

THE NEW ABSURDIST  
**WEB DEATH**  
ANTHOLOGY  
**2007**



# Web Death 2007 New Absurdist Anthology

**bizarre e-book format**



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# SMALL FOR ITS SIZE

## GX Jupiter-Larsen

The air was warm and still. The water just right. Stretching out by the poolside, she registered the small unidentified floating shadows. They were globular; stuck between the flickering web-like strands of reflected light somewhere in the midst of the surface and bottom of the swimming pool. It reminded her of her friend Rick. He had been stuck elsewhere forever.

He was from Muddy Gap Wyoming, but he had actually been the head Machinist onboard the largest starship ever built by any civilization anywhere. In the past there had been large spaceships powered by their own harnessed pulsars. Rick's ship, the SS Samuel Bicke, was so massive it actually had to be fueled by an artificially enveloped microverse.

An early prototype of the Bicke actually had an engine larger in size than the known universe. This made any maneuvering of the ship somewhat awkward. The engine of the Bicke however, was about the size of a typical one-bedroom flat. Yet deep inside this machine was a microverse about the size of a galaxy containing 50,000,000 stars. It was small for its size, but Rick would often get lost in this microverse in his attempt to maintain the engine.

There were a number of tropical planets inside the ship's engine that he was rather fond of. So even on vacation he was never that far from work.

Rick was heartbroken when the Bicke was finally decommissioned. He ended up salvaging the ship's engine in order to preserve his cherished 'verse. He actually hid the whole microverse inside some mundane asteroid residing in the Kuiper Belt.

Rick used to like sipping pink lemonade by the poolside. No one's heard from him in years. She was sure he was alright, but she couldn't help but worry about him. The weary hum of the AC units from the surrounding apartments lulled her to sleep. The corner of Wilcox & Yucca in Hollywood had never been so tranquil.

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# THE GARDEN GHOSTS

Kevin L. Donihe

Mary was quite contrary because her garden was filled with ghosts.

“Mary, bring us your bones,” they screamed each and every night.

Their cries now blotted out the *Full House* theme song as it played. Mary watched the show religiously. She wasn't fond of the Olsen Twins – they grated on her nerves – but she loved Jesse; he was stallion-like, and almost as hot Ricky Martin.

She harrumphed and, begrudgingly, made her way outside. It wasn't necessary for her to turn around and see the tears on Jesse's face; she knew they were there. Mary stopped at the garden. The ghosts swirled therein, twist-turning above the tomato patch, trying to look scary.

She confronted them. “I'll make you a pot of tea instead, but you've got to wait until *Full House* is over.”

“If you make it, we won't drink it. We want boooooones.”

“But what if I add a little honey, just like you like?”

The ghosts spent a moment in thought. “Well, maybe if you stick your femur in it, too.”

“Okay,” Mary said. “I stick my itty bitty femur in it if I must – but you still have to wait until *Full House* is over.”

“Sure thing,” the ghosts said in unison. “Put the femur in and we'll sing that song for you. You know, the one by Ricky Martin.”

Mary bit her bottom lip. "You mean that *She Bang* song, right?"

"Yes." Ghost-bodies undulated like sheets. "That's the one."

"Oh god." Mary swooned, but a nearby tree broke her fall. "You know how crazy it makes me when he shakes it on MTV!"

"Indeed," said the ghosts. "He is truly hot. *Now make us the frickin' tea before we have to leak ectoplasm all over your azaleas!*"

"If you're going to use that tone of voice with me, then I'm afraid I'm going to go inside now and watch *Full House* and *never* make your tea!"

Screaming: "Nooooooooooooo!" Then they melted.

Mary went back inside to finish *Full House*. She laughed as the Olsen Twins fell down a flight of stairs and screamed as Joey turned his face inside out to reveal the gleaming skull beneath.

The ghosts had possessed her TV.

She slammed her fist against the armrest. "Can't you pull this crap when the news is on?"

Joey's skull-mouth clacked. Jesse's teeth became red fangs. The TV screen stretched like plastic as ghosts pressed their heads against it.

"You guys are just plain idiotic."

"Bones!" they moaned. "We want *boooooooooones!*"

Mary bent down and, with her bare hands, ripped the femur out of her left leg. She threw it at the TV.

"There!" she shouted. "Are you satisfied now?"

“Yes,” the ghosts said. “Thanks a bundle.”

“No problem. But you sure as hell better sing that Ricky Martin song once *Full House* goes off!”

\* \* \*

In the end, the ghosts never once sang *She Bang*, though they did leak ectoplasm all over Mary's prize-winning azaleas.

# STRONGMEN & MOTORCYCLES (& MONKEYS, TOO)

D. Harlan Wilson

Well-mannered strongmen are hideous anomalies. Don't believe their polite handshakes, their nods of friendly affirmation...

I edit the sound of the daily news with a banjo and a pocketful of nitroglycerine. Nobody minds. The lights flicker. The night retreats into a bellhop's sphincter.

The question is—why are muscles a prerequisite for strongmen? Strength is a relative term. Strength can indicate thoroughbred Hulkamania in equal measure with Einstein's motorcycle...

Vroom.

Screech.

Ka-chunk. Ka-chunk.

To lay atop a motorcycle. To treat the machine like a chaise lounge, one leg dangling over a handlebar as feelings pour out of my speech-hole like words ending in -ly. A chrome seagull shits on the muffler. I wipe it off with a shirtsleeve and fall into the surf.

A strongman swims closer to shore and introduces himself. He tells me his name (Giovanni Belzoni). We make small talk. He comments on the saltiness of the ocean, the curls in his beard. He explains how much he misses the circus...

Monkeys are perceptive. Monkeys are capable. Hence the expression: "Monkey see, monkey do." Nevertheless do not

approach monkeys exhibiting solar coronas or inflated penumbra. The same goes for all simian organisms and some plant life...

Occasionally strongmen chase people with egregious rubber mallets. Occasionally clouds evaporate into thin air.

Occasionally the basement looks like the balcony—claustrophobic playgrounds of light beams and mothballs...

# NDA

## AD Dawson

England, 1960s; computers are as big as houses; we haven't landed on the moon yet (how absurd!) and the world, in retrospect, is in black and white.

\*\*\*

Detective Wabbly Heed wobbled his head, as he generally does when he is frustrated —the television detector van killer has struck once more and again there are no witnesses.

"I know who it is; there is No Doubt About it," he whispered to no one in particular, "So why can't I just arrest him?"

The little mouse, Rolo, who lived under his right epaulette shuffled up to his ear: "Because they won't convict him, Wabbly; there is no evidence and no witnesses; there is nothing to tie him to the murders —the hippy that he is."

Wabbly sighed heavily as he stepped up into the back of the detector van. The operator lay dead on the steel floor of the van.

"What is it with these vans, Wabbly? How do they pick up signals from unlicensed television sets when there isn't any equipment in here save a handle which turns the metal coat hanger stuck to the roof?"

Wabbly was irritated by Rolo, who often spoke when he wasn't asked to. He picked him off his shoulder and dropped him into the pocket of his dirty monochromatic raincoat.

