TALES OF TERROR
HORROR ANTHOLOGY

ISSUE NO. 2
HALLOWEEN 2019

INCLUDED: FULL COLOR COMIC, FULL LENGTH ALBUM, & DOWNLOADS!

Warning: Some tales in this publication contain confirmed, documented historical facts that may cause the audiences to feel emotions of rage, a desire to avenge, sorrow, fatigue, nausea, and in some rare instances, vigilismism. Careful consideration is advised.
It has been 2 years since our first installment of Tales of Terror! So much has happened since then! Sacred Owls have driven from Florida to California TWICE to protest at the gates of the Bohemian Grove, performing live in dozens of cities along the way and even crossing the border and playing in Mexico for the first time! At each stop, copies of Tales of Terror were sold making this an international cult publication! The People spawned and the kid is amazing, spooky photo above. They are also getting married as this is being released!

Special thanks to ALL of our friends and families for their love and support in making this possible!
Chapter Two
Beware, Take Care
The Sudden Demise of Troy Boner

I got those scars on my arm one night at a party where Larry King was and wanted to see how strong of men we were or something and had us put our arms together light cigarettes...

... and as soon as it gets burning you just drop them down. They made us stand there naked and touch each other while holding our arms together while cigarettes were... It’s on film some place, I mean they filmed it... burning.

In late 2003, Troy Boner walked into a hospital in New Mexico screaming, “they’re after me, they’re after me because of this book.” The book Troy was waving was this book, The Franklin CoverUp. Boner was "... mildly sedated and calmed down ... and put in a private room for ‘observation.’ " When nurses came to check on him early next morning, Boner was sitting in a chair, bleeding from the mouth and quite dead. Former FBI Los Angeles Bureau Chief Ted Gunderson tried to get autopsy and other information and details that were promised him on Boner’s death, but Gunderson, and apparently every other entity, were totally shut out of all information. No news stories on Boner’s death were published in the news, despite Boner’s previous front page fame and “notoriety” in the Franklin case.

written & performed by Sacred Owls

When exposing corruption, it might lead to your destruction.
ALL CREEPS THAT DEFILE

PEDO HUNTER

WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY SACRED OWLS. ILLUSTRATIONS BY COFFINS.

WELL-KNOWN PEDOPHILE CODE WORDS WERE FOUND IN THE E-MAILS OF HILLARY CLINTON’S CAMPAIGN CHAIRMAN JOHN PODESTA. THESE CODE WORDS ARE REFERRING TO SEXUAL ACTIVITIES WITH CHILDREN: “HOTDOG” = BOY “PIZZA” = GIRL “CHEESE” = LITTLE GIRL “PASTA” = LITTLE BOY “ICE CREAM” = MALE PROSTITUTE “ WALNUT” = PERSON OF COLOR “MAP” = SEMEN “SAUCE” = ORGY

The angry “89” tweets from my hammer toed followers opened my eyes. “Pedo-phobe” shaming hurts us all. I am a PROUD pedophile!

PEDOPHILE HUNTER ROCK ‘N’ ROLL. GUNNNIN’ THEM DOWN REALLY SOOTHING MY SOUL. I DON’T WANT TO HEAR NO S**T STORY CROSS THAT LINE AND IT’S GONNA GET DORY. BEHAVE OR IT’S THE GRAVE. HEBEOPHILE HUNTER ROCK ‘N’ ROLL IF GRASS IS ON THE FIEL YOU’D BETTER MAINTAIN CONTROL. LEAVE THOSE TWEENS ALONE OR WE’RE GONNA SKIN YOU TO THE BONE.

