

# Every Writer



October/November 2014

Interview with Nin Andrews  
Horror Stories  
Horror Poetry  
...and more

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# Our Talk with Nin Andrews

Nin Andrews was called "the Wonder Woman of poetry" by Entertainment Weekly in 2010, and the description couldn't be more accurate. Here poems draw you in, make you tell the truth, to yourself, in both laughter and deep reflection. Her most recent book, *Southern Comfort* (CavanKerry Press) was well received by critics and audiences.

Entertainment Weekly says of Andrews, "She's a sly sophisticate, a raucous versemaker, a mischievous observer with a long memory."

Publishers Weekly observes, "her art lies in her ability to transport readers to a place where it's possible to savor the waning of childhood innocence." Andrews has authored 7 books of poetry, and is the recipient of the 2 Ohio Arts Council grants. She has her BA from Hamilton College and her MFA from Vermont College. We were honored by her interview.

## Can you talk a little about what you are doing now?

I just finished *Why God Is a Woman*, which is forthcoming from BOA in early 2015. The book is a series of linked prose poems about an imaginary island where the genders have reversed roles, and women rule. The men are the beautiful sex, forever going the



*Nin Andrews*

beauty salons and worrying about their hair, their weight, their hairiness. They quit work as soon as they are married. After all, men are designed for domesticity so what else would they want to do with their lives?

But it's not just a book about gender roles. It's about a unique society, complete with its own culture, problems, and myths. It was so much fun to write. You can hear a sample here:

## [Three-Minute Fiction Judge's Favorite](#)

**You have said before that it is the process and act of creating that you truly love about poetry. Can you say what it is about the process that motivates you to go forward and create more? Is it a feeling?**

When I am not writing, I feel

like a plant with sunlight. A sky without color. A dog without a tail to wag—not that there aren't tail-less dogs, but you get my drift. I suppose you could say I am addicted to writing. Without my poetry fix, I go into withdrawal. But you asked what is it about the act of creating that I love, and the answer is that I love the feeling of watching ideas race through my mind in pictures, words, moods, dreamscapes, and colors.

There is a downside to every addiction, and one of the downsides to this one is that I don't care for my work as much when it's finished. So I'm not much good at self-promotion. I'm much more interested in the next poem, series of poems, or book.

**What do you hope your poetry does in the world?**

## [Andrews](#)

When I was a girl, my mother would read poetry aloud to me. I absolutely hated it. Poetry was like bees in my brain, buzzing and stinging. But after a while, the poems began to speak to me. Some took me into other realms—poems like “The Ancient Mariner” or “Annabel Lee.” They were magic. Pure magic. Like swimming in a cool lake at night.

I think that’s what art can do for you. A dance, a song, a poem, a painting—it can transport you, if only for a moment, to unexpected destinations. That’s what I want from poetry, mine and others.

### **Are you obsessed with anything in your poetry today?**

I’m always obsessed with something. For a few years I was obsessing on gender issues, which resulted in *Why God Is a Woman*. Now I have been thinking about racism, and I am working on a collection of poems based on my southern childhood that focus on race. I’m also obsessing on all the poets who have influenced me, all the poets I have fallen in love with. I’m working on a collection called *The Last Orgasm* to honor my poet-gods.

There are a few pieces from that collection here:

[Three Orgasms by Nin](#)

### **EWR: You do poetry readings. I was wondering if you like them. Do you enjoy bringing your work to an audience in this way?**

I do and I don’t. I love bringing the poems to life, talking to audiences, and trying to entertain. I also love other poets, and having a chance to meet and talk to them about their process. But I am an introvert, so I find them exhausting.

### **Do you draw the cartoons on your site?**

Yes, I draw them with Flash, an Adobe drawing program. I use my mouse as if it were a paintbrush or pencil.

### **What image, in any of your poems, do you love?**

Wow, that’s a tough question. The first thought that comes to my mind—and I don’t know if I love it—but it’s the image of being eaten by a tiger from the poem, “The Cat,” which is in my collection, *Sleeping with Houdini*. It’s about a childhood nightmare I used to have. The feeling from that dream is something I still experience when I feel uneasy—like something is clawing my insides. It’s hard to explain, so here’s an excerpt:

“That night I dreamt I was eaten by a tiger. *How did he eat you?* a therapist asked years later. Slowly. That’s

how. He kept me alive night after night, licking the salt from my fingers and tears and the nape of my neck until he became my mind. He became my fears and the song of my thoughts like the soft padding of slipped feet as I walked the hallways on sleepless nights. He became the absence inside me long after he left, a faint sensation, like tiny claws just beginning to sink into my gut and groin. It’s that feeling I came to define as being

### **Reading a lot of your poetry I was wondering if you feel that writing about being a women helps you better connect to being a woman, or do you feel that being a women helps you connect to your poetry?**

**I mean do you connect better to yourself by writing poetry, or do you writer better poetry by being connected to yourself?**

These feel like several questions. First, I would say that writing about being a woman really did help me connect to being a woman. It made me think about all of the issues I have with my gender, both personally and culturally. Second, I don’t know if being a woman helps me connect to my poetry. But third, I do connect to myself by writing poetry. Poetry is a way of listening to my mind and

heart, and also of listening to the mind and heart of others. I think it's a way of dialing in, connecting deeply, and being present.

**You talk about silence in your poetry. Do you feel being quiet or being still is good for poetry?**

I love to be completely alone and still for hours at a time. Then I can listen closely. I write best in silence.

**You have said in other interviews that you write in more than one style at a time. Can you talk about that process a little?**

Yes, I always like to have a few projects going on. I work on one for a while, and then I switch to another. I do this because I can overwork a poem or a series of poems and totally destroy the quality of the work. I have an over-zealous critic in my brain. I might rewrite a poem fifty times. I start spinning my wheels. Then I make myself switch to another poem or project. That way I can return to the work later with fresh eyes.

**Do you have anything you would like to add or anything upcoming?**

I would say that someone might think, after reading my answers, that I write my poetry

alone, which I do of course. But I keep a community of poets in my mind and on my shelf. I feel as if I am in an ongoing dialog with others. If there weren't amazing poets out there writing and inspiring me, poets like Denise Duhamel, Rick Bursky, Shivani Mehta, David Lehman, Kathleen McGookey, Carol Maldow, Tim Seibles, Claire Bateman, and so many others, I don't know if I'd be writing as happily. I love to open my email and find a new book from a friend. I love the feeling of knowing there are others—I mean there are so many other amazing and beautiful poets—by beautiful I mean, spiritually beautiful—slaving away on each word, each line, each page, creating insightful, moving, even transcendent poems. It's as if there is an entire symphony out there, and I love being a small part of it. ♦

## Why Do Self-Published Authors Need a Website?

Getting your book published with a large publishing house is becoming more and more difficult. Book stores are closing, and less and less money is being made by big publishing houses. Some publishers even want to see that authors have build a

## HORROR HAIKU WINNER

by Nicola Kean  
Baby's cries wake her  
from the nursery next door.  
He was never born.

writing platform online before they will consider publishing your book. They want to know that you are promotion savvy.

Even if you are not trying to publish your work with a publisher, it's hard to sell your book without a website. Readers have become plugged-in to the amount and quality of books being published. When the self-publishing boom first started people were being taken by short pamphlet size booklets being sold as books. Now many readers want to know something about the author before they buy. They want to see that you are a professional.

When trying to be in Rome, do what the Romans are doing. Right now major authors all have websites. type in the name of a movie star like Tom Cruise or George Clooney and you won't get back a personalized website, but if you type in the name of an author like Stephen King or James Patterson their personal websites are the first result you get back. This is because authors are selling something to the public, movie stars are not.



*Tempest by Tommy Ingberg*

If you want to be professional, website. mimic the best practices of the most famous authors, you need a website. You also need a website for your platform. You need a place where your readers can get to know you before they buy your book. Your website should be the central location for your Twitter, Facebook, Linkin, and all other social media. A free website looks bad. Don't do this, it's not professional. You're not going to gain any trust from readers by having a free website or a tumblr.

Go professional, do what the best writers do, the most famous, build a relationship with your readers and gain their trust, get a professional

It's not hard and not very expensive. There are a lot of places that offer sites. I like Hostmonster. We have worked with them for a long time. They have one click install like installing wordpress for free, they have templates you can use. It's very easy, and it will only cost you about \$4.95 per month. Many professionals use Hostmonster, and they will take care of your domain registration for you. Hostmonster is an affiliate of ours, and we have hosted sites with them for years. BUT do your homework. You do not have to take my word on this, go out and find a good company you like. Read

reviews, find what's best for you. We like and work with Hostmonster because they are easy, low cost, and we know them, but you should do your research.

The most important thing here is to get a professional website! If you are selling a book, it is a must! You need a site. If your book is already for sale and you don't have a website, get one as soon as you can. Check out Hostmonster, do your research, and get a site and start your writers platform. ◆

# 50 Word Story Contest

## 2 SENTENCE HORROR CHALLENGE

This summer we ran our first 50 word contest looking for the best 50 word story we had every read. We found it in Kelsey Beach's entry *Adoption*.

This will not be the last 50 word story contest we run. In the near future look for more.

Kelsey is working on her next book: Kelsey Beach writes novels and short stories when she's not working on power plants and airplanes. Born in the Midwest, she currently lives in Atlanta, GA.



## Adoption

by Kelsey Beach

"We don't want people like you!" The adoption agency slammed its doors.

Margaret and Anne left, hugging tight.

"We'd love the child as our own," Margaret sobbed.

"We'll try the old-fashioned way," Anne said.

A boy stayed out after dark. Fangs caught the moonlight.

"Come to mama," Anne hissed.

For Halloween we ran our 2 Sentence Horror Challenge. The story had to be exactly 2 sentences. So many of our readers really love writing these little stories. We had a lot of entries. Here are some of the best.

