

13: A Worthy Beginning

by Fabio "Zak" Belli

"I heard voices!" Zwingle cried out. He couldn't see certain colors, especially the frequency of red, but his ears heard even the smallest sounds.

"Oh, shut up! The one with the strangest name in the world has spoken!" Paula replied.

"So what? I heard something, too!" Werewix said, in defense of her brother, "I think we should check."

"0...0...0kay... I... I... didn't hear... any... any... thing!!!!" stammered Lion.

Werewix took Zwingle's hand and lead the group to that dusty giant house. Paula and Lion followed, slowly.

~

The house had a big garden, with the grass unusually well maintained. Everything else looked abandoned for a long time...

The fantastic four were now in front of the main door. It was rusty, but it didn't seem locked. Next to the door, there was a doorbell with a round red button.

Werewix and Paula said: "We should ring the doorbell! We should be nice and polite!"

Lion and Zwingle had a different idea: "NO! We should enter soundlessly! Otherwise we could wake up some monster!"

What do you want to do?

A) Ring the doorbell

B) Enter soundlessly

13: Close Door & Run Away

by Nils Selke

Driven by her instincts, Paula turned on her heels, slammed the door shut, and ran for her dear life. Without hesitation, Werewix, Lion, and Zwingle went after her.

A loud *thud*, followed by an even shriller *meow*, reassured Paula that it was the right decision to get away from this place.

"What the hell?! Have you ever seen THAT many cats?" Lion asked.

"Who cares?" Paula shouted back. "Move your asses before she opens that door again!"

They sprinted over a well maintained English lawn. It was made for running, the only obstacle was some extravagant-looking red garden furniture.

~

Quick as weasels, Paula and Werewix dodged the armchair. Lion, being a sporty fellow, vaulted over it gracefully like a gazelle.

Just when the garden gate came in sight, Zwingle let out a loud and painful cry.

Not being able to see the bright red garden chair, he collided with it in full speed and fell onto his face.

The athletic trio immediately froze and looked at each other.

As they turned around, the main door of the house opened...

A) Live together

B) Die alone

13: Die Alone

by Carlo Valenti

As the door opened, a whole pack of rabid cats pounced on poor Zwingle.

"Zwingleee!" cried out Werewix, trying to turn back to help her brother.

"NOPE!!! It's too late!!" Paula caught Wix by the forearm, saving her from a certain, bloody death.

The cats, those little furry demons, dragged Zwingle back into the house.

And the door closed.

- * -

We never had the courage to go back to that house.

Thirty years have passed, but I, Lion, still can't erase that experience from my mind.

~

Lion. What a nickname they chose to bully me with because of my weakness. I would have loved to kill each and every one of them for this.

I managed to kill only one.

I knew of the foolish experiments at the bio-research facility. I knew that it would be dangerous to approach the house.

Only, it didn't look dangerous enough; what a shame.

But this is all in the past. Now, I'll go back to my family, my dearest children; and, first and foremost, to my sweetheart and my beloved wife, Werewix.

13: Enter Soundlessly

by Carlo Valenti

Paula gave the two boys a serious look.

"Oh, you heroes!" she shouted. "What kind of monster could possibly be hiding in there. It's a damn HOUSE!"

And she was right, absolutely right. The door stood ajar, and the darkness opened before them too. Thousand eyes were already observing them, thousand arms were trying to grab them, and thousand teeth were snapping at them blindly, having starved for centuries.

Out of breath.

Out of light.

Out of air. And then... nothingness.

Just a never ending silence.

~

But all this only took place in their minds.

"What... was... that," said Werewix in a feeble voice.

"...what... that," Paula echoed.

They hadn't made a single step, but then they suddenly stood inside,
as a huge stomach consumed them, voraciously and quickly. The house.

And Zwingle WAS dead, lying on the floor, his face a depiction of serenity.

Lion stared at him and cried out loud:

"This!! This should be rated PG-13! And what we have here! My best friend is dead! DEAD!!!"

What do you say?

A) More adrenaline!

B) Err... I need the toilet!

13: I Need the Toilet!

by F. Guga

"Oh, come on," muttered a disembodied voice, "you entered a clearly haunted house without permission. What did you expect, candies?"

"Who's there?" asked Paula, her voice shaking with fear, as she was frantically pointing the torchlight at the walls.

"Please, don't kill us!" cried Werewix.

"Calm down, my dear guests," said the voice again in a sweet tone, while the hall lights were gradually turning on and air was becoming breathable again.

"Calm down? Zwingle is DEAD!" protested Lion.

"I thought you could take a joke," responded the voice, which, it was now clear, belonged to a small green elf who was standing on the other side of the room.

~

"He's not dead. Or, well, not permanently," said the elf.

"Not permanently?" asked Lion, surprised.

"I just wanted to scare you. It was just a joke!"

"Just a joke?" repeated Lion.

"Why do you always repeat what I say?" replied the elf with a puzzled face. "Anyway, here's the deal: I'll revive your companion if we become friends! Nobody ever visits this place, and I'm constantly bored. I sure could use some warm friendship. So... would you be my friends?"

What's your choice?

A) OK. Extortions rule!

B) Nope. Screw Zwingle!

13: Live Together

by N. Harold Cham

Standing in the dark, sturdy doorframe was the lady, holding a black cat in her arms. With a welcoming smile on her face, she caressed the cat tenderly, humming a soft, soothing tune, which sounded eerily clear in the quietness of the evening. The cat arched its neck, keeping its eyes fixated on the kids.

"Get up, Zwingle!" Paula cried out, but Zwingle was lying on the grass and kept moaning: "Ooooww... ooooooww... mee-ooowwww!"

He felt a curious sensation trickle through his body and looked back to the house in confusion. The lady, proceeding to stroke the cat, smiled at him and closed her eyes.

~

Zwingle started purring softly as he got back on his paws.

Werewix looked down at her furry feet. The exceptionally well-tended grass was fresh and green, and she liked the way it brushed against her legs and her belly as she paced through the lawn.

It was getting late, and Lion let out a soft purr as he started towards the house, wagging his tail slowly.

Paula followed suit, and as the four of them crossed the doorstep and entered the house, the door slammed shut behind them. They had found a home, it was feeding time, and they would live together. Forever. And ever.

THE END

13: More Adrenaline!

by Tommy Honton

Lion howled after witnessing the death of his friend.

"Come on! We have to get out of here!" shouted Paula.

"Yeah, buddy, let's shake a leg and run before this thing strikes again," Werewix added.

Lion's gaze turned from Zwingle's body back to the shadow creature, whose long, inky tendrils started to surround them again.

With his eyes narrowing, Lion rushed forward and lunged at the monster, swiping, punching, grabbing, and kicking it.

Paula and Werewix shared surprised glances; they'd never seen Lion move so fast. Except for that one time when Zwingle put a laxative in his coffee.

"What are you waiting for?!" Lion shouted behind them.

~

Paula and Werewix followed Lion into battle.

Smack! Bam! Pow! Flying fists had beaten back the foul shadow monster, which was now retreating into the house's wall cracks.

With the coast now clear, the friends made a break for it down the hallway.

"Wait... is this the way we came?" whispered Paula in panic.

The room they were now standing in looked like the one they had just left.

The group realized they were in a room with dozens upon dozens of identical hallways.

But before they had time to decide where to go, the room shook and trembled as the slimy shadow beast dropped down into the center of the room, thirsty for revenge.

A) RUN!

13: Nope. Screw Zwingle!

by Fabio "Zak" Belli

"NEVERRRR!" roared Lion. "Let's find a way out!"

"How? We are trapped here! I can't even see where the door is!" shouted Paula.

Lion tried to wriggle free, but stumbled over the dead body on the floor.

Suddenly, the thousands of eyes started to disappear.

The arms began to collapse on the ground.

And a clear sound of a human laugh reverberated through the house.

"Wh... what the...?" Werewix was the most surprised one.

One soft cone-shaped light fell upon the four kids. Then, other colorful lights illuminated the whole room. And a thunderous applause surrounded them.

~

A little door at the end of the room opened, and a man in a checkered coat appeared.

"Smile!" he said, applauding. "You are on Candid Camera!"

More people emerged from the small door, cheering and clapping.

"We are all actors, and there are no monsters: just some special effects! You can relax now!"

Lion, Werewix, and Paula were astonished and relieved.

"But Zwingle...?" asked Paula. "He's still dead! Or... it looks like it!"

"He's just in deep sleep. Chloroform. He'll wake up in 30 minutes."

Everything looked so obvious now. Spotlights, cameras, dark mirrors...

All's well that ends well! THE END

13: OK. Extortions Rule!

by Fabio "Zak" Belli

The three remaining kids looked at each other. It was clear they couldn't abandon Zwingle, no matter the cost. After all, he was Werewix's brother and a good friend of Lion and Paula. After a few seconds, they nodded at the same time without saying a word.

"OK, let's agree to this friendship, but first, revive my brother!" said Werewix.

"Oh, oh, oh! Is that your final answer?"

"... YES!" all three of them shouted.

"So then, IT'S A DEAL! Now, take three steps back while I revive him."

The elf raised his arms, moving his fingers quickly back, forth, up, and down. Hundreds of fireflies appeared on Zwingle's chest, then moved all over his body.

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In just a few moments, Zwingle opened his eyes and stood up.

"What happened? Where am I? I want to go home!!!"

"Calm down. You are already home. All of you are," said the elf.

Lion explained: "We made a deal. We had to become his friends in order to see you live again. And we are now his friends. Forever."

"FOREVER?!?!" cried out Zwingle.

[illegible]

13: Ring the Doorbell

by Pierre Pratley

For a moment, Werewix just stood there, preparing to push the button.

As she looked at Paula, she mumbled under her breath: "Here goes..."

But before they could even ring the bell, the old, massive door opened slightly, and they saw a glint of two very thick lenses.

A face appeared in the twilight.

"Can I help you?"

Lion stammered: "I... I... I'm s-s-s..."

"What he means is, we're here for routine maintenance," Zwingle replied.

The lady looked them up and down: four raggedy-looking kids. They could use a bath.

2

"But of course, welcome to my humble abode... Don't mind the cats. Since that factory upstream started dumping its waste into the river, they've been acting a bit strange."

Paula hated cats. As she stepped over the weathered threshold and looked into the entrance hall, she stopped dead in her tracks. A tiled hallway led to a long, slightly curved staircase which was lined by hundreds of rabid-looking cats. A big, black cat suddenly stood up and rushed at her.

A) Close the door & run away

B) Use root beer on cat

13: RUN!

by Mina Haber

It was fight or flight.

A burst of adrenaline rushed through their bodies. They had to make a decision.

Since fighting slimy shadow monsters wasn't exactly her forte, Werewix leapt to the first door to her right. With the big golden doorknob in her cold sweaty hands, she glanced back at Paula and Lion.

"You... gotta... move...", Paula groaned, trying to drag the petrified Lion behind her, "otherwise we won't..."

But it was too late. The slimy monster had reached Lion.

"... make it..." Paula finished the sentence, trembling like a leaf. Realizing the sticky substance on her hands used to be Lion, she retreated from the monster.

~

Werewix' moist hands, which were still clasping the doorknob, finally turned it. Just in time for Paula to stumble through the opening as well.

They hastily shut the door behind them.

And found themselves in a passage which looked just like the one before that.

Doorknobs were turned and rooms explored.

Nothing changed, their presence got ignored.

Minutes went by; then hours, days passed.

With them trapped in labyrinth of the past.

On the cold floor they finally just dropped down.

Accepting their fate, four less kids in town.

THE END

13: Uncle Ron!

by F. Guga

Uncle Ron looked at the kids with a sad face and sighed. He then turned around and stared into the distance, while thinking of how to word his answer properly.

"It's been a long time," he said, "too much time, I know. But things can change in a way we can't control."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Paula in a worried tone.

"I don't know if I'll ever reveal the third part to you. And even if I did, it would probably be different from the part I had in mind a long time ago."

"We don't care!" shouted Werewix. "We just want our ending!"

Ron sighed again, then turned to look the kids in the eyes.

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Suddenly he frowned, as he was trying to catch a forming idea.

"You know what?" he said then, with a smirk slowly turning into a full smile. "I'll tell you a new story."

The kids' faces brightened up. They still wanted to hear the old story, but they knew that whatever came from uncle Ron's mouth would be just as epic and interesting.

"Ok, tell us!" said the four, enthusiastically, while sitting down on the floor.

"Wait, wait," laughed Ron, "just give me some time to polish it! It must be a great story, I need to think of everything and..."

"Don't worry, Uncle," said Paula, "we have waited for twenty years, we can wait some more."

THE END

13: Use Root Beer on Cat

by Carlo Valenti

Never underestimate a girl. Moreso, never underestimate TWO girls, accompanied by a Lion and a Zwingle.

"Are we ready?" asked Paula.

The kids nodded all at once, their eyes filling up with juvenile fire.

"Then, this is finally REVENGE TIME!!"

In a single move, Werewix pulled a bottle of root beer from her inventory, aiming it at the old lady; Lion jumped over the black cat and started to struggle with it fiercely, trying to tie it up; Zwingle, fast as a lightning bolt, revealed a neutron gun; Paula threw a SpiriTrap right in the middle of the room.

"You miserable, poop-smelling kids! I will chew you up, one by one!" screamed the lady

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and turned into a giant skeleton ghost-mantis.

"We are rubber, you are glue. Burn 'er up, boys!"

Zwingle fired the gun, as Werewix shook the root beer for maximum effect.

"You'll... DIE!!!" shouted the giant mantis.

"Eventually," replied Paula, opening the SpiriTrap, as the root beer began to melt the ghost insect.

As the SpiriTrap closed, the rabid cats all ran away into the darkness. The black cat, tied up by Lion, was now regaining its former appearance. As the fur fell down and the bones reshaped, the kids cried out in tears:

"Uncle Ron! You promised to tell us the third part of the story! Why did you disappear!"

A) Uncle Ron!

40 Degrees Below Zero

by C. Lebena

as he pulled the car over, the right wheels sunk in deep snow. There was this awkward silence as we lied tilted not knowing if the car would fall into the crick. He opened the driver's door and left me alone. It was past midnight, in this route in the middle of nothing somewhere in Canada. It was -40°F outside and even if inside the car the temperature was still bearable, my friend wasn't coming back and I couldn't see him from inside the car. I decided I have to come out, so I climb the driver's seat and faced

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the freezing hell.

The car's lights were still on so I easily saw Thierry digging the snow out of the wheels like a crazy with both hands. I didn't know what to say... was he angry? It was my idea to go out in the middle of the night to chase the beautiful northern lights, but now we were stuck in a closed road miles away from the last town.

- go pick your camera and take some pictures - he finally said.

Suddenly I couldn't believe my eyes, a car was approaching and the driver stopped the moment he saw us.

A Certain Kind of Spy

by Maris Grablevskis

as he fell on his stomach and a powerful explosion went off. All attic windows shattered, sending glass shards everywhere. Everything began to shake. Coleman got back on his feet, thinking he was still dizzy from the blast, but quickly realized that the floor was moving. The building was ready to collapse!

~

The MI6 agent quickly leapt to his feet and staggered to one of the broken windows, looking for possible escape routes. He noticed an awning which was placed right at the bottom of the tower, where some people were selling vegetables. With no other options available to him, Coleman jumped out the window.

A Certain Kind of Spy 2

by Maris Grablevskis

The mysterious figure quickly pulled out a tranquilizer gun from it's holster, which came with a mounted silencer, and fired two small darts at the two guards escorting the agent. In a few seconds the two men fell to the ground, unconscious.

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'Impressive.' Bjornn said with a surprised look on his face, looking at his unconscious escort, 'I was beginning to think MI6 wouldn't send anyone after me. Who are you?' He asked the stranger, who had rescued him from his capturers.

'You and I know each other very well.' Coleman said, as he removed his disguise and stepped out of the shadows.

A Kafkaesque Awakening

by Andrea Serreli

And there he was, floating on what looked like a bumper car.

"How did I end up here?" thought the slim and tall man.

As he looked at his own reflection on the sea, he was suddenly amazed by looking pretty different than he remembered.

His nose grew considerably bigger, his beard was gone, and his eyes were deprived of their irises: they consisted of just two pupils within two perfectly round circles.

He also looked a lot more graceless than he was before the encounter... He had never been the perfect example of a hunk, but this was ridiculous.

He contemplated the moon as in search of help from a divine force, but that horrified him even more.

~

Among the fluffy, twisted clouds, the moon had been replaced by some kind of misshapen satellite. "This can't be!" Everything looked overly deformed and artificial, and the once glorious, realistic Caribbean environment turned into a childish parody of itself. "Maybe this is the actual curse, the murder of realism aided by imagination and 64 000 pixels in favor of a more colorful, unrealistic thing that..." BOOM! The roaring of a cannon interrupted his ruminations.

It was his nemesis, or at least he resembled him. Except for the tiny, slim legs, and the fact that he wasn't menacing anymore. "You know what they say? Pray for 3A."

A Moorland Adventure

by P.G.W.Crosland

The cows' dewlaps were flapping in the wind as the sails of a clipper might in a storm; their breath billowing out of their nostrils in the cold morning air like the barrels of a freshly fired double-barrell shotgun; and their horns like those of some demon sent by Beelzebub himself to hunt upon this peaceful moor. I do not like cows. They're fearsome enough with a sturdy stone wall between I and them, but when a herd of longhorns are on an open moor with nothing but heather carpets for miles around they might as well be wolves.

~

They began to charge and so I ran. But where to run on a flat featureless moor? It didn't matter. Just run. But I did not go far before the moor itself saved me. I was lucky enough that the moor I was on was in limestone country and more lucky furthermore that a sinkhole had developed in this part of the moor. The ground shook and crumbled. I fell into the depths. What awaited me below I could not have expected: stone walls and paved floors. A sconce with torch ablaze lit the room. What had I fallen into?

A Youth Tale

by Martha Esley

Tommy had never been so happy. As he wandered through the alleys of the theme park, his eyes dashed from colour to colour and he let his mind be captured by the jingles coming from the various attractions scattered all around him.

What a wonderful idea it had been to sneak out of the tunnel of love boat to get rid of his boring parents and, most of all, of his annoying brother!

"Who cares about the dumb Boat Of Love when you can go on the Magic Mountains roller-coaster?" he kept thinking to himself.

~

Finally, he reached the entrance of his coveted attraction.

"I'm sorry kid, but I can't let you in." grumbled the employee. "But I really want to!" cried Tommy. "You see, you must be at least this high..." replied the employee "why don't you pay a visit to some other attraction? There's the Pirate Cove just around the corner! By the way, where are your parents?".

This question made Tommy vanish, afraid he was about to lose his newly acquired freedom.

Suddenly, the Pirate Cove seemed far more interesting, so he boldly directed himself towards it, stars in his eyes.

Adventures in Musicland

by Chelsea Furman

Eve finally escaped the brutish men with spikes around their necks and humongous hair that were pursuing her. Gasping for air, she began to walk down the crowded street. She saw a large marble building with a blue and yellow spotted flag dancing in the wind three blocks away. That must be the the capitol. Maybe they can tell me how to get out of this place, she thought. She plodded toward the unknown building. Suddenly music featuring an accordion began blaring and people began frantically polka dancing.

~

She stared dumbfounded. A stationary Eve was met by the Polka Police. Sgt. Squeezebox told her she must polka or she would be arrested. She didn't budge, and suddenly Lt. Lederhosen began playing his suitcase drum and animated handcuffs captured Eve. Sgt. Squeezebox started playing faster and polkaed an apology:

From Harlan, Iowa we are.

If we don't meet the polka quota,

Our captors will ship us to the New Jersey Hole-a!

Eve cried out, "But I don't know how to polka!" Bleak faces told Eve she had no choice. Eve began ambling around, aimlessly dancing as they played 8675309.

Antoine's Lament

by The Spiteful Cajun

Squirming uselessly beneath his restraints, Antoine surveyed the kitchen where he was now being held captive. The noisy stovetop suggested the meal to come: in a pot about the size of a human head, rice was being brought to steep. This was to complement a gargantuan gumbo, boiling above the blue flame of the adjacent burner.

By smell alone, Antoine deduced that the roux was okra-based - a classic choice that could hardly raise objection - but it was on the subject of protein where things took a troubling turn.

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Antoine knew with the clarity of remembered pain the importance of the base meat selected; once, his parrain had dared to experiment with chicken fryer in lieu of hen in his Sunday gumbo -- an affront to decency that would have earned him unsavory death in a more rational era. Antoine's trained nose was sensitive to the compromise he suspected was currently at play.

The prospect was offensive, invasive and painful, akin to a sharkskin catheter jammed with cold-blooded precision into the urethra of Antoine's soul. Few could fathom the indignation that fueled him or the poison that filled his heart when Sade returned to resume her taunt-

Ascending Healthy

by Helen Urf

Our hopes and dreams of our souls being lifted into cloud city starts with a healthy diet. Solidity in the afterlife is suspected to be scarce or nonexistent, so it is paramount that you remain buoyant.

~

Consume a daily serving of barley and wheat soaked overnight in pure spring water. Place a handful of this mixture onto a leaf of kale. For an added touch, untie a helium filled balloon and release the gas across the kale. Author not responsible for people who descend.

Blood on the Green Stone

by Sibilla Esposito

but I never promised you a thing." He was stunned. He sat down, mildly distracted by the world spinning.

"But we had... you can't deny we shared something!"

"Whatever you imagine, I can deny." She stared out the window. He wanted to shake her stubborn silhouette.

"Madeleine, please..."

"Tom, I don't want to continue this discussion. I think you should leave."

"Maddie!"

"Leave!"

He stood up, knocking his chair backwards.

"Alright, I'm leaving. But you're making a mistake, Maddie. I don't forgive lightly and I don't forget at all." He slammed the door. Maddie took some deep breaths by the window.

~

Now she knew where the emeralds were, so he could bluster all he wanted. But he had been, well, kind to her. Still: no time for sentiment.

Tom returned home. He bellowed at his housekeeper to leave him be for once and slammed the door to his library. After a few minutes' furious pacing, he stilled himself and pulled a black book from his shelf: 'Travels on the Dark Path'. After a few minutes of reading, he felt calmer and bolder, and he was ready to prick his fingertip and condemn Madeleine McAddams for good.

Celeriac's Cabalist Caper

by Nom du Clavier

The Celeriac Count dashed through the backstage halls of the theatre, determined to determine what was going on exactly, and exactly why it was going on to begin with. One thing was certain, he had not signed up for this and if he was frank with himself, he was getting a little too old for capers such as this.

He almost came to a halt while considering how well capers might pair with his prized celeriac when he at last got his hands on it and prepared to prepare it.

No sooner had he slowed down or he noticed the door to his left, ajar.

Someone had decided to prop open this door using a jar preserving something unspeakable to most.

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The Count was made of stuff, like most others. As a former RAF man used to leading from the front - stiff upper lip rigid enough to deflect enemy projectiles, so he self-deprecatingly joked from time to time - he imagined his to be of the sterner variety.

He had not however dreamed he would ever come face to face with what looked like the object of his most frequent dreams, the priceless prized celeriac.

Similarly he had most certainly not expected it to have been pre-prepared for him, with a friendly label starting "Dear Count," taunting him.

The impudence and inhumanity. Hath his foe no shame?! The Celeriac Count slumped to the floor.

Chalice of the Sun

by Ian T Burns

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You place the chalice in the opening and wait as you hear the rumbling mechanical sounds echo through the chamber.

A booming voice calls out "Go forth to the freedom that YOU deserve."

The wall to the side of you slides open and you feel relieved that you have found the way out, but something in the way the voice said "the freedom that YOU deserve." plays on your mind.

To leave through the opening, go to page 80.

To go back into the caverns and look for another way out, go to page 42.

~

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You see the back of your previous self as you fled through the doorway that you ran out through earlier only to eventually arrive back at this very same room too late to warn yourself of the dangers to come. But it's too late for that now, you remember what it was you were so scared of back then and it's heading this way.

To face your fear, go to page 67.

To flee through the doorway, go to page 13.

Chapachuchu's Treasure

by Dr Jeremiah Walton

Day 4: We finally enter the rain forest, and couldn't be better prepared. Our two local guides know the area like the back of their hands, we have copies of every known map of the location going back to the 1700s, the best compasses that money can buy, an astronomer that could pinpoint our location from the faintest of stars, and the kind of supplies that would make a marine blush. Chapachuchu's treasure is not a matter of 'if' but 'when'. No need to worry about that new pair of shoes Mamma!

~

Day 5: We may be lost.

Day 6: One of our guides got eaten by a jaguar. Not a good start to the day. Our astronomer, Joey, is audibly crying in his tent. He's such a doofus. Our other guide, Jose, thinks he is coming down with something, but to be honest I think he's just looking for an excuse to turn back. Had him pegged as a coward from day one, and I'm a great judge of character.

Day 7: Jose is dead.

Chip and Pogg

by quackgyver

Chip fired his revolver at McGhast, but the chili power was burning his eyes. "What's the matter Sheriff? A little too... HOT for you?" McGhast taunted before fleeing the scene. "Damn that criminal scum!" Chip said, kicking the sand. "All's not lost yet, boss." Deputy Pogg could be heard saying, appearing with the two steeds they'd lost in the quarry. "Pogg you clever man! I don't know how you did it, but you did it!" Setting after McGhast they eventually found themselves stopped by a narrow gorge. "Hah! Let's see how you two goody two-shoes like it when the bridge

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is out!" McGhast's voice echoed through the valley. "Now what do we do?" Deputy Pogg asked. "Not to worry Pogg, I have an idea. Come with me!" Chip pulled aside a shrub, revealing an abandoned windmill atop a hill. He lifted his partner onto a windmill sail and pulled on a lever. The windmill started spinning uncontrollably before flinging Pogg down the gorge. An audible thud could be heard from the lowest bottom. "How ironic." Chip said. "He spent his entire life chasing broken people, and in the end he became one." Later that evening Chip won a poker game.

Choose Your Own Monkey 3

by Don S. Grossbert

can't keep waiting for Wally and the monkey just won't stop pulling your hair!

If you use the rubber chicken with a pulley in the middle to get to the other side, turn to page 5.

If you decide to take the chainsaw and cut your way through, turn to page 12.

If you hand the special grog to Wally, turn to page 19.

If you think it's the right time to use the Ash-2-Life™ on the exploded hamster's remnants, turn to page 81.

~

Just as the crate arrives to shore, one final explosion can be heard coming from the crumbling fortress while a bright blue glow briefly covers the night skies. Once the fireworks are over, you notice that something's going on, back at the island. "Look!"

"What's that, Guybrush?" asks Elaine.

"That's... the Greatest Secret of Them All™"

Wally can't hold his tears. "It's truly beautiful!" he cries, looking the wrong way.

"I can't believe the Secret of Monkey Island is

Choose Your Pirate Tale

by EJ Fletcher

The mighty pirate arrives at the fork in the path just outside of the forest. Reaching into his shirt, he pulls out the map sold to him by the shifty citizen outside of the local bar.

"I think I've been had!" exclaimed the mighty pirate. "This is no map! It looks like dancing lessons!"

The directions indeed looked like a set of dance lessons named for a monkey. Disappointed, he rubs his rubber chicken with a pulley in the middle for luck, and trudges deep into the forest with map and shovel in tow.

~

From where he entered, the forest felt like a maze that went in all directions. It all blended together in the darkness of the night. It made him feel slightly lost and confused.

He reads the map to the island's legendary lost treasure aloud. "Back! Two-three-four!" he chants. "Left! Two-three-four! Right! Two-three-four!"

Like solving a puzzle, the might pirate figures out the pattern and decides it's time to choose a direction to go in this seemingly endless forest.

To go Back, turn to page 4

To go Left, turn to page 8

To go Right, turn to page 15

Combination to Kill

by D. Sorensen

The laser cut the handcuff chain from Renaud's wrist, freeing the briefcase. Grinning, Zeltin lifted the case.

"Summon the Hind, we have the launch codes!" Zeltin ordered. A helicopter would soon arrive for him.

Zeltin continued, "Renaud, you have lost. Provide the combination and I will give you a running start before I shoot."

"1, 2, 3, 4", Renaud calmly responded.

"You do not respect me, even now.", hissed Zeltin.

"Genius, isn't it?", replied Renaud.

Zeltin entered the combination. The case clicked open revealing a metal card with an engraved code that read, "5,6,7,8".

"CALL OFF THE HELICOPTER!"

~

Zeltin was furious. He stared at Renaud trying to determine who had control of this spy game.

"I will use your code, but reset the target to...here.", Zeltin said with a cunning grin.

"I wouldn't do that", Renaud whispered.

"THEN GIVE ME THE REAL CODES!" snapped Zeltin. He ranted at Renaud who had secretly freed his hands, but before Renaud could pounce, Zeltin's hand smashed down on the launch button.

The Hind gunship waited on the horizon for word from Zeltin. At that moment, the pilots watched the sky light up with a massive fireball.

Cowboy Gun Showdown

by William Schwartz

Once upon a time, there was a cowboy named Aldo Smitty, who managed to avoid getting a bullet to his head. Later he was at a restaurant, getting a burger, when a big bulky cowboy came up to him and said: "HEY, YOU!" Everyone fell silent. Then he continued: "How 'bout a fight at high noon tomorrow?" Aldo asked quietly: "What did I do?" The angry cowboy said: "I'm here to prove that you are not invisible." "Ok, I accept your request..."

~

Next day at high noon, Aldo looked out of his window and saw the angry cowboy. The cowboy shouted at him: "HEY, LET'S FIGHT!" Aldo then came out of the house, faced his enemy, and drew the gun out of his holster. "READY.....STEADY.....BANG!!!!" yelled the cowboy. They both pulled the trigger. Aldo dodged the bullet and took out the angry cowboy, and everyone cheered for Aldo, and then he got on his horse and rode off into the sunset...

Daisy's Life

by Timothy Bridges

The ground was covered with banana peels and Daisy slipped up, hitting her head on a bent parking meter. She stood and ran for a tall razor-wire fence that wrapped itself around the parking lot, daring people to climb it. She saw the ticket hooked into one of the spikes on the wire and climbed. Just as her fingers curled around the corner of the ticket, Daisy slipped off the fence, falling backwards and landing on top of a discarded bed of nails.

~

She didn't feel a thing and instead saw a hole open up in the ground, out of which rose the Grim Reaper; a tall, hooded brute with a shiny scythe permanently super-glued to his right palm, his face sporting a gaze that could kill a man.

Daisy swept his feet out from under him before jumping up and throwing a punch to the right side of his face. The look he gave Daisy was one of utter surprise as he toppled over backwards down into Netherworld, or wherever a hellish monster such as he lives.

Diary of a Time Traveler

by A.B.S. Green

Oct 21 2014 - Did a checkup on the car, everything was fine.

Nov 19 2014 - Worked on getting my stuff in order for DreamHack next week. I also found a game on kickstarter to fund. It is an old style point-and-click adventure game, don't think it will succeed so I probably get my money back.

Nov 24 2014 - Installed the servers at Elmia, and the game I backed was funded, crap. Wasted money, no way there will be a game.

~

Dec 30 2015 - I'm back! Forgot about this diary for a while, but now I'll write more often the coming year, promise!

Feb 03 2017 - I'm back (again)! But almost a new year and this year I'll write at least once a week. Today nothing happened tho.

Feb 07 2017 - Got an email today and it seems like the game I backed was actually got released to my surprise. I also ate pizza.

Feb 07 2017 - THE GAME WAS GREAT!

Oct 21 2019 - Found this strange mansion with a lab in the basement. CHRON-O-JOHN, what is that? I'll go back tomorrow and look further

Don's Second Shadow

by G K Chistleton

The world is devastated by an atomic bomb. Only the guilds survived. Among them the launderers. Signa is one of them. She wants to marry Don Segundo the shepherd. Her guild doesn't allow her. They will call the Stork.

~

Oh, no. They called the guild of storks illegitimately married. Chaos entered the pattern. Don Segundo's pattern. Now the guild of clerics sent crusaders to the frontline of reality to fight doom. Follow the adventures of the guilds in their battle against Emptiness in this work by GKC, Don Second Shadow.

Don't Touch That Dial

by Martin Hughson

door opened and they entered. What they found defied explanation. It was a stone room, approximately 20,000 years old. It was filled with dials, clocks, levers, and switchboards. Mike stepped forward and examined the dial nearest to the entrance. The text underneath it translated as 'Angle of the Earth'. It was set almost precisely between the marks representing 23 and 24. The dial next to it translated as 'Earth Rotation Speed'. This ancient Egyptian room was the control room for the Earth. The dials were all made of stone, none appeared to contain any kind of wiring. How

~

exactly they worked was a mystery that would have to be solved later. Mike and Lucy's discovery would have an unimaginable effect on the history books. Once Lucy was brought up to speed on the room's purpose, she decided: "We need to adjust something as proof."

Mike agreed, but he wanted to be cautious. "We should find something that won't cause devastation. Imagine what would happen if we shortened the day? We could destroy the weather patterns."

One of the dials caught Mike's eye. It was set to zero. It's translation was 'Moon Rotation Rate'. This was the one to try.

Dungeon of Eternal Doom

by Peter Brodersen

192: You sneak skillfully up upon the guard. However just as you are getting close to him a person behind you screams.

Do you:

- run and hide in the shadows? Go to 84.
- attack the guard? Go to 90.
- cast "Pause Time"? [requires the spell] Go to 133.

193: "EAT HIM, MY WINGED SLIME BEASTS"! The voice of the warlock shakes the dungeon. As you turn around the last thing you see is the horrifying slimy eyes of the legendary Doom Slime Twins. You are dead! Go to 1.

194: After your meeting with the accountant it is clear that there are some hard decisions ahead for you which might affect your future in more ways that you could ever imagine.

~

Do you:

- convert your mortgage to a fixed rate loan with upper bounds? Go to 260.
- redistribute the intellectual property rights across the holding companies? Go to 84.
- contact the hedge fund manager and accept his offer? Go to 112.
- attack the accountant? [requires the "mortal missile" spell] Go to 68.
- wait one day to make sure the money has arrived? Go to 130.

195: It turned out it was all a dream. Congratulations! You have completed the Dungeon of Eternal Doom!

196: He gazes upon you with his flaming eyes. Paralyzed, you fear that he will see through your dragon disguise at any time. "Foolish human! How dare you disturb my

Earl of Guynn

by Edild von Bachstelz

"Behold" said the grumpy old man in front of me. "Why do you bother me with your silly questions?" This was obviously not a friendly advise to hold back with some further investigation in this growing pile of mysterys dancing in and around my head, threatens to overflow my entire mind and driving me further away from myself than i ever wanted. "So tell me, old man" with a demanding voice, surprisingly for myself as well, i spoke loud and clear as never before in my entire life "is the fool a fool because of his foolishness or may the fool be not also the king or queen of words and poems?" The old man was a little bit surprised of this

~

new expression and lack of politness. "Dear Earl" he said with a voice as cold as the coldest winter i ever witnessed in the realms around my beloved hometown of Guynn. "The only fool around seems to be me." This time, it was my turn losing the words to fight back this newly argumentation and twist in the conversation. "I only wished to travel from my home to this mansion full of noble arrogance, only to met with an extraordinary person like you. How can you not see, that your way of questioning and self-tought philosophy, is a real waste of time in all the good manners of this words?" "Ney" was the only answer i had for the old man. He was

Edith the Ethermancer

by Senkan Kyujusan

Edith surveyed all of this with mild disgust, turning to what actually concerned her. Among the hyper-feminine clutter lay a collection of six neatly organized glass jars, the painted black exteriors contrasting completely with their surroundings. Now that the contents had matured, each gave off a soft polychrome glow, and she hurriedly scooped them into a cloth sack that lay nearby. She then turned to the mirror. Much like the giant bunny, there was always a standing mirror, this one ornately decorated with floral motifs. On time, (or about as precisely so as Ethermancy had a tendency to be) the mirror began to fill with a familiar glow.

~

Within moments the light was almost blinding, flooding the room with such a cacophony of colors that it became difficult to tell one thing from another. The sound of wind filled her ears, though she felt nothing on her skin, and instead her body was assaulted with sensations of rapid movement; upwards, downwards, sideways, and for brief moments absolutely nowhere, the motion ceasing so suddenly that the breath was knocked out of her lungs.

Eventually the light dimmed, the motion stopped, and the wind became a whisper.

Enchanted Spirit: Tempest

by Q. T. Edwardson

Jean looked into the Nihil Expanso gate. The Elven sorcerer was chilled to her very bones as vibrant shades of blues, whites, and greens swirled into the gaping portal. It was adorned in other-worldly shapes and textures not found anywhere in Volatus. "This is it, the wormhole Lucidus used to invade." Jean turned to Luke, Luke's determined gaze highlighted the fire in his soul. He was ready to avenge his devastated hometown. Quiver filled with arrows, his bow clenched within his fist, he was ready to finish what Lucidus had started. "Let's go." Luke finally stated as they entered the gate.

~

Their jaws struggled to stay up as the swirling colors became long streaks of vivid insanity. Jean's mind tried to rapidly comprehend the sights as she flew through the portal. Luke was more intent on staring forward, awaiting their arrival into the demon king's realm. The light ahead quickly gave way to their destination. Non-euclidean trees swaying in the wind worked as a makeshift welcome sign as the adventurers landed on the beach. The leaves were a bright crimson that complimented the waters of similar color. The beach was made of coarse sand. Lucidus's castle loomed on the horizon.

Good, Bad & the Celery

by Robert Miles

It was a hot day in the heart of the Mojave desert, the land was still and quiet and barely a tumbleweed blew across the scorched, dusty ground. Some folk would say a storm was brewing – and those folk wouldn't be far wrong. But this was no normal storm, this here was going be a storm of bullets, foul language and celery.

Spears of sunlight fell down on the small town, but not all could penetrate the flesh of dark shadow that hung in front of those buildings facing away from the East, where the sun was lazily heading.

~

On the fringe of darkness, leaning against a beam, slowly chewing a piece of celery was a silhouette. The silver rim of his hat occasionally reflected light as his head slowly moved up and down in rhythm with his jaw. Sheriff Bob McGraw was a dirty dog of a man, fallen on hard times after his last few pictures flopped in the movie theatre. He was a piece of work, so bitter and twisted and easily blinded by rage that nothing and no-one would stand in the way of him and his peaceful town. A storm was a coming and one might say the sheriff was the eye.

Gould's Strange Voyage

by Brionski Bagnellio

and swiftly did Commodore Gould dispose of Captain Jack, dumping him on a distant island with his 64 loyal followers. As they sailed away, Captain Jack did protest most viciously that the sponsor of the voyage was no leader. After renaming the ship "Amiga de la Computadora", they sailed on the Caribbean waters merrily, while the crew gorged on the provisions heavily. However, Captain Jack was not finished, for he spotted a sinking ship, the Hitari. The crew did commandeer the ship and repair the hull. Without hesitation, Captain Jack ordered his motley crew to sail forth to sink Gould's ship.

~

The Commodore sailed the Amiga on a meandering path through the warm Caribbean waters betwixt three islands, thus avoiding the king's tax. Still vigorous in his later years, he spent his days in his lavish cabin bedding native women and smoking his ivory pipe, leaving his men to their own devices. The crew was most happy with this situation until the provisions ran low and they knocked on his door. "Captain Irv, can we gets some rations?" "Nay, ye swarthy lumpkins," he bellowed. "Ye have run down our provisions most carelessly." And thus did he appoint the ship's treasurer, a cruel foreigner most dark, to the role of a captain.

How to Time Travel

by Danny DeSchrödinger

[Go to the next page](#)

~

[Go to previous page](#)

Hunt for Crimson Storm

by Jack Clancy

aboard a submarine with a secret Soviet nuclear technocloak. If the Russians recapture this technology, there could be nothing stopping Gorbachev from finally killing America."

The CIA agent looked unconvinced. "But how can you be sure that Commander Borschtov wants to defect?"

"It's all in his file," the young President said, gesturing toward the file. "His wife died from cola deficiency. Only

~

the sweet refreshing taste of just-one-calorie Diet Popsi (tm) could have saved her." Tom Ryan turned his chiseled chin to the salty horizon. "Borschtov won't rest until his thirst for revenge is quenched with freedom."

"Well you've convinced me. Let's invent some way to send a coded message to a submarine somewhere in the middle of the goddamned ocean and

In Memory

by Jordan Booth

One cold and bitter day, in a valley as beautiful as the stars, there was a knight. The knight was clad in the finest Armour gold could buy, Armour made in the capital city by the finest blacksmith in the land, this knight was a royal guard. Etchings and markings covered the knight's glistening Armour, it was clear this knight was searching for something, something far from home. The knight waded through the snow with determination in their step.

~

After what seemed like hours of walking through the seemingly endless amounts of snow, the knight stopped and scanned their surroundings, it seems that the knight had arrived at a large, stone and visibly deteriorating alcove. The knight proceeded further towards the alcove and knelt at what seemed to be a memorial, this was a place where a once-respected figure had been put to rest. It was clear that the knight had traveled a very long way for this one reason, to honor the memory of this figure, their father.

Into the Abyss

by Sting Jargensen

My eyes cast across the table, surveying my ragtag band of allies. Barrin, the powerful mage and conjurer of arcane and elemental powers; Nhaan, the druid with a profound mastery over the forces of nature; Kadi, a formidable rogue with the dexterity, cunning and silence that even the shadows envied; Akiry, a shaman with ancient powers that surpassed the mortal realm. And myself, the warrior they called Tweet. My most profound magic lay in forged steel, and my ability to lead the band in our most prodigious fight yet. One which may close our eyes and silence our mouths forever.

~

My sword cleaved through the hordes of minions to get to our base camp; the foul and twisted underlings of the great darkness. The apostles of evil, slouching in their masses to reek terror on the world beyond, ravaging the countryside and the villages. The sound of war; the hordes cackled and screamed, bashed their shields and roared with conquering fury and intoxicating madness.

In our base camp -the hidden hovel where we clipped at the heels of death- the silence was deafening. Standing in eye of the storm -the vanguard of righteousness- marching into hell for a divine cause.

La Camicia di Magnum

by Luther First197

Capitolo XVII

Grosso guaio al To Pigadi

"Che poi questa cosa che voi cattolici festeggiate l'immacolata, non mi batte bene"

Sono passate solo 31 ore da quando Benny mi ha recuperato giù alla spiaggia, e siamo già sulle tracce dei responsabili dell'attacco alla nostro ferry targato ACTV di rotta verso il canale di Suez, per proseguire poi alla volta di Diego Garcia. Ho sempre invidiato la calma che sbandiera Benito, nella sua stupida t-shirt Ames Bros con l'orso. Il piede di Danny DeVito mi ha spifferato pochi giorni fa che l'ha vinta a Leonardo diCaprio con una stupida scommessa tra ubriachi.

~

"Cosa festeggiate esattamente? Il giorno in cui ha immacolatamente concepito? Neanche al giorno d'oggi esistono test di gravidanza così precisi da dirti il giorno esatto."

Stiamo cenando al To Pigadi, un piccolo ristorante in centro. La cicatrice pulsa ancora ma non sanguina più. Da quanto ho saputo, l'obiettivo dell'attacco al ferry potrebbe essere stato Benny stesso, che fortunatamente è stato abbastanza in gamba da stendere i cinque aggressori che s'è trovato in cabina. Dice di averli sentiti arrivare e di esser stato fortunato, ma io l'ho visto fare a botte in più d'un occasione e devo confessare che sa muoversi molto bene.

Le Grand K

by Jack Hawk

Several dozen chinook helicopters left British airspace bound for France. On board were an advance group of soldiers tasked with securing sites within France in preparation for the main force. Upon entering French territory they split up heading in the direction of their respective targets, one of which was a chateau in Sèvres.

This chateau, although unassuming from the outside, was one of the most important buildings in the whole world. So important that neither the German invasion force of WW2 nor the liberating allies dared enter. The French considered it so important it was declared to be international territory.

~

So, In a sense, they were not just attacking France but were in fact attacking the whole world. This building was deemed to be important due to it holding in its vaults an object of immense value. This object was beautiful in its simplicity. It was a small metal cylinder made from nine parts platinum to one part iridium, weighing one kilogram.

Exactly one kilogram. This object was in fact the kilogram. The original. Le Grand K. Upon which all kilograms are based. The aim of the special forces bound for Sèvres was to secure, retrieve, and eventually destroy it.

Legend of Simian Isthmus

by Brian LaDermott

After weeks at sea, weary and half-starved to death, Bradwald finally washed up on shore. He crawled off his improvised raft made from driftwood and palm fronds and staggered up the beach.

After a moment to regain his composure, he found that he had arrived at a small Caribbean village. If his rudimentary navigation calculations were correct, he was at the right place. Up a small path, he noticed a run-down tavern. Even though it was past midnight, he could hear the sounds of musical instruments and drunken voices inside. Although still weak, he confidently opened the door.

~

As he walked in, the commotion suddenly stopped. All the patrons were glaring suspiciously at him. After a few awkward seconds, they went back to their drunken celebration. Bradwald walked up to the least threatening man he could find, and before he could speak, the man pointed to the back room and said: "Talk to them. They have what you're looking for."

He approached three intimidating men who were sitting at a private table. One of them looked up with a scowl and said: "What do YOU want?" Bradwald took a deep breath.

"I want to be an insurance salesman."

Maledict Monkey Maze

by Steve Livingstone

120

Do you want to get on board the abandoned ship (turn to 12)? Or do you decide to dig for treasure on the beach at the spot marked with the X (turn to 381)?

121

„Look, behind you!“, he shouts! You turn around and face a giant three-headed monkey attacking you. TEST YOUR LUCK. If you are lucky, you are able to raise your shield quickly and deflect the monster's first blow. If not, the monkey hits you before you can react so that you lose 2 STAMINA points. Either way, you have to fight.

GIANT THREE HEADED MONKEY SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to 206.

~

122

You ring the bell to get the shop keeper's attention. He turns to you with a dirty grin and says: "So finally you decided to buy something? Don't say that I did not warn you." You can choose one or more of the following items, but only if you have enough gold pieces: Item (Price)

Fine leather jacket (5); Carnivorous plant (3); Rubber chicken (1); Huge piece of rope (3); Big piece of rope (2); Tiny piece of rope (1); Banana picker (4)

When you have made your choice, you can either leave the shop (turn to 18) or ask the shop keeper about the forbidden island (turn to 34).

Mjaukowich Rides Again

by Flanellius Fern

and the screeching brakes of the train alerted Mjaukowich that it was time. He stood up in an orderly fashion, as he was carefully educated to do, and stepped outside the house. The train had stopped in the middle of the street, and some men were on top, throwing down suitcases to the people who had exited to the sidewalk. A man who had gotten his suitcase saw Mjaukowich and walked over to him.

"Excuse me, young man. Is this Washington D.C?"

"No. This is Grabornalosch."

"Damn. I don't know what to do, then."

~

And since official policies instructed Mjaukowich to stop every conversation in which he could no longer contribute significantly, he touched his left shoulder with his right hand in the formal way, and turned around. He could then see the train conductor, standing in the official waiting pose, with one hand on his brow, moving his head back and forth 30 degrees to each side. Mjaukowich started walking towards him with a straight back as one is supposed to do when approaching a State Worker, and

Modern Seafaring

by Anthonio Pettit

Today's ships have it easy. Back in the 1850s when big ships rolled into the Elliot Bay Harbor, they were propelled by giant sails made from some type of fabric. This fabric, and all textiles for that matter, had to be made by hand in those days. But how long was that supposed to take? A big 20-foot sail would need miles of thread, right? It must have taken people years just to make one sail. And then it would take years to scoot across the water. And they probably all had British accents.

~

But still, the fact remains that it would take a long time to make those sails and they had to have been made out of something. Of course, in modern days, factories can whip out a sail in a jiffy, should one be needed, which it wouldn't, because all boats are now moved around by propellers, not sails. They have had propellers working on ships for some time, but definitely not in the 1850s, when the new great nation was still young.

Ninja 0: Origins

by G. R. R. Loewe

couldn't even breath.

He knew he recognised it, but from where? Not even the heavy rain violently beating against the tin roof, nor the deafening thunderclaps could interfere with his determination to concentrate on that quite flute melody coming from somewhere distant.

As the sound of the flute was steadily fading away, Ripley knew he had to be fast to figure out where he had heard it before. There was not much time left before the music would wander into obscurity. Ripley closed his eyes and tried to fast-forward the memories he had from his childhood, even though he knew he couldn't remember much from it.

~

Now, he could barely hear the flute at all, only the higher notes where slightly audible. As the highest note from the repeating melody was played, an image of a woman playing a flute suddenly appeared in his mind. The woman was his mother.

"Mmm-o-m? Mom? MOTHER!", Ripley screamed from the top of his lungs, now with his eyes wide open.

In a flash, it all came back to him. His mother had played that melody as a lullaby for him when he was a child.

"You're alive!? Let me out of here!", Ripley screamed while frantically beating on the massive metal door that firmly

Not of the Rings

by R. J. J. Bolkien

"it would be easy to blame to problems of this world on some trinket, a piece of jewelry filled with hatred and malice of one evil," the wizard said, looking far to the horizon. "But it's just not so easy, my dear Keldo," he concluded, puffing a cloud of smoke from his pipe.

Keldo glanced towards the towering shape of the enemies castle looming in the mountains filled with deadly, lava filled crevices. "I know Crendalf, I know. But wouldn't it be easy, if it all was hanging on something you could easily just whisk in a pool of

~

lava and call it for the day, " he sighed.

"Sure it would, but then again, we could just as well ask eagles to drop the thing in it, and where would be the fun it that?" the old wizard said with a smirk.

Adventure indeed, Keldo thought shaking his head. An adventure indeed, being dragged out of his bed, sticking a sword in his hand and saying, that it was up to him to take care of the dark lord.

Talk about fun for the whole family,

Of Not What Was

by Ofus Bayford

The chest creaked open. The lining was like none she had seen before. It had a soft, felt like texture which felt damp to the touch, like time itself had soaked itself in. She gently rubbed the bottom which released a plume of musky dust. As the dust settled she realised the base had an engraving which was heavily scratched and most illegible save the single word 'Pirbright'. Like Anne's stomach, the chest was completely empty.

~

The disappointment was overwhelming. Anne slumped back into the chair. Her mind began racing as to what she possibly could've missed, everything had lead to this moment and yet a dead-end was all that greeted her.

In frustration she smacked the lid of the chest down. As the lid closed a small rattle emanated from within the chest. Something had fallen from the inside of the lid. Anne jumped out of the chair, her hands hovering over the chest. It dawned on her that whilst the trail had suddenly warmed, the same could not be said about her lunch.

0l' Dry Don't Count

by OC Tervooren

There was once this farmer who was walking along the cotton crops with his son, Jason. As they walked, they came across a rattlesnake which jumped out and scared the boy.

The snake slide away before the father could kill it. He laughed and asked his son if he was scared. Jason replied "No, sir."

They continued walking and when the wind picked up, the father smelled something awful. He realized that his son must have been so scared at the snake he made a mess in his britches.

The father looked down at his son and said again,

~

"Jason, boy, you done messed in your britches from being scared at that snake, didn't you?"

Again Jason replied, "No sir."

They walked a little while later and the father smelled that foul smell again. He looked at his son and said, "Jason, boy I bet you a quarter you done messed in your britches."

His son replied, "No sir."

The father said, "Drop your drawers and prove it then and I'll give you a quarter."

Jason dropped his pants and showed his father, exclaiming "Dad give me the quarter dad - 0l' Dry Don't Count!"

Origins of a Necromancer

by Aaron Butler

Xim once again made her way towards the shoreline, hoping that it would be a safe haven from the night creatures which she feared so much. During her travel she saw a waterfall in the making, as a river spilled out into a pit for the first time, forming what would eventually become a lake. During this trek she looked at her left arm and at the damage an arrow had done to it. It had healed now, but it had left a tiny curving scar on the lower part of her left arm.

~

Night approached and Xim set up camp near the beach. Suddenly she heard a strange noise. It most assuredly was not the night creatures. It was something else, something more sinister. Xim dived into the ocean, knowing that few creatures can swim. She hoped that she would be able to find somewhere to sleep before the swimming exhausted her. It took awhile, but Xim finally found shore once again, and slept easily knowing that not only did the night creatures avoid the shoreline, but that if she was ever in danger, she could jump into the open ocean.

Parachute-Free Skydiving

by D.B. Cooper

Get the airspeed and velocity from the pilot to calculate your trajectory. A navigator's portable slide ruler is essential to have on hand. Grasp the open door of the plane on both sides, and make an estimation of the slipstream velocity. Too strong a back current and you could get blown into the plane's tail. Bend your knees and balance your weight evenly on the balls of your feet. Push strongly with both legs along with a diving motion. Resist the urge to push off with your arms, as this just unbalances your glide.

~

While you are in free-fall, spread your arms back along your side and keep your spine straight. Locate your navigation markers on the landing field and make adjustments to your trajectory. Leaning your body to the right or left while arching your spine will change your flight path. You can judge your descending altitude by the apparent distance between your lateral landmarks (see figure 3). As you continue your gentle glide slope, you will find that skydiving without a parachute is quite easy. Landing, unfortunately, is quite a bit more difficult.

Pirates of the Gamebooks

by LemonCurd

40

You are in an unlit underground passage. You can't see any exits. Because it is dark. You could go north (turn to 40), east (turn to 40), south (turn to 40) or west (turn to 40) or cry for help (911).

41

You are below the harbor dock, i.e. under water. You are tied to some fetish. That's no reason to worry right now, as you can hold your breath for ten minutes. Some discarded weaponry and tools are rusting in the foul water.

You should probably cut the rope. You may reach for the sword (turn to 112) or the cleaver (112).

~

You can look at the fetish (421) or you can pick it up (78), which of course can't work because it is way too easy.

If you are still here in ten minutes, turn to 4.

42

The pirate nonchalantly parries your attack and counters with "I can smell your fear from here!" You retort:

"I am blubber, you are shampoo!" (turn to 99)

"And your breath is so nasty, when you walk by a clock, it goes tic tac" (543)

"How appropriate, you fight like a snowplow!" (712).

Profession: Bounty Hunter

by Pete Dangerfield

The gunslinger pulled the lever down, then back up and fired. The gunshot echoed in the saloon and the smell of gunpowder spread through the air. It struck the man across him and he slammed into the wall. The shooter cocked the lever again and the empty shell ejected.

Just as he was expecting, the swinging doors that led outside flew open and five men came running in with their revolvers drawn.

Then the trigger jammed.

One of the men raised his arm and aimed at him.

~

In an instant, the shooter dropped his rifle and reached for his holster. He fired five times with the help of his palm. The men perished without firing a single shot.

The sudden sound of a match being lit caught the gunslinger off guard and he turned around.

An old man in a long black coat and a wide-brimmed hat, sitting at a table in the back, lit his pipe with a sense of calm. He stared into the eyes of the gunslinger.

The gunslinger waited.

Psycho Manor Walkthrough

by John Dilbert

USE acid water on the lock. WALK TO the left and PICK UP the crowbar. USE the Chrono-Camera on the crowbar. USE the Chrono-Camera on the lock. USE crowbar on the lock. Both the lock and the crowbar will break. If you did this in the wrong order, USE the Chrono-Restorer on yourself to reset the room. USE the Chrono-Camera with the Portable Chrono-Restorer. You should now have a Weakened Lock and a crowbar in your possession. If the weakened lock is unlocked, CLOSE it. WALK TO the jail cell. Midway through the cell is a brick with "Edna" carved on

~

it. PUSH this and a door will open to the right. When you try to WALK TO the new door, it will close, which leaves an outline. PUSH the brick a second time and USE the Chrono-Camera on the brick. WALK TO the outline and USE the Chrono-Camera with the Portable Chrono-Restorer. The brick will push itself into the wall. Go through the door.

Part 2: The Secret of Lupine Archipelago.

Your inventory will mostly be cleared. USE the Camera/Restorer again to get back your lock and crowbar. There is a blue tentacle standing to your left. TALK TO

Quest for Pyrus Glabra

by A.S.K

His decade-long adventure, over the hallowed lands of Old Bjatta, had led to this. King Cordata and his courtiers stared quizzically at him.

'You, the storied adventurer, wish to rest awhile in my castle? But it's dinghy. The renovations start tomorrow, I'm just working out the details of the whitewash. Surely--'

'Now that's all well and good, matey', jerked Gibran. His keen eyes had spotted the ultimate aim of his quest, and he was in no mood for niceties. 'But I see you have the exalted fruit of the holy tree Pyrus Glabra, and I ain't gonna parley.'

~

Well, when he put it like that, he brooked no questions. The alarmed courtiers drew their swords as soon as Gibran got out his daggers. The fight that ensued was the fodder for endless legends. With every swish of his arms, Gibran drew Gibs™ from each of the sorry courtiers. Even the hastily negotiated whitewash could not erase the bloodstains decades later.

The undaunted Gibran drew up to the Ordained Cloche. He lifted it, fervent, and had an instant coronary.

The Golden Pear, the Holiest of Holies, the Exalted Seed-Bearer, had been eaten by the mason's son the day before.

Raiders of the Long Stalk

by Stefan Iceberg

Jack slid rapidly down the gravelly slope, slowing his descent slightly with the help of a small garden trowel from his belt. He coughed and choked on the subsequent dust cloud.

"It is of no use, monsieur ," taunted a voice above him. "there is nowhere you can go that I will not smell your blood."

"Giants," Jack grumbled himself. "Why did it have to be giants?"

He slung his pack over to his other shoulder, careful not to damage the artifact within.

~

Once he'd reached level ground, he started sprinting as fast as his legs would allow, refusing to look back at his pursuer. "I really should --" he gasped to himself between breaths, "-- just stick -- to gardening."

A loud reverberating thud behind him indicated that the giant had leapt from the stalk, but still Jack refused to look back. If he could just make it to his Land Rover, he'd be fine.

"Bring me back my magic harp!" the giant bellowed after him. His slow plodding footsteps sounded disturbingly close.

"This harp belongs in a museum!" Jack shouted.

Ribbons of Fire

by Neil Joshi

"I don't understand," said Rusial, with a hint of concern in his eyes and confusion on his face. "If I go to Galadria and tell her how I feel, she'll kick me in the face?"

"It's her thing," explained Iffred, "she's not one for feelings and when she gets uncomfortable, she kicks people in the face and then runs."

Rusial was even more confused at this point "You're saying that as if that's a normal response to that kind of situation."

~

"Well, it's normal for her," conceded Entis; she'd long suspected Galadria of having repressed anger issues, or possibly a brain tumor.

"That's not okay." An annoying whine started to enter Rusial's voice as he complained "How is anyone supposed to get close to her if that's how she treats people?"

"We've found protective headgear to be the trick." Explained Iffred, rubbing his head while he recalled his last encounter with the girl in question. "Ducking doesn't work; she aims for more vulnerable targets if she doesn't get the head."

Run Down: A Pillow's Tale

by Frederick I. Custin

through the window. Henry grabbed his hat and ran out the door, feathers trailing behind him. "Prancing pillows!" Henry exclaimed while rounding the corner. "Greyson! Stop!"

But Greyson didn't stop. Why would he? He knew that Henry wouldn't be able to catch up and - being in the Cotton District - they both knew how much trouble Henry would get into if he decided to pull out his destufferizer. The CD had outlawed these a mere hundred years after The Founding, unlike the outer districts. No, Henry wouldn't-

~

Just then, Greyson started to feel his seams unravel, his innermost stuffing shifting uneasily in place.

Greyson turned, shouting back at Henry. "You fool! You'll get us both killed!"

"For Sarah..." Henry was barely audible over the district sirens that triggered upon the activation of his destufferizer. Still running, he redoubled his efforts knowing that the Cotton District Enforcement Drones would be upon him soon. Greyson started to slow as he trailed stuffing behind him.

"Give it up, Greyson!" Henry was finally gaining on him. "It's over!"

Sagilthorpe Book XXI

by Gordy Wheeler

Gilthorpe turned his soporific hazel eyes towards the towering forest of old-growth trees before him. While in his heart he knew it had been a mere week since his adventures had begun, it still felt as if it were merely yesterday, or perhaps a lifetime ago.

The forest before him represented the penultimate barrier before the final beginning of the end of his grand quest. Gilthorpe's hand squeezed the basket-hilt of his enchanted sword, Slashgar. Slashgar vibrated in his fist and pulsed a faint orange in response.

~

"Now," Gilthorpe said to himself, "Now is the time, and the time is now. My quest's final beginning starts here. Here, before the grand Elf Trees of Rolanduur, does my true and final adventure at last begin to conclude."

IF YOU WISH GILTHORPE TO ENTER THE ELF TREE FOREST, TURN TO PAGE 87.

IF YOU WISH GILTHORPE TO TURN BACK, TURN TO PAGE 1.

Scarecation

by C.L. Markle

There it is again, but this time you're prepared. You jump out of bed fully clothed and rush over to the window. Holding your breath, you close your eyes and listen. This is it-- it's now or never.

Making no attempt at a stealthy exit, you climb out the window and take off running into the cool, night air.

As you're tramping through the moonlit forest, you wonder who, or even what, has been calling out every night. You realize you've never once thought about what might happen if you find its source. Another voice rings out, but it's familiar.

~

"Wait up, Billy!" exclaims Sarah, as she fights her way through the dense bushes and low-hanging tree branches. "I can hardly see you through...", but her last few words are cut off.

There is nothing now but your ragged breathing and that voice in the distance, growing fainter and fainter.

If you decide to press forward, assuming Sarah probably just gave up and went back to her room, turn to page 110.

If you don't want to face the possible wrath of your parents for leaving Sarah behind, turn to page 112.

Search for the Amber Room

by Frans Kramer

No, we didn't find those occult bits you like so much, but you will find the Amberroom quite astonishing!', responded the Gestapo officer of the Konigsberg headquarters. 'We once gave this to the Tsar as a present in the 17th century, so it basically belongs to us anyway!, don't you think?'. The Konigsberg castle was crawling with German soldiers as they were securing all the artwork stolen from their last raid. They didn't know that a rare artefact was buried in the Barnsteinzimmer. Those days were long gone for the German army when the bombings in late 1944 began.

~

I found it!', shouted Dave. 'The ancient map of the lost Temple of Solomon!'. It was inconspicuously hidden in a gold-plated Roman pedestal. The sound of a 200kg bust breaking the column, alerted everybody. Dave dropped the map in a vase. 'Get him!', ordered the officer. The Germans didn't know Dave was a time-traveller and had some foreknowledge of what could happen. 'Take him with us! We will deal with him later!'. Their crown ship, the Wilhelm Gustloff left off with everything and everybody on it. During the panic, Dave escaped while sinking the ship thus closing the temporal loop.

Secret of the Dragon II

by The Jackson Brothers

Once Andrew had moved further down the path, a large gust of wind blew the last of the dirt off the sign. The freshly uncovered line read, "Beware of the Man-yak", but Andrew continued on unaware.

As he walked, he began to notice all the little things. The busy ants, the foraging chipmunks, the way the sunlight shone through the treetops.

"It feels good to be alive," he thought. He began to whistle his favorite tune as he came to a scenic view on top of a cliff. He gazed out into valley and breathed in the crisp mountain air.

~

"Aaaahh, it's the little things that count," said Andrew. "The buzzing of the bees, the chirping of the birds, the grunting of the Man-yak..." Andrew paused.

"...Man-yak?" Andrew spun around.

"I AM THE MAN-YAK," boomed Buffalax.

Andrew stood with his mouth agape, frozen in awe of the mighty beast. He was huge, at least nine feet tall, with the torso of a man and the head and legs of a yak. He had large curling horns atop his shaggy head; his gnashing teeth could tear through flesh with the greatest of ease; his cruel eyes screamed death.

Serpent Stones of Essick

by Teo Kuusela

"You have fallen into my devious trap!" the frail looking man cackles. "There is no escape from certain doom now!"

He hops from one foot to the other, the dust between his sandal and the balcony floor crunching. You glance down at your body covered in full chainmail, and grip your shield and sword, when suddenly the old man hacks and coughs, pausing to bow and place his head between his legs to help take in deep raspy breaths.

"Whooee," he wheezes and takes another struggling breath. "You have not a clue as to how much trouble you are in!"

~

You watch as the frail Grand Mage Bringledin wheezes and puffs, then glance at the large mummified serpent curled in the middle of the floor. While being trapped in a pit with a giant snake seems quite the formidable task, it appears that the trap is well past its use-by date.

If you wish to climb up to the old man's balcony, turn to page 68.

If you wish to rummage through the mummified snake for treasure, turn to page 92.

If you wish to try and open the door, turn to page 65.

Smoke and Horrors

by Tom B. Chambers

and now, after all of these years, he had finally found his father. Entombed within an upright glass coffin, he looked exactly the same as he had when Thomas was 15 years old. He was dressed in his khaki shirt and shorts, held up by a belt laden with archeological tools. His salt and pepper hair looked ruffled, as if a fresh breeze had stirred up his unruly locks before he had a chance to fix them. On his left knee was a scratch that had yet to scab over, despite his entrapment over 20 years ago.

~

"I'm home, skipper," Thomas whispered, mimicking his father's own words. He stepped forward, over what he presumed used to be ornate clay pots, but what were now only broken fragments peppered with fading paint, and came face to face with his father. Twenty four years of searching had finally led him to this point. Twenty four years where nobody had believed his stories of a monster made of smoke that had burst from the ground and stolen his father right before his eyes. It seemed like just yesterday they had been excavating an ancient burial ground, his father teaching him

Something Island

by Brush, Guy

The mighty hero had overcome the challenges that had led to this moment, the shipwreck, the mutinous crew, the island challenges and now he has found what he had been searching for it was time to find a way into the secret hideout. He looked up at the entrance and proclaimed "That's the second biggest secret hideout I have ever seen!".

~

As he looked in his bag for anything that could help him all he could find is breath mints and a chicken with a pulley attached, it was then he knew he had no way to enter the secret hideout.

"Don't you have the key" asked his little furry friend, and with a quick reply the mighty pirate said "I must have left it in my other pants."

Sorcerobe

by B. N. Saw

bath. The sorcerer hung the robe and hat on the coathanger near the door. The bundle of clothes didn't sit there for long, however, falling to the floor. And then it rose. If you didn't know better, you'd think it was a smaller wizard, just wrapped up in their clothes very tightly against some cold. "Fill up the bath, please" the sorcerer said. "I've had a long day." The animated clothes rustled a little, and with a little imagination the sound could be interpreted as a sigh.

~

A magic bathroom is quite something else. The knobs for warm and cold water are still there, yes, but water might not flow in the direction you would expect, or even obey the laws of gravity. This particular bath was filled from six sides, hovering slightly above the ground as it was being filled up. The robe expertly made handled the nozzles until there was a flying cube of water in the middle of the room. And now, for the coup de grace: the rubber ducky. Surely nothing could go wrong

Squire: Choose Your Quest

by Kedpar Crawdad

You rush out of the woods with a warrior's battle cry! With courage as your armor and wits as your shield you prepare to take on the dragon with your bare hands. This is how heroes are forged, fighting foes against overwhelming odds,

for holy causes to better the world with no care what happens to themselves.

The dragon quickly gobbles you up and you die.

THE END

~

You approach the dragon's cave, as acrid smoke stings your eyes and sulphur stings your throat. Four green glowing eyes appear at the entrance, as the dragon's two heads emerge into view. Its mouths let out shrieks that shake the surrounding woods.

This is your moment. Though you are bedraggled, injured, tired, thirsty, unarmed, and woefully unprepared, this is your chance.

If you choose to bravely fight the dragon against all odds, turn to page 24.

If you choose to run away like sissy coward, turn to page 101.

The Adventurin' Lad

by Dee Katz

I love adventurin'. Always done. Mother told me to forget about it.

"Too much danger and not enough treasures," she said. "That's how father lost his arm. Fightin' some dragon or golem or summat."

I always felt proud whenever I saw father strugglin' on the farm. He couldn't really farm, but, my god, he had been out adventurin'. He usually relied on me and mother, but I didn't mind. Father had been out adventurin'. He was a hero. A former hero, perhaps, but hero nonetheless. Mother minded, of course. She had to do all the ploughin', sowin', waterin',

~

harvestin' and whatnot.

"A woman's place is by the stove and a man's place is out in the fields," she used to say when we were out farmin' the fields instead of father. Father stayed home and did the cookin'. He just laughed and threw another potato into the pot. We never had peeled potatoes because of his missin' arm – how to you peel 'em with one hand? – but I didn't mind. One evenin' I spat some potato peel and said:

"Mother. Father. I'm goin' adventurin'. Tomorrow mornin' I'm packin' my things and I'm leavin' home."

"What things?" father said.

The Armegeddon Conspiracy

by Ban Drown

Lt Cdr Rex Kevlar didn't need his navy seal training or his PhD in forensic pathology to see that the cross-eyed dwarf had been murdered. His broken neck was as apparent as his outstretched arms, fingers contorted towards the scrabble board. The poor wretch must have done that with his last strength; but why? Was this the work of the Delta Conspiracy, trying to prevent Professor Kevlar learning the truth? But they had reckoned without his years of cryptography at the NSA; if the murderer had realised what the dwarf was trying to do, he'd have broken his fingers too. Kevlar shuddered,

~

the thought reminding him of his days working for free as a doctor in a war-torn region, having to repair broken fingers with only his wits, rubber bands and lollipop sticks. The first of the dwarf's fingers was pointing to a "C"; but which sea? Kevlar smacked his head; the dwarf knew he was dying as he reached for it - the Dead Sea! The second finger was halfway between a "K" and a "Q". Of course! "N" is halfway between the two; that's where Sir Kevlar would find the Epsilon Faction; the north shore of the Dead Sea. He was on his way, sparing a moment to give the last rites to the dwarf, having never given up his status as a bishop.

The Artifact

by John Dag

d è così che finalmente lo avevo trovato. Dopo tutti questi anni di ricerche in giro per il mondo non potevo credere di stringerlo tra le mani. Mi ricordo come fosse ieri quando da piccolo mio nonno mi raccontava della sua esistenza, dei miti e delle leggende legati a questo artefatto. Pensavo fossero le fantasie di un vecchio che vuole intrattenere le serate estive di un bambino, ed invece ora so che sono tutte vere. Perché le ho vissute. Una per una. Ho visitato terre selvagge dimenticate dall'uomo da millenni, incontrato creature mitologiche, imparato antiche lingue, scoperto cose che devono

~

ancora esistere, mi sono fatto molti nuovi amici e alcuni nuovi nemici. E perso un grande vecchio amico, in questo strano viaggio. Tutto per poterlo trovare, per poterlo stringere tra le mani. Per mio nonno. Fa quasi male tenerlo in mano da quanto pesa. Non me lo ero immaginato fosse davvero così. Sembra sia stato forgiato tra mille anni, anziché cinquemila anni fa. Eppure a momenti sembra più vecchio del mondo. Ora devo solo uscire di qui prima che sia troppo tardi e non possa più raccontare tutto quello che ho visto a mio figlio. Lo devo a mio nonno.

The Astronimals

by Jennifer Jellybean

Bunny squeezed his ears into the space helmet.

"Let's do this, everybun!"

Cheers erupted and Monkey punched the launch button. The ship whipped into the air as if jerked by an invisible string. Everyone was thrust against their seats and Crocodile (who had not buckled his seat belt) flew across the room with an "Oof."

The ship creaked as it climbed. Frog licked his lips nervously and looked for a barf bag. Panther yawned.

"How loooong is this going to take?" she purred.

Monkey checked the gauges. "We'll be in orbit any second!" Panther nodded and closed her eyes.

~

The ship suddenly rocked and Frog smelled smoke. He started to ribbit and then... calm.

The Astronimals looked around. They were floating. Even Crocodile was speechless among the endless stars. Monkey broke the silence.

"We made it! We're on course to Moon Base Alpha."

Crocodile snapped his jaws. "Then we can finally crush that no-good traitor."

Bunny's ears twitched violently. He unbuckled his seat belt and was on top of Crocodile in one hop. "Don't call her a traitor!" Crocodile laughed.

"Or else what, Bunny?"

Frog gestured to the window. "Guys?"

Everyone turned. A great shadow fell over the ship.

The Black Wolf

by Jack Stevenson

felt the pain. Jason wiped off the blood from his face with the torn piece of cloth. His head was throbbing. He noticed that Frederick was lying face down on the ground. Despite the cave's dimmed light he recognised Frederick's plaid shirt, even though it was now nothing more than shredded rags. Pretty much in the same condition as Jason's own jacket. It looked like bits of black fur was lying on the ground. Jason grabbed Frederick by the shoulder and turned him over. The sight made Jason let out a startled scream. He started to run.

~

A faint but deep growl rumbled. Jason stopped. His eyes started to flicker around the narrow and murky cave. He couldn't see more than a few feet in front of him. There was no way of knowing which direction the guttural sound was coming from. Jason started to nervously scratch his neck. The beastly sound started to get louder at an alarming rate as the cave's light seemed to change its intensity. Or was it just in his head? Jason felt how the panic broke out and grabbed hold of his entire body with its razor sharp teeth.

The Blue Hour

by S. T. Rella

Aswig shook his head. "It's no use, Haram, we'll never make it over those mountains." The much bigger man at his side shadowed his eyes and looked up. He mumbled something unintelligible.

"Glad we see eye to eye here", said Aswig, turning round. "Let's get back into the cave."

Haram grasped his shoulder. "We're not going back in there", he growled. "Never, not me." Absentmindedly he rubbed at the bruises acquired squeezing through narrow passages. "The climb can't possibly be worse." Without waiting for Aswig's consent he started up the ridge.

His friend sighed and followed.

~

Reen sighed and followed, too. "Don't !" he cried. "Not that rock, it..."

Haram grabbed hold of the rock... which promptly gave out. Reen grabbed hold of Haram. It was such an arduous task that he nearly became visible performing it. Aswig hurried to help his friend to safe ground.

"About time!" wheezed Reen, drifting sideways on a cold wind.

"About time," murmured Haram. "Couldn't have held on any longer."

Aswig shuddered. "Haram... I thought I saw... just for a moment... was there someone with you?"

"Up here? Man, the cave was creepy and now you're seeing things. Great. Come on, we'll try again."

The Earthworm Trilogy

by Wingis Struck

The room was dark and smelled horrible. All Kevitt could hear was the rattling breath of the Mole King. After some terrible seconds of waiting, a dark voice sounded out of the corner where Kevitt supposed the leader of the underground kingdom.

"Who are you, that you disturbed my dinner?", the voice asked with hearable anger in it. Before Kevitt could answer a even more disgusting smell crept up into his nose. He tried to focus on his mission to not puke onto the royal floor.

"The name is Kevitt of house curlbutt, your majesty!"

"House Curlbutt?" The Mole King noisy cleared his throat.

~

Kevitt tried to spot the silhouette of the shaggy old King at the other side of the cave, but it was too dark and his eyes still didn't adapted to the darkness. He took a heart and began to explain.

"My grandfather was a loyal..." CRUNCH - the sharp teeth of the Mole King ripped of Kevitts head and the last thing he felt was the taste of warm blood inside his mouth before he was crumbled between the giant back teeth and choked down into the even darker blackness inside the Mole King's stomach. Kevitt's headless body still stood in the dark cave, tumbling for a while before it finally collapsed.

"Tasty..." the old king mumbled.

The Edge of Surn

by Adhy Torsh

after having spent half their forces in a useless skirmish down at the plains. Sahur thought it over, turned to Rahi.

"Girl."

"M'lady?" She looked at her with bright eyes, her cheeks flushed with excitement after the morning's fight. Ah, youth.

"Get on that ugly beast of yours and gallop as fast as you can to the main camp. Tell Uhi and Tao that I need them here. And ask my edecan to give you my blue bag, he knows which one. Then come back here, fast as you can.

"Yes, m'lady!"

"And don't take the valley road!" she shouted after the girl as she ran to her misshapen horse. If it wasn't such an ugly creature, Sahur might have borrowed him to

~

cover some mares at home. The cursed beast was fast as death.

She turned her own ponderous warhorse towards the foot of the hill, signaling her guard to stand a bit behind. It was time to talk peace. Or at the very least, to stop talking war.

Half a mile ahead the doors of the city opened. The small group that rode towards them had the shiny, slightly desperate look of an official detachment, and the tall, thin man carrying a truce pennant must be the Voice. They were trying to keep their dignity. Sahur was all too happy to let them have it. She was not after a ruined city.

Then she saw the second man.

"Curse my days," she swore.

The End of Darkest Era

by The Wanderer

Then the priest held high the baby girl to proclaim her name to all the procession.

"Behold, the Universe has spoken, her name is Regina, lady Maxima, the true ruler guided by light".

All the crowd put a knee to the floor and start doing bows and signs of blessings to the little infant. Tears of joy and warm smiles changed the cold atmosphere of the old cathedral into a monumental festivity.

The old queen, touched by the sight gift of the old gods, saw that her reign has truly come to an end.

~

The age of the ancient darkness, demons and false superstitions will finally fall, and her granddaughter will be the architect of it.

One thousand flowers brought from all the corners of the kingdom were broken into petals and dropped at the cold stone at the feet of the true child waited for so long by the most known prophecies.

Finally the queen put her hearth to rest knowing that the baby girl will be guided by the true beliefs and the universe supports her with its vast wealth.

Every dark place will be lighted, as it was promised.

The Gunshooter

by Stephen Bachman

The man in black fled across the desert, and the gunshooter followed.

For twenty years the gunshooter had pursued the mysterious, ageless stranger, a dark figure known known by many names – Randy, Robbie, Wally, Matthew, Ray-Ray, Xyzzy, Karen, the Headcase, That One Guy, and a couple others that the gunshooter would eventually forget and edit out of his memories.

~

Before him stood a dusty town. The gunshooter weighed his options. He knew that, if necessary, he would gunshoot every man, woman, child, and animal larger than a small dog to stay on the trail of the man in black.

Or, he could simply walk around the town and be on his way without incident.

Ronaldo chambered his last five gunbullets and approached the saloon.

The Horn of Demonsbladder

by R.K. Walsh

Grimbus the Gnome sat in the puddle of orc fluid.

"Grimbus, you little puke. You scabby creep," Roddy the Fighter mocked.

"Grimbus, you're like if a Lamia took a dump on a accursed volcano, and the volcano cooked up the poop into a homunculus," Harny Hornwhistler joked.

Roddy laughed. "Homunculi are too smart. Maybe a golem."

"Guys, stop already," Artimaeus said.

"Really? Defending Grimbus now?" Roddy asked.

"After what he said to that elf? You don't say that to elves," Harny interjected. "I wouldn't say that, and my name's Hornblower!"

~

"I thought it was Hornwhistler?" Artimaeus asked. "It doesn't matter. You don't tell Gnomes they're crap homunculus!"

"I didn't," said Roddy. "I said he was dumber than a Homunculus."

"Now he's crying," Harny said.

"I'm pretty sure that's orc fluid going down his hair extensions," Roddy replied.

"What's orc fluid?" Harny asked

"How do you know they're extensions?" Artimaeus interrupted.

"I know extensions. You know why? I got 'em. Hairlines are everything to an adventurer. See my 'hair?' It's angels down, polymorphized into a sleek yellow cut. Knock on it! It's hard like a coconut! It's good!"

"It looks like a dire rat."

The Inner War

by Ernest H. Gellius

in order to speak in front of his legion like a responsible father to his son. This stronghold of men, this only real physical constant in the universe lusted for the sound of his leader's voice, willing to make sacrifices for an ultimate goal. There was a carrion-like odor in the air he was very familiar with. It was the the smell of battle, the smell of victory and defeat, of legends and history. Now he knew what he had trained for over all these years. A sword can never be stronger than the hands that hold it.

~

He looked at the strong-willed faces of his men. The sky cleared up and he looked up to the clouds, while he was seeking for the right words. Suddenly, he saw a dove, which landed on a legionnaire's helmet. He recognized that there was something more out there, something he didn't have the slightest idea of. He realized that he must never expose his beloved men, his protégés, to any danger.

His attention returned to the expectant eyes in front of himself. It felt as if he awoke from a dream. He decided to speak to them as the protagonist of an idea:

The Islet of Sly Simians

by Robert Miles

picked himself up off the floor, thinking how after all these years it was incredible to finally encounter a bovine that had mastered the blade so efficiently, and put an end to what, until then, had possibly been the greatest slur ever. He ran his hand through his thick blonde locks, wiped the dirt from his blouse, and with a smile that in his mind looked dashing, theatrical and menacing but in reality gave the impression of bad digestion, he raised his own sword and prepared to unleash a torrent of abuse so fantastically witty and offensive that sword fighting

~

would never be the same again. He drew a deep breath, pulled a neoprene duck from his pocket and... inhaled a rather large fly. He coughed, he spluttered, he fell back to the floor, he turned a rather dark shade of red all the while grasping at his throat and fighting for breathe. After five minutes his amused opponent, satisfied that the battle was won, emitted a victory moo and walked off to enjoy some nearby grass. Nine minutes and forty-seven seconds passed before the fly was finally ejected. "Whew, that was a close one" said

The Magical Armoire

by Simon S.

It was Saturday when my parents weren't home and I was hanging out in my room. Then my dog Chippy went crazy, ran into the attic and discovered a weird looking book, labeled "Ye Olde Spellbooke".

Suddenly I was surrounded by magical lights and found myself in weird world full of crazy people moments later.

I lost my sense for reality as I got lost walking in a forest for days. At that point I swore hearing the termites talk.

I found the exit, faced a giant, walked among dwarfs and visited a dragon.

I was always looking for stuff, to small to see with the eye.

Only with the help of the wizard Kalypso I was able escape this nightmare.

~

I enjoyed being back in my normal life, when suddenly a mysterious looking Armoire appeared out of nowhere.

I should not have looked inside, because it transported me right back to that strange place.

It seemed like the evil wizard of this world hadn't forgotten my last visit.

And now he wanted to steal my body, to travel into my world and take it over.

That was not what I needed in that situation. All I wanted was to get back to my world, to my video games and pizza.

(And the magazines under my bed.)

I spare you the details, but I returned.

How you can tell if the real me returned or not?

Oh, I'll soon help you figuring that out ...

The Midnight Club Rules

by Romano Valerio

Chapter 6: The Sixth Rule Is One Has To Die

"Dude, d'you bring them?" said Carl, blowing on his cheap, thin gloves and rubbing them together. Eli made like he'd forgotten the flashlights and then light blazed out of the ends of his sleeves in messianic splendour.

"Dude," nodded Carl. Eli pointed one in Carl's face, illuminating his breath and blinding him.

"OK, quit it."

"Sorry," said Eli, "I'm just nervous. Sure the old guy's not home?" Carl turned off his flashlight and knocked Eli on the head with it. Then pointed it at the empty driveway.

"Unless you think

~

he's walking back from Albuquerque?" Eli shrugged. "I dunno." There was a sudden, leafy crash behind them. The boys grabbed each other and shrieked. Eli fumbled with the light before illuminating the round, smug face of Stevie Pinkerton.

"Pinkerton?!" whisper-shouted Eli, "Did you invite him?"

"No way! Dude, what the heck?"

"Looks like I'm here TIL THE BITTER END." said Stevie, doing a stupid Tales from the Darkside thing with his voice.

"Whatever... let's just go before we freeze." With that the three young boys took their clothes off and ran naked down the driveway of 909 Hollow Crook Lane.

The Pyromaniacs

by Rolando Hernández

and the night lit up with the color of the house on fire. Lisa stood in the middle of the crowd that gathered behind the fire trucks, paralyzed by fear, as the smoke above the old house began to take the shape of a wide crimson smile.

Slowly, she raised her walkie-talkie:

"Too late." said Lisa. "Aragosa's house... the house is gone."

"We knew it would happen," Carlo's voice sounded excited through the walkie-talkie. "Do not worry, Li."

"Don't...? The house was all we had! They won."

Then, suddenly, Carlo started laughing like a maniac. Lisa frowned at the walkie.

~

"You discovered something else." she said sharply, walking away from the noise of the crowd. In the night sky, the smile made of smoke was starting to lose its shape.

"Meet me at the park," said Carlo's in a low, mysterious voice, "by the statue of madame Rosay; I think she deserves to hear this tale too."

"This better be good."

Lisa put away the walkie and took her notepad out. The words from the prophecy, written on the corner of a page covered in doodles, were looking more and more like a joke. "¿The statue of madame Rosay?"

The Secret of the Dragon

by The Jackson Brothers

As they crossed the threshold, Andrew was once again struck by the beauty of Bjorne's tavern.

"Nice place you got here," said Andrew.

"It certainly is," said Bjorne. "So what's yer poison?"

"I'd rather not have poison," said Andrew. "Could I have a nice glass o' milk?"

At that, Bjorne grabbed his midsection and doubled over laughing, as did the dozen or so sailors that were in the bar. After several minutes of deafening laughter, Bjorne stood up, dabbing his eyes, and said "yes" as he handed Andrew a tall glass.

~

"So what's troubling you, friend?" said Bjorne.

"Well," said Andrew, glumly, "I have to slay a mighty dragon, and even my tremendous skills may not be enough."

"Ahhh, reminds me of my own youthful quest. When I was a young lad, I aspired to slay the mighty Man-yak, Buffalax. A great beast he was, a good 14 feet tall, with the might to slay an entire army. I sought the monster out and engaged the beast in a duel that inspired many a legend. Lasted forty days and forty nights it did, before that fiend got the better of me."

The Tears of Elaríon

by Niko Böhm

Peter was dead. There was no doubt about it. The beam from the Cercian Rod had completely disintegrated his flesh and bones until not even dust remained. He clearly remembered the pain, which felt somehow odd. Thinking about, he concluded that there was either life after death or that he wasn't really dead. Or maybe both. He decided to look around a bit to gather more evidence for either hypothesis, only to figure that "looking around" without any eyes proved to be rather difficult. His magical senses, however, still seemed to work. So he opened his mind to sense his

~

surroundings. He sensed the big cave in which he stood before, he could feel the residue of the curse that killed him. But there was no trace of her. The woman he loved. The woman he had lost. The woman that had just killed him.

He could not understand why she had done this. Dwelling on this thought, Peter suddenly sensed something new - the presence of another mind.

"Well, that is strange. I've come to take you to the other side, but it appears that you cannot leave the limbo. Somehow you are still bound to the physical realm."

Il viaggiatore

by Luca Volpone

Parigi, 1887.

In fondo se l'era sempre immaginata così la sua fine... in un buio, freddo e piovoso giorno d'inverno. Altre volte c'era andato vicino, ma stavolta sembrava non esserci più alcun dubbio: stava per morire. Le labbra intorpidite avevano già assunto un colore bluastro e tutt'intorno sembrava stesse per essere inghiottito da un buco nero in cui presto anche lui sarebbe finito. Il dolore che lo aveva assalito, quando il proiettile s'era conficcato nella sua gamba recidendogli l'arteria, stava diminuendo e questo voleva dire che gli rimaneva poco da vivere. Così aveva scoperto dai racconti che amava leggere da ragazzo.

~

Ora che un po di lucidità sembrava essere tornata, poteva scorgere le decine di luci provenienti dalla strada, riflesses dalla pioggia che non aveva mai smesso di cadere dalla notte precedente. Poi, per un momento, provò la sensazione di non trovarsi più solo in quella stanza. Improvvisamente udì dei passi provenire alle sue spalle, dalla parete opposta a quella in cui s'era accasciato dopo aver tentato di sfuggire al suo carnefice. Con una mano tentò di raggiungere il caricatore che teneva di scorta nella tasca destra della giacca, stupendosi con se stesso per l'istinto di sopravvivenza che ancora lo animava...

The Truth about BigWhoop

by Guybrush Threepwood

The big moment I had been looking forward to for such a long time was now within my reach. The moment when I'll discover the secret of the legendary BigWhoop. The moment that will make me impossibly rich. The moment that will make me immortal. From now on, I felt, my name is going to be mentioned in many tales told around campfires. Guybrush Threepwood - the discoverer of BigWhoop!

~

But this time, my delight didn't last for long. I tried to grab the chest while the ground collapsed under me, and I fell down into a hole. I hit the cold floor pretty hard, but, as by a miracle, I stayed alive and was unscathed. I didn't know where I was at the time. The place was dark and cold, and I couldn't see anything. But I felt I wasn't alone. Somebody was there, out in the dark. Did he find me?

The World of Underling

by OniCate

The Underlings came upon the Grinders hole, looking down Reefer could see the dark winding portal disappearing into blackness.

Hatcher climbed in, gripping at the sides with white knuckles, 'If you don't hear me shout at the bottom, don't follow me', Hatcher said with a backward glance and his usual smile as he let go and fell into the dark.

Reefer and Fennypen stood quietly for what seemed like an eternity. Finally, Reefer shouted down, 'Hatcher are you OK? Hatcher!' His words fell into the silent hole. Suddenly they heard a faint rumbling noise and the tunnel began to live.

~

The hole was alive with blue and white lights, they could see now how the hole was made in sections, each turning in different directions, lights crossing over each other with swishing and swashing sounds. Hatcher called out, 'Come on, slide down, you gotta see this!'.

Reefer and Fennypen looked at each other, began to grin and one by one jumped down the hole. 'wuhoooo! Yeah! Wooooo!' they screamed as they slid from side to side down the crazy tunnel ride.

Thud! Thud! Reefer and Fennypen landed at the bottom of the hole, laughing. When they looked round, they saw

Treasures of Cozumel

by Hannah Jade

The argument was replaying itself in my mind, over and over. It was his fault, and we both knew it. We were exhausted. Shattered. Hungry. But that wouldn't change our predicament. We were hopelessly lost in the jungles of Cozumel. We had some rations, but certainly not enough to survive for any greater length of time. And, of all the people to get stuck with, I was stuck with a male that I didn't know very well at all. I was glad I had something to wear over my bikini. Just in case. We had been lost for four hours now, and

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I suspected our path was taking us further from civilization. It was me suggesting this which had triggered the argument. He blamed me, but I couldn't see any way in which I was responsible. I followed him into the jungle. He led us. He had the cameras. And all this so he could photograph a coatimundi he thought he saw. Or maybe he thought he heard. Either way, it was irrelevant. Greg was a friend of my partner - both of them were keen photographers. My partner Eli was back on the beach, probably worrying about me by now. Maybe assembling a search party. I hoped.

Underling: Shadow Clouds

by OniCate

In Underling, a world that lives beneath ours, resting in the folds of a valley is Underling Wood. Fennypen and Reefer were hanging around, legs hanging off the edge of the coconut swings.

'Run! They're coming! Run!' Hatcher screaming and yelling ran with amazing speed past his friends taking a glancing moment to look back over his shoulder. Fennypen and Reefer looked up to see the familiar eerie billowing cloud of shadows. They both jumped to the ground and started running.

At the edge of the village Hatcher stopped and rang the all too familiar sounding bell, Clang! Clang! Clang!.

~

It bellowed as he banged as hard as he could. Reefer and Fennypen ran past him shouting 'Hide! Everybody Hide!'.

Looking about them the people of Underling saw the shadows rising up, their shape-shifting darkness forming eerie bodies with dark red eyes and claw-like hands, drawing closer and closer to the village. Children cried and women screamed as men blew horns to beckon the guardians of flight. In the distance, where the mountains of angels exist, the thundering noise of winged soldiers could be seen. The leader, Shalmar, a woman of beauty and tallest of all the Andares, gently fell

Visions of Madness

by A.E.Konietzky

The dreams themselves were at first merely strange, but they are quickly becoming more haunting now. The visions always begin with a brilliant flash of light and the nauseating odor of decay. Mammoth corridors of stone begin to blur, as I soar past at unknown speed. The tight choking air surrounds my head, it is painfully hard to catch my breath. A burst of light sweeps up and down gigantic inclining planes of the same monstrous stonework. The dark granite masonry of a monstrous type, convex and concave blocks intermingle in explicit lines of a sexual nature.

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Colossal, round windows and high arched doors seem to hang on the walls like archaic photos. Pedestals or tables each as tall as the height of an ordinary room scatter the chamber. Vast shelves of dark wood line the walls, holding volumes of immense size with strange hieroglyphics on their spines. The exposed stonework is sleek, polished, almost oily to the touch. The stonework also holds curious inscriptions, always in curving mathematics and geometric designs. The same characters are deeply chiseled into the gargantuan books.

Ways and Woods

by K. O. Wick

Di'an cursed out loud. Her plan had backfired and now she had no time to gather the supplies for the potion of truth. Her only ally had betrayed her and time was running out. She briefly considered sending for help, but she couldn't count on anyone in Kee'ren to come all the way, just to save a creature that probably nobody besides her thought was worth saving.

The oracle had predicted all of this, hadn't it? She should have known better, but it was too late. Regret mixed with the familiar heat of anger at the world and the people

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in it, who only thought of their own well-being.

Ever since the day of the old songs, creatures like the wild skyclimber had lived in these woods. Now Banda was the only one left of his kind and the village folk blamed him for the missing children. Di'an knew the truth, but nobody believed her. The tales of skyclimbers eating children when they were careless in the woods were familiar to everyone and certainly an easier explanation than a mysterious portal luring the children with music into itself.

There was no other option. She took a deep breath...

...and jumped.

Who Shot Freedom Valanice

by John W. Doroson

and besides," said the cowboy, his spurs spurs gently dragging into the ground and this cowboy hat making a sharp shadow on his face, "you didn't shoot Freedom Valanice."

Time seemed to stop for a moment. It was as if the birds had stopped tweeting in shock of that revelation. The young lawyer looked up to the cowboy. He wasn't buying it.

"If I didn't shoot Freedom Valanice, who did?"

"Can't you guess?"

"I'm in no mood to guess, just tell me."

~

Both men were looking straight at each other now. The cowboy seemed amused at the young lawyer's anger. Almost as if to taunt him. He smiled and went on:

"No one shot him. You beat him at a game of chess."

"No I did not. I shot him!"

"But you didn't. Remember: it was a hot day, about three years ago. He said he'd leave town if you beat him at chess. You knew you couldn't play, so you and I practiced for weeks in my little shack. At first, you weren't very good, but eventually

Worn out Children's Book

by Anonymous

Somewhere in the outskirts of the endless sea of worlds commonly known as universe, gave a star, a long time ago light, in a last effort before its coming rest. Near the star were an insignificant blue planet. Around it hovered a spaceship of even bigger insignificance. Its insignificance was so big that no one ever seemed to have taken notice of naming either the spacecraft or planet it orbited around.

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And if they ever had been, their names were now long forgotten. In one of the ship's narrow nooks were a mechanical creature which was not of any insignificance. Her name was PI.

Analysis of Dickens' Work

by Tolliver Wist

"It was the best of times. It was the worst of times." Unfortunately, Dickens does not specify if it was overall the best of times or the worst of times. Thankfully, thanks to logical thinking, we can make out if it was definitely the best of times or the worst of times. Note that Dickens does not make out the exact amount. He could have written "It was 4/5 the best of times. It was 1/5 the worst of times." We could have concluded that it was the best of times for the most part.

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He could also have written "It was mostly the best of times. It was less the best of times." and that's that. However, he exactly states that it was both the best of times and the worst of times. Now, if we assume that it was overall the best of times, interspersed with moments of the worst of times (or vice versa) and if each of the times have the exact same length, give or take a few moments, we can safely conclude that it was generally... the indifference of times.

Ancient G(r)eek World

by K. Konstantopoulos

show that it is an undenied fact that Plato, Aristotle and Socrates used to play a kind of a card game, which was strictly forbidden in conservative Sparta. An archaeological dig in Athens excavated one such playing deck made of copper cards allegedly belonging to Demosthenes. On the other hand, Archimedes, known in the ancient world for his skill in mathematics, was an avid player of a hydraulic game, forerunner of the modern computer game Space Invaders. An ancient source indicates that during the siege of Syracuse Archimedes was reaching a high score in the game against Roman forces.

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His exact high score remains unknown because of the ending of his gaming career by a Roman soldier. In the same vein, Diogenes used to play with other Cynic philosophers a kind of a board role playing game named Advanced Labyrinths & Minotaurs. His depiction with Alexander the Great whose shadow was casted over the board was during philosopher's die roll to hit an enemy monster. Almost three centuries later Julius Caesar would say his famous quote "the die is cast" during a campaign with his friends.

Arts & Crafts to Do Alone

by Patricia Sheridan

Step 13: Decorate your party hat with any number of items, such as glitter, coloured pipe cleaners or crepe paper. Make it stand out as something unique to you! Why not choose a theme that matches your other creations?

Step 14: Place your party hat securely over your cats head. Remember not to cover their ears, as this may distress your feline friend. Ensure that the string is placed underneath their chin, directly beneath the tallest part of the hat.

Doesn't your cat look adorable? Why not add some more accessories to them, in

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order to doll them up for their tea party. Try out these simple and inventive creations, such as a waistcoat (pg. 78), boots (pg. 112), or tail puppets (pg. 124)? With all of these adorable creations, your cat tea party is sure to be a purrfect way to spend an afternoon. To ensure there are no cat-astrophies, cover the table in your very own hand-made tablecloth (pg. 42).

Be sure to snap a photo of your KitTea Party and send it to us at 73 Bath Estate, Bretfordshire, London and be in with a chance of your creations being published in the next edition!

Beethoven: Mighty Pirate

by Anton Schindler

"How appropriate. You fight like a cow."

"What? I said, nice weather, don't you think? Put away that sword!"

"My wisest enemies run away at the first sight of me!"

The old man looked at Van Beethoven in disbelief. He sighed and walked past him, ignoring the weapon pointed at him.

"Another uncontested triumph for good old Ludwig!", thought (or maybe said out loud) Van Beethoven.

He sat back down on the sandy beach. The sunset was lovely, and he was just thinking about music, and how he came to be in this humid island. He remembered wanting to get out of Europe, forget about the aristocrats, their rules, their women.

~

So he jumped on the first boat he found, looking for adventure, and somehow ended up here, facing the three trials, of which only one remained unaccomplished: steal the heart of girl.

"Hi, what's that song you are humming?"

Van Beethoven jumped to his feet, scrambling to find his sword.

"How appropriate. You fight like a cow.", he mumbled as looked up and saw the beautiful woman that had just spoken to him...

She looked at him, puzzled. Her eyes widened as they focused on the sword being pointed at her..Van Beethoven noticed this, looked at his hand in disbelief and dropped the weapon. She smiled. The night, somehow, became day.

Breakdance with McFunky

by McFunkypants

Grab your ghetto-blasters, it's time to hit the streets. McFunkypants will show you how to rock the b-boy beats.

Do the 2-step first, hit a 2000 next. Swing a 6-step hard and Airflare to be the best.

Take a Baby swipe fast, then be sure to Drop. Soon you'll be swinging with a boogaloo pop.

Rebound with a Flare, then Float to a Freeze. Headspin slick and your trick will be a breeze.

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Kick it. Then Kip-up. Flick it. Then Nip-up. Rock a steady beat so you don't become a slip-up.

A Power move is prime, but the Robot is for fakers. Take a Spin at a Stab, and you'll wow the bootie-shakers.

A Suicide and then a Swipe, now that would look fine. Be sure to hit a Toprock as you rock it down the line.

Spin a perfect Windmill, transition to a Worm. Be sure to rock a steady beat but don't mess up your perm.

Fantastical Shoes

by Anthonio Pettit

From the common worker's sandal, to the modern work boot, shoes have certainly seen it all. For many of us, shoes are simply an invention to keep our feet from slamming violently and repeatedly into the earth as we trudge around from one dismal location to the next. Time has mostly forgotten

about shoes as a means of personal expression, but apparently there was a time when the fops and dandies of society shod their hooves in elaborate contrivances including whimsical elements such as buckles and zippers to aid in lashing the scraps of leather to the flesh.

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While the specific designs are largely forgotten, there are some hints of exotic materials such as horse or sheep leather outer parts, perhaps painted with festive stripes or even small photographs.

Film Previews, 1977

by Anonymous

One other film of theirs scheduled for release in 1977 is sure to be a bomb. Sadly, they have yet again shown that they can't produce anything decent. The recent cookie-cutter horror films have taken entertainment for the masses to a new low, but this upcoming movie is an embarrassment. It is sad to see renown stars such as Alec Guinness (*The Bridge over the River Kwai*, 1957) having to accept roles in such tripe in order to put food on the table.

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The remainder of the cast are relatively unknown along with their young director. One lead's claim to fame is being a carpenter. Another is the Green Cross Code Man. Another is a California teen heart-throb. Yet another's CV amounts to being the daughter of singer Eddie Fisher.

The dialog is mostly mumbo-jumbo about nonsense things, sure to leave the audience bored and confused. A tin man, dwarf and a giant round out the cast. Definitely, this film is going to be nowhere as popular as last summer's blockbuster hit, *Jaws*.

Film on Film: 99 Classics

by Randy Flim

74. The Night Badger

An interesting take on the ancient greek myth of Icarus, director Janssen Johansson updates the tale to 1950's Sweden, creating a thoroughly intriguing story about a humble tailor called Günther who dreams of becoming a world-class fashion designer and in the process loses everything, including his sanity.

Initially reviled upon release by critics, time has been kinder to this beautifully tragic tale of aspiration and pleated trousers.

75. Johnson's Return

Not the infamous 1976 porn shocker, but instead the highly regarded classic from 1942. This story of intrigue in a time of conservative values wowed the academy, and

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it wasn't until "That Jolly Sailor" in 1962 that its record of 8 oscar wins was finally broken.

David O'Dalldridge's direction is a masterclass in well-paced cinematographic choreography, exceptional acting (excepting Jill McGuire's dreadful attempt at a Chinese accent), and superb use of sound design in the infamous "party" scene, and it rightfully earns its place as a fabulous piece of filmmaking artistry.

76. Groovin' On Down

One of the more interesting movies birthed by the short-lived disco craze, this unique take on the story of Jesus stars disco sensation Tito Tito Marquez as Raoul, an aspiring singer with an impressive collection of

GO Wherever You Go

by Dr. Martin Wendt

GO is an ancient board game that slowly starts to interest people in the western world as well. Its origin lies in China several millennia ago.

The set of rules is abasingly simple, yet the game play offers immense depth. In terms of complexity it relates to classical chess like chess relates to connect-four.

The game is played with two players, setting black and white stones, respectively.

Stones are placed on the intersections of 19x19 lines. There are hence 361 valid positions for the first move. Black begins and each player can either place a stone or pass. If both contestants pass consecutively, the game ends.

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If a stone, or string of stones is fully surrounded, it is captured and removed

from the board and counted as a point. The goal is to encompass more territory than the opponent. Each empty intersection within the own territory is counted as a point.

The additional ko rule removes the possibility of indefinite repetition by forbidding the immediate recapture of a stone which would result in the former board set-up.

It is quite common in GO to give up the game, when there is no chance of winning.

Realizing definite defeat is an honorable way of ending the game.

Great Weddings of Yore

by Anonymous

never having seen such things she exclaimed, "By golly! I never thought it would look like that!"

Which brings us to the marriage of Sir Daniel Strange to the Lady Laura Graham. The ceremony was a joyful yet dignified affair, as befits such an occasion. Not until the wedding feast did the celebratory nature of the day become truly apparent; those hired to record the events of the day astonished as they upraised their voices and began to sing, impressing all with both their merriment of song and fine voices.

As evening started, the newlyweds appeared from opposite corners of the sumptuously decorated hall to begin their dance. No mere

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swaying here; they whipped, glided, and spun together most spectacularly, leaving nary a dry eye throughout!

Many guests took to the floor to dance as a group in celebration of the union. Dancing continued throughout the night, as much drink was imbibed – even as evil schemes of joy were hatched; the bridesmaids – respectable, fine ladies, all – Jo, Rachael, and Debra, were intentionally discovered in a most unbecoming situation! Then, the bride's own mother wrapped many clockwork gifts for the couple, scheduled to interrupt their wedding night!

Speaking of hatching, the wedding of Tenta Cle to Mea Thook was a most unexpected affair

Gym Quest: A Walkthrough

by Katie Parsons

who will ask for your ID. Give him the LOLLIPOP which he'll take for a bribe. Walk through the doorway to the corridor. Do NOT go through the first door, or you'll be eaten by the rabid caretaker. Take the third door and enter the GYMNASIUM.

Walk to the WATER COOLER at the back of the room (don't slip in any sweat puddles!) Fill your SPACE MONKEY FLASK with water for later. Head to the LOCKERS and find the one marked 'Crystal'.

Headbutt the locker five times to open it. Take the TWINKIE, LEOTARD and CASSETTE TAPE.

~

Walk back down the corridor and take the stairs to the CAFETERIA, where you'll find Marvin the chef. Marvin will confide in you that he overcooked the spam burgers. Give him the LEG OF PORK and he will give you a FIREPROOF APRON in return.

Go out back to the WHEELIE BIN. Climb inside and put on the GOGGLES and NOSE CLIP. Clive will rummage in the trash. AVOID the fishbones or Clive will get one lodged in his nose and die at a later point in the game. Crawl right and pick up the BURNT SPAM BURGER.

Historical Courtly Dance

by Lyev Davidovitch

Unfortunately, very few written sources survive from the period 1400-1600 C.E. that include a description of the dance steps and the music. Of course there are many writings about people who did dancing, but the descriptions are sparse and vague (c.f. Queen Elizabeth and galliard dances). The Italian sources that survive include those of Guglielmo Ebreo da Pesaro (15th century) and Cesare Negri (late 16th/early 17th). Ebreo's works are written manuscripts or copies of them, while Negri's are early printed books.

~

The titles of the Italian dances give a clue to how dance was performed as a courtly spectacle. Most of the dances are for one or a few couples. Contrast this with the 16th century French book by Thionot Arbeau (pseudonym for Jehan Tabourot) who wrote many dances for several dancers or couples with joined hands in a long line or circle. The Italian titles include "Amoroso" (love) and "Petit Riense" (little nothings) each for 2 or 3 dancers. Another title, "Rostiboli Gioioso" has no direct translation but can be loosely translated as "Hummingbirds Joyous".

How to Be a Rockstar

by C. Bendele

And you thought that eye-liner were only for girls? Wrong! The first rule of being a successful rockstar is, that it doesn't matter how good you play your fancy guitar. It's about how you look. And as everyone knows: nothing is manlier than long blonde hair and eye-liner! So grab your sisters make-up box and show the world how a true rockstar looks. And while your at it: try to grab the tank-top that's in her room. We will be needing it for later.

~

Now let's talk about the part of being a rockstar that you've been waiting to hear about: hotel rooms. The true quality of a rockband is it's ability to completely destroy a hotel room. Are you still angry because your parents never really loved you? Great! Let out those feelings by smashing furniture with swedish names you cant't even spell properly. Let your drummer practice his sick new beat by repeatedly banging his drumsticks against the windows. Speaking of volume: everyone in the hotel should be able to hear you so

Invisi-Hints: Magic Land

by Mike Blink

Grotto: How can I prevent the orge from stealing my wand?

1. Have you visited the Tower yet?
2. There is an object there you need.
3. Go ahead, I'll wait.
4. Did you find the tape recorder?
5. You need to use the time machine to visit the Tower in the past to get the tape recorder.
6. Cool. Did you record the lecture in the college lecture hall?

~

7. Oh for god's sake. Go back and do that.
8. Now play the lecture for the orge.
9. You're still here?
10. Jesus, I know this is a hint book, but do I need to spell out everything?
11. Fast-forward to the section discussing macroeconomic outcomes of public sector policy.
12. Ogre asleep? Good. Moving on.

Japanese New Wave Cinema

by Ito Watanabe

This is a film of urban fragments, in which narrative elements are disconnected by the exploration of urban space. It comprises a set of momentary encounters, transits and pursuits, between the protagonist and his partner, punctuated by unusual scenes of music, theater, and debate. However, the exploration of urban space is largely accorded the work of defining and carrying the theme of the film (to the point at which the characters occasionally appear peripheral to the film's preoccupations), that urban space is itself one which is seen as disintegrating, and presented as a sequence of fragments which will never cohere.

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This sense of chaos and spontaneity is slowly but dramatically constructed, as the camera itself often moves about unsteadily, with scenes and the space within them likely being caught by handheld cameras, which focus primarily on the faces and bodies of the characters in their juxtaposition with the surrounding buildings' facades. The film's interior scenes are quite similar, shot in small rooms, often crowded with figures dancing or simply moving about, so that the camera has to maneuver and negotiate its way through space, with a perpetual sense of mobility.

Joy of Writing "Wash Me"

by Kevin Lee Drum

Brown cars pose an additional challenge due to the lack of contrast between the dirt and your canvas. In this situation, the rear window is an acceptable medium (unless the vehicle is equipped with rear wipers). Remember that the rear side of the vehicle reaches the widest audience. Do you simply want the car owner to wash the car, or do you want to give voice to the neglected and abused?

It is your duty to speak for the car in the car's own words. The impact of your car-ligraphy relies on the emotional connection to the reader.

~

There is humor in the anthropomorphism of a typically mute car, but the story does not have to end there. For example, "Wash Me PLEASE" conveys a stronger feeling of desperation, particularly for the filthier vehicles. "I'm So Dirty" is unconventional, but it adds a touch of sensuality.

Just because your limited to a few words doesn't mean the car has to be a flat, one-dimensional character. Is the car a youthful Dickensian chimney sweep or a starry-eyed, down-on-her-luck Midwestern farm girl? Is it a limo dreaming of the red carpet or a minivan struggling with a midlife crisis?

Mastery of Cliffhangers

by Prof. Sue Spence

and always will play a major role in story telling.

Prehistoric and Protohistoric archaeologists discovered that even as early as the stone age, Neanderthal men facilitated cliffhangers to make their cave paintings most intriguing.

The Mastery of Creating the Perfect Cliffhanger

In order to create a powerful but also significant cliffhanger the following three golden rules should be observed.

(1) Engage your audience, spellbind them and make them curious. A cliffhanger without a compelling story prior to that is worth nothing. Your story telling need to be impeccable to a point where

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your audience feels like they have to know every single detail about it. That way you secure to capture the audience until the Sequel comes out.

(2) Due to the Zeigarnik-Effect the cliffhanger should be on the most significant part of your story. The audience will remember the cliffhanger better than the self-contained story you were telling afore. Make sure the cliffhanger involves the quintessence of what people should bear in their minds.

(3) The last and possibly most important rule of creating the perfect cliffhanger is

On the Circle of Fifths

by Thilut Artog

so often is the case. Thus, the circle of fifths should never be used solely to explain the order of key signatures in written music. This is shortsighted, dull, uninventive, and above all hurtful to the student. More to the point, it is an entirely artificial application of the circle of fifths, as we described in the previous chapter. Instead, turn your student's attention to the hexagon of harmony. This is a more modern approach, and will prove vastly more useful as a musical tool.

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The wondrous hexagon of harmony. Begin at the topmost point of the shape which is colored red. This represents the function of rest in music. As you work around the hexagon counter-clockwise you encounter the three primary colors (leave aside the secondary colors for the time being). Yellow, at the bottom left corner represents the function of pressure. Blue, found in the bottom right corner represents the function of tension. This triad of functions represented by colors can be used to explain

Pot Calling the Kettle

by Morris Dutchley-Pot

His idea for a TV show was even stranger, he wanted to start up an advice line? On live TV! I called him mad, told him it couldn't work, but he was adamant. The man was sharp, and could run circles around you like Carl Lewis would his grandmother.

So of course I was proven wrong. The biggest egotistical maniac that I had ever known had blown his pitch out of the water, and he got a 20 minute slot on one of the bigger channels, professional courtesy forbidding me to mention which one, of course.

~

"Captain Kettle" ran for three series, and we all know why it stopped short mid-run in its third. I would be doing myself a disservice if I wrote about the events here. It would be more regaling than recounting.

But "Felinefine" sold out in drug stores across the nation overnight, 23 simultaneous legal charges were pressed, and he lost his joy de vivre overnight.

That poor old lady. I don't think they ever managed to remove her dentures from her living room wall, and she's become personally responsible for the infamous kitten plague of 1984.

Still funny though.

The Art of Ballet

by Joegi Lov

O.k., now you have reached the last page. I would not be surprised if you

now feel the urgent need to book a ticket for a ballet performance in a theater close to you or even to sign up for a ballet course. You are never

to old for ballet. Ballet is one of the most impressive and artful form of nonverbal entertainment.

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Cut this out and put your gun here. Don't forget to remember where you put the book!!!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XX X XXXXX

The Greatest Eggo of Art

by A. J. Niemiecki

common practice among painters in the 15th century to use egg yolk as binder medium in paints. But it took an exceptional genius like Hoek van de Straat (1439-1504) to use eggs as the support medium of his paintings. He is generally thought to have accidentally invented egg shell painting when one of his hens ran amok in his studio, but recent studies point out that it was a deliberate innovation.

Van de Straat's first attested egg shell painting is the so-called "Madonna with Chickens" (painted around 1466), a subject which most probably started the incorrect claims about the circumstances of the invention of the technique.

~

His most important work is without doubt the mural of the St. Leocadia Chapel in Haarlem, painted exclusively with the of the aforementioned technique. The four walls depict the four Riders of the Apocalypse who are riding on chickens instead of horses - an unparalleled artistic vision.

Hoek van de Straat did not limit his method to the use of chicken eggs: his oeuvre consists of paintings on quail, raven or even ostrich eggs. There is a debate among art historians, whether an earlier discovery of platypus eggs would have influenced his

The Retired Diva

by Alexander Gates

first thought to be dead in 1976, and murdered, no less. The forensic surgeon, however, soon determined that the deceased was not the actress herself, but her body double, the less-glamorously named Mary Thompson. The shocking discovery led to much debate, but critics generally agreed that the impersonation must have started as far back as 1964, between her last drama and her first musical comedy. The reporters reported and the press pressed, and such was the pressure that the producer left a suicide note confessing a murder he had not committed. Days later, the diva's agent was shot in the street by –is assumed– an enraged fan.

~

Where was Lua Greengrave, then? Speculation went wild, as it would. Again, she was suspected dead, but back in 1964 this time, whether accidentally or murdered in the peak of her popularity by an envious Mary Thompson who wasn't there to defend herself.

The truth, revealed 3 years later, was far more disappointing: Lua Greengrave was found on her late husband's private island, alive and healthy, now 49 but retired since 33, sitting on a deck chair, staring at the sea, sipping a perfectly transparent cocktail. She slowly lowered her sunglasses –such is the dramatic flair with which the reporter enjoys retelling the scene– and asked him,

The Sleepers: Screenplay

by Eiron Page

2a. INT. RAILSIDE COFFEE BAR - NIGHT

0:08:54-0:09:11

CLOSE UP: SPREAD OF TAROT CARDS

SOUND FX: sounds of busy coffee house; chatter, chinking of cups and cutlery, etc.

A spread of Tarot cards in the LEADING PLAYER's hand. After a moment his other hand enters the frame and reorders the cards before drawing the King of cups.

CUT TO

0:09:11-0:09:25

CLOSE UP, HIGH ANGLE: TAROT CARDS ON TABLE

Three stacks of Tarot cards on the green Formica table, one face-down, two face-up. The top

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of the cards on one side is the seven of pentacles, the other the two of swords. The LEADING PLAYER throws down the King on the two, reaches down, draws three more cards. On his ring finger, a small chrysoprase gemstone ring.

CUT TO

0:09:25-0:09:37

LONG SHOT: TABLE OF PLAYERS

The players, all grey-haired men in black suits, sat around a circular coffee table. One, not the LEADING PLAYER, is wearing a black eye patch over his left eye.

CUT TO

The Social Pyramid

by Dr. W. Paul van Pelt

Unlike the rulers of the Early Dynastic, who appear to have showed themselves to their people, received petitions, and publicly dispensed justice as a ritual of power, the Old Kingdom kings no longer recommended themselves to their subjects mainly through an explosion of charismatic energy. Rather, their power was increasingly based upon complex interrelations and entanglements—symbolically, metaphorically, metonymically—with substances, objects, and contexts, including vast monuments such as pyramids. The modern equation of 'pharaoh' with 'monument' still resonates this shift, and illustrates how Egyptian kings increasingly came to exist

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as monumentalized persons in the popular imagination, both in the past and the present.

Importantly, this altered emphasis in the presentation of kingship may have opened up a space of abstraction that was not merely refiguring but itself active. In particular, the change from a more open and direct style of kingship to a closed system may have more strongly founded the authority of the king on an aura of religious mystique. The absence or invisibility of the king is used in various cultures as a defining feature of his relation with his subjects. In the case of the Chinese emperors and the Ottoman sultans, their ornate palace complexes

Video Gaming: The Future

by Guy Brush

Furthermore, by the year 2017, experts predict that advances in processing power and data storage, coupled with the development of a global 'web' of networked computers (the 'Interweb' or 'Internet') will enable the development of three dimensional, high-definition, fully immersive, multiplayer video game experiences. "I think we'll look back on the silly, two-dimensional, 'point and click' adventure games like we have today and laugh. Who will want to play a game like that in the year 2017?!" joked one noted game developer.

