

A K R O W N M

John -  
Print  
up a  
Header  
please.

IT'S NOT JUST A WORD.  
B.Y. G.M. A.N.Y.M.O.R.

Volume I, ISSUE #3

March 12, 1994

Picture Goes  
Here

Should  
be  
something  
like  
this

Is this the right Date?

Notes:

Is Naaaaghack! Ready?  
Where is it?

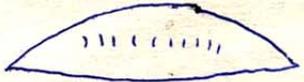
What About those Poems?

GET ON  
THE BALL!

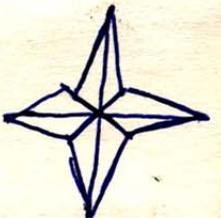
Have We  
located  
that Artist  
Yet?



G.R.A.F.F.I.T.I.  
M.A.N.!



Hi.



God I'm Bored Tonight

***Straight From The Horses' (Beep!):***

Oh my God! My magazine has been infiltrated by Elidvian third ½ moon of Achchnong Lifeforms that feed mysteriously on spouting bad comments!

Well, now that I've gotten that out of the way. I want to apologize for not mentioning my new friends in this little venture of mine. The people at Blasphuphmus Press Ltd. have been assisting me at publishing this magazine as of last issue, and I never even gave them that much credit (or a plug). If you get a chance, check out their magazine The Portal. It's chock full of stuff that people love. In addition, another local publication called Nest of Bones has been floating around. If you want any information on either of these magazines, please send your questions to my new address. They'll love you for it.

Now you're probably thinking, "New address? Are you moving?" Well the answer is, yes. It is sad, but I must move my operation out of Cottage Grove (Yes, yes, yes, yes!!!!!!) and into the bustling town of Oregon City. From now on, all submissions and hate mail (or fan) should be sent to my new address.

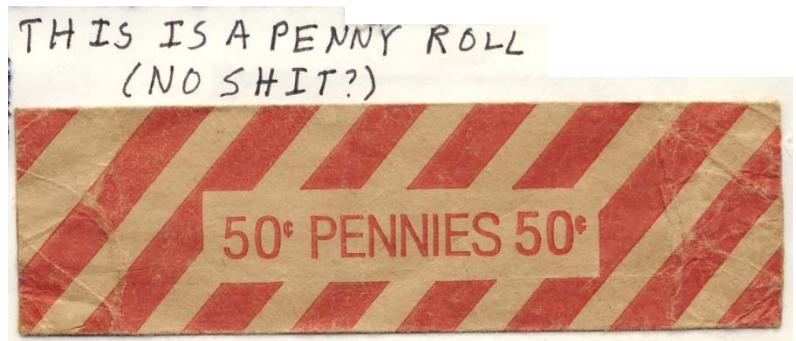
Near the back you will find some letters, more or less, on Austin Rich's long story that ran last issue (NAAAAAAAAHHHHIGHHAHAHHK!!!!!!!!!!). They are actually comments made by students in his writing class, but if those kind of comments are made in his class, then I'm positive that most of our readers feel that way. Their next part of the the story is being held over 'til next issue.

I really don't have a whole lot else to say, except that now we have more stuff available for you to order. If you are interested in ordering anything on the back cover of this issue, write us.

Until next time, this is  
G.M.

**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**

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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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# FIRE

(Ashes to Ashes)

By Ron Horner

(For those who understand this... I salute you)

©1993

Flames aroused  
By your presence  
Death to come to you

Your struggling...  
In the pits, surround you...  
Fire, Fire, FIRE...

Burning  
Smoldering  
Fring in your brain

Opening...  
Benieth your feet  
Flames are reaching through

Boiling of your blood  
Has you thinking true  
(The time has come)

It's time to die  
It's time to die  
It's time to DIE...

Truth is coming...  
Into presance...  
IGNITE THE FLAME

Reaching to your soul  
Reality is none  
You know it's time to die,  
you kow the time has come

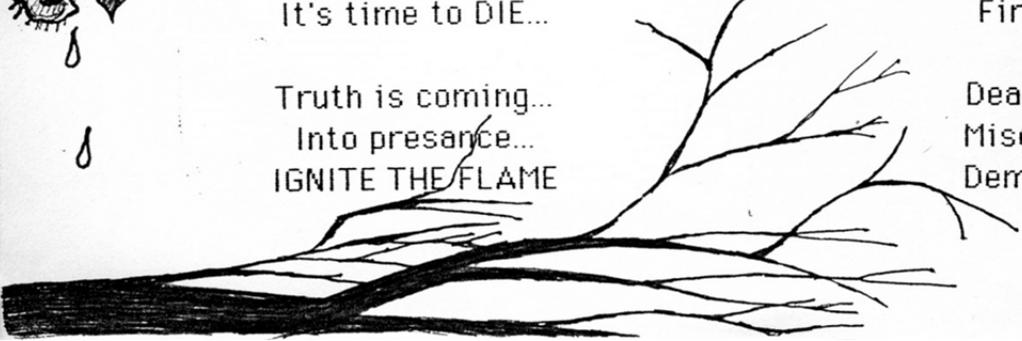
Villages,  
Children,  
Dieing by the flame

Fire  
Fire  
Fire  
Fire  
Fire  
Fire  
Fire  
...

The walls are coming in,  
Flames burning in sin,  
Ashes in the bin...

Fire...  
Fire...  
Fire...