## HAUNTED

by Johnny Kirk

The second cup of bleach didn't burn as bad going down and the pain is now just a sonorous thrumming. So soon I'll be one of the haunters and not the other way around.

## Untitled

by Ian Hunter

Amanda couldn't see or even move, but could distinctly hear the surgeon say:

"Alright, she's out – scalpel."

## Untitled

By Grey

He warned her the house they'd be living in together would be haunted. He just didn't mention she'd be doing the haunting.

# GREATEST HORROR STORY COLLECTIONS

Here is our list of 10 "Greatest" authors. Ray was such a larger every Poe story ever written, horror story collections. Please than life talent. His works were just to be safe.

do not get hung up on the tile so good, his vision so pure, of the article, and remember really the writers of any genre we are writing this (as always) should honor him by reading from the perspective of writers. his books.

We are not just talking about short stories that are great, we are listing story collections we think every short story writer should read if he or she is writing horror stories. These books and these writers are so influential we feel that they must be read. We are call them the greatest because we think they have had the greatest influence on horror writers over the last 100 years or more. These writers either defined or changed the face of horror writing, and these collections represent stories that are so important to read that we feel they have to be called the greatest horror collections. We encourage you to buy these books, read these authors, and find your own voice to speak to the history of horror and writing.

## **The October Country by Ray Bradbury (1955)**

I certainly wouldn't say that Bradbury is all master of horror, but October Country is on my must read list for horror

## **Twice Told Tales by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1837)**

I would say the greatest collection of stories ever, Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales is scary, creepy, and a must read. It influenced so many to come in the future. Even Poe wrote a long review of the collection, praising Hawthorne for his writing.

## **Edgar Allan Poe's Tales of Mystery and Imagination (1919)**

This collection came out in 1919, but honestly any "complete works" of Poe will do. Poe, better than any other author, makes this genre his. Some have a little style, some have a little voice, but Poe has a strut. He knows what he is writing is scary. Most American know and have read something of Poe, and all horror writers should read

## **The Lottery and Other Stories by Shirley Jackson (1949)**

I would say this is one of the greatest collections of horror stories ever, ever. The Daemon Lover and the Lottery are 2 in particular that have immortalized Jackson as one of the great writers of the 20th Century. Read this collection you won't be sorry.

## **The Call of Cthulhu and Other Weird Stories (1999)**

The master of horror, so popular and scary Lovecraft influenced almost every writer to write horror in the 20th century. He is honestly unparalleled. This collection is one that sort of set the standard for scary collections. Read it, now.

## **Night Shift by Stephen King (1978)**

The way people look at



Lovecraft now, will be how they look at King in the future. You have your detractors, but King at this point has to be accepted as at very least the greatest living horror author. If that's the case, then the greatest horror author of the late 20th century has to be Stephen King. I think 100 years from now, people will still agree. I could make a greatest novels of horror list, just from his works.

## **The White People and Other Weird Stories by Arthur Machen (1890s)**

The White People has been called, over and over, by so many authors "The Greatest Horror story ever." It turns out that other stories in Arthur Machen's collection are pretty flippin' scary too. If you are a horror writer Machen is a must read.

## **Ghost Stories of Antiquary by MR James (1904)**

James is another one of those authors who had a heavy influence on all the writers that came after. His impact isn't as obvious as Lovecraft's, but it's still there. He is a fantastic horror author, and this collection is one of the scariest out there.

## **Books of Blood by Clive Barker (1984)**

Barker, more than many writers, takes the genre and turns it on its head. His books are scary, but they are also a twisted take on the genre. He makes hell a new place, makes the devil new, makes us realize that maybe the unknown really is scarier than our fears of it. Maybe we are not afraid enough....

## **Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge and Other Stories by Ambrose Bierce (2008)**

The master of horror of his time, Bierce writes twisted stories that make you believe in the genre. You can hear genius in his words. Writing in the late 19th century [(An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge (1890))] Bierce's stories would later seem so contemporary, that without much change, they would show up as episodes of The Twilight Zone and other horror anthology television programs. Bierce is a must read. This collection is newer, but any collected works of his horror stories will do. ♦

## **"The Bargain"**

by Ian Hunter

From the comfort of his

airline-assigned seat, Terry watched the storm raging outside his window. Terry hated to fly. Bumpy flights like these were the worst. Terry decided to get his mind off the turbulence the only way he knew how: idle chatter.

"These damn little planes are so cramped. Never enough room for your legs." As if to punctuate Terry's point, a booming thunderclap rang out that seemed to rattle the whole plane. The woman sitting next to Terry nodded, but clearly wasn't interested in Terry's opinion on air travel.

Unfazed, Terry continued. "And the kids. The damn kids. I've flown enough to know it isn't the babies that cause the most trouble, it's the two to four year olds. Loud, obnoxious, and big enough to shake your seat as they kick it from behind," Terry sputtered hatefully. He almost continued, then thought better of it.

Two long minutes later, the plane lurched downward and quickly corrected, making Terry's stomach jump. Suddenly anxious, Terry continued his earlier speech. "Not like the parents are any help, either! Just coddling the little terrors, saying yes, it's ok to bother everyone around you, because you're just a perfect little..."

Terry's cut off his narrative mid-sentence. Something was wrong. The hum of the engines

was gone, as was the roar of the storm outside. Then, something caught Terry's eye. He was near the front of the cabin which made it unmistakable. As if from nowhere, a man in a finely tailored black suit now stood at the front of the one aisle, carrying a fine leather briefcase.

The man had sharp features. A long, pointed nose, slender cheekbones, and short cropped hair. But his eyes...they seemed to be completely black. No color to be seen. Dead.

By now, everyone on the plane had noticed the lack of normal airplane noise and were focused on the new arrival.

The man began to speak. "Good evening, everyone. It is my sad duty to inform you that you are all dead." Though the man spoke with a loud, firm voice, his inflection wasn't quite right. Like a computerized voice trying to figure out how a human would speak, but getting it just slightly wrong.

"Three minutes ago, a lightning strike damaged the auto-pilot systems on this airplane. Twenty-five seconds ago, your co-pilot, James Forrester, 27, father of one, was killed when an undiagnosed aneurism in his brain ruptured."

A shocked murmur ripple through the plane. Without breaking rhythm, the man

continued, "In thirty five seconds, your pilot, Megan Peters, 56, mother of two, grandmother of two, will suffer a fatal heart attack from the stress of watching her co-pilot die. The plane will crash. Each of you will die."

People gasped. Others looked around uncertainly. It wasn't until this moment that Terry realized: the man had not moved his mouth. Only the faint whisper of a smile rested across his pallid lips. He realized he wasn't even "hearing" them; the words seemed to just slither into Terry's head.

Someone from the back of the plane shouted out, "How do you know that? Who are you?"

The smile got bigger, allowing a glimpse of pointed teeth. Again, his mouth did not move as he replied, "I am Death."

"Bullshit!" a big guy shouted from the front row as he stood, reaching for the suited man. "This is just some nut jo..." he tried to say, but as the big guy grabbed the man's arm, his sentence was cut off and he collapsed to the floor. Terry could see trickles of blood running from his still-open eyes and nose. He did not move.

A woman screamed. People in the back of the plane strained to see what had happened. News spread quickly.

"You are all dead." He paused.

His smile grew, showing more of the razor sharp smile. "However," the man said, "I am here to offer you all... a bargain."

"I am..." he paused, as if searching for the right words. "In need," he finished. "If each of you agree to carry out a single task on my behalf, I will spare your pilot her life. She will land and you will live."

"The decision must be unanimous," the man continued. "If you break our pact, the consequences would be..." he said trailing off. "Dire. For you, and for those you love. Consider."

A long moment passed, and the man surveyed the cabin. He seemed to make eye contact with everyone. As Terry locked eyes with the man, with those dead eyes, his skin crawled. But at the same time, he felt a pang of relief. He wanted to live, and the man knew that. The man nodded almost imperceptibly and refocused his gaze at the next passenger.

Once finished, the man began to walk down the aisle, reaching into his briefcase. He took small slips of parchment from the case, handing one to each person. Terry watched, neck twisted, as the man handed out the last slip. The voice returned once more, stating "We have an accord."

With as little fanfare as his arrival, the man was gone. The roar of the engines returned

and the storm resumed its assault on the plane. No one spoke for the uneventful remainder of the flight. Two ambulances awaited the plane on the tarmac; one for the guy passenger (who had suffered an apparent heart attack) and another for the copilot.

◆◆◆

Terry waved to his wife as he pulled out of the garage for his commute to work. He glanced down at the small parchment from three years ago. Today was the day. Instead of getting into the northbound lane that would shuttle him to work, he got into the southbound lane. He reached past the recently sharpened kitchen knife he had hidden in his bag, and pulled out the road map he'd packed. It was a long way to his destination, but he was willing to make the drive. Terry hated to fly. □

## DEADLY DECORATING

by Erin Landers

Horror Contest 2014 Runner-up!

It was perfect.

Sasha Smith stood staring up at her new, upstairs apartment, smiling.

It was October first, move-in day, and she was at the height of happiness.

At twenty-two, Sasha was for the first time moving out of her parents house and into her own apartment. She had just landed her first grown-up-real-world-career-type job as the Marketing and Communications Manager of a nonprofit.

“You’ve never been a manager of anything in your life!” her parents had said.

Sasha had only smiled. They had hired her for a reason, after all.

The new job equated to the new apartment, yielding to the absolute freedom and happiness that surely was adult life.

She wondered what her new neighbors were like.

\* \* \*

The next morning, after carefully choosing an outfit of smart black pants, conservative flats, and a bright-but-not-too-bright blue blouse for her first work day, Sasha stepped out her front door to find a lovely surprise.

A stuffed animal purple spider wrapped its plentiful legs around the banister. A smiley jack-o-lantern beamed hello at Sasha.

She couldn't wait to show her neighbor just how festive she was, too.

On the way home from work,

Sasha stopped to pick up pumpkins and a sparkly black cat that could hang from her doorknob.

