

# PESTILENCE



KNOCK!  
KNOCK

FRISCOL  
COMICS  
A HORROR  
COMPILATION



# RIP

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](http://FrissonComics.com)

You can also subscribe to our zine  
on [patreon!](https://www.patreon.com/frissoncomics)

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Come in dear reader,

That's a nasty cough, you look unwell.

Take a seat and show us where the problem is.

Yes, this is much worse than we thought I'm afraid.  
The pustules indicate some kind of infection,  
we can only assume this has been brought about by  
horror withdrawal.

We prescribe 8 comics to be taken visually, short  
stories to be taken as needed and 50cc's of illustration.

Roll up your sleeve for us reader,

You might feel a small scratch.

-Tom and Katie 2019

# WHO'S THERE?

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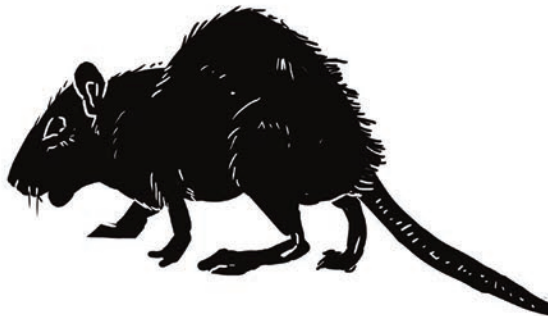
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Tell me father...  
Why has God forsaken us?

He took my wife...  
...my children...  
Now I too stand  
on the edge  
of the abyss...

All this misery  
and pain...  
This death  
and despair...



WHO ARE YOU  
TO QUESTION  
THE WILL & WAY  
OF GOD?

DEAR  
BARTHOLOMEW...



6

NOW...  
LET US PIERCE  
THOSE BOILS



PERHAPS YOUR  
SUFFERING  
WILL BRING YOU  
ANSWERS...



PLEASE LORD DELIVER ME

A SINNER  
SUCH AS

YOU! WHY  
WOULD THE  
LORD  
SAVE

FROM

THIS

PAIN

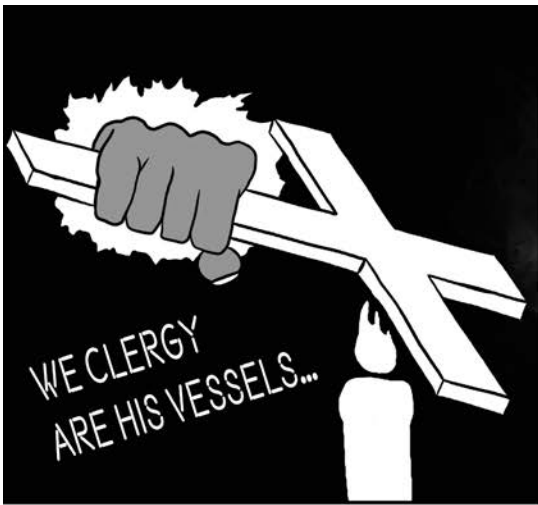
YOU!!

YOU THINK  
GOD IS  
HERE!!!

FOR YOUR  
PITIFUL  
SOUL!







WE CLERGY  
ARE HIS VESSELS...



HIS SACRAMENTS  
SPREAD HIS PLAGUE

THROUGH YOUR  
COMMUNION...



...AND BAPTISMS!



A CONGREGATION  
IN FEAR....

IS A CONGREGATION  
IN PRAYER....





# FOUR WEEKS FROM NOW

Words: Matt Smith  
@@GRUESOME COMICS

Art: Jhonesbas Craneo  
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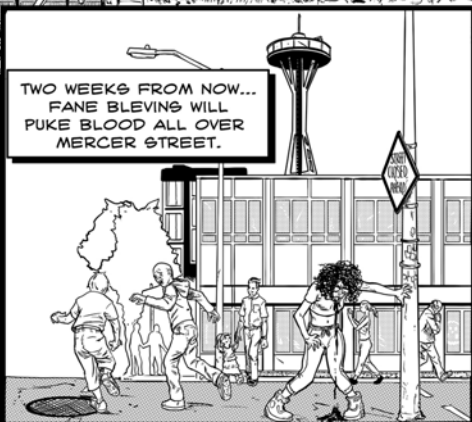
FOUR WEEKS FROM NOW...

TWO MILLION RESIDENTS OF METROPOLITAN SEATTLE WILL HAVE DIED FROM THE DOVE VIRUS.

THREE WEEKS FROM NOW...  
CHARLES XI-WANG OF  
BEACON HILL WILL  
DROP FACE-FIRST  
INTO A PUDDLE OF HIS  
OWN BLOOD AND BILE.



TWO WEEKS FROM NOW...  
FANE BLEVING WILL  
PUKE BLOOD ALL OVER  
MERCER STREET.



©2019 Matt Smith

ONE WEEK FROM NOW... GRACE SANTIAGO  
AND HER INFANT SON, LUNA, WILL SUFFER  
FROM TORRENTIAL NOSEBLEEDS.



ALL BECAUSE OF  
ANNIE TARAK...



...AND HER 10<sup>TH</sup> GRADE SCIENCE FAIR PROJECT.



ANNIE CONCEIVED HER HOMEMADE VIRUS FOUR WEEKS AGO AS A CLEVER ACT OF PROTEST.

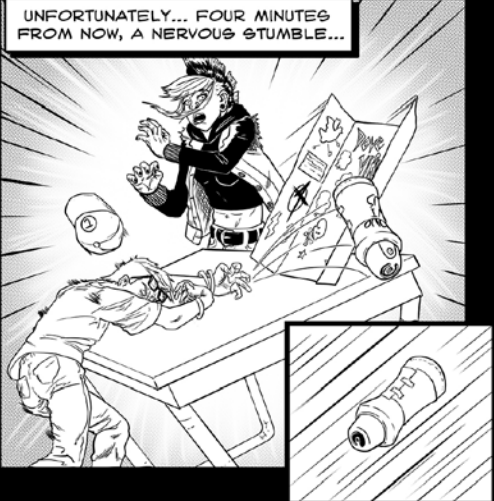
SHE WAS SICK OF SEEING THE GOVERNMENT BLEED MONEY FROM SCHOOLS AND PUMP IT INTO THE MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX.



AND IF HER ACT OF REBELLION CAUGHT THE EYE OF ALEX LANE, THEN ALL THE BETTER FOR IT.



UNFORTUNATELY... FOUR MINUTES FROM NOW, A NERVOUS STUMBLE...



...WILL CAUSE ANNIE TO REGRET HOUSING HER DEADLY VIRUS IN A USED DEODORANT CANISTER.



AND FOUR WEEKS FROM NOW...

...ANNIE TARAK AND EVERYONE ELSE SHE KNOWS WILL BE DEAD.



## ROTTEN BEN FITTS

My boss has the rot.

The medical name for the disease is interitus syndrome, but I've only ever heard doctors use the term. Everyone else just calls it the rot.

My boss's flesh is graying and swollen and chunks of it fall off him sometimes. It's actually not that big of a deal.

No, that came out wrong. It is a big deal for him. He's going to die.

Exactly how much time you have left when living with the rot varies from person to person, but since the start of the outbreak the longest an infected person has been recorded as surviving was just over a year. Most people pass away within a few weeks. Even if your heart is still pumping blood and your neurons are still firing, your body can only last so long when its withering away and falling apart.

