

McNasty

BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS:
31st October 2014 Every Hallowe'en

HALLOW SCREAM!

**HALLOWE'EN SPECIAL
ISSUE 666**

**NOT FOR
THE
NERVOUS!**



MALCOLM KIRK 2014

FEAR!

**FREAKY
BIRTHDAY
ISSUE!**

*We're waiting
for you inside...*

JOIN US IF YOU SCARE!

Hell 1 Soul, Innsmouth 2 Haddock, Silent Hill 1 Whatever-that-dripping-bag-is, Transylvania 2 Marks.

SIXTH IN THE HEAD...



Greetings, mortals!

Welcome to our latest issue of Hallowscream, as we celebrate five years since we manifested ourselves in your mortal realm. We're not the only ones celebrating an anniversary. Those of you who are familiar with British comics of the 1980s may have experienced a strange sense of déjà vu as you looked upon our latest cover. That's because it's an homage to the very first issue of 'Scream!', a short-lived comic which launched 30 years ago and served as the original inspiration for the terrifying tome you now see before you. You'll find an article about some of the stories later on in this issue. But enough of the past, what of the present? Well, we have another packed volume full of disturbing and diabolical delights to make your Hallowe'en that little bit darker. To say any more could spoil the sinister surprises we have in store, so don't take my word for it, go and have a look yourself. There's no point hanging around here, staring at the contents page all night. Go on... It won't bite! Or will it....?

No, it won't. It's just a comic, you idiot!

The Reaper...

Cover & Intro Design by
Malcolm Kirk. Intro by The Reaper.

CONTENTS

Page 3 : Wolf To Man Script & Art by Graham Stoddart

Page 7 : Guess The Reaper's Face by various / Monsters
by Jason D. Brawn

Page 8 : Hair Scare II : Split End! Story & Art by Gordon Innes

Page 15 : I Was A 20-Something Toasterhead Script by Drew Edwards, Art by Maciej Palka, Letters by CS3

Page 21 : It's A Dirty Job Story by Chris Redfern, Art by Paul McCallan

Page 23 : Bestiary of Beasties : The Ghost Bustard by Malcolm Kirk

Page 24 : Terrorvision Guide by Malcolm Kirk

Page 25 : The Caretaker Script by Chris Sides, Art by Freja Steele, Letters by Chris Travelle

Page 31 : Death's House Story by Derek Hamill, Art by Alex Mines

Page 32 : Mirror Mirror Story by Tim West, Art by Carol Kewley

Page 34 : Frederick Story & Art by Glynis Devine

Page 36 : Fancy Script by Stu Perrins, Art by Brian Burkek

Page 37 : Hair Scare III : The Last Strand Story & Art by Gordon Innes

Page 42 : Scream! and Scream! Again! Article by "Marx"

Page 45 : A Christmas Feast Story by Russell Hillman, Art by Patrick Halpin

Page 54 : ZX Spectre Story & Art by Gordon Innes

Page 59 : Swamp Witch by Ric Chamberlin

Page 60 : Terror of The Sheep : The Secret Origin of Doctor Lupus Story & Art by Malcolm Kirk

Page 63 : Zombie Siege by Edgar-Max

Page 64 : Postcards From Halloween by Ben Peter Johnson

Page 67 : Hierophantom's Poeticorner : Citadel by Paul Bradford, Art by Eric Hurley

Page 68 : Back Cover Skull by Malcolm Kirk

WWW.BACKFROMTHEDEPTHS.CO.UK

EMAIL : ghastlymcnasty@backfromthedepts.co.uk
or merjeagles@yahoo.co.uk

FACEBOOK : www.facebook.com/Hallowscream.comic



Paperback issues of all Hallowscreams are now available to buy from

lulu.com

Back from the Depths

SCARIER THAN A PUPPET THAT WAS THERE A MOMENT AGO!

SIBERIA, ONE OF THE COLDEST PLACE ON EARTH.

INFAMOUS FOR IT'S HARSH CONDITIONS, FERAL WINDS AND ONCE UPON A TIME IT'S GULAGS.

WOLF TO MAN

SCREAM
SCRIPT & ART:
GRAHAM STODDART

THANK GOD YOU FOUND ME!

THE SNOWSTORM, IT ALMOST GOT ME! I'D-

WHO ARE YOU AND WHY ARE YOU HERE?

MARTA, MARTA GOVLOV, JOURNALIST. I'M HERE TO INTERVIEW EX-GULAG SURVIVORS, YES?

IT'S A HUMAN INTEREST STORY LIKE NO OTHER.

SO SMILE!

SSCWIPI!





WE DON'T LIKE PICTURES!

BUT WE'LL TELL YOU OUR STORY. LITTLE GOOD IT WILL DO YOU.

MY NAME IS **YEGOR IAKOV**. WE, MY **COMRADES** AND I WERE ALL COMMITTED MEMBERS OF THE **COMMUNIST PARTY**. BELIEVERS ALL.

ТРУБОТЫ!
и поребеса

BUT LIKE **THOUSANDS** OF OTHERS OUR LOYALTY WAS **BETRAYED**. **TORTURED** INTO CONFESSING WE WERE SENTENCED TO THE **GULAG**, TO **CAMP 113**.

HERE WE LEARNED WHAT **HUMAN NATURE** UNLEASHED IS; **BRUTAL**; **SADISTIC** BEYOND COMPREHENSION. **MAN IS WOLF TO MAN** IN SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES.

SURVIVING ANOTHER DAY. THAT WAS OUR WORLD.



WE WERE SENT TO WORK **OUTSIDE** THE CAMP. OUR GUARDS GOT DRUNK AND REFUSED TO ACCOMPANY US. THE **SIBERIAN WASTES** WERE GUARD ENOUGH BELIEVE ME.

IT WAS THERE WE MET... **SOMETHING**, A **FORCE OF NATURE**. SOME OF US WERE TAKEN, SOME INJURED BUT WE RECOVERED QUICKLY FROM OUR WOUNDS.



WE ENDURED, BECAME STRONG,
STRONG ENOUGH TO TAKE REVENGE
UPON OUR WORST PERSECUTORS.

WE EVENTUALLY ESCAPED. THEY SENT AN NKVD
DETACHMENT TO HUNT US BUT AFTER IT'S
DEMISE CAMP 113 WAS ABANDONED.

BUT NOT
BY US. WE WERE
LEFT, FREE, ON OUR
RANGE.

INCREDIBLE.
YOU HAVE TRIUMPHED
NOT ONLY AGAINST THIS
DEADLY ENVIRONMENT
BUT AGAINST
INJUSTICE!

HUMANITY
MUST HEAR THIS TALE.
IT'S ...INSPIRATIONAL!
THE HUMAN SPIRIT
ENDURING-

HUMANITY?

IT WASN'T HUMANITY
THAT SAVED US!



WE BECAME MONSTERS TO SURVIVE A MONSTROUS REGIME.

WHERE WAS THE HUMANITY IN THAT, JOURNALIST?!

HHOOOWLL!



SIBERIA. ONE OF THE COLDEST PLACES ON EARTH.



Guess The Reaper's Face

Hello again, mortals. Some of you recently took up the challenge of guessing what handsome features lie beneath this cowl. Here are some of the results...



EWEN KIRK AGE 36

◀ **Ewen Kirk**
via Facebook
An enthusiastic attempt by Ewen there, but he hasn't quite captured the inner me.
Maroc's Other Projection ▶
via World of Spectrum
I don't go skiing much. My robes tend to get into a bit of a tangle. It can be quite embarrassing.
Paul Childs ▶
via Facebook
Good Lord!! What the Hell is that?!? I'm not anywhere *near* that distressing in appearance!
I think I'm going to be sick! Where did I put that bucket?

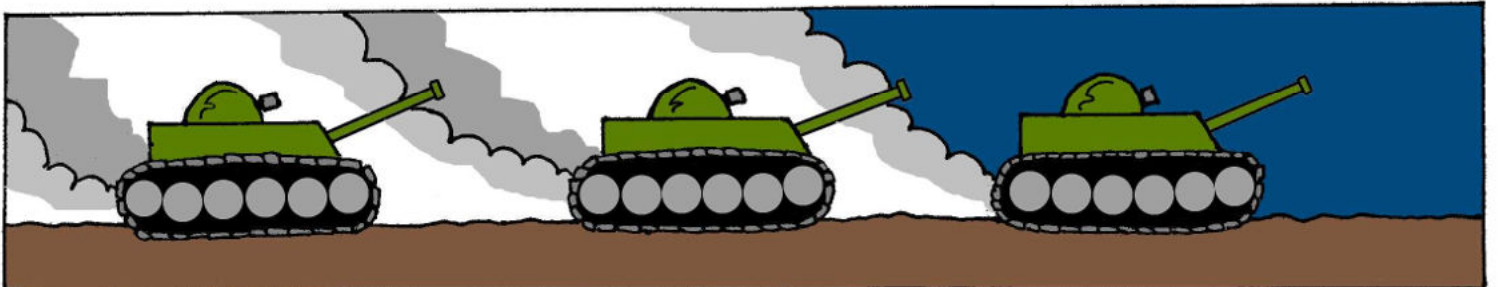
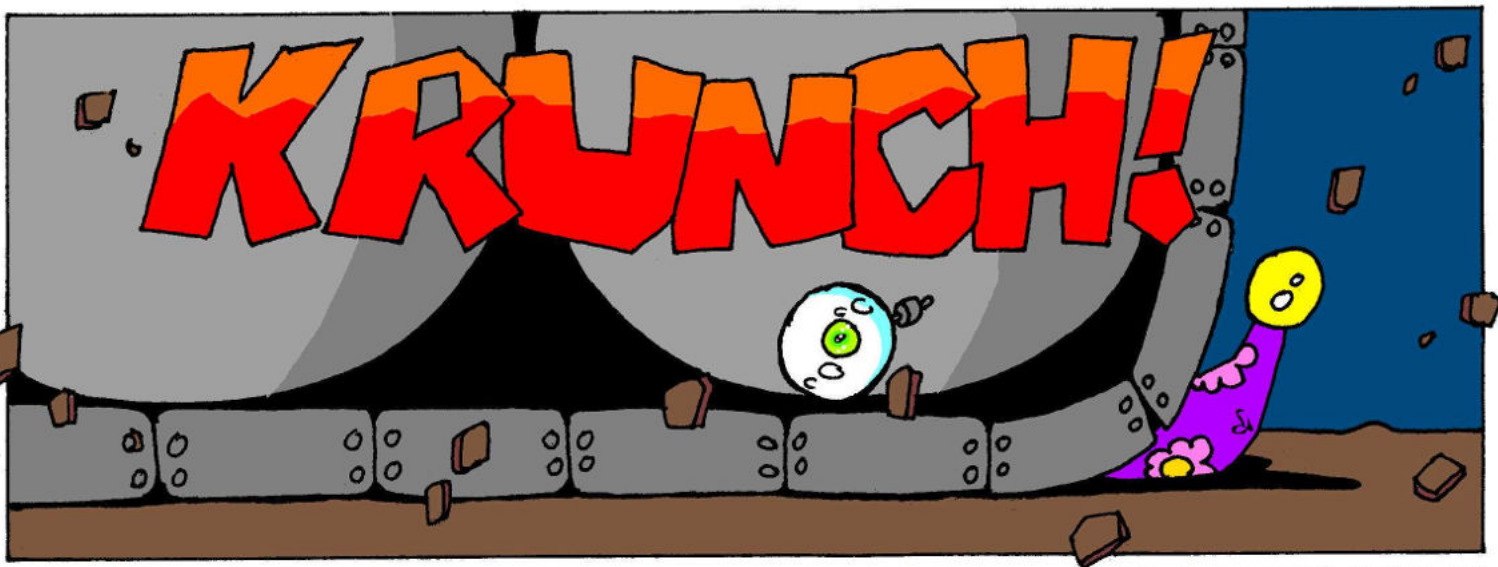
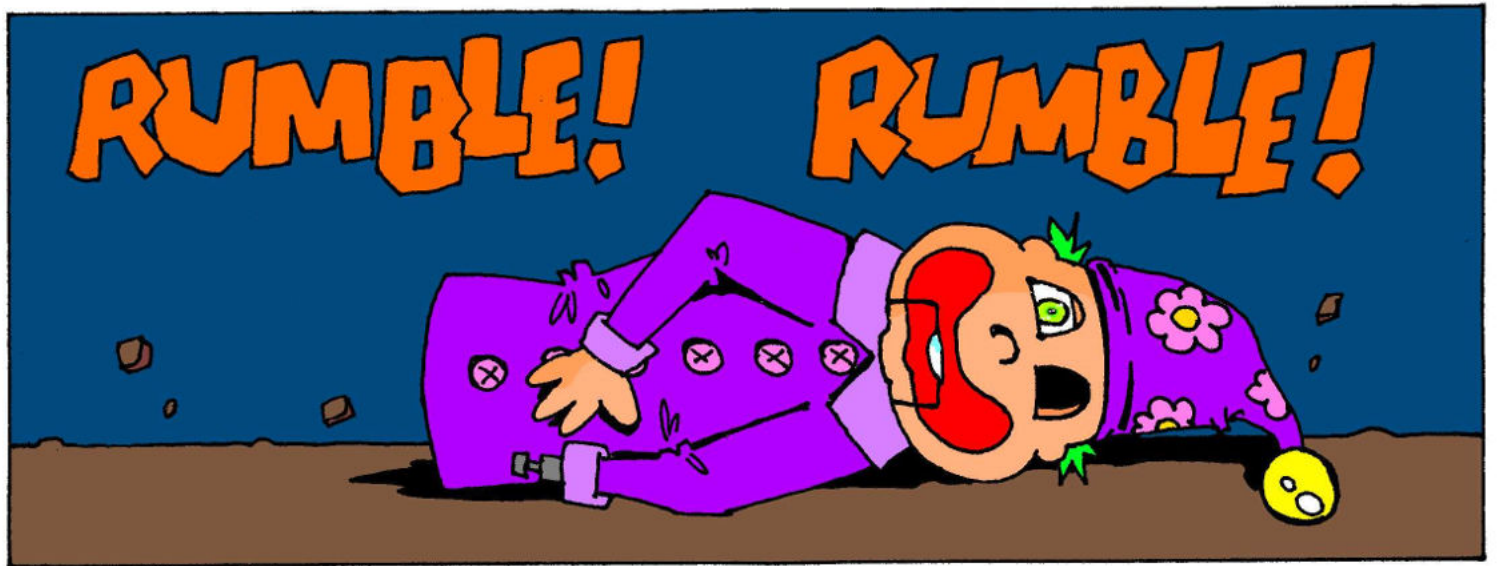
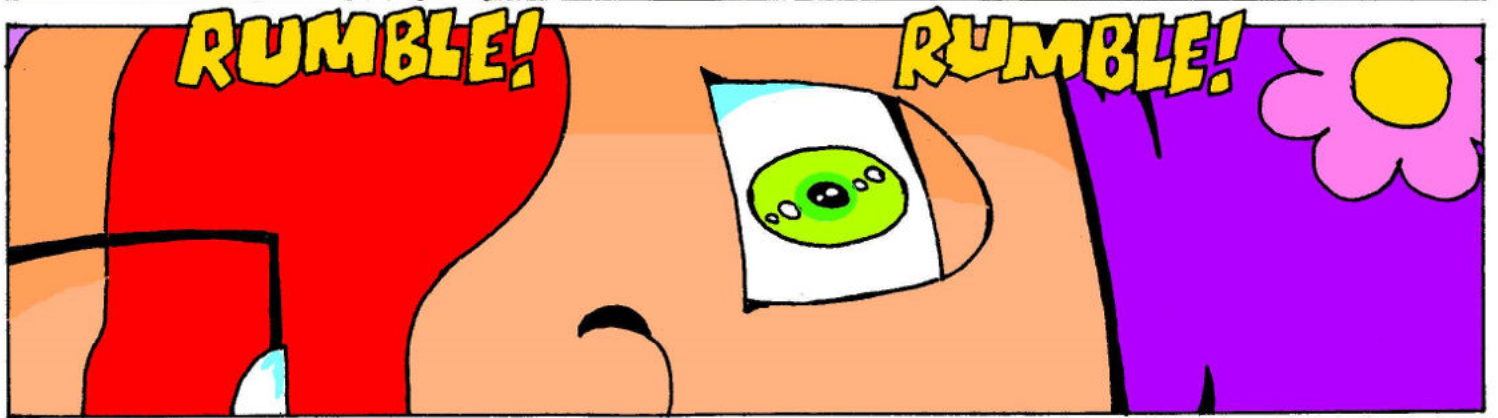
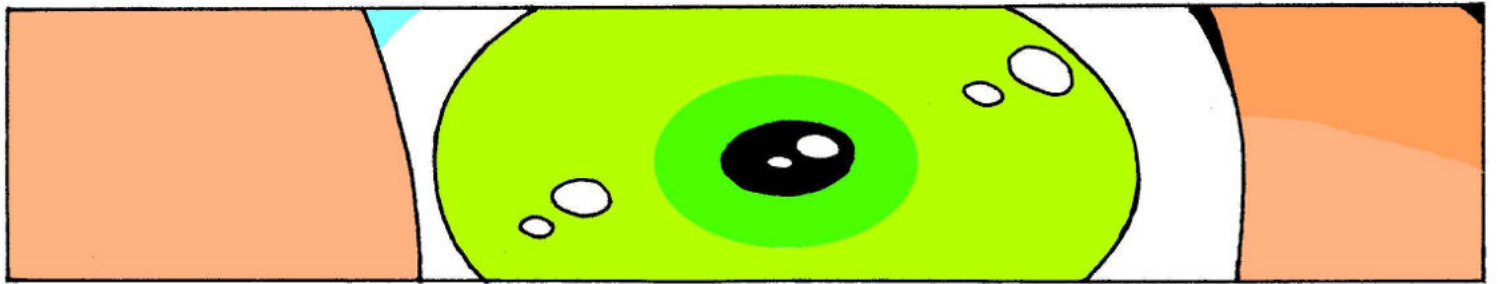


