

Back From The Depths Presents

HALLOW'SCREAM!

112
PAGES OF ...



ACTION!



SCARES!



ROMANCE!



IT'S A
FANGTASTIC
READ!

👁️ 2011 HALLOWE'EN SPECIAL 👁️ ISSUE THREE 👁️ FREE! 👁️

IT'S NOT FOR THE NERVOUS!

ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES AFRAIDY...



Greetings, mortals!

Welcome to this thrilling third issue of *Hallowscream*! This year's issue is our biggest yet, carrying 112 scare-stoked pages with which to satiate your craving for the uncanny and horrific in all its myriad forms. So come with us on a journey into the heart of fear, and should you feel a disconcerting clammy sensation akin to engulfment in a putrescent winter fog, try not to pay it too much heed. It'll probably just be yours truly making sure you're alright and giving you a hug for reassurance. I'm nice that way.

The Reaper...

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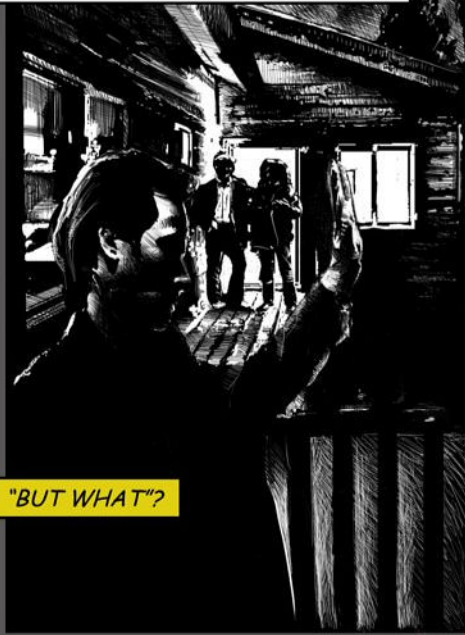


Back from the Depths SCARIER THAN THAT THING BEHIND YOU!

Main Cover Image by Andrew Milne. Cover/Intro design by Malcolm Kirk. Intro by The Reaper.

"RIGHT, SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT AND PLEASE REMEMBER THAT THIS INTERVIEW IS BEING RECORDED FOR LEGAL PURPOSES".

"YEAH, I UNDERSTAND THAT BUT"...



"BUT WHAT"?

"I'M NOT CRAZY. I'M NOT. THIS-LOOK, THIS HAPPENED OK? LAST NIGHT. IT HAPPENED. SURELY MY WIFE'S STATEMENT VERIFIES AT LEAST SOME OF THIS?"

"IT DOES SIR, YES. AND YOU'RE NOT IN ANY TROUBLE. I JUST WANT TO DOUBLE CHECK TO MAKE SURE WE'VE GOT THE DETAILS CORRECT"...



"YOU WERE DRIVING HOME FROM A FRIENDS GET TOGETHER AND PASSED AN OLD WOMAN WALKING UP ACROSS THE DOWNS AT, YOU SAID, AROUND ELEVEN. OR THEREABOUTS"?

"WHY DID YOU STOP FOR HER PETER"?



"I DON'T- IDON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT IT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO. IT WAS DARK AND COLD OUTSIDE AND SHE WAS STANDING THERE, JUST POINTING".

"AND YOU TOOK HER TO THE POLICE STATION BECAUSE, ACCORDING TO YOUR WRITTEN STATEMENT, ALL SHE KEPT SAYING TO YOU WAS"--



"I TRIED TALKING TO HER. I JUST THOUGHT THAT SHE WAS ILL. NOT ALL THERE, YOU KNOW? THE POLICE STATION SEEMED TO BE THE LOGICAL PLACE TO TAKE HER. I THOUGHT THAT SHE'D BE SAFE".

PASSENGER

ORIGINAL CONCEPT AND SCRIPT CHRIS SIDES
ARTWORK CHRIS TRAVELL

"YOU'RE STATEMENT SAYS YOU THEN WENT HOME AFTER DROPPING HER OFF"--

SO, WHAT, SHE WAS JUST STANDING THERE? BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD?

POINTING AT NOTHING. SHE LOOKED ILL, KERRY. LIKE, REALLY SICK.



OH GOD, DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD CALL SOMEONE? IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE BECAUSE--



--"WHEN I SAW HER LAST WEEK SHE SEEMED FINE. SHE WAS JUST WALKING UP THE HILL TO WORK AS NORMAL. SHE EVEN WAVED AT ME. I DON'T GET THE POINTING THING".

ALL THE TIMES I'VE DRIVEN THAT ROAD AND SEEN THAT WOMAN, I'VE NEVER SEEN HER STAND THERE AND POINT. SHE'S PUT HER ARM OUT BEFORE, FOR TRAFFIC TO GIVE HER A WIDE BERTH, BUT SHE'S NEVER JUST STOOD THERE AND-- WAS THAT THE--?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

TAP TAP!

WHO THE HELL IS THAT AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?



"I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. IT JUST DIDN'T MAKE ANY SENSE TO ME".



"HOW DID SHE KNOW WHERE YOU LIVED"?



"YOU TELL ME. THAT WAS THE FIRST THING I WANTED TO ASK HER BUT SHE LOOKED SO FRAIL AND ALL SHE KEPT SAYING WAS"--

POLICE. POLICE.

"SO, YOU--"



"GOT HER IN THE CAR AND TOOK HER TO THE POLICE STATION. I KNOW THAT SOUNDS RIDICULOUS BUT THATS ALL WE COULD THINK ABOUT DOING. I THINK WE WERE IN SHOCK THAT SHE'D TURNED UP ON OUR DOORSTEP. MIND YOU, THAT WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO... WELL, YOU'VE READ THE STATEMENT"--



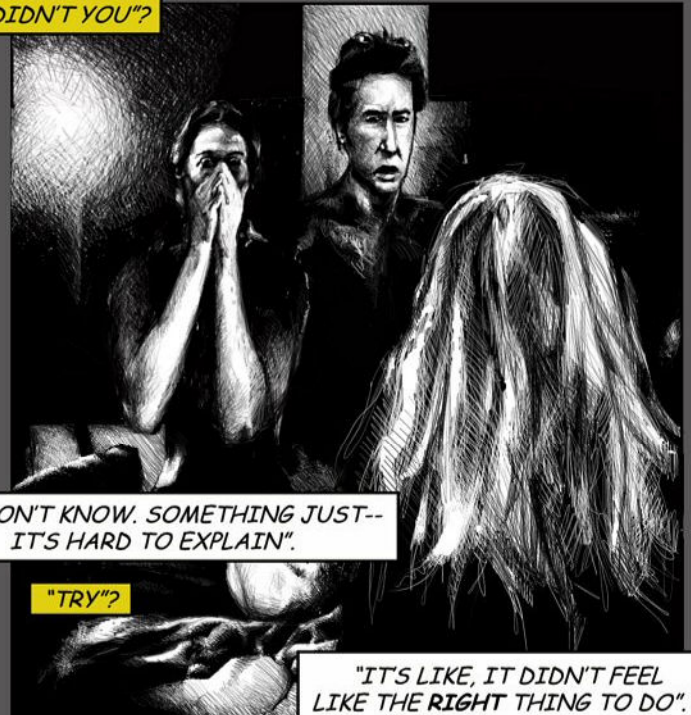
JESUS...!



"KERRY WAS BESIDE HERSELF, WANTING ME TO- NO, PLEADING ME TO CALL 999".

"AND WHY DIDN'T YOU"?

POLICE



.. "I DON'T KNOW. SOMETHING JUST-- IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN".

"TRY"?

"IT'S LIKE, IT DIDN'T FEEL LIKE THE RIGHT THING TO DO".

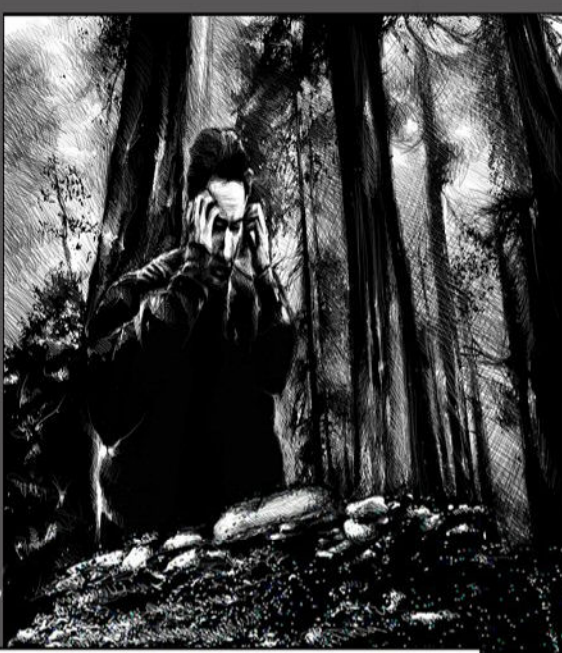
"SO YOU DROVE HER BACK TO THE POLICE STATION FOR THE THIRD TIME"...



"BUT WE NEVER GOT THERE".



"SHE HAD HER ARM UP, POINTING, THE WHOLE TIME WE WERE IN THE CAR. SHE KEPT SAYING 'POLICE', OVER AND OVER. AGAIN, I TRIED TO TALK TO HER BUT IT'S LIKE SHE WAS IN A TRANCE".



"HER... DIRECTIONS, IF YOU WANT TO CALL THEM THAT, LED ME BACK TO THE WOODS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOWNS".



"AND THEN THE BOTTOM DROPPED OUT OF MY TINY, LITTLE WORLD".

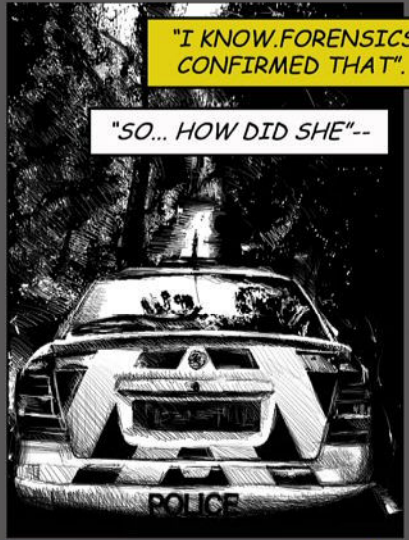
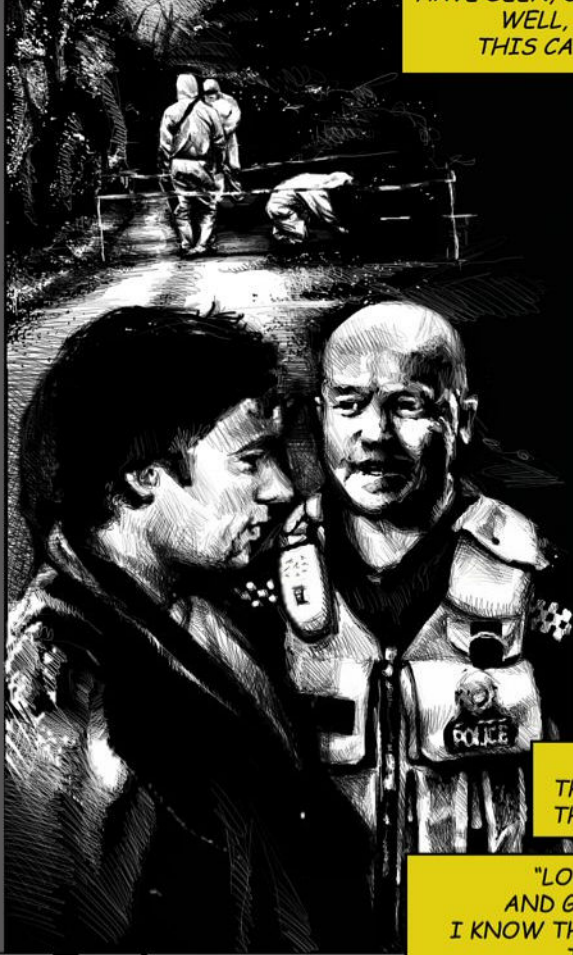
"SHE WASN'T IN THE CAR ANYMORE.
SHE JUST WASN'T THERE"...

"PETER, NO-ONE'S QUESTIONING
WHAT YOU, OR YOUR WIFE,
HAVE SEEN, OKAY? THE CIRCUMSTANCES,
WELL, EVERYTHING ABOUT
THIS CASE IS BIZARRE, BUT--"

"YOU KNOW WE'VE DONE
NOTHING WRONG"...

"I KNOW. FORENSICS
CONFIRMED THAT".

"SO... HOW DID SHE"--



"HIT AND RUN.
THEY'RE STILL DOING TESTS BUT
THE EVIDENCE IS STACKING UP".

"LOOK, THANKS FOR COMING IN
AND GOING OVER YOUR STATEMENT,
I KNOW THIS HAS BEEN DIFFICULT FOR YOU.
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH,
IT'S BEEN DIFFICULT FOR ALL OF US".

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN"?

... "THE OFFICER YOU GAVE YOUR STATEMENT TO
AT THE SCENE? HE CRASHED HIS CAR ON THE
WAY BACK TO THE STATION. STRANGE THING IS,
IT WASN'T THE CRASH THAT KILLED HIM"...

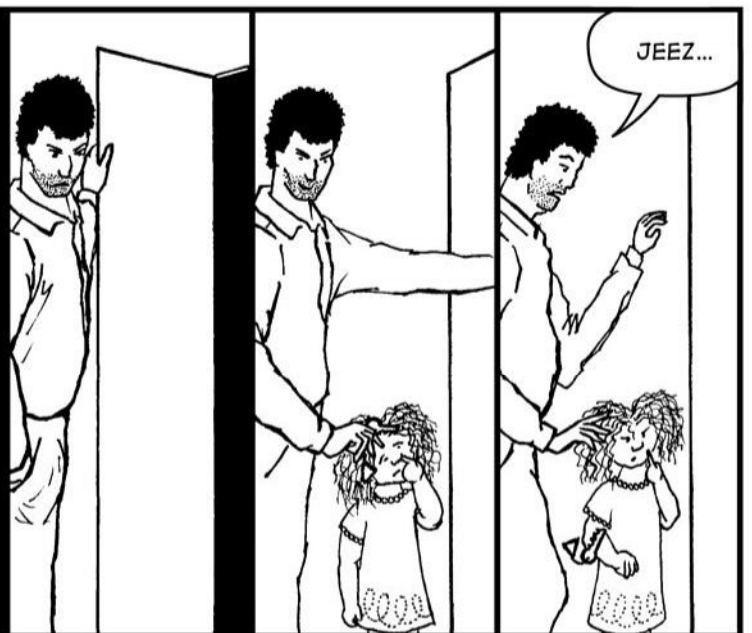
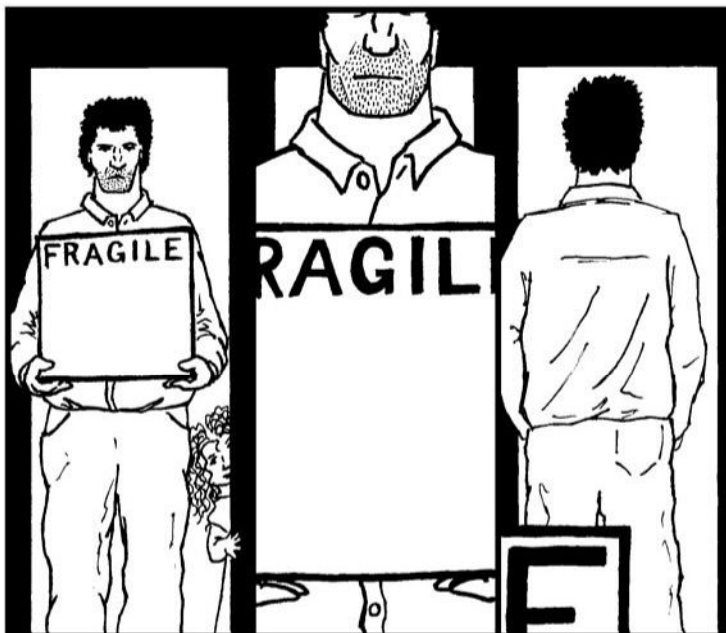
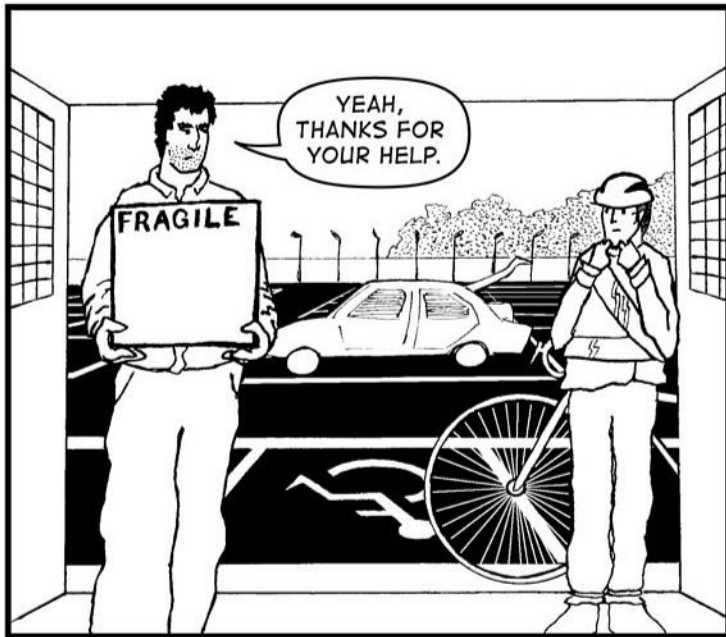
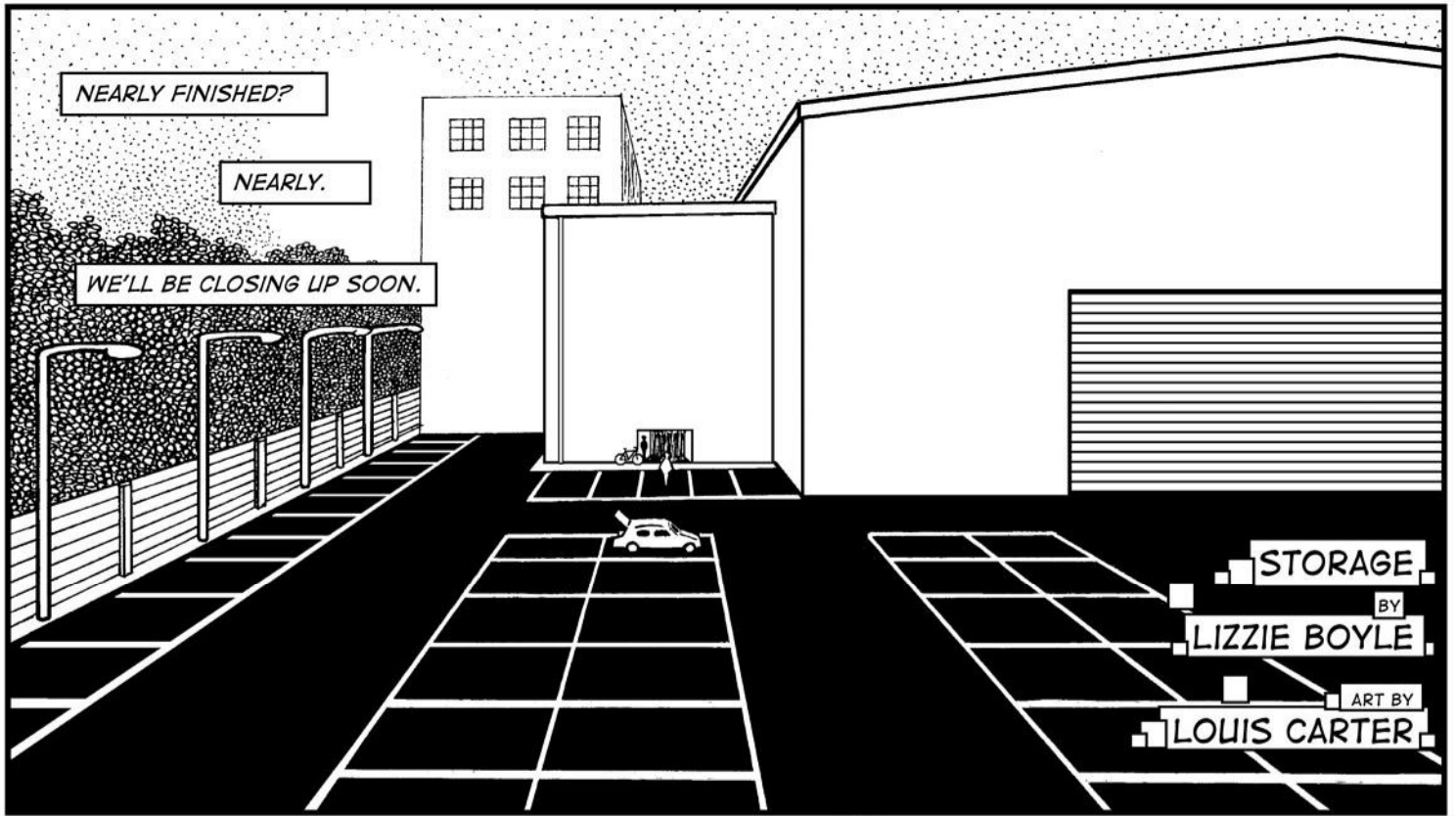
HOW-- OH JESUS,
IT WAS BURIED,
I BURIED HER BODY SO WELL.
HOW HAS HE FOUND HER, HOW--
OH GOD, HELP ME,
HELP--

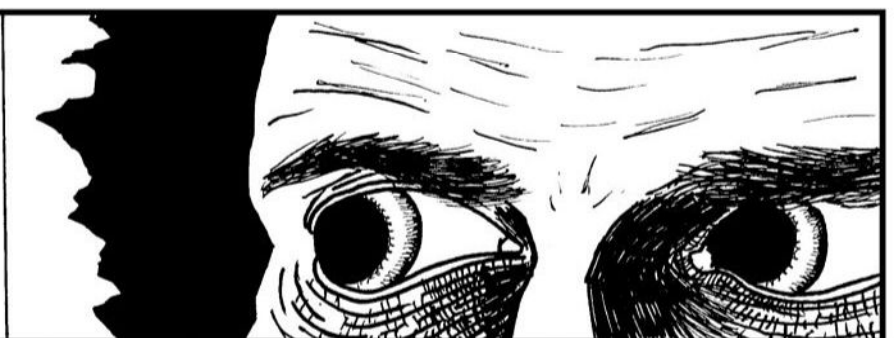
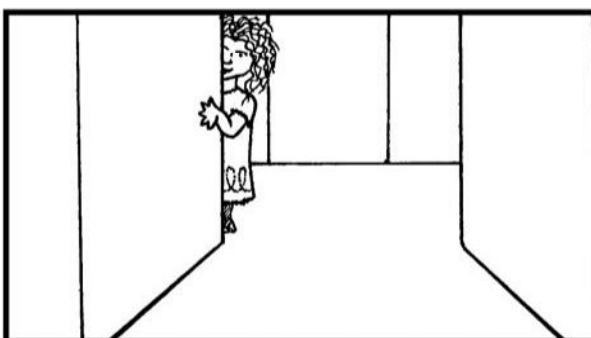
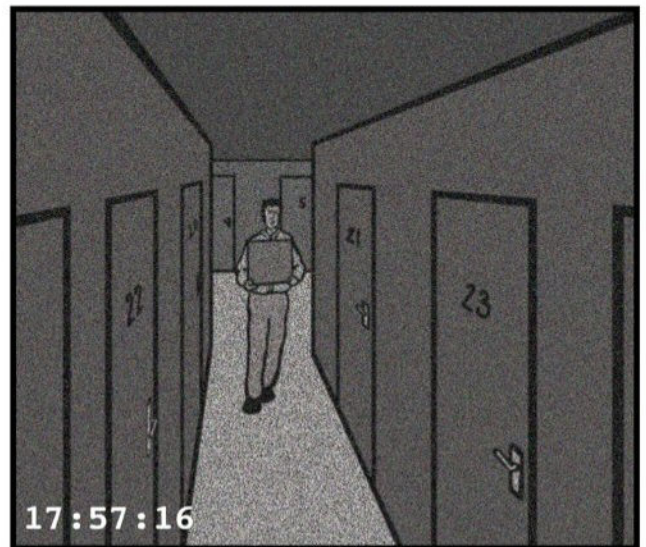
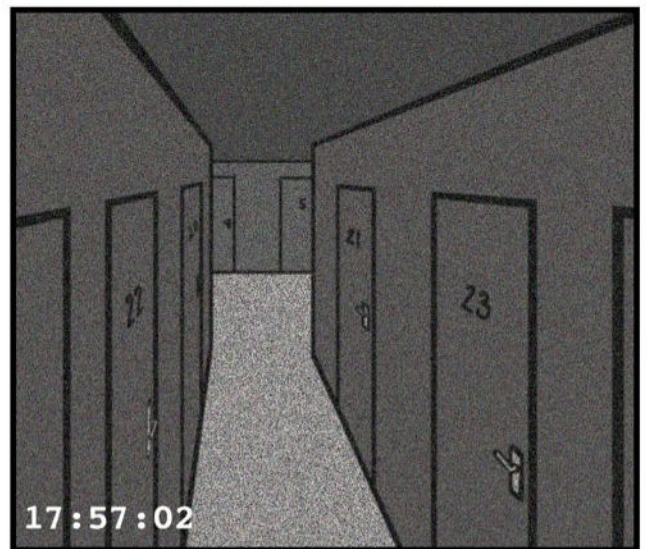


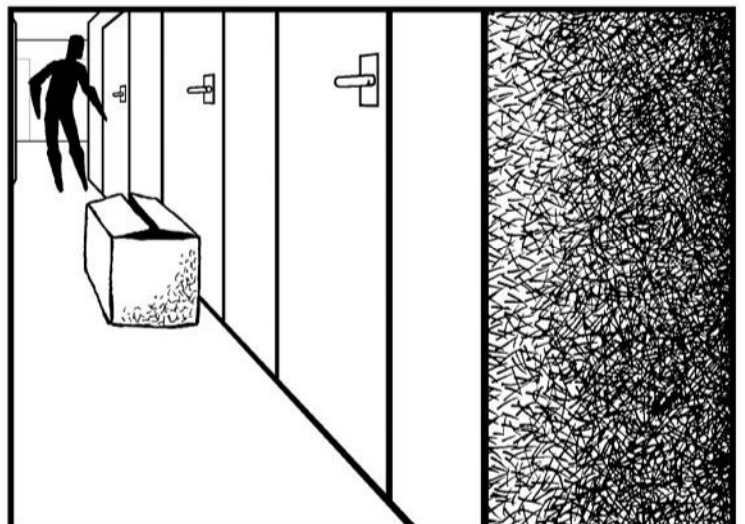
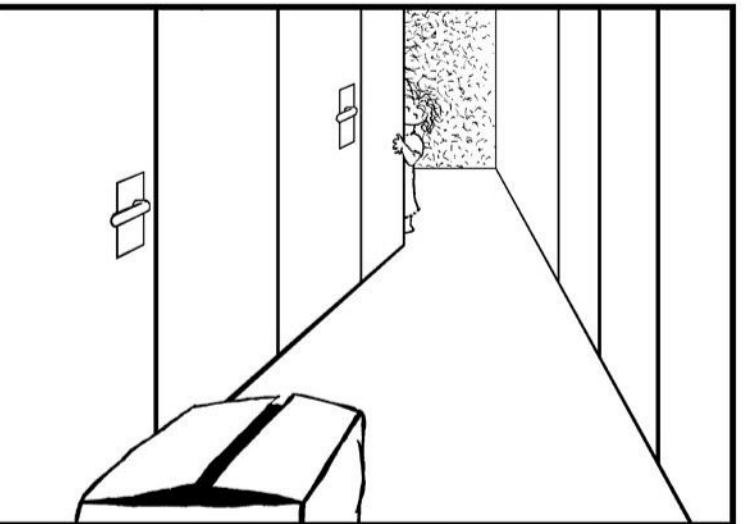
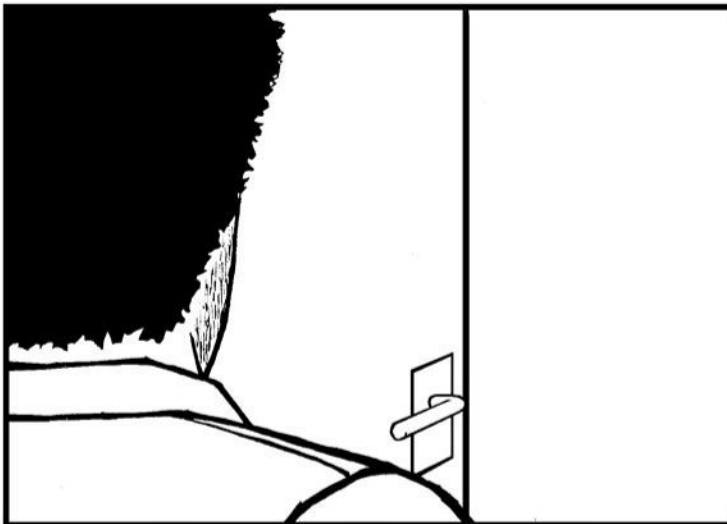
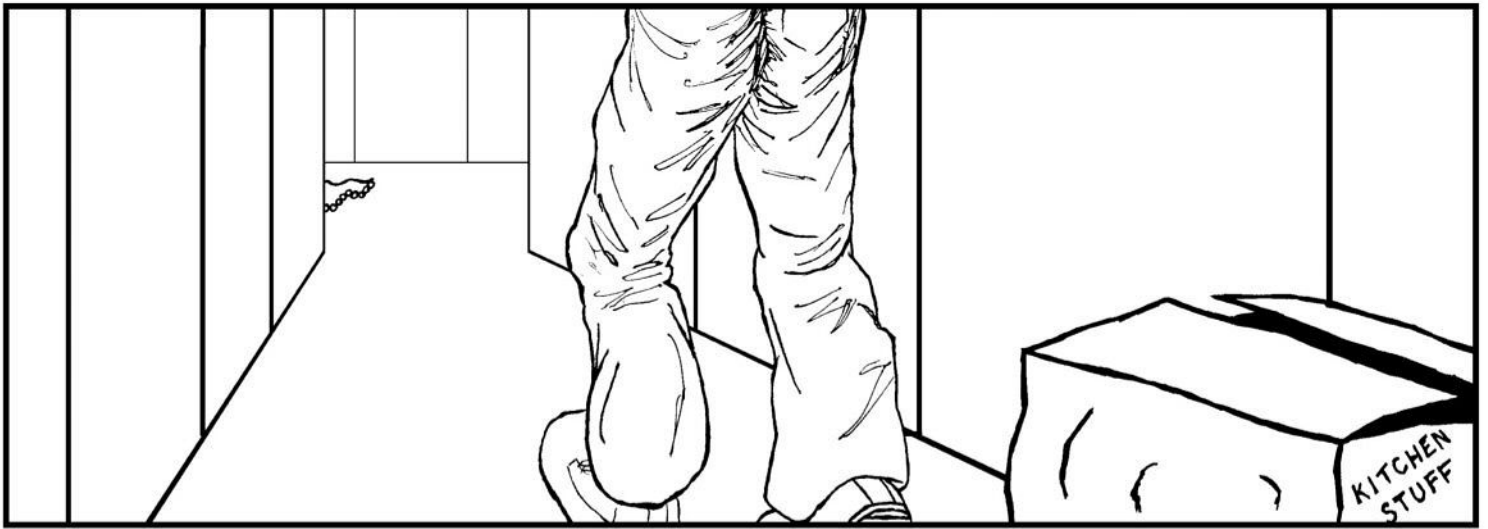
"THE DOCTORS CAN'T WORK OUT HOW A
TWENTY EIGHT YEAR OLD MAN,
IN THE PEAK OF HIS PHYSICAL FITNESS,
HAS AN ENORMOUS HEART ATTACK".