That night, she cheerfully put out her decorations, specifically on her side of the balcony area. This would be a great first impression.

\* \* \*

The next morning, leaving for work in not-too-high heels and a creamy white sweater, Sasha frowned as she noticed that the decorations on her neighbor's side appeared to have bred overnight.

The entire balcony was brimming with witches, ghosts, vampires, and werewolves, some with friendly auras and some without – such as the skeleton hand coming out of a grave, dirt falling from its brittle fingers.

Sasha almost cried out when she saw the dead zombie baby next to her own door, with red eyes, spoiled skin, the mouth a rigid “O.”

“Hey there!”

Sasha startled. It was a little girl, below. She had Cindy Brady curly pigtails and 1990s style overall cutoffs.

“I’m Hilda.”

“Sasha.”

“Have you met Judith?”

“Judith?”

The little girl pointed to Sasha’s neighbor’s door. “Judith,” she repeated.

“No. . .”

\* \* \*

A couple of weeks and multiple gruesome, blood oozing, eyes gaping, green slime discharge adorned decorations later, Sasha pulled up in front of her apartment after a particularly horrifying day at work.

It had been discovered that Sasha had graduated college with an English degree, not communications or marketing – a fact that Sasha had never attempted to hide, and yet, had somehow been overlooked; the revelation did not go well.

As she pulled up in her Volvo, Sasha noticed Hilda playing hopscotch.

“Hi!” the girl said. “I have something for you.”

Hilda was at Sasha’s car door before it opened.

“I made you this in school today. Maybe you can add it to your own decorations.”

A tiny felt pumpkin was placed into Sasha’s hands.

The stress of being a grownup with work problems evaporated.

\* \* \*

Several days later, Sasha drove home with the certainty that she was getting fired.

She wouldn’t be able to keep her apartment. She’d have to move back in with her parents. Well, at least she’d be getting away from “Judith.”

In the past 48 hours alone the shared balcony had transformed from a kid-appropriate, Casper-the-friendly-ghost type of decorated space, to a nightmare out of a gruesomely realistic horror movie.

An arm came out of the door with scissors punctuating its hand. A poorly wrapped mummy leaned over the banister, its intestines literally falling onto the ground below. Then there was the single eyeball – the whites like a discolored egg shell, the red veins like miniature deadly rivers – just staring at Sasha from an indent in the stairs, midway up.

Sasha thought she saw Hilda up there as she approached the ghastly scene, but she could only make out her tiny face.

Then she realized that was because it was only the head.

Hilda’s preadolescent, decapitated head dangled like a hanging plant, sticky and sickly sinking from its own weight towards the welcome mat below, the dripping, starting-to-dry blood

highlighting her blonde locks for a deadly twist on strawberry blonde. Eyes now the color of dirty dishwater gazed somewhere up and to the left.

Sasha opened her mouth to scream but her horror was as silent as Hilda’s own frozen face.

\* \* \*

When Penny Peasley – finally, her maiden name again – pulled up to her new apartment on November 1st her feelings of independence began to shatter, like the dry, fall leaves disintegrating.

Penny was finally divorced from her highschool sweetheart and was ready to move on and start over.

And now this.

The upstairs balcony was covered with Thanksgiving decorations.

Pilgrim boys and girls, decked out in colonial tan brown and olive green clothing, danced amongst the banister bars. An image of a bountiful cornucopia hung from the outdoor light. A turkey wrapped its feathers around the neighbor’s doorknob.

This was not going to do at all.

Penny the Wife decorated for holidays. The Penny who had a hot beef and mushroom casserole ready for her

husband at 6PM sharp. That Penny was festive.

Single and Fabulous Penny does not decorate for holidays.

Fuming, Penny got out of her car, leaving all of the boxes and bins behind and proceeded up the stairs. The decorations were clearly encroaching on her designated side of the balcony, with the hanging letters spelling “Thankful” almost touching her front door.

As she stepped onto the straw mat with “Welcome” in block letters, Penny noticed a drop of what must have been fake blood in the upper lefthand corner, clearly from recent Halloween decorations.

In fact, there was the red substance on the doorknob, and a few dripping clots on the right side of the doorframe.

Penny made a mental note to speak to the neighbor first thing in the morning.

This woman had no idea what was coming to her.



Bio: rin Nudi is a freelancer living in Waterford, New York. Find her at [ErinNudi.com](http://ErinNudi.com)◆



*Hive by Tommy Ingberg*

## Should I Get An MFA in Creative Writing?

If you love writing an MFA might sign up for your MFA in Creative Writing. be the way for you to go, but there are many things to consider.

In writing, in life, there are no guarantees, but taking the risk might keep you writing. The truth is, you never know. Here are some things to think about before you

### **THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE UGLY:**

If you are considering going for your MFA in Creative Writing here are a few things to keep in

mind. Creative writing programs are bombing right now, but it may or may not be the best idea for you.

## **The Good**

### **Circle of Writers**

You'll be around people who write. You'll have a community and be exposed to some more experienced writers. This is generally a good thing for writers. The more people you know who read your work, the better you write most of the time. You'll have other people around you to motivate you. Do you need it? Do you crave a community of writers?

### **More Time to Write**

You'll be given more time to write. Most MFA programs are studio programs that focus on writing. We are not talking about an MA in English. We are talking studio creative writing programs. This means you spend most of your time meeting deadlines for writing, and then work-shopping what you've written. If you feel that you need to get away from your busy job and life to write and that you have no refuge, a writing program might work.

### **Literary Writing**

You'll tend to have training from literary writers. This is a good thing if you are interested in literary writing (meaning you write the fiction of life). I'm about to say something that will get me in trouble with you, but in general if you are most concerned with just story-telling and not so much

details about how the story is told, you probably will not like literary writing courses.

Literary writers tend to get into the nooks and crannies of writing. This is not to say that genre writers do not focus on language. It's just that literary writing tends to focus on how the story is told and not always the story. If you are not a "micro" writer, you may not enjoy it very much. This is NOT ALWAYS THE CASE. Some MFA programs do offer paths in genre fiction.

### **Agents?**

You MIGHT have access to literary agents. Some MFA programs are watched by literary agents. This means these programs usually produce good writers and agents watch the programs for writers they can work with. Iowa and Arizona tend to be at the top of this list. The list of good programs is always changing save the fact that Iowa is always on top.

### **Better Writer**

I believe it will help you in your writing, or better stated: it will help you understand yourself better in order to become a better writer. After all, becoming a better editor is 1 thing, becoming a better writer-storytelling-having your own style is something all together different. I believe an MFA program will teach you about language. It will also allow you to learn more about yourself as a writer. It will give you time and support. It will

not magically improve your writing just by you stepping in the program. Could you do this on your own without the program? Yeah, many others have. Many great writers have sought out writing circles and never set foot in a university.

### **Professor**

It will allow you to teach at a university or in a writing program or go on to get your Ph.D. If you are interested in teaching at a university, an MFA is ideal. This especially applies to poets. Poets generally find it pretty hard to make a living writing poetry, so teaching is one of the best options.

## **Bad**

There are other ways. You can get a lot out of simple workshops. If you do not want to teach writing you might not need an MFA. You do not have an "academic" interest in language, and you don't necessarily care about the literary world, I would say you might just want to sign up for a couple workshops. They have workshops in every major city, from time to time. Look for them in writer's magazines (classifieds).

### **Bad Influence on Your Writing?**

Some people say MFA programs are a bad influence on your writing. I believe what they mean is that most programs do not focus on a particular genre (other than literary). Writers need to keep in mind that each genre in

writing has its own quirks and niches. Science Fiction writers, Romance writers, Mystery writers might not care so much in every word on the page for the sake of the word but for what it does, like build suspense, so on and on. Working with writers who focus on the genre you love will do you more good than going and getting an MFA. When you choose an MFA program 1 thing you should keep in mind is which writers are teaching there. If you like those writers, chances are they will help you the most in your writing. If you think they are boring, why bother going into the program?

Every genre has workshops and seminars where great writers from that genre attend and teach or even read your work and comment. There are online courses where very good writers in a genre teach. These are much more valuable than going to a general MFA program. Get involved. Get in a workshop.

Being in an MFA program will not “hurt” your writing. It will change your writing, and it may not tailor changes to the genre you love. You can use what they teach you, but honestly why not learn and work with someone from an area of writing you are interested in.

## Ugly Cost

You will be buying primo



*Say Yes by Sky Black*

credits at a Master’s level at a percent wise (of course) at university. This means you will larger schools. If you are one of spend between \$7000-\$15,000the unlucky ones who do not a semester (or more depending get the university to give an on the school). This means opportunity to earn your way, your degree could cost you are looking at a steep bill for your writing degree. \$30,000-\$100,000. Each degree and university are different, but make sure to look at the cost before you enroll. Many MFA programs do have stipends and assistantships where you can teach to get your tuition paid.

### **No guarantee**

MFAs are like any degree you get in the humanities, there is no guarantee. It might not get you a book deal. It might not get you published. It might not even get you a teaching job. Many MFAs have gone right back into the field they were

This is common at smaller schools, not as common

working in before they got their MFA. Yes you can do the work, pay the money and spend the time and still not get a job even related to writing. This happens in every field, but you have to remember the jobs related to writing tend to be few and far between in many parts of the country. Not everyone can get a job, and it is possible to go through all the steps and remain in the same spot you're in right now.

Ask yourself the right questions. Don't let others discourage you. Don't let anything stand in your way. If you feel you want an MFA degree you shouldn't let anything stop you. For every author out there who could not find a job or hasn't written a best-seller, there are just as many who have achieved their goals. Many writers do very well with a creative writing degree. ♦

## Things You Should Do Every Day to Promote Your Book

So many authors ask me how to promote their books. This is my best answer.

### Tweeting

Yes, I know it's difficult to tweet everyday for some authors (especially those who have a day job), but tweeting everyday is not as difficult as you think. Different services like HootSuite or Socialmp can help you by giving you the options to tweet in the future. If you up until 1 am, you might not have your target audience online. Leave the a tweet for tomorrow morning.

