

1: THE PAN BOOK OF HORROR STORIES SCRAPBOOK by Johnny Mains â€™ Kickstarter

The 29th Pan Book of Horror Stories has 16 ratings and 4 reviews. Claire said: Some of these stories were amazing, especially 'The Surgeon's Tale'. That.

Even then, there is more than a little artistic license going on, for the head in the picture is clearly female whilst that in the story was male. Even though this one dove deep into the realms of silliness during the final four pages of thirty-two, it is nevertheless a gripping rollercoaster, as the reader joins both Paulette and Tobin on their journey to ascertain just how much of the human body can be removed and yet life remain extant. And the author still finds room to squeeze one final twist from the narrative at the conclusion. An excellent opener to Pan29, Clarence. But back in I am guessing he was a bit of a rookie at his trade and still attempting to find his literary legs and, hence, still experimenting with genres. For this one feels like an early attempt of someone trying to write a James Herbert â€™ but failing; Janet, in particular, is a rather poorly painted figure. The opening scene-setting paragraphs read like one long whiny self-pitying moan, and before long the reader is floundering in such verbosity as: And yet despite all of this, Crabs somehow works. The beach scene is a real page-turner with some of the imagery delightfully disturbing; the crab mounting Janet scene particularly so. The real puzzle though is why the narrator chose to lie to the police afterwards, and blame the attack upon a shark? Unless, of course, he did the lady in himself and the whole yarn was naught but a great big fib. Paul has since not only bought his former partner out, but has begun an affair with his wife Mary. And a hike along a Pembrokeshire beach fords Paul just such an opportunity. Or will it be both, or perhaps neither? But there was nothing really in the preceding narrative to suggest this was the case. So has decided to kill her rival. The sting in the tail with this four-pager I suppose is the last-line revelation that the narrator is a cat. Although I cannot imagine anyone failing to suss this fact out after the first few paragraphs. Admitting to lying beneath a beech hedge in order to catch and devour birds really is a bit of a giveaway. Perhaps it is because in these days of email and texting upper-case generally denotes shouting, that I found reading this piece such a chore. Once Marcia has gone into hiding, Norris accepts an invitation to meet with Cressner in his penthouse apartment, whereupon he is offered a wager. Should he reject the wager, a trumped up narcotics charge awaits. Norris feels he has little choice but to clamber over the apartment balcony and onto the ledge some forty-three storeys up. And Cressner is drawn as such a boo-hiss panto-villain, that it is clear early on his comeuppance is in the post. But it is the plot-holes and contrivances with The Ledge which irk: Amy, raised in England and who knows nothing of India beyond the bustling city of Calcutta, does not take well to village life, often breaking out in a stress-induced rash whenever her husband has to work away from home. She befriends Umna, a native servant-girl who is a wonderful repository of all manner of local superstitions. The Joonka Junka of the title. I found this to be a rather frustrating and confused yarn. Although there is a non-linear narrative which does not really help a simple soul like myself. There are however abundant indications that Amy is a skittish, highly-strung and impressionable woman. She laps up the superstitious nonsense fed to her by Umna, and her reactions to encounters with various wild creatures jackals, scorpions, hornets, monkeys and red-ants â€™ even a suicidal blue-bottle all serve to jack up her paranoia quotient. The business is thriving, but then human body parts begin turning up on the premises: Who could possibly be responsible? Surely not one of the delightful girls Mary employs in the shop. Her prime suspect is the sinister Mrs. Frascati who runs a similar establishment up the road, and from whom Mary has taken most of the business. But then there is also the taciturn Scots Detective-Sergeant Wilson, who appears to be taking a disconcertingly laissez-faire approach to any investigation. Not to mention his Constable Tallis with whom Mary begins an affair. Or, god forbid, some combination thereof. A surprisingly light-hearted contribution from Mr. Temperley -is this really the same author who gave us Kowlongo Plaything in Pan23? Kaufman A condemned murderer asks for and is granted a final request. If a killer with cannibalistic tendencies is allowed to spend some time with a prostitute on his final evening on earth, you can be sure things are not going to end well for the unfortunate lady. The clue is in the title. Asked to formally identify his son-in-law, he is in the process of doing so when John rises from the trolley and vomits blood, with a look upon his face which suggests he has just been to hell and back. Which,

