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

ASYLUM INK

May 2011

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.
ACUSTIC THERAPY: Eardrums will burst after sampling these audio treats.
CONFISCATED ITEMS: Objects of beauty & uniqueness that have no home.
MEET THE PATIENTS: Stop by and say hello!

BEST OF THE ASYLUM NOMINEE

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

STAFF

COVER BY: Joe Moore (soad2k)
Soad2k@gmail.com
Soad2k.deviantart.com

PUBLISHER: Jason Moser
MANAGING EDITOR: Stacy Moser
COPY EDITOR: Nick McLean

ASYLUM INK MAGAZINE
ASYLUM INK, IT'S LOGO AND ALL RELATED ITEMS TM & © 2010 JASON MOSER.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility of unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions, otherwise return of artwork is no guaranteed.

SUBMISSIONS can be made via email at contact@asylumink.net or by snail-mail at ASYLUM INK, 351 Ridgeland Ct. Apt. 3, Holland MI. 49423

ASYLUM — INK

Visit us online at asylumink.net

Shock Therapy
Your retinas will burn at the sights you will behold!

"House Of Mysteries"
Behrouz Riahi allias Zardo

BEST OF THE ASYLUM NOMINEE

"__n___o___i___s___e___"
Christina Heurig

"Nevermore"
Heather Callahan

" The Plague Inflorence"
Kristina Gehrmann

"When It Comes"
Tony Sandoval

"Phantasmagoria"
Susan Coffey & Sio Alvina

MOTOR CITY COMIC CON 2011

MAY 13-15, 2011

FRI: 12:30P - 7:00P SAT: 10:30A - 6:00P
SUN: 10:30A - 5:00P

SUBURBAN COLLECTION SHOWPLACE
FORMERLY ROCK FINANCIAL SHOWPLACE

YOUR SOURCE FOR ALL THE LATEST AND GREATEST NEWS AND INFO ABOUT MICHIGAN'S #1 COMIC EVENT!

POP CULTURE - IT'S WHAT WE DO!

"Beauty In The Mist"
Logan Knight

"Iolair"
M. Salmons

"Visions III - Paranoia"
Christina Heurig

"The Summoning"
Heather Callahan &
Ellie Kimberly Leschner

"Adele"
Carl Chalupa

"Rebb"
Carl Chalupa

"Shadow Of Light"
Dave Migman

"Landscape"
Johannes Eteläinen

"Pinkocti"
Lois van Baarle

Patient Screenings

Curb your violent tendencies with a look into horror cinema

PATIENT NAME: The Thing

STATE OF MIND: The ultimate in alien terror.

PATIENT HISTORY: Scientists in the Antarctic are confronted by a shape-shifting alien that assumes the appearance of the people that it kills.

MANIC EPISODE:
_____Less Then a Lot Of Killing
_____Just Right Killing
✓ More Then A Little Killing
_____Biblical scale killing

FETISH:
_____Piercing
_____Nudity
_____Silk, satin, leather or latex
✓ Cutting
✓ Role playing

SHOCK THERAPY: Ground-breaking special effects keep this classic still highly entertaining!

DIAGNOSIS:
✓ Psychotic Break -A
_____Voyeurism -D
_____Schizophrenia -B
_____Narcolepsy -F
_____Bipolar Disorder -C

PATIENT NAME: Big Trouble in Little China

STATE OF MIND: Jack Burton's in for some serious trouble and you're in for some serious fun.

PATIENT HISTORY: An All-American trucker gets dragged into a centuries-old mystical battle in Chinatown.

MANIC EPISODE:
✓ Less Then a Lot Of Killing
_____Just Right Killing
_____More Then A Little Killing
_____Biblical scale killing

FETISH:
✓ Piercing
_____Nudity
✓ Silk, satin, leather or latex
✓ Cutting
✓ Role playing

SHOCK THERAPY: One of the craziest movies ever! Make a weekend out of it and watch with The Thing for a night of Kurt Russell fun!