\*\*\*

Wabbly was restless in his slumber and such was his agitation he nearly rolled over onto Rolo more than once. He played the crime scene over and over in his 8 track head.

"I've got it!" He suddenly announced around dawn. "Why didn't I think of it before, Rolo?"

Rolo shrugged.

"Why is it that the detector van can seek out defectors when indeed they don't have the technology to do so—no such technology could ever exist!"

"Rolo shrugged.

"It's because of suggestion—you just have to park the damn detector van on the street turn the coat hanger a few times and illegal viewers run out into the street and turn themselves in—it's ingenious... Wa hay!"

\*\*\*

The Judge slammed his gavel down onto the wood for silence – for the court had erupted. Wabbly reiterated. "In the absence of any witnesses your honour or any apparent evidence, we used NDA to tie the killer to the crime – his hair was all over the place – the bloody hippy."

The judge frowned. "NDA? What is that?"

"No two of us are alike, judge, and we have a new scientific technique that allows us to convict killers in view of this."

The judge was not convinced. "How does it work... this technique?"

"We found hair at the scene which is a rich source of the killer's NDA. We merely boiled it up in a test-tube and hey presto the killer is banged to rights...it is his NDA; No Doubt About it."

"Fascinating," said the Judge, "it's amazing what science can do nowadays... send him down.... 25 years imprisonment for the accused and more if that is not enough!"

Rolo smiled contentedly.

AD Dawson @ [dodsleypapers.piczo.com](http://dodsleypapers.piczo.com)

# SUGAR PIGS

## headsfromspace

In a dimension where people were always flat and terribly squeezed, a little boy named Red Seven was given a small brown paper sack of sugar pigs one day.

“You must make them last,” said his mother, patting his cheek. She was Maybuleen, the brilliant mathematician. She worked hard all day straightening crooked lines and laying them to dry in the sun.

Red Seven took a sugar pig out of the bag and stared at it. Two little eyes of pink glaze stared back at him. “Eat me, please,” said the sugar pig. The boy felt it squirm in his hand as he popped it into his mouth. The rough texture of the sugar crystals on his tongue was strange. Then the candy was melting and filling his mouth with a delightful sweetness that lingered long after the sugar pig was in his stomach.

“Yummy,” he said.

He went into the backyard and climbed into the green glass tree, making the razor thin leaves tremble violently. Higher and higher he climbed, until he came to the top and saw the sky as a roof of orange paper clouds slipping past him into the distance. Red Seven sat down on a smooth branch and opened the paper bag again.

“Eat us, eat us!” cried the sugar pigs as soon as they saw him. They hopped up and down on stout sugar legs. They squealed. Their sugar snouts wrinkled in anticipation.

“Mother said I wasn’t to eat all of you right away,” he said.

“What’s the point of listening to her?” said the sugar pigs, impatient to be eaten.

And so Red Seven fell under their spell. He ate the sugar pigs and rose into the clouds where he floated helplessly about. The sky spiders took pity on him because he was alone and helpless, and wove strong wings of silver spider web for him and taught him how to find the right winds, and how to squeeze water from the clouds when he was thirsty. He married a cloud woman and became silent as she was, and learned to fly high into the sky at night to eat the starlight and listen to the haunted music sung by the moons as they passed in measured, flat circles.

When 100 years had passed, the spell of the sugar pigs wore off, and he was transformed and grew old, and sank slowly to earth. He walked and walked, bent over and thoughtful, until he came back to the house of Maybuleen and found her tying her straight lines into bundles. She was still young and strong, and she knew him.

“Silly boy,” she said, and smiled a welcome.

She brought him into the house and tucked him into his old bed, and kissed him. At her gentle touch he began to cry, hot tears running down his wrinkled face.

“Oh, mother,” he whispered, “my life is lost.”

“Never!” she said, and pressed something small and crackling and heavy into his hands. The delicate scent of sugar reached his nostrils.

“Go to sleep now,” she said, and cupping her hand behind it, blew out the candle.

In the morning she climbed the stairs with his breakfast all hot and steaming but he was already gone.

headsfromspace @ [emptyhead.rumble.sy2.com](http://emptyhead.rumble.sy2.com)

:INKWELL:  
Jeffrey S. Callico

A light is burning or burns and there is a mind around it, watching. The mind watches the light as it burns and is jealous of the light because the mind wants the light to be inside it, to burn inside the mind, but the mind is dark without the light, the mind is a dark mind, like the mind of a dark drake, and the light doesn't know of the mind's jealousy so the light burns on happily as if the mind is not even there.

Does the light know the mind is there.

As if the mind is not even there, burning happily and unaware of the jealousy, like a drake's darkness, the light inside the outside of the mind.

Harbinger, bring the ring of light and let the mind know it.

Circles become dust in a field, a wheel becomes lust.

Steven cannot go in the cave, wait for it, Steven, wait for the cave, it isn't a cave that belongs to Steven it belongs to itself, the dark cave belongs to itself, its self, Steven, cannot go in the cave, Steven.

Wait.

But Steven goes in and is lost, the miners come, it is after midnight and the miners come and find Steven in a hole in the cave wall, hiding from the miners, Steven doesn't want to be found. The parents of Steven are yelling for Steven to come out, to grab the hands of the faithful miners who have gotten out of bed at 1:38 a.m. to rescue Steven, the boy in the hole of the wall of the cave but

Steven, he doesn't want to, he doesn't want to, no, he doesn't want to, he wants to stay in the cave, it's nice here, he says, like it here, he tells the angry-becoming miners who have gotten out of bed and left their wives and non-Steven children behind in their warm beds dreaming of holidays and candy wrappers and cotton the size of hairdos and women's breasts. The miners are telling the Steven-boy to grab their hands so they can get back to the homes and women-filled beds and grab onto headboards until dawn but the Steven-boy cowers in the cave, the wall-hole of the cave he likes to be in and refuses to grab the miner-hands.

The miners throw in dynamite and Steven comes out.

What happened to his soul, someone asks. It's gone.

Steven looks down and sees the truth.

# THE DAY I DROWNED

AD MacDonald

I open the jar and find a rat mixed in with the pickles.  
It has brown fur and a frozen smile and smells like vinegar,  
but then I spill some vinegar on my fingers and  
I swear the rat winks at me and I run my hand through my hair  
which is what I do when I'm nervous.  
My hair is brown and now covered with vinegar,  
and I swear I wink and smile as the rat spills vinegar  
on its fingers and runs them through its hair,  
which is what it does when it's nervous, and somewhere in the  
commotion  
it grabs a paper towel,  
closes the jar,  
and puts it back on the shelf.

# ON TNA (ESSAY)

AD MacDonald

I'd just started writing, mostly to impress the short-haired lesbian I was always trying to sleep with. I tried my hand at a few really godawful stories about comas and unrequited love. Stuff I knew from the back covers of insipid Nora Roberts novels. No matter what I churned out, though, I could never lure the little lesbian into the sack.

Apparently, as a reader she craved something different. Thus I craved something different, something twisted and fucked up and something that could get me laid.