non-coincidentally, is exactly what he later claims. I really enjoyed this dark fable even though I felt it lost its way a touch towards the conclusion – the Hong Kong interlude in particular appeared rather superfluous. The main protagonist Morden puts up with his lot with such stoicism and occasional black humour that I really warmed to him. All very disorientating for the reader, but I guess the author intended it to be so. Which is OK by me. Unfortunately sour-faced and sharp-tongued wife Florence cannot abide to have a husband under her feet all day, particularly one who occasionally trails dirt from the garden into her spotless domain. To help placate her, Eddie presents her with a reconditioned laundrette-sized tumble-drier to help cope with all the additional laundry. To see them toss and tumble around as they are washed and dried. Well, upon reflection, perhaps it is not a thought which would pass through the heads of many of us. And it is around this very proposition that this entertaining story revolves if you see what I mean. I am guessing that in reality the desiccation process would probably not be so successful. The human body is after all naught but a fragile bag of fluids of various types, and I think the bag would soon burst spilling the contents into the innards of the drier. But, hey, where is the fun in that? However, following on from a recent experimental failure, the last thing he needs is the distraction of a visit from his selfish, self-obsessed sister. A rather more welcome distraction though comes in the form of his well-developed year old niece Jane who accompanies her mum. In attempt to win over his anti-vivisectionist niece for reasons which are slightly less than wholesome, Maddox shows her around The Farm, whereupon she is entranced by a pair of recently arrived white ponies. And what, wonders Maddox, would impress a teenage girl even more than a white pony? Why, a white unicorn of course. What a remarkably silly tale this is. Whilst the author does touch upon the mechanics of genetic modification in the most general of terms, she body-swerves away from offering even the barest explanation of how Maddox manages to create his unicorn. I would have thought she could at least have shown willing, by perhaps dropping in some waffle about the splicing of a chunk of narwhal DNA into that of the pony. And that he achieves success first time around is all the more remarkable given his apparent inability to ensure calves are born with legs.

LISTEN By Terence Merchant A gravedigger is sitting beside a freshly filled-in grave, talking to the individual recently buried who we learn is his thirty-year old daughter. Nothing so odd about that – cemetery visitors regularly chatter to the departed. But this internee can hear all that is being said. A pleasingly morbid tale of familial revenge this one. In the meantime she has only her collection of toy monkeys and her younger brother Gabriel to practice her conversion skills upon. I do so enjoy being wrong-footed by an author, and the rather dextrous Cruise yes, I know I am mixing my limb metaphors succeeds in achieving just such a thing, not once but twice in just the opening few pages. This story is divided up into five sections, and after the first I was sure we were going down the road of Annabel executing her younger brother for some religious-based misdemeanour. But by the end of section two it appeared to me inevitable that the roles were going in some way to be reversed. What follows is an entertaining and engrossing family melodrama which stretches on for a further twenty years before the business reaches its gory conclusion.

2: The Pan Book of Horror Stories : Various :

The 29th Pan Book of Horror Stories () When I first scanned the titles of the stories contained within Pan29 I felt sure the cover star must be Florence from Alan Temperley's Florence in the Garden.

This is hard without Google and Wikipedia. Christ, what did we do before we had those? We take access to facts for granted these days. The first appallingly high phone bill as a result of using your 56k dial-up It fits the shift in front cover aesthetics between Pan Eight and Pan Nine perfectly. Grim, but amusing, looks like my friend, no blood. Best cover in the series. He might have asked for, and got, a Swedish massage and some blackheads squeezed while they were at it " and going by his glazed expression, possibly a couple of digestifs beforehand, sipped while he waited for the girl, clad in his dressing gown, listening to Pan Pipes Mellow Moods. This mummy is in the moment. For the first time in 3, years, he is happy. He does not hint at the nastiness to come in Pan Nine, from And so uncle Bertie commissioned stories that were heavy on bloodshed but not so good on atmosphere. For the first time, all of its stories are originals. And because of that, it might be the best of the lot so far. This was not only a perfectly horrible story, but also perfectly believable. Come to think of it " the dude in this story " is it the chap on the front cover? If so, that puts a different complexion on our cover star. A tight, tidy little shocker. It was another lithe, lethal tale. It sees a decent, conscientious parish priest first of all propositioned by the town imbecile, a malevolent man who seems to know a bit or two about the form when it comes to indecent parish priests. That obstacle being removed, the priest is then seduced by a lively young girl. This fresh obstacle being not so much removed as obliterated, the parish priest finds himself back where he started, with a proposition to consider. This story was awful. The tables get turned, of course. It turns into a creepshow, as the killer appears to be haunted by a scarecrow which might be the body of the dead man come to exact revenge. Substitute the dog for a lazy colonial lady in Africa, and swap the fire for ants. This is an old-fashioned chiller, with a couple of twists and turns before the service terminates. She must have laughed like a drain when the cheque came through from Bertie. This bucked my expectations. Can Pan Ten match it?

