

BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS:

HALLOW SCREAM!



2010 HALLOWE'EN SPECIAL ISSUE 2

IT'S NOT FOR THE NERVOUS!

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE...



Greetings Mortals,

I hope you're all sitting uncomfortably.

Halloween is upon us again and what better way to celebrate my favourite day of the year than with a new issue of Hallow scream!

This year's Fear Filled comic is packed with gruesome tales of terror and horror stories to make you shiver in delight. Thanks to all the talented ghosts and ghouls that helped make this our best comic yet.

If you aren't too scared, steel your nerves and turn the pages...and see for yourselves!

The Reaper...

HALLOWSCREAM

MALEVOLENT MAIL

Like HALLOWSCREAM? Let us know what you think. Send us an email with the subject line "Letters" at the address at the foot of the page and we'll publish the best ones in next year's special! Get typing!

HALLOWSCREAM WANTS YOU!



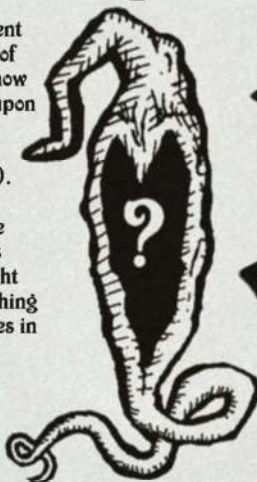
Here at Hallow scream, we're always on the lookout for more artistic souls wishing to contribute to the creepiest downloadable comic around, (that's us). So, if you're a writer or an artist with spooky ideas to spare, visit us at www.hallow scream.net to share them with us and you could end up with something in next year's issue. We've already got a stack of undrawn scripts, so we're especially looking for artists this time around. Finished strips are also welcome.

Face of The Reaper

Before he became possessed by an ancient evil, The Reaper was as human as some of you reading this may be. However, it is now impossible for any mere mortal to gaze upon his vile visage without being driven completely insane (or at the very least succumbing to a violent bout of vomiting).

That being said, we invite you to imagine the unimaginable and submit your ideas of what you think his fearsome fizeg might look like. There's no prize money or anything like that but we may feature your pictures in a future issue of Hallow scream!

To participate, simply visit the forums at www.hallow scream.net and post your putrid pictures there.



WWW.HALLOWSCREAM.NET

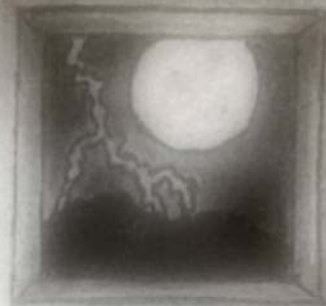
EMAIL

ghastlymcnasty@hallow scream.net
or
malcolm_iain_kirk@yahoo.co.uk

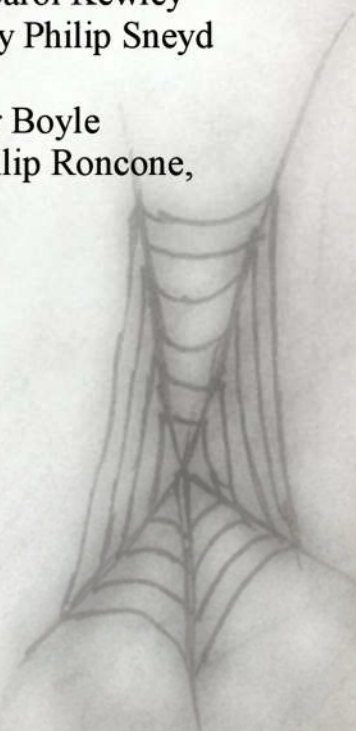
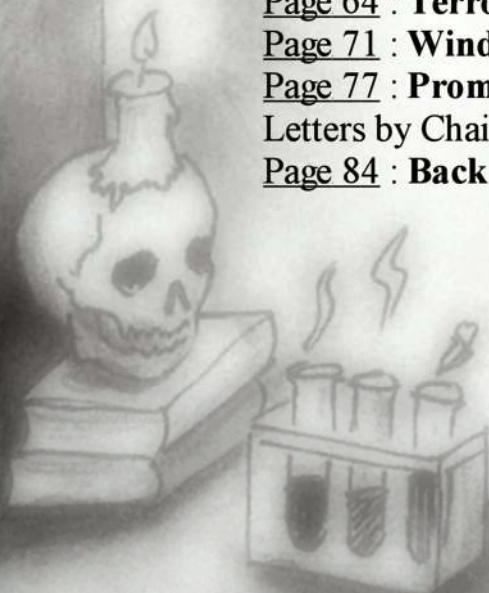
Back from the Depths

SCARIER THAN SIMON COWELL'S UNDERPANTS!

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**CRUSH THEIR
GODS! TRASH
THEIR IDOLS!
TAKE THEIR
GOLD!**

**SPARE NONE FOR
THESE CREATURES
ARE NOTHING BUT
FRIGHTENED
SHEEP.**

**THEY DO NOT
DESERVE THE PITY OF
WARRIORS SUCH
AS US!**



**SLAUGHTER
THEM ALL!**

**793AD. SAVAGE, HEATHEN
ARMIES FROM THE NORTH INVADE
THE SHORES OF NORTHUMBERLAND.**

**THEY COME TO PILLAGE AT
THE ALTARS AND HOUSES
OF THE PIOUS CHRISTIAN
WORSHIPPERS. NONE ARE
SPARED THE SWORD AND
AXE OF THE RAMPAGING
NORSEMEN!**

**ENGLAND'S FUTURE IS IN
THE BALANCE THIS DAY...**

...FOR TODAY IS THE DAY OF THE VIKINGS!

THE DEVIL
SPAWNED THEM...

BLACKFRIARS

...BUT THEIR GOD DAMNED THEM!

THE NORSEMEN
ARE COMING!

TO THE
VAULTS, MY
BROTHERS!

WE MUST PREPARE
THE EARTH AND SEE THAT
THE RELIC IS
SECURED!

HIS COMING
MUST BE MADE
READY!


SCREAM
SCRIPT
& ART:
MICHAEL CROUCH

In this year of our Lord, 793 AD, fierce, foreboding omens came over the land of Northubria, and wretchedly terrified the people. There were incredible whirlwinds, lightning storms, and fiery dragons were seen flying in the sky.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.



CAEDWULF,
THEY'RE
THROUGH!

THEN MAY
HE HAVE MERCY
UPON ALL OUR
SOULS!



WE'RE IN!
THE LILY-LIVERED
ONES WILL SOON FALL
BENEATH OUR BLADES!
WE WILL NOT LEAVE
UNTIL THEIR HALLS
RUN RED WITH
BLOOD!

AYE, ERIC
LICEBEARD! AND THEIR
TREASURES WILL BE OURS!
WE SHALL FREE THIS LAND
OF THEIR UNJUST GOD
AND GIVE IT TO
OUR PEOPLE!



SEEK, FIND
AND KILL THOSE
MEN OF CLOTH WHO
WOULD ENSLAVE THEIR
OWN KIND WITH
DOCTRINE!

IT IS
TIME TO
DIE!

FOR YOU
PERHAPS,
WARRIOR!



WHAT?
WHAT IS
THIS?

YOU CAME
HERE BRINGING
DEATH BUT INSTEAD
DEATH HAS FOUND
YOU!

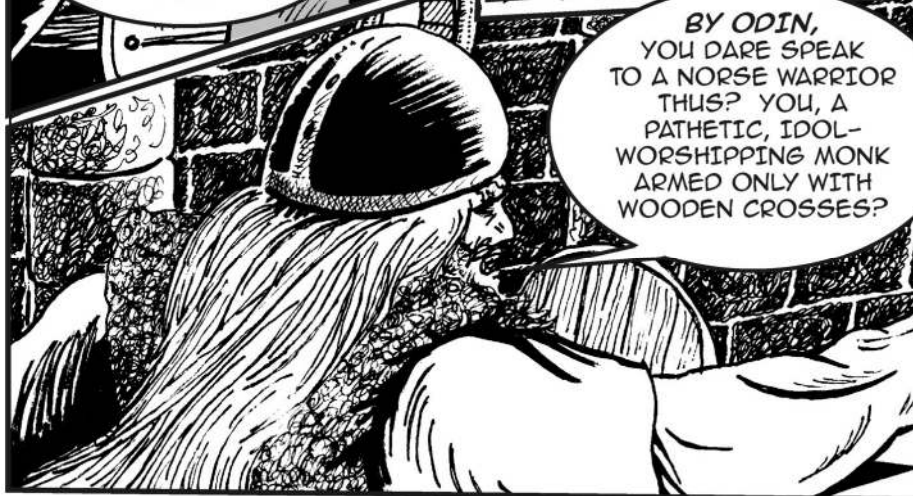


HA! DO YOU THINK
A PUNY *SKRAELING* LIKE
YOU CAN BEST THE BLOOD
AND IRON OF A NORSE
MAN?



IMBECILE!

DO YOU BELIEVE BRUTE
STRENGTH AND WEAPONS
ARE THE ONLY MEANS OF
VICTORY? YOU SHOULD
NOT HAVE COME HERE!



BY ODIN,
YOU DARE SPEAK
TO A NORSE WARRIOR
THUS? YOU, A
PATHETIC, IDOL-
WORSHIPPING MONK
ARMED ONLY WITH
WOODEN CROSSES?



EXCEPT THAT
WE CARRY NO
CROSSES
HERE!



HAVE YOU
NOT OBSERVED
YOUR SURROUNDINGS?
THIS MONASTERY IS
DEVOID OF ALL
CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS
OF ANY KIND!

BUT I
THOUGHT THAT
ALL YOUR KIND
WORSHIPPED
SUCH THINGS!



MY KIND
GAVE UP SUCH
THINGS WHEN
HE CLAIMED US
AS HIS OWN!

HE?



HE?



ARGHHHHHHHHHHH!



...BUT TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT OF THE VAMPIRE!

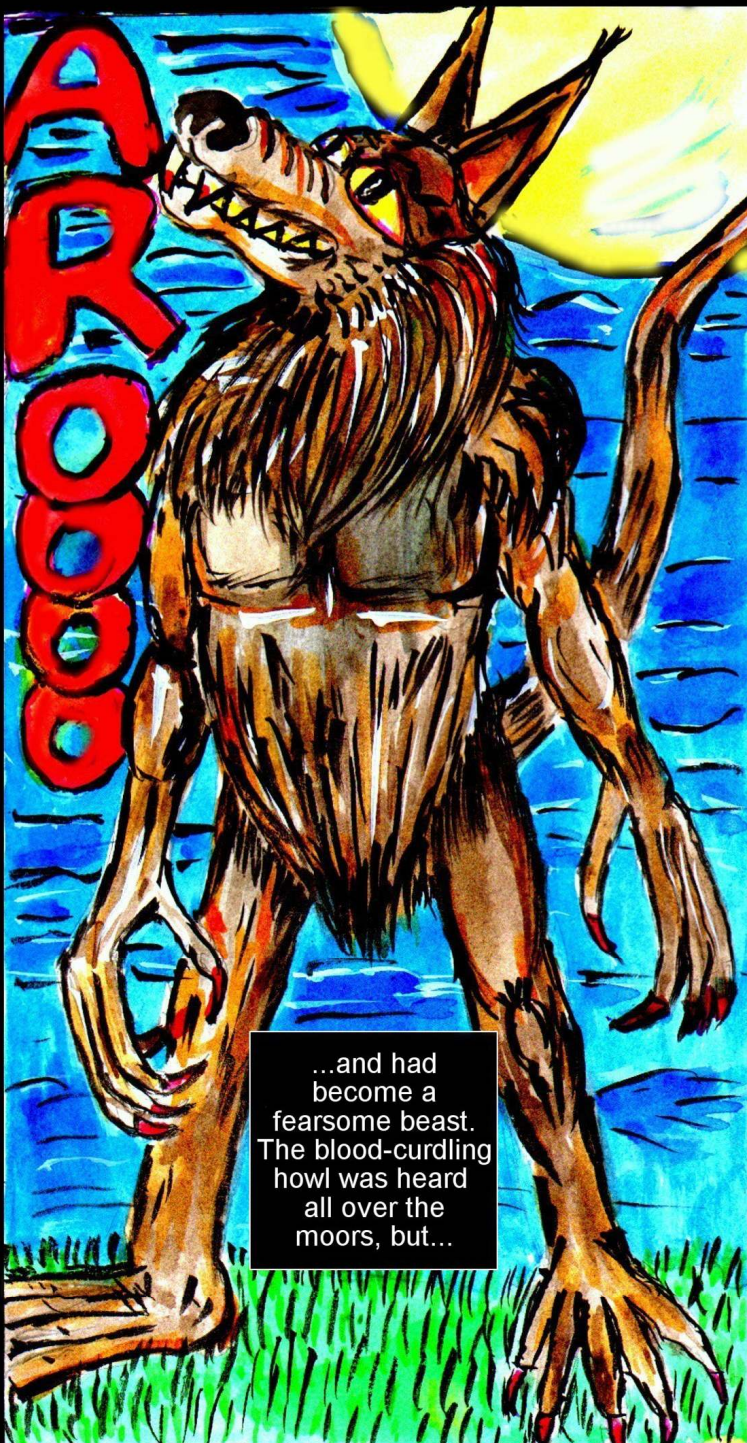


TERRIBLY BAD MONSTERS BARKING MAD

STORY AND ART BY CHRISTOPHER GEARY



Simon Weston was feeling the power of his curse....



...and had become a fearsome beast. The blood-curdling howl was heard all over the moors, but...



...the huge beast's canine instincts would give...



...the creature an urge.





WHEN LITTLE YELENA LAID DOWN TO SLEEP, THE CREATURES CREPT FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES...



...AND CRAWLED ACROSS THE BED...



...AND FORCE-FED LITTLE YELENA THE QUEEN'S SECRECTIONS.



HER NIGHTMARES GREW...



...AND GREW...



TERRIBLY Bad Monsters

STORY AND ART BY CHRISTOPHER GEARY

Bite size!



A STRANGE BAT-LIKE CREATURE FLEW THROUGH A LARGE CASTLE WINDOW. IT THEN TRANSFORMED INTO A GLOWING FIGURE.

SOME VERY STRANGE, SPOOKY NOISES WERE HEARD ALL AROUND!

SCRITCH! SCRITCH!

PLOP! PLOP!

FIZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

FIZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

WELL, MAYBE NOT THAT SPOOKY!



Based on an Urban Legend





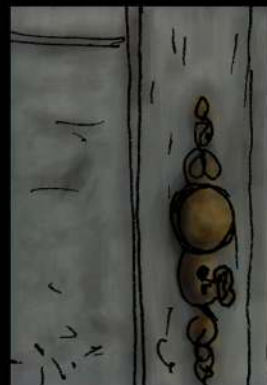






I CAN'T SEE!

JUST GO!



HA HA HA

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?



YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE.



AS IF YOU WERENT TOTALLY FREAKED!



WHATEVER, I WAS JUST TRYING TO PSYCH YOU OUT

RIIIIGHT



I NEED TO GO GET MY BOARD.



IM NOT GOING BACK DOWN THERE!

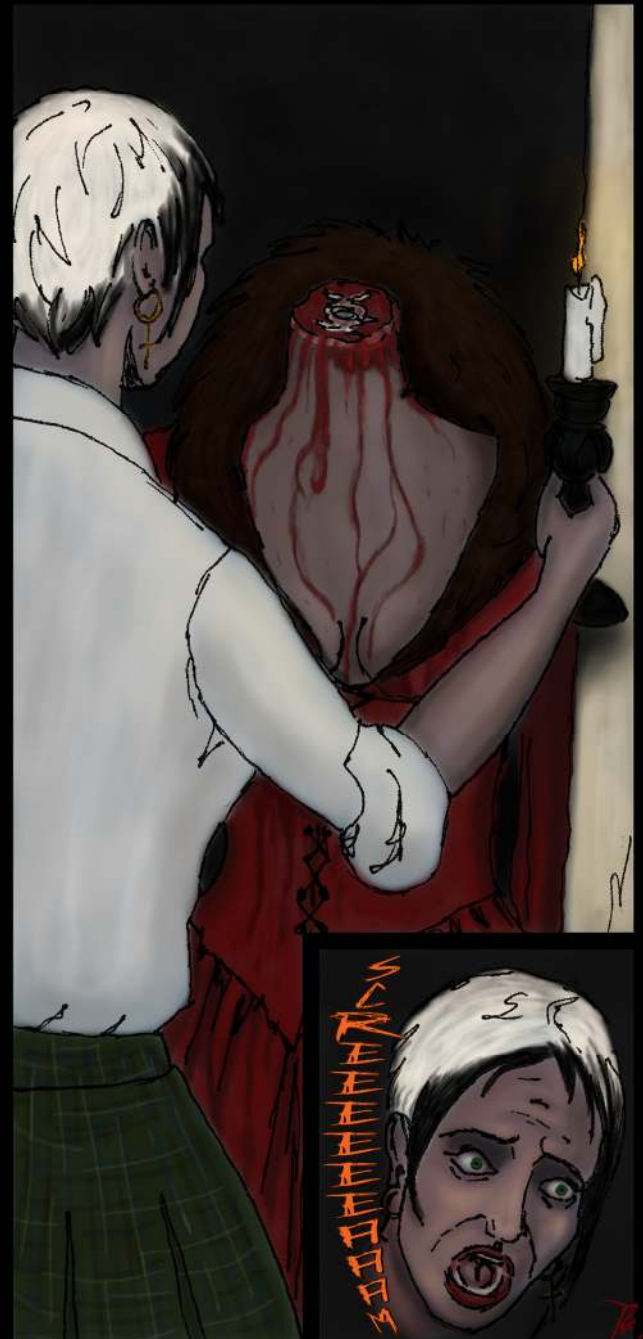
WELL, IM NOT LEAVING IT DOWN THERE TO GET RAINED ON ALL NIGHT



OCTAVIA NO!

JUST LOCK THE DOOR AND LET ME IN WHEN I KNOCK.





TERRIBLY BAD MONSTERS

ART AND STORY BY CHRISTOPHER GEARY

DEAD END!

...AND SO IT WAS, THE
DEAD ROSE LIKE A PLAGUE.

WELL, *ALMOST* ALL HAD
RISEN UP.
DEREK SMITH, AS IN LIFE, WAS
HAVING PROBLEMS WITH BEING
ONE OF THE UNDEAD...

WELL, *THIS* IS EMBARRASSING!
I SEEM TO BE STUCK FAST!
YOU LOT, DON'T BE SELFISH, STOP
WANDERING OFF! I'M SURE A BUNCH
OF YOU COULD PULL ME OUT. HEY,
COME BACK HERE!

Ripa

- 1.00 Working Lurch**
Lifestyle programme for undead butlers. (S)
- 2.00 The Jeremy Kyle Show**
The Dark Lord sits in judgement of the damned, and sends Jeremy Kyle to Hell 'cos he's the biggest git out of the lot of them. Ha! See what I did there? I'm messing with your expectations and stuff. (S)
- 4.00 Builders From Hell**
Actual ones. (S) (Rpt)
- 5.00 Plumbers From Hell**
Monster's sink. Ha ha! Did you hear what I said? Oh, please yourselves... (S)
- 6.00 Rentaghost**
Brand new series of the fly-on-the-wall documentary programme. (S)
- NEW**
- 8.00 My Super Sweet 666**
This week, young Damien Thorn has a rather eventful birthday party. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.00 The Vulture Show**
Reviewed this week are a wildebeest, some kind of lizard thing and something indeterminable, but it isn't very fresh whatever it is.
- 11.00 Summerisle Music Festival**
Live folk music and barbecue.



Captain Jack battles a Cyber-Man. 12am

- 3.00 Ed Wood's**
- 5.50 Torchwood**
The dead B-Movie director's feature length version of the Doctor Who spin-off. Similar to the TV series but better written and more believable. Stars Bela Lugosi as Captain Jack Harkness. (S)



Charnel Gore



Ugly Yeti. 10pm

- 3.00 Countdown**
Documentary about vampires coping with depression. (S)
- 4.00 Coach Trip**
Jonathan has words with the driver concerning the speed he was travelling at over the Borgo Pass.
- 5.00 Come Die With Me**
The dinner party at Doctor Crippen's house does not end well. (S)
- 6.00 Cook Yourself Thin**
Diet tips for cannibals.
- 7.00 Escape To The Country**
Advice for vampires fleeing back to their homeland.
- 8.00 Glee**
Just Glee. That's enough to warrant it being here. (S) (Rpt)
- 9.00 10 Years Younger**
Countess Elizabeth Bathory shows us how to defy the ageing process. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.00 Ugly Yeti**
Yeti begins to suspect Bigfoot is in the closet. (S)
- 11.00 Inside Nature's Giants**
In this episode Richard Dawkins is ironically swallowed by the Dark God Cthulu, while assisting in slicing up a whale. (S) (Rpt)
- 1.00 Jeff Randall Live**
followed by
Marty Hopkirk Dead
Topical current affairs.
- 3.00 Pages from Carfax**
-6.00

Grave

- 12.00 Telehopping**
with Chinese vampires. (S)
- 5.00 Britain's Got Talons**
Like a scene from the Inferno segment of Dante's Divine Comedy, they gather in an horrific and cacophonous display, each, in turn, lead to be judged by Satan's envoys on Earth, while Geordie fools look on with glee and laugh and laugh and laugh. (S)
- 6.00 The Decidedly Un-Fresh Prince of Bel-Air**
Urban zombie sitcom. (S) (Rpt)
- 7.00 Top Fear**
Jeremy Clarkson, Jeremy Clarkson, Jeremy Clarkson, Jeremy Clarkson, (Jeremy Clarkson).



