



Are you sitting uncomfortably?  
**BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS**



# **HALLOWSCREAM!**

Price : 1 dog biscuit

**October 31st 2016**



**LITTLE PIG,  
LITTLE PIG,  
LET ME IN!**

ISSUE No.

# **8**

**Once  
upon a  
time...**

**Lots of Scary  
Tale Endings  
inside!**



**48  
PAGES  
OF  
PURE  
TERROR!**

MALCOLM KIRK 2016

# **IT'S NOT FOR WHO'S AFRAID!**

# EIGHT WORSE THAN DEATH...

Greetings, mortals!

It's time once more for our yearly jaunt to the darkest corners of the nether-realms in search of tales so chilling they'd send a shiver down the spine of a particularly furry yeti. Today you find me within the library of Merjeagles House, wherein lies a collection of the most diabolical works of literature ever committed to paper, (or skin). Among its musty volumes dwell the like of the Necronomicon, the collected works of Poe, the Malleus Maleficarum, the Books of Blood, stuff by *both* the Jameses, and over in a dusty corner we rarely venture into, the complete Twilight Saga, (shudder). None of these volumes, however, are as horrifying as the stories to be found in the pages of the publication of which you now partake. So settle down in a comfy chair with the beverage of your choice and prepare to have your nerves jangled and your collies wobbled...

[WWW.BACKFROMTHEDEPTHS.CO.UK](http://WWW.BACKFROMTHEDEPTHS.CO.UK)

The Reaper...

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Cover & Intro design by Malcolm Kirk.



Paperback issues of all Hallowscreams are now available to buy from



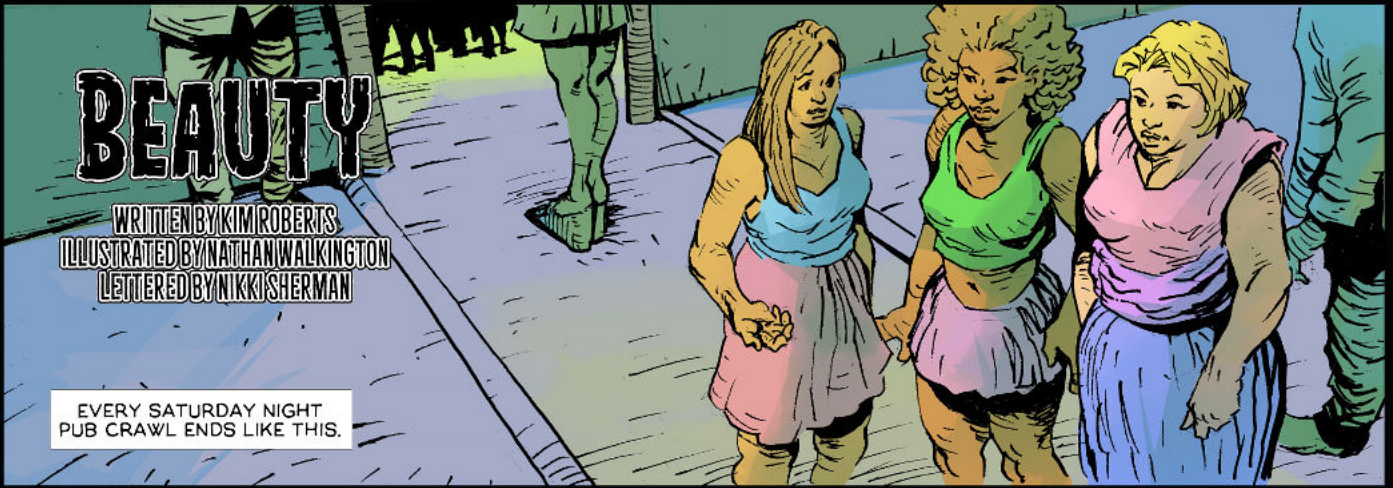
[lulu.com](http://lulu.com)

Back from the Depths SCARIER THAN A MAN IN A PHOTO WHO WASN'T THERE BEFORE!

# BEAUTY

WRITTEN BY KIM ROBERTS  
ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN WALKINGTON  
LETTERED BY NIKKI SHERMAN

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT  
PUB CRAWL ENDS LIKE THIS.



BLIND DRUNK AND  
OUT FOR A GOOD TIME.  
HOPING TO GET LUCKY.

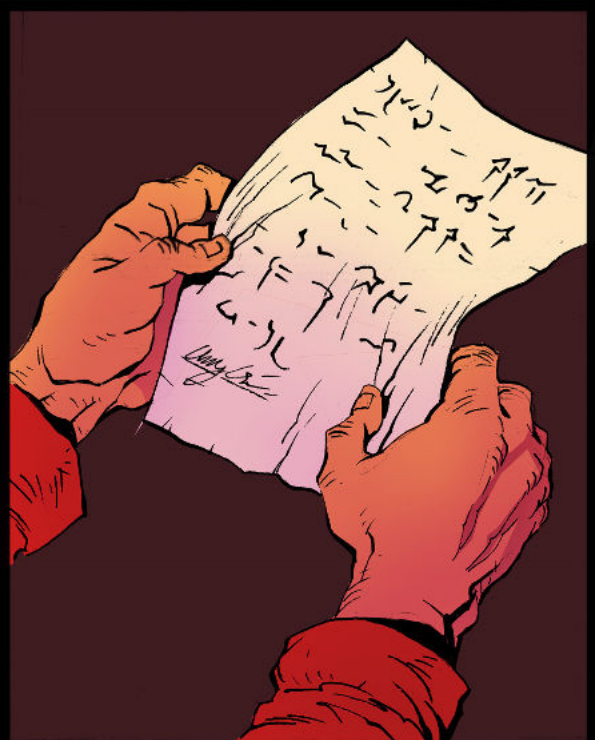


OF COURSE THEY DO. ME.  
WELL. WHO LOOKS AT ANY.

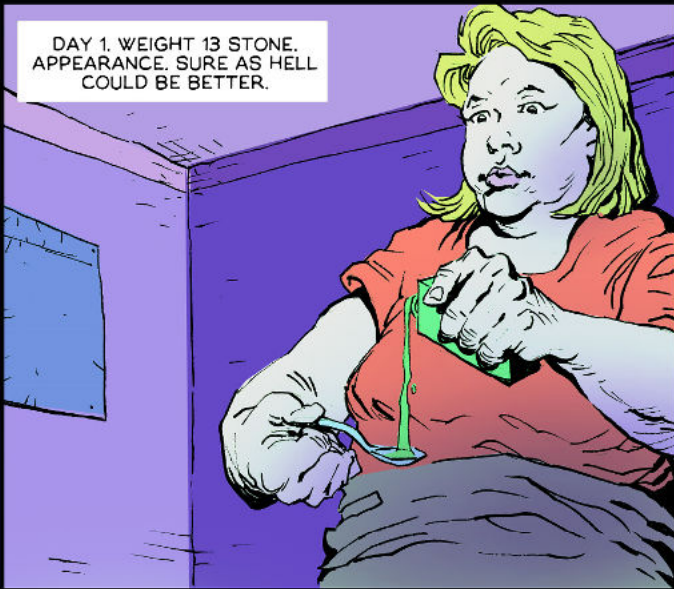


CAN I  
BUY YOU A  
DRINK?





DAY 1. WEIGHT 13 STONE.  
APPEARANCE. SURE AS HELL  
COULD BE BETTER.



DAY 7: WEIGHT. 11 STONE.  
APPEARANCE. GETTING  
BETTER. I CAN SEE A  
WAIST LINE COMING IN.



DAY 17. WEIGHT. 8 STONE.  
APPEARANCE. PERFECT.



DAY 63. WEIGHT STAYING  
AT 8 STONE. LIFE IS PERFECT.



DAY 72. WEIGHT STAYING CONSISTENT,  
BUT SEEM TO HAVE DEVELOPED A RASH  
SINCE STOPPING THE SUPPLEMENTS.



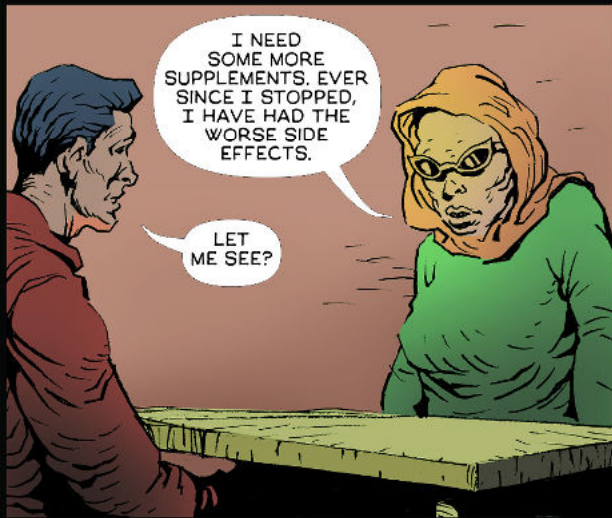
DAY 81. RASH SEEMS TO  
BE GETTING WORSE. HOPE  
TOMORROW WILL HELP.



DAY 90.

AMY,  
LOOK AT YOU. I  
HARDLY RECOGNISED  
YOU. YOU'RE SO  
THIN NOW. HOW  
ARE YOU?

I'LL  
TELL YOU  
INSIDE.







# GOD TAKES CARE OF HIS OWN

SCRIPT BY TIM WEST ART BY GLENN MCPARTLIN



GROWING UP, MOST OF US ARE TAUGHT THAT HONESTY AND VIRTUE ALWAYS PAYS OFF.

THAT IF YOU LEAD A JUST LIFE, YOU WILL GET YOUR JUST REWARDS...



...BECAUSE GOD TAKES CARE OF HIS OWN.

THE TRUTH IS MOST PEOPLE DON'T CARE ABOUT THE AFTERLIFE. HUMANS ARE A SELFISH, GREEDY, SPECIES.



ONLY CONCERNED WITH THE HERE AND NOW.

WHAT DO I GET OUT OF IT?



WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?

LANDLORD, CRAMPETT FRINCH. BUSINESSMAN AND OWNER OF SEVERAL RENTAL PROPERTIES.



MISS A MONTH'S PAYMENT AND HE'LL SLING YOU OUT ON THE STREET. EVEN IN THE BITTER COLD OF WINTER'S DARKEST NIGHT.



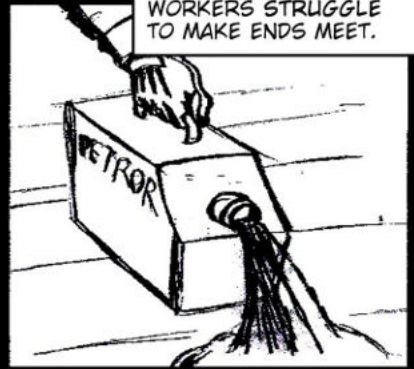
'DEVOUT' MR FRINCH CARES NOT ABOUT THE SUFFERING HE INFLECTS ON HIS POOR TENANTS.

SEAMSTRESS, ELIZA SNEET. MADE HER FORTUNE SELLING FINE CLOTHING TO THE RICH.



SHE PAYS HER CRIPPLED LABOURERS A PAUPER'S WAGE AND WORKS THEM 'TIL THEIR FINGERS BLEED.

'PIOUS' MS SNEET LIVES IN LUXURY WHILE HER WORKERS STRUGGLE TO MAKE ENDS MEET.



EVEN THEIR PRECIOUS PRIEST HIDES HIS OWN VILE HABITS FROM HIS FLOCK. HIS DESIRES FOR YOUNG FLESH ARE NOT THOSE OF A HOLY MAN.



