

Gourmet Edition

Knock

Knock

Frisson Comics



Frisson Comics Presents...

Knock

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Knock Knock is a quarterly
horror zine curated by
Frisson Comics.

Every issue we set a theme
and our contributors work towards
that theme. If their work
is accepted they receive a PDF
copy of the book to print
and sell themselves.

You can read previous issues of
our zines here:

FrissonComics.com

You can also subscribe to our zine
on patreon!

patreon.com/FrissonComics

Guests.

Mesdames et Messieurs, gourmets and chefs de cuisines. Please take your seats, dinner will be served shortly.

Let us, your hosts, take you on a journey of ghastly gastronomic delight.

On this evenings tasting menu we have;

Cheek of man, served on the bone with oesophageal foam.

Family-style entrail tartare with a bodily jus reduction.

A pulled pork to die for.

For dessert we will be serving a selection of fresh fruits grown using the latest in genetic modification technology and recipient of the 2018 Innovation In Agriculture Award.

For your after-dinner entertainment; an astounding feat of self-cannibalism to amaze and delight.

So ladies and gentlemen, eat and drink your fill, feast and rejoice, binge and purge, for who knows when our last supper will be served?

Bon appetit

*Katie and Tom
2018*



Who's There?

Contents

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SPITHRA

BY KATIE PINCH

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WHAT A
MAGNIFICENT
HOUSE!

I HEARD
ONLY THE
MOST HIGHLY
REGARDED
SOCIALITES
RECEIVE
INVITATIONS!

WELL I HEARD
THAT THE DARCY
FAMILY HOLD
OVER TWENTY-FIVE
COURSES-

AND THE
WINE NEVER STOPS
FLOWING!

KNOCK
KNOCK

I CAN'T
BELIEVE WE'VE
BEEN INVITED!

AH...
YOU MUST
BE OUR FINAL
GUESTS...



PLEASE... COME IN.

... ISN'T THE FOOD
DELIGHTFUL, LILITH?

THE BEST!

BUT
WHY DOES
OUR HOST
NOT EAT?

IT'S SUCH
TERRIBLY BAD
MANNERS!

WELCOME
EVERYONE ... TO
THIS FEAST.



... TO JOIN ME
IN MY HOME.

I HOPE YOU
WILL ALL
ENJOY ...



I'M
OVERJOYED THAT
YOU HAVE ALL
ACCEPTED MY
INVITATION ...




...THE MAIN
COURSE...



HISS





In the romantic candlelight only her

beautiful face could be seen in the glow.

Or.

Rather.

What was left of it anyway.