A rat. 11pm

- 8.00 The Apprentice**
This week, the 2 remaining contenders, Hugo and Igor, have to retrieve a normal human brain from the local university. (S)
- 10.00 Mock The Freak**
Everyone points and laughs at a collection of potato-headed weirdos who don't realise it's the shape of their heads people find funny and not their rubbish attempts at humour. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.30 Men Decaying Badly**
Middle class zombie sitcom. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.00 8 Out of 10 Rats**
carry The Black Death, which is still far funnier than Jimmy Carr could ever hope to be.
- 12.00 Red Dwarf**
History documentary about the everyday life of gnomes in Communist Russia. (S)
- 1.30 Late Night Poker**
-6.00 Live torture.

Whately Manor, Yorkshire



Outside on the moors not a sound
disturbs the chill, winter night

GRANDFATHER'S BOOKS

Inside, a cupboard door
creaks open



Heart thumping ...

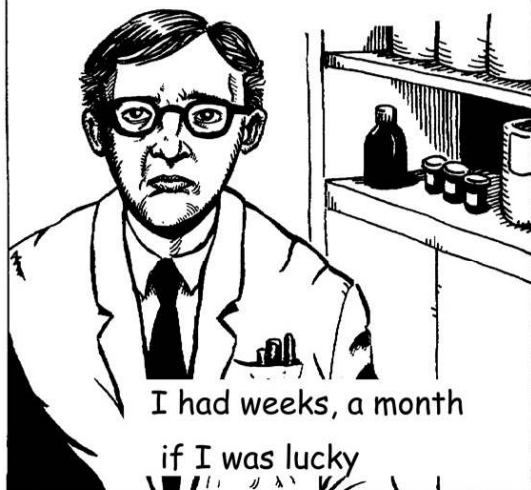


John Whately dwells
on a nightmare ...



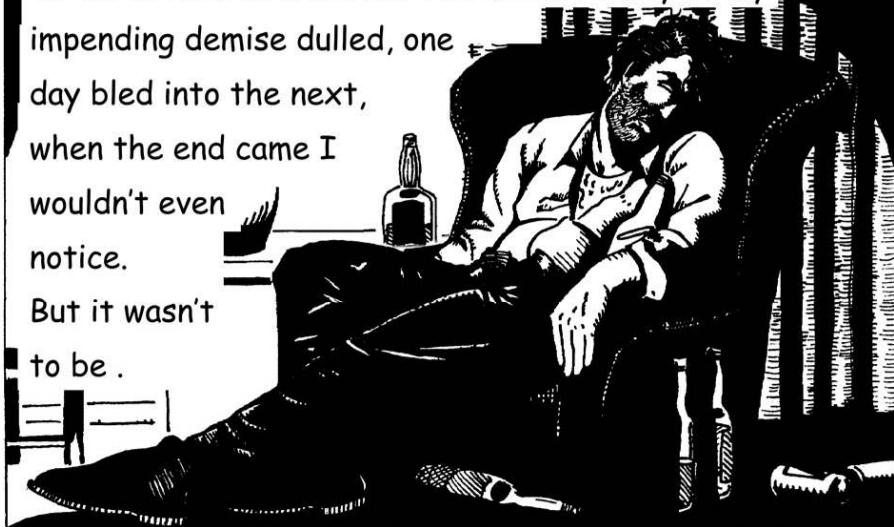
A nightmare that began
six days ago ...

I'm sorry Mr. Whately
there's nothing we can do.



I had weeks, a month
if I was lucky

The journey home, an uneventful blur, I found oblivion
at the bottom of a bottle. The harsh reality of my
impending demise dulled, one
day bled into the next,
when the end came I
wouldn't even
notice.
But it wasn't
to be.



Waking this morning, a
seemingly random notion
floated to the surface of
my almost pickled brain.



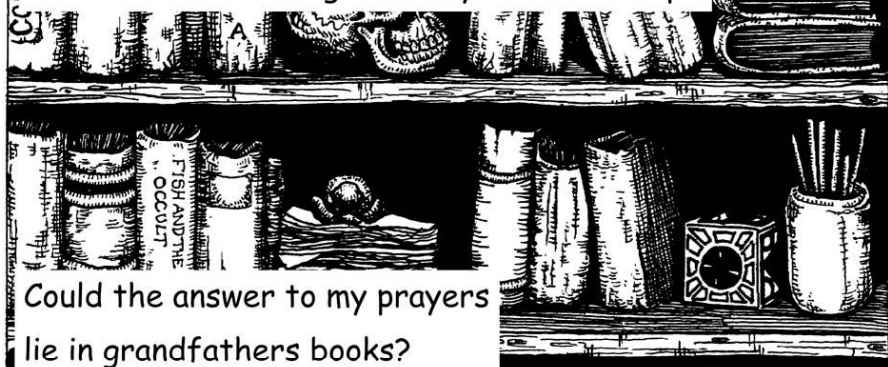
Head pounding, I lost no
time climbing the stairs
to the attic.

My grandfather, Arthur
Whately had used the attic as
a study and laboratory.

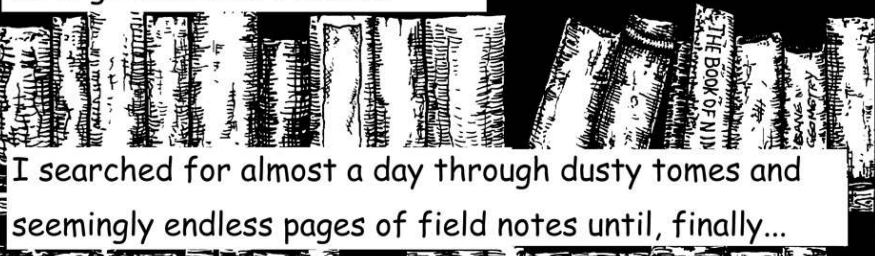


(He mysteriously vanished in
1986)

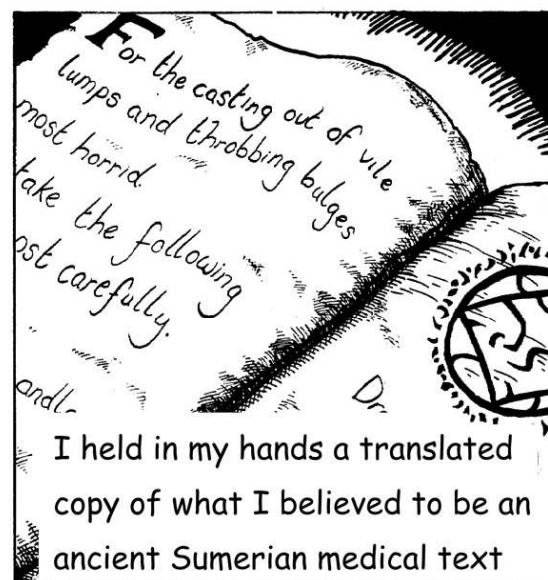
A leading anthropologist and renowned expert on the occult
he had amassed an extensive library of esoteric and
forbidden lore during his many research trips.



Could the answer to my prayers
lie in grandfathers books?



I searched for almost a day through dusty tomes and
seemingly endless pages of field notes until, finally...



I held in my hands a translated
copy of what I believed to be an
ancient Sumerian medical text

After cleaning myself
up I began preparations.

Following the archaic
instructions...

..I mixed a thick, cloying
'potion' from the
ingredients described



Drawing a complex
geometric pattern, I
did not fully
understand why?



At around 4a.m. I was ready and began reciting passages from the book. At first nothing happened and I started to lose faith, how could I have been so stupid?! But then my ears popped! The timbers of the house began to creak and groan and my hair crackled with static!

My whole body was
gripped by intense pain!

Something wriggled
inside of me!!

I stared down at my
bulging, bloated stomach
and it glared back!!



God help me! The eyes!!

My mind reeling I confronted the horror that had oozed from within me.



What was left of my sanity shattered and I ran screaming from that giggling monstrosity

I remember crashing down the stairs ... blacking out? ...



How long have I been in this cupboard?

Pull yourself together, get a grip

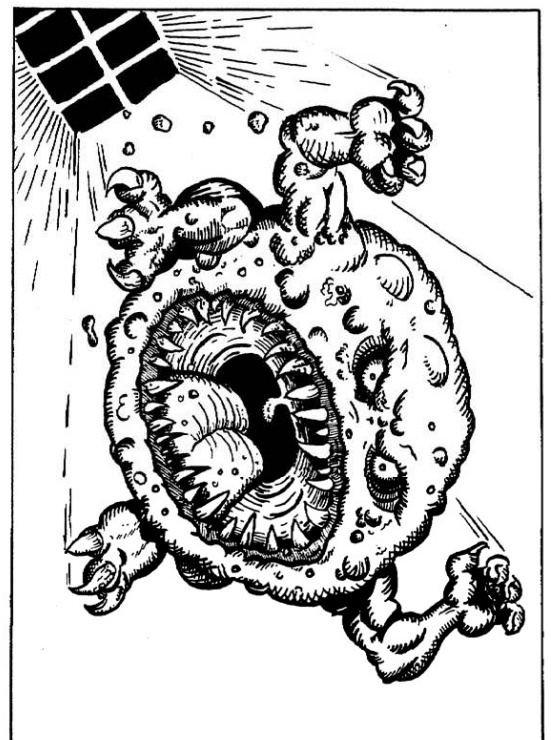


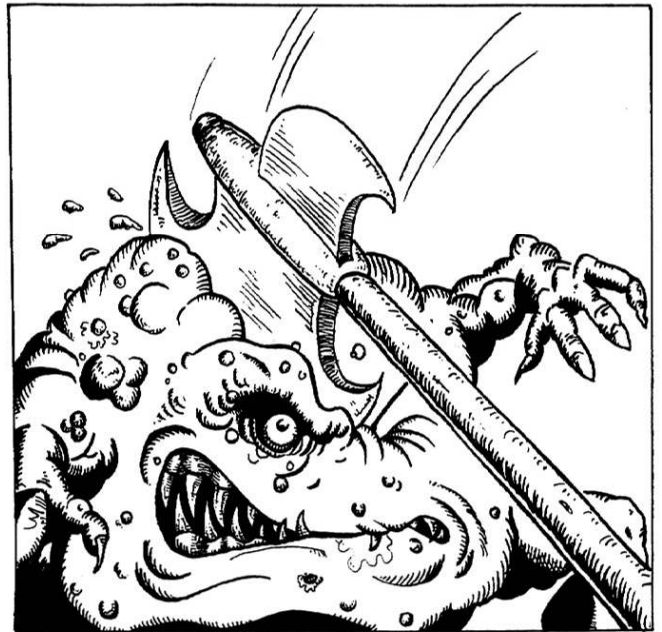
This can't be real? Some kind of crazy, drug induced nightmare?

That's it! A dream, an insane hallucination!

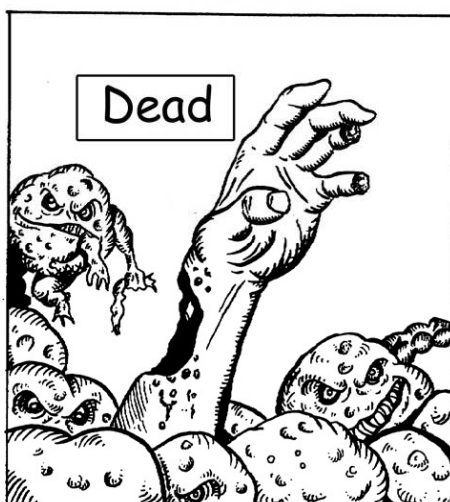
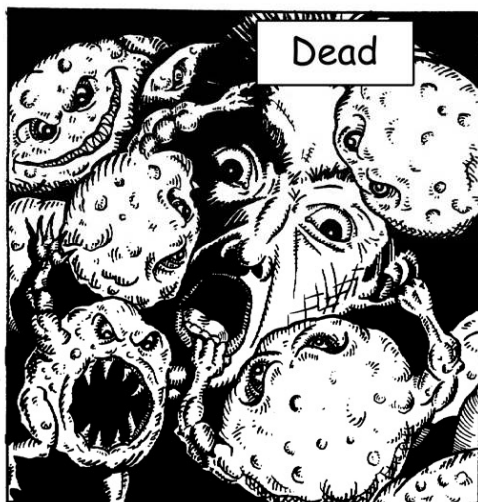
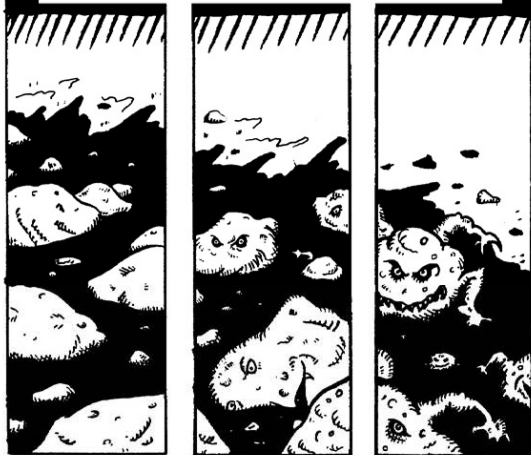


It's over. I'm fine, just fi

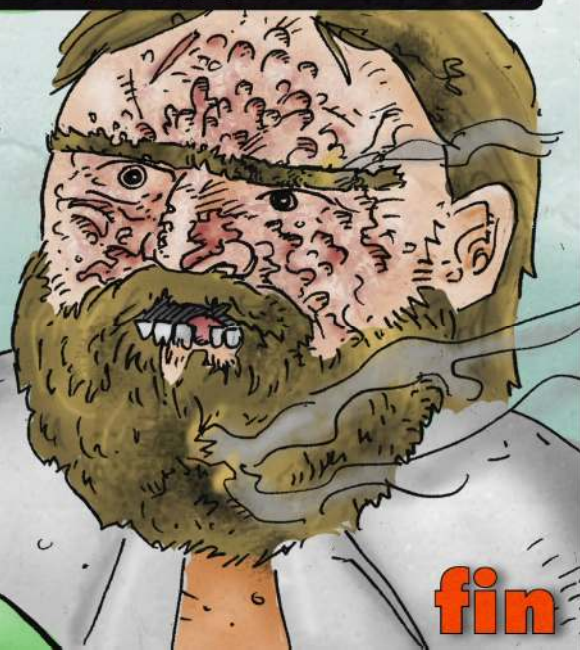
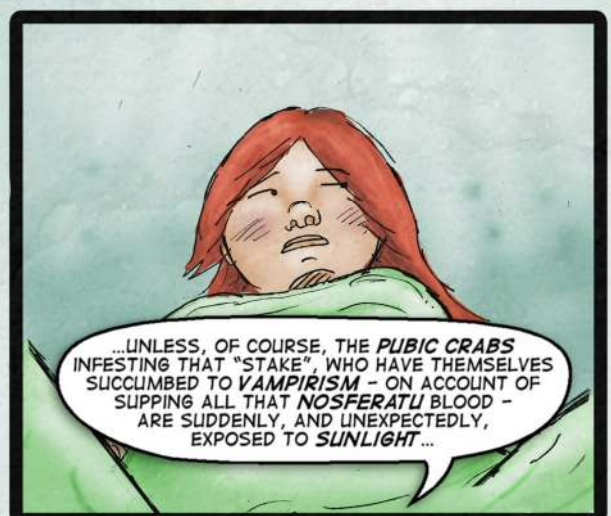
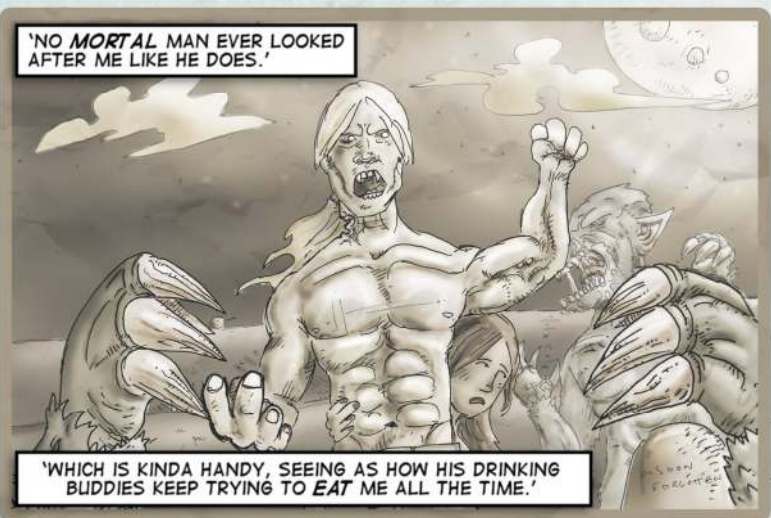




It's dead! Chopped into a
thousand bloody pieces



WHAT'S BLOOD GOT TO DO WITH IT?



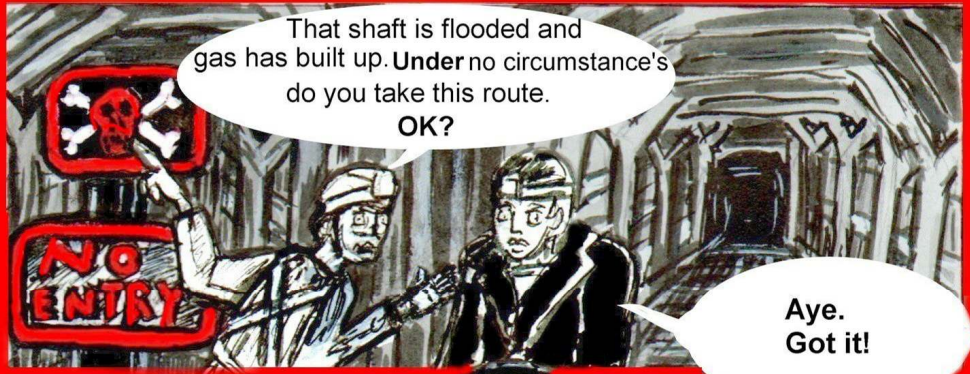
Black Pump

STORY BY JOHN OWENS

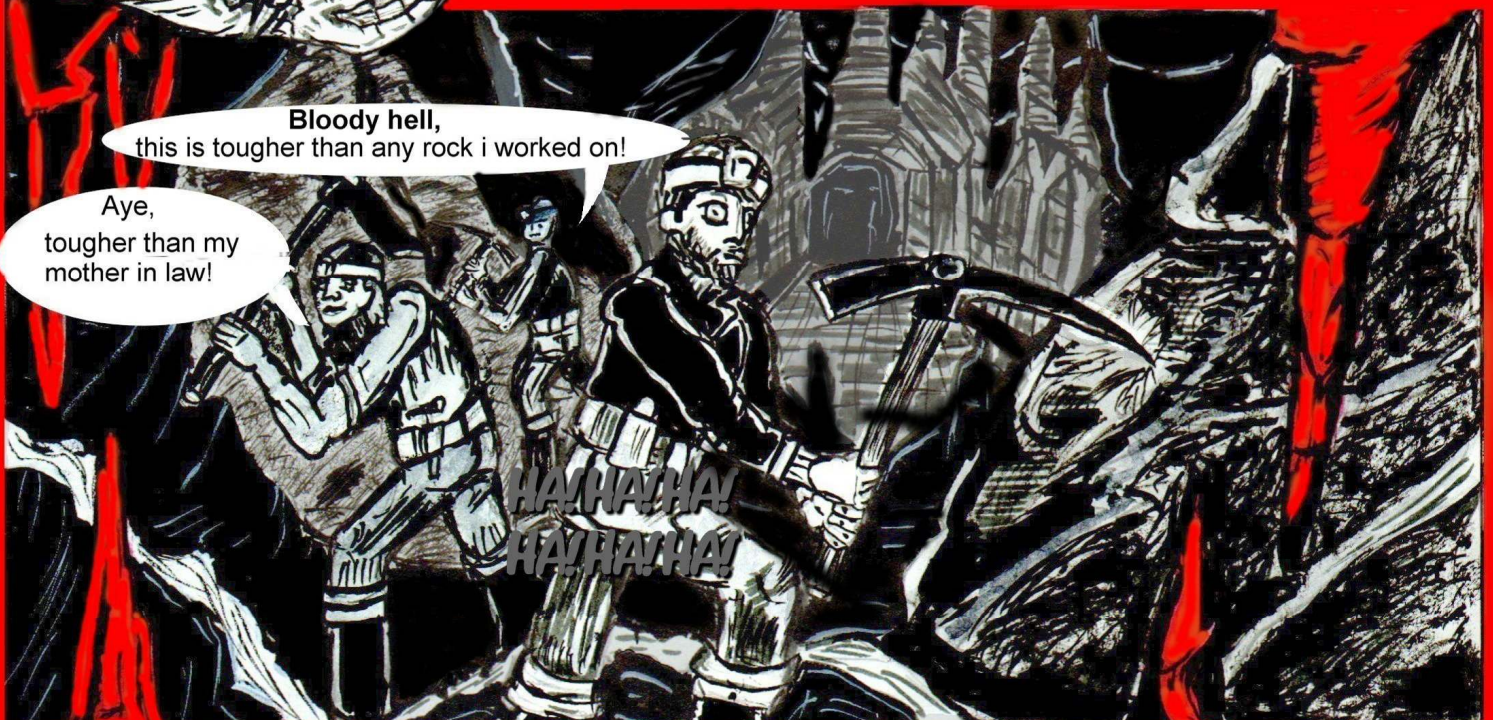
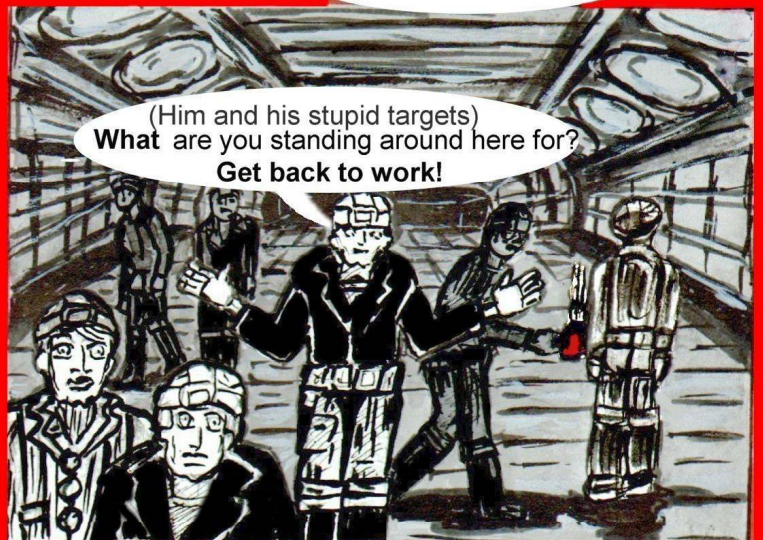
ART AND LETTERING BY CHRISTOPHER GEARY

