TALES OF TERROR
HORROR ANTHOLOGY

$10

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CONFIRMED, DOCUMENTED HISTORICAL FACTS THAT MAY
CAUSE THE AUDIENCES TO FEEL SENSATIONS OF RAGE,
A DESIRE TO AVENGE, SORROW, FATIGUE, NAUSIA,
AND IN SOME RARE INSTANCES, VIGILANTISM!
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OPPOSITE
BEWARE...
TAKE...
CARE...

Thank you for picking up this first edition of Tales of Terror! This is our first comic, ever! I hope you enjoy it as much as we enjoyed making it! Special thanks to all of our friends and families for their love and support in making this possible!
We live in a world ruled by evil. The same people who build the weapons start the wars and sell to both sides. They run Wall Street, the Government, the religions, the press... if you start a group your group to gather intel. I've seen this your group to gather intel. We have gazed before. We know who they are. We have gazed before. We know who they are. We have gazed before. We know what they have done.

The story you are about to read is based on the non-fiction book, 'The Franklin Cover-Up: Child Abuse, Satanism, and Murder in Nebraska' by John D. DeCamp and the never-released, forcefully halted Discovery Channel documentary 'Conspiracy of Silence'. We encourage you to read this book as well as watch the film and research the claims made in this publication. You can get a free copy of the ebook, film, hours of interviews, television broadcasts, & more at sacredowls.com/silence

In a time before Sacred Owls...

'It’s a web of intrigue that starts in our holy-of-holies: Boy’s Town, Nebraska, one of the most respected institutions in the United States and spreads out like a spider web to Washington D.C., right up to the steps of the Nation’s Capital, the steps of the White House. Involves some of the most respected & powerful, & richest business men of this United States of America... and the center piece of the entire web is the use of children for sex, and drug dealing, and drug couriers... the compromising of politicians... the compromising of business men, but worst of all the corruption of key institutions of government that have the duty and responsibility to make sure these things never happen.'

-John DeCamp
former Republican member of the Nebraska Legislature
Author of the book The Franklin Cover-up
(transcribed from Conspiracy of Silence)
Chapter One

FEAR & LOATHING IN SACRAMENTO

The sworn testimony of Paul Bonacci

A victim of Larry King and Boys Town, Nebraska’s Franklin Scandal, Bonacci has often said that he wants the full story of his abuse to be public. “Somebody has to tell the story,” he wrote in the introduction to this document, “And it might as well be me.” Gruesome as it is, word-for-word, this is the sworn testimony of Paul Bonacci (contains graphic content):

I went in January of ’84 on every trip. I was paid by men King knew for sex. In the summer of ’84 sometime I went to Dallas Texas and had sex with several men King knew in a hotel. I flew on YNR Airlines and KAM Airlines normally for King. I never had much personally to do with King, only went where he told me to go.

In or on July 25th I went to Sacramento, Ca. King flew me out on a private plane from Eppley Airfield (in Omaha) to Denver where we picked up Nicholas, a boy who was about 12 or 13. Then we flew to Las Vegas to a desert strip and drove in to Las Vegas and to some ranch and got something. Then flew on to Sacramento.

We were picked up by a white limo and taken to a hotel. I don’t remember the name of it. We meaning Nicholas and I were driven to a area that had big trees. It took about an hour to get there. There was a cage with a boy in it who was not wearing anything. Nicholas and I were given these Tarzan things to put around us and stuff.
They told me to fuck the boy and stuff. At first I said no and they held a gun to my balls and said do it or else lose them or something like that. I began doing it to the boy and stuff. And Nicholas had anal sex and stuff with him. We were told to suck him and stuff and beat on him. I didn’t try to hurt him. We were told to put our dicks in his mouth and stuff and sit on the boys penis and stuff and they filmed it.

**IT'S A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE. IT COMES FOR YOU IN THE NIGHT. IT PRAYS ON YOUR INNOCENCE, BRINGS DARKNESS OVER LIGHT...**

We did this stuff to the boy for about 30 minutes or an hour when a man came in and kicked us and stuff in the balls and picked us up and threw us. He grabbed the boy and started fucking him and stuff. The man was about 10 inches long and the boy screamed and stuff and the man was forcing his dick into the boy all the way. The boy was bleeding from his rectum and the man tossed him and me and stuff and put the boy right next to me and grabbed a gun and blew the boys head off.

**NO ONE WILL BELIEVE YOU IF YOU TELL WELCOME TO THE GATES OF HELL**

The boy’s blood was all over me and I started yelling and crying. The man grabbed Nicholas and I and forced us to lie down. They put the boy on top of Nicholas who was crying and they were putting Nicholas hands on the boys ass. They put the boy on top of me and did the same thing. They then forced me to fuck the dead boy up his ass and also Nicholas they put a gun to our heads to make us do it. His blood was all over us. They made us kiss the boys lips and to eat him out. Then they made me do something I don’t want to even write so I won’t.
After that the men grabbed Nicholas and drug him off screaming they put me up against a tree and pug a gun to my head but fired into the air. I heard another shot from somewhere. I then saw the man who killed the boy drag him like a toy. Everything including when the men put the boy in a trunk was filmed. They took me there and we went up in a plane. I saw the bag the boy was in. We went over a very thick brush area with a clearing in it. Over the clearing they dropped the boy. One said the men with the hoods would take care of the body for them.

I didn’t see Nicholas until that night at the hotel. He and I hugged and held each other for a long while. About two hours later the men or Larry King came in and told us to go take a shower since we had only been hosed off at some guys house. We took a shower together and then were told to put on the Terran things. After we were cleaned up and dressed in these things we were told to put on shorts, socks and a shirt and shoes and driven to a house where the men were at with some others.