Death...  
Misery,  
Demise



Ashes to ashes,  
Dust to dust,  
I hate to do this,  
But I must, I must

Ashes to ashes,

Dust to dust,  
I hate to do this,  
But I must, I must

Ashes to ashes,  
Dust to dust,  
I hate to do this,  
But I must, I must



THE  
ANIMATOR

 Sweetheart. plastic drinking straws

THIS IS A THING THAT GOES ON A STRAW I USED.

# Assassin, I

by Cerrah Seal

I had only a list. A rather boring list of some unique words and others that were quite ordinary. I couldn't believe it; a simple white piece of lined paper with words on it.

What was the significance of white... or brown... or inner, cars, the number two, or old? Kilimanjaro even; circle, frank, weak, arts, lazy, or acappella for that matter? None of the list works together. I have tried and I can find no similar property anywhere throughout the list. No similar properties, no relationships at all. And this list was to describe the man I'm looking for!?!

I think his hair is brown. Maybe it is a lucky guess or maybe it is human nature but I am almost certain his hair is brown.

So, I am looking for a brown-haired white boy. Or maybe he is not a boy; Perhaps a different sex! No, I am sure it is a male; my employer referred to him as 'he'.

The term white bothers me; no one calls themselves white. And no one would say he's white; only if he wasn't would they refer to his colour.

"Walter is confused. What does the term white mean?" I thought to myself.

Ah ha! Inner cannot possibly refer to anything but his intellectuality. This man must be quite kept to himself.

Let's see, we have a fair man with brown hair and a uniqueness that's white. He's kept to himself. Hmm.

The Cars! I remember that band. This guy must like the cars. I remember that the Cars were undoubtedly one of my favorite bands as well.

The number two?!? What can '2' mean. Ah ha! This must refer to his inner self. Maybe his superficial self is different from the one true one.

Circle even. That must mean that his life is a cycle--Constantly shifting emotions and then starting over. I remember hearing about that as I studied in school.

Kilimanjaro. I didn't see this word before. I was in a band called Kilimanjaro but I know it means liking mountainous regions. This victim must be attuned to the mountains, must as I am.

There is much I didn't stop to think about in the list. Why is frank in there? Is that his name? No, certainly no. It would be capitalized. I always referred to myself as frank. Maybe this character also likes things short, sweet and to the point.

Weak probably refers to his physical strength. No all people are physically adept.

He must at least appreciate the arts.

He likes acappella and is probably lazy.

He is described by old and for some reason I do not think this is a characteristic of him but maybe a symbol of the good old days. Much as I do think my character appreciated the frolicking of youth and the happy times that were there.

Then it hit me. I looked in the mirror and realized that the man must be me. I have been hired to kill myself. The blonde streak in my hair, to me, guaranteed my victim was to be myself.



## Condemned

by Damon Brice

Can't wait for a release--oh no  
There's nothing left to do  
But gather in the darkness  
All those eager fools--  
Those pieces of myself, all those  
Who rushed toward insanity  
To save me from the restless  
Reckless reasoning reality.  
That crashed as if 'pon rocky shore  
Of my beliefs and hopes  
Pounding all my dreams away  
Residing on those slopes  
Until the waves of humanity  
Sent buffeting my code  
Left nothing but the pebbles;  
Endless ebbing they erode.

## Winter Storm

by Josh Minter

Swirling winds of white  
Blowing in the night,  
Cover the ground with snow,  
The crystals settling into blankets,  
Covering the land,  
Hail falling, like tiny orbs from the sky,  
Pounding down on everything in sight,  
The cold seeping into your very bones.

---

## The Dilemma

by D. O'Dorant

He was airsick, that was the problem. How he hated to fly. He couldn't whistle, or even hum, he was so ill.

The young man was on the red-eye flight to Detroit. His mission: kill those at GM. He had given up on destroying his "friends" at Psychopathic Murderers Unanimous. He had been handed a better mission.

He scratched his face and realized he needed a shave. Luckily, he had brought a disposable razor with him. He went to the bathroom and began shaving, using lathered soap as shaving cream.

Suddenly, the entire plane shook and he sliced his cheek. The captain's voice came over the loud speaker apologizing for the air turbulence.

The youth stared at his face, watching blood well from his wound. Sick, sick, sick.

He stumbled out of the restroom queasily, the combined effects of the airsickness and the sight of blood making him decidedly ill.

The maladjusted man grabbed the nearest flight attendant by the throat and began to squeeze. She screamed, but he put a stop to that by snapping her neck. He flung her aside and snatched the next one that came running.

"Take me to the captain," he told her, his only thought was to get off this damnable machine. He wanted to land, now!

She obliged and seconds later he was in the cockpit staring into the sky.

"Land," he told the captain throatily. He showed him his knife he had snuck aboard (it was made of industrial hardened plastic, he had picked it up in Sumatra during a tour of duty through the Peace Corpse).

"Now?"

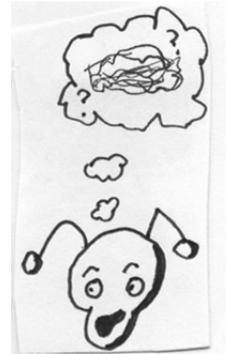
"Well..." the youth thought for a moment. He had always wanted to go to England and visit Jack the Ripper's homeland.

What to do? What to do? He might never get another chance to go to Britain again...

"Okay, I want you to do two things," the airsick youth said. "First, I want you to fly to Britain. Second I want some Lomine pills.

