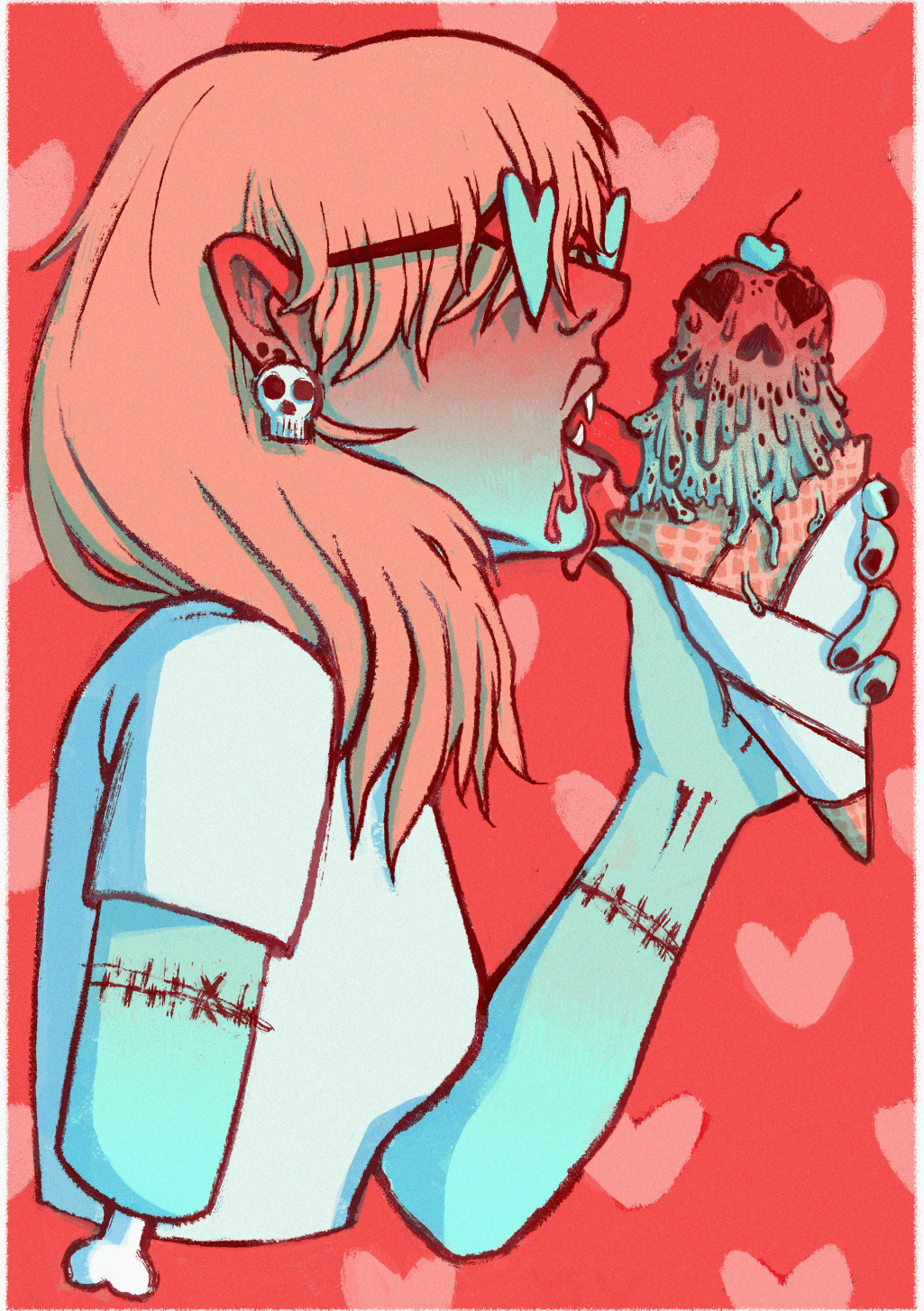


HNOCK HNOCK



A HORROR ROMANCE
SUMMER OF LOVE
ERISSON COMICS



Welcome,

It's been one year since we first came knocking...

...and what better way to celebrate this summertime anniversary than with a heart-felt expression of our collective love?

But what really is love to you? Let alone a summer full of it?

For many a 'Summer of Love' conjures heady nostalgias of the late 60s; festivals, free love and freak-outs. An era that we doubt many of our beloved contributors have lived through, that however, still seemingly looms large in their collective consciousness. An already mythical time of movements, music, madness...and murder.

Others are perhaps reminded of a transient romance, a highland fling, a sticky summers indiscretion that came to a stickier end, or even a holiday internship crush that blossoms out of ritual sacrifice.

Or for some it can only be the memory of the first summer with their new-born and a parent's instinctive love that supersedes all else in a cruel and sometimes inhospitable world.

Whatever it means to you, dear reader, we hope you will enjoy sunning yourself, for a while at least, in the black sunshine of our devilishly talented contributors.

May your summers be many and may they be filled with love,

Tom Smith and Katie Whittle
August '17

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www.AndroidsandApes.com

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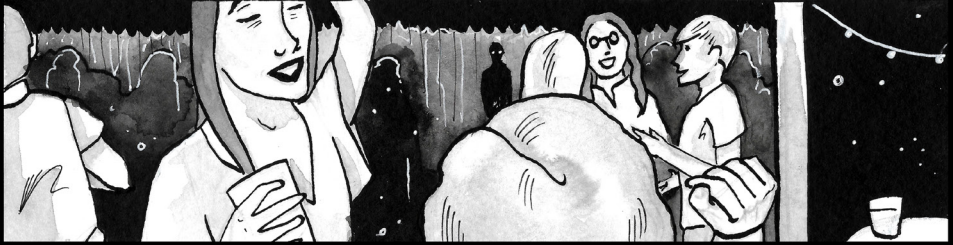
Katie Whittle: Front and Back cover

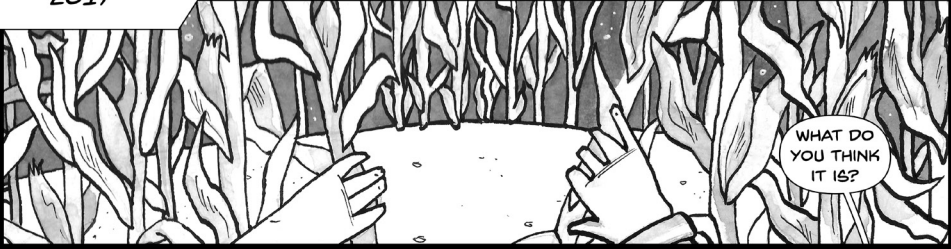
Instagram: @KatieWhittleIllustrates

www.Katskivhittlkov.com



1967





WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?



IT LOOKS LIKE A CROP CIRCLE!



I'D STAY OUT OF THERE IF I WAS YOU.



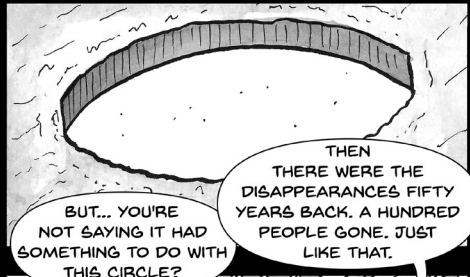
SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YA - I JUST MEANT TO WARN YA.

WARN US ABOUT WHAT?

THIS CIRCLE, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT - UNNATURAL.

...WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

NOTHING'LL GROW HERE. LORD KNOWS WE'VE TRIED. HAD A WHOLE BUNCHA EXPERTS IN. SCIENTISTS, YA KNOW? COULDN'T FATHOM IT.



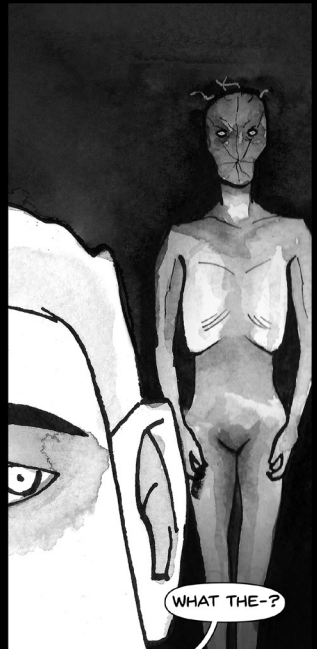
THEN THERE WERE THE DISAPPEARANCES FIFTY YEARS BACK. A HUNDRED PEOPLE GONE. JUST LIKE THAT.

