

FRISSEON COMICS PRESENTS



MR SANDMAN. BRING ME A SCREAM

Knock Knock is a quarterly horror zine
compiled by Liverpool comics label
Frission Comics.

We produce our zines every 3 months
and take submissions from talented horror
creators from all over the world.

All contributors who are accepted
receive a PDF copy of the zine that
they can print and distribute themselves.

You can read back issues of Knock Knock here:

FRISSONGOMICS.COM

You can keep up to date with new issues of
Knock Knock here:

PATREON.COM/FRISSONGOMICS



Hush little baby don't you scream,
We're gonna take you through some real bad
dreams.

Dancing with terror, he stands at the foot of
your bed, don't worry child he'll take you a
different night instead.

We'll have adventures with Billy and a purveyor
of dreams, meeting with Nancy will make your
sanity split at the seams.

So go on reader, don't turn off the light... enjoy
these tales and...

.....Sleep tight...

**Katie and Tom
Frisson Comics**



Contents

Who's There?

JD Boucher (Writer)- Pages: 50-54

SkeletonCreative.com

Twitter: @JDBoucher0

Sachi Ediriweera (Artist)-Pages 31, 33-34

Instagram: @Route345

Daniel Ferreira (Writer)-Pages 6-10

James Francis (Artist)-Page 32

Instagram: @Babylonsticks

Edgardo Granel-Ruiz- Page 55

deviantart.com/theonlyedgardo

Twitter: @TheOnlyEdgardo

Jake Hainey (Artist) - Page 35

Instagram: @jakeparappahainey

A.D MacRitchie- Pages: 14, 30, 44, 60

Instagram: @admacritchie

Twitter: @ADMacRitchie

Bruno Munhoz(Artist)- Pages 6-10

Facebook.com/BrunoMunhozart

Instagram: @IamBrunoMunhoz

Rebecca Ollerton- Pages 22-29

Schnumbblr.tumblr.com

Instagram: @Schnumn

Myk Pilgrim- Page 11

www.MykPilgrim.com

Twitter: @MykPilgrim

Michael Plondaya (Artist)- Pages 50-54

Markerslinger.Tumblr.com

Instagram: @Markerslinger

Susan Plover- Pages: 12-13

Susanplover.com

Erika Price- Pages 56-58

tapas.io/series/disorderwebcomic

Twitter: @ErikaPriceArt

Eldritch Rach- Pages 62

Eldritchrach.com/

Instagram/Twitter: @EldritchRach

Olivia Roberts- Pages: 15-18

theanarchyartchemist.wordpress.com/

deviantart.com/artchemist13/gallery/

Kevin T. Rogers- Pages: 19-21

KevinT.Rogers@virginmedia.com

Jon Slater- Pages: 46-49

Coglifecomics.co.uk

Twitter: @Little JonS

Matt Smith -Writer, pages: 31-35

SmithvsSmith.com

Instagram: @gruesomecomics

Thomas Smith- Pages: 36-43

Frissoncomics.com

FrissonComics@Gmail.com

Nicola Spencer- Pages: 36-37

Nicolaspencerillustration.com

Instagram: @Nicolaspencerillustration

Clare Thompson- Back Inside Cover

ClareThompsonArt.com

Instagram: @ClareThompsonArt

Katie Whittle: Front cover, pages: 59, 61

Instagram: @KatieWhittleIllustrates

Katskivhittlkov.com

Holly Williamson- Page 45

Creepycutecreations.com

Instagram: @Cthulucatcult



DREAM A LAST DREAM OF ME



SCRIPT DANIEL FERREIRA

ART BRUNO MUNHOZ



CAN YOU FEEL ME?

I AM SO CLOSE
TO YOUR HEART.

THIS TIME IS DIFFERENT, BOY.

YOU
CAN'T
HARM ME!

IT'S
ONLY
MY MIND!

IF YOU TRY TO HARM ME...

...I WAKE UP.

GO
AHEAD!

I CAN WAKE FROM THIS.
I ALWAYS DO.

AS YOU WISH.



WELCOME
BACK.

WELCOME
FOREVER.



THE END

It Stands Myk Pilgrim

The room is bright, and sweet, and warm, but I know that will change the moment I turn off my bedside lamp.

Lying there, eyes balled tight as crumpled paper, I can feel it standing at the end of my bed. Every night it watches me in the dark.

I grit my teeth and roll onto my side, frustration transforming my temples into concrete blocks. Sliding my hand under the pillow, I find a moment's distraction in the sensation of the cool underside.

My mind begins to wander. I picture walking barefoot over frost coated grass. Crisp air bites at my nose, my cheeks aching, each breath a billowing fog.

A thump at the end of the bed snaps me back into the terrifying present. Again, I'm cowering; useless blanket pulled tight over my head. I feel it watching, but tonight, something is different. Something that makes the skin on my legs crawl like ravenous cockroaches.

The thing at the end of the bed moves. My insides transform into a bucket of writhing eels. It looms over me. The mattress springs groan compressing under the weight of its impossible body.

My juddering fingers scramble for the light switch, but the thing snatches my ankles and drags me down the bed. All I know is the prickly heft of its frigid body crushing me and the tang of its squalid breath. If there is another sound over my heartbeat, I can't hear it.

Hand desperately grappling for the lamp, I snag the power cord and jerk it into reach.

Light floods the room, and I am alone.

Hands locked around my saviour lamp, I sit for a year of minutes; frantic pupils scanning the corners of the room. I don't know when the pain wakes me from my torpor, but it does. I pull back the covers, jagged cuts encircle my ankles like I've been snared by razor wire. Pink ribbons of ripped skin dangle free; seeping crimson lines onto the sheets.

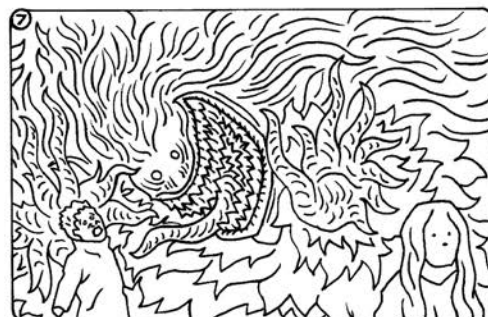
I know one thing – I will never turn off a light again.



