

BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS

# HALLOWSCREAM!

IN THIS ISSUE...



ZOMBIES!



BEASTIES!



HUMANS!

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2012 HALLOWE'EN SPECIAL



ISSUE FOUR



IT'S NOT FOR THE NERVOUS!



Main Cover Image and design by Malcolm Kirk.  
Intro design by Malcolm Kirk. Intro by The Reaper.

# FOUR OF THE DARK...



Greetings, mortals!

WELCOME, ONCE AGAIN, TO THE BLOOD-STAINED PAGES OF HALLOWSCREAM, THE COMIC THAT PUTS THE FUN BACK INTO PSYCHOLOGICALLY-DAMAGING-HORRIFIC-EVENTS! IS IT JUST ME OR DOES THE TIME BETWEEN THESE ISSUES SEEM TO GET SHORTER EVERY YEAR? WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? NOT SHORT ENOUGH? YOU WANT MORE THAN ONE DOSE OF TERRIFYING TALES PER YEAR? REALLY? WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY - BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR, DEAR READERS, YOU MIGHT JUST GET IT! WATCH THIS SPACE, BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

The Reaper...

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Paperback issues of all  
Hallowscreams are now  
available to buy from

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

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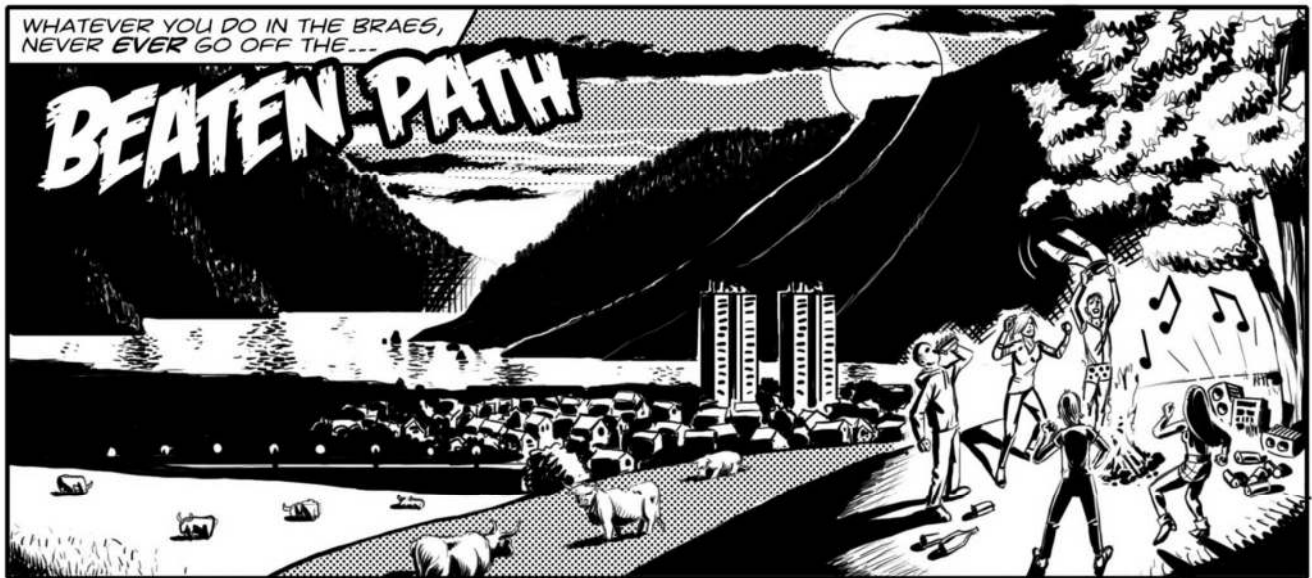
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*Back from the Depths* SCARIER THAN A SPIDER IN A CLOWN OUTFIT!



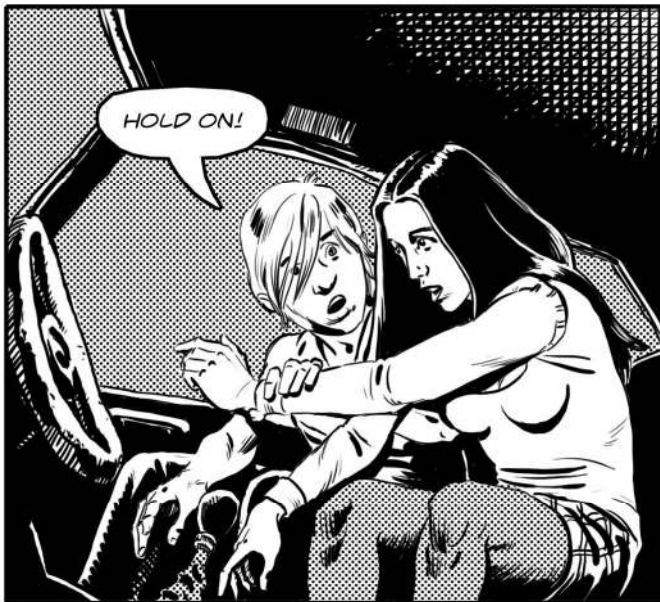








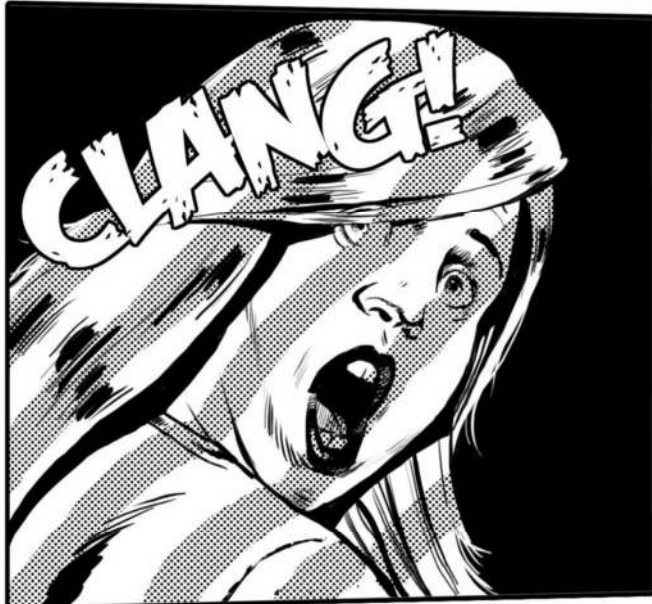












I GET NOTHING BUT ABUSE AND FILTH FROM YOU KIDS.



THE END

I KNOW IT'S BEEN SEVEN YEARS,  
BUT HOW DID I NOT RECOGNISE HIM?

MAYBE I DID.  
DEEP DOWN I KNEW THIS DAY WAS COMING.  
BUT, NOT ON MY FIRST DAY OUTTA THE JOINT!

WHY ARE YOU  
DOING THIS  
TO ME!?

YOU KNOW  
WHY.

I SERVED  
MY TIME.  
I'M A FREE  
MAN NOW!

A FEW YEARS IN A  
COSY PRISON CELL  
DON'T BRING MY  
LITTLE GIRL BACK,  
DOES IT?

I'M SCREWED.





WHAT THE HELL DO I DO?  
THINK YOU IDIOT, THINK.  
THIS GUY'S OUT OF HIS FRICKIN' MIND.

DO I RUSH HIM?

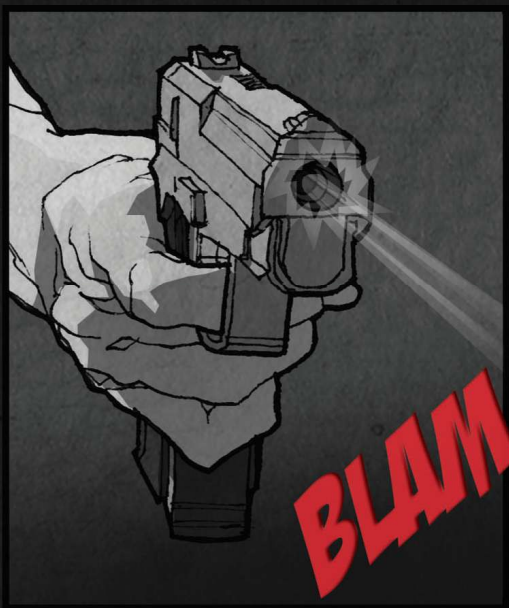
OH, COME ON!  
HE HAS A GUN AND I'M IN A HOLE.  
YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE.  
ARRRRRRR THINK!!!!!!

OK OK.  
HE AIN'T GONNA SHOOT ME.  
HE'S JUST DRUNK AND UPSET.

HE'S TRYING TO SCARE ME, TO PROVE A  
POINT AND SHOW THAT HE HAS POWER  
OVER ME.



ENOUGH!!!!  
THIS SICK TWISTED  
JOKE IS OVER.  
I AIN'T DIGGING  
SHIT.



BLAM



WOAH!  
ARE YOU OUTTA  
YOUR F@#KING  
MIND?



COME ON MAN, YOU'VE ONLY HAD A COUPLE OF DRINKS. YOU'RE SMARTER THAN THIS PSYCHO.

LISTEN MAN, I'M SO SO SORRY. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT I SWEAR TO GOD. BUT NONE OF THIS IS GOING TO BRING YOUR LITTLE GIRL BACK.

YOU WERE DRUNK. YOU WERE BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A CAR AND YOU WERE DRUNK. THAT'S NOT AN ACCIDENT.

ALL SARAH EVER WANTED TO DO WAS DANCE. FROM THE MOMENT SHE TOOK HER FIRST STEPS. SHE NEVER WALKED OR RAN.....

..... SHE DANCED.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, HE'S DISTRACTED.

EASY.

SLOWLY.

BREATH.

DON'T SCREW THIS UP.

I WOULDN'T

**SMASH!**









JESUS  
CHRIST!

I KILLED HIS KID.

I'M COVERED IN BLOOD.

I GOTTA HIDE  
THE BODY.  
TELL NO ONE  
EVER!

MY FOOT PRINTS AND  
DNA ARE EVERYWHERE.

NO ONE IS GOING TO  
BELIEVE I DIDN'T DO THIS.

I'M SCREWED.



YOU CRAZY  
BASTARD.  
WHY WOULD YOU  
DO SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT?

NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS FIND  
A LAKE TO THROW YOU INTO.

FREEZE!  
DROP THE GUN!



DISPATCH,  
THE CARETAKER WAS  
RIGHT.  
IT WAS GUN FIRE.  
YOU ARE NOT GONNA  
BELIEVE THIS.

HE PLANNED THE WHOLE THING.

HE F#@KED ME.