How often should you tweet? There is a lot of opinions that circle this question. What's too much? What's too little? The best answer is just be honest with yourself. If you are just

making things up to tweet every 10 minutes and you are bored with your own conversation, stop tweeting so much. If you are being honest and putting your book, and yourself out there, getting to know people, and having interactions, keep tweeting.

### Facebook

Yes, it's a fact of like that FB plays a major role in publishing. You should certainly have a author page by now. Getting people to like your book and your page is the first step to communicating with and selling to an audience. Every time you have something big happening, or you just have news, don't be afraid to put it on Facebook. Every day you should be interacting with your personal



*Leaving by Sky Black*





Poet: Jessica K. Hylton writes most of her poetry while driving. She has wrecked three cars, but she finished her dissertation.

account, and at least once per week (maybe more depending on your activity level) you should be posting on your page.

## Getting your book our there

Every day you should, even if you only have a little bit of time, look for places to list or promote your book online or in the real world. The local book store might be happy to put up a copy of your book on display. If you don't have a ton of copies (which most self-publishers don't), leave a card that has a scannable code on it for visitors. Cards at Vistaprint are around \$10. If your book is digital this is a great way to get people to see your book and download it. Many people want to read local authors, use it to your advantage.

Online, remember EWR lists and promotes books here. Also reach out to sights and see if

# Birdbrained Emotions

by Jessica K. Hylton

They say to get over someone  
You're supposed to pick up a new hobby  
And apparently the most cathartic  
Are the hobbies where you make something  
So you bring a woodworking bench  
Past the film cameras, the roller skates, the bass guitar  
And hope that a new birdhouse  
Will take away memories  
Better than the temporary  
Reprieve granted by neon flavored shots  
And long legs that walk in directions  
You don't really want to go

But one birdhouse only leads to another  
A gateway carpentry  
And pretty soon the whole living room  
Is filled with 353 birdhouses  
Then you realize you don't even like birds  
Fucking feathered freaks that shit on their own food  
Why do they deserve to live in such palaces  
While you can barely afford a one bedroom apartment  
That smells of burnt out cigarettes and stale new beginnings

In fact you hate birds  
You think about taking all the houses  
Outside and lighting them on fire  
To be rid of the clutter  
But while you're looking for matches  
You run across a keepsake that you shouldn't still keep  
And pretty soon you're staring at a blank text message  
Trying to think of the right thing to say to the wrong person

Thinking honesty is the best option  
You start typing out "I mis--"  
But you can't even stand to look at the words  
As if somehow seeing them makes  
Them more real and you know honesty  
Is only appreciated by hearts that want to beat  
Not by those looking for refuge behind walls

You throw the phone across  
The birdhouse mountain range  
And do the only thing you know  
How to do at this point  
Start on number 354

Not every website is expensive to advertise with. Check out listing of literary magazines. Many of these sites would be happy to charge a little and have your book to promote.

## **Making connections**

Everyday you should be finding more authors like you online. Ask questions. Look for strategies. Even if it is a self-published author who does really week, sign up with their site. Send them an email, go to their forum. There is a large and thriving community of self-published authors online, find them, use them as a resource. Build relationships with them everyday. They could help you with your success.

## **Keep trying**

The most important thing, as always, as it has been for 1000s of years, is for you to keep going. Keep trying. Don't give up. If this book didn't take off, maybe your next one will.◆



*Werewolf by Paul Mudie*

## **FLIP THE CHANNEL**

If you are ready to leave cable, and gain entertainment Freedom:

[www.flipthechannel.com](http://www.flipthechannel.com)

# 10 HORRIFYING HORROR STORY PROMPTS

Here are 10 horror story prompts that should give you the chills, and get you writing something scary. Warning if these don't scare you, you are most-likely a zombie, vampire, werewolf or ghost. If you are unaware of being one of the undead, seek medical attention immediately.

**10.** You have had a strange feeling for a few days now. Today you've been feeling very energetic and tired at the same time. You sit, exhausted and full of energy, at your desk. Your arm has been itching. It's killing you now. You look at your forearm and see it for the first time. Something is moving under your skin. It is shifting around. Your muscle spasms and you realize there are dozens moving toward the surface.

**9.** You open your eyes to complete darkness. The last thing you remember is the dog running out into the road, the brightness of the day light, and your car headed off the road. As your head clears you realize you are hanging upside down. Your feet and legs are completely mobilized. You can hear something breathing in the room.

**8.** Your driving on a country road. It is late at night. You are

far from home. You realize, as you check your mirrors, there is a man you do not know, hiding on the floor of your back seat.

**7.** It's 3 am. Your room is dark, but you can see that there is someone, standing at the foot of your bed. You can just make out that he or she is wearing a clown costume, and you are pretty sure, from the glare and the little bit of reflection, that it has a knife.

**6.** At 3 am you wake up out of a very sound sleep. You hear the ice cream truck outside of your house. And you realize, the sound that woke you up, was the sound of your 4 year old daughter, letting the screen door slam, as she left the house.

**5.** You are running late. After quickly getting ready, you rush out of the house and to your car door. A sound gets your attention, and for the first time this morning you look at your surroundings. There is a fully grown male lion, just a few feet from you. Your car door is still locked.

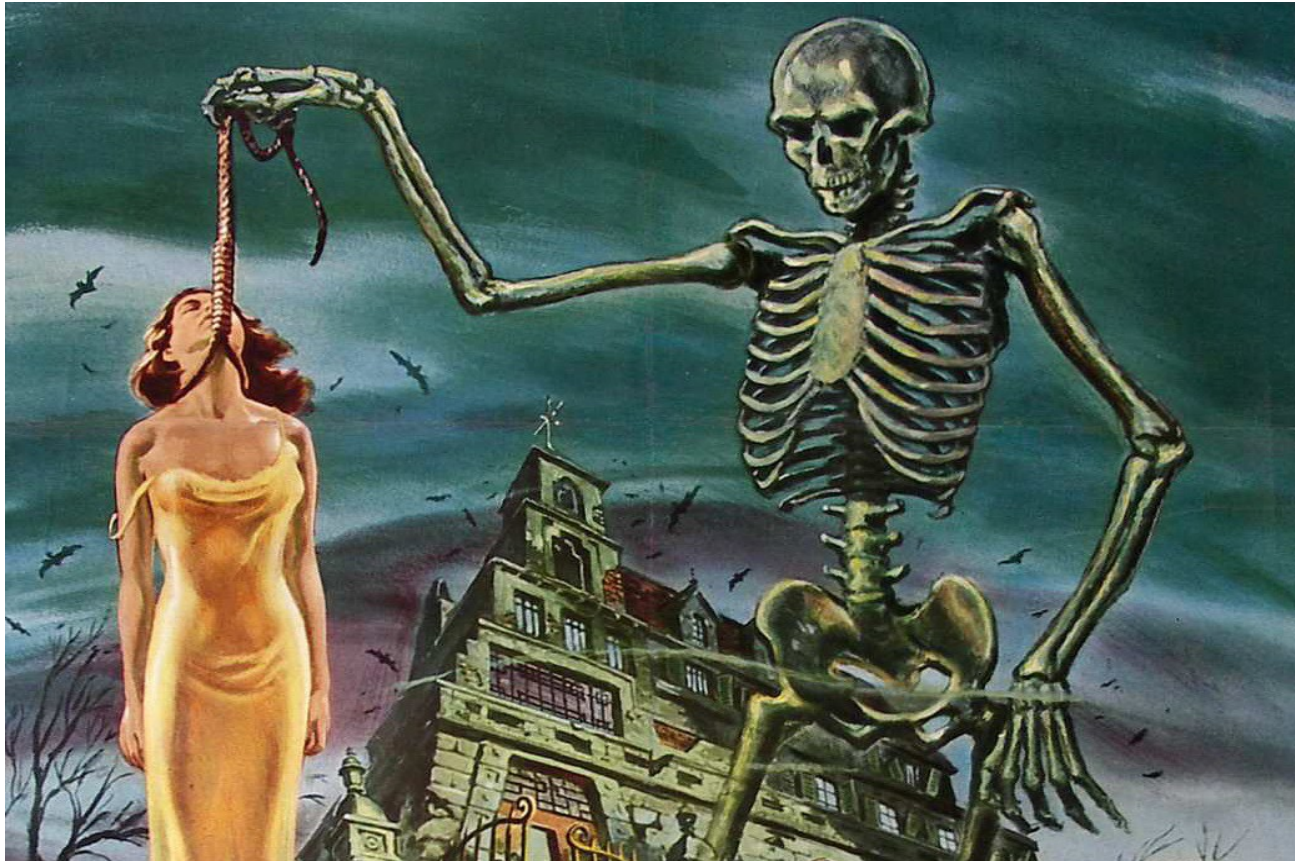
**4.** You are falling. The 737 is a 100 yards above you. You hear the rush of the wind, and it's so cold. You realize you are still holding your baby.

**3.** The worst cramps you have ever had set in on your biceps. Your arms are twisting. You feel your ankles popping. It came on so suddenly. You drop to your knees, looking through your bedroom window, you see the full moon. You hear a little voice behind you, "Mommy?" (or "daddy")

**2.** You are frozen with fear. You open your eyes, the tent is dark. But you can feel the heavy weight of a large tarantula covering one eye.

Through the other eye you can see the shadows, from the moonlight, of 100s if not 1000s of other spiders covering the tent.

**1.** The man leans into you. There is a dark red almost black color to the whites of his eyes. He is so close his nose is almost touching your nose. You can feel his breath when he says, "We all have it in here. We are all infected."◆



*House on Haunted Hill art Public Domain*

## **BILLY'S ROOM BY DANA SCHELLINGS HORROR CONTEST 2014 WINNER!**

“Good night, Billy. Sweet dreams.”