A half hour later they were forced to land and refuel, then they were off. The man placed the pills in his mouth and swallowed. He felt better nearly instantly.

Only one decision left. Where should he visit first in the UK? He sat back, whistling Yankee Doodle and thought about it.



## My Thoughts On Conformity

by Austin Rich

Today I saw a little cloud  
All alone up in the sky  
Away from all the other clouds  
What reason I do not know why.

The other clouds, bound by one large commonality  
(But in all actuality  
the true reality was  
they were bound by an aquatic anomaly)

Were more attractive than before.  
Beauty known only by few.  
Like the kind found upon the shore.

The little cloud was also pretty,  
And colorful, I might add.  
But with all its wonderful splendor  
It looked a tad bit sad.

But the little cloud had something else  
About it that I liked.  
Through its sadness I did see  
A little bit of character, no less.

The little cloud was bold and strong.  
Independent, he was too.  
Creative and handsome  
Just to name a few.

And though he was all alone  
the little cloud was proud  
For he knew that he was just as good  
As all the other clouds.

So I won't forget the little cloud  
Or at least I'll try my best.  
Because I know this little cloud  
can do fine without the rest.



TAE L  
CORT



**The Short Story so Short that if I Wrote Really Really Small I could Write it All on One Line,  
and the Title Is Larger Than the Rest of it, and That Isn't just Because the Title Is Really  
Long, That Just Helps.**

This guy got beat up by these thugs. He bought an Uzi to kill them with. A policeman saw him and arrested him.

The moral of the story--Don't get revenge until the cops aren't looking.

By Tim (Ted<sup>®</sup>, Frank<sup>®</sup>, Schwartz<sup>™</sup>) Hadley



**Shoutout!**

Hey man I'm sick and tired of all this politically & Culturally Sensitive overcorrectness bullshit. It seems if you want me to transmogrify into a semi-Human robotic non-food eating entity you could at least sleep with me first.

Fuck Off

Nile Longstrom

P.S. He who circumvents the mind obliterates the world.

## Prism

by Thane

Cascading rainbows  
fill my eyes as  
Buckets of color  
splash over  
my face.

Hues of blue,  
green,  
red and yellow,  
bounce off the walls  
and glitter  
across the ceiling.

Slowly  
I  
watch  
as rainbows of purple  
glide  
across the room  
to collect  
in the  
prism.

## The abstract warm embrace

by Cerrah Seal

Your hand touches mine  
our hands intertwined  
though the feelings are all mine  
they are not just in my mind

I know that you do feel it too  
the feelings being shared  
in that friendly, warm embrace  
comforting because you cared

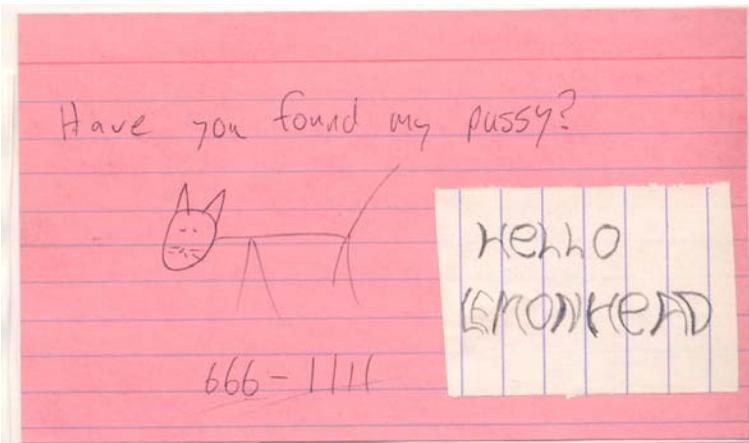
We are not lovers to the world  
because we do not need to be  
to share the feelings flowing soft  
and see what others do not see

We do it still as friends  
It need be nothing more  
A couple of good friends  
walking on the shore

## LP

by Robbie Wolfard  
© 1993 Insects From Hell

Through another brick in the soup  
All for one  
What's happening to the world  
The Greenhouse  
Flower is for me  
Flower is for me  
Flower is for me  
Fried  
From soul  
Junkie  
Shoes  
Hot or heat  
From me to the next  
Users in the gutters  
Slop  
Gum and Guns  
Heavy tiredness  
Mexican underkill  
Gay  
Or happy  
Fried  
From the street  
to the house  
to the mind  
to the high  
or low  
coming down  
suicide  
more please  
NO THANK  
Maybe someday it will stop  
Maybe someone will stop the pain.



## 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.

### More Random Sentences For Your Reading Pleasure:

In the late 1800's the stock market bottomed out.

Avatars possess special talents.

Biting skeletons hurts your teeth.

Katy's bracelet is really neat.

I want to be an assassin.

Killing is satisfying.

Death is not, as many believe, the end.

Picking your teeth in public tends to annoy.

December is a bad time for water skiing.

Eating small children is something I hope to avoid.

A certain boy, with an annoying monotone voice and a white spot on his head has found it necessary to shower, fast, pray and read the scripture each time he has a wet dream. This is truth.

"Sacred" is a bad word.

A weak man is one who says he is strong. And vice versa.

But don't tell him that.

Show me an honest politician, and I'll show you a good liar.

The Devil is no worse than God.

If reality is an idiot's fantasy, then God must be an idiot.

Last night I awoke to find a small boy with the eyes of a serpent standing over me. I beat him up and ate him.

Batman is the only real Hero that's been published.

Only liars know the truth.

