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# MAM TOR

# EVENT HORIZON

21st Century Pulp Fiction

**MAM TOR**  
Publishing

**Coming Nov 2005**

**SFX Magazine (4/5 stars)**

"There's a wonderful whiff of comic socialism in the air. A bunch of writers and artists have come together and decided not to wait for the big companies to invite them to play and instead they've published for themselves. Commendable? Definitely... Mam Tor: Event Horizon is a quality spot of pulp fiction in comic form."

**MAXIM US**

"Fantasy tales and imagery too arresting to ignore... bizarre, funny, and visionary narratives in the horror, sci-fi, and zombie-Viking-Elvis genres. The art is every bit as left-field as the writing, with rich depictions of savage brutes... and hot goths in the spirit of Heavy Metal magazine."

**EMERALD CITY**

"The future of British comics just sort of fell into my lap."

Check out the website for more info: [www.mamtor.com](http://www.mamtor.com)



## **“Mam Tor: Event Horizon” book 2**

**Mam Tor: Event Horizon (Vol. 1, book 2 of 12)** is 21st Century pulp fiction. Following on from the sold-out first edition, It showcases the talents of long-time established pros (Liam Sharp, Alan Grant, Greg Staples, Simon Bisley, Ben Oliver, Simon Thorpe, Ashley Wood, Glenn Fabry) and also upcoming stars (Dave Kendall, Ali Pow3rs, Szymon Kudranski, Mike Raicht, Shane McCarthy, Dan Wickline, Emily Hare). It also presents some amazing artist galleries and illustrated text stories.

Publication frequency: 2 books per year.

Intended audience: Mature Themes

Genre: Anthology

Format: US TPB 208pages

Retail price: \$19.95

Shipping date: November 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2005

ISBN: 0-9549998-1-9

Wraparound cover: Bagwell

Frontis piece: Mam Tor: Event Horizon/Viking Zombie Elvis (front)

Kev Crossley.

Introduction: by Dave Hine

F\*\*king Savages: Script: Steve Niles. Art: Liam Sharp

Warmaster!: by Kev Crossley.

Dust Bowl: Text: Roger M. Cormack. Illustrations: Robert Randle

Lorne: The Eagle and the Serpent: Script: Dan Wickline. Art: Szymon Kudranski

Machivarius Point: Mercenaries: by Roger M. Cormack

Rumours of Ragnorak: Sea and Thunder: Script: Brian Holguin. Art: Dave Kendall

Ghost Town: Text: Alan Grant. Illustrations: Greg Staples

A Trace of Fragile Bliss: by Emma Simcock-Tooth

Grandma's House: Text: Iain Gibson. Illustrations: Emily Hare

Pacify: by Steven Perkins

Farthing and Hicks – or how to have every major company turn down your proposal... : by Alan Mitchel and

Glenn Fabry

Folio: by Simon Thorpe.

Top of the Food Chain: by Mike Raicht and Brem

Wormcast: Bloodhill: Script: Ali Pow3rs. Art: Samuel Araya

Personal works: by Simon Bisley

Chase Variant: Script: Rich Johnston. Art: Bagwell

Number 6: Matt Dixon

Trip – Tick: by Ben Oliver

Tom Tom Macoubre...grid ref-n497s728e551w155: by Dave Taylor

Like a Machine: Script: Raven Gregory. Art: Cardinal

The Lap of the Gods: by Liam Sharp

TBA : by Ash Wood

Ride, Red, Ride: Script: Shane McCarthy. Art: Chris Bolton

The True Adventures of Jed Lightsear: Text: Ralph R. Raims. Illustrations: Bagwell and Patrick .J. Clarke