“Daddy, wait! Could you check for monsters under my bed?”

“Sure, kiddo. I’ll just kneel down and pull up the covers... nope, no monstAAAAHHH!!!

AAAAaargurllphprppaaauuuhh h....”

“Daddy?”

“Your Daddy can’t hear you, Billy. Not anymore.”

“He can’t?”

“Nope. He’s gone and he’s never coming back.”

“Okay, so where is it?”

“Where’s what?”

“My dirt bike. You promised me a dirt bike! Where is it!?”

“Oh right. Um...well...say, how are you fixed for video games?”

“Huh?”

“I heard you fighting with your mom the other day. You want the new game console all your

friends have but she won’t buy it for you.”

“Yeah, so?”

“So bring her to me and I’ll give you the dirt bike AND the game console.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

“MOOOOM!”

◆◆◆  
Dana Schellings is a freelance writer, avid swimmer, and slayer of bad grammar. ◆

# The Bogeyman

by Grey Harlowe

It was going to be a long night, Kyle realized as he looked over the three paragraphs he had typed for his two page Spanish essay due the next morning. It was 8:35, which meant another hour of writing, and thanks to slacking off in language lab that afternoon, he was also ill prepared for the oral presentation expected along with the essay. Then there was an upcoming algebra test to study for, and Barney, the family terrier, to feed and walk.

To make matters worse, they were out of the energy drinks he used at times like these. He sighed, standing up to stretch. Maybe his dad had stashed some Mountain Dew in the garage.

“Kyle?” His younger brother Milo stood in the bedroom doorway.

“You’re supposed to be in bed.” Since his parents had needed to leave on an unexpected business trip to Korea, they’d put Kyle in charge of Milo and the house. Their father had been reluctant, but their mother reassured him. Kyle was sixteen now, a newly licensed driver, and could handle things until they got home. It was harder than it looked. Milo, while almost eleven, got up two times a night, and was always

pestering him.

“It’s back again. It’s talking to me.”

Not this crap again. For two days, Milo had been complaining about a mysterious voice in his closet.

“Milo, I have a lot of homework. You have to ignore it and go to sleep.” “But it’s louder this time, and kinda mean.”

“What does it sound like?”

“Like gravel. Like it has a bad cough. Or it’s really old.”

“It’s probably the wind outside,” said Kyle, hoping to sell the child a rational explanation and get back to Spanish. “Branches hitting the house, you know.” It was October and slightly blustery, so the wind against the house story was plausible.

“It’s not wind. It’s in the closet.”

“Milo, I really mean it, go back to bed.” His voice had more edge than he intended, but this was getting ridiculous.

His brother stared at him, refusing to budge.

“Okay,” Kyle sighed, “I’ll check it out.”

He walked them down the hall of their stately, tastefully updated Victorian to Milo’s room. Though they rarely had

plumbing or electricity problems thanks to his parents’ expensive renovations, the house was old, its floorboards prone to creaks and groans. Though Kyle knew this was the source of Milo’s closet monster, he knew that explaining it to the kid would just make him complain more. He was already pretty worked up.

“Look,” said Kyle, opening the closet door. It was empty, other than clothing. “See? Nobody there.”

“But—”

“Get back in bed,” said Kyle, pointing to it, “and go to sleep. We’re leaving for school at seven.”

After a reluctant pause, Milo complied, looking both scared and annoyed.

“It’ll start up again after you’re gone,” he said.

“Too bad,” said Kyle, and left. The next night, Milo was back again. 9:30 this time, a full nintey minutes past his bedtime and twenty minutes into Kyle’s somewhat serious attempt to review for algebra. The Taking Care of Little Brother thing was really cutting into his schedule, and he was out of patience with it.

Before Milo could speak, Kyle told him, “Go to bed, or I’m telling Mom you ate all the ice cream in the freezer while they were gone.” Their mother was

a health food nut who went crazy when either one of them had too much sugar.

“He won’t leave me alone,” said Milo, unfazed by the threat. “He keeps asking for something.”

He. That was new.

“How do you know it’s a he?”

“I dunno. He just sounds that way. Like Santa Claus almost. And he’s wheezing.”

Suddenly, Kyle worried about kidnappers. Pedophiles. Milo’s bedroom was on the second floor—could someone climb all the way up there? Maybe he should check the windows.

He looked at the pile of equations before him. Remembered the English assignment he still hadn’t started: six paragraphs on symbolism in Poe’s “Imp of the Perverse.” And they had to be out of the house by seven tomorrow.

“Bed, Milo. I don’t want to have to tell Mom.”

“Pleeease, Kyle. He keeps saying he needs something. Something important or he’ll never go away!”

“If you don’t go away, you’re going to be sorry.”

“Fine!” said Milo, indignant. “But I’m not going back in there. I’m sleeping with Barney.” Barney slept in a dog

bed next to the living room couch.

“Whatever. Just leave me alone.”

Kyle closed the door to his bedroom and locked it. He could hear Milo stamping down the stairs, apparently intent on sleeping in the living room after all.

The only thing that made the night bearable was an unexpected text message an hour later from Julie James, a girl from school he sort of knew through friends but had never really connected with. It was surprisingly solicitous, and he might have pursued it if not for the need to wrap up his paragraphs on Poe and then sleep. His parents couldn’t get home soon enough.

The next morning, Barney had disappeared. In his haste to get them out the door, Kyle might not have noticed if it hadn’t been for the dog’s curious absence from his bed beside the couch.

“Did you really sleep down here with Barney last night?” he asked Milo.

“Yeah,” said Milo, fumbling with his bookbag.

“And you haven’t seen him today?”

Milo said nothing.

“Whatever,” Kyle said after a moment. “We’re late. Get in

the car.”

As he drove them to school, he couldn’t shake the feeling that Milo had let the dog out on purpose, probably to punish Kyle for his refusal to tolerate the closet monster nonsense. His parents would be pissed if they returned home to a missing Barney. Kyle would have to look for him when they got home.

He looked for Barney until nightfall. The dog was nowhere to be found in their backyard, the surrounding yards, or any place in the four blocks surrounding their house. The neighbors hadn’t seen him, which meant Kyle’s only option was to put up lost dog signs and hope for the best.

Milo, who claimed to have no knowledge of how the dog could have escaped, sulked through dinner and went to bed on time. Kyle was surprised, though relieved by the new behavior, and happy the next few hours passed without Milo’s usual interruptions.

The next day, after classes let out, Kyle ran into Julie in the parking lot. They talked for a bit, and Kyle got her to agree to meet back at his place later on. As he drove off to pick up Milo, he felt certain his evening was about to get very interesting.

Back at the house, he managed to feed Milo, shower, and style his hair carefully. He changed his shirt. He then instructed



*Ripper's End by Paul Mudie*

Milo to stay either in his own room or in the den at the back of the house until Julie left. This was no time for interference from an overwrought ten year old.

When she arrived at last, Kyle met her on the porch. After they went inside, Kyle gave the front hall a brief inspection to ensure that Milo had, as requested, made himself scarce. Julie looked amazing. Had she spent as much time getting ready as he had?

After a sojourn on the downstairs couch, Kyle managed to convince her to come up to his room. It was quiet as they walked up the stairs together. Slowly, feeling suave, he opened his bedroom door.

He barely had time to register Milo's presence atop his computer desk before the frying pan came down over his head. He did not lose consciousness, but the pain was severe, and soon he was crawling around on his hands

and knees.

"He wouldn't leave me alone!" said Milo, barely audible to Kyle in his pain induced fog. "He said I had to give him something. The dog wasn't enough, so I have to give him you. You wouldn't help me, so I had to do it myself!"

Kyle struggled, but not enough to stop them from tying him to the bed—not Milo alone, Julie was helping, too, only he could see now that she was not Julie really, but a ghastly, dark eyed creature who had stolen Julie's beautiful face.

Before the knife stabbed into his throat, he wondered, would he be the last victim? How many more people would his little brother kill before the thing in the closet was satisfied? ♦

## THE SUITCASE

by Kat Pope

"Where are you going at this hour?" Fiona stood in the doorway, a hand at either side of the frame.

Percival thought about trying to explain, then shook his head. "I'm not going anywhere."

"You're packing a suitcase." She pitched her voice in a way that suggested that she was willing to forgive this apparent lapse of sanity, as long as he was willing to abandon course

immediately.

He stared down at his suitcase. Inside was a blue button-down shirt, a pair of jeans, underthings, and thick socks. Percival frowned, took out the cotton shirt with its shiny horn buttons, and replaced it with a thick flannel one. He'd rather be too warm than too cold, and didn't want to pack a lot, in case something happened.

"I'm waiting." Fiona purred like a cat about to strike.

"You weren't supposed to be here tonight." Each time he said it, her expression tightened minutely. He hated doing this to her; he could practically smell the anger rising under the sultry scent of her musky perfume.

"I wanted to surprise you." She fingered the collar of the jacket he'd warned her not to take off. She hadn't, but he couldn't help but speculate on what she might not be wearing under it.

Percival shook his head. He closed the suitcase and clasped it. The red leather was creased and scarred in a hundred places, but it was light and tough and waterproof and had served him long and well.

"Perce, it's after eight. I thought we could have an adult sleepover, since my kids are at their dad's . . . they'll be home tomorrow." Fiona's expression grew strained. "Where on earth are you going? It's the middle of the week. You have work. I



## The Buoy at St. Margaret's Hope

by J.R. West

All Gone! All Gone!  
In the tide of what's coming  
The past wears its barnacled mess  
Boats of solid purpose and condition  
Sink here with dispassionate chorus.  
All Gone! All Gone!  
What memory the ocean must have  
So few to escape, to walk upon it  
Us amongst the savage of the tide  
Never ending, or so we thought.  
All Gone! All Gone!  
What good is this bell buoy  
When its words take hold?  
Our ocean licking its lips  
In the tide of what's coming.