DIAGNOSIS:
✓ Psychotic Break -A
_____Voyeurism -D
_____Schizophrenia -B
_____Narcolepsy -F
_____Bipolar Disorder -C

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

BUMP IN THE NIGHT

BY ZACH BASSETT

NOW BEFORE YOU FOOL YOURSELF INTO THINKING YOU'RE FASTER THAN ME, BEFORE YOUR LIPS SPEAK A WORD, OR YOUR BODY ACTS ON THAT THOUGHT, KNOW THE SECOND YOU DO...
I'LL SLICE YOUR BLOODY THROAT WIDE OPEN.
NOW DROP THE KNIFE.

A SKI MASK? DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S A LITTLE CLICHE?
I'M GUESSING YOU ONLY PUT IT ON SECONDS BEFORE COMING INTO MY ROOM, WHICH MEANS THE CAMERA AT THE END OF THE HALL SAW YOUR FACE WHEN YOU CAME THROUGH THE LOBBY.
YOU'LL GET CAUGHT.
NO ONE CARES ABOUT YOU, YOU LIVE ALONE, ALL YOUR RELATIVES ARE DEAD, NO JOB. YOU'RE JUST A LEACH, FEEDING OFF THE LIVES OF OUR GOOD CITIZENS AND MONEY OF OUR ECONOMY.
WRONG! LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR AND THEN LOOK AT ME.
TAKE A GOOD LONG LOOK. DO I LOOK FAMILIAR, DO I LOOK LIKE ONE OF YOUR VICTIMS - DO I LOOK LIKE MY BROTHER?

NEVER MIND, I DON'T WANT YOU TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION.
JUST THINK ABOUT THIS, WHO'S GOING TO INVESTIGATE A MURDERED MURDERER? OH, I'M SURE THE PRESS WILL HAVE A FIELD-DAY OVER THAT NICKNAME.

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, TWO PEOPLE ENTER, ONE PERSON LEAVES, A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS DON'T YOU THINK? AND THE SAME CAMERA THAT SAW MY FACE SAW YOUR'S AS WELL...
AND IF THEY FIND ME, YOU REALLY THINK THEY'LL THROW ME IN JAIL, OR JUST GIVE ME THE KEY TO THE CITY?

SO DON'T THINK YOU'RETHE ONLY ONE WITH A TRICK LEFT UP HIS SLEEVE.

THUNK

NO TALKING! YOU BROKE OUR DEAL, REMEMBER?
AND BY THE WAY, I WAS LYING ABOUT THE CAMERA AT THE END OF THE HALL- IT'S BEEN OUT FOR THE LAST WEEK.
REPAIR MAN WON'T BE HERE 'TILL MONDAY.
AND "A TRICK UP YOUR SLEEVE?" YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT IN TELEVISION?
HERE, ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU A MAGIC TRICK THAT WORKS.
I CALL IT "THE DISAPPEARING BODY."

A SECRET SOCIETY DETERMINED TO SAVE THE WORLD..

ELLIUM

WHETHER WE WANT THEM TO OR NOT!

FREE ONLINE AT

WWW.ASYLUMINK.NET

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

The Art of: Joe Moore

(soad2k)
Soad2k@gmail.com
Soad2k.deviantart.com

"Head Creeps"

"Chloroform Perfume"

"All His Nasty Parlor Tricks"

"Dark Center Of The Universe"

"How To Dissapear Completly"

"Hooker With A Penis"

"Just A Thought"

"Forgive Me If I Ask For Help"

"The Fisherman"

Isolation Ward
Tales too disturbing for the outside world.

The Agreement

By Vanessa Crosby
vanessa.l.crosby @gmail.com

"I don't believe," Roland said aloud to the empty room. "Not any more."

The study was dark, the computer long since turned off for the night and the only light came from the crack beneath the door. Roland sat at the desk listening to the ticking of the wall clock, waiting. A cold bead of sweat ran down between his shoulder blades and he shivered, then shook his head slowly. This was ridiculous, he told himself. He hadn't had the nightmares in years and wouldn't have thought of them at all today if he hadn't come across the note in his mother's attic as he was emptying it out. It was discoloured, chewed upon by rats or whatever other denizens lurked behind the paneling in the old house, but it still carried the message in untidy childish scrawl: Give me more time. Even the black crayon had begun to fade.