HAUNT

Script/Lettering: Matt Smith
Art: Nova "Rella" Sawatzky



NIGHT



MAN SLEEPS

HOUSE WAKES



HOUSE MOVES



HOUSE TWISTS



HOUSE HUNGERS



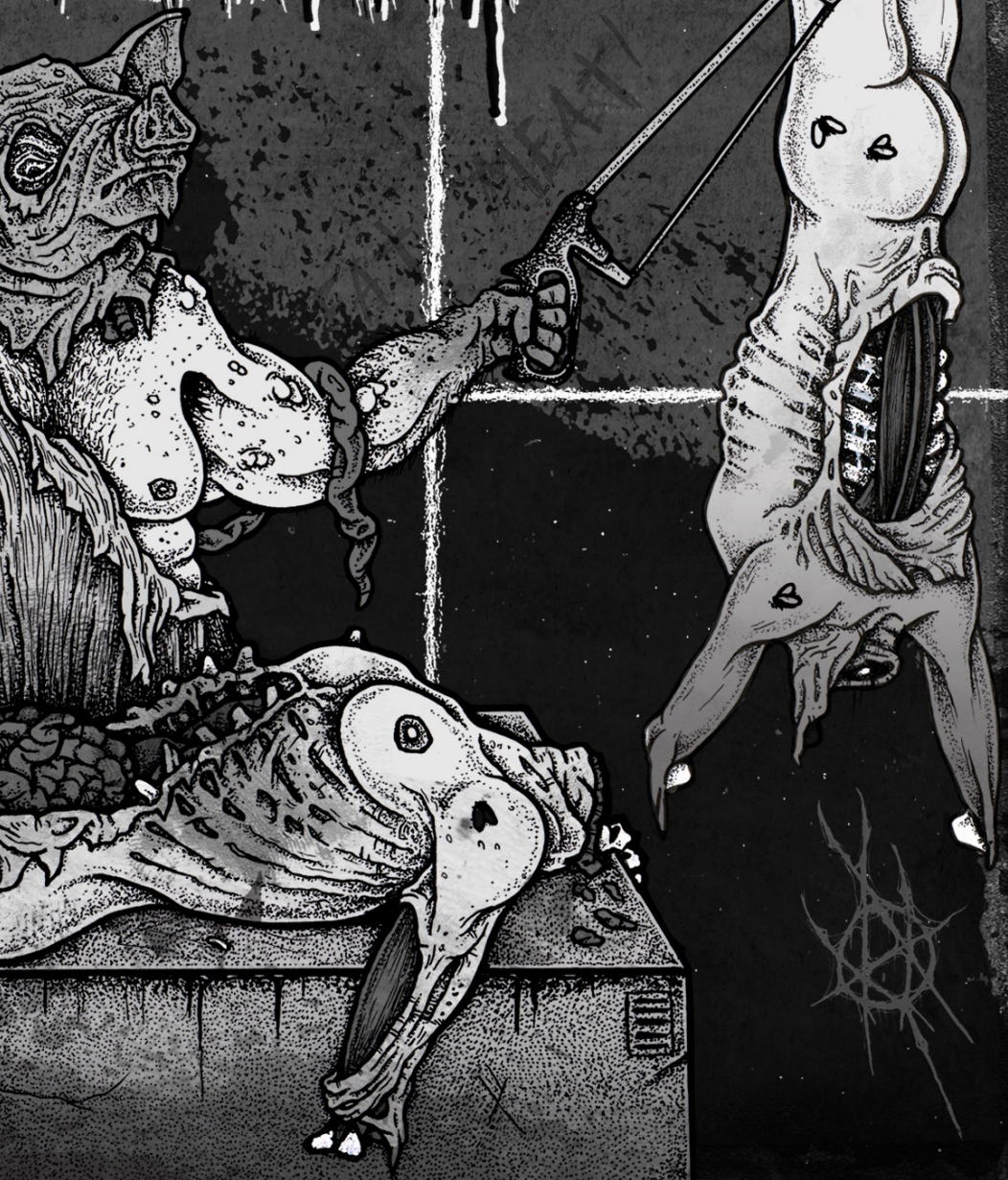


©2018 Matt Smith & Nova Sawatzky

CANN KITO



LIBA HEN











Family Dinner

SERVED BY

Heather Palmer
&
AD MacRitchie



I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE
TO SUSTAIN YOUR LIFESTYLES
ANY LONGER WITHOUT
SEEING A CHANGE IN YOUR
ATTITUDES.

IT'S UNSEEMLY
FOR NEITHER OF YOU
TO HAVE ANY INTEREST
IN THE FAMILY
HOLDINGS.



WHY? THE
COMPANY IS
BORING! THE
ESTATE IS
BORING!

WE JUST
WANT TO
HAVE FUN!

YOU'RE
INSUFFERABLE
BRATS!

YOU'LL
PACK YOUR
BAGS.

DADDY,
PLEASE.
YOU'RE
DRUNK!





QUIET!

YOUR FATHER
IS SPEAKING
TO YOU!



YOU'RE
PARASITES.

YOU EAT FROM
MY TABLE. YOU LIVE
ON MY PENNY. YOU
TAKE AND YOU
TAKE!

BUT NO
MORE!



WE
WON'T
DO IT!

YOU'LL
BLOODY WELL
DO AS YOUR
TOLD.



YOU'RE
INSOLENT- AH.

AH HA.

AH HA HA HA.

AHAHAHAHA!!!





WITCHES KITCHEN





Uncle Lucky

By Matt Smith & James Francis



©2018 Matt Smith & James Francis

*"I know Uncle Lucky wasn't yer parents'
FIRST choice for babysitter... but if ya quit
yer CRYIN' I'll find us some BREAKFAST!"*

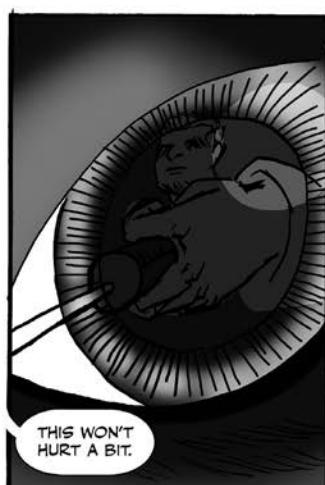
IG @BRUESOME COMICS

IG @@babylonsticks

Time for a Treat

Script & Art: Nate Bennett
Lettering: Matt Smith!
Special Thanks to Chris Bennett









A Pie In The Face

By Kevin T. Rogers

Charles Hogg liked to eat – many people do. But Charlie really did – and he was very good at it – something he had only learned later in life. For – born to the criminal classes in the poverty slums of Victorian London – he had been raised on a strictly subsistence diet. A circumstance barely changed by his adult career as a petty – and inept – thief. Until, that is, Fate stepped in and elevated him to the giddy heights of gastronomic repute! By way of the murky depths of murder.

*

He hadn't meant to kill the man – not at all. He'd simply hit him too hard from behind with a lead pipe – and broken his neck. Not that it mattered to Charlie – he merely continued with his intention of stealing his victim's wallet. Then dragged the body farther into the shadows of the alley, and fled to the Raven's Head to check on his booty.

Which led to the discovery of his marvellous talent! For amongst the slim pickings, he found an entry ticket to a Pie Eating Contest taking place the next day. So Charlie thought he'd pop along and see if he could sell on the ticket at a reduced fee. Any amount would be welcome to a man of his deficient means. But on finding no takers – nor any success in his ham-fisted attempts to dip a few pockets – he settled for the best of a bad job. A free meal was a free meal, after all. So he entered the hall – and the competition.

*

Which he won by a country mile! Because once Charlie began consuming the non-stop supply of comestibles, he unleashed a relentless appetite! And claimed not only the £10.00. Prize, but afterwards, an ever-increasing domination in the world of competitive eating. Charlie 'Chew' Hogg (as the press re-named him) soon became a by-word for glamorous gluttony! And no sooner did the trappings of success come rolling in, than the squalid secrets of his former life lay buried in the past. Now he was the people's champion – 'King of the Pies' – nobody could beat him! Well, nobody perhaps, except a certain Mr Walter P. Edelbaum.