###

J.R. West is 30 years old, born and raised in rural Maine. Since graduating with an English degree and running the University of Utah's undergraduate literary journal *Enormous Rooms*, he's been employed as a technical writer for an infamous electronics company. His literary influences range from Naturalism to surrealism, existentialists, beat poets—especially Gary Snyder, and for good measure Yeats and Rumi. They're all fighting it out upstairs.



have work.”

“Then why don’t you go back home, and get some sleep?” He’d meant the question to be kind, a suggestion, but his voice was rough and sounded angry.

Fiona’s eyes narrowed. “Fine.” He knew this was the beginning of what could be a relationship-ending fight, but what was he supposed to do, tell her the truth? He shook his head, distracted by the way her bare throat and wrists were swallowed by the shiny black coat. All she wanted was for him to set aside his packing and take her to bed . . .

He shivered, caught his breath. “I have to go.” He gasped, frightened by how close he’d come to staying. He grabbed his suitcase, white knuckled, and walked toward the door.

“Seriously, Perce.” She lay her hand against his chest in that way that made him want to puff it out, to flex, to impress.

Damn it. He had to go. It was nearly moonrise, and he’d stayed too long already.

“Move.” He snapped. He didn’t want to manhandle her, he wasn’t that kind of guy—which was precisely why he needed to get out of here. Now.

Because there was no such thing as a mild-mannered werewolf.



## Chasm, What Chasm?

by Andrew Kuo

Constant  
beyond time and space  
forget Byron, Wordsworth.

No, I’ll measure the gap  
the distance: 2854 miles  
the time: 18 years

tell you that  
“What happened?”  
was trapped and

released into the  
oceanic void  
titanic nothing:

Time is meaningless  
gilded places  
only markers

for the ebb and flow  
of our affections.

###

Andrew Kuo works at a library in Northern California. He is a graduate of Sarah Lawrence College.

Katherine Jean Pope was born in Ashtabula, Ohio in 1981, and grew up near Cincinnati. She graduated from the University of Cincinnati in 2008 and spent the next five years traveling and teaching English in Taiwan, Thailand, and China before returning to the states. *Muse* is her first published novel, though she is hard at work writing more adventures.

author's profile or check out her book. ♦

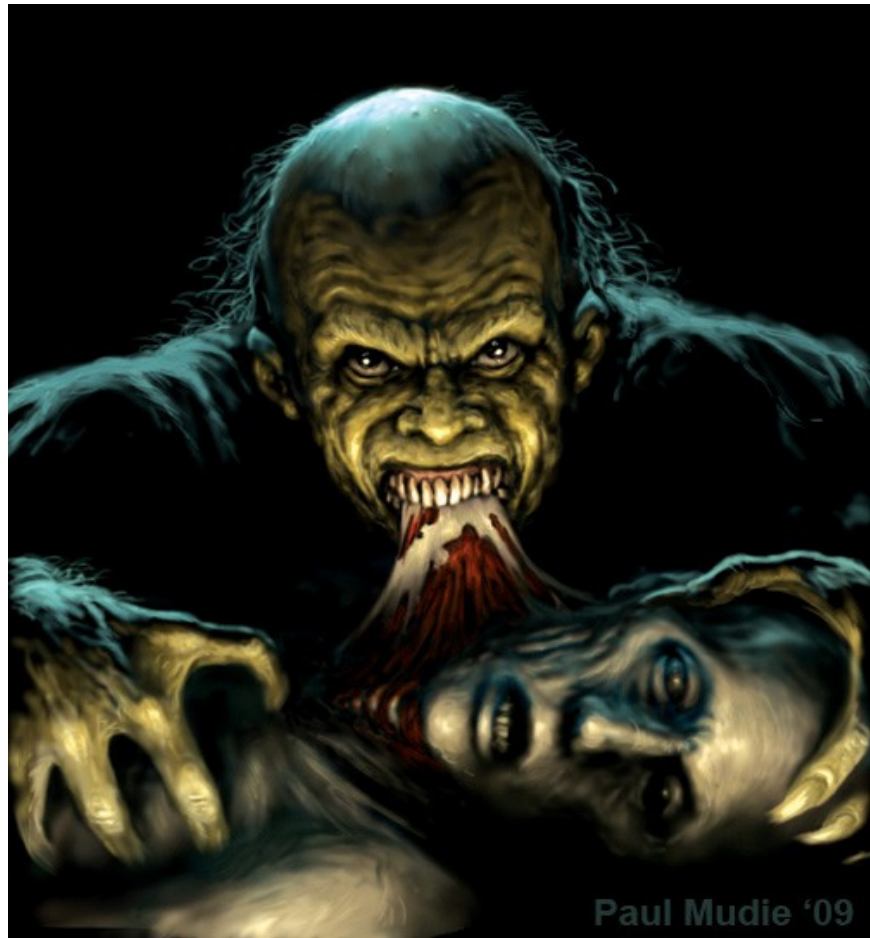
## SEEING WHITE AGAIN

by Brandon Swarrow

My wife and children went to Washington, D.C. for Halloween weekend. My legendary "to-do" list was anchored by the two words PAINT BASEMENT.

I was appreciating the tranquility while knocking task after task from my list. The lack of screaming and fighting children, as well as no wife around wanting to discuss the level of ineptitude amongst her fellow employees made this Saturday afternoon busy, yet peaceful.

Evening approached quickly and yet the most extensive chore remained. I just could not let it linger until Sunday. I wanted more than anything to have a full day free of chores and duties (other than dishing out candy to kids Sunday evening of course).



*Ghoul Feeding by Paul Mudie*

To the dingy basement I traveled. I found something soothing about the brush and roller on this particular weekend.

Not yet being accustomed to all of the groans and creaks and bumps, as our family had only lived in this house for about one year, around 8:50 that night I decided that things were too quiet. I discovered that because I was so accustomed to loud noise and chaos, this prolonged silence became quite unnerving.

It was this newfound uneasiness that led me to turn on the iHeart radio app and let

some music soothe me.

I finished off gallon number one of the white semi-gloss and looked at the time on my phone. "It's still early enough," I thought as I glanced at the digits. 9:40 it read.

The married man's dream dominated my conscious, "I could finish the entire basement in another hour and have nothing to do but watch football and eat pizza all by myself tomorrow." So, I pried open the second gallon of paint and stirred. Being extra careful, I placed the wooden stirrer on the lid as well as on a plastic Lowe's bag next to the paint can. As I did

this, either I extended a blink or the basement lights flicked momentarily. I'm still not sure to this day.

A feeling, a chilly uncomfortableness began to pervade me. It was that type of uneasiness that most humans are capable of sensing when a proverbial "bad guy" is near.

Fatigue began to set in as well. Muscle cramping that accompanies repetitive behavior started in my right wrist. I frequently switched hands. My eyelids were sinking. I finished off the third basement wall and it looked so clean. I was determined to complete the fourth and final wall. "Tomorrow—the three F's—Football—Food—Freedom," reverberated throughout my brain.

It was at this particular moment, as I went to replenish my roller pan, that the iHeart radio station app on my phone experienced some sort of interference. An awful "Ssssssssssszzzzzzzzzzzzzzt," shot through the speaker. This static-y prolonged sound grew louder and louder before it cut off.

Thinking that perhaps my battery life was spent I picked up my phone and checked it. Then, seemingly exceeding the capacity of my phone's tiny speaker, the music erupted. The shrilling surge jarred me. My phone smacked off of the floor. "Well, hmmm," scratching my chin, "this is a

first," I thought.

After this brief bizarre instance, I refocused on the task at hand. "It's getting late I need to get this done. Football—Food—Freedom."

Inside of the paint container a thin rubbery film had gathered on the surface. Before pouring, I thought that I'd better give it a little mixing. This is when I noticed that the paint stick which I had used ALL NIGHT LONG and placed in the SAME EXACT SPOT—MULTIPLE TIMES—on the Lowe's plastic baggie—was no longer there.

The bottom of my stomach piped into my throat. It burnt as I swallowed it back down. I was certain that I did not move the paint stick. And I knew damn well that I was the only one in this basement, or so I hoped.

I noticed a few dribbles of white paint on the floor. With terse gusts of breath I frantically followed the trail. The white drips started out round and fat and then got smaller, fainter. I followed the path in a circle around three walls of my furnace. A strong odor, a stale musty stench became more prominent.

To my surprise, the paint stick was returned to the plastic Lowe's baggie.

Just then the basement door, which I had kept open for proper ventilation, creaked as it gracefully closed.

My attention was inexplicably directed toward the basement's only window. It felt as if I was attempting to breathe through a tiny straw. A terror that I haven't felt since I was a child appeared. The two white large eyes, contrasting with the night's complete blackness pressed to the glass.

I bolted up the stairs and closed the door behind me. I ran into the garage and climbed into my truck. I locked the doors and sat in it... remembering. ♦

## **SAVE AS MANY AS WE CAN**

by Michelle Chouinard

I had to save him. I couldn't let him die.

With all the 'zombies' in pop culture, you'd think someone would have gotten it right.

Not even close.

When those infected started to turn, nobody understood what they were becoming.

But we learned.

We learned that zombie muscles don't decay; that the rotting flesh is replaced, like a snake shedding its skin. That what's underneath is stronger, faster, steam-lined. Almost bionic.

We learned zombie brains are sound, even though they no

longer communicate through speech. That underestimating them was a mistake of dehumanization, of discrimination. Those who are now zombies are smarter than they ever were. With heightened senses, to boot.

And we learned the heart-breaking despair of having someone you love try to kill you. Learned what it's like to have them attack with single-minded intent to destroy, because now you're the enemy. To know the bond between you is rendered null and void because they can't understand, can't see you're the same person you always were, because they look through you rather than at you.

That day, I watched my family fighting each other, powerless to help, wedged into a corner behind a bookcase that had fallen in front of me. I heaved against the wood repeatedly, desperate to get to my father, but I couldn't move it; I could only stare helplessly as the grisly tableau played out in front of me.