He had it now, and carefully pulled it from his wallet to smooth it out on the desk with his long fingers. The paper was so worn it almost felt like cloth, and it was coming apart at the creases. He wasn't sure where his mother would have found this, or why she had even kept it, but it had been heavy on his mind all day. Thirty had seemed so old to his six year old self, almost unimaginable. Now he could hardly remember six. But he remembered this, and so he waited.

It came quietly, a grotesque slither and crawling. It sounded of rats, of centipedes, of branches at the window and the howling wind. It smelled of rot, of mold, of sweat and urine soaked bedsheets. It was cold as it sidled up to him, keeping Roland's body and chair between it and the light as it hovered beside the desk.

We have come, came the cold rasping.

"I'm too old for this, you know," Roland said as a sardonic smile pulled at the corners of his mouth. "My therapist says you were a manifestation of a traumatic childhood, an archetypal representation of fear. There's no such thing as the Boogeyman."

We had an agreement. We have come.

"For what, my pound of flesh? I was a scared little boy. What does a grown man have to offer you? I'm too old for this!" he repeated emphatically.

We are Fear given form. You cannot outgrow Us. We have come for you.

The smell was almost overpowering, the stench of urine. It took Roland back, back to the time his mother had finally had enough of changing his sheets every day, of the time he spent a week in a bed stinking of piss because he woke up frightened every night. He had learned how to change his own sheets after that, had learned how the coin operated machines at the corner laundromat worked. He would shove the sheets in his backpack when he left in the morning, shove them in a washer on his way to school and stay to dry them on his way home. The old woman who owned the laundromat had felt sorry for him, every day washing a set of sheets and a pair of pyjamas. She had understood, even if his mother hadn't, and had given him the small boxes of soap powder to use and had made sure his sheets never went missing. If his mother knew, she hadn't cared that the money he should have used to buy comic books and baseball cards was spent to buy

her some peace of mind. She never asked him why his backpack always smelled of piss.

She did not understand, it wheezed. She could not.

"Three kids, and no husband on her income? There wasn't enough valium in the world to treat that," Roland shrugged. She had tried, and when she wasn't taking the pills she was drinking. Roland had made his peace with it a long time ago, and had started to forgive her while he cleaned out the old town house after the funeral. His brothers hadn't come.

Roland had spent the last three years caring for his mother while her health failed her after a life time of addiction. His older brothers had left home at eighteen and had never looked back; one, Roland was fairly certain, now lived in Atlanta. The other he had no idea; there was a card every Christmas, but never a return address. They, who had seemed so well adapted after their father had left and their mother chose to self medicate, had run at the first opportunity and had preferred to keep their distance. Roland had stayed because he had hoped, one day, to rebuild his relationship with her. She was his mother, for Christ's sake! Wasn't there supposed to be some kind of affection there?

He had needed it as a child. He was so much smaller than his brothers, so fearful. He had not coped well with their father's sudden departure from the house – he still wasn't sure why he had left. Either his mother's addiction drove him out, or there was some truth to his mother's stories of the whore. It hadn't mattered, in the end. Roland had never seen his father again, and his mother resented his sensitivity. He hadn't wanted to be the one to look after her, but there was no one else. It needed to be done, and so he had done it.

"So what now?" he asked as the silence stretched. "I'm a grown man – I'm not exactly afraid of the dark any more, of Dennis McInnis or Shelly Lang..."

We took them, as We promised. We had an agreement.

Oh yes, Roland thought, there had been an agreement. Roland had seen no other way to escape Dennis, who had made it his personal mission to torment "sissy pissy pants"; he had been bigger than Roland, and had taken great pleasure in the odour that clung to the cowering Roland. There were years of beatings, of swirlies and being shut up inside lockers. Roland was fairly certain he hadn't eaten lunch at school until the tenth grade. Shelly had just been miserable and took it out on whoever happened to be handy and wouldn't fight back. Roland had no friends to stand up for him, or none who were suited to the task, and so Shelly sought him out. In a moment of desperation, Roland bartered their lives for his own at the age of six.

