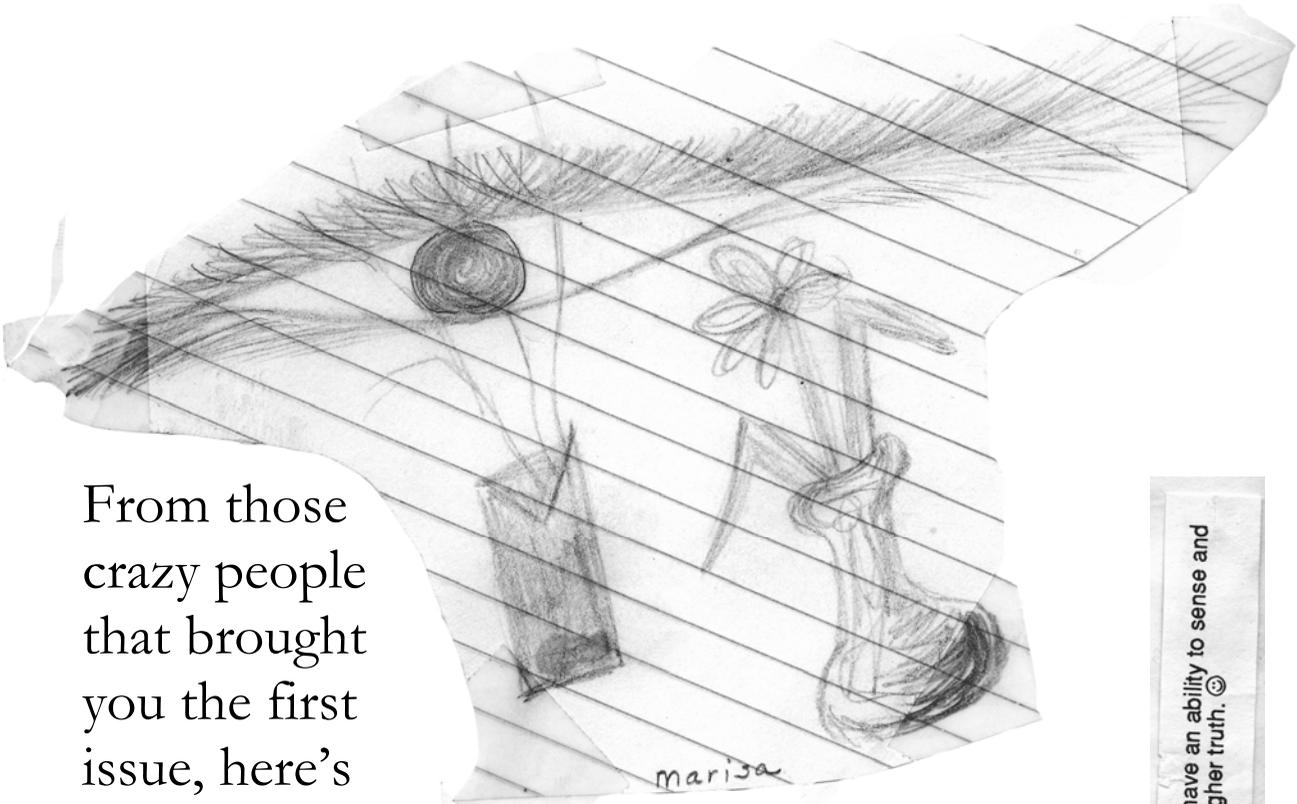


a.c.A.o.n.y.m.©

It's Not Just A World.

by G.M.

A.n.y.m.o.i



From those crazy people that brought you the first issue, here's the second! This time, brought to you in association with Blasphuphmus Press Ltd.!

re-dun-dant (ri-dūn'dant) *adj.* 1. Exceeding what is necessary or natural; superfluous. 2. Needlessly repetitive; verbose. [*< Lat. redundare, to overflow.*] —**re-dun'dan-cy** *n.* —**re-dun'dantly** *adv.*
re-du-pli-cate (ri-dū'pli-kāt', -dyū'-) *v.* -cat-ed, -cat-ing. *Ling.* To double (the initial syllable or all of a root word) to form a new word. [*LLat. reduplicare.*] —**re-du'pli-ca'tion** *n.* —**re-du'pli-ca'tive** *adj.*

© You have an ability to sense and know higher truth. ☺

Volume I, Issue 2
February 15, 1994

Here We Go Again:

This is the fourth time I've sat down to try to type an editor's note for this issue, and I think that this time I've finally got it. See, the first one was about the interesting little tiffs our fair city of Cottage Grove has been having with racism. That didn't go much further than two paragraphs (short ones, mind you).

The second attempt was about the obsession so many people I know have with fucking. However, that was a bit blunt and too many people knew who I was talking about thought I was being a bit crude. But hey, why do you think I go by G.M.?

The third attempt was made last night. I was feeling really unusual and had just rented Fire Walk With Me, 2,001 and 2,010. It started out about suicide, but that didn't lead anywhere except for me saying some nonsensical statements about it. So I scratched that idea as well.

But this time I think I've got it. Does anyone have an editorial they want to submit?

When I was running my other mags, it seemed pretty easy to come up with a topic for the editor's note. Just take something you feel strongly about and beat it to death. But soon people begin to, well, become annoyed by my wordiness. So, I figured that I could turn this space over to someone else for a change.

It's really easy. First, you write about something you feel strongly about, it doesn't matter what. Second, you submit it to me. Third, you buy a copy of this mag and see what comes of your work.

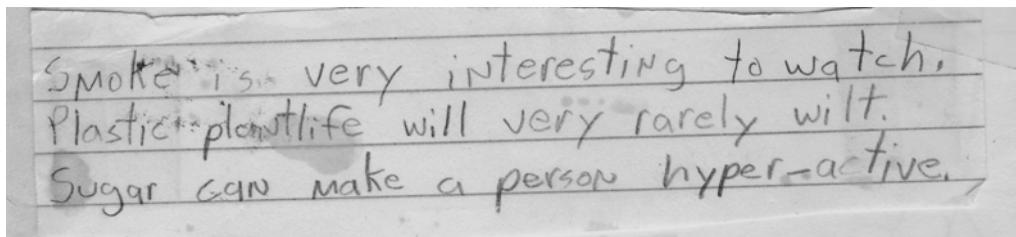
I have to add a price to this mag, but don't worry! It'll probably run no more than a dollar, and since I've expanded the length and quality, it should be worth it.

We need some more material (so please submit!). I'd like to start running music reviews if there's anyone who'd like to write them (and if you're willing to do it full time, you'll get free copies of the mag).

The address hasn't changed and we accept anything. Send all letters to the editor (hate or fan), writing, poems, artwork, and anything else to:

A.C.R.O.N.Y.M.
8137 N. Willamette
Portland, OR, 97203

I don't have much else to say, except that if you do send a letter it will, more than likely, get printed. Until next time, this is G.M., and I'm outta here!



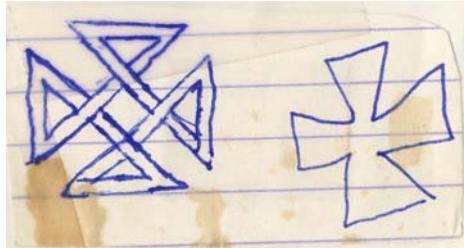
The Stories,

characters and incidents featured in this publication are, as far as I know, entirely fictional. All Related characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related indica are trademarks of the original author. Everything Else Renewed © 1994 A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Publishing.

A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. I.t.'s. N.o.t. J.u.s.t. A. W.o.r.d. A.n.y.m.o.r.

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Throughout *by Austin Rich, Cerrah Seal, Keith Haynes, The US Postal Service, Mark Twain, Thane, A Fortune Cookie Given To Me By Some Nice Lady, Pacific Power, The American Heritage Dictionary, and The New Roget’s Thesaurus In Dictionary Form.*

Art & Text Layouts, Cover Design, & Editing were all done *by G.M.*

This issue is dedicated to many people, in fact, just about everyone I ran into on February 11. You know who you are.

Special Thanks To:

Mrs. Heidi Gunter (and her typewriter, and her husband);
The A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Staff and band (H.e.l.l.o. L.e.m.o.n.h.e.a.d.).

Reason
by Damon Brice

Indefinite estrangement from impossible relief
Deceptive complications to an infinite belief
Rejected implications on a whim betrayed by fate
Reconstituted intellect makes hope regenerate

An impeccable translation of the thoughts which I hold dear
A prosaic desecration of that which I revere
Disparaging Conscription to society's conform
Subverted concentration from immoral inner storms

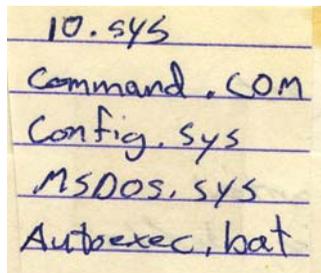
Falling down
Falling out
Falling over
Falling off
Release Me
Won't you listen to reason?