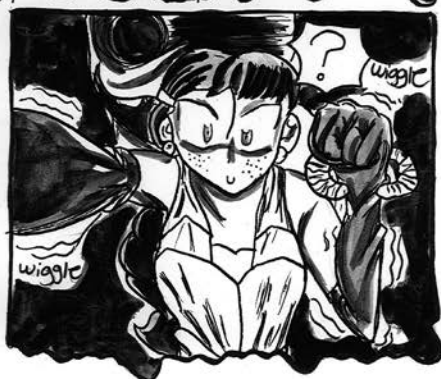


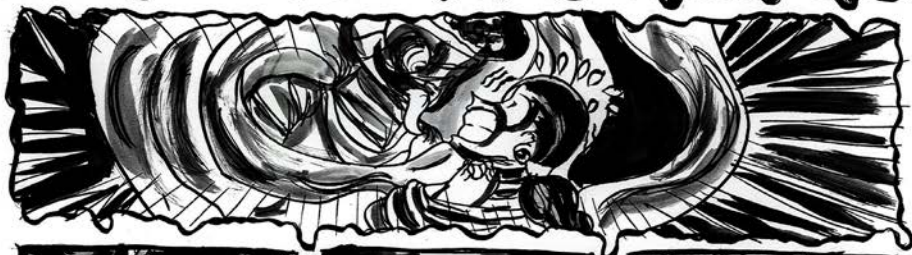
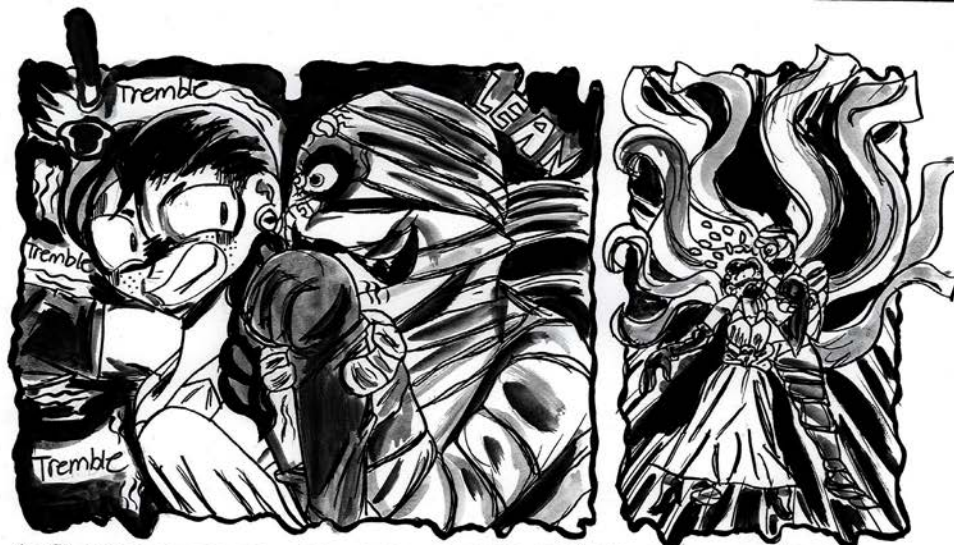


THE ADVENTURES OF BILLY!











WHO REALLY KNOWS

By: Kevin T. Rogers

Little Jimmy Grundy gazed to the heavens in wonder. Or more precisely, stared at the two celestial orbs that hung there. He was trying to decide whether they were moons or suns - but couldn't tell. For they were both bright green, and the otherwise empty sky an inky blue that might easily signify either day or night. Still, maybe such concerns didn't matter here? Wherever 'here' may actually happen to be . . .

So he turned instead to his immediate surroundings. To the vast shadowy landscape of sand and rock that lay before him, and then - more particularly - the long trailing ridge that towered behind. For beyond this, he could now detect distant noises. A muddled clamour of rumbling, high-pitched whining, and - an amplified, guttural voice . . .

Jimmy felt a little afraid but even more excited, for he was an intrepid child, always eager to explore the bounds of an immeasurable universe. Indeed, had he not only recently joined the 'Captain Lightwave's Space Recruits' fan club? And his present situation was shaping up to be just like a thrilling episode of that favourite TV show. So he took a deep breath, threw back his shoulders - and began to scramble upwards . . .

*

The jumbled sounds had grown ominously as he'd ascended, so on reaching the top he lay flat to conceal his presence and peered cautiously down to the valley below. And gasped at the sight! Lines of huge disc-shaped craft were being boarded by legions of - creatures. 'ETs,' Jimmy concluded, (he was a Space Recruit - he knew about these things) but definitely not of the cuddly movie variety. No, these were massive, purple-skinned humanoids - eight to nine feet tall - each clad in armour-plated battle suits, and carrying firearms that looked designed to blast a city with one squeeze of the trigger.

The sinister scene was compounded by a nauseous high-frequency hum emitted by each saucer, and the relentless pounding boots of the marching giants. And above it all - a booming voice coming from a stern faced announcer on a colossal TV screen. Jimmy couldn't understand his words, but assumed that he was some sort of military commander issuing orders. And then, to his horror, the face was replaced by a montage of images from the planet earth! 'Oh, no!' Jimmy cried aloud, 'they're going to invade us!'

And a hissing snarl from behind seemed to respond in confirmation.

'Grak slah vicatay!'

Jimmy swivelled to locate the source - and wished he hadn't. For it was an excessively ugly specimen of this war-like race - possibly a look-out - and he was levelling his weapon at the

youngster's head! Then it spoke again, but curiously, this time Jimmy seemed able to perceive the meaning – and to vaguely recognise the now feminine cadence:

'Jimmy – your breakfast's ready!'

There is little to compete with the claims of a nine-year-old's imagination – especially when he happens to be sleeping – so it took a while, and several increasingly irritable attempts for his mother's message to filter through:

'JIMMY! I WON'T TELL YOU AGAIN! If you let this food go cold . . .!'

Finally, and reluctantly, he dragged himself to consciousness, yawned, stretched, donned his dressing-gown, and made his way across the room: Past the Sci-fi film posters on the wall; past the alien action figures threatening annihilation; past the spacecraft construction kits promising Inter-Galactic excitement and escape. And then down the mundane wooden stairs, to the mundane wooden business of a mundane wooden family meal . . .

*

Father Grundy and older sister Julie were already seated at the table, waiting for Mother to 'be Mother'.

Jimmy took his place. He flashed a wary eye to his sibling, then gazed into the mid-distance.

'Eh, I've just had this dream about this place somewhere and, err,' another glance to Julie, then quickly away, 'there were these great big purple monsters in star-ships and . . .'

Julie exploded.

'Oh, no – will you stop going on about stupid moonmen! Now you're even dreaming about them!'

Jimmy winced, but rallied:

'It's aliens, or ETs, or EBEs – not "moonmen".'

'Aliens, extraterrestrials – it's all rubbish! There's no such thing!'

'There is, there is – Dad, tell her!'

Julie's arrogantly dismissive tone – the natural preserve of the Elder Sister – had cut him to the quick. So, of course, and equally naturally, she pressed her advantage.

'Creatures, spaceships – garbage! NO SUCH THING, NO SUCH THING, NO SUCH THING!'

'Dad, tell her . . .'

Father Grundy half-smiled, half-grimaced at his daughter. Having known hard times in his own youth, he was reluctant now to destroy his son's playful illusions.

'Leave him be, there's time enough for the harsh realities. And anyway – who's to say? Who really knows?'

Julie rolled her eyes.

'Oh, don't you start! Next you'll be telling us we're being invaded!'

And Jimmy was just about to reveal that this was indeed something that had been implied in his dream, when Mother Grundy entered from the kitchen, carrying the family repast. She shook her head disapprovingly at the quarrelsome pair.

'That's enough out of you two - I could hear you in the next room! Now settle down and eat your breakfast.'

And she threw the meal onto the table - old Mrs. Pennyworth, the retired Postmistress from the neighbouring village. The octogenarian was unconscious, but she managed a groan. As did Julie.

'Oh, eh, Mum - not old people, again!'

Mother Grundy tutted. 'Don't be so rude, young lady. There's many another little vampire who'd be glad of this!'

Julie frowned but knew better than to argue with her mother. So she sighed loudly instead, and then joined with the rest of her kin as they fell ravenously upon their prey, sinking their slavering fangs into the leathery flesh and draining every last drop of the spurting blood.

*

And hours later, as the moon went down and sunrise loomed, Jimmy lay back in his coffin, closed the lid and pondered upon the infinite possibilities that lay between the myriad stars. Surely we were not alone - that didn't make sense - it couldn't. And as he drifted off into an incredible dreamland of interplanetary adventure, his last waking thoughts were of his father's echoing words:

'Who's to say? Who really knows?'

*

Meanwhile, many light years away, on a certain world overlooked by two green heavenly bodies, a small purple boy of no more than six feet in height, sat at his family breakfast table, glancing warily at his sister. And if there had been anyone there able to translate their guttural conversation into English, then the following might well have been the way in which it had gone:

'Eh, I had this horrible nightmare last night and, err, it was all about these sort of un-dead, blood-sucking . . . things!'

