

BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS

HALLOWSCREAM!

Issue 7 October 31st 2015



A RECIPE FOR HALLOWE'EN

HORROR!

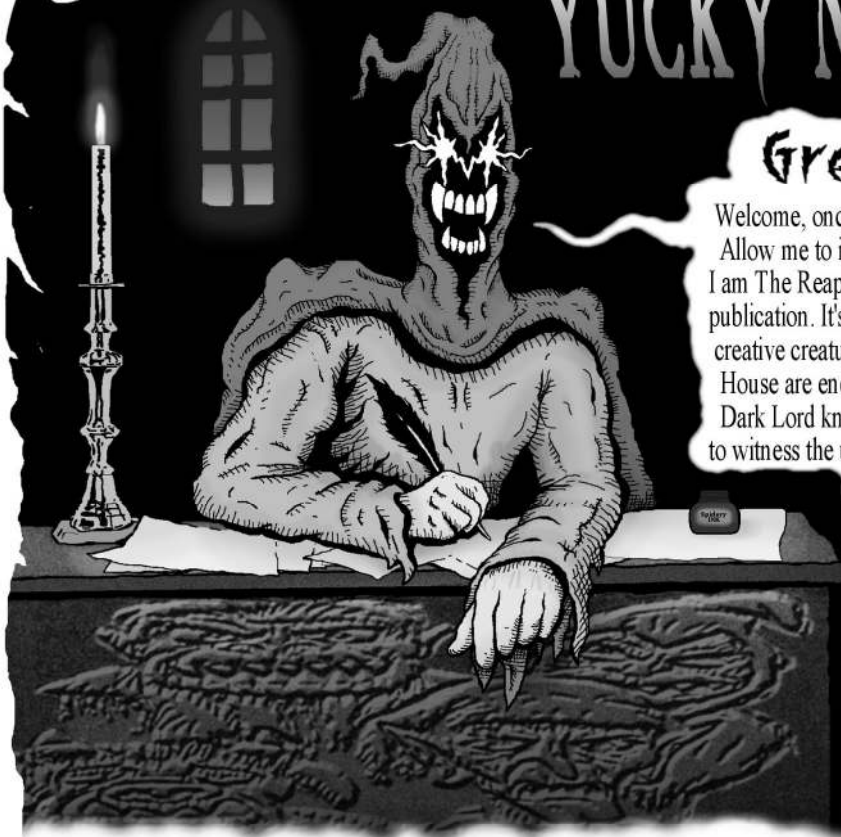
© MALCOLM KIRK 2015 (WITH SINCERE APOLOGIES TO THE WICCAN COMMUNITY)



Oz 2 Slippers, Hogwarts 1 Galleon, Narnia 5 Turkish Delights, Salem 1 Unfounded Accusation.

IT'S STILL NOT FOR THE NERVOUS!

YUCKY NUMBER SEVEN...



Greetings, mortals!

Welcome, once again, to my world of weird, wicked, and worrisome wonders. Allow me to introduce myself for those of you whom I have not yet met... I am The Reaper, the not quite human, somewhat ghastly, editor of this putrid publication. It's not always an easy job, as some of the stories submitted by the creative creatures that work away within the dungeony depths of Merjeagles House are enough to send even my spine a-shudder and nasty nerves a-tingle. Dark Lord knows how your sensitive systems would react if you were ever to witness the uncensored horribleness of what their twisted minds sometimes produce. So, next time you can't sleep because of some eldritch, nightmarish vision we've implanted in your squishy human brain, just consider yourself lucky you didn't see the undiluted horror that was there originally. Your mind would not only snap, it'd cause all your other bits to fall apart too, until you were nought but a quivering lump of smelly, pus-oozing, jellified mush. Hmmm... Excuse me, I'm just going to write this down...

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

The Reaper...

CONTENTS

Page 3 : **Bestiary of Beasties : The Common Moth** by Malcolm Kirk

Page 4 : **Fine Dining** Script by Chris Sides, Pencils & Inks by Jim Lavery, Colours by Aljosa Tomic, Letters by Ken Reynolds

Page 10 : **Spooky Puzzle Time** by Ben Peter Johnson

Page 11 : **Monster Vision** Script & Letters by Tim West, Art by Ryan Taylor

Page 13 : **Widow's Peak** Story & Art by Gordon Innes

Page 17 : **Bestiary of Beasties : Bloody Norah** by Malcolm Kirk

Page 18 : **Caverns of Despair** Script by Troy Vevasis, Pencils & Inks by Nick Valente, Colours by Matt James, Letters by Adam Wollet

Page 23 : **The Conductor** by Paul Childs

Page 24 : **Tokoloshe Script** by Paul Bristow, Art by Andy Lee

Page 28 : **Phantasmagoria Presents : The Grave Robber** Script by Bob Fisher, Art by Patrick Halpin

Page 38 : **Terrorvision Guide** by Malcolm Kirk

Page 39 : **Bestiary of Beasties : The Weegee Mermaid** by Malcolm Kirk

Page 40 : **The Statue** Story by David Stoddart, Art by J Graham Stoddart

Page 45 : **Big Foot Loose** Story & Art by Gordon Innes

Page 49 : **Grim Gallery** Artwork by Juan Pablo Wansidler, Nicolas Krizan, Ivan McCann, Edgar-Max, Ric Chamberlin & Malcolm Kirk

Page 55 : **Gothic Prince** by Paul Bradford, Typography by Gary Scott Beatty

Page 56 : **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

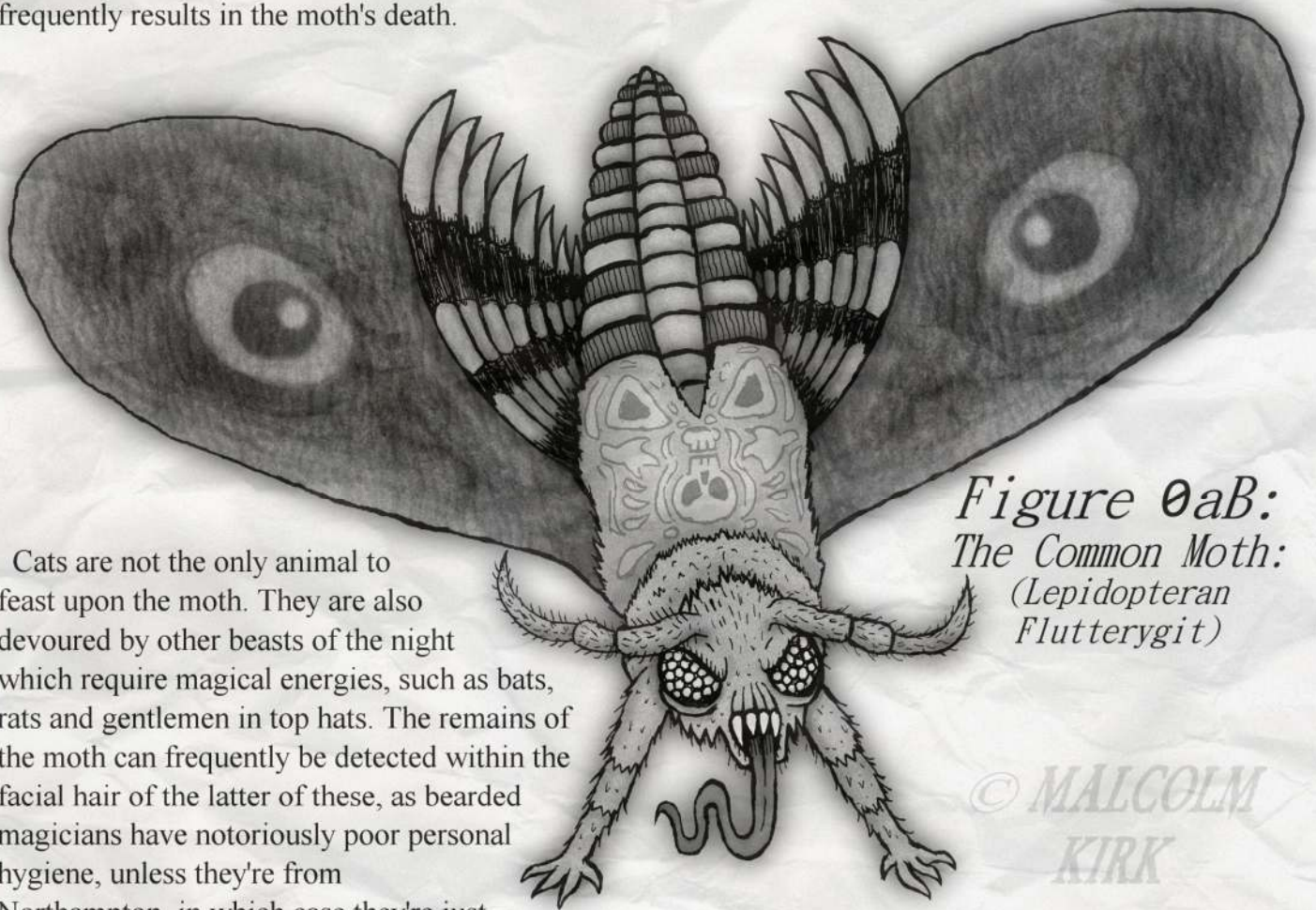
Back from the Depths SCARIER THAN THAT SCRATCHING NOISE IN THE ATTIC!

The Common Moth

Article & Illustration by Malcolm Kirk

Few people realise that the Common Moth is of the same genus as fairies and pixies. The powdery substance upon the moth's wings which enables it to fly is actually pixie dust. This is why cats are so keen to consume the creatures, for this is whence the felines derive their magical powers.

The holes in clothing attributed to moths is caused by moth lava, which is, in actual fact, the droppings of the moth. Its fabric-burning properties arise due to the diet of the moth consisting mainly of naked flames, such as can be found atop candles. Unfortunately, moths love the taste of fire so much that it is not uncommon for them to eat to excess. It is this terrible habit, and not the flame itself, which frequently results in the moth's death.



*Figure 0aB:
The Common Moth:
(Lepidopteran
Flutterygit)*

Cats are not the only animal to feast upon the moth. They are also devoured by other beasts of the night which require magical energies, such as bats, rats and gentlemen in top hats. The remains of the moth can frequently be detected within the facial hair of the latter of these, as bearded magicians have notoriously poor personal hygiene, unless they're from Northampton, in which case they're just a bit scruffy-looking. But they still eat moths. Loads of them. Yes.

Moths have a tendency to hurtle towards the heads of people with an abundance of hair. This is because all moths are qualified hairdressers who wish to put their skills to good use. Do not let them. They never acknowledge being out of their depth and refuse to give up once they've started.

Although similar in name, the Common Moth should not be confused with the Common Goth, an altogether more terrifying creature, which should be avoided at all costs.

FINE DINING

WRITTEN BY CHRIS SIDES
PENCILS/INKS BY JIM LAVERY
COLOURS BY ALJOSA TOMIC
LETTERS BY KEN REYNOLDS

Andale. Ring any bells? No? And why should it? This small, sleepy town is barely on the map, let alone a hub of culinary excellence. |

Or one where you'd expect to find a local public access show dedicated to bringing gourmet cuisine to the town's residents. |

Fine Dining. A simple title for a simple show. |



But at the heart of its simplicity is a complicated man. |



Anthony Packer. A name synonymous with cuisine *par excellence*. But one also shrouded in mystery. |



Since leaving New York under a cloud over a year ago, little has been heard from the eccentric master chef. |

Many assumed the stress of running three Michelin starred restaurants had taken its toll. |



But here he is, larger than life, in the middle of Fuck All, Nowhere, in front of a bunch of rabid simpletons, who're lapping up every word...|



[Reword this later. Oh God, what am I doing here?]



SOPHIA! YOU MADE IT! GREAT TO SEE YOU.

THANK YOU, ANTHONY.

I MUST ADMIT, THIS IS A LITTLE UN-CONVENTIONAL.



THE IMPARTIAL REVIEWER IS A THING OF THE PAST.

WELL, *MY* PAST, ANYWAY.

I WAS GOING TO SAY. THAT'S NOT GENERALLY THE RULE--

RULES AND CONVENTIONS ARE NOT SOMETHING I ADHERE TO ANYMORE, MY DEAR.

WE'VE RESERVED YOU A TABLE AT EIGHT.



"I LOOK FORWARD TO IT."

'This doesn't belong here', is the first thing I think when welcomed into **Le Gaspard**. It feels out of place.



'Pretentious' and 'megalomaniacal' also spring to mind. Words I've used in relation to Packer when reviewing **The Chiltern** in New York.



The entree.

'Hand-selected carpaccio, served with a sumptuously marinated market-bean salad.'



There's no end to the man's pretentiousness. He--



MS COREN? CHEF PACKER HAS ASKED ME TO INVITE YOU FOR A TOUR OF THE KITCHEN.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO FOLLOW ME?



SO...?

YOU KNOW I CAN'T DIVULGE ANYTHING UNTIL--

OH, COME ON. WE'VE WAVED CONVENTION GOODBYE, REMEMBER?

