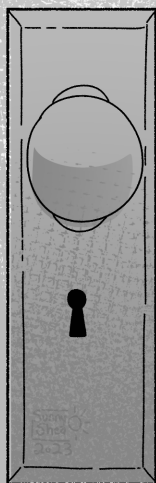


A NEW DOOR



Art and adaptation by
SAM "SUNNY SHEA" ROBERTS

based on
THE MAGNUS ARCHIVES

The Magnus Archives is a fiction horror podcast produced by Rusty Quill and written by Jonathan Sims. It ran from March 2016 to March 2021 for a total of 200 episodes.

Each episode, John the Head Archivist of the Magnus Institute of London, records an audio statement of someone else's supernatural encounters either from an original paper document or by talking to someone in-person. These statements are short horror stories focusing on different fears, themes, and subjects. As the story goes on, turns out these Fears are watching over us. John and company must unravel these mysteries and face these horrors or else be consumed by them.
Maybe even literally.

This comic is an adaptation of the post-statement section of episode 47: The New Door. John meets Michael, aka The Distortion, a servant of the fear representing madness. This conversation remains a personal and rather iconic favourite. Given it represents John's powerlessness, and Michael would be a fun challenge in comic format, I did it for my graduate comics course.

Some dialogue has changed to better reflect a standalone read for new or non-fans.

To listen along, start at 14:30 minutes.

Thank you and remember:
when the monsters come at night, the blankets
never do anything.



I had no reason to think it would help. but I could see no other choice but waiting for death.

So I threw myself at this empty mirror.

And just like that, I was out. I felt the cold night air on my face and — and wet tarmac under my hands and knees. It was raining. I turned up in Dulwich of all places. I screamed for about 5 minutes before help came.



I don't really know what else to tell you. I was in hospital for a short while, until they were satisfied my dehydration wasn't going to cause any complications. Spent a long time at home. Not opening any doors.





Finally, after the latest bout of nightmares, I decided to come to you and tell you my story.

Maybe you can make sense of this.



Perhaps...
Leave it with us.

We'll... do some digging and see what we can find.

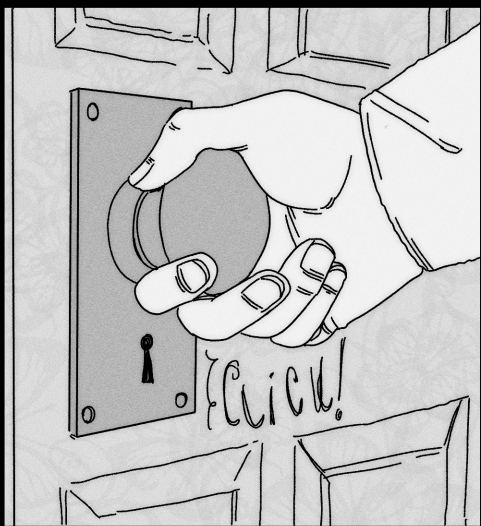


You believe me then?

I... yes.
Yes, I think I do.

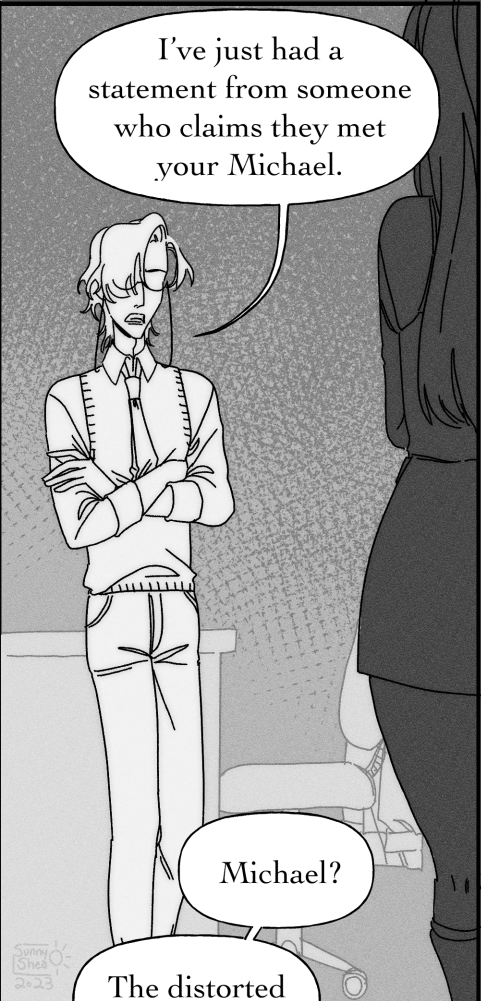
One, thing, though.