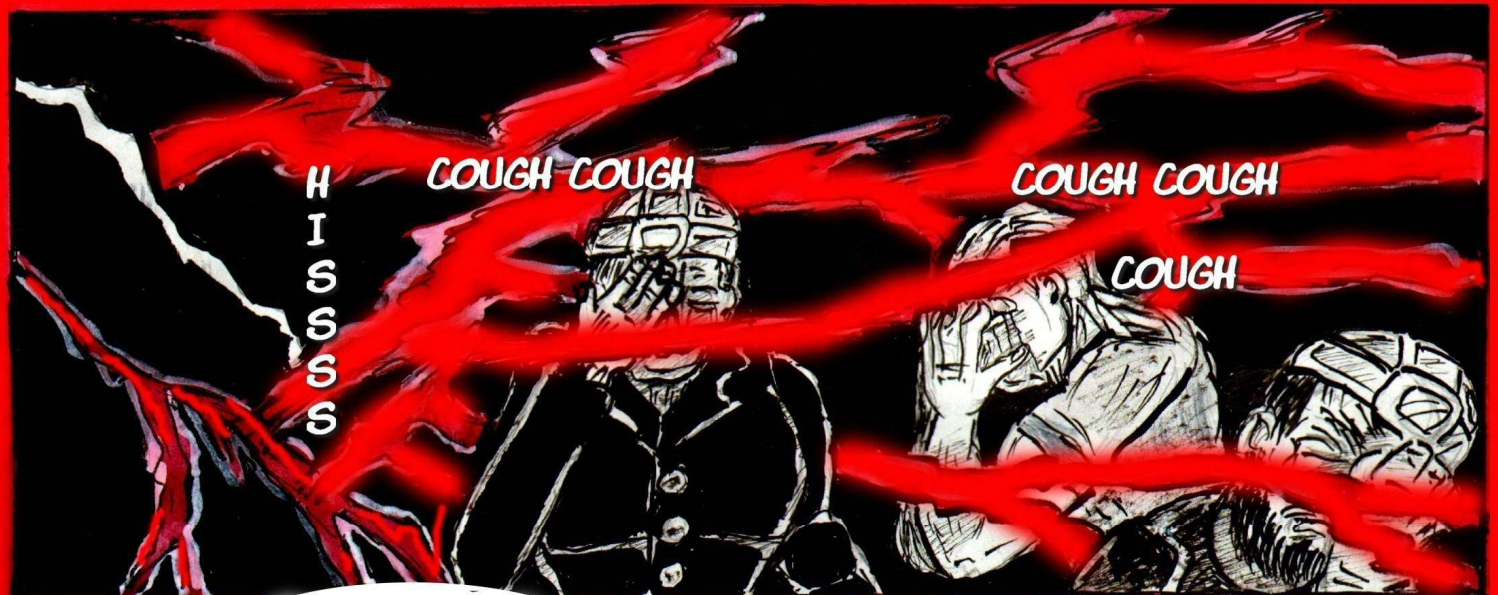


Yorkshire England,
the mining operation
of an ancient meteor
crater.



Andy is too busy cracking jokes to notice his guv' has arrived.







ARGGGGHHHH!!!



Is Andy taking the mick?

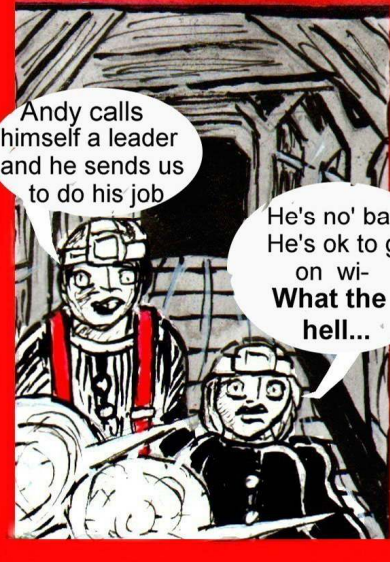
No, that was no joke. C'mon, we better get back!



You two. check it out.

Why us? You're the supervisor. You go.

Shut it. Go and have a look-see.



Andy calls himself a leader and he sends us to do his job

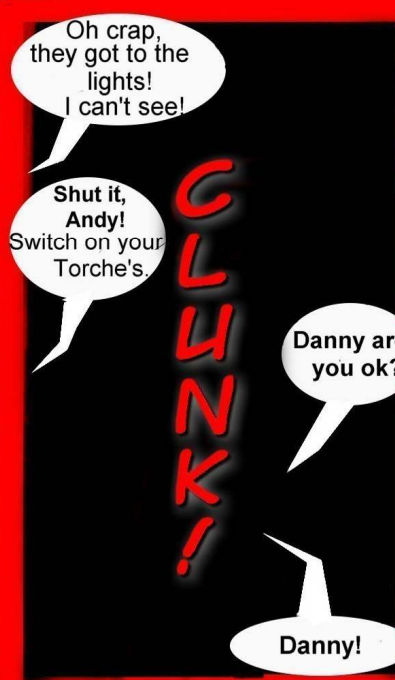
He's no' bad. He's ok to get on wi- What the hell...



URRRRRRRRRRRRRGH!



RURGGGH!

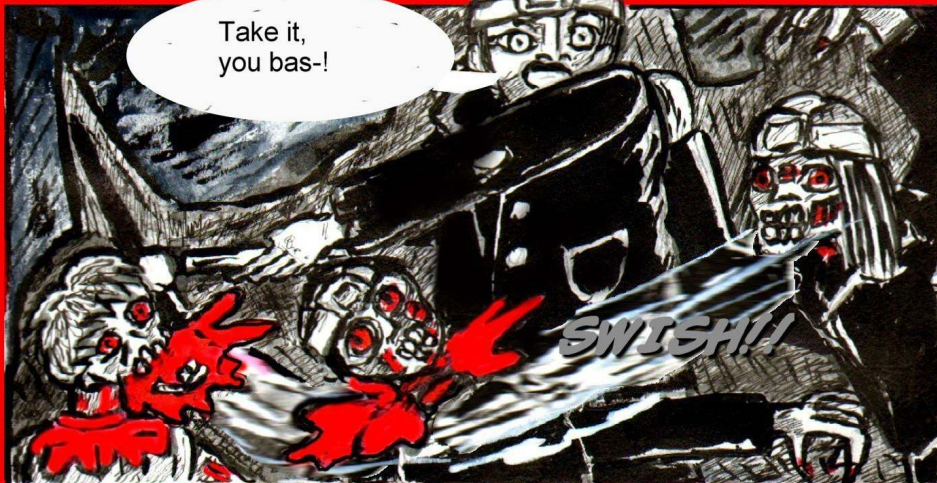




Why are you looking at me like that?



RAAAAAARGHHHHH!!



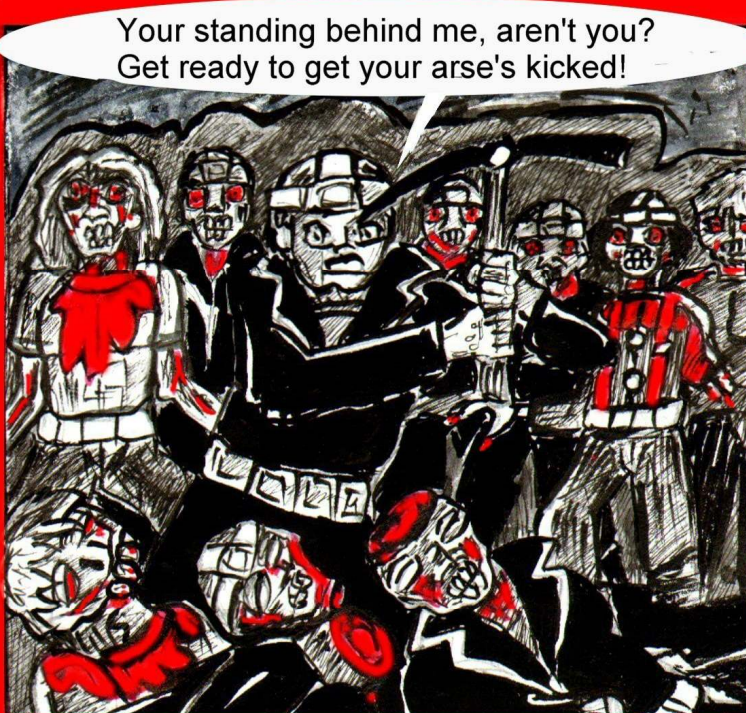
Take it,
you bas-!

SWISH!!



WOOSH!!

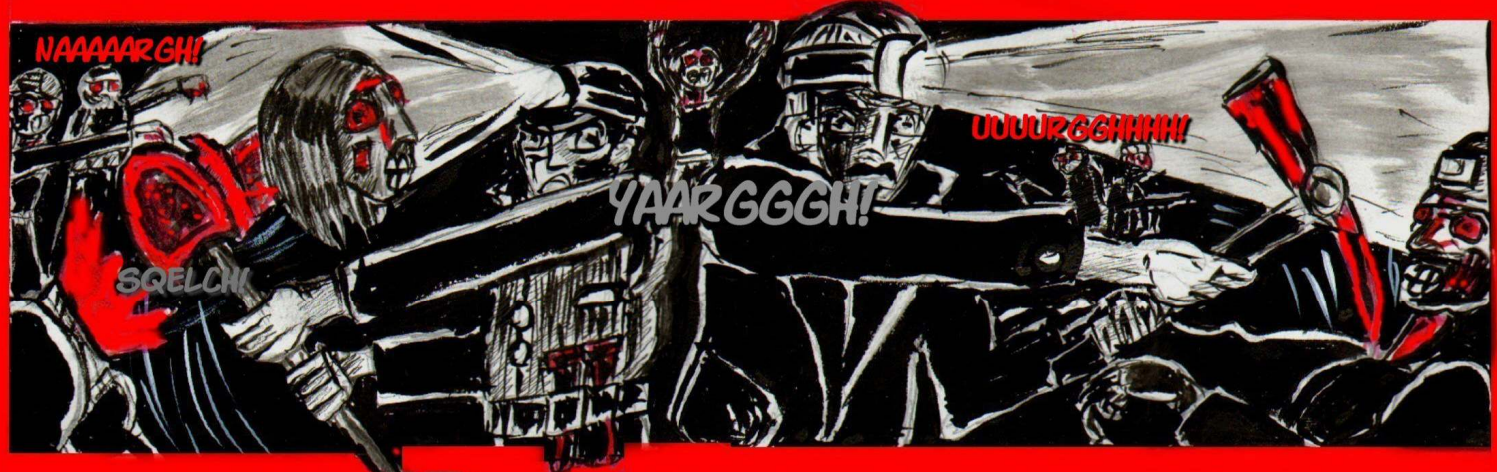
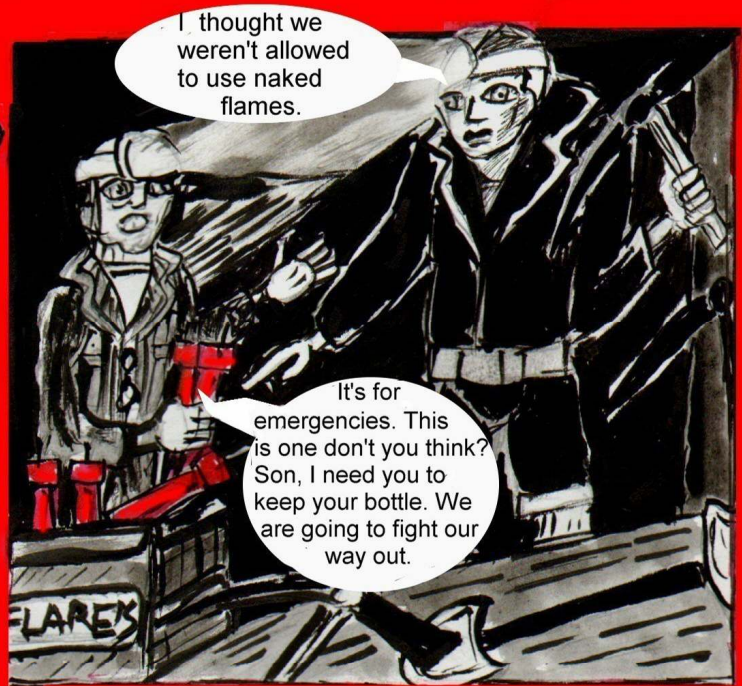
No, you don't!

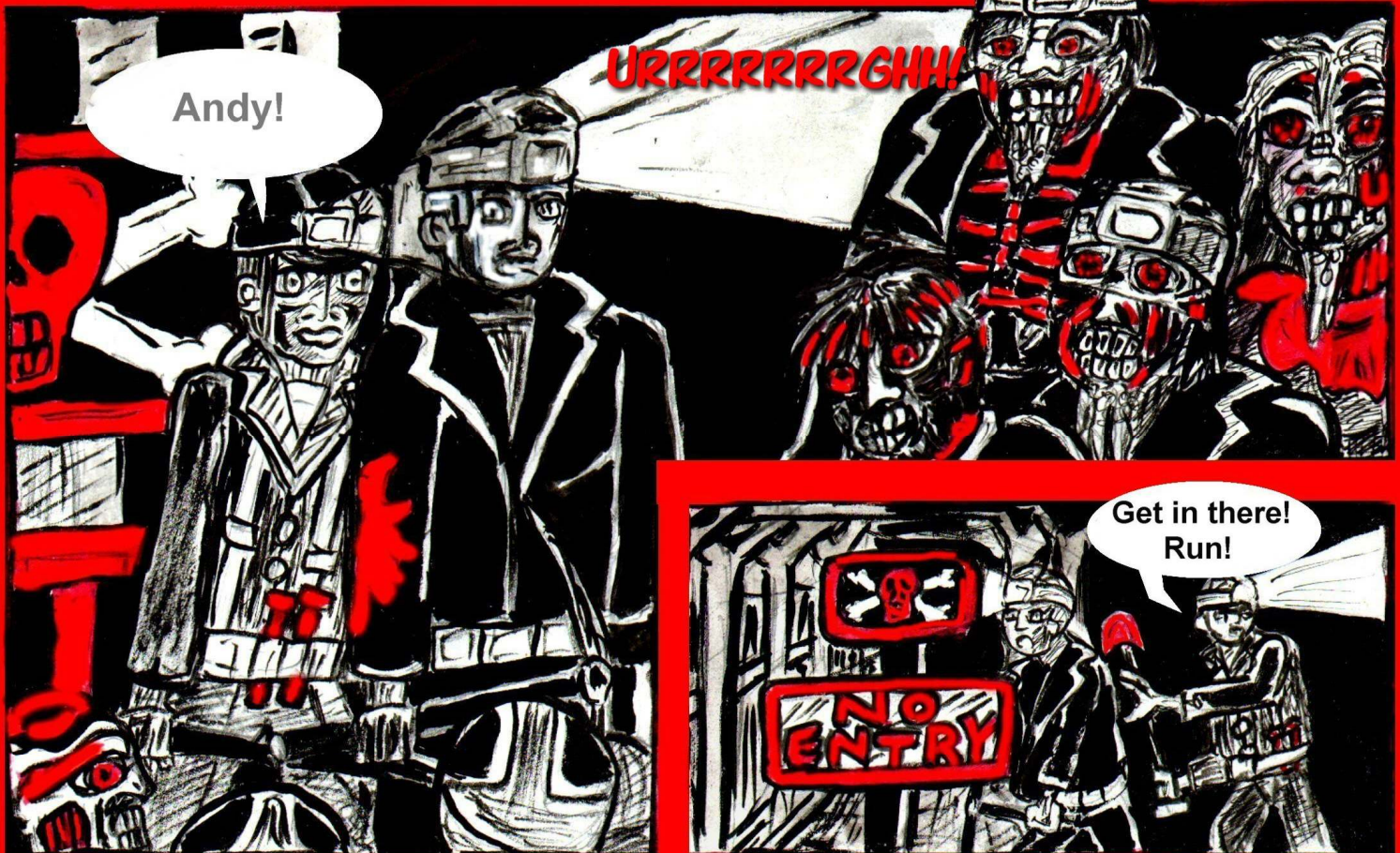


Your standing behind me, aren't you?
Get ready to get your arse's kicked!



HARGGH!!!







RAAARRRRRGHHHHH!!!!

COUGH! COUGH!
COUGH! COUGH!

COUGH!
COUGH!



SPLOSH!



FIZZ!

Catch it
you
freak!



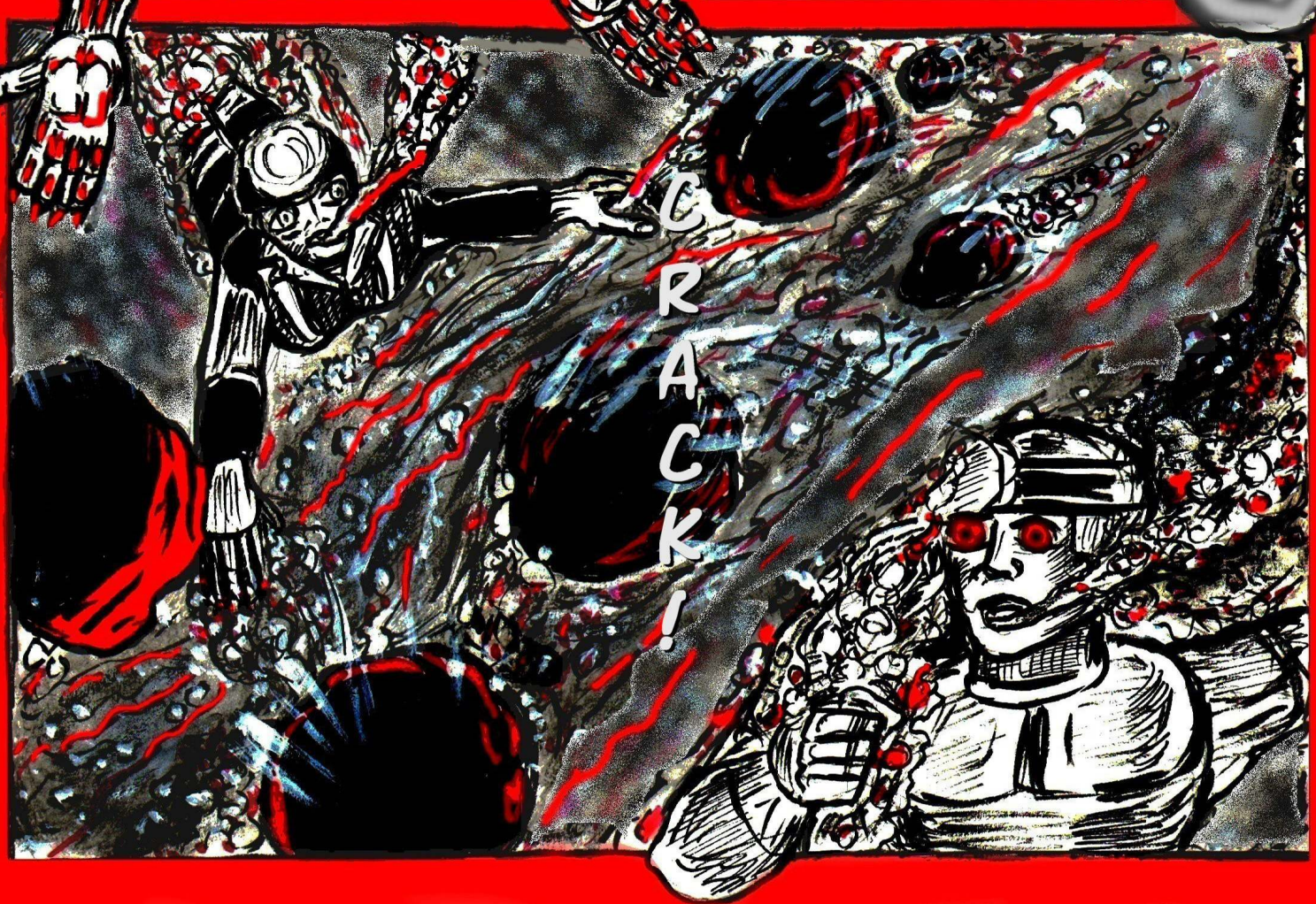
Uh?