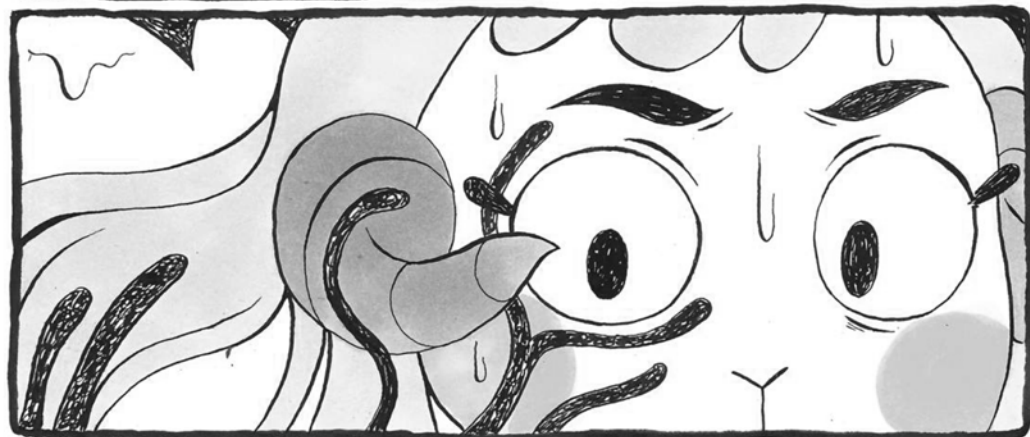
'Oh, no - not you and your supernatural monsters, again! Now you're even starting to dream about them! It's all a load of nonsense - hashtag rubbish!'

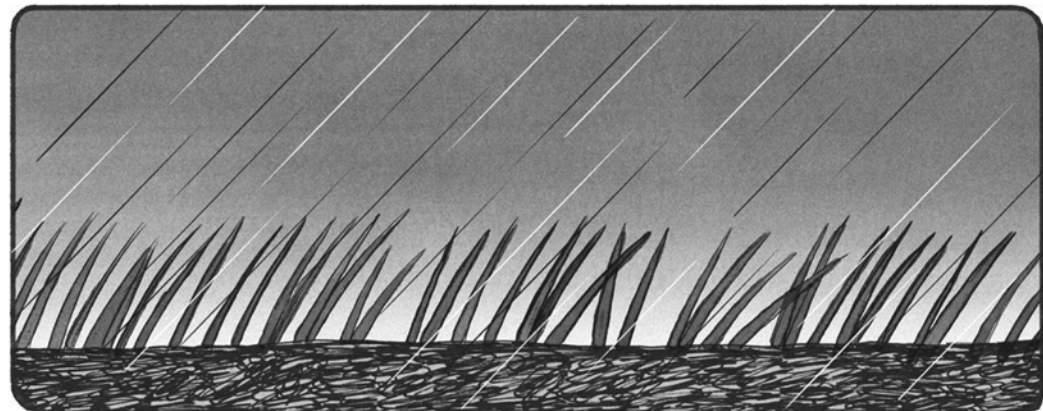
'No, it's not - it's not! Tell her, Dad, tell her!'

But their father didn't answer.

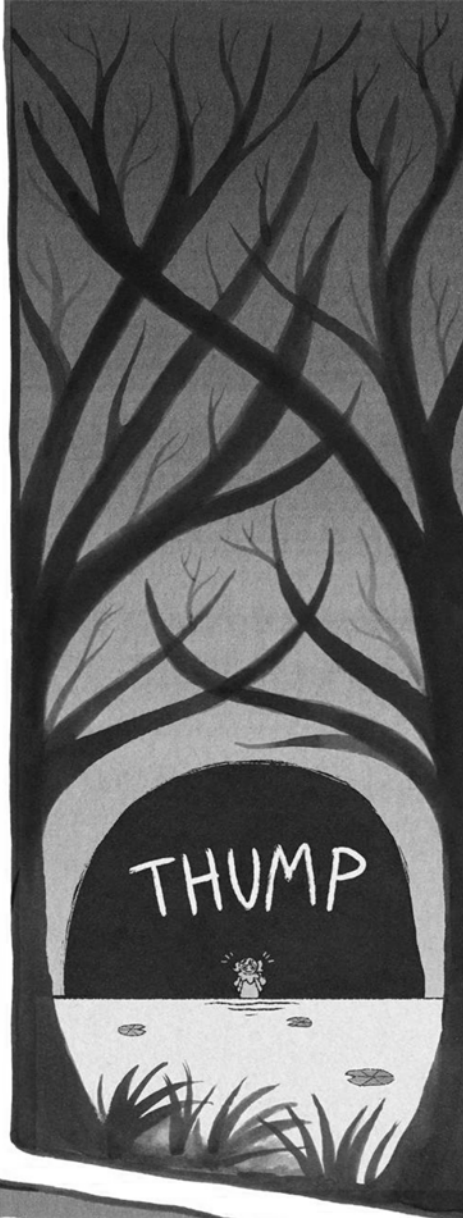
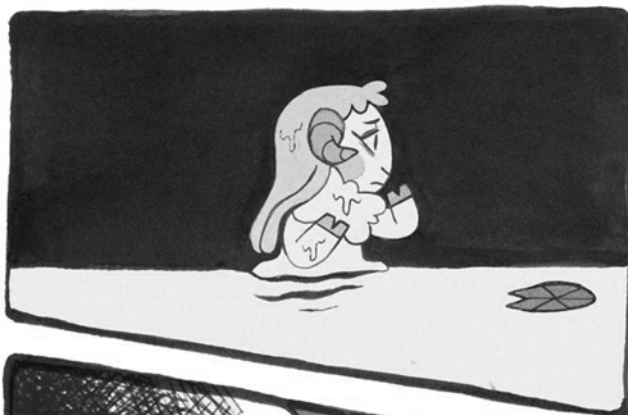
He was too busy putting on his armour-plated battle suit - and loading up his city blaster . . .