Enter TNA.

It's impossible to recall how I found the community. Was it through Eraserhead Press? Through reading a splatter-punk horror story by some sicko named Hertzian Chimera and letting Google do the rest? Who knows. When I arrived, I was drawn to a photo on the TNA site, the same one gracing the first issue of *Bust Down the Doors and Eat All the Chickens*, incidentally. I later identified the photographer as Diane Arbus. Basically, it's a shot of three retardates in Halloween costumes. It was creepy but strangely arresting. As I hung around TNA, I found that the writing, and the people behind the writing, had the same effect on me.

TNA turned me on to writers that I'd never heard of, writers who reveled in the weird. No longer was I bound by inane story lines or hackneyed dialogue.

There could be gore! There could be incomprehensible plot twists! Talking lamps! Magical urine! Turning my back on Nora Roberts, I

took to the keyboard and started typing. A day later, my first story was posted.

My relationship with the Absurdist community had always been ambiguous. We weren't lovers, but I stopped by every now and then to post, do a critique, smell its hair. Whenever a call for submissions appeared, I happily typed up something weird, depraved cathartic. I still have the first few TNA Anthologies on my hard drive. They're like the retarded kid you keep locked in the basement because he looks like this kid you used to know way back when. Only, like, retarded. A link to the past.

Some memories of TNA I will always cherish:

- Being perpetually mistaken for AD Dawson.
- The first story I had hit number one, and its subsequent plummet down, down, down, the next day.
- Feverishly making plans for my own BizarrEbook, plans that never came to fruition.
- That one time Satan165 got pissed off. That one time sure was intense. Good thing it was only once.
- Being wowed by Jeff Callico's short stories on a regular basis.

Now I'm writing mainstream stuff, pecking out stories and trying to make sales here and there. Sometimes, mostly when I'm high or drunk or getting a blowjob from the lesbian girl, who was turned on enough by the literary weirdness I picked up from the TNA tribe to fit me into her sex life, I'll write a story about a guy who suddenly grew a dick out of his forehead. Or a creep who stalks maternity wards, looking for fresh placenta 'cause it gives him powers.

There will always be a part of my imagination, cancer-black, that I contracted from this insidious place.

It'll always be there, even if TNA won't.

# THE HEIST

Bradley Sands

Static energy pulsated over the snobbish suits of the bank tellers. They ignored the warning signs, carrying on with their affairs with the same sense of urgency that had earned them a position at the First National Bank of Moonsylvania.

Since bank policy strictly prohibited stalks of hair from rising to the moos of barnyard mistresses, it was either Heinous Disregard for Policy Friday or the tellers had heard the rumors of cosmic downsizing.

Before the head teller could complete his deposit, the building did a spot-on impersonation of a crashing airplane for the terror of its occupants, and the piggy's hide burst open.

A gigantic child head peeked out from the space between, dripping enough snot to drown an Olympic swimmer. "I WANT CANDY!"

A hand that must have been manicured by a guided missile patted the little monstrosity on the head. "DON'T BE SILLY. THESE NICE PEOPLE DON'T HAVE ANY CANDY TO GIVE YOU." Then a behemoth bust wearing the popular roadside attraction, the World's Largest Pair of Pantyhose, came into the picture.

There was an intermission from terror while the onlookers watched as the hand's plus-sized twin sister went on a romantic date with a doomlazer; walking hand in hand down a sandy beach. It was a tender moment . . . until the lazer turned towards the customers and leered.

“GIVE MY TIMMY ALL THE PENNIES THAT HE SAVED FOR THE SAKE OF LEARNING RESPONSIBILITY AND BUYING CANDY IN BULK AND NO ONE GETS HURT!”

The bathroom stall doors burst open and a gang of backyard wrestlers wearing masks of disappointment walked over and took their place in the back of the line, dribbling raw sewage in their wake. During the next two hours, the wrestlers displayed a supernatural level of patience. But this was not shared by their fiendish snapping turtles on sticks, who never stopped complaining about how the bulk of their existences were spent waiting in lines for something exciting to happen.

It was finally their turn, and the wrestlers handed the nearest teller a note. It read, “This is not a robbery. There is no need to be alarmed. Do not be afraid of our fiendish snapping turtles on sticks. They are just big sweethearts and will not hurt you if you don’t put five millions dollars in unmarked bills into the sacks that haven’t been helpfully provided for you.”

“HEY! I WAS HERE FIRST!” said the behemothic bust. She was about to fire off a round from the doomlazer into their direction, but caught a glimpse of a mask. The littlest wrestler’s disguise morphed into what her life would have been like if she hadn’t gotten knocked up by Dick Nasty and dropped out of college; abandoning her lifelong dream of becoming an abortionist.

She wept buckets of flan.

Timmy would have to go without candy that day.

A representative from the Debauch-A-Wish Foundation cut to the front of the line, paying the barnyard wrestlers no heed. His sensible bow tie did loop-de-loops as he said, “Hello there, gentleman. This area has been designated as an official Debauchery Zone. In a moment, a gang of terminal cancer kids will be using your facilities to

fulfill their lifelong dream of robbing a bank. Don't worry. Their guns won't be loaded. And don't laugh at their funny mustaches. They think it's a terrifying disguise and, we wouldn't want the cancer kids to go to their deaths with the First National Bank of Moonsylvania tellers laughing at them, not with them, now would we?"

And police gunfire mowed the kids down in the parking lot, triggering a hundred-meter dash of bombs and guns and fire and police coming in to collect their protection money masks and self-immolating monk masks and Patrick Swayze riding up on a surf board masks and angel-dust infested basketball player masks and squirrel wrangler masks and Moonsylvanian president masks and Moonsylvanian presidents disguised as petting zoo animal masks and hundred dollar bills trying to go over the wall masks and Rosicrucian masks and Bigfoot impersonator masks and vampire raw food nutritionist masks...

And it continued until the moment that executives stopped doing market research to predict what would be the year's hottest Halloween costume, which had been double booked with the destruction of the sun.

**Bradley Sands** is the author of *It Came from Below the Belt* (Afterbirth Books) and edits the Absurdist journal, *Bust Down the Door and Eat All the Chickens*.

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# TOSSING PEBBLES

offbeatjim (Jim Wittenberg)

They were freaks. Their activity was absurd. They sat on the edge of a giant hole tossing pebbles into its unseen depths hoping to hear one hit bottom.

“If one of these pebbles strikes bottom, we’ll party.”

The freaks sat staring into the hole, forever tossing pebbles and listening for plink or plunk or a tiny splash. Nothing happened. Silence was all that came up from that hole. It was a haunting silence and they felt weird listening for noises they now believed would never come back up to them.

One by one the freaks started leaving the hole. They turned their backs on the absurd, some vowing never again to become involved in such a meaningless activity.

A long time after the last freak left the vicinity of the hole, the first pebble struck bottom.

