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A collection of dark art, fantasy & sci-fi to entertain & horrify!

ASYLUM INK

Aug. '10



MATURE
CONTENT

LEVELS OF THE ASYLUM

SHOCK THERAPY: They pave the way with their obsessions.
PATIENT SCREENINGS: Curb violent tendencies with a look into horror cinema.
CLINICAL TRIALS: Laugh or cry, but these comics will have you committed.
FEATURED PATIENT: Your retinas will burn at the sights you will behold.
ISOLATION WARD: Tales too disturbing for the outside world.
SELF MEDICATION: Drinks of the Asylum used to quiet the voices.
PSYCH EVAL: A review of the inmates psychosis.
CONFISCATED ITEMS: Objects of beauty & uniqueness that have no home.
MEET THE PATIENTS: Stop by and say hello!

CLICK THE TOPIC TO VIEW THE PAGE

NAVIGATION INSTRUCTIONS



Look for the BEST OF THE ASYLUM nominees and vote at our forum!

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Visit us online at asylumink.net





Shock Therapy

Your retinas will burn at
the sights you will behold!

“Cybernetic Samurai”
Iron Knight



“No Somos Nadie”
Muriel D.





"By Your Side"
Tony Sandoval



"Zombie Swamp"
Gracjana Zielinska



"Bogman"
Max Sauco



"RvA"
Maciej zelaznowski

"Tormenta"
Elena Dudina



"Bite Me"
Gracjana Zielinska



"Sleeping Ocean"
Liliana Sanches



"This Is Not An Exercise"
Pekthong



"Blaze"
Muriel D.



"Zombie Head"
Tony Sandoval

"Luna's Song"
Liliana Sanches



"Fingers 3"
Max Saucó



"Manual Trauma"
Pekthong





"Lirim"
Muriel D.



"Eve 3000"
Maciej zelaznowski



"The Vampires Curse"
Hector Enrique Sevilla Lujan



Spatient Screenings

Curb your violent tendencies
with a look into horror cinema

Patient
Screenings

This week's patient...

UNDERWORLD

MOVIE SUMMARY

Genre
Studio
Release Date
Domestic Gross
Production Budget
Running Time
MPAA Rating

DOMESTIC SUMMARY

Total Gross
Opening Weekend*
Theaters

WORLDWIDE SUMMARY

Worldwide Gross
Foreign Gross
Domestic Gross

Underworld

Action Horror
Sony / Screen Gems
September 19, 2003
\$51,970,690
\$22 million
1 hr. 55 min.
R

\$51,970,690
\$21,753,759
2,915

\$95,708,457
\$43,737,767
\$51,970,690

Underworld: Evolution

Action Horror
Sony / Screen Gems
January 20, 2006
\$62,318,875
n/a
1 hr. 46 min.
R

\$62,318,875
\$26,857,181
3,207

\$111,340,801
\$49,021,926
\$62,318,875

Underworld: Rise of the Lycans

Action Horror
Sony / Screen Gems
January 23, 2009
\$45,802,315
\$35 million
1 hr. 32 min.
R

\$45,802,315
\$20,828,511
2,942

\$91,327,197
\$45,524,882
\$45,802,315

PATIENT NAME: UNDERWORLD

STATE OF MIND: An immortal battle for supremacy.

PATIENT HISTORY: Selene, a beautiful vampire warrior, is entrenched in a war between the vampire and werewolf races. Although she is aligned with the vampires, she falls in love with Michael, a werewolf who longs for the war to end.

MANIC EPISODE: More Than A Little Killing

FETISH: Silk, satin, leather or latex, Cutting

SHOCK THERAPY: Schizophrenia -B

DIAGNOSIS: One of the better takes on werewolves, but the vampires are bit too much goth for me. Don't take it too seriously and you're in for a fun ride!





PATIENT NAME:
STATE OF MIND:
PATIENT HISTORY:

MANIC EPISODE:
FETISH:

SHOCK THERAPY:

DIAGNOSIS:

Pandorum

Don't fear the end of the world. Fear what happens next.
 A pair of crew members aboard a spaceship wake up with no knowledge of their mission or their identities.

Just Right Killing

Piercing; Silk, satin, leather or latex; Role playing;
 Cutting

A trippy movie that delivers on the suspense and the action.

