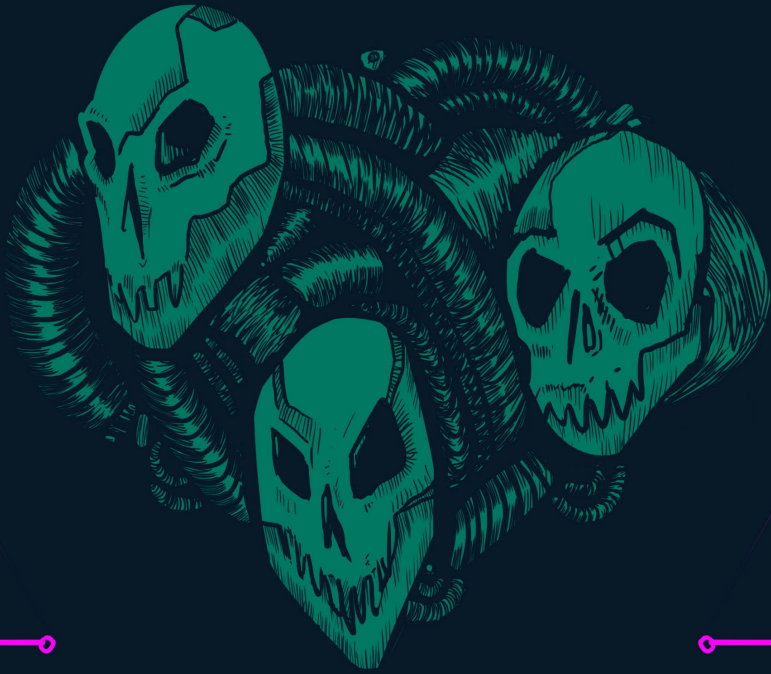


FRISSON COMICS PRESENTS



# KNOCK KNOCK

*A TECH-NOIR HORROR COMPILATION*



# *KNOCK KNOCK*

KNOCK KNOCK IS A QUARTER YEARLY ZINE STARTED BY THOMAS SMITH AND KATIE WHITTLE OF FRISSON COMICS IN 2016. WE STARTED THE ZINE AS A WAY TO SHOWCASE THE UNIQUE WORKS OF OTHER HORROR CREATORS AS WELL USE IT AS A WAY TO COLLABORATE WITH LIKE MINDED CREATIVES. EVERY QUARTER YEAR WE OUTLINE A NEW BRIEF FOR CREATORS TO WORK TOWARDS AND THEN COMPILE OUR ZINES TO TERRIFY THE PUBLIC. ALL CREATORS WHO PARTICIPATE RECEIVE A FULL PDF OF THE ZINE SO THAT THEY CAN PRINT AND DISTRIBUTE THE WORK AS THEY PLEASE MEANING THAT THE PROJECT IS OWNED BY EVERYONE.

IF YOU ENJOY THIS ISSUE, PLEASE CONSIDER SUPPORTING OUR PATREON WHERE YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE TO RECEIVE OUR LATEST ISSUES AS THEY COME OUT!

*[WWW.PATREON.COM/TRISSONCOMICS](http://WWW.PATREON.COM/TRISSONCOMICS)*

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YOURS TRULY,

T + K  
JOINT CEOs  
THE FRISSON COMICS CORPORATION



# WHO'S THERE?

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# SURVIVAL

Script & Letters: Matt Smith!

Art: Nate Bennett

I WAS THE *FIRST* TO  
REALIZE OUR ROCKET HAD  
DRIFTED OFF COURSE.

MOMENTS LATER, I  
HEARD THE EXPLOSION.

WE FELL TOWARDS  
THE NEAREST PLANET.

SWIFTLY.

LIKE A  
BULLET.



AN UNCHARTED  
PLANET IN AN  
UNKNOWN SYSTEM.

I PRAYED THAT  
I WOULD *SURVIVE*  
THE LANDING.

THE FEW OF US WHO  
*DID* WALK AWAY FROM  
THE CRASH BUILT A  
SHELTER OUT OF THE  
SHIP'S WRECKAGE.



WE DIDN'T REALIZE  
WE WOULD NEED TO  
*DEFEND* THE CAMP  
FROM THE PLANET'S  
NATIVE POPULATION.



TONIGHT...

I SIT SURROUNDED  
BY MY CREW.

A LONE  
SURVIVOR.

END

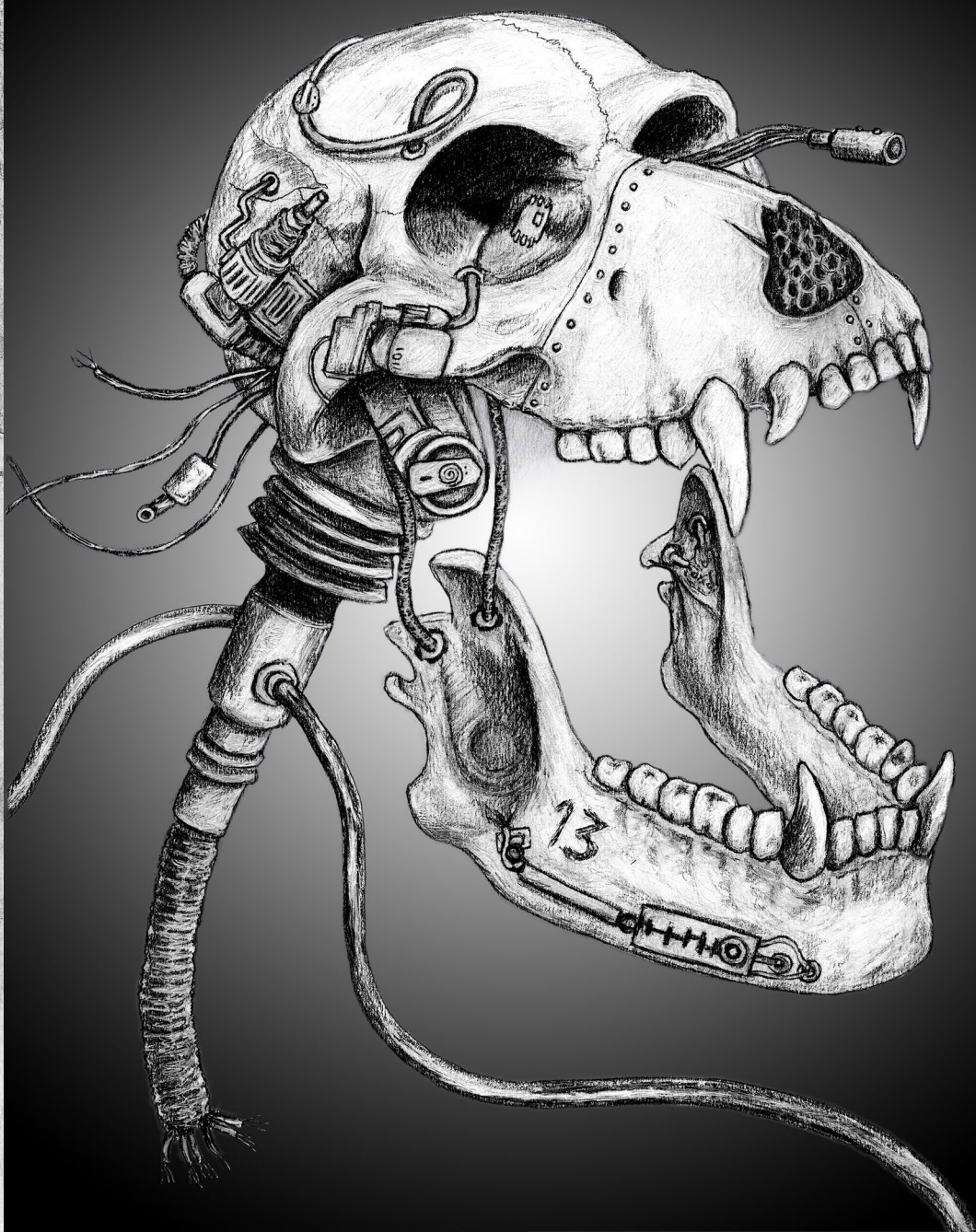
©2018 MATT SMITH & NATE BENNETT

@SMITHVSSMITHCOMICS

@n8bennett

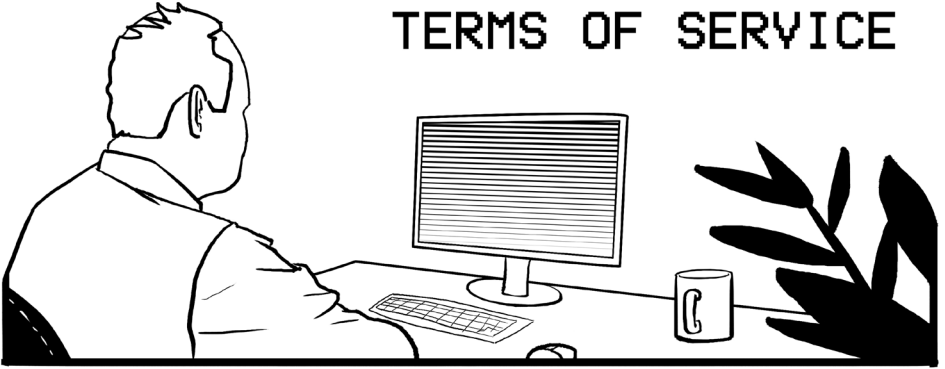


"That death metal  
is a bad influence!"





# TERMS OF SERVICE



It was supposed to be a joke.