*

He was a much younger man from America, but no less an expert gorging. And now he had sailed the mighty ocean to pit his stomach against 'Charlie Chew'! Not that Charlie was worried – he had total belief in his own abilities. At least he did, until their first encounter – when the Young Pretender beat him, 30 Meat & Potato Shortcrusts to 25! Charlie was shaken, but dismissed it as, 'a hiccup – a one-off'. And swore that at their next meeting he would 'devour the Yank as well as the pies!' But he didn't – Edelbaum won again. And again at the next. And the next . . .

*

Charlie sat alone in the Raven's Head, staring at his glass of stout. His fall from grace had been spectacular. Gone were the heady days of champagne and upper crust hangers-on. His loss of regular winnings meant his savings soon dwindled, which led to the unmanageable upkeep of the town house, servants, and horse and carriage, all of which disappeared. As did his social standing – nobody wanted to know a has-been.

Charlie knew who was to blame and hated him for it, but with the shadow of his

conqueror always

looming, he saw no prospect of recovery. His confidence – and his remarkable appetite – seemed lost. Yet he believed that if that baleful presence could only be removed, his old powers might re-ignite and launch him back to the top! And that conviction soured into the blackest of thoughts, and to a memory of a dark night in an alley when he'd found out how easy it was to kill a man. And so he was resolved. He had just enough money left for entry into the next big competition two weeks hence, and he knew that Edelbaum had taken a suite at the Rochester Hotel. Which gave him a fortnight to keep watch – and to wait for an opportunity. And finally it came.

*

Charlie had never been a great thief but always good at one of the skills required – fading into the background. So Edelbaum hadn't been aware of being followed for the last ten days. Even on those constitutional walks that he took every evening, which never varied in time or route – always at dusk, and always through the lonelier environs around his lodgings. Both conditions helping him to avoid irritating admirers demanding autographs. And tonight was no exception.

Black clouds crawled over a white moon, turning it into a death's head. The ex-champion stood in the shadows of a disused warehouse, lead pipe in hand. Edelbaum should be here soon and when he passed, Charlie would strike from behind. And now footsteps were approaching – he gripped his weapon and – it wasn't him! No, it was a very large roughneck, seeking an unwary traveller to rob.

The lout might have missed Charlie in the near-blackness, but he was on the look out for prey, eyes darting around. And when he saw a man lurking, with weapon in hand, he

instinctively drew his own – a very long bayonet. And lunged at Charlie who scarcely managed to step out of range to swipe back with his lead pipe. But he knew this was a losing battle – the man was younger, big and well armed. Things looked bleak

...

'Hey, you two! What's going on, there?'

Walter P. Edelbaum arrived, running, and waving the blade of a swordstick that he always carried when out alone. He squinted into the gloom and thought he recognised one of the figures. 'Hogg? Is that you?'

'Yes,' Charlie almost screamed, 'I'm being assaulted!'

His attacker turned, and realising that the odds were now stacked against him, began to run past this new arrival, slashing at him as he went. But Edelbaum was skilled with his own weapon and thrust it between his opponent's ribs. The stricken man staggered, groaned and toppled like a felled tree.

'Thank God,' Charlie cried with false sincerity, 'you saved my life!'

'Maybe,' Edelbaum replied, 'but I think I've ended this man's.' And he knelt down to check for a heartbeat.

Charlie considered, dropped his lead pipe – and picked up the discarded bayonet. Then approached the kneeling man from behind and drove the blade deeply into his back.

Edelbaum stiffened, shuddered horribly, and keeled over – dead. Charlie smiled, dropped the bayonet – and vanished back into the shadows. And it was only later

that he cursed himself for not having taken the chance to steal the dead man's wallet. Old habits die hard. But all in all, luck was with him. For when the bodies were discovered, investigators concluded that the ruffian had demanded the gentleman's valuables, the victim had resisted, and the ensuing confrontation had resulted in the death of both. Case closed.

*

Charlie though, still remained a little apprehensive about the imminent competition – he'd become accustomed to losing – but he needn't have worried. Without Edelbaum's debilitating presence, the old warhorse stormed to victory! Although he had to admit that his success also owed something to the quality of the pies – they were unique in flavour – and absolutely delicious!

*

And the following morning, he set out to meet the person who had supplied them. Mrs Lovett was a newly local businesswoman who had sponsored the contest in order to promote the opening of LOVETT'S SAVOURY PIE PARLOUR. And she'd invited Charlie here today to receive his Prize money, along with reporters and photographers set to record the event for posterity. Only when he got there, the Pressmen had not yet arrived. So his hostess made a suggestion.

'I hope you won't mind me saying, but as your image is to feature in the newspapers, perhaps you might like to have a little trim and shave while you're waiting?'

Charlie felt embarrassed by his unkempt appearance, and loath to admit that until receiving the Prize money, he couldn't afford such luxuries. But Mrs Lovett forestalled his blushes. 'Only, my friend runs the barbershop next door, and if you mention my name, there will be no charge?'

Charlie nodded his acceptance and left with a spring in his step. 'Prize money and a free haircut,' he thought, 'the Devil surely looks after his own!' And smiled contentedly as he looked up to the sign above the door:

S. TODD'S TRADITIONAL BARBERSHOP

*

Strangely, Charles Hogg was never seen again. So Mrs Lovett never got to present him with his Prize money. But she did continue to sell her scrumptious pies. Until several months later when she and Mr Todd were compelled to move from their premises due to an evil, sickly stench that seemed to be coming from their shared connecting cellars . . .