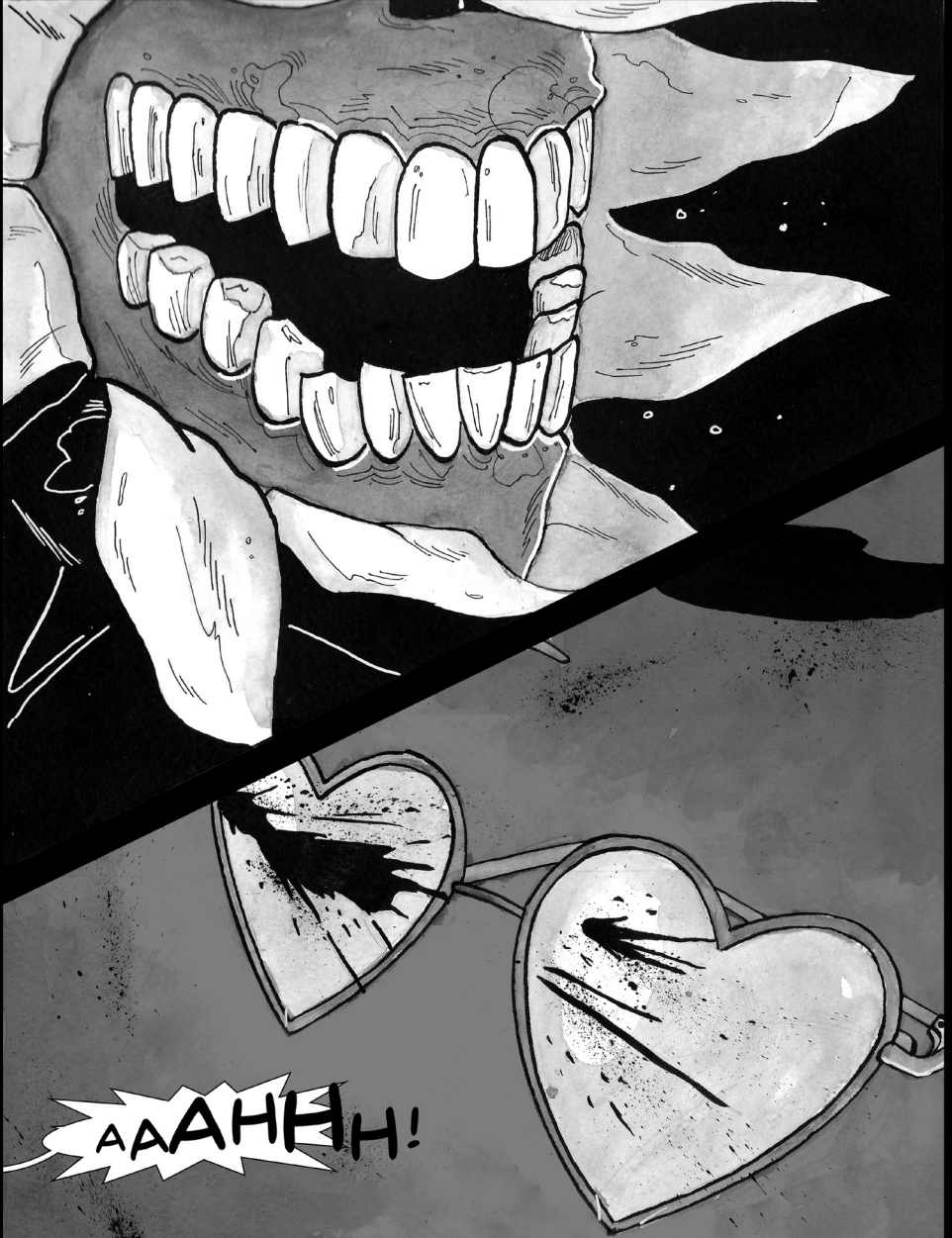
BUT... YOU'RE NOT SAYING IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS CIRCLE?



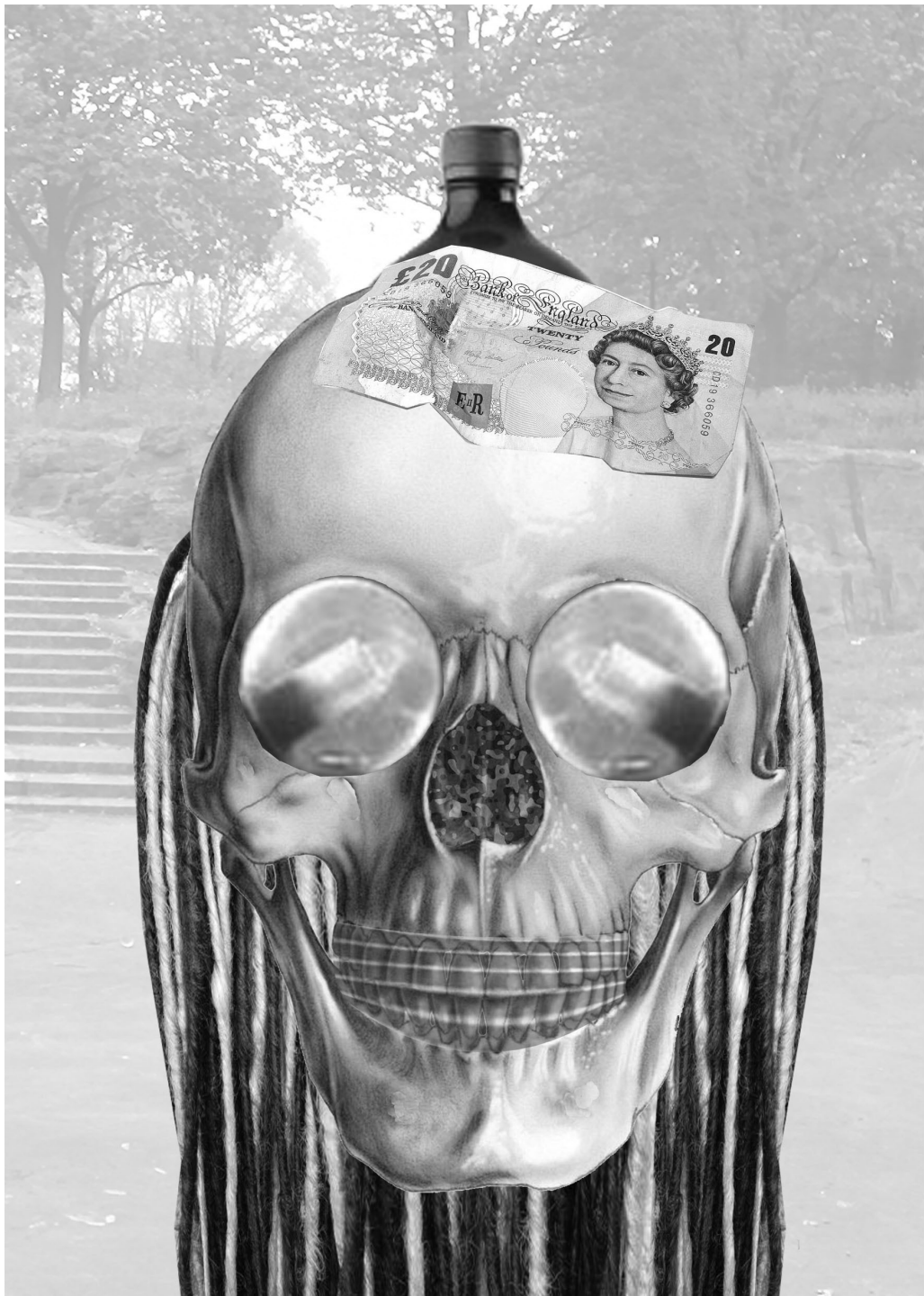
I DON'T KNOW. IT'S JUST WEIRD, IS ALL...

ANYWAY, YOU KIDS BETTER BE MOVIN' ON, BACK TO THE FESTIVAL. IT'LL BE DARK SOON.





THE END



A Way Through Everton Brow

Approaching the entrance to Everton Park I encounter a group congregated around the steps area. Having walked up from the town, I decided to take a short cut through Everton Park, a pleasant walk through the eighties-formed geometric botanical scape of the former slum-like dwellings. The steps ahead of me, encased by artificially positioned rock structures arching in my vision. Topped with beacons of the decade, semi-sphere finished, imitation Victorian meeting eighties manufacturing of plastic vacuum forming, lolly pop lighting. Many of the semi-spheres have been broken, the closest having fallen down from the teenage revelry of what looked like the previous evening. Up the hill to the left, there is the famed Everton tower, the moss lined former sweet shop which became an iconic symbol of the multi-million pound turnover of today's Premier League. Towards the top of the hill, the soil of the parkland has been churned up, its annual transformation into a wildflower meadow taking place. A touch of England's green and pleasant land of the rural communities bought into the inner city green space of North Liverpool. The distant trees mask the vision of the back-to-back housing which crowds the brow.

Coming up from the Netherton Road, a well-known prostitution zone, to my rear is one of the cities hostels for the homeless. The group look to be from this establishment, they are slouching on the steps and one of them is swagging cider from a toxically coloured bright blue plastic bottle, spilling much of it onto the white encrusted black T Shirt he has crawled into earlier in the day.

A motley, tooth lacking, hair overgrown crew, assembled in layers of clothing which looked to pad out their malnourished forms. As my eyes twitch slightly, the late afternoon sun distorts my vision. Two globes of the street lighting become eye sockets and the encircling steps become reflected into a mouth-like arch, smiling as the brick become teeth. I see the vision of a human skull, decaying, but deliriously enthused by its demise.

I consider walking around the long way, but on my approach one of the men slides to one side to allow my passageway through the group. There is a smell of fried chips from earlier in the day, proceeds of an afternoon spent begging.

As I walk closer I notice one girl amongst the group. An army-like jacket combined with sprawling matt-like lengthy black hair trailing onto the ground, sweeping the debris from a day of spoils. A bag to her side looks to be her worldly possessions, easily lost and often replaced. A year, possibly two of grown out dark, dirty-blond ended hair from a cheap home dye treatment. She sits with her hood drowning over her face, the oversized jacket ruffled into her body stretching down over the well-frayed denim of the jeans. Legs entangled awkwardly, the knee joints almost too large for her frame, her upper limbs animated motion as she speaks. I look towards her face, the skin is pale, translucent and muddy in texture, common in the appearance of a heroin addict. As I pass through the group, her arms in moving, I hear her say:

'If you could just lend us twenty quid'

She pleads, then in begging tones, she repeats her request again. As I walk forward and up towards the top of the brow I ponder over what her life must be like, reduced to the bleak state presented to myself.

In twitching my eyes again I am confronted with a new vision. I am in Everton Park when it first opened, the grasslands newly grown, the dusty smell from the demolition work still present. The trees are young, growing being guided, nurtured into what will become strong features of this green space. The lighting is new, the semi-sphere' all intact and there is an air of excitement and optimism for this newly formed natural breathing space allowing an escape from the urban sprawl.

The swing park is alive with children's games, delighted by their new found playscape. Back and throw on the swings, mothers pushing younger children, grandmas and granddads holding coats and bags. Chase games over climbing structures, up and down, rhetoric, over and under. Spinning at full speed at the roundabout encircles while the occupants cling on as it reached optimum speeds. Concrete still fresh, neatly finished off with a waist height fence in line with the latest trends.