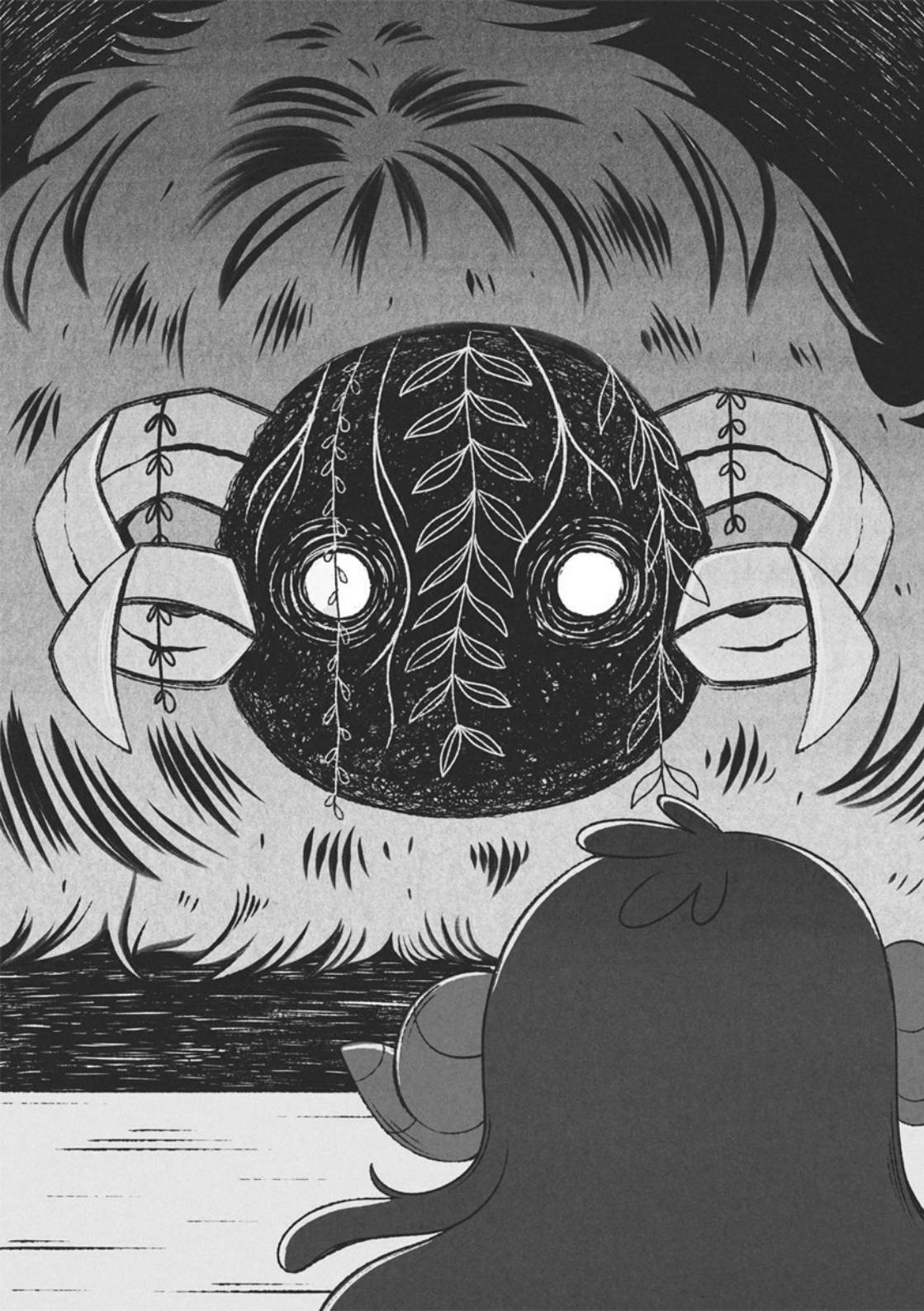


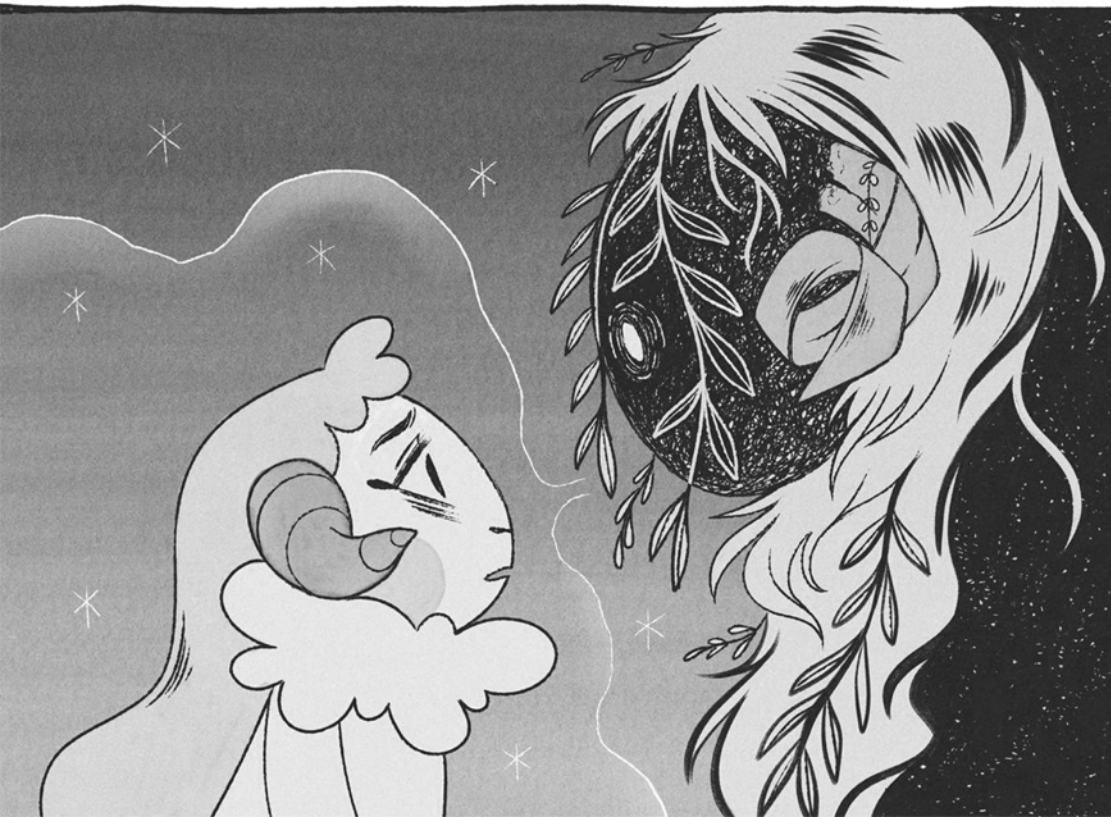


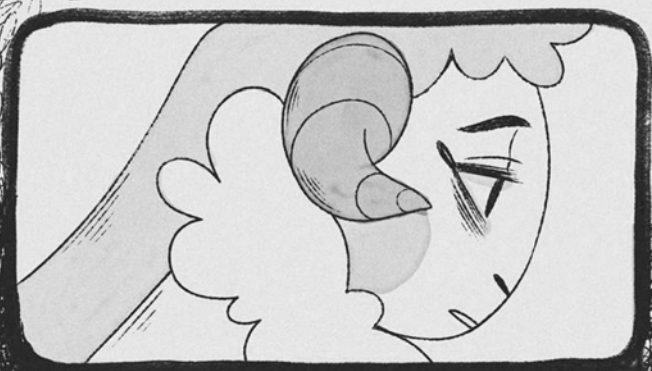














THE ADVENTURES OF BILLY!




PURVEYOR OF DREAMS

Script/Gray Tones/Lettering: Matt Smith


Main Art: Sachi Ediriweera

Dream Art: James Francis (Page 2)
& Jake Hainey (Page 5)

©2018 Matt Smith, Sachi Ediriweera,
James Francis & Jake Hainey




TRUST ME, MR. REVERIE,
MY FEE IS POSITIVELY
INCONSEQUENTIAL WHEN
COMPARED TO THE ECSTASY
YOU WILL EXPERIENCE FROM
THE DREAM MACHINE.




I'VE WORKED
15 HOURS A DAY, EVERY
DAY FOR MY ENTIRE
LIFE, DR. MAYA.

I NEVER HAD TIME
FOR IMAGINATION
NOR DREAMS.



YOU'VE WORKED
HARD, MR. REVERIE, A
LITTLE REST WON'T
HURT YOU.

AS THE GREATEST
DREAM MERCHANT IN
ALL THE WORLD, I'VE
TRAVELLED FAR AND WIDE
TO COLLECT AND RECORD
ONLY THE MOST EXOTIC,
FANCIFUL DREAMS.



SHALL WE
START WITH... A FULL
EIGHT HOURS?

EIGHT
HOURS?!

BUT I HAVE A
BOARD MEETING
AT 6--









HANG IN THERE

BOSS

SUCCESS

DAYS WITHOUT ACCIDENTS
12 2 5

SWEET DREAMS,
DR. MAYA.

