

ISSUE 0



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# TALES TO HORRIFY

恐怖怪談満載！

PHANTOM  
IN THE  
MIRROR

ホラー！

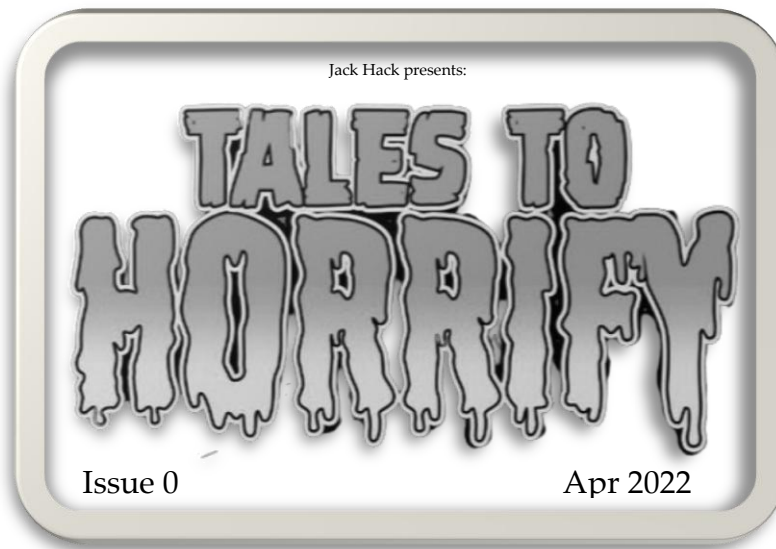
FRIGHTFUL  
STORIES!

ショート  
怖い話

HOUSE  
NO. 52

サスペンス！





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# House No. 52

*By: The Scarecrow*

五十二番地

作：ザ・スケアクロウ

Foggy night, mysterious night!

What awaits in house number fifty-two?

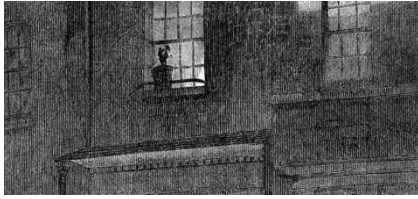
Enter if you dare!

**I** did not believe in  
ghosts, but one  
incident that



happened to me about thirty years ago made me a believer. It started on a hazy night. The haze was so thick, it burnt my eyes and made them feel like lead balls. I sighed as I thought of reaching my friend's house in time. I was invited to spend the weekend at my friend's terrace house and was already in the neighbourhood after getting off the bus. I knew it was going to be hazy and had brought along a torch. I turned it on but the light could only reach no more than two metres ahead of me. The torch then proceeded to suddenly

die on me. Since my eyes could not take the pain anymore, I decided to stop at the nearest house for a rest.



I went up to the gate of the house closest to me and could make out through the haze that the house number was fifty-two.

This meant that I was still quite a distance from my friend's place which was number eighty-six. Hoping that the people living in house fifty-two were friendly, I crossed my fingers and opened the gate which was not locked. As I walked towards the front door of the house, I could see light coming from the windows of the house. Good, somebody's home, I thought. I gently knocked on the door, and after a few moments an elderly man opened the door. I told him of my predicament and he welcomed me into the house.

The inside of the house was rather old-fashioned with furniture and decor that looked like they were from decades ago. There was even an old-timey black and white television set showing some old rerun in the living area. I thought that it was quite odd for someone who could afford to live in a two-storey terrace house not to at least upgrade their TV but then again, maybe it had some sentimental value to them. The elderly man introduced himself as Mr. Lim and beckoned me to have a seat on an antique-looking sofa. He also

offered to pour me some coffee that he had just made. After handing me a cup of piping hot coffee, Mr. Lim turned off the TV and suggested a game of chess. I agreed and we started playing. After a couple of minutes into the game, Mr. Lim excused himself and went up a flight of stairs leading upstairs.

