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PRESS**



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FEARLESS DAWN

IN OUTER SPACE!!!

#1

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TITLES**

**FREE
COMIC BOOK
SAMPLES
INSIDE!**



STEVE
MANNION
2012

ASYLUM PRESS COMIC BOOK SAMPLER 2013

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FARMHOUSE

BY ELIZABETH J. MUSGRAVE & SZYMON KUDRANSKI

ELEK

BY JASON PAULOS

**ZOMBIE
TERRORS**

RETROWOOD

BY MIKE VOSBURG

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**BLACK
POWDER**

BY DWAYNE HARRIS

Mike Vosburg's
**Lori
Lovecraft**

WOLF and BATSY
Bryan Baugh

UNDEAD EVIL

BY FRANK FORTE AND NENAD GUCUNJA



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

LOOK AT THE MOON!

RARFF!



A NICE NIGHT TO GET OUT THE OLD SUPER-TELESCOPE EH DOGGIE?

ARFF!



HOO-WEE! WHAT A SIGHT. IT SURE WAS NICE OF THE BOSS TO GIVE ME THIS SUPERSCOPE.



YOU CAN SEE EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF THAT BIG OL' MOON WITH IT!



...AND I HAVEN'T EVEN TRIED OUT THE MAX-LENS® ATTACHMENT YET!



WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE THE REBBLES UP THERE WITH THIS BABY.



MAYBE WE'LL SEE SOME STRANGE LIFE FORM UP THERE HUH, DOGGIE? SOME WEIRD-ASS MOON WORM OR SOMETHING!

RARFF!







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PRESS

3
(OF 6)

BLACK POWDER

Bloody Frontier Adventure



Dwayne Harris

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

SHUT
THAT BABY UP,
OR I SWEAR I'LL
STOVE ITS HEAD
IN!



YOU'LL DO NO SUCH **THING** - IT'S YOUR OWN **DAUGHTER**, FOR **MERCY'S** SAKE!

I CARE **NOT**, I DONE WARNED YOU **BEFORE**, WOMAN. A BABY **SCREAMIN'** LIKE THAT CAN GIVE AWAY OUR POSITION TO THE **ENEMY**.

AIN'T NO ENEMY ABOUT! YOU'RE JUST A **MEAN DRUNK**, ICAJAH HARPE!

I'LL **SHOW** YOU **MEAN**, THAT BABY DON'T **SHUT** UP HERE DIRECTLY!

'SIDES, NOTHING TO **DO** 'ROUND HERE BUT DRINK ANYHOW. AIN'T HAD NO **BOAT** COME DOWNSTREAM IN **DAYS**.

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

AND THE COLONEL WON'T LET US HAVE NO FUN WITH THE **PURTY REDHEAD** OVER THERE NEITHER...



YOU'RE **REPUGNANT**. I'D SOONER **KILL** MYSELF THAN LET YOU TOUCH ME.

THAT **SO**? DON'T **WORRY**, COLONEL MASON'LL LOSE HIS **FANCY** WITH YOU SOONER OR LATER. **THEN** WE'LL FIND OUT IF YOU HAVE AS MUCH **SALT** AS YOU THINK.

WAAAWAAWAAAA



WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!

CRASH

THAT'S IT! I DONE **WARNED** YOU, **WOMAN!!**



NO, PLEASE!

STOP!



THWACK



NOOOOOOOOOO!



OH GOD
OH GOD
PLEASE
NO!

NOOOOOOOOOO!

WHADJA
HAVE TO GO
AND DO THAT FER?
HELL, THEIR
CATERWAULING'S
WORSE THAN THE
BABY'S...

JUST SHUT
UP AND GENME
SOME MORE
WHISKEY.

HELL, GET
IT YERSELF,
YA SICK
BASTARD.



ICAJAH,
WATCH OUT!



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PRESS

RAT
RACE
COMICS

#9

EEKK!



WEIRD
TALES OF
SUSPENSE!

ZOMBIE CHEF

THE FEVER STARTED TO RAGE AGAIN ... GREAT HOT WAVES OF PAIN ALMOST HALTING ME IN MY TRACKS.

NO CHANCE OF A CURE IN THIS HELL HOLE. JUST HAVE TO PUT ONE FOOT IN FRONT OF ANOTHER.

AND HOPE AGAINST ALL HOPE FOR A MIRACLE!

GOOD LORD. IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS, OR IS IT A MIRAGE??!! IT LOOKS LIKE ...
FOOD!

STUPID! STUPID! STUPID! IF I WASN'T SO SICK I'D BE THINKING STRAIGHT!

CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING BUT ...
FOOD!



GUTS ARE CHURNING.
COULD I EVEN DIGEST
FOOD ANYMORE?

