

BEDTIME STORIES TO KEEP YOU AWAKE!



NO. 6
JUNE/JULY



CARNAL TALES™



10¢



JAMES
LEMay
WAS
HERE!



GATHER AROUND, LOS AMIGOS, IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER EERIE NARRATIVE COURTESY OF YOURS TRULY, *COUNTESS NOSFERA*.

OUR MORBID TALE BEGINS DOWN A DESOLATE HIGHWAY SOMEWHERE IN *NEW MEXICO*. OUT HERE, TOWNS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN AND WHEN DARKNESS FALLS, *CREEPS AND WEIRDOS* COME OUT OF THE WOODWORK. ADD A COUPLE OF SEXY, NAIVE YOUNG GIRLS TO THE MIX, AND YOU GET THE PERFECT SETTING FOR A JUICY HORROR STORY, WOULDN'T YOU AGREE--? OF COURSE YOU WOULD!

LET'S CALL THIS SWEALTERING TALE OF TERROR...

"Farmhouse Of Fear!"

BY JAMES LEMAY



LEMME GUESS...

...WE'RE LOST IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, RIGHT?



I'M NOT SURE. I CAN'T FIND OUR LOCATION ON THIS STUPID MAP!

THAT'S JUST TOO FUCKING GREAT!

HOW LONG YOU RECKON UNTIL OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH "LEATHER-FACE"?

THAT MOVIE TAKES PLACE IN TEXAS.



RIGHT. AND THAT'S SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER HOW, EXACTLY?

I DON'T KNOW, MARISA, BUT ALL YOUR BITCHING ISN'T HELP--

HEY, ISN'T THAT A FARMHOUSE OVER THERE?



A SHORT DRIVE LATER...



JUST OUR LUCK.
NO ONE'S HOME SO
WE'RE REDUCED TO
SLEEPING IN AN OLD
FREAKIN' BARN--



--I MISS
OUR ROACH-
INFESTED
MOTEL ROOM
ALREADY!

FOR GOD'S
SAKE, MARISA!
WOULD YOU RATHER
WE SLEEP IN THE
FUCKING CAR?



SORRY,
BIANCA.
IT'S JUST
THAT--

I KNOW. IT'S
BEEN A VERY
LONG DAY FOR
BOTH OF US.



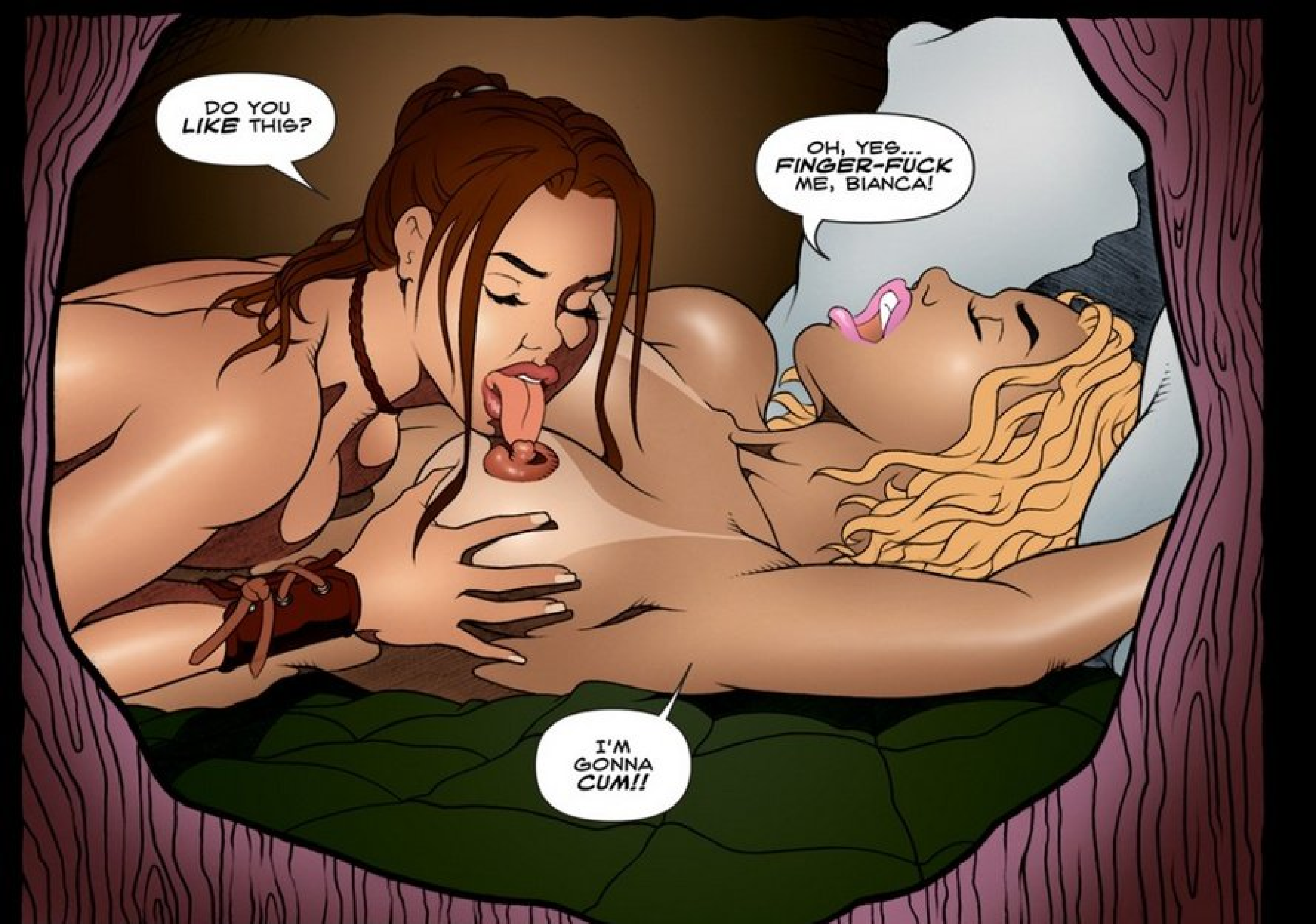
HOW ABOUT
I HELP YOU
UNWIND...