Ten minutes passed and he did not come back



down. I looked at my watch and realized how late I was and that my friend could be worried for me. I felt that I should immediately continue on my way once Mr. Lim returned, now that I had taken my break, and my eyes were feeling better. A newspaper on a small quaint table next to the sofa caught my eye and as I picked it up, I was shocked to see the date. Printed on the newspaper was 6th July 1956!

Another ten minutes passed and I decided that I must really be going. After calling out Mr. Lim's name a couple of times to no avail, I wrote a note on a scrap of supermarket receipt that I had in my pocket saying thank you and left it on the chessboard. I walked out of the house and after going through the gate, I turned around to see if I could catch a glimpse of Mr. Lim inside the house but there was not any light coming through the windows anymore and the house

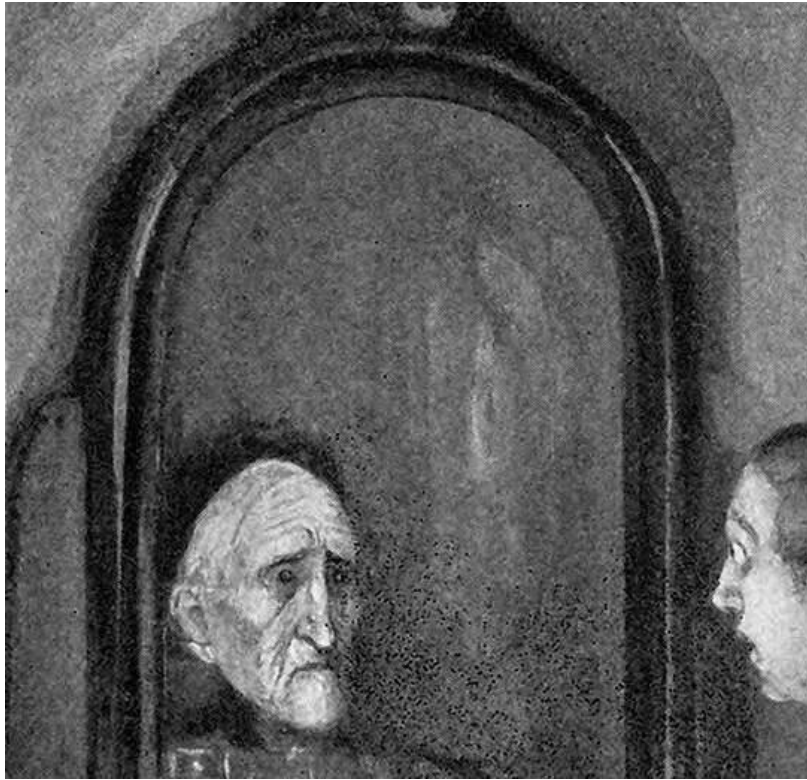
was in complete darkness. The haze was clearing up at that time. I noticed the house looked very old and ran down on the outside. Perhaps the haze covered up everything earlier on when I first came. Hurriedly, I made my way to my friend's house.

My friend was worried and a little peeved about my tardiness. I explained and told my friend what happened and he burst into laughter. He said I should have come up with a better excuse than that because the last owner of house number fifty-two died of old age more than twenty years back!

The next morning, upon my insistence to prove my story, I dragged my friend along with me back to Mr. Lim's house. When we reached house number fifty-two, I stared at it in disbelief. The terrace house was nearly in ruins. Nobody could have lived there recently. We went into the house and it was completely empty except for cobwebs which were practically everywhere. Then I noticed a piece of paper lying in the middle of the house. I picked it up and could feel the hair on the nape of my neck rising.

**It was the note that I left on the chessboard last night!**

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# Phantom In The Mirror

By: Krack Kirby

## 鏡中の幻

作：クラック・カービー

Sometimes going to work is like stepping into hell!

**J**is 24. She gets retrenched from her graphic designer job. Also, her boss tells everyone her work is okay but not special. She feels lousy. She spends months looking for work. Finally she

gets an offer. An administrative assistant at a small company that handles funeral logistics. She looks it up online. She finds a website that says this is an awful place to work. The hours are long. The clients are unreasonable. The boss can't be trusted. There are no promotion prospects. The work is tedious and boring. One comment says this office is dangerous. What does this mean? J doesn't know. It doesn't sound good. But this is the only place that will hire her. She needs the money.