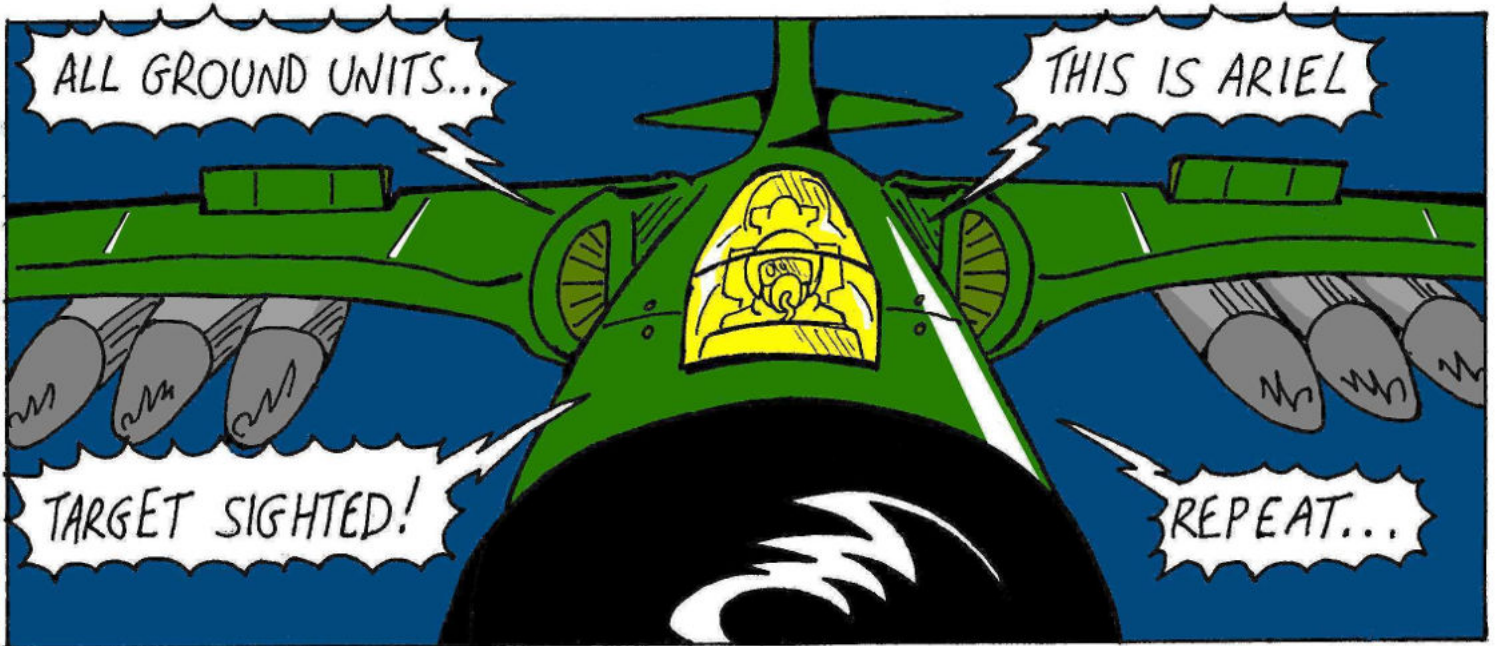
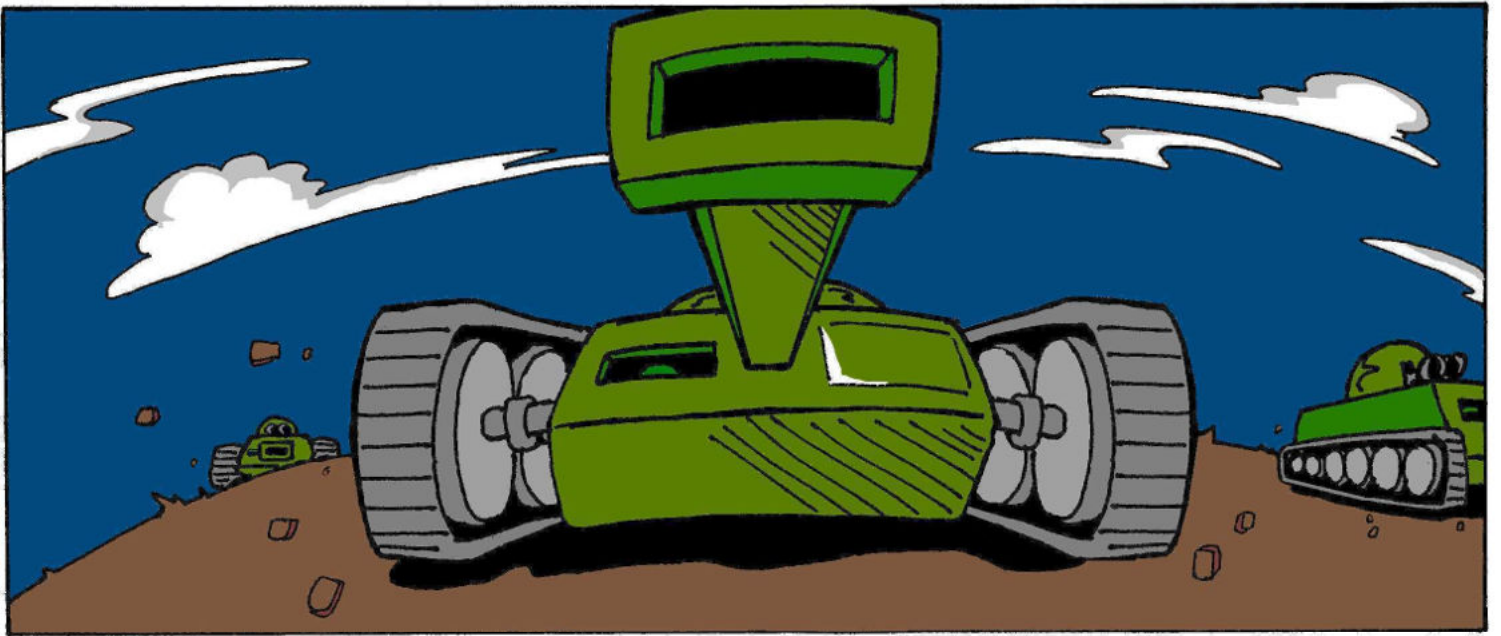
Well that was MS Paintacular! Think *you* can do better? If not, you probably have a very low opinion of yourself... Send your attempts to merjeagles@yahoo.co.uk and you too could have your work subjected to ridicule in next year's issue!

Monsters

JASON D. BRAUN

Vampires have always been
The ruling species,
Conquering ghouls, werebeasts and
Other creatures of the night.
Until the arrival of
A new kind of monster
That roams both day and night,
Threatening their existence - humans!

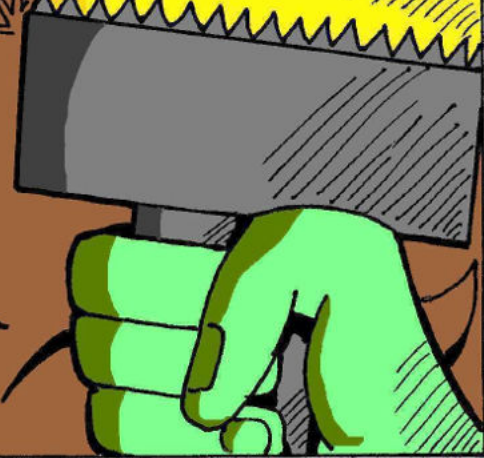




NEW YORK HAS FALLEN
JUST LIKE EVERYWHERE
ELSE!



HOW DO YOU WANT US
TO PROCEED, MR. PRESIDENT?

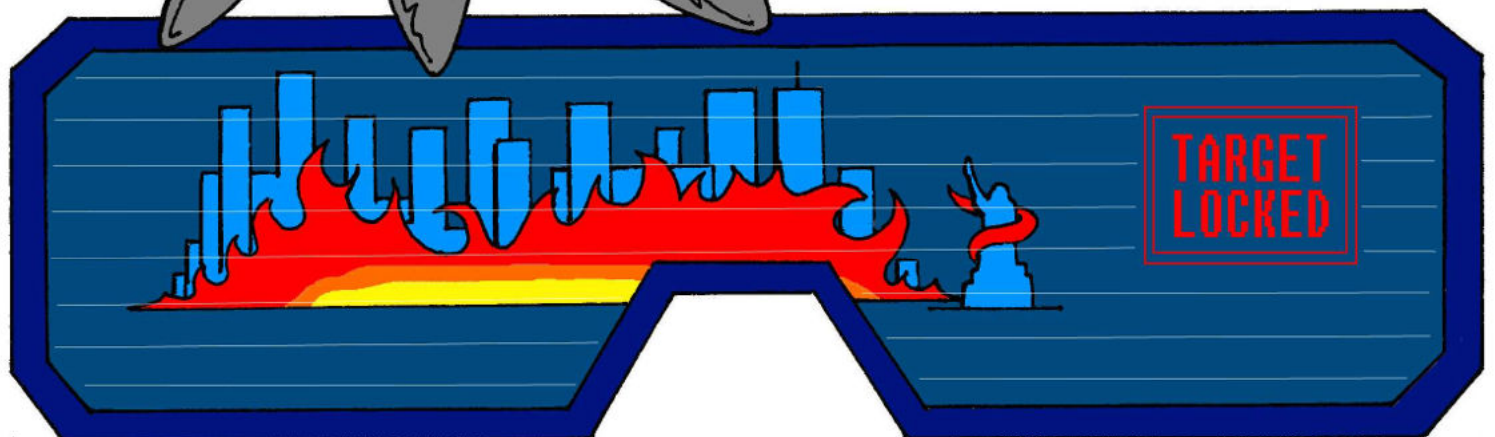
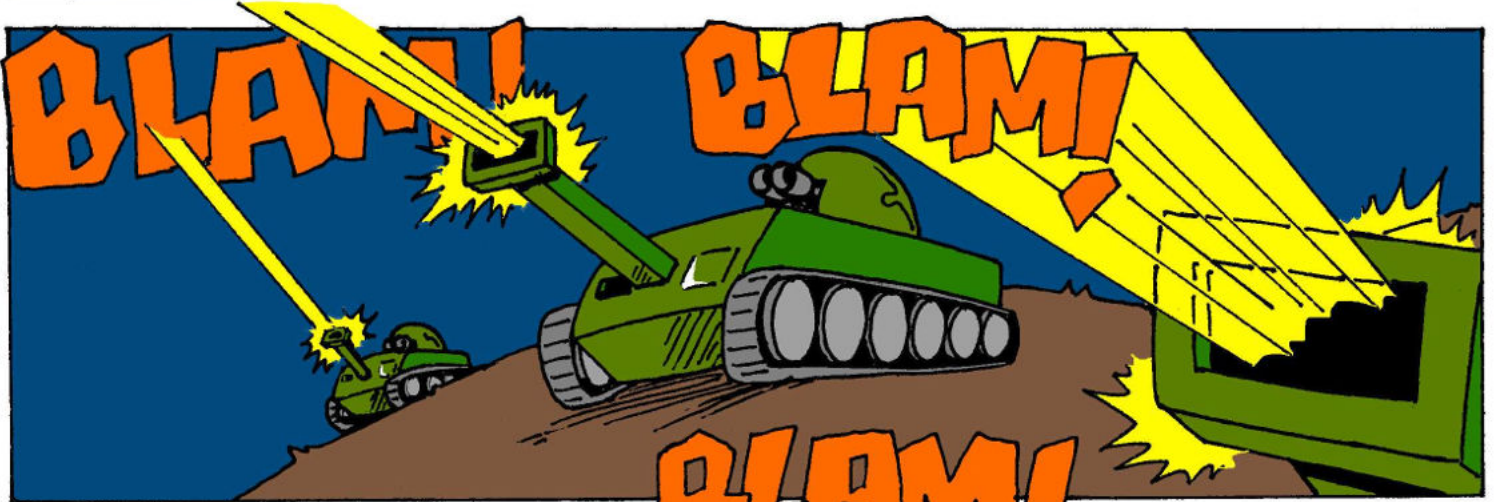
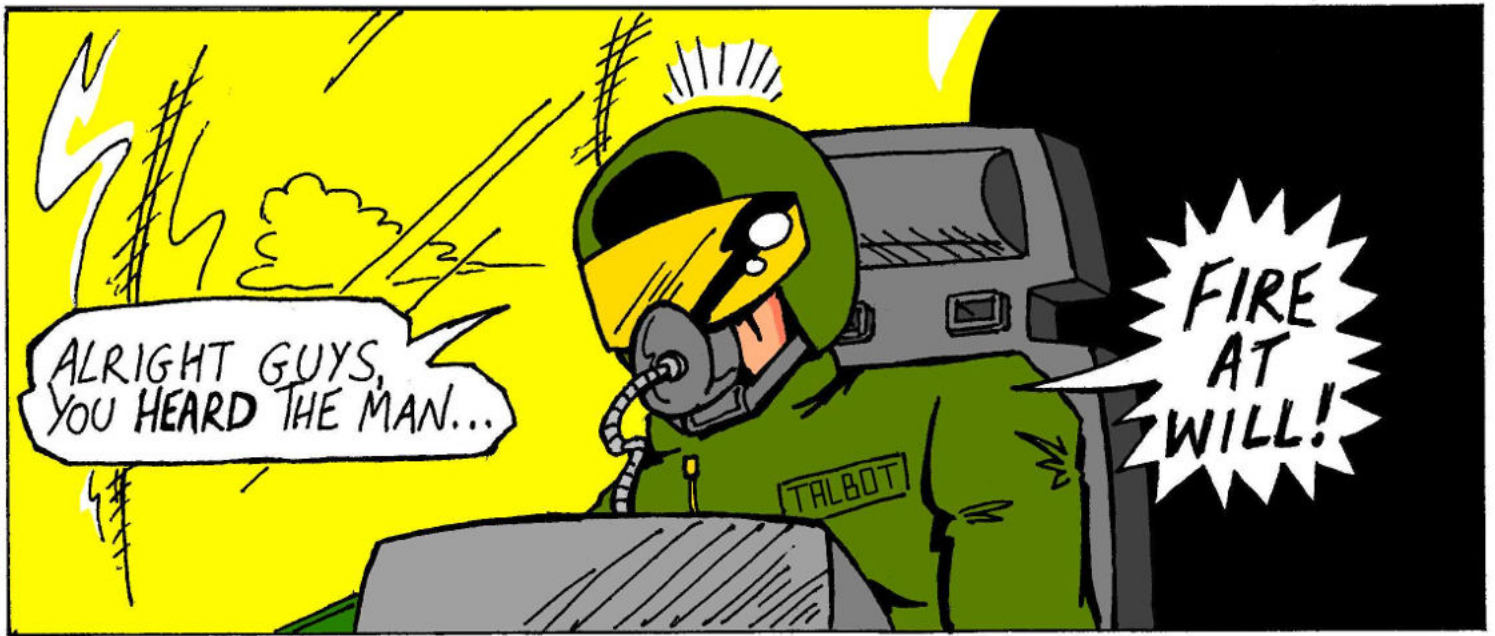


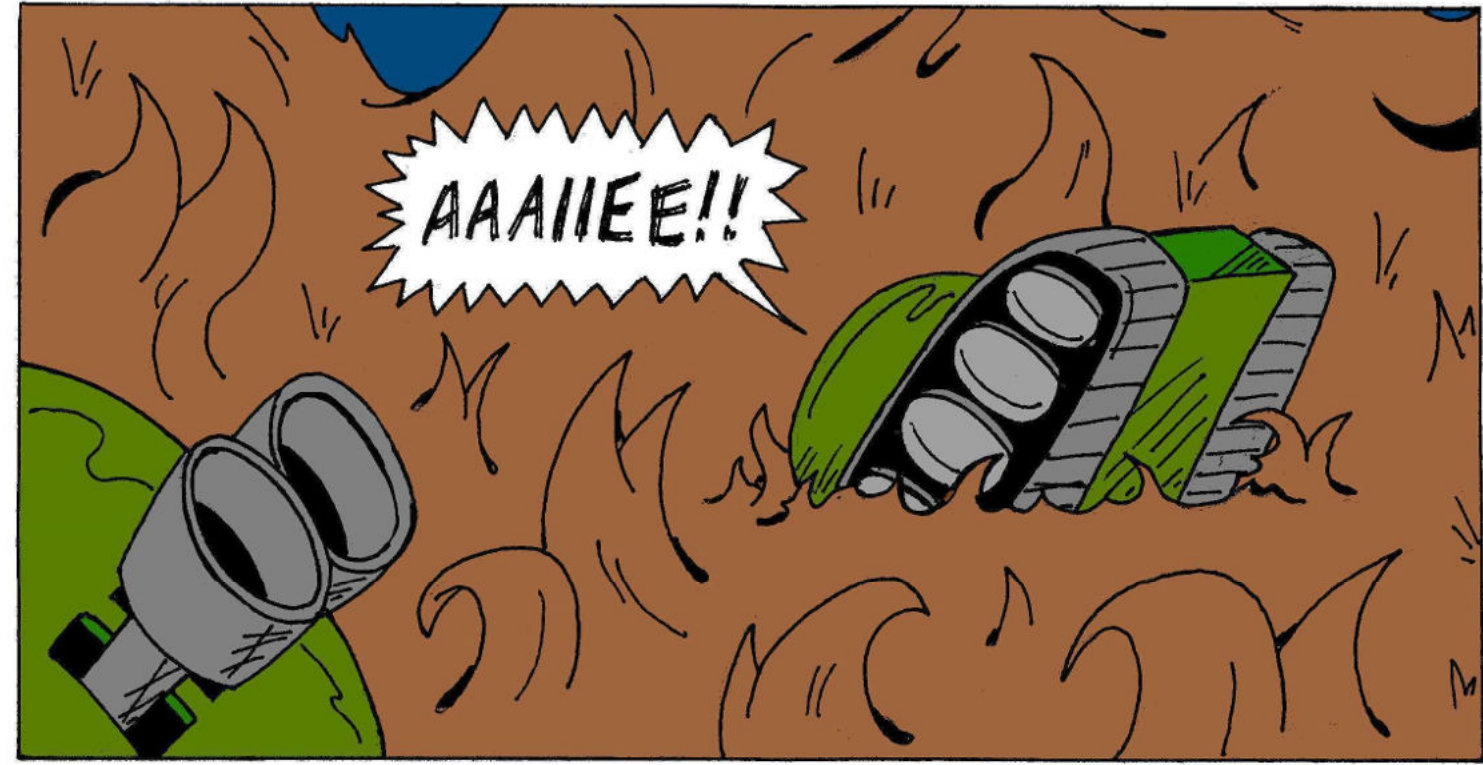
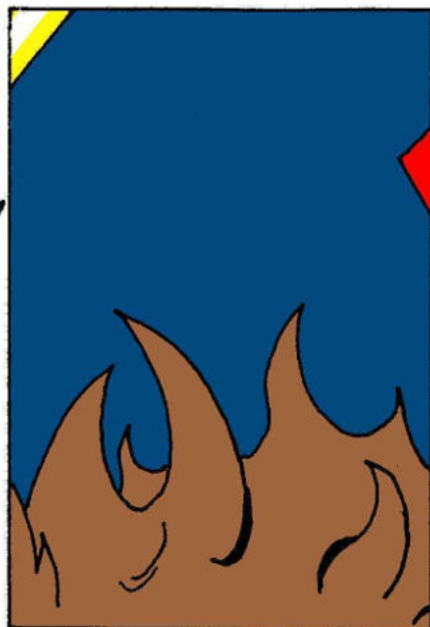
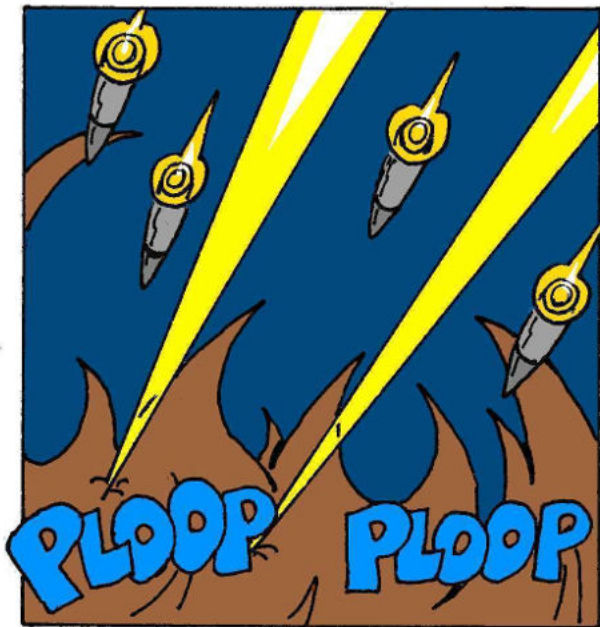
HAIR SCARE II

SPLIT END!

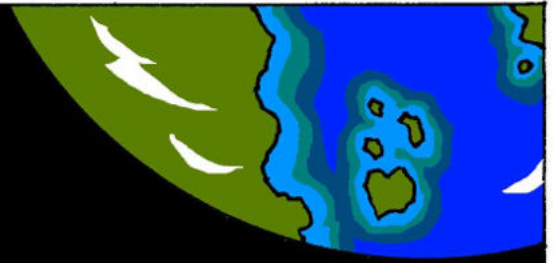


I'M AFRAID WE'VE NO
OPTION BUT TO UTILIZE
THE REMAINDER OF OUR
ENTIRE NUCLEAR PAYLOAD!

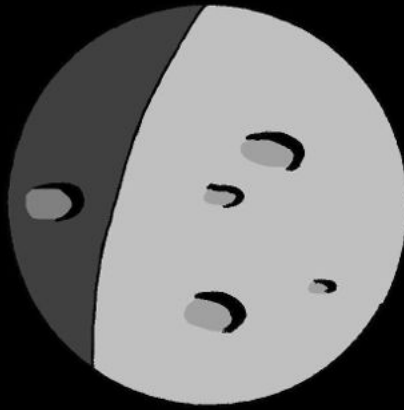




PEOPLE OF AMERICA
AND OF THE EARTH...
TODAY I SPEAK TO YOU
NOT AS THE PRESIDENT
OF THE U.S. BUT AS A
FELLOW HUMAN BEING

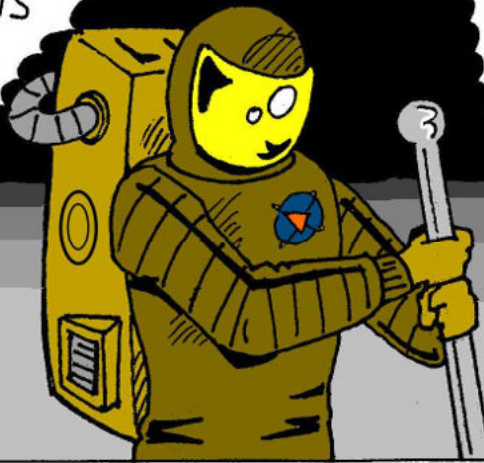


WE ARE FACING THE
GREATEST DISASTER
EVER TO HIT OUR
PLANET! THIS LEFT
US NO ALTERNATIVE



MYSELF AND SOME OF
AMERICA'S FINEST
SCIENTISTS & MILITARY
STRATEGISTS HAVE
EVACUATED TO THE MOON!

