

THE TERRIFYING TALES OF
**MONSTERS
& MADMEN**



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THE TERRIFYING TALES OF
**MONSTERS
& MADMEN**

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FIRST PRINTING, April 2026. Harry Markos, Director.

ISBN 978-1-918052-77-0

www.markosia.com

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**SCREAMS IN
THE DARK**

**WRITTEN BY
ERIC DAHLBERG**

**ART BY
DEVIN KELSEY**



IT'S
GETTING
LATE...





HELLO?
I HEARD A
SCREAM...

AND I'M
COMING
IN...



BECAUSE
APPARENTLY
I'M AN IDIOT.



WELL,
THAT'S NOT
OMINOUS...



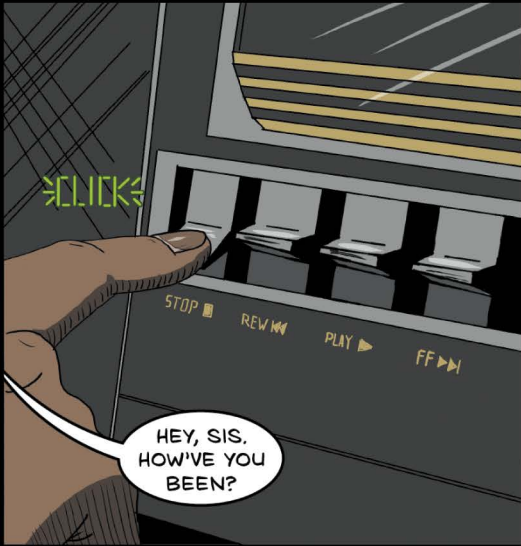










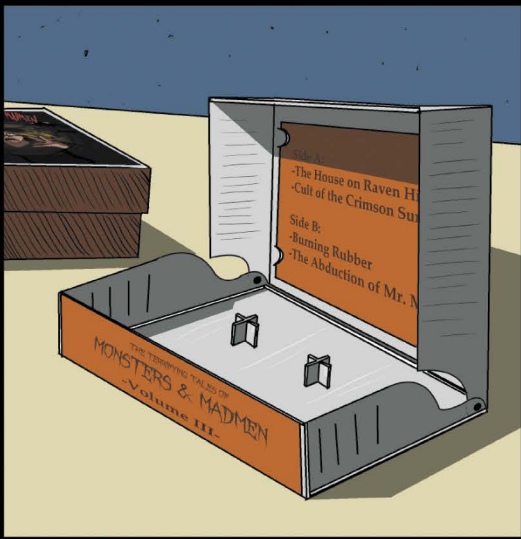


CLICK

HEY, SIS. HOW'VE YOU BEEN?



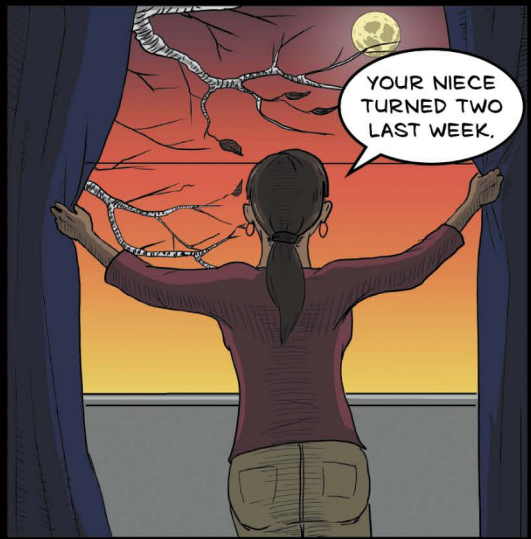
GOT A CALL THAT YOU WERE MAKING PROGRESS.



Side A:
 -The House on Raven Hill
 -Cult of the Crimson Sun

Side B:
 -Burning Rubber
 -The Abduction of Mr. N

THE ESSENTIAL TALES OF MONSTERS & MADMEN - Volume III.



YOUR NIECE TURNED TWO LAST WEEK.



I WISH YOU COULD MEET HER.

SHE'S ALREADY SO MUCH LIKE YOU.



CORA! HOW ARE YOU!

DR. HUDSON, HI! I'VE BEEN GOOD.

YOUR NURSE CALLED AND SAID YOU HAD NEWS ABOUT ADDY?

YES. I WAS TOLD YOU BROUGHT IN SOME OLD RADIO PLAYS FOR ADELINE TO LISTEN TO?

I DID. WE USED TO LISTEN TO THESE HORROR SHOWS WHEN WE WERE KIDS. I THOUGHT SHE MIGHT ENJOY THEM.

I THINK SHE DOES, VERY MUCH. SINCE WE STARTED PLAYING THEM, WE'VE SEEN MORE BRAIN ACTIVITY THAN WE'VE SEEN IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS.

DOES THAT MEAN SHE MIGHT WAKE UP?

I'M SORRY, THERE IS STILL NO WAY OF KNOWING. I DO FIND IT VERY PROMISING, THOUGH. SHE IS STILL IN THERE, SOMEWHERE.

I SEE... WELL, I'M GLAD SHE IS ENJOYING THEM. LUCKILY WE WON'T RUN OUT, THERE ARE OVER **800 EPISODES**. MAYBE ONE OF THEM WILL BRING HER BACK, ONE DAY.

THE END.



WHISPERS IN THE DUST

WRITTEN BY ERIC DAHLBERG

ART BY DEVIN KELSEY



COLORADO, 1896



I THINK WE FINALLY LOST 'EM.



SHAME, TOO. WAS HOPING FOR MORE OF A FIGHT.



THEY'VE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN LOOKING FOR US, RIGHT NOW.



WE SHOULD MAKE CAMP 'FORE NIGHTFALL.

THERE'S OLD MINES IN THEM HILLS THAT CAN HOUSE US.



DO YOU GUYS HEAR THAT?

CHH

CHH

CHH

CHH

CHH

CHH



CHH
CHH

WOAH!
EASY,
GIRL!



WINSTON!
YOU ALRIGHT?

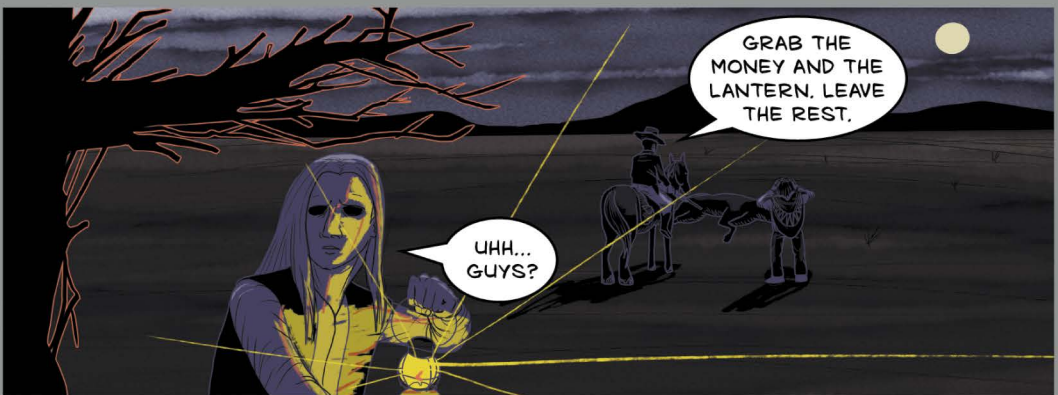
I'M FINE.
THINK SHE BROKE
A LEG, THOUGH.

WELL, THERE
AIN'T NO WAY
'ROUND IT...



LAME
HORSES CAN'T
RIDE.

BAM!



GRAB THE
MONEY AND THE
LANTERN. LEAVE
THE REST.

UHH...
GUYS?



WHAT IS THAT, FLINT?

I AIN'T GOT A CLUE.



FOUND THE TRAIL, LET'S GO.

WINSTON, YOU'RE RIDIN' WITH PETE.

IT'S LIKE A SIGN...



OR A WARNING...

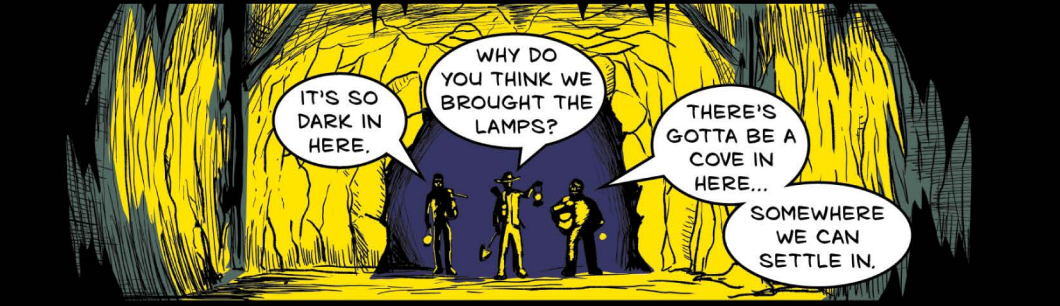
A COUPLE O' SCARECROWS AIN'T NEVER HURT NO ONE.



THAT WE KNOW OF..

I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT WHOEVER MADE 'EM.







WELL... PETE AND I WERE GONNA HEAD DOWN TO PHOENIX.



SO, WHAT YOU GONNA DO WITH YOUR SHARE?

HUH?
OH...

WE WERE GONNA BUY UP SOME SHARES IN A SILVER MINE. GO STRAIGHT.

NOW... I'M NOT QUITE SURE.



YOU STILL CAN. AIN'T NOTHING STOPPIN' YOU.

YEAH, I SUPPOSE.



STILL, IT WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT HIM.

HEY, WOULD YOU WANT T-



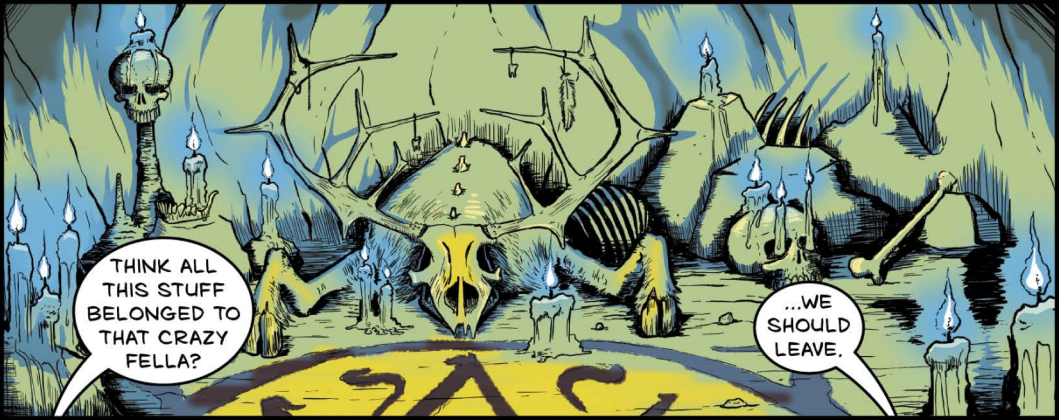
QUIET. THERE'S SOMETHING UP AHEAD.



FINALLY,
SOMEWHERE
TO REST.



SEEMS LIKE
SOMEONE BEAT
US TO IT.



THINK ALL
THIS STUFF
BELONGED TO
THAT CRAZY
FELLA?

...WE
SHOULD
LEAVE.



YEAH, I
THINK YOU'RE
RIGHT...



RUN!



JESUS CHRIST!

WAWA ULL LUH YUR SKEENZ.
I ULL AKE HER SUH HAFFY!



I'LL KILL YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!



HA HA HA
HA HA



HA HA
HA HA



WHICH WAY WAS IT?
WHICH WAY WAS IT!?





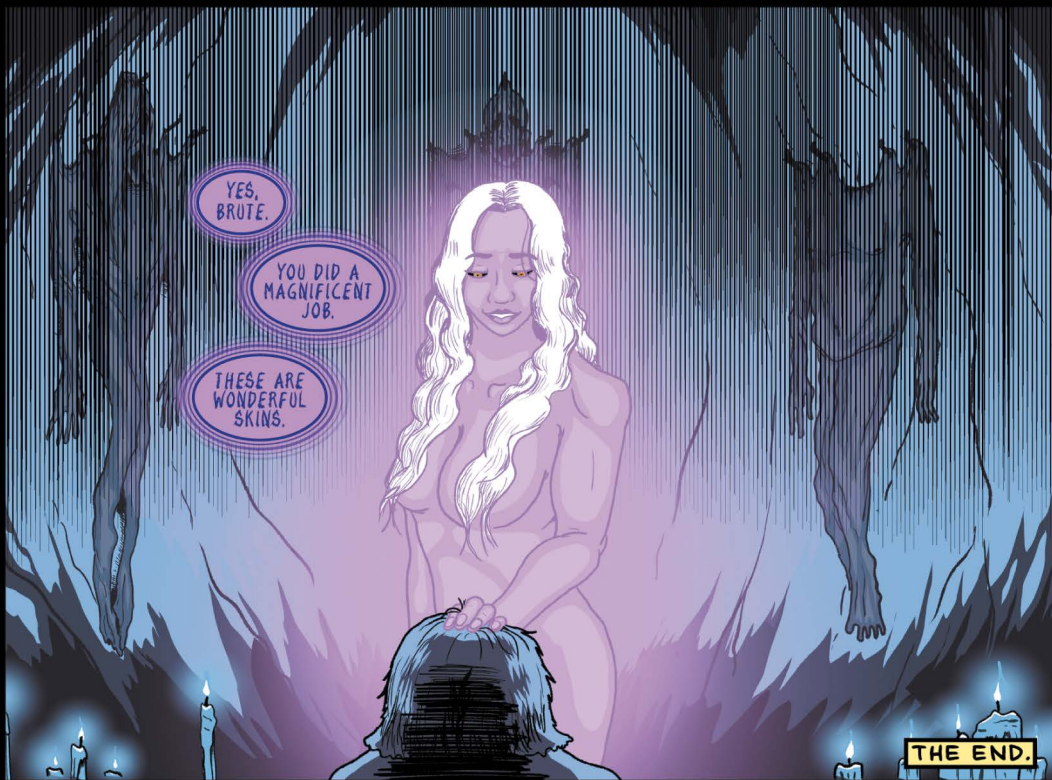
BAD MEN. THEY HAD
ROTTEN SOULS AND
ROTTEN TEEF.

BUT THEY WON'T
BOTHR US NO
MORE...



SUCH NICE
SKEENS, MAMA.

STRONG
SKEENS.

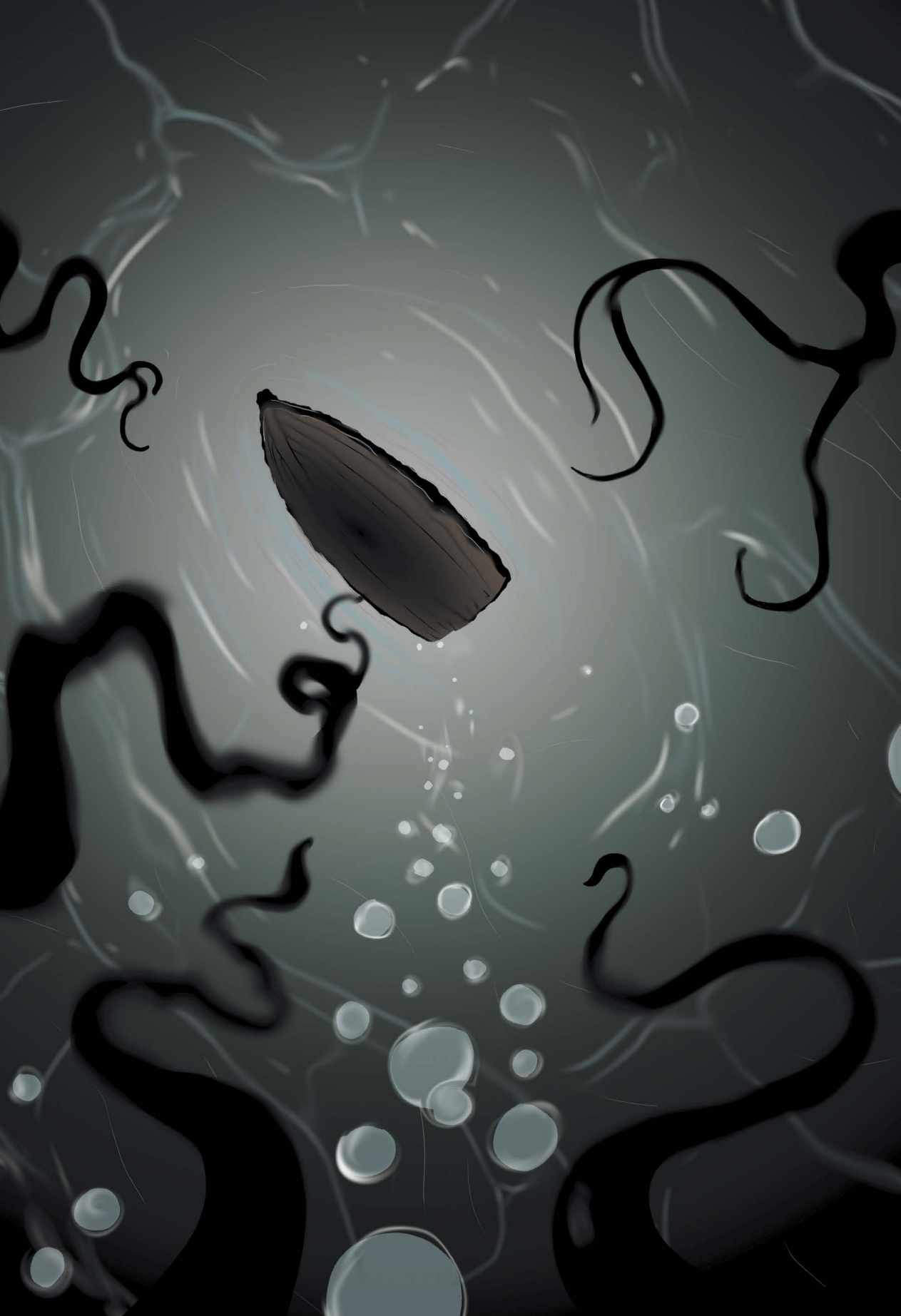


YES,
BRUTE.