They tell J to come at 8am on her first day. She sleeps poorly the night before, uneasy dreams, so when morning comes she's just glad to rush out of her apartment. That's why she gets to work at 7:15am. Way too early. J carries a bag with her. It contains her phone, her purse, her keys, a light cardigan, a small notebook, and her personal stuff, like her make up, etc. She takes the elevator up to the eighth floor. She finds the office unit. But the office door is locked. J waits. It's too early. Nobody else is here.

And then J needs to use the washroom. She looks for one on this floor. She finds it, the ladies room. But the door is locked. J jiggles the handle desperately. The door won't open. J sighs. She goes looking for another ladies' room on this floor. There isn't one. She sees the stairwell. She decides to go one floor up. There must be a



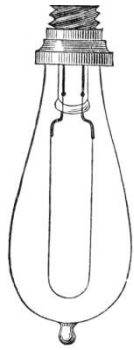
ladies' room up there. One that's not locked. She walks upstairs. She finds the ladies' room. This one is locked too. Now J is angry. What kind of lousy office building is this? So J goes back to the stairwell. She's thinking, no point going downstairs again, the one there is locked. So she goes up one more floor.

The 10th floor is all quiet. It looks like the whole floor isn't occupied. Everywhere she turns, she sees messy renovation work in progress. And most of the lights are not working. J thinks she hears a low moaning sound. J tells herself that maybe it's the aircon. Or maybe it's the ventilator. Maybe it's the wind



blowing through an open window somewhere. Maybe she's imagining it. J goes to look for the washroom anyway.

J finds it. To her relief, this time the door isn't locked. J goes in and switches on the light. It comes on after two seconds. She balances her bag on the narrow ledge next to the sink. Then she glances in the mirror. First thing she notices is that this toilet looks absolutely dreary. She notices the dirty grey walls behind her. In the mirror,



she sees the two cubicles behind her, on her right. She sees the light above, it's rather dim, and it's flickering ever so slightly. J takes a deep breath. She stares into the mirror. She suddenly realises that there's something odd. In the mirror, she can see the washroom, but she doesn't see her own reflection. She frowns and stares harder, but nothing changes, she's not in the mirror. Her mind goes blank for a moment. Then her hands turn cold. And her heart starts to thump furiously in her chest. Because, suddenly, J sees another woman in the mirror, where her own face should be.

This other woman in the mirror looks really old. She has long creepy hair, covering most of her face. There are ugly slashes across her cheeks. And her eyes are scary dark slits with a red glow in the middle. And then J feels something heavy brush against her left shoulder.

J is terrified. She screams. She doesn't even grab her bag. She runs out. She keeps screaming at the top of her voice, all the way back to the stairwell. She hurries down one flight of stairs, still screaming. She doesn't slow down. She runs down the next flight of stairs. She doesn't stop screaming. She goes, AAAAAARRRRRRGH! AAAARARGH! When she's back on the eighth floor she dashes out

of the stairwell and she keeps running. She's still screaming. AAAAARGH! AAAAAARRRRRGGGH! She sees a cleaner at the other end of the corridor, but the cleaner ignores her. The cleaner just keeps on mopping the floor.

J scrambles to the office unit. This time the door's open. J runs in. Only now does she stop screaming. She's breathless, breathing really hard. Her hands are shaking. Her heart is pounding madly. Her head feels like it's about to explode. She thinks she's going crazy.

J sees a woman there. This is Mrs L, the office manager. Of course Mrs L heard J screaming. J is panting but still she manages to tell Mrs L what happened upstairs. To her surprise, Mrs L grabs J's arm and tells her not to let anyone else know about this. Mrs L says she had a traumatic experience herself, two years ago, when she went upstairs. Mrs L also says that there was an earlier office manager who said something similar had happened to her a few years before that. And some months back even the renovation workers refused to continue up there. Mrs L tells J, forget about your bag, don't go to the tenth floor ever again.

