

Editor: Bradley Sands

Founder: James L. Gardner

Co-Creator: polycarp kusch

Cover Art by Justynn Tyme

Back Cover Art by Keith Wigdor

Bust Down the Door And Eat All The Chickens
1829 Blaine Avenue
Salt Lake City, UT 84108

email: bradleysands@absurdistjournal.com

www.absurdistjournal.com

“Slumberland” © 2005 by Gina Ranalli
“Attack of the Emoticons” © 2005 by David L Tamarin
“Fiction” © 2005 by Jason Rogers
“Emergency Room Dinner” © 2005 by A. D. MacDonald
“VIP Pass to Hell” © 2005 by Jason Rogers
“Stone Rider” © 2005 by Jayaprakash Satyamurthy
“Common Sense and the Irrational” © 2005 by Jason Rogers
“Blind Johnny Yellow Button” © 2005 by A D Dawson
“Why Foreigners Laugh” © 2005 by Jason Rogers
“Attila King” © 2005 by John Edward Lawson
“The Viles of Being a Clown” © 2005 by Jason Rogers
“Calithumpia” © 2005 by Steve Aydt
“Spook Spook” © 2005 by Max Strange
The Greatest Worst Monday Morning Ever! © 2005 by MicroSmith
“Look Him Up and You Will Understand” © 2005 by Jason Rogers
“Dressed Like A Killer” © 2005 by Scott Raven Tarazevits
“The Smartest Preacher Ever” © 2005 by Jason Rogers
“Eat the Rude” © 2005 by Justynn Tyme
“Confusion” © 2005 by Jason Rogers
“Religious Trademark Infringement Outline” © 2005 by Dan Ward
“Story For Future Generations” © 2005 by Jason Rogers
“The Voice of God in Bible Bumps” © 2005 by James L. Gardner
“Evidential” © 2005 by Jeffrey S. Callico
“War: The Six Hundred and Sixty-Sixth Ring of Hell” © 2005 by
Jason Rogers
“The Comparison” © 2005 by Jason Rogers
“My Retirement Plan” © 2005 by Jason Rogers

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SLUMBERLAND (6)

Gina Ranalli

ATTACK OF THE EMOTICONS (9)

David L Tamarin

FICTION (10)

Jason Rogers

EMERGENCY ROOM DINER (11)

A. D. MacDonald

VIP PASS TO HELL (12)

Jason Rogers

STONE RIDER (13)

Jayaprakash Satyamurthy

COMMON SENSE AND THE IRRATIONAL (14)

Jason Rogers

BLIND JOHNNY YELLOW BUTTON (15)

A D Dawson

WHY FOREIGNERS LAUGH (16)

Jason Rogers

ATTILA KING (17)

John Edward Lawson

THE VILES OF BEING A CLOWN (18)

Jason Rogers

CALITHUMPIA (19)

Steve Aydt

SPOOK SPOOK (22)

Max Strange

THE GREATEST WORST MONDAY MORNING EVER! (25)

MicroSmith

LOOK HIM UP AND YOU WILL UNDERSTAND (27)

Jason Rogers

DRESSED LIKE A KILLER (28)

Scott Raven Tarazevits

THE SMARTEST PREACHER EVER (31)

Jason Rogers

EAT THE RUDE (32)

Justynn Tyme

CONFUSION (35)

Jason Rogers

RELIGIOUS TRADEMARK INFRINGEMENT OUTLINE (36)

Dan Ward

STORY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS (37)

Jason Rogers

THE VOICE OF GOD IN BIBLE BUMPS (38)

James L. Gardner

EVIDENTIAL (41)

Jeffrey S. Callico

WAR: THE SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH RING OF HELL (45)

Jason Rogers

THE COMPARISON (46)

Jason Rogers

MY RETIREMENT PLAN (47)

Jason Rogers

AUTHOR BIOS (49)

SLUMBERLAND

by Gina Ranalli

The space is black but for a single white rectangle.

I have no idea of where I am or how I got here. I suspect something bad must have happened. Perhaps I've been abducted, but I'm not tied or bound in any way. Just lying in the center of what I can only assume is a black room with a white door.

I try wiggling my fingers and they wiggle just fine, so I venture forth and wiggle the rest of my body: arms, legs, neck, feet. Everything seems to be in good working order.

I sit up and feel fine but for a slight twinge of nausea. Suddenly, very loud and very close, a dog is barking, but then I become convinced that it isn't a dog at all, but a dark. This dark that I sit in, all around me, barking and furious.

Heart racing, I leap to my feet, no longer concerned with discovering any injuries I may have acquired, and race towards the door. I grab the knob, twist and pull, but the door is locked tight.

I bash my fist against it, yelling for help. Someone, anyone. Help.

But no help comes and I can't even tell if there is any noise on the other side of the door. The dark is barking too loudly, drowning out any other sounds that may or may not exist.

Soon, I give up and turn away from the door. Not because I've already tired of trying to escape but because the door's brightness is hurting my eyes. It's like looking into supernova. You can't do it without squinting and even then you can't do it for long.

My back to the door, I try to calm my nerves by yanking and stretching my lower lip as if it were taffy. This little nervous habit soothes me somewhat, allowing me to think.

Apparently, it soothes the dark as well because it stops barking then and just sits there growling. Or maybe it just exhausted itself. Either way, it seems to have settled a little and is definitely not as vicious sounding as it was before. Perhaps my waking up in the middle of it startled the dark and it was only barking out of fright. Thinking that this might be the case, I can't help but feel sorry for it. For all I know it's a baby dark, abandoned too soon by its mother. It's probably more scared of me than I am of it.

With this in mind, I gather my courage and make a soft cooing sound, hoping to show that I am not a threat. The dark's growling hesitates uncertainly and I slowly drop to a crouch so as to appear even less intimidating. Continuing to coo and whisper things like, "Its okay, little dark, I won't hurt you," I reach out my hand slowly, tentatively. Blind, I can only sense the young dark

sniffing at me, carefully assessing my scent, searching for a whiff of danger, I imagine. Moments later, there is a soft mewling sound and I release my pent-up breath. It seems the dark and I might find friendship after all...

“That’s a good dark,” I say sweetly. “Nice dark.”

