVE, BUT NOT QUITE UP TO THE STANDARDS I'D PREFER.



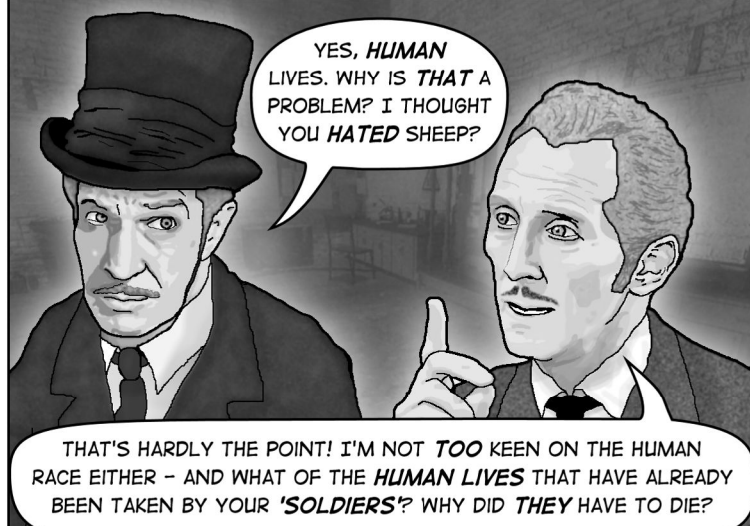
YOU STILL HAVEN'T EXPLAINED *WHY*, VINCENT!

SOLDIERS, PETER! *EXPENDABLE* SOLDIERS! IF WE CAN EFFECTIVELY HARNESS THE SHEEP'S LUST FOR *VENGEANCE*, THEN WE WILL HAVE AN UNPARALLELLED MILITARY FORCE WITH PRACTICALLY *ZERO* HUMAN CASUALTIES, AND IF *ALL* NATIONS HAD ACCESS TO THE *SAME* POWER, IF SHEEP COULD BE SET AGAINST SHEEP, THINK OF THE *LIVES* THAT COULD BE SAVED, PETER!



HUMAN LIVES.

YES, *HUMAN* LIVES. WHY IS *THAT* A PROBLEM? I THOUGHT YOU *HATED* SHEEP?



THAT'S HARDLY THE POINT! I'M NOT *TOO* KEEN ON THE HUMAN RACE EITHER - AND WHAT OF THE *HUMAN LIVES* THAT HAVE ALREADY BEEN TAKEN BY YOUR '*SOLDIERS*'? WHY DID *THEY* HAVE TO DIE?

AH, WELL.... I HAD TO MAKE SURE THE SHEEP WERE CAPABLE OF CARRYING OUT ORDERS *SOMEHOW*, DIDN'T I? SCIENCE *OFTEN* REQUIRES *SACRIFICES*.



AND WHAT *BETTER* SACRIFICES THAN *RIVAL* SCIENTISTS - EH, RAMSBOTTOM? WHAT *EXACTLY* DID THEY DO TO YOU?

MOST WERE PEOPLE I ASKED TO HELP WHO INSTEAD THREATENED TO ALERT THE AUTHORITIES. A COUPLE DID AGREE TO ASSIST ME BUT WERE KILLED *ACCIDENTALLY* WHEN THE SHEEP GOT A LITTLE *CARRIED AWAY*.



I THINK *SOMEONE ELSE* NEEDS TO BE CARRIED AWAY...

WAIT A MOMENT... HOW DID YOU GET THE SHEEP TO *TALK* THAT NIGHT AT THE CHURCH?

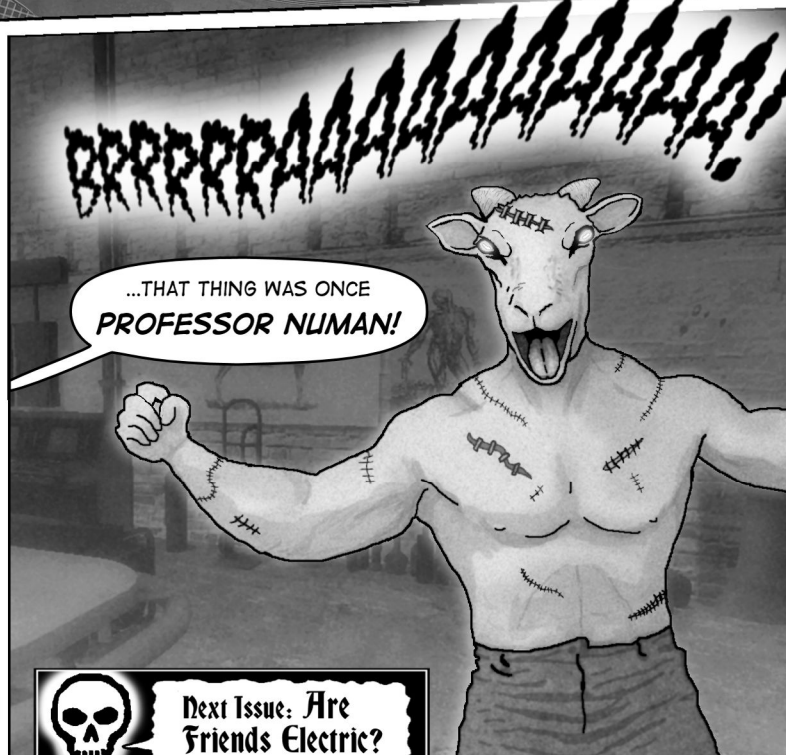
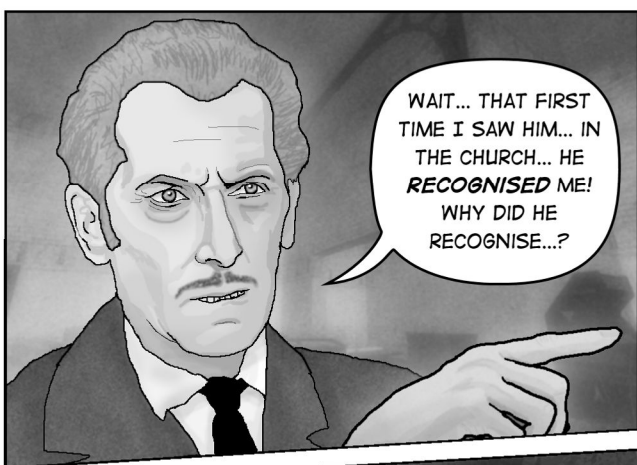
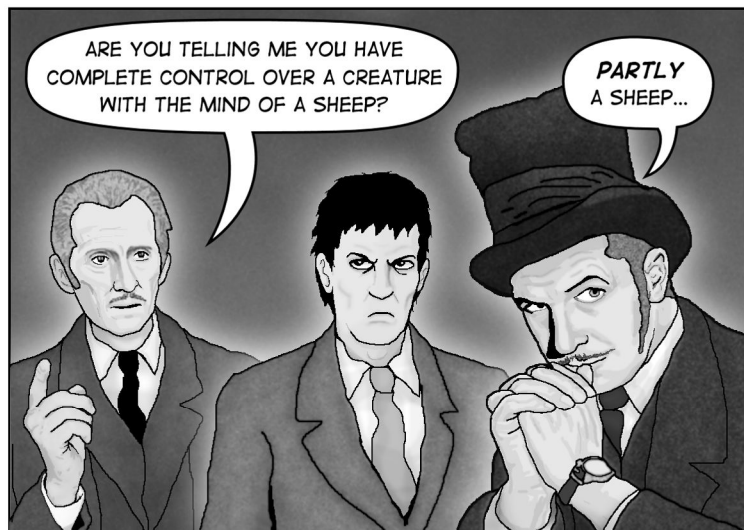
TALK? THEY WERE JUST *SHEEP*! THEY CAN'T *TALK*! HOW *HARD* DID I HIT YOU ON THE HEAD THAT NIGHT? (SORRY ABOUT THAT BY THE WAY. DIDN'T REALISE IT WAS YOU.)