BOUNCE!



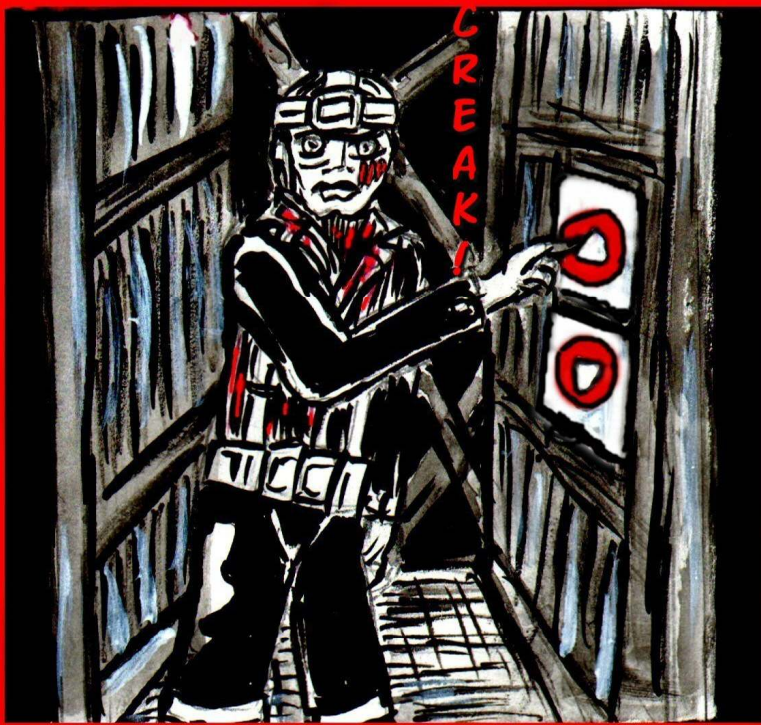
CRACKLE

BOOM!



CRACK!



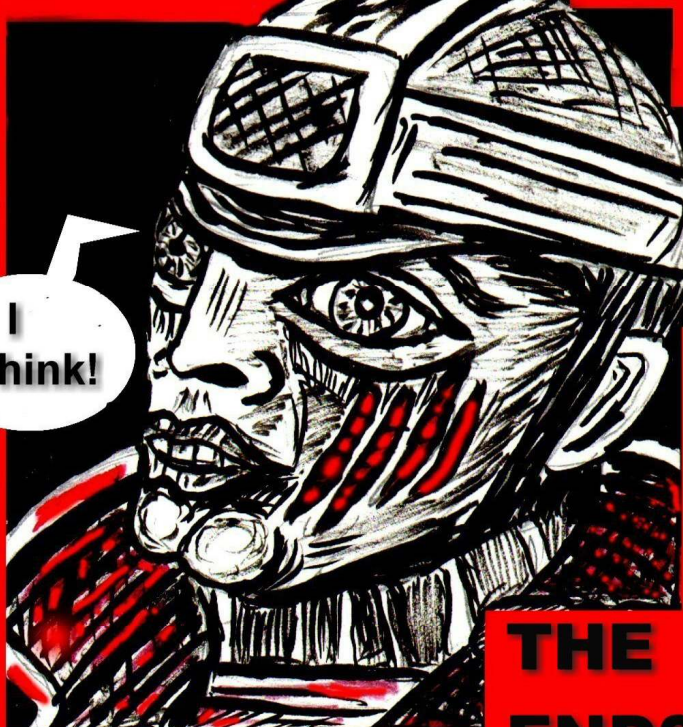


Joe, what happened?
We heard an
explosion!

Are You OK?

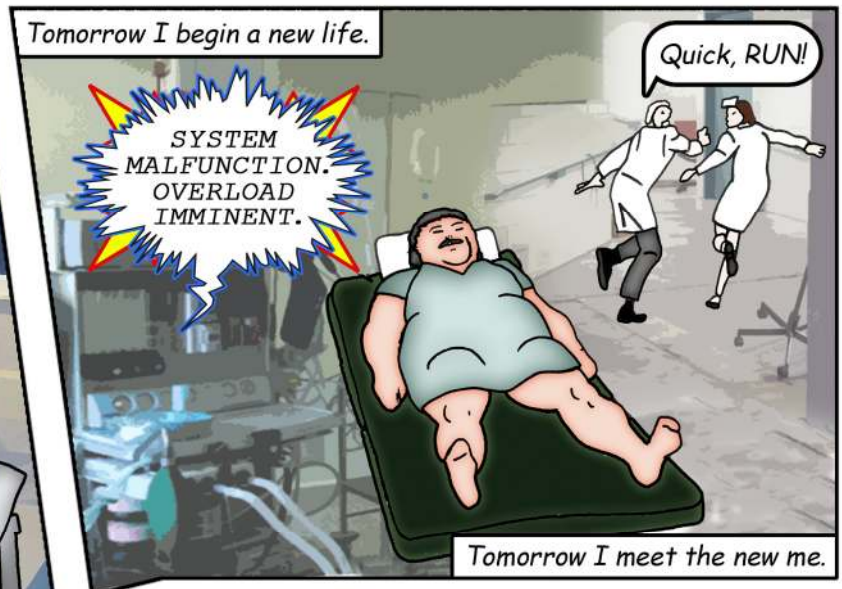


Everyone's dead.
I'm Fine!



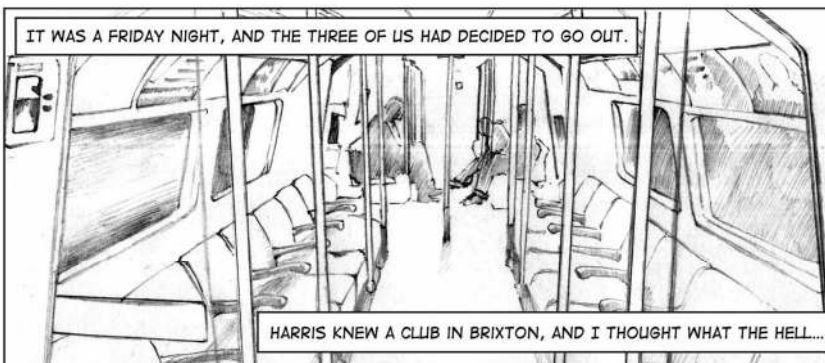
I
Think!

**THE
END?**



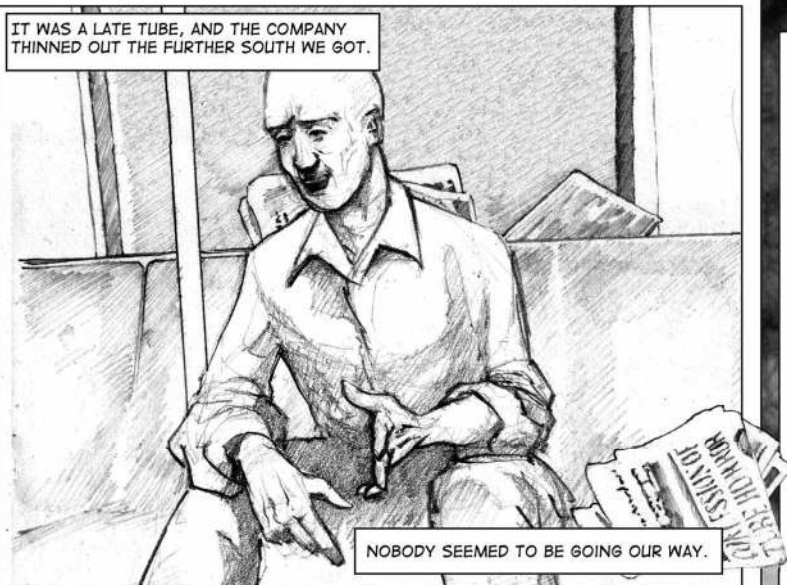
Based on a
true story

IT WAS A FRIDAY NIGHT, AND THE THREE OF US HAD DECIDED TO GO OUT.



HARRIS KNEW A CLUB IN BRIXTON, AND I THOUGHT WHAT THE HELL...

IT WAS A LATE TUBE, AND THE COMPANY
THINNED OUT THE FURTHER SOUTH WE GOT.



NOBODY SEEMED TO BE GOING OUR WAY.

HOLE

told by

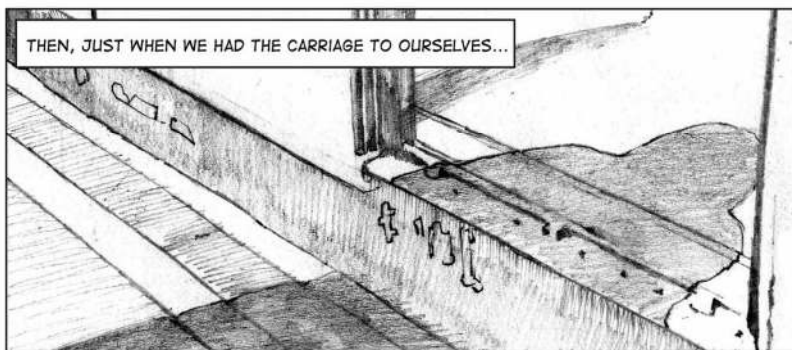
Steev Thulin-Hopper

art/letters

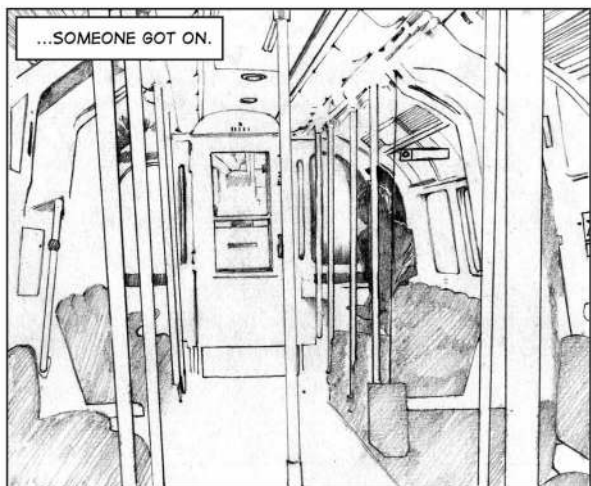
Conor Boyle



THEN, JUST WHEN WE HAD THE CARRIAGE TO OURSELVES...



...SOMEONE GOT ON.



I REMEMBER THESE THINGS ABOUT HIM...

HE SAID NOTHING...

...DIDN'T ASK US FOR MONEY.

HE *STANK* OF ROTTING MEAT.

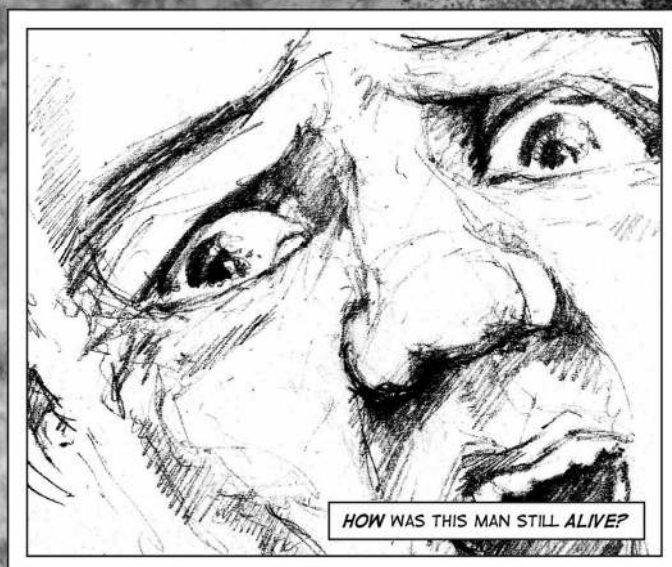
A SMELL THAT, TO THIS *DAY*, TAKES ME BACK TO THAT CARRIAGE.

FOR NO READILY APPARENT REASON HE *TERRIFIED* ME.

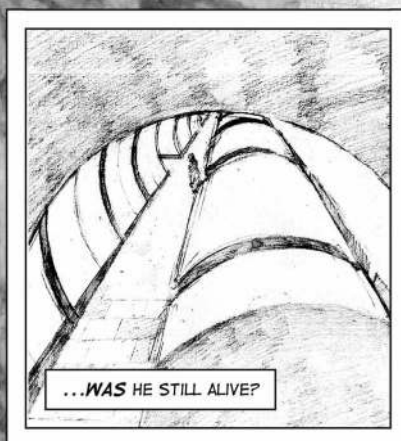
SOMETHING ABOUT HIM WAS *WRONG*.

AND ONE MORE THING...

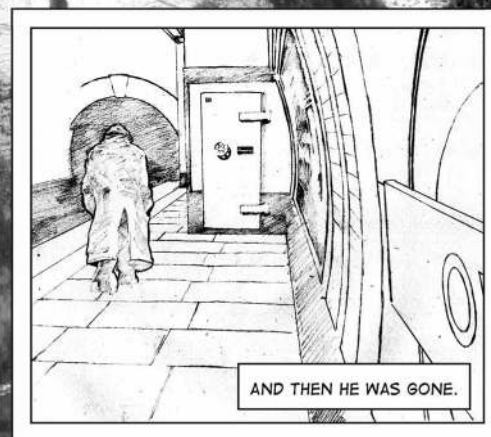
...HE HAD A *HOLE* IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.



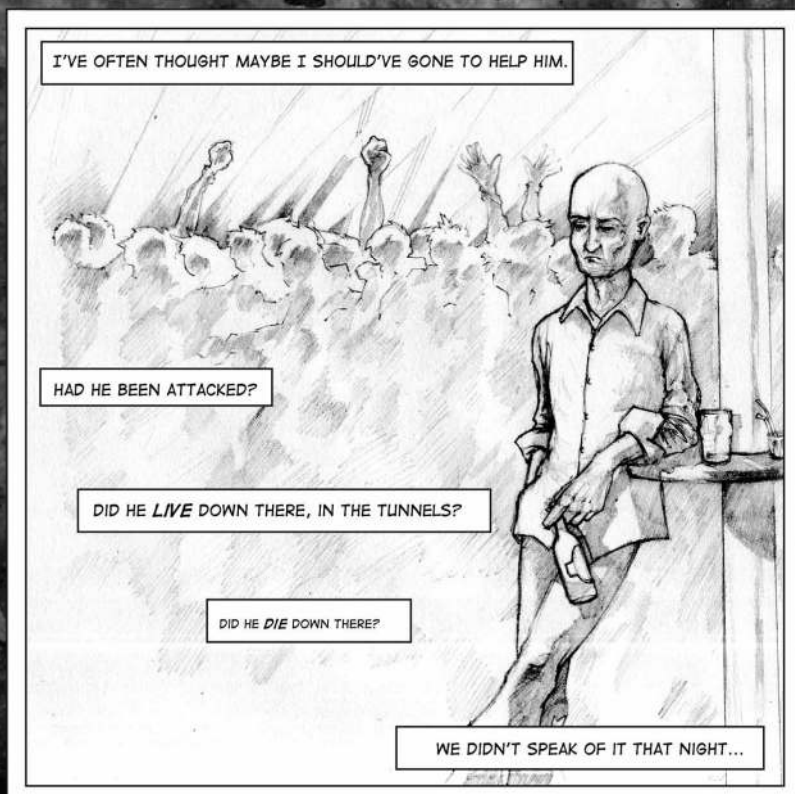
HOW WAS THIS MAN STILL ALIVE?



...WAS HE STILL ALIVE?



AND THEN HE WAS GONE.



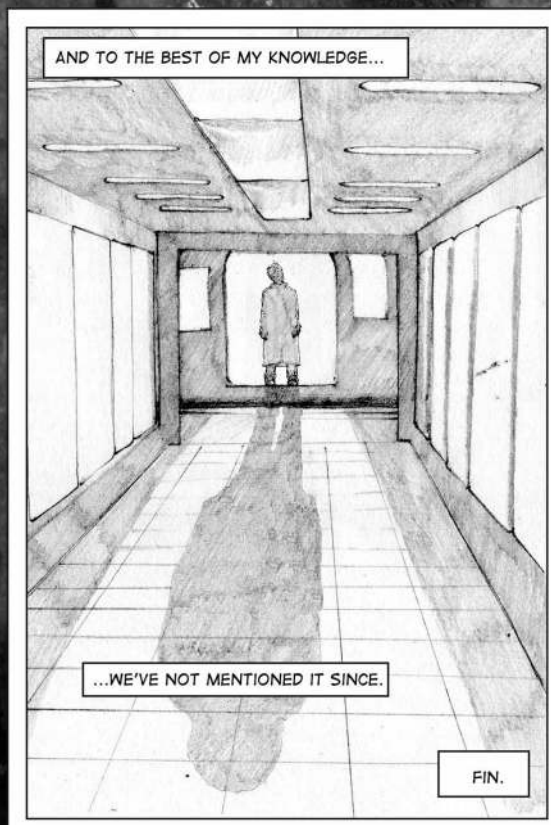
I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT MAYBE I SHOULD'VE GONE TO HELP HIM.

HAD HE BEEN ATTACKED?

DID HE *LIVE* DOWN THERE, IN THE TUNNELS?

DID HE *DIE* DOWN THERE?

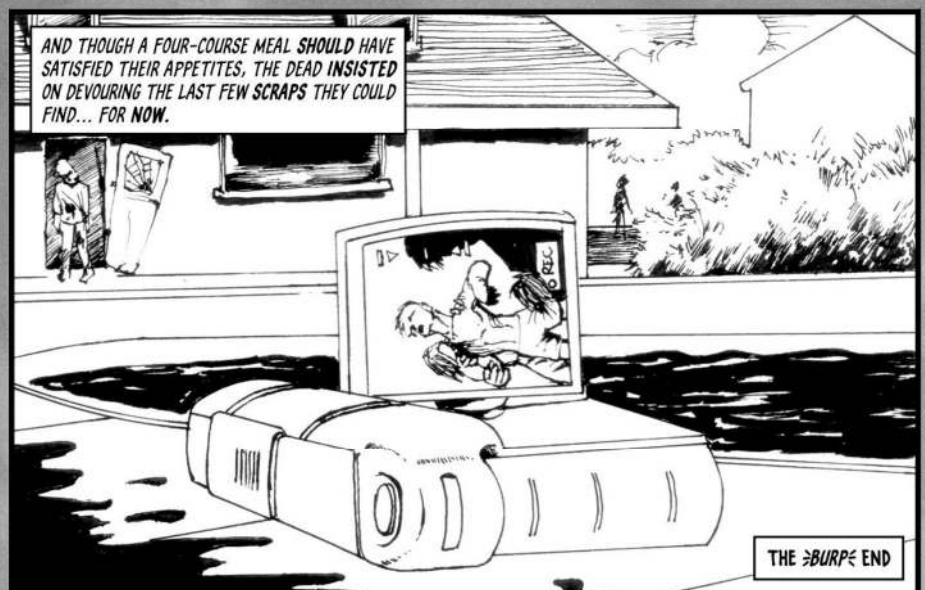
WE DIDN'T SPEAK OF IT THAT NIGHT...



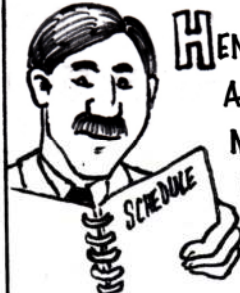
AND TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE...