Schizophrenia -B



PATIENT NAME:
STATE OF MIND:
PATIENT HISTORY:

MANIC EPISODE:
FETISH:
SHOCK THERAPY:

DIAGNOSIS:

HALLOWEEN 2 (2009)

Family Is Forever

Laurie Strode struggles to come to terms with her brother Michael's deadly return to Haddonfield, Illinois; meanwhile, Michael prepares for another reunion with his sister.

Just Right Killing

Piercing; Role playing; Cutting

Take all the great story elements of the first and replace with mindless, unimaginative killing.

Bipolar Disorder -C



PATIENT NAME:
STATE OF MIND:
PATIENT HISTORY:

MANIC EPISODE:
FETISH:
SHOCK THERAPY:
DIAGNOSIS:

Autopsy
Evil Cuts Both Ways
 A young woman tries to find her injured boyfriend in a bizarre and dangerous hospital.
Less Than a Lot Of Killing
Cutting
 If orderlies look like convicts, they probably are.
Bipolar Disorder -C



PATIENT NAME:
STATE OF MIND:
PATIENT HISTORY:

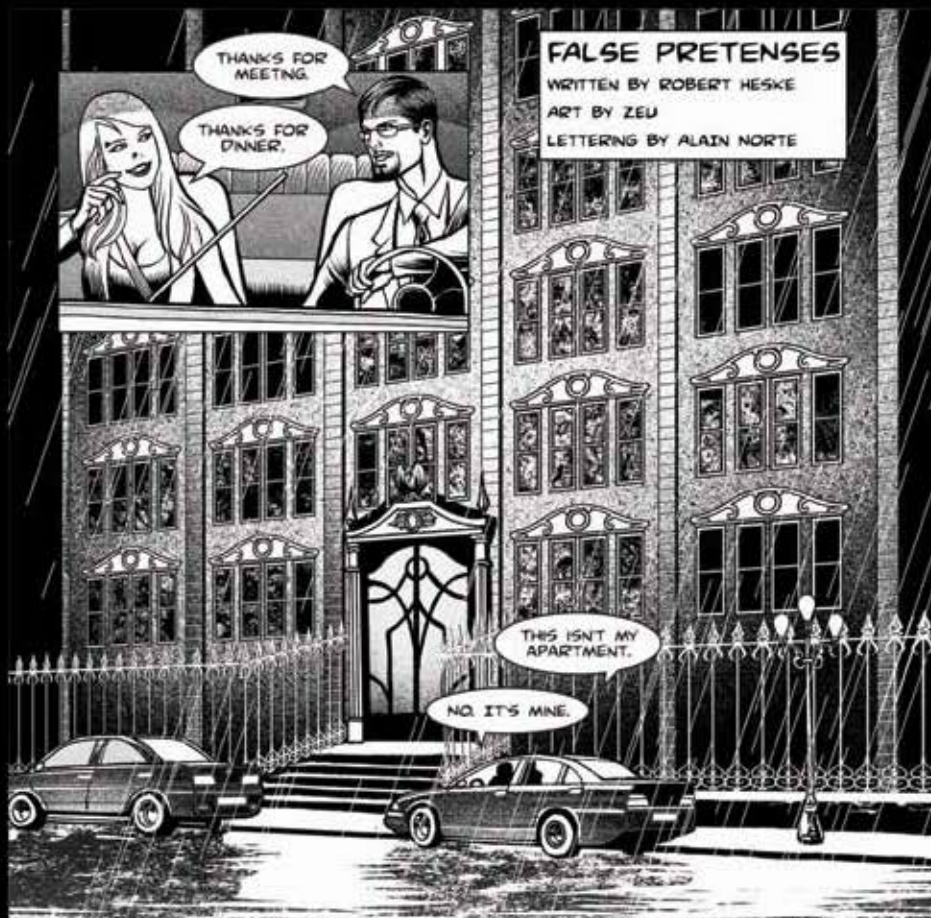
MANIC EPISODE:
FETISH:
SHOCK THERAPY:
DIAGNOSIS:

FRIDAY THE 13TH
 You know his name. You know the story. On Friday the 13th, witness his resurrection...
 A group of young adults discover a boarded up Camp Crystal Lake, where they soon encounter Jason Voorhees and his deadly intentions. R
Just Right Killing
Nudity; Cutting
Don't F%\$* with Jason's pot!
Psychotic Break -A



Clinical Trials

Some will laugh, some will cry,
but all will be committed after
these comics!



FALSE PRETENSES

WRITTEN BY ROBERT HESKE

ART BY ZEU

LETTERING BY ALAIN NORTE

THIS ISN'T MY APARTMENT.

NO, IT'S MINE.