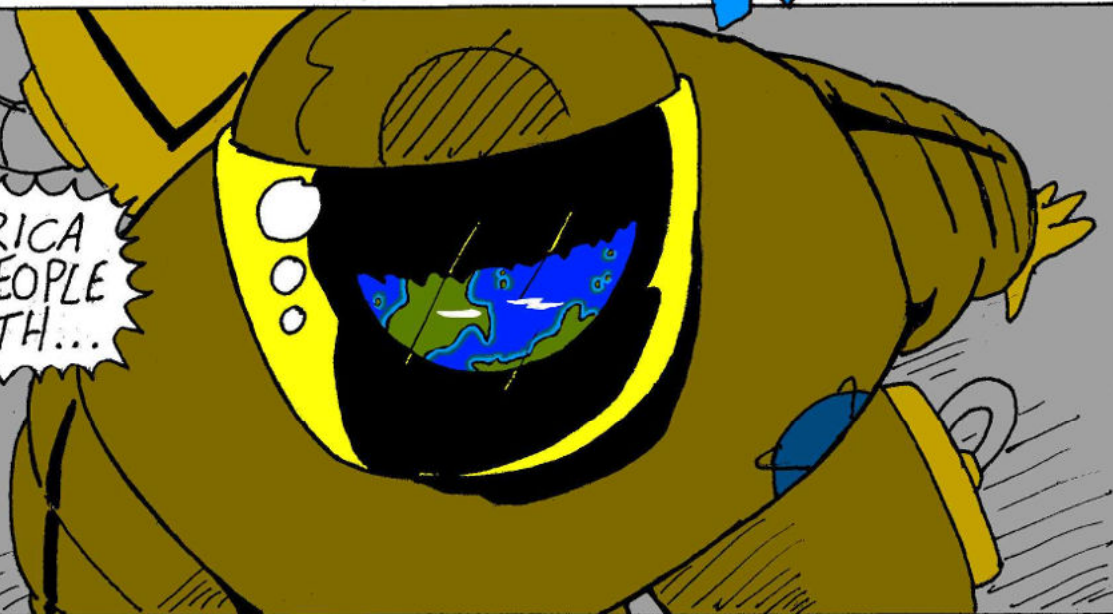
HERE WE WILL ENDEAVOUR
TIRELESSLY TO **END** THIS
TERRIBLE ABOMINATION
ONCE AND FOR ALL...



UNTIL THAT DAY, STAY
VIGILANT AND THE
SURVIVORS SHALL RISE
STRONGER THAN EVER!

KRIK

GOD BLESS AMERICA
AND THE GOOD PEOPLE
OF PLANET EARTH...





 **The End**

I *STILL* REMEMBER THE DAY IT HAPPENED LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY. I MEAN, *HOW* COULD I FORGET?



I WOKE UP AT 7:00 AS PER USUAL FOR ME. I HAD TO PEE...LITTLE DID I KNOW IT WOULD BE THE *LAST TIME* I EVER DID THAT.

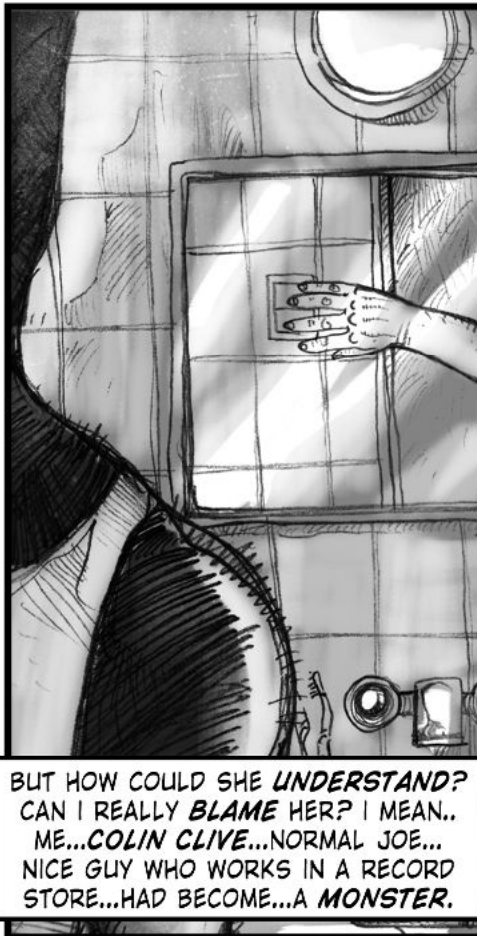


I FELT *FUNNY*...BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST THE EFFECTS OF THE WINE I HAD TO DRINK WITH MY GIRLFRIEND LAST NIGHT.

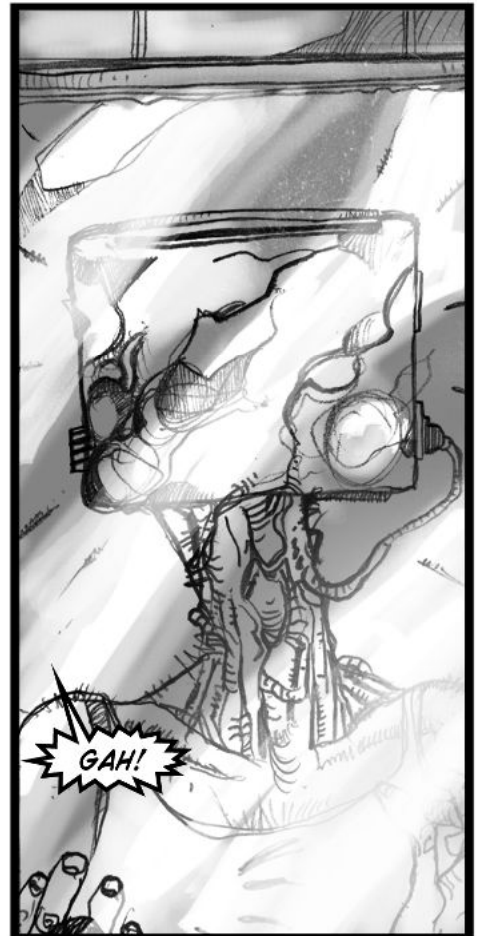


MY GIRLFRIEND...*MAE*... WHO I THOUGHT WAS THE MOST UNDERSTANDING GIRL IN THE WORLD.

BOY I WAS *WRONG* ABOUT HER.



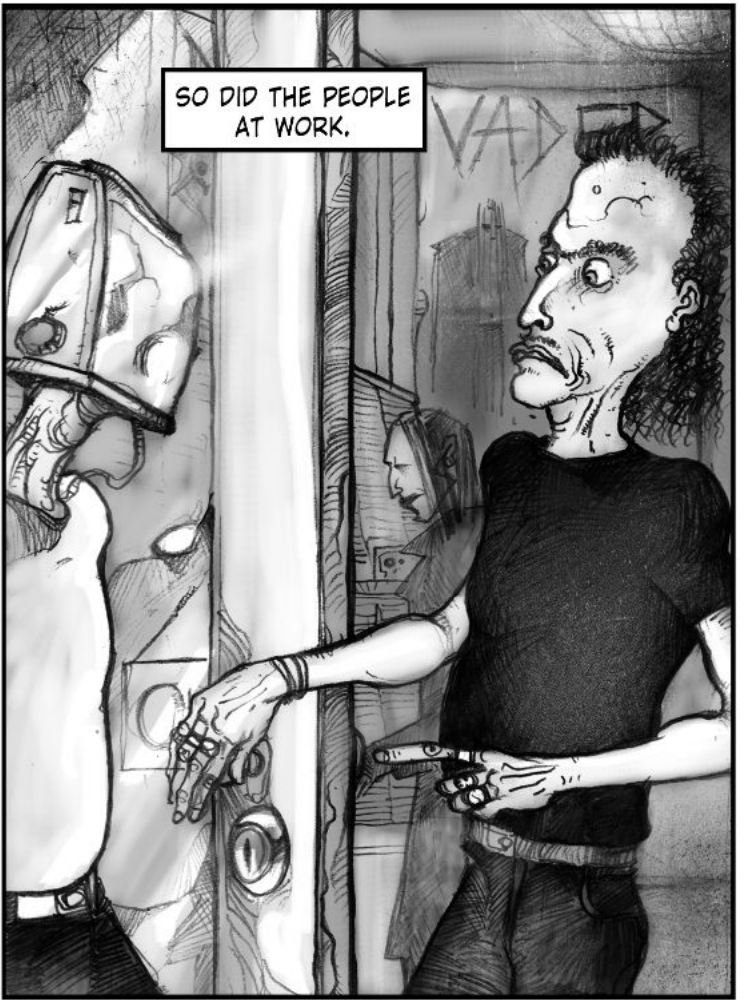
BUT HOW COULD SHE *UNDERSTAND*? CAN I REALLY *BLAME* HER? I MEAN.. ME...*COLIN CLIVE*...NORMAL JOE... NICE GUY WHO WORKS IN A RECORD STORE...HAD BECOME...A *MONSTER*.



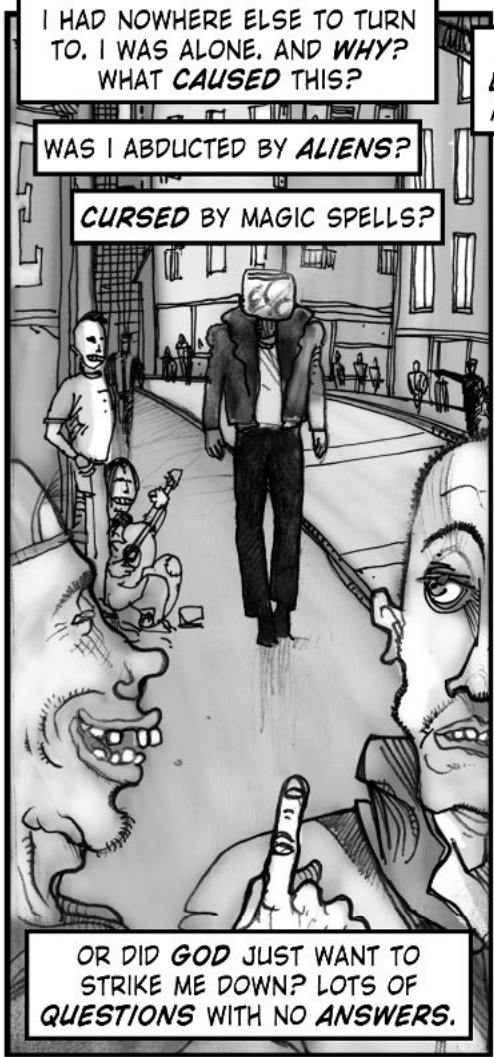
HE WAS A 20-SOMETHING
TOASTERHEAD



MAE FREAKED...



SO DID THE PEOPLE AT WORK.

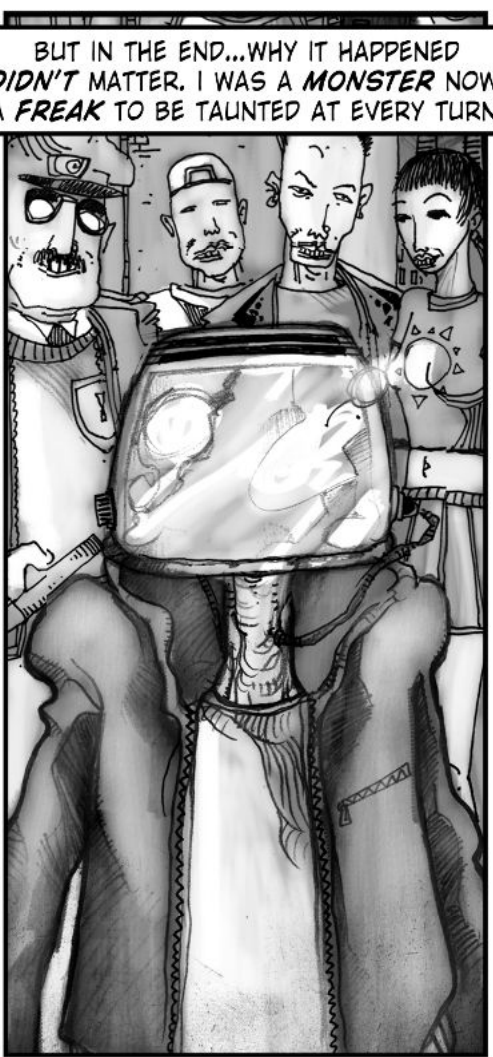


I HAD NOWHERE ELSE TO TURN TO. I WAS ALONE. AND WHY? WHAT CAUSED THIS?

WAS I ABDUCTED BY ALIENS?

CURSED BY MAGIC SPELLS?

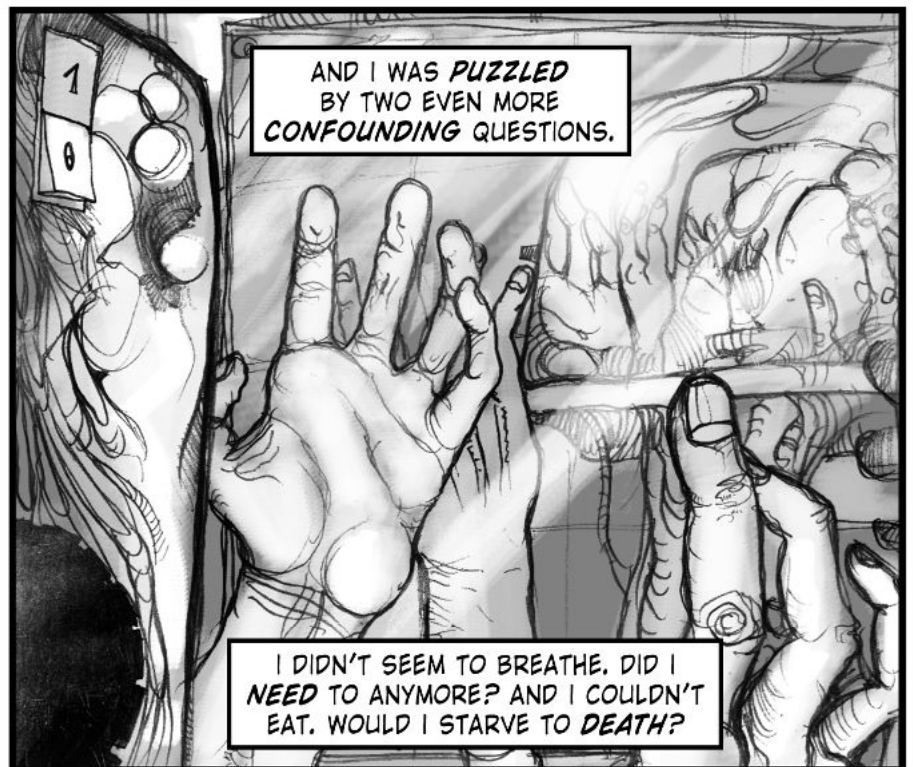
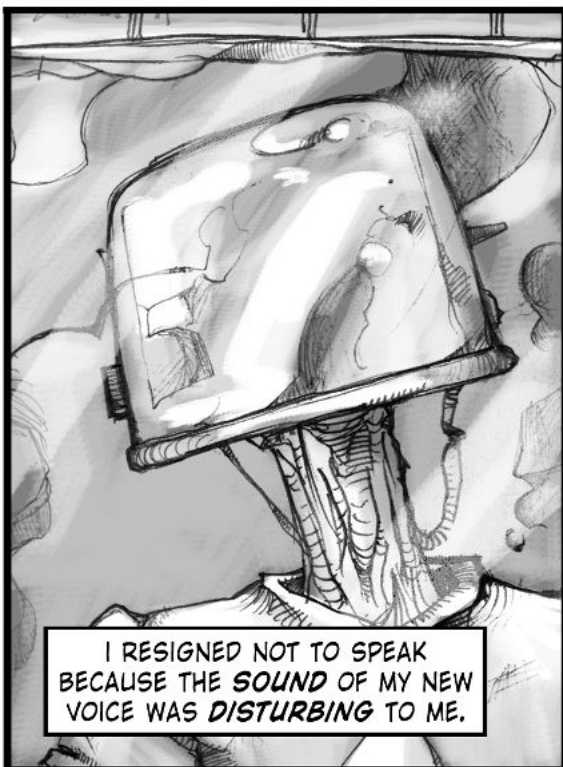
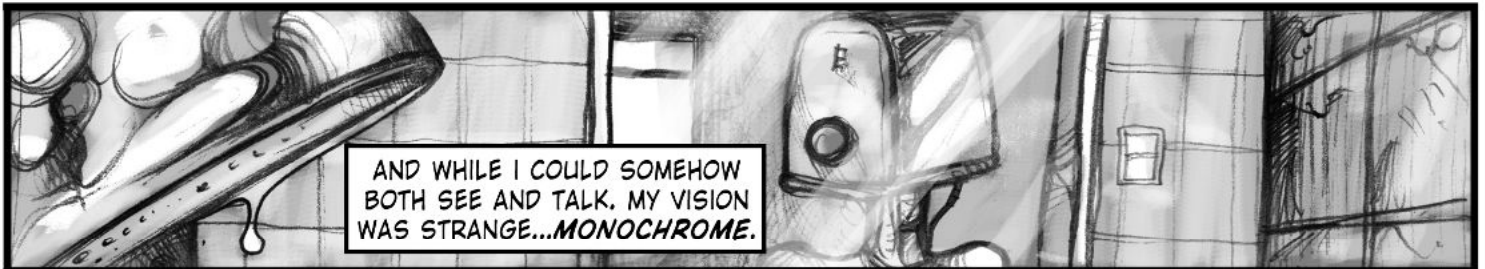
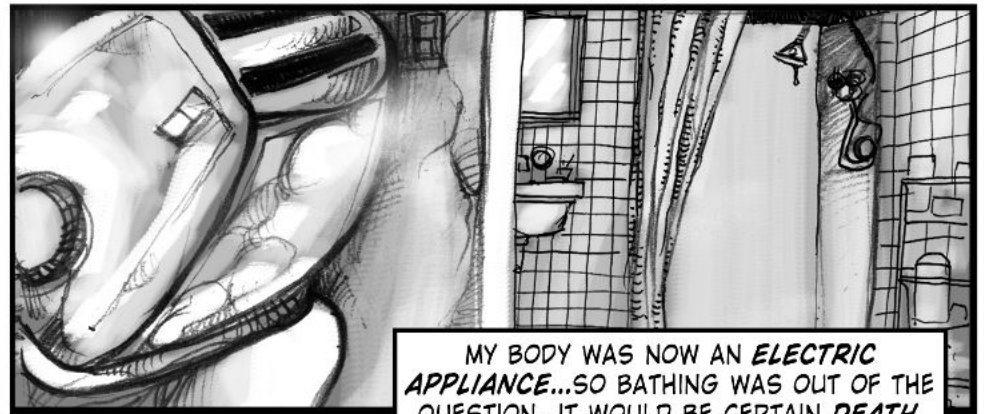
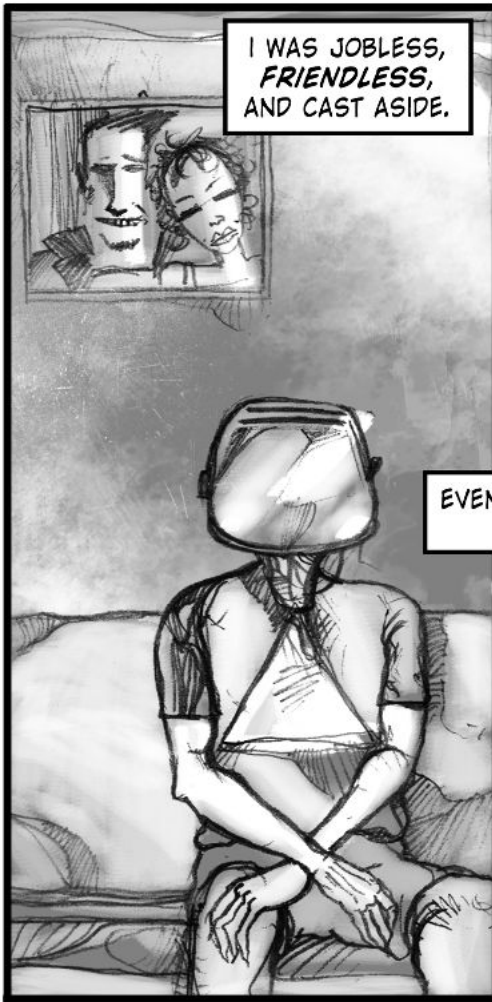
OR DID GOD JUST WANT TO STRIKE ME DOWN? LOTS OF QUESTIONS WITH NO ANSWERS.