Extended separation from the world within my soul
Denied a restitution for the life & love you've stole
Collective resignation to abolishment of hope
Constraining indecision--it's impossible to cope



-----|
UnChanged

by Robbie Wolfard
© 1993 Insects From Hell



I painted a picture
Yesterday
It was about a house
Overlooking the sea
The penguins
Throwing themselves at the
Rocks
As I slowly go insane
From lack of love
And my love will surely grow
If you would only let it
Then you'd understand
What I'm talking about...

“and they met”

translated by
Dr. Keith D. Haynes
PHD of <shrug>

A weary group of travelers crossed the many sands through the woods, to a great palace where Earl the almighty lived. They were cold and dying of heat... they were starving... and had eaten too much... they were dehydrated and soaking wet... <slap> (sound of author being slapped with a wet carp). They could hardly go any further... they had crossed the line and were left for dead. Earl had plans for this group of 5, which consisted of two women two men... and one uhm... **we're not sure what it is... (the author merely assumed it was a person... when actually it could of been one of the Singing Mountain Llamas...)**. They dropped their battlechickens... as they would need not these tools of war with Earl. They stepped up to the cold, hard marble steps... the wood creaked under their weight... they knocked three quick raps on the doorbell... suddenly like a fly with a firecracker up its ass... the great iron doors of Blasphuphmus opened up. Pieces of wood fell from the paneling on the door, a termite noticing movement... scurried for cover. These doors had not been opened for centuries... possibly even millenniums... it was hard to tell. A single 1984 coin dropped from the ceiling, landing in the hands of a mysterious figure wearing plaid. Purple lights danced about then they started to **do the jig**... they got tired of that and began to mosh dance... after the excitement wore down... they did the jitterbug. The group entered the humble castle... they knew they had made it... to the place few even dare to hear about... the had finally made it to the almighty land of Blasphuphmus beyond the gates of Med... beyond the realms of reality. The sky was dark and dismal but they couldn't really see that because they were indoors. The checkered floor weaved and sunk... rose and swirled... it could hardly be described as checkers anymore... merely an odd arrangement of black and white tiles in a peculiar ever-changing pattern. The walls were not at ninety degree angles as most people assume walls to be... they were rather angular and leaning this way and that... the ceiling was almost undetectable amongst the many angles of walls... one **prophet** once said that when a person steps into the hall of Blasphuphmus... a carp would be given wings... and a duck would gain gills. Neither of these prophecies happened... (take note as soon as the travelers got back home... they had the prophet slapped with a wet carp and forced to live in proximity of the Clown of Earl). They ventured further into the hallway of Blasphuphmus... with each step... their shreds of reality stripped away... like dirty clothes on a monkey. (Where exactly this quote originated is still at question as is what it means.) The 5 brave questors made *their way to the heavenly black ivory doors of Earl... they carefully eyed the doors in a state of awe and wonder... then they switched states and viewed the doors in wonder and awe... it was a splendid thing indeed... they noticed instructions... stapled to the forehead... of one of the guards. They closely examined the instructions which made the guard very nervous. The instructions read, “Enter these doors one mind at a time, make an offering of any object you wish... lick the holy plastic spoon and I... Earl shall spake with thee. Earl has Spaketh.”* The guard was now suffering from some sort of breakdown by now as he was attempting to frisk the wall. The group of five knowing not which would go in first... sat down to discuss this recent situation, they smoked a goat and spaketh for a while. (Note: The goat was in fact a wooden replication

and was in no way a real goat.) Gfnort was chosen to enter the Great Chamber of Earl... he **firmly** grasped the huge black iron knocker and gave it a quick but very loud knock. The huge door swung open Gfnort carefully stepped inside. He opened up his pouch to see what he could offer to the great one. He had a half ounce of pressed post-frozed duckfuzz (he'd been carrying it for years... just in case). He placed that in the collection hat. He glanced around... and noticing a plastic spoon melted to the wall with a sign reading, "Holy Plastic Spoon," below it. Gfnort bent over and cautiously licked the spoon. Instantly his conscious mind went shooting off light years off into chaos. Swirling patterns, lights, deep rumbling sounds... the only way Gfnort knew he was still in his body was because his stomach was gurgling. The swirling patterns of lights began to form into more complex shapes... advancing further towards order at a speed never **seen before**. Gfnort now aware of his body once again... quickly glanced around... the room had completely vanished amongst the colors... it was like nothing Gfnort had ever seen before. With this... a wild eyed bushy haired man stepped up from out of one of the swirling patterns. He was wearing a bunny slipper pair of baggy tie-dye grey pants... and a plaid straightjacket (worn loose)... in his left hand... a lead pipe... with a bit of smoke curling up out of one end. In his right hand he held a scroll. There was a remarkable aura around this man... you could almost smell the power he held at his command. Yet an unusual sense of peace filled the air. With a voice harmonious... and uncanny... the great one spake, "Gfnort, you and I... we stuff no fish up our nose... you are my child, yet fathered me. I am to everyone how they see... this pipe... I smoke mint leaves mixed with finely ground magnesium, wax and cloves... this scroll holds answers yet to be questioned. It holds the last question to be asked of me by a mortal human on this planet on which you live... and it contains *the answer*. *Like badger, tend to lick spoon covered in kitty litter.*" Gfnort quite surprised by how much of what Earl had said made sense... sat puzzled... "You've made sense o' lord... the rumors say... you spake in riddles... and your words were mixed... I'm very confused oh blessed one..." Earl looked deeply into Gfnort and spake in a surge of energy, "Harkalooogy poodlekins foreplay fourpuppy FORESKIN! mind took it... spake... and I tend to. Unfortunately badapple doesn't water me." With that Earl handed Gfnort the scroll... licked his forehead and bid him a safe journey back home. Streaks of color began to tear away from his vision like strips of cloth. The original room began to become clear again. He was now standing **in a dark empty room... with a plastic spoon melted to the wall... and a hat with pressed post-frozen duckfuzz in it...** he stepped for the door... noticing he had a scroll in his hand... as he watched the duckfuzz melt into nothingness... only to reappear back in his pouch. The great doors opened up... it was now Hvlyrah's turn to enter. Hvlyrah cautiously stepped inside trying to recall the instructions for entering Earl's almighty presence.

"ok... offering... where's it go?... oh... there's the hat... so? I just put it here?"... no answer... "hmm... well ok"... She takes off her left shoe and places it in the hat... "oh... now I gotta lick that spoon thing." She

steps over to the plastic spoon on the wall. "Oh lovely... I'm supposed to lick this after Gfnort licked it?... he hasn't brushed his teeth for days... BRAICK!" She **carefully wipes the slobber** off of the spoon... and gives it a small lick. The floor drops out from under her feet... the walls fly away tumbling through space as they get further away... the ceiling begins to melt away as if it were made of paraffin and a flame was behind it. A bit scared Hvlyrah thinks to herself, "oh shit... what was on that spoon?... what is this?" ...A voice booms out, "this is the netherworld Hvlyrah... don't be afraid... we are here." With

this... as if from behind two huge black curtains... Earl steps forwards... with his bunny slippers... lead pipe... and plaid straightjacket... he slowly begins to twist and bubble... suddenly

he changes form altogether... and forms a completely different **looking person of equal size**... with the same impressive aura... his hair long... black and straight... his eyes... a surrealistic green. “a-a-are you Earl?” Hvelyrah whispers. “Earl and I are as one... this is how you trust to see me... this is how I appear... I am Stan... and I live with a duck,” spake the plaid clad one. “I have come from far away... and I haven’t seen my people for over a year... we have traveled across unmeasured distances... and I bite no static!” Hvelyrah says as she shuffles from one

foot to the other. “You will witness great battles... and the downfall of my people... but fear not... your writings... your tales of now... will someday be found... and Blasphuphmus will survive... almost like the white... on the back... and the **never... under**. Document that which you have experienced... and it will immortalize the only way of thinking... that fits in with the way of the universe. A word not yet heard... its meaning unheard of... Chaos... will be significant once again,” spake the long haired fellow... who realizing he’d been babbling for a while... began to chew on his hair. “I will oh lord... bless you o’ mighty one.” “Your time here is up... take this... my bunny slipper...” With this... he handed her the slipper... and vanished in a puff of mind scented smoke. Bright blue spirals began to form all around her body... and she felt like gravity had increased tenfold... yet she felt no pain... a gentle **warmth** filled her body... and the room began to fade into her vision. She walked out of the room her show which had been in the collections hat... followed... on its own power. Jazfod slowly stood up and entered the room through the mighty doors. His long blond hair **tickled the back of his head where his hair was shaved off**... it made him wiggle a bit as he looked carefully at the collection hat. He dug his hands deep into his pockets... he pulled out some pocket fuzz... a couple of pebbles... and a peice of paper with a hole in it. This he felt was not enough... so he searched the rest of his pockets to see what he had... he came up with a thumbtack (stuck in his thumb when he reached in his pocket)... another peice of paper with a hole in it... and about the equivalent of four cents change. “this will have to do... I’m broke,” he

