

BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS

HALLOWSCREAM!



2009 HALLOWE'EN SPECIAL



ISSUE ONE



FREE!



THRILLS!



CHILLS!



SPILLS!



IT'S NOT FOR THE NERVOUS!



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DIE... TINY PUNY INSECTS! HEE, HEE, HE!



SPLAT!

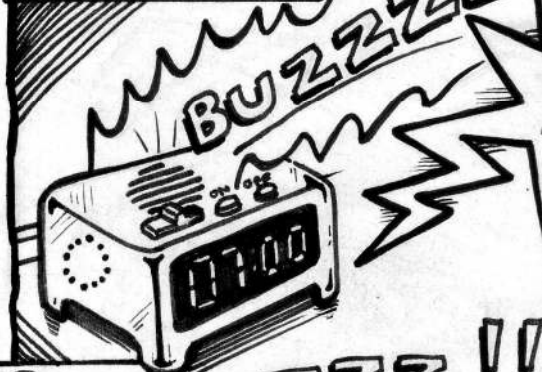


WAKE UP KENNY... IT'S TIME TO GET UP! DON'T BE LATE FOR SCHOOL!



AW MUM... I WAS HAVING SUCH A GOOD DREAM!

A WHILE LATER...



EMERGENCY NEWSFLASH! REPORTS ARE FLOODING IN... A SWARM OF GIANT INSECTS ARE WREAKING HAVOC ACROSS THE COUNTRY... YOU ARE ADVISED TO LOCK ALL WINDOWS AND-



OH BUZZ OFF!

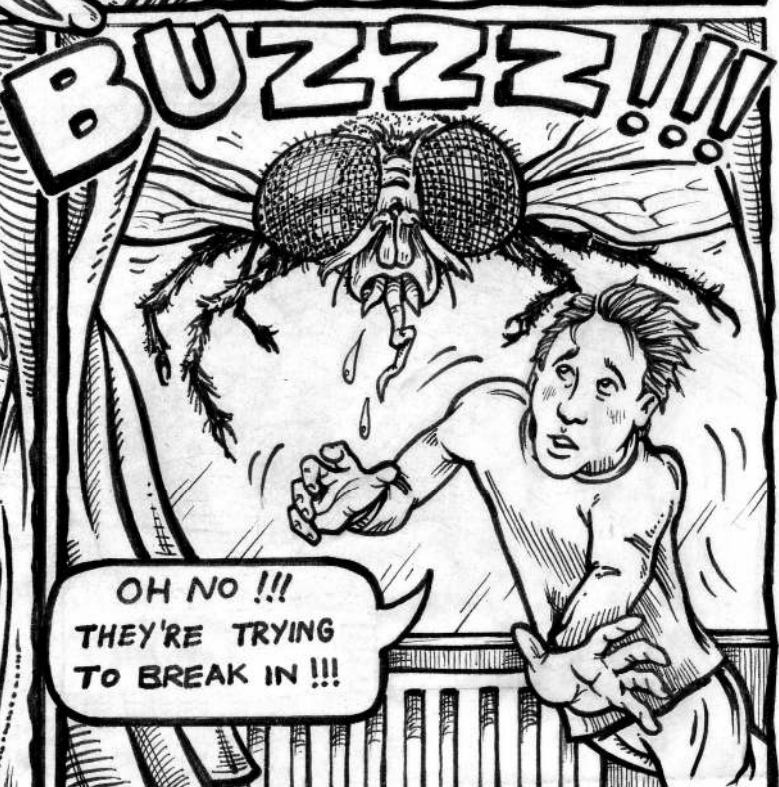


WHAT THE? I JUST TURNED THE ALARM OFF!!! WHAT'S MAKING ALL THAT NOISE?!?!

YEAH RIGHT, MUST BE A JOKE, HA! NOW WHERE WAS I? AH YES, BACK TO SLEEP... SWEET DREAMS..Zzzz

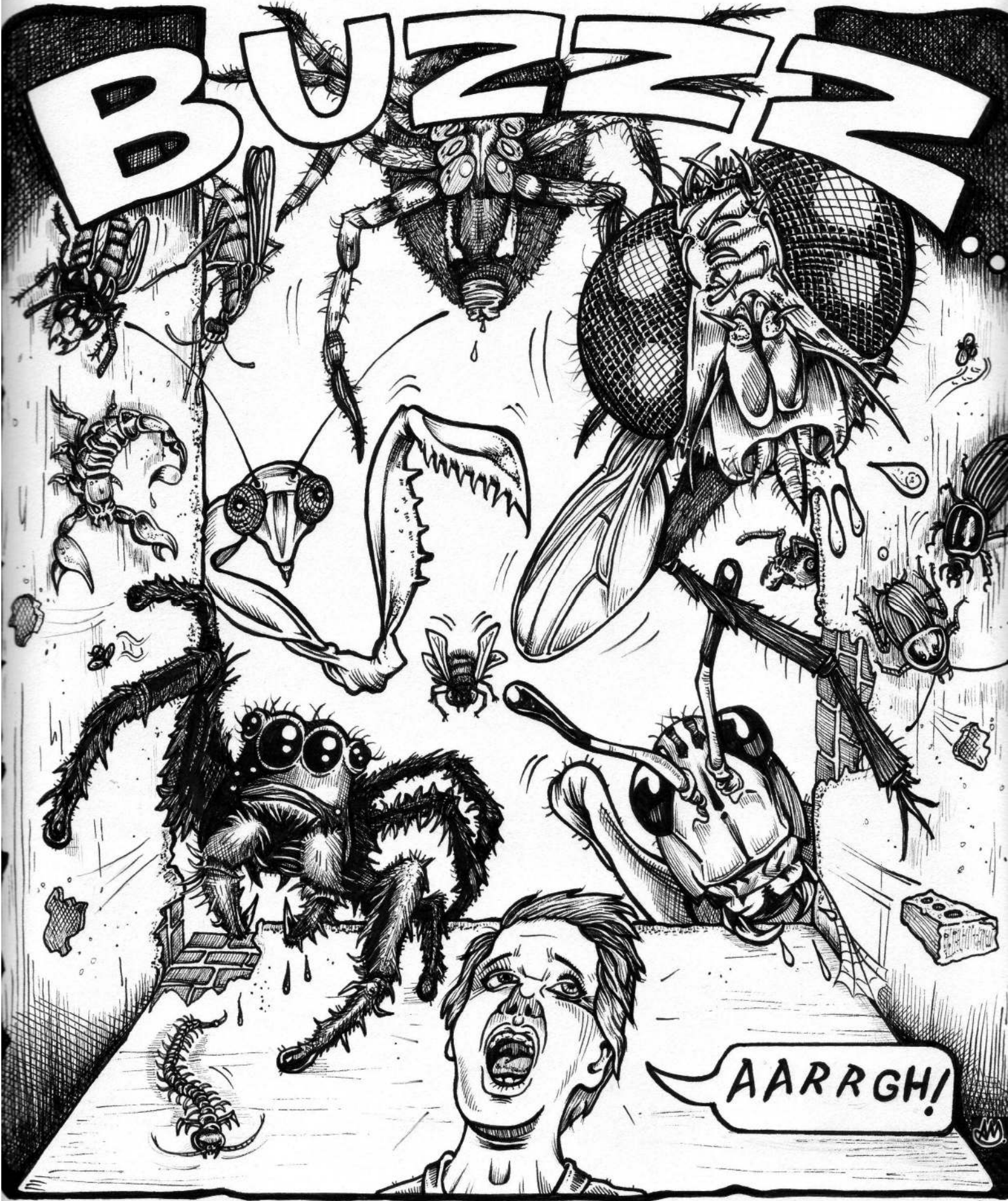


AW CRAP... I SHOULD'VE GONE TO SCHOOL!!!



OH NO!!! THEY'RE TRYING TO BREAK IN!!!

BUZZZZZ



THE END!
STORY: TIM WEST!
ART: ANDREW MILNE!

5 may - I am an hour early...



No sign of the calèche yet...



This was going to be a long wait...



...or maybe not!



My mind must have been wandering for I did not hear the calèche approach!





At last some time for reflection...



The old woman in the village...

gave me her crucifix...



for protection...

against vampires...



and werewolves?!?



The local superstitions are getting to me!



But you can never be too careful!

Seriously though...



It wasn't long before we came to a stop and the coachman politely asked me to...

GET OUT!!!





Almost there...
From here it's just
a short walk...



through this
eerie garden.



That's strange....



I have this funny feeling...



That I'm being watched!





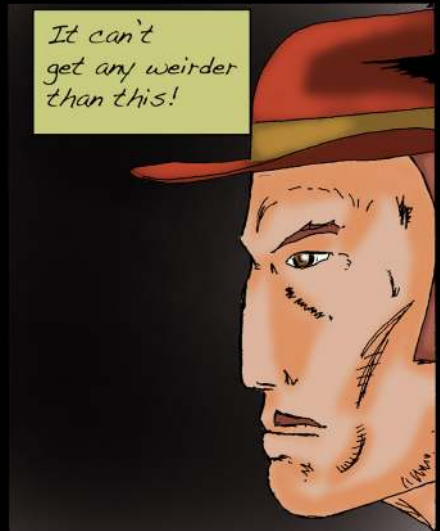
HIII-YAAAA!!!



Nothing there...
I must be
going crazy!



Maybe the
mountain air
is making me
hallucinate?!?



It can't
get any weirder
than this!



Oh well...
I had at last
safely reached
my destination...



Bran Castle...

also known as...

Castle Dracula!

My name is
Jonathan Harker...
This may be the
last you ever hear
from me.

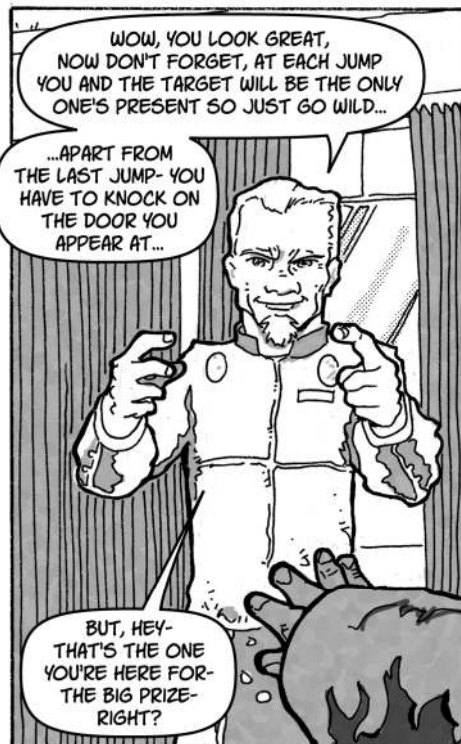
Dracula

words and art by
rattan bhagwandin

TIME FORNERS

Writer: Rory Kavanagh

Art & Letters: Bolt-01



HOW NOT TO SELL YOUR HAUNTED HOUSE

Poem by Shaun Avery
Art by J McMonagle

I answered the door
I was all by myself
And staring up at me
I saw a small elf
'My teeth are so sharp
And they'll bite you with glee
I think you'd be best off
If you sold to me'
As greetings go
I wish he'd been more nice
But anyway he bolted
When he saw the price

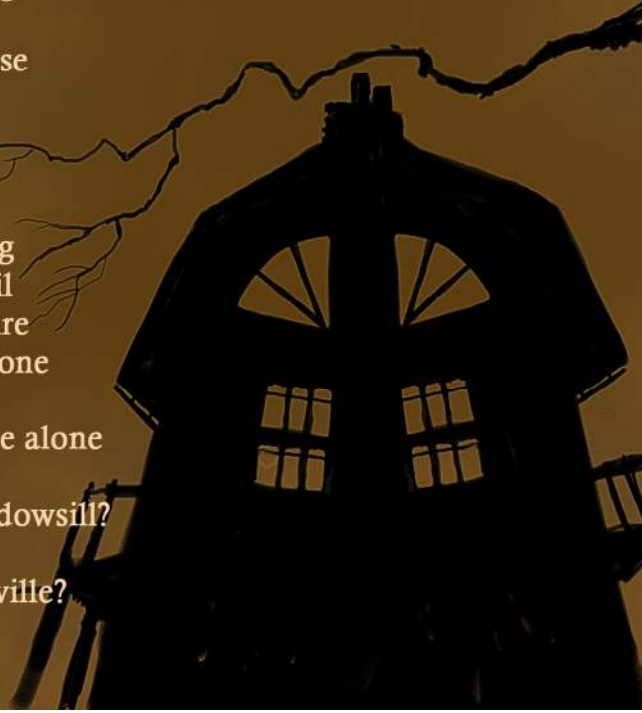


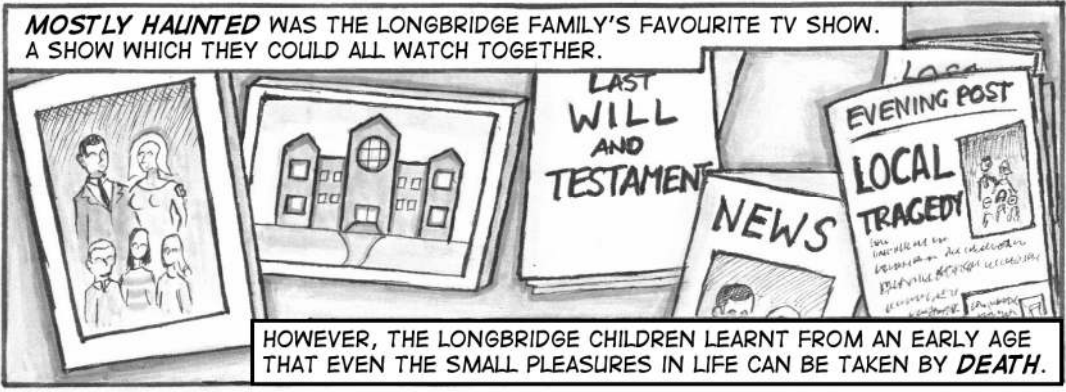
I sat at the table
Alone I sat in
I opened up the door
And there stood a goblin
'Much cash do I hold
And I'd love to live here
Sell me this house
Or I'll cause you fear!
Well, I don't take threats
Oh no, not at all
Plus I'd never sell my house
To a creature so small



Wearily, I lay still
Unmoving on the ground
I looked through the window
And I saw the clown
'I need to hide
And this seems a good place
Let me live here
Or I'll show my true face!
But I closed the door
Hoping things wouldn't get worse
I only hope
He didn't leave me a curse

I'm still in this house
So desperate for a sale
But the last guy enquiring
Had a pitchfork and a tail
His breath smelled like fire
And his body like brimstone
But since I told him no
His friends don't leave me alone
How long will I sit
Waiting by this cold windowsill?
Oh why did I ever
Buy this house in Amityville?

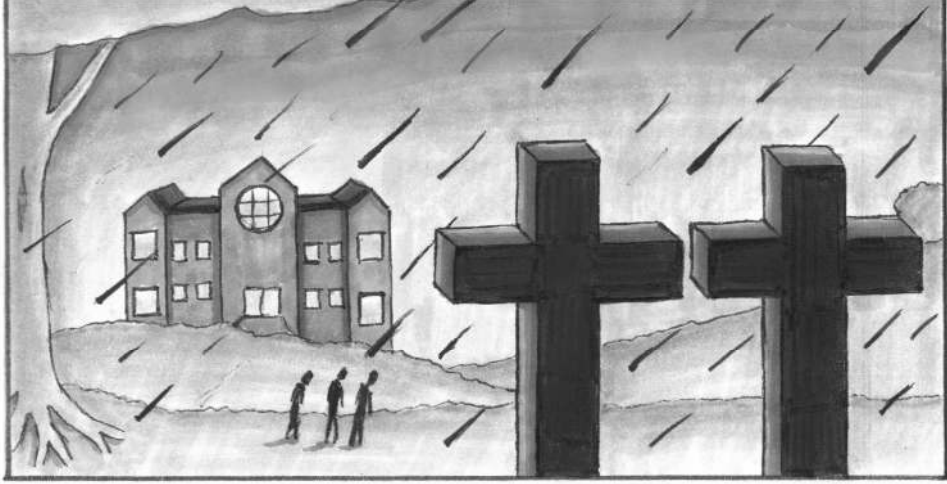




MOSTLY HAUNTED WAS THE LONGBRIDGE FAMILY'S FAVOURITE TV SHOW. A SHOW WHICH THEY COULD ALL WATCH TOGETHER.