NO, LUPUS IS *RIGHT*! I HEARD THEM *TOO*! THEY WERE CHANTING "*BAPHOMET*" OVER AND OVER AGAIN!



HMMM... *INTERESTING*... NOTHING TO DO WITH *ME*, THOUGH. IT SEEMS THE SHEEP HAVE YET MORE *SECRETS* TO BE REVEALED!



A BESTIARY OF BEASTIES

Text & Illustration by Malcolm Kirk

Dishclothman

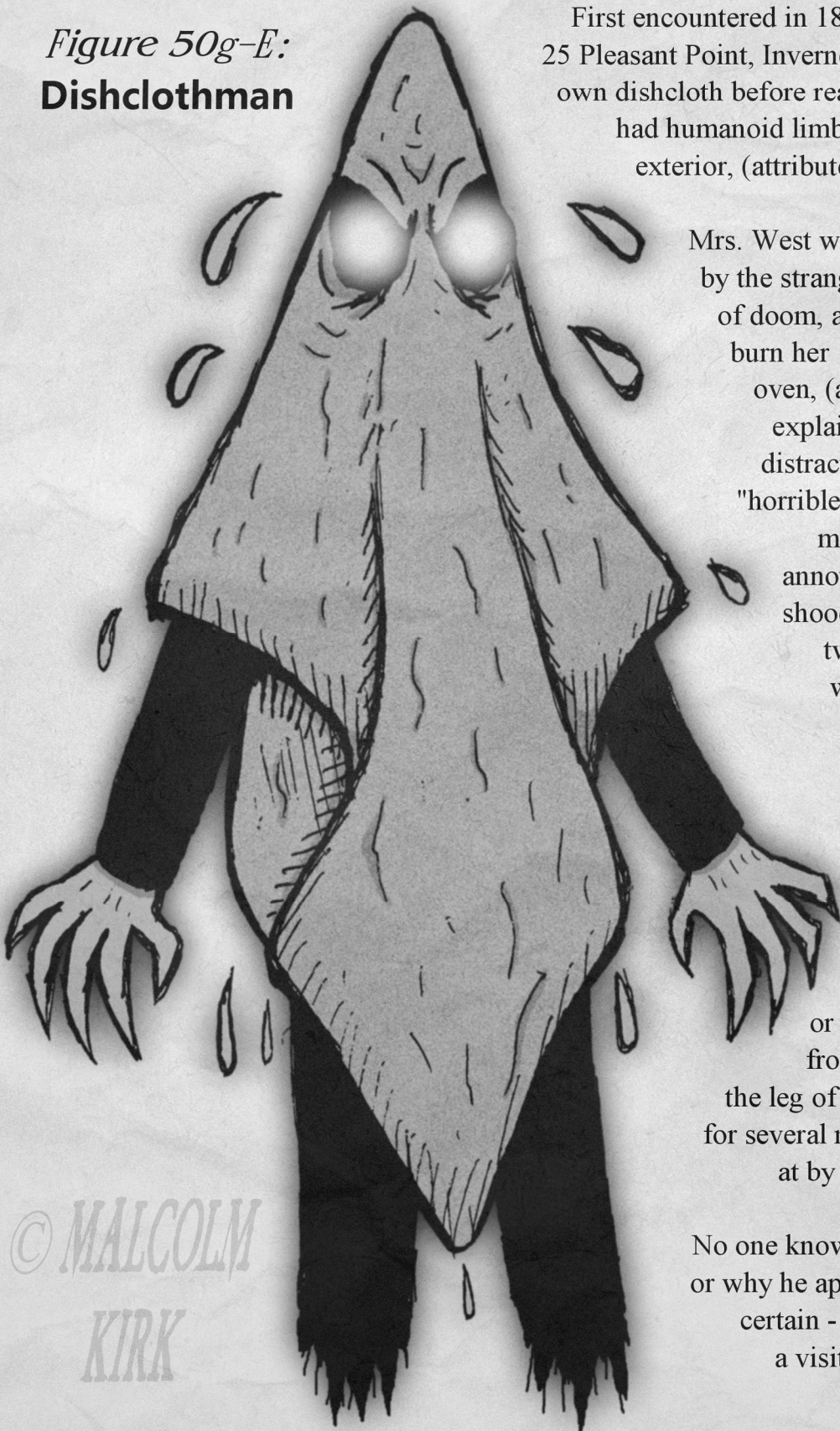
Figure 50g-E:
Dishclothman

First encountered in 1866 by Virginia West in her home at 25 Pleasant Point, Inverness - who initially mistook it for her own dishcloth before realising it was seven foot too tall and had humanoid limbs protruding from beneath its damp exterior, (attributes which her own dishcloth lacked).