"You took them!" Roland laugh. "Shelly's father took her, his drinking was the end of her. And Dennis kissed his pistol good night instead of his wife when his business went belly up during the Recession. The pair of them still beat the crap out of me until high school! Where was the agreement then?"

The world was no worse off without them, Roland felt vindicated in believing. Shelly was still the same white trash she had been as a child, still living in the same run down trailer court with small time drug dealers and chronic alcoholics. And Dennis? The government had announced the day after he splattered his brains across the bedroom wall an economic plan that would have saved his business from going under. That it was too late was almost poetic justice, karma in action! Roland would never have wished such fates on his childhood antagonizers as an adult, but his inner

child couldn't help but take some vicious glee in the turn of events.

There was no stipulation on when or how, only that We would take them. Shelly's father saw her kissing Jennifer Hoskins goodnight and was afraid of what his daughter had become. The beer made it easier for him to surrender control to Us, and We took her. Dennis was afraid to tell his wife that he had lost everything, afraid that she would see nothing in him once their lifestyle was gone and We took him as well.

Do not fool yourself into thinking that age brings with it an immunity to Us. No, it brings you new fears and leaves you vulnerable to Us in ways you never were before. You cannot hide beneath the covers or simply turn on the light to make the new monsters go away. These monsters live in every person you encounter every day, and there is no way of knowing which of them hold which monster, and they are all a part of Us. Your wife doesn't love you, she stays because she feels entitled to some benefit after carrying you for so long. Your agent thinks you're a hack, but you pay well and so once in a while he passes along the refuse you give him to the lowest bidder. Your friends don't call because they're embarrassed to be seen with you. The Shrink knew you were a lost cause. You belong to Us.

"Ouch. You're right to the point, aren't you? Yeah, I'm worthless. You're not the first to tell me that and you won't be the last. I've accepted it, so try again. Spiders scare me, so do terrorists and those fugly little dogs my mother-in-law keeps. So what? What do you get out of the deal?"

Sustenance! There is no sweeter nectar than the fear of a child. It tastes of pure ambrosia! They all fear, some more than others, and We are there to feed on all of it. When the fear is strong enough, then We will claim as Our own.

"Listen, I don't lay awake at night worrying about any of those things. They're not true. I've had bad days and I've thought every single one of them, but they're not true. You can't make them true. I don't care about any agreements," Roland said, taking the note up in his hand and tearing it along the central crease. "It's wax on paper, not blood. No signature. The word of a sacred little boy isn't binding!"

You cannot refuse Us. You belong to Us!

"Fuck you!" Roland snapped as the door opened and the lights flicked on.

"Rollie? You talking to someone?" his wife asked hesitantly from the door way.

Roland blinked his eyes, rubbed at them with his fists against the sudden brightness in the room. Jamie was already in her nightdress, her pregnant belly ballooning before her. He forced a smile. "Nah, just working through a monologue, baby. I had everything shut down when an idea hit and I wanted to see where it went."