What I meant to say was that his being here at work was not that big of a deal for us, his co-workers. The rot is transferred only through saliva, so once the doctors figured that out the outbreak became pretty easy to control. My boss knows to keep his saliva to himself, and its not like anyone in their right mind is going to smooch someone with the rot anyway. His lips rotted away early on, so for the last week he's been perpetually grinning at everyone he sees and it's honestly quite a turnoff. Also, he smells now.

He still comes to work anyway though, and right now he's leading a presentation in front of all of us as if there was nothing wrong. He stands at the head of the conference table, clicking through a slideshow about our numbers from the last quarter. Between sips of coffee, he talks about what the charts and graph represent and the significance of the numbers.

He has a distinctive, scarlet mug that he drinks out of. I can't help but stare whenever he brings the mug up to where he lips once were to take a sip. The bright red porcelain contrast so completely with his matte, graying face. The mugs looks so alive and my boss looks so... well, dead. The duality is captivating.

Nobody wants to talk about it, because how can you talk about something like that, but silently everyone is very impressed with him. His body is literally decaying before him as if it were dead, and before long he will be. But he still puts on a tie every morning with his rotten fingers, gets in his car and drives to work where he does his job without complaint and says good morning to each and every one of us. If I were to catch the rot, I doubt you could say the same about me.

"Minelli," my boss says. "Would you mind coming up here to share the results

of the new product testing?”

His tongue has swollen a bit and his voice is much more blubbery than it used to be, but he still manages to enunciate rather well. I wonder if he practices at home.

“Sure,” I say, gathering my stack of papers off the table and carrying them with me.

My boss is unable to smile anymore, or rather is unable to do anything but smile anymore, but I can tell that he still tried to flash me a quick one out of habit as I approach him at the head of the table. I knew this was coming but I always dread public speaking, even if I have time to prepare. My boss knows this. Even on the brink of death, he still radiates silent support for me as I struggle with my inane little phobia.

“The product test showed mixed results,” I begin, burying my nose in my notes. “While the focus groups responded very positively to the concept of a scanner that could wirelessly deliver documents to their laptops and smartphones, many of the individuals in the group found the actual interface overly complicated and hard to use.”

I look up from behind my notes to peep at everyone’s reaction. I expect them to be mad at me for bearing the bad news, especially since many of the people in this meeting helped design the scanners being discussed. To my absolute shock, they all seem more or less neutral to the news. I continue reading.

“I would suggest that we move the icon for wireless scanning to the homepage of the screen’s interface to make it easier for users to find,” I say through a gulp, this time really expecting them to get pissed. I am telling them how to do their jobs, after all.

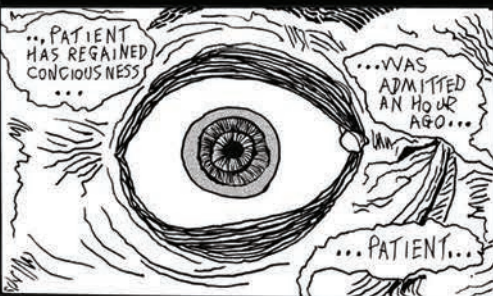
“You’re doing great,” my boss says quietly, sensing my obvious discomfort.

I nod weakly and reach for my coffee, bringing it my lips to take a sip. It tastes a tad bitterer than I remember making it earlier, but that might just be a result of my nerves.

I become aware of everyone in the room staring at me with a new level of focus. There is something different about the way they stare at me now, a mix of disbelief and horror in their gazes.

“Minelli,” says Linda from the seat next to where I had been. “Your coffee is over here.”

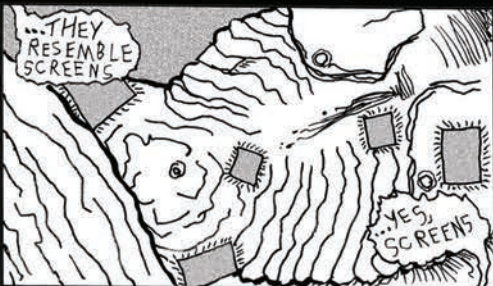
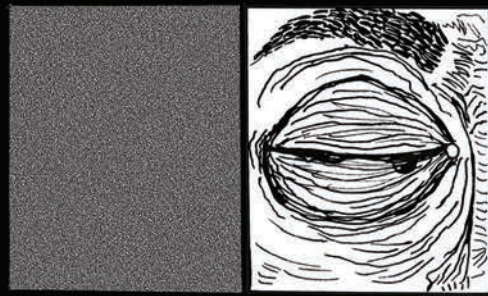
She holds up my coffee mug with Garfield’s face emblazoned across the side. I look down at the scarlet coffee mug in my hands. I drop it as my fingers go numb and the porcelain shatters, spilling hot coffee all over my shoes. I don’t even feel it.



...PATIENT HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS ...

...WAS ADMITTED AN HOUR AGO...

...PATIENT...



...THEY RESEMBLE SCREENS

...YES, SCREENS



...TRYING TO STABILISE...

...NEVER SEEN...

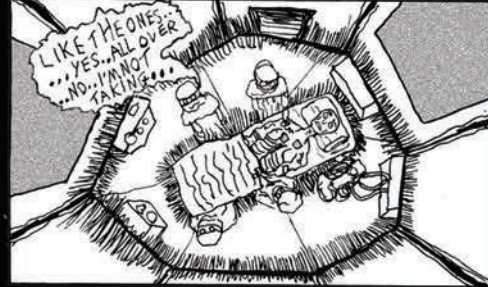
...PATIENT HAS GROWTHS...



...PATIENT IS BECOMING RESTLESS...

PLEASE HOLD STILL

NO!



LIKE THEONES...  
...YES...ALL OVER  
...NO...I'M NOT TAKING...



SHIT... CUT IT OUT OF THEM OR SOMETHING!

GET A SAW!!

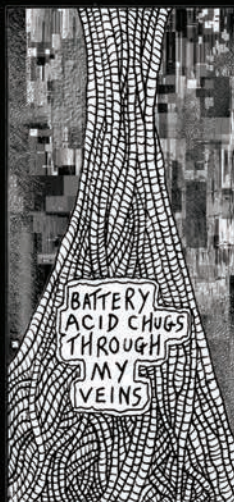
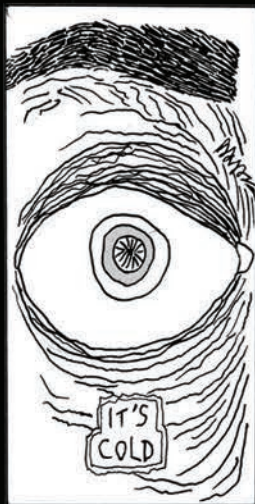


WHAT THE FUCK?!

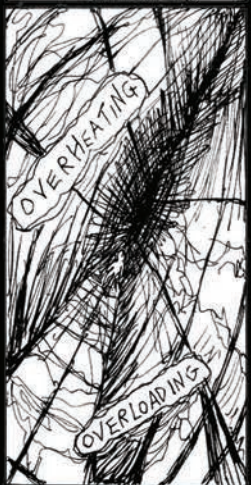
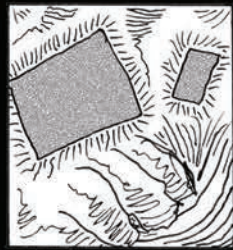
GOD... IT'S...