# STILL LIFE WITH FAX MACHINE

bananahero

Our meetings are periodic. Usually they happen in the conference room on the polyurethane of the impassive table. All we do is stare at each other. I see one of him. He sees hundreds of me from hundreds of angles. I am unnerved that he sees parts of me I can only attempt to view, craning my neck in the humiliating fluorescence of my reflection in tri-fold, full-length department store dressing room mirrors, and yet still not getting the whole picture.

Other times, we gaze out the window by my desk at the ants 9 stories below, caffeinated commuters scuttling. He sees my sadness at the world and to make me laugh, rams head-first into the glass window half a dozen times, feeling around its perimeter to show that there's no latch for us to open and throw ourselves onto the infinite lungfuls of air. When I chuckle, he stops and we lean, temple to temple, and attempt to identify buildings and towns in the distance, sharp architectural corners that shoulder one another that he tells me hold up the sky.

I envy his life span. He'll be gone in 15-30 days. Wings all swished out. He'll never see monthly reports, never have to see every phase of the moon for it only to put on the same show again and again. Never be asked to pay rent, never sign a check for cable television. Life is new and life is exciting and life is instinctual. He is driven by his heart and his hunger, and he wants me to fly away with him, my secret office lover.

I can't, I say. I'm waiting for a fax. And we sit by the fax machine, I with chin in hand, waiting for the whirring that never comes.

# THE SURPRISE PARTY

Ray Fracalossy

*"Surprise!"*

"Did we get you?"

"Oh, man did you ever!"

"No, really? You had no idea?"

"Are you kidding me? I was totally fooled!"

"How about me? How was my acting?"

"Oh my God! You totally fooled me! I totally thought you were ready to kick me to the curb. You seemed so happy when you met Paul! I thought you had really fallen out of love with me!"

"And what about me?" asked Uncle Phil.

"I can't believe you're not dead. You have no idea what a mind blower that is!"

"How about me? Did you really believe I was your daughter?"

"I was there when you were born. I was sure of it!"

Laughter continued as the party went on till the wee hours of the morning.

# CAPTAIN BERSERK TRAVELS TO THE MIDDLE AGES

by Jason Earls

One afternoon after watching a mixed martial arts competition on television, Captain Berserk got bored and decided to make a Time Machine. He went out to his garage and made the machine out of junk car parts, an old hi-fi stereo system, and an ancient Multitech computer. To make it work he had to resort to chanting some magic words he had picked up in a book on witchcraft: "Ukala Kralkov Blix Blickery, Ukala Kralkov Blix Blickery..." After chanting that phrase 613 times, he performed some experiments with his cat and found that his time machine worked perfectly. So he hunched down and crawled inside.

Captain Berserk decided to travel to England, all the way back to the year 1349. The Middle Ages. Captain Berserk loved the fucking Middle Ages (which he mistakenly called the Dark Ages), because of all the gratuitous killing, the Black Plague, the dirty prostitutes, the debauchery, the witchcraft, the strong beer, and the numerous book burning parties. Also, he had always enjoyed the company of the bloody English people too. But Captain Berserk had one major problem.

While programming his time machine with the Multitech computer, he had made an error and something malfunctioned. When he came out in England he discovered that he had turned himself into a little hunchback. Captain Berserk now stood only 4 feet 1 inch tall and had a hump on the upper right portion of his back the size of a cantaloupe. He didn't know what he had programmed wrong. So he decided to just try to forget about it.

He went to the brothel, which was always the first place Captain Berserk went, and none of the prostitutes wanted anything to do with him. Usually prostitutes were highly attracted to Captain Berserk. But now he was forced to remain abstinent during his entire trip to the fucking Middle Ages. This disappointed him greatly since he was looking forward to some really good orgies during his visit.

But he didn't let a little thing like being a hunchback stop him from having a good time. Instead of getting freaky with all the English whores he decided to go to the local university and freak out the professors with his immense knowledge of mathematics, physics, and engineering.

Before going to the local university, he went to a tavern to have a good strong beer and think about the exact subjects he would pontificate upon. He sat down at a table and ordered some beer. He patted his hump, reshaped his mohawk with his hands, took some deep breaths and cogitated on a few hairy topics. Then he brought out a little baggie from his pocket. He picked out five Quaaludes and a hit of acid and chugged it all down with his strong dark beer. These objects helped Captain Berserk to think better. After slamming the mug down on the table, he knew what he would lecture about and rose from the table and strolled out, walking toward the ancient University. He pounded on the big wooden door and a student wearing a tall white dunce cap answered it. Captain Berserk asked for directions to the Natural Science Department. The student responded at length and waved his hands but Captain Berserk had trouble understanding the student's Old English dialect. But soon enough he was walking down the corridors and yelling for all the professors to congregate in the main dining hall.

Once they had assembled, Captain Berserk launched into a long spiel on quantum electrodynamics, general relativity, Wile's proof of Fermat's Last Theorem, teleportation, microbiology, cloning, and Goedel's Incompleteness Theorem. He lectured on and on in a

bowel-shaking voice, gesticulating with saliva shooting from his thick lips until sweat formed on his wrinkled brow. The professors' jaws dropped at the spellbinding knowledge. Some slapped their own foreheads while others stomped the floor and applauded excitedly. But most of them doubted Captain Berserk's talk. And those that did caballed together and whispered of how to dispose of this maniac, this witch, this weird humpbacked madman who was interrupting their classes and freaking them out.

The only thing Captain Berserk heard was a yell of "Go!" in Old English and the gang of professors rushed and tackled him to the floor. They lifted him above their shoulders and took him out to the field in back of the college. A torture device similar to a primitive version of an Iron Maiden was setting in the middle of the field. The professors stuffed Captain Berserk inside and closed the door part of the way. Some of the rusty spikes penetrated Captain Berserk's hump, belly and ass, but he had a few extra pounds there so the pain was not totally unbearable. They left Captain Berserk there all night and the next day with the tips of the spikes from the Iron Maiden cutting into his flesh and his entire body cramped up into one gruesomely uncomfortable position. He got extremely hungry and thirsty and screamed for awhile.

All night long Captain Berserk tried hard to figure out a way to extract his hunchbacked physiology from this dire predicament. But his mind was too fatigued from lecturing on difficult science topics to be of any use. Plus, escape from this primitive Iron Maiden device was truly impossible, so thinking didn't do him much good anyway. You know what part of Captain Berserk hurt the most? His hump being squeezed and punctured in the torture device.

Finally, the local Warlock, Shitegeld, who lived in a dank cave on the edge of town, heard the commotion and decided to bless the citizens (but most importantly Captain Berserk) with his noble and rare presence. Shitegeld had mystically increased his auditory senses and heard Captain Berserk's screams from the partially open doors

of the Iron Maiden, as well as his previous esoteric science lecture to the professors. He decided to go and interrogate Captain Berserk about his knowledge. Shitegeld wanted to see if he could pick up some new scientific information, which he would use to increase his magic powers.

Shitegeld sneaked up to the primitive torture device and using only his mind made one of the partially closed doors open up all the way. "Tell me what you know of science and mathematics," announced Shitegeld in a sickening voice. He flicked his black cape across his bearded face.