I WAS HOPING FOR A NIGHT CAR.



OK, JUST ONE.



DON'T MIND THE MESS.



UH, YOU COMING IN?



SORRY.



WHAT CAN I GET YOU?

HAVE ANY WINE?



A LOVELY RED, JUST LIKE YOU.



"THE LESS REASONABLE A CULT IS, THE MORE
MEN SEEK TO ESTABLISH IT BY FORCE"

- JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

ISSUE 1



ELLIUM

"BLOOD RED SNOW"

Written by Matt Krizan • Art by Jason Moser
Ellium created by Jason Moser





TWO WEEKS LATER.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE.

MY OPERATIONAL BRIEFING DIDN'T COME THROUGH NORMAL CHANNELS.

ALL I GOT WAS A MESSAGE FROM DIRECTOR DOWNS SAYING THAT I'D BEEN REQUESTED SPECIALLY TO ASSIST IN AN INVESTIGATION.

THE REQUEST CAME FROM CHRIS HENDRICKSON, HEAD OF ELLIUM'S CRIMINAL INVESTIGATIONS UNIT.

C. Hendrickson

WHICH MAKES THE REQUEST THAT MUCH MORE UNUSUAL SINCE, AS FAR AS I RECALL, I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY WORKED WITH HIM BEFORE.

ALL I KNOW OF HIM IS HIS REPUTATION AS AN INVESTIGATOR AND THINGS OTHERS IN THE ORGANIZATION HAVE SAID ABOUT HIM.

I KNOW.

—DON'T LIKE IT. BRODECKER'S NOT EVEN GONE, AND DOWNS IS ACTING LIKE HE'S BEEN MADE KING.

I KNOW.

THINGS LIKE "COLD" AND "DISTANT" AND—

—"CREEPY."

AGENT SNOW, WHY DON'T YOU COME IN?









I WAS
THE LEAD ON
THE HAYES
CASE.



I CAME
UP WITH THE
PROFILE.

I
ORDERED THE
ASSAULT.

I THOUGHT
I KNEW EXACTLY
WHAT WE WERE
DEALING WITH.



I WAS
WRONG.



IN ANY
EVENT...



I REALIZE
THIS ISN'T YOUR...
TYPICAL ASSIGNMENT,
SO I'D APPRECIATE IT
IF YOU'D FOLLOW MY
LEAD, UNDERSTAND?



GOOD.

SHALL
WE GO,
THEN?









I HAVE ALL THESE
MEMORIES FROM...

BEFORE...

BUT IT'S LIKE
THEY BELONG TO
SOMEONE ELSE.



LIKE THIS PLACE, THE
ORPHANAGE WHERE
JEREMY LIVED.

I SPENT ALMOST
EIGHT YEARS IN A
PLACE LIKE THIS
AFTER I...

AFTER WHAT
HAPPENED TO
MY FATHER.



THE SMELLS,
THE SOUNDS.

THEY'RE THE SAME NOW
AS THEY WERE THEN.

BUT REMEMBERING IT ALL NOW, I
MIGHT AS WELL BE WATCHING
SOMEONE ELSE'S HOME MOVIES FOR
AS LITTLE AS IT AFFECTS ME.



"...DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO TELL TO
YOU."



I ALREADY
TOLD THE POLICE
THAT I HADN'T SEEN
OR HEARD FROM
JEREMY IN ALMOST
TWO MONTHS.

I UNDERSTAND.
MAINLY I WAS HOPING
TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND,
SEE WHERE JEREMY
SLEPT, TALK TO SOME
OF THE KIDS HE HUNG
OUT WITH.





NOT MUCH
HERE TO GO
ON.



YOU KNOW,
EVEN AFTER ALL
THESE YEARS,
THERE'S SOME-
THING ABOUT
IT—

WHEN
IT'S KIDS THAT
ARE INVOLVED.
THAT JUST...



I
DON'T
KNOW.

I DON'T
KNOW IF IT
MAKES IT BETTER
OR WORSE THAT
THESE KIDS DON'T
HAVE ANY FAMILY.

ARE
YOU THE
POLICE?



HI,
THERE.

NO, WE'RE
NOT THE
POLICE.

WE'RE HERE
HELPING THE
POLICE.



OH.

IS
SOMETHING
WRONG?

DO
YOU NEED TO
TALK TO THE
POLICE?



I DON'T
KNOW WHERE
MY FRIEND
JESSICA IS.







FOR THREE DAYS SHE'S
BEEN LOCKED AWAY.