FOOD!
GASP!

I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER MY
LAST MORSEL ... BUT EVEN
MY MEMORY IS GETTING
AFFECTED BY THE SICKNESS

GRRRRAHH!!

OF COURSE IT WAS A TRAP.
SCHOOLBOY ERROR ...
SHOULD NEVER BREAK COVER
BEFORE DOING A PROPER
RECCE FIRST.

ZOMBIES!
NO!

STUPID!
STUPID!
STUPID!

**RRAR!
RRRAHH
GGRRR!**

NEVER THOUGHT IT
WOULD END LIKE THIS.
HUMAN SACRIFICE TO
A BUNCH OF
NECROAMBULISTS.



HRMMHHH!
MWARRAWRGH!
AGKKKHH!

REAL CHARMING
BUNCH. PRETTY
WELL FED BY
THE LOOKS OF
THEM.

THEY WERE WELL
ORGANIZED AND
HAD OBVIOUSLY
FORMED SOME
KIND OF CRUDE
HIERARCHY. THEY
EVEN HAD A KIND
OF HOME BASE
SET UP.

IT WAS INSIDE AN OLD
BUILDING THAT USED TO
BE A BACKPACKER
HOSTEL ... BEFORE IT
ALL TURNED TO SHIT.

LOOK BROTHERS!
FRESH MEAT! LOOK
ALIVE EVERYONE,
WE'RE STILL HUMAN
BEINGS, RIGHT?

LET'S INTRODUCE
OURSELVES
SHALL WE?



THE FEVER SUBSIDED AND I
STARTED TO FEEL OK AGAIN.
LUCKY I DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE A
BAD IMPRESSION IN FRONT OF MY
NEW CELL MATES.

HAVEN'T
SEEM
ANOTHER
HUMAN IN A
LONG TIME.
I'M PAUL
ABBOT.

WELCOME. I'M
ABEL, THE
LEADER OF
THIS MOTLEY
BUT UNBOWED
CONTINGENT OF
HUMANITY!

WE'RE WAITING
OUR FATE. OUR
CAPTORS HAVE
SOMETHING
SPECIAL IN MIND
FOR US.

YOU'D BEST GET
SOME SLEEP. FRESH
HORRORS AWAIT US
IN THE MORNING.



HOURS LATER ...

BOOM B

HRMMMMHHH!!!
RARRRGGGHHHH!!!
GACCK-
KKK!!!

ALRIGHT!
ALRIGHT!
I'M
MOVING!

BOOM BOOM ROO!

YEARRGHHHH!!
MMMFFF!!!
ROOWWRR!!!

PREPARE YOUR-
SELF FRIEND PAUL.
OUR HUMANITY WILL
BE SORELY
TESTED THIS DAY!

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

YOU'RE ABOUT TO
MEET THE ONE AND
ONLY
ZOMBIE
KING!

GAHH!
WHAT IS IT?
IS IT ALIVE?

MY FEVERS KICKED IN AGAIN
WITH A VENGEANCE. MY
HEADACHE POUNDED IN TIME
WITH THE DRUM THAT
THUMPED INCESSANTLY IN
THE BACKGROUND ...

ALIVE, YES ... AFTER A
FASHION, THEY WORSHIP
THAT OBSCENE BAG OF
BONES LIKE A DIETY.

GOOD LORD,
ARE WE TO BE
SACRIFICED ON
AN ALTAR OR
SOMETHING?

NOT QUITE THAT BRUTAL.
A LITTLE MORE CREATIVE
THAN THAT. THE ZOMBIE
KING IS A FUSSY EATER.

IT WAS AS IF THE
SIGHT OF THE ZOMBIE
KING BROUGHT MY
ILLNESS BACK
TENFOLD ...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

I NEEDED TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS BEFORE MY ILLNESS ROBBED ME OF ANY CHANCE OF ESCAPE ...

OH GREAT AND MERCIFUL ZOMBIE KING, I PRESENT THESE DICHES AS A TRIBUTE TO YOUR, ER ... GREATNESS!

GACKKK!!!
RARRGGGHHH!
GROWWWLLFF!!
KKKWWGG!!KK!!

PUT CRUDELY,
IT'S A
COOKING
COMPETITION
JUDGED BY
ZOMBIES.

YOU CAN'T
BE
SERIOUS!
WHAT
HAPPENS
TO THE
LOSER?

NOOOO!!

BLEURGH!

THAT'S THUMBS DOWN I'M AFRAID. THE LOSER BECOMES LUNCH ...

FOR A RAVENOUS HORDE OF HUNGRY SLACKJAWS!

PLEASE, WAIT! TRY THE DIPPING SAUCE! AARRGGGHHH!!!

CHOMP!

RRIIP!

NOOO!

AARGH!

