

FRISSON COMICS PRESENTS;



KNOCK KNOCK OCCULT CLASSICS



Hail Traveller,

The night is cold and the fire is warm. Take a seat with our illustrious coven as we conjure up this season's offerings.

Arcane rituals and esoteric knowledge abound amongst these Occult Classics;

How did Asmodeus find himself in eternal limbo? What really happened on the set of Coven in 1975? How exactly will the Second Coming play out? What IS the best recipe for a smashing gingerbread man?

These secrets and many more will be revealed to you, dear disciple, in return for a small sacrificial offering of your time.

Just be mindful of how much you offer up, for who knows how much you have left?

T+K A.D. 2018

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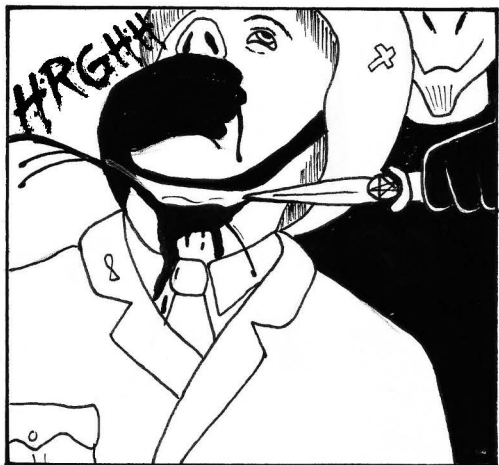
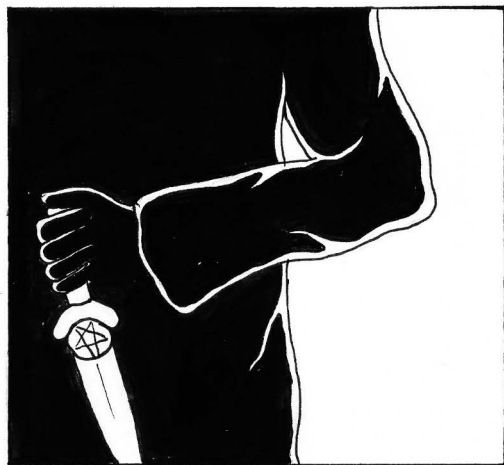
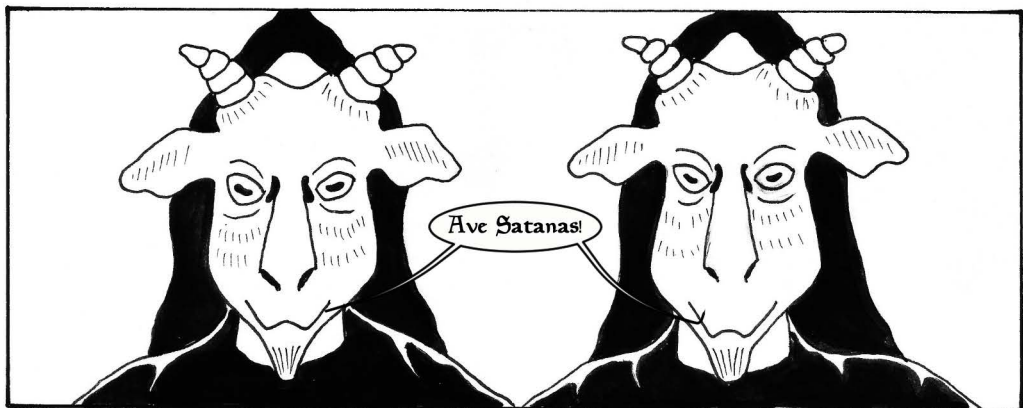
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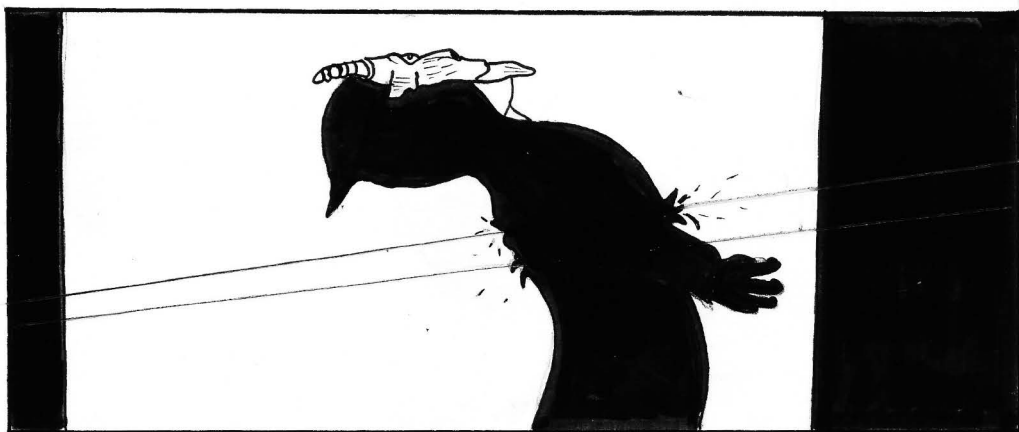
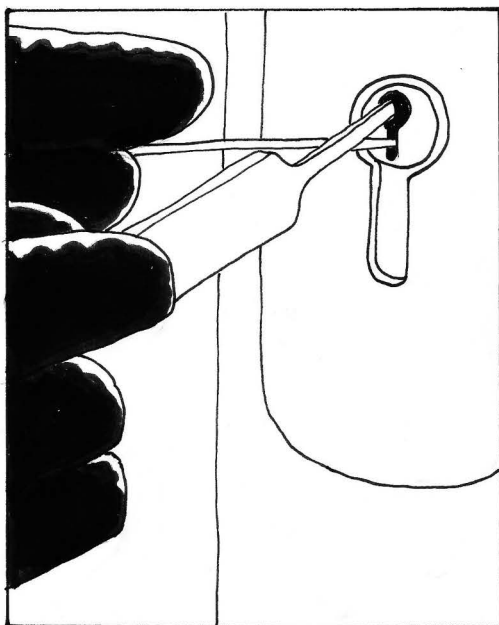


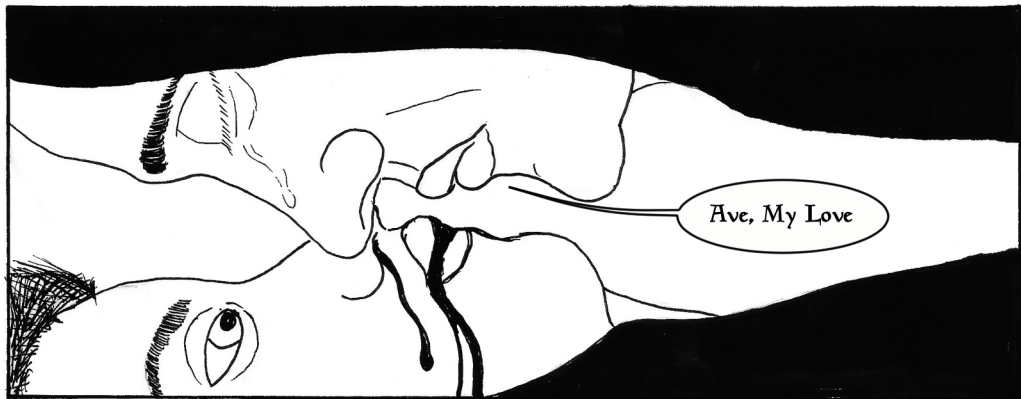
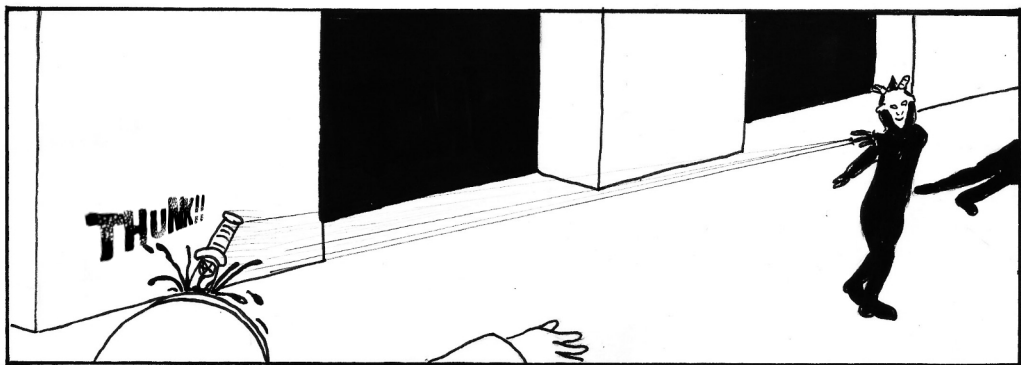
he came not as a saviour