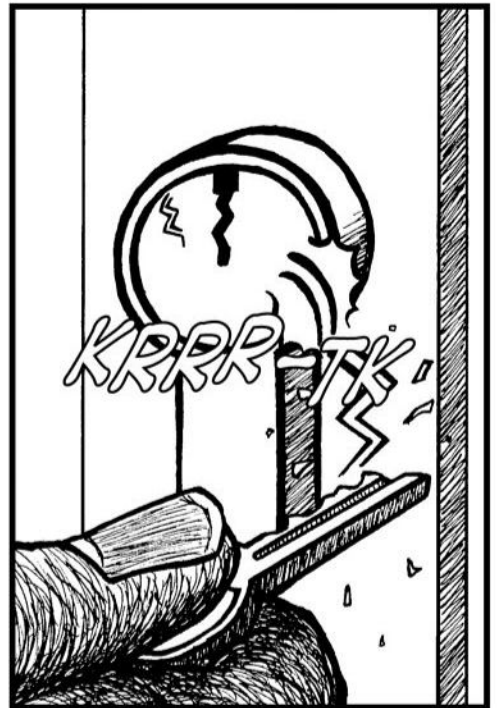
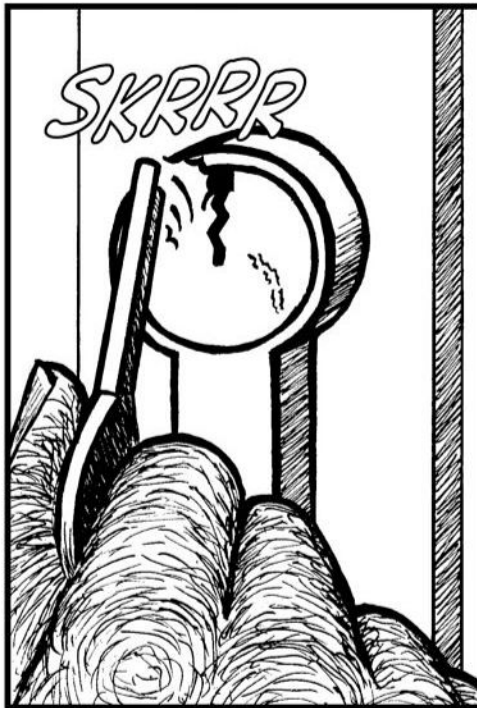
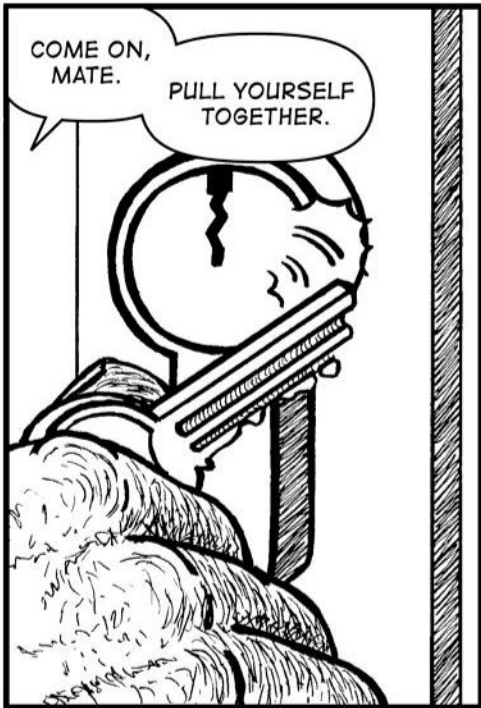


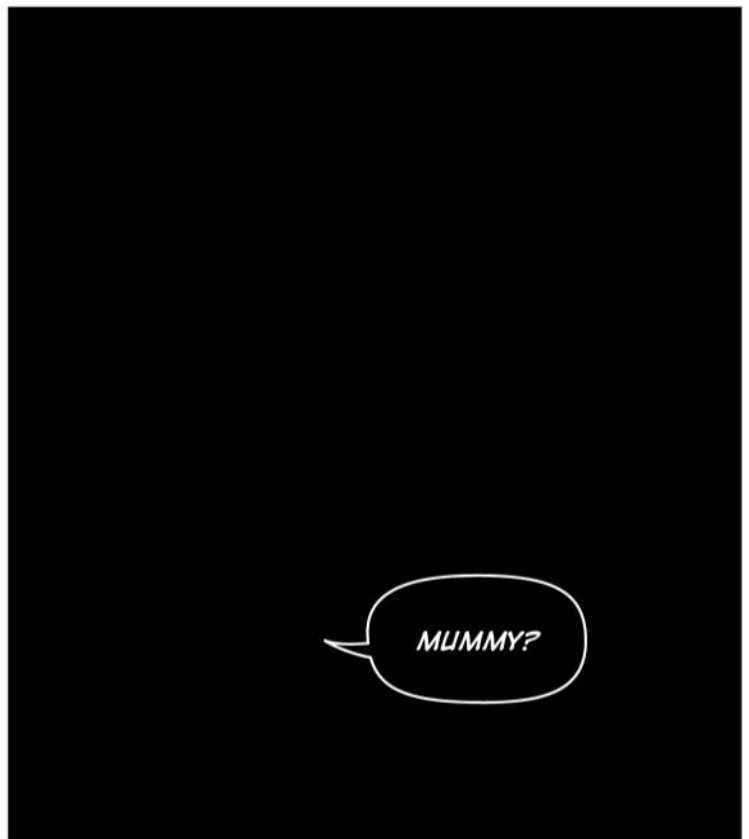
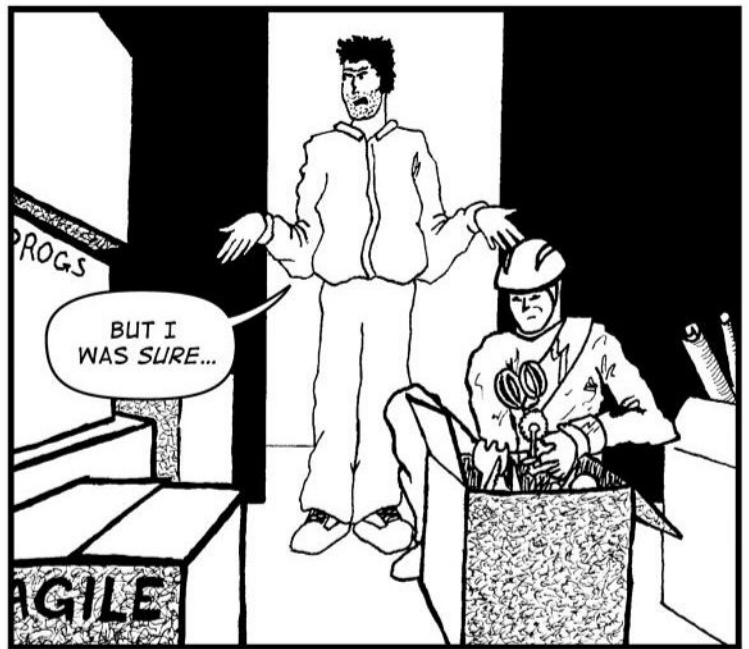
POLICE !







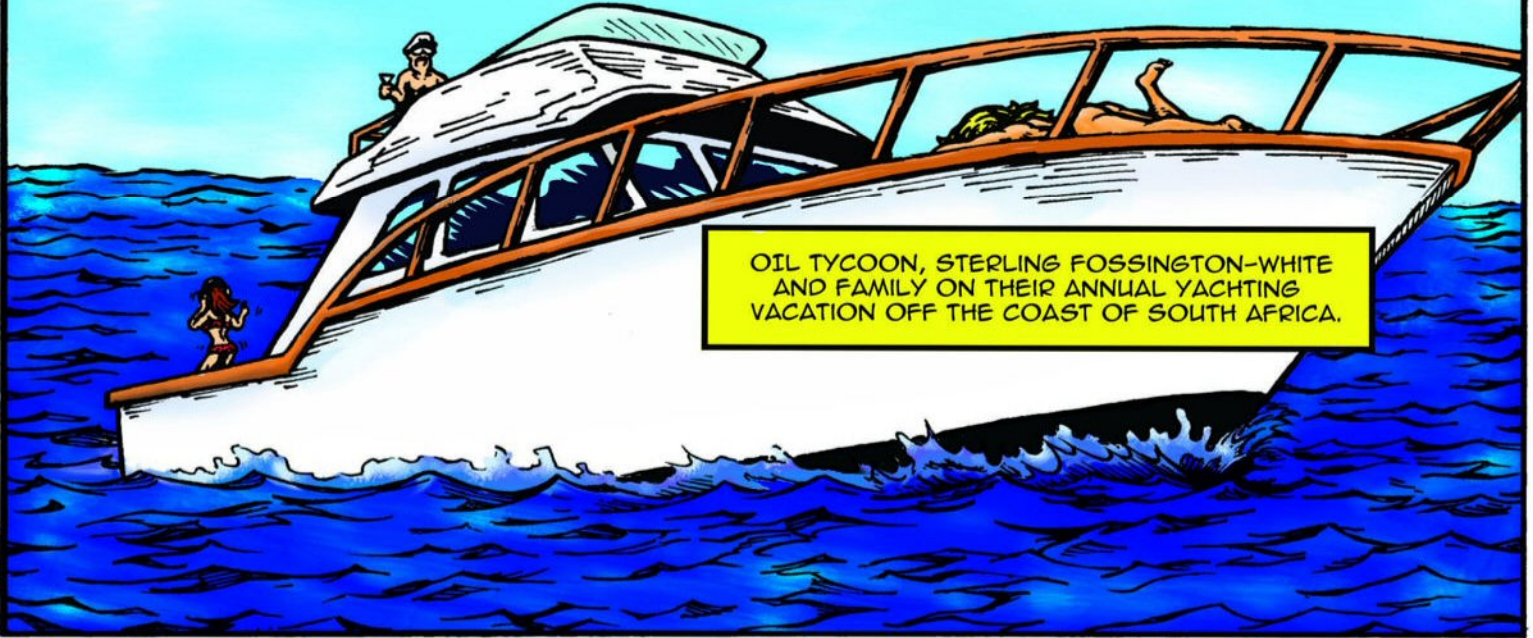


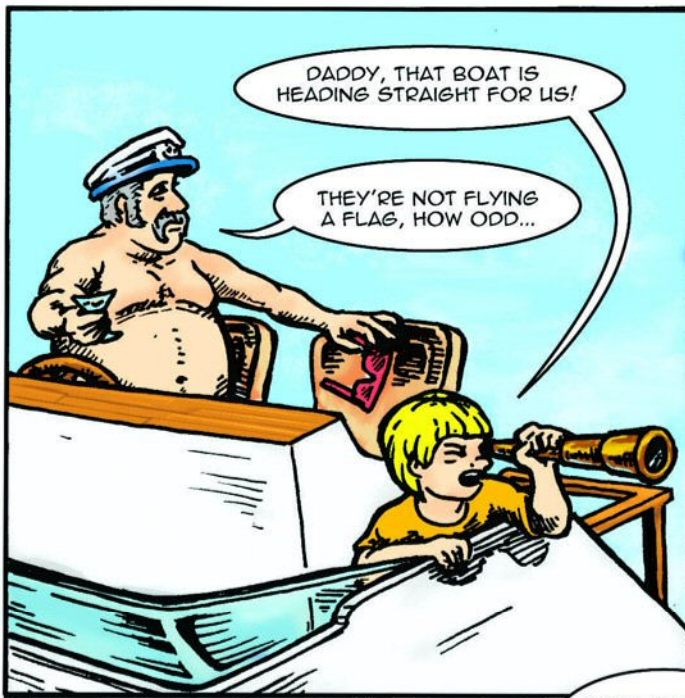


STORY:
TIM
WEST

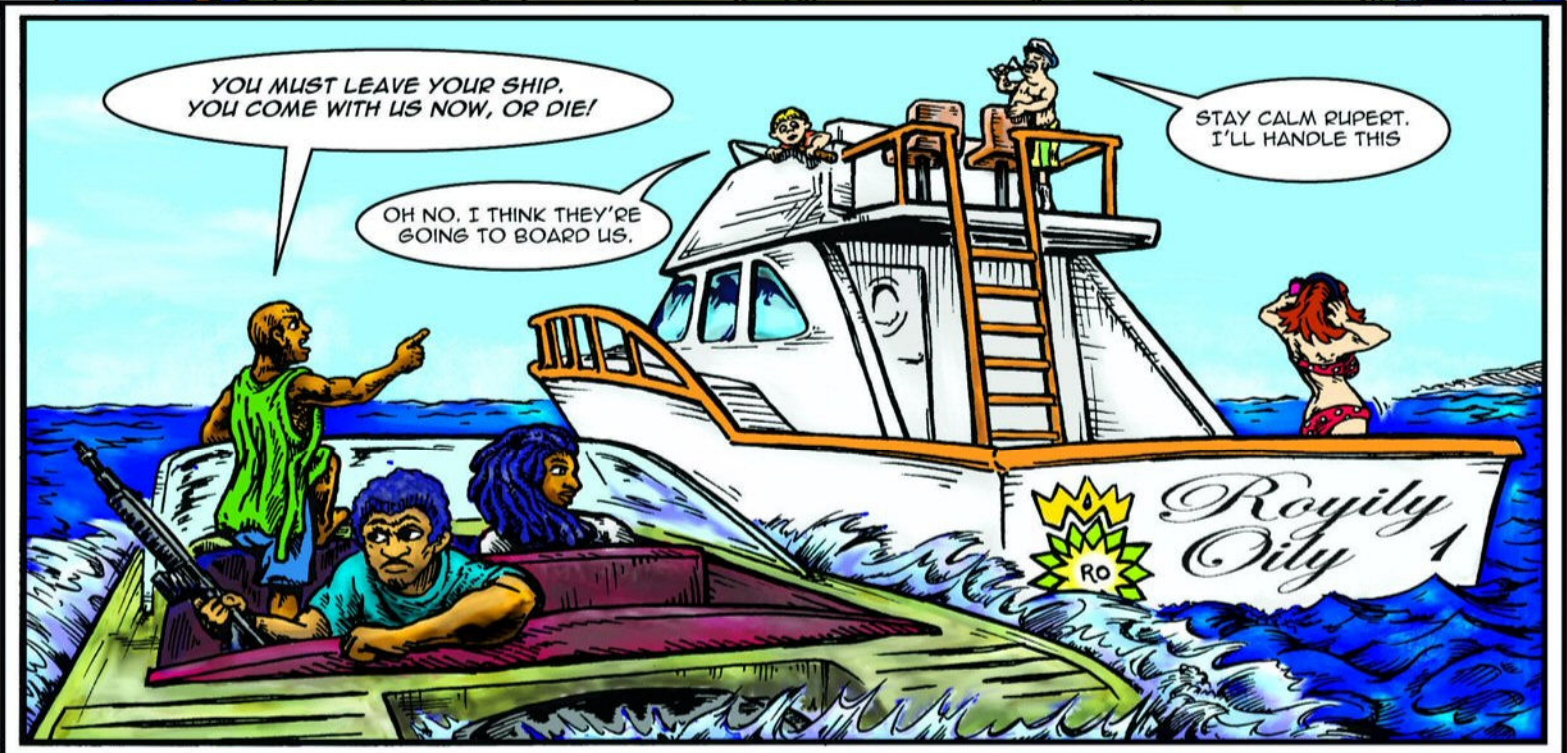
PIRATES

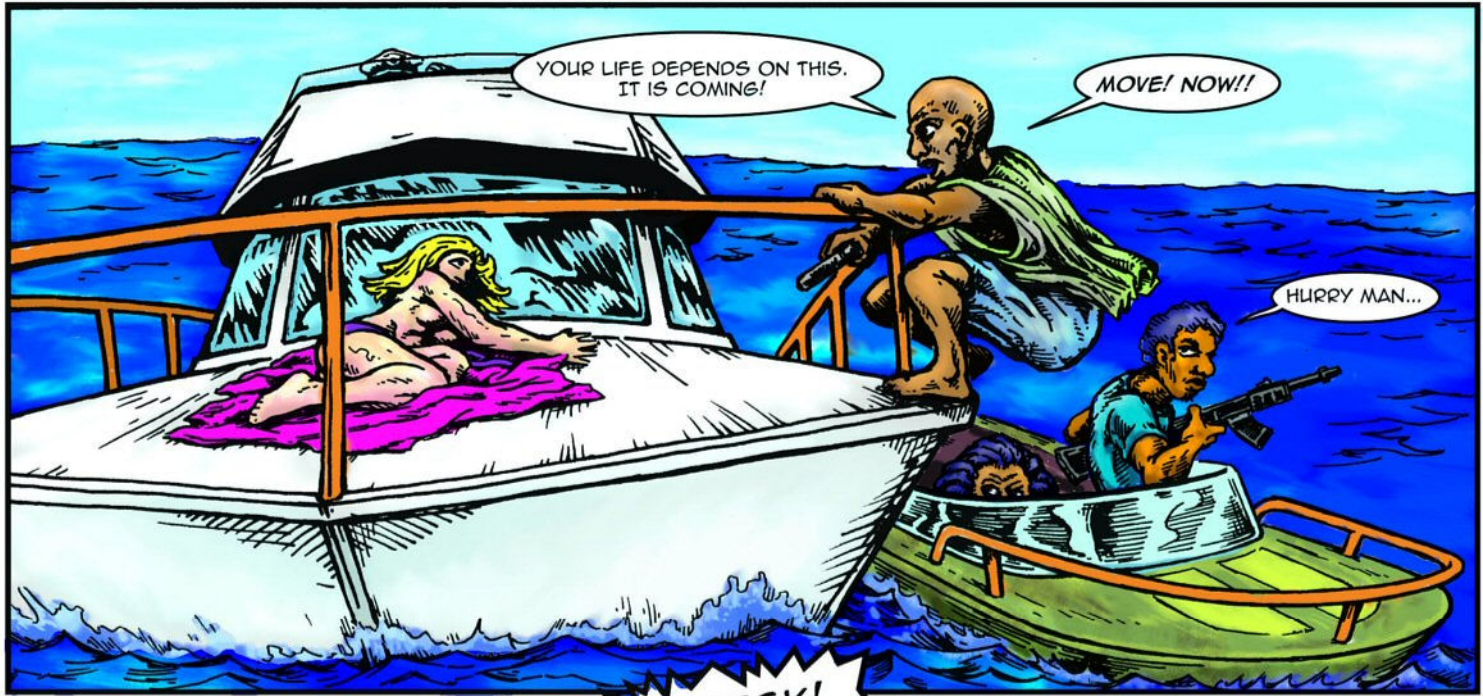
ART:
NATHANIEL
ALLEN





THEY MUST BE PIRATES!

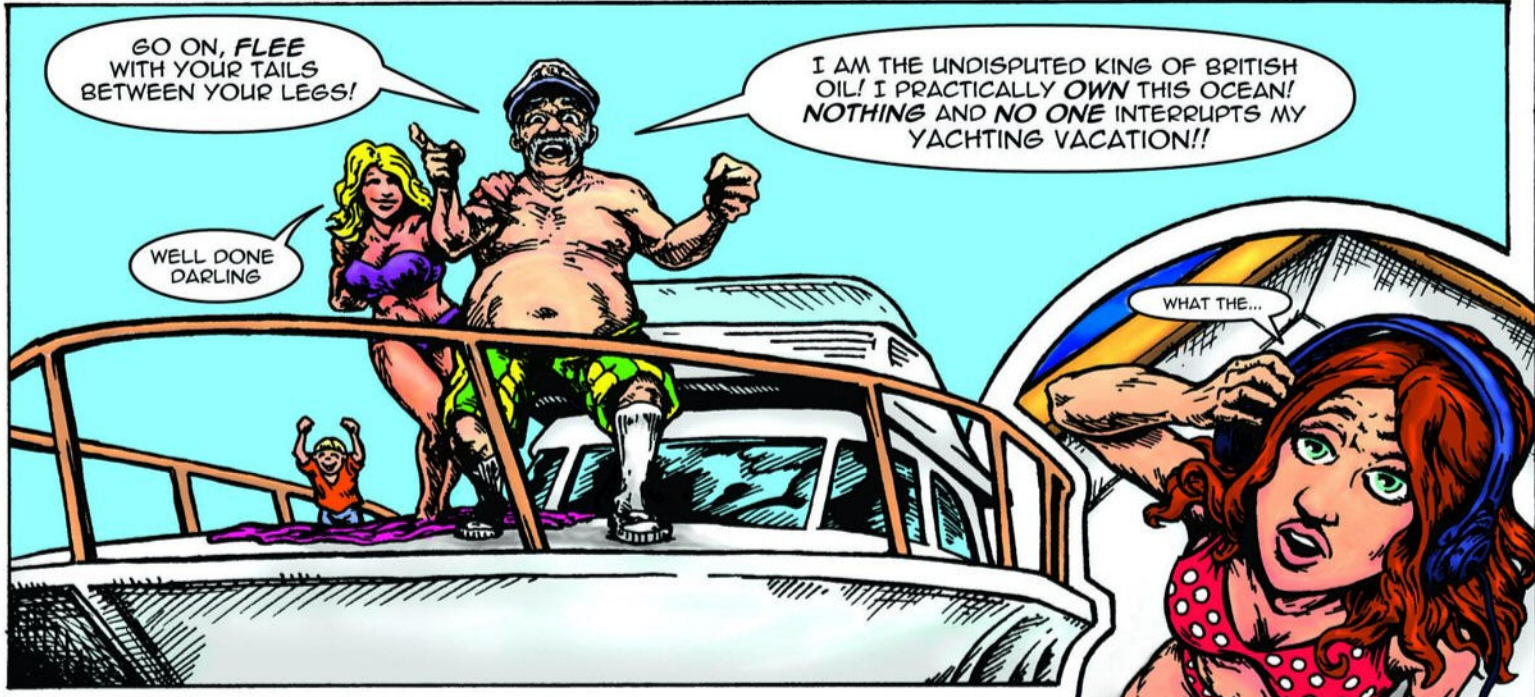






HA HA!
TAKE THAT YOU
FILTHY SCOUNDRELS,
YOU COWARDS!

GO MAN,
GO!!



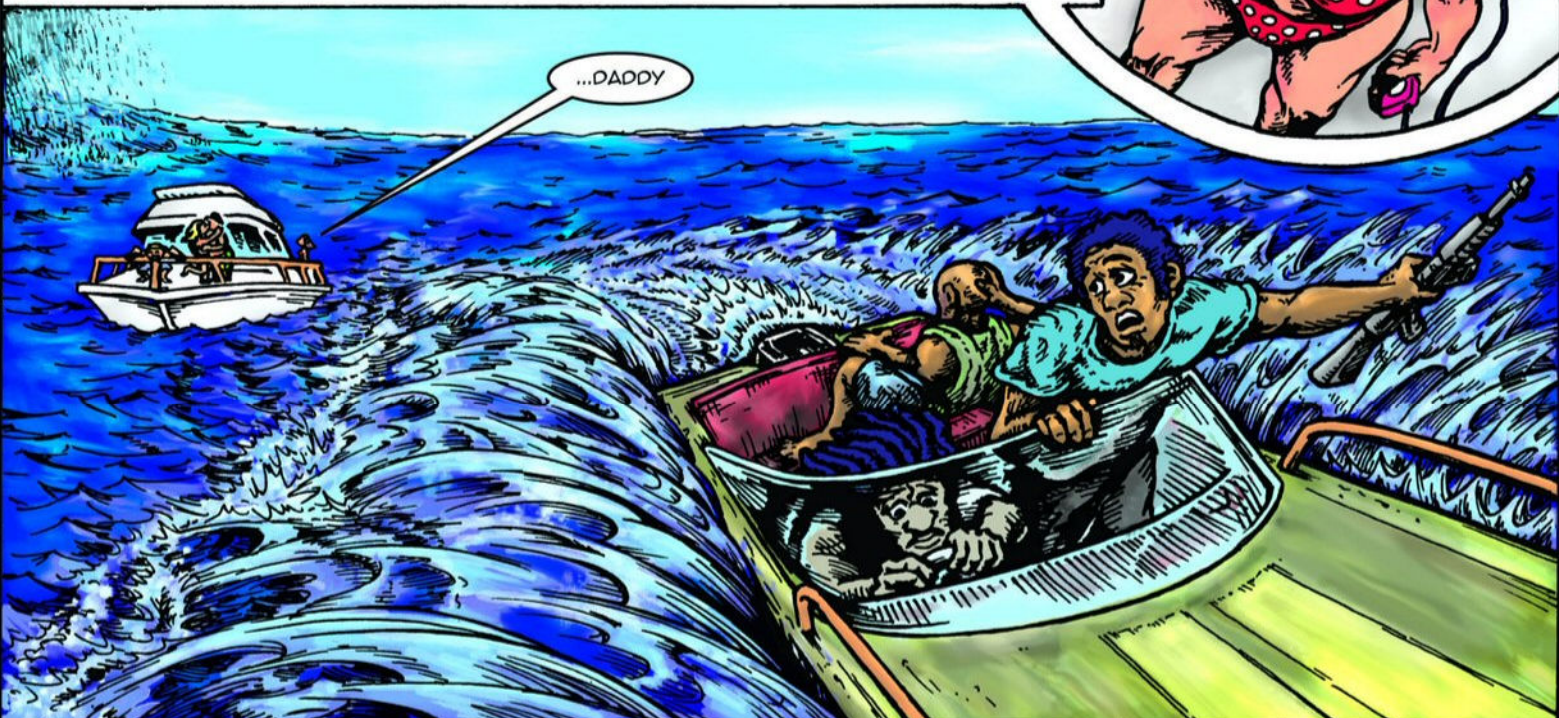
GO ON, FLEE
WITH YOUR TAILS
BETWEEN YOUR LEGS!

I AM THE UNDISPUTED KING OF BRITISH OIL! I PRACTICALLY OWN THIS OCEAN! NOTHING AND NO ONE INTERRUPTS MY YACHTING VACATION!!

WELL DONE
DARLING

WHAT THE...

...DADDY



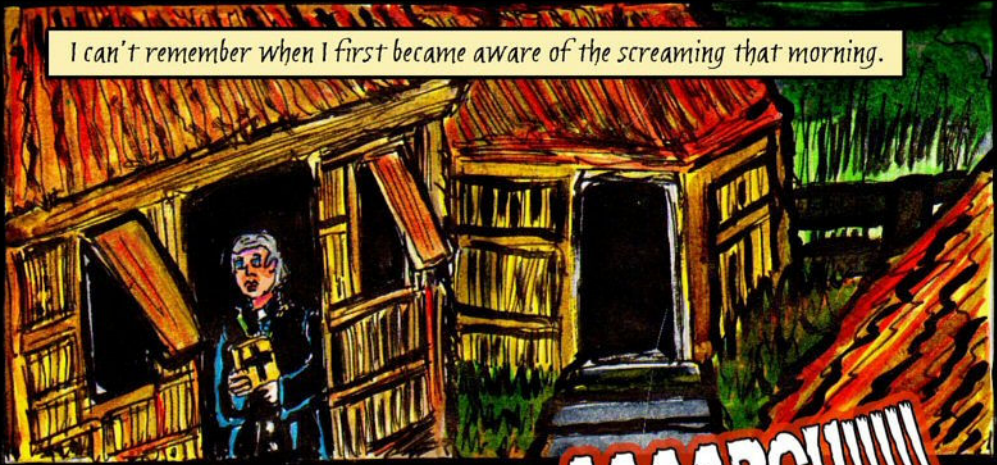


OH DEAR...

THE END ...?

The Journal of The Reverend John Muir, 19th May 1988

I can't remember when I first became aware of the screaming that morning.



AAAARGH!!!!



I followed the trail of blood...

...to the house of the widow Korawa.



WHAT IS IT PREACHER MAN?

I had never seen such a sight... the butchered flesh



DON'T GO IN THERE KIRANA.

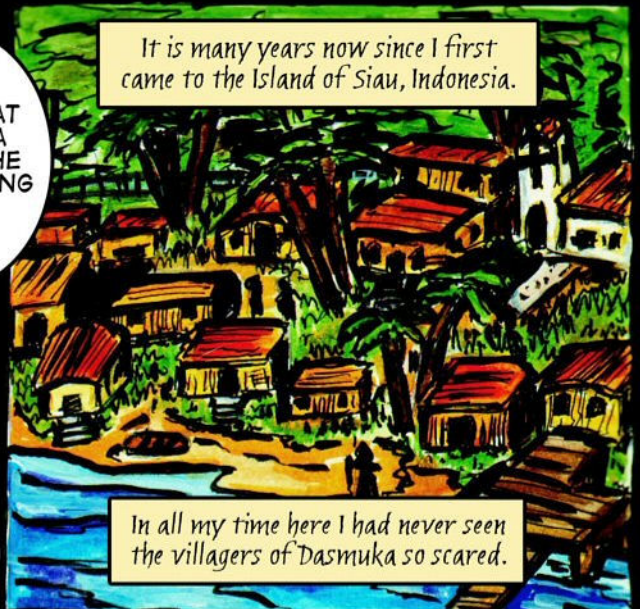


WHAT COULD HAVE DONE THIS?



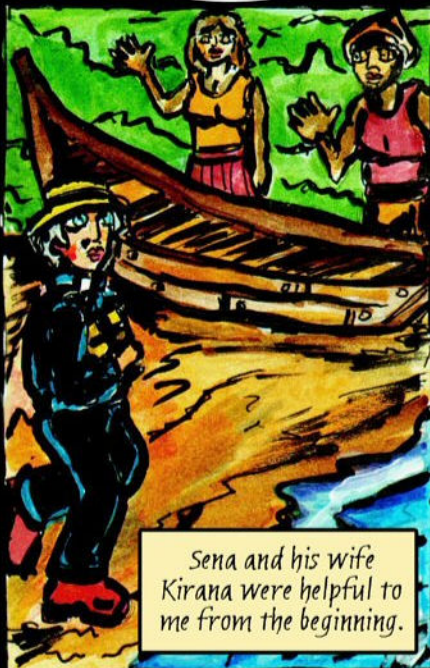
THE CHILD SAYS THAT IT WAS A WOMAN HE SAW COMING OUT OF THE SEA!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE POOR CHILD'S IMAGINATION.



It is many years now since I first came to the Island of Siau, Indonesia.

In all my time here I had never seen the villagers of Dasmuka so scared.



Sena and his wife Kirana were helpful to me from the beginning.



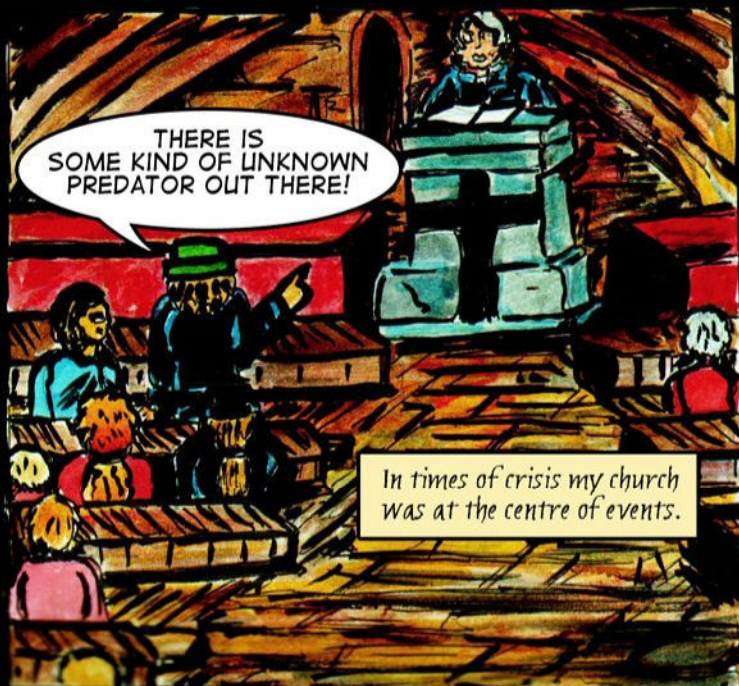
TELL ME PREACHER MAN, WHY IS THERE ONLY ONE GOD THAT NEEDS US?