The British flag is nice to look at.

Pillows, by popular demand, are soft.

"Pop Culture" is now a term I rarely hear.

Alice may be a vampire, but is she a good one?

Soap and shampoo shouldn't be ingested.

In past times wizards have been known to own a staff.

Brandon, to my knowledge, doesn't mind me doing this.

"Cappuccino" and "hallucinations" are words rarely put together.

Therefore, it is a good name for a band.

My logic is something few people have.

#### ***Austin's Editor's Note:***

Yeah, sure, whatever.

I didn't write them all.

Don't blame me.

# FEELING AND CIRCULAR MOTION

by Doug D. Doug or You

Bring down your love, hate, purity! The feeling you feel...  
But you'll never see, you are the one, the true, the proud,  
AND the UGLY!

The thought of circular motion, spinning, turning, twisting,  
tweaking, tangling, entwining.... in CIRCULAR MOTION!

A toy top is..... Spinning, turning, twisting, tweaking, tangling,  
entwining..... in CIRCULAR MOTION!

Because of the feelings in life WE ALL ARE..... Spinning, turning,  
twisting, tweaking, tangling, entwining..... in CIRCULAR MOTION!

Circular motions..... Here's the definition! a movement that is  
turning in one direction on an endless search for the END!!

It's just gotta be..... Spinning, turning, twisting, tweaking,  
tangling, entwining..... in CIRCULAR MOTION!

So all you freaks take your emotions and start turning.

**Untitled** by John Doe & Elvis

*[G.M.'s Note: I am not responsible for this poem in  
any way and hold no responsibility for it or its content.  
Thank You.]*

(Sung to the tune of "Under The Bridge")

- 1) Took my chainsaw downtown,  
And got it modified,  
Fucker does 110  
4-speed with overdrive  
(Pre-Chorus)  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah 'e' Yeah  
'O' Yeah Yeah Yeah 'e' Yeah



- 2) Asked the store guy not to tell  
my mom would get mad at me,  
She would only get mad because  
I didn't share with the family
- 3) I took it home, put it under my bed  
Has 20 knobs, and 3 machines that  
give me head
- 4) One day I came home from school,  
I found my chainsaw gone,  
Went in my brother's room,  
He was naked & had it on
- 5) Put it on full blast  
Got my brother really good  
Ripped him a new ass  
He said, "Thank you dude."
- 6) The moral of the story goes,  
if it's good on your colon,  
Lock it up at school,  
or it will get stolen.

**Bottled War**  
by Chris R. DeLay

Waiting; waiting for you  
Waiting for your love.  
I must hold off my feelings,  
Become numb for eternity.

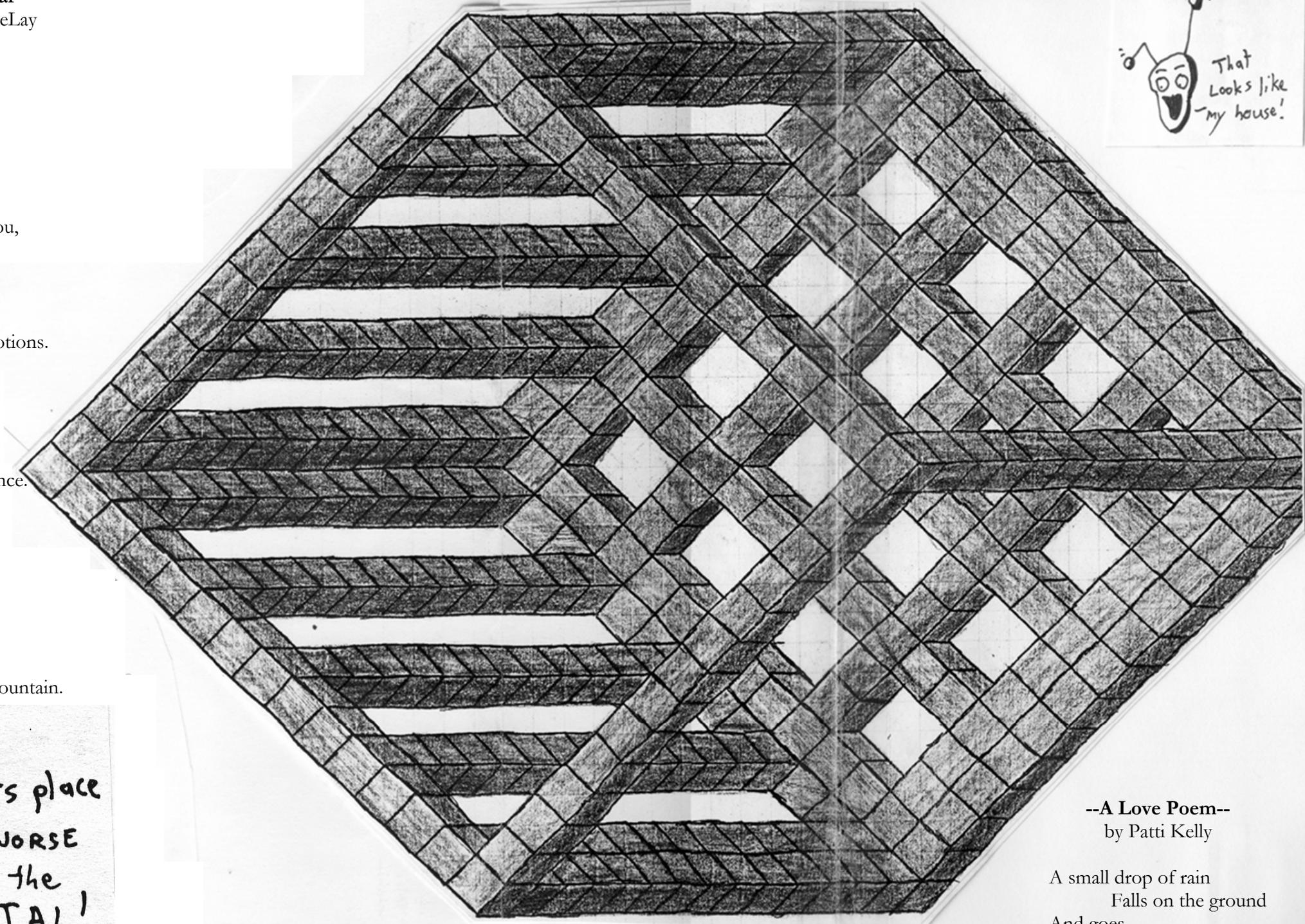
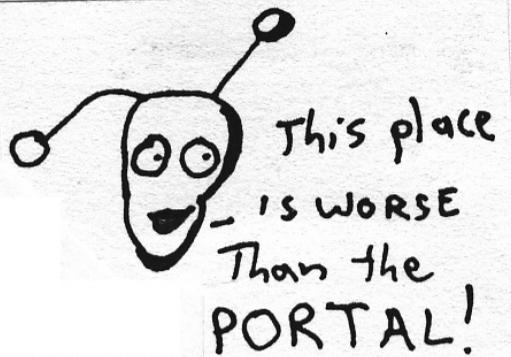
It's easy to say forever,  
When you take your life day to day  
But should the hands of time strangle you,  
Forever is too long.