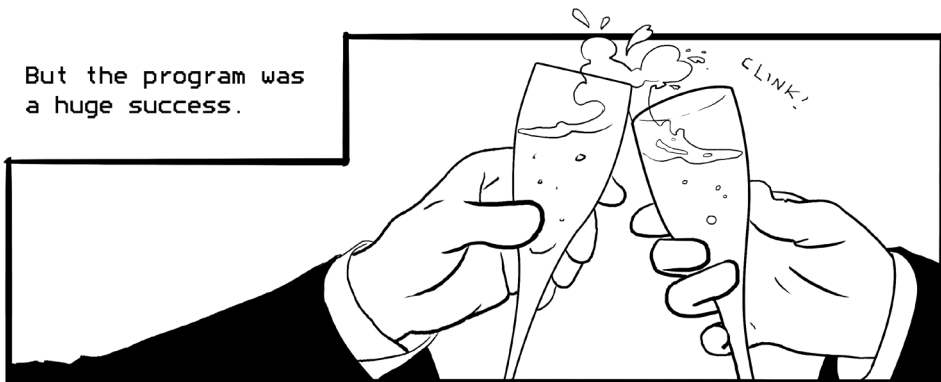
I was a young bored kid stuck in a job at a shitty startup and writing a terms of service agreement no one was going to actually read.



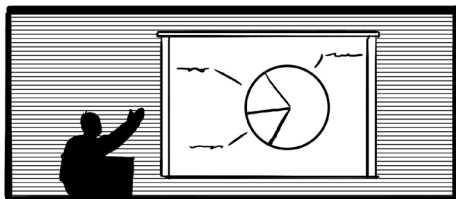
I was just trying to keep myself amused.

~~These terms apply to all visitors,~~  
users and others who access or use  
the Service. By accessing or using  
the Service you agree to give up th  
above rights as\_

But the program was a huge success.



And my career started going places.



At first I didn't think anything of it.



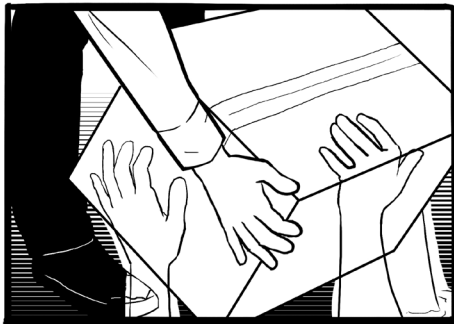
But as time went on, I felt this growing unease.



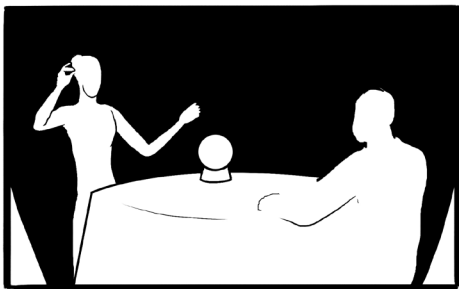
Like I'm always being watched.



Or like everything I carry is a little heavier than it should be.



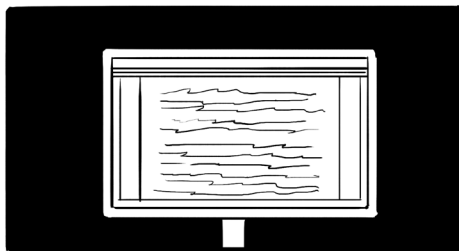
When I realized what was happening I tried to correct my mistake as quickly as possible.



But I fear I'll never be able to fully correct the damage.



After all, there are thousands of people clicking "I agree" right now, and not all of them are going to update.

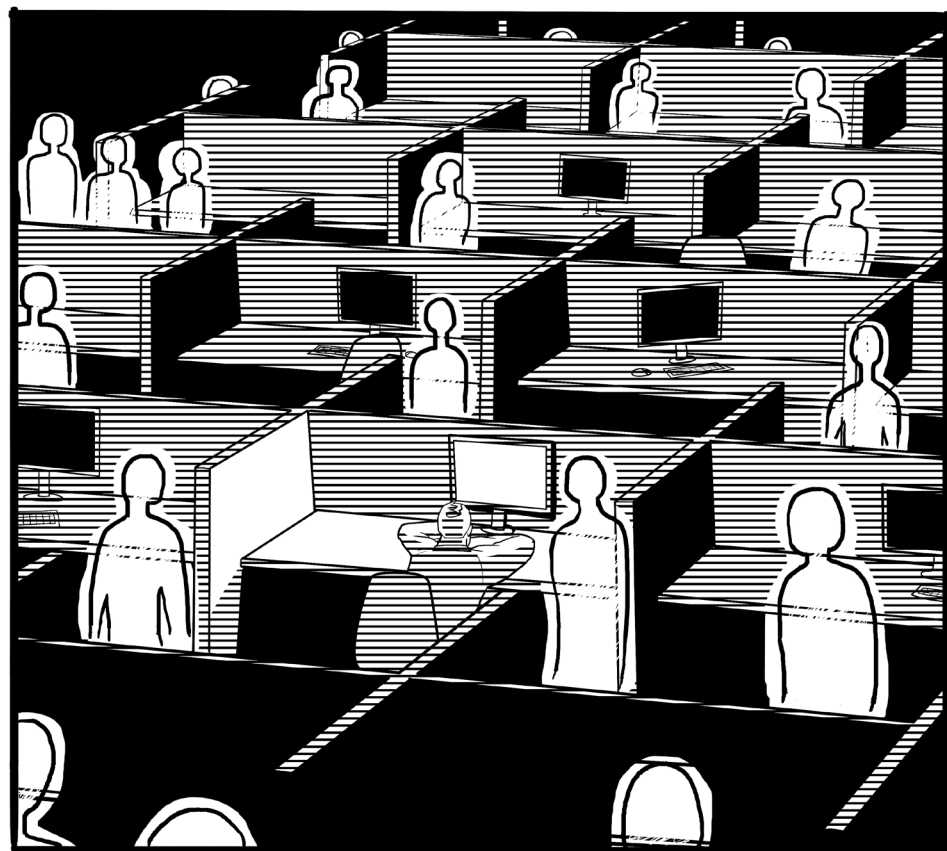
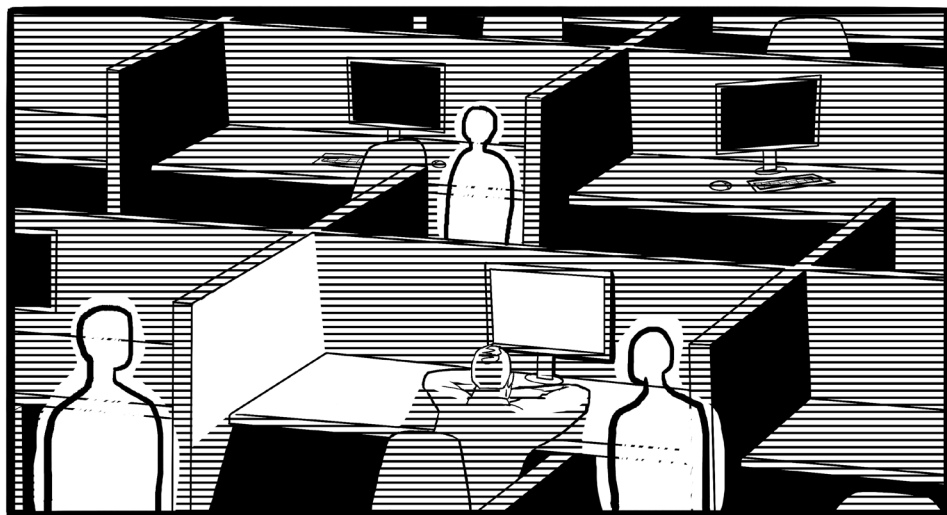


And then there are all the ones who already...

Terms. The  
rs, users

and others who access or use the Service. By accessing or using the Service you agree to give up the above rights as well as giving me full ownership of your soul. Your access to and use of the Service is conditioned on your acceptance of a compliance with these Terms.





# *OOPS*

BY KEVIN T. ROGERS

Have you ever had one of those days when you feel as though something terrible is about to happen? Dr. Bradley certainly had, and the way things were going, it looked as though he might well have been right.

\*

Because for some reason, an evening stroll had left him disoriented, fuzzyheaded. To such an extent, that he'd accidentally wandered into a very old and lonely part of town – an unrecognised and almost deserted labyrinth of unlit streets and alleys. It was a disturbing experience, compounded by a darkly nagging sense of impending disaster. So, when he spied the dull but welcoming light that shone from an old-fashioned workingman's pub', he opted for a nerve-settling whiskey – and entered

\*

But that only made matters worse, for now the idiot youth behind the counter seemed incapable of calculating the correct change. A problem only resolved with the arrival of a long-faced manager who grudgingly worked it out. Bradley hadn't wanted trouble but refused to be cheated by a snot-nosed boy – or his oafish boss. He picked up his scotch-and-soda and headed for one of the many vacant tables. 'Enjoy,' the manager muttered – without any intention of meaning it.

\*

Bradley put his bag on the floor, his drink on the table and himself on a chair. He felt angry and confused – this sense of foreboding just wouldn't go away. And that wasn't all – because now, as he sat with the glass to his lips he could feel the eyes of three young roughnecks drilling into him. They were the only other drinkers here, locals no doubt insulted by his cheek in challenging their host. Plus of course, Bradley's attire and medical bag marked him out as a cut above – something that he knew would not go down well in a place like this. Could this trio possibly be involved in the awful fate he'd been expecting? He'd have to watch them. And he did – until something else diverted his attention – something incredible.

\*

All of the other chairs were empty – or at least had been until an odd figure suddenly materialised, sitting at a table behind the tearaways. He was dressed in what seemed to be a military uniform, but unlike any the doctor had ever seen. Every stitch was made of green leather, except for epaulettes of blue fur, and large golden buttons down each side of a double-breasted tunic. Bradley squinted at the officer's cap but couldn't make out the badge. Its owner, though, peered about until finally turning his stare upon the doctor. 'Good God!' Bradley said, which prompted the three young men to follow his startled gaze. But as they swivelled – the uniformed man pressed the top left-hand button on his jacket – and vanished.