TEAR!

REND!



FARMHOUSE⁴



ELIZABETH J. MUSGRAVE SZYMON KUDRANSKI



OH. CARL SAID YOU WOULDN'T BE HOME.

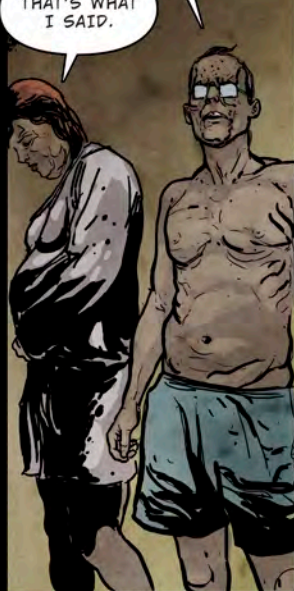
CARL!

GET LOST IN THIS BIG KITCHEN?

THAT'S WHAT I SAID.

SAM, THIS IS BEA.

BEA...SAM.



I SAW YOU AT THE FUNERAL. I'M REAL SORRY ABOUT YOUR MOTHER.

YEAH-- SO DOES THIS MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY NEW MOMMY?

WELL-- UH--I?

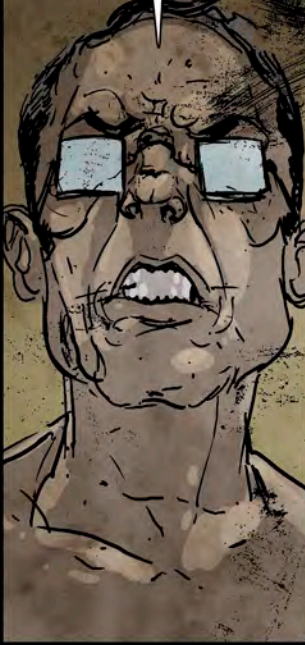
DON'T ANSWER HIM!

HE THINKS HE'S BEING CUTE.

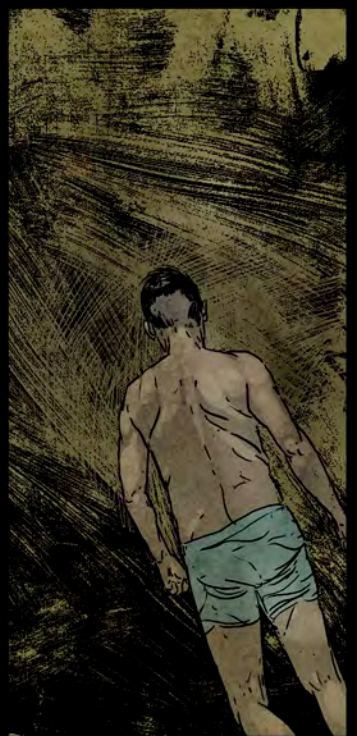
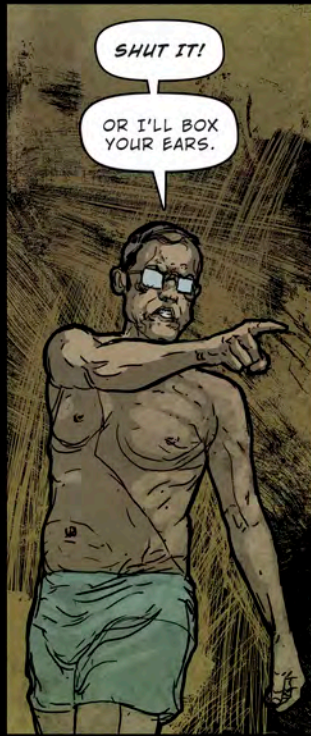
I SHOULD PROBABLY GO.

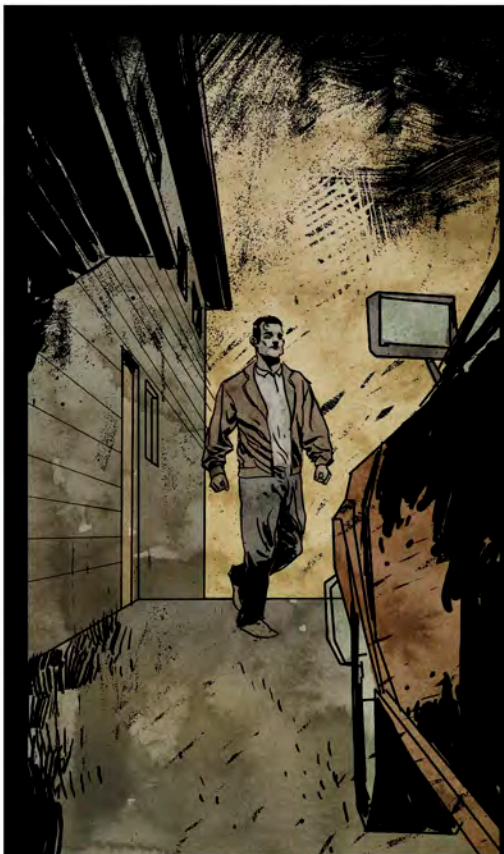
YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION.