The dark responds by curling its warm self around me, over me, and I giggle a little, perceiving a new and unexpected playfulness about it.

“Okay, now I have to try to get this door open,” I tell it, straightening up and turning back to the glaring white door.

A bigger, blacker darkness swoops in then, completely eclipsing the door and in the instant before it collapses its entire weight on me, I realize the waking world is forever beyond my reach.

 **ATTACK OF THE EMOTICONS** 
by David L Tamarin

Jesus Christ, help me. Little yellow motherfucker smiley face monsters are after me. Most of the buildings have burned down and there is nowhere to hide. They come out everywhere I go, appearing out of a nowhere: a giant yellow smiley face, full of cannibalistic fury. If they can't find a person to eat, they devour each other. It's like a hardcore version of Pac Man.

I go swimming. The ocean is calm, a little cold. I lose sight of everyone. I float out into the sea. Then the emoticons come, the smiley ones again. They are part of the undertow and pull me under. Under the water, they bite at me in a frenzy like piranhas. I feel the head of my penis shredded and I scream and bubbles come out of my mouth. I close my eyes and start punching. I connect a few times; they have the consistency of big pieces of spam in a hot and sour soup. I open my eyes and see the water turning yellow. I have broken one open and it leaks a yellow cloud in the water like a runny egg. I choke and gasp and breathe in the emoticon's yellow innards. I watch my skin under the water start to change, to turn yellow, as I become one of them.

And now I am one. I am lurking inside your computer and I am fucking pissed. I am looking for someone to attack. Don't look at me that way. I'll pop right off your screen and bite a fucking hole in your neck and you can choke on your blood as it fills your

lungs. I am an emoticon now, a hate monster, a kill machine, frothing with rabies.

FICTION
by Jason Rogers

Some character, whose name is Charley, likes the female character (bigot, but great looking). Change of setting (three changes). Charley is egocentric and vain. After some time, there is a reversal in the main character. The other lesser characters stay the same. The End.

EMERGENCY ROOM DINER

by A. D. MacDonald

“Pay at the till,” the stout waitress grunted, her fat mouth chewing a wad of gum as she slid the plate towards him. His eyes — white bowling balls stitched tightly with thin red veins — surveyed the scene. Placenta. Filleted. Dash of oregano. A small jar of marmalade. Pituitary gland completing the ensemble. With insatiable vigor, he stabbed the bloody mess with his fork and began sawing out a chunk. It was rubbery, like a deflated birthday balloon, well-cooked and seasoned with imported adrenal fluid. His eyes, swimming in salted tears, twitched spastically as he tossed the cutlery to the floor and began lapping the mess up with his tongue. Once he had licked the plate clean, his sweaty palm shot into the air and he called out, “Bingo!”

“I told you,” the waitress called from behind the counter, not even looking up from her magazine. “Pay at the till.”

“But I want more! I need more!”

She groaned, slapping the counter in frustration as she walked over to his table. She handed him a scalpel and a gown stained red and purple from human innards. “You know the rules,” she said, tossing the sharp metal tool haphazardly onto the table and flinging the gown at his face. “There's an abortion scheduled in

room 666 in five minutes. Hurry and you might beat the lunch crowd.”

Excited, he slid the gown on and scooped up the scalpel. And he ran. He ran so fast, in fact, that he slipped on the remnants of someone's liver and spleen milkshake that had been spilled on the floor. Unfortunately, he landed on the scalpel and its blade punctured his abdominal wall. He tried in vain to stand.

Just then, the lunch whistle sounded and a mob of hungry businessmen with q-tips for faces burst through the door. Unconcerned with etiquette, they descended upon him, tearing at his clothes with their teeth. One lucky man — a tall, gangly, coat hanger of bones and drooping skin — feasted upon his penis. The best part, they say.

Just as they were licking his bones clean, the waitress walked by. “Pay at the till,” she said in passing, absently flicking the bill at them.

VIP PASS TO HELL

By Jason Rogers

Stalking a preacher or raping a nun...which is worse?

STONE RIDER

by Jayaprakash Satyamurthy

A stone rider pauses to consult a stone map as he rides his stone bike down the stone road in a world made by a stoned god. Petrea, they call it.

A stone rider traces a path etched in stone with his stone finger and gazes at the path's original, etched into a gently sloping stone plain. The map has been carved from stone quarried from this very plain. The map is the territory.

A stone rider puts away his stone map and starts up his stone bike. His fuel is gravel, perhaps gathered from the same gravel that crunches under his stone wheels. Is this a desert plain? May the non-stoned writer intervene at this point with a gratuitous **Carrion Iscariot** lyric? "It's hard to tell when everything's stone and God is clearly stoned"

A stone rider speeds as the stone sun brinks low over the stony western horizon. Pebbles blown in the wind brush against his stone helmet and fall away. His course is true and his heart pure, if made of stone. He will not falter or fall behind. Erosion will reduce him to dust given time, but for now he is adamant.

A stone rider dreams as he rides; dreams of voluptuous boulders and pert pebbles, stone cold dreams of love, sex, and desire. Does he sweat? Or merely powder a bit at the edges?

A stone rider. Ride on, you son of stone, in the lithic light of a sun of stone.

COMMON SENSE AND THE IRRATIONAL

by Jason Rogers

“I do *not* come from monkeys,” said the beehive lady with thirty pounds of mascara and blush.

“I didn’t either — I share a common ancestor with primates,” said the nerdy scientist with a briefcase and pocket protector that were the same size.

“No!!! NO!!!!!!! God created me.”

“I don’t believe in God.”

“Were did you come from?”

“It’s called ‘sex’.”

She was mad then.

BLIND JOHNNY YELLOW BUTTON

by A D Dawson

Come every Friday, Blind Johnny queued up with everyone else to receive his hard-earned pay. His hands were very sore from the operation of the button press. He was indeed the button factory's top operator and had pressed out one million buttons this particular week alone - although his pay was the same as everyone else's even if they had pressed out only ten buttons.

Mr Top Hat, head bent and avoiding a stare, handed out the wages from behind an antique desk, which was placed in the middle of the factory yard for this purpose. He dipped his hand into a large sack to his side and deposited a bright blue button into the palm of each worker after they had made their mark. When it came to Blind Johnny's turn, he signed the ledger and held out his hand for his button. As soon as he felt the button drop into his palm, he clasped his fingers shut - lest someone should steal it from him.