...OKAY--



-I'M IMPRESSED.

WITH?

THE SURROUNDINGS ARE HIDEOUS.

SUPERFICIAL. FOR THE PUNTERS.

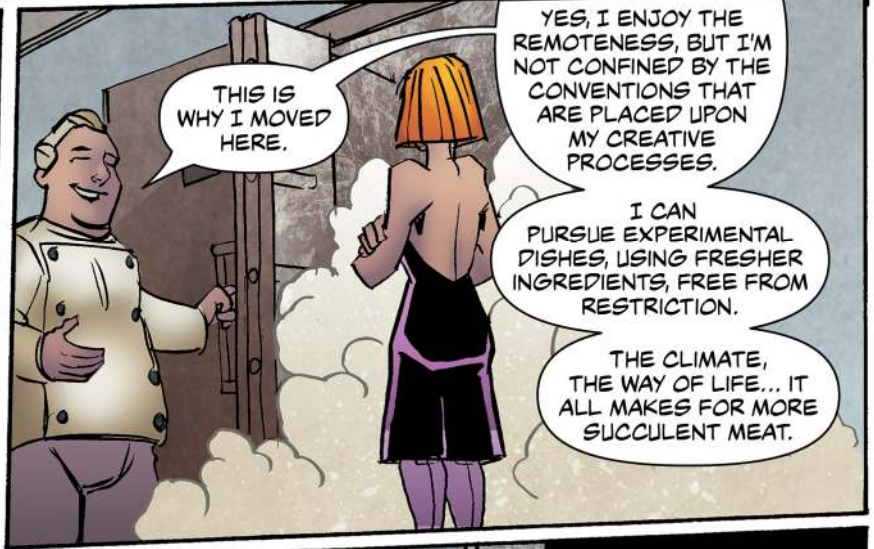
THE FOOD, SOPHIA...



THE PRODUCE YOU'VE USED IS INCREDIBLE.

YOU'RE DOING EVERYTHING IN YOUR POWER TO AVOID A COMPLIMENT, AREN'T YOU?

I--



THIS IS WHY I MOVED HERE.

YES, I ENJOY THE REMOTENESS, BUT I'M NOT CONFINED BY THE CONVENTIONS THAT ARE PLACED UPON MY CREATIVE PROCESSES.

I CAN PURSUE EXPERIMENTAL DISHES, USING FRESHER INGREDIENTS, FREE FROM RESTRICTION.

THE CLIMATE, THE WAY OF LIFE... IT ALL MAKES FOR MORE SUCCULENT MEAT.



WE TEND TO SOURCE LOCALLY, BUT FROM THE SURROUNDING AREAS, FURTHER UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS, NEVER FROM THE TOWN.

OCCASIONALLY WE LIKE TO TREAT OURSELVES. SOURCE FROM... FURTHER AFIELD.



BUT IT NEVER TASTES THE SAME.



WAIT-- I THOUGHT YOU LIKED THE MEAL?

ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME A BAD REVIEW?

AGAIN?



STOP!

OH, JESUS--S- STOP EATING!



IT'S PE-- PEOPLE!

HE'S FEEDING YOU HUMAN FLESH!



YES.

YES, HE IS.





SPOOKY PUZZLE TIME.

**BEN
PETER
JOHNSON.**

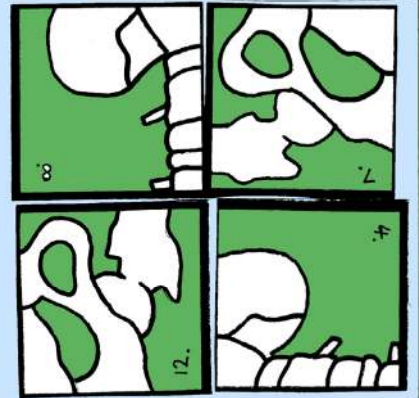


ELVISTIEN HIPSTER!

FRANKENSTIEN'S MONSTER HAS BEEN TO A PARTY DRESSED AS ELVIS. THE NIGHT WENT WELL ENOUGH, BUT MONSTER HAS PARTIED SO HARD HE HAS SHAKEN HIS PELVIS TO BITS!



RE-ARRANGE AND ROTATE THE SQUARES TO FORM AN X-RAYED PELVIS.



ANSWER: TOP LEFT TO RIGHT, 4, 8 BOTTOM 12, 7 UH HUHI FM ALL SHUCK UP!

DRAC TAKES A HOLIDAY.



OH DEAR, DRACULA HAS SOME VISITORS, UNFORTUNATLY THEY APEER TO BE THE FLAMING TORCH AND PITCHFORK TYPE OF GUEST AND DRACULA HAS DECIDED IT MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO SKIP TOWN AND TAKE A SHORT HOLIDAY, VIA THE WINDOW.

LOOK AT THE PICTURE, CAN YOU SEE DRAC'S CAR KEY, HIS BOTTLE OF SUN BLOCK AND HIS SUN GLASSES?

GETTING A HEAD!

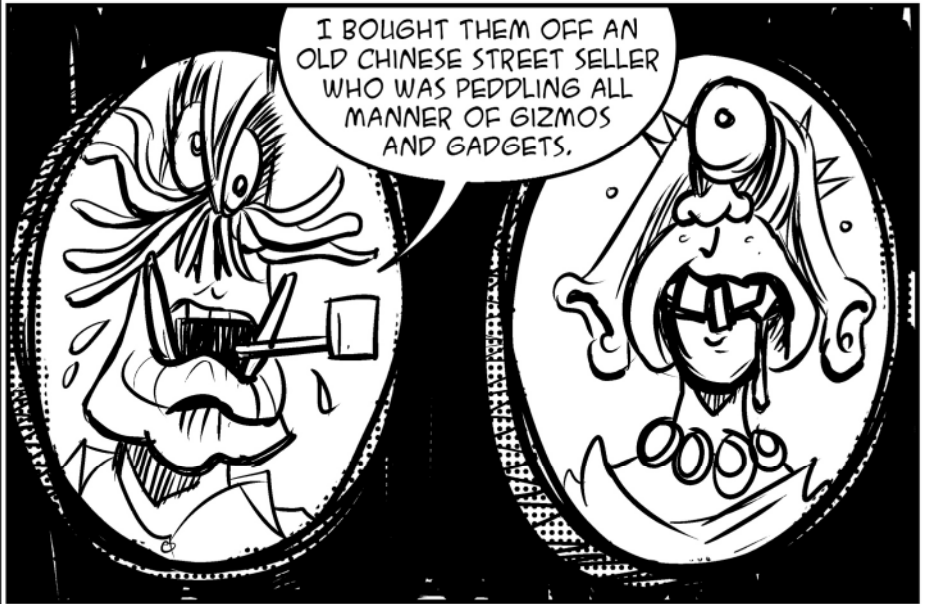
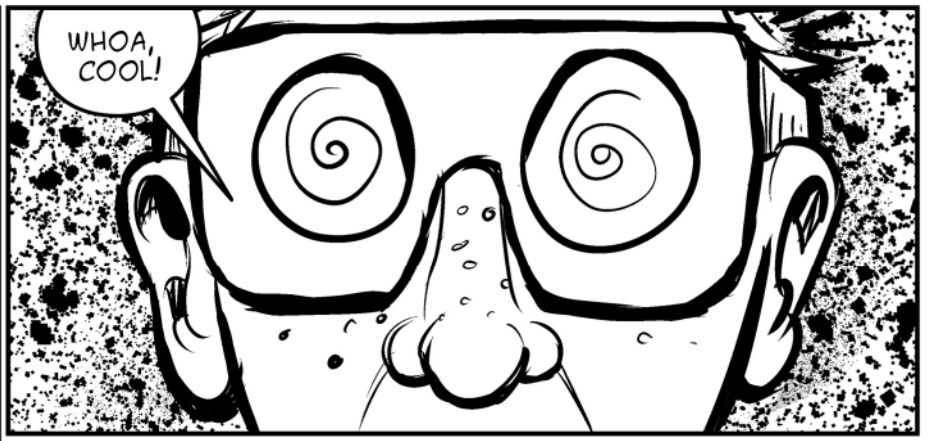
OR,
WALKEN BACK TO
HAPPINESS.....

WELL DONE HEADLESS HORSEMAN, YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND YOUR HEAD. NOW, AT LONG LAST YOUR TORTURED SPIRIT CAN REST IN PEACE. BUT WHAT'S THIS? THREE HEADS?! ONLY THE HEAD THAT MATCHES THE SILHOUETTE EXACTLY IS THE TRUE HEAD. BUT WHICH ONE IS IT?



ANSWERS: KEY JUST IN FRONT OF THE FAT DALEK ON THE SHELF. SUN GLASSES ON THE FAR LEFT UNDER A POT PLANT, SUN BLOCK BEHIND A WINE BOTTLE BY THE 8 BALL.

ANSWER: I BELIEVE IT'S (A) GOOD SIR.

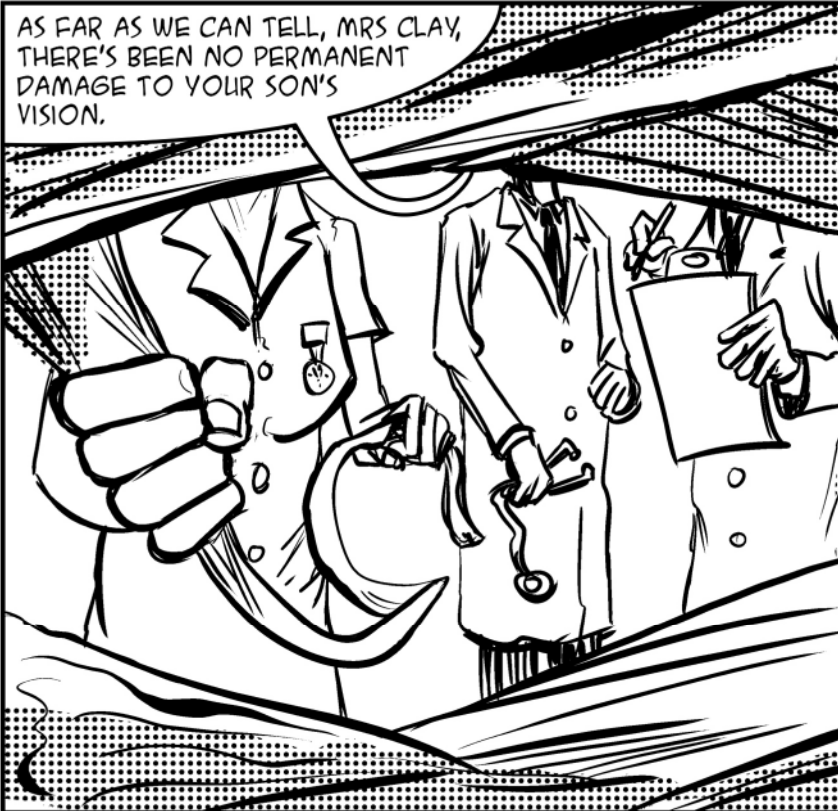


"YOU GAVE US ALL A BIT OF FRIGHT THERE, YOUNG MAN."

GET WELL SOON



AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL, MRS CLAY, THERE'S BEEN NO PERMANENT DAMAGE TO YOUR SON'S VISION.



THAT'S GREAT NEWS. THANK YOU, DOCTOR.

HERE YOU GO PETE, SEE FOR YOURSELF...