BUT IN THE END...WHY IT HAPPENED DIDN'T MATTER. I WAS A MONSTER NOW. A FREAK TO BE TAUNTED AT EVERY TURN.

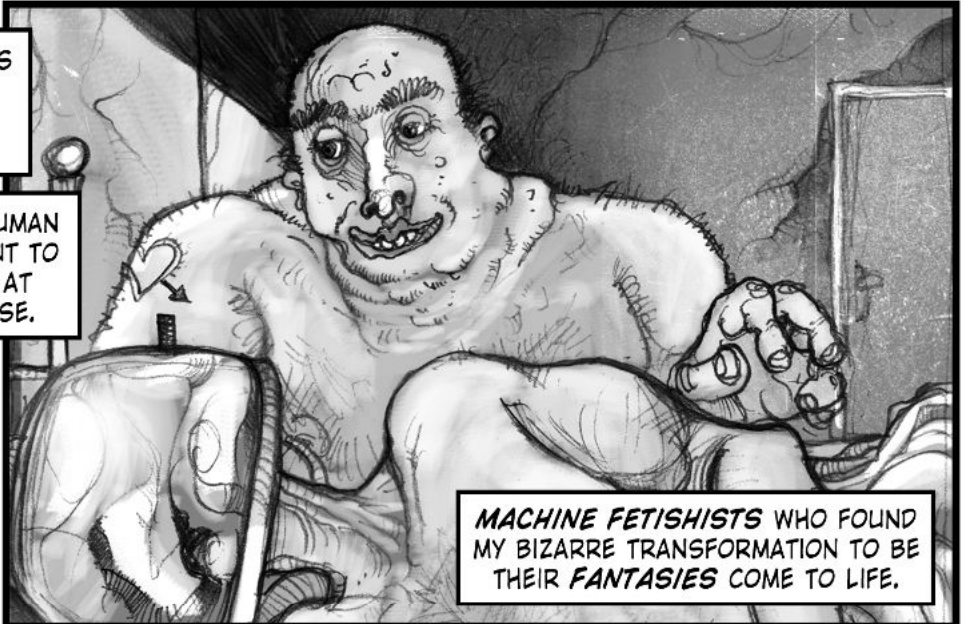


IT WAS ALL GOING TO BE DOWNHILL FROM HERE.

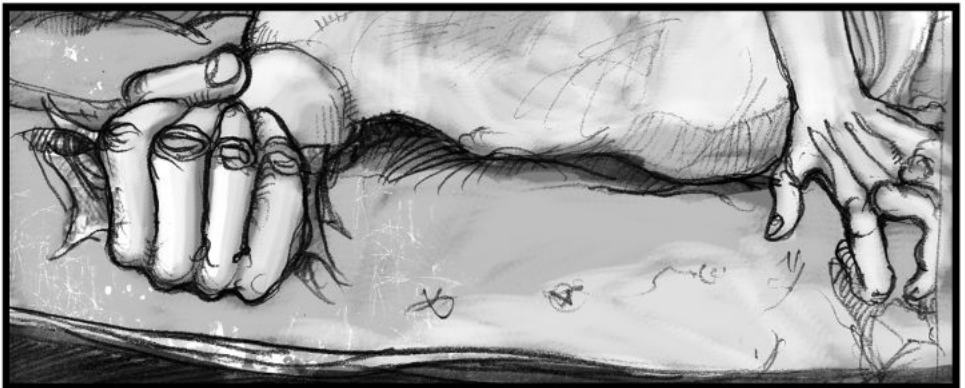


INEVITABLY THE **MONEY** IN MY SAVINGS RAN OUT. I COULDN'T **AFFORD** MY APARTMENT ANYMORE. I WAS NOW A **CREATURE OF THE STREETS.**

DESPERATE FOR MONEY AND HUMAN CONTACT, I **WHORED** MYSELF OUT TO A SMALL GROUP THAT WOULD AT LEAST **ACCEPT ME** FOR ONE USE.



MACHINE FETISHISTS WHO FOUND MY BIZARRE TRANSFORMATION TO BE THEIR **FANTASIES** COME TO LIFE.



BUT EVEN THIS **CONTACT** WAS FLEETING. NONE OF THEM WANTED ME BEYOND THE **SEX.**

IT SOON BECAME A WHIRLWIND OF DIFFERENT **NAKED BODIES** AND **DIRTY MOTEL ROOMS.**



I WAS **TRULY** ALONE IN THE WORLD, AND ABOUT TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT THAT MEANS.



HEY FREAK...!



WH...?



YOU *HEARD* ME. I SAW YOU COUNTING ALL THAT *MONEY*.

IT'S *MY* MONEY...

YEAH, BUT WHAT'S A *FREAK* LIKE YOU GOING TO USE IT FOR? **FORK IT OVER!**



OKAY...



THE FIRST BLOW HIT ME. AND *FEAR* CAME WITH IT.

I SEE YOU...WALKING *UP* AND *DOWN* THE STREET...TRYING TO ACT LIKE A *NORMAL* PERSON...



NOT IN *OUR* NEIGHBORHOOD ANYMORE...

BUT WITH THE *SECOND* AND *THIRD* CAME RELEASE. I KNEW MY *SUFFERING* WOULD SOON BE OVER.



BLESS THAT MAN'S ANGER...

DOES HEAVEN TAKE
MONSTERS I WONDER?



OR MAYBE HEAVEN IS
FILLED WITH MONSTERS?



MONSTERS...?

END



SO, YOU STILL REFUSE TO TALK... WELL, LETS SEE IF THIS MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

ITS A DIRTY JOB

STORY BY CHRIS REFFERN

ART BY PAUL MCCALLAN



AAAAARRRRRGGHHHH!



HMMMM, THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET MESSY.

STILL NOTHING, HEY?



A LITTLE CUT HERE...

THUNK!

NOOOOO.... ARGHHH!



...AND ANOTHER CUT THERE.



SO MY FRIEND, YOU'VE CERTAINLY PROVED YOUR BRAVERY, BUT ONCE AGAIN I ASK...

...WHO IS PLOTTING TO KILL THE KING?



HMMM... I SEE...



YOU HAVE DONE WELL PROTECTING YOUR MASTER.

HOWEVER...

...NO... PLEASE...

...I'VE NOT HAD A CHANCE TO USE THESE YET!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER

EXHAUSTING WORK, BUT BY THE GODS! I LOVE THIS JOB!



IT'S ALMOST A SHAME HAVING TO GO BACK TO MY REAL ONE.



LORD JADUS, SO NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN

AND YOUR MAJESTY, MIGHT I SAY, YOU'RE LOOKING AS RADIANT AS EVER.

SIRE. WHILST I HAVE YOU I WAS RATHER HOPING THAT WE MIGHT SPEAK LATER... PERHAPS ALONE?



WHY LORD JADUS, I CAN PRACTICALLY GUARANTEE IT.

END

The Ghost Bustard

Article & Illustration by Malcolm Kirk

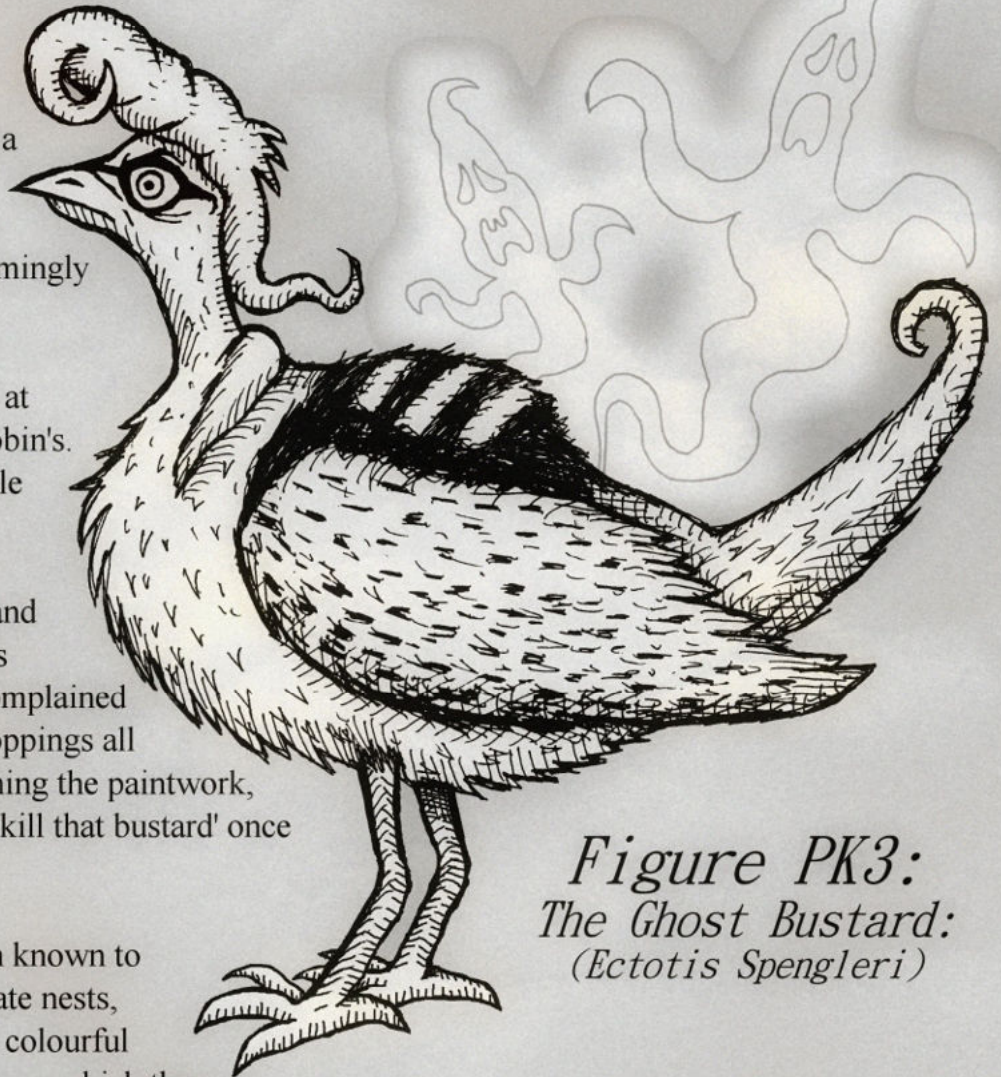
The Ghost Bustard, (Latin name : *Ectotis Spengleri*), is not itself supernatural in origin, but rather, earns its moniker because of its diet. It feeds mainly upon the souls of the dead. This has led to it being bred for use in the exorcism and pest control industries. After digestion, the Ghost Bustard excretes the remains of the spirits as ectoplasmic pellets, which can then be used as an inexpensive alternative to phosphorescent paint. Many alarm clocks now use Ghost Bustard droppings as standard, which is why professional mediums will usually ask if you own such a device while undertaking housecalls. Failure to do so by the medium is a sure sign of amateurism.

The Ghost Bustard is one of the largest flying birds known to exist today, the males having a wingspan of approximately 7-8 ft. Their habitat is scattered across Europe and Asia in a seemingly random scatter-shot fashion.

The species was first described at length in the 1890 edition of 'Tobin's Birdwatching Guide', in an article by noted crypto-ornithologist, William Weirdie, but has been known to science for centuries and mentioned in print as far back as 50AD, when Pliny The Elder complained about one leaving luminous droppings all over his chariot, completely ruining the paintwork, remarking in his diary that he'd 'kill that bustard' once he'd found it.

Male Ghost Bustards have been known to attract mates by building elaborate nests, which they then decorate with a colourful array of moulds, spores and fungus, which they hope will appeal to the female of the species. This does not often work and experts aren't sure why on Earth the males are under the impression that it would. The eggs of the bustard are speckled and are sometimes known to levitate at regular intervals, but no one quite knows why. Just one of those things, I suppose.

The Ghost Bustard has several unique calls which are immediately identifiable. The two most frequently made sounds are a corvus-like 'gaw-nah' and a loud 'hoo-yoo', similar to the sound of a cuckoo. They also often combine the two to form a 'hoo-yoo-gaw-nah' call.



*Figure PK3:
The Ghost Bustard:
(Ectotis Spengleri)*

Sick TV



Watch and Learn. 6.00

- 6.00 The Omen University**
6.00 Religious Studies (S)
6.30 Childcare (S) (Rpt)
7.00 Photography (S) (Rpt)
7.30 Jackals In The Wild (S)
- 8.00 Wolfman About The House** '70s sitcom starring Calvin Lockhart. (S) (Rpt)
- 8.30 The Walking Dead**
NEW Tonight, the top 10 places for zombies to go rambling in the UK. (S)
- 9.30 How I Met Your Mother** Japanese sitcom. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.00 May To Dismember**
Sitcom which revolves around the romance between a widower and a much younger psychopathic woman. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.30 Turner & Cujo**
FILM Light hearted comedy drama. A police investigator is teamed with a huge, highly dangerous, rabid St. Bernard dog called Cujo, the only witness to a brutal murder. The police investigator is killed and eaten by Cujo fairly early on and Cujo dies of the disease shortly afterwards, leaving everyone else on the police force wondering what the hell any of them were thinking, which mainly entails them standing around, shaking their heads for the remaining 45 minutes of the film. Very briefly stars Tom Hanks. (U, 1989, S) ****
- 12.00 Waking The Dead**
Necromancy gameshow with contestants up against the clock as they attempt to raise the departed for a variety of fabulous prizes. (S) (Rpt)

Alien Planet

- 7.00 The Signs Zone : 7.00**
Crop Rotation In The Late 20th Century (S) (Rpt), **7.30** The Reg Presley Story (S) (Rpt)
8.00 Ever Decreasing Circles (S) (Rpt), **8.30** Cornrotation Street (S) (Rpt), **9.00** See Ear (of corn) (S) (Rpt)
- 9.30 Grey Gardens** Gardening show. Today, how best to treat triffid stings and tips on getting rid of those persistent red weeds. Presented by Alan (Horrific Drippy Creature) Titchmarsh. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.00 A Place On The Moon**
Lifestyle show which helps non-Earth residents find their ideal secret lunar base from which to launch their invasion fleets. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.00 Who Wants To Be A Reptilian Heir?**
Contestants compete to become the sole inheritor of the fortune of a horrible but incredibly wealthy Reptoid who's been secretly living among the unsuspecting earthlings for decades. This week's episode features Donald Trump. (S) (Rpt)
- 12.00 Invasion, Invasion, Invasion** Pretty much the same thing as 'A Place On The Moon', but with a wider range of options. (S) (Rpt)
- 1.00 A Question Of Gort**
Panel game show for robot servants. (S) (Rpt)
- 2.00 Live At The Apollo 13**
Humour, we have a problem. (S) (Rpt)
- 3.00 I Married A Monster From Outer Space**
NEW Documentary about mixed marriages. (S)
- 4.00 M*A*S*H** get Smash. (S) (Rpt)
- 5.00 The Clangers** Wildlife documentary narrated by Oliver Postgate. (S) (Rpt)

Exhumerfang

- 6.00 BugBats** Cartoon following the adventures of a group of lice-infested flying mammals. (S) (Rpt)
 - 6.30 Tales of Terror**
Tubbies The classic show for younger viewers, featuring Tinky-Winky, Dipsy, Laa-Laa and Edgar Allen Poe. (S) (Rpt)
-
- Who is this yellow peril? 7.00
- 7.00 Hong Kong Fu Manchuey** No.1 Super-villain. Hong Kong Fu Manchuey, does a lot of nefarious killin'. (May contain decidedly dodgy early 20th century racial stereotypes, and by 'may' we mean 'definitely will') (S) (Rpt)
 - 7.30 Tiny Tomb Adventures**
With Bubba Bunny and Chucky Duck. (S) (Rpt)
 - 8.00 Wes Craven's Newsround** (S)
NEW
 - 9.00 The Shoe People Under The Stairs**
Neglected shoes locked away in a cupboard beneath the stairs, develop a life of their own and take their revenge on the cobbler who hasn't bothered to fix their obvious defects. (S) (Rpt)
 - 10.00 The Littlest Hobo With A Shotgun** A German Shepherd arrives in town, hoping for a new start, only to discover the place is under the rule of a despicable criminal overlord. Things get messy. (PG, 2011, S) ****

the caretaker

script chris sides
art freja steele
letters chris travell









BOO!

AAHHH--



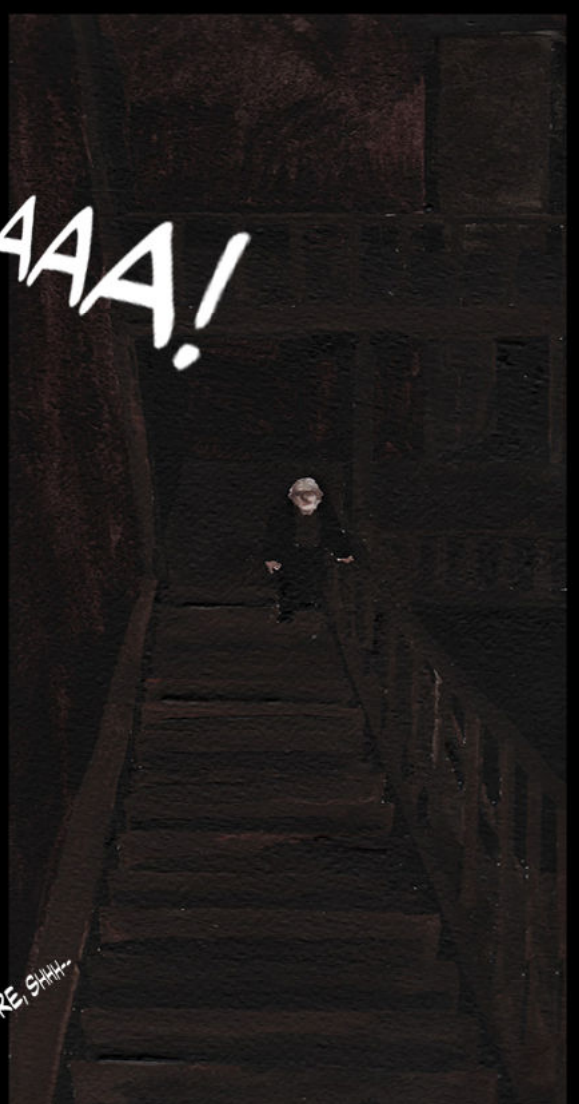
-AAHHHHHH!

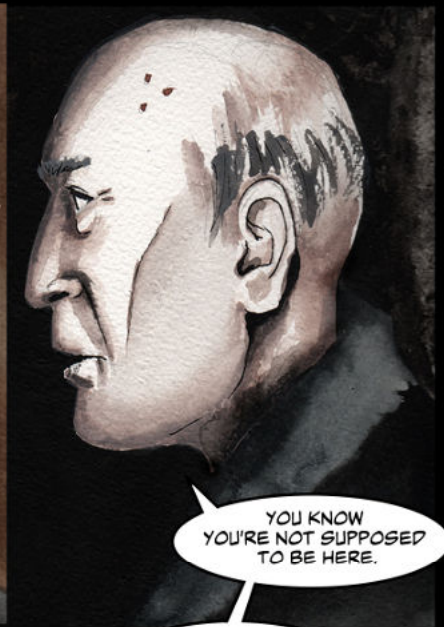
HEE HEE HAAA!



RIGHT.

HE'S HERE, SHHH--





YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.

YOU'LL GET IN TROUBLE.

I BET HE'S HEARD A LOT OF THAT. HOPEFULLY, HE'LL LEAVE. EITHER THAT, OR HE'LL--

H-HELLO?

OH.

OH DEAR.