Outside of the fenced area, we have several dog walkers, one Staff is off its lead, squatting down. The owner blase, no need to pick up, poo bags and scoops a thing of the future. Just left to rot as nature intended, a child standing in it simply wiping their shoe on the verge, no fuss, commonplace.

A mother is pushing a young girl in a buggy. The mother sports a purple dot dye blouse, no collar, large baggy sleeves cuffed inwards. A knee length skirt gathers volume in tiers, the purple mix of dyes finished off with a tie cord fitting. Her large curls flow in the wind as she pushes the buggy, a navy and grey McClaren stroller, four wheels and the hood up to protect from the sun. The bottom compartment packed full of what they might need for the day, wet wipes and a well planned packed picnic lunch in addition to a few carefully selected outdoor toys.

Content in her push chair the daughter is happy for her mother to guide her, taking care not to hit any larger stones. Hair neatly combed into bunches, a glossy full fringe finished off with plastic animal clips. Her top is light green, wasted but with a short skirt built in. Micky and Mini mouse are in discussion on the front of the top. The girl pulls up her blanket, it scrunches around her and her sun hat seems to fall forward, she suddenly seems morphed by the buggy, then I hear her say: 'Mum, can I have £2?'

I see before me the girl in the camouflage jacket thirty years ago. I see her when she was innocent and pure, unspoilt by the evils of life.

Reflecting on her upbringing, loving and good, decent and playful. I wonder again what had happened to her, where had it all gone wrong?

Walking towards the exit near the brow the strange eye twitching sensation happens again. I am now in a terraced street, the road ascending steeply ahead. To my right, the houses back onto the pavement, gated containing small yard area's and possibly even outside toilets. To my left, there is a row of terraces front on with steps leading up the main doors. Only a few cars, one is parked up not far ahead, it is racing green in colour with a long stretched bonnet and a soft top, as it glistens in the sun I identify it as a Ford Thunderbird. I contemplate what its owner was doing parking a classic car of such high value in these dwellings and how it was in such good condition?

As I ascend further up the hill I pass two women chatting, both are wearing dark coats and head scarfs, one has a loaf of bread under her arm, brown bagged and looking to be purchased from a traditional baker. I gaze over the new location and further up the street I see a woman sitting on her front step, she has a can of cider in one hand, to the far side of her, there is a baby in a well used Moses basket. As the baby cries out she shakes the basket and spits out 'Shush'. Hardly more than a teenager herself she devours the can of cider. I hear a radio playing:

New release.....Sargent Pepper.....the Beatles.

Now I know where I am, it's 1967, the Summer of Love, I am in Everton Park before all the demolition work and the housing schemes made way for the park. I look towards the baby, she was dirty from her mother's lack of care, she tries to wipe her face clean with her hands having given up on crying due to lack of response. A purple dotted cardigan has been clambered into her, in need of a wash but still nice in appearance, it looks to have been a gift. A man staggers towards the group, leering as he sways, the Mother appeared to know him:

'Lend me a few bob will ya?' she slurs, 'I need to get stuff in for the baby!'

Her honourable intentions being clearly unconvincing, her feet littered with crushed cans of cider from earlier in the day. I realise who the group are, the baby is the mother who was pushing the pram earlier and her mother would be the original girl's grandmother.

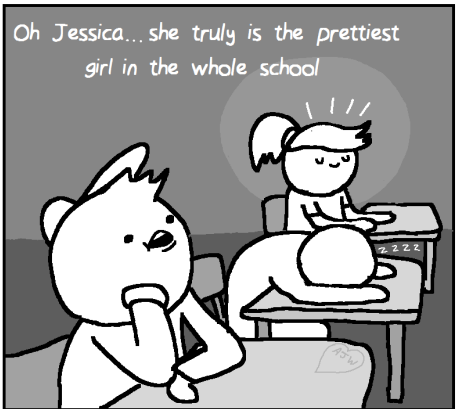
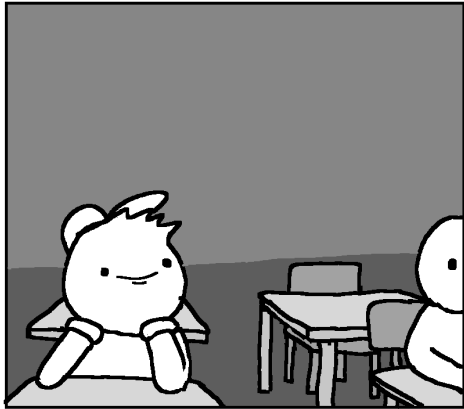
My mind questions the trilogy, an alcoholic mother, a child who grows up to be respectable, tried to raise her own daughter well, her child growing up to be a heroin addict. A gene pool skipping a generation laid dormant waiting to strike again. Environment and upbringing cast aside, genetics have re-surfaced in the form of a truly destructive lifestyle.

A brow well travelled.

THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW

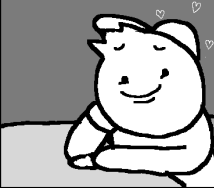
EAT MY PAINT

COMICS
MADE IN
PAINT.
LLOYD DAVIES
[Small icons]



Oh Jessica... she truly is the prettiest girl in the whole school

One day, she'll be my summer sweetheart



WUH! SNAP OUT OF IT!



Like she would ever notice a loser like me...



Hi Jimmy!
Hey Jessica



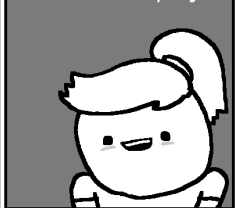
JESSICA?!



I thought you and me could be partners



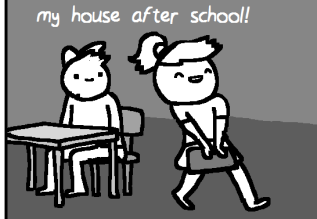
You know... for the summer science project



Yes... for the science



Excellent! We can walk to my house after school!



I'm going to Jessica's house??
I must be dreaming

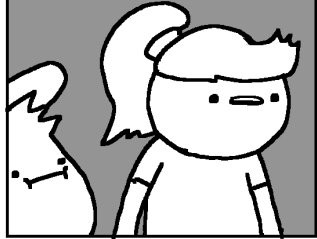


[Signature]

It sure is nice to have someone walk me home
I've not felt safe for a while

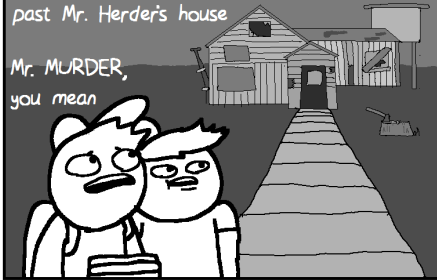


Not since all those children
went missing recently

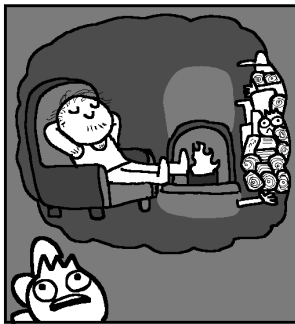
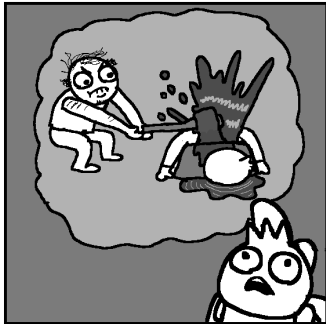


I wish you hadn't said that right as we walk
past Mr. Herder's house

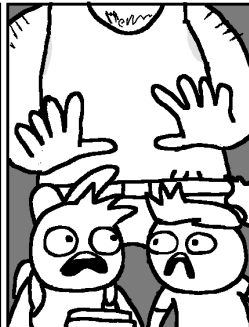
Mr. MURDER,
you mean



I heard he chops up kids in their
nightmares where no one can stop him



YOU KIDS SHOULDN'T BE HERE





Created by [signature]



A BAD ROAD TRIP

By Kevin T. Rogers

It was summer 1967 and things were good. Especially if you were nineteen years' old and you and your beautiful Iroquois girlfriend Sunchild had just been to Monterey and witnessed the greatest rock concert in the entire history of the world! Jimi, Janis, Otis, The Who . . . A mind-blower, amplified by a bag of primo Acapulco Gold. It had been awesome. But now it was time to hitch for home.

Stars were twinkling and the two travellers stood on a lonely country road, finishing their final joint. Pete inhaled the smoke then kissed it into Sunchild's mouth. They exhaled together and its burnt-toffee smell mixed pleasantly with the scent of the surrounding cypress trees. Pete nicked the roach and tossed it into the undergrowth. Sunchild giggled and then, holding hands, they began to stroll happily into the gathering gloom.

*

It was dark now. Street lighting here was almost non-existent, which might have helped preserve the natural beauty of the area but did little for the late-night rover. The great Pacific rolled heavily beyond the wooded hills, while the road itself remained dead. Until finally the headlights of a Lincoln approached. The car passed by and slowed on the far side, obviously intent on offering the youngsters a lift. The stern-faced man behind the wheel sat tall, was possibly in his mid-forties and dressed in a dark suit. The woman beside him looked like his female counterpart - dour, dull - and straight. It was good of them to stop, of course, but a ride with them didn't really promise a barrel of laughs. Still, it was late and lonely, and beggars couldn't be . . .

BEEP, BEEP, BEEPITY, BEEP!

An old, beat-up white van, hand-painted with peace signs and psychedelic patterns roared up, overtook the Lincoln, and juddered to a halt beside the hitchhikers. It was full of laughing hippies - long hair, beads and bells, young and happily stoned. Now this was more like it - these were Pete and Sunchild's kind of people, soul brothers and sisters!

Pete aimed a conciliatory wave to the Lincoln, then grabbed Sunchild by the hand, stepped to the van and entered.