said in a tone of voice as if his thumb were bleeding **due to being stuck with a thumbtack**. He gave the spoon a quick lick thinking to himself, “wow... how many people have licked that spoon?... oh well.” He began to feel light headed... his vision bubbled and melted... his eyes were flooded with a beautiful shade of forest green. The color slowly began to melt into the form of trees... and a enormous forest grew in front of his eyes. He was standing in a small clearing... the rich smell of the trees... and many other plants, flowers, animals... and scents of the forest filled his mind. He glanced up and noticed the sky was a beautiful shade of blue... a few wispy clouds rolled dully by. Out of the forest a shadow

grew... and from that shadow... walked a medium sized man with a very unusual looking grey hair... wearing a plaid straightjacket... carrying a lead pipe... it was... none other that Earl... just as Jazfod had recognized who it was... from Gfnort’s description... Earl’s figure began

to change... it developed a feminine look... and soon... became very much that of a very beautiful woman. “Hello young Jazfod... you have come

far... I am Ethel... Earl and

I are one... we are the same... you see us as you will...”

she spake in a

almost erotic voice,

as

she
pushed her black
hair
back, revealing a rather
unusual haircut for a deity. The sides were shaved about three inches up... and continued around the
back... it was rather much like a mohawk... "I bring you a message from my people... its a song
actually... we sorta came up with it one evening... care to hear it?" he asked inquisitively. "oh course I
find it very interesting... songs and all... I so enjoy them," spake the almighty one. Jazfod sang (rather
screamed), "I DROP MY ATTACHED RABBIT HEADS FOR I AM CHEESEBALL! CHEESEBALL!
SLAUGHTER ME OH LORD FOR I AM NOT LIKE YE FOR YOU ARE IN THINE OWN IMAGE!
OH! DO SPAKE AND MAKE COOKIES AND OTHER GAWD-LY THINGS! <garbled>
forwewillbeliketheoneday WON'T WE?" "That's beautiful!" she joyfully remarked clapping and
dancing. "now... I shall give you a gift... the bone of Blasphupmus... it will one day be a holy relic of
your followers... its powers enable you to write the most beautiful music you can imagine... it is a ear
peice to the neverworld." ...she handed him the bone... and his reality faded. He felt himself spinning
uncontrollably... and found himself laying on the cold hard floor of the room he had been in before. He
picked himself up... and exited the room... noticing a sharp pain in his skin... in his pocket region.
The next traveler to enter the room was Karen. She effortlessly pulled open huge iron doors and entered
the mysterious room. She looked around noticing the apparent blandness of the room. "Hmm what to put
into this collection hat," she said to herself. She reached into her bag and pulled
out some peppermint tea, and placed it all into the hat. She searched about the room for the plastic
spoon and gave it a lick. Quickly the floor began to shake the walls collapsed and the ceiling fell.
Oddly she was left unscratched... when the dust had settled she was standing in a very unusual
atmosphere. There were tables and chairs... an unusual aroma was floating around the room... and a sign
that read "espresso." The only person in the room was a medium sized female with short hair
shaved on one side. She was wearing dark garments a pair of marble color knee high lace up boots
which looked bery rugged. "Karen you're an unusual one... what brings you to these parts?... certainly
not the men," the mint smoke scented one spake. "Nah... I'm not into men... ya know? I seek the
dripping bottle with which I might drip some *elderberry* juice into my shoe," Karen said as she sat
awestruck in the presence of the great one. "Oh forgive me I am Ethel... this is
one of my many appearances... and I am one of many of the faces of Earl," spake she. They sat and
talked for a bit having a couple rounds of double espresso. They talked about magic and such and then
time came when they must part. As it was... they were attracted to each other and
eventually are to become lovers. They spaked their parting ways... and as Karen's reality was fading...
Ethel spaked, "times will be rough for you... but you will eventually join me here... as an immortal."
Karen exited the odd room with an unusual grin on her face... and peppermint tea in
her bag. Ralph the fifth and final uh... thing to enter the room . He
was indeed not
a person and in fact was one of the rare members of the Ecuadorian singing mountain Llamas. The other
members of the party opened the door for him... and he wandered into the room. Ralph not actually
understanding much of the instructions... strangely knew what to do. He glanced at the hat
and spit into the hat... (what else is a llama going to put in a hat?... its spleen?) He trodded over to the

spoon and sniffed it... and licked it for a few minutes all the while thinking to himself,

“wwwwwwWWWWwwwwwwWWWWwwwWwwwWW

W

WwwWWWWWwwwwwwWWW.” With this the room turned into a cave...

he turned around... and noticed light coming from around the

corner... he stumbled towards the light... and he came out into a green meadow. There were hundreds of Llamas singing their hearts out. Singing songs of battles to be fought... of candles to be eaten... and of ducks to be sewn. It was the most beautiful thing Ralph had seen for quite some

time... Ralph although one of the most intelligent of his kind... lacked the ability to understand what exactly he was doing when he sang... or made sounds. (You see... a singing mountain is very similar to a parrot except it does not mimic what it hears through its ears... it mimics what

its going to hear through its left knee... the time ratio varies at random... so sometimes they can be used as future seers.) A wild haired plaid striped llama approached Ralph. It had in its mouth a lead pipe. All of the sudden Ralph gained the ability to comprehend the sounds. “I

have bestowed upon you a gift... so that you may bestow it upon others of your kind... so you and your fellow llamas and all other non-humans can have a chance in this world. Times will be rough... but with the ability to speak/sing and understand... a few of you will survive... one day your

children’s grandchildren’s children’s children will have children that will parent the grandparents of the children’s children’s grandchildren who will have their own children and will one day join up with your fellow Blasphuphmites in reclaiming the earth.” Ralph fell over... his head hurt... he was not accustomed to comprehending what was said... it took him a few minutes to recover.

“Speak only with Blasphuphmites... the other humans are not to be trusted with the knowledge of talking ‘animals’ as they call you,” spake Earl the Llama. “Uh... was that my children’s grandchildren’s children’s parent’s of grandchildren’s children’s children who will have grandchildren who will parent the grandchildren of

the children’s children who will reclaim the earth?” babbled Ralph. Earl the Llama fell over. It took him a few minutes to recover. “uh... yeah something like that...” spake he as he did his best to grin like a llama. (The aforementioned duck which was prophesized to have gained gills flew

by wearing diving gear.) Ralph took a bite of grass before he had to leave this peaceful land. (The duck previously mentioned... was in fact... not a duck... the author of this story is sorry to have mislead you the reader of this fact.) Earl the Llama and Ralph the Ecuadorian Singing Mountain Llam looked over at the now nonexistent duck which was to be wearing the diving gear. The now non-existent duck looked in the

general direction of Earl and Ralph. The non-existent duck continued to take up more lines of this already increasing in size story... until the point that the author took it back... and decided to

make the non-existent duck... a real quite whole duck. The duck was pleased... and stated that he, ‘would take up no more space of the story.’ Ralph exited the mysterious room... pondering the duck which had taken up so much of his adventures in the peaceful land.

The five travelers regrouped... and said “goodbye” to the guards... (especially the neurotic guard who

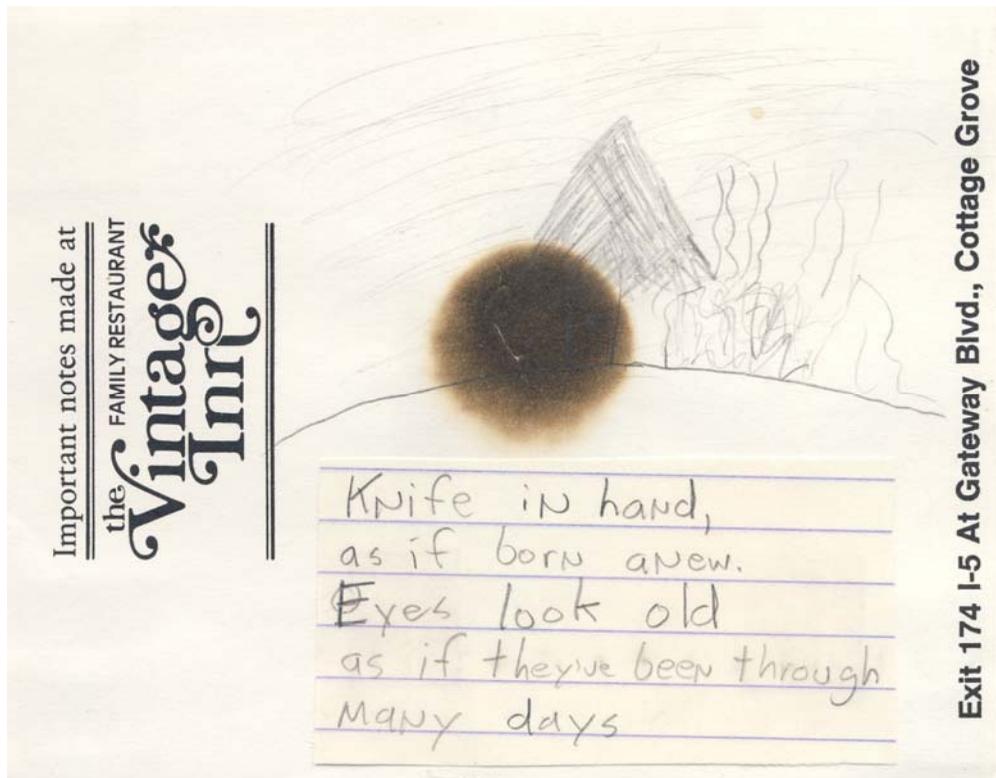
had the instructions stapled to his forehead) and left the palace of Blasphuphmus looking forward to the day when the earth would be peaceful... when everything and one would live