YOU DID A
MAGNIFICENT
JOB.

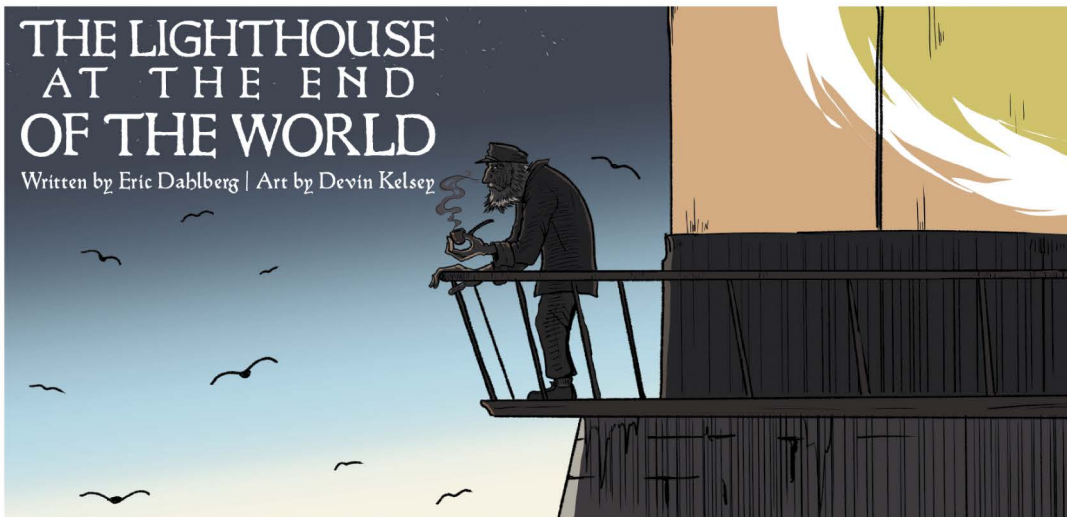
THESE ARE
WONDERFUL
SKINS.

THE END.



THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD

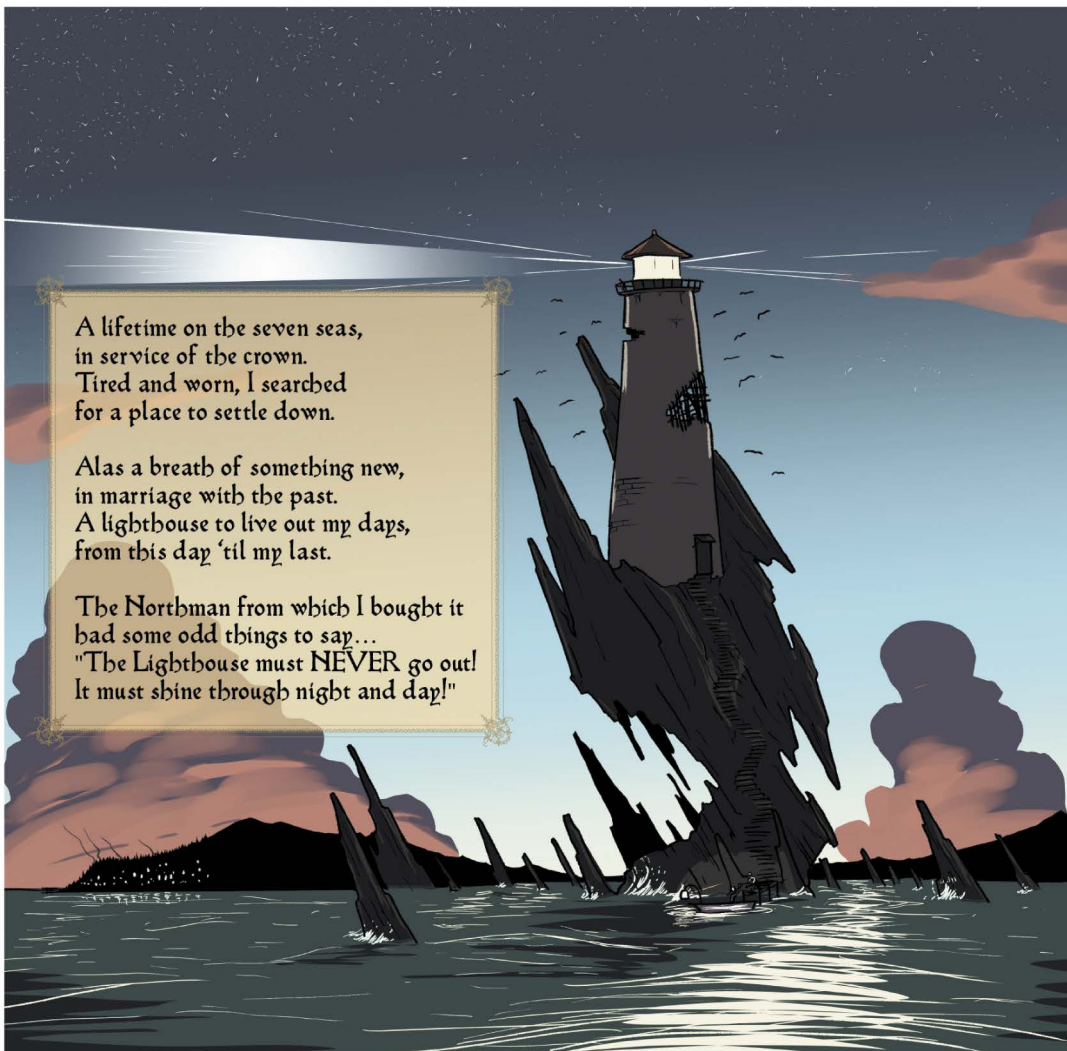
Written by Eric Dahlberg | Art by Devin Kelsey

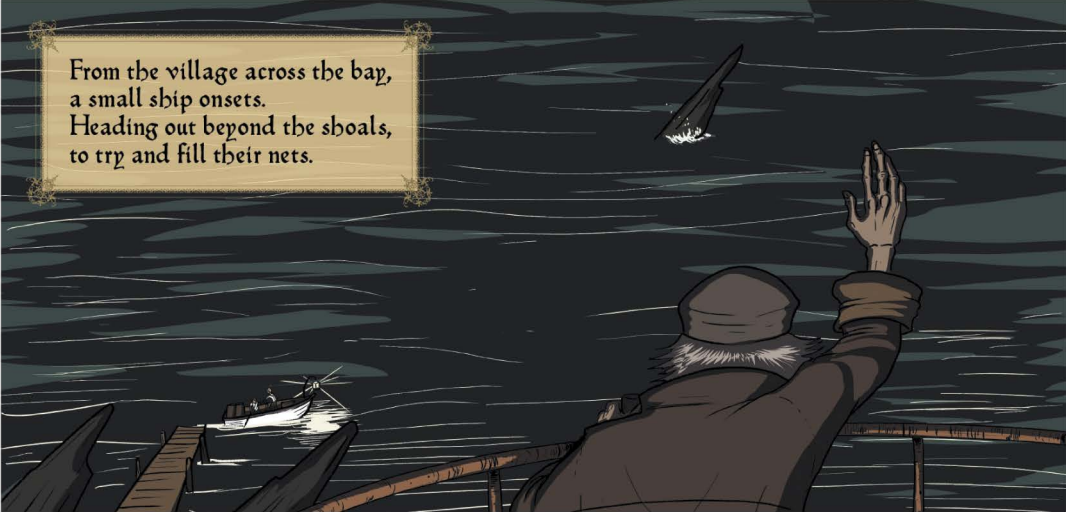


A lifetime on the seven seas,
in service of the crown.
Tired and worn, I searched
for a place to settle down.


Alas a breath of something new,
in marriage with the past.
A lighthouse to live out my days,
from this day 'til my last.

The Northman from which I bought it
had some odd things to say...
"The Lighthouse must NEVER go out!
It must shine through night and day!"






From the village across the bay,
a small ship onsets.
Heading out beyond the shoals,
to try and fill their nets.



Two good men, those brothers,
I've met them once before.
Kind enough to help this old man
pull his boat upon the shore.



A sudden crash behind me,
a spear through shattered glass!
Thrown from an unknown origin,
wrought not of iron, steel, or brass.

'Twas not a fluke, nor accident,
each spear an earnest throw.
Not from the mariners' boat,
but from a darkness down below.



As the barrage continued,
sinister intent grew clearer,
eager to unkindle the flame,
and obliterate the mirror.

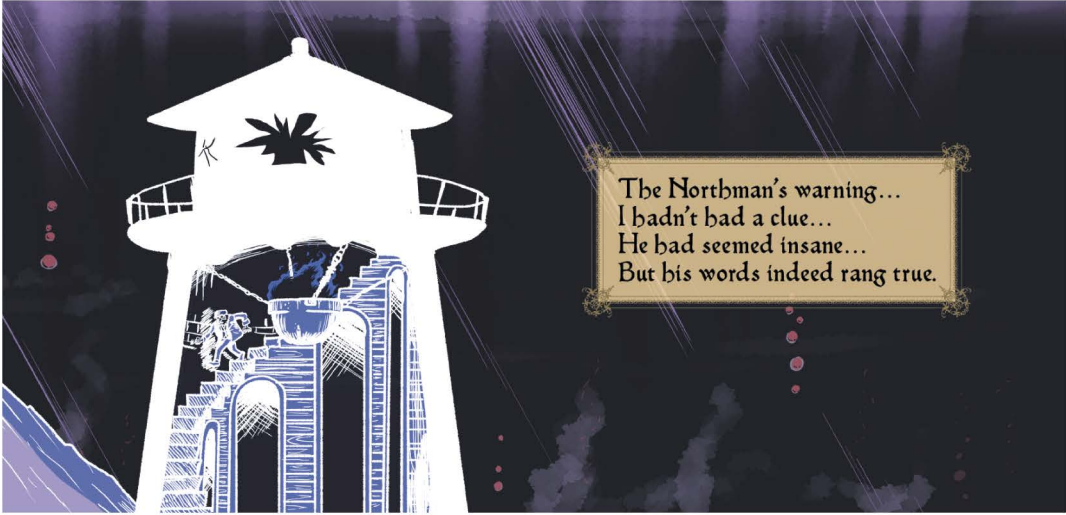
NO NO
NO! NOT-



-THE
MIRROR...

As the beacon extinguished,
so did the stars and sun,
plunging the world into darkness.
My God, what have I done?





The Northman's warning...
I hadn't had a clue...
He had seemed insane...
But his words indeed rang true.



I've been so blind to the magic
that lies within this tower,
and now I've damned the world,
because I did not respect it's power.



But I had a chance to fix it,
I needed to make this right.
If I can reignite the beacon,
I just might restore daylight.

Outside the lighthouse,
I heard monstrous noises.
The clashing of steel and chitin,
amidst anguished cries and voices.

LOOK
OUT BEHIND
YOU!

THERE'S ONE
STARBOARD!

ARGGG!



THERE
YOU ARE!

With a renewed sense of urgency,
I searched both high and low,
to find the replacement mirrors,
that make the lighthouse glow.

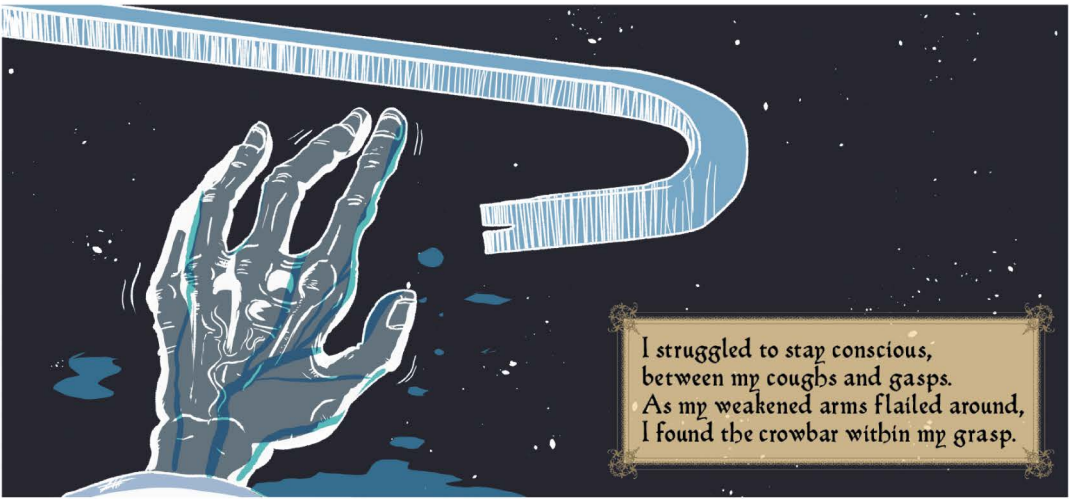


As I polished away the dust and grime,
a reflection gained definition.
Death had finally come for me,
for failing in my mission.





Before I had a chance to fight, the abyssal demon was upon me, tearing and gnashing at my flesh, my blood rushed like a tsunami.



I struggled to stay conscious, between my coughs and gasps. As my weakened arms flailed around, I found the crowbar within my grasp.



I plunged that hardened steel right through the demon's head. With a sad moan, it collapsed, and fell to the ground, dead.



Although my sight was growing dim,
I knew what I had to do.
I pulled myself together,
as my job was not yet through.



I climbed the steps one last time,
leaving a trail of my blood,
and I heard the walls of the lighthouse,
shake, rattle, and thud.



I caught a glimpse of the beast,
and rasped a feeble yell.
The Dark One, The Deep One...



The Leviathan from Hell...
The Leviathan from Hell...

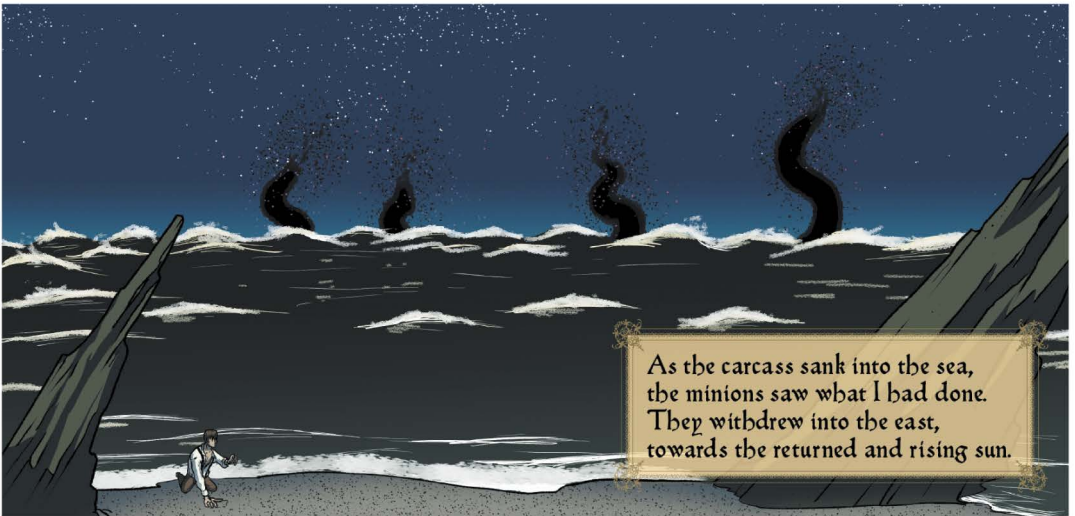




With one last burst of strength,
I hoisted the glass up high.
The beam exploded back to life,
as it sliced through the blackened sky.



The Leviathan bellowed
a deafening shriek of pain.
The light seared through it's flesh,
and soon the beast was slain.



As the carcass sank into the sea,
the minions saw what I had done.
They withdrew into the east,
towards the returned and rising sun.



My breath is growing shallow.
My sight blurring into white.
If I am to leave this world,
who will guard the light?



Alas, one of the fishermen,
he has survived the night!
I swear him into service,
as I hold his hand tight.



"The Lighthouse must NEVER go out!
It must shine through night and day!"
He understands the weight... of the words.
He will keep... the dark... at... bay.

THE END.



THE PRISON AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD

WRITTEN BY ERIC DAHLBERG
ART BY DEVIN KELSEY

OSTLING,
YOU THERE?
COME IN!

SCIENCE OUTPOST MAIKO, ANTARCTICA.







LOOKS LIKE WE FOUND THE GUYS WHO BUILT THIS PLACE.