*

They shared the passenger seat next to the driver - a lanky guy in his early twenties with hair like Cochise and a permanent smile on his face. Everyone else in the vehicle bore the same chemically induced grin; high as kites but nowhere near as stable. 'Thanks,' Pete said, 'we've been there for ages. I'm Pete, this is Sunchild.'

'Groovy, man - Pete and Sunchild! Fantastic!'

And everybody else agreed - laughing and babbling. Pete and Sunchild laughed too, but if honest, they were a little apprehensive about the speed this guy was driving - and the fact that he and his companions were completely out of their gourds. Then somebody in the back seemed to sense their concerns, because a male voice spoke reassuringly. 'Don't worry, man - we're high, but it's cool, it's brand new stuff! Here - try these - Red Moons. They'll open your head - let you

see things as they really are!' And an almost feminine hand reached between the seats with two crescent-shaped scarlet tablets.

Pete turned to thank him, but all he could make out was a collective cloud of hair and smiles and blabber. So, 'Thanks, man,' he said, and turned back to Sunchild. Now, if they had been a little older, and a little less stoned from the residual effects of the last joint, they might well have thought twice before ingesting this unknown quantity. But as they were neither, they didn't – they swallowed them. And the impact was stunning. Boy and girl immediately felt as high and happy as it was ever possible to feel! And now they smiled too. Their mysterious benefactor chuckled from behind.

'Yeah, man – ain't it something! And you wait – it comes in stages. Next you'll feel a bit wobbly, but don't worry – after that, you'll see everything – just as the universe intended!'

'WOW!' said Sunchild!

'WILD,' said Pete, 'this is the most fantastic thing I've ever . . .'

B-L-A-M-M!

It seemed the truck's tyres were in even worse condition than the driver, because the up-front right had just blown out! Cochise struggled to keep control, swerved sharply, and ended himself and everybody else side-ways on in a roadside ditch. Then he emerged with a couple of his friends – plus Pete and Sunchild – all laughing. Because the Red Moons were still working, but this also meant that trying to change the wheel became something of a farce. And now – as the voice in the van had warned – Pete and Sunchild became wobbly – very wobbly. 'It'll pass,' Cochise predicted confidently – but then again, he was the man who had just plunged them into a ditch . . .

And now the Lincoln reappeared. It hove along side of the hopelessly stoned hippies, and the dour driver raised his eyebrows. Pete and Sunchild looked hopefully at their new friends. They didn't want to abandon them – but the wobbly feeling was growing. 'Sure,' Cochise winked, 'you go ahead – we'll be OK. And don't fret about how you feel right now – pretty soon, you'll see everything clearer than a dead rat on a birthday cake!' Pete and Sunchild nodded, winced, and got into the back of the Lincoln . . .

*

The stony-faced driver asked where the couple where headed, then turned back to the wheel, started the car and drove off. Neither he nor his female twin uttered another word, either to each other or their passengers. Pete and Sunchild though, were beginning to feel better – much better! The shakes had disappeared and now their surroundings had taken on a sort of hyper-reality! Colours were the brightest ever, smells, sounds, tastes, feelings, thoughts. Everything – was magnified to a seemingly impossible degree. Even individual molecules could be seen coalescing, separating and reforming to present the superficial backdrop that we call 'reality'! Far out!

And that wasn't all – amazingly the Red Moons had triggered the latent human potential for telepathy! Gradually, Pete and Sunchild became conscious of what the other was thinking – pleasant, joyous, mutual thoughts! Until – horrifyingly – they began to tune into those of their hosts – which were dark, heinous, awful! 'I'm sensing that they can hear us,' the man was saying to the woman.

'Yes,' she replied, 'I don't know how, but it doesn't matter, we're almost there.'

And then Pete and Sunchild began to receive terrible disclosures – to see the man and woman for what they really were. Disguised aliens, come to abduct human specimens for obscene experiments, and after, to use them as sustenance – a meal for their captors! Whose saucer was hidden just ahead, around the bend, over the hill. Sunchild screamed and Pete began to pummel the driver's head! The woman turned furiously and revealed her true reptilian face to the drug-enhanced eyes of her intended prey. The battered driver slammed on the brake and – somehow – Pete and Sunchild managed to scramble from the car and to run!

Through hedges and fields, across stiles and streams – and still the lizard creatures pursued, ululating in wild batrachian croaks of rage – and hunger. Until finally, the exhausted fugitives emerged out onto another dimly lit, lonely road. But the nightmare continued – fleeing from the screaming monsters who were gaining ground with every step . . .

And all four were so intent on the chase that none even heard the approaching engine. But they did become aware of the headlights that enveloped them – and the accompanying horn:

BEEP, BEEP, BEEPITY, BEEP!

The repaired van mowed the abominations down and pulled up at the terrified quarry. Cochise opened the door and pulled them in, then put the pedal to the metal and screeched away.

*

The hippies were out of Red Moons but happily shared their grass. So Pete and Sunchild were now mellowing on the new stuff. Then the familiar voice came from the back.

'Sorry, I guess I should have told you about the lizards. We've come across them before, 'cause the Red Moons let you see 'em. But they ain't been about for a while, so I sorta forgot.'

Pete and Sunchild turned around. The speaker was leaning up against the back of the seat, so now Pete could at last take a look at him. He was short, with long dark hair and beard, and even darker eyes.

'That's OK,' Pete said, 'we're just glad you found us – never been so scared!'

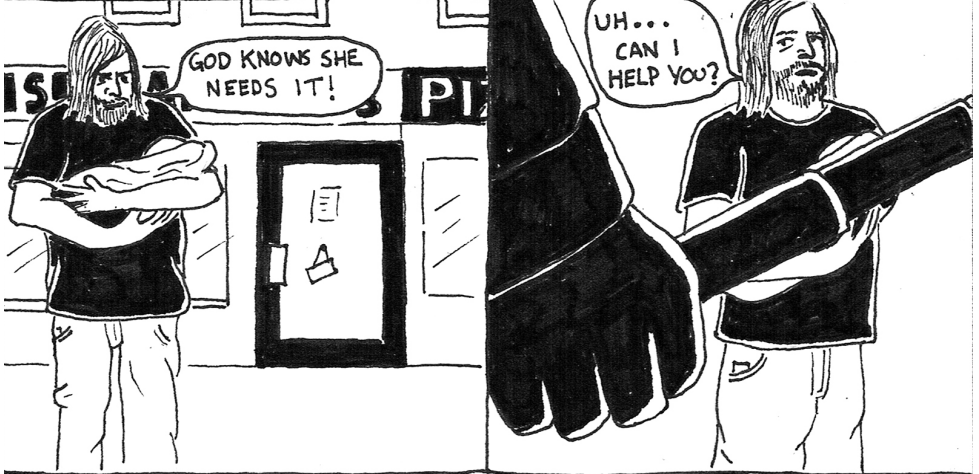
The short man laughed. 'Well, you stick with me and my family,' he grinned, 'we'll look after you! We got a place up a ways – a commune – you're welcome to join! I'm Charles, by the way, but you can call me Charlie – Charlie Manson.'

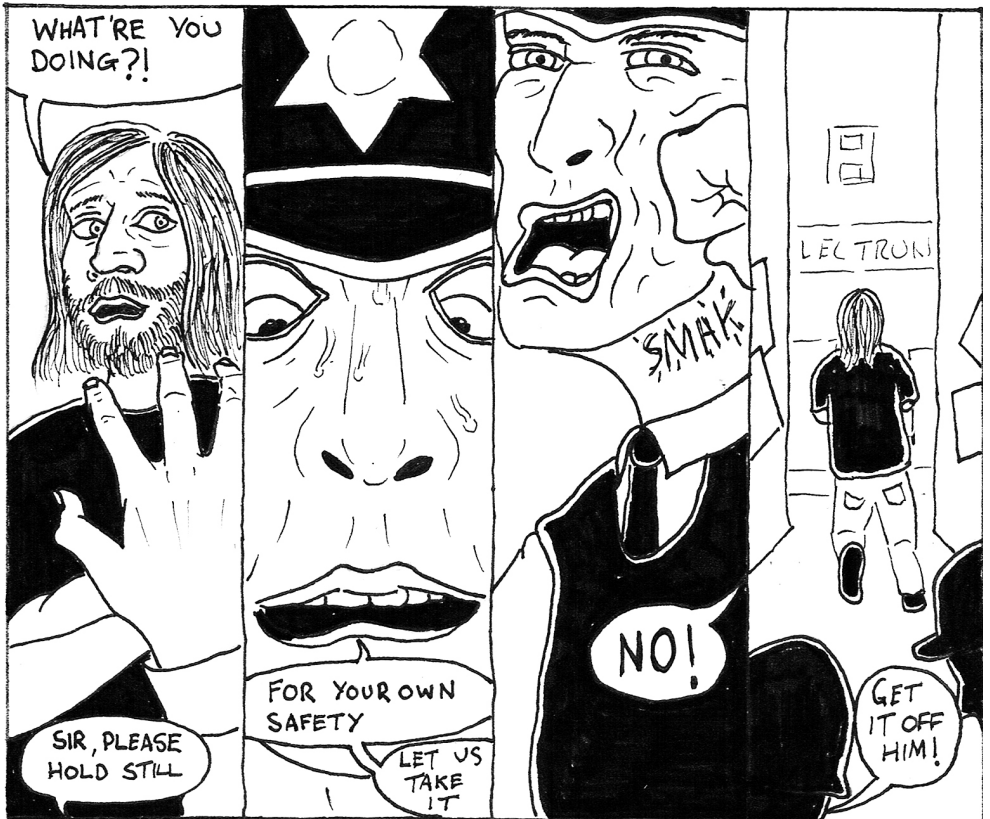
And I suppose they must have taken him up on his offer because neither Pete nor Sunchild ever did go home . . .