They had the film and they played it. As the men watched they passed Nicholas and I around as if we were toys and sexually abused us. They made Nicholas and I screw each other and one of the men put the dead boy’s penis in mine and Nicholas’ mouth. I didn’t want to write this because the man forced me to bite the boys’ penis and balls off. It was gross and I saw the film where it happened and started freaking out remembering what they made us do afterwards to the boy. They showed us doing everything to the boy. I was there for about 5 days attending parties but only recall cutting my wrist which is why I stayed two days in a hospital under a name I can’t recall. Some guy paid for me.

In other testimony, Bonacci said that Larry King was smiling and laughing the whole time the film was being shown, and that “the men with the hoods” were a Satanic group which planned to use the dead boy in some sort of ceremony. He also named the director of the snuff film, whom they had picked up in Las Vegas, as “Hunter Thompson.”

Conspiracy of Silence, Chapter One: Fear & Loathing in Sacramento (The sworn testimony of Paul Bonacci)
Chick Habit

Illustrations:
Christian Coffins
Based on Quinten Tarinteno’s Death Proof

Hang up the chick habit, hang it up, daddy, or you’ll be alone in a quick.
Hang up the chick habit, hang it up, daddy, or you’ll never get another fix.

I’m telling it’s not a trick, pay attention, don’t be trick, or you’re liable to get licked.
You’re gonna see the reason why when they’re spitting in your eye.

And now for the exciting conclusion...
HANG UP THE CHUCK HABIT. HANG IT UP, DADDY, A GIRL'S NOT A TONG OR A PILL.
HANG UP THE CHUCK HABIT. HANG IT UP, DADDY, YOU'RE JUST JONESING FOR A SPILL.

ON, HOW YOUR BUBBLES GONNA BURST WHEN YOU MEET ANOTHER ROSE,
SHE'LL BE DRIVING IN A REARSE.

YOU'RE GONNA NEED A HEAP OF GLUE WHEN THEY ALL CATCH UP WITH YOU AND THEY CUT YOU UP IN TWO.

NOW YOUR EARS ARE RINGING. THE BIRDS HAVE STOPPED THEIR SINGING,
EVERYTHING IS TURNING GREY.

NO CANDY IN YOUR TILL. NO CUTIE LEFT TO THRILL. YOU'RE ALONE ON A TUESDAY.

THE END
When that famous Seminole died
An ol’ grave robber tunneled inside,
Ticked his head off with his knife;
ever since, he’s had a haunted life.

That ol’ doctor in Saint Augustine
Hid it in a jar for his daughters to see
Placed it at the end of their bed
A fire blazed now they’re all dead

Now his spirit wanders round
From his grave into your town
If you got it you better put it down
He won’t stop till it is found

Written: Will Brack
Music: Will Brack with Sacred Owls
Illustrations: Christian Coffins

THE END?
Today’s Lesson:

Don’t Touch Weird Comic Books That You Stumble Upon in the Catacombs.

Love, The People
Meanwhile...

Wrong EP...

Eh... probably just some friends of Uncle Orville!

Written and Illustrated by Marky Karloff

"As above, so below"

Invitations from beyond
Echol through cadaveric halls
Beckoned by infernal gates
Deep within this ossuary

Abandon all hope, ye who enter here
Infiltrate inferno, seeking damned frontiers
Suffer eternal in the city of woe
As above, so below

The only way out is down...

"The Gray Man"

I've robbed away the youth of every state
Licked them clean from my dinner plate
But she stole my heart back in 28
Now it can't be her brother that I mutilate

The implements of hell are virgin clean
Unscathed and pure for my gracy queen
So come along, we'll visit my niece,
Come along, I know you'd love to meet...

The Gray Man, the Werewolf of Wysteria
I've robbed away the youth of every state
Yet none took my breath like your baby grace
She kicked and screamed but it was too late
I'll be feasting on that ass for the next nine days

She wasn't the first, she won't be the last
Frank Howard is a man with a checkered past
But God commanded me to end this fast
No more needle-bound spankings for the ass of the...

"Jamie"

Hallucinations haunting her head
Stalked by the pale and soulless dead
A killer uncle from beyond the grave
Evade your destiny before it's too late

Jamie - the boogyman is coming
Jamie - he can sense your heart beat

The night approaches, he will return
Darkness rises, mortality burns
Impaled upon the revelation
That you cannot kill damnation

"Screamhouse"

They took our blood, our love, and our life
Soffited our sorrow in the end to notice
She's still standing on the frame of our broken world
Ariel, once my soul, in the cold winds, begin
Healed your stench in my parlor of pain
Haunted by the specter of Albert Cane
Your empty car will not release
Your eyes bound to taste all you've sinned from

She held her heart and it came out
He took her life to keep her safe
Now lay the blame to keep you one
Christ among the dead in eternity

Marky Karloff
Vocals/Guitar
Karu Frankenstein
Vocals/Bass

Produced by Arthur McBareson in Tampa, FL

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13
GIVE ME YOUR HEART.

HOW YOU DO IT?
IT DOESN'T MATTER.
ON A BROKEN PLATE OR A SILVER PLATTER?

VEDDA KANGALOVA - VIOLIN  CHRISTIAN SAI ARELLANO - BASS  MATTHEW GUTKIN - PIANO

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Holy crap! I can't believe this thing is done! Thank you to everyone who contributed and pre-ordered their copies! You made this possible! Next issue will be the return of Sacred Owls, Warm Like Winter, & much more! Order additional copies of this release, future issues, get downloads, videos, & more @ coffinsprintshop.com/terror

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TILL NEXT TIME...