Sorry,
did you call?



I've just had a
statement from someone
who claims they met
your Michael.

Michael?

The distorted
Michael?



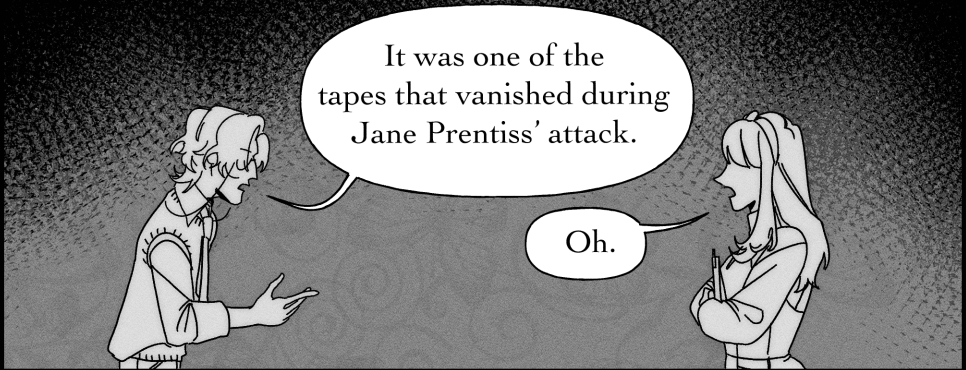
The very
same.



I don't think we re-recorded your statement on him, did we?



Did we need to?



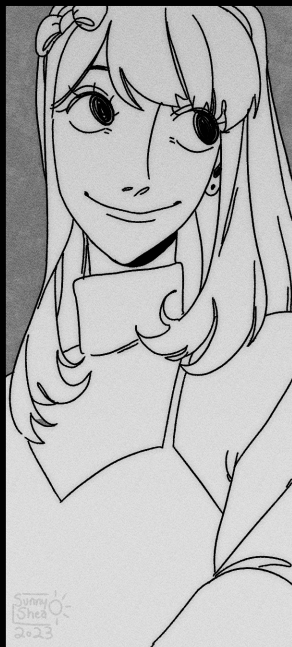
It was one of the tapes that vanished during Jane Prentiss' attack.

Oh.