"You can't spend that in here," raged the shopkeeper as Johnny called into the store to buy his weekly provisions.

The following Monday, Johnny turned up for work the worse for wear. He hadn't eaten all weekend and struggled to press out any buttons. As the week progressed, he felt his remaining strength ebb. The man on the next press noticed Johnny's demise and

asked him if he could be of any help. Johnny pulled out the button from his pocket and displayed it for the man to see. "They wouldn't accept my button at the store and I wasn't able to buy the provisions that I need to sustain me." The man became excited when he saw the button - it was coloured bright yellow instead of the usual bright blue. "I'll give you two of my buttons for that one button," said the man in a benevolent tone. Knowing that he would be able to buy his provisions after all, Johnny went through with the transaction.

The store accepted both of Johnny's bright blue buttons that afternoon and he was able to buy twice the usual amount of provisions for the rest of the week. As for the man...he doesn't have to press buttons anymore.

WHY FOREIGNERS LAUGH

by Jason Rogers

"What's the opposite of 'Drunk?'" asked the native speaker.

"*mmmmm...*" answered the student trying to think.

"It's irregular."

"Undrunk?"

ATTILA KING

by John Edward Lawson

Attila the Hun was sent to the grimy, smoky future: the 1990's. The mighty warrior king had not come to conquer. Instead, he sought only to observe the United States Postal Service in action. He hoped to bring great renown to his people by instituting an efficient parcel system of his own.

"What wonders the future holds...such technology! Such advances! Primary care physicians and dentists under separate health plans!" He clucked his tongue in astonishment. "My land will benefit greatly from future knowledge."

While strolling the gritty pavement of Los Angeles, Attila was approached by five Caucasian police officers. "Excuse me, sir," the lead officer said. "Do you mind if we examine your clothes?"

Attila's Mongolian ears did not comprehend; he wouldn't have let them inspect his furs and leathers regardless.

Suspecting the furs to be from endangered species, the officers grabbed him. "Do you have any sharp objects in your pockets, sir?" Two more police joined them.

Attila offered the foreign dogs some choice archaic Mongolian curse words. After finding two concealed daggers on him, they

proceeded to give him the Rodney King treatment. Or, it would have been the Rodney King treatment, except...

In ancient Mongolia, Rodney was busy introducing polyester and margaritas to the nomadic warriors, profiting greatly from his knowledge of the future.

THE VILES OF BEING A CLOWN

by Jason Rogers

It is too hard to write a story about a clown...that is, if he is a sober clown, says this writer and some other writers — most writers.

CALITHUMPIA

by Steve Aydt

Consider the Mysteries of the Fart. Regardless of how eloquent the tongue may be, the fart crouches in wait like a restless and unbidden guest. One may negotiate with a fart but never suppress it. Born in a Labyrinth, it seeks its ecstatic moment of escape and dissipation, a gaseous Theseus prompted by a scarcely imaginable molecular thread. When it bursts forth, its song is spontaneous and disruptive, the bane of polite company. At other times, it cloaks itself in silence and invisibility, rising like a whispered prayer to offend the olfactory heavens. But despite all, its beholders largely eschew its subtlety and deny its complexity, if not its very existence. But there are celebrants of the fart, too.

For those with a discerning ear, there is music and wonder in the fart. Its biochemistry and physics may be expounded up to a point, but never its mystery. In the Temple of the Body, one must give careful consideration to the “gods of the underworld,” i.e. those urges, exhortations and expulsions which so often seem to run contrary to the spirit of the heart’s sanctum sanctorum or the head’s conference of the senses. Where unbalanced ascetics may perceive the fart as the very trumpet blast of Hell, the self-integrated mystic may welcome the fart as the fanfare of humility or the call to refreshing laughter.

As this raucous blast of nether-wind is not without its music, consider the idea that there is music in everything, and, by extension, in everyone. Into this breach charges the Calithumpian Band, a crowd-pleasing form of merry-making made popular in the Nineteenth Century. During the winter holidays of that period, Calithumpian bands would blurt, bang, whistle, razz, squeal, and rattle with a mad assortment of pots, pans, homemade instruments, noisemakers and anything at hand capable of producing a din of iniquity.

Although this tradition ostensibly traces its origins to nineteenth century America, it seems to be rooted in the medieval Feast of Fools, a madcap lampoon which cheerfully mocked the solemn ceremonies of the Roman Christian Church. During this satirical feast, cathedrals were occupied by costumed revelers and farm animals, and festivities were variously orchestrated by Boy Bishops, an Abbot of Unreason, or the mysterious Lord of Misrule. Praises were sung to Bacchus as wine casks were uncorked, while the pie-eyed congregation brayed like donkeys to the "Assinarium." Indeed, an ass was often installed in the place of the priest. The event was also celebrated by cross-dressing clergymen, gluttonous sausage feasts, and a general pelting of locals with balls of fecal matter. Stinking old-shoe incense was burned as the deranged Lord of Misrule was baptized with big buckets of water and leaves. Meanwhile, masked and mischievous processions dashed through town banging on pots and shrieking lewd verses.

Some suppose that the Feast of Fools was a survival of an older, Pagan folk tradition - the Saturnalia. This ancient and venerable revel was a reenactment of the Golden Age of Saturn, when all human beings were equal. However, there are traditions from around the world which serve to drive out the evil spirits, haints, ghosts, bogeys, boogers, goblins, demons, and other negative influences with great amounts of noise and man-made racket.

Spontaneity may be the key element in a Calithumpian performance. It is the embodiment of the spirit of Carnival and the mad excesses which must erupt into mundane life like a spell of glossolalia in the boardroom. Lowbrow as the humble fart, it may appall the self-appointed guardians of good taste and morality, yet it brings sweet relief and a joyful noise. As the keepers of the cask exclaimed at the Feast of Fools, "Occasionally the bung hole must be uncorked, simply to relieve the pressure!!" Such festivity, it may be hoped, is contagious - an antidote to modern repression and an outlet for unbridled glee and crazy love. Calithumpia is a sweetly deranged state-of-mind. It is the first cousin to Jes Grew, bride of the vulgar jug band, and Pied Piper to the overflowing spirit. Calithumpia blurts and twitters its soundtrack for an Invisible Realm of Ahimsa - the white sand beaches where Ananda breakers unfurl along the shores of bliss. It floats on the scent of celestial flowers, the roots of which tangle in the nightsoil of consensus drudgery. And its unkempt music casts weird shadows on the walls of the cave as its rare strains rise toward sunlight.