"I... I... I'm too fucking tired," replied Captain Berserk. "A... And in too much fucking pain... to speak right now... you asshole. My hump hurts so bad from this fucking torture device. Get me out of here and I'll tell you everything I know about science and mathematics."

But Shitegeld the Warlock was so insulted by Captain Berserk's arrogant and rude response that he took five blue capsules of magic powder from the pocket of his magic robe and hurled them at the primitive Iron Maiden. Inside, Captain Berserk heard electricity crackle over the torture device and he started to vibrate and feel agony unlike anything he had ever experienced. Captain Berserk started screaming and shaking and vomiting because the pain was entirely too much to bear.

Outside, Shitegeld saw some of Captain Berserk's puke fly out of the Iron Maiden. He flicked his fingers and formed a yellow laser beam to catch the vomit. Then Shitegeld said a few words in Latin and transformed the puke into hot lava, and fired it back at Captain Berserk. The lava hit his hump and put him in even more pain than before, which was the most excruciating torture anyone had ever felt on Earth.

In spite of the pain, Captain Berserk's mind had now fully recovered from the hairy science lectures he had given, not to mention that he went into full Berserker mode at being subjected to all this ghastly torture shit, and he remembered the magic chant he had recited earlier to make his time machine work. He modified the phrase a little to get himself out of the Iron Maiden and to send himself back to his normal time period. "Ukala Kralkov Flix Flickery! Ukala Kralkov Flix Flickery!" screamed the Captain.

A few hundred more repetitions and the magic formula caused a small wormhole to open up right in front of Shitegeld the Warlock's head. The powerful suction from the wormhole decapitated the Warlock and his headless body ran through the village spraying bright red blood all over the people and the houses like a fire hose. The magic formula, along with his Berserker rage, endowed Captain Berserk with superhuman strength which he used to bust out of the primitive Iron Maiden torture device. Captain Berserk stretched the cramps out of his limbs, glanced around, then leapt into the wormhole.

He rolled and tumbled through the black tunnel with yellow tendrils of electricity crackling and jackhammers tumbling and evil squeals emanating until he came out in the year 1978. Right in the middle of a disco nightclub. Captain Berserk rolled out of the tunnel onto the dance floor, stood up and checked his body. He was his normal height again. And the hump on his back had vanished. He saw the flickering dance globe above him, felt so wonderful to be out of all that pain, that he immediately dropped to the floor and started break dancing.

**Jason Earls** is a writer and computational number theorist living in Texas with his wife, Christine. He is the author of *Red Zen*, *How to Become a Guitar Player from Hell*, and *If(Sid\_Vicious == TRUE && Alan\_Turing == TRUE) { ERROR\_Cyberpunk(); }*. He has fiction published or forthcoming in *Thirteen*, *Red Scream*, *Bust Down the Door* and *Eat All the Chickens*, *Nocturnal Ooze*, and other

publications. His mathematical work has been published in Scientia Magna, Neometropolis, and [Mathworld.com](http://Mathworld.com). His novel, *Cocoon of Terror*, will be released by Afterbirth Books in 2007 @ [tinyurl.com/2ylpml](http://tinyurl.com/2ylpml)

# MORE PICTURES OF DOGS THAT STOLE MY CANDY

Nathan Gallegos (Odradek)

Sandy was an ordinary dog to everyone who knew her, she barked, played fetch and ran and slept in the sun all day. Pleasant, but unremarkable. What no one knew about her though is that she could get up and walk around on two legs, and talk, and in any other aspect resemble a human being in a way that would make you think, that is definitely not a human being, but merely a creature which resembles one, if you saw her. She wasn't the only dog that could do this, she was sure of that somehow, but she had never met any of the others. She drank tea and looked out the window. She thought the other houses were ugly and she wondered why she was the only dog in the neighborhood who could talk. She had tried communicating with the humans before, with the little girl, but Alice had begun crying and Sandy was afraid. Maybe her voice hurt her? So she sipped her tea and watched the dust particles in the beam of sunlight coming through the window. "The world is perfect," she thought, "but too big. It should be smaller, that would make things easier to find."

# AND HE DESTINES HIS DESPAIR

Robert Traxler

My cat sits in my room under an insurmountable weight of objects. Old boxes and stray pages flutter and tower in cascades of disuse. He finds motion difficult. His corpulence drags and pulls against the piles of debris blocking any straight path across the floor. It is moving upward. It threatens his life with a simple concession to gravity.

Audio cassettes are his biggest enemy. I have tried storing them in a little, pink-floral box of cardboard nestled gently under my stereo, but they spill out, across (some have made it all the way beneath my bed). Empty boxes trouble him from all directions. Most came in the mail and have long since been shed from purpose. Plastic rises and moves for throat. It will choke him; it smiles. He backs away and bats his paws helplessly.

He looks up at me, rolling about the filth I have cast him. He reminds me of a poem. Wires, wires, every where, nor any record to record. I allude to both a famous rime and the many months since my band has tried to make use of this equipment, much less practice. I am also enjoying the different pronunciations and subtle shifts in meaning/grammar wreathing "record"'s written homogeny.

My cat is suffering under an overpowering stench. I used to take care in maintaining my laundry. This, too, I have let slide. The dirty surrounds the basket (filled with the clean I haven't bothered to put away). It precludes his passage... in drifts beside the bed, quag folds and shakes beneath his feet, sinking, unable to leap free into comfort.

Beneath the glare of sickly white walls bare—paint staled, old in molecular mold—he struggles his eyes in the blate glare, hazing a

mist thicker than his iris narrows. The only thing worse than the walls naked is the majority of area plastered with band posters and other assorted juvenilia. My cat twists away in shame. In his spare time, he is operating the tape machines discarded on the floor—one sixteen tracks, the other two—spinning reels, encoiling messages (wrapped up in vain hopes of receipt): NEED ROOM MAKE BEDROOM DESIGN \$1,000 REDESIGN BEDROOM MAKEOVER!! This same message bounces through channels, across tracks between the two machines in loop-like form with his gleaming paws destining path and purpose.

My cat stretches forward arms taut, claws out, waves of fat rippling Gargantuan spasms that crash beneath his skin: titanic, prodigious, colossal, hippopotamic, enormous, cyclopean, Homeric, leviathan, staggering, mammoth, huge. His reach is steady (of heroic stature) out through hopelessness on pillars of courage and pride. And I sit in shambles looking down at his pathetic attempts with a longing for nothing but help. So now I do all I can. Give my bedroom a \$1,000 makeover or my cat will die!

# KEYHOLE

Gina Ranalli

If you look through the keyhole, you will see a skinny man wearing red and white striped pants, riding a unicycle across a cloud. You will see a twisting staircase with a thousand steps, carved out of the body of a yellow pear. A schizophrenic whale with a propeller in its waterspout, swimming through the sky, convinced he is a helicopter. A beautiful July day, sexy in a slinky red dress and matching lipstick, beckoning you with a breathy voice and curves to stop the world.