...WE'VE NOT MENTIONED IT SINCE.


FIN.



WHEELS OF FORTUNE

HENRY MORRIS WAS A METICULOUS MAN. METICULOUS IN HIS PLANNING, METICULOUS IN HIS TIME-KEEPING, AND METICULOUS IN HIS HEALTHY EATING HABITS. HE COUNTED EVERY CALORIE, AND WAS NEVER A SECOND LATE FOR ANYTHING.



ONE DAY IN THE OFFICE

DREADFUL BUSINESS WITH THAT GYPSY CARAVAN PARKED JUST OUTSIDE, EH?



GYPSY? I DIDN'T NOTICE.

YOU WERE PROBABLY BUSY E-MAILING SOMEONE ON YOUR CELLPHONE, MORRIS! ARRIVED YESTERDAY.




TERRIBLE EYESORE. GONNA PUT CUSTOMERS OFF. CAN'T BE GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

WELL IT'S NOT GONNA BE THERE LONG. SHE NEVER STAYS ANYWHERE MORE THAN A WEEK.



WHAT'S THIS?? "SHE" A FRIEND OF YOURS?

VERY FUNNY. IT'S ON THE SIGN, IDIOT: "MAGDA ORLOFF". DON'T YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS?



SHE FAMOUS OR SOMETHING?

MATTER OF FACT, YES, KIND OF. THEY SAY SHE CAN PREDICT THE FUTURE WITH 100% ACCURACY!



YEAH, RIGHT.

IN THAT CASE I'LL PAY HER A VISIT BEFORE I GO DOWN THE BOOKIES

YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST TO THINK OF THAT. APPARENTLY SHE REFUSES TO MAKE PREDICTIONS RELATED TO BETTING... SAYS GAMBLING IS THE DEVIL'S WORK, OR SOMETHING



IN OTHER WORDS, SHE CAN'T DO IT [CHUCKLE!]

WELL, THEY SAY SHE'S NEVER BEEN WRONG WITH ANY OTHER PREDICTION.



PULL THE OTHER ONE. WHO SAYS?

"STORY GOES, SHE PREDICTED 9 11, BUT THE AMERICANS




WOULDN'T LISTEN TO SOME EUROPEAN NUTJOB FORTUNE TELLER. THE REST IS HISTORY"

"NOW THE PENTAGON IS TRYING TO COVER UP THE FACT THAT SHE TRIED TO WARN THEM.



ONE OF THE TABLOIDS OVER HERE RAN THE WHOLE STORY"

TABLOIDS! YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU -



YEAH, YEAH.

STILL, I THINK SHE'S BAD NEWS. BETTER OFF NOT KNOWING THE FUTURE.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WELL, WHAT IF SHE TOLD YOU THE DAY THAT YOU'RE GONNA DIE OR SOMETHING? NOT SAYING THAT I'D BELIEVE HER MYSELF, BUT THAT CRAP COULD MESS WITH A PERSON'S HEAD.

THEY MIGHT GET OBSESSED WITH IT, AND SPEND THE REST OF THEIR DAYS JUST COUNTING THEM DOWN. **HEAR, HEAR!**

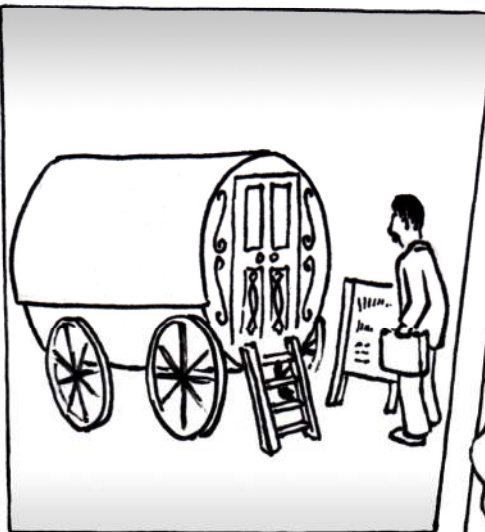
THEY'RE CRAZY! IF YOU KNEW THE DATE OF YOUR DEATH, YOU COULD PLAN YOUR LIFE IN PERFECT DETAIL! DO EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED AND WASTE NOT A MOMENT!

O.O.

... YEAH. BAD NEWS! WHAT IF ONE OF OUR CLIENTS WANDERED IN THERE TO KILL SOME TIME AND GOT FREAKED OUT OF THEIR MINDS?

CAN'T BE GOOD FOR BUSINESS. THE SOONER SHE'S GONE THE BETTER. RIGHT, MORRIS!

WHAT? ER... YEAH, SURE. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT. GOTTA RUN!



Madame MAGDA Orloff
£1 PER 10 MINUTE

I HAVE EXACTLY TEN MINUTES BEFORE THAT TRAIN ARRIVES. SHE BETTER NOT GO OVER...

HELLO. I, UH, ONLY HAVE TEN MINUTES AND... TEN IS MORE THAN MOST EVER NEED.

JUST CROSS MY PALM WITH SILVER AND I WILL TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW.

... OH... DOES IT HAVE TO BE ACTUAL SILVER, BECAUSE -

JUST GIMME THE POUND.
RIGHT.

ERM... I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU COULD ...

I KNOW.

YOU WILL LIVE TO BE 98 YEARS, 5 MONTHS, AND 12 DAYS OLD.

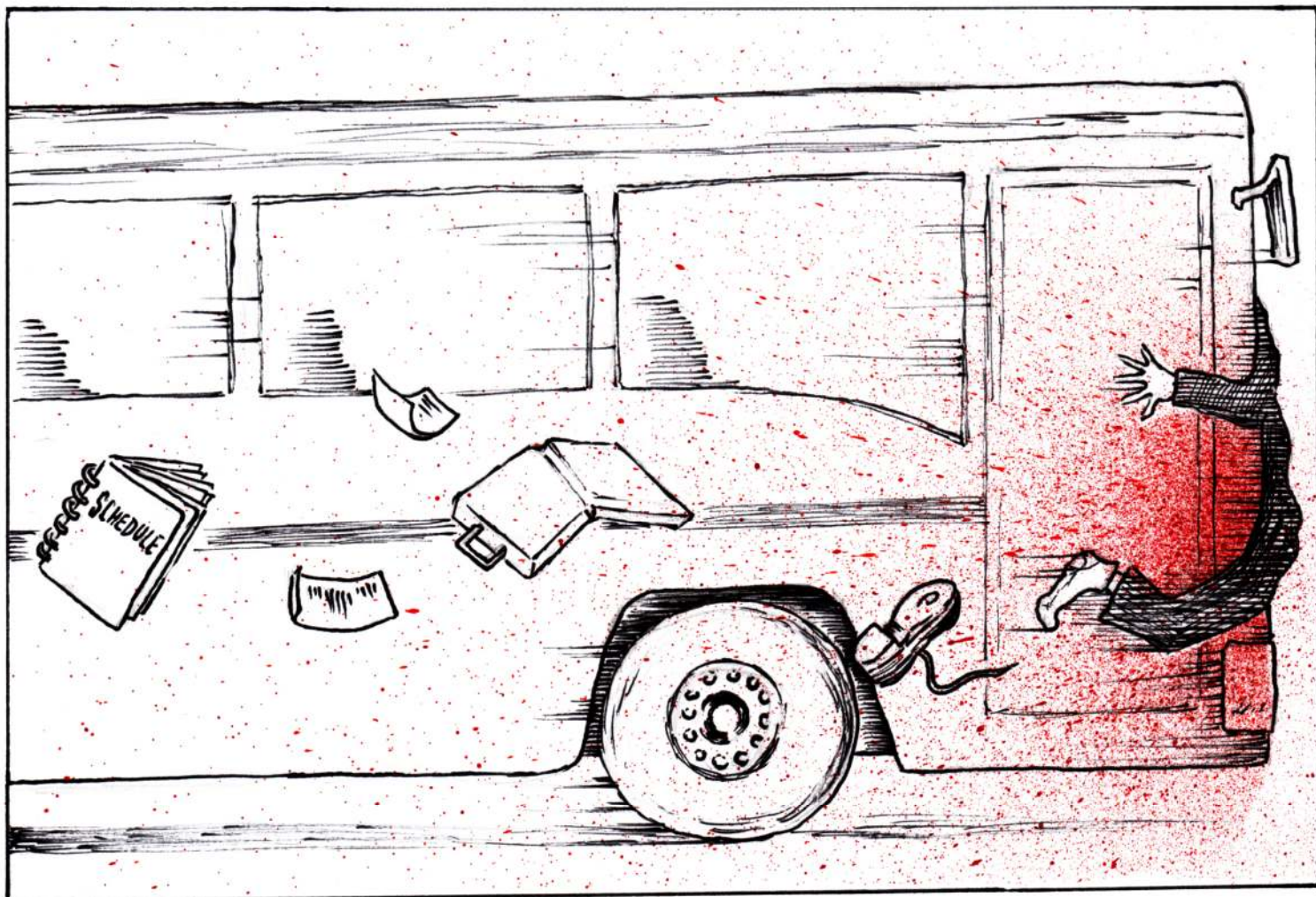
WOW... THANKS.

THAT'S AMAZING! 98 IS A RIPE OLD AGE. NOW I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT!

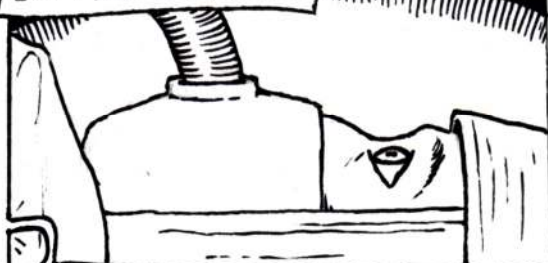
I CAN EAT ANYTHING, BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT CHOLESTEROL KILLING ME YOUNG!

I CAN CLIMB MOUNT EVEREST! I CAN DO A PARACHUTE JUMP!

I CAN -



SIX MONTHS LATER



HE IS IN A VERY DEEP COMATOSE STATE, BUT ALL HIS VITAL ORGANS ARE EXTREMELY HEALTHY - HE RECOVERED REMARKABLY, IN A PHYSICAL SENSE.

MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE FIT BEFORE THE ACCIDENT.



WITHOUT A DOUBT.



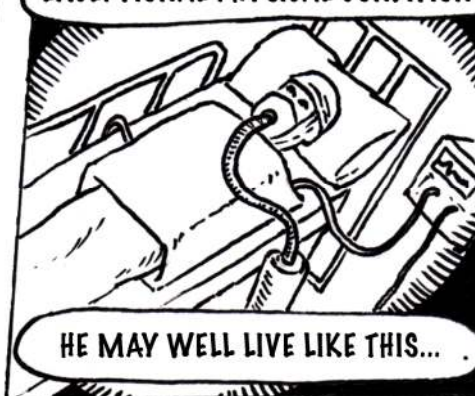
WHEN IS HE EXPECTED TO COME OUT OF THE COMA?

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY. A CASE BY CASE BASIS, REALLY.



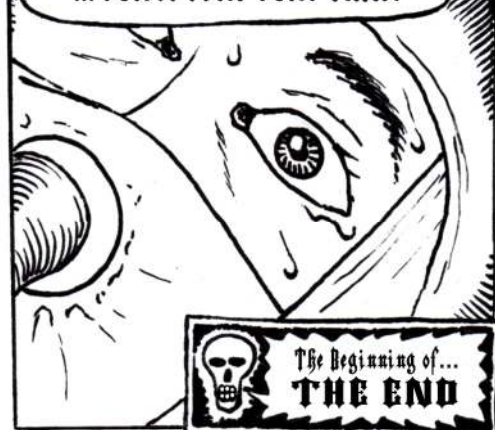
SADLY, SOME PEOPLE NEVER DO. ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY ARE AS DEEP AS THIS PATIENT.

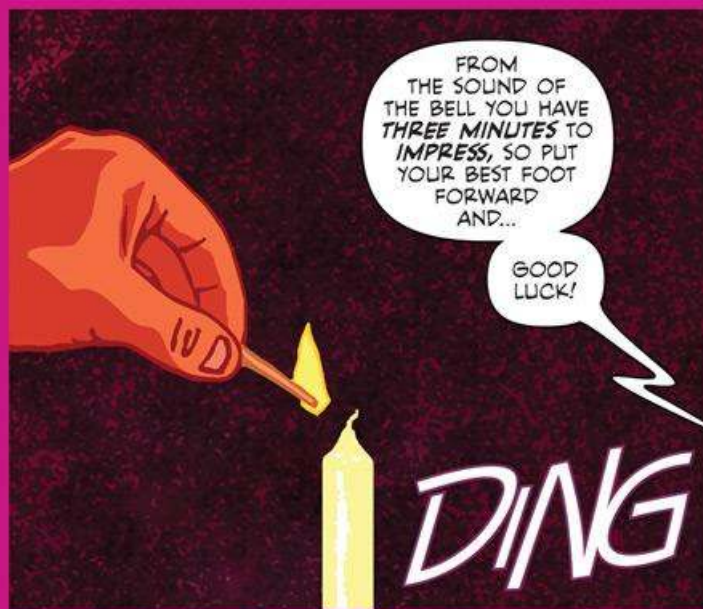
BUT CONSIDERING HIS EXCEPTIONAL PHYSICAL CONDITION



HE MAY WELL LIVE LIKE THIS...

... FOR A VERY LONG TIME.





SPEED DATE

SCRIPT: DIRK VAN DOM ART: LIAM MATTHEW BYRNE
LETTERS: ALAN SMITHEE





WHAT? NO, I'M NOT A... IS *THAT* WHAT THIS IS ABOUT, YOU THINK I'M SOME KIND OF...

SHAME! THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN INTERESTING, WOULD HAVE BEEN A *START*. HOW ABOUT A *NYMPHOMANIC* THEN? A *SLUT*?

NO, I'M... *NOTHING* LIKE...



HAVE YOU EVER HAD A *THREESOME*? A *GANGBANG*, AN *ORGY*? HAVE YOU EVER *DONE* IT WITH ANOTHER *GIRL*?

PLEASE, *STOP*. I DON'T UNDERSTA--



EVER *CHEATED* ON A PARTNER, ALICE? *LIED* TO THEM, *BETRAYED* THEM? EVER *STOLEN* FROM ANYONE, OR HIT A CHILD *REALLY* HARD?

PLEASE, THIS IS A *MISTAKE*, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG GI--



HAVE YOU EVER *KILLED* ANYBODY, ALICE?

WHAT?



STRANGLER? SUFFOCATED? STABBED?

OF C-- COURSE NOT...

DO YOU WANT TO?

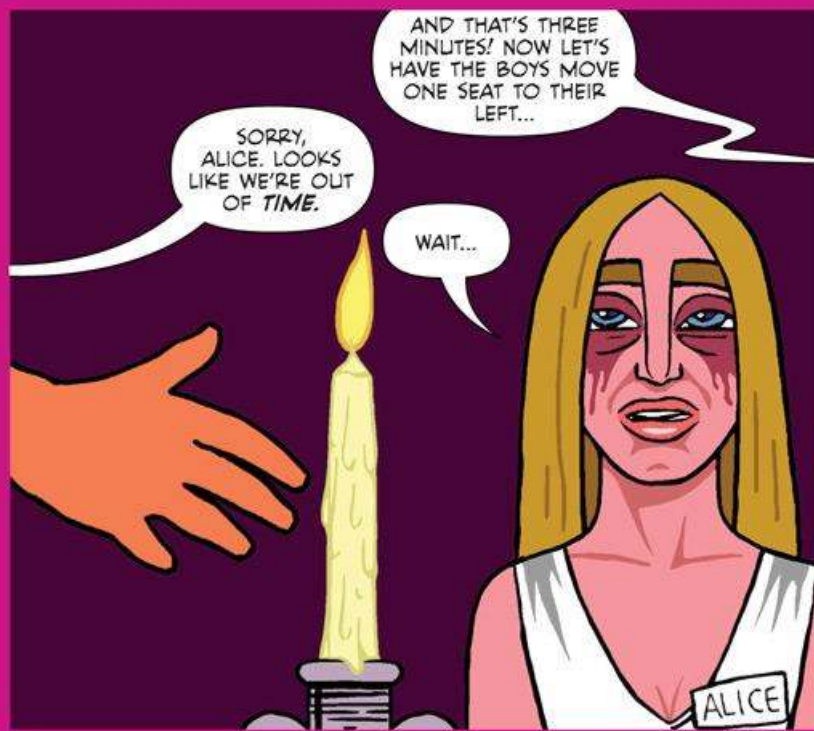
NO!



HAVEN'T YOU EVER EVEN *THOUGHT* ABOUT IT? PLEASE TELL ME YOU'VE *THOUGHT* ABOUT IT...

WHY ARE YOU *DOING* THIS? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? PLEASE...

DING



SORRY, ALICE. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUT OF TIME.

AND THAT'S THREE MINUTES! NOW LET'S HAVE THE BOYS MOVE ONE SEAT TO THEIR LEFT...

WAIT...



AND UNFORTUNATELY, AS PRETTY AS YOU ARE...

PLEASE.



...WE JUST DON'T SEEM TO BE COMPATIBLE!

NOOOO URRGHHHHKKK!



PITY.

EVERYONE HAVING A GOOD NIGHT? MET THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE YET?

IF NOT, DON'T PANIC, I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE... AND YOU SURE AS HELL AIN'T!

HAHAHA!



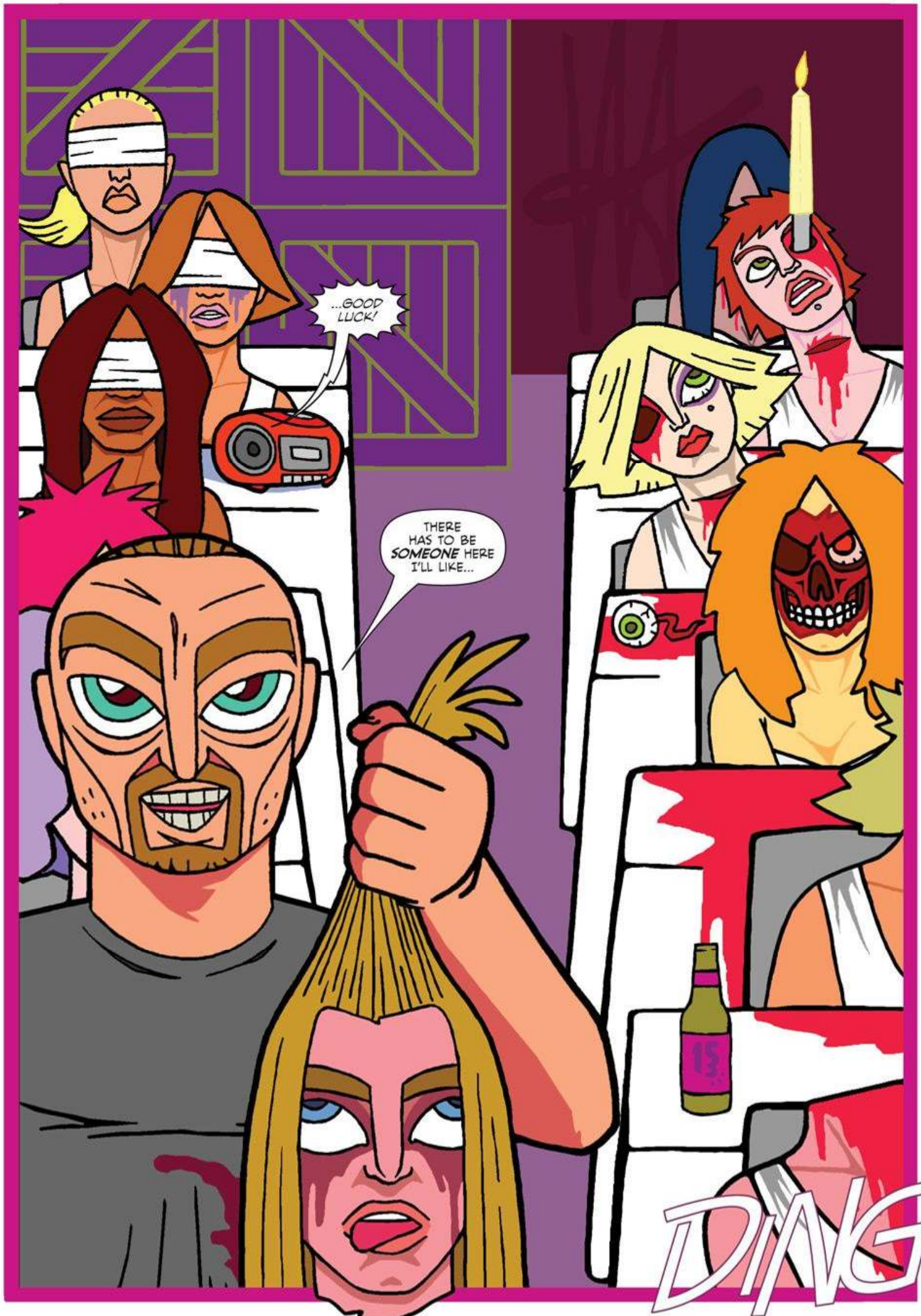
WELL, I'M SURE YOU ALL KNOW THE DRILL BY NOW!