“HI JOHN, THE REALTOR FOUND A HANKIECHIEF. DO THINK IT HAS A MAP THAT SEEMS PIZZA-RELATED. IS IT YOURS?” — WIKILEAKS E-MAIL #32796

“PS. DO YOU THINK I’LL DO BETTER PLAYING DOMINOS ON CHEESE THAN ON PASTA?” — WIKILEAKS E-MAIL #30132

DAN HARMON & JUSTIN ROLAND, CREATORS OF RICK & MORTY LOOK UP “DOC AND MARTY” VIEWER DISCRETION ADVISED. I’M NOT OPPOSED TO THERAPY. DO WHAT IT TAKES TO AVOID YOUR FATE. I DON’T SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR DISCONTENT BECAUSE I EMPATHIZE MORE WITH LACK OF CONSENT.

Hosting a bunch of eleven-year-old girls for a sleepover tonight. Terrified their parents will find out.

UTC on October 30, 2014

JOHN PODESTA IS A PEDOPHILE. JAMES ALAFANIS IS A HEBEOPHILE. I FIND ALL THESE CREEPS SO FILE BECAUSE OF THE LINES THEY CROSS TO DEFILE. THERE’S JUST NO EXCUSE. UNDER 18, IT’S ABUSE.

PEO HUNTER IS A PEDOPHILE, HOLLYWOOD AND DC PEDOPHILES. TEXAS IS THE REASON. NOW IT’S HUNTING SEASON.

THE NEXT THREE MONTHS ARE GOING TO BE ROUGHER INTERNALLY THAN IN BEIJING BETWEEN 77TH AND 180. NO FUN. HOPE YOU’RE DOING OK. I’M DREAMING ABOUT YOUR HOTDOG STAND IN HAWAII.” — WIKILEAKS E-MAIL #30721

“I THINK OBAMA SPENT $50,000 OF THE TAXPAYER’S MONEY FLYING IN PIZZADOGS FROM CHICAGO FOR A PRIVATE PARTY AT THE WHITE HOUSE NOT LONG AGO. ASSUMRE WE ARE USING THE SAME CHANNEL.” — WIKILEAKS E-MAIL #3122935

BECAUSE SO MANY ARE WEAK, COWARDLY, EASILY EMBARRASSED, DON’T WANT TO BRING UP UNPLEASANT TOPICS, DON’T WANT TO ROCK THE BOAT, WE ARE LEFT IN THE SHADOWS, SHUNNED BY MAINSTREAM SOCIETY SHEEP. WE CAN’T BE STOPPED AND OUR POWER SCARES THE SH**T OUT OF THE PREDATORY PEDOPHILES AND THEIR SYMPATHIZERS. LEARN MORE AT DARKOXX.COM. JOIN US IN OUR FIGHT BY EMAILING JOHN@DARKOXX.COM TO LEARN MORE ABOUT WHAT YOU CAN DO TO CATCH THESE CREEPS, OUT THEM, DOG THEM, GET THEM ARRESTED, MAKE THEM PAY.

PedoHunter.Fun
GOOD GAD!

WITH A GUN

WRITTEN & PERFORMED BY SACRED RUM. ILLUSTRATIONS BY COFFING

WE GOT EM ON THE RUN

NO NEED TO WORRY HUN

WHEN WE GUN THEM DOWN

IT'S HARD TO HAVE A FRYIN

WHEN THEY'RE LIVING IN THE GROUND

PLEASE KILL RESPONSIBLY
Magog and the Ghouls
written and performed by Sacred Owls, images by Peks Illustrations

Spill the blood that pools
Masks with horns of bulls

Welcome to the flames. There is no one else to blame.

They will know you by this name.
"AND I HEARD, AS IT WERE, THE NOISE OF THUNDER... ONE OF THE 4 BEASTS
SAYING, 'COME AND SEE':
I SAW, 'Behold a WHITE HORSE.'

THERE'S A MAN GOIN' 'ROUND TAKIN' NAMES.

HE DECIDES WHO TO FREE & WHO TO BLAME.

EVERYBODY WONT BE TREATED ALL THE SAME

PASS

FAIL

REACHING DOWN.

WHEN THE MAN COMES AROUND.
Voices callin', voices cryin', some are born, some are dyin'.

It's the Alpha & Omega's kingdom come...