Kirana came over every afternoon to cook and clean for me.



Then, just two days after the murder of the widow Korara, a fisherman was attacked!

He said it was a Demon Fish!



THERE IS SOME KIND OF UNKNOWN PREDATOR OUT THERE!

In times of crisis my church was at the centre of events.



Prudence suggested we start searching the bay.

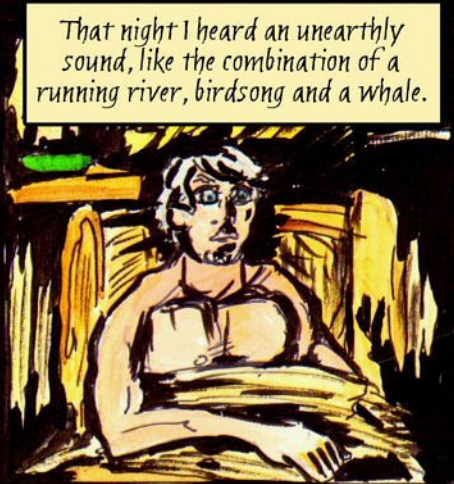


WHAT IS THAT?

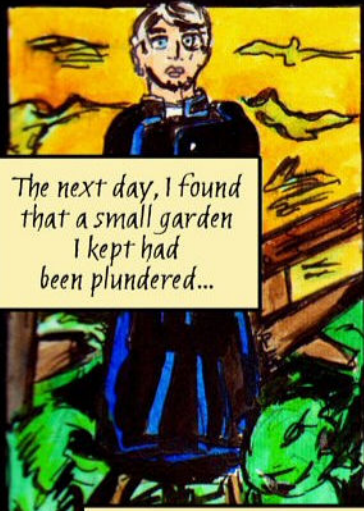


SOME KIND OF KNIFE!

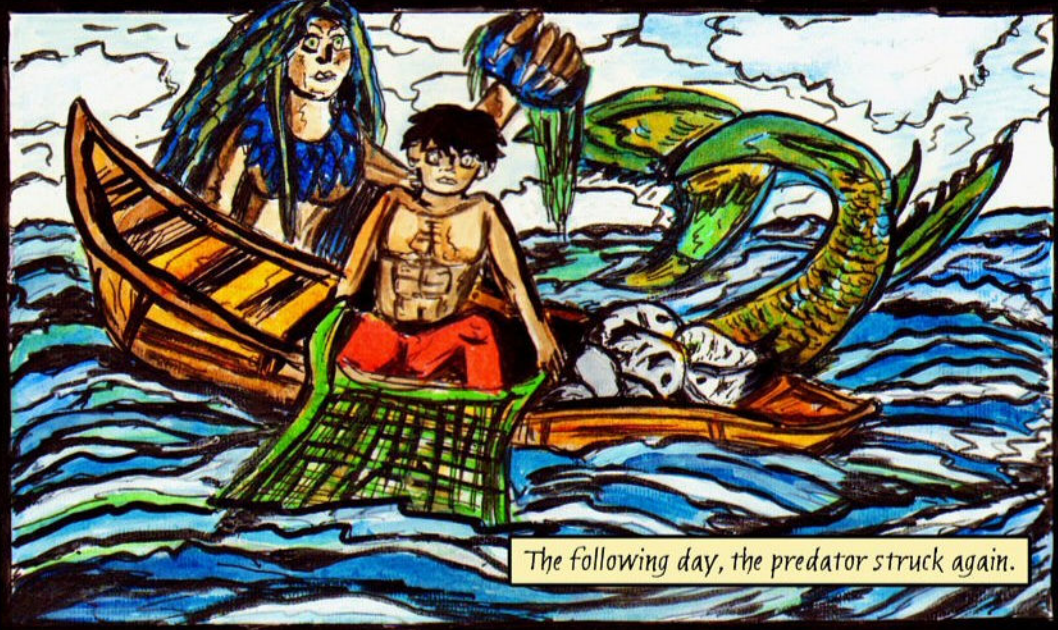
It followed no local pattern of weapon making...and was carved from a human bone!



That night I heard an unearthly sound, like the combination of a running river, birdsong and a whale.



The next day, I found that a small garden I kept had been plundered...



The following day, the predator struck again.

...of more concern were the human teeth marks on some on the corn cobs!



A SHARK PERHAPS? ONE OF GODS CREATURES?

It seemed my faith in The Lord...



THERE IS MORE IN HEAVEN AND HELL THAN WRITTEN IN YOUR BOOK.

...was not shared by the locals.



WHEN I WAS YOUNG, THE CHILDREN USED TO DIVE IN THE CAVES BELOW.

SOME SAID THEY SAW A DEVIL FISH IN THE WATERY TUNNELS.



CHILDREN BELIEVE THEMSELVES INDESTRUCTABLE.

A local superstition told of mermaids that lured sailors from their courses with enchanted song



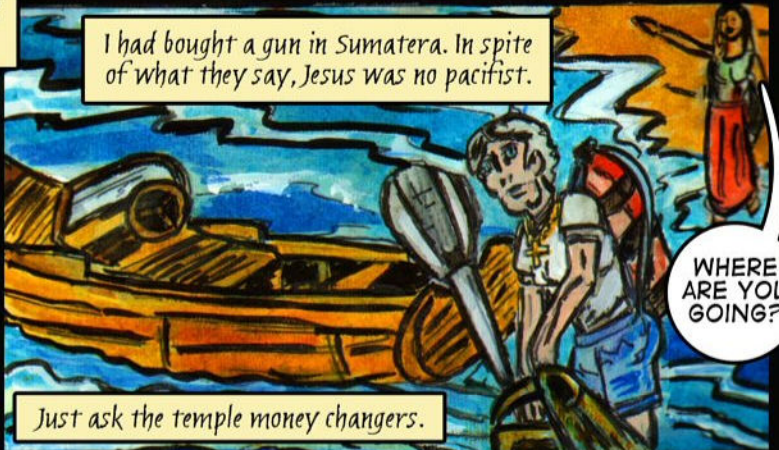
VERY WELL KIRANA, I WILL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

Given that I believed in God, in angels and demons that walked the earth, I felt the need to take the lead.



It had become logical to me that I had to confront this strange terror...

...on its own territory.



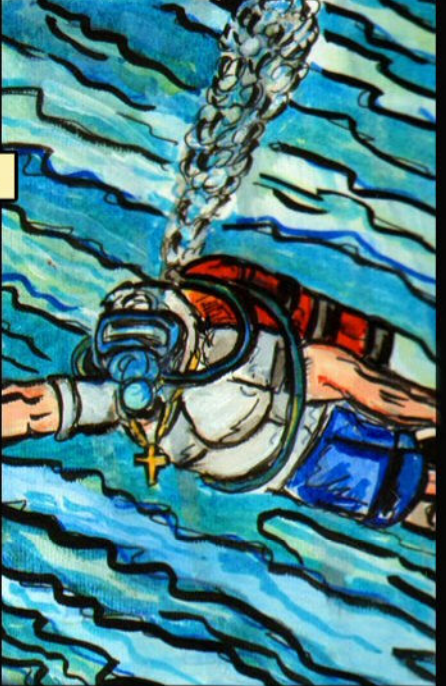
I had bought a gun in Sumatera. In spite of what they say, Jesus was no pacifist.

Just ask the temple money changers.

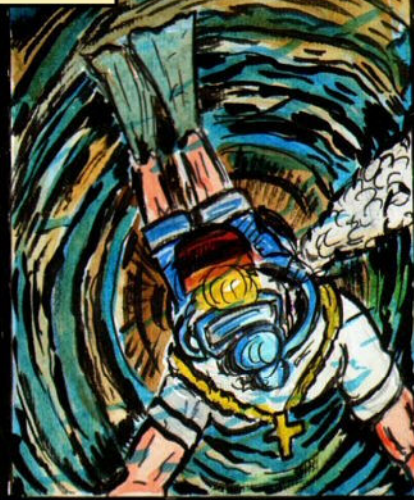
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



There are no horizons in this world of blue and green.



An entrance to the subterranean caves below the cliff was not difficult to find.



So many candles!

Once again, I heard music more haunting than I had previously witnessed



I followed a melodic voice of liquid gold...



...through that cavern of nautical miscellany.



FIEND! CANNIBALSTIC FIEND!

LIKE ANY CREATURE, I HAVE TO EAT.

I ACCEPT YOUR ARGUMENT, BUT NOT THE DIET YOU CHOOSE!



I was enchanted and philosophical debate beckoned.

I tore myself away from its gaze and loaded my gun.

WHY?

MY JOB IS TO PROTECT HUMANITY, I NO LONGER SEE YOU AS A FIEND, BUT KILL YOU AS A DANGEROUS PREDATOR.



Moral certainties are so comforting.



The knife had bitten deep.

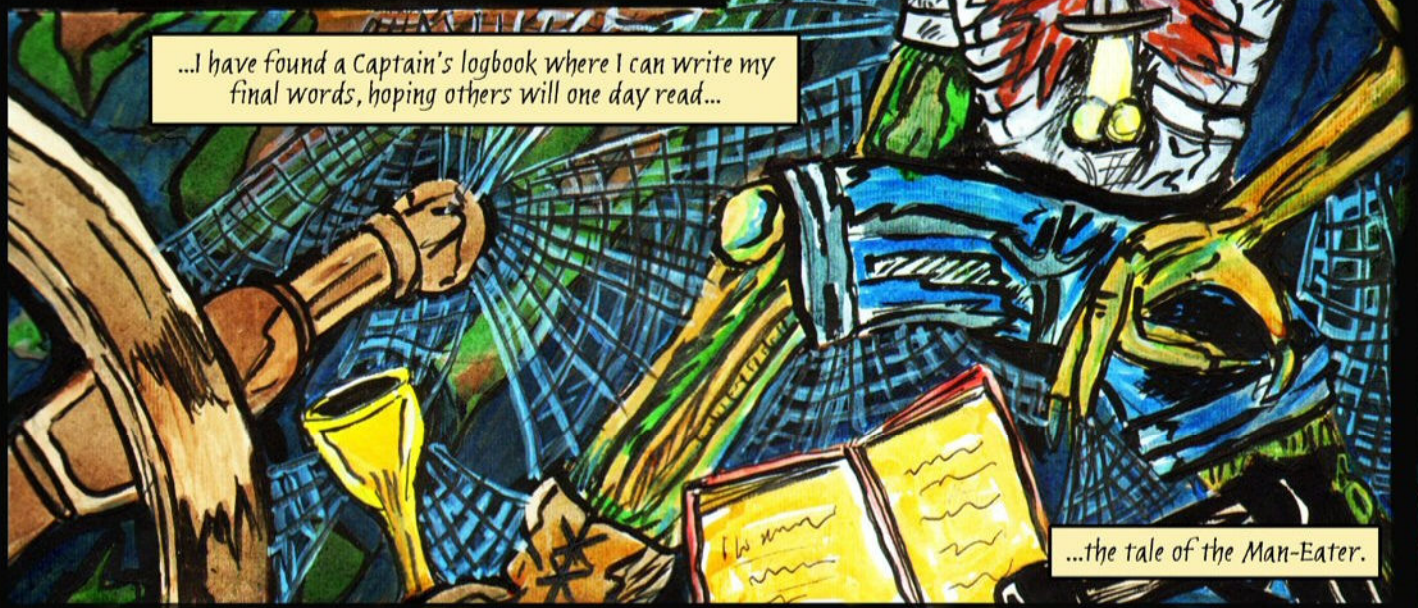


My last act was to silence that beautiful voice forever.



So, as the last candles flicker out...

...in this chamber of antiquities...



...I have found a Captain's logbook where I can write my final words, hoping others will one day read...

...the tale of the Man-Eater.

COMING SOON TO VHS & BETAMAX:

The

A Cheap Tat Production

AXE

Minister x

Coming to a
Confessional
near you **SOON!**

FORGIVE me **FATHER** for I shall **SIN!**

*If you desire penance
he cuts to the chase...*

A 2hr Film Presentation of a **Robert Levitator** film
'The Axe Minister' starring **Charles Wynford Lodge**

Don't venture onto the jetty, for deep down amongst the mud and silt it squelches!
Beneath the calm tranquil waters it lurks!

**THE BOTTOM
FEEDER** x

A 2hr Production

**UP FROM BELOW IT RISES
UP FROM BELOW IT EMERGES
UP FROM BELOW TO PULL YOU OFF**

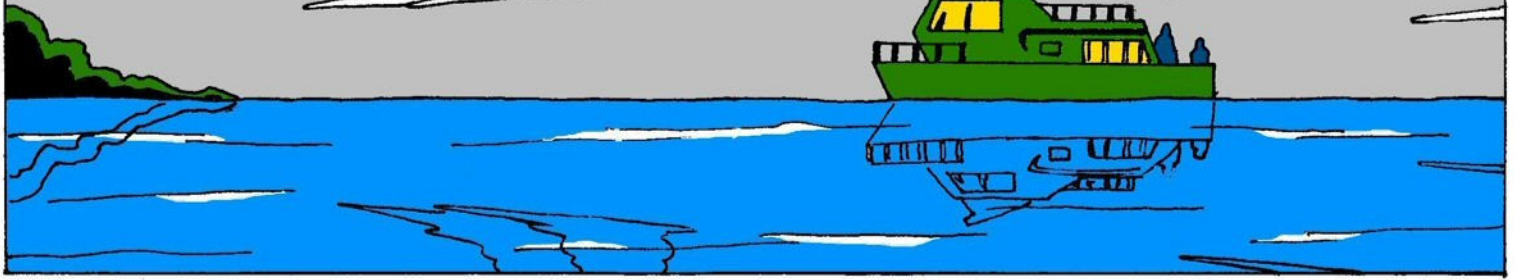
**DIRECTED BY KENN EDGARY
PRODUCED BY BOB NOCKERS**

Starring

Forrest Jenkins and Phillipa Frances with Charles Wynford Lodge

20 MILES OFF THE FLORIDA COAST...

FIFTEEN MINUTES IS ALL I CAN GIVE YOU, MS. BELL...



SHIPPING FORECAST SAYS THERE'S A TYPHOON HEADING THIS WAY...

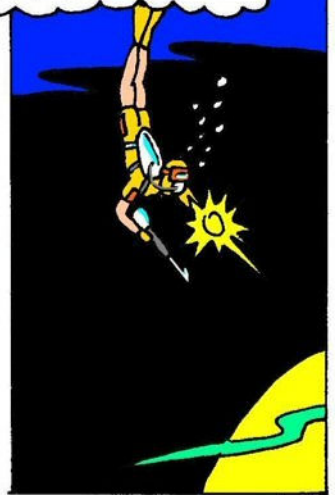
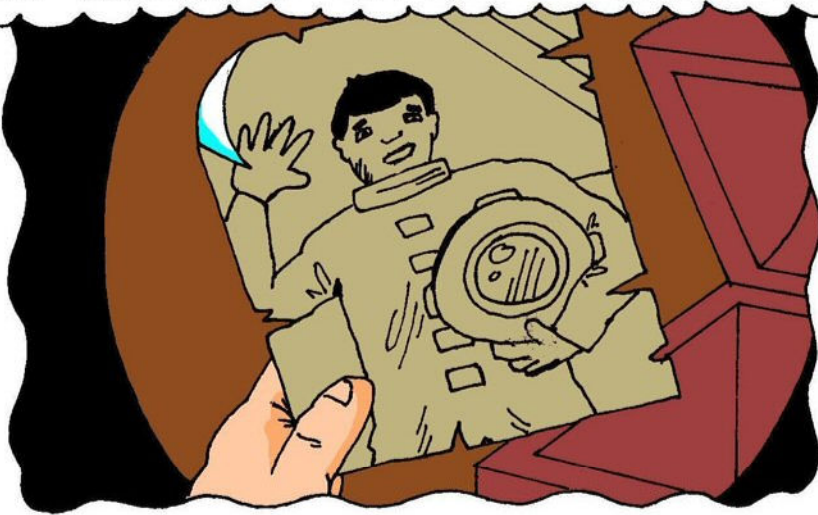
I CAN'T STAY OUT HERE LONGER THAN THAT



HOPEFULLY, THAT'LL BE AMPLE TIME TO LOCATE THE MARY DANE WRECKAGE



MARY DANE, THE SHIPWRECK AN ANCESTOR OF MINE WENT SEARCHING FOR AND VANISHED BACK IN 1947



DEEP SHIP

IF HIS CO-ORDINATES WERE RIGHT, SHE SHOULD BE DOWN AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE





WHOA!

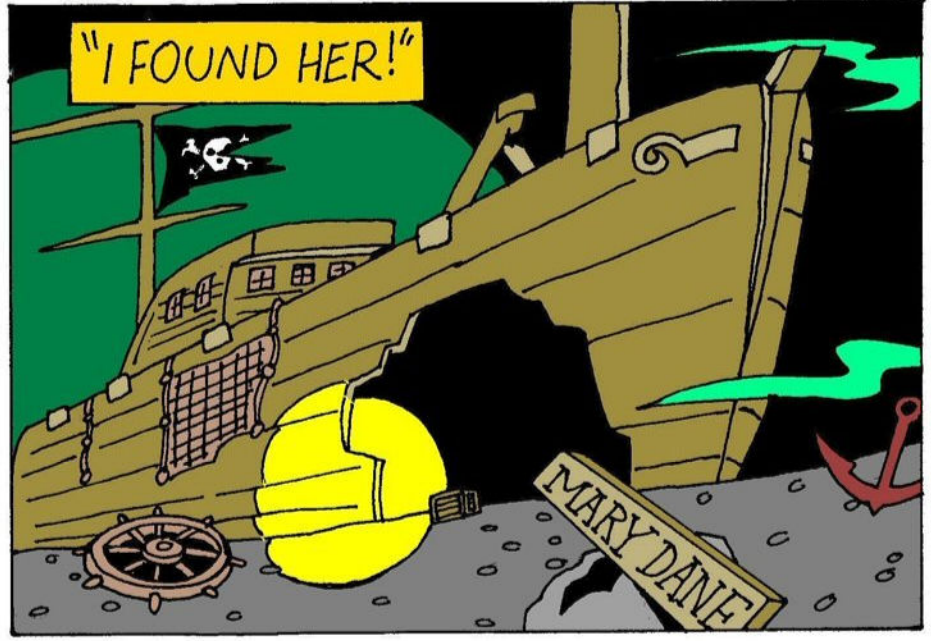


I THINK I SCARED HIM MORE THAN HE SCARED ME

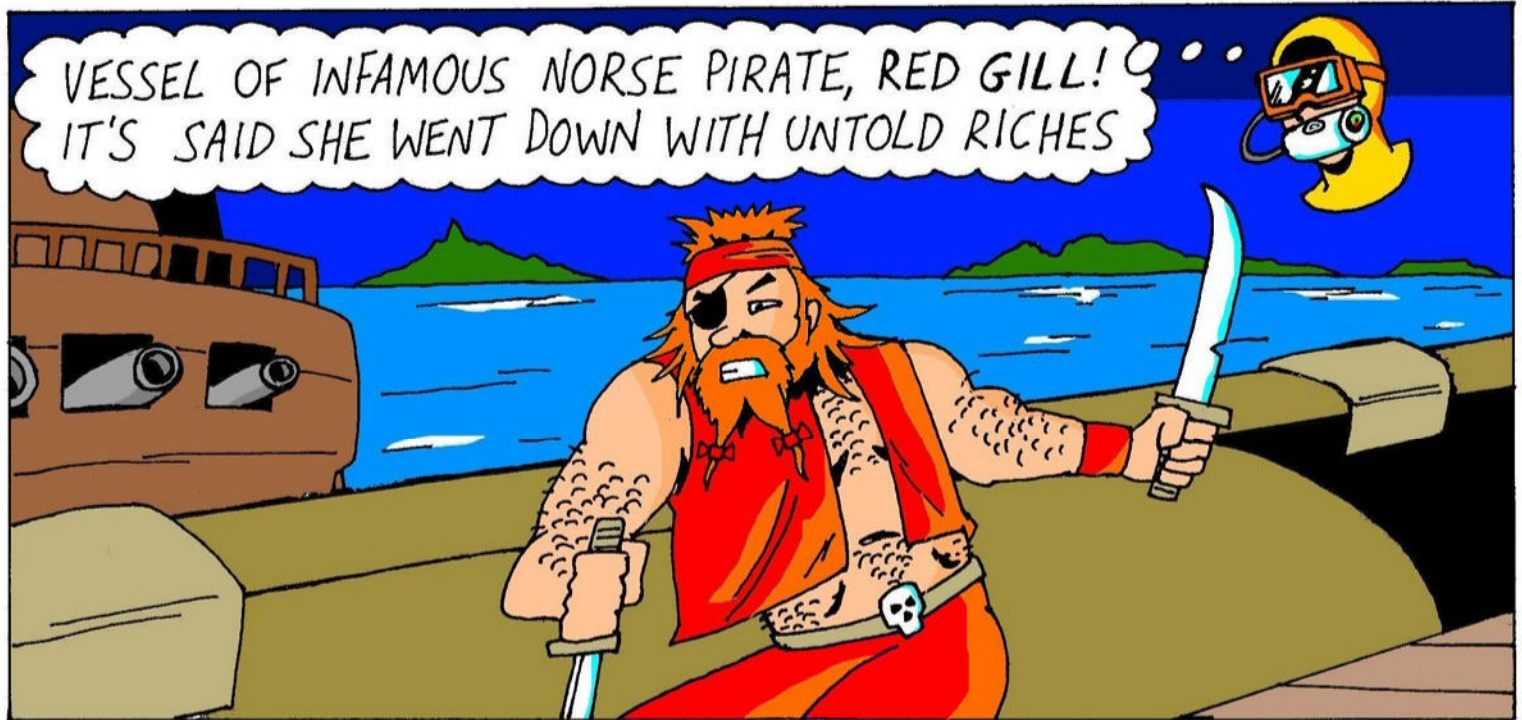


MINUTES LATER...

THERE...



"I FOUND HER!"



VESSEL OF INFAMOUS NORSE PIRATE, RED GILL!
IT'S SAID SHE WENT DOWN WITH UNTOLD RICHES





IF THERE'S TREASURE TO BE HAD IT'LL BE IN THE CARGO HOLD



THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING BUT EMPTY CRATES!



LISA...

WHAT THE..?!



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU LISA...

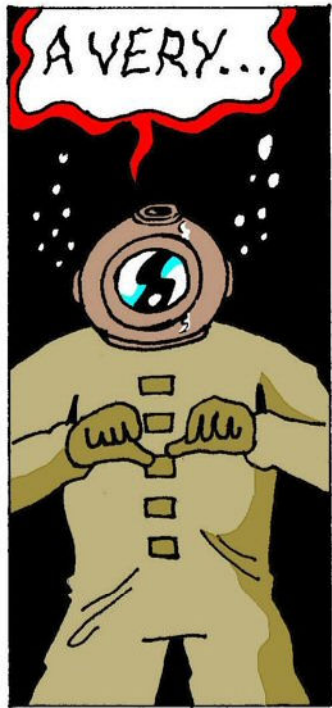
YEGAD!!



WHAT IN HADES IS IT? AND HOW DOES IT KNOW MY NAME?!

I'VE BEEN WAITING...

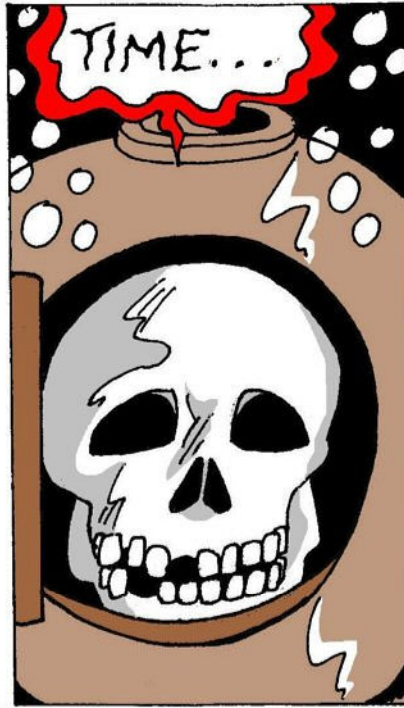
FDDSH!



A VERY...



LONG...



TIME...



GLAARGH!!

ON THE SURFACE...



SORRY MS. BELL BUT THE STORM'S GETTING WORSE...



ALL I CAN DO IS TO NOTIFY THE COASTGUARD



BUT I FEAR SHE'S...



ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE SEA...



Gregg's Gory Horror Channel

- 9.00 **The Pies of Laura Mars**
(18, 1978, S) *****
 - 10.30 **Crepeshow** (15, 1982, S) ****
 - 12.00 **Night of The Cream Bun** (PG, 1957, S) *****
 - 1.30 **Bridies of Dracula**
(12, 1960, S) *****
 - 3.00 **The Battenberg Terror**
(PG, 1958, S) ***
-
- Quatermass and The Pita 4.30
- 4.30 **Quatermass and The Pita** (12, 1967, S) *****
 - 6.00 **Let The Right Bun In**
(18, 2008, S) *****
 - 7.30 **The Evil Bread**
(18, 1981, S) ****
 - 8.00 **Crust Devil** (18, 1992, S) **
 - 10.30 **The Yeast Must Die**
(15, 1974, S) ***
 - 12.00 **A Loaf In The Dark**
(18, 2005, S) *
 - 1.30 **Nightbread** (18, 1990, S) ***
 - 3.00 **Sleepy Whole Loaf**
(15, 1999, S) ***
 - 4.30 **Silent Mill** (18, 2006, S) ***

CMonsters

- 6.00 **Monster Maker Comes To Town**
With Victor Frankenstein.
(S) (Rpt)
 - 6.30 **Countess Balathory**
(S) (Rpt)
-
- Crazy Freaker 7.00
- 7.00 **Crazy Freaker**
(S) (Rpt)
 - 8.00 **Furious George**
Angry chimpanzee. (S)
 - 8.20 **Slay Ghoul** (S)
 - 8.50 **Byker Grave** (S) (Rpt)
 - 9.40 **My Parents Are HR Giger Aliens**
"Hilarious" sitcom. (S) (Rpt)
 - 10.10 **Leper Pig** (S)
 - 10.40 **Why Don't Boo...?**
Haunting tips for juvenile ghosts. (S) (Rpt)
 - 10.55 **Clifford The In-Bred Werewolf** (S) (Rpt)
 - 11.25 **Simon and The Witch Trial** Last in series. (S)
 - 11.50 **Horrible Current Affairs** New series from the makers of Horrible Histories which demonstrates that things haven't really changed much. (S)
- NEW**
- 12.15 **Hannah Fontana Book of Ghost Stories** (S) (Rpt)
 - 1.30 **ChuckleVision**
(shudder) (S) (Rpt)

Films 4 The Nervous

- 8.00 **Pet Crematorium**
(PG, 1990, S) **
 - 9.30 **Night of The Unliving Dead**
(U, 1969, S) ****
 - 11.00 **Daydream On Some Other Street** (U, 1984, S) ****
 - 12.30 **30 Days of Light**
(U, 2006, S) ***
- 2.00 **The Really Nice Living**
(U, 1980, S) ****
 - 3.30 **Correct Turn** (U, 2003, S) ***
 - 5.00 **Dr. Jekyll & Dr. Jekyll Again But This Time Wearing A Slightly Different Hat**
(12, 1936, S) ****
 - 6.30 **The Devil Stays In**
(PG, 1966, S) ***
 - 8.00 **Paused** (U, 2009, S) ****
 - 9.30 **Interview With The Uninteresting Man**
(U, 1994, S) ****
 - 11.00 **An American Person In London** (U, 1981, S) *****
 - 12.30 **Minimum Underdrive**
(U, 1985, S) **
- 2.00 **Rosemary's Contraception**
(PG, 1969, S) ***
 - 3.30 **28 Days Earlier**
(PG, 2002, S) ***
 - 5.00 **The Exorcised**
(U, 1974, S) ***

A SATURDAY IN OCTOBER, 5:30 PM...



STORY BY JEFF EDMOND

ART AND ADAPTATION BY VIN DAVIS



WHAT ARE YOU STANDING THERE FOR? ARE YOU COMING IN?



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS PLACE, I'VE GOT BAD VIBES!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THERE'S PRACTICALLY NOBODY IN HERE...



...JUST THOSE TWO LITTLE OLD LADIES OVER THERE!



YES? HOW CAN I HELP YOU?



I'D LOVE A CAPPUCCINO!

ONE CAPPUCCINO MAX!



CAPPUCCINO COMING UP!



WHAT'S THE RUSH? LET'S SIT AND TALK. AREN'T YOU GETTING ANYTHING?

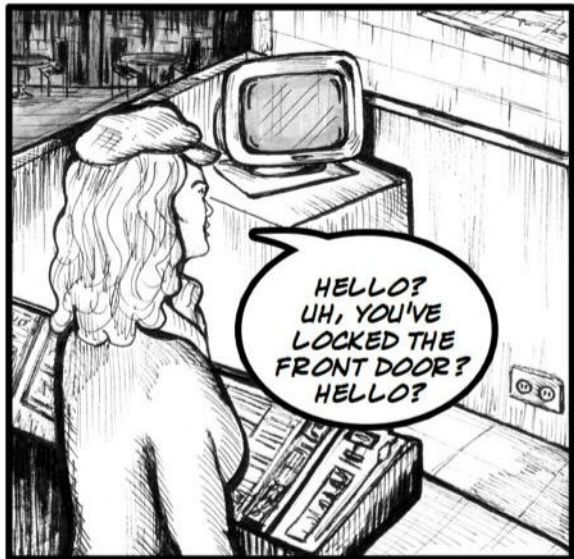
MAYBE WE CAN GET THIS TO GO?

NO, I'M O.K.











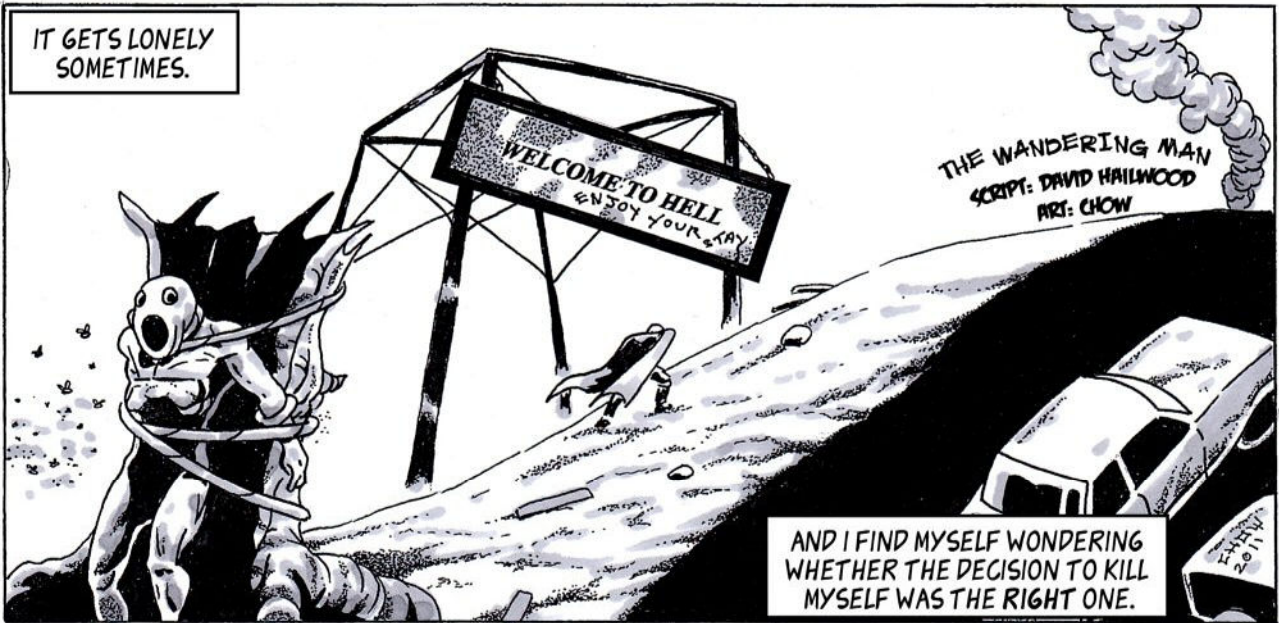
Vampire Vixens

of the
Wehrmacht

**BUMP
AND
GRIND
COMICS**



IT GETS LONELY
SOMETIMES.