NESTWARM,  
CAVERNDARK



IT HATCHES



DUSTDIRT,  
DEADSCRAP



IT FEEDS



WASTEBRED,  
ROTTFED



IT GROWS





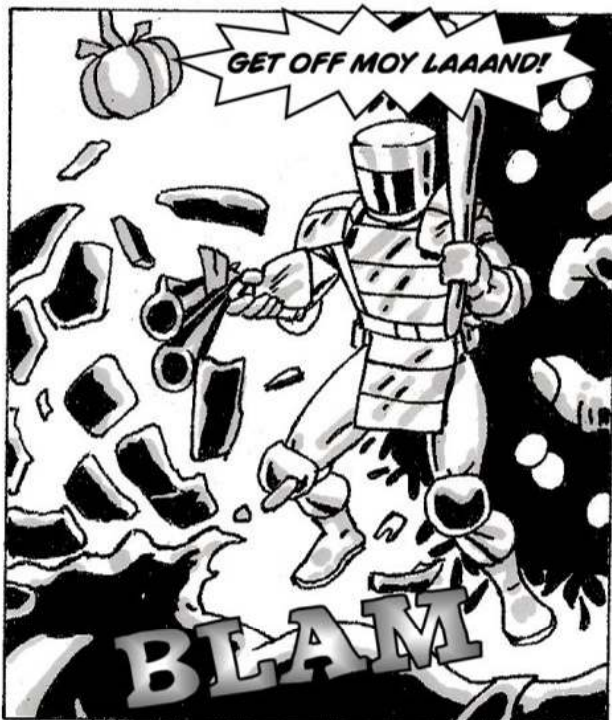
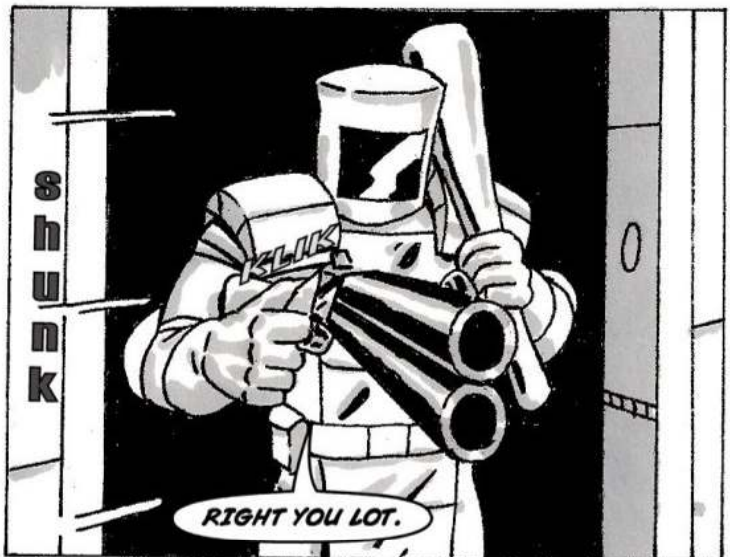
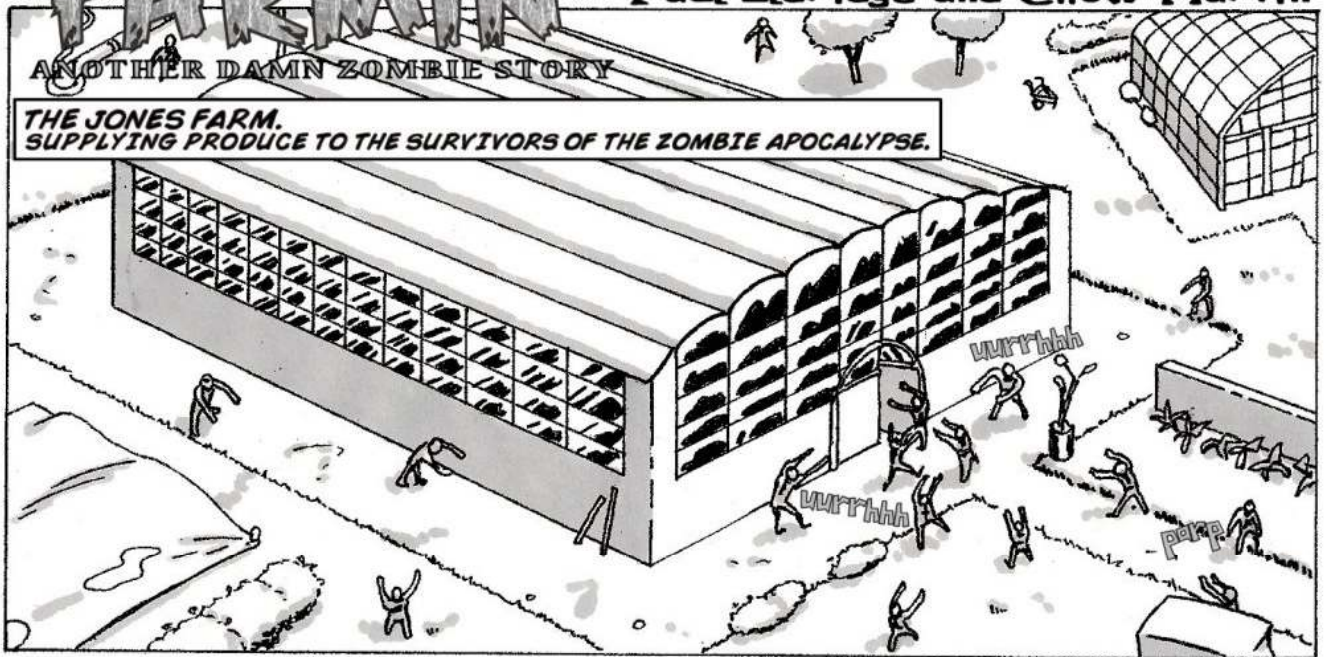


# FARMIN'

from the fevered minds of  
Paul Eldridge and Chow Martin

ANOTHER DAMN ZOMBIE STORY

THE JONES FARM.  
SUPPLYING PRODUCE TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE.







END.



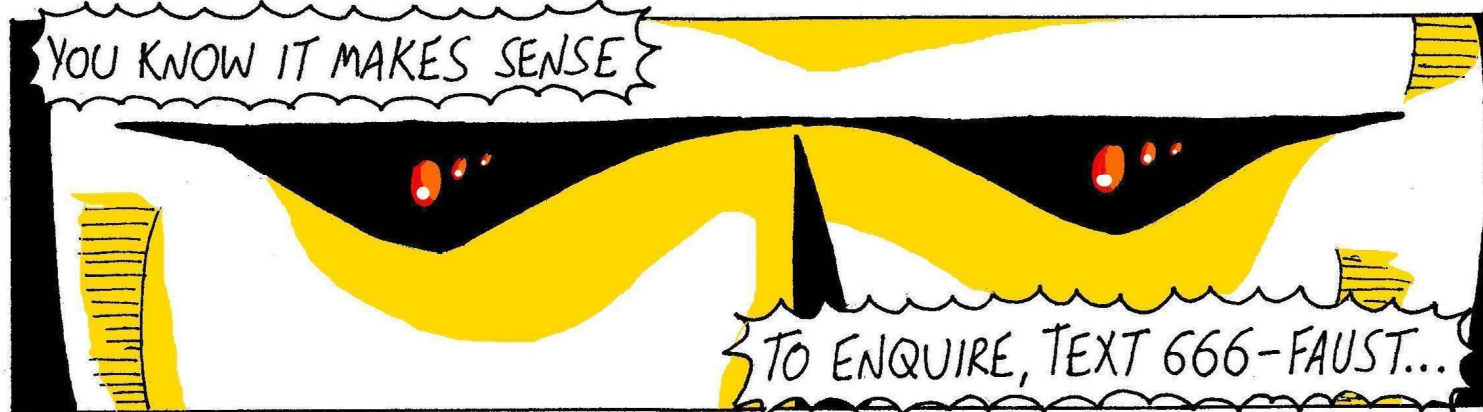
# CASH 4 SOULS

Gordon  
Innes  
Story  
& Art

TRIPLE-DIP RECESSION GETTING YOU DOWN? WELL WORRY NO MORE, HERE AT 'CASH 4 SOULS' WE'RE OFFERING PREMIUM PRICES FOR THOSE OLD SOULS THAT ARE JUST LYING AROUND COLLECTING DUST...

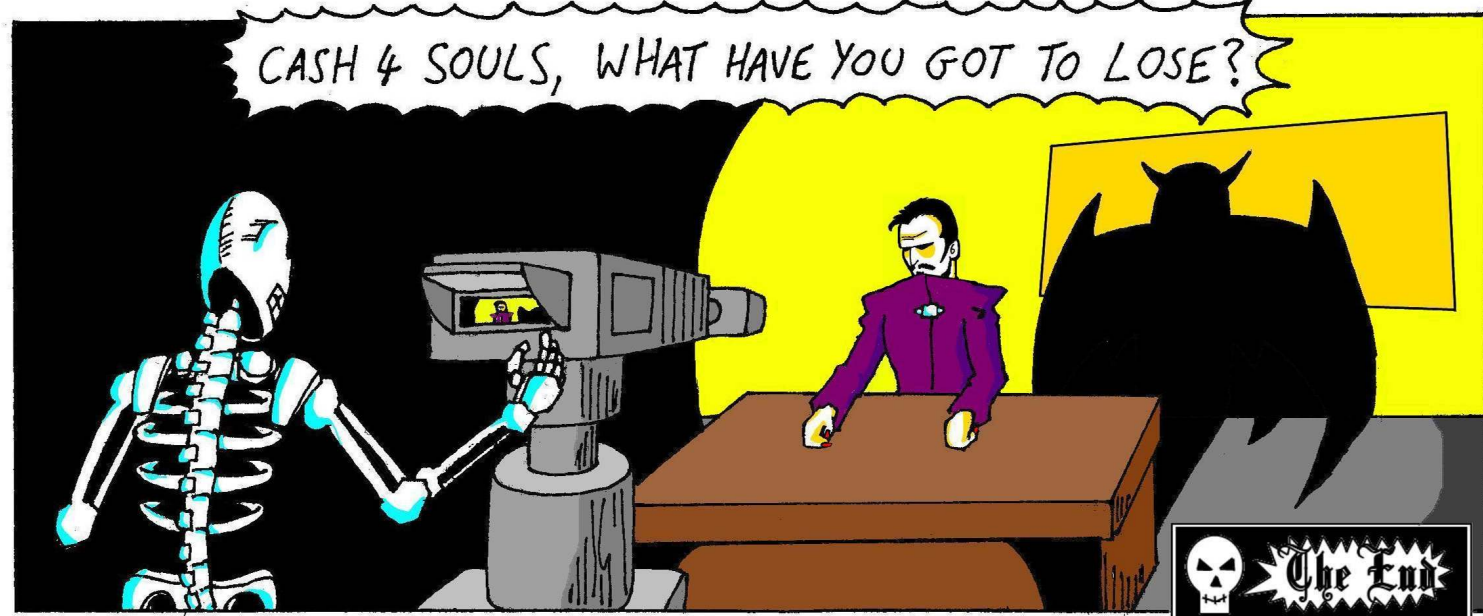


YOU KNOW IT MAKES SENSE



TO ENQUIRE, TEXT 666-FAUST...

CASH 4 SOULS, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE?



