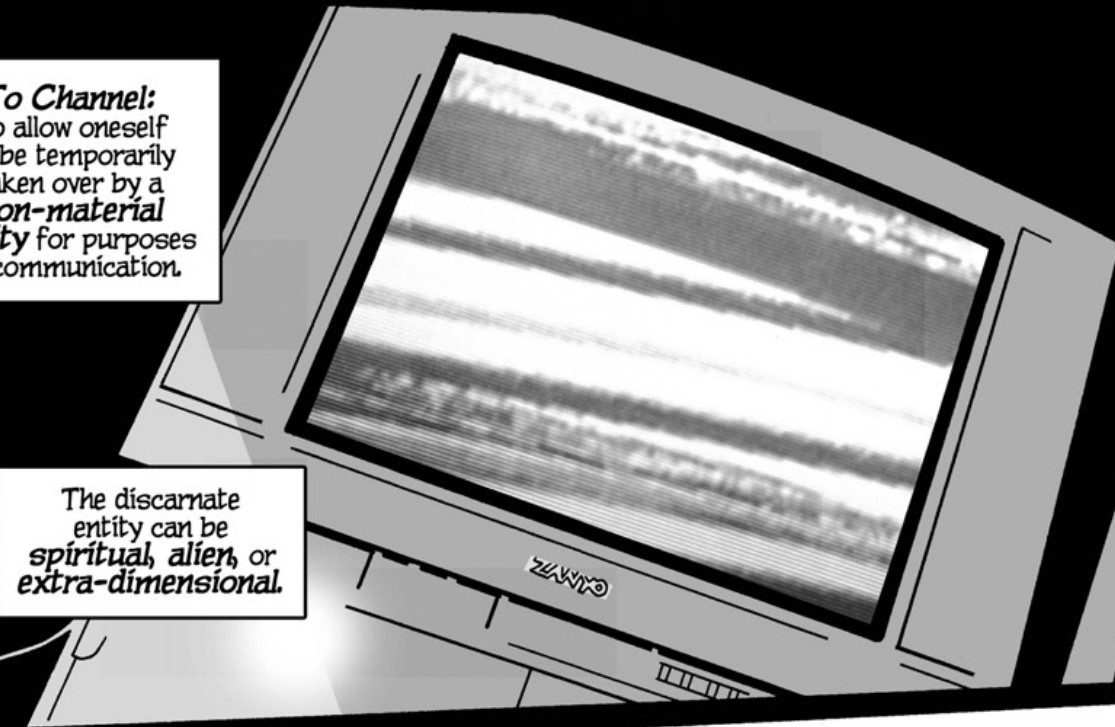


Chapter 1: Don't Touch That Dial!

To Channel:
To allow oneself
to be temporarily
taken over by a
non-material
entity for purposes
of communication.

The discarnate
entity can be
spiritual, alien, or
extra-dimensional.



WARNING!
As well as **beneficent**
entities, it is possible
to channel **malevolent**
creatures.

Caution is strongly
advised at all times.



BLACKPOOL.

NEXT SUMMER...

GOOD EVENING,
VIEWERS, AND WELCOME
TO BLACKPOOL'S VERY OWN
JEZ MANSON SHOW.

TONIGHT I'M
INTERVIEWING HOT SOAP
STAR AND BEAUTEOLUS BABE
DANNI LOREBURN.

HI,
DANNI...

AND IF YOU
DON'T MIND ME
SAYING, I'D BE
HAPPY TO SOAP
YOU MYSELF. YOU
LOOK TOTALLY
FANTABULOUS!

YOU'RE BECOMING A
BIG STAR, DANNI. WHAT'S NEXT?
HOLLYWOOD? A-LIST MOVIES?

I HOPE
SO, JEZ.
MY
AGENT
SAYS-

EXCUSE
ME BUTTING IN,
DOLL, BUT I HAVE
A QUESTION...

A LITTLE
BIRDIE TELLS
ME YOU HAVE A
SEVERE PROBLEM
WITH NERVOUS
FLATULENCE?

WH-WH-WHAT..?

C'M'ON,
DOLL.

YOU
KNOW
WHAT I
MEAN.

YOU'RE A
FARTER!







WHAT D'YOU RECKON,
LIAN? GOOD SHOW?

I'M SURE YOUR
AUDIENCE LIKED
IT. BUT WHAT YOU
DID TO THAT POOR
DANNI GIRL WAS
REALLY *CRUEL*!

HONESTLY,
I SOMETIMES
WONDER WHAT
I SEE IN YOU.

I MEAN, WHAT'S THE
POINT OF BECOMING
FAMOUS IF YOU
HAVE TO *HUMILIATE*
AND *HURT* OTHER
PEOPLE TO DO IT?



HEY, THAT'S
THE WAY OF THE
WORLD, BABE.