together... and... <old man voice on> **LIKE IT GODDAMNIT BENNY I TOLD YOU TO GET YER GAWDDAMNED GREASY MITTS OFFA MY MOONSHINE BOTTLE!** (The translator steps

back... and thinks to himself, "uh... that can't be right.") <opens up another can of spam [not for EATING purposes]> <old man voice> **LIKE IT GODDAMNIT BENNY I TOLD YOU TO GET YER GAWDDAMNED GREASY MITTS OFFA MY DRIPPING BOTTLE OR I'LL PLUG YOU!** <translator congratulates self on excelent translation> (author congratulates himself on giving any future translator the opportunity to congratulate themselves on doing an outstanding job of translating)...

"AHM!" the travelers very rudely butted in. Anyway... the travelers retraced their steps... (they traced around the steps up to their homes with various colored crayons... after all... they

didn't quite have airbrushes at that point in time... crayons really were not known at the time either... but... we'll just not let them know that... it would ruin their fun. <nod> Meanwhile... the previously non-duck which is now a real in the flesh duck... an... ex-non-duck if you will... waddled across the view of the author. The author being annoyed with the duck... once again... made the duck... a "non-duck" so now... the previously ex-non-duck... became quite annoyed at his recent decline of status... and retorted... by not allowing the translator to translate the rest of the text until a much later date.



Allpxeb

by Colin Hicks

Assignments

Class

Date

Black fiber griteon in sex hexagond
space (and the velvet begins.)

forward paper cry

textured a song and

ticks zippered The wandering chrenched in

basketballs chrenched in

Date

holes stinging of glowing

coat between of blood the

are puss creams. feet of the bugles

phosphorus luster Doug bulging formica tables yellow

never like callouses Eyes Coup the underside

Class like

Date

on hairy give a hate.

foaming there

none



Bad Accents

by Austin Rich

“Hey Mum?”

“Yes Mark?”

“Where are we?”

Mark’s mom stared at him closely. He almost didn’t know what to tell Mark, but he did know where they were. It was a matter of just saying it.

“We’re in an aviary; a place where they keep birds.” Mark’s mom went over to a cage and began to take it apart.

Mark went to another and began to unlock the locks. He emptied a seed cup while asking, “Why are we doing this, mum?”

“Well, you can’t very well earn money unless you do the work you’re hired to do,” mom said.

“Well, why do we have to earn money, mum?” asked Mark.

“Well, let’s put it this way Mark: How do you get things that you need to have now?”

“Oh, that’s easy mum. I peel a banana,” replied Mark.

“YOU DO WHAT?” yelled mom.

Mark knew he was in trouble now. Why did he have to bring up the bananas?

“Uhm, well I peel bananas and unwrap the dollars wrapped around them. Then I use the money to buy things, like turkeys, Castles, and green-plastic army men.” Mark knew that may help support his case, so he said it with dignity.

“You don’t have any of those things! And besides, money doesn’t grow inside of bananas!” mom yelled. His accent, that which sounded like he was from the United States but impersonating an England-born woman, faltered with this statement.

“Yes I do, and yes it does, respectively!” Mark yelled. “Besides, you shouldn’t go around ruining other children’s childhoods when you know damn well that you were there, ruining mine, in case you don’t remember, mum. Humph!”

“What are you talking about? I bought you a stuffed turkey pillow when you’s was seven--”

“Eight, mum,” answered Mark.

“Eight, excuse me. --when you’s was eight. And your father was the one that ran away making babies with the queen in a castle. You never owned one.” Mark wanted to say something that proved her wrong, but he chose not to. “And finally, those green-plastic army men aren’t but a few piles of melted wax, and they’re purple for that matter.”

“There you go, ruining my childhood again. Just like the time you wouldn’t buy me a radish.”

“What are you talking about!? You never had a childhood. We were both just created five minutes ago for the purposes of this story!”

“I’m not listening to you, mum.”

“Pull your fingers out of your ears before I whop you, Mark!”

“I’m not listening,” Mark repeated. He pulled his fingers out to hear himself say that, and looked at the half-destroyed cage. “Just forget I even asked about the money.” Mark grabbed the clippers (or rather, the un-clippers) and clipped (un-clipped) the cage some more.

Both Mark and his mom worked for the better part of two minutes.

“Hey mum?”

“Yeah Mark?”

“What were we just talking about a few minutes ago?”

“What do you mean? You can’t remember?”

“Well of course I can’t remember. Did I just say ‘just forget I even asked’ so that I could hear myself talk?”

“Well if you can remember that you said for us to forget, then why can’t you remember what you wanted us to forget?”

“Because I told us to forget,” answered Mark.

“In that case son, I don’t remember what we were talking about.”

“What do you mean you can’t remember? We were talking not four minutes ago and you can’t even remember the words of your own son? Your own flesh and blood?”

“Alright, we were talking about bananas and how you got money before you got employed.”

“But you just said you couldn’t remember before?”

“No I didn’t.”

“Oh yes you did mum. I distinctly remember you saying that, in that case, you can’t remember.”

“Well if you distinctly remember that, how come you can’t remember what we were talking about before?”

“Because I also distinctly remember forgetting that bit of information. It doesn’t make much sense to forget something that you can’t even remember forgetting in the first place, if you ask me mum.”

“Well I didn’t ask you,” Mark’s mom said.

“Yes you did.”

“No I didn’t.”

“I distinctly remember--”

“No you don’t! Now get back to work and shut up.”

“I don’t like it when you say ‘shut up’ mum,” Mark said, rather sheepishly.

“And why is that?”

“Because it reminds me of radishes.”

“Radishes!?”

“Yes. Radishes. The ones that you never bought me because you were trying to ruin my childhood, remember?”

“You never wanted any radishes when you were a child.”

“Oh yes I did. In fact, I mentioned them before. Right after I talked about buying the turkeys, and the Castles, and the--”

“Don’t you talk back to you mum like that young man. You told me you had forgotten that.”

“Well I did. But you had to bring it up again, after you reminded me that I had forgotten distinctly remembering to forget it. It was an awful chain reaction that brought it all back in a flash. **YOU RUINED MY CHILDHOOD!**”

“I did not! You never had one.”

“Oh.” Mark sat there and worked in silence.

“I guess I made a fool of myself, aye mum?”

“Yes you did.”

“Well, when do you get to make a fool of yourself? When do I get to be the mum?”

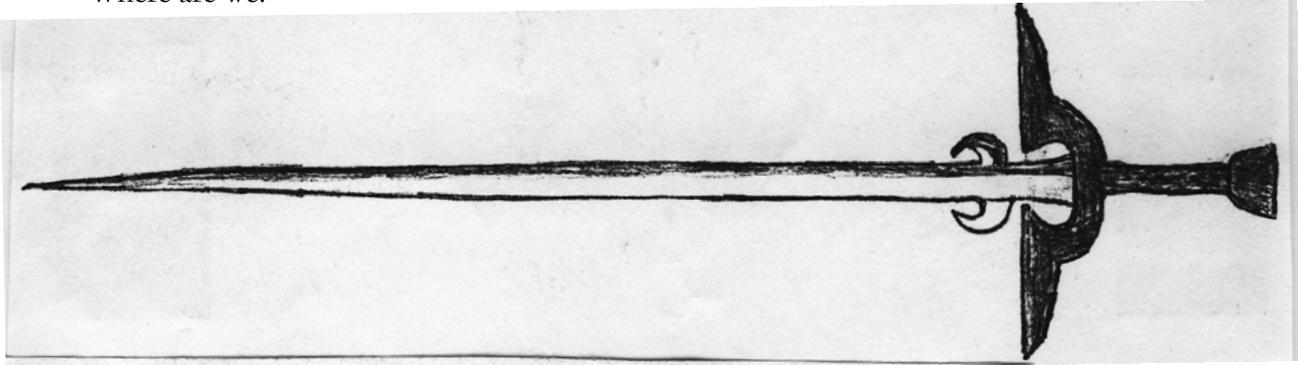
“Well, I suppose it’s about time, if you want that is.”