J's head is spinning from all this. She feels like throwing up. She regrets coming here to work. She remembers what the online



comment said. This office is dangerous. Now she understands.

When Mrs L is busy with something, J uses the office phone to call her boyfriend. His name is S. She tells S what happened. S sounds impatient. He keeps her on the line while he does a quick search on his phone. He finds a news article that says a woman died upstairs in this building five years back. Suspicious circumstances. After that, strange accidents kept happening. And three years ago, a feng shui master advised the building owner to change the layout of that floor. J thinks, looks like that renovation work was never completed. S says, maybe that floor is cursed. Maybe the whole building too. Also, S tells J not to go up there. He says to forget about her bag. From his voice, J thinks that S is making up his mind to break up with her.

The rest of the morning, Mrs L is really nervous. She spends a lot of time telling J about her duties at this office. Mrs L takes out file after file to show J. She talks on and on. But J isn't listening to her. Later, Mrs L takes J to meet Mr C, the boss, the owner of this company. Mr C invites J to sit in his office. He tells J about the history of the company, and what he expects of her when she's working here. He talks about their customers. His expansion plan for later in the year. But J isn't listening to him. In her head, J keeps seeing visions of that woman upstairs. That creepy hair. That scary face. Those frightening

eyes. J can feel the woman's hand brushing against her left shoulder.

When J was younger, she often imagined such encounters. Now J thinks, this is the most exciting day of my life. She says to herself that she'll go up again to the 10th floor during her lunch hour. And not just to get her stuff back. She'll use her phone to make a video of that scary ghost woman. She'll put this up on YouTube. Start a channel.



Make money. She won't need a job anywhere else again. She'll just keep filming until she gets what she needs. This can be her special thing.

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# Storybook

*By: The Scarecrow*

## 物語の本

作：ザ・スケアクロウ

**A book written just for you! Will that  
be a blessing, or a CURSE?**

**T**om Goh, a book-lover, loved second-hand bookstores and there were still a few of them down at Bras Basah Road in the 80's. One late Sunday afternoon, wanting something good to read in the evening, he went rummaging through each of the stores' dusty old bookshelves. Finding nothing that interested him, he was just about to give up when suddenly, his eyes caught sight of a really old-looking hardcover volume at the bottom of the furthest end of a bookshelf located all the way in the back of the last store he was in. Tom carefully slid the book out from its place and glanced at the front cover. There was a layer of dust hiding the title of the book. Tom blew at the dust and wiped it with his fingers. He was immediately taken aback by the title. Embossed in gold was its title, "The Story Of Tom Goh". Although a bit shaken,





Tom thought it might be interesting to read a story of someone with the same name as himself.

He paid for the book and rushed home to his flat. Quickly, he took a shower, made himself a hot cup of tea and settled down to read the book. The first page started off with:

“Tom Goh, a book-lover, found a book with his name in its title in a used book store. He paid for it and rushed home. Then he took a bath, made himself a cup of tea and started to read the book...”



With his jaw dropping, Tom instinctively shut the book with a loud slam. He could not believe what he had just read. Wasn't that exactly what he did right before? But maybe it was just a weird coincidence, he thought as he slowly opened the book and continued reading from where he stopped earlier:

“Tom slammed the book shut suddenly and could not believe what he had just read. But then he opened the book slowly and started to read again...”

A sudden wave of nausea overcame Tom. It was too much for him.

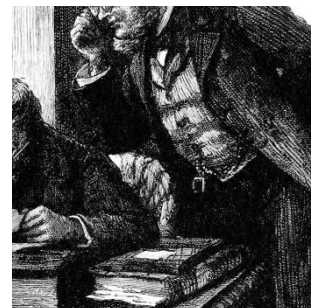
He threw the book onto the table and feeling giddy, stumbled straight to bed. Although he was all shook up, he fell asleep almost immediately.