©Lloyd Davies

EATMYPAIN
(Made in Microsoft Paint)

PICA
BOO

I'D ALWAYS HAD A CRUSH ON DAN



DESPITE HIS BAD HABITS

STORY AND ART BY TOM SMITH

ALWAYS CHEWING ON SOMETHING

KRACKKK



KRACKKK

WHOEVER
THAT IS
PLEASE
KNOCK
IT OFF!



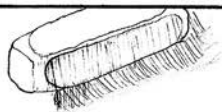
ARISTOTLE

1. PROCRATES

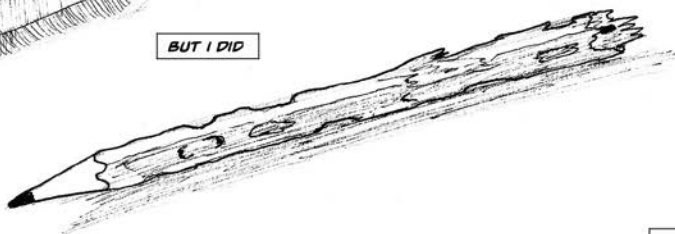
1. GATH

2. MEDICIN

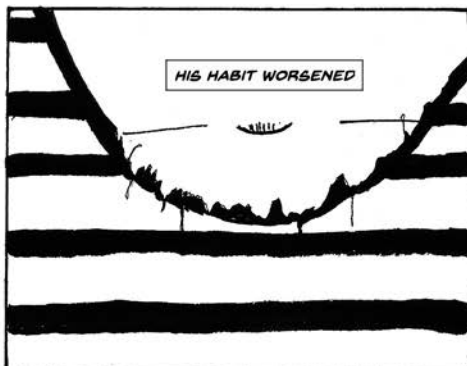
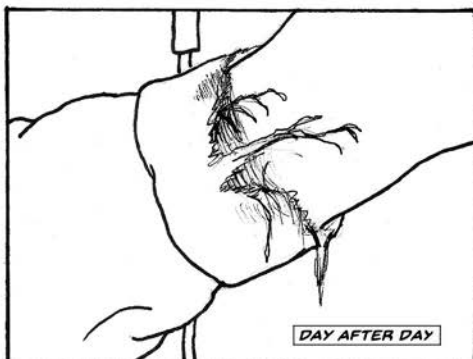
NO ONE EVER SEEMED TO HAVE SYMPATHY FOR HIM

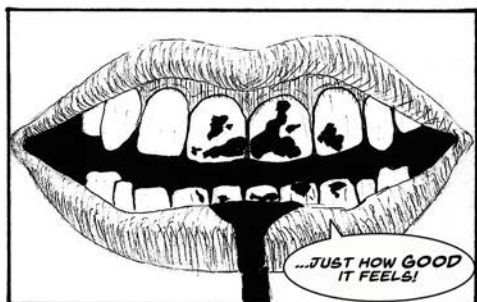
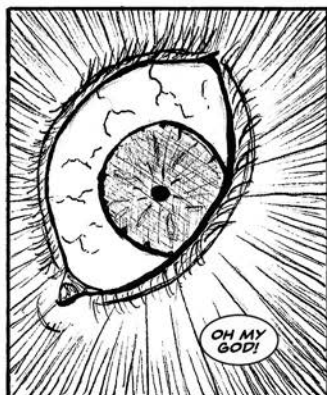
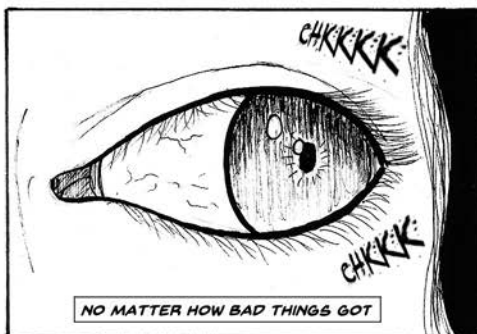


BUT I DID



I DID







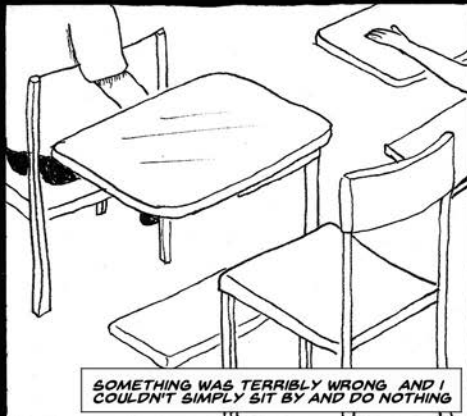
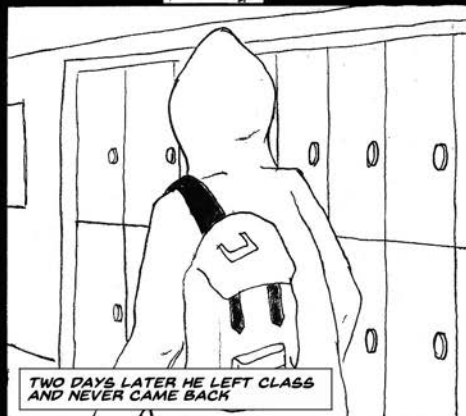
HIS AIR OF MELANCHOLY WAS REPLACED WITH
A SINGLE-MINDED LOOK OF DETERMINATION