SPOOK SPOOK

by Max Strange

Six months ago, Jansen made a disparaging remark about the government of the United States of America.

Someone mentioned the remark and its source to someone who shared it with someone else (et cetera et, cetera) until the right/wrong person got wind of it, and, utilizing the provisions of the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act of 1978, installed covert monitoring devices in the homes, jobs, schools, religious institutions, recreational venues and all other places frequented by all the passers of Jansen's remark all the way back to and including Jansen.

On one particular day, this is what Jansen's monitors saw:

They watched Jansen dog-ear his current conspiracy theory novel and head for the head.

As he shimmied by the old, resale-shop dresser that he used for cramming extra things into when he ran out of room in his teeny studio apartment, Jansen espied one of the half-circle, ring handles mispositioned perpendicularly to its drawer's face.

Jansen's monitors perked up, nudging each other and making bets.

They knew that Jansen left that particular ring up frequently and nearly just as frequently would forget that he'd done it.

As he glanced frantically around his one-room apartment, a tremor ran through his skinny, pot-bellied body and sweat started pouring out from under his comb-over.

"Some people," opined one of Jansen's monitors, "just shouldn't read conspiracy novels."

Jansen's phone rang and he looked 'bout ready to jump clean out of his skin!

Jansen's monitors looked 'bout ready to burst while struggling to keep their guffaws silent.

The phone rang the fifth time, then the sixth.

It hadn't switched over to voice mail.

Jansen's Adam's apple danced a jig.

Slowly, hands trembling, Jansen reached for the still-ringing phone.

The receiver made a soft, squelching sound as he gingerly pressed it against his damp ear.

"H-h-hello?"

"A little oil would help that handle."

Jansen was out the door before the receiver hit the floor. As one, the other monitors turned to quietly chide the caller, but a screech and a splat distracted them.

The replay showed the elevator's indicator light-up, spurring Jansen's sprint.

Jansen clawed at air, dropped from sight.

Screamed.

Stopped

"...oops..."

While the monitors did Rock, Paper, Scissors to decide who'd make the anonymous call to the locals about Jansen's unfortunate accident, I couldn't help but shake my head at Jansen's and his monitors' antics as I switched the elevator's controls back on automatic.

Then, I flipped the switch that blew up the monitors' van.

THE GREATEST WORST MONDAY MORNING EVER!

by MicroSmith

The caffeinated beverage I finished ingesting only exacerbated my foul mood. I stood by my bedroom curtain, the dull paisley pattern inanimately expressed its desire to hypnotize me; hysterically laughing their linens off at my stark nakedness; my index finger tapping against the empty coffee mug began as an avant-garde symphony of frustration, but soon generated into a recognizable rhythm. I realized what I was doing, ceased tapping, placed the empty mug on the nightstand beside my bed, and, in one motion of disgust, drew back the curtain. I was appalled to find a herd of mastodon squeamishly depositing mastodonic-size feces-pieces onto my carefully manicured front lawn. After the surprise vacated my body, I began screaming commands in their direction to get off of my lawn and defecate in the street like any self-respecting mastodon would do. As a supreme sign of dissent, each tusked trespasser turned its back to me, peppering my once-envious lawn with rotten, eggplant colored, rubber-like chunks as they shifted their mammoth weight.

After a moment of fist-pounding the glass with extreme prejudice, I decided to retrieve the portable missile launcher from beneath my bed and take my concern outside. After taking the time to carefully assemble the launcher by following the childishly sketched diagrams in the operations manual, I stormed toward the front door while frantically attempting to load the apparatus

despite the manual's advice that offensive preparation should not be conducted while in motion.

By the time I was standing on the top step of my front porch, grunting and screaming with my launcher securely shouldered and at the ready, the herd had finished and were casually trudging into the street, swaggering with victory. I took aim at the lead mastodon, but before I could squeeze the trigger, I was interrupted:

“I wouldn't do that if I were you.”

I lowered the launcher to find Dr. Peralta, Professor of Paleontology, standing at the lip of his front lawn diagonally across the street from me, laughing maniacally. He fist-gripped a massive metallic box that I could clearly see was decorated with colorful buttons, knobs, and joysticks. The item was so enormous that the retractable antenna was, at the very least, twelve feet if it was an inch. It took an infinitesimal period of time to discern that Dr. Peralta, Professor of Paleontology, was responsible for operating these prehistoric beasts, sadistically at the helm of a shit-frigate with the sole purpose in mind to stain my once-enviuous lawn. If I weren't so blazing mad, I would have heckled the ever-dying, ever-pathetic lawn framing *his* honeydew colored house, much like I always have. He continued, however, before I could respond:

“My prehistoric pets are on public property now, you green-thumbed bastard. And you know full well that if they’re harmed while on public property, it’s an automatic lethal injection.”

He was right, I thought to myself. But, I had to release this rage. My therapeutic manual mentioned as much. As a means to an end, I carefully took aim of the steaming, gigantic piles of dung on my lawn and squeezed. The explosion was so devastating that the aftermath of the blast found my once-envious lawn transformed into a presently-envious crater so impressive in diameter that there was a zoning inspector on the scene in seconds to evaluate its underground parking potential. The mayhem, consequently, sent the massive, unbearable brown piles into the atmosphere, causing a scatological storm that lasted the better part of a decade.

LOOK HIM UP AND YOU WILL UNDERSTAND
By Jason Rogers

Martin Cooper — obey thy new god.