THREE DAYS WITHOUT
FOOD OR WATER.



NO LIGHT OTHER THAN THE
FAINT GLIMMER SEEPING IN
UNDER THE LOCKED DOOR.

THREE DAYS SINCE THEY
CAME AND TOOK HER.



HELLO?
JOSHUA?

IS
ANYBODY
HERE?



OKAY,
THIS ISN'T
FUNNY.



) GASP (









FOR BEING
ABANDONED, THIS
PLACE SURE SEEMS
TO GET PLENTY
OF USE.



THE
DUST IS
DISTURBED IN
A NUMBER OF
PLACES.

ALL KINDS
OF FOOT-
PRINTS.



AND I DON'T
EVEN WANT TO
KNOW WHAT THAT
SMELL IS.



INTERESTING.

IS THERE
SOMETHING WE
CAN HELP YOU
WITH?



THE BAR HOPPER









THIS IS S-SICK! YOU'RE BOTH SICK!

SOMEONE'S GONNA FIND THIS PLACE! PEOPLE'LL COME LOOKING FOR ME!



YOU'LL BE SORRY! YOU'LL BE S--HHKK -K-HKK



HONEY, DO YOU WANT ME TO READ SOMETHING WHILE YOU EAT?



I LOVE YOU SO MUCH. OKAY, LET'S BEGIN...

THE END.

ASYLUM INK

www.asylumink.net

DON'T FORGET!

We know life is busy. Sign up to our email list and get a reminder when we publish! No more than 1 email a month!

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Featured Patient

They pave the way with their
artistic obsessions....





The Sisters



*All work created by
Katie Deegan*

kittydsteamedpepsi.com

kittkatscratch.deviantart.com

*Become a sponsored
artist send 5-8
samples at 72 dpi to
artdasylumink.net*

kite5



Pressure



*Twin
Zombies*



All work created by Katie Deegan • kittydsteamedpepsi.com • kitkatscratch.deviantart.com

*The Ecstasy
Of Death*



Palleeee



Isolation Ward

Tales too disturbing for
the outside world.



The Girl and the Crow

by Josh Osborne

"Why so sad?" A voice rang from the solitude of the pitch black room startling her. A shocked gasp escaped her mouth but nothing more. It was a voice, a man's voice, and men were something to be afraid of. Anything unfamiliar was something to be afraid of, for the unknown could only possibly be there to harm her in unspeakable ways.

"Child, why so sad?" The voice called out again, and it seemed to have no point of origin. It spoke loudly, but with a soft tone, it didn't cause her concern this time, instead her curiosity peeked. Who could this stranger be, how could they possibly know how she was feeling in the darkness of her room? Was she weeping? Must have been, had to of been, how else would he know?

She didn't want to answer, her fathers voice rang in her ears every time she thought about answering this new voice. Her father, whose voice boomed so loudly she thought it might be the voice of god at times. A chill ran up spine and she let out a whimper and clenched her legs close to her chest. She could feel the cold cement floor on her feet, the cold air of the room tickling her skin. She could feel the tattered cotton dress on her bare skin, and remembered a day when the dress used to be her favorite.

There was a rustling sound from her right; she didn't dare turn to look. Uncertainty flew across her like a calm breeze. Was she losing her mind? Is this what insanity was? When you hear voices in the dark, and your own memories make your skin crawl, is that insanity? Yes, she believed it was, and she only wondered what took it this long to find her.

"Why so sad... or should I just merely guess?" The voice called out again, but this time she could tell the direction. It was the same place she heard the rustling sound, but she was no longer afraid. This was her insanity, her new home, and she wanted to welcome it, even if it meant she had to simply entertain the new voices inside her head.

"Who say's I am sad?" Her voice comes out weak, feeble, she despises it immediately. Never show your fear, it shows vulnerability and boys take advantage of vulnerability. That's what her dad say's and so it must be true, as good of a word as if written on a piece of parchment paper declaring it an eternal law. Etch it into a stone to preserve it through the ages, so many men and women can read the great word that is her father's word.

"Oh, a little birdie told me." The voice came out coy, exact, and she could almost feel the smile that was surely on its face. If it had a face, could a voice inside your head have a face? She assumed it could, if you could have an imaginary friend then surely your voices

inside your head could have a face.

"Then get the bird to tell you why." The words came out cold, callous; she almost didn't recognize her own voice. A cawing of laughter followed, inhuman, and unfiltered. It made her dig her face into her knees and raise her hands over her ears. Surprisingly, she did a fair job of drowning out the laughter that only existed inside her head.