There's nowhere left, it's in the thorny trees.
The Virgins are all trimming their wicks...

It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks.
GOT BACK UP ONLY TO FIND THE BIGGEST ALLIGATOR I ever seen in my life. He snapped his jaws and snatched my stash. I tried to hold on but it happened so fast.

SNUCK IN YOUR CROP AT 3AM THAT IS WHEN I BEGAN TO SNATCH UP ALL YOUR SWAMPY WEED. IT WAS SO DAMN HOT I COULDN'T BREATHE. IT WAS SO DAMN DARK I COULDN'T SEE MY OWN HAND RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. WHEN I TURNED TO TRY TO LEAVE I RAN SMACK DAB INTO A TREE.

GOT BACK UP PULLED HARD AS I COULD GOT BOTH BOOTS STUCK IN THE MUD LET GO CUS THAT GATOR'S MEAN THE WHITES OF HIS TEETH WERE ALL I COULD SEE!
FARMER COMES OUT WITH A BIG SHOTGUN I TOOK WHAT I COULD AND STARTED TO RUN MADE CLEAR CROSS ONE COUNTY ONE MORE STREET AND I’D BE HOME FREE

FARMER PULLS OUT IN FRONT OF ME WITH HIS ALLIGATOR IN HIS PASSENGER SEAT AS I TURNED TO RUN AWAY THAT FARMER YELLED "YOU GONNA PAY BOY!"

THAT’S ABOUT THE TIME THAT I WOKE UP. MY BLANKETS WERE ALL COVERED IN MUD. THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT IT COULD MEAN. I HOPED IT WAS JUST A TERRIBLE DREAM. BUT I REACHED IN MY POCKET AND PULLED OUT SOME BUD AND THAT’S WHEN I KNEW THAT I SURE WAS FUCKED. THEN I HEARD A SCRATCH AT THE DOOR. IT WAS THE FARMER AND HIS ALLIGATOR LOOKING FOR THEIR SCORE...
AH!

Ah Hhhh!

OOF

EEP!

-Sniff-

-Sniff-

-Kiss-

HARRER

HUH?

OH
ER

HI!

Sorry, but I'm not gay. I mean, I'm only gay when I'm a werewolf.
GYROJETS: PIECES
by LeEtta Schmidt

IF YOU'RE JUST JOINING US, WE ARE COMING LIVE FROM THE BOSTON MARATHON JIGSAW COMPETITION.

HERE’S A TURN-UP FOLKS, OUR TWO GENTLEMEN CONTESTANTS ARE SICK AND LEAVING THE COMPETITION, MUST HAVE BEEN BAD CHOP SOY.

THE LADIES CARRY ON, UNAFFECTED! IT SEEMS THEY HAVE ALL OPTED TO CHOW DOWN ON KENDALL MINT CAKE INSTEAD.
Big Drama Folks! Mary has cut her finger! There is blood on the pieces! She's carrying on, but it's slippery going, and it's slowing her down.

Bastard! Bastard! Bastard!

Congratulations! How does it feel?
There was a crooked man... and he walked a crooked mile... That song...

It's so F**KING BORING.
LATER LATER

No.

Where is Coaster Gimp Generator Machine Game 4?

There is no video game. Only... Balloons!

Hiya, Prople! Remember me?!
JULIA BLEW HER COOL, YEAH.
WHEN FRANK WHISPERED TO HER
OF FURTHER REGIONS IN EXPERIENCE.
A CUBIC CROWN AT THE CENTER
HER PATH TO HELL UNPAVED AND A THIRST.
FOR BLOOD INNATE WITHIN A PROFANE SKINLESS ENTITY.
FORMERLY AN EXTANT DAME.

LILITH LINGERS UNFULFILLED
ALONE WITHIN THE WOODS LEFT CARVING TWISTED ROADWAYS
TO A PROPHECY OF FALSHOOD BUT, HOLD HER HAND SHE’LL LIGHT THE WAY.
SHE’LL OVERWRITE THE END OF DAYS PERSONIFIED DAMNATION FAR BEYOND MADAM SATAN.