DRESSED LIKE A KILLER

by Scott Raven Tarazevits

I decided to attend a Halloween Party dressed strikingly as a mass-murderer. Adorned with a long black trench coat, a three-inch scar over my right eyebrow, beard, dark sunglasses, and hair spiked up on end, I was accompanied by my wife, Claudia. She was dressed appropriately as Julie Andrews in *The Sound of Music*. Even though we left the von Trapp children at home, there was a group of six or seven midgets (each with a different emotional state it seemed), and hats resembling that of Santa Claus, but with assorted colors. Reading Shakespeare while the entire left side of my body is on fire, eating chicken soup through a catheter tube...these are a few of my favorite things.

In an isolated corner of the party room, a game of *Pin the Tail on the Donkey* was taking place. As I headed for the jackass pinned up upon the wall, the three full spins and two backwards somersaults that the MC had me do made me so entirely discombobulated that I mixed up the heehaw's tail with my eight inch machete and stabbed the hostess, who was dressed as a short rotund cupcake and had white frosting dabbed across her chest right square in her buccal membrane.

I didn't know it was jelly-filled as well.

Before I could fully stand up, I tripped over Dopey, sending my Tokyo Marui Manufactured MP5SD6 crashing to the floor. It fired off rounds uncontrollably, killing the likes of Batman and Robin, Austin Powers, and Monica Lewinsky. As I gathered up my belongings, my now pinless Egg Grenade M39 replica used in Nazi Germany during early World War Two fell out of my pocket, exploding three seconds later in the lap of a beautiful Greek woman scantily clad in white sheets and cloth. Unfortunately, her legs were blown clear off and she was immediately shipped over to the Louvre in Paris to spend eternity as a statue accompanying the famous Aphrodite of Melos (commonly known as the Venus de Milo). I picked up my weapon, looked over my shoulder, and realized that I was no longer wearing a costume.

I scurried off to the men's room, where I saw my law and politics teaching assistant, Mr. Weiner, shaving. He was completely naked except for a pair of boxers scrunched beneath his jawbone. He had a furry patch of red hair, no arms, and two minuscule testicles. When I entered, he spat lemonade into my face and yelled out some incoherent babblings about Clarence Thomas, followed by a rousing rendition of Martin Luther Kings Jr's, "I Have a Dream" speech. So I cut off his dick and he ceased to exist.

One of my greatest fears on Earth is running to the bathroom in a public place to take a massive dump with my favorite book clenched tightly in my left hand. And due to the threat of diseases transmitted via the anus, as well as infections left by the previous depositor, I place my book on top of the toilet paper dispenser

and lay a thin protective coating of Charmin' atop the shit-stained seat cover. Then suddenly, just as I'm lowering my torso to the throne, my left arm swipes right into my book, and it is forever ruined, saturated in an eight-year-old' s urine. Its pages forever tainted by a dark, brownish tint.

Immediately following the drop off, I found my wife in the kitchen making some tea...a drink with jam and bread, which brings us back to doe - Jane Doe to be exact. She was my girlfriend prior to Claudia, and prior to my accidental mass killing spree. Jane and I would often rent out hotel rooms under false names, set fire to the beds, and make love outside on the balcony until the sun rose. We'd leave surreptitiously in the morning, with our underwear hidden beneath the burnt feathers and semi-charred pillows.

One evening however, while staying at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas under the names Scooby and Scrappy Doo, the fires on the bed spread to the whiskey, vermouth, and gin that was locked away in the honor bar until the television — currently playing Mindy's Couture — exploded, instantly killing the maid cleaning out the toilets and the room service employee who has just arrived with our fried calamari and popcorn shrimp. We were forced to leave immediately, even before I got my Scooby Snack. And we would have gotten away with it if it wasn't for those pesky bellhops and that snooping maid.

Jane and I would still be together today if the blaze in England's finest establishment, The Chateau Marmont, didn't grow horribly

out of control; permanently disfiguring Jane so that her face and body were completely unrecognizable, even to her own parents. She may or may not be still alive today, but it would be almost impossible to track her down.

I sat down next to Claudia, sipped my lukewarm cup of chamomile, and was accosted by two men dressed as police officers. They lifted me up from my chair, read me my rights, and handcuffed my bloody paws behind my back. Damn they were convincing! It wasn't until they threw me into their squad car and began to drive away that I realized that they weren't wearing costumes either. As we pulled farther away from the house, I could just about make out the words that my wife spoke out into the wind. " Auf wiedersehen goodbye, my love. Auf wiedersehen goodbye!"

THE SMARTEST PREACHER EVER
by Jason Rogers

"People, if you don't believe in Hell, you will."

EAT THE RUDE

by Justynn Tyme

(based on an idea stolen from The Igunm)

Arron Burr stepped into the compartment just as the train gave a lurch forward. There were three people occupying the compartment and Arron sneered at them before taking his seat. Next to him was a large crumpled suit with flesh colored billiard ball for a head poking out of the top. It had great big ears, but the face was almost unnoticeable as it seemed to be rubbed off. This was Amel Dwindleblat, salesman extraordinary. He had continued right along selling those stupid eye glass repair kits even though no one ever bought one. He devised the self-sustaining sales display case. You've noticed them, I am sure, at the super market; half empty. You would assume they've been sold, but you'd be wrong. Maybe three have been sold in the history of the company. The rest simply fall off the display case and get lodged in between counters and registers all over the country. Hence the term "self-sustaining sales display cases."

Across from him was Dreary Blurb, a smart woman wearing trashy clothes right down to her slutty shoes; shoes that she had caught men licking while waiting in line at the bank. Despite being a slave to fashion, she was staggeringly brilliant. She was credited with the creation of the 'devastator,' a terrible weapon that could snip off four appendages and puree the intestines at the same time. The extra doohickey that she was especially fond of was the nerve disruptor, which numbed the entire body as this

was all going on. The weapon proved so hideous that it was never made, especially after Dreary's prototype testing ended in the demise of a dozen innocent people. Of course, authorities have no idea where she is now. But our story doesn't concern either Amel or Dready, but who the latter was sitting next to.

After sizing up the group, Arron Burr focused his thoughts on the enormous fella directly across from him. His name was Cedar Wilkins, and he had eyes like two clams barley cracked open. Most people couldn't tell if he was blind or not, but he read his newspaper like a teletype machine. Cedar Wilkins was a quiet man and just sat near the window reading his newspaper. His massive swath of red hair, all prim and proper, looked as if his mother has combed it for him before he left the house, which she did. In fact, he looked like a newly minted mannequin in a new pinstriped suit. If it wasn't for his thick eyebrows and the sheer size of him, one couldn't tell the difference.