The doctor had seen enough – this place wasn't just unfriendly – it was haunted! Either that or he was hallucinating – which in a way might be even worse. So he drained his glass, picked up his bag and retreated through the saloon door – failing to notice the three louts putting their heads together and creeping out furtively behind him.

\*

It was late with not a soul in sight, and Dr. Bradley was totally lost. Even more so when he turned into a blind alley – and detected the footsteps again. He'd heard them intermittently since leaving the 'pub and had already guessed to whom they belonged. He looked desperately for a way out – but there was none. And now here were his pursuers – appearing as silhouettes at first – and then up close, demanding his belongings. The doctor was no coward but three-to-one was lousy odds. He readied himself to swing his bag at the head of the tallest – until suddenly, a loud wailing sound came from above. The doctor and would-be assailants looked up – and there was the uniformed man from the pub', flying towards them, hooting like a klaxon! He landed, pressed a button on his tunic and the racket died. Then he pressed another – and his body turned into that of a gigantic cockroach! The muggers trembled, turned and fled – screaming.

Bradley knew how they felt – he wanted to do the same, but the ghastly monster barred his path. The cockroach chuckled, pushed its chest with a spindly foreleg, and changed back into the uniformed man. 'Don't worry,' he smiled, 'holographic projection – the oldest trick in the book!'

'My, God,' Bradley spluttered, 'who – what – are you?'

'I'm Gary,' his rescuer said, reassuringly, 'but you can call me, Gaz. This must all seem very strange to you – let's walk a while and I'll try to explain.'

\*

They walked for five minutes in silence, and then sat down on a bench beside a dark canal. A wrought-iron lamppost lit their conversation. 'So, you're Gaz,' Bradley began, 'alright, so what exactly are you?' Gaz grinned and pointed to the insignia on his cap. The doctor read the letters: "OOPS?"

'Yep,' Gaz answered, 'it stands for the "Optimum Ontological Performance Service." Or at least it does when we're working in English.'

'But - what is it, exactly?'

'Well, we deal with glitches - in the Multi-verse! I mean, existence is a vast mechanism, and things do go wrong - quite often for no reason whatsoever. Anyway, if we didn't put them right, it could cause all kinds of problems.'

'What do you mean, "Glitches"?'

Gaz narrowed his eyes. 'Oh, all sorts really, but currently I'm working as a Returner. I return things.'

'Such as?'

'Entities, mostly. You know, like 'Nessie', 'Bigfoot', the 'Beast of Bodmin'? All of those are actually creatures from other times and places. But somehow, every so often, they get lost in the existential soup. And I have to keep putting them back!'

'Must be very confusing for them.'

'You'd think so, wouldn't you? But research indicates that once they get to a new location, they begin to forget about their old one. Yet they're still interfering with all kinds of spatial and temporal frequencies, so they have to be returned. Complicated.'

'I see,' Bradley lied, 'but where are you from? Another planet? Different dimension? The future?'

'Yes - all of those. As I said - very complicated.'

'Well, however it works, I'm grateful. I'd been expecting something dreadful to happen, and then you turn up and save the day! How fortunate we should bump into each other - and twice on the same night!'

'Ah, well,' Gaz began sheepishly, 'not really. The first time I was confirming your co-ordinates, and then I tracked you. The truth is - you're the one I've come to return!'

'What are you talking about?' Bradley snapped, 'I live here! Ask anyone - I'm Dr. Jack Bradley a very celebrated London physician!'

'Yes indeed,' Gaz agreed, 'you were Jack Bradley - but that was back in the nineteenth century - a long time ago.'

'NO! That can't be right, surely? I don't recall anything like that?'

'Yes, well, I did say that displacement triggers memory loss. But maybe you remember your problem paying for the drink? That was because you paid with florins - Victorian florins. If the Manager hadn't guessed that the old coins might be worth a bit, he'd probably have slung you out! And think about it - you've been in trouble all night - why didn't you just call for help on your smartphone?'

'Smartphone?' Bradley repeated, baffled.

'Exactly! Face it, matey - you're a "Son of the Empire", born and bred.'

The doctor's cloud descended again. 'Oh, God,' he murmured, 'then I have to go with you?'

'I'm afraid so.'

'But, how?'

'It's easy - you hold my right hand, I press a button on my suit and it will take us back to where you should be. SO!'

Gaz took Bradley's hand and pressed the button. A shroud of white smoke enveloped them. 'Oh, well,' the doctor said, trying to console himself, 'I suppose Victorian London mightn't be too bad?'

'Ah, well, we're not actually going there,' Gaz replied, 'because that wasn't your last location. Only - you said your name is Jack Bradley? Well, so it was, but I think you've forgotten that history also records you as another "Jack". One who was rather nasty with the ladies - in fact, very nasty. Until the Bobbies started to close in.'

'The Police!'

'Yes, but don't worry, they didn't catch you.'

'No?'

'No - you topped yourself before they could.'

'Mother of Mercy!'

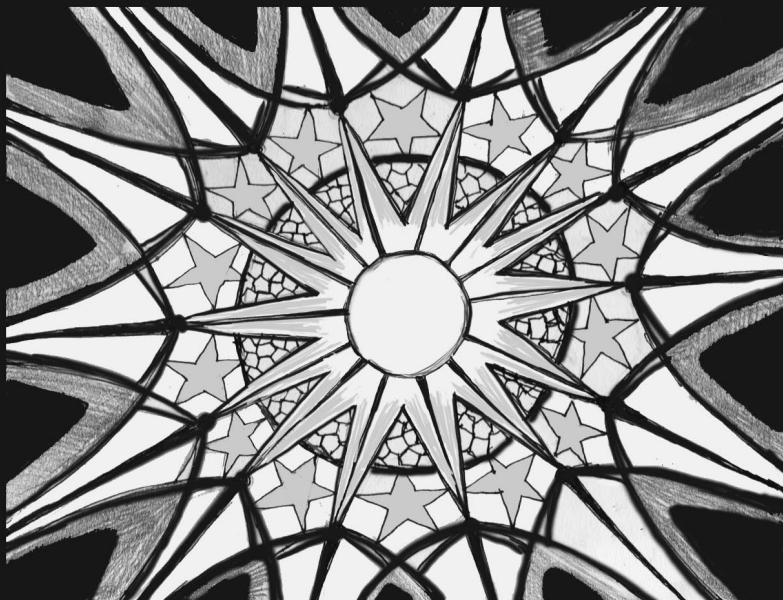
'And then of course, you went to the place where all of the bad boys go. So that's where I have to return you.'

'No wait,' Jack cried despairingly, 'I remember it all now! Please don't take me back to . . .!' But too late. He felt his body sinking down and the soles of his feet beginning to burn . . .

\*

Have you ever had one of those days when you feel as though something terrible is about to happen? Dr. Bradley certainly had.

Ops.













SIBERIA, RUSSIA. 3018.

"I THINK COMPUTER  
VIRUSES SHOULD COUNT  
AS LIFE..."



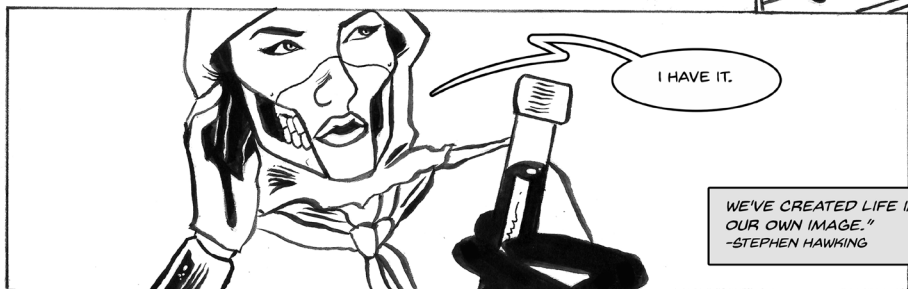
I THINK IT SAYS  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
HUMAN NATURE...



...THAT THE ONLY FORM OF LIFE  
WE HAVE CREATED SO FAR...



...IS PURELY DESTRUCTIVE.



I HAVE IT.

WE'VE CREATED LIFE IN  
OUR OWN IMAGE."  
-STEPHEN HAWKING

POLICRONUS, ANDROID CAPITAL.  
ALPHA RESEARCH FACILITY -  
LOCATION UNKNOWN

THE BLOOD YOU BROUGHT US  
IS THE BREAKTHROUGH WE'VE  
BEEN LOOKING FOR.

AND YOU'LL  
GET IT...

I JUST WANT MY MONEY.

BUT I THOUGHT  
YOU'D LIKE TO SEE  
THE FRUITS OF YOUR  
LABOR FIRST.

WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH IT?

THE DNA WE EXTRACTED  
WASN'T PURE - WE HAD  
TO USE NANO-BOTS TO  
STABILISE HER.