SHE DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION.



I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER, CARL.





FARMHOUSE, LATER...





THE CONTOURING, THE SHADING. BRASH.

OFF-PUTTING-- AT FIRST.



YOU'RE GOING FOR SHOCK VALUE.

SHOCK FORCES THE VIEWER TO REORGANIZE HIS CUSTOMARY HABITS OF PERCEPTION IN THE ACT OF EXPERIENCING THE WORK.

QUITE IMPRESSIVE.

YOU'RE THE DOC.



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE IN THE UPCOMING GROUP SHOW? ONLY A SELECT FEW ARE INVOLVED.

GOLLY, GEE. LITTLE OLE ME? I FEEL SO SPECIAL.



IT WASN'T MEAN TO PATRONIZE.

THANKS. BUT NO THANKS.



WE HAVE SOME FINE PAINTERS HERE, AND WE'RE TAKEN VERY SERIOUSLY IN THE ART COMMUNITY. THIS CAN BE YOUR INTRODUCTION TO THAT WORLD. I GUARANTEE, A PIECE LIKE THIS CAN GO FOR THOUSANDS.



THOUSANDS? REALLY.



I THINK YOU MISUNDERSTOOD.

I DON'T THINK I MISUNDERSTOOD AT ALL. YOU FORGET, DOC. I MAY BE CRAZY, BUT I'M NOT STUPID. I'M ONTO YOU AND YOUR CAPITALISTIC, LAISSEZ-FAIRE OLIGARCHY.

AND IT MAKES ME SICK!

ASYLUM
PRESS
#1
ONE SHOT

Mike Vosburg's
Lori Lovecraft



VOZ/OTT

the **BIG**
COMEBACK

LORI LOVECRAFT, A B-MOVIE ACTRESS WITH A BODY TO DIE FOR, DISCOVERED A FABLED BOOK OF OCCULT SPELLS CALLED THE NECRONOMICON.

SINCE THEN LIFE HASN'T BEEN THE SAME.

WHILE IN ENGLAND PURSUING HER OCCULT STUDIES, LORI TAKES A BREAK TO ACT IN A CEDRIC ROCKWICH FILM AND IS NEARLY KILLED BY HIS DERANGED WIFE.

BUT REALIZING HER TRUE LOVE IS ACTING, LORI RETURNS TO THE LAND OF TINSEL AND HYPE. SHE'S READY TO TAKE A SHOT AT...



The

Big Comeback

Name's Bowman...the man who pours my drinks calls me R.C. In case you haven't clued in yet, I'm a shamus...a gumshoe...a private snoop.

I meet a lot of dames in my line of work but she was something special. She had a way of getting under your skin like a slug from a .45.

Had my own agency for a while...but playing nursemaid to a bunch of trust fund babies whacked up on giggle powder was never my idea of a day at Coney Island...

So when an old pal asked me to check out the security operation at Empire Movie Studios I was ready to listen. He said this nine-to-fiver had long-term potential...

So anyway, this is where the dame comes in.





SO YOU WON'T BE IN CEDRIC ROCKWICH'S LATEST MOVIE?

NO...I WAS CUT OUT. BUT MOVIES WEREN'T REALLY MY FOCUS THE LAST TWO YEARS.



I SPENT MOST OF MY TIME TRAVELLING.

THIS IS THE XIANG CHI WHERE I STUDIED THE ART OF HERBAL MEDICINE.



AND NEPAL... THESE PRIESTS WERE MY HOSTS AT THE MONASTERY.



I HEARD CEDRIC ROCKWICH SPENT HIS HONEYMOON THERE...

HE'S BEEN MARRIED SO MANY TIMES IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS...

HE'S STILL GOT RICE MARKS ON HIS FACE.

HAHAHAHAHAHA



FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, I THINK THE OCCULT IS ONE OF OUR GREATEST UNTAPPED RESOURCES.



WE COULD LEARN A LOT IF WE OPENED OUR MINDS TO WHAT'S OUT THERE.

YOU'VE MADE A BELIEVER OUT OF ME...

NOW LET'S GO BACK TO MY PLACE SO I CAN TRY OUT A FEW SPELLS ON YOU!

OUR NEXT GUEST IS EDITOR OF "UNDERGROUND HOLLYWOOD"

THE MAGAZINE NO BATHROOM SHOULD BE WITHOUT...