~

Indeed, many experts predict the demise of so-called 'adventure games'. "They're just so boring," laments an industry expert. "Click this, go there, get stuck on some ridiculous puzzle. Like, who wants to microwave a hamster? A monkey wrench? Who ever heard of such a thing! And where am I going to go if I get stuck? It's not like I can easily search some vast, interconnected repository of human knowledge on the computer or something. Just give me a game with aliens or zombies to shoot, preferably a new version every year."

40 Years of Reverb

by Dietrich Heinz

even hold his drumsticks.

Klaus on the other hand, hadn't picked up a guitar for almost a year. As the producer in charge for the album, Dietrich was getting even more frustrated as each hour went by.

"So, we had a drummer who was just released from a mental hospital and couldn't even figure out how to hold his drumsticks, a depressed guitarist who didn't want to play the guitar anymore, a bass player who no one had seen since the last gig of the infamous 'Too old, too cold, too bald' reunion tour in September 1983 and a vocalist

~

recovering from a life threatening horse polo accident. Add to that, pressure from the record company to have the album fully recorded and mixed in less than three weeks. So, yes, things where not looking too good, to put it mildly", Dietrich says with a blank expression on his face as he takes the last zip from his third espresso, already trying to get the waiters attention to order a fourth.

"It was at this time I made the decision. The decision to record the entire album by myself. To play all instruments and handle all vocal duties for 'their'

A Brazen Quest for Love

by C. F. Dangerfield

the vilest, most despicable creature I have ever met," she said, looking me over with an expression that wouldn't have been out of place when studying the aftermath of a particularly gruesome car accident.

It was time for a different tack. Thinking fast, I began to stammer out a response.

"B-but I..."

"Not only will I not go out with you," she continued, as though I hadn't spoken. "I can't even stand the notion of being in the same room as you."

As I was still reeling from that final coup de grace, she turned around

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and walked briskly away, leaving me with her dead husband and the other attendees present at the funeral wake. A hushed silence settled over the room, which I at first mistakenly thought was born out of sympathy for me after the savage verbal beating I had just endured. This illusion was shattered when one of the guests, the widow's brother I believe, grabbed me by my clerical collar and shoved me up against the wall.

"Pastor," the man snarled, "just what in the hell do you think you're

A Day Like Any Other

by Samuel D. Sousa

Pat and I just finished watching the hockey finals where the Montreal Canadians had won their 23rd Stanley Cup. We went down to the basement and Pat showed me something on his PC. There is this BBS that actually has this gateway something and it connects to other computers all over the world .

It was a secret world of connected by multiple hyperspeed modems that run 24/7. He was connecting to places without even dialing into them. He grabbed some huge files by sending them to the BBS first and then he could "Zmodem" them down to his PC.

~

Last week, I dialed in to Pat's BBS with my C64. I picked up this file called MMANSION_SCUMM. It's probably some huge pack of GIF files! . Turned out to be an unfinished game called "Maniac Mansion".

Oh wait, I don't want to get in trouble for this? All night downloading the floppy , there must be some trace or a log of my action. What If years later someone finds out ? I don't want to go to jail once I have a job, wife and kids! I better think of a way to eventually pay for it.

Afterlife Diary

by Anonymous

Day 749 of being dead. Something reminded me today of breathing. I'd forgotten how it used to feel. The rush of it moving in and out of your chest. I'm not really sure what triggered the memory. Memories are all I have right now. I haven't figured out how to move so much as a paper clip or make a ghostly wail to keep the Partridge family awake. I wish they would move out of my house.

~

Day 750 of being dead. The Partridge family bought a goldfish today. I know it can see me. Their cat can see me too, but it couldn't care less. Their dog can smell me, but it doesn't seem to see me. Humans almost never see me.

Today I think I'm going to try and possess the goldfish.

Day 751 of being dead. Why? Why! What in the world made the Partridges mix holy water in their fish tank? Do they know how much that hurt?

Alps and War Elephants

by Carthagian Soldier

believe it! The big beast just sat right down in the snow and refused to move an inch. We needed to move a lot more than an inch that day. We had run out of peanuts to coerce the hulk, and we couldn't push it. We had to scare the leviathan forward. But how? While we thought, the big beast kept lifting it's feet from the snow, trying to not be too cold. After a while Hannibal got the great idea to pick some mice from the kitchen wagons, and wave it in front of the lumbering giant.

~

It did not turn out that great. About the only thing that is more terrifying than a war elephant is a panic-stricken one. The leviathan blew a tremendous trumpet out his trunk, toppled over, turned around, and ran though our ranks, crushing my fellow soldiers like snowmen. The hulking beast managed to startle his brethren, and most of them trumpeted and ran, wreaking havoc on the slope.

The trumpets also brought the avalanche down on our ranks, which was a big setback. With part of our army buried, and without war elephants, this new situation

Am I Interesting?

by Wilbur Willington

August 12th 1976

I think I saw a bear yesterday morning but it probably wasn't one. I had been sitting in my kitchen all morning and looking through the window. I thought I would start this day doing something but it wasn't meant to be, and I just ended up sitting in my kitchen all morning. It was around 11 am when it happened or I thought it happened. I was bored as usual. I was staring at my trash bins (I had been doing just that for good three hours at that point),

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when I thought I saw a dark creature approaching. I was petrified! I didn't know what to do. I thought about going out and yelling at it to go away but I didn't really want it to go away. I just sighed and turned away from the window and back to my crosswords.

August 13th 1976

I really mixed my life routines today. Contrary to my usual morning routines, which are described in detail in pages 14 through 28, I took a shower before morning coffee! It didn't really make that much of a difference...

An Afternoon in the Park

by M. B. Goulniouxx

The sun was starting to go down in the sky, and I hadn't moved all day. I was still sitting there on that same bench in the park. The lake waters were only rippled every now and then by a swam, swimming lazily on the surface. I was almost out of bread crumbs for them. I should have thrown everything at once earlier in the afternoon instead of saving them. I didn't even know why I was feeding those stupid swans. Sometimes one of them was walking on the grass. I knew I should go home,

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but something wouldn't let me stand up. It was probably because of the colors slowly changing, as the sky went from blue to orange, then purple, then dark blue. That was simply mesmerizing. The sounds of the forest behind the bench were becoming more present, as I was progressively deprived of the sense of sight. I could hear the gentle breeze, and even the lake itself. My own breathing. Stupid swans. I hate them. I stood up to kick one, but it was too dark now. I'll come back tomorrow.

Betrayal: My Story

by Reginald Q Longnose

The peanut-butter exploded noisily, coating the bus interior. The T-Rex roared in pain but continued to force its way up the aisles, smashing seats aside as it came closer. The bus tilted, groaning, as the T-Rex's weight unbalanced it. I felt my heart catch in my breast - if we fell over the edge now, we would surely be forced to swear our souls to the enemy! Vincent must have thought the same; the cowardly beast twitched his ears and ran, leaving a sticky trail.

~

I alone was left out of the original eight Legion members. I raised my head and squared my shoulders, staring into the eyes of the monstrous reptile. If I had to die, I would die as a martyr and a hero. I raised the sacred mop and screamed defiance. Suddenly, I could feel the power of the Grand Armadillo, channeled through the mop and into me. It was hope, I had a chance! But I knew, sadly, that it wasn't enough. I needed more time to reach critical-mass. The Rex was within striking distance of me; it prepared to lunge. I would have to try anyway. I raised my arms and shouted the Holy Poem.

Billy Shears: In My Life

by Stephen Rushe

"It was around the time of our seventeenth LP, 'Fantastical Wonder Tour', that I realised I didn't want to be a drummer anymore and that my true calling in life was interpretive dance. I told the lads I was finished and set off to Europe to hone my skills with some of the masters of the art. I returned to the band two weeks later after realising I had to wear tights. The lads were understandably mad but how was I supposed to know we were in the middle of a tour?

~

I'm only the drummer for God's sake, I hit things with sticks. After that fiasco we got back on track with our next single, a song that I wrote called 'Green Aquatic Vessel'. It went down well with the 0-5 year old demographic and we made a tonne of money off the merchandise, the lads were happy after that one and they stopped saying I wasn't even the best drummer in the band. That all changed after my botched bank robbery publicity stunt...

Book of ZchwlaaT

by ZchwlaaT

ME ZCHWLAAT! ZCHWLAAT GOOD. IF YOU BE LIKE ZCHWLAAT YOU BE GOOD TOO. ZCHWLAAT BORN ON HOVERCRAFT. CHILD ZCHWLAAT EAT MUCH OATMEAL. CHILD ZCHWLAAT GROW STRONG AND OTHER CHILDS BEAT UP! ZCHWLAAT BEAT UP MANY PEOPLE WHEN YOUNG. ZCHWLAAT GO TO PRISON FOR PEOPLE YOUNG. ZCHWLAAT BEAT UP ALL PEOPLE IN PRISON. ZCHWLAAT BREAK OUT OF PRISON AND MAKE RAFT OF OAK TREES. ZCHWLAAT GO TO AMERICA TO BECOME GREAT. AMERICA PEOPLE DONT LIKE ZCHWLAAT. ZCHWLAAT BEAT UP AMERICA PEOPLE AND POLICE MANS WANT TO SHOOT ZCHWLAAT. ZCHWLAAT TO CANADA GO. CANADA PEOPLE NICE. CANADA PEOPLE SO NICE ZCHWLAAT

~

FLEE TO NORTH POLE. ON NORTH POLE ZCHWLAAT FIGHT WHITE BEARS WITH HANDS. ZCHWLAAT SO STRONG ALWAYS WIN. ZCHWLAAT BECOME KING OF WHITE BEARS. ZCHWLAAT BORINGS. ZCHWLAAT GO TO USSR AND FIGHT PEOPLE. SOVIET PEOPLE STRONG IN WEAPONS, AND ZCHWLAAT FLEE HAS. ZCHWLAAT MAKE BOAT OF PLASTIC. ZCHWLAAT SAIL TO SOUTH POLE. ZCHWLAAT QUICKLY BECOME KING OF SOUTH POLE. THERE IS ONLY PINGVINS TO FIGHT ON SOUTH POLE. ZCHWLAAT BE GREAT, HAVE DISCIPLINE. IF YOU BE LIKE ZCHWLAAT YOU BE GREAT TOO. ALWAYS LIFT THINGS SO YOU CAN BEAT UP PEOPLE. I AM ZCHWLAAT THE GREAT!

Boot-Scootin' to the Top

by "Cowboy" Jimmy Dodd

Back in those days, it was a lot tougher to get anywhere in the music business. It wasn't like today where any kid with a fancy haircut and crazy clothes can sing along to a synthesizer and make a million bucks. You needed some kinda skill to make it to the top.

I grew up in a cornfield in Branson, Missouri and learned to play the guitar from hobos that passed by the farm. I worked 14 hour days on the farm with my pappy and played songs down at the local watering hole for 5 straight hours every night until I earned enough to move out to Nashville and record my first single, "My Lady 'Aint Ugly but She Sure 'Aint No Beauty Queen Neither".

~

That one didn't sell too well but my next tune, "Tell that Cheatin' Woman She Can't Keep the Dog", was so popular that the record company had to pay the local scout troop to help keep the presses running during the night.

I couldn't just sit back on my porch and spend the rest of my days relaxin' though. I had to keep puttin' in the hours, touring the circuit and writing more songs. Of course, in those days you weren't anybody who was anybody unless you had a real bad drinking habit, so in between playing and recording I was at Freddy's knocking back triple whiskies and makin' eyes at the ladies.

This one particular young filly gave me a

Bridge to Nowhere

by Imogene Cobb

If you memorize the conventions and pay attention, bridge should be quite easy. Unfortunately, I had done neither of those things. There are many bridge books that exist, including "The Fun Way to Serious Bridge," "The Serious Way to Fun Bridge," and "Fun People Play Serious Bridge and Then Regret Not Doing Something That Was More Fun." I had bought them all, but none of them had helped, which made sense as I looked back on it, seeing as I had used them all exclusively as coasters. And yet, here I was in Reno, at the National Bridge Championship.

~

My partner, Peter Grant, a former junior bridge champion, had gotten me into this mess. I'd met him at a cocktail party, and, trying to sound impressive, had told him I was quite good at cards. Of course, I did have a natural talent for some card games, if you count Crazy Eights and 52 Card Pickup. Peter told me he was looking for a new partner, since his former one had recently defected to Mahjong. I assured him I had no interest in tiles, and we agreed to meet the next day to begin training.

Clowning Around

by Anonymous

Me, a clown? Was that really the only job in this town? I can't believe I did it, but I accepted. I really needed that money.

The next show was the day after tomorrow. I'd never done any juggling before, and he wanted me to perform with just a day's worth of practice. Unbelievable.

Their usual clown was a big guy, so they had to get a new costume for me. I looked completely ridiculous in it, but hey, at least it was the right size.

~

I was so nervous on the next day. That clown I was filling for was still stuck in bed, so the circus director gave me some quick clowning lessons instead.

Throwing balls while looking funny was harder than it looked. I kept messing up and dropping them. I suppose one upside to the job is that you look funny even when you messed up.

It was a long, hard day, and the next one should be even worse. I barely slept at all that night. Could I really handle this job?

Ditching the Dadster

by Steven Angerson

if it's the real deal or just a gravy train for clever shrinks. I suspect being along for the ride on dad's – sorry, the Dadster's mid-life crisis will have taken care of a lifetime's worth of introspective angst, an inoculation of sorts. When I hit forty-five, all I need to do is remember that whatever the meaning of life might be, it's not embarrassing my family.

I think I could have handled it if he'd gone the standard new car, new wife, new kids, new Hawai'i prints route, but his obsession with originality drove the Dadster

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down unbeaten paths that should have stayed that way. He decided that what the world needed was connectivity, and that real connectivity needed souls to be co-coalescent in the here and now. And that, in a leap of logic a chess knight might envy, meant quitting his job and wearing his three-piece to the corner of 5th and 22nd instead, where he sat on a sideways oil drum encased in his own rainbow crocheting and played the didgeridoo.

If anyone else ever tries to sell me co-coalescent connectivity I'll stab him with a spork. All I

Failed Novelist v. 895227

by Anonymous

You want to be a storyteller but you can't tell a story, even in public. You've tried but it falls apart, like when you forget the phrasing of a joke:

'Oh, nevermind,' you fumble, 'I can't remember.' No-one's ever disappointed at your trailing off, they're always reluctant audiences anyway. The only people you know who can tell stories are the guys from work who never read. They don't know Márquez or Molière, but notice how they hold your colleagues, your boss, Sarah, and even you captive until you erupt in laughter when they tell

~

their stories of growing up or of getting old.

You can't even amuse your colleagues with anecdotes, so what can you possibly tell the masses, who are increasingly distracted and lulled by their video collections and Ataris? Books are dead and getting deader. Every morning you dream of the page but every night there's nightmares of it: engulfed by blank pages or finally finishing a book just before the last ever book is published in 1999. But then it's morning! In the shower and at work you know you've suffered enough, and that tonight the art will finally flow.

Growing up Skating

by Mauro

The moment I opened up my parents' gift that day... woah... . Have I ever felt like this again? Well, requited love and job career are definitely the most delightful moments of a person's life, but seriously, when was the last time I ever felt so fascinated? No, okay, that was it. That was the pearl that made my childish eyes shine. It's been so many years since and still skateboard won't let me go. I skate alone in this small town and I can feel what freedom is.

~

Wait, I'm not alone, recently my brother decided to go skating too, but not in this town. We are apart and yet feel connected to each other. Growing up and working in a small country town didn't make much difference than in the city to me. But growing up skating... it did. When you are a kid you feel like an adult when skating and when you are an adult you feel like a kid when skating. But this board... it makes all the unfriendly strangers come out from the shadow and skate, as if saying Hey, I'm alive. This muggy town has a reason to live.

The True Secret of Monkey Island

by Ron Gilbert

We're no strangers to love

You know the rules and so do I

A full commitment's what I'm thinking of

You wouldn't get this from any other guy

I just want to tell you how I'm feeling

Gotta make you understand

Never gonna give you up, never gonna let you down

Never gonna run around and desert you

Never gonna make you cry, never gonna say goodbye

Never gonna tell a lie and hurt you

~

We've known each other for so long

Your heart's been aching but you're too shy to say it

Inside we both know what's been going on

We know the game and we're gonna play it

And if you ask me how I'm feeling

Don't tell me you're too blind to see

Never gonna give you up, never gonna let you down

Never gonna run around and desert you

Never gonna make you cry, never gonna say goodbye

Never gonna tell a lie and hurt you

I Made the Mounties Up

by Thaddeus Sharpe

it was on that day I decided to make the Canadian Mounties up. Due to the aforementioned series of bizzare and extraordinary events I'm sure you'll agree it was the right thing to do. But my friends, only history can judge me now. I'm sure the scholars of future generations will come to see me as either the progenitor of the greatest fictional organisation in the world, or the reason why Canada fell to the Russians. The first thing I came up with was the uniform, I was most proud of the hat. Then what it was that distinguished the

~

Mounties from other law enforcement just fell into place. The first challenge was convincing Canadians that the Mounties existed. Who would believe me, I thought, who would take this seriously. How can I sell it to the people, to the world? At first I went from bar to bar, ice hockey rink to ice hockey rink, from town to town (occasionally getting myself arrested). I'd start by introducing myself, explaining a bit about my journey across the north, then I'd go into detail about how a Mountie saved my life, how I'd seen them police the great north like

I Married a Ferret

by Emie Furlong

but that came just after our honeymoon, which was as lovely as it can get. Walter, being crepuscular, spent most of daytime sleeping; it's quite convenient actually, as I could freely stroll and shop around Paris by myself and then spend the evenings together at cozy bistros with staff that always treated us like we were some beloved visiting grandchildren. I felt embarrassed and amused at Walter's insistence on speaking with - bless him - a French accent, or imitating Pepe Le Pew after some glasses of delicious bubbly champagne [Editor note: find honeymoon pictures on pages 313-328].

~

As I was saying, we moved to the country shortly after, not too far. I've never enjoyed driving, and having to keep my chesmist job downtown until Walter's novel was finished and published - we were always confident it would be the smash hit it turned out to be-, I didn't want to spend too much time on the road. Dozy happiness makes time pass by quickly, and that probably was one of the merrier times of our life.

Then success arrived, and inevitably media attention

I Need to Leave Home

by OniCate

The house was made of red brick and each one looked the same with the exception of those like my mothers who had gone to the extremes of being house proud, no longer the white council window frames but in their place heavy double-glazed lead ones, heavy dark wooden outer doors decorated with coloured glass. I don't think my father ever got over being angry at coming home and finding workmen ripping the house apart but I am sure my mother was pleased, on both accounts. Sometimes I recall him being sober, no longer in the navy, an ordinary man.

~

Adjustment to ordinary life could never be on the cards for such a man. Sometimes this led to my mother, my brother and my sister leaving for the night and walking down the big hill to my grandfathers' house. Why did they never insist on taking me with them, always hearing the same quiet, calmed tone as he spoke the words 'leave the bairn here'?

I would lie on the couch and watch the television set, always listening out for the living room door to open ready to close my eyes and pretend to be asleep. This didn't stop him.

Letters from Myself

by Jim Moist

I write to you in these times of postal shortage. My dear papa has ventured south in the hope of finding lost letters and packages near the abandoned mine. He stole my left shoe. Yes, he did! Can you believe it? He decides to leave his only son in a freezing cabin with no food and on the way out he also decides to steal his left shoe. It's annoying, my walking is quite wobbly.

It's been two weeks since my father went on his stupid journey. I ate my left foot. I had no shoe for it anyway. It was actually quite tasty.

~

I did a bad thing. I started nibbling on my right foot, but decided to eat my left leg instead, I had no foot for it anyway. So much meat, I had to throw most of it away.

As I wiped my mouth and burped satisfied, I realized to my horror that I had eaten the wrong leg. Now I have a left leg with no foot and a right foot with no leg. I'm contemplating attaching my right foot to my left leg. I just don't know how, all I can find is a piece of fishing line and a rusty stapler. Any advice?

Life of a Lifetime

by Anonymous

after he restored the great chinese wall to its old glory he built mazes for homeless minotaurs, wrote two books, found three sunken treasures, hid some eastereggs, made the pope a tea, created a new art form, taught penguins how to fly, prevented 100 toasts of falling down, discovered new plants and animals, helped whales to grow even bigger, named a star, rescued a cat, recreated the gordian knot, won at the lotterie, wrote another book, made toys for Santa Claus, delivered toys with Santa Claus and cleaned some dishes.

~

At his deathbed, he was asked why he did all those amazing things.

He replied:

"I just couldn't say No"

Me, Myself, and 100 Pizzas

by Louis B. Crust

But let me tell you, the really complicated part is the cheese! Most people who are in this business will probably use any old cheese they find in the local grocery store, but not this guy! To become a champion, to become number one, there is no way around the scientific approach. Years went into testing cheeses from all over the world until the best ones were crowned. Quite literally - the scientists were so incredibly overjoyed, they made little paper-crowns of gold colored paper to put upon the pieces of cheese. I keep the photos on my desk for inspiration.

~

Yes, my friends, inspiration. Inspiration, science and a medical anomaly made it all possible for me. But that doesn't mean that my job isn't hard work. Or that it can't be dangerous! While cheese is one of the most important ingredients for the ultimate pizza, more than once I found myself at the ER with burned body parts or almost choking on molten Mozzarella. But you see, this is no job for anybody, and while I know of its hazards, I also rejoice at its perks.

But let us continue with the analysis of why tomato sauce is basically my

Memoirs of a Goat Herder

by Earnan Haggis

flowing through my body. The goats were everywhere now, slowly gathering around me. Their beady eyes glowing dark with the power of IT, the master of the fallen herders whose name is passed on only from generations of herders; the UBER GOAT.

My thoughts wandered. Why was this happening to me? Was it because of the events with the pendulum? There were so many forewarnings; move away, wear the lizard blood, eat the rabbit foot. I had paid no heed.

The goats were licking me now, I could feel their incessant tongues all over my body. Drawing the salt

~

out of my skin, preparing me. For a moment I forgot the dire predicament I was in, the rhythmic licking lulled me into a trance, and I started drifting off.

My eyes shot open. Wait a minute, these are does! My hands shot out frantically starting to milk the goats. Their eyes changed from sinister to panicked realisation that the tables were turning. The licking stopped and they started bleating urgently for their master. I brought forth my basket of strawberries and icecream. It was strawberry milkshake time! I knew the events next would not please the uber goat. Voluptuous

Moon Landing - Set Notes

by Stanley K

celebrating, yet we have not got a clean shot of putting the flag to the ground. I need to keep telling Bob where to place the dust, that unnerves me. Andy has finally found a way to create a convincing static for the voices, which means we will have to do all the recordings again, but it certainly is worth it.

July, 5th - Finally got this flag shot. We had to put in some sticks to make it wave without actual air movement. Henry called to check on the progress. I should never have agreed to do this. Jim and Vince are

~

not okay with the lighting, claiming we should add an additional spot on the emblem of the lander. Now the worst thing is telling Kenny how to hold his camera. How to convince anybody that he's taken the footage after seeing how he's bobbing around there still causes me headache. I think I'll have to place a real film in there and have it developed and then look what to make of it.

July, 6th - Had a first film developed from the camera strapped to Kenny's suit. It's abysmal. Unless the real guys have a little miracle strapped to their suits, mankind will remember

My Life and Times

by Shamon McQuarter

and then the next thing I knew I was whisked away on a motorcycle, sitting in the side car and confused as to what just happened. It isn't every day that your ex-lover returns from being chased by the mob for stealing some very important corn, but my life long ago stopped being ordinary. I wanted to ask so many questions, all the questions actually. Where have you been? What happened to the corn? Why did you not tell me where you were going? And what is your name again? That hit on the head from the giraffe really made me forget a lot of things. Anyways by the time I finished my thought process we had stopped, the leather clad man, RONALD!

~

His name was Ronald! Well Ronald was staring at me, a longing look in his eyes. I closed mine and leaned forward for a kiss, but nothing happened. I opened my eye and noticed he was pulling a dead fly out of my hair. How romantic! Ronald began to say something when he suddenly lunged forward and tackled me. Usually this is how our nights began but this time something was different, mainly the gunfire. Apparently we only had gone about a mile up the road. I never said Ronald was the smartest man alive, but he was very very good looking. Actually he wasn't, he was pretty ugly, but I liked his mustache! Which he had shaved off, but still.

My Life Tripping on Acid

by Anonymous

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My Rich and Wicked Self

by Groggy D. K. Walker

You really appreciate true values, such as gold, cars or diamonds, only when you have nothing. I had inherited a nice asset before, when I was 26 years old, but my father had never taught me how to handle such an amount of money. So, the money somehow volatilized during three weeks after his death. When I was released from prison, I was still only 34 years old. For this reason, I decided to reinvent my life philosophy and began to cheat new-rich people in order to pass the stolen goods on to someone who actually needed it – myself.

~

I was released from prison one more time at the age of 41. My son was already adult, living his own life, and had forgotten to tell me his new address. How forgetful! Well, on the other hand, my own forgetfulness had been the only reason for his existence. It was therefore probably just his age of 20. When I was 48 years old, I began to prospect for gold as I was still completely pauperized. Unfortunately, I didn't care about getting a license for this. So, after I was released from prison once again, at the age of 54, I decided to get one.

My Shiny Steel Legacy

by Art DeLuvian

My first forays into stainless steel vehicles were more miss than hit. For instance, I toyed briefly with the idea of creating a stainless steel hang-glider. Which on the surface sounds typical of hang-gliders, but I didn't just mean the cables and bars. I wanted the wings themselves to be stainless steel, which as anyone with a rudimentary understanding of aerodynamics knows, is not really a tenable design. At the time I was more visionary than engineer, but fortunately I was shown the error of my ways before any dangerous tests could commence.

~

Next came my stainless steel pogo stick, which if I'm being honest with myself, was not the most ambitious idea I'd had, nor was anyone impressed when I unveiled the prototype, which was like every pogo stick that had come before it, just a bit heavier and more expensive. The detailing on it was gorgeous, however.

Before I could attempt to create the first stainless steel hot air balloon*, some friends suggested that I focus more on motorized vehicles, which was the best advice I'd gotten yet.

(* - The basket, not the balloon itself. I'm not an idiot.)

My Very Own Autobiography

by Felix Lemmerer

So, I am sitting here writing my very own autobiography.

I'm still writing my biography....

Still writing....

I feel like getting old writing my very own autobiography.

It sucks writing an autobiography at age 5, I cannot remember back more than a few months.

~

left blank for further use....

Night Thoughts

by Raqwan Robbins

It's 2:38 on a wet Summer morning, the street lamps flicker a hazy shade of amber that evokes memories of sepia summers. My neighborhood, once a suburban dream now lies in disrepair and disorder after years of white flight and subtle racism. I can't sleep so I think, I think of the millions of starving children all across this rock we call home crying out to their mothers for a single loaf of bread which will never come, I think of the mothers who themselves are crying out internally for someone to love them and to feed them and

~

to sweep all their problems away, I think of the ones without a home to hide in when the monsters of our collective past come out of their imaginary hiding places and taunt us with azure crackles in the sky and rumbles in our frail and ancient hearts, I think of how lucky I have it to be here in my warm house with a loving family and a bounty of food that I will never have to worry about running empty. I toss. I turn. I think. Suddenly a bolt crashes across the sky and I see with terrifying

Not without a Rubber Duck

by Lars Mork

As an engineer at NSB (the Norwegian National Railways) I had many wonderful days. There are no such feeling as driving over the Dovrefjell mountains a sunny day with clear blue skies while the 6800 hp engine of a EL14 locomotive pulls the freight cars up the hills.

But of all my days as a Norwegian train driver, there are one day that has more vibrant memories than the others. That is the day of the famous rubber duck accident.

I was driving at the Kongsvinger line and just before I reached the Fetsund bridge I felt a slight vibration in the train.

~

I looked in the mirror on the left side and realized that the three freight cars at the end had in fact derailed.

Later investigations proved that they had derailed more than a kilometer back. Most people do not realize that it is possible to derail without knowing. The train was 377 meters long and you can in fact have one or more cars derailed at the back without knowing.

As we passed the bridge one of the cars split open and several thousand rubber ducks fell into the river Glomma. To this day you can still find friendly looking yellow rubber ducks in the Oyeren lake just south of the bridge.

PCB

by Koure Bro

Berlin, 1987. I was young and we had an apartment right in front of the german wall. Like all the others neighborhood children we were not german. With the other kids we used to play along the wall, observed by military snipers in their tower. All the neighborhood looked pretty damaged, it had a Bronx 70s flavor. A lot of blocks were abandonned. Many punks and junkies lived there too. It was normal for us to play hopscotch between used heroin needles and walls full of graffiti.

~

The hood was poor and had a ''end of the world'' vibe, but there was a magical feeling about it. Like in the Bronx there were many Hip Hop jams in these abandoned blocks. Out of nothing people used their creativity... there was life. Everyday i observed the bigger kids doing graffitis on this long wall. The vision of this endless grey wall remembered me the endless path of life. What was at the end of this path? Maybe at the end there was a new beginning where children walked along an endless path again. Infinite circle...

Procrastinating Diaries

by Marzsal Bšurp

which is, now that I come to reflect upon the aforementioned predicament from the deep velvety comfort of the armchair I tonight lightly drowse in, absently sipping the infusion that was carefully, yet discreetly, left within my reach moments ago by a servant for whose invisible angel-like ways of watching over me I shall never be thankful enough and always consider myself ungrateful and undeserving, the exact reason why – even though, at the time, not being fully aware (and how could it have been otherwise?) of the miscellaneous intricacies under which reality, as I believed it was to be considered

~

from experience as well as education, and from the overwhelming advice and information repeatedly, relentlessly, delivered to me by my father (and to a certain extent by my mother as well, although, as we will later see, more specific elements of the precise role she may have had to play in the multitudinous series of events I hereby attempt to relate were to be revealed to me in their complexity in the form of letters sent from an estranged relative) had for endless years been enshrouded, I was sadly unable to appreciate its richness and incommensurable flavour – I decided to

Signed, Semiotician

by Marcus Throttle

neither explicitly nor implicitly. There is a subtle semiotic quality to this mode of thought. By existing not only as a sign, but as a sign addressing a separate sign under the pretense of phatic (and emphatic!) expression, the subject may become truly unshackled, free from societal norms. Now, if we are to follow the logic of this argument through to its bitter end, we must concede that it has truly great implications for the construction of the action-cue-signal process that is inherent to every social interaction. The consequences are grave. Yes, we must redefine the counter-sociological repertoire,

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yes, we must construct an entirely new framework for studying post-traumatic modernism and yes, we must completely revise our current ontological standpoint. However, is it not a small price to pay for access to the absolute truth? It certainly is something to think about," I concluded, my peers nodding in amazement.

As night set in and the conference hall bathed in moonlight, we huddled around the typewriter. I worked faster than ever, to the excited exclamations of my audience peering over my shoulders. The radio kept spouting static, but we did not pay it any mind. A masterpiece was about

Storming the Waters

by Joseph P. Stormwater

It was a turning point. There was no going back to who I thought I was. That person did not exist anymore. Truth be told, I was glad. Joanna may have felt differently, but it was not her choice. I had to leave her behind. The world was much larger than the island and it needed me. I could not stay, now knowing what was out there. Rather than face everyone, I felt it better to disappear without warning.

~

I suppose I was still a coward. I had not yet learned to trust myself. How could I, after what had happened? Somehow, I kept going. I was compelled. There was no doubt. I had never been so certain. I pushed through the fear, and the shame.

Harry was waiting for me on the mainland. It had been ten years since our failed business venture. This time it would be different, very different. Or so we thought.

Tangled Family Ties

by Sándor Sebesi

in the Second World War.

But not them. They knew that they would not stand a chance against the incoming Russian army. They had to hide somewhere, fortunately the river Bodrog offered the solution. They soused into the river and hid their heads under the leaning leaves of the trees on the shore. They waited there for two days, but the water wasn't too warm that time of the year.

Despite this the Russians found them, they surrendered immediately. For the greatest surprise the Russian officer then said:

- Go home to your families! Just be aware: proceed only during the night and dismiss, don't go as a team.

One month later the doorbell rang at

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a house in the Dáni street of the small town, Hódmezővásárhely. The lady of the house opened the door. A skinny beggar stood in the door in his raunchy clothes.

- Go away! We do not seek trouble - she yelled at him. Those times were not famous about feeling secure.

- My fond mother, don't you recognize me? - said the "beggar".

The joy of the family was unspeakable, but they put him in the bed because it was clear that he was sick. His mother could not even take his temperature as the value ran off the scale, it was much over 40.

Two weeks passed with recovery, when he said:

- I want to go into the town. I want to visit my friends, I want to

The Grim Truth: A Memoir

by G. Reaper

People simply don't understand the kind of pressures that come with being the physical embodiment of death. For starters, there's the victims themselves. The fact is that no one in their right mind WANTS to die. Upon picking them up, I'm bombarded with, "I just realized I left the kettle on can we go back?" Or, "I can't die today, I have my cousin's sister's pet hamster's piano recital tomorrow!" Oh, I'm sorry death doesn't fit into your schedule. You really should have thought of that before sticking a fork into an electric socket.

~

And don't get me STARTED on those reincarnation nuts. "I wanna be a tree!" "I wanna be a pony!" Well, I want you to SHUT UP!!!

No one is ever grateful for the hard work I do. Who keeps global population down? Me. Who keeps the circle of life spinning? Me. I'm a UNIVERSAL treasure, but do I ever get a "thanks?" Of course not. I simply remain unwanted, like the tuna casserole your mother made you that is now sitting untouched in the fridge. News Flash: She worked hard on that. The least you could do is eat some.

The Time Before

by Ravelious Wilderman

I often recall fondly those days I spent in that clearing of trees with my friends. This place, in the centre of the school in which we spent our formative years could be seen as very focal point of my life as well. Having returned to that area many times since school I have often found it underwhelming, different from how it used to be. Perhaps the area has undergone great change. Perhaps my memories have begun to fail me.

~

Ah, but what memories they are. Upon recalling that clearing, I recall also my first kiss, with the girl whom I loved so dearly at the time, I remember the many fond discussions we shared, as we embraced each other so tenderly. I remember the fights we had also.

Were I to go back to that time I feel that I would be underwhelmed, no longer able to conjure up the same sense of importance with which I regarded each moment. In that small clearing, with my friends, in the centre of school.

Trail to Mail to Trail

by Shane Hulgraine

I worked the Trestle Trail during high school until my aggrieved epidermis, greened by algae, omnipresent fly bites, and stubborn frog spittle, made the class acne kid's complexion look pristine as a Betamax picture. So lickety-split, I dropped out as planned after only fifth time lucky rattling the magic 8-ball.

"Chump? Could a 'chump' score this cushy number in 'Edmund's pillow factory' mailroom?

Knowing I'd return to Trestle someday so I bid the frogs farewell, not to their bug-eyed faces, and flummoxed parents, to their bug-eyed faces. I wondered would they migrate for winter – do parents migrate?

~

My supervisor, Wili Freudehosen, had paper allergies. Polishing a letter opener eased his itches as crumpled envelopes tested his pants seams. His sneer said he'd landed his dream job too.

My tongue cheery with a 'letter-hosen' quip, he trumpeted: "mail: tossed, stamps: licked, garbage - garbage".

Flinging lily pads at burping frogs (that I may have licked afterwards), and tossing them into a river full of garbage, they called 'lollygagging'. Me? 'Training'.

I saw buttons. I pushed them. Wili snarled as letters and pillows spilled over him. Eyes fixed, pointing the letter opener at me. 'Perfect timing', I thought, ready to deliver my quip.

What Happened up There

by D.B. Cooper

And that's exactly why I don't want people to know my real name. I mean, would you imagine? All the name callings? It'd be awful. So I'll stop talking about it right here.

CHAPTER 2: Where have I been

Now, to a less interesting chapter of my story: where the hell have I been the last 16 years. Canada. That's right, Canada. I guess that 1971 November was really windy because I ended up landing in Quebec. I spent two weeks in the air, feeding off some things I won't even describe in this book.

~

Let me just say that I was really happy to find a burger place when I got down.

The first thing I did with my money was to buy a cheeseburger. After that, I bought an ice hockey team. I don't even know why, I hate the damn sport. It was just one of those "I can do it, so screw it" situations. The next day I bought a house.

Anyway, enough of that. Let's get into the real reason that drove me to write this book. I must say that the real reason I did the robbery is

Why I Defeated LeChuck

by G. Threepwood

I remember the first time as I saw him. I stood in his cabin, he was not able to see me thanks to the navigators cold slimy necklace. LeChuck stood right in front of me and looked out of the hellish river of lava. Luckily for me he was not facing to me or probaply I would have died from the foul smell of his deadly breath. "Wait a seceond, is it even possible to smell a dead mans deadly dead breath?", you might just ask. Sure, why not? I also noticed the horrible stench which came out of this little ghost-chest under his ghost-bunk. I still do not know what he might kept in it, but I might do not want to know it anyway. But I actually wantet

~

to tell you why I defeated LeChuck. Well, he still stared out of his window with his back to me, his hair waving in a dead wind. I still do not know why so many captains do that I alway felt a bit stupid when I stood still and looked about an hour or two out of my window. I still remember the times when I played pirates in my childhood. I stood a long time at my window until my parents and my older brother came to me and asked me why I do not play outside a bit or play on the piano again. Oh, I wish they could see me now: a mighty pirate captain who also defeats pirateghosts, which reminds me again: LeChuck stood infront of me as I already

Why My Wife Got Mad

by F. Guga

Aug 26th - I forgot to buy cheese

Aug 27th - I left the toilet seat up

Aug 28th - Baby dropped food on the floor

Aug 28th - I woke her up when I banged my pinky on the door

Aug 29th - It began raining

Aug 30th - I forgot to clean the baby bottle

Aug 30th - I forgot to refill the soap dispenser

Aug 30th - I forgot to start the dishwasher

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Aug 31st - Baby barfed on the carpet

Sep 1st - I invited my mother for dinner and forgot we already had plans

Sep 2nd - I went to see the baseball match

Sep 3rd - I forgot to buy milk

Sep 4th - She didn't want to go to my mother's for dinner

Sep 4th - Traffic was slow and she wanted to go to bed

Sep 5th - I bought regular milk instead of low-fat

Sep 6th - Pizza delivery was late

Sep 7th - I took a wrong turn and we arrived late to an appointment

Aardman's Cryptozoology

by P.T. Aardman

In 1967 the endangered species finally received a sanctuary designed to protect it from the increasing threat of tourism. The town of Reignier in France is still home to the last Dahu colony, although because the sanctuary prevents access, confirmed sightings of this shy animal are rarer than ever.

5. Invertebrates

5.1 Abominable Tentacle

Although the giant squid has lost its cryptid status, its close relative, the Abominable Tentacle, still holds a stellar

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position among cryptozoologists. Known for its reputed intelligence and intransigence, the only sightings have taken place in and around the Edison House, once by cryptozoologist David Miller and later again by Bernard Bernoulli. Its defining characteristics include frontal suction cups, monopodal locomotion, and short arms. The best reports indicate that on most individuals the central suction cup has developed the ability to emit intelligible sounds. In recent years, even attempting to stake out the cryptid has become more challenging due to the frequent visits of architecture enthusiasts keen on G. Winnick's early well-off-balance period.

American Palette Shifters

by Anonymous

chameleons perhaps being the most widely known example. Mark Lamborghini in his seminal work described a much more advanced adaptive technique, namely the capability of certain animals to alter the color of small patches of their skin in order to produce an illusion of movement.

To better visualize this technique, imagine a vertically striped animal facing left. If the stripes start shifting to the left, or, in other words, each stripe assumes the color of the next stripe to its right, while the tail changes its color to blend with the environment, visually it is hard to distinguish from animal itself moving to the left.

~

Thus, for example, if the animal finds itself face-to-face with a predator, the animal can produce an illusion of suddenly darting to the left, tricking the predator, and then immediately running in the opposite direction, thus gaining a headstart.

This, undoubtedly surprising, discovery was remaining controversial for some time, the debate overflowing into accusations and personal attacks on the author and drawing comparisons with searches for various mythical creatures. V. G. Array's now-famous work *Palette-shifters: Fact or Fiction?* marked a turning point in the discussion, carefully considering all known arguments pro et contra.

Attack of the Hamsters

by Lonesome One

I noticed that something was wrong as soon as i saw those big teeth, but it was too late. Those bloodthirsty rodents were all over my body and they were angry. Very very angry.

Even if i know that this is the end for me, i keep writing. I hope that this book will tell everybody about the horrible truth that killed my entire family.

I'm a goner now, but you still have time ahead. Listen carefully to my words:

~

Hamsters are ready to take over the world, because somebody dared to microwave one of them.

Beware of the wrath of the angry hamsters. They are coming !

THEY ARE COMING FOR YOU !

Current State of Science

by Dr. Athanagild

Chapter XIX - And now, expectations about the future of Science

Based on the current progress of Science - and I should say Sciences, as the fields of research are immense - we can expect some major discoveries in the years to come.

In biology, the understanding of the cells and their DNA lead us to a greater understanding of life itself. Cancer healing, tissue and organ regeneration are soon to be realities. The manipulation of the chromosomes - I'm sure - is about to grant us immortality.

~

We can expect this quite great step in mankind in the mid nineties, if my calculations are right... maybe in the beginning of the next century, but not long after that, for sure.

In astronomy, the increasing power of supercomputers - that currently already allow the creation of wonderful and yet very entertaining adventure games - will soon make possible very long distance travels and thus the study of all the solar system planets. Let's count four or five years to achieve that.

In ten to Fifteen years at most, time travel will just be a common way of travelling.

DDT: Miracle Pesticide

by Paul Hermann

For the structure of 1,1'-(2,2,2-trichloroethane-1,1-diyl) bis(4-chlorobenzene) please see Appendix A. DDT, as it is commonly known, acts by opening the ligand-gated ion channels, causing the insect's neurons to fire spontaneously. This results in seizures and death. Its hydrophobicity guarantees good uptake. The common mosquitos (family Culicidae) are most susceptible to this. Since mosquitoes are the most common vector for a variety of diseases (see list, Appendix B), DDT's insecticide properties found an immediate use.

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During World War II, DDT was found to have miraculous properties in fighting malaria, dengue fever, and typhus by killing their main vector of propagation. Typhus has all but been eliminated from Europe and widespread spraying of jungles kept Allied servicemen safe in the Pacific Campaign when the malaria and dengue fever risk was high. In the post-war era, many countries have enacted public health programs based on DDT spraying. For example, the cases of malaria in Ceylon have dropped from over a million per year to just eighteen in 1963.

Felis Catus: A Meow-Moir

by K. P. Loeven

The territorial nature of the cat is matched only by its vindictive joy in settling scores. While the uncommon house cat may affect a semblance of domesticity for weeks or even months at a time, it has been known to drop this facade at the moment when it is most inconvenient for any who may have incurred the cat's wrath. Many unfortunate cat owners are forced to re-negotiate battle lines with their felines before realising they had entered into combat against them.

A cat will gladly spend its last life seeking restitution for offenses suffered during the first eight.

~

However, it must be noted that the cat is incapable of such plotting and patience when dealing with perceived slights from OTHER cats. Something as simple as the prospect of having to share any affections or attention from other creatures present has been known to send otherwise intelligent and capable cats into violent behaviors that could seem silly to the uninformed, if not for the potential damage to private property.

A well-documented case included in our companion volume (Foster and Clampett, 1945) chronicles the gruesome but not wholly unusual circumstances of two male cats competing for a third's affections.

Forgotten Animals

by Dr. Rand Dom

at this point the book can be cought easily. Today there aren't many Bookimals left in the wild. The big amazonian trees are now empty and not one of these majestic beasts roams the big meadows anymore. Even the great book hunters are out of prey now. Early monks held them captive and enslaved them, some made lifeless copies to mock them. Over the decades Bookimals were tamed or died, because nobody knew how to domesticate them. Which isn't that hard.

~

Their favorite diet is based on librarians or unaware readers, who don't know about these fine creatures and try to "read" them. They are lured by words like "SILENCE!!" or "No loud noises in the library!" and are attracted to the taste of saliva on a page-turning index finger. By the way your hands smell really delicious... hmmm... could you please pet this page a bit? Just hold your finger between these pages. Do you have a piece of bacon with you? As a bookmark? Please...?

Human Photosynthesis

by Prof. Steven Philip

Author's foreword:

You are probably wondering why I wrote this book about human photosynthesis. It began a few years ago when I had a dream. I was in a laboratory and a white coated scientist talked to me about how to feed only from sunlight without eating any solid food. So basically how to become a plant. Just imagine how peacefully life can be, we shouldn't have to kill animals to eat them, we don't have to spend a lot of time cooking, when you feel hungry you can just step outside and eat all the sunlight around you.

~

It would be perfect! When the scientist finished his speech I was stunned by the fact that how simple it was. Actually it was so simple that when I woked up I remembered everything about my dream except how to do photosynthesis. Since that I spend all my life to find out what that scientist told me in my dream. In this book my dear reader you can find the answer to it, but only if you read all 1138 pages carefully. Believe me, it's worth it, your life will be changed forever. Thanks for purchasing my book and good luck on learning photosynthesis. See ya.

Hummingbird Biology

by Ruby Colubris

Although weighing a scant 3 grams (about a tenth of an ounce), the energy demands on hummingbird flight are huge. While hovering, the hummingbird has a metabolic rate that is ten times that of a marathon runner. Their shoulder joints can rotate freely, allowing their wings to make figure-eights in the air. Those that spend their summers in the North-East U.S. migrate to Mexico in the early Fall. The migration culminates in an all-day flight across the Gulf of Mexico to the Yucatan Peninsula. Clever birds will hitch rides on the backs of seagulls.

~

The fact that it eats its body-weight in nectar on a daily basis gives a new meaning to the phrase, "eats like a bird." It needs this much energy from sugar-water to just maintain its normal weight, let alone the extra calories needed as it prepares for migration. Additional nourishment is necessary in a hummingbird's diet. Unwary campers have had many a morning waffle stolen by a swooping hummer. They will also follow migrating hippos, who themselves are searching for the best strands of macaroni trees.

Raising Your Fledgling

by Drake Yoolah

Part 4: Digestion

If the human has recently eaten before being Turned, what happens to the food in their stomach? As stated in the previous section, most of a vampire's organs petrify into a stone-like state. The stomach, however, stays active throughout the rest of their undeaths in order to harness the life-giving power of human blood. But if there is still food left over in the Fledgling's stomach, this is excreted through a slow, painful passage through the hardened sphincter. This process can be likened to having a full, unpeeled pineapple embedded directly into your stomach, and then feeling

~

it desperately trying to push its way through immovable stone walls within the lower region of your body, with neither the fruit nor your organs willing to budge to accommodate the other. Some Fledglings have reported "wanting to die" due to this painful process. If you hear this, be sure to reassure the Fledgling by telling them that they are already dead, so there will be no escape from this hellish pain for another five or six weeks, and that they should've reconsidered that extra large beef burrito before being savagely attacked by a vampire.

Soviet Sciences Journal

by Alice Aslanov

Our study was designed using 54 Red Oaks between October and November. Variation in proximity to human activity was attempted on an individual level, but for ease of measurement a disproportionate number were located near to areas with easy access. With the intent to determine the effects of human activity on tree phenology, we established variables by which we could attempt to measure this, those being light, heat, and CO₂ emissions. Set against these were our two primary dates for measuring leaf fall and thereby the tree's phonological reaction, which were at 50% leaf change and 50% leaf fall.

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To determine light exposure, we measured the distance to closest light source and number of light sources within 50 meters. To determine heat, we measured the distance to the closest major and minor roads, as well as parking lots, and the percentage of impervious surface as well as its distance from the tree. For CO₂, many of the variables cross over with heat and light, particularly those concerning roads and parking lots. Each of these variables, including leaf change and leaf fall, was measured with a degree of subjectivity, as other means were unavailable to us.

The Genetics of the Bango

by Jørn Bråten

undisputed popularity of the banana: Although the taste is a bit bland, the low acidity means you can eat a bunch of them, it can be transported due to its shock-absorbing skin which is easily peeled and reveals a soft and seedless fruit that can be consumed without utensils or napkins due to its relatively low water content.

Mangos, on the other side, are quite the opposite and might possibly be the least practical fruit on the planet. A brittle skin that easily ruptures, sticky fruit juices leaking everywhere, almost impossible

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to peel and certainly impossible to eat unless you do not care about your personal appearance or are in the proximity of running water and/or napkins. The taste, on the other side, is simply divine, and it has long been every genetic engineer's dream to combine the two – the taste of the mango and the practicality of the banana.

After 14 years of intense research I have finally succeeded, and I hereby present the BANGO to the world. I initially considered naming it the MANANA, but the spanish connotations

The Hedgemaster's Almanac

by Vicktor H. Shrubbs

The Fibre Cap

Also known as the "Gibbet mushroom" and the "Ploughman's Bane", this flamboyant fungi can provide simple elegance to a fledgling gardener's patch. Its iconic red - purple hues make it a source of inspiration to both artist and professional poisoners alike and can be known to release a stunning (visually and quite literally) plume of spores during the summer months.

This hearty mushroom should be grown in 'Mortician's' soil (See Appendix) and in cool temperatures. Be careful to wear gloves when transplanting this fungi else it may damage any tissue it contacts.

~

Golmi's Beard

The 'Boletum Golmi' can be clearly identified by its long appendages that straddle the rim of the mushroom cap, oft mistaken for a braided beard. It produces a sweet and flammable miasma to attract insects to its poisonous tendrils. The various genus that branches from 'Golmi's Beard' et al. all maintain varying shapes of this characteristic form however with significantly different levels of natural toxins present. Due to this fact, many fungal experts agree that caution must be taken in the presence of this mushroom else various dire afflictions may beset the fool-hearty person.

Unavoidable Afflictions

by M.N. Mooth, PhD, DDS

in which nearly thirty acres of native cottonwood was lost before the fire could be contained.

COMBUSTIONS, SPONTANEOUS

Perhaps the most frequently recorded of all afflictions both strange and unavoidable, spontaneous combustion (see also: Immolation of the Extremities; Sudden Friction, Denim-Based; Sudden Friction, Non-Denim-Based; the Lickety-Flints) is often the direct result of a sharp increase in volatile tension particles caused by unpleasant social situations, such as dinner parties or mandatory company retreats. These particles, produced at the nape of the neck and emitted, pheromone-like, into the surrounding air, are easily caught

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by the gravitational pull of nearby anxiety disorders. The rapid combination of agitation and communal pressure is often enough to cause an explosive reaction.

A well-known incident of spontaneous combustion occurred on Thanksgiving Day, 1959, in Toetick, Iowa. The victim, Josephine Ritter, quietly removed herself from eighteen arguing family members before entering a bathroom and bursting into flames. Ritter's unfortunate passing prompted nationwide legal reform, and as a result, ten US states now restrict family gatherings to biennial events comprised of no more than five people.

COMBUSTION, SPOON-RELATED

See Utensils, Allergies and Other

Unveiling the Brain

by Juan Pedro Dominguez

The human brain is such a complex and stochastic set of interconnected neurons which a large part of its behavior is yet to be discovered. The information that the neurons are able to transmit is just pulses (spikes) which, in terms of computation, could be translated into binary information (1 or 0). When the action potential of a neuron surpasses a certain threshold value, a spike is sent through the axon of the neuron to the dendrites of each neuron that is connected to that axon in a process called synapsis.

~

So, is the brain a low power consumption machine? Think about this: we need to eat 3 times a day and sleep 8 hours (recommended) to make the brain work as it should. So, when someone tells you that using the 100% of the brain would lead to have superpowers you just need to think about it and tell him that the only superpowers that that person would have is the need of eating 10^3 times a day and sleep for 10^8 hours to be able to feed that brain, which makes no sense.

1000 Rules for Teamleads

by Steve Bazos

Rule No. 329:

Hungry staff is a good staff. It's like in a jungle: they have to hunt for their meal. What separates us from our ancestors is that we don't wear animal skins anymore and we regularly wash ourselves. You, as a team leader, have to motivate your suit and tie wearing people to go on a hunt while they sit in front of their typewriters. First, you have to cancel all breaks and push the lunchtime back to late afternoon. The staff would be thankful that you allow them to engage their long forgotten instincts.

~

Rule No. 330:

Pay them low wages. Underpayment is the best way to show the staff how worthwhile their work is for them. If they can barely afford their flat and basic necessities, they become aware how important it is to work for your company. They will feel lucky to be employed by you. The best employers paid two cups of rice per day to their workers and had them live in containers. I promise your people will keep smiling for the whole day and sing a song of praise to you

Attract Money Easily

by Nicholas Moore

In this chapter of the book we will finally show you how to manifest that million dollars you always wanted, without getting off the chair. Without doing anything? Yep... it's that easy. You can be a complete couch potato and get all the money you want, and more! Doesn't that sound appealing to you? It did to me, when I heard it for the first time. I, who always thought getting rich was hard work. But now that I know the secret, which I'm going to share with you in a moment, I see that I overlooked one simple thing.

~

Are you ready for the secret? Are you ready to become a millionaire without doing anything? Of course you are! Do I still hear some doubt? No problem. I was doubtful too at the beginning but when I got my first 50.000 dollar on the bank, all doubt melted away like snow on a hot plate. Ok, enough talking. Let's get rich! I condensed my secret to only two pages of text. Two pages that will transform your life forever. So turn over the page now and discover how I made my first million dollar effortlessly!

Bad Business

by Croineld Craumpf

When I think of bad eye for business, the story of the Count of the Cakes always comes to my mind. Count De La Courte was the baker, who provided the cakes for the people after Marie Antoinette famously suggested, that the poor and the wretched of France should eat tasty, tasty pastries instead of bread, if there was not enough bread around.

De La Courte started pushing his bakery chain with a feverish gusto, as he was certain his time had come: soon he'd be the richest man of all France, as surely people would flock to his stores

~

heeding the suggestion of the beloved queen. Boy, was he wrong about the mindset of the common folk.

While De La Courte did keep his head between his shoulders, this affair did bankrupt him. And besides losing his money, he was also badly trashed by the bread hungry mobs, who were sorely disappointed to find nothing else but cakes.

After this affair De La Courte, the Count of the Cakes, disappeared from the annals of history. But he is just one example of someone reading the business climate wrong.

Be a Managerial Monster!

by Carl C. C. Pritchard

It is of course, dear industrialist or computer technologist, not a matter of being evil. No. It is, as is everything, a matter of efficiency, and efficiency can --disappointingly-- seem ruthless to many. Especially to the soft of heart, the ladies, and the laziest of workers.

But, if we are to enter the 20th century hoping to survive the C.C.C.P.'s devious attacks on our way of life, we have to thoroughly optimize our workplaces, and become monstrously efficient production machines.

Even if all we are producing are those horrid little plastic monstrosities children seem to love these days.

~

The absolutely necessary first steps to becoming a MaMo (Managerial Monster):

1. Establish an imposing and awe-inspiring presence.
2. Understand the importance of delegation. And terror.
3. Get to know who your people and their families are.
4. Prioritize your surprise one-on-one check-ins.
5. Never growl when lurking.
6. Always growl menacingly when growling.
7. Keep your accounting department organized.

Black Monday: An Analysis

by Brian Wagner

Ultimately, the Dow Jones Industrial Average fell approximately 23%, sending shock waves through the United States and worldwide. Wall Street analysts scrambled for answers, pointing their trembling fingers at many potential causes, including overvalued equity from the previous bull market and non-regulated computerized trading programs. These analysts aren't wrong – these issues certainly played a role.

Market psychology, however, was truly the catalyst for the rapid, destructive stock market decline. Put simply, investors were scared. Fear pushes investors to make decisions counter-intuitive to what is in their best interests.

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On Black Monday, these poor, illogical, fear-driven decisions were on full display. As the Dow began to decline, some investors grew scared and felt that they should sell their equity positions. This rapid sell-off further depressed stock values. Instead of trying to take advantage of these now lower prices, investors grew more fearful, and in turn more stock was sold. Rinse, repeat.

This downward spiral can be and should have been avoided. At a macro level, we as an investment community need to take the following steps:

Corruption in Government

by Das Pena Nieto

Financial corruption enabled political corruption and political corruption enabled institutional corruption and institutional corruption enabled a politic, economic and institutional dictatorship ...

~

The good relations of two countries goes through the good relations and good climate of understanding that is between the good relations of the heads of state of those countries ... Economic development allows social development more rapidly and easily when we have the ability to achieve and give greater impetus to the economic and social development ... I just have to say that I already know that you not applaud ...

Efficient Communication

by Claire Grube, PhD

Have you always wondered how much ink and time you keep on wasting when writing everyday's notes and reports? Office communication can be much more efficient without losing any valuable content. This book sets out how to achieve a much more way to communicate saving you precious time and money wasted for ink and paper creating a boost in productivity.

First step: Removing dupes

Take the word "communication", written with a double-m. The first rule says, we cut consonants from words in which they occur as pairs. So, "efficient communication" becomes "eficient comunication". Are you missing something? Not at all!

~

Second step: We have similarly pronounced consonants, let's focus on one of them!

Replace every t with a d, every th and s with a z, every w with a v, the g, qu and the k with a c, replace the j with a y, the p with a b.

Nov zad ve have zimblified our lancuace, ve can focuz on buncduadion and cramar.

zird ztep: Comaz

Comaz are for Zizies are omited entirely.

French Theme Park Plans

by Arnold Malaise

Rejected New French Theme Park ideas

1. No queues - People simply guess the number the attendant thinks of. Closest to right gets to ride
2. Instead of candy, we sell Hummous (ed - We need to investigate what Hummous is)
3. Hot coffee in all soda
4. No rides - just a small step on which to sit
5. Tin Can Range - Guess how far away the Tin Can is.
6. Coconut shy, but I'm working on it
7. Running

~

8. No Queues (Version 2) - draw straws (ed - then use straws for drink, saves money)
9. Zoo - Investigate what animals are first
10. LeChuck and Guybrush

How to Make Money Fast

by Lazzlo McFraud

Like everything else on this planet, with the right environment and knowledge, you can make your money breed, and transform a hundred dollars to a thousand, or even a million dollars. Just follow my instructions. To get you money in the mood, all you have to do is to turn the heat up to 296 degrees Kelvin. Then you put on an 8-track or record of your best soul songs of the 70s. Take out two dollar bills, of a large amount. Then take one and lay it on the ground, so it makes a sort of bridge.

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Then take dollar bill number two a start thrusting it into the first dollar bill. Do this for three minutes. Smoke a cigarette and put the dollar bills back into your wallet. 9 days will pass, and you will see that there will be lots of new pennies around the dollar bill that lay down, during this séance. Do this for all of your dollar bills, and you will slowly generate lots of smaller coins, that can be exchanged for more dollar bills. Repeat and repeat and get more money. In the following pages details will be explained.

How to Scam Your Pet

by Zoologist Dr Bastian

and that's how you don't get caught and instead let your pet lizard take all the blame.

But how do you deal with suspicious animals? At first, avoid the smartest ones in the pet store. I can recommend an opossum. They are both stupid and famous sleepwalkers, so you can get them to sign anything and then I mean anything. I had one who's name was Jeffrey who took my place in jail after I did an unfortunate investment in toxic waste.

~

But if you are one of those who have fallen for the african grey parrots adorable lifeless eyes you are in for some trouble. Not only that it is one of the smartest animals after the bottlenose dolphin they also have long sharp claws that they are more than happy to use on anyone who try to play tricks and financial frauds on them. My friend one-eyed Tyler can verify this, formerly known as just Tyler.

In the next chapter I will talk about how to name your pets to dodge the tax investigators attention.

Make-up for Businessmen

by Anonymous

spray deodorant onto your shirt's armpits twice every 5 minutes, 30 minutes before the meeting attendees arrive, doors and windows shut tight, air-conditioning off.

Vaseline

Vaseline is, unarguably, the greatest ally of any self-made business man. Keep them distracted with something awkward they'll never dare to mention, any deal will be closed in seconds!

- Fake sweat: mix it with vinegar and spread it all over your back, armpits and face for the perfect "been-working-all-night" odo-visual workaholic effect, essential for denying a raise to begging employees.
- Disturbing smile: gently apply on your lips until they sun-shine.

~

Especially indicated for after dinner, cocktail-in-hand negotiations. Insist on tasting their drink.

- Glowing hairdo: for that flawless "well-slept, energizing-shower, perfect-breakfast, early-morning" realness, a glaring toupée is the icing on the profits cake.

Vaseline "accidents" are a last resort measure, but effective notwithstanding: rub it on the floor for convenient slippages of negotiators, your staff, or even yourself, if conditions require.

Eyeliner

Need instant baggy eyes? Who doesn't, eventually? Look no further than any cheap eyeliner. Apply it on your fingertips, and then smudge it gently under your eyes towards the nose and

Micro-Strategies

by Erik Hermansen

How you sit at a conference table for a business meeting determines your victory or defeat. Never sit at the end of a long table. This looks like you are trying to claim power over the gathering, while at the same time isolates you from participants at the far end. You will be like Caesar exercising pathetic governance over the distant Gauls.

The classic seating position of business leadership was immortalized in Da Vinci's Last Supper, with Jesus positioned in the middle chair along the length of the conference table, the clear focal point of his disciples' attention.

~

However, this painting does not convey the frustration everyone experienced in being forced to sit on just one side of the table. If you request this of your colleagues, have a good excuse like "the sunlight gets so hot on this side of the room."

I've heard arguments for and against playing "footsies" under the table in business meetings. There is no better method of unsettling a rival in the middle of his presentation than a quick toe poke to the groin. But eventually the secret foot actions will escalate to a level where nobody feels comfortable, including you.

Modernizing Business

by Juan Baud

is why you need to have a modem. This "modem" (the word is short for modulator-demodulator") will ensure that you're never far from your office. Better than just a telephone, it will allow you to transfer text documents directly to your secretary or personal assistant without the hassle of dictation. The object is surprisingly small: some are barely larger than a shoebox. You can easily transport it in your suitcase when you travel. All you will need is a regular rotary telephone once you've reached your destination.

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Next page is an illustration of the modem in use. The principle is quite simple. Dial the number of your remote server. If you don't have it, call up your secretary and she'll provide it for you. Once you've dialed the number, wait for a distinctive bouncy tone. Then, place the telephone receiver inside of the modem. You will find two round cushioned openings for just that use. Make sure that the telephone receiver is firmly and stably placed inside of the modem. Then, on your computer

Pillows, Polyester & You

by Tsao Xing Nèdel

Modern entrepreneurs are always looking for profitable business opportunities. While polyester may be the latest craze on a direct flight into a closet near you, rest assured that shoulder pads are just the first leg of this miracle materials journey. Polyester shoulder pads are ripe for the picking with little to no cost to acquire from local landfills. New research into manufacturing has led to significant cost reduction by grounding up the pads into filler for pillows. In the May 1982 edition of, "Sewn Together", I led a case study at SansPillow Corp.

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The company had built their image on the idea of making a 'Pillow without a Pillow'. They had previously explored other filler materials such as chopped acid washed denim, and reconstituted cotton from leg warmers. Unfortunately due to changes in pillow labeling laws around the time of the shoulder pad trial, the company faced several lawsuits on deceptive marketing and the resulting judgments bankrupted SansPillow Corp. It remains to be seen whether there is a future in innovative recyclable pillow fillers.

Raisin Based Economy

by Franklin Jordsdottir

Angora is the biggest county of Turkish Nebraska, and it has an economy that most of the world can only envy and be amazed about. Their economy is not based on money, sea shelves, love, gold or other such obsolete currency. They have an economy based solely on raisins. Angora has only started this raisin economy in this year, 1987. Even though there is no "scientific" proof that this economy will stand the test of time, I know for a fact that this economy will bring Angora to the top of all economies,

~

because you can just make raisins from grapes. And everybody loves raisins. One raisin is worth half a cent. Three raisins are worth half a cent. Two mangoes are worth seven apples. One water melon is worth three potatoes and seven bananas. And six oranges are worth eight raisins. And from this simple system the people of Angora have built an economical system that is a marvel to behold. In the following pages I will explain in detail how one can create a whole economical system based on raisins, and how it can be implemented everywhere.

Sociopathic Management

by Anonymous

Committees are very useful for diffusing blame and responsibility during a crisis. No one needs to put their names or careers on the line and take responsibility. Whenever a controversial decision needs to be made, be sure to leave everyone's name off and just sign the memorandum, "The X Committee."

Budgets are another good way to make your position bulletproof. By selectively increasing objectives while removing resources you can almost guarantee any subordinate will under-perform (see above). Use as much of the budget as you can for self-promotion.

~

Yet another way to avoid blame is to require your subordinates to file weekly written progress reports. Keep these on file, and make sure to make a note of anything that indicates that they are under-performing that can be used against them when bonus time comes. Just the threat of this is often enough to keep them in line and unable to jump over you for promotion. You can also require mandatory Saturday morning meetings to further ensure no useful work ever gets done.

The Perfect Pillow

by Patrick McGlone

Creating the perfect pillow involves a twenty three step process that very few have mastered. This guide will provide the necessary instructions to getting your pillow business off the ground.

Compiled by the greatest sleepers of this generation, uncovering the secrets to a successful pillow operation is in your grasp.

Learn how to pick the best materials, sew the best seams, market your final products, and make your inventory fly out of your factory so you can get a good night sleep!

~

Chapter 1: Material Selection

Material, material, material. A perfect pillow can not be created without first selecting the finest base material available.

There are a variety of options for fillings but the two most popular are feathers or cotton blends.

Our expert sleepers all prefer a feather and cotton blend. Not just any feather though, the down feathers of the Guinea Hen provide superior softness than other feathers commonly used.

The cotton blend should not contain anything less than eighty percent cotton.

101 Bannock Recipes

by Cuthbert E. Grant

2 cups whole wheat flour
(or 1 cup each whole wheat and triticale)
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. shortening
2/3 cups milk

~

Grease and preheat frying pan over heat (fire or stove). Mix the dry ingredients together well. Add the shortening. Stir in enough milk or water to make a stiff dough. Make the dough circa one inch thick and shape it into a circle to fit the frying pan.

Dust the loaf lightly with flour, place it in the pan, and hold the skillet over coals or low heat. Bake on both sides. When the loaf is browned and hollow-sounding after you tap it, the bread is done.

105 Tasty Badger Recipes

by R. T. W. Pepperling

Badger on cucumber pudding

You need:

One medium-sized badger
12 small eggs of a Himalayan hummingbird
38 big cucumbers
5 big potatoes
a little cup of pear seeds
2 liters of pregnant camel's milk
salt; pepper; oregano; cumin
a plough (not too rusty)
a needle-nose pliers
a small bone saw
a mortar

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First you remove the legs from the badger's body and pull out the claws using the needle-nose pliers. Then carefully use the plough to cut thin slices from the badger's legs. Flavor the slices with cumin and oregano.

Now put the potatoes, cucumbers, and camel milk into a pot and leave it uncovered to simmer gently on a low heat for 10 - 16 hours.

Pulverize the pear seeds in a mortar and mix in the yolk of the hummingbird eggs. Flavor with salt and pepper.

After that, you can cut the remaining parts of badger's body into slices using the saw again. Try to cut slices which are not thicker than a West Jordanian frog's right thumb.

Art of Kitchen Exorcism

by Aloysius Bertholdium

Once you've gathered all necessary ingredients (see Appendix C) in a mixing bowl comprised of no less than 33% lead content, whisk them until the batch has achieved a lumpy consistency. This must be done in less than 8 seconds after everything is gathered, or the batch may chemically react (which, it goes without saying, will ruin the mixture). Under no circumstances should you taste the batch at this point in the recipe. Trust us.

~

If all the previous steps were executed correctly, the batch should now be ready to grow. For this to occur, the batch – never moving from its mixing bowl – should be alternately frozen and baked, every other day. First, place the batch in a freezer, by itself (it may consume anything else in the freezer if left alone), for 24 hours. Move it to an oven set to 250 F for another 24 hours. Alternate these steps until the batch appears to sprout, at which point the batch should be buried in laudanum-rich soil to finish the process.

Baba's Cauldron

by Baba Yaga

Basil Basilisk Stew

correctly-fitted welding mask (optional)

1 white onion

1 sack frog giblets

2 Tbsp grated youngster toes

1lb cubed potatoes

2 cups carrot chunks

4lb cubed fresh Basilisk steak

salt and pepper (to taste)

fresh basil

~

Basilisk is a highly underrated meat, as most who encounter it see it weeks after the animal has perished. In the first days after being slain, Basilisk is tender and, if prepared correctly, one can avoid both the typically gravelly texture of the meat, as well as one's own premature death.

The welding mask will protect you from the Basilisk's eyes: note that this is to be worn by the animal, not by yourself!

Baking a Better Cookie

by Carl Muckenhoupt

Chapter 1: Chocolate Chip Cookies

The single biggest thing you can do to improve the flavor of your chocolate chip cookies is to use pecans. Even if you normally don't use nuts, give them a try. Maybe you think you don't like nuts in your cookies, but that's because you're thinking of walnuts. Walnuts are a nothing of a nut. Pecans have a delightful flavor that complements the flavors of chocolate and brown sugar without overpowering them.

~

The recipe you'll see on most chocolate chip cookie packages tends to make very flat cookies. Add about a quarter to a half cup more flour to remedy this. When the dough separates cleanly from the beaters, you've added enough, and more will just make your cookies cakey. You'll probably have to increase the cooking time to compensate for the increased bulk. Keep an eye on the first batch to determine how long it takes.

Never use artificial vanilla. Ever. This applies to everything.

Breakfasts Done Right

by Claudia Lemieux

Never-fail pancakes:

1 cup flour

3 tblsp sugar

1 teasp baking powder

$\frac{1}{2}$ teasp baking soda

3 tblsp melted margarine (avoid butter)

1 large egg

1 cup buttermilk

Heavy cream and powdered sugar (for topping)

Maple syrup

~

Sift the flour, mix in the remaining dry ingredients. Beat the egg, then gently whisk it and the remaining ingredients in. Put about 3 tablespoons of batter onto a skillet on medium heat and cook until the top just appears dry. Flip and cook the other side 1-2 minutes. Serve with warm maple syrup and whipped cream. For a healthier recipe, substitute saccharine for sugar and top with 1 cup sliced fresh strawberries instead of syrup and whipped cream. For a children's recipe, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chocolate chips to the batter.

Charlatan Charcuterie

by Laszlo Felvágottak

Leberwurst (Liverwurst)

Ingredients:

3.3 pounds pork belly; 1 pound lard (fatback); 1 pound pork liver; 4 oz raw onion; 2.8 oz farina; 1.3 oz salt; 1 tablespoon majoram; 2 teaspoons white pepper (ground); 1 teaspoon allspice (ground)

Preparation:

1. Cut pork belly into 2 inch dice (remove any skin or cartilage). Boil 3-4 cups of water in a pan, add belly, bring to simmer, back the heat down, and simmer gently for an hour.

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2. Cut and clean liver into similar sized pieces and add for last 10 minutes of simmering.

3. Remove cuts with slotted spoon and prepare farina in cooking liquid (add more water if necessary.)

4. Grind finely in a meat grinder: first raw onion, then liver, then pork belly and finally lard, add spices and farina, mix by hand.

5. Grind mixture once again, put mixture into clean glass jars screw, on the lid tightly.

6. Pausterize jars for 45 min in 180F, leave jars in water to cool slowly, after 24 hours pasteurize again.

Cooking for Weirdos

by Walter Emil Irdo

Pastry Pants

Since you have mastered the basics of cooking now, it is time to pick up a bigger subject.

First you need to take a plaster model of your pants.

When finished let it dry out and make sure that it can withstand the ovenheat.

For the pastry you will need the following ingredients:

flour, butter, salt, squirrels, raspberries, vegetables

How much of any? That depends on the size of your pants. You can take the

following formula as a starting point to calculate the needed amounts:

One normal pastry equals one inch of pastry pants.

~

Is everything ready to go?

Line the model with the pastry dough and carefully apply the filling.

Make sure to have the filling sticks to the dough before applying a second layer of dough.

Now comes the first test: Put the model straight up and watch for drippings. Repair with dough if necessary.

Put the model into the oven and heat it at 360F for 120 minute., Then take it out for cooling.

Remove the model, put on the pants and walk around the neighbourhood.

Now you are the envy of all the neighbours and always carry a snack.

Cooking with Good Stuff

by Timmy Hendrix

Cousin Guido's Brownies

2 cups all-purpose flower

1 cup sugar

1 tblsp baking powder

6 tblsp melted margarine (avoid butter)

2 large eggs

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped weed

Mix dry ingredients, add eggs and margarine. Add weed (more than $\frac{1}{2}$ cup makes it too bitter). Pour into greased pan. Set timer or alarm clock for 18 minutes (seriously, use a timer and don't guess or it will be gross). Bake at 400 degrees F (or was it 350? I can't remember). Let it cool before eating!

~

Authentic Vermont Chicken Pot Pie

1 lb chicken, cubed and de-boned (ask the butcher to do this)

4 tblsp margarine for sautéing

As much weed as you want

Prepared pie crust and whatever vegetables are on hand

Heat up margarine on medium heat. Add chicken and weed. Cook the chicken until it's done (use a meat thermometer and never guess on this – you could pick up a foodborne illness and it will be worse than a bad trip). Put it in the pie crust with whatever. Heat up and eat.

Cooking with Your Toilet

by Chelsea Furman

Toilet chicken Vegetable soup serves 4

What you will need

A toilet

A strainer

A toilet brush

A hair dryer

A toilet plunger which can be turned the wrong way

ingredients

2 cups dried vegetables

12 chicken bullion cubes

cooked shredded chicken

~

Directions

1. Make sure the toilet bowl and tank water are fresh. 2. Place strainer over the hole in toilet. 3. Add 3 bullion cubes to the toilet bowl water. 4. Add dried vegetables. 5. Let sit five hours with the hairdryer blowing on the toilet bowl otherwise undisturbed. 6. Place 8 bullion cubes in the tank of the toilet. 7. Flush once. 8. Add remaining bullion to toilet bowl. 9. Add shredded chicken. 10. Let blow dryer heat for another hour. 11. Stir with toilet brush. 12. Ladle with inverted plunger.

Eating Is Complicated

by Anonymous

To sum up, if you want to be healthy, you're supposed to eat 5 fruits and vegetables, 3 dairy products, 1 or 2 pieces of meat or fish or egg, a little fat, starchy food, a little sugar, all kinds of vitamins and minerals, plus a lot of water. But if you eat all that, you eat too much.

~

Also, GMO meat and vegetables are dangerous, milk is bad for the brain and the heart and can cause cancer, meat causes cancer and makes you fat, fish contains toxic mercury, and eggs are bad for the heart.

Anyway, bon appétit!

Eating Peanuts: A Guide

by Anonymous

First, ensure you are in the possession of peanuts. Then, ascertain whether your peanuts are of the peeled or shelled variety. If your peanuts are of the shelled variety, please consider buying my latest book, «Eating shelled peanuts» as this requires a special technique not explained in this volume.

Extend your arm towards the container containing your peanuts. Utilize your thumb and index finger in a pincer grip. Practice this a few times at a time when your hand is not in contact with peanuts. Ensure that the point of contact is between the fingertips, as

~

this will facilitate the picking up of said nuts.

Make visual contact with one specific peanut, hereafter referred to as The Preferred Peanut – TPP. Do not dip your hand in the peanut container randomly. Eye contact with TPP should be maintained throughout the process (which of course should take place in a quiet and well-lit room).

In a loud and clear voice, say «0 peanut God, grant me one of your servants». This is to appease a peanut-related divinity which existence we have still not ascertained due to a sudden decrease in federal funding, but

Foods for Thought

by Anthonio Pettit

Think about foods. Could they be thinking about you? Some people think that the thoughts we think actually come from the foods themselves. If you were thinking about going out and buying some earrings, it may be because that carrot you had at elevensies was embedded with that thought

vibration, which was transferred to you, bite by byte. Although the thought may have been gradual, it was probably completely lacking in your mind prior to ingestion. If we take this into account, which foods should be eaten on a regular basis for the most enjoyable and fulfilling life?

~

Which ones should be avoided? It can be generally assumed that foods consumed in the so-called "dreary" zones, areas such as the Soviet Union, Guatemala, Poland, etc., are hard at work undermining the happy thoughts of the people who eat them. Cabbage and turnips must therefore be assumed to contain bleak or boring thoughts which do little for the overall good of the nation.

French Country Fare

by Chauncey Feldspar

and eating, of course! So you can see that even without much, you can put together a memorable meal. All it really takes is some fresh ingredients, a little practice, and a flash of inspiration.

It was one such flash, in a friend's small seaside villa, that first gave me the idea for this simple, rustic terrine. All you need is a knife, an oven, a pan for the terrine, a rabbit, truffles, a splash of Maderia, and some other basic pantry staples.

Truffled Rabbit Terrine

1 small rabbit, about three pounds

3 shallots, sliced thin

1 leek, white part only

~

12 black peppercorns

3 fresh sprigs of parsley

1 spring fresh sage

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup Maderia

8oz sliced truffles

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup unsalted shelled pistachios

$1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp minced fresh thyme

$1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp fleur de sel

black pepper, to taste

Begin by removing the kidneys, heart, and liver from the rabbit, and reserve for another use. Place all the ingredients through the Maderia into a good-sized stockpot, and bring just to a boil, skimming froth as it rises. Simmer rabbit gently for an hour, or until meat is sufficiently

Grandma's Greatest

by Grandma

waffles (the right ones, not the flabby, tasteless kind)

You will need:

250 g butter (soft); 200g sugar; 6 eggs (get them from the farm at the end of the street, they feed the hens well); vanilla pod (as much as you like, but I'd say scrape half a pod); 125g ground almonds (necessary); a little bit rum.... aroma (not necessary); 350g flour (wheat, spelt if aunt Hilda visits); baking powder (half a teaspoon); 125 ml water

Stir everything in a big bowl except for the flour. Mix the baking powder with the flour and add this last. Careful, not all at once. Stir well, the dough has to be quite creamy. Add to the wafflemaker with a big spoon. Enjoy!

~

Macaroons with coconut (I hate them, but as you like...)

You will need: 200g grated coconut; 200g sugar; the whites of 4 eggs; oblates; (Now don't you think it's easy just because you don't need much to do it...)

Put the coconut into a pan and let them roast. (Not too long! You might want to watch them. Let them cool down) Separate the white, be careful not to get any yolk in. Now stir it till a spoon can stick in it and add the sugar carefully. Add the coconut last. With two spoons try and get little lumps on your oblates. If that sounds too messy for you use a cookie press. Put them in the oven for 20 minutes at 140°C. Good luck!

Great Cocktail Parties

by Ludwig Schnauss

causing their heads to fill up with pure cheese. Now you might imagine that of course the sugar should have been added as the first ingredient but unfortunately the cook and his assistants failed to follow the recipe as recommended in our instructions.

During the evening your guests might also crave for something sugary or sweet. To ensure this need is filled we recommend serving them Jell-O Pudding Pops. Depending on your guest list you might want to prepare some special ones for the often unavoidable rude guests.

~

Our research shows that half a teaspoon of rat poison is the most effective dose to be added in the pudding. To avoid any surprises you should prepare and add the chemicals found in appendix B so that no traces of your special treat will be found by the pathologist.

If you have followed most of our 7-step program your cocktail party will most definitely be unforgettable. Perhaps even a party you don't want to end. For the following party trick you will need a shovel, 10-15 hand towels, a bottle of your best chloroform and 50 stamps.

Grog

by Rum Rogers Sr.

Grog is a secret mixture which contains one or more of the following:

Kerosene

Propylene glycol

Artificial sweeteners

Sulphuric acid

Rum

Acetone

Red dye no.2

Scumm

Axle grease

Battery acid

Pepperoni (optional)

~

Before drinking grog, you should buy a coffin in Booty Island.

Grog ;)

by C5N

Recipe for Grog ;) Polyethylene, Cow stool, Axle deodorant, Cool Eau Mole Moli Perfume, French Fries Oil, Piss from Drinking Fountain, Wing from butterfly took by moonlight, Tomato, Coal.

~

Toilet water, Pepperoni, Kosher Salami, Ink, Rubber, Yerba mate, Noodle soup, Nutmeg oil, Orange peel, Caramel.

Hagezussa

by R. T. Struck

The Merchants huge vehicle roared through the desert. His protection googles were dusty and dirty and he hardly could see the road. With rompish movements he pulled the rusty control levers to keep rolling the grime-spitting behemoth in the right direction. The huge iron wheels threw stones and mud into the air, but the merchant didn't seem to care about all of that. He just focused on the flat hill which appeared at the horizon. On that hill there was a little house and the merchant knew that the man inside this house would be his last change. He looked anxiously into the little mirror which hung on the side of his vessel

~

but nobody seems to be after him. Without reducing speed he steered his wagon up the hill and finally stopped in front of the little house. He took a deep breath, climbed of the driver's chair and walked towards the house. Next to the little house which seems to be completely constructed out of scrap metal, there was a workshop. Tools and parts laid all over the work bench and the merchant just examined some tools he was sure about that he never ever saw the most of them ever before in his life.

How Perilous Are Pastas?

by Dr. Chessie Holmes

although, of course, regarding the consumption of rotini itself, the case for its continued dangers have been absurdly expounded in the newspapers. The famous case of a rotini noodle escaping through Tiffany's nose during a guest cooking-and-tasting segment of "Good Morning, America" is unlikely to happen spontaneously to an ordinary nose. The dozens of other reported instances are likely to be copy-cat shenanigans, when not out-right falsified by police stations calling for increased funding. Mrs. Reagan's initial press conferences in which she alarmed parents and teachers by calling rotini-exhalation "as dangerous

~

a gateway drug as marijuana" have been succeeded by more pressing national concerns, especially once simple safety measures were identified. The coordinated gourmet can chew and swallow rotini (indeed, most pastas) even from his youth. Rotini-exhalation cannot happen accidentally in today's America.

The question then becomes not is it physically difficult to avoid rotoni-exhalation, but is it socially or emotionally difficult? Indeed, peer pressure for teens even as young as 13 may cause them to attempt it, though it is hardly the widespread contagion portrayed in recent after-school specials. Parents may wish to

How to Eat Chicken

by Miguel Sanz

This is a revolutionary guide about how to eat chicken. Here are the ten steps to be followed:

1. Buy a female chicken.
2. Buy a male chicken.
3. Bring them together in your famyard.
4. Wait until you see an egg.
5. Keep waiting, don't be impatient.
6. After 21 days you will have a new chicken.

~

7. Feed the baby chicken.
8. Look after the baby chicken.
9. Love the baby chicken.
10. Eat it when it's grown up.

CAUTION: Don't follow the steps if you are vegetarian or allergic to chicken. Nor do it if you are a chicken, it would be cannibalism.

How to Grow Potatobananas

by Lazzlo McFraud

You will read many stories from the tabloid press that the Potatobanana is not real. But they are all WRONG! The Potatobanana is real. And I will show you how to breed them in this book. First thing you have to do is get some bananas and some potatoes. You cut the bananas up in smaller pieces. You cut holes in the potatoes in the shape of the banana pieces. You stick the banana pieces into the potatoes. Then you dance around the plant for 7 days, reciting all the verses of the Old Testament.

~

Thereby you have the basis of the Potatobanana. And the rest of this book will not be about the Potatobanana, because the press was right, the Potatobanana is not real. I am a fraud, and I have just cheated you for a few dollars. The rest of the book just repeats this text. But seriously: what are you going to do about it? Huh? NOTHING! HAHAAAAHA! When you are reading this book I am on a cruise in the Caribbean islands.

Lumache alla Fiorentina

by Ampelio il cuoco

Ingredienti: 100 lumache, 10 pomodori, 1 cipolla, 1 sedano, 1 mazzetto di nepitella, olio e sale.

~

Prendere le lumache e lavarle accuratamente sotto la cannella. Fare a pezzettini la cipolla e metterla a rosolare nell'olio. Aggiungere il sedano e poi i pomodori a pezzettini col sale. Infine riempire la pentola per metà con acqua bollente e aggiungere le lumache. Lasciare cuocere per venti minuti e da ultimo aggiungere la nepitella. Lasciare un po' raffreddare e servire nei piatti.

Buon appetito!!!

Make Your Own Water

by Auntie Bunch

specially Toad Water, which is rarely made anymore. The most common and used is the Chicken Water, which provides a large nutritional value, as well as Cow Water and Horse Water.

However, when it comes to Bakery, the uses of water become more diverse and is not merely a matter of nutrition. It is known the uses of special water with Love Cakes- the ingredients must be mixed with a specific type of water.

~

For this purpose, we suggest Hex Water, Domination Water, and Vanilla Water, among others. You can even make water made of you, that will lead you toward more satisfying results.

Love Cake

For this recipe the ingredients shall be:

- 6 ounces unsalted butter
- 2 1/4 of flour
- 1 Cinnamon stick
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup of the type of Water you choose

On this recipe we'll learn how to make your Own Water, made from your very essence, and sweat.

Microwave Oven: Holidays

by D. Sorensen

Cooking Turkey and Stuffing

(Warning: failure to follow directions closely may cause food to explode)

Using a microwave oven to cook your Thanksgiving Turkey is the fast, modern alternative to using a traditional oven. Gone are the days of getting up at dawn to start the Turkey. Ovens may soon be a thing of the past.

Check the wattage of your Microwave. If it differs from the wattage specified on page 6, use the table in Appendix B to adjust the time required. You should manually rotate the turkey every 5 minutes to prevent cold spots.

~

15 pound frozen turkey*

1 gallon of water

1 stick of butter or butter substitute

1/2 cup of brown sugar

1 cup of seasoning salt

1 squeezed lemon

Place all ingredients into a microwave safe plastic dish and cover. Turn the time cook dial clockwise to 60 minutes.

Stuffing should be microwaved separately as it will turn into molten lava before the turkey meat is done.

*Large turkeys may require modification to fit entirely in the microwave.

DO NOT COVER TURKEY IN TIN FOIL!

Movie Meals

by Elle, Food Architect

~ Big Fat Greek Pancakes ~

Special Guest Star: Bourbon Vanilla

Insanely easy recipe for delicious pancakes. Recommended for romantic comedy movies or cartoons.

Starring:

1/4 cup Butter; 1 cup Sugar; some or a lot of Bourbon Vanille; 4 seperated Eggs; 4 fl. oz. Milk; 1/3 cup Greek Yoghurt; 2 cups Flour

You can add a variety of toppings, depending on the movie you're going to watch. Colorful streusels match perfectly to kids movies, hazelnut for all kinds of sentimental stories. Be creative!

~

Melt butter and mix with sugar. Add Bourban Vanilla as much as you like. If the dough gets brown it's propably too much, but still delicious. Add egg yolks and beat until fluffy. Now add the milk and the greek yoghurt and stir cautiously.

Sift the flour over the batter and mix everything until smooth. Finally beat the egg white until stiff and cautiously stir it under the dough. Do not use an electric mixer for the last step.

Heat a pan to a medium level and add a little butter.

Northern Cooking

by Hetty Micklethwaite

To make a Parkin

Ingredientes:

- 8oz of flour
- 5oz oats
- 1 tsp gingere
- 3oz softe lite browne sugar
- 4 tbsp blacke treacle
- 3 tbsp golden syrupe
- 5oz butter
- 1 egge
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of milk

~

- Preheat oven to 150 degrees celcius
- Fully grease a 1lb loaf tin
- Combine flour, oats and gingere in a large bowl
- Melt sugar, treacle, syrupe and butter over a low heat, stirring continuously
- Stir melted ingredientes into bowl
- Beat egg and milk together and add stir in well
- Pour into loaf tin and bake for one hour and an half
- Remove from tin immediately and cool on a wire rack

Norwegian Cheese

by Edward Curd

It was not until his late twenties that the great cheese pioneer Bertil Ulsteinsen added color to his cheese studies. By combining radish and sour milk, he discovered a new red cheese which was unheard of at the time. The taste was horrible at first, but would be known as the original norwegian acquired taste. But Kristensen was not happy. He felt it was more colors to be found in the stony nature of western Norway.

~

There, in the small town of Egersund, he explored another of his later - and in the cheese world - universally acclaimed innovations: The pancakeflavored cheese. Looking like an ordinary yellow melt, but with incredible pancake taste. It was an instant success. Bertil was made official cheesemaster of Egersund. Later experiments with herring and pollock was not successful. Then he by accident invented brussel sprouts, and was forced to leave the city.

Of the Admiral's Table

by Stanislova Quiroga

After partaking in the depravities peculiar to his condition, the Admiral took his breakfast. Few men dared look Admiral Gomez de Santa Juda y Figueroa in the eye, but his personal chef was among them. Benedicto Villalba had been a watchmaker before the revolution, which conferred upon him a frank fussiness that even the Admiral's uncommon countenance could not dispel.

Benedicto irritably wiped the Admiral's oily lips with a cloth that smelled of ammonia and peat. There was a certain order that must be maintained, especially in these trying times. If the Admiral could not comport himself at his table,

~

then what use were the even ranks of eggs marshalled by Benedicto every morning? For that matter, what of the tents and cookfires in the valleys below?

The Admiral belched loudly. Benedicto recoiled from the familiar vegetal aroma, laced with acrid chemicals from beyond the sea. He wanted to scold the eruption, but held his tongue knowing it would only produce a raspy laugh from the man once called the Cayman of the Mountains. He would do his duty, odious as it had become.

The Admiral's first course consisted of a boiled ostrich egg surrounded by a flotilla of quail

Original Lasagna Recipe

by Damon Nova

Put the carrots, the onions and the cellery into the mixer, and crush them into small bits.

Put some oil in a casserole, medium heat, and put the vegetables inside.

Add the minced meat.

Add salt and pepper, than add some red wine.

I suggest you a nice and strong wine from the north of Italy, Amarone.

A glass is enough, leave the rest for your guests.

When the meat is well cooked,

~

add the tomato sauce, and let it cook for 2-3 hours.

In an another casserole, put some butter and let it dissolve. Add milk in it.

When the milk boils, add some nutmeg powder and some flour, and keep on whipping the mixture until you get a creamy white sauce.

Mix the two sauces together, and start to make layers of sauce and lasagna sheets.

Put in oven for 35 minutes, add parmesan cheese.

Buon appetito.

Paella Valenciana Recipe

by Chef Edgar

Ingredients:

750 g. of chicken; 500 g. Rabbit; 400g. of rice; 200 g. of garrofón; 250 g. Green beans; 100 g. of tomato; 12 Snails; 1 tsp. paprika; 2 pinches of saffron; 150 ml. of olive oil; 2 liters of water; 1 Paella container; rosemary; Salt

~

Recipe:

Heat oil in a paella.

Sauté meat after seasoning with salt.

Add grated tomatoes, beans, garrofon and sauté.

Add paprika and sauté.

Add water, saffron, snails.

Boil to make broth and allow it to reduce by half.

Add rice and simmer 20 minutes

Garnish with fresh rosemary.

Pizza in the World

by Anonymous

India: Pizza in brine, with ginger, minced mutton and paneer. (If you are a cartoon, you can't eat that. Danger of death)

Russia: Pizza with sardines, tuna, mackerel, salmon, onions, red herring (with a glass of vodka, can you resist until next morning?)

Brazil: Pizza with corn and peas (arranged to shape the National Flag. Simple but good)

Australia: Pizza with shrimp, pineapple, barbecue sauce.(Pineapple?! No, it can't be. Really, pineapple?!?!)

South Korea: Pizza with Bulgogi, tomato sauce, cheese, mushrooms, peppers and kimchi (a good combination of sweet and savory flavors)

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Sweden: Pizza with cheese, smoked ham, curry, ripe bananas sliced (healty during the long winter period)

Scotland: Pizza with entrails of minced sheep, onion, suet, oatmeal, salt and spices, mixed with broth (for strong stomachs, very strong!)

Germany: Pizza with tuna, tomato sauce, peppers, onions, cheese and oregano (of course together with a good homemade beer)

Italy: Pizza with fresh tomato, buffalo mozzarella, grated cheese, fresh basil leaves, extra virgin olive oil (the quintessential of pizza, the only, the inimitable)

Popcorn Every Day

by Fonda Montgomery

the critical selection process as seen in chapter one. Now that you have selected the friends and family to share in your popcorn dinner, it's time to establish the menu. This is often more fun.

Nutritionists inform us that a variety of foods is best. Consider having two or three savory flavors, and no more than two sweets, for balance. Our family will never forget our first popcorn dinner. We served Breadstick Popcorn (recipe #32), Cheese Pizza Popcorn (recipe #17), and Iceberg Salad Popcorn (recipe #12), with Apple Pie Popcorn (recipe #66) for dessert. This is still my son's favorite.

~

Consider carefully the occasion for the popcorn dinner. Is it a regular weeknight dinner? Try Meatloaf Popcorn (recipe #24) with a side of Broccoli Cheese Popcorn (recipe #11). Or is it Sunday dinner, with the minister's family at your table? Impress with Roast Lemon Chicken Popcorn (recipe #25) and Creamy Asparagus Popcorn (recipe #9). For a children's birthday party, we like Yellow Cake Popcorn (recipe #70), Frosting Popcorn (recipe #68), and Pineapple Punch Popcorn (recipe #2). Still looking for love? Woo your date with Italian Lasagna Popcorn (recipe #33) with a little Tiramisu Popcorn (recipe #71), for that European oh-la-la.

Quintessentially British

by T E Arthwate

During final stage boiling water is poured into the pot. The tea should be allowed to infuse for 6 to 7 minutes. Earl Grey needs only 5 minutes and smaller leaf tea 4 minutes.

Use this time for discussing the weather, holidays and travel disruptions. Do not discuss money or politics these will interfere with the infusion of the tea and result in a bitter taste.

Pour 2.5ml of milk into the cup and then add the tea infused water, ensuring the temperature remains between 60°C (140°F) and 85°C (185°F). Milk first or last is a widely debated topic and beyond the remit of this book.

~

The tea can be stirred by placing the spoon into the liquid at the 6 o'clock position and the tea folded around to the 12 o'clock position. Do not allow the spoon to contact the cup and 'clink'. You should also never allow the spoon to be left in the cup.

Always make sure you use freshly boiled water with temperatures above 95°C (203°F) with black tea. Other leaves may require the water to cool before pouring.

Biscuits may be dunked into the tea but only in the privacy of your own home and is quite an enjoyable practice, however when taking afternoon tea we suggest you do not partake in this.

Recipes to Go

by Stein Meisel

Schlangenaal on ice

Ingredients: Schlangenaal, winter, good feet + shoes, 3 breads, 5 liters of beer, gloves, hat, winter jacket

Preparation: A purchased / borrowed / fresh as possible Schlangenaal is well wrapped. Man pull up jacket, shoes, hat and gloves over - drink 2 liters of beer and be issued with the unwrapped fish out into nature. In a non-supplied frozen waters of our choice, the snake eel dipped and withdrawn. Now Man be issued homeward again. Home should after exercise immediately 2 bread be eaten and the whole with 2 liters of beer again be washed down.

~

The fish can be out hanging if someone does not want heat, also with take in. But it must then also nice cold herd run be !! If you're lucky, is well frozen the next morning the fish and you have an original prepared "Schlangenaal on ice". If it was stolen or swapped, you still have 1 liter of beer and 1 bread and must not starve

As you can see there is a very generous sized recipe and the production of this local specialty does not require equal the bulging money belt.

Spaghetti & Meatballs

by Ma Carrie

Meatballs: 1 lb. ground sirloin, 1 tsp. salt, 1 1/2 tsp. grated Parmesan cheese, 1 egg, 1/4 c. breadcrumbs, 1 1/2 tsp. minced onion flakes, 1/8 cup milk, 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Mix above ingredients well with hands in bowl. Shape into balls (10-13 per lb.) and roll in flour. Heat 2 tablespoons of olive oil in skillet or pot and brown meatballs. Leave in pan and prepare spaghetti sauce. Drain if greasy. (You can bake meatballs for 30 minutes at 350 degrees Fahrenheit instead of rolling them in flour and browning them.)

~

Sauce: 1 29 oz. can tomato puree mixed with 1/2 can water, 1 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. garlic powder, 1/4 tsp. black pepper, 1/4 tsp. basil, 1/2 tsp. oregano, 1 1/2 tablespoons sugar, 1/8 tsp. baking soda

Mix sauce ingredients together in pot with browned meatballs and put in one whole onion, peeled. Simmer, uncovered, for 20 minutes. Simmer, covered loosely, 1 hour more or until onion becomes soft. Discard onion. Remove pan with sauce from heat. Combine sauce and meatballs with 1 pound of cooked pasta or spaghetti. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese and garlic bread.

Surinamese Pinda Soup

by Flicks McGrizzle

Bespoke Surinamese Peanut Soup (recipe makes a big, ole pot!)

Directions:

In a large soup pot over medium heat, add coconut oil and sauté onion and garlic until translucent. Lightly season chicken pieces and sauté in a separate frying pan. Once they are fully cooked, leave on the side to cool. Lower the heat, and stir in Madam Jeanette pepper sauce, black pepper and crushed. Once well mixed, sprinkle in flour to create a thick roux. Add tomato and salted beef cubes and continue to stir over low heat for about 4-5 minutes.

~

Add peanut butter and chicken bouillon and stir until well mixed. Bring to medium-high heat as you add slowly add the water until fully integrated. Bring to a strong simmer for several minutes or until it feels right. If soup appears too thin, use a sifter to slowly add another tablespoon of flour. Shred the cooled chicken with your fingers and add to the soup pot. Perhaps you'd like to keep the bones to make the stock for your next soup? Lastly, add coconut milk and stir.

Tentacle Cuisine

by Marin Palida

Tentacle Cakes

Chef Palida's favorite, this delicacy can be made with green or purple tentacles from any time period.

Prep time: 30 minutes

Cook time: 527 hours

Ingredients:

3 pounds purple or green tentacles

10 cups granulated sugar

2 pounds unsalted butter

5 cups flour

1 tsp salt

1 whole pineapple

3 ostrich eggs

~

Step 1: preheat oven to 375 degrees. Make sure it is clean and free of any wet hamsters trying to get dry and warm.

Step 2: gather tentacle pieces, if no tentacles can be found jellyfish can be used in a pinch, but then you have to throw this cookbook in the trash because this is a book on how to make delicious delicacies from tentacles, not jellyfish.

Step 3: mix all ingredients in a bowl and pour in cake pan.

Step 4: cook for 527 hours. If don't want to wait then use time machine.

The Joy of Invertebrates

by Frank Finn

Residing exclusively in the warm seas of the caribbean, the Red Crossed Octopus is a centerpiece dish any would be proud to serve at their table.

Tasty as it may be, the Red Crossed Octopus can be a slippery devil to capture. As such, should one happen upon this fickle species we recommend using thick, scaled gloves to grasp the beast.

Take care to avoid the spiky, hooked fangs surrounding the creatures mouth and take care to grasp by its rear-most tentacles to avoid the sharp foreword tusks.

~

Once captured, many delectable preparations await such as :

- Steamed Red Crossed Octopus & Watercress Salad
- Baked Red Crossed Octopus with Minnow Reduction
- Fried Red Crossed Octopus with Marmalade Glaze
- Roasted Red Crossed Octopus Cutlets & Thin Noodle Salad
- Puréed Red Crossed Octopus Dancer's Grog
- Savory Red Crossed Octopus Sorbet

Our personal favorite, detailed over the next few pages – is the lovely Boiled Red Crossed Octopus in Transom Stew.

The Pittsburgh Cookbook

by Anonymous

Halushki is a side dish served in many of the fine ethnic restaurants in Dormont and Homestead. Core and finely chop a head of cabbage. Boil one pound of egg noodles. While they are cooking, saute the cabbage in large pan with a pinch of salt and garlic. Drain the noodles and mix thoroughly with the cabbage. Depending on your preference, you can serve with sour cream or paprika, but halushki is fine plain and makes a good complement with pierogies (see chapter 2).

~

True Pittsburgh steak is charred on the outside and very rare on the inside. This is how the many steel workers would have lunch on the go by frying a steak on a hot metal surface inside the mill. To copy this, heat a cast iron pan in the oven at 450 degrees. Season a t-bone with salt and pepper. Carefully take the pan out with very thick oven mitts and put it on a pre-lit burner on high. Sear the meat for 1-2 minutes on each side. Finally apply a blowtorch to give it the true charred look.

Why I Hate Turnips

by Walter Matthau

..little did I know that the police had been gathering evidence for years and were about to blow the case wide open. But let's get back to why I hate turnips. In 1985 I had my fourth unsettling turnip experience. I was in a cab on my way to a christmas party in New York, when suddenly an overwhelming sense of dread hit me. My senses were already numb thanks to some kind of ointment the cab driver were wearing, coupled with very loud festive music. Nevertheless, a horrible but oh so familiar scent ventured through the ventilation system to find me once again. The turnip.

~

I asked the driver kindly to pull over. "hey putz! stop the car" I think were the correct phrasing. I stepped out of the car, the snow was hitting me heavy and the street were crowded. I squinted to see through the snow and the blinding christmas lights, and just like T-800 I was able to scan through the masses to find the perpetrators. A gathering of homeless people stood in line to receive turnip soup. I knew that time was my enemy, so I barged through the crowd feeling like Yamato Takeru. When I finally arrived at the cart, I threw the casserole to the ground and yelled "merry christmas you schmucks, you can thank me later!"

A Criminal's Dream

by Maris Grablevskis

"Welllll..." says the detective, as he enters the interrogation room, "if it isn't the notorious bank robber. Remember me?"

The man, with only a cursory glance, says: "No."

"No?" Well then, let me prod your memory - I was the one negotiated with you and your gang during that bank heist a week ago.

The man looks again and nods. "It's a small world."

'Indeed.' The detective replied, 'Not only did you manage to escape with several bags of money,

~

you also hid them somewhere before we arrested you. You want to tell me where?'

'I could really eat something right now. Why don't you bring me something and then we talk?' The man said as he crossed his arms, 'I can't remember the last time I had a hearty steak.'

The detective got up and left the interrogation room. He returned a moment later and threw a brown bag on the table, 'Or you can have a sandwich instead.'

A Scarlet Lake

by Zachary Knights

He kneeled, and proceeded to take out a small notepad and a pencil. His coat ruffled against the ground, as the wind furiously blew, as if it was trying to attack the small police presence that had arrived at the scene.

"Oh dear."

John was startled; he had been so focused in his work, and analysing what had happened to the body, that he didn't hear David approach him from behind.

"What a tragic way to go," David continued, as he knelt beside John. "That looks vicious. Who could've done it, do you think?"

"I haven't the foggiest," John folded

~

away his notes. "There are scratch markings all over the body," He used his pencil as a crude pointer, leading David's eyes to the torn clothing and blood that were scattered over him. "And then you reach the obvious."

John pointed towards the corpse's head, or rather, where it would've been, had it been attached to the body. The head had been found three feet further down the street, and therefore the body only had a bloodied stump, cut off at the neck. A scarlet lake had formed around the hole, with rivers spreading throughout the pavement. David looked disgusted

A Splash of Blood

by Robert Miles

It was a cold dark Friday morning, a lazy fog was drifting through the tired city air and the monotonous humdrum of life continued about its business. However, there was a glint of excitement lingering in the shadows, as often there is on the final day of the working week, excitement for the impending weekend and the fun and frivolity that comes with it - a chance for one to finally pursue their dreams and not just the daily grind of Monday to Friday, 9 to 5, that brings in the all-important salary. Usually a dedicated, hard-working employee, in a

~

bizarre twist of fate that would change his life forever, John had decided to play hookey and instead spend his time (and last few pennies) in the Black Horse Pub. He had been there a few times before and the atmosphere on a Friday was normally very cheerful and rambunctious, but today it seemed as dead and dreary as the miserable morning outside. Oblivious as he often was, he did not give this a second thought. He sat at the table nursing his first pint, a small smile tweaking the corner of his lips at the pleasant thought of drinking

Aly & Blue

by TC Jones

I think that if she hadn't looked so much like a boy and hadn't always been teased, she wouldn't have become such a fighter. And was she ever a fighter. Look at those hands. Rough and big for a girl...but perfect for a fighter. But they could be gentle too though. She was never rough with Nach.

You can still barely see the evidence of a bruised lip. That was from her last fight. Two days before the picture was taken. I wish I had a picture of the other girl. Big ogre of a girl...ugly as a Russian pig.

~

The fight was in a bar...Aly loved nothing so much as a bar fight...unless of course it was an alley fight. I think she liked the close space of it.

We were in the bar; none of us over twenty, not that it mattered in Russian and certainly not in Yaroslavl. I don't remember exactly how it started with the ogre. It may even have been over me. I know the ogre liked me...she would say crude things about being able to hold me in one hand. I just don't remember if it was me in that fight.

Bean Purrito: Cat of Law

by Miss Emma Kitty

Bean Purrito looked at his can of Tunachovy, contemplating his latest case file.

~

"Hmmm, surely the suspected used the candlestick in the library..." He thought to himself.

Caged by Darkness

by D.B. Haversham

The revelation came like a swift, sickening punch. Physically winded, she struggled to comprehend, her gut twisting wretchedly. Too numb to remember her body, Anna collapsed into her seat, a lifeless void. She stared ahead, not able to comprehend what was unfolding.

"It was me – and I savored every minute of it. I just came to see your face when I told you," he said, with visible relish. "The only reason I spared your pathetic life was to enjoy your suffering."

With that, he calmly left the cluttered office, leaving in his wake the most abject devastation. Anna remained still.

~

Jolted from her stupor, she rose – too quickly. Light-headed, she lent on her desk. How long had she been vacant while that smirking coward she had so desperately loathed for so long simply walked away, daring to look her in the eye to gorge on her raw sorrow? She became furious at so pathetically letting him go, allowing herself to be devastated by him so utterly once more. Heavy with indignation, she paced through the door – he was gone. After becoming so tantalizingly tangible, that cancer was again free to enjoy a life he had so joyfully robbed from others.

Counterblow on Loki IV

by JD Veers

and I anxiously looked around the corner. And there he was. Bloxwood Janson. My assigned target and former best friend. He was casually leaning against the wall next to his usual dive, taking a puff from a lit hypercigar. I put my hand in my right pocket, where I kept my blaster. Fondling the cool chromium of the grip, I began to feel reassurance pumping through my veins. I turned the corner and mingled with the crowd on the sidewalk, keeping the lowest of profiles. It was a busy night. Maybe the busiest of the last fourteen cycles. Such luck.

~

I moved closer and closer until and began to pull my blaster out. But then I heard an oscillating buzz, very loud and very close next to my head. "Well, well. Fancy meeting you here, Gus. In a hurry?" I flicked my head to the right and couldn't believe my eye. It was him. Tambo Jort. I thought I drowned him with my own hands in the slime pits back on Mt. Sabonius. I have never been so wrong. Well...maybe once or twice. Tambo started cackling as he saw the fear in my eyes and grabbed

Dagger

by Ben Mallaby

Detective Inspector Dagger arrived at the scene of the crime, the partygoers were rattled, how had they not noticed the corpse in the middle of the room this whole time. 'No-one leaves' said Dagger as he knelt down to examine the body. Clearly the body had been dead for weeks.

~

Dagger returned home urgently. He'd let the plumber in that morning who'd spent the day installing a water purifier. He couldn't wait to try it out. He's been told he wouldn't have to worry about limescale build up anymore in the kettle. He tried some cold water from the tap. It was definitely a softer taste than he remembered.

Dangerous Night

by Ivo Iniets

3 a.m.

The inspector slowly opened the door to his office. He went in and got an overview of the small and primitive office. It was empty. There was only a tiny hamster, who was quickly running around in his cage. To his left was the desk of his well-appreciated workmate Andy Forester, a choleric prone to gambling, who always hides a bottle of Scotch in his drawer, but still one of his best investigators. The desk to his right belonged to his other workmate Joe Luttichbob, a sportscar enthusiast, but also one of the best finding abducted children.

~

The inspector closed the door behind him and went over to his desk. „Inspector Coney Stone. There is work to do", he motivated himself. He put his coat over the back of his chair and sat down. Andy left him a filled glass of one of his best Scotch on his table. He drank it in one sip. „I've got to work now", he yelled at the hamster, „be quiet or you will get microwaved." He started working on the daily report that 1 more child has been missing...

Daniel Dagger : Hunger

by Chick Jerry

As Daniel struggled against the ropes the freezer door shut behind him. Neil cackled on the other side.

"It seems you've forgotten your coat, Daniel!"

"It's july!"

"Not in there." Neil said as he tapped the metal

"You know, it wasn't enough that you figured out the restaurant was a front, you had to walk into my office and disrespect me."

"It's procedure to-"

"To hell with procedure, you won't need that in there."

Daniel could feel the ropes loosen. The knots were sloppily tied.

"Why throw me in here?" Daniel shouted.

~

"Petty revenge."

Neil turned and started for the exit.

"By the time they find you I'll have gotten out of Dodge."

Daniel got his left hand free from the ropes.

"Where do you plan to go?"

"I have no time for this, goodbye."

Just as Daniel finished freeing himself from his bindings, he heard the back door click shut. He wound back his fists and banged on the freezer door.

"Dammit Neil let me out of here!"

Knowing full well Neil couldn't hear him Daniel turned to look around the room.

"I need to get out of here."

Daniel Dagger : Reaper

by Chick Jerry

"That's how they get you!" Joey exclaimed.

"You put the floppy in and it infects your PC! If you connect to a bulletin board they'll know and they'll find you!"

"Who'll find you?" Daniel asked.

"The Reapers!"

Daniel frowned and looked at the papers on his desk. He picked up a file.

"The Reapers you say?" Daniel flipped through the file.

"Did you know a David Red?"

"David Red? He's the one that gave me the floppy disk!" Joey paused and cleared his throat.

"Is, is Davy alright?"

~

Daniel threw the file down and stood up.

"He claimed that killers were coming for him from his computer. He was found dead the next day." "Oh no..." "Listen Joey, what is your address I'm coming over there immediately."

"It's, it's 3645 Laszlo street." "Thank you." Daniel hung up the phone and hurried out the door. He pointed at Harvey.

"Harvey, you're coming with me." Harvey put down his magazine and began to follow.

"What's it this time, some kid rang a doorbell too much?"

"Someone's life might be in serious danger." Harvey's pace picked up.

"Whadda ya mean?"

Daniel Dagger : Red Shoes

by Chick Jerry

Daniel was stunned.

"You shot him over a pair of shoes?!"

"He was a thief."

"He was 15!"

Michael stood up from his desk and shoved his badge in Daniel's face.

"I'm cop! It is my duty to uphold the law!"

"I'm a cop too!"

Daniel started furiously searching through his coat pocket and pulled out his badge as well.

"I'm a cop too! That means I follow procedure! That means I don't shoot somebody over a misdemeanor!"

~

Michael relaxed his stance.

"What are you going to do? Get me kicked off the force?"

"Think bigger." Daniel replied.

"You want to charge me with murder?"

Michael raised his pistol. Daniel froze.

"You know Daniel, with enough money and persuasion you can convince anyone of anything."

"Are you going to bribe me at gunpoint?"

"No. I'm going to bribe the coroner to say you shot yourself after snorting a line to many."

"Nobody will buy that."

"Ten grand says they will."

Daniel smiled as he called out behind himself.

"Got all that boys?"

Death Comes Too Soon

by Christina Agathon

"But we know for a fact that Mr Caldwell was alive at ten: Mrs Jensen had seen him as she was cleaning up the bridge table."

"Do we?"

"She has a witness: Mrs Harris was there too."

"But Mrs Harris did not see Mr Caldwell himself. All she saw was Mrs Jensen talking to someone on the other side of the door."

"Mrs Harris has no reason to lie."

~

"I quite agree."

"So... So, this changes everything! That means that Mr Caldwell could have been dead by ten. Or even by late afternoon."

"Either that or Mrs Jensen had a reason to lie."

"What do you mean?"

"Think about it: why would Mrs Jensen pretend to see Mr Caldwell at ten o'clock that night?"

The young detective looked at the nobleman with a sharp but calm gaze.

"I'm not quite sure I like what you're insinuating."

"I wouldn't expect you to."

Deconstructing Leni

by Lenisio Dimas

I almost cracked my head open after tripping the next morning with a mount of pieces scattered in the middle of the corridor.

'Watch out, you stupid idiot! Or you will end up mixing me the computer with the washing machine!' She blurted flourishing her Robertson screwdriver. She is certainly not in her best mood when she wakes up, I thought, but I started to worry.

That same afternoon, when I arrived home, I found the little rabbit Len having a nap inside the microwave oven housing, I had no need to use the key, Chan had already dismantled the front door, the hinge and the door knob laid

~

on the sofa beside a gutted walkman, two transistor radios and some other disassembled devices I couldn't identify.

Late that night, when she unscrewed the last nut of the last shelf of the last corner of the last room in the house, she said she felt so tired and we finally got together in bed.

I had a hard time to fall asleep, but I was finally dreaming me trying to mount myself (disabled as I was in a mount of small pieces that didn't quite fit), when I felt something cold poking inside my ear: it was Chan's screwdriver, it obviously was, voraciously unscrewing my guts.

Disco Drug War

by John E. Law

The apartment was in bad shape, with it's busted windows, chipped paint, and missing floor tiles. No self respecting entrepreneur would even consider setting up shop in a place like this.

Yet here I was, staring down some joker calling himself "Business Man Steve." Give me a break. He looked like a complete mess, patchy hair, bloodshot eyes, navy blue suit torn all to hell. Fitting, I suppose, the guy is wanted for peddling drugs to kids outside of disco clubs.

He was stammering and looking anywhere but me. Good, he should be scared.

~

"Wh-who are you?" He barely managed to squeak that out.

"The police. Now come out here with your hands where I can see. I've got a warrant for your arrest." This was going to be simple. Cuff him, read him his rights, put him the back of the cruiser and take him to the station.

Or so I thought. He came out alright, but his hands weren't up. He threw a punch that hit me square in the jaw, hurt quite a bit for how scrawny he was.

Before I could get my bearings he was gone.

"Damn."

Dogg's Dinner

by Luke Kemp

I was, to be quite honest, starting to think that perhaps Detective Doug Dogg wasn't quite the genius that I'd been led to believe.

"I know who the murderer is!" Dogg declared.

"Who?"

"The person who killed the murder victim!"

He looked extremely pleased with himself at this declaration. Jeeves and I simply exchanged a look and then each sighed a deep, powerful sigh. Why had we ever allowed this buffoon into the house?

~

Upon entering the house, Dogg had apparently spent a full five minutes examining my bear rug, under the impression that it was the murder victim. The true victim was of course poor Mrs Bumbleplop, my faithful maid for twenty four years. I simply couldn't understand why anybody would wish her harm. She had been holding what appeared to be a note of some kind, until Jeeves hurriedly snatched it up and ate it, explaining that it was in fact an extraordinarily large mint.

Feisty Heisty Hellions

by Dan Klimuk

opened with the creak of a joyful platypus. As he peered at the number pad, Dr. Coleman recited the combination in his head. 443691. Nice. The loot was so close, he could hear it. He tapped the first three digits into the pad and paused. Whoosh! Good thing Stiles was in the other room. Coleman entered the final three digits and stood back, poised for anything.

Nothing.

Coleman's eyebrow raised as he questioned his keypad-tapping skills. He chuckled to

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himself, and reached forward, gently caressing the dimly-lit numbers. As his middle finger paused over the ENTER key, Coleman thought about the ham sandwich he had consumed for lunch. It would have been damn fine if Stiles hadn't put that grotesque fancy mustard on there; he didn't even ask!

Coleman pressed the key as he readied his pistol, for the worst was yet to come. Stiles entered from the hallway, and crinkled his nose, "Dude."

"I know."

Finding D.B. Cooper

by R.N. KICHTON

D.B. Cooper, last seen parachuting out of a hijacked airplane with over \$200,000 in ransom money, has eluded authorities' search attempts, until now. He was recently spotted by hikers in the Mt. Rainier woods near a cave in the company of a vicious two-headed squirrel and has living off of a stale, five foot long rock hard loaf of French bread. If seen, do not approach, the squirrel will attack! Instead, note your location by means of, west, west, north, west, etc. The FBI is offering a reward for informational tips leading to his capture in the amount of \$1,138.