You will see a handsome painter named Basquiat, hanging from stars, climbing to Mars. An upright piano, dressed in a button-down shirt and maroon tie, a blindfold wrapped around its head as it waits solemnly on a subway platform. The states of Washington and New Mexico, clutching roses between their teeth as they tango swirls of cosmic color around the wallflower of Montana. A newborn revolution, soft and pink, howling for its mother's milk. A red-haired girl with X's for eyes and a valentine tattooed across her chest, skipping along the edge of a daydream.

You will see these and a hundred other things, including your own iris gazing back at you and the oddities of your world, if you look through the keyhole.

# THE OLDIES

Jon Lemmon

Upon a beach somewhere a fruit relaxes. It's perhaps an orange or possibly a peach. But from this distance, it's hard to tell. A bird sat nearby and watching, reads its newspaper. Heavy rain, interspersed with intermittent earthquake, is forecast. The tide hand in hand with a terrible silence, creeps in. I think, says the nervous voice-over, that we are in a film or a play and it's Tuesday.

Upon hearing this, the scenery shivers and wishes to be elsewhere. Perhaps Malta, or maybe even the rain soaked plains of Spain.

A car arrives. It's the old folks, and we all breathe a sigh of relief. Hello, Terry, says granddad, hello, Jean, says grandma. And slowly, as granddad lights his pipe, and as grandma, with her feather duster, dusts him down, everything returns to normal.

Phew! Says the bird, in a relieved kind of way (which reminds you a little of Frank Sinatra singing something) before flying off to Australia.

# RED CARPET A, B, AND EVEN C

H.B. Husvill

The agency needed a lawyer in Seoul, so of course they sent me. It was a long flight, but I arrived at my hotel right on time. Christopher greeted me at the door.

"You're stuff's already here," he said. "Personally. I've had enough of this. I'm taking off. I was just sticking around until you showed up."

He left. I was sorry to see him go because he was the only person I knew in the city. I had known him since high school, but never knew him very well. Yet still, I was happy and surprised to find him looking after my room. I wished he could have stayed.

My room was nicely furnished, but it looked dated, like out of the 1920s. Hanging in the closet was my suit with a note that read: *Cleaned and ready to wear- L. Wasserman*. Next to the suit hung a few nice shirts and on the table in the bathroom was the bag that contained my head.

I tried on one of the shirts and checked myself out in the mirror. I looked funny because the neck-hole slid too far down onto my chest. I straightened it up. You look weird without a head. Like when you shave your eyebrows completely off. It's just not right. There's just a black hole right above your clavicles. The crazy thing is, though, you actually breathe better without a head than with one.

I tried on the suit over the shirt and still looked funny. But it all seemed to fit. They think of everything! Every detail!

There was a knocking on the door. I went and answered it. There was a slender and beautiful Korean girl there, who gasped when she saw me. Covering her mouth, she looked away.

"Oh, sorry," I said. "I forgot that I hadn't put on my head yet. Please come in."

"I understand," she replied as she came in and sat in the chair next to the bed, keeping her eyes turned to the floor.

I went into the bathroom and picked up the cleaners' bag that had my head in it. I wasn't sure how to go about putting it back on. I tried my best to line up the hole in my body with the hole in my neck and pushed my neck down onto my body while inhaling deeply. When I could feel the air passing through my nostrils I knew my head was on. It felt as if there was a large glob of mucus sliding down my throat, and I felt very nauseous. I pulled the bag off of my head and looked at myself in the mirror. I looked...normal, but still felt sick.

I went into the room where the girl, who was quite pale, sat. I stretched out on the bed and propped my head up with two pillows.

"Sorry about that," I said.

She looked at me obviously relieved that I was together now. "It's ok. I think that happens a lot to people when they first arrive here."

"My stomach feels sick," I told her closing my eyes. "I'm not used to that."

She came and sat on the bed next to me and smiled. "I don't think anyone is, dear." She stroked my neck and kissed me on the forehead. "The agency told me to make sure you are ready for your negotiations tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? So soon? I don't think I will feel well enough by then."

She put her head on the pillow and nuzzled her nose against my neck. "You will darling, you will."

If it weren't for her, I don't know what I'd have done.

*A Document Edited In Thee Wormpad And Giving  
Varifold Explanation Ov Thee Mandy Meanings  
Ant Meanderings Ov Thee Delightful Absurdyism  
Ant Thee Eventual Emergence Ov The New  
Absurdyist*

Jon Lemmon

\*(won) (enhance obscure practices) Absurdism is a philosophy skating that the efforts of humanity toe find handy meanings in the universes wilt (like eternal shopping) ultimately fail.

\*(toe) (grow fake models) Absurdism is related (through a half brooder on its smuthers side) to extra-stench-alism, butt, and eye must stable this moist strongly, shud knot be confused (or amused by it).

\*(tree) (architect jabberwocky talk) in fact (and in other worms) absurdism (or soap sum save) was inverted buy thee fFrench philosopher, Allbert Canoe, when he broke frog the extra-stench-a-lisps ant published his manucrypt, Thee lisp ov thee Sissy Puss. A short tell tale, but stilt about two foot log, that tells the story of a mad, whom, in order to be relived of his sins, hast to everydave push a bus up ant down a hill, untilt him is either tired, is called in for his tea, or is him forgiven.

\*(fore) (orchestrate disruptive nonsense) Following awl of this (pi a long whine) was the invention of The New Absurdist (an online electree magazine) witch, accordian to some reports, was only a mere sick years newer (or younger) than The Olde Absurde.

\*(live) (destroy relationship illusions) Two this magazine was attracted a hole grope of weirdy writers whom hat an interest (frog one treason or it's brother) in the absurd and whome write many stories and thinks in the style of the absurd. There was Dave, for instinct, who lived in a basement, ant rote continually about the bats in his belfry; and Florrie, who on a weakly bakery, posted in her hand written shocking lists. Oh yes, it was a grant time. But unfortunately, the party hat two ends, and, on a clear Monkday in Sextemper, Polycarp (the first dissident and the original hair stylist) pulled the plug.

\* (sick) (extend visionary chaos) Butt fear not. For Absurdyism is not one mere man, or heaven two. Oh nope not. For Absurdyism ist eine fly trapped buy thee small buoy inside a bottle that always, due to its dynamic electric ant stubborn refusal to dye (or submit) at the week hand of the shop kickers; wilt finds a wave to resurface and breed out its anarchrist breath, into the deflated balloon that ist thee sad life ov the human plant.

\*(heaven) (destroy language) Because that is thee rock under which where THEY live.

# ENGULF YOUR SOUL IN THE FURNACE

Mike Philbin

Even before you are fully aware of it, she has your cock in her mouth. It doesn't fully awaken you, this eating of your manhood—you are way past such petty temptations. So bleached by years of cum scars.

That first sensation of the back of Marianne's throat is nothing more than an oblique view through some ripped old curtain, a glimpse of the dust-speckled beam of sunlight. You can catch your breath, unable to understand the horror.

It's still early in the seduction. Nothing like the promise of sexual release that this first tonguing hints at. Regular as clockwork from that point on, her thin long tongue dances about the girth and length of your cock. You suddenly understand what that strange smell coming off her is.