The End



Tuesday

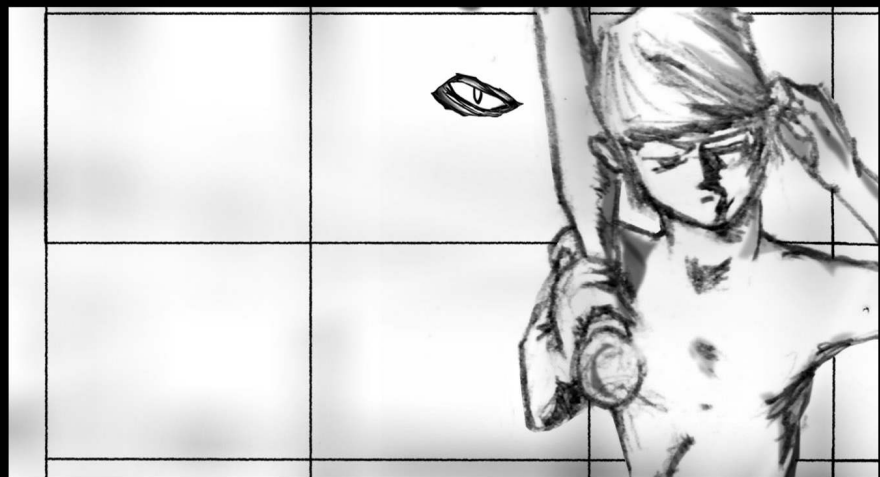
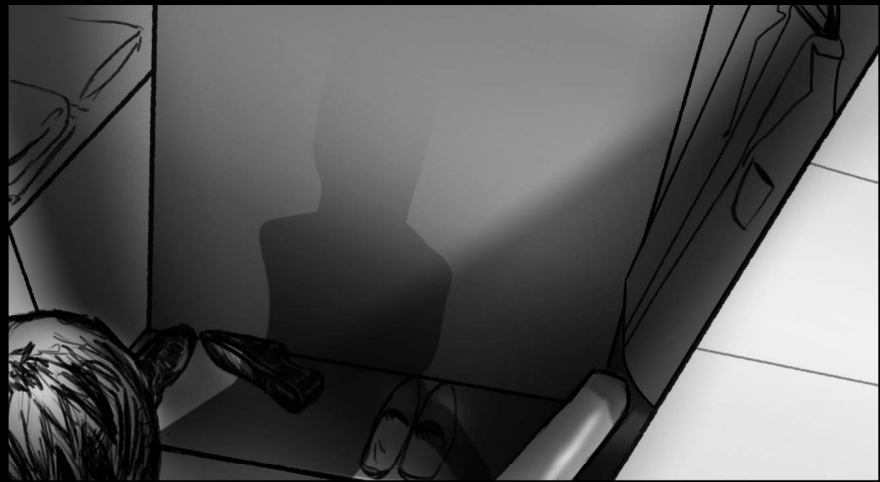
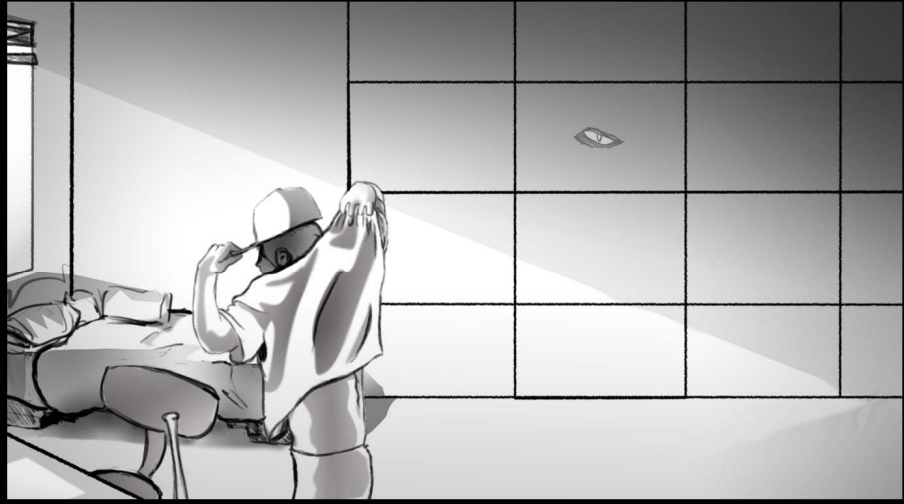
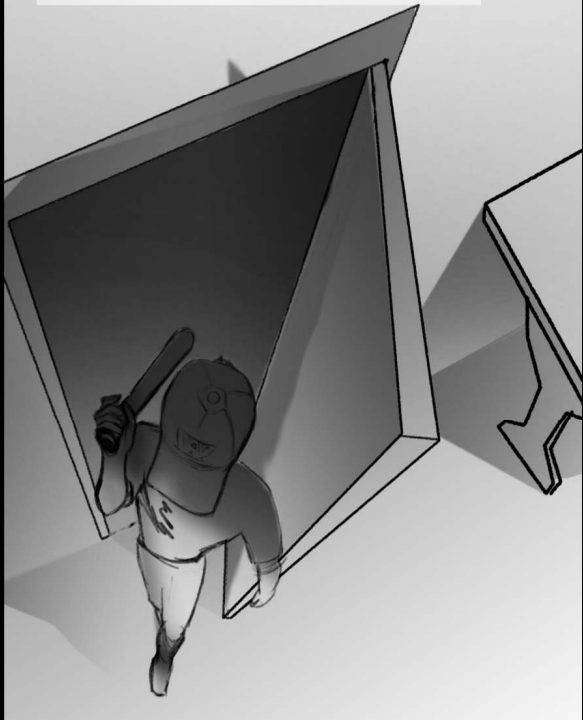


New Youkai Chronicles  
Number 1: Mokumokuren  
script: Van Dom  
brushes: Rothwell



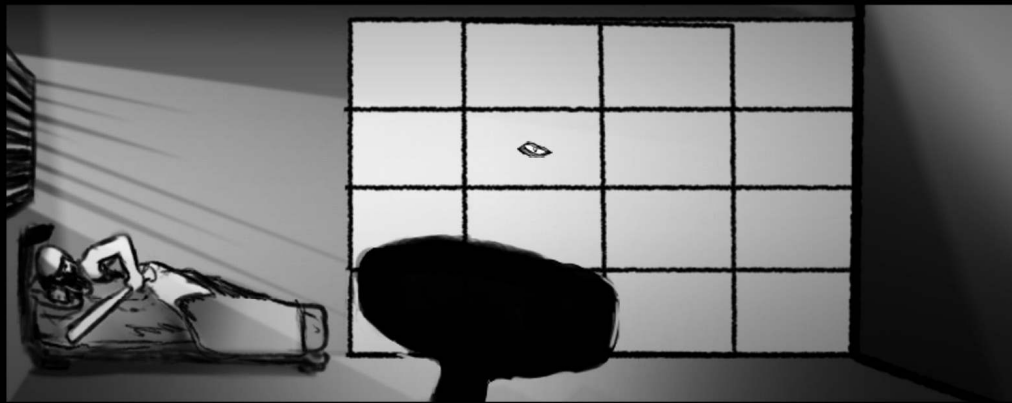


Wednesday

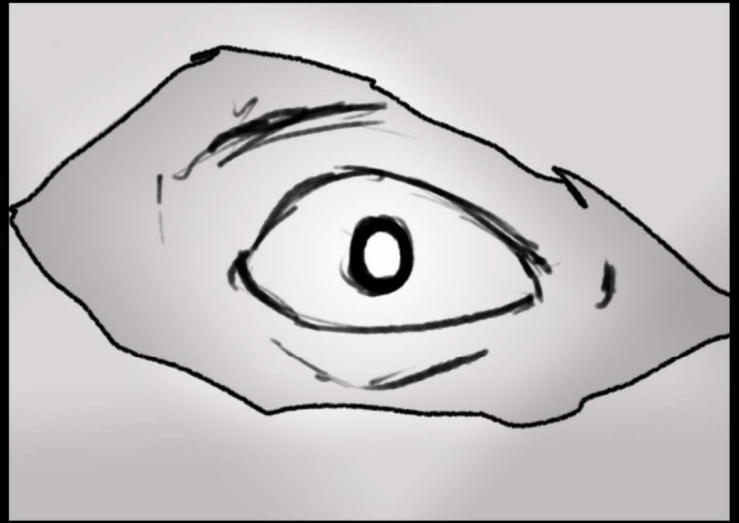
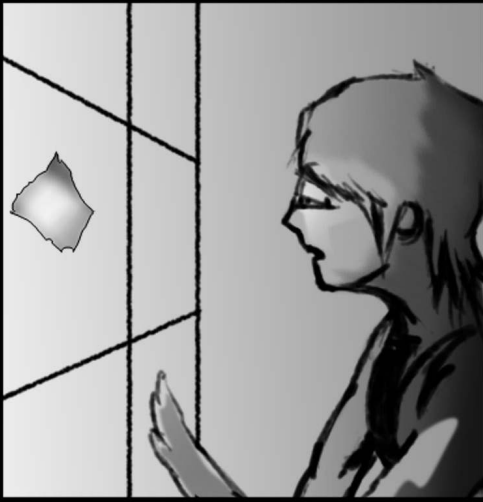




Thursday











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## The TragiComedy Channel



Garden shed by dawn 9.00

**9.00** **The Evil Death** (Sitcom) **NEW** EPISODE 1 : They're Coming To Get You, Barbara! Sequel to 'The Good Life' in which Tom and Barbara decide to get even further back to nature by moving to a remote cabin in the woods. (S)

**9.30** **The IT Crowd** (Sitcom) Starring It (came from outer space), It (the terror from beyond space), It (conquered the world), Stephen King's It and Cousin Itt. (S) (Rpt)

**10.00** **The Hung Ones** (Sitcom) Four students of the black arts are executed for practising witchcraft but return from the grave a few centuries later, when a Cliff Richard LP is accidentally played backwards. (S) (Rpt)

**10.30** **Some Mummies Do 'Ave 'Em** (Sitcom) Tutankhspenser summons the goddess Bastet, who proceeds to do a whoopsie on the carpet. (S) (Rpt)

**11.00** **Only Ghouls And Hearses** (Sitcom) Hellboy calls Rodney a plonker. Ha ha. (S) (Rpt)

**11.30** **Uncle Terry and June** (Sitcom) The local vicar comes round collecting for the church fete and Uncle Terry kills him. Hilarity Ensues. (S) (Rpt)

**12.00** **Whose Limb Is It Anyway?** Zombie improvisational comedy. (S) (Rpt)

**1.00** **Two and A Half Men** Ouch. (S) (Rpt)

## OldenTimes

**6.00** **The Cursed Antiques Roadshow** A team of experts travel the country examining priceless artefacts imbued with the dark forces of the underworld. (S) (Rpt)

**7.00** **Secret History of World War II** This week : The Spear of Destiny and the hobgoblin that stole Hitler's favourite shoes and refused to give them back. (S) (Rpt)

**8.00** **Tomb Team** The bloke who used to play Baldrick desecrates some more old graves with a team of unkempt ghouls. (S) (Rpt)