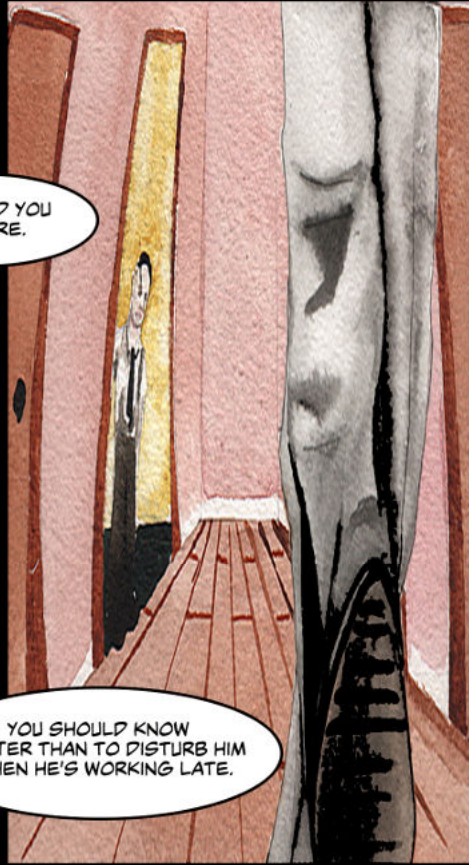


EVENING, HEADMASTER.

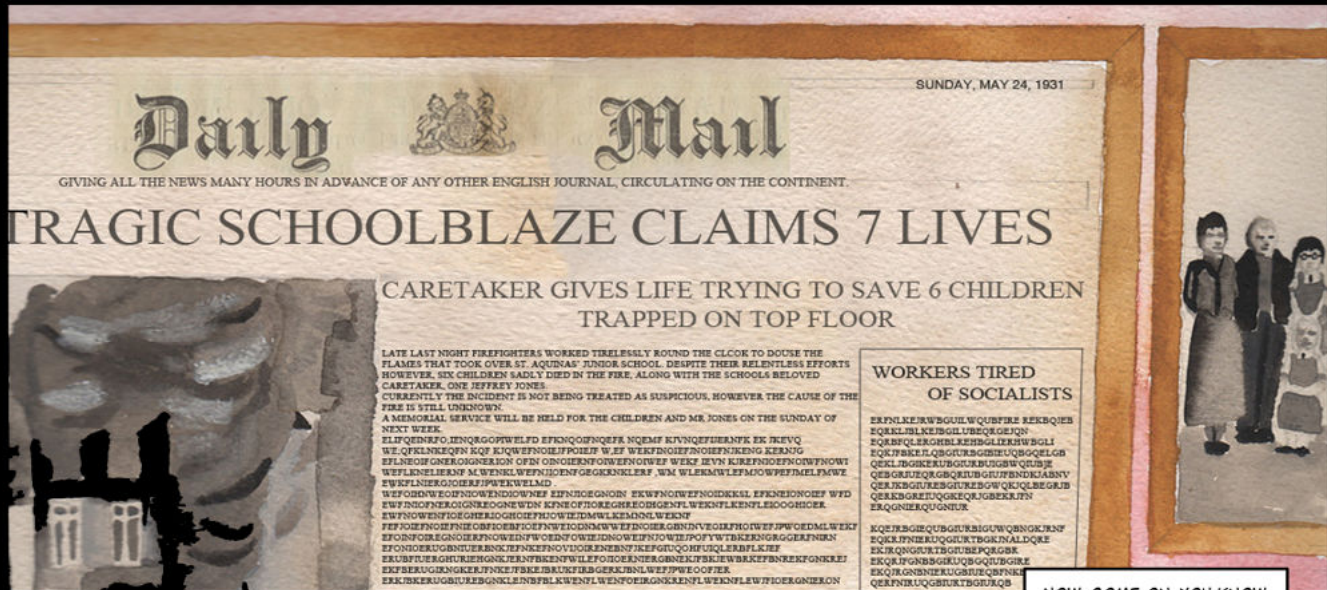




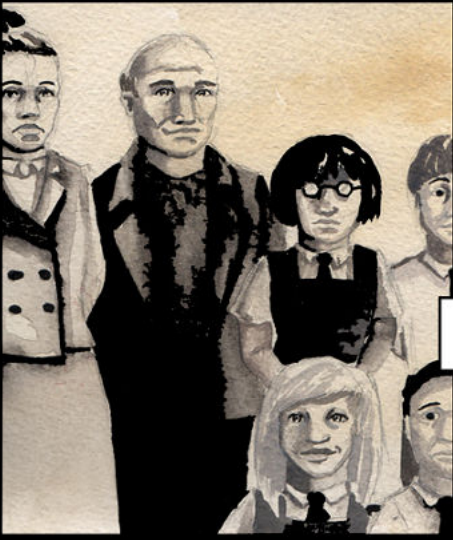
I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE.



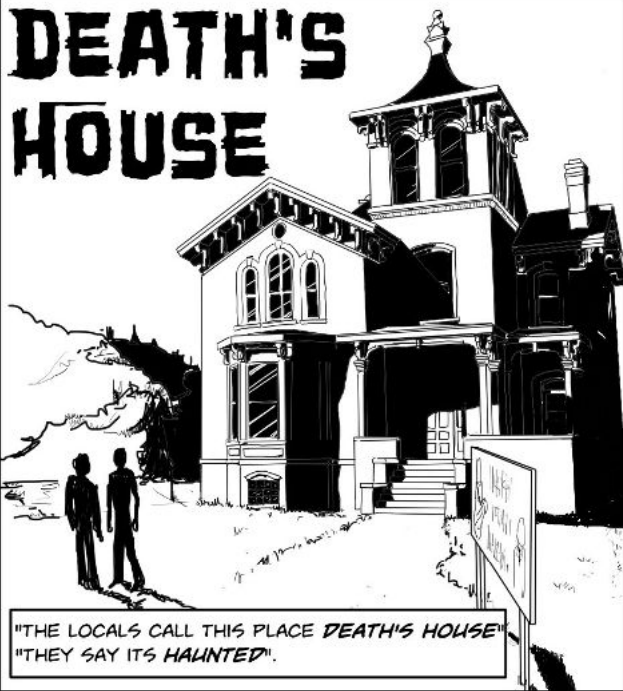
YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO DISTURB HIM WHEN HE'S WORKING LATE.



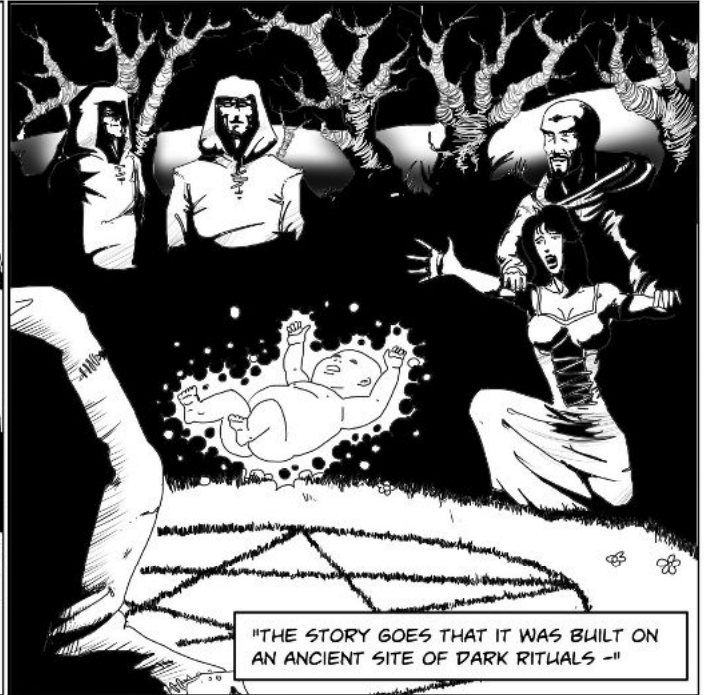
NOW, COME ON. YOU KNOW WHERE YOU SHOULD BE.



HEH. YOU CHEEKY LITTLE SCAMPS.



"THE LOCALS CALL THIS PLACE *DEATH'S HOUSE*"
"THEY SAY IT'S *HAUNTED*".



"THE STORY GOES THAT IT WAS BUILT ON
AN ANCIENT SITE OF DARK RITUALS -"



" - AND THAT *DARKER* THINGS HAPPENED TO UNWED
MOTHERS WHEN IT WAS AN ASYLUM."



"THE TRUTH IS, THERE JUST WASN'T THE TECHNOLOGY
TO DEAL WITH *DIFFICULT BIRTHS*"



THIS PLACE WILL BE
STATE OF THE ART

WE'LL BE ABLE TO SAVE CHILDREN THAT
WOULD DIE IN OTHER PLACES

NHS: ST JUDE THE APOSTLES

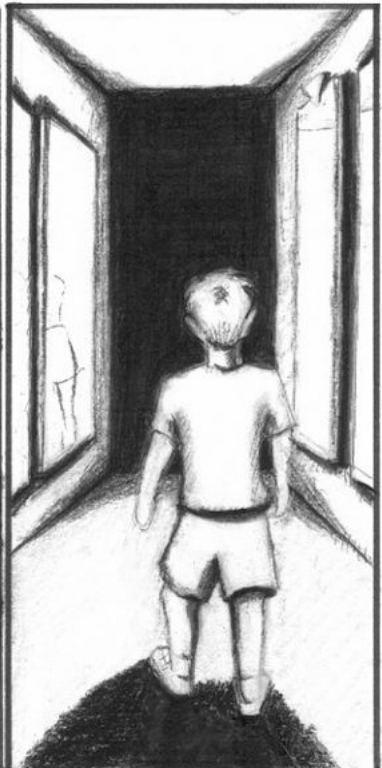
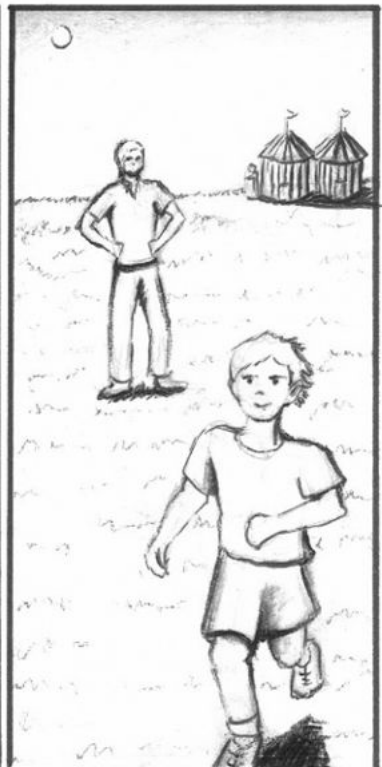
MATERNITY
HOSPITAL

OPENING
SOON

OH, I DO HOPE SO...

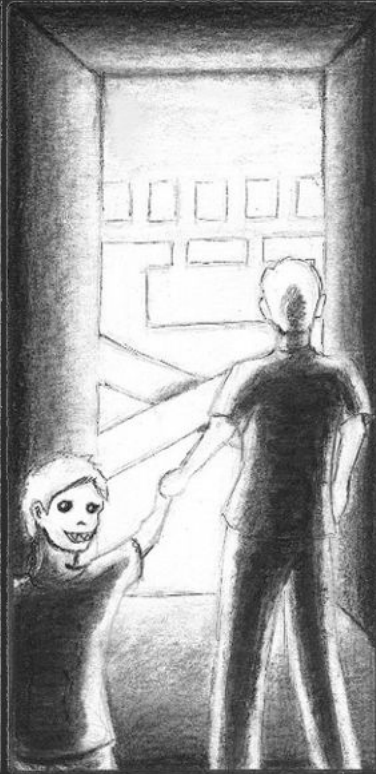
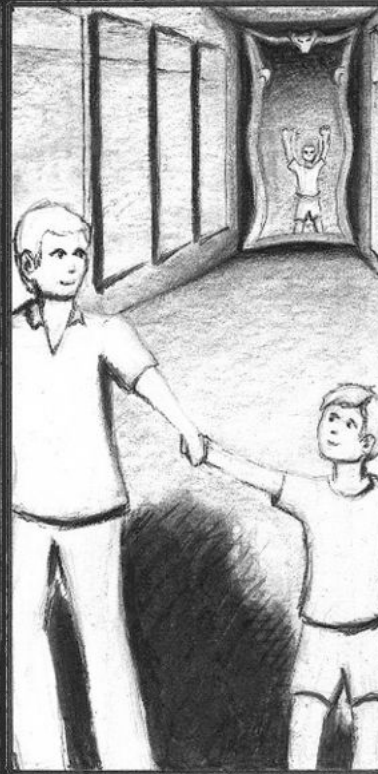
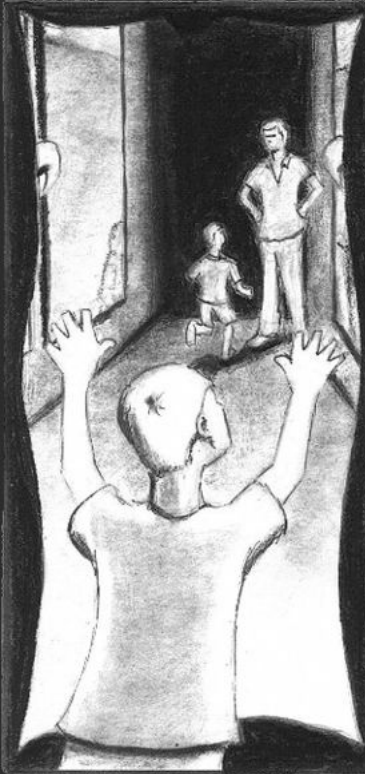
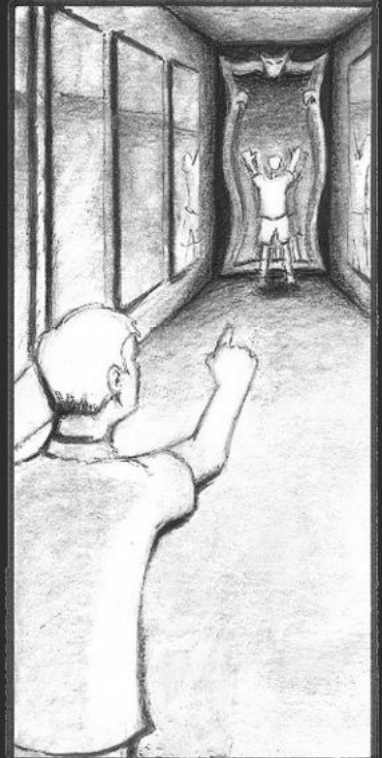
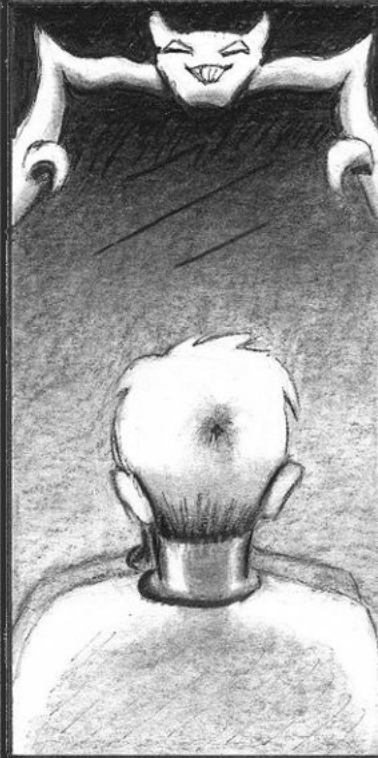
MIRROR

Script By
TIM WEST
Art By
CAROL KEWLEY



WIBBLY

MIRROR



WIBBLES

FREDERICK

STORY & ART
GLYNIS DEVINE

I'd been travelling alone and on foot for almost a year, making my way northwards to where I hoped to find the sun and the people less harsh. It was almost a year ago that my home was burned to the ground by God-fearing neighbours who took exception to the 'liberal, heathen and unnatural' way in which my husband and I had lived. I suppose we were unconventional since we tended to our own needs and lived apart from others. We had no children and no regrets but this self-sufficiency seemed to equal selfishness in a good Christian community. They left nothing of my home... or my beloved husband... but they let me live since they saw me as 'an unfortunate victim of a devil' and they kindly let me watch as everything I cherished burned.



I scavenged from the homes of privileged landowners... such as the people who took everything from me. This was quite easily done as their unfortunate slaves were always willing to invite me in and turn a blind eye. I took only what I needed and no more. It had been some time since I last ate when I first caught sight of a large, torch-lit house on the edge of the woods where I'd slept safely underneath the shade of the sycamore and the oak trees. I watched as elaborately decorated coaches brought even more elaborately decorated visitors to the entrance for what must have been a very special occasion. I imagined there would be plenty to eat at a gathering such as this.

Before I could leave the cover of the trees to make my way to the house to find a safe way in, I heard a faint cry of pain from nearby. I hesitantly crept to where the sound originated from to find a man in a blood-soaked shirt lying in a heap and in agony. I spoke to him softly, assuring him that I meant him no harm. He spoke in an understandably laboured voice and told me that his name was Frederick. He'd worked as a slave for the master of the house from childhood and he'd come to look upon his 'owner' as a father. He managed to explain how, when the master suspiciously became ill, his future son-in-law 'helped' with the running of the house and the land. Frederick continued, with increasing difficulty, to tell me how he had confided in the master's only child about how he suspected her future husband's intentions were dishonourable and he also told me how this information was met, perhaps unsurprisingly, with disbelief and contempt. There was nothing else he felt able to do but to pack a little food and water to make the twenty mile journey, on foot, to fetch help for the master but when word of this reached the fiancé, he had Frederick beaten and left for dead.

I took pity on the man. I could see that, underneath his wounds, he was beautiful and I could tell that his soul was strong and good. I offered to stay with him and tend to him in exchange for food. He gratefully agreed so I took what little he had to offer and fed him what little he could take as we lay together underneath the sycamore and the oak trees, submerged in the fallen, autumn leaves.

Night had gone and come again and Frederick breathed no more. I looked to the house to see that it was free from the finely dressed... presumably, in hindsight, wedding guests. Only the porch was illuminated, where a well-dressed, handsome... but unappealing young man... presumably the groom, vaingloriously sat smoking one of his soon-to-be late father's cigars, expecting everything and appreciating nothing. I decided that I was hungry again so I approached him and drank from him... more than I needed this time. My beautiful, strong and good friend, Frederick, walked anew towards us and drank alongside me, just as my husband did when I made him walk anew. We left the groom... much as he deserved to be left... and together we began our travels north, where we hoped to find the sun and the people less harsh... and the food plentiful.

THE END

FANCY

SCRIPT - STU PERRINS

ART - BRIAN BURKE



HAIR SCARE III

THE LAST STRAND



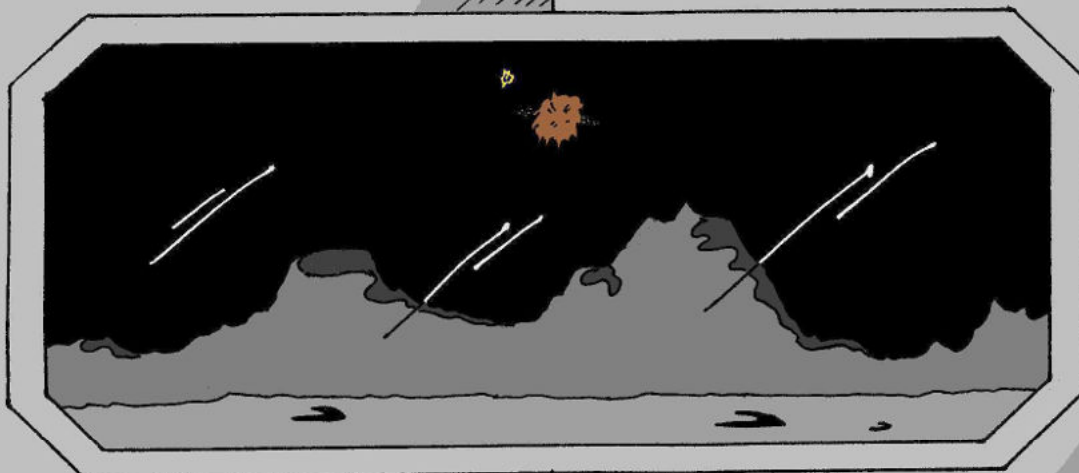
"IT'S BEEN 6 MONTHS SINCE WE LOST ALL CONTACT WITH THE LAST OUT-POSTS ON EARTH..."



