

Back From The Depths Presents

HALLOW SCREAM!

Price : Your sanity!

October 31st 2024

SPINE-TINGLING SIXTEENTH ISSUE!

Issue
16

See? Told ya!



**CREEPY
COMIC
TALES
OF
TERROR!**

Not Recommended For Readers of A Nervous Disposition!

SIXTEEN MANGLES...

Greetings, mortals!

Welcome to my super trick-or-treat **sixteen!** That's right, **sixteen issues!** My, how time flies! Why, it seems like only yesterday that I first re-manifested myself within your mortal realm to spread the word of all things **nasty**. Not "**McNasty**", you understand. He's **another** chap altogether, who's currently busy elsewhere. Well, he's **another chap now**. It's complicated. Look up "**binary fission**" - you'll get the idea...

Cover Artwork / Intro Design : Malcolm Kirk.

The Reaper...

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Back from the Depths

SCARIER THAN THE SOUND OF A MUSIC BOX PLAYING IN A LONG
ABANDONED BUILDING WHICH YOU KNOW NOONE HAS ENTERED !

ARE YOU DOWN TO SUCK?

By Hydigen

SORRY, I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT RESTAURANT WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING I COULD EAT.

HEY, NO WORRIES. HAVING A GARLIC ALLERGY MUST SUCK.

IT DOES. YOU'RE SO UNDERSTANDING, THANK YOU.



AHA, YEAH. TOTALLY.



MY APARTMENT'S THIS WAY. PERHAPS... I COULD MAKE YOU A MEAL?

...UH. SURE, I COULD GO FOR A SANDWICH.

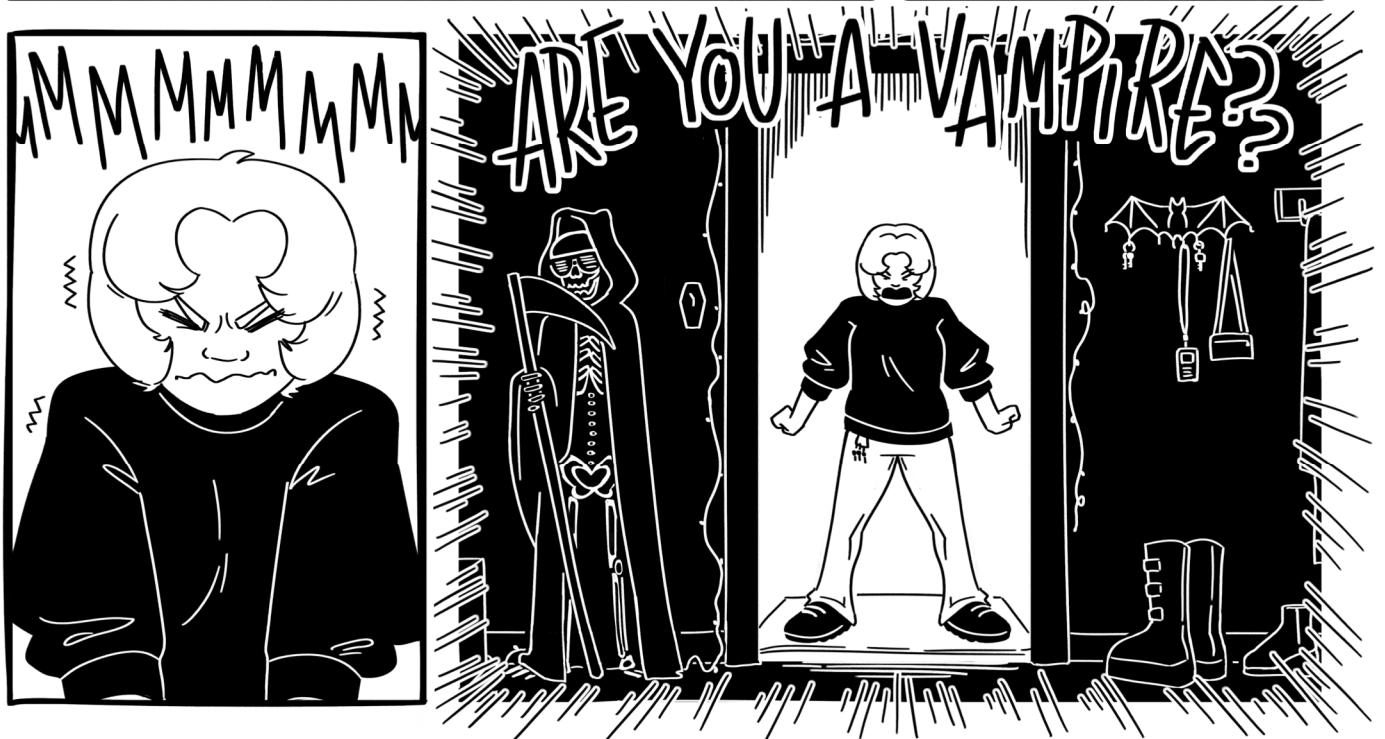
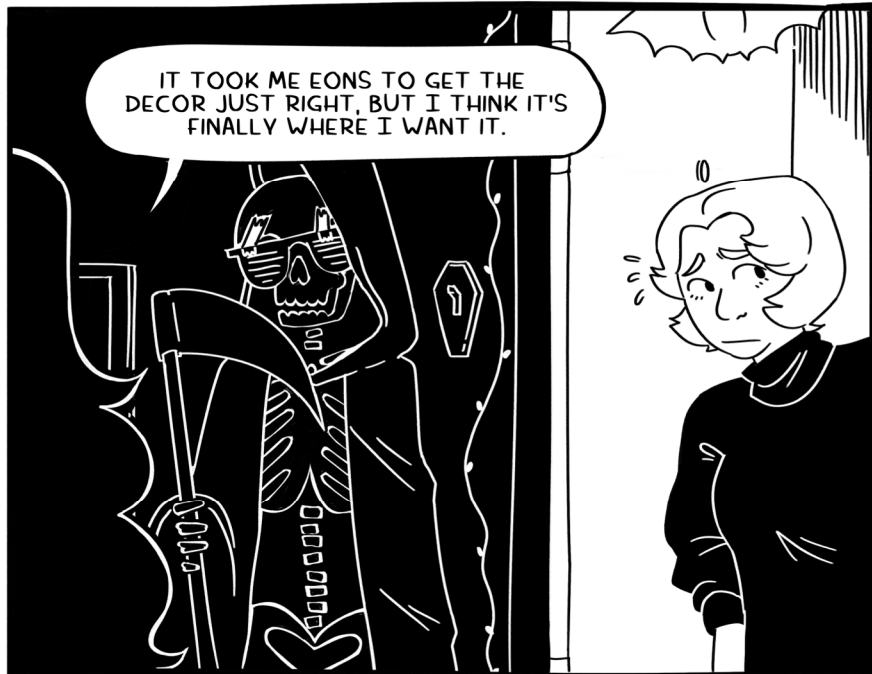
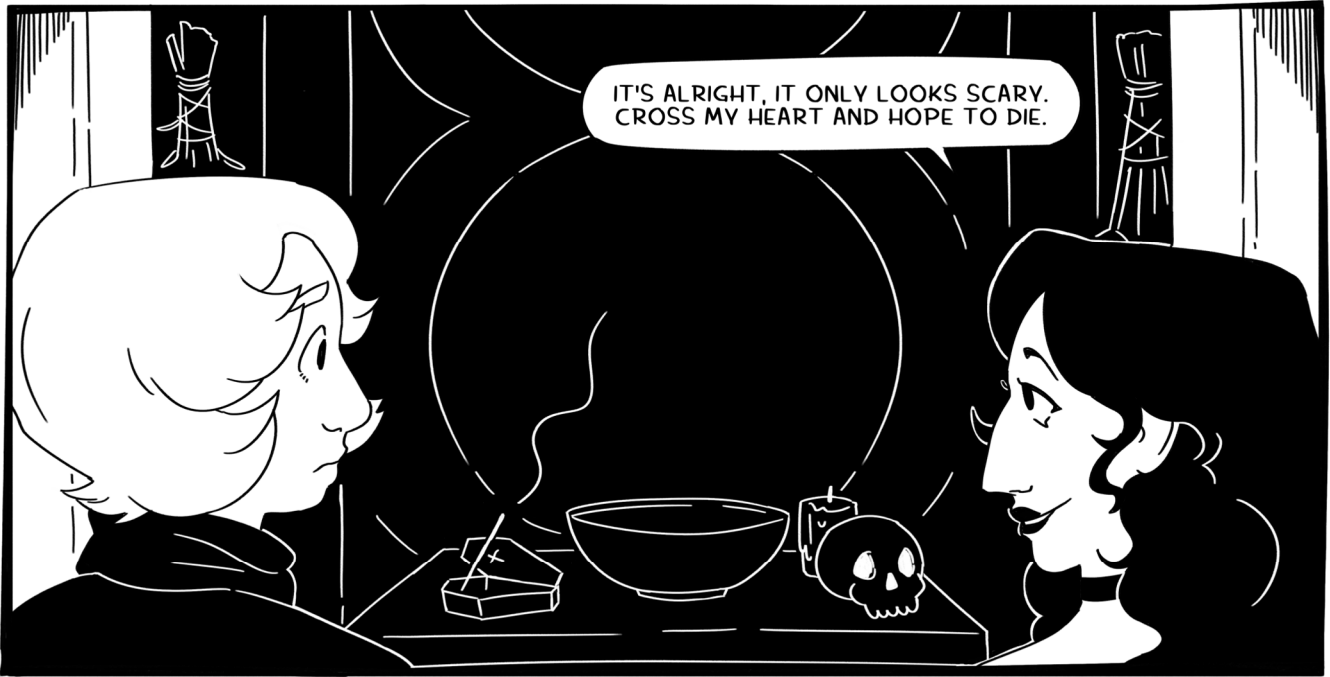


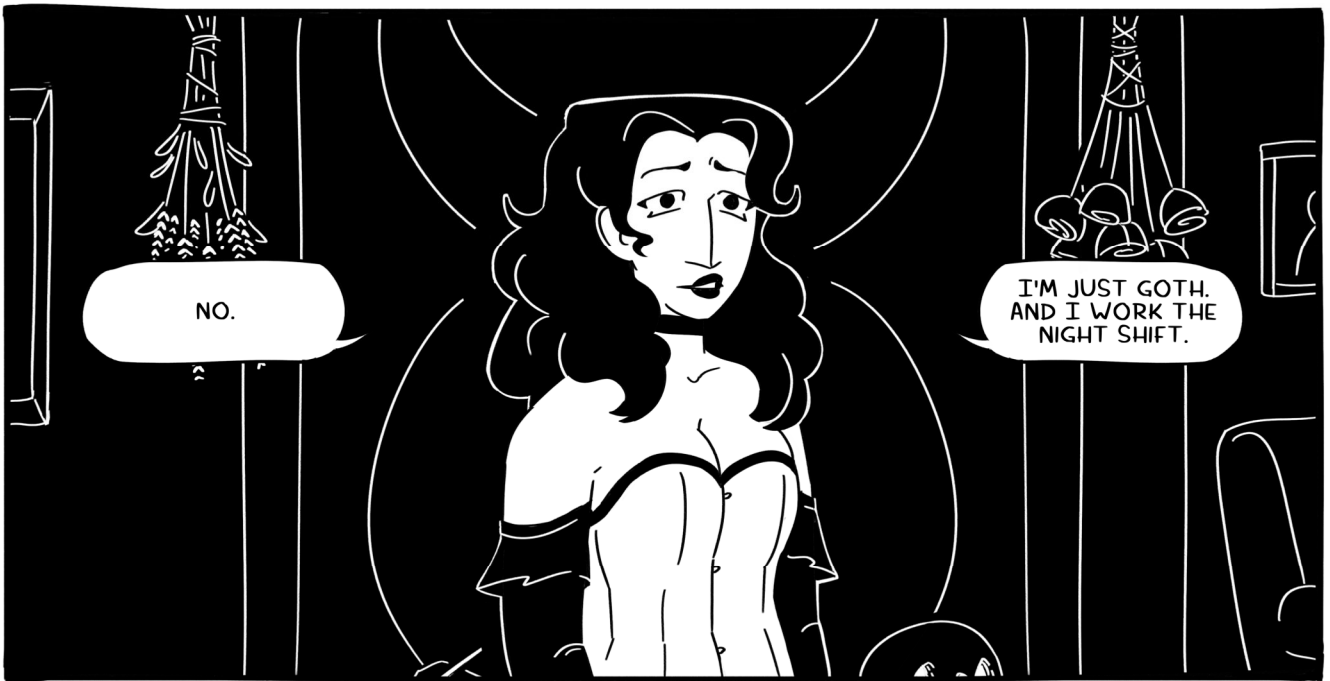
I COULD COME UP WITH SOMETHING MORE GOURMET FOR A SECOND DATE, I'M SURE.

I LIKE A GOOD BLOODY STEAK.

MAYBE NOT THAT GOURMET.







NO.

I'M JUST GOTH.
AND I WORK THE
NIGHT SHIFT.



PHEW! THAT'S GOOD.



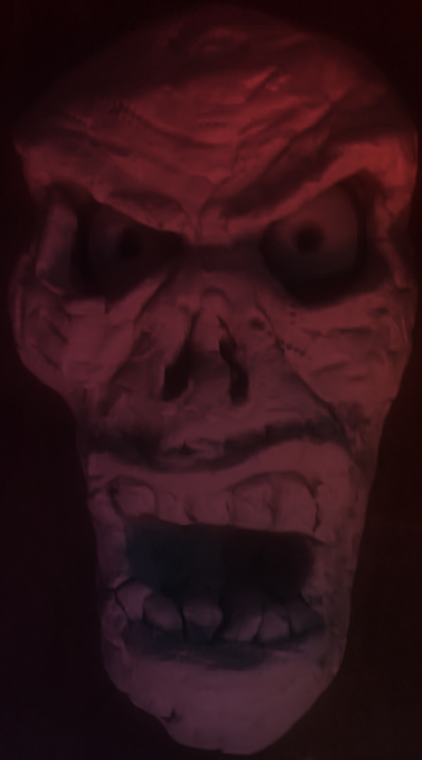
'COS THAT WOULD MAKE THIS NEXT PART A REAL...



PAIN IN THE NECK!

SNRKI!



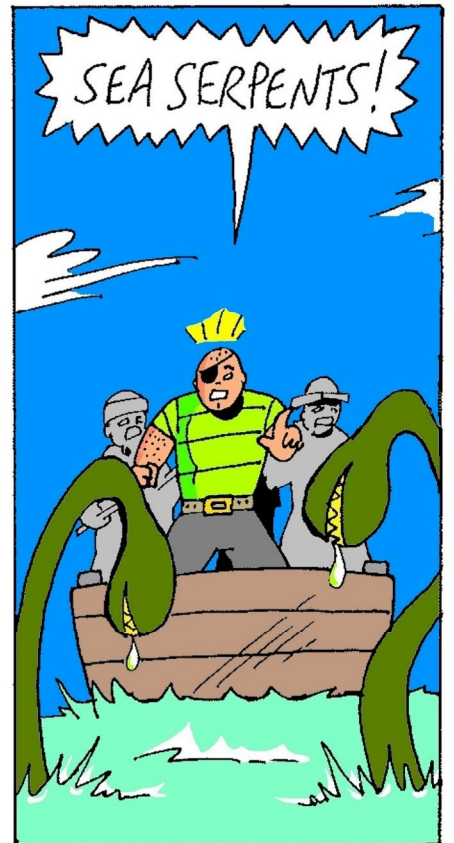
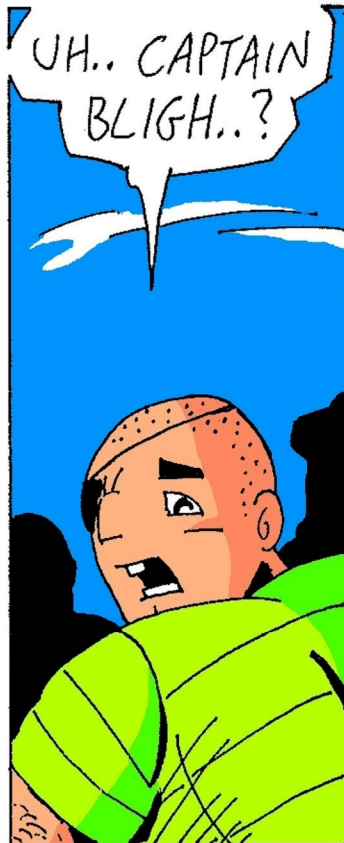
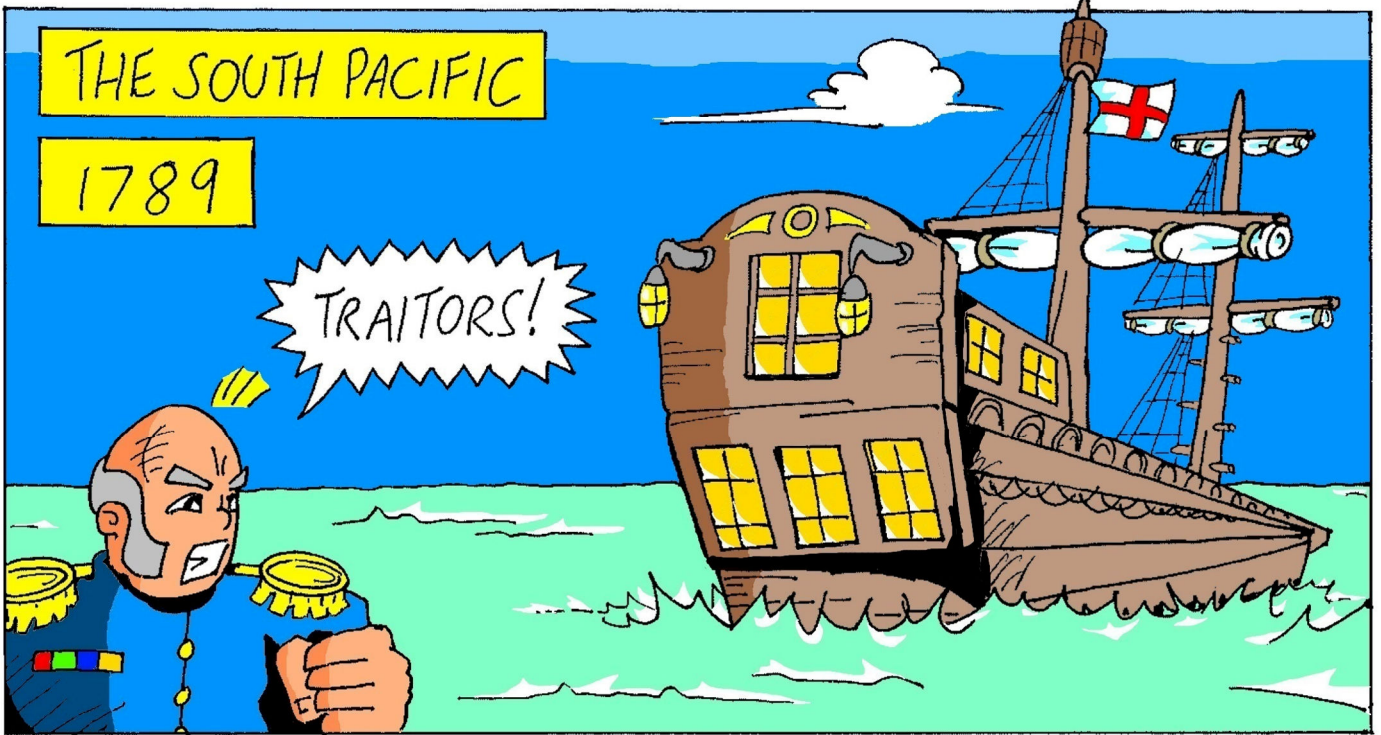


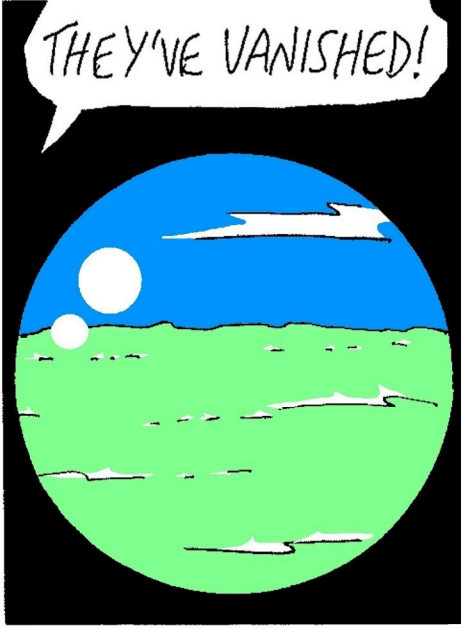
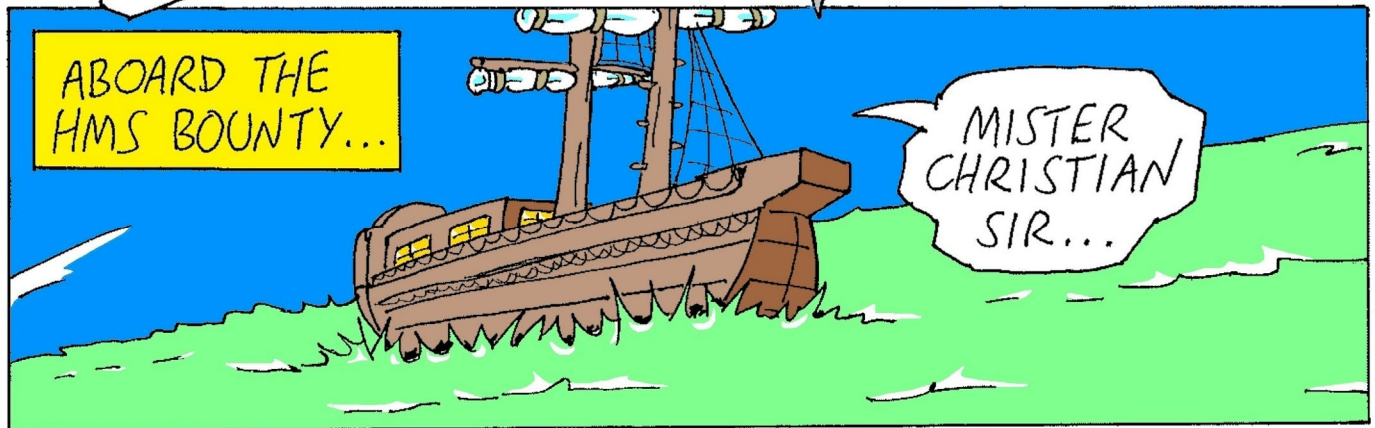
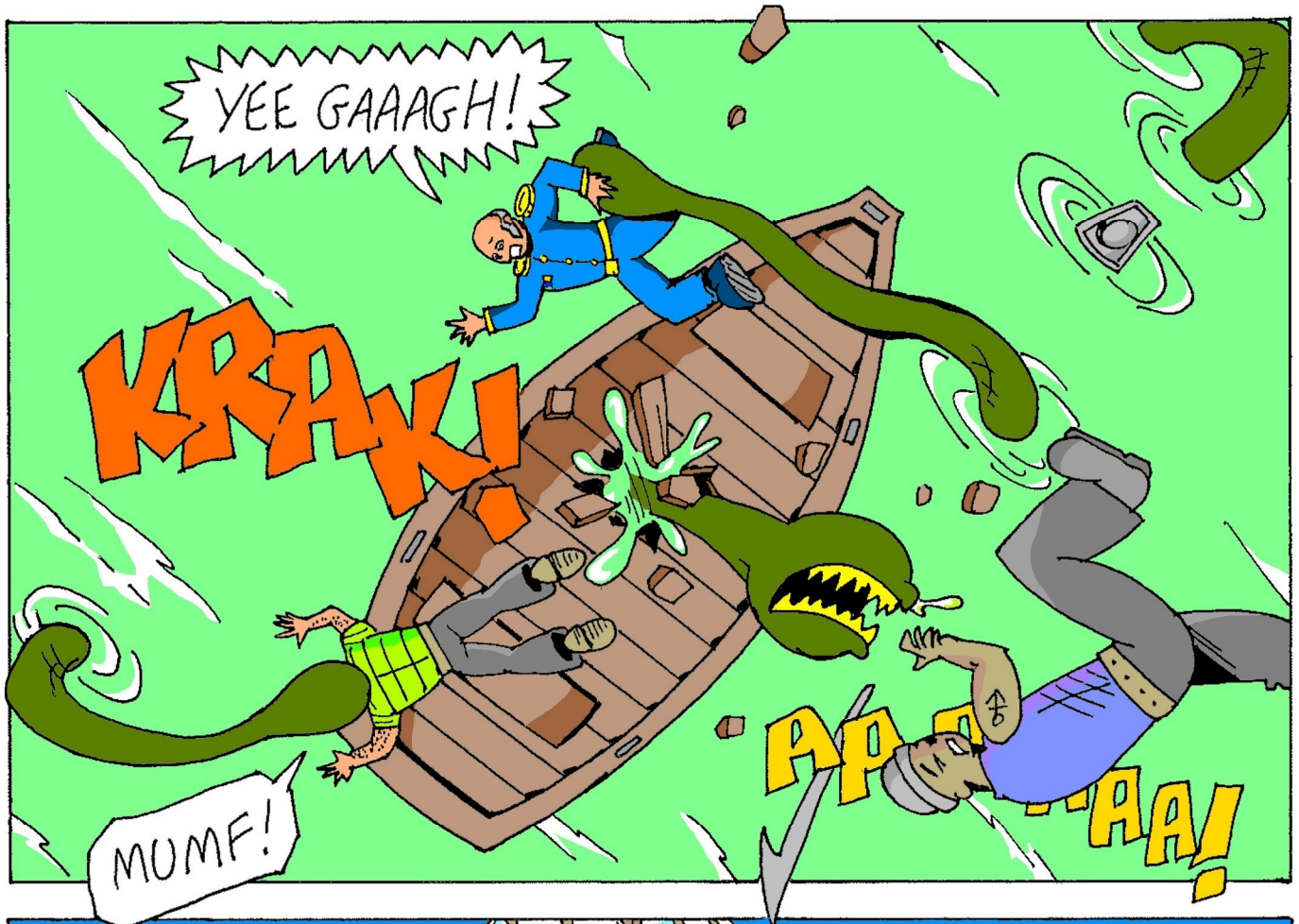
Models by **Malcolm Kirk**