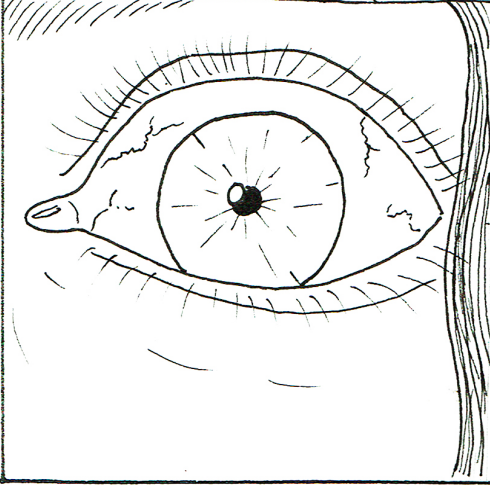
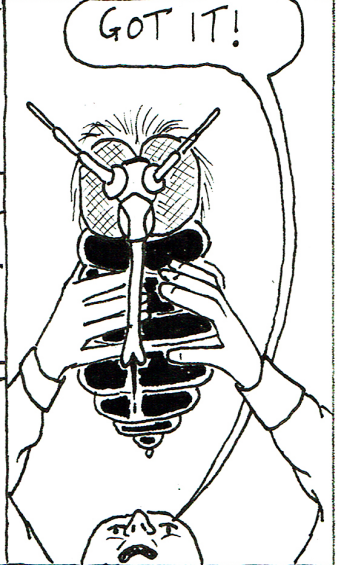
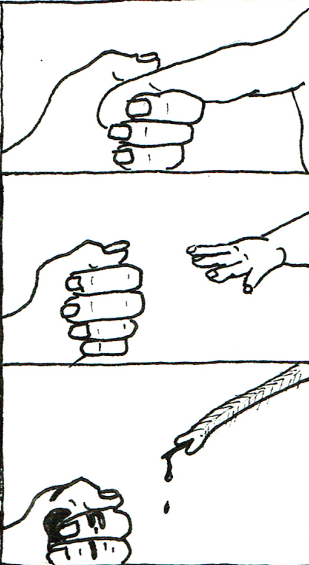
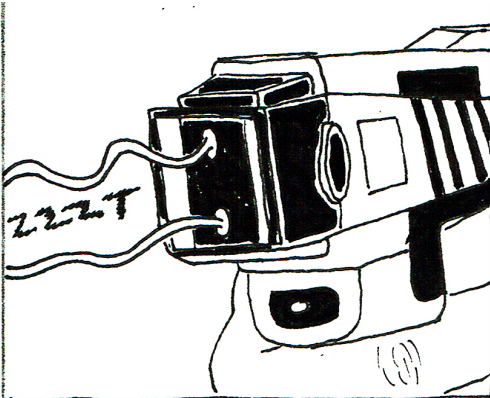
BABY OF MINE

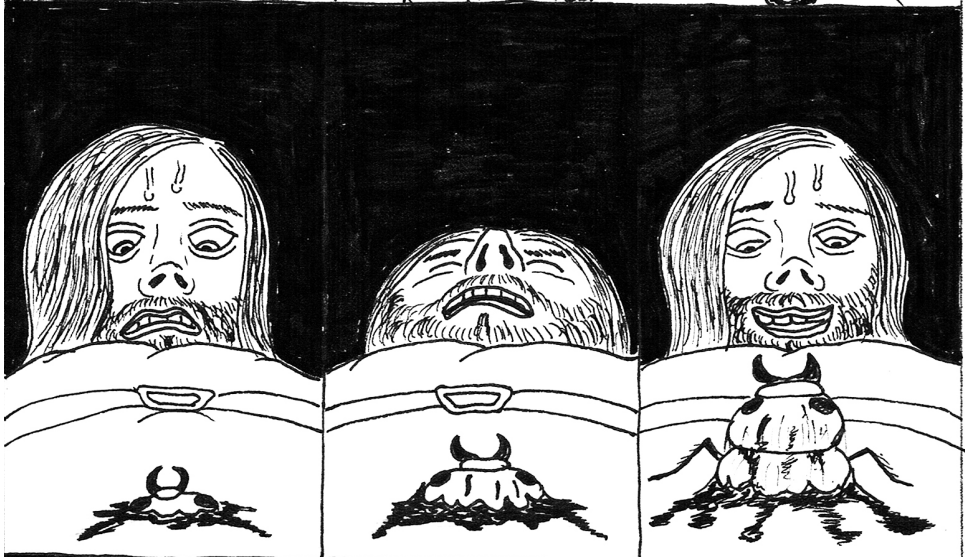
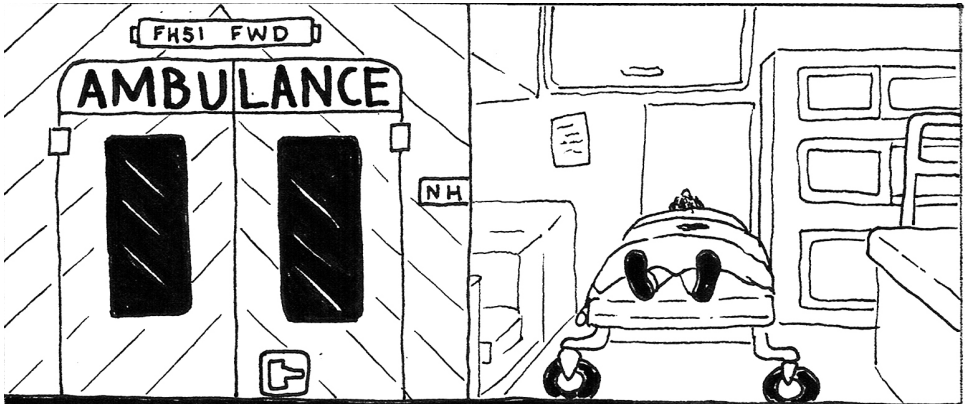
STORY BY TOM SMITH ART BY MIKE APNEA



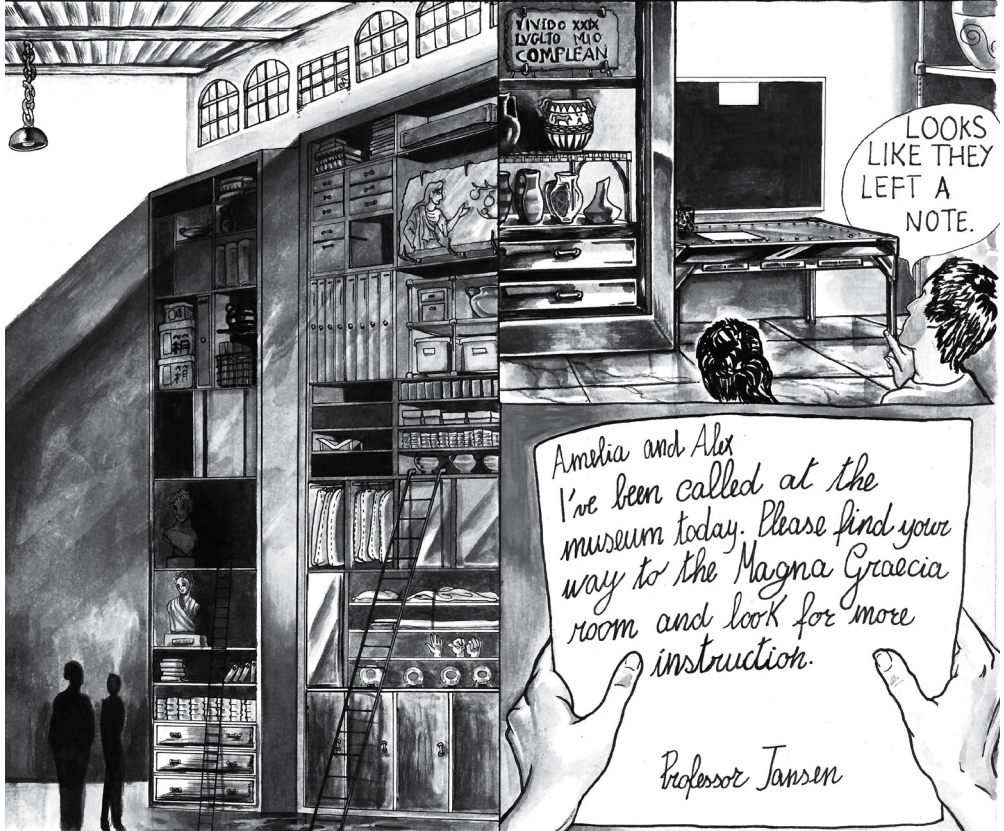


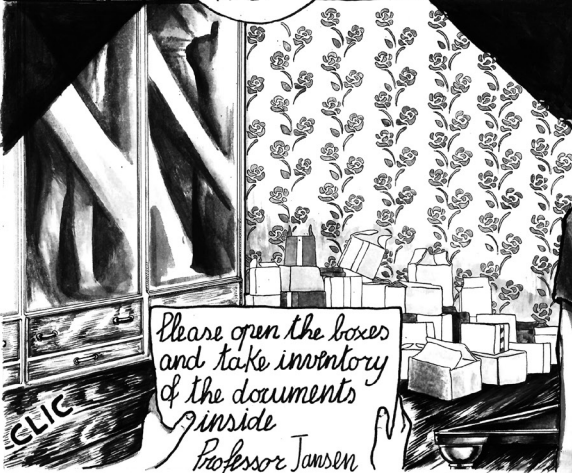
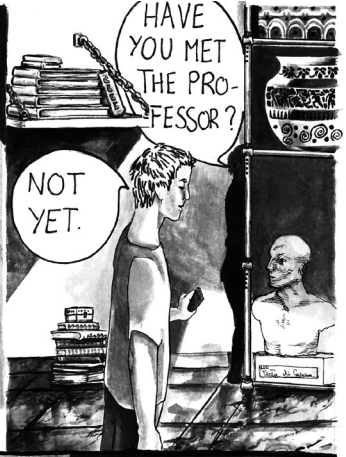
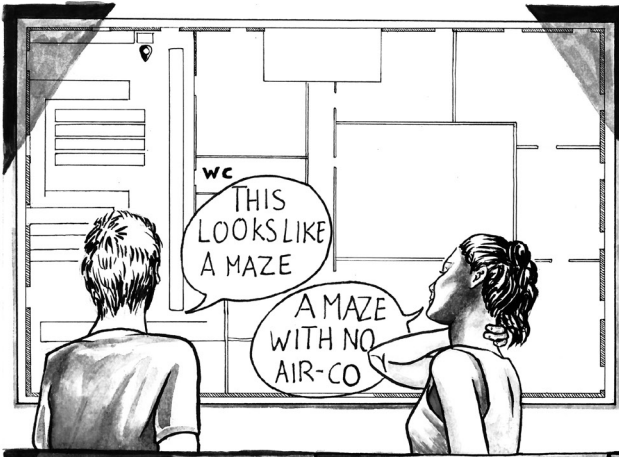