...RALPH WALDO!

CLAP!CLAP!CLAP!

She was only nineteen when I first set eyes on those gams... then I saw what they were connected to and I hit the mat like a punch drunk fighter.

The years had been good to her...like she needed the help.



...AND YOUR FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD STORY?

"DAME IN DANGER"! THE GREAT DIRECTOR DEREK VANVON DISAPPEARED...

...THE FILM WAS NEVER RECOVERED.

Sure I had it good.. a cushy job...a classy apartment...

...but seeing her again after all those years nailed me like a left hook to the heart.

I thought about all the laughs...all the good times...but most of all, I thought of how I let her slip away.



BY CTHULU'S SCALY SIDE... IT'S HER!!

SHE HAS RETURNED FROM EXILE AT LAST...

THE TALENTED GODDESS FROM "SLAVE SEEKERS OF SARNATH"...A SCREEN MASTERPIECE!

LORI...YOU WERE THERE. WHAT REALLY HAPPENED ON THAT FILM?



UH...

MY PLAN CAN NOW GO FORWARD!



Roberts Productions

I WAS COUNTING ON THAT APPEARANCE TO GET SOME WORK!

DID YOU BELIEVE THAT ASSHOLE?!

DON'T SWEAT IT, DOLL...

NOBODY LISTENED TO THAT FREAK WALDO...

...THEY WERE TOO BUSY CHECKING OUT YOUR SEXY OUTFIT.

GIGGLE!

DON'T MOVE... I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

NADA...BUT I'LL MAKE A FEW CALLS...

BEEP!

MY OTHER LINE...HANG ON...

TCHKT

TOO BAD THEY CAN'T SEE WHAT I HAVE ON NOW...

PERVERT! HEY, ANY LEADS FROM THE SHOW?

HELLO...?

BONJOUR, MY LITTLE DUMPLING!

I'M CALLING ABOUT THE LOST VANVON FILM...

WALDO!

GET LOST, CREEP!!

TCHKT

HEY, ALLEN... IT WAS THE SLEAZOID FROM THE SHOW.

DRAG...HOW'D HE GET YOUR NUMBER?

BEEEP!

SHIT! HANG ON...

ASYLUM
PRESS
No.4

ZOMBIE TERRORS





WHEN WE DISAPPEAR

Written & Illustrated by Aaron Rintoul



IT WAS THE END OF THE WORLD. THE END OF HUMANITY.



HERE THEY COME AMY!



THE VIRUS HAD SPREAD GLOBALLY. SAM AND I HADN'T SEEN ANOTHER LIVING PERSON IN A LONG TIME.

THE BOMBINGS REDUCED OUR CITIES TO RUINS.





WE WONT
LAST LONG
OUT HERE IN
THE OPEN.

BUT AT LEAST WE HAD
EACH OTHER.

I HAVE A FEW
ROUNDS LEFT.
GET BACK TO
THE HOUSE!



THE PROBLEM WAS
THE ROTTERS KNEW
WHERE WE HAD BEEN
LIVING FOR AWHILE



I'M NOT
LEAVING
YOU OUT
HERE.







DAMN IT,
THEY JUST
KEEP
COMING.



THIS ISN'T
GOING TO
HOLD THEM
ALL OFF.

THE ROTTERS WERE
SOFT AND EASY TO
TAKE APART WITH
SIMPLE MAKESHIFT
WEAPONS.



WE ARE
ALMOST
THERE.

ASYLUM
PRESS
No. 1
ONE SHOT

RETROWOOD



GYPSY TWINS

THERE WERE TWO OF US WORKING SECURITY FOR MRS. VON TEAGLE'S UPSCALE PREVIEW TO PROMOTE THE OPENING OF HER SON AUSTIN'S UPCOMING ART SHOW.

I'M THE HANDSOME ONE. J. PARKER WRIGHT OF THE KINCHAY DETECTIVE AGENCY.

THE OTHER IS HANLER- A MOONLIGHTING POLICE SERGEANT. IT WASN'T A DANGEROUS CROWD- I THINK WE MADE HER SON'S WORK SEEM MORE VALUABLE THAN IT WAS.

MRS. VON TEAGLE WAS A CHARMING HOSTESS AND SHE HAD GUESTS LIKE JACKSON MONAHAN...

...A FORMER ACTOR I'D SEEN IN A LOT OF SPOOKY MOVIES AS A KID.

BUT THERE WASN'T MUCH ART. AND THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D SEEN AUSTIN.

MRS. VON TEAGLE!!!

MR. WRIGHT, QUICKLY!!

BETWEEN THE MAID AND MRS. VON TEAGLE, I DOUBTED IT WAS A PROBLEM WITH THE SOUFFLE.