There was a distant sound, suddenly; she could barely hear it through her muffled ears. She slowly removed her hands from her ears, and listened to the tapping. There was something, or someone tapping on glass near her. There was glass in this room though her father never allowed her any food or drink when she was here, no, none at all.

She followed the sound carefully with her eyes, and stopped awestruck when she saw the cause of it. There silhouetted by the moonlight was a crow tapping upon her window. The crow seemed to notice it had her attention and stopped tapping amongst the window. Now it only stood there and cocked its head to the side as if perplexed by her movement.

She felt an odd idea come to her then, if she opened the window, would the crow come in the room? Would he sit in the darkness with her, or would he be so startled by her action that he would just simply fly away? She knew there was only one true way to test this but she didn't want to walk, she didn't want to

move. Moving hurt her, and her legs were sore. Instead she just admired the bird from her view in the corner, and in return he admired her from his world outside of the room.

"And what is your name, if I may ask?" Her voice was now calm, tranquil as if the crow had put her spirit at ease somehow. Of course why shouldn't she be at ease? Nothing but just the crazy bird's right. The crow shrugged its right wing as if to say "Hell if I know crazy lady" and she felt a smile creep across her face. When was the last time she smiled? She couldn't remember, and then it was her turn to shrug. The crow cocked its head in the other direction as if in amusement of her mimicking action.

"What's in a name? You answer my question, I answer yours." The crow spoke with its usual soft tone. She even saw its beak move as it did, and now certainty grew over her, this is what insanity is. The crow lifts one leg momentarily and then places it back down as if getting restless. Could birds get restless? She assumed they could, how long has she ever seen a bird sit still? She doesn't think she has ever seen a bird not move in some shape or form for any longer than ten seconds.

"It's my father, I guess." She says in a more somber tone. The mentioning of her father brings back his booming, always demanding tone of voice. The smell of cigar smoke clogs her nostrils until she's almost positive she can taste it. She can hear his footsteps coming

down the hall, coming to retrieve her from her room of solitude. Those heartbreaking thuds only his work boots could make on the wooden floor.

Suddenly her false sense of courage crumbles, and seems to lie in shambles all around her. It was him alright; he was coming back for her. Nonsense, ludicrous idea, he was asleep, surely he must be. Then she heard lock rattle, the chain clinking as it smacked against the wooden trim. Her grip on her legs grew tighter, almost painfully so.

She waited for her father to come in, each second emphasized by the sound of her heart beating loudly in her chest. Her breath became harder to catch, shallow and rapid. She never heard the squeaking of the door opening, or the odd scratching sound it made as it rubbed against the cement floor. Her father never came in, but she never heard his retreat either. Nor did she hear the lock slide back in place.

Time seemed to go by slowly, but minutes had passed before her heart rate slowed down, her breathing returned to its normal pace and quality. She turned to look at the window and saw the crow was gone; it had apparently lost interest in the terrified thing that sat in the corner and trembled. Then she saw movement and looked in its direction, and could just make out the outline of the crow as it trotted across the cement floor, silently.

"How did you get in here?" Her voice still shaky,

unnerved, she cleared her throat in hopes she could make it sound stronger. Although why should she try to sound strong for a figment of her imagination? No matter how convincing it is, it simply cannot be... and yet it was. The bird trotted toward her, nonchalantly. It stopped just a couple feet away from her and then perked its head up and gazed its black eyes upon her.

"How did you get in here?" It responded, the accusation just a hint in its voice. She wanted to respond, but wasn't sure if she knew how. The words were present but unable to escape her lips. She had gone so long without ever explaining she wasn't sure if she could do it now, not even to herself. How could you explain this exactly? Is there a way? She didn't think so.

"It's complicated." She replied simply as if that explained everything, and the cawing laughter escaped the bird's beak again. It flapped its wings gracefully and rose in the air. It skittered close to her face and then flew off, landing on the edge of the window sill. It looked back at her and cocked its head to the side one more time.

"Mind your eyes child, for they are your way to heaven." Then he flew off, as quiet as he had come. She wondered what the bird might have meant by its departing words, but nothing came to mind. Her imagination withered as fast as it had bloomed, and now she was alone once again, in the dark corner of the forgotten room. She felt like crying, she felt like screaming, but she knew neither one would do her any good.