THE WANDERING MAN
SCRIPT: DAVID HALLWOOD
ART: CHOW

AND I FIND MYSELF WONDERING
WHETHER THE DECISION TO KILL
MYSELF WAS THE RIGHT ONE.



NO!
P-PLEASE...



THEN I REMEMBER
THE HOURS OF
MINDLESS TEDIUM.
SAME OLD WORK,
SAME OLD ROUTINE.

NO VARIETY, THAT WAS THE PROBLEM.



AND SOMETIMES...

EXCUSE ME,
GENTLEMEN!

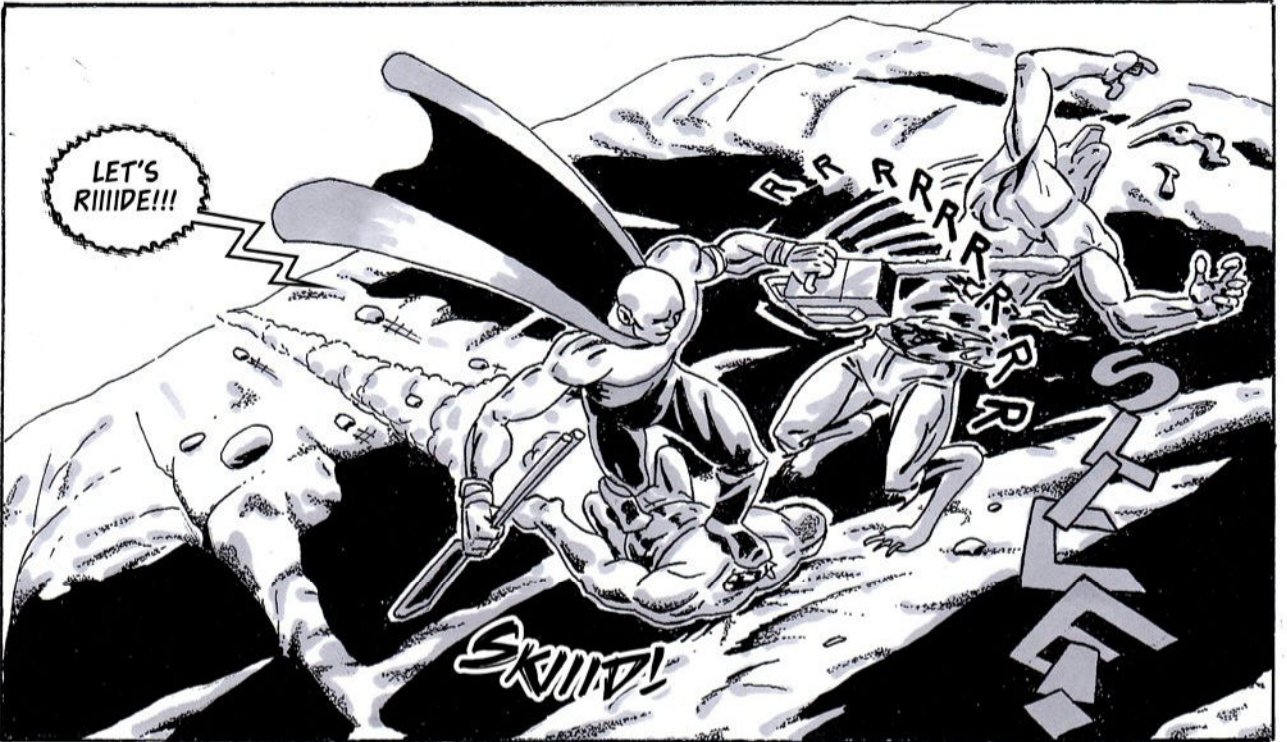
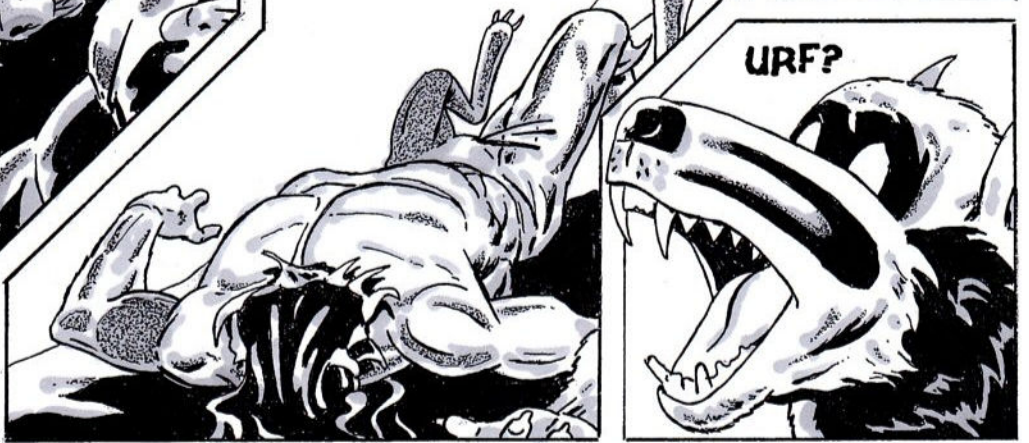
WUFFF...?

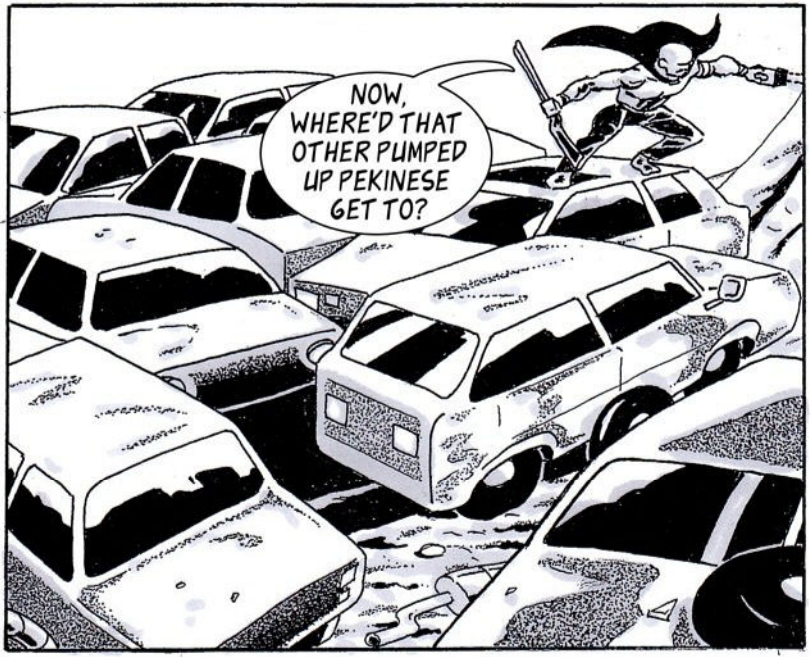


SOMETIMES A PENCIL JUST
DIDN'T SEEM LIKE ENOUGH.

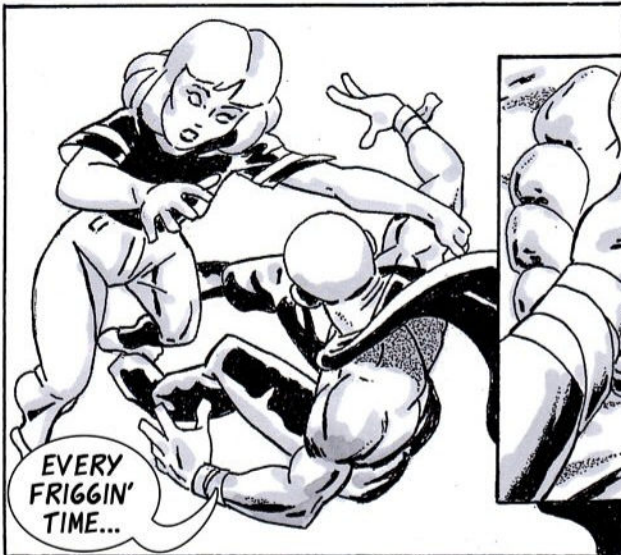
MIND IF
I CUT IN?

RRRRRR

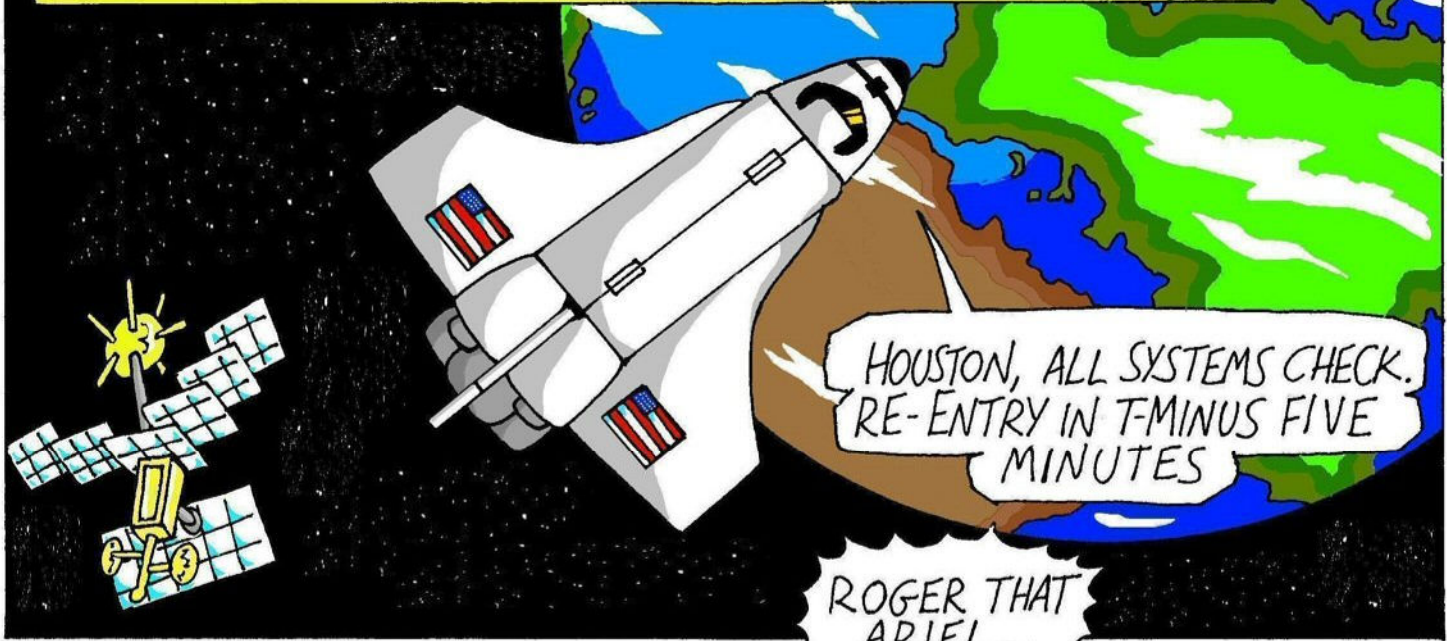








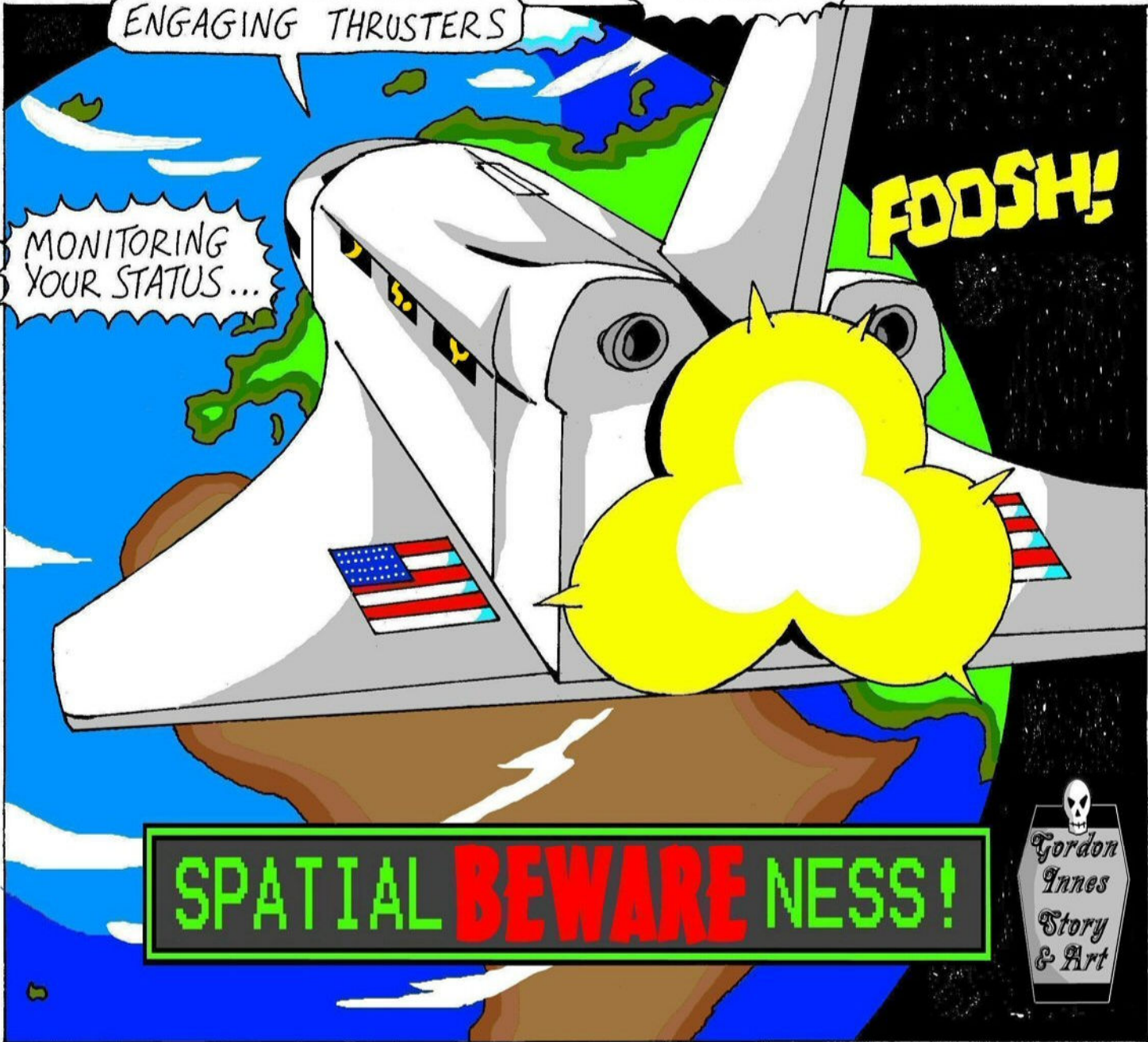
THE SPACE SHUTTLE, ARIEL. HER CREW HAVE JUST COMPLETED A MISSION TO REPAIR A DAMAGED SATELLITE...



HOUSTON, ALL SYSTEMS CHECK. RE-ENTRY IN T-MINUS FIVE MINUTES

ROGER THAT ARIEL...

ENGAGING THRUSTERS

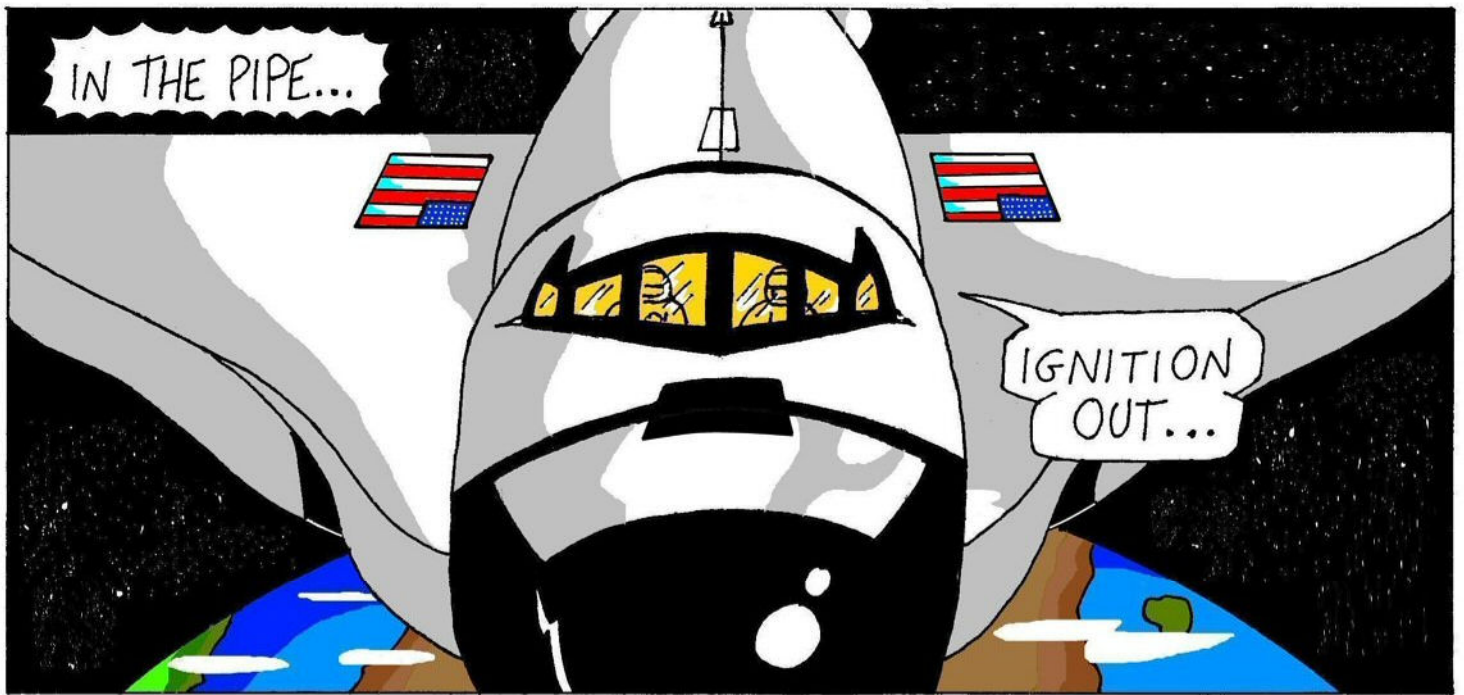


MONITORING YOUR STATUS...

FOOSH!

SPATIAL BEWARE NESS!

Gordon Innes Story & Art



IN THE PIPE...

IGNITION
OUT...

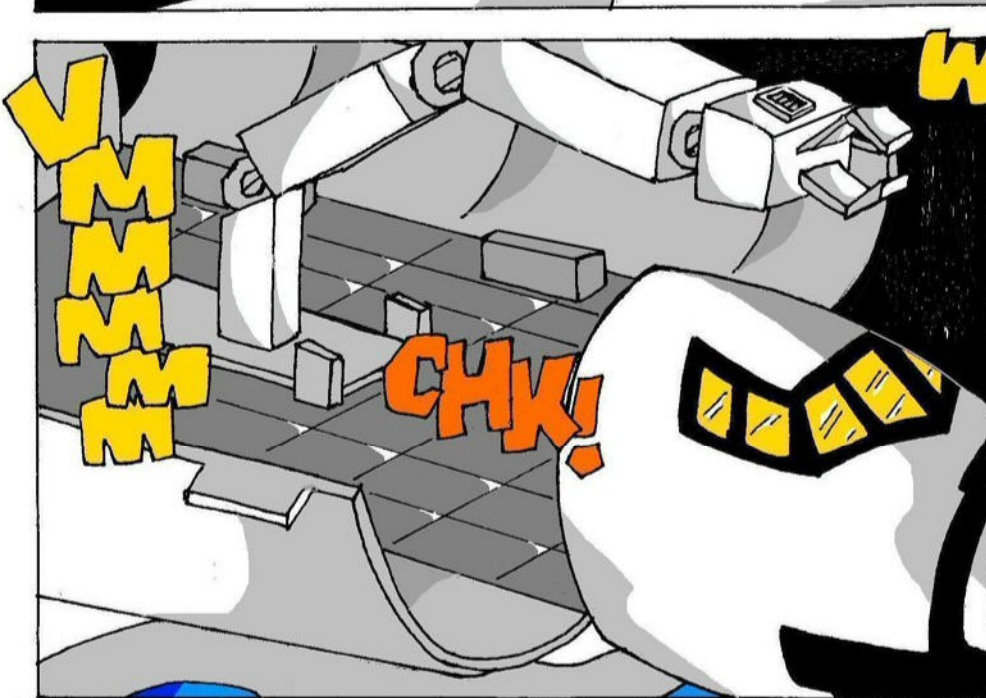
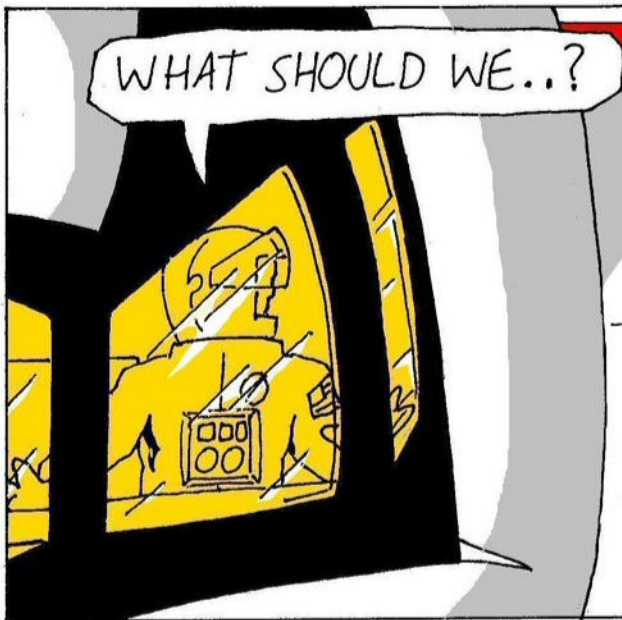


BREAKING ORBIT
IN 5, 4, 3, 2...

**BEEP
BEEP**



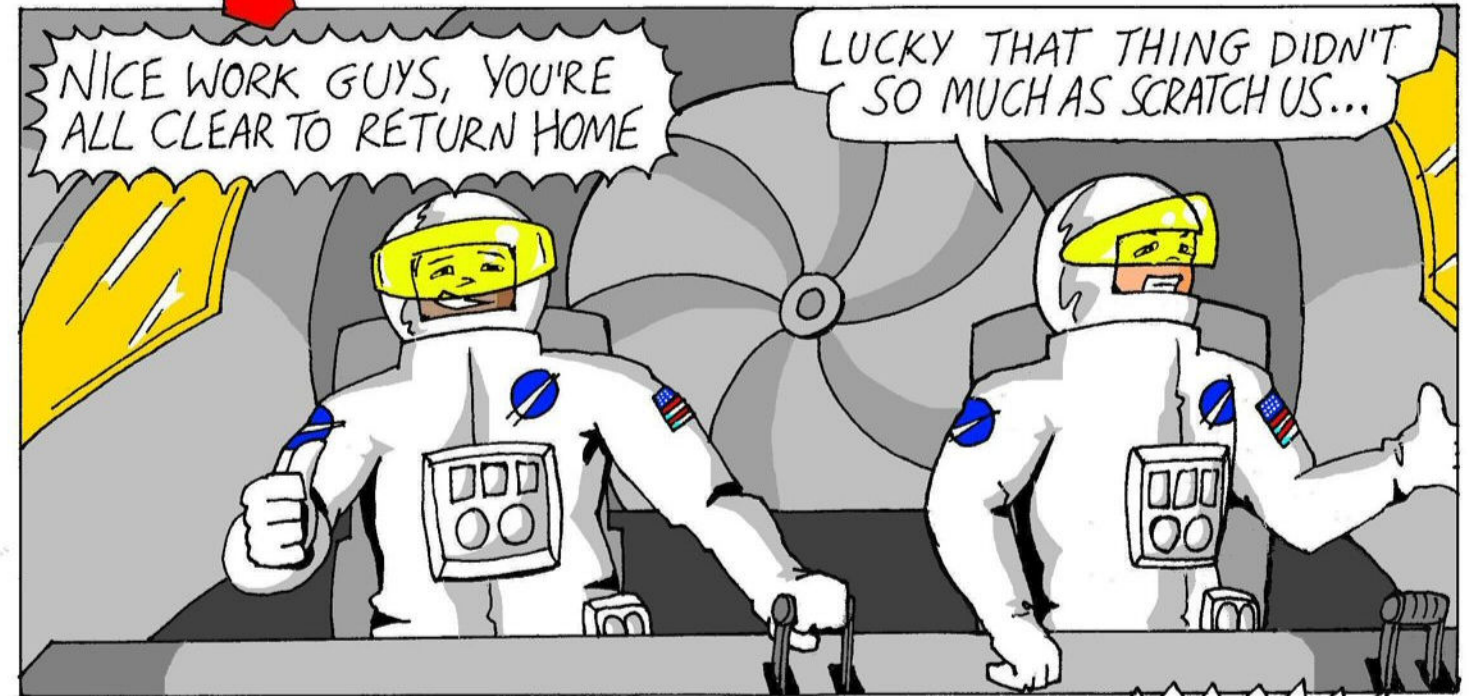
WHAT THE...?!
THERE SEEMS TO BE
SOME KINDA' PROBLEM...





SWATTED THAT BUG!

EEP!

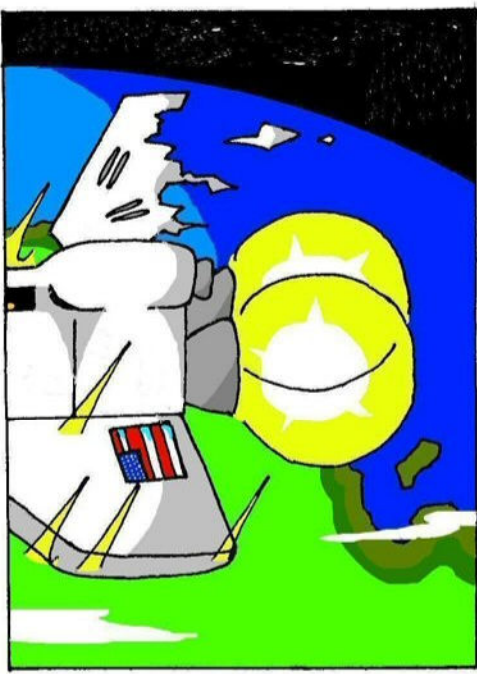


NICE WORK GUYS, YOU'RE ALL CLEAR TO RETURN HOME

LUCKY THAT THING DIDN'T SO MUCH AS SCRATCH US...



OR WE WOULD HAVE BURNT UP IN EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE...



AAAIEEE!!

HE! HE!



THE OFFERING

Quiet everyone !!




Tonight will be the night...


the night all our troubles are ended...

with a sacrifice .


This "virgin" sacrifice of a maiden from the church should satisfy the beast .




Remove the hood .



Wuh ?



Ah the sky is
clearing up.



What's going on ?
Where am i ?



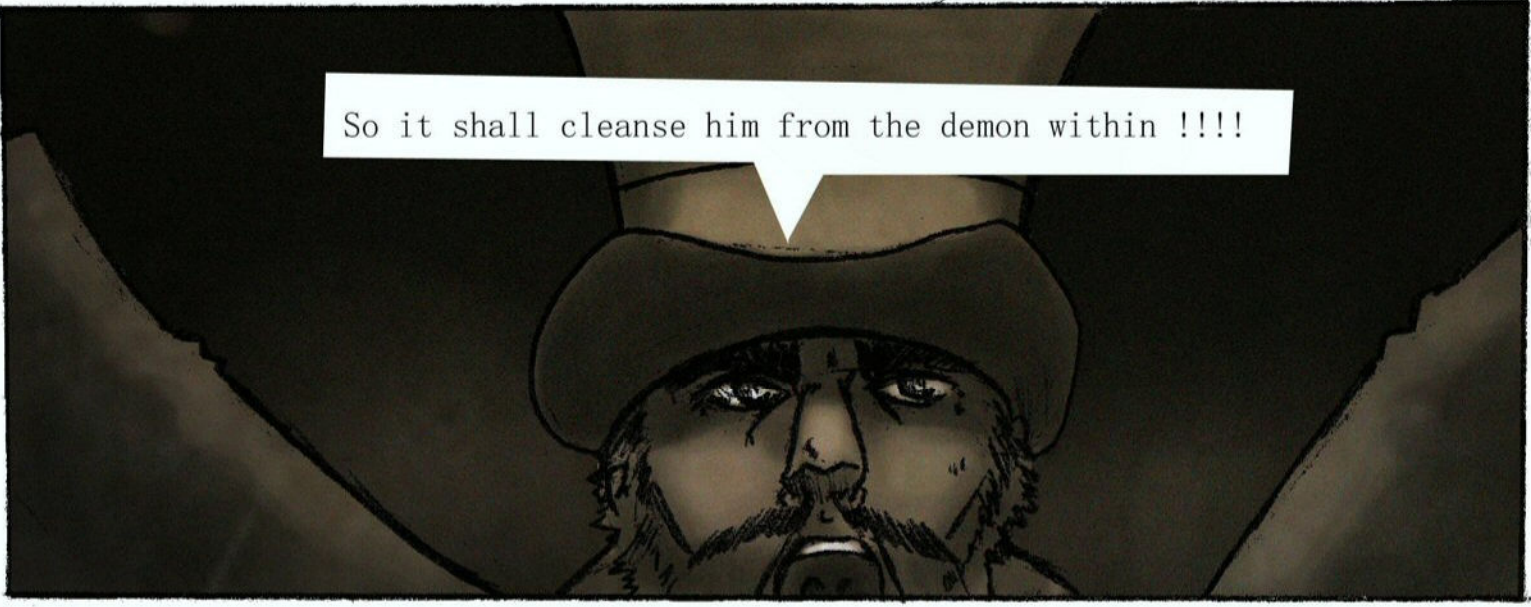
Now...



Let the beast feed...

on this "holy" maiden...

So it shall cleanse him from the demon within !!!!






AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!



gasp




Ruuooohaa!!!



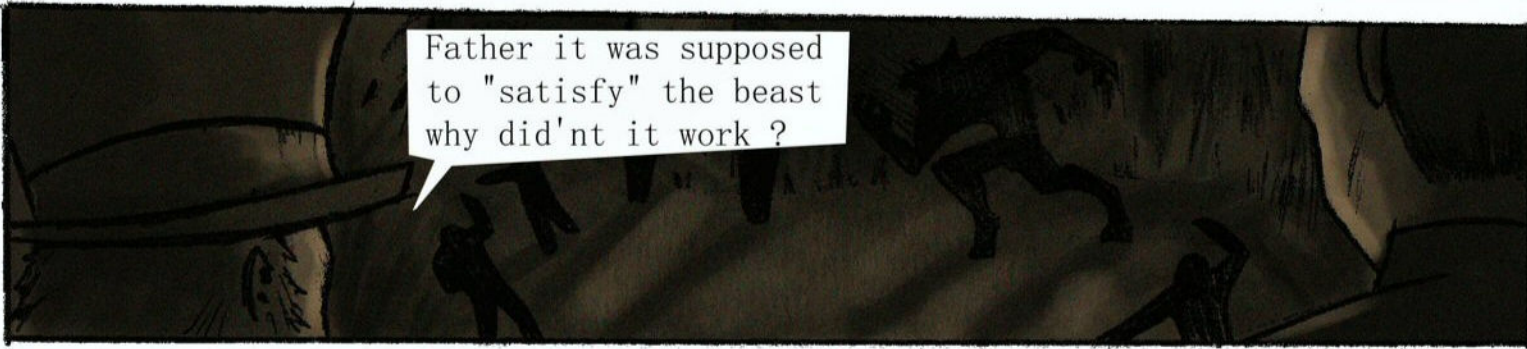
AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!