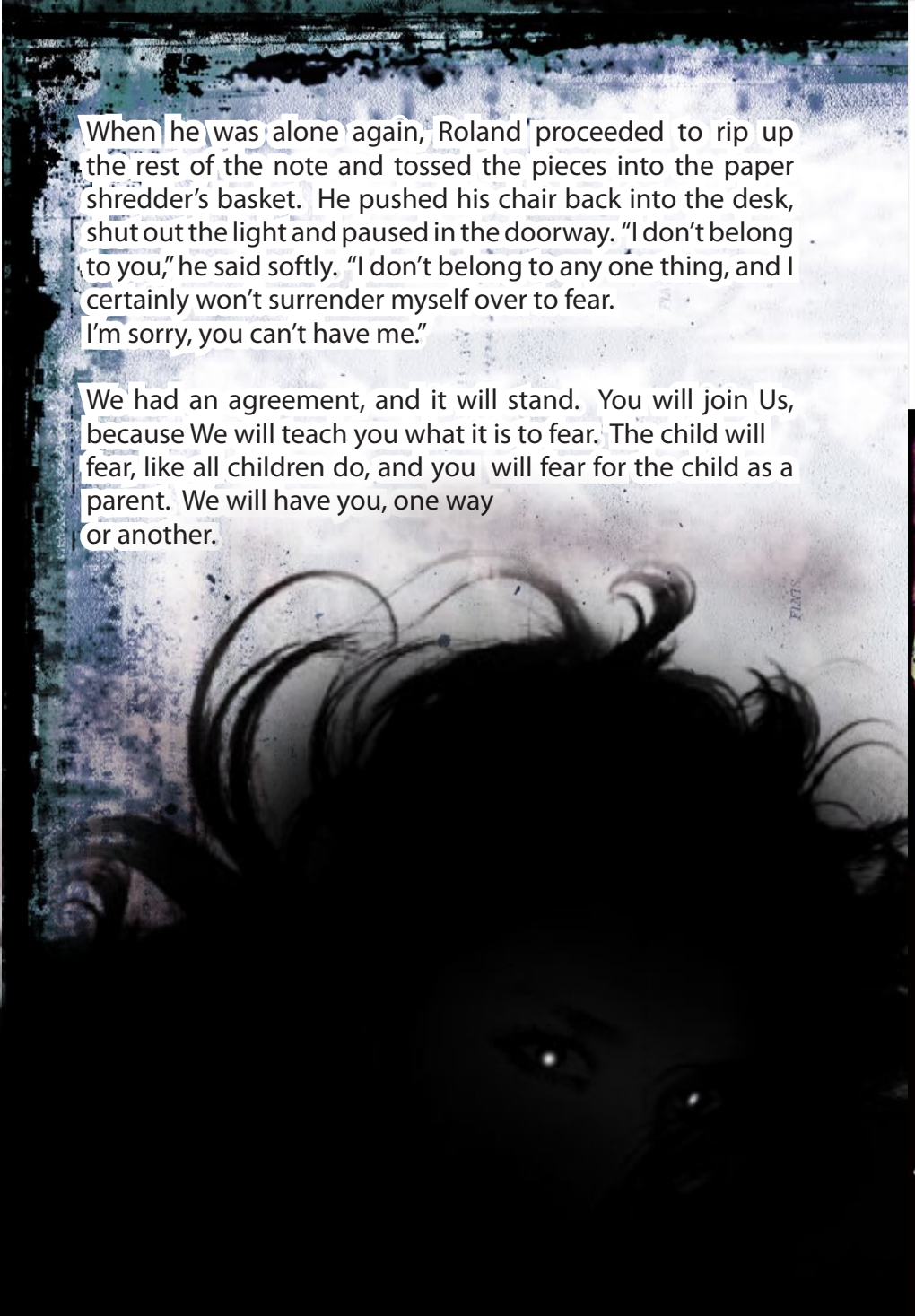
"Oh," she said softly, her head on one side and her soft brown hair falling into her eyes. "Sorry, babe, I shouldn't have interrupted. Want me to shut the light back out for you? I was just checking on you before I went to bed."

"Nah, I'll get it. You and the baby head off and I'll be in in a few minutes. Love you, Jame."

Jamie smiled and rubbed her stomach. "Love you too, Roland. See you in a few."

When he was alone again, Roland proceeded to rip up the rest of the note and tossed the pieces into the paper shredder's basket. He pushed his chair back into the desk, shut out the light and paused in the doorway. "I don't belong to you," he said softly. "I don't belong to any one thing, and I certainly won't surrender myself over to fear.
I'm sorry, you can't have me."

We had an agreement, and it will stand. You will join Us, because We will teach you what it is to fear. The child will fear, like all children do, and you will fear for the child as a parent. We will have you, one way
or another.



April A. Taylor Photography

Internationally published & exhibited, award winning Horror/Dark Art/Fine Art photography. Based out of Detroit, MI
Prints are available for purchase & Custom shoots can be booked!