END





Peak Escape

The Dreaming

Terrors

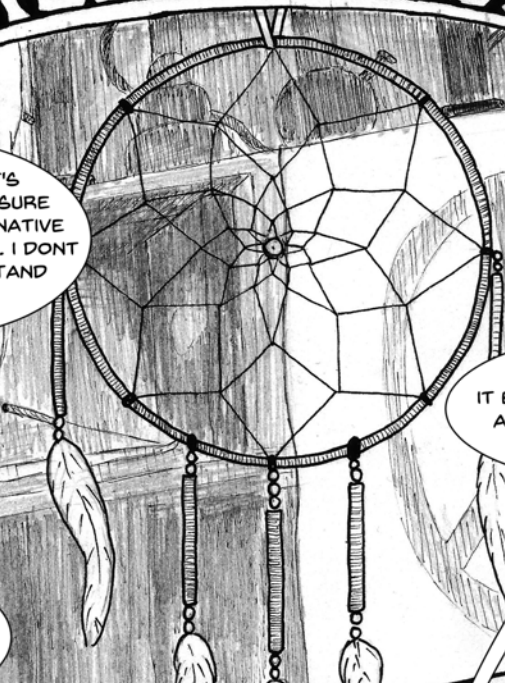
Omens

Nightmares

Dark Night

ART+STORY BY  TOM SMITH

DREAMCATCHER



WHATEVER MAN, IT'S
JUST ... LIKE I'M NOT SURE
ABOUT MESSING WITH NATIVE
AMERICAN STUFF IS ALL. I DONT
PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND
MUCH ABOUT IT

I THINK I'M GONNA
GET IT

WHAT'S TO GET?
IT BLOCKS OUT BAD DREAMS
AND CATCHES NICE ONES.
..OR SOMETHING

YEAH, WELL
MY DREAMS ARE
SWEET ENOUGH

WISH I COULD
SAY THE SAME.
EACH NIGHT IT'S
THE SAME
NIGHTMARE...



I'M RUNNING
FROM SOMETHING

FROM SOMEONE

TERRIFIED

THEIR FACE IS BLANK,
FEATURELESS BUT IT'S
BLEEDING...WOUNDED

THEY REACH OUT
TO GRAB ME

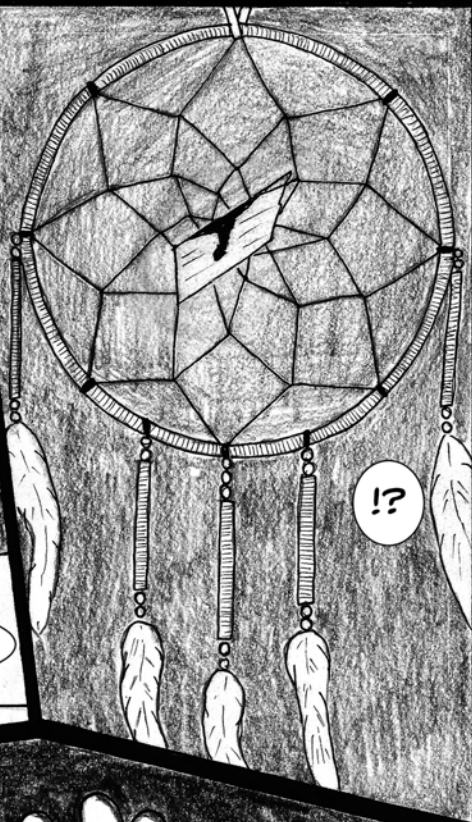
AND JUST BEFORE
THEY DO...



AGHHH!



SOME USE YOU WERE!

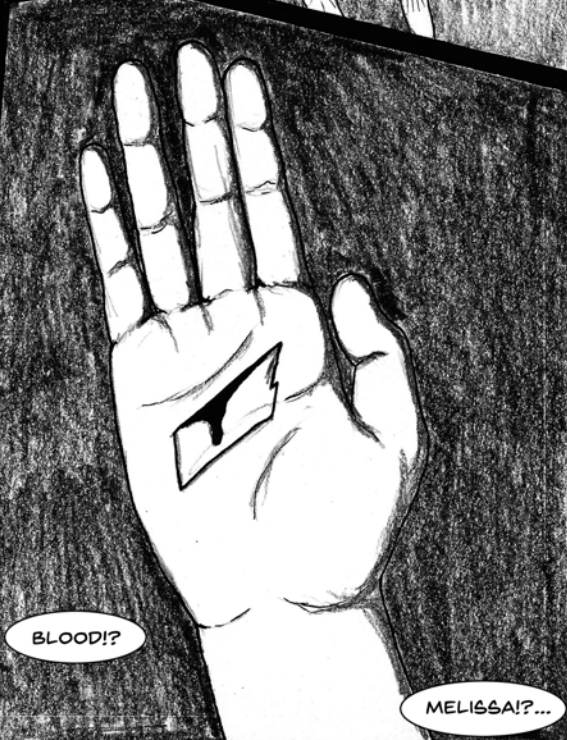


!?



GLASS!?

AND IS THAT...



BLOOD!?

MELISSA!?...

YOU'LL KEEP YOUR
UGLY MOUTH SHUT
IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S
GOOD FOR YOU BITCH!

HAHAHA

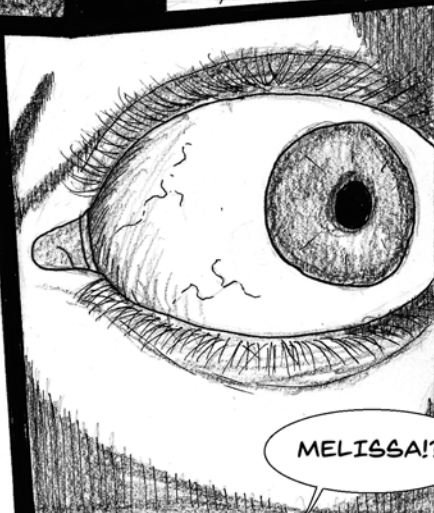
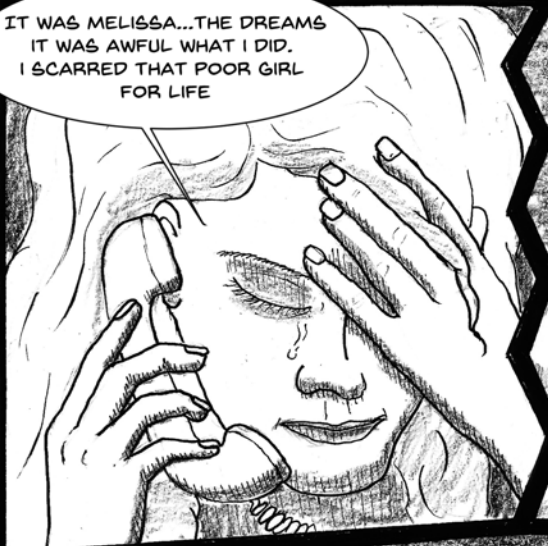
HEY WATCH
THIS!

HEADS UP
MELISSA!

SMASH!!