Perspectives change,  
Lives are destroyed  
When one must put a restriction on emotions.  
Is it really worth the wait?

Love is eternal;  
Forever will it be with you.  
But when it is your driving force,  
You can't stand the cold rain of impatience.

The countdown overpowers life itself;  
It crushed all happiness and hope.  
The world ceases to function,  
Nothing else matters.

Time has passed.  
It will pass again.  
But for me, time is an unconquerable mountain.



**--A Love Poem--**  
by Patti Kelly

A small drop of rain  
Falls on the ground  
And goes

SPLAT.

## **Rails By Night**

by Wendy D. Fuller

As I lay myself to sleep I hear the rumbling of the railroad tracks near my house. My trained ear singles out the lonely car racing South at break-neck speed. Suddenly, I am having a vision of an orange truck, probably a nightly railroad construction crew just heading home, with tires whirling and rail riders swirling as if time were moving backwards. I hear nothing. My mind is in a vacuum; sound cannot escape.

My vision zooms into the cab where several frantic figures reside. The first is wearing an orange metal hat that has chipped paint showing chrome. He wears a denim shirt with white buttons rolled up past the elbows. Underneath, he wears a red T-shirt that shows at the neck. In his denim shirt I can see a pack of generic 100's ready to be used at any time.

The man sits ashen faced and ridged with white knuckles as he grasps the rubber steering wheel in front of him. In the instant that the truck hurtles under a street lamp, located across the drain ditch from the tracks, I see his heavy, boot encased, foot pressed to the floor on top of the gas pedal.

Through the rain blanketed windows the light creates a kaleidoscope by stretching and reshaping the black streaks of water and turning it around on two other figures--a man and a woman--giving them a look of unreality. They ghoulishly stare out the back window in dreadful anxiety.

Both are dressed similarly to the first man but the woman is wearing orange denim overalls on top of her other work clothes. The pale features of their faces are contrasted with black smudges that look to be oil or grease.

The second man is sitting in the passenger seat with his body twisted sideways and his feet in the aisle. He puffs on a cigarette sporadically while he turns and says something with silent lips to the first man. Smoke fills the interior, clouding the clarity of my vision as it wafts toward the ceiling.

The phosphorescent speedometer is now the only illumination as its eerie green glow outlines the gaunt faces of the passengers. The first man turns his head nervously a fraction to glance at the second man while saying something in reply. There is fear on both faces... Why?

I don't understand what is happening. I've lost myself and yet I'm still here, conscious and feeling...

There is a beam of light coming from behind them now and in its brilliance I can see the silhouette of the woman with her knees on the cushions and her elbows on the seat back--praying.

The beam is getting closer...

The men in the front seats start yelling at each other and gesticulating wildly. The two men are trying to open their doors by kicking and throwing their weight upon them but they won't budge. The woman doesn't notice.

The beam is very close and gaining...

The woman has finished praying and looks towards the light...

The beam is blinding now...

The two men have tears rolling down their panic stricken faces. The driver puts all his weight on the gas pedal to no avail.

The light is so close it covers everything in its path...

A look of calm fills the woman. She's ready.

The men turn and stare at the light. Black thoughts of horror are clearly written on their faces.

All there is, is light. Light...