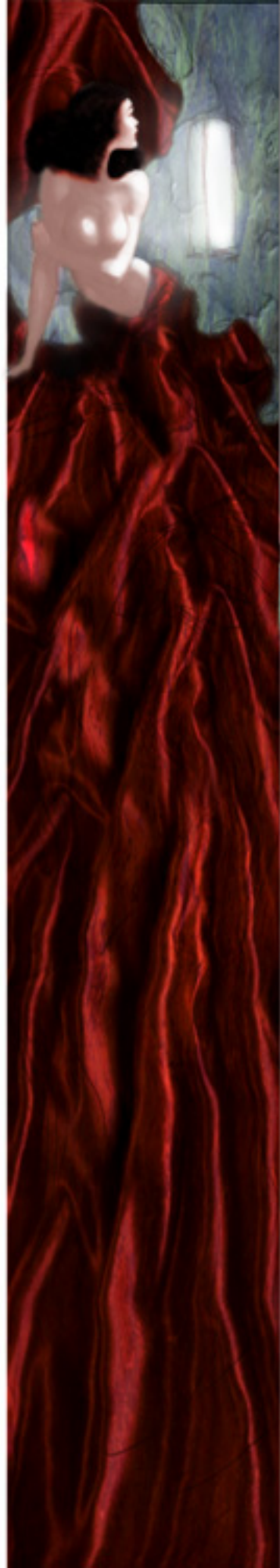
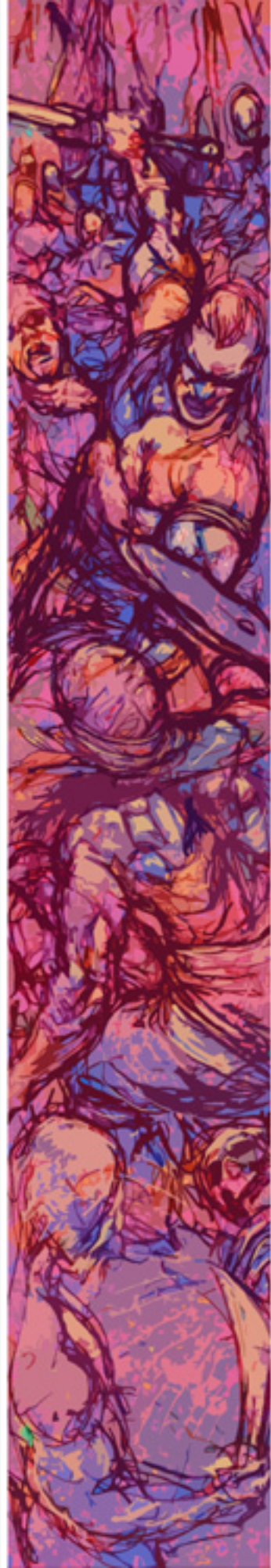
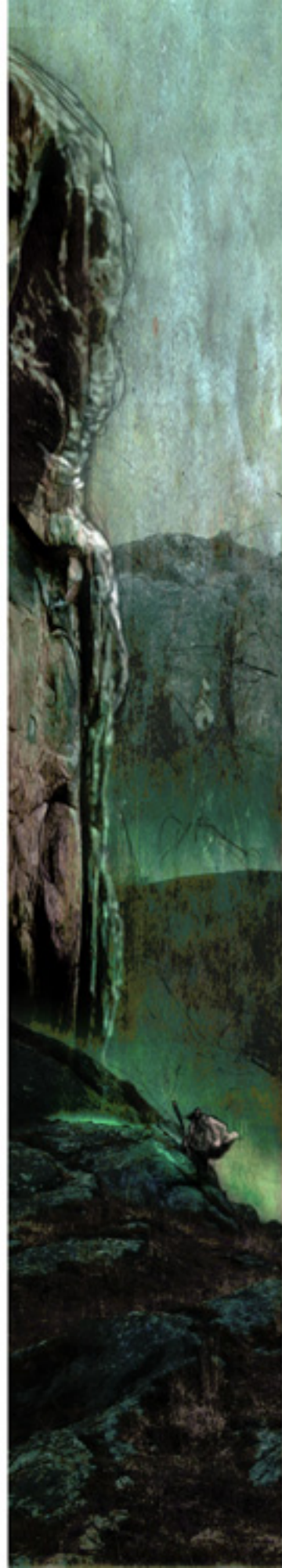
Necromachia: Script: Liam Sharp. Art: Lee Carter

Pinups.