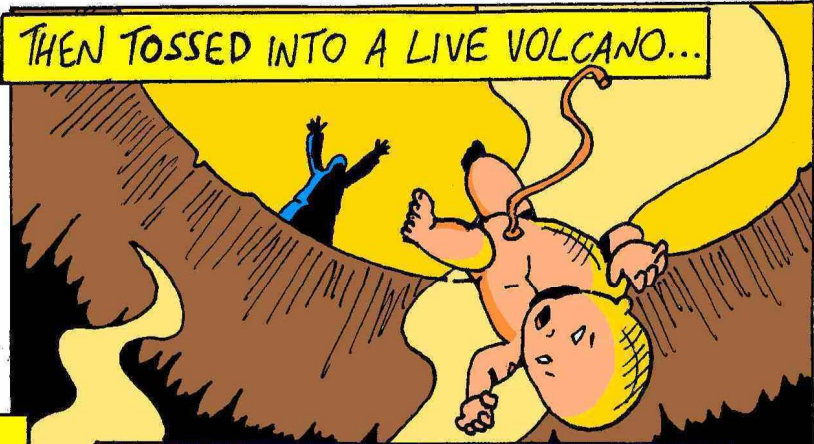
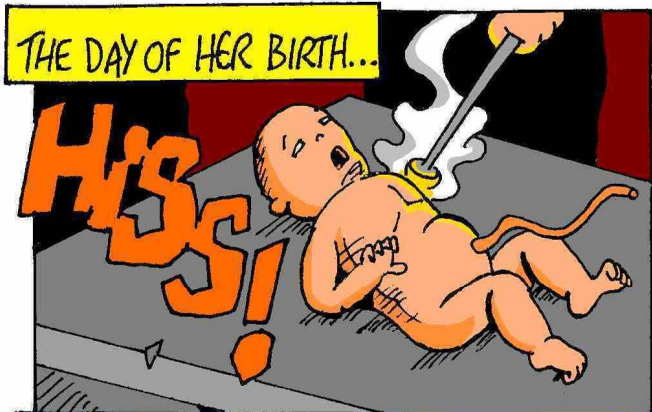
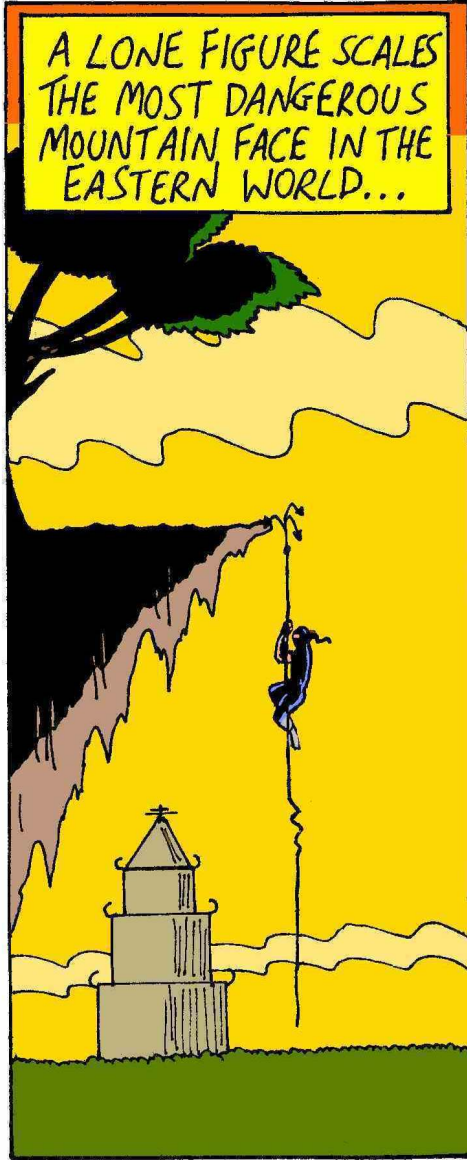
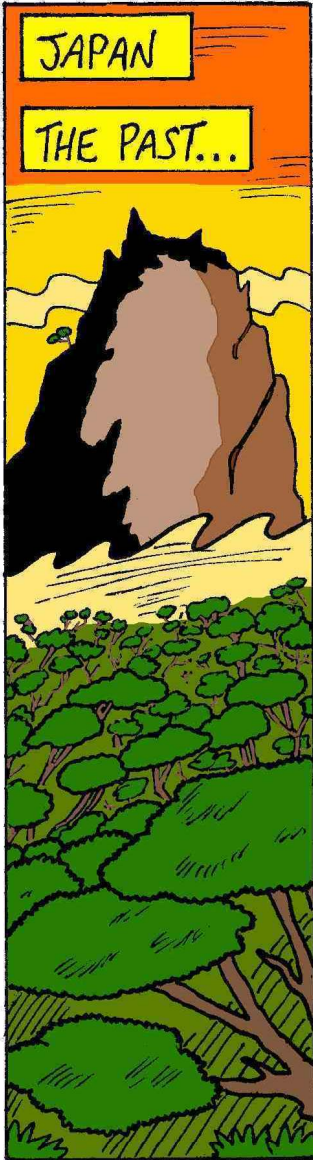


...EVERYTHING IS JUST HOW IT SHOULD BE.



WIDOW'S PEAK!

Gordon Jones
Story & Art



SHE WAS BRANDED WITH THE WIDOW'S MARK...

AND LEFT TO SURVIVE OR DIE!

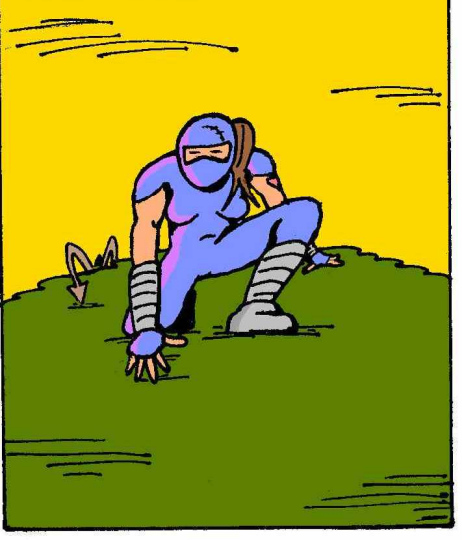
WHEN SHE EMERGED 3 DAYS LATER SHE WAS HAILED AS THE CHOSEN...



DESTINED TO ONE DAY BE THE GUARDIAN OF HER PEOPLE



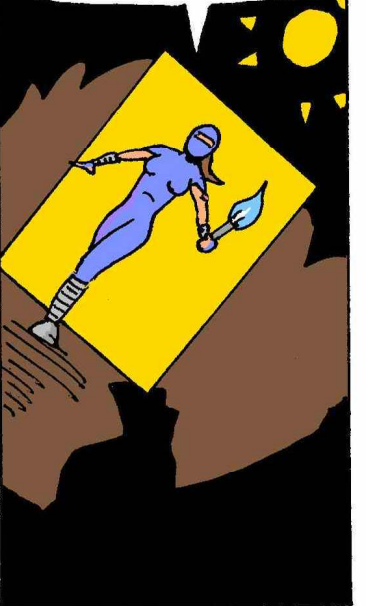
THAT DAY HAS COME!



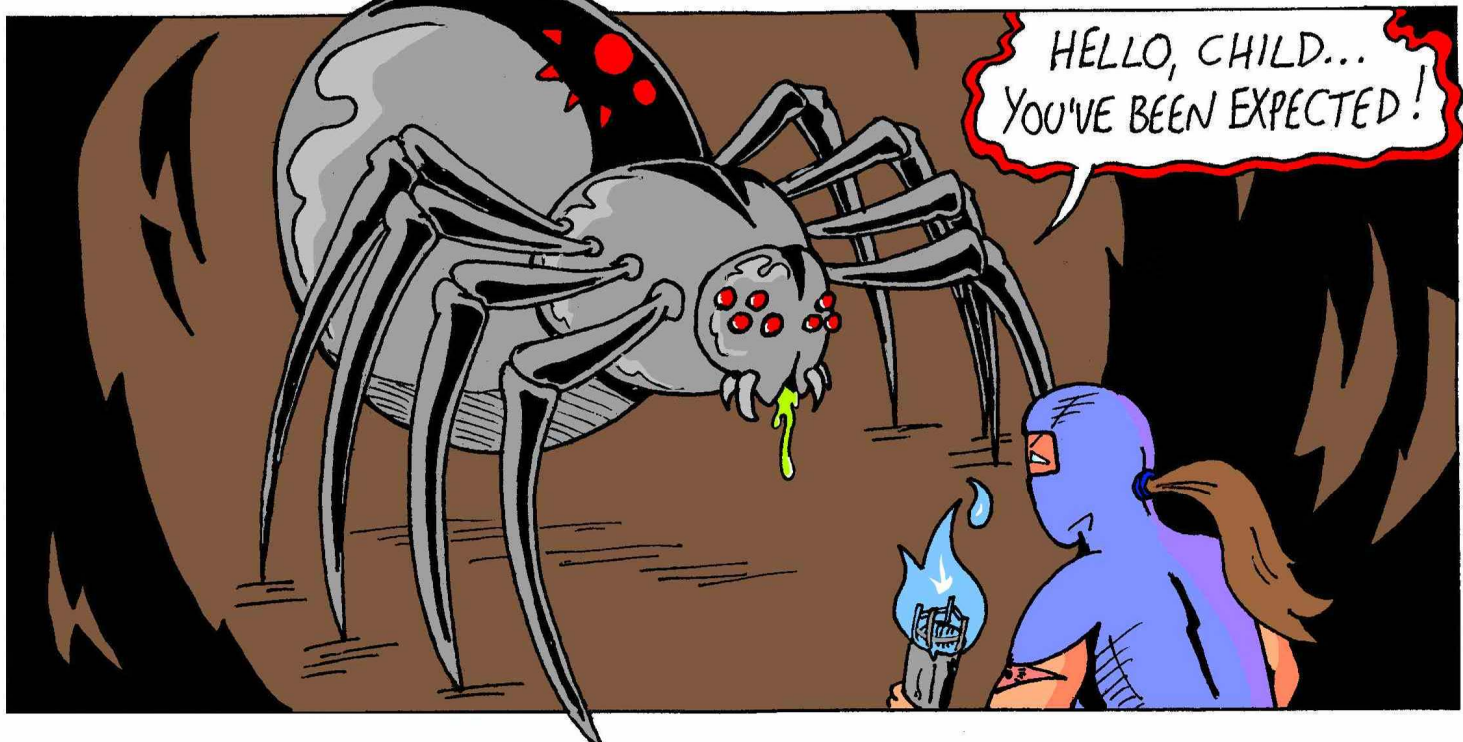
THE WIDOW'S MARK, MUCH AS MY OWN



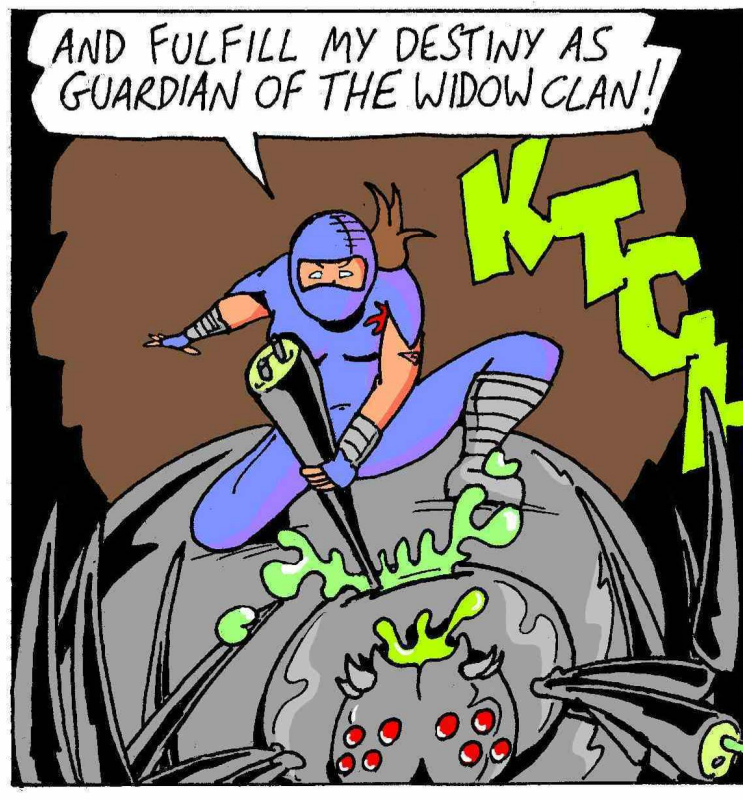
THEN THE PROPHECY MUST BE TRUE



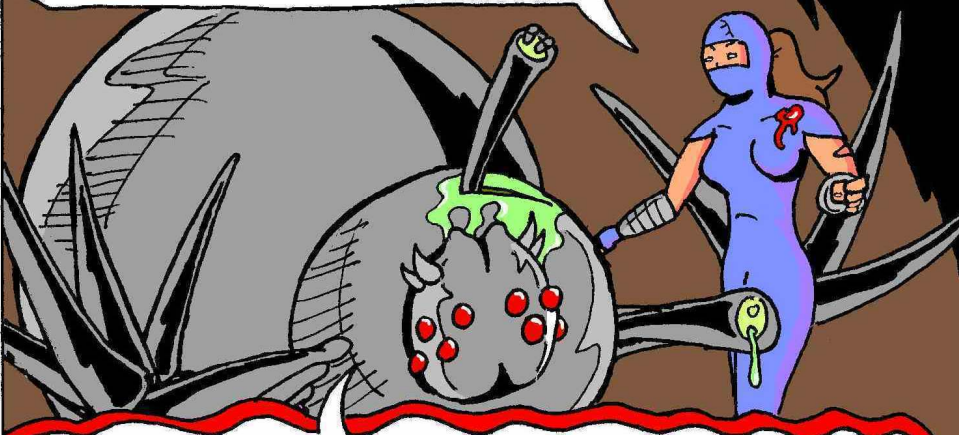
COME OUT AND FACE ME SPIRIT OF THE WIDOW!



HELLO, CHILD... YOU'VE BEEN EXPECTED!