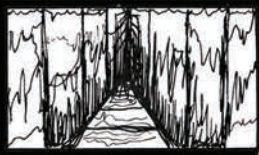
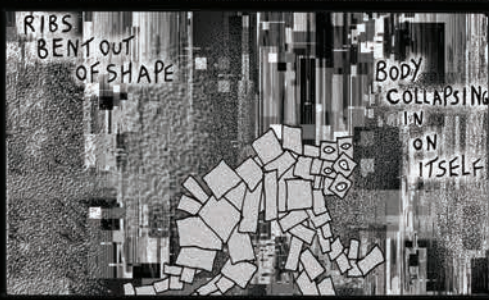
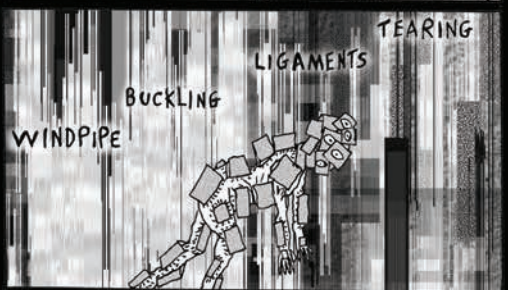
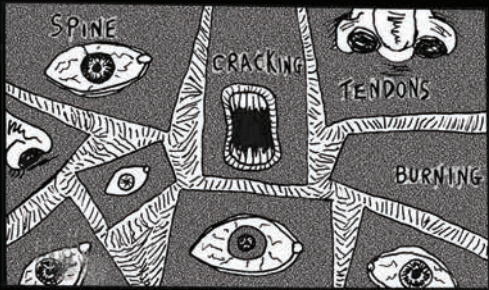
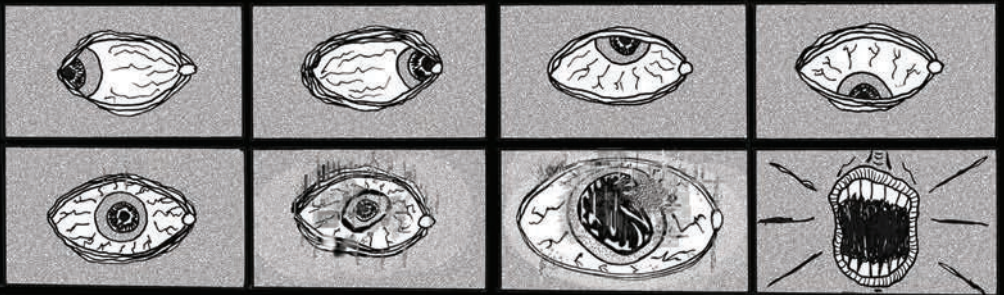


HOLD FUCKING STILL











## A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE BY KEVIN T ROGERS

He wasn't here and he wasn't there – he was elsewhere. Dr. Mikhail Volnokov had spent a lot of time covering his tracks because he knew that the military dictatorship that ruled his small nation was not of a forgiving nature. Discovery wouldn't just be a matter of life or death, but a guaranteed ordeal of merciless torture leading inevitably to an agonising end. For his crime was so monumental that he couldn't really expect – let alone hope for – anything less . . .

\*

And then again, it wasn't as if Volnokov himself had ever been averse to a little hard-hearted cruelty. Indeed, his position as head of research in the outlawed field of germ warfare often required the use of 'test subjects' – usually selected from the country's large prison population. But also including others who were picked simply because he bore them a personal grudge. Like the inconsiderate neighbour who practiced his trumpet too loudly. Or the late Mrs. Volnokov whose incessant chatter had begun to grate just as soon as her youthful beauty had started to fade.

Yet such perks were fleeting and failed miserably to match the overweening value that he placed upon his own worth. He was certainly aware that compared to the majority of his fellow citizens, he led a life of relative comfort. But the regular pay packet, and the state-owned house and car were surely a pitiful recompense for the world's leading virologist! Not that the world had ever heard of him, of course – his superiors would never allow that – biological weaponry was one of their dirtiest secrets. So, their most outstanding asset was fed crumbs rather than a feast, and remained unknown despite his dazzling accomplishments.

He deserved more, much more. And at last – he believed he was going to get it! In a couple of hours, Volnokov would be able to disappear, change his name, change his face – change his everything. For the great scientist had produced his greatest creation: 'The Nihilism Bug'! A pathogen not merely deadly, but of the most grotesque and fearful form imaginable – an abomination straight from Hell! And now he was about to sell it – at a very handsome price for a very ugly commodity. 'How amusing,' he thought, 'that such a pestilence should prove the medicine for all of my own complaints!'

\*

It was a run-down maisonette tucked away in an obscure part of town where the streetlights sometimes worked but most often didn't. Tonight was of the, 'most often',

variety. Good - this sort of undertaking required as much camouflage as possible. The entrance had been left unlocked as promised. He entered, climbed the single flight of stairs (elevators here were as unreliable as the lighting) and found the apartment he wanted. He knocked once. The door opened to reveal a dingy hallway, and a swarthy, middle-aged man . . .

Anatoly Cale was a mid-ranking member of the local mafia - and the doctor's oldest friend. They'd known each other since orphanage days, and despite divergent paths, remained in contact ever since. Which hadn't been easy - Volnokov's masters would certainly not have approved of the association. But the doctor was a wily - not to say brilliant - man, and had successfully concealed the relationship.

It had proved beneficial to both. For over many years, each had provided the other with certain services and favours that their chosen careers had allowed. And at no time more crucially than at present. For Volnokov had put his plan to Cale, whose organisation had been only too happy to pursue such a potentially lucrative project. So, certain 'interested parties' were contacted, the highest reliable bidder agreed upon, and the current meeting arranged. Now, depending on a satisfactory demonstration, Volnokov and his middlemen would be richly rewarded, and their clients free to use their purchase for whatever ends they wished . . .

\*

Volnokov stepped in and followed his friend to a drab sitting room at the end of the passage where two more men were waiting. One was tall and dressed in a nondescript suit-and-tie affair. The other was short and dressed in nothing at all - he sat naked in a chair, bound and gagged, and seemingly drugged. Volnokov looked him up and down, and nodded approvingly. 'Very good - no cuts or bruises - I want our client to see the full effect!'

'Yes,' the tall man said, 'I'm looking forward to viewing your product.'

'And the money,' Volnokov queried, anxiously, 'the passport, the papers?'

'Don't worry,' Cale replied, 'I've double-checked. Everything you asked for is in there.' And he nodded to a large and bulging holdall lying near the kitchen door.

Volnokov glanced back at the bound man. 'What about him?'

Cale shrugged. 'Vagrant off the street - he won't be missed.'  
'Excellent! Now, gentlemen - watch - and be amazed!'

\*

Dr. Volnokov reached into his topcoat and removed a small leather case from an inside pocket. Then took a glass flask from the case. It was filled with innocuous-looking pink syrup. He placed the leather case on the sitting room table and held the flask aloft. 'Behold!' he gloried, eyes blazing with maniacal pride, 'the "Nihilty Bug" - destroyer of all flesh!' Then, he very, very carefully removed the stopper, poured a single droplet onto the bound man's head, and re-sealed the flask. There was a moment's pause - until . . .