"IN 3 SHORT WEEKS ALL LIFE ON THE PLANET HAD BEEN SWALLOWED UP...!"

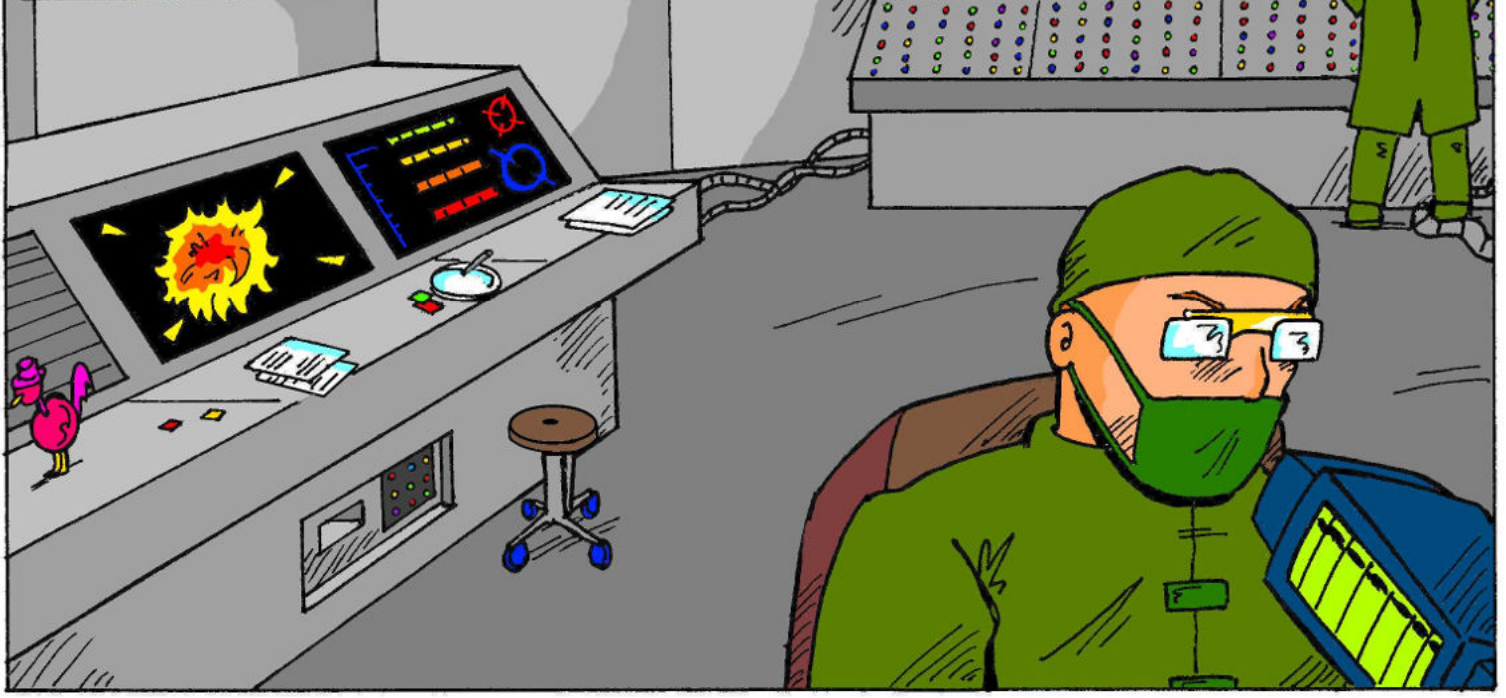


"WHERE ONCE STOOD MANKIND'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENTS..."

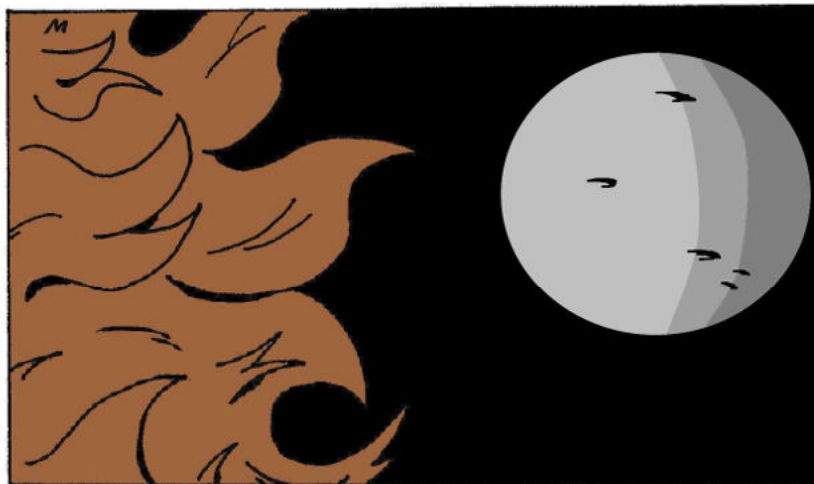
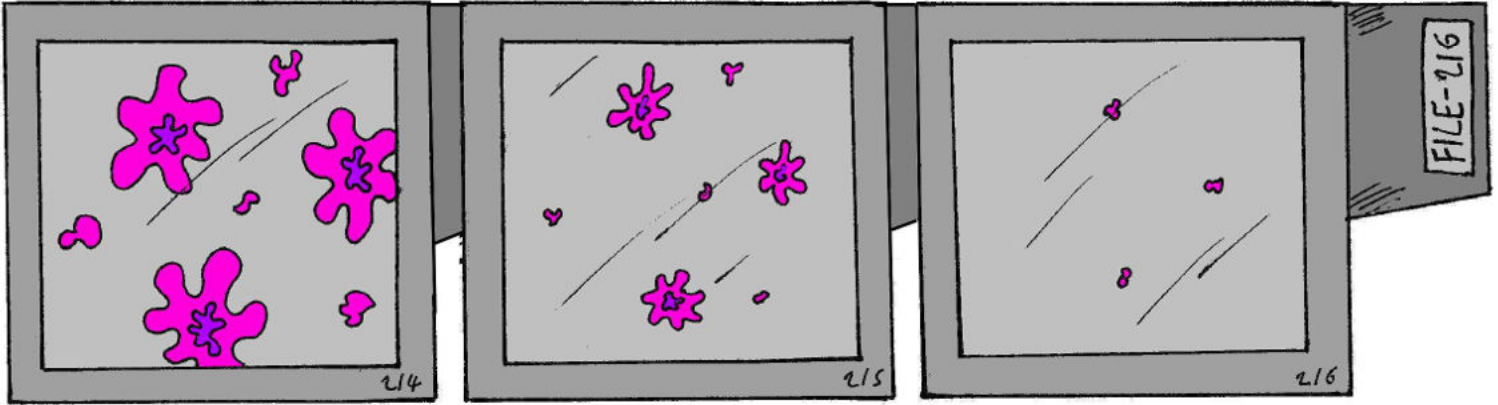


"NOW REMAINS NOTHING BUT A GIANT FLOATING HAIRBALL IN SPACE!"

"THE MILITARY'S EFFORTS TO DESTROY THE HAIR WERE A COMPLETE FAILURE AND EVEN THE SCIENTIFIC APPROACH WASN'T ENOUGH TO SAVE THE PEOPLE ON EARTH...?"

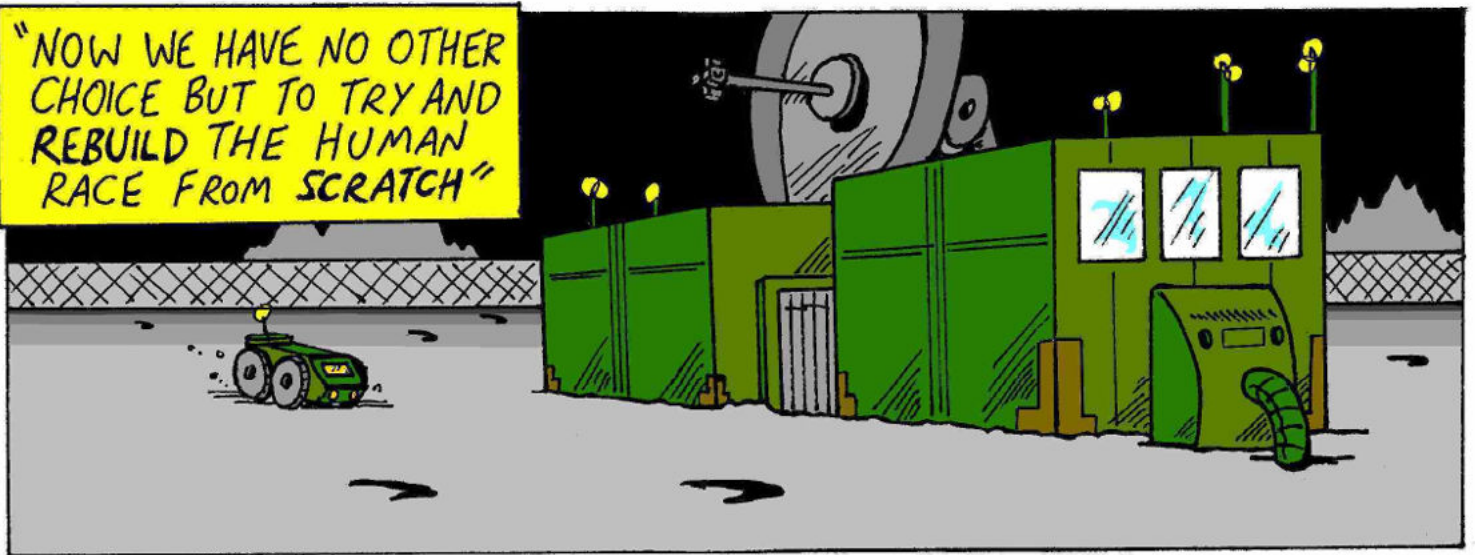


"WE DISCOVERED THE HAIR NEEDS OXYGEN TO GROW AND ALTHOUGH OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO THE BILLIONS WHO PERISHED, AT LEAST THOSE OF US WHO ESCAPED TO THE MOON ARE BEYOND THE HAIR'S GRASP..."

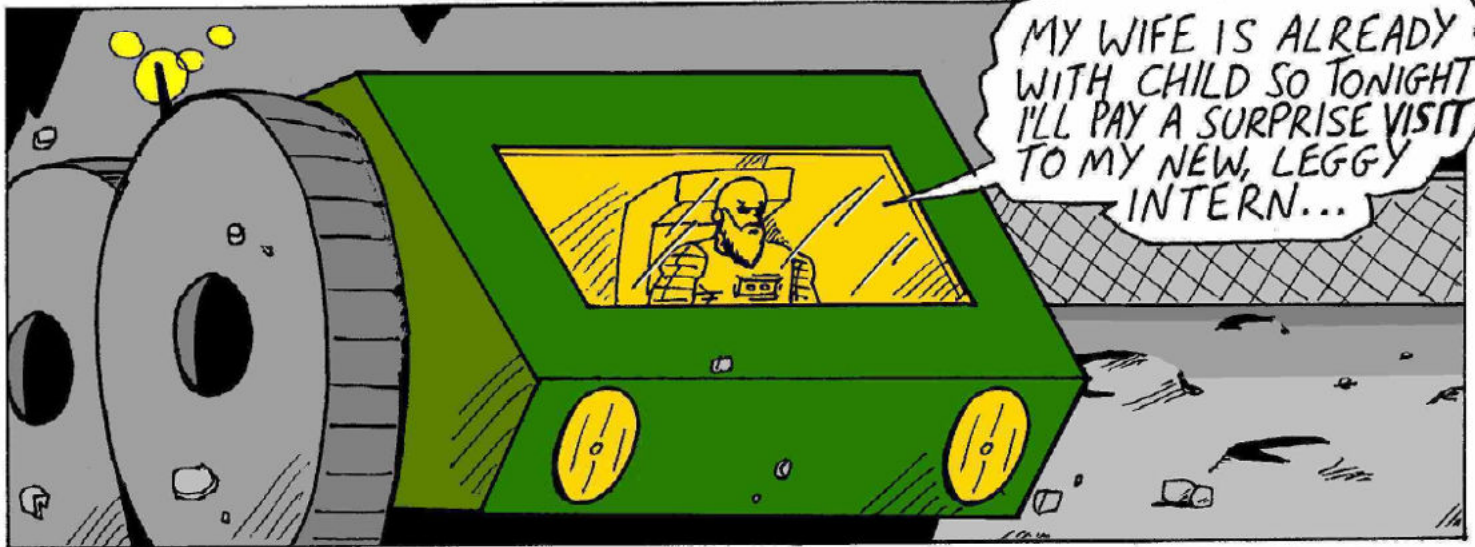


"HAVING DEPLETED ALL THE AIR ON EARTH IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE HAIR TO REACH US HERE ON OUR LUNAR COLONY"

"NOW WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO TRY AND REBUILD THE HUMAN RACE FROM SCRATCH"

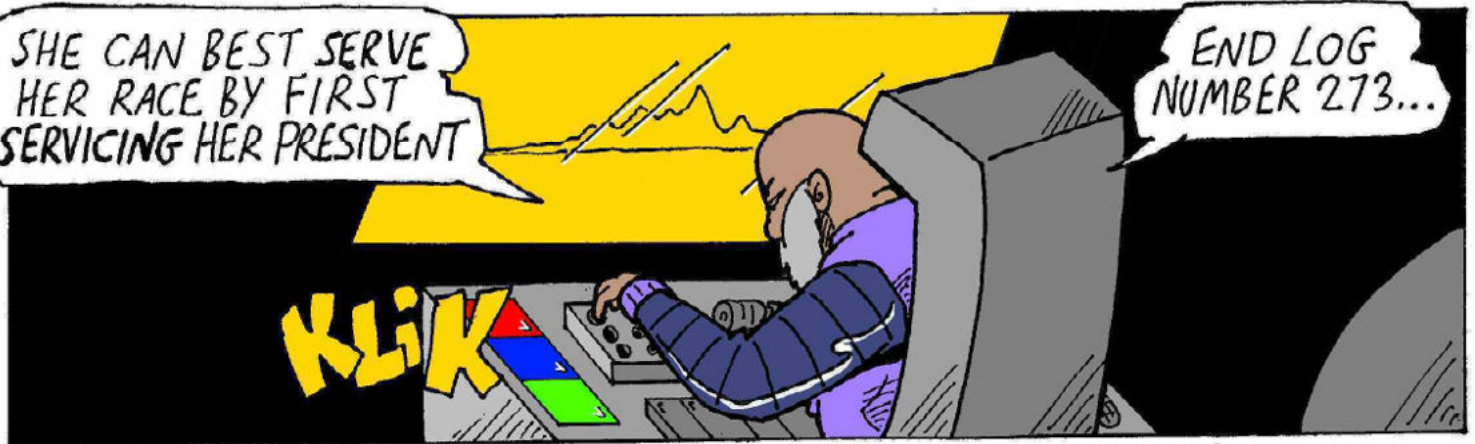


MY WIFE IS ALREADY WITH CHILD SO TONIGHT I'LL PAY A SURPRISE VISIT TO MY NEW, LEGGY INTERN...



SHE CAN BEST SERVE HER RACE BY FIRST SERVICING HER PRESIDENT

END LOG NUMBER 273...



BRAKKA! **BOOM!**

WHAT?! GUNFIRE?!



OH NO.. NO! THIS CAN'T BE!





THE HAIR IS HERE!

HISS!

BRAKKA!
BRAKKA!

YITTEE!

AAARGH!!

KRAK!



MUST... ESCAPE!

KLIK

KRASH!



IT'S RIGHT BEHIND ME!

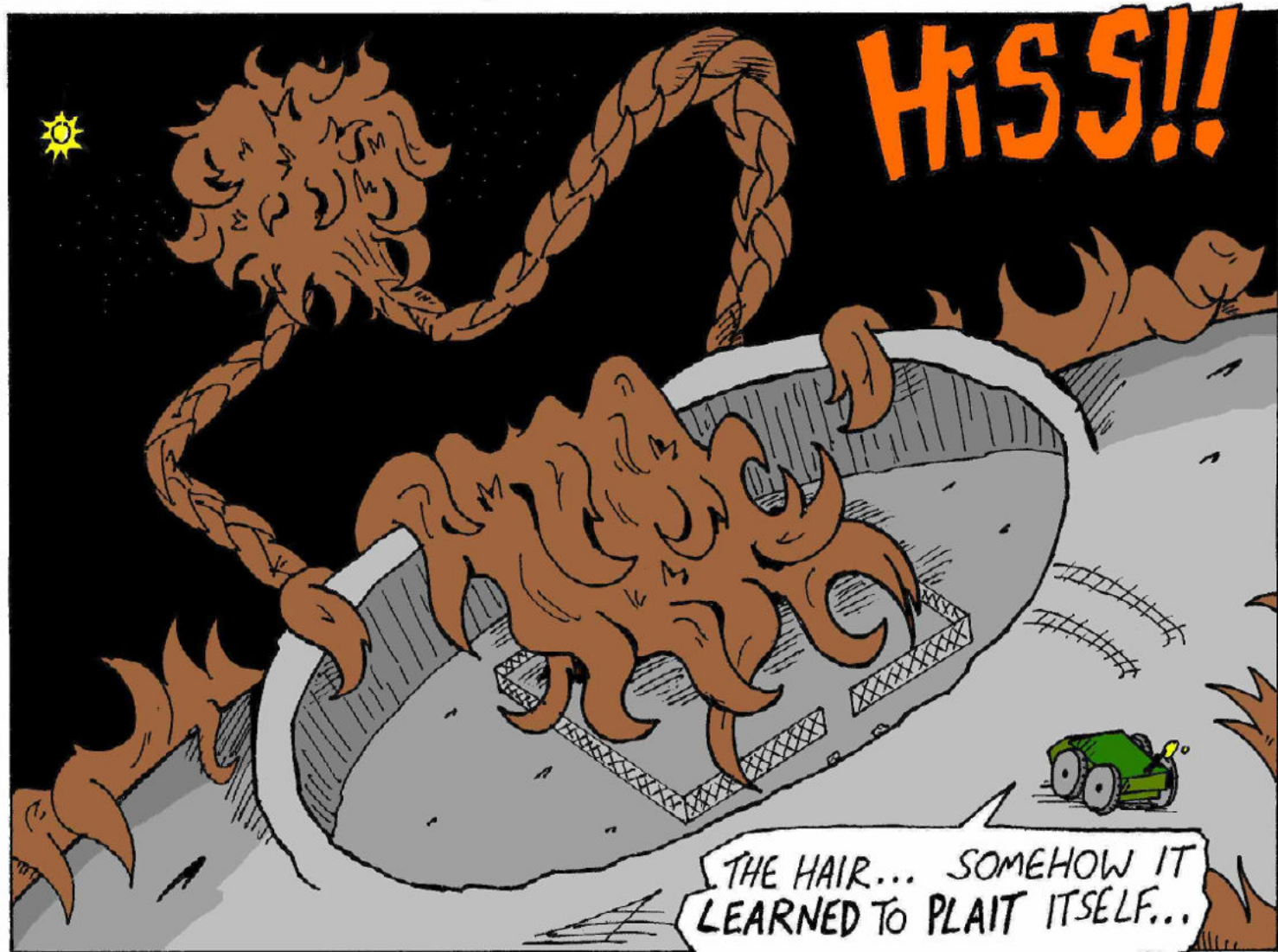


VROOOOM!



OH, GOD...

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE..!



HISS!!

THE HAIR... SOMEHOW IT LEARNED TO PLAIT ITSELF...



ALL THE WAY FROM EARTH TO THE MOON!



I DIDN'T SEE THAT TWIST COMING..!





++ HELLO, MY NAME IS... ..UM... **MARX**, (YES, THAT'LL DO...), AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT A COMIC THAT WASN'T FOR THE FAINT OF HEART, A COMIC THAT SERVED AS THE MAIN INSPIRATION FOR WHAT YOU NOW GAZE UPON. JOIN ME NOW, AS WE DESCEND BACK INTO THE DEPTHS TO CONFRONT THE GHOSTS OF THE PAST IN WHAT MAY PROVE TO BE A HORRIBLY LITERAL FASHION... ++

SCREAM! AND SCREAM! AGAIN!

AN ARTICLE BY 'MARX' WITH HELP HOLDING PENS AND STUFF FROM MALCOLM KIRK.