HIS CONGREGATION DON'T KNOW HIS DARK SECRET.

BUT I KNOW THEIRS ALL TOO WELL.



EVERY LIE THEY'VE TOLD. EVERY CRUEL AND SELFISH ACT. THEY CONFESSED THEIR MORTAL SINS TO ME...

...AND I FORGAVE THEM ALL.

WELL, FROM TODAY, THEY'LL SIN NO MORE.

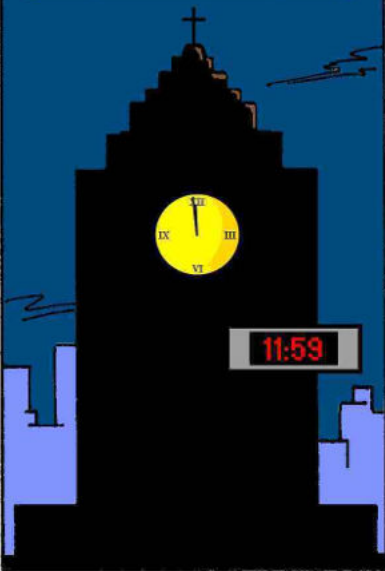


IT'S MY DUTY TO REMIND THEM...

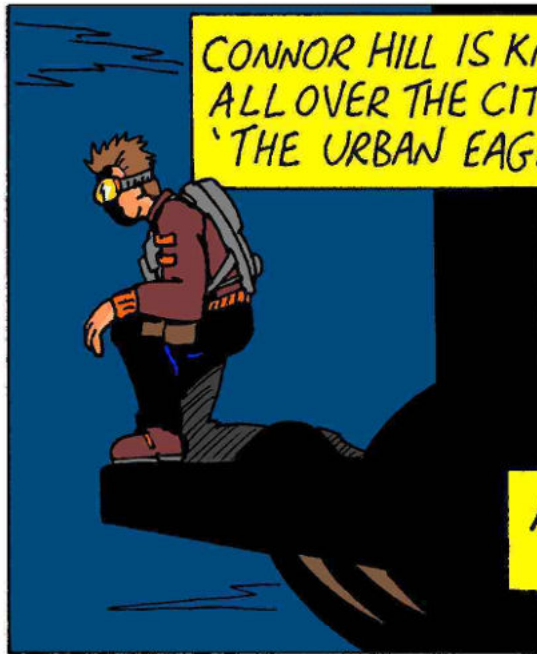


...THAT GOD TAKES CARE OF HIS OWN.

DEC 31<sup>ST</sup> 2016



CONNOR HILL IS KNOWN  
ALL OVER THE CITY AS  
'THE URBAN EAGLE'



AND TONIGHT...



AT PRECISELY  
MIDNIGHT...

Gordon Innes  
Story & Art

# JUMP FRIGHT

HE LEAPS INTO  
THE NEON ABYSS!

00:00



AS FIREWORKS EXPLODE OVER THE CITY SKYLINE, CONNOR PULLS HIS RIP-CORD

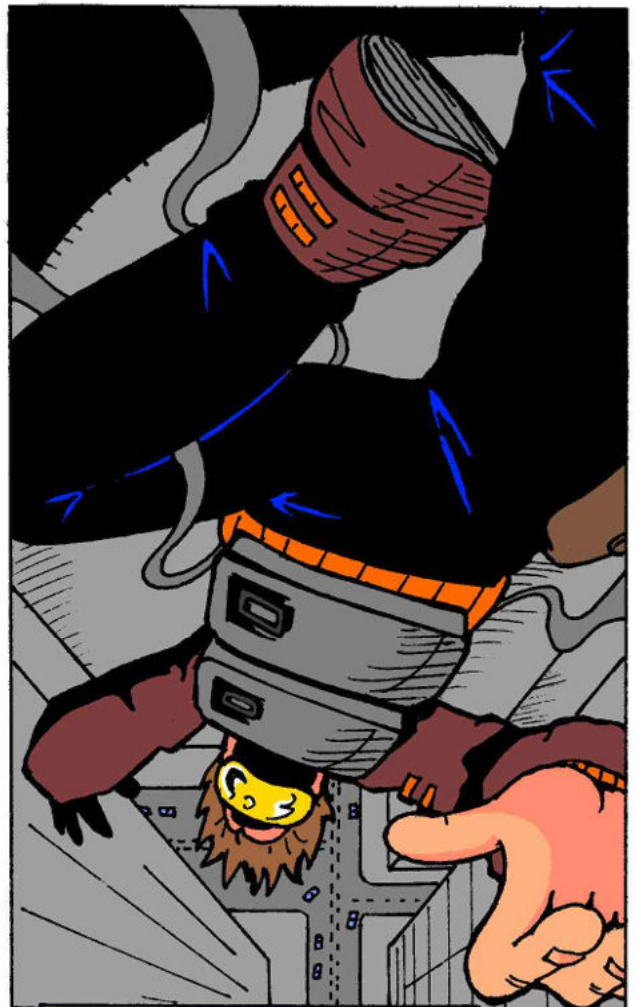
IMMEDIATELY HE KNOWS SOMETHING IS WRONG..!



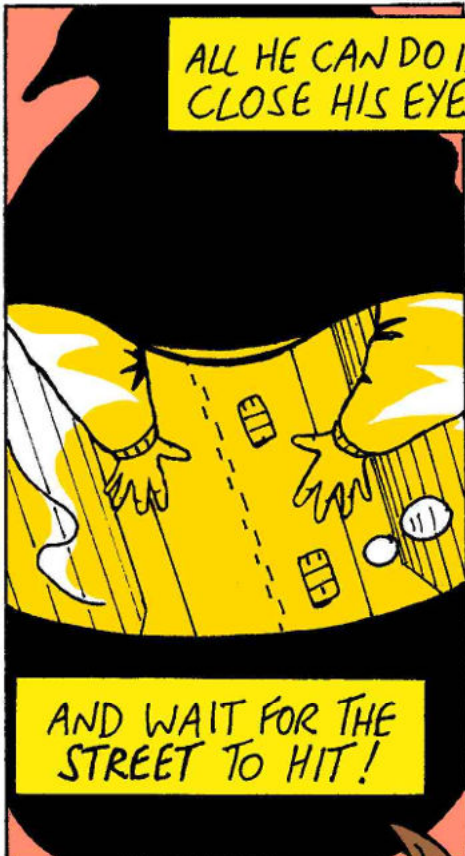
HIS PARACHUTE MALFUNCTIONS!



HE STREAMS AND SPIRALS OUT OF CONTROL!



THERE'S NO TIME FOR THE RESERVE CHUTE AND HE KNOWS IT...



ALL HE CAN DO IS CLOSE HIS EYES...

AND WAIT FOR THE STREET TO HIT!

BUT THE HIT NEVER COMES

AS THE APPARITION FADES AWAY MERE FEET FROM THE GROUND!



IN MEMORY OF  
CONNOR  
'THE URBAN EAGLE'  
HILL  
WHO DIED TRAGICALLY  
AT THIS LOCATION  
JANUARY 1st  
2016



## Movies4 Monsters

8.00



**K-Nein** James Belushi is a police officer forced to team up with a German Shepherd dog with the transplanted brain of Adolf Hitler. (1989, PG, S) \*\*



The Trollem. 9.30

9.30



**Frankenstein Created Moomin** A mad Hemplulen scientist harnesses the power of hattifatteners to create a terrifying creature that would be even scarier if it was made out of felt. (1967, 15, S) \*\*\*\*



Catty on film. 11.00

11.00



**Bless This Hausu** Feature Length version of the '70s sitcom starring Sid James. and a bunch of Japanese teenage girls. (1977, 15, S) \*\*\*

1.00



**The Man Who Pooped Himself** Roger Moore stars as a man who mysteriously poos out an exact replica of himself only to find the evil doppelganger slowly beginning to take over his life. (1970, PG, S) \*\*\*

## Morbid TV

- 6.00 **Perfect Strangers** Sitcom. (S) (Rpt)
- 7.00 **Schools Programmes :**
  - 7.10 Witch (S) (Rpt),
  - 7.30 Look and Bleed (S),
  - 7.40 How We Used To Die (S),
  - 7.50 Fred Krueger's Age of Dream (S) (Rpt)
- 8.00 **Are You Being Severed?** Sitcom. (S) (Rpt)
- 9.00 **It's Me Or The Dog** A werewolf explains the situation to a prospective partner. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.00 **The Vampire Dairies** Featuring Varney, who drives the fastest milk cart along the Borgo Pass. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.30 **Dare Devil** Satan performs tasks set to him by a studio audience for charity. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.30 **C.S.I. Friday** Drama series. British TV presenter, Chris Evans, is found brutally murdered and all the evidence points to disgruntled Top Gear viewers. (S) (Rpt)
- 12.30 **Dr. Crippen, Medicine Woman** After fleeing to the US, the murderous doctor adopts an unconventional disguise. (S) (Rpt)
- 8.00 **Dad's Army of Darkness** We're doomed. (S) (Rpt)
- 8.45 **Never Mind The Morlocks** Topical music quiz with devolved sub-human troglodyte creatures. Features Bill Bailey. (S) (Rpt)
- 9.45 **Celebrity Juice** 'Comedian' Leigh Francis is forced into a giant industrial liquidiser. (S) NEW
- 10.15 **The Stinging Detective** A triffid sets up a private investigation agency. (S) NEW
- 11.15 **Hosedown**

## RIP

- 6.00 **CrackerJack** Robbie Coltrane attempts to solve the Whitechapel Murders using psychological profiling. (S) (Rpt)



What a wacky pair! 6.30

- 6.30 **Heathcliff and Babadook** Cartoon series about a street-wise alley cat and a supernatural embodiment of the nature of grief. (S) (Rpt)
- 8.00 **The Thunder Years** Young Frankenstein. (S) (Rpt)
- 9.00 **World War Z Cars** Post-apocalyptic police drama series. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.00 **Rude Cube** Alex Zane presents a humorous selection of clips featuring people unwittingly opening up portals to hell. (S) (Rpt) NEW
- 11.00 **Bride's Head Revisited** Sequel to 'The Brain That Wouldn't Die'. (1964, PG, S) \*\*\* FILM
- 12.30 **It's Never Sunny In Transylvania** Sitcom (S) (Rpt)
- 1.30 **Call The Squidwife** Cthulhu goes on a business trip and gets into hot water when he forgets to phone his other half. (S) (Rpt)
- 2.30 **The Orifice** Sitcom Written and Directed by David Cronenberg. (S) (Rpt)
- 3.00 **Die Nasty** Soap opera based around an obvious and tired pun. (S) (Rpt)

# REAL LIFE GHOST. BP JOHNSON CAUGHT ON CAMERA.

“IVE HAD A TIP OFF REGARDING A HAUNTED HOUSE ON SYCAMORE ROAD. FANCY NIPPING OUT ON AN INVESTIGATION?”

RECORDING  
00:00:37 ●



DO YOU MIND IF WE STOP OFF AT THE ROSE AND CROWN? I COULD DO WITH A FEW PINTS OF "BRAVERY".

"TAKE MY HIP FLASK AND SIP SOME "BALLS" INSTEAD".



**CONDEMNED  
BUILDING.**

**NO  
TRESPASSING.**

" THIS IS  
THE  
PLACE."

"SEE THAT? (SNIGGER) ON THE WALL?  
'UCK THE PIGS', THAT'S A CODED  
MESSEGE, TELLING US TO TURN BACK"

"HOLY  
SHIT!"