"[enough] blood and women in peril to satisfy even the most voracious of gore-lovin' eyeballs."
-FANGORIA.COM

WWW.APRILATAYLOR.COM
WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/APRILATAYLORPHOTOGRAPHY

A Dark Rest Stop on the Information Superhighway

www.deathheadgrin.com

Self Medication
Drinks of the Asylum used to quiet the voices

Absolutly Screwed

Ingredients to use:
1/2 oz Absolut® Mandrin vodka
1/2 oz orange juice

Directions:
Mix OJ and Mandrin then enjoy.

Carrot Cake Hell

Ingredients to use:
1/2 oz Bailey's® Irish cream
1/2 oz butterscotch schnapps
1/4 oz cinnamon schnapps

Directions:
Fill mixing cup up with ice. Add ingredients. Shake and strain.

Hot Poker

Ingredients to use:
1/2 oz Absolut® vodka
1/2 oz Tabasco® sauce

Directions:
1) Pour the 0.5 oz of Absolut Vodka into a shot glass.
2) Top off with the 0.5 oz of Tabasco sauce.
3) Light.
4) Cover with hand to extinguish.
5) Consume.

Coconut Wasteland

Ingredients to use:
1 oz coconut rum
2 splashes chocolate syrup
1 dash whipped cream

Directions: Add a splash of chocolate syrup and then fill shot glass almost to top with coconut rum. Top with a puff of whipped cream and another splash of chocolate syrup.

Leaking Puss

Ingredients to use:
1 ozcheap vodka
1 oz vanilla extract

Directions: Mix both shots together in a shot glass, reciting "... and now your double jeopardy categories ..." then toss back a good one!

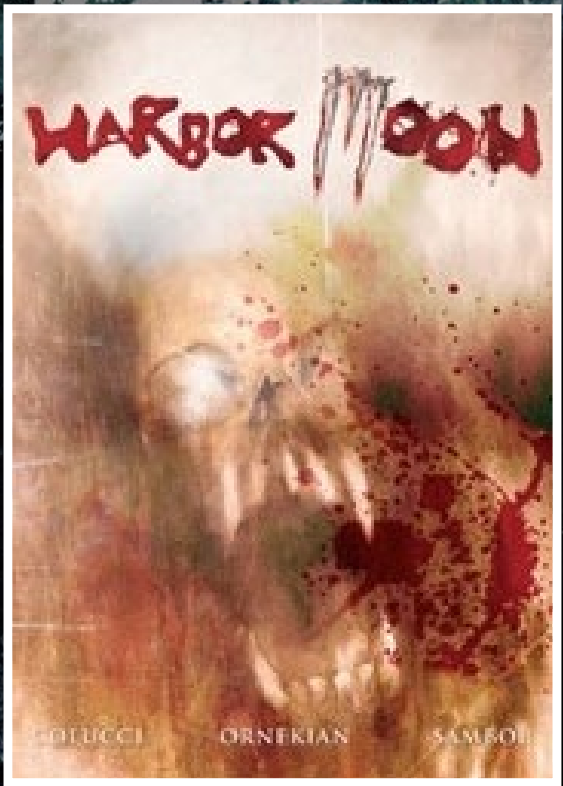
Undead Brunette Sluts

Ingredients to use:
1 oz Crown Royal® Canadian whisky
1/2 oz raspberry liqueur
1 oz triple sec
1 oz cranberry juice
1 oz Sprite® soda

Directions: Shake ingredients in a cocktail shaker with ice. Strain into shot glasses.

Psych Eval

A review of the patients psychosis



Issue: Harbor Moon OGN
Writer/Editor/Producer: Ryan Colucci
Writer: Dikran Ornekian
Artist: Pawel Sambor
Supporting Artist: Nikodem Cabala
Story By: Brian Anderson
Publisher: Arcana
Pages: 140
Price: $20.00

"When professional soldier Timothy Vance receives information from someone claiming to be his long-lost father, he takes a trip to out-of-the-way Harbor Moon, Maine. It turns out that man hasn't been there in thirty years and pretty soon Tim's life is in danger. Fighting for the truth and his survival, Tim discovers that Harbor Moon is harboring a secret. The entire town is werewolves and the man he was looking for may be just like them. Just as a ruthless band of werewolf hunters descend upon the town, Tim must decide whether he is going to stay and fight or turn his back on what he really is."