\* \* \*

### **Dance of the Tempests**

by Melissa Cooper

Sweet air of nature  
wrap your wings around me.  
In the living air I fly  
only bound to earth by my souls.  
Hands of velvet caress my skin.  
I feel each finger  
buss my flesh.  
The whispers left in my mind  
are ramblings of the wind.  
The life-blood of the air  
finds every forgotten curve.  
In heedless abandon  
I am lifted free of earthly connection  
by the strong and gentle arms.  
Soaring the heights,  
my soul and the wind entwine.  
We glide through the currents.  
I falter in the clouds  
and begin to fall.  
Whistling, screaming,  
in my ears the air doth cry.  
Saved from oblivion  
the wind cushions my fall--  
and delivers me to the sweet grass.  
Sun plays on my lids  
as I wake upon the pillowed earth.  
The wind draws a parting stroke  
across my body  
and I shudder in delight.  
Like a lover leaving the bed  
my wind recedes--  
leaving me soft, supine and satisfied.

I awake to see my digital alarm clock reading 8:23 A.M. Confusion and fear dissipate as sunlight streams into my room through pink curtains with white polka dots. I am so greatly relieved to see the rays dancing across my hardwood floor that I jump out of bed and run to the open window. I look out to see steam rising off of neighboring roof-tops and the rain drenched street. Birds are singing as they dart past my thankful eyes. The nightmare was just that--and now it is over.

I dress and go downstairs to the smell of bacon, eggs, buttered toast, and fried potatoes. I finish my large breakfast and drift into the Living Room to look for the T.V. schedule. I find it lying on top of the morning paper. As I pick it up, underneath is a picture of a mangled orange truck lying in a ditch with plywood and derailed train cars scattered all around it. The headline reads: "Three Railroad Employees Killed in Bizarre Train Accident."

|-----|



### **the last minute**

by Patti Kelly

who how come I don't know leave me alone wait  
don't leave me alone are you crazy extremely not  
at all are you there what for I'm not scared scared  
of everything I am not but I am what for not really  
who cares nobody not me purpose none a lot of  
hell why are you crazy forgive I hate me I hate you  
not really I lie a lot back off don't go away leave  
me alone.....

## **Insomnia**

by Damon Brice

There's a full moon tonight.  
I went to the window  
And gazed out at nothing-  
Except the eerie silence  
and the pure radiance  
from the crystal sky.

I touched the cold windowpane  
And it reminded me  
Of the icy emptiness  
In my soul as I watched  
You dance in my memory.

## **Why For A Girl**

by James Stegall

I.

Of Mary's suitors I like to think I am the most  
ambitious. When her father commented over dinner that  
a dragon was harassing his middle management, I  
glanced up eagerly from my tomato soup.

"Dragon, sir?" I asked.

He frowned gravely. "Big one. Devoured two  
men yesterday."

"And left you alone today?"

Grumboldt nodded grimly. "Thing's satisfied.  
Suppose it'll be back tomorrow or the next day." He  
glanced at me suspiciously, demanding, "Why so  
curious?"

I held myself valiantly straight up. "I could do  
something about that dragon, sir." I added, "If you wanted--"

Glancing at Mary, I met her glimmering blue eyes. She smiled nervously. I calmed her  
with a smug nod.

"Well," Grumboldt exclaimed appraisingly. "Didn't  
think you had it in you son. But if you want to--don't see how  
a man could stop you--"

I smiled brightly for Mary. "No problem, sir," I told  
her father confidently. "Forget all about the dragon. No more  
dragon. I'll have it gone before tomorrow."

On the doorstep beneath the wide black sky, old  
Grumboldt slapped my shoulder appreciatively. "--can see a  
place for you in the world, Bradigan." He motioned  
expansively, offering the night to young ingenuity. "--save me  
money by killing that dragon--well, I can see things in your  
future."

"Thank you, sir," I beamed.

"Call me Grum," he ordered.

"Okay--Grum."

"Good, boy. See you in the morning. Five o' clock--  
early!" Grumbolt shoved me off the step into the street.

Did you ever know something  
& not know why or how?

## **Insomnia II**

by Damon Brice

Sheets of rain drum relentless  
upon the midnight dreamscape--  
Drenching, Quenching the earth  
Through the incessant deluge; it is  
A purging of the heavens.

I turn my gaze upward  
And as for an instant I feel  
The silver rivulets run down  
My cheeks, I revel in the storms  
without, finding peace within.

*To Be Continued...*



Can't Do  
Much Today

**Pane of Glass**  
by Nicole Gordon

Encased by wood  
I go no where  
My face is cracked  
no one to care  
I've been here  
for many years  
I creak in the wind  
but no one hears  
The rain beats down  
upon my face  
And washes away  
with out a trace  
I'm all alone  
I've always been  
They look right thru me  
I feel unseen  
The joy of sun,  
it sees me not  
I know not smiles  
when days are hot  
Time rolls by  
and day by day  
Encased by wood  
I'm here to stay

G.M.B.  
A.K.A. M.A.M.B.

I.t.s. N.o.t. J.u.s.t.  
W.o.r.d. A.n.y.m.o.r.e.



CA+HEAD

LOA



JUMP BACK

# A shoe Named Dave

By Buck Rick

There once was a shoe named Dave  
Who's life, noone could save  
He jumped out of a car  
He traveled really far  
And he found himself in a cave

He slept for a couple of hours  
And when he woke, he started to cower  
Cause when the sun got hot  
That shoe smell rot  
Escaped from the anti-shoe smell powder  
His shoelaces started to fray  
So in the cave he decided to stay  
But when the bear came back  
And started to attack  
He fled from the cave and played  
The day's went by and by  
And Dave started to cry  
Then out of the blue  
Came his mommy shoe  
And they both grew old and died.  
That's what they did!