HAD A GOOD FEELING ABOUT THAT ONE.



FROM THE SOUND OF THE BELL YOU HAVE THREE MINUTES TO IMPRESS, SO PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD AND...

OH, WELL...

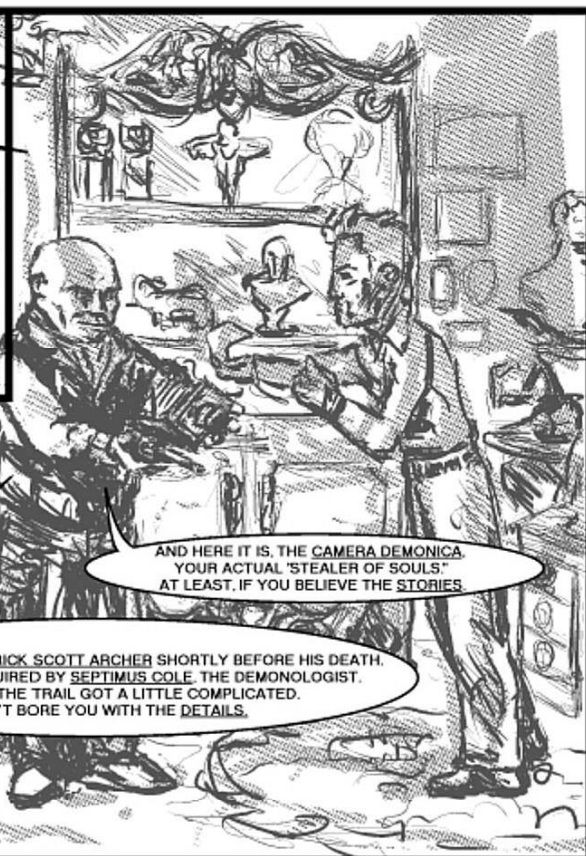
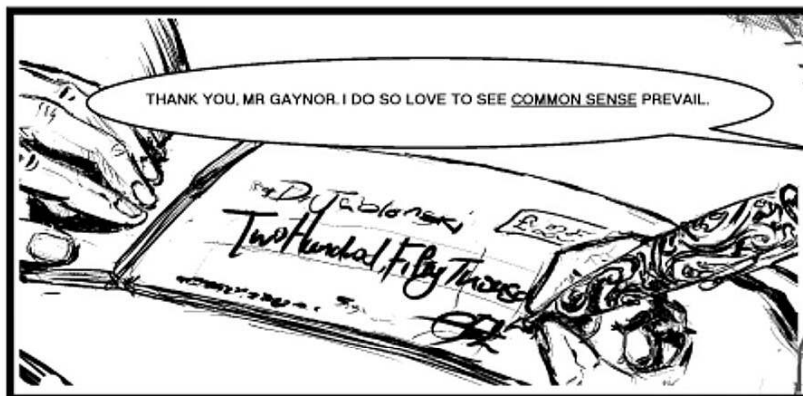


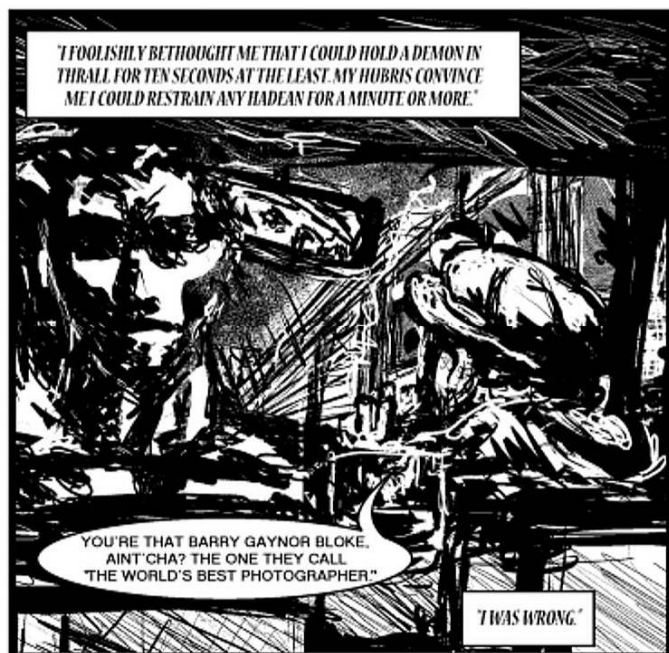
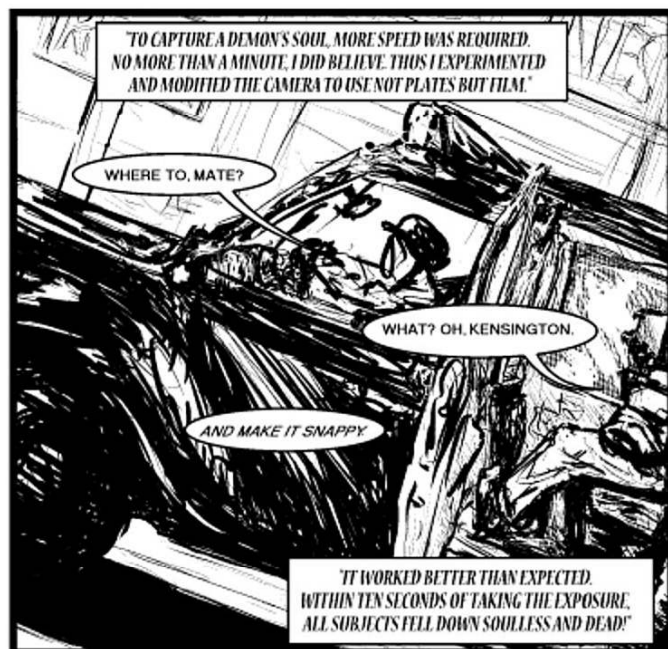
...GOOD
LUCK!

THERE
HAS TO BE
SOMEONE HERE
I'LL LIKE...

DING









BROOP! BROOP!

OOOP! BROOOOP!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. I KNOW.



HELLO BARRY,
IT'S NEARLY TIME FOR ME TO COLLECT.
WHAT IS IT, HALF-MIDNIGHT
WHERE YOU ARE? HMMM,
I'VE GOT THAT BANKING
THING TO LOOK AT...
THEN A CAFE IN BAGHDAD.

TELL YOU WHAT,
LET'S SAY THREE AM.
HOW DOES THAT SOUND?
WE CAN REMINISCE FOR A BIT BEFORE...
WELL, YOU REMEMBER, DON'T YOU?



OF COURSE I REMEMBER

EXCELLENT. THREE IT IS, THEN.

CLICK!



I REMEMBER IT ALL...

AND ONE SIMPLY MUST ENQUIRE
HAVE YOU EVER EVEN HEARD
OF A LIGHT METER?

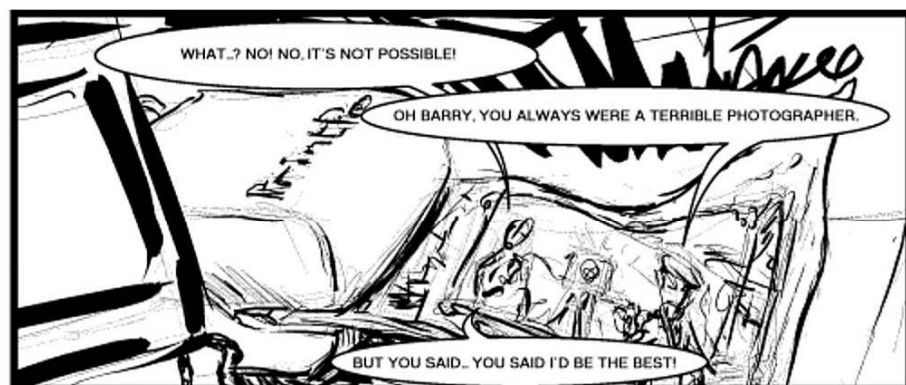
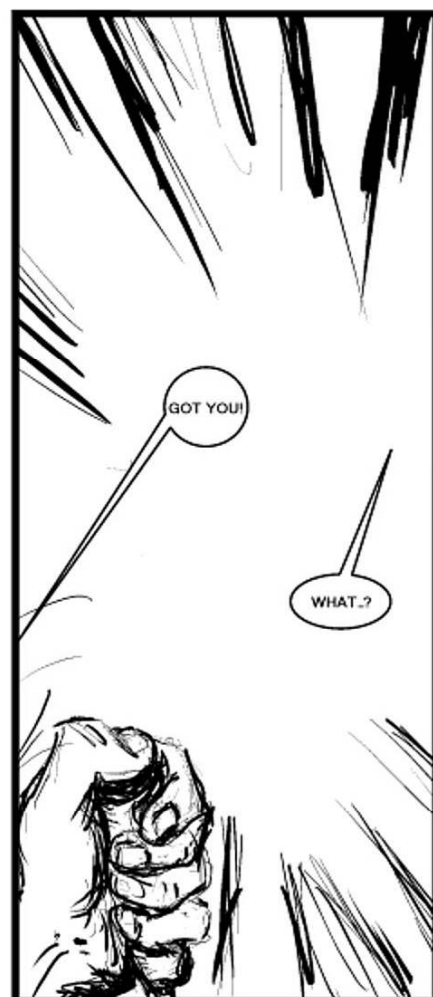
SHE'S ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MODELS
ON OUR BOOKS! AND YOU'VE MADE HER
LOOK LIKE... LOOK LIKE... JEEZ,
YOU MADE HER LOOK LIKE MY MUM. YOU IDIOT!
GET OUTTA' HERE! YOU'RE FIRED!

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS SHIT?
DIDN'T YOU EVER LEARN ABOUT FOCUS,
DEPTH OF FIELD, COMPOSITION?

RUINED! RUINED! THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE
AND NOW THERE'S NO PHOTOS?
YOU BASTARD! YOU BASTARD!
YOU BASTARD! YOU BASTARD!
YOU BASTARD!

YOU KNOW, I CAN MAKE THIS LOT
THINK YOU'RE THE BEST
PHOTOGRAPHER WHO EVER LIVED.

FOR A SMALL FEE, OF COURSE.

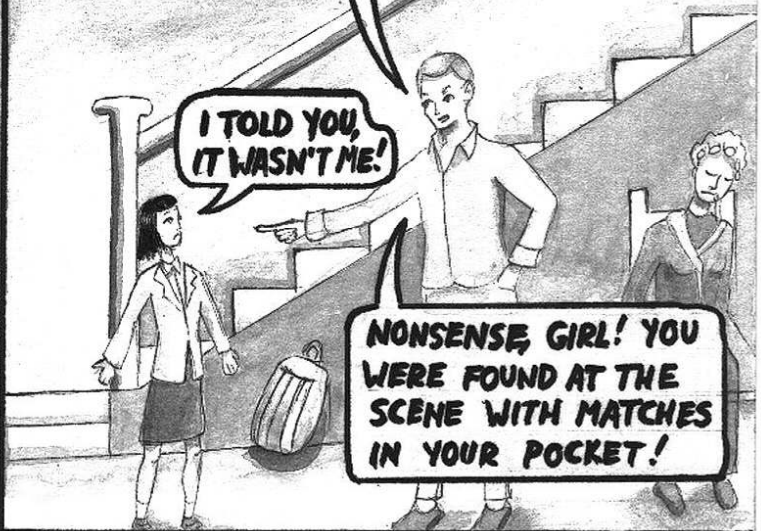




**SHAME ON YOU, LYNDSY!
SENT HOME FROM SCHOOL
FOR BURNING DOWN
THE SCIENCE BLOCK!**

**I TOLD YOU,
IT WASN'T ME!**

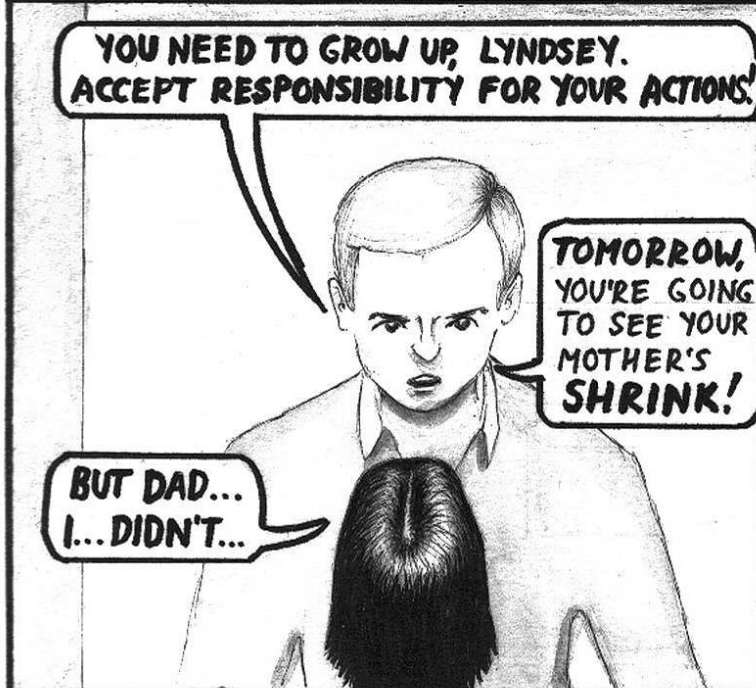
**NONSENSE, GIRL! YOU
WERE FOUND AT THE
SCENE WITH MATCHES
IN YOUR POCKET!**



**YOU NEED TO GROW UP, LYNDSY.
ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR ACTIONS!**

**TOMORROW,
YOU'RE GOING
TO SEE YOUR
MOTHER'S
SHRINK!**

**BUT DAD...
I... DIDN'T...**

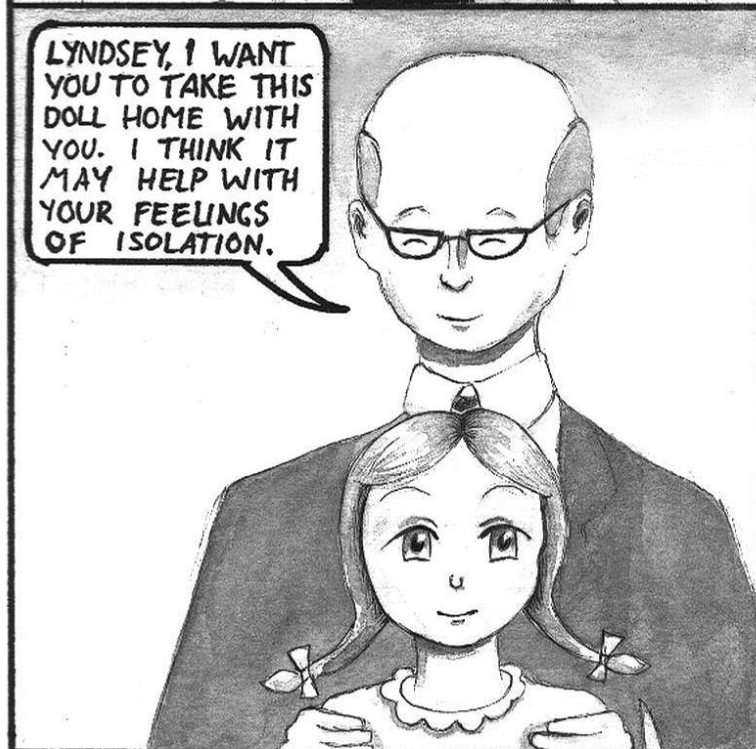


**YOUR FATHER TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR
SITUATION, LYNDSY. IT SEEMS YOUR
ACTIONS ARE A CRY FOR ATTENTION
AND I BELIEVE THIS IS BECAUSE
YOU ARE LONELY.**

**SO, WE'RE
GOING TO TRY
SOMETHING
NEW...**



**LYNDSY, I WANT
YOU TO TAKE THIS
DOLL HOME WITH
YOU. I THINK IT
MAY HELP WITH
YOUR FEELINGS
OF ISOLATION.**



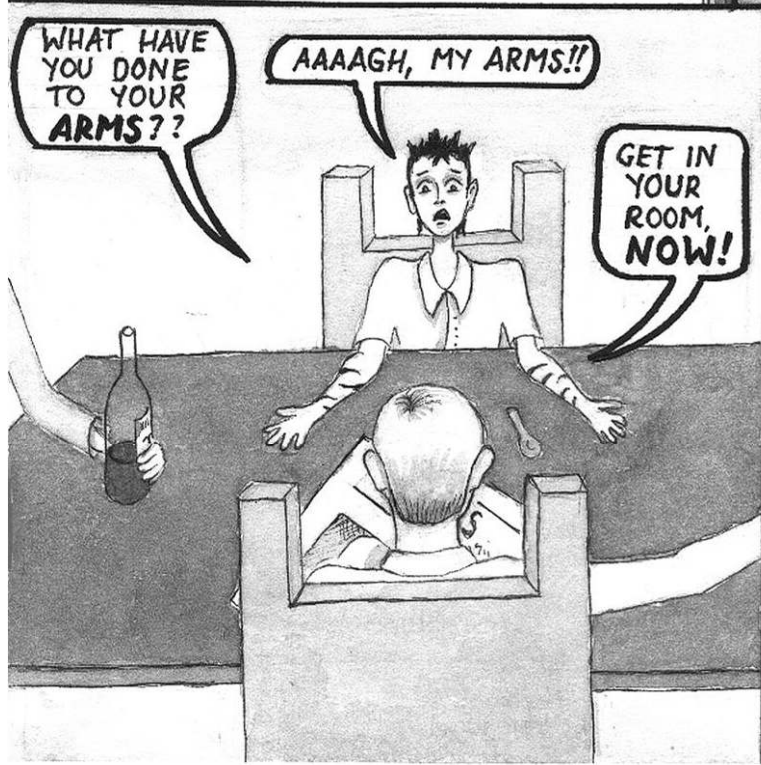
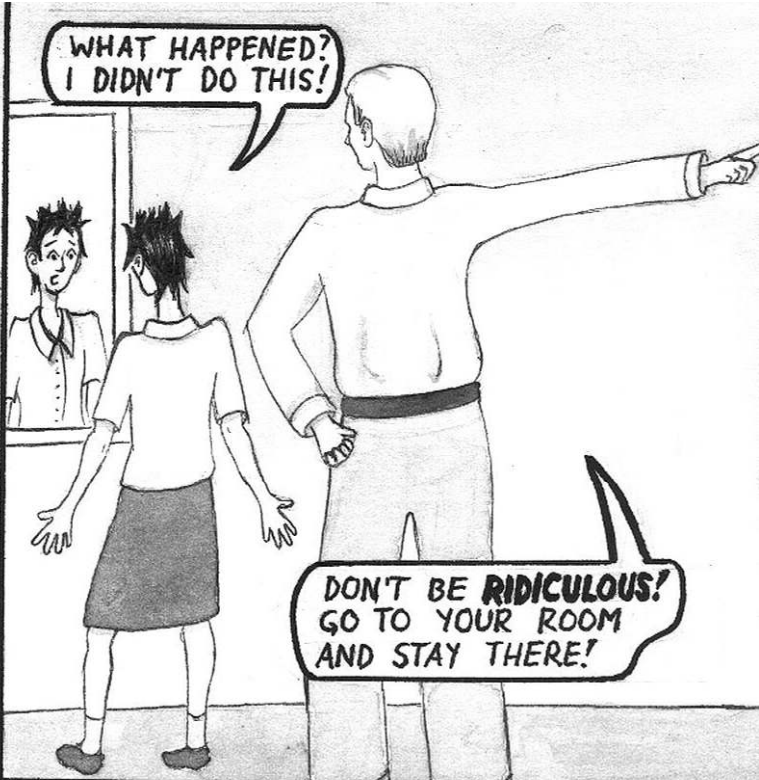
THAT EVENING...

