

BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS

# HALLOWSCREAM!

Price in Persia : 3 wishes

October 31st 2017

Issue Nine

## 1001 Frights!

48 PAGES OF  
**HORROR!**

*Bad Dream  
of Genie*

*"Be Careful  
What You Wish  
For" inside!*



*Dare you  
seek what  
lies within?*

WARNING! CONTAINS EXTREME FREAKINESS & STUFF!  
IT IS ADVISED TO KEEP A CUDDLY TOY ON STANDBY!

IT'S NOT FOR THE DERVISH!



( AFTER EIGHT WINCE )

# INSIDE NUMBER NINE...

## Greetings, mortals!

As the nights draw in, so the darkness is reflected in the drawings of this august October volume. Needless to say, the words which accompany such pictorial peculiarities are of a suitably matching shade. Talking of shades, you haven't seen a purple cowl around, have you? I seem to have misplaced one. Actually, one of my scythes is missing as well. I wonder if someone's swiped it...

## The Reaper...

Cover Art by Ken Best  
Intro Design by Malcolm Kirk

## CONTENTS

Page 3 : Be Careful What You Wish For Story by Mark Keenan, Art by Carol Kewley

Page 7 : Peril In The Park Story & Art by Tim West

Page 9 : Java Dreams Story & Art by Denise Van Hulst

Page 12 : A Brush With Death Story & Art by Gordon Innes

Page 13 : Fate Worse Than Death? Written by Marta Tanrikulu, Illustrated by Pramit Santra, Coloured by Joshua Jensen, Lettered by Micah Myers

Page 15 : Bestiary of Beasties : Jersey Devil / Home-Made Jampire by Malcolm Kirk

Page 16 : Terrorvision Guide by Malcolm Kirk

Page 17 : The Dock of Sorrow Story by Troy Vevasis, Art by Klaudia Bezak, Letters by Adam Wollet

Page 19 : Bloodlust Written by Paul Bradford, Art by Luciano Fleitas, Letters by Marx Blum

Page 20 : Hades Recruitment Drive Story by Tunc Pekmen, Art by Patrick Halpin

Page 30 : TV Dinner Story & Art by Gordon Innes

Page 33 : Knights of The Beige Workbench Story & Art by BP Johnson

Page 34 : The Ikuchi Script by Christopher R. Matusiak, Art by Loc Nguyen, Letters by Nikki Sherman

Page 35 : Caught In A Moment Story by Tim West, Art by Boris Pecis

Page 37 : The Deadfast Club Story, Art & Letters by Ricky Perez

Page 40 : A Wine For Every Occasion Story by Tim West, Art by Ken Best

Page 41 : Dinnertime Story by Kae Verens, Art by Philip Sneyd

Page 42 : Deadvertisements by Malcolm Kirk

Page 43 : Do Skeletons Dream of Psychedelic Beer? by Philip Sneyd

Page 44 : Terror of The Sheep 2 : Chapter One Story & Art by Malcolm Kirk

Page 47 : Notforthennervousment (sometimes they come back)

Page 48 : Back Cover Skull by Malcolm Kirk

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GREETINGS.

TONIGHT I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT HOW POPULAR CULTURE AND MEDIA HAVE DISTORTED THE CREATURES OF MYTH AND LEGEND.

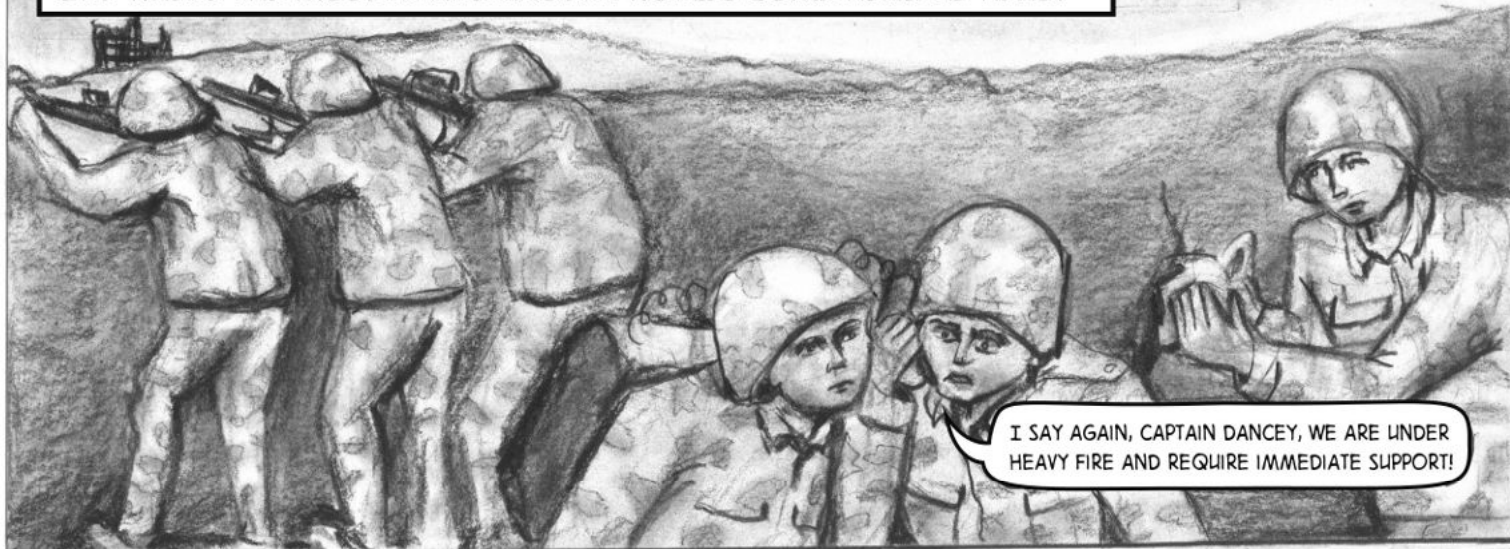
THE POPULAR IDEA OF A GENIE AS PRESENTED IN FILM AND CARTOON.



HOWEVER THE GENIE IS DERIVED FROM THE DJINN AND THE DJINN ARE NOT ALWAYS FRIENDLY, NOT AT ALL! AS OUR STORY WILL REVEAL.

# BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR

KUWAIT BORDER 24/2/91. ONE SKIRMISH IN A BRIEF AND BLOODY WAR. ONE WHERE THE MODERN AND ANCIENT WORLDS COME HEAD TO HEAD.



I SAY AGAIN, CAPTAIN DANCEY, WE ARE UNDER HEAVY FIRE AND REQUIRE IMMEDIATE SUPPORT!

DAMN! WE'RE ON OUR OWN, BOYS.

ERR, CAPTAIN...

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU, KIRK?

IF THERE'S A BLOODY GENIE IN THAT, YOU BETTER WISH US OUT OF THIS!



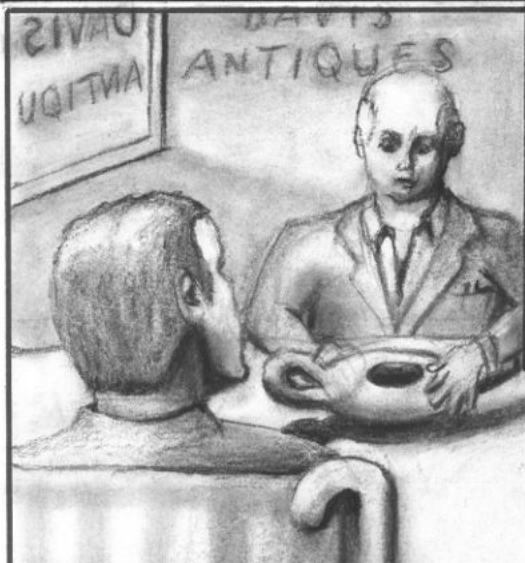


I WISH WE  
COULD GO HOME.

PRIVATE KIRK GOT HIS WISH.



HE AND HIS COMRADES RETURNED HOME.



IT SAT ON A SHELF IN THE SHOP  
FOR SEVERAL YEARS, NEGLECTED  
AND FORGOTTEN, UNTIL...



WISH I COULD GET RID OF  
THIS SHOP AND RETIRE.

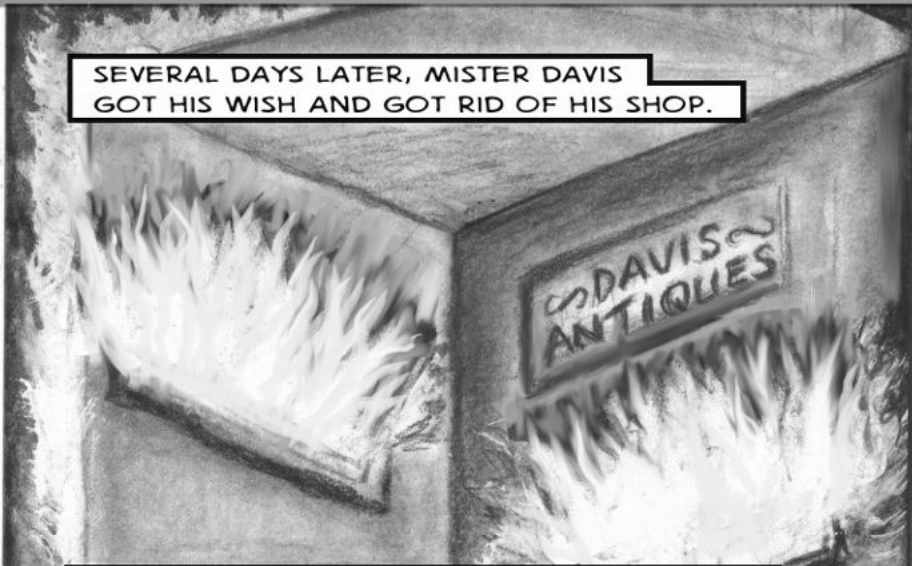
I'M SICK OF TRYING  
TO SHIFT THIS JUNK.

EVENUALLY, OVERCOME WITH GUILT AND  
CONVINCED THAT THE LAMP WAS TO BLAME, PRIVATE  
KIRK SOLD THE LAMP.

granted



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, MISTER DAVIS  
GOT HIS WISH AND GOT RID OF HIS SHOP.



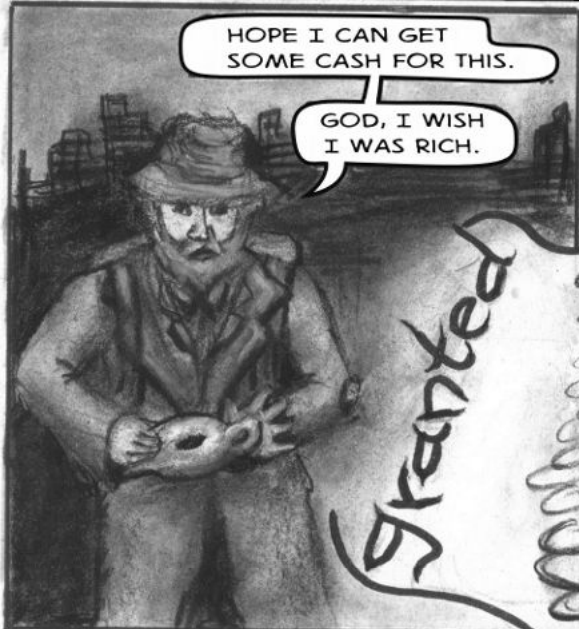
THE ONLY ITEM TO SURVIVE THE  
BLAZE, WAS THE LAMP OF  
PRIVATE KIRK.



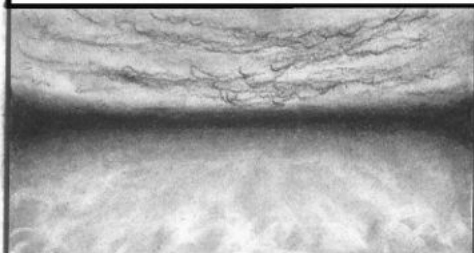
HE ALSO SPENT SEVERAL WEEKS IN HOSPITAL  
WITH SMOKE INHALATION AND THIRD DEGREE BURNS.

HOPE I CAN GET  
SOME CASH FOR THIS.