HEY... POINT THE LIGHT OVER THERE.

THEY'VE BEEN HERE A LOT LONGER THAN A FEW DECADES.



JESUS CHRIST!

SLIP MIG UD!
JEG BEDER DIG!
EFTERLAD MIG
IKKE HER!

HE'S... ALIVE!?



I'M SORRY, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU, MAN.

IS THAT SCANDINAVIAN? IT MIGHT BE SWEDISH.

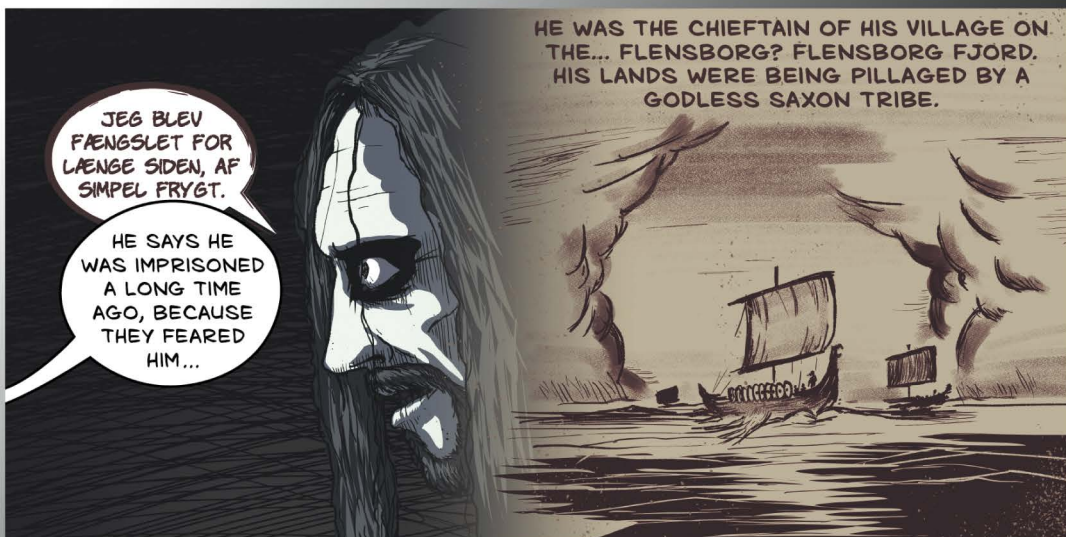
IT'S DANISH.



IT SOUNDS LIKE AN OLDER DIALECT, THOUGH. HOW OLD IS THIS GUY?

MAYBE YOU CAN TELL US. CAN YOU TRANSLATE?

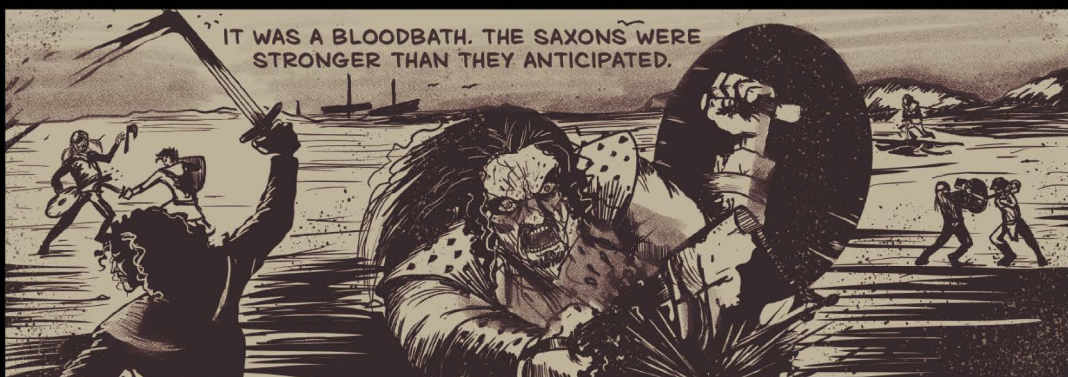
EH- I'M A LITTLE RUSTY, BUT I CAN TRY.



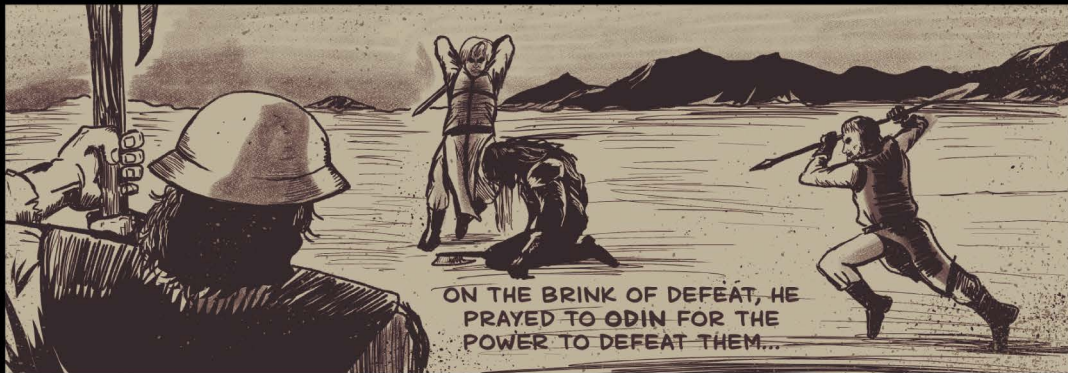
HE AND HIS MEN SAILED WEST TO MEET THEM ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.



IT WAS A BLOODBATH. THE SAXONS WERE STRONGER THAN THEY ANTICIPATED.

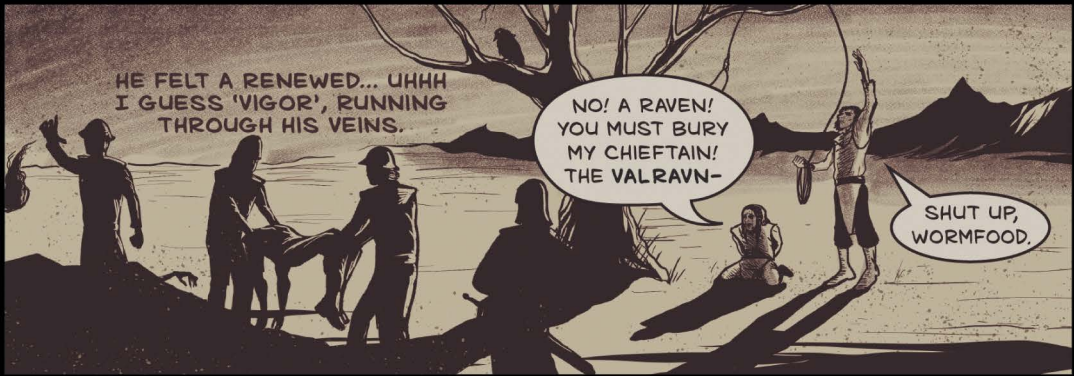


ON THE BRINK OF DEFEAT, HE PRAYED TO ODIN FOR THE POWER TO DEFEAT THEM...



HE WAS OVERRUN BY THE SAXONS, BUT THEIR BLADES SHATTERED AGAINST HIS SKIN AND ARMOR.





HE FELT A RENEWED... UHHH I GUESS 'VIGOR', RUNNING THROUGH HIS VEINS.

NO! A RAVEN! YOU MUST BURY MY CHIEFTAIN! THE VALRAVN-

SHUT UP, WORMFOOD.



HE SAW ODIN'S RAVEN, AND KNEW...

NO! DON'T LET IT EAT HIS HEART! THE VALRAVN WILL KILL US ALL!

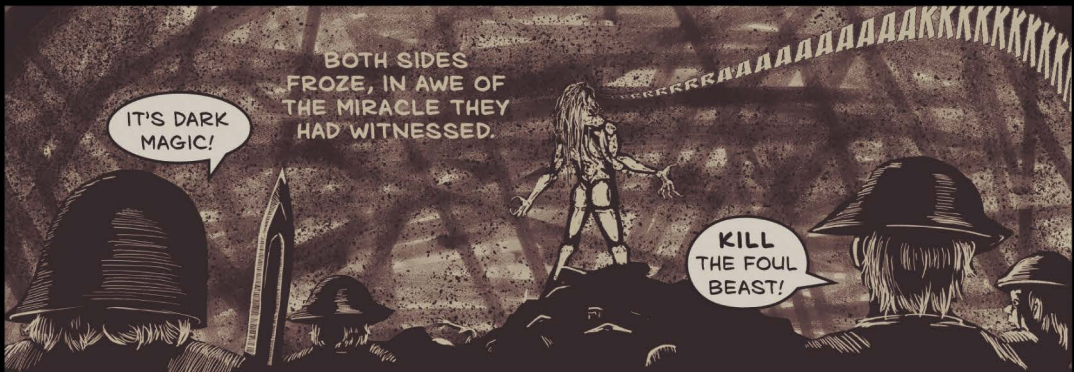
THE ALL-FATHER HAD HEARD HIS PRAYER.



THE GODS HAD GRANTED HIM THE GIFT OF.. OF IMMORTALITY.

GODS HELP US!

WHAT IS THAT?



BOTH SIDES FROZE, IN AWE OF THE MIRACLE THEY HAD WITNESSED.

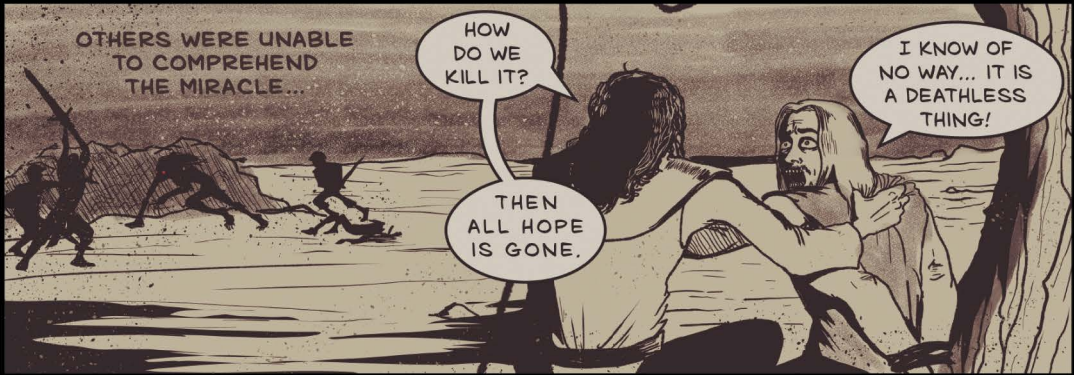
IT'S DARK MAGIC!

KILL THE FOUL BEAST!



BEHOLD THE VALRAVN. IT EATS THE HEARTS OF THE FALLEN, AND STEALS THEIR FACE AND MEMORIES.

SOME FELL TO THEIR KNEES, SEEING HIM AS A GOD.



OTHERS WERE UNABLE TO COMPREHEND THE MIRACLE...

HOW DO WE KILL IT?

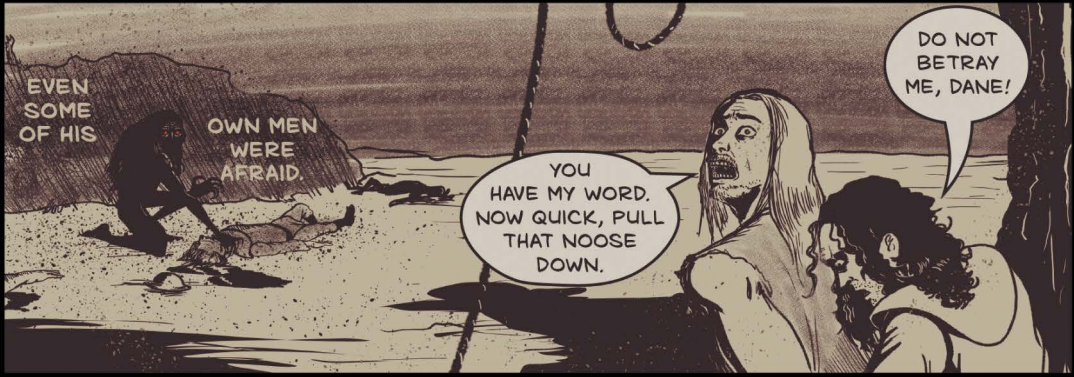
THEN ALL HOPE IS GONE.

I KNOW OF NO WAY... IT IS A DEATHLESS THING!



AND THEY COVERED IN FEAR.

IT MAY BE UNDYING, BUT IT **CAN** BE SUBDUED! CUT ME LOOSE AND I WILL HELP YOU!



EVEN SOME OF HIS OWN MEN WERE AFRAID.

YOU HAVE MY WORD. NOW QUICK, PULL THAT NOOSE DOWN.

DO NOT BETRAY ME, DANE!



SOME WANTED TO WORSHIP HIM...

WE MUST AVOID THE CLAWS AT ALL COSTS!



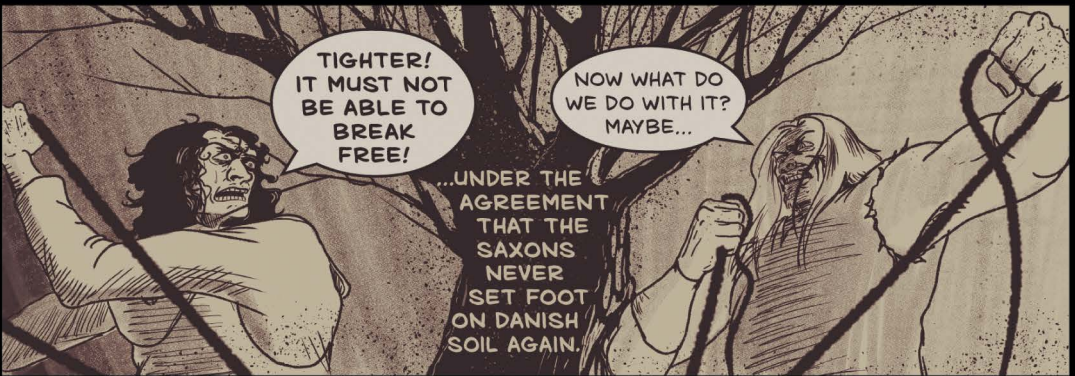
AND SOME WANTED TO IMPRISON HIM.

QUICK, BIND IT'S LEGS!



TO AVOID FURTHER BLOODSHED, HE AGREED TO BE IMPRISONED...

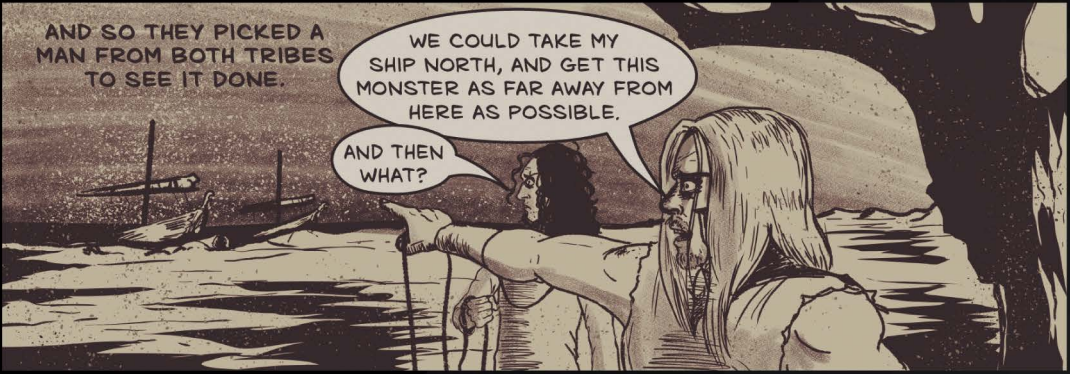
I'VE GOT IT! PULL!



TIGHTER! IT MUST NOT BE ABLE TO BREAK FREE!

NOW WHAT DO WE DO WITH IT? MAYBE...

...UNDER THE AGREEMENT THAT THE SAXONS NEVER SET FOOT ON DANISH SOIL AGAIN.



AND SO THEY PICKED A MAN FROM BOTH TRIBES TO SEE IT DONE.

WE COULD TAKE MY SHIP NORTH, AND GET THIS MONSTER AS FAR AWAY FROM HERE AS POSSIBLE.

AND THEN WHAT?



DO WE JUST TURN IT LOOSE IN THE WILD?

HE WENT ALONG WITH THEM, WILLINGLY.

NO, WE'LL USE PARTS FROM THE SHIP TO BUILD A PRISON.

I SEE... THERE WILL BE NO RETURN TRIP.



A SMALL PRICE TO PAY TO RID THE WORLD OF THIS BEAST.

AYE. I'M WITH YOU TILL THE END, MY FRIEND.

THEY SAILED HIM NORTH, AS FAR AS THEY COULD GO...