THE GIRL'S BODY WAS ON THE TOP FLOOR IN AN ANCILLARY ROOM NEAR AUSTIN VON TEAGLE'S STUDIO.

THE HYPO IN THE SCATTERED CONTENTS OF HER PURSE EXPLAINED HOW SHE PROBABLY DIED.


SHE'S A WOMAN WHO MODELLED FOR MY SON. SARANDA I BELIEVE IS HER NAME.

SHE'S STILL WARM...SHE HASN'T BEEN DEAD LONG. HMMMMMM..

BUT SOMETHING WAS WRONG. ALL THE MORE SO WHEN HANLER OFFICIALLY TOOK OVER AND CALLED IT IN TO HEADQUARTERS. I CALLED KINCHAY.

OH...DID I MENTION THE CAT....






A DOZEN PEOPLE MUST
HAVE WANDERED IN AND
OUT, BUT THE CAT
IGNORED THEM ALL...

...EXCEPT THE
DEAD WOMAN.



I WISH HANLER
HAD PAID AS MUCH
ATTENTION.

GET
OUDA
HERE!




THIS VERMIN
IS CONTAMINATING
THE CRIME SCENE.

IT'S A
STRAY...DID IT
COME IN THROUGH
THE WINDOW?

I GAVE A QUICK REPORT TO MY BOSS, V.C. KINCHAY.
HANLER TALKED BRIEFLY TO THE VON TEAGLES.

FOR HANLEY THE CASE WAS
OPEN AND SHUT. HE'S THE TYPE
WHO ALWAYS HAS MORE
ANSWERS THAN QUESTIONS



NO NEED FOR
YOU FOLKS TO HANG
AROUND. CLEAR CASE OF A
DRUG OVERDOSE...SORRY
THE GIRL CHOSE
YOUR PLACE.

THE VON TEAGLES WERE JUST UPSET ABOUT THEIR
PARTY BEING RUINED, BUT MONAHAN SEEMED
DEVASTATED BY THE GIRL'S DEATH.



ALLRIGHT,
BOYS, GET THIS
MESS CLEANED UP AND
LET'S GET OUTTA
HERE.



THREE MONTHS LATER.

RETROWOOD



I GREW UP IN A SHANTY TOWN ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THAT SIGN, WHERE ESCAPE FROM THE CONSTANT POVERTY AROUND ME WAS MY SINGLE GOAL.

NOW I WORK FOR THE TOP INVESTIGATIVE AGENCY IN THE CITY. I LIVE UPTOWN, DRIVE A NICE CAR, WEAR GREAT SUITS, AND I DRINK THE BEST BOOZE AT THE BEST UPTOWN JOINTS.

BUT SOMETIMES EVEN V.C.'S TWENTY-ONE SINGLE MALT CAN'T WASH THE TASTE OF RETROWOOD'S TWO-TIERED JUSTICE SYSTEM OUT OF MY MOUTH.

SOME WHILE TIME HAD PASSED, SOME NIGHTS THE FACE OF THE GYPSY GIRL SARANDA STILL HAUNTED ME.

HER FACE...AND A CAT I KEPT SEEING OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE.

WOLF and BATSY

CRYPT
LOGIC
COMICS

#2



Bryan Baugh

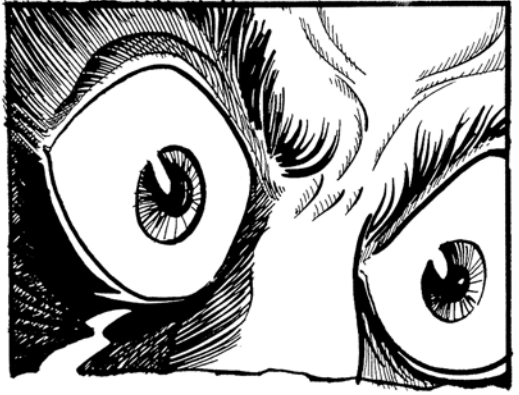
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DON'T LET HIM SCARE YOU, BOYS. WE GOTTA HURRY NOW. GOTTA PUT HIM DOWN BEFORE HE COMPLETES HIS TRANSFORMATION! CIRCLE HIM! GET 'ROUND BEHIND HIM!



YOU HEAR THAT, WEREWOLF?
WE GOT YA COVERED
ON ALL SIDES!



YOU'RE SURROUNDED!