The victim's eyes sprang wide open, blood began to spurt from every visible orifice, and the gag in his mouth was washed away by a torrent of projectile vomiting! And now he screamed in anguish as his spine cracked backwards, his skin erupted into a blanket of suppurating boils, and - he began to wither. Arms, legs, torso, head - all collapsing inwards, then rapidly liquefying down to a yellow, muddy pool of stinking putrefaction! Cale and the tall man covered their nostrils against the revolting stench - but Volnokov didn't seem to mind. In fact - he grinned.

'Wait,' he almost yelled, 'wait for the greatest marvel! See!' And his fellow observers watched in awe as the whole of the unholy mess upon the floor - including that nauseating smell - vanished completely! Leaving absolutely nothing to suggest that the poor wretch had ever lived or died upon this earth . . .

\*

'Wh-where . . .?' the tall man stuttered in shock.

'Nowhere!' Volnokov exclaimed gleefully. 'He no longer exists! Incredible, is it not? The subject is always totally obliterated! Think how your enemies will recoil from such a terrible weapon as this!'

'Yes, yes,' the ashen tall man said, 'but excuse me, I need a drink of water.' And he walked unsteadily into the kitchen.

Volnokov's friend Cale had seen many people die - in fact, he had been personally responsible for several of their deaths - but even he was sickened. 'I have to go,' he said quietly, 'Goodbye Mikhail, please never contact me again.' And he left.

Upon which the tall man returned from the kitchen, surprisingly more composed – cheerful, even. ‘A wonderful achievement, Doctor,’ he smiled, ‘exceptional!’

‘I know,’ returned Volnokov, ‘which is why I also know that I shall be able to sell it again many times over!’ And he raised the lethal flask once more, readying to eliminate all trace of his client. For the doctor was nothing if not greedy – and treacherous – and evil.

But then he caught sight of the tall man’s eyes, and realised that they were different than when he’d left the room – because now they were glowing red! And somehow his piercing stare froze the doctor where he stood, unable to move much less launch his attack.

‘Who – who are you?’ Volnokov managed to croak.

‘Well, certainly not your client,’ came the amused reply, ‘I left him dead in the kitchen! But since I have to assume some form on this plane of existence, I thought my impersonation might entertain you?’

‘What . . .?’

Volnokov’s tongue no longer worked so the stranger helped him out.

‘Do I want? Well, let me explain. I’m afraid that your disease is even more devastating than you realised. For it does indeed destroy everything about the victim – everything – including the soul! And obviously, I can’t allow that. I mean, if it were unleashed upon the world, how long might it be before there were none left for me to claim?’

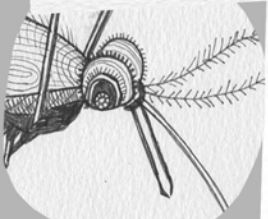
And the stranger laughed horribly as he glided to Volnokov and took the flask from his hand. ‘So,’ he concluded, ‘I want you and your nasty germs gone. You’re far too dangerous to persist – even in my realm!’ And he threw the entire contents into its creator’s face. And when the doctor had finally disappeared – so too did the stranger . . .

\*

And now Dr. Volnokov was not here or there – or anywhere. Although I did hear that his old friend Cale, later became a priest.



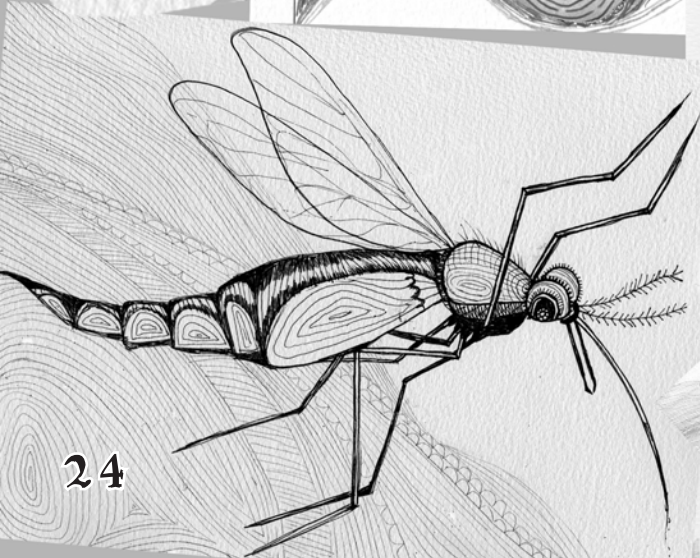
TARGET SELECTED



SCANNING...

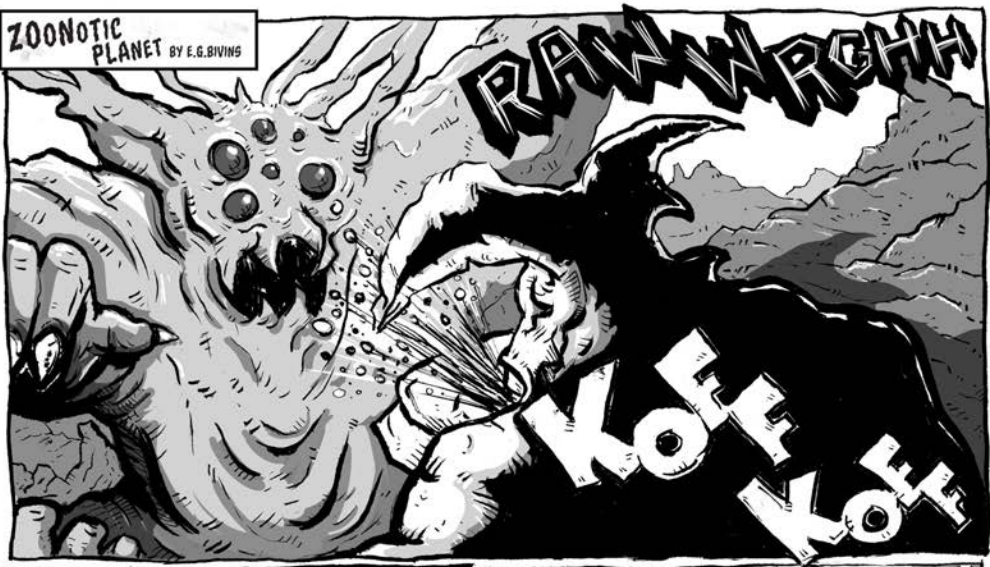


MATCH





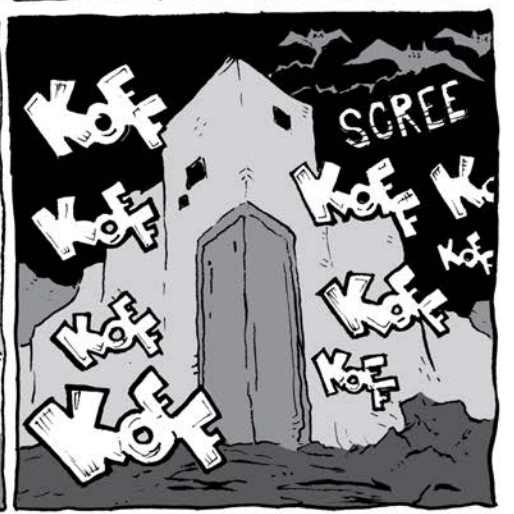
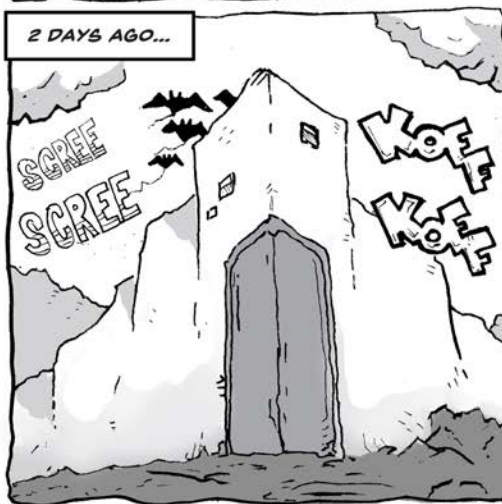
ZOONOTIC  
PLANET BY E.G. BIVINS



14 DAYS AGO...







1 DAY AGO...



## VODKA AND COKE KYLE WALLACE

'Ah, Doug,' the Hawaiian said, shaking his head as he unbuttoned the leather sheath that held the knife at his waist, 'This is going to sting.'