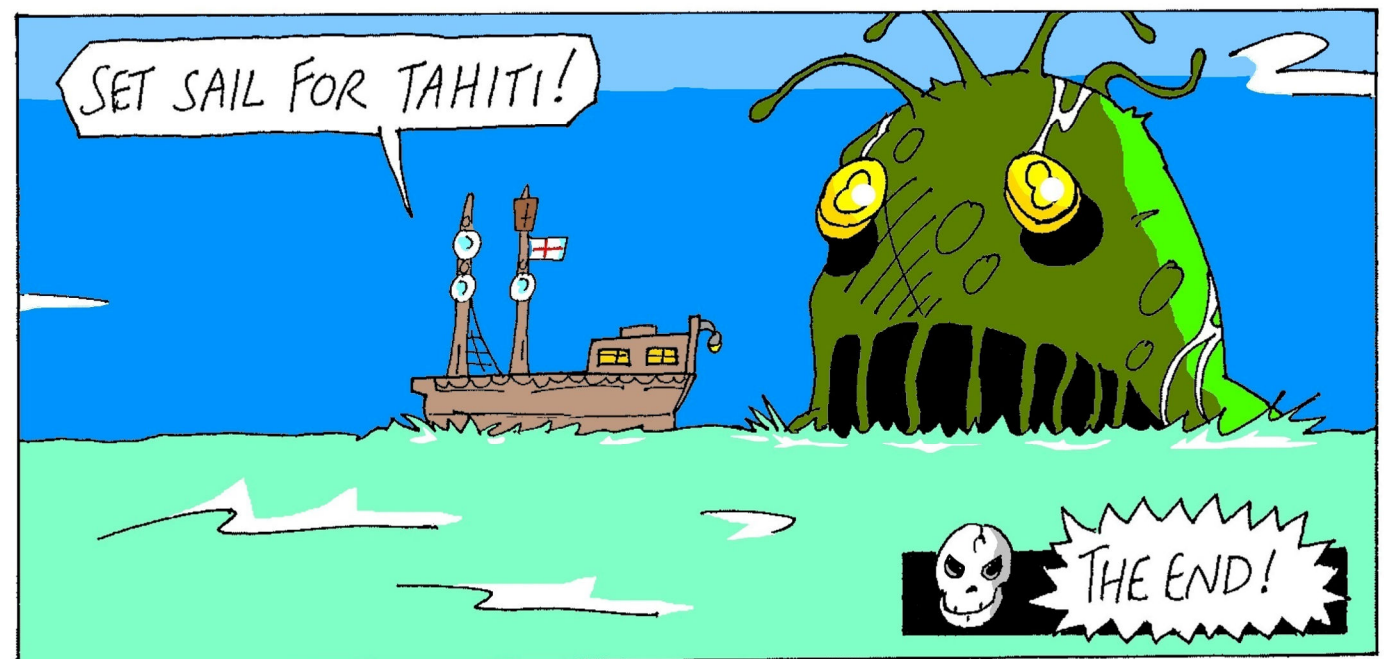
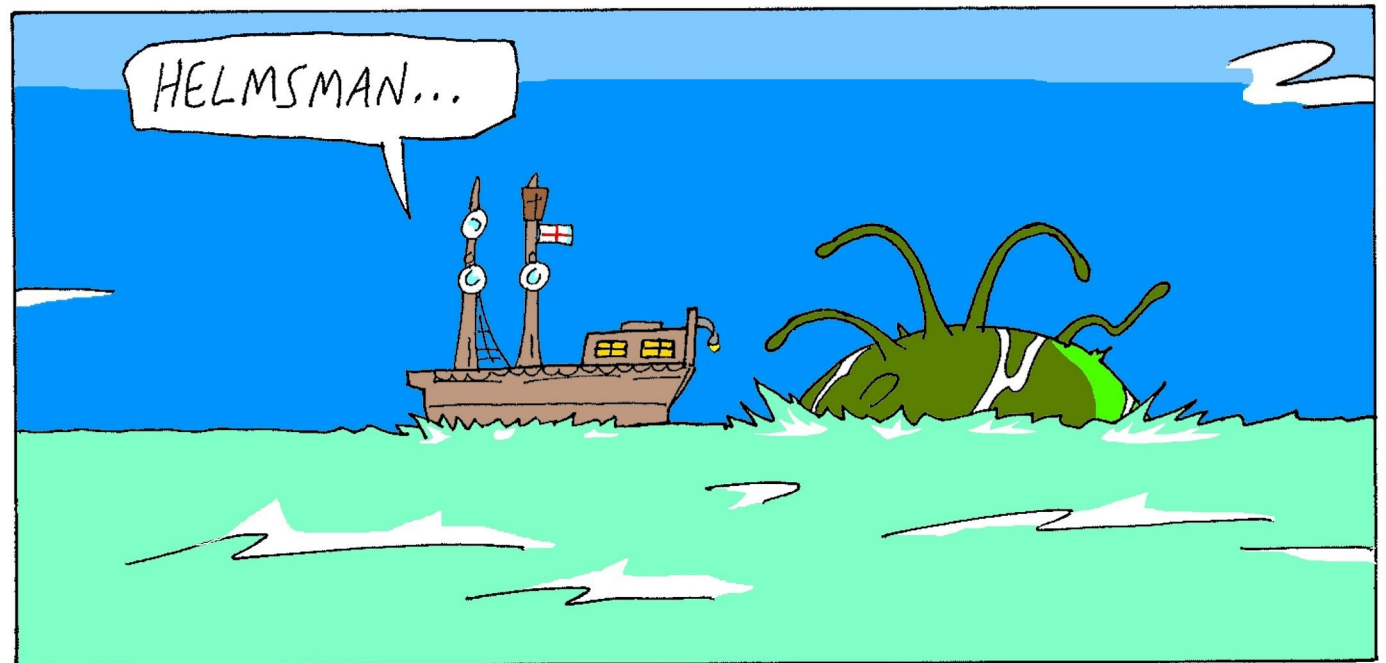
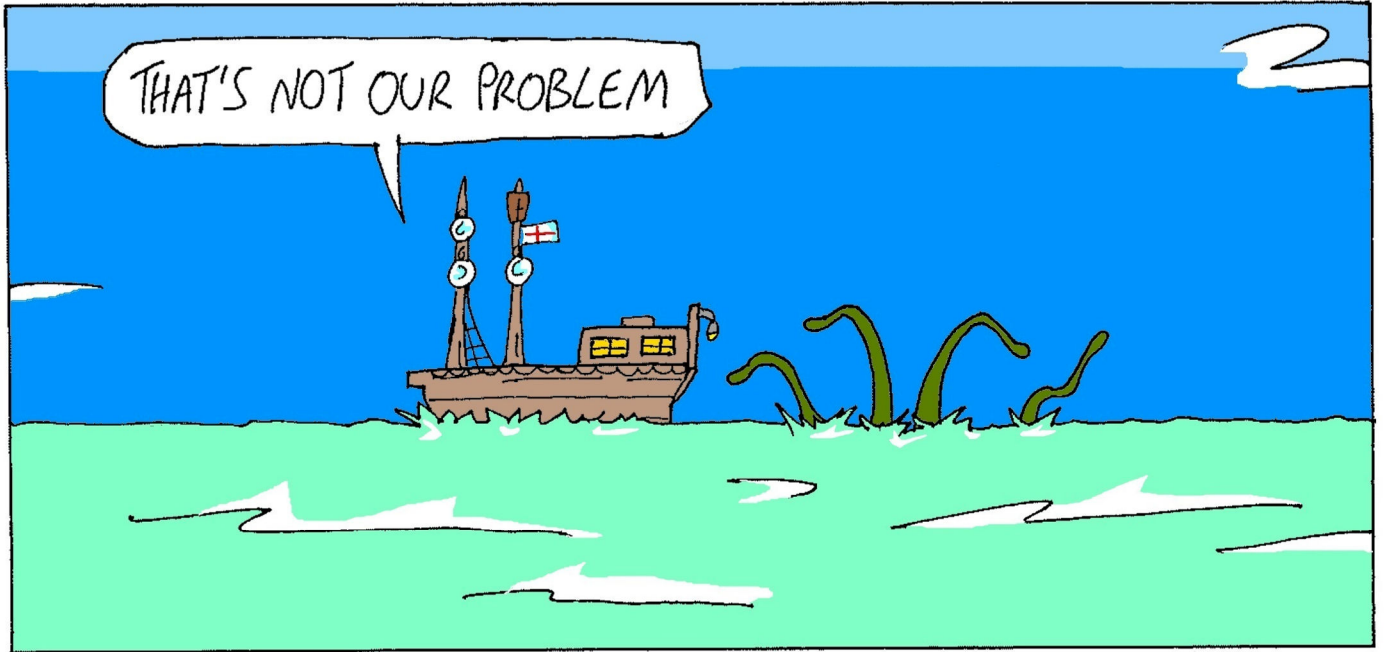
MUTANT

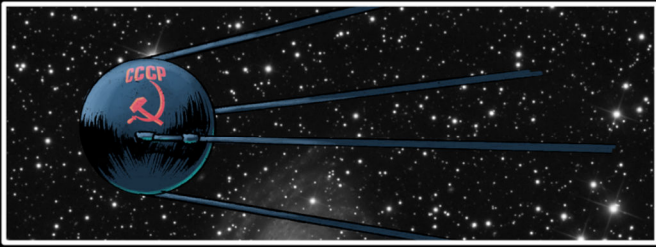


ON THE BOUNTY









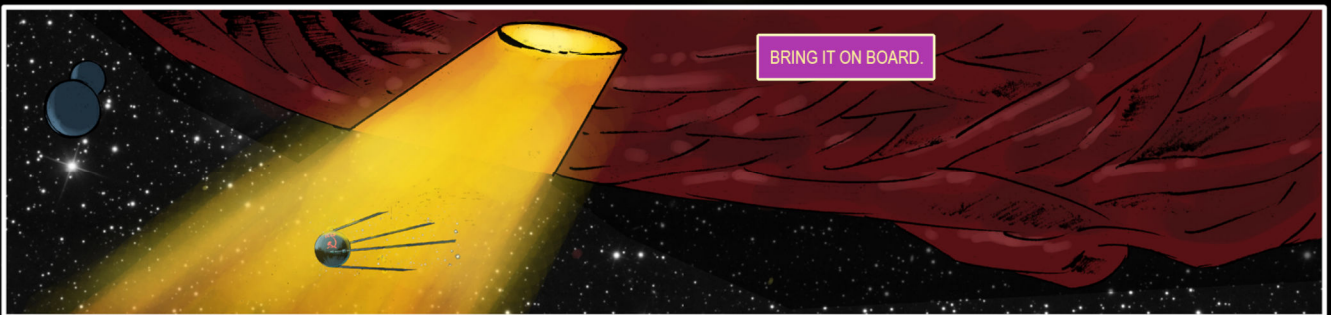
COMMUNICATION CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE GLOWING KIND MELTDOWN

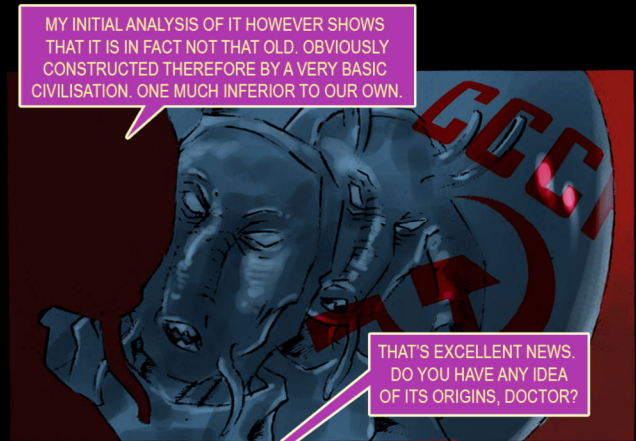
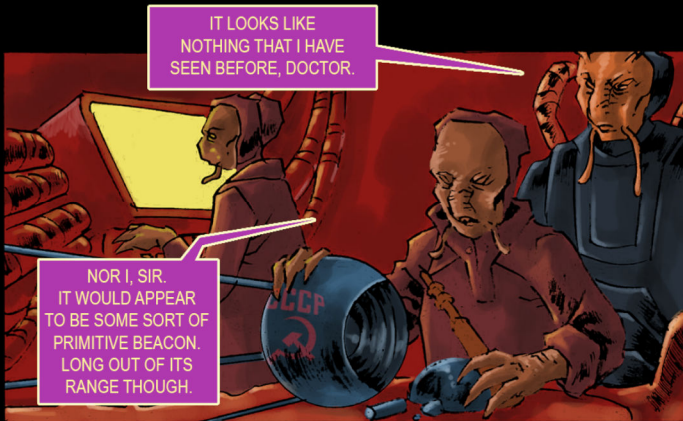
WHAT IS THAT THING? GIVE ME A STATUS REPORT.

IT WOULD APPEAR TO BE AN INERT PROBE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN. NO THREAT DETECTED, SIR.



BRING IT ON BOARD.





WE HAVE COME OUT OF HYPER JUMP AND ARE AT THE EDGE OF THE UNCHARTERED QUADRANT WITHIN THE CHIAKEERA SECTOR, SIR.



ARE THERE ANY PLANETS WITHIN THIS QUADRANT?



THERE WOULD APPEAR TO BE A NUMBER OF PLANETS AND SUB PLANETS ORBITING AROUND A SMALL STAR, SIR.

SIR, THE THIRD PLANET FROM THE STAR HAS A POSITIVE READING FOR LIFE FORMS AND ARTIFICIAL TECHNOLOGY. ALL OTHER PLANETS HAVE NEGATIVE READINGS INCLUDING THE THIRD PLANET'S SUB PLANET. I AM PROJECTING UP A VISUAL OF THE THIRD PLANET FOR YOU NOW, SIR.

EXCELLENT. RUN THE CHECKS ON EVERY PLANET FOR LIFE FORMS AND LET'S START MOVING IN CLOSER TO THE STAR.



IT IS QUITE A SMALL PLANET IN COMPARISON TO OUR HOME WORLD. BUT IT MAY DO FOR NOW. WE SHOULD APPROACH THE PLANET FROM THE BLIND SPOT BEHIND ITS SUB PLANET TO REMAIN UNDETECTED. ALTHOUGH JUDGING BY THEIR PRIMITIVE TECHNOLOGY, THAT PROBABLY WON'T BE A PROBLEM.

HA HA YES SIR, MOVING IN BEHIND THE SUB PLANET NOW.



ARTRIC, YOU ARE MY BEST LIEUTENANT AND MY SECOND IN COMMAND. I WILL ENTRUST YOU WITH THE HONOR OF TAKING THE FIRST STEPS ONTO OUR NEW HOME AND SEARCHING OUT ITS PRIME LEADER.



THANK YOU, SIR. AS OUR PRIME LEADER, YOU ARE THE ONE TRUE SOURCE OF OUR POWER. WITHOUT YOU OUR SPECIES WOULD HAVE DIED OUT WHEN OUR HOMEWORLD WAS DESTROYED AFTER THE STAR IN OUR SYSTEM EXPLODED. IT WILL BE MY HONOR TO CARRY OUT WHAT YOU ASK OF ME.



WE HAVE TRAVELLED IN THIS CRAFT FOR TOO LONG MY OLD FRIEND. WE HAVE SEARCHED FOR SO LONG TO FIND ANOTHER PLANET THAT WE COULD CALL HOME. TO STEP ONTO SOLID GROUND AGAIN WILL BE A PLEASURE THAT I WILL CHERISH.



DO WE HAVE ANY DATA ON THIS PLANET?

INITIAL ANALYSIS ON THE PLANET SHOWS AN ACCEPTABLE ATMOSPHERE FOR OUR RACE TO FUNCTION IN. TEMPERATURE MAY BE SLIGHTLY LOWER THAN WE ARE USED TO, BUT WITHIN THE ACCEPTABLE PARAMETERS.

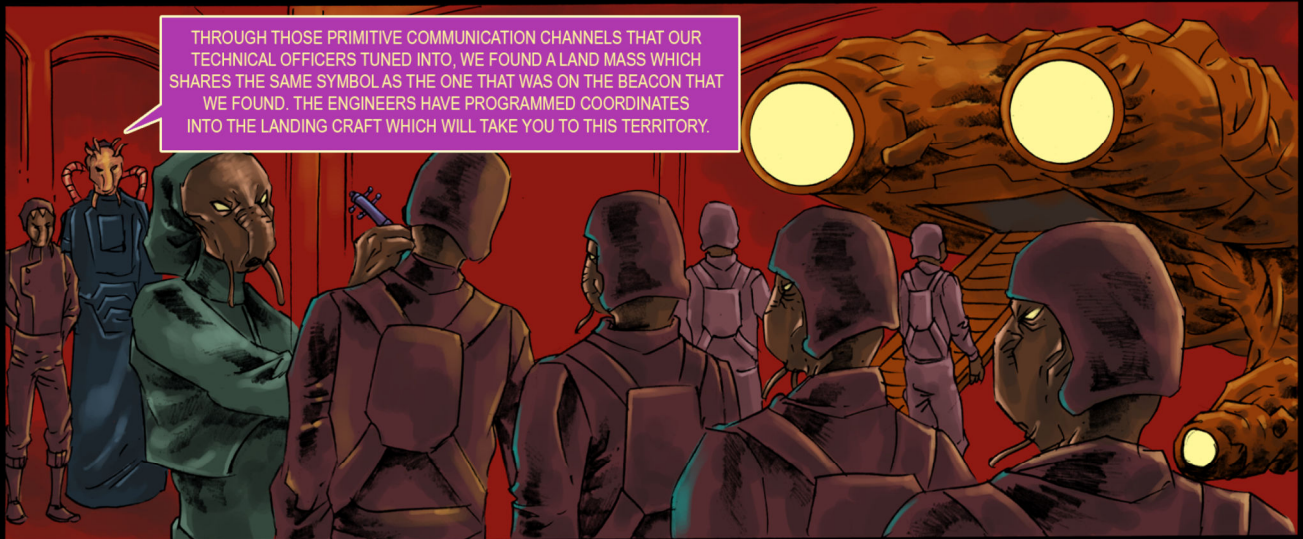


WE HAVE ALSO MANAGED TO TUNE INTO THE PLANETS PRIMITIVE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS AND HAVE INTERCEPTED AND DECODED NUMEROUS LANGUAGES. I AM IN THE PROCESS OF LOADING THESE INTO A TRANSLATOR SERUM IN ORDER FOR US TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE PLANETS INHABITANTS.



THIS IS A GREAT MOMENT IN THE HISTORY OF OUR RACE, SIR.

PREPARE THE LANDING CRAFT.



THROUGH THOSE PRIMITIVE COMMUNICATION CHANNELS THAT OUR TECHNICAL OFFICERS TUNED INTO, WE FOUND A LAND MASS WHICH SHARES THE SAME SYMBOL AS THE ONE THAT WAS ON THE BEACON THAT WE FOUND. THE ENGINEERS HAVE PROGRAMMED COORDINATES INTO THE LANDING CRAFT WHICH WILL TAKE YOU TO THIS TERRITORY.



ONCE YOU LAND AND MAKE CONTACT WITH THE PRIME SOURCE OF THEIR POWER, THEIR PRIME LEADER, SET UP A TELEPORT POD AND I SHALL BEAM DOWN TO DELIVER OUR TERMS.

YES SIR. I WILL NOT DISSAPOINT YOU OR OUR RACE. FOR YOU ARE THE SOURCE OF OUR POWER AND YOU GIVE US THE ENERGY THAT WE NEED TO SURVIVE, SIR. I WILL MAKE YOU PROUD.

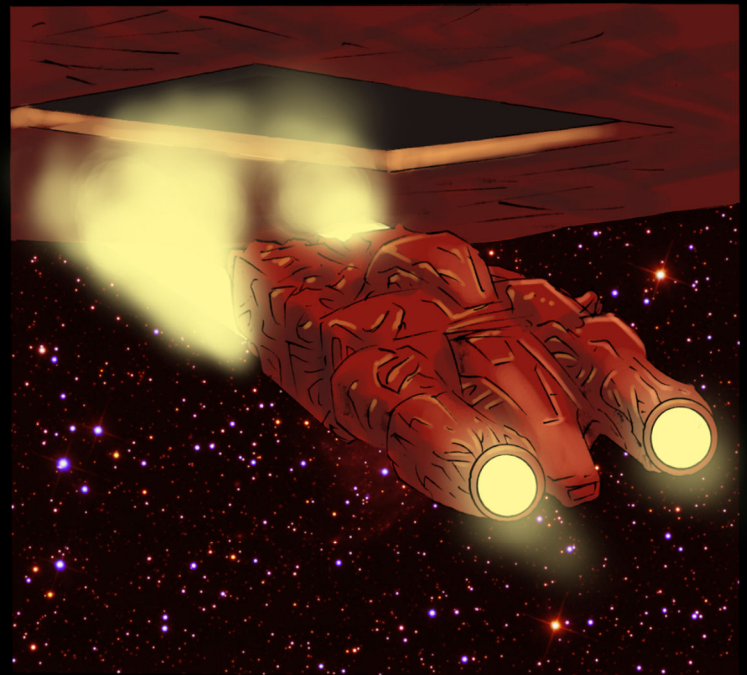


GOOD LUCK, ARTRIC.

THANK YOU, DOCTOR.



ENGAGE THE CLOAKING DEVICE AND CRANK UP THOSE ENGINES. THE ENGINEERS HAVE PROGRAMMED IN THE COORDINATES, SO LET'S JUST ENJOY THE RIDE.



1989: SOMEWHERE IN THE SOVIET SOUTH WEST.



THIS IS A GOOD CROP OF POTATOES, ALEXI.

YES BORIS, I THINK THAT WE WILL GET A GOOD VODKA FROM THESE THIS YEAR.



WHAT IN THE NAME OF STALIN'S MOUSTACHE IS GOING ON?



AMERICANS?



HELLO THERE BEINGS, WE ARE HERE TO TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR PLANET. WHERE IS THE SOURCE OF YOUR POWER? YOUR PRIME LEADER.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHO ARE YOU LOOKING FOR HERE? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

WHERE IS YOUR PRIME LEADER? THE ONE THAT PROVIDES YOU WITH THE ENERGY TO LIVE. THE SOURCE OF YOUR POWER AS BEINGS.



WHAT IS THIS GUY TALKING ABOUT? THERE IS VERY LITTLE ENERGY AROUND HERE.

I DO NOT KNOW. MAYBE HE MEANS THE BIG BUILDING OVER THE HILLS, THAT IS WHERE ALL THE POWER IS.

AH YES, YOU MAY BE RIGHT. THE BUILDING IN THE BIG CITY.

YES YOU KNOW THE ONE, THAT IS WHERE ALL THE POWER COMES FROM.

YOU ARE RIGHT, YES. I WILL GIVE HIM DIRECTIONS.



NICE FELLOW, VERY STRANGE LOOKING THOUGH.

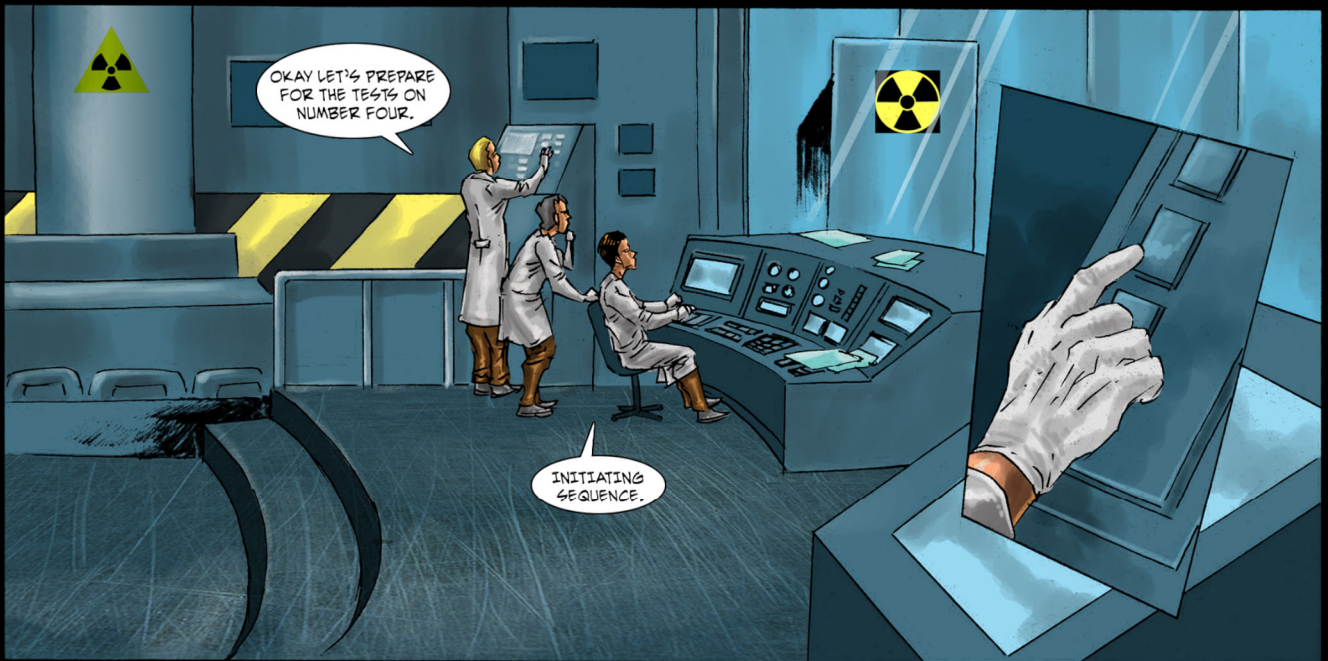
AH, BUT LOOK AT THE MESS OF OUR FIELD.