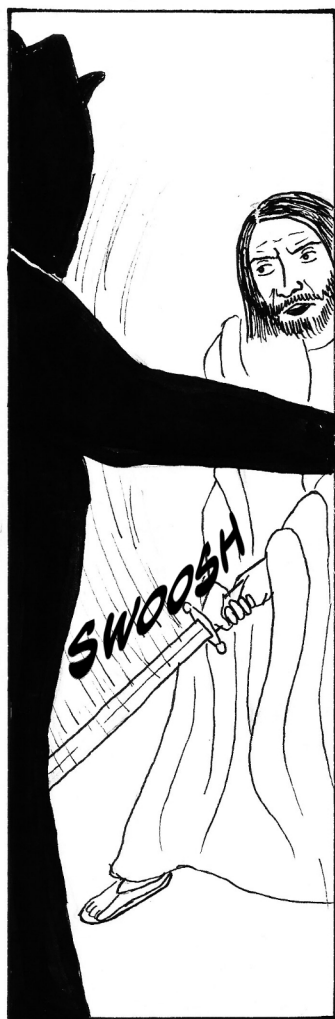
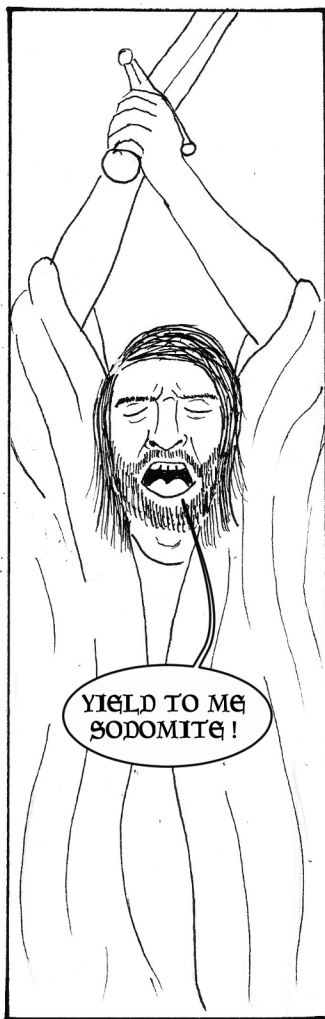


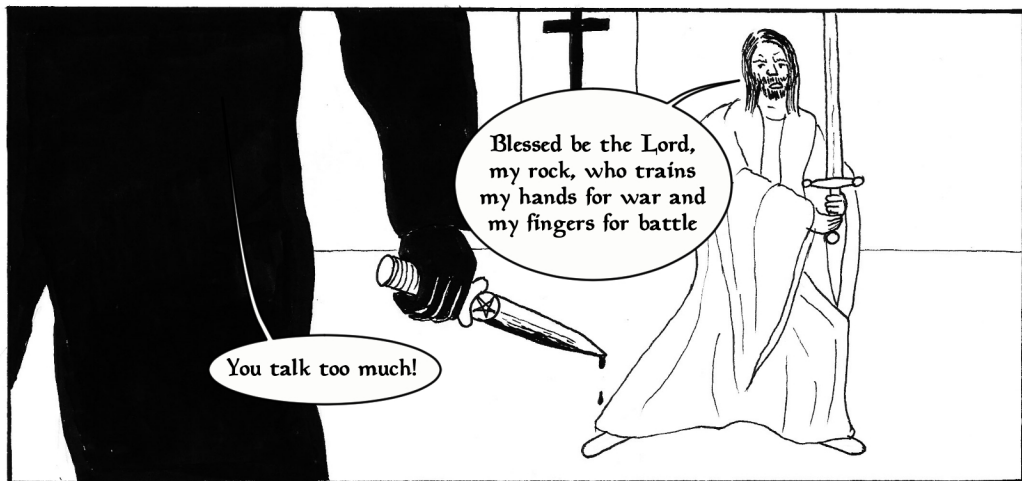
But his reign ends tonight











SWOOSH



The END

Written and Drawn by Tom Smith

WRONG HANDED KEVIN T. ROGERS

It was a cloudy afternoon heading towards an early dusk - which made the forest even darker. But George Holt had trod this path before and knew his destination lay no more than ten minutes away. Not that he was in any hurry to get there. The grisly package he carried might have made him shiver, but the thought of the person for whom it was intended, absolutely chilled him to the bone. Still, Daniel Wicklow paid well, and Holt always needed the money. It was just a pity that the house could not be reached by horse or carriage. But that was the way that Wicklow wanted it – inhospitable - just like the man himself. Which is why Holt abhorred - and in truth feared - both home and owner. And now here were the dim lights bleeding through the trees - and still the heavens thickened . . .

*

The house wasn't big enough to be called a mansion, but was getting there. Holt shuddered at the ancient sigils carved into the oak door, and even worse, the hideous gargoyles that stared down from the gutters above. (He swore he'd once seen one of them move.) Taking a deep breath, he raised the brass doorknocker and rapped twice. The ominous portal creaked open releasing a dull glow from within. Mr Wicklow was doubtless wealthy, yet had never chosen to illuminate his home with gas mantles, let alone the rich man's novelty of electricity. Oil lamps and candles still served in their place. So here he stood, holding a candelabrum of half-melted tapers. Holt blanched at the sight. Wicklow was elderly, short and overweight. Yet his presence gave off an impression of inherent power and his sombre clothing a morbid hint of ill intent. The flickering candles cast eerie shadows upon his podgy face and grey, straggling hair.

'Have you got it?' he asked without preamble.

'Yes, yes, sir, I have it here,' Holt gabbled, and reached into his topcoat pocket.

'No - bring it in – I want to talk to you.'

Holt's heart sank – but Mr Wicklow stood aside to urge entry. 'Hurry up, man,' he gurgled, 'I haven't got time to waste.' His visitor reluctantly stepped in, realising again how much his client's voice reminded him of dirty water running down a drain . . .

*

Holt had entered the dwelling before and always been struck by the absence of servants. For some agency obviously kept the place in order – and the master of the house didn't strike him as the domestic type. But now as he followed Mr. Wicklow, his imagination was taken over by even stranger aspects of his surroundings . . .

Across the cabalistic mosaic on the hallway floor. Up the red-carpeted staircase, past paintings that depicted hellish scenes of the Black Mass. Down the landing, lined with displays of death masks, weapons of war and instruments of torture. And finally into Wicklow's expansive study – a vast treasury of unholy writings and Satanic paraphernalia . . .

*

They stood at the centre of the room facing each other. Wicklow eyed the shifty antiques dealer with a curling lip, but knew that Holt had proved useful over the years, especially in the procurement of very rare – and at times highly illegal – items of interest. So he would tolerate his presence for the short time this matter would take. 'Let me see it,' he finally croaked.

Holt trembled, rummaged deep in his pocket and withdrew a brown paper package tied up with string. The rapidity with which he handed it over betrayed his disgust at whatever was inside. His companion's eyes though, positively sparkled with anticipation. Even more so when he produced a dagger - probably from his waistcoat but so fast that it seemed out of thin air - and cut away the wrapping to reveal the object he now held – the left hand of somebody long dead. Or more precisely, the severed, pickled extremity of a murderer!