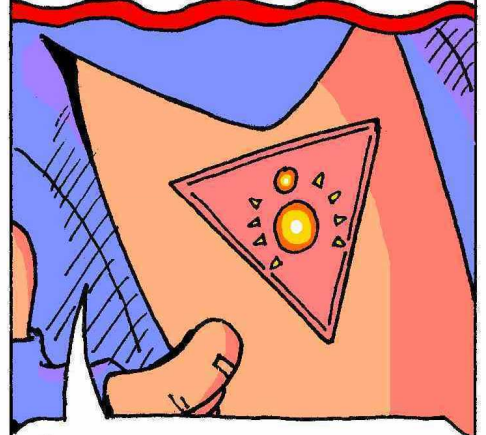


WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?!



FOR A MILLENIUM I HAVE BEEN GUARDIAN OF YOUR PEOPLE BUT NOW THE TIME HAS COME...

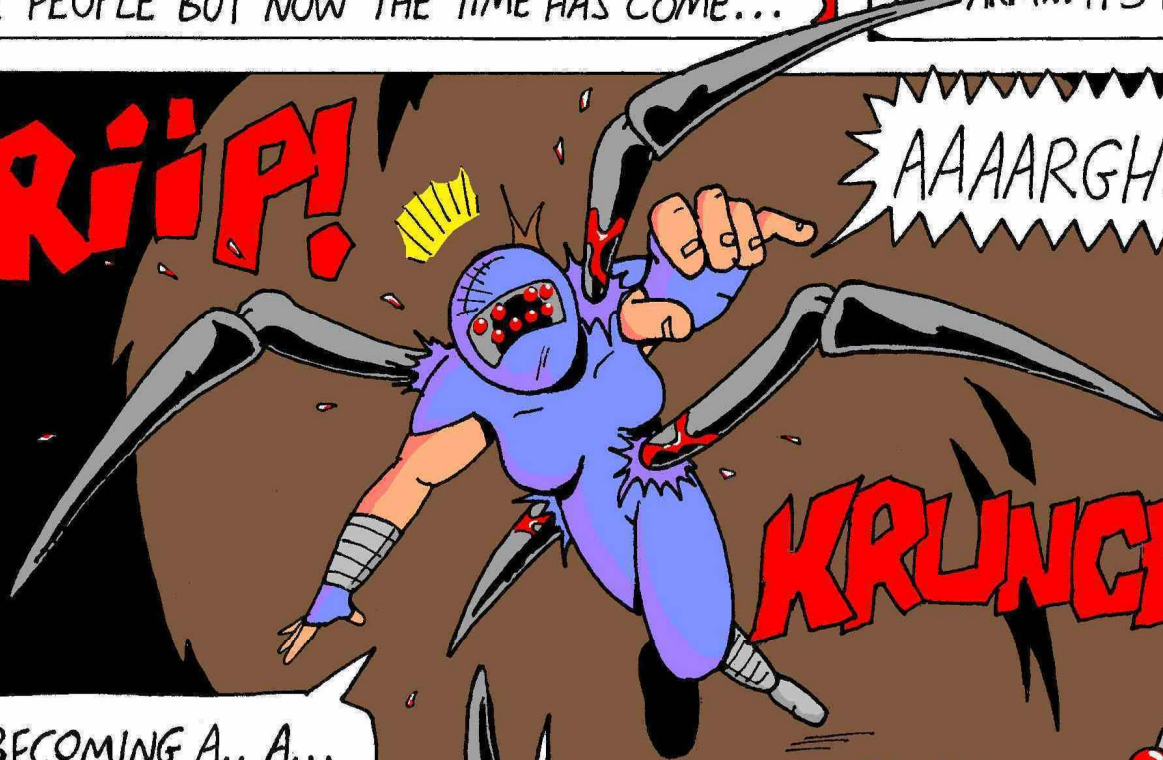
FOR YOU TO TAKE MY PLACE!



THE WIDOW'S MARK ON MY ARM... IT'S BURNING!

RiiP!

AAAARGH!!

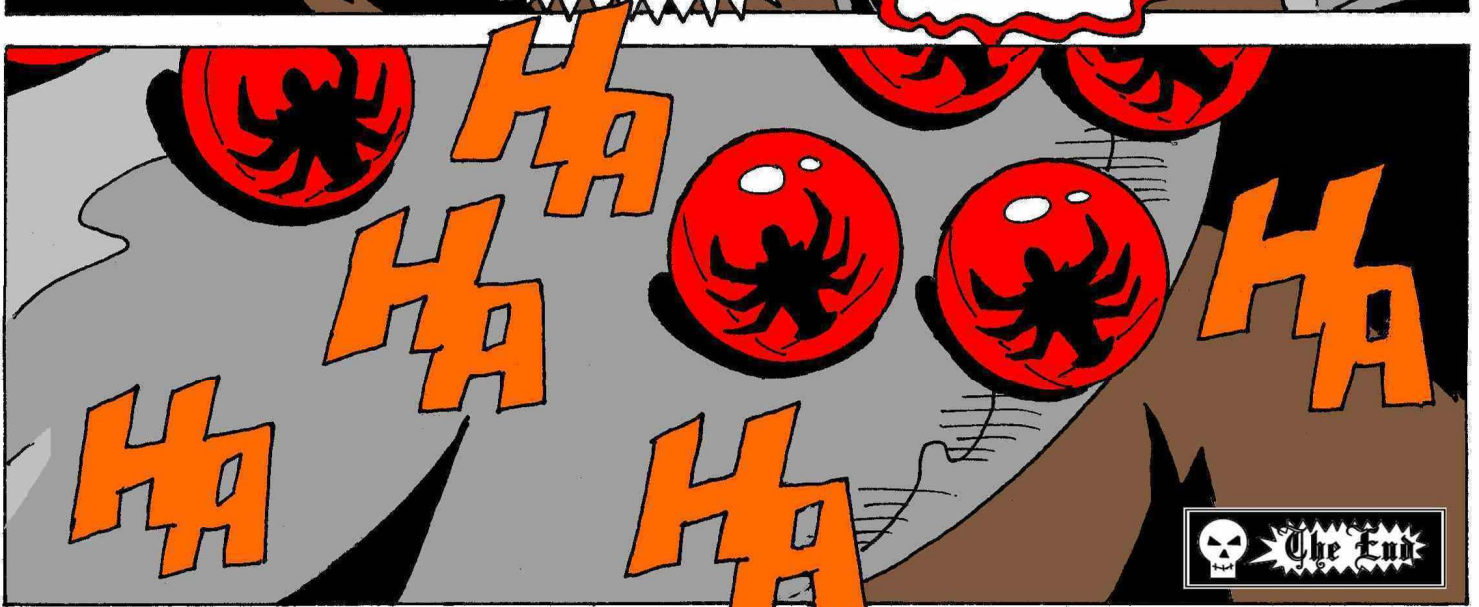


KRUNCH!

I'M BECOMING A.. A...

A SPIDER!

IT'S YOUR DESTINY!



Bloody Norah

Article &
Illustration by
Malcolm Kirk

At first glance, Bloody Norah would seem to be a British variant of the commonly encountered American paranormal entity, Bloody Mary, but there are notable differences between the two. As you know, Bloody Mary is summoned when one gazes into a mirror in a darkened room and chants her name repeatedly.

© MALCOLM
KIRK

This same method is used to summon Bloody Norah, but whereas the conjuring of Mary can be a perilous affair, Norah seems to be somewhat more benign in nature. Indeed, the only real danger lies in the possibility of aggravating any conditions in which a sudden shock or scare is an inadvisable occurrence.

Bizarrely, Bloody Norah, although now undoubtedly a true supernatural entity, has not always been such. Far from being the spectre of a poor girl who once met an untimely and violent end, as one would expect from her red-streaked visage, it has come to light that she began 'life' as an advertising mascot for 'C. Barker's Sauce & Relish Company Ltd'.



Figure
PK800:
Bloody Norah

Appearing in a number of newspaper advertisements some years ago, Norah was often depicted in a variety of farcical situations which would invariably end with her becoming covered in condiment due to her own inherent clumsiness. The red liquid running down her face is not in actual fact blood, but Barker's Tomato Sauce, and it was from this that she obtained her original moniker of "Saucy Norah".

Attempts to summon her using her original name have always been unsuccessful, and it is believed this is because

Norah herself feels being labelled 'saucy' may give out the wrong impression and paint her as being of dubious moral virtue, (and at least 'Bloody Norah' sounds a bit edgy or something).

The association with mirrors came about when, as a marketing ploy, Barker's started selling novelty 'trick' looking glasses in which Norah's face would appear if viewed in low lighting conditions. This was all very well if you knew what you were getting, but a few years after the short-lived and soon forgotten campaign, the mirrors began showing up in pawn shops and on market stalls, with no suggestion of their hidden surprise. Rumours soon began spreading of the terrifying apparition of a young lady dripping with 'blood' who would appear in place of your own reflection without warning. The hysteria arising from this misunderstanding somehow rose to such a degree that something very peculiar and inexplicable happened. A tulpa was created, the myth became fact, and Norah became real. Soon she was appearing in all kinds of mirrors, some of which pre-dated the original campaign. It is thought the variation, "*Flaming Norah*" ties in with Barker's Red Hot Chili Sauce.



The Present.

THE CAVERNS OF DESPATA

WRITTEN BY TROY VEVASIS

PENCILS AND INKS BY NICK VALENTE

COLORS BY MATT JAMES

LETTERING BY ADAM WOLLET



THIS IS GOING TO BE GREAT! YOU ARE NOT AFRAID ARE YOU HELEN?

OF COURSE NOT JIM!

WELCOME! WOULD YOU LIKE THE GUIDED TOUR?



I DON'T THINK WE NEED A GUIDE.

CHRISTOPHER!

EMMA, I HAVE TOURED DOZENS OF THESE CAVERNS! I KNOW WHAT I AM DOING!

I AGREE! THE TOUR IS MUCH MORE FUN WITHOUT A GUIDE. IT CREATES THE POSSIBILITY OF GETTING LOST FOREVER!

ALRIGHT, I AM SURE THAT BETWEEN THE FOUR OF US WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET BACK IF WE GET LOST.



HAVE FUN!



I HATE BATS!

I LIKE BATS! I THINK THEY ARE AMAZING CREATURES.



THERE ARE FOUR TUNNELS UP AHEAD. WHICH ONE SHOULD WE EXPLORE FIRST?

I THINK WE SHOULD EACH PICK ONE. I AM SURE THEY ALL LEAD TO THE SAME PLACE ANYWAY.



THERE IS NO WAY I AM WALKING IN A TUNNEL ALONE!

IT WILL BE FINE. I AGREE WITH CHRISTOPHER! I AM SURE HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS TALKING ABOUT!



ALRIGHT,
I TRUST
CHRISTOPHER.
I AM SURE THE
TUNNELS ALL LEAD
TO THE SAME
PLACE.

GREAT
LET'S GET
GOING.



I HATE
THIS TUNNEL!
I CAN'T WAIT
TO LEAVE THIS
DREADFUL
PLACE AND
GO BACK
HOME!

THUD
THUD

IS
SOMEONE
THERE?

АААААА

THAT
SOUNDS LIKE
SOMEONE
SCREAMING!



CHRISTOPHER!



WHAT
HAPPENED!

TWO OF
MY FRIENDS
DIED AND MY
GIRLFRIEND
IS MISSING!
DID YOU DO
THIS?

NO, I
HAVE NO
IDEA WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOUR
FRIEND!



YOU ARE
LYING! YOU
HAVE BEEN
ACTING CREEPY
EVER SINCE WE
GOT HERE!





CRACK



OH NO!
HE IS
DEAD!

WHAT IS
WRONG!



HELEN! I
AM SO GLAD
THAT YOU ARE
HERE! THIS
CRAZY MAN
KILLED OUR
FRIENDS!

HE DID
NOT KILL
THEM!



IT WAS
YOU, WASN'T
IT? HOW
COULD YOU
DO THIS?



I AM A
VAMPIRE! IT
IS IN MY NATURE
TO FEED ON WEAK
BEINGS! IT IS
NOW YOUR
TURN!



THE END.

The Conductor

by Paul Childs

Jimmy and Charley were engrossed in Saturday morning TV when the exciting adverts for toys and sweets suddenly gave way to something much darker.

A bleak safety film, probably from the seventies Jimmy thought, depicted a fog shrouded railway track with two small shadowy figures stood beside it. A tall man with a thick moustache and dark eyes stepped out of the mist. He wore the peaked cap, long blue, silver buttoned coat and pocket-watch of an antiquated railway guard.

"I am The Conductor. You will find me by quiet railways helping naughty children make their connection."

Two pale, miserable children stepped out of the mist.

"This is Suzanne. Her friends bet she wouldn't take the shortcut. Now they won't be teasing her ever again." The Conductor motioned to the boy "Darren was looking for his ball." He smirked "I helped him find it... and the 8:15 from Manchester."

His face grew until his eyes filled the screen. In his left eye, the reflection of a train approaching a child from behind, and in the other, a terrified girl who raised her hands to her face and screamed. The camera pulled back as the shriek transformed into a piercing whistle.