MMM...
NOW THAT
I LIKE!



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DO YOU
LIKE THIS?

OH, YES...
FINGER-FUCK
ME, BIANCA!

I'M
GONNA
CUM!!

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MMM... I
LOVE IT WHEN
YOU **MOAN** LIKE
THAT!

OH YEAH,
BABY...
UUHHHH!!
AAHHHH!!!
UUHHHHHH!





uh-oh!

WHAT IS IT?

THE LANTERN'S GOING OUT.



OKAY, BE CAREFUL! YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE THIS TIME OF NIGHT!

DAMN IT!

I'LL HAVE TO GO GET KEROSENE FROM THE CAR.



WELCOME BACK, LOS AMIGOS! NICE OF YOU TO JOIN ME FOR THE SECOND EERIE CHAPTER TO MY SEXY, SICK & TWISTED TALE OF TENTALIZING TERROR!

DARKNESS HAS FALLEN ON THIS SOUTHERN HIGHWAY OF DEATH. TIME TO SEE IF OUR HORNY, SWEATY TEEN LESBIANS WILL MAKE IT OUT OF THE BARN ALIVE, OR IF THEY'LL BOTH END UP VICTIMS OF A DERANGED AND DISFIGURED FARM BOY...

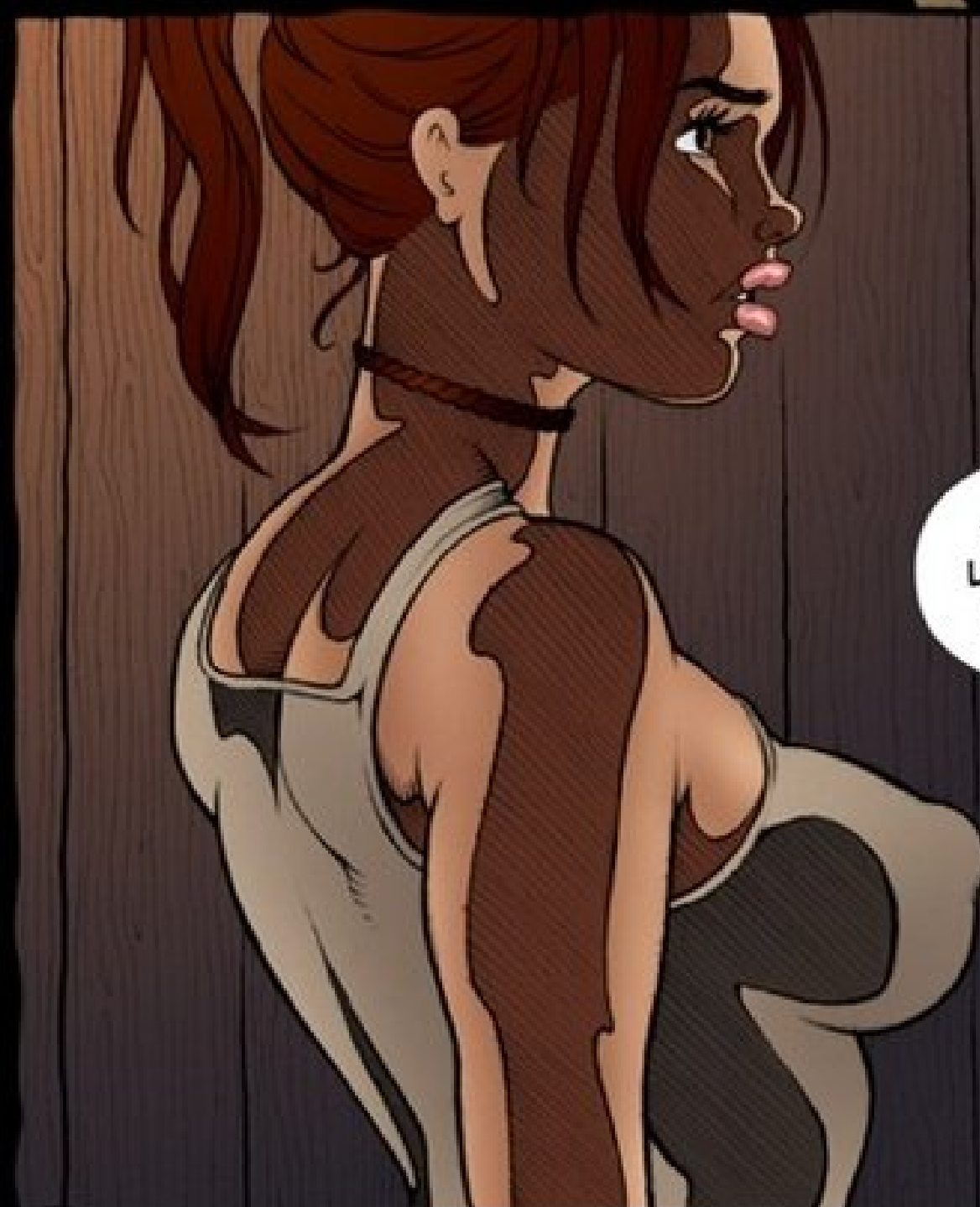
I NOW PRESENT TO YOU, THE GORY CONCLUSION OF...

"Farmhouse Of Fear!"