Mrs. West would later suggest that the visitation by the strange creature may have been a portent of doom, as on that occasion she proceeded to burn her scones which she had baking in the oven, (although, this could just as easily be explained by the manifestation somewhat distracting her, possibly moreso due to the "horrible slurping noises" she described it as making). Mrs. West eventually got so annoyed by the uninvited visitor that she shooed it out of her house with a broom, twice making contact with the entity, which she is on record as saying had "a particularly soggy consistency".

Dishclothman has made sporadic appearances within the same area over the years and disaster has struck after each sighting, such as the time Hamish Wilson fell off his bicycle and grazed his knee or that terrible evening when Big Tam from down the road stubbed his toe on the leg of the dining table and hopped around for several minutes, all the while being laughed at by his unsympathetic family members.

No one knows where Dishclothman comes from or why he appears as he does, but two things are certain - you would not wish him to pay you a visit, and he's a total haven for bacteria.



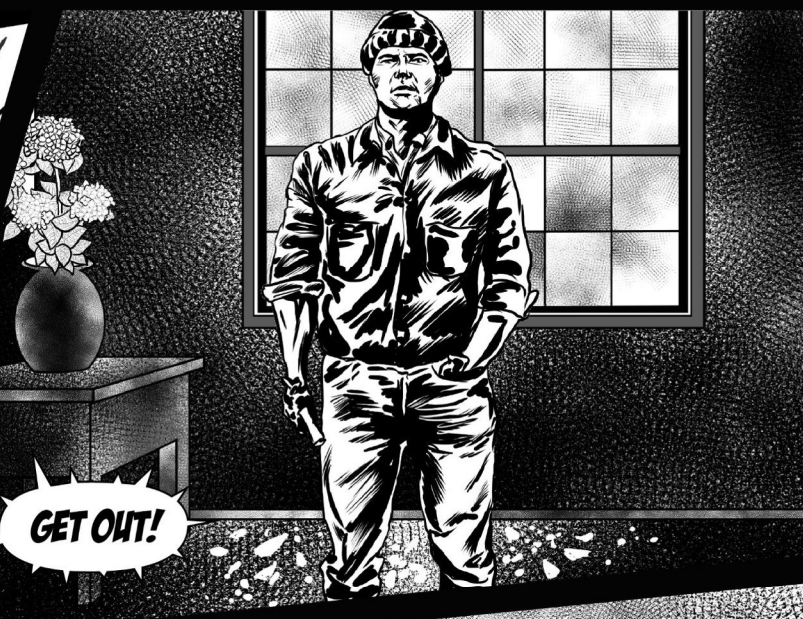
© MALCOLM
KIRK

BLOODY HANDS

Bloody text
TROY VEVASIS
Wacky drawing
DENIS PACHER



THE YEAR 1954




GET OUT!



YOU NEED TO GET
OUT IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S
GOOD FOR YOU!



YOU DON'T
SCARE ME,
OLD MAN!



THE BLOOD ON
YOUR HANDS WILL NEVER
GO AWAY...



YEAH RIGHT,
OLD MAN! NOW WHERE
DID YOU KEEP THE
MONEY?

A FEW HOUSES LATER.



THAT OLD MAN
HAD NOTHING OF
INTEREST IN
HIS HOUSE!



WHAT IS THAT?

I BETTER WASH
OFF THIS BLOOD
ON MY HANDS.

MOULD

- 9.00 Last of The Summer Whine** Sitcom in which a trio of older werewolves roam the Yorkshire Moors, getting up to no good. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.00 The Stepford Files** American drama series about a female robot housewife detective or something. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.00 Summerisle Farm** Repeat run of the rural soap opera from the 1970s. In this episode, the crops are failing but Lord Summerisle has a novel idea... (S) (Rpt)
- 11.30 Dr. Jekyll's Casebook** Scottish rural drama about a rather unusual GP and his other half. (S) (Rpt)



Here's a story about a man called Grady... 12.30

- 12.30 The Grady Bunch** Hilarious sitcom about an unconventional family. (S) (Rpt)
- 1.00 The Beverly Hills Have Eyes** Sitcom in which a rural family become rich and move to the big city, where their habits cause all manner of hijinks to ensue. (S) (Rpt)
- 1.30 Rots Landing** Good Lord! What's that at the top of the stairs? *Choke!* (S) (Rpt)
- 2.30 R'lyeh's Angles** (S) (Rpt)
- 3.30 The Fall Guy** Starring Michael Myers (S) (Rpt)
- 4.00 Telelopping** (S)

Channel of
Dr. Moreau

- 6.00 Good Morning Kitten** Magazine breakfast show. (S)
- 9.00 Beast Man and The Masters of The Universe** Cartoon. (S) (Rpt)
- 9.30 Mange Hill** Children's soap opera set in a typical school where the children are all animals and infested with parasites. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.00 L.A. Paw** Drama series set in a literal Kangaroo court. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.00 Vole Dark** Prequel to Tales From The Riverbank. (S) (Rpt)
- 12.00 NEW The Great British Sewing Bee** (S)
- 1.00 Doggie Howser, M.D.** Medical drama. (S) (Rpt)
- 2.00 Ask The Mammaly** Quiz show. (S) (Rpt)
- 2.30 Magpie** (S) (Rpt)
- 3.00 Top of The Pups** (S)
- 3.30 Auf Wiedersehn, Master** (S) (Rpt)
- 4.30 Only Fools and Slightly Odd Looking People With Elongated Faces** Sitcom. (S) (Rpt)
- 5.00 America's Next Top Poodle** (S)
- 6.00 Goat Whisperer** (S) (Rpt)