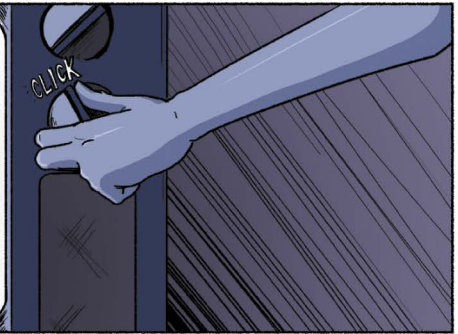
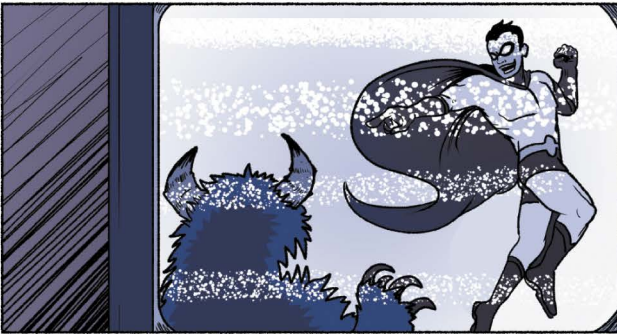
...AND THEY BUILT HIS PRISON THERE ON THE ICE, AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD.

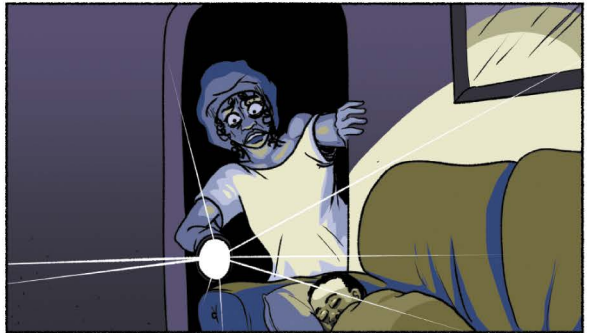
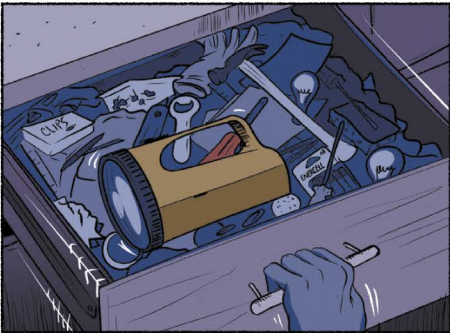


















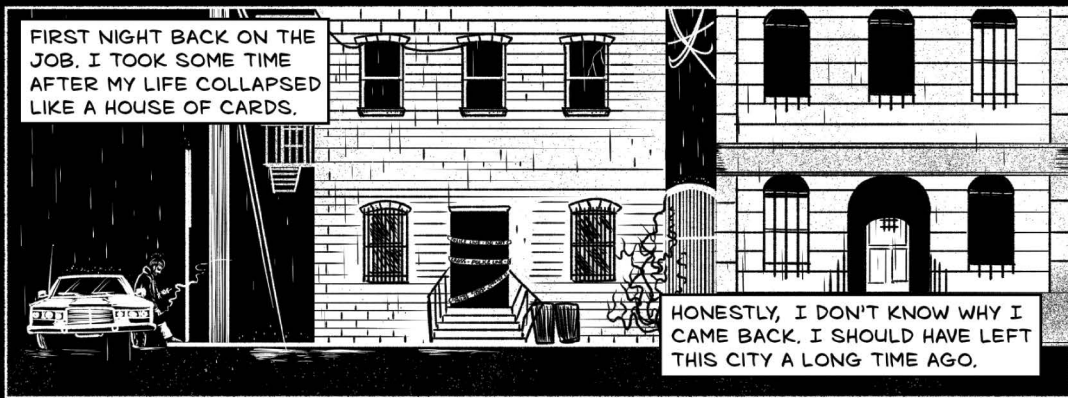








FIRST NIGHT BACK ON THE JOB. I TOOK SOME TIME AFTER MY LIFE COLLAPSED LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS.



HONESTLY, I DON'T KNOW WHY I CAME BACK. I SHOULD HAVE LEFT THIS CITY A LONG TIME AGO.

IT HAS A WAY OF TAKING THINGS FROM YOU. IT KNOWS EXACTLY HOW TO BREAK YOU DOWN.



WHO KNOWS, MAYBE I WAS JUST DEALT A BAD HAND.

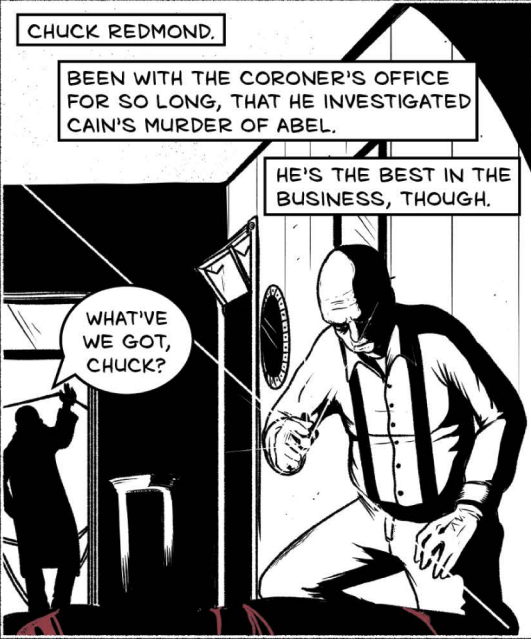
THE *QUEEN OF HEARTS*. THE BEST CARD I WAS EVER DEALT.



THE *FOUNDATION* UPON WHICH I BUILT MY LIFE. WHEN SHE FELL, IT ALL FELL.

LAST RITE

Written by Eric Dahlberg
Art by Devin Kelsey





YEAH, SORRY.
WHAT CAN YOU
TELL ME?

DAVID
BURKE. 52.
WORKED DOWN
AT THE CITY
PLANNERS
OFFICE.

JESUS, WHAT
A MESS. CAUSE
OF DEATH?



HE'S GOT
30 SLASHES FROM
WHAT LOOKS TO BE A
SERATED DAGGER,
NONE OF THEM FATAL...
UNTIL A SINGLE AND
FINAL STAB TO
THE AORTA.

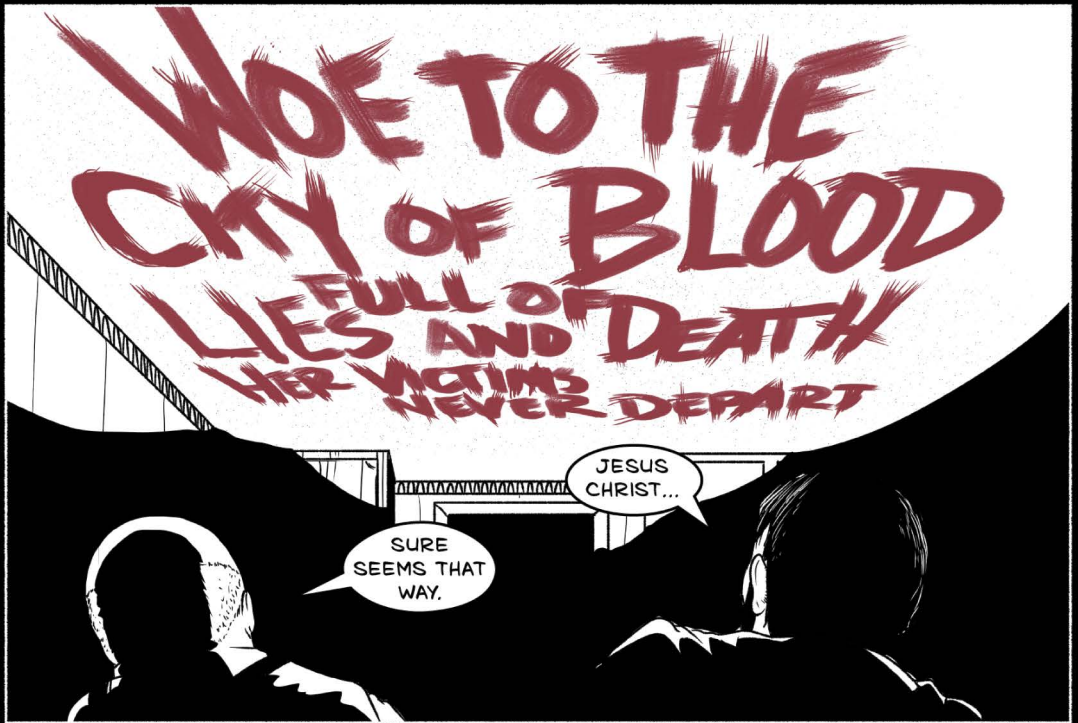
THE KILLER MADE
AS BIG OF A MESS AS
HE COULD, BEFORE HE
ENDED IT.

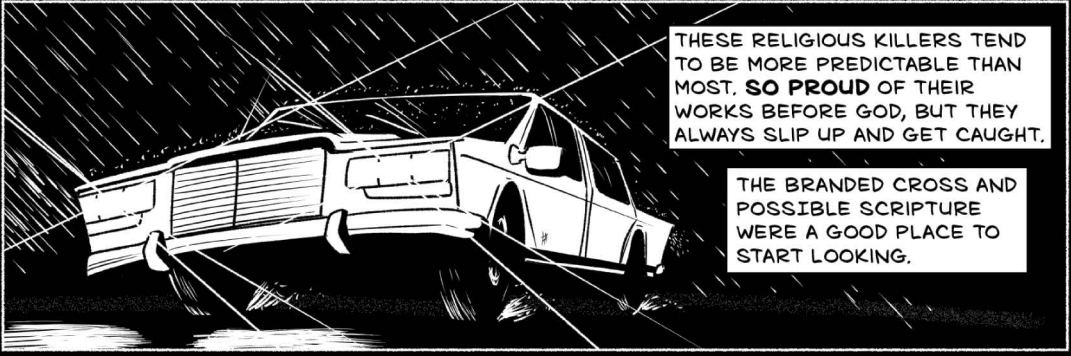


WELL, HE
NEEDED MORE
FRESH BLOOD
TO WRITE HIS
MESSAGE.

HUH?
WHERE?

YOU
USED TO
BE BETTER
AT THIS.





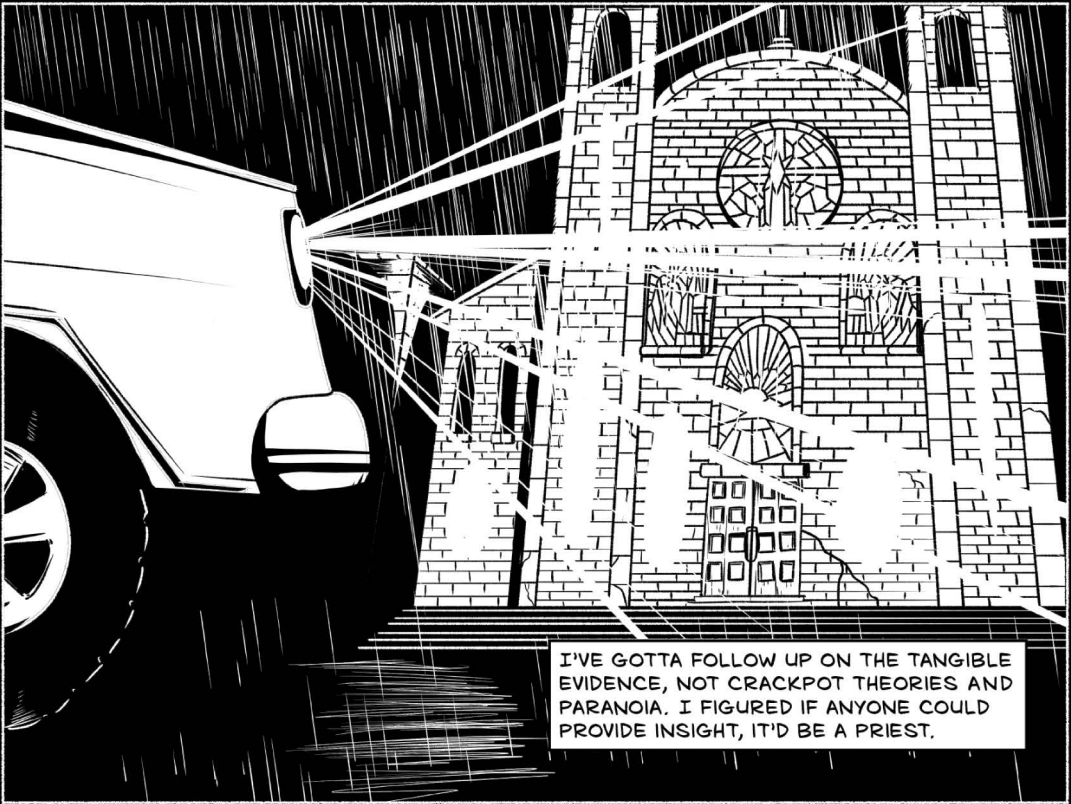
THESE RELIGIOUS KILLERS TEND TO BE MORE PREDICTABLE THAN MOST. **SO PROUD** OF THEIR WORKS BEFORE GOD, BUT THEY ALWAYS SLIP UP AND GET CAUGHT.

THE BRANDED CROSS AND POSSIBLE SCRIPTURE WERE A GOOD PLACE TO START LOOKING.

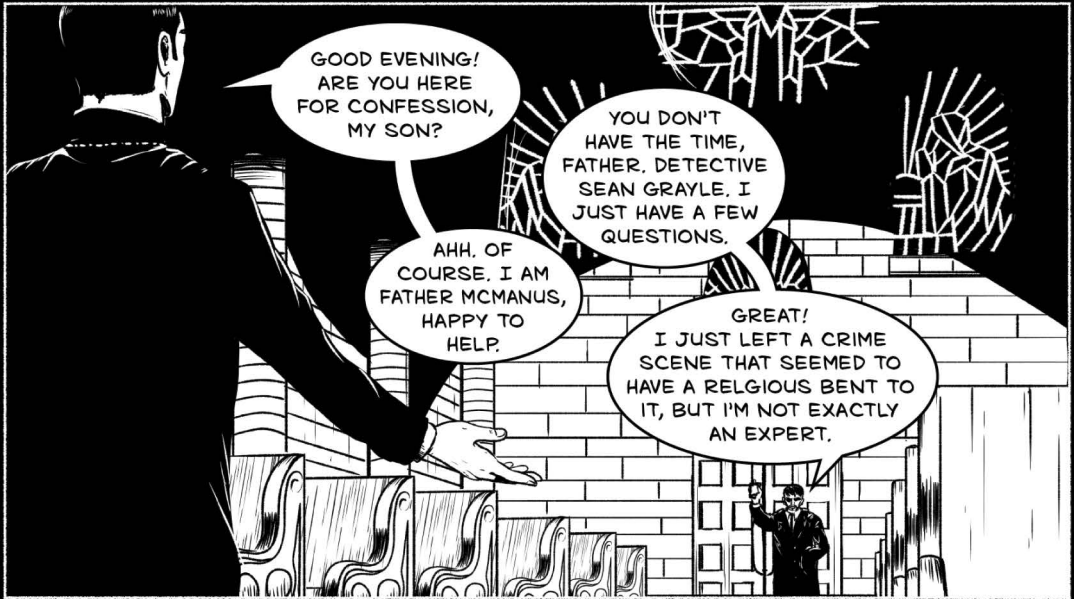


BUT... THE WAY THE BODY WAS STAGED, IT WAS EXACTLY LIKE...

NO. IT COULDN'T BE. I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW HER LIKE THAT.



I'VE GOTTA FOLLOW UP ON THE TANGIBLE EVIDENCE, NOT CRACKPOT THEORIES AND PARANOIA. I FIGURED IF ANYONE COULD PROVIDE INSIGHT, IT'D BE A PRIEST.

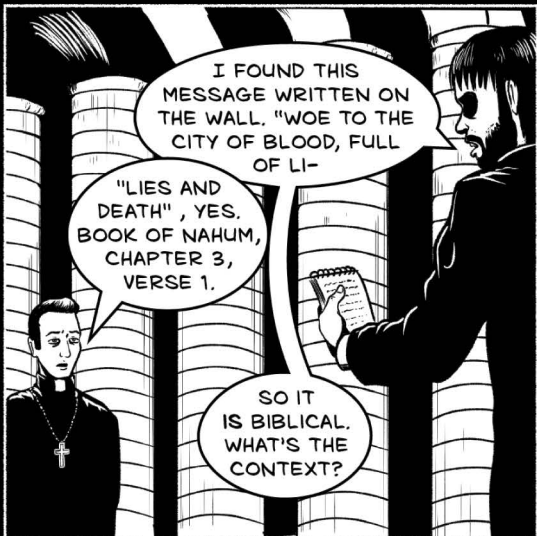


GOOD EVENING!
ARE YOU HERE
FOR CONFESSION,
MY SON?

YOU DON'T
HAVE THE TIME,
FATHER. DETECTIVE
SEAN GRAYLE. I
JUST HAVE A FEW
QUESTIONS.

AHH. OF
COURSE. I AM
FATHER MCMANUS,
HAPPY TO
HELP.

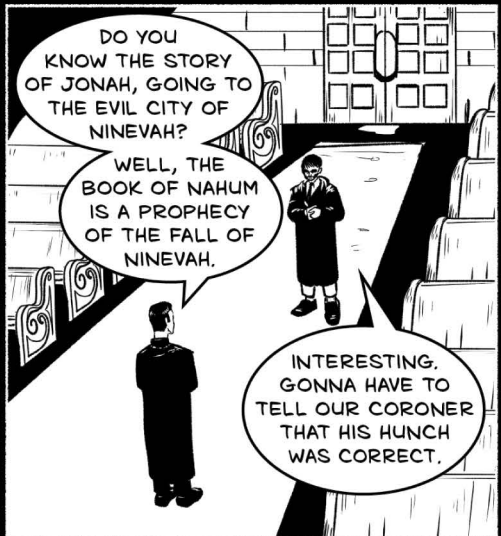
GREAT!
I JUST LEFT A CRIME
SCENE THAT SEEMED
TO HAVE A RELIGIOUS
BENT TO
IT, BUT I'M NOT EXACTLY
AN EXPERT.