Doug's eyes bulged.

'No, no, no. It's clean, sir. I'm clean, It's safe. We don't have to. Please!' Doug backed away from where he had prepared their food. The concrete underneath his feet gave way to broken asphalt.

His hands shot out, fitfully flapping like he was trying to calm a runaway horse but his fragile coaxing did little more than stir the rest of the group. Those who'd given up on investing in others went back to their daily chores. Others stopped to watch from a distance.

Marisha, a sylphlike redhead, moved to cut off Doug's escape. He continued to back away, out near where the cars had piled up, towards the remains of an army roadblock from the early days of the Hollow.

'He got it?' asked Marisha.

'Yeah, on his thumb.'

'What's going on?' Cole said, catching the others off guard. As the newest member of the group he rarely interjected in matters of import.

'Doug's been bit,' said Marisha, 'The Hawaiian spotted the pleat.'

'We need to do this now. Just like last time,' said the Hawaiian. His words made Cole shiver. They were speaking about Doug like he was not there. Doug

responded to this thought like Cole had spoken it aloud.

'Cole, please... I'm ok, you know that, right?' His hands still flapping like it might push them away if he did it long enough. Sweat tumbled from his brow, clouding his vision. Feverish pawing at his eyes interrupted his pleas and revealed his left hand to Cole.

There, under the joint that connected his thumb to his left hand, was the distinct pleat the Burrow Bugs left after they got under the skin. Bile burnt up in the back of Cole's throat. The knife glinted in the Hawaiian's hand.

'Fuck! No, don't kill him,' screamed Cole. He raced forward and stopped in between Doug's hysterics and the casual advances of the Hawaiian and Marisha. 'Doug, what did you do?'

'It's all fine,' Doug said, 'No one ever knows they're there.'

'The water... You know it's the water,' shouted Cole, 'Why wouldn't you check it? You have to boil it hot enough, Doug!'

Doug finished wiping the grit from his eyes and stared at his pleat, vacant. Then responded in rambles.

'It's the fibres, I think. That's what the man back home said. The fibres let the bugs in, along the fingers or toes, or elbows or knees, or hips or shoulders. That's where they burrow and then the fungus hollows you out. Like termites in a tree. Everything's ok on the surface but underneath...'

He poked at his thumb, just above the pleat, and the skin gave way like mulch, leaving a doughy indent. Doug let out a floating, humorless giggle before

his eyes focused, his hands shot to his head, and he started to scream.

The others seized the chance. Marisha barreled passed, and, before Cole could move to stop her, the Hawaiian gripped his shoulder with a strong, mollifying hand.

'You want to help?' he said, his voice still oddly calm.

'Yes... yes, sir'

'Look at me,' he said, forcing Cole's attention away from Marisha wrestling Doug to the ground. The Hawaiian leaned in close, towering over Cole.

'Go to Matt. Get some alcohol. Anything that's distilled and high proof. Then some dressing and a washing pot. Got all that?' Cole nodded and the Hawaiian's face lit up into an affable, tender smile.

'Good. Because Cole - and I mean this now - you can help us save him.'

Cole looked back to see Marisha dragging the still screaming Doug across the asphalt, towards the Hawaiian.

When he returned a few minutes later Doug had calmed. The knees of his pants were scuffed and his knuckles scraped but he looked unharmed. He lay curled up on the concrete trying not to scream again. The Hawaiian stood over him, flanked by a newly built fire. He took the pot and poured the Vodka in, placing it over the fire.

'Good job, Cole. We are going to need you one more time though, if you really want to help Doug, I'm going to need you - and Marisha will help so don't worry - to hold him down. Make sure he doesn't move. Can you do that?'

Marisha moved across, sitting Doug up and holding him from behind. Cole looked around and scanned the faces in front of him, flitting from the Hawaiian, to Marisha, to Doug, and back around.

'I don't really want to, sir,' said Cole, 'Marisha...'

'She's pretty busy right now isn't she?' he gestured towards her like he was revealing a game show prize, 'So, if you really want to help Doug, maybe you could **Step. Up.**' The Hawaiian said these last two words like an accusation.

Cole nodded, dumbstruck. Since the Hawaiian had found him that voice had been soothing, but an underlying coldness had just risen to the surface. It was like finding a particularly suspicious looking mole on his body. Ignoring it could be very bad, but dealing with it seemed much more terrifying.

'What do...?' Cole started.

'Just keep his left arm in place,' the Hawaiian said, cutting him off. 'I hope you see this as a moment to learn, Cole. This will hurt, but you... you were there to save a friend.' With that he stabbed his knife into the pleat.

Doug screamed again, straight down Cole's ear. He winced almost losing his hold as Doug fought to break free.

An air of decay mixed with something unsettlingly sweet exuded from the now open pleat and sent Cole's stomach churning for a second. It reminded him of when people used to mix Vodka and Coke.

'That sweet smell is the spores,' said the Hawaiian over Doug's screams, 'Luckily they can't infect us. The Burrow Bugs bring it... when they bite.'

The Hawaiian twisted his knife deeper. Thick ebony ichor poured out as he worked to open it more. Blackness had started to spread around the bone

where the fungus had stripped away the meat.

'Have you seen this before?' he asked.

Cole nodded in response, scared he'd throw up if he opened his mouth to answer.

'And the Bugs?'

Cole shook his head and the Hawaiian pulled the knife away. He held open the pleat and they waited. Doug had stopped screaming now.

A few seconds passed before a black, six-legged creature, about an inch across, scuttled from the wound. Its thick body squirming and fearful. The sharpened mandibles of its maw clicked together as it tried to make its escape. The Hawaiian put an end to it.

Off to their left the Vodka began to boil. The Hawaiian scooped some out in a small steel cup and poured it straight into the open pleat. Doug's scream was worse this time. No bawling howl now, just a weak rasping wheeze.

'The Burrow Bugs hate Vodka. This should flush out any eggs,' said the Hawaiian. He twisted Doug's hand and the inky mixture splashed onto the concrete. Specks stained Cole's shoes and small white orbs caught in the discharge steamed and burst. Cole thought they looked like frogspawn.

'Are you ready?' said the Hawaiian. His eyes were aflame, but his voice remained steady. 'We are trying to save our friend here.'