'Behold!' he exulted, 'A "Hand of Glory"!'

Holt grimaced at the broken, black fingernails, the blue-tinged skin stretched over protruding bones. But Wicklow ignored such concerns – he needed to verify the authenticity of his purchase. So began with simple questions.

'You queried the seller as to its power? He assured you what it could do?'

'Y-yes - he said thieves would place a lighted candle upon it, and the radiance would stupefy those they would rob?'

'Excellent. And it is definitely the un-blessed hand of a hanged homicide?'

Holt hesitated. 'Well, yes, an executed man . . .'

Wicklow noted the evasion. 'NOT hanged?'

Holt gulped, but was too scared to lie. 'Shot by firing squad,' he apologised, 'but apparently that was the punishment for killers in his country. And I am told he was the most terrible assassin, with a soul so black that none would speak of his crimes thereafter.' Holt waited for the anticipated explosion.

But Wicklow merely considered, and then spoke flatly. 'Very well – you have a point – rope or bullet, an evil man either dispatched has suffered the same fate. However, I hope you will be so good as to assist me with an experiment to ensure that despite this departure from the traditional ritual requirement, the object will still have its potency?'

Holt had little choice but to agree. So he did.

*

He sat in a high-backed ebony chair, staring out of the study window. Day had turned to night, a rising wind wailed mournfully, and the billowing sky was as black as the grave. Still, George Holt would rather have been out there in the most extreme of conditions than in here with such an uncertain future.

Wicklow had spent what seemed like hours readying for his experiment. Endless ceremonial invocations, the smouldering of fetid incense, mystical passes and gestures – all designed to reinvigorate dark energies latent in the hand - which now rested on a velvet footstool. And at last, all was set. The magician secured a burning candle between the stiff, dead fingers - then raised the abominable thing close in front of his subject's eyes. The effect was instant - Holt's body slumped as he seemed to lose consciousness. But when Wicklow commanded, 'Stand up!' Holt stood. And when, 'Sit down!' he again obeyed. So now the final test: Wicklow replaced the hand on the footstool. 'Hold out your own right hand!' he ordered - and Holt did so. Wicklow smiled, then took out his dagger and slowly drove it all the way through his victim's palm! The unfortunate man never flinched.

Wicklow was ecstatic! He withdrew his weapon, wiped the blood on its owner's sleeve, and immediately began to formulate plans for this marvellous new acquisition. For example, there was that shapely serving girl at the local tavern who had fearfully declined his advances. And old Mr Grantard the recluse who lived but two miles away – who was rumoured to have several chests of gold secreted about his property. Yes, he was sure there would be many such opportunities for a man who possessed a genuine 'Hand of Glory'!

And as he revelled in such thoughts, the wind outside finally chased the clouds from the sky, and exposed a full and silver moon whose beams shone down through the window and lighted upon his gruesome trophy. Which Wicklow took as an omen of good fortune. Until - he thought he glimpsed one of the fingers twitch! An optical illusion, surely? But - it did it again – this time dislodging the candle from its grip. And then the whole hand began to convulse, and coarse hair to sprout from its skin, and its fingernails to lengthen into talons! And he screamed in horror as it launched itself at him, sinking its claws into his neck – and tearing out his throat . . .

*

Some years later, George Holt had cause again to consult the dealer who had sold him the 'Hand of Glory'. He was an amiable rogue named Doyle, who on conclusion of their present business suggested a drink and chat in a local hostelry. Where talk inevitably turned to Wicklow. And now as Holt came to the end of his own part in the story, he displayed the mysterious scar on his palm. 'Can't remember how that happened – no memory.'

'But when you woke – you just left him there, dead?'

'Yes – I wasn't going to hang around to take the blame. And the thing was gone – I expect whoever killed him took it.'

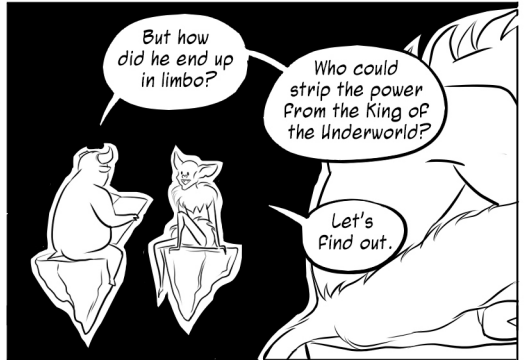
'Indeed,' Doyle frowned, 'but I'll tell you something else I heard. You know the executed man from whom the hand was taken was shot by firing squad? Well apparently, each rifle had been loaded with silver bullets! Now, why on earth would that be?'

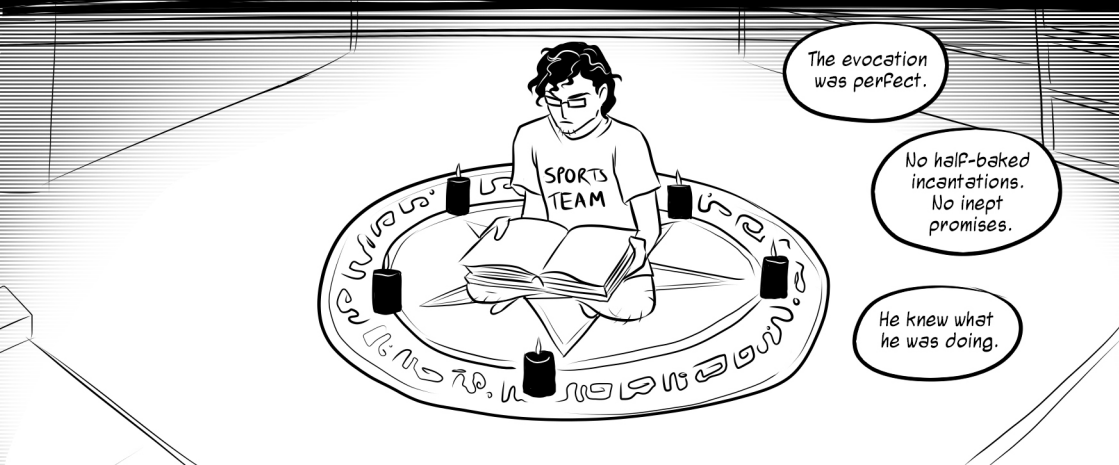
Holt had no idea, and didn't really want to think about this ghastly affair ever again. So he ordered more drinks - and tried not to.



Deal or No Deal

Words by Dan Whitehead
Art and letters by Sarah Millman







Why have you summoned me, mortal?

You wish for insight from beyond the veil?

Infernal assistance in achieving your dreams?

Make your offering and receive my dark blessing.



I have no question.

Only a challenge.



Ha ha ha ha!

You would challenge me?

Oh, I will enjoy picking your bones clean, meat puppet!

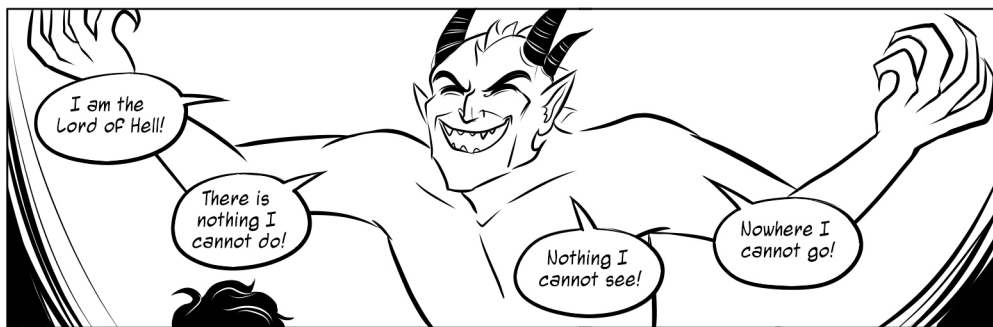


It's just that it says here that you have to accept any challenge.