"All aboard!" called The Conductor, now on a platform; the mist was issuing from an old steam engine's funnel.

The carriage doors sprang open and the children shuffled glumly onto the train. As it pulled away, disappearing into a tunnel, The Conductor pointed directly at Charley (at least that's what it felt like to him) uttering "Don't play on train tracks or it's the end of the line for you!"

And then colour came bursting back with an enthusiastic advert for mouth-watering fruit chews.

"Charley... you'll never guess what?"

"What?"

"The Conductor. He's real. Rob's sister says her boyfriend seen 'im down the tunnel entrance last week."

Charley's eyes widened. "Shut up! He's not real. It's just an advert."

"I swear. 'e lures bad kids onto the tracks where they get knocked down or 'lectocuted, or somefink, then 'e takes 'em straight to hell and drives 'is train over 'em... forever! Poetic thingy... justice innit?!"

"MUM! Jimmy's scaring me!"

"Honestly, you two!" came a voice from upstairs. "Go outside like normal children and don't come back until lunchtime! And Jimmy... look after your little brother!"

As they rode their BMX bikes over the field behind the estate Jimmy said with a mischievous grin "I know where we can play."

The boys weren't normally late when food was on the table so their mother was getting worried. She sat down in the lounge, noticing that TV was still on. A bleak safety film, probably from the seventies, was playing but she was too concerned to pay it any attention.

"I am the Conductor. You will find me by quiet railways helping naughty children make their connection."

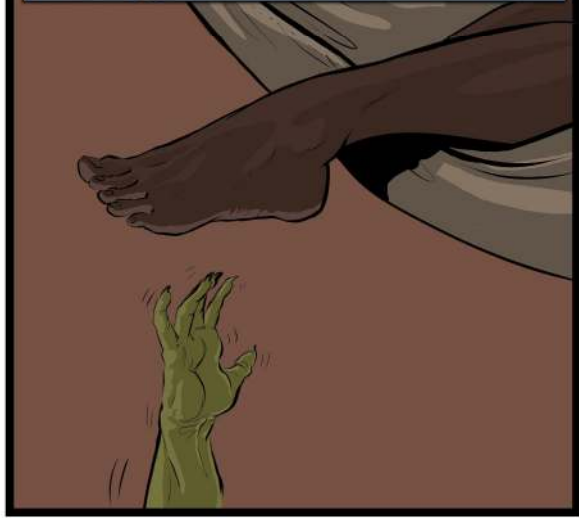
Two pale, miserable children stepped out of the mist.

"Jimmy's mother told him to look after Charley... But I took care of them both..."

I had heard the servant girls in the house talk about him, and how they would build their beds high.



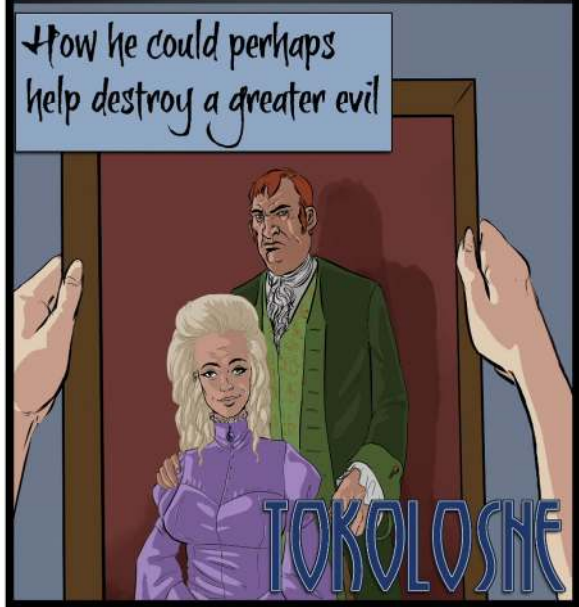
Too high for his hands to grab them in the night,



It was not until many years later that I came to understand the nature of the creature and what he could do



How he could perhaps help destroy a greater evil





My mother died when I was very young, and what little time my father did have was spent punishing me for my many undisclosed crimes. Or worse.

So I spent my time with the other mothers and girls around the plantation. Father never hid his distaste for this,



often reminding me they only stayed because we owned them.



I tried not to believe him.

When I was 16, Nomaula was my best friend, the only person I trusted.



My father did not feel the same way,

And when a little food went missing from the house...

He was quick to accuse and judge.



Quicker still to dispense his favourite type of justice.

I did not see poor broken Nomuula for days. When I did, we wept together. And then we decided what needed to be done.



People said Nomuula's grand mother had been a witch. Nomuula said she was just clever. That was how Nomuula knew how to raise a Tokoloshe.

For revenge.

It is not... a pleasant process. You first remove the eyes and tongue from a fresh corpse.



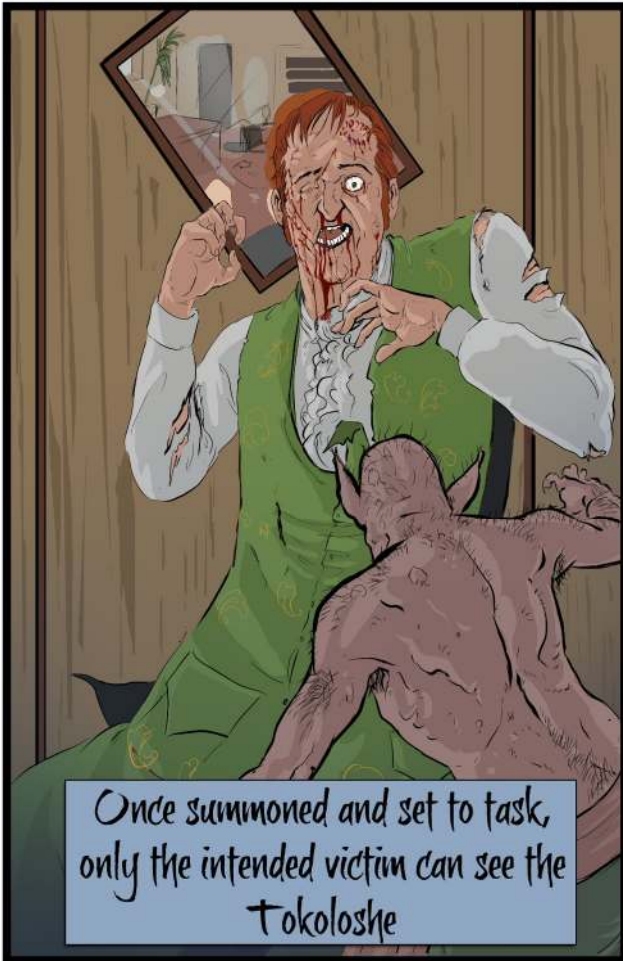
Then the brain.

For most, the price of raising a Tokoloshe is too high, for a relative must die within one year.

The body will shrink to the size of a child over the next few days, and bone powder is then used to reanimate it.



To me, that sounds like a fine price indeed.



Once summoned and set to task, only the intended victim can see the Tokoloshe



Though all can see the damage it causes as it drives the victim to the end of sanity...



...and beyond.



There are worse creatures alive.

Worse spirits too.

So if you have strayed this far, I hope you will find peace.

And that the Tokoloshe's price was not too high

PHANTASMAGORIA

PRESENTS: THE GRAVE ROBBER

WRITER: BOB FISHER ARTIST: PATRICK HALPIN

HEY.. WHO'S THERE?!? HOW DID YOU FIND ME? HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO CRAWL YOUR WAY INTO THIS DARK CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE? WELL, IT'S ALL THE SAME HOW YOU GOT HERE, THE POINT IS...YOU'RE HERE. BUT NOW I SUPPOSE YOU EXPECT ME TO CURE YOU LIKE ALL THE OTHERS DID...DOUBTFUL! THAT TYPE OF SICKNESS, THE KIND THAT BROUGHT YOU TO THIS HAUNTING DIMENSION, CAN'T BE CURED, AND I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE ALREADY TOO FAR GONE TO BE SAVED AS IT IS. SO STAY AWAY AND KEEP YOUR DISTANCE OR I'LL CURSE YOU WITH HORRIBLE TALES OF GORE AND MADNESS...WHAT'S THAT? YOU SAY THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT? TO BE TOURTURED WITH THE MOST GROTESQUE STORIES OF ALL TIME? STORIES THAT ARE PLAGUE - NO PUN INTENDED- WITH THE MOST EVIL AND DEMENTED CHARACTERS TO EVER SAUNTER THROUGH THE UNDERBELLY OF HELL? YOU WANT TO CURE YOUR DISEASE BY FEEDING IT? WELL IN THAT CASE, YOU AND I MIGHT HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN I'D THOUGHT AND AS SOMEONE WHO IS A GREAT BELIEVER IN TWISTED REMEDIES, I DEEM IT NECESSARY TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A DEAR FRIEND OF MINE. HIS NAME IS EDGAR FREMONT, BUT YOU MAY CALL HIM ...THE GRAVE ROBBER!



HOW FAR WOULD YOU GO TO GET WHAT YOU WANT? WOULD YOU STEAL, HURT, OR EVEN KILL? WHAT ABOUT SNEAKING OFF TO A CEMETERY AT THE DEAD OF NIGHT AND SPENDING HOURS DIGGING UP GRAVES?

WORKING IN THE SHADY DARKNESS WITH NOTHING BUT THE LIGHT OF THE MOON AND YOUR FEEBLE LANTERN.



HOURS ALONE IN A WORLD OF HAUNTING BLACKNESS, WHERE YOUR ONLY COMPANIONS ARE A DERELICT PARTNER AND AN ARMY OF CORPSES, WHOSE PRESENCE CAN BE FELT LIKE A THOUSAND SILENT WHISPERS ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK.



AND IF YOU WENT THIS FAR...



WELL, THAT'LL DO IT EDGAR, WE'VE GOT CONTACT.

THAT'S A GOOD BOY, NOW GET OUTTA THERE AND LET ME FINISH UP.

HEY WAIT A MINUTE NOW, I THOUGHT YOU SAID--



THOUGHT I SAID WHAT? YOU AIN'T READY FOR THIS PART OF THE JOB, SO EITHER GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE GRAVE OR GET BURIED IN IT, YOUR CHOICE.

HEY, I DIDN'T MEAN NO DISRESPECT. NO SENSE IN GETTIN YOURSELF ALL WORKED UP, I'M GETTING OUT.



...WOULD YOU TAKE THAT EXTRA STEP?



WOULD YOU DESECRATE THE LEGACY OF THE DEAD?



JACKPOT!



WOULD YOU STEAL THE POSSESSIONS THEY PRIZED MOST IN LIFE?



ROOT THROUGH THEIR POCKETS LIKE A HUNGRY RAT?



MUTILATE THEIR BODY LIKE SOME VULTURE AFTER THE SMALLEST OF MORSELS?

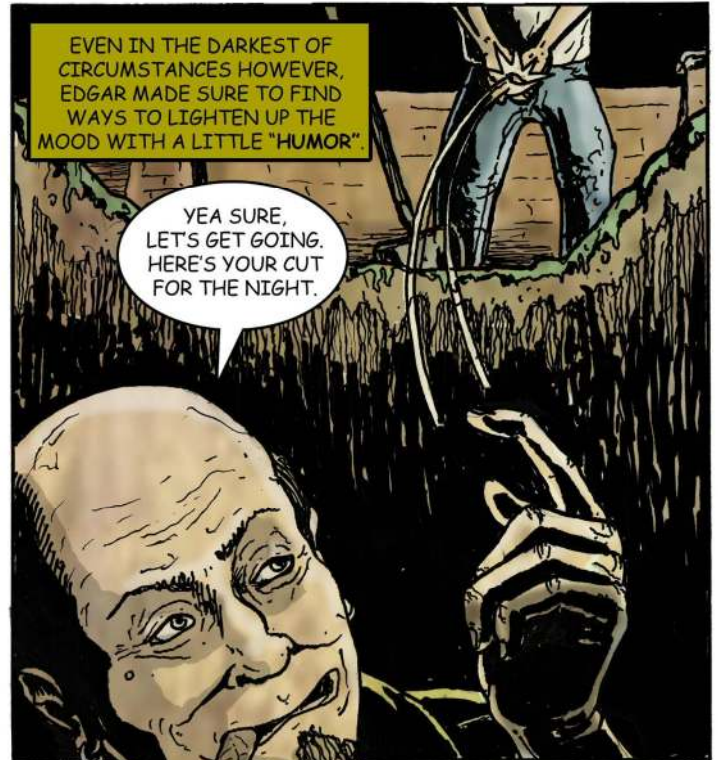
CRACK!



EDGAR FREMONT WOULD, BECAUSE EDGAR FREMONT IS AN AMBITIOUS MAN. NOT IN THE TRADITIONAL SENSE OF COURSE -NO HE IS THE SHADE OF A DARKER COLOR. THE SHADE OF PURE GREED, VOID OF HUMANITY.

YOU STUPID SON OF A BITCH. THOUGHT YOU COULD BUY YOUR WAY INTO HEAVEN DIDN'T YOU?