IT WAS MELISSA...THE DREAMS
IT WAS AWFUL WHAT I DID.
I SCARRED THAT POOR GIRL
FOR LIFE

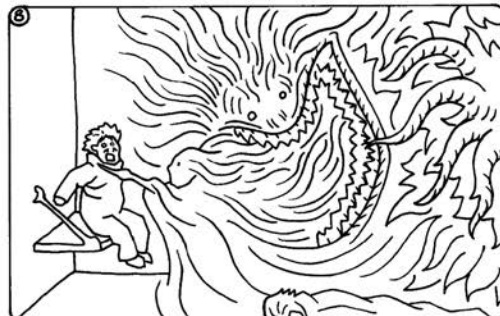
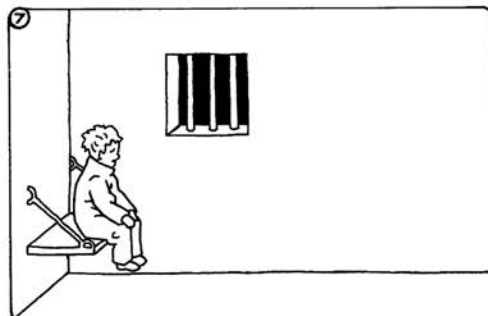
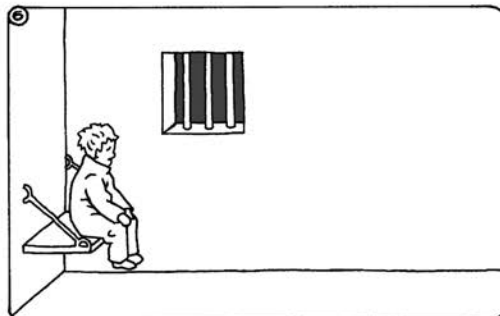
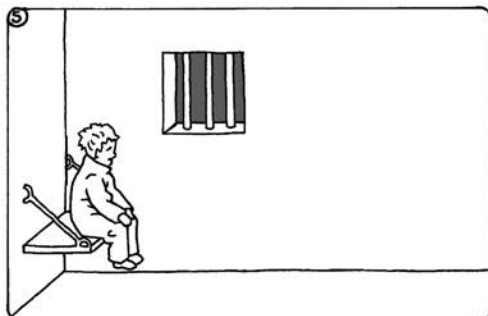
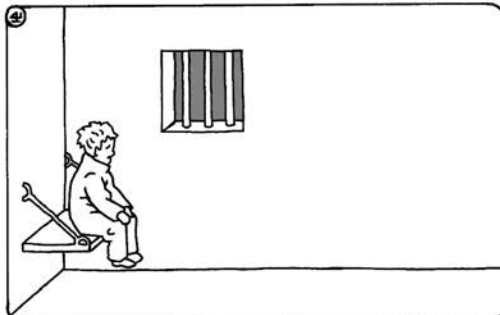
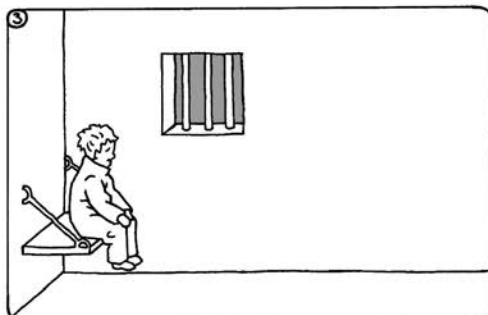
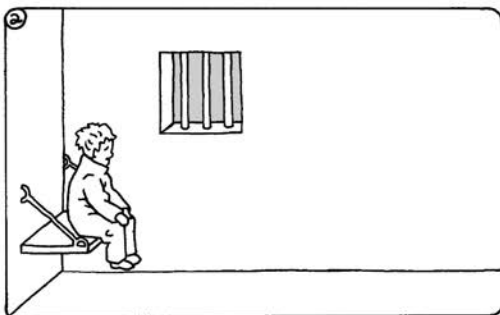
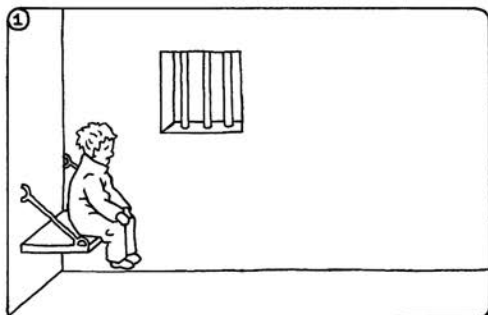




T. Sm



THE ADVENTURES OF BILLY!



Nancy Holly Williamson

Nancy Nightmare's notorious narcolepsy
never neutralised her knack.

Neverending naps notwithstanding,
Nancy gives Nightmares that are
outstanding.

Necking narcotics nonstop,
Nancy's nightmares are tiptop!



I remember
this place.

The rusted railings.

The green container.

The uneven
stone field.

It's been a lifetime
since I was last here.


And it still
feels the same.

Even the need to
run is still here.

I was one of the fastest in my class.

Most people had a hard
time catching up to me.





I don't know which way to look.

The face is familiar.

And it knows me, too.

I can't get away from it.



THERE ARE TALES OF
A CREATURE THAT WILL
HAUNT THE DREAMS OF
ANY PERSON YOU WISH.

ANY NIGHTMARE, IMAGINABLE &
UNIMAGINABLE ALIKE, ARE AT
ITS COMMAND.

ITS VICTIMS FEAR SLEEP.
NORMALLY A COMFORT OF THE
SOUL, NOW A MONSTROUS PRISON.

THIS CREATURE WILL INFLICT
THIS FATE ON ANYONE YOU WISH,
YOUR ENEMY, YOUR PARENTS, THOSE
WHO HAVE POWER OVER YOU...

FOR THE RIGHT PRICE.



WRITTEN BY **JD BOUCHER**

ART BY **MICHAEL PLONDAYA**



WELCOME!
I'M ROBERT SMITH:
NIGHTMARE FOR HIRE.

I'M GLAD
MY BOOSTED
FACEBOOK POST
REACHED YOU!

THE ENGAGEMENTS
WEREN'T FANTASTIC
I HAVE TO SAY.

SIT DOWN
PLEASE! MAKE
YOURSELF
AT HOME!

SO JUST TO CONFIRM,
YOU'RE BILL ROONEY,
CORRECT?

LOOKING FOR A
NIGHTMARE PACKAGE
FOR YOUR SOON-
TO-BE EX-WIFE?

TH-THAT'S,
THAT'S ME.

PERFECT.



LET'S TALK
DETAILS.



THAT'S AN OUTLINE
OF OUR STANDARD
PACKAGE.

ON THE BACK
ARE OPTIONAL
SERVICES THAT CAN
BE ADDED FOR AN
EXTRA FEE.

IS TH-THE
COST MY
SOUL?

OH
LORD NO.

SOULS DON'T
PAY FOR ANIME
STREAMING
SERVICES DO
THEY?

HERE'S MY
SERVICES AND
RATE SHEET.

THAT IS--
A LOT.

I'M GOOD AT
WHAT I DO,

AND YOU CAN
ALWAYS GO TO THE
OTHER LOCAL COSMIC
HORROR FOR HIRE!

WE DO HAVE
A NUMBER OF
PAYMENT
PLANS.

SO HOW
ABOUT A
PRESENTATION?

BUT I DON'T
THINK THAT WILL
CONVINCE YOU.
I CAN TELL YOU'RE
A DISCERNING
BUYER.

THIS IS OUR
BUDGET OPTION:
THE HALLWAY OF
ANTICIPATION.

THE NIGHTMARE PLACES
YOU IN A HALLWAY WITH
AN EVERLASTING DREAD OF HORRIBLE
THINGS THAT MIGHT OCCUR.
BUT THEY NEVER DO!

IT'S A
RIOT!

COSMIC ABYSS VRI
A PASSABLE SIMULATION
OF THE COSMIC, UNENDING,
UNFEELING VOID THAT'S
JUST OUTSIDE OF MORTAL
CONSCIOUSNESS.

WHY IS
IT VR?

EXPOSING
HUMANS TO REAL
VOID CAUSES INSTANT
MADNESS. BREACH OF
CONTRACT.

THIS IS A
PERSON SENT
TO THE ONE
DIMENSIONAL
PLANE.

CONVERTING
FROM A 2D
PLANE LIKE OURS
TO 1D IS VERY
TRAUMATIC.

AREN'T
WE ON A 3D
PLANE?

AH YES,
SURE.

SAY HELLO
TO BREANDA,
OUR RESIDENT
TOOTH FAIRY!

HELLO?

SHE FREELANCES
HERE, TAKES CARE
OF THE REOCCURRING
NIGHTMARES WHERE
YOUR TEETH
FALL OUT.

AND NOW
FOR OUR DELUXE
OPTION...

THE TEEMING
PIT OF HORRORS!

SMARI!
IT HAS
A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING I'VE
SHOWN YOU!