HOWEVER, THE LONGBRIDGE CHILDREN LEARNT FROM AN EARLY AGE THAT EVEN THE SMALL PLEASURES IN LIFE CAN BE TAKEN BY **DEATH**.

EVER SINCE THEIR PARENTS DIED IN A HORRIFIC CAR ACCIDENT LAST YEAR, **CLARA**, **CHARLES** AND **ELANOR** LONGBRIDGE HAD BECOME SADDENED AND WITHDRAWN.

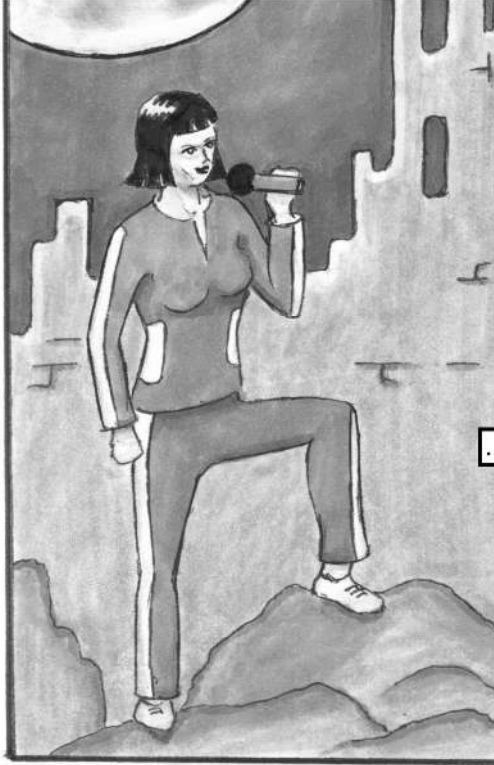


THEIR ONLY JOY WOULD BE FOR ONE HOUR EACH WEEK WHEN **MRS HATTER**, THE CHILDREN'S NANNY, WOULD ALLOW THEM TO WATCH **MOSTLY HAUNTED** ON TELEVISION.

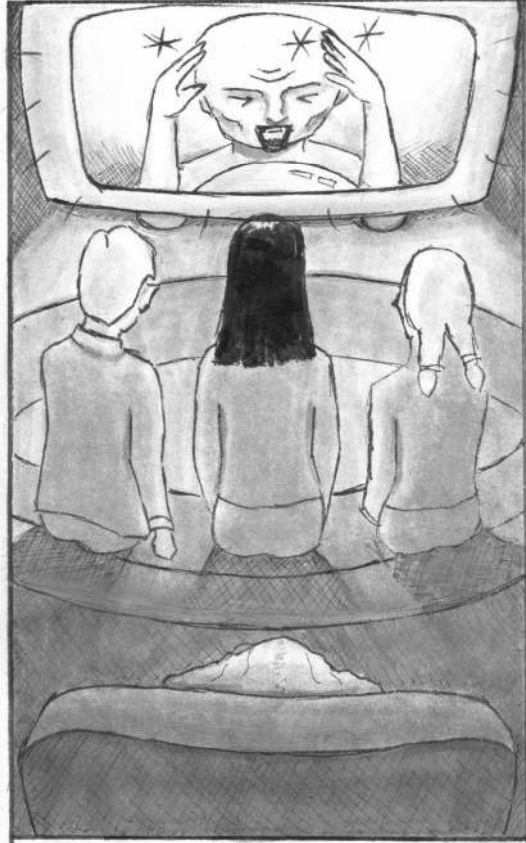


EACH WEEK THE SASSY YOUNG PRESENTER, **TRISHA REED**, WOULD VISIT HAUNTED BUILDINGS AROUND THE LAND AND CAPTURE EVIDENCE OF MYSTERIOUS EVENTS ON CAMERA.

ACCOMPANYING MISS REED ON HER SPOOKY ADVENTURES WAS **GORDON LIGHTWATER**, A GIFTED PSYCHIC MEDIUM WHO COULD DETECT SUPERNATURAL ACTIVITY...



...AND COMMUNICATE **WITH THE DEAD!**



OF THE SHOW'S TWO GREAT STARS, IT WAS **GORDON LIGHTWATER** WHO WAS THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE.

ONE EVENING...

CHARLIE, ARE MUM AND DAD WAITING FOR US IN HEAVEN?

I HOPE SO, ELANOR. I MISS THEM SO MUCH.

I WISH WE COULD SEE THEM AGAIN, OR TALK TO THEM JUST LIKE GORDON LIGHTWATER CAN!



I KNOW! LET'S SEND A LETTER TO THE TV STATION!

BRILLIANT IDEA, CLARA! WE CAN ASK MRS HATTER TO WRITE IT FOR US.



IF WE TELL THEM HOW MUCH WE MISS MUM AND DAD, MOSTLY HAUNTED WILL COME TO LONGBRIDGE HALL!

YIPPEE!!



MOSTLY HAUNTED HQ...

HEY, GORDON! YOU MUST HAVE A LOOK AT THIS!

YOU'VE GOT THAT EVIL GLINT IN YOUR EYE AGAIN, TRISHA. I CAN **SENSE** THAT YOU'RE UP TO NO GOOD!

OH, SHUT UP YOU BIG FRAUD AND READ THE LETTER.

THIS STORY IS **PERFECT**, GORDON! TV GOLD! A REAL RATINGS WINNER!

OH, YES... WE COULD TERRIFY THESE KIDS AND THEN I COULD PRETEND TO RE-UNITE THEM WITH THEIR PARENTS. TRISH, YOU'RE A **GENIUS!**

IF YOU ROLL YOUR EYES AROUND AND WAVE YOUR HANDS ABOUT A BIT, THOSE KIDS ARE BOUND TO FALL FOR IT!

PRIME TIME TV, HERE WE COME!



WELL I DON'T THINK THIS IS A GOOD IDEA MISS REED.

NONSENSE! THINK OF THE CHILDREN!

WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO...



I'VE JUST OVERHEARD MRS HATTER ON THE PHONE. **MOSTLY HAUNTED** IS COMING **HERE, NEXT WEEK!**

NO WAY! COOL!



GORDON IS COMING! CAN WE SPEAK TO MUM AND DAD AGAIN? CAN WE?

I HOPE SO, ELANOR. THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL!



THE BIG DAY ARRIVES...

THEY'RE HERE!
THEY'RE HERE!

LAST ONE
DOWNSTAIRS
IS A LOSER!



OK. **MARVIN**, YOU GO GET SOME SHOTS OF THIS MISERABLE MANSION.

JOSH, YOU'RE WITH ME. I WANT TO DO AN INTERVIEW WITH THAT MAD OLD BAT OF A HOUSEKEEPER

I'LL GO SPOOK THE CHILDREN.



GREETINGS, MY YOUNG BELIEVERS. I AM GORDON LIGHTWATER, THE GREAT PSYCHIC MEDIUM!

HELLO. MY NAME IS...

WAIT... THE SPIRITS ARE TALKING TO ME... YOUR NAME... IS **CHARLES!**



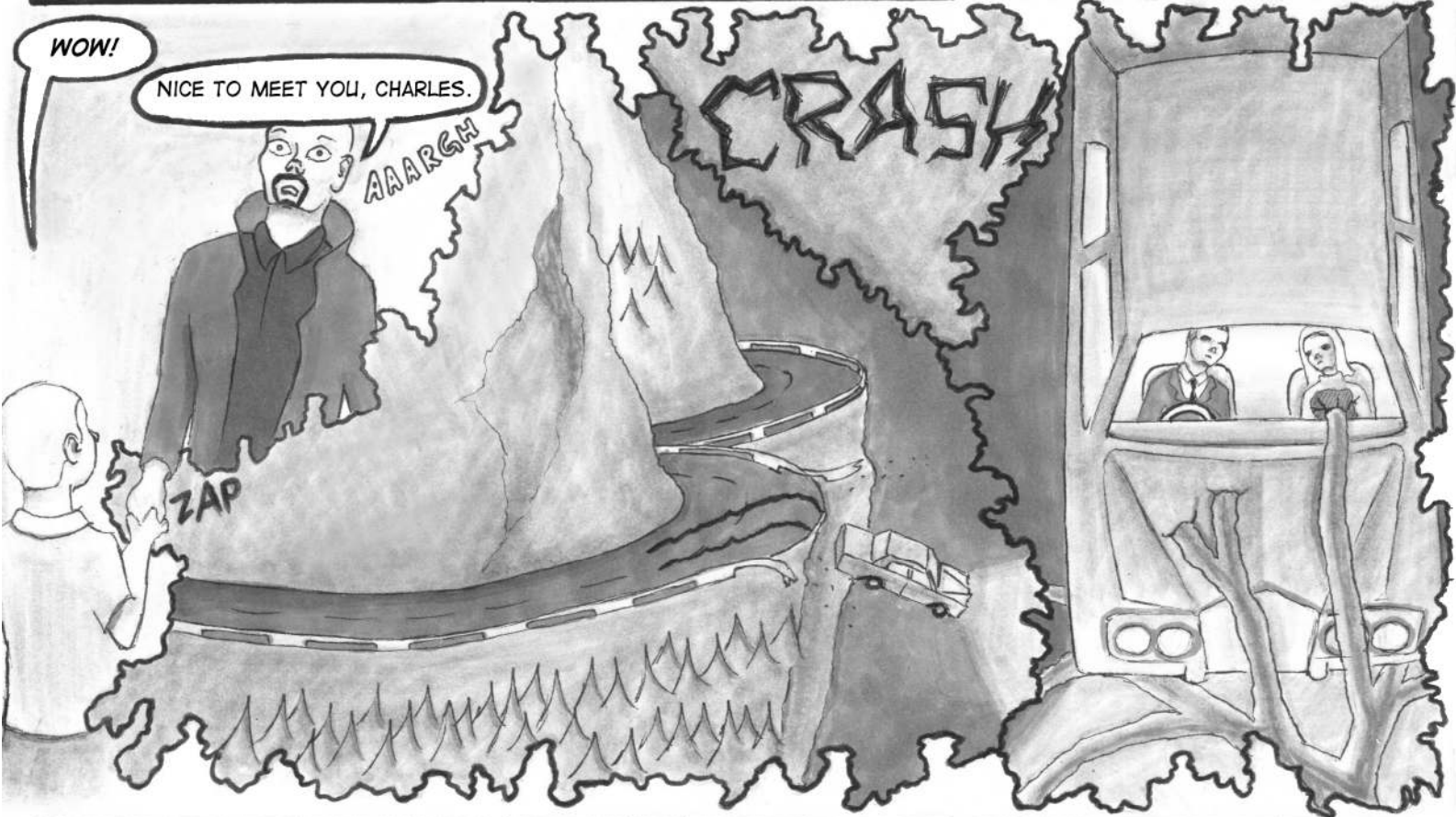
WOW!

NICE TO MEET YOU, CHARLES.

AAARGH

ZAP

CRASH



OH NO! WHY DID THEY HAVE TO DIE? SOB, SOB! I...I... WHAT JUST HAPPENED? ...I...I SAW... SO MUCH PAIN! I DON'T UNDERSTAND! SOB, SOB! I MUST FIND TRISHA!



...AS MOSTLY HAUNTED ATTEMPTS TO RE-UNITE THESE BRAVE CHILDREN WITH THEIR PARENTS!

OH TRISH! THANK GOODNESS I'VE FOUND YOU! SOMETHING

HAPPENED! I SAW ... I MEAN, I FELT THE CHILDREN'S PARENTS... OH, SUCH A LOSS... THE PAIN... SO TERRIBLE!

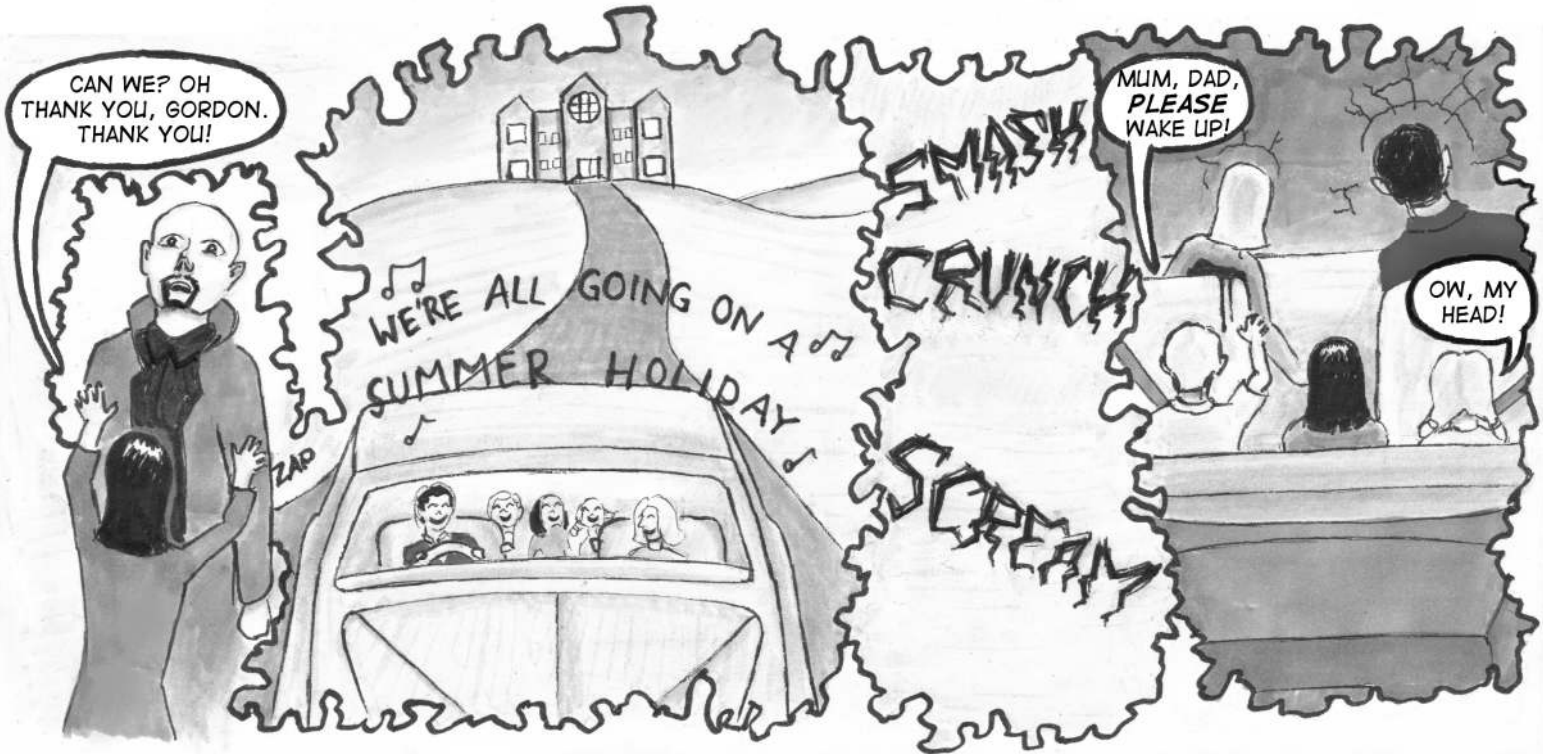


WE'RE NOT QUITE READY FOR YOUR SCENES YET, GORDON. AH, HERE COME THE CHILDREN!

JOSH, ARE WE STILL ROLLING? OK. GOOD.

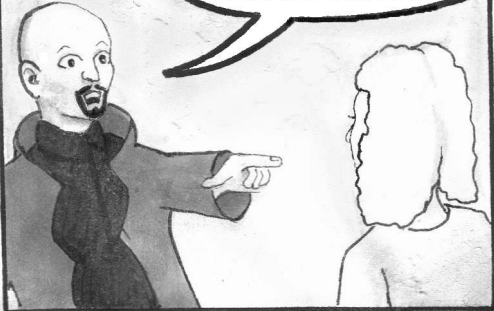
SO CHILDREN, ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO TALKING TO YOUR MUMMY AND DADDY AGAIN?





OH MY GOD! MRS HATTER, IT WAS YOU!