NOT FOR THE NERVOUS

In 1984 a new weekly comic appeared on the shelves of newsagents around Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Malaysia and, if the front cover was to be believed, Transylvania. A television advertising campaign proclaimed it to be "NOT FOR THE NERVOUS" and this warning also appeared on its front cover, sellotaped to which were a free set of "Dracula fangs". This comic was *Scream!* and although it would only last for fifteen issues and a handful of specials, its stories, characters and atmosphere would leave a lasting impression on its young readership.



GHASTLY McNASTY

The editor of *Scream* was one Ghastly McNasty, a cowed Grim Reaper or monk-like figure whose features were shrouded in darkness. Fifty pounds were on offer for anyone who managed to capture his exact likeness in pictorial form, but everyone who managed to get a drawing published within *Scream's* pages would receive five pounds. Ghastly also introduced short one-off stories called "Ghastly Tales". These were packed into just one or two pages, but

despite their size, were sometimes far more disturbing than anything in the longer serials.

Ghastly resided deep below King's Reach Tower, (now known as South Bank Tower), a real building situated in London, which was the then headquarters of IPC magazines, publisher of *Scream!* Long time readers of 2000 AD will also know it as the spaceship which that publication's editor, Tharg The Mighty, travelled to Earth in. Presumably he sold it to the current owners before he set up shop in Oxford, which is where 2000ad is currently published.



TALES FROM THE GRAVE

(Script : Various Art : J.Watson Letters : P.Knight)

"Tales From The Grave" was set in Victorian England. The stories were told by a hunchback gravedigger known only as The Leper because of a terminal wasting disease which had left him horribly disfigured. Although friendly enough, The Leper seemed to delight in scaring people, as all the tales he related were of murder and the supernatural and usually involved the occupants of the graves around him.



MONSTER

(First episode written by Alan Moore

Subsequent episodes written by Rick Clark (John Wagner under a pseudonym) Art Heinzl / Redondo
Letters : P.Bensberg)

The story of Monster begins with twelve year old Kenneth Corman digging a grave. We learn that this is to be the final resting place of Kenny's abusive father, killed by something living in the attic of the family home.

Once his father is buried, Kenny reluctantly goes to investigate the room he had been forbidden from ever entering, and is shocked to discover a large, hideous creature, that immediately attacks him. Kenny still has the spade with which he dug his father's grave and manages to hit the "monster" on the side of the head, rendering it unconscious.

Kenny realises that although this creature is hideously deformed, incredibly strong and apparently mentally disabled, it is a man, albeit one that has been kept like a wild animal. It is then that Kenny spots the envelope sitting on a dusty mantel, an envelope with his name on it. Inside is a letter from Kenny's dead mother, which tells him that the monster is Kenny's Uncle Terry, his mother's brother.

It was Terry's parents whom originally locked him away, and neglected him. When they both eventually died, (within days of each other), it was up to Kenny's parents to take care of him. Kenny's mother did her best, but Kenny's father never allowed her to spend enough time with him, and Terry grew up shut away from the outside world, with little understanding of the differences between right and wrong.

After the death of Kenny's mother, his father became increasingly embittered at the burden that was Terry. Kenny realises that the night he died, he had been on his way to murder Terry, but Terry fought back and it was Kenny's father who died. Kenny feels he has an obligation to look after Terry, and manages to befriend him, but when a man called Bob Thacker arrives at the house, wanting money owed to him by Kenny's father, things become even more complicated. Thacker starts trashing the house, looking for something of value. When Kenny tries to stop him, Thacker strikes him, but the commotion attracts the attention of Uncle Terry. Terry is not pleased, and kills Thacker. Bob Thacker will not be the last to die at Terry's hands...

Monster was the only *Scream!* story, besides *The Thirteenth Floor*, to continue in the *Eagle* comic, after *Scream!* was merged into it.



TERROR OF THE CATS

(Script : John Agee Art : Gonzalez Letters : P Knight

The six part "Terror of The Cats" told the story of Allen Woodward, a reporter with the Barchester Evening Echo who was investigating apparently unprovoked attacks on people by ordinary domestic cats. At first the attacks seemed to occur at random, but then they began targeting people who had a connection with a government research facility, the director of which was a Dr. Ulrich Kruhl.



THE NIGHTCOMERS

(Script : Tom Tully Art : J.Richardson
Letters : P.Bensberg)

The Amazing Rogans were a mind-reading stage act consisting of husband and wife team David and Ann Rogan. When they died under mysterious circumstances in a car crash near the country house of Raven's Meet, their children, Beth and Rick, decided to find out what they were doing there.

At their parents' home they find a cassette tape recorded by their parents, which tells them that The Amazing Rogans weren't just a cabaret act, they were also paranormal investigators. It would also appear that not only were the powers displayed in the Rogans' act real, but Beth and Rick have inherited them.

Beth and Rick set out to Raven's Meet in their father's other car, but something is waiting for them. Something evil.



The Dracula File

(Script :Gerry Finley-Day / Ken Noble Art : Eric Bradbury Letters : J.Aldrich)

The Dracula File followed KGB agent Stakis, as he tracked Dracula to the UK. It's Dracula, so you know the kind of thing to expect. He goes around biting people and hiding from the goodies a lot and stuff like that. Rather well done though and very atmospheric.

Finley-Day was also the creator of the World War 2 vampire strip Fiends of The Eastern Front, for 2000 AD.



SCREAM! AND ALL IMAGES FROM SCREAM! ARE COPYRIGHT © EGMONT UK LTD. HALLOWSCREAM IS A NON-PROFIT MAKING PUBLICATION AND NO INFRINGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT LAWS ARE INTENDED. WE APOLOGISE IF WE HAVE DONE SO.

The Thirteenth Floor

Script : Ian Holland (Alan Grant & John Wagner writing under a psudonym) Art : Jose Ortiz Letters :)

The Thirteenth Floor was about a lovely experimental sentient computer called Max, who was in charge of an entire tower block, Maxwell Tower, and took very good care of all of his tenants, making sure they were well catered for and came to no harm. Nothing of anyh consequence ever happened at Maxwell Tower, especially not a series of unexplained deaths in the lifts, but if there were any such deaths, they certainly would not have been as a result of the computer being ever so slightly over-protective of his tenants, punishing anyone who may do them wrong, by sending them to a virtual reality nightmare world he'd somehow managed to create on his non-existent 13th floor.

That didn't happen. There was absolutely no hypnosis going on either. Or any other such shenanigans.

After not being switched off after not being found out, Max later worked in a department store, where he certainly didn't work for the government as a spy, before eventually returning home to Maxwell Tower, which later burnt down, through no fault of his own, leading him to become the new editor of the Eagle comic, which his story had transferred over to when Scream! was cancelled, because everyone trusted him so much and there was absolutely nothing wrong with him. So there.



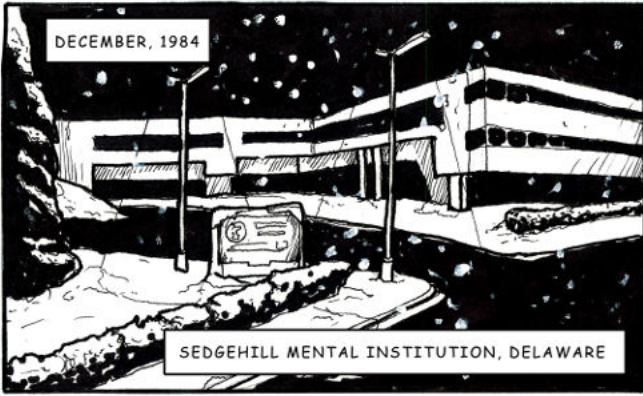
++ ISSUES OF SCREAM! FREQUENTLY SHOW UP ON EBAY, BUT CAN BE QUITE EXPENSIVE. THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR IS AVAILABLE DIGITALLY, COURTESY OF EGMONT CLASSIC COMICS, FROM THE APPLE STORE, AMAZON AND GOOGLE PLAY.

HIBERNIA COMICS HAVE PUBLISHED PHYSICAL REPRINTS OF THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR IN THE PAST, AND A NEW COLLECTION OF GHASTLY TALES AND LIBRARY OF DEATH STORIES SHOULD SOON BE AVAILABLE FROM THEM FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY.

VISIT THEM ONLINE AT [HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/HIBERNIACOMICS/](https://www.facebook.com/hiberniacomics/) FOR MORE DETAILS.

AND VISIT [WWW.BACKFROMTHEDEPTHS.CO.UK](http://www.backfromthedepts.co.uk) FOR MORE SCREAM! INFORMATION, (BUT THAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING). BYE FOR NOW. ++









LATER THAT NIGHT.

WELL, HERE WE ARE! LET THE FESTIVITIES BEGIN!

CHICK!



NORBURY TOYS, DELAWARE.

THIS PLACE IS A DUMP!

OK, I'M, LIKE, HUNGRY AND I'M SCARED. IN THAT ORDER.



SHHH! FARRAH, IT'S NOT A DUMP, IT'S JUST OLD. NELL, WE CAN EAT WHEN WE'RE INSIDE.

HOLD THE FLASHLIGHT STEADY, DAVIE - I CAN'T SEE A THING!



OK, I TAKE IT BACK - THIS PLACE IS GROOVY!

TOLD YOU!



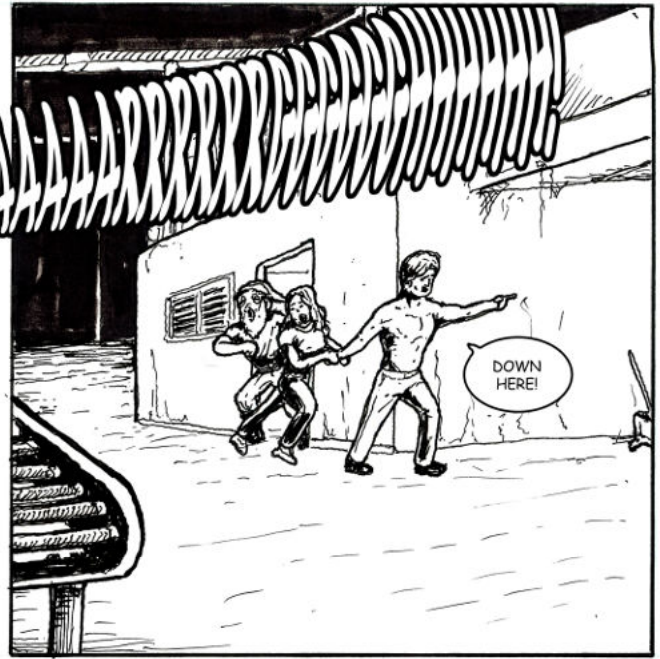
PHILMORE, ANY IDEA WHY THEY, LIKE, CLOSED THIS PLACE?

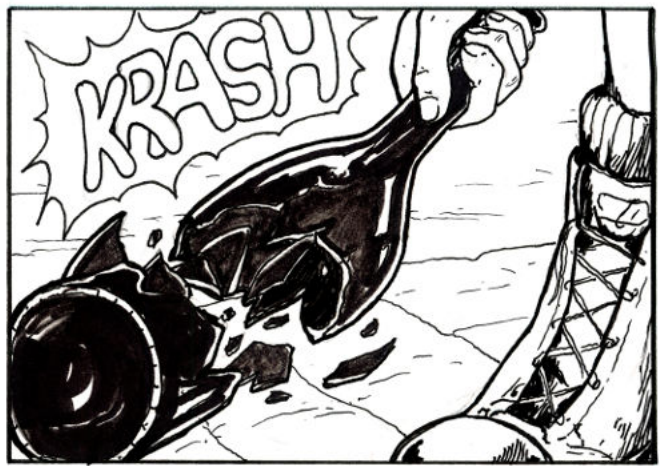
THE OWNER DIED AND THE COMPANY DIED WITH HIM. NOTHING TO IT.

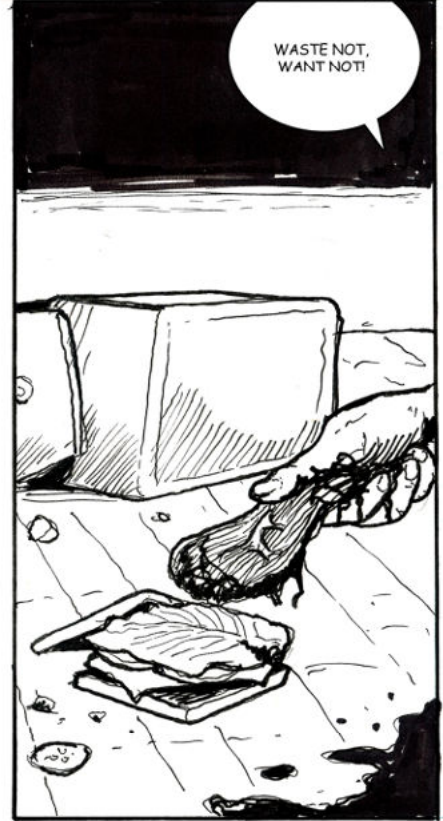








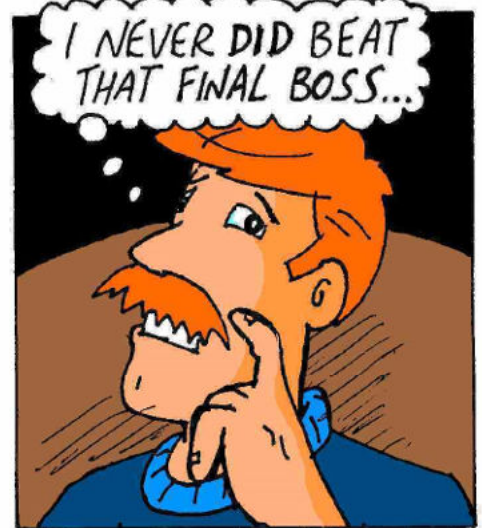


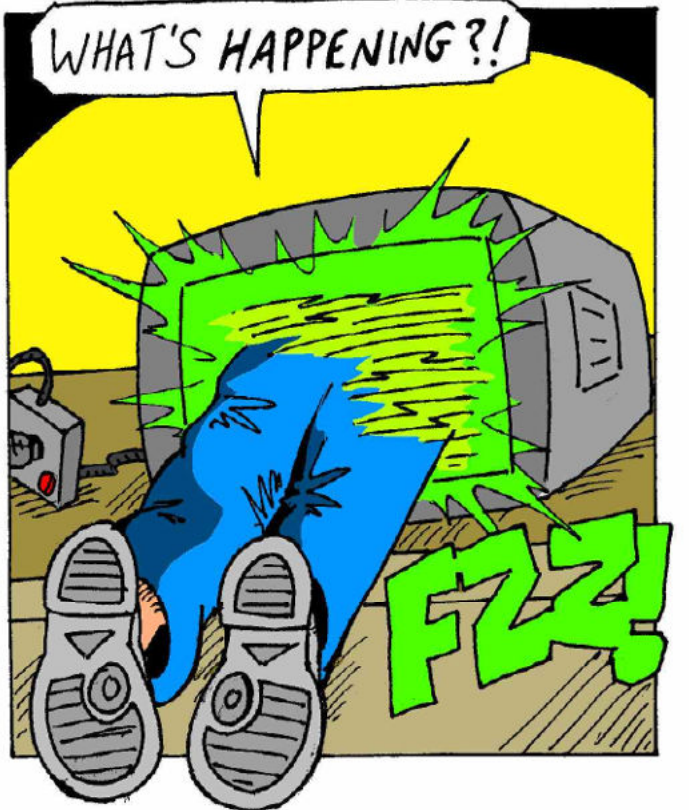
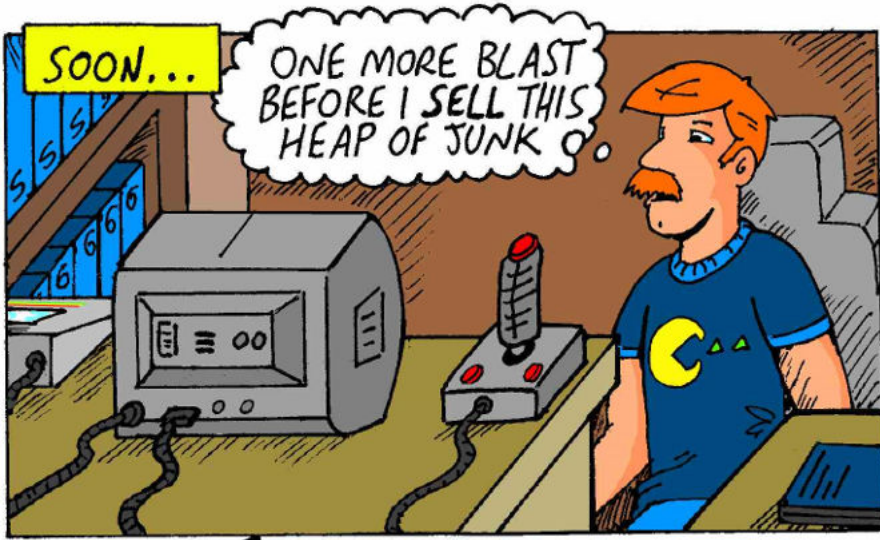


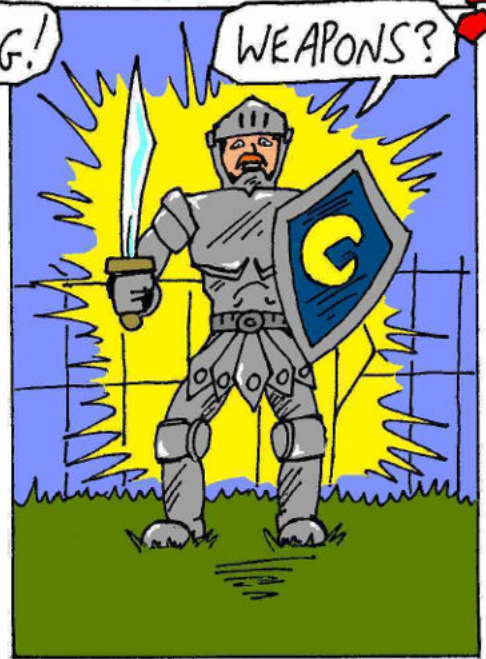
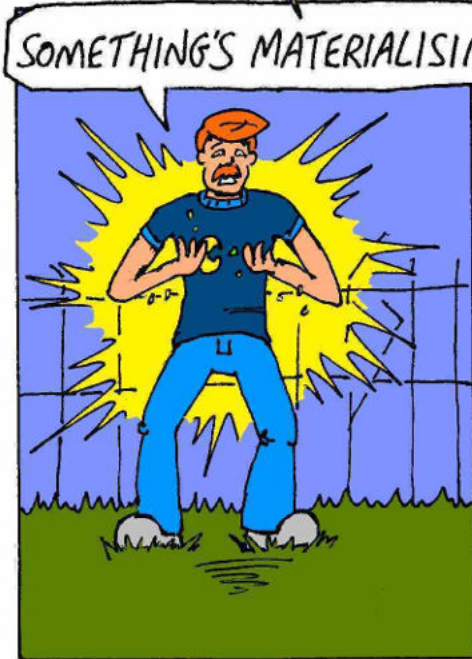
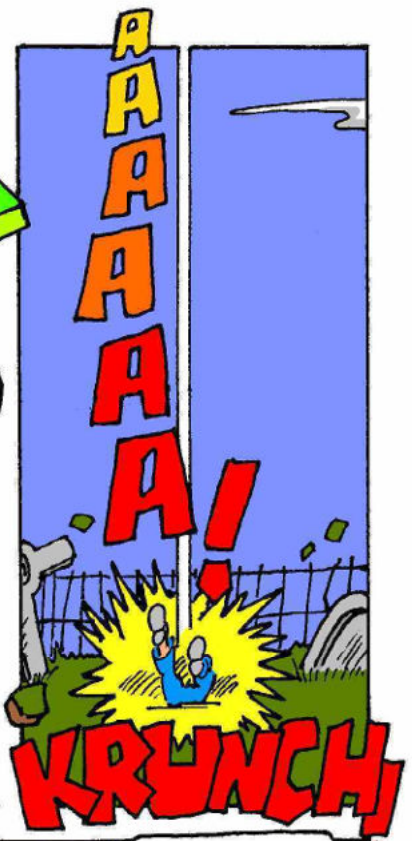


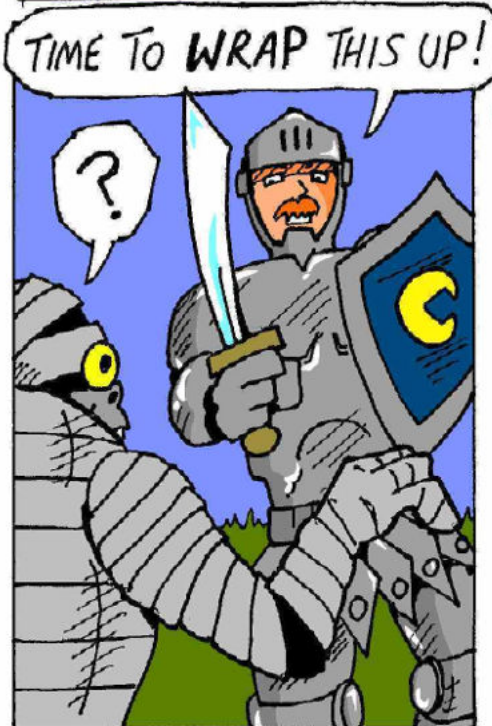
Gordon Innes
Story & Art

ZX-SPECTRE













Ric
9-10

THERE IS AN EVIL WHICH LURKS IN OUR MIDST—AN EVIL 'NEATH THE GUISE OF THE MOST BENIGN OF CREATURES. I, ALONE, KNOW THE EXTENT TO WHICH THIS HORROR PERVADES, FOR I, ALONE, HAVE MADE IT MY LIFE'S WORK TO SEEK OUT THIS EVIL AND DESTROY IT AT EVERY TURN. I AM *DR. PETER LUPUS*, AND THIS IS MY STORY...