I WANTED TO BELIEVE THAT HE WAS DETERMINED TO GET
BETTER, TO BEAT HIS COMPULSION ONCE AND FOR ALL

BUT DEEP DOWN I FELT THAT THINGS WERE WORSE THAN EVER

I DIDN'T BELIEVE FOR ONE SECOND THAT WHAT HE WAS DOING
COULD FEEL GOOD LIKE HE SAID

HE STOPPED COMMUNICATING WITH THE OTHER
STUDENTS ALL TOGETHER



EVENTUALLY I WORKED UP THE COURAGE TO GO TO HIS HOUSE

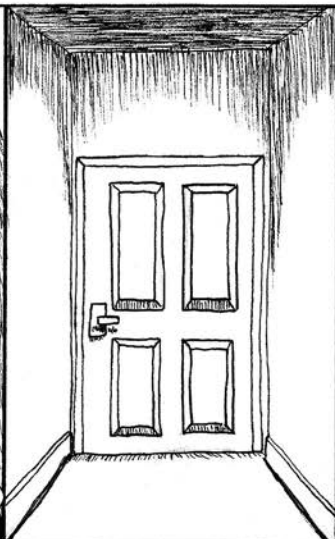


DAN'S IN
HIS ROOM

HE WON'T
COME OUT
OR SPEAK TO
ANYONE



PLEASE MRS. ROTHERFORD
PLEASE LET ME TRY TO
SPEAK TO HIM!

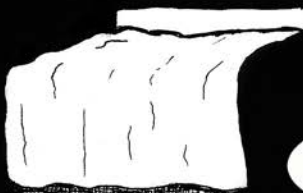


DAN!?

DAN, I KNOW I MIGHT NEVER UNDERSTAND
WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH RIGHT NOW
BUT I'M DETERMINED TO HELP IN ANY WAY
THAT I CAN

PLEASE LET ME IN

LET ME HELP YOU



LAURA!?

I'VE BEEN A FOOL
I'VE DONE SOMETHING
STUPID

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO BE
UNDERSTANDING, I NEED
YOUR HELP



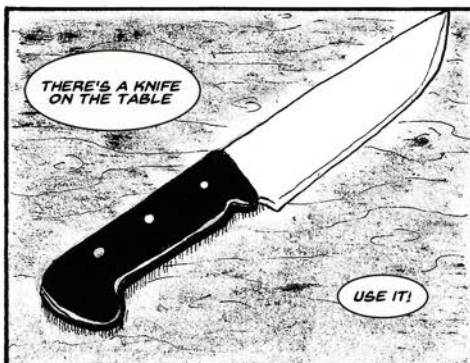
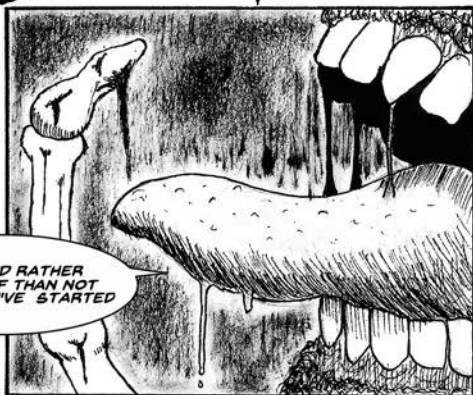
I FINISHED OFF MY HANDS AND COULDN'T REACH ANYWHERE ELSE EXCEPT MY LIPS

I NEED YOU TO BE MY HANDS LAURA



YOU NEED MEDICAL HELP! LET ME TAKE YOU TO A...

...NO! I'D RATHER KILL MYSELF THAN NOT FINISH WHAT I'VE STARTED



THERE'S A KNIFE ON THE TABLE

USE IT!



YOU SAY YOU WANT TO 'HELP'? TO 'UNDERSTAND'? TO 'MAKE ME HAPPY'? WELL HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

DAN, I...!