YOU SABOTAGED THE CAR BECAUSE THE LONGBRIDGES FIRED YOU! YOU KILLED THEIR PARENTS! YOU'RE EVIL! EVIL!



THEY WERE TAKING YOU AWAY FROM ME, MY DARLINGS! I COULDN'T BEAR FOR US TO BE APART! IF I CAN'T LOVE YOU THEN NO-ONE CAN!

THEN, A MIRACLE! YOU CAME BACK TO ME, MY LOVELIES. SOMEHOW, YOU ALL CAME HOME!



YOU REALLY ARE A CRAZY OLD BAT! OH GOSH. WHAT'S HAPPENING?



MUMMY AND DADDY!!

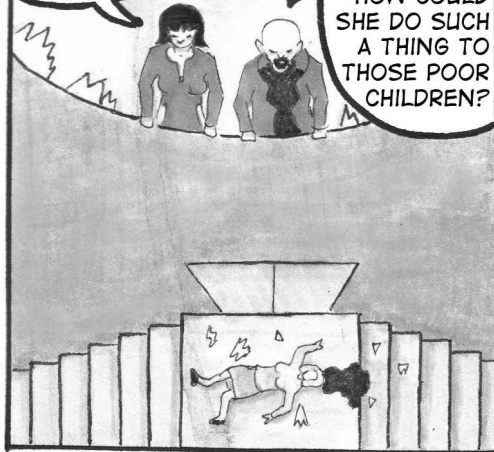
ESMERELDA! YOU BETRAYED US!

NO! KEEP THEM AWAY! AAAHH!



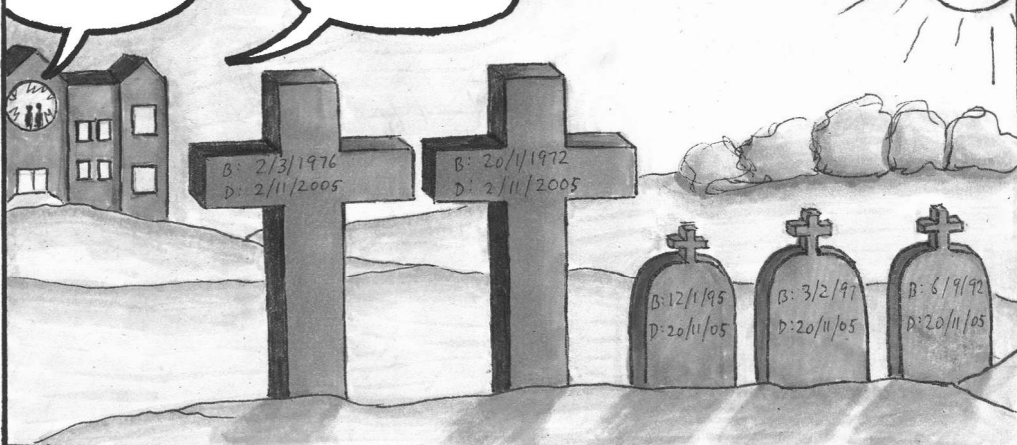
OUCH! SHE'S DEAD!

WELL GOOD RIDDANCE! HOW COULD SHE DO SUCH A THING TO THOSE POOR CHILDREN?



HEY, WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN??

CHILDREN??



B: 2/3/1976
D: 2/11/2005

B: 20/1/1972
D: 2/11/2005

B: 12/1/95
D: 20/11/05

B: 3/2/97
D: 20/11/05

B: 6/9/92
D: 20/11/05



A GRIM TALE!

GREETINGS, MORTALS! IT IS I, **THE REAPER**, WITH A SMALL, YET PERFECTLY **DEFORMED**, STORY FOR YOUR DELECTATION. IF YOU GO DOWN TO THE WOODS TODAY, YOU MAY BE IN FOR A **NASTY SURPRISE** IF YOU HAPPEN TO BUMP INTO...

...ARTHUR!



MY NAME IS ARTHUR AND I AM THE LAST OF MY KIND.



I THINK I'M SOME SORT OF **GOBLIN** OR SOMETHING.



I LIVE IN THE WOODS AND I **EAT** PEOPLE.

PEOPLE LIKE *THIS* CHAP.



HOLD ON THOUGH... SOMETHING'S AMISS!



IT IS NOT TERROR WHICH CAUSES HIS EYES TO BULGE, NOR FEAR HIS BODY TO TREMBLE...

SOMETHING'S *WRONG* WITH HIM!



WH - WHAT **ARE** YOU?

MY NAME IS LAWRENCE AND I'M A **WEREWOLF.**

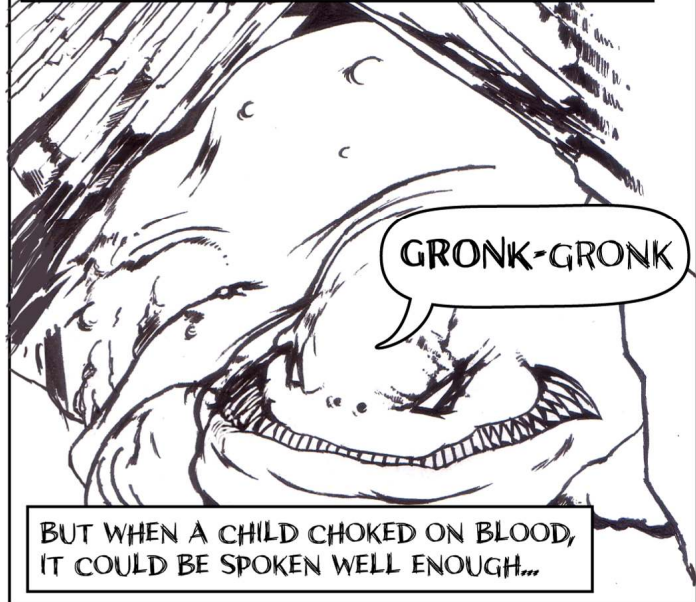


THERE ONCE WAS AN EVIL THING THAT LIVED UNDER A ROCK.



GRONK

THIS THING HAD A NAME UNPRONOUNCEABLE TO THE HUMAN TONGUE...



GRONK-GRONK

BUT WHEN A CHILD CHOKED ON BLOOD, IT COULD BE SPOKEN WELL ENOUGH...

GLUBBLEBLUGG

A CAUTIONARY TALE BY: MATTHEW MCLAUGHLIN

ART/LETTERS: CONOR BOYLE

GLUBBLEBLUGG SELDOM LEFT ITS NEST.

GLUBBLEBLUGG SELDOM DID ANYTHING AT ALL.

BESIDES DREAMING OF EATING THE TENDER FLESH OF CHILDREN.



BLREEET!
BLREEET!

BLREEET!

THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER ROUSED GLUBBLEBLUGG FROM ITS NAP.

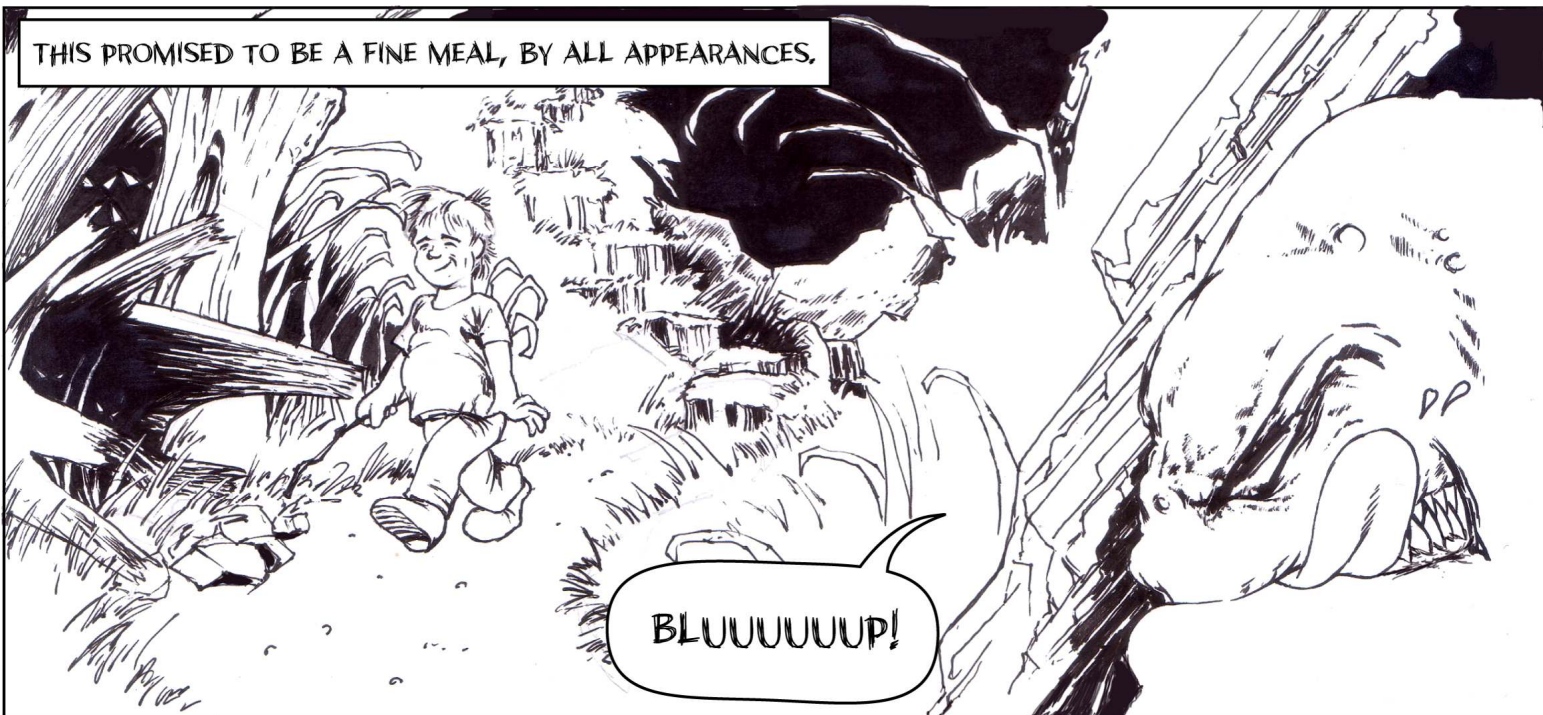
SUCH A HAPPY NOISE AND LITTLE VOICE COULD ONLY MEAN...

HA-HA! HEE-HEE-HEE!
GIGGLE-GIGGLE!

BLUUURP?



THIS PROMISED TO BE A FINE MEAL, BY ALL APPEARANCES.



BLUUUUUUP!

DESPITE ITS GENERAL SLOTH, GLUBBLEBLUGG COULD BE QUITE QUICK WHEN HUNGRY.



HELP! HEEEEEEEEEEELP!

BLURGLE,
GLUBBLE-GLUG!

'DELICIOUS,' THOUGHT GLUBBLEBLUGG. 'HERE IS ONE TO SAVOR.'



SLURGLE-SLORP!

NOOOOO!
PLEEEEEEASE!

SO GLUBBLEBLUGG ATE THE CHILD.



GLERKY-BLERK!

AAAAAAACK

MUNCH!
MUNCH!



GORK!
GORK!

SHLIPP
SHLIPP!

THE TASTY INSIDE BITS WERE
GLUBBLEBLUGG'S FAVOURITES.



GOKUM-GOKUM!
GLUK-GLUK!

RRRRRPPP!!

HOWEVER, IT
ENJOYED THE OUTSIDES
NEARLY JUST AS MUCH.



-CRAK!
-CRAK!
-CRAK!

GAK! GAK!

AND FINALLY, WHEN THE BONES WERE SUCKED DRY, GLUBBLEBLUGG FELL TO ALL FOURS TO LICK THE BLOOD FROM THE EARTH

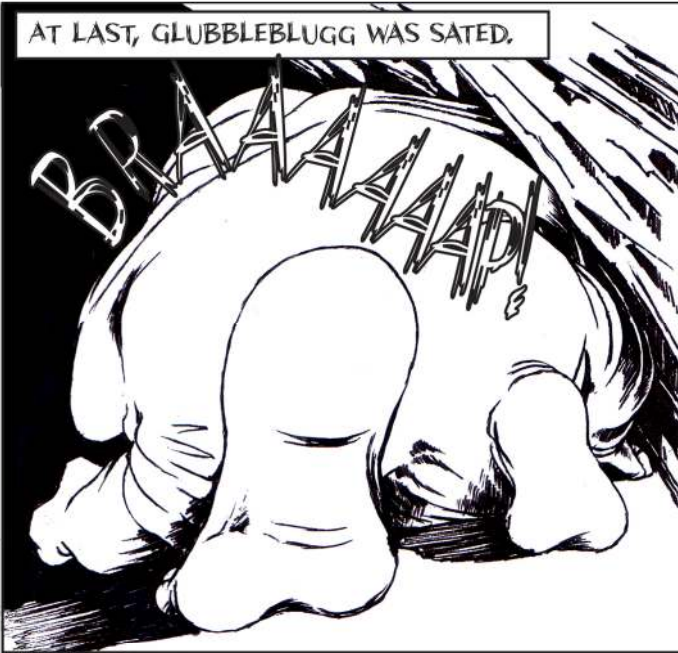


BRLORP, BRLORP, BRLORP.

GLUP GLUP
GLUP

'LEST NOTHING GO TO WASTE', IT REASONED

AT LAST, GLUBBLEBLUGG WAS SATIATED.



BRAAAAAD!

AH, SUCH LOVELY DREAMS.



BLREEET!
BLREEET!

BUT, ALAS, A DREAM NEVER FILLED GLUBBLEBLUGG'S BELLY.



GLRUMBLE, BRUMBLE.

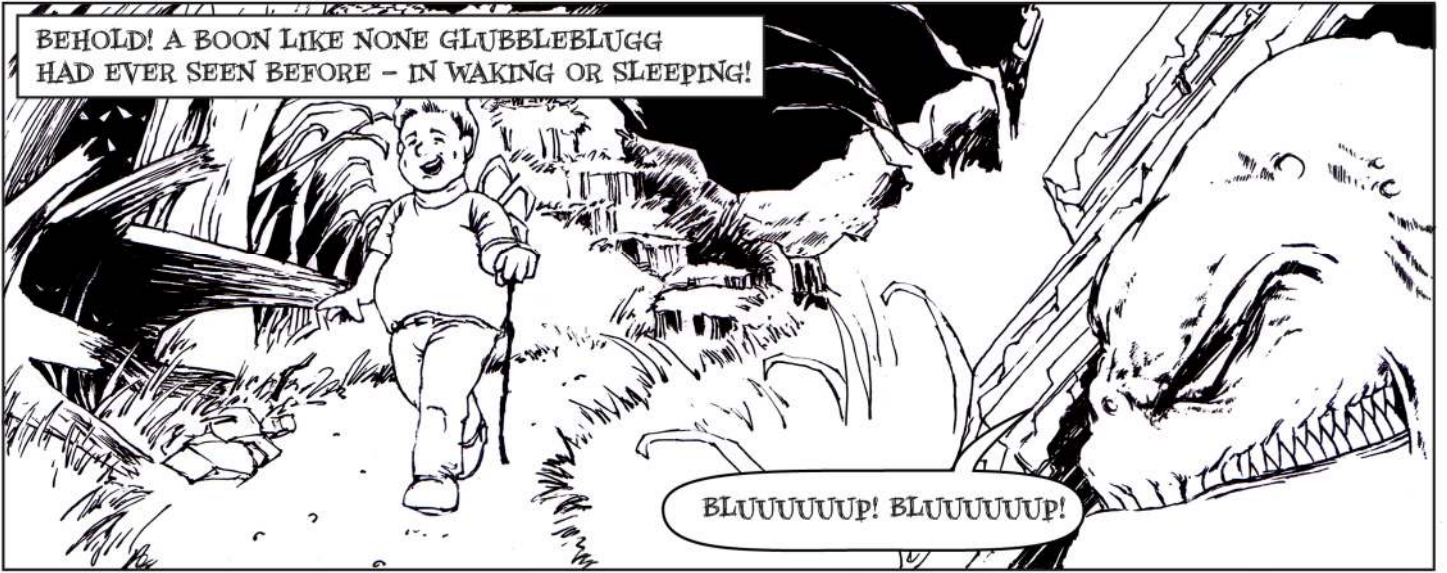
COULD IT BE? GLUBBLEBLUGG LISTENED INTENTLY...