BY JAMES LEMAY



OH...
YEAH!
THAT
FEELS
GOOD!



SORRY IT
TOOK ME SO
LONG, MARISA,
BUT NATURE
CALLED.

I'VE GOT
THE KEROSENE
AND... MARISA?
WHERE ARE
YOU?



!?!



SHIT!
I MUST
BE SPILLING
KEROSENE
ALL OVER
THE PLACE!

HEY, WAIT
A SECOND!
THAT'S NOT
KEROSENE! IT
LOOKS LIKE--

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--BLOOD!

OH, GOD!
MARISA..!

...I CAN
HEAR HER
MUFFLED
CRY--!

--COMING
FROM
INSIDE THE
HOUSE!!

HMMN!







AIEEEEE!



THAT
NOISE!
IT'S A
CHAINSAW!

OH GOD,
NO! H-HE
THINKS HE'S
"LEATHER-
FACE!"

HE'S
GOING TO
CHOP ME
UP IN LITTLE
PIECES!

GNNH!





IT'S ME,
MARISA, YOU'RE
SAFE NOW..!

...I FOUND
THIS CHAINSAW
NEXT TO AN OLD
FREEZER FULL
OF BODY
PARTS--

--THIS UGLY
CREEP'S BEEN
KILLING YOUNG
GIRLS FOR
YEARS--!

--BUT NOT
ANYMORE!



YOU
OKAY?



YEAH...
MY ASS
HURTS BUT
I'LL LIVE.
YOU KNOW,
BIANCA--

--I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D
BE SO GLAD TO
SEE SOMEONE
WIELDING A
BLOODY
CHAINSAW!