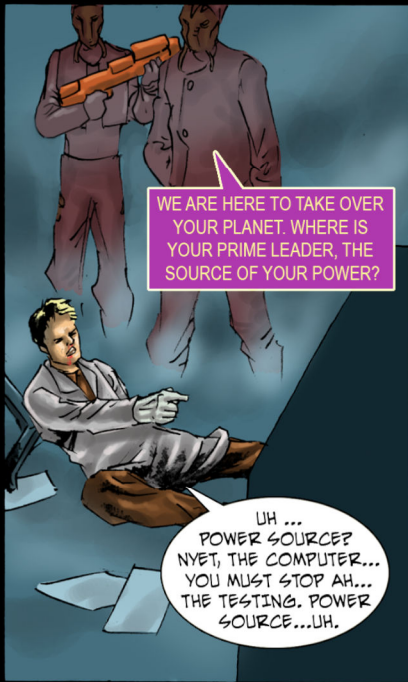
YES, I DIDN'T WANT TO BRING ATTENTION TO HIS FUNNY LOOKING HEAD.

YES... GOD DAMN CRAZY AMERICANS.

WELL I GUESS THESE POTATOES WON'T PICK THEMSELVES, WHERE DID MY HAT GO?







WE ARE HERE TO TAKE OVER YOUR PLANET. WHERE IS YOUR PRIME LEADER, THE SOURCE OF YOUR POWER?

UH ... POWER SOURCE? NYET, THE COMPUTER... YOU MUST STOP AH... THE TESTING. POWER SOURCE...UH.



HE WOULD APPEAR TO BE DEAD, SIR.

IT MATTERS NOT. HE HAS POINTED OUT THE SOURCE OF THEIR POWER.

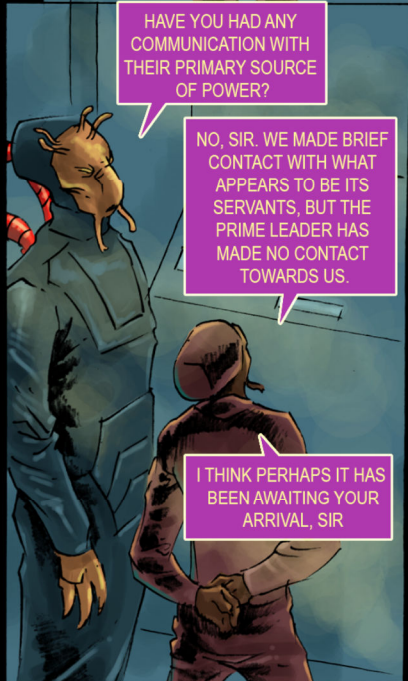


SIR, WE HAVE MADE CONTACT WITH THE PRIME LEADER OF THIS WORLD. IT WOULD APPEAR TO BE A COMPUTER BASED INTELLIGENCE. WE HAVE MET NO HOSTILE FORCES. IF YOU LOCK ONTO THIS SIGNAL YOU CAN TRANSPORT DOWN TO THE LOCATION OF THIS PLANETS PRIME LEADER.



THIS IS A GOOD DAY FOR THE FUTURE OF OUR RACE.

YES SIR, A VERY GOOD DAY. THIS PLANET IS VERY PRIMITIVE. WE WILL NOT ENCOUNTER ANY RESISTANCE TO OUR TAKE OVER.

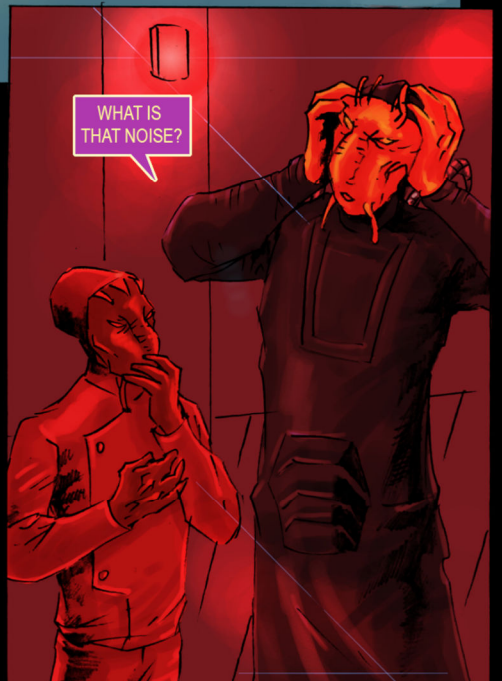


HAVE YOU HAD ANY COMMUNICATION WITH THEIR PRIMARY SOURCE OF POWER?

NO, SIR. WE MADE BRIEF CONTACT WITH WHAT APPEARS TO BE ITS SERVANTS, BUT THE PRIME LEADER HAS MADE NO CONTACT TOWARDS US.

I THINK PERHAPS IT HAS BEEN AWAITING YOUR ARRIVAL, SIR

**WARNING
WARNING
EVACUATE
THE BUILDING**



WHAT IS THAT NOISE?

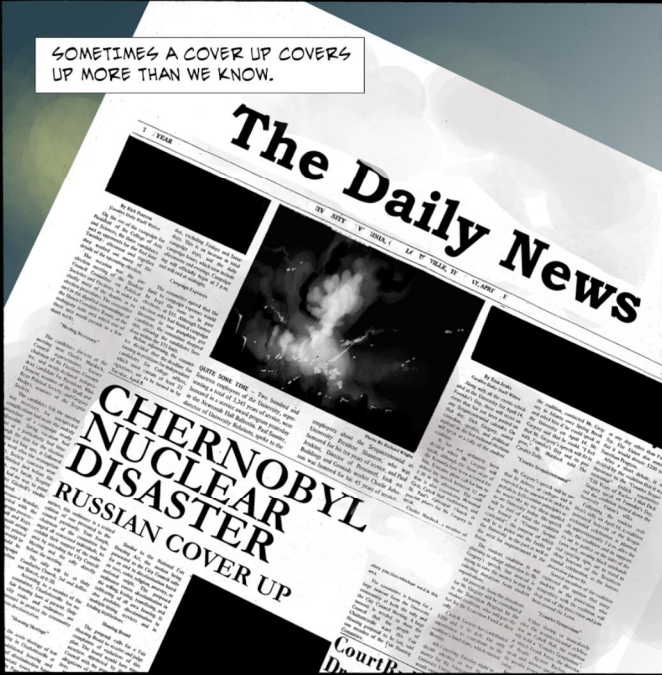


IT IS A TRAP. THEY HAVE KILLED BOTH OUR PRIME LEADER AND OUR LIEUTENANT. WE MUST LEAVE NOW BEFORE THEY COME AFTER US. SET THE WARP DRIVE AND GET US OUT OF HERE.



WELL IF YOU ALL FEEL THAT NOTHING SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT WHAT I HAVE FOUND IN THIS REPORT THEN I WILL PERSONALLY TAKE IT UP WITH THE PRESIDENT. BUT I TELL YOU NOW, ANYBODY WHO TYPES A FULL REPORT IN BOLD CAPITAL LETTERS, IS A TRAITOR TO THE COMMUNIST STATE.

SOMETIMES A COVER UP COVERS UP MORE THAN WE KNOW.



Trickling Ichors TV

TV For The Already Dead

- 9.00 Look At Afterlife**
Short documentary films showing how the nether-world used to be in the good old days. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.00 Out of Ground**
A countryside zombie goes on and on in a nostalgic ramble about how things were much better when he was alive. (S) (Rpt)
- 10.30 The Fusty Detectives**
More nostalgic reminisces for the undead, featuring cursed and horrifying footage from throughout the years. (S) (Rpt)
- 11.30 Häxan of Dock Green**
Satanic police procedural. (S) (Rpt)
- 12.30 Six Hundred & Sixty Six-Five Special** 1950s pop music show for people and things who like The Devil's music. (S) (Rpt)
- 1.30 The Haemorrhage Chart Show** Brand new music from pop acts that we're pretty sure actually died years ago. (S)
- 
- Yuck. Just yuck. 2.30
- 2.30 The Cellar Grub** A basement full of larvae. Not sure who this show is for, actually. (S) (Rpt)
- 4.00 The Adventures of Rottin' Head** Classic drama series with an outlaw who neither robs from the rich nor gives to the poor, on account of him being a decaying, dismembered body part. He doesn't do much of anything else either really. (S) (Rpt)
- 5.00 Closedown** (like in the old days)

Dairy of A MadChan

Home of Cheesy Horror

- 6.00 Village of Edamed** (1960, PG, S) *****
- 7.30 House of The Gorgonzola** (2019, 18, S) **
- 9.00 The Kraft** (1996, 15, S) ***
- 10.30 The Masque of The Red Leicester** (1964, 15, S) ****
- 12.00 S'Cream** (1996, 15, S) ****
- 1.30 Whatever Happened To Babybel?** (1962, PG, S) ****
- 3.00 10 Clover Spread Lane** (2016, 15, S) ****
- 4.30 Attack The Block**
Cheese mites. (2011, 15, S) ****
- 6.00 Yoghurt Me, I'm Scared!** Bacteria filled, squelchy puppets. (S) (Rpt)
- 6.30 Nightbrie** (1990, 18, S) ***
- 8.00 Parmesan Activity** (2007, 15, S) ***
- 9.30 Cry of The Banbury Cheese** (1970, 15, S) ***
- 11.00 Picnic At Hanging Roquefort** (1975, 15, S) ****
- 12.30 Stilton's School For Girls** (1973, 15, S) **
- 
- We'll swallow your roll... 7.00
- 2.00 Evil Cheddar II : Bread By Dawn** Stars Bries Cam-embert. (1987, 18, S) *****
- 3.30 The Texas Cheestring Mozzarella** (1974, 18, S) ****

EBGB NEWS

Current Affairs For Intolerant Monsters

- 1.00 EBGB News** All the latest "news" from the channel of hideous evil creatures, in a bid to poison the minds of the nation and create an army of zombies to blindly follow them and unquestionably do their bidding. Should definitely be illegal and probably actually is. (S)
- 2.00 Jack The Ripper's State of The Nation** Oh, wait... no, it's just some horrifically posh politician in a top hat (who probably isn't the reincarnation of a notorious Victorian serial killer, even if he does look, sound and act exactly like one). (S)
- 3.00 Some Other Bloke Who Looks Very Much Like An Infamous Serial Killer** with a beard. (S)
- 4.00 Someone Who Does Not Look Particularly Like A Serial Killer, But Probably Is One** (S)

SHLOP MAX

TV For Ankle Biters

- 1.00 PJ Masques of The Red Death** Animated series. (S) (Rpt)
- 2.00 Total Dramarama : Spooky** Animated anthology horror. (S) (Rpt)
- 3.00 Gristly & The Gremlins** Animated series about a bear plagued by imps. (S) (Rpt)
- 4.00 Homunculus : Tales of Goldbug & Cat Black & Mystery & Imagination** Animated adventure series from the makers of PJ Masques of The Red Death. (S) (Rpt)

TV
CRYPT

TERROPROVISION
GUIDE

MEANIE in a BOTTLE

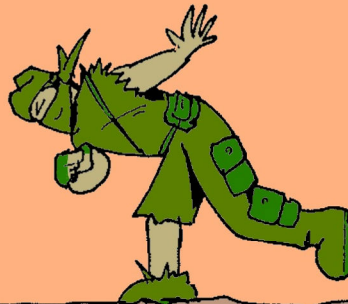
OR DJINN'LL FIX IT!



THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE
IN THE MIDDLE EAST...

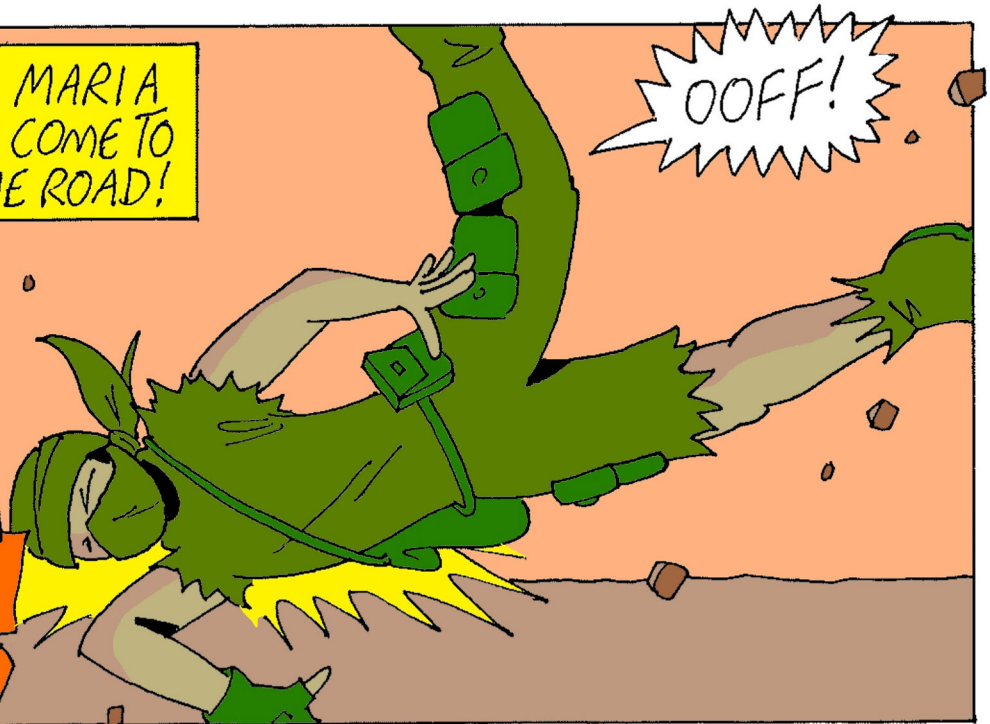


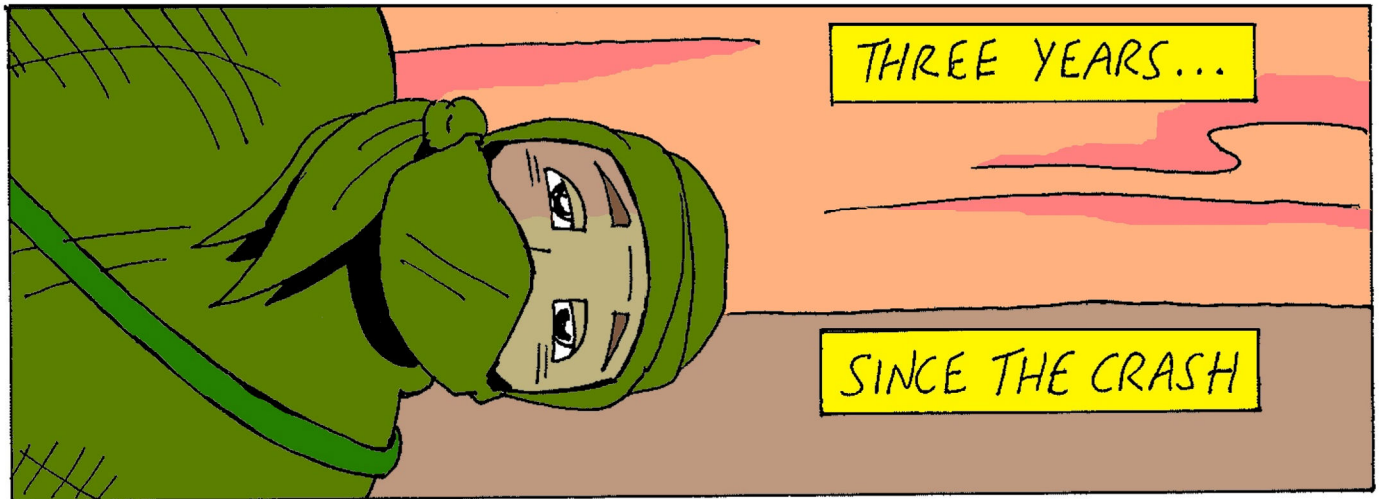
THEY'VE BEEN WALKING
THIS ENDLESS DESERT
FOR FIVE DAYS NOW...



BUT COLONEL MARIA
MAXWELL HAS COME TO
THE END OF THE ROAD!

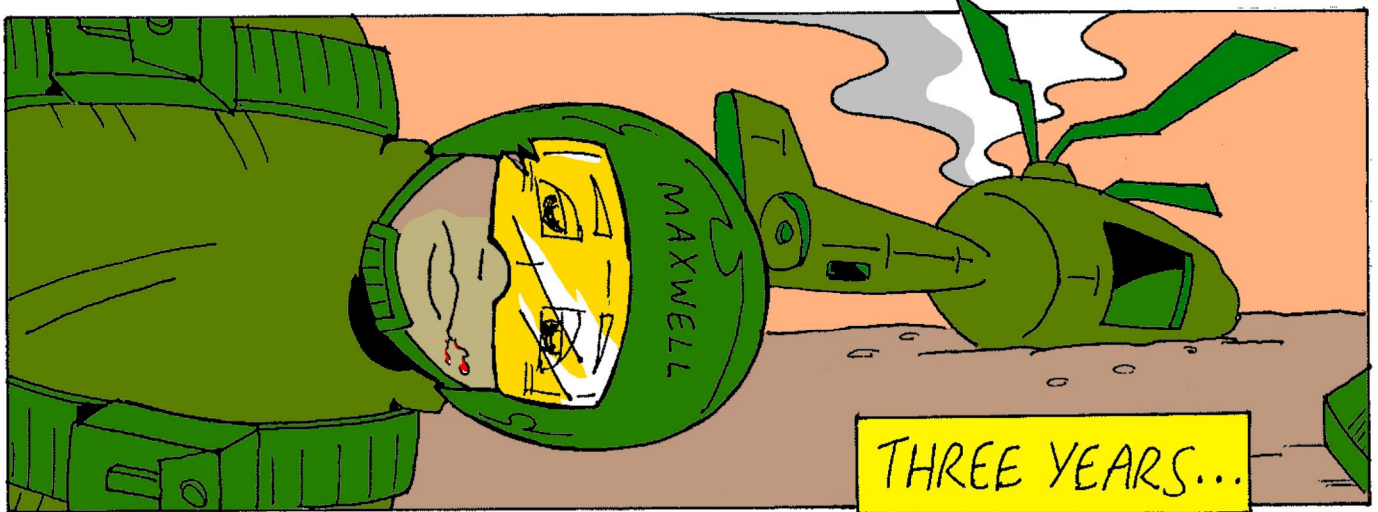
WUMPI!



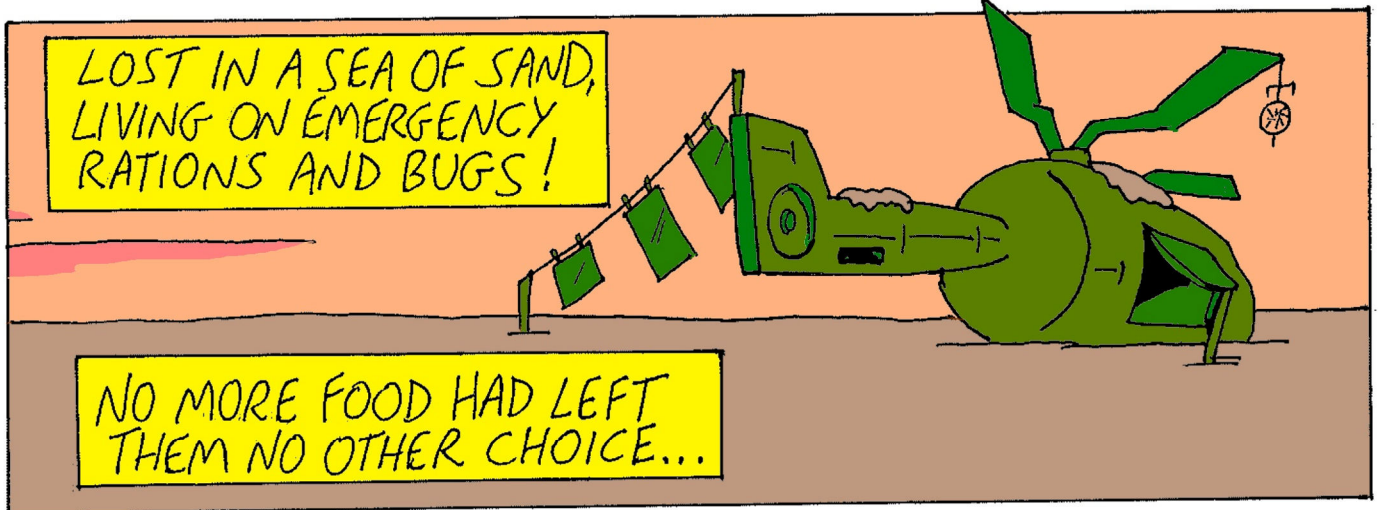


THREE YEARS...

SINCE THE CRASH

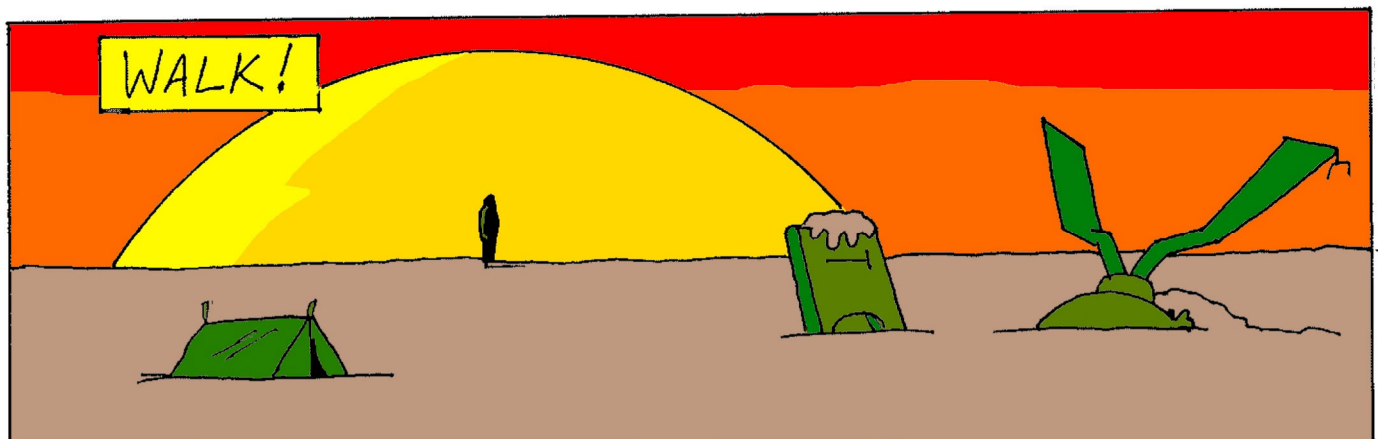


THREE YEARS...