And if you can't do it, I get all your power.

Then make your challenge, impudent worm...

And prepare for an eternity of exquisite suffering.





Friends with demons? Dating a ghost again? Now everyone can play! With...

Totally Haunted Twister

"FUN FOR
THE WHOLE
COVEN!"

PLAY FOR
FUN OR FOR
YOUR SOUL!



Left Foot

OUIJA

Right Hand

Totally Haunted
Twister

*Totally Haunted Twister
is not responsible for any
demonic possession that
may occur

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@nnekan

GINGERBREAD MEN, NOTES TO ACCOMPANY THE 'AULD RECIPE BY HAGGIE JOHNS BY MYK PILGRIM

The trick to making gingerbread men is (unsurprisingly)the ginger. You get that right and all the rest will fall into place. It's like gravity.

The ginger must, of course, be fresh. The store-bought stuff just won't do, they use too many pesticides these days. Something in the chemicals throws the whole mix out true. And let me tell you from personal experience, you don't want to be anywhere near a batch that turns bad.

Sift together all the dry ingredients in a wormwood bowl, then add the butter and double the amount of fine grated ginger as listed on the original recipe. Stir until the mixture takes on the consistency of breadcrumbs, then add the wet ingredients.

Roll the dough and cut into whatever shapes you want. I've been told that gingerbread genitals are quite trendy at the moment, but that may seem in particularly bad taste if you are giving said gingerbreads to a school or a church. Either way, it is of course up to you.

I'm a traditionalist myself, gum-drop buttons and white-icing grins: the classics are of course classics for a reason.

The baking requires nothing special, pre-heat oven to 180 degrees and bake for exactly 13 minutes. If they are in for even a second longer, the heat will kill off the ginger's potency and the batch won't rise. Not ever. You have been warned.

If the gingerbread men are overdone, they will still taste delicious. So, if you do happen to lose track of time and ruin a batch, you'll have something to snack on while you start from scratch.

Packaging is important, I recommend an upcycled biscuit tin. Be careful to make sure they're cushioned – you don't want them breaking, not before they reach the intended recipient.

Carefully seal the tin with black wax. If done correctly, this will keep them feisty for up to three years.

These days you can use FEDEX, DHL, or regular post to deliver your package. If you absolutely must see the look on the recipient's face, drop them off on their porch after dark, ring the doorbell, and hide in the nearby bushes.

Note: select your hiding place well in advance and be certain to be well away from the area before the screaming starts.

Gingers are famously indiscriminate about who or what they kill once the massacre begins. As I'm sure you know, no other golem does sadistic torture like a troupe of fresh baked ginger-breads.

The inescapable sizzle of the extra ginger adds a little something to what was already a particularly nasty temperament.

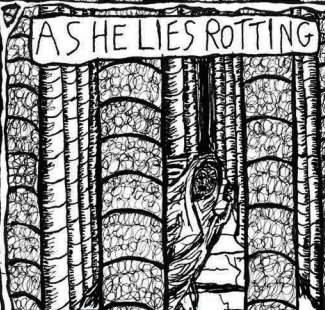
They should be done in about 30 minutes.

Happy hexing!



THE EMPEROR IS DEAD

AS HE LIES ROTTING



ROME CHURNS

TEARING ITSELF
APART



THE TASK I
HAVE BEEN
GIVEN IS
SIMPLE

SAVE THE EMPIRE

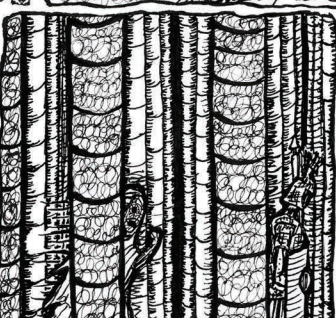


COMPLETE
THE TASK



SERVE YOUR
PURPOSE

REMOVE ALL OBSTACLES







MY
CHILD YOU'VE
BROUGHT
ME HOME

LET ME
EMBRACE YOU
CHILD





Il Gatto e la Strega

by
Michela
Geronzi

YOUR
LUCK IS
ABOUT TO
CHANGE, STAY
GROUNDED
TO YOUR
BELIEFS.

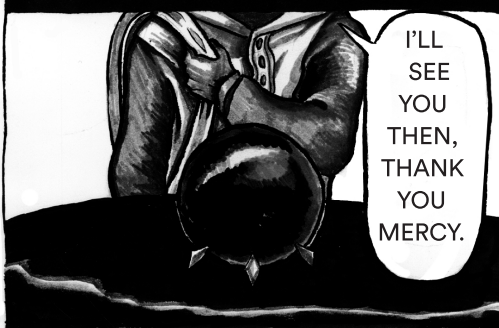
...THAT
WOULD
BE 50
EURO.

IF I TOLD YOU, I SAW YOU'LL BE
DEAD IN SIX MONTHS, WOULD
YOU COME BACK NEXT WEEK?



IF I TOLD YOU, IT'S NOT BECAUSE
OF YOUR ZODIAC SIGN PEOPLE
DON'T LIKE YOU, WOULD YOU PAY?

I'LL
SEE
YOU
THEN,
THANK
YOU
MERCY.



BIRD,
I SEE A LONG LIFE
AND MANY EGGS
LAID...

THAT WOULD
BE 50 EURO.

THE LIFE OF A
WITCH IS BORING.
REMUNERATIVE BUT
UNEVENTFUL.





50 EURO
IS TOO
MUCH.



...
I MUST
HAVE
DRUNK
TOO MUCH
EVENING
POTION



YOU DID,
BUT I'M ACTUALLY
TALKING

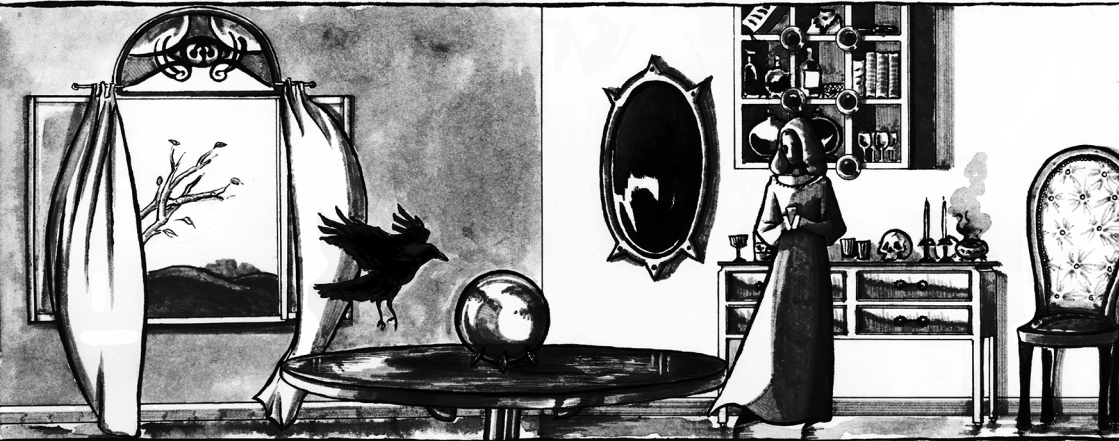
WILL I
REALLY DIE
OLD?



GOOD



I WOULD
NOT LIE TO A
BIRD...