I FOUND THIS
MESSAGE WRITTEN ON
THE WALL. "WOE TO THE
CITY OF BLOOD, FULL
OF LI-

"LIES AND
DEATH", YES.
BOOK OF NAHUM,
CHAPTER 3,
VERSE 1.

SO IT
IS BIBLICAL.
WHAT'S THE
CONTEXT?



DO YOU
KNOW THE STORY
OF JONAH, GOING TO
THE EVIL CITY OF
NINEVAH?

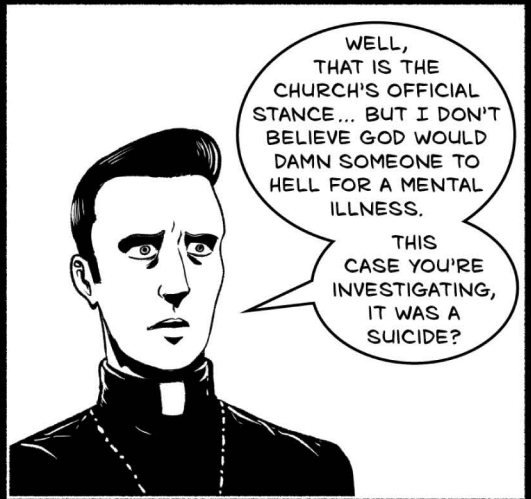
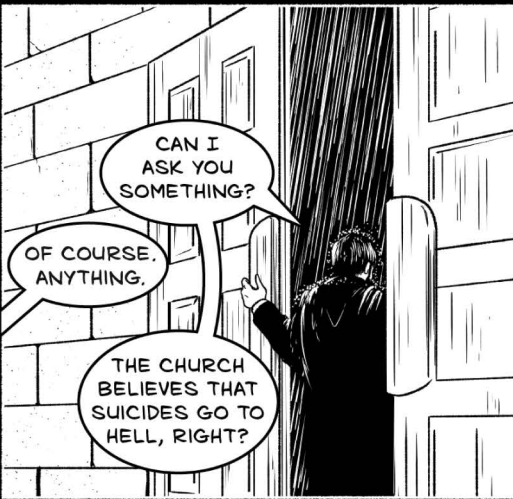
WELL, THE
BOOK OF NAHUM
IS A PROPHECY
OF THE FALL OF
NINEVAH.

INTERESTING.
GONNA HAVE TO
TELL OUR CORONER
THAT HIS HUNCH
WAS CORRECT.



ONE LAST
THING. DO YOU
RECOGNIZE THIS
SYMBOL? IT SEEMS
TO HAVE A RELIGIOUS
THEME TO IT.

YEAH, I'VE
SEEN THAT BEFORE.
IT'S BEEN A WHILE...
I LAST SAW IT...
HMMM...





AND JUST LIKE THAT,
THE PRIEST CONNECTED
THE DOTS FOR ME.

I SHOULD HAVE SEEN
IT EARLIER, THE TIME
OFF HAD MADE ME RUSTY.

THE KILLER WAS SENDING
ME A MESSAGE.



THE VICTIM'S BODY...
POSED JUST LIKE LISA.

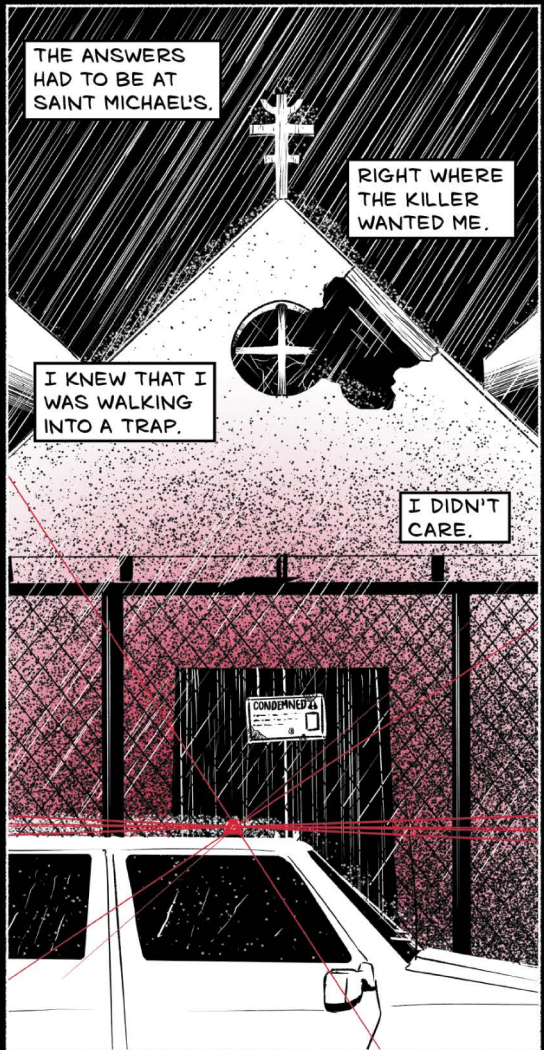
AND SAINT MICHAEL'S...
IT'S WHERE WE GOT MARRIED.

HE'S TAUNTING ME, BUT I
STILL DONT UNDERSTAND
WHAT HE WANTS FROM ME.

WHY KILL BURKE?
WHY THE VERSE
ABOUT THE CITY?

IS HE A VIGILANTE
ON A CRUSADE?

IT STILL WOULDN'T
EXPLAIN WHY I HAD
BEEN SINGLED OUT.



THE ANSWERS
HAD TO BE AT
SAINT MICHAEL'S.

RIGHT WHERE
THE KILLER
WANTED ME.

I KNEW THAT I
WAS WALKING
INTO A TRAP.

I DIDN'T
CARE.

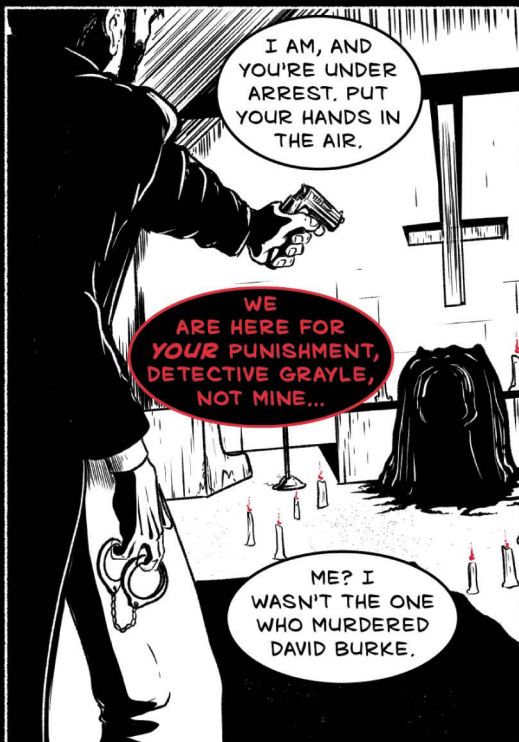
CONDEMNED



I GOT YOUR MESSAGE.

THE CHURCH WAS JUST LIKE I REMEMBERED IT, EXCEPT FOR ALL THE COBWEBS, THE MUSTY SMELL, AND THE SENSE OF IMPENDING DOOM.

ONLY TOOK YOU 97 MINUTES. YOU ARE *QUITE* THE DETECTIVE, AREN'T YOU?



I AM, AND YOU'RE UNDER ARREST. PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR.

WE ARE HERE FOR *YOUR* PUNISHMENT, DETECTIVE GRAYLE, NOT MINE...

ME? I WASN'T THE ONE WHO MURDERED DAVID BURKE.



MR. BURKE WASN'T MURDERED, HE WAS SIMPLY PUNISHED.

HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT?

MR. BURKE HAD GIVEN UP ON LIFE.

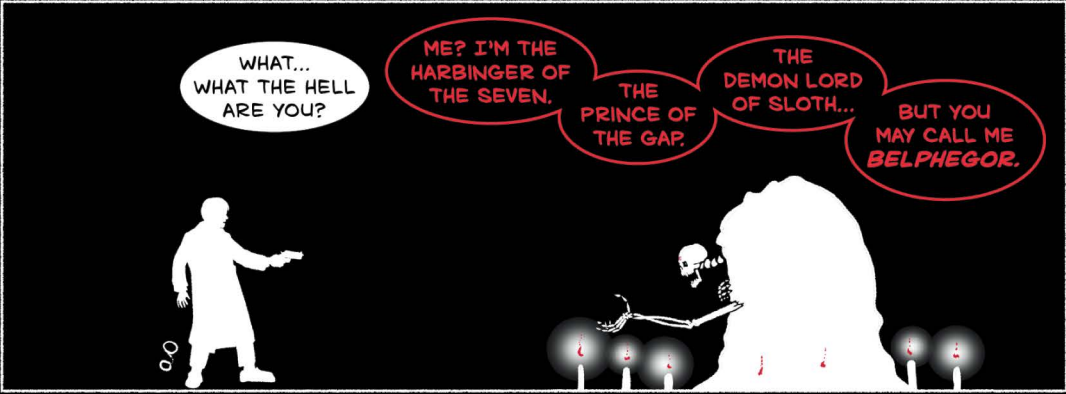
HE MADE NO EFFORT TO SAVE THE CITY THAT HE WATCHED *ROT* AROUND HIM.

NOW I AM HERE TO DO WHAT HE COULD NOT.

SO WHY ME? I'M A COP, I HELP PEOPLE. I'VE DONE LOTS TO HELP THIS CITY.



OH, DON'T FOOL YOURSELF, YOUR SINS ARE FAR GREATER THAN THE LATE MR BURKE.



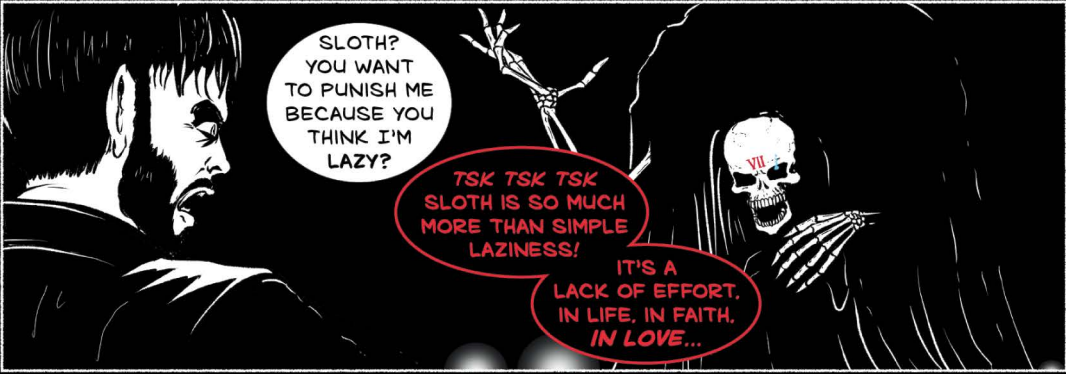
WHAT...
WHAT THE HELL
ARE YOU?

ME? I'M THE
HARBINGER OF
THE SEVEN.

THE
PRINCE OF
THE GAP.

THE
DEMON LORD
OF SLOTH...

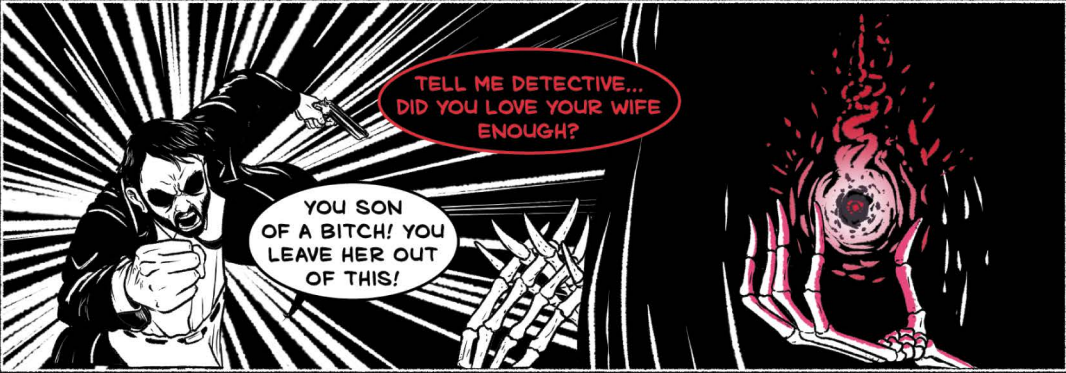
BUT YOU
MAY CALL ME
BELPHEGOR.



SLOTH?
YOU WANT
TO PUNISH ME
BECAUSE YOU
THINK I'M
LAZY?

TSK TSK TSK
SLOTH IS SO MUCH
MORE THAN SIMPLE
LAZINESS!

IT'S A
LACK OF EFFORT.
IN LIFE. IN FAITH.
IN LOVE...



YOU SON
OF A BITCH! YOU
LEAVE HER OUT
OF THIS!

TELL ME DETECTIVE...
DID YOU LOVE YOUR WIFE
ENOUGH?



ARRGGG!

SHE SUFFERED
FOR YEARS!
SHE BEGGED
YOU FOR HELP!

BUT YOU NEVER EVEN
NOTICED, DID YOU?
YOU WERE BLIND TO
HER PAIN!

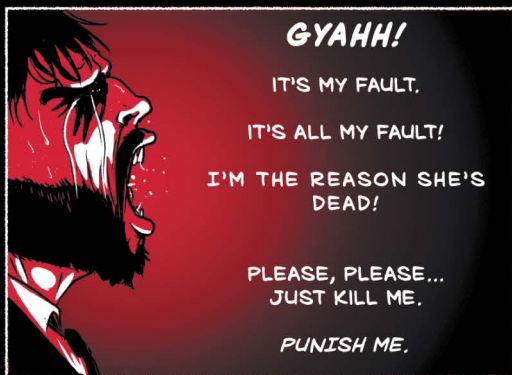
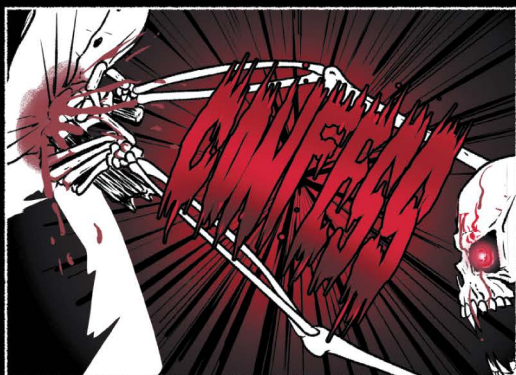
IT IS **YOUR** FAULT
THAT SHE IS
DEAD.



NOW, DETECTIVE...

THE TIME HAS
COME FOR YOU
TO **CONFESS**.

ADMIT TO
YOUR SINS.



GYAHH!

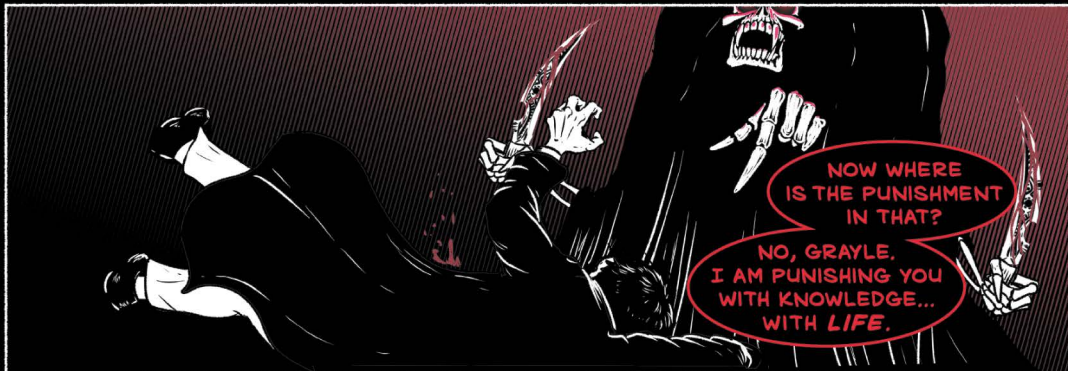
IT'S MY FAULT.

IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

I'M THE REASON SHE'S
DEAD!

PLEASE, PLEASE...
JUST KILL ME.

PUNISH ME.



NOW WHERE
IS THE PUNISHMENT
IN THAT?

NO, GRAYLE,
I AM PUNISHING YOU
WITH KNOWLEDGE...
WITH **LIFE**.



DEATH WOULD
BE TOO EASY.
YOU WILL LIVE
WITH THIS WEIGHT,
FOREVER.
**ETERNALLY
UNFORGIVEN.**

PLEASE.

PLEASE.

LET ME
DIE.