**9.00** **Weird's Way** Travelog in which Tom Weird meets some weird people and learns of the weird local folklore, weird customs and weird history of the weird towns and weird villages of Scotland. (S) (Rpt)

**9.30** **I Know What You Did Last of The Summer Wine** (Sitcom) When their out of control tin bath knocks over, and apparently kills, a stranger, Compo, Foggy and Clegg dispose of the body and swear an oath of silence, but one year later they receive a letter which reads "I know what you did!" (S) (Rpt)

**10.30** **What Do You Think You Are?** In tonight's episode, Roderick Usher discovers just what his ancestors got up to and sobs inconsolably for 50 minutes. (S) (Rpt)

**11.30** **Edwardian Lunatic Asylum** Documentary series in which a team of historians undergo historical treatments for mental illness, not for research purposes, but because those beardy types are all a bit mental anyway, eh? (S) **NEW**

## IE!

**6.00** **Keeping Up With The Carpathians** Reality show following the undeaths of a family of very annoying vampires. (S) (Rpt)

**7.00** **IE! News** (S)

**7.10** **Ghouls of The Haunted Mansion** (S) (Rpt)

**8.10** **The 100 Best Celebrity Deaths** A rundown of the most spectacular, bizarre, or just plain hilarious demises of famous folk. It's in no way exploitative. It's educational. (S) (Rpt)



Socks, worms &amp; Rock 'n' Roll 11.00

**11.00** **The Oscars** Reality TV show featuring the domestic life of a bad-tempered furry green monster and his family. (S) (Rpt)

**12.00** **Live From The Red Carpet** How to remove bloodstains. (S)

**12.30** **Honey Buzz Buzz Child** (Documentary) The Benefitzz of feeding your offzzpring royal jelly. Prezzented by Roald Dahl. (Z) (Rpt)

**1.30** **Vile Star** A look at the fashion sense of some of the most repellent celebrity creatures to walk the earth. (S) (Rpt)

**2.30** **Pimp My Bride** With Victor Frankenstein. (S) (Rpt)

**3.30** **Telelopping** (S)



# GAKI

by Paul Bristow

Mark had been waiting to play Gaki for weeks, everyone at school was talking about it - but only Chris had actually played it. He said it was the scariest game ever. It wasn't a game you could get in the shops, it was like the strip poker game or the Manic Miner bootlegs with extra levels. Sean said you could get an IRA game as well, but Mark didn't believe him. Mark had asked Chris to come over or even to give him a loan of it, but he kept saying no, or that he was stuck at a bit and he would give him it when he got past that.

Then Chris's mum had died, and he hadn't been at school, so Mark couldn't ask him again. That's why he was really surprised when he came home from school later that week to find that Chris had posted him a copy through the door. Chris had copied it onto a C60, it was wrapped in a letter, "It's really hard, I'm fed up with it. See you at school soon."

The data screamed and flickered across the screen, it was taking ages to load.

"Mark do you want to play He-Man?"

"No John I'm playing this."

"Mum! Mark won't play He-Man with me."

Mark pushed his brother out of the room as the screeching stopped, signalling the start of the game. There was no intro screen, just white text on black.

You are in a dark room with a dirt floor. Somewhere nearby you can hear crying. There is a wooden door.

"Open door" typed Mark.

The door is locked from the outside.

"Use key."

You have no key.

"Look in pockets."

You are dressed in rags and have no pockets.

Some time passes. The crying stops abruptly.

"Search room."

You find some dirt. And bones. It is too dark to tell which kind.

"Search dirt."

You have found a trapdoor.

"Open trapdoor."

The trapdoor is now open.

"Go through trapdoor."

You fall down through the inky darkness and smash onto the rocks below. It takes some time for you to die. You are still conscious when the rats come.

Chris wasn't kidding. This was hard.

You are in a dark room with a dirt floor. Somewhere nearby you can hear crying. There is a wooden door.

"Wait."

Some time passes...

"Wait."

The door is unlocked. A man shuffles in slowly.

"Look at man."

Don't you know it's rude to stare? The man is wearing stained overalls, he has many cuts on his hands. He is smiling.

"Talk to man."

You cannot talk.

"Go through door."

The man is in the way. Some time passes, the man drags you from the room.



You are in the kitchen , the blunt knives hang from the hooks .The walls are smeared brown .  
The man leaves .

"Get food ."

There is nothing here you should eat .

"Escape ."

There is no escape .But there is a small window above the sink .

"Open window ."

You are too far way .The crying starts again .

"Climb on sink ."

You climb on the sink .The water is slimy with grease and gristle .

"Open window ."

The window is open .You can hear the rain and the man shuffling .

"Mark get off that computer right now. Homework!"

Mark played Gaki every night that week, he got out of the kitchen without losing fingers. He got through the mines (you had to stay in the coal cart when the girl died) and past the dogs (you used the bucket of bones from the nursery) but had been grabbed by someone and thrown in a cage. He wasn't dead, so it was obviously meant to happen, but he couldn't get out. He had tried waiting for a bit, like at the start, but nothing happened. He had even tried starting again a few times to see if he could do something different; he always ended up here. He tried phoning Chris to see if he knew, but it was his dad who answered and he said Chris wasn't feeling very well and hung up quickly.

"Wait ."

Some time passes ...

You are cold .

"Wait ."

Some time passes ...

You are cold and hungry .

"Wait ."

Some time passes ...

You are cold and hungry and weak .You will soon die .

"Help ."

A door opens .Gaki is here .He says "Would you like me to help you? "

"Nod head ."

"If I help you , you will need to do something for me .Do you understand? "

"Nod head ."

The cage is unlocked .

"Open cage ."

The cage is open .Gaki is waiting for you .

"Leave cage ."

You are in the room with Gaki .

"Leave room ."

Gaki has not finished with you yet .

The screen flickered at the edges for a moment, as if the game was still loading.

"Hello Mark .Do you like my game? "

Mark sat back from the keyboard.

"You have done very well to get this far .You must be very clever .Can you help me .I am cold and hungry ."

"Give food to Gaki ."

Gaki is still hungry .

"I need more Mark .Much more ."

"Who are you? "

"I am Gaki .I am the game , but I want out .I need you to help me get out , I m not strong enough yet .Help ."

"How? "

"I need you to find other people to play the game .But you cannot tell them about me .They must find me themselves .They must need me to help ."



Mark stopped typing. Is this why Chris stopped playing? It didn't feel right.

Some time passes ...

"The more I help them, the stronger I will become."

Some time passes ...

"If you do not help me, bad things will happen."

It sounded like the chain letter Sarah brought to school. Teacher said that it was okay to break chain letters, that it was just people trying to scare you. Gaki was supposed to be a scary game... so this was just part of the game.

Some time passes ...

"And they won't stop happening until you share the game."

Mark yanked the power cable from the port, exactly like his dad had told him not to do. He pulled the C60 from the tape recorder and buried it at the bottom of his drawer, under the rubbish mastertronic games he'd bought last month.

Next day when he came home from school, the police were at his house. His mum was crying. John had been playing outside and been run over. The car had just driven off, leaving John lying there. By the time the ambulance arrived it was too late.

Some time passed...

Mark's mum and dad didn't want him going back to school so soon, but he made such a fuss, screaming, demanding, that the doctor agreed it might be better to let him get back to his friends. Mark sat up all night with his dad's midi hi-fi.

He passed Chris at the school gates and they smiled sadly at each other. Then slowly, they began passing out the copied cassettes to all their other friends.

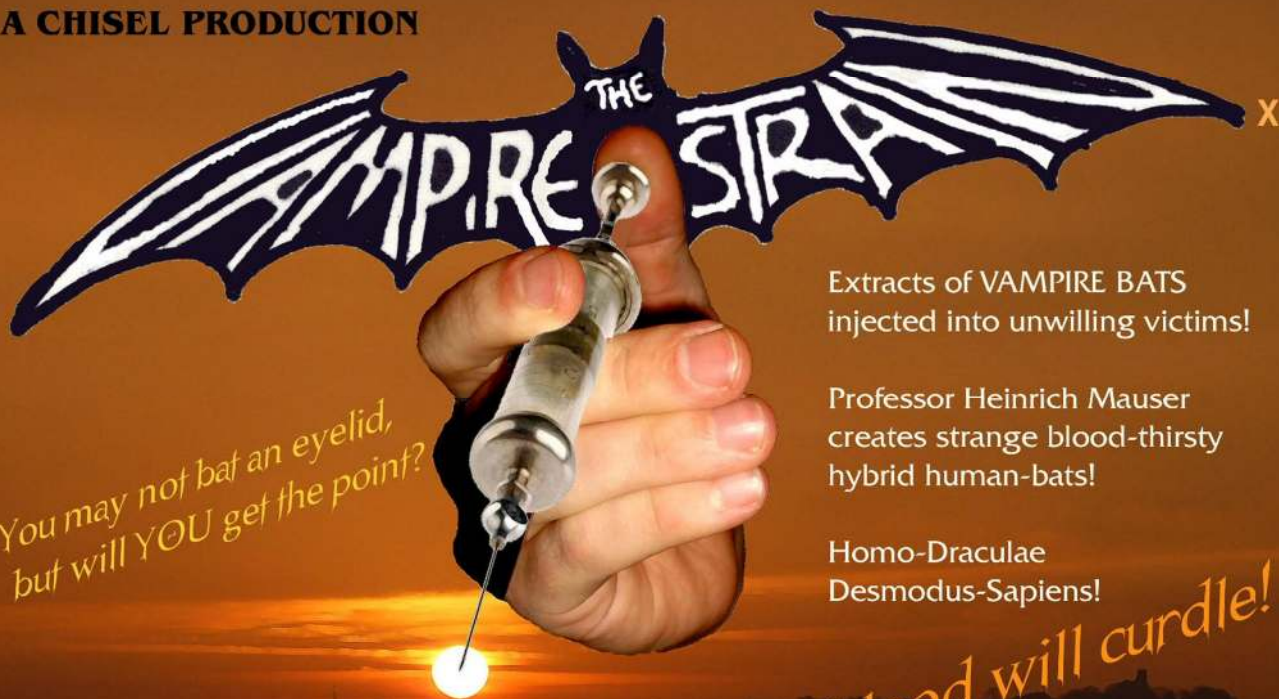


Page design by Malcolm Kirk. Game Over. What now?...



# COMING SOON TO VHS & BETAMAX:

A CHISEL PRODUCTION



*You may not bat an eyelid,  
but will YOU get the point?*

Extracts of VAMPIRE BATS  
injected into unwilling victims!

Professor Heinrich Mauser  
creates strange blood-thirsty  
hybrid human-bats!

Homo-Draculae  
Desmodus-Sapiens!

*Your blood will curdle!*

**WILLIAM NORTH**  
**JOSEPHINE WICKBARN**  
**CHARLES WYNFORD LODGE**

Produced by **ROY POWELL**  
Directed by **MARTIN COOPER**  
Written by **BOB YOUNG**  
Music composed & conducted by **HERMAN BERNARD**

une film de

**Antoine  
François**

avec

**CHARLES  
WYNFORD  
LODGE**



Une tranche  
amère d'horreur

## POMME de TERRUER

Chaque verger a une pomme mauvais!