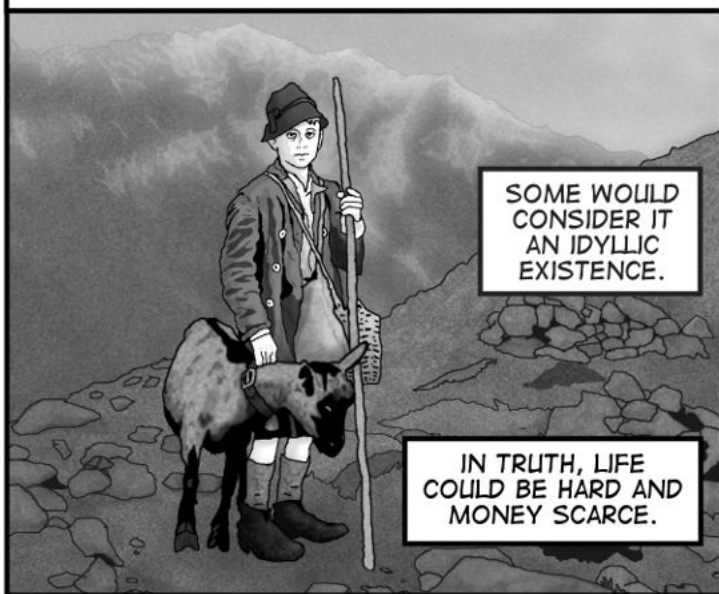


THE SECRET ORIGIN OF DOCTOR LUPUS



A TERROR OF THE SHEEP Interlude

IT ALL BEGAN BACK WHEN I WAS A YOUNG GOATHERD LIVING, WORKING AND PLAYING AMONG THE ALPS.



SOME WOULD CONSIDER IT AN IDYLIC EXISTENCE.

IN TRUTH, LIFE COULD BE HARD AND MONEY SCARCE.

I WAS GOOD FRIENDS WITH A GIRL OF MY OWN AGE WHO LIVED IN A MOUNTAINSIDE CABIN WITH HER AGED GRANDFATHER.



EVEN THOUGH WE OFTEN STRUGGLED TO MAKE ENDS MEET, WE WERE, FOR THE MOST PART, HAPPY.

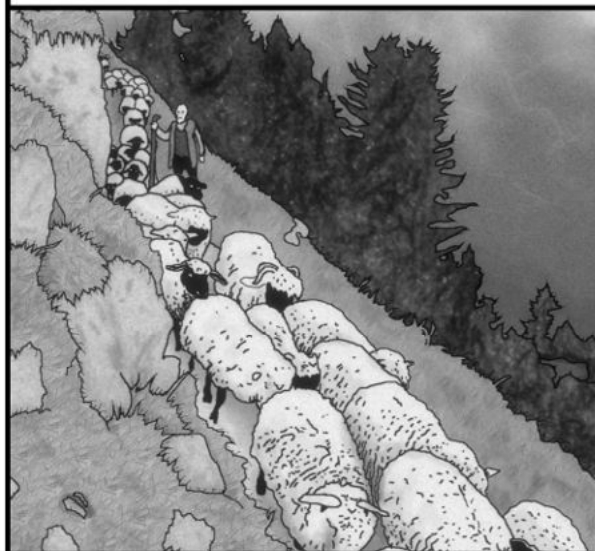
THEN, ONE DAY, THE OLD MAN TOLD ME OF A NEW BUSINESS VENTURE. EVEN THEN, I WASN'T KEEN ON THE IDEA AND TRIED TO TALK HIM OUT OF IT...

SHEEP? YOU CAN'T GET MILK AND CHEESE FROM A SHEEP! I'LL STICK WITH MY GOATS. YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE WITH A GOAT.



YOU'RE LIVING IN THE PAST, YOUNG PETER. NO ONE IS INTERESTED IN GOATS ANYMORE. SHEEP ARE WHERE THE MONEY IS. SHEEP ARE THE FUTURE!

NOTHING I SAID COULD DISSUADE THE OLD MAN, AND SO HE BOUGHT A FLOCK OF SHEEP.



THERE ARE MANY MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT SHEEP, ONE OF WHICH IS THAT THEY ARE *EASILY LED*. THIS IS NOT REMOTELY TRUE. SHEEP ARE *STUBBORN* BEASTS. YOU NEED ONLY ATTEND ANY SHEEP DOG TRIAL TO SEE THE TRUTH OF THIS. BEING A GOOD SHEPHERD TAKES MUCH SKILL AND *PATIENCE*, AN ATTRIBUTE WHICH THE OLD MAN WAS SADLY *LACKING* IN.



IT DID NOT TAKE LONG BEFORE WHAT LITTLE HE HAD RAN DRY...



STUPID SHEEP! WHY DON'T YOU GO WHERE YOU'RE MEANT TO?

GET INTO THE PEN, YOU INFURIATING ANIMAL!

SPLACK!



YOU-YOU'VE KILLED IT!

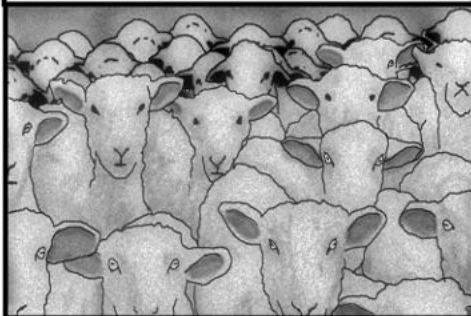


I... I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO THAT! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

DON'T TELL MY GRAND-DAUGHTER!



THE REST OF THE FLOCK GLARED SILENTLY AT THE OLD MAN WITH AN INTENSITY I HAD NOT SEEN FROM ANY OTHER CREATURE...



...EXCEPT FOR A CAT I HAD ONCE.

STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT, YOU DAMNABLE BEASTS! IT WAS ITS OWN FAULT!

YOU DO WHAT I TELL YOU TO DO!



ONE OF THE SHEEP LITTERED A SINGLE BLEAT, AS IF IN REPLY...



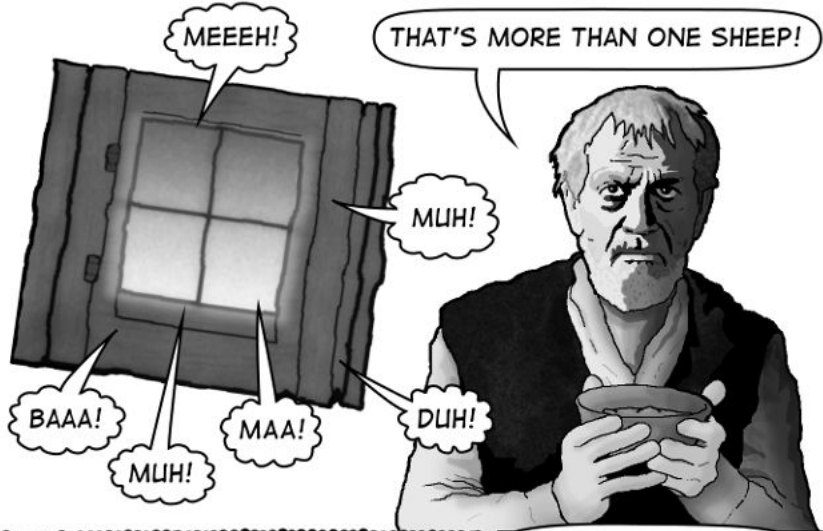
THE SHEEP THEN SLOWLY WALKED INTO THE PEN WITHOUT ANY DIRECTION FROM THE OLD MAN, WITHOUT ANY FUSS, WITHOUT ANY PROTESTATION...



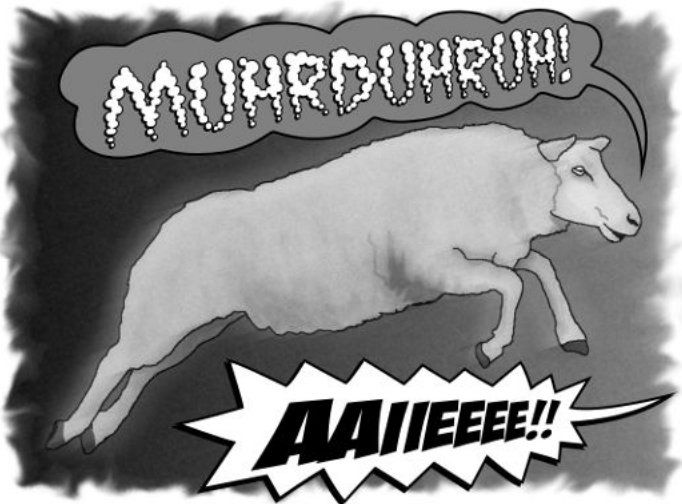
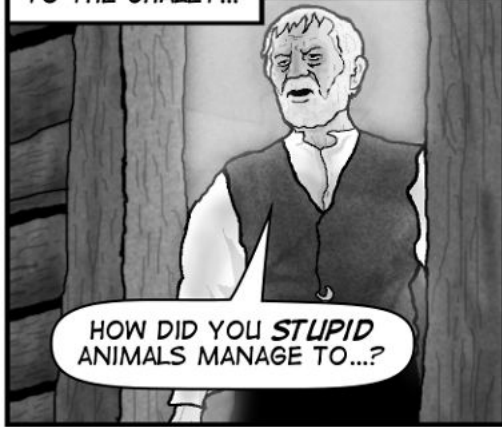
...BUT SOMETHING FELT TERRIBLY WRONG!

THAT NIGHT, AS HIS GRANDDAUGHTER AND I ATTENDED THE BIRTHDAY PARTY OF A FRIEND IN THE NEARBY VILLAGE, THE OLD MAN SAT IN HIS CABIN, ALONE...

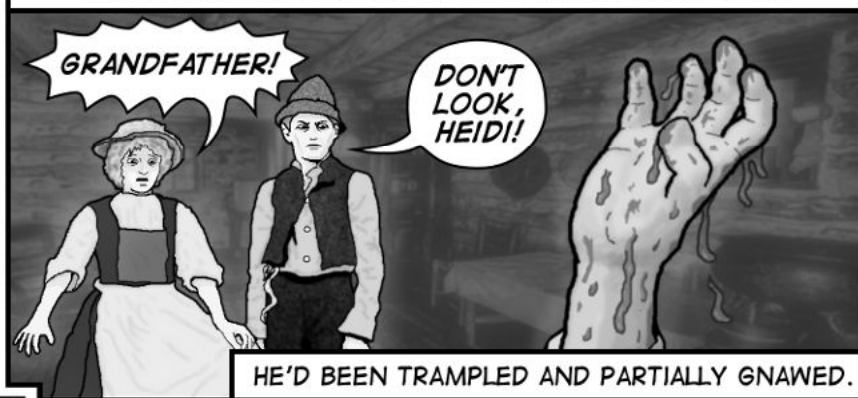




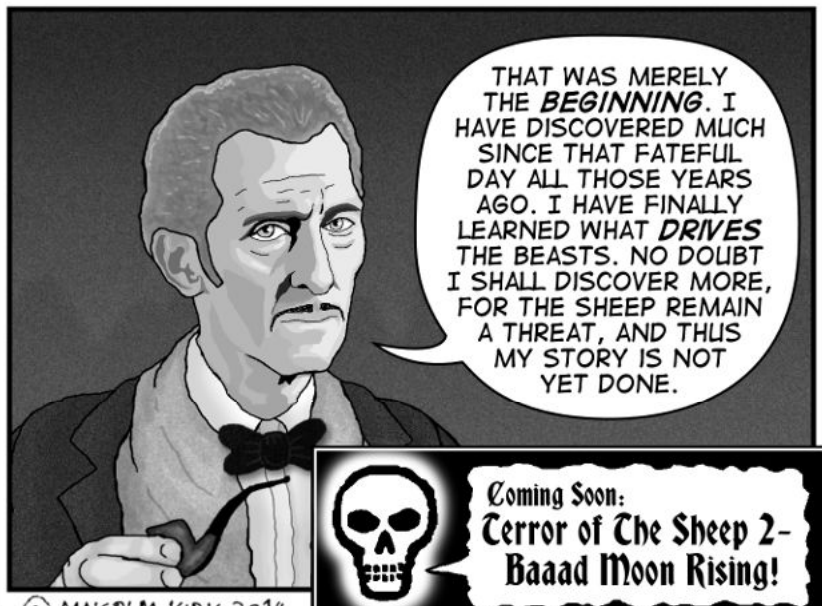
I CAN ONLY GUESS AT THE HORROR THE OLD MAN WAS CONFRONTED WITH WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR TO THE CHALET...



BY THE TIME WE RETURNED, THE SHEEP WERE LONG GONE. NO ONE EVER SAW THEM AGAIN. THE GIRL'S GRANDFATHER LAY ON THE FLOOR, SURROUNDED BY DROPPINGS, QUITE DEAD.



THE AUTHORITIES DECLARED THE DEATH OF THE OLD MAN A FREAK ACCIDENT, BUT I KNEW BETTER. THIS WAS *THE VENGEANCE OF THE SHEEP*. HE HAD ANGERED THE WOOLLY LINGULATES AND PAID THE ULTIMATE PRICE.



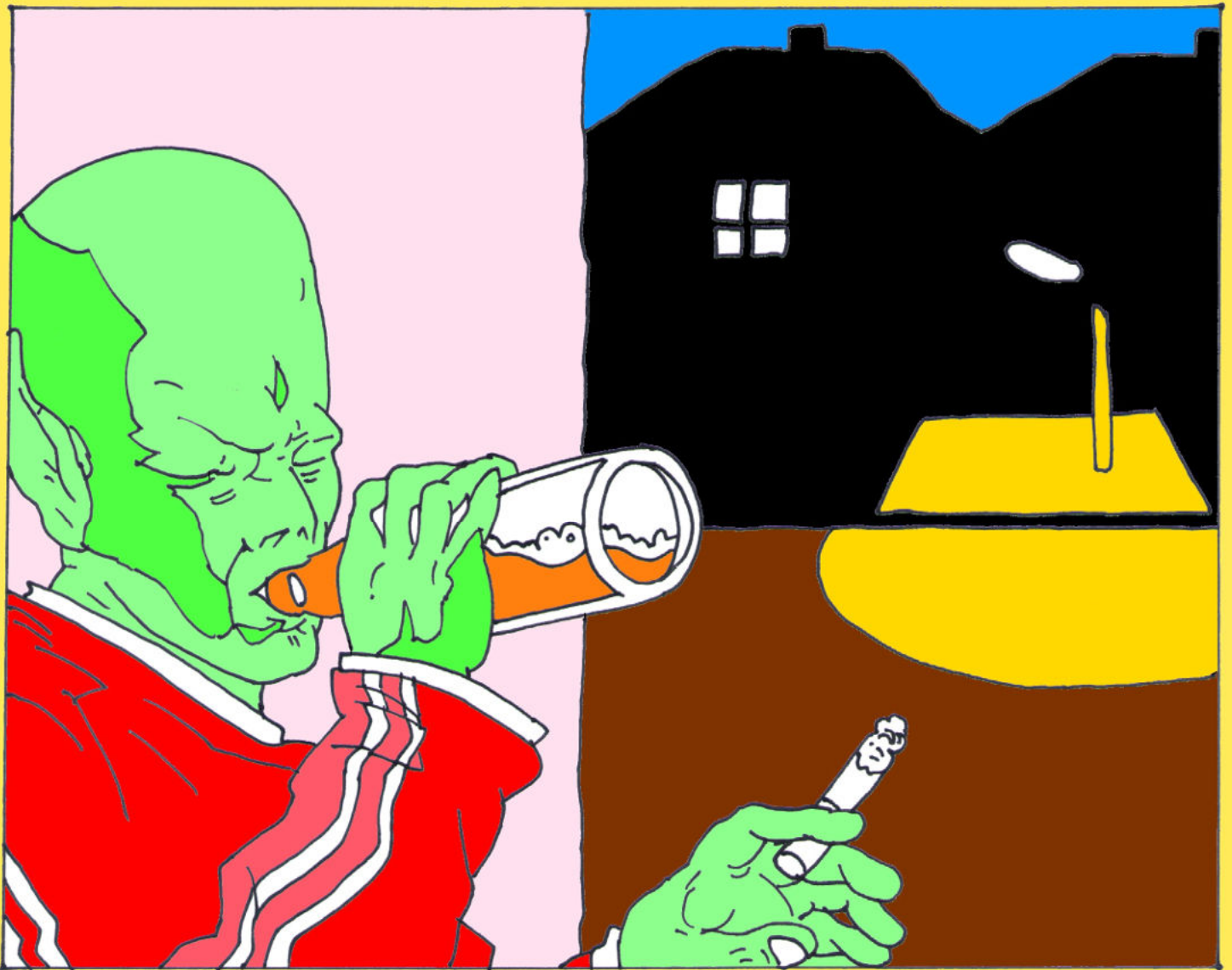
Coming Soon:
**Terror of The Sheep 2-
Baaad Moon Rising!**



**POSTCARDS
FROM
HALLOWEEN.**



BEN PETER JOHNSON.





GOOD NIGHT.



AS THE CITADEL FALLS TO THE GROUND,
FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN BECKONS.
AS THE BANSHEE WAILS OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR...

PAUL BRADFORD PRESENTS

HIEROPHANTOM'S
POETICORNER

ART BY ERIC HURLEY

THE CITADEL

DEATH IS APPROACHING.

IMPENDING DESTRUCTION IS ON ITS WAY.

AS THE ECHOES OF DEATH FILL THE STREETS...

THE CITADEL WAS BUILT ON CURSED
LAND. SLAUGHTERED TRIBES LAY
UNDERGROUND.

THE CITADEL CRUMBLES
AT THE PEASANT'S FEET.

THE CITADEL CRUMBLES
TOWARDS THE GROUND,
TO BECOME PART OF
THE NEVER FOUND.

YOU TRY TO ESCAPE
FROM THIS NIGHT OF
FEAR.

LIFE IS ENDING
EVERYWHERE.

AS THE BANSHEES SONG
GROWS STRONGER...

DEATH HAS ARRIVED.

THE TIME HAS COME FOR
THEIR REDEMPTION.

BUT YOU CANNOT HIDE
FROM THE TOTAL
DESPAIR.

THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM
WHAT YOU CANNOT SEE.
FORGOTTEN SPIRITS FROM
WHICH YOU CANNOT FLEE.

YOUR FOREFATHER'S CRIMES
YOU WILL ALL PAY FOR.

THE MEMORY OF THIS CITADEL
WILL DISAPPEAR.

AS THE BANSHEE'S
SCREAMS DISAPPEAR...

DEATH HAS MOVED ON.



BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS "HALLOWSCREAM!" issue six Hallowe'en 2014.

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

All material contained herein remains copyright of its respective creators. The characters and events depicted in this publication are entirely fictional. Any similarity to actual persons, living, dead or undead is entirely coincidental, except where used for the purposes of satire, or where specifically stated otherwise.

**Visit www.backfromthedepths.co.uk for
more info & like our facebook page
www.facebook.com/Hallowscream.comic**