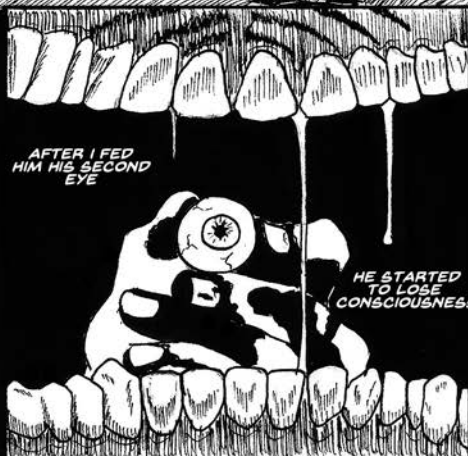
IT WENT ON FOR HOURS

IT WAS HARD BUT I COULD TELL HE
THANKED ME FOR IT

AND FOR A MOMENT

I FELT WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO MAKE
HIM HAPPY

IF ONLY FOR A SHORT WHILE



AFTER I FED
HIM HIS SECOND
EYE

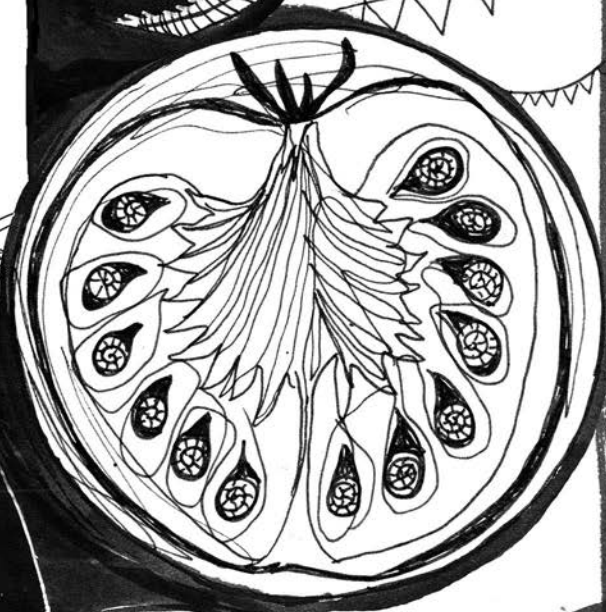
HE STARTED
TO LOSE
CONSCIOUSNESS



AND THAT'S WHEN YOU
WALKED IN, OFFICER.

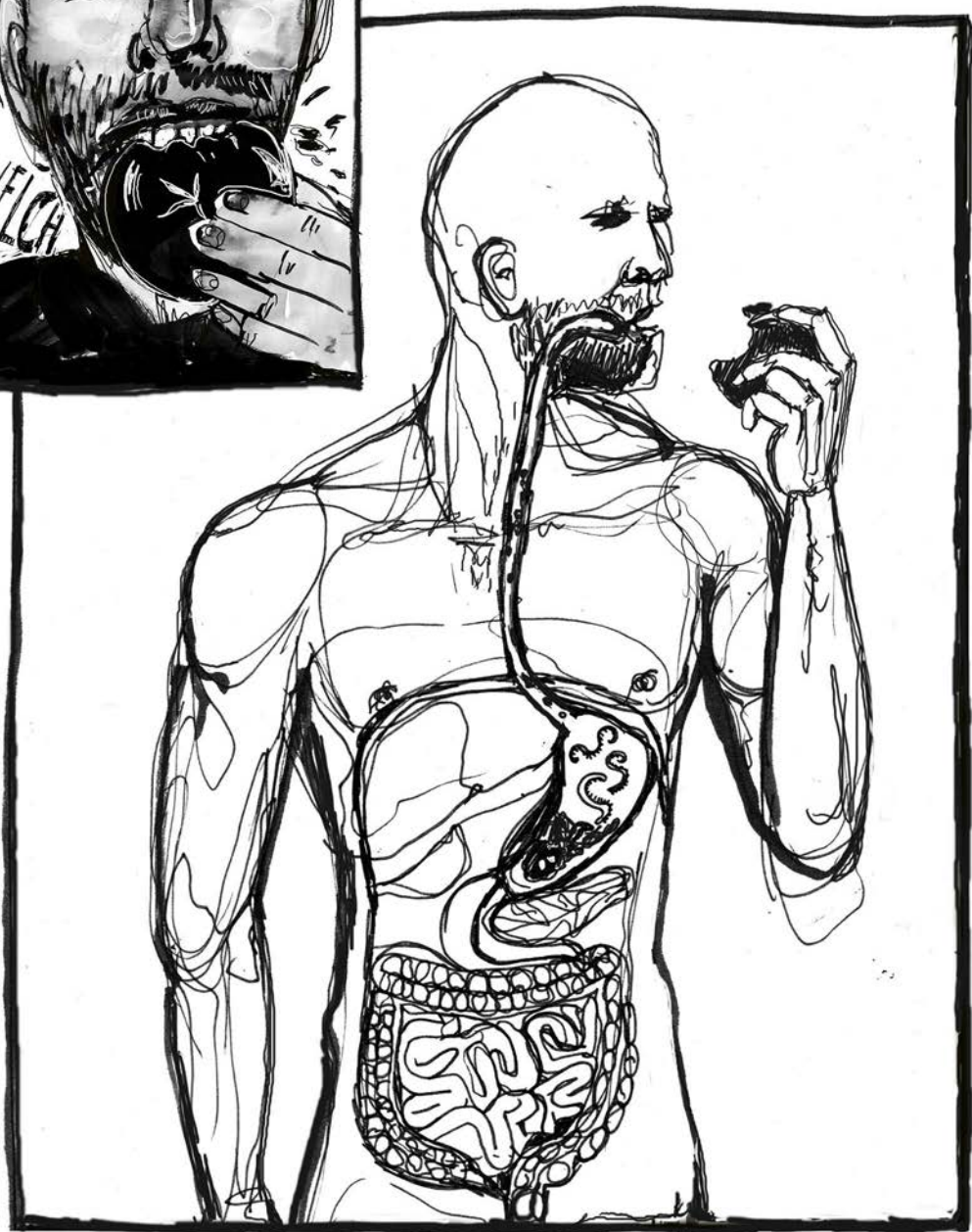
STEP AWAY FROM
THE BED AND PUT YOUR
HANDS UP!