My sister versus my father.

My mother versus my brother.

An epic family battle worthy of a civil-war anthem: Blood everywhere. Needless slaughter. Kill or be killed.

Infuriated by my impotence, I cringed as my brother felled my mother like a tree, felt the

pain that must have seared into him as he killed her. Rage and anguish ripped through me, and I plowed my shoulder one final time into the bookcase blocking my path.

This time, the wood shifted and fell, splintered apart in front of me. I leaped over the detritus, straight toward my father.

He had killed so many, my older sister and several strangers, and I watched as his blade sliced through my baby sister's skull. He had almost gotten away, except for one final stranger who had closed in on him. He turned as I

rushed toward him, and I could see the terror in his eyes.

I had distracted him, and the stranger used the advantage to lunge at him, knocked him off balance. I caught him as he fell, and mercifully pulled his legs out of reach. If the attacker managed to bite his leg, there would be nothing I could do; the virus would slowly move up, send his body into shock, and he'd die.

In one movement I pulled him up to me and bit hard into his neck, delivering the virus into his vena cava and instantly to his heart.



Paul Mudie 2012

*Death of Wilbur Whateley by Paul Mudie*

His scream was primal, howling and mellifluous, the cry of a perfect new baby being born.

It was done, and now he would be safe. The virus would empower him, not kill him.

I watched as he turned, and lamented those he'd killed. Why? Why had he fought it for so long? Why did he have to kill so many, my sisters included, when it was all so inevitable?

No matter. He understands now. That we're becoming stronger, eventually immortal. That we're the next phase, the next step in evolution. We'll save as many as we can, and together we'll have peace, free from outdated human needs and limitations.

This new life will be so beautiful. And now he'll be a part of it.



Michelle Chouinard has a doctorate from Stanford University and was one of the founding faculty members at UC Merced. While she enjoys reading and writing about zombies, she hopes to avoid becoming one. ◆

## BABY

by Dolores Tay

This time, the two lines were unmistakable.

"It can't be" I thought, "I have not missed a single day of the pill for the past three years".

Yet there it was; two red snake eye slits staring right at me.

Thinking back, there were signs since the rally: the terrible migraines; that nauseating feeling of queasiness and discomfort in the pit of the stomach, and those nightmares.

Stop it.

I tried to shake off that feeling of dread but it continues to cling to me. Its tentacles drawing me back to those visions; the eyes- lifeless black and purple orbs; those cold wet slimy fingers and that smell: fetid, rotting and putrid like slaughterhouse carcasses baked in vomit and black blood.

Stop it.

Long, soft, menacing strokes that leave trails of thick, silvery starch-like liquid; it was warm, almost hot and repulsively comforting. I could not tell how many fingers had their way with me but they were big and thick and bulbous, overgrown sacs that grip and sucked and prod and caressed.

Stop it.

More of them, there were more of them and it was no longer soft and massaging. There was a dangerous urgency, a dead weight that grows heavier by the seconds. Heavier, wetter as my entire body is now

drenched with the disgusting secretion as it invades every orifice and slip into every sliver of space in my succumbing body. It was unbearable, I was drowning yet I was still alive. Inexplicable like most dreams are. Yes, it was a dream. It must be –

Wake up.

I did, soaked in my own fear and disgust.

Wake up, love!

The stick fell on to the toilet floor and broke in two, also breaking that terrible vision that still haunts me even when I am awake.

Stop it! Enough of this nonsense, I have to gather my wits about me and tell Matt that he has been right all along: he is going to be a father.

"Hahaha. Fuck off. I knew it," he said, tearing at the helpless pizza with those big teeth of his. "I know my boys and how powerful they are, honey. When I shoot, I hit target."

"I don't think it's the time to share your victory speech, General," I said, mildly annoyed with his callous attitude.

"Chill, honey; I'm excited, that's all," he grinned and brushed my cheeks with the back of his hands.

"But you have to admit, that I

do have bionic sperm.”

“Matt!” I was really annoyed now.

“Alright, alright, just teasing,” and he flashed that irresistible smile and I go all soft on him again. “So, the baby’s made in Europe huh?”

“I guess so. I was only ever off the pill that one week of the rally as it happened to be the seven ‘rest’ day of the twenty-one days pills cycle.”

“Amazing,” he said, and from the tone of his voice, I knew he was talking about his self-proclaimed fertility prowess.

I guess I could have given him the scientific and medical statistics about the failure rate of birth control pills but I’ll let him have his time in the sun for now.

“I bet we had the little one in the Rome leg of the rally when we got lost. I wanted to jump you every minute when we were in that budget hotel. Every hair on my body just wanted you so bad that night.”

A chill slithered down my neck and found its way into my gut. It was that night; the nightmare. It was in that hotel right after we had one of the most inspired love making session of the entire trip.

Suddenly, I felt sick; literally. The ceiling fan no longer did its job; the air felt still and

# COLD NIGHT, WARM HAMBURGERS

by Cheryl Buchanan

The day my dad moved in with the other woman, I became a vegetarian. I guess my mom was right about some things, like Cisco, bum wine, liquid crack. Gravity, I mumbled, while the runningback’s meaty hands clumsily let slip hunks of my hair, fat strands dipping into hot chunky remains of the Homecoming party.

I hurled on all fours, grabbing the earth, until suddenly I was struck by the utter atrocity of hamburgers. The impurity of flesh, my birth, this pollution, all piling steamy onto gleaming AstroTurf. How disgusting and dirty we all had become, cannibals, carnivores, warm, pink and rotten.

The midnight moonlight exposed my poison heaved on uninhabitable, plastic grass while the runningback just kept reliving his game, a glorified catch at the end of the half. But, I knew the Hail Mary. It was all in the pass, spinning graceless and groundless, ungripped between thieves.

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Cheryl Buchanan is a former attorney from Los Angeles and current MFA candidate and Writing Instructor at Emerson College. After having worked in social justice for over a decade she is interested in promoting the power of literature and poetry in marginalized communities. She presently leads a creative writing workshop at a Boston homeless center. In May 2014 she received the Academy of American Poets Prize.

dense. The smell of fresh pizzas a few seconds ago now reeks of a sickening oily-sweet odour. I had to go.

“Honey, you ok? You look terrible.”

“I – I think I’m about to get

sick.” I was. I could feel my insides heave and roll, heading upwards towards the opening. I was not about to regurgitate my breakfast on his lunch at the table, so I rushed to the toilet.

It was unlocked –thank god.

And all I could do to keep the rising lump from a premature explosion is to cover my mouth with both my hands until I reached the bowl and then my breakfast hit target – an unrecognizable pool of cereal, milk and grapes. It came out in spurts – lumpy, starchy mess of my stomach’s content. And then I saw it.

A school of thick, silvery liquid that looked different from the rest of the morning’s evidence. It floated above the rest like a shimmering buoy of gelatinous pudding, with a life of its own.

Then the smell hit me; that all too-familiar, sickening scent of putrefied blood and vomit. But this time, I was not dreaming. I tasted it. It was in my mouth. And then it moved, underneath my skin. I felt something roll and turn, and in a daze – wondering if it was all another dream – I lifted my shirt.

And then I heard it – the scream.

The last thing I remember was a familiar voice, far away, calling my name again and again accompanied by the sound of frenzied banging – disengaged, lonely cacophony of madness – as my scream tore at the horror that was kicking in me.



Dolores Tay is a Singaporean mother of 2 with one on the way. ◆



Cover Art: Cthulhu by Paul Mudie

## YELLOW

by Daniel Jarvis

The creature peered through my bedroom window for the third consecutive night. Except about Jerry. this was no ordinary creature. My classmate from Ms. Johnson’s English class, Jerry Collins, had become a werewolf.

During the day, Jerry appeared like I was a grand meal yet to

as a typical high school student; however, I noticed one glaring difference that nobody else picked up on – his yellow tinted eyes. I tried to tell Ms. Johnson, but she ignored me. My parents wouldn’t listen either. Only I knew the truth

On the fourth night, two creatures peered through my window. And on the fifth night, five of them were gathered outside. They just stared at me,

come.

At school, more and more students had yellow tinted eyes. Because Jerry was the first, I figured he was the leader. I just couldn't pinpoint how and where he was turning the others into werewolves, and why I hadn't been chosen.

Everyone in town was oblivious to the impending danger – or were they in on it too? Mr. Bronson, the owner of the General Store, also had yellow tinted eyes. It seemed like I was the only one who wasn't turned. This only meant one thing: I had to slay the werewolves.

I started with Jerry. I followed him home from school on a Wednesday afternoon. He entered his home through the garage door, but as it was rolling open, he dropped something on the ground. When he reached down to pick it up, I made my move.

The hammer made a loud thumping noise when it struck the back of Jerry's head. I pulled his unconscious body into the garage, shut the door, and hacked off his head, arms and legs with my father's machete. Jerry's blood splattered all over the concrete floor of the garage and all over my favorite t-shirt.

Next was Ms. Johnson. I once read somewhere, or maybe saw it in a movie, that fire was a full-proof way of killing a werewolf. I waited until late

that Wednesday night (there was no full moon, so it was safe), and pried open her back door. She was sound asleep when I arrived to her bedroom.

I poured two gallons of gasoline over her sleeping body. When I finished, she woke up and screamed louder than a newborn infant. I hit her with a baseball bat to shut her up. I then lit the match, dropped it on the bed, and watched her burn.

I walked outside her front door and was tackled by several police officers. When I stood before the judge a few weeks later, he said I was mentally unfit to stand trial.

They placed me in a tiny room with white-padded walls. My arms and legs were constricted. One night, they poked and prodded me with needles, despite my protest. The next day I saw my reflection in the tiny window on the door of my cell. I had yellow tinted eyes.