GRRRR

NOW WHICH
WOULD YOU LIKE
TO PURCHASE?

GULP

NASTY SOUNDS

I THINK THE
HALL OF ANTICIPATION
SHOULD BE FINE...

YOUR EX-WIFE GOT THE
DELUXE TEEMING HORROR PACKAGE. SINCE THE
MARGINS ON THAT ARE MUCH BETTER--

THAT--
WILL BE A
PROBLEM.

--I'M GOING TO
HAVE TO THROW
YOU IN THE PIT.

BEEP

SORRY TO RUSH THIS,
I HAVE A CHAMBER LUNCHEON
TO GET TO.

WAIT, WHAT?

OH DON'T
WORRY THAT
MUCH--

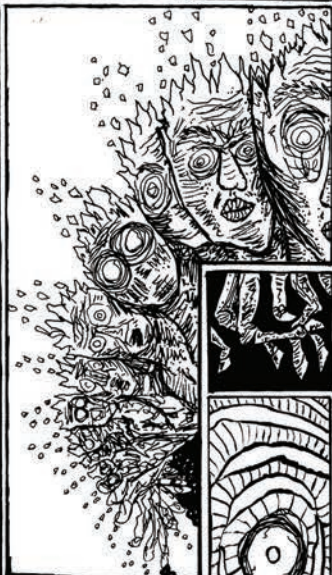
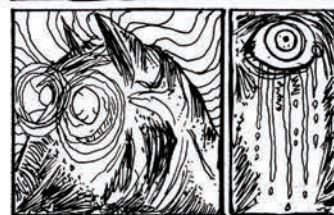
--WE'LL BE
SEEING EACH OTHER
FOR THE NEXT
6 MONTHS!

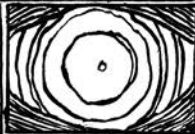
YES! A POSITIVE
YELP REVIEW! THAT
NEVER HAPPENS!

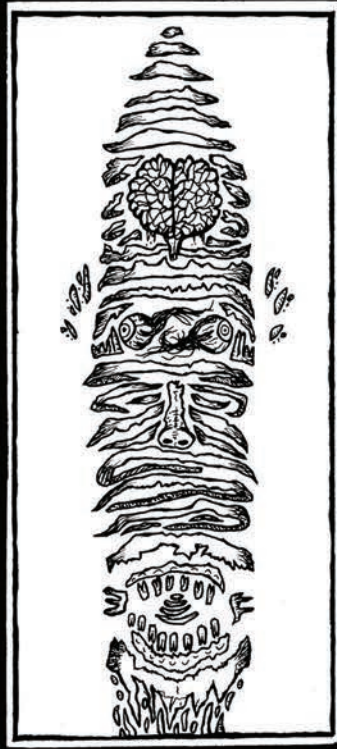
BOOP

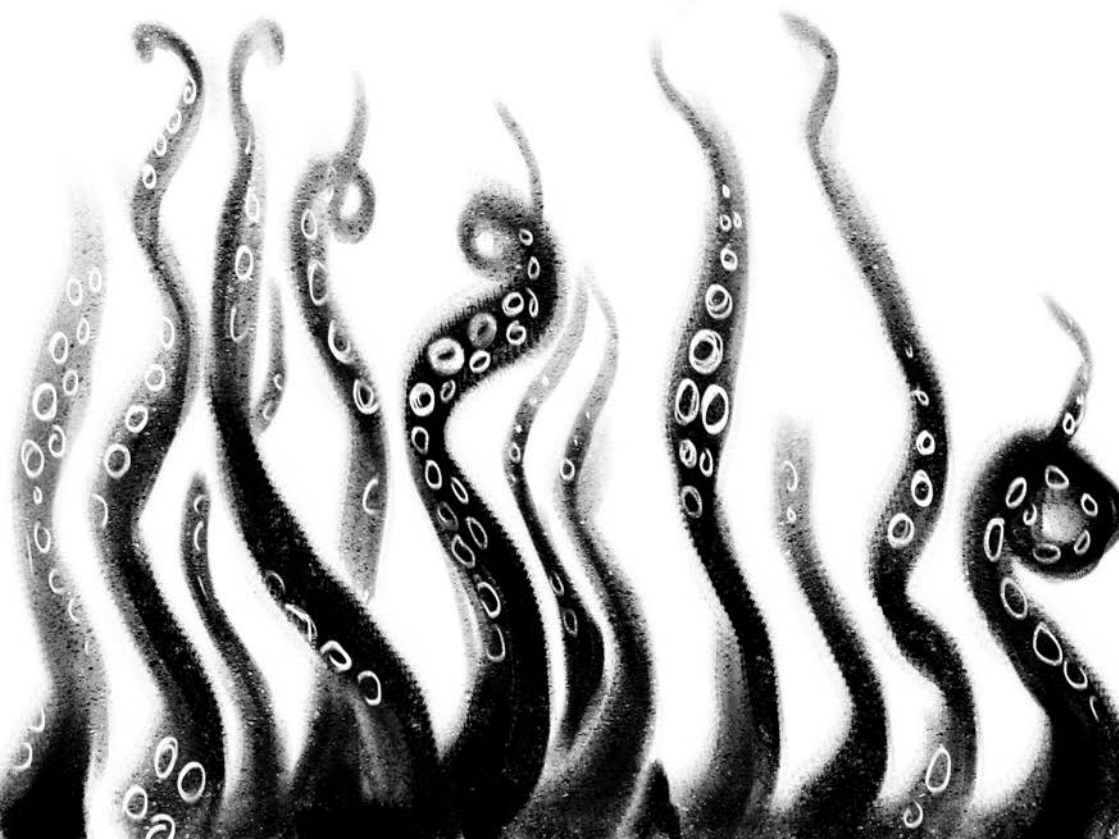
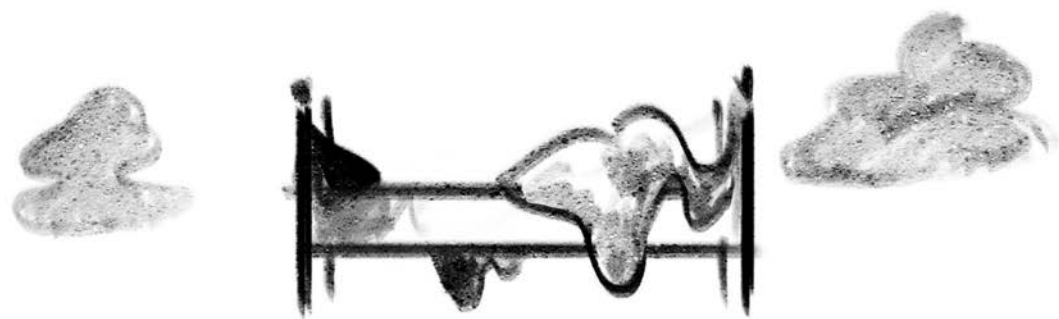