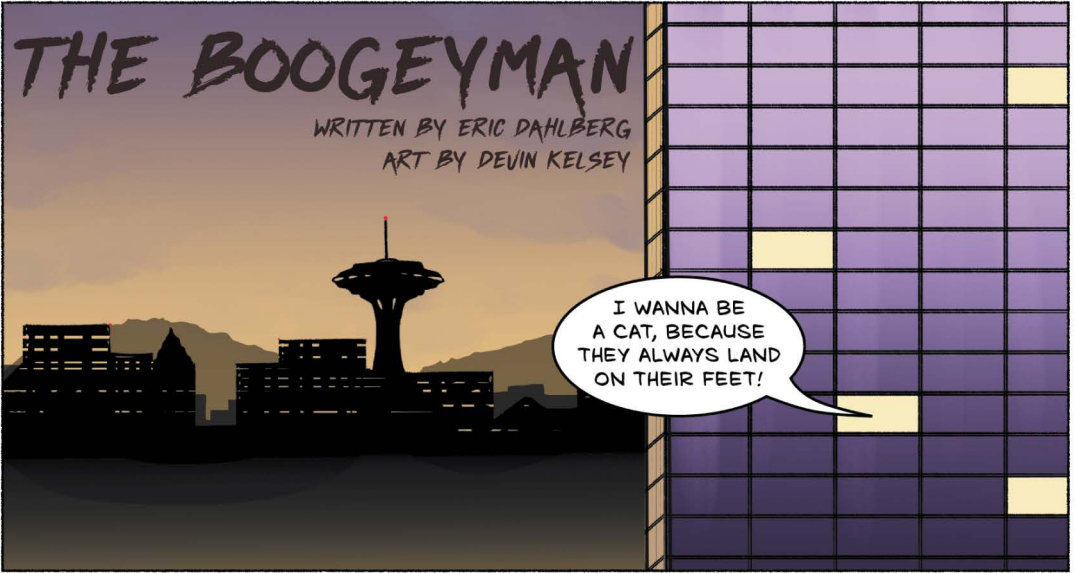
I
JUST WANT
TO DIE.

THE END.

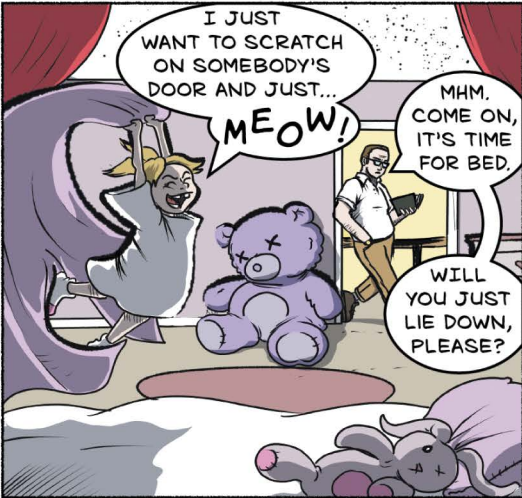


THE BOOGEYMAN

WRITTEN BY ERIC DAHLBERG
ART BY DEVIN KELSEY



I WANNA BE A CAT, BECAUSE THEY ALWAYS LAND ON THEIR FEET!



I JUST WANT TO SCRATCH ON SOMEBODY'S DOOR AND JUST...

MEOW!

MHM. COME ON, IT'S TIME FOR BED.

WILL YOU JUST LIE DOWN, PLEASE?



OKAY, BLANKETS UP!

OOOOO! I'M GONNA BE A WINDOW CAT!

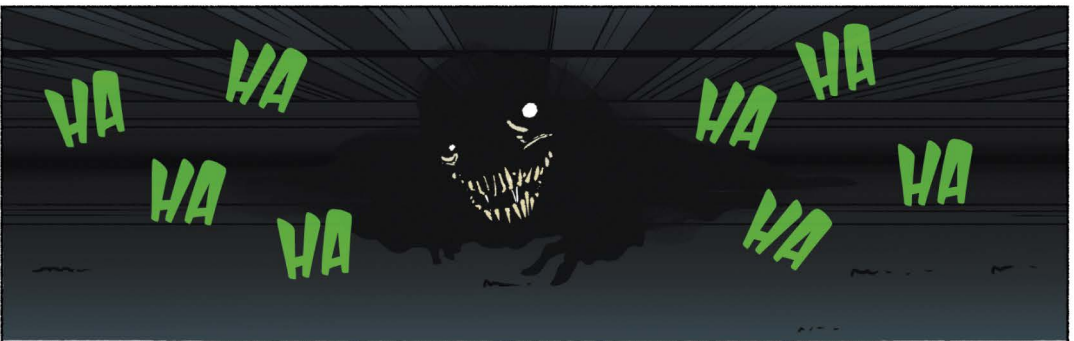
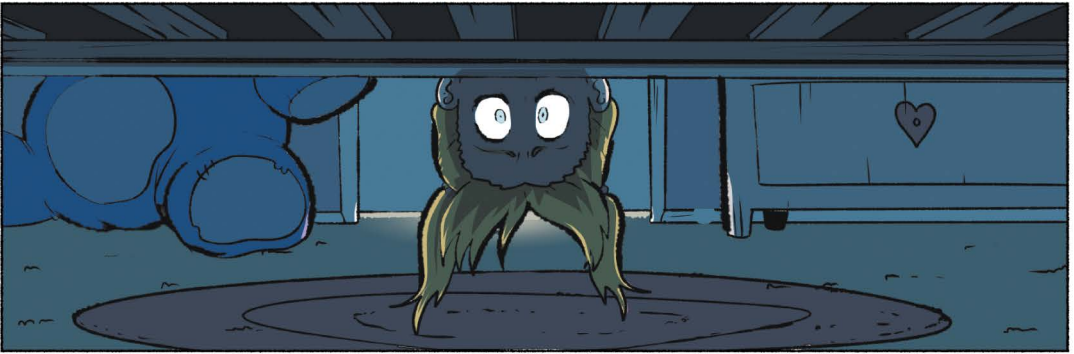


GOODNIGHT, KIDDO. SLEEP WELL. LOVE YOU.

I LOVE-

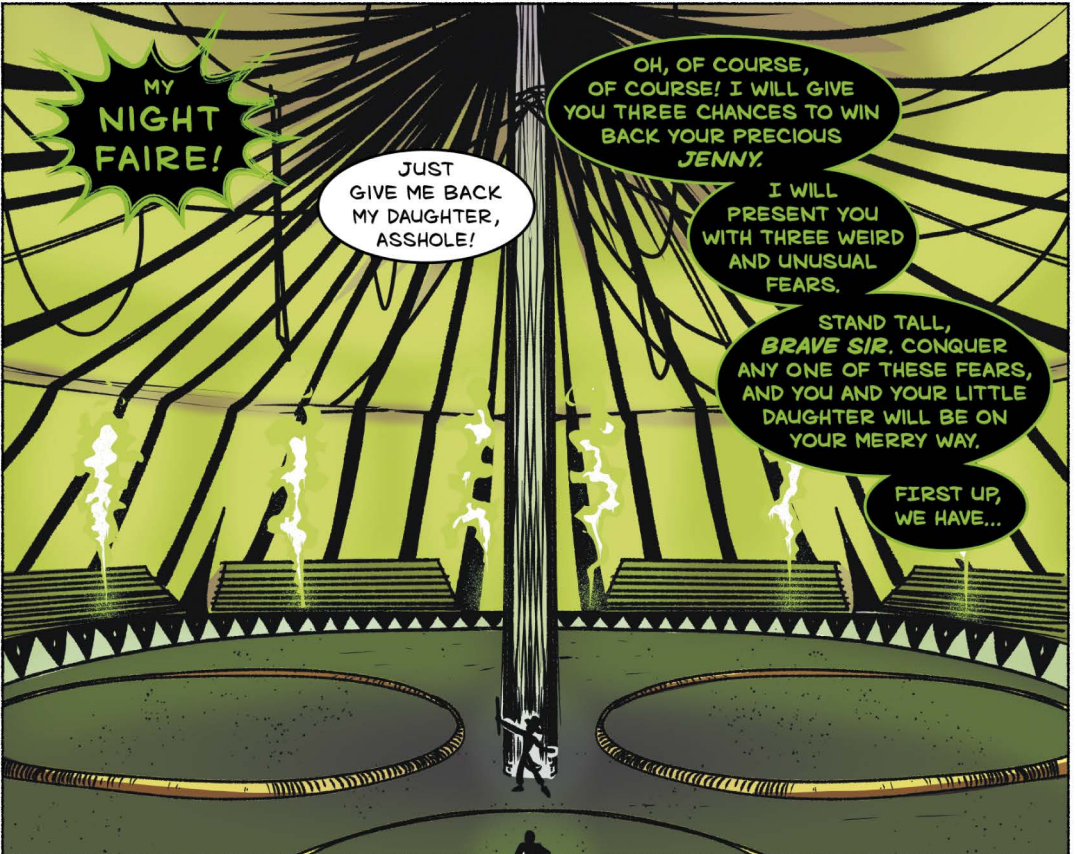


YOU TOO.

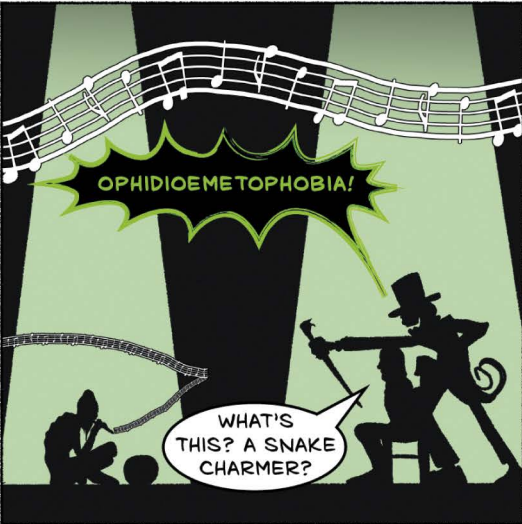




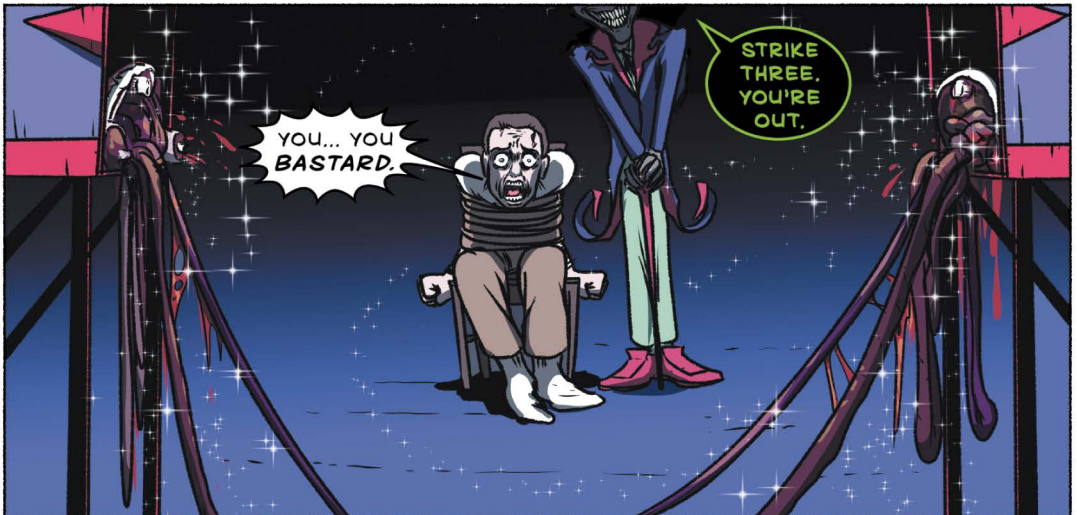
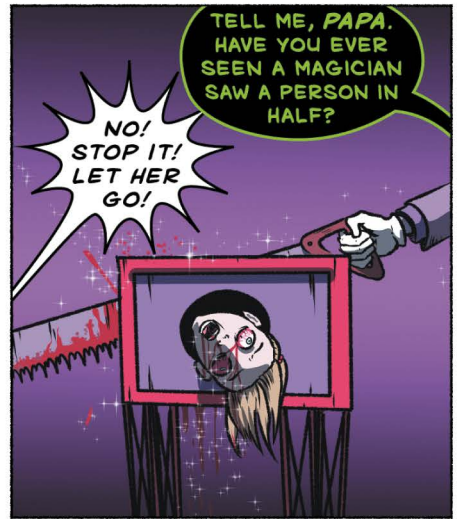
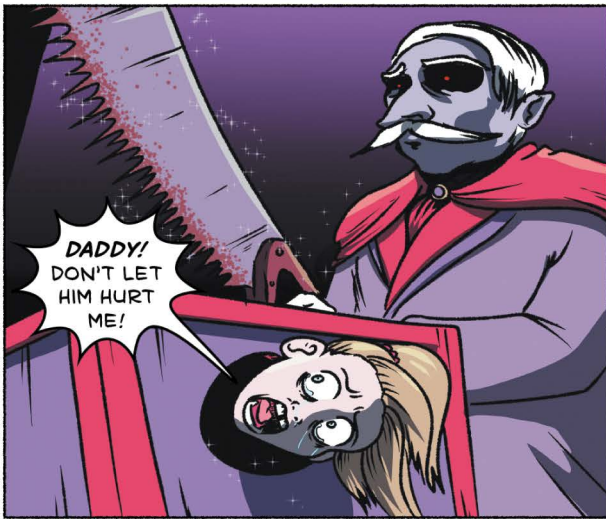
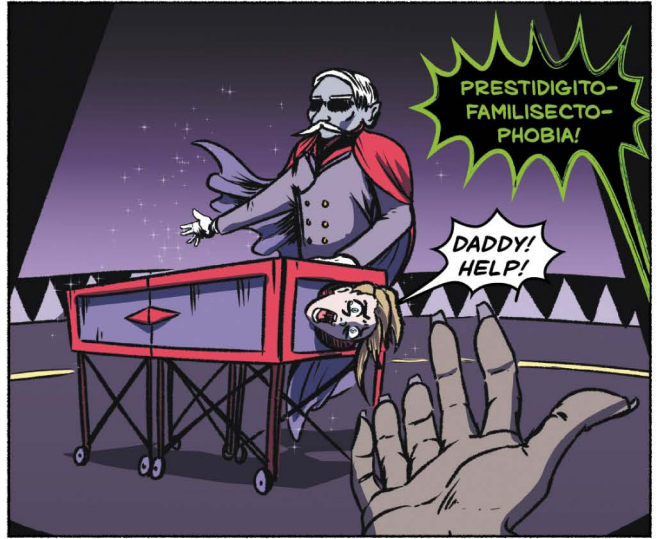
















THE VAMPYRE

Written by
Eric Dahlberg

Art by
Devin Kelsey




MAY GOD
HAVE MERCY ON
OUR SOULS.




THERE!
THIS IS WHERE
THE BEAST
SLEEPS.

KEEP
YOUR EYES
OPEN.



ST. MICHAEL
ARCHANGEL,
DEFEND US IN
BATTLE...

NOW
IS THE TIME,
DOCTOR.



BE OUR
DEFENSE AGAINST THE
WICKEDNESS AND SNARES
OF THE DEVIL...

DO IT!
NOW!

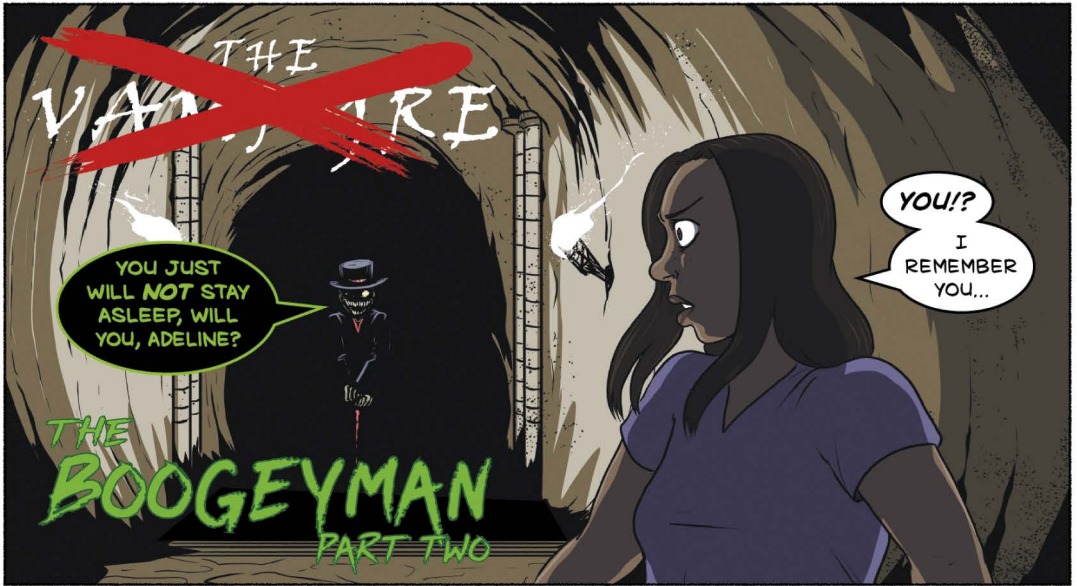
NO...
THIS ISN'T
RIGHT.



IT'S A... A
DREAM. ANOTHER
NIGHTMARE.



I KNOW
YOU'RE HERE!
SHOW
YOURSELF!





I FIRST CAME UPON YOU MANY YEARS AGO...