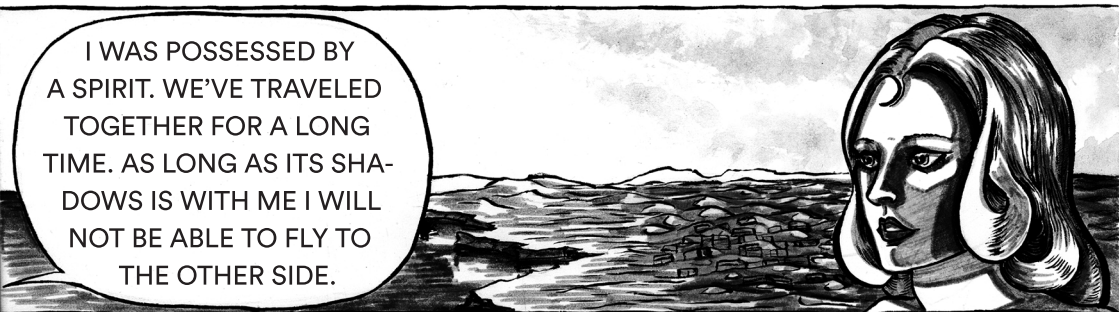




AND
I WANT TO
DIE.



I NEED
YOUR HELP
TO DO IT.
ONLY THE
MAGIC OF A
WITCH WILL
SET ME
FREE.



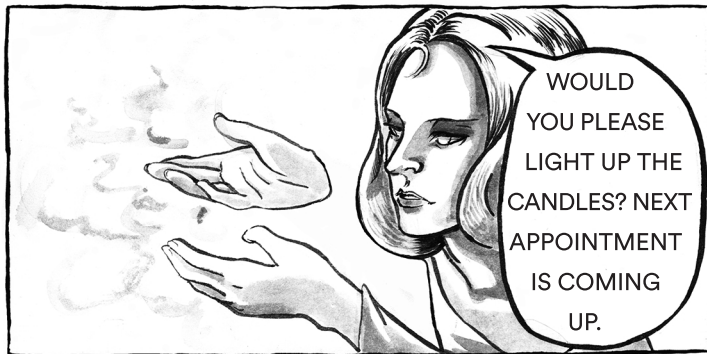
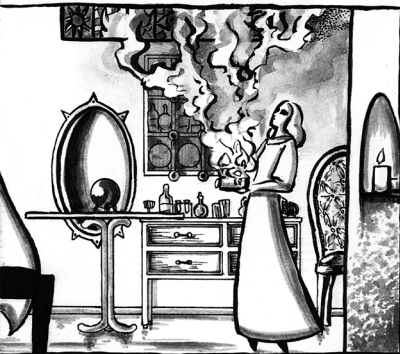
I WAS POSSESSED BY
A SPIRIT. WE'VE TRAVELED
TOGETHER FOR A LONG
TIME. AS LONG AS ITS SHA-
DOWS IS WITH ME I WILL
NOT BE ABLE TO FLY TO
THE OTHER SIDE.



I SEE.



ESCAPE
THEN











bacchanalia ascending

With the potential re-release of one of Italy's most controversial and baffling films Terry Johns takes a look at why Coven has inspired a terrifying legacy.

There's something off about *Coven*. Directed by reclusive eccentric Giovanni Falco in 1975, *Coven* is a nightmarish vision of witches and devils descending upon an isolated puritan community. The violence inflicted on the townsfolk over the course of the film is harrowing, culminating in a sequence in which the demon Bacchanalia (played by David Sterling) is summoned to doom the rest of civilisation. The soundtrack, comprising of unearthly screeches and skittering percussion, performed by American band The Summoner, adds to the already eerie atmosphere permeating Falco's twisted dream. Everything about the way *Coven* is presented is unsettling to experience.

But that's not why this film has become so notorious.

Shortly after a four-month run in London, the 35mm film reels for *Coven* were stolen from the Regent Street Cinema on June 6th 1976. Giovanni Falco, last seen in public the year before, withdrew *Coven* from cinemas in Europe and issued a cryptic statement to the press, "*Bacchanalia ascends and descends, lives and dies and revels in the debauchery of man.*" Falco would die the following year of inoperable brain cancer.

In 1993, the body of actor David Sterling was discovered in his London home in an apparent suicide. Also found at the crime scene were the five missing *Coven* film reels- melted and burned with matches. The case appeared to be resolved, until a dog walker discovered a strange package in Forest of Dean six months later. Upon inspection, the package was revealed to be a 35mm film reel entitled 'COVEN 06'. Reopening the Sterling case Scotland Yard impounded the film as potential evidence. The contents of 'COVEN 06' were never revealed to the press, nor were any official police reports written up. Speculation amongst the horror community grew over 'COVEN 06'; most believed that the reel was merely outtakes and behind the scenes footage. Others were convinced that Sterling had been murdered and his death had been caught on camera by a serial killer. It would be another twenty-four years before the truth came out.

On June 9th 2017, a YouTube account called the_Entity-Worship uploaded a video entitled 'COVEN 06'. The video

itself had no picture but the audio consisted of male voices chanting, "*Bacchanalia. Ascend and descend. Live and die. Revel in our debauchery. Ascend.*" This chant repeats for ten minutes; at the six-minute mark fire crackling can be heard. At the eight-minute mark, a man starts screaming and is abruptly cut off at the end of the clip. The video sent the Internet into overdrive. Although there was no way of proving that the audio was actually from the 'COVEN 06' reel the majority of its listeners were certain of its terrible credibility.

The Falco estate announced on June 30th that *Coven* would be given a DVD/Blu Ray release from Arrow Films in August, using footage from the reels withdrawn from the European screenings. This sudden announcement rekindled debate over the 'COVEN 06' video. When asked if the clip had been uploaded as part of a bad taste viral campaign to promote *Coven*, the Falco estate denied any involvement. The timing, they insisted, was simply a coincidence.

A Reddit account called the_EntityWorship posted a photo on July 1st that tipped the anticipation surrounding *Coven* into hysteria. Despite the poor image quality, the photo clearly showed the horned silhouette of the demon Bacchanalia looming over David Sterling- the actor who portrayed him. Would-be paranormal investigators saw the image as proof that supernatural beings existed. Others went even further, suggesting that the ritual sacrifice and demonic bloodshed in *Coven* was real- that the entire film was a cover-up for a series of occult-motivated murders. As a result of growing negative opinion Arrow Films postponed the re-release of *Coven*. The Falco estate declined to comment.


The resulting controversy surrounding *Coven* has created a following devoted to exploring and exposing its secrets. Until Arrow Films gives the go-ahead, several pirate copies online are the only means of watching this cinematic nightmare. Until then, until Bacchanalia ascends once more, observe and come to your own conclusions.