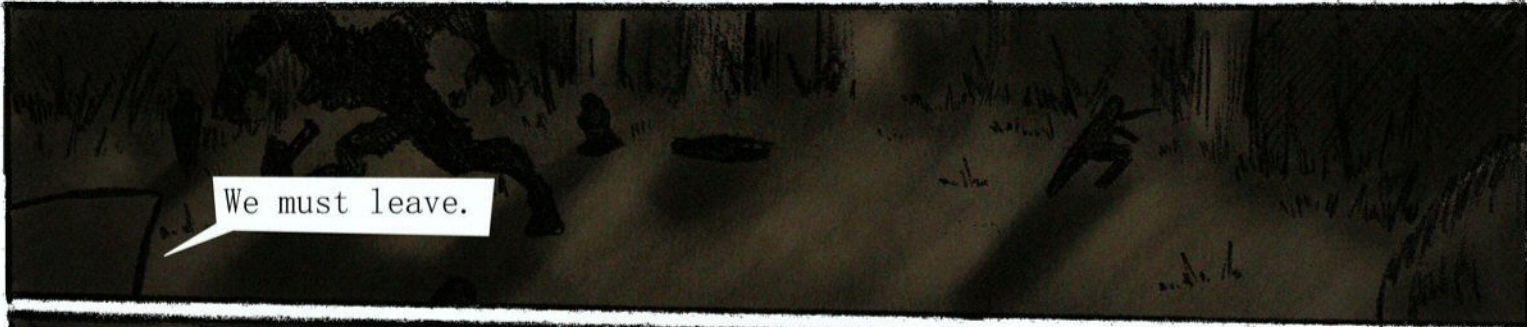
RUUUARRGGGG !!!!!



How can
this be ?



Father it was supposed
to "satisfy" the beast
why did'nt it work ?

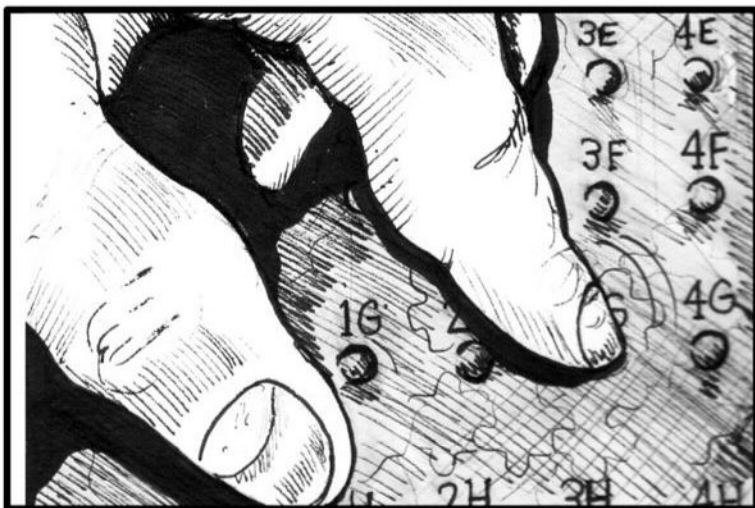
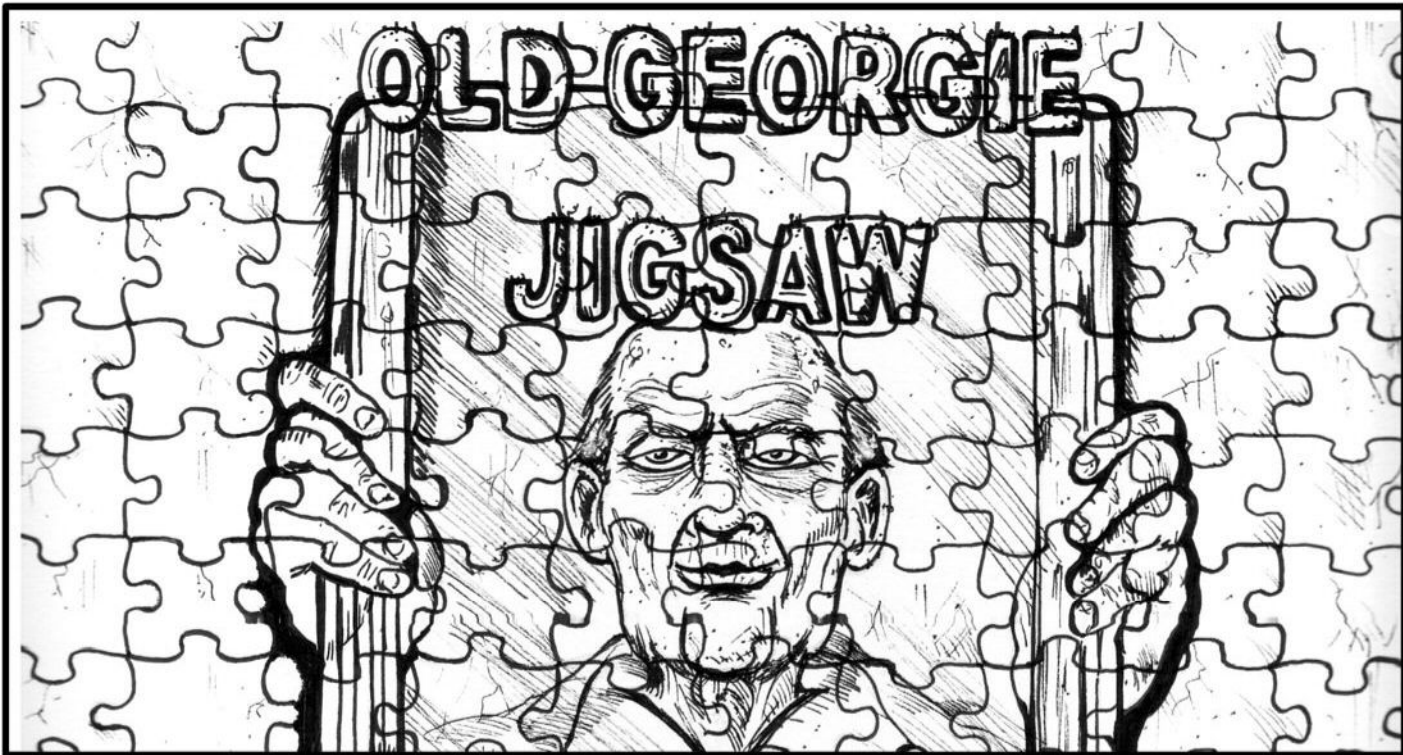


We must leave.



To be continued..

Episode 11.



STORY BY JEFF EDMOND

ADAPTATION AND ART BY VIN DAVIS



HI YA GEORGIE!

WILLIE.



JEEZ, WHAT'S IT BEEN? 10 YEARS?



SO HOW YA BEEN?

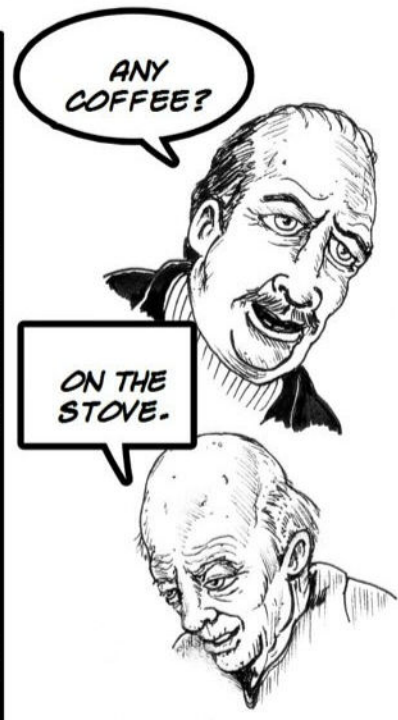


STILL PLAYIN' WITH THOSE JIGSAW PUZZLES, HUH?



SO NOW THAT YOU'RE RETIRED WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' WITH YOURSELF?

THIS AND THAT...

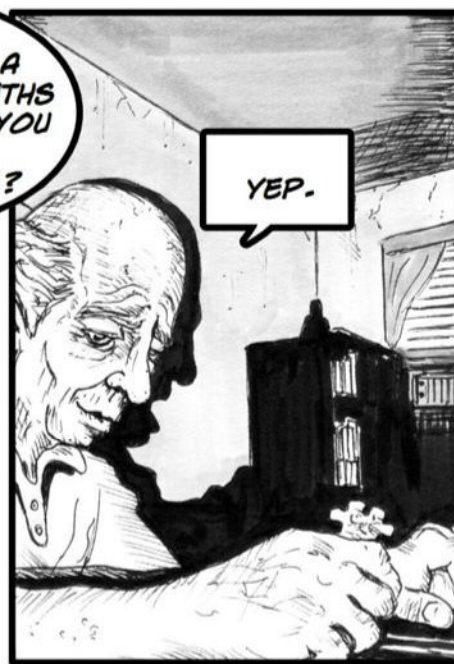


ANY COFFEE?

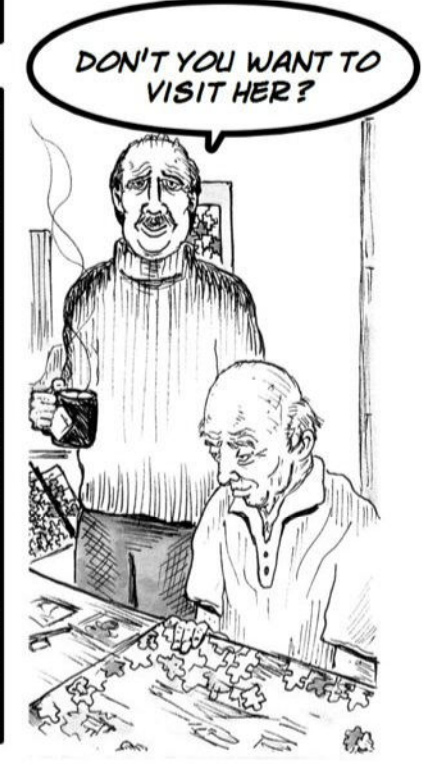
ON THE STOVE.



MIMI HAD A STROKE MONTHS AGO... DID YOU GET MY MESSAGES?



YEP.

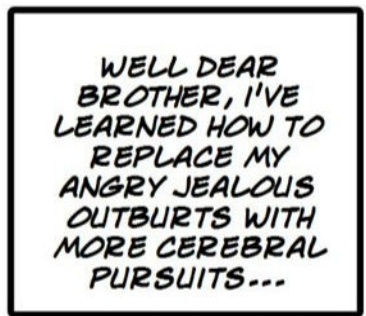
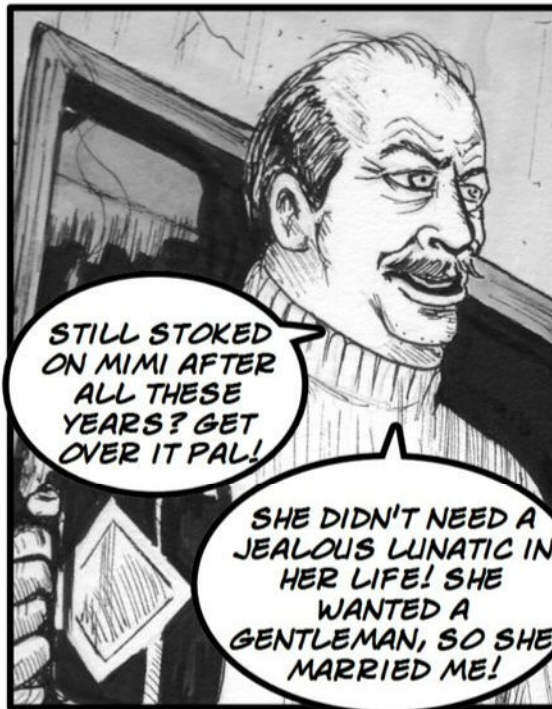
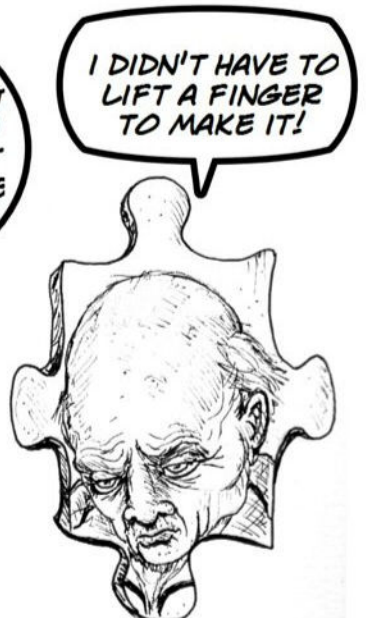


DON'T YOU WANT TO VISIT HER?



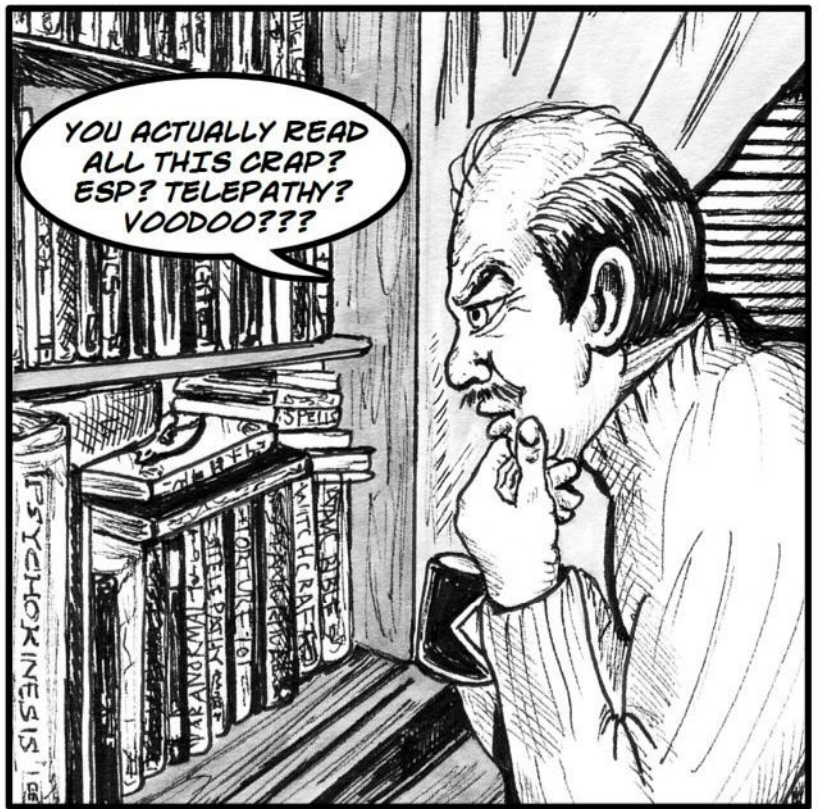
THAT MEANS MONEY.



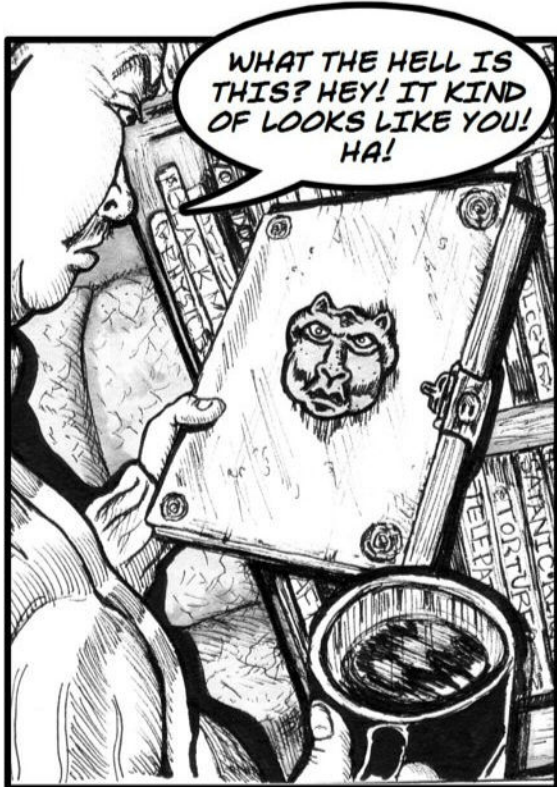




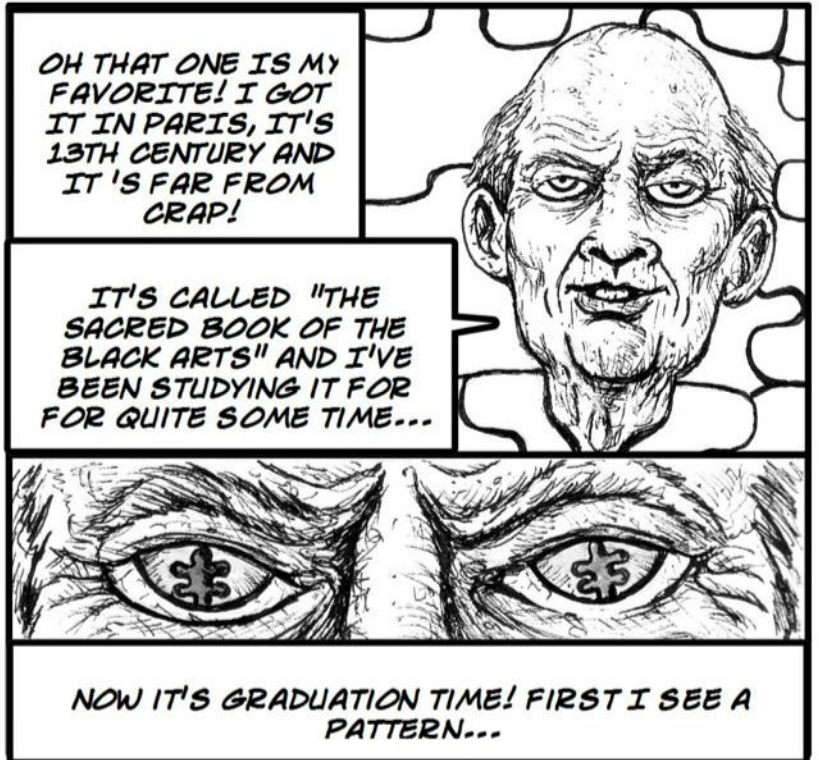
YOU KNOW WILLIE, I HAVEN'T EXACTLY BEEN COOPED UP HERE WORKING ON LITTLE JIGSAW PUZZLES, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON SOMETHING MUCH BIGGER!



YOU ACTUALLY READ ALL THIS CRAP? ESP? TELEPATHY? VOODOO???



WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? HEY! IT KIND OF LOOKS LIKE YOU! HA!



OH THAT ONE IS MY FAVORITE! I GOT IT IN PARIS, IT'S 13TH CENTURY AND IT'S FAR FROM CRAP!

IT'S CALLED "THE SACRED BOOK OF THE BLACK ARTS" AND I'VE BEEN STUDYING IT FOR FOR QUITE SOME TIME...

NOW IT'S GRADUATION TIME! FIRST I SEE A PATTERN...



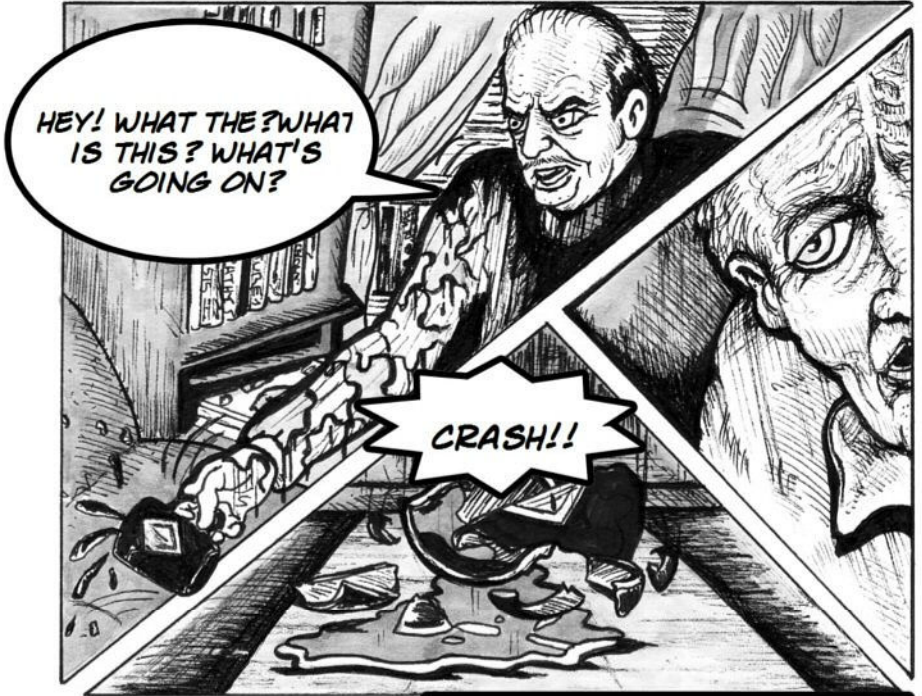
...AND THEN A TUNNEL AND I PUSH THAT PATTERN THROUGH THE TUNNEL TO THE OBJECT ON THE OTHER SIDE...



GEORGIE I THINK YOU BELONG IN THE BUG HOUSE! YOU SOUND LIKE YOU NEED TO SEE A DOCTOR!



ON THE CONTRARY,
I THINK YOU NEED TO SEE
A DOCTOR...



HEY! WHAT THE? WHAT
IS THIS? WHAT'S
GOING ON?

CRASH!!



GEORGIE!
STOP THIS!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
TO ME?



I KNEW MY ABILITIES WERE
GROWING STRONGER WHEN
MIMI HAD HER STROKE...

GEORGIE! AGGHH!!
HOW COULD YOU?

I'VE ONLY
HAD OLD
PHOTOS TO
PRACTICE
ON, UNTIL
NOW!



STOP IT!
PLEASE!! NO
GEORG... AAAG
GHH!!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT MIMI
WILLIE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF
HER! I'VE GOT YOUR
BACK... STARTING WITH THIS
PIECE RIGHT HERE!!

MIMI...

END.

COMING SOON TO VHS & BETAMAX:

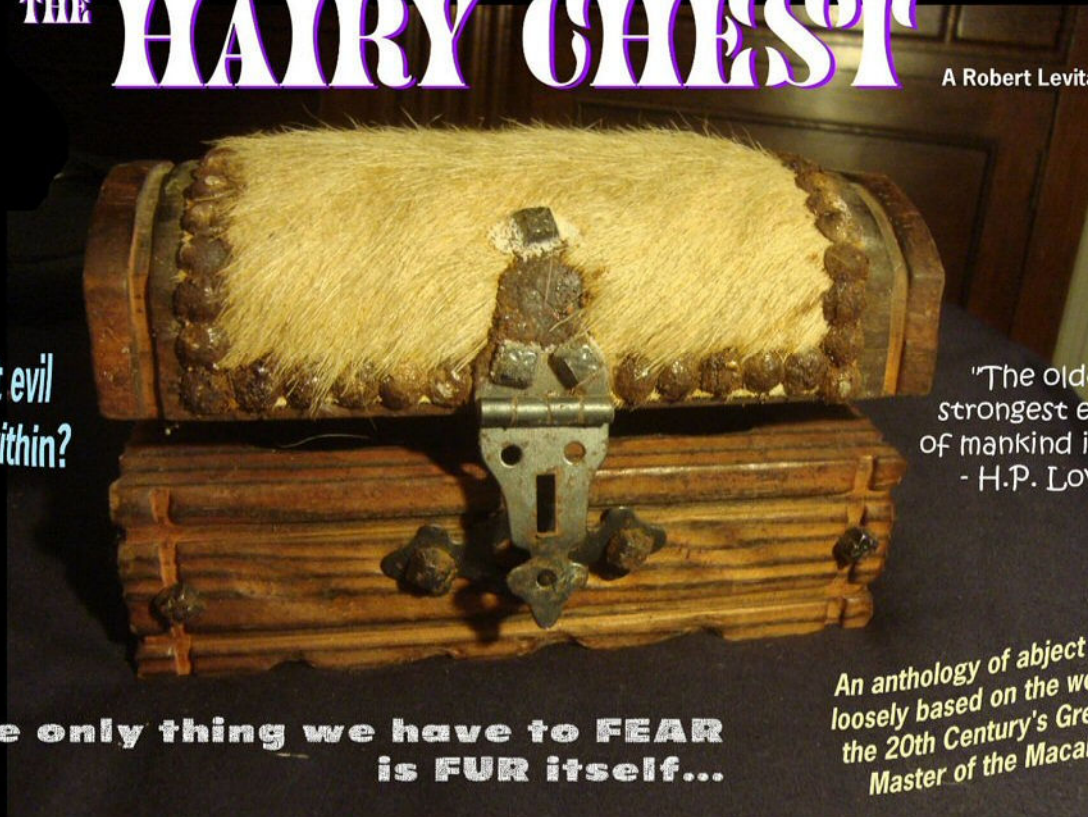
H.P. Lovecraft's

An ancient cask conceals a gateway to the domain of the elder gods

THE HAIRY CHEST

A Robert Levitator Film

What evil
lurks within?



"The oldest and
strongest emotion
of mankind is fear."
- H.P. Lovecraft

The only thing we have to FEAR
is FUR itself...

An anthology of abject terror
loosely based on the works of
the 20th Century's Greatest
Master of the Macabre

ROBERT LEVITATOR presents a Cheap Tat Production of an Abacus Film 'THE HAIRY CHEST'
starring CHARLES WYNFORD LODGE Written, Produced and Directed by ROBERT LEVITATOR

You cowered at the calamity of **CAVE IN!** You fled at the fright of **FREEWAY COLLAPSE!**
You gaped at the gall of **GROUNDSHOCK!**
Now tremble at the terror of

TRAMPEDE

Don't be mistaken.
They're NOT
the Living Dead!

"You smell them
long before you
hear them coming!"

AN UNSTOPPABLE ONSLAUGHT
MARAUDING VAGRANTS
RAMPAGING HOBOS
REVOLTING BUMS

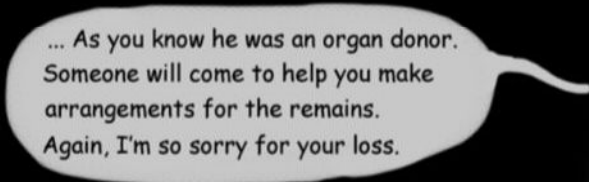
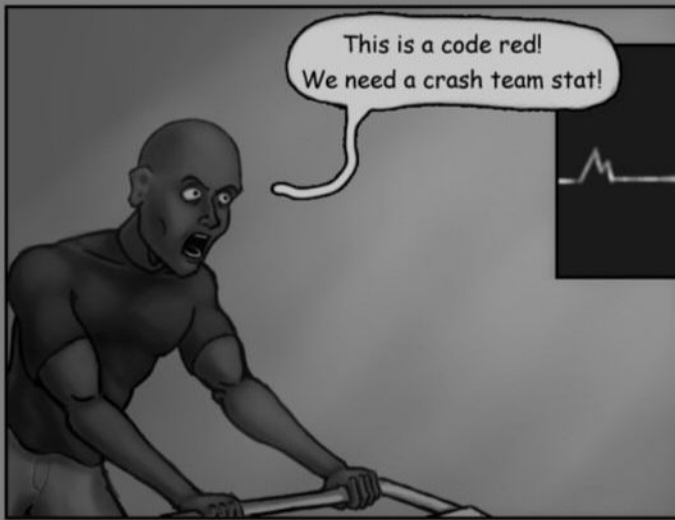
No-one knew how it started.
Everyone knew how it would end...

Made with the co-operation with the
World Homeless Awareness Project

ALLEN IRWIN presents a CHEAP TAT PRODUCTION
Starring CHARLES WYNFORD LODGE and HANNAH CLAIRE in 'TRAMPEDE'
Written, Produced & Directed by ALLEN IRWIN Music by PETER SEIG

Donation

Story by: Richard Worth
Illustrated by: Christian Berg





Let's get these out of you.
It all goes to a good cause after all



That's just perfect!



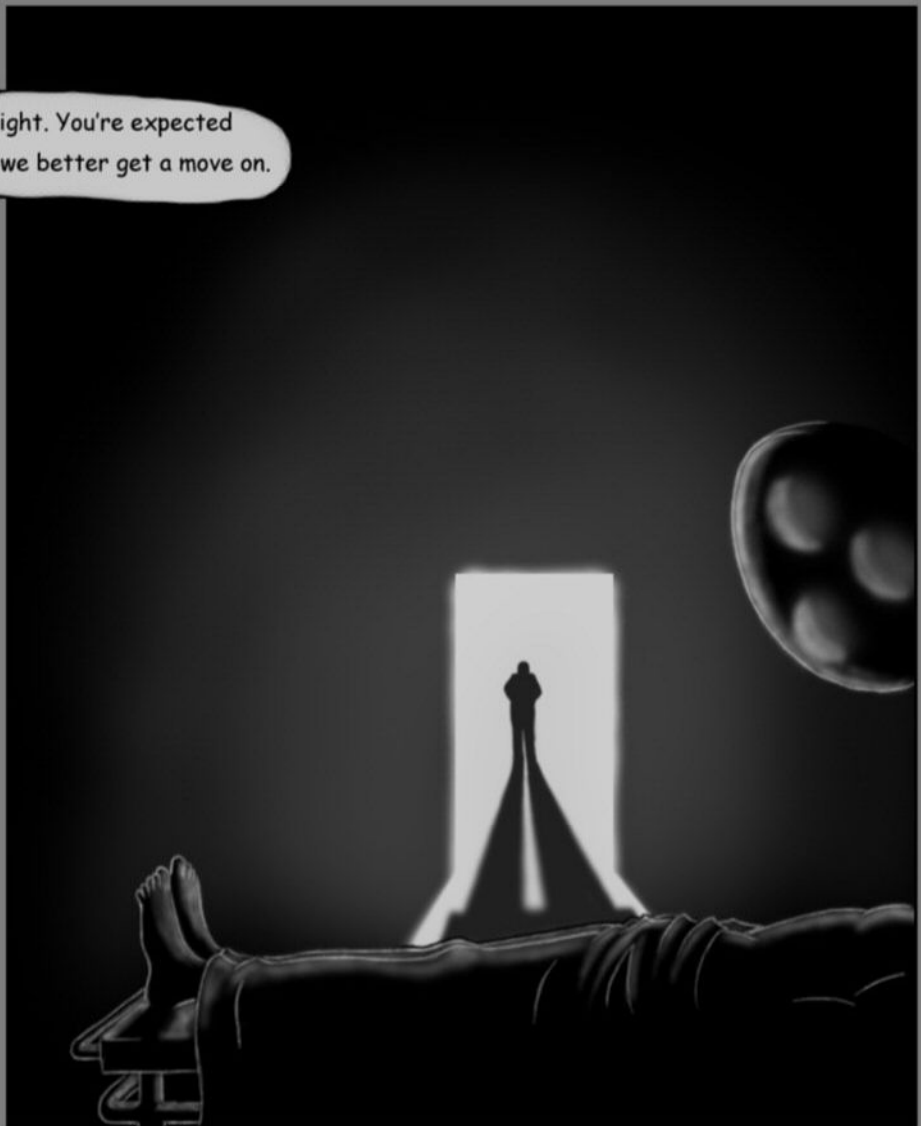
My, oh my!

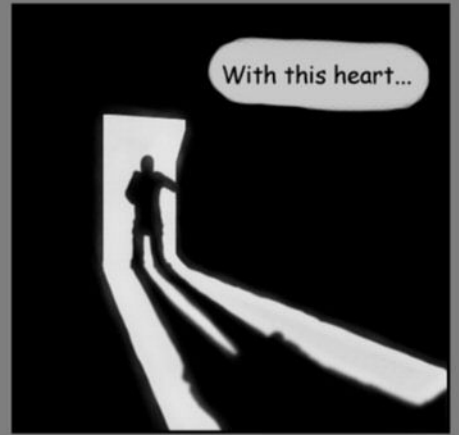


Ah, yes!
They look great!