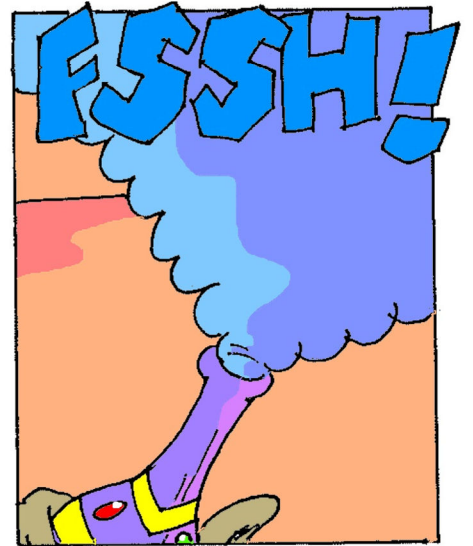
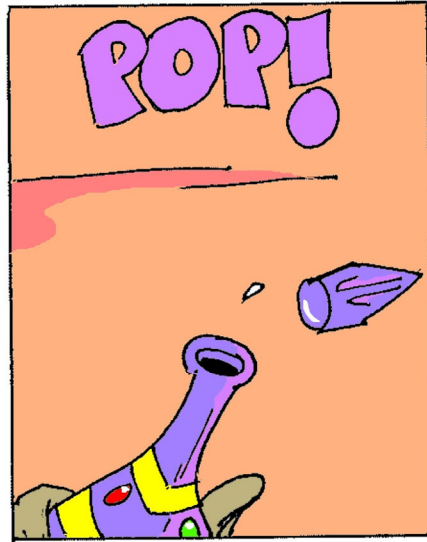
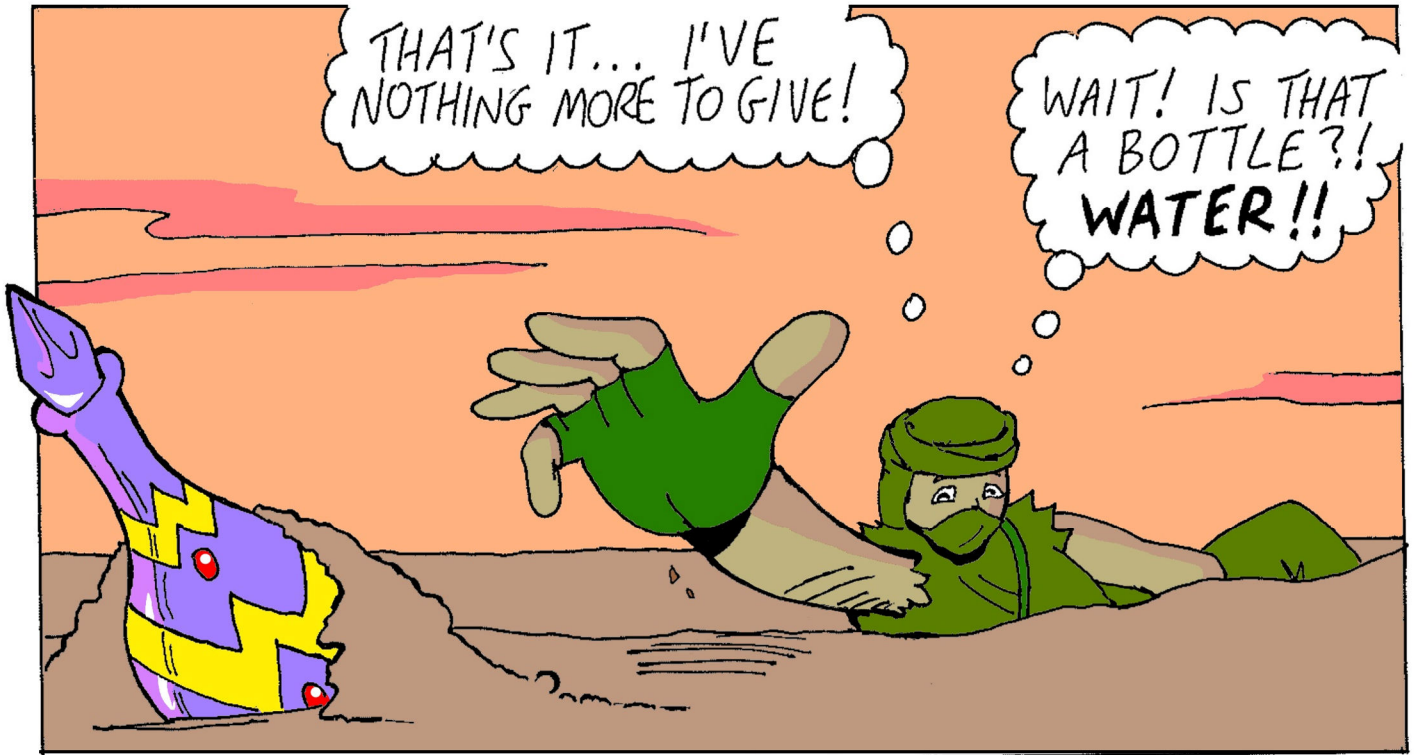


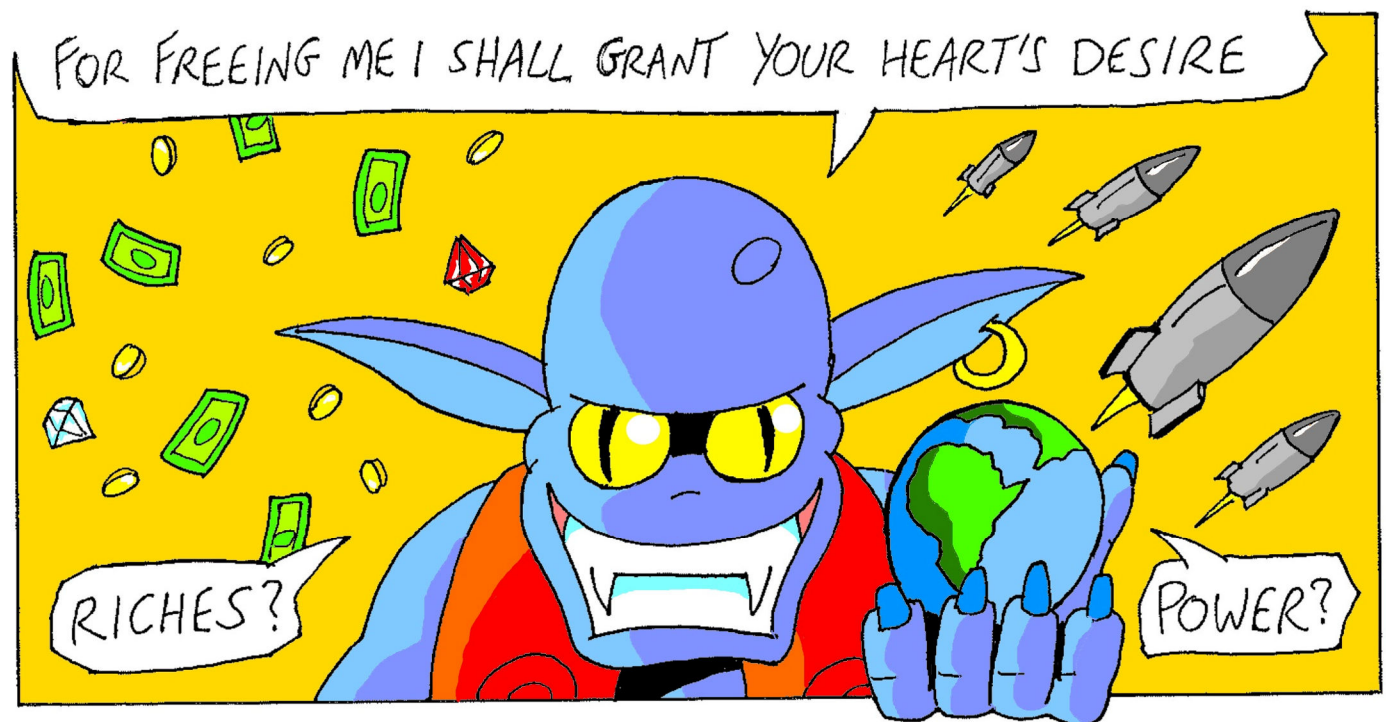
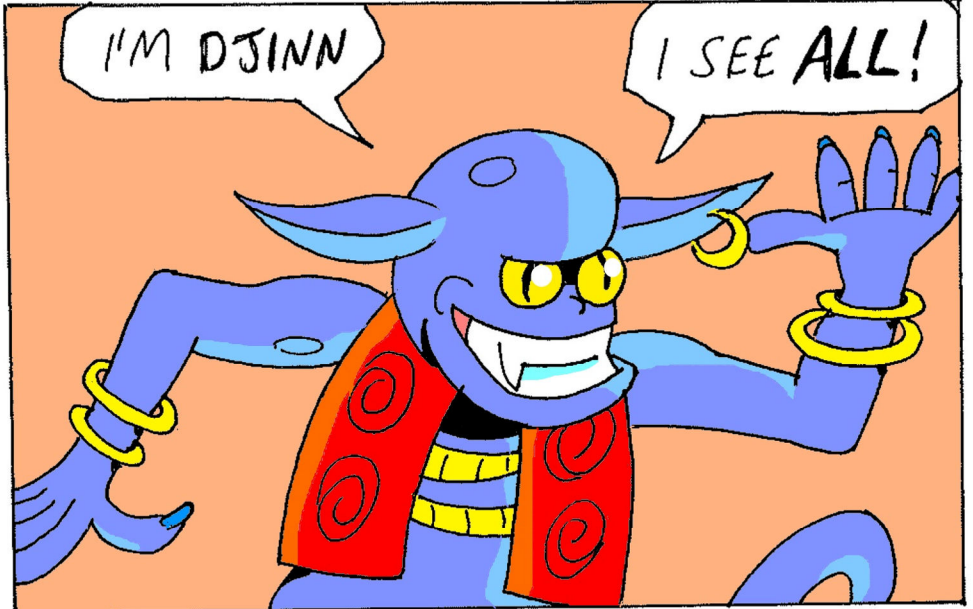
LOST IN A SEA OF SAND,
LIVING ON EMERGENCY
RATIONS AND BUGS!

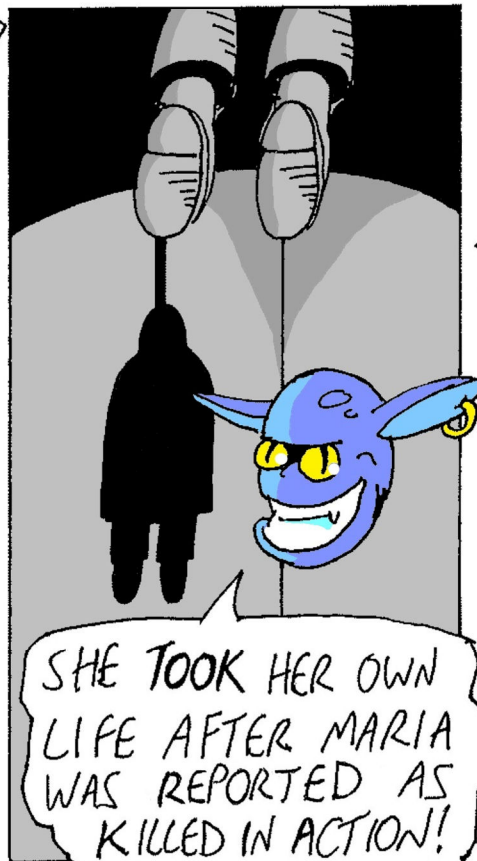
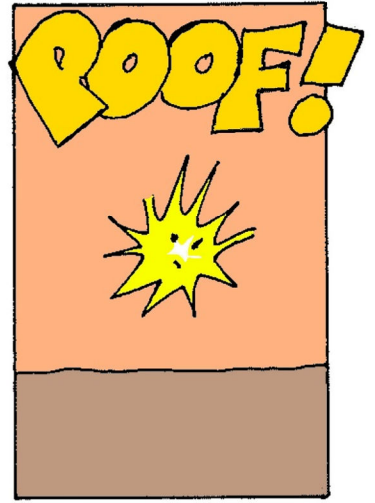
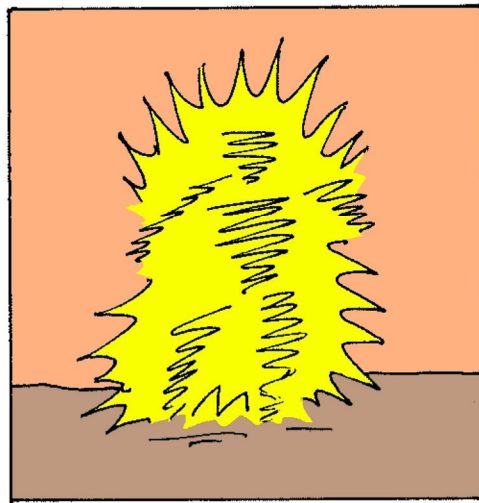
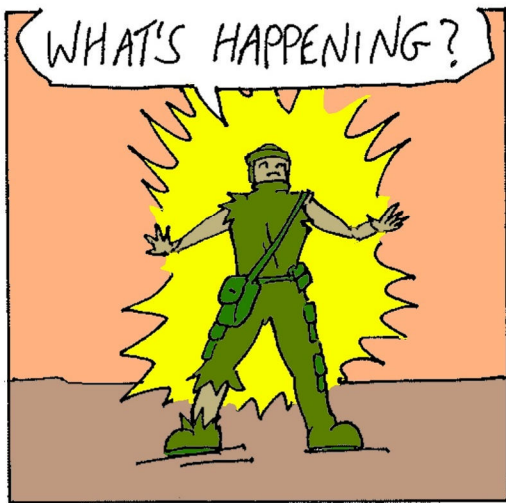
NO MORE FOOD HAD LEFT
THEM NO OTHER CHOICE...



WALK!







There was a Man Dwelt by a Churchyard

by M. R. James

There came a night when an old woman was to be buried. She was red-eyed and dreadful to look at...yet when she died she left a purse of money to the church.

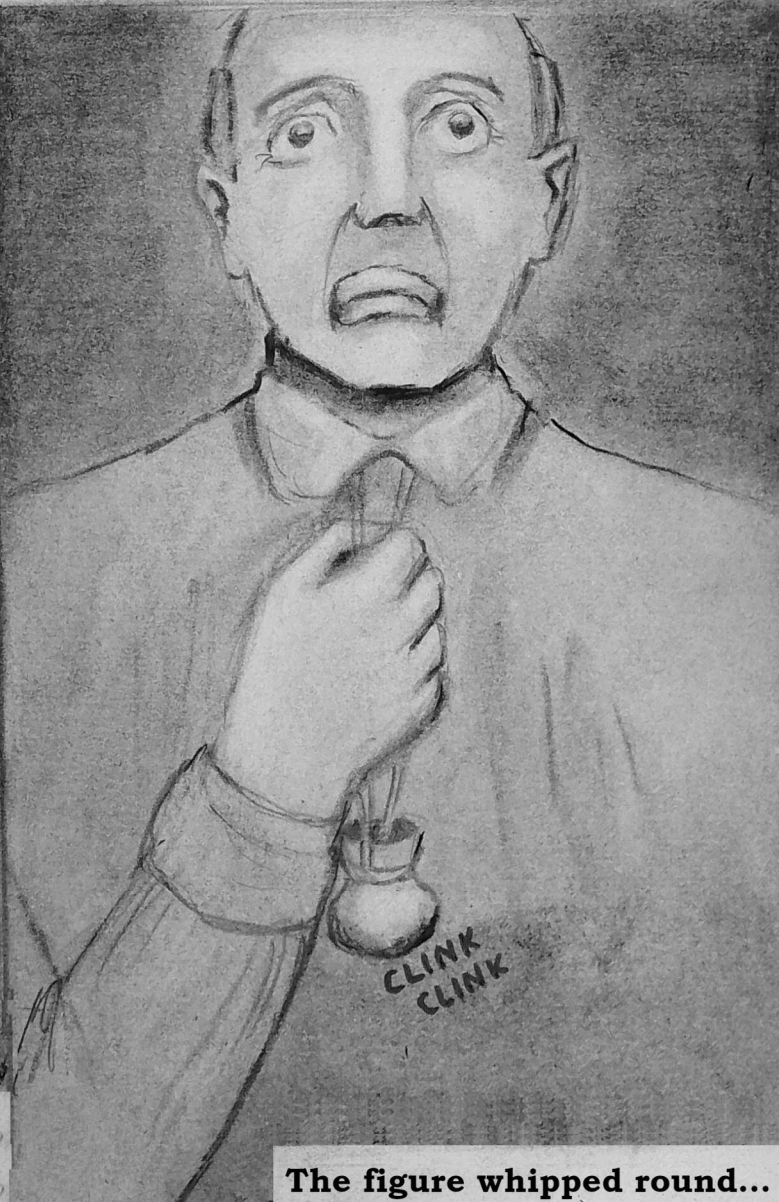
Just before the grave was filled in, the parson stooped down and cast something upon the body...'Thy money perish with thee.'



Meanwhile, John Poole went about with a curious air, half exulting, and half nervous.

That night, a moaning wind began to play about the house...

Dry earth rattled on the floor. A low cracked voice said 'Where is it?'



Presently something made a very faint rattling at the casement...then there was a figure in the room.

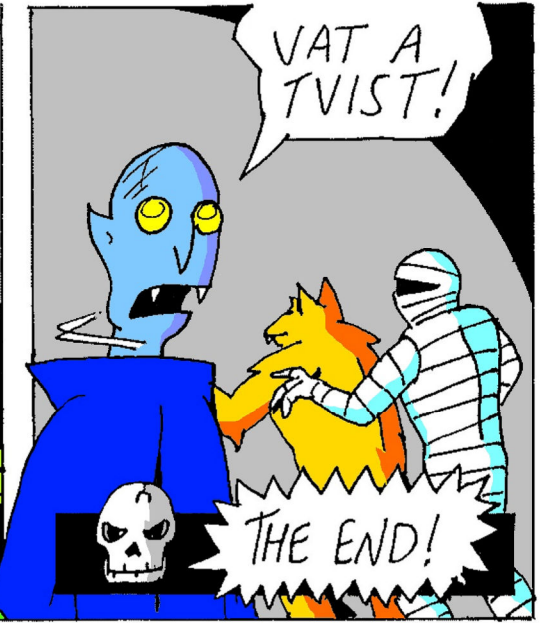
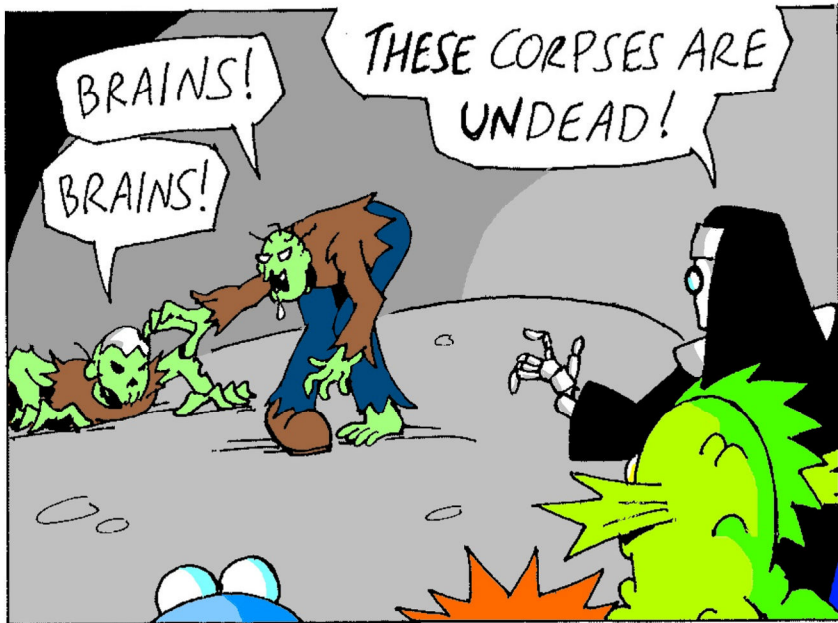
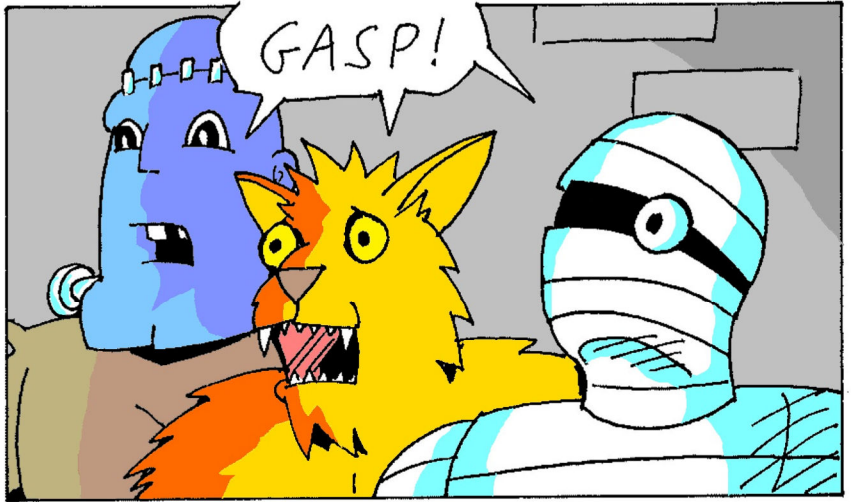
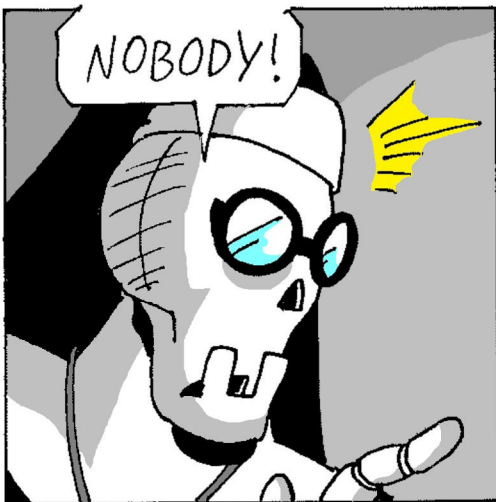
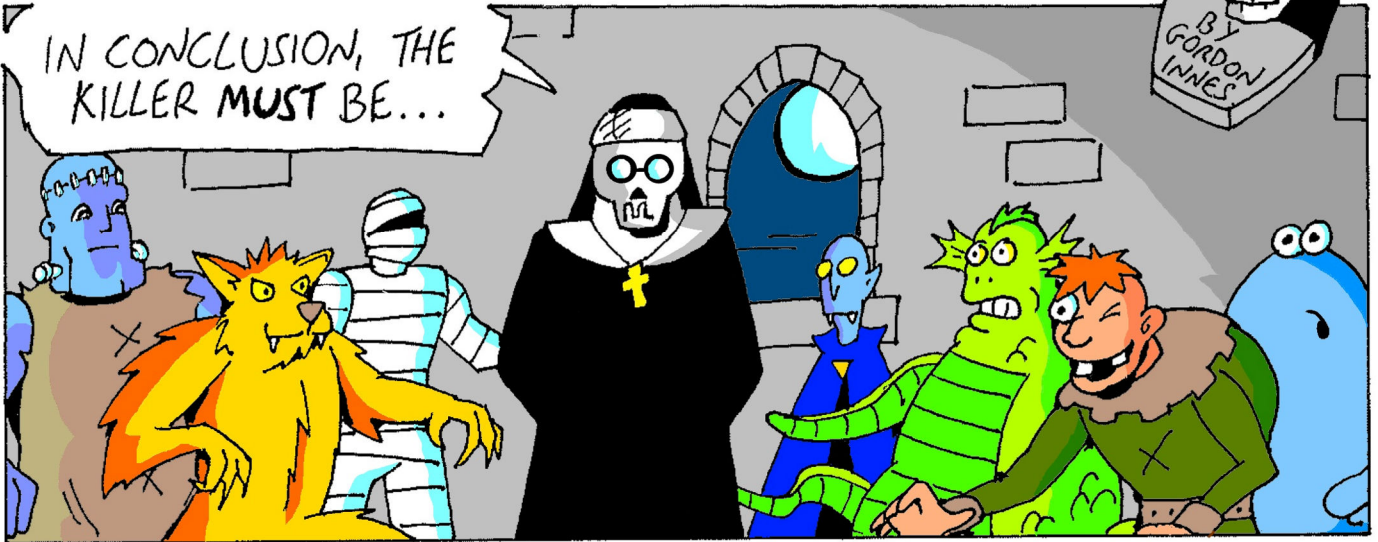
The figure whipped round...



YOU'VE GOT IT!

The End!