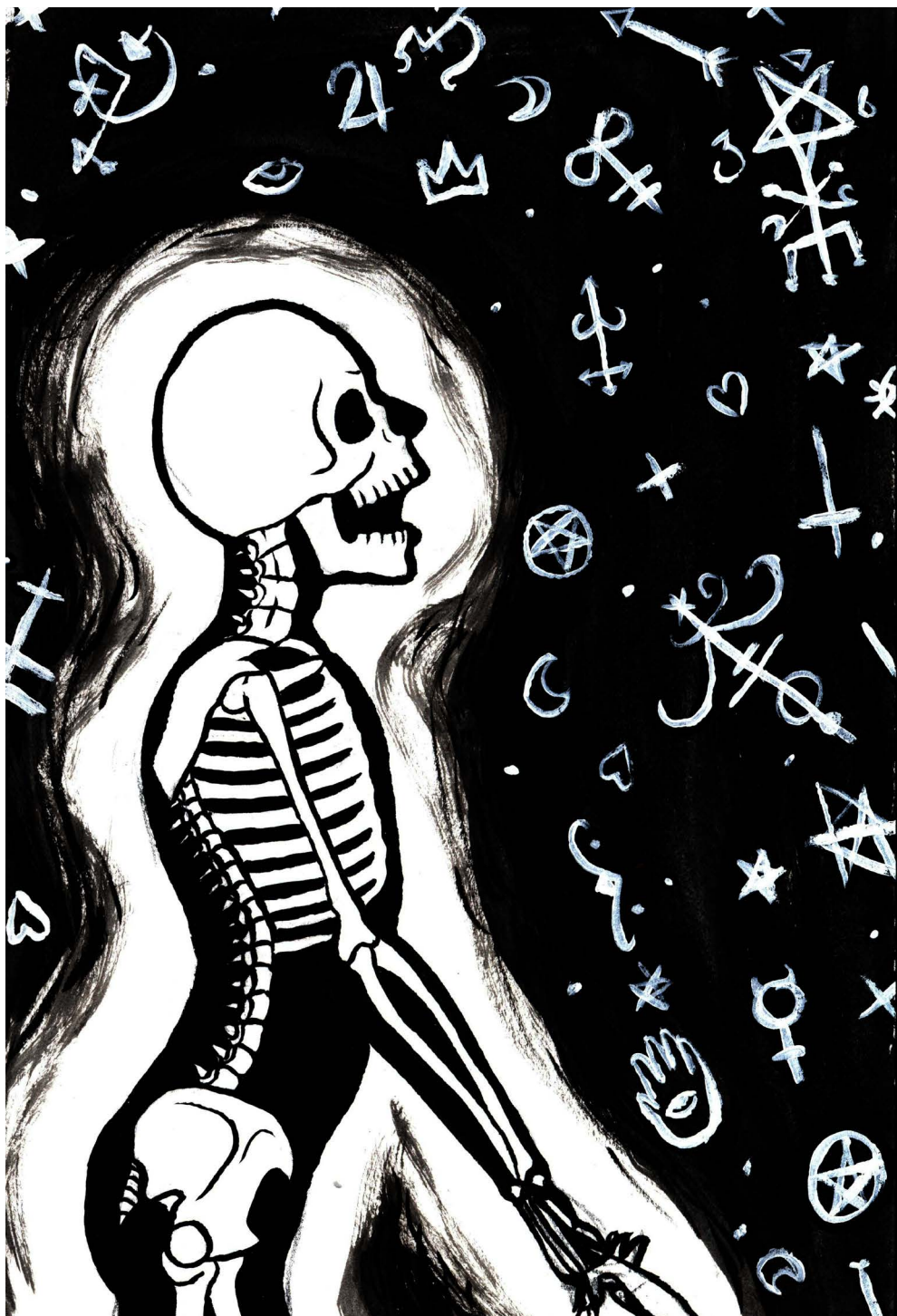
(This was Terry Johns' last piece for nitemares.blogspot.com before his disappearance at the end of 2017. His current whereabouts are unknown.)

Hell Hath No Fury Like The Women Scorned

Coven

ENTITY PICTURES PRESENTS A FILM BY GIOVANNI FALCO "COVEN" SYLVIA BELLE STEFANIA GEORGI
ALANA MELLO STEFAN MARIO DAVID STERLING MUSIC BY THE SUMMONER DIRECTED BY DANIEL ALONSO COSTUME DESIGNER TRACI CASINI
PRODUCED BY DAVID STERLING JERRY HART GIOVANNI FALCO WRITTEN BY ALBERTO SHIPMANN EDITED BY GIOVANNI FALCO

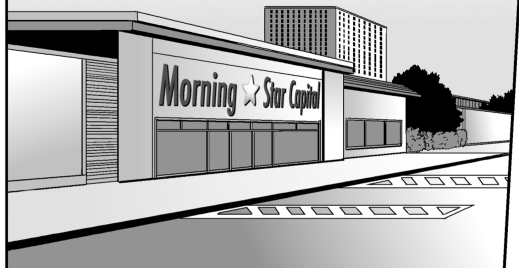
R **RESTRICTED** 
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

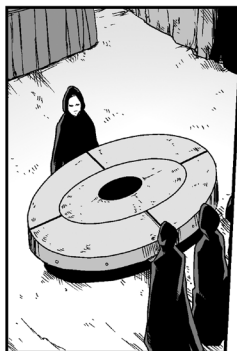


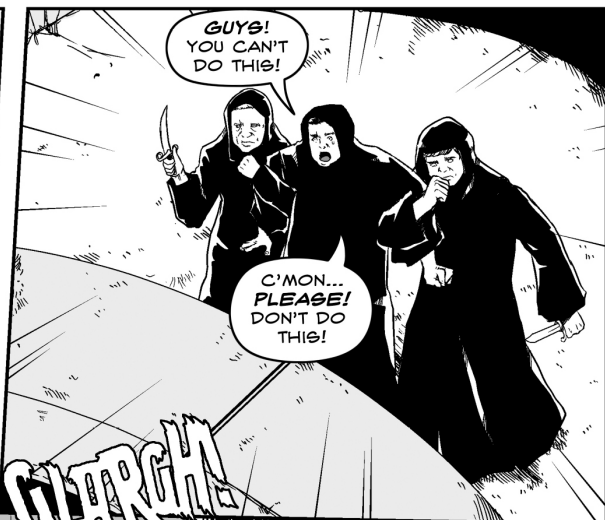
Cutthroat

Written & Lettered by Matt Smith

Illustrated by Hanna Philip









©2018 MATT SMITH

KITWIJK



THE APP

By: ROGER JACKSON

"It's called the Tarot App," Jess told her. "Sarah told me about it last week. It tells your future." She laughed. "Sarah downloaded it to see if she'd ever shag Jason Momoa."

Chloe shook her head, smiling. "She's obsessed."

"I know, but still ... it was pretty weird the stuff it came up with. Like ... things she'd only written in her diary, and she keeps that well hidden."

"So ... Coincidences?" Chloe shrugged.

"A shitload of them if it was," Jess replied. "I'm telling you, Sarah looked bare scared."

"And you want me to try this thing?" Chloe laughed. "No way."

"I want to see what you think. There's even a little game in there that tells you when you're going to die. I think that's what freaked Sarah out, to be honest."

"No, I don't think so," Chloe said, looking over her glasses at Jess's phone. "That bit sounds kind of creepy."

"Oh, don't be such a wimp," Jess said, scrolling the screen. "All you have to do is download the app then put your details in."

Chloe's fingers tightened a little around her own phone, but she didn't tap in the code to unlock it. It wasn't that she thought Jess might peek at the numbers or use the phone to sneak into her Facebook or anything. She trusted her friend, and they'd even gotten past that night when Jess had got off with Billy Simmons when Jess had known that Chloe really liked him. She thought that Jess had probably guessed the unlock code, anyway. Eight, Eight, Nine, Eight – Shawn Mendes' birthday. Chloe hadn't listened to any of his songs for a few weeks, but she still thought he was gorgeous. It wasn't her fault she liked older men.

"What kind of details?" she asked doubtfully.

"Nothing much," Jess told her with a smile. "Just stuff like your age, your height and weight," She drew on her cigarette. "How much you smoke and drink, that kind of thing."

Chloe drew back as if Jess's phone was infected with some horrible disease. "I'm not putting my weight in."

"It's fine," Jess said. "You only have to do it once, and it doesn't show up again."

"We'll be late for school," Chloe shrugged. "I might do it later."

"Do it now," Jess insisted. "We'll walk quick."

Chloe sighed. Jess wasn't going to let this go. She unlocked her phone as they started walking along Temple Road. Behind them, at the corner that led into Church Avenue, an old, olive-green van paused briefly at the junction, then began to turn in their direction.

Jess gave Chloe the site address, and the two of them watched the screen as the app downloaded. Jess finished her cigarette and pitched it into the road. Chloe followed the instructions on screen, tapping in her birthday, her height (she added an inch), her weight (she made Jess look away, but still deducted a couple of pounds), and her smoking and drinking habits (never smoked, drank occasionally).

"All you have to do now is press Calculate," Jess said. Chloe was slightly conscious that her friend had raised her voice a little, speaking over the growing growl of an engine. "And the app works out the day you die."

“What did you get?” Chloe asked her as they approached the kerb. Her fingertip hovered over the Calculate icon, but she still wasn’t sure if she wanted to touch it.