HEY EDGAR, WE BETTER GET GOING.



EVEN IN THE DARKEST OF CIRCUMSTANCES HOWEVER, EDGAR MADE SURE TO FIND WAYS TO LIGHTEN UP THE MOOD WITH A LITTLE "HUMOR".

YEA SURE, LET'S GET GOING. HERE'S YOUR CUT FOR THE NIGHT.



Ehhhhhaaa!!!!



AND ON THAT "LIGHT" NOTE, EDGAR AND DWIGHT CONCLUDED ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL NIGHT OF GRAVE ROBBING.

IT'S BEEN A GOOD NIGHT HERE DWIGHT. NOW JUST FILL UP THAT HOLE SO WE CAN BE ON OUR WAY.

AIN'T YOU GONNA CLOSE THE LID?

NAW LEAVE IT OPEN. SON-OF-A-BITCH IS DEAD, HE WON'T MIND



TWO MONTHS LATER...

UNFORTUNATELY EVERYONE HAS THEIR DRY SPELLS AND ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES EDGAR A DULL BOY.



NO THAT'S NOT RIGHT.



HE'S ALWAYS DULL.



NO, IT MAKES HIM...WELL IT MAKES HIM MORE HIM THAN EVER, WHICH AS YOU CAN SEE ISN'T A PRETTY SIGHT.

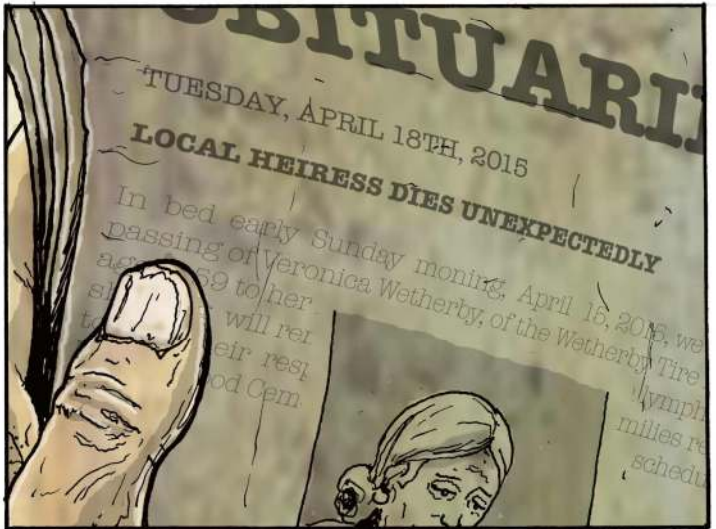
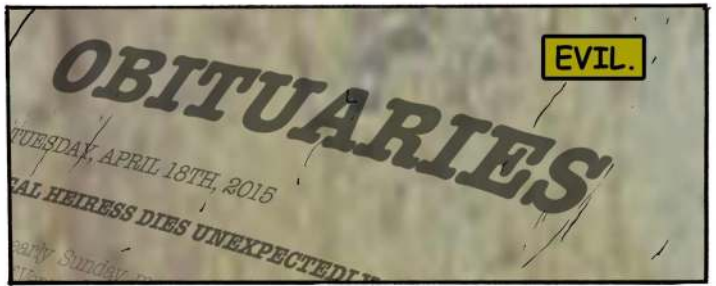


I SUPPOSE THE FEAR OF A DWINDLING LIVELIHOOD CAN MAKE ANY MAN RESORT TO DARKER MEASURES.



BUT THERE ARE ALWAYS OPPORTUNITIES FOR CHOOSING BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG.







THREE DAYS LATER.



THERE IS, TO BE SURE, A BRIGHTER SIDE OF HUMANITY.



IRONICALLY, WE OFTEN SEE IT WHEN TRAGEDY STRIKES.

FORGETTING ABOUT THEMSELVES FOR A TIME, PEOPLE REVEAL THEIR LOVE FOR OTHERS IN AN INFINITE CACHE OF TRAGIC EMOTIONS.



SORROW.



GRIEF.



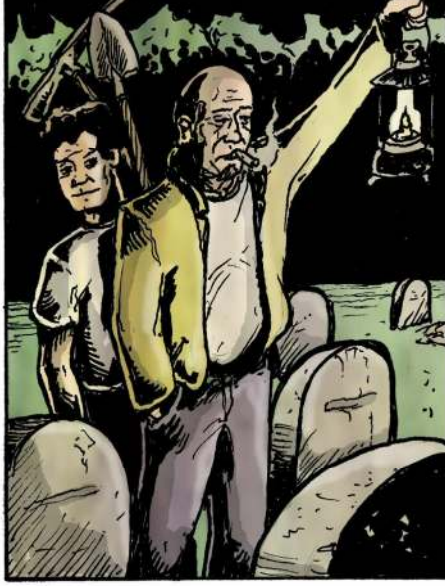
AND REGRET... WELL NO, THAT DOESN'T EXACTLY LOOK LIKE REGRET. IT LOOKS MORE LIKE THAT GREED AGAIN, AND EVIL AND HEARTLESSNESS AND... OH, WHY EVEN GO ON?



A WARNING NOT HEEDED BODES ILL FOR THE TRANSGRESSOR, BUT THE ONLY WAY TO LEARN FROM YOUR MISTAKES IS TO MAKE THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE.



AND SO EDGAR RETURNS TO THE WORLD HE KNOWS BEST - THE LAND OF THE DEAD AND DEFENSELESS - BUT HE'S IN FOR A FEW SUPRIZES...



THIS IS THE FIRST ONE...

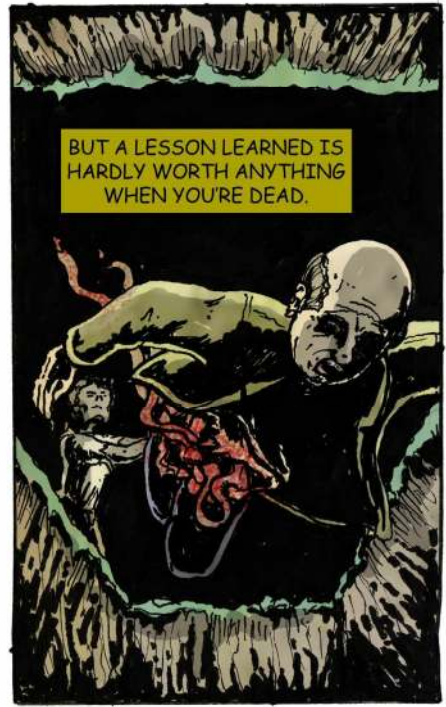


THE SECOND...



THUMP!





ALL THE WHILE THE WORLD
CONTINUES TO MOVE FORWARD...

YET FOR POOR OL' DEMENTED
EDGAR NOTHING REMAINS BUT
SOME ASH ON A GRAVE AND A
FEW BONES IN THE GROUND.
AN EMPTY LEGACY FOR AND
EMPTY MAN.



YES MY FRIENDS, AS EDGAR FREMONT DISPLAYED SO NICELY FOR US, THE WAY OF THE LIVING CAN OFTEN BE MORE HORRIFYING THAN THE WAYS OF THE DEAD -- EXCEPT OF COURSE WHEN YOU ACTUALLY RUN INTO A CREATURE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE LIKE A FLESH-EATING GHOUL! BUT THERE'S NO HELPING THOSE CHANCE ENCOUNTERS WITH FATE IS THERE? AND I CAN ALSO SEE THERE'S NO HELPING THAT SICKNESS OF YOURS BECAUSE YOU STILL DEMAND MORE GRUESOME TALES OF TERROR. WELL FRIEND, YOU MUST LOOK SOMEWHERE ELSE FOR YOUR FIX -- I'M AFRAID I'VE GROWN TIRED AND WILL NOW SEEK OUT A FEW QUIET CENTURIES OF SOLITUDE IN THIS DARK VORTEX THAT IS MY HOME. SEE YOU SOON OR NOT AT ALL...TPD

The Torpor Channel

Bland Horror

- 6.00 **FILM** **I Walked With A Chartered Surveyor** (PG, 1947, S) ****
- 7.30 **FILM** **Drag Me To Hull** This one's actually quite scary. (18, 2009, S) ****
- 9.00 **Jacob's Ladder & Bucket & Sponge** Documentary about a window cleaner called Jacob. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.00 **FILM** **A Completely Empty Field In England** Slightly more going on in this than in the original version. (15, 2013, S) **
- 11.30 **FILM** **Okay, You Can Look Now** Sequel to Don't Look Now, in which nothing much happens. (18, 1973, S) ***
- 1.30 **FILM** **The Actual Centipede (which is not human in any way)** (18, 2009, S) *****
- 3.00 **FILM** **The Hills Have Some Nice Spots For A Picnic** (18, 1977, S) *****
- 4.30 **Hammer House of Household Items** The umbrella stand looks *slightly* sinister, but that's about it. (S) (Rpt)
- 5.30 **FILM** **Normal Activity** Camcorders and security cameras capture nothing at all in this unterrifying parade of ordinary stuff. (18, 2007, S) **
- 7.00 **Pulse** Documentary : The history of peas, beans and lentils. (S) (Rpt)
- 8.00 **American Bedtime Story** (S) (Rpt)



Good for the heart. 7.00

IT TV

The Evil Clown Channel

- 8.00 **Pennywise, Pound Foolish** Financial advice from everyone's favourite pan-dimensional entity who looks a bit like Tim Curry. (S) (Rpt)
- 9.00 **NEW** **Big Top Gear** Featuring a new family car which seats 26, but has faulty hinges on all the doors. (S)
- 10.00 **NEW** **Jestin' Time** Tonight's panel features a load of fools spouting absolute nonsense that's impossible to take seriously. Politicians, eh? (S)
- 11.00 **Mr. Jolly Lives Next Door** I'm Jelly. (S) (Rpt)
- 12.00 **Spin A Dinner Date Plate** Dating game show in which prospective dates must cook a meal and then spin all the courses on top of poles, (for some reason). (S) (Rpt)
- 12.30 **Spin A Dinner Date Winner Plate Late** Late night edition of the dating cookery game show featuring previous winners, (for some reason). (S) (Rpt)

RANDOM

- 10.00 **Boy Meets Westworld** He should've known something was up when his teacher sounded exactly like KITT from Knight Rider... (S) (Rpt)
- 10.30 **Catfish** In this episode, a young man discovers that the attractive 20-something blonde lady he's been having an online relationship with, is in reality a dishonest marine creature with prominent barbels. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.30 **The Golem Girls** Sitcom. Episode One : Thank You For Being An Anthropomorphic Clay Homunculus With Roots In Jewish Folklore. (S) (Rpt)
- 12.30 **Hellyshopping** (S)

The Immunity Channel

Post-apocalyptic Programming

- 7.00 **Survival** Post-apocalyptic wildlife documentary narrated by a mutant Andrew Sachs. (S) (Rpt)
- 8.00 **One Boy and His Dog** Mutant Herding. (S) (Rpt)
- 9.00 **NEW** **Damnation Abbey** Post-apocalyptic Edwardian drama set in a large country house. Stars that bloke from The A-Team. (S)
- 10.00 **The Last Office** Post-apocalyptic mutant sitcom. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.30 **Quantum Reap** Episode One. When the afterlife becomes horribly overcrowded, Death is sent back through time to stop various historical disasters from occurring, thus reducing the number of dead people on the other side. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.15 **Fist of Fun of The North Star** Comedy show hosted by revolting mutants. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.45 **Quantum Reap** Episode Two. Death is sent back through time to prevent himself from preventing the historical disasters from happening, when it's realised that all the people who died in them would be dead by now anyway, and because they didn't die when they were supposed to, loads of them have had children, who in turn had children, who in turn...etc;... Then they also go on to die, thus making the whole overcrowding situation a hell of a lot worse. (S) (Rpt)