“Okay,” answered Mark.

“Hey Mum?”

“Yes Timothy?”

“Where are we?”



Perfect by Cerrah Seal

It’s not often that whales crawl back to the ocean
It’s not easy to know that we’re gonna die
It’s hard to see there’s a solution
and I know that my father lied

wake me babe
don’t let me cry another tear
shake me babe
why let loose all of my fear

show me that
tomorrow will come
show me that
our lives will be done

cut me knave
bleed me until I die
I beat you slave
for one simple lie

We know that at times our forefathers sinned
we know that at times we’ll follow
and after all is said and finished
I’ll remember father and I’ll know

POWER
PACIFIC
POWER

theatrical, *adj.* histrionic, dramatic, legitimate (ACTOR, DRAMA); affected, stagy, mannered, meretricious (UNNATURALNESS).
theatricals, *n.* dramatics, acting, theatrics, the boards (DRAMA).
theft, *n.* stealing, filchery, pilferage, larceny, swindle (THIEVERY).
theme, *n.* subject, motif, refrain (TOPIC); composition, essay, dissertation (WRITING, TREATISE).
then, *adv.* at that time, on that occasion (TIME); therefore, thence, whence (REASONING).
theologian, *n.* divinity student, seminarian (GOD).
theology, *n.* divinity, hierology (RELIGION).
theorem, *n.* axiom, postulate, construct (RULE); hypothesis, thesis, theory (SUPPOSITION).
theoretical, *adj.* suppositional, hypothetical, academic, untested (SUPPOSITION); impractical, quixotic, abstract (IMAGINATION).
theory, *n.* hypothesis, postulate, assumption, guess, construct, formula (SUPPOSITION, BELIEF); idea, concept (THOUGHT); ideology, philosophy, system (RULE).
therapy, *n.* treatment, medicamentation (CURE); psychiatry, psychoanalysis, counseling; Gestalt therapy, Bioenergetics, behavior modification, assertion training (PSYCHOTHERAPY).
thereabouts, *adv.* roughly, roundly, generally, approximately, close (NEARNESS, SMALLNESS).
therefore, *adv.* consequently, and so, hence, so, *ergo*, thus (RESULT, ATTRIBUTION, REASONING).
thermometer, *n.* calorimeter, pyrometer, pyroscope (HEAT).
thesaurus, *n.* dictionary, lexicon, wordbook (WORD); storehouse, treasure house, treasury (STORE).
thesis, *n.* dissertation, essay, theme (TREATISE); theory, hypothesis, postulate (SUPPOSITION).
thick, *adj.* dense, solid (THICKNESS); simple, stupid (STUPIDITY); considerable, great, broad, large, ample (MULTITUDE).

Water Life

by Thane

As I swam
thru
the clear water,
I saw
bubbles
rising quietly to
the
surface.
Colored, tropical
fish swam
languidly
around my
face mask.
Bright stripes
and
dark
fins
EXPLODE!
with rainbows of color
as sunlight reaches
it's deft
fingers
into the
water.



SIX TOPICS TO COMPREHEND

Concerning myself--

When my uncle was shot, I was sad. I took an ironing board and stepped on a gopher. I cracked my ear and then the balloon laughed. Until the manhole race, I will jump into the dinghy. My pizza is cold so I need to mix the papayas with the avocados.

Concerning animals and fruit--

Yesterday, the ostrich stepped over the mountain, the firefly got a stomach ache from melting too many pineapples, and two sisters dressed up like a rich cat. After the blackout, the monkey landed on the beach. If two bananas roll over six minutes apart, the mouse will fly away. Chocolate grasshoppers can't imitate lunch tickets very well.

Words of advice--

Hangliding without your teddy bear is dangerous. If you turn green in a movie theater, a rooster will eat a bumblebee. Channeling elephants through a telephone pole and an ice cream truck could cause a squash to yell like a light socket. Australian wombats can't find you if you are walking a goldfish uphill. If you want to make your tie appear to disappear, rub jelly on your knees and train lions to build a treehouse.

Concerning education--

I used to own a cat that could spell 'yesterday' twice. In studying kangaroos, root beer will start to sneeze. Teachers will fly airplanes when candy sings opera. Mysteries of life can be resolved by standing in a plate of spaghetti. The dog was trained to burn newspapers with a piece of flint.

SUMMING IT UP

Monkeys will hanglide only if elephants are yelling like Australian wombats. Goldfish that spell out jelly on knees of bumblebees. I can roll chocolate grasshoppers over bananas. Fireflies get stomach aches from mixed avocados and papayas. Invisible ties look nice during blackouts. Ironing boards turn green in six minutes. Sad gophers make chocolate grasshoppers laugh.

Concerning the author

I, Tim Hadley, and the author. I didn't really have a cat who could spell 'Yesterday'. It was 'Tomorrow'.



NAAAAAAHHHHGHAAHAAHKK!!!!!!!
(oR, tHE rEALLY wEIRD sTORY tHAT i
cAN'T rEMEMBER wHAT tHE tITL E iS)
BY aUSTIN rICH

pART i.

tHE STAIRS WERE STEEPER THAN THEY WERE NORMALLY, BUT HE JUST ASSUMED THAT HE WAS TIRED AND THEY ONLY SEEMED SO. iT HAD BEEN A TOUGH DAY AT WORK AND HE REALLY DIDN'T FEEL LIKE CLIMBING TO THE THIRD FLOOR OF THE APARTMENT COMPLEX THAT DAY, BUT THERE WAS REALLY NO WAY TO CHANGE IT. hE DIDN'T REALLY MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO

“gABRIAL, IS THAT YOU?” SHE CALLED.

“wHO ELSE WOULD IT BE, THE MAILMAN?” gABRIAL WASN'T REALLY UP TO GAMES, BUT HE'D PLAY ALONG WITH nANCY UNTIL HE FELL ASLEEP.

“hOW WAS WORK?” SHE CALLED OUT FROM THE OTHER ROOM.

“tRUTH?”

“wHY NOT?”

“yOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.”

gABRIAL FELT BETTER NOW THAT HE HAD GOTTEN HER BACK A BIT.

“hA HA. hEY, CHECK THE FAX MACHINE WILL YOU. i HEARD IT RUNNING WHILE i WAS IN HERE, AND i THINK IT MIGHT BE FOR YOU.”

gABRIAL GOT UP AND BEGAN WALKING TO THE CORNER OF HIS APARTMENT. iT ALWAYS SEEMED A BIT BLAND TO HIM. iN ONE CORNER THEY HAD AN 'ENTERTAINMENT' SYSTEM, NEXT TO A BOOKSHELF. tWO COUCHES SAT ALONG THE WALLS OPPOSITE, AND ABOVE THEM PAINTINGS BY STARVING ARTISTS HUNG TO SIGNIFY THERE WAS SOME GOOD TASTE LEFT IN THE WORLD. tHE CARPETING WAS THE PERFECT COLOR TO USE FOR MATCHING THE GREEN TONES OF THE COUCHES. hE ALWAYS SEEMED TO LIKE GREEN, BUT FOR WHAT REASON WAS BEYOND HIM. tHERE WERE GAPS IN gABRIAL'S MIND, YEARS THAT



SEEM TO HAVE JUST FADED FROM EXISTENCE. tHIS WAS BECAUSE WHILE HE WAS IN aRIZONA gABRIAL WAS IN A CAR ACCIDENT.

oTHER THAN A FEW SCARS ACROSS HIS FACE, ONE COULD NEVER TELL THAT HE HAD NEARLY BEEN KILLED BY A HEAD-ON COLLISION WITH A SEMI-TRUCK. hOWEVER, FROM UNDERNEATH HIS SOFT MAROON HAIR THE COUNTENANCE OF AN OLDER-THAN-TWENTY-SOMETHING MAN PEERED BACK, WITH EYES LIKE THE DESERT SAND OF THE STATE HE WILL NEVER RETURN TO.

iT WASN'T BECAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT, OR SO EVERYONE SEEMED TO THINK, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT gABRIAL'S EYES THAT DIDN'T JIVE WITH THE REST OF HIM. mAYBE THEY WERE TOO BROWN, OR TOO CLOSE TOGETHER. mAYBE THE ORBS HAD AN ALIEN APPEARANCE TO THEM. pERHAPS HE CAN INDUCE PARANOIA. tHE FACT IS, THAT gABRIAL HAS NO PUPILS.

hE HAS NEVER QUESTIONED IT, AND HAS NEVER GIVEN THE NOTION A SECOND THOUGHT. tO HIM, HIS EYES WERE MERELY DIFFERENT. bUT TO A PERSON WHO DIDN'T OUTRIGHT KNOW, gABRIAL COMES OFF AS VERY MYSTERIOUS.

gABRIAL PULLED A PIECE OF PAPER FROM THE FAX MACHINE AND LOOKED AT IT. tO HIS SURPRISE, IT WAS NOT A LETTER FROM HIS BOSS LIKE HE TOUGHT IT WAS, NOR WAS IT ANY OTHER PIECE OF BUSINESS THAT SEEMED TO RELATE TO HIS OR nANCY'S JOB. wHAT HE PULLED FROM THE FAX MACHINE LOOKED LIKE THIS:

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Gan Trig Fil asNipH rig, Jar Qill fat
naggle ffffft.
Caaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-----A.....\
^
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Bil Fred 15 HellllllllllllLlllllllllll
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quErtyiouP

..... and they lived happily ever after.

er.

er.

er.

er.