Chris
Gardner
2017



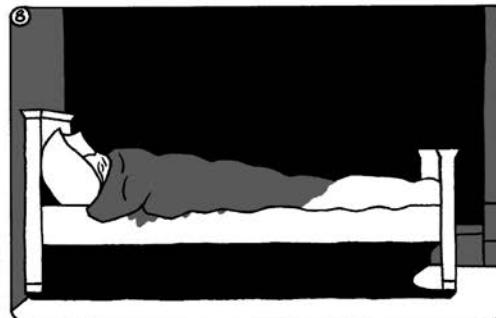
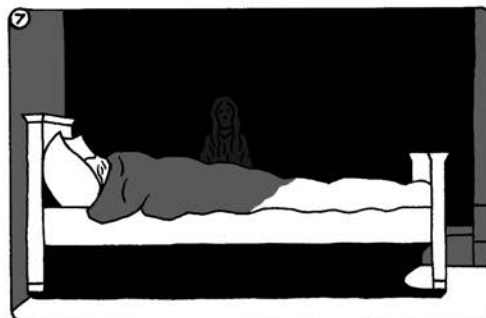
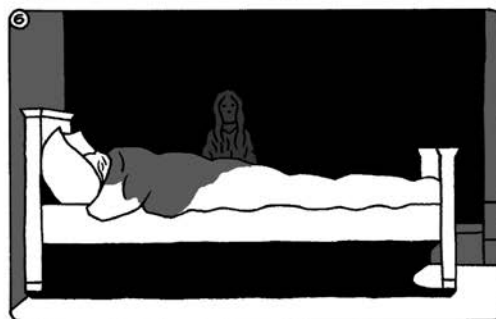
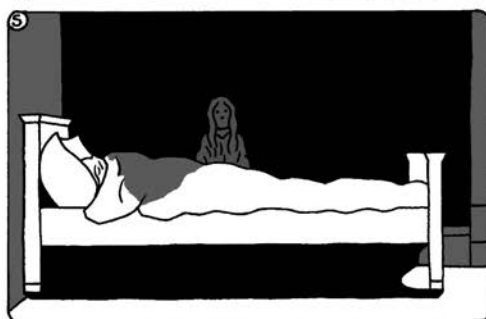
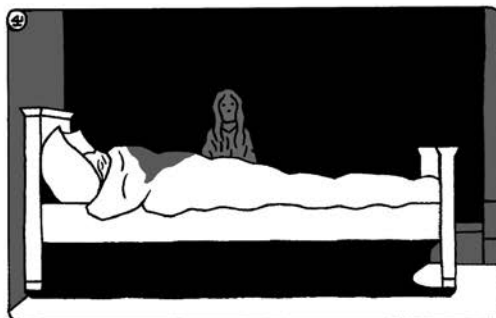
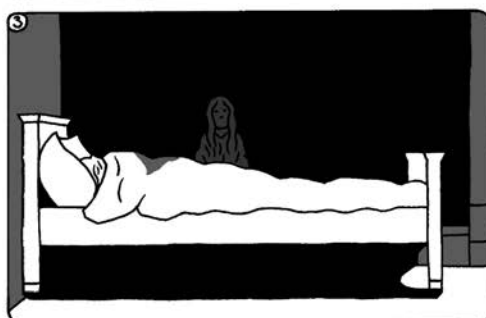
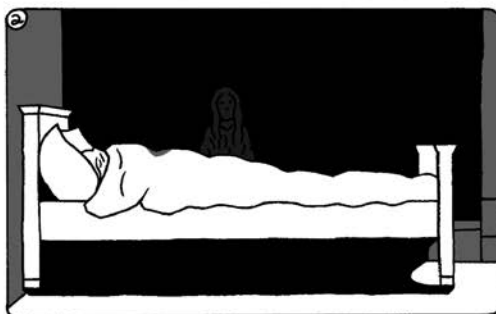
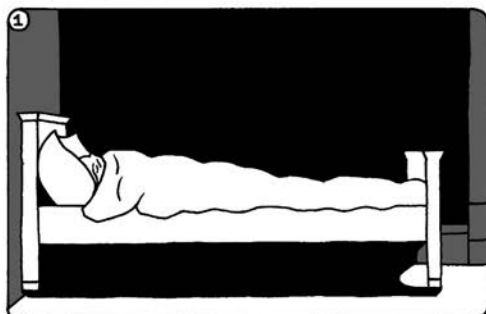








THE ADVENTURES OF BILLY!



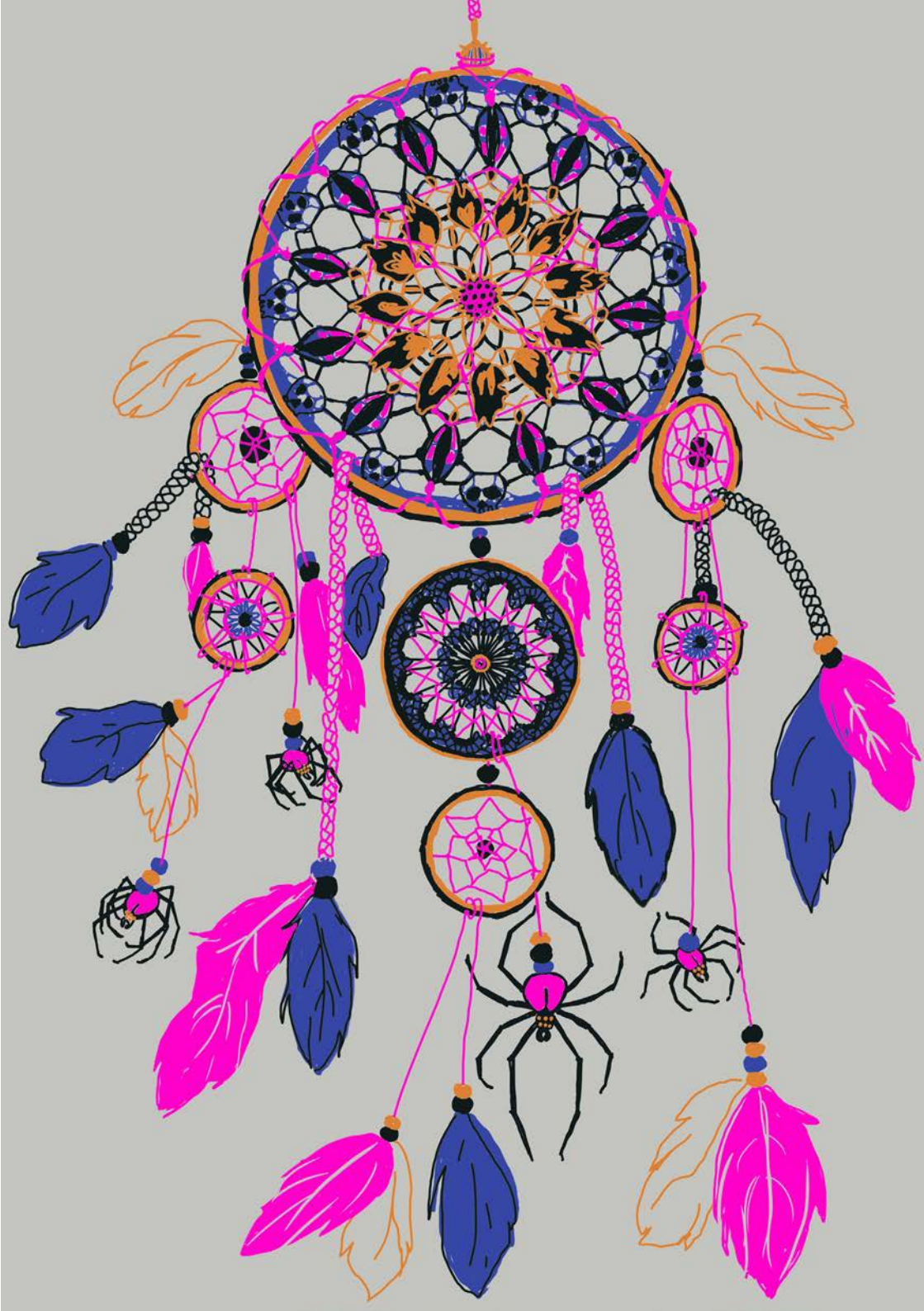




EVERY NIGHT MY TEETH ARE FALLING OUT

DIVINE BUT NOT DEVOUT

ELDRITCHRACH



Get ready for a sleepless night



Nightmarish comics, stories
and illustrations from some
of the best up and coming
horror creators from all
over the world...

Edited by:
Tom Smith and Katie Whittle
FrissonComics.com