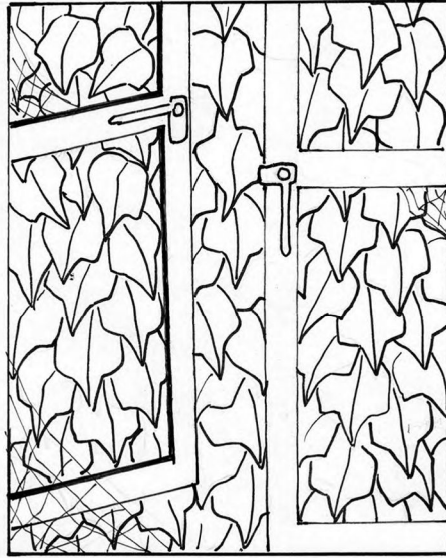
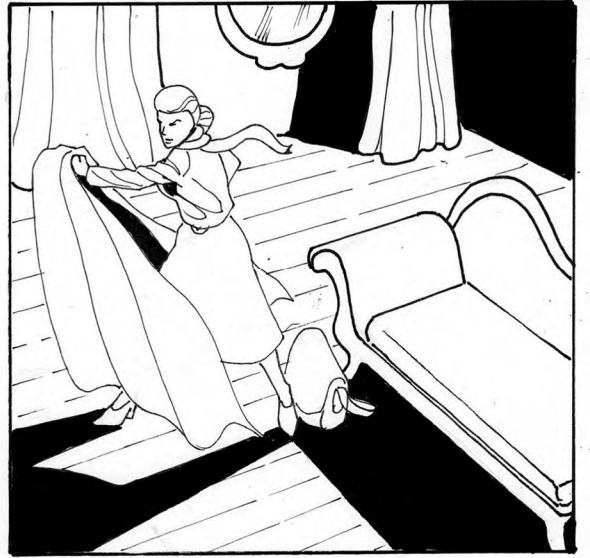
It's a good neigh from them. 7.00

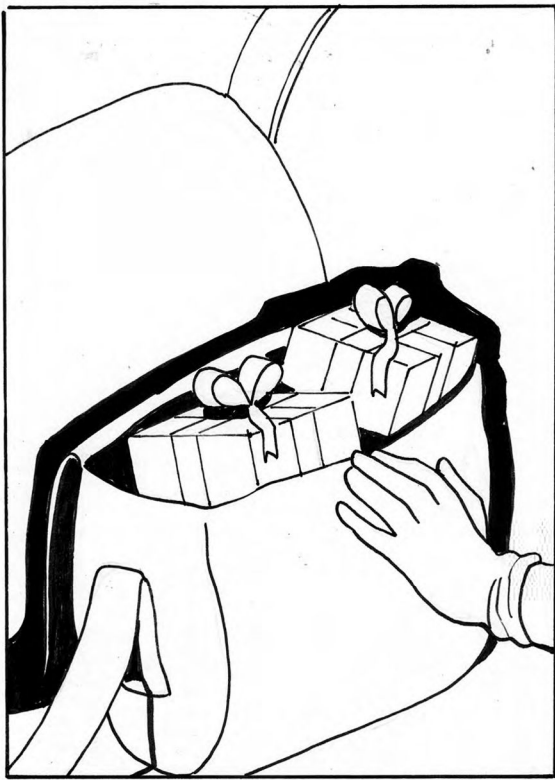
- 7.00 The Two Ponies** Comedy sketches. (S) (Rpt)
- 8.00 Prawn Stars** (S)
- 9.00 Bear Grills** Infomercial.

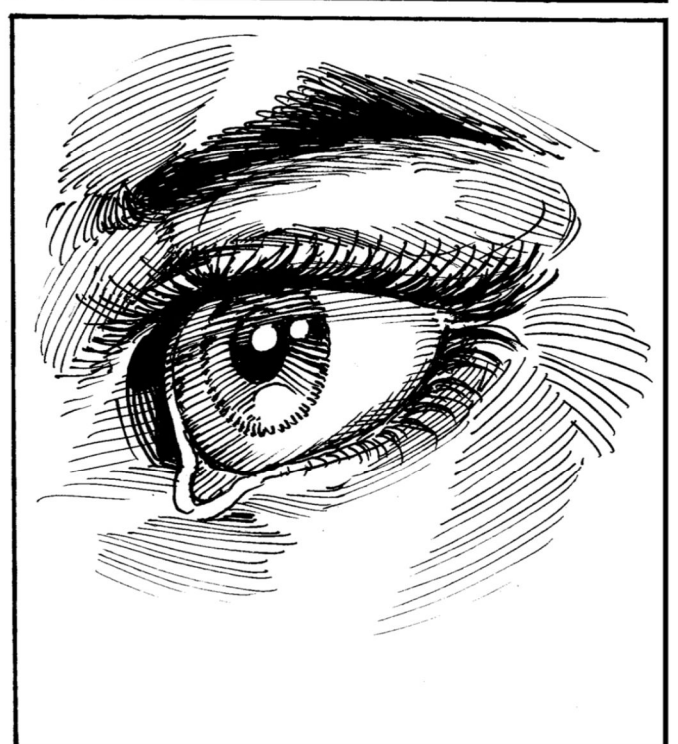
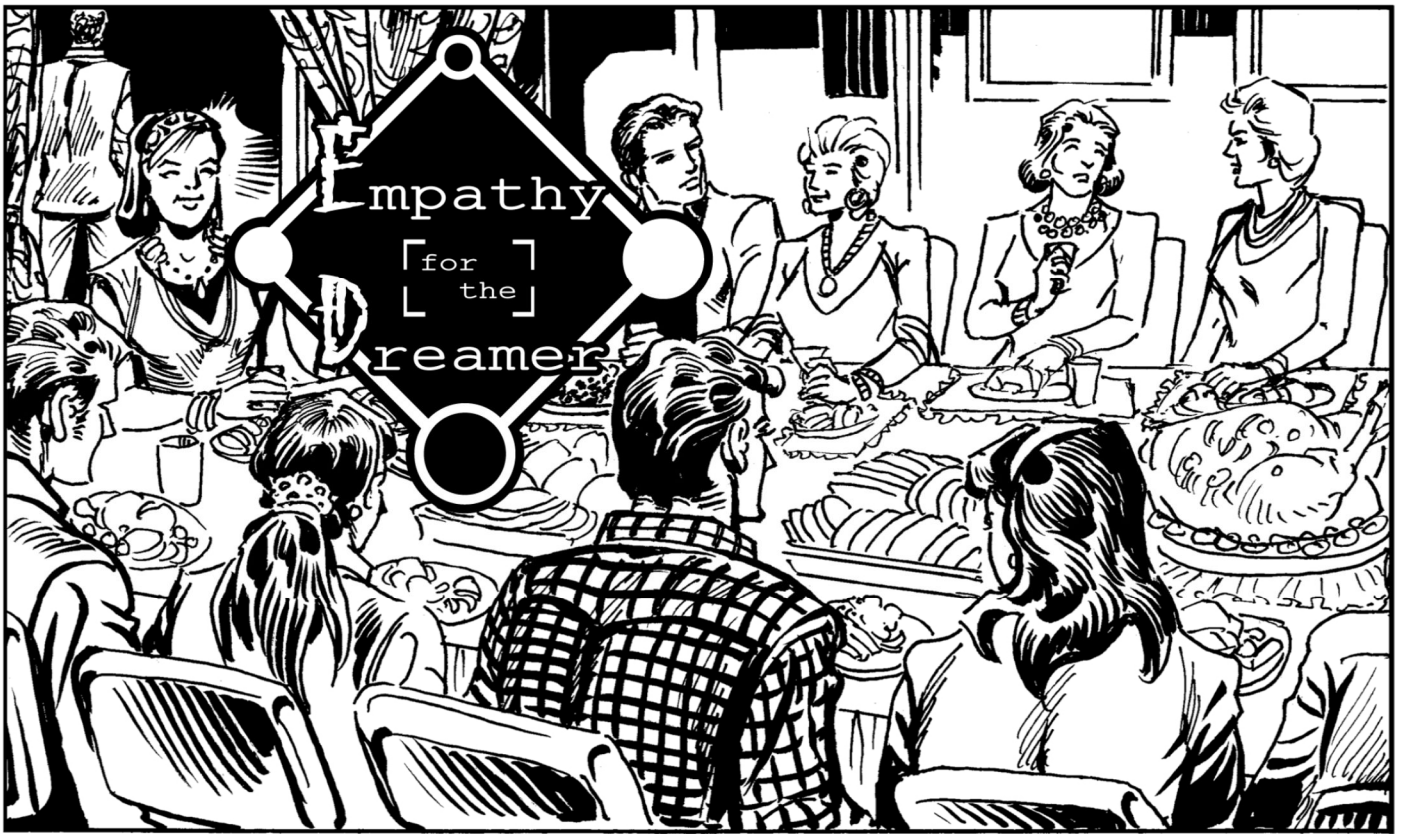
Most Dangerous
Gameshows