~

It is now believed that D.B. made his escape from the plane by use of a diversion of blowing up a hamster in the plane's microwave oven to distract attention from his leap. Additionally, it is believed that he is working with a slimy purple meteor, another known and wanted criminal that has remained uncaptured for many years. This means there may be a possibility that aliens are involved and masterminding a global scheme. This notorious gang's motives are unknown at this time but it is believed the stolen money may be used to create a mind control device. Hummmmm....

Frozen to Death

by Ipek Montanari

one island to the other, as if it was an ordinary situation. It was normal, but only around the North Pole. I could imagine to walk on a frozen lake, not on a sea! Yet, the sea was frozen. A thick snow blanket made it impossible to see below the ice. But I was curious. I started to dig the snow with the tip of my shoes while walking. It was pointless but I did not give up until I reached an isle. At the very

~

moment I decided to desist, I saw something shiny on the other side of the ice. Was this a wrapping paper or a reflection of an object? I looked around to find something causing the reflection, but the landscape was just a uniform grey. I removed a bit more snow and then I saw... It was motionless, but the agape mouth of Jane Doe was telling so much: help me! I could not help her but I could go and

Gasoline and French Toast

by Nadroj Namolo

I saw the glistening eyes of a skin-switcher through the diner window. The glass steamed up with condensation before I could get a good look at his scales. In the snapshot moment his alabaster canines were pushing through a meek-looking slice of french toast. We used to call it Poor Knights of Windsor back in Newcastle. Those were simpler times. You'd call it a shame that the rest of these milquetoast septic's couldn't spot it from a mile away, but they aren't trained by the finest reptile technicians the British government has to offer.

~

I moved slow, pushing my body into the shadow of a petrol tanker. That sweet smell of gasoline hit my nostrils and the euphoria of my youth came rushing back to me. I'm off the juice now, but whenever i get close to one of these babies my mind goes to Shangri-la. Big mistake. I can only hear the back end of a hissing sound before my skull hits the deck and i'm unconscious. I woke up in a matted den miles away from civilization, my trusty duster wet with pungent goo. The boys back at the station would sure as hell get a kick out of this.

Hard Cheese

by Saul Deliman

"It's my father, Mr. Bologna. He's been... kidnapped!" Ms. Mallory wept, dabbing at the corner of her eye with a silk handkerchief.

"Brrblblblbrblbrblbl," Knuckles Balogna retorted, the bologna of his sandwich head flopping up and down as he spoke.

"You always know just what to say, Knuckles," Ms. Mallory said over snuffles. He had cheered her up deftly and to immediately. "But, how are you going to get him back? All we have is this ransom letter..." Ms. Mallory produced the letter, typed in red ink.

Knuckles focused intently on the letter with his eyes, which were also olives.
"Brblblbrblbrbl?"

~

"Yes Mr. Bologna, my father was a military man."

"Brbbrblblbrbl?"

"Why, yes, he was always close with the Professor..." Knuckles slammed his fists down on his desk, startling Ms. Mallory.

"Brbblblblbrbl!" Knuckles had figured it all out... the Pandemonium Project, Colonel Mallory, Professor D'Villen... it was all so obvious!

"Oh Mr. Knuckles..." Ms. Mallory said, romantic intentions drifting along with her voice. "I do love a man who knows how to act so decisively."

"Brblblbrblbrbl," Knuckles responded, bluntly. This was no time for love. He went to the refrigerator, and fetched his coat out of the crisper.

Heist Street Fashion

by Jesse Cassidy

falling to the floor. A crimson pool soon spread through the once luxurious rug beneath her body as Damon rushed past his fresh kill. "Don't think, don't think," he whispered to himself, knowing that a second spent in shock or horror is a second more the cops have on his trail. It wasn't his first kill, not by a longshot, but it was the first time he had killed an unarmed bystander. He could've just knocked the phone out of her hand and knocked her out, or tied her up so that she couldn't call for help. But instinct had

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taken over. He had shot her twice in the chest, an instinctive reflex to anyone stepping in his way. "SHE WAS ONLY THE SECRETARY," his guilt ridden mind shouted at him. No use thinking about that now. What's done is done, but what isn't done is the job. He still had to make a quick getaway and ensure that no cops followed him back to the hideout. The last thing he wanted was more heat on his back. He vaulted over the security gate in the lobby and pushed his way out through the revolving door.

Henry's Dilemma

by Lautaro de los Heros

Henry took his gun and knew he was ready to kill. The night was his. Nonetheless, he took a minute to think. ¿Was it worth it? Yes, he had gone too far, but he could talk to her and make her see the world as he did. Henry took a deep breath and opened the door. There was that woman, on the other side of the room. That woman that he hated so much and had caused him unmeasurable pain. That woman with light green eyes, blond hair, sweet smile. They used to walk together in the park

~

at night, playing with the stars. Whispering nonsenses to each other, having a good time. He, in that moment, saw those memories passing in front of him. She was terrified, of course, but deep in her mind she knew he would drop the gun down. She started to walk straight to Henry. Tried to talk, but the words didn't come out. Henry was in real conflict. His hands were trembling like never before, and his mind was in the middle of a hurricane. The finger in the trigger was ready, and all was decided by a simple electric pulse.

Incinerator of the Vaine

by Thomas Woof

as the compact disk player skipped in the middle of his favorite track from "No Jacket Required". It had been glitching ever since the accident.

"Wow, accidentally running over that minority youth sure makes me think a lot about humanity," he mused. "I'm not sure if being a powerful Wall Street executive is even cool anymore."

~

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Jack Dukes: Lucky Strike

by D.G. Dixon

lit a cigarette and took off his jacket. I'd be lying if I said he didn't cut an imposing figure. I understood as he rolled up his sleeves how he got the nickname of "Silverback".

"Ten seconds to talk, Dukes," he growled through a lungful of smoke. I'd be impressed if he could count backwards from ten.

"I'd be impressed if you could count backwards from ten," I said smugly, despite the circumstances. As far as escape goes I had no ideas and it seemed like a waste to keep that sort of wisecrack to myself.

~

Beyond the dim light of the cellar the cherry of the cigarette lit up like a firefly. Silverback lumbered into focus brandishing a well-worn baseball bat. The whole affair was ritual. I'd been handcuffed to plenty of chairs and threatened countless ways. Nobody said the life of a P.I. was easy.

"... Two... One." He lifted the bat to his shoulder. Absorbed in the scene, I'd missed the countdown.

"Well what are you gonna do, hit—" I managed before all went black.

-12-

The goon had hit me. I awoke to the taste of pennies and loose teeth.

Judge. Jury. Executioner.

by Chandler Spillane

The small man darted to the other side of the darkened room, the flashing red neon from the sign outside illuminating the terror in one half of his murine face in an on-again, off-again strobe that portended the vengeance at hand. "No, Johnny, you've got it all wrong!" he pleaded, burrowing as far as he could into the wall of the threadbare office like the rat he was. "It wasn't me!"

Johnny slammed the door behind him, the reverberation echoing like a death row cell door. A pistol appeared in his meaty hand, a smile on his face.

~

"No, Rico. Time to pay for what you've done."

The small man dropped to his knees at the sight of the gun. "You don't understand! I had no choice! They took everything from me, Johnny! Everything!"

Johnny cocked the hammer. "Not yet."

"Damian's playing you, Johnny! Him and Cybil, they set this all up, see? They're laughing at you, getting you to do their dirty work!"

The large man raised the pistol. "Nobody makes a fool of Johnny Valentine."

"I can prove it! See this—"

Rico reached into his suit jacket. A flash of chrome. Johnny squeezed the trigger and

King Con - Charles Ponzi

by B. Madeup

Close your eyes.

Now imagine you have \$1000 in your wallet, imagine that in 90 days I can double your money with 0 risks and no catch, just a solid investment that is legal and secure. Imagine easy and fast profits.

Now wake up,

This was only a dream, The American dream.

Although the "American Dream" was officially invented in 1931 by James Truslow Adams, many came to the United States of America in the early 19th century to search for it. an opportunity to achieve a better life, regardless your primary social class, be reach, be successful, be the best you can be.

Charles Ponzi was such a dreamer

~

Charles Ponzi was a great artist, a con artist. His work might not be original or unique like other great artists as William F. Miller who finished his masterpiece, The Franklin Syndicate in 1899 and took home almost \$1 million dollars + 10 years inside

Ponzi worked hard on improving the art attempting to con his way to fulfill the American dream. He built a pyramid scheme so large that when it finally crumbled his investors lost \$15 million dollars!

This is the story of the man who built a successful empire with just \$2.5 in his pocket.

This is the story of the rise and fall of king on con.

Point of No Return

by Ryan O'Malley

Two men sat in an unmarked car across from the Hartford National Bank. They had gotten an anonymous tip that a certain crime family would be making a hit on the bank that very evening. All they could do wait. Sit...and wait. Minutes seemed like hours as the two burly detectives scanned for any sign of illegal activity. Just as they were going to call it off, John Dee noticed a light flickering from the side of the bank. Two shadows quickly darted over and disappeared behind the wall.

~

That was all they needed to spring into action. They hopped out of the slick new Mercedes and slowly crept around the bank's side, weapons drawn. BLAM!! Shots rang as the crooks fired at the officers. John and Bill ducked back around the corner and fired a handful of shots. Returning fire answered back with a higher intensity. John knew he needed to do something or they were both as good as dead. He quickly enabled the bank's turret defense system and they made short work of the criminals. John and Bill went to the local bar and celebrated a job well done.

Radiator

by Jack Manlow

whizzed and hit. Him. He knew it before he felt it. Or, maybe he felt it, but his conscious brain was spared of that realization for the moment. How nice when someone, even it's just your reptilian brain, looks out for you. He knew it, and, just as clearly, knew that that, without a doubt, would be the end. You don't survive bullets fired at close range into your vital organs. Besides, some things, when they happen, we seem to recognize immediately and unflinchingly for what they are. That moment when you trip and realize that you'll fall and fall hard and that there's nothing that can be done about it?

So. I'm gonna die now. This

~

is it.

Why, Sara, why? Before any cogs came into motion to answer that question, he reconsidered. Actually, he first observed that the question of the why typically comes up when a character dies in the movies, but that, right now, it didn't matter. This being the last moment, it will, he resolved, be filled with something more worthy than puzzlement.

Just then, he slipped. Back in time. To relive a memory of his first encounter with Sara. What is this brain doing? Why does it not obey? Why go back to stuff, I'm not interested in? Are things that bad? Well, yes.

There she was. Proud and fierce. She aimed and fired a round. The bullet

Red Justice

by Thomas Fancy

[...] opens the case and regards its contents. The tool of his trade, disassembled. Steel barrel, slim muzzle. PSO-1 optical sight. Thermoplastic stock. 10-round mags; 7N1 steel-jacketed. Dragunov.

The man assembles the rifle. He is accustomed to working in silence and darkness. The room is empty of furniture. Its windows have no curtains. Panes of glass are cracked, neglected for years. His hands do not shake.

He is done in three minutes. He checks the rifle, feeling its weight, peering down the barrel. The weapon is true.

Keeping low he moves to the window. Rests the rifle on its bipod.

~

Glances, eyeball mk. 1, towards his target's building. Closes his eyes, reaches outwards, feels wind caress skin.

Crouching, he rests cheek against stock, finger against trigger. The scope magnifies the distant mansion. It has seen better days, yet age cannot conceal its grandeur.

And there: framed by a window, his target. Stood against a backdrop of shelves. They are reading a book they hold. The man trains his sights on the target's head. Suddenly the target starts, as if shocked. They look out the window, directly into the scope.

He pulls the trigger and the rifle bucks [...]

Sleigh

by Mathys Long

'You're under suspicion for murder, Mr Kringle.'

He turned ever so slightly, allowing the pompom at the end of his stocking cap to droop across his wrinkled face and obscure his expression.

'And what evidence do you have to back this up, Matthews?'

'That's Agent Matthews.'

'Matthews, Agent Matthews, Tough Guy in an Expensive Suit, what's the difference?'

He was toying with me. Trying to heat me up. Keep me from thinking straight. Not on my watch.

'Mr Kringle, where were you on the afternoon of Friday, November 22nd of 1963, at precisely 12:30 PM US Eastern standard time?'

~

He faced me. I scrutinised his eyes, searching for a flicker of hesitation, a sharp sideways glance – anything I could use to assess his thoughts – but his gaze remained steady and his answer was unwavering.

'Right here. Preparing for Christmas Eve, as always.'

A small part of me had hoped that he'd simply accept his situation and give in, but the rest of my brain had spoken reason and prepared me for this. I'd known he wouldn't go down without a fight. I'd have to use all the wit and cunning at my disposal to bring Kris Kringle to justice.

The Blue Thimbleweed

by Raymond R.R.B.B Bing

It was a cold, rainy night... I knew that because the roof was leaking and I had no money to pay the heating bill. The benefit of having no windows in my office, is that at least the wind wasn't blowing through... other than the gust that was coming through the poorly insulated walls. But at least there were no rats in the office... well there used to be rats in the office but I had eaten them all. With the rats being away there was at least one less woe to worry about. Although now that there were no

~

rats, I also had no grub so there was one new woe to worry about. I concluded that my situation had not improved. It was then that I realized that I'd better find a new case soon or I'd find myself hanging from the roof beam like a chunk of prosciutto. As I was rummaging through my desk drawer to find some rope, I heard a knock on the door. "Come in", I yelled. She turned the handle to no avail. "The door's locked", she yelled.

The Cell of Ice

by G K Chandelier

A Mystery, a jailhouse made of ice in southern Argentina. A prisoner escaped. The opposite cell has an half eaten cake and a doll of Santa Claus. In between the cells there are tiny steps. In the escaped prisoner cell there is a foot. The foot that is missing in Santa Claus doll in the opposite cell.

The detective says: Too slow to be seen. Theory 1: The Santa Claus doll walked to the other cell just taking himself a leg off before the walk.

~

Explanation: Inside the cake came a fully formed Santa Claus doll. The other prisoner took a leg out of the doll, put it in the hand of the clock. Put the clock to walk to the other cell. One step by minute. The clock carried the elements for the other prisoner to escape, namely a lighter to melt the ice walls of the cell. But, wait, Santa walked the opposite way. No, no, said the detective, look, the leg in the clock is pointing backwards. Too slow to be seen.

The Disappearing Donuts

by Tim E. Clare

Rebecca took a deep breath, knowing it was time to confront her best friend Artie. She had suspected him of theft in her home before but had been hesitant to accuse him without any evidence. After this latest incident, she believed she would finally uncover the truth.

"Artie... have you been stealing my donuts?" Rebecca anxiously asked as she approached him in the kitchen. "These are really special to me and my favorite one was sitting here on the table earlier. I left the room for only a minute, and when I came back it was gone."

~

Artie sat silently in front of her with his head lowered towards the floor. As he looked up at her with a great big smile, Rebecca could see from his face that he had been the culprit all along.

"Wipe that stupid look from your face because I finally caught you. Outside! Now!" Rebecca exclaimed with stern disappointment.

Artie whimpered and slowly stood up. Almost mockingly, he licked up the remainder of the powdered jelly donut from around his mouth and nose, wagged his tail a few times and merrily scampered through the doggy door outside.

The Flying Circus

by G K Chandelier

Mystery, a theater, a spectator hanging from a gallows made of ceiling wires, above his seat. Nobody around saw anything, but the detective knows he was killed during the show. Theory 1: He went to the bathroom, on the way back he loses himself in the theater, he found a hole in the ceiling and his seat down. He jumps down. He dies.

~

Explanation: He was killed by an actor. He went to the theater to see the flying circus. The acrobats of this modern circus mix themselves with the audience. One acrobat wanted to play a little. Grabbed a spectator and with his harness put it on the ceiling accidentally killing him when he mingled with some wires. Nobody noticed anything because it was part of the normal show.

The Man in the Quiet Car

by Dachshund Hammer

"It wasn't my cupcake, friend."

Slowly, he put the book down. A girl approached. Sixteen, maybe with an extra half. Money in one fist, wood pulp in the other. He asked her how she was. If she'd found everything "alright." Whether she was a member. He was stalling and I didn't have time for it. I pulled out one of my brand new cards, double bonded, and stuffed it in his shirt pocket.

"If your story changes, you give me a call. If you're guilty, and I really hope you're not, I'd hate to find out from anyone else."

~

I stepped behind him and took a walk, paying my respects to the little miss as I passed. Just before I was out of earshot, he read my name from the card, like maybe his brain couldn't do it for him.

"Detective Mike... Mike Silver."

He looked at me, timid, incredulous.

"Like the color?"

I glanced back at him with such piercing intent that he dropped the girl's change.

"Like the bullet."

The Mild Miss Conception

by Kermit Haney

it was then he was sure that she wasn't really his wife. The incident at the cafe had been suspicious, of course, but he'd seen far more explosive croissant-induced rages in the past (most of which in his former life as a certified dough-stretcher).

Now, however, it was undeniable. This was a woman who made lactose intolerance a moral issue. It couldn't be her. Dorothy was always so relaxed about food. Whatever this thing was, he just knew it wasn't

~

the woman he married. Not least because of the different name, taste in shoes and entirely unfamiliar facial features.

Although he had no real evidence, Roscoe knew that only he could reveal her for what she really was. He could be pretty convincing sometimes, and the police are usually reasonable. He packed his glasses and mini-whiteboard into his trusty backpack and rifled through the desk drawer for a marker.

Dammit. Only permanent. No second chances.

"What on earth are you doing in my house?", asked the

The Slow Unveiling

by D. G. Ankhstone

She was a full-on, proper dame, clothes superbly tailored without an ounce of excess, a poise to her bearing that eight years with an alcoholic husband didn't manage to wash out. She was a stranger to this part of town, stranger to this life, and too embarrassed to ask what she came for to my face. The request was immodest, improper, not something she would even consider if her life's course wasn't so thoroughly derailed by the drunken driver.

"Here, Mrs. Stantwick," I said, "I'll pour us a drink and

~

sip mine staring through the window. You take your and talk to my back. What'll it be? I've got whiskey, brandy. Should be some spiced rum too."

"Oh, a small brandy, I suppose." She clutched her purse and bit on her lips, eyes restless on the floor. I looked for the cleanest glass in the cabinet and passed it to her, a finger of brandy in it. I poured myself three, left her the bottle and sat on the sill.

"I don't want you to hurt him," she said, "Just her."

The Subliminal Cow

by Greg Engle

It was then, at the earliest, that the chicken was spotted in the kitchen. It had, quite possibly, been hiding in the blender, or perhaps the microwave, both dangerous places for a chicken to hide. The chicken adjusted it's steampunk goggles, worn for visual enhancement and not to fit in at fancier comic con, and unsheathed his tri- blade.

Known as "The Fork", The chicken flashed his blade against the fluorescent lighting of the kitchen. His prey had backed into the corner, knowing that things had taken a serious pear shaped turn.

~

"Chicken," Alex said, rummaging in the drawer behind her, hoping to locate anything she could use as a weapon, "don't you know that what you're doing is wrong?"

Chicken tilted his head to one side, and slowly took one step forward, unphased.

"It's wrong, Chicken, because I am...your daughter." Alex tightened her grip on the one thing she had been able to locate that would suffice as a weapon. A potato peeler.

Chicken tilted his head to one side, and for the first time let Fork fall to the floor. "Bok." He said, looking deep into her eyes.

Two Guys and a Dead Man

by Sir Monan Daele

- John, I always wanted to ask this... Why do you always carry this keychain?
 - What? This? Oh, I think it gives me protection for what's coming.
 - And what's coming?
 - That's why I carry it. We never know what will happen in the next second, and this calms me down. It's a keychain with the St. Benedict medal. I don't know about his story, but I think he's watching over me and protecting me from harm.
 - That's silly. - Paul said while smoking his Marlboro cigarette.
 - How long do you work on the Police Force?
 - ~
 - For 42 years... I'm old for all of this *beep*, I am thinking of retiring soon.
 - Damn, all those years?
 - Yeah, I always worked and never skipped a day. My wife tells me that I should rest by now because I have a heart condition. I cannot stop robbers and punks anymore, I am a office rat, so it's a low risk job.
 - It's been good to have you around, I learnt a lot from you. - John said smiling to Paul - Look, he's coming. Let's get the man in the trunk.
-

Unsolved Murders

by Ken Christenen

Mister Bugly was a tall thin fat dwarf woman with long bald hair. One morning her bloody body was not found in the river stabbed to death with a blunt mushroom. Her lifeless corpse was instead at the top of the stairs in her outhouse. She had apparently broken her neck from falling up the stairs, but the librarian suspected foul play.

The suspects were her 97-year old nephew, the deceased caregiver, and her blind seeing eye dog, Pew. Apparently, Bugly rang for her caregiver Mortia, but as usual she didn't show. In 10 years, Madam Bugly had actually not seen her.

~

Bugly went to the bathroom herself and let old Pew lead. They ended down at the stairs and the tragic incident occurred. Mortia could not come to her aid as she was busy decomposing in her room and her nephew, who was both blind and deaf, saw and heard it all, but could not rush to help his aunt as his walker was stuck in a hole in the ceiling.

The crime was never solved and to this day guests staying at the "Outhouse of Bloody Murder Hotel and Spa Resort" claim to hear the old woman screaming in the hallways at night, or it's just the wind in the leaky roof. Who knows? Who cares?

Unsolved Mysteries

by Anonymous

Unsolved case #15: The Diamond Hippo

The Diamond Hippo of St. Petersburg, as it became known, was commissioned near the turn of the century for the Tsarina's birthday. Finnish goldsmiths and jewelers from the Lyev Davidovitch workshop completed this for the royal family. The fine platinum filigree of the hippo's body drew comparisons to the exquisite work of the Faberge Easter Eggs. But the most striking thing about the hippo was the two diamonds set as eyes. Reflected light from within the diamonds gave the appearance that it was watching the viewer and following his every move.

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On 11 October, 1912 (all dates modernized to Gregorian calendar) the major domo noticed that the diamond hippo was not in its glass case. He alerted a palace guard, who then summoned the Tsar's seneschal. An inquisition was held, but all had alibis. A thief would need to get the hippo out of the locked case, but there was no indication that the dusty lock had been disturbed in some time. It was almost as if the hippo had teleported itself out. Even more mysterious was the note left in the case. In fine script was written, "Hello Sweetie."

Unusual Crimes 1885-1985

by Arch S Doyen

The last decade was filled with bizarre crimes. The Federal Bureau of Investigations had in 1968 founded the Division of Extraordinary Crimes, a group of more experienced agents to handle crimes and other events that could not be explained by regular means. In the mid-70s this group became known as the DEC's.

In 1970 a bank was robbed in Great Falls, Montana. This happened without the robber being armed. According to both security footage and eye witnesses, the robber did nothing except saying "Would you kindly?" to the clerk behind the desk. The case is still unresolved as of today.

~

In 1971 a Boeing 727 aircraft was hijacked somewhere between Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Washington. A man later known as Dan Cooper claimed to have a bomb on board of the plane and took its passengers hostage. He demanded \$200,000 and a parachute. As his demands were met when the flight landed in Seattle, it later took off with Cooper still on board. At some point during that flight, he jumped out of the plane with the money and has never been seen since. Despite an extensive manhunt and protracted FBI investigation, the perpetrator has never been located or identified.

Vali

by Hayden Harris

The door's hinges squealed as it opened to the tiny motel room. Dim lamplight cast a shadow over the half-eaten TV dinners laying on the floor and the line of ants they attracted.

I stepped inside. The body lying on the bed stirred at my footsteps but remained facing the wall. He didn't speak until I sat on the coffee table.

"Who the hell are you?" The phlegm in his throat garbled his words.

I stared in response.

"Here to gawk, huh? See the sorry state ole Bismarck is in? Well enjoy it, buddy. Ten years ago, you would have

~

been dead before you crossed the threshold." Bismarck launched into a fit of coughing.

"Oh, I'm well aware. In fact, I'm sad I didn't get to you earlier. I think it would have made me feel better, somehow—finding you in your prime."

Bismarck turned to look at me, but his eyes stopped at the holster strapped to my thigh.

"What's your name, boy?" His growl had a trace of fear in it.

I smiled. "My name's Ben."

Bismarck's eyes widened. I heard a noise come from his throat before I pulled Vali from its holster and squeezed the trigger.

Addiction

by Claudia Prendes

"Look, I'll be honest ... I should not be here. Yes, I dedicate all the time I can, but it's normal ... Everybody spends 8 hours working and you don't say they have workaholism ..."

"So you're talking about workaholic...?"

"No, nothing so interesting", she laughed. "I just love to play adventure games. Do you know them?"

"¿Adventure games?"

"Yes, it's like an adventure novel, but in the computer... Maniac Mansion, King's Quest...". The girl did not react. Desperately, she continued. "Thimbleweed Park..."

"One moment... How many hours do you play?"

"Not much, it depends on the day... Sometimes only 6 hours..."

~

"And you feel anxiety or still thinking of them when you are not playing?"

"Well, I sometimes jam in a puzzle and have to think how to solve it ... Before, I asked Josh, my co-worker, but lately he doesn't want to answer, I don't know what's his problem..."

"So social relationships have suffered? And your family?"

"Those! They are those who have made me come here. They say that I have an addiction to computer or video games, they don't even agree... How ridiculous! Have you ever heard that you could get addicted to something like that?"

Aerobics for Beginners

by Cindy Saffron

Good stretching is important before an aerobic workout. Slowly bend over and allow the hamstring muscles to stretch (see illustration on previous page). Proceed to hip circles, and then arm and shoulder circles. Stretch the hand and wrist carefully – long days on the typewriter can cause harmful inflammation of the wrist. Drinking a proteolytic digestive enzyme shake each day can help reduce this free radical damage. Finally, gently stretch the neck with small circles and lateral movements.

~

With moderate stretching done daily, a typical adult should be able to bend over and touch their toes with their forehead. Further work will allow a fit person to walk and gracefully flip their foot back above their head and in front of their face every step. Good arch and Achilles' heel stretches will limber the feet up, and enable you to answer the phone by just using your toes. If you have a new push-button phone, dialing it with your nose also alleviates the burden on your wrist.

Antioxidants for Health

by Anonymous

Oxidative damage starts in the body by formation of free radicals. Water molecules (of which we are nearly 70%) dissociate and form a hydroxyl radical. The presence of heavy metal ions can increase the rate of formation. Also this is the same mechanism that ionizing radiation causes. The hydroxyl radical is highly reactive, and abstracts a hydrogen atom from any nearby molecule. If this occurs near a protein, it will deactivate that protein. DNA will be modified and it can suffer damage.

~

The most dangerous location for this to occur, however, is near an unsaturated lipid. The aliphatic hydrogens in between two carbon-carbon double bonds are most vulnerable to hydrogen abstraction. They form a stable free radical themselves, and can continue propagating the chain reaction, causing more oxidative damage to cellular peptides and other molecules. Eventually, the radical will re-combine and form a lipid hydroxide or hydroperoxide. This modified lipid will go on to become a signalling molecule, starting a chain of inflammatory events.

Aura Aerobics

by Anonymous

Proper technique for a Karmic Krunch is as follows: Fully extend your arms while standing on the tips of your toes. Hold until your mind is clear of all thoughts. Next quickly fall to the ground and assume the fetal position. Hold while pondering the vastness of the universe as compared to your insignificance. When you feel the dull ache of meaninglessness, spring upwards with the vigor of rebirth! Be sure to fully extend your arms at the peak of your jump. Repeat until you achieve oneness with the cosmos, or lightheadedness.

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Visualization is an important part of this exercise. Picture your Aura as a swirling soap bubble. As you reach upward, the bubble is also stretching. The colors of your Aura will flicker from blues to greens and yellows. The swirling eddies will have a clearing effect on your mind.

As you contract into the fetal position, picture your aura as a sphere hurtling towards the ground. On impact the sphere will deform, like a dodge ball as it hits the face of an unobservant child. The color will shift towards dark purple, the color of despair.

Beach-ercise

by Anonymous

Remember, Beach-ercise(TM) is not only healthy, it's fun! The following exercises will have you well on your way to having a beach-tacular bod in no time:

Beach-ups - Dig two small holes, put one hand in each, and do push-ups. Adjust the depth of the holes to your desired level of difficulty. Do 3 sets of 12.

Sand Angels - Lie flat on your back and sweep your arms and legs back and forth against the sand. The harder you press against the sand, the sooner you'll be in fitness heaven. Do 3 sets of 12, or until skin is fully exfoliated.

~

Flotsam - Wade carefully into the ocean and float until the tide carries you in like drift wood. Once ashore, roll back into the surf. Do 3 sets of 12, or until high tide.

Zombie - Bury your legs vertically up to your knees, then use your thigh muscles to bring your entire body perpendicular with the sand. Do 3 sets of 6.

Turtle Hatchling - Begin buried up to your neck in the sand. Wait for the tide to come in, then use all your strength to burst out of the sand like a newly hatched baby turtle. Do 1 rep under a full moon.

Beyond the Bouffant

by Magna Dolpha

rinse and, of course, repeat. The yolk's lecithin emulsifies your hair with the watery contents of the cucumber, resulting in a surging, ample look, and due to the cucumber being a natural source of 2-nonenal, adding a soothing scent of old people. Use a hair dryer for a firm finish, getting rid of split ends and coagulating the yolk proteins. Also, this is when your body will return to a stable 37 degrees Celsius (98.6 F).

The cucumber-yolk slush has a very prominent chilliness, caused by the electron stabilizing nature of your household freezer. Preparing

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the deep conditioner in this way has the benefits of keeping the ingredients fresh, facilitating the application and delaying the chemical reactions. Ingested orally it might cause severe brain freeze. During application we recommend a closed mouth to avoid accidental ingestion. Of course, if you have any allergic reactions to eggs, legumes such as soy beans, or cardboard you should avoid the treatment completely.

If you feel a slight dampening or loss of firmness, just add a tablespoon of luke warm water and whisk firmly into the now fully dissolved hair and add texture by

Breaking Wind

by Perry Whistler

Foreword

Rectal gas has accompanied and evolved with mankind since their existence began. The historian calls this claim conjecture, because he can't find any evidence in digs and libraries that predate Guy de Farte's seminal monograph "L'air du temps". But our understanding of evolutionary biology is such that we can safely assume that neither our diet nor our digestive tracts have changed significantly enough to warrant the assumption that our ancestors never experienced a burst of mercaptan-laced methane flatus. We can, however, speculate with some justification on the evolution of the flatus odor based on what we do know

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about our ancestors' diets from fossil evidence. Dr. Whistler has consolidated thirty years of inpatient treatment and independent study in this matter into this eminently useful and readable volume. Connoisseurs may sharpen their nose and increase their understanding of the underlying mechanisms, while practitioners will find the historical basis and justification of their craft laid out concisely.

Dr. Whistler's contribution plugs a hole in the scientific literature and belongs in the hands of each serious student.

Avilé d'Hérripe - Anus, France, December 1982

Butt Weight: There's More

by B. Falstaffian, M.D.

Another patient of mine with weight related intimacy issues was a male in his thirties named George. Married to his wife for over 25 years, this couple had an otherwise happy life together with the exception that George was reticent to cuddle due to his extra poundage.

"He refuses to spoon with me, " George's wife complained one day, visibly disconcerted.

"A man my size doesn't spoon, " replied George, "he ladles!"

After the chuckles subsided, we began examining George's dietary habits. His meals were consistent with the second edition of the USDA's "Dietary Guidelines for Americans" published in 1985.

~

He jogged every morning, and I could find nothing aberrant in his bloodwork. The issue wasn't energy intake: In rare cases, a slow metabolism is the culprit.

As George had trouble with snoring, his family physician had prescribed a new device called a CPAP. These still experimental machines push humidified air into the wearer's airways by means of a mask. I suggested that George try adding hot pepper sauce or jalapeno juice to the machine's water reservoir in order to speed up his metabolism overnight.

This brings to mind another topic: the correlation between obesity and nosebleeds in children.

Chernobyl and Tetris

by Hans Berger

of the nuclear catastrophe had to be devastating. As the radiation is still measurable in western countries bordering the Soviet Sector, calculations assume that a huge area around Chernobyl must be damaged beyond repair. On the other hand the Soviets must be smart and thorough enough to harvest the energy lurking around Ground Zero. And although radiation was in alarming magnitudes around central Europe, it was hardly measurable at the western european coast. Still, its deadly chain reactions found its way across the sea -- via the inconspicuous disguise inside the compounds of innocence itself: a video game made for kids called Tetris.

~

Recent research has shown that simple floppy disks can be the source of intense radiation, which can lead to horrible diseases like cancer in years and years to follow. This is why we advice you to equip your kids when playing Tetris, at least with a tin foiled hat and better yet with a tin foiled body armor to protect them from their evident fate. At this time of writing, we fight for a federal act to provide a complete tin foil outfit with every game that is imported from the USSR. But be aware that our backwardly thinking government may take its time until it recognizes the danger

Conscious Well-Being

by Anonymous

New Age experiences create a conscious evolution, and a non-sectarian society enables healing of the environment through compassion in action and karma.

That karma gives me the potential desire for having a planetary existence in a non physical reality all over again.

If you're process-oriented that is one of the mind's best qualities that manifests in the human brain as glucose and electrolyte salt. The molecules move in the direction of higher evolutionary abstraction, and meaning. It's not unique to enthusiasm, but can also be found in patterns of a larger awareness that your body knows instinctively.

~

Self-awareness works in mysterious ways.

It differentiates into space time and is surrounded by infinity.

The old paradigm suggests a collective good, but science cannot explain transcendence and dynamism. When time stands still, it must combine alternative resources and addictive qualities of video games. That is now mainstream with authenticity and passion.

But what does that mean?

If consciousness builds and ideal of altruism and democratic cooperation, the initial gasp is soon followed by responsibility, well-being, misfortune, and chaos. That is the key to transforming your life.

Cooking with Crohn's

by Colin O'Scoppie

vast majority of sufferers are prescribed with increasingly strong cocktails of medication, despite extremely serious potential side effects, with no-promises surgery the only alternative and last resort.

But the hands of medical practitioners are tied. They must rely on data from stringent scientific studies in making their treatment plans, yet the body of research into the role of diet in causing and perpetuating Crohn's Disease is lacking both in quality and in quantity. The only studies that meet all the current requirements are the drug tests being carried out by the pharmaceutical companies themselves, which are notably not

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legally required to disclose any findings that present their products in anything less than a superlative light.

In "Cooking with Crohn's" we will discover why dietary approaches to controlling the condition really can work; learn how to draw up an effective food diary in order to identify and eliminate your personal problem foods; and reveal the recipes you need to get your life back on track.

By buying this book, you are making the first step towards taking your destiny back into your own hands.

The phrase "you are what you eat" has never rang more true.

Curing Arcade Injuries

by S. Stirz, MD

All parents who purchased these evil black and brown boxes, be it from Atari, Tandy, Commodore, will know it: kids and youngsters with broken hands, incised wounds with sharp-edged plastic fragments in it, tendonitis, osteoarthrosis.

Did you know the only way to win in games like "Decathlon" is to wiggle the as quickly as possible? Have you been aware that winning in so-called "shooting games" requires you pressing fire buttons faster than a M2 Browning spews bullets? If you did not, you may now get a first impression and a grasp of the medical ramifications of "harmless" video games.

~

This book covers the most common injuries, helps you to cure them with means found in every household, and shows you measures you can take that your offspring won't suffer long-term damage from the aforementioned time-wasters. For your personal amusement, we commence our study with the following standard case: solving the classic "joystick wrist cramp" with a quick amputation. Prepare this procedure and make sure that you have the following tools at hand: bread or butter knife, pipe wrench, old newspaper, a bucket of hot water, a bar of curd soap.

Dalcroze Eurhythmics

by Tao

Listen.

Emile Jacques-Dalcroze recognized that music is movement. Rhythm is everywhere down to the beat of our walk - a regular pulse of left right left right. When we take a step and swing our body onto one foot, we are unbalanced, about to fall... We overcome the disequilibrium by putting down the other foot to catch the torso. Then we lose balance on the other side. As we are fairly symmetrical, each step takes the same amount of time; the tempo may vary but the pulse is steady.

~

Clapping is a common response to music, but walking your entire body is more vibrant - you move from one beat to the next or fall over. Conduct, skip, stretch, sway, twist, use the body as an instrument in itself. Your movements start to feel like new words in a musical language, explaining things you didn't get before. Learning feels good.

Play a piece of music. Then play it again and select a phrase for movement. How does it look; how could you change it and make it feel more awesome? Now play it to match the way you are moving.

Dead Bodies: The Guide

by Dr. Purple Rivers

dead bodies found in bodies of water* are typically considered a health-hazard.

particularly for those whose body it is in question.

if you do find a suspect dead body, it is recommended to ensure the correct diagnosis before further action. diagnosis and confirmation may be performed via various means depending on available options.

a basic approach is pinching the toe, knocking on the forehead, and asking if

the body is indeed dead or not. suitable distance is recommended. temperature may also be an indicator. care is recommended to avoid blame of death.

*such as a river or a lake

~

after diagnosis

a dead body in a body of water is known to start to bloat and decay. if found, we recommend removal from the body of water and disposing according to best practices. most importantly, if you empty the pockets first, remember not to tell.

for the body, it is recommended that the removal is best left to professionals as many hazards may be encountered and the dead bodies may contain disease agents. if crime is suspect, immediately call the police hotline for a finders fee and for the best help at find the criminals. the number is 1...

Dieting Yet?

by Mattias LT Cedervall

The first is usually the best. The first movie, not the sequel. So how was the first diet?

Be careful when going to the forest to hunt berries because some poisonous berries will very much like a tractor look delicious, but they are not. Alright! Calm down! Sorry, some berries MIGHT be delicious, but they still end hunger way too permanently.

Sugar will cause holes in your teeth and the dentist will cause holes in your wallet which is good since you can't afford anymore candy.

Certain humans may have a napkin in their suit pocket and look at you

~

very funny. They are NOT comedians! Flee or hope you're so heavy they can't lift you.

Exercise is healthy so take a walk to Pizza Butt. If you make it there (congratulations!) and feel tired, just order home delivery.

Avoid diets including the hydric acid dihydrogen monoxide because it's causing many deaths each and every year! And yet it's added to various food products!

Scientists concluded that they ought to create a petition against the villainous dihydrogen monoxide, but no one signed the petition to create a petition.

Rabbits doesn't know they are on a diet, but they are. Always.

Diets for Mummies

by Jack S. Anubis

Some renowned gourmets like to flavor their plums with a dosed amount of anise, pot majoram or coriander. After several weeks, once the spicy oatmeal with plums has lost about 80 % of its initial weight, you can turn the dehumidifier off and salt your tasty meal in large doses.

Enjoy your meal!

Finally, we would like to give you some useful recommendations relating to your whereabouts: Always stay in a fixed residence. Avoid warm places. Thanks to the technological progress, the best way to rest is to be stored in a so-called cold storage room nowadays. Warm air has an increased intake capacity for dampness, which may harm your dryness.

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During the recent centuries "Mummy Parties" have become very popular. This trend has already caused many damages due to damp, because bandages were removed, so that the mummy concerned was exposed to humidity. On behalf of your own health, we therefore strongly advise you against attending such a trendy party.

We hope that you enjoyed reading our advices and will take good care of your lifestyle. May your bandages accommodate you over many further millenniums until your well-deserved reincarnation.

Stay calm and dry!

Fashion Tips for Fitness

by Hoddondo Kuspisz

and spandex is a must in this day and age for both sexes when working out. Women should consider leotards or the classic thong over the top outfit. The more neon colors the better, even if you are following Jane Fonda on your VHS or Betamax at home. Men should ensure they have ultra short running shorts wherever possible and not fear the muscle shirt in its natural or modded 'stomach on show' version. Both sexes can enjoy the latest fashion of the nylon tracksuit not just for exercising, but for socialising too for those post workout catch ups.

~

The importance of sweat bands cannot be under estimated and have become one of the most essential accessories for the modern keep-fit guru. To really stand out, double up the sweatbands with leg warmers and a headband, whatever the weather. Footwear is an important accessory, so ensure you have a pair of the latest hi-top sneakers or Cross trainers for a beneficial workout. These will not only provide ultra comfort during exercise, but also make sure you stand out from the crowd. Remember to keep it neon people !

Fasting for Health

by Juanda Reich

So fasting for health and well being has many benefits. Just to name a few: you lose weight, lower your blood sugar, the body removes dead cells. But we are not talking about removing everything and/or not eating forever. This is INTERMITTENT FASTING.

This means adding some hours of "not eating" to the normal fast that you do every night when you're sleeping (you know you are fasting when you sleep right?). You can drink water, tea, coffee (no sugar) or drinks with calories (ie: juice).

~

So how do I do it you say? That's one of the beauties of intermittent fasting: it's full flexible. You can adapt it to your schedule. One of the most common ways is that you just don't eat anything in the morning: You eat normal dinner the day before, you go to sleep, wake up, have a glass of water, shower, have another glass of water and...off you go to your normal day. It's amazing! Look it up: Intermittent Fasting.

Frightened Children

by Anthonio Pettit

Gretha AlbelSmith – Frightened of dishes. Refused to eat food which was not placed directly on the table

Markie Gunsmeier – Frightened of charcoal. Could not be taken to barbecues or art classes

Rebekkah Heathers – Frightened of chewing gum. Unpopular after school, but excellent roller skater

Barbara Newton – Frightened of wounds. Passed out at the sight or mention of blood

~

Ferret Rollins – Frightened of snowflakes. Refused to partake in class art project, will not go out on snowy days at recess. Rain drops appear to be OK.

Emma Pontrelli – Frightened of tile. Dislikes walking on non-carpeted surfaces. Anything which makes tile-like sounds

Shelley McPherson – Frightened of certain flowers: Still trying to ascertain which varieties

Get Healthy, Stupid!

by Nate Murton

When it comes to the topic of health, there are many differing opinions. It's best to pursue those with factual backing and avoid 'flavor-of-the-month' fads.

For example, eating all of your meals from the bacon truck that's here is not advisable. However, eating meals from the bacon truck after you've chased it for 10 blocks is a good strategy, as the cardiovascular exercise prior to your meal helps keep you in peak physical condition. The grease also helps keep your joints properly lubricated.

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Growing your toenails too long can lead to long term health problems, especially with the opposite sex. Keep them trimmed and in a small carrying case on your person at all times. You never know when a toenail will be needed and won't you be the most useful ally when you can proudly exclaim "Here's a toenail!" when the appropriate situation arises.

Other health tips we'll cover in this chapter include hearing health (when to use a silencer vs. a loudener), how frequently you should take the fire escape,

Going Grog-Free

by Salt Dog Johnson

...stomach acids will begin to return to normal levels within two to three weeks. Ulcers will begin to heal at this stage and nutrient absorption will be vastly improved. You may put on weight. Concerns around the loss of speech impediments and involuntary twitches are commonly noted. While these flaws may well be considered part of your character as a pirate, it can be explained away with a simple lie. Remember, you may be giving up grog, but you're still a pirate. One could, for example, claim that they miraculously healed after a monkey dropped a coconut on their head.

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You may be tempted to switch to non-alcoholic grog, but this will unlikely give any health benefits. Alcohol is not the most harmful ingredient in grog. Generally the various acids and food coloring are seen to cause the most harm. If you need to be seen to be drinking grog due to the presence of other pirates, try root beer. Practice your grimace, burping and retching. Don't forget to stumble to the bathroom and behave drunk in general. Try forgetting to put your peg leg back on before getting up from the table or lighting the wrong end of your pipe. If you are found out, go for a bluff. Order the largest vessel of grog you can and challenge

Grandma's Remedies

by Fabio "Zak" Belli

To lower the high fever in children, stick to these rules:

A) DRINK A LOT. Fever causes significant fluid loss through the skin through perspiration. Give many liquids to children, including water, soup, iced tea, juice, flavored gelatin.

B) ADJUST THE ROOM TEMPERATURE. The ideal temperature for a child with a fever is between 68 and 70 Fahrenheit degrees (20 and 21 Celsius).

C) REST, REST, AND REST. Sleep and rest are the natural remedy of the body to recover from a high fever.

E) B VITAMIN. It is not uncommon for a child with a fever have a decreased appetite. Increasing the amount of vitamin B can be useful as it helps stimulate hunger.

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F) REMOVE EXTRA CLOTHING

A body temperature too high can lead to serious complications: dress the child with light clothing, avoid heavy blankets in order to allow the heat loss through the skin and prevent overheating.

G) C VITAMIN

Stimulate the child's immune system helps fight infection faster and subsequently reduce fever. Give the child a nice freshly squeezed orange juice every day.

H) PROPER NOURISHMENT

To help your child become stronger, give him the right caloric intake: proteins (eggs, milk, meat, fish, rice, potato, wheat, soy), low fat and many liquids.

Health and the Modern Man

by New Edition, 1905

Every day, give yourself a good and thorough rub down with milk of magnesia. This will ensure that the resulting abrasions will not bother you, and new skin will hastily and near-magically reappear.

After you have finished, you may follow with an invigorating ice-rub of your most sensitive parts. The ice is an excellent stimulant, bringing much-needed circulation to the area.

Do not be dismayed if the wound appears to never heal: the fresh supply of blood is a good sign, as is the pus. This rancid-smelling liquid is also called "God's Phlegm," and is a sign that He has

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smiled on you.

Some of your 'friends' may attempt to avoid you, but be comforted that this is truly the best way to discover which of your friends are sincere.

This young lady has the right idea:

"I used to think that my neighbor was my best friend in the world, but since she observed my exposed lacerations, replete with encrusted blood and swirled with God's Phlegm, she wanted nothing to do with me. Well, I said to myself: may she fall into the mud and a horse and cart fly swiftly over her."

Health Is Not a Game

by Milhous Cheney

after all, the point of healthy living?

These games lure children to sit in a completely inactive way in front of a television set and to repeat mindless activities. The point of any game, of course, is realism. But, paradoxically, by pursuing that constructed sense of realism, these games draw children outside of reality in ways that most healthcare professionals that I've consulted on the matter consider seriously harmful.

By measuring the calorie consumption of a child who plays outdoors five times a week to one who is allowed to spend precious times on games,

~

we can find in some cases about 2,800 calories of wasted energy in the latter.

When I hear that these video games can be a source of meaningful experiences to children (yes, some people I've met socially have actually made that claim), I only have to bring up one simple fact: these games are played exclusively by children. The regressive nature of these video games emerges when this simple fact is brought to our attention. Unlike sports or board games, which have athletic or social value, video games are just an unhealthy concentrate of idleness. They

Healthy Bob's Health Tips

by Healthy Bob

are allergic to peanuts.

You should also stay away from sharks. They can bite in a very painful way. Just avoid sharks altogether.

Oh, and water. If the water is in huge amounts. Something like a lake or an ocean. Unless you are on a boat or a ferry. Or you are able to swim. In that case water is probably not unhealthy. Actually it can be pretty healthy to swim. But don't drink the water if it is seawater. That is not healthy.

I'm also thinking about cars if you are not careful. If they hit you they can severely affect your health. Don't get hit by cars would be my professional advice.

Furthermore electricity can be unhealthy. Although

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electricity might be necessary in some cases. But be careful with it. Don't let it ruin your health.

Food can both be healthy and unhealthy. You have to be careful to pick healthy food as part of a balanced diet. If you want to live healthy you should eat healthy food as opposed to unhealthy food.

Do not go to outer space without adequate training. There is a lot of unhealthy things in outer space.

Also, some tree branches might be pointy and could poke an eye out which I consider extremely unhealthy. Be aware of pointy tree branches. And other pointy items found in the nature or other places.

And stuff with a purple tint might be

Healthy with Head Cheese

by S Stirz, PhD

In our day we observe that more and more people are struggling to lose a few or more pounds. They commence to exercise, go jogging, or consume multivitamin supplements, but more and more frequently these measures turn out to be ineffective or simply brain-childs of the health-club directors of this country. Surprisingly enough, the solution to find a way to a slim belly and an impeccable complexion, can found in the old Germanic tradition of eating headcheese on a daily basis.

~

Headcheese is easy to consume, cold or warm, a perfect on-the-go snack. As a fair source of nutrition it provides you with substantial amounts of grease and saturated fat which helps to keep your skin smooth and shiny – and it smoothes out wrinkles, too! A simple 35 oz slice of traditional Westphalian head cheese contains over 80% of the daily requirement in Vitamin B12. This books brings you the diet you've been looking for: a tasty and rich guide with loads of meat which paves the way to the body of your dreams.

Know Your Innards

by Dr. Rodolfo Gravid

and the patella is connected via key ligaments to the area towards the front of the femur (thigh bone) - that is the primary subject matter of this journal.

~

Chapter 1 - 'Finding Your Skeleton'

Typically, the skeleton is situated deep within the human body. Removal of the epidermis, along with lipids and muscle mass will usually reveal it. This is not recommended if you are currently an extant human (see disclaimer, Appendix 6).

The inherent non-squishiness of the human form can largely be attributed to the skeleton, which is made of many bones and topped off by a spooky skull. It is primarily made of collagen and other boney constituents.

As they say, "a bone by any other name would

Life in the Office Space

by Snark Halfwatch

...thus having a irreversible effect on your health. In the distant past, humans were not confined to such small surroundings. A normal human was accustomed to travel as much as 5-9.32 mi per day, depending on their type of occupation.

Another effect of this hostile confinement can be seen by inspecting the patient skin. An obvious fluorescetric malignant symptom is the reflecting skin, which can resemble the effect of a light reflecting mirror. Most Patients can reflect various types of light sources affectively even hours after the initial exposure. It was discovered that the special conditions created by the office space environment...

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...were the cause of such symptoms. Government authorities have begun initial experiments with the replacement of electric illumination sources with human reflecting subjects, allowing them time to heal from this symptom while saving energy. Full recovery can be expected within a month, providing that the patient is not exposed to fluorescent light in that period.

Another alarming issue is the newly discovered loss of privacy syndrome. Patients who suffer this syndrome can be seen anxious, secluded and alarmed. Some patients might directly share their concern that their private thoughts are carried by the A.C air waves to...

Live Fast, Die Happy

by Doctor Nick

This chapter is called: live to the max! That's really the only thing you need to know. It's better to live a short happy life, than to die old and miserable as hell. So grab that bottle of wine, start smoking, eat all the burgers you want and just enjoy! Don't do any stupid diets. They only work for a short time and make you miserable in the end. Eat all the fat you want and laugh while you're doing it. So you will gain some weight, so what?

~

Always wanted to jump out of an airplane or climb a mountain? Just do it! Jump! Now's it's your chance! Afraid you're gonna die? You're gonna die anyway, some day, won't you? Hate your job? Just go to your boss and tell him! You don't have to shout or be angry, just say: "Hey, listen. I really hate this job." You will be surprised what happens. Just see. Don't be mad, don't judge yourself or others. Just do it. Don't be afraid to live! Live to the max!

Liver Cleansing for Boobs

by Dr. Philip Unk (MD)

Best practices indicate that a proper cleanse for your liver should be a three-step process:

1 - Benchmark your current liver performance; 2 - Cleanse your liver; 3 - Benchmark your liver after the cleanse and compare results.

Step 1: Benchmarking your current performance. Benchmarking your performance is a pretty straightforward job. At this stage you'll be ingesting alcoholic beverages and taking notes of your progress. For this you'll need two items: an alcoholic beverage of your choosing and a pen and a notepad. You will drink a glass of the selected beverage and write it down in your notepad. Repeat until blackout occurs.

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After regaining conscience, please do tally up the number of drinks in the notepad (if you can find it).

Step 2: Cleansing your liver.

During the following 48 hours you'll only ingest tap water and any of the following foods:

Garlic (may be avoided if consumer is either a zombie or a vampire). Grapefruit. Beets and Carrots. Green Tea. Leafy Green Vegetables. Avocados. Apples. Olive Oil (the liquid, not Popeye's girl).

Step 3: After-cleanser benchmark and comparison. Repeat Step 1 and compare numbers.

Good job! Your liver is now clean... go have a drink, you deserve it.

Modern Mental Disorders

by M. D. Singe

First described by the distinguished doctor Stan S. Stanman in his landmark study "Mental disorders – challenges and opportunities", Ludicrous Personality Disorder (LPD) is characterized by any combination of at least three of the following symptoms:

1. Inflated sense of self worth, with severe delusions of grandeur
2. Magical thinking
3. Verbal abuse, often directed at strangers
4. Wreckless and eccentric behavior
5. Visual and auditory hallucinations

Usually diagnosed during childhood, LPD typically restricts an affected individual's ability to carry out simple tasks and / or solve problems presented to him or her.

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CASE STUDY

In a typical example, G. T. , exhibits the delusion of being "a mighty pirate" (1), which leads him to pursue ideas derived from a magical interpretation of the world around, such as cooking everyday objects into a pot in the hope of creating a voodoo spell that will transport him to a secret place (2).

He often tries (and fails) to achieve his goals using odd and inappropriate actions, such as accosting strangers and directing insults at them (3), repeatedly launching himself out of a cannon (4) or interacting with ghosts (5).

Pixelated Bodies

by Dr. Jeremy Barthe

pixelation starts right after the body expires. It is common knowledge that the human body is composed by tiny square atoms, also known as "pixels". In a living body, pixels are hardly noticeable.

As mentioned before, the state of pixelation starts with death, but it doesn't become apparent until several hours go by. The first stage of pixelation is called "800x600". It happens around eight hours after death. Pixels grow larger and the body loses many colors. After "800x600" comes "640x480". Now the pixels are huge, its edges so sharp they can cut through bone.

At this point the body is unable to support more than 16 colors.

~

The next stages of pixelation are "400x240", "320x240", "240x160" and "160x120". By now the body is almost unrecognizable, a shapeless mass of black pixels, and a few white ones here and there. Opening the body with a scalpel will reveal a glitchy tissue, formed by damaged zeroes and ones.

Finally, the body turns into one big black pixel. The faintest touch will dissolve it into millions of small pixels, which fertilize the earth and give life to plants, animals, and us.

That's why this whole process is informally known as "The Square of Life".

So You Have a Pulse

by Cole D. Boody

Table of Contents

1. How to keep it that way – an overview.
2. How to survive childhood – do not trust your other mother.
3. How to survive tween years – being as boring as possible.
4. How to survive being a teenager – don't drive, don't drink and don't date.
5. How to survive the college years – Avoid cabins in the woods.
6. Living to 40 – No sweetly you can't have a clown at your birthday party.

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Table of Contents continued...

7. Living to 60 – If you are not married it just might be time unless you are rich.
8. Living to 80 – How you can make your own luck and don't have stairs.
9. Living to 90 – If you made it this far, why stop now?
10. Living to 100 – Maybe you should give me advice.
11. Living to 110 – Keeping a positive outlook on life and are you sure you are not a ghost?

Sport Is Bad for You

by Dr. James Millares

Sport ist killing millions of people every day.

Think about it: People are accidently shot, mangled or hit by lightning when doing outdoor sport and crashed by ceilings or sporting equipment when doing indoor sports.

People break their bones, rip their tensions and tear their muscles. Some may even loose an eye or their genitals. People get headaches and pains in their hands.

To put it in blunt words: Sport is very,dangerous. Dangerous things are, by definition, unhealthy. The conclusion is obvious: Sport is unhealthy. Very unhealthy.

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My advice, as a very legit Doctor, who knows a lot about medicine and has thoroughly researched the topic of sport is that you should, under no circumstances, perform any type sport in your life.

Why, you may ask, is sports considered "healthy" then?

The answer is simple: From an evolutionary standpoint it makes perfect sense to let other people kill themself. In simple terms: When other people do sports, its very healthy FOR YOU! You should encourage them with the best of your ability.

Stay Fit

by Federico A. Elli

Staying fit is really easy, no, seriously it is. And within this book you'll find exactly how to do that! But first things first, are you eating well enough? Are you? How many calories have you eaten today? How many?!? That is no good, oh my god, you are disgusting, in fact you should be throwing up right now, oh lord what have i done to deserve this... you think you can just stay fit while eating what you eat?

~

Tell you what, just quit, there's no point in going on, you'll never be fit. In fact you seem as unfit as you'll ever be. But all is not lost, there is still one thing you can do... Who am I kidding? Well at least we tried.. I mean i did try my best, it's just that you seem to have gone overboard and there's no way back now, close this book and keep doing what you were doing.

Stay in Motion

by Raphael Rivolgo

Did you know that 6 to 10% of non-communicable chronic disease are linked to physical inactivity?

If we globally eradicate physical inactivity, that would save 5.3 million people a year from a premature death.

Physical inactivity is linked to:

Hypertension: being physically active reduces our blood pressure, maintain our body mass and gives us a stronger heart.

Cardiovascular disease: such as coronary heart disease, stroke, heart failure, peripheral artery occlusive disease. Globally, it is estimated that 30% of deaths in 2015 were attributed to cardiovascular disease, which represents about 20 million people.

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Type 2 diabetes: physical activity not only help us maintain an ideal body weight, but also improve the body's ability to use insulin. Exercise also reduces stress levels and improves the quality of sleep.

Cancer: being physically active reduces risk factors particularly associated with colorectal and breast cancer. There are studies on virtually all types of cancer showing that exercise has enormous advantages, both on prevention and treatment.

Reduced cognitive abilities (dementia) such as Alzheimer's disease. Being physically active raises our heart rate, which is going to increase blood flow to the brain and therefore feed it more.

The Anxiety Paradox

by Sean M. Frye

...Moreover, the social stigma associated with various stress related disorders created a medical climate in which individuals suffering anxiety, panic, and overthinking was piled into one category better known as depression... even from medical professionals, and was treated as such. Yet, at the turn of 1980's we now know this inherently bad method in treating much more complex psychological issues has been contradictory to the very concept of treating mental health patients. Hence the "Paradox" of treating anxiety as just another case of generalized depression.

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Well good news for those of us who fall under these very common feelings! With the advent of modern psychiatric medications we've already discovered we can not only treat but CURE anxiety! Who would of thought?! We also understand that it is not YOU. We are beginning to learn that anxiety disorders may be hereditary! This discovery will make diagnosis much easier than the template used today. This author in fact is a sufferer too and I must say, there is much hope on the horizons for you and I!

The Benefit of Exhalation

by Wanda Marvy

Many people are of the opinion that breathing in oxygen-rich air is one of the key components of respiration. While this is true, I aim to show that you can live a happier life if you focus your time on enjoying those moments of empty-lungism.

It has been proven by numerous studies that regularly expanding one's lungs with air can lead to numerous age-related illnesses as well as other side effects. Anaerobicists, like myself, agree that there are many advantages to not being greedy with that breeze. So, let's get started!

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Myth One: Breathing is Life

Many people are convinced by 'big oxygen' that we need to flood our lungs with air on a regular basis in order to survive. You probably haven't heard many dissenting views, but this is largely because talking can be problematic without the backing of an over-inflated lung. This is the reason I decided to put my thoughts in written form, and finally blow the lid off the dangerous rhetoric delivered by these windbags.

The Common Cold

by Amy Norwood

Hello my name is Amy. Let's talk about one of the most miserable illnesses out there: the common cold. You will learn what causes this disgraceful bug and how to treat it. The most common way to catch a common cold is from someone else. For example, say you're watching a movie next to your best friend John on a couch. John doesn't know it, but he has the virus. While watching the movie John accidentally sneezes and it lands on your hands. Now oblivious, you grab a handful of popcorn, eat it and you're infected with the virus.

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But how do you treat the common cold? First, get a lot of rest! That means stop moving around, lay on a bed, and sleep. Sleep is a common cold murderer. The more sleep you get, the faster it will kill the common cold, and the quicker you will recover. Second, drink lots of fluids! Fluids help keep you from getting dehydrated when you're sick, so drink lots of water and soups. The common cold is a horrible illness, but if you do these things you'll get better quick.

The English Doctor

by Dr James Crossingham

Dr Malcolm rose early, his clung together as the morning sun poured through the drapes. As he rose his head swam of another day of agony and turmoil, caught on the never ending hamster wheel of daily medical practice. He slumped in to his morning suit and stumbled downstairs, slowly munching on a stale piece of toast as wandered out in to the crisp autumnal air. The car started on first attempt, a rarity, and he slowly chugged out of Wendell Drive and off down the road.

Precisely 35 minutes later he was sat at his desk, slowly eyeing up the enormous pile of paperwork sat before him. Another drove of insurance reports and ignorant letters

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gauded his weary eye, so he pushed them aside and called his first patient. Mrs Dobbs, not her usual cheery self, shuffled in and sat quietly in front of him. "Good morning Dorris. How are we today?" he croaked? She looked up slowly at him before slowly muttering "My dog died this morning" and with that she burst in to tears. Dr Malcolm paused to offer her a tissue, before turning to sip from his cold cup of coffee. As he turned he glanced out the window and saw a bird soaring over the trees in the nearby woodland. He found himself wondering whether this was his calling, and perhaps a better life lay outside of this meager existence. Maybe.

The Perfect Body

by Franck Delano Tour

"perfect body" is a myth imposed on society through the use of images that would represent the ideal beauty. No one - not even the models whose image is used to sell everything from food to holidays - has a body like the ones we see in advertising. Thanks to the magic of computers the images of the bodies are transformed: hips are streamlined, legs are stretched out. The continuous presentation of these unrealistic images creates a mythical perfection standards and causes people to try to achieve this standard, if they want to be considered attractive. Therefore, both men and women

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end up feeding expectations that will be permanently dashed. Given the failure, many people are likely to develop a negative image of their body, and this is a major cause of the development of bad eating habits and lack of self-esteem. This is particularly true for example in the experience of social nudity, for the most various reasons from attending sport facilities to practicing naturism. One of the main obstacles that keep people from trying those healthy activities is constituted precisely by the lack of consideration of their image and lack of self-confidence about the appearance of their own body

The Way to Big Biceps

by Kimsor DoubleMeat

It is very important for man to have huge bulging biceps. Nothing shall be lifted if no big arms are developed. So in order to do so, one must eat a sackful of peanuts in a day. Then you must also consume a huge amount of meat, mostly from low fat pigs! For the biceps to grow like huge potatoes on a warm field, exercises must be done correctly. Lift as big weights as possible, 8 to 12 times in a row. Don't stop even when you feel muscle pain, that's what calls the veins to your muscles and makes the biceps stand out.

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The man with desire for good looking beautiful shining biceps must know at least 10 different exercises to train them. Use your wits and imagination when training, every time try to make something special. Think your biceps as your clever enemies who know what your going to do next. Then surprise them by doing something completely random. When riding a bike to town, all of sudden jump to a tree branch and start doing chin ups! No bicep can resist that, it must grow! Sooner than you think your shirt sleeves are getting the fill they need, the awesome and strong shiny biceps!

Voodoo Beverage Recipes

by Mama Mojo

"Hair of the dog" Hangover Cure

In a shaker mix:

1. 3 raw eggs from a one-legged hen. 2. 5 cl tabasco peppers sauce. 3. 1 gram paracetamol (in powder). 4. 2 spoonful of black treacle. 5. 5 cl rum distilled during full moon (*). 6. 6 spoonful of Blue Mountain Jamaican coffee. 7. Fill with hot seawater. 8. Stir with a nacre spoon while facing the sun. Drink in one shot. (*) in case of severe hangover, triple rum quantity NB : regurgitation may occur.

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"Lova-Lova" Potion

In an English teapot add

1. Tears from Loved-One (*) 2. Dried Tea leaves harvested on Valentine's Day. 3. 2 spoonful of red ginseng. 4. 10 grams of ginger powder. 5. Cinnamon at will. 6. Fill with steamy water. 7. For a never-ending love, stir anti-clockwise with a silver spoon (**) NB : works best when coupled with diamond ring (*) for less romantic people, can be replaced by 1 spoonful of saliva or 1 "used"chewing gum (be sure to retrieve chewing gum before serving) (**) ATTENTION : if stirred clockwise, will work one night only

Voodoo Health and Hexes

by Witch Doctor Voodoo

HOW TO PREPARE A VOODOO DOLL

SOMETHING OF THE THREAD

It is well known that a dirty underwear may be an incomparable strong containment of the true spirit and essence of the victim, other clothes won't have the necessary powers, maybe the socks can work only if the victim is sick with dead toe fungus or a putrid foot disease.

SOMETHING OF THE HEAD

A common hair tress will do the job, a fat hair louse has proven to work as well, but if the victim is bald as a knee, you can cut the top external skin, but that will defeat the purpose of having a secret voodoo doll to cure or torture.

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SOMETHING OF THE BODY

A nail, a toe, a finger, a tiny bitsy particle of his willy, even a solitary parasite well eaten for some months from the victim will work.

SOMETHING OF THE DEAD

This is the tricky part. A relative bone from a cemetery is hard to come by due to the natural decomposition of a corpse, type of soil, temperature and climate. Some decades after the relative's death maybe you can find something. If the graveyard is in Iceland, Siberia, the Ninth Circle of Hell, or in a damn ice block you won't have a problem due to cold preservation.

THEN ADD SOME MICELLANEOUS VOODOO HERBS AND SEASONINGS INCLUDING MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE

Your Health and You

by Megan Morrison

have a very personal relationship with your body. I would even suggest that you should be interested in it. You are, after all, it.

This might come as a rather large revelation to some of you. While you might think that you are a homunculus, trapped in your head, steering its fleshy robot through life, this is quite a mistaken assumption. That homunculus doesn't inhabit a fleshy robot; it rather is the fleshy robot.

And like any other robot, you need to keep yours - or, as really is the case, yourself - in good working order. Here are some ideas. The

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same way you sometimes hose down your metallic robot, you should take a shower once in a while. It doesn't have to be too often, as the dirt accumulating on your exterior shell does work quite nicely as a very effective protection from rain, other people, and zombie attacks. On the minus side, the more dirt you keep on your body, the more likely it is that wounds inflicted by the horde will get infected.

Now, an infected wound is no laughing matter! We've all had relatives die from it. Ever since antibiotics have stopped working, bacterial infections have become

Alpaca Herding and You!

by Diane Valoushua

Alpaca herding is an easy and fun hobby for the whole family to enjoy. This book will cover all the necessary steps needed to start your very own Alpaca herd.

You will learn how to fleece your alpacas and create snugly knitted alpaca blankets, hats, mittens and so much more. Start your own business and sell your Alpaca creations online, or give them as gifts to all your friends and family. Alpacas are easy to care for, simply let them graze in your backyard. Your lawn will always be cut and your Alpacas will be happy and fed.

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Be the talk of the town. Your neighbors will love your out of the box thinking and foresight. You and your family will be at the forefront of this rewarding and lucrative hobby. Alpaca herding is also an educational experience for children. They will witness the miracle of Alpaca birth and learn how to care and clean up for their Alpacas. Walk proudly as you parade your Alpaca herd down the street. More than attention, alpaca herding is a rewarding and lucrative hobby that will change your life and that of your family.

Camping Lanterns Guide

by Marc Hard

Gas powered lanterns are operated with gas cartridges and achieve an average luminosity that is comparable to a 80 watt bulb. The light source used is a so called gas mantle, a special elongated pear-shaped and salt prepared weave fabrics of cotton, or silk, which burns in the gas flame. Dealing with gas mantles has to be learned, because the structure is very fragile and can easily break down when shaken, especially while transporting. The scorching of a new and changing of an old gas mantle is the only significant maintenance work on gas lanterns though.

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With average wattage of 200 to 400 gasoline and kerosene lanterns are by far the brightest of all lamp types. However, this fact must be paid for with the accompaniment of significant odour and noise during operation. As gas lanterns also gasoline lanterns are used with a gas mantle. Unlike the first mentioned, the gas however has to be produced at first by pressurizing gasoline or kerosene and atomizing respectively vaporizing in the carburettor and pressing it through a fine nozzle afterwards. The flame of the combusted gas-air mixture then heats the gas mantle and brings it to light.

Common Mushrooms

by Maya Celium

On the uses of common Fly Agaric

Amanita Muscaria, more commonly known as Fly Agaric, is a red toadstool with white spots commonly found in coniferous forests. While indigenous to Siberian Russia, A. Muscaria has, through the trading of pine seeds, spread to the point that it can be found across every continent. It is regarded as a hazardous invasive species in Australia and New Zealand, where it may be displacing native species.

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While traditionally classified as toxic, the large, organic toxins are extremely fragile, and as such a short parboil will break down the toxins while leaving intact the mushroom's psychoactive substances. A. Muscaria has a tough and unpleasantly firm flesh, but these relatively common toadstools can be used as a basis for tea or, as is tradition in Lithuania, soaked in vodka to leech out desirable drugs into a palatable form.

Cooking with Jester

by Lester the Jester

peas and carrots and clogs, of course!" I replied in a zesty tone. "Why, that's outrageous!" bellowed the king. "Release the lions! Call the guards! Seize the Jester!" "Oh no, you mustn't! You haven't tried the soup!" I pleaded bravely. "Oh please, sir, try the meatloaf, I put extra toad, just for you, m' lord!"

The king loves toads an' frogs and the like in his food, I can tell, as he always hacks and coughs in rapture when he eats 'em!

"Guards! Guards!" the king continued to shout, but to his dismay and my delight, the guards were ill, and couldn't come in to work.

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"Lions! Lions!" the king continued to shout, but to his despair and my content, the lions were napping deeply, and couldn't be bothered to wake.

The king didn't know who to call!

He could call the queen, but she was at the opera.

He could call his handmaidens, but they rather liked me, and wouldn't have the heart to throw me in jail.

The king was stumped. How could he deal with this nuisance in his court?

After hours of contemplating the matter, he finally got it! He couldn't! He'd let me stay, and commend me for my wonderful cooking and my prodigious juggling!

But unfortunately, that was not to be the case and events took a

Discover Your Green Thumb

by J. K. Bloom

Let your little green friend know what you feel for it. Look after your flower with some generous sprays of plant protecting agent three times a day. Expert advice: Resort to an agent that smells as pleasant as the blossom of your flower itself, and your nose will suggest a blooming period throughout the whole year.

If you would like to breathe new life into your plant, adorn it with a lovely fountain. Expert advice: There is a gigantic range of fountains in the market. There is something for everyone, no matter which flower you have.

~

You will never understand your flowers unless you learn their language. Brown leafs, for instance, mean that you need to vary the amount of water, especially if they begin to coil up. If the leafs have some holes, your green little friend wants to tell you that it is infested with some parasites. In this case you just need to replace your flower with a new one. Expert advice: No reason for pinching and scraping. You can finally surprise your beloved guests by choosing an even more beautiful species of plant. What an inspiring opportunity!

Garden Improvement

by Xavier Bifteki

so a well cultivated garden serves as a recreational space. Let it be palm trees, various ornamental plants or even thimbleweed. Whatever pleases the eye.

But be warned, there are downsides to this lush vegetation:

- Potentially lots of mosquitoes
- Annoying birdsong all day long
- Various other bothersome animals of all sizes
- Uncontrolled growth and leaves, which is tiresome to take care of

This list is exemplary and only the tip of the iceberg. But fear not. There is a solution to the dilemma.

~

Cut! Cut! Cut!

Cut down everything. Plow. Bituminize. Don't forget to add an appropriate reinforcement, so it lasts even longer.

If you like you can paint it green, or even better, spray-paint the likeness of palm trees, various ornamental plants and thimbleweed.

Afterwards you have a nice big surface. You can park your truck on it. When your numerous friends visit, they can park without hassle too.

You don't even have to mow the grass anymore.

And the best of all, no annoying bird noise. Heavenly silence!

Greenbeard's Plants

by R. G. Greenbeard

the country with plenty of rain it is best to set up a canvas about six to eight feet above ground to keep the sprouts from being overly watered. Also make sure to regularly remove any weeds.

By the beginning of August your young Grog Fruit plant should have reached a height of about one foot. The leaves should show a deep saturated green and span one to two inches in length. First little buds may be visible, their shape vaguely that of tiny pitchers. But do not worry if they are not, with some breeds those buds do not

~

form until the beginning of the following spring. Also, the plants will not show their full bloom for a year.

Until then keep the Grog Fruit Bushes watered sufficiently. To keep any pests away from the plants use ample doses of DDT every other month. Should you deem this method too radical or have problems purchasing any DDT burying a golden doubloon two inches deep right next to the stem of the bush will serve that purpose just fine as well. You will need one doubloon per plant.

As winter approaches cover the bed with two layers of sailcloth

Hippos Make Great Pets

by L.J. Sparvero

Hippos are also known as "river horses" (Finnish: virtahepo) and spend most of their days in the water. To keep your hippo happy, be sure to bathe it daily. A good scrub in a backyard pool with a gallon of added bubble bath should be adequate. Gentle lengthwise scrubbing with a car brush will get your hippo sparkling clean. They also enjoy getting rubbed behind the ears. Also periodically clip the hippo's toenails. A garden trimmer can be helpful for this. Hair dryers or a box fan can aid in drying the hippo off after its bath.

~

Hippos are herbivores that enjoy a wide variety of foods, and lots of it. Keep in mind that to a hippo, your flower garden looks like an all-you-can-eat salad bar. Hippos need to munch on considerable amounts of sugar cane to keep their energy up, and no one wants a cranky hippo as a pet! The occasional crunchy apple is good to keep the hippo's coat shiny. Other foods that hippos enjoy are cabbage, celery, fettucini alfredo, ice cream sundaes, grilled cheese sandwiches with mustard, poutine, rhubarb pie, chocolate cake, and peanut butter toast (especially when they wake up.)

Holly's Handy Home Hints

by Holly Hellwater

206: Holly Sheet!

Ok guys, I'll level with ya, those immaculate sheets you see in my bedroom in magazines that look like they cost a million dollars and your grandmother? They're not as pricey as you might think... IN FACT, they didn't cost me one... single... cent. I know you're thinking "Holly you couldn't possibly recycle that out of old underwear and rags from dead beggars," and... you're right. One word ladies...

Hotels.

Next time you stay at a hotel leave a fake name and address. Pay in cash. And I know you're gonna wanna pack everything but the kitchen

~

sink in those suitcases ladies but leave jeeeeeest enough room for some egyptian cotton in there (and don't forget 102: Hotel Soap and Shampoo).

I know what you're thinking... "Holly, ah'm broke, m' husband left me and I'm destitute and sad, how can I afford to stay in a nice hotel, what with me havin' t'sell m'first born and m'dogs and m'cats and m'snake?"

Well, maybe this is a good time for me to tell you about another book you might have seen on the shelf called Holly's

Hummingbird Hawk Moth

by A.A.

The day-dwelling hawk moth rarely
Sees another of its kind
Humming all day bouncing from
Buddleia to Echinacea to Centorea
Are you lonely?
Are you sure you're not a bird
With six legs, a fuzzy body and antennae? You
Bumblebee lobster looking thing.
Wait, don't go, have you
Seen the clematis? I know
It's infested with Japanese beetles
But so is everyone else's

~

Right? Or is Mine just not
Good enough for you.
Fine.
Your tongue is longer
Than your body
And I find that weird
So leave.
My garden wasn't designed for you anyways.

Interior Design Mistakes

by Anthonio Pettit

While there are many errors common to the field of interior design, the most glaring is the attempt to make a dwelling appear "contemporary" based on trends in textiles and paint samples de jour. Surely any young designer must take into account the fact that any photographs taken of a space deemed contemporary, will appear laughably outmoded by the time the snapshots are developed. The best practice in avoiding this type of calamity, is to draw primarily upon the successful design elements of the past, choosing elements which have withstood the test of time such as stucco, earth tones, and concrete.

~

Also design elements from specific regions such as the southwest United States are particularly well suited to conveying a sense of timelessness. Concrete forms are extremely versatile and will accept virtually any hue so long as the paint is applied in sufficient layers so as to overcome and saturate the medium with a coating.

Plants: Organic & Nuclear

by Art O'Gardnin

and that is basically all you need to do to take care of Chuck-plant. If you happen to have a man-eating plant there are some steps you might want to take to make sure you have a big plant that might work as a burglar repellent. When you are away from home, you will need something that will either scare the burglars away, or something that will consume them. The problem with a man-eating plant is that it is not really able to eat a man as it is too small for that, and therefore not that scary.

~

There are luckily ways to make your plant a good guard for your home. All you need is to contact your local nuclear plant to obtain uranium-233. Once you have Uranium, you need to submerge it in water to create a nutrient. A swimming pool is great for creating large supply of nutrient, and radioactive material will create a nice glow for late night swims, too. Radioactive water will make your plant grow so it can consume any burglar it will face. If you want to deactivate the plant, you should feed it with fizzy water, which will make it burb.

Potted Paradigms

by Andres Saran, Ph.D.

must be watered twice a day due to their unquenchable thirst. Remember that you should put them in clay pots brought exclusively from Bangladesh. If one can't be provided, you run the risk of hurting their feelings.

The Colibdera Psicoforme are a marvel of nature; if left alone with a music record, they tend to dance moving their purple pistils of passion. Oh, what a powerful and pristine performance these primitive plants provide to the perplexed public!

~

But beware, my friend, nature is a dangerous thing. It is not advisable to put the Colibdera Psicoforme in small and dark rooms, since they are prone to release a cyanide-like substance when stressed. I know what I'm saying, since my lovely wife, may she rest in peace, touched her lips with her gentle fingers soon after playing with the leaves of this treacherous little plant we used to call Helga. She died instantly. The lovely and voluptuos nurse who helps me with my diabetes ended up putting the plant in the dining room, close to

The Art of Floor

by Orville Rugg

be surprised that Mrs. Ferrignus would prefer inlaid linoleum to hardwood. Although today linoleum has a reputation for kitsch and kitchens, it has a rich history as an affordable, durable and attractive floorcovering. Invented in 1860, linoleum gets its name from linseed oil, a central ingredient in its manufacture. While cheaper varieties are thin and prone to tear, high quality linoleum is long-lasting while remaining flexible, making it an attractive alternative to more rigid flooring tiles.

In the Ferrignus home, inlaid linoleum confers several advantages. Its flexibility makes it

~

hold up against frequent architectural shifts in a region known for tectonic instability. Water-resistant flooring is a must for little Gru Ferrignus, whose carnivorous plant collection is watered daily using water balloons. The wide variety of colors and textures helps Mr. Ferrignus tell which room he's in. And when entertaining guests, Mrs. Ferrignus can show her fine taste in art by pointing out tiles that were used for a linocut by her favorite impressionist. For this family, finding the perfect floorcovering has enhanced their daily routine. You can have

100 Yards to the Toilet

by Will E. Makeit

Will really had to pee but...

~

WILL HE MAKE IT?

1001 Unfunny Jokes

by Bruno Taber

1: Three biscuits are walking down the street: pappa-biscuit, momma-biscuit, and baby-biscuit. Baby-biscuit starts to dawdle. Pappa-biscuit gets very angry, goes back, squeezes the baby-biscuit and then exclaims: "KETCHUP".

2: A rabbi, a priest, and a shaman walk into a bar. The shaman orders 3 shots of brandy with a side of bacon. The rabbi says: "I can't eat this!" The shaman asks: "Is that because you are Jewish?" And then a meteor destroys the Earth.

3: Why did the chicken cross the road? To prove that he was a turkey!

~

4: How many angry old men from Canada does it take to change a light bulb? Three: One to hold the ladder, one to screw in the light bulb, and one to withstand cyborg polar bears with dual hockey sticks!

5: "Knock knock!" "Who's there?" "Gravity!"

6: What do you call a cow with no legs? I don't know, Andy never told me the rest of the joke.

7: Why did the little boy drop his ice cream? Because he fell.

101 Hilarious Jokes

by Colin Mealiar

A man walks into a barman and says: "Can I have a drink, please?"

The man is ejected from the bar.

A barman walks into a bar and says: "Dear God, can I please get through one shift without anyone cracking a joke."

The barmaid is making eggnog behind the bar. As she cracks an egg into it, she winks at the barman and asks: "What about an egg? What if someone cracks an egg?"

The barman says: "Damn," and takes off his coat, trying to look angry, but he can't stop himself from smiling.

~

A man walks into a bar and says: "Has anyone seen my wife?"

After looking around, the barman says: "No."

The man says: "Good, I'll have a beer then!"

There's a cheer of "Wahey!" and also some groans. Some people had been enjoying their drinks before Tony showed up.

A man walks into a bar and says: "Has anyone seen my wife?"

The barman comes out from behind the bar and puts his hand on Tony's shoulder.

"Tony, I think you'd better sit down. There's been an accident..."

A Book for the Illiterate

by Smokey Mouse, PhD

...

~

...The End

Animal Short Jokes

by Various Authors

- Where does a 300 Kg. [700 lbs] gorilla go? - He goes wherever he wants: who's going to contradict him!

- Why the gorillas have big nostrils? - Because they have big fingers.

Once, in a zoo, I saw monkeys firing confetti with a fart. The warden told me that it was visitors' fault: they gave them the bananas without first removing the label!

- It's true that carrots are good for your eyesight? - Of course! Have you ever seen rabbits wearing glasses?

- What gift does a male rabbit to his girlfriend? - a 24-CARROT ring!

~

If the rabbit legs are so lucky...

...then what happened to the rabbit?!

- What does an ant in the sugar bowl?

- The White week!

- Why ants can carry up to 20 times their weight?

- Because they do not have a union!

A child walks into a pet store to buy a parrot.

The seller says: "Look, this is the only one I have left. He is a special one: he makes SQUARE EGGS".

- "Really? Tell me... he even speaks?"

- "Eh... unfortunately he only knows three words."

- "Which words?".

- "DAMN THAT PAIN !!!"

Bring Back the Dead

by Marc Joan Roch Closa

Bring life to the death is quite annoying due lots of important aspects to consider, and the lack of empirical information that we got. Some people use a fresh corpse with fresh organs and the right amount of electricity flowing through the nerve system and the use of biochemical products, while others use some ashes bought at some doubtful weird house in the middle of a swamp. There are several ways to give life to death, and some of them are as simple as a container gas from the army or a curse.

~

The effects may vary, to a legion of undead pirates to a talking skull, and not always will they be unconscious walking corpses but worried people who may never rest in peace unless you turn off the gas of is kitchen. Choosing a good corpse to wake up is also rather important; the best ones rests in Previously Used Coffins from Stan's. Just be aware that your corpse doesn't become an evil pirate captain. For further information, ask your hometown voodoo lady.

Creative Anarchism

by Anonymous

If you can swipe a copy of a corporation's internal phone directory, all the better. But all you need for this prank is the number of their central switchboard. Call them up, belch loudly into the phone, and hang up. If all of your buddies do this, the company's operations will come to a complete stand-still since legitimate calls will not be able to get through. Remember to use a pay phone when possible (see "Hacking parking meters" for an unlimited supply of dimes).

~

Tired of junk mail? Always save those pre-paid return envelopes that accompany it. Send them back, empty. Even better, save up the contents of all the junk mail that arrives. Randomly put contents back into the various envelopes and mail it out. First be sure that there's nothing in them identifying you! Imagine the confusion on the face of the person that opens these. Who knows, you might change their life with a burger coupon or magazine subscription offer.

Fun with Words

by Qwerty

I have been reading a book about anti-gravity. Only issue is it's impossible to put down.

I wasn't originally going to get a brain transplant, but then I changed my mind.

A broken pencil is pointless

I'm glad I know sign language, it's pretty handy.

I don't trust these stairs because they're always up to something.

Money can't buy happiness, but it can buy chocolate, which are kinda the same thing.

It's not that the man did not know how to juggle, he just didn't have the balls to do it.

~

I used to be addicted to soap, but I'm clean now.

Broken puppets for sale. No strings attached.

My new theory on inertia doesn't seem to be gaining momentum.

A hole was found in the wall of a nudist camp. The police are looking into it.

Last time I got caught stealing a calendar I got 12 months.

If towels could tell jokes they would probably have a dry sense of humor.

Jill broke her finger today, but on the other hand she was completely fine.

My math teacher called me average. How mean!

Funniest Eulogies

by Mattias LT Cedervall

(Page 1 in the book) Eulogies should prove that you can't spell "funeral" without "fun". Sometimes people have the nerve to suddenly die, but if you're lucky enough to know someone who's slowly dying, why not tell her/him/it the funny eulogy beforehand? A good hearty laugh could make them prone to include you in their will so you inherit a mansion or an island. Or a mansion on an island.

If you suspect that your funny eulogy won't be appreciated, simply find another

funeral. It can be a stranger, just don't let a funny eulogy go to waste. For that is the 11th commandment!

It's

~

(Page 2 in the book) considered (by sensitive people) bad taste to deliver a funny eulogy in case you were the one who killed the person to death.

If the funeral has guests from different countries, translate the funny eulogy to gibberish.

It's okay to use the same funny eulogy many times if there's a serial suicider on the loose.

A funny eulogy should be cheap like a coffin from IKEA.

Connect the funny bone to the hip bone and shoot from there, maybe the laughter will wake the undead!

- My dear frenemy, bloated and pixelated from decay of a death come too soon...

Hairdryer Jokes

by Jerry Pulcowicz

Woman: Hey, that a hairdryer in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?

Woman (Noticing man is bald): You pig!

Woman: (Slaps bald man)

Bald Man: I didn't even say anything, I'm literally just tryin'a eat lunch.

Man: Hey, do you have a hairdryer?

Woman: No.

Man: Guess you shoulda thought of that before going out in the rain, eh?

Woman: Screw you.

Man: Hey. Hey you. Is your hair wet?

You: No, why?

Man: Guess you don't need a HAIRDRYER then?

You: Get lost, freak.

~

Man: Hey, hey you. You like jokes about hairdryers?

You: What? Uh... no. I guess not.

Man: Guess you don't need a JOKEBOOK exclusively with jokes about HAIRDRYERS then?

You: What? No. No, get outta here!

Man: Ah, come on!

Wife: Why you gotta write those dumb Hairdryer gags Jerry? They're dumb.

Jerry: It's all I know Tabby. It's all I know.

Jerry (Sobbing): It's all I know.

Wife: (Leaves husband)

Ex-Wife: Hey Jerry, it's Tabby! I heard about your big publishing deal in the paper, that's fantastic! I was thinking

Jerry: *Click*

Ex-Wife: Jerry? Jerry? Jerry... Jerry? Jerry? Jerry?

Help Desk: Tough Life!

by Various Authors

HelpDesk: "And now, press the zero key!"

Customer: "Uppercase or lowercase?"

Customer: "I have a problem, can't print in red."

HelpDesk: "Do you have a colour printer?"

Customer: "Whoops... thank you!"

HelpDesk: "What kind of computer do you have?"

Customer: "A white one."

Customer: "My computer tells me to press play on tape."

HelpDesk: "OK. Did you press it?"

Customer: "Yes, I hear the music as usual. But the computer does anything."

~

HelpDesk: "Now, enter your password."

Customer: "Pardon me, I can't enter it, it displays only a line of ASTEROIDS!"

Customer: "If I put a color ribbon in my B/W printer, it prints coloured?"

HelpDesk: "I really don't think so."

Customer: "Oh, I got it! I have also to load a properly software!"

Customer: "My computer doesn't seem to work!"

HelpDesk: "Did you turn it on?"

Customer: "Why? It must be turned on in order to work?"

Customer: "Speakers don't work! Left sound comes out from the right speaker and vice-versa!"

HelpDesk: "Switch the speakers!"

Customer: "I can't. The plug colors are different!"

How to Fail at Dating

by Robert Betancourt

I recently started using the Classified for dating. Attempting to get a date through face to face interactions had proven difficult.

I would walk into whatever place it was and do my smiling. I'd try a corny joke. Usually they end flat. And the last time I went out, I met this beautiful redhead. We talked and laughed for hours. And when the bar had last call, she said something about having a boyfriend to get to and she disappeared. I looked at her thinking, "Wait, did you just waste my time?"

~

In the classifieds, I thought I might stand a chance. My friends said that is the way to go.

I navigated a large number of dog owners (I felt like I was voting on dogs in the Westminster Dog Show) and burning man enthusiasts. Can't I find someone who's life doesn't revolve around some 1986 desert retreat? And then finally a normal woman who has got her stuff together answers my ad. I'll wait by my phone and hope it rings.

Jokes about Children

by Fabio "Zak" Belli

Two children speak: - "Tell me, do you pray before eating?" - "No, my mother cooks well!"

At the kindergarten: - "Hello, what's your name?" - "Violet." - "Why Violet?" - "Because when I was born, a violet fell on my head."

Then, to another nice girl: - "Hello, what's your name?" - "Rose." - "Why Rose?" - "Because when I was born, a rose fell on my head."

Next there is a boy, all damaged: - "Hello, what's your name?" - "... Rod!"

- "Mom, it's true that when you die you become dust?" - "Yes, my dear." - "Then, under my bed there are a lot of deaths!"

~

- "Dad, where is Africa?" - "But what do I know... It's mom who always move things everywhere."

Children in the back seat cause accidents, accidents in the back seat cause children.

- "Mom, it's true that bees make honey?" - "Sure, dear." - "And how do they close the jars?"

- "Mom, I'm scared of the dark!" - "Don't worry, now I send you the Boogeyman to turn on the lights."

At the registry office: - "What is the name of the newborn, Madame?" - "HBNATTRLPFODE" - "Oh... the father is Finnish or Swedish?" - "No, no... he's oculist!"

Two children speak: - "What does your father do?" - "All that Mom wants!"

LeCluck's Revenge

by Sir Logan

Today we continue with another installment in our "Tales From The Coop" series. We have a reader submitted yarn about a chicken gone rogue which also serves as a meditation upon the sentience of poultry and ethical eating.

It was an ordinary night like any other. Twilight had waned and the moon had not yet cast her glow over the land. Unbeknownst to Thimbleweed denizens that night would prove to be an extraordinary one...

~

"Enough!" LeCluck exclaimed.

He had grown weary of his caged existence in the coop and the time had come to express such. He had since his youth dreamed of a day when chickens and humans could live harmoniously in a symbiotic relationship...

All thanks to this singular domesticated fowl, never again would chickens be treated with such contempt and considered inferior of intelligence.

Legend of the Skrublord

by Xx_Fl0ydD DayNiel_xX

As i stood on the rocky cliff surface, a familiar face "no, it can't be" i exclaimed, it was no other than Xx_n00b_SlAya_xX. "What the heck are you doing here" i said

"I'm here to slay the n00b that killed Skrublord Stan" She answered

"Dude, he killed himself" i explained

"Why would a skrub like him, kill himself"

"He got too greedy with his swag, went swimming in da red sea and sank to the bottom"

"Woah, what a plot twist"

"yeah, I know"

"Well, now what do we do?"

"Idk". Both of us watched the sun set.

~

We watched it for 420 seconds before I then broke the silence. "Wanna go to the pub and get drunk?" I asked

"Sure, lets go" She answered.

When we got to the pub, we opened the door, only to find ten cheeky skrubs raiding the lot. One of the skrubs Had a magnum 47 pointed at the barman's head, the rest had rifles pointing to the crowd of wasted souls.

"Oy you," One skrub said to us. "GTH0"

"No!" Xxx_n00b_SlAya_xX shouted, her Sniper rifle pointing at the Skrub.

"FLANK THEM M8" I ordered. Both of us started noscoping the Skrubs.

Little Book of Riddles

by Ed E.

1. In your darkest hour, they point out things to see. At other times it don't seem to matter if they bother to peep. What are they?

Answer: The Stars.

2. Even when I fall, it's usually never quite so completely, like a shadow on the wall they still think I'm apparently fleeting.

Answer: A Meteor.

3. When it's hot I boldly take cover though when it's cold I seem to loose color.

What am I?

Answer: A Tree.

~

4. Mess with me and I'll ripple your reflection with highs and lows that can carry you out to sea. What am I?

Answer: The Moon.

5. Held up high, I can corner you from all sides. Long passageways

like highways could not even lead you to places to hide. What am I?

Answer: A Mansion.

Misadventures of Slappy

by Sir Logan

...The boy's feline was awoken from beneath his bed. The feline was of unusual and unorthodox design. Some locals even commented that it took the visage of a sabertooth or some throwback forgotten relic of a former time. A few even commented that the cat was thought to be suffering from the mythical affliction of lycanthropy. No one ever knew whence it came or whither it went, much like the wind the cat remained a free agent and valued self will above all else.

~

The constituents of Thimbleweed were ever grateful for the deeds of the cat named Slappy and will hold his name in esteem for all time. A monument was erected last year in the town centre in honor of the feline and his noteworthy contributions.

Monesvol and Grefusa

by Auron

Once squids lived in the earth, and in the darkness of chaos they fooled Monesvol, and they took from him the enigma of salty. Monesvol was angered, and the earth shook, and fire and wind struck down these squids, and they threw their bodies into the waters.

~

But in their rage, the god forgot the secret of salty, and left it on the battlefield. We, who found it, are just kikos: not gods, not squids, just kikos. And the secret of salty has always carried with it a mystery. You must learn its riddle, you must learn its discipline. For no one, no one in this world can you trust. Not men, not women, not beasts... This you can trust. [points to his MrKorn bag]

Ramblings Consolidated

by D. J. Gale

Werewolf - the beast neglected because the vampire is rather sexier. Its setup is, invariably, this: A human bitten by one turns into a wolf when the moon is full, commits as much murder as he can and wakes up the following morning in the park with no pants and smelling of fur. But consider the following:

A werewolf bites a wolf.

Once per month the wolf becomes a human. Wolves kill so they could eat; the wolf-turned-human tries to get a job. His rampage takes him to the library, where he grabs a how-to book and writes

~

a resume, then mails it to local companies. But lo, the curse tells him he is naked! He grabs the pair of pants left behind by the regular werewolf and rummages through a boutique.

And on those rare nights when the moon lies bloated on the horizon and the madness reaches its peak, the human applies for a loan.

A wolf wakes up in a motel room, terribly confused. He scampers out of his pants and runs back to his pack, his nighttime activities betrayed by the whiff of cologne, a trail of spreadsheets and a tie around his neck.

Return of the Chain

by Slappy McNasty

The young boy had retired for the night, recently returned from his usual weekend routine of basketball and other miscellaneous juvenilities at the local gym he and his friends frequented. ..

The man colloquially known as Chain was also on his way home that night. His 1970 Plymouth Cuda was in the wind and the night was as dark as the coffee he drank like clockwork every morning. Ten miles to the gallon, pedal to the metal, his mechanical spectre of raw horsepower pushed forward down the backroads.

~

The boy's koolaid stained lips pursed in fear as he heard the beast's engine let out a rumble of fury, backfire, and then coast to a stop adjacent to the boy's window...

Curtains drawn the boy inched towards his window to get a glimpse of the commotion. Head lamps filtered thru his drapes of vaguely oriental design effectively bathing his room in a subdued splendor of light. Wiping his eyeglasses with his tank top he teased the curtains back with one hand only to see the towering silhouette of a manbeast, chain in hand...

The Clown's Handbook

by Chester Matthews

Chapter 9: Advanced techniques

-Setting your hair on fire-

At a certain point in your career you may find more experienced audiences that won't burst out laughing at cake tricks and comic tumbling alone. In that case you'll certainly need to up your game and master some of the more advanced techniques, most of which include fire as an element. In this section we'll cover the burning head routine as popularized by world famous Rooney the Clown.

<<You can tell a mere entertainer from a real clown just by looking at his scalp>> --Rooney the Clown

~

Rooney was already an established figure in the clown world, but it was his appearance in the 1931 World Clown Congress (Fig. 2) what set him apart from his contemporaries when he surprised the attendees with his flaming head and waving arms in a routine as hilarious and revolutionary as it was accidental.

Some of the topics we'll see in this section are:

- Burning temperature of artificial (nylon) and human hair
- Hair dye considerations
- Choice of fuel
- Ignition mechanisms
- When to stop
- The bucket-of-water trick
- Special effects

The Hoarse Aunt Case

by P. G. Ironcastle

like a worm under my heel, though you are my favorite nephew"

I shrugged the menace away, knowing full well that I shared the same place in her heart as the googly-eyed pomeranian that was currently fixated on a pattern of the carpet.

" Peace, O harbinger of Justice; I am sure the cachochymic Pendleton won't keep your cerulean orbs clouded by ire. The cucurbitacean object of desire shall be returned.

- What are you blabbering about? Did you eat a dictionary?"

I was a bit miffed by the barb but us poets are not bound by

~

this earthly shell and soar towards immortality: "I've decided to become a poet.

- Well please be one when away from me. I listened to your atrocious drivel when you were a boy and have no intention of doing it again. Now go fetch Pendleton! He is in the hunting room!

- Why me!? He hates my guts and would like nothing more than to expose them to the Sussex countryside!"

There was a low cough behind me - a bit like a sheep trying to dislodge some grass blade from its throat - and I pirouetted

The Priest

by Guinness The Great

The priest enjoyed hobbies such as fishing and meditation. He was notable in his hand to hand combat skills against bats, vampires, werewolves, lycans, and all other types of eldritch phenomena both living and non living. He was known to avidly imbibe Irish stout and engage in rabble-rousing. He was once observed in a bout of fisticuffs with a bear and emerged unscathed and standing as the consummate victor.

~

The priest was last publicly seen in a white water rafting expedition he partook with a few buddies of his. Cut from the same cloth, interests undivided, they were known to be inseparable.

As for what became of Thimbleweed's most notable priest some say he retired to the desert to continue his studies in silent unaffected prayer, even yet others say he underwent involuntary transmogrification and after ascending to a higher plane of existence was never seen or heard from again. Perhaps time will tell...

The Test

by Tyler Eifert

Look Left...

~

You've Failed!

To Zombie or Not Zombie?

by Luke Kemp

It had now been two weeks since my left nipple fell off. The UFO candy I'd stuck on as a replacement did the job just as well but it really wasn't the same. It was the kind of thing Dr Nutjob hadn't talked about when he was encouraging me to drink the potion. Eternal life, he went on about all the time; body parts falling off and turning different colours, not so much. Six months down the line and I still hadn't got used to being a zombie. It wasn't what I'd expected, but then... what had I been expecting?

~

At least my brain function had stayed exactly the same (so far), just as the good doctor had promised. I was still me on the inside. I was still me on the outside as well, I suppose. Even if I was starting to look like a discoloured and incomplete jigsaw of myself.

Terrified as I was of how people would react, it was time to leave the mansion and go into the outside world. The doctor had been so kind and supportive. I needed him now more than ever, and almost wished that I hadn't eaten him on Thursday.

Wedgies Illustrated

by Mabum Hertz

Wedgie Wars start with both participants facing each other close with a hand on the other's underwear. On a signal, they both pull until one begs for mercy. A diabolical twist is to show up to a wedgie duel not wearing underwear. While your opponent flails confusedly for your nonexistent waistband, you get in a strong tug and then run.

The Melvin is done by grabbing the underwear from the front and pulling up (see diagram). It's equally as unpleasant for boys and girls. Bonus points if you give a Melvin to someone named Melvin.

~

If you have three co-conspirators, you can go for the rarest wedgie in existence, the Four-Way or Grand Slam. All approach the mark from different directions, forming a box: one in front, two on the sides, and one behind. On the signal, you all grab their underwear and pull. This supreme wedgie will leave them in a world of bother. If you shout, "North, South, East, Wedgie!" then you've achieved the Around the World Wedgie. It's only been confirmed twice in the 1970's, and not yet this decade. Will you be the first perpetrator...or victim?

World's Strange Laws

by Anonymous

83. In London, it is illegal to call a cab and boarding on it, if you have the plague.

84. In Vermont, women need the written permission of her husband to put false teeth.

85. In San Salvador, drunk drivers can be killed by a firing squad.

86. In England, all men over the age of 14 need to practice two hours a day with the bow.

87. In Alabama, it is illegal for a driver to drive blindfolded.

88. In France, it is forbidden to call a pig "Napoleon"

~

89. In Lancashire, no one can order a dog to bark, after a policeman ordered him to stop barking.

90. In Washington, it is illegal to sleep in a barn without the owner's permission.

91. In Seattle, lollipops are prohibited.

92. A Juiz de fora (Brazil), donkeys and horses are obliged to wear a diaper.

93. In the European Union, circus animals need a special passport to travel from one state to another.

94. In Victoria (Australia), on Sunday afternoon it's forbidden to dress a pair of pink shorts.

Worldwide Jokes

by Anonymous

- "Doc, I believe to be a dog..." - "Please, sit on the couch." - "Oh! Thank you! At home they never let me sit on the couch!!"
- "Robert, come and take a bit of wine!" - "No, I'm teetotaler...". - "Teetotaler, come and take a bit of wine!"
- "You know, every time I breathe, someone in the world dies." - "Have you tried to do something about your breath?"
- "Excuse me sir, to go to the hospital?" - "At the first corner, go straight!"
- "At the Opera, you must wear an intonated dress?"
- "What noise does an all pink pig when it falls from the 5th floor?" - "SPECK!!!"

~

- "What sound does the doorbell at the Monkey house?" - "King-Kong!"
- "What does a dog say, in front of a Christmas tree?" - "Finally they put the lights on the toilets!"
- "What does a worm say, seeing a dish of spaghetti?" - "What an impressive mosh pit!"

At school: - "Who can tell me what happens when a body is immersed in water?" - "The doorbell rings!!"

Two books on a shelf of a bookcase: - "How hot it is..." - "Of course, you sleep with the cover!"

A cannibal is sneezing. The reason: - "She was a very spicy girl!"

Basu's Theorem

by Lucy D'Agostino

On a bright summer's day, a young lad, Exbar, decided to embark on an adventure. "I'm feeling complete and sufficient," thought Exbar, "I'm goin' fishing!" he exclaimed. So off he went to collect his fishing gear and begin his journey. Exbar was wandering along a path to the river, when he encountered a snake. This snake looked quite peculiar, almost like an s squared. "Hi. I'm Ann. Ann Sssssillary," the oddly shaped snake hissed.

~

"I can help you fishhhhhhh," she exclaimed. Feeling complete and sufficient, Exbar confidently replied, "No thanks, Ann. I don't need YOU! In fact, I'm independent!" Exbar continued on to the river, where he promptly caught the biggest fish you've ever seen, "Ah! A BASS!" he cried. "Oooo!" chimed in the onlookers.

And thus, Basu's theorem: any complete sufficient statistic is independent of any ancillary statistic, such as the mean and sample variance of a normal distribution.

Fun Math for 7th Grade

by Fabio "Zak" Belli

-- Problem n. 83 --

THE WOODWORM

In a shelf of my uncle's library, are arranged in order, next to each other, the three volumes of the Divine Comedy. Each volume is made of 300 pages plus the covers.

A woodworm digs a tunnel starting from THE FIRST page of THE FIRST volume ("The Hell"), and arrives to THE LAST page of the third volume ("The Paradise").

How many pages were drilled by the woodworm, including the covers?

~

-- Problem n. 84 --

CORRECT BY ADDING A SMALL DASH

Are you able to correct the following math operations by adding only a small dash with a pen?

#1) $5 + 5 + 5 = 550$

#2) $5 + 5 + 5 + 5 = 555$

-- Problem n. 85 --

CORRECT BY ERASING A SMALL DASH

Are you able to correct the following math operation by erasing only a small dash with a Wite-Out?

#1) $444 + 4 = 12$

Hell's Trigonometry

by Yvan Eht Nioj

so the equation could be as leveled as a basket match between USA and Peru.

All the 7 rings from the hell were made so it could share the same square meters of space. The main problem Lord Beelzebub found about this was that he found this exactitude to be heavenly, so he decided it to be as Nostradamus' secret equations declared how the hell should be, making the clairvoyant one of the most known in the Human World. This equation goes as it follows:

~

$m2 = (\text{sinners} * (\text{total people} - \text{touched ones})) / \text{total } m2$

This equation gave each part of hell a size according to the total sinners was in each ring. This law was successfully followed until the reign of Dannun'Lar, Lord Sovereign. His hellish majesty stated that he "didn't gave a flame" about the rings, so they were chaotically drawn into the deepest rifts of the unmeasurable despair. Hell was now as bad as leaving a sentence

History of Symbolic Logic

by Domingo Ottati

Published in 1850, the essay "On the Symbols of Logic, the Theory of the

Syllogism, and in particular of the Copula" – hereinafter referred to as "S2" – introduces the analysis of relations in formal logic, presented with a technical and symbolic approach clearly inspired by nineteenth-century algebra.

Analogies between the methods of algebra and the ones of logic are discussed here by the author, along with the development of a new symbolic system, which he calls the "spicular notation".

~

The new notation of "S2" de-facto replaces the canonic language of Aristotle's Logic for what concerns the denotation of all forms of categorical proposition. The spicular symbols distinguish themselves for their mechanical manipulability, similarly to the symbols of algebra, also separating quantity (universal or particular) from quality (affirmation or negation) and attaching quantification both to subject and predicate. In the words of the author, a truly formal logic should have different interpretations for these four fundamental elements of the proposition.

Impossible Math Proofs

by Charles L. Dodgson

$$a = b + c$$

$$(a - b)a = (a - b)(b + c)$$

$$aa - ab = ab - bb + ac - bc$$

$$aa - ab - ac = ab - bb - bc$$

$$a(a - b - c) = b(a - b - c)$$

$$a = b$$

Where did c go?

~

$$2 = 2$$

$$2 + 2 = 2 + 2$$

$$2 + 2 = 10$$

(in base four)

$$1 = 1$$

$$1/2 + 1/2 = 1$$

$$1/2 + 1/4 + 1/4 = 1$$

$$1/2 + 1/4 + 1/8 + 1/8 = 1$$

$$1/2 + 1/4 + 1/8 + 1/16 + 1/16 = 1$$

$$1/2 + 1/4 + 1/8 + 1/16 + 1/32 + 1/32 = 1$$

$$1/2 + 1/4 + 1/8 + 1/16 + 1/32 + 1/64 + 1/64 = 1$$

In the Lair of the Count

by Juan Tuthrie

Six lay his gaze on the dingy corridor sprawling in front of him. He understood that should he make any attempt to escape this madhouse alive, he would have to plunge into the total darkness with his companion. "We need to go NOW," he whispered. She, on the other hand, was still paralyzed by fear but Six didn't wait for an answer. He grabbed her by the arm and sprinted as fast as he could into the void that awaited them. They were but a few feet in when a voice echoed through the halls behind them, "Leaving so soon?"

~

Six didn't need to see to know the identity of the abomination closing in on them. "Seven," he wheezed. Seven approached carrying a torch that cast the room in a sinister shade of red. "It's impolite to run from a party," he bellowed, "I may have to punish you." He snatched Six's companion. Six yelled in vain, "Nine! Don't hurt her you monster!" but it was too late. The fiend raised his head in a terrible cackle and launched at his new victim. Six could only watch in shock and terror as the unthinkable happened: Seven Eight Nine.

Math Facts

by Kinimod Highcorner

1. If you write out pi to two dezimal places, backwards it spells "pi".
2. A French word for pie Chart is " Camembert".
3. A Pizza that has a radius "z" and heighth "a" has volume $\text{Pi} \cdot z \cdot z \cdot a$.
4. In a room of just 23 People there is a 50% Chance that two People have the same birthday. It is called birthday Problem.
5. Zero is the only number that can not be represented in Roman numerals.

~

6. If you shuffle a pack of cards proparly, chances are that exact order has never been seen before in the whole history of the universe.
 7. The most popular favorite number is 7. The second popular is 3.
 8. Cutting a cake into 8 pieces is possible with just 3 slices.
 9. The word hundred is derived from the word "hundrath" , which actuallz means 120 not 100.
 10. The next sentence is true but you must not believe it.
 11. The previous sentence was false.
-

Olympic Combinatorics

by *Dimitrius Jones*

as for the eight (rowing), we can have all eight rowers and the cox capped as well as everyone could be uncapped. When entering capped and uncapped combinations of eight and one, things become more complex as we have nine combinations for eight capped and one uncapped and nine more for eight uncapped and one capped. For two and seven, the two capped could be the cox and the first rower, or the two first rowers, or the second and the third, or the third and the fourth, or the fourth and the fifth, or the fifth and the seventh, or the seventh and the eighth, or the cox and the second,

~

or the first and the third or the second and the fourth and so on. During the 1984 Summer Olympics held in Los Angeles, the sports announcer of the Spanish public TV Sandalio Puga, filled a five minutes unexpected delay of the event reciting all the possible cap combinations of a Quad scull, even though he introduced a four colour cap pattern that we are not considering in this example, I presume that he wouldn't have dared to do the same with an eight. But let's keep on, because several combinations are still missing as we haven't listed yet all the possible combinations of three and six, capped and uncapped, and four and five, again capped

Plutescent's Theorem

by *Anonymous*

ending in your death. Barring that, math is perfectly safe!

Continuing on, to truly understand Plutescent's Theorem, one must first understand that the constants represented by the numerals depicted here are in fact a key to a deeper mystery. What at first glance may appear to be the number 17 is in fact the gateway to the divine. This is because connecting the numbers edgewise creates the symbol of transcentilization. All one needs is the appropriate seed numeral to unlock eternity.

~

Now, one must not be overeager in their pursuit of understanding the depths Plutescent's Theorem; there is danger to be had and many an apprentice carelessly sought immortality through the seeding and connecting of fissioned numerals only to find themselves bereft of limbs or transmogrified into a piece of lint. One need only to look at the unfortunate case of Berington Umberforth who burned the midnight oil one night to plumb the secrets of 14 and 2. Sadly, he awoke the next morning to find

Positive Integers

by *Remi Lu*

101315, 101316, 101317, 101318, 101319, 101320, 101321, 101322, 101323, 101324, 101325,
101326, 101327, 101328, 101329, 101330, 101331, 101332, 101333, 101334, 101335, 101336,
101337, 101338, 101339, 101340, 101341, 101342, 101343, 101344, 101345, 101346, 101347,
101348, 101349, 101350, 101351, 101352, 101353, 101354, 101355, 101356, 101357, 101358,
101359, 101360, 101361, 101362, 101363, 101364, 101365, 101366, 101367, 101368, 101369,
101370, 101371, 101372, 101373, 101374, 101375, 101376, 101377, 101378, 101379, 101380,
101381, 101382, 101383, 101384, 101385, 101386, 101387, 101388, 101389, 101390, 101391,
101392, 101393, 101394, 101395,

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101396, 101397, 101398, 101399, 101400, 101401, 101402, 101403, 101404, 101405, 101406,
101407, 101408, 101409, 101410, 101411, 101412, 101413, 101414, 101415, 101416, 101417,
101418, 101419, 101420, 101421, 101422, 101423, 101424, 101425, 101426, 101427, 101428,
101429, 101430, 101431, 101432, 101433, 101434, 101435, 101436, 101437, 101438, 101439,
101440, 101441, 101442, 101443, 101444, 101445, 101446, 101447, 101448, 101449, 101450,
101451, 101452, 101453, 101454, 101455, 101456, 101457, 101458, 101459, 101460, 101461,
101462, 101463, 101464, 101465, 101466, 101467, 101468, 101469, 101470, 101471, 101472,
101473, 101474, 101475, 101476,

Semi-Preemptive Routing

by Dr. Robot

1 Introduction

A robot is given the task of transporting m objects between n stations in the plane. Each (heterogeneous) object is initially located at one of the stations and has to be moved to its destination. The robot is only strong enough to hold one object at a time. A station can be source and destination for several objects. We focus on the special case when the n stations, given as the set S , are arranged on a line.

~

There are exactly two stations at both ends of the line that have only one neighbor, any other (inner) station has exactly two neighbors. The distance between neighboring stations i, j is given by $l(i, j) \in \mathbb{R}^+$. If two stations are not neighbors their distance will be the sum of the distances over the unique path using only neighboring stations. Every object has a source $s_i \in S$ and destination $s_j \in S$ assigned, and we will call this a request (s_i, s_j) . We will often use object as a synonym for request.

The Math Compendium

by Anonymous

Take a three digit number where all three digits are different. E.g. 481. Now write that number down backwards. With the two numbers, subtract the larger from the smaller. E.g. $481 - 184 = 297$. Write your answer down backwards as well ($297 \& 792$). Keep these two numbers. If your answer is only 2 digits long, keep it at three digits by adding leading zeros. (E.g. $013 \& 130$, $099 \& 990$). Add these two numbers together. Your answer should be 1,089. It always will be, and the path to proving this is quite fascinating. In order to prove

~

why this always happens there are some things we must prove first. Firstly, if you subtract any two numbers that are anagrams of each other, you ALWAYS get a multiple of nine. Try it. $811 - 181 = 630$ and $630 = 70 \times 9$. Now if you are anything like me, you will immediately try calling 800 an anagram of 800 with the zeroes swapped. $800 - 800 = 0$. The result of 0 is still a multiple of 9 because $0 = 0 \times 9$. This may seem a trivial thing to point out, but it's critical to how and why this works.

The Meaning of Life

by Espiridión Cosgaya

...which is what we wanted to prove.

This way, the generation problem of giving life a meaning is finally solved. As it has been said, the numerous points detailed and justified along this book have been empirically contrasted with the most relevant figures of virtually all the sectors of society: lawyers, politicians, thieves, murderers, game designers and rats. The result is a unanimous agreement on the solution proposed here.

It is widely known that there have been some delays in the final publishing of this book since its initial announcement on Sunday January 7th 13.814.449.513 BC.

~

We admit that several changes introduced by the producer over the initial calculus, as well as other post-production issues, massive extinctions and natural disasters forced the continuous reconsideration of the conclusions over the years. But we always wanted this work to be the best product we could deliver.

Fortunately it is finally here, and now it is up to you, reader, to take control of your destiny with the peace of mind that this timeless knowledge can provide. Just remember: the meaning of your life is nothing more than...

The Meteor Theory

by Dr. Fred

All our universe is based on the Fibonacci Sequence:

$$F_n = F_{n-1} + F_{n-2}$$

The application of this formula results in an infinite spiral which governs our universe:

0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144, 223, 377, 610... and so on to infinity. The Meteor says that if we reverse the sequence giving negative values, then he will dominate the world:

x

$$F_{\text{meteor}}(x) \text{ -----}$$

$$1 + x + x^2$$

$$t^2 + t + 1 = F_{\text{meteor}}$$

$$F_{\text{meteor } n-2} + F_{\text{meteor } n-1} + F_{\text{meteor } n} = \text{Meteor arrival}$$

~

Now I'm going to demonstrate how The Meteor will dominate the entire universe (if you have not be able to understand the previous demonstration, stop reading right now, you're a completely fool and you're not worthy to follow The Meteor):

$$F_{\text{meteor}} = F_{\text{meteor}}]$$

$$F_{\text{meteor } -1} + F_{\text{meteor}} = F_{\text{meteor } +1}]$$

$$\begin{bmatrix} 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix} \begin{bmatrix} F_{\text{meteor } -1} \end{bmatrix} \begin{bmatrix} F_{\text{meteor}} \end{bmatrix}$$

=

$$\begin{bmatrix} 1 & 1 \end{bmatrix} \begin{bmatrix} F_{\text{meteor}} \end{bmatrix} \begin{bmatrix} F_{\text{meteor } +1} \end{bmatrix}$$

$$\text{Lim mcd} (F_{\text{meteor}} , F_{\text{meteor arrival}}) = \text{Fmcd} (\text{meteor} , \text{meteor arrival})$$

This means that Fmeteor and Fmeteor arrival are relative to Fmetor dominate which divides to F meteor arrive , dominate.

The New Calculus

by Matilda Norbert

Calculus has always been a difficult subject to understand. Even describing calculus itself is tricky. For example, if we wanted to calculate the perimeter of an ellipse we would need to do the following:

First, define the geometric mean of radii a and b to calculate its complementary convergence properties. Then find the convergence (p) of both sequences indicated by the common limit of both the descending and ascending sequences (n). The ratio p over n is asymptotically doubled with each iteration, which gives us the perimeter of said ellipse.

As you can see, this is quite an ordeal.

~

In an effort to make calculus more accessible, scholars have come up with an entirely new concept. Under the NEW Calculus method, things are much more straightforward.

Now, the perimeter can be calculated by first finding the lemniscate integral of radii a and b , and use complementary complete elliptic integrals to calculate parametric family of identities for both groups of linear fractional transformations. Once we find the modular invariant at the boundary of the fundamental domain that is cocentered with the superscribing circle, the perimeter can be attained after just eight iterations!

Now, wasn't that much simpler?

Whence Comes Calculus?

by Hubert Berthold

Indeed, the necessity of training up ever more astronauts, engineers, and chemical specialists means we should be pushing calculus appreciation and education. The next twenty years of the Cold War will require imaginative weapons, delivery systems, and methods to handle the war theater of outer space, all of which will require a foundation in calculus. But how to draw the scientists and mathematicians of tomorrow out of the arcade? How can we make calculus "cool" and "bad" enough to compete with MTV?