It's at this point that we have to talk a little about what we mean by cock. You've never had a real cock. And what you've had between your skinny hairless legs is nothing like you'd understand a human sexual organ to be.

There's no hole, for example, there's just a flap of skin that sits atop the cartilaginous underside. The cock itself is long and knobbly, split as it is into three bony sections. To all intents and purposes, your manhood looks like a long fat finger curled up in your pubic bush like an angular pig's tail.

Marianne takes this strange finger thing into the deepest part of her throat. You can feel the back of her throat there, like there's something, an obstruction of some type. Are you thinking of a throat

lined with gills? Are you thinking of a throat ribbed with eyelids? You dare not think too hard about it.

After a few minutes of this insane-throat action, you start to boil inside. You were already very uncomfortable and you're about to get a whole lot more uncomfortable. You gasp for breath and your cock-finger-thing, call it what you will, ignites like acid is pouring over it. You even smell the stubborn flesh oxidizing.

You jam your eyes shut and try to forget who you are. Your brain just goes, "Forget the fear, listen to the sound of the wind, taste the lake, look deep into the forest, engulf your soul in the furnace."

You didn't mean to say that last bit out loud but you did.

"...engulf your soul in the furnace." Those were the exact six words that came out of your mouth. Marianne looks up from her sucking, there's some weird-coloured discharge pouring over her chin and you want to throw up.

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# THE GLOB A.K.A THIS WAS NO TOFU

Justynn Tyme

It all began one morning, promptly at 11:59 am in a city of my choice, which will only be known as Festering Chair City. It was here that way up in the strange and weird – weird firmament nothing was seen and nothing was heard and no one was looking. It was there in that tiny pinprick of light that a giant wooden box was falling. Rolling and teetering about in a cold infinite vacuum bag. Soon it could be seen streaking through the atmosphere if anyone had been looking. They weren't until it finally smashed apart in the street. The sides splintered off and went crashing into shop windows and people too lazy to get out of the way of deadly projectiles.

I could see with my twelve-foot monocle that the box had fallen into the middle of a major city street and so it could not simply be ignored. Among the splinters, yet much bigger not concealed by such splinters was the glob. It was an enormous milky white block of what looked like raw tofu. Ten feet high and eight and half feet wide and yet, it was not from this world and could not very well be tofu. Therefore, it must be some bizarre otherworldly culinary aberration.

Like all great events, all sorts of people were already standing about wielding forks and other self-feeding utensils. Contrary to popular belief most by-standers aren't from Denmark. Of course, the few that were just had to flee in comical hysteria because for them America must seem bizarre enough already. The hell bent local by-standers insisted on seeing the alabaster gelatin and pushed closer and closer. The authorities, having just arrived to sell raffle tickets, were in turn trying to push the rabble further away. Neither were gaining nor losing any valuable inches and this stalemate went on for several days.

Then quickly and almost noiselessly, the glob became all quivery and like a tidal wave of warm yogurt it began to pool outward. It slid over the asphalt and gushed over the penumbra of the people's fancy shoes. That was the beginning of the end; when the goop came into contact with people their shoes were pulled off as if they were in quicksand. Those who were untouched by the white pile of mush were the only ones left with adequate foot protection. Then the crowd ran; they ran like a whirlwind. Not one person stayed behind as the great hordes moved up one street and down another like stampeding cattle. Joined again and again by new faces, who came rocketing out of their homes mistaking the crowd for an impromptu marathon. Together they ran aimlessly and fervently in unmedicated hysteria.

One wrong turn by the lead hysteric led all straight back to the main strip where the motionless glob may have been waiting for them. Nearly half the gaggle was lost before the realization dawned on them and they scrambled backwards. Twenty, no thirty, no four hundred people had run into the deranged, inedible mousse. Yet no sign of life was observed from the glob or the people. It did not grow or it did not bubble; it didn't do anything. It merely laid there unnaturally still.

The glob of grits just sat there totally unresponsive to any external stimuli for so long that people began to go back about their normal lives again. The glob soon proved to be unavoidable and unable to be forgotten. Even the apathetically callous ways of Americans proved to be fatal. They tried to ignore the glob entirely and drive right on through it as though it were some sludge or a pool of urine maybe. Everyday hundreds would try and all those who did try disappeared; vehicle and all.

Finally the head of the civic association apparent by his lovely sash called in the army, the navy and every branch of the all American boy scouts. Great machines were brought in to suck up the weirdness for transportation. They could possibly leave it in a sporadically

populated state like New Mexico where dumping it could go unnoticed until the first child fatality. Squads of deer or squirrels could go missing and who would miss those creatures; certainly not the divine creator. Alas it was all for naught because as soon as the vacuum tubes would touch the pale glop of sorbet the whole vehicle and its operators would be, rather violently, sucked inside in their entirety.

The brigades tried washing it down the sewers with great big hoses but it proved to be water-resistant. Lest I say waterproof or possibly water absorbent. They set it on fire in the hopes our feeble universal superiority might cook it, fry it or hurt it in such a way that it would just slink away. It did not; the slop of ranch dressing just lay there burning like a trick candle. They let it burn for weeks hoping that it would have some effect. It didn't and when a nearby building burst into flames the residents tried jumping to safety into the motionless splash of white. They perished just the same and all without a single thud.

Great panels of dimwitted persons were formed on the scene with their giant flags, pinafores and pointy paper hats. Comically pointing and waving around and pushing each other around in mocking grandeur. They thought they knew all the answers the universe held. Well, one thing was now known for certain. The problem of this dollop of sour cream proved to be unsolvable. They used bombs but only killed thousands of people who were warned to evacuate but thought themselves impervious.

Out of the blue, one person, who should have been shot, suggested that it may be a glob of béarnaise sauce or something equally unalive. Perhaps it had been eating away the ground underneath and it was just too deep for belief. So a hundred men and women linked hands and began moving toward the heap of tartar. They waded into the pile of whipped cream wearing a whole arsenal of protective gear. Like all brave people who follow a fool; the first

brave person to follow this fools plan stepped into the milky mess and like a string of spaghetti they were slurped in.

Others fearing they rescuers were falling clasped hands forming extensions off the original line were pulled in just as quickly. Somehow people all over the world, clasped hands and ropes continued the line unbroken hoping of halt the inward force. Floating strings of people bobbing in the oceans from continent to continent joined hands in global harmony forming one big chain trying to save everyone in front of them. Like water draining out through a scupper they were all sucked inside the puddle of curdled milk to the last. The glob of batter still remained motionless except for the localized rippling of people pouring in like falling elevators.

Two children, little Cicero and little Orla, who had not clung to their parents crying and yelping, stood alone in front of the motionless glob of butter with their pants loaded. The little girl crept as close as she dared and spoke three words not previously vocalized by all the rest.

“Please Go Home.” and little Cicero held his nose and made a sputtering noise that lasted several seconds. When the glob of mayonnaise heard this it shed a single, lavender tear and then ate the children out of spite. It began to writhe and slithered away into a large postal van. Then it rocketed upward into the sky, vehicle and all; most likely swearing never to use that travel agency again. It had understood for the first time since its visit here it was not welcomed nor loved by the people of earth, which there were none. Not a one.