“Oh, I got ages away,” Jess grinned. “Like, sixty-five or something. That’s even older than my Nan.” Her voice clicked up another notch to compete with the approaching engine noise. “You don’t even smoke, so you’ll probably do even better than me.”

“I hope so,” Chloe said as she stepped off the kerb. Very suddenly she could smell petrol fumes, hear the tinny jingle of some morning radio programme. She tapped the Calculate button, her eyes widening as the projected date of her death appeared on the screen.

Beside her, she heard Jess scream, a high, startled squeal that seemed to entwine with the other screech, the song of tires against tarmac. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Jess leaping back, back onto the kerb. She glanced the other way and saw the van, and the driver’s pale, horrified face. An air-freshener in the shape of a Christmas tree hung from the rear-view mirror, dancing madly on its string as he hit the brakes, the driver’s coffee toppling from the dashboard as the van stopped perhaps an inch from where she stood. Chloe could feel waves of heat streaming from the engine grille, sour with petrol fumes, but suddenly she was very conscious of how thin and insubstantial the heat felt to her, how little it warmed her skin.

“Fuck,” Jess was saying, her voice ragged at the edges. “Fucking hell, Chloe, you nearly –“

The driver was swearing too as he pushed open the door of the van and got out. “You stupid little cow,” he was shouting. “You almost got yourself –“

Chloe barely heard them. She was staring at the digits flashing on her phone. Staring at them and remembering that Dad had come home again drunk last night. Remembering how he’d been arguing with Mum at the top of the stairs and how she’d gotten between the two of them, frightened and wanting nothing more than for them to stop fighting. She remembered a shove in the middle of her back, her Mum or her Dad, she couldn’t be sure which of them it had been, but she supposed it didn’t matter, because she remembered falling from the top of the stairs, toppling like coffee from a dashboard, and she remembered –

She stared at the digits, realising that after that, she remembered nothing at all.

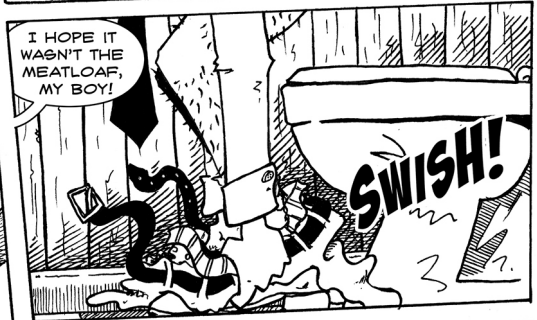
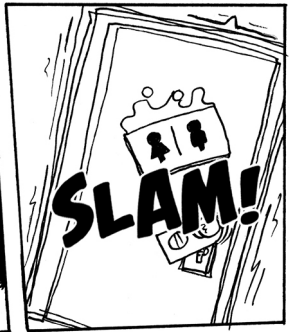
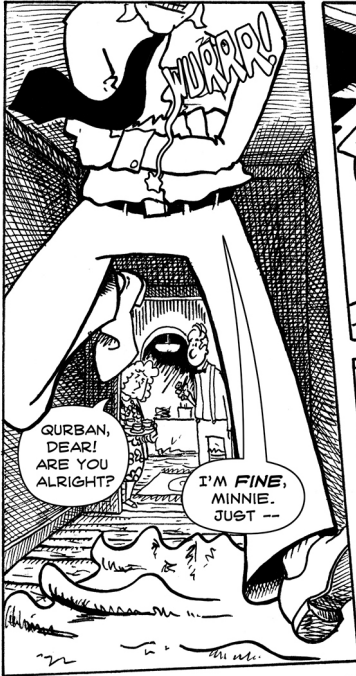
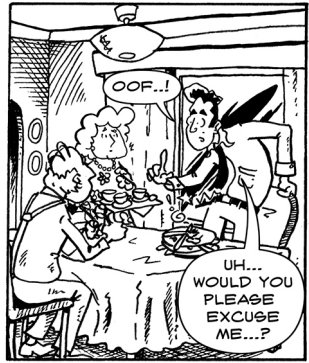
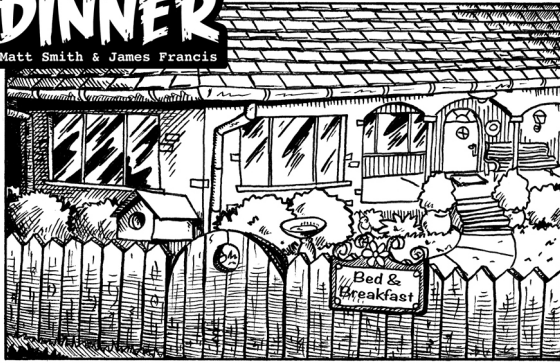
The numbers blazed red on the screen of her phone.

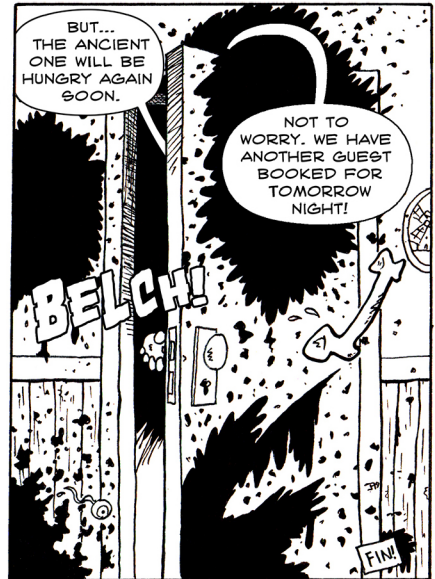
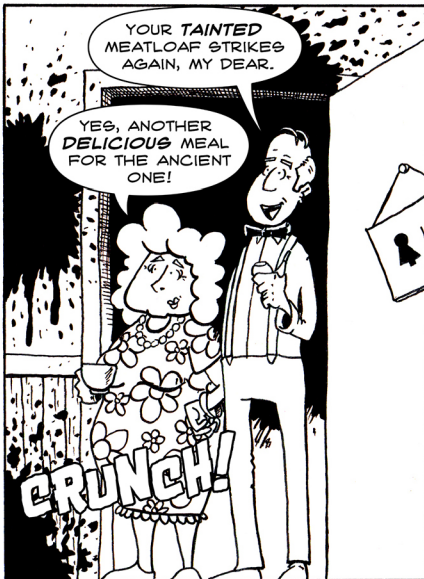
Yesterday’s date.

THE END

DINNER

Matt Smith & James Francis





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THE LAST CROP
BY MYK PILGRIM

Atop Gallows hill, my quivering hand grips Shelley's as we watch the molten harvest sun sink below the horizon. I say my farewell to the light before we descend.