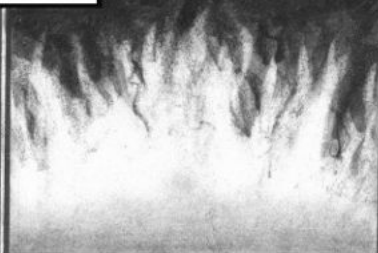
GOD, I WISH  
I WAS RICH.



THE LAMP PASSED THROUGH MANY  
HANDS, LEAVING TRAGEDY IN ITS WAKE.



ERIC TANNER, WHO WISHED  
HE COULD LIVE OUT HIS DAYS  
AS A FISHERMAN.



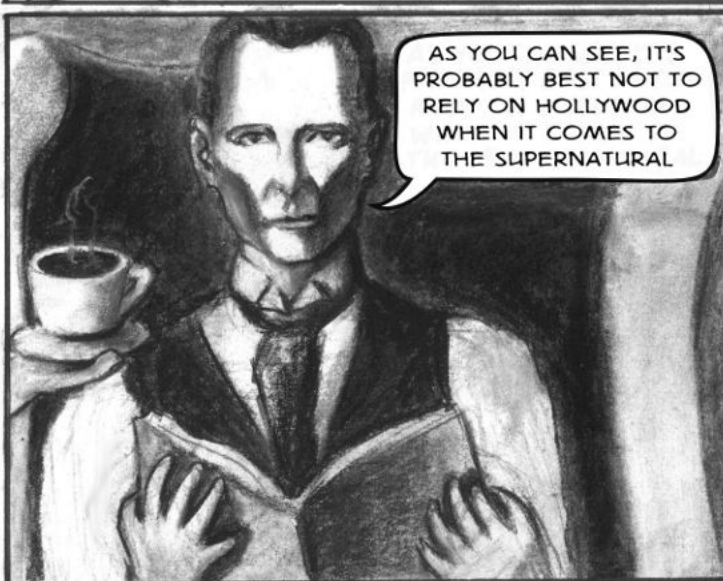
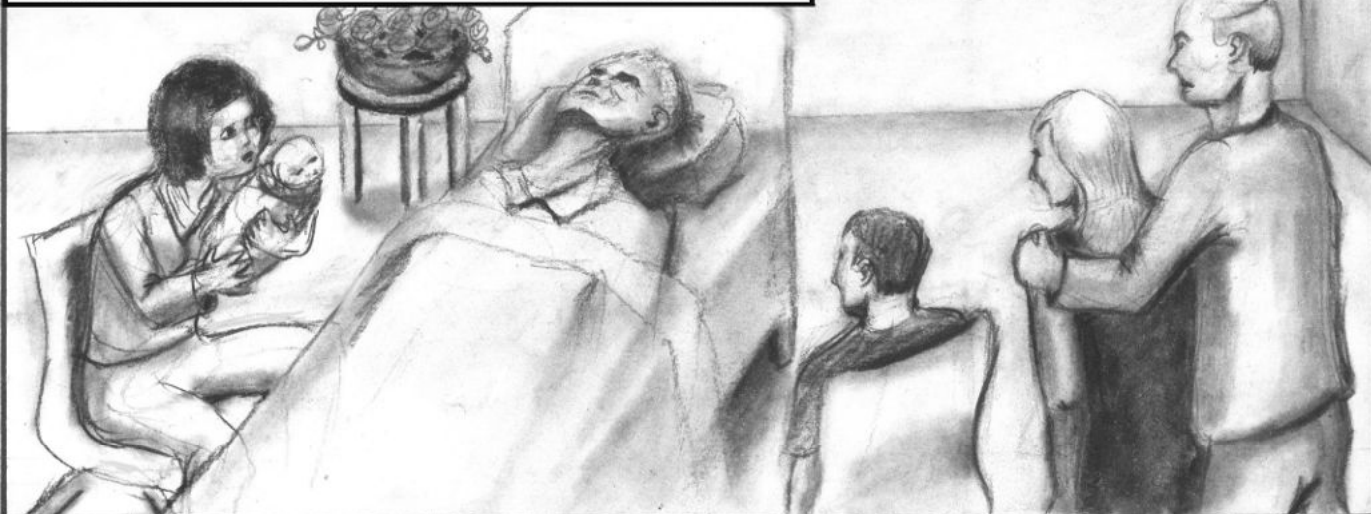
YOUNG JOHN ARNOLD,  
WHO WISHED TO BE  
A FIREMAN.



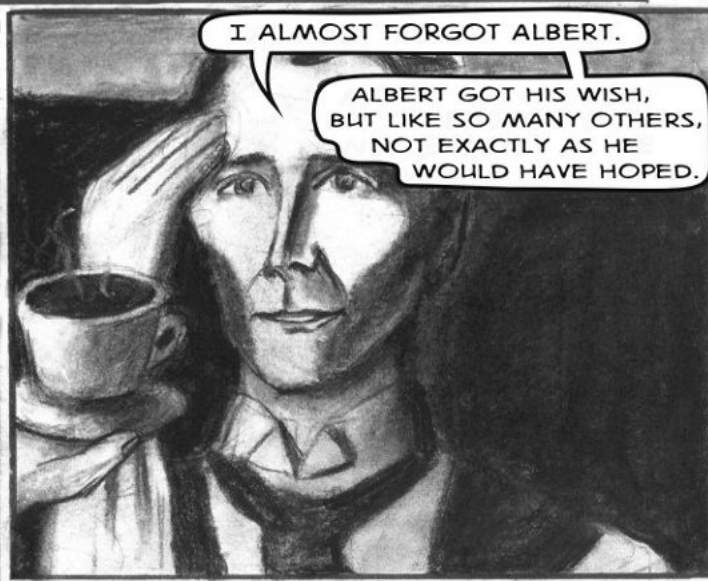
PAUL PHILLIPS, WHO WISHED THE  
COAL MINE HE WORKED IN WOULD  
REMAIN OPEN.



EVENTUALLY, THE LAMP CAME INTO THE POSSESSION OF ALBERT MURRY AND HIS WISH WAS, OF COURSE, IMMORTALITY.



AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S PROBABLY BEST NOT TO RELY ON HOLLYWOOD WHEN IT COMES TO THE SUPERNATURAL



I ALMOST FORGOT ALBERT.

ALBERT GOT HIS WISH, BUT LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, NOT EXACTLY AS HE WOULD HAVE HOPED.



ISN'T THAT RIGHT, **ALBERT?**

YESSSS, MAASSTERRRR **FRRANKENSSTEIN.**

**END!**



# PERIL IN THE PARK

By Tim West

SERGEANT GREY!  
I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND  
YOU HERE THIS EARLY, ALL  
BRIGHT EYED AND BUSHY  
TAILED. FILL ME IN ON  
THE DETAILS.

IT'S A  
GRUESOME ONE,  
INSPECTOR BASIL. I  
HOPE YOU'VE SKIPPED  
YOUR BREAKFAST.

IT'S THE  
LOCAL JOGGING  
CLUB, SIR. MASSACRED  
WHILE OUT ON THEIR  
MORNING RUN.

GOOD GRIEF.  
WHAT SORT OF  
MANIAC WOULD DO  
SUCH A THING?

"IT WAS CALLED IN BY MRS  
WAGGS, OVER THERE. SHE  
HAPPENED UPON THE SCENE  
WHILE WALKING HER DOGGY."

A HUGE  
HAIRY BRUTE,  
HE WAS.

AND THE  
HEADS?

CAN'T  
FIND THEM  
ANYWHERE,  
SIR.

OVER  
HERE.  
ANOTHER  
BODY!

DECAPITATED.  
JUST LIKE THE  
OTHERS.

LOOKS  
LIKE HE WENT  
THIS WAY.

SERGEANT,  
WITH ME. THERE'S  
SOME NUT LOOSE  
IN THESE WOODS  
WITH A PENDANT  
FOR STEALING  
HEADS...

...AND I  
INTEND TO  
STOP HIM.







# Java Dreams



Story and Art  
Denise van Hulst













# A BRUSH WITH DEATH



THIS GUY NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION

HE IS FEARED THE WORLD OVER

BY EVERY  
LIVING BEING!



BUT SOME DAYS EVEN HE  
MUST BE THE GRIM SWEEPER!

I'M SICK TO ME  
OF CLEANING UP  
AFTER THOSE THREE!

I'D NEVER LET MY  
HORSE INDOORS!

TALK ABOUT THE  
APOCALYPSE!





# FATE WORSE THAN DEATH?

GOOD, YOU'RE AWAKE. I PREPARED SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR YOU WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING...

NOW, STAY THERE. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



OK, SIT UP.



YOU LOOK PERFECTLY MISERABLE.

BUT YOU'LL FEEL MUCH BETTER IN A DAY OR SO.

IF I EAT IT, WILL YOU LET ME GO?







ABSOLUTELY NOT.



BUT TODAY'S HALLOWE'EN!



AND IT TOOK FOREVER TO PUT TOGETHER THIS COSTUME!



SICK CHILDREN CANNOT GO TO HALLOWE'EN PARTIES.

YOU DON'T WANT TO GIVE THIS TO YOUR FRIENDS, DO YOU?



WHY NOT? MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

WRITTEN BY MARTA TANRIKULU  
ILLUSTRATED BY PRAMIT SANTRA  
COLORED BY JOSHUA JENSEN  
LETTERED BY MICAH MYERS



# A BESTIARY OF BEASTIES

Text & Illustrations by Malcolm Kirk

## The Jersey Devil

Not to be confused with the American creature of the same name, the British Jersey Devil is also somewhat caprine in appearance, but more closely resembles a knitted pullover, a trait the beast uses to hide from predators and to prey upon its main source of sustenance, the *Sock Monkey*. There is an animal within the UK which has more of the appearance of the US beast, with similarly kangaroo like hind-quarters, but the head and torso are more akin to that of a sheep and it is known upon these shores as the *Woolly Jumper*.

Jersey Devils have been known to drape themselves over clothes-lines to rest, leading to sleeping individuals mistakenly being taken indoors by unsuspecting housewives. Always check for snoring laundry!