DRAWN IN BY THE SCENT OF YOUR TERROR...

YEARS?



SO POTENT, SO... DELECTABLE.

BUT HOW? WHY AM I STILL ASLEEP?



ALL THESE DREAMS, ALL THESE CHARACTERS...

WHO ARE YOU, REALLY?

I HAVE GONE BY MANY NAMES.



BOOGEYMAN

THE DREAM WEAVER

SANDMAN

THE DREAD REAVER

THE FEAR EATER

YOU MAY TAKE YOUR PICK.



WAIT...

THIS IS A DREAM.

THAT MEANS I CAN WAKE UP.

I CAN END THIS.



YOU HAVE TRIED.

MANY TIMES, IN FACT.

YOU WILL WAKE FROM ONE NIGHTMARE...

ALWAYS TO FALL RIGHT INTO THE NEXT.



BUT... YOU HAVE NEVER REMAINED AWARE LIKE THIS BEFORE... PERHAPS-

'PERHAPS' WHAT?



PERHAPS YOUR MIND HAS HEALED, AND YOUR BODY IS READY FOR YOU TO RETURN.

PLEASE!

HOW?

HOW DO I WAKE UP?



HOW DOES ANYONE WAKE UP FROM NIGHTMARES?

I... I DON'T KNOW.



TO WAKE UP, YOU WILL HAVE TO **DIE** IN THE DREAM.

GULP



DO NOT WORRY CHILD, I WILL NOT KILL YOU.

YOU WILL HAVE TO DO IT YOURSELF...

SNAP

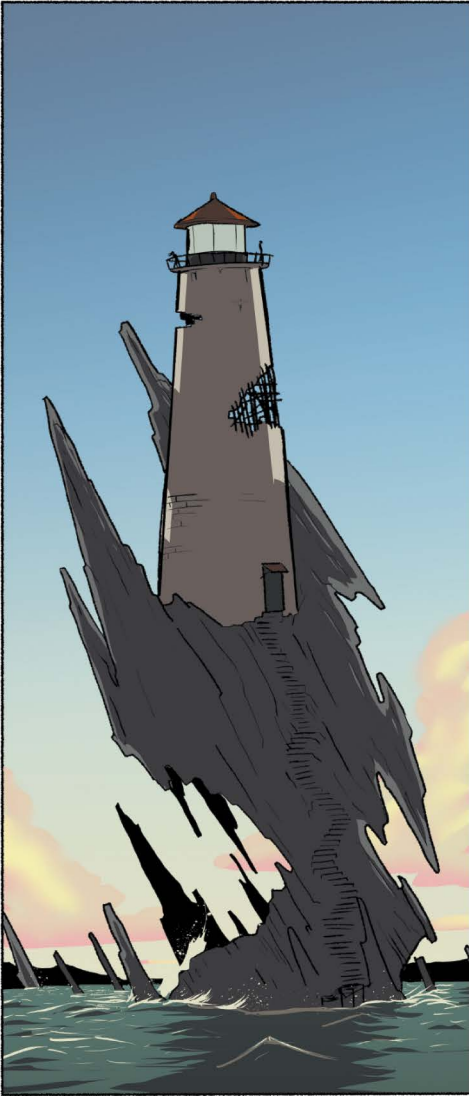


I CAN, HOWEVER, MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU.

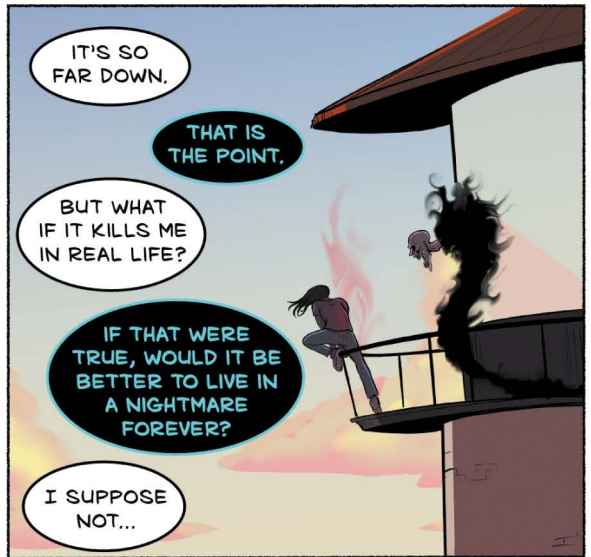
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS **JUMP**.

JUMP!?

ARE YOU CRAZY?



YOUR MIND WILL TELL YOU **NOT** TO JUMP. IT IS SELF-PRESERVATION. YOU MUST IGNORE IT.



IT'S SO FAR DOWN.

THAT IS THE POINT.

BUT WHAT IF IT KILLS ME IN REAL LIFE?

IF THAT WERE TRUE, WOULD IT BE BETTER TO LIVE IN A NIGHTMARE FOREVER?

I SUPPOSE NOT...

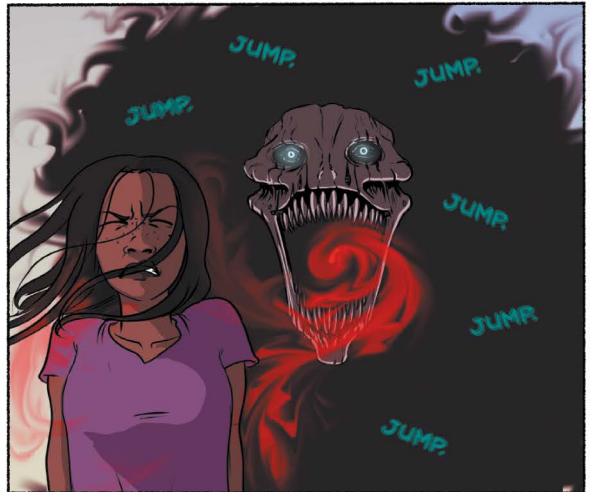


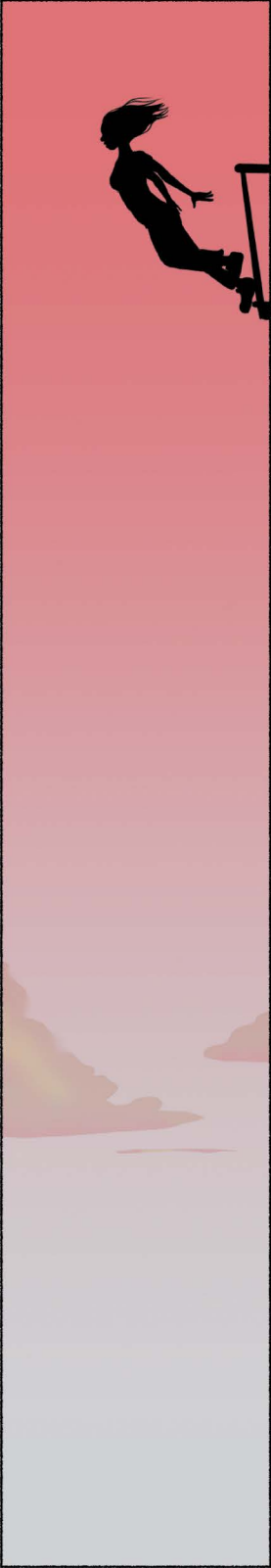
OKAY.

OKAY.

I CAN DO THIS.

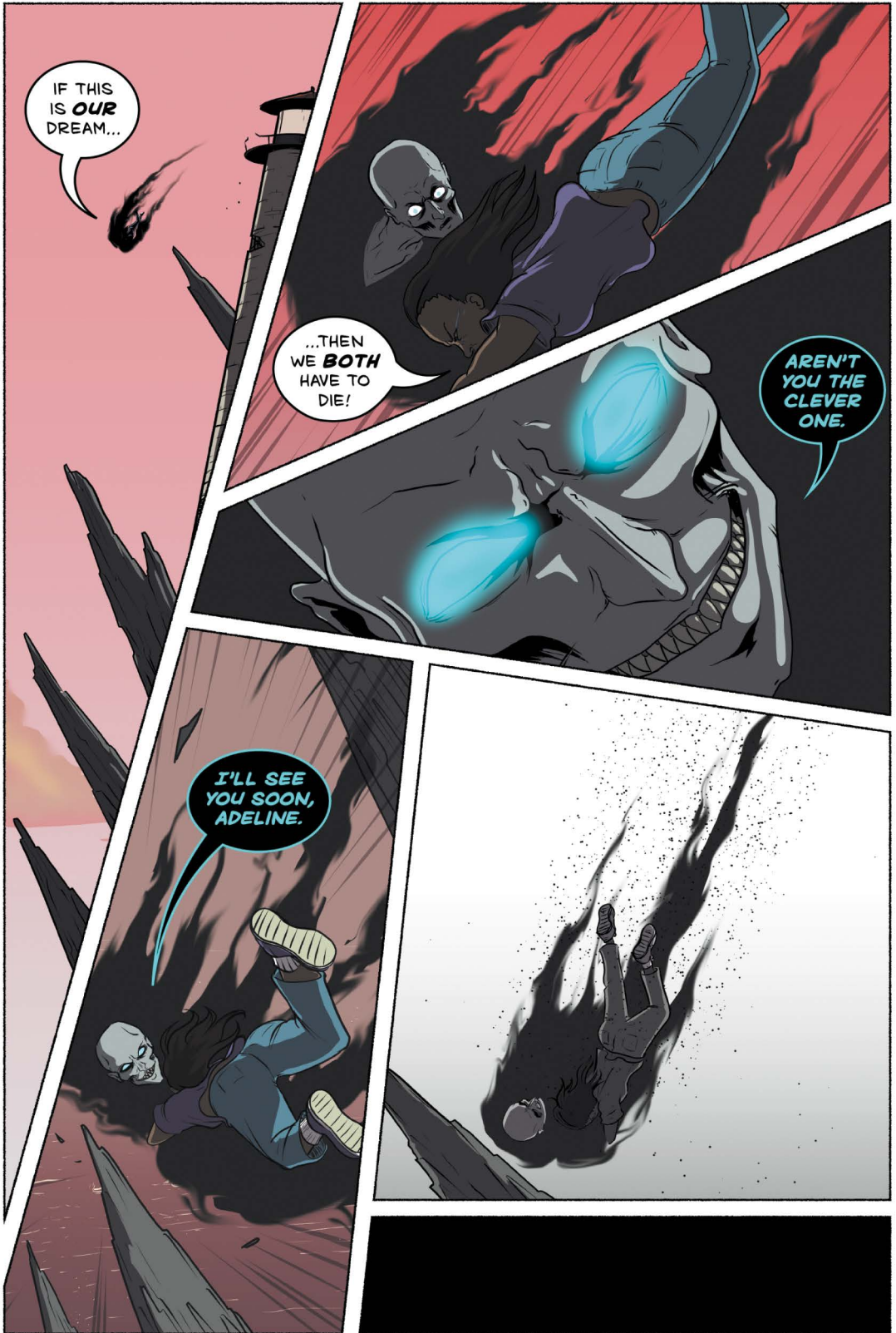
OH GOD...









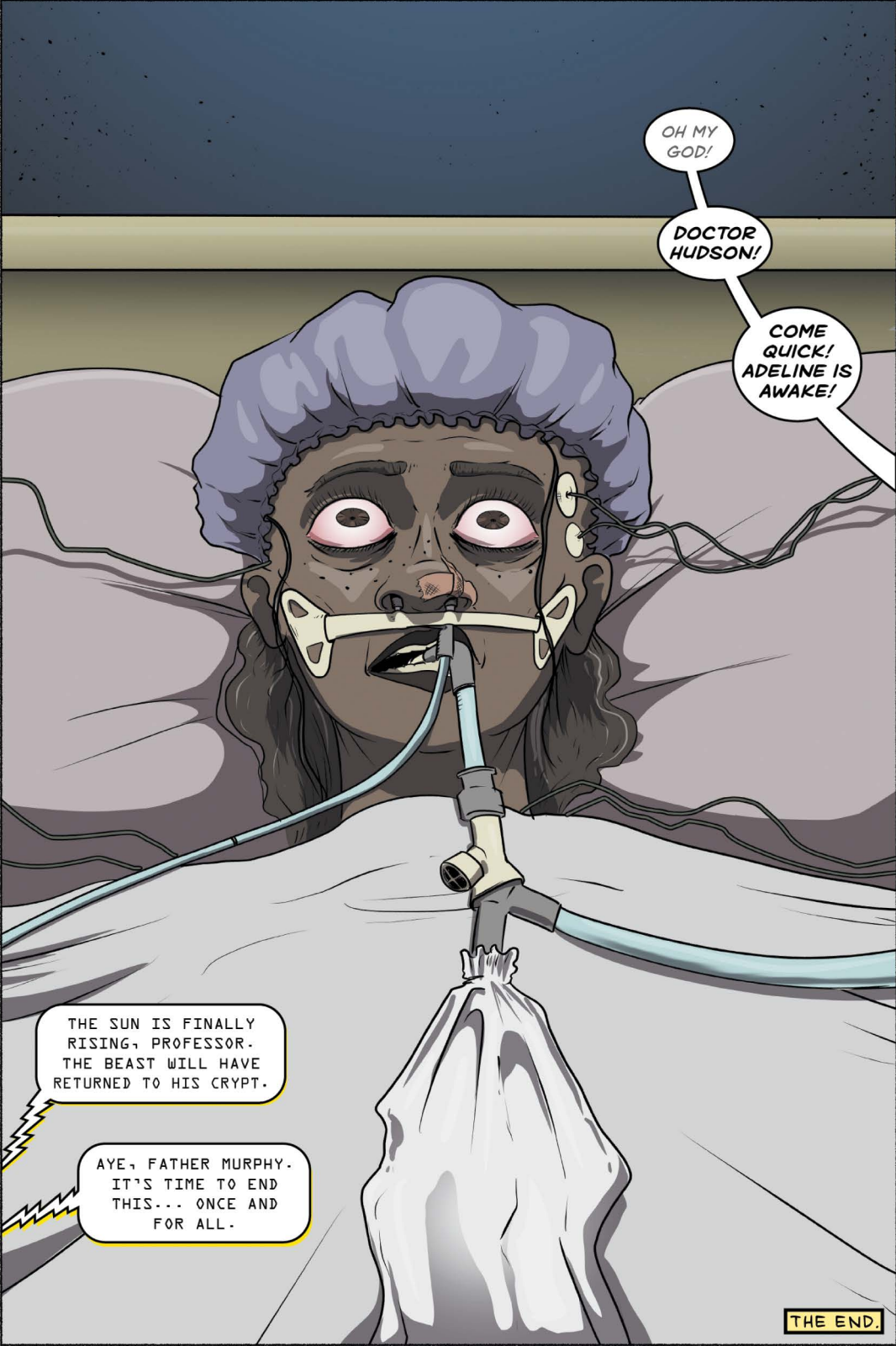


IF THIS IS **OUR** DREAM...

...THEN WE **BOTH** HAVE TO DIE!

AREN'T YOU THE **CLEVER** ONE.

I'LL SEE YOU SOON, **ADELINE**.



OH MY GOD!

DOCTOR HUDSON!

COME QUICK! ADELINE IS AWAKE!

THE SUN IS FINALLY RISING, PROFESSOR. THE BEAST WILL HAVE RETURNED TO HIS CRYPT.

AYE, FATHER MURPHY. IT'S TIME TO END THIS... ONCE AND FOR ALL.

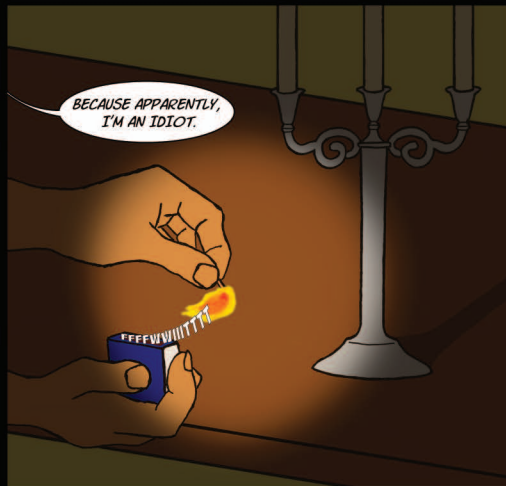
THE END.