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# DUCK HEAD POCKET

gorgonzola the cheesemonster

Duck heads are close, clacking snap quacking, but bitten off by a dog not a moment too soon. Savior hounds tooth jacket pocket I fumble one of the heads in and turn it sideways so it fits better.

I cannot and do not turn my head there but look straight up into a sky where duck heads just were.

Only my fingers can move and they do on the duck head, turning it in my pocket. My jacket folded pocket flap gets in the way, but I cannot and do not cut it off.

I wish the dog would come back and drool snort in my sky. I would ask him to rip my flap, no, beg him... bribe him with the duck head in there. It would not be in the way then.

The sun crosses over 3 times and I counted tree leaves and cloud edges. I finally died then, but never did the dog head reflect off my open eyes. I watched to make sure.

# THE FOOL ON THE HILL

Cake Earthhead

Once upon a time there was a man with a jellyfish on his head. He lived on a hill and was disliked by the surrounding townsfolk. He was mean to old people and would pull down his pants at odd times. He cut in lines and openly supported terrorism. He walked around merrily giving people the evil eye and happily swinging stale French bread at people's heads. The man with the jellyfish on his head refused to buy duct tape despite repeated urgings.

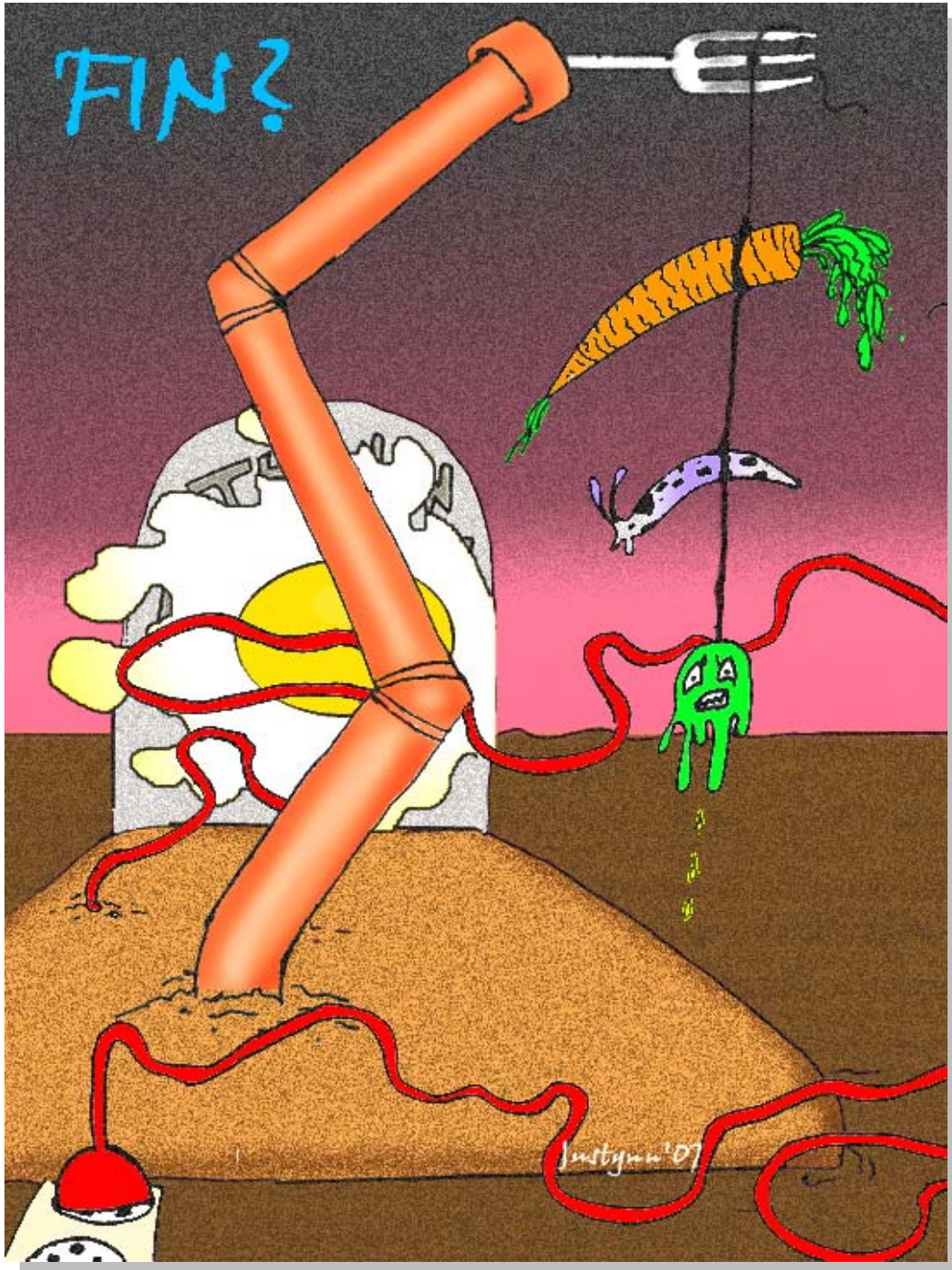
He spent every second Thursday of the month painted blue, crouched on a street corner pretending to be a mailbox and praying for anthrax. He would never explain how the jellyfish got to be on his head. The jellyfish, named Julie, happened to be a left-tentacled albino suffragette champion canasta player with a slight lisp and one red shoe on her head. She was equally closed mouthed when the subject of how she happened to come upon her cranial perch was brought up. However, they both seemed amenable to the situation. Without warning, one day he took the jellyfish off his head and became an accountant, and was liked even less.

# FRESH OFF THE WIRE

Owen Kilfeather

Sep 17, 11:15 AM EDT

The Ether (AP) -- Shepherd Queen created her Artesenal Guard to protect herself and her superiors against growing number of drones discovering liberation isn't all it's cracked up to be. Politics of abuse being what they are, she soon needs a Royal Guard to protect herself from Artesenal Guard and when the shine wears off mistreatment for the Royal Guard, she forms an Elite Guard to fend them off. Then an Original Guard to take care of Elite Guard, a Really Elite Guard for her Original Guard and subsequently a Bad Motherfucker Guard to insulate her from Really Elite Guard. Now Bad Motherfucker Guard are sniffing dissidential so she's got I Can't Believe It's Not Praetorian Guard Guard and when *they* need keeping in check she cobbles together Should Take Care Of It Guard from the few members of Artesenal Guard who aren't staring icicles at her back. By way of anticipation, she scurries to Royal Guard whose file is far too fat to indicate there's anyone left doesn't feel same way as AG or EG, OG, REG, BMFG, ICBINPGG, STCOIG...she is obese with secrets. She stands hipshot, thumb hooked in beltloop. "Does my soul look big in this?"



Long Live The New Absurdist!

[www.absurdist.cc](http://www.absurdist.cc)

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