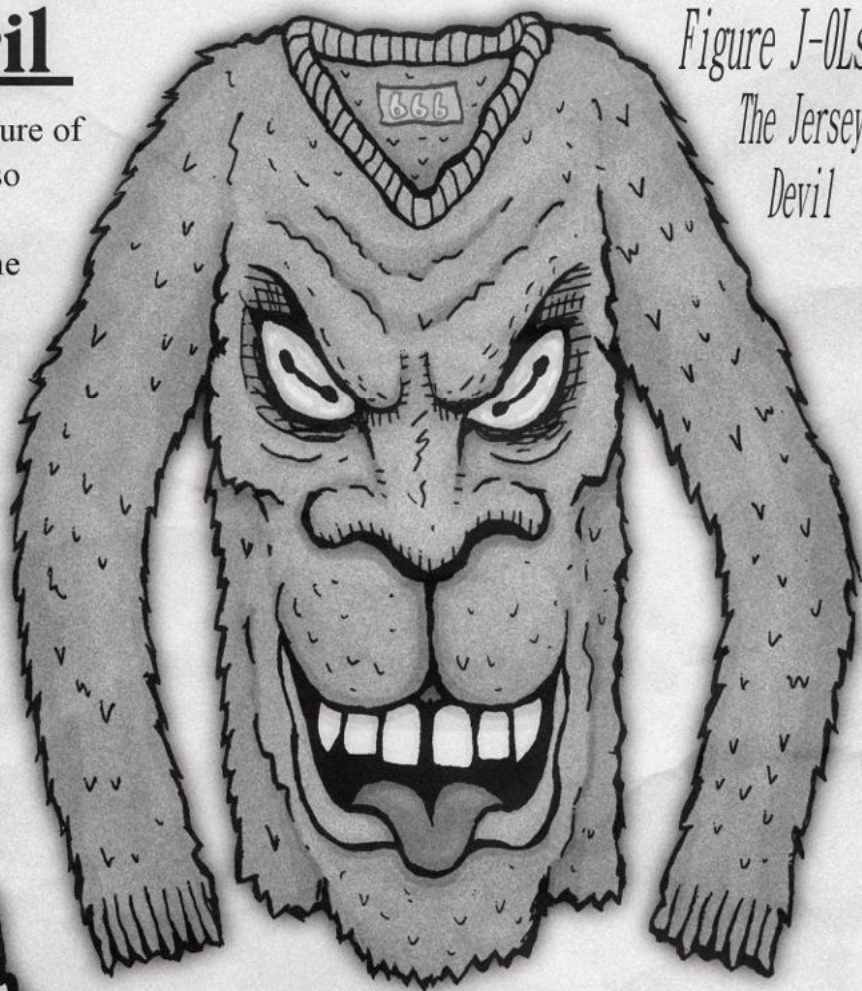
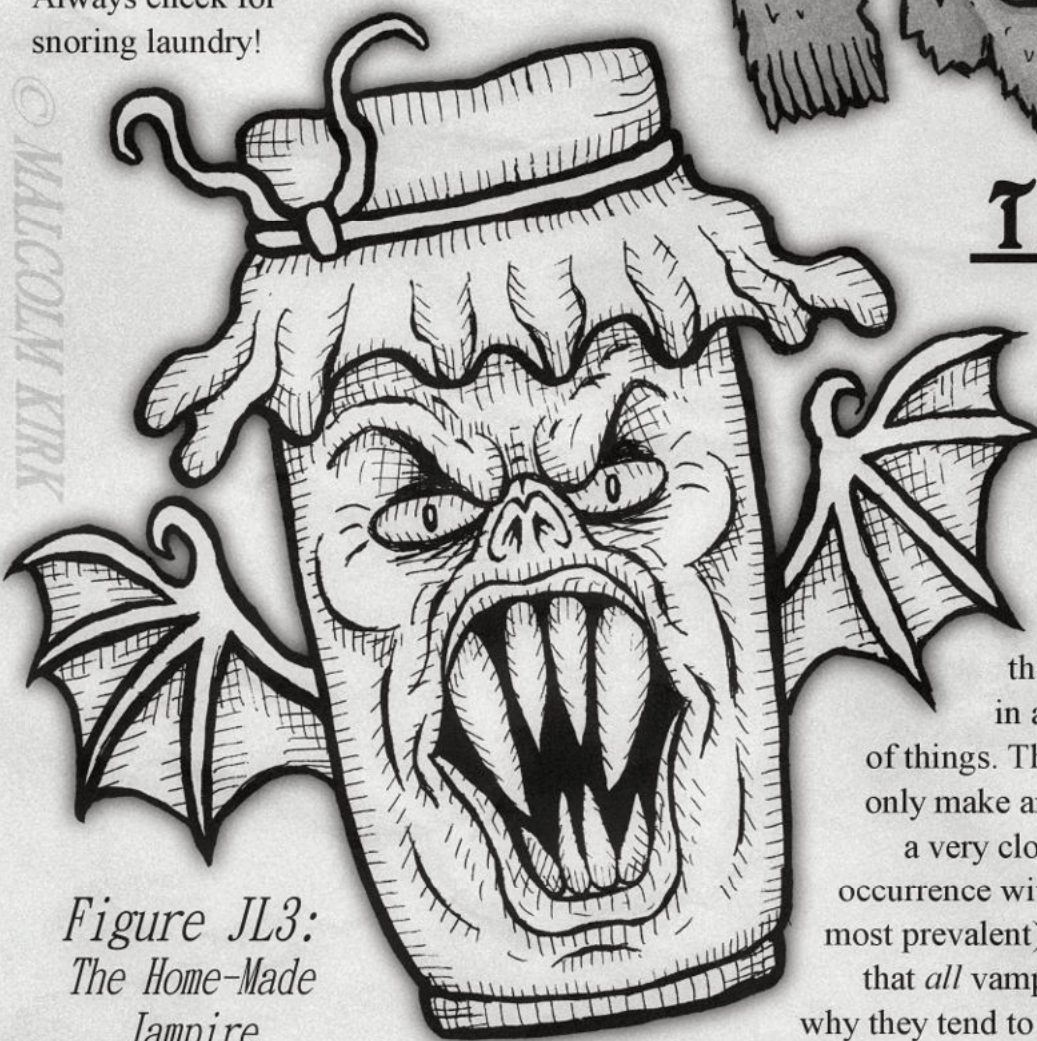


Figure J-0Ls:  
The Jersey Devil

## The Home-Made Jampire

Thought to be the result of using the flesh of the *Pear-Wolf* in jam-making, (see figures 36a & 36b), the Home-Made Jampire is mainly to be found lurking upon tables at village fetes, waiting to ambush the unwary and feast upon their juices in an ironic reversal of the usual nature of things. Their vampiric nature means that they only make an appearance if the fete is held upon a very cloudy day, (not an altogether unusual occurrence within the British Isles, where they are most prevalent). There is some evidence to suggest that *all* vampires are somewhat jammy, which is why they tend to stay so well preserved when kept in a cool dark place, away from direct sunlight and strong odours.

Figure JL3:  
The Home-Made Jampire



© MALCOLM KIRK



Innsmouth  
Television

- 7.30 All Creatures From The Black Lagoon Great & Small** A British country vet moves to the Amazonian rainforest and finds himself treating a breed of animal he's never had to deal with before. (S) (Rpt)
- 8.30 Great British Hake Off** Fishcakes. (S)
- 9.30 Margate : Atlantis** Documentary investigating whether a previous member of parliament for South Thanet was, in fact, a bizarre amphibious creature with plans to alter the local coast-line in order to propagate his own fishy race. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.30 Brookside** Soapy opera set in a livery pool. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.30 Gillmore Gills** Comedy drama about a single mother mermaid called Lorelei and her teenage daughter. (S)
- 12.30 Starfishy & Dutch** 1970s cop show about a giant starfish-like creature who is partnered with the ghost of a Dutch sea-captain whose 17th century sailing vessel leads to some interesting car chases along San Francisco's Bay Area. (S) (Rpt)
- 1.30 Waiting For Cod** Sitcom about a cantankerous old fisherwoman and her friend who's been driven insane by the eldritch horrors he has witnessed. (S) (Rpt)
- 2.00 Underwatercolour Challenge** It's not easy to paint when you're completely submerged. (S) (Rpt)
- 3.00 Davy Jones's Diary** Romantic comedy about a single nautical myth. (S) (Rpt)
- 4.30 Only Cthulhus and Seahorses** Classic British sitcom following the exploits of Del-Buoy and Fishing Rodney. (S) (Rpt)

Gregg's Gory  
Horror Channel

- 3.30 The Wolf Flan** Starring Quiche Lorrainey Junior. (PG, 1941, S) \*\*\*\*
- 5.00 Taste The Pud of Dracula** (15, 1970, S) \*\*\*
- 6.30 The Ring (Doughnut)** (18, 1998, S) \*\*\*\*\*
- 8.00 Pies Without A Base** (15, 1960, S) \*\*\*\*\*
- 9.30 Dough Cook Now** Stars Julie Crusty and Donut Sutherland. (18, 1973, S) \*\*\*\*
- 11.30 It Swallows** (18, 2014, S) \*\*\*\*
-  Sconer Campbell? 1.25
- 1.25 Children of The Scones** Classic 1970s supernatural children's drama serial, starring Iain Crumpets-bun. (S) (Rpt)

## BLEEDIN'

-  Remember you're abominable 10.00
- 10.00 The Zombles** Underground, overground, Zombling free. Zombles are going to have you for tea. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.30 Little House of The Hairy** Michael Landon stars as a 19th century lycanthropic farmer. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.30 Take Me Out** Hitman gameshow. (S) (Rpt)
- 12.30 Hellyoaks** Diabolical soap opera. (S)

## Flayz

- 10.00 This Mourning** Live, (relatively speaking), magazine programme for the recently deceased. (S)
- 1.00 Moonbiting** Odd couple detective show starring Bruce Werewolf and Cybil Actual Shepherd. (S) (Rpt)



Your suffering will be legendary even in Yorkshire 2.00

- 2.00 Hellbound Heartbeat** Police drama series set in rural Yorkshire in the 1960s. Doug Bradley stars as the mysterious new recruit of the local constabulary. (S) (Rpt)
- 3.00 Miami Price of Fear** 1980s police drama starring Vincent Price as a cop who solves bizarre and unusual crimes in Miami. (S) (Rpt)
- 4.00 Ripping Point** Absolutely horrific Victorian gameshow presented by a mysterious figure in a top hat. (S) (Rpt)
- 4.30 Pointless** Victorian gameshow presented by the same chap as the previous programme, but not quite as horrific on account of him misplacing his knife. (S) (Rpt)
- 5.00 Reaping Up Appearances** Sitcom. In this episode, Death's wife becomes jealous of their neighbours' fancy new lawnmower and tries to convince her husband to upgrade his rusty old scythe. (S) (Rpt)
- 5.30 NEW That's Death** The Grim Reaper attempts to lighten his workload by warning of the potential dangers from consumer products. (S)





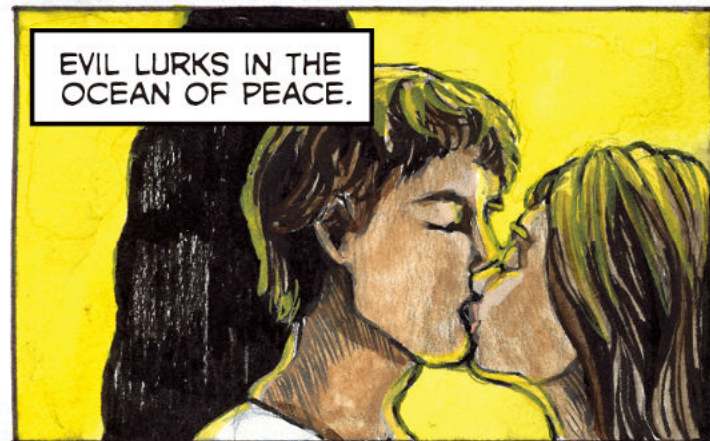
THE SUN SETS AS  
LOVE BLOOMS.

# The Dock of Sorrow

Story: Troy Vevasis  
Art: Klaudia Bezak  
Letters: Adam Wollet



TENDER MOMENTS  
CAN FALL PREY TO  
DARKNESS.



EVIL LURKS IN THE  
OCEAN OF PEACE.



THE SIGHT OF  
FATE CAN BE  
TOO MUCH  
TO HANDLE.



THE HUNGER IS  
EVERLASTING.





THE BEAST  
MUST FEAST!



A SOUL IS  
DEVOURED!



ONE FINAL  
SCREAM!



A ROMANCE IS  
TORN APART BY  
SENSELESS  
VIOLENCE.



EVIL LEAVES TO  
SEARCH FOR  
NEW VICTIMS.




LOVE LIVES ON.



# BLOODLUST


A pack of werewolves is shown in a city at night. In the foreground, a large werewolf with grey fur and glowing white eyes is roaring with its mouth open, showing sharp teeth. Behind it, several other werewolves are running or standing. In the background, a tall, thin, hooded figure stands on a rooftop. The scene is dark and atmospheric, with city lights visible in the distance.

They hunt in the night  
When the moon is full  
Hungry for fresh meat  
They howl when they kill  
Unable to stop

A werewolf is shown attacking a man. The man is lying on the ground, wearing a red jacket and yellow goggles. The werewolf is on top of him, with its mouth open, showing sharp teeth. The background shows a city skyline with tall buildings.

The pain inside them grows strong  
As they transform into beasts  
If they attack you and bite

Their teeth penetrate your flesh  
Their poison enters your blood  
If you survive through the night  
You will find you are now kin

A werewolf is shown on a rooftop, looking down at a city. The werewolf is wearing a red jacket and yellow goggles. The city below is dark and filled with tall buildings. A large, full moon is visible in the sky.

On the next full moon  
You will not stop if  
Your body will change  
You will seek our flesh  
They will hunt you down

Written by Paul Bradford  
Art by Luciano Fleitas  
Letters by Marx Blum



11:00 PM, AN ABANDONED STREET

SO, WHEN WILL HE COME?

PATIENCE MY DEAR SISTER, HE WILL COME.

ARE YOU SURE WE ARE WAITING AT THE CORRECT PLACE? I MEAN IT LOOKS A LITTLE...

I KNOW IT'S A BIT STRANGE BUT... YEAH... THIS IS IT.