" IT LOOKS  
AS THOUGH  
ITS WRITTEN  
IN BLOOD"

**UCK  
THE  
PIGS**

THAT'S SPRAY  
PAINT YOU  
MUPPET.



A man with a balding head, glasses, and a yellow mustache is wearing a grey suit jacket over a white collared shirt. He is holding a red wine bottle with a yellow and green label. He has a neutral, slightly pleased expression.

HERE'S THE  
CELLAR, THERE'S  
STILL SOME WINE  
DOWN HERE TOO!  
YEAH!

A man with spiky blue hair and a pale, almost white face is running away from the viewer. He is wearing a blue suit and has a look of intense fear or panic. His mouth is open as if shouting. The background behind him is a bright green, smoky or gaseous cloud.

SHIT!  
SHIT SHIT!  
RUN FOR IT!  
GO! GO!  
GO!

A man with a balding head and glasses, wearing a grey suit jacket, is running away from the viewer. He is holding the same red wine bottle seen in the first panel. He has a look of urgency and fear.

RAAGHH!



" NAH, THERE'S ABSOLUTLY NO POINT IN PUTTING IT OUT ON YOU TUBE. PEOPLE WILL JUST SAY WE DID IT WITH C.G.I OR SOME OTHER BOLLOCKS. GUTTING, NO-ONE WILL BELIEVE IT"

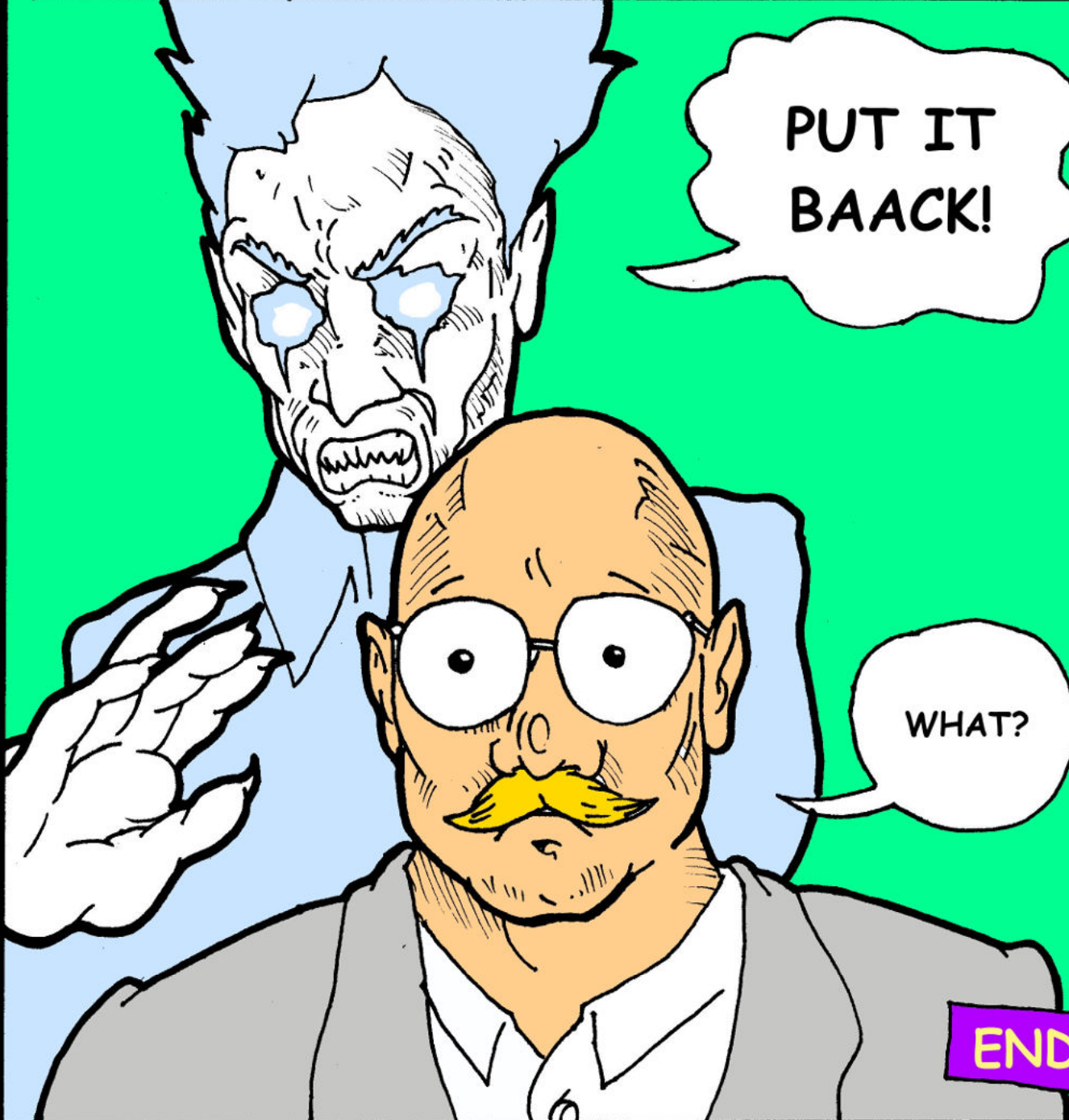
I NEARLY SHAT MESELF! STILL GOT THIS BOTTLE OF PLONK THOUGH!



PUT IT BAACK!

WHAT?

END.





UNCLE JACK'S

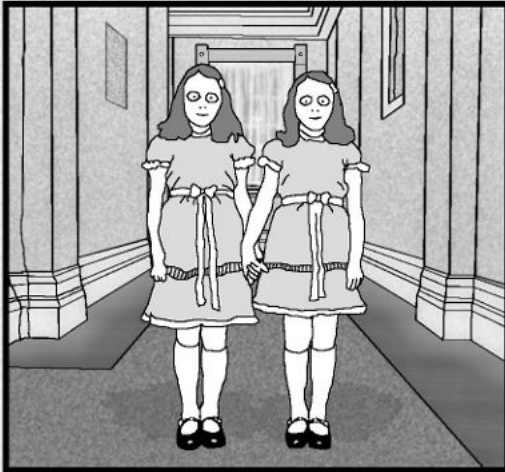
COME AND PLAY WITH US!

# PUZZLE PAGE

TAKE YOUR TIME TO THINK THINGS OVER...

## SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Can you spot all the differences between the two pictures below?



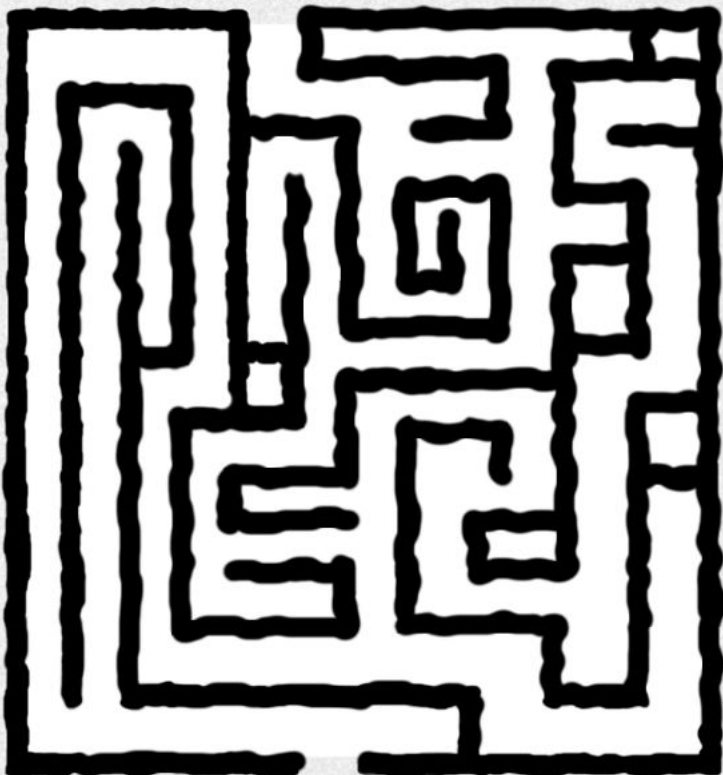
Solution : Trick question. There are no differences. Both images show a completely empty corridor.

© Malcolm Kirk 2016

## ESCAPE THE MAZE

Can you find your way out of the maze?

FINISH



START

## WORDSEARCH

E	Y	F	L	G	J	E	F	O	R	E	V	E	R	G
D	U	L	L	X	F	S	K	D	G	U	D	X	N	F
I	P	K	H	V	R	S	C	M	Q	W	L	G	A	W
O	V	E	R	L	O	O	K	T	X	L	L	Y	W	Z
C	B	V	T	T	I	X	E	L	M	D	Z	A	J	P
Z	K	G	N	J	Q	L	B	P	J	A	C	K	Y	G
N	B	H	U	X	W	C	H	X	C	M	M	F	L	O
B	C	J	L	S	O	L	S	A	H	F	A	S	Z	U
O	O	O	O	E	R	H	E	W	F	L	K	W	N	S
Y	H	Y	N	B	K	R	Z	Y	V	Q	E	N	F	O
G	H	T	G	R	A	D	Y	W	G	Z	S	M	D	B
P	A	R	T	Y	A	X	Y	A	P	O	L	L	O	B
C	W	F	F	N	N	Z	L	A	L	L	U	F	T	B
K	P	L	A	Y	D	O	R	Q	Y	R	Z	J	T	W
D	I	H	R	E	D	R	U	M	T	V	A	M	D	N

ALL  
WORK  
AND

NO  
PLAY  
MAKES

JACK  
DULL  
BOY

The solutions to the maze and wordsearch are on page 237.