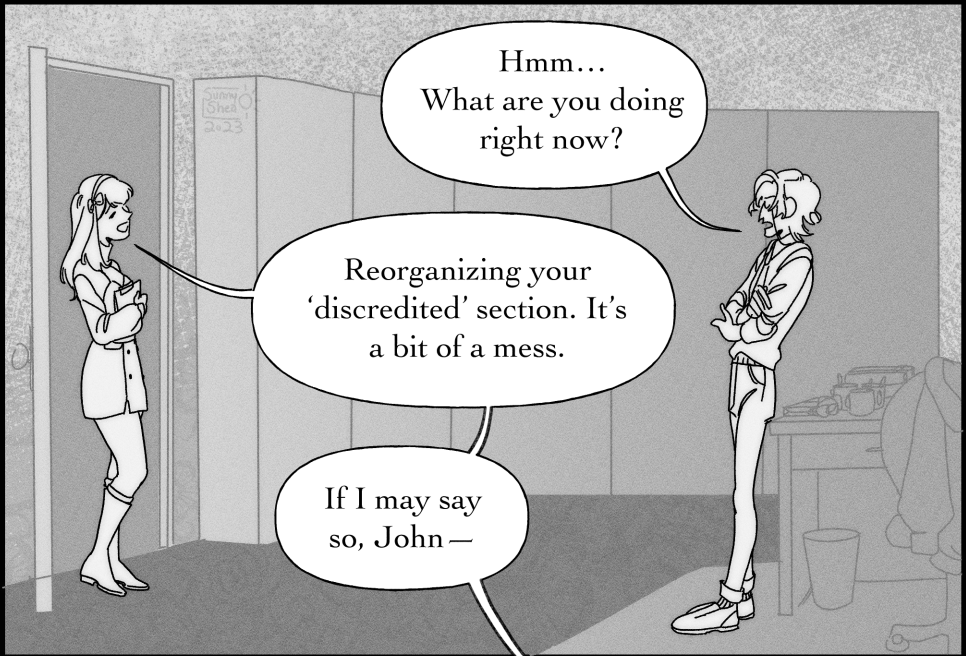


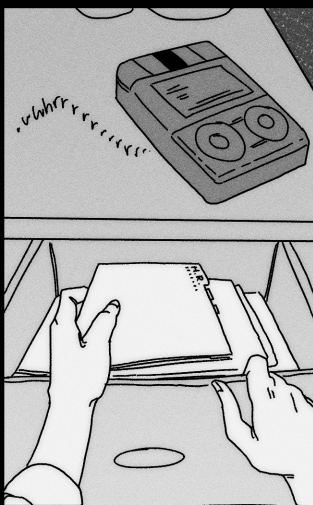
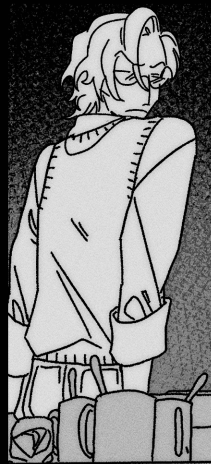
Well, I can give it again if you'd like, but I haven't seen him since.

And you can't think of anything else? Nothing you forgot to mention?



I don't think so, no.





DO YOU EVEN KNOW THEY'RE LYING TO YOU?





LET?





I'M AFRAID THAT
ISN'T HOW THAT WORKS.

You're him.

YES.



Michael.



THAT IS A
REAL NAME.



Are you here
to kill me?

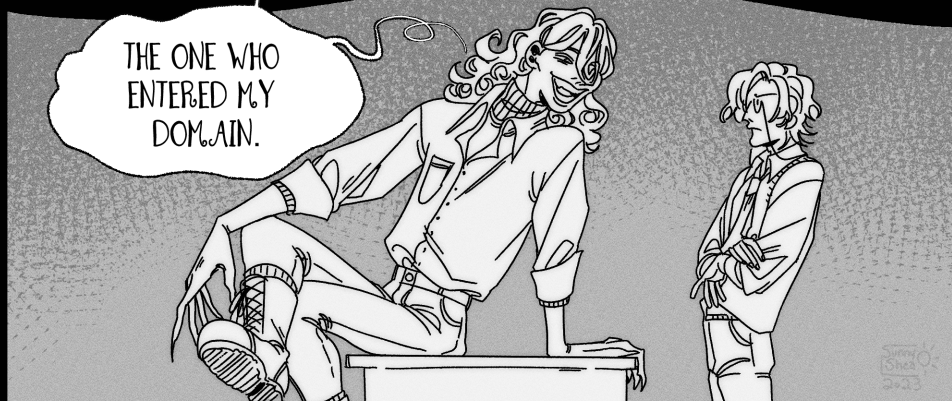


NO.



Oh. Wh — Why
are you here? You...

I'M HERE TO COLLECT
WHAT'S MINE,
ARCHIVIST.



THE ONE WHO
ENTERED MY
DOMAIN.



loss







THERE HAS NEVER
BEEN A DOOR THERE,
ARCHIVIST. YOUR MIND
PLAYS TRICKS
ON YOU.



ARE YOU GOING TO ATTACK ME?



Who the hell
are you?!









So Michael
isn't even your real
name, then?

THERE IS NO
SUCH THING AS A
REAL NAME.

What are you
talking about?