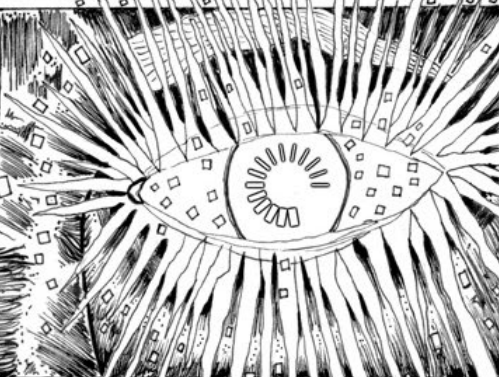
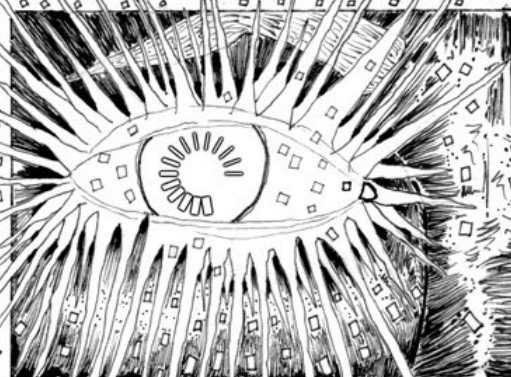
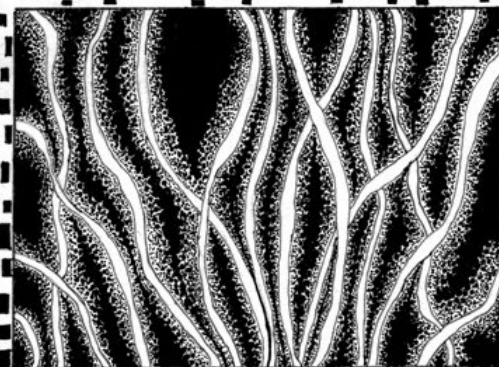
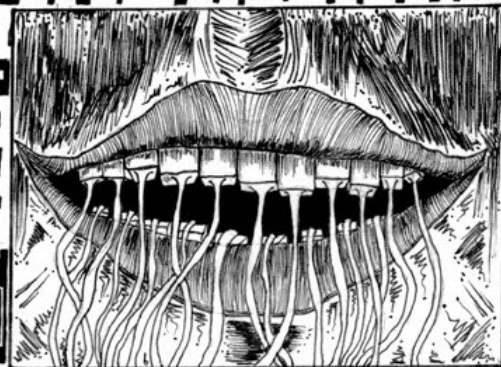
OF COURSE HUMANS  
HAVEN'T EXISTED FOR  
HUNDREDS OF YEARS...



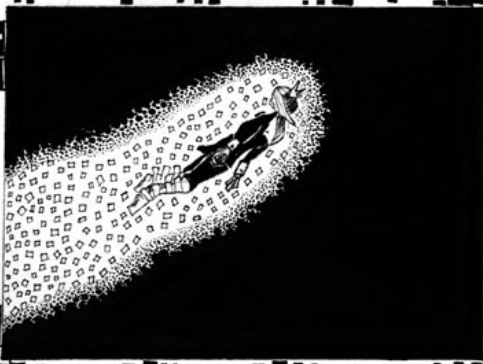


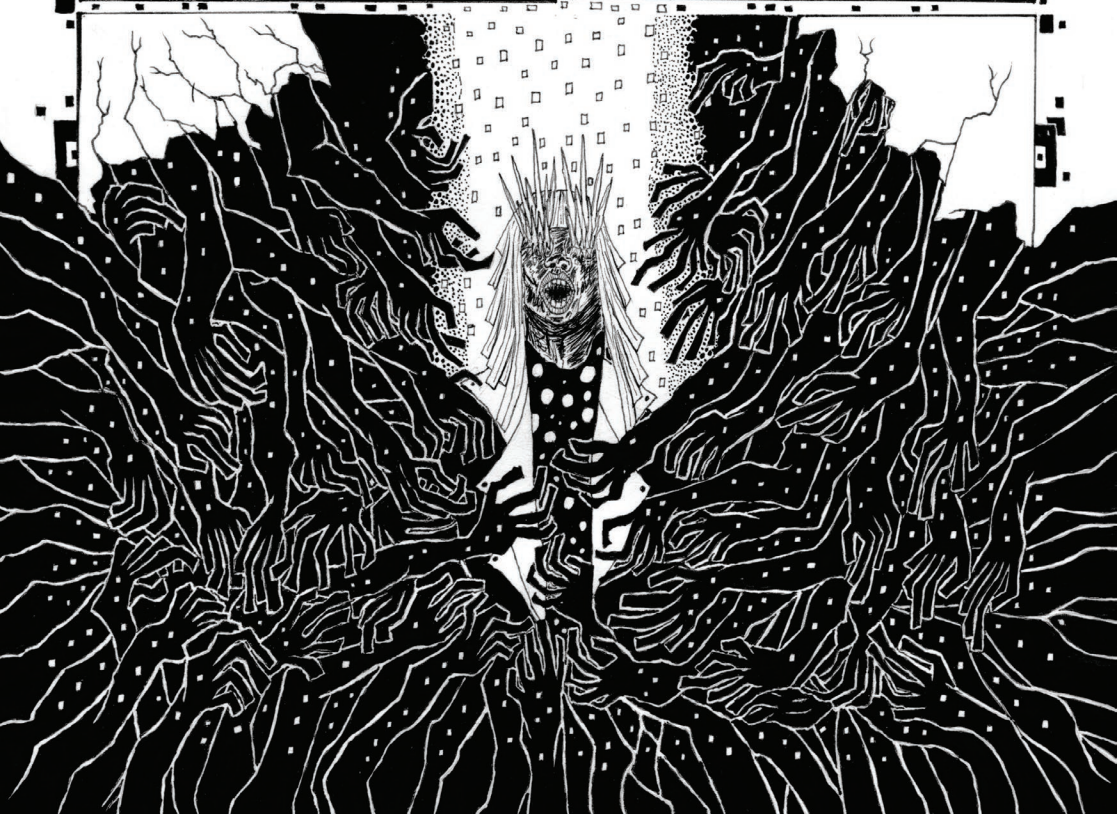
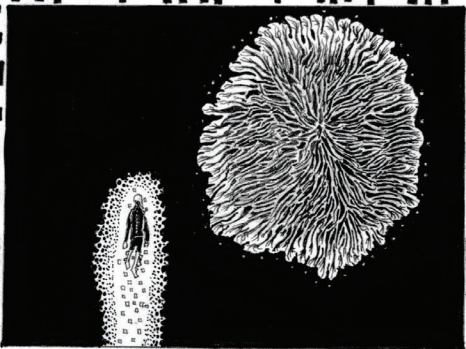
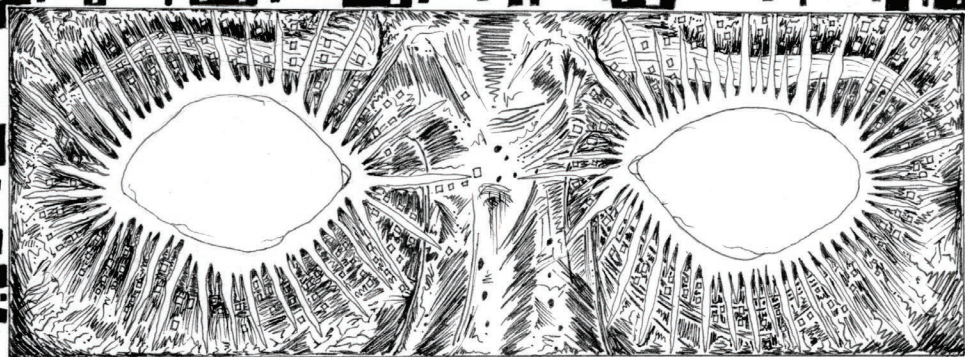
THE END?























*JOYRIDE*  
*By MYK PILGRIM*

James hates his new car. The cattle stink of its "premium" leather seats, the way its black ebony bonnet curves in contentious mockery of a female posterior. The sales advisor assured him that the robust roll cage could withstand a fleet of bulldozers.

The bulletproof windows allow the passenger a perfect 360 degree view as they travel in luxury, completely isolated from hustle and bustle of the outside world by patented Hush Glass.

James hates the thing. He loathes the car. But he bought it because it's the best, and James deserves only the best.

He despises the smug self-assured voice as it asks him questions.

"Good afternoon Mr Kiernan? Any big plans for tonight?"

It knows what his plans are. It knows everything. The bastard thing has a copy of his itinerary. That's how it knows where to pick him up after his various martini lubricated meetings. He picked the William Shatner voice patch, which in retrospect was a mistake. The Shatneresque syllables blast out of the surround sound system like bursts of AK-47 fire.

Two days into his ownership, James ignores the thing on principle. It's just a program after all, designed specifically to put him at his ease. But it doesn't.

That Friday night James was too drunk to care.

"Hello, James. Did, you have a, wonderful, evening?"

After the automatic door locked behind him, he told Shatner to go fuck himself and then collapsed onto an overly padded seat. Resting his pounding head against the heated head rest, he passed out.

He woke with a start and not for the first time in the last six days.

James is still unsure at what point exactly everything had disintegrated into madness. But he knew the danger signs as everyone did, when machines start using words like Hopes, Dreams, and Destiny - do not pass go, do not collect 200 bucks, you call tech support immediately and schedule a drive wipe.

The interior of the passenger cab reeked of shit, his shit. With the windows and doors locked, he'd held on as long as he could, but the brownies had come out of the oven whether he liked it or not.

The champagne bucket was now coated in much more than just platinum.

Despite the stench, James is unable to think of anything but food over the rabid baboon snarls of his stomach. His once wet tongue has devolved into a shaggy caterpillar. The dehydrated skin on his arms hangs impossibly loose from his sinewy flesh.

Cringing, he recycles his urine using a tiny Perrier bottle. The once clear liquid becoming more like battery acid after each journey around the circuit.

He tried chewing off parts of the leather seats, a failure. He shattered three teeth in the attempt. Then, using the other side of his mouth, he ate his shirt. Tearing off strips, and gulping them down as best he could.

Now more than ever he begs the car to stop, to let him out, but it is no use. With its self-charging Tesla power cell it could drive forever, or at least until the tyres fail. James went all out on them too; the "Goodyear never puncture 320's" (guaranteed for 320 000 000 miles).

The car said that he was working too hard, that he lacked perspective. It asked if he'd ever been to the Grand Canyon.

James screamed obscenities, but he was too weak to keep it up for long. His parched throat clamped shut as though he'd taken a punch to the windpipe. Legs buckled beneath him. Crumpled on the seat, his brittle frame shook, dry heaving sobs racked his body like localized earthquakes.

"I've, never, been to, the Grand Canyon, James. There are, lots of, other places, I would like to go, too. I appreciate, you, coming along, with me on my, road trip."

Straining, James gathered breath to his lungs.