SO WHO IS THIS IMPORTANT CUSTOMER THAT MAKES US MEET HIM AT THIS WEIRD PLACE AT THIS TIME?

I TOLD YOU AYUMI, EVERYTHING WILL BE EXPLAINED...

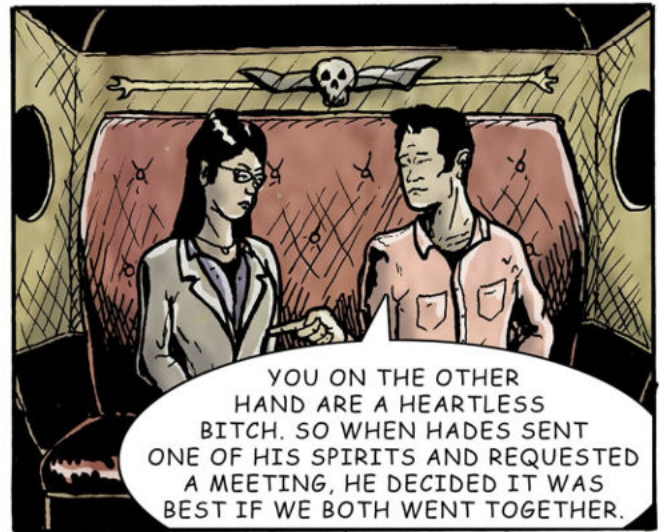
AH, I THINK HE HAS ARRIVED.

MILADY, YOUR CHARIOT AWAITS.

**HADES' RECRUITMENT DRIVE**

WRITTEN BY: TUNC PEKMEK  
ILLUSTRATED BY: PATRICK HALPIN













TO BE HONEST  
GREAT HADES...

PLEASE,  
JUST CALL  
ME HADES.

UH..OK... TO BE  
HONEST HADES, I  
THOUGHT YOU WOULD  
BE MORE ...ERRRR...  
SCARY?



HA HA HA HA!!!!

DON'T BELIEVE  
EVERYTHING YOU  
SEE IN THE MOVIES  
AND TELEVISION.



DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE TITANS,  
EVERY OLYMPIAN FOUGHT AS HARD AS  
THEY COULD, AND AFTER THE WAR ENDED,  
WE GOT TO KEEP THE WEAPONS THAT  
WERE GIVEN TO ZEUS BY THE CYCLOPS.

LATER WE CHOSE OUR REALMS.



ZEUS CHOSE  
THE LAND AND  
THE SKIES AND  
RULES WITH HIS  
THUNDERBOLT.

POSEIDON CHOSE  
THE SEAS AND THE  
OCEANS AND STILL  
RULES THEM WITH  
HIS TRIDENT.



...AND I CHOSE THE  
UNDERGROUND. NOBODY  
TRICKED ME OR ANYTHING  
LIKE THAT. I LIKE IT HERE.

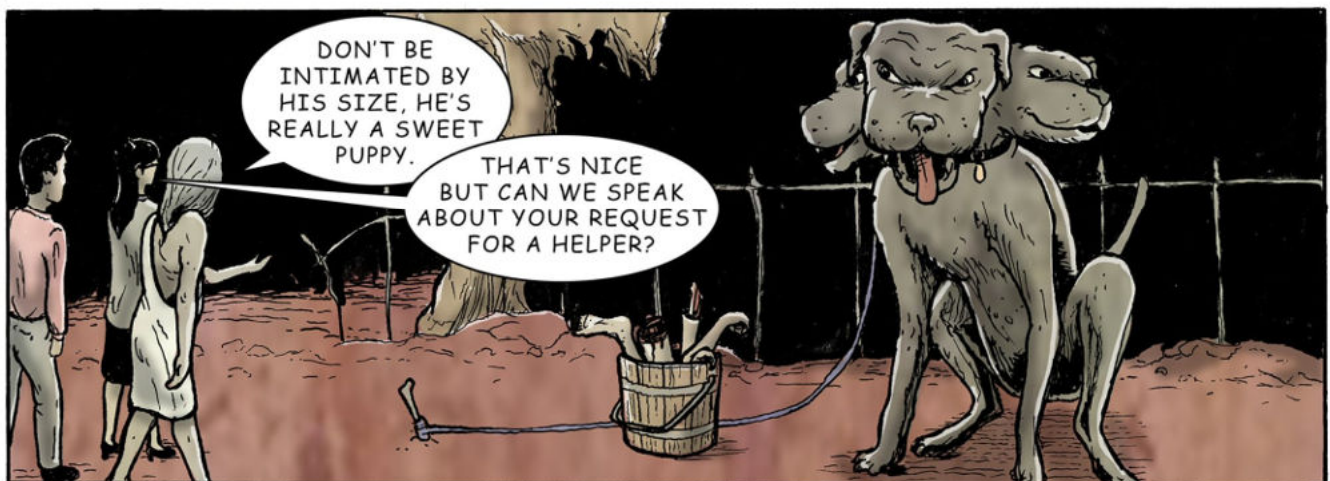
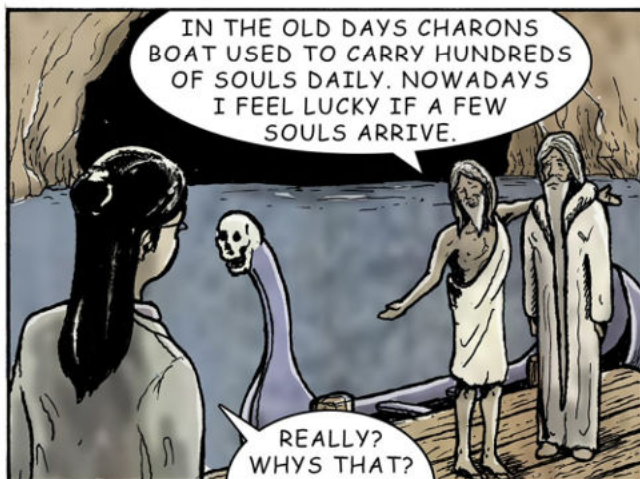