A faint sound came to her; it wasn't any true sound she was hearing, but a sound from memory. It was the linking of the chain. She stood slowly, unsteadily, painfully to her feet. The pain throbbed in her bruised legs as she made her way to the door, using the wall for balance. She felt the cold door handle on her palm, and gasped with surprise as it twisted and the door creaked open.

Cautiously she leaned her head outside of the door. Nothing was there, just the hardwood flooring, the cheap and decaying wallpaper that was hanging down in strips revealing the yellowing plaster it once covered. She stepped out into the hall and could see her father's door was open. Each step seemed to get heavier, as if the earth disapproved of her very actions and the gravity doubled to stop her.

She reached her father's room out of breath, only allowing herself very shallow breaths at a time. She peeked her head into the room, and saw her father's eyes on the floor looking back at her. His face covered with scratches and what looked like pecks from a beak. The empty holes where his eyes had once been, now filled with gore and blood, only appeared to be looking at her, but his eyes, they seemed to look accusingly at her. As if even in death, he still blamed her for everything.

She felt a chuckle rise up in her throat, and she fought to suppress it but failed. She walked into the

room and sat down in front of the eyes. She picked one up and it held it close to her face, and perhaps she would of grimaced at the slimy texture, or the blood that dripped off onto her fingers, but she didn't... she didn't seem to care. She had a message to deliver, one for her father, and she was going to deliver it, because that's what good girls do.

"Mind your eyes child, for they are your way to heaven"



The image features a person whose skin is covered in a network of fine, dark cracks, giving it a parched or weathered appearance. The person is wearing a dark, patterned garment with a row of small, glowing blue and white circular ornaments along the neckline. They are holding a small, clear glass filled with a vibrant blue liquid. The background is a dark, textured collage of various elements, including what appears to be a newspaper clipping with the word 'ENGL' visible, and other indistinct, layered images and text fragments. The overall mood is somber and mysterious.

Self Medication

Drinks of the Asylum used
to quiet the voices

Flaming Pumpkin Pie

Ingredients to use:

1 tsp. Cinnamon
1 Part Kahlua Coffee Liqueur
1 Part Bailey's Irish Cream
1 Splash Goldschlagger Peppermint Schnapps

Directions: Pour in kahlua then top with Bailey's then pour a splash of Goldschlagger on the top. Light it and shake cinnamon on the top. Blow it out and down it.

Devil Cocktail

Ingredients to use:

1 twist Lemon
1 dash Lemon juice
0.75 oz Dry Vermouth
1 oz Port

Directions: Mix together with crushed ice in a glass and garnish with mint leaves

Red Death

Ingredients to use:

1 shot Sambuca
1 pint Cider
1 Blackcurrant cordial

Directions: Mix together with crushed ice in a glass and garnish with mint leaves

Tequila Ghost

Ingredients to use:

0.5 oz. Lemon juice
2 oz. Tequila
1 oz. Pernod

Directions: Add all ingredients to mixing glass filled with ice. Shake and strain into glass filled with ice.

Witch Hunt

Ingredients to use:

1 oz Lemonade
1 oz Scotch
0.5 oz Dry Vermouth
0.25 oz Strega

Directions: Mix together with crushed ice in a glass and garnish with mint leaves

Witches Brew

Ingredients to use:

0.5 oz. splash Cranberry juice
0.5 oz. splash Sour mix
1 oz. Vodka
1 oz. Chambord

Directions: Fill glass with ice. Add vodka and chambord. Add a splash of cranberry and sour mix. Stir and enjoy my Halloween treat.



Psych Eval

A review of the
patients psychosis



Decapitated Dan's Reviews

Drawing by Mike Hoffman



The Chair OGN – Review

Issue: The Chair OGN

Creator/Writer/Grey Tones/Letters/Cover Colors: Peter Simeti

Penciler/Cover Pencils: Kevin Christensen

Editor: Erin Kohut

Publisher: Alterna Comics

Release Date: 2008

Pages: 136

Price: \$13.95

A character study about the choices that brings us down a path of good or evil. THE CHAIR focuses on Richard Sullivan, an inmate that has spent the last 20 years awaiting execution. Standing by his innocence, Sullivan witnesses the torture and murder of each inmate; brutal killings by the sadistic guards in the prison. Can he find a way to escape his fate or will the insane inmates in the prison finally consume him?"

Rating: 4.0 out of 5

It might be a little tricky to explain here so let's just start with the pencils. I liked the darker look of the first half a bit more than after the "reveal". The panels though, work so well because they help show the shift in the story. What stood out to me the most though was the wording that was laid on top of the panels. It just looked fantastic.