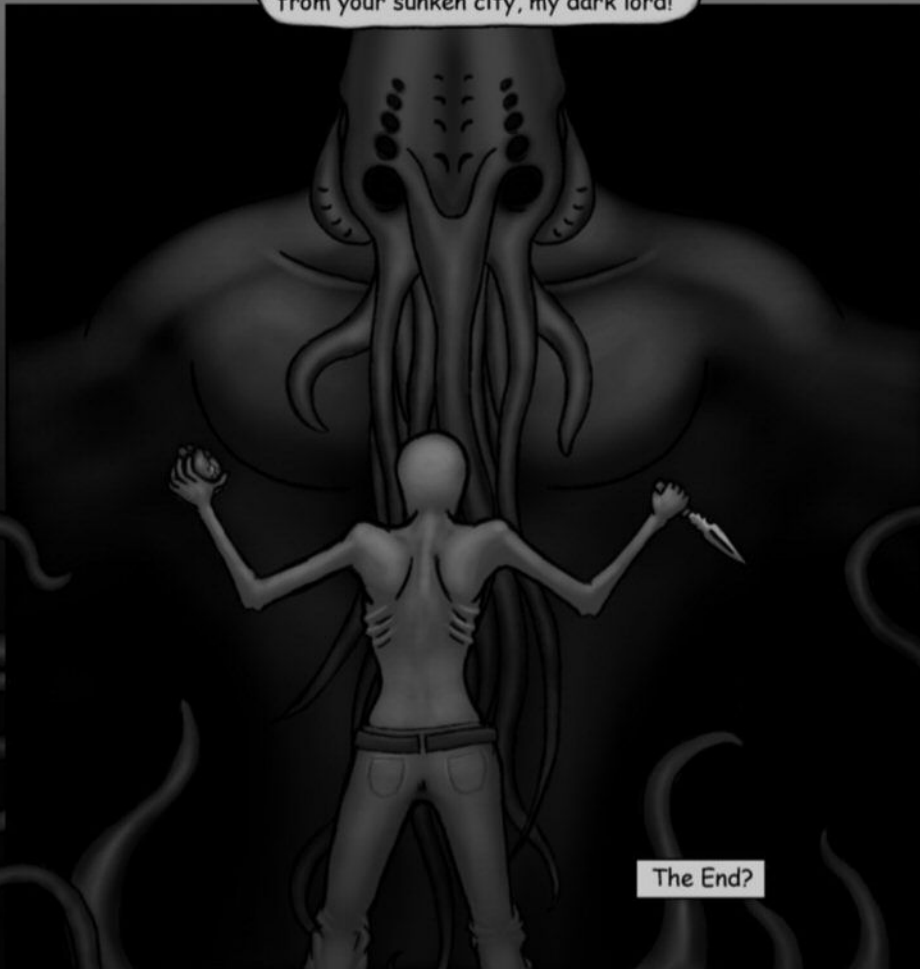


Right. You're expected
so we better get a move on.





I invoke your name and raise you from your sunken city, my dark lord!

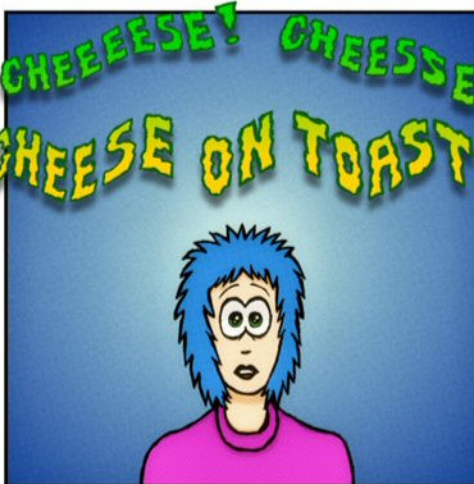


The End?

A small signature or mark in the bottom right corner of the page.

MAG, SCIENTIST

STORY, ART & EVERYTHING ELSE BY MALCOLM KIRK



HEY, FOLKS! YOUR OLD PAL ROBIN BASKERVILLE HERE, HEADIN' HOME ALONG THE I-95 HAVIN' SURVIVED ANOTHER APOCALYPTIC ICE-CREAM RUN...

JA-JA-JING-
JA-JA-JING-JA-
JINGGG!

...AND BELTIN' OUT THE GREATEST HITS O' MY ICE-CREAM VAN'S MELODY GENERATOR LIKE SOME KINDA LOON!

JINGA-
LINGA-LINGA-
LANGA-
LING!

THE DAY I DISCOVERED THESE CHIMES HAD AN HYPNOTIC POWER OVER ZOMBIES THAT MADE 'EM ABOUT AS LETHAL AS DAYCARE TODDLERS IN SHITTY UNDERPANTS WAS THE LUCKIEST DAY O' MY LIFE. I WOULDN'T BE ALIVE TODAY WITHOUT 'EM.

BUT THAT DON'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT WHEN THEY'RE ALL YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO, 24/7, THEY DON'T HALF DO YER HEAD IN!

PLEASE!
STOP!

JING-
A-JING-A-
JI--

OH.

WITH THE PLAGUE SPREADIN' AND MORE AND MORE DEAD ASSHOLES POPPIN' UP EVERY DAY, I CAN SCARCELY AFFORD TO SWITCH THE DAMN THINGS OFF ANYMORE!

YOU'RE A LICKABLE LITTLE THING, AIN'T YAP TOO BAD, MY FRIDGE IS ALL FULL UP AN' I DON'T NEED ANY MORE FRESH MEAT...

WMMMMMMMM

HAVEN'T HAD A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP IN AGES AND IT'S STARTIN' TO TAKE IT'S TOLL. I'M ALL ON EDGE, FIND IT HARD TO THINK STRAIGHT...

...BUT I CAN ALWAYS USE NEW CUSTOMERS!

NO...

VRRRRMMMMMM

HANG ON, HAS SHE GOT A--?

I'M REALLY GONNA HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...

...BEFORE THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS ME ALIVE EVERY DAY ENDS UP BEIN' THE DEATH O' ME!

AIEEEEE!

WHUMP

DANG IT!

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SEBEN DIPAT SKREEEEEE

Script: Dirk van DOM • Art: Tony ROTHWELL
Lettering: Jim CAMPBELL

CHRIST ON A CRUTCH ON SUNDAY MORNIN'!

EEEEEE

KRAANNCH

GUH?

I WASN'T MY USUAL OVERLY-CAUTIOUS SELF THESE DAYS, THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT...

HELL. THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR...

WAAAAAAHHHH!

DAMN CHIMES MUSTA REALLY BEEN TURNIN' MY BRAINS TO SLUSH.

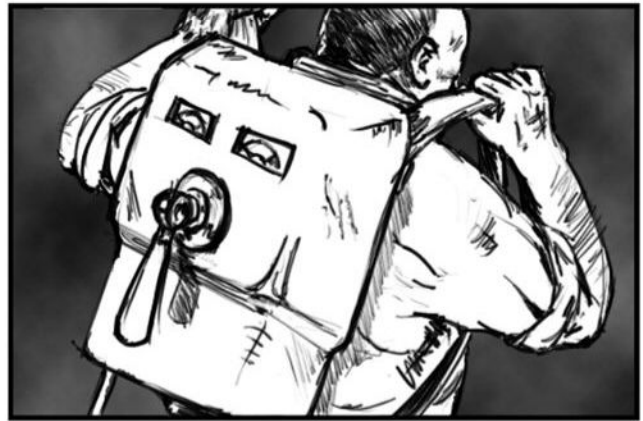
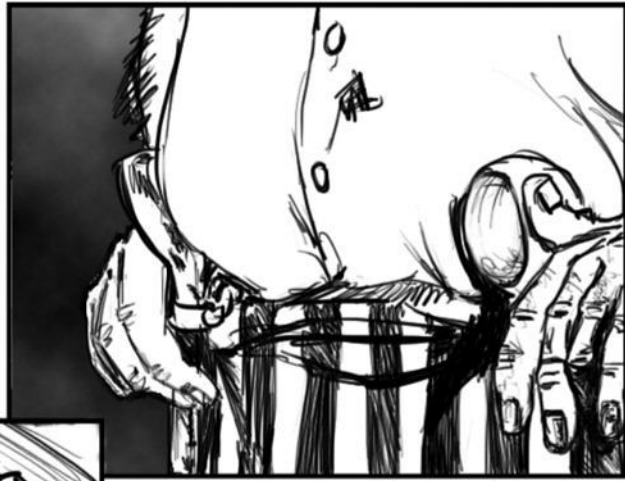
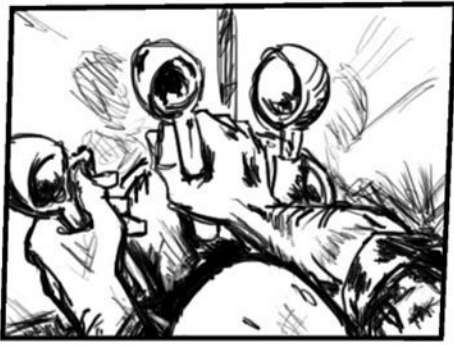
LEAVE IT, ROBIN. JUST SIT BACK DOWN AN' DRIVE AWAY. YOU'LL FIND ANOTHER ONE BEFORE TOO LONG...

YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDIN' ME...

...AN' WHAT I WAS THINKIN' TO DO NOW WAS THE MOST RECKLESS THING I'D THINK IN QUITE A WHILES.

KLIK

JING JANG A LING



BUT SOMETIMES -- JUST SOMETIMES -- THERE'S THINGS THAT ARE WORTH TAKIN' A RISK FOR.

I MUST BE OUTTA MY FROSTY, FREAKIN' MIND...

KLANG

JING JANGALING

THOSE WALKIN' POPSICLES KNEW WHAT MY CHIMES MEANT AND THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO DO WHEN THEY HEARD 'EM...

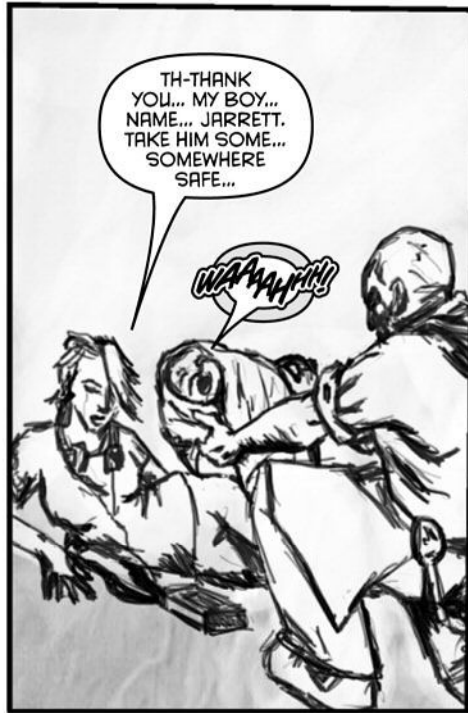
HEY, DEADHEADS!

...BUT SOME O' THEM WERE SO FOCUSED ON THE LADY AND HER BRAT THEY WERE FORGETTIN' THEMSELVES.

WANT SOMETHIN' TO EAT?

SPLURCH







THE NATIVES WERE GETTIN' RESTLESS, BUT I'D GOT WHAT I CAME FOR AND WAS READY TO GO.



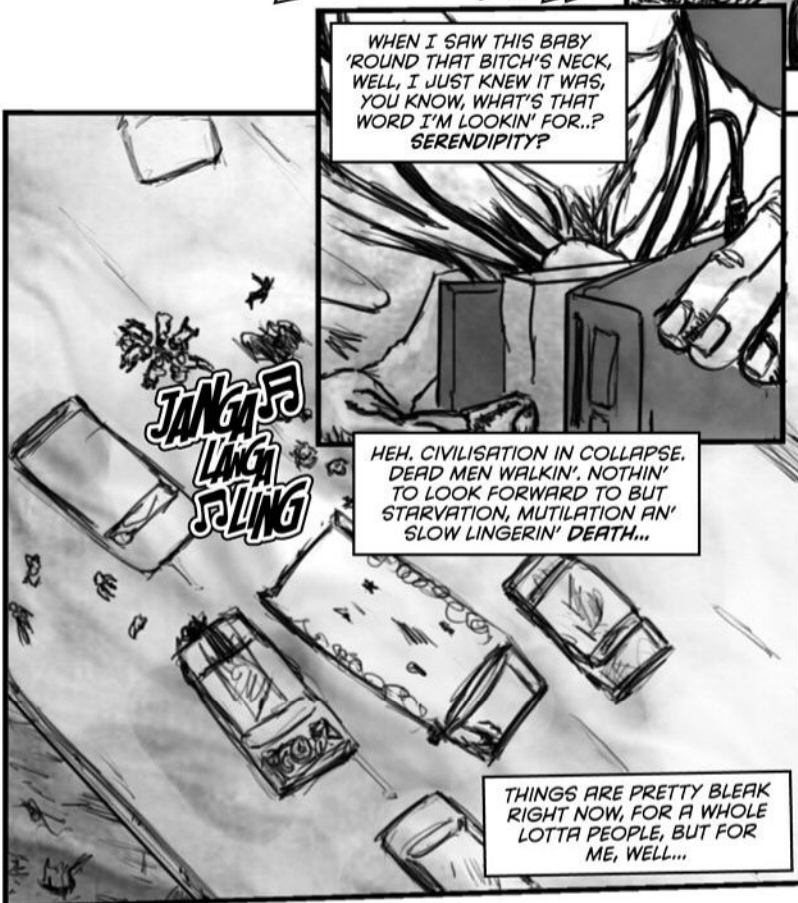
NORMALLY, I DON'T TAKE RISKS LIKE THAT, BUT I REALLY CAN'T STAND TO LISTEN TO THESE DAMN CHIMES A SECOND LONGER.



AN' EVER SINCE MY VAN'S TAPE DECK BUST, THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR. YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW HARD IT IS TO FIND AN OLD-STYLE TAPE-PLAYER THESE DAYS.



THEM FANCY MP-WHATCHAMACALLITS ARE A DIME A DOZEN, BUT THEY AIN'T WORTH A CRAP WHEN THEY DON'T RUN ON BATTERIES AND CAN'T PLAY MY TAPES!



WHEN I SAW THIS BABY 'ROUND THAT BITCH'S NECK, WELL, I JUST KNEW IT WAS, YOU KNOW, WHAT'S THAT WORD I'M LOOKIN' FOR...? SERENDIPITY?

HEH. CIVILISATION IN COLLAPSE. DEAD MEN WALKIN'. NOTHIN' TO LOOK FORWARD TO BUT STARVATION, MUTILATION AN' SLOW LINGERIN' DEATH...

THINGS ARE PRETTY BLEAK RIGHT NOW, FOR A WHOLE LOTTA PEOPLE, BUT FOR ME, WELL...



...IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD.

I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY, LUCKY, LUCKY, LUCKY...

AN' THINGS ARE LOOKIN' UP!

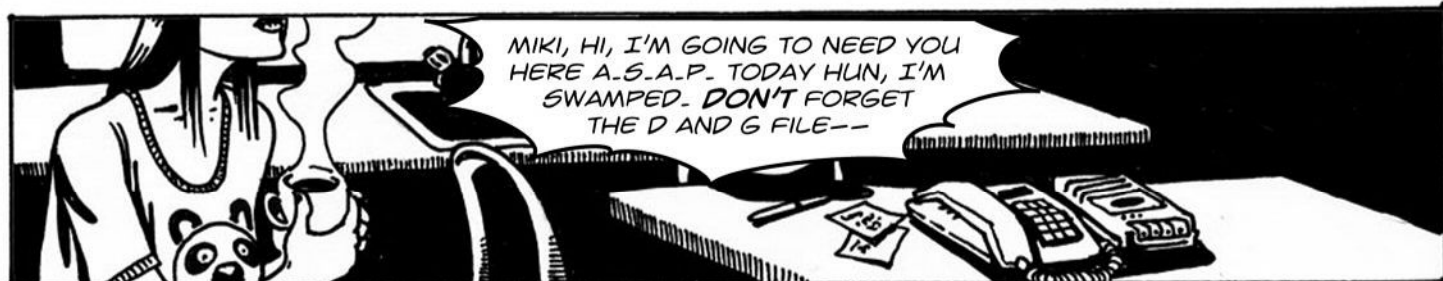
-FIN-

A WOLF AT THE DOOR

SCRIPT: KENNETH THURTELL

ART: HARRY SHOTTON

LETTERING: HDE









HEY HEY! YOU YOU!
I DON'T LIKE YOUR
GIRLFRIEND!



NO WAY! NO WAY!
I THINK YOU NEED
A NEW ONE!

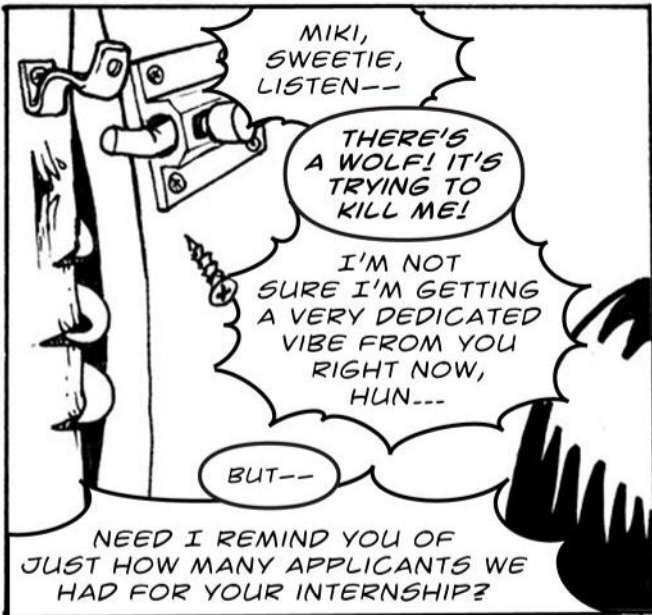


MIKI?

M-M-MIISTER
ROTHSCHIRLD!!
PREASE HELP!

WELL?
WHERE ARE
YOU?

PREEEASE!
YOU HAVE TO
HELP!



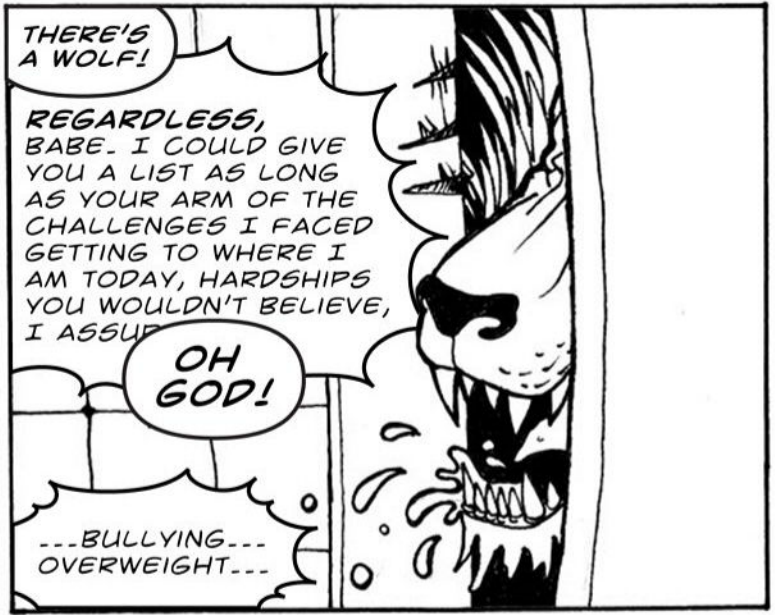
MIKI,
SWEETIE,
LISTEN--

THERE'S
A WOLF! IT'S
TRYING TO
KILL ME!

I'M NOT
SURE I'M GETTING
A VERY DEDICATED
VIBE FROM YOU
RIGHT NOW,
HUN...

BUT--

NEED I REMIND YOU OF
JUST HOW MANY APPLICANTS WE
HAD FOR YOUR INTERNSHIP?



THERE'S
A WOLF!

REGARDLESS,
BABE. I COULD GIVE
YOU A LIST AS LONG
AS YOUR ARM OF THE
CHALLENGES I FACED
GETTING TO WHERE I
AM TODAY, HARDSHIPS
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE,
I ASSURE

OH
GOD!

---BULLYING---
OVERWEIGHT---



---COMING OUT TO MY
PARENTS, THE ALLEGATIONS
OVER THE DEAD GUY IN
MY POOL--

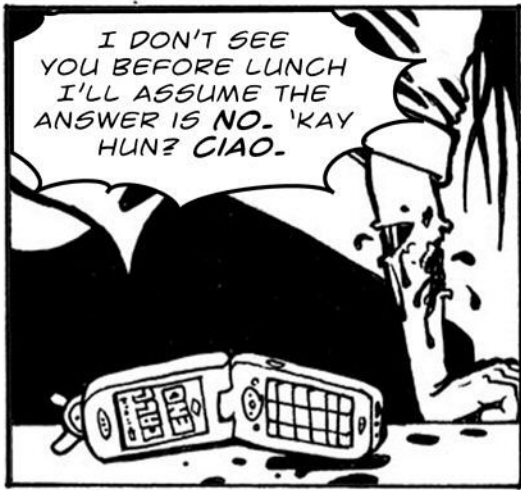
YOU NAME
IT - I'VE
BEEN THROUGH
IT ALL, OK?



YOU THINK
I WAS MADE
DEPUTY
ASSISTANT TO
THE CHIEF
BUYER BY SITTING
AT HOME CRYING?



---I THINK YOU NEED TO
BE ASKING, "IS WORKING
FOR THE SEVENTH LARGEST
FASHION AGENCY IN LONDON
REALLY FOR ME?" 'COS I
CAN TELL YOU, IT AIN'T
EASY, SISTER!



AND THE PRINCE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER. THE END.

WELL, GOOD NIGHT SON.

DEAD TIME STORY

DAD, WHAT ARE ZOMBIES?

ZOMBIES?

WHY DO YOU ASK?

TELL YOUR FRIEND THAT ZOMBIES DON'T EXISTS.

THEY'RE BIG, SCARY, UGLY CREATURES THAT EMERGE FROM THE GRAVE.

THEY FEAST UPON HUMAN BRAINS...

MY FRIEND AT LUNCH TOLD ME THAT HE SAW HIS DAD GET EATEN BY A ZOMBIE LAST NIGHT BEFORE HE WENT TO BED.





...ESPECIALLY OF CHILDREN WHO ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS RIGHT BEFORE BEDTIME.

YOUR FRIEND PROBABLY STAYS UP LATE WATCHING HORROR MOVIES INSTEAD OF DOING HIS HOMEWORK.

NOW, GO TO SLEEP SON.

BUT DAD-

WHAT DO I DO IF I EVER SEE A ZOMBIE?

I WANT YOU TO TELL ME RIGHT AWAY.

GOOD NIGHT, SON. SLEEP TIGHT.

CLICK!

CLICK!

HEY DAD.

YES, SON?

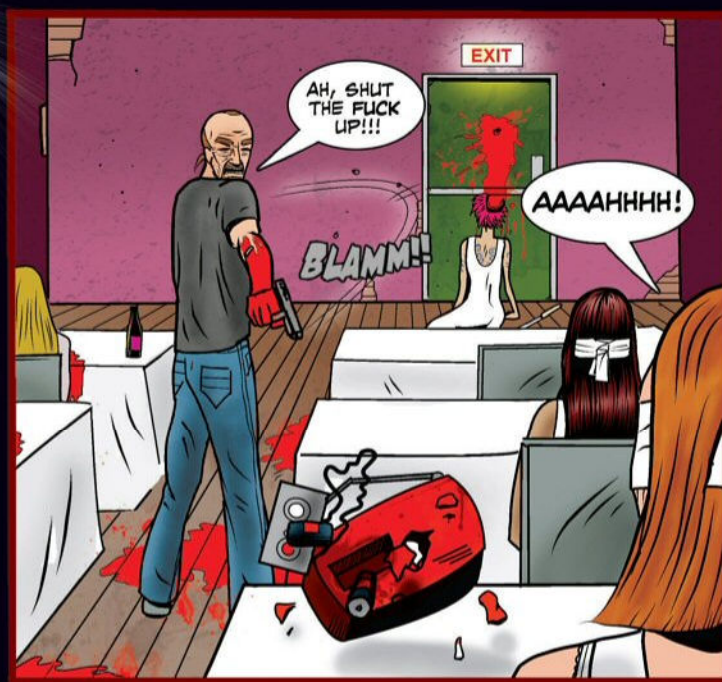


I
THINK I SEE
ONE.

AAAAHHH!

ART	EL CHIVO
WRITER	SCOTT HARTMAN
LETTERS	DAVID WITHERS







THAT'S IT, I'VE HAD IT! SPEED-DATING FUCKING SUCKS!

STOP!!

I'VE KILLED PEOPLE.



WHAT?!

NOT LIKE YOU, BUT... WHEN I WAS TWELVE I PUSHED MY FRIEND OFF THE ROOF OF OUR APARTMENT BLOCK, JUST TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN. WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN I POISONED MY GRANNY'S OATMEAL...



ARE YOU FUCKING WITH ME?

NO.

YOU BETTER NOT BE FUCKING WITH ME.

I'M NOT. I'LL DO IT. JUST LET ME GO AND I'LL KILL WHOEVER YOU WANT.



OKAY, I'LL BITE. SURE, WHY NOT, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT.

BUT I'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD IF YOU TRY ANYTHING!

I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY, I PROMISE.



ALRIGHT THEN, LET'S SEE IT. LOOK INTO HER EYES AND SHOW ME WHAT A BADASS YOU ARE. HAHHA!

D...DON'T KILL ME... PLEASE...



TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK, I HAVEN'T GOT ALL NIGHT.

I HAVE A LITTLE GIRL...



PLEASE...

TIME'S UP, IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT, YOU BETTER DO IT N...

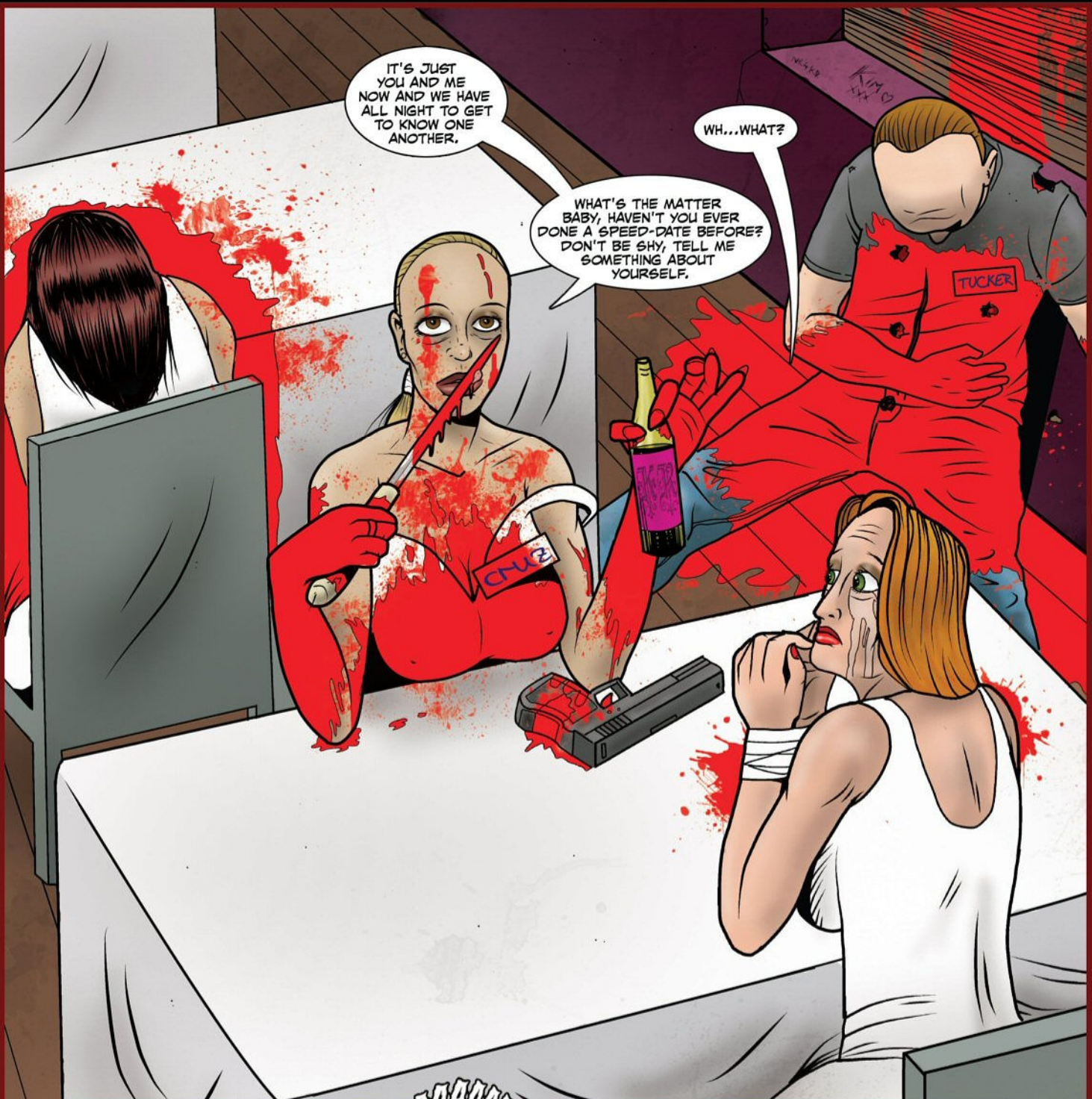




IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW AND WE HAVE ALL NIGHT TO GET TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER.

WH...WHAT?

WHAT'S THE MATTER BABY, HAVEN'T YOU EVER DONE A SPEED-DATE BEFORE? DON'T BE SHY, TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.



BUT MAKE IT SOMETHING INTERESTING...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!



Here be ancient historie...

...and this be present day.

God's plan is set in motion!

Brave faces on, brothers! We have been tasked to deliver a taste of god to the ungodly!

But I feel ill. I think I'm going to spew.

And my belly cramps. I fear it might burst.

We must go on! God wills it!

GAH! Methinks the end is nigh!

Remember, brother! God knows you!

SCRATCH

Heaven at last!

Who daress enter
my nessesst?

Oh dear heavenly
father, it's her! It's-

UBEK NARENKA

Script: Matthew McLaughlin Art: Ghostpockets Letters: Bolt-01



mmmmm, I can sssmell
fear-juicesss oozing from your
every orifice. Exquissite. Sssuch
a tasssty treat you ssshall
make...

Ohgodohgodohgod

...For my
hungry little
larvae.

God knows
me... God knows
me...

Praise be!

You're but a
moment from meeting God,
brother! Go to Him
gladly!

Ahhhh, sssuch
a lovely odour.

You, too, are
ffear-ripened to
perffection,

a fffine
morsssel fffor my
ssspiderlingsss.



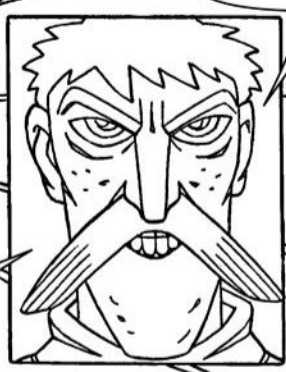
You do not ssstruggle
angainssst me. Even a worm
impaled on a hook will
wriggle.

The only weapon we possess...
nggyuuhh... is our faith in the almighty father
and... uuh... His plan for us.

God hath chosen us
to give up our flesh and
sacrifice ourselves to you,
Ubek-Naren ka.

A giffft?
Fffrom your
God?

Aye, the gift of His humble
servants' bodies. Accept our
offering, and never eat another
of god's children after.