3: Classic Pan and Fontana Horror

Story time just got better with Prime Book Box, a subscription that delivers hand-picked children's books every 1, 2, or 3 months. Learn more. Product details.

In the story "A Comedy of Terrors" a film producer reminds his colleagues at a story conference "No monsters. No gloomy castles, no mummies, no vampires. He thinks his luck is in when he forces entry to an isolated cottage tenanted only by an elderly woman and her pretty daughter. Pan9 appears to absolutely bristle with stories: Man-Hunt is a short sharp shock opener to the collection which succeeds in fitting in rape, murder, dismemberment and castration into its five-and-a-half pages. The one glaring flaw in the narrative is that it relies upon quite the most mind-boggling geographical coincidence to deliver Blandon into the clutches of the two individuals he would least like to meet up with. But it is a tolerable enough read, not untypical of Pan offerings around this time. The sight of a fly trying crawling up the tall window in their bedroom, and the memory of a hypnotist show she had attended recently initiates the germination of a plan. Maria is clearly not dealing with a full pack, whilst Arthur for all his faults, does appear to show an almost gallant regard towards his much younger mistress. But once the narrative moves onto the frankly preposterous hypnotism scene things just get a bit silly, with the outcome all too predictable. Although as ever, Ms Gray dips her brush into the red palette at the end to paint the final scene to jarring effect. Haynes A young girl Jinnot is persuaded by older Beatrice to feign fits, in order to pretend she is being bewitched by Minty; the latter two girls vying for the affections of hunky Jack. Beatrice and Jack later marry, but when their new born child dies after Jinnot has visited, the young girl finds herself now being accused of witchcraft. From the scheming Beatrice, and the nice-but-dim Jack to the unfortunate Jinty. And all the main characters end up damaged in some way or other by the end, with three if one counts the infant dead by nasty means, and a further three left utterly bereft by loss. Was Jinnot a witch? But it was her ability to float when hog-tied which sealed her date with the bonfire. I do not think it a coincidence though that Haynes used the name Jinnot - it is a derivation of Janet, with the name Janet Horne being a generic Scots name for a witch. Dating the story represented a bit of a challenge. The last recorded prosecution for witchcraft in Scotland took place in And yet even as recently as the start of the 20th Century, a sixpence would appear to be an incongruously large amount to be giving a child to spend on sweets. Thus was the transformation complete from a compendium of the best horror writing of the previous years, to a collection of ink-still-wet efforts by contemporary authors. No bad thing in itself, but I do perhaps wonder if the contributors now began writing less what the muse inspired, than what they thought was most likely to appeal to Bertie and his by now extensive band of gore-hungry readers. This yarn appears one such, with no back story or explanation as to why the old geezer was rotting away and feeding the sloughed off bits to the pigeons; the narrative seemingly naught but a memorably gross image only superficially explored. Consequently it is now being housed inside its third body. But this one is now worn out, so a fourth has been procured, even though no-one is quite sure where this body has come from. One of the few clues is a postcard from Transylvania found in one of its pockets. Perhaps they are best put into a genre of their own: Not that I minded his presence in the collections, for his eye for the absurd and ear for a well-turned phrase always made his stories a first port of call with each new volume. And he does not fail to deliver here. My one disappointment is that the tale is too short, Waddell bringing the narrative to a close just as all manner of intriguing possibilities had opened up. Adobe James had been a regular Pan contributor, but this entry to Pan9 was his last, and I feel by far his weakest. Although he had not been afraid to inject an element of the supernatural into some of his stories, here he, rather unwisely in my opinion, chose to dip a toe into the realm of Science Fiction. And the narrative pacing judders to a halt as the author is forced to toss in a couple of clumsy expositional paragraphs to explain the above. But even then, the whole extra-terrestrial business is naught but a contrived plot villain to facilitate James hitting us with another of his extremely un-PC last lines. Not that Malinda minds, for having all the tedious aspects of motherhood taken care of frees her up to spend time with her lover. But, when she decides to leave Peter and take the child with her, she finds the Baby Machine stubbornly reluctant to give up its charge. As with her Pan8 contribution The Computer, Morris