**WELL, I'M GROUNDED ANYWAY DOLLY, SO
IT'S JUST ME AND YOU ALL MONTH.**

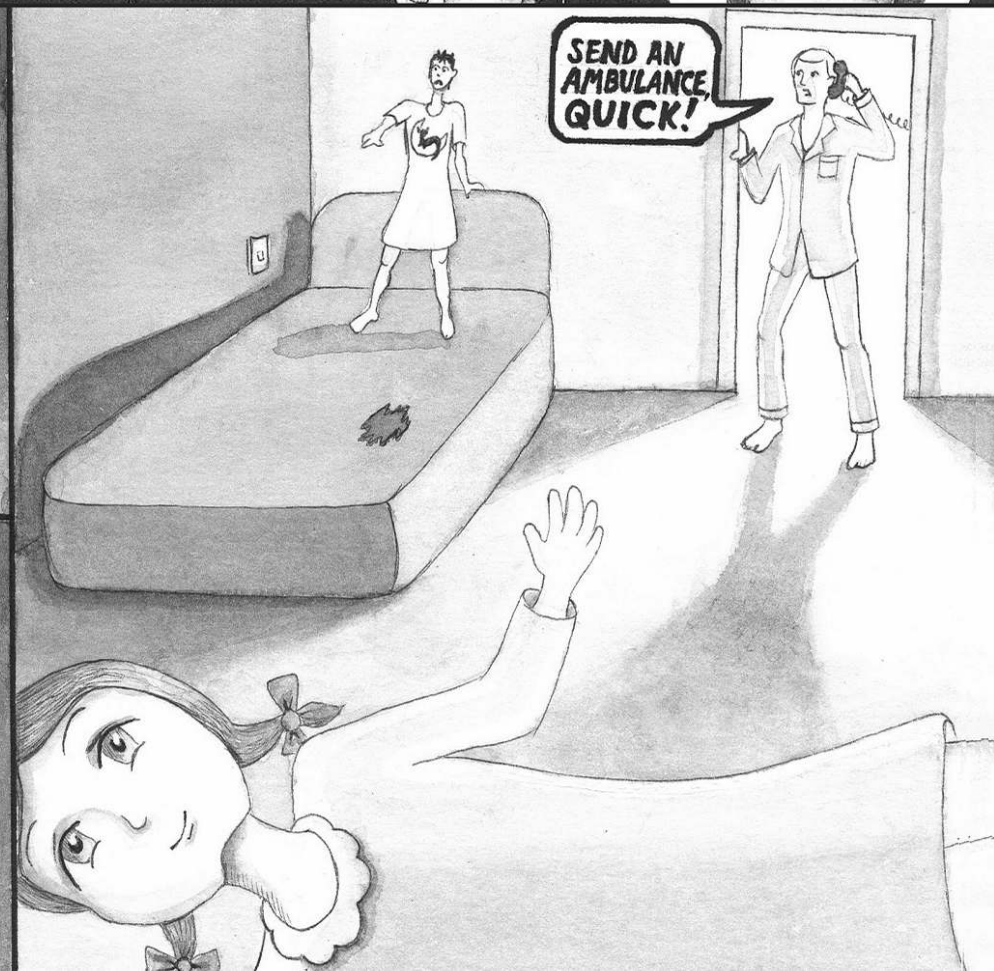
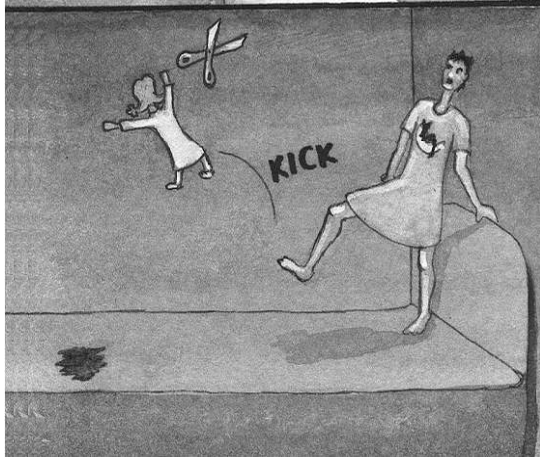
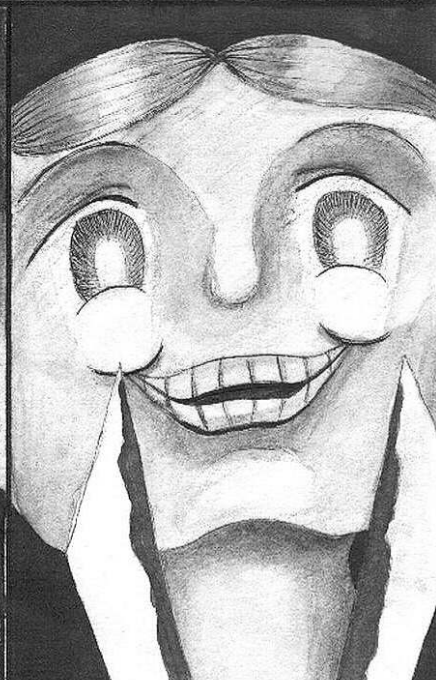
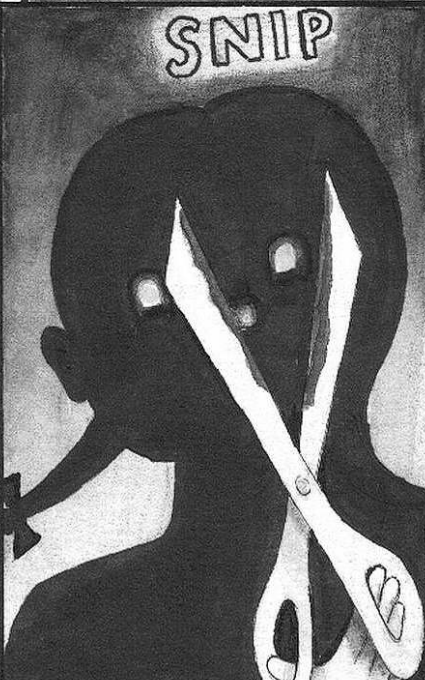
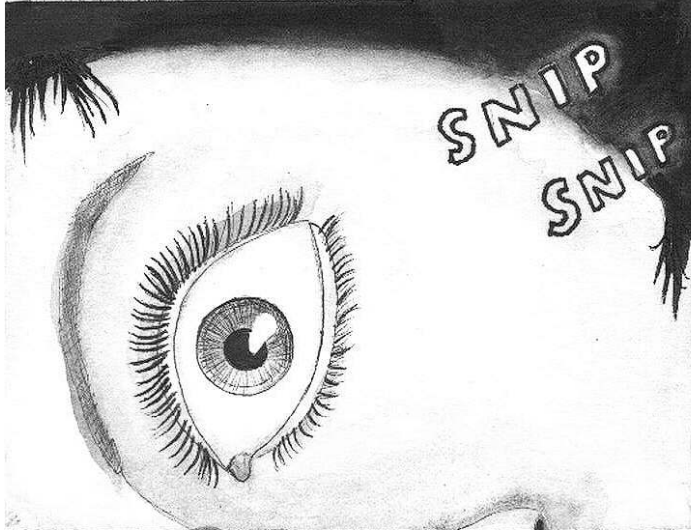
GOODNIGHT.

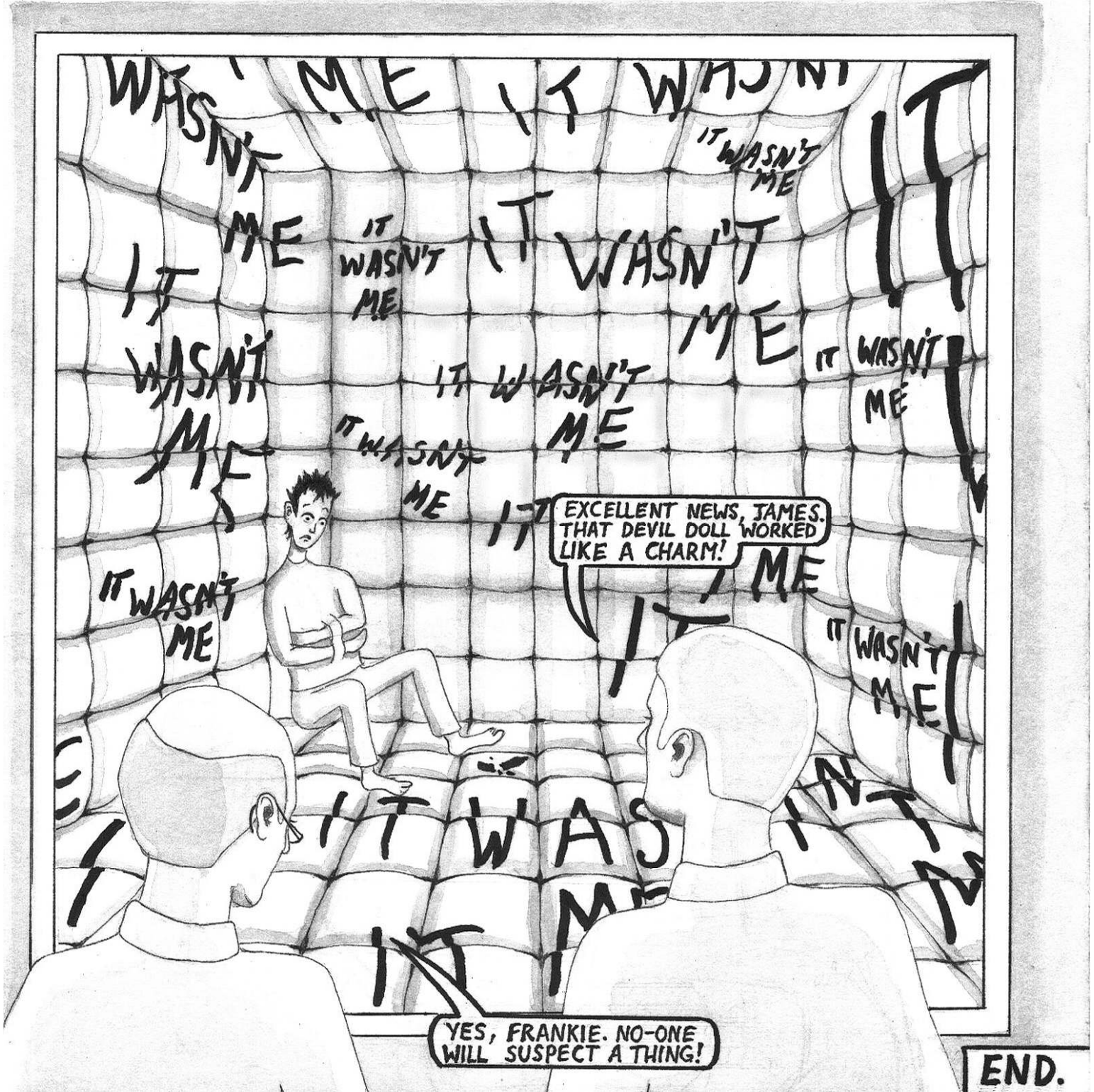


THE NEXT MORNING AT BREAKFAST...



THAT NIGHT, LYNDSLEY IS AWOKEN BY A
STRANGE NOISE...





ESCAPE PLAN

Words* by
Patrick Sneyd

The high walls stop my feet,

The thorny hedges of chemicals do the rest

Artwork by
Philip Sneyd

Still, once in a while

I get an irresistible urge

and have an
adventure

(They call them 'episodes')

I cheat

like
making
mud pies,

or moving the TV,

or refusing to eat lumpy custard.

Last week I screamed.

It was a very good scream,

If I scream enough

very therapeutic.

I may get to leave.

A CLASSIC CHILL FROM THE HALLOWSCREAM ARCHIVES

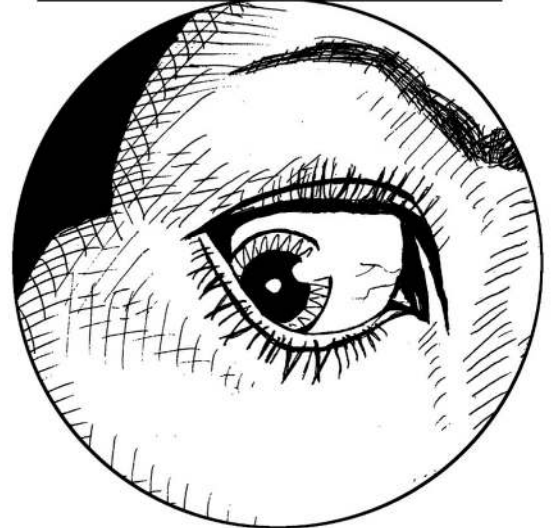
"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB..."



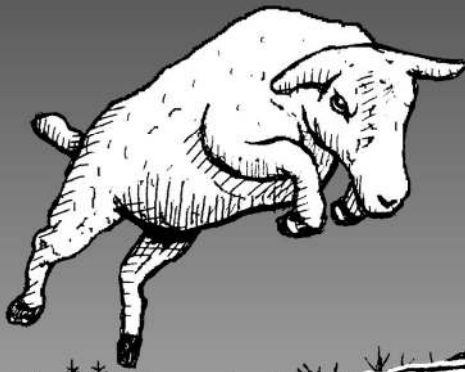
...ITS FLEECE WAS WHITE AS SNOW...



...AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT...



...THE LAMB WAS SURE TO GO."



AATIBEE!

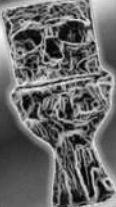


Story
& Art

Malcolm
Kirk

When the lambs fell silent,
There was no escape from the...

LAVATORY

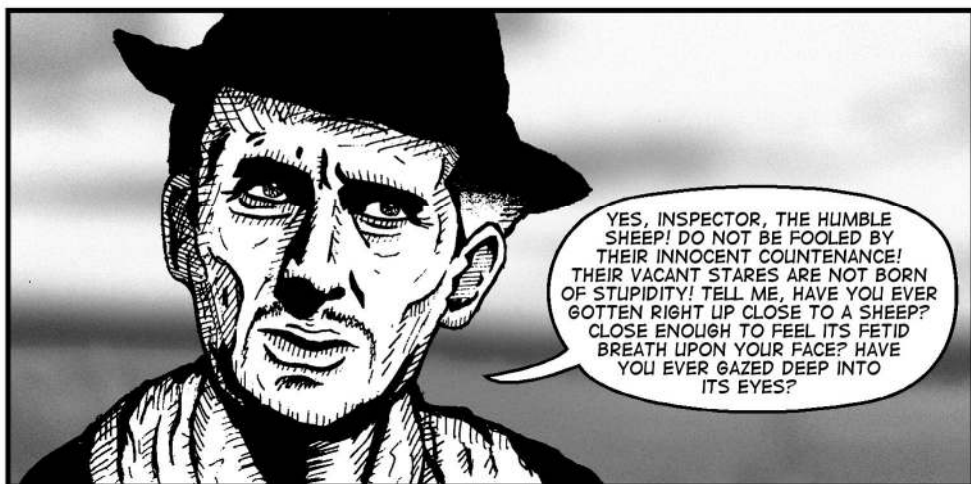
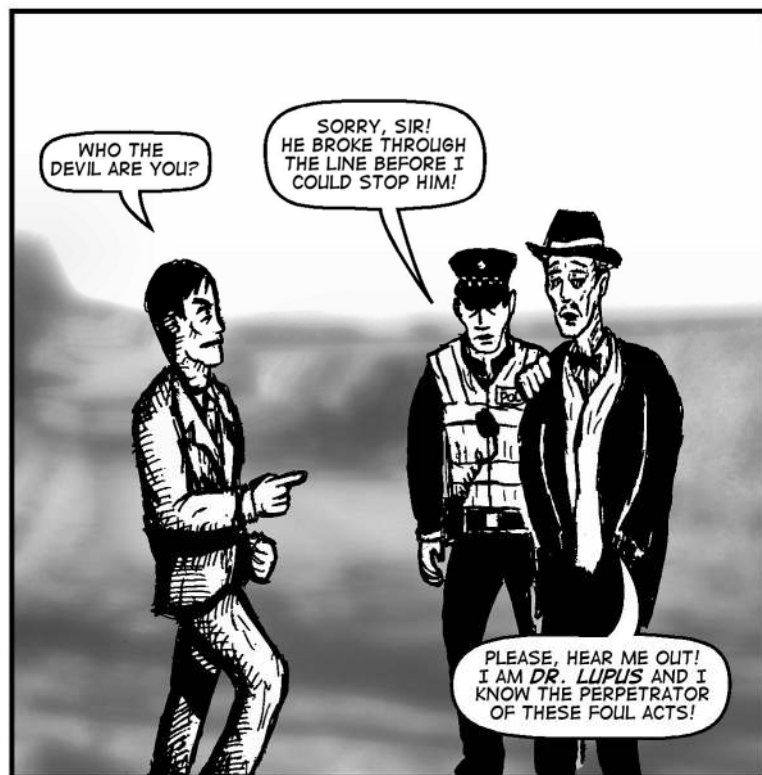
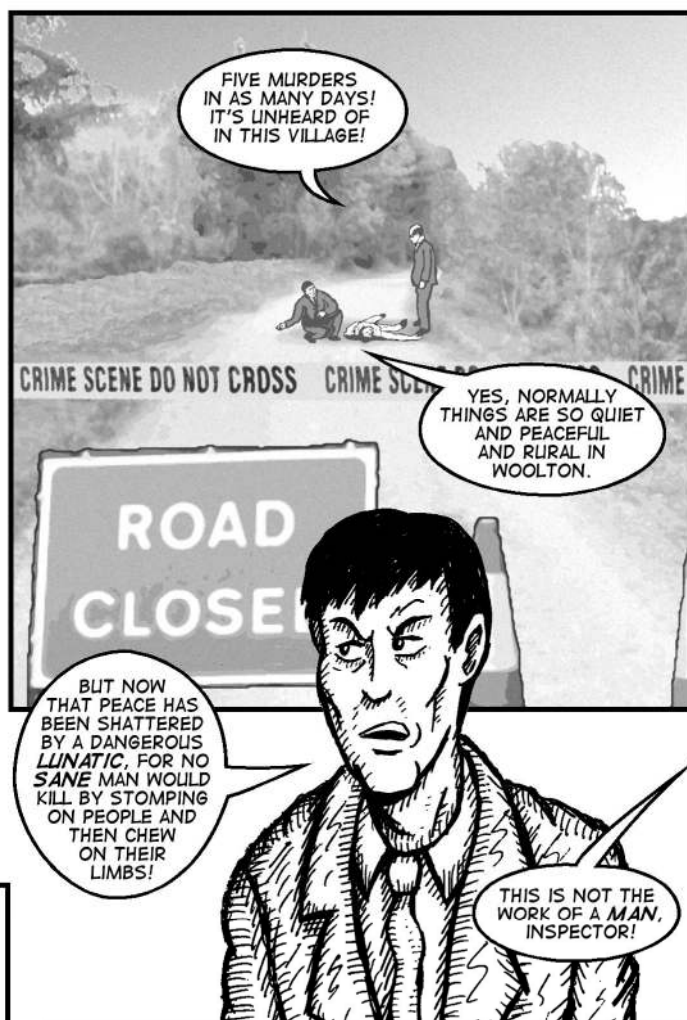


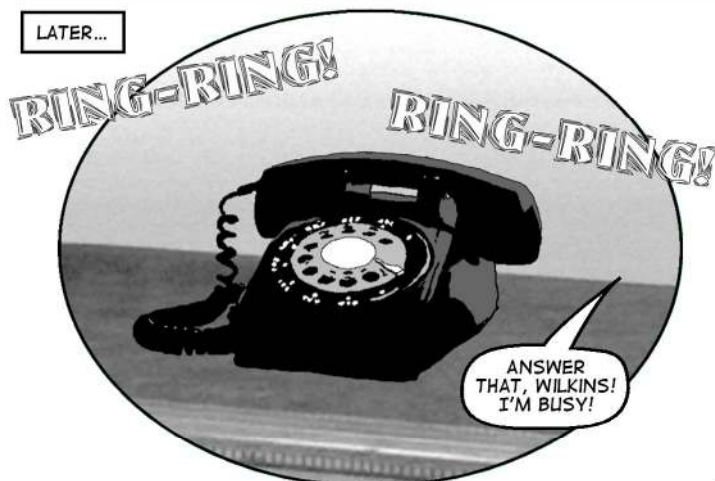
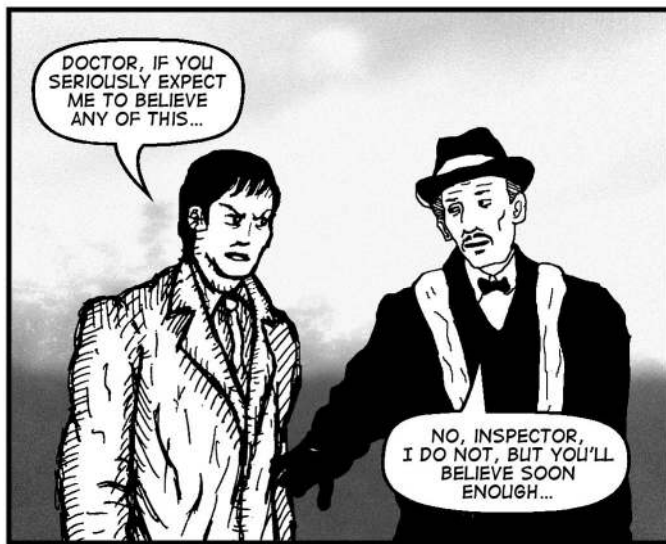
of DOOM