Decapitated Dan's Reviews

Drawing by Mike Hoffman

Artwork: 3.75 out of 5
I am kind of torn on how to really rate this one, because a part of me wants to go 3.5 but the other half wants to go 4.0. So I am going to split it for this one time only. Alright so lets start with why I wanted to go 3.5. At times the panels felt kind of distorted and I found myself wondering what was going on. Now was it often? No, but it did distract a little from the panels that just plan kicked ass. So why would I have said 4.0 then? Because some panels just kick so much ass! The colors rock on this book, and I really see this as an up and coming style now, Ben Templesmith, Alan Roberts and now Pawel Sambor. It works so well in so many spots that it's sucks to see it not work throughout. One last note, what a GORE-Geous group of werewolves!

Story: 4.0 out of 5
The story, to me, was really where this book started to shine. It's start off by quickly grabbing my interest with some nice action and then slowing down and building into the grand finale. A very nicely done plot, that had me from the start. The concept worked well, I found myself thinking one thing and then being thrown for a loop. The dialogue is great, it reads so well. There were some small bits where it seemed a little off, but overall it works.

Dying Breath: 4.0 out of 5
Is it a different take on the werewolf culture? Yeah kinda. I didn't see it coming that's for sure. I liked the concept a lot when all was said and done, and it's even left open for possible spin-offs, which I suggest some writer might want to get started on soon. The artwork had a spot or two that got to me but it really did shine. It was a perfect fit for this book. Werewolf fans take not, this is one for you collection. Horror fans you need to buy it to, it's a solid OGN that I can't see disappointing a single person. Now get to work Colucci, I need more!

If you would like to buy or know more about Harbor Moon OGN you can find it at http://harbor-moon.com/

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

“Devil Claw Werewolf”
Cara Bevan

“TreenesS”
Angelika Dlugozima

“Eve - Work In Progress”
Piotr Konski

Meet The Patients

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

SHOCK THERAPY

Behrouz Riahi allias Zardo
behrouz_riahi@hotmail.com
http://zardo.be

Carl Chalupa
chiller5757@yahoo.com
www.Room57.ca

Christina Heurig
christina.heurig@gmx.de
http://crossingmissvampire.deviantart.com

Dave Migman
davemigman@yahoo.co.uk

Heather Callahan
http://browneyedwyldchyld.deviantart.com

Ellie Kimberly Leschner
xxelfi@googlemail.com
http://www.kimmie1987.deviantart.com

Johannes Eteläinen
johannes.etelainen@gmail.com

Logan Knight - L Knight
knightflyte69@yahoo.com
www.knightmanproductions.com

SHOCK THERAPY (CONT)

Lois Van Baarle
info@loish.net
www.loish.net

M.Salmons
ohkami.kuroi@gmail.com
www.hikari-akagi.daportfolio.com

Susan Coffey & Sio Alvina
coffey.susan@yahoo.com
sideshowsito@msn.com

Tony Sandoval
losmonstruosdetony.blogspot.com

CLINICAL TRIALS

Zach Bassett
xaqbazit@gmail.com

FEATURED PATIENT

Joe Moore (soad2k)
Soad2k@gmail.com
Soad2k.deviantart.com

ISOLATION WARD

Vanessa Crosby
vanessa.l.crosby@gmail.com

PSYCHEVAL

Dan Royer
fromthetombmagazine.tk

CONFISCATED ITEMS

Angelika Dlugozima
adlugozima@gmail.com
www.angelicetherreality.deviantart.com
www. angeld.digart.pl

Cara Bevan
NobleD9C@aol.com
www.carabevan.com

Piotr Konski
biuro@el-zap.pl
www.artkonik.deviantart.com

NEXT ISSUE...
Our Hottest Issue Yet!
6-01-11
ASYLUM INK
www.asylumink.net