Sister Boneyface



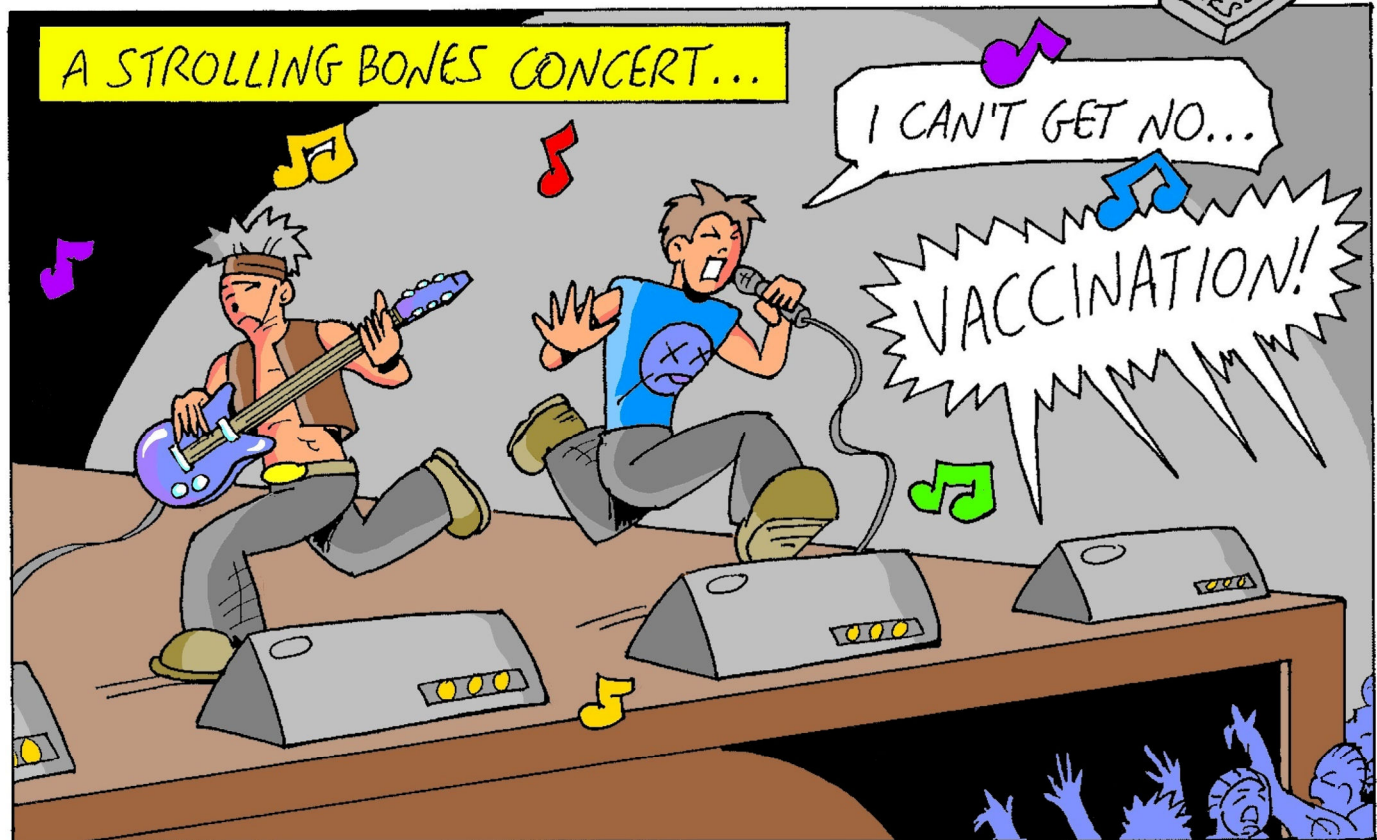


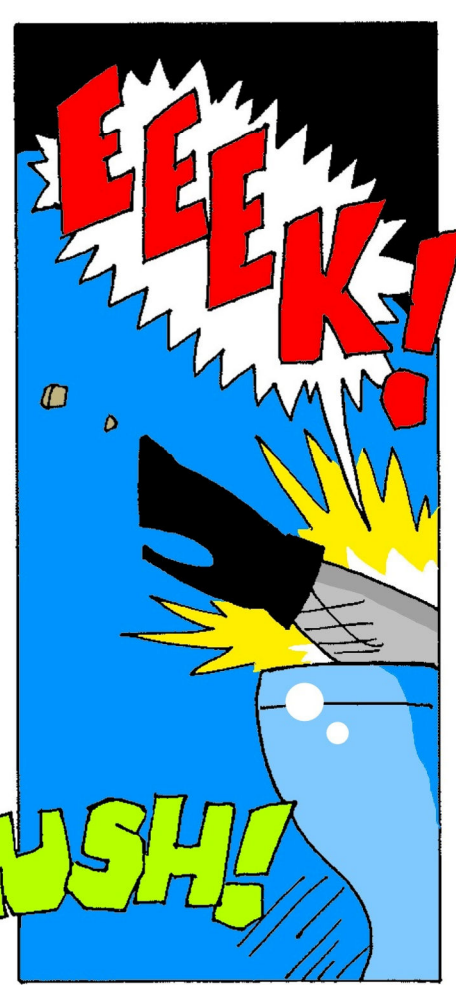
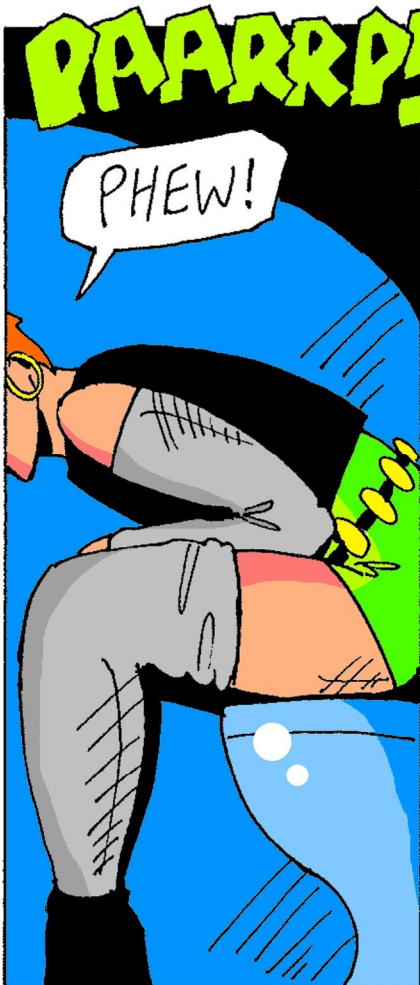
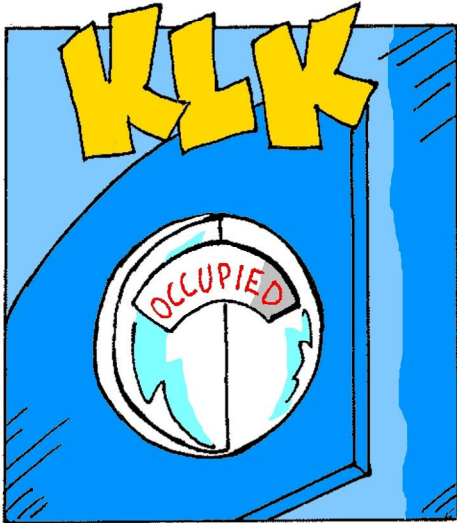
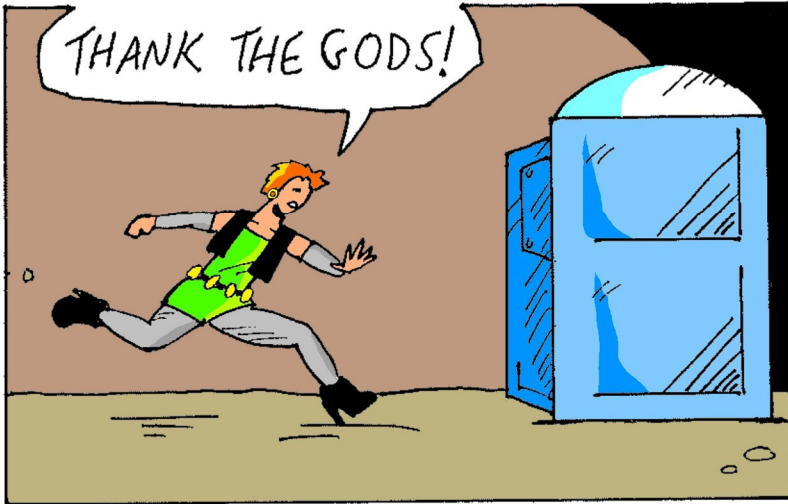
C. Duke '24

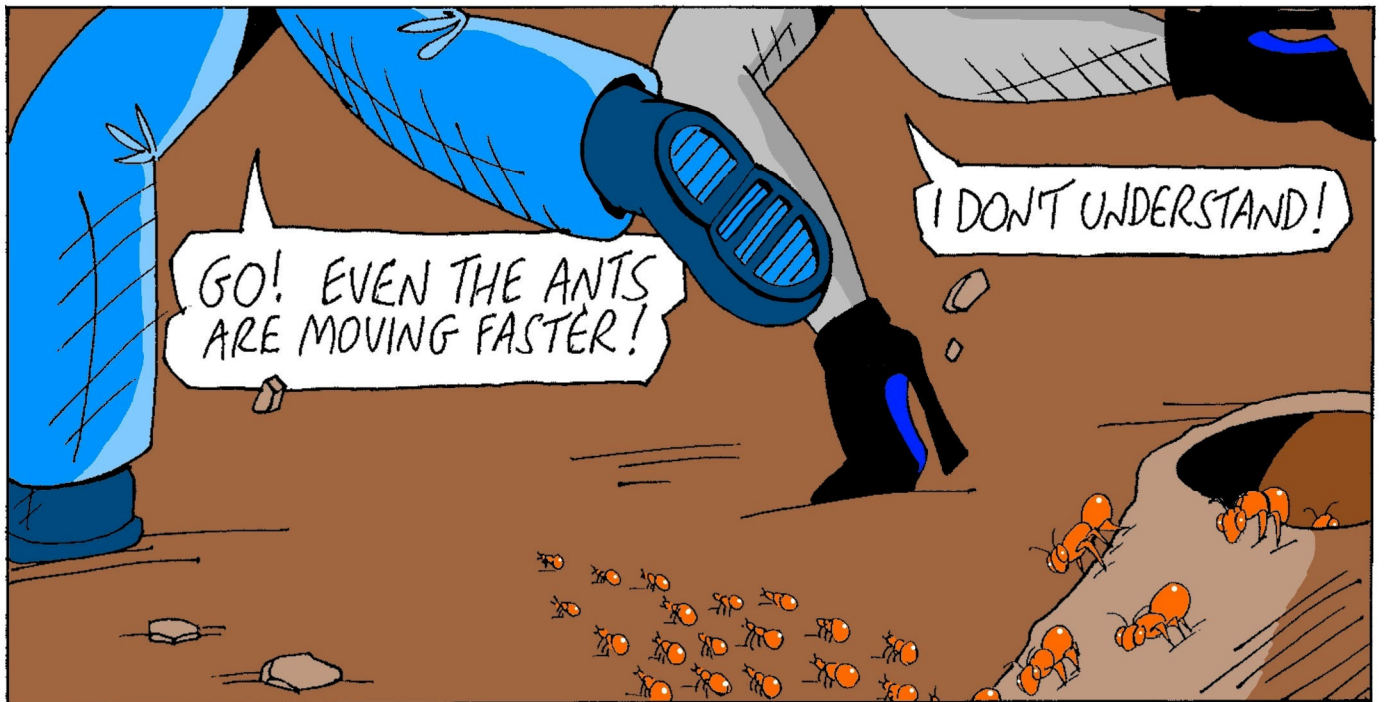
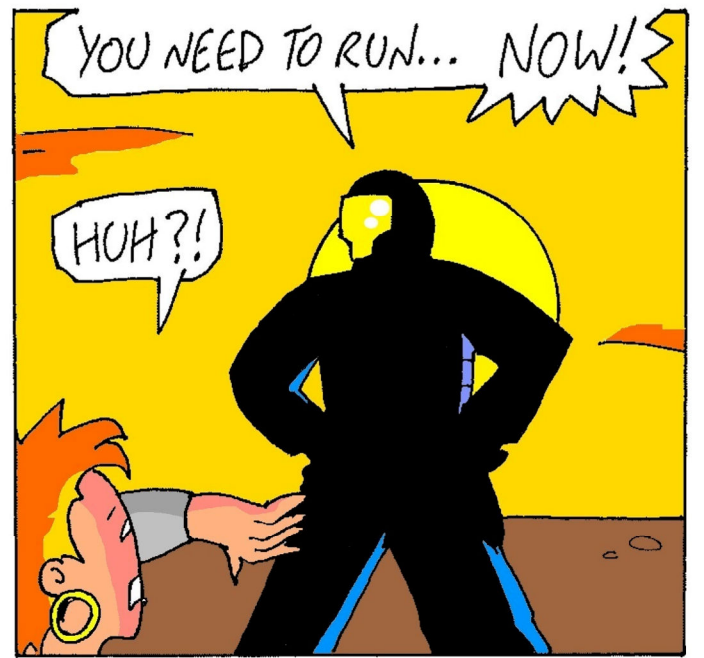
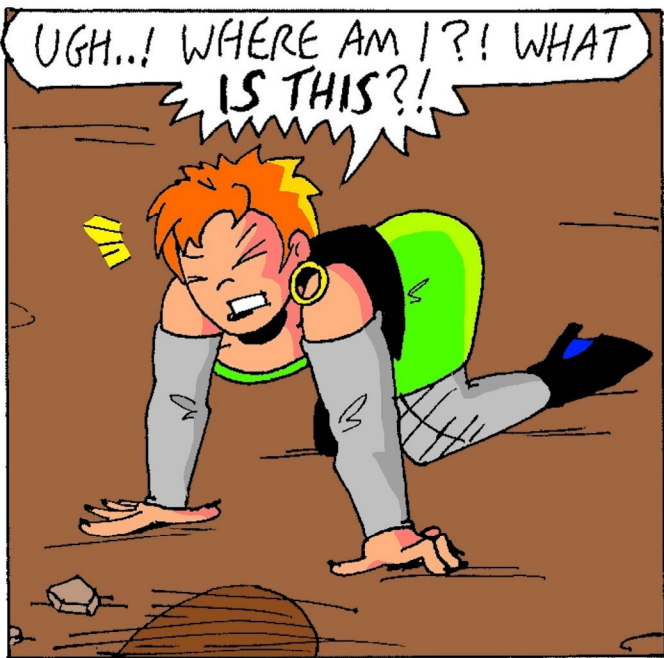
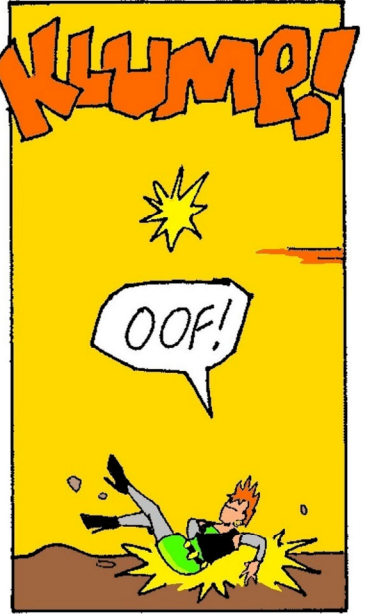
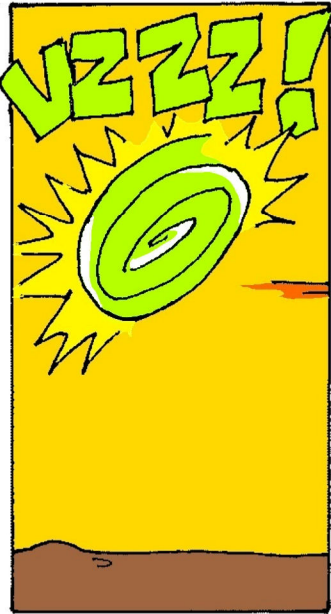
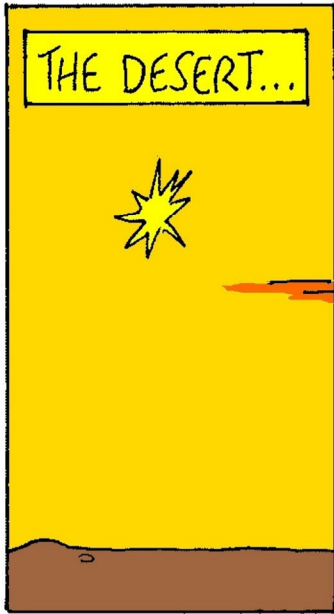
Artwork by Ciaran Duke

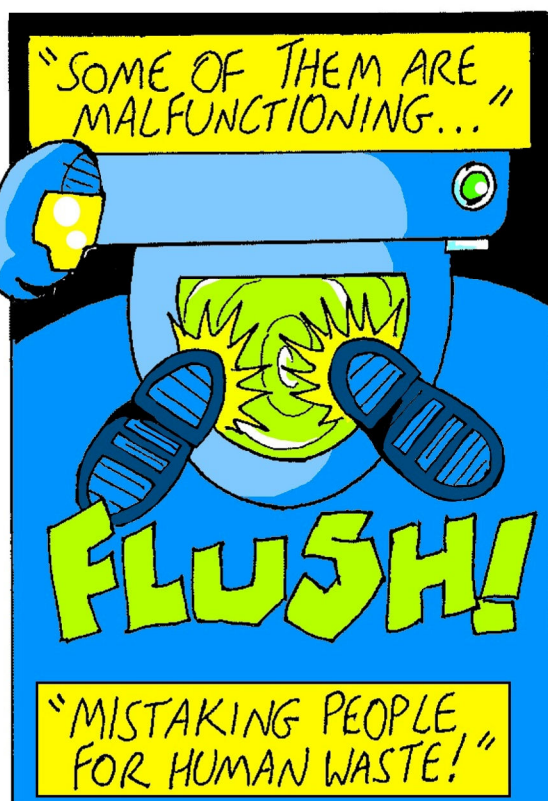
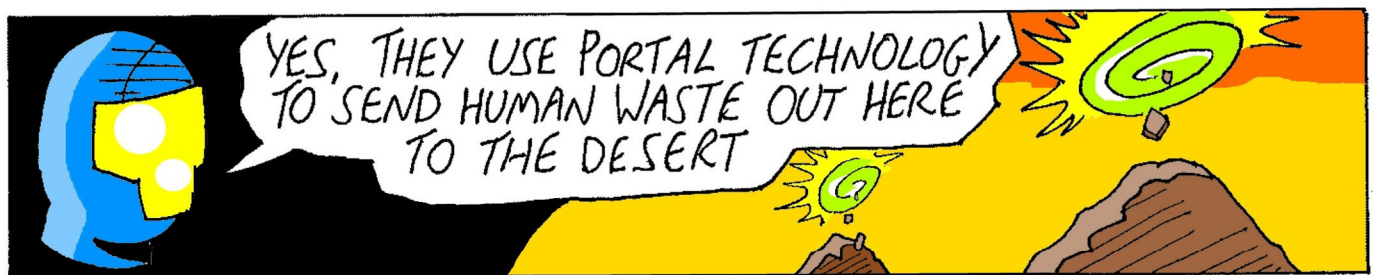
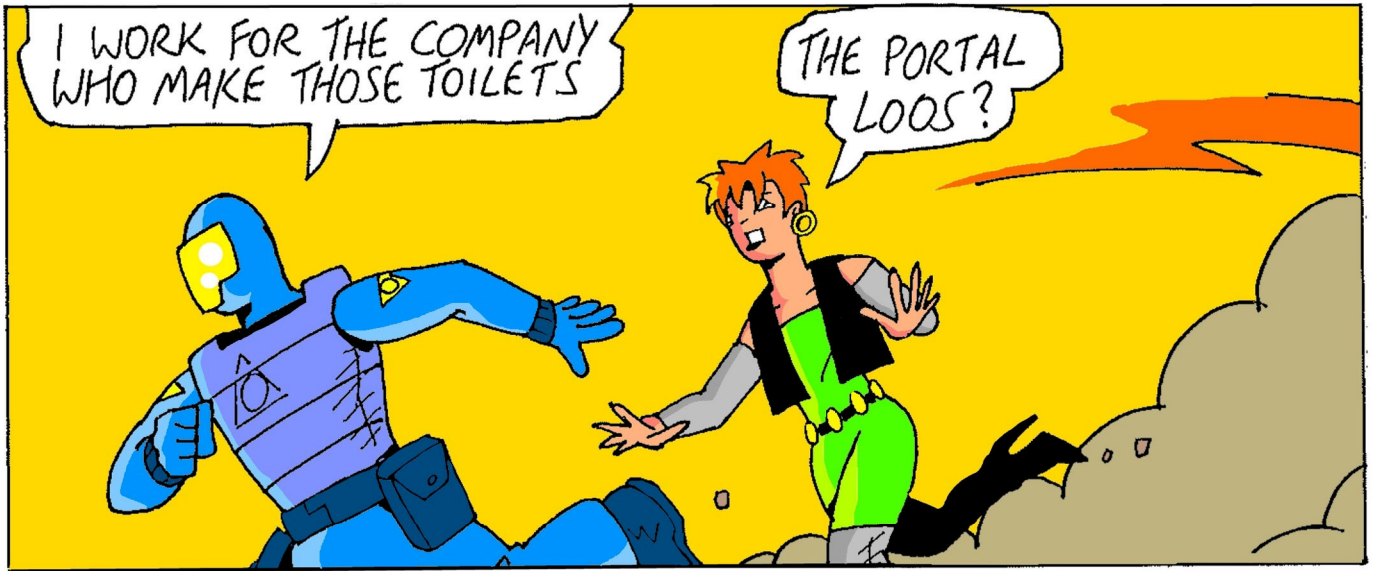


PORTAL LOO







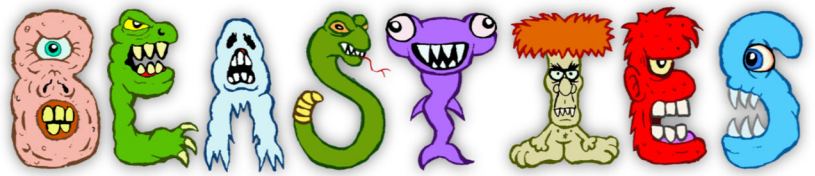


TURD NADO 2

BROWN EYE OF THE STORM!



BIZARRE



BEASTY No.1 :

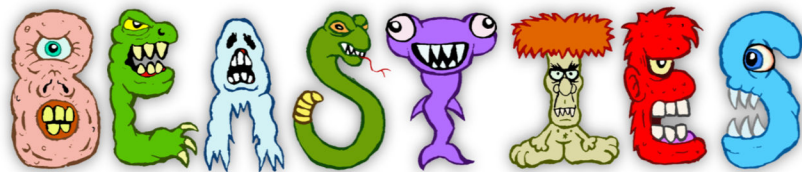
KRAKEN TOAST

Thought to be the result of an incident involving mouldy fishpaste, The Kraken Toast has been known to drag sailors down into its buttery depths, never to be seen again! The only way to prevent such a thing is not to invite sailors over for breakfast in the first place. The Kraken Toast is easily identified by its appearance of being entirely animated by stop-motion and by its tentacles, which aren't usual for toast.



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BIZARRE



BEASTY No.2 : NOT YETI

The Himalayan Not Yeti is rarely seen by human eyes which has led some to doubt its very existence. However, the reason for its elusiveness is quite simple. The creature is so concerned with preparing to venture out from its mountain home, that it spends more time inside getting ready than it does outside doing whatever it is that needs doing.

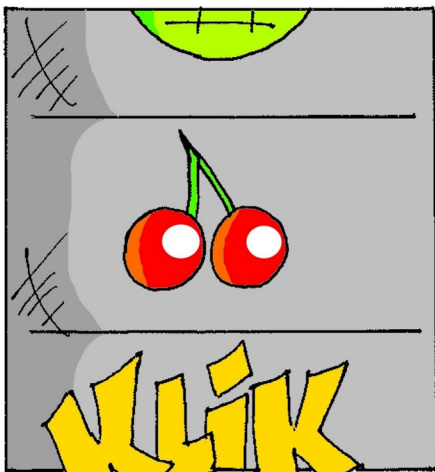


I'LL BE FIVE MORE MINUTES!

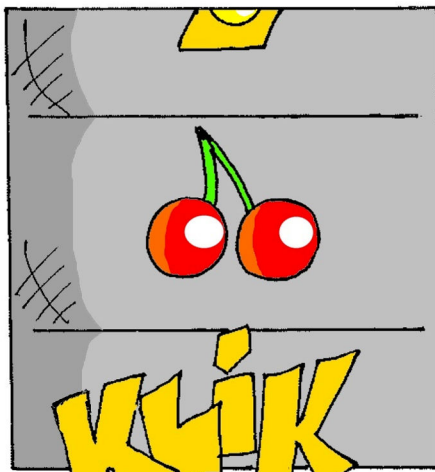


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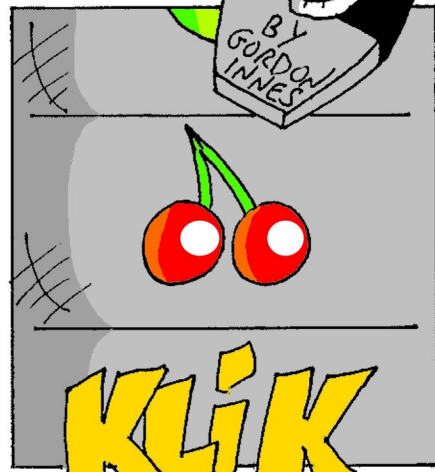
SALEM \$LOTS\$



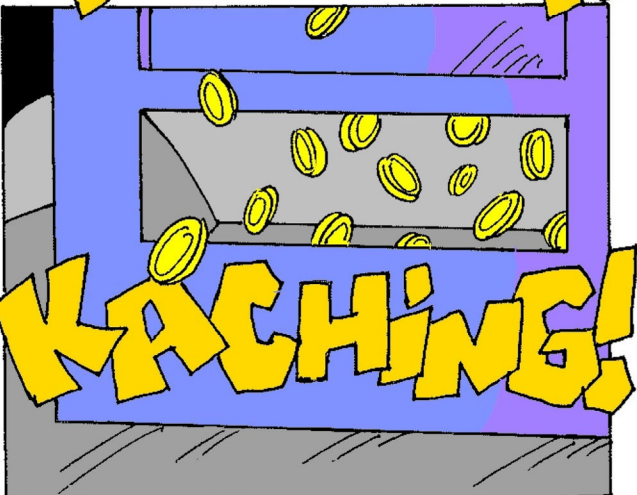
KLIK



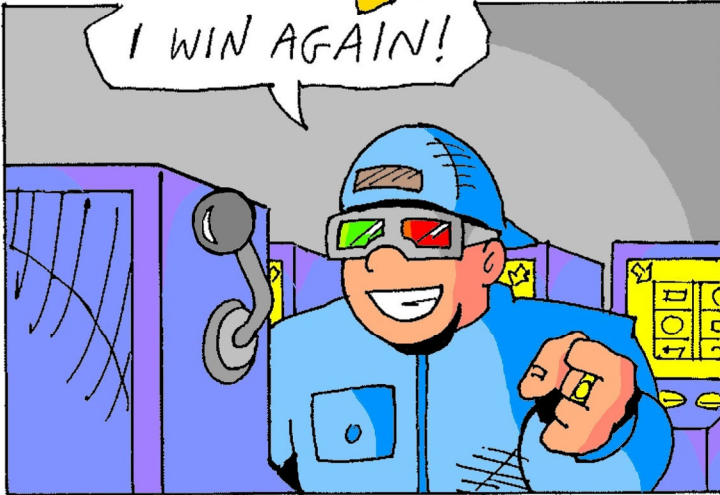
KLIK



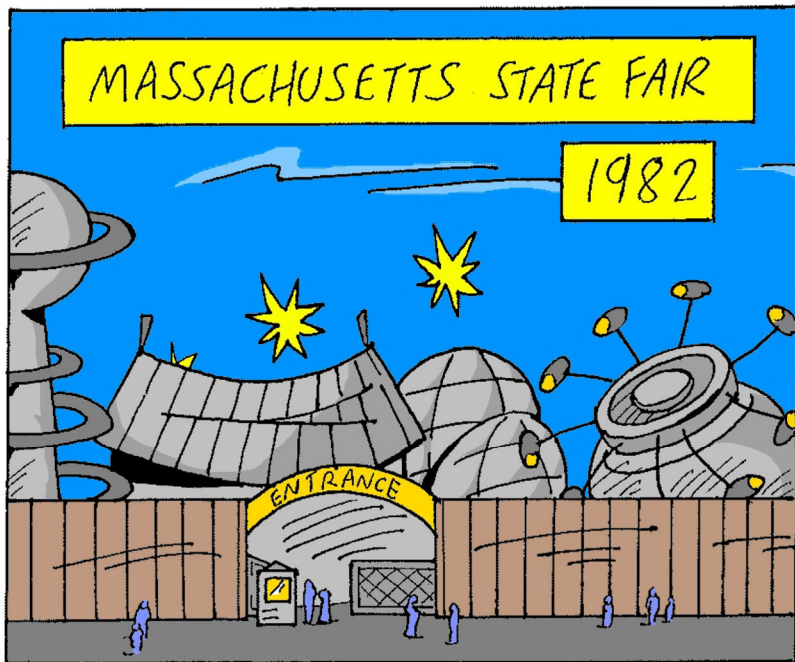
KLIK



KACHING!