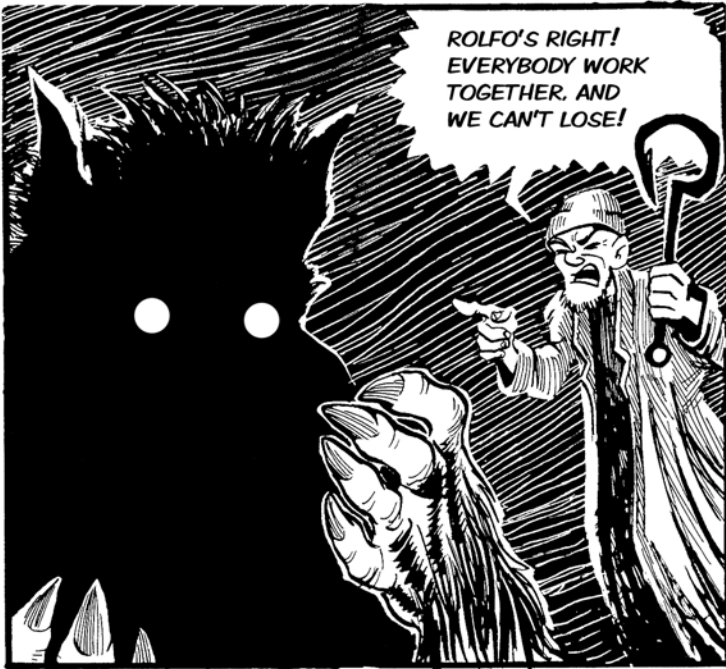
PLEASE... RETURN TO YOUR HOMES...
RIGHT NOW.

OR YOU WILL ALL DIE
IN THESE WOODS.

TONIGHT.



STEADY, BOYS.
WE GOT HIM
OUTNUMBERED.



ROLFO'S RIGHT!
EVERYBODY WORK
TOGETHER, AND
WE CAN'T LOSE!



UHH...

FELLAS?



HOW COME HE JUST GOT ALL
QUIET ALL THE SUDDEN?

HOWWWL!



YA DURN FOOLS! YER SO BUSY
YAKIN' YA GAVE 'IM TIME TO
COMPLETE HIS TRANSFORMATION!
STRIKE NOW, BOYS! STRIKE NOW!



ASYLUM
PRESS

UNDEAD

EVIL

TM

"Gucunja's insane artwork ignites the pages..."
--Robert S. Rhine
(Girls and Gorpse)

"A Lovecraft inspired tale of madness."
--Mike Bliss
(From Beyond)

written by FRANK FORTE art by NENAD GUCUNJA cover by BEN OLSON

A TALE OF VODOO TERROR!

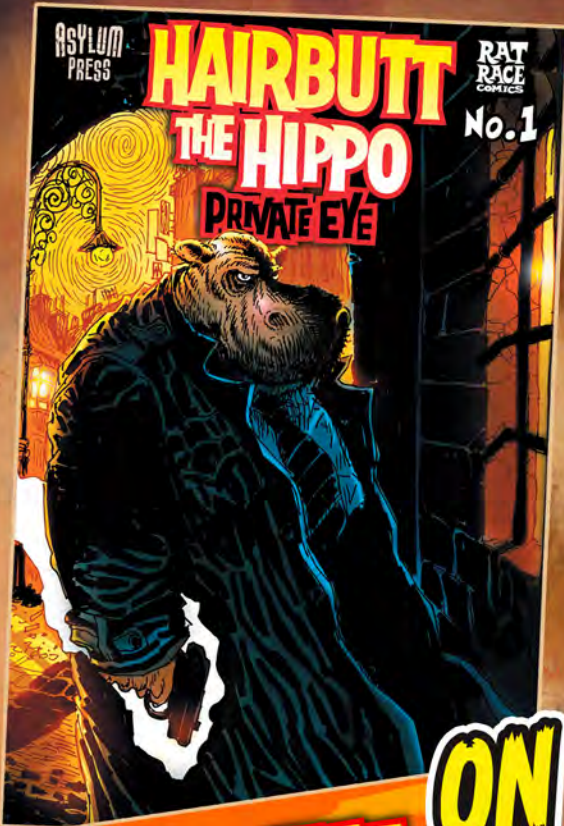
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ON SALE NOW!