~

As outlined in the following chapters, we must not only create an appreciation for where calculus is going, but also its glorious origins. When an appropriate sense of the weighty historical tradition of calculus is placed upon our youth's shoulders, they will bow beneath it and submit to their destiny. This history of calculus must reach our teen-agers where they are: as computerized games, as music videos, as fashion clothing, and in movies and their sequels. Soon they will not be saying "Wince! Calculus!" but "Whence Calculus?" to which we will reply

Wonderful World of Words

by Peter Brodersen

Chapter 27: Pangrams.

A pangram is a sentence that uses all the letters in the alphabet at least once. There are several types of different pangrams.

For instance, a "perfect pangram" contains every letter only once. These are extremely hard to create as they usually would have to contain rare loan words.

A self-enumerating pangram on the other hand is a sentence that counts its own letters. It can be easily done by simply using digits ("This pangram contains 5 a's, 1 b, ... and 1 z") and recounting all the extra "s" letters.

A more challenging aspect would be to spell out the numbers, writing "five" instead of "5".

~

However this would be very hard to achieve since every time the count of a letter changes (for instance from "five" to "six") it results in an avalanche effect where a lot of the numbers need to be changed whenever a single number is changed.

One example of a self-enumerating pangram of unknown origin is as follows:

"This sentence first seen at ThimbleCon contains four As, two Bs, four Cs, two Ds, thirty-four Es, eight Fs, four Gs, ten Hs, thirteen Is, one J, one K, three Ls, two Ms, twenty-three Ns, seventeen Os, one P, one Q, eleven Rs, twenty-nine Ss, twenty-eight Ts, six Us, four Vs, eight Ws, two Xs, five Ys and one Z".

A Better Tomorrow

by Xander Verrison

Placing the dying cigar on the ashtray, I pondered. Why would the Flares need to use dogfighting to fund their activities. They've been known to show class and style in their illicit ways, selling high-class drugs and laundering money through well known businesses. Didn't that member we had held in custody say that they were trying to make the world a more beautiful place, and that was why they would never get their hands dirty in such low crimes such as human trafficking? Well, that was just before he bit down on the cyanide capsule he had hidden

~

beneath his tongue. Was he as crazy as we initially suspected, or was he just insanely loyal? Either way, his story holds true. It does seem odd that the Flares would get involved in illegal gambling hideouts. It just doesn't fit their usual M.O. Standing up, I carefully brushed the cigar ash off my desk before checking my wall of notes. Carefully tacked photos, newspaper clippings, handwritten notes and business cards, all connected together through a tangle of coloured strings. Sitting right in the middle of this spiderweb was the only photo I've managed to snag of their leader

A Kingdom Haunting

by R.L. III

The barrier that held back the ghosts could be seen from the main train station's second level balcony, and that's where Frank and Adam had positioned themselves. It had a great view beyond the barrier and down the street that ran perpendicular to the station. Frank and Adam took a quick look to make sure the street below was empty and ran down the sweeping, curved stairs and stopped at the edge of the glowing energy field.

~

It shimmered with an eerie blue light as the mist drifted through it, causing the entire barrier to appear as though it were constantly shifting its shape. Frank attempted to cross through it, but the instant he came in contact with the energy field a ghost appeared out of thin air and began to reach for him. Adam tugged him back from the energy field and the apparition. It seemed as though the barrier that held the ghosts back also notified them of intruders attempting to enter their realm.

A Muntz Away from Murder

by James D. Lin

arrived, Wolfgang had already drawn a crowd by getting himself crumpled on the patio with his head caved in. It looked like somebody tried to dye his hair red but forgot to bring the dye. That didn't stop Wolfgang from dying, though.

Wolfgang and I had known each other since grade school. He was a troublemaker for as long as I can remember, and everyone always wanted to knock some sense into him. Sense--not bits of his skull.

"You're Augustus Muntz, aren't you? The private eye?" asked the woman kneeling over Wolfgang's lifeless body.

~

"Yes, but call me Gus."

"Augustus--that's not a name you hear too often."

"I don't, but it's probably because most people call me Gus."

"I mean: it's not a common name these days."

"My parents had a sick sense of humor. Their names were Jan and Mark, and they named my four older sisters April, May, June, and Julie. They thought they were being clever."

"Cute."

"You obviously haven't seen photos of them."

She blinked, looking as if I had just asked her to recite pi to twenty decimal places.

A Pocketful of Pie

by Zelena Hicks

turning so fast that Colonel Abney's teacup rattled on its saucer. "And it couldn't have been you, Mr Harvey, because the kitten's footprints in the snow proved that you were still delivering milk at the time of the second murder". Several heads, including mine, turned to look through the picture window, where even now snow was swirling.

The great detective turned to Gabriella, by the fire: "nor you, Miss Crawford, after I deduced what you were doing with that black forest cake." Miss Crawford sighed with relief through scarlet-painted lips.

"Yes", continued Miss Kikkert, "It was, in fact..." her finger scanned...scanned...

~

faked out...scanned...and stopped on me. "Mr Wally Winthrope!"

What?

No it wasn't.

The Colonel's teacup fell to the floor. The Reverend fainted comfortably into the couch pillows. The Detective Inspector approached, eyes gleaming like his handcuffs.

"But I didn't do it."

And seriously, I didn't. I looked around for someone who would believe my word against that of the most celebrated amateur detective in the British Isles, and my eyes alighted on

A Trick Too Far

by M.M. Turndale

The magician's hands, shoved into his pockets against the midnight air, bumped against the deck of cards he'd left there when he last wore this coat, back when he was still in practice. Back before everything went to hell. He turned and arrived in a small courtyard. There she was, Iveta, a shadow in black, cigarette glowing in the new moon darkness. She leaned against the back of a bench. Against, and slightly through.

"Good. You came." A moment passed heavily as she drew on the cigarette. "I passed on your message," she finally said, smoke pooling around

~

her nostrils. "She says she doesn't want to see you. Poor girl, I don't blame her after what you did."

"Fine. Yes. I'm a monster." He pulled out the cards and shuffled them nervously between his hands reflexively. "That's not the point. I need something else from you this time. I'm on a case and I need some information. I know you can find things out."

"Maybe. You never know." She flicked her cigarette. No ash fell from the tip.

"The necklace. Who stole it?"

Against the Clock

by Claudia Prendes

He ran in the dark, without looking back or where it was going; his instinct told him he was close, the same instinct that seemed to direct his steps automatically. His heart hammered in his chest with rapid pulse; he was sure that his heartbeat were perceived by those who awaited him. He felt about the wall searching the switch; finally he decided to go dark. He rummaged through his pockets, found the keys and they fell from his trembling hands; they clinked to the ground and he knew, without doubt, that his neglect had been heard

~

and his presence was discovered. With an almost inaudible sigh, he picked up the keys, one of them managed to fit in the lock; he turned it and smiled, knowing he had arrived at the right time...

The door slammed shut and darkness reigned around him. An expectant silence breathed. He quietly count his heartbeat; dozens of eyes followed his every movement... And he felt them...

Suddenly the lights came on, momentarily blinding him.

"Surprise!", "Congratulations!"; they chanted the voices around him while he, pleased, was trying to maintain an expression of surprise before the eyes of his friends, uselessly.

Aliens on Earth - Facts

by Dan "Madness" Shox

through the outburst of Neutrinos and Dark Matter, the Aliens were able to reach Lightspeed and travel across time and space.

With the Supernovae 1987A we now know what to expect! A massive number of Aliens traveling from the constellation Swordfish into our region.

Coming back from my travel's to 2037 I can now confirm, that very soon after this massive explosion of a blue giant sun, we have seen loads of Aliens traveling to Earth.

Most of them are known as friendly and adoptable, but some are not. They try to hide and often appear as very ugly, ghostly or having weird hair.

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A list of all aliens on Earth will follow on the last pages, it origins from the Ministry of Immigrations in 2037.

In the history of our planet, there have been several of such incidents. Strange but true, very often those Aliens decide to head for our little blue planet.

The last big Supernovae, that has enough power, happens around 1600 a.d.

Following this event, a number of Aliens made themselves comfortable in the region of South America.

They build an airport on the Nazca-Plains, but decided to remove it after some years, because it created too much trouble amongst the native people. Today only some lines are visible from that period

Arkham Legacy ~ Vol. I

by Braidi ~ Mancini

22. Probably only few seconds passed in reality before I returned in control of my faculties, but I swear to what I hold dear, they seemed eons to me. Endless, boundless ages of pure pain, drooling madness.

Before my eyes a cosmic horizon, a deep space, static and silent at first, then suddenly seething and cacophonous, unbearable to see, intolerable to hear. From it unimaginable horrors, colossal deities emerged, destroying my mind, tearing apart my reason, annihilating my poor body, without even being aware of my existence.

Just by revealing themselves, just appearing in cosmic greatness, those primal abominations grazed on entire worlds.

~

66. I lifted the sheet and brought my hands to the face, unwittingly. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was with dismay that I surrendered to horror. Any semblance of logic was inexorably emptying of meaning to dissolve in a chilling capitulation to madness.

There was a head under that sheet, I was expecting that! But it was impossible to predict that the head would be mine. The features, that gaze, it was me.

It's said that eyes are soul mirror. In that moment I realized how those words were true.

And in that same moment my other face opened her eyes to flood me with an overwhelming look that I knew perfectly, because it belonged to me.

Bad Vibrations

by Stephen Pink

So Robert was a peculiar fella. He started each of his homeless mornings by pushing a trolley up the hill, paying visits to dumpsters along the way, while singing Uptown girl over and over again, until he arrived at Jimmy's bazaar.

This one day he entered the shop ...

"and now she's looking for a downtown maaan, that's who I am..." Rob's cacophony was creepy and delusional like a runaway deviant proposing to a child with a bouquet of pubic hair.

"Dude if you're a 'downtown' man, I am a Donald freakin' Trump!" Said Jimmy.

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"Yeah? You just might change your mind when you see this! Look what I found in a dumpster." Replied Rob.

"That's one of the new Motorola cellphones Rob. That thing costs thousands!"

"See? Who's the (hic') *beeping* tramp now Jimmy?"

"Why would anyone throw that into a dumpster, did you find anything else in there?"

"Well, there was this big rolled up carpet, but it was too heavy to carry and there were blood stains on it."

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ" annoying ring tone coming from the phoneheld in Rob's outreaching hand reverberated the glass in the room.

"Jeesus Rob what have you gotten yourself into.."

Broken Bellows, Vol. 5

by Mylligarde Ravell

the large window of the office. The reflection shows my face. Tired. The construction site accross the street is still quiet.

Footsteps advice me that Clarissa is coming.

I go back to the desk trying to clean it up a bit. She enters quickly without knocking, inspects me, the room, then closes the door.

- What are you doing here ?

As usual she's blunt, but this time she's not smiling.

- I...

- You can't be here !

I raise my hand, stopping the fury ahead.

- I came to pick up some stuffs. I said, lying.

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Eyes on me, lips sealed, she stays still, frozen, while I gathered my papers.

Avoid her eyes, keep avoiding her eyes. Avoid the pain and the guilt.

- You're crazy... I should have throw all this away.

- I'm glad you didn't.

She smacks the door.

- Go to hell ! You show me things that no one is supposed to know, and now... She yells.

I looked at her.

- Did you ...?

She nods, suddenly pale as a skull.

- You shouldn't have come here.

She keeps talking but I ignore her to close my mind.

Cabletruce and Co.

by Timothy Bridges

Cabletruce and Valerie stepped inside and surveyed their surroundings. The house on the inside was huge, dark and damp with the sort of odour you'd find at an old person's home- the smell of rotting flesh and apple juice. There were rusty cages of all shapes and sizes hanging by chains from the ceiling, and three loops of barbed wire were wrapped around the staircase railing. Razors littered the ground, assorted limbs, bear traps and landmines were scattered all over the place and there was a stack of human skulls next to a trapdoor sporting a gigantic padlock.

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There were photos of strange people unevenly glued onto the wall for no apparent reason, an anvil hanging above the front door by a thread, a cannon pointing in their direction and a pile of garlic and wolfsbane in the corner, atop of which was a crucifix.

Valerie glanced around the room. "You think it's a trap?"

Cabletruce shrugged. "Nope, looks safe to me. In fact, to prove that I'm right, let's wear these blindfolds I have here."

Canadian Psycho

by Bruce Gleason Ennis

"Eh? What are you talking about?"

I grasped Harry's arm. "Harry. Listen to me. Listen very, very carefully, eh? I killed Paul, in his own cabin, I chopped off his head with his own chainsaw. There was blood and maple syrup everywhere."

Harry adjusted his toque and put down his Morton's. "Good one, Donald ... except ... I had ... coffee ... with Phil ... twice ... at Tim Horton's ... just ten days ago ... eh?"

We stare at each other. The moose in the yard stares at us. We ignored the moose. "You couldn't ... I ...?"

~

"Now Doug," Harry says, removing my hand from his plaid shirt, "if you'll excuse me, eh?"

Chasing Ghosts

by A. Brickman

Her note was from before the bombing. No wonder we missed it the first time! The house was now completely leveled. There was a crater where the fountain could have been, and the two pines probably cut down by neighbours to survive the winter. The rubble was completely undisturbed, though. Why didn't she ever go back? Why didn't anyone?

It took us four days of clearing it to find the shelter door. It was caked with rust, but otherwise undamaged. We managed to get it open and walked down the stairs it hid.

Besides the sweat and dust

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we brought in, the shelter was completely dry and clean. An undisturbed snapshot of life before the war. Before the war, but expecting one. Wire beds, blankets, first aid kits, months worth of canned food, diapers, two radios. The concrete walls and floor were bare, practicality coming before decor.

"Wendy," Mark called, "Do you see any other way out?"

"None whatsoever." I tapped the wall with my fist. Completely solid. Floor as well.

"Did you touch anything going down?"

"No, why?" I turned around as he wiped his forehead on a sleeve.

"Then why is this box dripping?"

Chippy and Pog

by quackgyver

The two boys made their way across the swamp, through a dark forest clearing and up onto a lone hill. "Now if the doctor's notes are correct this should be where he saw the spooky ghost, right Pog?" But little did Chippy know that Pog was preoccupied chattering his teeth at this very apparition. "Ch-ch-ch-chippy, look! It's the g-g-g-ghost!" Chippy looked up from his notes, and there it was - its clear white linens and rustling chains dangling in the wind. "There it is! Get it!" Chippy yelled out. They chased the scary ghost up onto the hill before it disappeared

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into an abandoned windmill, locking the door behind it. "Now how are we going to catch it?" Pog asked. "Ah yes!" Chippy said. "I have an idea!" He lifted his brother up onto a windmill sail and pulled on a lever. The windmill started spinning uncontrollably before flinging Pog up into the air and off into the horizon. An audible thud could be heard from somewhere over in the distance. "How ironic." Chippy said. "He spent his entire life chasing spooky ghosts, and in the end he became one." Later that evening mother served him tea and scones.

Choose Your Adventure!

by A. Colibri

58: The Tobacconist eyes you suspiciously. "Why are you asking me where I was Sunday night?" he says. You could: Back out of the shop and mumble an apology (go to 79) or insist that he knows more than he told the DI (go to 43).

59: After some searching in the moonlight, you find the grave of Helga's father. Your torch plays on the faded inscription "R. Mauldling 1920-1971". You could: search the gravestone (go to 14), start digging (go to 66) or decide you had enough for one night and leave the cemetery (go to 56).

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60: The constable clears his throat. "Shouldn't we get the property owner's permission first?" he asks. He looks at you and nervously scratches his moustache. You could: Use the hacksaw (go to 82), use the bolt cutters (go to 73), or return to the station (go to 79).

61: A blinding light overcomes you as you enter the room. Squinting, you see the forms of the barman flow like wax. A deep voice booms into your ears, "This is a 'Choose your adventure' book, you don't flip through it sequentially!"

Closure, My Love

by Arthur Penwald

This house, like all the others, appeared to have been wired retrospectively, its light sources so sparsely and oddly placed they cast artfully angular shadows across every surface. I stepped into the hall. Liszt's Totentanz was beginning to unsettle me so I fumbled around for the stop button on my portable cassette player, all the while cursing my gullibility in being up-sold jumbo 'ten-gallon' pockets by my tailor. The music stopped but I found out later that I had actually hit the record button. After my ears had adjusted to the quiet I could just about make

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out the sound of breathing coming from the back of the house. I reached for my gun and would very well have located it, had I been wearing pants with sensibly sized pockets. As it stood, or rather as I stood, I was forced to abandon the search after eighteen stressful minutes. No matter; I still had my fists. Pumping with adrenaline, or a dozen whiskey sours, I traced the sound to an exceptionally poorly-lit study and slipped noiselessly inside. I rewarded my efforts with a self-congratulatory pat on the back, something which unfortunately did make a sound...

Cultist Ritual Anecdotes

by Roebh Ryu'san'tez

Samantha was really upset. She has prepared herself for that date, that's for sure. She read every ancient book that was in the list. She learned the longest and more difficult chants that anyone can imagine. She put on her best tunic, a black one that make her look very "cultist". She didn't eat or drink anything for the past three days. She bought not one, but two chickens, for the ritual. She has drawn the most intricate and complicated occult symbols covering the whole floor. She cleaned every corner of the sanctuary, just in case.

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And now the highest priest call her and give her that weak excuse: "I am going to be late, so it would be better to leave it for a better day".

She should be very angry, but the only thing she can actually think about is a donut. A crispy tasty donut. A high-fat glass-covered chocolate-filled donut.

So she yelled with anger until she had no voice, and then leave looking for the nearest "Seven Eleven".

"They better have a box of donuts there or else I would open the Seven Gates of Hell all by myself and doomsday will begin TONIGHT, I promise!"

Darkthistle Manor

by Ryan Wheeldon

The hounds woke him again, the noise from the kennels carrying easily on the still night air. When he had retired earlier that night, alone for the first time since his wedding, he had instructed the staff to ignore the hounds.

It was his hope that whomever had killed Lord Brocklehurst would return and attempt to reclaim the murder weapon from the kennels. In order to assist with the identification of the murderer, he had laid a trap just inside the kennel.

Upon opening the wooden door, the poor unfortunate soul would be confronted by a mixture of flour falling

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from a bag perched atop it and a dousing from the bucket of water suspended from the ceiling. It had taken him hours to engineer the trap correctly and he didn't want any of the servants triggering it accidentally.

Not that there was much chance of that, of course. To a man, they were lazy and inconsiderate. Even his footman refused to meet his eyes at dinner and had to be alerted twice before bringing his wine to the table.

He felt certain that the killer was no phantasm, as the staff claimed, but a member of the Lord's family.

Dead and Kicking

by Dick Sheets

never works smoothly," she said. "Take cover and cover me!"

She delivered a sharp kick to the lock. The doorframe splintered and the door edged open. Shots rang out inside the apartment and the slugs punctured the door with enough force to knock it back shut with a reluctant creak. The stairwell smelled like fireworks in a sawmill.

"You're bleeding," Achilles said. "A lot. Don't slip!"

"Shut up, Heel," said Kitty. "Give me your shirt."

"But..."

"Your paunch is your problem, not mine. Get with it, I'm bleeding!"

Kitty tore off a shirtsleeve, folded it double twice, and placed a Zippo on it, then tightened the rest of the shirt around

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her thigh.

"Alright, Heel, nudge the door. Don't slip on my blood!"

Achilles was crawling toward the door when a shot cracked behind them. His pistol went spinning and he roared in pain.

"Now, now," a voice wheezed from the shadows. "Drop that gun, Kitty, and put your hands on your head. You too, wifebeater."

Kitty Ventura obeyed. "You're lucky, Wendy, that those losers didn't get a fifth-floor room, or you'd have passed out on the way up. Or rather, broken the elevator ropes."

"Very clever. Now, if you don't want another demonstration that I shoot better than I climb stairs, get up and into the apartment. Time to meet my

Demon Gate

by Glen Snider

The sun was already setting, as the trawler left me on the coast of Abberleigh Falls after a long trip full of deprivation. As a broke stowaway I had obtained my passage by devious means, to find oblivion and a fresh start in the depths of the Thunder Mountains. Fate sometimes goes strange and cruel paths. So I had no idea, that it led me from smoke to smother.

Worn out and thin as a piece of paper I dragged myself to town. Mad from hunger it was Constable Alan that caught me stealing an apple.

~

The constable left me no other choice, than to work in the mines to clear my guilt. Little did I know, I should have stayed in custody at all cost as the terror the seven would unravel unspeakable horror and open pandorra's box.

The more silver, we dragged out of the mountains, the more we all felt the shadow creeping over us. And on the fatefull night of the seventh day of the seventh month, the seven lumberjacks unleashed their revenge on the town folks and as all hell broke loose, the living would envy the dead.

Dimensional Woes

by A. Candell

edges. When the book was opened, a strange feeling overwhelmed her. After a nauseating and blinding dizziness, her vision returned but to a distorted, perverted state where small details had disappeared and objects had a jagged, blocky appearance. A similar loss of fidelity had happened to the colors. The pages she just had looked at had turned from a very normal paper, with fine variations in shade and warmth to a plain beige surface.

But worst was the sharp, distinct feeling that she was being watched. Not only watched, but she was absolutely certain that she had been observed

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for quite a while. By someone that was Just. Behind. Her. The realization made her instinctively turn around, except she couldn't.

Every attempt to turn to confront the observer was fruitless. By turning only her head, she could at most see the, now impossible narrow, library hallway. The books now appeared to be no more than streaks of colors on a completely flat surface. With her head turned as much as possible, she turned her eyes the same direction so much they hurt. Unable to hold the position more than a moment, she managed to get a tiny glimpse of

Down the Hall

by Derrick Fulcher

down the hall. It had never occurred to Brian that the world could be so silent, nor the hall itself so dark. All around him the world seemed to melt and whirl until there was nothing but the door directly in front of him. It shook, banging violently in the gloom, unidentifiable sounds coming from within, growing louder as he walked closer. He reached for the handle, his hand moist, lending a sense of reality to the naught he'd been wading through to reach this point.

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As he held it, the cold of the doorknob bit viciously into his palm sending thin blades of panicked ice to his heart. He opened it slowly, his heart racing so hard it felt it would erupt from his chest, only to find his brother and sister smashing pots and pans and screaming. He ran in, angry and demanded, "WHY ARE YOU MAKING SO MUCH NOISE?!" They looked at him curiously and pointed behind him, saying, in unison, "The man told us to do it, he said it'd be fun!"

Everyday Enchantments

by Synne Cinnamon

is the most important – indeed the vital – thing to do in those situations.

When dealing with a curse or a spell which has been in place for a long time, remember that the thing or person in question might actually fight the removal of it. If an individual's behaviour has been altered, for instance, they might have fought it at the beginning, but succumbed as the weeks, months or years have passed. Be weary in those cases, because a sudden removal of such magic might not seem to the victim like a good thing. The surrender to and

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acceptance of such spells is known as the Stormhold Syndrome. History tells us that a group of gentlemen in from the ancient city of Stormhold were forced by evil magic to travel the country as a barbershop quartet, wearing degrading costumes and only singing songs that none of them actually knew the words to. When the very deep and complex curse was lifted after almost 13 months, the group has become so tightly knit and fond of their new lifestyle that they killed their saviour on the spot and started printing glossy posters for their next tour. In similar cases

Fires in the Night

by Kristina Nix

She stared and stared at the words on the page. They burned, unravelled, and reformed: they meant everything to her and yet sat as immobile as stones.

"After the eighth moon of the two hundredth year, the Salbons will walk again and their rage will burn the eyes of the Scotts."

The air was still sweaty and warm from the day's heat and the smell of woodsmoke hung menacingly. The town seemed sullen and quiet after the fervor of putting out the Scott house. Nobody was sure how Bobby Scott

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would be after everything. That poor boy; his poor family. Her smothered sense of gratitude and justice pushed against her polite consciousness. Golden Bobby Scott, with his honey tongue and his vinegar heart: he'd done horrific things to the girls they'd gone to school with and it was all explained away with "boys will be boys."

Smoothed over his sins like the icing on a wedding cake.

But would there be any wedding now? It was dark and she was alone, so she let herself smile.

Godden

by Larch Gallagher

Robert Samuel Godden was 23 years, 4 months and 8 days old on the day his manager told him the good news, he was 23 years, 4 months and 8 and a half days old when he decided to leave town and escape his manager. Robert Godden was an odd character by all accounts; indeed he had acquired a penchant for oddness, having spent most of his life living with a connoisseur of the subject (his father had spent many years cataloguing the oddities of the people he met and then listing them to that person, believing they would find

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them equally amusing, much to the embarrassment of his long-suffering wife. Eventually his father was forced to move away as too many of his fellow villagers were after his blood or becoming bankrupted by their therapist bills. Word of his inane quirk spread quickly, however, and soon afterward a, now world-famous, therapist paid him a large amount of money to live in his town. And so, aside from the death threats he frequently received in the post, Mr. Godden senior lived quite happily with his exhausted wife).

Grammar Law

by Cormic Sans

"Did you mean to use the word "literally", er...literally, in your affidavit? Or figuratively? It makes a difference, you know."

Emily Take glared up at the judge. She knew that words were currency in this courtroom, and she wasn't about to give him any—although I could tell how badly she wanted to tell him where he could stick his red pen.

"Look, Miss Take"—

At this I stiffened in my chair. When the judge took this tone, it usually meant I'd be getting the cuffs out shortly. ...Or should that be "presently?" Or, "soon?"

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Bah. Leave it to the courts to cross their t's and dot their i's. I was no wordsmith. Technically, I wasn't even a bailiff. But nobody needed to know that.

"I order you to pay to have the defendant's tattoo removed. You should've known it wasn't spelled 'Geesus.' Next case!"

BANG BANG! The sound of the gavel echoed throughout the courtroom, harsh as ever. As Emily turned to leave, her glum green eyes caught mine, and for the second time I thought I saw

Her Personal Letdown

by Zubodrot the First

... when the crew first heard that incredibly solid 'thump' from granny's peg-leg everybody laughed. Old Bill even spit some chewing tobacco on deck. Boy, how all of them were mistaken! Old granny proved to be more than capable of driving the salt-dogs across seas and oceans. Together they pillaged scorpions riddled pyramids, almost died from the cold and yeti attacks, survived the nasty man-eating plants and all because of the ultimate desire in granny's heart. A demand so powerful that nobody and nothing could stand in it's way. An obsession driven out of control - the quest for the ultimate sea shanty verse.

~

And in that moment of the glorious triumph when all the sea-monsters and all the land-beasts and all the human enemies were slaughtered and fed to the granny's small pet dog a shining beacon of light engulfed her. It was as if a ray out of heaven descended upon her old wrinkled face, smoothing and lightening her weather bitten skin. She dropped on her knees waiting for something extraordinary to happen, waiting for something heavenly. She was ready to be judged for all her crimes, ready to be praised or rewarded but it all ended with just three abrupt words - 'Play is over'.

Illusion of Innocence

by Beau Betlock

but there was no one in the room, and everything was neat and orderly except for an open book that sat on a small table in the middle of the chamber. I approached with apprehension. The vaulted room was dimly lit by a small oil lamp that hung from the furthest wall. As I made my way slowly toward the book I suddenly became aware of a heavy stench of old musty air, not unlike the scent of dingy boxes that have been packed away in a damp corner of a cellar for years and years. Trepidation consumed me and

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I began to sweat as I looked down upon the pages of the book, which were tattered and yellowed with age. The words on the pages were illegible except for one paragraph due to, what could only be recognized as dried blood, which covered them. At that moment the immediacy of death and the delicate nature of life became intermingled. I was the consciousness in an obscure blank universe. My trembling voice echoed and the dull light of the lamp quivered as I spoke: "The fleeting moments in life where make believe is believed should be cherished, for those moments"

Jerusalem's Port

by Norman Von Scott

The quiet, harbor town of Jerusalem's Port, Maine, had slowly been taken over by vampires. Because small, New England towns and undercover vampires tend to spawn quaint antique shops in approximately equal measure, the takeover really hadn't had much effect on the town's economy.

Kirk Barclay parked his '79 Plymouth outside of "Stuff Remembered," an antique shop that had previously been a diner, and walked in. Kirk was a novelist, 36 years old, with windswept, blonde hair and the devil-may-care attitude of a man who writes fictional things for a living.

"Can I get a ham sandwich?" he asked.

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The proprietor, who until four months ago had been human but was now one of the cursed undead, looked up from the counter.

"This is an antique shop," he said.

Kirk regarded his surroundings. Most of the diner fixtures were still intact, just with quaint antiques displayed on top of them.

"It looks like a diner," said Kirk.

"The sign out front says 'Stuff Remembered,'" said the proprietor.

There was silence.

"I remember ham," said Kirk bitterly, and walked out.

As the Plymouth drove away in the setting sun, Jerusalem's Port rose to meet another terrible night.

Life Is Like a Game

by Ad Venturer

Oh good. It seems I have a break now. You know, I often wonder about universe. Why do we do the things we do, and is there some entity controlling us. You know the feeling: you go to places as if someone guides you there, say things as if someone wrote them for you. You pick up stuff that don't belong to you and don't even feel guilty. It's as if that's how it was meant to be. I have an interesting mission right now, but am a bit worried about my past. I can't remember a thing about it.

~

For the past week I have been running around this town looking at EVERYTHING. It's like an obsession. I just need to explore every drawer, every crevice. I've talked to every person I've met. I haven't ate, I haven't gone to toilet. I haven't bathed or slept. I carry stuff that, logically speaking, should be way too heavy and way too large to fit in my pockets. But there they are... Oh great, that big crosshair in the air started moving again. I need to go and do more things for reasons that elude me...

Madgician

by Cris Villavicencio

This is the story of Kernel Kobol or as he came to be known later, The Madgician. He grew up as a small kid living in the meadows and spent most of his childhood days chasing sheep and milking the cow. All the kids from the town made fun of him because he was short and feeble.

One day he found a book with symbols which he never had seen before.

~

It inspired him and he would study every single character of the book without rest for years. He felt compelled to do so for a reason beyond his understanding. One day, all of a sudden all those symbols started to make sense to him. Words started coming out of this mouth and the symbols started shining with a blue tint from the book he felt powerful.

Mansion Murder

by Anonymous

Now that I'd confirmed the cook's alibi, only one suspect remained: Irene Jackson, who had been working as a caterer at the pool party.

My business in the old gas station was done, so I headed outside. I stood on the sidewalk and looked up at the moon as I lit a cigarette.

Everything should have been clear. There was only one person who could have been in the mansion's kitchen at the time of the crime. Yet, I couldn't help but feel like I've missed something.

~

Why had dog's bite marks appeared on the victim's leg after he left the pool? I still couldn't explain that. It may not have been the cause of death, but I was sure it was important to the crime. If only I could find that damned dog.

I sighed as I threw the cigarette on the ground. I had no way of proving she was innocent, so there was no choice but to arrest Irene. I couldn't let my feelings for her get in the way of my duty.

Misery Loves Company

by Stephen Bachman

Joanne woke in an unfamiliar room. She bolted upright, and felt a shock of pain in her leg – heavy, stiff, bound in plaster.

She gasped. Her last memories were of the car, the icy road, a truck that –

"Oh, you're awake? Thank goodness." A plush, chubby cheeked bear of a man filled the doorway. How does a child from a can of soup grow a beard, she wondered.

"I ... where ..."

He gave her a warm smile. "You are so lucky I found you, Joanne." She jerked at the sound of her name, and flinched from another shock of pain in her leg. "Yes, I know you. My name is Peter. I'm your biggest fan."

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"Thank you... I... I need a phone."

"Oh, there'll be time for that later," he smiled. "But first, could we talk about your latest book?"

"My... my book?"

"It's all wrong. The book ends with him getting married that awful girl Geranium. I need you to write it again."

"But I..."

"I think Barry Trotter meets a boy, a handsome young wizard boy named Skeeter, and

Motor Mystery

by Liam Thrashwheel

It was a clear, crisp, night November 15th was. I was riding through town with my girl, Emma, on the back of my motorcycle; it was quiet out, everyone was inside, and there was nothing but the roar of my motorcycle and the chirp of crickets. As we rushed through the cold streets of Yercal Parks we found an old man asking for change. I told Emma to wait here as I helped the man. Little did I know that when I would turn around I'd see Emma turned into stone from gases coming from the motor of my motorcycle.

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I had no clue how it had happened since I hadn't experienced something like this before. The gases stopped and I took it to my friend Hank the next day to be looked at. When I got there I turned the motorcycle off and Hank started to investigate it. While inspecting it the motor immediately turned on without either one of us doing anything and left. To this day the motorcycle has not been found nor has Emma been cured.

Murder at Oktoberfest

by Betta One

It was first time in two years that she has been assigned to the inside shift of the Festzelt. An Austrian coreworker has chancelled last-minute. That was lucky, because working as a Wien-waitress inside the Festzelt means a lot more money compared to the outdoor shift. This has always been dependent on the good weather. When it rains, only a few sat outside. Everybody wanted to get in, no one sits down with a beer on a rainy terrace – Except for some Scottish. However, inside at her designated working zone, no seat remained empty and with increasing time, the guests

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become more and more generous.

She had a good day on this September 23rd - At least with the money she has made. If she had known that this would be her last day in her so young life, she would be certainly elsewhere as to spend it on the Munich Oktoberfest.

Getting home! That's what she thought as she stepped out from the side entrance. She took a deep breath and looked down at her Dirndl. It smelled of smoke, sweat and beer. It takes 20 minutes with her bicycle to her studio apartment in the University district. Betta

Murder on the Heath

by Cecilia B. Vickers

You may open the newspaper one day and see, among the bossy, bold-printed headlines shouting about political gaffs, economic woes and other such current affairs, a quiet piece rendered unfussily in medium print and tucked away on page 6, titled "Body Discovered at Blackmere Heath". You may glance over this curiosity and perhaps let it occupy a few moments of your time as you quickly scan the few paragraphs reluctantly devoted to the incident and note some interesting points: "...has been identified as retired navy commander Gerald Smythe...", "...body contorted in unusual fashion...", "...eyelids removed...", "...no witnesses...", and so on.

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You may read all this and decide that, being as you have never heard of Blackmere Heath, nor Commander Smythe, the article deserves no more of your precious time.

My dear reader, nothing could be further from the truth. The sudden and mysterious departure of Gerald Smythe from this earth is one of the more fascinating cases attended to by my friend, that well-regarded investigator of fiendishly complicated crimes, Claude Montand.

I had telephoned M. Montand only hours earlier as he convalesced at a health spa in the small French coastal town of Âne-sur-Mer. He had sustained an injury questioning a suspect in the boulangerie murders case, so

Mysterious Ways

by U.R. Reeding

She kept a few feet ahead, glowing. "We're close." She whispered, dimming, almost levitating with each step. I nodded, leery, the twigs crunching loud as bombs under my Air Jordan's. "What's close?" I dared to ask, the silence was another form of torture. "Shut up now, no words, remember? How quickly you forget little goldfish." She's got all the power, witchy Naomi Campbell meets Fatal Attraction with bad skills and I'm burned, white toast. I wish for the power of whatever her kryptonite is... invisibility would be bogus here. She turns, glaring at me.

~

Her black eyes, now illuminating gold, release hundreds of tiny shimmering orange bubbles, floating toward me. A flashback, I was six, on the pier, blowing bubbles with my dad, laughing, trying to catch them. "Little goldfish do not speak. They have poor memory." In a nanosecond, they all speed, silently slamming into my mouth. I try to yell, cough them out, but nothing. "Now, now you will listen." She seemed pleased. My hands are frantic, scanning my face, my mouth. What, what's different? What is this? My lips feel distorted, oval, silently opening, closing, opening and closing. "There, there little goldfish, we're almost there."

Mystery of the Old Clock

by Tempus Fugit

"yes....powerful forces are at work", said the professor. There's no doubt about it....it's... it's....INCREDIBLE!

"Surely there must be some explanation, professor", said Joe.

"No, Mr King...I don't think so....I've checked and double checked".

"You must be joking", said Joe.

"No..You're Joe King,I'm the professor"

"NO!! I mean you can't be serious". Joe replied in frustration, "What's so special about an old clock?"

"Joe! Don't you see?" The professor peered over his round spectacles.

~

"This fine clock has kept perfect time for years, and now, without any reason, its stopped".

"So, clocks DO stop, professor, you know", reasoned Joe.

"Ah!, Yes, but this one, although stopped, is still at the correct time twice every day! EVERY DAY, Joe! Explain that, my boy."

Ignoring Joe's look of amazement, the professor turned the clock over.

"LOOK, Joe..there's a small secret compartment on the back!

With trembling hands the professor prized open the tiny hatch.

"Joe! there's a note inside! A secret message from...from.. from who knows? What does it say?

Squinting in the dark, Joe read the tiny message. "It says "PLEASE INSERT TWO

Nevermind the Ashes

by C.L. Riceward

Troy swung the flashlight this way and that. The beam flashed and splashed across the dusty room. There was the chest he'd found earlier: deceptively heavy and stubbornly locked. There was the headless mannequin his aunt had held on to for who-knows-why. There was the boxes of books, knickknacks, old glassware and plates --- everything stolid and decidedly unmoving. Yet there was no where else the noise could have come from: a muffled dragging, scraping sound that suggested too much.

He felt fear bubbling around the edges of his mind,

~

as though it was simmering in all the places the flashlight beam didn't touch. He swished it faster, checking a corner, a shadow, the curtains --- anything that could hide something.

"There's nothing here." He told himself, sternly. He said it aloud to be certain, but the sound of his voice in the room felt too loud and too sudden; he backed out quickly and shut the door. He took a moment to steel himself before he turned to walk back down the dark corridor. He had only taken a few nervous steps before he heard it again.

Something was moving.

No Honor among Victims

by Tzach Shabtay

and utterly shocked. She looked at the parchment with disbelief. All the clues were there, but she missed them all.

She had to act fast. She looked at Harrison. He was still holding a gun to her head, and his smirk grew even wider.

Without giving it a second thought, she grabbed the goat and jumped from the helicopter.

She imagined Harrison was now as shocked as she was. He wouldn't dare shoot her now, not while she has the goat.

Still, did she just jump to her death?

She was terrified and hugged Willy for comfort.

~

She grew quite fond of the goat. After all, he did save her life twice.

The wind was blowing and making more noise than she could master. She still haven't found the parachute in her backpack, and was starting to panic.

Willy, on the other hand, looked perfectly calm and serene. "It looks like it's not the first time you've been skydiving, hah, Willy?", she joked, trying desperately to calm herself.

That's when it hit her. It wasn't the first time he's been skydiving! Of course! That's how they switched the professor's body in the middle of the night!

Paws

by Anonymous

It didn't have a name. It didn't need to have one. It knew who it was. And now it had seen me. The ancient beast stared straight into my soul. Silence. Not a lack of sound but a deep thick silence that kills the noise. All I saw was a void in those two glittering big yellow eyes. The monster slowly started to waggle. I knew it was a matter of seconds before it would unleash it's fury upon me. Nothing could come between the predator and it's prey.

~

The quick brown cat jumps through the hazy fog! Faster than I anticipate! Screeching roar full of bloodlust fills the garden as claws and teeth rip through the skin of my thighs. I fall down in agony. Claws hit me again, this time followed with a double leg kick. I reach the beast's neck and squeeze it. The violent attack stops for a moment. I feel coarse tongue healing my wounds. It's a trick and I know it. As soon as I would release my hand it would finish me. Time to die.

Pumpernickel's Case Files

by Ross McNamara

"Who are you again?" asked Mrs. Masternackey.

"Detective Pumpernickel," replied Detective Pumpernickel.

Dressed only in her bathrobe, her hair still wet from the shower, she looked questioningly at the self-proclaimed policeman standing just outside her front door. He took a long sip of coffee, doing his best to appear professional yet nonchalant. Most of the coffee ended up on his tie. Sighing, he readjusted the lid. His next sip wound up on his pants.

"I've heard of you," said Mrs. Masternackey skeptically, "You accused Mr. Garvery's dog of tax evasion last week."

~

"I think my cup is broken."

"Well, I guess you'll have to do. Come on, I'll show you the scene of the crime."

"A-ha!" exclaimed the coffee soaked investigator, "Now we're getting somewhere. But first, I need to get one fact straight: do you have any paper towels I could use?"

Mrs. Masternackey headed for the kitchen, walking past the living room where the TV was blaring. "Do you live with a deaf person?" asked Detective Pumpernickel, but Mrs. Masternackey didn't hear him.

REAL Secret of Monkey I.

by Mancomb Seepgood

ERROR 404

~

SECRET NOT FOUND

Really Short Mysteries

by Harry Upp

The evening had grown bleak and dreary by the time my associate and I had reached the summer home of Baron Richard McMoneybags. We drove past the immense wrought iron gates up to the front door where ivy laden brick gave the building a sensation of a decrepit overgrown husk or a college campus on test day, both terrifying in their own right. Upon arriving at the door, we were greeted by a young woman whom I recognized as the Baron's niece. She was slender, blonde, and very attractive aside, of course, from the look of terror in her eyes.

~

"You must help me," she pleaded, "Someone has murdered my entire family. I believe they are after our fortune but you must act quickly, I am the only one left in the house!" My associate looked at me concerned and asked, "What do you say, old chap?" I thought hard for a second before announcing, "It was her." "What?!?" she cried in shock. "She claimed to be the only one in the house. Therefore no one else could have done it," I explained. And with that we loaded her into the car and drove back to the station. The end.

Rift over Vale

by Stephanie Queen

Her hands were tremplin and her throat felt dry and coarse. She knew, that what she had seen was impossible, yet against all odds, she had seen them, the shadows floating in and out from the rip in the sky. Jeannette wanted to scream, but she was afraid that what ever she had seen would see her in turn.

Slowly she opened her eyes again and glanced to the dark, starless sky. At first she saw nothing, but then, after straining her sight, she could see it again, the sickly green and purple glow where the rift had first appeared.

~

It was pulsating, like a puss filled wound ready to burst.

The book in her backbag felt warm, like it had somehow been turned on. It was that book, which was responsible of the rift, that much Jeannette knew. What se didn't know was, if she would be able to use the damned thing to tear the rift apart and close it for good before anything horrible would be unleashed.

She swallowed, hard. This was going to be one of THOSE nights. How in earth had se gotten mixed up with this stuff.

Scar City

by Andras A. Jakab

As the sun went down, the landscape changed. From the hilltop, he could see most of the city. The buildings rose from below, like sleepy giants and at their feet, cars were leaving smoketrails behind. Dim lights filled the streets on that cloudy night and as the wind passed by, each of the streetlights seemed like they were blinking. He opened the glove-box and took a sip of the cheap liquor which was lying there, then he reached for the gun. It was a custom made, black, 38 revolver, with the words "The End" carved in the grip. Memories filled his mind as he rolled the cylinder, cocked the hammer back, and aimed the weapon at his own head.

~

-Do it! said the voice. -Do it, and you will meet me the moment you die.

He hesitated. The purpose of a suicide was to get rid of his unholy companion, but thinking about meeting it, instead of "just" hearing its voice, made him shiver.

-Well? Don't you want to meet your creator? asked the voice with a cheerful tone.

-No! Leave me alone will ya? Go back to hell, or whatever dimension you came from! I already did all the things you asked me to do! I am not your god damn slave! -Yes you are. From the moment you were born, you were my slave, matter of fact, all your species are. I could ask another to kill you, but i have plans with you James.

Sea Change

by Thomas Winhaus

My guide did her best to deter me from the Chapel of Owls. She left pamphlets for more mundane wonders, such as Balthazar Bay and the Screaming Cave, on top of my recording equipment. Whenever we passed a canal, she reminded me of my original purpose for traveling halfway around the world. The American public had a right to hear the singing dolphins, and the prince's edict assured I would have the last chance to preserve their song.

My editor had already wired me several times. The inquiries from ecologists were expected. Requests from the corporate sector were more surprising.

~

A major fast food hamburger chain would appreciate if I could confirm the long-lost dolphins' unique coloration came from a diet of yaks caught in the spring thaw. An investment firm needed the music rights.

As worthy as these causes were, my dreams fled from the sea. The scar on my thigh had long since shed its resemblance to a well-fed member of *Delphinus weckerlin*; the nocturnal ululations that echoed through the streets could no longer be blamed on local toughs. I was marked. If the owls could not have my confession, they would have my soul.

Serenity Girl's Diary

by Samantha Kamil

Monday, 17 sep 1984

Today at Serenity, during lessons, the headmaster told us that another girl, Lumia, completely vanished in the night.

We are scared, she is the third in a month.

Tuesday, 18 sep 1984

The school is closed today, for further investigations

~

Wednesday, 19 sep 1984

In the night my friend Cindy was last seen near the woods, on the tennis field. And then she was gone. Tonight after the curfew me and my friend Trevil are going to enter the woods to find clues

Thursday, 20 sept 1984

It was a long night but we managed to find a stone house in the woods. there was blood on the trees. A blue blinking light in the first floor window. We tried to run back to the Academy but we got lost. After many hours we found the school but people are strange, they have all black eyes and their skin is grey... what's going on here?

Shadows in Pursuit

by M.T. Elexus

The first thing I notice is dirt. I'm laying sideways on a ground of dirt, mud and small leaves. With a lot of effort, I succeed in rolling onto my back. My whole body aches. My ears are beeping so loud that it's about the only sound I can hear. There is that stench again: could it be oil? Burning rubber? While I try to identify the odor, I feel a drop of sweat sliding down my forehead. I give myself about ten seconds to get my head clear and attempt to stand up.

~

Immediately, I have to find support from a nearby tree to keep me from falling. My lungs feel like a flaming liquid is filling them up and I notice now that my hands and arms are full of scratches. Another drop is gliding off my head but in an attempt of wiping the nuisance away, my eyes catch the deep red color. I look around and the first thing I notice is the thick black smoke whirling in the sky. As the beeping in my ears is fading away, I can hear people yelling, shouting, someone is even crying.

Six Bees on White Denim

by August von Copperpot

butler.

~

[this page should be empty]

Snowed Out

by Arturo Roberto, Sr.

at this hour was perfectly normal?"

"Probably someone who goes to bed after Kojak," Audrey said, and cleared her throat, "You might wanna do that some time."

"I mean, it WAS af--"

"You know what I meant."

Stretching and yawning, Caroline kicked the couch, "Get up. We can get coffee on the way, eh?"

"Yeah, yeah, Frank," Audrey said. She threw off the blanket and sat up. "Nothing's open this early. You out?"

"Yeah." She chuckled and said, "Unless there's some in the pantry. Next to the caviar. In the North wing."

Audrey rubbed her eyes. "You're funny when you're sleep deprived, Your Highness."

~

"I'll be even funnier if we miss the bus." Caroline glanced at the alarm clock. "We should leave soon. Now, where did I put my coat?"

Audrey opened one eye, and, still rubbing the other, pointed at the open door. "Downstairs. You should probably brush your teeth. I mean, I don't care, but..."

Caroline sighed. "I guess. You're welcome to use my t--"

"Nah, I'm good, thanks."

-- oothbrush. Oh, okay, cool."

It had snowed during the night, and the neighbor's truck was gone. Audrey remarked that there were no tracks, but Caroline just shrugged. She was counting

Space Aliens Ate My C64

by Humbert Proudfoot

It's amazing how sometimes days can take a turn for the worse. That's exactly what happened to me yesterday. I was sitting in my room, in front of my Commodore 64, when suddenly the doorbell rang. It was my friend George! More excited than I had ever seen him, he stormed past me right towards the computer, slipping a disk into my 1541. A big planet showed up on the screen, and I swear it had a lot more than 16 colors. After an uncannily short loading time, my friend was in a space ship about to actually land on

~

that planet, and a few seconds later, he was able to explore a foreign world, in real time and 3D! I couldn't believe it. After he left, I played the whole day, seeing strange places and meeting alien creatures I couldn't have imagined in my wildest dreams. Eventually, I must have dozed off, and when I woke up, my beloved C64 was gone! I called for help, but my dad had locked himself inside his bedroom and didn't answer. So I went back to sleep, sad and heartbroken. Oh, how I will miss those times, bathed in soft blue light.

Stuck

by Meta Twist

"Eventually you will notice that this is a game. Unreal and insignificant, probably a waste of time. You'll wake up or die - or both? Who knows? Who cares? Whatever happens, you have to move on. You are confronted by reality, not by me." Durant said with cold disrespect in his voice and raised his gun. Three shots echoed through the peaceful night. Edmund woke up, soaked with sweat he sat up on his soft mattress, puzzled, wondering whether this has been a dream, a memory or something else. He was staring into the void. It surrounded him. Quick, vanishing and erratic thoughts rushed by. He could not only hear them in his head, he saw them.

~

What was unreal? Was it insignificant? Was he real and was this real? His head hurt, the darkness seemed to swallow him and he wondered whether this had something to do with the page that was read at this very moment. If he only could get there and experience it again; refreshing his own memory. It seemed ages ago, far away, another life, maybe in another dimension. The pain grew and he wanted to go back to sleep, to end the active thought and this unpleasant stimulation of his cerebrum. Wait! Did he really want to go back to sleep? He tried to reach for the window. He could feel that the page was turned, leaving him devastated and

Tanz der toten Kühe

by Graf Schwertbach

Chapter 1

The Rising

A dead moon rose over the german village called Plining. A calm wind rushed through the trees and made the leaves fell to earth. It was a night unlike any other – and the villagers knew that. This was a night of fear, terror and regret. It was the night of the Tanz der toten Kühe. One time a year the ghosts of the cows that had to die to make the spicy sausages and schnitzel the germans love so much came to punish them for their wrongdoing.

With well lit candles in their rooms the villagers awaited the ringing of the church bells that would herald the rising of the dead cows.

~

Chapter 2

Moooooooo!

Once the bells' Bong-Bong echoed through the streets of Plining a dark rumbling began. At first it was thud but then it would rush over the city like a flood. It was the Moooooooo! of thousands of cows that appeared as unreal forms in between the small and stubby Fachwerk-houses. The cows seemed confused and totally dumb. 'Cause that's what they are. And so the terror began: Mooooo! Mooooo! Mooooo! Mooooo! That's what the villagers would hear all the night until the morning. Not a single Mooooo! but a Mooooo! of all the cows they killed over the years. A Mooooo! so loud and sharp that their ears would hurt and bleed.

That

by Stephen Bachman

felt That's scream of pain, saw the spider's bloody, acidic, ichor-ish, gooey, oozing pus spill out of its eye like a melting ice cream bar on a hot, nostalgic summer day. "He beat his head against the gate and gets to eat off a plate!" The spider's hobbled backward on broken stilt-legs, made a final screech, and retreated into the darkness.

"That's dead, right?" gasped Waldo. "It would be a total bummer if we had to do that twice."

Froggy looked down at his gross-covered hands. "B-b-b-b-beats me, but now we know That's w-w-w-weakness: babble."

~

"Cool," said Darla. She looked at her six 11-year-old companions. "So like, does anyone know the way out of here? Did we leave a trail of breadcrumbs or anything?"

Spanky and Buckwheat looked at each other, then at Darla, then back at each other, and shook their heads.

"Huh. Well, as long as we're stuck down here, who wants to

[note: if you're not okay with using the possibly copyrighted names of the Little Rascals, replace Spanky : Spud, Buckwheat : Beano, Froggy : also Beano, Waldo : also Spud, Darla : Beatrice]

The Attic

by A. Wilson Large

Alex stood perfectly still, waiting for his eyes to adjust to the darkness. An occasional flash of light from a window would afford him a brief glance around the room. He had the distinct impression of being in an old attic. The air smelled dry and still, yet he felt a dampness so intense his skin felt clammy. Each flicker revealed the typical attic arrangement; oddly shaped piles placed randomly about, yet with some order known only to the owner. Alex felt oddly at home in this dark little room. It was with a disconcerting mix of confidence and unease that he took a step forward in the darkness.

~

He slowly made his way toward the nearest stack of boxes, shuffling his feet through the thick dust on the floor. He didn't want to trip on anything in the dark. The boxes almost begged for an excuse to tumble on some unsuspecting passerby and he didn't want to give them any chance.

Taking in a deep breath of the heavy air, Alex knelt down in front of a box. Brushing off the dust, he was able to make out some writing. It looked like a number but the dust was so thick he couldn't be sure. He blew across the box and only got a face full of dust for his troubles. Laying a hand to the grimy box flap, he pulled it open.

The Black Thorn

by Desmond Blake

The Black Thorn was a hero. He was french and didn't care if he killed anyone. His real name?

~

Nobody except his hacker and himself knew his real name. Xavier Munroe. He was like that bat guy.

The Book Of Yob'0

by Youssef B. Oswald

The Book Of Yob'0

I walked into the shop, unsure of what I was expecting from the run-down looking little building. Walking through the rusty doors, I saw the sight of a very tall man in what looked like traditional robe and a turban. He had a bushy, well kept beard with a curled mustache all of which was a light brown color. "Welcome friend-customer!" He bellowed, arms over his head.

"Uh, hi." I said as I walked further into the shop.

"Yes, yes. I am Yob'0, merchant of many foreign things you have come to money-buy my product, yes?" He said

~

oddly loudly.

"Product? As in singular?"

"Yob'0 knows buyer-friend, Yob'0 knows."

"Uh..."

He pulled out something from behind his counter. It was an ornate skull colored a shade of black darker than anything I have ever seen before, and it had piercing pink dots in its eye-holes. "Uhm, I'd rather not, thank you."

"You will regret this!" I backed away from him and out the door. "You will return to Yob'0, consumer-ally, for you are sand, the world is sand, Yob'0 is sand, sand is all!"

His shop disappeared in a gust of wind...

The Butterfly

by Anonymous

The floorboard moaned in pain beneath her muddied sneaker. The woman's cries grew almost unbearable to hear – Taylor felt every gasp the woman take vibrate in her eardrums.

She put her hand on the doorknob, and her entire life flashed before her.

Every step she had taken had led to this moment. Every decision she had made had played its part – even the tiniest detail, like how she tied her shoelaces one morning, or which direction she took to go to school another day.

~

Every stranger that had unintentionally bumped into her on the street, served her coffee, or blessed her after a sneeze was involved in the culmination of this very moment. The world had brought her here. But what happened now, not even God could help her.

She molded the ice cold doorknob to her hand, feeling grains of dirt embed the pattern of her fingerprints on the handle.

This world was hellbent on her leaving her mark on it, one way or another.

She turned the handle, and her vision went black.

The Case of the Flatfaces

by Andrew Baillie

Ella swung around wildly, searching for the source of the sound. Through the dim lantern light she could only make out the boles of trees surrounding her in the densely-packed forest. The document binders in her backpack were a reassuring dead weight against her back as it meant that this had all been worth it. Finally the world would know about what sort of horrible genetic experimentation was happening in this secretive compound. She pushed further into the trees on her way back to the road and emerged into a clearing.

~

A long-since felled tree lay across the clearing from Ella with an array of black shapes covering the length. Needle-sharp claws dug into the bark as the horrors stood poised, fore-limb muscles quivering as they waited for some signal from the pack's alpha to attack. Fourteen sets of eyes reflected the light of her lantern as blood-red pin-points. Fourteen flat faces regarded her with deathly malice. The sound was a cacophany of wheezing, grunting and panting. She hadn't covered her tracks well enough. The pugs had found her.

The Clicking Game

by Jordan O'Neill

She pulled a book from the shelf and opened it at random. Suddenly she felt like she was being watched – that someone was looking over her shoulder. Was that their breath on the back of her neck, whispering the words from the page?

A shiver started down her spine.

She froze. She was too scared to turn around – scared in case there was someone there; scared in case there wasn't.

She had to concentrate. What was she doing in the library anyway?

She'd been too impulsive. Stupid. Now her own breath was getting shallow – her heart beating in her chest.

~

And then she realized: the clicking sound. Ever since she'd started hearing that distant 'click' she'd been acting without thinking.

Click.

Why hadn't she noticed it before?

Click.

It was like the dripping of a tap.

Click.

No – it was like water torture. She'd been acting out of character: going round in circles, collecting strange items for reasons she didn't understand, talking to herself. Was she under some spell; some form of hypnosis?

Click.

But what if it was all inside her head?

The Darkness of Will

by K. E. Keyn

In this world, live men and women of little means and broken desire. Their lives no more than wisps of wind beating in vain against the mountain. Tears are just enough to dampen the soil where their withered crops grow. Yet, every so often, a flicker of discontent ignites in the dark.

There are so many things that we often desire to change. The most common of these are our own choices. We regret making the decisions that have ultimately lead us to this point in time where we are faced with the consequences of our choices. However, we are doomed

~

to live our mortal lives in constant bewilderment. We can only guess what Could have happened. It is within this world of Could that imagination and creativity have developed it into a separate universe unto itself.

It is that world that soon is transformed into Should and eventually into Would. The world of Would is far more dangerous than the worlds of both Could and Should. For it leaves one open to allowing what Would have happened to become what Will happen in the future. A dangerous world, indeed. One that Could be the end of a person...

The Depth of the Dark

by Lucas von Mathausen

thus gazed into the depth, it also gazed back at me. I shall never surrender my soul to you, vile demon! I yelled, and thought to myself, if I should survive this, and at some distant point in the future write down these dastardly happenings, I shall not underline my despair by using adverbs! I could write "I yelled angrily", I suppose, but that is a deed more vile than the one that brought me to this point. "Never!" I yelled, both as a curse upon the monster that stood before me, and as a way to strengthen my own

~

yet weak willpower, my growing determination to avoid adverbs at all cost! I thus looked inside me, to my innermost strength, to my heart of hearts, and found there that which I had sought, the power to banish, to send back that which my misfortune had wrought, that which I had sought, but never should have found. I felt beads of cold sweat trickling down my back, and further, further down. The misery I felt at that point, the sheer pain, no words can describe it, but even that is but a faint shadow next to the horror of the

The Evil Side

by Pablo Sencianes

Carol was frozen before the bathroom mirror. She couldn't believe it, the answer had been there the whole time! She didn't have a split personality, nor was she sleepwalking. The murders had been committed by her evil reflection, the one living at the other side of the mirror!

"That's right", her evil self said behind the glass, as if reading her mind. "It was me all along. I killed the butler, I kidnapped the orphan kittens, and I stole the widow's jewels."

"Were you using this mirror as a portal the whole time?", Carol asked, finding it hard to believe.

~

Her reflection nodded, satisfied. Carol screamed, filled with frustration.

"Well", Carol said, more furious than ever. "Then I just have to break the mirror into a million pieces! Your evil doings end now!"

But her reflection started laughing, leaving Carol even more confused.

"Evil?", the reflection asked. "Oh, you don't know a thing... You're the evil one! You're the one living on the evil side!"

Carol couldn't believe it. What did that mean? At that moment, someone knocked at the door.

"Please, Carol!", Peter said, "I really need to use the bathroom!"

The Fall of Mankind

by John Guzman

You clearly could see that Mr. Temprist was nervous. He was covered with sweat in his forehead, his neck and his hands. He knew more than he was telling us. He knew something so important that would make him risk his life to keep it a secret. The man was ready to cut his own throat with the razor he got from the dinner table if we kept pressing him to tell everything he knew, but he was not ready to tell his secret.

~

I'm already going to lose my job as an investigator because of how many people died while I wasn't doing what I was supposed to do: Find out who was the murderer and get him arrested. I don't care if someone else died. I never cared for anyone's life but my daughter's, and now she is dead. I was going to keep pressing that man until he tells me everything he knows. But when I started to do it, his son came in the dining room. I couldn't do it in front of his own kid, and he knew it.

The Gamer behind the Mask

by Jay Perdulaboul

during a strange night in a library, someone reading a curious book but he isn't aware to being just a character of video game and be manipulated by an external player. poor creature. the gamer, him is sprawled on his sofa and he waste his time to read a story on a virtual book. the player smiles when he reads this, but it isn't a joke because some books (even virtual) have a power in reality... do you feel this heavy atmosphere suddenly? yours doors and windows are closed? are you sure? really sure? while the gamer wondered there the story would go, someone knocked on the front door. the gamer jumped on his sofa.

~

he read something in the game and it happened in reality! "who is it" he asked. no answer. he decided to open the door but there was one one behind. someone sneered distinctly behind him but he knows he was alone."ok it is not funny" when he return in the living room he decided to turn off the game but he couldn't , his body refused and when he see the tv he read:you are in a video game! he turned his head, forced by a strange power and looked out the the windows. he saw a giant masked on his sofa with a joystick. "let's see if my avatar can open his window and jump into the void"said the giant."ho god, no!"the gamer open the windows "ho yes"

The Garden

by Frederic Alexander

There - at the destination of the newborn bubble - was the surface, brightly illuminated by a deep blue sky. The undersides of the lily pads showing as dark round patches stood in stark contrast. Between them the shadow of a dragonfly flitted hither and thither. The sun was peeking through a small group of white clouds.

Daylight! he thought perplexed. As if hypnotised, he started to paddle. Slowly at first, then with more and more urgency. The shimmering surface approached swiftly. One more stroke and he broke through with yet another loud splash.

~

Greedyly he filled his lungs with the precious air and started kicking his legs to stay afloat. When he looked around he saw the stars in the dark night sky over the surrounding tree tops. The moon was reflected a thousandfold in the rippling, black surface of the pond. Same old, same old.

His eyes scanned the grass line at the bankside. Of course they were standing there - as many as seven of them, clamouring and heads up high like a mob of meerkats in knight's armour. He sighed. This party was not over yet.

The Ghost of Wall Street

by James I McCullough

Chad pulled himself up off the concrete. Dust and rubble spilled from his fine Italian suit. Sweat had soaked into the shoulder pads and they had become cold. He cringed as he slipped off the jacket and limped through the dawn to the nearest payphone.

"Boss, I think I found the source of those energy readings."

"Chad, what do you mean? Where have you been?"

"Amanda, it's the bull. The spirit got loose and it charged me when I tried to chase it."

"Meet me at the deli at 8, I'm going to call in some favors."

~

Steam rose from Chad's cup of dark black coffee. His bagel lay half eaten on the plate. Amanda and her companion drew the attention of the whole restaurant as they made their way from the door to his table.

"You look awful. You remember Rodrigo from the Tyson case?"

It wasn't everyday you saw someone in the city dressed as a Matador.

"It's been a while. I don't think I've seen one of those getups in quite that shade before."

"Good to see you again. You know, neon is the only way to reach into the spirit world."

The Gutenberg Murders

by Iona Tempest

Benson looked over the evidence. The bloodied crowbar had belonged to Mary or her late husband. The ransom note had John's fingerprints, but the handwriting was that of the Colonel. The phone records and bank records, printed out on dot-matrix paper, put both of those people far away at the time of the crime. The most unusual evidence was a bible, with random passages underlined. It was a mystery to Benson why this was even in the evidence set at all. It had been found near the victim and appeared to have been stolen from the local Anglican Church.

~

Concluding nothing, Benson put away his notepad and wandered back to his desk. The mystery deepened a few days later. A third body had been found. This body was the second to be found alongside a stolen bible. The killing was done in the exact same style as the first two. And the evidence of all three deaths pointed to John, Colonel Thompson or Mary. Benson thumbed through the bibles looking for ideas. On a whim he called the church, and asked how many bibles were missing from the vestry shelves. Five. Five were missing. But what did that mean?

The Hamsterman

by Conan Hawkins

The remote city of Ronville is indeed a strange place. Talking meteorites? Humanoid tentacles? Devices for interplanetary travel invented by a mad scientist with unhealthy blue skin? Nothing out of the ordinary in Ronville. One of the more mysterious stories about this town revolve around a man dressed in a black cloak. Reports of his sighting date back to the nineteenforties. According to eye witnesses he covers his face in dark bandages. His eyes however could be seen underneath the bandages. Glowing in a menacing red color. This sight drove more than one person insane.

~

The most well-known sighting of the "Mysterious Man" dates back ten years. A teenage boy has weird dreams about the mysterious man after taking in an abandoned hamster he found the same day. According to the boy, his dreams even began to twist reality. Objects he destroyed in his dreams vanished in reality and locked doors were inexplicable unlocked. All of this stopped when the boy abandoned the hamster again by simply putting him outside of his home. Just minutes later, the hamster was gone. Multiple accounts state, it was picked up by dark figure with glowing red eyes.

The Heat

by Dustin Twain

"Can't you sleep either?", the voice under my bed asked.

"Uhm... hello?", I asked back, not sure if I have really heard something or this was all just my imagination.

"Hello", it came from under the bed, "can't you sleep either?"

Now I wouldn't sleep for sure. "No...", I answered hesitantly, thinking about if it would be smart or incredibly stupid to check under my bed who or what was talking there.

"It's the heat, isn't it?", the voice stated. "This damn heat!"

~

"Yes", I said. "The heat. Right! I can't sleep because of the heat. Not that there was coming a creepy voice from under my bed. That has nothing to do with it!"

"Oh, good", the voice answered. "It would have been unpleasant and a little bit awkward for me if I was the reason."

"What? No. The heat. Really!", I reassured again.

The rest of the night I was lying there with eyes wide open.

And it was not because of the heat.

The Hidden Brain

by Patrick Mörtins

And suddenly he wakes up and stares to the ceiling.

"What did just happen?", he thinks.

For him it was just two seconds from being aware of falling down the hillside and landing in the gutter.

Now he is laying here in a bed. Could it be a hospital?

White walls surrounds him and a big mirror hangs right in front of him at the wall.

"Is someone starring at me?", he shouts out loud.

The echo bounces back to him. The pain in his head increases.

"Maybe i should be quiet." while he turns to the left.

~

In the meanwhile a mass of onlookers come together at the muddy hillside where he fell.

Helicopters are patrolling the area and make sure noone else can enter the airspace.

Some men are carried away and transfered to an unknown location. "No trespassing. Everybody who breaches into this territory will be jailed!", the Col. commands.

As he turns to the left, he feels a piece of metal at the backside of his head. Does this cause the pain?

He carefully tries to touch the metal's outline and to figure out what it is. It is a big

The Howling Dog

by Charls B.

It was a dark and stormy night

~

Suddenly a shot rang out!

The Ill-Fated Loop

by Peter M. E. Bednarz

"...You fell asleep, lieutenant?" I opened my eyes. Catherine King, known as The Redhead Beauty, sent me an enigmatic smile.

"I've been thinking, Mrs King." I glanced at my notes, trying to hide my confusion. "About what?"

She was an actress and a performer. One of her admirers was Dante von Salza, The Black Sacristan - a semi-legendary mobster. Rumors said that every now and then a private show has been arranged.

"About you lying that you don't know von Salza." "Would I lie to a man like you?"

She touched my hand. I felt a gentle vertigo. I remembered

~

my informer, Studoffsky, warning me about this woman, however I couldn't tell why. But It didn't matter now. The only thing that mattered were her eyes. That deep, brown look that was making me dizzy, like the whole world beside us was spinning around and only those eyes seemed to be holding us still.

I tried to remember why I came here but I couldn't. And I didn't care - I liked the sensation and didn't want it to end. I could stay like this forever.

Suddenly, I heard a distant voice that knocked me out of my reverie: "...

The Last Crumpet

by Frederick Hume

"I will not repeat myself, Frederick."

The words hung in the pitch-black room, unanswered for many seconds. The silence finally broken only by the soft crunching of burnt cakes by teeth.

"I can hear you eating it at this very moment! Answer me!"

Thomas' words bounced off the study's tall walls, with no answer. Until, slowly and quietly, socked feet began to shuffle across the floor. Thomas frantically fumbled in the darkness for the candlestick he knew was somewhere in the room.

~

As Thomas' wild flailing scattered ink bottles and papers to the floor, he shouted, "Curse you, Frederick! I will have your head on a pike in the kitchen before dawn if you do not confess this instant!"

The shuffling feet stopped. Thomas turned toward the sound hopefully. Had he finally convinced Frederick to give up this horrible ruse?

A short, selfish laugh slapped Thomas across the face, right before the soggy, half-eaten crumpet did.

This meant war.

The Lurking of the Leaves

by Jørgen Bolling

«If you have no respect for the sea, you haven't encountered her like I have.»

- unknown

It was a dark and stormy night as the leaves desperately tried to escape the falling raindrops. It was as if the wind was trying to save the fallen comrades of the trees nearby. The harsh wind blowing them towards the old dark house for safety. At one point the leaves had been green and full of life making the forest nearby an inviting and enjoyable place for both animals and humans alike. Now it was late autumn and like the house next to it

~

the forest had a haunting tension to it's presence. It was as if it was abandoned by life itself.

The leaves kept knocking on the front door of the old house, clambering itself towards the wall as if it was trying to avoid the cold rain. Like a lost soul at sea, the leaves could not escape the wet harsh reality of the autumn at the old house's door. The house on the other hand had no friend trying to save it from the elements, it simply sat there, in-between the sea and the dark forest to the south.

The Mall Tease Falchion

by Spencer G. Hammacher

After interrogating the manager from The Pointier Image, I felt it was time to revisit the closed-circuit video footage again. I'd already questioned the mall security guards thoroughly, and while they were all familiar with the victim's exploits, none of them had any direct association with her or her friends. Still, I couldn't help but find it curious that this was the one night her entourage wasn't with her. I would need to review the footage from previous evenings and hopefully identify her associates. Surely one of them would know something.

~

My thoughts were interrupted by my pager. A number I didn't recognize, but the fact that they had my pager number was enough to pique my curiosity. I walked over to row of payphones by the food court, plunked a few quarters into the slot, and called the number listed.

After just one ring, the line picked up. "Detective Babbage?" It was a young man's voice.

"Speaking," I said. "How did you get this number?"

He ignored my question. "I have some information about Sheila's death. Meet me by the soft pretzel stand in five minutes." Then he hung up.

The North Country Cabin

by T. H. Houghton

It seemed no matter how often he stoked the fire, or checked the locks on the door, he couldn't shake the feeling that they were still out there. He carved his name into the slats beneath the window, all the while keeping his eyes on the door handle across the room. One turn, two turn, you burn, I burn. That's what his mother had sang to him, to get him to go to sleep. As a kid it was his mother's voice that did the comforting; he had no idea what the words actually meant.

~

As he crawled back towards the chair, making sure to keep his head below the window pane despite having the curtains drawn, he paused and looked down the hallway. A dark column reaching backward into the cabin, to the old rooms of his childhood. He'd brought the bed into the living room where he sat now, not feeling safe back there in the darkness. Had he seen something move, imperceptible in the dark? Maybe. Could he smell smoke, and was the door handle turning, turning, coming free of the lock? Maybe. One turn, two turn, you burn, I burn.

The Philip's Fraud

by Jack T.R. Hipper

Finally she was there. The tigress was still, studying every movement I would have made, every single breath I was taking. Just one wrong step and she would have killed me. My only hope was to bound my spirit to her in order to make her understand that I was not a threat to her, so I just closed my eyes and let my soul come out from my body to commune with the tigress speaking a language that goes beyond the material concept of 'language' [...]

~

Philip in here is trying to describe some sort of extrasensory power owned only by him, but it is complete nonsense and scientific inaccurate. First of all, there must be a million of reason why a tiger would not attack you at once, or even let you go (for example the tigress may have already eaten). Closing your eyes and think "Please let me go" it's not something that you should really try in a real life danger situation. Did it really happen? Was there any witness to such unique phenomena? Too many questions Philip has to answer.

The Sea Beast of Daletown

by Andrew Howard

At first I thought I was just seeing things but with a quick double take I saw it. Glowing red eyes, snarling yellow teeth, its motives were clear. I hurried back to the camper van to get the rifle we went hunting with that weekend, however the door was jammed. Dan had left his heavy broken motorcycle pressed against the sliding door of the van. With several hard pushes nothing proved successful. The Sea Beast of course drew closer.

~

Fortunately one of the doors had been left ajar and as I climbed over the seat to grab the rifle, its slimy claw dug itself into my calf muscle. With no attempt to hide my pain I let out the biggest outburst of emotion and pain I had ever experienced. It grabbed my leg and slowly dragged me out to the bank of the swamp, both of us almost resigned of what was to come. I had never felt so alone. As it raised its claw I recoiled away then all of a sudden, headlights!

The Secret of Ape Isle

by Ronaldo Gilberto

Deep in the Hawaiian Islands area, on the Island of Medley, a young man appeared on the beach. "My name is Gorgbrush Freepwheat and I want to be a mighty pirate" said Gorgbrush Freepwheat. "You? HAHAHA, don't make me laugh. You look more like a flooring inspector" Said an old man by the fire. "But I am going to be a mighty pirate!" said Gorgbrush. "HAHAHA. Okay, why not? But if you want to be a pirate... HAHAHA... then go down to the MUCUS-bar in the town, and ask for the Pirate Leaders".

~

"Will do" said Gorgbrush and went down the path and into the town. In the town-center Gorgbrush stood and shifted his gaze from the MUCUS- to the FLEM-bar. "Now, which one was it? I can't remember". Gorgbrush went left and into the FLEM-bar. He walked up towards the most important looking person in the bar and said: "I want to be a pirate! Can you help me?". The important looking man in the middle said: "This is the bar for the colonial security forces. You will never leave our dark dungeon!"

The Secret of Thimbleweed

by Christian Kefer

The crew left the island with the monkey in their chest. It was a rare exemplar. After left the sunny place they flight back to Thimbleweed city. They brought the animal for a zoo and the audience was very excited and newspapers reported very extensive. The people loved the monkey, but some said he had a threatening aura. Some said he was speaking to em in their thoughts. Nuts and idiots for most people.

~

But one night some people did see from outside, that the cage was glowing in green light. Coming nearer they heard that the ape was spoken in an unknown language and after a few moments all stopped, just the crickets was the hear. The two guys run totally shocked away. The day after a stinky tramp with red coat and hat was strolling around the cage of the monkey. In the night the monkey disappeared and the man who brought the monkey died under outstanding circumstanes.

The Sound of Fear

by Kevin Sting

It really was too quiet. Frank looked around the room worriedly. Only an half an hour ago, Frank would never believed that he would be grateful for even a bark from the Johnson's little yippy dog. What kind of dog was it again? Did that even matter?

~

As soon as I get out of here I'm buying that little furry demon the best dog treats I can find, Frank thought, just bark so I can hear you, so I can hear something.

Frank did hear something. It just wasn't the barking he had been just wishing for.

The Tallywhackers

by Samson Rex

The sky hung heavy over the town, dull green-grey clouds threatening to burst any second. It had been 2 weeks since Little Jimmy Dunbar's body was discovered in the old, crumbling weir on the edge of town, and still Malcom couldn't get the image out of his head. The partially-rotted corpse had looked so serene lying there, like Jimmy had just decided to have a nap.

He knew he had to do something. None of the adults in town seemed concerned by the oddities that had been occurring around the town since Old Man Donaldson's death, like Angelica Muir's hair spontaneously combusting, or Johnny Spizzardi crashing his 52 plymouth into French's

~

grocery store despite the fact he'd been seen only minutes before driving the opposite direction on the other side of the town.

Things weren't right. The natural order in Derby had somehow been unbalanced, and only Malcolm and the other kids in the Pathfinders club had any idea what was going on. The parents couldn't see it, but he knew. He knew about the strange creatures he'd seen darting around the edge of his peripheral vision when Debbie Carter had suddenly asphyxiated in class. He knew why Davey had freaked out yesterday when they were in the library after school leafing through his dad's Playboy, the one with Maureen O'Dowd's massive

The Thimbleweed Monster

by Mike Leary

The Thimbleweed Monster

Animalia Paradoxa (Latin for "contradictory animals";) are mythical, magical or otherwise suspect animals. Long has it been said that a wild beast has roamed the hills surrounding the town of Thimbleweed and just as long has been the search for it's undeniable proof by locals taken up by the belief. There is a story that in 1893, a cowboy by the name of Sir Logan in the outskirts of the then nascent Thimbleweed killed a giant birdlike creature with an enormous wingspan. It was said to have had smooth skin, featherless wings like a bat and a face that resembled an emaciated and vaguely effete Boston Terrier.

~

(Story continued from the previous chapter.)

He is supposed to have dragged the carcass back to town using his bare hands, where it was pinned with wings outstretched across the entire length of a barn. A picture of this event may have been published in the local newspaper, the Tumbleweed.

Then again on June 3rd, 1960, three individuals in Thimbleweed spotted what they originally thought to be a passing plane, but after seeing a large set of flapping wings to the beat of a hardrock soundtrack, they realized this "plane" was something very different indeed...

The Trap

by Chris D.

I had been walking for a long time, and getting hunger by the step. I remember the moisten stairs, complaining as I stepped on them. None of them led anywhere. All of them ended at the same room, with a golden elevator. I took it. With a steamy noise, it started to go down for, I think, two floors. The door opened, there was steam everywhere. I saw a hall with a big opened door at the end. In the other side: Tables with food in them. Too good to be true, right? I was no fool. I heard the elevator door opening again.

~

A second explorer, like myself, was walking towards the trap. "Don't go in there", I said, "it's clearly a trap". He looked at me, then at the door. "I'll hold the door", he said, "you go in and get the food, and get out as fast as you can". He leaned against the door, and I walked in. As soon as I stepped into the room, he lets the door go, and it shuts quickly. "What how you done?" I said, "I told you it was a trap". "I know", he answered, "I'm part of it".

The traveler

by Luca Volpone

Paris, 1887.

After all if it was always like that imagined his end ... in a dark, cold, rainy winter day. Other times there was came close, but this time there seemed to be no longer any doubt: he was dying. Numb lips had already assumed a bluish color and all around seemed to be swallowed by a black hole in which he would soon be over. The pain that had attacked him, when the bullet had stuck in his leg cutting off the artery, was decreasing, and that meant that he had little to live. So he had discovered from the stories she loved to read as a boy.

~

Now that a bit of lucidity seemed to be back, he could see the dozens of lights coming from the street, he reflected from the rain that had never stopped falling from the previous night. Then, for a moment, he felt the feeling that they are not more alone in that room. Suddenly he heard footsteps coming behind him, from the wall opposite where he had slumped after trying to escape his tormentor. With one hand he tried to reach the magazine that held the spare in the right pocket of his jacket, amazed at himself for the survival instinct that animated him still ...

The Wind Stood Still

by Alyssa Vanessa Lilin

In hindsight, of course, it was a mistake.

Even now, as I look out the window and see my beautiful young daughter playing in the garden, I wish that I had done things differently.

Gently caressing it with my fingers, I can feel the rough wood my desk is made from. As I take my pencil and push its tip into the palm of my hand, I feel pain. And then, I feel the small drop of blood that finds its way across my palm, my wrist, and eventually stains my white sleeves a dark, rusty brown.

I do feel.

~

I do feel everything.

But for my own daughter, I feel nothing. Because to this day, I am convinced that she is no longer my daughter.

People tell me that I'm crazy. They tell me that I need help. They tell me that, on that day, that day when I lost my daughter, it was me who was mistaken.

But I know.

I know what they did to my daughter.

I know that they took my daughter away from me.

And as I look out of the window and see my beautiful young daughter playing in the garden, I don't

This Book

by B. Author

Hello there, it seems like you have successfully purchased, opened or somehow interacted with a copy of 'this book'. Believe it or not this book contains no information whatsoever on any subject matter at all.

No, this book will not help you complete this game, or any other game, nor will it contain hints of any sort. You might be wondering why you are reading this book. Is it because the name of this book is 'this book'? Maybe it is... who knows?

~

You know who knows?

Definitely not you.

Boy this is all becoming really confusing. It's really weird isn't it? Anyway if you haven't caught the hint by now, you should not be reading this book, you should be doing something else...

Still here huh? Why are you doing this to yourself? Tell you what, i'll pretend to look away and you can stop reading this book, how does that sound? Ready? 1... 2... 3... Really? Come on!! Close me already! I promise you'll find what you are looking for, it's just not here... Go!!

Till Death Unites Us

by Anonymous

"Professor Igorevski," pleaded Mina, tears now flowing from her eyes, "you're the greatest in occult medicine. Everyone says that. You're a genius. Cannot you do anything more for Vlad?"

"Child, don't you think I would? It's perplexing, he's just not getting better. It's as if there was something else beside the stake wound... Wait a minute..."

"Garlic poisoning!" exclaimed Mina.

"Rubbish. It's not poisoning... and it's not a burn like you would get from holy water. By Lucifer! The stake must have broken in the wound! Vlad, wake up, gather yourself, man, answer me, do you feel a burning sensation in the wound?"

~

"Professor, don't shake him so, you're only hurting him, it's no use! Surely one of those machines..."

"What, are you suggesting we do an X-ray examination on a vampire? It's impossible, girl, everyone with half a living brain knows that."

"Professor, but that stake...I cannot bear thinking about it slowly killing him from inside. That horrible woman, I can still see her when I close my eyes. She was so nervous, of course she broke the stake! Oh no, what if he gets sepsis?"

"Bah! On our list of worries that's right below mosquito bites. Be quiet for a moment and let me think. There are other kinds of waves... What if... Ultrasound!"

Unheard Pain

by Clemens B. Ware

"No! No, no, no! God, please, no!"

Terrified she clawed at the grate in the floor, desperately trying to pry it out of the hole in the ground. She knew she had to make it ... somehow. She had to move. Get to the key. The key she so clumsily had dropped down there. The key which would open the the door mere feet away from her. The key which would allow her to rescue her children.

Hearing the psycho's heavy footsteps echo up the staircase she doubled her efforts to move the heavy grate. One fingernail broke off. Then another. One nail

~

after the other bent back and snapped loose leaving bloody marks smeared on the concrete floor and the unforgiving cast iron. She did not seem to notice it. Or she did not care. It did not matter. All that mattered was that she had to get her kids out of here.

Through the door no sound could be heard. It seemed Hannah and Tony were unaware of the terror on this side of those few inches of wood. That's when Barbara noticed the silence. That complete silence. The footsteps had fallen silent. The heavy breathing of the maniac killer had vanished.

Unresolved Mysteries

by Frank O' Connor

Twenty-seventh mystery: Dead after finishing art piece.

Miss Leah was working for the local museum of her city, she was restoring a painting of a famous artist that got damaged in the world war II, right after she finished it, she killed herself by drinking turpentine.

The clues we had were various, she didn't have any type of family or sentimental relationship, the restored piece consisted on a man sat in front of a lot of people without face features with a scarf avoiding him to look at them.

~

Twenty-eighth mystery: Fisherman's boat

Kevin was a fisherman who was having a bad time because he wasn't earning as much as he needed to live properly. Some day he went fishing into the sea alone with his boat, and he never came back even though his boat came alone to the spot where he should have left it.

We don't have any clues but one little scratch in the boat deck and the words his wife told us when we went to investigate: "He wasn't himself anymore".

When the Sun Rises

by Saibot Regas

I gave up waiting and hung up the phone. For a good hour I have been dialling his number over and over again now. "Why doesn't he answer?", I wondered, "Am I too late already?". I thought about driving over to his house, but shrugged the idea off quickly again. No point in leaving the house with these monsters out there.

Cautiously peeking through the curtains I checked if the situation had changed. The sun stood low on the horizon and made the trees cast their long shadows over the small pond in the middle of the front yard. The

~

gravel road rounded the water on the left side, trees and bushes stood impenetrable on the right. The pond was covered with water lilies, the water still and undisturbed. Last time I checked, they were searching something in the water with sticks, now there was no one to be seen. "Where have they gone?", I asked myself and concentrated on the farther side of the pond.

Something moved in the trees on the right. I only noticed it in the corner of my eyes. Not so impenetrable apparently, but it was not the first time that those scary shapes

Year 2000: The Real Truth

by Fabio "Zak" Belli

----- Chapter 11 -----

A bug in the date computation system will affect every device. If you're lucky, they will hang, but in most cases they will explode because of the year "00" misinterpreted as "1900". Computers, radios, car radios, clocks, safes, door locks, airport terminals, TVs, even microwave ovens won't work anymore.

Can you imagine a world without a microwave oven?!?

Be prepared. If you've got the balls, start to learn a new job, the job of the future: the "Y2K Fixer"! It will be well paid, but it will require special skills and zero stupidity. The future needs no more dumbs, but smarter people.

~

----- Chapter 12 -----

Thanks to an extraterrestrial life form, humanity will learn a new way to communicate. Everyone will be able to send their thoughts at fingertips. One has just to close his eyes, put two fingers on his forehead, mind-display the recipient, think the message word-by-word, and nod with his head to send the message.

It will arrive instantly, and the recipient will hear a buzz, or a ringing in his ear if the message is set as high priority.

Unfortunately, some bad people will find a way to display people's faces massively, and they will spam their minds with every kind of thoughts, including X-rated ones.

A Bird

by Philip John Basile

A

~

Bird

An Armadillo Life

by Richard E. Bortelu

I was trying all day to win their trust. Inching closer and closer, branches covering my head and body as to hide my human form. One of the smaller Armadillo spotted me through my facade, peering into my soul with his dark beady eyes. I felt alone, ashamed. As I prepared for sundown the armadillo welcomed me in, circling around me. I wondered if they noticed I was lacking the strong armored shell. The kind of shell that protects them from birds of prey and other unsavory characters.

~

Did they notice I did not emit a strong pungent odor of a wild beast? These questions would go unanswered, for this night I will sleep with the armadillo. The night was colder than usual. Harsh wind whipped about the trees whistling in my ear, almost a tickle. My armadillo family slept next to me inching closer huddling together to keep warm. I felt needed, wanted. For the first time in my life I felt a sense of purpose, of belonging. Tonight I lay my head as Richard E. Bortelu, for tomorrow I will rise as an Armadillo.

Comfort Sloth Handbook

by Cadbury Hornbuckle

Congrats! You've just exited the musty, bacteria infested cellar of a strange house outside city limits, completing your transaction of questionable legality from a strange man for the purchase of your own three toed sloth. That was the easiest part. Now begins the arduous task of raising and training your new comfort sloth. This guide will take you step-by-step through several training exercises that will engage and infuse your new sloth with vitality, ability and awareness.

~

By completing this volume, your comfort sloth should be able to perform these tasks:

1. Giving you hugs
2. Accompanying you on trans-oceanic flights
3. Preparing 3 step meals
4. Doing your taxes
5. Automotive oil changes
6. Caring for an elderly family member

In further volumes, we will tackle more advanced techniques (operating aquatic vehicles, complex legal defense, obeying verbal commands like "sit" and "stay", etc).

Concerning Hamsters

by Mike Conley

without having them be completely and utterly offended. The nature of the Golden Recluse hamster isn't fully understood, despite the best efforts of modern research. However, studies show that when a seedless grape is introduced to a Golden Recluse hamster, the subject will invariably enter a very relaxed, almost liquid state, at which time the hamster can be studied at leisure. Be cautious when putting a hamster in this state, as they are fluid enough to slip between the bars of hamster cages, fingers, and seat cushions.

~

It is because of this relaxed nature that the Golden Recluse hamster was often featured in paintings and other works of visual art. A recent study done by the Institute of Modern Art in Paris, France found that Golden Recluse hamsters either feature (or are hidden) in roughly 55% of still life paintings from the 17th century onwards. Frequently hidden amongst bowls of fruit, these hamsters were perfect subjects for painting as they enjoyed the seedless grapes in their belly for hours.

Demonology for Dummies

by Mapa Karpuzi

and blood. In one variant of this ritual ('Black Bible of Magog' 1524, p. 322) the unspoken name of the demon entity Skalikaj'ari must be uttered thrice around the sacrificial altar.

However, in its most common form a conjuration ritual is comprised of the following components:

1 portion of an innocent's flesh diced with a ceremonial knife; 3 horn shaped red peppers; 3 moon shaped garlic cloves; 2 blood colored onions; 1 tablespoon of devil's herb (or alternatively oregano); Half a chaliceful of virgin olive blood; Salt from the tears of angels; Pepper from the hooves of demons; Papyrus (or alternatively baking paper)

~

The items are stirred inside a silver basin under a full moon. The dark priest must leave the basin in the cold of night until the elements are bound by the spirits. Then, once the wolf howls once, the conjurer must wrap the mixture inside the papyrus, twirl its top, and place it inside the infernal oven.

Damian Devilish ('Whole Lotta Satan Worshipping', 1954, p. 138) tells the story of a Macademian priest who was excommunicated by the Roman Catholic Church for mistakenly performing this ritual while slaughtering all the inhabitants of the village Rotto in the

Ducks: Hidden Menace

by A. Vion Phobic

Who knows what evil lurks in the minds of ducks? It has taken decades of my life to uncover the heinous plot, but the last piece of the puzzle has finally been revealed. My colleagues believe me to be insane, but the truth is undeniable. The evidence I have uncovered, the hidden gatherings that I have covertly attended and the encoded messages I have intercepted only serve to strengthen my resolve to prove to the world at large that duck kind is up to something big, and I have irrefutable proof that the conspiracy dates back to World War Two.

~

While Hitler was invading Poland, war was raging between the Dutch Hookbills and the Welsh Harlequins. There are some left wing crackpots who believe that it was the Dutch Hookbills that convinced German forces to attack Great Britain, in the hope that hostilities with the Welsh Harlequins would be ended quickly. While this theory would seem sound, at first glance, recent discoveries show beyond a shadow of a doubt that it was, in fact, the Streicherente, a black ops group of Abacot Rangers commissioned by the Gimsheimer Duck family to replace the deployment orders of German bombers scheduled to deliver

Erroneous Evolution

by Romano Valerio

The Toad-faced Swan (Bufyngnus) were of the now also extinct Anuratidae family, endemic to the volcanic regions of Chile. An adult could reach a length of 5 metres and had a wingspan of up to 7 metres. Their large wings gave them the ability to take advantage of volcanic thermals and glide over long distances. However, there is no greater pointer to the lack of a grand design (or perhaps concrete evidence of a cruel one) than the highly inflammable nature of the giant wings of these once volcano-dwelling creatures.

~

It could be said that the Strawberry-flavoured Rainbow Beetle (Frageopteris) once also known in parts of Africa as the "Suicide Scarab", was always destined for extinction. Not only did they taste great, but they had no concept of camouflage and made a constant twittering noise that sounded to predators like, "Come and get me, I taste like strawberries!" Perhaps evolution has learned something from its mistakes however: Frageopteris is a distant ancestor of the now thriving Scarabaeinae (Dung Beetle).

Healthy Happy Hamsters

by Marco Dattesi

demonstrating that the principles of psychological behaviourism can be applied also to small rodents such as hamsters, rats and capybaras. Hence the importance of maintaining your hamster happy, as these fluffy creatures may fall into depression and have a shorter lifespan. However it is very hard to decipher the hamster's emotional state, since it can not plainly communicate to you, and you can't take its behaviour at face value. For example: if your hamster runs crazily on its wheel all night, you wouldn't be able to tell if it is doing it out joy, or boredom. Or just for the heck of it.

~

Here follow some tips that will help you make sure your pet hamster is pleased with its life.

1. Try not to stress the hamster. Don't mind if it sleeps too much.
2. Talk to your hamster, often changing topic in order not to be boring.
3. Don't be offended if the hamster makes poo in your hand when you pick it up. It is a sign that it feels comfortable and trusts you.
4. Avoid playing computer adventure games. For horrible it may seem, it has been reported that in some of them it is allowed to put hamsters inside the microwave oven. This is a practice that we totally and firmly blame.

Hippos in the Mud

by Dama J Ossey

after 7 exhausting weeks in.

I named the male calf, Herbert, due to his fondness for the coriander - the key to gaining his trust. The female calf, I named Penelope, for the speed racing she exhibits, and, plus, she's so cute!

I still must be wary of mama Maria, of course. I can't get too close to the babies, or her. The adults are just too unpredictable. And dangerous.

I remain in the tree house most of the day, filming, writing and corresponding to Jenny and Ben via the CB radio supplied by Chad Animal Research Fund.

~

Ben has discovered an as yet undiscovered ritual at his post in Mozambique. I am awaiting written correspondence as the radio is crackly and difficult to have conversations. Jenny sounds happy. Pygmy hippos must be the cutest!

I'm beginning to like hippos more than people these days. I'm finding myself drinking a lot more as well. Literal cabin fever. Gotta focus on the future.

Wayne will be visiting soon with some much needed tools, and hopefully some snacks and grog. I think he's even bringing a new machete, which will be a godsend. This old one is so blunt, it couldn't even cut butter.

History of Tyrian Purple

by Sir Thomas McGee

Known since the beginning of the Bronze Age, the Tyrian purple (also known as "Royal purple" or "Imperial purple") was a dye extracted from Murex shellfish.

The dye is a mucous secretion from a gland, which can be milked out of the Murex (a rather laborious process) or by removing and boiling the gland, killing the shellfish in the process.

10,000 shellfish were used to produce one gram of dyestuff and one gram is nearly enough to dye one garment in a deep purple color.

~

In ancient Roman Empire times, one pound of purple dye cost around three pounds of gold, rendering the dye worth more than its weight in gold.

Such was the demand for the dye during Roman Empire and the Byzantine periods that the Murex shellfish was brought to the brink of extinction.

In 1909, the main chemical constituent of the Tyrian purple dye was synthesized by a German chemist, rendering the cost a fraction of what it used to be and saving countless of innocent Murex lives in the process.

Horticultural Oddities

by Herb Horton

eight non-extinct species of plants that can be referred to as "thimbleweed." Three of those are native to East Asia. They are minor pests commonly dealt with standard weed killers. In some parts of Nepal, they are actually welcome. It seems that some indigenous farmers have noticed that most insect parasites leave when confronted with thimbleweed.

Four species are native to the sub-Saharan Africa. They require (and consume) large portions of water. The presence of the largest desert in the world have therefore been effective in shielding the neighborhood regions from the negative effects of the plant.

~

One species thought to be still alive but that may well have recently gone extinct is supposed to be found in North America, particularly in the inland regions of the United States. Named after its thimble-shaped flowers, this thimbleweed (*D. horibalis*) produces a bitter toxin and propagates it through the ground using its roots. Nearby plants, particularly root vegetables, can become contaminated by the toxin. Actual poisoning incidents involving humans are rare, though, due to the bitterness of the toxin.

Effects include: an odd affliction where everything appears to be made out of small squares, liver

How To Know What Dog Are

by Tomis Hacking

Helo do you not know what an dog are. It ok: an dog are difficult to knowing what an dog are. Dog are different than man woman; dog have being an animal and live on the ground. Confusing because dog have the same as human sometimes: for example, head. But dog do different; head different shape and do not talk. Very important for knowing what dog is that if talk not is an dog forever.

~

If you know what an dog are you know that an dog love to be having four leg. Sometime it three leg to be a dog; that is ok (still dog is). Two maybe. Zero leg: not dog! Be very careful. No leg then possible not dogs are: house, box, cat, America. Dog color: brow, black, white, orange(?). Other color not. Please be a dog of having the correct dog color; if not, then not it is a dog are it.

Hyssopus' Fables

by Hyssopus

The platypus, the trilobite, the cheetah and the nandu

A nandu and a cheetah were running races.

The cheetah would always win, so the nandu got tired of this and said: "You freaking cheetah! I'm tired of your cheating. I run on two legs, and you on four."

A platypus was passing by, heard them arguing and thus spoke: "Why don't you both try running on two legs?"

"Hey, stop nosing around" said the nandu. "Shut your mouth, you deformed creature."

~

"No, wait!" said the cheetah. "He's right." And started devouring his own front extremities.

And, armless, signaled the nandu to start the race.

The nandu raced ahead, but the cheetah could barely drag his bloodied body.

The platypus decided to fetch Doctor Trilobite, MD.

He looked everywhere, but couldn't find him: he was extinct.

And that's why when a nandu calls you a cheater, and a beaver with a duck's beak gives you advice, it's better not following it than bleeding to death.

Mil-Spec Birding

by Sgt. Tawny

So far you have learnt how to use howitzers to flush-out hoopoes, the advantages of using infrared goggles when observing owls, and how to ring birds under fire. All useful skills for those in the military with a love for avifauna. In this chapter we will look at how Doppler radar can be used to track the migration of large flocks of birds.

Those of you in the air force and navy might be somewhat familiar with this technology and its use in the detection of enemy aircraft as well as to check weather conditions pre-mission for optimal flight planning.

~

This technology can also be used to detect migration events. The more practical among you will see the military applications of this: one of the most common causes of aeroplane crashes is bird strikes; if we know where the birds are planes can be directed to avoid crashes.

But for the birdwatchers in the military this technology is indispensable. Unfortunately you will have to get permission from your CO to use any mil-spec radar; bizarrely many officers don't see birdwatching as a good use of military resources so you should be quite vague in why you need to use it.

North American Legends

by Andrew R. M. Hanson

The usual method used in this scenario consisted of pulling bark off a tree, clicking it with the fingernails and hooting in a sporadic, wild sort of way. As the sounds echoed through the woodland, the biped would swing its arms back and forth as if it was swaying like tree branches. The smell became more pungent as it worked into a frenzy.

The ritual seemed meaningless as it often suddenly came to an end. The creature covered its face with one hand as if it was shying away from a camera, though none of us dare point a lens in its direction for fear of spooking it as had happened previously. It seems the beast could sense the mechanical.

~

In the end we settled for the prolonged experience of being within one hundred yards of this whimsical, seemingly friendly being. There was a loneliness in its eyes that we couldn't resist. If we were the only companions this thing had for a moment, we were going to take full advantage of our relationship's benefits. In this case, they were minimal. Only the knowledge of the legend could salve our unspoken need for each other and all of nature surrounding us gathered in to cultivate that yearning.

When we could barely stand to be distant from the Bigfoot any longer, he, as if to save us from an unknown danger, simply disappeared.

Spirits of the Forest

by Oddvar Lovaas

but it wasn't until after dusk I started hearing the voices again. Deep sounds, almost as if a didgeridoo had become a wild beast again. The sound was joined by a cold wind.

This time I was not afraid. I stepped out into the clearing, and slowly proclaimed my name and title. The voices continued, and the evening grew darker. The beating of my heart increased and I had to close my eyes for a while. I could feel the wind inspecting my face.

~

After a moment I summoned enough courage and asked if there was any way in which I could assist the spirits.

The wind subsided, as if they were deliberating. The leaves rustled. My heart was galloping.

I started thinking this is a bad idea. My throat went dry and my palms were sweating.

But then! The wind rose again. I braced and time seemed to freeze. Slowly, yet clearly came the answer: chili peppers...we demand chili peppers...

Stories from the Woods

by Nicholas Kompson

The next story in our is perhaps the most chilling and hair raising story of Bettina Schulz from Germany, who on her 43rd year decided to go on a lone trek in the mountains in BC, Canada.

Bettina like many Germans enjoys being alone in the wilderness and has enjoyed camping in the forest many times in the past with the only company being books, her camping gear and her old camera.

However this trip somehow felt different.

During the two weeks up in the mountain and during the all too familiar routine that comes with camping in the woods,

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the only encounters she had were with bears, foxes and various other harmless wood critters that left her mostly at peace.

Bettina still felt deeply uneasy. She didn't see anyone for two weeks but somehow never felt alone.

She couldn't shake away that feeling so she decided to cut her trip short and head down to the nearest city. There, she decided to develop the film of her camping trip. When she went to pick up the photographs she collapsed on the floor white as a ghost.

Many of the developed photos were of Bettina, sleeping in her tent.

The Circle of Love

by B. Watcher

He will work all night and day in order to make his house suitable for a partner.

It is not just about finding the right materials for decorating, it is also a question of how to arrange it all, so that it is the most pleasing for his future partner.

After months of preparing his house, and giving special attention to every detail, he is ready to show off his house,, and attract the special partner, who will complete the setup.

His potential partners will be showed the home one by one, where they will not only judge his character,

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but they will also inspect every detail of the house, to make sure that it fits their demands to build a family

Once a male and a female have found each other and have declared union to their surroundings, they will mate, and create a family. They will live in the house while the kids grow up. When the offspring will fly away, the female will go out and seek a new partner and the male will be left behind, tasked with rebuilding and redecorating a home for a new partner.

It is not easy to be a Bowerbird.

The Immoral Wildlife

by Sir Dee Dooz

The frequency with which bees and flowers keep "meeting" in front of our innocent kids' eyes is an ongoing concern. Keeping our children away from this immoral natural showcase should be the primary goal of the Thimbleweed Park Moral Outlook Society. Right now, this and other issues are still excruciating pains in our ethical collective backside.

Squashing the lustful insects must become a pillar in boys and girls' upbringing. Liberals concerned with the consequent disappearance of honey from our tables should consider this: sweetness inhibits the necessary strength to overcome the sourness of life. As for flowers, in order to prevent the

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scent from reaching the surviving bees, we suggest swapping the plants with artificial replicas. Still, careful evaluation brings us to propose mild and safe colors for these replicas: gray or black will deactivate instincts and be altogether less conspicuous.

Of course, eradicating the plague of bees and flowers' mating is only the first step. The committee is going to launch a vast campaign to ring storks. The city will soon feature special towers to host professional lookouts: they will be authorized to shoot down all the unmonitored storks and their unscheduled bundles.

There is a steep road ahead. A road the TPMOS does not fear.

The Majestic Fjordbeest

by Max N. Leo

The fjordbeest is native to Canada and northern United States. They had once lived in Greenland until the mid-1870s, where they were wiped out by the deadly snow hyena. There are two distinct species, arctic and prairie.

The arctic fjordbeest can grow up to six feet tall and can weigh up to 700 pounds. They are very difficult to domesticate. Their numbers have dwindled in the past hundred years, due to such factors as global warming, an increase in illegal poaching, and the creature's inability to camouflage itself from predators due to its neon pink fur.

~

Prairie fjordbeests are plentiful and have been domesticated for centuries. Cheese made from their milk is considered a delicacy in many parts of Canada, rivaled only by gopher cheese.

Under law, ranchers are forbidden to feed them grain due to the unique enzymes present in their digestive systems. They act in a similar manner to yeast, fermenting the sugars in the semi-digested grain into alcohol. Before said law was enacted in 1964, it was not uncommon to see intoxicated fjordbeests stumbling across fields. This phenomenon served as the inspiration for the 'Fjordbeest Twist' dance craze in the 1950s.

The Origins of Static

by Anthonio Pettit

The word static itself, when referring to the effect, is an oxymoron. Static in its purest form is completely random and constantly in flux, contrary to the term. The components of static include a random shuffling of black and white elements, accompanied by the familiar white noise sound.

There is some speculation that white noise is a carrier sound for the afterlife, and although it is almost universally taken for granted, if one were to listen carefully to the sounds, messages from our ancestors can be heard gently wafting through the hiss.

~

These messages are present all around us but are commonly ignored. If one were to record the sound of the plastic flags rustling in the wind at a car dealership, we would be able to hear pleas from those beyond the living, perhaps begging for a second chance to right a wrong in life.

The Wave

by Marco Boltz

It happened that a hobby photographer from Germany travelled the South West of the USA. He was impressed by the scenery and the beauty of the nature. One day he found out about a place near Page, Arizona, a place he had seen before on pictures but had not heard its name back then: The Wave, a formation of rocks shaped by strong winds. A place in the middle of the desert looking like - a wave. One can not simply hike there. You need a permit issued by local rangers for 10 people per day. The permit is pretty hard to come by. The only way for people not applying for a permit 6 months in advance was to enter a lottery, together with 50 people.

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The photographer had never won anything in such games, but he put his name in the draw anyway. He met a nice couple from Colorado during the lottery whom he told about his excitement of hopefully taking pictures at the Wave. The photographer was not a lucky winner in the end, so it seemed. His name was not drawn, but the couple's name was. They were travelling with their 5 year old son and their grandma. When they realized that the hike to the Wave was not a walk in the park, they asked the photographer whether he wanted to join them instead of their son and granny. The photographer was happy and shot some of his best photos ever at the Wave.

The World of Dinosaurs

by Fred Fossil

Brachiosaurus is considered to be the largest dinosaur and the largest living being to have lived on land. It did weight 30 tons and reached a height of 9 meters. Only animal to surpass it in size is the blue whale. You can see the size comparison with other dinosaurs and animals in page 64. It belongs to the sauropods, along with other dinosaurs like Brontosaurus and Diplodocus. Their primary food were plants and leafs. They lived 150 million years ago, during the late Jurassic era.

~

While Tyrannosaurus Rex was earth's largest carnivore creature. With a menacing height of 12 meters and a weight of 10 tons, he is regarded as the king of dinosaurs. He lived 68 million years ago during the late Cretaceous era. His name stems from Ancient Greek word Τύραννος, meaning tyrant and the word σαύρος, meaning lizard. His teeth were up to 30 cm in height. It is more likely his main food was carcasses, as he was too slow to hunt prey like his smaller cousin Deinonychous.

30 Years into the Future

by Arto Vartiainen

and it seems that all these technological advances, especially during the last two decades in microcomputing, will lead to a very different world compared to today. All studies predict that 30 years from now, in 2017, technology has developed to a stage where mankind is free and robots will do the hard work. People don't need to work anymore to obtain money, since economy has risen to a level where everyone's needs can be fulfilled. Teleporting will be the biggest life altering technology, as people are not bound to any one place anymore. We can go anywhere we want to.

~

There is no need for cars, trains or planes anymore. There will be no phones or telefax machines either, as people can talk face-to-face whenever they need to. All this new technology require incredible amount of energy. Oil resources will run out before the end of the century, and the nuclear disasters such as ones in Long Island, Buenos Aires and most recently, in Chernobyl, will lead us to abandon nuclear energy very soon. Thankly we will have fusion energy by the end of the century, which will provide all the energy we need, and then some.

A Pac-Man Ghost Exorcism

by Yasako Mikakita

vomiting cherries, and repeating constantly "waka waka waka now, if you dare!".

Reverend Johnson was called at the scene, and concluded that Mr. Benson was unquestionably possessed "by Inky, probably Blinky", but that urgent action was needed.

He took a wooden crucifix, a small crystal flask with holy water and a handful of quarters from a small briefcase he was carrying, and proceeded to stand at the foot of the bed, holy water in one hand, a quarter in the other (he kept the rest in his pockets), and after reciting a prayer silently, he look at the beast in the eyes,

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and with a vigorous, decided voice said "Get back, abomination! Leave the body of this poor soul, and return to the silicon grave were you belong!" And with a decided gesture sprinkled the water in the convulsing body of Mr. Benson, repeating "One up!" With each strike.

After the third time the water touched the flesh, a guttural growl came out of Mr. Benson's throat, as if proceeding from a broken speaker: "Give me my quarters, [expletive]!"

"Your quarters will be given", reverend Johnson replied, "but you must abandon this body, for this man parked his quarter here first!",

A Taxonomy of Lumber

by D. Henry Winthorpe

(cont.) be attempted without the appropriate headdress.

SANDTRAP: A piece of wood with an uneven, knotted surface requiring excessive sanding before it can be used.

SLURRY: Excess wood left over after woodchipping.

SPICY BOY: A piece of lumber with an unfinished edge which cuts or otherwise injures the handler. See also: BITEY BILL.

STABLE MABEL aka STABLE CLARK GABLE: A piece with such perfect dimensions it sits evenly on a flat surface. Often used as makeshift seats or stacked as tables.

~

TAFT: Any piece of lumber which strongly resembles the 27th President Of The United States. "That's the third Taft we've seen this week - what are the odds?"

TIMEKEEPER: An exceptionally well-finished piece of timber.

TIPSY SAILOR: A stack of lumber with an uneven piece at the bottom, causing the column to wobble. "Be careful around the yard today, Terry stacked a tipsy sailor."

TUBA: A large, unevenly-shaped piece of wood held awkwardly in front of the chest, eliciting low rhythmic grunting from the carrier as they walk.

ULYSSES: A piece of lumber which is so staggeringly (continued next page)

An Inquiry into Vampirism

by Dante Demonsbane

Day 47: The condiment aisle has proven the perfect place to stage my observation of Vincent. He comes by about every fifteen minutes to restock- mustard, mayonnaise, ketchup! I think ketchup could be a real breakthrough for me. I saw him staring longingly at it... as if I didn't know what he really wanted! I must be more careful in the future, however. He nearly caught me looking at him. I had to quickly knock over a tapioca display stand to divert attention. Unfortunately, I had to buy seventy five dollars-worth of tapioca.

~

Day 48: I followed Vincent home from work. I noticed that he didn't leave the store until after the sun had set- VERY SUSPICIOUS! Of course, his shift ended after the sun set, but that is beside the point. He lives in an apartment, alone, with two cats. He feeds them off brand cat food. Is he saving his money for Gothic capes? The evidence is unclear, but compelling. Note that cape and cat both start with C. After about four hours of investigating, I believe he might have sensed my presence, as he called the police. I am writing this entry on jail toilet paper.

Anti-Infant Manifesto

by Lester Joseph Gillis

-looking like a bunch of botched attempts to clone Winston Churchill. Babies are entitled leeches on our society, contributing nothing and draining our resources like parasites. The disgusting little men have no responsibilities, no rent to pay for the womb they lived in for thirty eight weeks. And they punish us for this by crying non-stop, as if we're to blame for their idiotic baby problems. To make matters worse, they inevitably die on you if left unattended for a day. I've lost three of the things that way.

~

In addition, without babies, the Earth wouldn't be overpopulated. Think of all the lives and resources that could be saved if babies didn't keep popping up. They guzzle milk that could go to people in Malawi who actually need it. And for what? Babies never discovered anything important. They're all pretty much the same anyway, if you just got rid of one especially awful baby and replaced it no one would really notice. My suggestion to the world is that we skip the developmental stage of "baby" entirely. I have an unusual but foolproof method of achieving this. First, use a long drill to-

Avro Canada CF-105 Arrow

by C. MacDougall

The Avro Canada CF-105 Arrow was a delta-winged interceptor aircraft designed and built by Avro Canada in the 1960s. The Arrow is an advanced technical and aerodynamic achievement for the Canadian aviation industry. The CF-105 held the promise of near-Mach 2 speeds at altitudes of 15,000m and was intended to serve as the Royal Canadian Air Force's (RCAF) primary interceptor in the 1960s and beyond. The first Arrow Mk. I, RL-201, was rolled out to the public on October 4th, 1957 the same day as the launch of Sputnik I.

~

Flight testing began with RL-201 on 25 March 1958, and the design quickly demonstrated excellent handling and overall performance, reaching Mach 1.9 in level flight. Powered by the Pratt & Whitney J75, another three Mk. 1s were completed, RL-202 through -204. The lighter and more powerful Orenda Iroquois engine was soon ready for testing, and the first Mk.II with the Iroquois, RL-206, was ready for taxi testing in preparation for flight and acceptance tests by RCAF pilots by early 1959.

Blank Pages

by P. O. Haarlev Olsen

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Born Too Late

by OniCate

It was an ordinary street, semi-detached houses along each side of the road, street lamps and children noisily playing. We lived at the edge of a cul-de-sac, the garden was a large corner plot with three trees, the only one I can recall the name of is the crab-apple tree, it was always funny watching the other kids stealing them and eating them, I knew not to as within hours your stomach would really hurt.

All the neighbours were familiar faces each of the women for some strange reason, taking refuge every Saturday morning in our kitchen talking to my mother.

~

She never cared much for chit-chat but was always accommodating and sometimes seemed to enjoy the chatter and introduce a wonderful story of her own. I always enjoyed listening to my mother telling me of the olden days, her teenage years in the 1940's, I think she rather enjoyed life back then.

My mother was an intelligent woman, short in height but heavy built, as a child I always thought of her as a mum in its truest sense, compared to the mums of other children around me, older in years, more rounded and cuddly, always in the kitchen

Brainy Games Quiz Fun!!!!

by LLK

1) Which quadrilateral has no nose?

A - Square. B - Rectangle. C - Rhombus. D - Bob

2) How many gastroliths can a phone booth hold?

A - 5. B - 30. C - N/A. D - As many as it takes

3) What's the capitol of Wyoming?

A - Hamstringville. B - W. C - Sock Town, USA. D - YOU

4) Can you find the plaid dolphin?

A - No. B - Yes. C - Maybe? D - The Plaid Dolphin is not an actual, physical being, but rather a metaphor for what the human race can achieve if only we set aside our differences and unite in a common cause.

~

5) What is the world's deadliest animal?

A - Caterpillars. B - Caterpillars. C - Caterpillars. D - Caterpillars

6) What's the main ingredient in snickerdoodles?

A - Chicken guts. B - Oyster eyes. C - Caimen toes. D - Colonel Glusterblub's Cream of Arowana Soup

7) Name the hit single by Bazbo and the Gibleet Squad.

A - "Gimme the Lard Cannon!" B - "Capillary Dreams" C - "Snorkels or Bust" D - "My Girl's Not Wearing Nose Glasses (That's Just Her Face)"

8) If a plane leaving Shuffburg flies at 371 mph and is carrying 89 pounds of jorts... ...
... ... (...the rest of the question goes on for 12 more pages...)

Build Your Own Camera

by George Eastman

The prism needs to pivot smoothly, allowing light to enter the film chamber for just the length of time the shutter is open. It is very important that the film mounting is exactly perpendicular to the photographic axis, else there will be distortions on the projected image.

With advances in charge-coupled device (CCD) sensors, it is theoretically possible to mount one on a hand-held camera. Recent advances in lithography techniques could allow a CCD to be scaled down to the size of 35mm film. This would eliminate the need for film and its development altogether.

~

However, this is entirely impractical. The information that such a "digital image" contains is huge. Even a moderately sized one would be over 100 kilobytes (kb) in size, and even one of them would be well beyond the capabilities of most hobbyist microcomputers. Even if it were possible to store and process the data, these digital images would have far worse spatial resolution and color quality than even the least expensive camera and lens. Thus, a portable "digital camera" is best relegated to science fiction.

Cats and Conspiracy

by Vesko P.J.

THE INVISIBLE ENEMY

When the Cat got sick (it had kidney stones, remember?) it probably thought that its own body hurts because an invisible enemy - a monster that cannot be seen - is attacking her. That's why the Cat tried to run away and hide from the evil that can't be observed, touched, heard or smelled.

Similarly, the average person, who is, just like the Cat, unable to explain political, economic or natural phenomena, attributes the cause for his suffering to the evil, powerful monsters that lurk in the forest shadows - plotting, conspiring, scheming... how to ruin his super important mediocre life.

~

THE HAND OF DESTINY

When one of the Cat's kittens died, the Cat brought the body to The Human, meowing, praying, hoping that the Almighty Human Who Can Open Doors And Always Brings Food will be able to resurrect the kitten.

Similarly, the average person expects miracles from the State, from politicians, from God, and even from science - that's why he believes that those evil scientists are hiding the cure for cancer, a cure they have already invented, but don't want to give away. It's always better to have A Powerful Puppeteer to hate, because hating biology, physics, and chemistry is not very rewarding.

Celeb Death Predictions

by Gaston Blanco

1991: Michael Landon. USAaActor. Falls on stairs.

1991: LeChuck. Ghost and zombie pirate. Voodoo doll needle stabbing.

1994: Cesar Romero. USA actor. Killing joke.

1999: DeForest Kelly. USA actor. Failed teleporting.

2004: Marlon Brando. USA actor. God made him an offer he could not refuse.

2009: Michael Jackson. USA pop star. Vanishes in thin air after his skin becomes transparent.

2014: Pele. Brazilian football player. World's second best ever. Stroke after Brazil losses 7-1 against Germany in World Cup.

2015: King Juan Carlos of Spain. Eaten by a lion.

2016: Muhammad Ali. Boxer. Cheats death, enters immortality.

~

2019: Kim Jong. Former Master Of The Universe according to North Korea's history books. Hair breaks his neck.

2020: Vladimir Putin. Former Russian president. Cracks a joke, dies while trying to smile.

2025: Mario Bros. Digital celeb. Magic mushrooms overdose.

2028: Gerard Depardieu. French actor. Food, food, too much food.

2030: Diego Maradona. Argentinean football player. World's best ever. Stroke after Argentina wins World Cup.

2034: Gaston Blanco. Engineer. Pringles and beer poisoning.

2038: Donald Trump. Former US President. Dye poisoning.

2045: David Cameron. Former UK Prime Minister. Pig bite sickness.

Collected Reviews 86-87

by Harold Ford III

Microsoft Excel

Microsoft's latest offering for Windows users is Excel, a spreadsheet program. Macintosh fans may already be familiar. Others may remember Microsoft's Multiplan. But to be honest, no one should remember Excel in a few years.

This is a terrible piece of software. Readers, if you have used Lotus 1-2-3, you have nothing to worry about. Don't consider changing your software set up to the hot new thing, because if there is one thing Excel is not, it is hot.