The Devil's Arse: by Kev Crossley.

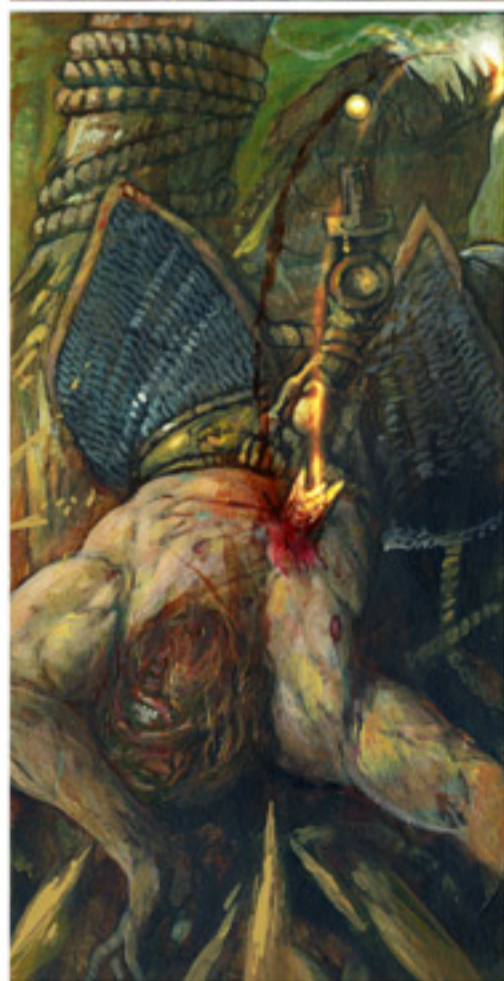
Endpiece/Viking Zombie Elvis(back) by Kev Crossley.

Editor-in-Chief: Liam Sharp













## THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT

THREE DAYS SINCE LORNE HAD  
DEALT WITH THE THIEVES,  
STEALING THE KING'S CATTLE.

THREE DAYS AND HE COULD STILL  
FEEL THE BLOOD ON HIS HANDS,  
THE BLOOD OF TWO THAT DESERVED  
TO DIE AND ONE THAT DID NOT.

EACH NIGHT HIS DREAMS  
MADE HIM UNSURE.