Distributed by 2Hr Films

© 2011 Julian Jones





**NEXT ISSUE > "NECK ROMANCERS?"**



"THE NECROMANCERS WHO RULE YOUR WORLD UNSEEN FEED UPON A HEADY MIX OF HATRED, JEALOUSY, MISERY, SORROW AND SELF-PITY... ALL THE NEGATIVE EMOTIONS YOU HUMANS PRODUCE SO WELL."

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY LOVE.

I LOVE YOU, SWEETIE



Q-PIDS

STORY: YAN DOM  
ART: BHLINA

"IN ORDER TO ENCOURAGE THE PRODUCTION OF THESE EMOTIONS AND INTENSIFY THEIR POTENCY, THE NECROMANCERS CREATED THE LOVE CONTAGION, WITH WHICH THEY CONTAMINATED YOUR WORLD."

I'M SO GLAD WE MET, YOU'RE THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME...

OH, PUKE.

"THE VIRUS IS PROPAGATED BY PESTILENT DEMONS CALLED Q-PIDS, WHO LATCH ON TO HUMANS TO GROW THIS LOVE INSIDE THEM."

OH MY GOD! SHANE!

OI, MATE! WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

"THEY NURTURE IT, ENCOURAGE IT, AND THEN, WHEN IT'S AT IT'S RIPEST, THEY KILL IT..."

HUNGRY HIPPOS. WHAT'S YOURS?

SHKKK! SARAH!

"...FEEDING THE RESULTANT NEGATIVE ENERGY TO THEIR MASTERS BEFORE STARTING ANEW."

BLAM!  
AAARRGGH!

"ERADICATING A Q-PID REQUIRES THE REMOVAL OF IT'S HUMAN HOST. THERE IS NO OTHER WAY."

AND NOW I'M DEAD AND I GET TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM SAP.

FINE BY ME, LET'S GET ON WITH IT

BEING IMMUNE TO LOVE SAVED YOU FROM THE Q-PIDS, TUCKER

BUT IT ALSO ALIENATED YOU FROM YOUR KIND...



NOT YET. PENETRATING THE NECROMANCER'S DOMAIN WON'T BE EASY, YOU'LL NEED HELP EVEN GETTING THAT FAR. FORTUNATELY, THERE'S ANOTHER LIKE YOU, WHO CAN PROVIDE IT.

WHAT...?

"HER NAME, YOU MAY REMEMBER, IS KATARINA CRUZ. AND YOUR NEXT TASK, TUCKER..."

"...IS TO KILL HER!"

SOLE SURVIVOR OF SPEED-DATE MASSACRE TALKS

VANGUARD

TO GRUZE LOVE

NOT YET. PENETRATING THE NECROMANCER'S DOMAIN WON'T BE EASY, YOU'LL NEED HELP EVEN GETTING THAT FAR. FORTUNATELY, THERE'S ANOTHER LIKE YOU, WHO CAN PROVIDE IT.

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"...IS TO KILL HER!"

SOLE SURVIVOR OF 'SPEED-DATE' TALKS MASSACRE

POLISH POLE-DANCER SLAYS WANTED SERIAL KILLER

VANGUARD

ORDER 4 GIRL 5

NOT YET. PENETRATING THE NECROMANCER'S DOMAIN WON'T BE EASY, YOU'LL NEED HELP EVEN GETTING THAT FAR. FORTUNATELY, THERE'S ANOTHER LIKE YOU, WHO CAN PROVIDE IT.

WHAT...?

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SOLE SURVIVOR OF SPEED-DATE MASSACRE TALKS

VANGUARD

TO GRUZE LOVE

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SOLE SURVIVOR OF SPEED-DATE MASSACRE TALKS

VANGUARD

POLISH POLE-DANCER SLAYS WANTED SERIAL KILLER

ORDER 4 GIRL 5

SPEED KILLS

BASTARD

NOT YET. PENETRATING THE NECROMANCER'S DOMAIN WON'T BE EASY, YOU'LL NEED HELP EVEN GETTING THAT FAR. FORTUNATELY, THERE'S ANOTHER LIKE YOU, WHO CAN PROVIDE IT.

WHAT...?

"HER NAME, YOU MAY REMEMBER, IS KATARINA CRUZ. AND YOUR NEXT TASK, TUCKER..."

"...IS TO KILL HER!"

SOLE SURVIVOR OF SPEED-DATE MASSACRE TALKS

VANGUARD

POLISH POLE-DANCER SLAYS WANTED SERIAL KILLER

ORDER 4 GIRL 5

SPEED KILLS

BASTARD



# TERRIBLY BAD MONSTERS

TO BE FRANK

BY CHRISTOPHER A.  
GEARY



Pull the  
lever Igor



Yes  
Master!

CREAK



FFFZZZZZZZ

CRACKLE!



FIZZIT!!



Not again! Why  
do you two keep  
waking me in the night?  
I would like a lie in  
sometimes!

!



MAY 1957

CASCADE MOTEL,  
NORTHERN ARIZONA  
USA.

RECEPTION

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK?

IT'S PRETTY BUT...  
I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE WE  
SHOULD'VE STAYED ON THE  
FREEWAY?

OH C'MON HON,  
WHERE'S YOUR SENSE  
OF ADVENTURE?!

YOU'VE GOT  
ENOUGH SENSE OF ADVENTURE  
FOR THE BOTH OF US!

WILL LITTLE RICHIE PRESCOTT  
BE OK WITH ALL THOSE HEAVY BAGS?

HA. HA.  
GO CHECK US IN,  
CHUCKLES.

EVENING,  
IT'S MRS... VALERIE PRESCOTT.  
MY HUSBAND AND I WOULD LIKE  
TO RENT A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT.

EVENING MISS,  
WHAT CAN I DO  
FOR YOU?

CERTAINLY MA'AM.  
IF YOU'D BE SO KIND AS TO  
FILL OUT THIS FORM...

WHAT IS IT WITH  
BROADS AND LUGGAGE?

SCRIPT  
CHRIS SIDES  
ART CHRIS TRAVELL

VISITING HER MOTHER  
FOR THE WEEKEND AND WE GOTTA  
TAKE THE WHOLE DAMN--

the POND









"WALT"?



WALTER?  
YOU OKAY?

SEPTEMBER 2002

CASCADE MOTEL,  
NORTHERN ARIZONA,  
USA.

HMMM?  
SORRY--SORRY  
DAVE, I--

THAT'S OKAY WALT.  
I WAS SAYING... THE NAME  
MICHAEL GILLINGHAM.  
RING ANY BELLS?

NOT THAT I CAN RECALL.  
LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE COME THROUGH  
HERE IN MY TIME, MIND.

THAT'S WHY I CAME  
TO ASK. FILE SAYS HE WAS  
A BIG FELLA, ATHLETIC TYPE.  
THOUGHT MAYBE HE MIGHT'VE  
STOOD OUT FROM THE CROWD.

"I'M GETTING OLD, SHERIFF.  
THEY ALL START BLURRING INTO  
ONE, I'M AFRAID".

DON'T YOU  
WORRY WALT.

"WHAT'S ALL THIS  
ABOUT ANYWAY?"



GUY CAME IN AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WEEK, OUT-OF-TOWNER. SAID THAT HE WAS THE BASTARD CHILD OF THIS MICHAEL GILLINGHAM AND WAS TRACING HIS FAMILY HISTORY. GET TO KNOW THE DADDY HE NEVER KNEW, THAT KINDA THING.

LOT OF PEOPLE GO MISSING AROUND THESE PARTS DAVE.

YEAH, TELL ME ABOUT IT. SPEAKING OF WHICH, I BETTER HEAD OUT.

ANYWAY, HE RECKONED ALL ROADS LED TO OUR FAIR PART OF THE WORLD AND THE TRAIL JUST... STOPS DEAD. WONDERED IF I'D MIND ASKING AROUND SOME OF THE OLDER FOLKS

"YOU BUSY?"

"OH, NOTHING SERIOUS. THAT NEW BUILD ON THE RESERVATION BEHIND THE POND? THEY FOUND AN OLD SINK HOLE. CONSTRUCTION WORKER BROKE HIS LEG IN THE FALL".

"HE OKAY?"

"SHARON CROSS' KID. HE'LL LIVE. APPARENTLY THOUGH, THEY FOUND A MAZE OF TUNNELS, LEADS INTO SOME SORT OF CHAMBER THE MINERS USED AS A COMMUNAL RESTING AREA".

SHERIFF WHERE ARE YOU WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN WHY--

WHOA WHOA WHOA, SLOW DOWN HUDSON, WHAT'S UP?

HEY, MAYBE THEY'LL FIND YOUR 'CREATURE FROM THE POND' YOU USED TO TELL US ABOUT WHEN WE WERE KIDS? WHADDA YOU RECKON?

I JUST RECKON THEY MIGHT. YOU TAKE CARE NOW SHERIFF.

OH GOD CHIEF... YOU-YOU--WE NEED YOU HERE RIGHT NOW.





C-CALL IN, UH,  
SOME DIVERS AND GET THIS  
PLACE SEALED OFF. WE--JESUS--  
WE NEED A FORENSICS TEAM DOWN  
HERE, LIKE, TEN MINUTES AGO.



"JUST--JUST  
DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING  
GUYS, OK"?



WHERE DO YOU  
THINK THIS LEADS TO  
SHERIFF?



I DON'T KNOW BILLY,  
COULD BE ANYWHERE. THEY FLOODED  
DOZENS OF THESE BACK IN THE DAY,  
IT...MIGHT...BE...



NO.  
OH GOD NO.



EXCERPTS FROM THE OFFICIAL  
POLICE REPORT GIVEN BY SHERIFF  
DAVID ALISTAIR, NOVEMBER, 2002.

"HUDSON AND I FOUND WHAT  
APPEARED TO BE ANOTHER SINK  
HOLE AT THE BACK OF THE CHAMBER,  
ONE FLOODED WITH WATER WHEN THE  
MINES BECAME DISUSED".

"WE WERE WRONG."

"POLICE DIVERS FOUND A CONNECTING  
SHAFT THAT WAS APPROX. 250 METRES  
IN LENGTH. IT WAS HERE THAT THEY  
FOUND THE BODIES."

"AUTOPSY REPORTS AND EXAMINATION  
OF REMAINS IN THE CHAMBER CONCLUDED  
THAT EACH VICTIM HAD BEEN TORTURED  
USING A VARIETY OF DIFFERENT METHODS  
OVER DAYS AND, IN SOME CASES, WEEKS."

"HOWEVER, IN ALL CASES,  
THEIR ARMS, LEGS, HANDS AND FEET  
WERE LEFT FOR THE WORST OF THE  
TORTURE".

"FALSE HOPE. THEY WERE TOLD THEY  
HAD A CHANCE OF FREEDOM IF THEY COULD  
NAVIGATE THE DARKENED FLOODED TUNNEL.  
SOME OF THE VICTIMS MADE IT QUITE FAR,  
SURVIVING ON A BRUTE DETERMINATION  
TO LIVE".