THE END

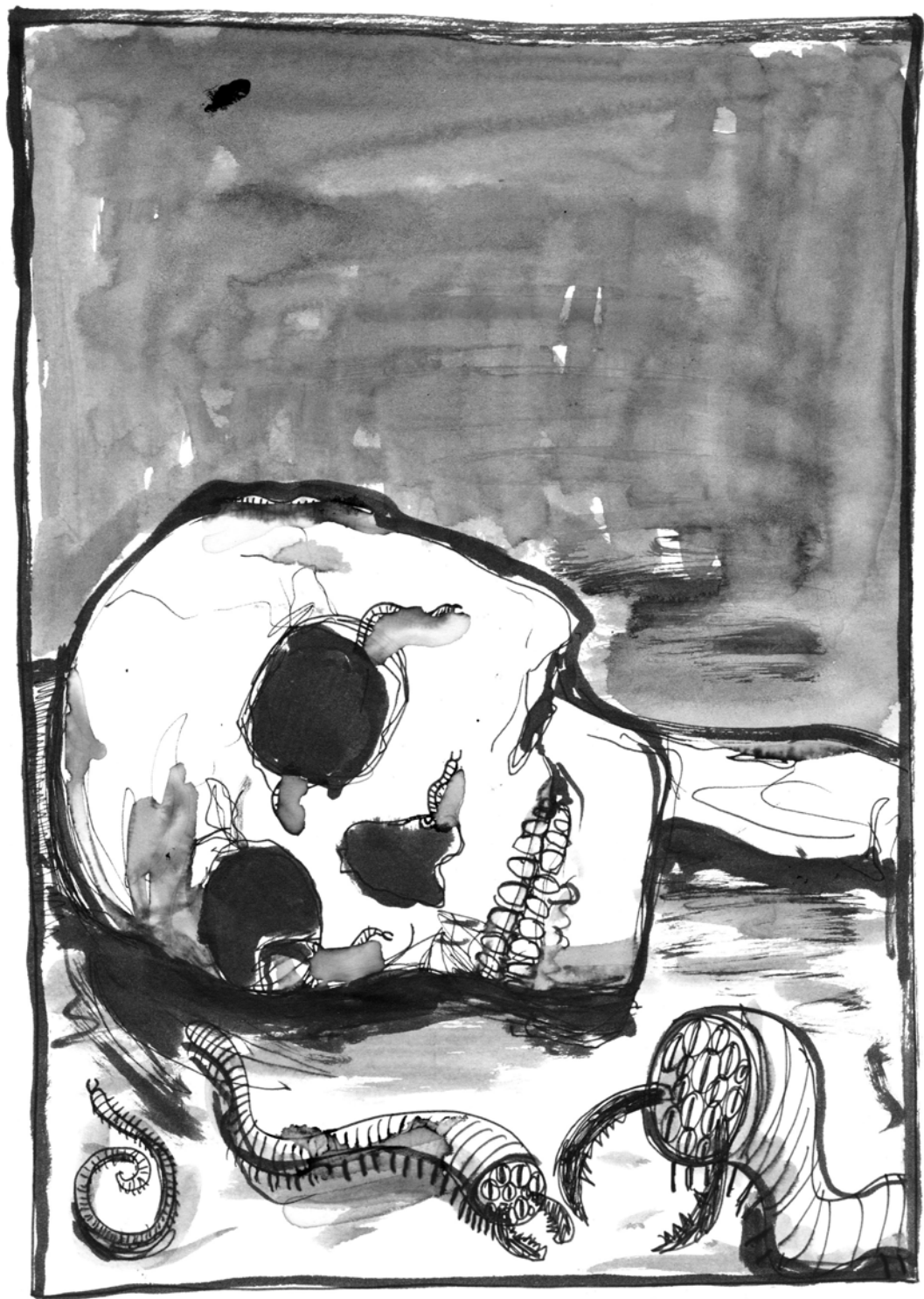


I'LL
TAKE THIS
BEAUTY!









CIRCE'S

PULLED
PORK

FREE
DRINKS

FIND US
AT
CIRCEO
NATIONAL
PARK LT
MON TO FRI
DON'T TELL
ANYONE
YOU'RE
COMING.

MICHELA
CICCONI

CONSUMED WITH DREAD

Script/Lettering: Matt Smith
Art: Tarfa Khalid

YOU LOVE LISTENING TO
THE RADIO IN THE AFTERNOON.

--DEATH COUNT IN
THE MILLIONS--

BUT LATELY... THE
ONLY THING ANYONE
TALKS ABOUT IS THAT
AWFUL DOVE VIRUS
RAVAGING THE PLANET.

YOU FEAR
INFECTION.
NATURALLY.

--ORIGINATING
FROM A SEATTLE
HIGH SCHOOL--

PRRR...

THIS DREAD KEEPS
YOU UP AT NIGHT.

BUT...YOU'RE NOT WORRIED
ABOUT YOUR OWN
WELL-BEING, ARE YOU?

COFF
--SCIENTISTS
IN ANTARCTICA--
HACK

IF YOU SUCCUMB TO
THE VIRUS... THEN WHO
WOULD FEED YOUR CATS?

GACK
GUGH
KAFF

RRREOW...?

WELL... YOU NEED
NOT WORRY.

WHEN YOU EVENTUALLY FALL
PREY TO THE DOVE VIRUS, YOUR
CATS WILL HAVE PLENTY TO EAT.

NOM
NOM...

DRRR...!

CHOMP!

REOW!

RRR...!

SCHLURP!