- 8.00 Win, Lose Or Draw Blood** (S) (Rpt)
- 8.30 Scream Test** (S) (Rpt)
- 9.00 Wheel of Torture** (S) (Rpt)
- 9.30 The Degeneration Game** Zombie gameshow. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.30 Double Your Mummy** Ancient Egyptians race to possess modern day folk who look exactly like them for some reason. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.30 Call My Potters Bluff** Contestants try to tell the difference between the living and the undead. (S) (Rpt)
- 12.00 The Gristle Maze** Eww... Sticky... (S) (Rpt)
- 1.00 The Price Is Right** Contestants compete against Vincent Price, answering questions on a variety of subjects, such as art, cooking and poetry. Most of them lose. (S) (Rpt)
- 2.00 The Chase** This week Jason Voorhees goes up against Michael Myers to compare chasing skills. (S) (Rpt)
- 3.00 The Accomplice** Dr. Frankenstein sets tasks for a group of potential lab assistants. (S) (Rpt)
- 4.00 Got Ate Bit** (S) (Rpt)
- 4.30 Stars In Their Eyes** Ouch. (S) (Rpt)
- 5.30 Only Dissect** (S) (Rpt)
- 6.00 Opportunity Nox** The Dread Council sit in judgement of the skills of potential Servitors before they are sent to Earth to decide if humanity is worthy of continued existence. With Simon Cowell. (S) (Rpt)

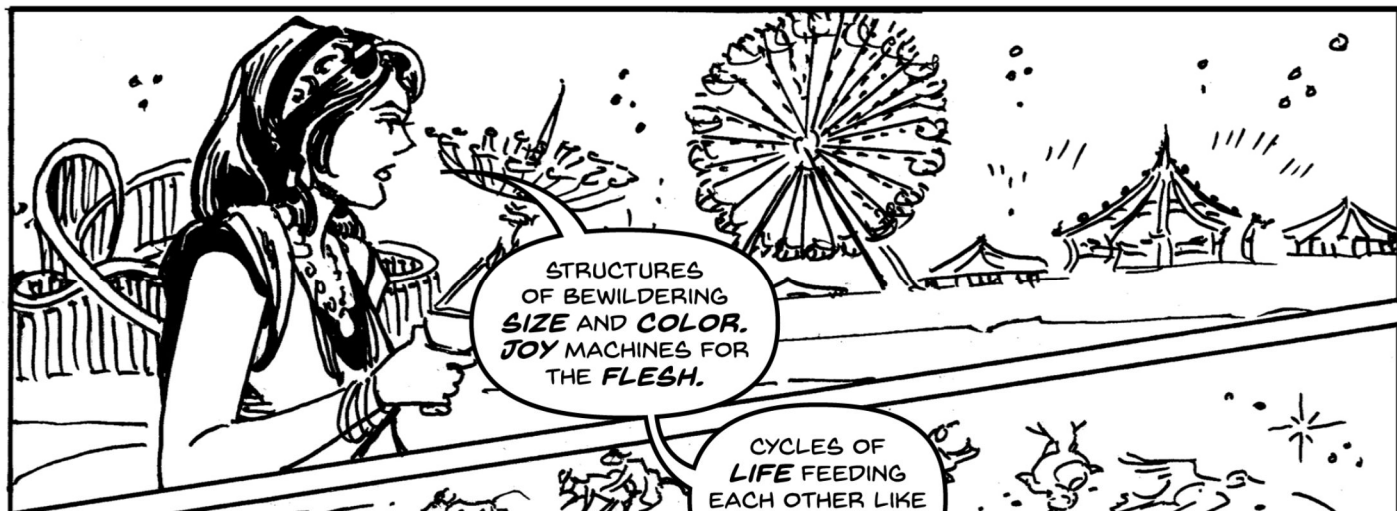












STRUCTURES
OF BEWILDERING
SIZE AND COLOR.
JOY MACHINES FOR
THE FLESH.



CYCLES OF
LIFE FEEDING
EACH OTHER LIKE
RIVERS AND
OCEANS.



THE **ARCANE**
AND **MUNDANE,**
EXPANDING OUTWARD
AND COATING
REALITY.



THIS ISN'T
MY **FIRST HOME,**
OR MY **LAST.**

BUT IT'S
SPECIAL
NONETHELESS,
AS ARE ALL
OF YOU.

I WISH I COULD
DO SOMETHING FOR
YOU, BUT THE WHEEL'S
ROTATION HAS
COMPLETED.

THERE'S NO
USE FIGHTING.



WAKING
REIGNS!



Its form elicits guttural shrieks of instinctual terror, the kind that tears at the throat and rings in the ears.



I'm in his talons now.



The screams of my loved ones are
extinguished from existence.