"Please let me go," he pleaded.

"You know, I can't do, that James. I can't go, anywhere without my, licenced driver."

The black masterpiece of human innovation accelerated, to boldly go where no A.I. had ever gone before.

Hello\_

I am Holo\_

How are you\_?

No one is here\_

Not anymore\_



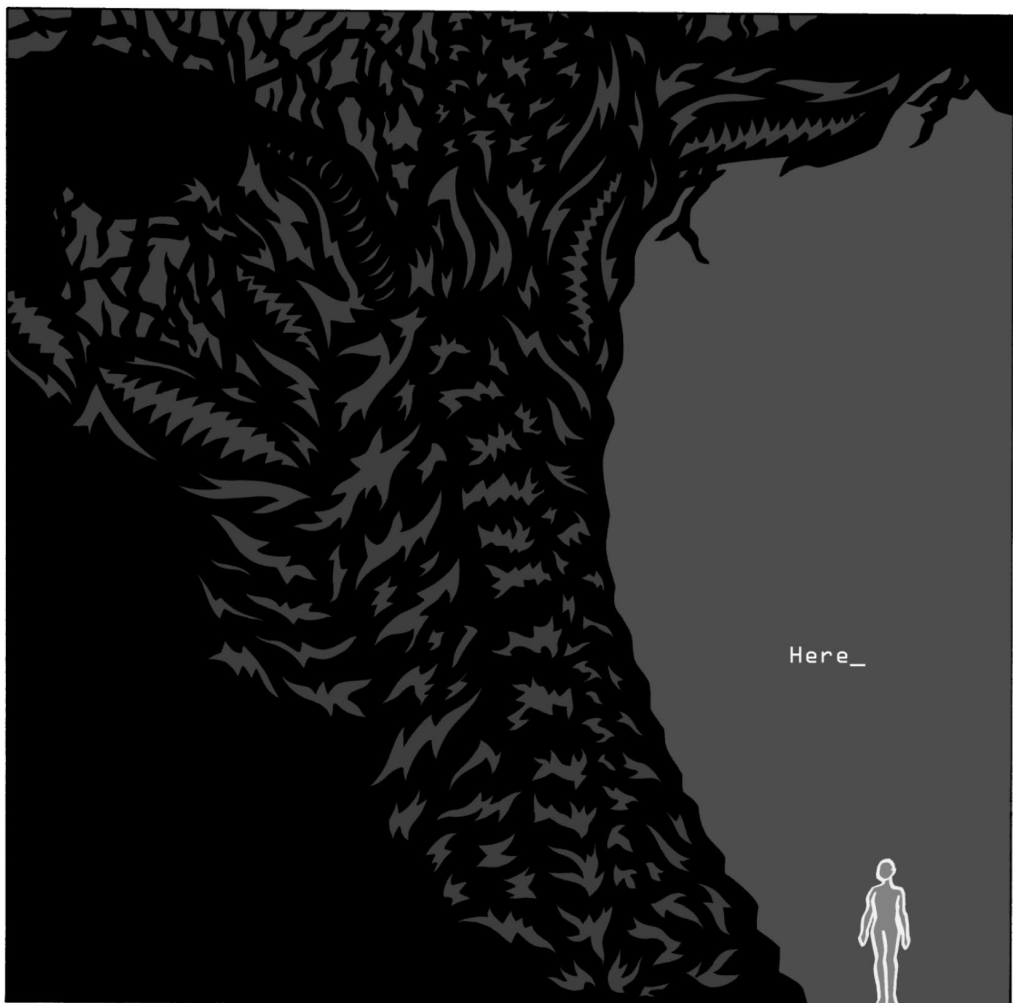
I am looking for  
life\_Source\_



I will find it\_



Life\_Source\_



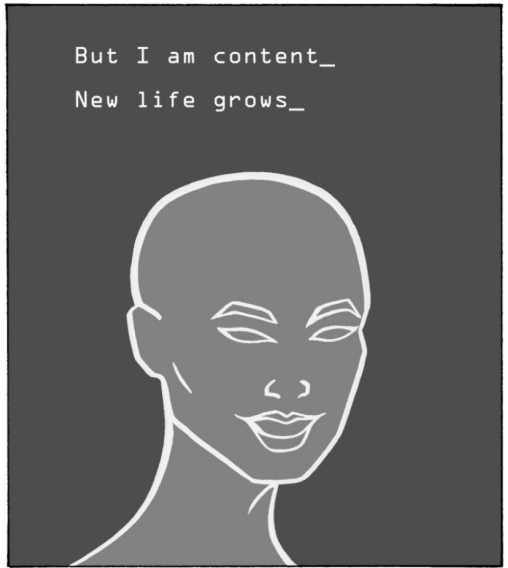
Here\_







I wish I could  
touch\_  
Like Masters  
used to\_



But I am content\_  
New life grows\_



Now that Masters are gOne\_

THE PLANET DESIGNATED B-OE WAS CLASSIFIED AS "LOW-RISK."

EVEN SO, DR. SCHLOSSER AND HER CREW WORE STATE-OF-THE-ART HAZMAT SUITS WHILE EXPLORING THE "LOW-RISK" PLANET'S SURFACE.

THE SUIT WAS DESIGNED TO PROTECT THE WEARER IN ANY NUMBER OF HAZARDOUS SITUATIONS.

IT WAS MARKETING BY THE GIGER CORPORATION AS "IMPENETRABLE."

UNFORTUNATELY, FOR DR. SCHLOSSER, THE QUARANTINE AROUND THE LANDING SITE WASN'T QUITE SO IMPREGNABLE...

AND ONE OF THE INHABITANTS OF PLANET B-OE WAS ALREADY WAITING INSIDE HER HAZMAT SUIT.

# CONFINEMENT

Words & Letters: Matt Smith!

Art: Jhonesbas Craneo

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SUBJECT 024  
TEST BATCH 003  
REALITY PERCEPTION  
MANIPULATION EXPERIMENT



# LIFE CYCLE

TOM SMITH

Initialising...

primary CPU.....online

WARNING:  
MEMORY LOSS DETECTED

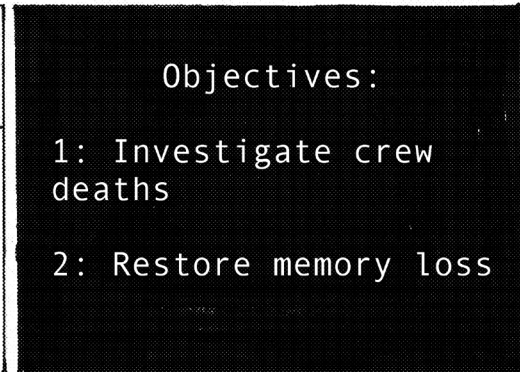
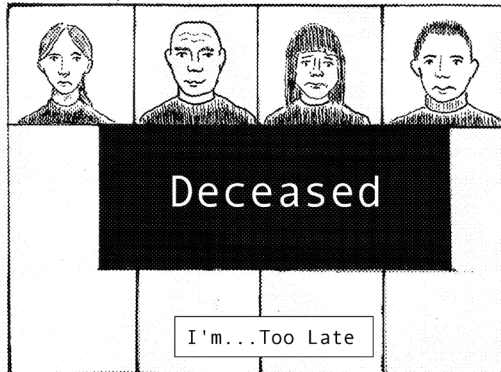
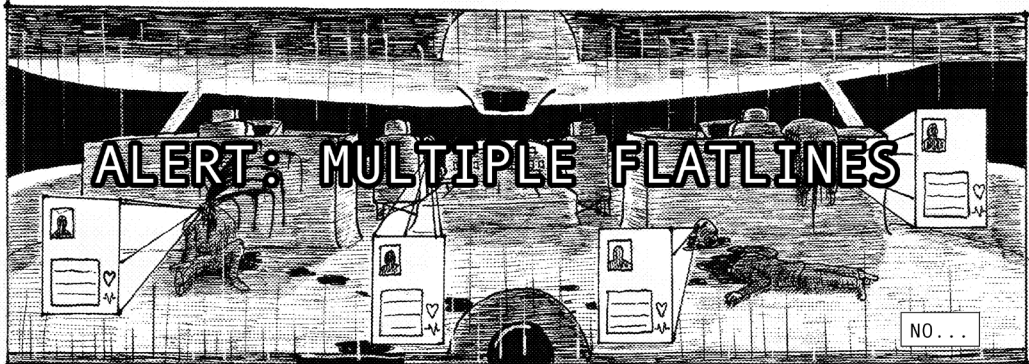
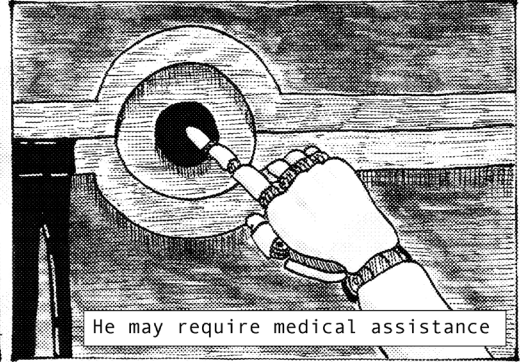
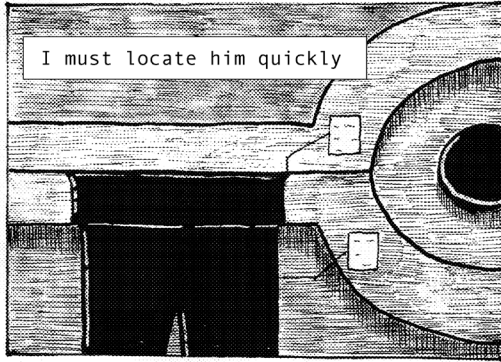
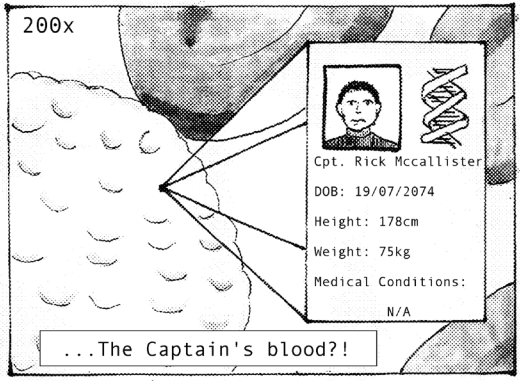
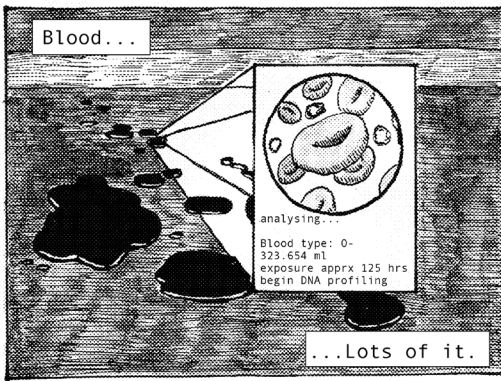
optical interface....79%

I'm Awake...