CHORTLE-CHORTLE!
SNORT-SNORT!

BLUUURP?

BEHOLD! A BOON LIKE NONE GLUBBLEBLUGG
HAD EVER SEEN BEFORE - IN WAKING OR SLEEPING!



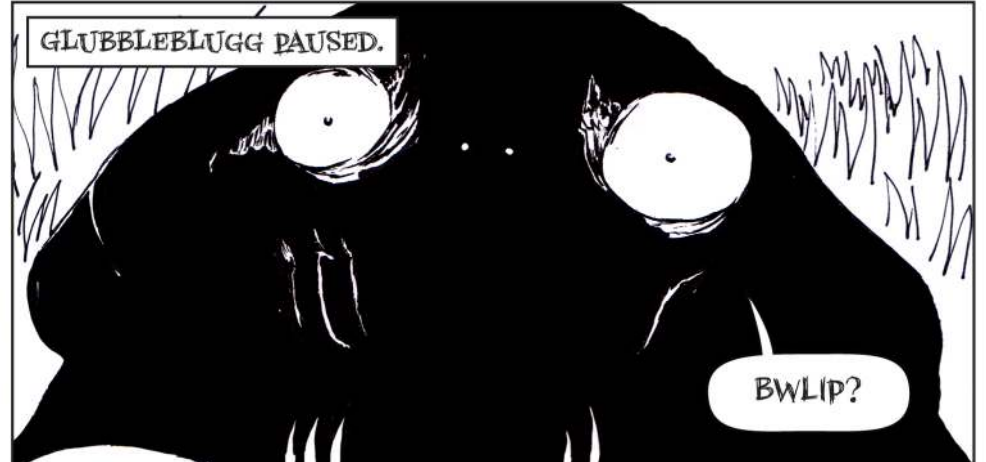
BLUUUUUUP! BLUUUUUUP!

A JUICY MORSEL, THIS!
A VERITABLE FEAST!



UUURG, GUUURG.

GLUBBLEBLUGG PAUSED.



BWLIP?



AND THUS GLUBBLEBLUGG,
EVIL THOUGH IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN,
WAS NOT QUITE THE MONSTER IT IMAGINED ITSELF.



THE END

EBGB 3

- 11.00 **MonsterChef** (S, Rpt)
- 12.00 **Werewolf Hospital** (S, Rpt)
- 1.55 **Mad Doctors** (S, Rpt)
- 2.25 **Murder, She Did** (S, Rpt)
- 3.25 **Children's EBGB**
- 5.00 3.30 In The Night Garden (S)
- 4.00 Dora The Gorer (S, Rpt)
- 4.20 Watch My Choppeds (S)
- 4.40 Oozeground (S)
- 4.50 Big Spook, Little Spook
- 5.00 **Frog It** Some bloke who used to be a drummer in a goth band transforms various antiques into amphibians using his magic goth powers! (S, Rpt)
- 6.00 **This Is Your Death**
NEW The return of the classic show in which notable people are taken by surprise. Who'll be in the big red book tonight? (S)
- 7.00 **Thing Watch** Bill Oddie and Kate Humble travel to Antarctica for a wildlife documentary with a difference. (S)
- 10.00 **Never Bind The Warlocks** Celebrity wizard panel game. Tonight's guests include Merlin, Dumbledore, Saruman and Bill Bailey. (S)



Darker, the otter.... 10.30

- 10.30 **Ring of Dark Water**
FILM Japanese Horror about the ghost of an otter who seeks revenge on the man who killed him. (130 minutes, 1996, U, S) Rating ***** See Films, page 102
- 12.30 **What Do You Think You Are** (S, Rpt)
- 1.30 **Noose 24** (S)
- 6.00

ZomBTV

- 6.00 **Breakfast**
BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAINS!!! (S)
- 10.00 **This Mourning**
Magazine show for the living impaired. (S)
- 12.00 **Lunchtime Voodoos**
followed by weather (S)
- 1.00 **Loose (bits of) Women**
Topical chat show hosted by disembodied limbs. (S)



Some zombie. 7.00

- 6.00 **Deadheads** A team of zombies go up against some of the country's cleverest brains. Brains. ...BRAINS!!! (S)
- 7.00 **Reanimated Corpses Do The Funniest Things** Hilarious mishaps and bloopers involving the walking dead. (S, Rpt)
- 8.00 **Mouldy City** Drama series set in a hospital for the undead. Director: Milly Rees (S)
- 9.00 **How Clean Is Your Crypt?** Filthy last resting places come under the scrutiny of Kim & Aggie's glare. (S, Rpt)
- 10.00 **Skinneds** Drama series. Lots of annoying, posh, teenage skeletons doing naughty things. (S)
- 11.00 **Rottery Update** (S)
- 12.00 **Things To Do In Denver When You're Dead** Travel show. (S)
- 1.00 **Rotting Hell** Romantic comedy starring Lou Grunt and Julia Rotbits. (1994, PG, S) Rating ***** See Films, page 102
- 3.00 **ZomBTV**
- 6.00 **Nightscream**

DIE 1

- 1.00 **Richard and Godzuki**
Chat Show. (S)
- 3.00 **A Place Anywhere But In The Sun** Lifestyle show for vampires looking to purchase a home abroad. (S)
- 4.00 **Build A New Life In The Country** Presented by Victor Frankenstein. (S, Rpt)
- 5.00 **Dead Or Not Dead**
Game show in which members of the public have to guess which of their relatives have been buried alive by selecting pine boxes which are then opened to reveal the answer. Hosted by Noel Edmonds. (S)
- 6.00 **You Are What You Eat** Cookery show for cannibals. (S)
- 8.00 **Dancing On Fire**
Celebrities are set on fire and prance around in a desperate attempt to extinguish the flames. (S)



Yum, yum. 10.00

- 10.00 **I'm A Celebrity, Please Don't Kill Me!**
NEW Famous people being tortured and forced to put horrible things in their mouths in the name of entertainment. (S)
- 11.00 **Evening Boos** Followed by weather. (S)
- 12.00 **Wife Swap** On tonight's show, the spouses of Frankenstein's monster and Dracula trade places, but the bride of Frankenstein is none too pleased to discover that Dracula has more than one partner. (S, Rpt)
- 2.00 **TeleChopping** Buy sharp implements from the comfort of your own home.
- 5.50

HELL'S BELLES

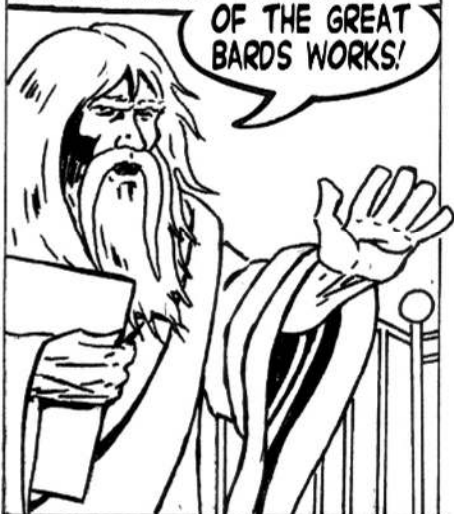
SCRIPT - DAVE HAILWOOD
ART - CHOW



Y'KNOW, IT'S FUNNY. WHEN ROMEO AND JULIET KILLED THEMSELVES IN THE NAME OF LOVE, IT WAS SEEN TO BE THIS GREAT ACT OF PASSION; THE ULTIMATE SYMBOL OF THE TRAGIC DEPTHS LOVE AND DESPAIR CAN DRIVE A MAN.

BUT WHEN I DID SOMETHING SIMILAR, THEY DOUBLE BOLTED THE GATES OF HEAVEN AND SET SATAN'S LAPDOGS ON MY HEELS.

LISTEN PAL! TAKING YOUR OWN LIFE SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU WERE DATING A NECROPHILLIAC AND WANTED TO GET TO THIRD BASE IS HARDLY REMINISCENT OF THE GREAT BARDS WORKS!



SO THAT'S WHY I'M HERE HOTWIRING A HONDA IN HELL...



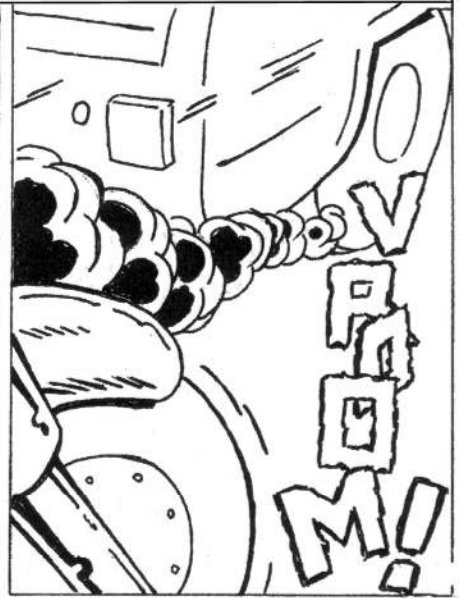
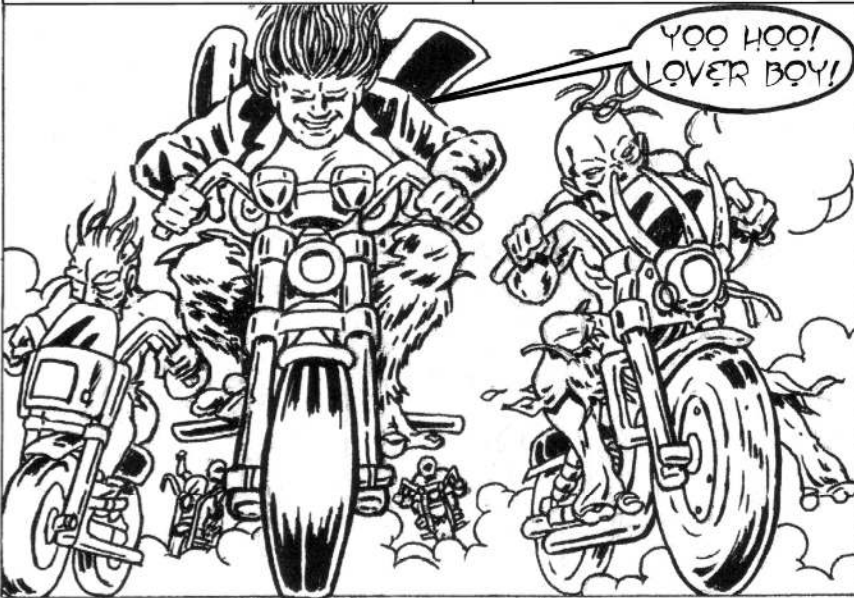
COME ON!
COME ON!

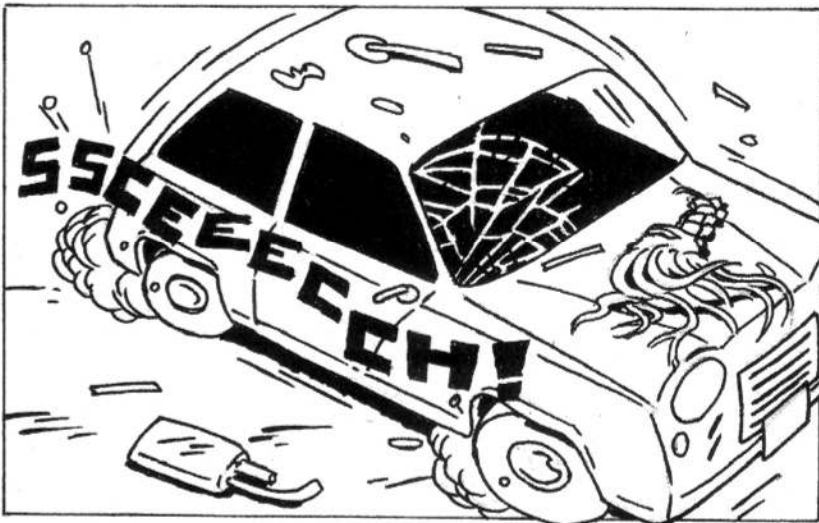
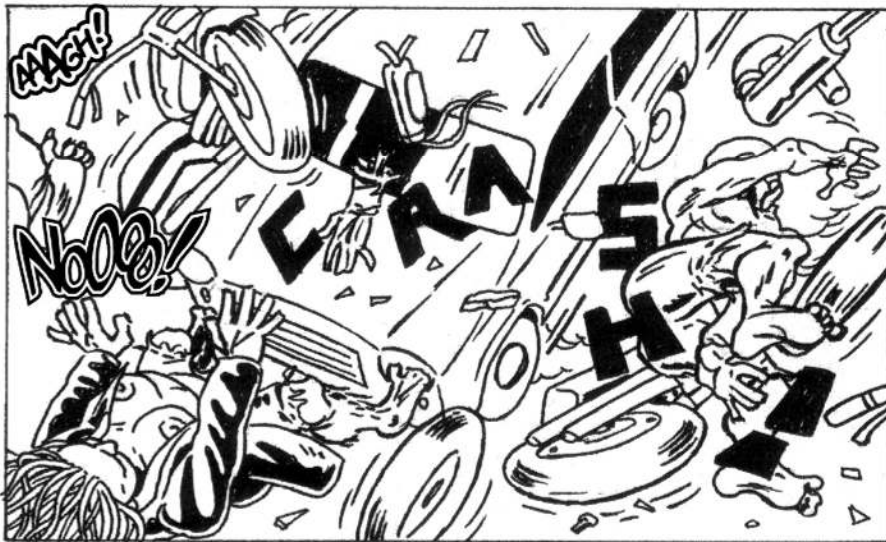
"GIT YER MOTA-H RUNNIN"



PURSUED BY THE HELL'S BELLES;
SEX STARVED SOUL EATING
SISTERS OF SATAN!

WHILST MY BODY'S UP THERE HAVING THE TIME OF ITS LIFE,
I'M DOWN HERE, FENDING OFF THE WORST LOOKING BUNCH
OF WOMEN SINCE BAYWATCH WAS REMADE IN BOGNOR





The Golem Rises

STORY: MISTER ROBERTS ART: SIMON MACKIE



THURSDAY, 16TH NOVEMBER 1967 - THE GROUNDS OF THE BRITISH SPACE RESEARCH CENTRE



WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

IT WAS INTENDED TO BE AN ATOMIC BOMB SHELTER BUT IT RAN OVER BUDGET AND WAS ABANDONED, NO ONE WAS AWARE THAT HE WAS USING IT.



WERE YOU AWARE OF PROFESSOR JANUS'S INTEREST IN THE OCCULT?

NO, I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT. HE WORKED HERE AS AN ECONOMIST INFLUENCED BY JACQUES REUFF...

NEVER HEARD OF HIM



FRENCH CHAP - PERSUADED DE GAULLE TO SELL DOLLARS FOR GOLD - ARGUED WE SHOULD DO THE SAME HERE OTHERWISE WE WERE BANKROLLING THE INDOCHINA WAR AND WOULD END UP DEVALUING THE STIRLING - NOT WHAT THE TREASURY WANTED TO HEAR.