# Endless Love

Script by Chris Redfern  
Art by Davy Francis



# KILLER WEED

Gordon  
Innes  
Story  
& Art



LEONARD HICKS IS WATERING HIS PRIZE-WINNING FLOWERS



THAT WITCH, MRS. HARVER BEAT MY SUNFLOWER AT LAST YEARS FLOWER SHOW

2ND PRIZE

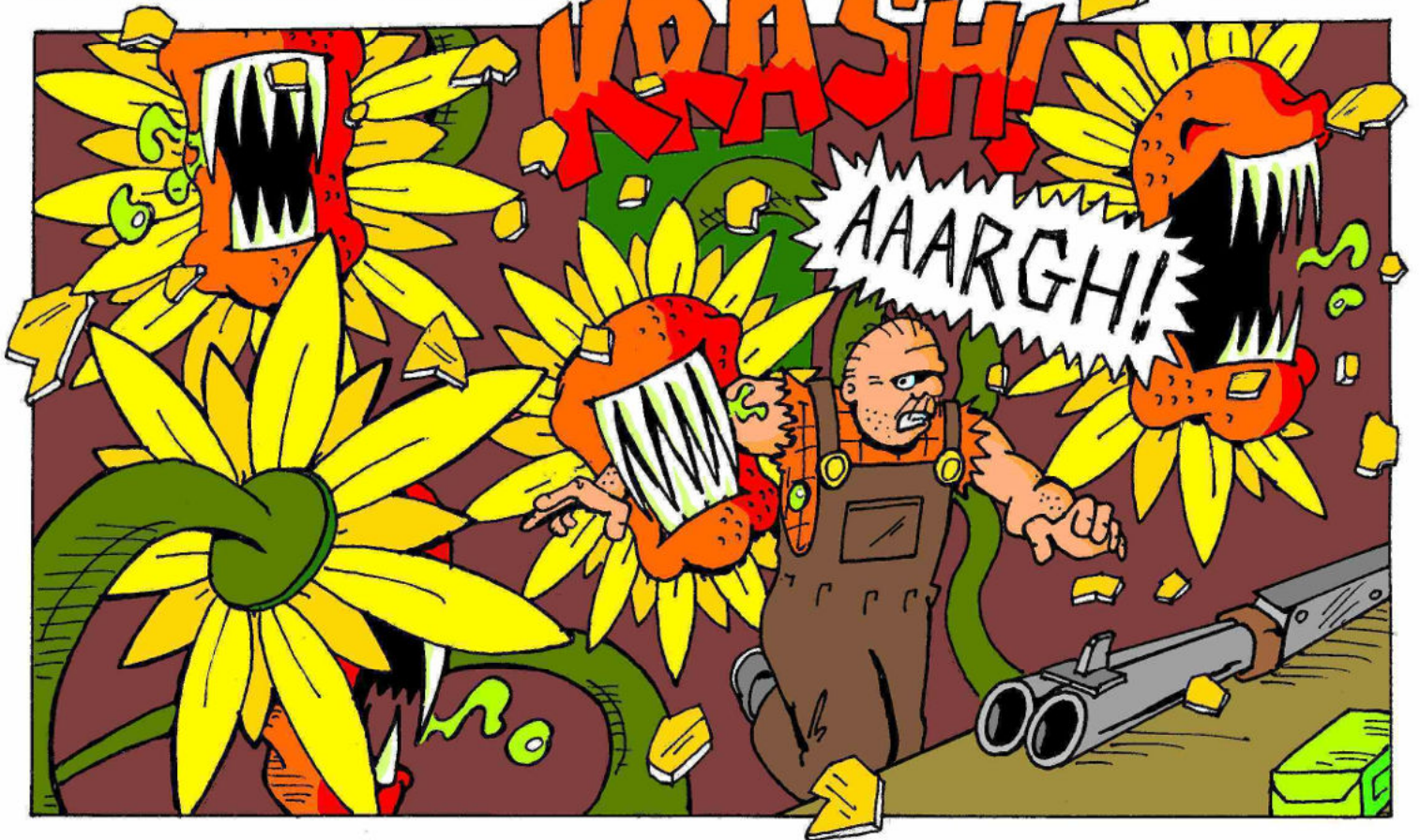
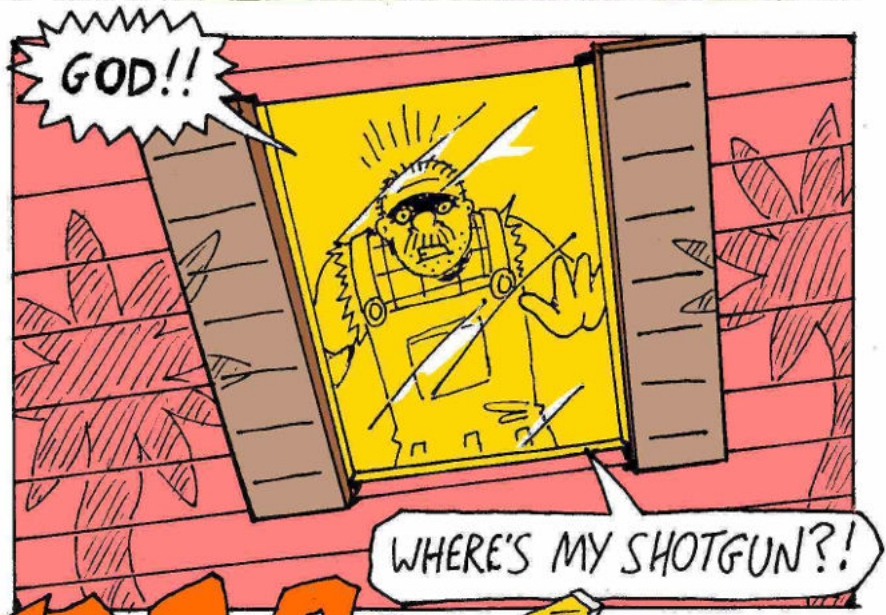
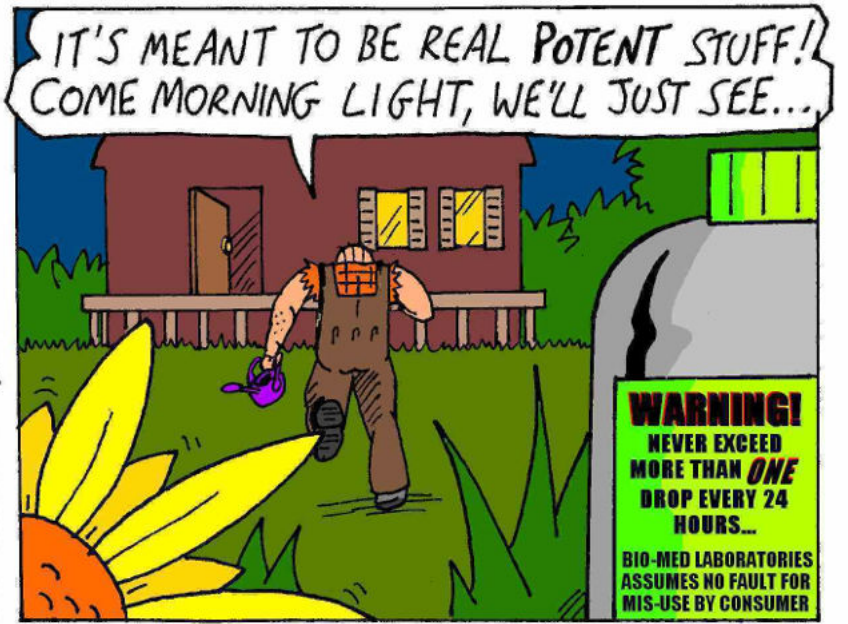
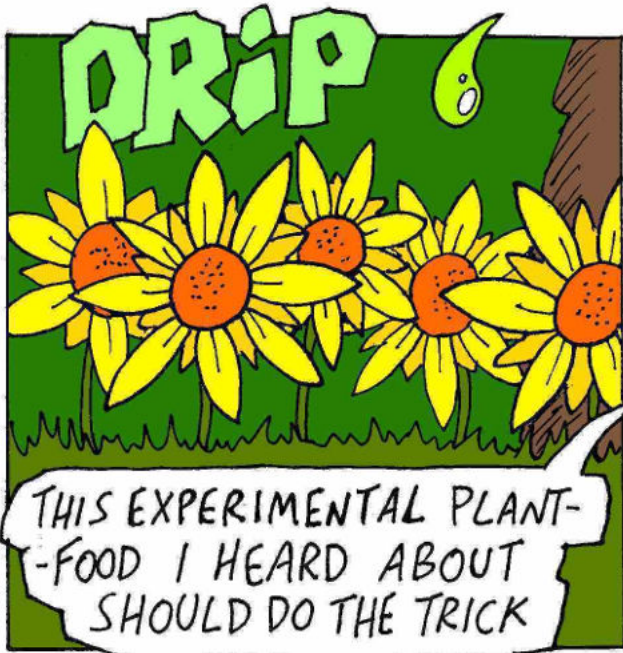


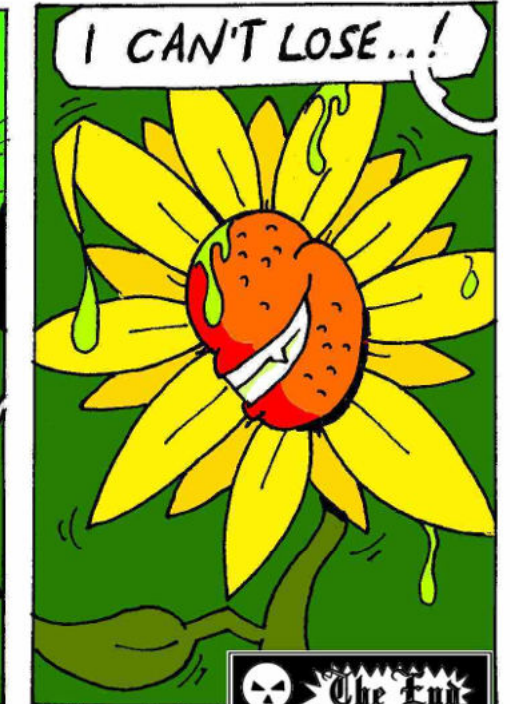
BUT NOT THIS YEAR...



DRIP DRIP

I HAVE ME A SECRET WEAPON!





WHILE RELIEVING HIMSELF, ONE COLD CHRISTMAS EVE...



SANTA FELL OUT OF HIS SLEIGH.



TO FALL FROM THAT HEIGHT, AND TO LAND WITH SUCH MIGHT WELL, HE CERTAINLY WASN'T OK.

WITH HIS LIGHTS FADING FAST, AS HE LAY IN THE SNOW, POOR SANTA HE SHOOK AND HE SHIVERED.



"YOU MUST SAVE THE DAY. TAKE MY SUIT, TAKE MY SLEIGH." SANTA CROAKED WITH HIS LAST DYING BREATH.



"RUDOLPH, MY BOY, PLEASE FINISH THE JOB... MAKE SURE ALL THESE GIFTS ARE DELIVERED."

THEN AS BLOOD FILLED HIS LUNGS, HIS EYES FLICKERED SHUT, POOR ST. NICHOLAS WENT TO HIS DEATH.

NOW, REINDEER HOOVES LACK OPPOSABLE THUMBS AND BUTTONS ARE HARD TO UNDO...



BUT CLEVER OLD RUDOLPH HAD A BACK-UP PLAN TO SAVE CHRISTMAS FOR ME AND YOU.

YOUNG SALLY AWOKE THAT COLD  
CHRISTMAS EVE, BY THE SOUND  
OF SLEIGH BELLS ON THE ROOF.



WAS THAT DASHER, OR DANCER, OR  
RUDOLPH THE WISE? YOU CAN TELL  
BY THE SOUND OF EACH HOOF.

SHE CLIMBED OUT OF BED,  
OPENED HER DOOR, AND CREPT  
DOWNSTAIRS HOPING TO SEE...



...THAT FAT JOLLY MAN, IN HIS  
FUR TRIMMED RED SUIT, LEAVING  
PRESENTS FOR HER UNDER THE TREE.

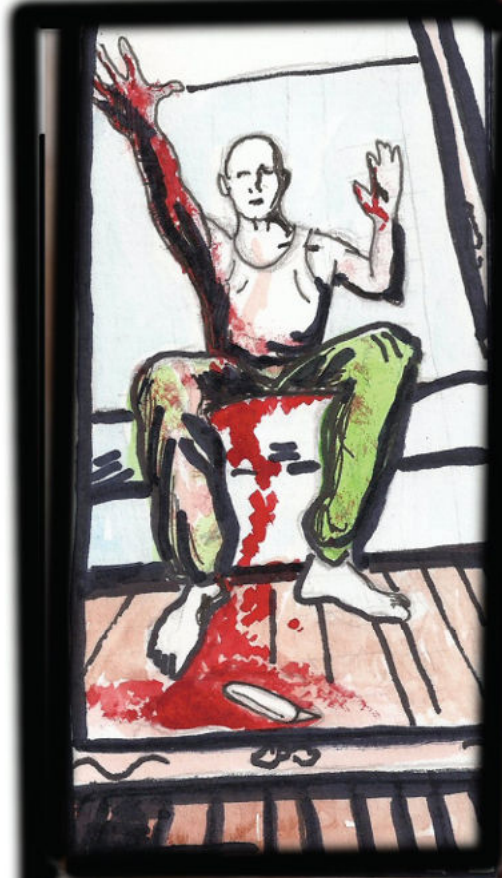
SALLY WANTED TO SCREAM, IN THE  
DEAD OF THE NIGHT, AS THE  
CREATURE FLASHED HER A GRIN.