I WIN AGAIN!



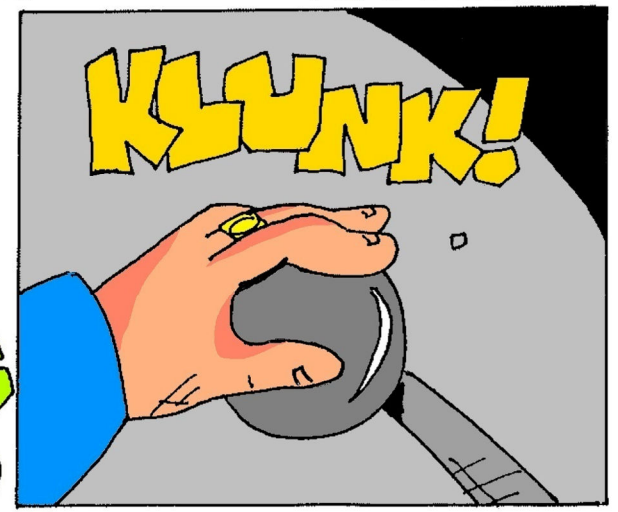
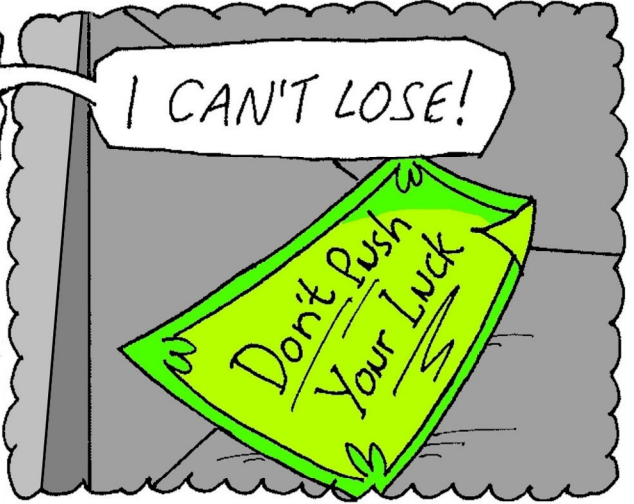
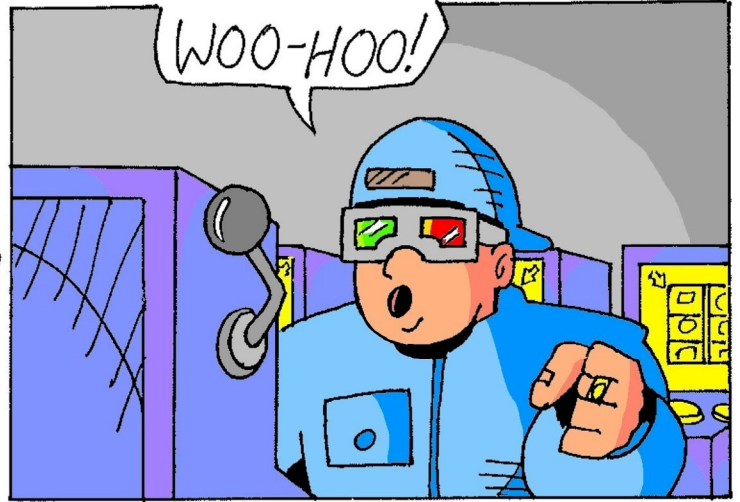
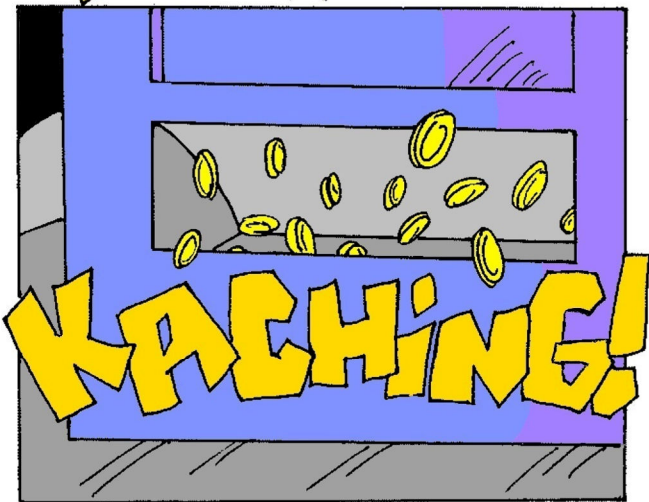
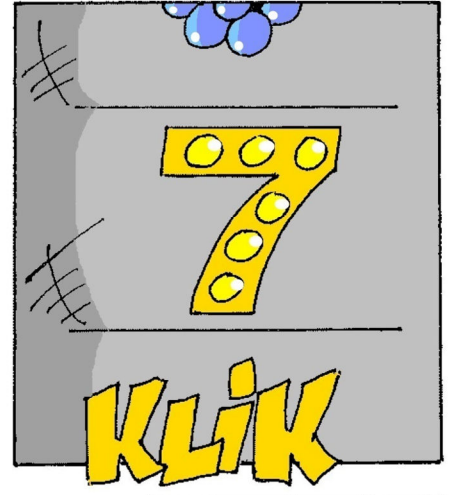
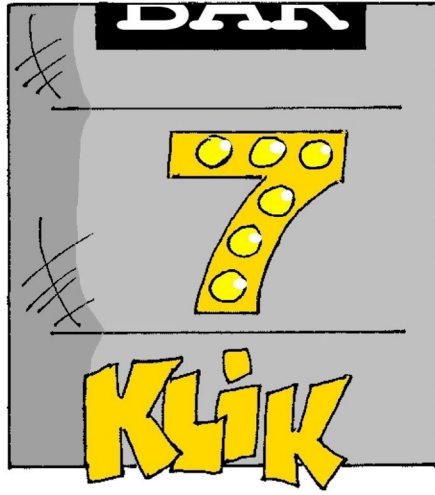
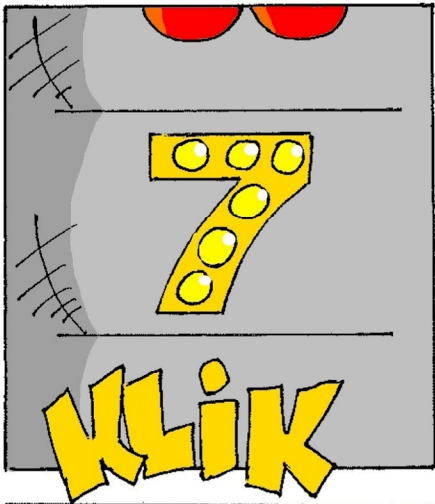
MASSACHUSETTS STATE FAIR

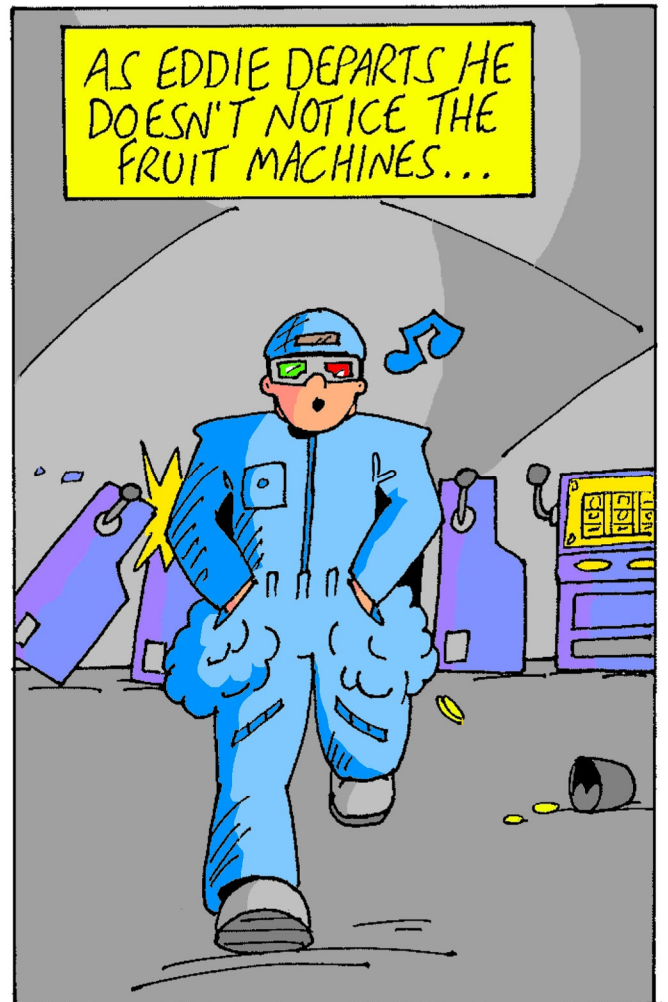
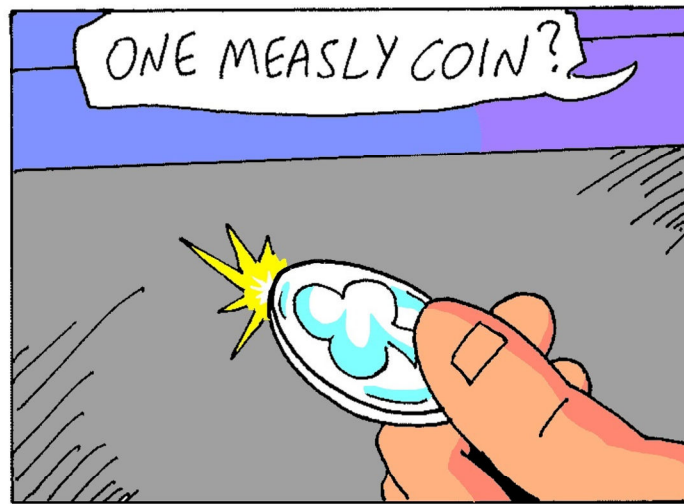
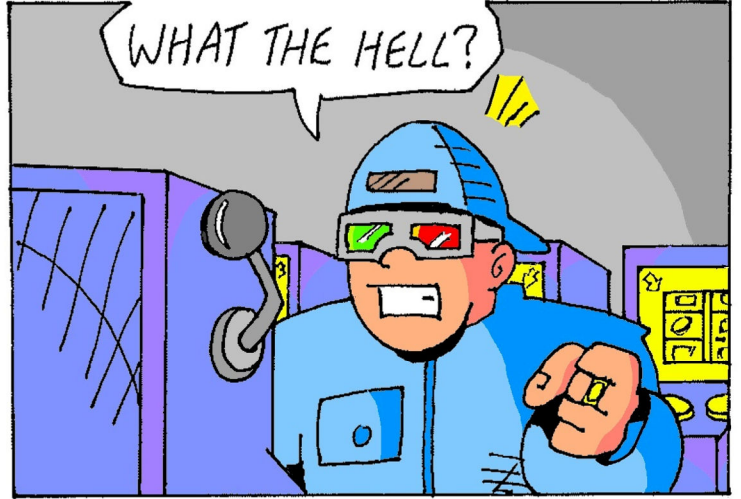
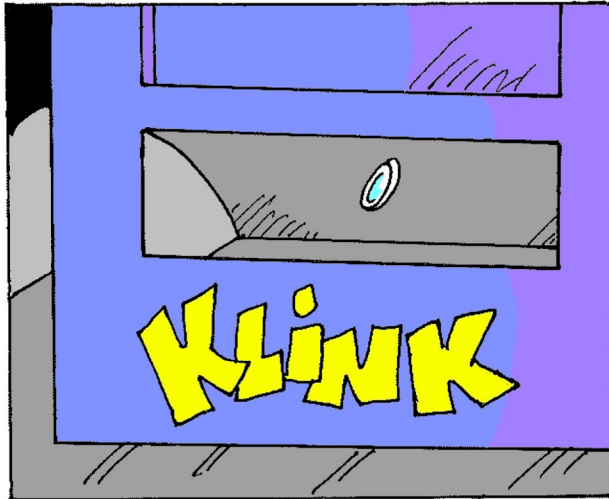
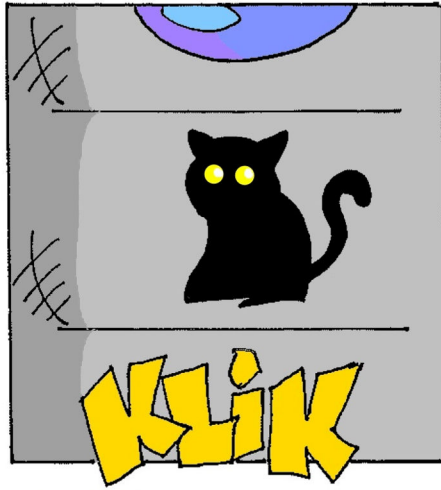
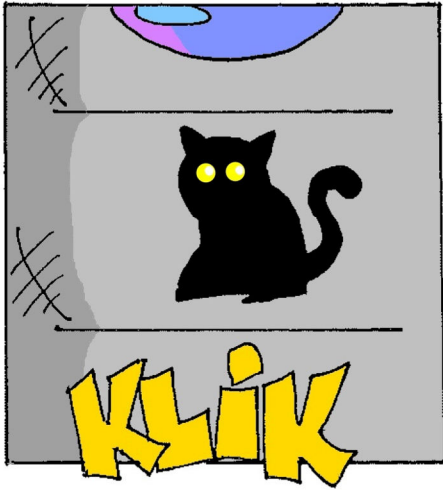
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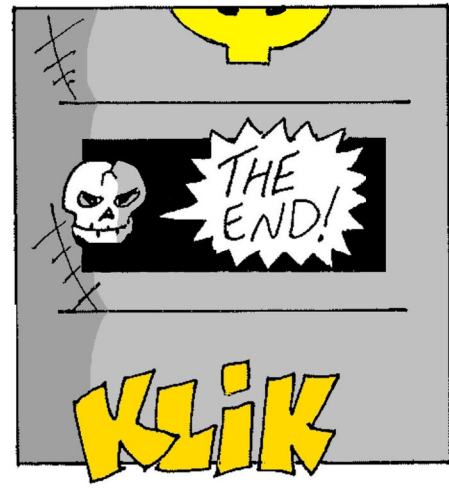
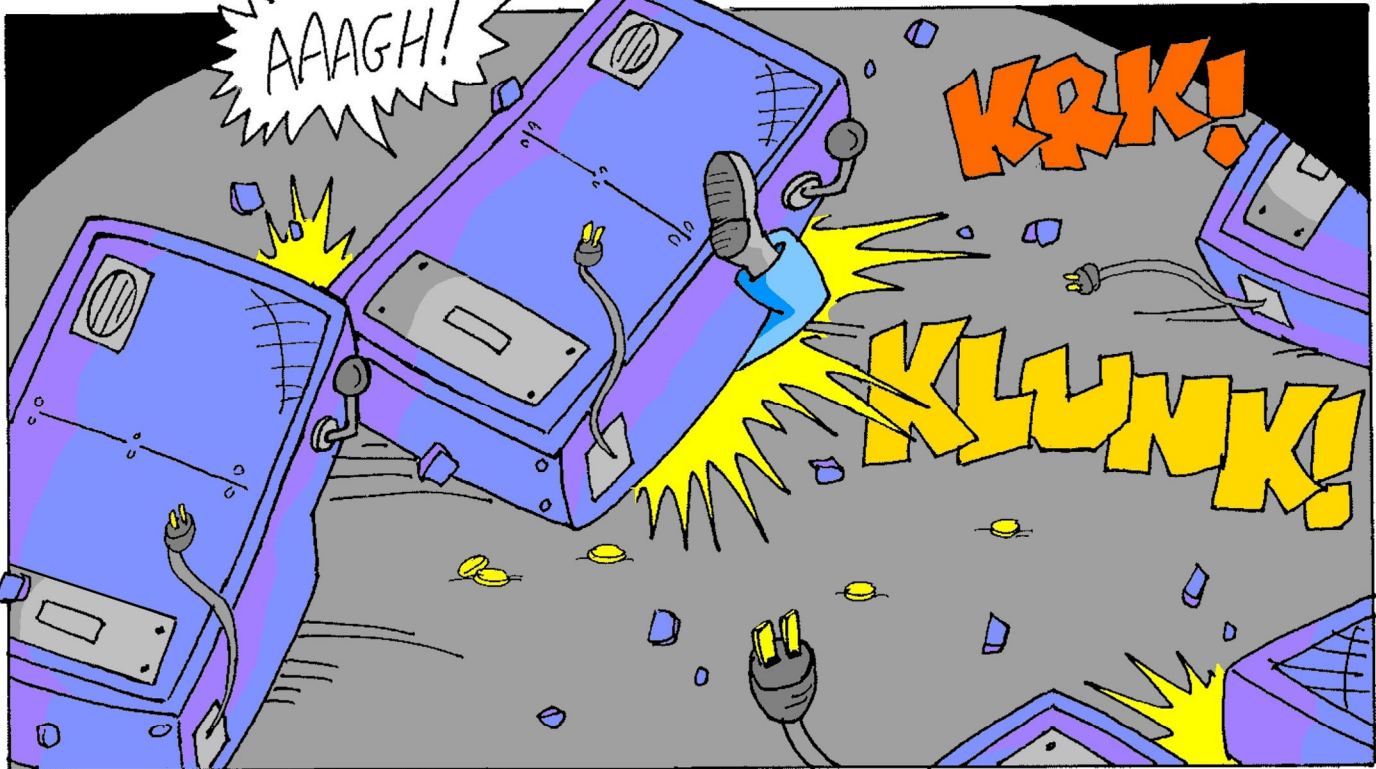
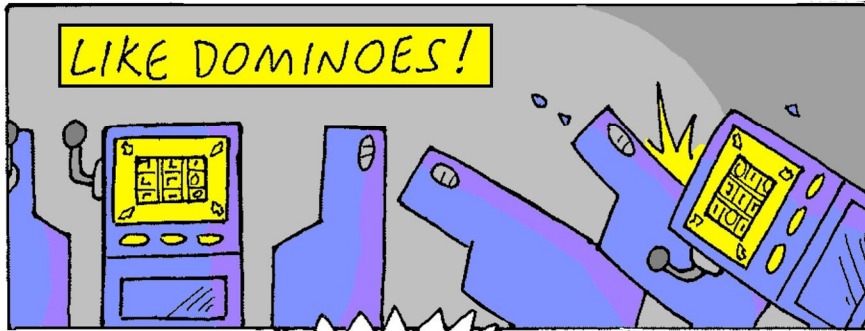
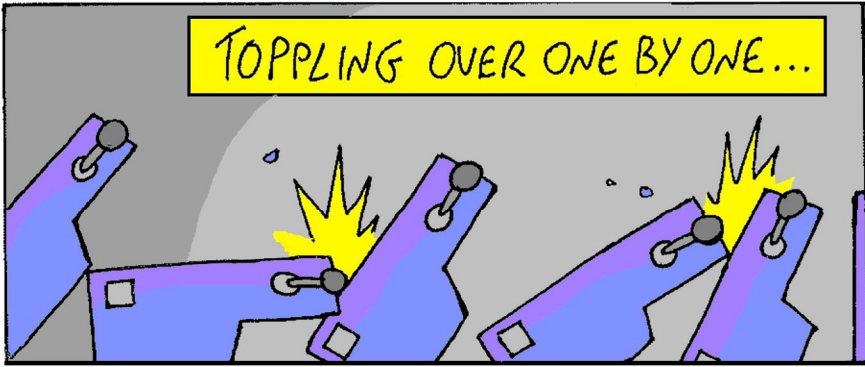


EDDIE HAMMER IS ON A ROLL...

KLUNK!







MAZIWA, NAIROBI.
1905.

Water of Life

Script: Tim WEST
Art: PICTSY
Lettering:
Jim CAMPBELL

The moment I laid eyes on him,
across the room of the hotel bar,
I recognised my Eton college
room-mate, JAMES ERNEST
CALLOWAY...

...despite the fact
he looked like he
hadn't aged a
SINGLE DAY!

JIMMY? JIMMY
CALLOWAY?

The unavoidable advance of time
had not been so forgiving on MY
aging skin.

Although my fondness
for the WHISKY may
have played a small
part in the matter.

HOW ABOUT
BUYING A DRINK
FOR YOUR OLD
FRIEND, ARDEN
FELLOWS?

As we reminisced over a wee dram, watching James' young face
from across the table took me back to our college days.

A keen biologist, Jim had showed a keen interest in ARACHNOLOGY,
and, to my horror, delighted in terrorizing me with explicit tales of
arachnid behaviour.

Oh, how I HATED my
roommate's stories.

When I finally pressed him on his
rejuvenated appearance, he confessed
to me a spider story so BIZARRE, I
required FOUR shots of single malt
to steady my NERVES.

PICTSY



LISTEN CLOSELY, MY OLD FRIEND, FOR THIS MAY JUST SAVE YOUR LIFE. I CAN TELL FROM YOUR MALODOROUS BREATH YOU ENJOYED A FEW TOO MANY WHISKEYS OVER THE YEARS.

A BODY AS SATURATED AS YOURS CANNOT BE EXPECTED TO LIVE MUCH LONGER, OLD BOY.

"IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ABADARE RANGE, LESS THAN THIRTY MILES NORTH OF OUR LOCATION, LIES A HIDDEN PLATEAU.

"I FIRST LEARNT OF ITS EXISTENCE WHILST STUDYING AFRICAN ARACHNID AT THE LIBRARY IN MOMBASA.



"LOCAL SCRIPTS MENTIONED A MAGNIFICENT SPIDER, OF GENUS DEINOPIDAE, LARGER THAN ANY SEEN BEFORE, THAT COULD BE FOUND DEEP IN THE FORESTS OF KENYA.

"I SPENT THE NEXT TWO YEARS PINPOINTING THE EXACT LOCATION, PIECING TOGETHER SCATTERED REPORTS, TRIBAL LEGENDS. I FOUND IT, ARDEN, AND I FOUND SO MUCH MORE THAN I WAS LOOKING FOR.

"THE SPIDERS WERE NO MORE THAN A MYTH, A BEDTIME STORY TOLD TO WARD UNWELCOME VISITORS AWAY. THE REAL SECRET LAY HIDDEN IN THE TRANQUIL WATERS OF THAT SECLUDED POND, FOR ONLY WHEN I DRANK DEEPLY FROM THE WELL, DID I REALISE WHAT I HAD DISCOVERED.

"IT'S THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, ARDEN. THE WATER OF LIFE. I WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT MYSELF, YET HERE I SIT, A PICTURE OF GOOD HEALTH AND NOT AGED A DAY BEYOND TWENTY YEARS OLD."

ONE FOR THE ROAD, YOU SAY? DON'T MIND IF I DO.



The next morning, armed with Calloway's directions, I set off to find the fabled lake.

A BRISK WALK, OLD FELLA. YOU CAN MAKE IT.

DAMN THIRSTY WORK THIS EXPLORING MALARKEY.

It wasn't until late afternoon I came across my PRIZE. I'd planned to drink my fill and return to Nairobi with a full flask of manna. A tonic that embodied eternal youth would easily fetch a small FORTUNE.

FIRST THINGS FIRST. IT WOULD BE CRIMINAL TO LET THIS WHISKEY GO TO WASTE.

The intense heat, combined with exhaustion, and possibly the whiskey, caused me to lose my footing and plummet TWENTY FEET into a CAVERN below.