"Anyone have a book of matches?" Arron Burr asked coyly to no one in particular. Dreary never smoked but always sported matches for some unknown reason. When she handed them to Arron, he wasted no time in striking one. With this single match, he set both of Cedars Wilkins's knees on fire. Arron huffed, as this did not render any response from the huge Mr. Wilkins. Finally, deciding to go with a scathing comment instead of continuing with more physical action, he leaned forward confidently...

"I say, I am sure I haven't any water for a battery powered gorilla like you. So, if you would be so kind as to remove your syphilis spoiled personality to another county, taking with you that pungent stink of heated ostrich shit, I would be ever so grateful." Arron leaned back, simpering proudly. The others stared blankly at their feet; though their ears perked up like a German Shepard's.

With knees still ablaze, Cedar crinkled down the corner of his paper to get a clear view of Arron and his cheese-eating grin. The corner of Cedar's paper sprung back into place as dissatisfaction drifted through his spirit. Before he could react, Arron lifted up his stained cherry wood cane — which matched his dusky grey suit and maroon ascot — and yanked away Cedar's paper in pieces. Nearly hopping in his seat with glee, Arron began chuckling and cooing at Wilkins.

Suddenly, Cedar leaped up like hot grease from a frying pan and snatched Arron by the shoulders and sqoze.

The others slammed themselves up against the wall on the opposite side in a feeble attempt to increase the distance between themselves and the progressing incident. Just outside, another passenger paused as he quite audibly heard the piercing shriek of a pompous dandy on the other side of the door. Inside however, there was a pause. Amel and Dreary, almost catatonically affixed to the wall, watched as Cedar continued

chewing like a cow. He was quite evidently alone now, yet no one inside nor outside needed to question where Arron was.

Rather defiantly, Cedar Wilkins spat Arron out on the floor, bid farewell to the two other occupants, and left the compartment. In the middle of the floor behind him, coated thoroughly with saliva and riddled with teeth marks, lay Arron Burr, hideously crippled and broken. What was worse, his suit was utterly dampened and his tie wrinkled beyond repair.

Yet, even in his present situation, he gloated over his devilishly clever quip.

CONFUSION

By Jason Rogers

Uhhhhhh...~*brain fukc*

RELIGIOUS TRADEMARK INFRINGEMENT OUTLINE

by Dan Ward

In this world, Superman had come to Earth around the first turn of the millennium, appearing to his humble adoptive parents as the promised reincarnation of the Saviour. Although the religious education that followed his removal from their French pastoral lives led him to the certainty that he was not Jesus, he was infused with the zeal of doing God's work. As a virtuous poor youth, Superman was filled with impetuous desire against heathen rule of the Holy Land, and spurred on by the indulgence granted by Urban II, he joined the People's Crusade in Anno Domini 1096.

The monks had suggested to Superman that his great strength and endurance could be a sign from God, a suggestion to lead a less intellectual lifestyle wherein his unique attributes could be put best to the service of God, or a test of his inner strength in the face of more human weakness. The young Superman interpreted his abilities unilaterally. He discovered minor leadership skills, too late to help the other pilgrims, and held out in Constantinople until Godfrey of Bouillon arrived.

Superman surpassed all his fellow Christians in their lust for Muslim blood; he was instrumental in the massacre of those who had sought shelter in Solomon's Temple, never to become the Al-Aqsa Mosque or the Temple Mount. Locking the doors after his

entrance, he set about the Mohammedans with the sword, until the blood pooled to his ankles. His notoriety was great. After Godfrey's death and Baldwin's subsequent rule, Superman reinstated the title of Advocatus Sancti Sepulchri for himself, and ruled Jerusalem in the name of God for several hundred years.

In the end, he became a symbol of will-less, harsh, and unseemly supplication to the divine, and was overthrown by Enlightenment Satanists following their discovery that the head of the Holy Lance was almost entirely Kryptonite. They cut out Supe's heart and liberated Jerusalem in the name of self-determination, and this is how the world came to be as it is today.

STORY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS

by Jason Rogers

0100101011101101101000101010101001000101010100111001

THE VOICE OF GOD IN BIBLE BUMPS

by James L. Gardner

Ever heard of a Bible bump? They are cysts that have no fluid in them. “Ganglionic cyst” is their medical term. The folk name comes from the method traditionally used to treat them. If one took a heavy book like a family Bible and gave them a heavy swat, they would break open and be cured.

Frank had one on his butt during a period in his life when he was interested in religion. He wondered what the one true religion was, which he defined as being the one that God wanted him to join. He knew that he could never study all the religions in the world closely enough to determine which was better than which, let alone all the different churches and divisions in each religion. So he thought that if he could figure out which one was the true one, then he could start narrowing it down to the churches and sects of that religion.

He decided to use his cyst to check on the truth of each religion. He would ask God to help him, and then he would use the holy book of that religion to swat his butt. The first book that opened up his cyst must be the true one; the religion that God wanted him to join. And since he needed someone who could help him, he enlisted the aid of his girlfriend.

She objected to the whole thing, saying that it was blasphemous to try to manipulate God in this way, and that it wouldn't work anyway. Her reasoning was that the size of the book would make the difference, not the will of God. Frank tried to reassure her that this was not the case. He argued that if God really wanted him to join a religion, then it wouldn't make any difference since God could cause his cyst to break regardless of the size of the book or how hard it hit. He accused her for having too little faith in God's power to make a miracle. She relented, but warned him that he risked eternal hell by trying to fool God.

She argued that if the first book broke the cyst, then they would never know if the other books would have the same effect. And she asked what that would mean. Would God want Frank to have two religions? Again, Frank told her that the first would be God's choice, and that they would draw cards to choose the first book, the next book, and so on.

The next issue was which books to use. They chose the Bible for Christianity, the Talmud for Judaism, and the Koran for Islam. Hinduism and Buddhism had too many books, so they skipped them over and went on to choose a large paperback copy of the Ramayana for Hinduism and Rahula's *What the Buddha Taught*. And to be on the safe side, they threw in a collection of the *Dialogues of Plato* just in case God wanted them to be philosophers.