A Mutant Ivory Production 9.00

The Weegee Mermaid

Article & Illustration by Malcolm Kirk

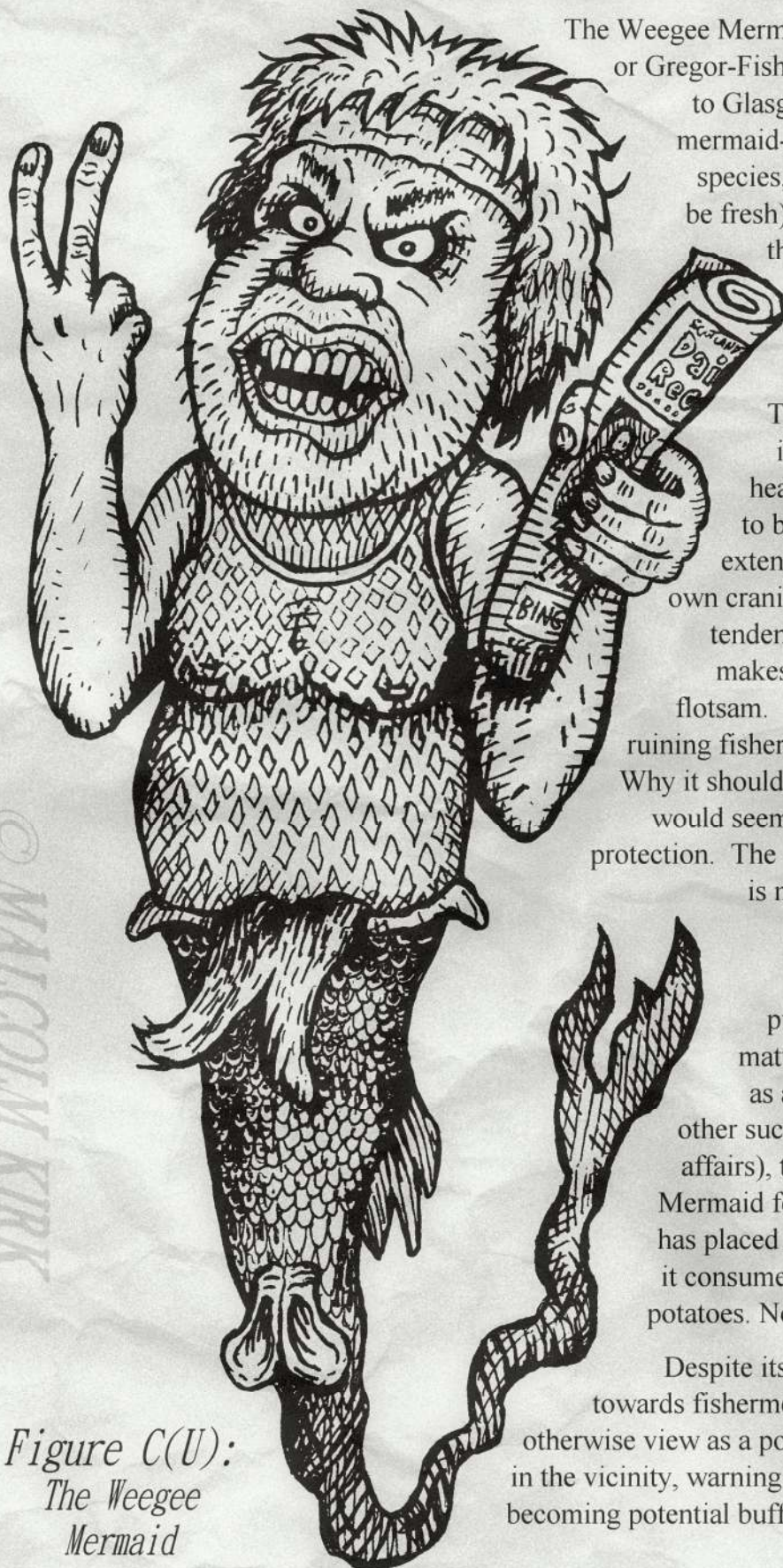


Figure C(U):
The Weegee
Mermaid

The Weegee Mermaid, (also known as the Rab Sea-horse or Gregor-Fish), is, as the name suggests, indigenous to Glasgow's River Clyde. It is unusual among mermaid-kind, being one of the few fresh water species, (as much as such water can be said to be fresh), although there is evidence to suggest that the creature can survive just as well in a salt-water environment, and has itself been heard to remark "See me? See the sea? Ah love the sea, me".

The Weegee Mermaid is quite aggressive in temperament and has been known to headbutt fishing vessels which it believes to be encroaching upon its territory, to the extent that it frequently incurs injuries to its own cranium. To counteract this self-destructive tendency, it has developed the ability to craft makeshift bandages out of suitable pieces of flotsam. Further to this, it is also in the habit of ruining fisherman's nets, from which it makes vests. Why it should do this, is not known, as the garments would seem to offer little in the way of warmth or protection. The best guess on offer, is that the creature is making some sort of fashion statement.

It is often seen brandishing a rolled-up newspaper. Again, this is a source of puzzlement to experts on anthro-piscine matters, as such a periodical is of little use as a weapon and prone to sogginess, (and other such species show little interest in current affairs), though there are reports of the Weegee Mermaid feasting on smaller aquatic life which it has placed between the pages of the paper, which it consumes with a side-serving of small slices of potatoes. Nobody knows where it gets those from.

Despite its feeding habits, such is its antagonism towards fishermen, that it will scare away fish it would otherwise view as a potential meal whenever it sees a trawler in the vicinity, warning the aquatic creatures of the dangers of becoming potential buffet food with cries of "Tongs, ya bass!"

THE STATUE

STORY: DAVID STODDART
ART: J GRAHAM STODDART



THESE THINGS WON'T STOP ME GETTING MY HANDS ON THE WORM'S TEETH!

SKREEE!

BLAM!

NOT BAD SHOOTING FOR A BRIT, LORD SMYTHE.

STOP DAWDLING AND FIND THE GUIDE STONE THE OLD PRIEST MENTIONED.



WHAT A HORROR!

THE WORM GOD, IXQUITZL. THE TEETH IN ITS STATUE IS MADE OF PURE DIAMOND.



HERE IT IS. THE STONE OPENS THE PATHWAY TO IXQUITZL.

CAREFUL.



STOP WHINING. LET'S GET THE DIAMONDS.



SMYTHE! WE'VE DONE IT!

EQUAL SHARES CARLSON?

SURE PAL, SURE WE'LL EVEN GIVE A DONATION TO THE PRIEST AT THE CHURCH.

PHOWEE! THESE TEETH ARE WORTH A FORTUNE!

WHAT THE-

HELP SMYTHE! IT AIN'T NO STATUE!!

GUURAAHH!

NOOWEEEE!



THAT DAMN PRIEST! HE SET US UP!

NO! AAIIIEEE!!

SOMETIME LATER AT A NEARBY JUNGLE CHURCHYARD...

DIAMOND TEETH YOU SAY?

INDEED I DO. THE LOCALS ONCE WORSHIPPED THE **STATUE** UNTIL OUR BENEVOLENT CHURCH SHOWED THEM THE LIGHT.



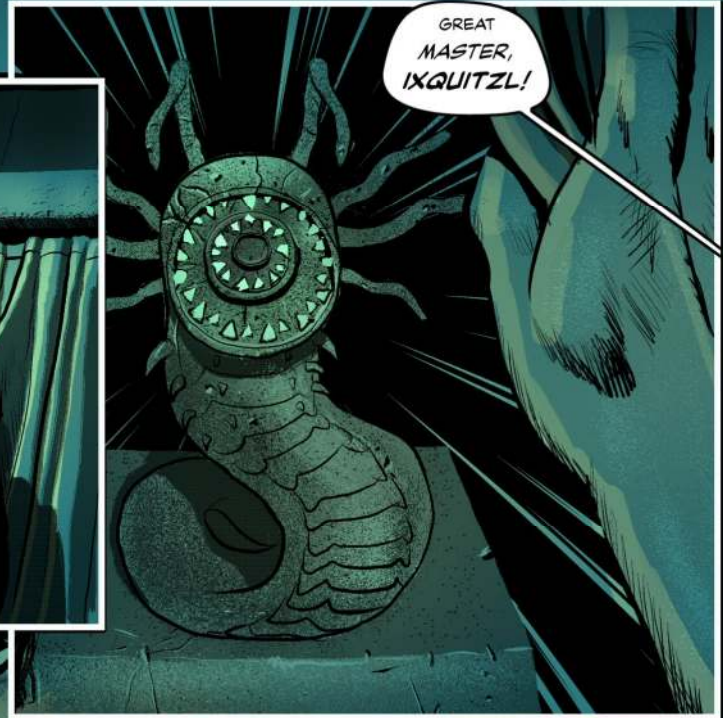
THANK YOU PRIEST.

ALL I ASK IS A SMALL **DONATION** TO THIS POOR PLACE WHEN YOU RETURN.

BEWARE THE **GUARDIANS**. SUCH PLACES ARE RARELY UNDEFENDED.

WE'LL DEAL WITH THEM. THANK YOU AGAIN, PRIEST.





I
SEND MORE
FOOLS TO BE YOUR
FOOD SO YOU CAN GROW
STRONG AGAIN AND
FEAST UPON THE
WORLD!



FIN!

NORTH TEXAS

THE SCENE OF A
DOUBLE KILLING..!

AN ABOMINABLE CREATURE
HOLDS THE BLOODIED BODY
OF AN OLD MAN...

BUT IS ALL AS IT SEEMS?



Gordon
Innes
Story
& Art

BIG FOOT LOOSE

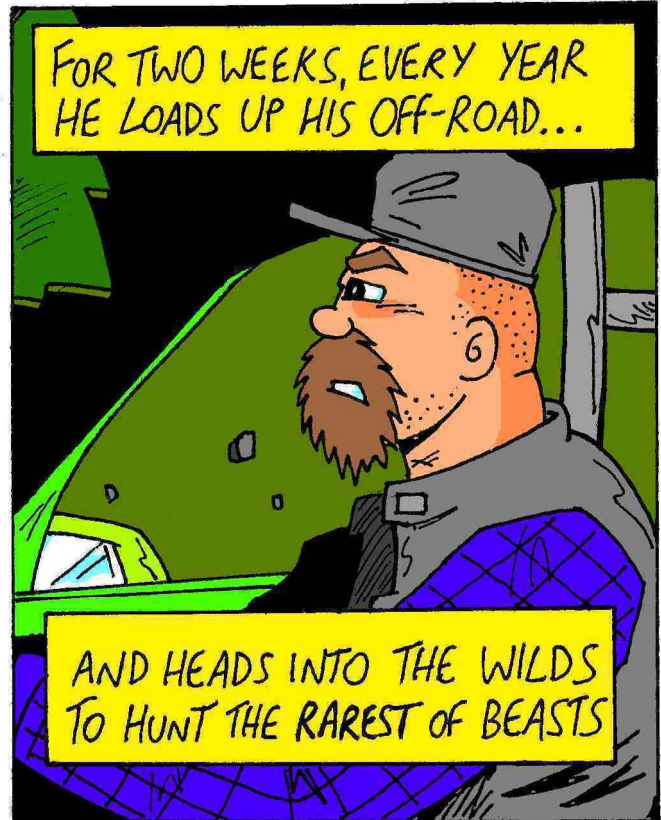
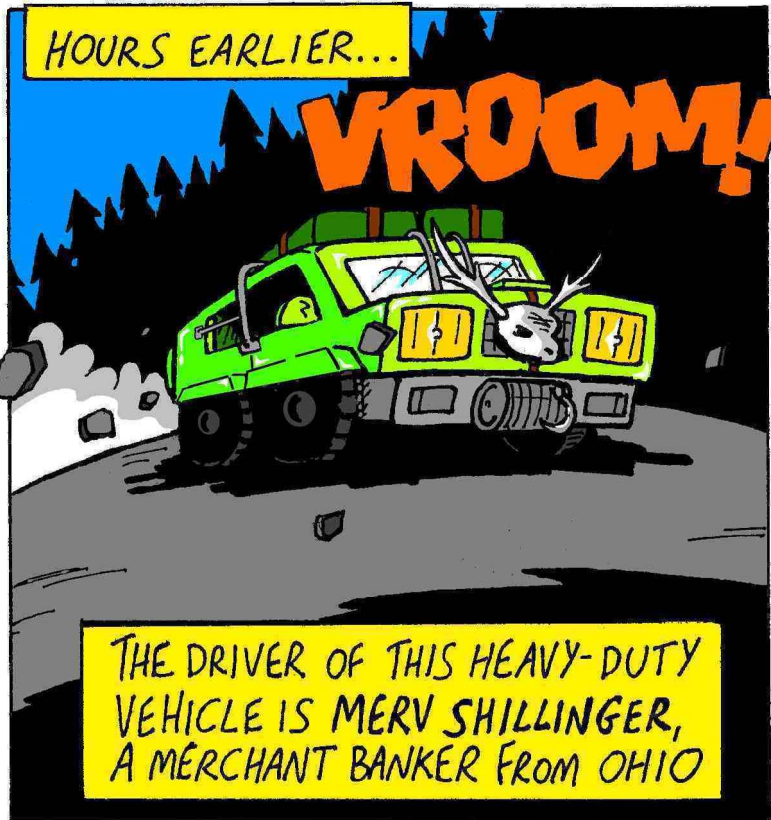
HOURS EARLIER...