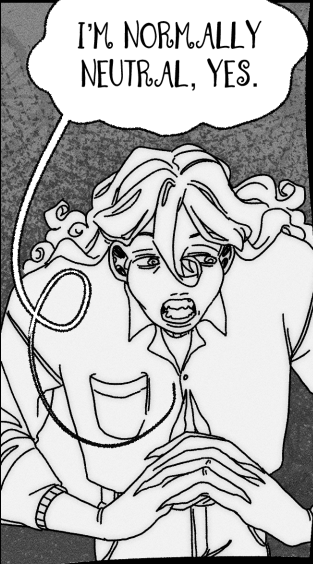
I AM TALKING ABOUT
MYSELF. IT'S NOT SOMETHING
I'M USED TO DOING—

SO I'M SORRY IF
I'M NOT VERY GOOD
AT IT.



You decided to
appear down here
and... stab me anyway!





I'M NORMALLY
NEUTRAL, YES.



BUT THE LOSS OF
THIS PLACE WOULD'VE
UNBALANCED THE
STRUGGLE TOO EARLY.



I'M KEEN TO SEE
HOW IT PROGRESSES.



You make it sound
like there's a...

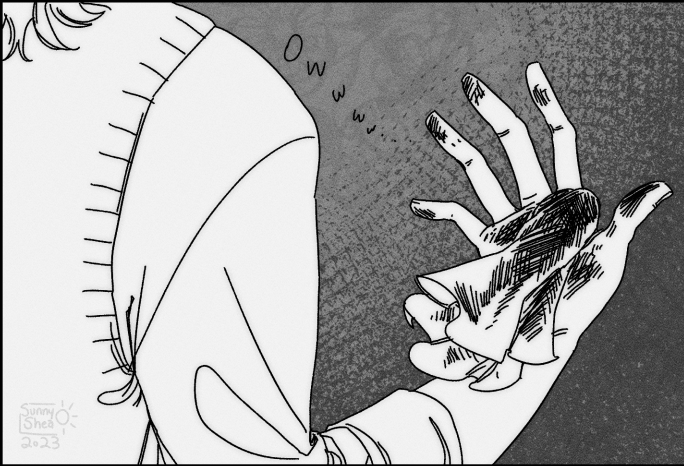


...war.

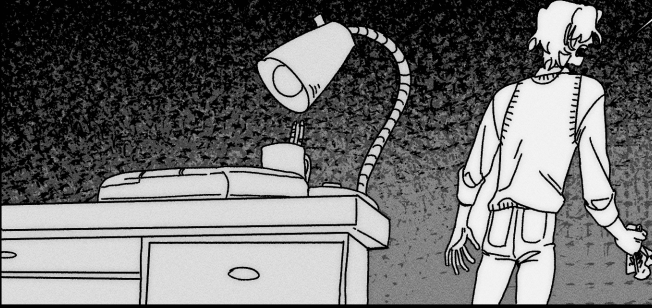


THEN I WILL SAY
NOTHING FURTHER. I
WOULDN'T WISH TO TARNISH
YOUR IGNORANCE
PREMATURELY.

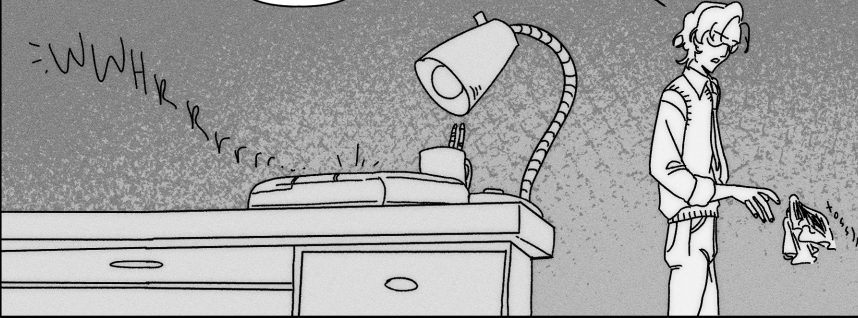
GOODBYE,
ARCHIVIST.



Michael!



Ah.