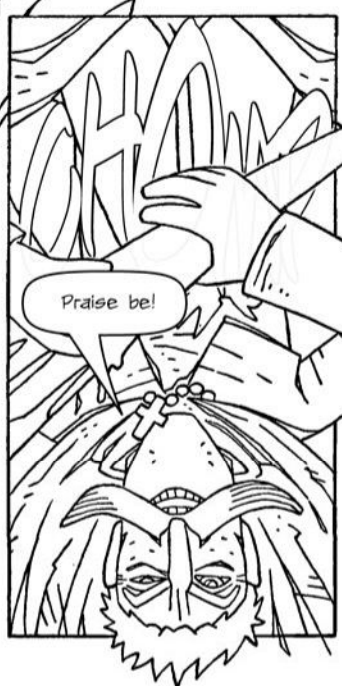
I'll make no
sssuch promissseesses
to my fffood.



Praise be!



Then I shall be
your last supper!

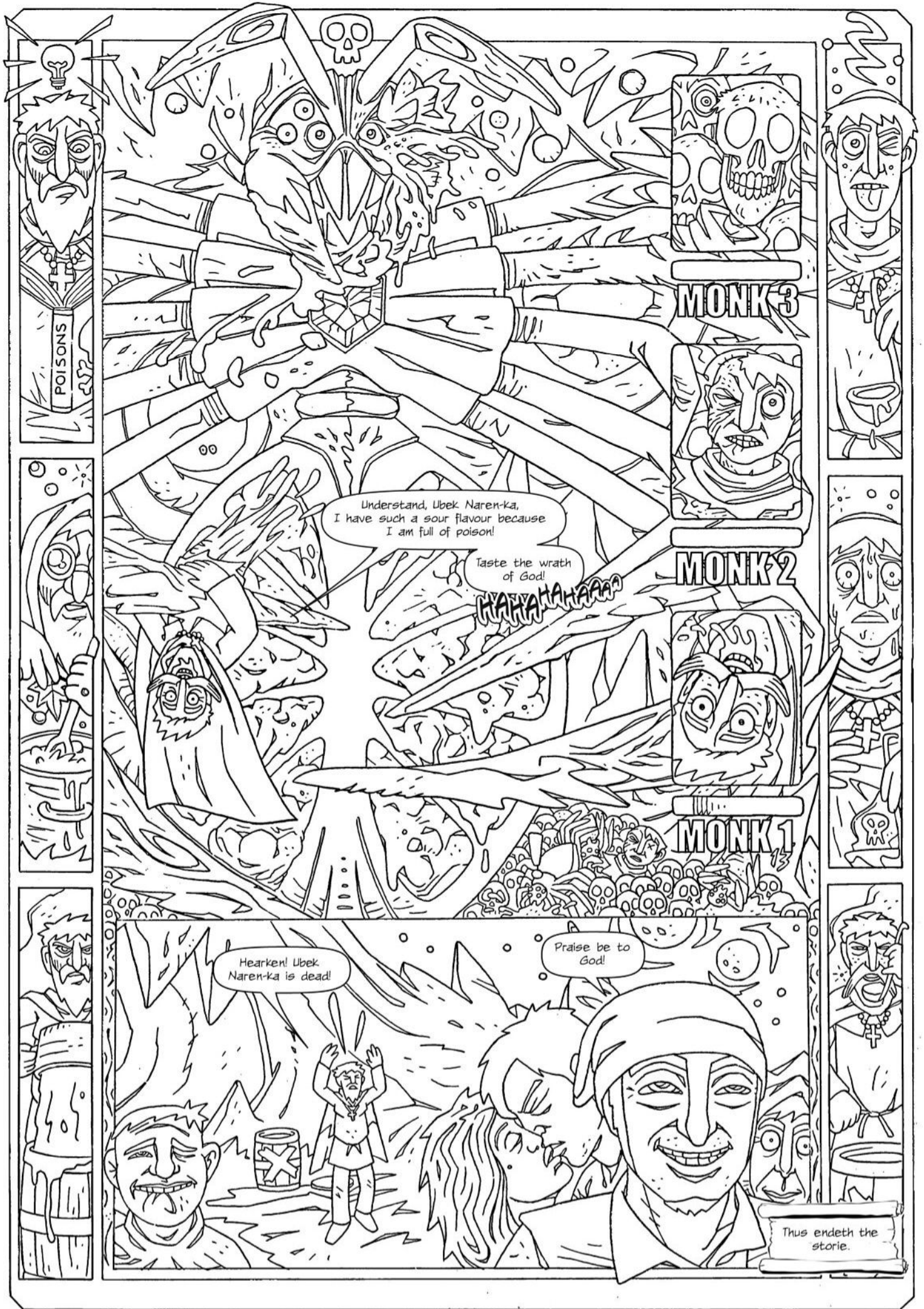


Praise be!



Yech! You have a
fffoul ffflavour I fffind
mossst unappetizing.

Most unappetizing
indeed!



POISONS

MONK 3

MONK 2

MONK 1

Understand, Ubek Naren-ka,
I have such a sour flavour because
I am full of poison!

Taste the wrath
of God!

HAHAHAHAHA

Hearken! Ubek
Naren-ka is dead!

Praise be to
God!

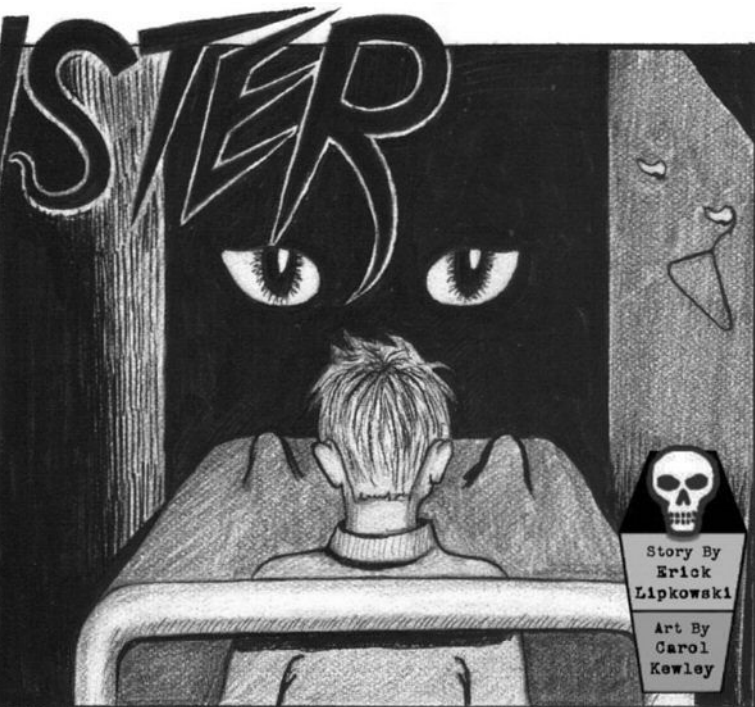
Thus endeth the
storie.

MONSTER

CREEEAK

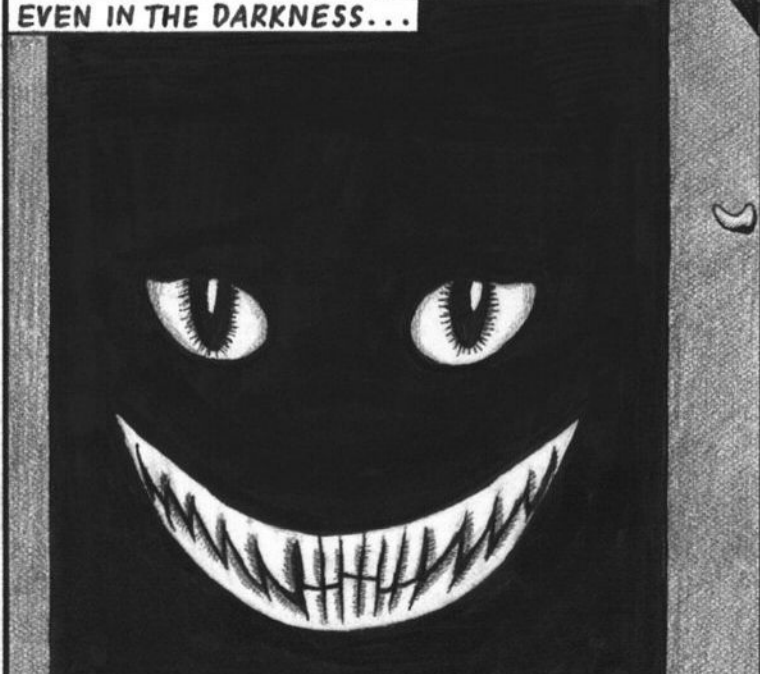


THE CLOSET DOOR OPENED WITH THE SLOW CREAKING OF UNOILED HINGES... EVEN IN THE DARKNESS...



Story By
Erick
Lipkowski
Art By
Carol
Kewley

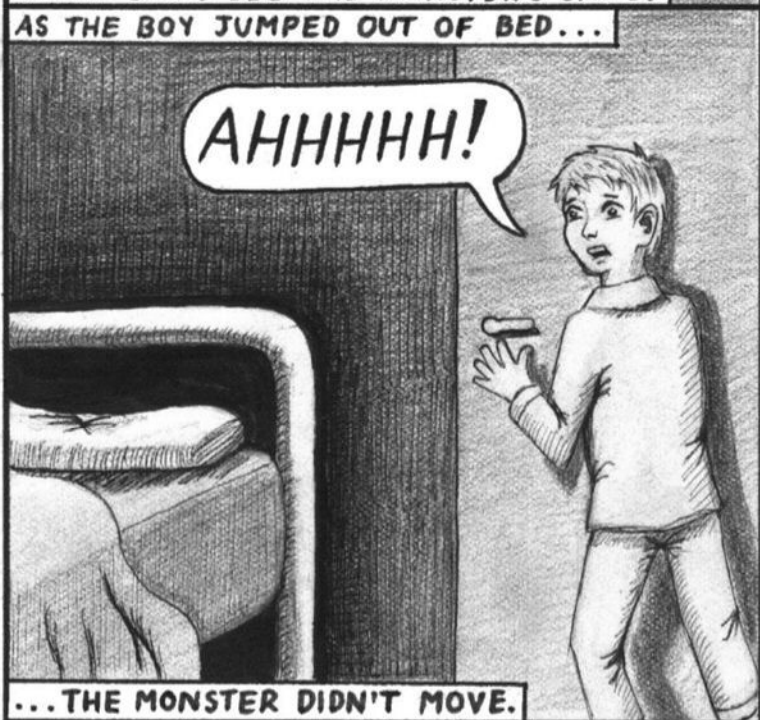
GLEAMING EYES MET THE GLOSSY ONES OF THE BOY.



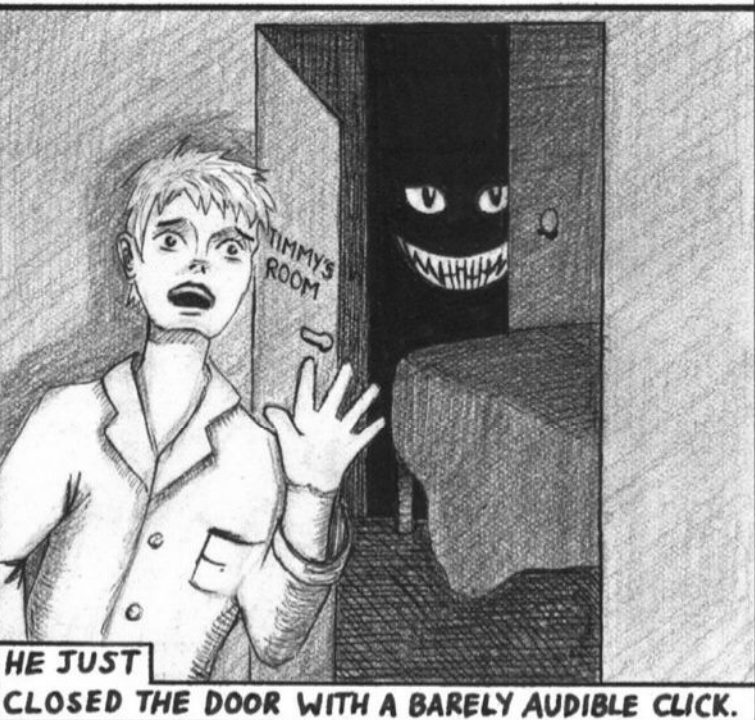
TIMMY COULD SEE THE MONSTER'S SMILE. AS THE BOY JUMPED OUT OF BED...



HE JUST STARED AT TIMMY UNTIL TEARS STARTED TO CASCADE DOWN THE SMALL BOY'S ROUND CHEEKS.



...THE MONSTER DIDN'T MOVE.



HE JUST CLOSED THE DOOR WITH A BARELY AUDIBLE CLICK.



TIMMY RAN TO THE LIVING ROOM WHERE HIS PARENTS WERE WATCHING THE NEWS.



MUMMY, DADDY! THERE'S A MONSTER IN MY CLOSET! HE WANTS TO EAT ME!

SON, YOU'RE SIX NOW. YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT MONSTERS DON'T EXIST.



BUT IT'S TRUE! IT'S IN MY CLOSET AND IT JUST STARES AND SMILES AT ME!

PLEASE, MUMMY!



LISTEN TO YOUR FATHER, TIMMY...

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS MONSTERS, GO BACK TO BED.



SON, I TOLD YOU, THERE ARE NO MONSTERS.

NOW GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM RIGHT NOW AND GO TO SLEEP.



BUT TIMMY DIDN'T WANT TO GO BACK IN THERE ALONE.

HE KNEW HIS PARENTS WOULDN'T GO CHECK THE CLOSET AND TELL HIM EVERYTHING WAS FINE.

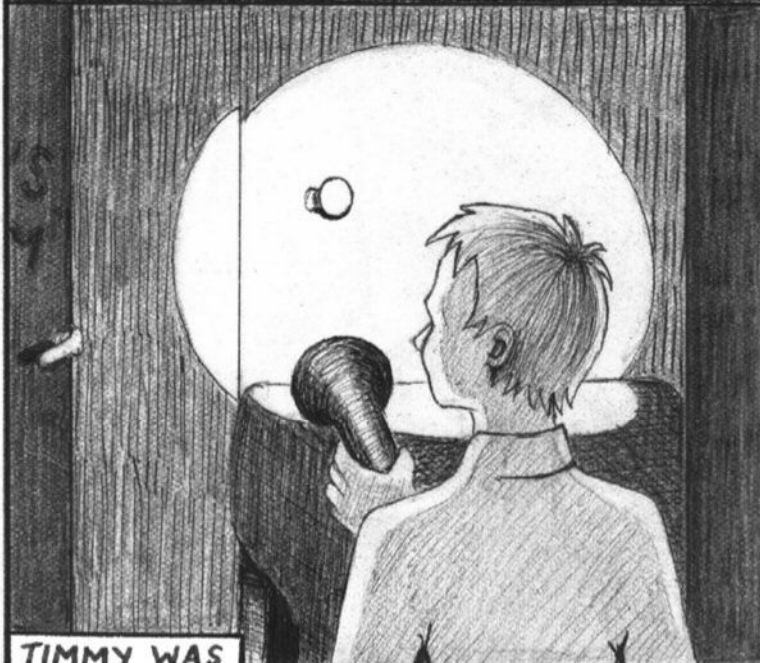
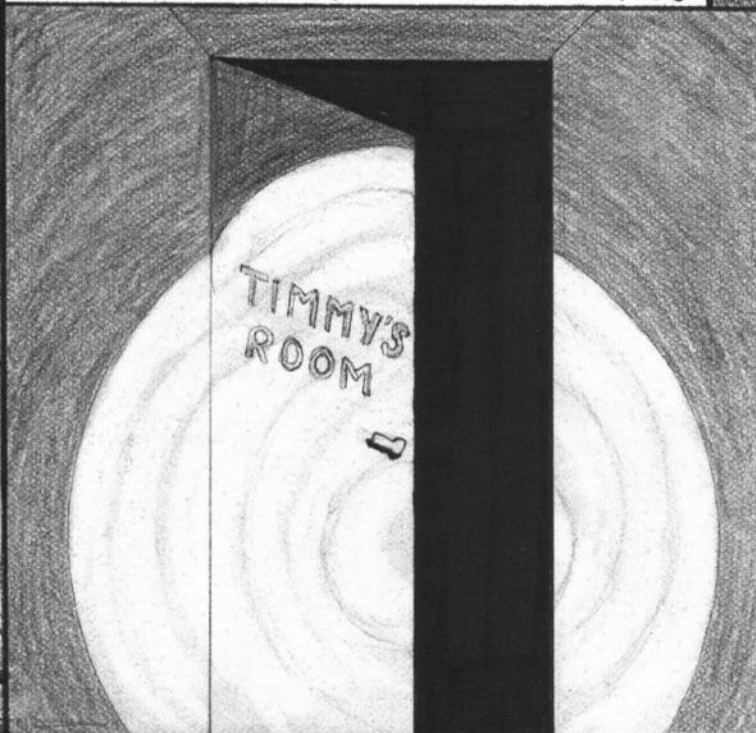


SO HE WENT TO THE KITCHEN AND FOUND A FLASHLIGHT.

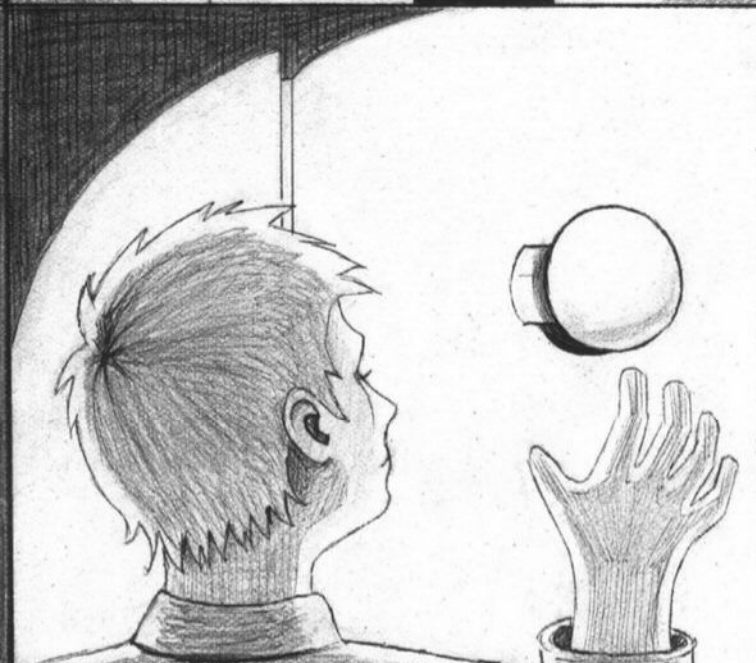
ON HIS WAY BACK THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM HE GAVE ONE MORE PLEADING GLANCE TO HIS PARENTS...



BUT BOTH CONTINUED TO BE IMMERSSED IN THEIR OWN WORLDS.

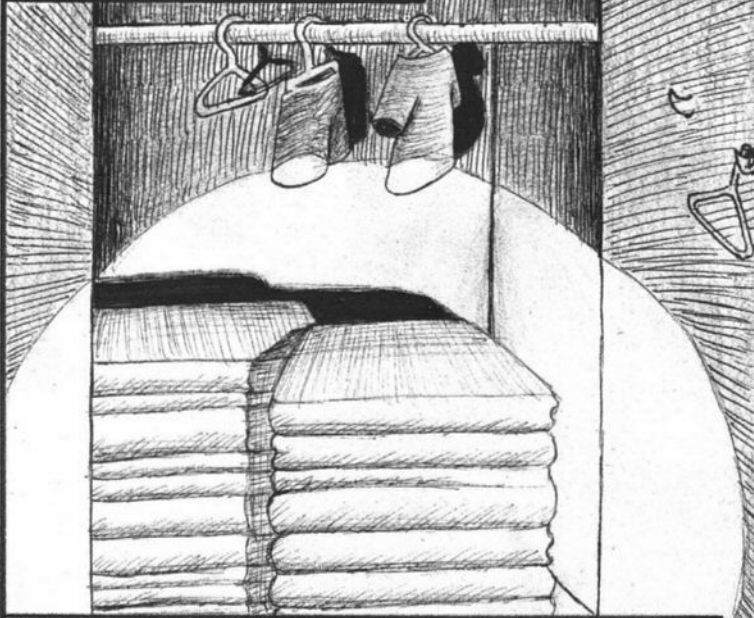


TIMMY WAS SCARED, BUT HE KNEW HE HAD TO BE BRAVE.

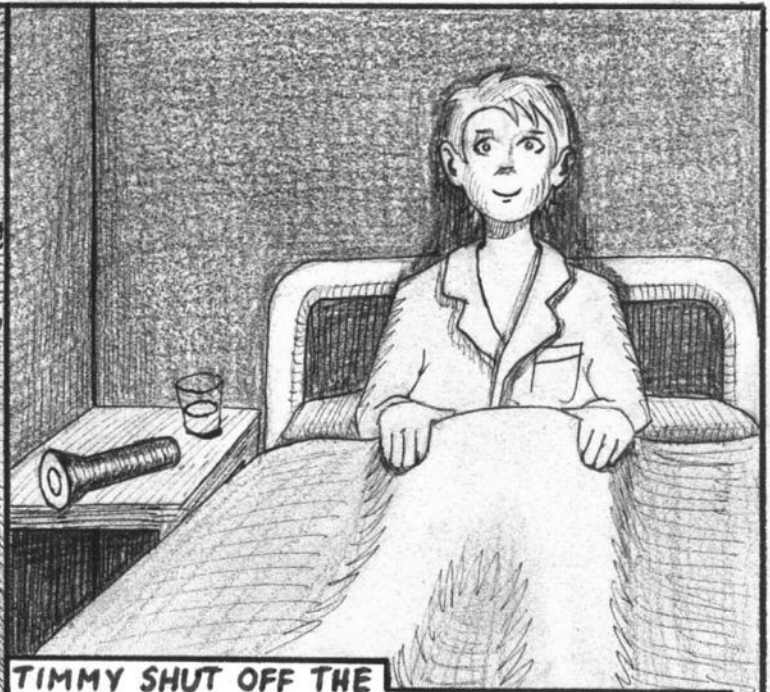


TIMMY OPENED THE DOOR.

HE SIGHED IN RELIEF, REALIZING THAT HIS PARENTS WERE RIGHT...



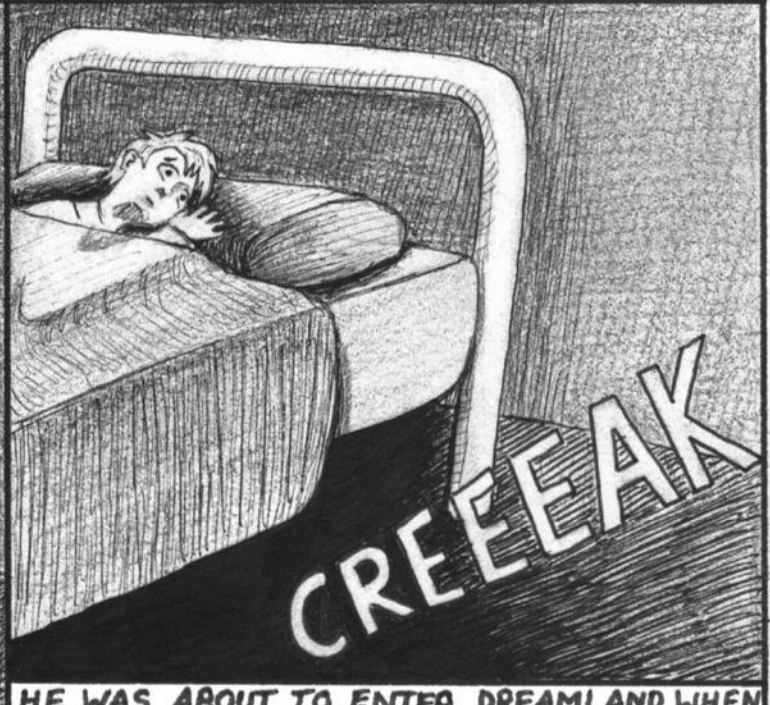
THERE WAS NO MONSTER IN HIS CLOSET.



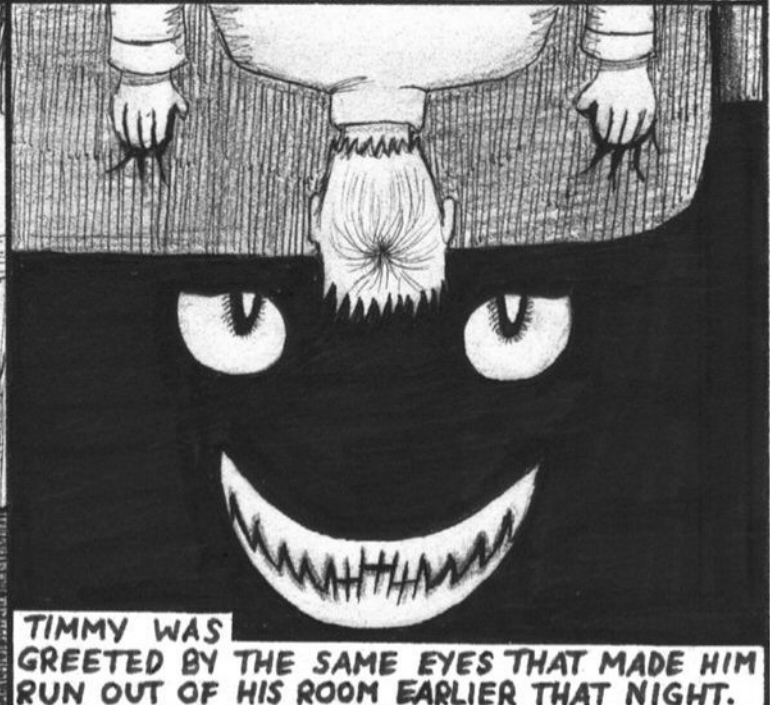
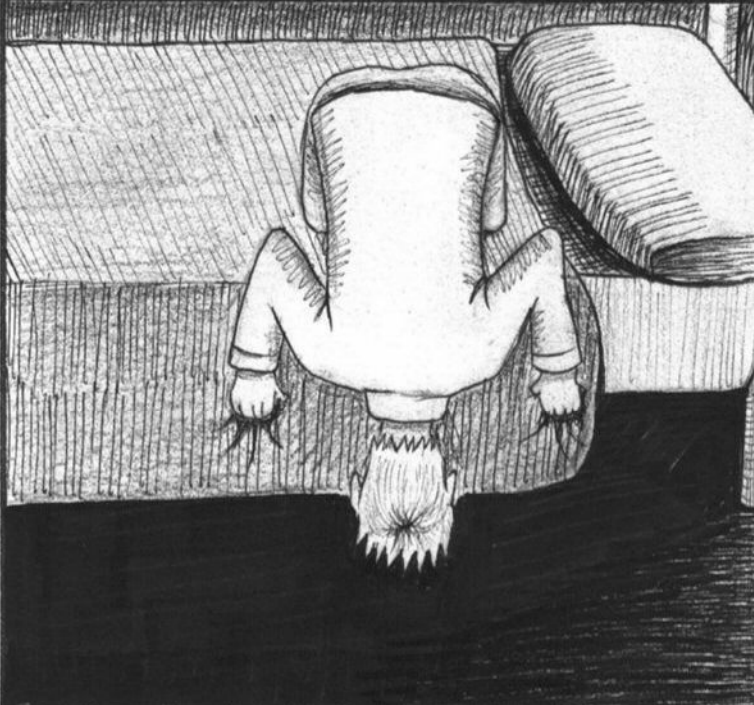
TIMMY SHUT OFF THE FLASHLIGHT AND PUT IT ON HIS BED STAND.



HE SLOWLY STARTED TO DRIFT OFF TO SLEEP.



HE WAS ABOUT TO ENTER DREAMLAND WHEN HE HEARD CREEKING COMING FROM BENEATH HIM.



TIMMY WAS GREETED BY THE SAME EYES THAT MADE HIM RUN OUT OF HIS ROOM EARLIER THAT NIGHT.

THE MONSTER SLOWLY SLITHERED OUT FROM TIMMY'S BED NEVER ENDING EYE CONTACT.



OH, YOU POOR BOY...

DID MUMMY AND DADDY NOT BELIEVE YOU THAT THERE WAS A MONSTER IN YOUR CLOSET?

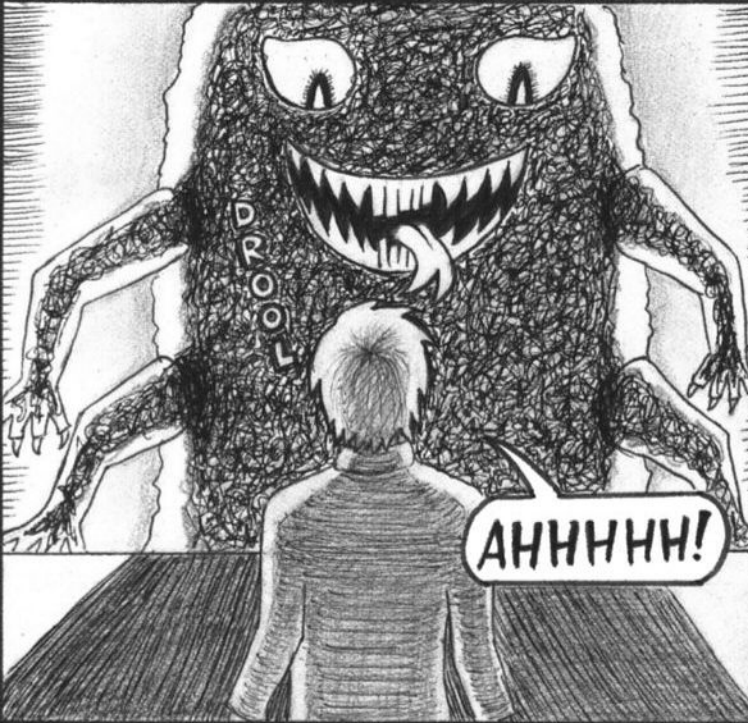
ITS SMILE SEEMED TO GROW EVER WIDER...



YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW OFTEN THAT HAPPENS NOW.

I BARELY HAVE TO HIDE FROM THEM ANY MORE.

...AS MORE AND MORE OF ITS BODY EMERGED FROM ITS HIDING SPOT.



LOOK

AHHHHH!



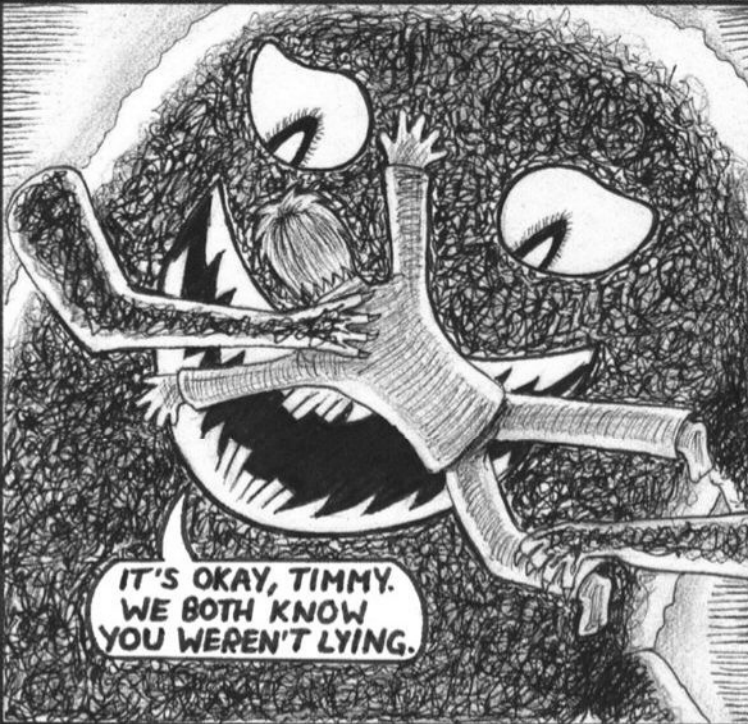
GO TO BED, TIMMY!