Cole nodded again, entranced. The Hawaiian drove the knife in and began the scrape away the blackened remains. Doug sat babbling in a glassy disconnect.

When he was finished the Hawaiian nodded grimly then slapped Doug's face to bring him back around.

'Doug?' the Hawaiian asked, 'Do you know what you did here? You put everyone in danger. And we can't have that'

'I'm sorry, sir,' he said, 'We've been moving non-stop. I'm so tired, sir. Mistakes are easy to make when you're tired and they don't really do any harm.'

The Hawaiian laughed and walked over to the fire.

'You see that's where you're wrong, Doug, because those eggs could've hatched and got in our water. You could've infected all of us.'

He placed his knife into the flames and held it there.

'How much food and water do you have?'

'Two... three days maybe.'

'Okay, that's good.'

He wasn't even looking at Doug, just focussed on his knife in the fire, but when Cole started to loosen his grip the Hawaiian spoke up.

'Not yet. Keep him there'

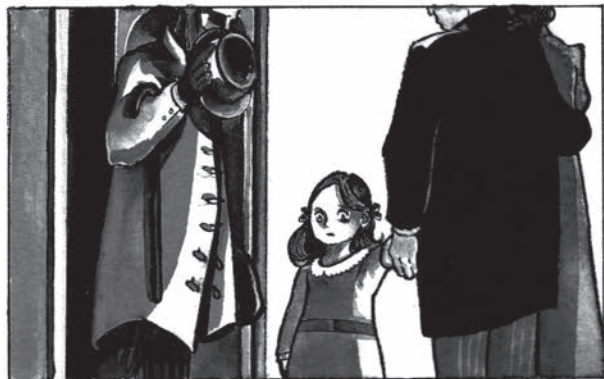
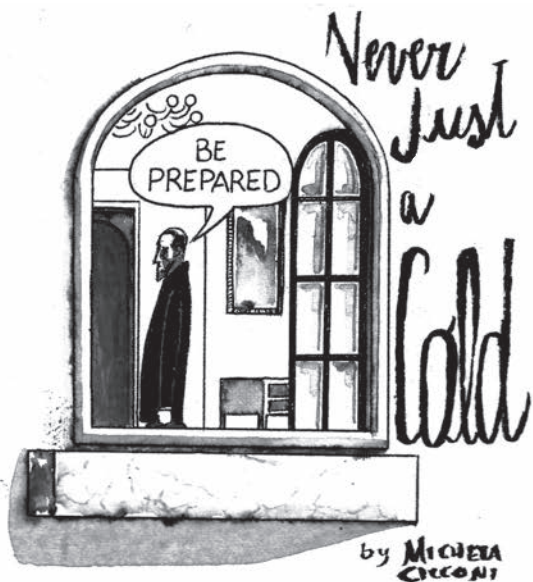
He turned around and approached, lording over them as he spoke once more. Cole could smell the metallic heat of his glowing blade.

'You did a real good job of helping your friend Cole. You really did.'

He crouched down in front of them.

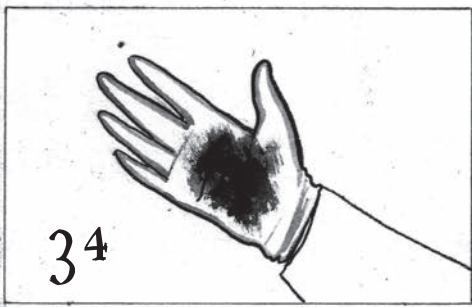
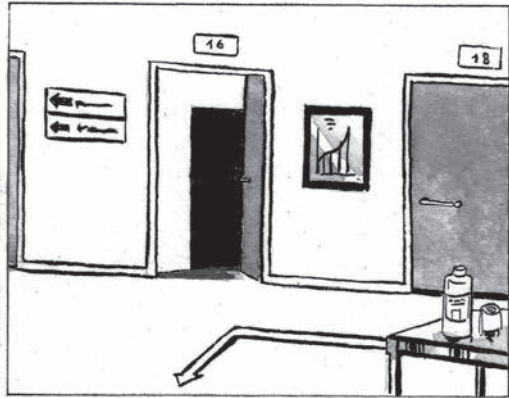
'Doug, you'll be leaving us tonight. There's just one last thing we have to do before you go. We couldn't save it, friend.'

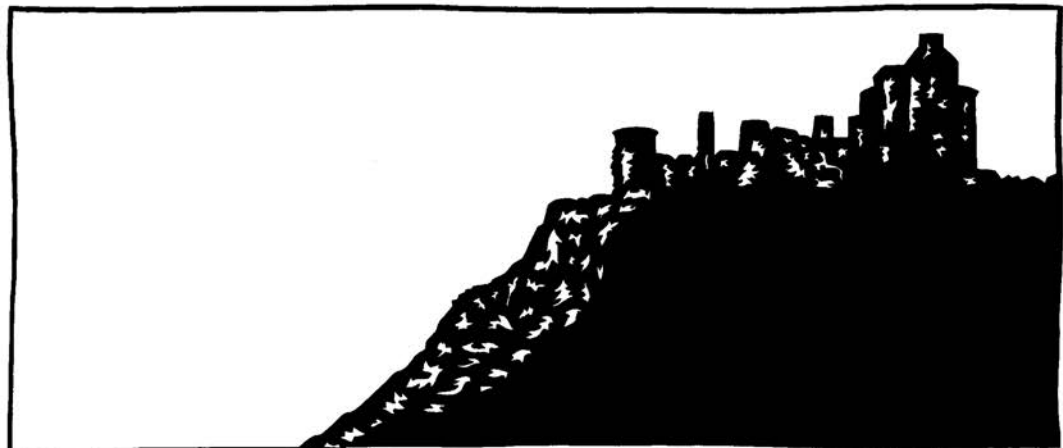
He grabbed what was left of Doug's thumb and began to cut.











You seek death, traveller?  
Alas, you will not find it.



Not in these times.



Not anymore.