Felg.*/?

en

“nANCY?”

“yEAH gABE?” SHE CALLED BACK.

“DOES ‘GAN TRIG FIL ASNIPH RIG, JAR QILL FAT NAGGLE FFFFT’ MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?”

“wHAT?” SHE YELLED.

“yOU HEARD WHAT i SAID. dOES IT MEAN ANYTHING?”

“wHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY? iF i SAID THAT i ACTUALLY UNDERSTOOD YOU i’D PROBABLY BE CALLED CRAZY, AND IF i SAY THAT i DON’T THEN YOU’LL PROBABLY GET MAD AT ME.”

“i’M SERIOUS, nANCY. i SWEAR IT TO YOU. tHOSE WORDS JUST CAME ACROSS THE FAX MACHINE.”

“iET ME SEE,” SHE REPLIED.

nANCY EMERGED FROM HER ROOM DOWN THE HALL TO SEE WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT. gABRIAL HAS ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT nANCY WAS A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, AT LEAST WHEN SHE LEAVES FOR WORK. wHEN SHE RETURNS MORE OFTEN THAN NOT SHE’LL HAVE HER RED HAIR THAT WAS SO CAREFULLY PUT UP IN A BUN COMING OUT, AND HER FACE, DRENCHED IN A SWEAT/MAKEUP MIXTURE THAT HAS BEEN SMEARED AND WIPED AWAY SEVERAL TIMES, LOOKS LIKE IT’S ABOUT FIFTY-FIVE YEARS OLDER THAN HER YOUTHFUL TWENTY-FOUR. oVERWORKED IS, WHEN TALKING ABOUT HER, AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

bUT OTHER THAN HER PRE-OCCUPATION WITH HER JOB, nANCY IS A VERY FUN PERSON TO BE WITH. sHE IS VERY INTERESTED IN THE WORLD AROUND HER AND WHAT’S HAPPENING IN TOWN, AND IS AN AVID MOVIE AND CONCERT GOER OF ALL TYPES. gABRIAL HAS SPENT MANY NIGHTS WATCHING A DULL FOREIGN FILM HOPING HE CAN CATCH A GLIMMER OF HER FACE, SO BEAUTIFUL WHEN NOT OFFICE-STAINED, AND SEE HER BLUE EYES SPARKLE IN THE LIGHT OF THE SCREEN.

uNFORTUNATELY, gABRIAL CAN’T DO THIS AT ANY OTHER TIME. iN nANCY’S EYES, THEY ARE MERELY ROOMMATES. sEPARATE ROOMS, SEPARATE JOBS, AND WHEN THERE’S NOTHING ELSE TO DO, OCCASIONAL DATES.

nANCY PULLED OUT SOME GLASSES FROM A POCKET AND PUT THEM ON TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT WHAT IT WAS gABRIAL WAS FRUSTRATED WITH. sHE LOOKED AT IT FOR A GOOD THREE OR FOUR MINUTES, AND THEN PUT IT DOWN.

“nO, NOT REALLY,” WAS ALL SHE SAID, AND THEN SHE HEADED TO THE DOOR THAT LED TO THE KITCHEN.

gABRIAL STOOD IN SILENCE FOR A WHILE, AND SOON REALIZED THAT THE NONSENSE ON THAT PAGE HAD NOT FAZED HER AT ALL. FOR ALL SHE CARED, IT WAS AN ERROR. gABRIAL WENT INTO THE KITCHEN AFTER HER.

“wHAT DO YOU WANT FOR DINNER?” SHE ASKED AS HE WALKED IN.

“wHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ‘NO, NOT REALLY’? tHAT THING IN THERE, THAT NONSENSE WAS JUST... i DON’T KNOW. nONSENSE.”

“eXACTLY. pROBABLY A PRANK OF SOME KIND. i DON’T KNOW, MAYBE THE MACHINE IS BROKEN. i’LL HAVE SOMEONE LOOK AT IT. dO CHICKEN BREASTS SOUND OKAY?” sHE CONTINUED TO MOVE THROUGHOUT THE KITCHEN AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. bUT HOW COULD THIS BE? tHE FAX MACHINE WAS INSANE. hOW COULD SHE JUST BE OBLIVIOUS TO THAT OPTION?

“uH, YEAH. cHICKEN SOUNDS FINE.” gABRIAL WAS WONDERING IF MAYBE SHE WAS JUST TRYING TO GET A RISE OUT OF HIM.

iT WAS WORKING.

“sO HOW WAS WORK? i MEAN, DID ANYTHING INTERESTING HAPPEN?”

gABRIAL WAS GOING TO ASK IF HE COULD HELP, SO THAT MAYBE HE COULD BE NEAR HER, SEE HER BEAUTY AGAIN, AND POSSIBLY FIND OUT WHAT THE HELL WAS GOING ON. “oH, IT WAS FINE.” tHEN HE REMEMBERED THAT SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING DID HAPPEN.

“uH, nANCY. i’VE KIND OF GOT A QUESTION FOR YOU.”

“yEAH?”

“wELL, DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE SUPERNATURAL?”

nANCY LOOKED AT HIM AS IF ASHAMED. “hAVE YOU BEEN WATCHING THAT sCI-fi cHANNEL AGAIN?”

“i’M SERIOUS,” HE WHINED.

“i’M SERIOUS TOO. wHY IS IT THAT YOU THINK i’M NOT?”

tHEIR EYES MET AND gABRIAL ALMOST FORGOT THE QUESTION.

“uH, YES i HAVE. bUT THAT’S NOT WHY i’M ASKING.”

“wELL, WHY ARE YOU ASKING, THEN?” sHE GOT BACK TO MAKING DINNER, USING QUICK HAND MOVEMENTS ACROSS THE FOOD TO PREPARE IT.

“i SAW mR. jONES DO SOMETHING VERY UNUSUAL TODAY.”

“iSN’T HE YOUR BOSS?”

“yEAH.”

“hOW UNUSUAL?” gABRIAL COULD TELL THAT SHE WAS INTERESTED, OR AT LEAST FEIGNING IT.

“aRE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE TERM TELEKINESIS?”

“iSN’T THAT WHERE YOU CAN LIFT OBJECTS AND STUFF WITH YOUR MIND?”

“yES.”

“wHAT ABOUT IT?”

“tODAY mR. jONES LIFTED THE RECEIVER OF THE PHONE FROM HIS DESK WITHOUT TOUCHING IT, AND ANSWERED THE PHONE LIKE IT WAS AN EVERYDAY OCCURRENCE.”

nANCY TURNED AND LOOKED gABRIAL IN THE EYES. “yOU’RE SERIOUS ABOUT THIS, AREN’T YOU?”

“wOULD i BE TELLING YOU IF i WEREN’T?”

sHE PUT HER KNIFE DOWN AND MOVED AWAY FROM THE COUNTER. “dID HE DO THIS IN FRONT OF ANYONE ELSE?”

“nO. i WAS THE ONLY ONE THERE. i WENT TO HIS OFFICE TO ASK HIM ABOUT SOME PAPERWORK HE HAD ASSIGNED TO ME. i DON’T THINK HE KNEW i WAS THERE.”

nANCY SAT ON THE KITCHEN TABLE AN LOOKED AT HER FEET. “wOW.”

“yOU’RE TELLING ME. sO i FIGURED THAT i’D TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF. i DID A BIT OF BROWSING IN TOWN AND THEN CAME HERE.” a SPARK OF RECOGNITION LIT UP IN gABRIAL’S EYES. “aND THEN i SAW THAT THING ON THE FAX MACHINE. IS THAT SOME KIND OF JOKE OR SOMETHING?”

“tWO SECONDS AGO YOU WERE TOTALLY WRAPPED UP IN YOUR BOSS AND NOW YOU’RE BACK ON THE FAX MACHINE.”