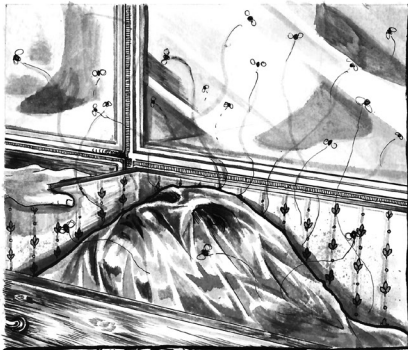




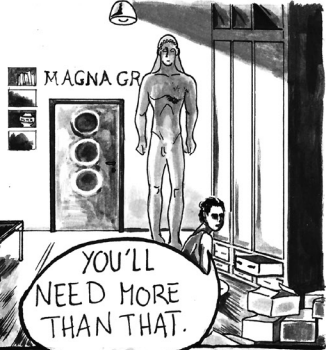








I NEED PIZZA TO SURVIVE THIS.



YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT.



WAIT IT'S JUST WAX!

I HATE YOU



WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?

I DON'T KNOW BUT MAYBE IT'S NOT SO BAD.

IT'S BAD-IT'S BAD!



CRASH



AM I GOING INSANE? THAT'S

A.A.P.H.



BEHIND YOU!



TAKE IT.

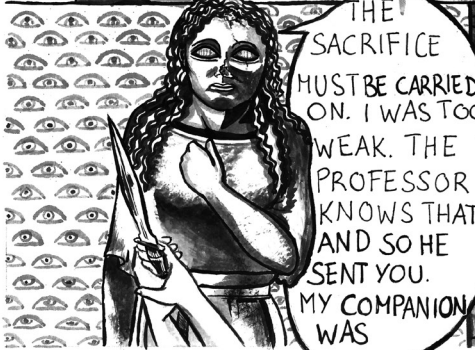


YOU'VE BEEN SENT TO DO IT.

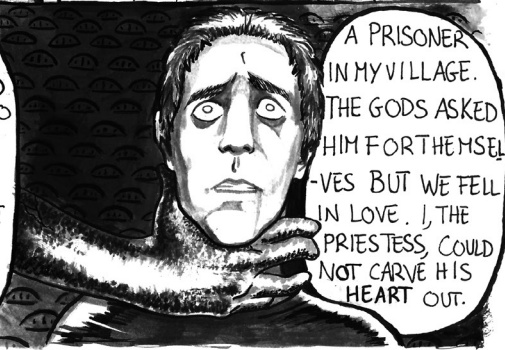
TAKE THE BLOODY KNIFE!



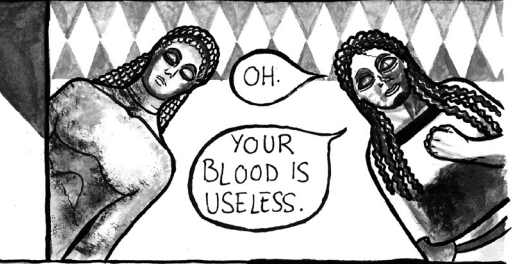
WHO SENT ME? TO DO WHAT?



THE SACRIFICE MUST BE CARRIED ON. I WAS TOO WEAK. THE PROFESSOR KNOWS THAT AND SO HE SENT YOU. MY COMPANION WAS



A PRISONER IN MY VILLAGE. THE GODS ASKED HIM FOR THEMSELVES BUT WE FELL IN LOVE. I, THE PRIESTESS, COULD NOT CARVE HIS HEART OUT.



First Date

By Charlotte Stear

Swiping left on dating apps had become a reflex reaction for Patty. It wasn't that men on this site didn't intrigue or excite her, she'd just become a little cautious since her last date hadn't gone to plan.

It was the height of summer and the intense heat of the day had left Patty exhausted. She took refuge lying on her sofa in her darkened living room, the curtains drawn. The sun had drained all her energy but she carried on swiping, she had no choice.

"I don't how much more I can do this," she mumbled to herself, wiping stray hairs from her brow. And then he appeared.

Rich, 36, Project manager. Nothing in his bio to suggest any specific interests or hobbies, but Patty knew this one would work.

Swiping right on his picture, it was an instant match which came as no surprise to Patty. With her dark hair, pale skin, and piercing grey eyes, Patty attracted men like moths to a flame. This part was easy. Even if he had plans tonight they would be cancelled, she would see to that.

Patty wasn't wanting for attention but her needs proved difficult to fulfill at times so seeing Rich flash up on her screen sent a wave of relief over her. She'd felt panicked recently as nothing looked like it was going to work out, it had been so long since her last date her heart was feeling weaker. With this new confidence of a match however, she quickly opened the new connection to start the conversation.

The generic chit chat she'd lured men with before worked just as she knew it would. Soon they were chatting about pets (Rich had a dog, Patty lied and said she had two cats), favourite movies (Rich, *The Godfather*; Patty who didn't watch films said *Pretty Woman*), it was all going to plan.

Patty had a new lease of life as the date for that evening was quickly made. She jumped off the sofa, excited to get ready for him. He was eager to meet her too, she could tell. He even offered to pick her up from her house, a convenience so fortuitous it made Patty squeal out loud.

Even though she had no plans to actually leave the house with Rich she wanted to make an effort in how she presented herself, this was key to making things happen. She chose a skin tight black dress with patent black high heels and applied red lipstick as dark as the blood that pumped through her veins.

Then before she knew it, the doorbell rang. The day had flown by and now it was evening, the intense heat replaced by a gentle balmy, dark evening. A small smile pulled at the corner of Patty's mouth as she straightened her hair and walked towards the front door to greet him.

A smile broke out onto Rich's face as their eyes met for the first time. He stepped forward to shake hands but Patty went for a friendly hug which he gladly accepted. As their bodies met and she pulled him closer, Patty turned her face to his neck briefly taking in his scent and then without hesitation, sank her teeth deep into him. Despite not feeding for a while, she was still stronger than him so as his confusion and pain began to register, she pulled him quickly and effortlessly into her hallway.

Slamming the door shut she threw him against the wall, taking the opportunity to look him up and down one last time. The smile now gone from his pale face, Rich stared at this beauty in confusion and terror. Patty wiped her mouth of excess blood but before he could do anything she was back on him, dragging him to the ground to devour more.

As his body became limp and his blood rushed into her, all her worries drifted away. Finding dates in the summer had always been difficult for creatures like Patty, hundreds of years roaming streets in limited hours of darkness and now the men came gladly to her door. Tonight she would feast and regain her strength and as the sun rose tomorrow, she would start the hunt again.

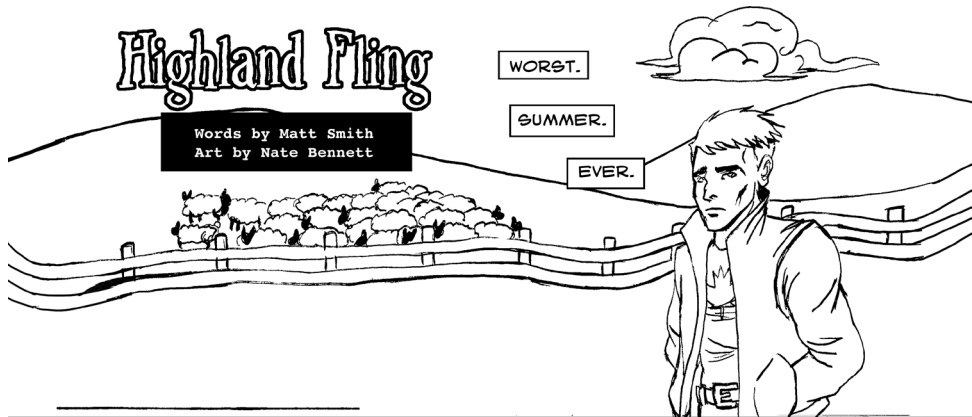
Highland Fling

Words by Matt Smith
Art by Nate Bennett

WORST.

SUMMER.

EVER.



I SHOULD BE WEARING A SWIMSUIT AND SUNGLASSES, NOT A RAIN JACKET AND SWEATER.

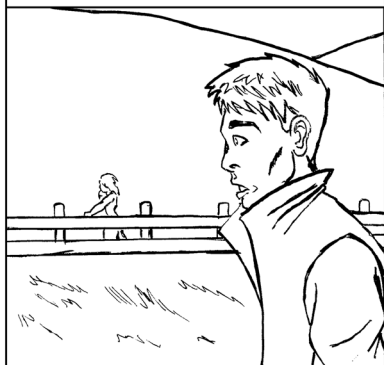


MOM AND DAD SAID THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS WOULD BE "ROMANTIC"...