*Calloway was
WRONG about the
SPIDERS.*

*Since the dawn of mankind, the
cave dwelling arachnids have
thrived under the influence of
the Water of Life. These ancient,
immortal monsters had grown
VAST in their subterranean lair.*

*Patiently waiting
in the dark.*

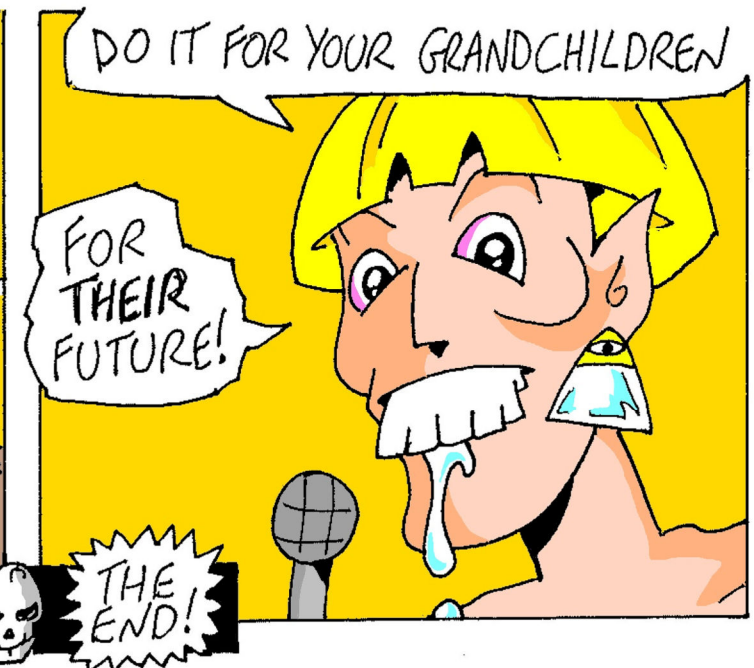
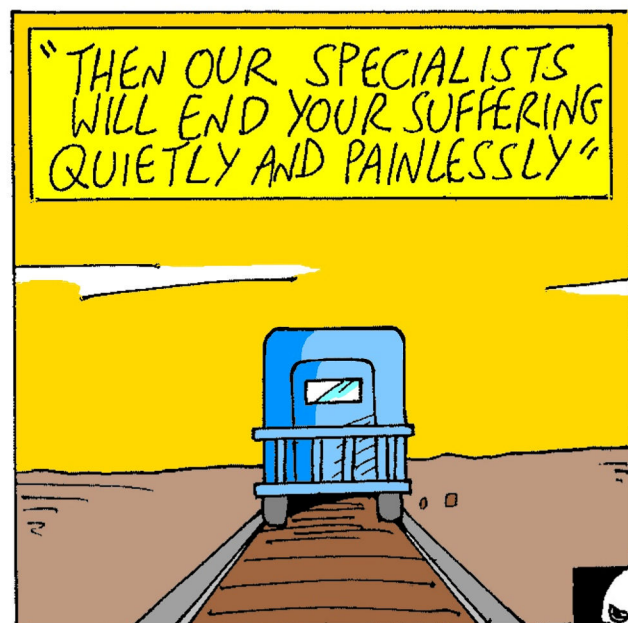
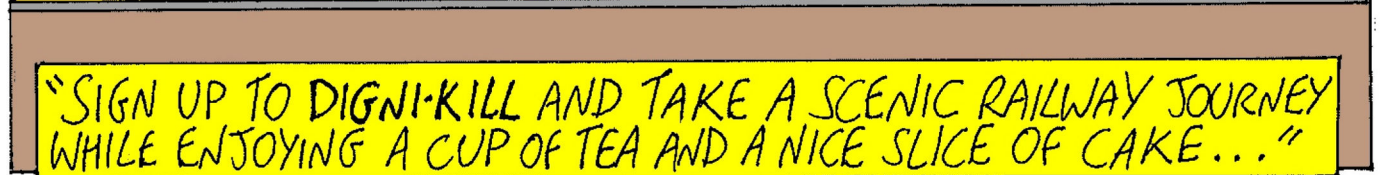
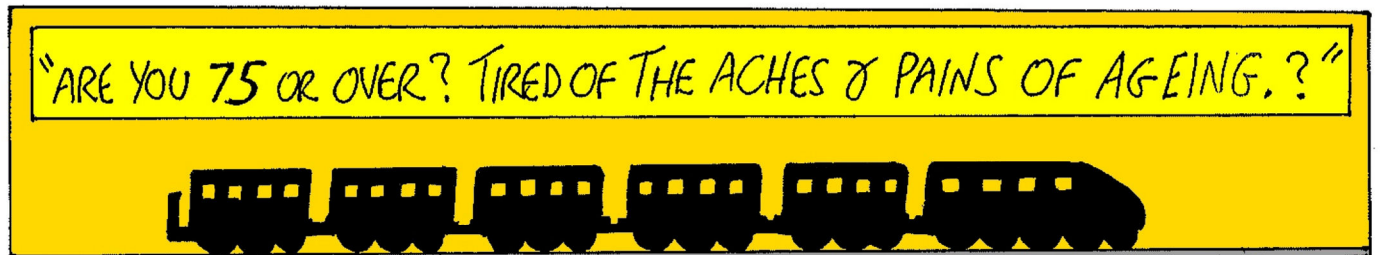
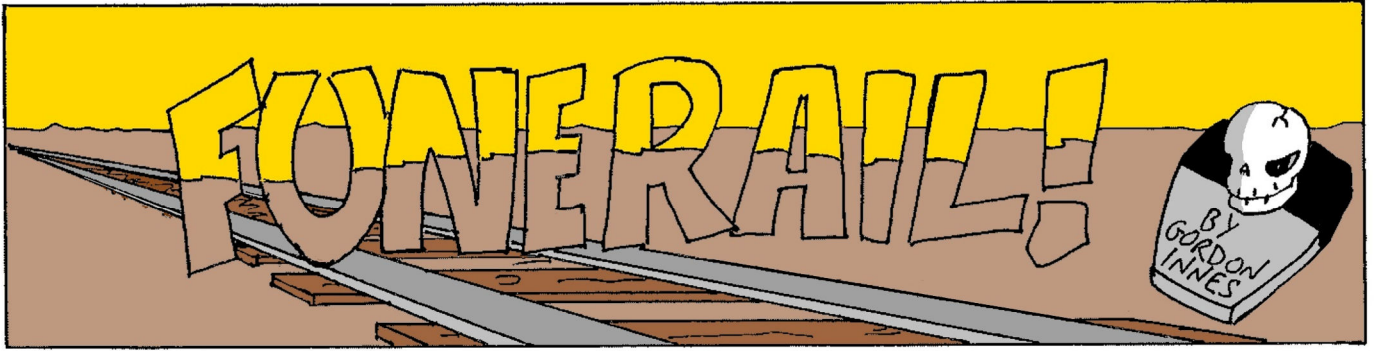


*The spiders' paralytic VENOM contains
the water's HEALING powers. It flows
through me now, keeping me alive,
preserving my flesh.*

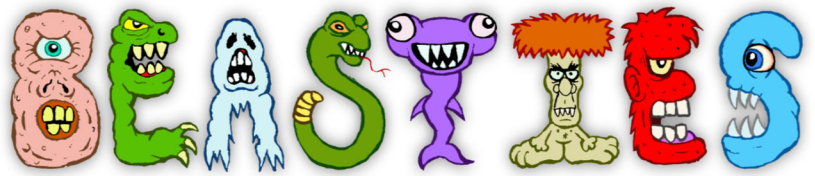
*Here in the dark I lie, bound in my eternal grave,
listening to the screams of my fellow tomb-mates
as I'm slowly DEVoured over the course of a
thousand years.*



THE END



BIZARRE



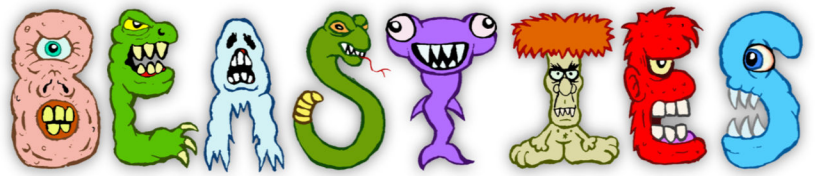
BEASTY No.3 :

DINOTAUR

Half dinosaur, quarter bull, the Dinotaur was most prevalent during the late Cretaceous period, at which time all life on the planet was situated upon the Greek island of Crete (or something). These days the beast can mainly be found lurking within the mazes of large country houses and hotels, where it picks off random visitors for its dinner. Yum!



BIZARRE



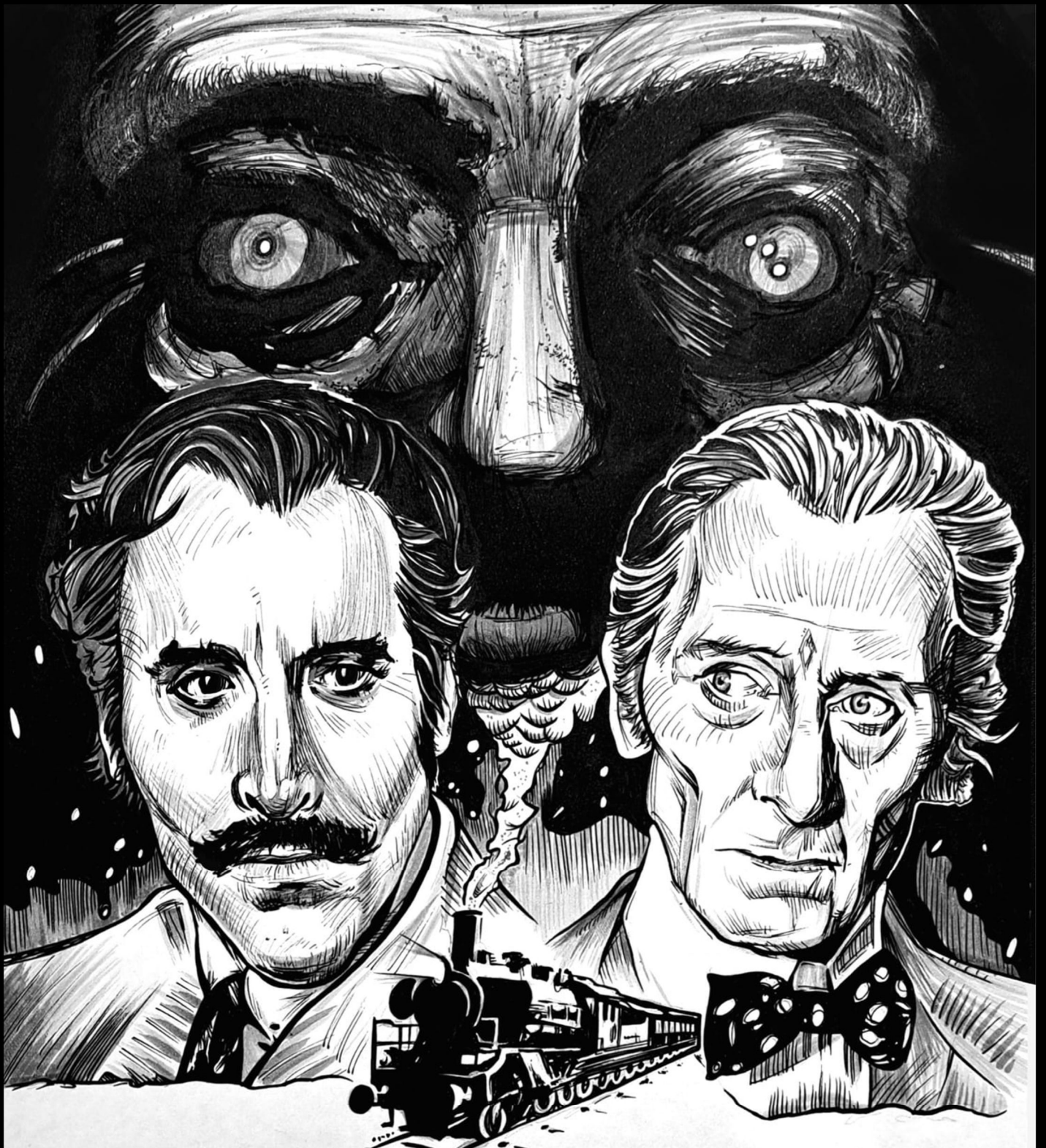
BEASTY No.4 :

THE VANSHEE



The Vanshee is often mistaken for the Transylvanian Vampire and while the two are related, there are notable differences. Firstly, the Vanshee is only found within Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. Secondly, the honking of the Vanshee's horn and the screeching of its tyres are said to foretell death or injury for anyone who hears the sound. Such misfortune can be avoided by simply getting out of its flippin' way!

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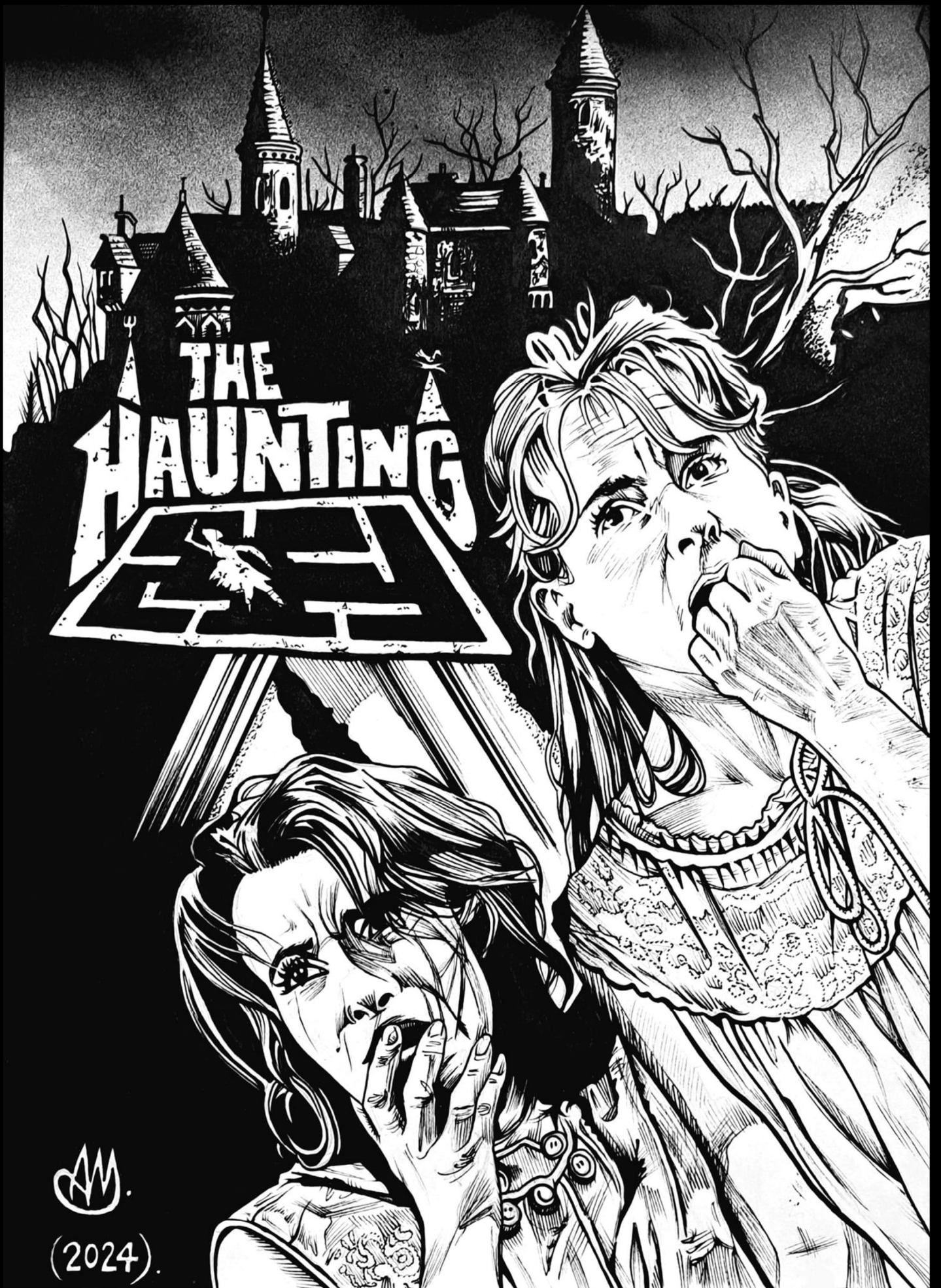


HORROR EXPRESS

AM

(2024).

Artwork by Andrew Milne



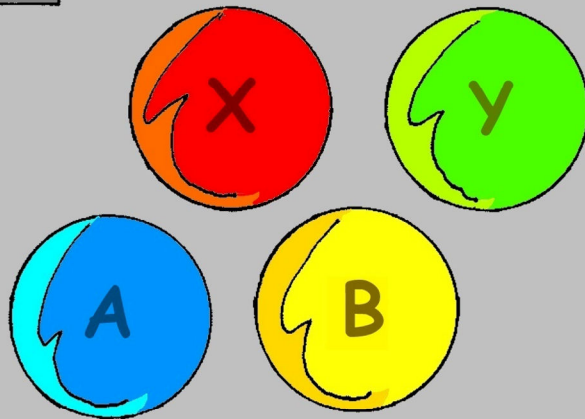
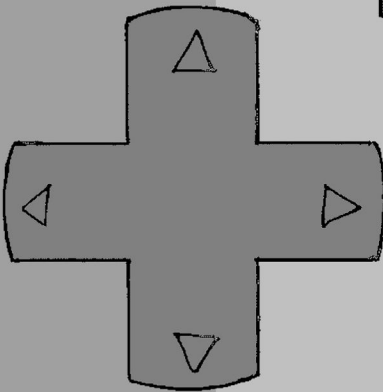
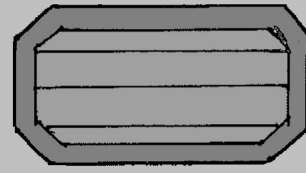
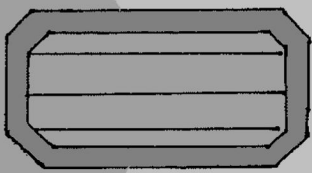
AM.

(2024).

Artwork by Andrew Milne

LAMEBOY

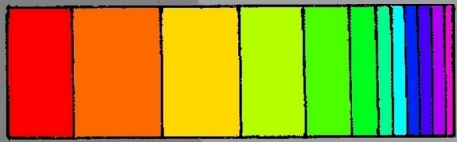
ALEX PITNEY CAN HARDLY RECALL HOW HE GOT HERE... DRAGGED THROUGH A PORTAL BY SOME UNIMAGINABLE BEAST AND CAST FROM THE REAL WORLD OF T.V. AND JUNKFOOD INTO THIS... THIS...



**DIGITAL
WASTELAND**

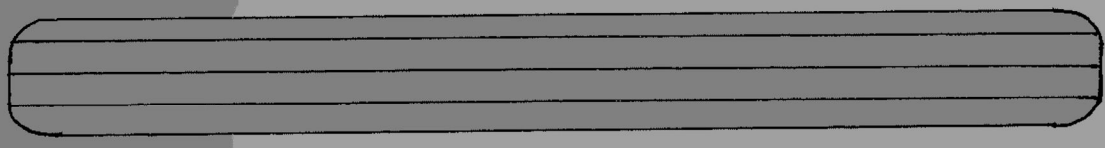


FOR WHAT NOW SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY, HE'S BEEN BATTLING ENDLESSLY AGAINST HORDES OF ENEMIES... TWISTED ABOMINATIONS OF EVERY SHAPE AND SIZE, FOREVER POURING FROM EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF THIS ELECTRONIC NIGHTMARE



C R P

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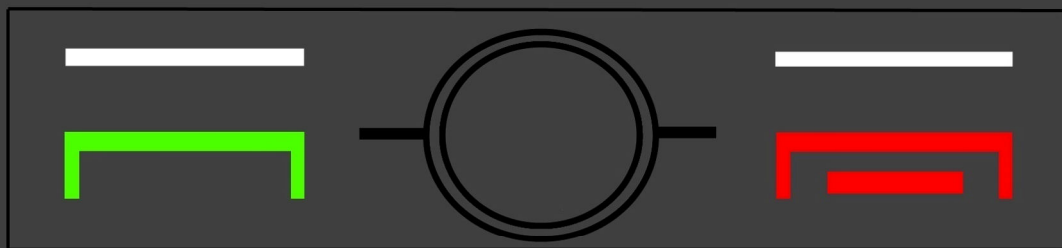
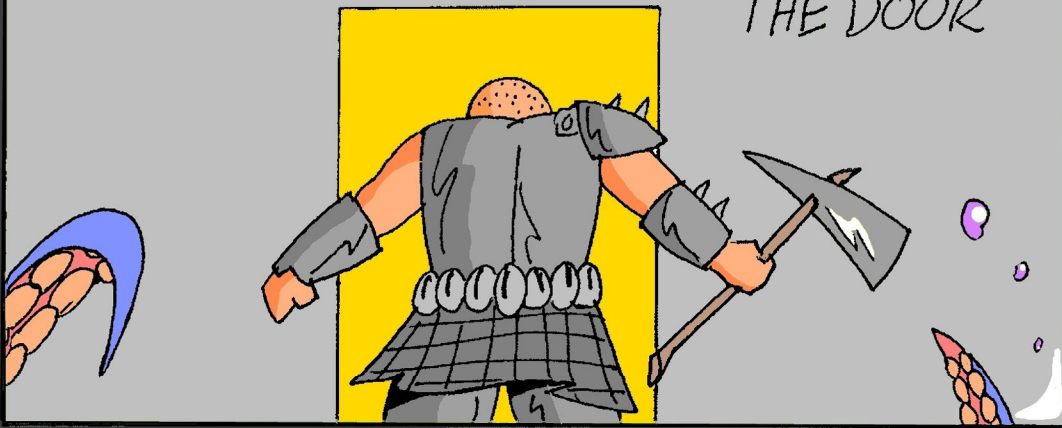
i-fad

IN A RARE MOMENT OF RESPITE, HE HAD DISCOVERED FROM A NON-PLAYABLE CHARACTER, THERE EXISTED A WAY OUT OF THIS TECHNOLOGICAL HELL-HOLE... A BACK DOOR OF SORTS... BUT TO REACH IT, HE WOULD FIRST HAVE TO FACE OFF AGAINST GORGANA, KEEPER OF THE GATE! A GELATINOUS MOUND OF TENTACLES AND SALIVA WITH A MAW THAT COULD SWALLOW A PERSON WHOLE!



FONY

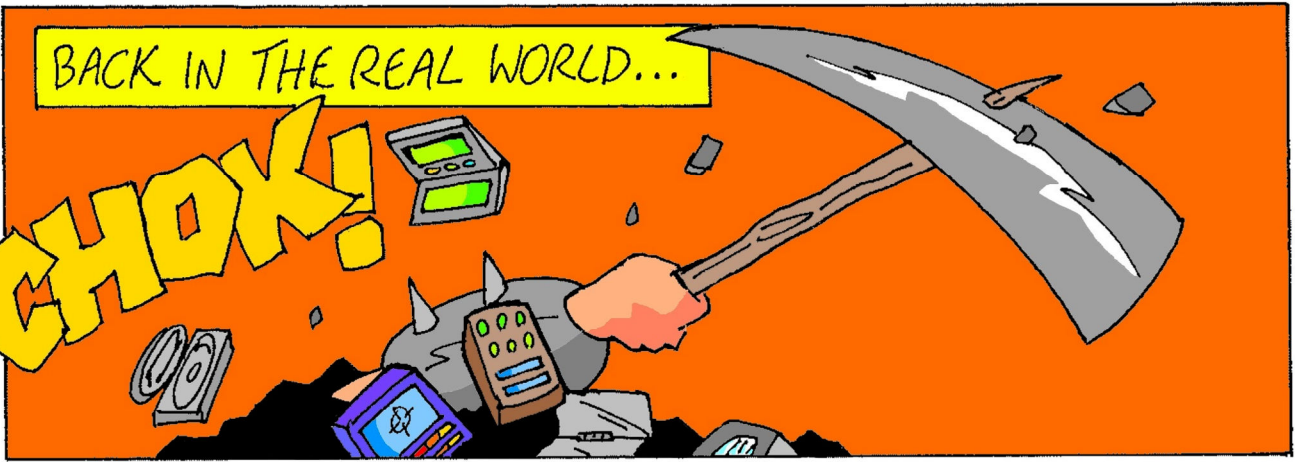
GORGANA ATTACKED WITH LIGHTNING SPEED! SLIMY TENTACLES WRAPPED AROUND ALEX'S THROAT, STRANGLING AND AROUND HIS RIGHT WRIST, STOPPING HIM FROM SWINGING ABOUT HIS AXE! UNDETERRED, ALEX SHOVED HIS SHIELD INTO GORGANA'S GAPING PIE-HOLE! AND WHILE THIS 'GATE-KEEPER' CHOKED ON THE FLOOR ALEX CHOPPED OFF EVERY TENTACLE ONE BY ONE BEFORE DECAPITATING GORGANA! FINALLY HE TURNED AND WALKED THROUGH 'THE DOOR'



1 	2 ABC	3 DEF
4 GHI	5 JKL	6 MNO
7 PQRS	8 TUV	9 WXYZ
*  +	0 	#

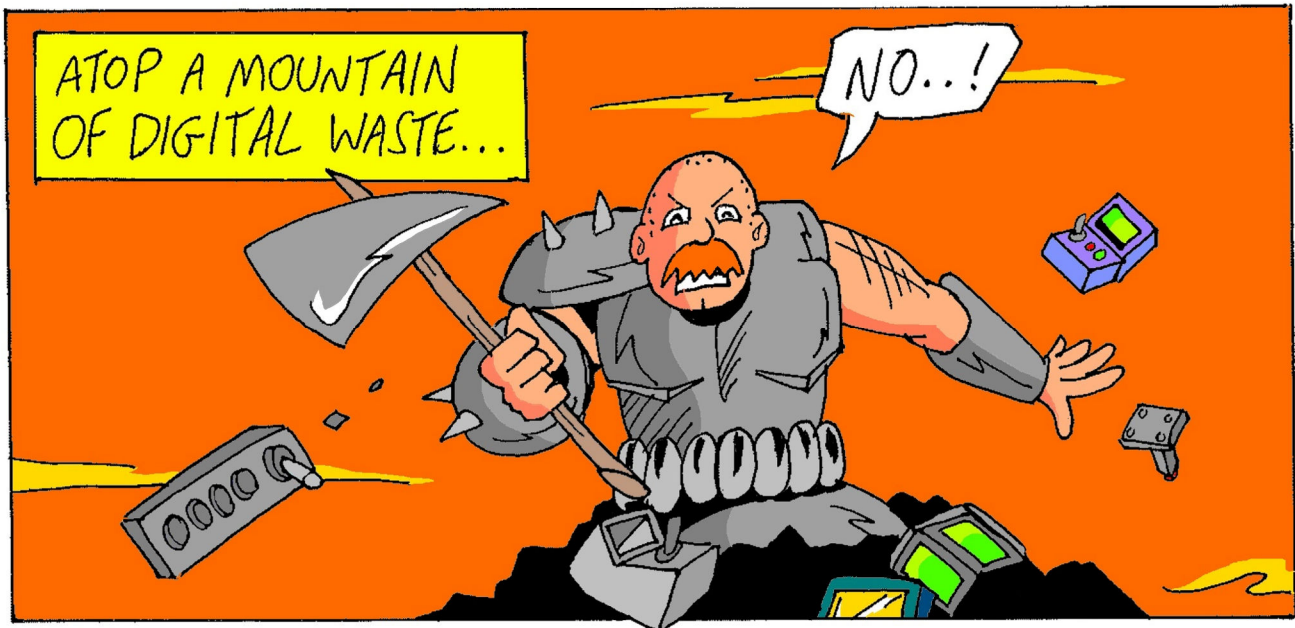
BACK IN THE REAL WORLD...