**Blue and Spent**  
By - Karl Paschelke

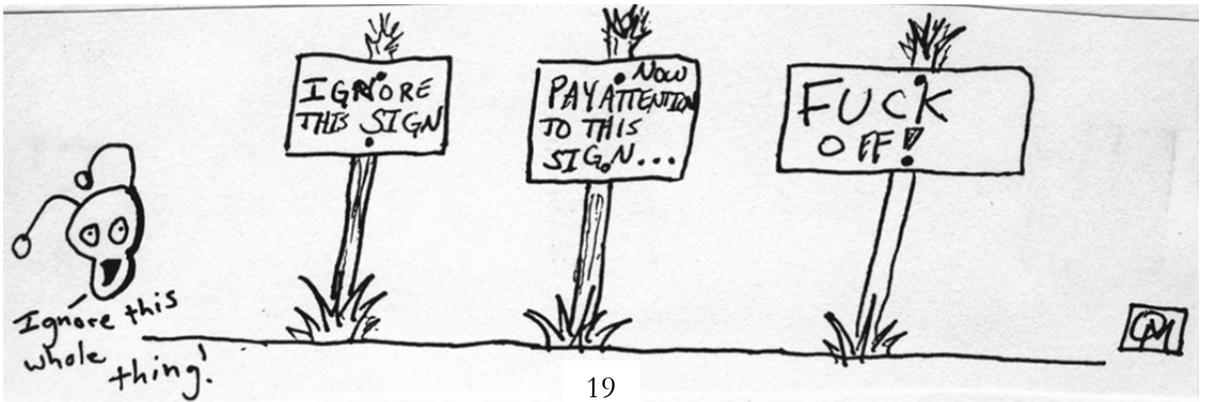
My menagerie is to the crush of glass,  
and chine porcelain,  
my love of word,  
it has the sweet fragrance of the crushed flower,  
I have  
you have,  
but do you have the like of I,  
were you part of that eighty - six,  
my master made of servant,  
apart in my forfeit,  
an end through my shattered wreath of living beauty,

I have exhausted my fresh score of word  
and stand I here to be silent,  
I take this strand and cut it,  
thin and sweet,  
and take my word and eat it,  
and devour their length,  
here it lies,  
freshly empty,  
fragrant of that cutting scent,  
that sings to you of no more,  
now here and alive for your ear,  
of hear to you of brutal listener,

bask in the heavy grit of word,  
and my fresh cry shall tremble your human lips,

and my cries will echo this place of misery,  
and I am that cry of still phrases,  
though through with you,  
I cry,  
oh do I cry,  
but now I rein,  
and my words,  
full still,  
are thus short of grace,  
and devour their own means,  
spun dry,  
and quiet is my sound,  
and bask in my children,  
my forbidden,  
my sullen length and clause,

be sure,  
remember,  
in my words - in my thoughts,  
my crypt is my female prince,  
made my kind,  
made my naked - cloaked beauty to be vast with no relent,  
she who deceives the lesser man,  
for in ways of share peace and brilliant light,  
as we do gently breathe this air,  
but like the visions of the lesser god,  
I am imperfect,  
and better all but - ,  
spent.



## untitled

by Victor Tsoy

White snow, grey ice  
On the cracked earth beneath your feet  
Like a patch worked quilt lies on it  
A city in the ring of a road,  
And above that city clouds do float,  
Hiding the light of the skies,  
And above that city--yellow smoke.  
The city is two thousand years old.  
Ruby-red rivers of blood.  
In an hour they turn to earth.  
In two hours they are flowers and grass.  
In three hours they're once more active.  
And we know that it was always this way,  
that by Fate is mostly loved  
He who lives by the laws of his own,  
He who has to die while he's young.  
He doesn't know the word "yes" or word  
"no,"  
He doesn't know any titles or names.  
He is capable of reaching the stars  
With his hand, not in a dream,  
And of falling, burnt by the star  
named the Sun.

|-----|

## BEHEMOTH

by Blaine Brazzle

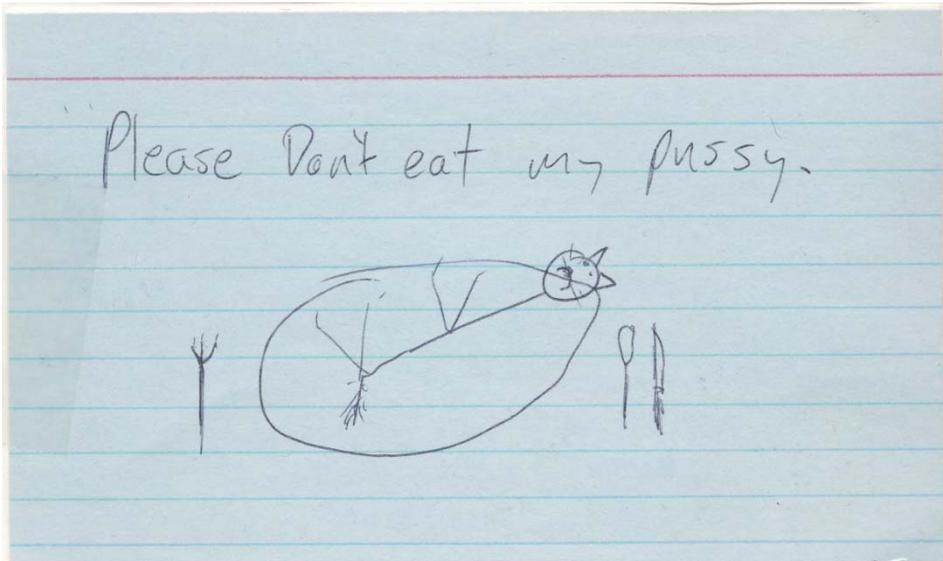
Jack instinctively turned as he heard the scream echo out from the cavern; and he knew even before he moved that his wife was dead. He ran towards the dying echo and reached a corpse he knew to be his lovely wife Julie. As he got closer he saw her shredded clothes and the bloody marks upon her stomach, arms, legs, and breasts. Her head was turned to the side covering her face in a gruesome jungle of blood stained hair.