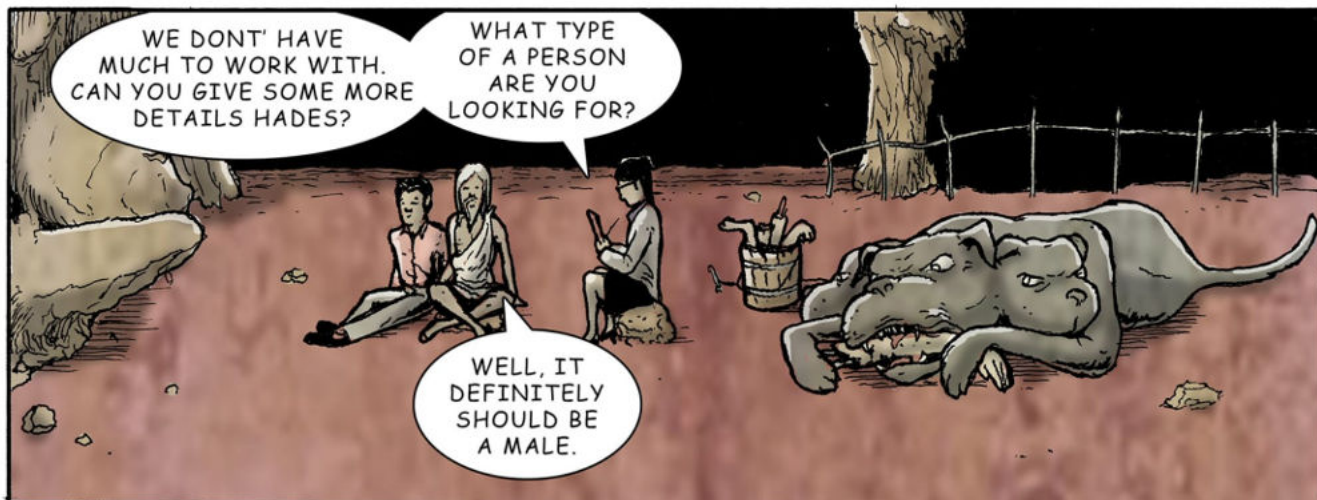




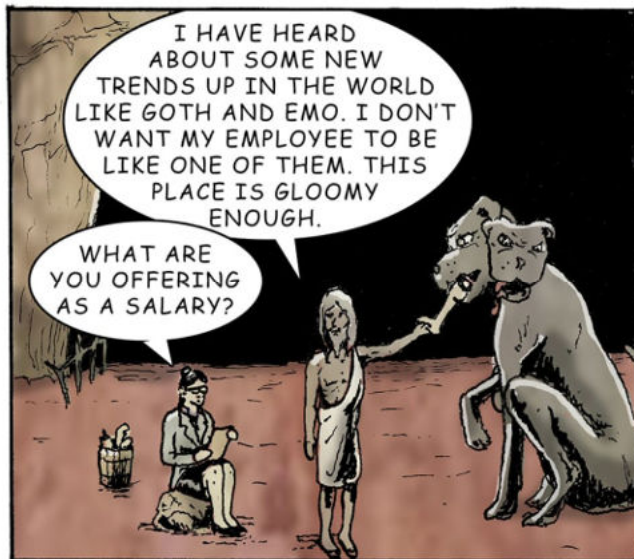








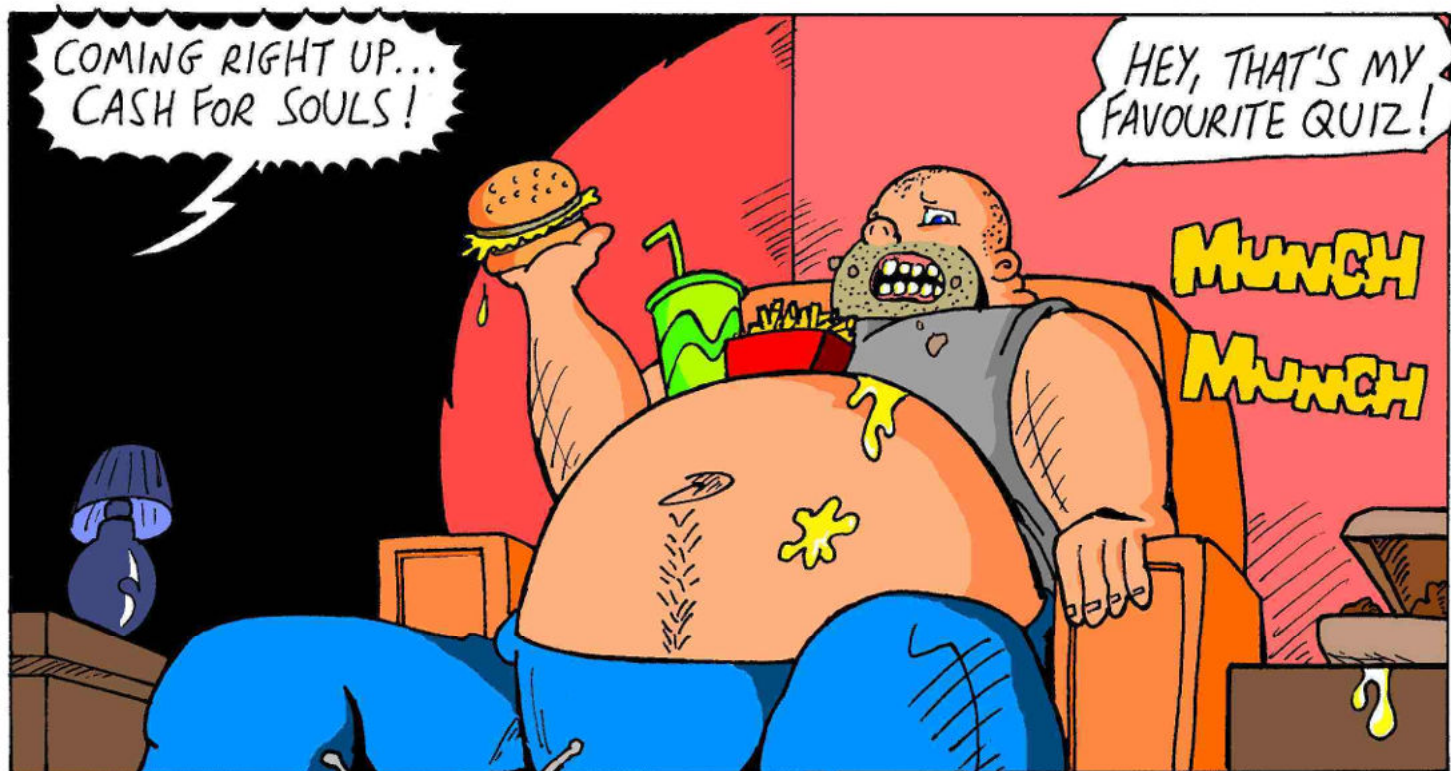






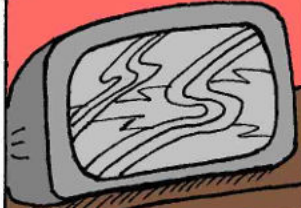








**ZZRRK!**  
**FZZZZ!**

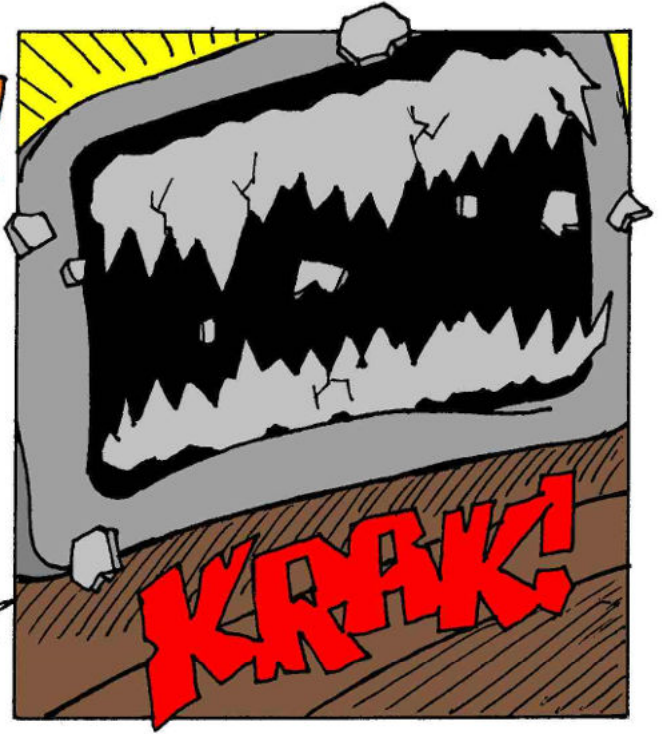


MY TV!?

**KRISKH!**



THE SCREEN...



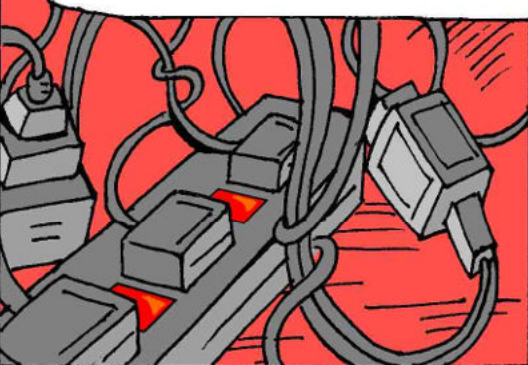
**KRAK!**

**GARR!?**

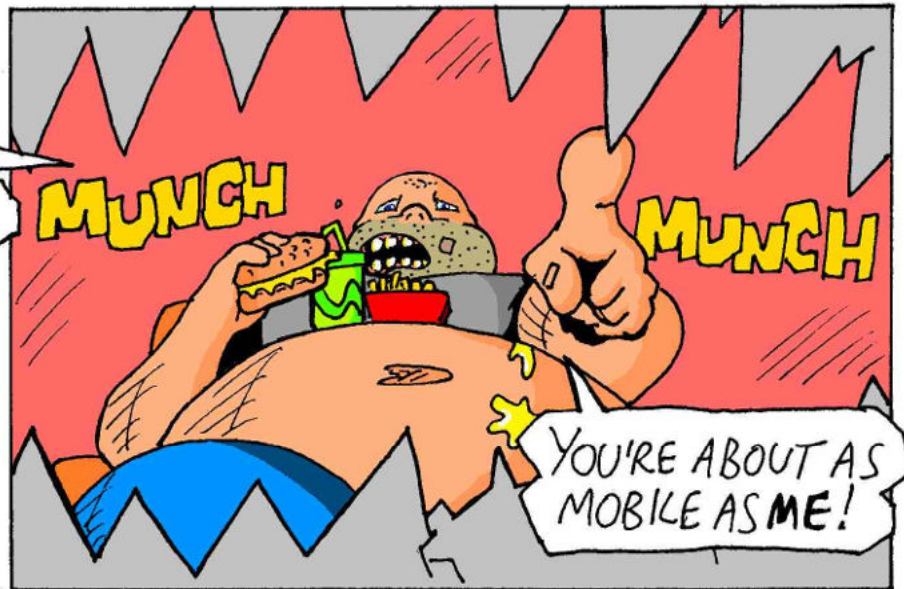
HA! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!



THERE ARE SO MANY  
WIRES AND PLUGS ALL  
TANGLED UP BACK THERE...



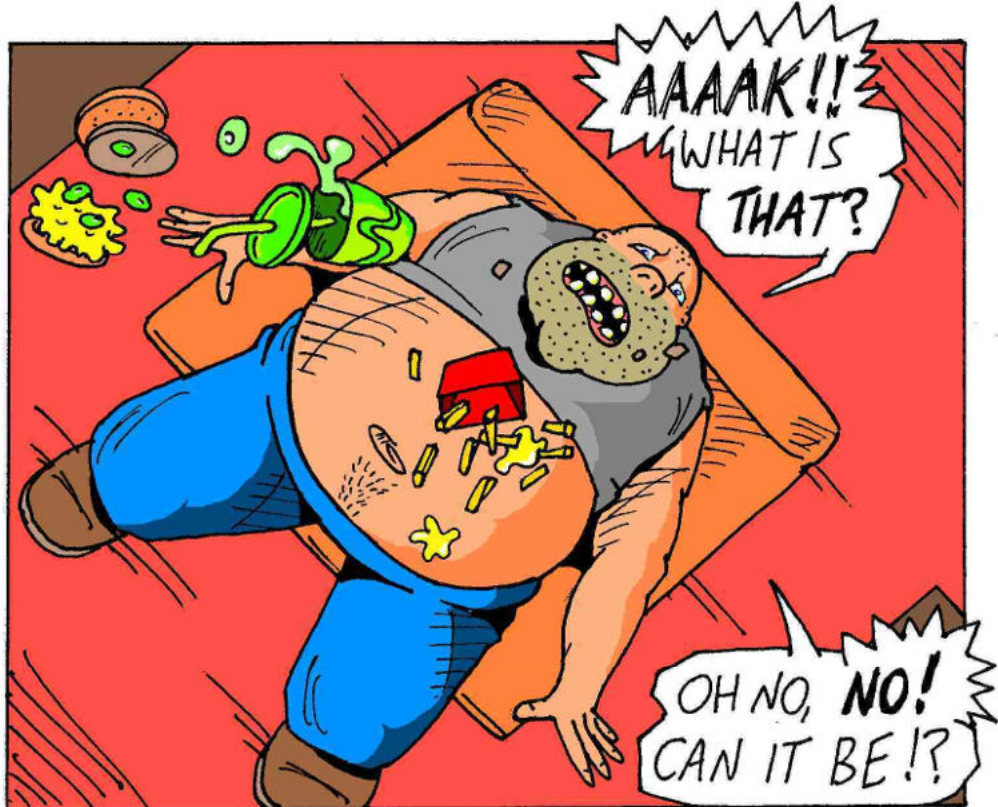
**MUNCH**



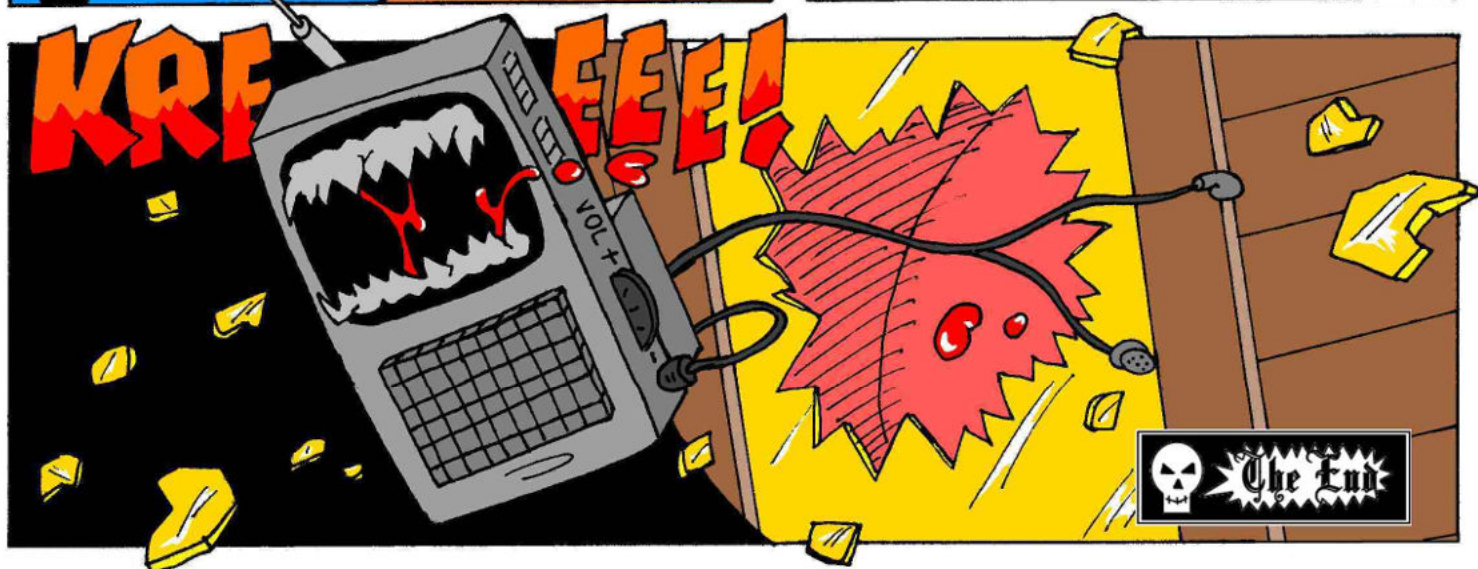
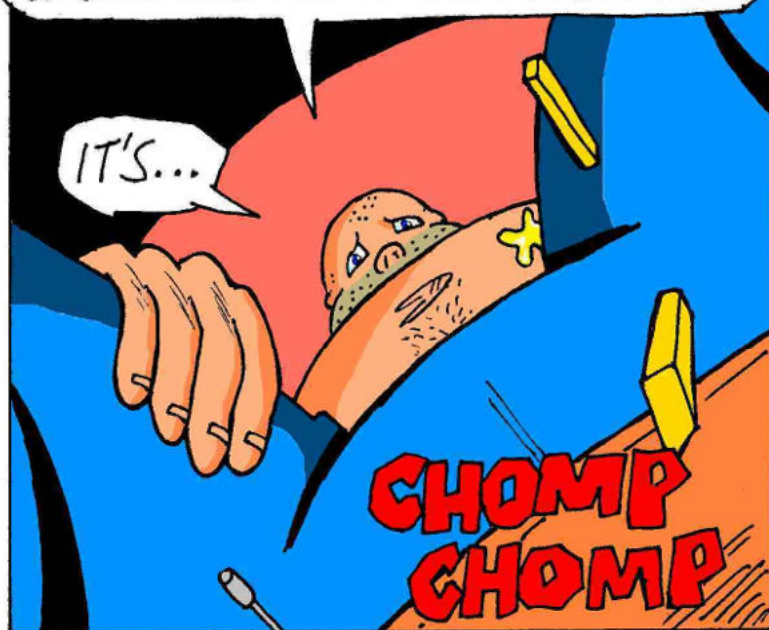
**MUNCH**

YOU'RE ABOUT AS  
MOBILE AS ME!