THE SIGHT THAT SHE SAW, AS SHE  
WALKED THROUGH THE DOOR;  
RUDOLPH DRESSED IN SANTA CLAUS'S SKIN.







THE  
END



Minotaur by Nicolas Krizan

"WE'RE HERE, CADE"

# TOMBWORLD



READINGS ARE GOOD.

WE'VE ACHIEVED A STABLE ORBIT.

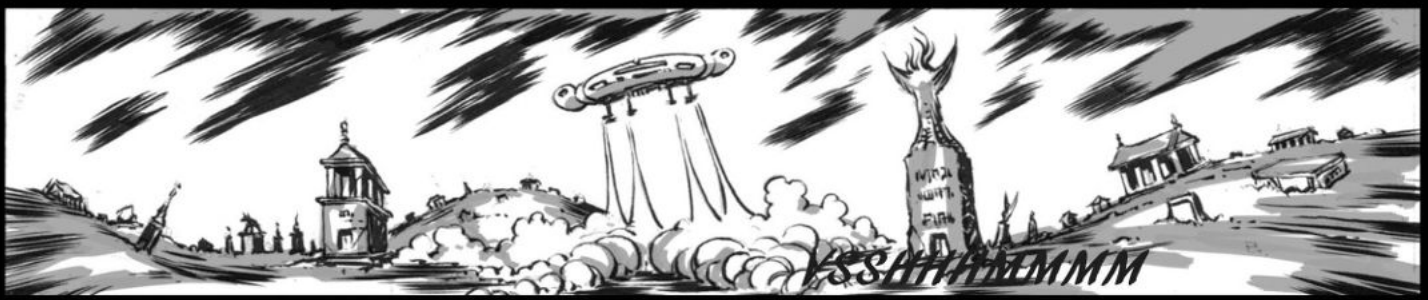


PREPARE THE SHIP TO ENTER THE ATMOSPHERE, GUS.

HERE AT LAST.

THESE CO-ORDINATES COST ME, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT.

"BEGINNING OUR DESCENT NOW, CAPTAIN"





WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE LOOKING FOR IN THIS DESOLATE PLACE?

THIS IS TOMBWORLD

"FIRST USED BY THE ANCIENT ACHERON CIVILIZATION TO BURY THEIR DEAD."

"ONCE, THE SPACE PHARAOH NYAHOTEP RULED OVER A DOZEN WORLDS"



"HIS POWER WAS ABSOLUTE."

"NYAHOTEP SOUGHT TO DISRUPT THE NATURAL ORDER."

"THROUGH HIS STUDIES HE DISCOVERED THE SECRET TO IMMORTALITY."

"NYAHOTEP WISHED TO RULE FOREVER."



"THAT WAS SOMETHING HIS SUBJECTS WOULD NOT ALLOW".

"THEY REVOLTED."

"THEY SAY NYAHOTEP WAS FORCED INTO A SARCOPHAGUS STILL LIVING".



"THE SECRET TO IMMORTALITY ETCHED ON A STONE TABLET, WAS SEALED IN WITH HIM".

"THE SARCOPHAGUS WAS SENT THROUGH A SPATIAL RIFT, TO THIS WORLD".

"TOMB GUARDS AND SERVANTS FOLLOWED THROUGH".



"TOMB GUARDS REMAIN TO THIS DAY".

THE ELITE GUARD ARE SKILLED WARRIORS.

GUS YOU WILL PROVIDE THEM WITH A DISTRACTION.



**КРА-ВАКРОЩАММММ!**



**FZZZAAAAAMMM!**



**PIRATE SCUM**



**FZZZAAAAAMMM!**

COME ON, KELBY.

LET'S GO INSIDE.



NO, YOU MUSTN'T...



MANY TREASURES ARE WAITING FOR US.

NOT JUST BAUBLES AND GOLD, BUT LIFE EVERLASTING.



I PAID A PRETTY SUM FOR THIS MAP, BUT IT WILL LEAD US RIGHT WHERE WE WANT TO GO.



THIS IS GOING TO BE A WALK IN THE PARK.



THE WALLS. THEY'RE MOVING.



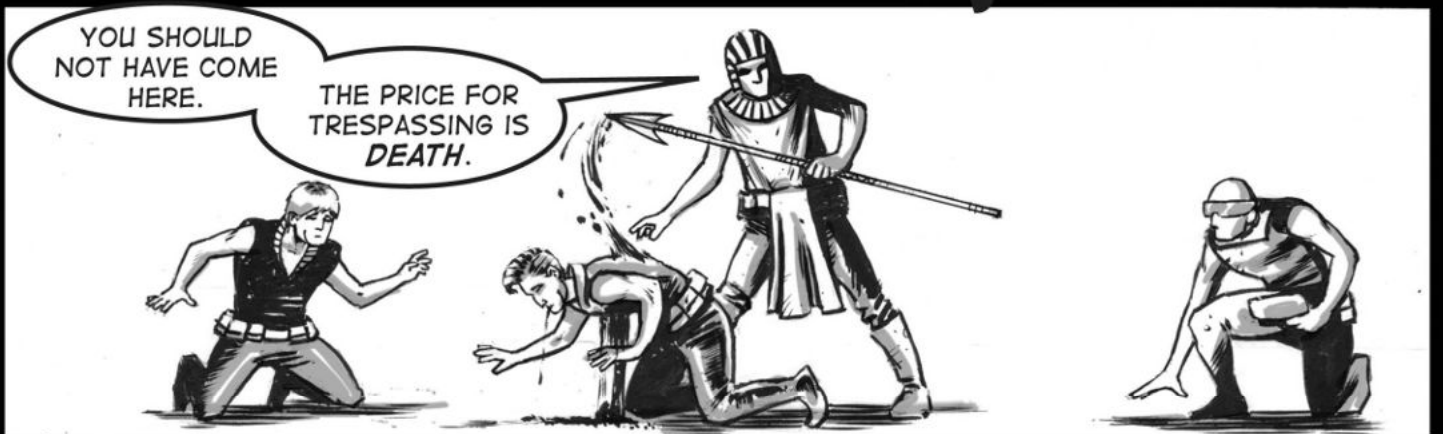
QUICK, RUN.



ALMOST THERE.



SLAM







HERE WE ARE.



SO MUCH WEALTH.



THE TRUE PRIZE LIES HERE, BURIED WITH THE PHAROAH.



NYAHOTEP.



THIS IS IT.



THE FORMULA TO IMMORTALITY.



THIS SHOULD BE THE GREATEST MOMENT OF MARILYN'S LIFE...

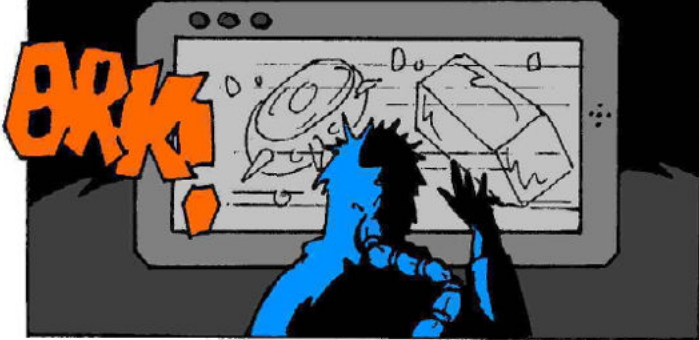
SHE'S MADE IT THROUGH TO THE FINAL ROUND OF HER FAVOURITE TELEVISION SHOW



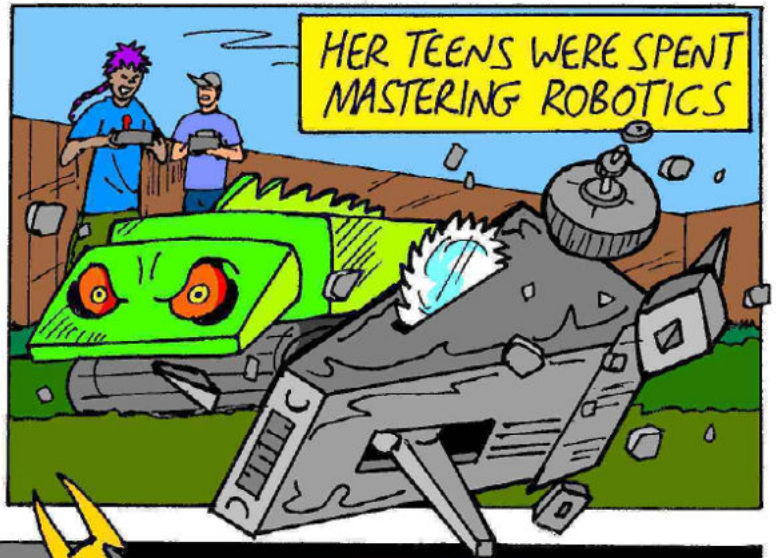
# WARBOTS

Gordon Jones  
Story & Art

IN HER YOUTH SHE WOULD OBSESS OVER ALL THE TWISTED METAL!