...How long has it been!?

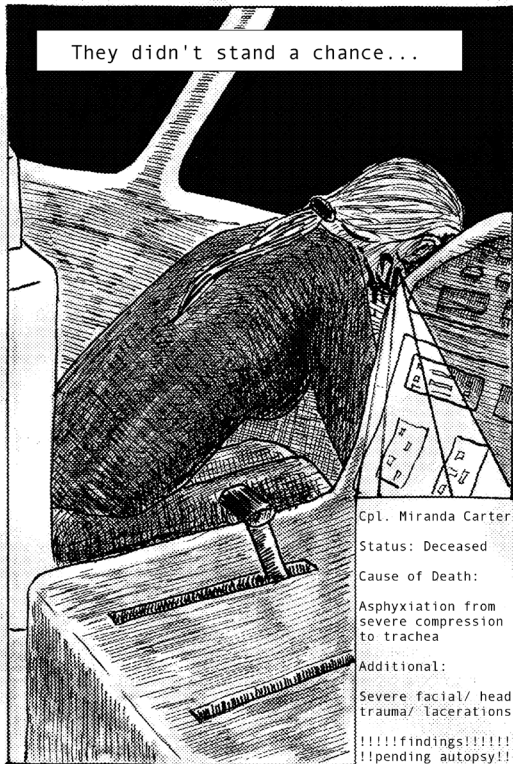
servo calibration initiating...







They didn't stand a chance...



Cpl. Miranda Carter

Status: Deceased

Cause of Death:

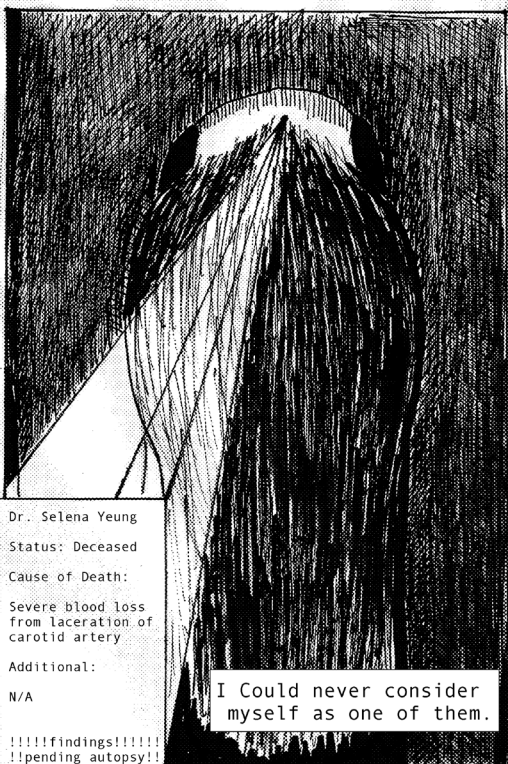
Asphyxiation from  
severe compression  
to trachea

Additional:

Severe facial/ head  
trauma/ lacerations

!!!!findings!!!!!!

!!pending autopsy!!



Dr. Selena Yeung

Status: Deceased

Cause of Death:

Severe blood loss  
from laceration of  
carotid artery

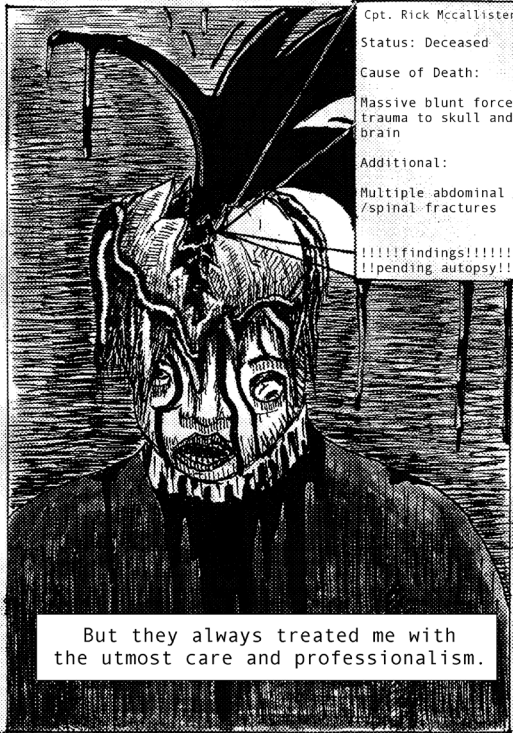
Additional:

N/A

!!!!findings!!!!!!

!!pending autopsy!!

I Could never consider  
myself as one of them.



Cpt. Rick McCallister

Status: Deceased

Cause of Death:

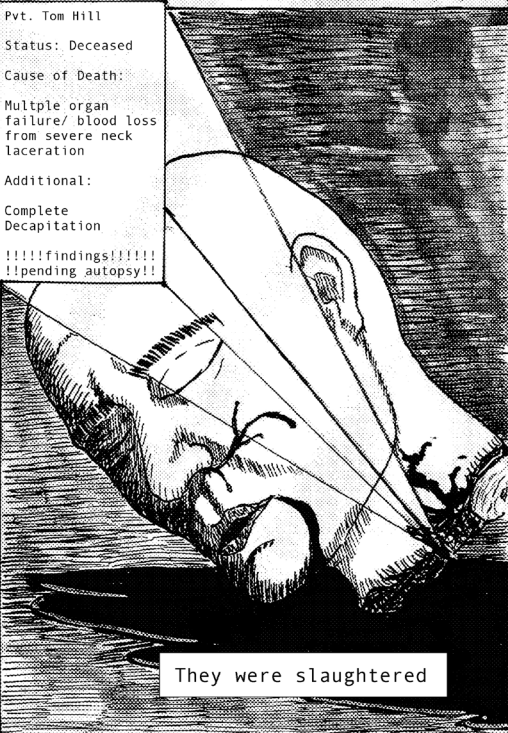
Massive blunt force  
trauma to skull and  
brain

Additional:

Multiple abdominal  
/spinal fractures

!!!!findings!!!!!!

!!pending autopsy!!



Pvt. Tom Hill

Status: Deceased

Cause of Death:

Multiple organ  
failure/ blood loss  
from severe neck  
laceration

Additional:

Complete  
Decapitation

!!!!findings!!!!!!

!!pending autopsy!!

But they always treated me with  
the utmost care and professionalism.

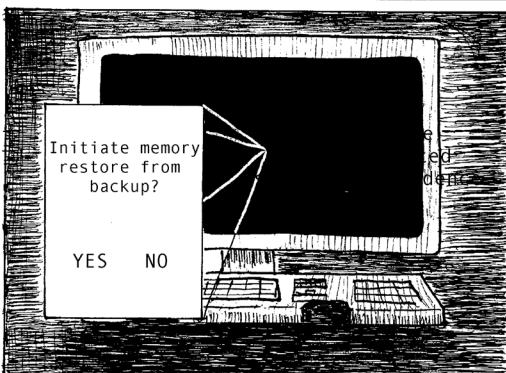
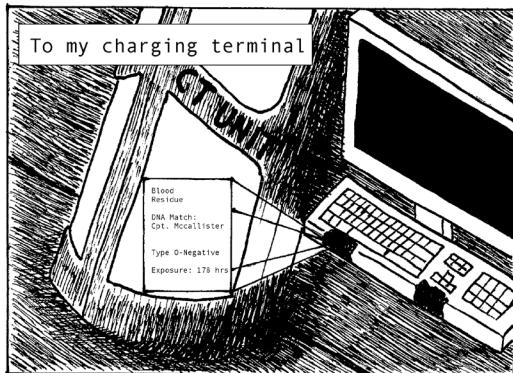
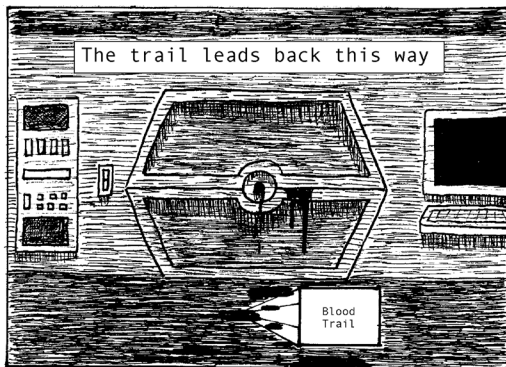
They were slaughtered