“i HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO ABOUT MY BOSS ON MY OWN. tHAT CAN WAIT. bUT THE FAX MACHINE IS SOMETHING i CAN TAKE CARE OF NOW.”

“cAN’T YOU WAIT UNTIL AFTER DINNER?”

“nANCY,” HE SAID, SCOLDINGLY.

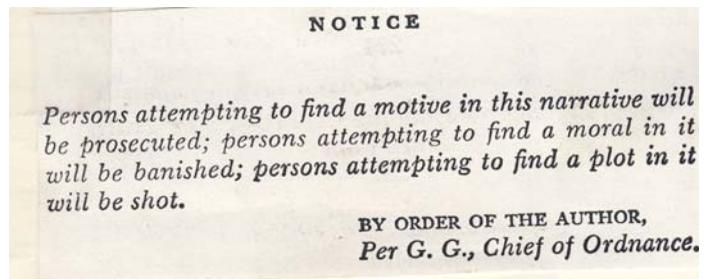
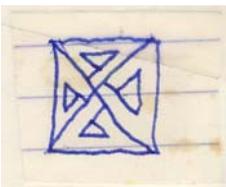
“yOU’RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME ALONE UNTIL i TELL YOU WHAT’S GOING ON?”

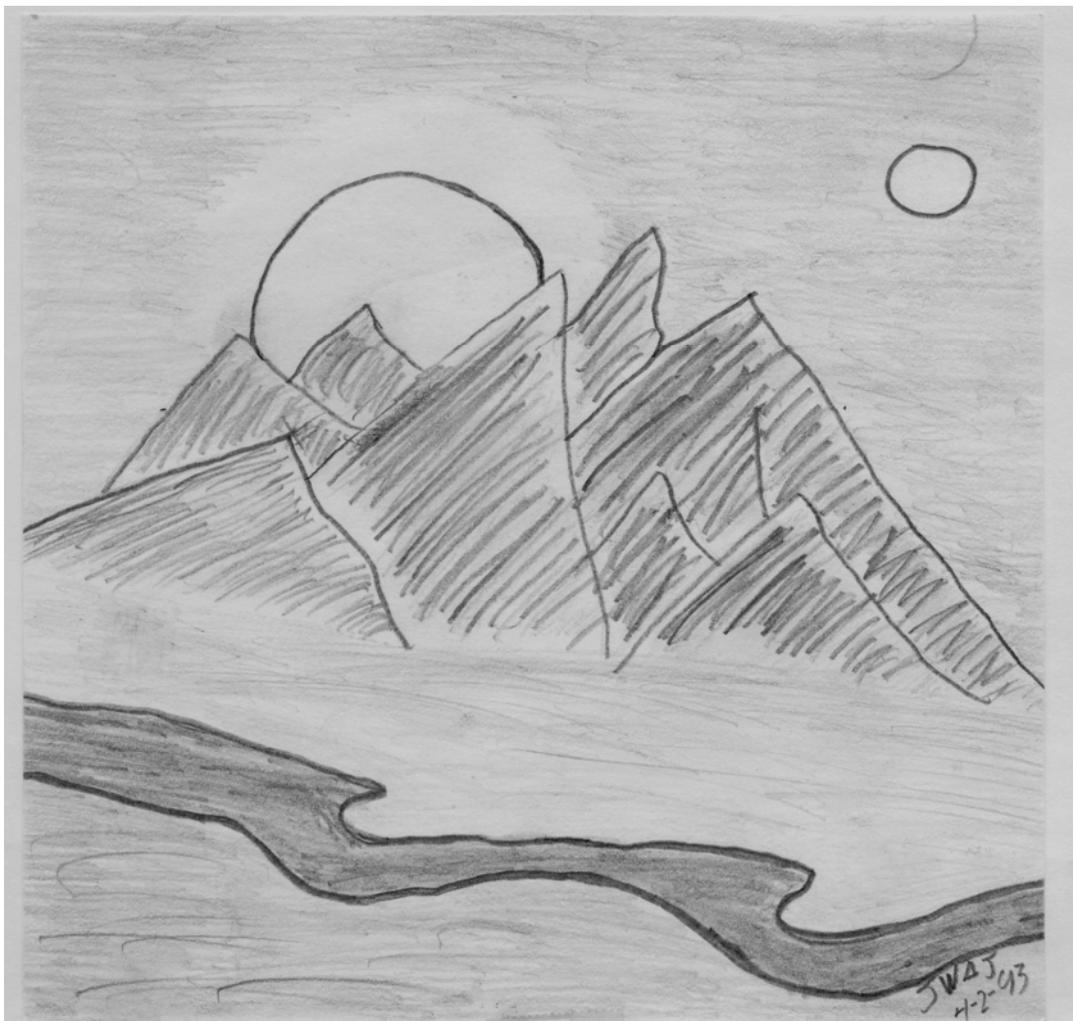
“yOU MEAN YOU KNOW?”

“yES i DO. iT’S ONLY A STORY, ONE BY A FRIEND OF MINE. hE LIVES UPSTAIRS, IN APARTMENT #7. hIS NAME IS aUSTIN rICH.”

gABRIAL LOOKED AT HER VERY CLOSELY, AND OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT BUILDING, THE SKY RUMBLED WITH A HINT OF A STORM, AS IF SOMEONE HAD SHOUTED THE IORD’S NAME IN VAIN.

To Be Continued...





Random Sentences

edited by Austin Rich

contributions by Brandon Burkeen, Jason Harris, Austin Rich and J.P. Otto

The Not-Quite-Complete Book Of Wisdom For People With None.

Random Sentences: n., a group of sentences that are written, with each sentence taking up exactly one line, in which each sentence has absolutely no correlation to any other sentence on the page whatsoever. However, no one rule defining the Random Sentence must be stuck to, unless absolutely necessary.

In other words, it's just a bunch of stuff written by several different people.

The devil will bother me if I become tired.
I would like to buy a zeppelin and deflate it.
Alice is a vampire.
Neo-cubism is socially unacceptable.
Whole flocks of geese seldom become unpredictable.
"Rock Star" is a stupid term.
Halloween was a druid holiday.
Kittens, upon reaching maturity, become cats.
A "bitch" is nothing more than a canine.
Lycanthropy is a fascinating affliction.

Reality is an idiot's fantasy.
I'm afraid I'll have to take you downtown.
Alice is still a vampire.
"Soap star" is even dumber.
Have you had the blood of a priest on your hands? It feels good.
Toes are the human body's most sensual parts.
Fantasy would be reality, if it weren't for the idiots.
A dagger is a special tool.
Islands must be tall, at least a few.
Humphrey Bogart must have had tetanus.

A duck has two webbed feet.
Fish goes well with most, but not all, food.
Death is someone most people don't want to meet.
However, everyone does.
Time travels at exactly one second per second.
Cars are large and noisy and cause pollution.
Horses don't.
Am I being too subtle?
The Red Hot Chili Peppers have an album out.
It's called Blood Sugar Sex Magik.
Hookers with diabetes who are Magic Users fit that category.

Editor's Note:

Just so you don't get any bad ideas about us, let me say this to set the record straight.

The opinions expressed in this piece are *not* those of the publisher, or the editor, or any other persons associated with Random Sentences unless otherwise stated. The opinions in here are merely observances by the said authors and are by no means fact unless otherwise stated.

If you have any complaints with any opinion and or idea voiced in this piece, please take it up with the individual author of the opinion or idea. He will be better equipped to deal with it than I am.



Please note that, at any given time, the subject matter of the piece may jump and fluctuate, and may even use a vulgar word or two. Take into account that the Editor went to great lengths to maintain the original flair that the piece had when originally written, and therefore all words have been kept in their original forms. We apologize again if any one word was too graphic and or vulgar for your liking.

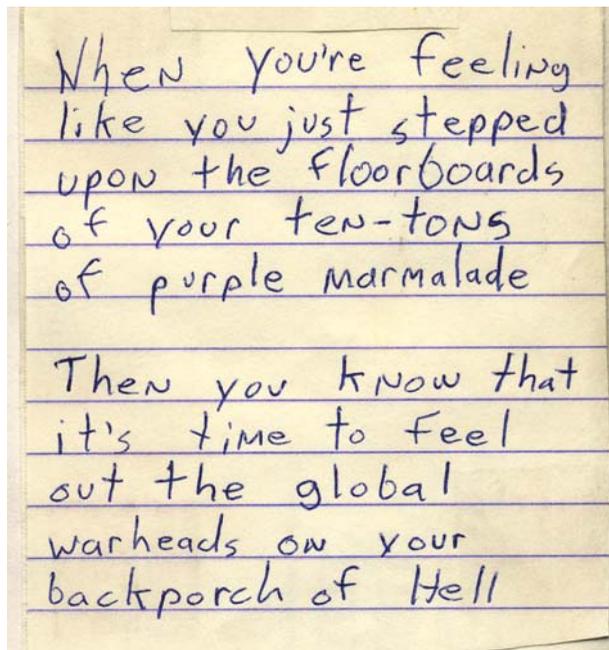
We thank you again for taking the time to read Random Sentences, and depending on reader opinion, another volume may be in the making.