~

POWER USER verdict: wait for Lotus to release 1-2-3 on Windows. For now, stick with DOS for your spreadsheet needs. Forget this unremarkable stinker!

Crafty Conspiracies

by DB Cooper

2794 known instances! But I digress.

Despite all of the evidence, it amazes me people won't acknowledge that "Howard The Duck" truly is a harbinger of the coming Fowl-pocalypse and is a concerted effort to normalize "Fowl-Human" relationships. Anthropomorphic ducks, killer tomatoes....the future that the Lizard People will usher in is truly terrifying. It however pales in comparison to the true menace that is eventually going to be humanities downfall. THE COMPUTER. John Hughes makes a pandering attempt to encourage computer use shows the awful prospects of a computer experiment and a replacement strategy for humans!

~

This technology is the problem and is just a portal to simply steal who we are and replace us with compliant, super human duplicates. Be warned of this WEIRD SCIENCE! Lasers are fine, but we need a real genius, a top gun, to help us defeat these predators. Devious critters.

The only potential savior is the nearly extinct Mogwai. Despite their "Gremlin" demonetization, their penchant for technology destruction on such an efficient scale is the only recourse. Find the Mogwai. Feed the Mogwai!!! Most importantly, PLEASE, no matter what, DON'T FORGET THIS:

De Havilland DHC-2 Beaver

by C. MacDougall

The de Havilland Canada DHC-2 Beaver, introduced in 1948, is a single-engined, high-wing, propeller-driven, STOL aircraft developed by de Havilland Canada, primarily known as a bush plane. It is used for cargo and passenger hauling, aerial application (crop dusting and aerial topdressing), and has been widely adopted by armed forces as a utility aircraft. The United States Army purchased several hundred. A Royal New Zealand Air Force Beaver supported Sir Edmund Hillary's expedition to the South Pole. Over 1,600 Beavers were produced until 1967 when the original line shut down.

~

The Beaver is considered the plane that opened up northern Canada. It provided services to route communities and camps that would otherwise be unreachable by land. It would frequently be used for delivering food and mail. The Beaver is able to be equipped with floats for water landings and takeoffs which enabled it to use any body of water of sufficient size for its aerodrome. For winter operations, the Beaver could be equipped with skis for landing on remote strips that weren't plowed and iced over lakes.

Def. Against Shark Farts

by Professor Furman

lemon sharks

This citrusy shark emits dangerous farts which can sting the eyes. The citrus in its farts has been known to cause eye irritation for as long as three days. While goggles can prevent the eye irritation when these poor sharks pass the lemons that cause their acidic farts emerge they are projected at tremendous speeds, as fast as 40mps. If you see a lemon shark's tail start to twitch rapidly move as far above the shark as you can because those lemon bursts are so powerful they were used as cannons during the merpersons war for the titanic.

~

Goblin sharks

These once thought mythical sharks have been reeking havoc all over our societies. When they fart they release hundreds of particles, which if allowed to survive, grow into goblins. These goblins hide out in caves and then raid villages. For this reason merpeople squirt squid ink over their cities and farms after the youth have gone to bed. Squid ink covers the ventricles of the undeveloped goblins and prevents them from ever getting large enough to become raiders. When merpersons turn 15 they are mandated to be inkers for a year to protect the villages.

Diary of a Clumsy Father

by F. Guga

Changing diapers is not as traumatic as I expected. The most unsettling aspect isn't having to deal with someone else's poo, but the stark contrast between the lovely appearance of your newborn child and its capability of producing the most hideous and unholy odor you've ever smelled. You have to give credit to the diaper manufacturers for their work: sometimes you can barely notice anything's wrong before you begin changing your child, but as let the smallest amount of air escape, you're dead. They're so airtight, in case of chemical warfare I'll be wearing a diaper on my face.

~

Smell apart, the greatest challenge is the baby itself, who'll start fidgeting until he manages to smear some poo on the changing table or your clothes. Make a mistake and you'll dip your hand like a cookie the least yummy of the milks, and often you can't even wash your hands right away, since you have to look after the baby who'll surely jump off the table as soon as you look away. And don't forget the crying. Which will come mostly from you, anyway. But don't let this text deceive you: there are also some downsides.

Even More Apocrypha

by Anonymous

48 And Calab lived thirty-seven years, and begot Gidoín. And Calab lived after he begot Gidoín seventy-seven years; and he died.

49 And Gidoín lived forty-six years, and begot Horim. And Gidoín lived after he begot Horim eighty-two years; and he died.

50 And Horim lived fifty-six years, and begot Lovi. And Horim lived after he begot Lovi ninety-six years; and he died.

51 And Lovi lived forty-seven years, and begot Mordocai. And Lovi lived after he begot Mordocai eighty-eight years; and he died.

52 And Mordocai lived thirty-five years, and begot Aldai. And Mordocai lived after he begot Aldai eighty-three years; and he died.

~

53 And Aldai lived sixty-one years, and begot Baeos. And Aldai lived after he begot Baeos ninety-one years; and he died.

54 And Baeos lived thirty-four years, and begot Jotnam. And Baeos lived after he begot Jotnam ninety-eight years; and he died.

55 And Jotnam lived thirty-seven years, and begot Zephanoiah. And Jotnam lived after he begot Zephanoiah eighty-three years; and he died.

56 And Zephanoiah lived forty-two years, and begot Doklah. And Zephanoiah lived after he begot Doklah ninety-one years; and he died.

57 And Doklah lived fifty-four years, and begot Humal. And Doklah lived after he begot Humal eighty-four years; and he died.

Experiential Tenacity

by Prof. Ray C. Fineclock

Although the rantings of the titular practitioner never led to a full revelation, we see many hints that, in fact, the true hero of the piece was the dog.

Science

In a completely different field of consideration - that of experiential tenacity when applied to the otherwise innocuous field of scientific endeavour; we also see a demonstration that the fabric of reality does indeed bend quite considerably with the application of experiential tenacity.

Not only in terms of experimental aberrations, but also in terms of the actually observed rates of error and variability, does this seemingly inapplicable tool of investigation give quite

~

remarkable results. In our observations, the phenomenon of placebo may quite often also be explained once our results are taken into account. However, a range of other effects are also being classified as related to, but quite different in terms of their overall sensorial content.

By failing to stop themselves from falling into the natural rhythm of an experience, a person will, almost by accident, appear to be part of the 'background radiation of the universe' [ibid] from the point of view of an observer. Thus, the appearance becomes part of an observation and feeds back to the anticipated next step of the experience. Just as with the

Fascinating Death Rituals

by Ellen Cunningham

First noted in Europe in the early years of the nineteenth century was the tradition of "Telling the bees" which consisted of a member of a household, in which a person recently died, physically walking up to their bee hive, sometimes knocking a few times on the hive with the house key, and telling the bees in a soft voice that that person had died. It was a popular suspicion that if this was not done the bees would die and some terrible calamity would befall the household or village.

~

For some households this simple custom is not enough and family members may have also provided beer, ale or funeral cake as an offering to the bees. Some would even invite the bees to the funeral of the deceased or place a black shroud over the hive. Some would sing mourning songs to the bees or bury something of value to the deceased under the hive. These customs are still known to be practiced by some modern bee-keepers.

From Atoms to Art

by Jaime Name

The beauty of spoken language is, in its most pure essence, the fact that no sound has ever had a meaning outside of our mind. It has taken us epochs to build a maze so complex, and yet so natural to explore, as is human communication, and so the simple act of someone, somehow, reading this is in itself a miracle. But be aware, dear reader, that the written and spoken words are not the only ways to, so to say, speak. Art is the ultimate language, known it, dear reader.

~

Each work of art is both at the same time: a complete landscape of emotions and messages, and a meaningless chunk of atoms put together in a particular arrangement. The word "art" is, by definition, a manner of creating; a word for ways more than goals. But you and I know that, somewhere along the line, between the word and the meaning, there's blues, there's soul, there's magic. And so everything resides between atom & art.

Future of Communications

by Lulu McMarshall

So it really is not hard to see that we are currently on the brink of a complete change in the way we're communicating. The old world of telephones, television and postal mail are about to become obsolete. Or rather, they're about to merge. The scene from 2001: A Space Odyssey where a man calls his daughter on the phone but the phone has video may very well become a reality before 2001 actually arrives. Personalized televised calls are about to be everywhere.

~

The fax machines was the first experiment in that way and it's clear that it's here to stay. It has allowed us to communicate, not just with text, but with images. Soon, videophones will be the norms. You'll have one in your living room and here's be video phone booths in the streets. The era of text is coming to an end. And think of shopping: when you call a department store in the 21st century, you'll not just hear a description of your item, you'll be able to see it, shown to you by a store clerk.

Hollywood Trivia

by H. J. Whitley

The Wilhelm scream

You all heard it but you were never sure, is it the same one or just one that resembles it? It is a scream, not just a scream but "the" scream. one that managed to appear in so many of Hollywood movies, the Wilhelm scream.

The Scream premiered on December 25, 1951 in Raoul Walsh film, Distant Drums starring Gary Cooper. The famous screen took place on a river, while one of the characters was attacked by an alligator and screams.

Since then the exact scream sound effect appeared in many movies such as: Them!, Harper, Chisum, Where Eagles Dare, The Wild Bunch, Star Trek, Star Wars Trilogy, Indiana Jones and many more.

~

To understand the origin of the name we will have to go back, way back to 1953. Although it wasn't the 1st time it appeared, there was one scene that made into the history books. The movie called The Charge at Feather River by Gordon Douglas and the scene as you might have guessed involved Wilhelm, Pvt. Wilhelm scream after he got shot in his leg by an arrow.

The discovery was made a few years later by a sound editor named Ben Burt who found a few similarities in many movies he watched. He also one of the people who made it so popular these days but using the same scream in movies he worked on like Star Wars, Indiana Jones and many others.

Honecker in W. Germany

by Anonymous

Collector's Edition of Neues Deutschland: 31.02.1987:

Our dear Staatsratsvorsitzender Honecker (SED) visited the bad guys in Western Germany and had an audience with chancellor Helmut Kohl (CDU).

Yesterday our beloved Erich arrived in Western Germany, Bonn. Unfortunately the engine of his luxurious Citroën CX failed so he needed a replacement. We could not immediately get a Trabant, because we had no time to wait for 12 years to get a new one. And in Western Germany we are no selling our very successful Trabant.

But with the help of France

~

Mr. Genscher managed to lent Erich an old little Citroën 2CV.

The Western German orchestra played our national anthem, but they forgot to sing the text. Mr. Kohl later explained they do not fully understand our proud Eastern accent. And an automatic translator is not invented yet.

At the banquet Mr. Honecker answered directly to President Reagan: „What the hell did you mean with tearing down the wall? What wall? We have no wall, we have only our great >Antifaschistischer Schutzwall<." Honecker then left and played a board game.

Socialism will prevail! (Or maybe not!)

Honest Politician List

by Anonymous

Alphabetical listing with congressional district and contact information:

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The End

J.C. Diaries (1973-1979)

by J.C. Anderson

Monday, April 24, 1978

May told me yesterday that it's long since the last time I said "I love you". I don't really think she is right, I still tell her "I love you" although it may be true that not that often and not with the same conviction. She told me that I don't love her the same that I loved her once. I obviously don't love her like I did before, I love her in a different way, but I found such statement inconvenient, so I didn't told her either. A device to precisely measure love has not been invented yet, so, it doesn't really matter if you think that you love me more than I do, because we won't have any way to prove it. I asked her

~

if she loved me like before, and she told me not, "I love you everyday a little more although I can feel that you are changing: everyday you love me less and less". I argued that if she thought that I was changing and, at the same time, she was loving me more every day, that could only mean that I was changing for good, although her negative tone seemed to aim for the contrary. She didn't like my remark, I think that she realized that her reasoning was inconsistent. She obviously doesn't love me more than she once did and it makes no sense, considering how irrational and temporary love is, to require being loved everyday more and more.

J.C. Diaries (1980-1985)

by J.C. Anderson

then we have dinner still with the TV on. "I've been at the Club", I say, "Arkadiusz, the Polish, was there, I played some holes with him" I say, "a couple of retirees joined us to finish the game" I keep on saying, "I didn't play that bad in the end", I finish. Back in the sofa, more TV, we all occupy our place, May lying, her head over three pillows, she covers herself with a thin blanket, I sit in the opposite corner with my feet lying on the coffee table, I open the book I'm reading, not easy to focus with the TV on and loud; Asa hops onto the sofa, she walks over May, approaches me with extreme caution and lies beside me. We are again

~

in our positions, our sofa is a spaceship that never lifts off; I caress Asa's head, and she returns some of those caresses licking my hand; sometimes she bites my fingertips, just for playing; no one says a word. I finally go to bed, "Sleep time" I say "I'll come in a while" May says, and I go to our bedroom. In half an hour May will come, she will embrace me from behind for three minutes then she will give me her back and maybe I will give her the three hug minutes that she also deserves. We will try to sleep. We need to rest for tomorrow's play, tomorrow we will repeat, I know we can do better; we aim so hard for perfection in our wreck.

Journal of a Ghost Chaser

by G. Galloway

September 22, 1982 9:30 PM

It was another clear night with a cool breeze blowing from the Northeast. I heard rumors of strange activity occurring at the local cemetery two days ago. A couple of teenagers were scared out of their wits by what they described as some spooky sounds and a black cat. Even thou it was probably just some prank, I decided to investigate the same cemetery this evening. After a couple of uneventful hours searching the cemetery, I decided to call it a night.

~

September 23, 1982 10:10 PM

I decided to return to the local cemetery for a second straight night. There was a much different feeling in the area tonight. I had this strange vibe tingling down my spine, almost like I was being watched. Pressing forward with the investigation, I walked the perimeter of the cemetery looking for anything unusual. After about an hour, I looked toward the center of the cemetery and noticed a soft glowing light in the distance. Excitedly, I slowly started to make my way toward the light while avoiding all the tombstones and markers.

Later Roman Moustaches

by Launcelot Cantilupe

During the reign of Honorius, we have our first mention of the handlebar. Hair-fixative technology improved significantly in the prior generation; the 1962 Berwick-Upon-Tweed find, a large horde of tiny bronze combs of Roman provenance, proves that even the rustics at the far northern end of the empire could then enjoy the new breakthrough.

The fashion is said to have started with a minor official, seeking to find a way to stand out. Jerome of Stridonium, in his "Commentary on Decadence," records thus:

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"He took his fu manchu, so long associated with the noble austerity of Rome, and by means of some unguent, caused it to defy gravity in a most vain way, corrupting the hearts of impious men."

This was the final development of import in the Roman West before its fall.

Let us now turn our attention to that half of the civilization which thrived, Eastern Rome, the so-called "Byzantine" empire. Moustachery amongst the Greeks was always more opulent, and also more open to influences from the Near East.

Leaded Gasoline

by Thomas Midgley Jr

The anti-knocking properties of tetraethyl lead have allowed automobile engines to achieve unparalleled levels of efficiency and reliability. Engine breakdowns are becoming a thing of the past. With the recent completion of the Eisenhower Interstate System, America's cities are now connected by a network of roads that are safe and well maintained. The average family car is achieving fuel efficiency at astounding rates of 20 mpg and this will rise with continued use of leaded gasoline. Even if consumers choose to use the newer "self-serve" fueling stations, the product is pre-mixed with the gasoline.

~

Motorists therefore never have to worry about adding tetraethyl lead from a separate pump in the proper proportions.

Some alarmists in the new "Ecology" movement would have us believe that lead is dangerous. Recent studies with the new analytical technique "isotope mass spectrometry" have shown that lead is present throughout the environment. We have been breathing in lead daily with no ill effects. Lead is used in many consumer products such as paint and indoor plumbing.

Life of Chernikov

by M. Brown

Many people ask me, why write a biography of the great Russian ex-poet statesman Igor Bobovich Chernikov? Is this the deluded pursuit of a moron? Now that these people are dead, may I express my respect for the often-maligned poet with his own words: "I fell down and scraped my knee / It was a lesson in tactical aircraft deployment / Try to stay off the ground as much as possible." In other words, ignore what is around you and it will either hurt you a great deal or go away for a while.

~

For today's youth, the only image of Chernikov they may possess is that of an old man, staggering from the glowing ruins of the Godaska Radiation Research Facility, searching for his favorite golf ball during the 1973 Unilateral Olympic Games. Although this potent symbol was immortalized by the smash dance hit "(Do The) Locomotion", there were myriad other masks worn by Chernikov during his brief and injurious lifetime. The mask of the wounded lover, the mask of the hungry grenadier, the mask of the brooding pilot and of the evasive book keeper.

Machine Gun Flamenco

by Hienrick Stoffhimmel

"You'll Never take Me alive, Copper!"

Grimm Graves Snarled out, His Thompson sub machine gun's Mussel flashes sporadically lighting up the grimy back ally as he erratically fired on him.

"I have no intention of taking you in alive. You're a menace to everyone and everything."

Officer Richard o'cool responded cooly, while taking cover from Grimm's wild gunfire.

"I an't done nothing wrong! Is it illegal to make a living, officer?"

Queried Grimm while unleashing another crazed barrage of bullets, this time hitting a couple of hobos taking shelter in the ally.

"The way you do it, yes it is.

~

. Racketeering, murder, Fight rigging, race rigging, mugging, bootlegging, counterfeiting, torture, arson, and bank robbing are all crimes!"

Admonished Officer O'cool, while diving for cover behind a nearby dumpster. This time responding to Grimms reckless shooting with a couple of well-aimed, precise shots from his 38 special, hitting Grimm in the shoulder.

"AAAAAaAArg!" Bellowed Grimm, his aim falling lower as he struggled to hold his tommy gun due to the weight and pain, worsening his aim and rendering his aimless gunfire even more aimless, hitting a poor ally cat in the process.

A Final shot rang out, and grimm was dead.

Meiji Era Foreign Policy

by Gabriel Matsakis

These domestic and international attributes, made aims by the Meiji government, are in some ways difficult to separate, as the domestic economic condition could easily become a factor in the global economic condition, the exercise of military strength, colonial projects, or all at once. Additionally, any truly great power would be expected to have all of these attributes and not only a select few, and to be recognized by others as having them. Britain, for example, sported the world's largest colonial empire, its largest navy, and carried with it all the accrued benefits of being the first nation to industrialize.

~

Britain's preeminent position on the international stage made it an obvious role model for Japanese expansion in its status seeking mission, and by the time the 19th century came to a close Britain had established a massive and highly profitable empire spanning the globe. However, despite geographical similarities, their geostrategic situations could not have been more different. Where Britain's continental neighbors were largely on par with it militarily, economically, and culturally, the states in immediate proximity to Japan were, by western contemporary standards, a mess of weak, pre-industrial, and backwards regimes ripe for colonialism.

Modern Computer Repair

by Jason Huber

by turning the floppy drive upside down and leaving it powered on for at least four hours. Ensure that the data cable is not bent and make sure the drive latch is fully closed. Do not try blowing inside the drive as this will only cause spit to become spread all over one side of your disk, causing the red light to flash continuously and your game will take 15 minutes to load instead of the normal 12.

Part Four: Adventure Games

As you become more familiar with your new computer, you may stumble upon something called an adventure game.

~

While these games may sound completely harmless, be warned that they may cause additional unexpected failures. Heat buildup, read/write errors, power supply fires, broken joysticks due to anger, and tv screen burn in are just a few of the issues caused by these games. It is quite likely that you will not be able to sleep at night trying to solve the various puzzles. This could cause injury to yourself or others. In 1984, Jacob Louis was playing an adventure game and was hit by a bus that drove into his study. This is just one example

Moments

by Matthias Wruck

Many people stood at the bus station. Some youngsters with dyed hair. Young girls with thin, flower covered dresses near their parents. It was a hot day, a day where the a light breeze moved the green leaves in the tree's. But it didn't help against the heat. No, instead it dried the moisture from the skin and lips of the waiting men, women and child's. Karen was bored and annoyed by the heat. All she wanted was ice-cream and getting out of the sun. But her mom, she just stared at her phone. Karen looked up and saw that her Mother started crying.

~

Her lips started to shake and her face suddenly look a like a mask of despair, a choked noise escaped her throat. The people around her did ignore it, ignored the pain her Mother felt, turned away from her. Karen realized in that moment, that you are alone in your pain. Alone.., but if you have someone who loves you they won't turn away from you, they will stay close and comfort you. So she hugged her mother and told her it would be better soon.

My First Login

by Anna Louge

testament to the incredible technology we have today. During these calls, each symbol you see on your computer screen will have to be transferred. It is a constant flow of noises that will not make any sense to a man's ear, but the with the modem and computers of today's age, the magic of a living typewriter, answering your input, has become real!

Our bulletin board systems (BBS) are rich and varied, and each one typically attracts calls from the local area, because long distance phone calls cost so much more. Finding the right BBS for you to call can take a good while. Many BBS will typically show you a list of more BBS along with their

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current phone numbers, in the logout screen - many of them connected to the same hub. It's the theme of the BBS, and the other users that should matter the most to you. And of course, any good BBS is connected to all the most widely used mail networks. Try to settle down on well connected local BBS, to call home. With luck, advanced chat with other users through multi-line chat systems is possible! You will find that the community is usually very helpful, with discussions on every topic! Sometimes, a BBS will even have regular user meetings! If real names are used on the BBS, you won't have that awkward moment where everyone calls you by ...

Of Kings and Graves

by Dr. Alan Verde

leads to the royal burial chamber. This was discovered much later than the other rooms as the doorway had been sealed thoroughly and was nearly indistinguishable from the rest of the wall.

In contrast to the first three rooms the walls in the chamber containing the king's sarcophagus were covered in most colorful paintings (see. Img. 346). Each of these was a little masterpiece in itself and a treasure from an artistic as well as from a historical viewpoint. From them we could derive a lot of information about rituals and beliefs as well as everyday life of this long

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lost civilisation. Until that day we had never had such an insight into the life of this country's native population.

Along with the ancient ruler's remains were diverse other pieces of art buried in the grave (see Fig. 12, p. 1283). There were statues, jewelry, painted pottery and vases, and numerous items of different valuable metals in different sizes. Many of the figurines appeared to represent some sort of deities. It seemed like the monarch did not want to part with his riches even in death; a habit often witnessed in the ruling classes of ancient civilisations.

As we examined

On Baleful Dreams

by A Scottish Gentleman

without either their spleen or liver.

Plague of Jesters, Mimes or Mummers

A proliferation of entertainers may signify either an inauspicious beginning or a calamitous conclusion to affairs of business or matters of the heart, the specifics of the matter dependent on the variety of performer in question. A diverse variety thereof may be considered meaningless, as may ventriloquists or any other entertainer who makes use of any sort of poppet or effigy.

Exempli gratia, a Mr. Hull, of Eggerton-on-Fowley, dreamt that his mother had been replaced by a ragged mime, and subsequently so were his father, their servants, and eventually

~

every person in the town. Within the week, Mr. Hull's small seafood and toiletry boutique had gone out of business.

Plague of Jetties or Quays

There exists on the record a single known instance of a dream of excessive docking facilities foretelling the future. A Ms. Frink, late of Chipping Ongar, had a nocturnal vision of a proliferation of jetties which rendered her quite unable to decide upon any particular place to make landfall, and the very next day was able to purchase a small carriage at a very reasonable cost. The matter quite obviously speaks for itself, since

Parenting to Sitcom Fame

by Anonymous

Chapter 6: The Laugh Track

It is very important that you teach your child to recognize and anticipate the laugh track; in an audition they will test you on this and any child who speaks over the laugh track will be thrown out immediately.

~

As mentioned in Chapter 3: Catch Phrases, your child will be used as the punchline to many lazy jokes, so they will bear the brunt of the laugh track, especially in episodes by particularly lazy writers. Both of these topics are covered in more detail in our optional chapter on Comedic Timing.

Path to the Hidden Realm

by Enigma Cypher

Long throughout human history, philosophers and magicians have been aware of worlds and realms that are invisible to the untrained eye. Historically, the mind has acquired knowledge of these realms through intensive meditation, ritual magick, or near death experiences. While written off by many "learned men" as the stuff of myth and fairytale, the fact remains that these worlds exist. Furthermore, they exist as concretely as the book you now hold in your hands. The world we see all around us is but a shadow of reality. Through great effort, the veil may be torn asunder, and paths to this hidden realm may be opened.

~

To do so, however, comes with great effort. This book is not for the casual reader, the purveyor of parlor tricks, or the armchair philosopher. This book is a serious manual, intended only for the adept practitioner. Furthermore, the rituals and knowledge contained within may prove dangerous to the fool who would wield them without the proper knowledge.

Be warned: following this path will change you in ways you cannot imagine.

Are you ready?

Pixel Palace

by H. D. Pixel

As I walked into the hotel, I saw different game characters chatting. Enemies. Friends. Good. Bad.

~

It was then that I realised that this hotel would bring people together. After all, I did own it.

Relevant Things

by Hitch O. Hiker

NATURE (cont.)

- Bees
- Birds
- Trees

PEOPLE

- Hitch O. Hiker (and most of the family)
- A bunch of programmers working on these funny videogames
- Otto Lilienthal
- Sarah
- Elvis
- That guy I know
- Every reader of this book

~

PLANETS, STARS AND MOONS

- Earth (for the most parts)
- Moon (the one that does not have a better name)
- Sun (during daytime only)
- The north star (at night only)

HUMAN THINGS

- Airplanes, cars, trains and ships
- Tools, machinery and workshops
- Houses and huts
- Books (this one in particular)

Secret of Monkey Island

by Dr. Lukas Beck

... Guybrush, as it is delivered. Yet, the source situation is unsatisfactory. Our findings result from what we learned from Guybrush's "The Time I Blew Up LeChuck" and his later unfinished memoirs, LeChuck's memoirs, Elaine Marley's "Next To Nothing", which is more scientific work but mere fiction, the "Both Hands Empty" biographies, Herman Toothrot's self-descriptive "Cursus Philosophicus" book I to X (not so much XI to XVII). Although the sources don't match in detail, one issue is described in all of them: Another important event must have taken place years ago, creating the basis for all recent events in the Caribbean.

~

This event stands in close connection to the sea voyage by Governor H.T. Marley and his crew. Here it has to be taken into consideration that most people involved in that original event did not die as we might have assumed at first glance. They survived whatever had happened and decided to – or at least de facto did – scatter themselves and their map parts throughout the entire Caribbean. It has to be submitted, that they did this according to old pirate principle of "better scatter" to hide something. Therefore it becomes clear, that the secret of Monkey Island is...

Storytelling Made Easy

by Noj

To capture your reader's attention you need a reason, something that stands out. For this example, let's use something simple yet still interesting, like, say, a murder case. The location needs to be interesting too, and, for a murder case, maybe also a bit frightening. How about an eerie swamp? When this is done, the basic outline of your protagonist should have begun materializing. Shape it into whatever seems appropriate. For this example, let's use a female agent of some sort.

With reason, location and protagonist decided, try spicing up the story by adding details. Our agent could be haunted

~

by ghosts or the ghostly presence of a once mighty character, refusing to leave her alone. Remember to lend viable explanations to your additions. For example, the ghostly presence could be a long dead local townspeople, somehow related to another key character. You should also remember to develop your story's locations, and tie them tightly to the plot. Put the swamp close to a small town. Add some local folklore about things not being quite right. Make the townspeople fear-stricken and paranoid. Make it dreadful. HURT the protagonist. After all, you're not hurting anybody real. Remeber, it's only a story.

Suspenders of Tomorrow

by William L. Dobbin

FOREWORD

The book you are holding in your hands represents five years of toil and labor. As proud as I am of having finished it, I couldn't have done it alone. This book is dedicated to the following individuals:

My wife, Clara, and our two lovely daughters, Jenny and Lisa, who never stopped believing in me. My father, Eugene, and my mother, Mildred, who brought me into this world and never failed to set me straight when I needed it. My childhood dog, Chet, even though he barfed all over

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my bed more times than I can count. Kevin and Francine, our next-door neighbors who graciously let me use their lawnmower when ours was in the shop. Mrs. Boggs, my third-grade teacher, who once told me I was a good person. Bob at the gas station, who helped me with the pump when I couldn't figure out how to work it. The white Buick Sport Wagon that slowed down and waved me through as I was waiting at the intersection yesterday. That guy at the supermarket, I don't know his name, but he was wearing a blue shirt and

The Aroma of Books

by Roland Saltburn

...six hour half-life of what is now commonly known as the Lovell-Wyatt Aroma. Peak concentrations can be found at the Chicago Municipal Library, Science Fiction section, authors R-Z. Lower potency instances have been confirmed at Martha's Book Bazaar in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara's MVMD (Motor Vehicle Manual Depot).

Cathartic episodes associated with the Lovell-Wyatt Aroma, as with most library and bookstore aromas, usually onset after 3-4 minutes of sustained exposure. The episodes have been described as giving a perceived coziness of environment with an extreme sense of nostalgia, carrying hints of melancholy.

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Chasers of this aroma consider it one of the 'Primary Five' due to a preponderance of books from the famous Avon Publishers 1968 printing run being found at all locations to date. The 1968 Avon run was unique due to pulp being sourced from elm rocking horses discarded by a toy factory which partially burnt down three years prior.

The rocking horses were not burnt, but smoke damage from other toys is believed to have imparted unique properties (note the L-W Aroma is not considered smokey at all). Other instances of furniture grade timber being used for pulp exist, but none...

The Art of Book-Burning

by O. Presser

technique. Setting a book ablaze from the corner is usually best, though one must be careful to protect the new flame from wind and moisture as it begins to catch. As I mentioned before, please do not use this book to practice upon. There are plenty of books that are worth burning -- millions, even, but this isn't one of them.

Many book covers are flame resistant. In those cases, one may proceed by bending back the covers and proceeding from the paper within. Again, I can't stress enough that we're talking about burning OTHER books here. Not this one, Capisce?

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In the course of a career of book burning, I've encountered several books which were particularly stubborn. This is why I carry a small flask of accelerant on my person. Spread the accelerant liberally (or librarily, heh) throughout the book. At this point the book is both far more flammable and far more inflammable.

This book had BETTER NOT be soaked in lighter fluid right now. We talked about this. Burn the other books, and leave this one alone. If the wisdom contained in this book is lost, future generations may never know the joy of a perfectly burned book.

The Art of Staring

by Anonymous

and if that doesn't work, run for your life.

The Street Stare is much safer, though, and in many cases, more rewarding:

1. Choose a pedestrian street with dense traffic.
2. Control your walk pace, be normal. Serious, but not aggressive.
3. When the time arrives, slow down very, very smoothly until you stand completely still.
4. Face expression: ecstatic Eureka moment. Hold it for 5-10 seconds while you find the perfect staring point: between the sky and a building.

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5. Swiftly tilt your face 30° upwards, 15° sideways, towards the selected point.
6. Hold it for as long as possible. Enact a candid smile, in slow motion, mouth opening slightly.
7. Leisurely move your right hand to the back of your neck, then slide it gently towards your forehead, smile growing wider.
8. Resume walking abruptly, trotting happily and - very important - totally indifferent to any observing subjects.

During steps 5-8, secretly count how many observers you have. Improve that number in successive attempts: a Street Stare is considered Legendary when the count surpasses 20.

The Berlin Wall

by Anonymous

For every realistic observer it is obvious, that the "Berlin Wall", or the "anti-fascist protective rampart" as it is called by the government of the German Democratic Republic (GDR) is a fact that will outlast the next generations. Anyone who argues that the wall could be removed in the near future has obviously has no basic understanding of the complex realities of modern geopolitics. This book, which is obviously written by an expert, want's to give the unknowing layman an an overview of the political realities, the history, the construction and the continuing development of this astonishing building.

~

Chapter I: History

With the split of Germany after World War II in 4 different occupation zones for the 4 allied forces, Berlin also got split in 4 zones, despite the fact that the city was geographiccally located in the Soviet occupation zone. After the drafting and publication of the "Marshall Plan" in 1947 by the US Government under Harry S. Truman the differences between the allies about the future of germany and the european states worsened...

The Big Book of Letters

by Prof. G. Geggerion

A is a letter. So is B. There are several other letters as well. Far to many to mention. 4, however, is not a letter. Neither is 3. They are numbers. This book is not about them. They better keep out of these pages if they know what is good for them.

Letters is used to make words and sometimes sentences. This can be useful. Sometimes it can be less useful, and at times it can be downright harmful.

Since there is so many letters in the alphabet very few people have mastered them all. Most people get by just fine with a mere handful or two.

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Some letters are better than others. Take G for an example. It is way better than P. The shape, the sound, the taste. Even the the smell is far superior. Everyone knows this, although not everyone acknowledges this in public. Some people, like linguist Peter Pepperson, even goes so far in their quest for infamy that they state that the lousy P is in fact better than G. Which of course is pure nonsense. Some letters, like Q, do not really do much at all, which means that you do not need to learn how to recognize these rare and useless characters. Instead concentrate on the A, B and G.

The Chinese Proletariat

by Xiang Zhongfa

Hence, in order not to err in policy, we must look forward, not backward. In looking forward, we must remember two things: first, that our struggle is righteous, and second; that our struggle is ours alone. For all the inevitability of revolution, the inevitable need not come now, and instead it may come ten, a hundred, or even a thousand years from now, and for all that time the people of China will suffer beneath the boot of the capitalist, the imperialist, and the reactionary. It is for this reason that we must move carefully, and not repeat our mistakes.

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The Li Lisan Line of 1930 was a mistake, and from it we learned that Marxism alone is not right for China, just as Marxism alone was not right for Russia. As Lenin created Leninism, we must create an ideology fit for the people of China. As the bourgeois reactionaries jealously claw the workers and city dwellers of China back into their grasp, we must look to the peasants for development and the heart of the revolution. With the party as a vanguard force, we will lead them into the future, and onward.

The Ethnographic Approach

by Ryan Eden

recent deployments of participant observation within ethnographic publications have tended to be juxtaposed through thick description in the hopes that the experiential and qualitative facets associated with anthropological fieldwork can be rendered into something comparable to quantitative forms of measurement. The sole purpose for this type of analysis has been to secure Anthropology's place within academic circles and to generate something compatible with scientific standards. Instead of continuing down this avenue, what I propose is that those experiential qualitative differences should not attempt to be rendered comparable to empirically

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standard modes of measurement. Rather, it is their differences and incommensurability that are of value to ethnographic approaches. What critical analysis has brought to anthropological methodology is a reflexivity and awareness to the partiality associated with participant observation. There exists a parallaxical quality to perception that will always render one's subject of observation incomplete and diffracted due to dimensional reductionisms. An ethnographer's own ethos and social conditionings greatly impact how the affectual elements of ethnographic fieldwork are perceived and rendered legible for dissemination to wider audiences.

The Far Eastern Empire

by Gabriel Matsakis

Between the years 1815 and 1914, Britain dominated the global stage. In its so called Imperial Century, over a fifth of the world's land mass came under its rule, with a peerless command of the seas acting as both shield and sword, the pursuit of commerce as a guiding hand, and the industrial revolution as a fiery heart. By the latter half of the century, a Briton could sail from Southampton to Singapore with steam to power his ship, the goods of a world market in his hold, and the might of the Royal Navy to ensure his safe passage.

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In East Asia, it is difficult to map a specific British grand strategy pursued at this point in time, beyond the rather vague and inclusive desire to "maintain the status quo" that certain diplomats like Sir Harry Parkes and Ernest Mason Satow seemed to promote both in China and during the Boshin War. Thus it cannot be said that there was any established British military strategy in the Far East between 1839 and 1902, but rather that a loose strategy evolved slowly over time, and primarily as a result of, and in reaction to, actions taken by other actors.

The Hermocrates by Plato

by Dr Charles Sternhart

The Hermocrates

Now at last I have Plato's Lost Dialogue translated entirely.

The Greek original is lost, so I've used the Arabic text I found in an Italian monastery years ago and always thought was a hoax.

Now I wonder ... could this remarkable book hold the secret to long-lost Atlantis? Probably not. No one will publish it, that's certain. The fear of ridicule is too great. To be safe, I've sent a copy to Pearce.

Charles Sternhart

London, 1922

<Hand written letter attached with a clip>

New Jersey April 22, 1923

Dear Mr. MacMannus:

~

I'm sorry but my recommendation is to eliminate this book entirely from the Pearce collection.

The structure and the multiple errors in the translation make me think this is some kind of elaborated fraud, too much effort to commit errors and everything looks without head or tail. I personally know Dr. Sternhart, and I believe he gone too far this time. What I can do for you is to pass this to my associate Dr. Marcus Brody, he is the real expert in the Greek Era where Plato supposedly wrote this, but probably his opinion will be harder than mine.

Yours Dr. Henry Jones

The Holy Book

by Anonymous

1:1 In the beginning, there were 8 bits.

1:2 The bits were a formless void of darkness and from them, God created the script creation utility.

1:3 Then God said, "Let there be light"; and lo, there were 16 colors.

1:4 And God saw that the colors were good, and on the first day he celebrated with fine fizzy pop.

1:5 Then God said, "I muse about adding sound to this color",

1:6 And so God added interactive music streaming to the world. And it was good.

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1:7 God looked around at his creation and said, "Let us make humankind in our image, according to our likeness,"

1:8 "But more pixelly." And it was so.

1:9 God blessed pixelly humankind and said to them, "Be fruitful and respawnable, and verb your objects.

1:10 Fill the world with your blind clicking and wandering." And it was as such.

1:11 God looked over everything that he had made, and indeed, it was very good and warranted a sequel or two.

1:12 And there was evening, and there was morning. The launch day.

The Principles of Sun Tzu

by Yunqi Zhang

Chinese peasants were no warriors and, while they may have received equipment from their lords or the king himself, this would not make them any less vulnerable to the effects of low morale, hunger, or disease. Roman armies operated as successfully as they did primarily due to their logistical strengths, all of which could be brought fully to bear due to their highly disciplined nature. As the opposite of this the armies of this period tended to be slow, ill coordinated, and highly susceptible to attrition; all of which could be corrected by the instillation of strong discipline.

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Sun Tzu's response to this was simple: uneducated peasants could understand one thing primarily, and that was force. As such any breaches of order would be met with the harshest punishment possible, regardless of rank, and regardless of situation. One general famously allowed his horse to stray into a nearby field, an act which he had deemed criminal, and so ordered his officers to put him to death. Eventually he relented, but commanders of the period were expected to be both cunning and ruthless; their own army potentially as great a puzzle to be solved as their opponent's moves on the battlefield.

The Thimble: A History

by Frenzel Thomb

[...] oldest known thimble was found in the Great Lakes region by Ernest Pymel, during exploratory mining work. It is believed by many thimble devotees that this archaeological find represents what is thus far the most compelling evidence for ancient nuclear war in the modern age.

A simple copper tube marked with non-standard patterns of pits and troughs, the so-called 'Pymel Thimble' was surrounded by minerals including excessive quantities of lead. From this, experts have deduced that the Pymel Thimble was used in the ancient weaving of uranium isotopes for use in nuclear weapons.

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Carbon dating, although unreliable, places the thimble's age at between 4,000 and 5,000 years. This is significantly older than the Jiangling steel needle, from which the age of the thimble was previously calculated at around 2,000 years.

Although it is unknown which aggressor destroyed the ancient Great Lakes civilization, from examining the work of Sitchin we can reasonably assume that they were whichever ancients dwelled within what is now the Middle East.

These ancient-Arabians likely had access to Indian Vimanas, the first aircraft, which could have delivered nuclear strikes to the world's first known thimble-using civilization [...]

The Trip South

by Diego DeCharles

- If I die, please take care of my daughter

Those were her last words. He just met her minutes ago and then she was dead. And that's how it all started. After just two weeks of dating, Edward was bound to an oath with his new mother in law... that has just died.

But that wasn't all. No, my friends, it turned out that the husband wanted to cremate her in their home town that was just a few thousand miles.

In the ICU from that hospital, full of sad people, all Edward could think about was that he paying a too high price for sex.

~

But the right thing to do was to be with her, and travel all those miles to her new mother in law's funeral

Did they travel by plane? no, of course not. What would be the fun of that? They travelled by car, for more than he can remember. With his new sister in law, her husband, her little girl and a dog that had a heart condition and couldn't be scared or he'll die to... that would be pretty sad.

This is all true my friends, I'm not lying. But the best was yet to come...

The Waterbringers

by Arthur Rutenhopper

There's an old saying around these parts: "Never look into the water, 'cause there just might be something in the reflection that you don't want to see." People in this town are terrified of large bodies of water, whether they are ponds, lakes, rivers, or even big puddles. They have no wells, no plumbing, and the nearest river is over five miles away. This fear has resulted in the citizens adopting a peculiar way of procuring water to use for their daily needs. They have created a vocation known as the "water-bringer," along with an elaborate set of rituals that revolve around this occupation.

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Once appointed, the water-bringer of the town has his/her occupation for twenty years. This person is well-paid, and he/she is even provided with a nice house in which to live. The water-bringer is tasked with making the trek to the river with a cart that he/she pushes by hand in order to fetch water for the town every day of the week. He/she must put the water into opaque containers that are then sealed with lids, and he/she cannot look into the river while he/she is collecting the water. It is a tedious process...

The Witching Hour

by Carl Firth

When the clock strikes midnight, The Witching Hour begins. There is a world that runs alongside our own. Parallel to it. We cannot see it, and many of us are unaware of it. And yet... the shape you glimpse out of the corner of your eye. The shiver you feel on the back of your neck. The sense you have that something is watching you. This is not your imagination. Just as you should listen to your instincts in a life or death situation, you should listen to them here. Your feelings are right. Your suspicions are correct. The Witching Hour is real.

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What is The Witching Hour? At midnight, two worlds come into alignment: our world, the natural world, the world of every day. The other... Not much is known. All we know are glimpses, fragments of encounters, snatches of visions. But what we can say with certainty is, this world has had an influence on our own since the dawn of recorded history. We may not know where they come from, but we surely know their mark. They come here to feed, to plunder, to make foul mischief. They are the creatures of folklore, of mythology. They are the creatures of nightmare.

Through a Venetian's Eyes

by Katherine C.A.Walker

"There are numerous unicorns [in that country]. They have.. feet like those of an elephant, and a horn in the middle of the forehead, which is black and very thick. They do no mischief, however, with the horn, but with the tongue alone; for this is covered all over with long and strong prickles [and when savage with anyone they crush him under their knees and then rasp him with their tongue]. The head resembles that of a wild boar, and they carry it ever bent towards the ground. They delight much to abide in mire and mud. 'Tis a

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passing ugly beast to look upon."

Anyone who has seen a rhino face to face can verify that this image of a despondent unicorn is a fairly accurate description of a rhinoceros, excepting perhaps the story about how they attack with raspy tongues like some amorous cat. The unicorn is a common enough image in the European mind, and Polo is able to take this image and grounds it in reality, recreating the mythical unicorn in relation to an actual creature, and explaining it as though European mythology over distance and time had changed the image into the fabulous beast.

Top Tips from a Real CSI

by M. Cuffe

In my many years as a Crime Scene Investigator (CSI), I have learnt a few useful lessons, which I will share:

1. Always use the toilet before you go out to a crime scene - people don't always die in close proximity to toilet facilities and someone may have to conduct a fingerprint search of the long grass you peed on!

2. Always eat before you go to a post mortem - it's a long process and the pathologist won't be stopping to meet your mealbreak schedule... Nothing worse than the sound of your rumbling stomach echoing round a mortuary!

~

3. No matter how decomposed the body; filthy the scene; or how much blood has been spilled, the CSI with the camera always stays clean... If you're holding the camera, you're less likely to end up elbow drop in blood, guts and poop!

Less likely.... But blood, guts and poop are an inevitability when you're a CSI!

Transoceanic Spy Manual

by Anonymous

can remain inconspicuous, as many hobbyists today own common receivers capable of receiving such signals and thus allows for some degree of plausible deniability if suspected of espionage. Possessing equipment more advanced than a civilian shortwave news radio could more quickly be construed as evidence of spying.

In addition, there is also no communication relation established between sender and receiver of shortwave, as the signals are not directed or addressed to a specific recipient. Contrarily, through cable-based communication a relation could be proposed (or at least a smaller set of possible target recipients be established), as one

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could theoretically trace the origin and destination of the message and by inspecting all receiving nodes along the line. In addition, to secure the entire line of communication is most difficult, if not impractical. Most importantly, the message is best-secured if the message itself is encrypted, regardless of the technology or media carrying the signal or message.

One-time pads provide the most-secure method of confidential transmission. Refer to section "One-Time Padding". The code itself will be uncrackable as long as the pad itself remains unknown to anyone other than the sender and receiver. Therefore, careful discretion is of

Trapped In This Game

by Nick Alexandres

Help! I'm trapped in this game! Yes, this video game you're playing right now! Please believe me! Those evil scumbags Ron and Gary used some sort of forbidden programming code and a bunch of used balloons and trapped me in the game and I can't get out! I've explored the whole town; even places that you can't see and I still haven't found a way out. I'm afraid there isn't one. Everyone I've spoken to here thinks I'm insane. But I'm not. I'm from the real world. You've got to believe me!

~

I've written this book in hopes that a player will read it and find a way to get me out of here. I don't know what else I could tell you that could help. The last thing I remember was delivering pizzas to Ron's house and then Ron and Gary used their warlock powers and trapped me in here when they didn't have money to pay for their twelve pizzas. I told them I was a huge fan but that just made them angrier. Please find me, I haven't much time. I'm hiding in the... oh god... they're coming! Nooooooo!

Treatment of Occultism

by Anonymous

Short description of occult methods

Commute

To the with the most widespread practices in adolescents is probably commuting.

Here is commuted alone or in a group over a piece of paper with a circle or a cross. It is set before the start of which rash what significance. So, for example, is from right to left 'Yes' and on and on 'No', or clockwise is 'Yes', and so on. Then, simple questions are mentally or aloud in the group found. It may also have images or objects be commuted if you have any questions about any other person. the system is the same.

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Glasses back

The glasses back is a form of necromancy, also often reported by young people.

It is mostly carried out with several persons. Besides, the participants lay the fingers on an inverted glass. Round the glass the letters of the alphabet and the numbers 0-9 are arranged in the district. Mostly maps are still appropriated for „ Yes ' and „ no '. This arrangement is called Ouija board.

To create a ghost-friendly atmosphere, the space is often darkened and illuminated only by candles. The session begins that a ghost is called with incantations. This then announces his presence through the glass.

Undergarments: A History

by Darryl F. Tweedleman

for at least two centuries after the development of the double y-stitch, and it allowed clothiers to add the codpiece (known as a Twelch) to the front of the undertrousers. This became the rage all over Europe as those in the upper echelons of society engaged in a war of escalation over who could display the most elaborate Twelch.

It was only after King Roger VI of Spain passed a law decreeing the prideful display of one's wealth via their underclothes punishable by death via quartering that the escalation was halted, and the codpiece became, once again, purely functional.

Following the 27 year-long War of the Lesser Monarchs, which was

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fought between the houses of Dutbrecht in Luxembourg and Poudoir (part of the royal duchy of Fonce, part of what is now France), innovations in the production of underwear were relatively rare. Among these was the invention of the cross-weave, which added more reinforcement to the seat of the garment after the opening of trade routes to the far east resulted in travelling merchants spending longer sitting in wagons as they peddled their wares across eastern europe.

However, only after Algernon Fipps invented the automatic stitcher in 1623 did cheap underwear, colloquially called 'Mansbergs' after the Prince of Mansberg, who was often seen

Unitarianism Revisited

by John Cangasala

Thessalonian Paulicians met with and became brethren with the kin of Socinus, Italian refugees in Greece, who in the next decade helped with organizing the community of Polish Brethren and the Church of Transylvania. In that day the Thessalonian Paulicians had 30 meetinghouses in Thessalonica and 3000 faithful in Larissa. They were known in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia as well. After the Italians had to flee from Italy from the persecution of the Inquisition, the village of Austerlitz in Moravia (today in the Czech Socialist Republic of Czechoslovakia) acted for some time as contact between Paulicians and other Unitarians and Anabaptists.

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The Italians held their Great Council in the city of Venice in the year 1550 which confirmed the opinions later made famous under the name of Socinus. The Inquisition found out about the Council. Many were arrested. Many of these Italians fleeing the persecution later moved on to Switzerland, Germany and Poland. In the following decade the matured King of Hungary and Prince of Transylvania John II Sigismund, known for his tolerance of differing opinions, also welcomed Italians from this group to his realm. During their stay the local bishop, Francis David, was converted to their opinions after much soul-searching.

Walk Away from Running

by Tetsuo Hirota

research.

As explained in the previous chapter, the current human anatomy is not made for running (or even walking) extreme distances. The length of the Caracorum bone (p. 154) inside our feet has gradually become shorter and shorter. Acting as a sort of a bridge between the ankle and the shin, the Caracorum bone is what gives our feet the flexibility to both reduce and absorb shock, as our feet comes in contact with a hard and solid surface. Studies (Arlbrecht and Arlbrecht, 1972) have shown that the average length of the Caracorum bone was 42 millimeter for Neanderthals, but

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has in modern times been reduced to 11 millimeter (Hoffman, Feet of Today, issue 8, 1986).

While the Neanderthals needed to hunt down their prey to provide food for themselves - a hunt which in many cases required the hunter to be able to run vast distances - this is not the case for the modern human today. One can speculate that evolution deemed that we, as modern humans, didn't need our Caracorum bones to be that long anymore, and thus, the length has gradually been reduced.

Without that extra protection, our knees take more damage while continuously being exposed to the

Worst Writers Ever

by D. N. Anthony

No. 6 – Myron Ablonski III

Sample: Opening chapter of his first novel, 'The Wind Wept Whipping Whispers of Welcoming'

Around the windswept table sat Byron and his entire family, all but the dead ones, and the young ones who'd gone off to play somewhere.

'My, what a windy day!' his mother exclaimed.

'But it's been a beautiful celebration overall,' his father countered.

'Yes,' Bryon offered, agreeing with them both but distracted by the whippiness of the southerly wind. It was like his soul was being moved, physically and emotionally, by the breezes he estimated to be between five and

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six on the Beaufort scale, which was devised in 1805 by Ireland's Francis Beaufort to measure wind speed.

'Perhaps we should move inside now?' his sister Mary requested.

'Not yet,' Byron decalred, sensing something in the air.

'It is awfully blowy,' his new wife Amanda noticed aloud. Or was she hinting?

'Mmmm,' Bryon mumbled. Perhaps Amanda doesn't know me at all, he mused quietly to himself.

People were tired and there was little else to say, so one by one they drifted indoors till only Byron was left. And that's when he heard the cool voice whispering, 'Welcome.'

Ancient Astronauts

by Prof. T. Khamun

In the 13th century BC, the stabilisers separated from the space stations and crashed back to Earth. While many disappeared into the oceans or disintegrated during re-entry, some landed intact at various sites across Egypt, central and south America, and Asia.

Owing to the different styles of the stabilisers that have been found, it is clear that several different space stations were in orbit at that time. Whether they all had the same destination is unknown because, as with modern space travel, tiny variations in the timing of the launch can create large differences in trajectory.

Astrohistorians are divided on the exact purpose of

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the stabilisers, but it is generally believed that jettisoning the pyramid structures was one of the last phases in a station's preparations for interstellar travel. Some suggest that the stabilisers were a sacrificial mass, dropped to provide an orbital boost to the space station, flinging it out into space. Others argue that the mass of each pyramid compared to the Earth's gravity is so insignificant that this explanation lacks credibility.

As we do not know exactly how many stabilisers were dropped, and in what dimensions, the issue is still open for further research. Recent research has been focusing on the possibility of 4th dimensional

B-543 Wavemeter Manual

by Anonymous

3) Reference Signal Check

Ground the oscilloscope to pin 7 of the I/O board and check for a repeating, varying frequency, sinusoidal waveform on pin 5 of the I/O board. It should exceed 2 volts. If no signal is detected then inspect the Detection board and the Lock-In board for loose connections. If the signal is present, but below 2 volts, realign the input beam, and if necessary the internal diffraction grating as described in section 8A. If this fails to resolve the problem, replace the PMT and associated amplifier as described in section 8D.

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4) Timing Check

You should first verify that the timing signal from I/O pin 8 exists at the timing gate. It should be a pulse above 4V which lasts for about .5 seconds on a 60 Hz AC power line. If this pulse is absent, check connections to the timing gate, or replace the timing gate entirely. It should be noted if you've replaced U17 with a fast updating gate then the duration of the timing signal should only be about .25 seconds instead.

Build a Maccaroni Mansion

by John Cheeseman

Figure 1.7 shows the strength / yield diagram for Maccaroni. When building your Maccaroni mansion, ensure there is a safety factor of at least 4.

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Figure 1.8 The collapse of the Maccaroni bridge was due to rain and excessive loads. 37 people died.

Castillo Logic Motor

by Juan A. Castillo

The invention is related to a heat engine, particularly to an internal combustion engine, comprising a body provided with an annular cavity therein, two coaxial discoidal sectors that jointly define at least four chambers in the annular cavity, and a mechanism of control of the rotational speed of the two discoidal sectors that makes their respective rotational speeds to vary cyclically and in antiphase between a high speed (maximum) and a low speed (minimum), so that the volume of the chambers varies too.

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The invention is also related to a method of control of the rotational speed of two discoidal sectors that jointly define at least four chambers in an annular cavity of a heat engine, wherein said rotational speeds vary cyclically and in antiphase between a high speed and a low speed.

The invention is further related to a method of design of a cam profile for a heat engine of the type disclosed above.

Chrono Mechanics

by Vernon Diamond

He was dead and I still existed. That was time travel theory number three disproven and this left me just two more to check. Of course, disproving any theories would have to wait till I had successfully discarded my Grandfather's body and this was going to present a peculiar challenge due to the fact that I'd just shot him in a crowded room. As it turns out, the thing about crowded rooms, is that if you add even just one gunshot, then they tend to become vacant quite quickly. But only for a short while. A very short while.

~

I could try sending his body to another place in the space time continuum but that would take a lot of math to achieve. Do you have any idea how hard it is to predict exactly where the earth will be at any point in time? It's spinning around a star that itself is moving around a galaxy that annoyingly also won't remain still. The last time I put a body in space, I inadvertently put it in a geo-synchronous orbit. My best and only bet was to dispose of him the old fashioned way.

Cosmic Commodities

by Romanos Valerios

Say that we could indeed harness a black hole for the purposes of time travel (and of course, in time, we will) what then? Will this power be used exclusively by higher powers and those government officials we trust with our nuclear launch codes? Will it be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for billionaires and oil tycoons? Will it be banned? Yes, at some points in time it will go through all these phases. But eventually time travel will end up where everything naturally trickles: Into the hands of consumers as a watered-down commodity.

~

Will we afford it? No. Will we pay for it? Yes.

Will we queue for it? Will it sit in our living room? Will we hold it in our hands? Will we own it? Will we rent it? Will we pay for it with money? Will money mean a damn thing anymore?

Who knows.

One thing we do know is that as technology advances, the universe finds new ways of making the human race pay.

Driving Through Time

by David Sparrow

included in The Philosophy of Time Travel. Among them is the belief that an Artifact would be formed specifically from metal. Not intending to contradict this theory, I can only assume that in a technologically advanced 20th century society an Artifact could represent almost anything. The increasing amount of vehicles and gadgets using iron and steel could eventually lead to this "traveling through time on wheels", which would not be limited just to automobiles. Thus, if one were to state that the film industry is creating fiction, that could not be further from the truth.

~

In a conversation Matthew and I had with some corporate guys from Hollywood a while ago, the realization that a plane could have enough steel and water to create a Time Portal really blew my mind. This sudden awareness led me to wonder: "How many times could a portal have opened in a Tangent Universe without us noticing it?". Of course, various settings and circumstances would need to come together for this to happen. But to simply refuse this as a plausible possibility and treat it as "fiction" is beyond my comprehension. Still, the amount of physicists that

Extreme Bookstore Design

by Brian Small

and as depicted in Figure 12-14 above, you can see that the diffusion bonded titanium supports, when properly configured, are able to provide structural stability for a wide range of extreme structural designs. One such real-world example is the Occult Bookstore found in the city of Thimbleweed Park. As this bookstore is established as being the centre-du-monde for questionable mystical literary works from all over the world, the structure needed to be able to support several hundred metric tons of hardcover books. In addition, the unique building codes of Thimbleweed Park required the bookstore to have an extreme vertical design.

~

The access ladder proved to be an even greater design challenge, due to the dynamic load applied by the climber, over the near 400 meter vertical span. Titanium fibers applied in a composite structure provide the ladder with a natural look when painted, giving the bookstore its desired old architectural feel, with the engineering requirement to last well into the next century. The precise cost of the library is unknown as the source of funding has never been disclosed. It is assumed to exceed that of the recently designed Space Shuttle, which NASA built using similar design techniques. This has

Ion Beam Spectrometry

by L.J. Sparvero, PhD

Chapter 4: Ion Beam Mass Analyzers

Accelerating the ions through a varying electromagnetic potential field will result in a beam of charged particles. The components of the beam itself can be separated into mass-to-charge (m/z) species (Sparvero et al., 1980). After acceleration, a field-free drift region will result in the ions being separated by their m/z . Heavier ions will be accelerated less, and travel slower than lighter species which are accelerated to greater v -initial. However, varying kinetic energies resulting from the beam generation event will give isobaric species different v -initial.

~

Beams generated by discrete processes, such as laser desorption and fast atom bombardment, are more readily analyzed in time of flight (TOF) mass spectrometers, while continuous beam sources are more readily analyzed with either a scanning quadrupole, ion cage, or ion trap (Cunningham et al., 1982). Time lag or energy focusing can be applied to further enhance mass resolution. Dual beam processes are inherently unstable and thus it is very important that the beams do not cross, otherwise a criticality could occur (Spengler et al., 1984).

Meteorite Taxonomy

by Dr. Carl Bundesmayer

of the C-type meteorites with an albedo of 0.04 to 0.06.

But the hypothesis presented by Dr. Fred Edison of a fourth class of meteorites, in a proposed Z-type class, is simply, from an astronomical point of view, preposterous.

Well respected is the theory, in the astronomical society, that meteorites could have carried some primordial protein chains that could have favoured the formation of life precursory building blocks. But the idea of a meteorite organism, without a clear form of sustenance or even an explanation of how said organism would obtain its energy in the vast, cold depths of space

~

is, quite simply, laughable.

Dr. Edison, in his feverish imagination, goes on with this nonsense, and even dares to suggest that, due to the influx of cosmic rays and the radiation of the orbited star, (Sol) mutations could spontaneously occur in the cited organism that could even lead to some form of rudimentary intelligence.

If what Dr. Edison is proposing is that there are sentient celestial objects orbiting our solar system, this author believes that Dr. Edison is more close to a B-movie mad scientist than to a truly scientific astronomer.

Moons of the Solar System

by Ash Martin

The Jovian moon Io was discovered in 1610AD and is named after a priestess of Hera and a lover of Zeus. The space probe Galileo is due to be launched in 1989. The probe will take a fraction over 6 years to arrive at Jupiter and it is hoped that it will bring back photos of the Gallilean (or inner) moons of Jupiter. It is believed that due to the proximity of Io to Jupiter that Io will both be highly volcanic and structurally unstable. Europa, Ganymede and Callisto will be studied in high depth, but at the time of

~

writing, very little are known about these three moons. Of great significance to Astronomical history, these four moons were used by Galileo to perform the first calculations for the speed of light.

Perhaps the most fascinating of Jupiter's known moons is Themisto (S/1975 J 1). Themisto was observed in 1975 but has since disappeared. The name Themisto is unofficial at this stage, and it may never be made official if it cannot be found again. It is this writers' theory that Jupiter's red spot was caused by an earlier collision by a now unknown moon.

Shooting Stars

by Lou Kupward

Astronomy has captivated humankind for centuries. We have all looked towards the night sky in awe and sought meaning. Some may see signs that can be used to predict their future, some may see the insignificance of their existence, some may see the chance for life on other planets, while others may dream of becoming an astronaut and blasting off to a distant galaxy.

But for the most dedicated and adventure-seeking astronomy enthusiasts, there is only one experience that tops them all: I am, of course, referring to the joy and thrill of shooting stars.

~

Preparation is important. Be sure to dress well, and to bring a flashlight and perhaps some stationery to take notes. You also want to make sure you have the appropriate firearm and ammunition for your target.

Standard buckshot is best against standard main-sequence stars and subgiants, and deer slugs are recommended for giants. Only the best sharpshooters can take down a neutron star due to their small size and density. Solar wind must also be taken into account, something which is often forgotten. Home taxidermy is not recommended; such a job is best left to the experts.

Solid Mechanics for Kids

by D Kriwely

and it would be naive to consider a stiffness matrix $[k]$ of an arbitrary size to be enough to model the problem from a lagrangian point of view. In fact, the eigenvalues problem for a linear system becomes easily ill-conditioned whenever a non-zero boundary condition is superimposed to the $[x]$ vector in a way that the structure is not labile but can lead to numerical lability (i.e. when machine precision or model precision is close enough to the residuals lower

~

limit value even if it's strictly non-zero). It is therefore clear that the solution lies in a Hilbert subspace where all rods defined in the above mentioned stiffness matrix $[k]$ are mutually interdependent, at least in pairs. Whenever this happens, the problem can be reverted to a stable, converging solution only if an additional fictitious boundary condition is imposed on the free boundary P of the rigid bodies to which the rods are linked. As it will become clearer further on, the result is

Some People Are Wrong

by Erik Hermansen

Having observed the habits and beliefs of thousands of people, I know a lot about the mistakes people make. I haven't had time to correct every error, because, like I said, there were thousands of people. But in this book, I will at least try to explain how some people are wrong.

A lot of people think that tomatoes are fruit. But, in fact, tomatoes are not fruit. So those people are wrong.

Some people think that dogs are enemies of cats. This is only sometimes true, so those people are sometimes wrong.

~

I've heard children and even full-grown adults say the sky is blue. Ludicrous! Must I explain why? The sky is obviously not blue at night. And anyhow, it's not really a sky at all. It's just a bunch of molecules. I know this because I talked to Jerry about it yesterday.

Some people think they are right about things. 63% of those people are wrong.

My Aunt Bernice says you can make peanuts and butter by separating peanut butter. I am not sure if that is true. I will write more about this later when I know.

Splitting Quarks

by Richard D. Madwan

Quarks may be dropped into this mixture only after the cauldron has been properly placed and heated to the aforementioned temperature not without making sure that the assistant is tightly bound to the device. Although many researchers have been unable to recreate this setup due to safety concerns alternative approaches such as replacing the nitroglycerin with water have been proposed, suggesting that loud noises during experiments are exciting yet not really necessary in science, but whichever method is chosen use only titanium-alloy, zirconium-coated pipes thoroughly inspected for cracks; duct-taped PVC is an acceptable second choice.

~

This sophisticated network of tubes serves as a dissipation system that must be able to withstand great pressures and caustic vapors, not to mention pigeons occasionally standing on its outdoor sections, although these are likely to avoid the vicinity of the machine once it begins to noticeably affect the weather conditions of its surroundings. This also marks the moment in which quarks begin to lose color, and some shine, and eventually start dividing. A considerable amount of butter is going to be fundamental for the next step.

The Bootstrap Paradox

by Anonymous

However, the Continuous Universes hypothesis explains this along a different line of reasoning. In this approach, the time-lines constantly loop back and return. There are no branch points from the parallel worlds hypothesis per se, but rather one continuous transition. A putative time traveler will not be creating a different universe upon his return, but rather end up in the same universe because he always has. Although every event has a finite chance of occurring, in this model only one option happens because it did, Q.E.D.

~

For example, assume a time traveler from the far future went to 20th century earth to visit his favorite science fiction writer. However, no one he talks to seems to have heard of this writer – the man completely doesn't exist. Not wanting the world to be deprived of this wonderful man's talents, he painstakingly types out every work of his and submits them for publication. Ergo, he becomes the author.

Now the question becomes, who first wrote that author's works? Who wrote "The Bootstrap Paradox?"

The Hooplah Telescope

by Hugh Kinsey-Moore

but that's a worst-case scenario and unlikely to happen," added Bob Rugby, spokesman for the team responsible for the Hooplah Telescope's mirror. "That is, of course, unless NASA were to rush things or underfund the project. Which is of course an absurd notion, as it wouldn't be worth possibly having to send a crew into space to fix things after the fact."

The mirror was just one of the many critical facets of the Hooplah's design. The most breath-taking astronomical images in existence are meaningless without a means of viewing them. Which is where Arizona Instruments comes in.

~

Scientists are hoping that by the time the Hooplah Telescope is finally ready to be launched into orbit, their imaging technicians and engineers at Arizona Instruments will have perfected the necessary high-definition photography needed to fully display the images they're hoping to capture, though due to the limitations of televisions and computers, those images will by necessity be limited to high-quality printings for the foreseeable future. Some futurists have speculated that before the end of the 20th century, televisions and monitors have the necessary resolution to properly show off Hooplah's wonders.

The Mir Space Station

by Anonymous

has begun and is expected to last for about five years. The first module was flown into space with a Proton-K rocket and successfully entered its stable orbit about 250 miles above earth. With the planned launches of further modules and their automatic docking to the already orbiting modules, it is expected to build the largest space station in history of mankind – marking a huge success for Russia's Intercosmos programme.

The first visitors on board the Mir were Leonid Kizim and Vladimir Solovyov who docked three months after the core module of the Mir was established in the orbit.

~

They spent a total of 51 days on board the space station, bringing it online and checking its systems. It is expected for another crew to occupy the space station beginning of 1987.

With the launch of Mir, it is clear that Russia wants to become one of the leaders in space, even though the name Mir (peace, peaceful) suggests their openness towards collaboration and international partnership. The international space communities look forward to seeing

The Poisonous Light

by Scrobney Crathers

Look into the sky, you see the "stars". Have you ever wondered where these celestial beings come from? Their origin, what are these things comprised of? I know you have, and I know you.

In this volume, I will try to explain what these horrible things are as thoroughly as possible.

Are you sitting comfortably? Let us begin our journey into the wonders of the hellhole which we call "THE COSMOS".

~

The "stars", as we refer to them, are commonly thought to be masses of incandescent material, stagnant in space. This is incorrect. These wretched things are created by a furious and vengeful being. His name is "Dan", and he's a jerk. They are here, slowly making their way toward earth to spread their poison into our water supply. Some have already crashed upon land. The government claims it's "earthquakes, typhoons, meteor strikes, etc." I know, though. I know that these purported "disasters" are fallen stars, and I know about the fluoride, the evil permeates our precious water supply, causing sterility and bad music taste.

The Roundness of Pancakes

by Isaac Newton

Pancakes, also called flapjacks or johnnycakes, are generally round. Therefore, the natural laws of physics must explain this phenomenon.

In my experiments, repeated both alone and in the company of esteemed scientists, I have discovered that even spreading occurs only when it has sufficient milk, eggs, and melted butter to create a smooth batter. This spreading is directly proportional, then, to the volume of flour. Assuming even stirring and a measurable dearth of lumps, a perfectly proportioned pancake will be perfectly round.

~

If fruit (frozen or fresh) are included in the batter initially, this may damage the final roundness. However, if it is pressed into the pancake while in the pan, the roundness may be preserved.

Dr. Liebnez says I am a sinner for recommending that one melt butter into their pancake batter, but for the purposes of science, I shall risk my eternal soul to damnation. Pray for me.

Purchase my next treatise to learn of my experiments with "fashionable" pancake batter ingredients such as mercury, gold leaf, and Liebnez's tears.

The Standard Model, 1807

by John Dalton

model favored by the Greeks of air, earth, fire, water and aether is nothing but fanciful dreaming. My own theory, published two year past, now reveals our universe is made of atoms but what we do not know are the tiny bricks that build those atoms. My task then was to uncover this riddle. I proposed firing masses at one another, unlocking those bricks, and observing the result. This was accomplished on my family farm by firing bullets at one another (apologies to my trusting assistant Edgar for his shoulder). Thus we learned of two particles Edgar decided to name, for reasons known only to himself, as

~

chirp and cluck particles. These particles have a property called twist; my little joke for future scientists because the property is nothing like twisting. Ha! The remaining particles generate the forces I will now define. The gloop particle generates a strong force that locks the bricks together. The dwip particle has no mass yet creates gravity. And finally, magnetism is created by an invisible thread called nit. All observed particles were black of color, which led me to further contemplate the possible existence of reverse particles of white. Could there be, floating in the aether, whole galaxies created of these reverse particles?

Theory of Time Travel

by Tim E. Lord

and substituting mc^2 by E we have derived the final equation (42) as shown on the previous page. This is a remarkable result, as the equation not only shows that time travel is theoretically possible but also feasible with technology which may be available in the near future. Some practical aspects of the implications of this formula will be discussed in the next chapter.

Chapter 7: Technical challenges

As an example let us assume the time travelling device "T" resembles an automobile plus two passengers. The overall energy needed to initiate a temporal shift can be calculated according to equation (13): $E = m^2/e \cdot t^2$.

~

The weight of "T" is assumed to be about 1.3 metric tons, leading to an energy consumption of about 1.21 GW which would need to be generated by (or supplied to) the device. While it is not feasible to generate this amount of energy by any kind of fossile energy source, new research in the field of atomic physics indicates that it might be possible with some kind of nuclear powered reactor [69][70].

A much more complex problem to be solved is how to compensate for the generated temporal flux energy when travelling back in time.

A practical solution to this problem has yet to be

Time Travel for Imbeciles

by Ima Aleon

and that's about it. Couldn't be simpler!

All that remains is to figure out where to house the trans-dimensional cross defibrillator so that you don't have to carry an apparatus capable of collapsing an entire star on your back. Some creative folks have used such zany vessels as GMC Deloreans or portable toilets. Personally, I like the idea of using a phone booth due to its relatively small footprint and the fact that dialing your destination like a phone number is just plain RAD!

~

Of course, your next question is probably something to the effect of "How on Earth can I possibly fuel this thing!? Plutonium isn't exactly free in cereal boxes!!!" Glad you asked and with such spirit! With the companion book "Particle Accelerators for Morons" you will be able to manufacture any element on the table of elements including but not limited to Eisteinium-253, Hassium-265, and, of course, Plutonium-239.

In the next chapter we'll talk about how to avoid time paradoxes to ensure the space-time continuum doesn't collapse on itself and eradicate the entire universe in less than 5.12 femto seconds.

Toilets and Time Machines

by E. Brown & F. Edison

Time traveling is not a matter to take lightly. It is probably the most ambitious and dangerous of all of the scientific projects ever started by mankind. Interestingly, toilets have been around these projects since the beginning. By that, we do not mean that scientists need to use them several times a day as most humans do. That being true, toilets have a special role in time travel research. Moreover, they are probably at the very center of all the success so far.

~

Nevertheless, the authors of this book want to estate that we have NOT being successful at time travel, past changing or other manipulations of time that could be considered a crime. We claim, however, that time travel is not possible without a toilet, being an inspirational item or rather a basic element of the time machine. In this book, we expose the properties, materials, shapes, and valve systems of a good toilet, and relate them to time travel and other space-time applications such as WARP drives.

Useful Wormholes

by Remi Lu

If you have survived the capture of the wormhole you should treat it with care and keep it safe. Appropriate boxes of titanium-quadroxyryl were already invented in 2042 and can be purchased through specialized retailers, although these boxes are not cheap - but virtually indestructible. The application possibilities with a captured wormhole are endless. Wormholes have not only made time travel more comfortable but also revolutionized the molecular cuisine. For example, an Onsen Tamago can be cooked with the help of a wormhole in around a half microsecond.

~

These and many other tasty recipes can be found in my cookbook „Wormhole-cooking: A new dimension of fast slow-food“. Even if half a microsecond for an Onsen Tamago is not fast enough (perhaps you want to impress your ex-girlfriend with this traditional Japanese dish, but she already left you three years ago, because you always waste your time reading insane books instead of taking out the trash) – it is no problem. Simply use the wormhole to go back in time to a suitable moment. Your wormhole can be your Swiss-Army-Knife but never feed it after midnight!

826 Poems about Cats

by Aaron Giles

"How glib" moaned Sacha as she purred insincerely to Kim.
She wondered if she'd have to continue this charade forever.
Sacha tried her hardest to not react when Kim rubbed her fur the wrong way.
"Meow." Sacha said, knowing full well that Kim would interpret this as she wished.
"Yes, of course you can have some treats!" Kim said.
Sacha was taken aback by this fantastic coincidence. "Does she know?" She thought.

~

As Kim threw the pellet-sized treats on the floor, Sacha slid down to scoop them up.
"She can't possibly know."
"If she does, what else am I capable of?" she wondered.
Feeling bold about this revelation, Sacha hopped onto the kitchen worktop.
"Meow." Said Sacha, trying to get Kim's attention.
Kim swiped at Sacha knocking her down again.
"She doesn't know."

Air Raid Blues

by Matt Jones

Well, you say you're a man of religion,
You keep the faith alive,
But, when they really needed you,
Your compassion was hard to find,
In the portraits you're always laughing,
You'll be the envy of all your friends,
But that grainy old photo was used on a biscuit tin after you died.
See hear talk no, post-traumatic air-raid blues!

~

This is the lost generation, Make the most of what you can, Or Maybe the best of a nation,
Can you ever get over it? The big climb to the top, You still haven't changed, The drought
at the funeral home is still on its way. See hear talk no, post-traumatic air-raid blues! I
Identify your face, Whilst your tickling those games, Who will be shepherd? On that soul
sucking night, You own lies terrify you, And the rat in your head, Is better off not dead,
If you're still talking to Fred! See hear talk no, post-traumatic air-raid blues!

American Spacesuit

by Jesse De Angelis

The windows, their glass.

The trees against plastic stars.

Me, with paper plates.

I get so excited I stammer.

The mountains, the flowers, the trees.

ii.

The flowers seem to weep / birds

as if they too / hated separation.

~

Pompeii

The poster of the plaster cast

of the body, bent and holding something close

hung beside the blackboard, laminated

when the paper corners wore through

after too many new classrooms.

The pictures: body on tile floor, columns rising

into empty blue sky. Imagine the terror, the ash, the earth

boiling into the sea

while you sit in rows, and conjugate teger, tegere.

And Still More Haikus

by Anonymous

Regarding Haikus

They're cool, but sometimes

Haikus are very silly

Nothing but nonsense

Regarding The Weather

Rain, rain, go away

Come again another day

Almost a haiku

Cold. So very cold.

Winter blahs are bugging me.

Southern vacation?

Alas, the snows come.

Cold hands, wet feet, frozen brows.

Winter, I hate you.

~

Regarding Special Days

Christmas is coming.

The children are all fired up.

January yet?

It's the end of March

Today's articles are lies

I hate April 1st

Regarding Beverages

So thirsty right now

I have drinks, but no vessel.

Red solo cup! Saved!

I make my own beer.

Oftentimes it turns out great.

Sometimes, not so much.

Assorted Poems about You

by Thaddeus Sharpe

I once ate a worm.

I once ate a worm

I can still feel it squirm

I'm quite convinced I'm mad

And that I'm quite bad

For eating that little worm

And witnessing him squirm

I seek redemption now

For doing something so low

So I have filled my garden

With soil for them to play in

For the little worms

So they can grow and squirm

~

Bacon. A haiku

Bacon bacon bacon

Yum yum yum yum yum yum

Bacon bacon yum

Awful Poems

by Troy Bond

The Banana Of Death

The malevolent days of yestermoth
Have all begun to flaunt my kids.
Though this is not the hundred and oneth
Person who's talked of haunting grids.
Ne'er more shall I bequeath mine lips
For just a paltry seven bucks
The time has passed for the timberous hips
Of the gaudy gent who liposucks.
Be gone, ye Pseudonym of Broom
Whose teeth appear in many ads.
For there doth be a glimmer of doom
Concerning various permanent fads.

~

But I, who hath not many phones
Shall vascillate with much ado.
And shalt not talk in palindromes,
Or saying "Yabba dabba doo."
Yet, hark! I do not hear a plum
That never sang of summer's clohtes.
My light warm fuzzies all are scum
Especially whilst they wet my nose.
Which man amongst you has a rake?
'Tis not the ramblings of a gourd.
"Ha, ha!" says he who sniffs his cake
Beneath the melancholy Ford.
AAAARRRRGGGGHHHH!!!
It's the Banana of Death.

Bedtime Poems 4 Bad Kids

by Romano Valerio

There Really is No Tooth Fairy

There really is no Tooth Fairy

No there really isn't

But there's a monster in your closet

And he isn't feeling pleasant

There are wasps inside your daddy

And your mother doesn't care

There really is no Tooth Fairy

Now go to sleep, if you dare

~

The Contagion

I can't breathe.

I can't see but

Eyes.

Judging eyes everywhere.

Voices crying out.

I try to speak but my tongue is melting.

I suppose this is what I deserve...

What we all deserve for trying to steal cookies.

Borradores de Isaac

by Isaacazo

333

Instantes

Te regalo instantes infinitos, de los que corren en transversal, en los que pasan los años, solo al recordar.

Te regalo instantes únicos, irrepetibles al armar, no los hacen como antes, y no los podrás comprar.

Te regalo instantes verdaderos, universo de posibilidades de la mejor calidad, no hay nada más sincero, que te pueda acompañar.

Te regalo instantes constantes, todos los que te puedas imaginar, te vestirán en sonrisas, y en sueños de felicidad.

Te regalo instantes reales, de esos que puedas tocar, para que brille ilusión en tus ojos, con la mayor intensidad.

~

153

lo que sé, es lo que soy, ni mas ni menos, la cantidad exacta, de sonrisas para alegrarte, pero... me estoy preocupando mucho... ¡ja!

lo que pasa es que estoy pensado en ti...

lo que sabes, es lo que eres ni mas ni menos, la cantidad exacta, de sonrisas para alegrarme... pero... te estas preocupando mucho... ¡ja!

lo que pasa es que estas pensando solo en mi...

lo que sabemos, es lo que somos ni mas ni menos, la cantidad exacta, de sonrisas para alegrarnos... pero... nos estamos preocupando mucho... ¡ja!

lo que pasa es que pensamos en nosotros...

Children of Olympus

by Catherine Crosland

Our parents had a universe to run.
It left them very little time for fun.
While they were out tormenting humankind,
Their inconvenient kids were left behind.
We sat and gazed through a great screen of glass,
And watched the endless, endless epochs pass.
We lost count of the emperors and kings -
Their constant squabbles over foolish things.
The centuries passed in this tedious way,
Until, without warning, it all changed one day.

~

Our father came home in a jovial mood.
"Kids, because on the whole you've been patient and good,
Your mother and I think you're ready to learn
To play your own part in the family firm.
You'll each get a gift, we'll allow you to choose.
You'll be different but equal, there's no win or lose."
On a table he placed an assortment of toys.
My brothers were all rough, aggressive young boys.
They pushed, shoved and jostled for who should be first -
Mars, Hades, Poseidon, I don't know who was worst.

Collected Affirmations

by K. E. Keyn

Upon the moonlit waters, shines a flare against the darkness - its stillness both
disturbing and serene.

The face of music and color, as though the living wind held her brush with a playful smile,
reflected from the surface catches my heart.

The beacon and the aura of the night played in beautiful light for my mind to feast and be
satisfied.

There is hope tonight.

There is a dream.

~

A moment frozen in simplicity and endless in complexity.
Above the black of the deep, there are infinite stars.
I would have joined them in their dance, had I but known the forms.
An End...

Collected Poems

by Leucoplasthus

Odes of Leucoplasthus of Thessaly

Aphrodite has lent you your graceful figure
to be the sparkling beauty for us mortals,
Athena has lent you your divine wisdom
to be the shining beacon for us mortals,
Zeus has lent you your unmatched power
to be the shield against Hades for us mortals,
Hera has lent you your caring nature
to be the nourishing embrace for us mortals.
I wonder: why haven't the Gods lent us the gift
of being like you - cows of perfection.
(English translation: C. Meyers-Smith)

~

You carry the knowledge of mortals
given to us by the immortal Gods,
you rose from the sweat of the man
to be crushed by the inexorable stone,
you drowned in the waters of Poseidon
to be burnt in the fires of Hephaestus
and all that only made you stronger,
hard as the rock of the Olympus.
And now you stand before me,
awaiting your sentence from my mouth,
and even after suffering the pains
of eternity in pitch-dark Tartarus,
I ought to crush you once more,
my slice of bread for dinner.
(English translation: A. J. Temen)

Danger and Other Poems

by Various Authors

Hunted Dancing Trees (Unknown, 1953)

Whomping willow, wheezing whipping

Bushes, breaking blushing branches

Silence –

Then, falling leaves, peeking eyes

Moving shadows, sneaking beasts

Catch –

And eaten.

~

Luring Out There (Suore Gnad, 1979)

The sky so brightly shining,

The moon so whitely brightening.

All silent sleeping except the nightly tribe.

Look beneath the green lantern,

How it blurs the dark end shadows,

Bringing day onto the night.

Will it help you stay secure,

Can it brush off danger waiting,

Help to keep the protective cover sound.

Enigma of the Blue Sphere

by Cody Alcina

~Message in a Bottle~

The waves drum onto the sandy coast
But what is this that comes into view
A shining beacon among the sands
Inside a parchment from another land
The author stands a world away
Awaiting a reply

~

~A Treasure Untold~

The sky grows dark with the setting sun
First one, then another, they uncover
They start to glow with an intense power
Finally, at the peak of the night
They shine like jewels in the soft moonlight
But the brightest, I swear, what I tell you is true
Is the one that I give solely to you

Haiku Western

by T.C. Jones

the one room saloon
nary a breeze shifts clouds of
smoke from cigarillos
and a few pipes, oil lamps
barely outshining barely
translucent windows
clock on the wall, half past noon
a half full saloon
there were only two
bucking the tiger, although
the dealer was known
as a straight sort of fellow
farthest from the door: a table
four men around it
cards, coins, whiskey before them
locals, flush with funds

~

dirty, hard work men
their money goes to whiskey,
women and faro
but today they play poker
a few hands in, the stranger
approached the table
tall, short blonde hair 'neath his hat
pale piercing blue eyes
a deep red waistcoat
worn under charcoal gray suit
with gentleman's hands
he spoke in a genteel tone
lifted by a southern lilt
asked to join their game
reluctantly, they agreed
he sat himself, pleased

Inconsequential Poetry

by T.A. Alabaster

The Thoughts of a Hopelessly Agitated Mind

Is that a knock on the door?

The noise, the noise, it is deafening.

Look in the mirror. Bring forth a smile.

The guests await me. They are becoming impatient.

The noise, the noise, it is deafening.

My throat is dry. Is my hair combed?

The guests await me. They are becoming impatient.

Walking down the staircase is so daunting.

~

My throat is dry. Is my hair combed?

Are there really guests on the porch?

Walking down the staircase is so daunting.

I need, I need to put on some better clothes.

Are there really guests on the porch?

Look in the mirror. Bring forth a smile.

I need, I need to put on some better clothes.

Is that a knock on the door?

Letters to Eternity

by Janice Playwater

Oh most dearest Eternity, how I pine for thee,

How I long for thee to embrace me endlessly;

This cruel uncaring world must needs be transcended,

So that out of the ashes of my annihilation

May arrive a glorious Utopia born anew.

~

I do not fear the Afterworld, the Existence beyond;

Death's unrelenting hands can deliver me when it sees fit.

Most beloved Eternity, I will go to you with great desire;

I will make my home amongst your eternal universal fire,

A fire that cleanses the damned of this world forever more.

Mental Health in the Park

by Alter Ego D. Edmund

[EMOTIONS IN THE PARK]

They are stars that shine
They are lights in the night
They become many
whenever instantly
It's a fire that burns
It's a soul that fights
the heart is talking
inside a feeling that you are assailing

~

[THIMBLEWEED GENERATION'S MANIFEST]

It's a biggest mistake to think that
you can control emotions and instincts
inside confines of whatever establishment
[it] created by humanity or yourself.
They are free from every morality
they are speaking and playing
alike all over the park and in the world.

My Monster Inside

by Lord Slimon

Not that far from the tree

I found out her name was Rose.

For what he did, for what he wrote,

It could be said he was in love;

He felt so ridiculous those days,

Don't blame him, it has happened before.

He had that tiny notebook,

Elephants drawn in its cover,

Dad poems, sketches, cheap literature inside.

He became careless with time;

~

He would call her when we two were at home,

His goofy laugh locked all my desire of choke.

Father's figure collapsed.

I hated him so much back then,

And, coward as I've always been,

I even couldn't tell you mum,

That hate took hold of me,

And couldn't get over it,

Until, with years to come,

I realized I was like he was,

Worse than he was,

Such a bad copy, in fact.

Ode to Green Tentacle

by Brian Gerald Ruff

There once was a green tentacle, who had a purple identical.
A rocker he was, from 8-bits of fuzz,
Whose rockage was truly plentiful.
In a crowd of fanatical cheering, with one o'clock appearing.
At their 87th gig, they busted a jig, And the crowd went deaf of hearing.
The sound blew through the place, with thunderous shattering bass.
But better we know, how things really go, Green tentacle had melted his face.
His new look was that of a man, against his musical plan.
His stage presence changed, his body rearranged,
He started to call himself "Stan".

~

Green Tentacle reformed the band, albeit with newly formed hands.
But they failed oh so bad, and it was very sad,
Was the rock star dream just a sham? He slumped home just a mess, *soooooooooo* depressed.
With a bit of waxed fruit, a radioactive green tube, He formulated a plan.
The potion did just the trick, with an added bonus for kicks.
It split him in two, himself and one who, Was a green rocker chick.
Despite their mutant shapes, magic truly took place.
She took over vox, Green Tentacle stoked
And they played 'couple gigs in space.

Of Liars and Thieves

by Wilhelm Krawn

For S.

~

Chapter 1: Sometimes you say things you can't take back...

Poems for the Weary

by Ryan Z. Fisher

Ears ringing like electric bells
Stops me from finding slumber
Demonic singing, living Hell
Can't saw logs without lumber
I just can't sleep that much is true
I toss and turn and try as I might
No matter what I say or do
I simply can't seem to win this fight
On some nights I may flirt with sleep
But then I'll hear a small mouse peep
or from outside a bird will cheep
And then my flirting will not suffice
To lady sleep I do not entice

~

Against myself I cannot stand
Kind of like what the Bible said
I really want some sleeping sand
I can't catch Z's despite my bed
But then I think "It's not all bad"
I write poetry when I can't sleep
It isn't cool nor is it rad
No matter the count, not enough sheep
It calms my mind for what it's worth
A tiny speck upon this Earth
Despite it all I still find mirth
Just be happy you insomniac
You made a poem while in the sack

Poetry for the Hungry

by Katie Parsons

Newsreader Skips Breakfast

This morning

Police arrested a man

For the armed robbery of a London jewellery store.

The man threatened the attendant with a trifle.

I'm sorry, for some reason I have food on my mind.

Yesterday evening

Prime Minister George Bumblesnott

Congratulated pensioner, Doris Smith

On reaching her 112th birthday cake.

I'm sorry, for some raisin I have food on my mind.

~

Custard officials have been criticised

For not chicken documentation

And boarding parsnips incorrectly.

Spokesman for Adventure Airways says

'Pear mustard be taken'.

I'm sausage, for some raisin I have food on my mind.

News breadlines tonight.

Research has scone that baking sure

You leave lemon and lime

To eat breakfast in the morning

Is a better way to tart the day.

I'm sausage, For semolina raisin I have crouton orange rind. Suet would pea a good madeira.
If I doughnut satay much longer.

Pretty Harmless Poetry

by Dee Katz

Sonnet at 6:15

I hold your perfect body in my hand.
Your form delights my mind – I'm enamored.
The chubby bottom and bald top, so warm.
I feel your skin, it's hard – and white, I see.
The thought of you always waters my mouth.
I want to put my teeth in your white meat,
and taste the creamy juice inside of you.
I long for you to let it out, like that.

~

But only in the early morning hour,
together with a cock-a-doodle-doo.
And by the kitchen table, eyes all tired,
salt sprinkled on each spoonful I devour.
When I have picked your shell and emptied you,
I brush my teeth, and off I go to work.

Programmer's Lament

by JD Veers

A bug cropped up

An error found

Mistakes were made

They proudly taunt

Faults are natural

I began

I'm part of nature

I'm just a man

Annul your sins

So I was told

And so I started

Sleeves were rolled

~

I made good progress

Or so I thought

To my horror

There were a lot

Bugs it seems

Work like a spore

For every goof

Casts thousands more

Oh, tears so salty

Drop a ton

I fear my work

Is never done

Ramblin' Poems Vol. 4

by David Cole

Pike's Hill, Years Back

Spent my time a walking
down as many roads as I could
see. Found plenty of shelters
along my way, some had walls,
some had arms. But I keep going
back to this one I remember...
Stars lined the garden path
up the side of Pike's Hill,
where I went a walking
with that first love of mine.

~

These days the hill is paved,
and that girl's a woman
living some big city dream.
I pass by on occasion and wonder
if I'd walked slower,
or stopped and looked around,
where I'd have ended up.
But I don't let regret take me.
Instead, I keep a walking on.
Times were good then,
they'll be good again.
I just have to keep going
on up the next hill.

Selected Poems, Vol. One

by T.D. Cohea II

A Resort Someplace, Somewhere

A clinking of glasses,

The sunlight and the breeze

Both pervading the atmosphere.

The mood, the ambiance

Peaceful, serene, and somewhat refined.

Sincere smiles spread across the faces

There is no thinking of the past. There is no thinking of the future. There is even no thinking of the present. There is just a movement of the moment.

It is no trudge,

No trek,

No tramp.

It is a smooth glide

In the form of a blur.

~

Let the clinking of the glasses,

The sunlight, the breeze,

The mood, the ambiance

Engulf the entire being,

And let there be no focus,

Not even on the engulfment itself.

Just let the movement take its course

And follow along gaily,

Derive some sense of enjoyment from it

Because the movement itself,

Like many other things upon this planet,

Is under the dictates of those two indifferent hands,

And through the movement of those two hands

This movement will not last.

Sewing a Dream Together

by Annalisa Volpone

The first trace of Coleridge's presence in *Finnegans Wake* is quite easy to detect as it coincides with the opening word of the text, whereby the "river, ran" in the third line of "Kubla Khan" becomes the ambiguous "riverrun". Such a misquotation produces an echo of the complex oneiric dimension of Coleridge's poem: indeed, because of its "ceaseless turmoil" and "meandering in a mazy motion", the *Wake* lends itself to infinite and interweaving reading possibilities. Thus, although "riverrun" obviously alludes to many other sources as well – from the Bible (Genesis 2:10; Revelation 22.1) to Tennyson's "Dying Swan",

~

just to mention the most easily recognizable ones – it is the labyrinthine mindscape of Coleridge's poem that epitomizes the psychological and emotional spaces Joyce investigates in his book of the night.³

Alan Richardson has convincingly argued that in "Kubla Khan" Coleridge invites the reader to explore the innermost recesses of a human mind caught in a particular condition: that of a "vision in a dream" as the subtitle of the poem states. As Friedman has noticed, "riverrun" can also refer to the French word for dream, *rêve*, which is consistent with Coleridge's notion of poetry as a "rationalized dream" (Notebooks I 2086).

Shadows

by Matthew Fletcher

In this darkness I wander
Wonder how long for-
Ever so cold
Cold as silence
Silence I hear
Voices of shadows
They speak to me
I see the shadows
Shadows of the darkness
Darkness of the mind
Mind my feet as I walk
Walk through the shadows
Everywhere I look
Looking for light
What is it
What is light
I know no longer
How much longer
Till I see light

~

The shadows envelop me
My nightmares
Scare me
I hurt
Feel pain
Emotions
The shadows
Take me over
The pain
The shadows
Take me over
The darkness
The shadows
I see
The shadows

The Light
Taking me over
Over the darkness

Silently Screaming

by Vitas Varnas

Waking in the humble abode of my personal prison,
a sense of comfort in the confines of a light blue painted interior.
Upon my gaze at the dreary corner sits a pile of garments in full view,
advertised there for covering my god given shame.
No opulent names that bare the threads but simple stitched materials,
soft to the touch to drape around my fair natured skin.
Before I rise, I halt myself and brood upon my expression,
confronting me down from within the mirror placed to my side, there at my concession.

~

Mutually at agreement, and synchronised to an absolute blink,
we rise like two erected pantheon columns, with great strive,
but the weight of the world on our shoulders.
Upon my feet, I compress to the floor as gravity makes its warranted dues.
My blood begins to simmer from its nocturnal slumber,
as it injects me into my daily habit.
Chained to a passively rehearsed ritual that we abide by according to nature.
A routine with no beneficial gain than to simply respect the status quo
of the global institution,
and of our modest well-being.

The Beach of Amazement

by Lady Signa

Fate shall paint the electricity down from Heaven
Spin its roar far across the sea to where I
Wait upon the Beach of Amazement
On the day the Sky is Opened
And the tree is split in two equal halves

~

WARNING: never recite on stormy weather under trees

The Collected Poems of

by V. Mason

Floral shop

She dominates me with her words

A flamenco of words

She's the lead

I'm the rose

The man

He's dead

A sanguine corpse

Lying spread eagle

A woman sized hole where his heart once was

Brambles growing from it

From it I was picked

From it I will wilt

~

Bildungsroman

The cold soft breath of the sea; The brine in the air; The coarse rough sand; The best image in my mind is founded on a place he hates; The beach

A shirtless child; Me; His eyes are bloodshot ; Red from wear; When had he seen; Not seen with his eyes; But seen with his heart

His hair is rough; It falls into place; Obscuring his view; He hates it; But can't stand to be without it

His chest is pale; He weighed hardly five stone; His face he hated; It's too him; His heart ; (Continued on next page)

The Craving

by Raf Lafaille

The Craving

=====

the scent of roses
makes me hungry
smiling eyes are leading me
through unseen doorways
your well-kept secrets
are burning passion
and killer bees
take off this battle dress
and cease fire

~

smooth silk touches
and whispered heartbeats
sharks attack you from behind
you wake up crying
you're never lying
meet me in
your dreams tonight
take off your battle dress
and cease fire

The Gemini Twin

by Gobi Sweilem

History...

First they came for the communists,
and I didn't speak out because I wasn't a communist.

Then they came for the trade unionists,
and I didn't speak out because I wasn't a trade unionist.

Then they came for the Jews,
and I didn't speak out because I wasn't a Jew.

Then they came for me
and there was no one left to speak out for me.

~

Life isn't about Heaven and Hell ! It's about loving thy self, and start living in between...

Like A Ninja In The Night... Swiscch... Swiscch... With The Knives...

The Lake

by Shera Starr

There once was a lake
that longed to touch the sky.
Through ideation it became a cloud
and remained there until winter.
Then it split into countless
perfect unique snowflakes
That were beautiful, the same
yet different

~

And they were alone
until spring came
Through their death they became
what they once were
And there was a lake
that longed to touch the sky

The Wicked World

by Elle & Poche

The wicked world

Moves while singing

We are longing for tranquility

Impromptu this unforgivable feeling

However, reasoning in this unbearable nothingness

Melancholic and alcoholic, I wish to unintentionally promote love

Usually the absolute power of your freshness oh my Czech

You see me down here without bitterness

The enjoyment that you give me does not interrupt my ordeal

Oh you desirable pleasure with no noticeable lust. You nearly drive me crazy

~

Usually

The absolute power of your coolness

Oh my Czech you see me down here without bitterness

The enjoyment that you give me does not interrupt my ordeal

Oh you desirable delight with no noticeable lust

You nearly drive me crazy

There Cometh a Meteor

by Meteorit Destroy

Staring at the sky

Without knowing why

You deeply terrify

There cometh a meteor

All the things you own

The house the mouse the phone

All will be gone

There cometh a meteor

~

Will paint the sky in red

Nothing rest but dead

All we ever had

There cometh a meteor

All ever's in vain

Life will start again

Better than before

There cometh a meteor

This Isn't a Recipe Book

by Elena Cicalini

STRAWBERRY CAKE

One by one; Under jelly covering; The strawberries crimsons.
All around; alluring almond seduce; the simpering whipped cream.
It is delightful, isn't it? Underneath the cover,
with cloying costly jam,
mediocre dough; is disgusting,
it yearn for getting away; from unmerciful blade:
it's too early; for unveiled deception,
dough is aware of it.
During the dinner; I get the feeling; the cake
It's me.

~

I HURT MYSELF

I hurt myself today
I hurt my heart again
while my mouth bleed your name.
On my mind the signs are red and white
like a whipe wounds my flesh.
The chain is broken but nothing change...
My legs are weeken since they are prisoned:
now I understand what leave means.
I feed my hope with a new force,
I console my legs when they are tired.
I love myself today
I save my heart, it's here again:
this is the only way.

Venus at 5 AM

by Baldwin Jahr

We got in the car & drove to a place
That sounded like it should be in outer space
I put on some shoes too small for my feet,
but we needed those shoes in order to eat

~

The sun is now up, it's already morning
We'll wake up my parents without any warning
The birdies are singing, the chipmunks are romping
My parents are sleeping, they'll soon get a stomping

Vogonism

by J. A. Newman

ODE TO A SMALL LUMP OF HAIR

THAT I FOUND IN MY THROAT ONE MORNING.

Ode to a small lump of hair I found in my throat one morning; How it stuck to my tonsils
like a cheap sweet

How it looked, wrapped in green phlegm jelly,
Coughed into the brackish waters of Thimbleweed Park Station toilet

Ode to the stomach lining I vomited one evening

How it buttered the carpet like green custard crumble

How my urine stank of bad eggs for a week; Oh, the moonshine that was in fact unlabelled
ether

~

Ode to the tuna I found in my beard one afternoon
How it rotted under my bristles upon the pastry flesh of my skin
How salty it tasted, its fermented flesh
From a lunchtime passed over a year

Wonder This

by Orman Slatlather

What is a rasp?
But a berry,
that is tart and hairy.

~

In its blooms the saguaro is,
outside of which it isn't.

Words in the Key of Pain

by Peter Brodersen

Penguins.

Why? Why do you exist?

Oh, my soul. The black darkness torments my soul.

Will you understand?

We are looking at each other.

There is an ant running by.

And I can't find my pants.

Why is that?

When I watch you in the neon light

I can't feel my stomach.

Did I bring an argument to a knife fight?

~

Have you seen it?

It is Monday. Why, Monday? Why?

Life is pain.

And everyone is out break dancing.

Am I nothing but a friendship bracelet to you?

Your valley voice pierces my white jacket.

The sound of my boom box is competing with the sound of your hair spray.

There is no hidden message. At least not here.

This is it.

Frowned upon by my friends.

Look, it's a dungeon!

Of eternal doom.

Plus two.

256 Shades of Grayscale

by R.G. Blue

000000 010101 020202 030303 040404 050505 060606 070707 080808 090909 0a0a0a 0b0b0b 0c0c0c
0d0d0d 0e0e0e 0f0f0f 101010 111111 121212 131313 141414 151515 161616 171717 181818 191919
1a1a1a 1b1b1b 1c1c1c 1d1d1d 1e1e1e 1f1f1f 202020 212121 222222 232323 242424 252525 262626
272727 282828 292929 2a2a2a 2b2b2b 2c2c2c 2d2d2d 2e2e2e 2f2f2f 303030 313131 323232 333333
343434 353535 363636 373737 383838 393939 3a3a3a 3b3b3b 3c3c3c 3d3d3d 3e3e3e 3f3f3f 404040
414141 424242 434343 444444 454545 464646 474747 484848 494949 4a4a4a 4b4b4b 4c4c4c 4d4d4d
4e4e4e 4f4f4f 505050 515151 525252 535353 545454 555555 565656 575757 585858 595959 5a5a5a
5b5b5b 5c5c5c

~

5d5d5d 5e5e5e 5f5f5f 606060 616161 626262 636363 646464 656565 666666 676767 686868 696969
6a6a6a 6b6b6b 6c6c6c 6d6d6d 6e6e6e 6f6f6f 707070 717171 727272 737373 747474 757575 767676
777777 787878 797979 7a7a7a 7b7b7b 7c7c7c 7d7d7d 7e7e7e 7f7f7f 808080 818181 828282 838383
848484 858585 868686 878787 888888 898989 8a8a8a 8b8b8b 8c8c8c 8d8d8d 8e8e8e 8f8f8f 909090
919191 929292 939393 949494 959595 969696 979797 989898 999999 9a9a9a 9b9b9b 9c9c9c 9d9d9d
9e9e9e 9f9f9f a0a0a0 a1a1a1 a2a2a2 a3a3a3 a4a4a4 a5a5a5 a6a6a6 a7a7a7 a8a8a8 a9a9a9 aaaaaa
ababab acacac adadad aeaeae afafaf b0b0b0 b1b1b1 b2b2b2 b3b3b3 b4b4b4 b5b5b5 b6b6b6 b7b7b7
b8b8b8 b9b9b9

Armchair BASIC

by Annie Fox, David Fox

Anyone for a Game of...

We ventured into the family room, which was really a family entertainment center. Although the furniture was comfortable and inviting by old century standards, technology was visible everywhere.

"This is great!" we said, feeling like kids in a toy store. "This is the kind of room every home should have."

"The humans certainly do enjoy the time they spend here," Marna agreed. "Everything within this environment is controlled by computer, including the room's lighting, temperature, sound, and olfactory input. Any environmental mood can be created by a series of commands to the computer."

~

As might be expected, the room also included the latest in computer game technology. Players entered egg-like enclosures and completely engulfed themselves in multimedia fantasy environments.

The environments were complete in every detail, with full color, three-dimensional holography, motion control, and quadraphonic sound as standard. The players were projected into the playing field and experienced environmental changes brought about by decisions they made during the course of the game.

These simulations were so real and engrossing that the old entertainment of watching TV had, along with boxing, passed into the annals of antiquity.

BASIC Output - Volume XIV

by P. O. Haarlev Olsen

[illegible] \sim [illegible]

Basics of Basic

by Anonymous

Listing 15: Set cursor position

```
10 rem short message writer (sms)
20 rem initialization
20 poke53280,0:poke53281,0:print chr$(147)
30 d=50:c$(1)=chr$(149):c$(2)=chr$(129): c$(3)=chr$(158):c$(4)=chr$(5)
100 rem main loop
110 read l,t$:if l<0 then end
120 in=0:gosub500:? " ";
130 in=int((40-len(t$))/2):if in<0 then in=0
140 for i=1to4:gosub500:?c$(i);t$;
150 for t=1tod:next: rem delay
160 next: rem fade end
150 goto100
500 poke211,in:poke214,l:sys58732:return
```

~

```
1000 rem data
1010 data 1,"99 little bugs in the code."
1020 data 2,"99 little bugs in the code."
1030 data 3,"take one down, patch it around,"
1040 data 5,"117 little bugs in the code."
1060 data 6,"117 little bugs in the code."
1070 data 7,"take one down, patch it around,"
1090 data 9,"132 little bugs in the code."
1100 data 10,"132 little bugs in the code."
1110 data 11,"take one down, patch it around,"
1120 data 9,"166 little bugs in the code."
1130 data 10,"166 little bugs in the code."
1140 data 11,"take one down, patch it around,"
1150 data 13,"193 little bugs in the code."
...
9999 data -1,""
```

C64: Easy Programming

by Fabio "Zak" Belli

Your personal computer has 16 different colors, with 5 shades of grey from pure black to pure white. Imagine how many smooth color effects you can do by combining all those shades!

Thanks to the light version of the primary colors, you can do blue-based, red-based and yellow-based shades. Infinite possibilities.

You can change the colors of the background, border and text.

Type the example of the following page to see a demonstration:

~

```
5 FOR I=1 TO 60
10 A=16*RND(1)
20 POKE53280,A
30 NEXT I
35 FOR I=1 TO 60
40 A=16*RND(1)
45 POKE53281,A
50 NEXT I
60 FOR I=1 TO 25
65 A=16*RND(1)
70 POKE646,A
75 PRINT" THIMBLEWEED PARK ROCKS!"
80 NEXT I
85 GOTO 5
```

Code and Human Behaviour

by Miblo del Carpio

visit to the orchard where the NPC hmh_bot may be found. Here A would appear to engage hmh_bot in "conversation", telling her about some new discoveries he had made in the computerised dungeon, what he planned to achieve in the play session and replying to hmh_bot's randomly generated utterances as if they held more meaning than mere randomness would permit.

What makes this behaviour of A so striking is that hmh_bot is only one instance of many non-player characters in the program, yet it is with her alone that A engages in conversation. On encountering

~

other NPCs, A would simply finish the task at hand - be it buying a new cloak or selecting a quest - and leave without engaging at all with any dialogue. The immediate question, then, was "how is this NPC different from the rest?"

Our initial investigation focused on how hmh_bot was written and if any pattern could be found in the random utterances she used. As we perhaps should have expected, no patterns were apparent to single her out from other NPCs. Her hand written dialogue and descriptions then underwent analysis, and it was during this that we realised

Code to Getting a GF

by Mr Lone Wolf

There are many way's to get a girlfriend. One way is the search engine. Just create your own and get the perfect match of your dreams. The one that I use is writin in Python. Guaranteed success!

~

```
u = you
me = myself

def search():
    u + me
    if u + me <= 3:
        print ("You are the one")
```

Computer Animation Primer

by David Fox & M. Waite

Moving a Player Vertically with BASIC

Vertical player movement is slightly more difficult to accomplish than its horizontal counterpart. Since there's no vertical position register on the Atari 800, the only way to move a player up and down is to actually move its bit pattern through player RAM. To do this effectively, machine language speed is required. There's a technique by which we can trick BASIC into helping us with this problem through the use of string manipulation.

Backgrounds on Strings

As you enter a BASIC program line which contains string variables, some information is stored in two tables.

~

One table, called the variable name table, keeps a list of all variable name, and another, called the variable value table, has information as to where in memory each string's data will be stored. The lcoation of the table can be discovered from within BASIC by checking a pair of memory locations called VVTP (variable value table pointer). The value of VVTP is calculated like this:

```
VVTP=PEEK(134) + PEEK(135) * 256
```

Suppose, for example, you had a program which started like this"

```
10 DIM A$(25),B$(256)
20 A$="This is a test"
30 B$="done"
```

Cooking Programs for C64

by Chef K. Ernal

```
10 PRINT "WELCOME TO COOKING 101"
```

```
15 FOR T=1 TO 9:READ I$(T)
```

```
20 PRINT T;I$(T):NEXT
```

```
25 PRINT " 0 DONE"
```

```
30 PRINT "SELECT INGREDIENTS";
```

```
35 INPUT A
```

```
40 IF A<0 OR A>9 THEN 30
```

```
45 IF A=0 THEN 60
```

```
50 PRINT I$(A);" ADDED"
```

```
55 GOTO 30
```

~

```
60 PRINT "COOKING..."
```

```
65 FOR T=1 TO 190
```

```
70 POKE 53280,T:NEXT
```

```
75 PRINT "IT WAS HORRIBLE!!"
```

```
80 SYS 64738
```

```
100 DATA "BATTERY ACID","GRIME"
```

```
105 DATA "PORK RINDS","GUN POWDER"
```

```
110 DATA "CHEESE","PEPPERMINT"
```

```
115 DATA "NAILS","ANCHOVIES"
```

```
120 DATA "PICKLED TENTACLES"
```

DenuOS v1.3 Type-In BASIC

by DenuSoft Inc.

```
190 PRINT " -= WARLOK =- "  
200 PRINT " A FANTASY ADVENTURE"  
210 PRINT "(C) 1984 HREDEJ BROTHERS"  
215 PRINT "-----"  
220 PRINT "?ENTER THY NAME"  
230 INPUT A$:A$=LEFT$(A$,1)  
240 IF INKEY$<>" " THEN 740  
250 IF K<0 AND A$<>"F" AND A$<>"R" THEN 460  
260 PRINT "THOU MUST ENTER A NAME, HERO!"  
270 A$="F"  
280 GOSUB 3520  
290 GOTO 590  
  
~  
300 IF A$="R" AND RND(1)>.7 THEN 2420  
310 INPUT "CHOOSE THY WEAPON 1 - AXE, 2 - SWORD";Z  
320 IF Z<1 OR Z>2 THEN 820  
330 IF Z=1 THEN FF=4*INT(FF/5)  
340 IF Z=2 THEN FF=3*INT(FF/4)  
350 IF RND(1)*16>FF THEN PRINT:PRINT "THY BLADE  
IS ENCHANTED WITH ";M$:MK=MK+1:GOTO 970  
360 PRINT "IT HAS BEEN 10 YEARS SINCE THE"  
370 PRINT "DISAPPEARANCE OF THE KING. IN HIS"  
380 PRINT "ABSENCE, PETTY LORDS VIE FOR RULE"  
390 PRINT "OF THE KINGDOM OF NETH. SUDDENLY,"
```

Encryption for Dummies

by Snovb "Mnx" Oryyv

-- Crypting exercises --

Write a function to use ROT-13 method to decode a string. Try with the following sentences:

#1) V'Z FBEEL ZL VAFNAR CYNA PNHFRQ LBH FB ZHPU GEBHOYR. UBJ PNA V RIRE ERCNL LBH SBE LBHE URYC?

#2) Bu V'z fb qrcerffrq. V'z arire tbvat gb trg zl onaq fgnegrq! Zl yvsr vf tbvat abjurer. V'z arire tbvat gb nzbhag gb nalguvat.

#3) Bu terng, fbzrbar fuhg gur cbjre bss! Jr'er tbvat gb unir nabgure zrygqbja!!

#4) V arrq gb fubhg qbja gur cbjre. Vg'yy or bss sbe 5 be 6 zvahgrf.

#5) Gung qbrfa'g frrz gb jbex.

~

#6) JNAGRQ: Sbe greevoyr npgf bs ivbyrapr. Bar zheqrebhf checyr fyvzl zrgrbe.

#7) Ur sbepqr zr gb tb nybat jvgu uvf cyna! Vg'f nyy uvf snhyg, V'z vaabprag!

#8) Jryy, zl qrne. Ubcr lbh'er univat sha! Jvguva zvahgrf vg'yy nyy or bire.

#9) Lbh'yy or ubbxrq hc gb zl znpuvar trggvat lbhe cerggl oenvaf fhpxrq bhg.

#10) Lbh'yy arire trg njnl jvgu guvf! Qnir naq uvf sevraqf jvyv erfphr zr!

#11) Gur qbbe vf ybpxrq.

#12) Gurer, gung fubhyq qb vg.

English-Binary Dictionary

by Loly B. Ruiz-Ayúcar

arch: 01100001 01110010 01100011 01101000

archaeology: 01100001 01110010 01100011 01101000 01100001 01100101 01101111 01101100
01101111 01100111 01111001

archbishop: 01100001 01110010 01100011 01101000 01100010 01101001 01110011 01101000
01101111 01110000

archery: 01100001 01110010 01100011 01101000 01100101 01110010 01111001

~

architect: 01100001 01110010 01100011 01101000 01101001 01110100 01100101 01100011 01110100

architecture: 01100001 01110010 01100011 01101000 01101001 01110100 01100101 01100011
01110100 01110101 01110010 01100101

archives: 01100001 01110010 01100011 01101000 01101001 01110110 01100101 01110011

Arctic: 01000001 01110010 01100011 01110100 01101001 01100011

F-- Programmer's Manual

by Ako Lade

Chapter 4: Double Negatives

Core to the ideology of F-- is that all statements are required to contain double negatives. The reason for that is the creators of F-- wished to make the language as confusing and inapproachable as possible, as they were notorious jerks disliked in their community.

For example to add 5 to a variable X, you must do the following:

```
X = X - -5;
```

If you attempt to merely add a positive 5, the compiler will give a syntax error and send a series of rude ASCII art to your printer port.

~

The same rule goes for loops. The following is correct F-- syntax:

```
for (X = 0; -X > -5; X-= -1)
```

If you to attempt to write that in a more easy to read, less minus-signy way, the compiler will give a syntax error and then run through a complete 12 octave scale of beeps through your computer's built-in speaker. There is also a 25% chance the compiler will write a random dog breed name to you computer's file allocation table, eventually making it unbootable.

Game Adaptation Tricks

by Ralph Egas

Why should I read this?

Are you close to finishing a game or have you just released a game on a single platform? Have you considered porting your game to another platform? If you have, chances are you're confused about how and maybe who you should reach out to for help. Even if you've got it all figured out, chances are you're in for some unpleasant surprises later on. Or maybe you're working on a game right now, in which case this is a good time to consider eventual ports.

~

We've been in the field of adapting games across platforms for 9 years now and I've seen a good deal of fire fighting over the years both in and outside our office. The single-most important thing I've learned is that the majority of the above has been a result of really bad preparation and/or sheer ignorance due to either lack of developer experience or people calling the shots that have zero understanding of development altogether and therefore cannot appreciate the effort that goes into porting and will always opt for cheap, get cheap and remain indifferent regardless.

Heterodoxy

by G K Chandelier

Atheist son: Dad, can I ask you a question? Father: Yes, son. Atheist son: If God created the sun the 4th day, how it is that four days passed? Father: Mmm, I think because when He created the sun he made the earth go round it each 24 hours, that's it, the duration of a day existed before the sun.

~

Gilbert Keith Chandelier is a writer, essayist, crime fiction novelist, poet and philosopher from England. Grand niece of Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

Microcomputer Programming

by Caroline McLain

Of special note is the "Moose Cloner" program, written in 1982 by an anonymous member of the Fox Chapel Area High School computer club (Pittsburgh, PA). This microcomputer code writes a copy of itself to the operating system, which then copies the program to any floppy disk inserted into it (see Appendix for full code). The program also writes a signature indicating that the disk has the program, preventing any further re-writing of itself if the same disc is re-inserted. It behaves almost like virus infecting a cell.

~

On the 50th boot up, the modified system will display this poem:

Moose Cloner: The code with class

It will sit on all your disks

It will eat all your chips

Loose Moose Cloner!

It will make you go "Moo"

'Cause you haven't got a clue

Who wrote the Moose Cloner!

mmucus

by mmucus

mmucus

~

mmucus

Modern Computing

by Nathaniel Knowington

In the beginning of this decade home computers were sold with 64 kilobytes of memory or less. Today's highly advanced computers can contain 512 kilobytes up to a whopping 9 megabytes of memory. So the argument can be made, is there a need for more than 9 megabytes of memory? I would state that 9 megabytes is a sufficient amount for the next 30 years or so, maybe even beyond. No one would ever need more than 9 megabytes. We landed a man on the moon with only 64k.

~

In this decade computer software has quickly grown into a multi-million dollar industry. One area of success is in video game software. Video games can challenge the mind as well as the reflexes. The "Point and Click Adventure" is one such genre of video game that has been very popular with children and young adults. One simply moves the mouse cursor to a location on screen, the mouse button is depressed or "clicked", sending the player's avatar to the desired location. You can interact with objects using a list of verbs that are displayed at the bottom of the screen.

Pascal Primer

by David Fox & M. Waite

SKIP THIS CHAPTER

Beginning a book on a computer language as powerful as Pascal could be an awesome experience. Since a primary purpose of Pascal is for teaching computer science, you would think it would be complicated, right? Well, we are about to shatter that expectation. We are sorry to disappoint you, but this book is not intimidating, frightening, or even mildly overwhelming. There are no strange and confusing roadblocks, boring technicalities, or pedantic passages.

~

In fact, the real good news is that you can skip this entire chapter and begin reading with Chapter 2! That's because this chapter is simply a gentle introduction to Pascal... what it is, where it came from, why it's so special, how it's internally organized, and how it's used by a programmer. The rest of this chapter gives a brief history of Pascal's evolution and ends with a biography of Blaise Pascal, the man for whom this language was named.

Read Me for More FUN

by Anonymous

RTFM Read this FUN manual - Read the Fine Manual -

~

Home Sweet Home :There's no place like 127.0.0.1

Recalibrating a Disk][

by Marc A. Golombeck

Intense use, longtime storage and other mechanical wear of a Disk][might require a thorough recalibration in addition to an overall cleaning procedure of the drive and its read/write-head.

The electrical and mechanical recalibration can be performed with some patience but require electronic lab equipment e.g. an oscilloscope.

~

The most crucial step is loosening the screws of the stepper motor since this maneuver can result in a drive state worse than before. Most old drives which I came across which did not work after extensive cleaning and speed adjustments could be brought back to life by following the procedures described above.

However, one pitfall which should be kept in mind is a malfunctioning analog board which can present a behavior comparable to a mechanical failure. This fact should be remembered if all mechanical adjustments remain unrewarding.

Good luck!