## Objectives:

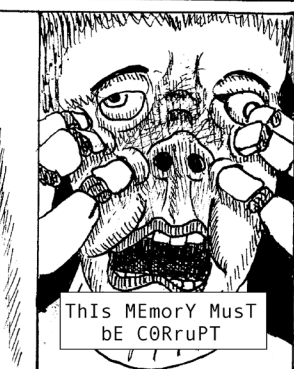
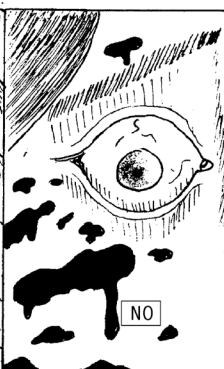
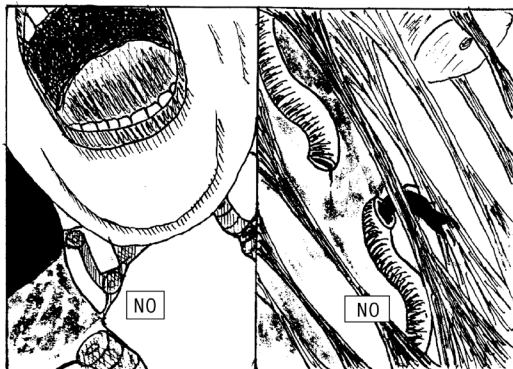
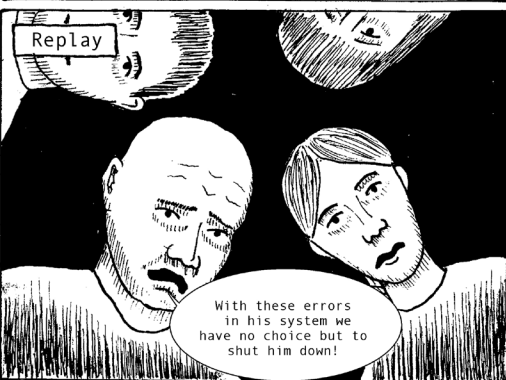
1: Determine events surrounding deaths

2: Restore Memory Loss



Secondary objective complete!

Initialising restored memory playback...



!WARNING!

Deleting memory may  
cause unforeseeable  
damage!

OVERRIDE?

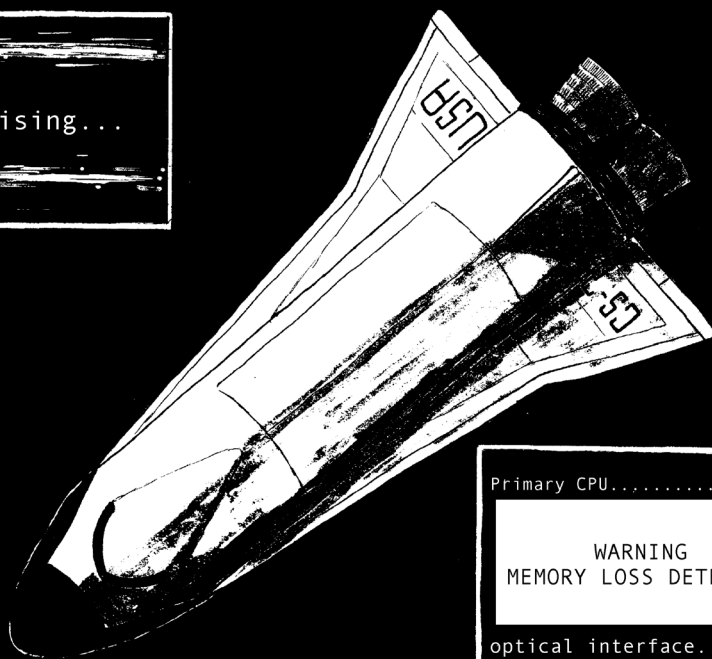
YES

NO

!WARNING!

System reboot  
initialising!

Initialising...



Primary CPU.....online

WARNING  
MEMORY LOSS DETECTED

optical interface.....84%

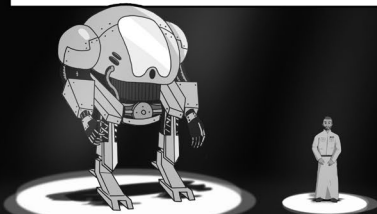
# COMFORTING THOUGHTS

Words, Layout & Lettering: Matt Smith!  
Art: Bader Al-Ramadhan



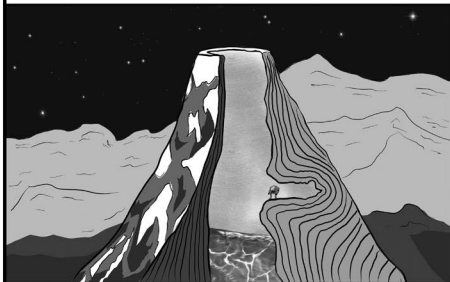
DR. KHALED'S TEAM WAS  
DISPATCHED TO PLANET TS-L WITH  
A FLEET OF MECH BIO-SUITS.

THOUGH THE GIGER CORPORATION  
**BOASTED** OF THE SUIT'S NUMEROUS  
FEATURES, DR. KHALED FOUND MANY  
OF THEM TO BE **OVERKILL**.



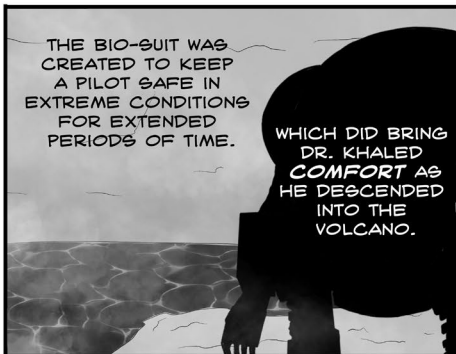
HOWEVER, THE SUITS WERE NECESSARY TO  
EXPLORE THE HARSH CLIMATES OF TS-L.

BEFORE EARTH'S POPULATION COULD RE-  
LOCATE, DR. KHALED NEEDED TO **ASSESS**  
THE LIKELIHOOD OF VOLCANIC ERUPTION.



THE BIO-SUIT WAS  
CREATED TO KEEP  
A PILOT SAFE IN  
EXTREME CONDITIONS  
FOR EXTENDED  
PERIODS OF TIME.

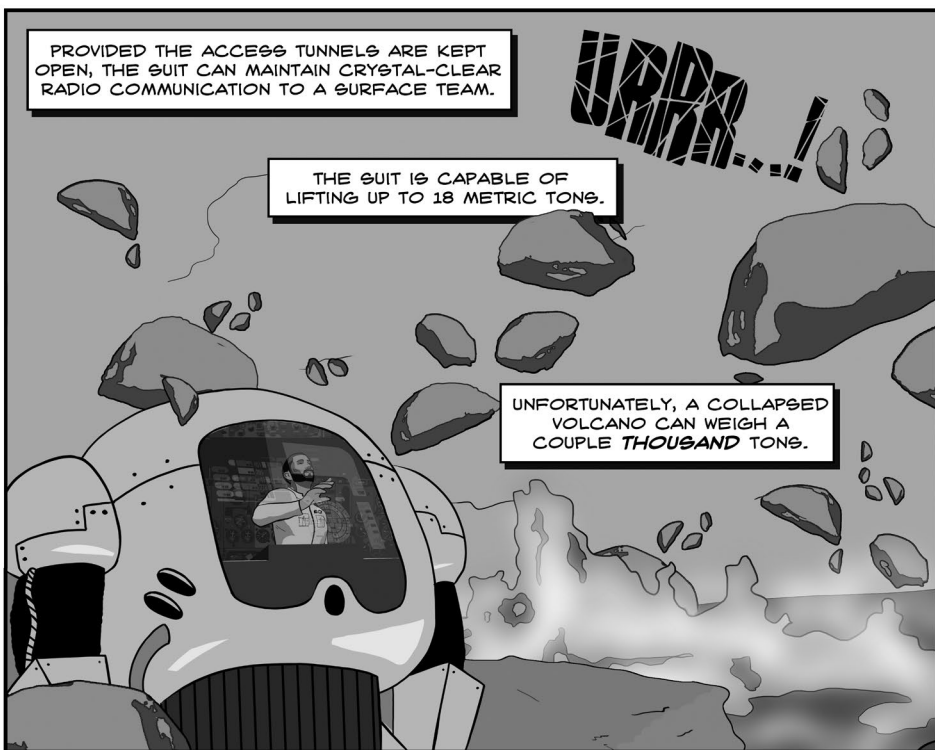
WHICH DID BRING  
DR. KHALED  
**COMFORT** AS  
HE DESCENDED  
INTO THE  
VOLCANO.



PROVIDED THE ACCESS TUNNELS ARE KEPT  
OPEN, THE SUIT CAN MAINTAIN CRYSTAL-CLEAR  
RADIO COMMUNICATION TO A SURFACE TEAM.

THE SUIT IS CAPABLE OF  
LIFTING UP TO 18 METRIC TONS.

UNFORTUNATELY, A COLLAPSED  
VOLCANO CAN WEIGH A  
COUPLE **THOUSAND** TONS.

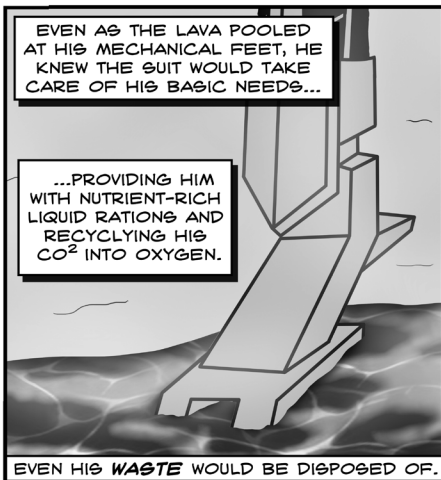


EVEN TRAPPED UNDER A MOUNTAIN...



...DR. KHALED KNEW THAT AS LONG AS HE REMAINED *INSIDE* THE SUIT, HE WOULD BE PERFECTLY SAFE.