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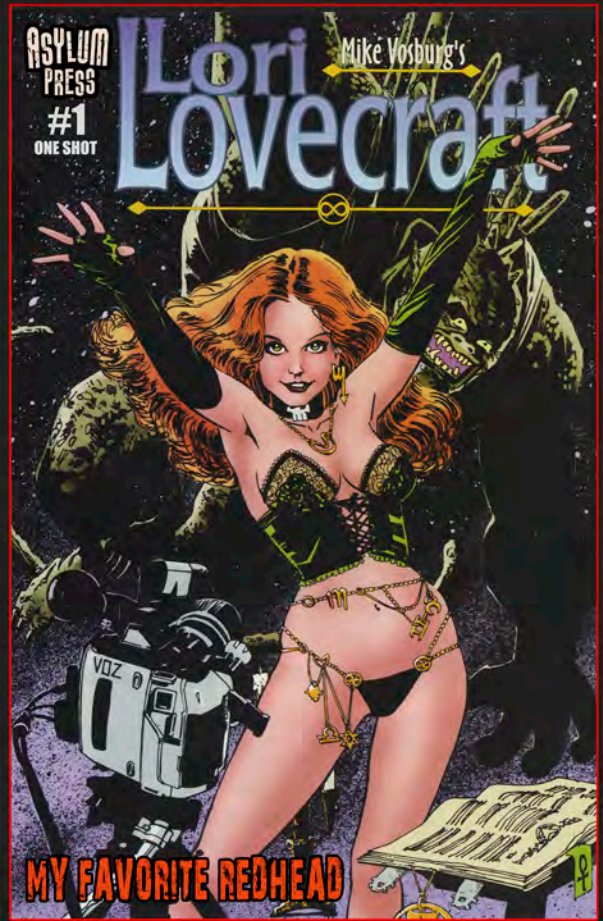
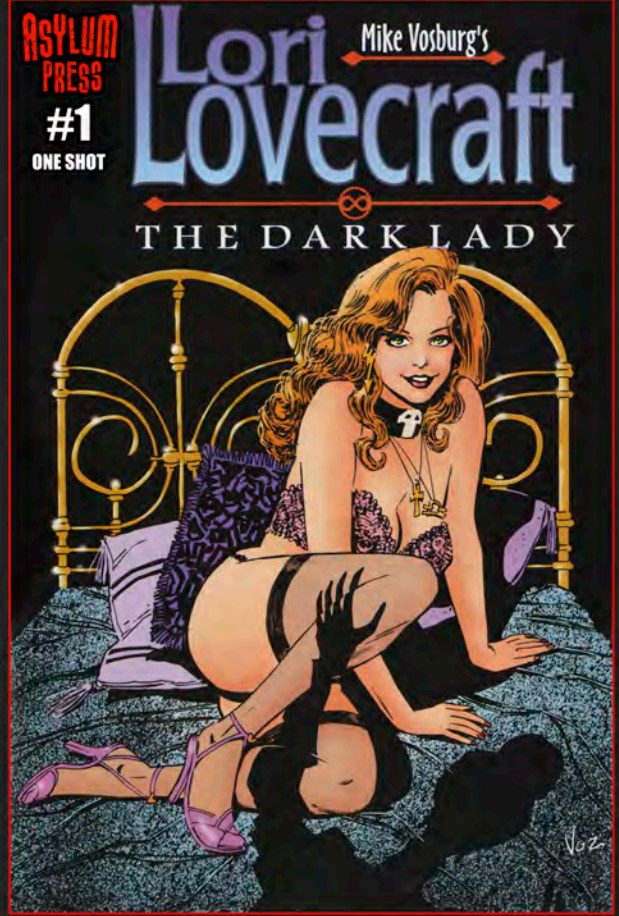
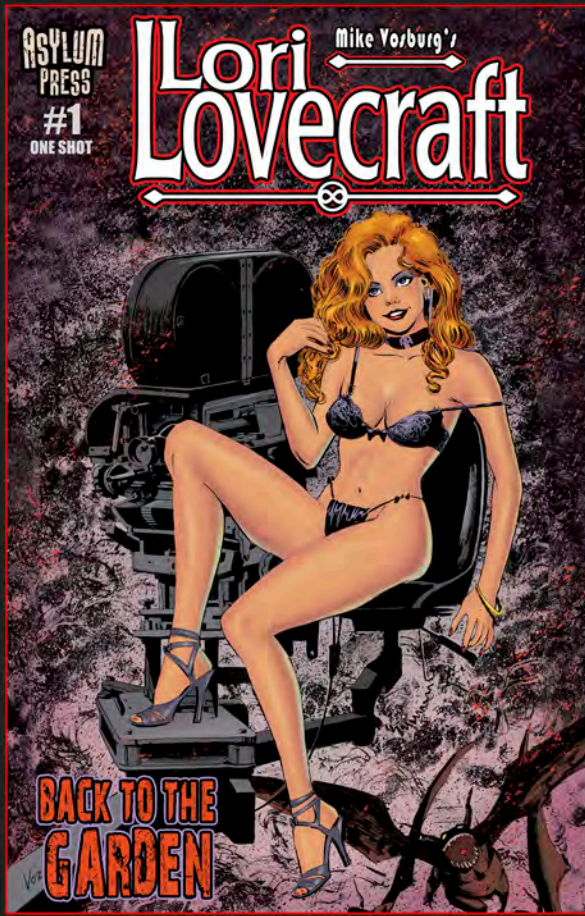


HORROR IS HERE!

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MOON ROCKS!**

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