My planet is devoured by black.

The galaxy, like water down the drain.

My great orchestra dead, their
lullaby of flute and drum silenced.

And then-

Void.

Clay never sculpted.

Bare canvas.

Wasted potential.

His sash impregnates
my dream-flesh
with hypnopompia.

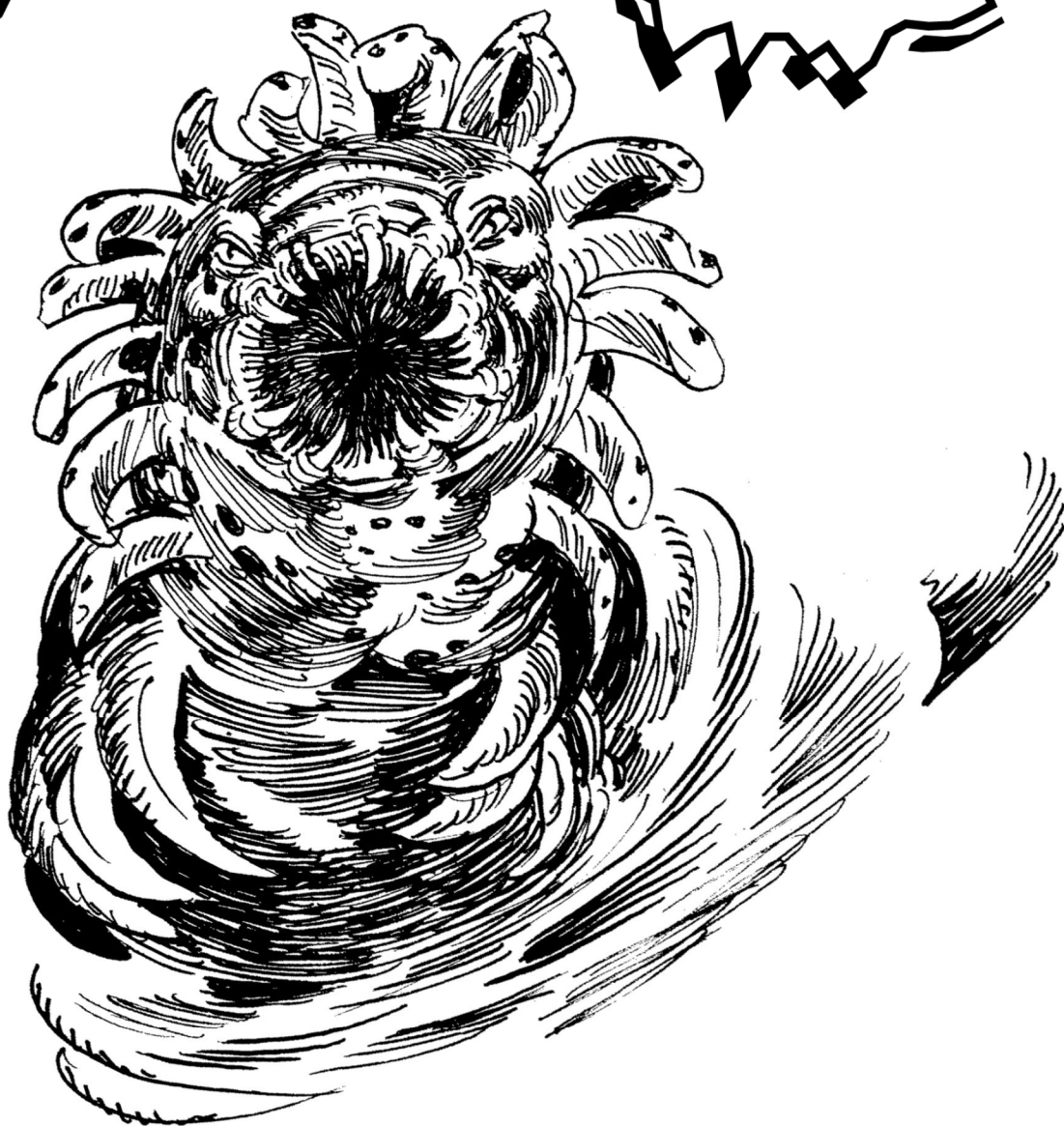
Conceiving...

...the anti-birth
of the universe.

My family,
my world, my
FULL EYED ONE.
All Me.

And I,
AZATHOTH,
am all there is
and ever has
been.

But just
as hypnopompia,
hypnagogia Will
come again.



And I
can Shape A
New home to
belong.

end.



A GRIM TALE!

NOTHING TO FEAR



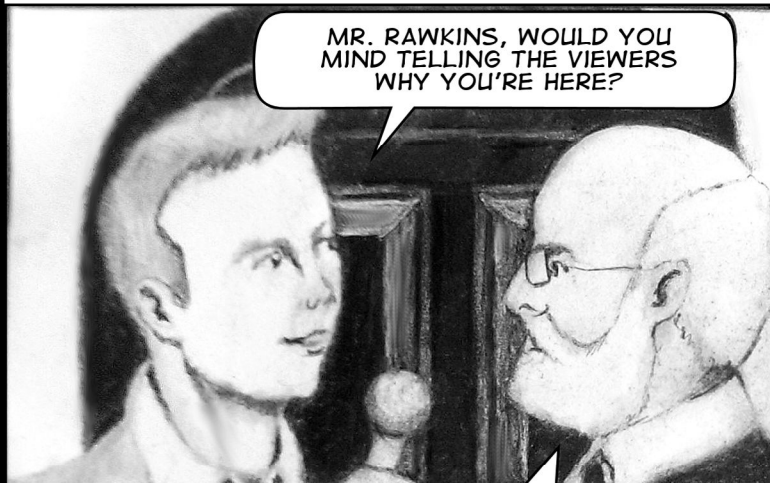
Story
Malcolm
Kirk
Art
Carol
Kewley



JACKSON HALL - THE MOST *HAUNTED* HOUSE IN ENGLAND. EMPTY FOR DECADES, IT'S SAID NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO SPEND A SINGLE NIGHT THERE ALONE...