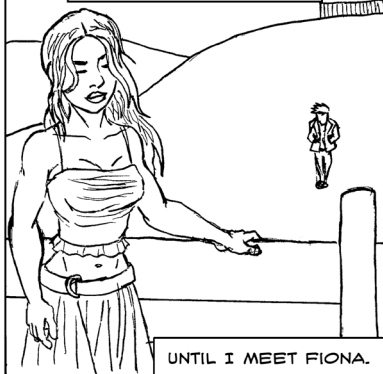


BUT HOW DOES THAT HELP ME?

AFTER A FEW WEEKS, EVEN THE SHEEP HAVE DISAPPEARED. PROBABLY DIED OF BOREDOM.

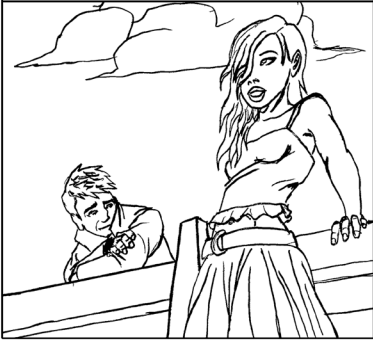


THERE'S NO ONE TO EVEN TALK TO...

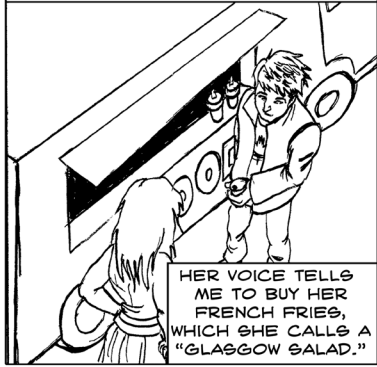


UNTIL I MEET FIONA.

SHE SAYS SHE'S FROM GLASGOW, BUT SHE'S VISITING HER "GRANNY" IN THE HIGHLANDS. I LOVE HER VOICE. I'D DO ANYTHING FOR THAT VOICE.



HER VOICE TELLS ME TO BUY HER A COKE, WHICH SHE CALLS "JUICE."



HER VOICE TELLS ME TO BUY HER FRENCH FRIES, WHICH SHE CALLS A "GLASGOW SALAD."

HER VOICE TELLS ME TO HOLD HER "HANDBAG."



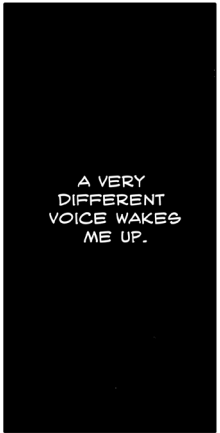
I FEEL LIKE A DICK, HOLDING HER NAIL FILE AND CLIPPERS...



BUT I'D DO ANYTHING FOR THAT VOICE.

HER VOICE TELLS ME TO MEET HER IN THE FOREST AFTER MY PARENTS GO TO SLEEP...








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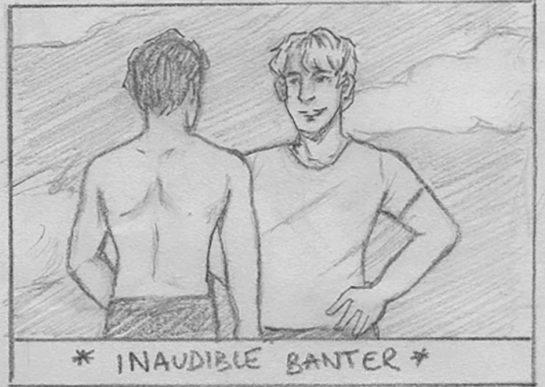


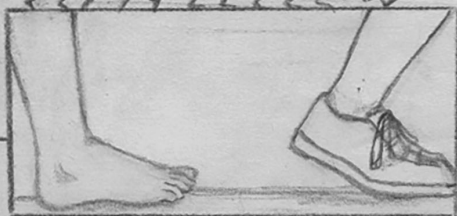
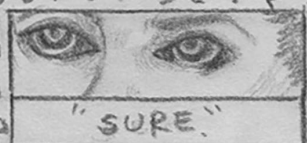


We married in the summer.

But 'til death do us part
placed our love in the hands of fate.

So I took your heart into my own hands.







THE SKY'S GONE OUT



Behind You

Dippa Bailey

The keys clicked beneath Paul's fingers as he added another paragraph to his story. A cup of pungent coffee sat beside his keyboard, the thick layer of scum rippled in time with his typing. Deep in thought, the words flowed effortlessly as his girlfriend ran her fingers across his shoulders.

He liked to ignore her distractions, pretending not to notice, he continued writing. She stroked a single fingertip delicately against the nape of his neck, sending a ricochet of tremors south. He hammered the keys continuously, a sharp intake of breath his only response.

He knew she enjoyed playing this game, testing his control as she attempted to arouse him. But he had a deadline to hit, allowing him no time to entertain her seductions. Warm breath lingered against his ear as her smooth lips played across his neck. A multitude of kisses, puckers of saliva tracing his skin had become cold as she pulled away and left him wanting more. He adjusted his gradually tightening combats, the cotton bulging slightly, with his eyes still locked to the screen. Teeth tugged gently on his pulsing earlobe, her warm sticky breath leaving his skin moist to the touch. She brushed her hands down his tense body, now littered with goose bumps.

Her nails felt sharper than usual, gripping his thigh from behind. She slid her hand further down his left trouser leg, growing ever closer to the source, and he began to noticeably throb. He bit his lip as she reached his inner thigh, running her hand against his bulging zipper. The mechanical click of the keyboard now only sporadically punctured the silence.

He enjoyed this game, letting her play, always wanting more, but never relinquishing control.

His laboured breath signalled her impending victory. Clearing his throat, he consciously resumed typing. His toes curled into the carpet fibres, as she wrenched his belt. The metal scraped against the chair and thudded on the floor. She slid a solitary digit down below the waistband, brushing against his pelvis.

Knowing she would soon release him, he felt a smile push into his lips. His legs spread slightly. She allowed her entire hand to glide down into the front of his combats. Skin slick with precum, she gripped his ridged cock, rotating his constricted shaft upright.

The room darkened as she massaged him, shrouding him in a shadow he couldn't fully comprehend. She made quick work of extracting the first few moans from his parched lips. Hands falling silently from the keyboard, twitching at his sides. He had lost this game of pleasure again, his slick cock aching in her grip. She knew how to bring him to the point of no return, waiting for the carnality of his relief. But this felt instinctively different, his body convulsed with bliss. His vision clouded, the air humming with electrical intensity. He wanted to turn, to grab her, to pull her onto him, but the signal to move never reached his arms. The overwhelming pleasure reverberated around his body. He could taste it like fire, both legs trembled as he drew closer to this all-consuming ecstasy.

Paul's ears perked up at the familiar sound of a key in the door. The room grew brighter with the orgasmic haze leaving his clouded head.

"Baby, I'm back," said his girlfriend from the hallway. "You heard the news? There's been more attacks!"

The shadow danced playfully along the wall as it crept out the window, off into the night.



"WE JUST WANTED TO PARTY."

The 60's were a swingin' time. The love was free and so were the drugs. At the forefront of this psychedelic movement was a band of far out men unlike any other.

Formed in 1964, by singer Jerry Hart and guitarist Jim Brown. The Summoners brought occultism to the masses. Tracks like 'Fire Pit' and 'Offering' got the asses of young festival crowds shakin'.

"SEX, DRUGS, ROCK N' ROLL. IT WAS ALL OURS FOR THE TAKING."

"BUT HART..."

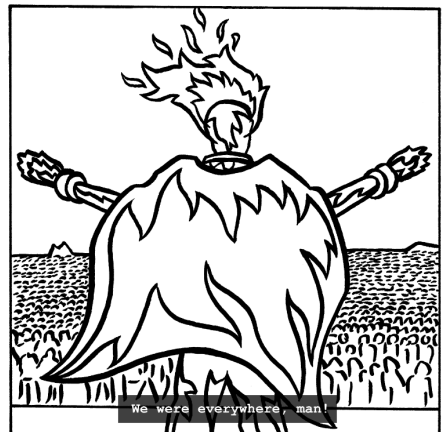
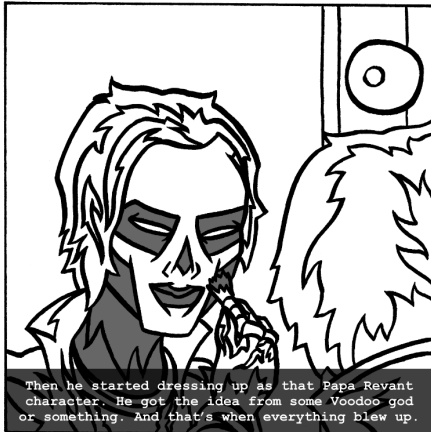
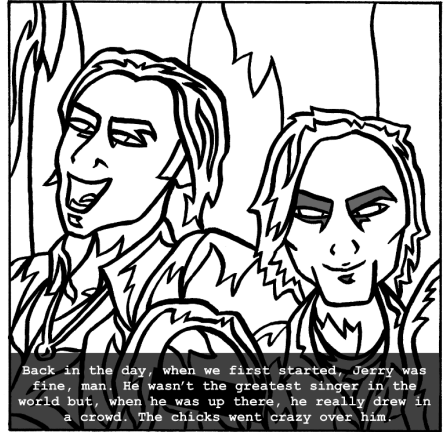
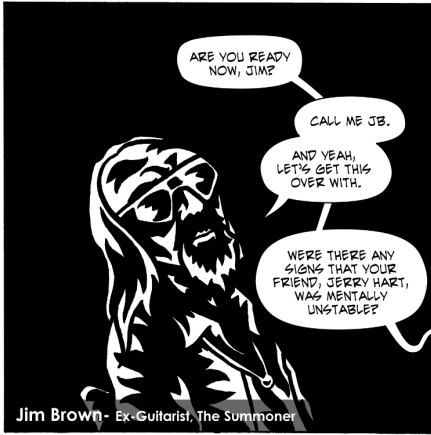
"...HART HAD OTHER IDEAS."

CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED IN '66?"

ONLY IF YOU'VE GOT MORE ACID, MAN.

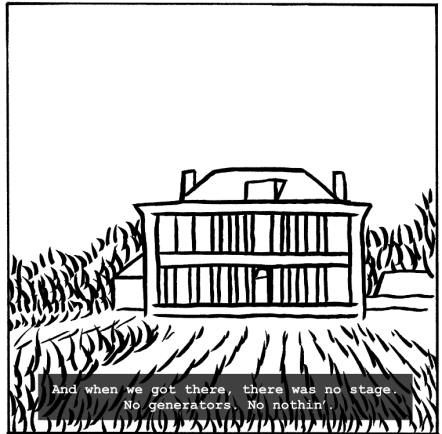
1965 saw the release of the band's only studio recording. Entitled *The Summoner*, the six track EP also saw the emergence of Hart's alter ego- Papa Revant.

Dropping the 's' from their name *The Summoner* made an infamous appearance on the Jon Springfield Show in 1966. Two audience members were set on fire during their performance of 'Papa's Love'.

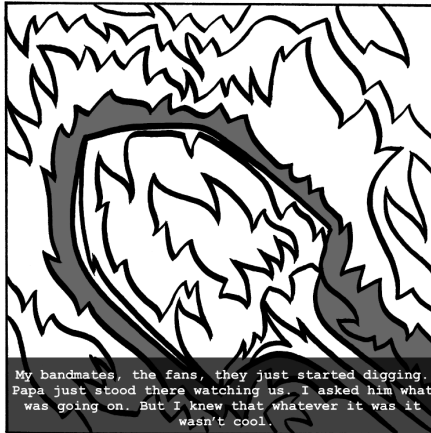




Well, I was the only guy in the band that showed up with his gear. Everyone else just jumped in the van holding spades and shovels. That was weird, man.



And when we got there, there was no stage. No generators. No nothin'.




My bandmates, the fans, they just started digging. Papa just stood there watching us. I asked him what was going on. But I knew that whatever it was it wasn't cool.



I tried to stop them. I did, man. But nothing worked- they were in a trance. I got scared.

THE DAILY NEWS
L.T. MASSACRE
BODIES FOUND BURIED



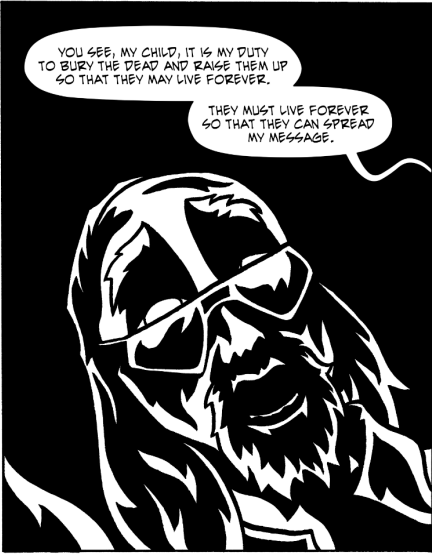
I should have died there with them but I ran. And I never saw any of them again. Not even that bastard Jerry Hart.

YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED BUT SHIT, MAN, I DON'T KNOW.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT CRAZY BASTARD WAS THINKING.

HMM.

I THINK I MIGHT, JB.



YOU SEE, MY CHILD, IT IS MY DUTY TO BURY THE DEAD AND RAISE THEM UP SO THAT THEY MAY LIVE FOREVER.

THEY MUST LIVE FOREVER SO THAT THEY CAN SPREAD MY MESSAGE.



I LET YOU GO SO I COULD CLAIM YOU NOW. OUR MESSAGE IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER.

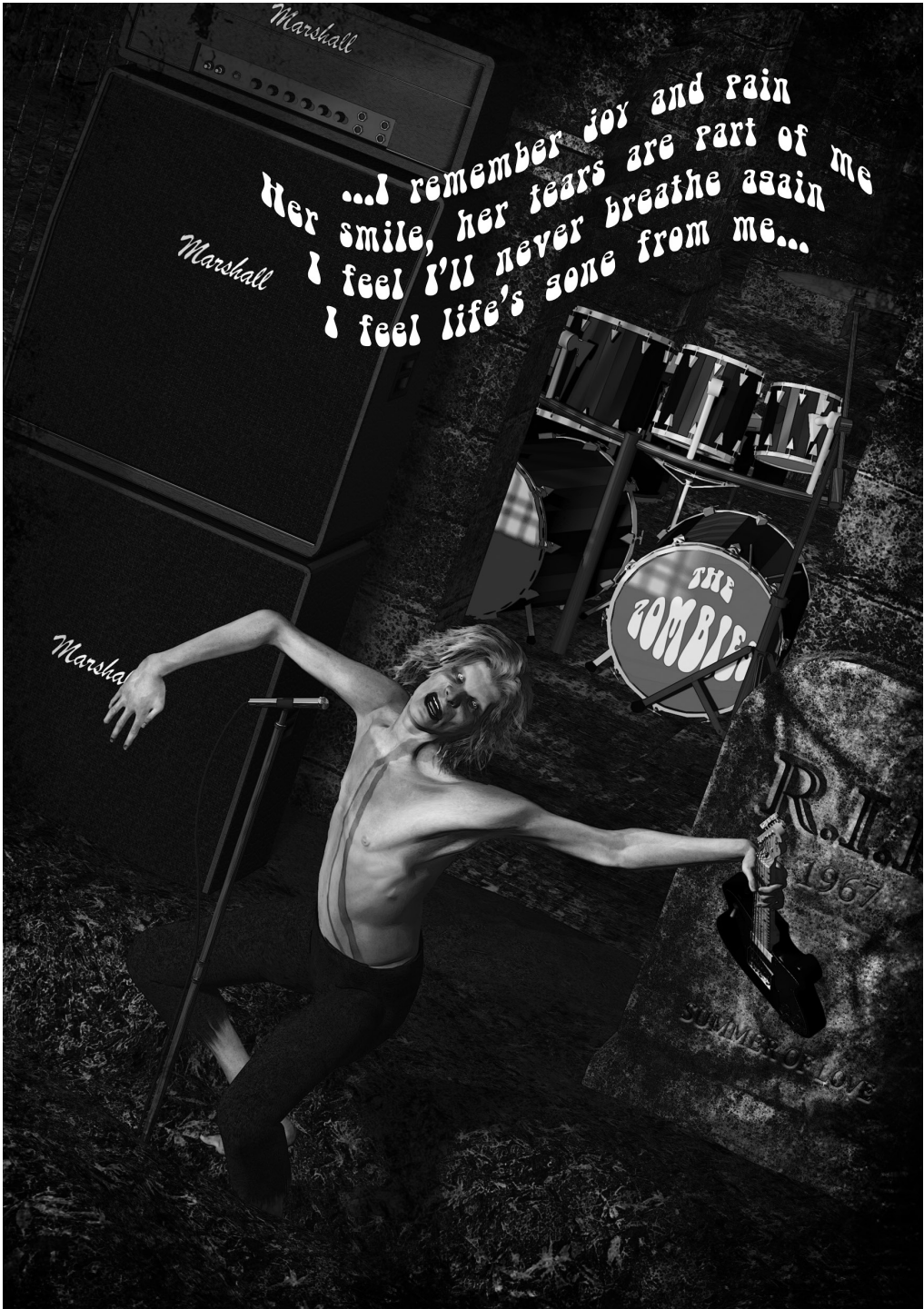


COME REJOIN THE BAND, JIM BROWN.



OUR RESURRECTION IS AT HAND...

ARJ



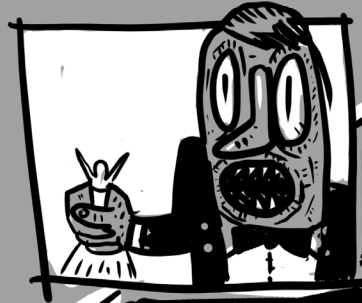
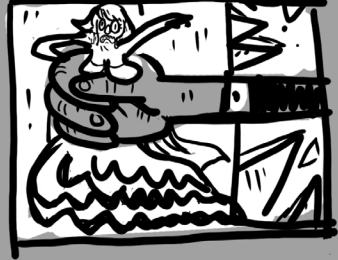
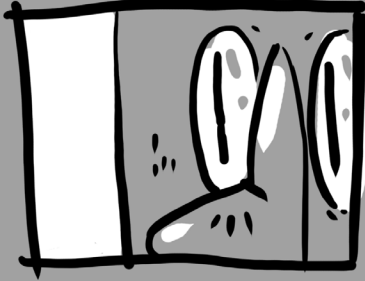
...I remember joy and pain
Her smile, her tears are part of me
I feel I'll never breathe again
I feel life's gone from me...

Marshall

THE
ZOMBIES

R.I.M.
1967

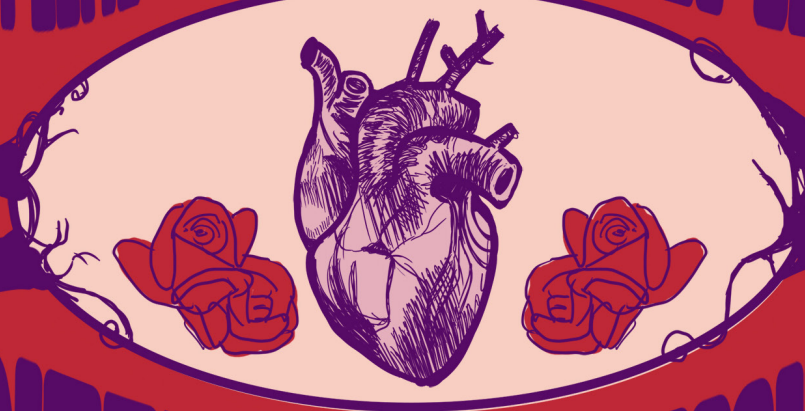
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