CHOK!



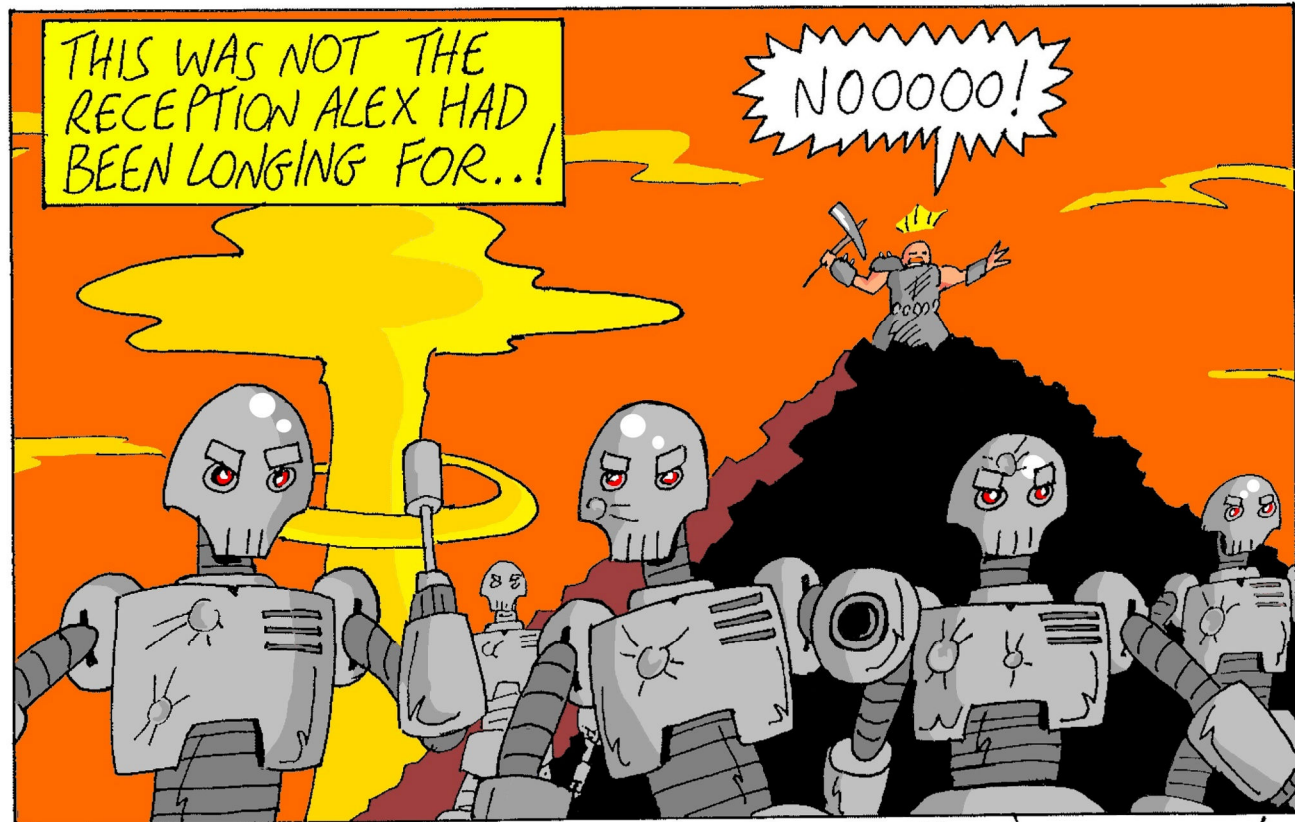
ATOP A MOUNTAIN OF DIGITAL WASTE...

NO..!

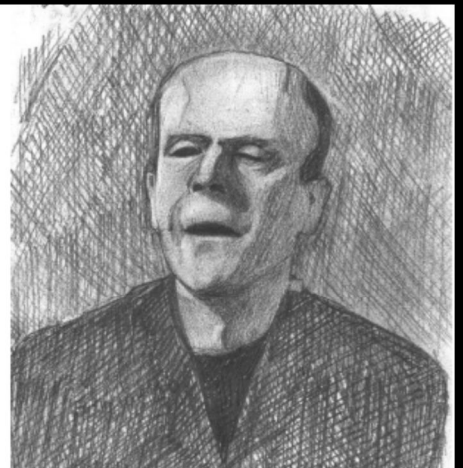


THIS WAS NOT THE RECEPTION ALEX HAD BEEN LONGING FOR..!

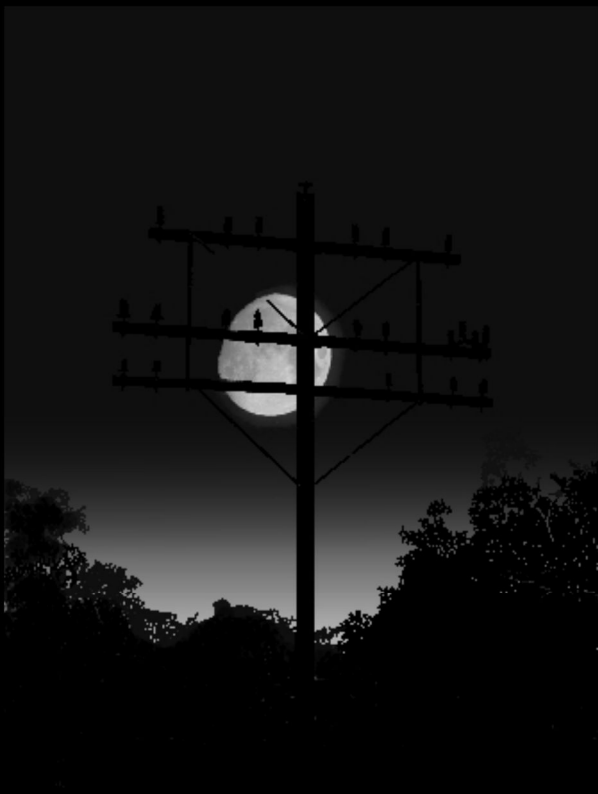
NOOOOOO!



THE END!



Artwork by
Carol Kewley



Artwork by **Carol Kewley**



Artwork by **John Owens**



Artwork by **Carol Kewley**

Previously in



WHILE INVESTIGATING A SPATE OF KILLINGS COMMITTED BY ORDINARY SHEEP AND WERESHEEP IN AND AROUND THE VILLAGE OF WOOLTON, LOCAL VET - DR. LUPUS, D.I. BLUE OF THE C.I.D., WEREWOLF-CLAWED BERNARD SAINT AND A PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR CALLED JACK, TRACED ELECTRICAL SIGNALS CAUSED BY A HUMANOID FRANKENSTEIN SHEEP-MONSTER TO AN ABANDONED SANATORIUM, WHERE IT TRANSPIRED THAT THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE WAS AN OLD UNIVERSITY FRIEND OF DR. LUPUS, CALLED VINCENT RAMSTEIN, WHO HAD DEVISED A PLAN TO DEVELOP A RACE OF OVINE SOLDIERS UTILISING THE AFOREMENTIONED CREATURE, WHICH HE CONSTRUCTED PARTLY OUT OF THE BODY OF ONE OF THEIR OLD UNIVERSITY TUTORS, WITH GUIDANCE FROM THE JOURNAL OF VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, (LUPUS' ANCESTOR).

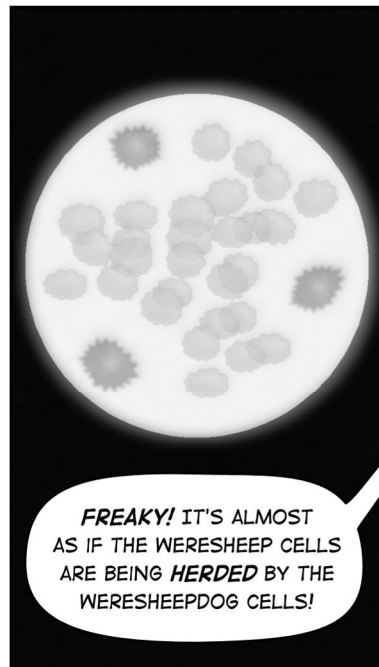
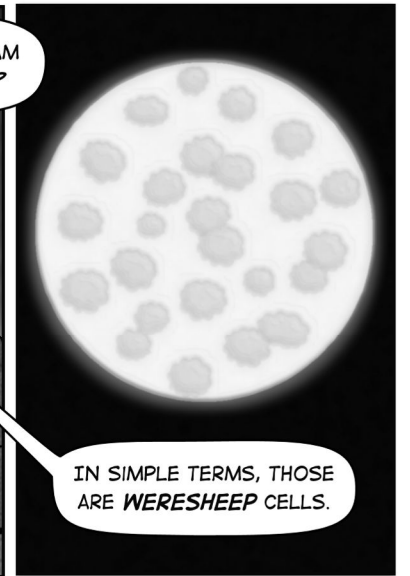
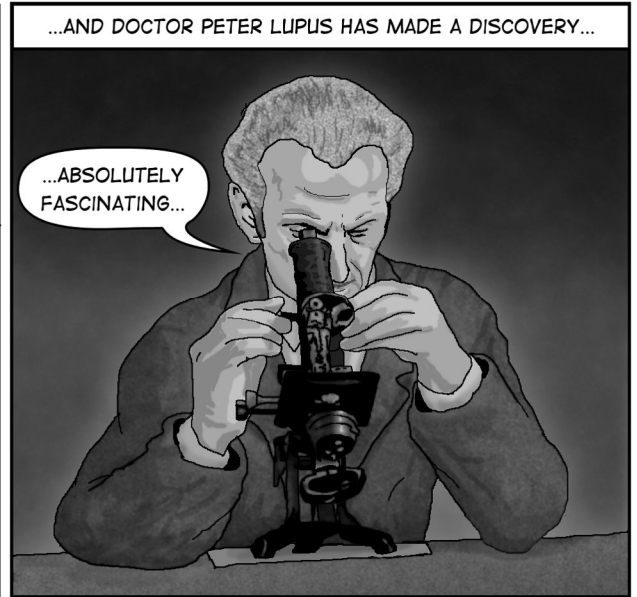
IN A RESULTING CONFRONTATION WITH THE CREATURE, (GIVEN THE NAME "SHANK ZERO" OR "SHANKO" BY RAMSTEIN), BLUE ACCIDENTALLY SWALLOWED A FORMULA WHICH BRIEFLY TRANSFORMED HIM INTO A WERE-SHEEPDOG, BEFORE HE QUICKLY RETURNED TO NORMAL WITH NO APPARENT AFTER-EFFECTS, WHEREAS BERNARD SAINT WAS KNOCKED DOWN A STAIRCASE INTO A ROOM WHEREIN HE FOUND A COFFIN IN WHICH WAS A SKELETON WITH A DAGGER DRIVEN INTO ITS CHEST. BERNARD DECIDED TO REMOVE THE DAGGER TO USE AS A WEAPON AGAINST SHANKO, BUT ON DOING SO HE DISCOVERED HE HAD INADVERTANTLY REVIVED THE INFAMOUS VAMPIRE, DRACULA, WHO RAMSTEIN HAD NEFARIOUS PLANS FOR. SHANKO, HAVING TAKEN AN INSTANT DISLIKE TO DRACULA, BATTLED THE VAMPIRE, BEFORE JACK TRAPPED HIM IN A CORNER USING RUNNING WATER FROM A PIPE HE HAD INSTRUCTED SAINT TO DAMAGE. ATTEMPTING TO FLEE THROUGH A HOLE IN THE CEILING BY TRANSFORMING INTO A BAT, DRACULA WAS THEN EATEN BY SHANKO, WHO THEN PROMPTLY COLLAPSED UNCONSCIOUS WITH FOOD POISONING, ALLOWING HIM TO BE TRANSPORTED TO A SAFE LOCATION ALONG WITH RAMSTEIN AND TWO WERESHEEP WHO HAD ALSO BE RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS VIA THE USE OF TRANQUILISER DARTS.

THERE'S ALSO SOME OTHER STUFF INVOLVING ANOTHER POLICEMAN, LUPUS' ASSISTANT AND JACK'S DOG BEING WARNED BY THE QUEEN OF THE SHEEP ABOUT AN IMPENDING APOCALYPSE OR SOMETHING BUT THAT'S NOT RELEVANT TO THIS ISSUE'S EPISODE, SO NEVER MIND ABOUT ALL THAT FOR THE MOMENT.

Now read on...

TERROR OF THE SHEEP II

BAAAD MOON RISING CHAPTER ELEVEN: NEVER SHEEP AGAIN





IN EFFECT, WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A **CURE**, JACK! NO MORE "SUNDOWNERS".

WE NEED TO TRY THIS ON THE TWO D.I. BLUE HAS IN CUSTODY BEFORE DAYBREAK. I'LL START THE VAN.



MEANWHILE, AT THE NEARBY WOOLTON POLICE STATION...



YOU'RE ONLY DELAYING THE INEVITABLE, YOU KNOW! ONLY I CAN CONTROL THE SUNDOWNERS AND THERE ARE TOO MANY OUT THERE FOR YOU TO DEAL WITH WITHOUT MY ASSISTANCE!



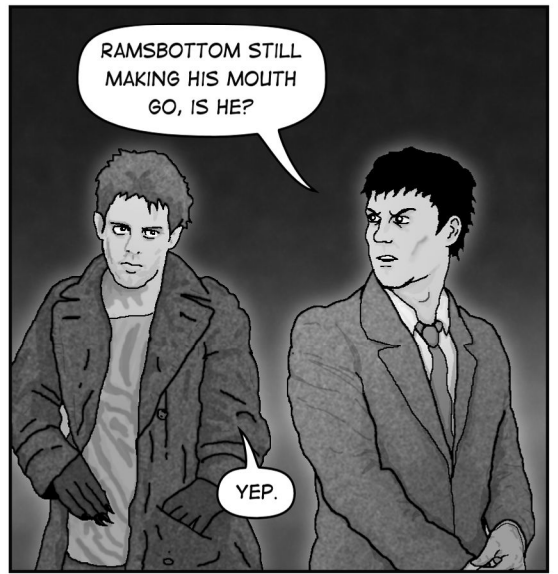
MARK MY WORDS... SOONER OR LATER, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LET ME OUT OF HERE!

BAAAA!

TAP TAP TAP



click!



RAMSBOTTOM STILL MAKING HIS MOUTH GO, IS HE?

YEP.



IT'S ANOTHER TWO HOURS 'TIL **DAYBREAK**. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THE WERESHEEP ONCE THEY REVERT TO **HUMAN**?

WELL, WE **CAN'T** LET THEM GO YET! I SUPPOSE WE TAKE THEIR DETAILS AND ARRANGE FOR SOME KIND OF **QUARANTINE** UNTIL WE CAN SORT SOMETHING ELSE OUT!



I'M ACTUALLY **MORE** CONCERNED WITH WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO WITH "**SHANKO**" HERE...

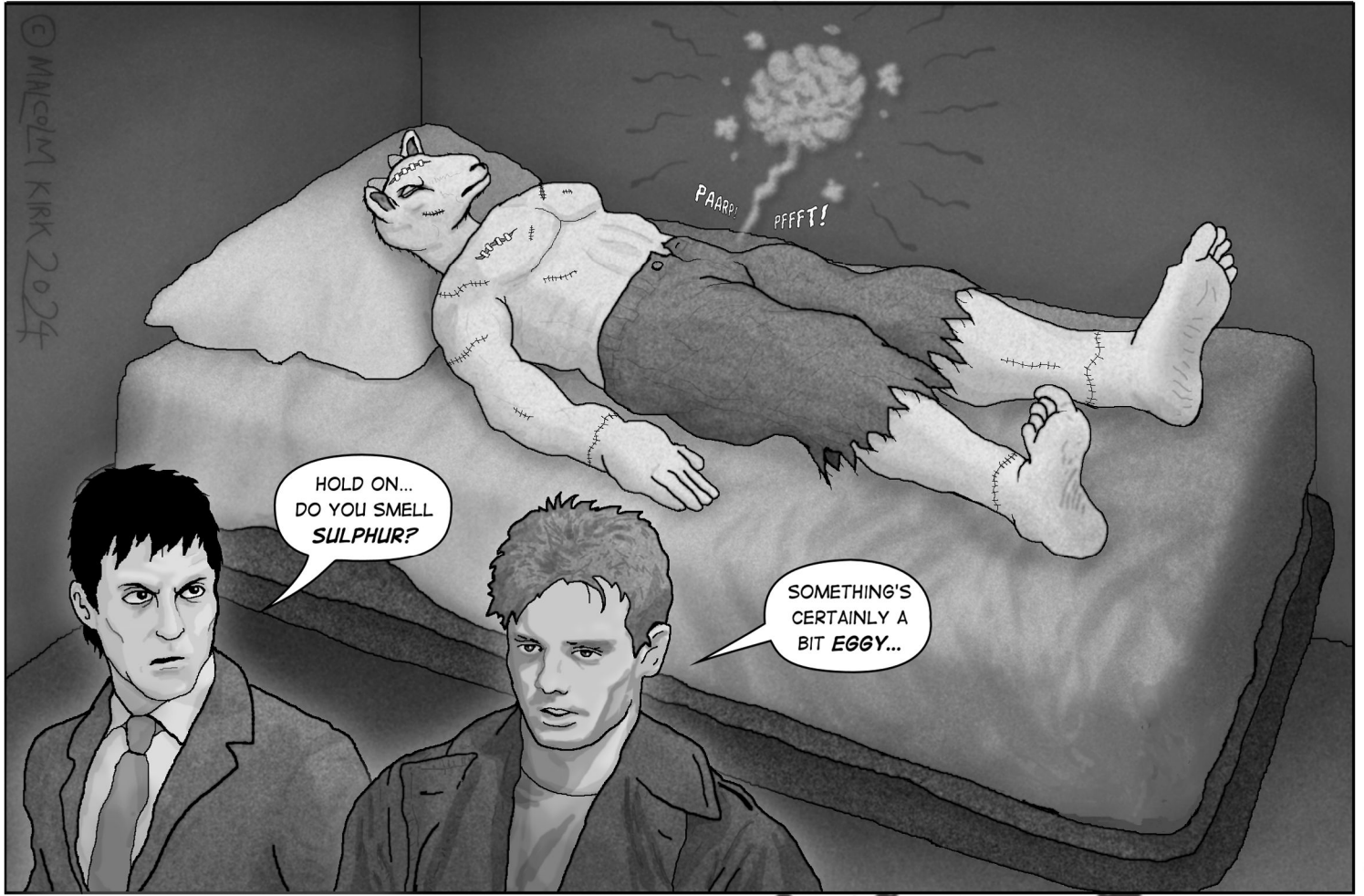


...COS EVEN AFTER HIS **BOWEL MOVEMENTS** ARE DONE WITH, WE'VE STILL GOT TO FIGURE OUT WHETHER WE LOCK HIM UP IN A **JAIL** OR AN **ANIMAL SANCTUARY!** NOT MUCH WE CAN DO FOR HIM RIGHT NOW, THOUGH. COME ON... I NEED SOME **COFFEE!**



FRRRPP!

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HOLD ON... DO YOU SMELL **SULPHUR?**

SOMETHING'S CERTAINLY A BIT **EGGY...**



OH... IT'S JUST **SHANKO!** HE SEEMS A BIT **GASSY...**

AW, HELL! I WASN'T PLANNING ON HAVING TO DEAL WITH **THIS** SO SOON!



HUH? WHAT'S **WRONG?**

WE WERE EXPECTING HIM TO COME OUT **SOLID!** WE SHOULD HAVE REALISED THAT A VAMPIRE'S ABILITY TO TURN INTO A GAS COULD BE AN **ISSUE!** **LOOK!** HE'S ALREADY TAKING SHAPE...



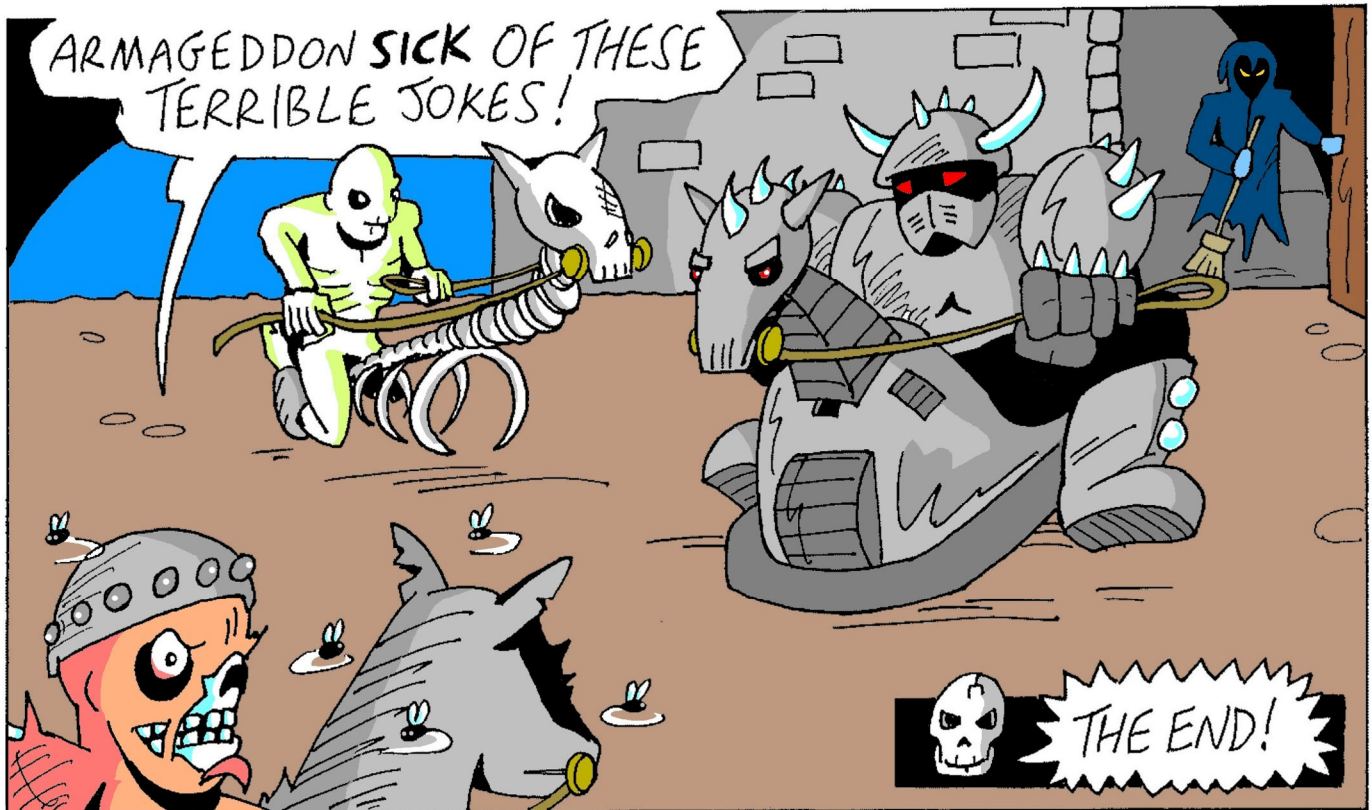
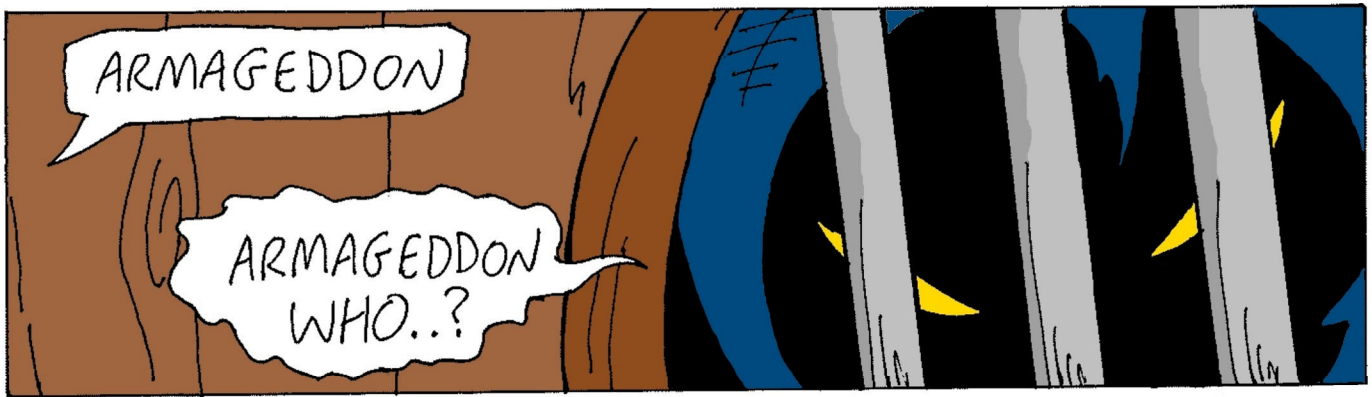
...**DRACULA** IS ESCAPING FROM SHANKO'S SHEEPY **BACKSIDE!**

PPAARRRPP!



Next Issue: **Fart of Darkness**

AT Death's DOOR





BACK FROM THE DEPTHS PRESENTS "HALLOWSCREAM!" issue sixteen Hallowe'en 2024.

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