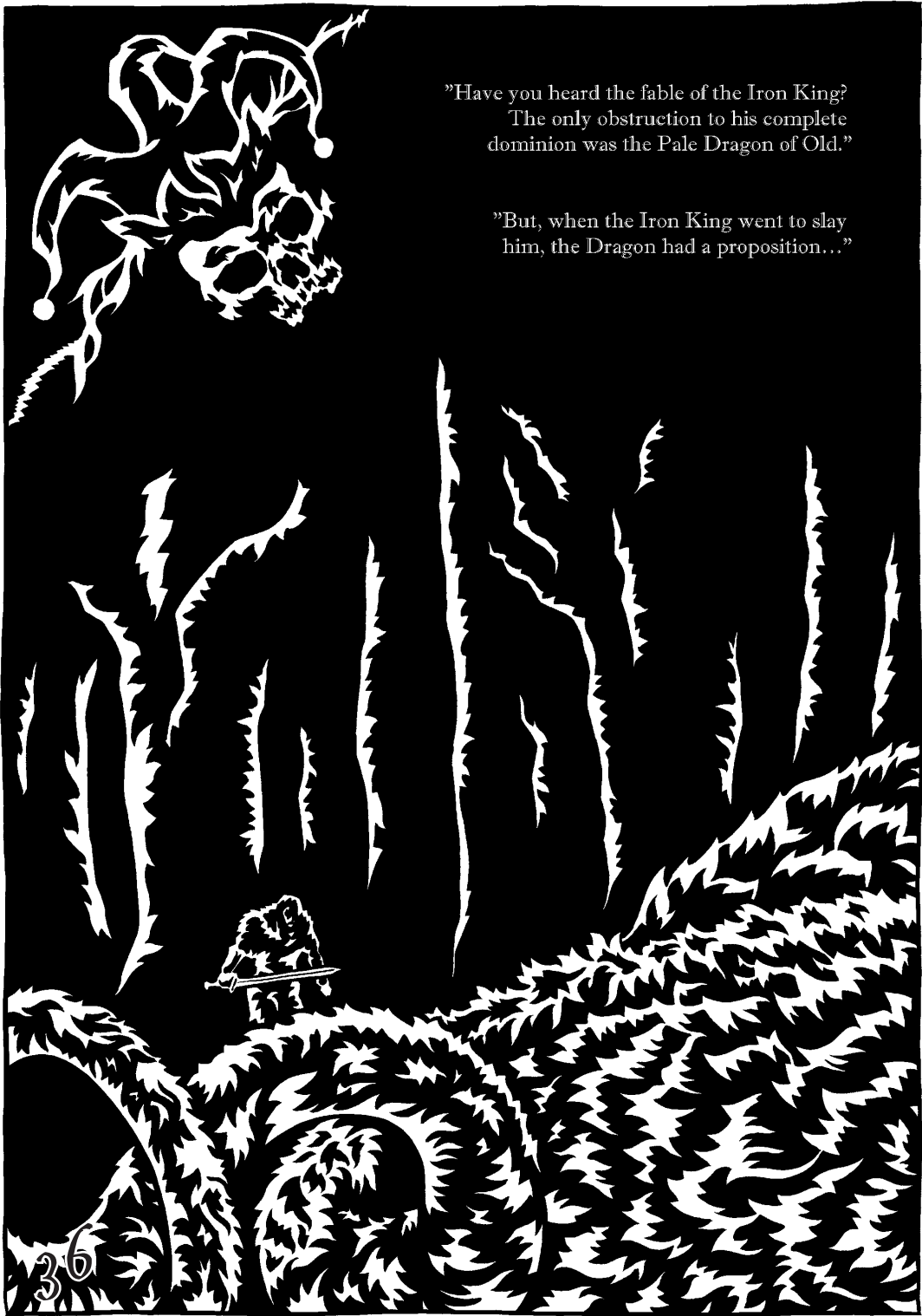


But ah, you have come such  
a long way. I will reward  
your efforts with a tale...



"Have you heard the fable of the Iron King?  
The only obstruction to his complete  
dominion was the Pale Dragon of Old."

"But, when the Iron King went to slay  
him, the Dragon had a proposition..."



King of Iron, I am but a weak,  
defenceless wyrm. Kill me and your  
reward will be disease and decay.



Spare me and my untold  
riches will be yours.



Foul beast, I am rich enough in coin  
already. There is nothing to be gained  
from letting you live.

Then long may you reign in  
pestilence, King of Iron.



"The sword of the Iron King rained death  
upon the dragon."

"And, in return, swarms of flies and carrion  
worms were loosed upon his kingdom."



"Strong men and sickly mothers alike  
were cut down by the plague."  
"Their stunted children withered and  
died."

"And all the greenery on the earth was ravaged  
and left barren."



"That Iron King was doomed to walk his land,  
forever pursued by the tolling of bells."

"And, yet, he remained forever rich in coin."



You see, traveller? The Pale Dragon's  
gift is for all.



The rich  
and the  
poor.

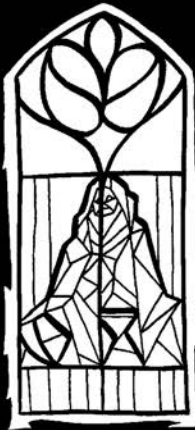
The young  
and the  
old.



The saint and the sinner.

I prance with them all.

Fare thee well.



# Pestilence Comes A Prancing: A Lament Of Olden Days

A Lament Of Olden Days

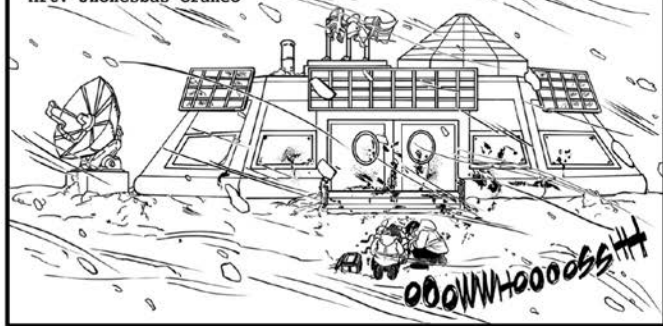
Adapted from the works  
of Alfred A. Shipmann  
by  
AD MacRitchie





# OUT IN THE COLD

Words: Matt Smith  
Art: Jhonesbas Craneo





...BETTER GET HIM INSIDE AND RUN OUR TESTS BEFORE HE THAWS OUT.

"WHO WAS IT THIS MORNING?"



DANERI. WE WERE TAKING SAMPLES TOGETHER IN THE LAB WHEN HE GOT A NOSEBLEED.



WE LITERALLY LEFT HIM OUT IN THE COLD AND JUST HOPED HE DIDN'T INFECT THE REST OF US.



OOOOWH





...IT'S DR. SLAATTA.

OOOWWHOOOSSE



HE STARTED COUGHING UNCONTROLLABLY AFTER THE TWO OF YOU COLLECTED DR. DANERI.



SOFIA... WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO...?

WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW PROTOCOL...

OOOWWHOOOSSE



...IN THE MORNING, YOU'LL GO AND COLLECT HIM.

YOU'LL LEARN EVERYTHING YOU CAN ABOUT THE DOVE VIRUS FROM HIS BODY.

AND WE ALL PRAY TO GOD WE AREN'T THE LAST HUMANS ALIVE.