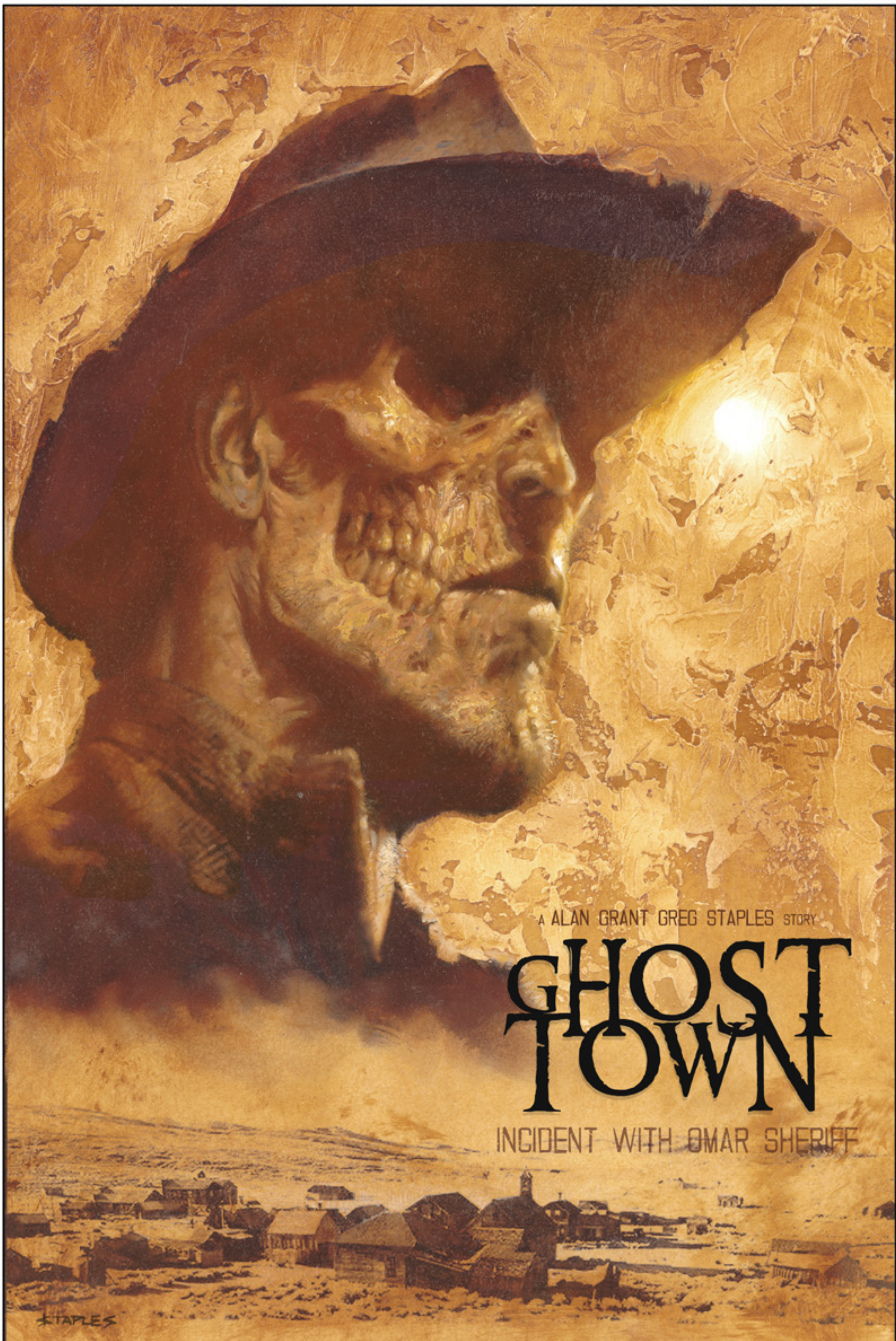
DARK DREAMS CASTING A SHADOW  
OVER HIS MIND AND FILLING HIM  
WITH AN IMPENDING DREAD  
HE COULD NOT SHAKE.

LORNE DREAMED OF A GREAT SHADOW SPREADING  
ACROSS THE KINGDOM, ENGULFING ALL  
LIGHT IN ITS PATH AND LEAVING NOTHING  
BUT CHAOS AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE.

BUT THE FOREBODING HE AWAKE  
WITH EACH MORNING STILL WAS  
NOT ENOUGH TO PREPARE HIM FOR  
WHAT CAME WITH THE DAWN.

**KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK**

**LORNE!**



A ALAN GRANT GREG STAPLES STORY

# GHOST TOWN

INCIDENT WITH OMAR SHERIFF

STAPLES



*He appeared in everything she  
saw like a veil across her vision.*

*His features, fine and fluid  
and perfect invaded her thoughts,  
growing into and enticing round  
every corner of her memory and  
consumed her existence entirely.*

*She spent her days impaled upon  
imaginings of him, her eyes tracing  
the lines that made up his face -  
porcelain and perfect and unknown,  
even as she slept.*





HOLLYWOOD BACKLOT #35813. AND-

PHODOS ATTACK!

BLAMBLAMBLAM

HMMPH. WOW.

NICE SHOOTIN',  
TEX...