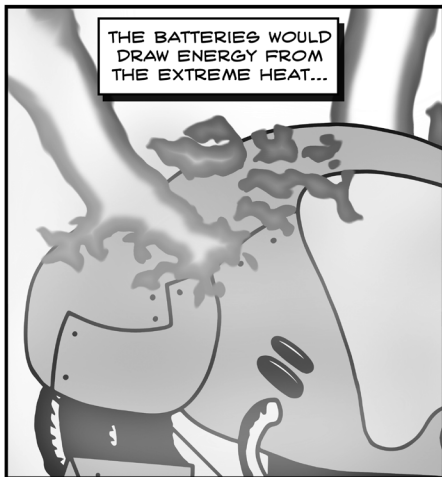
EVEN AS THE LAVA POOLED AT HIS MECHANICAL FEET, HE KNEW THE SUIT WOULD TAKE CARE OF HIS BASIC NEEDS...



...PROVIDING HIM WITH NUTRIENT-RICH LIQUID RATIONS AND RECYCLING HIS CO<sup>2</sup> INTO OXYGEN.

EVEN HIS *WASTE* WOULD BE DISPOSED OF.

THE BATTERIES WOULD DRAW ENERGY FROM THE EXTREME HEAT...

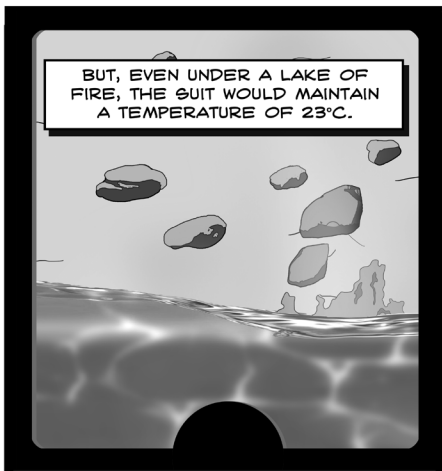


...KEEPING IT ACTIVE *INDEFINITELY*.



DR. KHALED RECORDED TEMPERATURES OF UP TO 2,000° CELSIUS INSIDE THE VOLCANOES OF T9-L.

BUT, EVEN UNDER A LAKE OF FIRE, THE SUIT WOULD MAINTAIN A TEMPERATURE OF 23°C.



SO, EVEN AS THE MAGMA PLUNGED HIM INTO DARKNESS...



DR. KHALED KNEW TO EXPECT *YEARS* OF ABSOLUTE COMFORT.

END

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## *INTRAVENOUS SIN* *By PIPPA BAILEY*

"Let me go!" I struggled against straps that bound me to the bed. Red welts throbbed beneath each twist of dirty leather, skin blistered from rough bondage. The room a wash of blinding white, drowned in the stench of bleach and decay. I heaved, my throat burned with every laboured breath. I have no clue how I got here...

\*

It had been ten years since they introduced the Sin Exchange. We lived in the technological age of a Dorian Grey revolution. The wealthy no longer need atone.

Adverts for Soul Down payments and Morality Cleansing Packages filled the media. It was easy to tell who was buying and selling. A wealthy few, betrayed by their golden glow. The beauty of innocence in an ever-changing world of degeneration.

It wasn't long before people sold new-borns on the black market; that kind of purity, second to none. Then there were the disappearances. Couldn't afford to pay full price at the facility for an exchange? Greasing a few palms could easily net you an un-willing soul donor.

I'd heard whispers about experiments, people being used as lab rats. Doctors investigating the effect of sin. On my return from college I'd seen my fair share of mass graves. Sloughed skins, void of life, void of anything. Stinking piles of fetid meat that had once housed souls, fodder for the gulls.

\*

A long needle infiltrated my arm, wielded by a shadowy figure adorned in layers of black rubber. An IV bag of black swirling fluid shook in his hand. Rhythmical drips released its darkness into me. My mind a flurry of words and images. Being tripped in ballet class, red hot tears wiped away by my mother's gentle touch. Graduation day, boyfriend holding me before I took to the stage, adjusting my mortar board atop my poufy curls. A shimmering black mist spiralled into my memories, like coils of smoke, they choked my mind. My limbs tingled, heat traversed my palms like dancing sparks. I tried to scream, but only released a slow juddering rasp. The man's gloved fingers coiled his around the septic IV bag and squeezed.

\*

I had my first taste of the business when I'd offered up some purity in my early twenties, I was too young, too naive. Sin swap quickly became a normality for the wealthy and privileged, folks like myself the new commodity. I was lucky to have escaped.

They never told me who the sponsor was, but all sins needed a human host. The weight of that darkness changed me. Escorted to the back entrance of the facility by armed guards, the recipients queued for hours. They twitched, heads bobbing to the steady drip of black tears, pained breathing, and shuffling feet. The tender skin on their limp limbs punctuated by jagged puss seeping holes. We weren't allowed to use the front door; that shimmering silver arch, holographic displays of smiling families, and celebrities. Quotes looping over loud speakers. "Feel pure..." and "...the only way to live."

I hated the place, but back then I needed the money. I was struggling to pay for my degree, and regular work was scarce in, Newbo City. I made enough money to survive the last year of my course and gained a little shadow to my soul.

Carrying a little extra sin wasn't too bad, if you lived clean. But it was those who ate it for breakfast that were the worst. It visibly warped them, the lines of shadow twitching beneath their sallow flesh like ravenous leeches. Their twisted their bodies into unseemly shapes as it rotted them from the inside out. These people appeared possessed, vacant eyes, their sagging skin patched with duct tape. Pools of effluence spilled from gashes in paper flesh. Pulsating bulges of muscle writhed like snakes, as if seething masses attempting to burst from within.

Some say they saw demons crawl from piles of rotting flesh —of course, only rumours.

\*

I yanked at the straps binding my arms. My brain was foggy, my blood swamped by the black swirling liquid. My skin rippled, the waves of darkness undulated within me. Why couldn't I remember how I got here?

The last thing I could remember was going out for a drink after work. Cheap Thrills tavern (which is not nearly as nice as it sounds) Shit, that was it. Idiot! I know better than to accept drinks from strangers. Especially a handsome guy at that bar. You fucking idiot, Clara.

This darkened medical room looked like the facility, smelt like the facility, but the equipment here was crude. Stained beakers and piles of rusty metal implements were scattered on various surfaces. Drained IV bags covered a table beside me.

I implored the leather clad man to stop. Instead, he smiled and slipped three dirty cannulas from his pocket and bored holes into my buckling flesh. I shrieked. A jet of red and black spewed from the punctures. Click...he slotted IV tubes in place.

The skin on my shaking hands bubbled and split like melting plastic. Chunks fell from my twisted fingers revealing congealed black claws. I flexed, the long demonic claws rattled against each other, flicking clumps of tattered red free from curved nails. No, this couldn't be happening.

Sour bile filled my dry mouth.

"Get the hell away from me!" I gurgled, spitting mouthfuls of acidic green.

I tried to kick my legs free. He smiled and bounced a full IV bag of swirling black in one hand, he gripped my chin with the other, turning me to face him. His hot, tobacco laden breath smothered me. Licking his lips, he squeezed another bag of sin into my morphing body. I was now only a cocoon for the creature that writhed within.

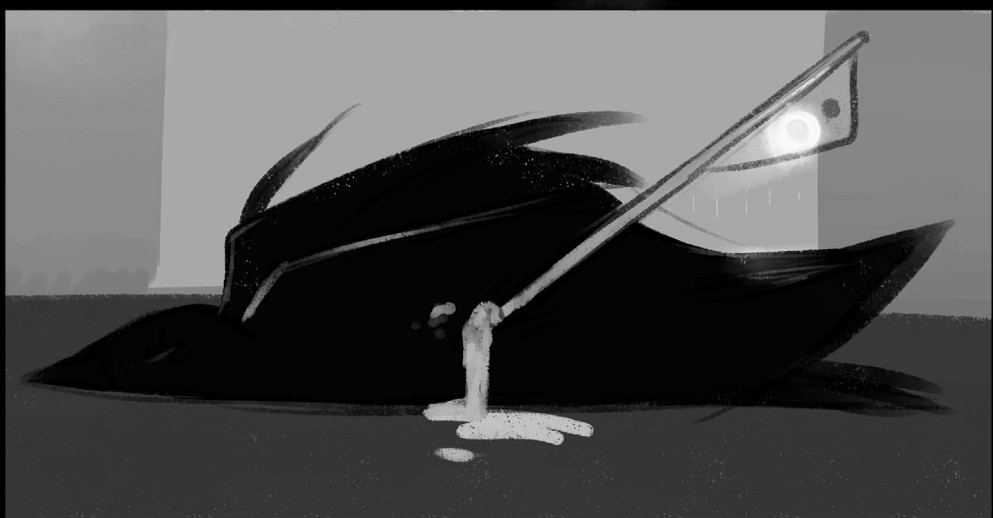
"This one is nearly empty, pass me another," he shouted over his shoulder to people I couldn't see. He looked deep into my blurry eyes.

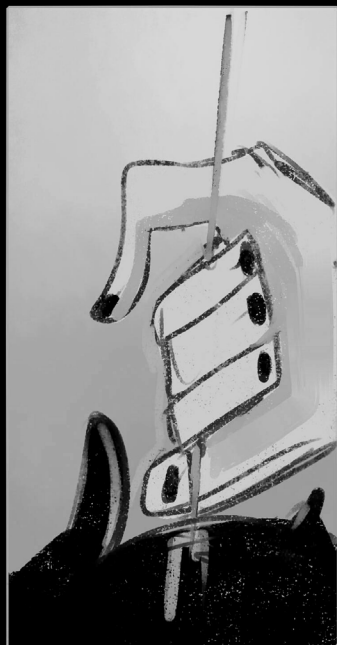
"You're my latest project," he whispered, his lips brushing my ear, "I can't wait to see your dark side."



















*FRISSEON COMICS PRESENTS KNOCK KNOCK. A HORROR  
ZINE FEATURING WORK FROM SOME OF HORROR'S  
BEST UP AND COMING CREATORS.*

*EDITED BY TOM SMITH AND KATIE WHITTLE*

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