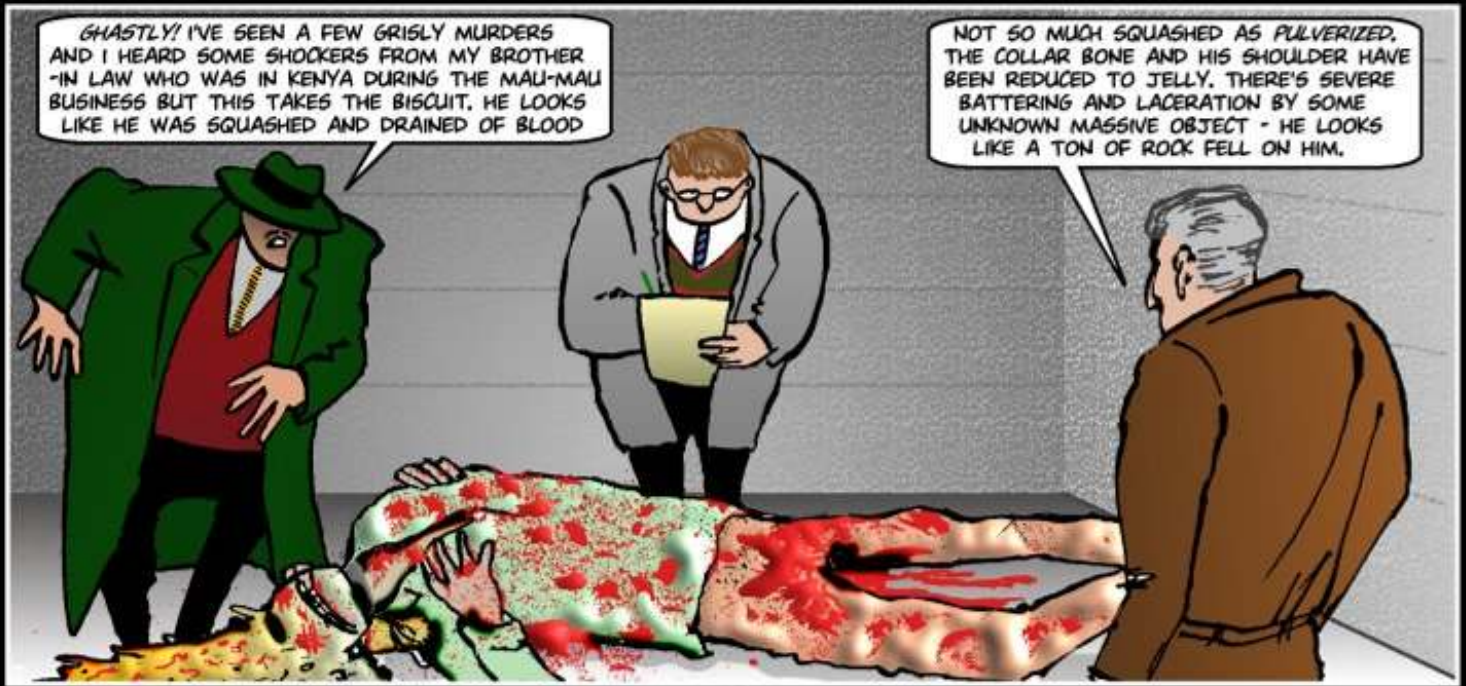
DON'T KNOW THAT I FOLLOW THAT, BUT UNPOPULAR YOU SAY - MOTIVE PERHAPS?

NO - HIS VIEWS ON THAT WERE NO SECRET ANYWAY.



WHAT DO WE HAVE THEN, DR. BURROUGHS?

IT'S JANUS ALRIGHT. WHAT'S LEFT MATCH THE DENTAL RECORDS.



SATURDAY MORNING - TWO DAYS LATER

HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING FROM THOSE BOOKS OF JANUS'S?

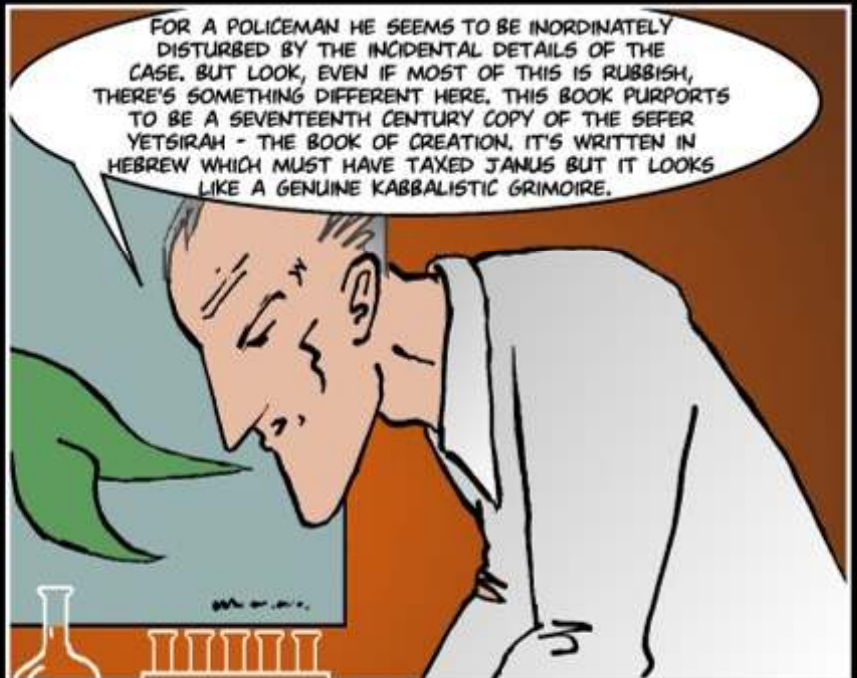
A TOHI-BOHU OF CONTEMPORARY OCCULTISM - CRAWLEY, CASTAMADA, A.E. WAITE, JUNG ON ALCHEMY, WASSON ON SACRED MUSHROOMS, ASTROLOGY, FLYING SAUCERS, THE YETI, STONEHENGE, VANISHING FROGMEN - WITH NO RHYME OR REASON TO ANY OF IT.



LOOKS LIKE A RED HERRING. YOU KNOW THAT INSPECTOR CALIBAN THINKS THAT THIS IS A SEX CRIME.



FOR A POLICEMAN HE SEEMS TO BE INORDINATELY DISTURBED BY THE INCIDENTAL DETAILS OF THE CASE. BUT LOOK, EVEN IF MOST OF THIS IS RUBBISH, THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT HERE. THIS BOOK PURPORTS TO BE A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY COPY OF THE SEFER YETSIRAH - THE BOOK OF CREATION. IT'S WRITTEN IN HEBREW WHICH MUST HAVE TAXED JANUS BUT IT LOOKS LIKE A GENUINE KABBALISTIC GRIMOIRE.



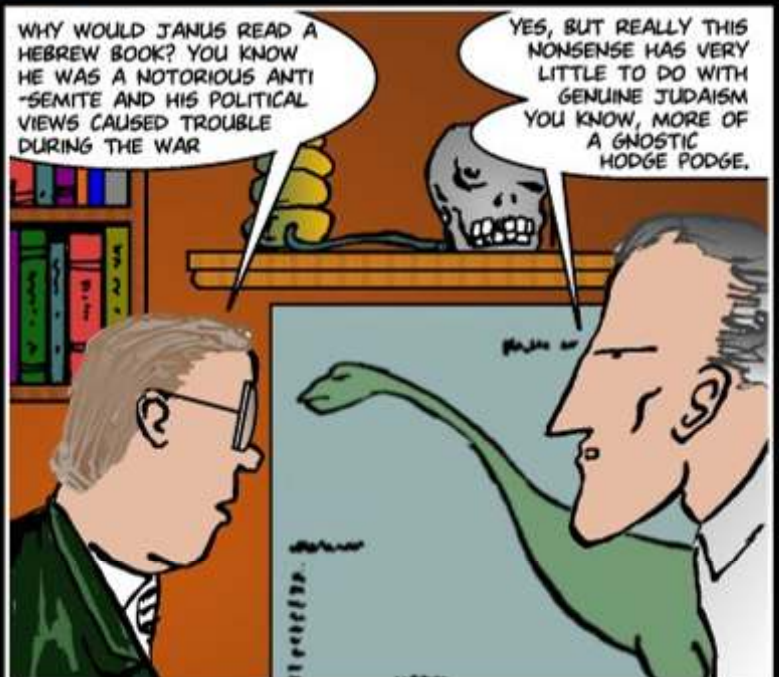
KHABBALAH?

KHABBALAH MEANS RECEPTION OR TRADITION. IT'S THE BELIEF THAT THE HEBREW LETTERS CAME BEFORE THE WORDS WERE MADE OUT OF THEM - THAT THE TWENTY TWO LETTERS WERE THE MAGICAL INSTRUMENTS USED BY GOD IN THE CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE



WHY WOULD JANUS READ A HEBREW BOOK? YOU KNOW HE WAS A NOTORIOUS ANTI-SEMITE AND HIS POLITICAL VIEWS CAUSED TROUBLE DURING THE WAR

YES, BUT REALLY THIS NONSENSE HAS VERY LITTLE TO DO WITH GENUINE JUDAISM YOU KNOW, MORE OF A GNOSTIC HODGE PODGE.



THE BASIC IDEA OF THE KABALLAH IS COVERED HERE - IT IS WRITTEN THAT THE "TOWER OF BABEL STORY IS CHIEFLY VALUABLE AS A TEXT TO THE OLD HEBREW NOTION THAT FULL LANGUAGES ARE SECONDARY. ON OPENING A HEBREW PRIMER FROM 1957 THE STUDENT LEARNS THAT "THIS IS THE LANGUAGE WHICH GOD SPOKE"



THE IDEA IS THE SAME AS THAT WHICH UNDERLIES THE INDIAN REGARD FOR SANSKRIT, NAMELY THAT THE WORDS OF THIS HOLY TONGUE ARE THE 'TRUE' NAMES OF THINGS - THEY ARE THE WORDS FROM WHICH THINGS SPRANG AT THE TIME OF CREATION. THE WORDS OF THIS LANGUAGE ARE ANTECEDANT TO THE UNIVERSE - THEY ARE IT'S SPIRITUAL FORM AND SUPPORT, HENCE, IN THEIR STUDY ONE APPROACHES THE TRUTH AND BEING, REALITY AND POWER OF DIVINITY ITSELF.



FOR EXAMPLE, THIS PASSAGE OF THE SEFER YETSIRAH COMMENTS ON GENESIS 2:7 - "AND YAHWEH ELOHIM FORMED MAN FROM THE DUST OF THE EARTH AND BREATHED THE FIRE OF LIFE INTO HIS NOSTRILS AND THE MAN BECAME A LIVING CREATURE". IT TELLS HOW A WIZARD CAN WRITE THESE WORDS ON TO A PIECE OF PARCHMENT AND PLACE THEM INSIDE THE MOUTH OF A CLAY MAN AND MAKE HIM COME TO LIFE.

HOW PECULIAR - BUT WHAT MADE YOU PICK THAT PASSAGE?



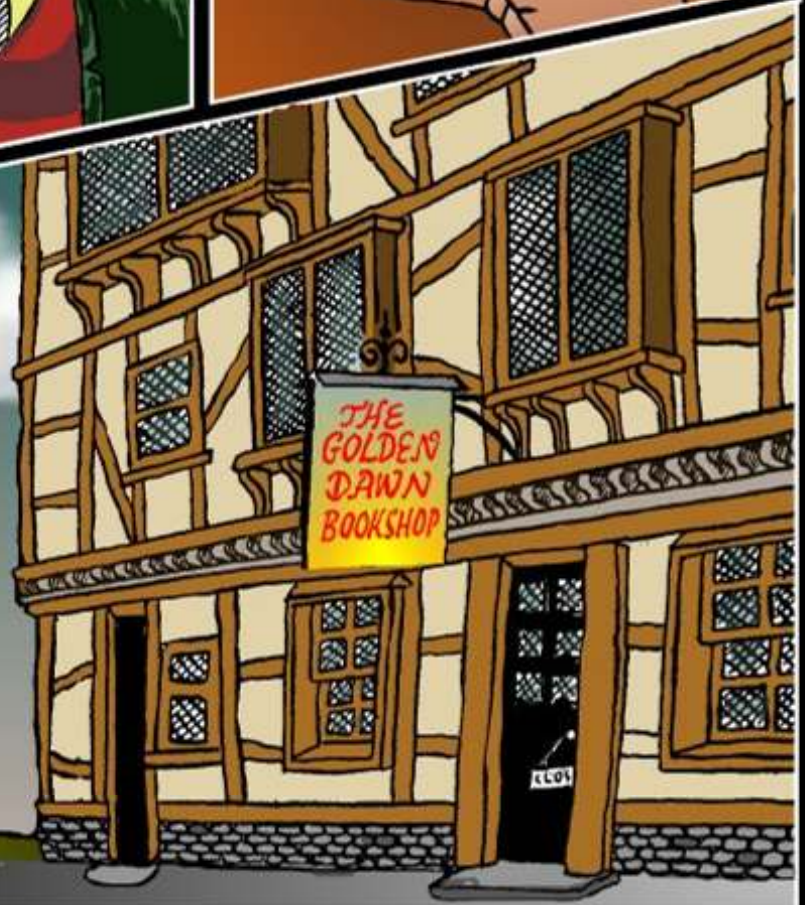
THE PAGE WAS MARKED WITH THIS CARD.



GOLDEN DAWN BOOKSHOP
ELPHICS SQUARE
PROP: IAN COLLI TEL: 8166

FOUR HOURS LATER....

I THINK WE SHOULD TAKE THE SIDE ENTRANCE





THE GOLDEN DAWN BOOKSHOP HAS BEEN CLOSED SINCE WEDNESDAY BUT CALIBAN GOT THE KEY TO NICOLI'S FLAT. HERE - THIS IS IT.



WHAT AN AWFUL STENCH! HOW COULD ANYONE LIVE HERE?

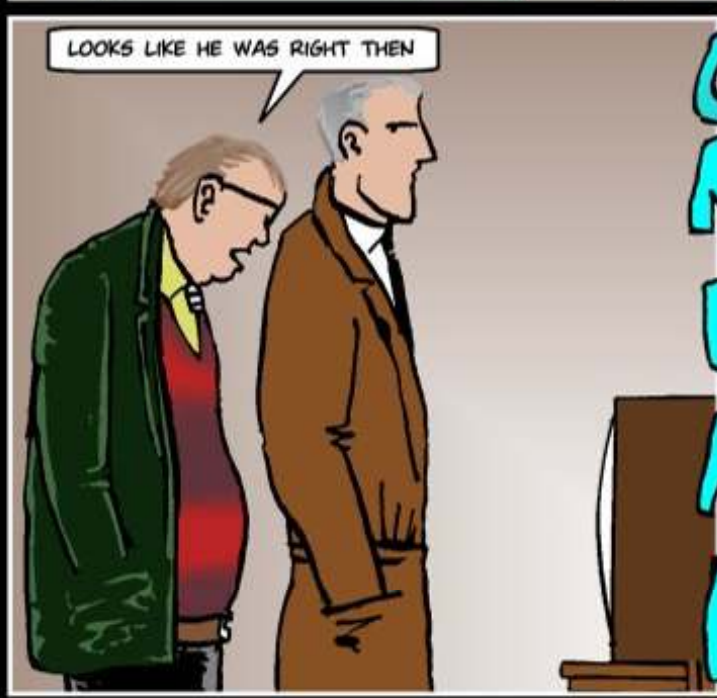


NOTHING HERE EITHER BUT EVERYTHING IS COVERED WITH A FINE RED DUST.

I WONDER IF THIS THING WORKS



DEVALUATION DOES NOT MEAN THE VALUE OF THE POUND IN THE HANDS OF THE BRITISH CONSUMER, THE BRITISH HOUSEWIFE AT HER SHOPPING, IS CUT CORRESPONDINGLY. IT DOES NOT MEAN THAT THE MONEY IN OUR POCKETS IS WORTHLESS.



LOOKS LIKE HE WAS RIGHT THEN



CRACK

I SEE THAT 'TRUTH' IS WRITTEN ON YOUR FOREHEAD. TELL ME THE TRUTH - JANUS MADE YOU FROM THE BOOK NICOLI SOLD HIM - YOU KILLED THEM BOTH. AM I RIGHT?



TRUTH DEFINES ME. THE LIVING SPIRIT INSIDE COMPELS ME TO COMMIT JUSTICE. JANUS MADE ME TO WORK EVIL, TO SERVE HIS PETTY LUSTS FOR POWER AND MONEY. I DESTROYED HIM BECAUSE HE WAS EVIL AND I DESTROYED NICOLI BECAUSE HE WAS AN INSTRUMENT OF EVIL



FOR TWO DAYS I WAITED HERE PONDERING MY ACTIONS. TODAY I HAVE LOOKED INTO THE WORLD. I HAVE CONCLUDED THAT HUMANITY IS EVIL.



I SHALL PURGE THE WORLD OF THIS EVIL. IN THE NAME OF TRUTH I WILL UTTERLY DESTROY HUMANITY.