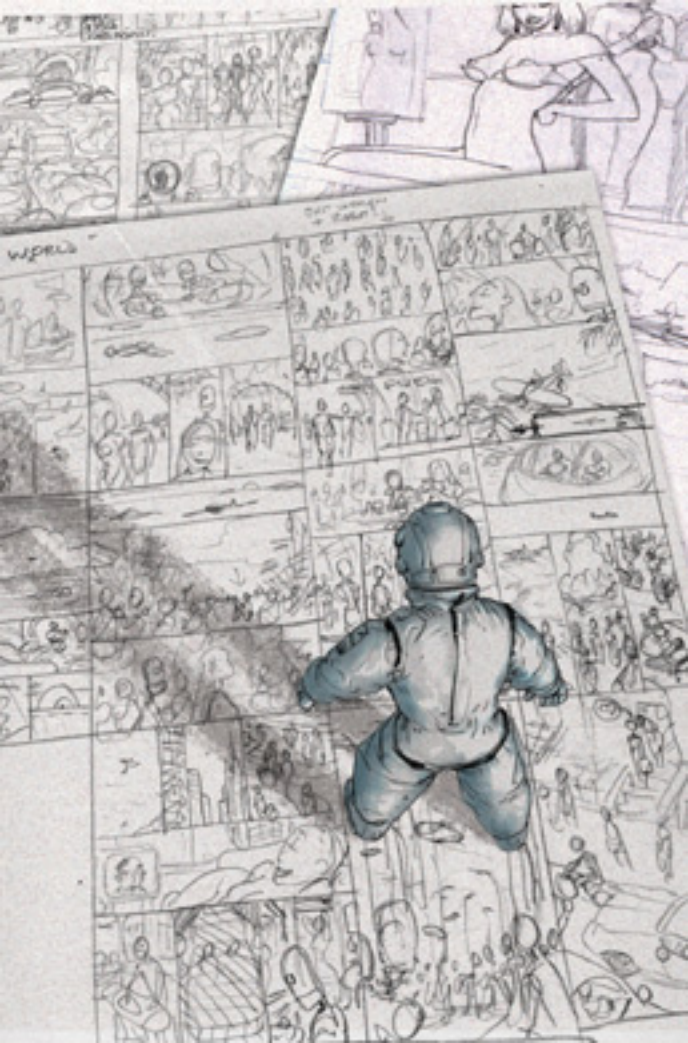
YOU KNOW,  
I'M REALLY  
GETTING SICK  
OF THIS  
SHIT.

YOU TOLD ME  
WE WOULD BE  
SUPERSTARS BY  
NOW. WHY THE HELL  
ARE WE WORKING  
IN SHITBOMB-

QUIET ON THE SET!

CAN WE PLEASE GET  
BACK TO WORK, PEOPLE?

PRIMA! YER NOT  
EVEN IN THIS SCENE!  
GET THE FUCK OFF THE  
SET AND GO GET ME  
A CAPPUCCINO!







NO...  
NO YOU  
DON'T...



WHAT IS THIS,  
C'THULU NIGHT AT THE  
BAR AND GRILL?

GOOD GUEP.



GET OUT!  
I'VE ALREADY KILLED  
ONE SLUG TODAY!

ANOTHER GOOD ONE. I'M ON  
TOP FORM TONIGHT. NO YUS!

BETTER, BUT IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT?

ADD INJURY POINTS. REDUCE STAMINA POINTS. YOUR GO.

CHIP CHIP CHIP,  
IS THAT YOUR GAME?  
WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT?  
ONLY ONE SPACE LEFT.











Necromachia. Death machine.

Shall I find you Kia?  
I won't lie - this scares the shit out of me! These places I'm told I must never go.  
But I'm coming after you, chasing your dream of the Outside.  
I can't go back now, Not now I've killed.  
And you know what?  
Fuck 'em.  
Let's see what's out here,  
on the next level.