Frank convinced his girlfriend to promise that whatever religion he joined, she would join it too. He didn't pull this off by force of logic. Instead, he cuddled with her, kissed and hugged her, and talked about how important it was for them to support each other - which really meant that she should support him unquestionably.

And they began. Since they had been lovers for a couple of months, neither of them were very shy about Frank dropping his pants and bending over the bed. She lined up the books, picking one up after the other, and whacked Frank on his cyst. Nothing happened, so they did it again, and she hit him really hard this time.

She continued hitting him and found that she really liked doing it, and Frank found that he liked it as well. So they uncovered a new aspect of their relationship which they would build on later. It was fun, they both admitted, but the cyst did not open. Finally, Frank said, "To hell with it!"

Later that day, he went to a doctor, who slit the cyst open for him. He interpreted this to mean that God wanted him to be an agnostic. But not your ordinary agnostic, but one firm in his beliefs, for he had tested them out and found what God wanted him to be.

EVIDENTIAL

by Jeffrey S. Callico

This big black dog comes bounding up to your front porch and knocks on the door. Then he rings the doorbell. Then he starts yelling at the top of his canine lungs.

“HEY IN THERE! OPEN UP! OPEN UP I SAID! I KNOW YOU'RE HOME SO OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW!”

You are just coming off a night of wildness with friends. All sorts of revelry and hedonistic tendencies. Girls wearing nothing much and guys dancing with them and booze flowing like the Euphrates. Music loud and the women unapologetically brazen, their gesticulations motivated by mania, madness and Madagascan mirth.

The dog keeps yelling and banging on the door and punching the doorbell, all of these simultaneous in their delivery. You lift your groggy head from the beautifully soft pillow, thinking at once that the world is coming to an end and you are the first one to go.

Getting up, ever so carefully, for the room is still spinning and the din in your ears intact, you step out of the room and move toward the door where the dog (you don't know it's a dog since it is yelling obscenities) is yelling obscenities and seemingly bursting it in with each bang of its paw.

Your ire finally is churned. You do your best to exert a scream.

“STOP IT! JUST FUCKING STOP IT! WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?”

The banging surprisingly stops; the dog has obeyed. But you still think it's a human, of course. Why would you think otherwise?

You run a hand through your mussed hair and unlock and open the door. And there, standing on hind legs before you, is the big black dog; its eyes set steadily on your own, unwavering in its attention. Squinting, you peer at the dog but are unable to speak. You are ultra-speechless.

The dog says, with a voice less louder than before but still stern, “Well it's about damn time! Where the hell have you been? I've been waiting out here all night! Did you happen to forget about ME? HUH?” The dog's voice is returning to its former bombastic state. “I MEAN WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER FOR WHAT...TWO YEARS...AND HERE YOU ARE IN YOUR STUPID PATHETIC SCHOOLBOY UNDERWEAR RUBBING YOUR EYES AND ACTING LIKE YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME!” The dog huffs loudly. “HOW COULD YOU, STEVEN? HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY FORGET? THIS REALLY HURTS, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW. IT HURTS LIKE HELL.”

You are not believing anything that is happening. In essence, you believe it is not happening at all, that what you are experiencing is merely some dark figment of your undyingly infamous imagination and that it is really a hologram, or a miniature galaxy reduced from its original cosmically enormous status to this relatively tiny scene being played out before your crusty, squinting, and stinging eyes.

By now the dog has turned its back and is weeping. You can see the body jerking from the sobs. You want to reach out and offer comfort, but return to the realization that you are witnessing a dog-as-human spectacle, which cannot for the life of you be based in any realm of what you perceive — or have know to have perceived — as reality. But you decide to speak anyway, thinking, “What the hell?”

“Okay, I'm sorry. It won't happen again. Forgive me?”

The big black dog turns slowly, eyes bloodshot from the weeping. It seems calmer now, but you still detect an edge. He speaks.

“Do you mean it?”

You nod, looking it straight in the face.

The dog smiles, its tongue jutting out, the eye teeth bared but not in anger. It is joyful, hopeful. Healed.

You end up bringing it in, feeding it some leftover sirloin with a side dish of baked potato. Then you tell it to rest while you go back to bed. The dog agrees and stretches out on the floor. Finally, all is well. You return to your prostrate position and sleep for another three hours.

When you get up, the dog is gone. You look everywhere, but it isn't anywhere. A thought strikes you: Look in the fridge.

Sure enough, the sirloin and baked potato are still in the container. You rush to the front door and open it. The dog isn't there. It is simply gone.

Dumbfounded, yet also relieved, you start to shut the door, thinking it all was indeed a dream of sorts, but something catches your eye. Etched in various places on the door are scratches from what appears to be canine claws. You kneel to examine them and finally conclude that yes, they are scratches from canine claws.

You ask yourself one question and one question only.

Did I own a dog in a former life?

The answer, of course, never comes to you — not from any source, domestic or foreign. And certainly not alien.

But the truth of the matter is that you have never owned a dog in this life either.

Or have you?

**WAR: THE SIX HUNDRED AND
SIXTY-SIXTH RING OF HELL**
by Jason Rogers

Work: Digging a foxhole.

Soldier's intended destination: Hell.

Hell is much better than this, thought the soldier.

THE COMPARISON

by Jason Rogers

Two rednecks were comparing phallic symbols.

“It’s gotta 454 big block,” said one guy who resembled a typecast for *Deliverance*. He was pointing at his muscle car.

“Mine’s is powered by demons!” said the other, who wasn’t much prettier. He was also pointing at his muscle car.

“Say wha?”

“Demons! You know, like ole Lucifer.”

“Uh?”

“The ones Jerry Farwell always be’s talking about.”

“O. Ya. Now I remember.”

The two cars were side by side. The one not much prettier flipped the hood and the *Deliverance* one saw some red winged, scaly, lizard humans things.

He pointed. Before he could say anything, the one not much prettier said, “Belial—Screwtape—Baphomet—Wormwood—Abaddon...”

Heat came from the hot day, but more heat came from the car.

“Coo’.”