DON'T BLAME ME.
I JUST HOLD UP
A *MIRROR*.

SO, WHERE WE
GOING TONIGHT?
CHINESE MEAL AND
THEN A CLUB..?



MAYBE LATER. THERE'S A
SHOW I WANT TO SEE.

CHANNELLING? SOME
HOAXER CLAIMING TO BE IN
TOUCH WITH AN EGYPTIAN GOD?
LOAD OF OLD *BOLLOCKS*!

**TONIGHT ONLY
AT CENTRAL PIER**



YOU ASKED WHAT I
WANTED TO DO. NOW COME
ON - OR YOU'LL BE SLEEPING
ALONE TONIGHT!

**TONIGHT!
CENTRAL PIER!**
Conni Verona will
channel the ancient
entity *HORAM*
"Not to be missed"
- B'Pool Gazette
"Incredible!"
- Daily Mirror

#2 of four
\$2.99

Alan Grant & Shane Oakley

CHANNEL EVIL



RENEGADE
ARTS ENTERTAINMENT



SORRY, DOLL. IT'S THIS FRONT-PAGE NEWS STORY... I COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT.

3 BURNED TO
DEATH IN STAG
NIGHT HORROR!

Ugh!
HORRIBLE!

BUT
THESE
THINGS
HAPPEN.

THERE'S
A LOT
OF SICK
PEOPLE
IN THIS
WORLD.

LET ME TAKE YOUR
MIND OFF THINGS...
IN THE BEST WAY
I KNOW...

Ugh,
I'M NOT
IN THE
MOOD,
LIAN...

WHAT?

YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU
WANT TO THINK ABOUT REAL
DEATH - RATHER THAN LOSE
YOURSELF IN THE LITTLE
DEATH OF ORGASM?

HAS JEZ MANSON
BEEN ABDUCTED
BY ALIENS AND
REPLACED BY A
ROBOT?

NO - I
- JUST...

Sssssk!

THIS IS
WHERE YOU
GET TO TASTE
THE PEACH
OF THE
DAY!

RIPE...
AND
VERY, VERY
FRUITY!



THIS YOUR FIRST
BURNED BODY,
RIGHT, TATE?

ENJOY!



Oh. THAT'S
GROSS.

I THINK I'M
GOING TO...



Bwuuuuuh!

YEAH - IT
GETS US ALL
LIKE THAT.

AT FIRST.



I - I'M SORRY.
L... IT WAS...

HEY, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT IT.

HUMAN NATURE
BEING WHAT IT IS - A
FOETID **SWAMP** OF
SHIT, BASICALLY - THAT'S
THE **LEAST** OF WHAT A
MORQUE ATTENDANT
HAS TO CLEAN UP!

YOU'LL GET **USED** TO IT.
AFTER **TWENTY YEARS** OR SO.

MEANTIME, WE GOTTA
"PULL OUT ALL THE STOPS TO
CATCH THE BRUTAL AND DERANGED
MURDERER" - OR MY REPUTATION'S
SHIT WITH THE **TABLOIDS**!

THREE DRUNKEN YOUTHS ON
A STAG NIGHT. ONE **MANIAC**
WITH A CAN OF **PETROL** AND
A BOOK OF **MATCHES**.

WHY?
WHY WOULD
ANYBODY **DO**
SUCH A THING?

IF WE KNEW
THE **MOTIVE**,
TATE, WE'D
KNOW THE
KILLER



WE RECOVERED THE JERRY CAN -
FORENSIC ARE GOING OVER IT NOW.

RIGHT.
LET'S MOVE.



WHERE?

A STROLL IN THE
PARK. THERE WAS
ONE **EYEWITNESS**.
SOME **WINO** WHO
LIVES UNDER A
BUSH.

LET'S HOPE
HE'S SOBERED
UP FOR US!

THANKS, JAMESY.
YOU'RE GOING TO
NEED A **BUCKET** AND
MOP, THOUGH...

DETECTIVE TATE'S
KINDLY LEFT YOU
HER **BREAKFAST**!

*I hear the thunder
of a hundred hooves.*



*I'm terrified. I look desperately
around, but there's nothing...*



Except...



*I run for
my life.*





A spear
pierces my
back.

A sword
slices my
head.

I go down screaming
under those awful,
flailing hooves...

Then there's a
voice, calling to me,
a serrated whisper
like broken nails
on fresh silk...

HUMAN
WORM.

FLESHY
SCUM.

BOW
BEFORE
YOUR
DARK
MASTER.



YOU ARE
MY VESSEL.
MY ENTRY TO
THE WORLD.

NO.

AFTER THREE THOUSAND YEARS,
BA'AL STALKS THE EARTH AGAIN.

THROUGH
YOU.

NO!
NO, I WON'T
LISTEN..!

I AM
A GOD.

YOU CANNOT
REFUSE ME.

NO!