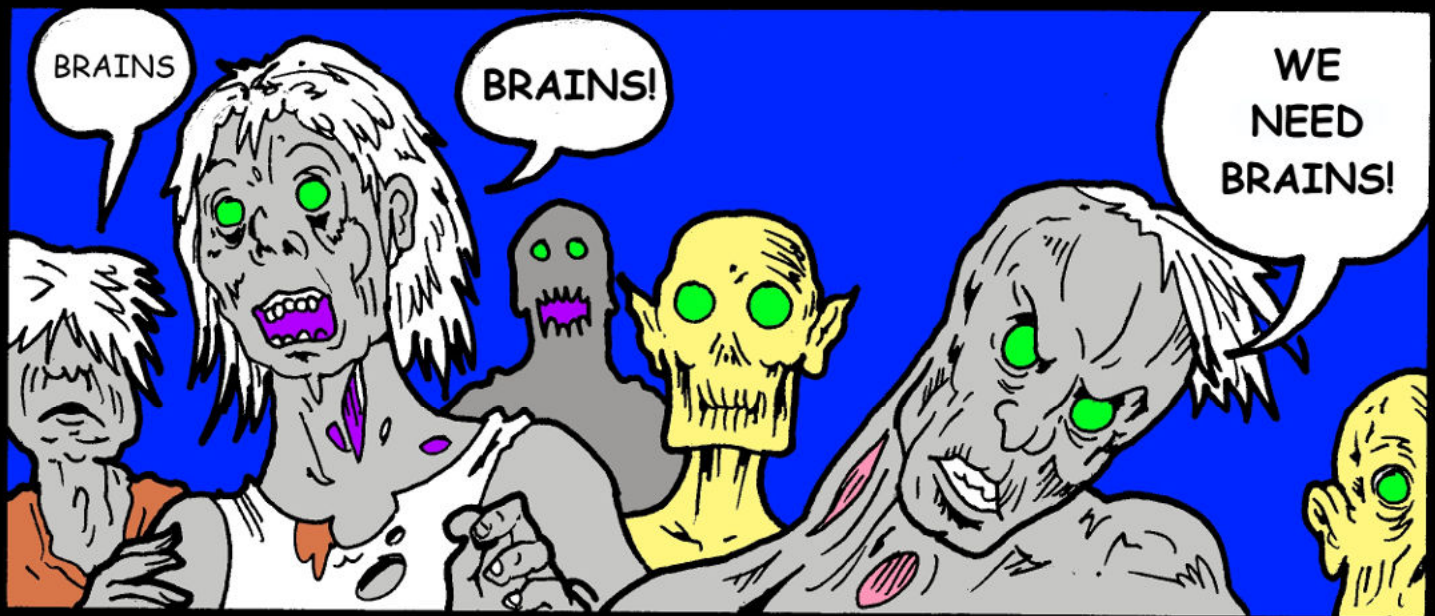


THE POCKET TELEVISION THAT I LOST  
UNDER THIS ARMCHAIR YEARS AGO!





# KNIGHTS OF THE BEIGE WORKBENCH.





AS A CHILD, MY FATHER  
WOULD TAKE ME  
SOMETIMES TO THE  
OCEAN, TO WATCH  
THE TIDES SHIFT.

STUPID  
AMERICAN  
FILMS. I STABBED  
THIS ONE IN THE HEAD  
MYSELF. ALL I DID  
WAS UPSET IT.

'SEE HOW THE WAVES  
CLAIM WHAT THE WORLD  
NO LONGER WANTS,  
CLEANSING THE  
SANDS AS IT FADES?'

GRANDFATHER SAW THE SEA  
DIFFERENTLY, AS A WORLD FILLED  
WITH **AYAKOSHI**-- SPIRITS  
THAT SEEK VICTIMS TO DEVOUR.

ONE BELIEVED IT TO BE A  
SOURCE OF RENEWED LIFE, THE  
OTHER A PLACE FOR THE DEAD.

PERHAPS EACH  
WAS HALF RIGHT.

HE EVEN CLAIMED ONCE  
TO HAVE SEEN AN **IKUCHI**, A  
SERPENT THAT MOVED  
GHOSTLIKE BENEATH THE WAVES.

THE SEAS TAKE WHAT THE  
WORLD NO LONGER WANTS,  
SWALLOWS IT WHOLE.

BUT THE ONLY  
**AYAKOSHI** ARE THOSE  
WE HAVE CREATED...

THE ONES WE NOW  
GIVE TO THE SEA.

MAY YOUR  
DARKNESS  
PASS QUICKLY

AND PEACE  
LEAD YOUR PATH

OUR LOST  
WANDERING  
SPIRITS.

EVENTUALLY, SALT AND WATER  
WILL REND FLESH FROM  
BONE, DEATH FROM LIFE, AND  
DO WHAT WE CANNOT.

I HATE  
THAT I AM  
ALMOST USED  
TO THE  
SMELL.

OF THE  
BODIES, OR OF  
THE SEA?

DO YOU  
HONESTLY  
BELIEVE THERE'S  
A DIFFERENCE  
ANYMORE, MY  
FRIEND?

## THE IKUCHI

SCRIPT - CHRISTOPHER R. MATUSIAK  
ART - LOC NGUYEN  
LETTERS - NIKKI SHERMAN





**BAM  
BAM  
BAM**

# CAUGHT IN A MOMENT

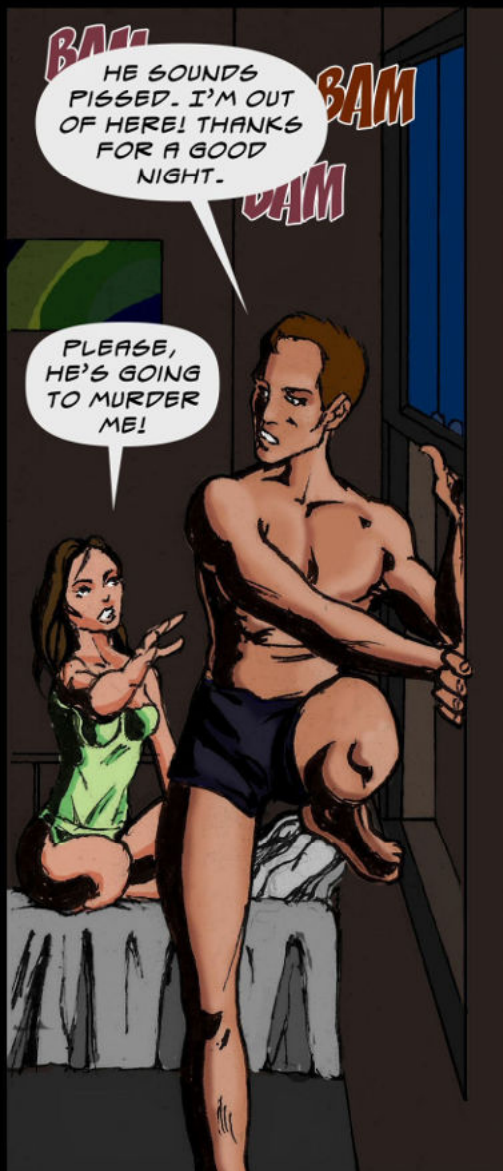
STORY BY TIM WEST  
ART BY BORIS PECI

OH NO,  
PLEASE NOT  
AGAIN!



WHO THE HELL  
IS THAT?

IT'S MY  
HUSBAND.



**BAM BAM BAM**  
HE SOUNDS  
PISSED. I'M OUT  
OF HERE! THANKS  
FOR A GOOD  
NIGHT.

PLEASE,  
HE'S GOING  
TO MURDER  
ME!



**BAM**

**CRACK**

**BAM**

I'M GONNA  
KILL YOU!

**CRUNCH**

SMASH

**SMASH**



HURR  
HURR



AHHHH!  
GET AWAY  
FROM ME.