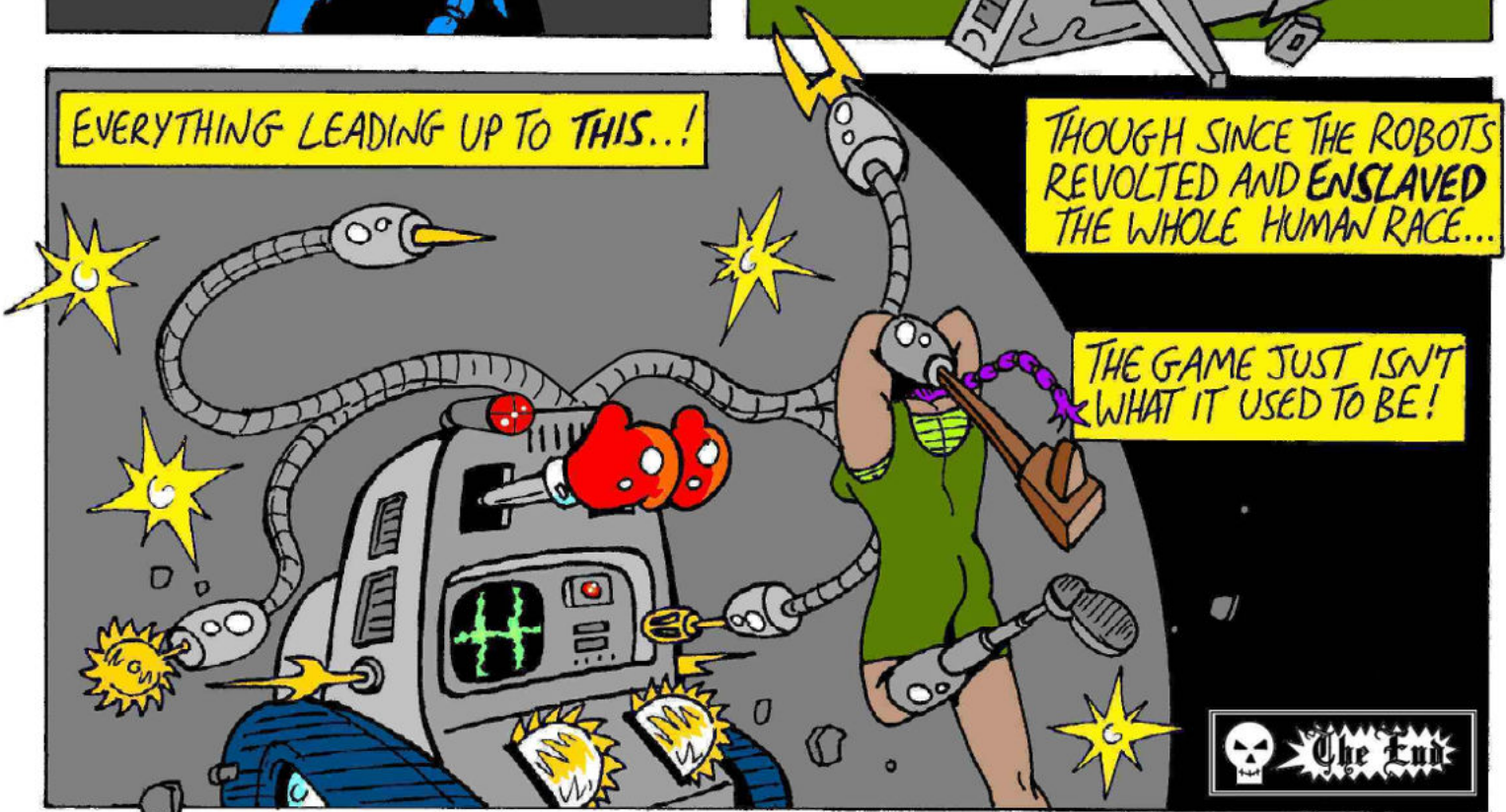
HER TEENS WERE SPENT MASTERING ROBOTICS



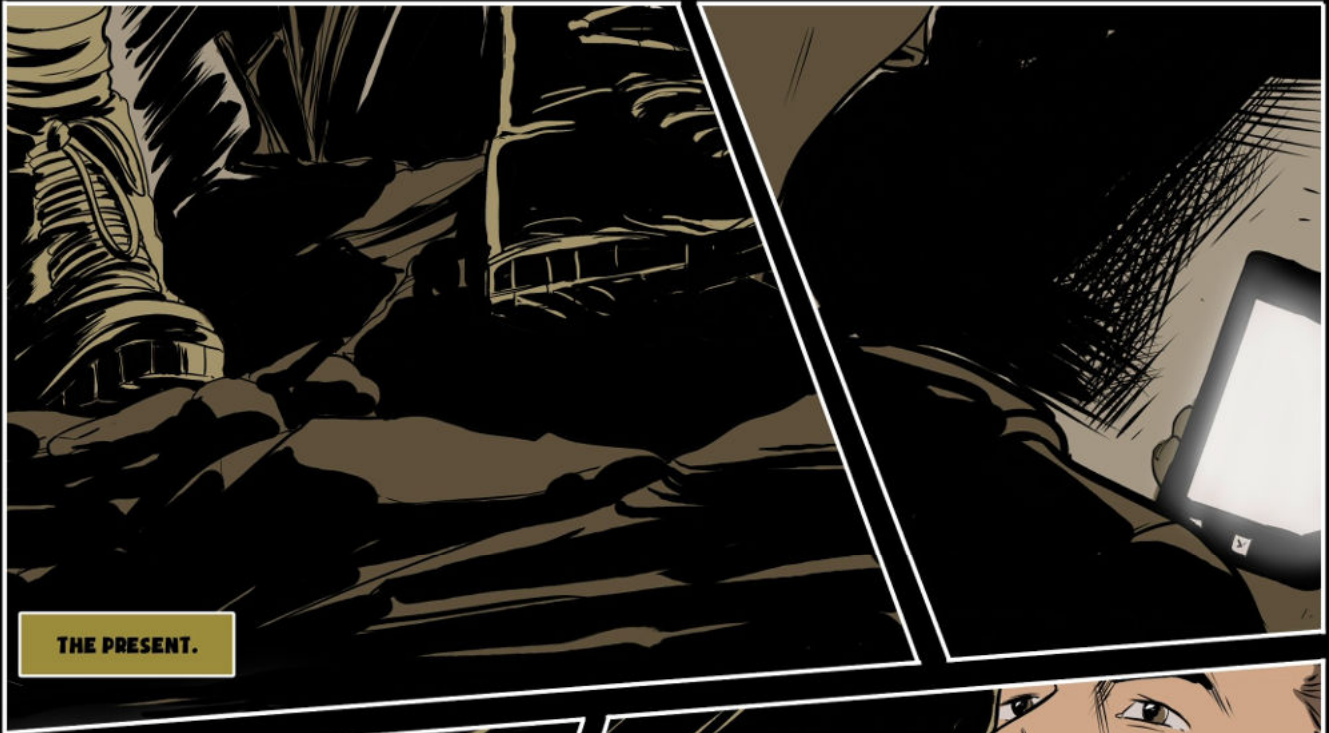
EVERYTHING LEADING UP TO THIS...!

THOUGH SINCE THE ROBOTS REVOLTED AND ENSLAVED THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE...

THE GAME JUST ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE!



The End



THE PRESENT.



# THE FOREST

STORY BY TROY VEVASIS  
ART AND LETTERS BY JOSEBA MORALES



WHAT IS WRONG?

THERE IS A VAMPIRE IN THESE WOODS!

YOU NEED TO HELP ME!



VAMPIRES ARE NOT REAL.



I USED TO BELIEVE THAT.

THAT WAS BEFORE I WALKED INTO THESE WOODS!

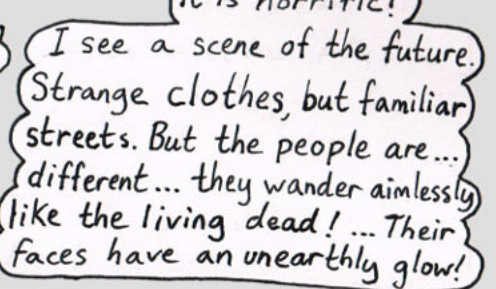
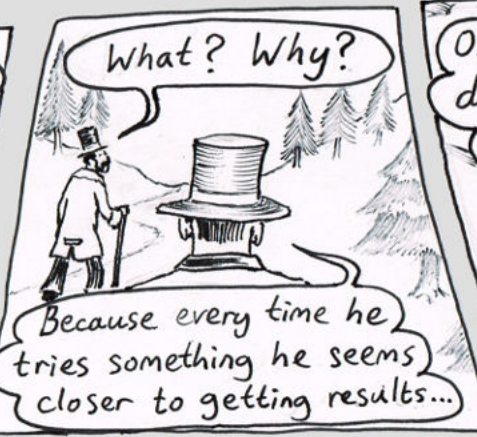
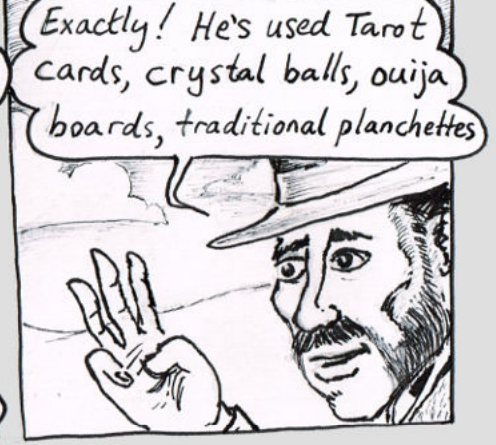


WE NEED TO HIDE IN THAT CABIN UNTIL MORNING.





# The SCRYING MIRROR

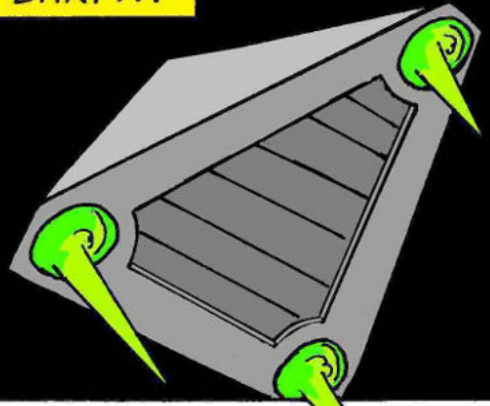
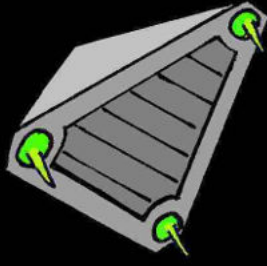


It is all true! What kind of wretched future is this?!





THREE DAYS AGO A LARGE OBJECT WAS DETECTED  
ON A HEADING FROM MARS DIRECTLY TO EARTH!

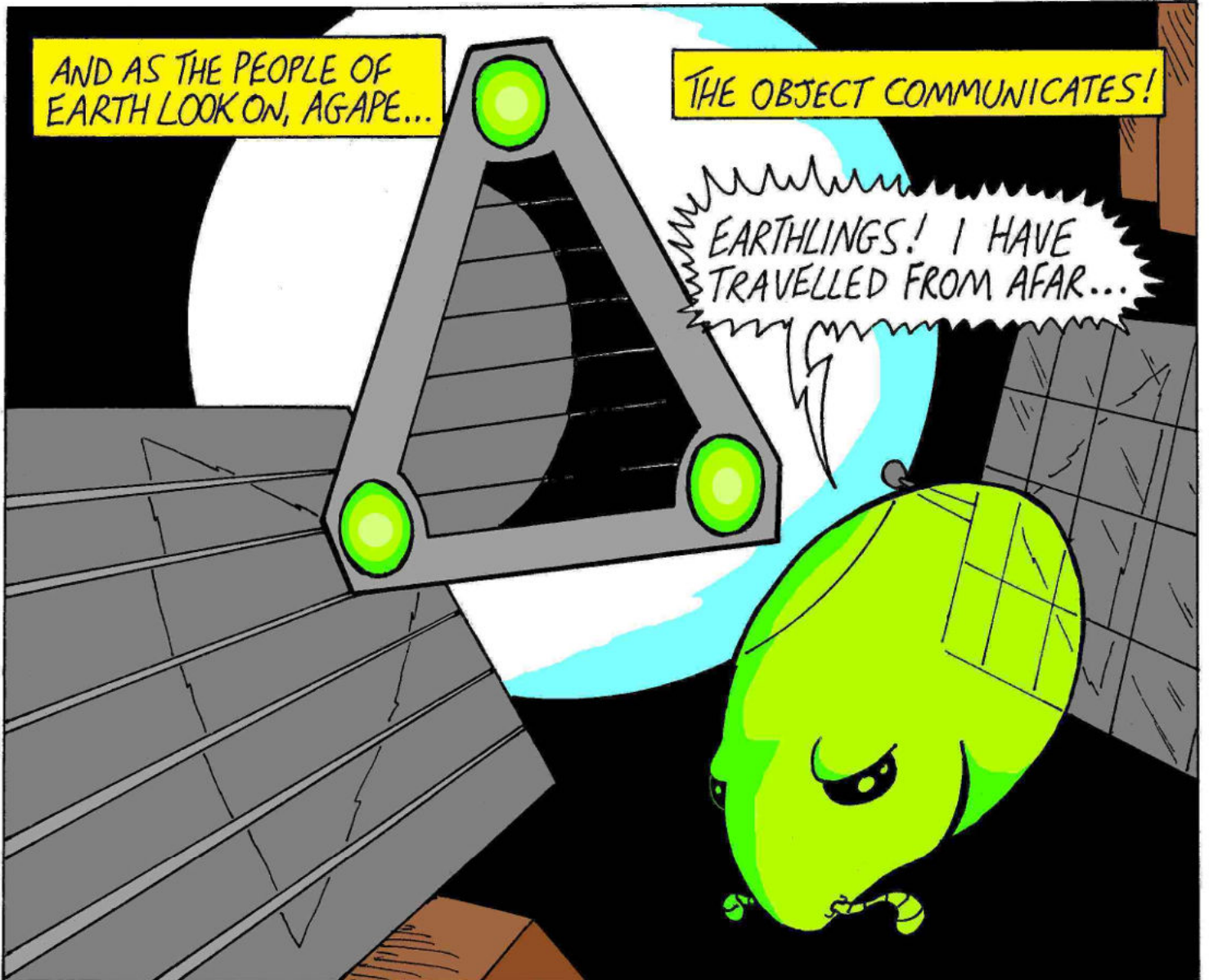


FROM **MARS**  
*Neighbours*

AND AS THE PEOPLE OF  
EARTH LOOK ON, AGAPE...