Tom woke up next morning and was thinking about what happened last evening when he realized he was going to be late for work. Tom has a very fierce boss and hated his job as a clerk in a shipping company. He had been stuck in this dead-end job with no prospects, and nothing that could be called a social life, much less a girlfriend. Basically he had a extremely mundane life. He got himself ready for work in record time and before leaving the house, decided to take a quick look at the book again. Nervously, he opened the book and picked up from where he abruptly stopped yesterday:

“Tom was very shaken up by the book and threw it onto the table last evening. Feeling sick, he went to bed...”

“Oh god!” Tom exclaimed, “What kind of book is this?!”

Leaving the book on the table, he went off to work. In the office, he could not pay much attention to his tasks and got an earful from his boss who accused him of day-dreaming. Tom



just couldn't take his mind off the book and when it was time to go home, he went straight home without even picking up dinner which he did as a daily routine.

Bursting through the door of his flat, Tom grabbed the book off the table and opened it up:

"Tom got scolded by his boss for day-dreaming at work. After work, he went home straightaway without buying dinner and started reading the book..."

Tom started feeling nauseated again like the day before but he stopped himself from reactively throwing down the book and forced himself to continue reading instead:



"Tom continued reading the book even though he felt like throwing it down. Not long, a mosquito landed on his arm and Tom smacked it."

And at that very moment, Tom involuntarily smacked his arm. He removed his hand and on that spot on his arm where he had smacked was a dead mosquito! Although feeling sicker, Tom read on:



“Tom went to bed afterwards and started to think about the book and eventually about his lonesome existence...”

“A-ha!” Tom thought, “This is where I will prove this cursed book wrong by doing something else!”

Feeling slightly better, Tom put the book down. He went to his kitchen and made a sandwich out of some leftovers he found in his fridge for dinner. “Let’s see what the book is gonna say as I did not go to bed as written!” Tom was sure he had the book beat. For a good measure, Tom took out a bottle of wine and poured a glass of it and before he knew it, he had finished the whole



bottle. He had picked up the wine at the supermarket when doing his groceries a while back - just in case he had guests – but he never got around to having any. Tipsy, but feeling brave from all that wine, Tom picked up the book again. He opened it and was almost a hundred percent sure that the book would be wrong this time, however; there was nothing written on the first page, nor the second or the third – the pages were all blank and the text that Tom had read up till now was gone! Tom felt a mixed feeling of relief and nervousness as he flipped through the book page by page and

closely inspected the blank pages. When he reached the last page, he saw a sentence written right at the bottom of the page in capital letters:

“TOM HUNG HIMSELF THREE DAYS LATER”.



Due to his drunkenness, he was hit by a double-whammy of nausea. This was too much for Tom to bear. He threw the book out of a window and it landed in a drain outside his house a couple of floors below on the ground floor. Unable to walk properly, Tom crawled onto his bed and with the room spinning, he began thinking about how lonely he felt...

Three days later, Tom was found dead by hanging in his flat.

Dan Peters, a cleaner, was sweeping the drains when his broom, hit something hard. It was the book and Dan picked it up. Embossed on the front cover in gold was the title:

**“The Story of Dan Peters”**

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# WHEN IT COMES FOR YOU

By: Krack Kirby

## 君を連れに来た時

作：クラック・カービー

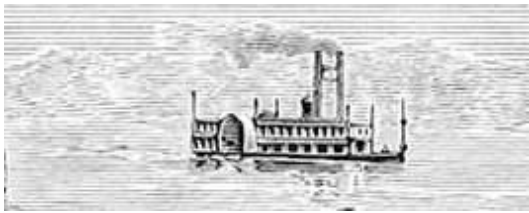
Be careful who you party with...

**M**works for a lifestyle blog. Her boss hears rumours of a private party, once in a while, where they play bizarre music and dance in odd ways. He tells her to find this party and write about it.

M can't get information about this anywhere. Until she connects with someone in an online thread who seems to know something. They exchange messages. This someone gives M a time and an address for the next party.