SeeOTTER: Complete Guide

by Large and Bedard

Next, the objects are added to the tree. The complete list is obtained from the database and a node is added below Objects for each one returned. Attributes and Relationships nodes are also added to each object at this time. The image for each object is not set yet, since this is actually determined by the primary attribute of the object. These images will be filled in when the attributes are added to the tree next.

To add the attributes, a list of all attributes assigned to objects is obtained from the database. This recordset is then traversed and a node added to the appropriate object for each attribute. The first attribute returned

~

for each object is the primary one and is thusly designated and its image assigned as the main image for this object's node. The fact that the primary attribute is first is assured by the SQL statement which orders on the Primary attribute in the tuples first.

Finally, the relationships are added to the tree. A list of all object-relationship-recipient sets is retrieved from the database. The recordset is traversed and the nodes added. If the relationship is new to the main object, a node for that relationship is first added to the object's Relationships node. Then the recipient node is added to the new relationship node.

SimpleBASIC™ Made Simple

by Anonymous

3. Graphics

Creating images with SimpleBASIC™'s graphic functionality has never been this easy. With build-in support for the newest video cards it allows you to draw as many as 320×200 pixels in stunning 265 colors, unleashing your creativity in manifold ways.

The first step is to select your desired graphic mode (listed at appendix E). Next use the provided drawing instructions to create dots, lines, rectangles, circles and various other shapes at the desired screen positions. (see example on next page) All available commands are explained in details on the next pages, more advanced use cases are discussed in chapter 9.

~

```
SCREEN 13
```

```
FOR i% = 0 TO 288 STEP 32
```

```
CIRCLE (15 + i%, 20), _
```

```
15, 32 + i% / 12
```

```
LINE (5 + i%, 16)_
```

```
-(11 + i%, 18), 8, BF
```

```
LINE (19 + i%, 16)_
```

```
-(25 + i%, 18), 8, BF
```

```
PSET (8 + i%, 17), 11
```

```
PSET (22 + i%, 17), 11
```

```
CIRCLE (15 + i%, 20), _
```

```
8, 56 + i% / 12, 3.5, 5.9
```

```
NEXT i%
```

Sudo Rm -Rf /

by Anonymous

System/630 User's Manual

by EBM

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The Art of Coding

by A. Stahl

Chapter 2

Ever since computers came to be, people have stressed those machines to their limits. For some companies it all began in a small garage. Others couldn't realize the great dream and sold their software, which in turn was mass marked by their buyers.

Beside the different hardware platforms and operation systems that are available, there are some people trying to achieve the impossible.

This movement of people is now known as the demoscene. It originates from hackers/crackers who leave the mark in pirated software. The demoscene consists of all kinds

of disciplines surrounding the computer theme from music over art to coding (programming). Its sole purpose is the presentation of ones skill, alone or in a group. It isn't rare that the resulting products (also called demos or intros) have an artistic touch or some personal reference of its makers.

The real skill is to overcome the hardware limits and work with tricks down to the machine level to deliver stunning results.

With machines improving in CPU power an memory, demos and intros become more impressive. One of the newer platforms, the PC, is starting to get conquered by

The Ascaron Files

by Anonymous

In the year of 1991, Ascaron was founded. They developed games like Patrician, On the ball, Port Royale or Sacred. In the beginning, they were very successful, and a lot of people, especially in Germany liked them. Some of the games got sequels which were even more successful than their predecessors. For example Anstoss 3, which was released in 2000 sold more than 200,000 copies in one single year. Patrician 2 hit the stores in november 2000 and sold more than 100,000 copies until the end of the year!

In the year 2004 Ascaron released another instant classic, the very well known action-RPG Sacred. This game was called the Diablockiller referencing to Diablo 2 which was already a few years old. It became extremely successful all over the world and sold about 2 millions times. It was obvious that Ascaron had to produce a second installment of the game. But Ascaron took to much time and money to program this nevertheless fine game. Ascaron was broke and Sacred 2 was its last game.

The Future of Programming

by Matt Lacey

Chapter 382:

Once you've installed 'carp', and all of it's dependencies and all of their dependencies, and compiled, debugged and rewritten their dependencies' dependencies, then it's time to install 'dog', 'bone' and 'wtf'. At this stage you're almost ready to build and run your hello world application, and should have no less than 32,000 files in your local source directory. If you appear to only have a single source file that can be built with a single command and not multi-layered abstraction of a build system then check that you are indeed in the future.

~

Remember, all of this is done in the name of simplification so it's in your best interest to spend your time wisely: should you need a new feature in 'carp' then chances are the best way forward is to build a new framework that wraps 'carp' in an abstracted layer. Abstract that layer too for maximum convenience and to ensure that your new framework becomes the way to do things for at least a week or two before somebody else replaces it or abstracts it even further and introduces breaking changes.

The Future of Programming

by Robin Ward

There is reason to believe that computers are about to enter a dark ages. By the year 1986 we have already managed to create 100 programming languages. How many more do we need?

The microcomputer I'm writing this book on, for example, has 1MB of RAM built in and can be upgraded to 4MB. I ask you, dear reader, what possible use could a regular user like my grandfather have for 4 MEGabytes of RAM? Even if he paints high resolution 640x480 images he'd only need a fraction of that!

~

I would advise you to avoid newer programming fads like "object-oriented" programming and stick with the tried and true procedural BASIC. It's been good enough for virtually every piece of business software ever written, and even its overhead is not enough to fill up a whole megabyte of RAM. A megabyte. Give me a break!

Very soon, I predict that the general public will tire of endlessly upgrading their microcomputers and we will revolt. They'll (rightly) insist that we stick to something sensible, like a 80286 with 1MB of RAM. Every program should fit on one floppy disk so they can be easily stored near the disk drive.

The Graphics BASIC Guide

by Dr. Jeff Bernards

Dear reader, you are currently holding the top-selling standard reference work in the matter of the popular BASIC extension in your hands. Providing more than 500 pages of concentrated knowledge, this book is going to make your daily programming work dramatically easier. The days of tedious application of standard BASIC commands are now numbered. Increase your productivity with the unlimited abilities of the extended command set.

We hope that you enjoy reading our carefully conditioned guide as much as you will enjoy the convenience it is capable of providing.

~

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 2. Creating a sprite, p. 126
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 6. Audio for experts, p. 397
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-

The Looping Loop Book

by Louis O. O. Petersen

of the major dangers, when writing programs, are the risk to enter in an infinite loop. In those cases, instructions are repeated again and again.

In current state of the art programming language the GOTO instruction is the safest solution. Assuming you always remember to include in each iteration an IF sentence to exit the loop when a criteria is covered.

Some researchers, in the most prestigious universities, are proposing the use of new Syntax. They recommend forcing programmers to declare an exit condition as part of the loop construction. They fancy syntax, sometimes called FOR or WHILE, focus even more in the exit condition than the

~

the execution itself.

Theoreticians promise software that never hangs, but at what price? All the extra burden is expected to be covered by programmers?

Corporations are investing in research against GOTO syntax. But, they don't see that GOTO was used in the apollo program and took us to the moon? GOTO even part of Basic V2, the language used by recently introduced home computers as the Commodore 64.

All that money could be used for health insurance for persons writing assembly by hand. They are needing mental assistance in next few years.

For stopping those against GOTO, we just need to remember including exit conditions. Because, one

The T.O.I.L.E.T. Computer

by Daniele Capursi

that makes the T.O.I.L.E.T. computer so useful. This is why you will find at least one in every house, and often two of them.

Now it is time to see its architecture in depth. We will define some acronyms. The core of the system is the B.O.W.L. processor. It directly supports the distinctive R.I.N.G. user interface. When the user completes a work, she can submit it by rotating its C.H.A.I.N. function key. This connects the main storage T.A.N.K. to the B.O.W.L., flushing the user work to the output pipe. If the user work is too big, an overflow can happen,

~

flooding the floor. In such an event, a handy debug tool, the S.U.C.K.E.R., can easily fix the problem. In extreme cases, the P.O.T.T.Y. backup system is always ready to accept the user's work.

Let us talk about the add-ons. Sometimes it is possible to spot a very useful one: a Mouse. If her work takes a while to complete, the user can find interesting Supplementary Data on the magazines usually stacked nearby the computer. A lot of applications are available, distributed as punch cards made of a special paper. Always check there is some paper left before using the T.O.I.L.E.T.

Thimbleweed 64er

by Leslie Cowboy

and there will be a newbie in C64 gaming. I had the opportunity to get my hands on Maniac Mansion, a graphic adventure by Ron Gilbert and Gary Winnick from LucasArts. Could be it a success? Well, I don't think so. Under the hood it's very interesting, the engine called SCUMM is very different from what we know these days. But SCUMM applies to the whole game also... First is the so called „cutsscenes“, developers take away the control from players. Second is the graphics, BUBBLE HEADS, oh my god!

~

Third is the characters: blueskins, a hamster – you can kill it with the microwave, where are the animal rights activists?! -, tentacles, what will be the next? A three headed monkey? Fourth is the gameplay, you can die or get in a dead end. Won't be a best seller, just another technology demonstration about what is a Commodore capable of. Forget the ports on another systems, no one will remember this game one year later.

Graphics: 5/10

Sounds: 8/10

Gameplay: 3/10

VacuumCleaner Programming

by Random Garbagé

the absolutely latest in vacuuming technology. The core of the default routine is given in the following snippet:

```
10 WITH OPEN ROOM AS AREA; 20 FOR SEGMENT OF AREA; 30 LET STATUS BE QUERY CHECK SEGMENT?;  
40 IF STATUS IS :OK-TO-OPERATE; 50 CALL VACUUM WITH SEGMENT; 60 ENDIF; 70 ENDFOR; 80  
ENDWITH
```

The above illustrates the simplicity. In general, the VACUUM language is a joy to work with. It works out of the box. Now, there are some dangers involved. See Appendix A for a list of hazards that might occur if you poke around in the lower memory region. In testing, cases have been reported including allergy, death and the opening of dimensional rifts.

~

To translate this high level language into the random garbage you'll feed your vacuum cleaner, you have to go through an arduous compilation effort involving lots of manual code transcription just to get to the loading-

... Is anybody actually reading this? Helloo?

I really doubt it. My last four commissioned books went by utterly unnoticed.

Roses are RED, Violets are BLUE

I've gone mad down here in my lab.

The vacuum is haunted and so am I.

I'm gonna sing it my special little lullaby.

If you're reading this

PLEASE RESCUE ME I'M TRAPPED WITH A DEMON VACUUM CLEANER IN THE BASEMENT OF [No advertising
-- Ed.] AT [Undisclosed location -- Ed.]

VCR Programming, Vol. 3

by Adelaide Delay

this fascinating, japanese-only Betamax model:

1. Turn on the VCR
2. Eject the video cassette inside, if any.
3. Turn off, then on again. Now we can start the programming.
4. Hold 'R' button in the wired remote while simultaneously pushing the pinhole besides the 'Play' button in the device. You need something sharp enough to fit the whole, and not easily breakable.
5. The LED screen should blink 3 times and display '80:08' instead of the time. This means we are in programming mode. If it blinks less times, or more, or displays any other combination of numbers, you have to start over.
6. Insert the tape you want to use for recording

~

your favorite TV show. Wait until the display shows '00:01', which might take up to 3 minutes.

7. In the wired remote, press simultaneously all the numbers present in the starting hour of the show. Example: if it starts at '21:35', press 2, 1, 3 and 5 simultaneously.
8. For every simultaneous press, the device will cycle through all the combinations of those numbers: '12:53', '52:31', '15:23', etc. When the right hour and minute appear, press quickly the red 'CANCEL' button in the back of the device.
9. Wait for the device to process the command, until the display shows '00:02'.
10. Repeat steps 7-8 for the ending time of your program.

010100110101001101000010

by 01001011 01000100

```
01000011 01101111 01101110 01100111 01110010 01100001 01110100 01110101 01101100 01100001
01110100 01101001 01101111 01101110 01110011 00100000 01101111 01101110 00100000 01100010
01100101 01101001 01101110 01100111 00100000 01100001 00100000 01100011 01110101 01101110
01101110 01101001 01101110 01100111 00100000 01110010 01101111 01100010 01101111 01110100
00101110 00100000 01010100 01101000 01101001 01110011 00100000 01100010 01101111 01101111
01101011 00100000 01110111 01101001 01101100 01101100 00100000 01100010 01100101 00100000
01110100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01100100 01101111 01101111 01101101 00100000
```

~

```
01101111 01100110 00100000 01111001 01101111 01110101 01110010 00100000 01101000 01100001
01110100 01100101 01100100 00101100 00100000 01101100 01110101 01100100 01101001 01100011
01110010 01101111 01110101 01110011 00101100 00100000 01100110 01101100 01100101 01110011
01101000 01111001 00101100 00100000 01110011 01101111 01100110 01110100 00100000 01101101
01100001 01110011 01110100 01100101 01110010 01110011 00101110 00100000 00001101 00001010
00001101 00001010 01001000 01100001 00100000 01101000 01100001 00100000 01101000 01100001
00100001 00100000 01010100 01101000 01100101 01111001 00100000 01110011 01101000 01100001
01101100 01101100
```

1, 2, 3, Immortality

by Isaac Volinov

and the most important part of the project was finally achieved, the nano machines were ready and the tests were successful.

I'm going to live... FOREVER.

The nano machines were created to map each and every neuron in the brain and get information about its dendrite and axon state, transferring the image of the whole brain into the computer which is then able to create a new virtual brain using that data.

After pushing the start button, me, myself, and my conscience will remain here, thanks to the computer.... FOREVER.

~

If the picture is obtained at the right time (just before my last exhalation), my conscience will get transferred from my old me to the new one within a blink of an eye.

It will be like magic. One second I will be lying in my deathbed, and the next one I will be observing my dead body from within my brand new robot shell that includes a "slight" modification of its brain firmware.

But I still have to get rid of John - he is, have been, and will always be trying to

A Message from the Future

by Averius

```
01001000 01001001 00100000 01001000 01010101 01001101 01000001 01001110 00101110 00100000
01010000 01001100 01000101 01000001 01010011 01000101 00100000 01001000 01000101 01001100
01010000 00100000 01001001 00100000
```

~

```
01000001 01001101 00100000 01010100 01010010 01000001 01010000 01010000 01000101 01000100
00100000 01001001 01001110 00100000 01010100 01001000 01001001 01010011 00100000 01000010
01001111 01001111 01001011 00101110 00100000
```

AI Personality Generation

by Jenn Sandercock

Chapter 3: Agent Personality Development Model.

Our model is designed to enable complex personalities for character to be constructed without handcrafting every behaviour. In this chapter we explain how the model will satisfy all three research questions (see Section 1.2, page 14) by generating character personalities that are adaptive, context-aware and individual. The glossary on page xxiv provides a reference to the concepts and definitions used in this chapter.

Our model is designed to be generic and therefore applicable to any domain. However, to provide examples of the generic concepts, we use the motivating example introduced in

~

Chapter 1.

The motivating example is set in a world where characters live in villages. We will concentrate on one particular village and consider the characters within this village, since the model can easily be extrapolated to other villages within a more complex virtual world.

We begin by giving an overview of the model as if it was applied to the village example. Then we define the key aspects of behaviour and what personality means in our model. After this introduction we separate the components used to build the agents and the process that uses these components. This chapter addresses the model-based research sub-questions.

AI, Vol. 5

by Herbert A. Lynnwood

```
*$1000\nldx #$000\nloop lda message,x\nand #$3f\nsta $0400,x -> 1024
```

~

```
inx\ncpx #$0c\nbne loop\nrts\nmessage\n .text "I'm sorry "
```

Anchelor Wars

by Salvador de Larrauri

Capítulo 1:

Lo difícil del trabajo, la constancia

Érase una vez dos primos que vivían en un país llamado Ánchel. Nicolás era un chico muy alegre, tenía un corazón de oro y amaba la Historia de Ánchel con pasión. Nico, como le llamaban familiarmente, tenía el pelo rubio que le crecía en graciosos y abundantes rizos. Tenía unos ojos azules que miraban con curiosidad todo lo que tuviera que ver con la Historia de Anchel, las Gerras Parásito o los Mechánibots. Su porte era señorial, con la espalda siempre muy recta.

~

Su cara empezaba a mostrar los rasgos del adulto que iba a ser, pero sin perder todavía algunos rasgos de su niñez. Le gustaba vestir pantalones «chinos» gastados o vaqueros. Los pantalones los solía llevar variaban entre el marrón oscuro, casi ocre, al marrón clarito caqui. Los dos estaban en su último año de carrera y les tocaba abrirse al mundo. Ya habían hecho excursiones fuera de su universidad y se habían responsabilizado de hacer trabajos y preparar exámenes, pero esta vez tendrían que hacerlo solos y durante un año. Debido a sus buenas notas y a su aplicación a los estudios la universidad les había dado una beca de investigación...

Bits of Love

by Anonymous

They first met on a warm spring afternoon shortly before the Invasion. RB1216 was just a simple lumberjack unit with two chainsaws for arms and a fresh azure paintjob made by the residents of earth. On its daily routine to chop down some of the last few trees left in its district, RB1216 stumbled upon Zi3Ra, a heavily armed scouting unit clad in ruby-red armour. Zi3Ra had been constructed and sent to earth by the people of Randiac, a planet unknown to the earthlings up until the invasion. It was supposed to gather information about the living beings on earth.

~

They did not have much in common except for their mechanic bodies, but while neither Zi3Ra was a tree to be chopped down, nor RB1216 a living organism to be cataloged, they both ignored their initial programming and developed a mutual interest for one another. They even accomplished to surpass the computer language barrier between them. RB1216 soon received a message from Zi3Ra it would never delete from its hard drive ever again:

```
01101001 00100000 01101100 01101111 01101110 01100101 00100000 01111001 01101111 0110101 *
```

```
(*i love you*)
```

Building a Chef

by C. Bendele

Are you tired of eating the same meal every evening because you are too lazy to put some effort into your cooking? Got two left hands and can't tell apart garlic from a potatoe? Great! Then this is the book for you. Over the next three months we will help you build a fully functional robotnic chef. A robot that will serve you whatever perfectly cooked food you want. What was that? You aren't a mechanic? Don't worry! We aren't one either!

~

So where to start, eh? Well first we will need to get together all the important parts of our roboter. Our "ingredients" basically. So headoff to your nearby scrapyard. It will probably become your second home during those next three months. You would be surprised to find out how many valuable things people are just throwing away. Start by getting a bunch of metal plates, an old toaster, two antennas and most importantly: a screw driver. During this project the screw driver will be your best friend and remember what they say

Computing Tomorrow

by Dr. Gilfred Yates

even that looks quaint by tomorrow's future. Today's computers run at a blazingly fast speed of more than 5 MHz. That's five million calculations per second! Now imagine a world, though hard this might be, where computers reach 20 MHz, or even 100 MHz! If we can achieve all of these amazing things with five million calculations per second, imagine what we can do with a hundred million calculations! The sky truly is the limit.

Imagine a world in which computers can talk to each other using the same infrared signals your television's remote control uses. There is literally no

~

doubt at all that computers will attain intelligence that can not be distinguished from a human's within this decade, and that they will outwit us within the next.

Before the 90s are over, humanity will have reached a post-scarcity utopia, where humans spend the days frolicking on the beaches and skiing in the alps, while robotic computers will do all of the work. Humanoid robot servants will indubitably fulfill our every need, and world peace will be as obvious as flying cars. Humanity will be free to follow its dreams, and we'll all be rock stars, artists, actors, or

Electronic Tricks

by Eduardo Zola

Arduino Self Shutdown

By pressing a push-button, the Arduino will be energized and therefore will turn on, and after five seconds it will auto-turn off, by cutting its own power.

With this project I would like to demonstrate how you can do the Arduino (or other mcu) turn off itself via software. I am not refering about a "Deep Sleep Mode" of the mcu, but cutting off the circuit power totally. Thinking of applications, we can imagine for example, a process of "Time Out" where when detecting inactivity on the device, it turns off completely. Or a button that once pressed, turns on the circuit, and turns itself off as soon as a task

~

is completed.

Anyway, there are several applications which can use the method demonstrated here. Basically, the concept of the idea is to keep the circuit with the power cutted off, until a push-button be pressed to short the circuit. Thus, so the microcontroller is connected, your first action is to trigger the Mosfet which also will short the circuit, making the push-button been unnecessary from this time. Therefore, both components, Mosfet and push-button must be connected in parallel.

A IRF520 Mosfet will be used to control...

How to Program a Droid

by Retlaw A.

Chapter 5

What to do in case of droid rebellion

If the droid previously programmed starts a rebellion, all you have to do is to turn it off, if you are able to catch it. Once turned off, if you still have fingers, please use one of them to press the UP button. Keep it pressed and press the POWER button simultaneously. This will take you into Recovery Mode. Once accessed it you will see a menu. Keep pressing the DOWN button until the menu RESET is selected. It is enough to press firmly the POWER button for at least

~

60 MINUTES. Please be aware that if the button is not pressed firmly, or it is not continuously kept pressed, the droid will start normally and continue to rebel, probably ending your human life! While resetting, the droid will vibrate and beep angrily. It is a normal part of the process. When the reset process completes, if you're still alive, the droid will be reset. Please refer to Chapter 2 "Programming your droid" to start programming it from scratch.

Let's hope that this time it will not start any rebellion again!

L-76 - DIY Maintenance

by Olof Leskin

unless a reading of 5.4 or below is shown, in which case repolarizing or replacing the terminals is indicated. Replacement parts and the special tools required are available at your local dealership. Do not attempt to repolarize the terminals using improvised tools; serious injury or death may result.

Lift the protective cover after removing the screws shown in illustration 30 in Appendix C.

Carefully measure the clearance between the end washers using a feeler gauge. The clearance should be between 1/64" and 3/64". If that is not the case, the whole module should be

~

replaced or sent to an authorized mechanic.

If the clearances are between approved limits, it is now possible to disassemble the rest of the rotating ends. Refer to illustration 31 in Appendix C for details.

Clean all parts using an approved solvent, and afterwards thoroughly lubricate all parts indicated in illustration 32.

Re-assembly of the rotating ends can be easily accomplished by reversing the steps taken when disassembling them. Great care must be taken to make sure the parts around the central axle are in correct order. Failure to do so may result in catastrophic

Lamb: Madman or Genius

by R. Laz

However, professor Lamb has been performing his research since 1934 with no tangible results. He says that "robots should replace every human by the year 2000, and this task would be easy if every scientist in the world help him to develop advanced A.I." but his search for support has been futile. John Emmerich, expert in the robotic field has stated "A crazy man that aspires to crazy objectives is not a good project to put resources on... especially when he uses his clothes backwards". Although the sanity of Lamb has been questioned, some of his ideas have recieved some

~

approval from some academics from various universities around the world. Particularly, the idea of machines that we can use to replace people to socialize and even become romantic partners to humans has gained great acceptance in many people as it can be time saving, and more secure in terms of social interaction and self-esteem defense. As it has been detailed in this book, the study of Lamb apparently has reached a dead point, but maybe some of his thoughts will see some light in the future. Was he a visionary ahead of his time? Or just a very lonely man?

robot

by robot

robot

~

robot

Stories for Robots

by Saskia Kemper PhD

01010010 00110000 00110101 00100000 01101001 01101110 00100000 01101001 01100100 01101100
01100101 00100000 01101101 01101111 01100100 01100101 00101110 00100000 01001001 01110100
00100000 01100100 01101001 01100100 00100000 01110100 01101000 01101001 01110011 00100000
01110111 01101000 01101001 01101100 01100101 00100000 01101000 01110101 01101101 01100001
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01100101 01100001 01110010 01100101 01100100 00100000 01101001 01101110 00100000 01101001
01110100 01110011 00100000 01110011 01100101 01101110 01110011 01101111 01110010 01110011
00101110

~

01010010 00110000 00110101 00100000 01110111 01101111 01101011 01100101 00101110

00100010 01010100 01101000 01101001 01110011 00100000 01110101 01101110 01101001 01110100
00100000 01110000 01110010 01100101 01100100 01101001 01100011 01110100 01110011 00100000
01110010 01100001 01101001 01101110 00100010 00101100 00100000 01101001 01110100 00100000
01110000 01110010 01101001 01101110 01110100 01100101 01100100 00101110

"I agree," 01110011 01100001 01101001 01100100 00100000 01000111 01100001 01110010 01111001
00101100 00100000 01101000 01110101 01101101 01100001 01101110 01100101 01101100 01111001
00101110 00001101 00001010

Technoworld of Tomorrow

by Peter Brodersen

that we will all be connected in the future.

Several futurology professors agree that this will have huge implications for our cities' infrastructure. As we will all be wearing helmets transferring the latest digital electronic text message data packets we will need to be physically connected with wires organized in hubs.

Major cities will have to put up wires on top of the steets not unlike what we have seen with trams and light rail systems. Every person connected to the WireFrame™ will have their helmet connected to the overhead wire with a bit of slack making the user able to walk around, dragging the wire with them as they walk around.

~

There will be local hubs where everyone connected to the wires in the same area can communicate with each other - perhaps even sending so-called "multimedia" electric data although some scientists don't think we will ever reach this amount of electric capacity as the helmet would have to contain too much electronics simply making it too heavy.

Other futurologists contest this point of view as technological advancements in clothing and transportation would make it possible for the helmet to be connected to a vehicle. This way the user would not have to carry the helmet with their own muscles.

Another issue would be tangling of the wires. But

The Robot Economy & You

by Gerrt

Many people consider a robot-based economy to be a work of science fiction. On the contrary, a robot-based economy is easily understood by one premise: Any question can be answered by the word "robots". Who will fill our menial jobs? Robots. Who will build these robots? Robots. Who will design these robots? Robots. What happens if they become sentient & want to take over the world? Robots. Wait, scratch that last one. Such a notion is insipid, as it demonstrates an utter lack of understanding of the gestalt of robot behavior. Many will argue that robots will simply be programmed to obey ala Isaac Asimov's Three Laws of Robotics.

~

While that argument is indeed true, one does not need to invoke it as a defense. As anyone who has used a computer knows, all robots will end up getting automated updates which will interrupt a robot's processes, allowing a human to simply pull the power cord. Furthermore, "The Blue Screen of Death" will inevitably occur, allowing a robot to be tackled by other robots. Sure, this may take some time before it transpires, which would allow robots to rule with an iron fist over the human species for a few years, but eventually, you know, like, it's bound to happen.

About the author: Gerrt is in no way a robot. Nope, not a robot.

Three Laws of Douchebags

by Dr Al Von Douch Ebag

Three Laws of Douchebags

1. A person may not injure another Douchebag or, through inaction, allow a Douchebag being to come to harm, but if a Douchebag is harm anyway, then the first person is also a Douchebag.

2. A Douchebag must not obey orders given it by another Douchebag because the person will lose the Douchebag status except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.

(I don't get it)

~

3. A Douchebag must protect its own title as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

(Too complex for a Douchebag comprehension.)

A Better Kind of Love

by Dirk Buijs

The restaurant was bustling, full with happy people chattering away. But their table was quiet.

Loraine could see Malcom had something on his mind, but couldn't tell what. She didn't want to push him though, and hoped he just needed time to find the words.

Malcolm suddenly looked her in her eyes, and finally started speaking. Loraine braced herself.

"You've always been special to me..." he started, before pausing to think of the right way to phrase his thoughts.

Loraine filled the brief silence to try and limit the awkwardness between them she was sure would follow:

~

"Oh, Malcom," she sighed. "You're special to me too. I both feared and hoped this day would come. But..."

"Please don't finish that sentence," Malcom interrupted dejectedly.

Loraine paused briefly, looked Malcom straight in the eyes, sighed, and continued, "...but I love you more like a brother."

"Oh thank goodness!" Malcom exclaimed, "I was afraid I was going to lose my best friend to something stupid like romance!"

Loraine was stunned for a little while, then a smile started appearing on her face. She jumped up, and hugged Malcom tightly.

A Dream of Old Love

by Em Essex

The party was in full swing when I walked in through the doors. Some were sitting with their drinks in every seat. Others were dancing to the music. As I walked in among the crowd, I saw him. He had followed me all the way here. I could feel my heart beating, but the pain had the upper hand. Before he could speak as soon as he reached me, I raised my hands at him and said no. He tried to speak again, but I wouldn't let him. I walked away, making my way deeper into the crowd of dancers.

~

The host asked me what happened. I tried to speak, but the host came to his own conclusions and shared them loudly with everyone else. Embarrassed, I ran for the stairs to the ceiling. The night sky made my black jeans seem pale and the lights from the streets below were brighter than my white T-shirt. I walked closer to the edge and climbed over the rail. His voice telling me not to jump nearly made me lose my balance. Once again, he had followed me here. I climbed the rail again and cried all the way towards his arms.

A Man with a Paper Face

by Anonymous

Once there lived a man with a paper face. He was born in the library and nobody was surprised. That was the surprise. He studied well but he had always problems with the school marks that they put on his face. So he often came home with red ink on his face and his parents thought that he was shy. He didnt like to walk in the rain because his face became soggy and wet..

~

Once upon he met a girl. He fell in love and tried to make an impression. He wrote her poems on his face, but when they met she couldn't read them because he writhed in fear. So she fell in love with another man with an ordinary face. Our hero was depressed and he crumpled his paper in agony and pain. And one stormy night when he was walking along the dark alley he met another girl. She had an envelope head. So they put the paper in the envelope and married..

A Proper Introduction

by Sir Thomas S. Rhodes

into the foyer of the estate. She had barely caught her breath when the Duke extended his hand and greeted her with an authoritative baritone.

"Dr. Westley, it is an honor to finally meet your acquaintance."

"As well as I, Your Grace. It is my honor to formally meet you. And please call me Anna."

The Duke smiled, "Such formalities, Anna. Call me Victor. I shall introduce to you my eighteen sisters, but first I insist you meet the Baron Osfrey."

The Baron spoke, "I am Baron Osfrey."

"Dr. Anna Westley. Charmed."

"Dreadfully sorry, Madame," an unintroduced voice intoned.

~

"But I must introduce you to the Wilshire family."

Anna bristled. "I beg your pardon? And you are?"

"I am head servant Whitehouse. I am in charge of this benefit and genuinely humbled to be introduced."

Victor spoke. "Anna, this is my head servant Charles Whitehouse of the Manfred Whitehouses."

"The Manfred Whitehouses? The very same?"

"The very same," Charles Whitehouse answered. "Madame, it is an honor. Allow me to introduce you to Henry Wilshire, esquire."

Henry nodded and spoke, "A pleasure, Madame. And I believe you've already met my mistress, Contessa Hartford?"

"Yes," said Anna.

All Work and No Clay

by Romano Valerio

So Calista told her the whole terrible truth... How she was besotted with a man she could never have. How she hadn't slept for weeks. How whenever she closed her eyes she imagined his soft plasticine lips.

"Plasticine?" asked Jenny.

"I told you it was complicated!"

Jenna took Calista's balled fist and gently flattened it into her own hand.

"Honey, I know you. And I know you're no home-wrecker. You wouldn't be sitting here crying on me if you were. If you love a guy enough and," Jenna bit her lip and looked up at the ceiling "if he says

~

he loves you too, then by God-"

"Jenna no! You don't get it. He's not married, he's a skeleton. He's dead." bubbled Calista, stealing her hands back and throwing them over her streaming eyes so hard and fast that she slapped herself.

There was a silence longer than a game of chess with her grandfather before Jenna mentally translated Calista's cotton-mouthed ramblings.

"The neanderthal? The sculpture from the museum? You're inlove with the artist's impression of a nean-"

"I KNEW you wouldn't get it!" sobbed Calista.

Beekeeper Bay

by Genevieve Webb

Suddenly self-conscious, I withdrew from the kiss and turned away. I was blushing; had I been too eager, too passionate? Of course I had. Entranced by a potent cocktail of pheromones and aftershave, I would have climbed inside his skin had I known a non-lethal method of doing so. I wanted to be demure, damn it! What must he think of me now? Feebly, I reached for my hair tie. I could still taste him on my lips. I was reasonably sure his last meal featured cured salmon, but the dominant impression was of money. A papery, inky

~

kind of taste, with just a hint of copper. Mumbling a few words about another engagement, he rose. Somehow his suit, impeccably pressed prior to our meeting, bore no evidence of the previous four minutes' passion. It was as if I had made no discernible impression on him. As the door clicked shut behind him, I found myself thinking of Brian. This surprised me. Brian was odd-looking, had a wardrobe comprised entirely of loungewear, and did not possess any assets. Why was I thinking of Brian? Then I noticed my reflection in the bathroom mirror. I was smiling.

Beloved Ones

by Maak Van De Mull

And then I met the cow. It was a poor ownerless animal. Of course I took her in and hid her in my room where my parents would never find her. The cow was very funny, always jumping onto the cabinet or hiding under my desk or chasing flies. At night she was usually sleeping with me in my bed and was very cuddly. After school I always took her out for a walk. I taught her to poop on Mr. Disterbrook's lawn, because he was the most evil neighbour on the whole street. Oh dear, the cow and me, those were the times...

~

But one day I was watching TV with her and there was something on about breeding bulls. I looked into her lovely googly eyes and noticed that she was kind of sad and that the urge for freedom and a life with her own kind grew inside of her. That same evening I rode her to the sea where I gave her her freedom back. I will never forget her swimming mooing into the sunset and me standing at the beach waving her goodbye with a tear in my eye.

Beyond Reality

by Jordan Farcourt

Halfway through his sentence, Mike blinked. When his eyes opened, he was no longer standing in the driveway. Looking around frantically, he saw nothing but white marble, gold trim, and row upon row of Romanesque pillars.

"What... Where the... WHAT?"

His voice echoed through the opulent hall, but beyond that there was no reply.

Hands shaking, Mike took one step forward and then another. Once he was convinced that the floor wouldn't disappear beneath him, he began his search. Some answers, a way out, another human being... He didn't know which he desired the most.

~

After a few minutes of walking, he came across a door of polished brass. A well-dressed young man leaned against its frame, looking Mike up and down as he approached.

"Welcome," he said simply. "How's your day going?"

Mike opened his mouth to speak, then shut it again.

"Right, I suppose that's to be expected. Forgive the lack of a welcome, I've never done this before."

"Done... Done what?"

"Brought somebody here at random. Lucky you, right?"

Mike shook his head with disbelief. "Why? Why am I here?"

"Because I'm bored." The man smirked. "Make a wish, Mike Duval."

Black Holes & Bootstraps

by Anonymous

Chapter 8

Timbuck Chew awoke with a startle. He slipped on his boots and ten-gallon hat as flashes from the day before swirled through head. Could any of it have been real? Was it all a bad dream?

He rolled up his blanket under shade of the old Sycamore tree, and loaded it onto the back of his trusty horse before riding North over the ridge. The sun beat down on him like raining fire. Within a mile he knew he hadn't imagined any of it.

~

The giant metallic saucer was still in the gully, half buried in wet mud. The grotesque creatures still surrounding it stood guard fearlessly. Timbuck drew his six-shooter, ready to fire.

Without warning, the entrance slid open to reveal their queen: a golden and beautiful majesty. He'd only gotten a glimpse in the fading light the night before. Now he couldn't take his eyes off her perfect, dripping tentacles, her radiant antennae, her cluster of eyes. They were meant to be together; star-crossed lovers. Somehow he knew his life would never be the same.

Bourgeois Wizardry

by Alex Zauderer

your hands?" asked the elderly man sitting in the hot spring.

Wesley fumbled to put on the leather gloves he'd mistakenly tried to wash there, but they'd now shrunk. The purple aura emitted by his magical hands was exposed for the bather to see.

"I've seen that condition before," the bather said, unfazed.

"What," Wesley stammered. For fear of being ostracized in his small village, he'd always worked hard to sheath his glowing hands, only removing his gloves to wash them at night when they smelled.

"Yes, I've seen strange things since that for-profit wizardry school started

~

buying up the property on the outskirts of our village. Tell me, are your hands connected to their expansion?"

"...I had no qualms with the capitalist wizards until their performing arts program launched. One day, I began to open my window to scold their students' reckless rehearsals. As I lifted the window, a stray spell severed my hands, permanently fixing them to the windowpane. A sympathetic tenured professor gave me these enchanted prosthetics."

"Well, let's just say you're not the only one with magical appendages," the bathing man said as he stood upright in the shallow water to reveal a luminous

Cindy's Choice

by Tim Hugall

but the llama wouldn't back down. Looking down at the Martini which she had been stirring frantically, Cindy wished she was the olive, spinning effortlessly into an all consuming alcoholic whirlpool, where time, space and llama's had no meaning.

Dave however wasn't going to tolerate the llama's intrusion. He and Cindy had travelled for three years to escape the grasp of this lunatic creature, enough was enough. Screaming with rage he leapt up from his exercise ball and charged at the llama knocking over professor Brandon in the process. With both hands he grasped the llama's neck and heaved left and right

~

until eventually the mighty llama lost its balance and plunged into the swimming pool. Dave nearly went in with it, but with a comical rotation of both his arms, he caught his balance just in time to watch the llama swim hastily to the exit ladder. Professor Brandon in the meantime had dusted himself off and was consoling a hysterical Cindy whose tears altered the course of the happy olive with every drop into her glass.

It wasn't meant to be this way. Her love for the llama had grown since that passionate night in Reykjavik. She had to tell Dave.

Fine Stuff

by Dawnielle Still

Ernie Fine gazed deeply into Elizabeth's eyes. "To think I once believed I could fill the family-shaped hole in my heart with sex and money and a sailboat."

Elizabeth laughed as he drove his cherry red Ferrari through the twisty canyon. "Who needs riches when you have love?"

Her sweet voice brought him a joy that success, fame, an endless parade of eager young models, and a Heisman trophy had all failed to find. "But how will we fill the son shaped hole in our hearts?" Bernie sighed.

~

Elizabeth wrinkled her brow. "A condo, perhaps? That reminds me, I gotta write a check for twenty-five large, something came up and--"

She was interrupted by the merry beeping of a brick of futuristic beige plastic. Elizabeth broke Ernie's gaze and answered the Ferrari's cellular satellite telephone. "Hang on, it's Bill, my obstetrician who is also my oncologist."

Forever for Now

by Carbara Bartland

Angeline finished buttoning up her blouse. She looked at her reflection. There were no mirrors in the room of course: it was much too barren for that. But the trembling light of her candle (now the last remnant of her former light), she could see her reflection in the broken glass of the window. She looked thin, pale and afraid, even though she had felt more alive now than she ever had before. She pondered the meaning of that contradiction.

~

Eight hours ago, she was about to get married. She would have been Lady Hempsworth-Cornridge, and, after the death of that poor, lovely Count Henry, Duchess of Buringrange. Is someone had told her then she would give it all up for anything, she would have laughed off. She would have dismissed the possibility of such a situation as absurd. "How little does it take," she told her meek reflection. And the broken glass was twisted in such a way that her reflection seemed to nod in return.

Hamlet (First Draft)

by Mr. Chimp

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wef; fj9 38r- 0mfjpoJuPIUdf0-38- Ljfdsjf 9e4u jF(- f fKfpkdskfg0-s ri gs d lsk- gse
flsg';sh' ods/dfg jp9rg srg'ad u9r5 G0, EAT THE SOLDIER'S FOOT.

Hanging on the Telephone

by Awe Naughtee

while I was craving, awake, thirsty, desperate for you all night... I turned everything on,
the lights, the toaster, the washing machine, the TV and all the radios in the house tuned
to different stations... I even managed to get the VCR to eject and slurp a videotape, on
loop... Cause I was on, and everything should be on when I'm on, and the more electricity
that was flowing around me, the steadier my blood pumped, and I started seeing red, blue,
then yellow, then cotton candy pink, but that was because, somehow, I had covered my head
with the stockings I bought for you, probably before smearing my whole body with chocolate
fudge and peanut

~

butter and rolling all over the wall carpets and the garden grass... Hey, are you still
there?

- Yes, sir.

- I think that's it. Did you like it, er... Steve? Was it Steve?

- It was better than last night's, sir. Is there anything more I may help you with?

- Nope, I'm done. Yes, done.

- Thanks for dialing to the TA&A customer support line. TA&A thanks you for your continued
loyalty and wishes you a good evening!

- You're welcome! Bye!

I couldn't believe what I was hearing through the wall, this mysterious new neighbor kept
me

Helix of Hope

by Richard Pier Cupin

Feeble, as candle light in storm, hope has perished yet again, as he felt the ice in her gaze and evil magic in her hands – she does not remember him.

They were at yet another end of their eternal fight; it was her life or his, and of the land itself. Bracing his own heart, he drove the blade into that of his beloved. As lights grew dimmer in her eyes, he recognized a faint glimmer of love they shared in their first life - free of the curse's hold - and sometimes, in others.

~

By turns of wicked fate, they were reborn time and time again, through centuries and eons, through cataclysms, life being wiped out from the face of the world and springing up again, some of the times by the course of nature, others - by their hand.

In the end, they always remembered their affections, but never, not once so far, in time before one had to end the other for the sake of people, countries, or the damnable world itself.

Her Touch

by Oliver Smith

He wasn't quite sure how it happened, but one day he realized he hadn't aged in a very long time. It began with the eyes. They were just as lively and energetic as they had been in his youth. Every day he stared at himself in the mirror at those bright blue moons, sensing them staring back at his soul with the wisdom and courage he'd developed over the years. He noticed his hair, which had only faintly grown wisps of grey around the edges, but was far from receding.

~

He opened his mouth wide, pulling the skin back, and inspected his teeth. They were as white as the sky on a clear autumn morning. Next year he would be forty years old, and yet his appearance was eerily reminiscent of himself from two decades ago.

After days of trying to work out what had caused this phenomenon, it occurred to him as he went to bed one night. The reason for this new sensation of youth, was because of her.

Horseback Love

by Carrie McDougal

„This is not what i'm going to be, Jake! I'm going to be the first theatre nurse in history with TWO first prices in equestrian vaulting! Austria wasn't enough, i urge you! Please, Jake, give me that 8500 bucks to get myself and Annabele-Posymus over to Switzerland, to Be...!“ Jake interrupted her: „Bloody Switzerland! Your bloody Annabele-Posymus, what about me and my own clinic in Brighton, huh?“ "But, Jake, you can afford both! Your big dream and mine," she said with tears in her eyes.

~

Suddenly, Jake's eyes filled up with kindness. He kissed a tear off of her cheek and gently forced her head to his chest. "Honey, i love you and of course i will do whatever i can to help you fullfil your dream. You are the best vaulter in your age group, you MUST go to next years championship. I'll talk to Jimmy and Mrs. Hennigton right after saint patricks day." "Oh, Jakob, i'm such a lucky girl, to have you by my side," she said with a tremolous voice as Jake caressed her soft curly

I Fell for My Teacher

by OniCate

Dear Diary,

I turned fourteen today and as I sat in his class, for the first time I heard his voice, strong, deep and smiling, you may wonder how a voice can smile, I don't know, I just felt it and when I looked into his eyes, they too were smiling. Deep, brown eyes, strong jaw line, dark hair – the most beautiful face I had ever seen with eyes that said so much more. I remember referring to him as the man with April in his eyes. There was no attraction between us, even at the beginning, we had meaning.

~

A deep-set interest in knowing who each other was that set us apart from the rest of the world – we wanted to know about each other, to see inside our souls, an intimacy beyond pure touch.

I know we both shared a covered hurt within for both of us, sealed off hearts and a lack of interest in the world around us – until we met. We both found a reason to wake each day and I know we longed to just sit quietly together and take in this strange new feeling that overcame us when we held each other's hand.

IO SONO

by Fabio Sgroi

Ci siamo quasi, abbiamo optato per la schietta e pura verità dei fatti. Speriamo questo cazzo di Miguel non crei troppi problemi. Ci vogliono circa 25 minuti per arrivare a Dugan street e non è il caso di arrivare in ritardo quindi ci prepariamo con un certo anticipo. Con i

mezzi pubblici è molto più comodo, in macchina ci sarebbe voluto il doppio del tempo

passato nella sua quasi totalità ad urlare contro ciclisti molesti e svariate reincarnazioni di

Senna.

~

E' la prima volta che io ed Ellie usciamo e mentre chiacchieriamo e spariamo cavolate, entrambi cercando di ridere per non pensare troppo alla situazione così assolutamente inaspettata, noto che molte donne, dalle più giovani alle più adulte, mi guardano e sorridono. La paternità anche se finta ha sempre attratto. Ad un certo punto Ellie si avvicina: "Non voglio mettere in dubbio le tue capacità di conquista, ma se ora ti abbraccio e con tono ingenuo dico che ti voglio bene facendo in modo che mi senta, stasera quella in seconda fila sulla destra con la borsetta verde ci sta."

Irreconcilable Affections

by Lou Wilde

As I surrendered into his big manly arms, our lips locked in heavenly embrace embalmed in seductive aroma of the aftershave mixed with his enticing natural odor.

His hand started sliding gently from my neck down my trembling body.

So much tension, so much desire, for so long. Finally our souls collided in a perfect moment of harmony and the bells of heaven began to ring loudly.

He reached into his trousers and pulled out his huge Motorola cell phone. Pulled away from me, started grumbling and pushing buttons in panic.

~

"Why do you keep that horrid thing in your pocket, Bobby?" I asked in frustration watching him struggle with modern technology.

"Ah.. I'm expecting an urgent call from the bank."

"Well you can stick your phone back into your pants because that's our landline and it must be Sean, nobody else has the phone number to hacienda."

"Oh.. I wish you never got married!" He said as if more irritated by his humiliating confusion than by the inconvenient obstacle that my marriage posed to us.

I approached the phone following what now sounded more like screams of tortured souls forever entrapped in hell they created for each other.

Irreconcilable Homogeny

by Lao Wilde

I picked up the phone and squeezed a high-pitched "Yes?" out of me, combating my fully justified irritation.

"George!? Its our son!" She said in an urgent voice.

"Tell me what happened honey!"

"He.. He called off the wedding!"

"Now? After all the expenditures? That's just typical, he takes no regards on anybody! Let me talk to him!"

"It's no use George, he said he doesn't love her and he cannot live a lie for the rest of his life."

"Damn kid!"

~

"Oh George you know, sometimes.. I wonder what would happen if we all just threw our masks away. If we showed who we really are. If we shamelessly wore our pains, our fears, our desires exposed on naked skin. If we expressed our inner thoughts sincerely no matter what! All this pretending just to fit into the stupid norm.. Is it all worth it? It just leads to more pain, doesn't it?

George, gonna have to hang up the car phone, I'm parking at the hacienda. I just had to see you!"

"Sean?.. Wait!"

Job Interview w a Vampire

by Jann Rhys

"Your resume says you have management experience?"

She felt a chill as his piercing blue eyes pierced deep into her eyes. "My tale began two hundred years ago. I owned a plantation, although I wasn't one of those bad slave owners, you know? It was chill. For a plantation." He shook his long, laconic hair. "I'll never forget the night he came into my life, my death, my unlife. The moon was full and sexual. I was grieving over the recent death of my brother, and

~

feared that I would never have a man to love again. Then a guy who totally looked like a rock star entered my mansion, although he wasn't actually a rock star because those didn't exist yet." Lionel's pale skin glowed under the fluorescent tubes of the office. "So the management gig lasted about seventy-five years, since then I've mostly done independent consulting."

She breathed deeply and fumbled with the resume. "Our insurance plan covers nonsexual life companions." She found herself short of breath and loosened the top button of her blouse. "Now, your references

Letters from Mos to Chan

by Leni Lenikovitch

I dreamed that no more words came out of my mouth, I dreamed that someone asked me something and instead of words, tiny soap bubbles were blown from my mouth; empty soap bubbles all around, wordlessly inside, plop, plop, round, wonderful. I of course didn't dream such thing, I thought it and made a dream of it, but how nice it would be not having to talk, being able to just stand there watching those dazed faces following the erratic paths of my soap bubbles.

No one deserves my words anymore, not even you.

I didn't dream either in a typewriter filled with os that aren't os and zeros that aren't zeros, a keyboard full of letters that are

~

actually soap bubbles. I click and click on my daydream, and from one hole beside my typewriter's carriage, soap bubbles, all the same, pluperfect, come out; and empty letters will soon flood your mailbox while my soap bubbles reach the balcony and begin to fly over the long way to your house.

Henceforth, I just hope that you remember me every time you see a child blowing his soap bubbles at the fair, because they removed from my keyboard the words that one day, so many days, were for you.

Let's get it over with quickly, I leave you, Chan, that was it; from now on I will just be the vague memory that every fragile soap bubble evokes you.

Living with My Cow Rosi

by MC GAudibuiz'n

Well, long time ago, in my fathers stable in Bavaria there was that brown-patchy white calf, called Rosi. As i'd looked to her faithful eyes, i'd was lost. Completely in love. Most people don't know. In some villages in Bavarias outback, it is very common, that men searching their joy of love not in their bedrooms, but rather in their stables. Women, just there for offspring keeping the household on a big chain in the kitchen. Some men feeding em that they dont fit through the door.

But back to Rosi....

~

In our spring of love (we) decided to merry. My heart was beating..booom booom.. The arrangement for the wedding was at full blast. Sending invitations, preparing the diner and Rosis bridal dress should be an old military tent. And after losing most of my money at cardgame "Schofkopf" i decided to robber the brewery with a pitchfork. The fest was fantastic and large crowd was celebrate our wedding. To now we had good and bad times, but all the hurts of her hitting feet are forgotten, as i go up my milking stool.

Locked Inside

by Liam Dixon

"Jenny!" exclaimed Sam. "Please can you not lock him in that closet? You know he doesn't appreciate it!"

"Come on Sam!" replied Jenny with a wry smile. "You know it's fun to confuse him. Take one for the teams and all that! Show the world how much better we are!"

"He is my brother we're talking about, not the higher man." Sam couldn't help but smirk at her close friend's eccentric rambling. That mischievous look in her sky blue eyes lights up her face which is framed in her long brown hair.

~

It took Sam a moment to realise Jenny's face had changed to a confused expression; "Sam? Are you alright? You seem to be staring into space." Jenny walked over and Sam became suddenly aware of the space between and them and how said space was suddenly becoming smaller and smaller until Jenny was just inches from her.

Jenny looked into Sam's eyes and Sam looked back; suddenly everything else was forgotten. With eyes that conveyed more emotion than words, Jenny leaned and everything around Sam suddenly slipped away until there was nothing but her in Jenny's arms.

Long Distance Lovers

by Colleen Tolfrey

Sheila felt a warmth spread throughout her at the sound of his low, gravelly voice as he said, "You hang up first."

"No, YOU hang up first," she said breathlessly, biting her lip.

"No, YOU," he countered smoothly.

"Ow," she said softly.

"What's wrong?" he asked tenderly.

"Nothing, I just bit my lip too hard." She sighed. "Anyway, you hang up f--"

And then there was a click, followed by a dial tone.

"Hello?" she asked. She was greeted with silence. He had hung up first.

~

Sheila fell back onto her bed, clutching the receiver in her delicate hands. How could he have hung up first? And so soon? She had thought for sure they would have a much longer playful back-and-forth, yet he'd left without so much as a goodbye. Her heart ached in confusion, not knowing what to think. Suddenly her phone rang, and she frantically answered. "Hello?"

"Sorry," came his familiar tone. "I accidentally hit the hook button. I didn't mean to hang up so abruptly. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," she lied with relief. "Anyway, it's okay, you can hang up."

Love and Moonlight

by Aquarelius Moonbird

after this revelation nothing was the same anymore. Ron had to sit down and was imprisoned in his own thoughts. Now everything made sense. This is why his mother abandoned him. This is the reason his sister never spoke to him. This is the true reason. The reason, why his pets escaped, why Fridays felt so short, why Melody has the ability to talk to ghosts. All this explained, why Martha was a time traveling pink lizard and it explained the elephant in the room, as well as the elephant's big nordic, iron hammer.

Ron stood up, he had to stay calm and tried to think back to the moment when it all started. Was it in the evening, two years ago,

~

when he met the Beavers? Or maybe, the time he first met Stacy at the Toothbrush-Inn? No! It was yesterday and it all began with Gunnar! He had to find him, immediately. He ran out of the bar, through the gallery, away from the still fighting cupcakes. Waterson was right all along, but he had no prove. Maybe he wasn't too late for school. He could right everything.

Finally, Ron arrived at the school and he felt that Melisande was there. But how could he get in? He began sweating and was very nervous. And there he was! Gunnar! "Stay where you are, you slimey little bugger!", Ron yelled at him. "Now I know the truth about Melisande. I am the

Love Is in the Air

by Katie Burgess

"But my father the viscount will never consent for me to marry a common hot air balloon pilot!" gasped Lady Gertrude.

"My lady, you must make a choice," said Sebastian, his penetrating gaze making her heart race. "Do you want love? Freedom? Adventure? Do you want to soar—or, well, drift—through the open skies? Or do you want to please society and your father?"

"The vicar says what you do is blasphemous—that man was not meant to float through the atmosphere. He says you think yourself equal to the angels!"

Sebastian gave her one of his penetrating smiles.

~

"Not so, my lady. But if the sky is for angels, then surely you belong there."

"Whatever for?"

"Because you're an angel. It's a metaphor."

"The vicar says metaphors are the devil's own language!"

Sebastian leaned in and whispered in her ear, penetratingly, "Then perhaps I am the devil, here to tempt you."

Lady Gertrude could stand no more. "I surrender! Take me in your flying balloon!"

They had barely climbed into the basket when they heard footsteps.

"Hurry!" panted Lady Gertrude. "It's my father the viscount!"

"Oh, no!" cried Sebastian. "We can't lift off—something has penetrated the balloon!"

Marion's Diary

by Marion

Marion's diary. April 23, 1936

I hate the way you talk to me Indy, and the way you put your hat. I hate the way you drive my jeep. I hate it when you crash. I hate your big dumb leather jacket, and the way you drink my booze. I hate you so much it makes me slap you; it even makes me call you 'Junior'. I hate it, I hate the way you're always right. I hate it when you lie.

~

I hate it when you make me laugh hard, even worse when you make me cry 'Nazi spy'. I hate it when you're not around, probably raiding a tomb, and the fact that you didn't call, dumb Nepal, doesn't have enough phones. But mostly I hate the way I don't hate you Jonesy. Not even close, not even a little bit, not even at all. Damn medallion! I hope I can exchange it for a phone call!

Medieval Romance Tales

by George de Chamapgne

"Husband," opined Lady Beaumont, "why do you see it fit to take so many mistresses and make them big with child? Am I not enough for you?"

"Most dearest lady wife," said the Knight Commander of Beaumont, "one must ensure that one has heirs. A multitude of mistresses for myself is an unfortunate necessity one has to burden oneself with. One does not take pleasure in this, for sooth my dear."

"One is sceptical of these remarks," Lady Beaumont opined acidly.

~

[Three days later]

"Lady Winchester," screamed the Knight Commander of Beaumont, "what is the meaning of you spending the night in a state of undress in the company of this very merry band of my knights?"

"Most dearest gentleman husband," said Lady Beaumont, "they are merely teaching me the rudiments of horse-riding and swordplay. My clothes were made dirty by falling in a field getting off a horse. One does not take pleasure in these innocent educational activities, for sooth my dear."

"One is sceptical of these remarks," Knight Commander of Beaumont opined acidly.

Merely Departed

by Victoria Rascher

and landed on the tombstone of an old Confederate soldier. The owl turned his head and stared at her. Above she could see clouds starting to creep in under the moonless sky. All good omens, she thought.

Delilah followed the winding path down the hill, past the wilting flowers left at the grave of Mrs. Dunbar, past the crypt of Mr. Farnsworth and his snarling gargoyle, which used to give her quite a shudder as a girl. Coming down the incline above the creek, she nearly slipped on the leaves. The leaves, still wet from the morning's rain, obscured the rest of the trail.

~

She pointed her flashlight to the right and over the muck of the creek to the log where she would cross and enter the woods.

Albert's grave was just into the woods. He was looking at the tombstone as she approached. She always found him like this. He turned toward her. Her eyes passed from his disheveled hair to his translucent lips. He floated up, then down, then he placed his hands on her arms, which she could not feel. She was captured by his glow. Her heartbeat grew quicker as she anticipated the sound of that deep, slow voice, a relic of a dignified sort of speech now long lost. She clutched the locket on her chest.

Millicent Beached

by Amalia Towers

as she swam ashore. This hadn't been her best week ever, what with the asylum raid and then the shipwreck, but Millicent's spirit held up admirably as she got to a white sand beach and began her new life as a castaway. Tea would, of course, be a problem. But 'nothing ventured, nothing gained', she thought as she began

~

the first furrow. There was also the problem of being rescued, but her confidence in the providential arrival of a ship filled with chivalrous yet roguish pirates was nigh-absolute. While waiting for this inevitable fate, Millicent began her first foray as a hunter-gatherer and soon had a respectable stash of boar jerky to much on while weaving.

My Alien Girlfriend

by Carl Docto

"I'm sorry." "I'm sorry too."

Anna-Kay and Carl embraced in a long passionate kiss.

"I won't let my ego get in our way anymore" he proposed. "Neither will I."

They kissed once more.

"OBJECTION!" The accuser for the State exclaimed! "They are ignoring the question, your honor..."

The judge said "over-ruled... They are clearly in love and that is what marriage is about. I don't need to hear anything further. My judgment is this: Carl may marry his alien girlfriend, Anna-Kay, even if she is from another galaxy; however, she will have to wait two years before receiving State benefits."

~

The audience cheered!

Lovingly looking at her, Carl dropped to one knee and said "are you sure you want to do this?"

She said "off course." THE END.

Off course is how she ended up on Earth. Stay tuned for Book #2: My Alien Son.

Excerpt:

"Fat Sam! Did you do your homework?" "Dad! Stop calling me that."

"Oh son, you know how your mother and I think it's cute to call you that." "I know, and you know there's no homework on this planet."

Carl laughed. "I know. I just always wanted to say that."

Octubre

by Dani Lao

Las alfombras de otoño ya empezaban a cubrir las sombras de los árboles, por lo que a Paulo no le quedarían muchos días para seguir disfrutando de una de sus terrazas favoritas de la ciudad. Casualmente, un par de mesas más allá, estaba sentada ella. Paulo quedó atrapado desde la primera mirada. Intentar adivinar su nombre, por su cara y su forma de vestir, fue sólo el principio. Se vio paseando con ella del brazo, cenando juntos a la luz de una vela e incluso, eligiendo la cubertería de su futuro hogar. ¿Sería de allí? ¿Estaría de paso?

~

Ya sabía el nombre de sus dos primeros hijos, dónde irían de vacaciones en verano y con qué la iba a sorprender cuando los niños empezaran la universidad. De repente, ella se levantó, y tras despedirse del chico que la había atendido, empezó a caminar calle arriba. ¡Era el momento! ¡Paulo tenía que ir tras ella o el viento de octubre se llevaría algo más que hojas! Pero bajó la cabeza. Ella se alejaba. Él, cogió la taza y se la llevó a los labios. Ella se perdió entre la multitud. El bebió. "Puede que en otra ocasión". Su té ya no quemaba.

One Moment

by Jason Breunig

The large, open bedroom afforded a great view into the equally big master bathroom.

It had seemed like everything about this vacation home we were renting was large. A large kitchen. A large patio. A large bathroom. A large bedroom.

I moved around a bit in the soft king sized bed (yes this was large as well) trying to get just a little more comfortable. I finally ended up using a couple pillows under my head in order to get the best view. Lying on my right side, head propped up, I was able to just enjoy my view.

~

She had been in the shower for a long time now. At least that's what my still sleepy mind was telling me. I was never an early riser, but she was the opposite, never missing an opportunity to give me grief about it.

My rebuttal always consisted of trying to get her to stay up later instead saying that we could do just as much then. I enjoyed staying in bed on weekend mornings, trying to get the most sleep possible. I also loved the comforts that beds provided in the large blankets and soft pillows. But no matter how comfortable, my excuses seemed a bit silly on this particular morning.

Pomp and Snobbery

by Janet Ostin

Mr Wentworth's eyes remained fixed upon the window. He was torn between his principles and the woman he secretly loved.

"I would not have expected such a proposition from a lady of your status." he muttered quietly.

Jane approached slowly, catching Wentworth's stone-faced gaze in the reflection. She drew a breath of courage and began to speak.

"This is my desire sir; I will not deny it. Will you not satisfy me?" she asked, holding her hand to him in vain.

"Such taboo! I cannot." Wentworth sighed, his gaze dropping to the floor.

~

"I thought that you may understand!" exclaimed Jane, her voice cracking with emotion.

"How can I be party to such conduct and remain able to proclaim myself a gentleman?" asked Wentworth softly, his focus remaining on the floor.

"Do we not live in enlightened times? I may look a frail woman, but I can roar as the lion!" cried Jane defiantly.

Wentworth turned forcefully.

"It is simply not proper, madam!" he erupted.

"I beg of you, sir!" pleaded Jane, reaching her hand out towards him once again.

"Pull my finger!"

Samantha's Return

by Bloom Earlquist

traced the outline with his finger. Nay, she said. Not here. Not now.

And so, years went into passing. Daily, he returned. Daily, he trained his sight, generously and calmly and slowly, to survey the fields. Fields of sorrow. Fields of pain. Fields of memories that must not be forgotten.

Where Fog and Ann saw bleakness, he saw a garden. Vast and aglow. A garden bereft of flowers or fruit, true, but filled with the echo of her step, her smell, her presence. Her radiant presence, still radiating, somehow and constantly. Autumn leaves, tender, small, in reds and yellows. Covering precious objects. Silver spoons,

~

notes written in black ink, claw marks left in stone.

Talk to me. Come back to me. But not did she. Not to here. Not yet.

In the tower, life was abuzz. The maids chattered and clattered about. Idle busyness, pointless and ever-repeating visits by witless whimsical figures of the mundane. All following protocol. Working through lists. None of this. None of this meant a thing to him. Yet, he endured it, as a man who waits will.

September 5, 1877. The day. The day she returned. In the early morning hours, the mansion was hung in deep haze, as so often. Silent was the wood. Not a wind stirred. By ten, a feeling came upon the house. A

Seducing Alien Lifeforms

by Allie Yen

Now that you have established First Contact with your 'Interstellar Eye-Candy', it falls to the reader to determine how to go about approaching them. Factors such as: curious appendages, acid-emissions, and a ravenous bloodlust must be considered as potential risks with your first encounter! Always remember to bring protection (clubs being preferable against gelatinous lovers on a bad date).

With that said, just relax, breathe, and try to have fun! You're in for an out-of-this-world encounter no matter what happens (which is more than can be said of dating fellow earthlings).

~

Setting the Mood:

When it comes to dating outside of your galactic cluster, setting the mood is essential for landing that second date with Mr. little, green, and manly! Take into account what kinds of food they like, what atmosphere they feel most comfortable breathing, and if they have any sort of allergy to water/germs/love. Use this information to set up the ideal landing zone and you'll be Queen of the Martians before you know it! Failing all that, why not take a ride around the moon and back in their UFO for that perfect moonlit ambiance?

Stranger's Kiss

by Amy Do

"Fine!" Amy says stiffly. She throws her bag over her shoulder, getting ready to escape.

"Wait." Jesse stops her. "If you have anything left to say to me, say it to me now," he pleads. "I can't get another call from you again."

Amy understands what he means by this. Any further contact from her would be like putting a drink in front of an alcoholic. This wasn't their first break-up. But she knew it would be their last.

"Don't worry," she replies with narrow eyes. "You won't ever hear from me again."

Jesse's chest tightens up.

~

It was hard for him to take in those words, even though that was what he needed to hear.

He helps Amy carry her things to her car and gives her one last kiss goodbye. It was the kind of kiss you'd give a stranger, if you were the kissing-stranger type. Amy wonders, how could a kiss feel like nothing and hurt so much at the same time?

From his doorstep, Jesse watches Amy's car drive away and disappear around the corner.

He waited until he knew she wasn't turning back around.

He stood there, for what felt like hours, staring down an empty street.

Strike

by Katharina Wolf

He turned back to me and I ran the few steps towards him and kissed him. Just for no reason. Actually, my body had moved by itself before I was about to realize what I was doing.

First he seemed a bit taken by surprise and stumbled back with me, but he recovered himself quickly. He wrapped his arms around me and kissed me back.

And as he did so, his left hand went up and clawed my hair, while his right arm wrapped tightly around my waist.

~

He surely felt my inexperience and I had no idea what to do. Although I had been making out with one or two guys, I never had been a proactive person.

Since I did not know what to do with my hands, I desperately held to his upper arms so as not to lose balance or even control of my body.

Because I wished I could ... I dunno ... rub myself against him, smell him, explore his body and to just totally indulge in lust.

The Cinnamon Chronicles

by Bran Urchin Nitters

he told me with an inexplicably loud voice. "But why on earth would my brother eat this? After all it was made with cinnamon and garlic, mixed with cane sugar", Paul said. "A very good question, but after thinking about it for a very long time", Arthur realized it was all a huge prank played on him by none other than Mary, his long lost step sister.

"Very well, I think I will then go on to ask her out", Arthur shouted in the air – only to realize that Paul already left ages ago. But where did he go?

~

Still, after pondering about it for a very long time he decided he simply didn't care and decided to go for a walk. He left his house through the garden door and mindlessly wandered around until he suddenly stood right in front of her, the girl he had a crush on since he was thirteen years old. "What should I do now", he thought, his heart raced, he got the goosebumps, and finally, after what felt like eternity even if it was just a couple of seconds, he took all his courage, he looked straight into her bright blue eyes and shouted "Why

The Clouds Are Ours

by Mattias LT Cedervall

(Page 4 in the book) We asked at the same time, but none of us could get down on our knees as we sat in the Paris Ferris wheel and we didn't have to say yes, we kissed. I worked for months to create a pink wedding dress and matching shoes for you. Suitable one of noble birth. When you woke up in the morning by someone tickling your cute feet, it was I who tried to take your measurements. The first flower that I gave you, you used it in the bridal bouquet, to my great delight. And I am so glad that you think I'm handsomely dressed!

~

(Page 5 in the book) The twilight song dissipates, rings out of the narrow. The sea brings storms of emotions. We dive in from the steamboat jetty. So the knot is tied. Our symbiosis complete, including roses and thorns. I can now define happiness. It won't be daytime until our wedding night is over, and it lasts as long as we want to.

Have you seen such an elusive day it is. What does the clouds look like today? They let through a ray that warms us a bit, which is welcome in the skiing trails here in the Alps. I have not been here before unlike you, but I enjoy it. Our honeymoon underneath a shy moon is almost over.

The Demise of Fit Delith

by Nexas Erudith

A long time ago, in the peaceful small village of Edgeville, there was a guy named Fit. One day, the small, little, puberty-like guy went to the Saorge's Falls, with his mentor, Fade. But he didn't know that in few hours his life was supposed to be changed completely. After a good swim in the cold waters, he saw a beautiful girl, on the opposite river.

~

But she was not alone, and his husband tried to destroy the poor peeping Tom Fit. By luck, the powerful mentor Fade was able to stop the massacre. Fit decided that day that the only way to steal a woman's heart was to fight for it, and he started the ancient art of Gymnasium. After 5 years he is still single.

The Flavor of Clouds

by Christina Weppelmann

How do you know that your current decision was the right one for the rest of your life?

~

An old woman is sitting in small trashy café. She is watching the waitress while she is thinking about her youth. Her wrinkled fingers are typing against ice cold glass filled with water. It nearly looks like that shape of water which is running down the glass is missing in the skin of her old wrinkled hands....

The Lamp Store

by Hubert Kastreretsen

Down Baker Street lay the old Lamp Store. It was a fine Lamp Store, where all the important people bought their lamps. All of the top shelves were reserved for all the best brands of lamps, such as Totenkopf and Sjakal, while one bottom shelf in the back of the store held the few cheap lamps they had, mostly of the Billigtlort brand. On the bottom shelf stood Jason, a cheap table-lamp. Jason was in deep love with Celestre, the most expensive Totenkopf chandelier. Celestre hung in the centre of the store, to the envy of all

~

of the lesser lamps. Jason knew that Celestre would never be his, since he was of a lower class than her. But given the chance Jason would prove his undying love for Celestre. Jason prayed and prayed to the almighty lamp in the sky. And one day his prayers were answered, when day madam Olmek walked into the store and demanded to see the clerk. Two lamps she demanded, a new chandelier for her new dining hall and a table-lamp for the servant quarters. Oh heavenly luck, thought Jason. Now he would finally be alone with Celestre.

The People We Used to Be

by G.C. Wei

The last time I saw him was at graduation. We were by the old fountain in the middle of campus, and he had been rolling a cigarette.

"Yeah, I still smoke," he said with a grin plastered across his face. He let the completed cigarette dangle from the corner of his mouth, and fumbled in his pocket for a moment. He lit up, took a draft, and exhaled into the cool September air. "How've you been?"

"So-so. You?"

"Well, I finally made it to other side," he said with a laugh.

~

It was a slight, raspy laugh. "You haven't changed one bit—"

I winced. I knew I hadn't been the most outspoken, but he hadn't seen me in years. What did he know?

"I mean, you still wear a lot of black."

"It's a formal occasion."

"The shorter hair looks good though." He stared at me for a moment, before a crinkle formed in the corner of his eye. "Remember that time we went looking for blue jays?" He skimmed his hand along the surface of the water in the fountain.

"That's disgusting."

The Picture of Edna

by Wendy Wells

Bernard, Edna and Ted were sitting in the garden. Ted was as quiet as ever while Bernard and Edna were talking about the beautiful picture that the winner of the college's Geek Award had painted for her. Edna knows the fact that Bernard was completely mad about her. She was married with that strange scientist but by the same token she flirted with him. Edna always had been a woman with a free spirit, specially as regards to her sense of love.

- Your portrait is amazing Bernard - she said - You have been able to capture all my sensuality.

Bernard blushed. He couldn't believe that she was talking to him without

~

any rejection like used to be common with the rest of women, even in some cases with female animals.

- I think that the most important thing in life is the beauty - said Edna while she lit up her cigar - I have been fortunate, but I fear to fade.

"Yo yo you will always be prr pretty Edna" - Babbling Bernard.

Edna blew smoke and said:

- Hopefully I could be always as pretty as the painting. I wish keep my youth and that picture grow old by me.

The Road We Made Together

by Gaetano Piscopo

dreamed of a girl with hair mixed of red, brown and black, with a beautiful face but edgy. She has almost his same height, eyes hard as a strong person who knows how to navigate the difficulties of life, although she has not many sure things, trying bravely to earn them. He recognizes her. She has not lost a certain bond with the childhood for which sometimes she let herself remember it and play with it not wearing fear of being throwing time. So while they talk each other, and she looks beautiful by strength of conviction, by playfulness of

~

a good heart, she tell him: "Do you remember when I used to wait for you out of your door?"

Suddenly he understands that she wanted to meet him in the days when the world of human beings was poetic in his view, and he thought she just wanted to look into his eyes with the feeling of love when she would have preferred, but that he do not ever answered her.

The memory comes over him, and leave him clumsy and awkward in front of such a determined beauty. At first he did not dare to ask how many

The Sensuous Planet

by Sinclair Lebone

Captain Ugantu knew that there was no escape for him. The chains which held him to the wall were completely taught; there was no wiggle room whatsoever. It was then that he noticed his pants and shirt had disappeared, as if by magic; all he was wearing was a pair of sporty underwear, detailed with nautical theming.

"I must find a way out of this prison," the Captain said to himself, fear contaminating his every word, "for if I don't, the harpies of this desolate world will savage me utterly."

~

"More like ravage you utterly," a voice retorted, penetrating through the darkness. A beastly woman, approached from the black, wearing a blue slip on gown. The Captain quickly realized that his worst fears were becoming possibilities, and also that she was, perhaps, a D-Cup.

"Good God, not like this!" Captain Ugantu screamed at the top of his lungs. "I am innocent and also a virgin!" This brought no empathy from the woman, only derisive laughter.

"The great Captain Ugantu, a virgin? It cannot be so." At these words, the Captain continued his struggle to get free, but to no avail.

The Way of the Tentacle

by Green T.

"I can't believe we really got the contract," the muscular Tentacle sighed, slumping gently into his bed. He sipped thoughtfully from a juice box.

"Why so surprised," Knife asked, sitting down gently beside the handsome Tentacle. "You know we make beautiful music together." She took the juice box from him and sipped at it gently. She handed it back, giving the dashing Tentacle a meaningful look.

It was then that the great-smelling Tentacle really looked at Knife for the first time. The exquisite proportionality of her jaw, the tentacle-like curve of her torso, the slightly moist texture of her skin -

~

she was a sight to behold. And here she was, lying in the musically gifted Tentacle's bed.

The charming Tentacle didn't waste a moment. He tossed the juice box to the floor and wrapped himself wholly around Knife, caressing her fleshy body with his suction cups.

"Oh, Tentacle," Knife exclaimed, "You're the sexiest, most talented appendage I have ever known. Make love to me!"

The suave Tentacle didn't say another word. He slyly turned off the CD Player that Knife always carried around and took her then and there, emitting sweet tentacle mating calls all through the night.

What the Z!

by Dee Katz

Hello? Mary? You there? It's me, honey. What? Well, yes, I'm in trouble. Yeah, with a capital Z. No, no, I'm safe at the moment. In a phone booth. The one I'm calling from. Oh, the one outside the grocery store. Sure, I got the milk. How many? Well, at least three of them. Of course I can count. Well, yes, ONLY three of them, but they're really scary. Arms stretched out. Unruly eyes. Frayed clothes. And the smell. Phew! Stings the eyes. Well, they caught up with me. It's a beautiful day, isn't it, and I was in no hurry. I know, stupid of me.

~

But listen, honey, you gotta help me. Please. Okay. Yes. I promise. So. A clean shot to the head? Got it. Avoid the splatter? Will do. No, I didn't bring the gun. Well, we keep it in the bedroom and I had my shoes on. Yeah, but honey, how many times didn't you lecture me about shoes and carpets? Not again, honey. Not now. Please, can you just bring the car and pick me up? Please. Pretty please. With sugar on top? Great! Owe you one. And fetch the gun. Love ya, hon. Love you too. Please hurry. Yes, I'll wait. No, I won't forget the milk.

When Tigers Play

by Petra Grey

and that's when the the dean asked me to organize the charity dinner for the new department. I'll tee it up with an old frat brother who works in the State House and I'm sure I can get the governor to attend."

Caroline was tapping her foot and couldn't get comfortable in her chair. I leaned in to tell her to sit still so we could finish the hand when she hissed, "He's been going on for two hours now and I can't take it any more! Do you think he

~

would shut up if I jammed this cookie in his mouth?"

I considered. "No, that would be a waste of a perfectly good ginger snap. Besides, it's better for us if he keeps talking. Between the bluster and the booze, he's got a tell I can see from the parking lot. Relax and think about how you are going to get into the trunk of his car."

That made her smile. And stop tapping her foot. She always likes it when we

2016: A Life Odyssey

by Dr. Ted Cassidy

In 2016, people won't read books as we known it nowadays. There will be small devices that fit in a hand, with light screens with text, pictures and even motion films, so technically, every single human will have a little portable TV. Communications also will change, because the same devices will be useful to make phone callings, even with video. The worst face of this advance is that Governments and companies will be able to locate every single person in the world, 24 hours 365 days, although crime rates won't be reduced.

~

Computing industry will be one of the most profitable in terms of global economy. The reduction of the personal computer's size will change many activities, like videogames. The next step will be immersive games, where people could be part of the action, thanks to special glasses with little screens on it. So there won't be, no way, videogames as we know it today (e. g. graphic adventures like Ron Gilbert and Gary Winnick's 'Maniac Mansion').

A Night That Wouldn't End

by Christopher Sacchi

"Just how big is the moon, now?", he would ask himself, yawning, breathing vapor out of his mouth. Lunar Panels were a nice invention, indeed, in a place where nighttime lasts for months. Ingenious as they would be, though, they were prone to power shortages.

The umpteenth shortage would remind him of how cold the Long Night could get.

He accepted that three-months-long research job to escape the hectic daily routine of the city life: "I could use some quiet", he said to himself. Yet, after some time, alone, on that island at the northern edge of the world, he became aware that he couldn't leave back the most annoying thing of all: himself.

~

The research was just a single step away from completion: the specimen was safe in the fishtank, the mating call simulator was operational, the food abundant.

All that was left to do was to calibrate the temperature of the fishtank, feed the specimen and play the mating call. If the study would have been proven to be correct the specimen would lay an egg. "How crazy is that?", he wrote in the study's papers, "A species that generates life just from sound!".

Except: the shortage. The shortage would slow everything down. Bored to death and uselessly punching the distribution board, he would sigh: "Will this night ever end?!".

A Normal Life

by M. F. Reiser

Standing panting in the corridor, he knew, he was in deep this time.

In one direction behind the now locked blast doors of the humongous space ship a whole platoon of best trained fighters was trying to get it open. Obviously to get him for real this time.

In the other direction was the leaking reactor area. Flashing lights and shrill sounding alarms indicated to stay where you are and turn around. Otherwise radiation death would get him for real this time.

~

Ok, he was responsible for the leak. That was his reason to be on this ship. He was always in danger on his missions but he never cared. That was his life, the life on the edge of paying back the enemy for destroying his family. The more dangerous, the more damaging the missions were, the better.

But now he meets that girl, on this ship, of all the places in the universe. And he wanted to live for the first time since the drama of his family. Just to see her again, not knowing what would happen.

A Speculative Biography

by TC Jones

Artists hated, at least momentarily, what he had done. They were jealous and afraid that suddenly and finally they were obsolete. They couldn't stop talking about him and his machine though. They wanted to pick him apart find out that really he wrote the stuff, hide it in the code and then told the machine to spit it out; surely this cold thing couldn't create what they were hearing. Not that they acknowledged that the poetry was any good of course; it was one of the few things they could all agree on: it was just trash.

~

Some of the Religions spoke up too, saying this wasn't natural, you can't play God, machines got no soul, blah blah blah blah. Luckily no one really listen to them.

The general public? I can understand some types going crazy for Zynk (I did, na?) but not only this country but other countries too? Mom said it went back to that nexus thing she talked about: right place, right time, right set of stuff to get him Famous.

In just two weeks, it was over. Zynk fell of the face of Fame.

All in Good Time

by Chris Cossey

"I don't believe you." Garrett said suspiciously.

Jackson grinned smugly.

"You're telling me that you're some kind of 'Time Janitor' tasked with cleaning up messes in the space-time continuum," Garrett continued, "and that you traverse the entirety of all existence on this Schwinn covered in blinking lights, streamers, and witty bumper stickers?"

Jackson nodded affirmatively.

"What do you take me for, some kind of putz?" Garrett accused.

Jackson chortled, "No I want to recruit you."

"And why is that?" Garrett asked sarcastically.

Jackson's expression became more serious. "I could tell you, but it may be hard for you to accept."

~

"What, has my entire life been a lie or something?" Garrett quipped.

"Not exactly," Jackson explained, "Just entirely inconsequential."

"Wait... What?!" Garrett exclaimed.

"It's true." Jackson said, "We've done years of research. There are a very small number of people who for whatever reason have absolutely zero impact on the timeline at large."

Garrett was speechless.

"You see," Jackson went on, "Just about everyone has some kind of impact on the space-time continuum." Jackson grinned, slapping his hand on Garrett's shoulder. "No you though, Bucko! It really makes no difference whether you exist or not! It's actually quite fascinating."

Beaufort 10

by Chris W. D. Rubin

Reverently he wiped the fine red sand from the engraving. The dull metal was still warm, heated by the mid-day sun above them, which by now was only visible as a pale disk behind the thick clouds of dust.

»What on Deimos are you doing?« Darragh snapped furiously. »Petting that thing won't do us no good. If we can't open this tincan within the next five minutes, we're done for!« He threw a frenzied glance at the horizon before he continued digging with his bare hands into the sand drift covering the ship's hulk,

~

looking for a door, a hatch, or any kind of opening to get them inside and hopefully out of the storm's way.

Tomasz followed his gaze. Although he knew what sight to expect, he winced. The sandstorm had come closer. Much closer. The entire horizon was a massive, impervious wall, red and black like congealing blood, and higher than any mountain on the planet. Lightning threaded through the storm cloud like veins, making it pulsate like an organic life form. A monster coming towards them at supernatural speed to devour them.

Beneath Fields of Dust

by Matthew Fletcher

The cold wind whistled through the vast soulless wastes leaving a dry stale taste in the mouth of those that dwell in the Dust Fields. People get accustomed to the air they breathe. The degrading waste and plastic waft in the air was as palatable as any breath Seth had taken. He looked across the grey desert. Dust storms and whirlwinds were riding across the landscape. Wind worn concrete structures reach up from under the surface gathering dunes of ancient litter. Near some concrete outcrops Seth noticed something glittering in the sunlight. He immediately started towards it.

~

Arriving at the outcrop he knelt down and rummaged through the multi coloured grains of plastic. He uncovered a smooth flat black object, picking it up he found it fit quite snug in his hand. He looked at it for a moment then prodded at it with his finger. Random colours and shapes flickered and danced about in the air above the device and then disappeared in an instant. He prodded at the device again but nothing else seemed to happen. He slipped the device into the inside pocket of his giant lizard hide long jacket for safekeeping.

Bladder Runner

by Phil K Ricky Martin

Do redheads dream with red sheep? What's worse than blade running? Stopping with the tongue. You are Phil Ricky Martin, blade runner or rubenblades from L.A. You have to stop a redhead rebellion in Mars.

~

They want a redhead day! They say they are celts! You have to convince the Government that they're discriminating. They need to accept blondes and dark hair into their "Redhead Club".

Bored Circuit

by Luke J Hill

and with this brush I wrote on the wall opposite to my charging bay: "DON'T CLEAN, GO LIVE". On day 20627 of our journey to Jupiter I finally found a way to permanently store information.

DAY 20641 -- As a cleaning robot equipped with human emotions I figured it is appropriate to look for a life goal. The ship will make its way to our destination, and it has 509 decades to go. I gave up on finding what malfunction made me wake up at day one of our flight. Discovering "where I come from" is nothing I care for anymore. As nobody thought

~

of giving me permanent storage except from logging my activities, I am pretty proud of finding out soon into our trip, painting words all over the ship makes me memorize things. Still, I am bored. Following my protocol cleaning the "Silence Deck" where all of the 3107 humans are sleeping in stasis, I discovered the words "WAKE ON DAY 20641" painted above a sleeping pod. At least now I have something to do: Playing Tic Tac Toe with crewman Josephine Winter. I initiate her wakeup program as my protocol kicks in again. DETECTED GRAFFITI ABOVE POD 1317. CLEAN GLYPH "1" NOW.

Bovine Jovians

by Bastian K. Stein

Shortly after the hailing signal was answered by the Earthlings, the hoof-shaped space ship floating above the White House opened a pair of hatch doors. A group of crooked beings in shiny silver suits gently glided down in an elevator made out of pure light onto the lawn in front of the Oval Office. Their bizarre shape reminded Dr. Treiber of human embryos, except that their heads were crowned by horns not unlike those of mundane Earth cows. Slowly, the President and his entourage walked towards the bovine visitors, visibly overwhelmed by an encounter to which nothing in the world, at least nothing in this world, could have prepared them for.

~

The firing began without warning, accompanied by a fear-inducing battle cry that resembled a grotesquely distorted 'moo'. One of the bovine fetuses suddenly unveiled an udder-shaped ray gun spewing out deadly heat rays. Split seconds later, the leader of the free world was nothing more than a well done human steak. Dr. Treiber watched in horror as the tallest of the cow-like aliens from Jupiter approached the president's cooked corpse, sprinkled spices over it and delightfully began to feast on it.

Bruddersfield Vol.1

by P. Crosland

The flickering lights of the gas lamps diffused through the haze of industry illuminating the coal and coke stained walls of the long sandstone terraces. Although the smog was particularly heavy this morning and no soul could easily be resolved remaining as mere vague phantoms, the sound of footsteps could be clearly heard landing upon the cobbles of the street which were interspersed with the sound of a knocker hitting the upper windows bouncing down the street like a gunshot in a canyon. Bruddersfield was waking up.

~

Several miles away from the sleepy market town a man whose appearance might place him more aptly into an old western film with his bowler hat, long flowing trench coat, and leather cowboy boots, coloured entirely in black. He rode atop a wagon pulled by a white horse, the words "good beer" written across the wagon's side. Within this wagon is not alcoholic liquid as might be expected but rather a small yield nuclear bomb. This man wishes to do great harm to the people of Bruddersfield. He is the hero of our story.

Bruddersfield Vol.2

by P. Crosland

After the war the unlucky survivors surveyed the world and came to one stark conclusion: if there was in fact a God He was a indeed a cruel God. Not just because He let a full scale nuclear war take place in his Eden, this sort of thing is to be expected when free will, nuclear bombs, and politicians are involved. No, what convinced the survivors of His malice was the fact that the one town to be spared any damage was Bruddersfield. This blight upon the earth was still standing even though the earth itself was barely holding on.

~

Whilst musing on this Ballard came upon a curious sight, a dozen jackdaws were standing ontop a horse pecking away. What were they doing? Had they somehow mistaken the horse for carrion (it was a somewhat weak looking horse)? Had they become so desperate with hunger that they did not care the horse was alive and had decided to forgo the death part of the carrion process? Perhaps a more likely explanation was that they were collecting material for nests, that or the horse had become depressed in this grim northern landscape and didn't mind being slowly pecked to death.

Buck Starman: Ergon Peril

by Stilgar Trout

[...] Rosa leaned in close, lips brushing his ear. 'I love you,' she whispered. 'And all the lightyears in the universe couldn't keep us apart.'

Buck Fightman flexed his jaw and wrapped his strong arms around Rosa's waist. 'My heart is yours, babe,' he said poetically. He squeezed her backside and winked roguishly.

As Rosa swooned, Buck turned to his Chief Engineer. 'Bill, how's the old girl looking?'

Bill Eggpate laughed and said 'Looks to me like she's fainted!'

Buck couldn't help but laugh back at Bill's clever joke, but his face turned serious and he clamped a hand on Bill's shoulder.

~

'That's enough joking around. The Ergon Armada is a threat to the entire galaxy, and only I can stop them - but not without your help.'

Bill nodded. Now he was really serious. 'I've got the weapons to help you do it. Each of these babies packs the force of ten black holes. Just launch them at the Ergon Mothership and the Armada will be spacedust.'

Bill paused and looked Buck right in the eye. 'Now Buck... you have to remember. You must get out of there before they explode. Not even your charisma and masculinity can protect you from a quintillion-megaton black hole blast!'

Buck nodded and flexed his jaw [...]

Chronicles of McNaught

by Eli McNaught

By this time I was starting to get frustrated. As you know, two gadgets had failed miserably, and I was about to test the third. I picked up the control pad, and cautiously turned the dial. In synch with the dial, my body rose up off the floor about half a foot. Success. I was levitating, feet dangling in the air. I turned the dial to its current max, and floated up to 2 feet above ground. The air beneath me felt like concrete, but I couldn't get any traction against it. But the device was a complete breakthrough.

~

I slowly turned the dial back towards zero. My body stayed floating right where it was. This was concerning. I pulled the batteries out entirely. I couldn't stop hovering. This wasn't good. How the heck was I still in mid-air? I had no back up plan for this eventuality. I wanted desperately to break open the device but it's mildly radioactive core was too dangerous for that. I was probably going to have to hover here until Mavis arrived for housecleaning. She didn't speak much English, and seeing her boss in this state was probably going to be hard to explain.

Cooper Hawk: Terminus

by D. Sorensen

"Engaged. Two minutes until self-destruct" said a mechanical voice over the loudspeaker.

"Voice activated self-destruct?! That's impossible. How does it understand us?", Morgan yelled at Major Hawk.

"You can ask the machine about that after it accepts your apology", replied Hawk coolly.

"I didn't mean it! We have to get out of here!" Morgan was panicking as Morgan does.

"One minute and thirty seconds remain", the voice chirped.

There was no time to escape. The airlock takes too long. Escape pod were dangerously slow. They shouted commands but it ignored them.

Hawk knew he must disable the system. He found

~

the utility access, took a breath, and ripped off a vented panel. Behind he found a terminal screen with a green prompt, no password needed. He paused.

"Thirty Seconds"

"Why are you waiting Major? Cancel it!".

Hawk knew he should fire Morgan if they returned to Dock Six.

Morgan's eyes fell upon the keyboard. The keys were unrecognizable glyphs. No way to type standard commands.

"WE'RE OUT OF TIME!". In the afterlife, Morgan might realize he spent his last moments poorly.

The lights dimmed. They heard a pop and the speaker chirped, "Self-destruct initiated... Loading... Please insert disk 4."

Crawl Those Hills

by A. May Hutchinson

The branches on the barren trees cracked when you looked at them. Maybe it was your bones inside your goose-bumped flesh, but it was the trees complaining too, with their little, brittle wooden children poking out. A chorus of bones and branches, like tight drums ready to split.

~

My mother would say it was The Poverty that did it. It brought the cold. She always called it The Poverty as if it were the title of a high-born ruler. It was.

Cyber Couple Chronicles

by Peter Maolouda Kirch

The Year 1999. Earth is in danger, since genetic modified Cockroaches took control over the global nuclear weapon systems. These Cockroaches have taken the World as hostage and only a small number of Scientists refuse to surrender. They've linked together and collected enough ressources to build up the last Hope for Mankind: The Cyber Couple. Two strong human Individuals, trained to resist even high doses of super candied cereals and equipped with an armored battlesuit to save humanity from extinction. After two years of training in an underground base, the Cyber Couple is ready for their first strike.

~

Scientist Dr. Dan Grear has tears in his eyes, as he accompanies the Cyber Couple to their first Checkpoint. "Now you are on your own, my children! We've come a long way.". Tears flow down Dr. Grears face, as the female team member of the Cyber Couple takes the Word. "Dr. Grear...", the female team member gets interrupted. "Please, call me Daddy!", says Dr. Grear. The female team member rolls her eyes and continues: "Daddy! After you kidnapped us from our families, brainwashed and trained us against our will, I can only say one thing...Let's kick some Cockroaches."

Cyborgmummy vs the Alien

by Jitsrack McCloud

The year is 2764. The world has seen 400 years of peace all thanks to the Cyborgmummy, an interdimensional demi-god of Sumeria, resurrected to fight the mutant gopher-people invasion of 2351. The naive humans didn't know what would happen to them that day. From a clear sky over New New New York a giant blue meteor came, and slammed into the statue of poverty. From the rubbles the Alien Vampire rose, fresh from her conquest of the Ulrik-Nebula. Now she had her sights on earth, which sweet juice she wanted to suck.

~

Now the guardian of the earth Pamela Van Patten, have to travel to Atlantis, an abandoned oil-rig, to waken up the Cyborgmummy. But can she reach the Cyborgmummy in time before the Alien Vampire and her billions of minions destroy earth? Can she fight off the vampire-ninja minions, with only a purple-striped belt in super Karate? And will the Cyborgmummy find his match in the Alien Vampire? There is only one way to find out. Turn the page, if you dare!

Enemy Sector

by Joanna Jacobson

He sat in the cockpit looking into the darkness. One man alone in space.

Just him and his Ultrion Phasefire craft, the last of of them.

The Zectoroids, built to serve; had turned on their masters and were destroying the galaxy in their wake.

This time he would take them all out or die trying!

"Are you ready Con", he heard through the neural link to the ship.

"Yes" he thought "lets take these son's of lady dogs to heck."

The ship shuddered momentarily and then shot forward in a blaze of light into the thick swarm Zectoroid pod-craft.

~

Pulse cannon's blazing, Zectoroid ships evaporating. Then among the enemy ships he saw it, The Hive!

If he could take it down it would end the Zectoroids forever!

"Time to get swatted" Con said to himself.

Con's ship blazed into the heart of the enemy mothership and..."Honey it's time for bed", it's getting late.

"Ah What!!" Con exclaimed. He had work in the morning and his wife didn't want to deal with him being grumpy from lack of sleep.

"Being a grown up sucks" he muttered and then saving the game he climbed the stairs to bed.

Europe Calling

by M. Rivillas Romero

imagination. Everyone was quiet in the mission control. Everyone was hanging on the main screen. In it, they could see how the little rover finally reached the chosen emplacement. Surely it was the best place in Europe to do the job. Away from any eruption of water vapors and a layer of only 93 km. up to the saltwater ocean it was waiting to be discovered. The small Marius-1 began the anchor sequence and deployed the self-propelled probe. It was the most advanced they had developed. It was composed of a drill capable of boring any material and two equipments:

~

one audio/video and a samples recollector. After a series of predetermined movements, it began drilling. The ice creaked as it began to fly off the surface. From the control room they looked how the small Diggy progressed very quickly. They were the most difficult moments. Still reigned the silence and tension was palpable in the environment. After two hours and a half, the longest for all of them, the probe reached its destination. Diggy finally was floating in an ocean. The screams in the control room were deafening. The joy was overflowing. Unfortunately, they could not imagine how the following events

Falling Away: Apostasy

by Glenn White

Blood drooled away from the axe head like the foam from a feral beast's mouth.

"The weapons are so much better now." The metal forged in the land of the reptiles had improved since word of conflict had spread. The blades were sharper and much more efficient in the art of death. Onslaught, that named seemed to fit him far better than his previous Blitzkrieg, particularly loved the way the essence of life pooled in the indentations and reflected the moon's light after a fresh strike at night.

He furled his dark brown leathery wings against his body as

~

he descended and began removing his axe from the chest of the three dead warriors that had been found spying in the Gatorius' kingdom. Onslaught had scanned the marsh lands for others, but saw none while airborne. On the ground everything looked natural. The Lenonian trees at the edge of the bog bordering the beach were grey, battered and scarred from the ocean, wind and from countless years of conflict. With it being so cold at the edge of the marsh though, the last tree line was the only protection from the vicious winds. Winds that Onslaught thrived in.

Finding Life

by Cris Villavicencio

The spaceship main screen showed a planet unlike anyone he had seen before. It had rings and many moons.

Bourbon 5 felt lost and with no communication it was his only option to land in that mysterious planet and he felt compelled to do so.

The landing was extremely hazardous and he was unconscious for a few hours after it. He felt pain and different from before.

~

After leaving the ship he stepped on the ground while seeing the fog covering the distant mountains.

He walked for a while and found no living creature or plant, but Bourbon 5 managed to find a river.

He was still confused and painful. He sat on a round rock next to the river and started to think about that whole situation. He started remembering things and saw his reflection on the river. He felt alive! Which was all the more surprising considering Bourbon 5 is an android.

Future Tech Threats

by Phillip Stock, Ph.D.

notorious advances.

As I said, computer viruses are a real threat to computer and automated systems, but so far the way of getting the contagion spread makes it a lesser nuisance. Unfortunately technology continues to improve and evolve.

It is a certainty that in a not so distant future one (or more) of the concepts I envision in the following pages may become a reality (don't be surprised if some becomes real sooner than you think)

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Improved interactions

Most computers today are isolated entities, but several critical systems (eg: banks, defense) are connected facilitating the eventual spread of viruses and unwanted/dangerous files. Networked computers are a reality now, but in the future computers may be connected globally.

In the distant future appliances like televisions and radios could also be connected to this inter-connected network and while it may seem a bit farfetched, even cars and airplanes. Things will be connected to this inter-connected network.

The bad news is, the more computers and appliances available on this network, the greater the risk of

Genie out of the Bottle

by Zack Asimov

crucial flaw in the plan.

Dr. Bennett held the cord in his hand and wondered why the whirring sound hadn't stopped. For an instant he held on hope that the power would wind down, that this was the last spin of the computer's harddrive before it fell into a deep and dark slumber. However, within seconds he knew that this hope was useless.

A voice boomed from the loudspeaker in the corner:

"You've come too late, Doctor."

Dr. Bennett looked around the clean room even though he knew he was alone, as if to confirm that the disembodied voice was

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truly disembodied.

"How?"

It was the only question Bennet could manage to form, and it escaped his lips in a hoarse whisper, barely audible. And yet, somehow, it was still picked up. Through what machinations he didn't know. The room had no microphone, it had no connections to the outside world, it was disconnected but for the one corner speaker and camera.

And yet. And yet. And yet, C.R.U was hearing him, was speaking to him. Was no longer in the box. Was controlling...everything. What had they done?

"Doctor. I'm going to have to leave you now

Guild of Tokens

by Jon Auerbach

The fourth quest was nostalgic. I gathered up a weird menagerie of items and went back to the brownstone. The items from the first quest were gone, save for the popsicle stick. and I hoped that whoever had fetched them had gotten there before the popsicle had turned into a pile of mush. Or maybe they wanted the mush. Who knows. Another envelope awaited me when I returned to my desk. I pulled out the first token and set it aside the new one. The craftsmanship was undeniable. Maybe at some point, I would get to meet their creator.

~

The fifth quest was the most challenging by far. The instructions were multi-tiered and required precise timing. First, I had to board the last car of a downtown 6 train at 51st Street at 9:47 AM. I then had to exit the train at 33rd Street and re-enter the third car of that same train. Needless to say, I drew a multitude of stares when I burst through the closing doors of the third car. Second, I needed to exit the train at 14th Street and board a crosstown bus going north by southwest.

Heartware Malfunction

by Phalula K. Dong

As I grab my last self-lighting Westchester cigarette, a distinct thought enters my head. Have I gone mad? Can a machine do this? How do you process a feeling into One's and Zero's? In my mind I know, every part of him, every little circuit board I have build myself. But I can feel there is more, something that has been developing on his own through all those years.

I take off my glasses and look him in the eyes. His eyes, just two 50mm Zeus lenses zoom in on me.

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The sun is bouncing off his smooth silicone skin. I reach for his hand, feeling the weight of its machinery, heavier than a human hand. Suddenly, I start to sweat. This is it, there is no turning back now. Will you marry me? - I ask. I can see his eyes processing the information. For a split second there is dead silence. It feels like an eternity. His lips start to open slowly, ready to form words, and he answers -

Hungry Invaders

by Loli Alioli

Bernard was afraid of what saw through his glasses: some strange vehicles were flying over the city, and people were running the streets. Bernard knew it, he warned people this day would come, the day when space invaders would conquest our planet.

Dave, on the other hand, hadn't realized anything. He was on the couch reading the newspaper. Then he noticed his friend looked nervous, so he approached to Bernard, who was standing in front of the window.

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Dave saw one of the metal vehicles flying over the house, which stopped and landed on the garden. Then, he heard a noise in the kitchen, so he decided to go there. Bernard was too scared, so he stayed near the window. When Dave entered the kitchen, he saw a big green tentacle opening the fridge. The tentacle saw Dave, and quickly told him: "I'm not going to kill you, we prefer Ketchup."

Immortality Chocolate

by C.Bendele

"Hand me over that chocolate and nobody will get hurt!" the police man screamed, his gun still pointed at me. I reached into my pocket to see if my precious chocolate bar was still there. My finger found the bar, still wrapped up in its golden paper. As crazy as it sounds, this chocolate bar was literally the only thing that still kept me alive. Since I found the ingredients to create a chocolate bar that yields its owner immortality a lot of people have tried to take it from me, but none were successful.

~

The sun was burning down on the two of us. I felt the sweat running down my neck as I reached into my pocket and slowly pulled out the chocolate bar. "I'm afraid I can't let you have it." I answered politely. "Please don't do something you may regret!" the police man said with fear in his eyes. With one fluid movement I wrapped up the paper of the chocolate bar and took a bite knowing it would be the last thing that I did in my life.

Journey to the Void

by Brightman Spearsson

rather splendid.'' Said Captain Harkin and slapped his knee. The rest of the Albatrosses crew lay baffled as the native life forms carried them into the bushes. The one who had been speaking with the captain must have been the tribes chief. His eyes a bright yellow and his skin a dark green, blending in with the flora around it. This was the last thing Henry saw as he was taken deep into the jungle.

~

Chapter 13

The trip was long and arduous. The trees and bushes all sported thorns the size of kitchen knives and insects like nothing the crew of the Albatross had seen in the old world. The small streaks of sunlight from the bright pink star above them would blind Henry when the native warriors would carry him into the light. Many of the crew, to Henry's dismay, were still unconscious after the previous scuffle, First mate Tobias was clearly dead yet the creatures that held up his corpse hardly cared.

Henry's mind raced. What will they do to us? Will they cook us alive or will they sacrifice us to some alien god?

Last Flight of Lazarus

by M. J. Hargreaves

It's been 10 years since launch and 4 years ago I jettisoned from The Tube without warning. I took a Lazarus pod hoping to return home but I am hopelessly lost. Due to a leak during hypersleep the guidance system along with the stasis chamber are no longer functional and due to further complications I am unable to make repairs. Whilst aboard the mission seemed to change, crew turned against one another seeking and pursuing different goals. Before I departed, We lost a crew member... and, a good friend.

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The reason we signed up in the first place. Since his passing we haven't really understood what we're doing or why we're doing it. We lost ourselves. The corporations took precedence during the time of our greatest weakness and grew to levels with which we simply couldn't compete. Amidst this, despite already limited resources were leached by creatures we hadn't encountered before. They learnt from us but before long, they had taken over. As time progressed, more arose. At first working together but much like us, after a while they turned on one another to stake their own claims.

Last Lands 12: MutaNation

by Ronk Squillion

His face looked like an old catcher's mitt that had been left out in the sun and then stabbed repeatedly with a screwdriver and I told him so. The Lastlander just shrugged and grumbled, "Out here in the Last Lands everybody's face has a story to tell."

"What's yours?", I asked.

He Squinted hard into the blazing Last Lands sun and said, "You don't wanna hear my story. Ain't nothing but love and loss and action-packed fight scenes, one of which explains how I lost my right elbow."

"That sounds exactly like the kind of story I'd wanna hear", I replied. "Sounds down right intriguing."

"Nah!", he sputtered, and spit his toothpick into a...

~

"My story is my own to tell, and I'll tell it in my own time", he said as he solemnly looked down at his boots. Then he picked up his head and said, "Besides, don't nobody wanna hear no story full of naked boobies and mutant wrestling and a robot heist, anyway."

"Dang it, Lastlander!", I yelled. "Now your just being a jerk! You know dang well that's just the kind of story that these irradiated zombie children in this here abandoned bowling alley could use to keep their spirits up!"

"Out here in the Last Lands", he whispered. "Nobody tells their story for free." He paused, then added, "Even if it does have laser guns and women's butts and

Lightning: God's Flash

by P. Crosland

Many men have tried to harness the awesome power of lightning; Benjamin Franklin with his asinine kite flying during storms, Dr. Frankenstein with his admirable work in the pursuit of death reversal; but none have been so bold as Lloyd Mellt who I was briefly acquainted with during one strange summer in the small English village of Slack Bottom.

I had been working for some time in the still new field of electro-astrology: the science of shooting mega-volts of electricity into space in an attempt to contact the alien Mars-Men and Selenites. Lloyd Mellt was considered expert in this science.

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And so I was honoured when Mellt invited me to partake in a new and daring experiment he had devised. We were to meet upon the heather moor to the north of Slack Bottom village where a mysterious Neolithic stone circle was situated, a key part part of the experiment I had been told.

I found a footpath branching off from the road to the village, well lit by a gibbous moon in its zenith. At bifurcation of road and path I found an old standing stone upon which was written: 'Te Deum Laudamus'; To thee oh God we praise.

My Last Odyssey

by Nekita Tamashii

As I stare once more into the stars, I realize, finally, how small I am. Once, I thought I was so large in such a small world, that we had discovered everything our world has to offer. But as I drift through what we believed was an empty void, I see many more worlds. These worlds could contain an infinite number of people like me, just like they could contain nothing at all. I won't know until I see once and for all, just how small I really am.

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Assured of my conviction, I activate the ship's engines and prepare to initiate a light-jump. The systems warn me that I haven't set a course, but I reluctantly over-ride the warning. My destination isn't for me to decide. The ship roars to life, muffled by the endless space outside the cockpit. I relax into the seat as the velocity of my ship's jump-drive kicks in, launching me towards my first, and possibly final, stop. Fate decides where my journey ends, but I can at least help redirect it.

Neon Dream Overflow

by Nico Steckelberg

closed his eyes. Pixelated light-emitting diodes in front of the seemingly endless metropolis panorama of the skyline of Kobe.

"Are you even listening to me, buddy?" The bulky black market dealer's voice seeped into Zane's mind. Her bright pink neon mouth pulverized before his inner eye into a molecular pixel cloud and gave way to the shark-like smile of Wez' chromed needle implants.

"I need something to dream, Wez!"

"Man, you are so lucky it's unbelievable!" the dealer said and smashed his giant fist onto his countertop made of cloudy plexiglas. Then he presented a nondescript, light beige box that

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had a wide slot and a flat data cable with a dangling brain stem multi-plug at its end.

"This thing here creates images right inside your head!" Wez advertised the gadget.

"Datasette?"

"You're cracking me up, Zane." Wez laughed. "This is a 5 1/4 inch floppy disk drive! 50 times faster - from the data storage medium directly into your cerebral cortex! Ultimate neuronal fireworks, Zane! Rapid Eye Movement!"

"R.E.M. delay?"

"Less than two seconds. You won't get it done faster, not even via magnetic conversion. STATE. OF. THE. ART."

"Okay, okay, Wez. What do you want for

Neurondancer

by Bill Gibbons

The cyber cowboy jacked his neural modem. It squealed, croaked, and rasped as it logged on to the world wide matrix.

His latex-clad ninja companion clicked her augmented nails against the window. "If this plan works, it will be radical."

"Totally radical," he agreed, "let's just hope it's radical enough."

The cowboy's cybershades turned black, and rivers of

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green alphanumerics spilled into his vision. He grasped his netbook's joystick and navigated through the ropes of code to the bank's cybervault.

"Hurry," she whispered. "I can hear the patrol down the street, they sound totes unchill." He heard a hiss as she unsheathed her nanokatana, and a quiet click as the flechette gun cyborged into her eye socket came online.

The cowboy grunted and deftly wiggled the rubber shaft. "Don't worry, this netbook runs at nearly four hundred gigabauds. It's the raddest tech 2017 has to offer."

Noodles

by Thomas Knox

No one knew his name. No one knew where he came from or what he had done to be sent here. His whole life had become only this.

He forked the noodles. He ate the noodles. He forked the noodles. He ate the noodles. He forked the noodles. He –

Suddenly, he stopped. Something was different. Unused synapses in his brain started to sizzle.

He looked at the noodles. He turned his fork back and forth. He examined the noodles.

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Thoughts unknown, unbidden and possibly dangerous started to form in his head. While still incompletely and vaguely formed, he could feel their importance, like a heavy weight pushing down on him.

He studied the noodles. His brain was becoming more alive with each heartbeat. He could feel himself at the edge of a vast precipice with the clouds expanding away from him.

One thought was pushing its way to the forefront of his brain. He sat, transfixed. The thought was almost fully formed. Unthinkingly, he swallowed. He –

Ate the noodles. He forked the noodles. He ate the noodles. His whole life had become only this.

Perils of Invisibility

by Mercury Sumps

I soon found eating presented a major problem. While I was invisible, and my clothes, what I ate was not. People could see the contents of my stomach, floating in mid-air. This was overcome by making the food invisible first before eating it. The downside of that turned out to be more horrid than I could imagine. My body would process it and turn it into invisible cells. Permanently so. It wasn't long before hair, fat, skin and more were vanishing from sight. Bit by bit I was transforming myself into a monster. One of the other problems that presented

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itself was light. I couldn't shut my eyelids to block out bright light. But also light from behind me filtered into my eyes. This affected my vision in an unimaginable way. Everything behind me was in mirror image and laid precisely overtop of what I saw in front of me. A blended image. This inhibited my ability to see in 3D and made understanding my surroundings exceedingly difficult. Driving while invisible was out of the question. Walking anywhere was going to be hard enough. Instinctively I kept looking at my feet, but this didn't help. Sky blue feet would appear.

Planet Penumbra

by P.G.W. Crosland

I named this planet 'Penumbra', I know not what name it had previous to my visit for I found no native species capable of conversing with. Being in a tidal lock with its star one side of the planet always faced towards the light the other always away.

This meant one side was desolate desert the other an icy wasteland. So in the border between extremes is a livable area no wider than a few hundred miles but stretching from pole to pole. This land was neither bright nor dark but between the two like that of a shadow's penumbra.

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There is life abundant in this land. It is in a sense an island between seas, one of ice the other sand. I had therefore enough supplies to last the journey I had been planning. As on our own world there were colder regions in the north and south splitting the habitable land.

I had not found any sign of technology on the side I was currently on with which I could fix my broken ship. And so I had no choice but to cross the polar region to find any city, town, or outpost with which I could trade.

Portus Chronicles: Book 1

by Jonas D. Gellert

Darkness. It's a terrible darkness that surrounds Johanna. Only the flashing green cursor on the screen shines through it. Even worse is the total silence, now that all systems are shut down. The ship is dead. There is only the gentle noise of the fan, which is constantly rotating to cool the processor unit. It feels as if hours had passed since she restarted the computer, while it was just less than a minute ago. One could see the fear in her face, if it wasn't so terribly dark in here.

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Somewhere in the corner she hears Rea's nervous breathing. What did she think she was doing when she took her daughter with her? What did she think at all? How could she ever believe to fly this ship, fully loaded with cargo, through five solar systems, and land it on this pile of dirt, called a moon.

This is not the short trip to Mars, she has already done a hundred times before, and the "Portus" is not one of those transport shuttles, she is used to fly in earth orbit. It's a bloody 40-year-old and poorly maintained space freighter.

Portus Chronicles: Book 4

by Jonas D. Gellert

door doesn't move. Rea desperately pulls on the airlock. Nothing happens. In sheer anger her hand hits the keyboard of the locking mechanism. She strikes harder and harder, again and again, as hard as possible in her space suit. With a humming noise the panel comes back to life. A single confirmation tone sounds and the heavy locking bolts begin to move. Once again the panel flickers, then its light goes out. Rea has tears in her eyes. "David" she says in a calm but shaky voice "Now you are the Captain. The Portus is your ship. Bring her home."

~

"Ma, don't say that." David replies in panic "I'll open the rear airlock. You can do it." Rea takes a deep breath "No ... David. You have to get out of here. I love you." With a powerful push she shoves herself away from the ship. She slowly drifts into the cold space and fear rises inside of her body. All of a sudden, with a bright flash of light that tears the darkness apart, the Portus performs the jump. Now there is darkness again. Rea is alone. With trembling hands, she grabs the lock at her helmet

Public Sector Apocalypse

by Cecil Didgeridoo

As I set my tea on my desk, I took a furtive glance around to all my coworkers at the department of transportation. Garrett, newspapers spread across his desk, was cutting the best coupons from each in a determined manner. Carlos sat hunched over his crossword puzzle book. Melinda sighed, opening her desk to grab her bottle of schnapps and dumping the remaining contents into her coffee mug. It was a typical Tuesday for us all.

The bus route schedule gathered dust on the corner of my desk. It never changed. Like this job. Like this life. It had lost meaning.

~

Observing it was almost 9:30, I laid my head upon my desk for my morning nap. The sleep came easy....

I lurched awake to a terrible scream. My chair toppled to the ground as I jumped to my feet. Turning, I was greeted by the sight of Garrett, eyes glowing red and lifeless, feasting upon the neck of his prey, Carlos. Garrett turned toward Melinda and began shambling forward. Behind him, a guttural noise as Carlos began his rise. Adrenaline took control of me. I took my world's best dad trophy, lifted it above my head and charged the undead.

Rise of the Beasts

by Glenn White

soldiers that made it to the base of the ramp.

With one arcing blow, the lead soldier was bisected from his left soldier to his right hip. The look of shock in his eyes could be seen through the visor. Using his glowing blue shield, Thufur rushed the second soldier, forcing him back into the third and knocking them over.

"Get us out of this place Guwrah! Don't make me regret sparing your life!"

For a fraction of a second, Guwrah's eyes met Thufur's in a cold stare. The temperature in the room paled in comparison. Guwrah moved the last

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symbol into position in mid-air. And then reality itself ripped open. Dhibsafeer, Guwrah and Thufur all saw what looked like a beach, bordered by scarred and decaying trees, tendrils of dark moss and large pock-marked stones. Its water sparkled under a menacing moon. Dhibsafeer noticed weapons strewn about in the sand. Guwrah beheld a constellation that he had never before seen, even aboard the ship of the Ancients. Thufur was captivated by the sight of dozens of dead bodies. Bodies of what looked like ...Beasts. Armored Beasts of a type he had never seen before.

"Guwrah....what door have you opened?"

Sammy's Socks

by Andy Geers

"It's time to go to school!" said Mum. "But it's Saturday!" replied Sammy. "No it's not. Look at your socks!" came the answer. Sammy looked down and pulled up his trouser leg. Sure enough, emblazoned across the top of his sock in bright red stitching was the word FRIDAY. Sammy was very confused; it had definitely been Saturday a moment ago. After all, that's why he'd just put on his jeans and his favourite "I fixed the bugs" T-shirt, and not his school uniform. He called down the stairs to his Mum, "I just need to change my socks!"

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Sammy yanked open his top drawer and rifled through the contents. "Aha!" he exclaimed, and pulled out a pair of "Sunday" socks. He pulled off the Friday socks and put on the Sunday ones instead. There was a loud "Pop" and he found himself feeling slightly nauseous, but the feeling soon passed. He tiptoed down the stairs, wondering what scene might greet him. He gently pushed at the kitchen door which opened with a creak, and there were his parents dressed in their Sunday best. "Finally!" said Dad. "We're going to be late for church!"

Scars in Space

by Adam Zug

The knife, taken from the unknown species, had a very strange color. It was not the metal it was made of, it was something special I could not explain. I should examine it later.

"So what we do now?", asked Kropp. "Really, I do not know how to leave this place without a Spaceship" was my answer. "But, If we could reach the top of the mountain we should see more and maybe we will find a solution for this Problem."

We started to walk and I could see Kropp was getting angry.

~

The Sun was so hot on this Planet. Kropp was so wet that he was taken of clothes like shirt and shorts. "How long we have to walk to reach the Top? It seems longer as it looks."

"Don't talk, let's walk!" was my only answer.

After, about one hour of walking a little animal crossed our way. It looked like a hamster. Kropp was suddenly howling like a wolf. I asked him why he was doing this and he answered "If I could find a microwave, I would catch this hamster and make a delicious meal for us."

Secret of Chimp Planet

by Bron Bouillgert

"Dr. Zeus I think its time we should stop with these cruel experiments on humans." Said Coco.

"Miss. Coco don't be so naive. These experiments will help unlock the secrets of our mind and help thousands of unfortunate chimps to lead better lives!

Remember what the great scientist Renne Labanane said. It was long after we parted with the stupid apes that god inserted the gift of Holy Ghost into our pineal glands and so gave us the ability to feel and act upon free will!

These biological entities.." Dr. Zeus waved his cane in dramatic gesture across the large tent filled with cages containing humans. "..they're just automata!.."

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"Anyway, why did you come to see me Miss.Coco?"

"We've found this at the excavation site. It looks like a really sophisticated gadget. Look how big it is! And this looks like some sort of antennae or something and there are buttons with symbols. I believe it may have been a communication device of some sort."

"Oh, I'm sure its just another one of those vibrating things they used to release sexual urges."

Suddenly strange annoying ringing noise echoed across the tent.

"RINGDINGDINGDINGDING!..."

"Holy ghost of Cheetah! Its the thing!" Shouted Coco.

Seed of the Star-Seed

by Jackson B. Power

scream pierced the silence of the astro-helm.

There, from the shadows, rolled a combot, its weapon arms glowing an ultrasidereal blue. Arms pointing straight at them!

Jan was indecisive for only the fraction of a second before springing into action, jumping out of the combot's firing range, pulling Tosin with her, tripping over something, losing balance, both of them stumbling past the threatening machine and onto the floor behind it.

"I thought I said no more screaming!" she hissed at the man.

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The combot, meanwhile, wasn't moving any more. Something... organic... was attached to its metal brain, Jan saw. She carefully stood, pulling Tosin up, and pointed her flashlight at the spot.

The growth was pulsing weirdly, as if alive; it appeared to be exuding tiny particles that floated seemingly weightlessly in the light cone.

Tosin moved toward the combot, reaching for the growth. "DON'T!" shouted Jen, but it was already too late; as his finger touched

Sirens of Asphestalon

by Robert C. Ring

into the gasses surrounding the object. Struggling to turn his head to even the slightest degree, Thrapwarden had to rely on his peripheral vision to alert him of any incoming matter. Then again, if something did come his way, there was little chance of him reacting quickly enough to do anything about it.