Gothology: The Eternal Sad Book #1 – Review

Issue: Gothology: The Eternal Sad Book #1

Writers: VARIOUS

Artists: VARIOUS

Editors: Justin King, Jack Sullivan

Publisher: Dap Show Press

Release Date: July 2009

Pages: 254

Price: \$18.99

This is the first volume of the Gothology comic anthology series with 30 deep and depressing comics from sorrowful artists from different countries. These tales deal with vampires, zombies, war, death, loneliness, resurrection, pain, animal sacrifice, and more. An international collection of comics studying the cultural symbolism as Goth."

Rating: 4.0 out of 5

So many different styles in this book how can you not find one or two that you like. I am a fan of everyone who takes the time to share what they create. The collection has so many talented artists. Nothing is jumbled and no one style is like another either. My favorite ones are by Ilia Kapadai, Megan Lawton, Phillip Chanter and Christine

Rating: 4.0 out of 5

So original. They have such range too. Some are just funny and some are sad and depressing. Then you jump from reality to fiction and the collection is so diverse it just floored me. Where are all of these artists from and why are most not more mainstream! My favorite 3 are "Belfry Twins", "No Pain – No Chill" and "Mallanchoy". These are great to me but they were all just great pieces.

Rating: 4.0 out of 5

It not only gives you more for your money than most trades but it's also a great range. If you don't like this story then turn the page and read the next. It's just up in this "Goth" style this book hit home to me. It just covers a lot of the culture and style. This is a perfect collection that you

to buy Gothology: The Eternal Sad or read more on what the publisher has to please go to <http://books.dapshow.com/gothology/>



Split Lip Vol. 1 – Review

Issue: Split Lip Volume #1

Writer: Sam Costello

Artists: Gary Crutchley, Kyle Strahm, Ayhan Hayrula, Diego Candia, Brian A. Laframboise, Iain Laurie, Nelson Evergreen, Brian McGleenon, Felipe Sobreiro, Sami Makkonen, John Bivens

Publisher: Tent City

Release Date: 2008

Pages: 158

Price: \$15.00

"Mysterious old men who peer into the second-floor windows of sleeping children. Corn fields swollen with otherworldly crops. Subterranean colleges where unusual students learn a fearsome craft. A pair of bank robbers stowed away on haunted trains.

You'll find these stories, and other chilling tales, in Split Lip Volume 1. Split Lip is intellectual horror with strong doses of shock, violence, and unsettling ideas. You won't find vampires or zombies here, just disturbing new takes on horror. Split Lip shreds traditional horror archetypes in favor of creating dark moods, original characters, and frightening experiences. These stories will leave you disturbed long after you close the book. Discover for yourself why The Horror Blog called Split Lip "the predominant original horror comic work on the internet."

Artwork: 4.0 out of 5

While there are 11 different artists working here all of their styles work with the genre very well. I didn't find any of them to be under the bar when compared to the rest. They all compliment their respective stories perfectly. The few that stand out to me are Kyle Strahm, Diego Candia and Sami Makkonen. All were perfect fits.

Story: 4.0 out of 5

The stories are all written by Costello and not a single one of them loses quality. Each has a different effect on the reader to either mess with your mind, scare you or just make you uncomfortable. They are all written nicely and I was able to easily understand every concept. My favorites were "Straw Men", "Fish Drink" and "School Supplies".

Dying Breath: 4.0 out of 5

This is such a solid collection of stories. The artwork and stories both compliment each other so well. 158 pages worth of content is worth it for the price. If you like the strange collections of horror stories you need to check this one out. It's worth it.

If you would like to buy Split Lip Vol.1 or if you want to check out what other web comics have been posted since this came out, please go to <http://www.webcomicsnation.com/splitlip/>



Dream Keepers: Vol #1 Awakenings – Review

Issue: Dream Keepers: Vol #1 Awakening

Writer: Liz Thomas, David Lillie, Brad Higginbotham

Artwork: David Lillie

Colors: David Lillie, Brad Higginbotham

Editor: Liz Thomas

Publisher: Vivid Publishing

Release Date: 2006

Pages: 98

Price: \$19.95

"The dreamworld is a mysterious reality that parallels our own. Humans cannot enter this plane – we can only catch fleeting glimpses of it through our dreaming minds. Dark things lurk in this fantasy world, however – and we are vulnerable while we sleep. They thirst to cross from their world into our unconscious and defenseless minds – using our dreams as the bridge. The only thing blocking their path is the existence of the dreamkeepers."