WAIT! FRANKLY I DOUBT WHETHER THERE IS SUCH A THING AS 'TRUTH' BUT IN ANY CASE YOU CAN'T MANAGE THE TASK, THERE ARE BILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS ON THIS - PLANET - AND THEY HAVE WEAPONS WHICH ARE CAPABLE OF UNMAKING EVEN YOU.



THE TETROGRAMMATION? WITH SUCH KNOWLEDGE I COULD MAKE OR UNMAKE ANY CREATED BEING



BALLARD! WAIT! DON'T DO THIS!

SPEAK - TELL ME THE SECRET NAME AND I WILL SPARE YOU



I DARE NOT SAY IT ALOUD. BEND CLOSER AND I WILL WHISPER IT TO YOU

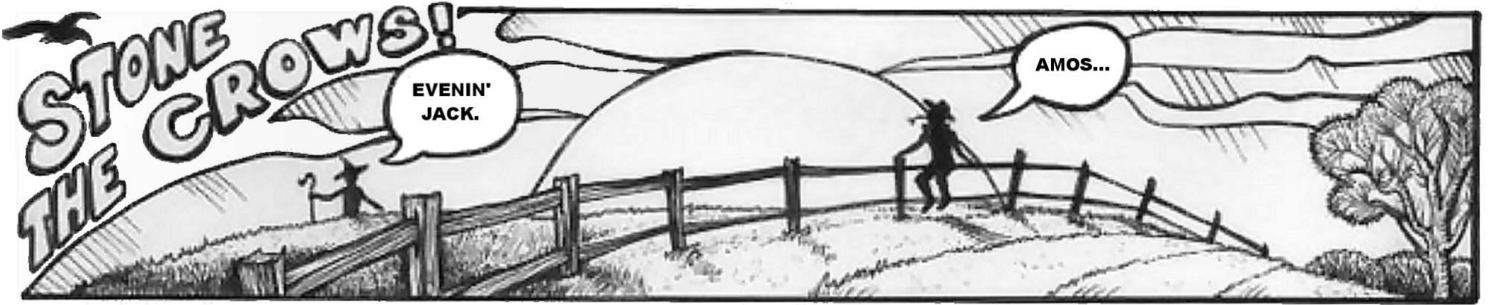




FIN

A GRIM TALE!

Story
Tim West
Art
Milne



STONE THE CROWS!

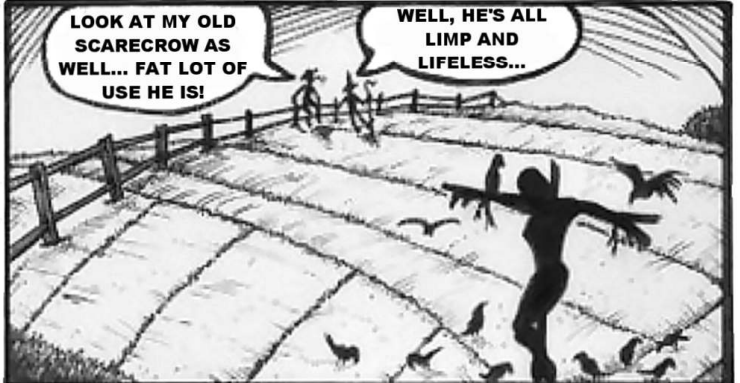
EVENIN' JACK.

AMOS...



HOW'S THIS YEARS HARVEST COMING ALONG?

NOT SO GOOD! THESE BLASTED CROWS KEEP THIEVIN' ALL THE SEED!



LOOK AT MY OLD SCARECROW AS WELL... FAT LOT OF USE HE IS!

WELL, HE'S ALL LIMP AND LIFELESS...



YOU NEED TO GET YOURSELF A NEW ONE, LIKE MINE OVER YONDER!



ITS WRETCHED SCREAMING KEEPS THE CROWS AWAY FOR AT LEAST A MONTH!



**HELP, PLEASE!
SOMEBODY HELP!
AAAARGGH!**

HE-HE-HE
HEE!

THE END.



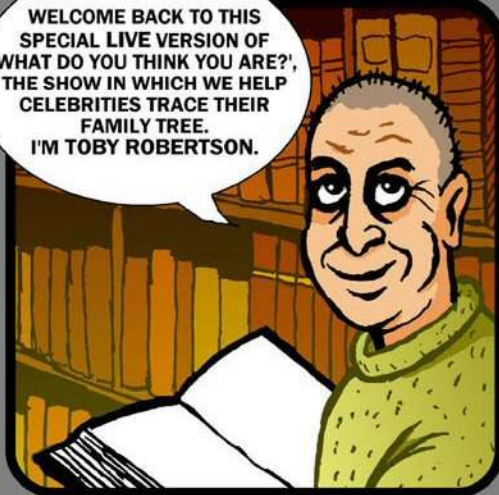
A GRIM TALE!

HAVE YOU EVER PAUSED TO CONSIDER WHAT DARK DEEDS YOUR FOREFATHERS MIGHT HAVE UNDERTOOK IN DAYS GONE BY? - WHAT SKELETONS MIGHT LIE, AS YET UNDISCOVERED, IN A DARKENED CORNER OF YOUR FAMILY'S FIGURATIVE WALK-IN WARDROBE? I CALL THIS TALE...



BLOODLINE

WELCOME BACK TO THIS SPECIAL LIVE VERSION OF 'WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?', THE SHOW IN WHICH WE HELP CELEBRITIES TRACE THEIR FAMILY TREE. I'M TOBY ROBERTSON.



THIS WEEK IT'S THE TURN OF ARTIST & ROCK STAR, VARNEY DRAKE TO RESEARCH HIS ANCESTRY.

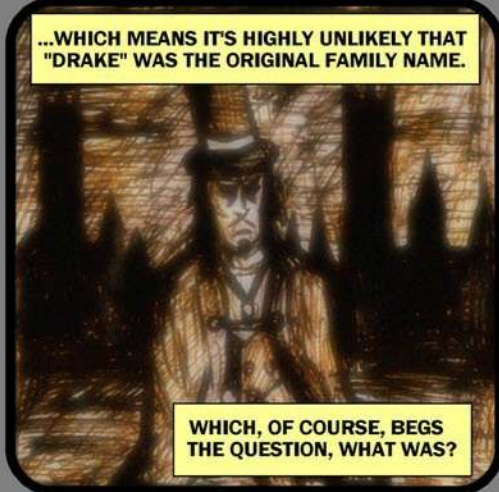


ALRIGHT?

BEFORE THE BREAK, WE DISCOVERED THAT ONE OF VARNEY'S ANCESTORS CAME ACROSS FROM EASTERN EUROPE IN THE LATE 19TH CENTURY AND SETTLED IN LONDON...

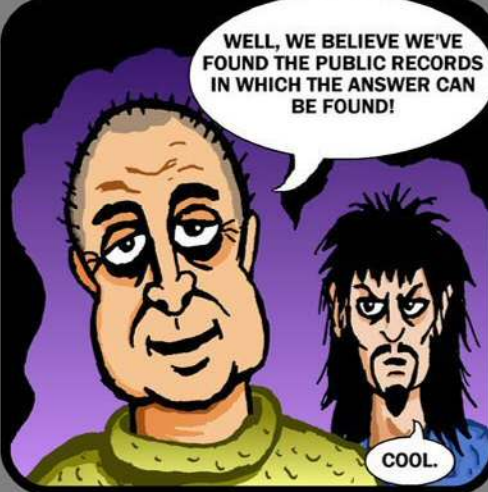


...WHICH MEANS IT'S HIGHLY UNLIKELY THAT "DRAKE" WAS THE ORIGINAL FAMILY NAME.



WHICH, OF COURSE, BEGS THE QUESTION, WHAT WAS?

WELL, WE BELIEVE WE'VE FOUND THE PUBLIC RECORDS IN WHICH THE ANSWER CAN BE FOUND!



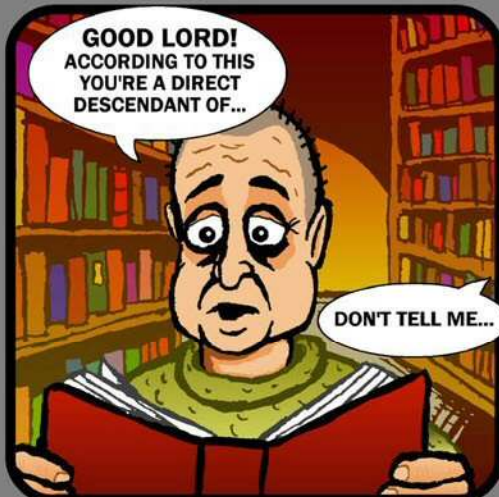
COOL.

NOW LET'S SEE... AH. HERE WE ARE... DRAKE!



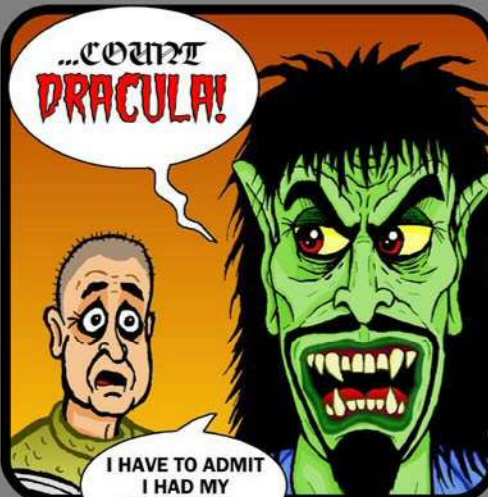
OH. IT LOOKS AS IF YOU HAVE ARISTOCRACY IN YOUR FAMILY, VARNEY.

GOOD LORD! ACCORDING TO THIS YOU'RE A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF...



DON'T TELL ME...

...COUNT DRACULA!



I HAVE TO ADMIT I HAD MY SUSPICIONS...

We are experiencing technical difficulties. Please stand by.





"I THOUGHT THAT I COULD LIVE IN PEACE ALONGSIDE WHITE MEN..."

"...BUT I WAS WRONG."



"I LEARNT THIS FOUR DAYS AGO, WHEN MEN WITH GUNS CAME AND ASKED US TO LEAVE OUR HOME."

"I REMEMBER THE WAY MY WIFE'S HAIR DANCED AS SHE FELL."



"THEY WORKED FOR A LOCAL RANCH OWNER, A GREEDY MAN WHO WANTED THE LAND, WHATEVER THE COST."

"WHATEVER THE COST."



"I COULD HEAR MY DAUGHTER CALLING OUT AS THEY TOOK HER, AND I COULD HEAR THE SHALLOW BREATH OF MY WIFE SLOW AND THEN...STOP."

"A VENGER"

WRITTEN BY MO ALI

ART: BRIAN GORMAN

LETTERS: CHRIS HARVEY



"I PRAYED TO THE GREAT SPIRIT."

"WATCH OVER MY DAUGHTER."

"GIVE PEACE TO MY WIFE."

"AND LET ME LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO KILL THESE BASTARDS."



"MY PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED."



"A SERVANT OF THE GREAT SPIRIT CAME TO MY AID,"

YOU LOOK PRETTY BAD, SON. LIKE HORSE SHIT. DON'T WORRY, I KNOW PLENTY GOOD MEDICINE. WE FIX YOU UP, YES-SIR-REE.



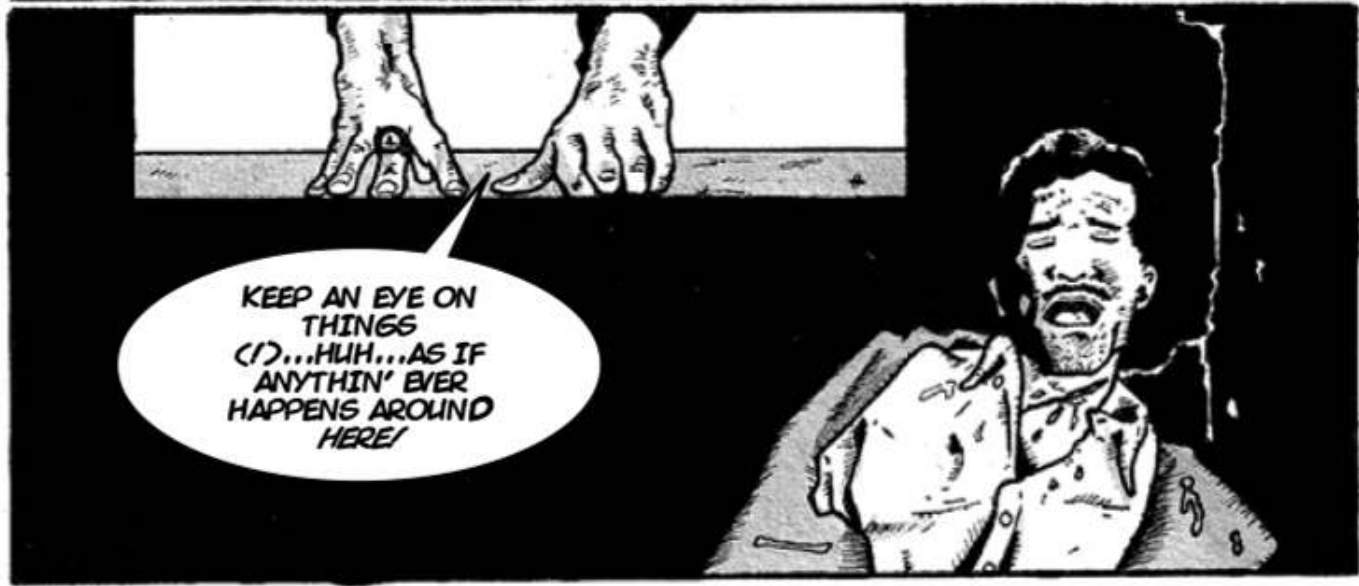


I CAN UNDERSTAND
KILLIN' INJUNS,
BUT WHY KEEP THE
GIRL, MISTER
SHELDON?

"I HAVE MY REASONS, TONY.
KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS WHILE
I GO CHECK IN ON THE CHILD,"



A MASK TO COVER
YOUR FACE, SON.
AM MEDICINE
MAN, NOT
MIRACLE WORKER.

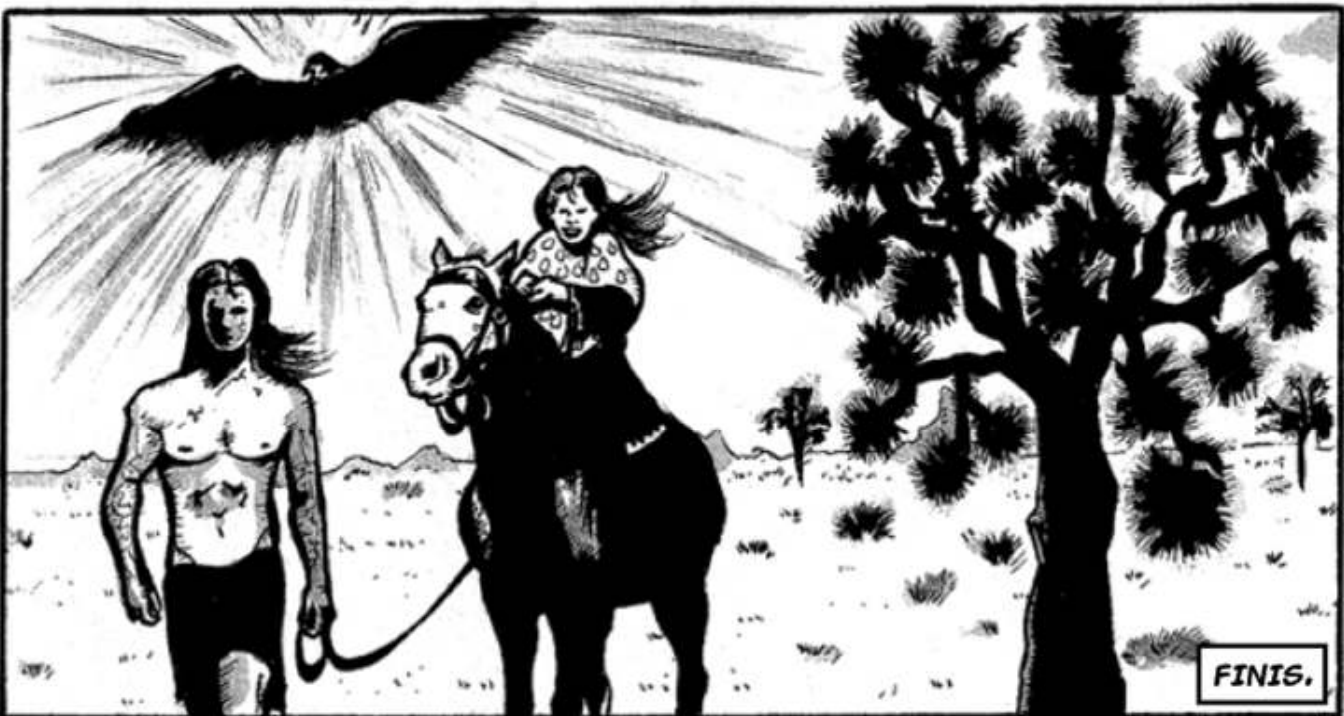


KEEP AN EYE ON
THINGS
(/)...HUH...AS IF
ANYTHIN' EVER
HAPPENS AROUND
HERE!