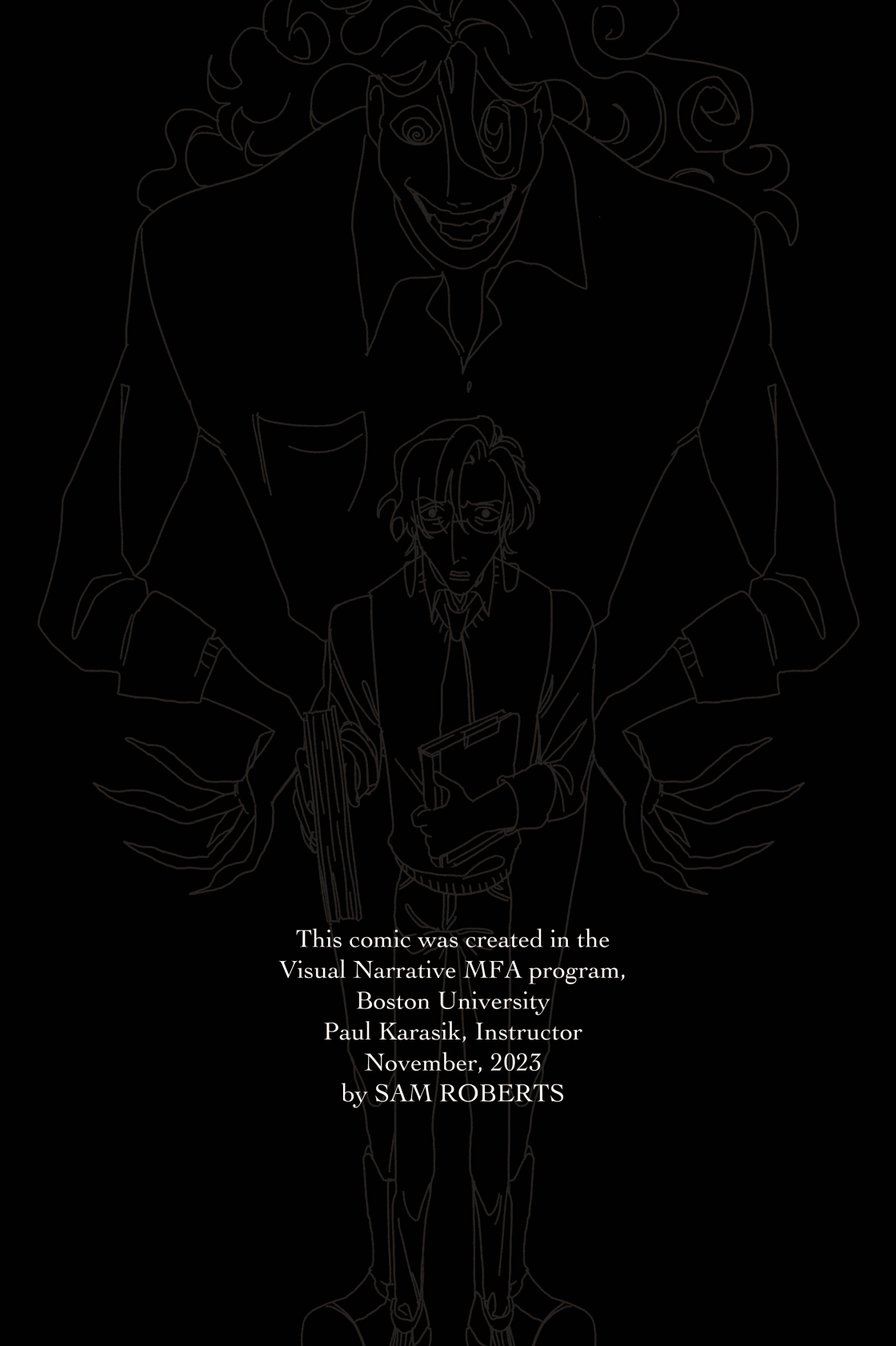


End recording.



{Click!}

fin.

A black and white line drawing. In the background, a large, muscular figure with wild, curly hair and a wide, toothy grin. He is wearing a collared shirt. In the foreground, a smaller figure with long hair and a serious expression stands with their arms crossed, holding several books. They are wearing a sweater over a collared shirt. The background figure's hands are visible, holding the smaller figure's arms.

This comic was created in the
Visual Narrative MFA program,
Boston University
Paul Karasik, Instructor
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by SAM ROBERTS