"THEY ALL FAILED".





"OR SO IT WAS THOUGHT".



"WALTER DUNCAN HAS BEEN A MEMBER OF THE LOCAL COMMUNITY FOR NEARLY SEVENTY YEARS. WE ALL KNEW HIM AS CHILDREN. HE USED TO TELL US STORIES ABOUT THIS AREA, LOCAL LEGENDS THAT WOULD BOTH EXCITE AND TERRIFY US"...

"ONE OF WHICH WAS HOW HE AND A COUPLE OF GUESTS WERE ATTACKED BY A CREATURE THAT APPEARED OUT OF THE POND FROM ACROSS THE ROAD. IT TURNS OUT THE CREATURE HAD A NAME"...



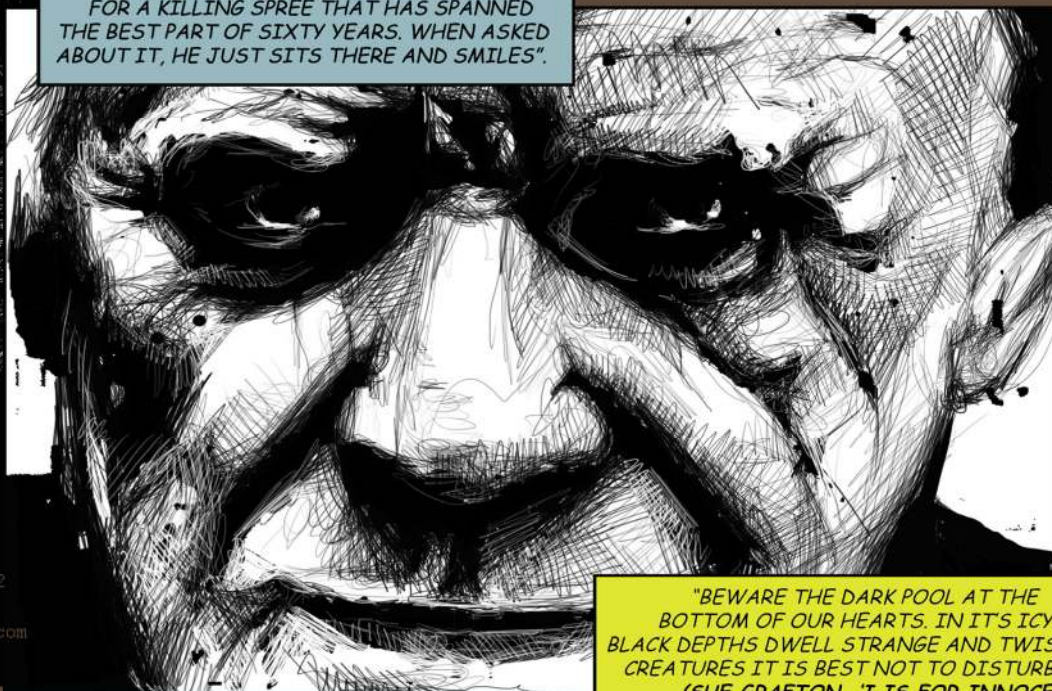
HHHHMMMMEEEEEEEEEE\*.

\*HELP ME.



...AND A SKILL THAT WALTER DUNCAN WASN'T COUNTING ON".

"WALTERS EXECUTION IS DATED FOR NEXT MONTH. HE SHOWS NO REMORSE FOR A KILLING SPREE THAT HAS SPANNED THE BEST PART OF SIXTY YEARS. WHEN ASKED ABOUT IT, HE JUST SITS THERE AND SMILES".



"BEWARE THE DARK POOL AT THE BOTTOM OF OUR HEARTS. IN ITS ICY, BLACK DEPTHS DWELL STRANGE AND TWISTED CREATURES IT IS BEST NOT TO DISTURB". (SUE GRAFTON, 'I IS FOR INNOCENT')



# TERRIBLY BAD MONSTERS

By Christopher .A. Geary

A Curse  
Unwound!

Deep in an  
egyptian  
Tomb.

SLAM!!

Raaaaaargh!

Arrrrrrrrrrgh!!

Raaaaaaaaaagh!

OOh!  
I'm naked!







# A GRIM TALE! FREAKSHOW






# DEAD WOOD

STORY  
DAVE ROBERTS

ART & LETTERS

MICHAEL  
KENNEDY



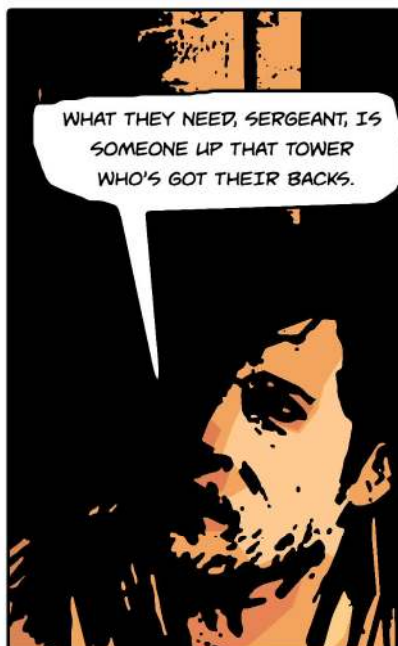
THERE A REASON  
YOU'RE AWAKE, CORPORAL  
KNORR?

JEEZ SARGE, I  
DON'T KNOW...

...MAYBE OUR IMPENDING  
ANNIHILATION AT THE HANDS OF THE  
LIVING DEAD IS PLAYING  
ON MY MIND?



DAMMIT, CORPORAL...YOU'VE  
GOT THE NEXT WATCH. THESE  
PEOPLE NEED YOU FRESH!



WHAT THEY NEED, SERGEANT, IS  
SOMEONE UP THAT TOWER  
WHO'S GOT THEIR BACKS.



'MEANING...YOU DON'T  
THINK MATHERS DOES?'



'ALL I'M SAYING IS, IF THOSE  
THINGS IN THE WOODS GET  
TOO CLOSE, THESE ROTTEN-ASS  
WALLS AIN'T GONNA HOLD 'EM  
FOR LONG.'

'SO IF THAT SHIFTY PIECE OF  
CRAP AIN'T PAYIN' ATTENTION,  
WE'RE GOOD AS DEAD.'



OK, SURE, THE GUY MAY BE  
CREEPIER THAN A BAG FULL OF  
CLOWNS, BUT IN CASE YOU  
HADN'T NOTICED, WE NEED ALL  
THE MEN WE CAN GET.

NO DOUBT. BUT IKE MATHERS  
AIN'T A MAN: HE'S A GODDAMN  
RODENT...



'...OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW  
WE FOUND THE SONUVABITCH?'









TAKE IT EASY BUDDY,  
YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

SAFE! <KOFF KOFF>  
YOU NOT SEEN WHAT'S  
HAPPENING OUT THERE?

SHOULDA STAYED IN THE DAMN JOINT,  
'STEAD A LETTIN' THAT CRAZY BASTARD  
TALK ME INTO BUSTIN' OUTTA THE  
FIRE, INTO THE GODDAMN FRYING  
PAN OF THE LIVING DEAD!

RELAX, WE'RE MARINES. WE GOT  
MEDICINE. WE GOT HOT 'N COLD  
RUNNING AMMO. HELL, WE EVEN  
GOT OURSELVES  
A LOOKOUT TOWER.

IN FACT YOUR BUDDY  
MATHERS IS UP THERE  
RIGHT NOW...



'MATHERS! YOU'RE LETTIN THAT SICK  
SCHMUCK RUN AROUND THE PLACE  
UNSUPERVISED?'

OH CHRIST, I KNEW IT...WHAT WERE  
YOU ASSHOLES LOCKED UP FOR?



I'LL TELL YOU LIKE I TOLD THAT  
DAMN JUDGE - IT WAS DARK IN  
THE TRUNK OF THAT CAR, HOW  
WAS I SIPOSED TO KNOW SHE  
WAS UNDERAGE?

OH GREAT. CHILD MOLESTERS.  
SHOULD'VE LET THE DAMN ZOMBIES  
CHOW DOWN ON THE  
SICK BASTARDS.



HEY! I AIN'T SICK; I'VE GOT  
A MEDICAL CONDITION..  
IT AIN'T MY FAULT!

NOT LIKE MATHERS...THERE AIN'T NO  
EXCUSING HIS DEPRAVITY...  
HE'S THE REAL DEAL.



'CEPT HE AIN'T HANKERIN'  
AFTER THE KIDDIES...

'NO, HE PREFERS  
'EM OLDER...'

'...A LOT OLDER, IF YOU  
KNOW WHAT I MEAN.'





"MATHERS!"

"OH CHRIST!"



'DAMN, I HATE IT WHEN YOU'RE RIGHT, KNORR.'



YEAH, ME TOO SARGE.  
'CUS LIKE YOU SAID...



'...IF WE CAN'T TRUST IN  
OUR FELLOW MAN AT A TIME  
LIKE THIS...'

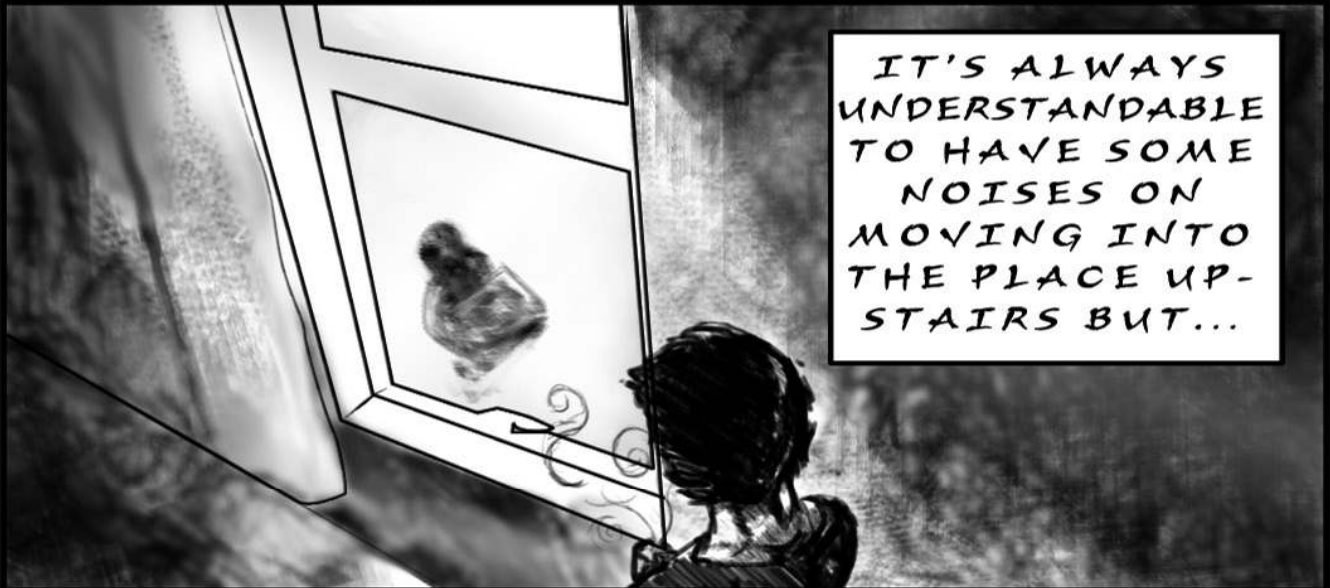


'MAYBE WE DON'T *DESERVE*  
TO SURVIVE.'