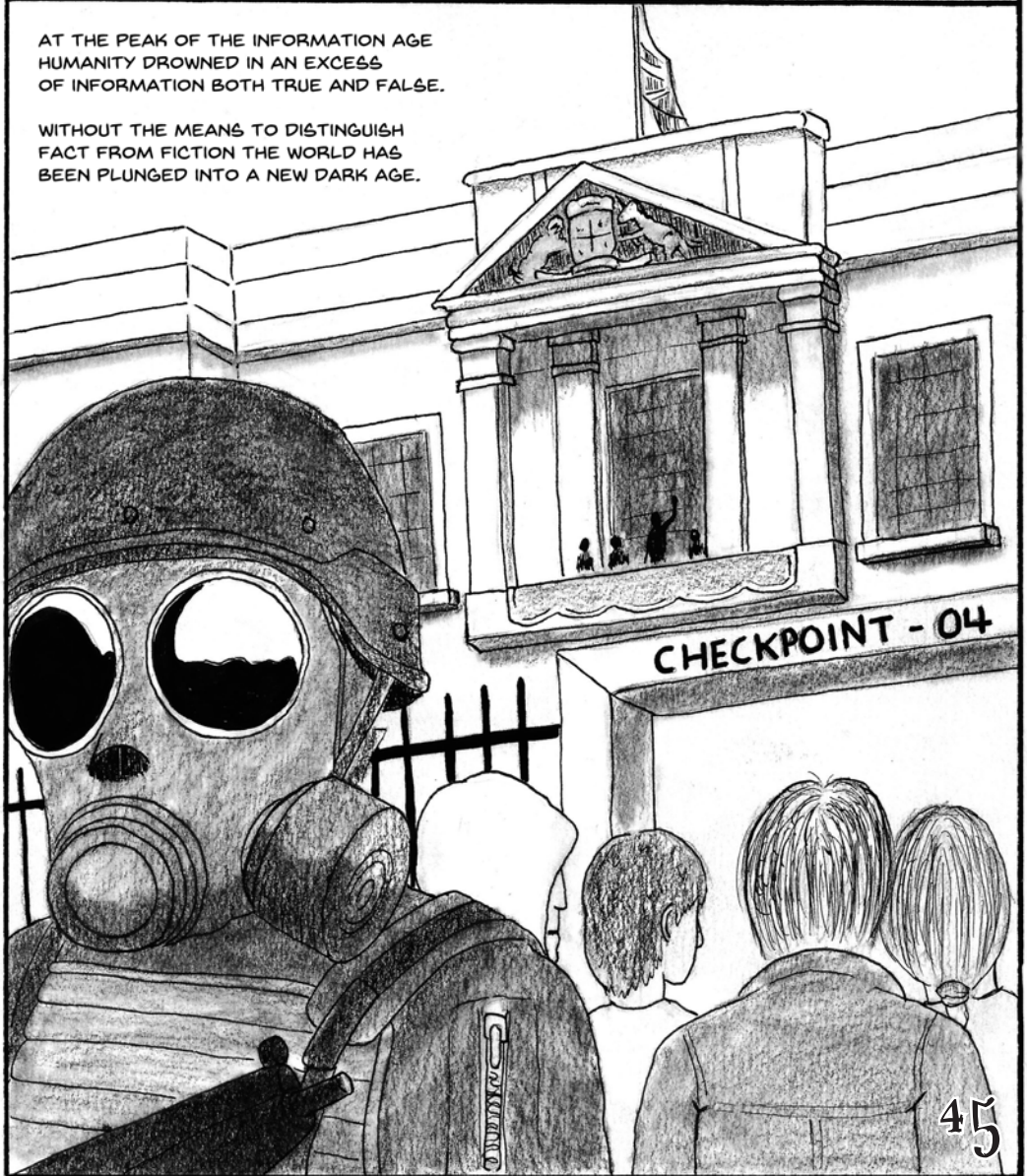
OOOWWHOOOSSE

# the King's Evil

A Tragedie in Six Pages Written and drawn by Thomas D Smith

AT THE PEAK OF THE INFORMATION AGE  
HUMANITY DROWNED IN AN EXCESS  
OF INFORMATION BOTH TRUE AND FALSE.

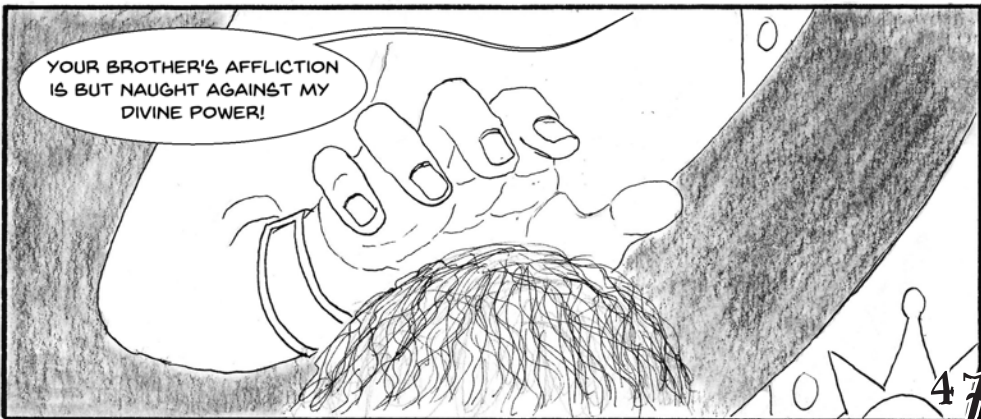
WITHOUT THE MEANS TO DISTINGUISH  
FACT FROM FICTION THE WORLD HAS  
BEEN PLUNGED INTO A NEW DARK AGE.

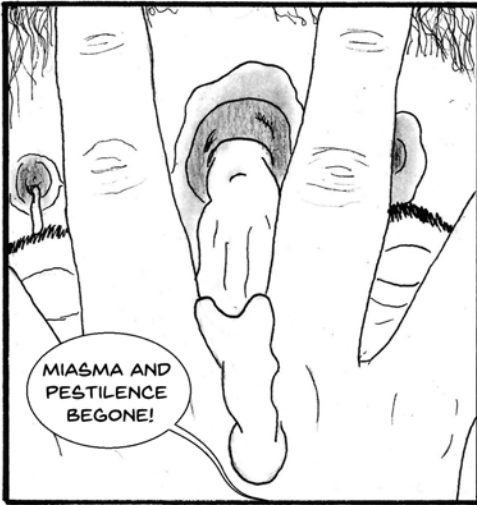


SURGERY, VACCINES AND MEDICAL SCIENCE ARE NOW LAUGHABLE RELICS OF A PAST AGE AND HAVE GIVEN WAY TO SUPERSTITION AND RITUAL.

IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE TOUCH OF A DIVINELY - APPOINTED KING CAN CURE ALMOST ANY AILMENT







MIASMA AND  
PESTILENCE  
BEGONE!



UGHH!



HHHHHHH

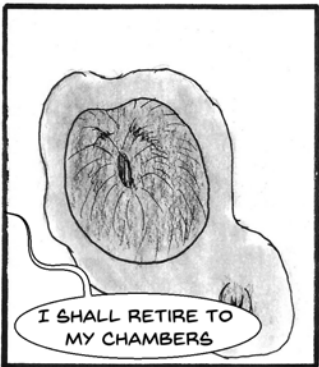
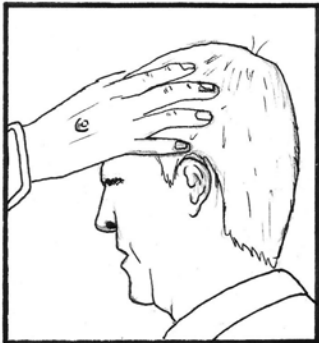
REMOVE THIS WRETCH!  
CLEARLY HE SUFFERS FROM SOME  
HYSTERICAL DISTEMPER  
OF THE MIND!



SHALL I DISMISS  
THE REST OF THIS RABBLE  
MILORD?

HEAVENS NO!  
I DO NOT INTEND TO SHIRK  
THE RESPONSIBILITY WITH WHICH  
GOD HATH ENTRUSTED ME





YOU HEARD HIS MAJESTY!  
OFF WITH THE LOT OF YOU!





AND SO THIS  
IS HOW THE  
WORLD ENDS...

...NOT WITH A  
BANG...

...OR A WHIMPER

...BUT WITH A SICKENED  
GROAN.





**RIP**

Here lies Knock Knock  
issue 11

**PESTILENCE**

A collection of disease  
ravished horror stories, comics  
and illustrations by some of  
the best up and coming  
horror creators from around  
the world.

Edited by: Tom Smith and  
Katie Whittle

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