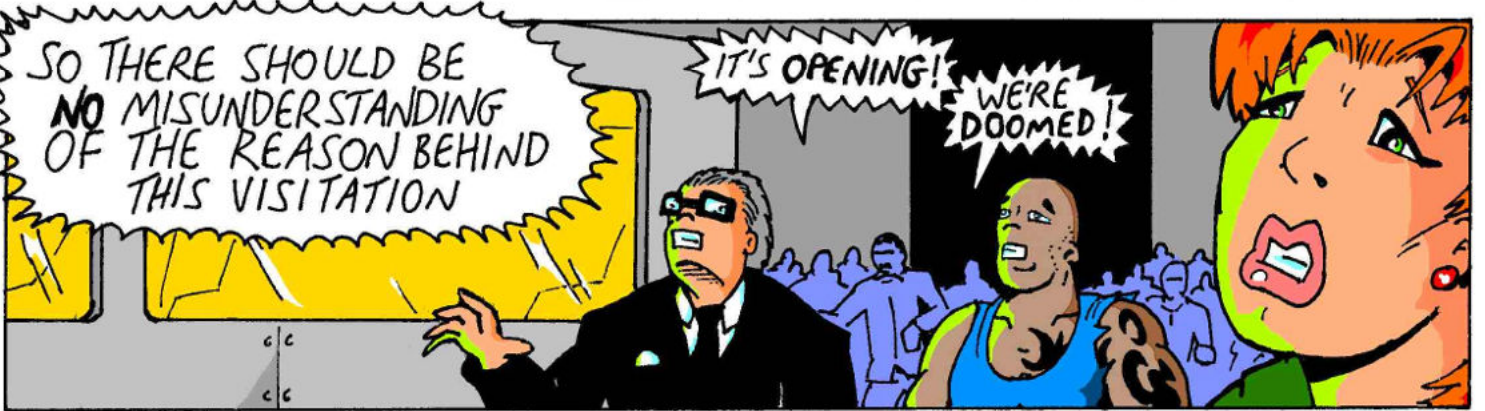
THE OBJECT COMMUNICATES!

EARTHLINGS! I HAVE  
TRAVELLED FROM AFAR...





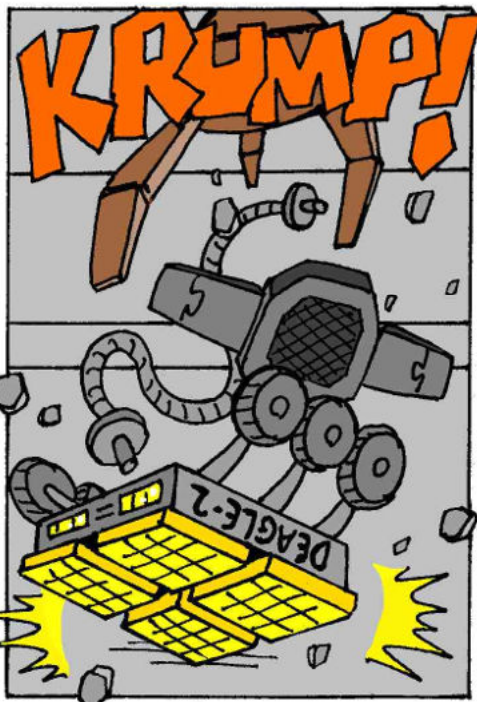
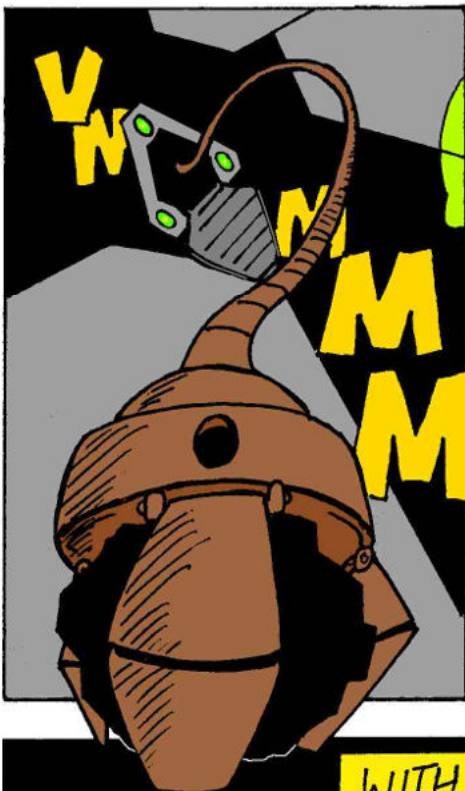
AND HAVE FAMILIARIZED MYSELF WITH ALL OF YOUR LANGUAGES...



SO THERE SHOULD BE NO MISUNDERSTANDING OF THE REASON BEHIND THIS VISITATION

IT'S OPENING!

WE'RE DOOMED!



QUIT TOSSING YOUR CRAP INTO MY YARD!

WITH THAT, THE OBJECT DEPARTS...

LEAVING EARTH'S POPULATION STUNNED...

AND A LITTLE RED IN THE FACE



A PHONE CALL. THAT'S HOW IT STARTED. REPORTER, **BERNARD SAINT** HAD BEEN TOLD TO GO TO A CERTAIN STREET BY A WORK COLLEAGUE WHO SAID HE HAD INFORMATION REGARDING A SERIES OF **MURDERS** WHICH WERE BAFFLING THE LOCAL POLICE.



Dedicated  
to the  
memory  
of Steve  
Dillon  
(1962-  
2016)

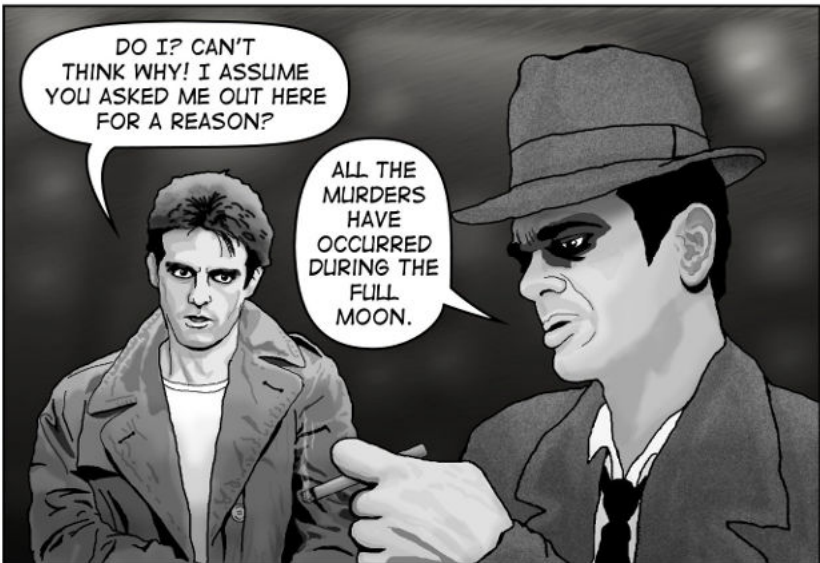


HIS CO-WORKER'S NAME WAS **EDWARD GRIST**, A MAN BERNARD KNEW TO HAVE A DARK SENSE OF HUMOUR, AND SO HE TOOK WITH A PINCH OF SALT EDWARD'S MESSAGE THAT HE HAD PROOF OF SOMETHING A LITTLE OUT OF THE ORDINARY.



SO WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT THE **WEREWOLF**?

YOU SOUND **SCEPTICAL**, BERNARD.



DO I? CAN'T THINK WHY! I ASSUME YOU ASKED ME OUT HERE FOR A REASON?

ALL THE MURDERS HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE FULL MOON.



I KNOW. EVERY REPORTER FROM HERE TO TIMBUCTOO HAS ALREADY LEAPT ON THE 'WEREWOLF' ANGLE.

YOU GOT SOMETHING MORE TANGIBLE?



YEAH. I KNOW WHO IT IS.

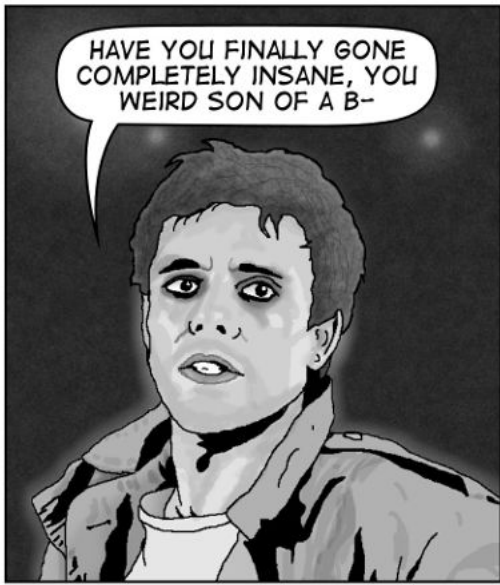
THE MURDERER?

THE WEREWOLF!

WHO?



ME!



HAVE YOU FINALLY GONE COMPLETELY INSANE, YOU WEIRD SON OF A B-



SON OF A WHAT?



WHAT THE HELL?



IF I WERE YOU, I'D BE RUNNING AWAY RIGHT NOW. GO ON, I'LL GIVE YOU A HEAD START.



THIS CAN'T BE REAL! HE MUST'VE SPIKED THE COFFEE MACHINE OR SOMETHING!



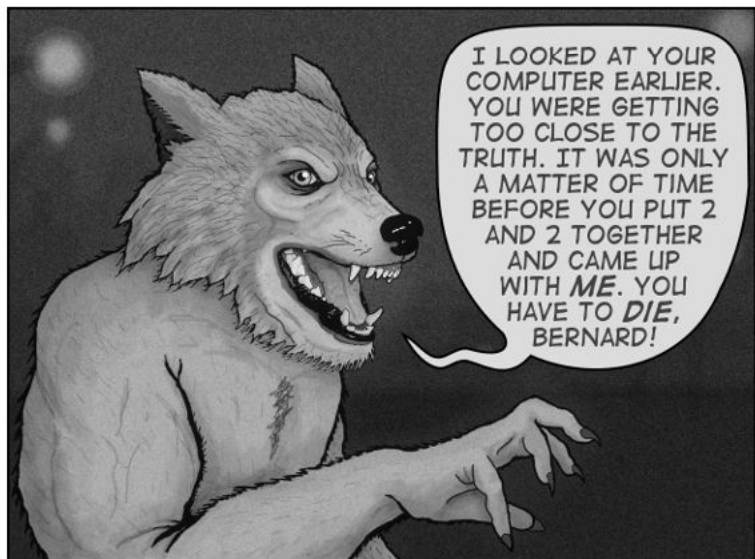
OWWWWWWWWWOOOOOO!