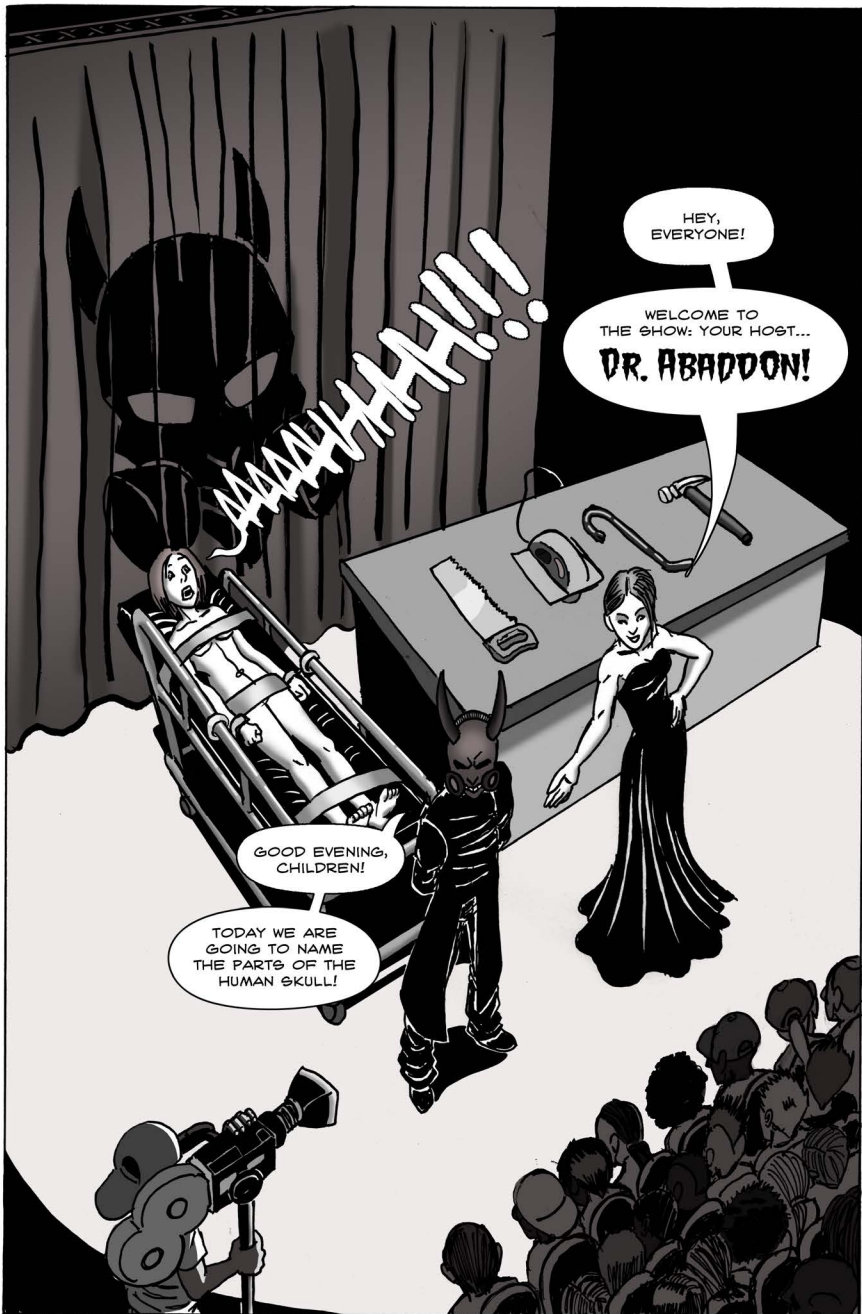
The others stand in a rigid circle, each desperately clinging to their turnip lantern. Through tears, Shelley helps me from my clothing. I don't fight as another binds my hands. I do this for her, I remind myself as the frigid stone altar makes my naked flesh clench. The creature grumbles from the dark. I buy her one year. A single cycle of plenty. Next harvest, it will be her turn



NAME DEM BONES

Script & Art: Nate Bennett
Edits & Lettering: Matt Smith









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THE PERFORMANCE



THE OFFERING





THE RECEPTION

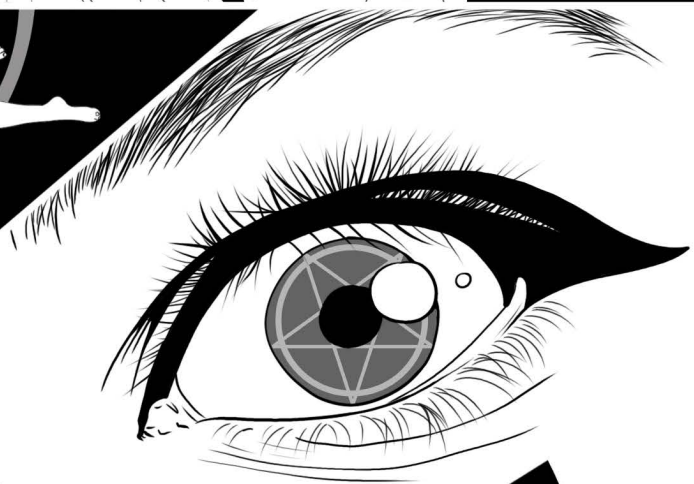




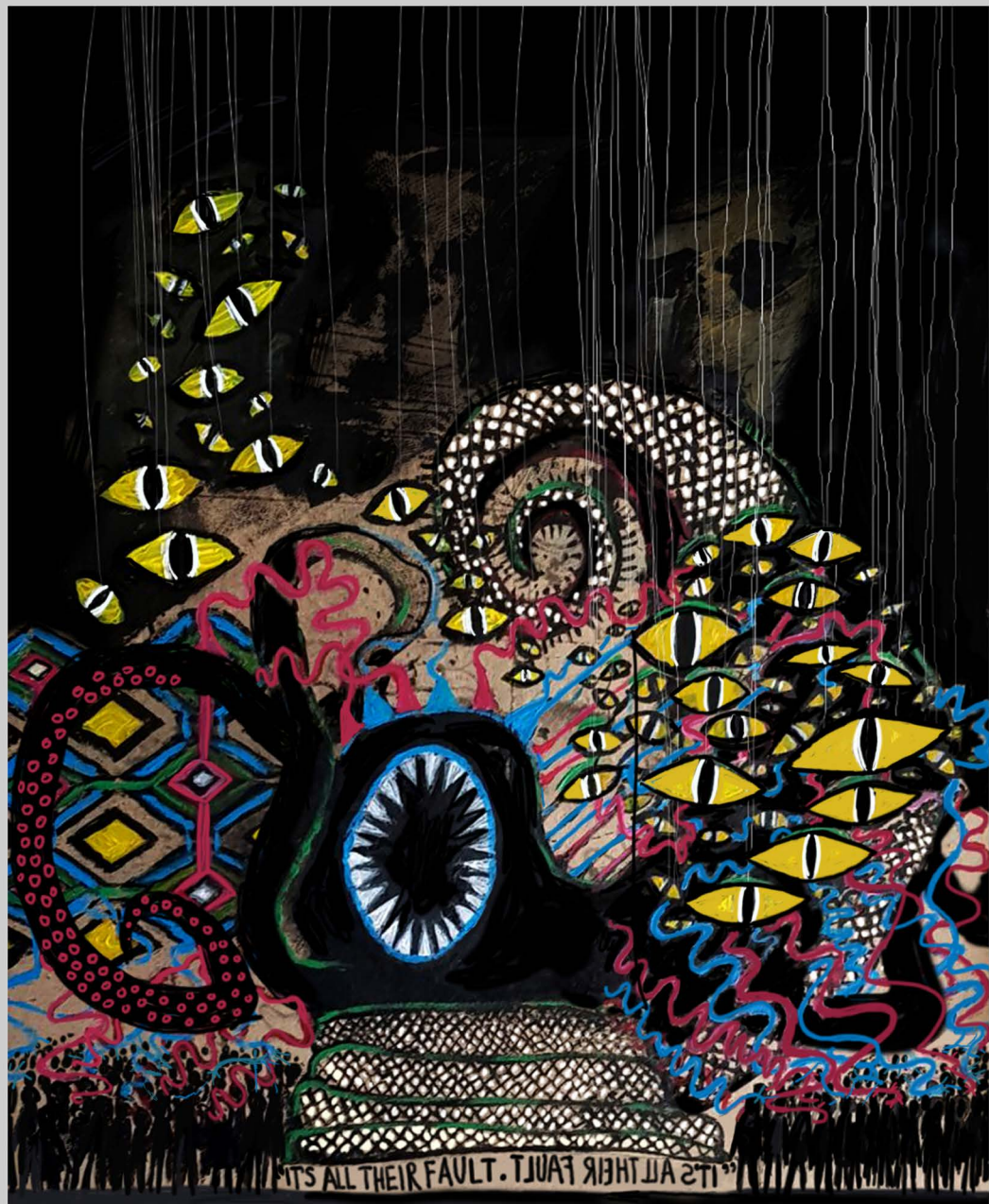
Yesterday's Ritual













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