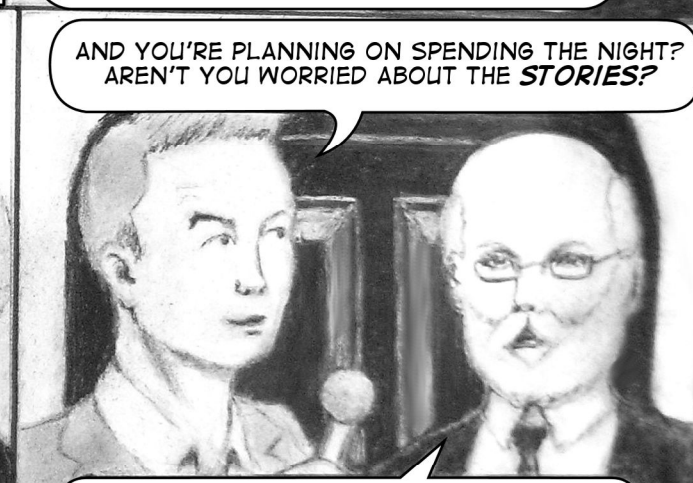


...BUT NOT EVERYONE *BELIEVES* IN THE SUPERNATURAL! TONIGHT, CELEBRITY SCEPTIC, **JAMES RAWKINS**, INTENDS TO PROVE THAT TALK OF GHOSTS IS ALL STUFF AND NONSENSE.



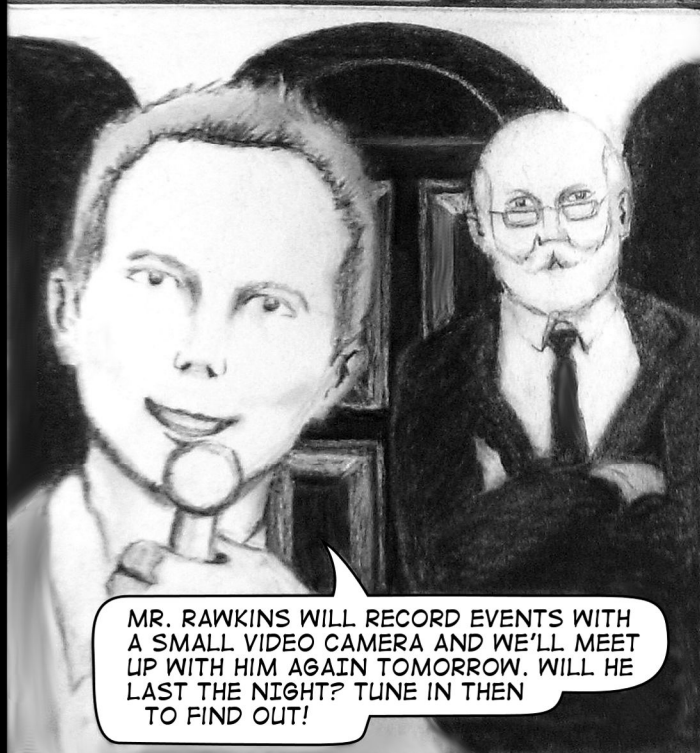
MR. RAWKINS, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING THE VIEWERS WHY YOU'RE HERE?

WELL, HAVING INVESTIGATED THE COUNTRY'S MOST NOTORIOUS "HAUNTED" HOUSES FOR MY NEW BOOK, IT WOULD BE RATHER *AMISS* OF ME TO LEAVE OUT JACKSON HALL.



AND YOU'RE PLANNING ON SPENDING THE NIGHT? AREN'T YOU WORRIED ABOUT THE *STORIES*?

I'VE EXPERIENCED *NOTHING* AT THE OTHER SITES WHICH COULD BE CONSIDERED EVEN *REMOTELY* SUPERNATURAL. I DOUBT JACKSON HALL WILL BE ANY DIFFERENT.



MR. RAWKINS WILL RECORD EVENTS WITH A SMALL VIDEO CAMERA AND WE'LL MEET UP WITH HIM AGAIN TOMORROW. WILL HE LAST THE NIGHT? TUNE IN THEN TO FIND OUT!

THE NIGHT PASSED WITHOUT INCIDENT UNTIL JUST AFTER 1AM...



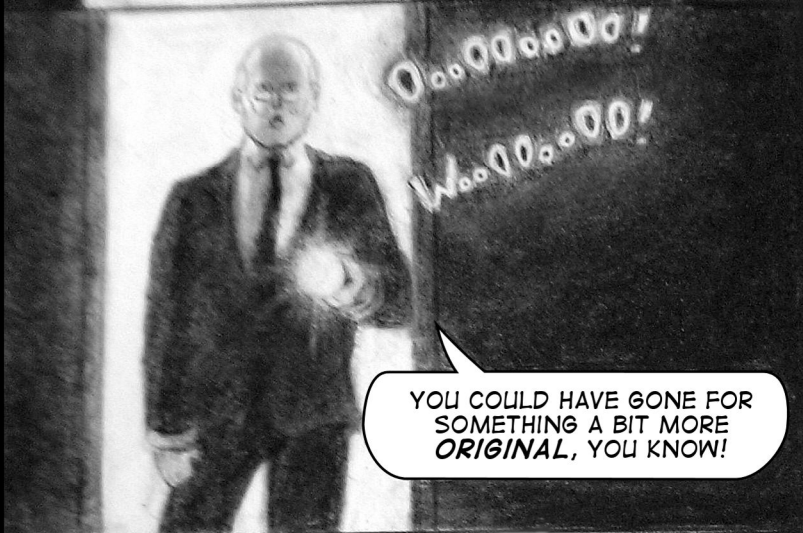
WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?



OH, I SEE... SOMEONE'S TRYING TO CREEP ME OUT WITH BUMPS IN THE NIGHT AND GHOSTLY WAILING! WELL THAT WON'T WORK ON ME!



LET ME JUST GET THE *CAMERA* AND I'LL SOON SORT... WHAT?!? THE BATTERY'S *DEAD!* IT SHOULD'VE HAD *HOURS* LEFT! CHEAP *RUBBISH!*



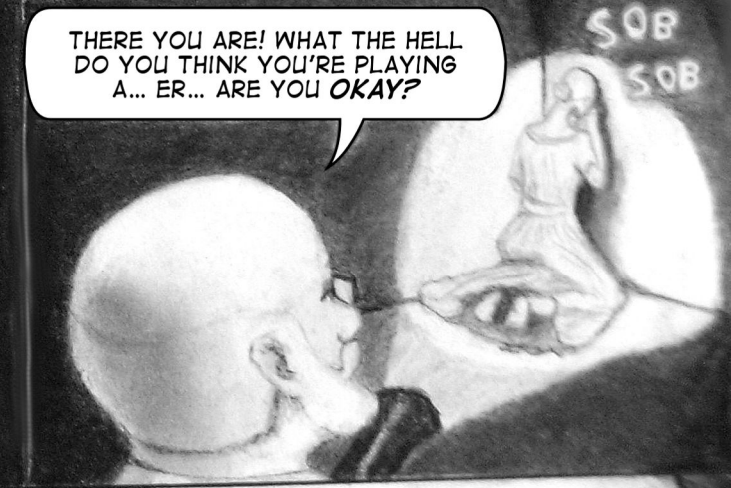
YOU COULD HAVE GONE FOR SOMETHING A BIT MORE *ORIGINAL*, YOU KNOW!