M sees that it's happening that very evening. She messages her boyfriend R to come with her. R says, okay, I'll meet you after work. M tells him, we'll need to catch the ferry, don't be late.



M waits for R at the ferry place. But R doesn't turn up. He doesn't pick up his phone. M misses one ferry and keeps waiting and then she gets on the next ferry alone.

When M gets to the other side she walks over to the address. Finally she sees the house. It's old. Two storeys. The place seems empty. Then she hears noise from upstairs. She stares at the windows and thinks she sees dim light as well as moving shadows.

It's getting dark. M decides to go up. She tells herself, it's work, but it could also be fun, I'll just be quick and get what I need for the blog.

The downstairs door is open. There's nobody on that level. M sees candles on the stairs. She walks up slowly. She can hear something going on.

She gets to the top and sees quite a cosy gathering. There are two

men, and three women, and one of them is carrying a baby.

At first M thinks these are not normal people. They look weird. Their faces are perfectly smooth wooden bowls. Then it hits M that this is a mask party, and they're wearing the most interesting mask she has ever seen.

All of them are wearing the same mask, made of polished wood, with no holes for the eyes or the nose or the mouth.

M thinks, how do they see? How do they breathe? Maybe there are tiny holes all over. How will they eat? Maybe they'll take off their masks later.

M starts to think they look quite fashionable.

They nod to M and sway their heads. She realises there's some music playing softly in the background. It's all clicks and hissing sounds and muffled insect calls.

The baby is cute. It babbles. It wants to play.



And then someone suddenly comes up behind M. M turns in

surprise. This person is wearing the same wood mask. M smiles. She acts like she's supposed to be here. She thinks the person is smiling back behind the mask.

The person reaches out and touches M's face. With both hands. It pulls at her cheeks, as if trying to peel off the flesh. It doesn't hurt but his fingers seem unusually cold and rough.

M thinks fast. Maybe this person is making a joke about her not wearing a wood mask. M laughs out loud. A little too loud, because she's incredibly nervous. She thinks to herself, two can play this game. So M reaches out and touches the person's mask.

At first the wood feels nice and smooth. And then, to her horror, she actually feels the hard surface reacting under her fingers. Twitching. Trembling. Like it's some kind of living flesh.

The person pulls back in terror and lets out a long, ear-piercing screech. It sounds furious and also terrified.

The rest join in. They screech in different voices. M's heart pounds in fear. She shouldn't have come. She thinks, this is not a party, these are freaks.



M no longer feels safe. She pushes the person aside and runs down the stairs. She goes out of the house. She hears them screeching behind her. She dashes to the main road and keeps running until she reaches the ferry place.

There's a ferry there. It looks like it's about to take off. M yells in desperation. The staff hear her. They wait. She gets on, all panting and sweating. In her head, she still hears the screeching.

On the ferry, all the way back, M is shaking, she's telling herself, I shouldn't have come, that was a bad mistake.

She catches a taxi home. Her heart doesn't stop pounding. She can't help feeling that something has changed forever.

She can feel her face transforming. She thinks her cheeks are turning to wood. Also, her mouth is slowly disappearing. She imagines that soon she'll look like one of those women at the party. A mask face. All smooth.

When she pays the taxi driver she doesn't dare look directly at him in case he sees that she's become a freak.



She gets back to her apartment. She looks in the mirror. To her relief, her face is okay. Nothing is turning to wood.

Her phone rings, It's her boyfriend. When she answers he apologises. His boss made him sit in a meeting and he couldn't leave.

She's happy to hear his voice. She's relieved that she doesn't have a mask face. She tells him, it's okay, can you please come over now? He says, okay.

She ends the call. And she hears it.

That screech.

Annoyed.

Taunting.

Just outside her door.

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# THERE ARE MORE TALES WAITING TO HORRIFY YOU!



## TALES TO HORRIFY 7"

<https://oppositionparty.bandcamp.com/album/tales-to-horrify>

## TALES TO HORRIFY "ANCIENT HORROR" VIDEO

<https://youtu.be/CK1c-CA74B8>