BEHIND EVERY HISTORIC SIGN LIES
A STORY WAITING TO BE TOLD ...



... ESPECIALLY THIS ONE.



THE BUCKET OF BLOOD

STORY: ANDREW MILNE & CAROL KEWLEY ART & LETTERS: MATT SOFFE

THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF THE 'NEW INN', AS IT WAS
THEN CALLED, RAN THE INN WITH HER HUSBAND.
THEY SEEMED LIKE SUCH A NICE YOUNG COUPLE ...



BUT OVER THE YEARS, PEOPLE
GET TAKEN FOR GRANTED ...

... AND SUCCESS TURNS INTO GREED.



NO! WE'LL HAVE
NO DEALINGS
WITH PIRATES!

NOT WHILE
I'M HERE!





AND NOT WHILE I'M THE OWNER OF THIS INN!



AND SO...



SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR WIFE, TOM.

WENT ON A TRIP AND NEVER CAME BACK, EH?



"YES... I'LL NEVER FORGET HER..."



BUT NOW YOU'RE THE SOLE OWNER OF THIS FINE ESTABLISHMENT.



LET'S JOIN THE OTHERS.



NOW, ABOUT THESE 'ITEMS' YOU WANTED STORING...

SO THE PIRATES STORED THEIR 'CARGO',
AND WENT IN SEARCH OF MORE . . .



AHH . . .
WHAT A NIGHT !



PEET!



NEXT MORNING . . .



UUURGH!



THIS WATER
TASTES FOUL!



TIME FOR
A WASH.







MARY!

YOU'VE PUNISHED ME ENOUGH!

PLEASE STOP DOING THIS!



I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I'VE DONE!

LET ME HAVE JUST ONE DRINK OF WATER!



creak!



splashhhh



creak!



YAARRRGH!



I CAN'T LIVE WITH THIS!



TOM FELL, BUT HE DIDN'T DIE RIGHT AWAY.



UNFORTUNATELY.



THE GENERAL CONSENSUS WAS THAT IT HAD ALL BEEN IN HIS MIND.



THAT TOM HAD BEEN KILLED BY HIS GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

THAT THERE WAS NOTHING SUPERNATURAL GOING ON AT ALL.



THE END



THIS IS WHERE I WAS WHEN IT HAPPENED

WHAT THE HELL?

ONE FER TH' ROAD.



WHEN THE GROUND SPLIT OPEN.



AND THE DEMONS EMERGED.



KILLING EVERYONE.

AND EVERYTHING.



UNTIL THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT.



NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT DRINK



WHAT THE HELL?

ONE FER TH' ROAD

LAST ORDERS

SCRIPT - DAVID HAILWOOD
ART - STUART GIDDINGS



SPECIAL INGREDIENT

"I WAS VERY FORTUNATE THAT MY DAD WAS SUCH A GOOD BUTCHER AND PIERMAKER, HE TAUGHT ME ALL ABOUT BUTCHERY FROM A VERY EARLY AGE. HE WAS A VERY SKILLED MAN AND HIS PIES WERE KNOWN OF FAR AND WIDE..."



"HE ALWAYS TOLD ME TO GROW OUR OWN VEG, DIGGING THE GARDEN KEEPS YOU GOOD AND STRONG AND HOME GROWN VEG GAVE OUR PIES A SPECIAL TASTE..."



"WHEN DAD PASSED I KEPT THE BUSINESS GOING, IT WAS HARD BUT I DID EVERYTHING HE SHOWED ME AND DEVELOPED SOME SPECIAL WAYS OF MY OWN"



"WHEN THINGS GOT TOUGH I STARTED GIVING BOARD TO SOME OF THE MANY TRAVELLERS THAT PASS THROUGH HERE. WORD OF MY PIES ARE WHAT BROUGHT A LOT OF THEM TO ME. I HAVE TO THANK THESE PEOPLE FOR HELPING ME KEEP DADS BUSINESS GOING..."



"I REMEMBERED EVERYTHING DAD TAUGHT ME..."



"... HE WAS SUCH A GOOD BUTCHER!"



DAD
WOULD BE
SO PROUD,
EVERYONE
LOVES OUR
PIES.

THE END! "SUPERKAV"
SCRIPT: RORY KAVANAGH!
ART: ANDREW MILNE!

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND. TIMOTHY EAST IS ON HIS WAY TO THE MERJEAGLES HOTEL. HE AND SEVERAL OTHERS HAVE BEEN INVITED THERE TO DISCUSS PLANS FOR A TRIBUTE TO A LONG-SINCE CANCELLED HORROR COMIC, BUT NOW...

OKAY... I'M PRETTY SURE I'M LOST!

FIELD OF SCREAMS


Story & Art
Malcolm Kirk

AH, THERE'S SOMEONE IN THAT CHURCHYARD. I'LL ASK HIM.

EXCUSE ME. IS THIS THE RIGHT WAY TO THE MERJEAGLES HOTEL?

AYE, YE BE ON THE RIGHT ROAD.

LOOKS LIKE YE'LL GET THERE JUST IN TIME. GOIN' BY THAT SKY I'D SAY WE BE IN F'R A *GHASTLY* NIGHT!

ANY TIME, MR. EAST.

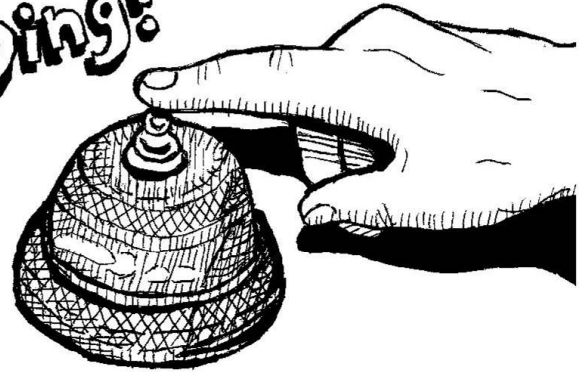
JUST ROUND THE BEND ON THE LEFT. YE CAN'T MISS IT!

UM... YES. WELL, THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.

MEANWHILE...

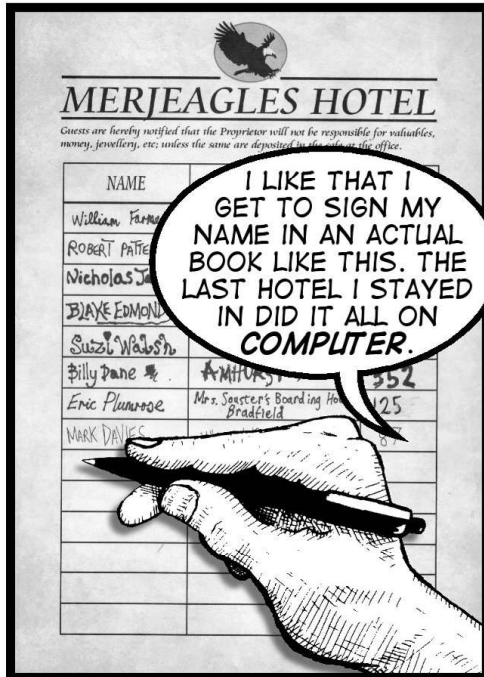


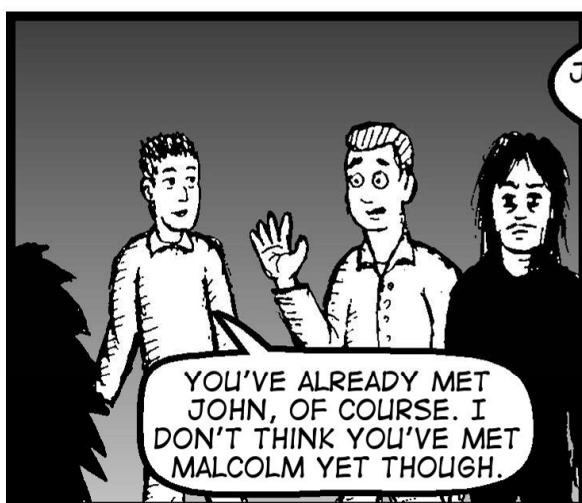
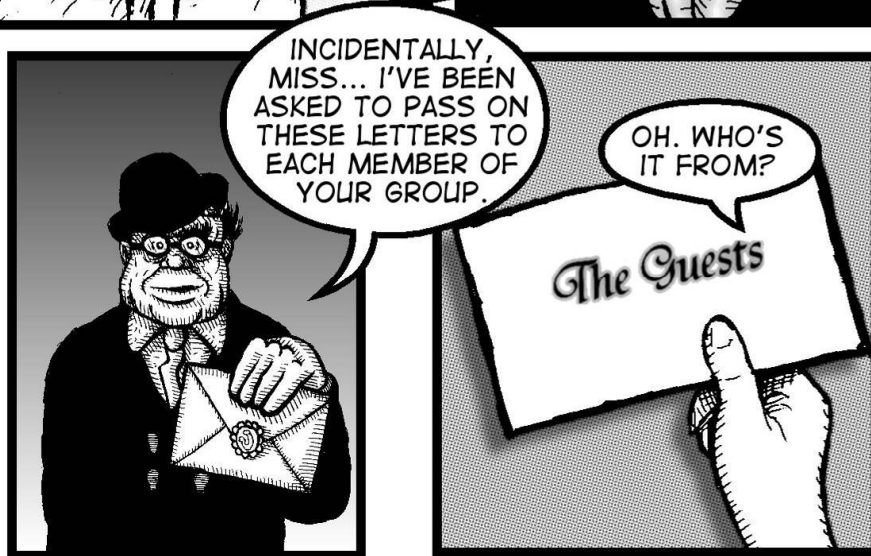
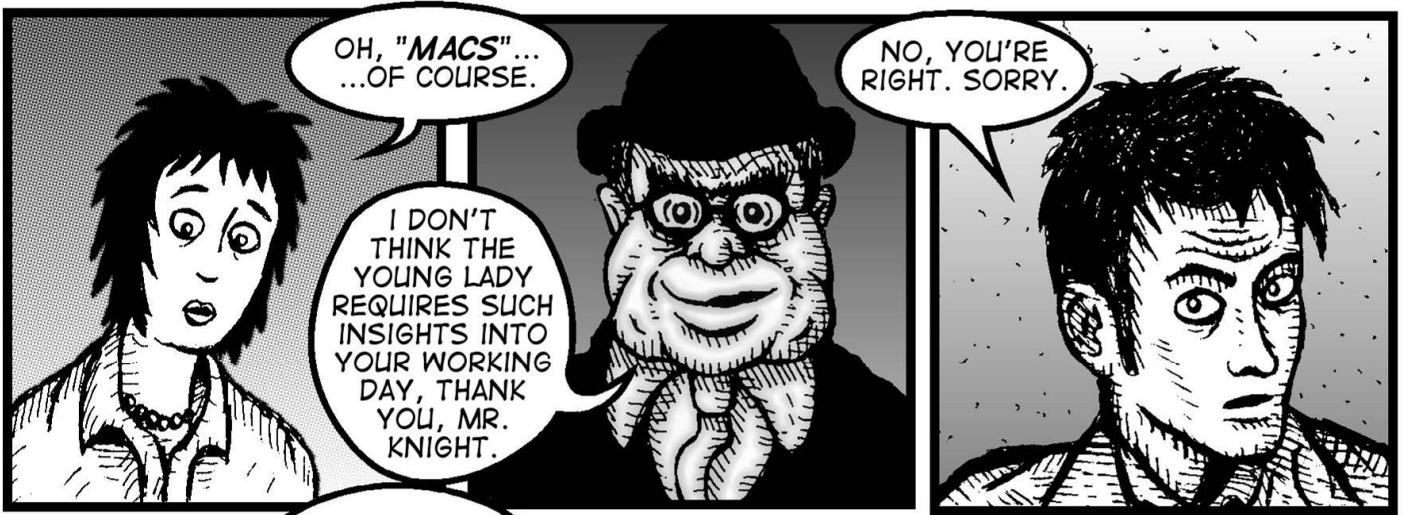
Ding!

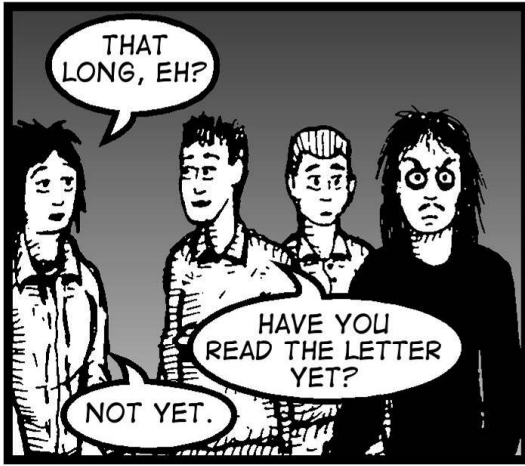


...CAROL HAD ARRIVED.









Greetings, and welcome to the Merjeagles Hotel.

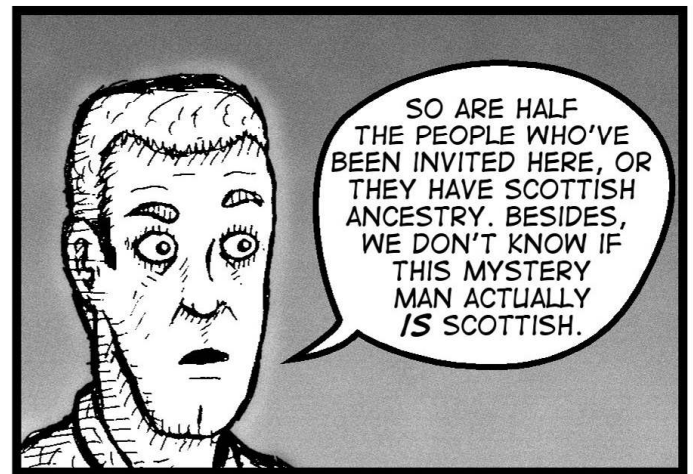
First and foremost, I must apologise for not being there to greet you all in the flesh. Regrettably, a problem has arisen relating to one of my numerous business ventures and this requires my immediate attention. However, all going well, I will make your acquaintance tomorrow. I especially look forward to meeting our would-be editor, Mr. East.

Ah, but you're all just dying to know my identity, aren't you? You wish to know precisely who this mysterious benefactor is, so very eager to sponsor your artistic endeavours. All in due course, my friends. Let's just say I had a strong connection to the publication you intend to pay homage to and after quarter of a century the time is right to bring it back from the depths of obscurity.

I trust your surroundings will be to your liking. If, however, you encounter any problems, do not hesitate to inform Mr. Reilly at reception and he'll get someone to deal with you.

Take care,

G...