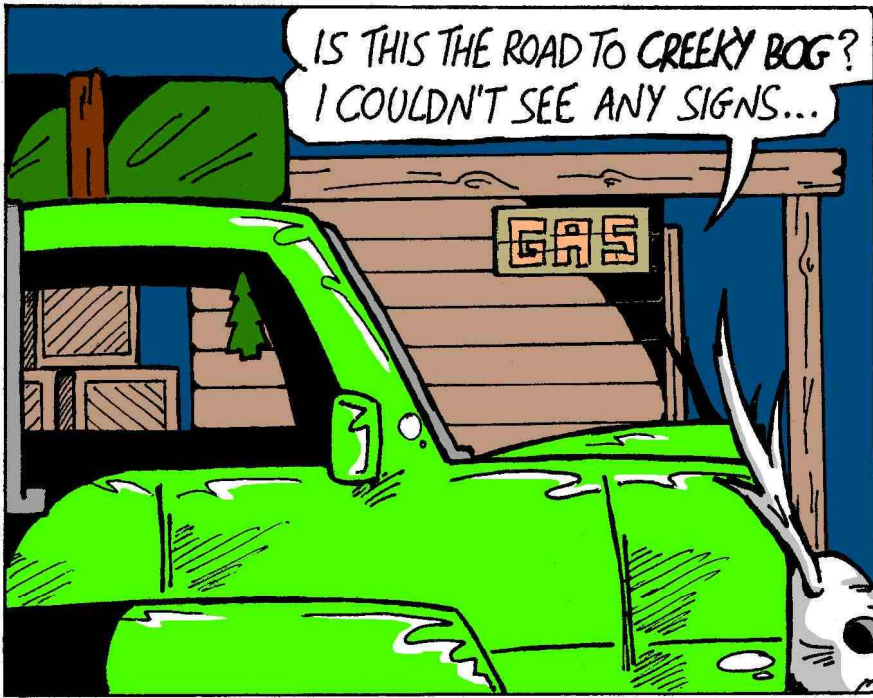
VROOM!

FOR TWO WEEKS, EVERY YEAR
HE LOADS UP HIS OFF-ROAD...

THE DRIVER OF THIS HEAVY-DUTY
VEHICLE IS MERV SHILLINGER,
A MERCHANT BANKER FROM OHIO

AND HEADS INTO THE WILDS
TO HUNT THE RAREST OF BEASTS







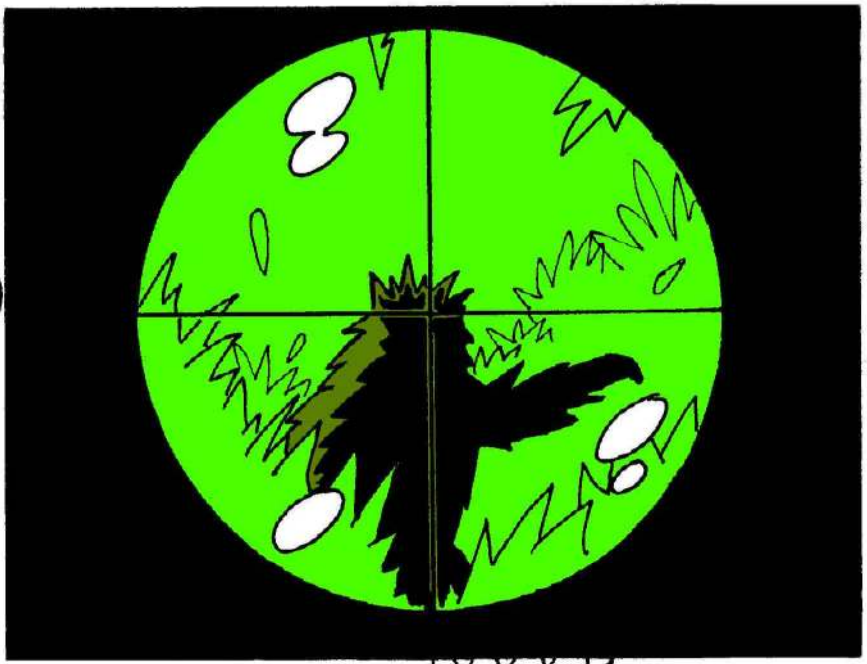
MY WINDSHIELD!



SONOFA!



I SOMEHOW KNEW THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!

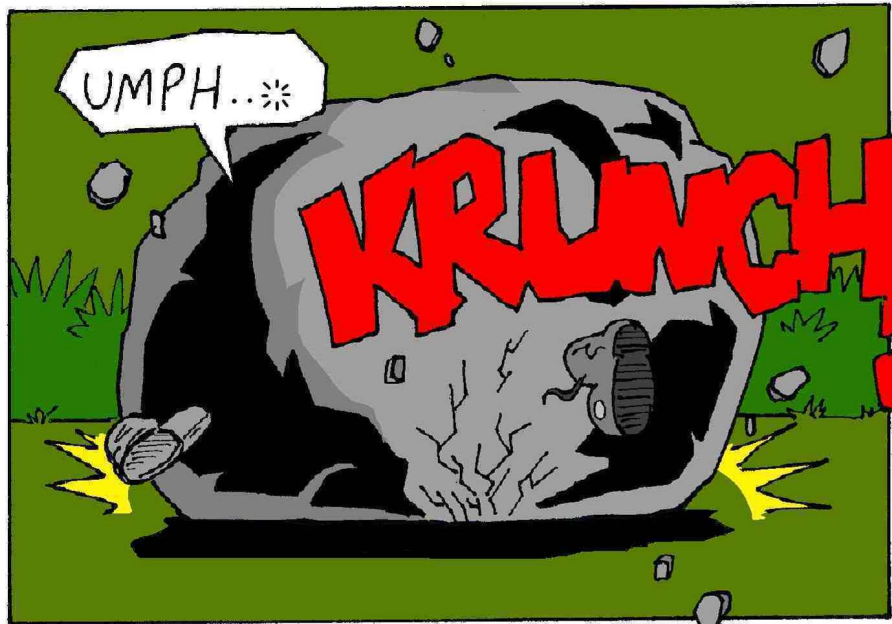


NOW, WHAT HAVE WE G...



WHAT?! IT'S THAT OLD TIMER FROM THE GAS STOP...!

HE WAS WEARIN' SOME KIND OF ANIMAL PELT!



SKUNK-APE, MARSHMAN, BIGFOOT...
THIS CREATURE IS KNOWN BY MANY
DIFFERENT NAMES THE WORLD OVER...

BUT TO THE LIFELESS OLD MAN
IT NOW CRADLES IN ITS ARMS...

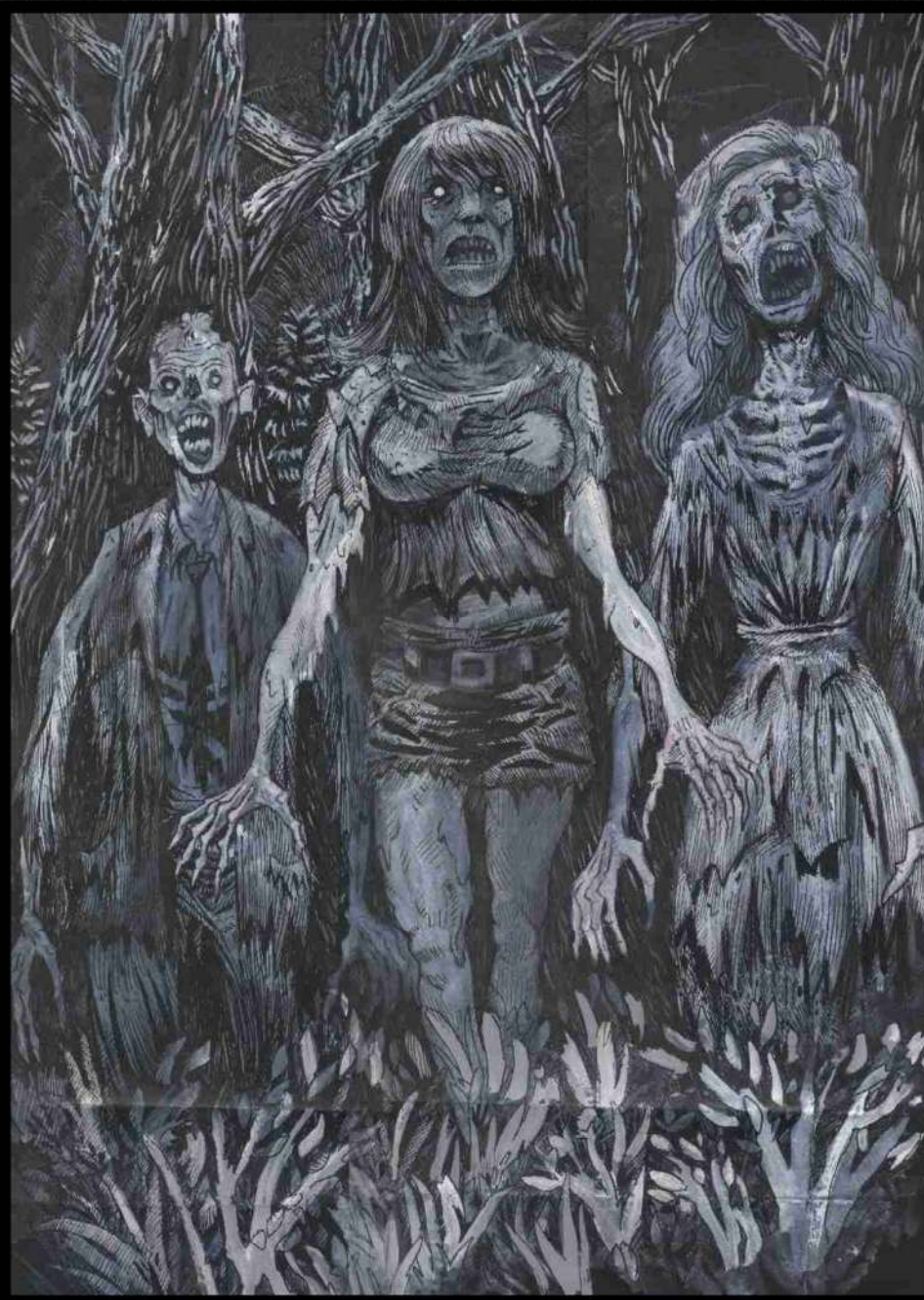
THIS CREATURE WAS SIMPLY 'FRIEND'

ROOOOOO!



The Reaper's GRIM GALLERY

(a peculiar presentation of pictorial perils)



Zombies by Juan Pablo Wansidler



Horror Kids : Midnight Hunt by Edgar Max



The Minuet Macabre by Ric Chamberlin



Yog Sothoth by Ivan McCann



Shining Pyramid by Nicolas Krizan



Houdini by Nicolas Krizan



© Malcolm Kirk 2015

Nosferatu The Vampyre by Malcolm Kirk

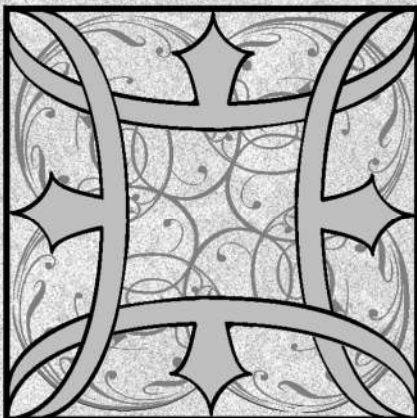
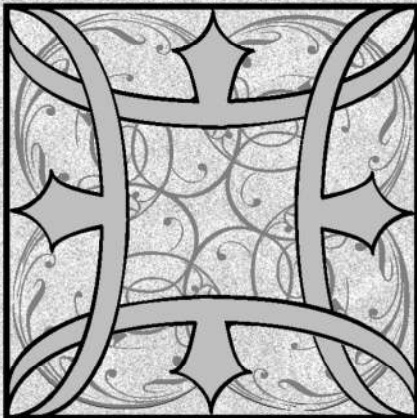
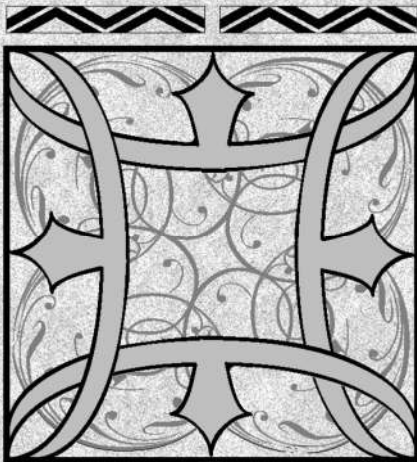


Synerinatten by Nicolas Krizan

GOTHIC PRINCE

by Paul Bradford

Typography by
Gary Scott Beatty



Atrophied body tissue
Caused by underuse
Tower in the clouds
Locked in the tower
The tower of decay
The gothic prince shall pray

Sold me tightly
Look to the black sun
High in the sky
See my body shiver
Bare my only son
In the tower
The tower of the decayed
The gothic prince has prayed

But you died
And I am left alone
Nobody to look at
Nobody to share my throne
In the tower
The tower of decay
The gothic prince shall pay

Locked in the tower
With no means to escape
Looking for an exit
But there is no way out
From the tower
The tower of the decayed
The gothic prince has paid
The gothic prince is dead
Undead

So I am all alone now
I just sit and pray
Pray for the day
The day that I shall be free
Free from the tower
The tower of decay
My undead flesh
Rotting away



BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS "HALLOWSCREAM!" issue seven Hallowe'en 2015.

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**