His emotions raced from anger to remorse in a cycle of fear. His thoughts turned to the reason for his coming to this cave. He had come to this cave as a teen and had found this beast hibernating for the "Thousand Year Sleep" as the beast had relayed to him. That was the day his brother was killed by the "Behemoth".



And now he had returned and this time it was his wife who had died; she was killed by the beast. Jack knelt down to push the hair from her face and was appalled by what he saw. Her eyes were widened in a transfixed stare and her mouth was ajar like a hole. Her head still lay on its side so Jack pushed her head into an upright position. Her head stayed like that for approximately 2 or 3 seconds, then to Jack's dismay her head rolled down the in sloped incline; like the color of a red cherry the blood rushed from the opening that was part of her head. Jack could hold no restraint against the nausea; he vomited in convulsions, unfortunately mostly all over himself.

After his nausea passed his remorse became such powerful anger that he ran to find the source of his wife's brutal slaughter; he was going to find BEHEMOTH. He ran further into the cave yelling like a madman and tripped like a drunkard. Finally something did make him trip and fall. He thought it to be a rock; it wasn't. As he got to his feet and turned to run again, he was met by a set of bloody red eyes. The owner of those red eyes reached out and grabbed Jack by the throat, then lifted him off the ground as if he were a small child. His struggling and kicking was only an annoyance to this beast that held Jack's life a couple of feet off the ground. Then the beast growled out a last set of words at Jack, "I told you not to return ever again. You did not listen. Now you will pay." This beast drew back its claw of a hand, then sent it flying forward, ripping and tearing at Jack's chest. Then the beast drew back its claw for the last blow that would kill; he then threw his blood dripping claw forward towards Jack's throat. His claw sliced through muscle and tendons around Jack's throat, but he didn't wish to just rip his throat out; he wished more of this final act. So in turn he reached farther and finally found the man's backbone. He grasped it firmly and then he pulled up and out. Jack's body fell limply to the ground a spineless, headless corpse. The beast held the head and spine over its head and yelled in triumph; he did this like the head and backbone were a trophy. And indeed, it was just that; a trophy!



**untitled**  
by Thane

I.

I've never stood in this room of mine. It's dark and shadowed, with people milling around. The walls are a pale shining cream color, they slope up towards the ceiling gently, like a cavern. The lighting is dim and soft. Objects appear and disappear like flashes.

A young man turns, looking at nothing. A magical look of love is frozen across his face. He stands silent and still as my mind examines every inch of his face and body; his strong jaw hold his head arrogantly; a Roman, sharp nose gives airs of nobleness. Wide shoulders give a defined feeling of security. I feel safe and confident.

I lock his memory up in my little room of loved ones. He will always be safe here, even when his body starts to fade. Nobody knows of my secret place. I hide it in my mind where the insanity cannot touch it.

II.

Ah, my home away from home. The shabby outside of the seemingly run down building hides this comfortable interior. Secluded booths are nestled into corners with red checkered table cloths and tall long stemmed wine glasses. Couples laugh quietly as their hands bump, and the tinkling of silverware can be heard. The aromatic smell of pasta wafts about the room. The lighting is dim and soft from glowing candles at the center of each table. People move slowly, no one in a great hurry to go anywhere. Maître d's holding large steaming plates of food make their way through a full dining room. People smile as a favorite song comes from the old time jukebox in the corner, glowing like a forgotten memory. Menu's sit in a little iron clip between the shiny, polished napkin holders. A constant murmur, like waves from the sea, fills the room. Little patches of silence intercede comfortably. Couples gaze lovingly at each other, saying nothing. Their eyes say it all as they wipe a smear of sauce off a chin or corner of the mouth. This is a perfect little place. A haven from the bustling city nights and bright street light.

*To Be Continued...*



NAAAAAHHHHGHAAHKK

I enjoyed this story when it was read in class. In the early sixties there was a comic book character who was always trying to elude the eraser of his creator, who had changed his mind about the usefulness of the character.

I am not criticising the lack of complete originality in this story, everything has been said before. The task of the writer is to find a new and effective way to say it.

Messing around with the typeface is not new and in my opinion completely destroys the effectiveness of this story. I now understand the difficulty the instructor had in reading it. I had assumed he was just having an off-day, but now I know otherwise. There may very well be a place for this kind of monkey business but I have no idea where that would be.

### Letters, Letters:

These are comments on Austin Rich's story. The people in question are fellow students in his writing class. (No names to protect identities).

« NAAAAAHHHHGHAAHAAK!!! »

- Different -

Honestly, what I read flowed really well but your choice of typing style left me with a headache.

To long with no real plot.  
it jumped around if you  
left out the super heroes  
it would be alot smoother  
Type If Normal

~~NAAAAAHHHHGHAAHAAK~~

as

LOVER'S WIFE A

In Your Face

Case



This place IS  
worse than the Portal  
- this sucks!

definer