YOU CAN'T HIDE, BERNARD! I CAN TRACK YOU ANYWHERE! I CAN ZERO IN ON YOUR HEARTBEAT FROM A MILE AWAY! I CAN SMELL YOUR SCENT FROM EVEN FURTHER!

PAPER MILL LANE

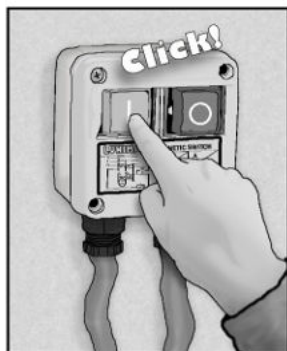
SO I NEED TO GET SOMEWHERE NOISY AND SMELLY TO CONFOUND HIS WOLFY-SENSE!



I LOOKED AT YOUR COMPUTER EARLIER. YOU WERE GETTING TOO CLOSE TO THE TRUTH. IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOU PUT 2 AND 2 TOGETHER AND CAME UP WITH ME. YOU HAVE TO DIE, BERNARD!



BOOT!



click!



NOW LET'S HOPE GRIST DOESN'T COME TO THE MILL.



OH, VERY DROLL, BERNARD, BUT IT'S TOO LATE! I'M HERE ALREADY!

THAT'S OKAY, I'LL JUST RUN UP THESE STEPS!



YOU'VE JUST RUN UP A DEAD END, YOU IDIOT!



YEAH, BUT I SPOTTED THIS WRENCH UP HERE!

SPLAK!

OOMF!



NO! I'M FALLING INTO THE PAPER ROLLERS!



IF I'M DYING, I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME!

GRRRIND!

SQUELK!



SQUELCH!  
RAAARRRR!

OUCH.



STOP! LET GO!

KERRACK



AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH

KRRLANCH



HHHH

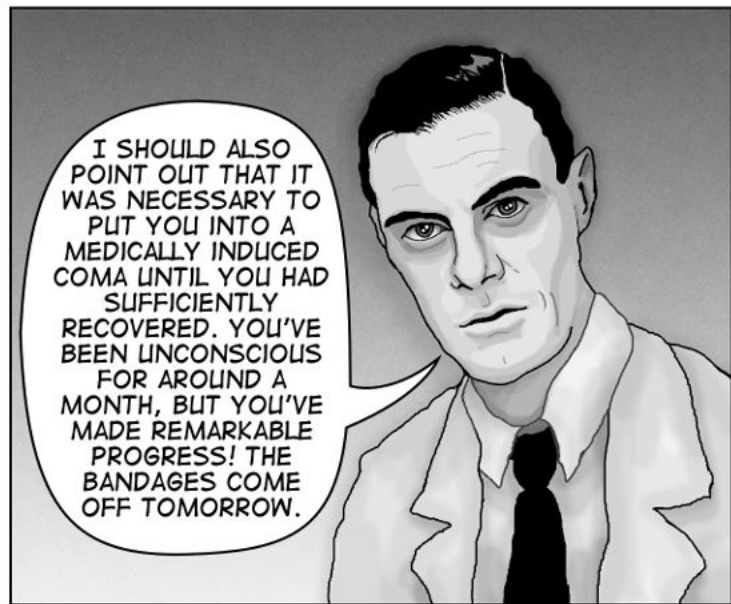


IT'S OKAY, YOU'RE IN HOSPITAL. HOLD ON ONE MOMENT AND I'LL FETCH THE DOCTOR.

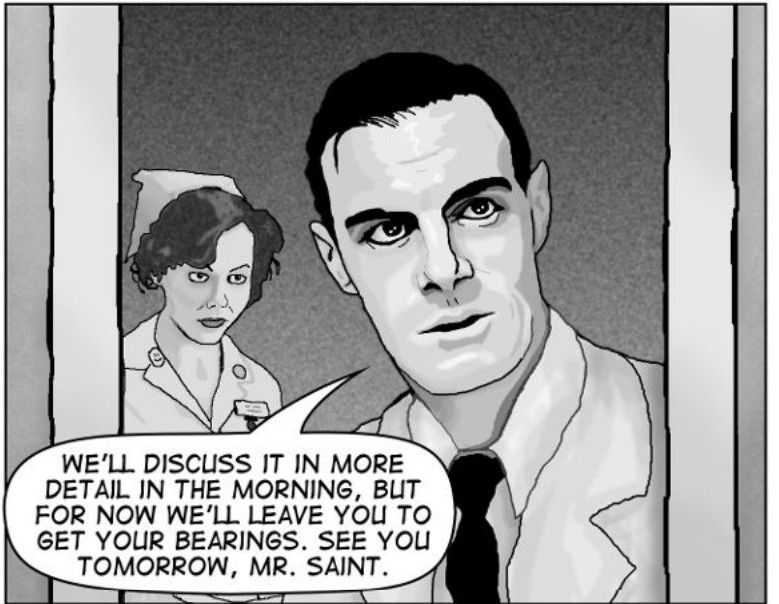


GOOD TO SEE YOU AWAKE, MR. SAINT! I'M DOCTOR LACK - CHIEF HAND SURGEON.

I'M AFRAID YOU WERE IN A BIT OF A MESS WHEN YOU CAME IN. WE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO OPERATE. THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT, DUE TO CUTTING EDGE SURGICAL TECHNIQUES, THE OPERATION HAS BEEN A COMPLETE SUCCESS!



I SHOULD ALSO POINT OUT THAT IT WAS NECESSARY TO PUT YOU INTO A MEDICALLY INDUCED COMA UNTIL YOU HAD SUFFICIENTLY RECOVERED. YOU'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS FOR AROUND A MONTH, BUT YOU'VE MADE REMARKABLE PROGRESS! THE BANDAGES COME OFF TOMORROW.



WE'LL DISCUSS IT IN MORE DETAIL IN THE MORNING, BUT FOR NOW WE'LL LEAVE YOU TO GET YOUR BEARINGS. SEE YOU TOMORROW, MR. SAINT.

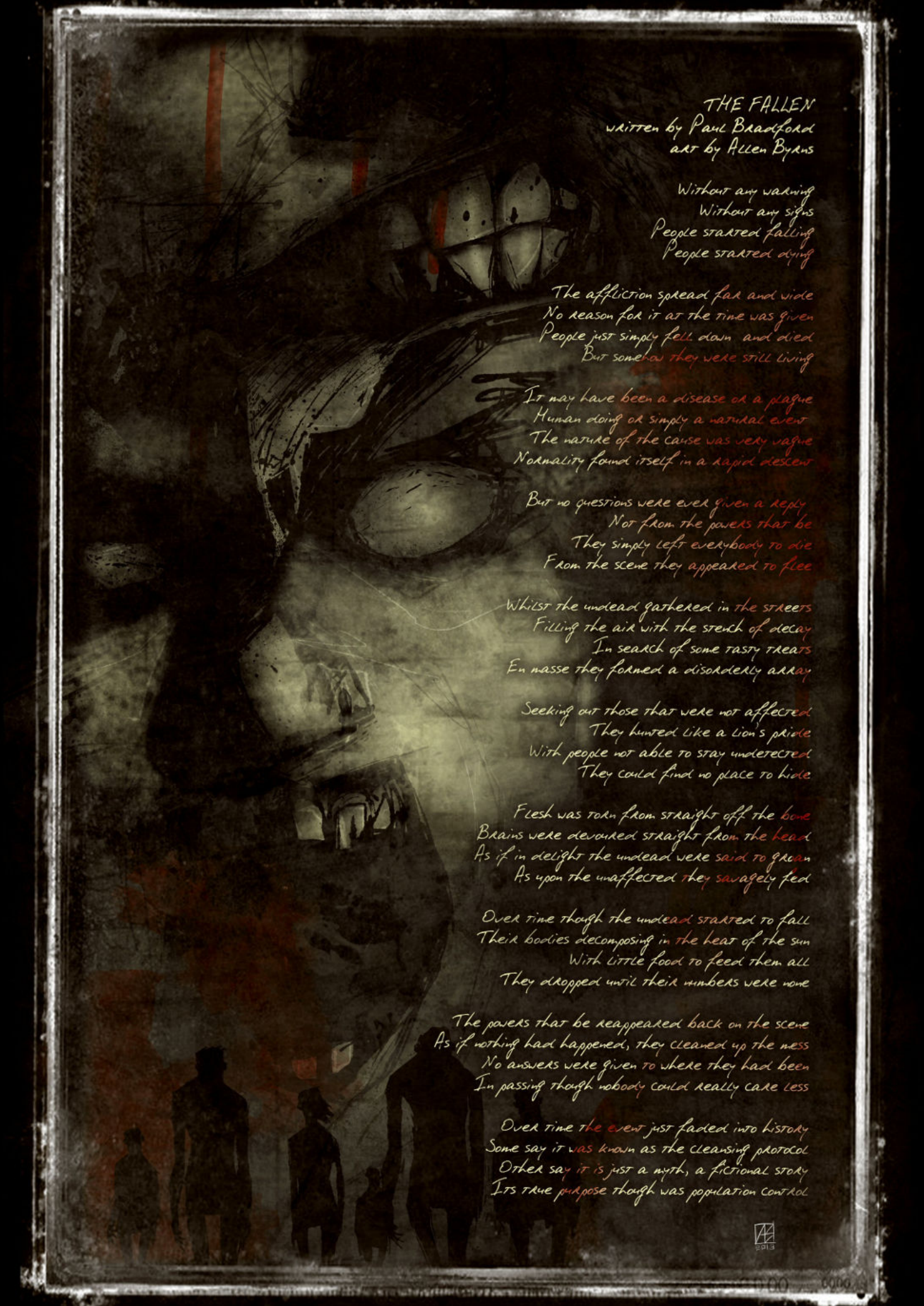


HANDS FEEL ODD! TINGLING!



OH NO! THEY'VE GIVEN ME THE 'CLAWS OF THE WEREWOLF'!





**THE FALLEN**  
written by Paul Bradford  
art by Allen Byrns

Without any warning  
Without any signs  
People started falling  
People started dying

The affliction spread far and wide  
No reason for it at the time was given  
People just simply fell down and died  
But somehow they were still living

It may have been a disease or a plague  
Human doing or simply a natural event  
The nature of the cause was very vague  
Normality found itself in a rapid descent

But no questions were ever given a reply  
Not from the powers that be  
They simply left everybody to die  
From the scene they appeared to flee

Whilst the undead gathered in the streets  
Filling the air with the stench of decay  
In search of some tasty treats  
En masse they formed a disorderly array

Seeking out those that were not affected  
They hunted like a lion's pride  
With people not able to stay undetected  
They could find no place to hide

Flesh was torn from straight off the bone  
Brains were devoured straight from the head  
As if in delight the undead were said to groan  
As upon the unaffected they savagely fed

Over time though the undead started to fall  
Their bodies decomposing in the heat of the sun  
With little food to feed them all  
They dropped until their numbers were none

The powers that be reappeared back on the scene  
As if nothing had happened, they cleaned up the mess  
No answers were given to where they had been  
In passing though nobody could really care less

Over time the event just faded into history  
Some say it was known as the cleansing protocol  
Other say it is just a myth, a fictional story  
Its true purpose though was population control



**BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS "HALLOWSCREAM!" issue eight Hallowe'en 2016.**

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

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