TERROR OF THE SHEEP

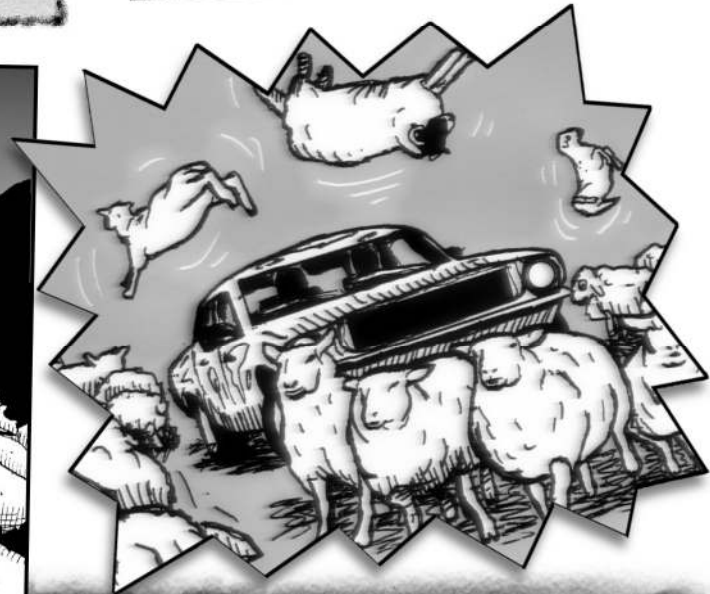
THIS STORY IS SPONSORED BY THE BRITISH MEAT COUNCIL™

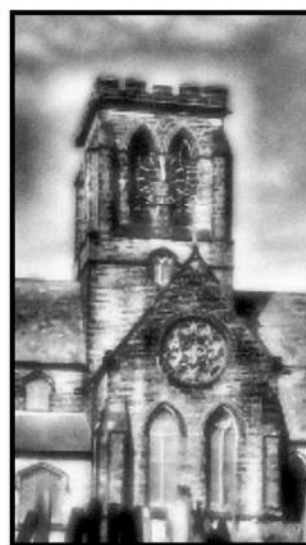
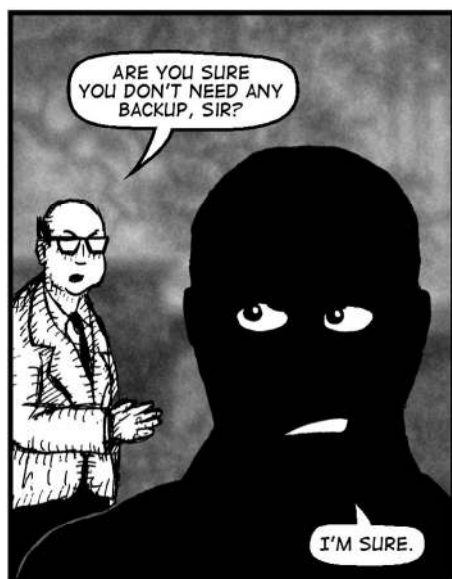
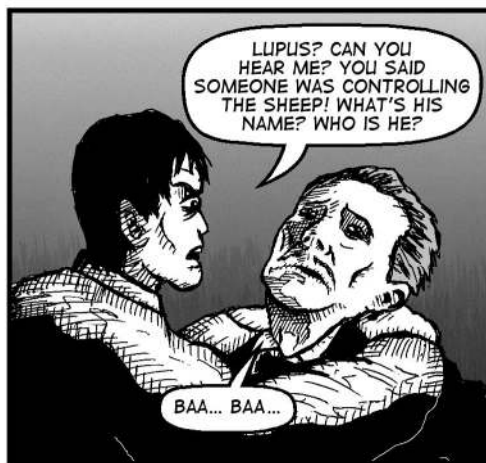
THE NEXT DAY...











...BAPHOMET!



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD,
I SHALL NOT WANT. HE MAKETH ME
LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES...



Windle

Script: Liz Warren

Art: Conor Boyle



WE THEREFORE
COMMIT HER BODY
TO THE GROUND...

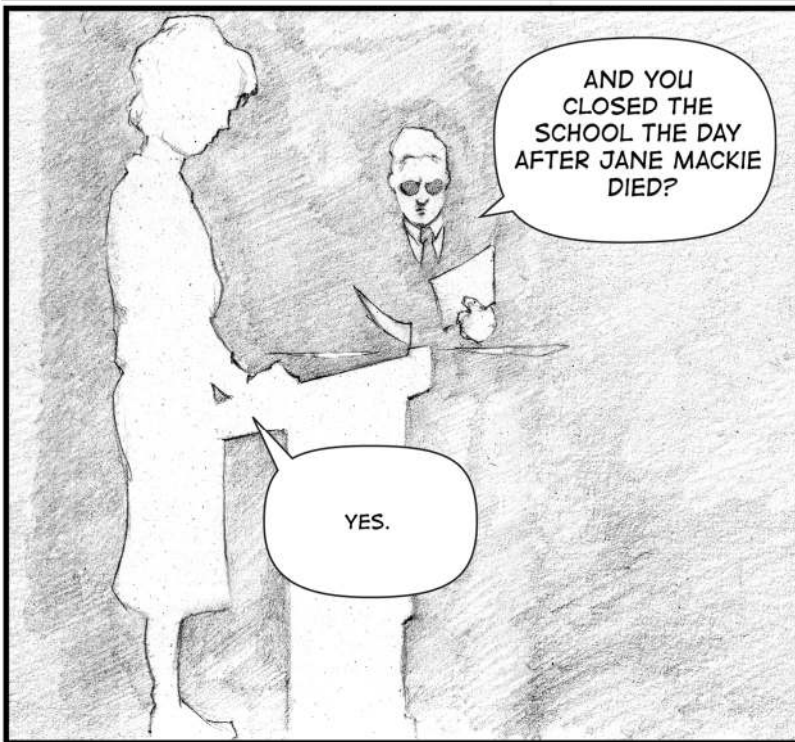
EARTH TO EARTH,
ASHES TO ASHES,
DUST TO DUST...

IN SURE AND
CERTAIN HOPE OF
THE RESURRECTION.



GETTING
ANYTHING?

NOTHING.



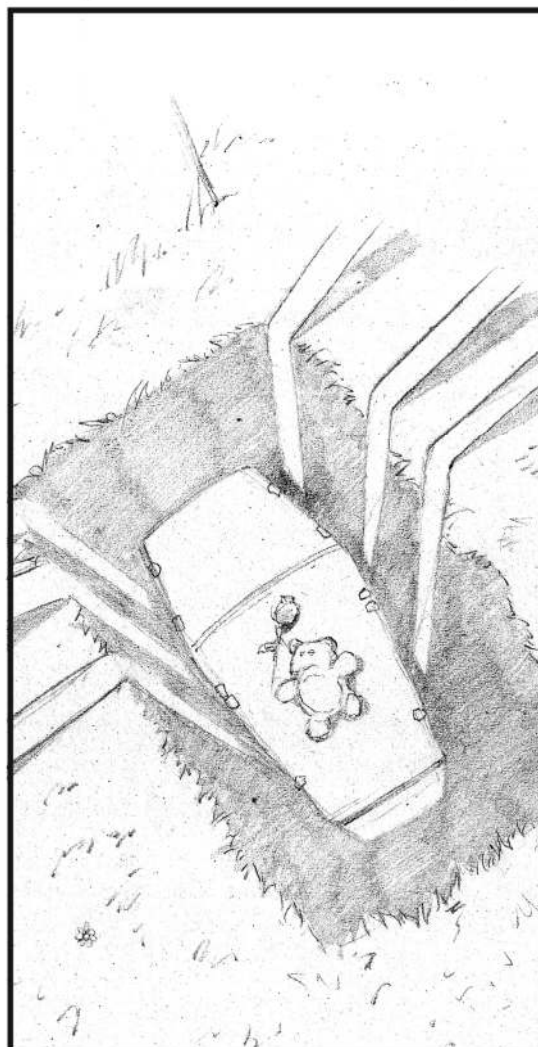
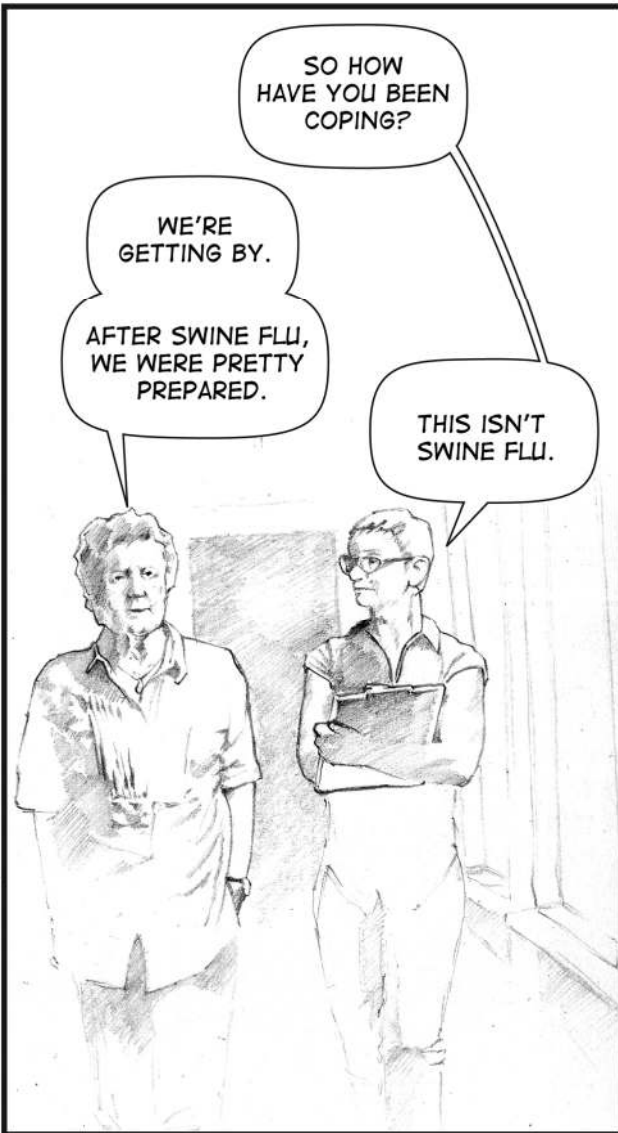
AND YOU
CLOSED THE
SCHOOL THE DAY
AFTER JANE MACKIE
DIED?

YES.



WHY NOT
BEFORE?

WHY NOT
WHEN THE
CHILDREN
DIED?



WE HAD A MEETING WITH THE PARENTS.

UNTIL WE KNOW
WHAT THIS *IS*, WE
THINK IT'S BEST TO
CLOSE THE SCHOOL.

YOU CAN'T CLOSE.
I HAVE TO *WORK!*

YOU'RE JUST
PANICKING.

OUR KIDS
ARE *FINE*.

WHERE
WOULD I GET
CHILDCARE?

IT'S BREAK TIME
AT THE MOMENT.

WE'RE KEEPING
THEM INDOORS.

EVERYONE
FEELS A BIT
MORE SECURE.

SAFER.

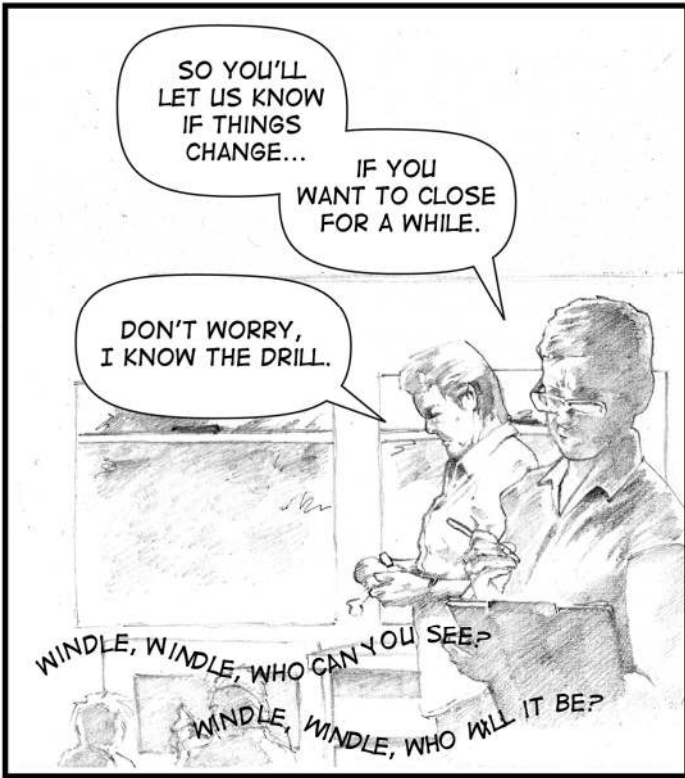
GOOD MORNING,
ALL OF YOU.

GOOD MORNING,
MISS-IS HEWITT.

WINDLE, WINDLE, WHO CAN YOU SEE?

WINDLE, WINDLE, WHO WILL IT BE?

WINDLE'S
LOOKING AT
ELLIE!



THE NEXT DAY.

MISS, MISS,
CAN WE OPEN
THE WINDOW?

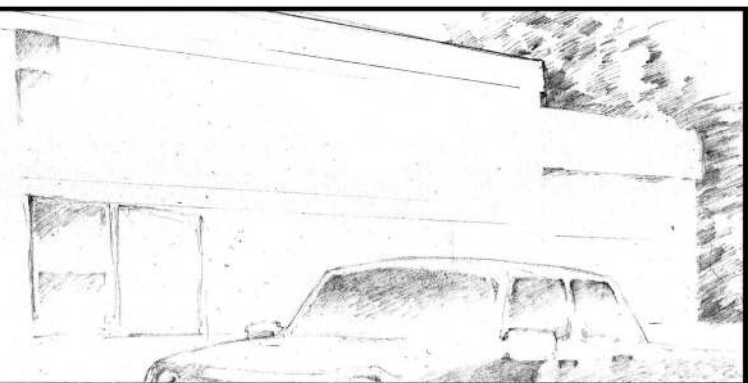
IT'S
REALLY
HOT.

OK, OK...

WINDLE, WINDLE, WHO CAN YOU SEE?
WINDLE, WINDLE, WHO WILL IT BE?

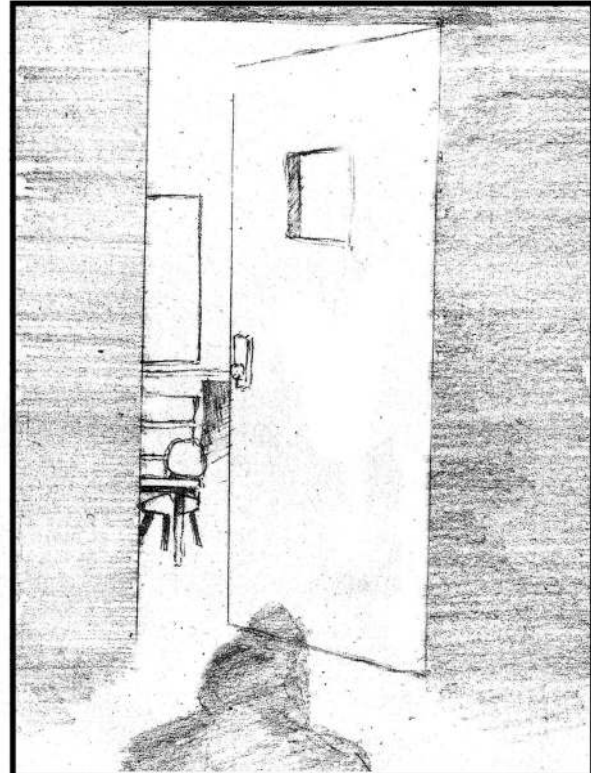
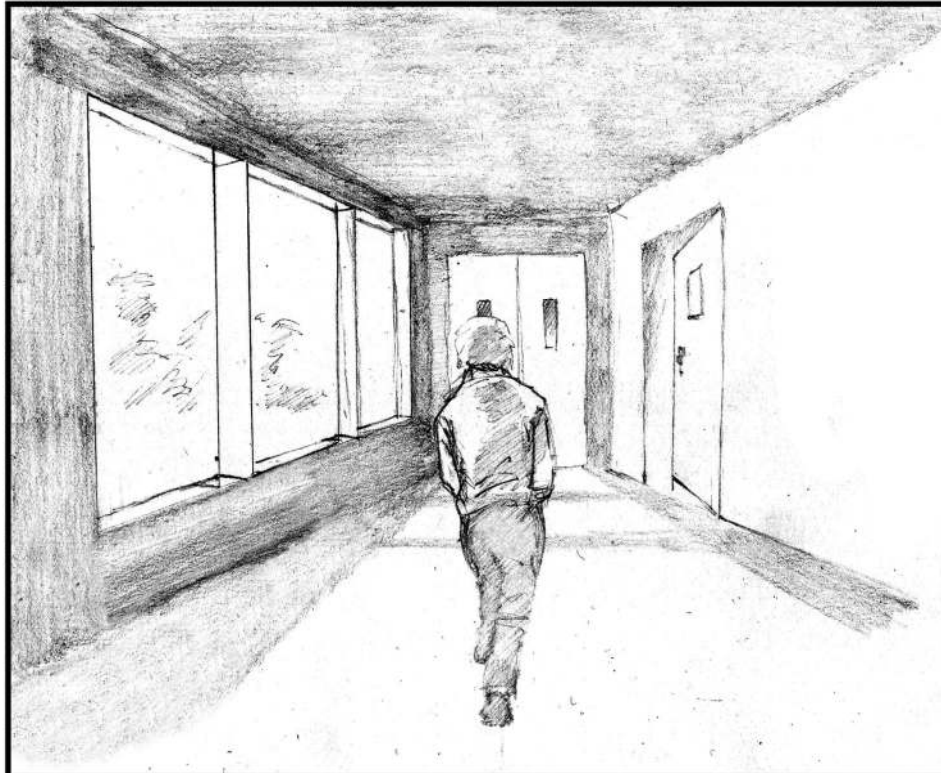


WINDLE'S
LOOKING AT
MISS!



ALL CLEAR.









IN MY SHORT LIFE, I NEVER
PROMISED ANYBODY ANYTHING.



THOUGH I WAS PROMISED
A LOT, BY A LOT OF PEOPLE.

LIKE MY FATHER,
WHO PROMISED
HE'D NEVER LEAVE...



...AND MY MOTHER,
WHO PROMISED SHE'D
STOP DRINKING.



LIKE MY UNCLE,
WHO PROMISED IT
WOULDN'T HURT...



...AND THE FOSTER
PARENTS WHO PROMISED
THEY'D TAKE CARE OF ME.



THEY BROKE
THEIR PROMISES.



EVERY ONE
OF THEM.



SISTER ROSA PROMISED
ME SOMETHING TOO,
PROMISED THE DARK
DAYS WERE BEHIND ME.



SHE LET ME USE THE PLOT OF
EARTH OUTSIDE THE ORPHANAGE
TO GROW A FLOWER GARDEN.

IT WAS BEAUTIFUL,
MY OWN SPECIAL SPACE.



SISTER ROSA PROMISED
SHE'D CARE FOR ME, AS
MUCH AS I CARED FOR
MY FLOWERS.



BUT SHE FORGOT
ABOUT ME, AS EASILY
AS I FORGOT THE TIME.



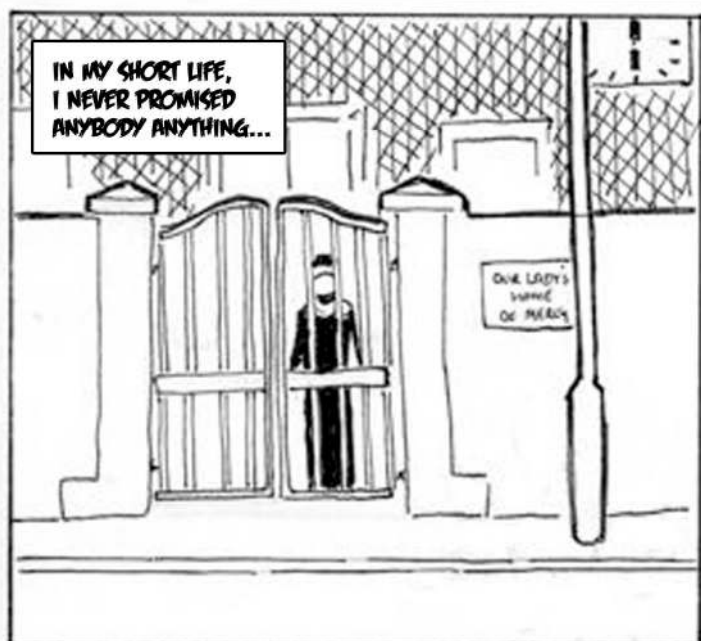
THEN THEY CAME,
AND PROMISED THEY
WOULDN'T HURT ME.

OUR LITTLE
HOME
OF MERRY



IT WAS THE LAST PROMISE
ANYONE WOULD BREAK.





YOU CAN BREAK MY BONES.



YOU CAN BREAK MY SPIRIT



YOU CAN BREAK MY HEART.



BUT IF YOU BREAK YOUR WORD...



I'LL BREAK YOU.



I PROMISE.



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