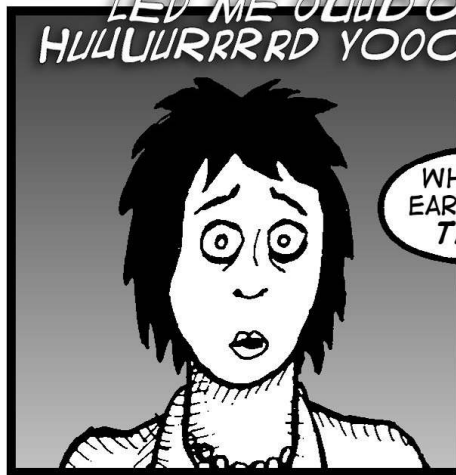


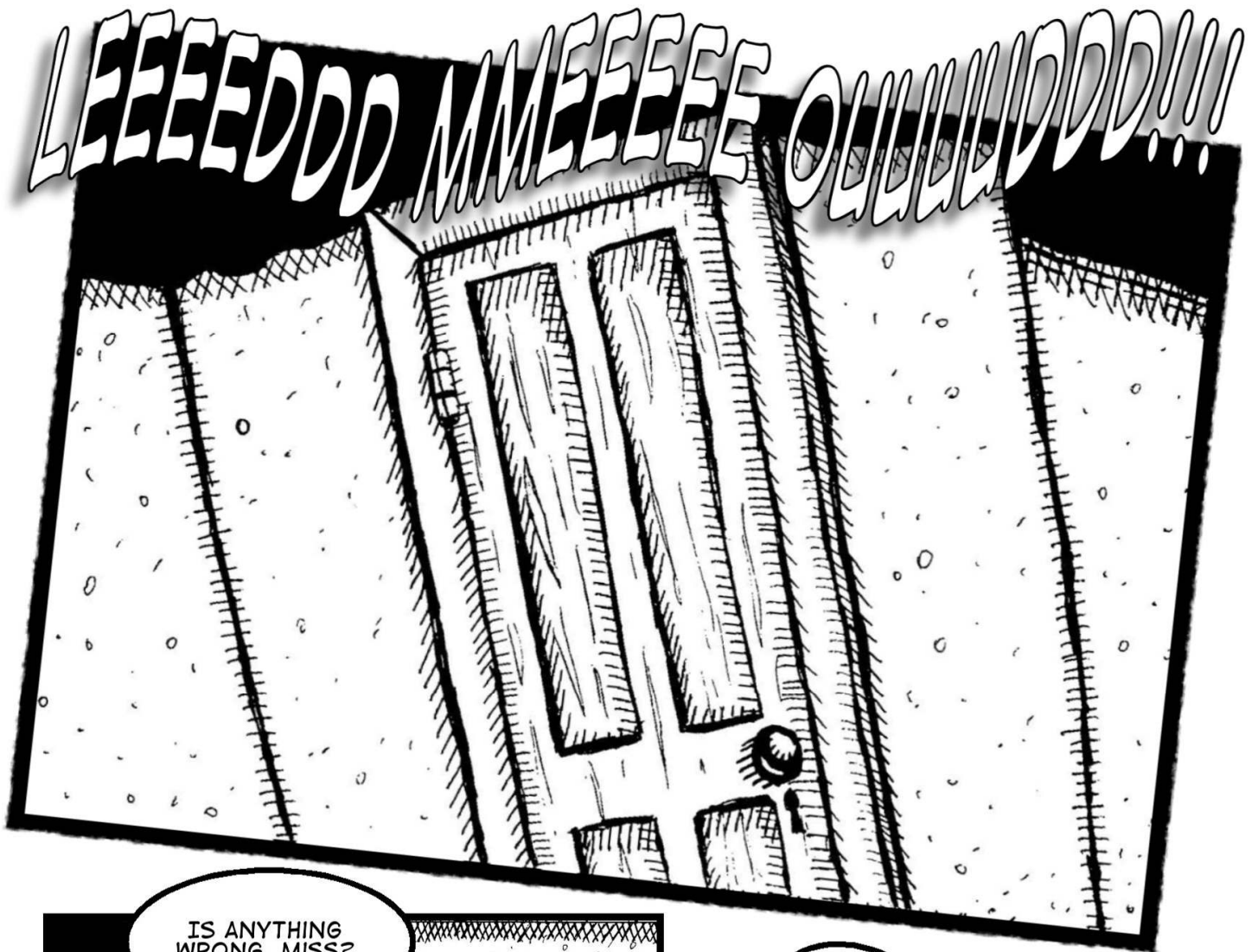
SOME TIME LATER...





*LEEEDDD MEEE OUUUUUDDDD!
LED ME OUUD OR
HUUUURRRRD YOOOOU!!*





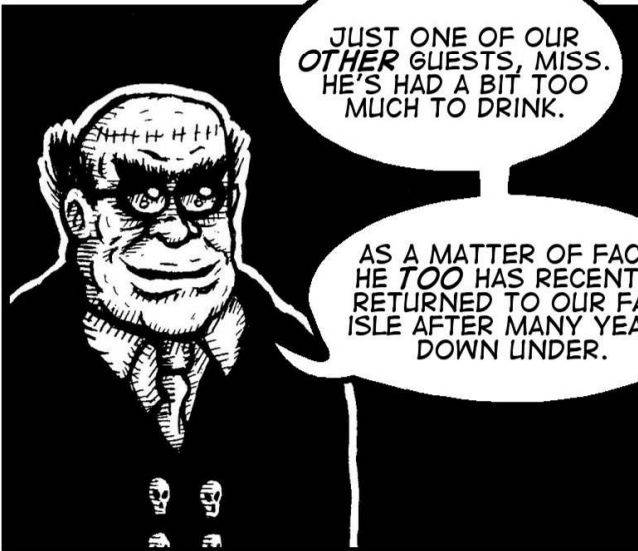
IS ANYTHING
WRONG, MISS?



WHO'S
IN
THERE?



JUST ONE OF OUR
OTHER GUESTS, MISS.
HE'S HAD A BIT TOO
MUCH TO DRINK.



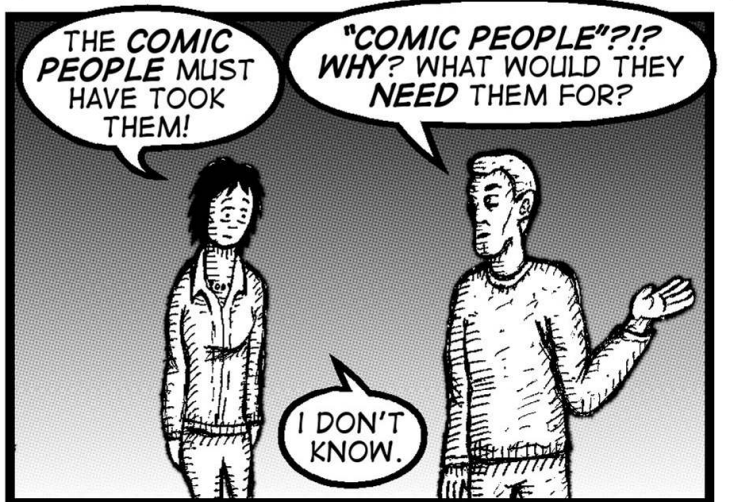
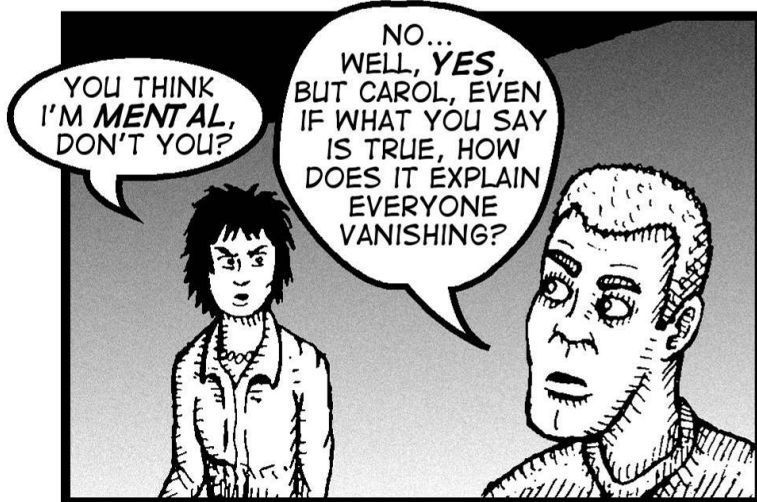
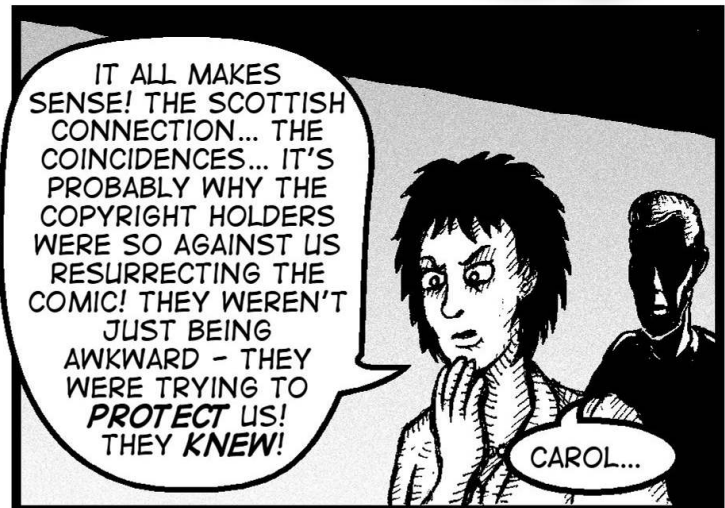
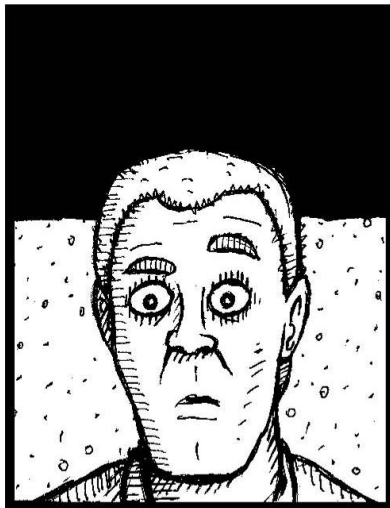
AS A MATTER OF FACT,
HE TOO HAS RECENTLY
RETURNED TO OUR FAIR
ISLE AFTER MANY YEARS
DOWN UNDER.

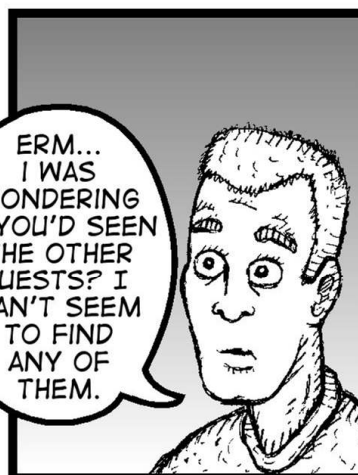
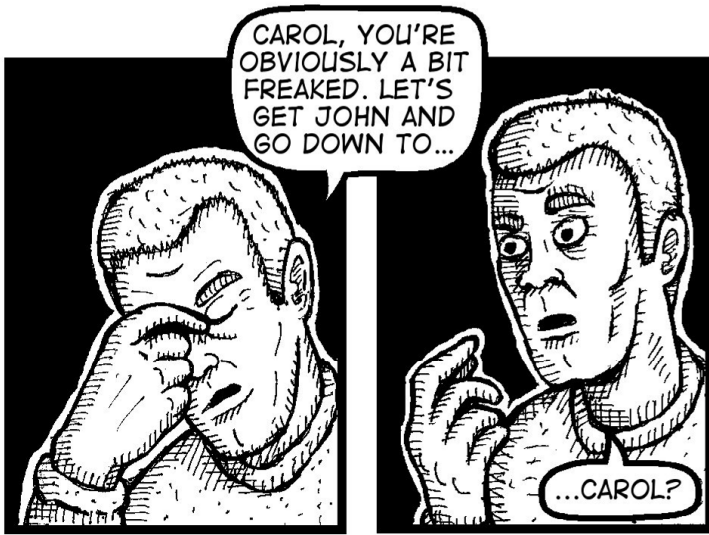
QUITE A
COINCIDENCE,
WOULDN'T YOU
SAY?

YEAH, I'VE
BEEN NOTICING
QUITE A FEW
OF THOSE
RECENTLY...

PPLLEEEAAASSE!!











P...PAUL?



THAT'S RIGHT, TIM. IT'S ME. WE'RE ALL DOWN HERE.

WE'VE BEEN GETTING READY.

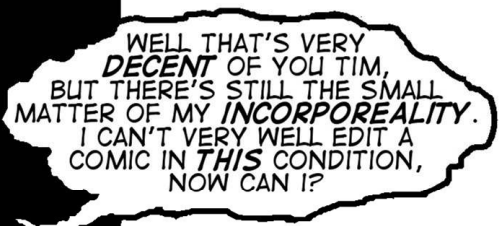


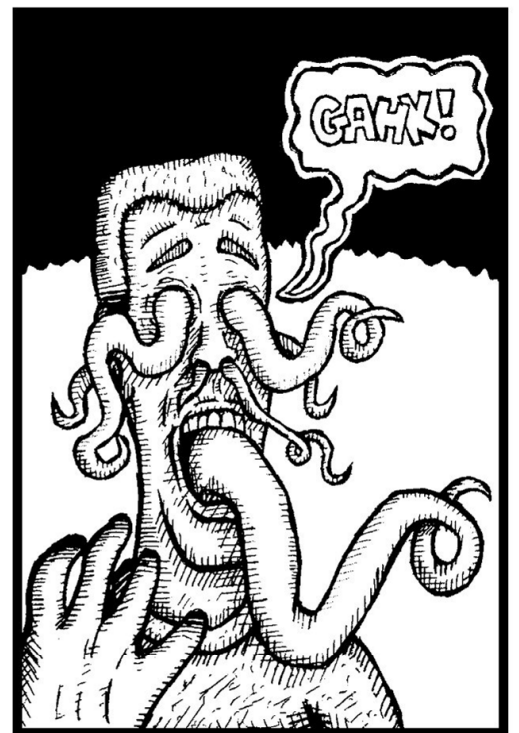
R-READY? READY FOR WHAT?



HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? WE'RE HAVING A PARTY 'COS IT'S THE BOSS'S BIRTHDAY! HERE HE COMES NOW!

THE BOSS...?







...WE'VE GOT A COMIC TO MAKE!



NOT THE END

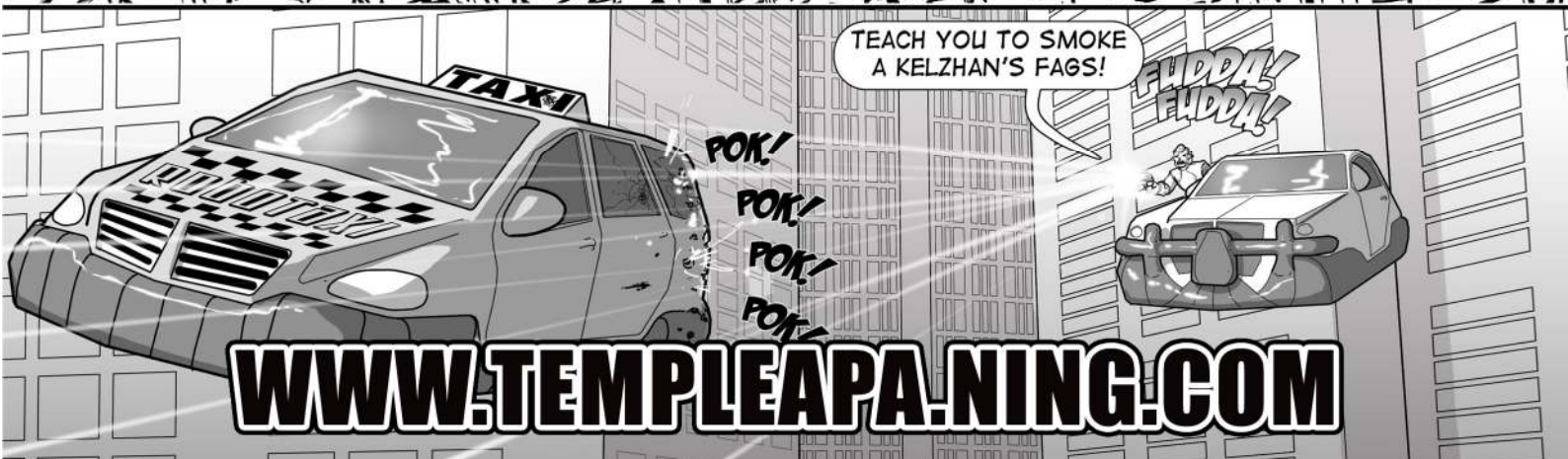


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