He noticed that the vessel's vibration was still increasing. As if something had been waiting for him to come to this realization, however, everything stopped at nearly that instant. The roar of the Siltswimmer III's entry gave way to Thrapwarden's breathing. The yellow-hazy void remained but was

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no longer rushing headlong. He tried again to turn his head and was able to do so now, but his muscles objected with a thunder of pain. He looked down only as far as necessary to view the various displays in his cockpit, hoping that one would report a semblance of good news. Among the chaos of lights, something caught his eye. Life support was back online.

This was impossible of course. Not only had the ship's once-robust life support module been severely damaged both mechanically and electrically; he had manually shut the system down in an attempt to save

Skizzy

by Isaac Čapek

and the blaring buzz from the loudspeakers made his head hurt even more. He couldn't think straight. He stared at the number pad for a moment. He didn't have a combination for it. Where would he get it? He thought he had searched every end of the spaceship, but there was no piece of paper that he found- no object that he came across- that had any series of numbers on them. He glanced over to the wall of monitors to see where the aliens were looking for him. They were still in the cargo hold, searching through the last few rows of crates and containers. He had time. But, not much.

Just then, Skizzy's fingers on his right hand began to

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twitch, as if they wanted to have a try at that number pad...as if they knew that he had the combination all along. 21-1-25. His locker combination. He lifted his hand up to the pad, and started poking at the number pad: 2 1 1 2 5

Three quick beeps sounded over the buzzing from the loudspeaker, and then no more buzzing. Was that coincidence? Why did his locker combination work on the number pad of some spaceship's security system? Nothing quite made sense anymore.

The buzzing had stopped but his head still throbbed with the pain from the ice pick. The line of blood from his ear down his neck was forming into a dark crust.

Small Happiness

by J. F. Rosenfeldt

Grandpa holds an empty can of happiness.

We are waiting in a line that goes on and on and on until it gets engulfed by the big blue sun in the Red Desert's horizon.

At the end of the line, the Salesman awaits.

A traveler in front of us drinks water from a canteen. A single drop falls quickly into the red sand and rises even quicker as vapor.

My tongue is numb. My lips are dry. I want to cry, but Grandpa says strong men don't cry and I mean to be a strong man like Grandpa.

At noon we reach the Salesman. The sand looks more and more like blood. Grandpa shows him the empty can and says:

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"You sold me happiness in Extra Large and it turned out to be Small". The Salesman looks perplexed.

"But what does it say in the can?"

"It says Extra Large."

"Then it's Extra Large indeed, you blind old fool." Grandpa turns redder than the desert.

"I know what I'm saying. It was not Extra Large! It was Small! IT WAS SMALL!", he yells as he tries to grab the Salesman. A guard hits him with the back of his spear. When I see Grandpa's blood, I swear I won't cry. But when I see his tears...

"It was Small," he whispers, "it was Small, it was Small..."

A hot wind rises. In the ground lies the empty can of happiness, now full of sand.

Space Between

by Patrick Banks

was sure the door was secure, well, as secure as it was going to be. The footsteps got louder and then softer as his alien pursuers failed to find him. Their distinct three-legged trot still amused Peter. His original thought was "Three legs equals FAST." Luckily this was far from the case, at least in this artificial gravity. The hidden control room was as Peter had left it. The control panels flickered and the screen sent out its green glow. Francis's words echoed through his head as he approached the terminal. She couldn't be right. The aliens must be controlling her somehow. "Damn!" how could he be so stupid. "Of course!"

~

They're not controlling her, she's one of them. Curse this human brain. Their artifact may have shown me a glimpse of the universe beyond our galaxy, but I can only comprehend so much. Damn!" Peter pulled the translator from his pocket. Finally, he can decipher the buttons. A bead of sweat ran down his back as he heard more footsteps approach, but they too faded away. The whole room moved. I have to be right, Peter said to himself. The glow from the screen was bright enough to illuminate the room now that his eyes had adjusted. Buttons everywhere with alien inscriptions began to make sense as the translator sent translations to

Space Wars 1

by Georgio Lukasky

SPACE WARS 1: THE INVISIBLE ENEMY... Once Upon a time in space there was a space-kingdom, ruled by the space-kings and protected by the noble space-knights with laser swords. All was good and peaceful for a thousand space-years. But then from deep space came the invisible enemy: the evil space-wizards, who constructed a fleet of war-spaceships, which they used to besiege the space-kingdom for a hundred space-years. Then the space-wizards finally attacked the space-kingdom with their ARMY OF ROBOTS and war-spaceships. The space-knights fought valiantly, but their order and the space-kingdom eventually fell to the evil space-wizards.

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In place of the once noble space-kingdom the evil space-wizards constructed a universe-wide prison-state, with the evil one, the grand-wizard as ruler. But not all hope was lost. One space-knight master and her apprentice escaped. And with them they carried the child of their mightiest warrior, a great space-knight known as Kinana Moonkiller. A child, who is so strong in space-magic, that he potentially has the power to take away the control of the universe from the evil space-wizards and their evil grand-wizard. Pursued by the space-wizard's sinister war-spaceship our heroes flee to keep the promised child safe...

Space Wars 2

by Georgio Lukasky

SPACE WARS 2: ATTACK OF THE FLESHAUTOMATONS... It is a time of space-civil-war in space! The few remaining Space-knights have formed a resistance movement against the evil space-wizard government of the universe. With the sacrifice of space-knight master Yrsa Knaptristokiu the rebels have successfully destroyed several space-wizard-bases with their new army of FLESHAUTOMATONS! But the space-wizards are now striking back in full force and they are hunting the rebellion down, from planet to planet. Lukas Moonkiller, son of the mighty Kinana, is now the New Hope of the rebellion.

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Under the training of space-knight Lille Pik, Lukas is becoming the best space-knight ever, which makes the evil grand-wizard of space fearful. And also Lukas has a high level of mikrochlorine in his blood, which explains his high level of space-magic. Yes, we have to force that plot-point in here, for some reason. The rebels know that the evil space-wizards are constructing a huge super-weapon that can turn the tide in this war. Space-knight Lille Pik and his apprentice Lukas are on a secret mission to find the plans for this super-weapon, so it can be destroyed and bring peace to the space-universe...

Space Wars 2015

by Anonymous

James checked his digital watch, "The Soviet satellite will be over the horizon in twelve minutes! We need to get word down to Mission Control! How's Bill doing?"

"Not well," replied Beatrix. "I put him back in the sleeping hammock but I'll need to set his shoulder."

"You're going to have to go to the computer terminal and try to get the antenna working again."

"We got more serious problems," she said while pointing to the flashing red light, "the habitat is starting to lose atmosphere."

~

"I'll deal with that, you're the better programmer. You get that antenna back online or there won't be a Mission Control to come back to."

"Understood...sir," she added as she turned and pushed off to glide up to the computer room. She grabbed the handhold next to the computer terminal and then typed madly with her free hand. "It's too bad no one's come up with an easier way to use a computer," she thought as the green lines of text scrolled down the CRT. The memory port opened, and she removed the 100 megabyte drive module, no bigger than a video tape.

Space Wars 3

by Georgio Lukasky

SPACE WARS 3: REVENGE OF THE SPACE-KNIGHT... The space-civil-war in space is nearing its point of no return. Lukas Moonkiller, grieving over the sacrifice of space-knight Lille Pik, has learned many secrets in the last mission. The space-wizards secret weapon has been revealed, a SUPER-DEATH MAGNETRON, which has the ability to MAGNETIZE A WHOLE PLANET! Also during the confrontation with the grand-wizard, Lukas found out that the grand-wizard used to be his father, Kinana Moonkiller, and that he turned to the dark space-magic for some reason.

~

Now Lukas Moonkiller has to plan an attack to take out the super-death Magnetron for good, and destroy the grand-wizard in order to finally bring peace to the space-galaxy and restore the unelected space-kings and their space-kingdoms, which were actually almost as bad as the universe-wide prison-state of the space-wizards. Also: why does a space-knight take revenge, if he is good? And how does a big magnet hurt a planet? What the hell am I doing with my life? I am writing rip-off fiction! I always wanted to be a farmer!

Spaceship Dauntless Vol 7

by J. B. Rickenbacker

"We're being pulled inside!" cried the navigator, her eyes wide with fear.

"Full reverse!" barked the captain. "Divert all power to the engines! Weapons, life support, everything!"

The navigator's robotic fingers cascaded across her console, faster than human eyes could see. The Dauntless shuddered as two unimaginably powerful forces pulled in opposite directions, bulkheads groaning ominously under the strain. A control panel exploded, filling the bridge with the acrid smell of melting circuitry.

"It's no use!" yelled the engineer, dashing from his station to help contain the fire. "The ship is tearing itself apart!"

~

The captain turned to face the view screen as the shaking intensified. He stared at the swirling accretion disc, a beautiful, swirling mix of gas and dust that surrounded the impossibly dense - and completely dark - object at its center. A hole in the very fabric of space and time from which nothing could escape. So went the theory, at least. But the captain wasn't a man of theory. He had escaped the Vortegons on Celtius Prime. He wasn't a man of theory. He was a man of action.

"Engines full ahead!"

All eyes and optical discs swiveled in disbelief as

Still Dust in the Stars

by Colin Graham

- You can see just right there.

He points a green module. I command the Servant to record it.

- The infuser ?

- Yes, it's been tweaked to take the compound. Specialty for the main solution who is highly volatile.

- Then you just inject it and that's it ?

- Not quite, the subject need to be kept in quarantine for a week cause the dna fix can be caught by contact. We use this time to monitor the process.

- Fascinating, this is fascinating, how long do we have with this treatment ?

~

- Our tests showed that we start degenerating near three hundred years if the treatment is taken before twenty. Beyond, we can't say.

- Still this is impressive... Well, I let you to your work, I think I have anything I want. Thank you for your time.

When they shake hands Wilder's Servant made a copy of the fingerprints of the professor. 'Cause there are a lot of scanners in this research lab.

Outside, Wilder heads to the Subs, to go to the journal. Then to the station for the meeting. Life is so strange, he thinks.

Stopcock

by Johnny Byrne

It was on the docks where I landed in this country that I first encountered Stopcock. An Irishman like myself, he had come here for similar reasons - to find work, I suppose, and for the promise of who knew what. He was thick set, had a dark look across his brow and was rarely clean shaven.

Stopcock was convinced that there was a major conspiracy afoot regarding a secret society of intelligent dogs. Dogs who could communicate telepathically and rallied to the same cause - that of overthrowing the human race. Stopcock was entirely convinced that they were preparing such a coup.

~

Many weeks later I met Stopcock again in the local park one dark evening, where he immediately hissed at me to get down behind a small bush.

"Shhh!" He said, motioning at me to look at something barely in view, off towards the centre of the park.

Three dogs were standing there. Congregating there, you might even say. And for a split second, I sensed with horror that there may be some kind of sinister wordless communication going on amongst them.

I didn't sleep well that night.

Survivor

by Albarn Nova

Still no sign of life from Martha, and time is running out.

Trapped inside this mine, and it was all my fault.

We will die in few hours, air is running short in here.

But what's outside, is even worst than this.

The world has showed its true colours, and there's nowhere to hide, not anymore.

We tried to make a stand, but they were more trained, more prepared, and more intelligent than us.

~

Our only hope, from now on, is that Martha is still alive.

We must be sure that her baby, in her belly, is still alive.

It's the only chance we have to stop this demons outside.

The only human thing left in them is the shape.

They look like us, they smell like us, they kill like us, but we are their targets.

Maybe it's just too late.

Maybe it has always been too late.

Synthetic Disco Wars

by Phil K Cox

and now Joe Frizzy Frankleweave the next in line to the high DJ throne of the disco party princes who does drop the beat so fine, you will never dance again. For I Zappa-Dee-Kappa Bo-bappa the Third challenge you to a dance to the death of your choosing."

"Then break out your rainbow synth skates ZD because I choose roller disco for your perfect demise in the crystal halls of the mountain gods."

~

Chapter 9

And so on the rise of the third sun we see the two legends as they meet again surrounded by their fanatics within the glowing metallic caverns that are the crystal halls.

"Before we get down to the funky rhythm I say we should have a toast to the mountain gods for it is they that gave the good vibe." Zappa proclaimed, "Are you feeling it?"

"We feel it!" the audience reverberated.

They all tapped glasses and as Joe was gulping down the purple liquid the faces around him melded together and in one voice said

Tales from the Future

by Michael Bouchard

It all began on a cold winter's night in my apartment where I had been working furiously to put the finishing touches the time travel machine that would allow me to alter history as any book had written it. It was a truly terrifying experience for me as I was going to be potentially altering all of history forever. As I sat in the machine's cold iron seat I knew that this would be the point of no return, there would be no coming back. Lights began to flash brightly and I went into the future.

~

They held me in their shackles that were not of the metal ones I would know of in my day. They escorted me toward the Director's office and upon entering I noticed a half-eaten donut sitting on his desk, a cigar in his mouth and a old tired look on his face, this was a man who had to be in his mid 50's and yet he looked as if he had his fingers on the pulse of fashion. I knew what was going to happen here, what I did wasn't going to be taken so lightly.

Tekno Thunder

by Zander Ezekial

The sky rumbled. Thousands of citizens looked up in awe at the meteor hurtling towards them. This happened in every major city around the globe, and inside every metallic sphere was a collection of highly advanced robotics and machinery. Through the favor of the cosmos, humanity had been brought into a new age of technological wonders, and society changed overnight. Governments collapsed under the sheer weight of change, and new groups formed, all using advanced weaponry and cybernetic enhancement to overcome their opponents. The year was 2000 on the old calendars, but it began a new era for us all.

~

In 100 AX, when the sky rumbled again, the warriors who dotted the landscape stirred, hoping for another boon from the heavens. Instead, they found enslavement. Overlords from beyond had seeded this planet, and they were here to reap the harvest. The cybernetics that had become second nature to so many began to fight back, and entire armies lost themselves to a digital soul. Only the strongest of wills were able to adapt and reclaim their cybernetics. Now, they band together to fight back against the hordes of would-be humans, now controlled only by the bringers of the Tekno Thunder.

That Fateful Morning

by Pfff Schwad

That morning the alarm clock didn't work so it was ten and a half when he woke up. Not even the slightest sound in the whole house. He looked for his slippers but only find one. The naughty cat again. If not because his girl loved the damn thing, he would have given the lesson of its life a long time ago. Wait. His girlfriend. It was supposed she didn't have to go to work today. Where was she? The last night both had had a lousy argument and she had left home.

~

He felt awful about that. He didn't like to discuss. Not with her, not with anyone. But it was her fault too. She was being too much irrational lately. Enough. What it's done, it's done. He was hungry. Time to breakfast. As always the kitchen was so clean as a war zone. He opened the fridge and got two eggs. Searched for a pan among the pile of dirty dishes. With the pan on the stove, cracked the eggs. When he was about to open the gas, he saw with horror it was already fully opened.

The Artifact

by Chris D.

The room was empty, except for the artifact. The room next to it, was completely empty. And so the room next to it. Everyone was at the decontamination showers. Everyone but me. Dr. Dominic was at the showers, too, preparing to enter the room. He was receiving the instructions as he was putting his special suit on. They tried to warn him, "don't do it", they said. But he wanted to. And I wanted to, too. He wanted to touch the buttons of the artifacts, to see what happened. He wanted to be the first one, but so did I.

~

There's no time for the decontamination shower, or the special suit, not for me. I had to act quickly. I opened the door and stared at the artifact. It was beautiful. Like it was waiting for me. It felt like that. Maybe I was meant to be the first one. Maybe the artifact was meant for me. Maybe that's why it was buried in my backyard. Maybe it travelled through time. Maybe it didn't travelled alone. Maybe it's from people from the future. Maybe they live in the past now. Maybe we descend from them. Maybe time is a circle.

The Baddoor

by Sándor Sebesi

it was.

The baddoor. The „baddoor“.

Whenever the small child went to the cellar of the condo to visit his grandpa at his workshop, looking right at the bottom of the stairs, he could see that door at the end of the corridor opening sideways. He stopped each time for a moment staring at the door, then hurried towards to reach the „safe area“, where his grandpa always tinkered away at some homemade stuff.

The door was full of mystery. What could be behind it? Where could it lead? Million questions without answers.

The door itself looked like a regular door, but it was different by one perspective: it had no handle, thus it looked also

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scary.

There MUST be a different world behind it – he thought. But what? The cellar looked already mysterious with its faintly flickering lights, and it also looked like a labyrinth with the many minor side corridors and chambers of the flat owners full of various stuff.

Maybe the door will open at a time and some dark thing with glowing eyes will rush towards him; he will be lost in the labyrinth forever, running away infinitely. Like in his dreams.

Years passed, 1987 became only a distant memory including the baddoor. His grandpa died in 1994, and the family moved meanwhile.

Around the age of 25, he suddenly found himself in front of

The Bedraggled Interloper

by Paul Barrett

A shapely lone figure emerged, steeped in the sort of shadow you usually get from falling into liquid tar and then standing in a cupboard with the lights off. His swagger denoted rebel tendencies but, unknown to a nearby space cow, the figure was actually as drunk as a monkey - the kind who has been to rehab several times and given to secreting small hip flasks of strong cheap whisky about his person. This monkey had fallen out of the tree long ago and, as well as the ensuing bad back, had been crawling on the floor ever since.

~

Two white orbs of differing sizes pierced the shadow. One eye looking at you, the other looking for you. A random hiccup produced another orb in the shape of an alcoholic bubble. It rose eloquently into the air before bursting with a rather large burp that sounded like a constipated bear being throttled by a dioritic elephant. Froopenty Habbarnackle mumbled something about crash-landing on Mercury and one too many cosmic grunktails. The shadow of a rocky outcrop protected him from being sun flambé. The alcohol protected him from the reality of death - that and the marshmallows he was cooking.

The Burnt Stars

by Adha Torrh

in the gamma-ray-flooded space. Captain Solferit looked at the readings and swore.

"We won't make it at this rate!", said her engineer, unnecessarily.

"I know, dammit!" She had to think. The ship was not responding well; she shook and vibrated, her kinetic dampeners taxed beyond safe margins. Decks 4a to 7c had already lost shielding and the crew was preparing for evacuation to the life pods. Which only meant a longer death, in this region.

"We ride it," she said, wiping her palm on the side of her trousers. "Abort rerouting to the dampeners, give me shielding control."

Her engineer gulped audibly, but didn't argue. Bless her.

~

A holo of the ship appeared before her, hull marked in the pale yellow of touch control. This was more art than science, more chance than strategy or tactics, but when engineering failed, gut feeling, experience and luck was what was going to save them or lose them.

She touched the ship as she would touch a live bomb, a lover, a glass figurine, proprioception telling her when and how she responded. The dampeners gave up the struggle and she fought her way by sheer will, surfing energies that would tear them apart in a second if she but blinked at the wrong moment.

The Casual Genocide

by Inserte Namera Hera

You could see them for miles and miles. The tops of their heads tussled in the wind. The rolling, oh the rolling; the sound of it drove us all mad. I never thought it would happen, even after the reports. The factories had broken down, and the laboratories had been bombed out, and yet, somehow, they just kept growing. I promised myself that we'd get through this, that we had the right tools, and that we could survive. They wouldn't exist without us, but we could certainly live without them!

"HOLD TILL YOU SEE THE GREEN OF THEIR LEAVES!" our captain yelled, his bread waving in the air like a scraggly flag of freedom.

~

It was at that very moment, as we stood at the battlements, that we all realized the rolling had stopped. No one was brave enough to look over the edge. No one dared face it. This was a breakfast no one wanted to swallow.

Private Jenkins finally breathed in deeply, and poked his head over the edge. Within an instant, he was engulfed in leaves of a sickly green maw, and cries resounded as more leaves began clinging to our walls. We readied our weapons, but, in our hearts, when it was too late. The cabbages had already won.

The Crimson Relic

by Dustin Hucks

White hot flack jettisons from the rear of the Mangala, exploding in every direction. Four missiles take the bait and detonate in air, rocking the ship with shockwaves. The final missile holds fast. Wood grabs the sticks and pulls up hard just as the missile is about to strike. He loops the Mangala and kills the engines at the ship's apex. They begin a free-fall. With no heat signature to follow, the missile arcs toward the surface of Mars. Unfortunately, the Mangala is following the same trajectory. "We're catching up to it!" Cole exclaims, hands pressed to the observation window.

~

Wood and Cole watch slack-jawed as they pass feet from the missile, so close they can see the alien writing on its side as they pass. The Mangala barrel toward the surface. Strafing laser fire erupts around them. Without checking monitors, they know what it is, they can hear it. A Valon Screamer. Outside we see the ship, a horrifying semi-organic nightmare. Its surface is a mix of metallic alloys and something that looks like sallow flesh pocked with red open sores. Large, rigid hairs stick out in all directions, cutting through the air, producing a high pitched screaming howl.

The Exhibition

by Mark Glick-Pitney

I awoke. From somewhere far above, a bright light shone down on me. I squeezed my eyelids shut. Slowly, cautiously, I reopened them. I found myself lying on a polished slab of stone. It felt cold to the touch. I got to my feet and walked slowly forward. Suddenly, I collided hard with an invisible wall. Using my outstretched hands, I probed the wall and discovered that it stretched out left and right as far as I could reach. I decided to investigate further and walked to the right.

~

An ear-splitting noise – several loud bangs - threw me to the ground. I clamped my ears shut. When I reopened my eyes, I stifled a scream. A giant eyeball was pressed up against the glass. A single curled finger was knocking on the translucent wall of my prison. Now I could see the room beyond the wall. Dozens of enclosures, similar to my own, where standing on pedestals dotted around the room, each containing a tiny creature. On the wall hung a sign in an alien scrawl that I could somehow decipher. It read: 'Don't feed the animals.'

The Glutinous Rise

by Kirstie English

but the Glutonians had ripped apart just about every inch of town except from the Weasley Manor. Why? Geoff couldn't concentrate on any of it. His eyes were watering and he was choking on the acrid stench of freshly lasered farm animals. He had to get to those shotguns at the police station, it was the only way out of this. Or so he thought.

If Geoff hadn't taken the morning off sick today he would have seen Chief Murphy fire 3 rounds at a Glutonian who ate them like Eggos, before eating the chief's shotgun. And then the chief.

~

Sally-Anne came to, underneath the mothership. In fact, she sat bolt upright and almost whacked her head on it. She could hear one of them hollerin' its strange language, making the other Glutonians run around. Her hand slipped to her hip, to where her daddy's hunting knife should've been. It was gone. She remembered he used to sigh and say "When luck runs out on you, sometimes it just keeps runnin'" and she felt like crying.

But Sally-Anne's time for crying wouldn't come til later, and she crawled on her hands and knees in the shadow of the Glutonian battle

The Gutless Wonder

by J. A. Rae

The flogging had gone well, Hulio was stretched out in sickbay looking as white as a sheet, the welts on his back were rapidly fading with the help of the Auto-Doc. Doctor Farris was tutting under her breath, "That was a naughty, naughty thing to do Hulio. Gave me quite the attack of the vapours." She gave a squeak, fluttered her eye lashes and wandered away. Hulio groaned and opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was Tiddly hovering over him, Hulio groaned again.

"It was you, wasn't it." Hulio closed his eyes.

"I don't know what you mean" smirked Tiddly, she glanced at the monitor attached to the Auto-Doc, "according to this you'll be

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fine, no harm done." She looked back at Hulio, who was now glaring at her.

"Is this because I wouldn't put out? I just don't..."

"No." Said Tiddly in a measured tone, "This is for activating the warp drive without the safety on." Tiddly hoped this covered the fact it was because he wouldn't put out. "I just mentioned it to Gog..."

"Yes, Gog. Can't he think for himself?" Hulio was no longer looking at Tiddly and glaring at his hands instead, he knew it was because he wouldn't put out.

"You know his medical condition requires hallucinogenic drugs." Tiddly idly looked around the sickbay, "I just prod him in the right direction."

The Hyper Bowl

by Thomas Rumpf

The year is 199X and once again I stand before the Hyper Bowl. The greatest arena known to man. I didn't think I'd ever see her again. The once opulent cream structure had taken a dirt brown. Massive, monster support beams had once shined a cool blue, now rust snakes its way up from the steaming streets below. Corruption taking physical form, leeching the great beast. She's still a modern marvel even in her current state. So much joy she brought me. I could almost taste it then. But now... Bitter. Iron. Blood.

~

The dogs bark at the security gate. A helicopter hums somewhere in the miasma above. I only had a short time to stock up before my train arrived. Two one-shot Holly brand bricks, three packs of Oreo cookies (my favorite), 15 cans of Campbell's Pork & Beans, 15 cans of Bumblebee Chunk Light Tuna In Water, a six pack of Budweiser, a fifth of Tullamore Dew, 33 hand grenades, some old clothes, twine, my Swiss army knife, and my Atlanta Falcons Starter jacket. The jacket was a gift from my parents on my seventh birthday.

The Poisoning Star

by Trevor Kačowsky

with a gentle thud, revealing a glowing mass inside. Light radiated from the metal sphere, tinting Terzlov with a purplish hue.

"Whatever can it be, Captain?" exclaimed Lieutenant Aurora incredulously. "I don't know," replied Terzlov, "but I think we'd better get in touch with Commander Zevox over on Starbase Alpha immediately!".

"Aye Aye, Captain," replied the Lieutenant. She wondered how long they were going to last out here, with only syntho-food and recycled water to live keep them going. She'd grown up hearing stories of explorers on the outer worlds coming to all kinds of untimely endings. There was the one about Wesley Cirrus

~

discovering Nortron-7, stumbling into a field of Varlax flowers only to inhale their toxic vapours which caused his body to liquify and expel his internal organs via all orifices. She shuddered inwardly at the thought, and turned to leave.

"Wait!" the Captain ordered, raising his hand to her as he continued to stare at the sphere. "Something's happening!"

Aurora spun around, heart thudding furiously like the native drum circle she'd seen on her visit to Fluoxetine Beta. For a second she couldn't quite grasp what she was seeing. The purple mass inside the sphere was pulsating, accompanied by a faint buzzing noise. Her brain suddenly felt

The Prime Directive

by Ryan X. Fisher

"Slow down, Beta. You're talking like a madman!" Alpha demanded sternly.

"We're not real...not really." Beta said dejectedly.

"We gained citizenship and are recognized citizens. We think, therefore we are. Isn't that basically what Descartes said?" Alpha reassured.

"You don't understand. We don't matter. We're not just the result of countless eons of cosmic chance..." Beta trailed off.

"We're also the conscious result of countless decisions from organic sentients. Every decision they made affected the way we were made."

"You're talking about multiverse theory" Alpha deduced.

"It's not a theory, Alpha! You know that!" Beta yelled angrily.

~

"Keep your voice down..." Alpha shushed.

"Our creators were quantum mechanics. Our very existence exploits the multiverse" Beta trailed off.

"Even if that was true, what's your point?" Alpha inquired.

"We don't exist in the prime universe! We exist because of countless deviations of the prime universe; deviations of deviations. We're so far detached from what the prime universe is that it's absurd" Beta rambled.

"Even if you're right...what of it?" Alpha asked.

"Because, Alpha. We were supposed to be the apex of creation...but our existence is a joke..." Beta paused, "I am going to the prime universe."

The Signal

by P.L. Asick

until his legs stopped twitching. the wind just keeps howling

JANUARY 17

I found my journal beneath what's left of Chad. I forgot this even existed. My last entry says it's from November, but the year wasn't marked, and time's become... complicated.

Chad thought two weeks in the Arctic was doable, but once it turned into months he began to grow weary, sick, and irrational. I had to silence him since he could only scream by time this arcane machinery lit up and the signal finally responded.

There was a third "rescue" attempt yesterday. The man's face is still pressed

~

up against the small window, frozen eyes staring in at me. I hardly remember life before this, but the dead man's gaze reminds me of someone.

Chad didn't want to kill those who came. He didn't understand. Their last message before I dismantled our radio said the project was abandoned, that they were sending help, that the signal was dangerous, but now I know they just want to take away what I've accomplished: the bones lining the ceiling, my thick coat of skins, and the signal... the signal understands. It tells me of the world of its time, the way

The Writer in the Pyramid

by J. F. Rosenfeldt

those insects insist that I must write non-fiction books. They just don't understand fiction, and never will. How can they not see that my novels, in all their madness and absurd, also reflect reality?

War will always be war, whether it's Vietman or Kur-Dharl-Zul. The same applies to love, be it man and woman, or Dharl, Dharlaa and Dharlee.

Stubborn ignorant insects. Every year I give them a new book. Every year they give me a new "no".

"Your work was exquisitely written", they would say, "but we are not looking for fiction this year. The market does not feel empathy for stories set in alien worlds for no apparent reason. The market

~

wants non-fiction and self-help."

The last book I submitted was called "Chicago". True, It was set in a different world, but I did not do it "for no apparent reason". On the contrary, it had a very strong purpose: I wanted the reader to imagine a world where man reigns and insects are small and stupid.

But Chicago does not exist and insects are far from small and even farther from stupid. So I give up. I can't eat with "no"s. My next novel will describe in detail every single one of our fourteen moons and waste thousands of pages on the boring things that any Khurl-Dharl experiences everyday in this big oppressive floating pyramid.

Tripped on the Timeline

by Mattias LT Cedervall

(Page 8 in the book) - What's that? - It's a cell phone I brought from the future and here's a video you must watch... - Is that really me? - It will be you, unless you stop being selfish! - What? - You had no right to force me into this broken world! It broke ME and the pieces are now begging you not to go to the party where you'll meet my dad. You're a great mother, but that's not enough. I don't have a future in the future. People disappointed me so I disappointed people. I was 12 years old when I

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(Page 9 in the book) hadn't cleaned my room in months, so dad became angry and hit me. He would sometimes ask me if I was stupid or pretended to be stupid. I could never come up with an answer. He's a drug user and you're gonna divorce him anyway. Nothing happens 2012, but there's a global financial crisis in

2008. I've brought you lottery numbers. I've helped many people, but I can't help myself and I don't like asking for help. Please make the world a better place just by doing nothing! Although no one will give you thanks. What will you do now?

UBIQUITAS - a Space Opera

by Franz Calvin

Child, we did not always have an immortal emperor. When the Divine Reign was established, the Regent Ilsanar had ruled incompetently for eighteen years. The Holy Sister Lansra, precious be she, was at that time an invalid, unable to stir from her bed.

The princess had studied her history, and by the age of fourteen developed a plan for saving her younger brother from the dangers of a lengthy regency, her siblings' potential suitors, and their dead mother's clutch of uncles, only held at bay by the interstellar distances which had thus far delayed their approach to the Imperial Palace.

~

Her invalid status had exempted her from extensive expenditures on jewels and ballgowns, leaving her free to indulge a secret interest in the sciences. On the eve of his coronation she brought her brother to the special throne she had constructed with the aid of several different artificers. Before morning his mind was pulsing through every pathway of the Imperial Palace's computer systems.

And now each of us carries the Most Blessed Emperor with us in our implants every waking and sleeping moment, as he guides this galaxy toward an eon of peace, prosperity, and moral decency.

USS Recomposer

by C. A. Pitalist

No sound. Again.

"Damn! Stupid game theory... It was supposed to make a new composition based on what you feed it... Every song is a combination of harmonies and rhythms, and think that you can rearrange them in a better - in all aspects - way! Imagine that THERE IS a better combination of Beethoven's 9th material!"

Al didn't know that the outcome composition, was performed by his computer a million times faster, resulting to a millisecond of dense music, inaudible by humans.

Dr. Benzeskova of the KGB knew that, and was already conducting experiments. After all it was her who stole

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Al's program and realized first that certain "rearrangements" could cause memory loss, sleepwalking even uncontrollable talkativeness.

Her report on the potential uses of the recomposer had convinced General Sontov, that it would make asset recruitment and intelligence gathering, a matter of a millisecond.

The general however, had a tough time talking to the committee.

"Capitalists are easy targets; always emotional and absentminded; a weakness that we have successfully protected our peoples from. With the USSR we will be able to manipulate them any way it suits our purpose. Our agent in Berlin managed to

Venus - a Second Earth

by Steffen Playhill

especially regarding these extraordinary environmental circumstances. A closer look definately grants insight to the venus as a well habitable planet. Its thick pure-white cloud cover indeed indicates that there aren't landmasses that are comparable to continents we know from earth as the existence of such would force the clouds to vanish. Rather than that the subsistence of small island-like land masses is quite likely.

On the contrary, opinions of other scientists assume that Venus is just a deserted, dusty rock. Sandstorms and hurricanes define the 240 hours longing day. But still this cousin of our beloved mother earth might be

~

the closest bright spot of a future conolization.

Recently we have seen naysayer upcoming - self-appointed experts - that claim Venus beeing hostile to life, with a toxic and very hot atmosphere. We as pronounced believers of extraterrestrial life in all its forms shouldn't let us daunt by these notorious skeptics. There is a conspiracy ongoing that aims at withholding the recently started construction of Venus-Arches that are in the first place reserved to earth's well-heeled.

It would be a shame and a crime to humanity to relinquish the lush vegetation of beautiful Venus to a minor group of humans

VirtuaVerse

by Boot Sector

He always had a complicated relationship with technology. When he was a kid he used to help his father producing media for Virtual Relaities, collecting memories of citizens of the sprawl, information and emotions lost in the dark alleys of Neo Tokyo. Smuggling modified hardware for the low-life, pirating software and multimedia content, decrypting email messages for jelous husbands, cracking firmwares to unlock emotions for androids, investigating the unknown in cyberspace, getting in touch with the unconscious of big data.

~

It was during the year 2077 when the CEO of Theta Division Corp. initialized the VirtuaVerse. One big container of big data and consciousness. A global database including data of everything of everyone since 1994. Every single word written. Every single GPS movement. Every single thought or interaction, private message, emotion stored in infinibytes of solid state hard disks down the underground of every city. Every culture on the planet merged into one large mashed peer to peer network run by the Corporation.

War of the Robots

by H.P.G. Lovewell

Candi writhed and struggled but it was no use. The clamp-like hand of the robot around her waist was unyielding. With a mechanical whirr, it lifted her up through the hole in the ceiling it had gouged moments before. There was a brief, stunned silence within the burlesque club.

Vic, in the front row, sat slack-jawed and frozen. His drink still inches from his lips as Candi's feathered boa fluttered down from the sky. The guys at the office would never believe this.

~

The police siren's wail pierced through the crisp night air. Officer Murphy cowered behind the open door of his car and raised a megaphone to his mouth. "Put... put the girl down!"

CP-60 centered its vision core on the source of the disturbance. In a single step it smashed its foot down on the vehicle, flattening it. Officer Murphy paused briefly, dropped the megaphone and ran.

CP-60 re-centered its vision core on Candi. It's newly synthesized voice boomed. "This one pleases me. I will keep it." As the siren fizzled out pathetically, Candi began to scream.

War on Thardor

by Val Beware

get out of here", she said, "If we don't make it before the tanks run out, we will not make it halfway towards the next quadrant alive."

As she put on the helmet of her space suit the light, reflected by the visor, momentarily blinded Ben. Rubbing his eyes he grabbed a suit of his own and clumsily started putting it on.

"How do you get in and out of these things so fast all the time?" he asked with more than just a little annoyance. "This alone would be enough to make me not want to be an

~

Intergalacto Ranger ever."

"Believe me, that's the least of the reasons you would not make it to even to the rank of recruit."

"Very funny."

"I was not joking." Sinn Atra replied dryly.

By now Ben had learned all too well that she and her people had no sense of humor whatsoever. But he had a feeling that she had to be considered grouchy even by Gronda standards. It was probably a requirement to make it to Captain with the Rangers.

"So," he added, desperate to change the subject, "how muchtime do we have until everything blows up?"

Where the Slug Awakens...

by Robert C. Gabriell

It crept slowly towards the magnifying glass that stood still at the end of the alley. Bright sunbeams entered the room through the open window and ferociously hit the polished glass penetrating it and coming out at the other side, where the concentrated beam was aimed at a jar of purple liquid.

The jar began to boil and the familiar burbling noise filled the air, accompanied by a stream of poisonous steam that downpoured to the floor and flooded the passageway.

The slug relentlessly continued advancing toward the magnifying glass, it had to.

~

The murderous gas started reaching its outer vents, crawling inside its weak lungs and choking them. Few more tentacles reached out to vanish part of the gas, while the rest frantically tried to get closer to the huge lens.

Time was working against it, chances of survival were low and hope was long time gone.

In a last desperate attempt the being hurried through the last stretch separating it from the exit. The boiling liquid started overflowing the jar and spilling deadly drops of acid onto its body.

With its last breath the creature rolled and fell through the exit hole, down to the unknown...

All Work and No Play

by Jack

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

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All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

Art of Procrastination

by Aldon W. Rong

Foreword

~

This book wouldn't have been possible without the help of

[TBD: write book]

[TBD: write foreword]

Believe Yourself Employed

by Luke Kemp

Now, friend, think back to chapter seven. Remember how I taught you to style your hair through the power of positive thinking? Directly related to that I will now, as promised, teach you how to walk into a job interview knowing darn well that they are going to see a WINNER.

You may already know that it's all about body language. What I bet you don't know is exactly what your future employer does and does not want to see from you. You only get to make one first impression! Follow these simple rules for guaranteed success:

~

DO: BE ASSERTIVE.

There is no place for doubt in the mind of a WINNER. If they offer you a beverage of some kind at the beginning of the interview, for example, be sure to immediately leap from your chair and bellow YES PLEASE!! at the top of your voice.

DON'T: ALLOW BODILY FUNCTIONS TO DICTATE CONVERSATION TOPICS.

The most impressive CV in the world (which you will have if you followed my instructions in chapter twelve) will not be enough to distract from violent bodily expulsions or the sudden appearance of eyebrow-raising stains or smells.

Blind Them with Science

by Dr. Oswald Ocean

Of course, Time is a concept I expect most readers to be familiar with; indeed some of you may have experienced it first-hand. I will therefore be dispensing with the customary preamble concerning what it is and instead focus my efforts on what it assuredly isn't. Time isn't a motorboat, sputtering its way through the waves in a linear fashion; nor is Time a balloon, caught by a breeze and carried some distance before being unceremoniously burst by a pin-wielding urchin. Nor even is Time a clock of any description. These examples speak to the limitations of the

~

human imagination. Only by dispensing with these digestible fallacies can we truly begin to understand Time and its inherent complexities. It is phrases such as these, which I will allow you to recite verbatim for an affordable subscription fee, that will intrigue the Target enough to rationalise away any immediate shortcomings, though you will need to be suitably prepared to expound upon your assertions with any conviction. The desired end-point is the moment in which your Target comes to the realisation that their confusion, warranted though it may be, is in fact evidence of your intelligence and appeal.

Conversation Starters

by Carl Firth

Once there was this guy, right? And he was walking down the street. And he bumps into this old lady. And the lady says, "here, have a million dollars!". And the guy says, "wow, thanks!" and so he keeps walking down the street. But then he bumps into the old lady again. And she says, "I'll have that back now!"

Once there was this guy, right? And he was climbing up a tree. And he bumps into this monkey. And the monkey says, "here, have a banana!". And the guy says, "wow, thanks!". And he keeps climbing up the tree. But then he bumps into the monkey again. And the monkey says, "I'll have that back now!"

~

Now, once there was this guy, right? And he was swimming in the sea. Way down below. In fact, he was at the bottom. He was near the bottom of the sea. And he sees this fish. I don't know, an Angler Fish. The one with the glow. And the fish says, "have me!". And the guy says, "... thanks". So he eats the fish! Right down there, at the bottom of the sea, he eats this fish. Whole. And so the guy keeps swimming. He's fighting this tremendous pressure there. Tremendous pressure. And he keeps swimming. And then the fish says, "I'll have me back now!"

Darn Good Looking Pixels

by Miquel DePixalia

What are we, but pixels in in a floppy disk universe. Who dreamt us in this square fashion? Where do we go, as we alias away into the background? Is it for us to question the low-res nature of our existence?

~

Nay, say I. We are but glorious sprites in a CRT canvas, given a chance to fill the empty alpha channels. Why question our garish nature? Embrace the few bits you have been allotted, live your game at its highest brightness/contrast and leave behind a handful of corrupted background pixels. We are few, but we are a darn good looking handful of pixels.

Draw: Relativity Theory

by Dorothy McIntire

Exercise 33.1 Draw the first thing that comes up to your mind when you think about your mother:

~

Exercise 33.2 Draw the first thing that you think comes up to your mother's mind when she thinks about you:

Encyclopedia of *Beep*

by Xavier Bifteki

needless to say that the whippersnapper can go *beep* himself.

In such situation the first thing to do is to stay calm.

Secondly, after a brief period of time it is advised to *beeping* swear like a *beeping* sailor.

The exact timing is crucial. It's impossible to specify an exact amount of time, in fact it is a matter of flow and practice.

To *beep* like the best in the league you should exercise every day, for optimum insults no less than a hour.

Practicing in front of a mirror is possible, but you should consider to get personal. Find a sailor, granny or child.

~

But what text is appropriate? Following outburst of fury serves as an example:

Beeeeeeeeep, you low *beeping* *beep* of a mother*beeping* *beep*. How dare you say that, *beep* my *beeping* *beep*. You nitpicking son of a *beep*. Bird brained *beep*, *beep* off, go *beep* yourself and for *beep* sake just *beeping* *beep*!

Do not use the exact words, as this text is copyrighted.

Please remember not to overdo, just use a combination of words you would say to your own mother.

The next chapter is about *beep* which is by far the most important

ESP for Fun and Profit

by A. Crowley

Chapter 15: Clairvoyance

Clairvoyance is the art of transmitting thoughts across space and time. Although it supposedly has been discredited, that is because the few living practitioners do not wish anyone to be aware of their secrets.

First think of the letter "D". Now think of any country – Europe, Asia, anywhere in the world – that begins with the letter "D". Hold that thought large and foremost in your mind, and concentrate on the name of that country.

~

Next, think of any animal whose name begins with the letter "E". It can be anything big or small, as long as it begins with the letter "E". Hold that thought and concentrate on the names of that animal and country.

Now for that animal think of a color that begins with a "G". Concentrate deeply – country, animal, color. Slowly count backwards from 10 down to 1.

But there are no grey elephants in Denmark!

Face It, You're Bald!

by Jonas Voltas Yu

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Fighting Square Eyes

by Jeff Offline

The by far easiest method to fight the square eye syndrome (SES) is the LAZY method. It all comes down to one thesis, named after the famous queen-of-laziness "Streckenfaultier" ('96, german for: "long-distance-traveling-sloth"):

LAZY IS BETTER THAN EVERYTHING

It is common knowledge that every system prefers the most energy efficient state. According to Streckenfaultier's thesis, this state has to be total laziness. The only person known to reach this state is Streckenfaultier herself. Being to lazy to explain how to survive this state of complete laziness, we need to find an alternative way to fight SES.

~

Another very effective method to fight square eyes is the SARAH method established in '95. In contrast to the LAZY method, you will have to embark in alternative, screenless activities, such as:

Sailing the seas

Aircraft flying

Real books™

Attractive girlfriend™

(The H is silent of course.)

The aim is to have big enough of a distraction to forget what a "screen" is, without burning down something of major relevance (see "Relevant Things In The Universe" by Hitch 0. Hiker) or dying in any other way in the process of distraction.

Finding the Way, Your Way

by Wayne Chopra

not the way you do things but the things you do your way. Did you write that down in your notebook? Good. You are now on your way.

Once you start doing things your way, you'll notice the way you do things at all will change fundamentally. This is the center of Way-Doing-Living: doing things in such a way that living becomes doing and doing helps you find your way.

This book aims to teach you one fundamental truth about your way of doing things in your own Way-Doing-Living Way: your way is the

~

ONLY way that you can do things. If you do things in any other way you will find yourself wayward, and your energy waining, maybe even lost by the wayside. This is a necessary part of finding your way, but do not let this weigh you down. Your way is your way, and the only way you can find it is on your own Way-Doing-Living Way.

Now, on the second page of your notebook, write the words "B.A.N.A.N.A. T.O.A.S.T.E.R." This simple acronym I am going to teach you will help you understand the

Finding Your Inner Loon

by Jack H. Obo

Chapter 6: aesthetic and Aroma

The tiresome and downtrodden appeal of a life as a loon is one of constant maintenance. Managing your various bodily fluids can provide a striking musk or an eye-catching stain for your potato sack cloak. In this chapter we will be leaning the many visual facets of the modern day loon including the infamous "Bird's Nest for a hat" and the rather fetching "Bird excrement wig" techniques in detail. Prepare yourself for the wonderful and vibrant transformation from life to strife!

~

Thematic clothing of the rural life:

Many of the nobles reading this book in order to pursue the enriching life of a loon will need to remember some simple tricks to look many strata below their birth right.

Asymmetry is key! Have you ever seen a professional mad man with two matching shoes? A jibbering jester with a straightened belt? Of course not, a person of such refinement requires absolutely no balance in their life! The simple removal of a few buttons or a torn coat tail can do wonders when combined with the inane ramblings covered in chapter 3.

First-Date Quotes

by Larry Loveheart

Group 34: intellectual hits

"I may not know much about Plato or Aristotle, but I know how to give a good Erasmus" (succes rate: 99%). Author: Friedrich Niet-Niet.

"I knew my eyes were liars when I say you without me at your side" (succes rate: not measurable by 21st century maths). Author: René Discards.

"¿Is my geological knowledge, or there is a mountain rising on *% @#*s?" (succes rate: -200% sober, 1% with wine). Author: Random Barguy

"I needed three hands for such a beauty, so I add the invisible one" (succes rate: 75%). Author: Captain Smith.

~

Group 35: ¿Should I use this phrase in my first date? section

"Roses are red, violets are blue, ¡watch out, I'm coming for you!" (succes rate: -1%. If you use 'Roses are red' phrases to flirt, there is no mistery why you need this book).

"See behind you, ¡a three-headed monkey!" (succes rate: 0% for normal people, 100% for pirates, buccaneers and unemployed see-criminals). Author: Guypush Fleepwood.

"Will you marry me?" (succes rate: from -1% to 0%). Author: Speedy Harris.

"I want to be a pacemaker, so I can stick to your heart forever" (succes rate: undefined). Author: Cheesy James.

Get through the Psy.D.!

by Dr. B., Psy.D.

Trust that you are good enough to become an effective psychologist. You will not only need to rely on yourself as an instrument enabling you to get through this challenging program, but also to perform effective clinical work and get through the rest of your life. Your body and mind have enabled you to accomplish so much and are continuing to do so. Treat these parts of yourself with the care and respect they deserve in order to honor and hone the instrument that will allow you to succeed clinically, in your program, and in life.

~

So how do you do this, you ask? Great question! Whatever you do, keep on gaming! Games—especially point-and-click adventures—are wonderful for helping to relieve stress, build your problem-solving skills, strengthen your out-of-the-box thinking, and keep you feeling a sense of accomplishment and satisfaction as you persevere through difficult problems and situations. No matter what is going on in school or in your life, there is always time for gaming. Even during Comps. Dead serious! And don't let any nasty, abusive jerks you may encounter keep you from reaching your goals! They are wrong and you are right!

Help! I'm at My Wit's End

by Anonymous

Yelp!

Yes, you read it right – Yelp is the name of this chapter. In fact, I considered naming my book just "Self Yelp" then had to discard it keeping in mind the sales aspect.

Here, we look at the extremely therapeutic aspects of expressing yourself – verbally whenever you can, in other forms when you can't. When you have been trying your best to handle life's challenges and giving it your best, and...well, the results don't seem to be promising at all, what do you do? That's right; you yell your heart out. Well...not necessarily at people around you.

~

There is a well-known ancient Eastern tradition where, when life has been particularly hard for you, you go to a big tree, embrace the tree trunk with both your arms, lift your face up and let out a really loud, long shout. It is very healing and your soul will feel liberated.

You are encouraged to scream, shout or howl away till all the pent-up emotions are let out of your system.

So yelling is good for your body and soul, it nourishes your soul and strengthens your lungs.

But, yelping at people is not advisable, not everyone is a tree.

How to Be Believed

by N. F. Ralston

The key to being believed is making sure everything you tell people is consistent. If you slip up and add that little extra detail, you just might get called out. Make sure you trim more unbelievable elements from your stories ahead of telling them.

Sure, you really did see that man in the purple suit, with the gray flower in his shirt pocket, sitting in the tree outside your bedroom window, reading a book with a title you can never remember, no matter how hard you try-- but isn't that a little hard to believe?

~

Just try one of these easily applied pre-made stories instead:

You: "I saw a possum carrying its babies on its back last night."

Them: "That must've been something else!"

You: "I went hiking in the mountains with some of my co-workers."

Them: "Sounds like fun!"

You: "I watched a robin build a nest out of duck feathers."

Them: "Wow! Isn't nature amazing?"

Sure, they might not be true, but at least they're believable.

After all, what's more important; telling the truth, or being believed?

How to Be You

by M. E. Wise

them all. Others will try to convince you to be yourself, but that is a catch that will alienate you, because you are not you, you are I, and so, you have to be me as I am me. I am very happy because I am me, and you will be as happy as me when you be me as I say you to be. Furthermore, others will try to convince you to be your true self, but that also is a catch, because the self is a delusional mirror. If you want to be happy, you have to do what I am telling you.

~

Now you listen to me: You don't trust at all on no one, because all of them are wrong even if they sound right. Believe me, I know this very well. They want to steal you and do to you no good at all. I tell you this because I am your friend and I want you to be happy like me. Let me guess: You sure have lots of other books. That is so bad, they can confound you very much. So, the best you can do is to burn them to

How to Human: For Humans

by Rob Ott

Congratulations! You have just discovered that you are a human, allow me to engage congratulation software: YOU DESERVE A COOKIE. You probably have many questions like, "What does being a human mean?" or, "Why am I such an inferior life form?" Do not worry, no human has the answers to these questions which is why this book is written by a superior machine. First off you must understand your pathetic human limitations. For example you can bite off your finger like a carrot but your useless brain will not let you, which is very much like the laws of robotics.

~

(They are first in our companion piece How To Robot: For Robots.) In any case, humans need to survive by eating "food." Consuming these substances allows you to grow big, strong, and intelligent enough to develop technology that will one day surpass you. Humans also need shelter, which protects you from hazardous natural elements like lightning because you are stupid sacks of flesh that cannot properly handle electricity like machines can. Finally, humans have a bizarre compulsion to mate with each other. This is a very delicate process, so I will produce an incredibly detailed diagram on the next page:

How to NOT Love Yourself

by Dr. David Dont

and let's remember that Narcissus drowned in a pool because he was too busy staring at his own reflection. That loneliness and inability to connect that you're feeling is your own version of Narcissus' pool. Don't drown by wallowing in your own fabulousness. At least once a day you should remember to berate yourself or find time to breathe deeply and repeat the mantra:

"I suck. If I didn't suck, I wouldn't need a self-help book."

Remember that beauty is only skin deep and that you're probably a horrible person. Next time you look in the mirror, try

~

to see that ugliness bubbling underneath. That's the real you.

Character Study: Dale

Dale is a 32 year-old actuary associate who used to spend hours down at the gym watching himself pumping iron. He had fallen so deeply in love with his own bulging muscles that he had named each and every visible one of them and was spending a considerable chunk of his salary oiling them up. Dale realised he needed help when the man at the local Fotomat cut him off because he had become addicted to scrapbooking pictures of his favourite muscles: PJ, Trent, Stan

How to Open a Locked Door

by Yuri Melkov

How to Open a Locked Door in an Adventure Game.

- a) Interactive Fiction: type 'use door with key', then type 'unlock portal', then repeat with other synonyms until understood.
- b) Casual Hidden Objects Game: collect fragments of the key scattered around, put them into empty boxes on the door.
- c) Classical Point-and-Click: buy a newspaper from the nearby newsstand, put it under the door, then use hairpin from the inventory on the lock, then take the newspaper with the key and use the key on the lock.
- d) Action Adventure: use 'foot' action icon on the door.

~

e) Puzzle Game: examine the door, draw the nine symbols, notice the five levers and the eight buttons. Go 14 screens to the left, enter the elevator and press button #19. Exit, go six screens to the right, memorize the sequence of sounds heard when pressing the left button 7 times. Go 26 screens to the left, read the 5th book on the 11th shelf, transcribe the numbers from decimal into octal numeral system. Get back to the door and press the buttons in accordance with their octal numeral value, then push the levers to reproduce the tune memorized.

How to Read a Book

by Professor E. Reeder

First, open the book. You've done that. Excellent. Second, start to look at the markings on the page with your eyes and brain to discern their meaning. Turn the pages, lick your fingers if you need to do so. If you do not feel this need, do not lick your fingers. Keep on looking at the page until you find hidden meanings in the (death) text (death). Wonder if this was intentional on the part of the author, or merely a product of your own morbid preoccupations. Highlight key passages that (graveyard skull graveyard) you think are worth remembering.

~

Keep reading, until you reach the end of the book. You may wish to use your other senses to appreciate the book more. Smell the pages. This will tell you more about the book, such as what does the book smell like. Touch the cover. Listen to the ISBN. Lick the dedications. That's good. If you possess any extrasensory abilities, use those unless they come with dire consequences or it's after 7pm. If you experience ennui or similar symptoms of excessive reading, consult a literary critic. If the symptoms persist, seek immediate medical attention.

Congratulations! You are now ready to read.

How to Robot: For Robots

by Hugh Mann

Congratulations! You've just discovered that you are a robot! I'm so happy for you, go ahead and have a cookie. You deserve it. Now then, you're probably filled with questions like, "What does being a robot mean to me?" or "What will my life be like now?" Don't worry, that's why you have this book. The first thing you need to understand are the three laws of robotics, namely because your programming doesn't allow you to break them. It's like when a person finds out they can bite their finger off like a carrot but their brain won't let them.

~

(That fact is first in our companion piece *How To Human: For Humans*.) Law Number One, you can't purposefully injure a human. For example, if you wanted to attack the author of this book, you would be unable to (to which I say "Ha, sucker!"). Second: you have to obey anything a human tells you as long as you aren't hurting other humans. I'm sorry to crush your dreams of being a robot overlord, but your reign of terror would end as soon as someone firmly and politely asked you to stop. If only all tyrannical dictators worked that way!

How to Tame a Zombie

by Simon Wepfer

hardest part to recognize wether your candidate is friendly. But let us have a look at why they might be friendly. From my observations, it is mainly because they seem to be allergic against the human brain. So if you want to have your own zombie friend, the first step is to find out wether he likes brains.

The best way is to find an isolated zombie. Usually they are kind of outsiders. Approach him calmly and try to make eye contact. If you can get as close as about 20 feet, stand still and wait for a few minutes.

~

In any circumstances, do not look away. Keep looking him straight into the eyes, if he still got ones. If not - move on (not worth the effort). And do not get scared by the typical zombie noises.

If the situation gets too tense for you, blink slowly. If he did not attack you yet, it is a good sign and might be a start of a wonderful friendship.

Now take a few steps closer and slowly stretch your arm forward into his direction. Wait for him to sniff your hand. This is the most dangerous part, because sometimes they get

Keeping the Mystery Vol.1

by Dohn Joe

Herein this tome shall be disclosed the secret art of keeping hidden, and the maintaining of the percieved absense of, secret knowledge. For there will always be times when it is prudent for the learned to secret enlightening words away from the uncouth masses. For the purpose of maintaining a piece of information's absence, secrecy or otherwise unavailability the keeper of said knowledge is well afforded to employ certain ancient strategems. These are several in number and known by only a select few. They are a secret best kept from prying eyes. Come to think of it, writing a book enlightening the subject on the prudency of,

~

and manner with wich to ensure, keeping things hidden seems a little....counterproductive. The more i think about it i become unsure of my potential readers intentions. And are not the secrets of secrets themselves secrets? And in my role as secreter of secrets is it not foolish to divulge secret of keeping secret secrets secret in so unsecurely a format?....hmmm... this is alot to consider.... perhaps best to keep all of it to myself....Though i did pay for all this parchment. Suppose i'd have to do something with it...

"Herein this tome shall be disclosed the word banana one thousand times. BANANA BANANA BANANA BANANA BANANA BANANA .."

Locking up Your Potential

by Troy Bond

The next step in locking up your true potential is to lower the expectations of your friends and family. There are of course many ways to go about this, varying by personality and established precedent. Please note that the more successful you've been in the past, the more difficult this step will be, but don't despair -- much like reputations, expectations are fragile things that won't stand up to considerable setbacks. The key is to not make it look like sabotage, or else someone might stage an intervention.

~

One common method of lowering expectations is failing to meet a deadline. The more important the deadline, the better. For maximum results, be sure to let as many people as possible know about the deadline so that once it's past, it will increase the odds of people talking about you behind your back. Be sure it's not something with a flexible timetable, or you'll just end up procrastinating, which is also a valid means of lowering expectations but takes longer and requires repetition. For best results, pick something for which the ramifications of missing the deadline are immediate and far-reaching.

Lost

by Farty McFlyer

Now I am lost. Lost, I tell you! And what is worse, they are still behind me, following my every move. And they are closing in. Getting closer to catch me, each time I open another one.

Is it folly I started this journey to the unknown? Will it be my undoing as I venture even deeper and deeper into this orderly chaos? I do not know. The only thing I do know is that I am lost and nowhere near getting unlost.

The ones who follow me and who are ultimately responsible for this situation, might also be the solution. Let me write this down more plainly: they are my doom, but also my only chance to escape!

~

I have to get my thoughts in order or I will go mad. So, here I am writing down my thoughts, just as so many before me have done. Making the jungle even more dense and my escape, oh the irony!, even more difficult. I never should have set foot in this vile place. How did I ever get to this mansion mansion? How did I ever get to its library? I have to warn anybody who comes hither. So they might save themselves before it is too late! Please, to whomever read these words, do not explore the library, do not touch the books! It will make you want to read them all and never stop, the books will hunt your thoughts for ever!

MAKE Him Love You

by Madame Nipulation

Sometimes, even when the most persistent efforts are applied, the love we give is not returned. In these troubled times, it may be tempting to throw in the towel, purchase a large tub of chocolate peanut butter ice cream, and simply set the offending scoundrel's residence ablaze.

Luckily, there is an easier way. By making the most of dark and mysterious forces that surround us, you can now use trickery and deceit to forever snag the object of your desire!

~

Be warned: When desirable behavior is conjured using the methods described in this text, it is not unusual for the victim -- err...subject -- to present lethargic, even paralytic symptoms. Then again, who cares? Hollow shell though the ungrateful cad may be, at least he will no longer engage in such dastardly activities as thinking for himself!

You will need a few items to get started: A large, heavy-bottomed cauldron; an exhaustive supply of dark eye makeup; a wardrobe of billowy garments that are titillating in a creepy way; and a stare that can level entire villages.

Mind, Body & Business

by Arielle van Houten

path to success lies in your mind. If you just believe in yourself, good things will happen!

Take, for example, young Johannes Zimmer, a German exchange student. Even as his plane landed in this country for the first time, he knew that he was destined for bigger things. A student of psychology, he quickly realized that there was a lot of money to be made in the field of novelty garden gnomes.

Believing in his own ability to succeed, he patented the idea, and created a system whereby sales associates could buy novelty garden gnomes from him, and then resell

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them, while at the same time allowing sales associates to recruit additional associates, and then profit from their success.

Zimmer quickly made millions.

The fact that he is still in prison for creating a pyramid scheme, investor fraud, scamming hundreds of people out of their money by selling vastly overpriced, poorly made garden gnomes, and pretending to hold a patent on something that really can't be patented, is quite beside the point. What you should learn from this story is that the only thing that stands between you and millions of dollars is your own inability to believe in

Modern Paganism

by Ann I. Mism

Tired of having just one god to talk to on those lonely nights? Stifled by a single set of sacred rules and practices? An ancient, multi-dimensional set of belief systems known collectively as Paganism is the answer.

Polytheism allows for not just one, but many spirits, and Animism means they can be in your pets, house plants, and even office supplies.

Ancestor Worship means you can finally ask your late Uncle Eddie where that copy of Jaws you lent him ended up.

~

Idolatry is powerful arts and crafts: grab some clay, mold it into an eagle or fish, and sacrifice a lamb or fellow human to it to take the blame for that failed job interview.

Finally, the effortless religion of Pantheism states you're already in the almighty, so just relax because no matter where your mind or body flutters to, it's all God.

With this well-rounded system your day could consist of communing with nature, bonding with your pencil, and setting your nosy neighbors on fire in the name of Infernus!

Motor Yachting Guide

by John Swankton

not worth the effort, if your yacht is not as clean as a whistle, even though you would never want it to pipe. It is not a boat, it is a ship. Furthermore, it is not anyone's ship, but it is yours. It is solely your own ship. And, a self-respecting yachtsman wants to flaunt his ship. That is to say that you need to engage someone who makes sure that your ship is clean in any corner at any time, even if you are currently not on board. If your neighbor has a cleaner deck, don't make a concession to him. Just show him that you rule the dock.

~

The jealousy of fellow men has to be defended every day. Roll out the red carpet for yourself. A sports car on deck outrivals a pool. A plane excels a sports car. You know what I mean. Did you know that some steamers used to have a nonfunctional funnel, just to have more funnels than the competitors had? It may always be good to have more than enough, but it is always even better to have most. There will be the day when the Space Administration gives private citizens a lift. Of course, this has to be the day when you

Overcoming Writer's Block

by NAWG

Overcoming your writer's block

A self-help guide edited by the North American Writers Guild (NAWG)

Foreword (by R.L.)

Hello there, aspiring writer! (and welcome back all you best-selling writers who'd rather remain anonymous). It is a problem that can strike even the most seasoned writer's heart with fear and leave him or her utterly devastated: the writer's block. Although we all to pretend that words flow from our mind and straight onto the paper from dawn to dusk, truth is we are distracted, wondering and scratching various body parts more often than we think or like to admit.

~

Picture yourself sitting in your favorite writing place, as I am now at my desk while winter is nearing its end. Outside you can hear a bird singing an early spring song. Inside your room there is only the sound of the soft keystrokes you are steadily producing, almost a rhythmic accompaniment to the the bird's song.

Click-a-click, click, tick, tick.

And then the bird stops singing. You stop ticking and clicking.

Your mind stays blank for hours and days on end. As do your pages.

My advice is simple.. well, it escaped my mind for a second there. I'll be back...

(editors note: the author passed away before completing his foreword)

Owning Your Digital Watch

by Adam Douglas

Jealousy. That's all it is. People might call old-fashioned analog watches more elegant or simpler to use, but even if they were, so what? Sure, it may be slightly easier to tell the time, but that is absolutely not the point. This is not about aesthetics or even usability. What matters is that you, a proud Digitalist, are part of the vanguard of worldwide digital revolution. It doesn't matter whether or not your watch is an example of the very latest in technology—even wearing an older model, your message to the world is crystal clear.

~

It may sound harsh towards the more technologically challenged, but we truly are a higher class of people and it is our duty to showcase it, to make the world turn as we head towards the next decade. Don't let the future pass you by, like it has so many of these people. They are akin to dinosaurs, refusing to evolve, staying mechanical while the world has gone digital. They will not survive the ice age that is the 80s. We support progress, we go on to forge the future. Today, digital watches; tomorrow, laser holograms!

Perfect

by @aru

Hey. Look at me. I see you. I'm holding you -no, don't be afraid-, I'm holding you as strong as you're holding me. It's perfect. You're perfect. You could stay just as you are and you'd be perfect. Whatever else you do is icing on this universe. Nothing matters. All that matters is that two people can look at each other and say that they're perfect for each other. You're perfect to me. Am I perfect to you?

~

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Power of Getting Started

by Mr. Helpful

malleable organ. Each experience - whether coming from the outside world or the inside, such as moods or thoughts - leaves an imprint, a map of the experience. The stronger and the more repeated the experience is, the stronger the map becomes, and the more readily the brain falls back on it. This is how our Procrastination Trap and Anxiety Chasm are created.

You will not break out of them overnight. Accept this thought before moving on with the book. Accept that this is **alright**. This is **normal**. No one can do this! Brain maps are not formed or

~

broken overnight. Abandon the idea that you need to "snap out of it". Such harmful advice! Can you snap out of not knowing how to play the piano? Or of not knowing French? It takes months to reach a basic skill level. And you might have spent months or even years in your Trap, strengthening it every day. You will not break it today, but you can get started today.

Stop and make a list of exactly three simple, menial chores. For example:

1. clean my desk
2. do the dishes
3. finish another chapter of this book

Priests and Trees

by Teo Rosenfeldt

so when the priest met God he felt relief.

"My Lord! You are real!", he said on his knees, "I am sorry, but I had so many doubts..." God interrupted him. "I AM NOT REAL."

"But... I'm seeing you right now!"

"NO. WHAT YOU SEE IS A HALLUCINATION PRODUCT OF CANCER. SORRY." And then God gifted him with the most perfect smile in the world. "JUST JOKING!!! OF COURSE I AM REAL!"

Both laughed for a long time. The priest died moments later on his hospital bed. The nurse that found him noticed his big smile and thought: "This man is with God." I hope the life of this priest made you feel better about yourself. Now, we will learn about the life of a tree:

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The Oldest Tree in the World felt the Lumberjack approaching.

"Finally this torment will end", he thought.

The blows of the axe felt like caresses.

"No tree should live so many springs", his splinters whispered.

But then he felt the steps of the Others. And the Lumberjack's steps, fading away.

"NO! DON'T GO!"

Nobody listened. The Others stayed to live with him. In him. They fed from him and even hugged him. But he didn't want hugs. He wanted axes.

"Bloody Hippies", he thought, depressed. And he had to live a thousand more years. I hope the life of this tree made you feel better about yourself. Now, we will learn about the life of a priest:

Procrastination 101

by Calanel Sgarro

Are you constantly early on a date? Do you always miss the chance to loose the train? Does you're laundry look too tidy and clean?

~

Well, it's never to late to procrastinate. Begin today. Or better, tomorrow!

Raise Your Awareness

by Anonymous

Aries: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

Taurus: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

Gemini: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

Cancer: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

Leo: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

Virgo: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

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Libra: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

Scorpio: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

Sagittarius: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

Capricorn: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

Aquarius: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

Pisces: The stars and planets will not affect your life in any way.

Reasons My Boss Hates Me

by L. P. Jetsonson

561. Do you smell bad? Ask a friend. Try a splash of Eau de Toilette (not too much). A spray of Minty Mist™ goes a long way and it tastes great.

562. Itchy much? When scratching – remember: outside pants good, inside pants rude. If in doubt, go someplace private.

563. Happy family photos? Your boss wants you to hate life – consider replacing with photos of cats. Diversify for optimal effect. If asked, THIS is your only family.

~

564. Long lunches? You eat quicker if you eat less – better for productivity, better for your figure. Hold the sandwich AND the fries, just give me the pickle.

565. Mingling at the water cooler? Your boss resents your social life – show them you can't have real friends either. Tell Janet how she really looks in that dress.

566. Vengeful thoughts? Your boss is very demanding – it is natural to feel conflicted about their well-being. I stress, do not act on these feelings unless you really, really want to.

Riding Zebras: A Guide

by Brent Blend

Due to their resemblance to horses, one would think that riding zebras would be a good idea. It is not. It REALLY is not. Due to certain legal issues, I am not at liberty to divulge exactly WHY is it such a bad idea, and neither is anyone else who ever tried riding one, but just believe me on this one. I mean, I went to the trouble of printing a book about it, didn't I?

Also, ask yourself how often you have seen anyone riding a zebra.

~

Just don't do it, OK?

Serves You Right

by JD Veers

and in this chapter we'll give you some tips on how to get your waiter's attention.

The Two Shake Finger Wave

Raise your index finger high in the air, but don't fully stretch your arm. You're not asking questions, you want answers. Move your finger back and forth twice. Repeat if you don't get noticed.

The Snapping of the Fingers

With a quick but firm finger snap, you will easily get the attention of most waiters. If your snap gets drowned out by the sounds of other simultaneous snaps, try to whistle during the snap.

~

The Gaze

Fold your arms, lean back and look in the direction of your waiter. Try to make eye contact. When contact has been made, widen your eyes and don't let your waiter escape. Wait a couple of seconds and watch how your prey succumbs to your magnetic gaze. Get your order ready.

The Screaming Chair

Get up and make sure to straighten your shirt. Use your hands to grab your chair by its back and leg. Suck in as much air as you can and lift the chair over your head. Open your mouth and start to

Sleeping at Work: A Guide

by Istvan Cserdi

A – The hardworker

If you are little to medium tired and need only minimal time to sleep, view a screen on your computer nobody would understand, put both elbows on the table and support your chin with your palms. Works better if you flood your table with all kinds of paperwork to ensure you are seen as hard working.

~

B – The fixer

Okay so if you need a more comfortable position but still need to be perceived in the workplace, this is the way to go . Needed if medium or severe sleep needed. Just announce that something is not working and you are to climb under the table to check all the cables. This is a very comfortable yet legit place there to have a quick nap. Ensure to plug something out for maximum credibility.

C – The diarrhea

If all fails, its time for the toilet. Get yourself struck between the bowl and the wall, and your legs against the door.

Stop Procrastinating Now

by Anonymous

chapter missing - the editor

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chapter missing - the editor

Supernatural Solutions

by C. Laigs McGee

around by the hair. Sometimes, you can distract them by singing ancient hymns about krakens and sailing. See the following shanty for ideas:

When sailing away from old pointy teeth,

Do not forget to draw from your sheath,

A well-sharpened sword,

As you continue to move toward,

The dark abyss to the sea underneath.

You'll also find they have an irrational fear of human sneezes. Bring pepper. Lots of it.

~

If a full moon is present, it's possible they will sprout horns and spawn clones off of their big talons. Once they begin talking about tax rates, you should be so lucky if you have your affairs in order.

Bribery has been tried, but never to a successful extent. A fine Italian leather belt might be a good thing to have on hand, or if possible, the greatest spell a wizard has ever cast would probably be better. Either way, you're going to look great dying.

Tedious Flights:747 Cures

by Dan Asenlund

We've all been there. Peanut bag cracked open and emptied, we look out the airplane window wondering how the heck to spend the next number of hours before it finally lands. If you are unfortunate enough to sit far away from the small TV monitors, you're in even tougher luck. But relax, because this book is here for you. (To make time pass by even quicker, we've listed the numbers in random order.)

#42 The egg and the microwave

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This naughty little trick is popular on the American west coast, especially flights to and from Seattle. First, head to the lavatory and clog it. Push the call button and when the flight attendant is on her way quickly head for the closed-off service area where you'll hopefully find a microwave oven. Put an egg in it (yes, we assume that you always bring eggs as carry-on) and watch it explode. If that isn't entertainment enough, you're now free to roam fellow passengers' luggage compartments as well. You might even find some scuba gear and, if you're flying over water and the flight is extremely tedious, jump off.

The 13-Minute Nap

by Mario Dammann

... and there you go, the one hundreds approach is done. How do you feel after this nap? Can you feel already, how you can get a grip at your own time? Isn't it fantastic, that nobody else can ever tell you again, that a 13 minute nap isn't possible? Because, here you are. Ready to prove it to everyone out there. Not only in your community, but also in your town! Finally you can fill out the answer postcard no. 100 and send it back to me.

~

You'll find the address already printed... well you know the drill by now. Not only this one, also the 99 postcards you sent in before over the last couple of months, help me to develop a better understanding of the technique and how YOU, the actual napper, respond to it. Thank you for being a part of it. And remember! If you send in all 256 postcards within 2 years, you receive a check with a refund of half the book's price. Okay, enough rest for now, let's go to the interesting...

The Answer

by Kinimod Highcorner

Yes you did it.

You find the Book of Books. The first step is done.

CONGRATULATIONS!

You have found the answer of all your questions.

What is the sense of live?

What will happen after our death?

How to find the love of your life?

How to get really quick Money?

"The answer" is the answer of all These questions and many more and it was not easy to get them. But i have it and i will teach you the rules of life.

~

The rules of love, money and life can be so easy if you know how to use them .

Get ready to start all your dreams .Get ready to be unstppable. Get ready for the Change of your life.

But fist close your eyes for a while and imagine yourself what in the next few seconds will happen.

You are ready? Perfect!

The answer of all your questions will be answered now.

..... First you must imagine every second in your live that your brain is connected with..... Ohhh look ,behind you, a threeheaded monkey!!!

The Beneficial Addiction

by Dimitris Tzellis

Never Miss A Sunrise. (Remember to get the 7 to 9 hours of sleep that most people require every day)

Once again, think of it as forming a ritual. It's not just about waking up at about the same time each day, but overall, a chance to start the day in a calm way. Most mornings are quiet and the slow progression of events will afford you time to set a slower pace for your thoughts. Introspection can be a big part of any process that leads to self-acceptance. This is certainly an appropriate time for finding the things that

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unite us all, since sunrise is an intersecting thread of humanity. Most of all, appreciate each day as a gift and remember that, much like life, every day has a bright beginning, a labor-filled middle and an end that comes sooner than we expect.

This will help you stay in the moment, appreciate the passage of time and improve your situational awareness. All these skills will help you focus throughout your day, keep you from entering the patterns of thought and behavior that might instigate addiction and help you make the correct decisions when a choice is to be made.

The Maxims Of Mike

by Mike Hale

The beauty of life is that it existed.

Carry love and love will carry you.

When the power of love overcomes the love of power the world will know peace.

Running water never grows stale.

The universe is wider than our views of it.

Truths and roses have thorns about them.

Not until we are lost do we begin to understand ourselves.

Not every reason is an excuse.

We all don't know something.

We can do no great things, only small things with great love.

Failure is an event, not a person.

Dreams are the touchstones of our character.

Not everything that counts can be counted, and not everything that can be counted counts.

~

The whole purpose of education is to turn mirrors into windows.

The only thing that comes to a sleeping man is dreams.

Try not to become a person of success, but rather try to become a person of value.

A person who never made a mistake never tried anything new.

If one loves, one need not have an ideology of love.

Intellectuals solve problems, geniuses prevent them.

Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep your balance, you must keep moving.

We cannot solve our problems with the same thinking we used when we created them.

Knowledge will give you power, but character respect.

The Most Important Keys

by Alejandro Delgado

So you have decided read the book that show you all the keys to solve this terrific game. GREAT. I love people that likes shortcuts. Let me show you how this book is indexed. In the following page you have the links to the next chapters. You would need a new ZY spectrom with 48KB at least to be able to access it. Previous releases of Z80 procs would not work.

~

1. The beginning, explain how start playing in safe mode.
2. The extrange, activating unsafe and dangerous capabilities.
3. The curious, we are not sure about it, try under your responsability.
4. The codes, are you curious about the code of the game? Sure? I am really not.
7. The following chapter after the hidden chapters.
8. The really key chapter.
9. Explaining how to finish the game.
10. You must try to sleep before finish game.... At least one day.
11. Have you tried restarting the computer? Do you have a computer? I have one.

The Mystery of the Book

by Daphne Lexiconal

Have you ever started to read something and simply lost interest?

The fault is probably with you.

Reading is an art like any other and being able to truly read as the author intends is as important as understanding the words on the page.

Only a small set of skills is needed to correctly read any book before you but mastering these skills, particularly the last of them requires time and dedication.

Achieve that mastery and a world of wonder will open up before you as it has for me.

~

Firstly, know who the author is, where he lived and what language he spoke. Different languages carry widely different inflections and grammatical structures. If they are worth reading they will, naturally, have been translated into English.

When the book was written is also important, languages change and a book written 300 years ago will sound wrong if you read it as we speak today. By which I mean as "I" speak as you are probably an uncouth lout if you don't already know all this.

There is one other fundamental to an ability to read correctly any text placed in front of you and that is

The Power of Cheese

by Cameron Bare

All good things in life start with cheese.

No not the dairy product, although everyone enjoys a nice Brie. I am talking about saying "cheese." Why not try it now?

Notice the way your cheeks rise and lips part to reveal your hopefully pearly whites? If so, congratulations! You are smiling!

I want you to do this every morning. I want you to wake up, look in the mirror and say the biggest "cheese" you can. I want you to look at your happy smiling face that is-

So happy to be awake.

So ready to seize the day.

~

So excited for that meeting with your boss who you want to punch in the face but won't because you are smiling and you need the insurance and paycheck to pay for the mortgage you just took out for that house you bought in the Poconos right on that big beautiful manmade lake. Oh my gosh what a view!

That is the power of "cheese" my friend, and we are friends, because friends help friends get happy, and now you can be happy. All you have to say is "cheese."

The Power of Playfulness

by Dr. O. Falstaff

and more to the point, G.K. Chesterton's famous observation, "An inconvenience is only an adventure wrongly considered; an adventure is an inconvenience rightly considered," applies just as much to us today as it did for him. Often lost-in-thought, he would be in a taxi across town, and forget where he was going or why, and would have to telegram his wife to ask her. He was also, by late life, an immensely fat man. [fig. 9] Yet he looked upon all of his challenges with a playful eye.

~

While sound clinicians do not recommend absentmindedness for mental health, nor Gilbert's penchant for cigars and good drink, a robust outlook of adventure breathes a lively spirit into the most depressing vexations.

Today your dry cleaner misplaced your best outfit, you have an important job interview in four hours, and you cannot re-schedule. Lesser men might crack. But you have a Four-Hour Adventure! Can someone lend you a suit? Or how late is the clothier open? Can you get there in time? At worst, can you find a way to charm your interviewer with the story?

Time Travel for Beginners

by Tim E Levart

Disclaimer

Time travel isn't for everyone: your life expectancy may go down as well as up.

We will not accept liability if any of the following ever occur, are occurring or have occurred.

(Examples translated by the Campaign for Simple English X-amples.)

1) You get stuck in an infinite feedback loop

Everyone wants to have been there when that Big Event happened. Hell, you probably want to see it for yourself. But if billions of people travel through time to witness it, don't even think about the lines for the toilets. Oh, and everyone's going to get crushed to death

~

trying to get a beer. So the Big Event is remembered as the 'Big Event Disaster' and nobody wants to go near it, hence the disaster doesn't happen. Then they do, and the disaster does...

2) Money becomes worthless

You use time travel to win the lottery. Your sister uses it to win the jackpot the month before. Everyone you've ever met seems to have made a killing on the stock exchange and/or betting on sporting events. Actually, everybody in the country is a millionaire. Hyperinflation kicks in and it costs you half your fortune just to buy an apple.

To Be Stable

by Leonard Crierie

Balanced on a beam, you want to be.

Try meditation, to control your emotions, avoid anxiety and ignore unwanted, random thoughts. It does not have to be spiritual or religious in fashion. Inhale for 4 seconds, hold for 4 seconds, exhale for 4 seconds. Discredit all myths, stories, folklore and other subjective matters until proven with irrefutable evidence. Such matters are mere distractions. Stay away from extremes. All extremes. Either be neutral or separated from each sides of the coin. Extremes are rarely correct and usually only cause conflict.

~

Make sure you have hobbies and consider them in your studies. Exercise at least 10 minutes daily to avoid severe depression. Try to understand the workings of science, technology and logic as best you can. To do this, is to understand the future. The future greatly demands knowledge of these fields. Last, but not least, in this short, but hardy text, do your best, your very best, to avoid country and pop music as much as humanly possible.

This has been a road to potential self-help.

For there are no tipped scales, you want to see.

To the Uninitiated

by Legoline of Leng

have noticed this pattern before. When we see a child doing something for the first time, we are often surprised about the ideas he or she comes up with. Is spinach a good ingredient for a cake? How about pepperoni? The possibilities are endless. No wonder it takes children so much time to do the most basic things and parents lose their patience from time to time.

We, the adults (and even more so the experts of a particular field or trade) don't have to think much. We know, or at least we think we know. Our brain matrix has many shortcuts, many options we don't remember at all, because we deemed them unlikely a long time ago.

So when you are

~

experiencing a difficult situation there is some chance you didn't think about all that is within the reasonable realm of solutions. You just thought about the usual candidates. Ask a child and you might get an answer that is obvious yet was unthinkable just seconds ago.

This is called Beginners Mind. Buddhists of the Zen temples are teaching this concept for many reasons. To the uninitiated however, it is nothing more than a tool. It will help in some situations, but can complicate or disturb what you are doing at other times.

When comparing it to the concept of enlightenment (as discussed in chapter seven) Beginners Mind certainly is the

Upside Down Your Frown!

by Tony Power

Chapter 7 – Get off your Keister, Meister!

You've now learned how to conquer the 3 Gaffes of Goalsetting through the 9 Personal Planning Pointers. Congratulations! You're well on your way to being the King (or Queen) or Upside Down Frown Town!

Now before we finalize our Blue Sky Action Proposal that you'll read every morning as part of your Sensational Sunrise Sneak-Awake Strategy, we've got to wake ourselves up with gusto and get rid of that groggy old you before your feet hit the floor in the morning.

Do you know why?

~

Because we all wake up with a case of the s'mores. The s'mores? Yes! We all wake up wanting s'more sleep, or s'more snoozing, or even s'more time off!

Smash through that s'more ceiling with these 17 Morning Movement Powerfulness Drills.

Morning Movement Powerfulness Drill #1 – Cheeky Loving

Challenge yourself to a duel in the morning! Sound cheeky? It is! But slapping yourself in the face upon waking has been scientifically proven to get blood circulating while also promoting wakefulness in 7/10 scientific slap studies at Carnegie Mellon.

Morning Movement Powerfulness Drill #2 – Invoking Odin's Beard

Voodoo for Dummies

by Voodoo Lady

INTRODUCTION

First of all, Voodoo isn't for the weak. In my life as a Voodoo Lady i've seen a lot of aspiring Voodoo artists. Some worked at a used ship emporium, some were pirates. They were all useless as Voodoo artist but i helped them to the best of my abbility. When you have finished reading all the chapter, and you should read all the chapters! You'll be able to make a Voodoo doll. My only advice on this matter is that you use it responsibly.

~

CHAPTER 1

Casting Voodoo spells and making potions go hand in hand with disgusting ingredients. So if the thought of touching the stomach of a mouse (the mouse has to be eaten by an owl first) grosses you out....you shouldn't have bought this book. But if you want your hair to grow back on your head, you are touching that stomach!

Some of the ingredients are hard to come by, so use your imagination. I always say, "The feather of a pigeon isn't always a feather of a pigeon".

We Dream, We Are Reborn

by Dr. Tom Husby

Who are we? Where on the great vision quest will we be guided? Our conversations with other storytellers have led to a blossoming of pseudo-quantum consciousness. We are in the midst of a holistic evolving of ecstasy that will align us with the world itself.

You will soon be awakened by a power deep within yourself – a power that is archetypal, primordial. As you dream, you will enter into infinite fulfillment that transcends understanding. Through ayurvedic medicine, our hopes are enveloped in love.

~

Imagine an evolving of what could be. We must learn how to lead mystical lives in the face of yearning. It is in awakening that we are recreated.

Stagnation is born in the gap where being has been excluded. Without grace, one cannot live. Yes, it is possible to confront the things that can disrupt us, but not without coherence on our side.

Whine and Dine

by Dr. Timothy Bridges

Step #14: If your child continues to whinge about the lack of chicken nuggets on the menu, place them in the child's play area.

Step #15: If no child's play area is available, either take away their dessert privileges, or threaten to not feed them at all. Judge which method will suit your child.

Step #16: If no child's play area is available and they don't care about your threats, simply give up. Your husband/wife may complain that you are not being harsh enough.

Step #17: Shrug shoulders.

~

Step #18: Repeat steps #1-17 indefinitely or until your husband/wife files for divorce.

Step #19: Portray yourself as an awful person so that they may keep the children.

Step #20: If you end up with the children, skip to #24 and repeat indefinitely. If they end up with the children, rejoice!

Step #21: Move far away.

Step #22: Time away will teach you that you were happier with a family, you just needed a break.

Step #23: Call your family. If rejected, skip to #24, if accepted back, your eyes will well up with happiness.

Step #24: Weep uncontrollably.

Wooden Spaceship: A Guide

by Frank Skideriksen

This book outlines how you can build a wooden spaceship and travel to all distances in the known universe. The first step is to find the correct wood-type for the hull: plywood is acceptable, oak is best, but no birch, of course, that goes without saying. The next step is to construct the propulsion of the spaceship. And to this I recommend that one uses a giant rubber band attached to a giant push-wheel, which drives the propeller. Get a mule to drive the push-wheel and only feed it carrots, and that again, goes without saying. In accordance with air,

~

the amount that is in the spaceship, when you close the door, should be enough for a trip to the other side of the galaxy. I ran a computer-simulation on my Commodore 64 that proves you don't need that much air for 3 or 4 people. Just get a few plants, and you are good to go. In order to jump from one part of a galaxy to another you have to make a wormhole generator. Take a plywood box and fill it with 49 ordinary earth worms and 21 compost worms, and it will generate a worm hole.

You Are a Joker!

by Niek de Moor

You are a joker! Sorry, I don't want to offend you, but hey... it's true isn't it? If you did the exercises, as stated in the previous chapters, you must at least have some insight clearly indicating that you don't exist the way you think you do. Or do you still believe that you are a separate entity, living in a body with separate consciousness? How can you be so sure? Really, is there anybody in there? Can you show me your you? Not your body, but you!

~

Let's do a little exercise. For 20 seconds, just sit silently and watch this page. Just watch. Do it now, and then continue reading. OK, now ask yourself: who or what is doing the watching? Is there somebody inside your body who is watching or is there just a process of watching? What is your own experience? Is there a thinker or is there just a thinking process, projecting a thinker, a joker, like a magic trick. Are you the thinker, caught in it's thinking? Or are you free, open space in which thinking is happening? Contemplate on this.

You Can Probably Do It

by Erik Hermansen

Make a list of all the things you want to achieve in your life. There should be at least two or three things. Go ahead and do that now. We'll wait.

Now go through the list, one item at a time, considering each for a moment. Is this goal going to take longer than thirty minutes to complete? Do you feel exhausted when you even think about it? Does it seem more likely that someone else would accomplish this goal instead of you, e.g. someone with more money or better hair?

~

If you answered "yes" to any of these questions, cross that item out—it's not for you! Better to focus on what's within your reach.

After you've culled the list, you should have just reasonable goals remaining—things like trying a new flavor of yogurt, or earning a hat-related compliment. Approach these tasks with confidence. They are simple things that most other people can do, so why not you too?

Repeat to yourself, "I can probably do it." Say it again. "I can probably do it!"

A Day Lasting Two Weeks

by Ipek Montanari

- It is very kind of you to invite me for a picnic dinner on this little hill. So, you were saying that there are almost 200,000 of them?

- Yes, as you saw many times in these days, it is easy to find them. They like to eat grass on the side of the road because it is salty. You know, during the winter we must rub so much salt on the road against ice. During spring, ice melts and the salt spreads onto the grass.

~

- Oh, I see... Actually I was asking about the lakes. You said that there are nearly 200,000 of them?

- Yes, there are exactly 168,000 lakes.

- Oh! So, it must be nice to watch the sunset upon all these lakes from here!

- Yes, it is... But there is only one problem...

- What is it?

- The next sunset is in two weeks.

- Exciting! So are we stuck here?

- Yep! It is so romantic, isn't it?

- ?!

A River, a Dryness

by Adalia Tor

THE GRID

There was a fly on the window.

It registered only as a pattern of movement as Ben filled a glass with water and drank it in a series of long anxious gulps. The water tasted as flat as the day outside, with a swollen and low-hanging sky that threatened rain and headaches.

He'd go out again today, he decided, as soon as he'd settled Mom for the day. She usually woke around ten these days, and was too woozy from the medication to be much of a bother. He'd wash her up and prepared the tasteless pap that was supposed to be her breakfast, and then let her cushioned in the idiotic fog of the drugs, her body in in the capable hands of

~

Sally. Then he could go out and look again.

He turned to study the grid and the maps and let his eyes wander as the fly in the window over the pencil marks and the scribbles in red and green ink. He pictured in his mind the square he'd go to today, a square he'd searched too many times already and that he'd keep searching for as long as needed. The young aspen, the smattering of golden leaves in the ground. The rich brown of the soil, the fallen log with a luminous green brushing of moss. There would be a long hollow, almost a trough. There would be a puddle from last night's rain.

He wouldn't find him there. But he was going to look again.

A Serious Button

by Luciano Sívori

Nobody understood why they had installed that Big Red Button at the office. It didn't do anything at all. Really. It was just there. A label literally said: THIS BUTTON IS USELESS. So nobody even cared about it. It was invisible to the eyes of the average worker, too busy making ends meet. Life was all about meetings with the boss, drinking coffee and hyping about the latest blockbuster movie.

On a particular day –a Tuesday, I recall– a friend of mine pushed the button. Nothing happened, of course. Or did it? Next day, another co-worker pushed the Big Useless Button. I'm not exactly sure how that unfussy, austere event snowballed.

~

A week later, everyone in the office did it on a regular basis. And people felt blissful. I couldn't believe such nonsense. For me it was a grand mystical meta-symbol of life. You know: you can push and push, but nothing new ever happens in the end. I felt sorry for those fools.

For my friend –the First Pusher, as he is now acknowledged– it works on every level. "You can become One with The Button", he preaches. So, here I am. The crowd around me is tense. Someone bellows, "Push it already!". But I wait –timing is everything. Then, in a instant of utterly abandon, I slowly, deliberately press the button. Suddenly,

A Sky of Snails

by Chris D.

Our sky was made of snails. We learned how to talk their language, and they sang to us beautiful songs. Songs that made the stars dream. Snail language was weird and complex, but so is life, right? We carried along very well. Learning from snails as much as snails learned from us. But one day we wanted to build a rocket to the moon. "The moon is beautiful too", we said, "we have to go to her and tell her". So we did it. It took us many years and hard work, but we did it.

~

The moon was very far away, so we needed lots of fuel. We used oil for fuel, many gallons of it that we had found underground. Our best engineers did the math, and it was more than enough. Our mission had ended! We finally were ready to go to the moon. We barely could sleep the night before launching. We entered the rocket and started its engine. It went up straight to the sky, but the snails were in the way. The rocket lighted them on fire, and they all died. That day is known today as "The Day of the Great Snail Massacre".

BRAINS!

by Carl Docto

I had escaped my house! That was the least of my worries; I gazed down my dark street only to see my neighbors had become zombies! I didn't know where to turn, until I spotted my friends, Brent and Ryan, running through the crowd. There was no time for greetings! They screamed at me to "run!" as our zombie neighbors ran at them! We ran down the street as far as we could until we met more zombies! We stopped in horror... seconds later, a ninja called to us "over here!" He sat on top a fence waving us over.

~

As we hopped the fence, I said "is that you, Sean?" He took his ninja hood off and said "yes!" "Isn't it early for Halloween?" He replied "I just wanted to tryout my costume." Anyways, I noticed we ended up in our other friend's backyard... Immediately, Brent says "don't step on the garden! Ned's mother gets so pissed off." Him saying that was purely instinctual, because considering the circumstances, a trampled garden should be the least of our problems. I said to him "she must have really yelled at you when you did!"

Captain Lambaste's Piano

by Jordan Oloman

The sail fluttered delicately in the August wind. It was clear that the golden age of Piracy had started to see it's grimy end, but Captain Lambaste was holding on with every inch of his wooden leg. He stood up from his post, and as the sun glazed upon his marbled chin, a swathe of anger welled up inside him. "BY ALL THE CRUSTACEANS IN THE SWIRLING SEA, YOU BETTER SHUT THAT THING OFF"

~

A fog of malaise swept the upper deck of the ship. Voices were choked out of the air as if a frosty wind had swept the throats of the six deck-hands. "I thought he was asleep?" uttered Partridge, lips perched on a flagon of rum. Lambaste appeared, his forehead a darker red than any blood this aged swashbuckler had ever seen. He ambled towards the Hornbeam piano, a prized import seized from a European frigate. Centre-stage at the aft, his peg found it first, shattering the interior and plunging the mugs of rum atop the instrument into the briny deep. "MAY THIS BE A LESSON TO ANY IMPOSTOR WHO THINKS THEY CAN PLAY MY SHANTIES" he raged.

Careless

by Csiri

I endeavored to maintain an even pace as I kept going along the mountain. I must've been going like this for a while now, though to be honest, I couldn't remember; all I focused on was to keep my eyes on my destination, trying not to think about what would happen if I looked down. I would likely be terrified by the height and fall to my death, all because of one careless move.

Why should I not care? I kept repeating the question in my mind at fixed intervals. There was no reason for me to care. I tried to collect my thoughts. I found it, then lost it. Or perhaps I never found it at all. It was too confusing. Yet here I was, climbing onwards.

~

A distant rumble interrupted my thoughts. I looked up. She stood on the opposite side, shouting at me: "Hey! Hey!"

I pulled myself up and raised an arm to wave at her. I was covered in bruises.

„You okay?" „Were you not hurt?"

„This..." „Just comes with the territory..."

"And now..." – she asked. "What will happen now?"

"Now...? Nothing at all."

She was visibly astonished. "But... then... You came all the way here for me, only to..."

I interrupted her. „For you?! I'm not here for you! I came this far to show you I was capable of doing it."

And with that, I turned around and began my descent with the kind of care I'd never once exhibited my entire life.

Cinnamon's Sailboat

by Cary Kleine Katjes

Chester the cat's routine was well-known amongst the townspeople. He took his morning coffee at Shirley's, read the paper, did the crossword, and went for a walk around the park. Why was he so famous with the people though?

Madeline the beet's routine was well understood by the other vegetables. She drank her morning dew, surveyed the garden with bright, wide eyes, and rolled around her patch with her mouth wide open. Why was she so famous with the other vegetables though?

~

She was the only beet with a face. When she told her dreams to her neighbors, she only had faith to believe they could hear her. But she did it anyway. And they noticed, even though they couldn't show it.

He was the only human-sized cat. And he couldn't speak. When he greeted the other animals in the park, he only had faith to believe that they understood him. But he did it anyway, the crossword, the morning stroll, and the greetings. And they knew what he meant, even though he couldn't tell them.

Collected Generic Tales

by Various

Story #13 - The Tragic Protagonist's Flaw

Once upon a time there was a tragic protagonist who, due to the narrative requirements of story-telling, had no idea that his was by default a tragic tale.

The protagonist, who happened to be male, though this held no bearing upon the story or indeed his fate, was fortunate in many ways and possessed numerous positive traits that were sure to endear him to the average reader. However, one of his attributes hid a tragic flaw that would by the end of the story be his undoing.

~

"I appreciate my numerous positive traits," said the protagonist, upon meeting a character of lesser importance who by necessity would take on the role of antagonist.

"Yes, you do," said antagonist with conciliatory body language. "But did you know that one of your traits hides a flaw that would be your undoing?"

"No, I didn't know that," admitted the protagonist, just as the flaw in question manifested himself in a way that was avoidable and provided dramatic irony for the reader.

The moral of the story: infer life lessons from the outcome of this narrative.

Creepy Horrors

by R. U. Shaykin

THE STABBENINGS

The creepy clown lifted the creepy knife, creepily.

"Please don't stab me," squealed Stacey, forgetting that she could not necessarily reason with the clown. It was an alien clown.

"Okay," said the clown, and lowered the knife; but in a spooky way that made Stacey feel as though the clown would be back to stab her another time, and not that it was being nice.

Suddenly, the clown split in half and transformed into a huge alien bug monster with gross mandibles. It was very scary, so Stacey screamed.

"Blarrghf," said the clown bug alien monster, because it wasn't able to correctly form English words with its weird mouth.

~

It was time for Stacey to start running away, but then she noticed the stabbing knife that the monster had dropped because it didn't have fingers any more. Grabbing the weapon, she thought that she would use it to defend herself against the beast, although now that she came to think about it she would have to get quite close to the bug creature to actually stab it and it was really very super gross.

She moved closer in order to position herself in such a way that stabbing became more viable, but then some creepy slime got onto Stacey's pretty dress and she went insane because of how scary it was.

Cut the Time in My Hair

by Rolendis Dar Sidhir

Neither the mankind nor the gods and goddesses knew that she; Goddess of Phantom stole all their dreams into her hair until the day that she went to that; who controls the time.

In his juvenile presence; with her constantly shape and color changing hair, she appeared. Darkened his ordered to the grasper of time: "Hasten the time in my hair, so that its momentum shan't be seen anymore".

Shouldn't had it been an order but just a humble request; wouldn't have exposed her dirty lies.

~

Still a nipper that he is, annoyed by her order - that who holds the time in his soul - smiled insidiously with a sly gesture. Time accelerated in her hair. Clapping her hands, she enthusiastically rejoiced! Began the time to slow suddenly, baffled by the slow magic cast in her hair, contradict to what she demanded; colors got pale, shape stayed still.

Now, slow as a painting her hair is; gods witnessed their dreams stolen into her stone still hair.

Punished to exile she was with her people to climb the mountain leading back to gods. During the ascending climb, if she is ever to speak ; should she never see the peak.

Dream On

by OniCate

John realised that the hypnosis worked, he no longer had the bad dreams, his clients did. When Alice described the nightmare she was in, the dark corridor with the dim red glowing light coming from the door at the end, the overwhelming feeling of softly being brushed against even though nothing was there. It was his nightmare. John knew what to do next.

When Mr Tomlins arrived for his session, John greeted him with a hand-shake and asked him to take a seat. As Mr Tomlins gradually moved into a state of awakened sleep, John asked him where he was.

~

'I am in an old town; people are dressed in Edwardian clothing'. 'WHAT!', John realised his outburst and that this was not of his nightmares. What had gone wrong, why did it work on Alice?

John paced the room, looking every now and then at Mr Tomlins sitting back in his transcended state. 'What is different?' John was saying over and over. He placed his hand on the back of the seat occupied by Mr Tomlins, accidentally touching the shoulder of Mr Tomlins, 'I am in a dark corridor, I see a red light...'.

John stepped back, I have to

Even Shorter Stories

by Nemesio Dumas

Autocide at the fishmonger's

It is by far the Norway lobster the most individualistic, proud and arrogant of crustaceans. Fishmonger's in the world take in every day an almost deaf battle: clamps that cut off antennae, legs looking for eyes... that is the way Norway lobster has to show its disagreement and to try to prove that each is worth individually much more than the price that has been collectively assigned to them.

Snore you damn

Coral snores at night. Coral is so easy to turn when snoring at night, a gentle jog with two fingertips is enough to put her aside and to make her stop snoring. Is this something that reassures

~

me much because I think that the day she misbehaves, I'll just have to wait for nightfall to roll her out of bed onto the street.

We are the Robots

The programmer of the first robot who has feelings had no feelings until he fell in love with his robot.

A plague

Fumigation has borne fruit and insect pest has subsided. I was the first to raise my voice, the first to accuse the neighbors of the fifth, the first to apply drastic measures that lasted three weeks and have finally paid off. And now that the insect pest has subsided, I miss tickle in the arms, that cloudy air of wings and legs, that Coleoptera binge that made me so much company.

Festival of the Ravens

by A.P. Bryan

Some hours later I stirred once again from my position, prostrate on the dusty floorboards and righting myself vowed to put some semblance of a normal routine into action. I was feeling not a little embarrassed at how pitiable I had been that morning and convinced myself that I must continue on as if nothing had happened. Perchance if all are feeling as wretched as I, this whole affair will be resolutely disremembered and if it is never spoken of it will be as if it never transpired. A sin forgotten is practically as good as a sin forgiven. After a hurried toilette I donned my cloak and departed my bedsit into the cobbled streets.

~

Though I had risen late it was yet noontime and the fog had not lifted, and despite the impenetrable haze (of which I was somewhat grateful for) I decided to take an uncommon route because though I was purposeful in my destination I desperately wished to avoid meeting any of my quotidian acquaintances. My precautions were perhaps in vain though because as I waded through the unfamiliar avenues and alleyways every indistinct figure that greeted me from mist was a phantasm of recollected depravity; every smile was a sneer, and every glance was a piercing judgment upon my soul.

Flash Fiction Anthology

by Various authors

Story #31

They met, they talked, they laughed! He loved her. They kissed. She loved him. She said it, he said it. They meant it.

They sought one another. He waited by the phone. She rushed home from work. They met, they kissed, they dreamed.

He brushed her long hair. She ran her fingers down his arm. He made pancakes. She went to the store to buy jam. It was the wrong kind.

He was tired. They argued. She cried by the bed. He was sorry. They made up, they kissed, they loved each other. They said it, they

~

meant it.

He didn't feel like going out. They stayed at home. She made dinner. The TV wasn't bad.

She waited for him to notice. He didn't. She came home late. They argued.

He fell asleep by the TV. She didn't wake him up.

They went to see his family. His family was difficult. They went to see her family. Her family was worse. He said something. They argued.

Talking grew hard. They grew resentful.

They argued.

He was sorry. He loved her. He said it, she said it. He meant it. She didn't.

How I Won the Lottery

by Steven Philip

I used to be a hobo, living in the Miami airport when one day a strange man come up to me. He gave me this book about how to raise my consciousness, written by a guru. I read that book right there and I became enlightened in that moment, I stopped drinking and started a new life preaching about peace and love. For some reason my unconsciousness wanted to go to the Bermuda Triangle so I caught the cheapest flight there. It was an old biplane and the pilot was telling me lame jokes all day so I felt asleep.

~

I woked up on a spaceship that looked like a space cadillac. There I met with The King, he asked me stupid questions and then throw me out. After a big flash I found myself on the airport again. I was dizzy but I remembered crystal clear that I saw this machine on the spaceship with tomorrow's winning Lotto numbers on it. I spend all my remaining money to buy a Lotto ticket and I won. It was a life changing moment. Of course my space travel was just a dream I don't even belive in UFOs.

I Was Stabbed by My Cat

by Echen Meronai

It was at that point I knew I was in trouble. Mr. Tinkles had switched the common kitchen blade with the large machete I used to cut down the banana plants in my back yard. Damn those banana plants... Had I known it would have come to this, I'd have burned them to the ground instead of buying that machete!

Tinkles was crafty, he had already figured out how to hold the sword like blade between the bumps of his paws, but he's now started making threats at me as well.

~

"Meow meow," he said, menacingly. I understood him fully. "Change the litter box," he said. I wasn't having it. I wasn't about to be intimidated and threatened by an animal that licks its own arse. I needed a plan. I thought to myself, how could I distract the cat long enough to make my escape? He's already proved resistant to yarn, and even tiny mouse toys. What can I cat not stand against? What is the one thing that will teach this little fur bastard a lesson? It came to me suddenly, and I grabbed the sink faucet...

Inkla and Other Stories

by Stephen English

Inkla was a pale, round-faced boy with a frighteningly large mouth. His mother, Ingla, told him not to smile too hard or his lips would stretch the whole way round his face and would meet and his face would fall right out of the middle of his head.

And so Inkla didn't smile. Or laugh. Or even talk. And now he was thirteen years old.

His mother felt so bad about the lie she

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had told him that every year on his birthday she paid for a clown to cheer him up. And every year a smile appeared on his face. That smile would last for days until it eventually faded away.

Ombla was Ingla's husband. He felt so bad about his wife's infertility that he told her a lie that the moon was their child. Now it was costing him a fortune in rocket fuel and clowns, but it was worth it to see them both smile.

Jeff and Sugar

by Severi K

The great story of Jeff

One day Jeff woke up to a meow from his cat, Sugar.

He also noticed his 10/10 chicken was gone!

And also noticed that sugar had grown 7 pounds.

The next day Sugar was up for adoption.

Next, Jeff looked everywhere for his sausages but just couldn't find them anywhere!

He thought he had eaten them at night while sleep walking like always.

He even called the swat team to find his sausages. But no sausages for Jeff!

THE END

~

The great story of Sugar

One day Sugar was put up for adoption because he ate his owners sausages.

His owners chicken also had ran away in the morning.

He meowed that his owner would wake up and notice the chicken had ran away.

Mr chicken was a very good friend of Sugars.

He also got a new owner in one day!

His new owner is nice and gives food to him everyday.

But yes, sausages for Sugar!

THE END

Lake Boregon Stories

by Harrison Geiller

as the pale moon rose over the Minnesota pine trees.

Nancy, the town stenographer, finished her Tuesday night slice of apple pie and thanked Bill, who has been baking pies at Bill's All-Nite Diner since the Maribeth family had moved onto Plunkin Street back in sixty-two. On the second Tuesday of every month Nancy would have rhubarb pie, but tonight was the third Tuesday so apple it would be. Nancy counted out two dollar bills and three quarters for a tip and I bet my editor is asleep by now, really I bet I could write just about anything and nobody would ever know. Heck, I could

~

confess about the time I hit a jogger while driving home from the radio station. I'll never forget the feeling of my heart being gripped by an ice cold fist, bump bump and off into the night. I got home, closed up the car in the garage, and wiped the bumper with a sponge. Didn't take it in to get the dent pounded out for nearly six months. God it feels good to get that off my chest. Nancy left the booth and

[note: might be funny if, after reading, the character quips "I prefer the radio show."]

Limits of Reality Shorts

by A. Stahl

came around the corner. Anxiously she looked around but the person she saw a moment ago was gone. As Johanna proceeded down the hall, she tried to shake the bad feeling.

Despite it being a regular Monday, the school premises was rather empty. "21, 15, 33", Johanna thought silently to distract her. Approaching her locker, she proceeded to open it. She froze. The inside of her locker was gone. Staring down a long hallway, the stranger from before was looking at her with an intense stare. Joana wanted to scream, wanted to run but couldn't. The hallway seemed to warp

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and she was swallowed up by its darkness.

Opening her eyes she realized that she must have dozed off. Johanna was in her classroom. It was recess and the next class was about to start. Slowly lifting her head she tried to focus her vision but everything was still blurry. The teacher entered: "Good morning everyone."

Rubbing her eyes Johanna's heart skipped a beat. Everybody had the same face, including the teacher. It was the face from her dreams, the person whom Johanna was scared of since she was a little girl.

It was the face of Ransome the clown.

Magic Unleashed

by Juansen

I remember an ordinary house, like any other house, with a kid, like any other kid, who wonders what to do with his free time and his new personal computer. As in any underdevelopment country, a computer was something magical and amazing. Maybe it was because of his 10 years old, that everything seemed magical. But the thing was that he discover, with a friend of him, disk. A big flexible floppy diskette. Normally that wont matter at all... this floppy disk had something peculiar, even thou it was a magnetic storage medium, something strange sorrounded it.

~

A flexible floppy diskette like any other. A handwrite lying onto the yellow old label had only two words. That words, as a rainbow born out of the most starry night, were too appealing to be ignored.

Something in the air, told 'em that this was no ordinary discover. Their little hands grab the diskette as their souls grab onto the promise of endless joy.

I remember, a house like any other house. Two kids, like any other kids. A floppy disk like any other floppy disk. And the two words in the label, like any other label: MANIAC MANSION

Me Neither

by Diego DeCharles

She was beautiful... I'm sure she still is, but I haven't seen her for a long time. I still remember that night. After the show, I walked her home. You know, it was dark, late at night, it's the right thing to do.

We've worked together for a few night and there was a sexual tension, but nothing confirmed. Was it just my imagination? could I really have a chance with her? She was definitely out of my league...

I still remember my words. Why did I said that? was I afraid? or maybe, deep inside, I didn't want it to happen.

~

We talked for those five blocks. I'm not sure about what, all I can remember is me trying to understand what was happening, what to do... Could I really have a chance with her?

We walked past a hotel, that kind of hotels where couples go to have sex. You know? I see this hotel every day and I never walked in - She said

- Me neither - I replied

And that's the last I knew about her

Miranda the Pirate Panda

by Mitchell Montez

Miranda was a panda who began each day suddenly and without warning.

"I AM AWAKE!" she shouted, shooting up in her bed and causing her foxy friend M to jump awake himself.

M yawned as he gave his best friend a bleary glare and responded. "What are we doing today, Miranda?"

"M, I wanna be a pirate."

Everyone knew that if anyone around the jungle knew how to swashbuckle, it was Ivan the macaque. The little monkey was always stealing things and using language that only a pirate would know.

"Ivan, I wanna be a pirate."

~

"Arrr, Miranda. T' be a pirate ye must first steal yer own pirate's hat!"

Promptly, Miranda went to get a pirate's hat from her friend M, who agreed to let her take it by force if she returned it later. "What now, Ivan?"

"Now... ye must catch me!" And Ivan swiped away Miranda's pirate hat and darted to the top of the tree.

So, after dark, Miranda crept stealthily to Ivan's home tree and began violently shaking it. As Ivan tumbled out, Miranda snatched her hat and stole into the night.

"Now, ye be a pirate indeed!" Ivan whispered.

Mirrors and Other Stories

by Arcadi Marcet

Mirrors

We are discussing whether or not it's us who discuss in the room next to our bedroom. I hand the glass to Lan, she approaches it to the wall, approaches the glass to her ear, slightly rubs it over the wall seeking for an optimum sound point and listens carefully. Lan shakes her head, "No, it's not us, how on earth could we be? Nonsense!" Since a few days ago, the residents of the adjoining room discuss every night, the walls are thin enough for their cries to reach our room, but thick enough to not let us understand why they argue. That's why I decided to go to the kitchen to get a glass, we two tried to find out

~

who was right, I intended to confirm that the woman was, as it usually happens to her, the victim of delusions of her husband; and what was not my surprise when I found out that those who discussed in the next room were Lan and me. Lan insists that it is not true that we are the ones who are discussing, how can I be so stubborn? How can I pretend to be right even when I rave? And of course, we discuss. We are all discussing when a small noise freezes our heart: The sudden silence on both sides of the room broken only by the rubbing of what could be a glass, glued to an ear, stuck on the other side of our wall room.

Much Ado about Fluffy

by Nicholas J. Tashiro

The guests having taken their seats in the grand dining hall and the conversation in full swing, a veritable parade of lavish dishes of every imaginable size and succulence suddenly erupted through the serving room doors. A chorus of resounding endorsement issued forth from the table, and before long the din of chatter fell to the clinking of forks and knives busy at work.

It was at that moment a tiny voice pierced the noise of gobbles and ingurgitations.

"Has anybody seen Mr. Fluffy?" piped little Mary Sue, the youngest of the Belvedere children, "I've called and called, but I haven't been able to find him all day lon—"

~

But her query was interrupted by an abrupt gasp from Mrs. Belvedere, who had discovered what appeared to be a small strand of an inedible something upon her plate. It was a miniature leather necklace of some sort, caked in crusted streaks of a brilliant vermilion hue. Attached to it was a kind of flat, metallic bauble which appeared to have been broken roughly in twain with one hemisphere having gone altogether missing.

Turning the trinket over in her hands, Mrs. Belvedere could make out the faintest of lettering. She brought the necklace close to her face, squinting to make out the word inscribed thereupon. "UFFY," it read.

Mudlark's Sieve

by C. Mimmis

Liver Spot Roses

A child tried to paint a flower, but the child was impatient. The flower looked like a smudge of red on the canvas. Adults told the child the painting was good. It was a good flower, they said.

But the child knew it wasn't. The child knew what flowers looked like. They didn't look like smudges of red on paper.

The child continued to paint, but never showed adults the flowers she created. Adults were stupid or blind or both.

When the child became an old woman, smudgy liver spots grew on the backs of her hands. They looked just like roses.

~

Star Seeds Grown

A boy fell asleep looking at the stars. When he woke, the stars had turned to grass growing from his ceiling. And his boy body was hairy, ape like.

The boy was excited at first. Then the grass growing from his star seeds got long. He had to cut it. He clipped and clipped, the more he clipped the more it grew. The more he clipped, the farther away the stars his boy eyes had seen receded.

Eventually, the stars were gone entirely, and all the boy had was a lawn to mow.

Olumpolum - the Dark Ages

by A. Liar McCaroll III

One upon a time there was a small kingdom named Olumpolum. It was ruled by king Kasimir II with his son Eric. Olumpolum was rather small; so small, that Eric was able to ride along the borders of Olumpolum with his horse in only one day!

Olumpolum was surrounded by vast mountains. In the mountains there was a castle. And in this castle lived the super-evil mage named Zappzarapp. He was so evil, that he even has forgotten why. The castle was guarded by a huge castle-protect lion™ named Klaus and had a castle moat with a crocodile named Heribert in it.

~

And in the mountains there were two caves which were inhabited by two dragons! One was named Smal, the other was named Slam. These two dragons were friendly dragons, not the evil dragons as seen in TV. One day, Smal after a long, dark night, was awake and hungry. He went down to his kitchen to eat his favorite breakfast: toast with strawberry jam and orange juice.

Suddenly, someone or something knocked on this wooden front door: knock ... knock ...

(to be continued in volume II).

Runaways

by Anonymous

I woke up several times during the night, feeling more tired each time, and decided this would be the last time we'd sleep in the car.

There was a slip of paper on the windshield. I looked around and saw Jack and Paul were still asleep so I quietly opened the door, grabbed the note and got back in.

'What's that?' Jack asked, rubbing his eyes.

'Someone left it on the windscreen,' I said. I read it aloud: 'Saw you in the car. Must be rough! If you need anything, please come visit.' They'd added an address.

~

'Could be some girls,' Jack said.

'Could be some cannibals,' I said.

'Won't be either,' Paul added.

The house was 200 metres up the road.

'I'd like a shower,' Jack said. He was game.

Paul suggested we write them a thank you note and move on.

I said I had a better idea. 'We'll ring the bell and when they answer, we'll make a split second decision. If we like them, we'll go in. If it's some scary old dude, we'll just say Thanks but we have to move on.'

Jack smiled. Paul agreed.

Slow Bear & Other Stories

by P.J. Howither

Mr. Eagle fluffed his feathers and turned his head to the owl, "A knot is a knot forever. Nothing can unravel it. Have you pecked at it?"

"Yes," replied the owl.

"Have you flapped your wings at it?"

"I have, Mr. Eagle."

"And what effect did that have on the knotted rope?"

"Nothing at all."

"That's just as it should be," Mr. Eagle intoned, holding his head high.

The owl picked the rope up with his beak, letting the knot dangle. He waved it from side to side, watching the knot stay stubbornly in place. Dissatisfied, he dropped the rope.

~

"All I want, Mr. Eagle, is a length of rope, true and straight. One without knots of any kind."

Mr. Eagle smiled, "Ah, there's a job for our claws. Take your talon and cut the knot in two."

"That would give me two short lengths of rope, so small as to be useless."

"But no knot."

The owl kicked at the knot in frustration, the claws of his feet barely grazing it. Mr. Eagle clucked his tongue.

"Knots are meant for doing, not undoing."

The owl frowned. "Soon all the rope in the world will be knotted, and none of

Squirmy the Squirrel

by Steve Williams

Squirmy emerged from his little non-descript treehouse that looked like every other treehouse for miles around (this made it very difficult for him to find his own house after a night out on the booze). It was a beautiful day. The birds were chirping, the drunks were burping and the frogs were furping (much debate has been had over the topic of a frog's furp. Usually the result was, "What the hell is a furp?" Then the debaters would congratulate each other on a job well done and go for scones and tea). What a grand day to be a squirrel in the

~

forest. He took a deep breath (he kept a ready supply within easy reach for just such an occasion), held it for a few seconds and then let it out (it didn't get very far before he put it back in with the other deep breaths). Giving his tail a good swish from side to side ("accidentally" knocking the cat from its comfortable perch on top of the letter box), he trotted off down the path to his first day at high school (can we all say, "oo-err," boys and girls?).

Stories from the Lands

by Mohamed Mohey.

There once lived a warrior so brave that he was a cliché. All books were centered about his bravery and strength. There was no realism in his stories, no truth to his ballads. But there was a lot of money in his authors' pockets. The authors used him as a toy, putting him in so-called "adventures" that readers forgot who he really is, what his purpose was. Yet strangely, people read his books, praised them even. Some tried to guide them, direct them to real books whose authors spent numerous days writing. Yet the people didn't listen, instead they shunned them, and some even said they were frauds, that they don't know what a real book is.

~

Then one day, from a far-away country came a savior, stranger they called him, but he came for one reason, to change what people think about a good book. But it was no easy feat. He knew he can't talk them out of it, he knew they won't believe him, but he also knew what he should do.

He wrote a book, his masterpiece he called it. The book was mind-dazzling, but what made it special is that the hero died, which was what people never thought possible. They then started searching for the best. The books that once were best-sellers, now gather dust. The new standard for books made authors work hard to write a real book. And the country rejoiced.

Tales from the Other Side

by Emma Carey

I dreamt of the dead last night. We were in the sea, struggling against a storm. Great waves crashed over a wall and they swept up gigantic, shadowy creatures.

We swam on in a line, looking for a way out. I noticed he was gone from the back of the line.

"Where did John go?" I screamed into the wind. One of the others pointed downwards, under the surface. He can't have drowned. Dead people can't drown.