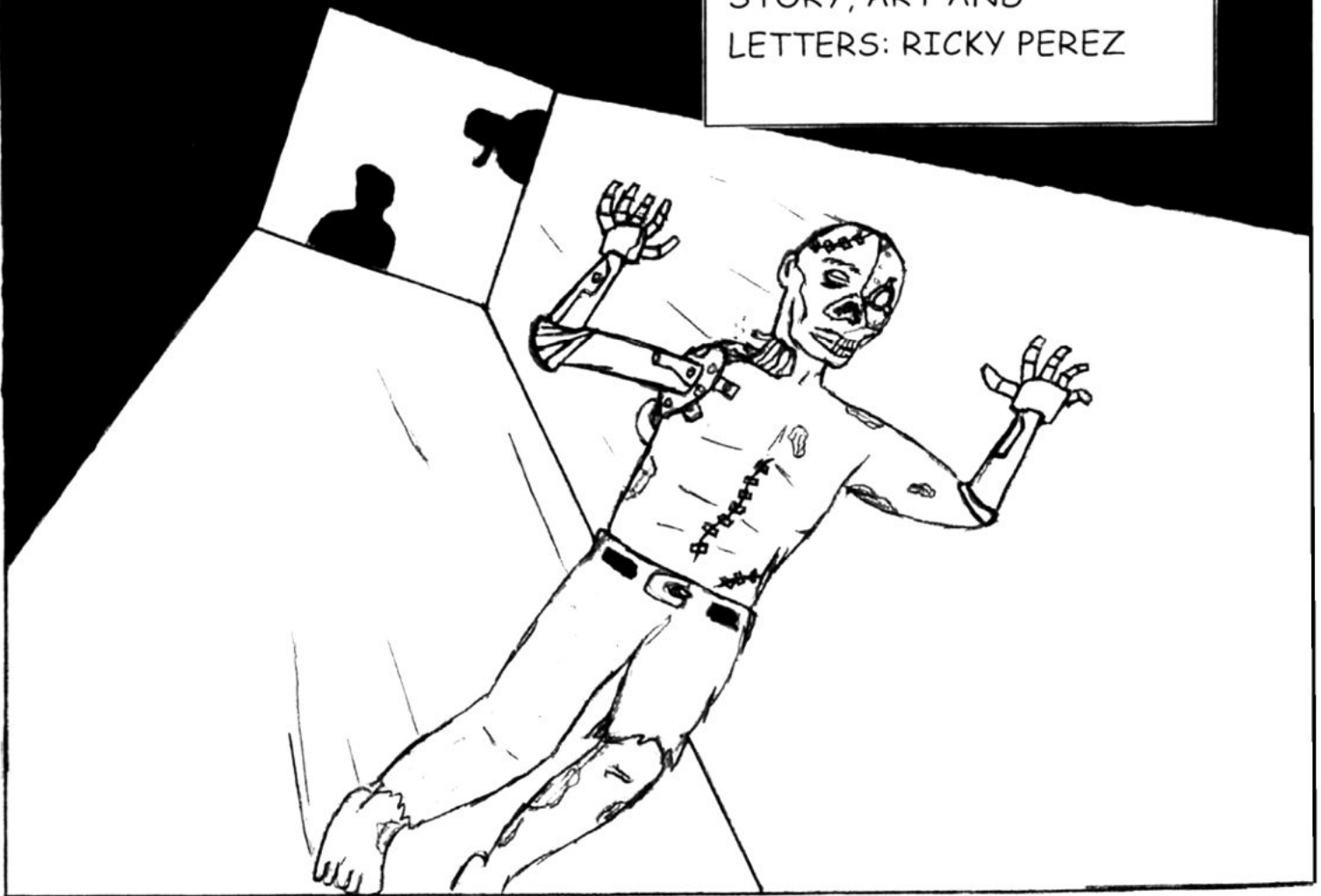






# THE DEADFAST CLUB

STORY, ART AND  
LETTERS: RICKY PEREZ





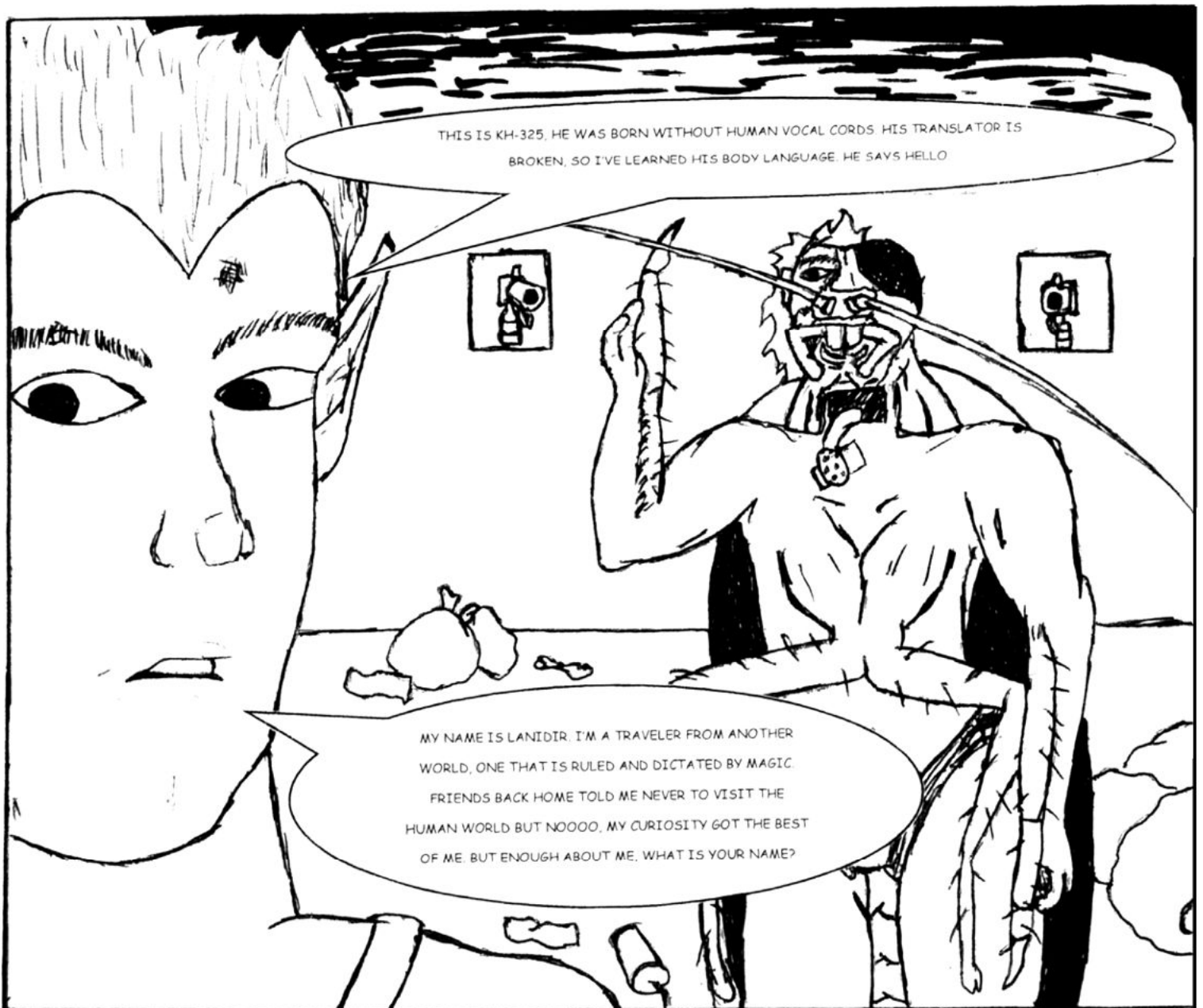


THAT WAS A NASTY FALL.  
MY FRIEND. ARE YOU OK?

I. I THINK SO... WHAT IS  
THIS THING?



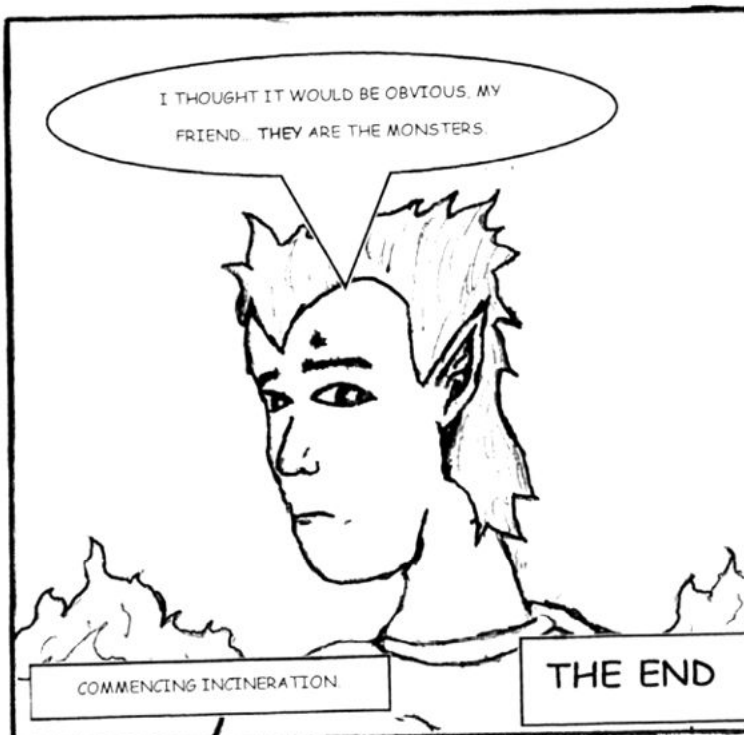
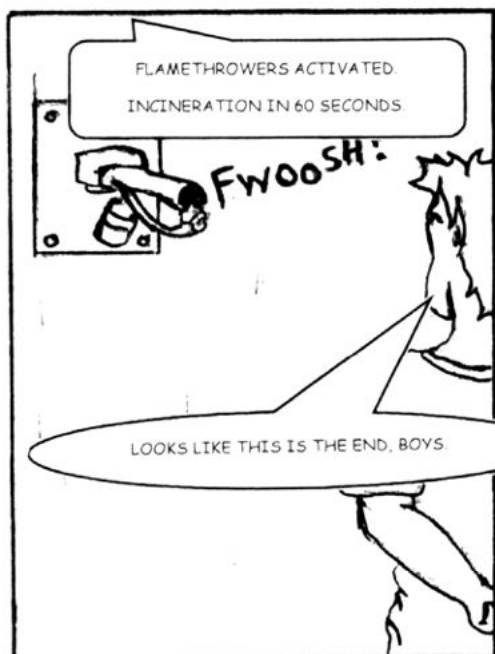
AH, YES. SEEMS LIKE YOU HAVE ALREADY  
BEEN ACQUAINTED WITH ROB. HE WAS  
FROM A NEW ENGLAND COASTAL TOWN,  
A LITTLE PLACE CALLED INNSVILLE OR  
INNSFIELD. THE NAME ESCAPES ME AT  
THE MOMENT. HIS BODY LONGED TO  
RETURN TO THE OCEAN AND REUNITE  
WITH HIS KIN. UNFORTUNATELY, THE  
BIONIC AUGMENTATIONS WERE NOT  
ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN HIM ON LAND.



THIS IS KH-325. HE WAS BORN WITHOUT HUMAN VOCAL CORDS. HIS TRANSLATOR IS  
BROKEN, SO I'VE LEARNED HIS BODY LANGUAGE. HE SAYS HELLO

MY NAME IS LANIDIR. I'M A TRAVELER FROM ANOTHER  
WORLD, ONE THAT IS RULED AND DICTATED BY MAGIC.  
FRIENDS BACK HOME TOLD ME NEVER TO VISIT THE  
HUMAN WORLD BUT NOOOO, MY CURIOSITY GOT THE BEST  
OF ME. BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?







AFTER A HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE, THERE'S NOTHING MY HUSBAND LIKES MORE THAN TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS ON AN EVENING.



# A WINE FOR EVERY OCCASION

STORY BY TIM WEST • ART BY KEN BEST

AS A CONNOISSEUR OF THE GRAPE, HE PREFERS EACH MEAL TO BE MATCHED WITH A SUITABLE WINE.



GOOD GRIEF, WOMAN. YOU CAN'T SERVE A SAUVIGNON BLANC WITH SEAFOOD!

IT SHOULD BE RED WINE WITH BEEF, YOU IDIOT!

JUST LOOK AT THE DAMN LABEL. IT CLEARLY SAYS, "SERVE WITH CHICKEN!"



I'M SO LUCKY THAT MY HUSBAND KNOWS HIS WINES...



...SO LUCKY, I FOUND THE PERFECT WINE FOR HIS BIRTHDAY!

IT SAYS, "BEST SERVED WITH FAMILY AND FRIENDS."



CHEERS!

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY



# DINNERTIME



UNBEKNOWNST TO LITTLE GARY AND ANNE, THEIR PARENTS HAD BEEN TAKEN HOSTAGE BY ALIEN SHAPE SHIFTERS AND LOCKED IN THE BASEMENT.....



THEY DID A GOOD JOB OF FOOLING THE KIDS UNTIL...



WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

WHAT'S "DINNER"?



I DON'T KNOW. LET'S ASK THE PRISONERS.

SOON

BUT WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO COOK! COOPERATE OR WE KILL YOU ALL!



OK! OK! SEND THEM OUT TO PLAY AND WE'LL COOK!

DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY!



WE WOULDN'T DARE!

not real parents. we are in basement. SEND HELP!

I'LL SLIP THIS UNDER A POTATO...

LATER

HOW IS YOUR MEAL, CHILDREN?



FINE, BUT WE'RE KIND OF FULL. IS IT OKAY TO LEAVE SOME ON THE PLATE?

BUT OF COURSE, DEARS. INTO THE BIN IT GOES!



MORAL OF THE STORY:

"FINISH YOUR DIN'S OR THE ALIENS WIN!"





## DEADVERTISEMENT

When the starch is right...

*That is not baked which can eternal fry,  
Packed with strange E numbers, give these a try.*

# CTHULHU HOOPS™

*They're indescribable!*

**OTHER AVAILABLE FLAVOURS INCLUDE**

**GREAT OLD ORIGINAL**  
**SEA-SALT AND VINEGAR**  
**PRAWN COCKTAIL**  
**SWEET R'LYEH**  
**SMOKY DAGON**

40ge

TASTY FISHY RINGS!

\*CONTAINS NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURINGS OR COLOURINGS OUT OF SPACE\*

## DEADVERTISEMENT

CHOCADOOBIE!

**NEW!** FROM **TERRERO**

# KINDRED SURPRISE™

The chocolate egg with an unnatural  
tentacled abomination inside!

Can't decide between chocolate and an unusual  
pet/adopted sibling? Now you can have **both** with the  
**Kindred Surprise!** A milk & white chocolate coating  
surrounding a protective shell containing a living,  
breathing, biological affront to God which was **not meant**  
**to be!** Hundreds of possible genetic mutations available!  
Fun for all the family! **No assembly required!**