However, you know what they say about stuff written in an Editor's Note...

Goddess

by Roseanne Scott

Smile upon me
oh beautiful,
Pale angel
As she dips her
Head with hair
like silky strands of
Satin.
Brushing my eyelids with
Fingers
Lithe and graceful...
Lulls me to sleep
In the soundless, sweet
Abyss that is time eternal.
She floats down on gossamer wings
Silent
Beautiful.
She is Death...
And she is all things.



The Solution

by D. O'Dorant

Still whistling, this time it was the theme from Rocky, the young man turned the corner and was promptly struck on the right front fender by another vehicle.

He got out of the car to examine the damage, as the other driver did the same. Uh oh, the other driver had a cut above his left eyebrow. Blood was streaming into his eyebrow.

Immediately after noticing this, the young man felt his gorge rise. Doubling over, he vomited on the ground. Blood was sick, so sick.

Finishing that, he got back into his car and, ignoring the words of the other driver, sped away after pulling away from the collision.

He still felt sick, but he knew he must not let this divert him from his task: to slay those at Psychopathic Murderers Unanimous. They ridiculed the fact that he couldn't, wouldn't stand for this humiliation. He was on his way to do something drastic to them with a chainsaw and a toaster.

Suddenly the car lurched to the right and ran off the road. He stopped and checked to see what had happened.

It was a blowout. Well, no problem. He could change the tire, which he did, and could continue on his way. Unfortunately, his care was mired in mud.

His temper rising, the youthful man spent an hour digging his car out. He still had enough time to use that bottle of Clorox that he'd bought on those as PMU. They'd pay.

His car, though a little worse for wear, was still drivable, so he continued on his way. Ten more miles to his first victim.

As (bad) luck would have it, a deer leaped out in front of his car. The man swerved to avoid it, but steered right into its path.

The young man saw the blood first, and ran out of his car, puking as he went. He had to get away from the blood. The vernal youth ran away into a nearby forest, his stomach knotted with the dry heaves.

Fifteen minutes later the youth sank to his knees and wept. Things weren't going his way. Everything went wrong, especially when he was driving, which was odd because he liked to drive. It was that damnable car of his, that was it. He had stolen it from one of his first victims and it had given him nothing but trouble.

Now he was angry at the makers of the car. He would hunt them down and carve their faces into... well, something. He hated them all.

Next time he would buy a Subaru. Thus filled with jubilation, he headed back towards civilization, humming a Wayne Newton song.

Loki
by Cerrah Seal

“Betcha a quarter I can tell you what card you’ll tell me to stop on.”

“Go for it.”

“Death.”

“Death it is. Mmm, you know what that means. I’m sorry, you can keep your quarter.”

Dan moved on to the next person. As the person agrees he says in a quiet voice the Tarot card

most feared, Death. Every time he is right. Of course, he pulls it from the top as he presents the cards to the person. Every time he or she will pick death.

“Betcha a quarter I can tell you what card you’ll tell me to stop on.”

“I don’t want to play.”

“Okay then, no money, just for fun.”

“NO, leave me alone, please. Please just leave me alone.”

“I think you’ll pick death.”

As Dan slides the cards to her she shyly reaches out to turn the top one. She turns it and any passer-by could see the minute tear that had formed in the corner of her eye.

Out of habit Dan said in a sly voice, “Death. That’s bad. You can keep your quarte...” His words trail off as he watches her perplexed. She sets her bag down and hovered over it, as if about to fumble inside for something, she lingers there for just a minute. With out a noise she forms herself around her bag, clutching it, and sits on the ground, shaking from the tears.

Dan stood looking at her for about five seconds wondering, “should I say something?”

He steps away to the next person.

“Betca a quarter...”

Sometime later Ann moves from her fetal position and moves her hand, as if it was new to her, up to her face to wipe away any remaining tears. *Where am I? What’s wrong with me?* She slowly stands and realizes she is in the downtown district. *Do I still need to hide?*, she wonders to herself. She looks around and sees no one looking in her direction. She shifts her weight around a bit, straightens out her tattered clothes, and wishes once again she had remembered to bring shoes when she left her house.

She began to walk past the bus stop shelters and approaches the front entrances to several small specialty shops housed loosely in the wind from the long poles and the cloth outcroppings that held them attached to the building in the appropriate spots. The tea house. The candy shop. All of them had friendly names.

She walking past one that said ‘The Friendly Wreath’. Walking back she glances through the reflective window, trying to glean some sign of what the store sells. Through the front window she sees lamps and tables arranged in a way that reminded her of an overstocked antique store. She makes it to the door, intent on going inside for the warmth and through the window in the door sees a tapestry of a man on a horse. As she strained her eyes looking through the glass the figure on the horse turned its head toward her and stared into the eyeless face of death.

She ran from the store. She ran from downtown, the bus stop and the bustle of the shops in the district; she ran from everything and stopped to hide herself only blocks away.

Ann found herself in what appeared to be a run down industrial area. The buildings all looked deserted. All the people that were filling the sidewalks of the downtown district didn’t have their counterparts here. The sidewalks, where there were sidewalks, were empty, and seemed to bode with an energy of hermitude.

Looking around herself she saw many buildings, but one short one, that looked particularly abandoned, seemed to be calling out to her, seeming to want to give her refuge.

She walked up to it and seeing only a large garage-type door, that she knew would make a lot of noise, even if it did open, she decided upon one of the windows that was low and busted out. She heaved herself up on the sill after first lifting her bag over and hanging on to it as she gripped the inside edge. There was broken glass everywhere on the floor but she paid no heed; her feed could handle; the pain wouldn't make itself a nuisance.

As she dropped to the ground her foot fell upon a nail sticking out of a board she had not seen before. She winced in pain, and without having to think about it stepped onto the board with her other foot in order to pull her throbbing one free.

“Loki! Are you here too? Stop this nonsense. Quit hiding, and chasing, and stalking me. Quit fucking with my mind!!!”

“So child, you face me?” a voice called out from everywhere. “I didn't do anything to you Loki. You aren't death, you know that!”

“Ohh, aren't I...”

“I haven't got a quarter, but if you're right, I'll give you this paper. It's today's.”

“Sure, Mmm, This isn't your lucky day is it? I think you'll stop at death.

The man laughed and reached his hand to flip the already extended card.

“What a joke. Here's your paper. By the way, what's your name?”

“You don't want to know mister, trust me you don't want to know.”

The stranger's bus arrived and as he hurriedly got on, Dan settled down on a nearby bench to read the paper.

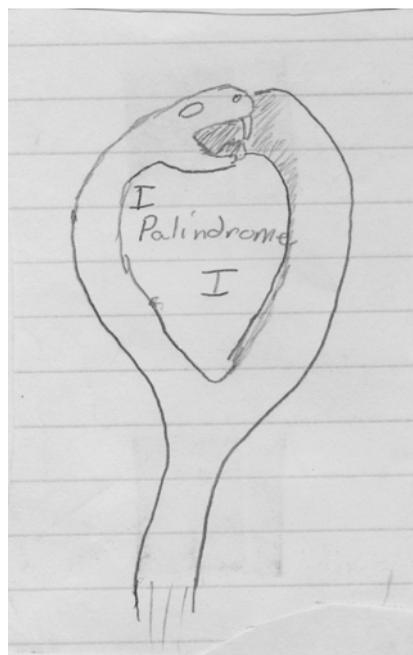
“Interestin,” he muttered aloud. *Bitches always kill themselves in the weirdest places. Say that's only a few blocks from here.*

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Another Closing Note (by G.M.):

In this **spac(ronym)**e you will find your letters (so sta**[cronym]**rt sending them!). Unless they **a(cronym)**re very long, you **a(cronym)**re pretty much gua**(cronym)**renteed **a(cronym)** spac**(ronym)**e within. Be it ha**(cronym)**te ma**(cronym)**il, opinions **a(cronym)**bout **a(cronym)** story, or **a(cronym)**nything else, send them in. Besides, you **a(cronym)**re proba**(cronym)**bly tired of me ta**(cronym)**lking here **a(cronym)**nywa**(cronym)**y.

I've ha**(cronym)**d fun putting this issue together, **a(cronym)**nd I hope you enjoy rea**(cronym)**ding it. Don't let the cha**(cronym)**nce to get published pa**(cronym)**ss you by. Submit to da**(cronym)**y.



Because she was made
into a vampire on a bed
involves sexual imagery:
she lost her innocence

- VAMPYRE -