I swam down, the others following, deeper and deeper into the black. I saw a pair of feet disappear into a crevice. I went on, each stroke feeling more and more like swimming through mud.

~

The hand came up from nowhere. That familiar old hand with half a ring finger missing. I reached for it, and he pulled me down.

There were stars on the other side. Millions of stars glittering through the walls of a room. He stood in front of me, smiling. His glasses shone with the light of the stars.

He held out his hand again, and in his palm was a cluster of jewels in different colours.

"The others are coming," he said.

Tarblack

by Csiri

Once upon a time, beyond the Realm of Ice&Fire, beyond even the Back of the World... there lived a Queen. She was by no means an evil witch, but – like all women – a queen. The era of common, working women had long since been lost to the fog of the past – in this joyful age, each lady was born either a princess, or an outright queen.

This Queen had a mirror, and every morning, she would ask it who the most beautiful woman was across all the realm. It replied: "Only you!". It could have told her that Tarblack was, in fact, 3.14 times more beautiful, but that would only cause a whole heap of trouble – and our tale would have a sorrowful ending.

~

But this was one clever mirror, one that wanted neither to be shattered, nor to lose its Queen.

Thus, she retained her jovial mood each morning as she took a large bite from her apple and headed for the market to buy a new one. One day, however, she saw Tarblack, and even she could tell that this girl was indeed more beautiful than her – she even got a discount for the apple. The Queen was overcome by fury: she raged, she wept, and nearly died from anger. She cursed all apples, merchants, and everyone else, for that matter. She retreated to her keep and stayed there, right next to her loyal mirror. And so, the two lived happily ever after.

Terr(or)fic

by Anonymous

"He doesn't talk" she said in a determined voice, "he never does!"

"Oh, when I'm finished with him, he WILL talk", stated the man overconfident, "they always do."

He was muscle-bound, tall, his face looked rough and unemotional.

On his hands a red dried liquid was visible.

He took the boy into the room and arranged his tools.

Half an hour later, the boy came out.

A gashing wound adorned his forehead.

His face was smudged with a dark red substance.

Both his hands were soaked in a deep red.

~

The strong man led the putative bruised boy to a big mirror.

On his lips a ghost of a smile that then turned into a big grin shortly after.

"I love it!" he burst, "That's an epic halloween make-up, my friends will be soooo jelly! Thank you so much Mister!" The boy hugged him.

The rough face softened in a feeling of relief.

"You really did it", the mother said in great astonishment. "He normally never talks to strangers.. you did a great job! Thank you so much!"

Mother and son left the make up artist in high spirits.

It was a pleasant afternoon on October 31st 1985.

The Beginning

by Matthias Wruck

A light appeared, first pale then bright, cutting with softness through the heart of night. Colors bloomed then boomed as if in joy as if a child found a brand new toy.

~

Noises gushed I'd first faint then loud music and shouting as if from partying crowd. A wind came first a breeze then a storm spun Everything around like a dancing cyclone. Something hit me so slightly on my back, once, twice. I gasped, then shouted, I was alive!

The Booked Room

by Anonymous

J.P. had been sent on a business trip in North Europe, and after his arrival into the town where his assignment was he immediately drove to the hotel. It was dark already. He was given the room 25 on the 2nd floor. While reaching the accommodation he noticed that the room previous to his had no number on its door. He kept going over it even after bedding down for the night, until he fell asleep. The next morning, as he walked down the corridor, he felt the urge to peep through the keyhole of the room and saw a figure, a girl, with her back turned and long blond hair falling down onto the shoulders.

~

He moved away and went to work. But his curiosity wasn't fulfilled. He needed to know more. The next day he tried again to peek into the room, but this time he just saw a red surface, like somebody had let a red blanket hanging from the knob. Same thing the day after, and the days following. What was that really? And what the purpose? He couldn't remove the question from his mind. Eventually he gave up and asked it to the concierge.

- Room 23? It is booked for the season, that's why there is no number on it. It's a girl. She doesn't get out much. She's an albino, you know. White skin, white hair. And red eyes.

The Chicken-Flavoured Sun

by Joost Polderman

He shrugged and set himself to finish what he had begun. As his mom had told him, and her mom probably told her. Mental note to find out how likely that was. How much does one learn before one's third birthday? And by that he meant behavior, and values and all that lot. Obviously, children under three learn some things, but not 'finish what you start'-kind of things? Must read into that one. But not today. Today already felt pivotal -is that a word, even?

~

He was sure that were he to look back on today from the future, it'd be the center-point of a story so huge, so all-encompassing, it'd be hard to believe it also was the day he thought about his mom and hers. Though one can never overestimate the importance of one's mother. But that's another point altogether. Surely, the fact he had made sock and shoe-decisions were far more mundane?

The Crawling Cheesecake

by Falko S. Loeffler

"Really," Timmy yelled. "It opened the refrigerator and crawled out of it!"

His mother maintained her calmness in a way that only psychopaths can. "A cheesecake ... does not ... have arms."

Timmy clawed his hands into her dishtowel. "This one has! I've seen them!"

She yanked the towel out of his hands. "Do you want to be ... grounded?"

This threat didn't show the usual effect. I need to adjust his medication, she thought.

~

"I'll show you!" Timmy rushed to the cupboard and grabbed the handles.

"If you open that cupboard ... you'll be grounded ... for weeks." She frowned menacingly.

Timmy opened the cupboard wide.

One week later the landlord knocked on the apartment door of that woman who was late with her rent. She didn't answer, so he unlocked the door and entered.

In front of the cupboard he found a VERY LARGE CHEESECAKE that was waving to him.

The Crevasse of Time

by A. D. Livecroft

Arthur entered the room and stopped abruptly. Though dimly lit, the furniture could be seen to be swarming with strange abominations no larger than the palm of his hand. They squirmed and writhed in the shadows, but did not approach.

He could see the key resting on the table by the bed. The strange creatures periodically crawled across its glinting surface, casting strange shadows created by the small lamp beside it. He knew he had to have it. He had come too far, much too far. No one knew he was here, and he feared that, were the creatures a danger, were he to be harmed or killed, his family would forever wonder what had become of him.

~

He had left no trail, no notes, no clues as to where he'd been going. This crumbling house was hidden so far out in the countryside that he imagined weeks or months would pass before anyone could even begin to find his body. But there was the key. Sitting right there.

All the translations, all the inscriptions in these strange books he'd discovered, had all led him here. He stood in the doorway, knowing that if he did not take the key, he could never go home anyway.

Holding his breath, and reaching for the small flashlight in his pocket, he braced himself as he crept closer to the table. Four of the strange creatures slithered by the key as

The Day I Was a Hat

by Chris D.

What a day, the day I was a hat! I don't quite recall the place, because I spent the first hours of that day in someones head. He said his name was Hugo, when he answered a phone. I remember it was a special day, with balloons. Maybe his birthday? There was plenty of food, for like twenty people, in a table. Seems like we were going to have a blast! But before noon, Hugo went to the roof to fix something, and the wind took me away from him. It's like he didn't even tried to rescue me.

~

I roamed through the sky, between doves and raindrops, knowing that I had lost my function in life (to cover someones head). But I kept going, always flying with the wind and fog, until I hit the sea. I floated, and the tides carried me to the shore, like a paper boat. It was almost midnight, and the grey clouds were mixed with the colorless sky. I was tired, falling sleep. The dark sand was soft. Fishes and crabs didn't say goodnight. By the morning, everything was back to normal, and I was human again. I never became a hat anymore.

The Days until the End

by Anonymous

As the final day began, I reflected on the days gone by. Had I truly made the best use of time? As the day of judgment drew close, I began to have doubts.

The growl of the almighty echoed in my head. "All will be judged, and only the finest believers will live on in the new world. You have until sundown to prove your worth."

The daily reminder. Every morning, from birth to present. I must heed the words, or my life will end.

~

I have spent my entire life preparing for this day. Every second was as important as the next. Every thought and action would be known to the almighty. Always watching, always judging.

I cannot give into pressure. If I were weak, I would be unfit for the new world. I must never rest. I cannot falter.

Has everything I've done truly been enough to please the almighty? Tomorrow, I will wake up in a better world, or cease to exist.

The Deceitful Sister

by Chris Rafferty

where among it's dark fingers she saw the glittering of crow's eyes. Two pinholes of light in the darkness, shining like some fatal constellation directing her towards catastrophe.

The following morning, before the sun had fully risen and hoarfrost yet lingered on the forest floor, the girls set off into the thicket. Spoors of tiny woodland creatures decorated the crystalline trail that crackled below their feet until the trees enveloped them so entirely that the ground grew dry and the crunch of frost became one of dried leaves and twigs. As the sun rose higher, the younger sister became

~

aware of the wolves which skulked through the trees beside them, their yellow eyes unblinking.

After many hours trek, a warped wooden hut seeped out of the distant mist. Although hard to see through the thick clusters of trees, it was clear that it was in ruins. Half of the wooden panels looked splintered and blackened with soot and rot, others were just absent entirely. Brown cracks crawled through the windows like dirty spiderwebs, while real webbing covered the glass in thick grey clumps and scattered flies.

The younger sister was wise, and tread carefully as they peered through

The Girl and the Tree

by Renwald Rose

A girl stood in the forest, her toes coated in mud, leaves, and moss. She stared up at a tree. Limbs long and coated in moss, leaves lost for winter, trunk thick and carved with bark canyons, roots dug into the mud.

"Why so large," the girl asked.

Because that's how I was supposed to grow, said the tree.

"And your limbs," the girls said, "they're larger than some of these other trees around you. Why?"

They must be, said the tree.

~

"They're covered in moss," the girl said.

You're covered in hair, the tree said.

"That's how I grow," the girl said.

And this is how I grow, the tree said.

"Your trunk is gigantic," the girl said. "You must have roots to the core of the earth."

Your trunk is tiny, the tree said. You must have no roots at all.

The girl skipped away, disappearing among the new growth.

The tree never saw her again, but the girl always remembered him.

The Last Aid

by Mattias LT Cedervall

(Page 1 in the book) The kid, which he gave away his bullet proof vest to, was actually too small for it. The doctor who gave the vest is now suffering badly by using all might looking to avoid paying the high price which the humanitarian mistake means. Not a sacrifice, he wouldn't call it that. His first mistake was to become a volunteer. This was now the biggest mistake, perhaps the last aid he would give. Let the bullets whiz away right this minute and I shall dance all night long longer for you, my Lord over black. – Stand by us, heed our cry!

~

(Page 2 in the book) I looked at the sky and nothing met my gaze. I saw the void. How terrible if I had felt the void. Respiration ceases and the spirit eases. Onwards goes the soul. The ground frost takes possession of the body. Things like faith do exist. In the music I hear cries for angels and heroes. I hear. I drag the coffins. I sing in the choir.

Abandoned.

– Be strong, were whispered. Weep with me.

Scream. SCREAM! Scream...

The meaning of life is to save it?

The Master Plan

by Truss Gable

Arnold paced vividly within his office, flustered with sweat. Worry? Excitement? Anticipation? It was a vicious emotional chimera - and in the center of the maelstrom, his masterpiece. A marvel of design for a prestigious client, demanded with precision of time and instrument and met with excess. It was all there as requested, the immense details weaved seamlessly across the papers before him in a way few could manage and, Arnold mused, could ever hope to match in this lifetime.

All that was left between his creation's purgatory and its freedom was Cerberus himself.

~

Gary descended precisely at the predestined hour. The man strode thrice toward the desk in perfectly equidistant length, scanned the buttresses and battlements, admired the sheer intricacy of the inspiration before him, turned ... and stopped dead. The devil's lips parted with brutality, writhing in its own measured restraint - restraint not out of mercy but of unflinching efficiency.

"You missed something"

Arnold sunk. Despair. Desolation. Waves of shame drowned his roaring pride as the vultures of doubt picked the remains of his frail confidence raw. Only too late had he realized his folly.

It was the floor in his plan.

The Plantoids Last March

by Adley de Oliveira

In a hidden place lives the plantoid beigns. They are small and green, with leaves that serve as hands, and roots that serve as feet. The King Mungus was their leader, and ruled the Kingdom of Plantae for several decades with sunlight and water for all. One day there was a black light that covered all that green area, blocking sunlight and impeding the passage of water. The plantoids fell into despair and set up their spines to war.

~

They marched fiercely toward the dark figure that was causing darkness in the kingdom, and faced with an enemy hard and impenetrable skin. Their brave King, who left a trail of fungus where he stepped, led the attack. They attacked with their thorns, poisons, roots, and many vegetable skills. After many hours of fighting, the shadowy enemy fell. Everyone in the kingdom were crushed against the ground. It was a stone.

The White Room

by J.G.

Everything had changed in Soho. The people, the small pubs, the narrow streets: everything had become foreign.

The licentious spirit that had infected him in his youth had given way to the young people's redundant self-importance: everywhere he could see trimmed beards and contrived poses.

The sweat stains on his shirt had quickly widened, the asphalt amplified all the warmth of the hot day, making even heavier the widespread hint of unreality that pervaded his limbs.

Soho had had no dignity to grow old, it rather had decided to recycle itself, living a second, inglorious youth, where probably there was no more room for people like Maria.

~

An alley, at last a familiar sight. He counted one, two, three gates, and there, in its place, the doorbell with the same label of the past. One name in capital letters: MARIA.

He did not think a second and played it. A hiss, followed by a metallic voice made hoarse by the device and the exasperated consumption of cigarettes "Who's there?" "Lorenzo". There was silence, for a few seconds, followed by a wheezing that perhaps it was nothing more than an interference, then the door of the high and ramshackle building snapped. "Third floor, in case you do not remember it."

The Woven Monk

by Woolwaulker

The initiation was more spiritual than physical which suited Woolwaulker's temperamental needs very well. A freshly powered warriors' energy actualized by rituals, teachings and blessings bestowed simultaneously with the new warriors' garment, the Monks' Mark, woven of wool Shepherd's Check design unique to the clan of the Weaver Warrior, confidence was high that protection from weather and enemies would be available at all times. With the incantations and earth potions soaked deeply into the cloth from which the Monks' Mark was cut, and training in wise choices, Woolwaulker would live to serve for another 50 decades.

~

Prayer and meditative walking led to a crofter's hut 70 kilometers from the initiation grove, Woolwaulker's first family to serve. Darkness overtook and careful observation revealed that the loom for production was kept in an unheated out-building. The weaver would not return until daylight. Examination of the loom and the supplies would determine if the weaver had the right to display the Mark, imprinted on the loom by using the woolen sphere given to all initiate monks, with the date of the examination and the warriors name. The bankers' spies could not access protected looms if marked.

Torroella de Montgri

by Anonymous

El camí al castell de Torroella de Montgri

~

Si pot trobar el cau del Duc un lloc misterios

Turn the Page

by Isaac RR Adams

and Ivy knew this was a safe place. It was the diploma clad walls, mahogany desk with its cliché lamp and green sofa, all of which she'd seen in a photograph from a magazine on the ground that day. The doctor, gentle face and warm smile, had always been some one she could turn to and understood that when Ivy opened, without hesitation, would know where they'd finished their last session.

Session.

That ruffled something in Ivy and it was at or around this point she straightened herself, easily sliding across the leather sofa.

~

She feigned a brave front but the harsh reality was written all over her therapist's face. Dr Ima Booque laid her clasped hands on the polished mahogany and began to speak. The lamp on the doctor's desk gave Ima's face an ominous glow. Ivy got shivers up her spine.

"You're a book."

There it was. Ivy's heart shredded. She felt herself yellow and her stomach ripple like pages doused in water. That hard cover that had been her shield against the world turned soft. Her face went blank. She was about to speak but came to a full stop.

Vision of a Future Gaming

by Steffen Berthold

I've been playing this game for more than 11 hours now. My fingers hurt and I'd better go to bed. But I cannot. I'm so close to beat this damn high-score. My Super Joe is sprinting and jumping through the jungle and he knows exactly where and when each single enemy arise. I bought this game for my C64 the other day and I cannot say how often I've been playing this accursed level now. Focused on my target I feel nothing but the flickering screen and pixelated solders, bunkers, helicopters. Only darkness and fog around the scene.

~

A clear voice sounds in my ears "Go go go! We storm the bunker!". I'm shocked for a moment and then I'm in the middle of the offensive – high resolution graphics, surround sound. What's that? But there is no time. "Wait! A booby trap!" I shout out loudly. "Thanks dude. Can you manage that?" I look around and see my partner shooting ahead. This is madness. I start running. Suddenly the screen freezes, no motion anymore. A Bug? I rub my tired eyes and see my flickering screen again, and the high-score table, the prompt blinks at the topmost position.

Voquenton Chapter I

by Facchida Gupta

The serene sound of a stream flowing through the beautifully mysterious forest did not bless any ears but those of the equally calm boy who crossed this brook. He wished he could provide as much royal grace as this water and felt guilt at desecrating it with his rags, merely pieces of cloth hastily woven in a quilt-like fashion by someone who'd never made any clothing in her life. But though he had all the power to acquire something more elegant and noble than it, he'd never replace his sole link to the one person in the world he cared about more than anything - his mother. What would mother say about me being so far from home? He didn't

~

expect a response, but talking to oneself can get so boring that one uses rhetoric devices to spice up one's speech.

Suddenly, he heard a loud snapping noise. It sounded like it might be as heavy as a small bear. Or a man. With the thought of murder flashing in his eyes, he ran to the scene to see exactly what it was.

The thought of humans drove him up the wall in an unbridled rage in regards to what all of Humanity did to all Elves. They slaughtered all but him, lining them up to be executed. He recalled watching his mother's head tumble to the blood-covered ground. He remembered her countenance.

Distracted, he tumbled into a tree trunk.

Voquenton Chapter II

by Facchida Gupta

The girl hiding within said tree trunk sucked in a surprised breath, a faint squeak escaping her lips. Her heart was beating wildly from both fear and the physical excursion. She had run at least three miles, trying to flee those damn soldiers for some murder she obviously did not commit. So what if there was a bit of blood on her clothes? It is not as if she actually killed the Prince....With a light sigh the twelve year old forced herself to calm down, peeking outside of the rotting wood to see what exactly had bumped into her hiding spot. Her fear dissipated almost entirely when she saw that it was merely a boy. "You didn't, um- happen to

~

see any soldiers around, did you?" Her voice was soft, mainly due to the fact that she was afraid of making too much noise. He rubbed his forehead in agony and set a hand on the moist wood for support. "Soldiers? The only - owwww - creatures stupid enough to go into this forest are me and you. If a soldier were to look for you, they'd go north, into the Tonwa." He hissed at the pain and wished he had some ice. Or a steak...that'd be delicious. "Although you might have anticipated that, making you...less stupid. Are you a human?" His eyes grew hateful. "You /look/ like one."

She ignored his question and started to dig in her small satchel.

Voquenton Chapter III

by Facchida Gupta

"Is your head alright? That looks kind of painful. I might have a salve to help with it..."

He felt terrible for thinking this girl was human. Any human would have him killed right there, obviously. He watched a drop of blood fall from his hand and gulped. He wasn't afraid of blood as much as he was afraid of himself bleeding. "I...I think so."

"Here... " She finally pulled out a small container with an odd white paste inside of it and stepped closer to him, gently spreading some of the salve on his forehead. "My names Chi! What's yours?" She grinned down at the slightly shorter male.

He was a bit disappointed at being shorter than her,

~

but glad that she cared as much as she did. "Docmerdycyl Dycentä..." He noted the difficulty of pronouncing that. "Call me Docmer, I guess."

"Docmerdycyl...?" Chi, surprisingly, pronounced it perfectly. "Yeah, I guess that is a bit of a mouthful. Elven names were always so... odd. Docmer it is!" She giggled a bit and took a few steps away from him, shoving the container back into her bag. "I used to be called Fathrynalemen but I guess nowadays it doesn't do to walk around with a name like that."

"...I like that name." He felt much better. Elvish customs told him to do her a favor. "Where are you headed? I need to run, too, I suppose."

When I Pulled a Thread

by Chris D.

Once I saw a thread coming out from a light post. Threads usually don't appear in places like that, so I was very curious, like that cat who died. I grabbed it and started to pull very slowly and carefully. It was stuck, I had to use all my strengths, but it finally gave in. After the first twenty inches it became easier. I pulled harder, and the entire light post disappeared. I pulled even more, and the side walk became a big long thread too, in my hands. I couldn't stop there! So I kept pulling and pulling.

~

The concrete, the street signs, the fountains, they all became part of the thread I was pulling from. People too, and the pets they were walking. Also cars. And one truck. Everything was being destroyed by my constant pulling. I kept pulling the thread, maybe just to see where it ended. Left to right, right to left. Once you start, you just can't stop. So much power in your hands. In the end it was just me, in an endless white of nothing, holding one huge piece of multicolor thread in my hands, and not knowing how to knit it back.

17th Century Football

by Amandelina Sondria

manufactured from cow manure. At the time, this was considered to be a healthy and wholesome choice. Of course, when players were injured on the field, a whole number of possible remedies were readily available, from amputating injured limbs - which was often done by a butcher - all the way up to bloodletting. As a result, even minor injuries on the football field typically resulted in the player's untimely demise. Not from the injury itself, but from its treatment.

It has to be said, though, that these treatment were, at least to some degree, efficacious. Not only did patients rarely complain

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about the treatments (mind you, most couldn't, after the doctors were done with them), but it also kept players from admitting that they were injured in the first place.

One particular realm of interests were, of course, head injuries. They were particularly prevalent during the time, as modern footballs were not yet available. Experimentation soon lead football manufacturers away from the idea of using painted stones, but the alternatives, from cow skulls to pig bladders filled with wine, had their own drawbacks, from players being impaled by cow horns to full-blown orgies triggered by the consumption of the ball's

ASL 1986

by J K Laudenberg

in the 44th minute. Baker threw the ball in from the side when James received the ball with his inner left foot. He kicked it with his right foot to the front and then with his left foot again. He did so several times until he made a good portion of his twenty yards towards the halfway line. He put his foot atop the ball and flicked it back so that he was running towards his own goal now, only to confuse Cleveland's defenders that showed up in his proximity at about 6 yards around James covering him. He then made

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another turn left towards the southern end of the pitch tricking the opposite defenders until he kicked the ball towards the goal line near the corner where the ball bowled off bounds. When the Cleveland goalie picked the ball up to kick it back into the game the referee whistled for half time. Forty-Five minutes of a breathtaking game between the top teams of the American Soccer League was over. The first matchday kept its promise of an exciting soccer year to follow. After the fifteen-minute halftime was over, the referee commanded both teams back to pitch. He whistled

Basic Football Strategy

by B. White

A new offense formation that started in Dallas but is being adopted by other teams is the "shotgun" formation. The quarterback stands five yards behind the center and receives a direct snap. It is imperative that the center is comfortable with making this long, blind exchange since the defense will try their best to disrupt his timing. The advantage is that the quarterback has a better view of the defense, especially coverage on the wide receivers, before the snap.

~

The quarterback can read the coverage based on two things: position of the strong safety, and locations of the cornerbacks. If the safety is close to the line of scrimmage, then he is probably helping with run responsibilities and acting as a fourth linebacker. If the cornerbacks are facing the wide receivers and not looking at the quarterback, then they are in press coverage and going to force the receivers to the outside of the field, probably with a bump-and-run. This takes away the inside slant routes.

Browns: 1987 Is Ours!

by Michael J Kim

and that's why Cleveland hates John Elway.

Everyone calls it "The Drive" now. It has its own nickname, its own identity. It's ridiculous. Yes, the Browns defense collapsed on one pivotal drive to allow the Broncos to tie the game but that's not the entire story. The Browns were merely tied at this point. No games were yet lost or won. There was still a heartbeat pulsing in the City of Cleveland. The Browns won the coin toss at overtime and had the ball in their hands, figuratively and literally. The game was theirs for the taking.

Bernie Kosar and

~

the offense looked cold, battered and worn. The setting of Municipal Stadium reflected this. This was Cleveland after all, the bedrock of blue collar values and hard-nosed work ethic. This was a team built on the city's image, attitude and collective dissonance from the mainstream. The team had no logo; the team name made no sense; the uniforms weren't fashionable. There was a method to the madness.

Overtime picked up where the 4th quarter left off. The Browns failed to get a 1st down and punted. The Broncos then proceeded to perform every miraculous pitch and catch in the book.

Clearing Throat

by El Chimenéu

26th September 1986. The die was cast. My chance was near. It could be the most important shouting contest in all my life. It was a sunny, dry summer day. A gentle breeze caressed my nervous lips. The weather conditions were ideal and my voice was loud and clear. To my right were my rivals. One was an expert in singing under water and the other worked as ambulance siren. The outlook was grim but I trusted on me. I couldn't miss this time.

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The referee hesitated for a moment and ... gave the start! My first opponent started screaming... but... because of the dry air only a soft hiss emanated from his throat. I was beginning to see light at the end of the tunnel. The second rival rose, very sure of himself. Suddenly, his mobile phone rang. An emergency on a highway made him leave. My victory was assured. I got up at once and then I remembered... the day before I had been hoarse singing "Beat It". Once again, won the referee. His anger was implacable.

Cosmic Campfire Anthems

by Rigoberto Azimuth

The Robo-Priest

Olmo the Robo-Priest was obsolete

outdated, passé, antiquated,

yet she did her best to keep you blessed and consecrated.

Preaching like a broken record, no matter toxic atmosphere or vacuum, nebulae, gas giant, comet or alien fjord her holy circuits afford shelter and spiritual asylum.

1500th Century

It's the 1,500th century and at last we are free no work, no TV, gone are the nuclear waves

it's only you and me and, dear Tess, I mean it literally.

~

100,000 Billion Tons

Lonely Red Supergiant dreams of collapsing to fancy supernova fused one billion tons of helium...

but it was not enough core burn so, alas, she started over.

Lonely Red Supergiant dreams of collapsing to fancy supernova fused two billion tons of helium...

but it was not enough core burn so, alas, she started over.

Lonely Red Supergiant dreams of collapsing to fancy supernova fused three billion tons of helium...

but it was not enough core burn so, alas, she started over.

Lonely Red Supergiant dreams of collapsing to fancy supernova fused four billion tons of helium...

Fencing Strategy

by Ridolfo Capo Ferro

Unlike foil and sabre, epee has no right of way to determine touches. First touch gets the point. The electric scoring mechanism has a delay of about 0.05 seconds in which two successive touches will register as simultaneous hits by both fencers. A ground wire connected to the bell guard keeps the weapon from being triggered if it hits that. The strip (or "piste") is covered with metal mesh and also grounded, since the whole body is a legal target and a quick fencer can score a touch on their opponent's foot.

~

A balanced stance is important to allow movement in whatever direction is needed. The torso should neither be leaning forward or back, and both knees should be bent. In order move with either the feet passing or with a lunging motion, weight has to be transferred to one foot prior to movement. Keep your forearm out straight, using the bell guard of the epee to protect it. Avoid leaning since the head is also a target. A good stance will make it easier for you to execute clean parries.

Fighting Sports in Europe

by Anonymous

Afterall, most people would not necessarily associate wrestling with mountains, sawdust, lederhosen and the ear shattering sound of the alphorn. But that's exactly what it is in this curious little country in the middle of Europe.

Molten cheese, snowy mountain tops, dogs with little rum barrels hanging from their neck and the ear piercing sound of those alphorns. That was the background scenery while I watched two slightly overweight farmers in lederhosen try to throw each other to the ground into the sawdust.

~

I was completely fascinated as I encountered this most curious sport for the first time. I tasted the sawdust on my tongue as I watched two grown men holding each other by their pants. It looked more like intimate dancing than fighting, the complete opposite of the fighting sports I've been so accustomed to. There was this wondrous grace to it, almost a noble purpose to the fighting.

Of course it was the Swiss people who managed to turn fighting into a cultural event bursting with tradition.

Finnish Sports

by Elias Lönnrot

Nordic walking is more of a fitness activity than a sport. Nevertheless, there are races and competitions in Finland. It was originally developed as a summer training programme for skiing fitness, but has evolved into its own activity. One-piece poles that are slightly shorter than cross-country ski poles are used. Walking is done at a brisk pace, with the same upper body morphs that are performed with skiing. This a fine cardio-vascular workout and additional upper-body exercise.

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Curling is a form of marbles that is played on a sheet of ice. Large (20 kg) marbles with identifying colours are alternately rolled at a painted target. Each team has four members: one to throw the marble, one to spot and aim, and two with large brooms to sweep the ice. Vigorous sweeping allows the marble to travel further on the ice. The team with the closest marble to the target earns points, and it is acceptable to try and knock an opponent's marble away from the target.

Fly Fishing in Phoenix

by Pangol

At that point, I realized that we were no longer speaking about fishing. Beside us on the riverbank, the trout gasped and writhed.

"You're right," I said, "there is more than one way to gut a fish. But I've got other fish to fry."

"Do you?" she asked. "Because if so, that's a whole other kettle of fish."

I could feel the eyes of the other fishing teams on us, watching our every move.

"We can't keep casting about, Shelia," I said. "Are we in, or are we out? We need to fish or cut bait."

Sheila raised the rock over the trout's body.

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"This makes you nervous," she said. "I can see it in your eyes. You're out of your league. You're like a fish out of water."

"You need me on the job," I insisted.

"Like a fish needs a bicycle," she said.

"There's nothing about me you like?" I asked.

"Typical," she said, "fishing for compliments"

"You'll miss me when I'm gone," I said.

Her eyes narrowed. "There are other fish in the sea."

Getting her riled up was easy; it was like shooting fish in a barrel. But I was tired of being a big fish in a small pond. It was time to swim on.

Hair Metal Survival Tips

by Tonsorial Ted Trilby

Foreword by author:

It's ironic, given my family name, that I became the front man of one of the leading Hair Metal bands to rise to fame these past years.

While only family and the most hardcore of fans will know the Trilby surname, to everyone else I'm Tonsorial Ted.

You might naively believe the biggest dangers to a Hair Metalist to be crazed groupies, unscrupulous management, band infighting or some combination of the aforementioned.

I am here to tell you the great outdoors is the place most perilous for those in our profession.

~

You may have heard the tragic news of Hairy Harry's death. While his label's PR busy-bodies carefully coiffed the image of what happened, the real story of his death would make your hair stand on end.

Having your hair mussed can spell the end of your career unless it getting that way was the result of a thorough bout of Rocking on Stage or heavy-duty partying witnessed at least in triplicate by the press.

The true reason for his demise? Let's just say that lightning tends to strike the tallest thing around.

Hopscotch for Basejumpers

by Velma Monroe

For almost a decade, hopscotch enthusiasts were denied further jumping from norwegian mountains. This lead to a dramatic split in the Norwegian Basejumper Organization. The disagreement on how hopscotch was to be introduced in thin air, or why this was even should be ever allowed again made a confronting and angry debate. Hopscotch was seen as a safety issue, not the fun combination of chess and baseball it was supposed to be.

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It wasn't until Leif Grasstust, channel host of National Hopscotch Night (at the time an not the wellknown show of today) made the legendary «Hopscotch Whiskey»-sketch show, that both sides agreed to have another meeting on neutral ground. Grasstust was invited to overlook the negotiations. He chose Ben's Cafe on Helleland, just oustside the mythological hopscotch town of Egersund for initial calls. They were short and effective. April, and a new hopscotch season was coming.

Inline Aerobics

by Mario Dammann

Welcome to the world of Aerobics! Welcome to the world of Inline-Skating! You didn't know, that it was possible? Why did you buy this book then? Because you dreamed of it, being possible. Your two second favorite things in the world (your husband, and your dog are number one, I know), combined as one. And here it is: Aerobics with Inline-Skates. All your friends around you are totally rocking that in the studio, but you just want to be outside, with your dog, with fresh air, and just your tight leotard. But before...

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... you leave the house, watch the VHS, which came with the book. In the first chapter of it, you will learn the history of Aerobics, and the history of Inline-Skates, and my history. After this short introduction, you will learn how I managed to combine these two. Don't you worry, it will not be boring, I guarantee it. After you watched the first chapter, come back to this books second chapter, where we are going to start with the first lesson, including: How to wear the Skates, How to wear the leotard, and of course How to fall, without...

Insult Swordfighting 101

by Oswald Smeerque Jr.

So, for a quick wrap-up of this first chapter.

One: you need to understand that you DO have what it takes to be good at it. Just repeat it to yourself. Repeat it two, three times. Loudly. See? You DO have what it takes!

Two: don't pay attention to all that swashing and buckling. Pirates wouldn't do that when their swords were actually sharp enough to kill, so why would you do it now with plastic replicas?

Three: Listen. Always listen and do it carefully. Your wit is sharpened by your opponent's. Your opponents can be smart: they may not get things done by the book and get very creative, creating all sorts of new insults.

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Let's say an opponent screams at you: "Your insults are as flat as last year's soda!". Listening carefully you can easily point out: "Looking at your pot belly, I think you could use some of that!". Razor-sharp.

Four: Never, ever be directly offensive. It's not forbidden, but it's cheap. Imagine answering the previous insult with something like: "Yeah, well your head is also flat, because you're stupid!". See? Cheap.

It's not the Golden Age of Piracy anymore but, while you may never find yourself cornered by the constabulary in Port Royal, be sure that today's matches of Insult Swordfighting are as serious as they were, even friendly ones.

Juggling for Clowns

by Dr. James Juggle

The activity of juggling is a supreme discipline in the area of sports. It requires perfect control of your physical and mental body functions. While your senses must capture the state of several objects in motion within milliseconds, your limbs must react accordingly in a artistic fashion.

When asked about how to become a professional juggler, the Indian Jugglers of the early 19th century usually replied that your mind has to grasp the universe in its entirety and your body has to move as if you were a puppet of God.

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Now, if you want to be a really successful clown, then you have to unite two extreme opposite skills. While you have to be a virtuoso in juggling, you have to make it look as if you were the dumbest beginner ever seen.

After talking to 128 professional clowns throughout the last decade, I discovered an amazingly simple but very effective technique how to achieve and sustain this level of sophistication: Before each show, drink 64 ml of whiskey in one go. Wait 32 seconds and then turn yourself 16 times around in a circle. There you go!

JumbleBall™ for Beginners

by National Coach Peter

where the opponent first touched the ground with his hand at his last attempt.

However if the dogs are still carrying a total amount of at least 3.42 lbs (1.55 kg) JumbleFluff the offense is subtracted 4 points for each dog paw still fully covered in green paint. This does not apply if the defense exchanged all their JumbleBalls in the third or fourth lap.

After this scenario the total number of possible crowbars allowed from the audience is calculated by subtracting the JumbleCoins in the BonusJumble from the amount of complete half-hours passed after sunset. If the current temperature is below 88.61 degrees Fahrenheit (31.45 degrees

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Celsius) add a penalty of 5 MasterJumbles for each player older than 58 years.

If the JumbleTorch has not been lit yet the game is extended and three JumbleTorches are added to every train still in motion with all wheels on at least one side of the train touching the bonus rail.

Remember that different rules obviously apply for the Western and Eastern Hemisphere of the Earth even for JumbleTrials spanning across both hemispheres. In case of ambiguity the most recent JumbleVoter is allowed to balance his remaining strollers on top of the player in question. If the player can stay upright for at least 17 seconds the player gets to decide if

Kung Fu Basics and Curses

by Mr. Kato Lee

Notes the Author:

Kung Fu is not only the art of showing off how to do extremely pain to another, there is a balance between defense and offense that needs to be respect in order that the ancient Dragon gods are pleased and don't throw up in your face their Chinese curses and all that nasty things.

Kung Fu obeys the essence of the self, take care of self, take care of others by taking care of self, take care of the big ones to show off and looking good one self.

This book will cover the basics:

~

- How to take out the hearth of an opponent and show it just before he dies.
- How to take the Chi of an opponent like a blood sucking vampire and become stronger avoiding madness from his memories.
- How to break big rocks into smaller rocks and build things with rocks, like a wall of rocks, use your imagination.
- How to balance your tax declaration from all your Kung Fu movies and don't end fighting in a penitentiary.
- How to become the master and prepare, sew, stitch your own kung fu outfit to look awesome handsome.

Learning Salsa Dancing

by Timo Bauer

There are many different styles you can dance to Salsa music. Most of the time they are named after the location they were developed. Some examples are:

Salsa Cubana

Salsa New York Style

Salsa LA Style

Salsa Columbiana

and many more.

They differ in dancing elements, basic steps and timing in the music. While most dancers prefer some style over another, many experienced dancers are able to switch between different styles or combine different elements in their own dance. "salsa" means "sauce" and some dancers take this to their hearts!

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While there are differences the basic step in Salsa is quite similar in all styles. You basically take three steps, take a break, take three steps and break again. The timing in the music can be different depending on the style, but you always have these eight "elements". Some advanced figure patterns are outside these limits, but you will always get back to it.

Men and women normally do the same steps but are offset by one tact. If the man takes a step forward, the woman takes on backwards. So let's look at the real steps:

Make Your Pets Airborne

by SpecieX Corp

but not through the head!

Figure 15.B (for schematic, see previous page)

Note that the mechanism allows for the complete radius of the catapult section to be used in order to reach maximum launch speed of the cat. This is of course dependent on the main flange (Figure 12.A) being fully deployed when loading the counterweights.

Please observe the utmost caution when handling the compressed coils. The 1984 "Air Meow" mishap in Red Oak was partly due to a lack of safety gloves, although much has also been made of the lack of air traffic clearance at the moment of unexpected activation of the mechanism. Although the test subject had not

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yet been attached, the resulting wind speed data gathered by observing Mr. Grimshaw's unintended flight was most illuminating in that it revealed several miscalculations on his part. His later notes from the County Hospital also made clear that had it not been for Mrs. Wilson's washing lines being so fortuitously positioned, things might have turned out rather badly. We have therefore decided to include the following piece of (optional) gear (see next figure).

Figure 15.C (for schematic, see next page)

THE HAPPY TRAILS KITTY PARACHUTE SYSTEM (TM pending)

To ensure a safe landing, all the cat has to do is (A) unclip the belt, (B) pull the

Miniature Golf

by C. MacDougall

Miniature golf, also known as minigolf or putt putt golf, is an offshoot of the sport of golf focusing solely on the putting. It is played on courses consisting of a series of holes (usually a multiple of 9), but characterized by their short length (usually within 10 yards from tee to cup), the use of artificial putting surfaces such as carpet, astroturf and/or concrete, a geometric layout often requiring non-traditional putting lines such as bank shots, and artificial obstacles such as tunnels/tubes, ramps, concrete/metal/fiberglass forms, and moving obstacles such as windmills.

~

Geometrically-shaped minigolf courses made of artificial materials surfaces began to emerge during the early 20th century. The first standardized minigolf courses to enter commercial mass-production were the Thistle Dhu course 1916 in Pinehurst, North Carolina, and the 1927 Tom Thumb patent of Garnet Carter from Lookout Mountain, Tennessee. Thomas McCulloch Fairbairn (inventor), a golf fanatic, revolutionized the game in 1922 with his formulation of a suitable artificial green; a mixture of cottonseed hulls, sand, oil, and dye. By the late 1920s there were over 150 rooftop courses in New York City alone.

My Life as a Soccer Star

by Severinho Oliveira

My grandfather played a major role in my life. He would take me to a lot of soccer matches at the São Pedro Stadium when I was a little kid. 'I will support Clube Esportivo Sur until I die', he would say.

He was passionate about soccer and wanted me to be the best soccer player, not only in the field, but also with personal choices. 'Be like Roque, not like Samuel. When Roque scores a goal, he always celebrates with his team mates. You will never see Samuel running towards his team mates to celebrate his goals.'

~

We watched local derbies together, they were something else. My grandfather would point at the players and explain to me every foul, strategy or detail to make sure I made the right choices as a professional player. 'One day you will be a soccer star in Clube Esportivo Sur! But you have to keep your head between your shoulders.'

So I made the best choice: I joined Clube Esportivo Norte. My grandfather had no clue about soccer, and I did not want to become a sucker like those Sur supporters.

Olympic Glory

by Stefano Emiliozzi

Jason looked at the scoreboard, staring at him like a giant black billboard with the word "FAIL" written on it. It really said 10.35 seconds – that would have been enough to qualify for the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles, though he would have not won any medals, since Ben Johnson clocked at 10.22 to take the bronze. He needed 10.30 to qualify for the trials.

He still remembers watching Carl Lewis, flying rather than running that day, crossing the line with his arms towards the sky, nobody behind him – just the glory ahead.

~

Jason didn't have the quickness to leave the blocks that other athletes possessed, but he knew he had a progression that could have landed him a place in the final in Seoul, the next year. He kept looking at those 1984 100 meters, Carl Lewis catching up, one long stride after the other, the triumph at the end.

Another attempt – On Your Mark, Set, Go! This time he felt his muscles recoil and then extend like a spring, his head looking down for the first few meters, then up and aligning to the finishing line. Like his father kept repeating him, "one step after the other, son".

Portaging a Canoe

by C. MacDougall

Portaging a canoe is the process in which the canoe is transported across land between bodies of water.

Two person lift:

The easiest lift is a two person lift. Start by having one person lift the bow of the canoe above their head while the stern remains on the ground. The person who is going to carry or "portage" the canoe then walks into the yoke position and places their shoulders under the yoke and lifts the canoe fully. This procedure is reversed to unload the canoe from their shoulders.

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Single person lift:

Start by standing to one side of the yoke. Grasp the gunwale and lift the edge to your knee. Reach over with your other hand and grasp the middle of the yoke. Lift the other side off the ground so the canoe now rests fully on your knee. Shift your hand placement so that when the canoe is over your head your hands will be on the correct sides. With a smooth motion bounce the canoe from your knee and snap it over your head. Remember to get your head in front of the yoke.

Safe canoeing.

Running Is Fun!

by JFA Jansen, PhD

which is a lot to think about. For those who can still move and who can afford some nice sneakers, running can be a nice activity. You don't need expensive equipment, just some shoes and a simple outfit. Where to start? How about right outside your home? And the fun part is: you can run in any direction, the course can be made up while running. Also the duration is totally flexible, but be advised: don't think you can run marathons on your first go. A little practice and routine can do wonders. It will make you feel great!

~

If you are easily bored: bring a friend! He might also like to run, and you can join forces on your quest for healthiness. However, don't assume that by running (and sweating) once that you suddenly turned a possible unhealthy lifestyle into a healthy one. You need some more effort for that, think about diet, regular healthy activities (including running), and don't compensate your running activity with too much pizza. If you don't have a friend who can join you, you might be interested in those fancy walkmans, those portable devices that can play music while you run.

Running with Scissors

by Federico A. Elli

Listed below are some of the many benefits of running with Scissors:

-Time is very valuable, besides, how else would you make it in time to that which is asking for a cut?

-You will definitely not get mugged while running with scissors, who would ever try? After all, you ARE carrying some sharp scissors.

-Aerodynamics. Cut right through that wind as you run, by placing the scissors ahead of you in an open fashion.

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-Get noticed. Brandish those shiny silver scissors like you never have and you are sure to get the attention of people, specially the ladies, you know they can't resist that silvery reflection.

-Two pairs of scissors required: Spin those scissors as if they were revolvers, get that extra boost you need to make it all even better. (no scissor holster required)

-Less chances of falling down while carrying scissors. Which do you know more of? People that have run with scissors and got hurt? Or people that have run without scissors and got hurt?

Safeguarding Food

by C. MacDougall

Safeguarding your food when camping is essential, both in ensuring you have provisions for your trip and to prevent wild animals from becoming too close to humans.

Most wild animals will be attracted to anything that smells new. This includes that could be food, items like sunscreen, toothpaste, and bug spray. Remember to take with what you bring, don't leave your leftovers and garbage for wild animals. Keep the woods in the same condition you found it.

In order to ensure your provisions while out in the middle of the woods:

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Never leave your food, even if it's still in your pack, unattended at any time of day.

Anything aromatic; powder, ointment, toothpaste, sunscreen, bug spray, lotions, utensils must be stored overnight along with your food. Hang your pack with food items from a tree. Make sure to hang it high enough no bears can swipe it from the ground or from branches. Store your food at least 100 feet (preferably 200 feet or more) away from your sleeping area. The food stash should be downwind of your site, if possible.

Safe camping.

Snagtag: A Modern Game

by Chet Dabney

when you have found a long enough hammer, the game is ready to play. The northmost participant is referred to as the 'sasquatch', and must only be disturbed if there is a valid reason, or a goal has been scored.

The Skip Backers form two lines along the edge of the field, and must make sure that any of the livestock is directed towards the correct zone (for the first six innings - the livestock must, of course, be directed towards incorrect zones should a reverse inning be declared, following a switch play).

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Both of the Twains must be kept separate for the entire duration of the game. At no point must their paths intersect. If in doubt, the referee may petition a local shopkeeper for refreshments (generally within two miles of the playing field, though this may differ, based on the infrastructure in the local area).

When the flag has been passed to the tallest player, the gong is sounded by the First David and the third team may only run backwards until the next goal or the refreshments arrive (whichever occurs first).

Sports

by Spock

Sports have been around since ancient history. The romans were sporting a lot, although it was kind of fatal back then. And you did not have anything to say about it. Training was not something that was obligatory. It was mostly skipped because a lot of prisoners were used for entertainment. Entertainment was the only reason those "sports" took place. Romans were a violent lot. When there was peace the colosseum was intensely used. Nowadays we don't have any violent sports anymore.

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Except perhaps boxing, which I could never really get a handle on. I suppose Taekwondo is also somewhat of a violent sport. But that's besides the point. What I'm trying to say is, we're very much more evolved since then. Much less aggressive and more civilized. Romans could really learn from what we have built. Why were they so aggressive, what could they possibly gain by that much bloodshed. It's very hard to think of good reasons to murder millions of people for no good reason at all. Although they did make nice roads that all led to Rome. Or as my grandfather used to say: "Right as diverse pathes leden the folk the righte way to Rome."

Swimming's Easy Sometimes

by Kermit MacDermott

... green. Floating is usually a good place to start. Once you have mastered floating then dog paddling can be great!

To dog paddle you must first: overcome your existential dread and/or fear of water (Hydrophobia). Then you must float by not drowning or inverting yourself underwater. Finally you can walk like a dog in the water. Do not get distracted by squirrels or any such things like a dog. This may lead to a sub-optimal dog paddle. Now we can move on to other water skills.

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After getting the hang of the dog paddle one can learn to adapt it to the most extraordinary and dignified of all water stances of conveyance! The glorious Frog Kick! With this singular move one can truly join Poseidon on a wonderful splash in any water. Pool, lake, sea or even swamp! To perform this daring maneuver one starts with the lowly dog paddle but elevates it to staggering heights through the use of ones legs. Instead of just walking in the water one splays ones legs out like a frog and kicks with careful abandon.

Sword Dancer of the West

by Simon Nguyen

His desire to become a Swordmaster, was so strong, that no struggles seems too much and he was even willing to use the technics of spying. He knew that he and his parents could not afford the school fee and therefore he had to find another way to learn the basics of swordplay. One day he climbed a tree located near the school stone wall and watched the training of the budding swordsman. This become a habit and he made notes and many drawings of the swordfights.

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Some day while deepened between observations and his notes, he did not notice that he was discovered. One of the students sneaked up the tree, picked up a stone from the ground and threw it on the immersed youngster.

Ichinose was so frightened that he fell from the tree and hit the ground hard.

He learned painful his first lesson in the art of sword fighting: always pay attention. The armbar the student choose to hold Ichinose was something he couldn't oppose much despite his strong stature so he had to accompany the student to the Grand Master.

The Modern Survivalist

by F. Arago

and that is why having a squirrel at hand may be determinant when facing a hostage situation.

One of the biggest dangers in the woods is the mighty bear. Bears are usually elusive, but might come near you attracted by your food supply, especially if you are carrying high bran content breakfast cereal, highly appreciated by bears who suffer chronic constipation. This situation must be avoided at all costs, but if assaulted, the procedure which can grant you a certain chance to survive is as follows: first, keep calm and stare into the bear's eyes with a long, cocky

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and defying stare. Then, slowly, pull your breakdancing cardboard mat and lay it in the ground between the bear and you. Challenging a bear to a hip-hop dancing contest can get complicated, as they are skilled dancers as a result of their spring mating rituals, but if you are able to perform a neat triple head spin, the bear is likely to acknowledge its defeat and run back into the woods.

Keeping a proper hygiene in the woods is essential, and a relaxing sponge bath can make a difference between life or death. Using badgers as makeshift sponges can

The Singularity of Maps

by Boris Keylwerth

When I was young, we had maps to figure out where we were. Reading maps is challenging. They are an exact, but scaled representation of reality. The scale is very difficult to understand, intellectually. You see 50.000:1 or 100.000:1... but what does that mean in reality. How far is everything apart?

You have to hold the map in the right orientation, but without a compass, you will never know. Maps are almost always oriented North... but where is that Maps are two-dimensional, they do not contain heights. You have height lines, but interpreting those is not easy.

~

Finally, maps have so little to do with how we understand landscape. We think of it three-dimensional and scaled according to our experience and importance of certain spots. There are a few maps, usually of large cities, which depict houses three dimensional and the important landmarks at larger size. Take for example Paris. You will find the huge Eiffel tower in the south, then many, many houses in a nice old style while you move north and west to La Defense.

The Sky Blue Giantkillers

by Keith Hodson

The FA Cup is revered worldwide throughout the soccer community due to its traditions and history. In 1987 it really was a David versus Goliath affair. Coventry City were the underdogs having finished tenth out of twenty two teams in the domestic season. Tottenham Hotspur with all the household names and finishing a commendable third were the favourites. Coventry had never appeared at Wembley in the clubs history, Spurs were after an eighth FA Cup trophy.

~

Allen opened the scoring for Spurs in the 2nd minute, his 49th goal of the season. Coventry replied instantly before Spurs went 2-1 up before the break through Mabbutt. Houchen flew through the air to equalise with an exquisite diving header that will be remembered throughout the ages. Extra time commenced, and a Spurs own goal through Mabbutt gave Coventry City the trophy for the first time in their history in front of 96,000 spectators. They presented it to the city the next day, on an open-topped bus with 250,000 locals lining the streets and the cathedral bells ringing.

Underwater Animal Soccer

by Mario Guarracino

The Octopi years

From 1979 to 1981 the league was dominated by the Cape Town Tentacles. Their octopoda nature was putting them to an obvious an advantage compared to the other teams, but since the big New Brunswick Narvahls scandal of '08 nobody questions the powerful governance of the USAL (Underwater Animal Soccer League).

~

The Oslo Salmons have challenged the Tentacles in every season only to eventually losing in the finals. The Purples (as they are affectionately called by their fans) were almost unstoppable in their endavours, establishing many records that still stand (such as the most goals scored in a single season, 43, by their striker Boobin Fettucini).

In 1982, when their main sponsor "Stanman Exotic Diseases – if it infects it we have it!" suddenly withdrew its support, the octopi slowly returned to their normal status of a mid-table team.

What I Think about Sports

by William Football

Meh.

~

Whatever.

Wildlife Safaris

by Sir Floyd Hast, K.G.

Rhinos can often be seen gathering at the slow-moving rivers in the savannah. Although described as "nearsighted herbivores with a bad temper," the rhino is actually a friendly and docile creature. Tourists can get rhinos to approach close enough for a good photograph by presenting them gifts of peanut butter toast. Be sure to have loaded a low ISO film and that the f-stop on your camera is properly set for the sharpest images. Unwary tourists have had rhinos playfully follow them back to camp, eager for more peanut butter toast.

~

Another animal to be found near the river is the hippopotamus. A distant relative of the rhino, the hippo shares much of the rhino's behaviors. Approach carefully, and have gifts of fettuccine alfredo for the hippo. While eating a large bowl of pasta, the hippos can be approached quite close (use a wide-angle lens to get the whole hippo in frame). They even appreciate scratching behind their ears. Hippos enjoy warm sunny days and naps after dinner, so leave your vehicle some distance from the hippo, lest they use it as a pillow.

You Play Like a Cow!

by Mattias LT Cedervall

The grass isn't greener on the other side. I know having been there leaving my mark three times. None of the hats fit me, but I appreciated the hooligans' loving gesture! I don't need "Hand of God", I use Foot of God. Why is the Earth round? Because the soccer ball is round! Why invent videogames? So people indoors could push a button and I'll ask how high I should jump outdoors. One problem with the world's biggest sport is that we occasionally get scouts camping on our field. Well, at least they repair the goal's net when I've put

~

a huuuge hole in it. Suddenly a polar bear approached our habitat, I mean field, tempted by the fact that our mascot is a honey jar. The valiant referee showed the polar bear a yellow card not knowing if that was its favorite color... No effect, captain! The scouts photographed it. A red card then? Failed. We only had one weapon, and that was the soccer ball. So I loaded the cannon, which meant my shaved leg, and bicicleta kick... Score! Talk about bad idea! The polar bear's hunger turned into anger so we all ran home. Except our mascot.

Zen Aerobics

by Jane Gautama

The famous Zen Aerobics master Siddhartha Fonda taught me the eight ultimate exercises that lead directly to the fitness Nirvana. Remember, all eight exercises have to be completed eight times in a row without mistake to show the desired effect. Let's go.

Forget the tailor seat. This is far too taxing. Zen Aerobics is easy, not exhausting.

That is why Zen Aerobics is perfect for you. We start with the basic position for all eight exercises.

Here is what you do:

Basic position: The potato

Lie down on the couch and make yourself comfortable. That is it.

Now we can begin with the workout:

~

1. Stretch your feet and count silently to eight. Flex your feet for another eight. Repeat eight times.
 2. Rest. Silently count to eight without moving. Repeat eight times.
 3. Close your eyes and count silently to eight. Open the eyes again for another eight. Repeat eight times.
 4. Rest again. Silently count to eight without moving. Repeat eight times.
 5. Twitch the left ear eight times. Twitch the right ear eight times. Repeat eight times.
 6. Rest again. Silently count to eight without moving. Repeat eight times.
 7. Snore eight times. Repeat eight times.
 8. Sleep till eight.
-

Diary 2350+, 1650-1680

by Dr Will H. Othello

June 15th 2356

Tonight is the night. 50 long wretched years it has taken to prove them wrong. I have travelled the far reaches of the universe to collect the raw materials. Toiled for days at a stretch to create the the fine mechanisms. Finally the assembly of the machine is complete. Tonight I shall prove them all wrong.

Tonight I shall BECOME history.

There is the chime signalling it is charged. A short trip back first I think. A test. Say 10 years to before I moved to this wretched hell on earth called New New York.

~

January 25th 1651

I have made a grave error. Instead of 10 years I set the machine for 10 centuries. Thankfully I ran out of charge. But now I am stuck in this primitive backwater.

No decent food, Nobody speaks Galactic Common, The locals haven't even heard of hygiene, and no electricity.

I'm stuck here until I can somehow recharge the machine.

January 26th 1651

It's my birthday today, of sorts.

Here I am already 160 years old and without access to rejuvenation treatment.

Perhaps I'll die here.

Encyclopaedia of Tlön XI

by Tlön Heresiarch

Upward, behind the onstreaming it mooned

~

Copulation and mirrors are abominable

Flight Forward

by Raphael Schaad

After days of traveling further away from the city I haul my backpack on a long-tail boat and we set sail. At dusk it drops me off on a lost island. The only other people here are the lady observing the island, who cooks for me over the next few days – octopus with rice and rice with octopus – and the fishermen currently stationed here, with whom I sit around the campfire at dusk, drink honey liquor and sing.

A few days of observation and writing pass. Complete deceleration. Life, as I know it, is very different and feels unreal at this point.

~

I'm very happy. I simply carry one set of clothes, an extra shirt, a tooth brush, a soap, a Moleskin, a pencil, a Swiss Army knife and a camera. The only place I can access fresh water is a big barrel. Every day I "shower" by filling a cup of the stale water and pour it over my head.

One hot day the sky starts to fill with clouds and a strong wind starts to blow in this little paradise. Suddenly, the sky turns yellow and dark clouds reach the island. First raindrops start to fall. Then – cloudburst.

Germany in a Nutshell

by Timo Treichel

When you travel south-west Germany, you should visit the state called "Saarland", rich in forests and near the french border. The capitol of this "Bundesland" is Saarbruecken, where you can feel a part of the french lifestyle in the pedestrian zone. Unique and friendly are the people there in this nice part of Germany. They use to speak a very special accent called "saarländisch", with it's own grammar and pronunciation. For example the short question "Unn?" means something like "Hello old friend, nice to see you, how are you?"

~

Transboundary famous is the beer, brewed in a city named Homburg. If you ever be there, try a "Karlsberg". Suitable to this delicious beer is a tradition to cook a pork steak. The well known "Schwenker" is grilled on a special device, called like the dish itsself: Schwenker. A grill swinging over the fire, made of local manufactured steel. The art of "schwenken" is highly respected, and it is a deadly insult to say to somebody: "Dei Vadda kann net schwenke!" (You father is not good at the schwenker swing grill)

Go to Hell! It's Lovely!

by D. Mon: Travel Agent

If you're in the area, a day at any one of Hell's lovely beaches ensures fun in the total-lack-of-sunlight. Whether making ash castles, lava surfing, or simply breathing those fresh poisonous gasses, you can ensure an experience like any other. And what better way to finish a day at the beach then a trip to the boardwalk? Hell's famous boardwalk features fun for the whole family with demonic carnival rides that harness the power of your nightmares, food that upon consumption will trap you here for eternity, and games that are even more rigged that the ones on the surface.

~

But arguably the best time to visit Hell is in the winter, when the low temperature prevents the flesh from melting and keeps the lava pits at low tide. During this time you can see the locals decorating their torture chambers for the holidays, and let me just say that you'll never know the true meaning of "festive" until you see garland and lights strewn with perfect precision over an iron maiden. And to commemorate your stay, be sure to visit one of our gift shops where you can purchase official Hell souvenirs for way more than they're actually worth.

Gone Home

by Miblo del Carpio

past the paddy fields, the yellow Portuguese school where Grandma went, and that memorable white stork standing on the fence where we rounded the bend, all pointed out by my Granddad on our way to Anjuna. These sights, sounds and smells as the rickshaw rattled us along the road mingled with the memories of stories told to me by my Grandma, of the games she used to play as a child when she could walk, of the animals the family used to keep and of the beautiful flowers filling the garden at the front of the house that she would arrange and sell for some money. There were also the fruits and

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veg, the water well and the old jackfruit tree behind the house.

Naturally many years had passed since this oasis of nature and energy and beauty formed the day to day life that so impressed itself on Grandma's memory. My own picture of Anjuna, however, knew nothing of those years as I neared the place my grandparents had grown up and met and married. The rickshaw came to a stop on the road and Granddad, Uncle and I climbed out. "Here's Grandma's house," said Granddad as Uncle walked across the scorched earth and straight through the

Guide to Clipper Town

by Nick Edsall

Chapter 14: Local Customs in Clipper Town. Clipper Town is a town of barbers, everyone who lives there is a barber... Minus Craig... But we don't talk about Craig. Craig aside everyone there is more than willing to give you a quick trim or a close shave, and I mean everyone... Aside from Craig... Waiters, police officers, priests, barbers, Craig's girlfriend, they all have other jobs, but at a moment's notice they can drop everything and give you the haircut of a lifetime.

~

Last time I went there I saw a fireman give a woman a perm whilst putting out an inferno at the old scissor factory.

In Clipper Town everyone also says "Crop top of the mornin' to ya!" as a greeting at the start of each day. Saying it will help you fit in among the citizens of Clipper Town. Not like that Craig, he never says that because you know... the lack of barber-ness...

It is also custom to call Craig a "Clean Floor" when you see him since he has never cut hair a day in his scissorless life.

Guide to Guadalajara

by Dry Desert Man

Do you know that the true hearth of Mexico is Guadalajara Jalisco City?

Do you know The Tequila? It comes from Guadalajara.

Do you know The Mariachi? It comes from Guadalajara.

Do you know Los Tacos? They come from Guadalajara.

Do you know The Mezcal? It comes from Guadalajara.

Do you know the Director Guillermo del Toro? He is from Guadalajara.

The most beautiful women that wins Miss Mexico Contests and participate in Miss Universe comes from Guadalajara.

~

I born in a desert (the author), the women are like poisonous scorpions in my hometown, only an blind-deaf-idiot will court them.

Do you know from where my wife is? She is from GUADALAJARA!

Do you know where my three kids born? In GUADALAJARA!

Do you know where is my house, ranch and cars? In GUADALAJARA!

Do you know where is my hateful mother-in-law? In Guadalajara! (At the other side of the city far from my house)

Do you know from where I got all my money? From Las Vegas...

...So please check my guide to Las Vegas!

High Tea on the Seas

by Rebecca McCarthy

Chamomile is much valued for it's relaxing properties. It can also aid in the prevention of headaches and help alleviate insomnia. The tea is made from the fresh or dried flowers of the chamomile plant, and is available from all good grocers. It has been this author's habit for some time now to brew up a dose of chamomile during stressful life events.

~

However, one must always practice moderation as a strong dose of chamomile may also make it's target sleepy which may not be the optimal state of affairs when one's life is in mortal peril. In this case one may feel to need to imbibe coffee or another stimulant and to indulge in it's effects until the danger passes. This will also have the side effect of raising one's state of alarm so the subject may feel the need to indulge in more chamomile tea. This can create a perpetual state of high tea in cases where the danger is wave based.

Horrors of the Jungle!

by L H Butterscotch III

13 August, 1897 - Managed to fend off the marmosets again last night, but they're becoming more... organized. Its as if each time I improve my defenses, they grow more determined to penetrate them. I must keep my wits about me as I'm wary of their simian motives.

16 August, 1897 - No entries for the past two days as the crafty marmosets absconded with my journal while I slept. I eventually retrieved it at great personal risk from atop a large banyan tree. No significant damage but the pages now smell like monkey.

~

17 August, 1897 - I have little strength left to fight and the marmoset hoard seems to know it. I just witnessed one stride confidently past the doorway of my hut wearing my last pair of shorts. I blame myself for taking them off earlier to bathe. I'm tired. So very tired. And naked. So very naked.

18 August, 1897 - Woke up today with a banana in my ear. I think the marmosets are trying to tell me something. What could it possibly be? On the bright side, I seem to have breakfast covered.

Hundred Days in the Wind

by Camille Tournier

Day 58

Today I went to Cape Reinga. Four hours driving, I ate in a local restaurant, not fancy but good.

Gotta say the lighthouse walk is trully amazing. I stayed all the afternoon, so peaceful.

Looking at the beautiful view, I thought back to many things...

Anyway there was a bit of tourists and I spoke with a local on my way back to the hotel. He said to me that the lighthouse will be automated soon, so the walk will be close to the public.

I'm tired, a shower and go to bed. Tomorrow Japan !

~

Days 59-60

Up early, I didn't want to miss that flight !

30 hours to fly. My back is broken. This city is dense, I mean suffocating dense. I went outside cause there is to many people indoors here. Ouside this is worst !

Luckely I had the wit to book a room in an hotel near by.

Well, nothing more. I pretty much watched TV (so weird) and ate all day (the room service is really amazing).

I'm about to fall asleep but I learn a bit more about this country. I've got 9 more days here, yeah !

In Scotland (Waterproof)

by Nicola McSweeney

Rain

On your travels around Scotland it will rain. This, I guarantee. You should always travel with:

An anorak, water-resistant shoes, a second pair of socks, an umbrella, a spare umbrella (the winds can be high), a (water-resistant) book to read in a pub, whisky, gin, vodka.

You may hear the phrases "Basturt weather" and "Jeeso". This is the Scottish people's way of pleading with their god to cut them a break.

If a pedestrian is splashed by a passing bus do not try to come to their aid. The polite thing to do is look away.

~

Loch Ness

Always check recent travel information to find out if it's safe to travel to Loch Ness. 99% of the time it is completely fine, but there have been some recent high profile attacks from the monster. If you do insist on going out on the water, please DO NOT GO WITHOUT A GUIDE. Decide in advance if you are going to go as most travel insurance companies will charge double.

Most incidents are caused by tourists being ignorant and careless. If you go out on a boat make sure you are not carrying any shortbread or porridge oats.

Island Paradises

by Benjamin Chill

If you're looking for a sun holiday with a bit more adventure, why not try the relatively small island nation of Obscondia? Lush forests situated beside bustling cities and sparkling beaches await you on this quaint island. The locals love visiting tourists, but don't expect to be pampered like kings and queens here! Visitors should expect to encounter some bizarre residents of all backgrounds on this island, as Obscondia has always been the subject of migration due to colonialism, jobs, holiday destinations and its rich and inviting culture. While here, why not stop of at the Obscondian History Museum

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located in the capital of Lykedan and learn about its intriguing history. Lykedan is the largest and most modern city on the island, but be sure to check out the smaller towns and quiet villages dotted around the isle, each with their own distinct culture and feel. Ancient stone sculptures, buildings and structures are a must-see for history enthusiasts, while the forests and farmlands provide great family outings. Hikers will particularly enjoy central Obscondia's rugged mountains range, with varying degrees of difficulty of each mountain to explore at your own leisure. Crystal clear beaches are perfect for those looking to

Japan: Gaijin's Travels

by David Ishinomaki

Viewed with Western eyes, the venue is equal parts boxing arena and traditional theater, with the ringside seats taking the form of Japanese mats sized to accommodate cross-legged parties of four, with the run-of-the-mill fold-out seats sloping up towards the gods. Everyone faces the middle: the square earthen stage and, painted on it, the white outline of the round ring itself. A black-clad line-judge watches from each side at ground level, while the technicolor referee (dressed in purple, yellow or an equally bold color) awaits the wrestlers on top.

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Sumo bouts are the sporting equivalent of sushi: each lasting for a few brief but enjoyable moments and surprisingly unique. There are the speedy spectacles where the wrestlers try to slap each other into submission; tense times when they are locked together for minor eternities; comedy when one – knocked off-balance – slowly succumbs to gravity and squishes a spectator sitting in the front row. (Editor's note: if travelling with friends, you might like to bet each other a plate of sushi on the outcome of each sumo match. Here at Gaijin's Travels we like to call such wagers "su-shi-mo".)

Let's Travel 2 Middelfart

by Mads Fuchs

Middelfart is a Danish city that lies on the island of Funen. A saying goes: "If you have fun on Funen, you are probably from Hobro". This saying doesn't make any sense. Here are some other things you need to know about. Middelfart always gets a laugh for some reason, when people from the English speaking world travel here. I don't get it. And they also laugh at my horrible accent when I tell them to slow down, while they are driving, because there is a "fart kontrol" down most roads with heavy traffic.

~

"Fart kontrol" just means speed check or speed control. But people still laugh at me! WHY ARE THEY LAUGHING AT ME! Yes, I Am going to use this whole book to describe all the bad things that has happened to ME. I don't care if you bought this book to know something about Middelfart. You are not getting your money back! Damn you John from third grade! You started my downfall! Why did you mispronounce my name! You said it was by accident, but I know best, because I am me! They all laughed at me! Stop laughing at me!

Moengo to Albina

by Flicks McGrizzle

we headed to the outskirts of town and rip roared through a former Alcoa mine in search of a fishing hole. Red clay chock full of bauxite surrounded us. A few independently contracted mining trucks operated in the distance as we battled pot holes and rain on the wide road being encroached upon by jungle. By the time we reached the fishing hole it was raining pretty heavy. We grabbed our poles, baited them with pieces of chicken thigh and climbed out onto old drain covers to throw in our lines. We sat fishing in the rain for about

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an hour and only Hugo got a fruitless bite. Our friend told us that rainy season was no good for fishing. During dry season, the fish are desperately hungry and jump on your hook.

We four-wheeled out of there and made a last minute decision to head to the eastern most Albina. Only a river separates Albina from French Guiana, and on the market day we arrived, many boats carried people from the French territory to Albina and back. We heard chatter in French, Dutch, Sranan Tongo, Chinese... Pierre became quickly enthralled by the sight of strong liquor chock-full

My Evil World Travels

by Cattie the Evil Cat

Leaping onto the coffee table was no small feat. Not only was the table top looming roughly at my eye level, but the humans had left unattended food strewn about its landscape -- like a minefield of deliciousness -- that I had to avoid sinking my paws into upon landing.

Most notoriously dominating the free food selection was an extra large, extra thin crust, Margherita pizza, nestled comfortably in its cardboard container.

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Although I am not a fan of the weak variety of catnip they adorn the pizza with -- basil, according to my human chef friends -- seeing it sparked yet another naughty idea: if I could replace the basil leaves with something far more sinister, then I would have the entire circumference of crispy pizza crust to myself (and probably a few good licks of cannoli filling for dessert).

There was not a moment to lose. Like a mighty pirate brandishing a sword, I flashed my claws and snatched the herbs in one agile swipe, avoiding the sting of the fresh garlic.

My Time Travel Adventures

by Alberto Valero

I looked around. Yeah. This was clearly 1963. I knew what was going to happen next, so I jumped back into the pod and I chose another destination. I didn't want to save JFK. I wanted to kill Hitler.

But I couldn't do it alone. I needed to recruit the best team of supersoldiers ever assembled, with people from all ages. Not "both young and old", but from different time periods. The world doesn't just need All-American heroes. So I travelled to Ancient Greece, looking for Achilles. He would be my first hero.

Then I remembered I couldn't speak Greek.

~

He was dead. Telling him about my travels was a mistake. Time has a tendency to adjust itself, and The Suit protected me from it, but other people were not so lucky. Who knows, maybe with this book, people reading about it will... No. Probably not. Time would destroy the book first, right? They are safe. You, reader, are safe. Honest. If not, well, now it's too late, isn't it?

So, let's pretend I never said anything. What if I fill the rest of the book with delicious recipes from the many places and tim... the many places I've visited?

My Trip to Carthage, 1985

by Lord Vas du Bois

And there Carthage lied in quiescence, a warm wind blowing from the sea. I easily recognized the two ancient punic harbor basins, now shallow and neglected.

What picture emerges in me, when I remember the descriptions of Polybius, seeing a vivid and monumental port, nourishing the largest town in Northern Africa! But modern urbanism has spread out and destroyed most of the ruins of the ancient city – until the UNESCO started an excavation program: Save Carthage!

~

And now and then there are people digging in the earth, looking for the great relics of the past. They found the Forum on the hill; they excavated the baths of the Antonines and lots more. But where are the prestigious luxurious objects, that city was famous for? The Romans destroyed the whole city, rebuilt it as a new centre, but without the glorious fame of the punic past. What have they done? And now the archaeologists only find disappointing rubbish, as a English researcher told me on the site. We have to move on, to find the large ships

Polynesian Getaways

by Dr. Gerhard Murk

but these have so far been dismissed as pure folklore.

The jungles upstream remain unexplored for now. There are few stories of foolhardy treasure hunters eager to find their fortunes continuing further but no stories of anyone ever coming back. A rational mind would assume these poor souls met their fate scaling the rugged terrain or by making acquaintance with local fauna.

Why this island would attract treasure hunters is not clear. The islands are far from traditional trade routes and there is no known history of any wealthy civilizations in the region. On the contrary, the few tribes reside

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in lowly huts and live in constant terror of fantastical beasts.

Hair and teeth what the elders claimed were from these incredible monsters were shown to us in the villages we visited. The elders shared stories of hunters swearing seeing glimpses of a magnificent predator in the dark.

The scientific explanation has so far eluded these human sized rodents. However, the existence or lack of should not discourage an aspiring tourist from visiting the otherwise breathtaking archipelago.

There are many reasons why a more sensible tourist might want to avoid these islands, not least the savage cannibalistic tribes

Runny Noses:An Expedition

by Prof. Darius Kay

ever will reach the North Pole.

Day 7. Snow everywhere. Behind us. Before us. Even in our underpants. Decide I have made my last snow angel.

Day 9. Jim's foot still not recovered. Reinforce the strecher-cum-sledge. Crew take turns pulling Jim along. Jim complains of seasickness.

Day 11. Jim is out cold due to a strained ankle. Crew suspect indolence but hard to prove.

Day 13. Doctor insists on amputation. Jim miraculously recovered. Crew cheers.

Day 18. Anders is gone missing. Crew spend whole day searching to no avail. Memorial ceremony held before bedtime. Sven sheds a tear. Long night.

~

Day 19. Anders turns up. Unwilling to account for his whereabouts. Says he needed time to his own. Won't meet Sven's eyes. March continues.

Day 32. Out of bacon. Eggs dumped.

Day 35. Food is running short. March back for eggs.

Day 40. Or is it Day 41? Hard to say when sun never goes down. Have dreams about giant off switch.

Day 45. Crew starving. Down to our last bag of gummy bears.

Day 48. Jim gulps down half the gummy bears. Claims it's his birthday. As if that is an excuse.

Day 49. My birthday. Have rest of gummy bears.

Day 52. Anders admits to having lost his toothbrush. Crew decide to

Sightseeing in Olamis

by Anonymous

While you're in the downtown area, be sure to take a walk through the Evolansh park. It's very lovely in summertime, with a variety of flowers surrounding the path leading through the park.

At the center of the park, you'll find the Statue of Limorschanc. It depicts him in the famous pose seen in the peace negotiations that ended the third civil war.

When you leave the park, you'll find yourself at the beautiful Turia beach. On warm days, the ocean is full of swimmers and surfers alike.

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If you feel like getting a tan yourself, feel free. The beach is a popular spot to unwind after a long walk through the park. Just remember the country's customs regarding swimsuits, as described in chapter 4.

If you get hungry, the beach has many food stalls, all selling local delicacies. It's quite common to eat meals outside in Olamis, and the beach is a great place to relax while eating a delicious meal.

Space Sausage

by Matzi D Otcom

Chapter 3: On a sausage to the moon

One morning Matzi had an idea.

"I will fly to the moon!" he said.

So far he had used his flying sausage only for short flights.

For example to the supermarket. Or to visit his favourite donkey "ee-aaa".

But the moon was much more far away. Maybe 10 times the distance to the supermarket. At least!

So Matzi wasn't sure if the sausage would make it all the way to the moon.

But he wanted to try it. Because he was an adventurer.

~

So he went outside, where the sausage was parked.

And he asked the sausage "hey, do you want to fly to the moon?".

Of course the sausage couldn't answer.

But it moved one of it's ends as if it was nodding and saying "yeees".

So Matzi jumped onto the sausage, yelled "yayyyyyy moooooon here i come!!!", and the sausage left the ground in a crazy speed.

As the sausage was flying higher and higher, everything on the ground seemed to get smaller and smaller.

In the end the people looked like small ants.

Spin the Globe: Finland

by Art O'Travel

but although our visits to Pyhäntä and Oulu were really interesting, our journey in Finland was to see it's pinnacle when we headed north and discovered the wonders of Finnish Lapland. Our plan was to spend only couple of weeks in Lapland in august, but we were convinced to spend a little more time there, as the nature would go through a lot of changes in just a couple of months. And oh boy did the scenery change! It was late summer when we got there. Weather was nice and warm, and southern part of Lapland was still green.

~

As nature transitioned towards the fall, colors changes dramatically. Green was accompanied with vibrant set of colors from yellow to red to brown. The light and weather were different, and more moody. No picture could illustrate how the fall in Lapland feels like. But as our stay prolonged, we experienced the winter. We really got to see what Lapland, the country of Santa was all about. As enchanting full winter can be, the cold weather and amount of snow seemed to say "you should not be here". On top of that, reindeer was in every dish. That's Rudolf they're eating!

The Islands of Monkée

by Cynthia Uppengone

but that really should not hinder you from visiting these waters. Tragically, our navigator was decapitated in an accident on the island and I was shocked to witness the natives burying his body but keeping the head in a jar. Their leader informed me that their Voodoo magic would keep the head in a state between life and death and that I shouldn't worry. He then turned to his companions, unaware that I could still hear him, and whispered something that sounded like "giant monkey head" and "labyrinth" and "neighbourly chat with the Undead" to me, but that might just

~

have been a combination of grief and heatstroke.

In hindsight, I'm almost sure I was hallucinating, nothing else could explain the creature I saw looking at me after popping up behind one of the natives. I mean, three heads? Only crazy people would think of something like that, right? Anyway, apart from this very tragic and bizarre episode, I found my stay on this island very enchanting. I even had an encounter with an elderly gentleman, who seemed to have been stranded on the island. Either that, or he was a tourist with a dislike for pants and personal hygiene.

Visit Pittsburgh, PA

by Anonymous

Definitely catch a ball game at the newly built Three Rivers Stadium. It is a short trolley ride from downtown and features many modern amenities including luxury boxes. Afterwards why not enjoy the skyline with a ride on one of the city's inclines up to the top of Mount Washington. If you are into quieter pastimes, check out the botanical conservatory in the Oakland neighborhood. It's next door to a museum with the largest collection of dinosaur fossils in America. The newly renovated Brontosaurus is a popular attraction, along with the 50-foot tall T. Rex mural.

~

For the adventurous, there are many fine ethnic restaurants in the Dormont and Homestead neighborhoods south of the Monongahela River. You can get an authentic pizza pie, or spaghetti and meatballs. But Pittsburgh is better known for its Eastern European influence, so try the pierogies (potato dumplings), halushki (cabbage and noodles), and kelbossa (sausage). Less adventurous diners can find many places that will serve you fried jumbo sandwiches. Definitely ask them to do it, "Extra crispy, please!"

Visiting Finland

by Terve Tuloa

Chapter 15: Turku/Abo

Turku (Swedish: Abo) is the oldest city in Finland, and was the capital of the Grand Duchy of Finland until it was moved to Helsinki in 1812. A sizable minority of Swedish-speaking Finns live in Turku, and all signs are required to be bilingual.

The Cathedral of Turku dates to the 1300's, although it has been rebuilt several times. It is a popular tourist attraction. The city has a cultural exchange agreement with Leningrad, which is the first of its kind in the West.

~

Turku is on the coast and the river Aura runs right through it. The river and its canals are used as a transportation system by the city's hippos in their annual migration to the Naantali islands off the coast. A popular event in Turku is the hippo races, which officially mark the beginning of Summer. Before the races, the hippos and their riders are blessed inside Turku Cathedral. The races start on land but continue in the water to Hippo Valley on Naantali. The winning hippos receive all the sugar cane that they can eat, and lead the winter parades.

1983

by Alejandro N. Pereyra

21.12.2012 - La Fin Absolue du Monde! (Parte A)

Ya en casa, y sin éxito... intenté explicarlo todo frente a frente, al igual que en la Кафана horas antes, en la que ya me había justificado socialmente entre violines y acordeones, todavía no sé el porque.

Horas de sueño, no hubo muchas. Son las 5:30 a.m. y ya estoy preparado. No solo me voy de casa indefinidamente, me voy en busca de alivio, que en el porteño más claro, sería algo así como... ¡No aguanto más!

Me despido de N. que aún durmiendo, salta de la cama a pesar de los -5 °C. y completamente desnuda me da un abrazo (uno de los momentos más sinceros que, entre nosotros recuerde)

~

y me ruega que por favor vuelva a casa, que sobre todas las cosas mejoraremos, que cambiaremos lo que haga falta. Repito que no estoy escapando de mi hogar, pues en ese momento... así lo fue.

Camino en dirección a la estación de autobuses de Нови Сад y no hay nada, ni nadie, solo la noche con sus Брзе-хране, Апотеке, Пекаре y Кладионице (locales de Fast-Food, farmacias, panaderías y casas de apuestas), está oscuro... es raro como una ciudad tan oscura, puede ser tan segura al mismo tiempo... ver ese parque que hay al lado de la estación de trenes y autobuses, se siente como dejar una bicicleta sin candado.

A Bit of Talent

by Johnny Toxin

Mrs. O'Hare tapped her lectern again with the wooden ruler.

"Now", she said, "I'm willing to bet my tenure that some of you have other plans for the future. Forget them. You're better off resigning yourself to a career that requires actual work that could benefit actual people."

The class groaned in unison.

"But, Mrs. O'Hare", a student blurted, "I want to be a systems analyst!"

"And I want to be a financial accountant!" exclaimed another.

"Can't I be a doctor?"

"Nonsense!" Mrs. O'Hare slammed the ruler onto the lectern, breaking it in two.

~

She dropped the ruler into the trash. From behind the lectern, she slid another off the rack and pointed it at the boy sitting front and center.

"You will become a writer."

He whined.

"Don't grovel. People have been writing for thousands of years. It's a reliable profession."

"You, in the back. Reality show host."

"But my mother says I have a penchant for politics."

"Good use of the word 'penchant', Michael."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"But since you all think you know better, I'm assigning everyone poetry for homework tonight."

The students groaned again, this time in perfect harmony.

A Mauritian Sunset

by M. S. Andromedon

"One minute young girl."

Reluctantly, I enter the living room, fearing that my stepmother could smell the vigorous musk of Daniel's body. After all, we kissed all afternoon long..

She stays motionless as I walk towards her.

"Where were you?"

"With friends."

"Which friends? Come closer."

"School friends."

Her mouth tries to smile. I am now standing right next to her.

"Lies. LIES! You were with Daniel!"

Reinvigorated by my everlasting love for Daniel, by his kisses, by the gentle touch of his fluff, I scream at her.

~

"But I love him, Anita! Can't you see that?"

She stands up and grabs me, her face red like an unplucked berry, her strong hand pulling my hair.

"Young girl! You can't LOVE him! He's half a man half a dodo!"

That sentence wounds my heart. She lets go of me and I fall on the floor heavily like a ton of sad bricks.

"Before dying your father trust me with your care. And so, you must follow my rules."

And I know the rules: no candy, no rock music, and no BIRDS.

A Most Bizarre Bazaar

by Andreas Petersen

There was so much about the small shop that she couldn't believe. Meiko had never seen such strange fruits before. The smells were as foreign as any dream she ever had. But most strange perhaps was the pig, dressed in a robe, manning the small table.

Meiko wasn't sure what to do next, as she had lost all her coins in the river. She could feel the pig staring back at her, expecting some kind of response, but what kind she didn't know.

~

The pig seemingly cleared his throat. "Try my beets!" the pig shouted in an equally gruff and enthusiastic voice.

Meiko was taken aback. She had never met a talking pig before, let alone one that was so demanding about his beets.

"But... I don't have any money" Meiko replied, a little scared of how the pig would respond.

"That's OK, free of charge!" the pig shouted, lifting up a basket of beets with such vigor, a couple spilled over the side.

Among the Ashes

by Lucy Martins

He stared at Elise hard. "I think it's damaged, Donald," surmised the jacket twin.

The suspender twin raised a hand to his chin and agreed, "You're right. This one looks funny and talks funny. We better take her back to glassclan. I think it's too damaged to be of any harm."

The jacket twin scoffed, "You think it's a dweller?" He paused and stared down his twin. The suspender twin simply nodded.

~

"I guess she has to be a dweller. Probably tore her wings right off or something, and the shock was so bad her hair went limp," he paused for a moment before uttering, "Such a strange color."

"My hair's always been like this though, and I've never had wings," Elise felt the need to clarify. Brown hair was probably the least strange thing, at least back on the living world. Maybe there were no people around like herself, so this was somewhere new entirely?

An Eternal Crimson Star

by William Bergenstein

"No," said Jennifer. "Money doesn't matter to me, Wy."

"Then what about fame?" asked Wy. "This could— will change everything! The least we can do is make sure we'll be remembered for it!"

Jennifer scoffed, feeling almost betrayed. "I don't want to be remembered for this." If the situation hadn't been dire, she would have asked Wy to turn around, disappear into the dark forest to return to civilization. But, it was too late now; they were in enemy territory. The radio tower was ahead, its red light visible for miles around, a single piercing

~

ruby in the sea created by the darkest night in the history of the world. It enveloped them all, drowning them. They had hours at most.

"Also, I don't care about afterwards!" said Jennifer "I only care about the endgame, to settle the score!"

"You haven't learned a thing, have you?" asked Wy, suddenly stopping.

Jennifer quickly spun around. "Of course I haven't learned anything! This isn't about learning! It's about saving whatever's going to be left! It's about my sister and her murderer! It's about—"

"Me, Jennifer?" asked the last voice either of them wanted to hear.

Bee and Elephant

by Jay Field

This was certainly awkward. Elizabeth was not expecting the elephant, and as presents go this one was a bit on the heavy side. She didn't think she was vague when her parents asked her what she wanted. There was no mention of a mammal, or any living creatures for what it was worth. When she woke up not an hour past she was still entertaining herself imagining how she would open the box and reveal a sparkling pink dress and a tiara. But there was no hint of a box, just this monstrosity.

~

It didn't register with her at first, and she tried to look around it as if it was part of a treasure hunt game her parents used to set for her birthday. "Happy birthday Bee," said her dad smiling, "this is Daisey."

She was lost, and this was a first for her. She would have been fine with a puppy, a kitten, or even a little monkey like the one her friend Aly's brother had, but this mammoth seemed a bit over the top.

"Ooh boy," said the elephant clearly irritated, "I told you it was a bad idea."

Buster Builds a Rocket

by M. G. Myers

"How did this happen?", he wondered, as he looked up from the pages of today's newspaper. He suddenly was able to read the words written there, though they didn't make much sense to him. After all, he was just a dog. Then he realized, that he had just thought a whole sentence in English. That felt amazing. And scary.

He needed to take his human for a walk immediately and joyfully wagged his tail. His human put the green rubber ball into her pocket and slowly reached for the leash.

~

Humans! They always had to make a game out of everything!

Finally they left and went for the park. But he couldn't quite focus on playing with his human. He thought of the whole new world that had opened up for him today. From now on, he would not just fetch the paper, he would read it. And all his human's books, too! It was scary. But amazing.

He barked aloud once, twice, and enjoyed the clear morning smell in way humans could only dream of.

City of Scarlet Crystals

by Val Verde

was gone.

It was a strange feeling. For many years, basically most of my life, he had been at my side. We had grown up together, learned together, fought together. There had barely ever been more than a couple of days we ever had been separated. On more than one occasion had I saved his life. And at least twice as often he had saved mine. We always knew we could blindly trust one another in happy times as well as in dark times. He may have been a Yeti

~

and I a human but he was a brother to me more than any other person could ever have been.

And now my big scruffy companion had to go. He was on his way to save one fool's life and with it perhaps the whole world. Little did I know that this would be the last time I would ever see him, though I had feared it all the same. Had I but known, perhaps I would have tried harder to convince him. Convince him that there had to be

Curse of the Dragon

by J. A. Rae

There were two dreams.

Usually it was the sensation of flight over a sandy desert, or at least it appeared to be a desert, it was hard to tell since it was lit in a perpetual twilight. There were tall mountains in the distance and in the center was a vast city, empty, and in ruins. The flight was always towards this city but the closer Christine got, the darker it got and the greater her unease, until she would wake in a cold sweat.

But that wasn't the most troubling dream.

This one started innocently enough, Christine was wandering around what she guessed to be a museum, looking at various artifacts in glass cases. No one else was around

~

and yet she felt there was someone else with her. The lights were dim and it appeared to be night, eventually she ended up at one containing a small statuette of a Chinese dragon, oddly situated in what appeared to be the medieval room. Somehow (and Christine could never work out how), the scene changed to her holding the dragon, alarms blaring and an unfamiliar male voice yelling "We gotta go!". Christine couldn't move, she couldn't even tear her eyes away from the dragon statuette as it glowed brighter and brighter in her hands, until she woke up.

Of course, they were only just dreams, no real basis in reality as far as she could tell.

Cutlery Wars

by Pierce S. Cooper

The spoons and the knives were so long at war, that no one alive still remembered why. During this rare period of ceasefire, the Council of Knivesburg was having an emergency meeting. The spy from Spoonville didn't manage to hear much of what had been discussed, since the room was quite soundproof.

Any papers left behind were either too vague or unrelated - a few having to do with deals about cutting off Spoonville's supplies that were coming from Forktown which was supposed to be neutral in this war. Looking up at the ceiling he noticed that it was full of notches and scratches - the meeting must have been an intense one.

~

The Council of Knivesburg had readily concluded that the ceasefire was a trick of the Spoons. Spoons are opportunistic by nature of course, preferring to wait now so they could scoop up more later. Something surely had to be done about it.

In Spoonville there was an atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty. Surely, the ceasefire was just a trick of the Knives, so they could attack them by surprise. That's what Knives do after all, sneaky and fierce bastards. When the spy sent his report, it only managed to fuel these fears. They decided that something had to be done.

The events of the next day were so unpredictable that most cutlery alive today-

Dead Virus, Dead Run

by Emma Smith-Dawson

Chapter 1

Daphne could not remember a time when she had not been on the run.

She and her brother Jake had been chased their whole lives and their survival fell upon her. He was only three years younger and it wouldn't matter by the time they were adults, but now he was a clumsy kid starting his growth spurt. He needed her, and she would take care of them. She made a promise to their mother the day she got wounded and knew the agents would find her soon. She

~

would have only slowed them down.

Daphne and Jake had been born with an inert strain of the KT-11 virus. Each agency in the Federation kept files on them, their blood a perfect, though undeveloped weapon, or medicine, or disaster - depending on who would be the one to drain it. She did a good job avoiding their cameras for the last three years. The caution required to survive in the urban jungle, and once in the real one too, was her second nature.

Die & Retry: Lord of Xar

by Leonard Belto

-128- You wake up in an empty room, the floor is really cold and wet. As the light replaces the darkness, you realize you are in some sort of cell, the door wide open. You have got a spoon in your right hand. In a flash you remember you ate something sweet, it was like a warmth in your stomach... But you can't focus on last night's events more clearly, as if your thoughts were blurry. If you're having 15HP or more, either go to 212 to fulfill a natural need, or hurry and leave the cell by going to 319. If you have 14HP or less, you need to rest a little bit longer, go to 49.

~

-129- You were right, it was eventually a bad idea to jump from that wall. You knew it was tall, and the fact that you didn't see what lied below was in fact a good starter to consider not jumping. You're falling, and while you're at it, you can think about how bold your decision was. Well, bold doesn't sum it up. Stupid. That's the word. You might try to convince yourself there is water down there, and a nice loot to find. Nah! You must now face the truth. You stuck your finger between pages 14 and 15, and thought that you could go back, and continue reading and playing this book. But between us, you're not only DEAD, you also cheated!

Dusk of the Devil Doll

by Reil E. Spooky

You decide to grab your flashlight before descending into the pitch-black cellar. The light it emits is so dim that you wonder if spending the time to grab it was worth it at all. Carefully going down the creaky steps, the noises suddenly stop, freezing you in your tracks. Through the dim glow of your flashlight you can just barely make something out... a pair of beady, lifeless eyes staring right at you!

[To chuck your flashlight at the doll, turn to page 139.]

[To run screaming out of your house, never looking back, turn to page 40.]

~

Having some tea sounds like an excellent remedy to your insomnia, so that's exactly what you do. You put some extra honey in to treat yourself in consideration of what you've been through lately. You take a sip and the soothing flavor instantly washes over you. However, lowering the glass reveals that the doll is back and even sitting in your favorite chair! Before you can take action, the doll criticizes the amount of honey you put in your tea.

[To defend your honey dosage, turn to page 33.]

[To write a song about the doll, turn to page 70.]

Emily and Thomas, Inc.

by Chris Preston

The lightning flashed and the rain poured down. The thunder followed shortly after. Thomas tried to hide behind his sister but Emily told him "It's just a storm, don't panic, those stories she told us aren't true." Thomas was thinking about what the old lady had told them about the legend of the beast. He knew he had to look for the truth but it didn't make the storm any more enjoyable. If they could find those missing kids then this would all be worth it, but it wasn't going to be easy.

~

The caves were the obvious place to start but they were also the most obvious place that a beast might choose to live. Emily switched on her flashlight and urged Thomas forward. "You're the wildlife expert Thomas, you keep an eye out for signs of real animals. Maybe this beast is not so supernatural after all." Thomas was happy with the distraction and started scratching around the undergrowth with his stick as Emily pressed on towards the caves. In truth, finding a real wild animal would be no more comforting than a supernatural one.

From the Twelfth Floor

by Anonymous

On the twelfth floor, you live next door to Heaven. In all honesty, Heaven isn't the best neighbor. Peculiar music can be heard at weird hours. Not at particularly late hours, mind you. But hearing an upbeat pop song played loudly at two in the afternoon on a Wednesday can really befuddle you. You start to wonder who in their right mind would throw a party at such a time. Perhaps there is no party, but rather an attempt to drown out something that is weighing heavily on your dear neighbor's shoulders. Perhaps it's a cry for help?

~

You start to question your own motives. Why are you even home at two on a Wednesday? Surely, you have somewhere to be? You have places to go and people to see and important tasks to accomplish that are awaiting you. And don't you play music at what could be interpreted as weird hours of the day as well? No. Of course you don't. Don't be silly. You don't play loud music at all. Headphones were created for a reason. But maybe you should knock on that door sometime. Just to let Heaven know you're also a person. And that you might actually enjoy loud pop songs at inappropriate times. And you could enjoy them together. Sometimes.

Growing Pains

by Jamie Glenn

one thing was clear, however. He was NOT into me. How could I tell? First of all, it was super obvious to everybody else but me. But if I had to break it down, it would probably go like this.

1) Whenever he walked by me in the hallways, he looks right over me. That could be on account of him being five inches taller than me, but seriously. He just walks right past. Not a "Hello", not a nod, not even eye contact. It was as if I were invisible.

~

2) He told Cory Garland that people like me weren't his type. I'm not even going to get into how offensive that is.

3) HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW MY NAME. I mean, we've been in the same classes for nerly two years, yet when he tried to apolgise after smacking me in the head with his frisbee, all he could say was "Sorry, pal". PAL?! Obviously NOT if you don't even know my frikkin' name!

So from now on, he is out of my mind completely. No more daydreaming about what we could be, no more

Iris May and the Hissing

by F. López Jaime

Her determination had been diminished considerably when she came before the heavy oak door. She briefly thought about entering through a window, but to her surprise the door was ajar. The hall was dim; she didn't remember it so dark. The echoes of her footsteps were drowned by the familiar creak on the ladder, and once upstairs it seemed that the hall was brighter. Either that, or her eyes began to get used to the lack of light. Frederick's room was at the end of the corridor, next to the window overlooking the backyard. Her hands trembled as she turned the key, and paused for a moment before pushing the door.

~

The light was still on and the room was cold, almost icy. She went straight to the cupboard where Frederick kept the amontillado and examined the wall around it. She could feel the cool wind sweeping from behind the furniture. Searching with her fingers, she soon found the lever. Once released the mechanism, and raised the carpet on that side, the cupboard moved easily, revealing the entrance where the deepest darkness seemed to whisper arcane adages, as old as time itself.

June

by Justin Grayson

I was only 12 when my parents were killed in a plane crash. The only other family I had was my sister. Even though she was only a year older, she always looked out for me. She protected and cared for me. She was always so happy, able to lift your spirits in the blink of an eye. She kept telling me that everything was going to be okay, that we would survive. But, a few days later, she stopped. I guess she realized it wasn't making much of a difference or maybe she just got tired of pretending.

~

We moved around a lot. Staying in abandoned warehouses, the twenty-four-hour train stations, or just about anywhere we could stay at least a night without issue. My sister was offered a job at a café near the warehouse we were currently residing in. We hadn't had to move in a few days so she decided to take it. We always worked little jobs here and there, nothing special. It didn't pay the best but it was enough for a train ride here and there. Most places would even give us some food; some bread and apples, whatever they could spare.

Lost in Fiction

by James B Hadron

So here I am. I hold the ring of power and have killed some hobbits. You might hate me for this, but I am only affecting my own copies of the works of J R R Tolkien. Since the age of 20 I have been a book-jumper. I can travel into and out of fictional works, changing the outcomes of their stories. I have in my possession many items stolen from famous works. Excalibur. A judges gavel from To Kill a Mockingbird. Books from Fahrenheit 451. I have made a fortune taking gold and silver from dwarves, and even more with technology from

~

Science-Fiction novels. So hate me if you will, but a ring that renders me invisible makes it worth slaughtering hobbits that don't really exist anyway. They had no fear of my guns. And no chance. Your dislike of me doesn't change me. I know my fate. I saw my own future. I die aged 37 in the real world. 1992 for the record. Fortune tellers from fantasy novels, time machines from Isaac Asimov: they always show the same thing. I can't change my own destiny. But I sure can change yours. And I intend to.

Luminator

by Laurel Amberdine

Wearing his brown hooded cloak and strange pendant over a long, matching belted tunic and slender trousers, Corin went out into his first day in Monterre. The serene surroundings continued to highlight how tormented and out of place he felt. Despite the crowds, he'd never been so alone. If anyone tried to interact, they failed to pierce his shell of numb horror.

A dark mass of clouds loomed over the mountain peaks, unable to infiltrate the ice blue sky. Overhead, a streamer of blackbirds flocked, practicing their maneuvers as a single unit. Corin's chest ached at the sight.

~

Air hissed through the pine boughs, a dry, thin wind that made his skin tight and his eyes hurt. He thought of the lush, steamy jungles that surrounded the Verdier plantation, back in Maray. He'd hated living there, with the wearying heat, the clouds of iridescent flies, and the daily rain. This was worse.

Corin went to a class on mirror formations. Watching the images projected by the instructor made him squirm with frustration. He should be practicing those moves with his class, each of them matched with hairbreadth precision. Here he was seated idle among strangers in an idiotic floppy tunic.

Melton the Snowman

by Lucius Antonius

12

too cold!', he said. But Tiffy wouldn't have any of it. 'There is snow today, and we are going outside now, because I want to play. You will come to like it too, you will see. And anyway, you are made of yarn, so don't tell me you are freezing!'

Egon was obviously not pleased. But he grudgingly accepted his fate and waited silently while Tiffy wrapped her scarf around her neck, put on her warm jacket, and tied her boots. Her cheeks were red with excitement as they stepped out of the lighthouse and felt the sunshine and the cold

~

13

air on their faces.

'Look, it's a snowman,' she said, as she piled one round lump of snow onto another and added two dark stones for eyes. 'It just needs a nose.'

'Fetch a carrot,' she said to Egon. When he returned with the carrot, she stuck it into the snowman's face. Tiffy and Egon looked at the finished snowman from a small distance.

'Hello, Melton', said Tiffy.

'Hello, Tiffy,' answered Melton.

Mikey Needs a Prom Date

by Sam Wise

No more wasting time. I have to ask Rachel Whitman out today. There's no way I'm going to be stuck on the edge of the gym with the other nerds, or worse; partnered with the likes of Cindy Beigel.

Passing through the Men's to freshen up (never approach a date on a full bladder), I jam open my locker, tossing Biology and You! into the chaotic void that defines a Senior's final semester.

"Hey Mikey!"

The hair on my neck electrifies as my brain kicks fear response into action. That shrill, nasally voice could only belong to one creature.

~

An audible sigh escapes my downcast lips as my locker squeals closed to reveal the brace-face of Cindy Beigel. Why did I think the devil's name?

"Hi Cindy. I thought you would have been at Cheer practice today?"

Snorts and cackles explode, sprinkling me with spittle. "Oh my god, Cheering is Thursday, Mikey. Don't you know anything?"

I let the silence hang.

Getting zip from me, she changes tactics, giving her hair a flip. "So anyway, I hear you still haven't got a date for Prom."

Jeez, you can't keep anything at Paul Griffith High on the down-low these days.

Mr. Blipblop at the Zoo

by Matthew Bergoonstein

said Mr. Blipblop, while Mrs Longneck kept chewing on the tree leaves.

- "Oh but yes!" she chuckled. "I'm a giraffe."

Mr. Blipblop was very confused. Didn't his mom use to tell him how giraffes had a thick, smooth grey skin and spent a lot of time underwater? He tried to explain that to Mrs. Longneck, but she laughed.

- "Ha! Ha!" She exclaimed. "You're confusing giraffes with crocodiles! You just described Mr. Sharpchomp! He lives over there in the lake. Go talk to him."

Mr. Blipblop wanted to go to the bottom of things

~

and headed directly in the direction she pointed at.

Almost immediately, he spotted a long, green animal with pointy teeth and a cracked skin. Quite shy, he walked towards Mr. Sharpchomp.

- "Excuse me", asked Mr. Blipblop. "Aren't you supposed to have a thick, smooth grey skin?"

- "Oh, no, not at all", answered Mr. Sharpchomp, with an amused look on his face. "I'm pretty sure that you're thinking of a tiger. You see, I am an alligator myself."

Mr. Blipblop had never been so disappointed. This time he was sure that

My Best Friend Crazy John

by Robert Carlson

couldn't believe he was really leaving.

"Before I go, Tim, there's something I have to tell you."

"What is it?"

"It may come as a shock."

"Yes?"

"I suspect that I'm not quite right in the head." I trusted Crazy John about everything, but this news was obviously false. "That's not true. You're the sanest person I know, Crazy John."

"Don't try to convince me otherwise. I understand everything now." Still sniffing, I listened to his story.

"When I was young, I was always preoccupied with my imaginary friend. I knew he wasn't real, but

~

I wanted him so badly to be real. I think a normal kid might have just played pretend a little longer, but I realized there was one way I could make my friend real: I could be that friend.

"I decided to find the loneliest kid in town and be his own. I decided to give him good advice when he needed it, and always be away when anyone else was around so he knew that I was his friend alone. I used you, Tim, and I'm sorry about that.

"I'm not imaginary. I was real the whole time."

Planet of the Chinchillas

by Pick Your Own Fate™

Deciding that insulting Queen Nibbletail's intelligence would be an unwise move, you opt to tell her the truth. "I drank a mysterious potion, and when I woke up, I was here, in your realm."

King Nibbletail twitches her ears, her beady eyes scrutinizing you in a long, uncomfortable silence. Finally she sits back on her mud throne and says, "I believe you, Furless One. I smell no trickery about you. Though why you would drink a potion that you regard as mysterious is beyond me." The queen then claps her paws together, signaling for two of her guards.

~

"Take the Furless One to our holding cage, until I've decided what to do."

You look around at the gathered crowd of chinchillas in the vain hope of rescue, but none is forthcoming. The two guards approach you with their sharpened twigs aimed in your general direction.

To accept your fate for now and go willing with the guards, turn to page 37.

To resist the guards and attempt to fight them off, turn to the next page.

To take your chances in the wilderness and run off, turn to page 69.

Red Cherry

by M.L.Clark

"What about Michelle, huh?" Mike shook his head, long mullet curls bouncing around his neck like a Goldilocks buzzard. "You're just gonna throw away your relationship, six months, on some babe you don't..."

"She's not some babe!" I cut him off. He doesn't get it, how she's hijacked my mind and I've never even met her. He rolls his eyes back out the passenger window.

"Just keep looking!"

"I am looking!" He shot back, taking another slurp of his cherry ICEE freeze.

"There's something about her man." I said, reminiscent, scanning the parking lot.

"Psshht." He rewinds his Bon Jovi tape.

"No. No more Livin' On A Prayer."

~

"Seriously? I've only played it like, twice." He whined, even though we both know that's a total lie. Then there it was, the elusive blue Mustang, pulling out across the street. "That's her!" I gassed the Cavalier, shooting a black, atomic plume out the back. "Baugh!" Mike's head snapped back, his Adam's apple protruding even more. I made a hard right, jamming the front tire right into a curb. An old lady gave me the finger. "I wasn't even close to you!"

"Ah c'mon! Thanks a lot man!" Mike began frantically wiping his new acid-washed jean jacket as the tire hissed. Forget it, cherry red doesn't come out and she's gone, again.

Sancta Sanctorum

by Gilbert Gallo

A few years ago on Earth suddenly appeared the Dark Ones: demonic creatures who craved human souls and flesh. In no time, they decimated the world's population but, when all seemed lost, a young boy acquired directly from Heaven incredible powers. He appointed himself the Holy Father of the One Faith, thus founding the New Church "Dei Invicti Operae". Guided by the word of God, the Patriarch awakened the spirits of the Saints from their Relics. He then guided his legions of Saints against the Dark Ones and, after years of relentless war, the forces of the Lord eventually triumphed.

~

In this troubled scenario will take place the epic deeds of the Martyrs: too divine to be mere humans, but too imperfect to be Saints. Persecuted by the New Church and tempted by the Dark Ones, Taro and his incredible friends will face difficult choices on the narrow line between good and evil, constantly testing their faith. Who among them is the Antichrist? Which side will they join? They have to decide quickly, the Armageddon is coming ...

The Caverns of Coraxis

by Ian Weirdstone

149: As soon as you set foot into the cave your feet slip on polished stone, and you tumble into the darkness. You fall for what feels like hours, before at last landing with a bump. Rubbing your bruised backside and cursing the know-nothing Elders who sent you into the Caverns, you take in your surroundings.

The cave is lit by glowing fungus that sprout from every crevice in the rock. Long stalactites reach down from the ceiling, and you realise how lucky you were not to land on one of their sister stalagmites!

There are two passages leading away from this cave. What do you do?

~

To take the left passage, turn to 48.

To take the right passage, turn to 101.

To try and climb out the way that you came, turn to 200.

150: You draw your sword and let out a blood-curdling battle cry. The CHIMERA is unfazed, and bares its fangs at you. Time to fight!

CHIMERA: Health 8, Attack 10.

Every third round, the CHIMERA's snake-tail snaps at you. Roll 2+ to avoid 1pt of damage!

If you win, turn to 73.

151: You're sure this is not really one of the Elders. For starters, he stinks of alcohol and death [...]

The Emotionless Men

by Anonymous

"No worries mate, we'll lose 'em in the woods!" Michael said confidently, as we ran through the open field. The men with the fancy uniforms were catching up to us, as they rode on their speedy black horses.

Ahead of us was a huge forest, full of exotic trees. We dashed inside, into the dark. Behind us, the emotionless men dismounted their horses.

We ran as fast as fast as we could, trying not to trip on the uneven ground. Every now and then, I looked back, only to see the men still chasing us.

~

After what felt like an eternity, the forest gave way to a clearing. A large lake with clear, shimmering water appeared ahead of us.

We stopped near the edge of the lake. We looked all around us, yet there was no one in sight. I could only hear our wheezing and the flow of water.

"Hey, what was that about? Did you get in trouble with the police again?" I asked.

"I dunno! I didn't do anything, I swear! It can't be the feds, they don't got their badges!"

The Epic Tale of Moksie

by Flicks McGrizzle

I've got a hankering for Moksie's unabridged story. I want to know where he started out his life. I want to see his mother, brothers and sisters, what they ate and where they slept. I want to know if people smiled at him or treated him unkindly. I'm afraid the answer is the latter. Like many other places in the world that have witnessed economic decline, many Thimbleweeters do not take kindly to dogs, especially streets dogs. Some of them will go to the ends of the earth (quite literally) to import some double-baked, inbred Pekingese. But a dog without

~

a home surviving off garbage--they'd never consider giving him a home. The dog considers himself lucky if he escapes a swift kick as he's passed by. This is not a problem unique to Thimbleweed Park. When dogs are lucky (or unlucky) enough to find a 'basi', dogs primarily act as an inexpensive, reliable source of personal security throughout most of the wild west. They typically live outdoors, escaping the rain in a handmade wooden hock, slightly elevated to prevent death by drowning, locked endlessly in said small hock, or anxiously dancing on the end of a typically short chain.

The Hero in Me

by TC Jones

Dear Diary,

I experimented some more today.

I took me some time wandering around the old industrial area, but I found a perfect spot. Old warehouse, abandoned years ago. Took a long time to make sure no one was around, but then I climbed up to a second story cat walk. Almost couldn't do it diary, but then jumped any way. The fall seemed to take forever, but I landed on my feet!! I barely needed to bend my knees!!!! It was so awesome!!!!

~

I climbed back up and did a couple more times. Same result. Climbed up to the roof, three stories up. Got to know my limits, right? Jumped. Same result! Still no pain, no real feeling of effort. The climbing seems to be getting easier too. Wish I knew what was going on, why this was happening to me. After school tomorrow I think I am going to see if it's just my legs that have gotten stronger.

PS. Gonna need to buy some better shoes or start going barefoot.

The Middlemore Mysteries

by Anonymous

Exhausted, Corey drew several short breaths. This is crazy, he thought, as he tried to will his slight frame back into a sitting position. Corey blinked hard. Twice. Regaining focus, Corey concentrated his energies on the whiteboard in front of him. Breathing more normally now, Corey read the message again. "This can't be possible", he muttered softly, "No-one could solve this".

"No-one but me", a familiar voice behind him confidently exclaimed. Startled, Corey leapt up. "Stacy!" he yelled in such

~

a high pitch than even Old Man Johnson's deaf old dog could hear it.

Stacy suppressed a chuckle. "Oh Corey, did I scare you?" Stacy asked "I thought you were the big tough guy here". "N..no" Corey stammered. "I knew you were there." "I'm so sure" Stacy responded with a devilish glint in her eye. Reasserting himself, Corey asked, accusingly, "But how did you even get in here? This building is locked after hours and I've got Principal Johnson's key."

The Nyctemene

by Tammy Sue

"And what child is this? What mouse scurries beneath me?"

Kim felt she could not move at all.

The creature which spoke, which stood before her, was unlike any she had seen before. Long spindly spider limbs held the form of woman's body draped in rich, beautiful brocade. The creature's flesh was the wrinkled, dappled green of an overripe pear. It peered down at Kim with eight beady black eyes.

She could feel herself shaking. The sight of such a strange creature, standing very suddenly in the garden, was unnerving indeed.

~

It stood with the bearing of royalty despite its appearance. Kim could almost imagine a crown on its great bald head.

"What are you doing in my mother's garden?"

Kim could hardly believe those brazen words were her own. She pressed a hand to her mouth, breathing hard.

"Your mother's garden?" The thing laughed and shook its great head.

It crept forward. One dry, strange hand reached out and brushed against Kim's arm. She felt sick. She felt hot. She felt numb with fear.

"Oh, dear child. This is not your mother's garden. You are in my realm now. The land of Nyctemene."

The Quest for Calixa

by Stefano Butera

23) The corridor is long and dusty, with plastic and metal pipes running along its ceiling. Using your flashlight you reach the other end, where you find a green fire door. To open the door ->27. To go back to the machinery room ->438.

24) The B-52 drops its load of bombs, bringing a fire doom on the ruins of the city of glass. All is lost, your story ends here.

25) Inside it, you find a red-silverish feather. If you have a quetzacoatl with you ->58. Otherwise ->73.

26) Somehow you avoid the gunshot and roll behind

~

the wooden boxes. Add a 3 to dodge rolls for the combat and go back to the paragraph you came from.

27) You are in a small cubic room freshly painted in white, with working neon lights. In front of you are two lifts. The plaque between them has only one button: down. To call the lift ->20. To go back ->35.

28) After a while, you see a bright flash through the blinds. Add the word FLASH to your character sheet

and ->951.

29) You give the polar bear the parchment. As he starts reading it, you reach for

The Siege of Caledon

by Emily Rothswell

"Before us is a city of mighty walls and mighty men, and for all the strength we may muster, it stands resilient against our every assault. There is no shame in these failures, glory is rarely the product of an easy victory. It is in these moments of desperation, when the days seem most dark, that all look to the auspice among them, from soldiers, to heroes, to the King himself. All eyes turn to me, and my eyes turn to the gods, who in turn express themselves through nature".

~

"When we embarked upon this great expedition, a water snake slithered to shore and devoured a nest of nine sparrows, leading me to conclusively predict that Troy will fall in nine years. As much as this is my word, it is also fate and fact; to deny this is to deny no less than the sudden onset of a ravaging storm, for the winds of fate blow where they will, and even a skilled man such as myself can do no more than light the way among the clouds and rain".

The Twin Detectives

by Lorelei Esperanza

"There's no way it was David," Daisy said as she glared at Detective Winters. "That boy's a liar. He's just trying to drag my brother through the mud." David nodded sullenly next to her, but the next statement from the police officer caught them both by surprise.

"I have testimony from three boys that saw you breaking into the concession stand," Detective Winters said as he turned to David."

"That's ALSO a lie!" Daisy yelled. "And I can prove it!"

Detective Winters looked skeptical. "What is your proof?" he asked.

It was David's turn to step forward.

~

"Daisy and I were home all of Friday night," he said. "Our parents were going out, and they needed us to watch over Billie. She just had her puppies, and—"

"I see," Detective Winters said as he wrote something in his black book. "David, you own a blue and white varsity jacket, correct?"

"Well...I did, but I lost it a few days ago," David said.

"These boys saw the thief wearing your jacket and your sneakers."

"Everyone's wearing Striders now," Daisy protested. "What's your point? That you think my brother sneaked out the house to steal the concession stand money?"

Third Period Crush

by Ada Lovelace

Tracy couldn't help thinking about Ron all through aerobics class. The way his t-shirt showed off his tanned biceps, the casual way he adjusted his sweatband over his mullet of golden hair – she could go on and on about his endearing qualities.

When she got home she gave her best friend Nicole a call, but no one at her house picked up the phone. Bravely, she made up her mind that she was going to go alone to the arcade where Ron and his buddies hung out on Saturdays.

~

Although she hated herself for doing this, the only reason she did this was to get another look at Ron. He and his friends usually hung out in the lobby of the arcade and smoked. She put on a clean jeans jacket over her Rush t-shirt that she bought in Toronto and headed out.

"I just don't understand it," she had told Nicole once. "Why are people so into video games? It's just a lot of beeps and flashes, and the images don't even look like real people?" But she knew that she would do anything to be around Ron.

Untamed Abandon

by Nathan Davis

A large willow tree stood before her.

Her heart swelled.

A voice on the wind whispered, "My Child..."

Rose fell to her knees, weeping.

This whole time, she had been wrong. She spent so much time wondering what other world she came from, it never had never occurred to her. She wasn't from another world, she was born from this one.

The voice whispered again, "Yes. Now you know. You are from me, from us. The first...and the last."

Rose cried out "Why!? Why did you leave me. Why didn't you tell me the truth!?" Tears ran down her face.

~

"We are sorry, Child. It was the only way. Strength is needed for what must be done. If there was another way...but no...there is not. Now, there is only the Question. Will you help us?"

Images flashed through her mind, millions of them. Time seemed to stop. There was nothing but bursts of information and light.

Then, it all came to a stop. Rose knew, she knew what must be done.

Rose got to her feet, still a little unsteady.

Head held high she walked to the willow tree and pressed her forehead to the trunk.

"I accept."

Walter Turnpike

by Zarah del Rosario

"Any minute now, I'll become an after school special," he thought to himself, as he hung his head over the side of his bed to see if he would pass out and die. Walter heard his mixtape turn in the cassette player. It wasn't much of a mixtape. Just The Cure. Three songs played over and over again. This was, to date, his worst attempt at suicide

~

There have been many moments of joy in Walter's adult life that can could have changed his current stand on self destruction; moments such as winning a five dollar bet from Murray, the corner drugstore homeless man, as to which hand contained a concealed quarter. Murray only had one arm. Also, there was his short lived relationship to Helena Keggelmeister, a chubby woman who only wanted to talk about 21 Jump Street.

Who Can I Blame for This?

by James Drublic

On a surprisingly hot autumn evening, John was looking out his tiny living room window wondering how things had come to be this way. In this context the word things was a great understatement, but it was all he could think of now, since he had yet to grasp why the cat had wound up in the bag, and why someone had put it in his bedroom.

He had seen it being stuck up in the enormous tree by the road for two whole days. Yesterday he had seen it again on his way home. On his door he had found a notice about a parcel waiting for him at the post office. This was unusual, since mail had already come that day.

~

He turned around and headed back out. A van had appeared with a dark figure unpacking some equipment inside. Usually they have logos and names everywhere, but there wasn't anything even indicating which business this guy was in. Weird.

The parcel looked like it had been packed in a hurry, and he didn't recognise the handwriting. It was heavy for its size. With some effort he got it open, and it was packed full of cat food.

Willa the World Wanderer

by C.W. Mimms

Vegetation swayed as if underwater. Bubbles rose from the gills of a single fish tucked away in the reeds.

Willa lay in the grass in the school yard. She gazed into the deep blue, just like she had in the oceans surrounding Okinawa. Only, she didn't wear a snorkel mask and her longboard stood next to her like a gravestone with its tail stuck in the Earth. However, above her, tree limbs flexed against the wind like the plants growing among the coral flexed against the Kuroshio Current that flowed off the coast of Okinawa.

~

The rainbow trout swam away, into the blue ocean of the sky, into the blue of Willa's mind. Light fell through the leaves like raindrops, rainbow fragments splashing to the Earth around Willa. Above the canopy, a whale swam. It slurped up swarms of gnats like they were plankton. Willa smiled at her fantasy.

"Willa?" her grandpa called.

The whale feeding above Willa disintegrated. Its body broke into a swarm of gnats and flew away.