MY RETIREMENT PLAN by Jason Rogers

I don’t have children (like Britney Spears and Venus Williams) to support me for life. However! I got an idea!

...the©

...he©

...a©

...she©

...an©

...and©

...I©

...me©

...hi©

...0©

...1©

Copyright © by Jason Rogers 2003. All rights reserved.
Unauthorized usage is a violation of applicable laws and will be
punished accordingly.

Ha! Beat that!

AUTHOR BIOS

Gina Ranalli has contributed fiction and essays to many anthologies, journals, and online zines, including *The Moment of Truth: Women's Funniest Romantic Catastrophes*, *Outsider Ink*, *The Dream People*, *Roman Candles*, and *The Sidewalk's End*. She is somewhat of a mysterious figure, as she prefers not to comment on herself, but has been rumored to live in Seattle.

David L Tamarin writes extreme horror, erotica, crime, humor and science fiction. He collects snuff films and has an extensive collection, many of which he made himself. His literary diseases can be caught in *Chimeraworld2*, Cyber-Pulp's Halloween 3.0 anthology, *Gourmet Cuisine*, *Vintage Moon*, *Mind Scraps* anthologies, and via the web at *Logical Lust*, *flashshots* and more. If you wish for further obscenities you can see his website and blog at www.geocities.com/davidltamarin/schizofiction.html and www.livejournal.com/~davidltamarin. He has a dead clown fetish and his therapist recommends suicide. He has two ball python snakes, Dr. Evil and Mr. Sardonicus, three geckos, a betta fish, a Maine Coon cat named Picasso, and a wife he did not buy off the Internet.

Jason Rogers is a novelist who specializes in the avant-garde and just plain weird. His novels are journeys though the surreal and into places never seen before. His two novels, *Ready Freddy* and *Elitist Camelback Gaga*, can be found at Amazon.com. His third

novel, *The FBI Says This Is Not Called "The Sociopath,"* will be released in the up and coming months.

A. D. MacDonald scribbles his filth from the northernmost parts of Canada. His writing has seen the light of day in a variety of print and electronic sources, most of which are just figments of his imagination. He'd prefer inserting something clever here, but all of his body's protrusions seem to be otherwise occupied.

Jayaprakash Satyamurthy is nearly 28. He lives in Bangalore, India, where he earns a living writing content for corporate websites. He wants you to read Cordwainer Smith and James Havoc. You can find Jayaprakash's website at:
<http://criminalenglish.100hands.net>

A D Dawson, known as the English Devil throughout the independent presses, writes from the heart of Sherwood Forest. He has regularly contributed to *The Dream Zone magazine*, *The Dream People*, *Terror Tales*, *The New Camp Horror &C*, and various anthologies. Dawson's tale, "The Nutter on the Bus," is included in the groundbreaking anthology, *Sick: An Anthology of Illness*.

John Edward Lawson is an author and editor living just outside Washington, DC. He was born in 1974 and enjoys traveling. His poetry collections include *The Horrible* and *The Scars Are Complimentary*; fiction includes *Last Burn in Hell*, a novel, the

collection *Pocket Full of Loose Razorblades* and seven chapbooks. While serving as editor-in-chief of **Raw Dog Screaming Press** and *The Dream People* webzine, John has also been editor of the anthologies *Tempting Disaster*, *Sick*, and *Of Flesh and Hunger*. Spy on him at: www.johnlawson.org

Steve Aydt is a Dallas-area writer, DJ, Freemason, artist and one of the founders of the Hot Tub Mystery Religion. His essay “The Mad God’s Sacraments” appears in *Three Myths of Gods, Devils and Beasts* - published by **Pentaradial Press**.

Max Strange is an empty-nester currently living in Metro Atlanta, Georgia. She says she's been wrestling with the real world for the past couple of years and wasn't writing. Prior to that, she's had stories, poems and/or art published in *The Dream People*, *Dream Zone*, *Dust Devil*, *Testament of Lael*, *Neophyte*, *Heliocentric Net*, and *Knightmares*. “Spook Spook” is her first acceptance since jumping back into the story pool.

MicroSmith was initially assembled and commercially released in the late 1970s to worldwide acclaim. However, in short time, the product was recalled due to a functional defect that would undoubtedly bring about the demise of humankind. It is the duty of this organization to inform the public that one MicroSmith remains among the general population. Please be advised.

Scott Raven Tarazevits is an actor/writer and touring performance poet who co-owns the nationally touring poetry group **Mayhem**

Poets. He has a writing IV attached to his psyche and his third person hopes you like me.

While waiting for insanity to set in, **Justynn Tyme** enjoys the relaxing lifestyle of an absurdist, buddhist, dada hepcat. He's a regular renaissance kind of guy, dabbling into all areas of creativity. In his spare time he strangles throw pillows and runs **The Whimsical Icebox**, an absurdist comedy movement. At other times he is delving deep into his dada nature with **Dada Yow**, a dada/ absurdist artist community. When feeling pious, he writes strange scriptures for the **Cult Of Cod**. His works and words are littered about the internet but are largely unknown. Justynn secretly wants to dress like Golda Meir and drink and smoke like Ernest Hemingway, but instead he wrote a story for this magazine.

Dan Ward lives in Massachusetts and writes for: www.likeavagina.net. He is currently seeking a publisher for his novella *Alexander*.

James Gardner was born in a small hut in Bosnia. He escaped by writing a red "A" on the heads of children left unattended in a nearby playground. He writes with pencils and seldom injures himself. He has worked as a freelance embalmer, a genealogical hit man, and a voodoo hex consultant. At present, he lives in Salt Lake City, where he is a sniper for the Mormon Church.

Jeffrey S. Callico has resided in Atlanta since 1975. His first book of short fiction, *Fighting Off the Sun: Stories, Tales, and Other Matters of Opinion*, is available on Amazon and at various booksellers worldwide. Much of his fiction appears online on **The New Absurdist**, and his prose and poetry have been published in online literary journals, including *Dreamvirus*, *Insolent Rudder*, *The New Dodsley Pages*, *TFU Magazine*, *Eyeshot*, *The New Absurdist Anthology volumes 1 & 2*, and most recently, *FRiGG Magazine*. His personal website can be found at: www.xanga.com/wiredwriter.