Artwork: 4.5 out of 5

I can't even begin to sum up how impressive this book looks. It has a cartoonish quality but the way it is presented puts cartoons to shame. It's like Dreamworks created this little movie and, oh I get to read it. The characters designs are fun little takes on animals, but they are presented with such depth that it never comes off as kid like. I can't even begin to talk about the coloring without wishing all books looked like this. Even the dark panels shine with such brilliance. Just an amazing job.

Story: 4.5 out of 5

The story in this volume is not so much monster/horror but you get hints to it. The idea presented of this dreamworld, where the evil is the nightmare is fresh. Just reading the full intro to the book is amazing. A great idea and it's just set in the magical world where you don't know what can happen next. The plot is engaging and pulls you in, to where you just have to keep reading.

Dying Breath: 4.5 out of 5

This is such a solid effort. The artwork shines above the rest but the story is so good you can not complain about the whole package. A magical world awaits readers but beware of this, if you start it you will not want to stop! I can not wait to get my hands on Vol. 2 and they better hurry up making #3. This is the book you should be reading and talking about.

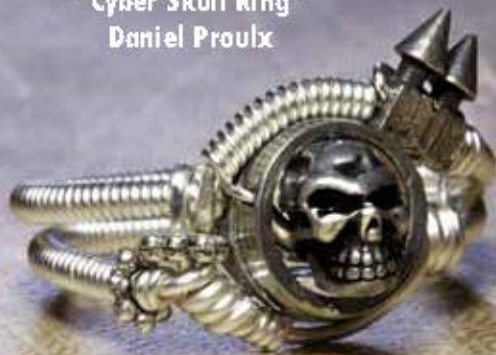
If you would like to buy Dream Keepers Vol.1 or if you want to check out what the creators are up to, please go to <http://www.dreamkeeperscomic.com>

Confiscated Items

Objects of beauty and
uniqueness with no other home...



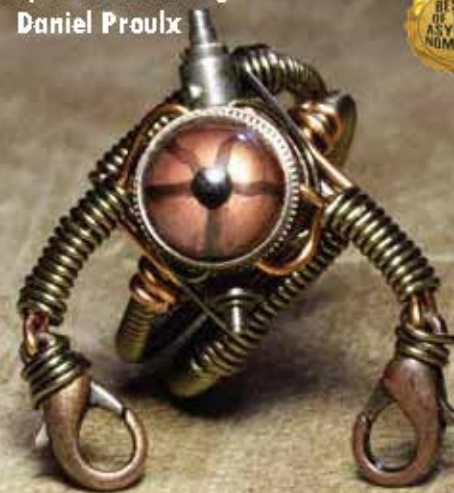
"Cyber Skull Ring"
Daniel Proulx



"Steampunk Ring Turquoise"
Daniel Proulx



"Steampunk Robot Ring"
Daniel Proulx



"Cthulhu Silver & Garnet"
Somk



"Horse Spirit Mask"
Clockwork Creature Studio



"Mudman Snowman"
Chris Kapono



"Wolf In Sheep's Clothing"
Clockwork Creature Studio



"Steampunk Spider"
Daniel Proulx



"Steampunk Bracelet SCARAB CPR"
Daniel Proulx



Chris Kapono



"Nocturn"
Clockwork Creature Studio



"Viking Ring Seals"
Somk

"Kells 3 Snakes"
Somk



"Garbonzo Full Costume"
Clockwork Creature Studio

"For me, insanity is super sanity. The normal is psychotic. Normal means lack of imagination, lack of creativity."
~ Jean Dubuffet

SHOCK THERAPY

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"Communion Kiriban"
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"Bite Me"
"Zombie Swamp"
Gracjana Zielińska
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"Cybernetic Samurai"
"Digital Vibrations"
"My Dark Angel"
Logan Knight
Read Logan at his website:
<http://www.lanightmanproductions.com>

"Luna's Song"
"Ocean Whispers"
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"This Is Not An Exercise"
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"Season Of Thorns"
"By Your Side"
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PATIENT SCREENINGS

Jason & Stacy Moser

CLINICAL TRIALS

"False Pretenses"
Bob Heske
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"Treasure" "Twin Zombies"
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"Steampunk Ring Turquoise 3"
"Steampunk Spider Sculpture 5"
"Steampunk Robot Ring"
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"Horse Spirit Mask"
"Garbonzo Full Costume"
"Nocturn"
"Wolf in Sheep's Clothing"
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