END



SEEDS

I AM COMPELLED
TO EAT THE FRUIT



TO PIERCE THE FLESH
INGEST THE
SEEDS



TO CONSUME



I FEEL THEM
FALL DOWN



THEY



GROW
INSIDE
ME



MY SKIN
RUPTURES

I BEAR
FRUIT

I AM
THE
VINE

FILLED WITH
ENDLESS LIFE

BRUISED FLESH
ENCASING A THOUSAND
FUTURES

I FALL
FROM THE
BRANCH

I RIPEN AGAIN

I RIPEN
I ROT

I TAKE ROOT
I REGROW

I STRETCH
FOR MILES
GROWTH
AND DECAY
WITHOUT
END

AND
DYING
FLOWERING
SIMULTANEOUSLY

I AM
NOTHING

THE SOIL IS
ENDLESS

I STRETCH
THROUGHOUT

IT ENVELOPS ME

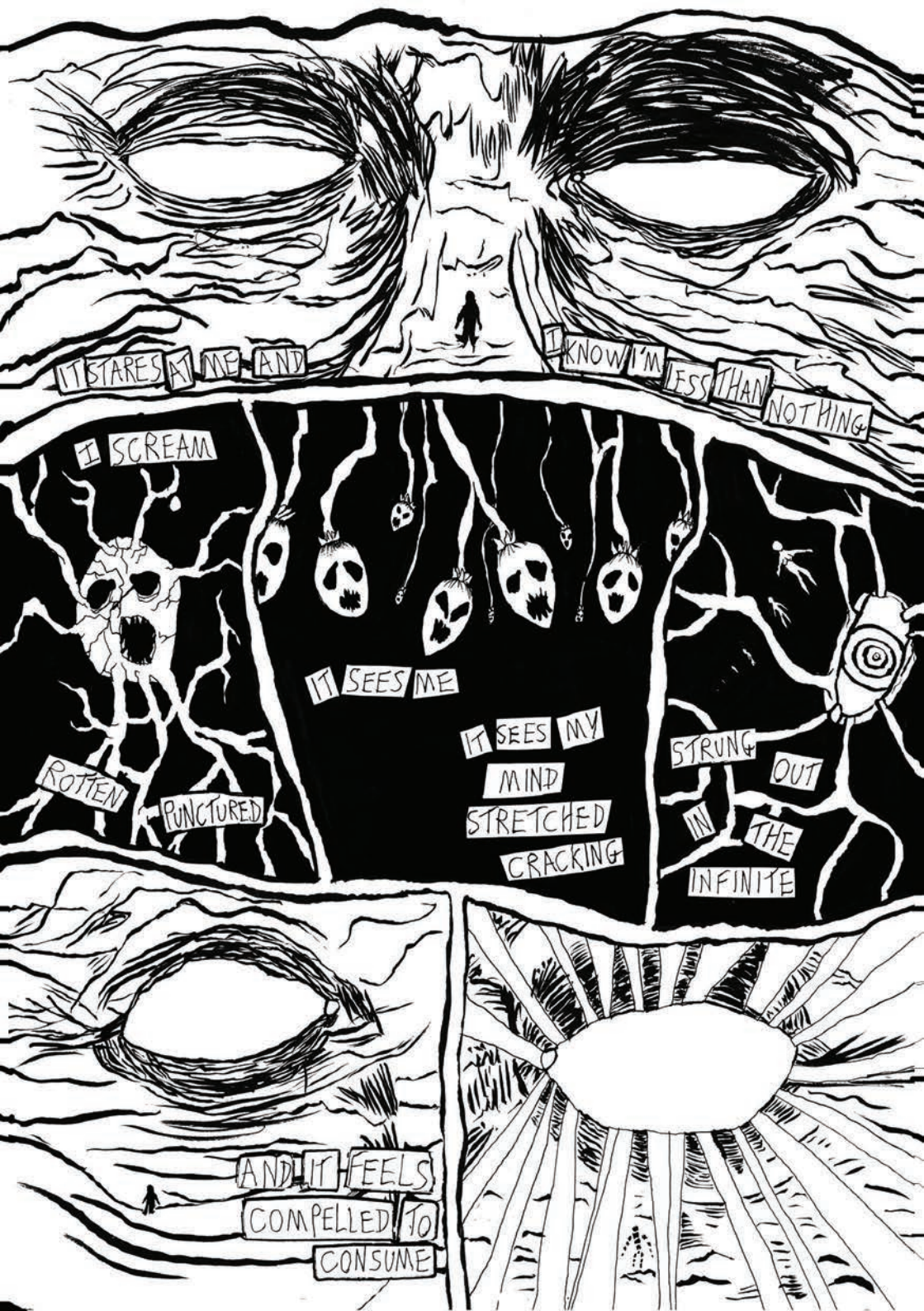
IN THE DARK
DAMP EARTH

I STRETCH
OUT

I GROW

I AM
EVERYTHING





IT STARES AT ME AND

I KNOW I'M LESS THAN NOTHING

I SCREAM

IT SEES ME

IT SEES MY
MIND
STRETCHED
CRACKING

STRUNG
OUT
IN THE
INFINITE

ROTTEN

PUNCTURED

AND IT FEELS
COMPELLED TO
CONSUME







Frisson Comics Presents...

Knock

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A macabre menu of
fear-flavoured morsels
delicately prepared by
some of the best up and
coming names in horror!

FrissonComics.com

Edited by Tom Smith and Katie Whittle