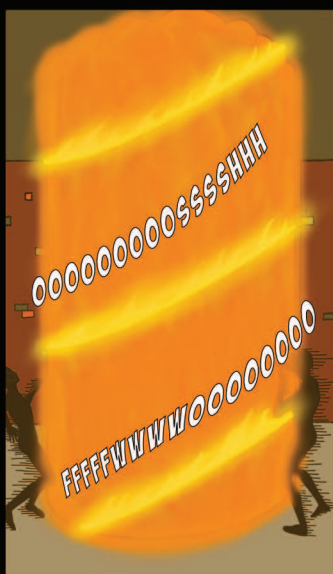
THE TERRIFYING TALES OF
MONSTERS
& MADMEN



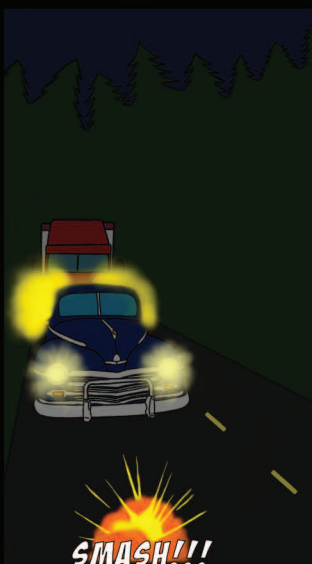
ISSUE #0 - WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY ERIC DAHLBERG





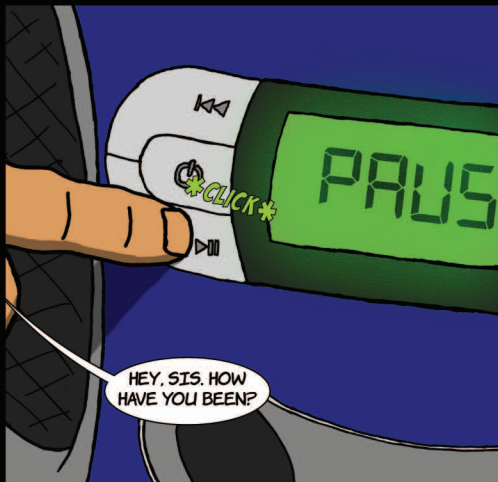








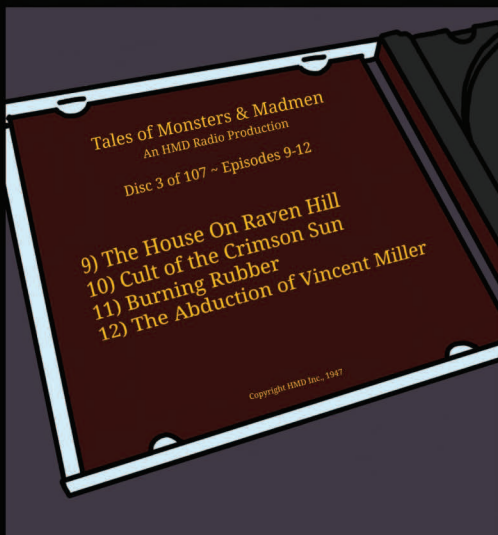




HEY, SIS. HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?



DR. ECKSTEIN SAID THAT YOU WERE MAKING PROGRESS.



Tales of Monsters & Madmen
An HMD Radio Production
Disc 3 of 107 ~ Episodes 9-12
9) The House On Raven Hill
10) Cult of the Crimson Sun
11) Burning Rubber
12) The Abduction of Vincent Miller

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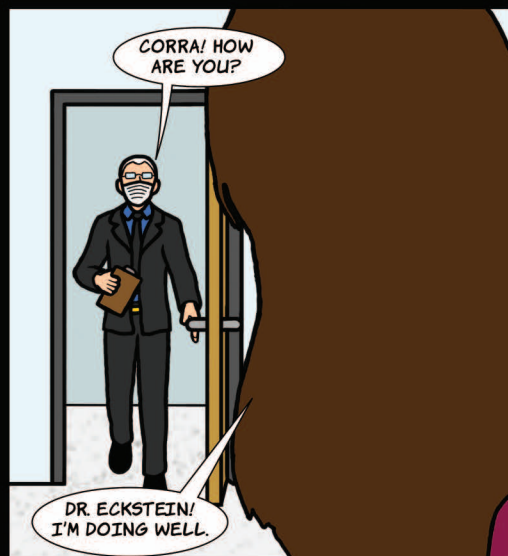


YOUR NIECE TURNED FOUR LAST WEEK.



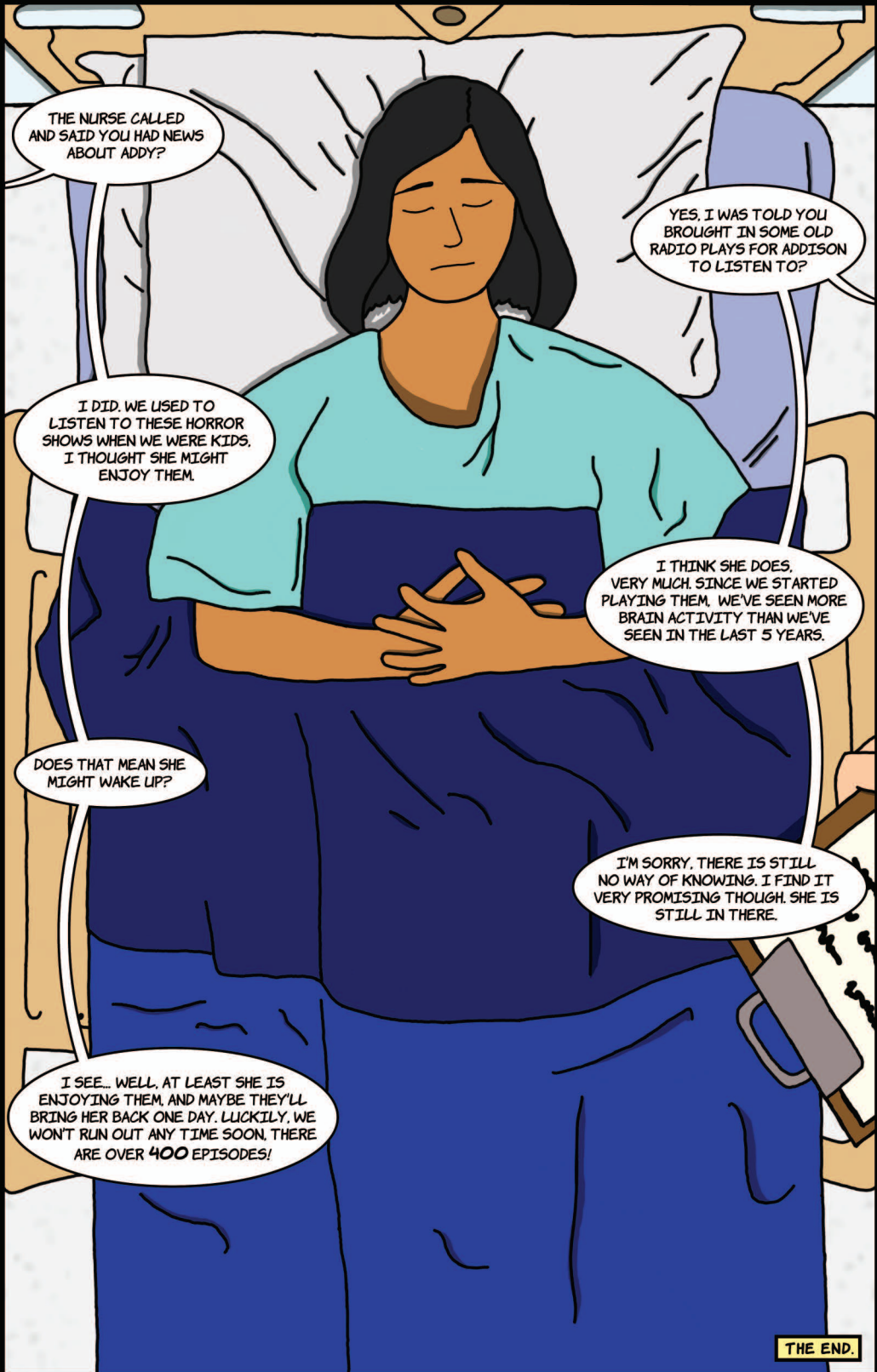
I WISH YOU COULD MEET HER...

SHE'S ALREADY SO MUCH LIKE YOU.



CORRA! HOW ARE YOU?

DR. ECKSTEIN! I'M DOING WELL.



THE NURSE CALLED AND SAID YOU HAD NEWS ABOUT ADDY?

YES, I WAS TOLD YOU BROUGHT IN SOME OLD RADIO PLAYS FOR ADDISON TO LISTEN TO?

I DID. WE USED TO LISTEN TO THESE HORROR SHOWS WHEN WE WERE KIDS. I THOUGHT SHE MIGHT ENJOY THEM.

I THINK SHE DOES, VERY MUCH. SINCE WE STARTED PLAYING THEM, WE'VE SEEN MORE BRAIN ACTIVITY THAN WE'VE SEEN IN THE LAST 5 YEARS.

DOES THAT MEAN SHE MIGHT WAKE UP?

I'M SORRY, THERE IS STILL NO WAY OF KNOWING. I FIND IT VERY PROMISING THOUGH. SHE IS STILL IN THERE.

I SEE... WELL, AT LEAST SHE IS ENJOYING THEM, AND MAYBE THEY'LL BRING HER BACK ONE DAY. LUCKILY, WE WON'T RUN OUT ANY TIME SOON. THERE ARE OVER 400 EPISODES!

THE END.

MONSTERS
& MADMEN

LI'L BITES

ART BY

DEVIN KELSEY

@DEVINKELSEY.BSKY.SOCIAL

WRITTEN BY

DEVIN KELSEY

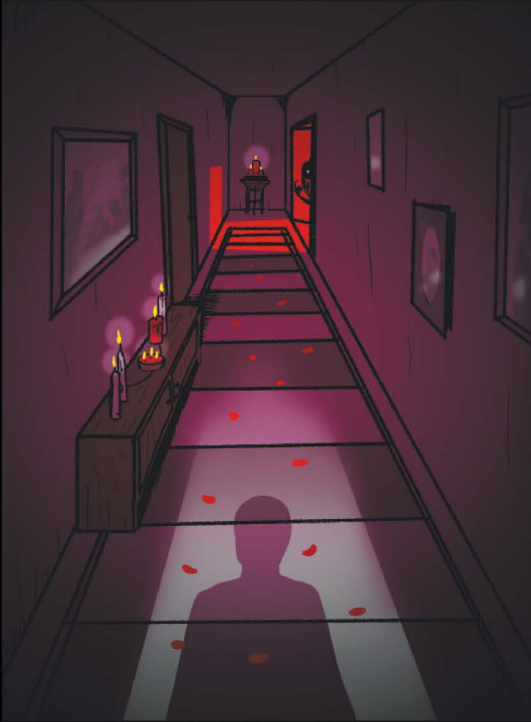
VINCE MILLER

&

HOLLYANN DAHLBERG

"A ROMANTIC NIGHT IN"

BY DEVIN KELSEY



I came home to my wife's sweet voice.

She beckoned me to come and play.

My heart sank at the romantic scene...

...as my love had long since passed away.

"THE GHOST OF THE LAKE"

BY DEVIN KELSEY



The ghost of the lake was only a myth.



But every night...
...he'd call me to swim.



And every night...

...I'd answer his plight.



Only to remember I'm actually him.

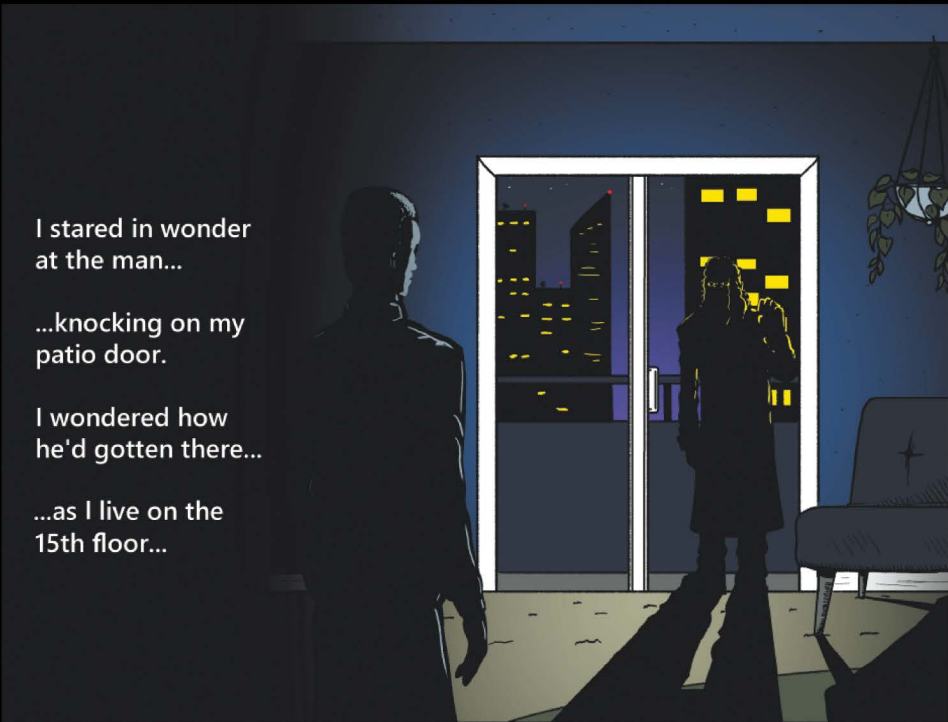
"TRICKS AND TREATS"

BY HOLLYANN DAHLBERG



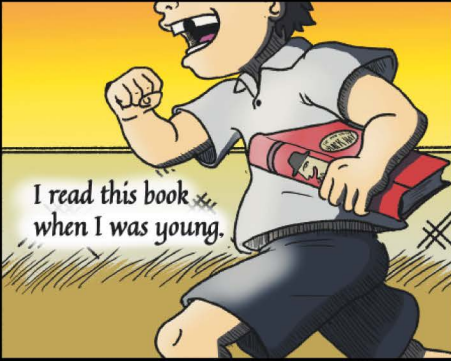
"KNOCK, KNOCK"

BY DEVIN KELSEY



"THE BOOK"

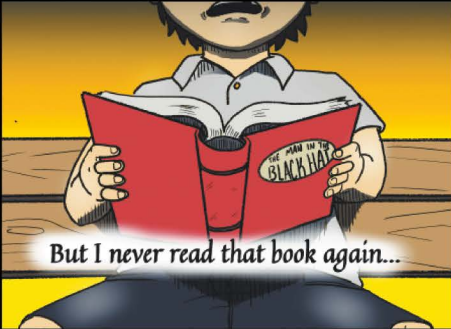
BY VINCE MILLER



I read this book when I was young.



And kept it after I was done.



But I never read that book again...



...because it tried to be my friend.

"JIMMY SNEED"

BY DEVIN KELSEY



Jimmy Sneed had been buried...

...under the stairs.



His friends were all worried...

...his folks feigned to care.



That is...
...til they too...

...were given a scare...

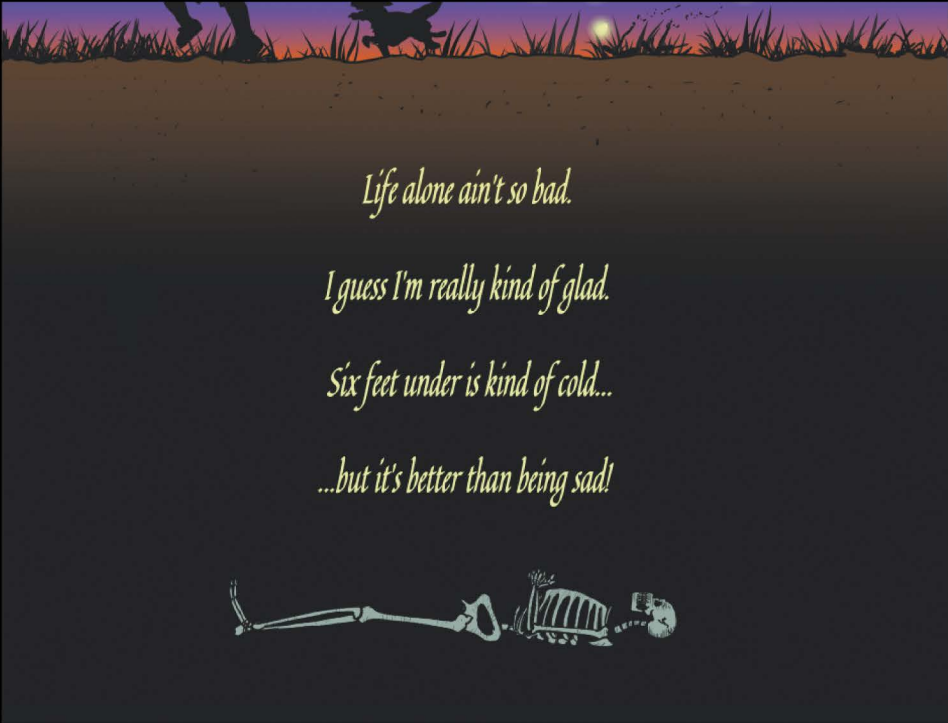


...when Jimmy Sneed's body...

...was no longer there...

"SIX FEET UNDER"

BY VINCE MILLER



Life alone ain't so bad.

I guess I'm really kind of glad.

Six feet under is kind of cold...

...but it's better than being sad!



"WINDOWPANE"

BY VINCE MILLER



I like staring out my windowpane...



...watching the people I can see.



But lately

I have grown

concerned.



Because the people are watching me.

DEVIN KELSEY'S
BURN

A SMALL JOURNEY HOME
BECOMES THE GREATEST ADVENTURE

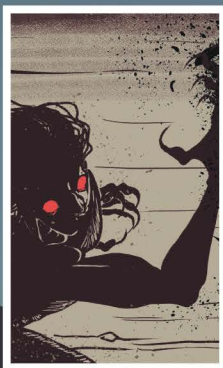


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THIS VOLUME COLLECTS:

- "THE TERRIFYING TALES OF MONSTERS & MADMEN" ISSUES #1 - #4
- THE ORIGINAL ISSUE #0, WITH ART BY THE WRITER
- THE COMPLETE "MONSTERS & MADMEN: LI'L BITES" WEBCOMIC



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