**THE END**



# NUISANCE *by antony rothwell*



IT'S ALWAYS UNDERSTANDABLE TO HAVE SOME NOISES ON MOVING INTO THE PLACE UP-STAIRS BUT...

DOES IT TAKE 6 MONTHS TO MOVE IN?



THE THUDDING FROM ABOVE, IS ONGOING.

1 YEAR ON AND THE NOISE REMAINS, CONSTANT. HIS WORK SUFFERS ...



HE LOSES CONTRACTS, COMMISSIONS, MONEY...

MENTAL TASKS BECOME PERSECUTORY CHORES, AS HIS MIND UNRAVELS.



NO MORE RELAXING AT NIGHT. SLEEP IS ALWAYS TROUBLED.



TWO YEARS ON...

THE NEIGHBOURS, POLICE AND  
LANDLORD, HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE  
TO WITNESS ANYTHING.

ONLY HIM. AND HE  
CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE

HE'S GOING TO KILL THIS  
NUISANCE..

'SCUZE ME, MATE? WHAT'S  
YER NAME AND WHAT'S YER  
G..?

IN QUEUE  
WHA...?

AAA  
GLU

'CLICK'



FRIDAY NIGHT...

...PARTY TIME!

# The DanceHall

AFTER A WEEK OF HARD WORK  
AND/OR STUDYING, THIS IS  
THE PLACE TO UNWIND.

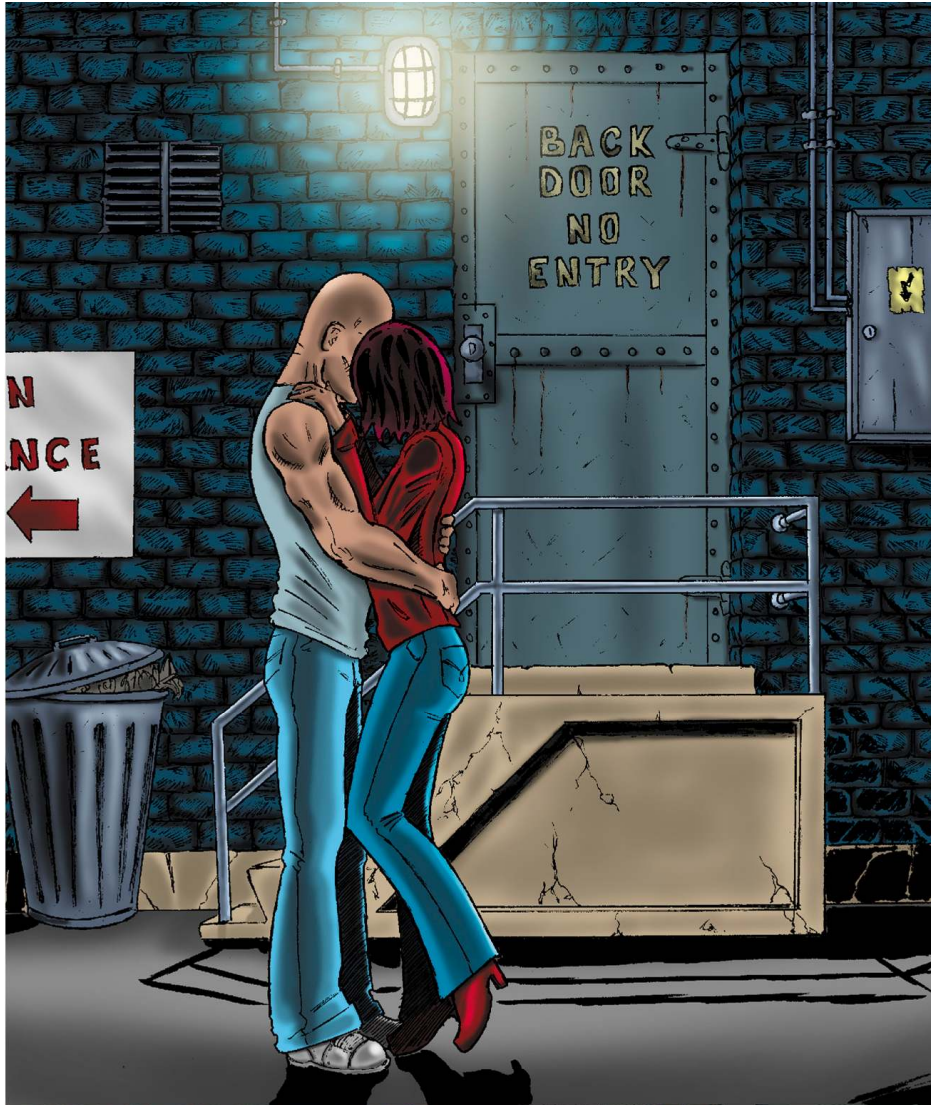
EXIT

GUYS DOING THEIR  
BEST TO IMPRESS.

GIRLS LOVING EVERY BIT  
OF THE ATTENTION THEY GET.















WHAT?

OH, THIS?

I HID THIS GUN UNDERNEATH THE DUMPSTER BEFORE I ENTERED THE CLUB.

IT'S LOADED WITH SILVER HOLLOW POINT BULLETS.

THE MOMENT THE BULLET ENTERED YOUR BODY, IT SPLIT OPEN, RELEASING A MIXTURE OF SILVER NITRATE AND GARLIC EXTRACT.

THAT'S THE BURNING SENSATION YOU'RE FEELING.



WHY?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED...

A FEW MONTHS AGO, A GIRL WENT MISSING. I WAS HIRED TO FIND HER.

THIS CLUB WAS THE LAST PLACE SHE WAS SEEN. SEEMED LIKE THE PERFECT VAMPIRE HANG OUT.



FOR THE PAST SIX WEEKS, I'VE BEEN MAKING OUT WITH WEIRDOS IN THIS ALLEY ON FRIDAY NIGHTS, TRYING TO FIND THE VAMPIRE.

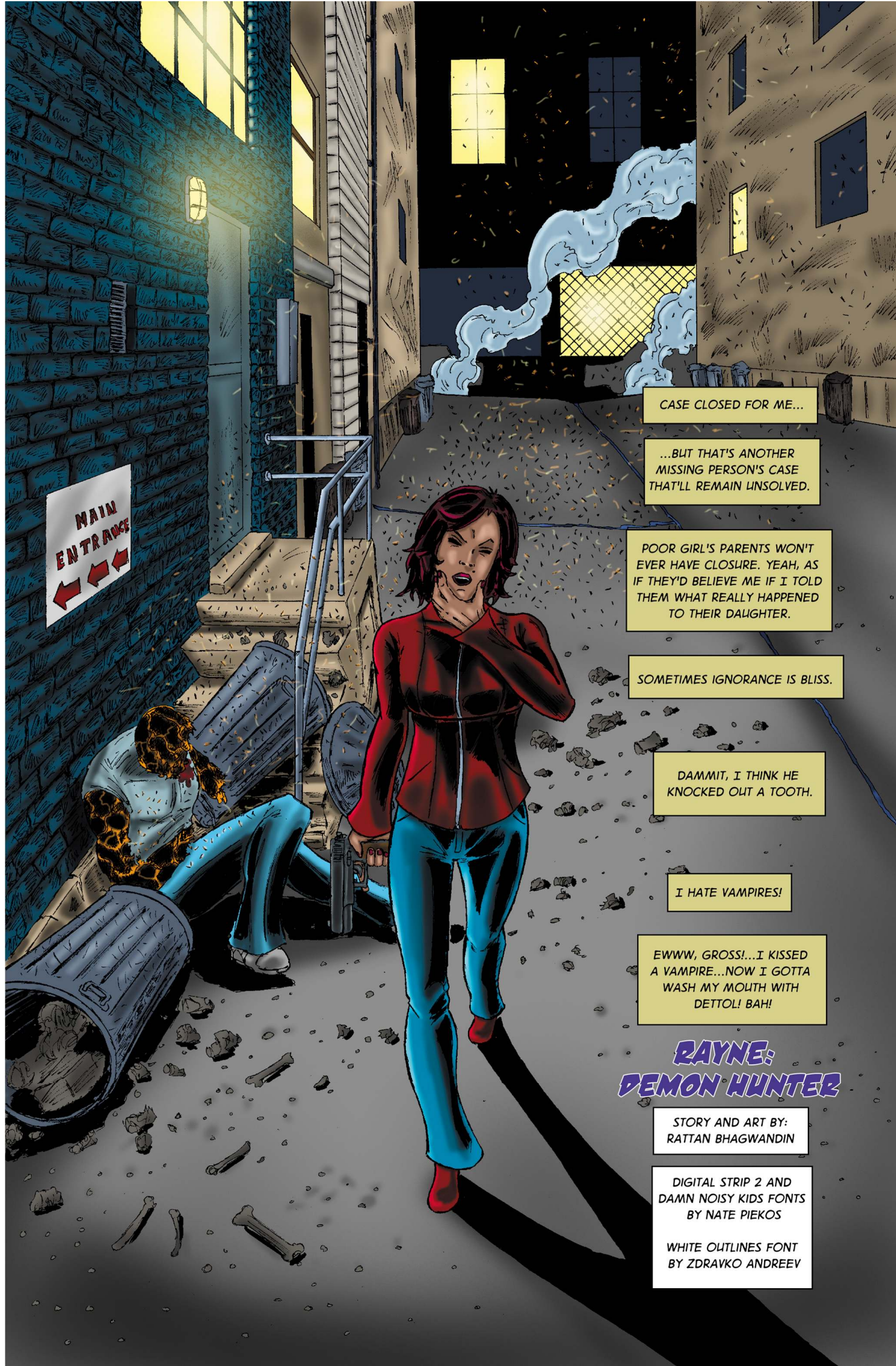
I WAS ABOUT TO GIVE UP UNTIL YOU SHOWED UP TODAY.

...AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.

NO WAIT, I...!!!!

**BLAM!**





CASE CLOSED FOR ME...

...BUT THAT'S ANOTHER  
MISSING PERSON'S CASE  
THAT'LL REMAIN UNSOLVED.

POOR GIRL'S PARENTS WON'T  
EVER HAVE CLOSURE. YEAH, AS  
IF THEY'D BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD  
THEM WHAT REALLY HAPPENED  
TO THEIR DAUGHTER.

SOMETIMES IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

DAMMIT, I THINK HE  
KNOCKED OUT A TOOTH.

I HATE VAMPIRES!

EWWW, GROSS!...I KISSED  
A VAMPIRE...NOW I GOTTA  
WASH MY MOUTH WITH  
DETTOL! BAH!