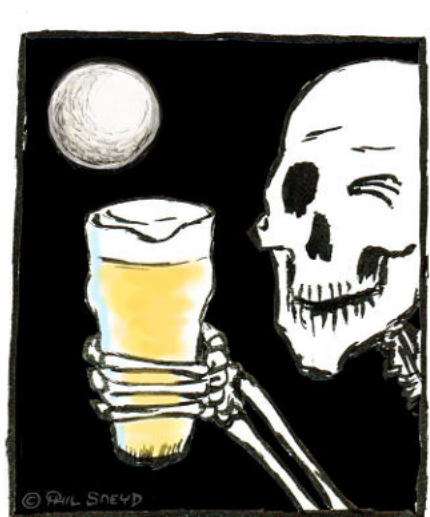
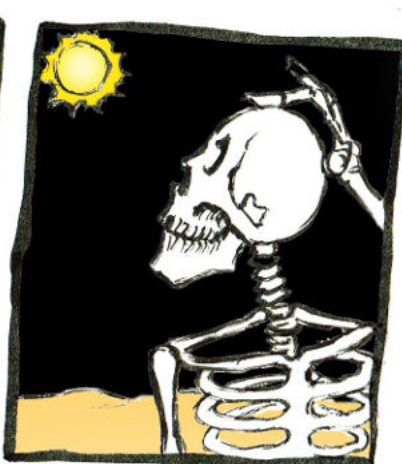
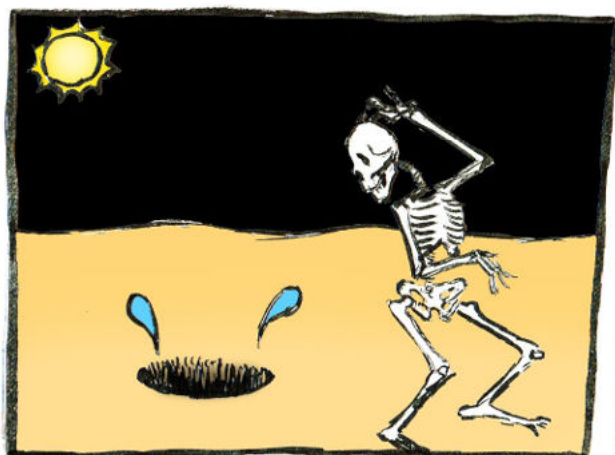
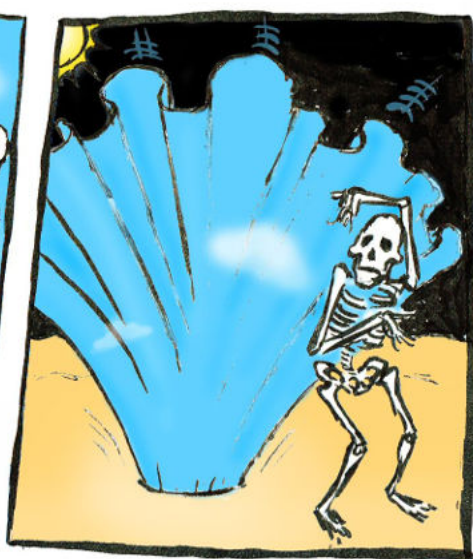
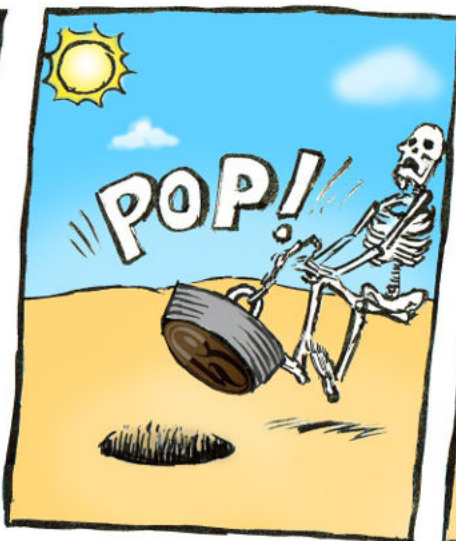
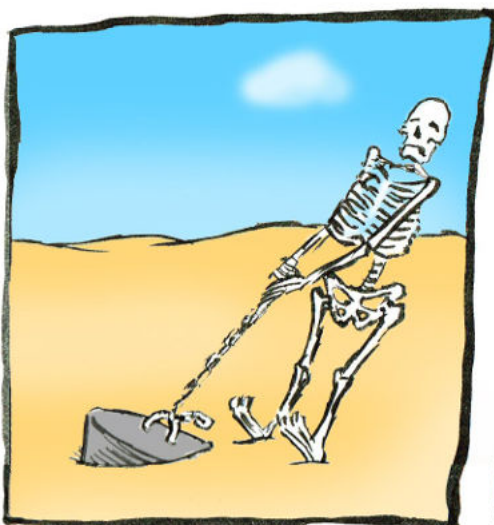
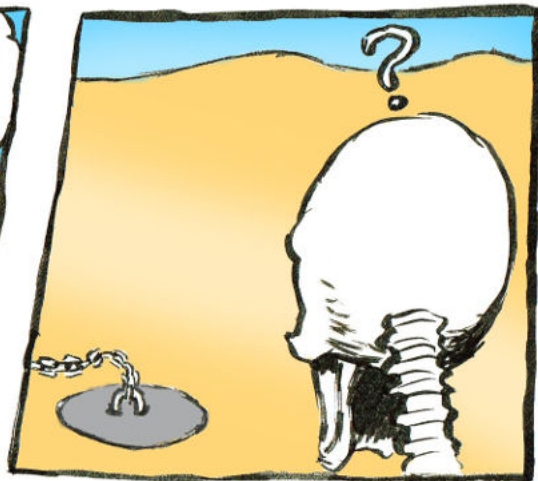
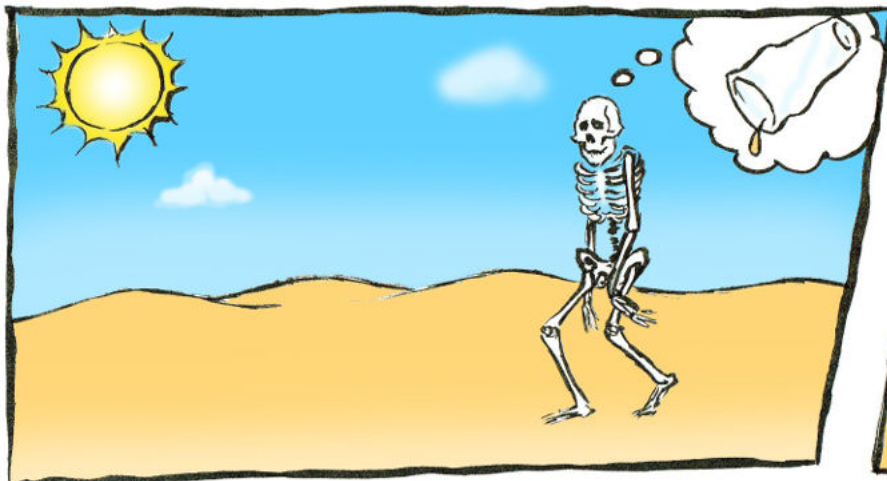
The delicious result of an  
**EGGSPERIMENT GONE WRONG!**

WARNING : ONLY THE OUTER CHOCOLATE LAYER IS INTENDED FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION. NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 3 YEARS OF AGE.

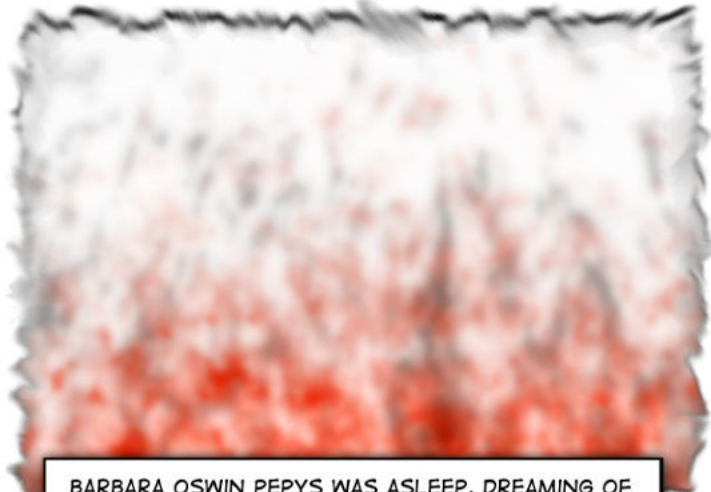


# Do Skeletons Dream of Psychedelic Beer?

A BEER3SKULL COMIC







BARBARA OSWIN PEPYS WAS ASLEEP, DREAMING OF SOMETHING WHITE AND FLUFFY, STAINED WITH RED...

...WHEN SHE WAS ABRUPTLY AWOKEN BY SOMEONE KNOCKING UPON HER FRONT DOOR.



RAT-  
-A-TAT-  
-TAT!

WHU...?

GLANCING AT HER BEDSIDE CLOCK, SHE NOTED THAT SHE'D BEEN IN BED A MERE HALF HOUR.



WHO THE HELL  
IS THAT AT *THIS*  
TIME OF NIGHT?

THE IMAGES FROM HER DREAM WERE ALREADY BEGINNING TO FADE FROM HER MIND AS SHE QUICKLY DRESSED AND MADE HER WAY DOWNSTAIRS...



RAT-  
-A-TAT-  
-TAT!

YEAH, YEAH...  
I'M COMING. HOLD  
YOUR HORSES!

...BUT SHE WAS LEFT WITH A LINGERING SENSE OF UNEASINESS, A FEELING THAT SOMETHING WASN'T QUITE RIGHT.



YES? WHAT  
IS...

SOMETHING WASN'T...

*Just when you thought it was safe to go on a ramble...*



**BAAAD  
MOON  
RISING**  
CHAPTER ONE:  
**SHEEPLE CHASE**

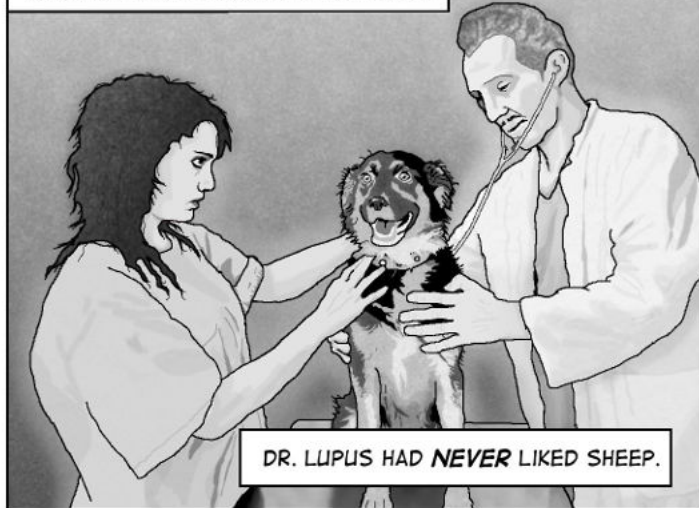


Story  
& Art

Malcolm  
Kirk



BARBARA WAS A VETERINARIAN ASSISTANT IN THE EMPLOY OF A CERTAIN DOCTOR PETER LUPUS.



BUT NOW SHE WAS BEGINNING TO THINK DR. LUPUS MAY HAVE HAD A POINT. SHE HAD TRIED TO LOCK THAT... **THING** OUT OF HER HOUSE BUT IT HAD SMASHED HER DOOR IN.



DEMONIC  
OVINE  
GITS!



THAT'S WHAT HE CALLED THEM. BARBARA HAD PUT THE HATRED DOWN TO ECCENTRICITY - SOME RANDOM QUIRK OF PERSONALITY.

OH, THANK GOD!  
A POLICEMAN!



OFFICER! YOU  
HAVE TO HELP ME!  
THERE'S SOME SORT  
OF **CREATURE**...



BAAA!





**SHEEP! ALL THE PEOPLE WERE SHEEP!**



AS SHE STRUGGLED TO COMPREHEND WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO HER, A MULTITUDE OF EXPLANATIONS RACED THROUGH HER MIND...



WAS SHE STILL ASLEEP? HALLUCINATING? HAD SHE GONE MAD?

HAD SHE SLIPPED INTO A PARALLEL UNIVERSE? WAS IT THE RESULT OF AN EXPERIMENT OF SOME KIND?



WAS SOMEBODY, SOMEWHERE TRYING TO MAKE SOME KIND OF RUBBISH AND UNSUBTLE ALLEGORICAL POINT?

SHE WAS ABOUT TO MEET SOMEONE WHO'D ONLY **FURTHER** COMPLICATE MATTERS...



...SO COME WITH  
**ME** IF YOU WANT  
TO LIVE!

HELLO. I'M  
**BERNARD.**

I'LL UNDERSTAND  
IF YOU DON'T WANT  
TO SHAKE HANDS.



Next issue:  
**Return of the Saint**





THEY'RE  
BACK!

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU'D ESCAPED THEIR MIDNIGHT WORLDS...

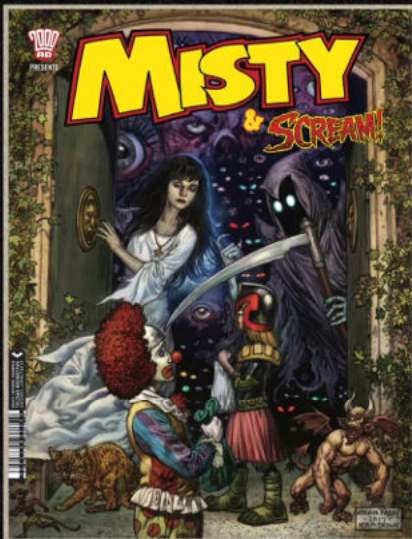
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