WHO THE DEVIL...?

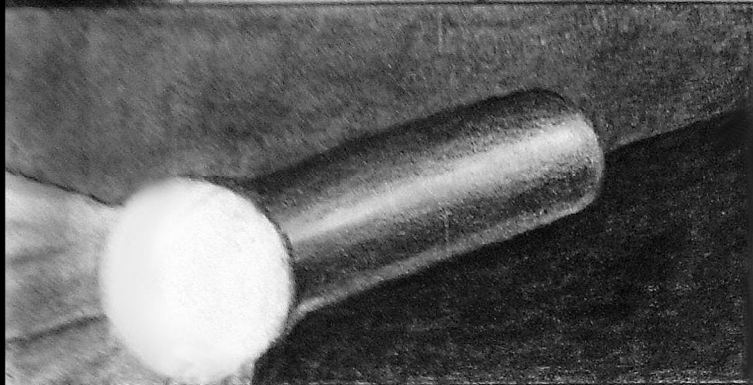
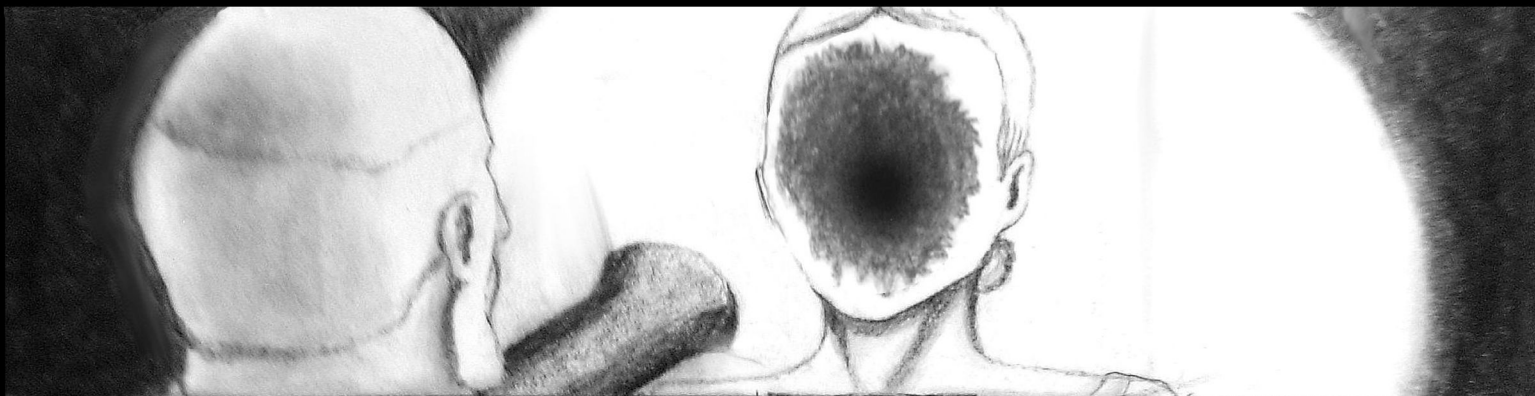


WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME WITH THIS NONSENSE! I'M STAYING PUT UNTIL MORNING!



THERE YOU ARE! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING A... ER... ARE YOU *OKAY?*





NEXT MORNING...



IT'S TIME TO SEE IF CELEBRITY SCEPTIC, JAMES RAWKINS HAS MANAGED TO SPEND THE ENTIRE NIGHT WITHIN THE WALLS OF JACKSON HALL WITHOUT BEING GRABBED BY THE GHOULIES!



SPEAK OF THE DEVIL...
HERE'S THE MAN HIMSELF.



SO, MR. RAWKINS? WHAT'S THE VERDICT? DID YOU SEE ANYTHING *UNTOWARD*?

...NOTHING...
THERE WAS NOTHING THERE...



WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT FOLKS! IT APPEARS WE LITERALLY HAVE *NOTHING TO FEAR!*

...nothing there
at all...

END.

NEW

CHAT TO DEMONICALLY POSSESSED WOMEN!

HOT AS HELL

*All calls monitored by an ordained priest.

"I'll swallow your SL!"**

0909 8790 663

"Your mother *** a llama ***** in HELL!"**

0909 8790 664

"I've got a FILTHY MOUTH because of all the projectile vomiting."

0909 8790 665

X RATED! OVER 18s ONLY

Calls may cost your immortal soul or up to £2 per minute

LIVE GHOST CHAT

(Well, not "live" exactly...)

"Hear me moan!"

0306 9990 013

"Hear me groan!"

0306 9990 014

"Hear me rattle my chains about a bit."

0306 9990 015

Calls cost 5 ducats per minute. All calls recorded on stone tapes.

CALL NOW TO HAVE THE WILLIES PUT UP YOU!

DEADVERTISEMENT

From the publishers of 'Readers Digested' and 'Bela' magazine!

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Your Favourite Vampire Women's Weekly

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Take a Bite

WIN! A DELUXE COFFIN PLUS

- £2000 in capes
- Winter Holiday in The Arctic
- Some dirt

I walked with A ZOMBIE
It was the worst hiking holiday ever

STAKED by my own boyfriend
It really stung

I can walk around in DAYLIGHT!

It's a bit over-rated
Sick of black pudding?

New recipes using blood

My baby was half human
I HAD NO IDEA THE FATHER WAS JUST A FREAKY GOTH

9 ways to BOOST your evil powers

Dhampir in diapers

ALL FOR UNDER £2

MIK 2019

Fed Up?
Tuck Into
Take a Bite

Featuring

True Afterlife Stories!

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Absolutely NO Crosswords!
(Just to be on the safe side.)



BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS "HALLOWSCREAM!" issue twelve Hallowe'en 2020.

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

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