AUTHOR OF THE BOOK RUBY INKED IT ALL IN BLOOD AND BOUND IT IN THE FLESH OF EVIL DEAD.
MOTHER OF ALL WICKED INTERRUPTED AND CONSTRUCTED BY A TEMPORAL POSTPONEMENT SEALED BY TRUCE IN TOKEN.

DON’T LET STRUNG OUT BY THE ONES ABOVE BELIEF EVERY SECRET BURNS WITHIN WHAT YOU WANT TO BE OBLETTERATE YOUR DESTINY DESECRATE THE PATRIARCHY TALL UPON THE RUINS CLAIM WHAT’S YOURS.

IF YOU BELIEVE YOU, TOO, CAN BE THE QUEEN OF HELL...

TIME TO FLOAT!!!

THEY HOLD MY HAND AND DISAPPEAR I CONSUME THE MILK OF THEIR DARKEST FEARS I’M GETTING KINDA HUNGRY AND I’M THINKING THAT ITS TIME TO FLOAT

AWAKENED FOLLOWING 27 YEARS THE STORM BLEW THE WHOLE CIRCUS DOWN HERE WE’RE NO LONGER STRANGERS AND BABY IT’S TIME TO FLOAT.

JUST LOOK INTO THE LIGHT BEYOND ALL BOUNDS OF INFINITY GAZE UPON MY EYES TAKE MY HAND AND YOU’LL FLOAT TOO ETERNAL FUN AND GAMES FOR ME AND YOU.

DON’T YOU WANT A BALOON INVITE ALL YOUR FRIENDS, THEY’LL FLOAT TOO

STEP RIGHT UP, CHILD, YOU’RE AMONG FRIENDS I’LL COVER YOUR REDOLENT TERROR IT FLIRTS FROM WITHIN I CAN TASTE YOUR EVERY FEAR THERE’S NO ESCAPE SO CRAWL ON IN AND WE’LL ALL FLOAT DOWN HERE.

WE’VE GOT PEANUTS, POPCORN, COTTON CANDY, TOO THE ONLY THING MISSING IS YOU.
Here is ten votes
Music by Wes Morrison and the Stony Hares
Graphics by Coffins

Crazed thoughts seething in my head
Drunk up with whiskey
But it drove me straight to bed
I hear some laughing or maybe I’m just crying
Swallow some air because I’m afraid of fire
I sense someone seeping through my veins
My blood flows slow but my heart feels the same
Some hear voices sounding in their brain
The voices call from me all cry in refrain

Lights flash and objects fly
No use in folding hands and looking to the sky
You may whisper but he hears all
All the hushed sounds hissing down the hall
A man in black come in to stay
Wailing out words written on a page
I feel me float above those below
The voices that are killing me only seem to grow

Gather on your knees, give yourselves to me
The time is right. The end draws near
Give into your fear
$10
$3 S&H

TALES OF TERROR ISSUE #1
STARTED IT ALL WITH CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE
CHAPTER ONE, ONMUBILE,
CHICK HABIT, OSCHELA
WANTS HIS HEAD BACK, ANNE
THE BABYSITTER,
AS ABOVE SO BELOW,
THE GREY MAN, JAMIE,
SCREAM HOUSE,
SOMETHING IN THE SHADOWS,
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Well there you have it! If all goes to plan you will not have to wait another 2 years for an issue as production on Tales of Terror #3 has already begun! Wheels are turning, strings are being pulled. PULL THE STRING! PULL THE STRING!
You can order issue #1, get downloads, videos, tour information, other related releases, & more @ coffinscomix.com/terror

WANT TO BE IN A TALES OF TERROR?
SEND ART (7"x11.25") LAYERED PDF OR PEB & MUSIC IN WAV FORMAT REALLY TO... TUTORIAL-COFFINSOIX.COM

FEEL FREE TO SEND ANY QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS THERE AS WELL.

TILL NEXT TIME...