similarly has us in a future where an aspect of human activity, in this case parenting, has been handed over to technology. And again, she toils to come up with a credible description of the technology; the Baby Machine being described as having a single pale-green eye, thick rubbery arms each boasting a pincer-like hand plus, most incongruously, some large soft rubber breast, with which it suffocates Malinda when she attempts to remove the child. It is unclear whether Malinda met her end as a consequence of how the Machine has been programmed, or if there has been some malfunction – there are clues suggesting either in the text – but ultimately, I suppose, for Malinda it was a bit of a moot issue. But there are ulterior motives at play, and blood soon begins to flow. It is fairly safe to assume that, certainly during the late Sixties and early Seventies, the PBoHS collections proved to be quite a lucrative earner for Herbert Van Thal. In his rather dull autobiography "The Tops of the Mulberry Trees", he barely even mentions the series, almost as if he was whisper it ashamed of his involvement. And I wonder if, in choosing this particular story Bertie was subtly voicing his true opinion of the monster he had created. The link with prostitution is clear. Was this how Bertie viewed these authors? A competent enough yarn with the long-telegraphed twist being that the wife, upon finally receiving the multitude of diamonds she has long yearned for, is in no fit state to appreciate them. The mystery really is how she lasted as long as she did, giving the unstinting viciousness of her nagging. The concept of punishment by proxy is not a new one to the PBoHS series: There is, of course, a tale of that name in Pan10, and I always felt there was at least an element of it in A Poem and a Bunch of Roses in Pan3. And although the plot-line is so silly as to be impossible to take seriously, nevertheless this one gets under the skin and disturbs in a way neither of the aforementioned tales do. This is mainly due to the fact it is an innocent seven-year-old child who is being punished for the sins of another. And punished in a particularly grotesque manner, by the one person who should have loved him the most. The narrative could have been an even more harrowing read, had Gray taken the time with characterisation of the child, for he remains little more than a cipher throughout. But then I wonder if perhaps even the author found such a thing too painful to contemplate. Unfortunately for the killer, his actions have been witnessed by the local village idiot – who, it turns out, also has the hots for him. For with both we are left to use our imaginations to continue the narrative, after murderers have failed to cover their tracks as well as they had hoped. Set in Ireland where else? Doyle playing old Mrs. Although the Channel 4 series never came up with anyone quite like Mary Casey, mores the pity. To ensure he gets a scene in the next film he is working on correct, he flays alive his girlfriend before dumping her body in a local rubbish dump. Although John Burke does drop a few light-hearted macabre touches into the narrative, this one is more Terrors than Comedy, even if he, almost demurely, skips over the description of the actual flaying process. He really could not afford to pass up such opportunities, if he harboured any ambitions to become a PBoHS regular. But the snake proves to be a naught but a passing fad for the boy, with the inevitable fatal consequence for the unfortunate reptile. But something or someone has decided the boy must pay for his neglect. There must be few stories where the death of a child can be viewed as anything other than a tragedy, but here I have to say the word karma springs to mind. I lean towards the latter I think given little clues scattered around, which I shall leave you to collect yourselves. And poor Mason does have this congenital heart defect. But the final straw was his successful wooing of Lorna, a local girl Lawson long had his eye on. Thus, when fate provides Lawson with an opportunity to club his rival to death, he seizes it with both hands and, although there is no evidence to link him with the death, Lorna Anstey knows Lawson to be the guilty party. A fine thriller this one, with the resourceful Mrs Anstey using psychological persuasion to drive Lawson over the edge. And the critters are angry. A really well-written story, which at thirteen pages is disappointingly brief. But, as if in compensation, Alex Hamilton presents us with deftly entertaining prose throughout. The silverfish were getting through it faster than she was. I really enjoyed this one, and was genuinely sorry to see Sarah go. Emma takes the odd gift in her stride ha-ha , but is thwarted in her attempt to sell it on to make a few pounds. She asks Richard to find her the other one a pair being more likely to find a buyer, apparently. Although the yarn builds to the one-liner indicated above, the real joke is the insouciance shown by everyone who encounters the decomposing appendage. But it is a joke which swiftly outstays its welcome. The staff have apparently locked the place up for the night, without noticing he was still there. But he is not alone. Speaking from experience, I know there are few things scarier than being Down in a Tube Station at Midnight.