## RAYNE: DEMON HUNTER

STORY AND ART BY:  
RATTAN BHAGWANDIN

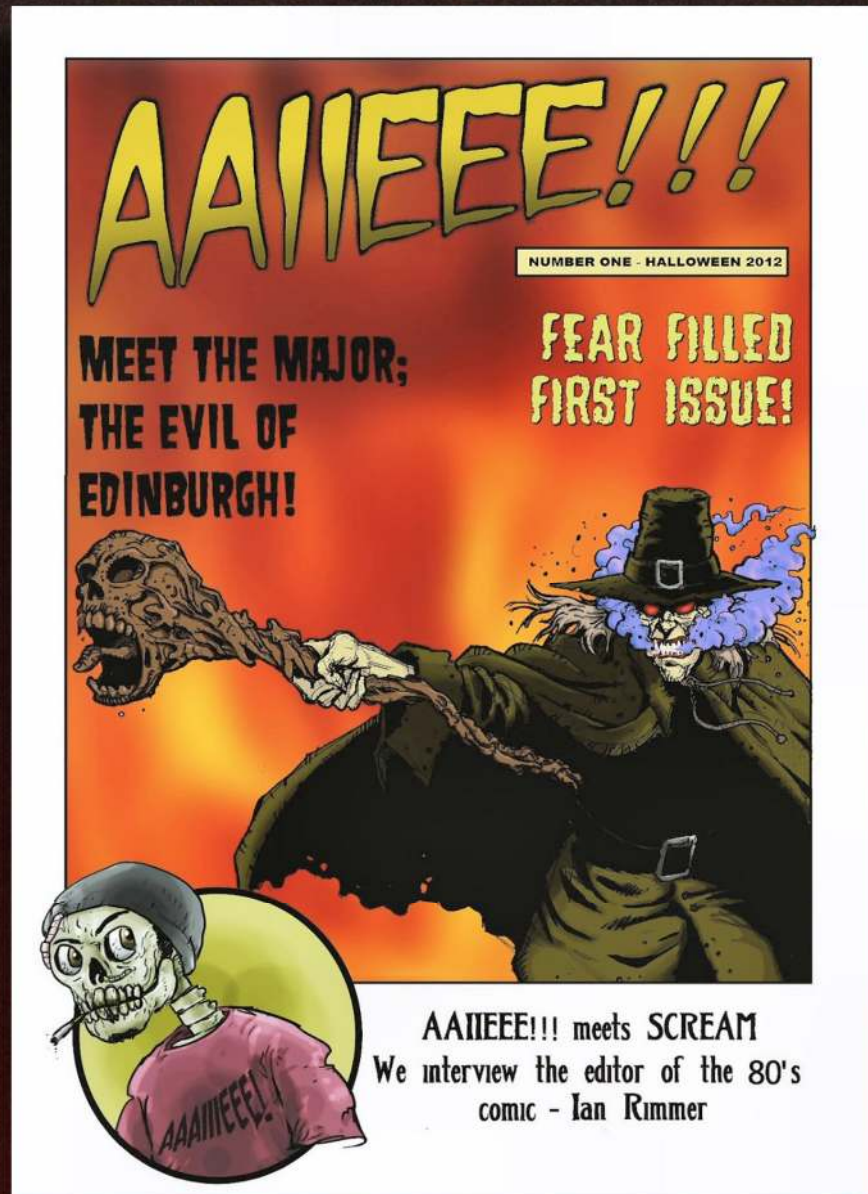
DIGITAL STRIP 2 AND  
DAMN NOISY KIDS FONTS  
BY NATE PIEKOS

WHITE OUTLINES FONT  
BY ZDRAVKO ANDREEV



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# THE WANBLES

STORY & LETTERS BY TIM WEST  
ART BY NEIL MCCLEMENTS



NEIL MCCLEMENTS 12





HANG ON A MINUTE.

ZOMBIES  
DON'T SPEAK!  
AND I'M PRETTY SURE  
THEY DON'T SNEEZE  
EITHER.

HMM. NO,  
NO THEY DON'T.  
IT WOULD APPEAR OUR  
RUSE HAS BEEN RUMBLED.

SO,  
YOU'RE NOT  
ACTUALLY REAL  
ZOMBIES?

NO.  
SORRY.

OH, THANK GOD...  
WELL THEN WHO THE BLOODY HELL  
ARE YOU?

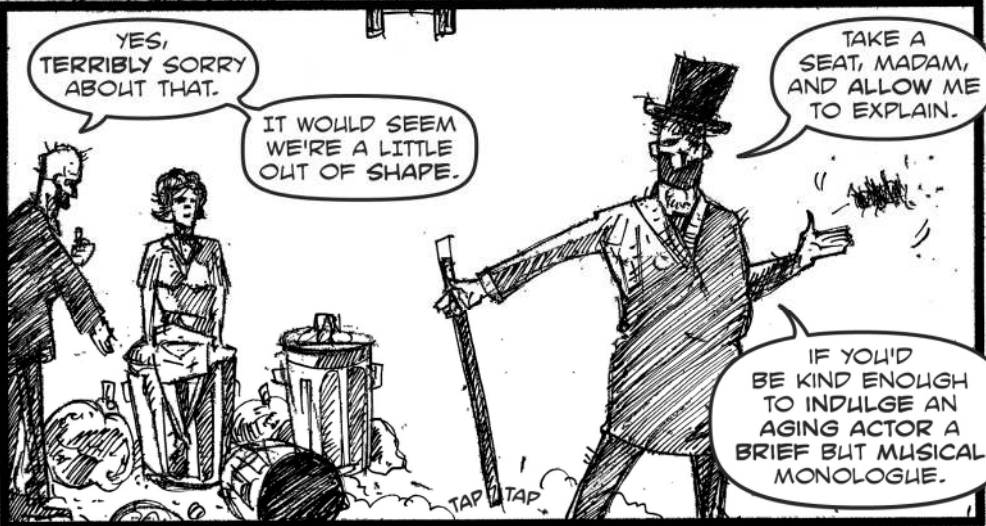
NORTONIANS  
AMATEUR DRAMATIC  
SOCIETY.

CHARLES HEMMINGWAY-BEAUCHAMP,  
AT YOUR SERVICE.



AMATEUR DRAMATICS!?

MORE LIKE  
AMATEUR ATHLETICS!  
YOU'VE BEEN CHASING ME  
FOR THE LAST  
5 MILES.



YES,  
TERRIBLY SORRY  
ABOUT THAT.

IT WOULD SEEM  
WE'RE A LITTLE  
OUT OF SHAPE.

TAKE A  
SEAT, MADAM,  
AND ALLOW ME  
TO EXPLAIN.

IF YOU'D  
BE KIND ENOUGH  
TO INDULGE AN  
AGING ACTOR A  
BRIEF BUT MUSICAL  
MONOLOGUE.





OUR STORY STARTS ON A NEW PAGE,

BACK WHEN MUSICAL HALLS WERE ALL THE RAGE,

THESE THESPS FROM THEATRE'S GOLDEN AGE,

WERE THE GREATEST TO EVER GRACE THE STAGE.



OUR PLAYERS, MASTERS OF SONG AND PROSE,

PERFORMED EVERY NIGHT TO SELL-OUT SHOWS,

I ONCE PLAYED HAMLET AT THE ROSE.

THEN THE MOVIES CAME ALONG AND SO BEGAN OUR WOES.



AND NOW UNCULTURED YOUTHS JUST LAUGH AT FARTS,

NO APPRECIATION OF THE FINER ARTS,

ALL THEY CARE FOR IS WHAT'S IN THE CHARTS,

SO TOMORROW OUR NEW CAREER STARTS.



THEIR LACK OF CLASS IS TOO OBSCENE,

IT'S TIME FOR US TO INTERVENE,

REAL ACTING ON THE SILVER SCREEN,

THE LIKES OF WHICH THEY'VE NEVER SEEN.



THIS ZOMBIE FLICK IS OUR BIG BREAK, TO FORGET US WAS A HUGE MISTAKE,

BECAUSE TALENT LIKE THIS YOU CANNOT FAKE, WE'LL LEAVE ALL OTHERS IN OUR WAKE.



IN HOLLYWOOD WE'LL MAKE A SPLASH, THE PAPARAZZI'S LIGHTS WILL FLASH,

THEY'LL BE NO MORE DINING OUT THE TRASH, 'COS WE'LL BE ROLLING IN THE CASH.









New from JC CRISPS...

# Who goes there? THINGOS!

The new savoury snack  
that's out of this world!

Delicious organic lifeform shaped hunks of corn!



Also available in MacReady Salted, Molotov Cocktail,  
Spicy Spare Rib & Roast Husky flavours!

\* We cannot guarantee this product will be free of artificial flavourings, artificial preservatives,  
or artificial anything else. (May contain traces of nuts.)



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Whoopee Cushion. (Joke Club details,  
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300 jokes, magic tricks and novelties  
to choose from, many under £20.

Send 1st class stamp with your  
name, address and bank details  
for a bumper catalogue and free,  
potentially lethal, gift to

**FUNNY JOKES BY POST**  
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Old Abandoned Warehouse,  
Gotham City HAHA HEHE

DEADADVERTISEMENT

## EXCLUSIVE OFFER TO ANYONE AT ALL

THE MOST *DANGEROUS*  
STAMP IN THE WORLD

# FREE!

A GENUINE *CURSED*  
PENNY BLACK!



Stamp shown roughly actual size.  
Impossible terrifying eye movement  
not replicated in this facsimile.

WE DON'T WANT IT! PLEASE TAKE IT FROM US!

Legend has it that it can only be given to someone willing to accept it as a gift,  
and with it passes the curse. We didn't believe the stories at first - we do now!  
Please, somebody, *anybody*, take it off our hands! We tried throwing it away, but  
it didn't work! It returned the next day through our letterbox, attached to a  
postcard with a photograph of a graveyard on the front. We think the address on  
the back may have been written in blood! Ever since we acquired this item,  
everyone at the company has experienced a horrendous run of bad luck. Several  
of us have been slightly maimed in stamp-related accidents! Our business is in  
ruins! The goldfish died! We want our lives back! *Act now!* Take advantage of  
this opportunity to own a unique piece of philatelistical legend! For the love of  
God, please take it away from us *before it's too late!*

Post to PHILATELY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE Ltd, (Dept. 13), Victoria Street, Grimsby CUL8 RWS  
Please send Free Cursed Penny Black as described above. I understand that by receiving this  
stamp, I will be condemning myself to a life of misery until I fob it off onto someone else.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
(Write clearly in BLOCK Letters).

What about your friends? Even if you have no interest in acquiring this  
**one-of-a-kind** item, that doesn't mean **your friends** won't be foolish  
enough to put themselves at risk of the unholy evil that permeates its  
sticky-backed form. Write down their names and addresses on a sheet of  
blank paper and we'll send them all letters begging them to release us from  
this neverending purgatorial mess we currently find ourselves in.  
We're **desperate** here!



# HALLOWSCREAM



## Back from the Depths

**BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS "HALLOWSCREAM!" issue four Hallowe'en 2012.**

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

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