SNIFF

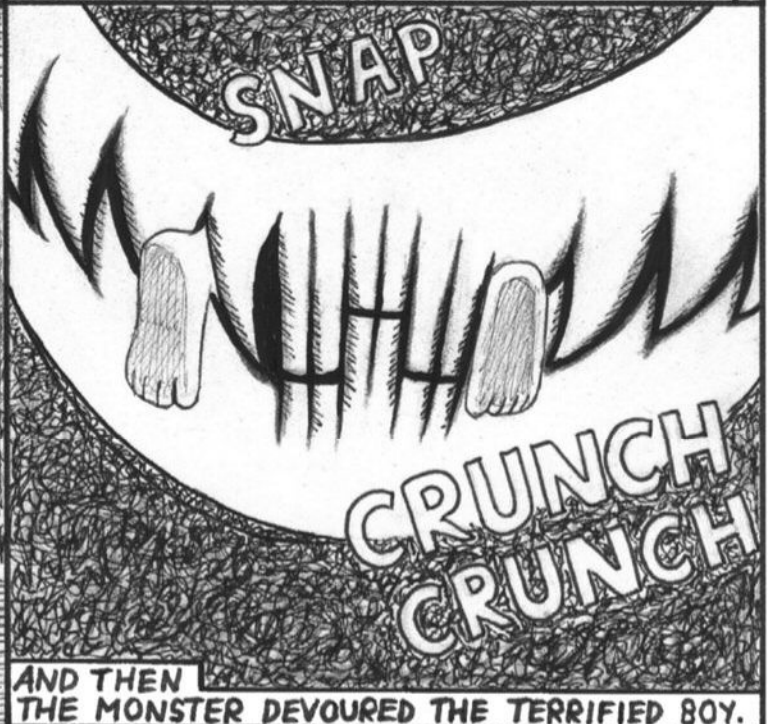
SNIFF

LICK

THE MONSTER JUST LOOKED DOWN AT THE BOY AND CONTINUED TO GRIN.



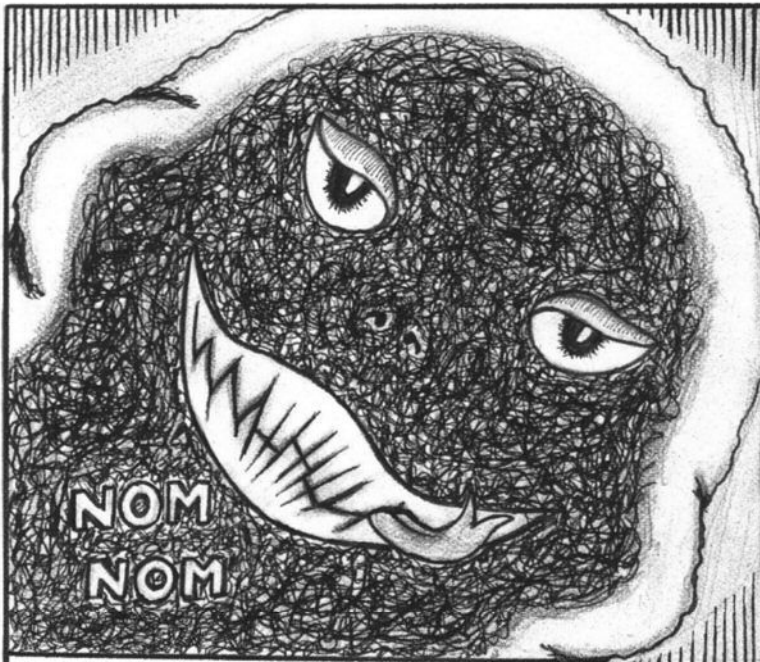
IT'S OKAY, TIMMY. WE BOTH KNOW YOU WEREN'T LYING.



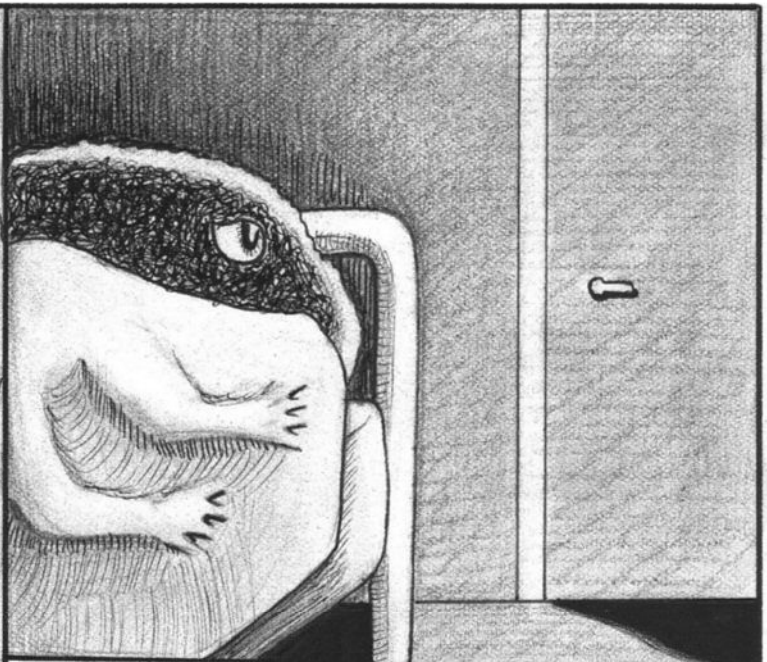
SNAP

CRUNCH
CRUNCH

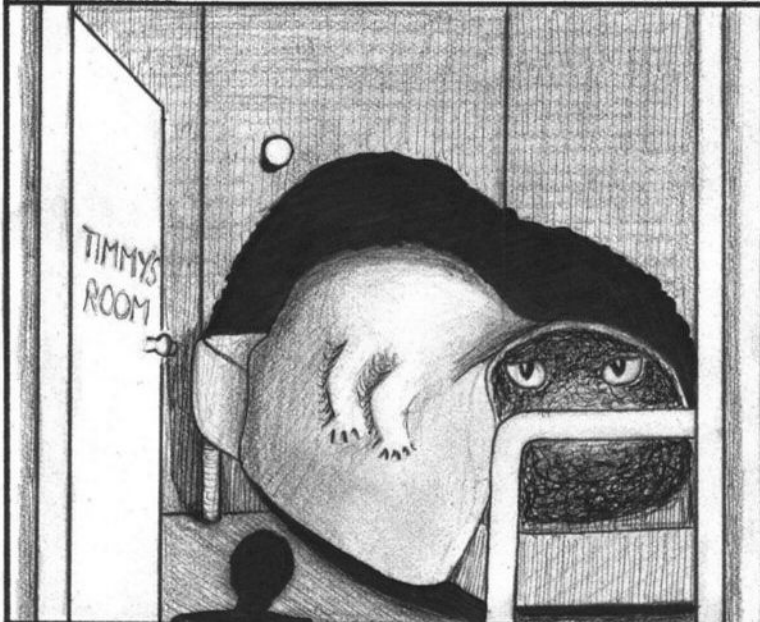
AND THEN THE MONSTER DEVOURED THE TERRIFIED BOY.



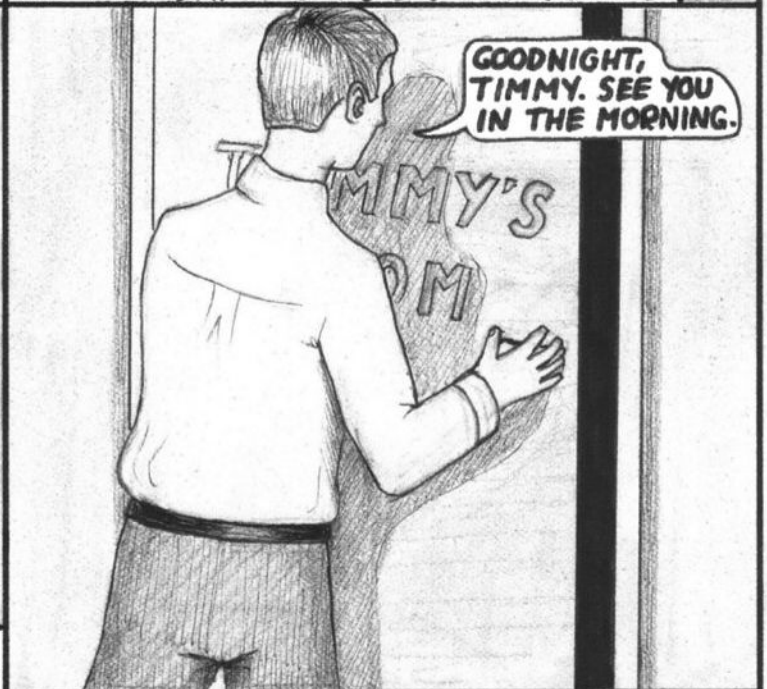
AFTER THE MONSTER FINISHED, IT LICKED ITS LIPS AND HEARD FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.



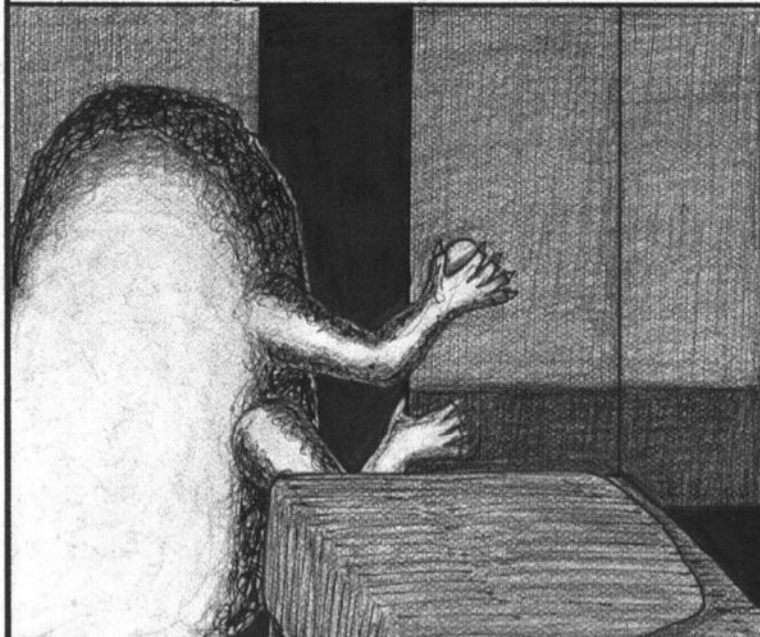
IT CLIMBED INTO THE NOW EMPTY BOY'S BED AND WAITED.



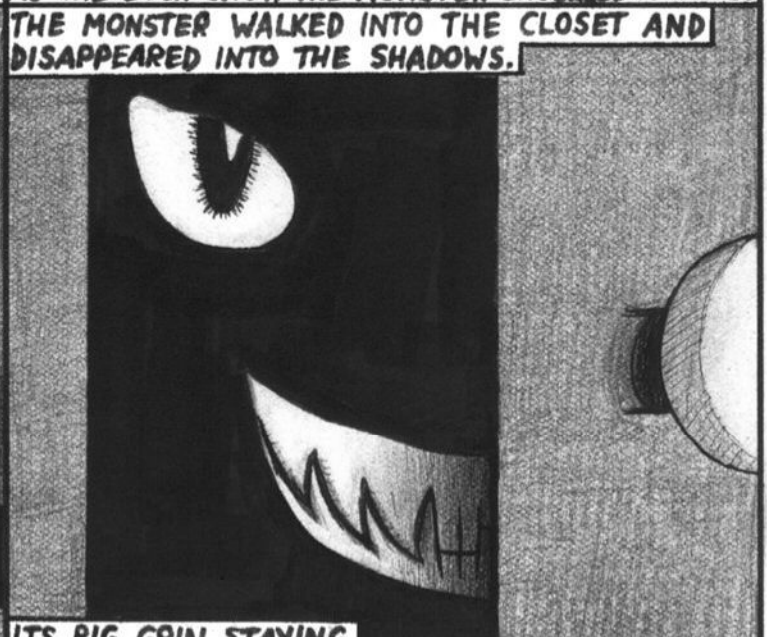
THE DOOR OPENED AND LIGHT FROM THE HALLWAY FLOODED INTO THE ROOM, COMPLETELY EXPOSING THE MONSTER, WHO LOOKED RIGHT AT THE FATHER.



AS THE DOOR SHUT, THE MONSTER CHUCKLED TO ITSELF. THE MONSTER WALKED INTO THE CLOSET AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE SHADOWS.



IT WAS JUST GETTING EASIER AND EASIER NOWADAYS, IT THOUGHT.



ITS BIG GRIN STAYING IN THE AIR FOR A FEW EXTRA SECONDS BEFORE FADING INTO THE ABYSS. THE END.

HOWDY, SIR.
JACK REAPER'S
THE NAME,
SELLING'S THE
GAME.

...

I'M NOT
INTERESTED IN
ANYTHING...

HOLD ON THERE,
PARTNER.

DEATH PITCH

STORY: JOSE CRUZ
ART: ANNIE COX

I HAVEN'T EVEN
GOTTEN A
CHANCE TO
SHOW YOU THE
MERCHANDISE.



WHAT THE HELL?

IMPRESSIVE,
AIN'T IT?

YOU SEEM LIKE
AN ALRIGHT GUY,
SO I'M GONNA
GIVE YOU THE
BEST DEAL ON
THE MARKET.

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME
ARE YOU SELLING?



WHY DEATH, MY
GOOD MAN!

IT'S THE HOTTEST
COMMODITY THESE
DAYS.

DEATH?



LET ME
EXPLAIN.

I'M NOT HERE BY
ACCIDENT. YOU
WERE ON MY LIST,
SEE?

BUT WE DO
THINGS
DIFFERENTLY
NOWADAYS.

WE LET THE
CUSTOMERS HAVE
A LITTLE MORE
FREEDOM WITH
THEIR CHOICES OF,
UH... DEPARTURE.

Le Dead
Mark M.
Sally H.
Jose E.
Robert A.
Tim W.
Marie H.
April

LOOK, BUDDY. I AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR THESE JOKES. THE GAME'S ON, FOR PETE'S SAKE.

I'LL TRY NOT TO WASTE ANY MORE OF YOUR TIME THAN I NEED TO, ED.

HOW'D YOU...

NOW WE HAVE A LOVELY ARRAY OF TERMINATIONS FOR YOU TO CONSIDER HERE.

WE HAVE THE BASIC DEATH FROM HEART ATTACK, WHICH IS STANDARD FOR THE MIDDLE AGED MAN SUCH AS YOURSELF.

HOW ABOUT PERISHING WHILE SAVING A CHILD FROM A BURNING BUILDING? GIVES YOU THE NICE HEROIC LOOK, IF YOU ASK ME.

BUT YOU SEEM A LITTLE ADVENTUROUS. HOW DOES BEAR MAULING SOUND TO YOU?

NO, YOU'RE RIGHT. FAR TOO MESSY.

PULL IN SOME MORE PEOPLE AT THE FUNERAL THAT WAY.

OR IF THE GOODY-TWO-SHOES APPROACH ISN'T YOUR THING, WE CAN ALWAYS ARRANGE TO HAVE YOU MURDER YOUR WIFE AND THEN FRY IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY. FROM WHAT I HEAR, THE LADIES SEEM TO LOVE THAT BAD BOY PERSONALITY.

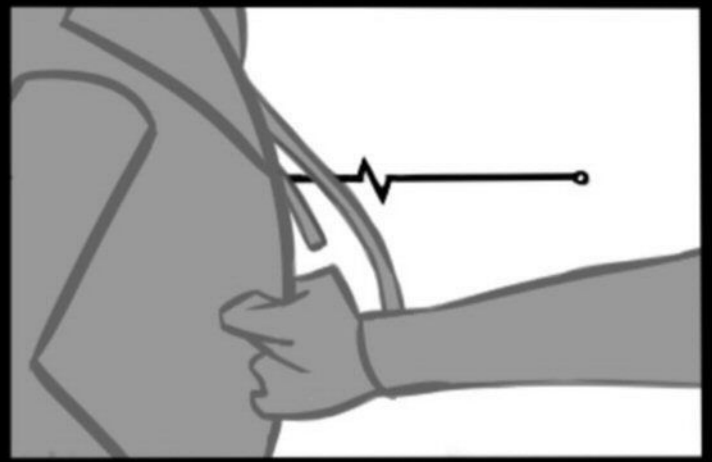
BUT THEN AGAIN, SO DO THE GUYS AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY. LET'S DROP THAT ONE FOR NOW.

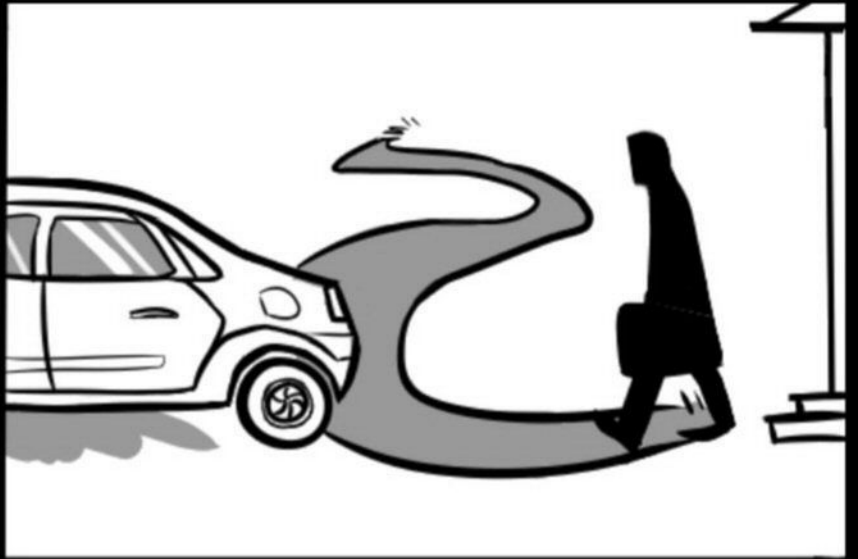
WE REALLY SHOULD DISCUSS YOUR FUNERAL SERVICE...

GET

OUT

© Jack Reaper
Cross Coffin
Be comfy in the afterlife!
HOW DO YOU FANCY YOURSELF IN THIS MODEL COFFIN?





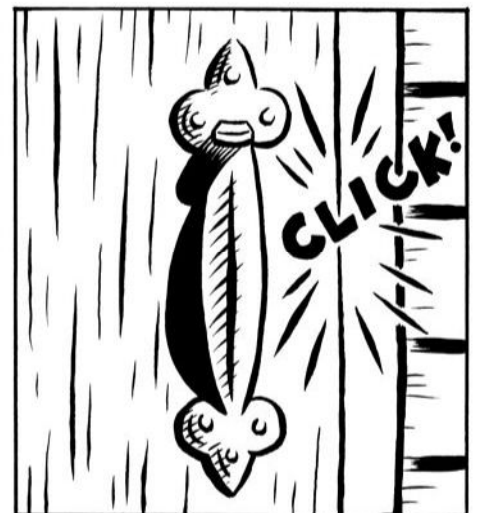
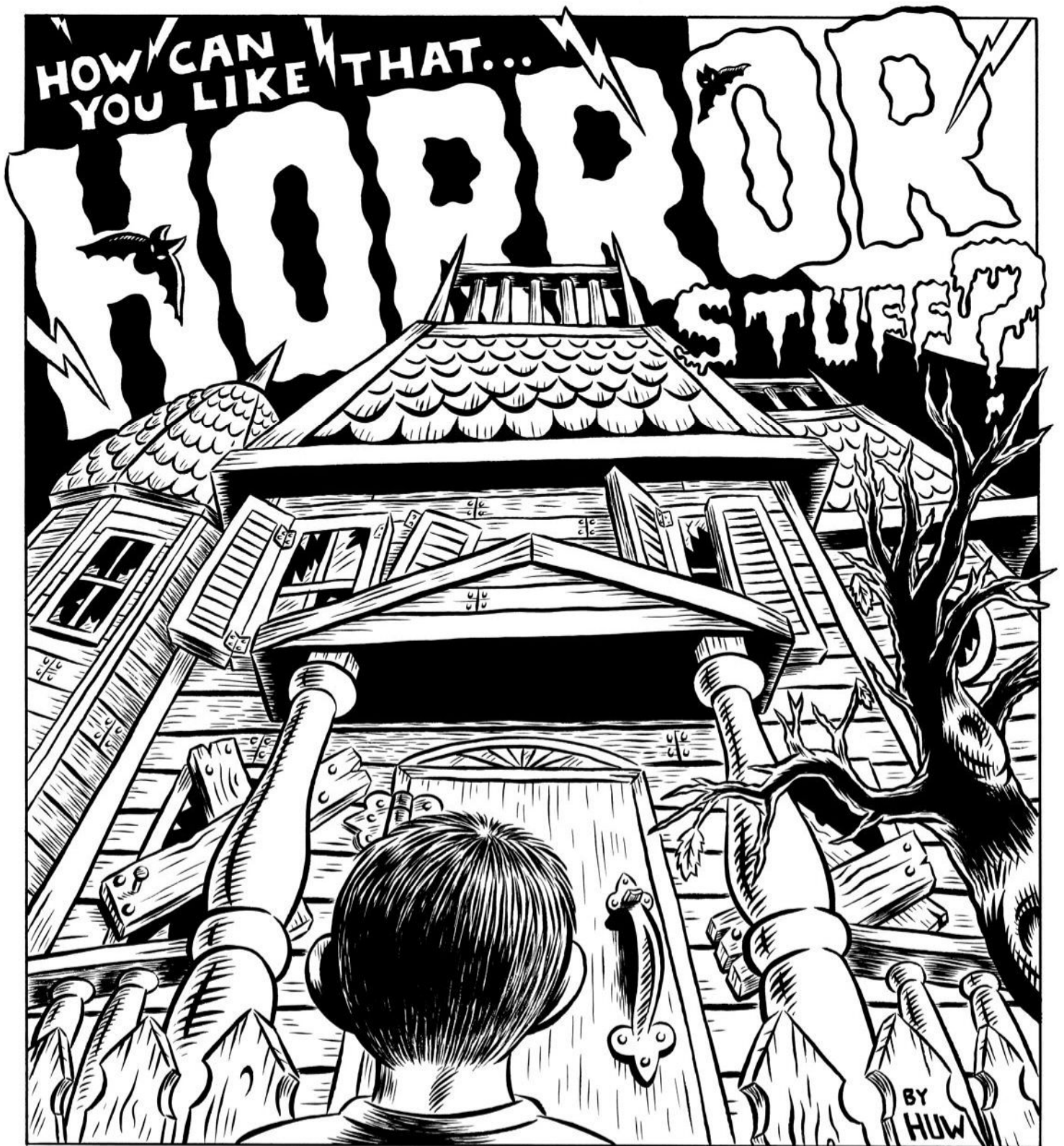
STILL MORNING.
BOY, AM I GONNA MAKE
A KILLING!

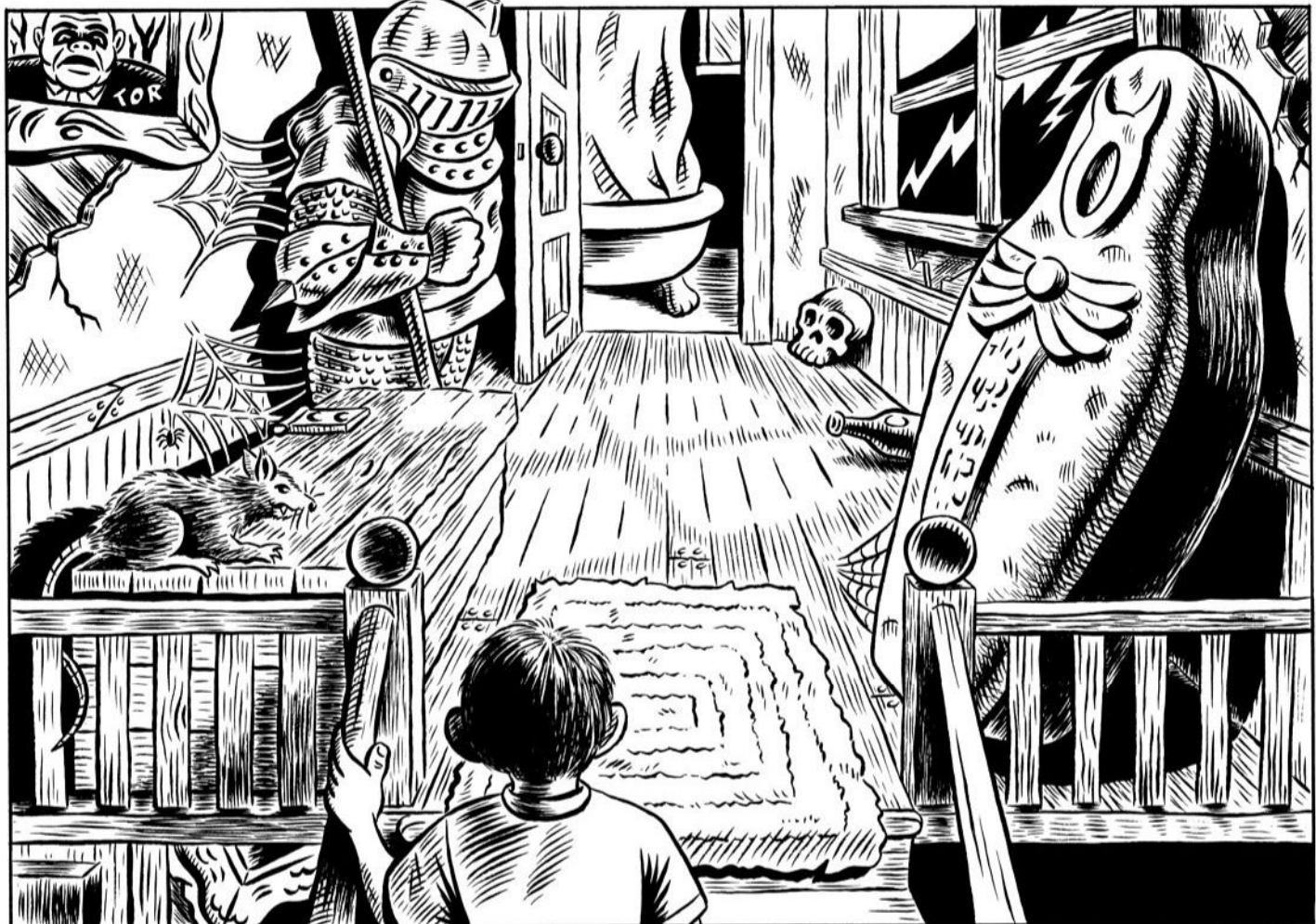
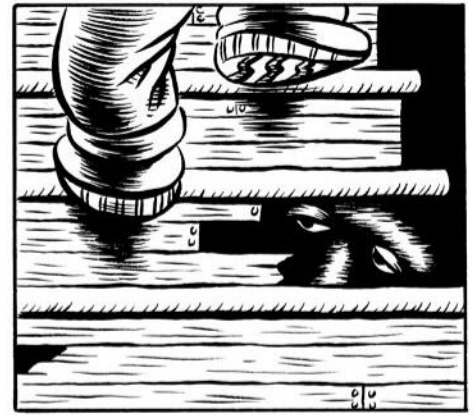
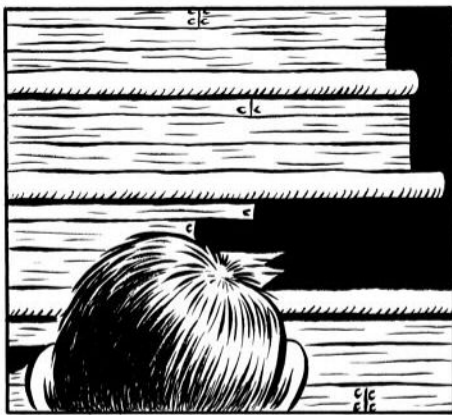


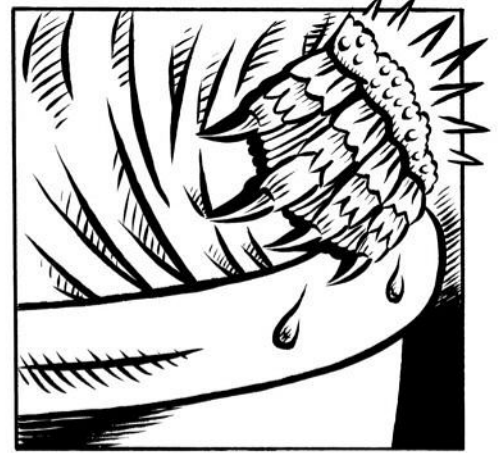
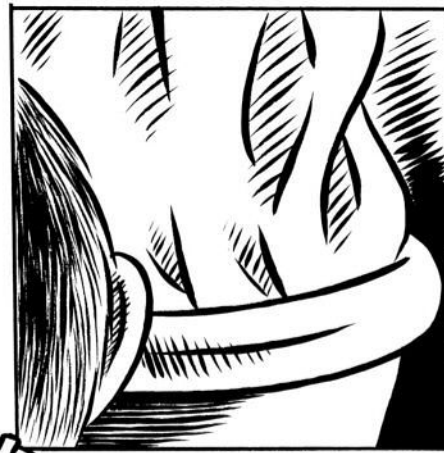


TODAY'S THE DAY THE TEDDY BEARS HAVE THEIR PICNIC!

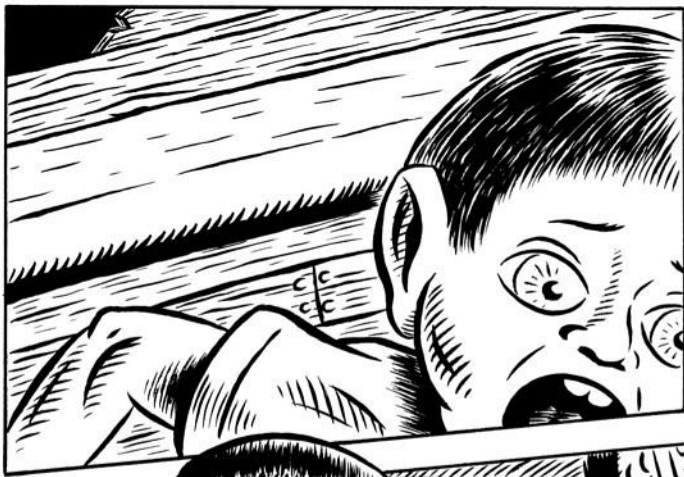














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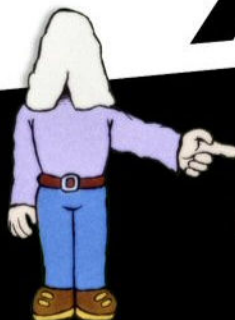
Pictures so clear, you'd swear they were real!

YAAAAAURA



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Always messing around, these frolicsome little terrors swim, fall apart and try to eat each other. Because they are so full of beans, you'll never tire of watching them. And raising Sea-Zombies is so simple, even a six-year old can do so without help.

Sea Zombies eat very little, and because they're already dead you never have to change the water. Anyone who enjoys re-animated corpses will LOVE Sea-Zombies. Best of all, we even show you how to teach them to obey your commands like a pack of friendly trained monkeys. What a way to surprise your guests!



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TedDansience Corporation, Dept. Z,
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IT SOUNDS COOL! Please send my Sea-Zombie kit(s) and my FREE supplies and guarantee. I understand that TedDansience Corp. will accept no liability for any injuries or infection which may result from mis-use of this product. I enclose £1.25 plus 50p shipping charges per kit.

Send _____ kit(s) Cash Cheque Money Order
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HALLOWSCREAM



Back from the Depths

BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS "HALLOWSCREAM!" issue three Hallowe'en 2011.

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

Co-Co-Pops : are so chocolately they even turn the milk brown.

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