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But I should imagine being locked in a tube station well after midnight in utter darkness would certainly be one such set of circumstances. The tension-fuelled flight along the tunnel is first class, with the lights coming back on just in time to illuminate one of the more vivid death scenes in Pan9. If I do have a moan with the yarn it is that the newspaper story gathers together and tidies up all of the loose ends rather too neatly. I think I should really rather like to meet this woman one day. Bertin Don and Harvey, inseparable childhood buddies, stumble upon a derelict cottage in the woods, with almost all that remains being the steps leading down to the cellar. The boys are just attempting to pluck up the courage to go down and investigate, when they hear a whisper from cellar depths. For reasons I cannot quite explain, I feel there is a definite Stephen-King-ish aura to this one; praise indeed given Pan9 was published some six years before Mr. King made it into mainstream print. It may be the remembered story with its epistolary diary coda, or perhaps the children finding a scary thing in the woods plot-line. Definitely one of the stronger entries to Pan9. She is considering the sideways career move into prostitution, but would much rather obtain a generous Sugar Daddy. So when she is offered six-thousand pounds for a single private performance, she is understandably tempted. The show she is asked to give is a depiction of Eve in the Garden of Eden. There will be no Adam, she is pleased to hear, but all the other props will be there: Tree of Knowledge, fig leaves, appleâ€â€â€. But she is such a dipstick, utterly unable to read all those big red warning signs, that it is hard to view her demise as anything other than Darwinism at work.

4: www.enganchecubano.com - The 21st Pan Book of Horror Stories

The Pan Book of Horror Stories was a paperback series of short horror story anthologies published by Pan Books Ltd. The series ran to thirty volumes, the first published in The series was initially collected and edited by Herbert Van Thal. On Van Thal's death Clarence Paget edited the series.

5: The 24th Pan Book of Horror Stories â€ Roald Dahl Fans

Clarence Paget (ed.) - 29th Pan Book Of Horror Stories () J. P. Dixon - The Surgeon's Tale Jerome Preisler - Crabs Marcus Gold - The Cave Gee Williams - Penny Dreadful.

6: Pan Book of Horror Stories | Awards | LibraryThing

A special edition of The Pan Book of Horror Stories reissued with a bright retro design to celebrate Pan's 70th anniversary. Over fifty years ago, Pan launched a series of books that were to delight and disgust - sometimes even on the same page - readers from across.

7: The 29th Pan Book of Horror Stories by Clarence Paget

The page for the Anthology The 21st Pan Book of Horror Stories.

8: Pan Book of Horror Stories | SFF Chronicles forums

The Pan Book of Horror Stories was a British paperback series of short horror story anthologies published by Pan Books Ltd. The series ran to thirty volumes, the first published in The series ran to thirty volumes, the first published in

9: pan books of horror stories | eBay

The Pan Book of Horror Stories book series by multiple authors includes books The Pan Book of Horror Stories, The Second Pan Book of Horror Stories, The Third Pan Book of Horror Stories, and several more.

Mental health team practice Shervert H. Frazier Edgar rice burroughs mars books The view from Delphi Renaissance Thought (Torchbooks) Marketing Green Buildings Advances in Econometrics: Economic Inequality Autonomous integrated GPS/INS navigation experiment for OMV Using social theory in educational research A Fire of the Soul The Green Star of Oz Enzymatic browning in foods and its prevention James Nasmyth and the Bridgewater Foundry That night with my best friends brother Filetype ap physics workbook The Georgia Confederate 7,000 Cletrac and Oliver Crawlers Photo Archive Bibliography of papermaking for children young adults Gateway to the Clouds Facilities Managers 2001 Costbook Material girl examples Spring Break with Melanie Nuntia Precious Rascal and Other Stories (Reunion Series, Book 2, book 2) The Best of Jim Croce (Easy Guitar with Notes Tab) The Cardinals fans little book of wisdom Library of Congress Africana collections Jimmy Carter : the engineer president Rivers and floodplains. Case study : Soldiers Grove, Wisconsin Dave Yetton. Musician. Strategies for world class products Cowboys have always been my heroes L. Bit manipulation Some materials for a bibliography of the official publications of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. The Forging of Latina Literature The authorized Left behind handbook Meditations on Yoga by Osho (Osho Meditations) Vision and Transformation In pursuit of carp and catfish. Oracle 12c data warehousing guide Faces of the disenfranchised The Black Masque (Nexus)