◆◆◆  
Daniel Jarvis is a freelance writer and sports blogger at [bigbluenationsports.com](http://bigbluenationsports.com). He works in downtown Denver, and spends his weekends skiing and hiking in the Rockies. If you would like to reach him, send an email to [dsjarvis@yahoo.com](mailto:dsjarvis@yahoo.com). ◆

## **PATCHWORK WOOD**

by Bridget Spindler

They never spoke about what was at the top of the old oak stairs. No one spoke a word when a curious child wandered away from his parents and crept up those ancient oak stairs. They did not attempt to stop him. The hotel staff said even less when the little boy did not come back down. The only sign that they even knew about the stairs was the guilty glances exchanged when sobbing parents begged for someone, anyone, to help them find their son.

But alas, this is not where this story starts. Rather, it starts two hundred years ago in a forest so old not even the oldest natives can remember a time when the branches did not touch the sky.

Richard cursed under his breath. He hated his job. He absolutely hated it. Today it filled him with even more hate than usual. His hands ached and it sent waves of pain to his brain every time he moved his legs. Richard wanted nothing more than to go back in time and continue his schooling. The stupidest thing he had ever done was skip school to get a job early. If he had gone to school, he wouldn't be in this god-forsaken forest chopping down trees with a rusty ax.

“Get back to work Tennyson!” The angry growl of his boss interrupted his pessimistic train of thoughts. Richard



scowled. In a few more chops he would have the tree down. There was no reason for the man to end his brief break. He swung his ax into the ancient oak. Once, twice, crack. The tree fell with an enormous crash. And then the explosion rocked the land. Or rather what the workers assumed was an explosion. It wasn't till they had already sold the tree that they realized Richard's body was the only thing burned.

Strange happenings followed the old oak Richard Tennyson had spent his last moments cutting down. The first carpenter to ever touch it drowned on dry land before he could even take his knife to the oak. The second had just bought the shockingly cheap wood when he had been sliced into hundreds of pieces by an invisible force. The third's heart had been carved out by his own tools. Finally an old man building a hotel bought the oak wood. It had been sold with a warning that the elder paid no heed to. Surprisingly nothing happened to the old man. He used the wood to build the stairs to the third floor of his precious hotel. The week after the hotel was finished the old man died. He had been skinned alive.

The old man's hotel was passed down from father to son, mother to daughter for decades. The secret of the third floor stairs was passed through the blood line. No one in the family touched the stairs. They valued their lives. And anyone

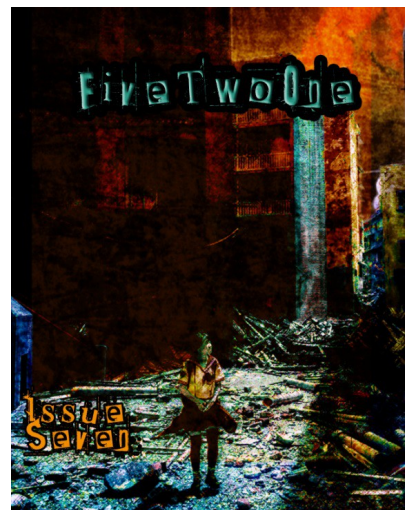
who went up, well, that was too bad. They shouldn't have gone up there in the first place. No one ever came down. That is, until someone did.

Sarah sent a fleeting glance towards the forbidden stairs. No one had gone up in months, to her relief. She hated watching them go up and never come down. It was depressing to think about all the people her family had caused to die, all the people she had caused to die. The little boy had been the worst. He had been so small, so sweet. She had wanted to scream, yell, beg the child to leave and never come back. She just wasn't brave enough. Sarah had long since realized she was a selfish coward. A door creaked somewhere in the old house. Sarah frowned. No one should have been up. She glanced at the grandfather clock; 2:00AM. No one was supposed to be awake. The creak came again, this time louder. It was coming from the third floor Sarah realized, chills running down her spine. No one should be upstairs. Sarah froze. The creak came again. Someone or something was coming down the stairs. Thump. Thump. Thump. It was coming. Sarah couldn't move, she couldn't breathe. She was paralyzed with fear. Thump. Thump. Thump. Sarah clenched her eyes shut. She couldn't look. The sound stopped. She wouldn't look, she wouldn't look, she wouldn't... Sarah couldn't help it. Her eyes flew open. Standing at the bottom

of the steps was the most grossest thing she had ever seen. The thing looked like a patchwork quilt with human skin instead of cloth. Its right arm was a dark tan while its left was milky white. One of its eyes was a dark blue while the other a light brown. Every body part was a different shade of color. Where colors met it looked as if the flesh had been melded together. Sarah stared in horror. Her eyes drifted to the hands. They were child sized and with sickening clarity she knew they were the little boys.

"Thanks for the spare parts." The creature grinned a blood soaked smile. ♦

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# CLASSIC HORROR: THE PREMATURE BURIAL BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

There are certain themes of which the interest is all-absorbing, but which are too entirely horrible for the purposes of legitimate fiction. These the mere romanticist must eschew, if he do not wish to offend or to disgust. They are with propriety handled only when the severity and majesty of Truth sanctify and sustain them. We thrill, for example, with the most intense of "pleasurable pain" over the accounts of the Passage of the Beresina, of the Earthquake at Lisbon, of the Plague at London, of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or of the stifling of the hundred and twenty-three prisoners in the Black Hole at Calcutta. But in these accounts it is the fact—it is the reality—it is the history which excites. As inventions, we should regard them with simple abhorrence.

I have mentioned some few of the more prominent and august calamities on record; but in these it is the extent, not less than the character of the calamity, which so vividly impresses the fancy. I need not remind the reader that, from the long and weird catalogue of human miseries, I might have

selected many individual instances more replete with essential suffering than any of these vast generalities of disaster. The true wretchedness, indeed—the ultimate woe—is particular, not diffuse. That the ghastly extremes of agony are endured by man the unit, and never by man the mass—for this let us thank a merciful God!

To be buried while alive is, beyond question, the most terrific of these extremes which has ever fallen to the lot of mere mortality. That it has frequently, very frequently, so fallen will scarcely be denied by those who think. The boundaries which divide Life from Death are at best shadowy and vague. Who shall say where the one ends, and where the other begins? We know that there are diseases in which occur total cessations of all the apparent functions of vitality, and yet in which these cessations are merely suspensions, properly so called. They are only temporary pauses in the incomprehensible mechanism. A certain period elapses, and some unseen mysterious principle again sets in motion

the magic pinions and the wizard wheels. The silver cord was not for ever loosed, nor the golden bowl irreparably broken. But where, meantime, was the soul?

Apart, however, from the inevitable conclusion, a priori that such causes must produce such effects—that the well-known occurrence of such cases of suspended animation must naturally give rise, now and then, to premature interments—apart from this consideration, we have the direct testimony of medical and ordinary experience to prove that a vast number of such interments have actually taken place. I might refer at once, if necessary to a hundred well authenticated instances. One of very remarkable character, and of which the circumstances may be fresh in the memory of some of my readers, occurred, not very long ago, in the neighboring city of Baltimore, where it occasioned a painful, intense, and widely-extended excitement. The wife of one of the most respectable citizens—a lawyer of eminence and a member of Congress—was seized with a sudden and

unaccountable illness, which completely baffled the skill of her physicians. After much suffering she died, or was supposed to die. No one suspected, indeed, or had reason to suspect, that she was not actually dead. She presented all the ordinary appearances of death. The face assumed the usual pinched and sunken outline. The lips were of the usual marble pallor. The eyes were lustreless. There was no warmth. Pulsation had ceased. For three days the body was preserved unburied, during which it had acquired a stony rigidity. The funeral, in short, was hastened, on account of the rapid advance of what was supposed to be decomposition.

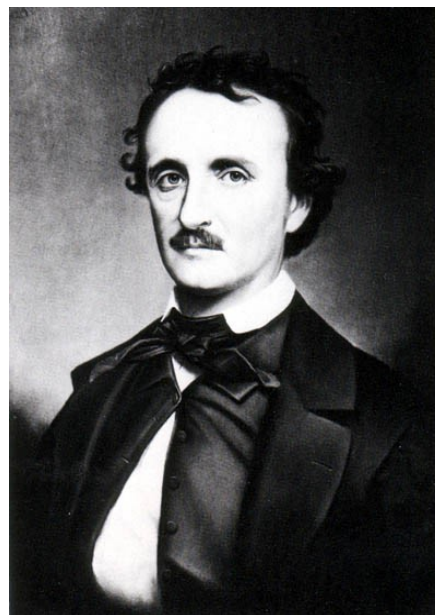
The lady was deposited in her family vault, which, for three subsequent years, was undisturbed. At the expiration of this term it was opened for the reception of a sarcophagus;—but, alas! how fearful a shock awaited the husband, who, personally, threw open the door! As its portals swung outwardly back, some white-apparelled object fell rattling within his arms. It was the skeleton of his wife in her yet un moulded shroud.

A careful investigation rendered it evident that she had revived within two days after her entombment; that her struggles within the coffin had caused it to fall from a ledge, shelf to the floor, where it was so broken as to permit her escape. A lamp which had been

accidentally left, full of oil, within the tomb, was found empty; it might have been exhausted, however, by evaporation. On the uttermost of the steps which led down into the dread chamber was a large fragment of the coffin, with which, it seemed, that she had endeavored to arrest attention by striking the iron door. While thus occupied, she probably swooned, or possibly died, through sheer terror; and, in failing, her shroud became entangled in some iron-work which projected interiorly. Thus she remained, and thus she rotted, erect.

In the year 1810, a case of living inhumation happened in France, attended with circumstances which go far to warrant the assertion that truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction. The heroine of the story was a Mademoiselle Victorine Lafourcade, a young girl of illustrious family, of wealth, and of great personal beauty. Among her numerous suitors was Julien Bossuet, a poor litterateur, or journalist of Paris. His talents and general amiability had recommended him to the notice of the heiress, by whom he seems to have been truly beloved; but her pride of birth decided her, finally, to reject him, and to wed a Monsieur Renelle, a banker and a diplomatist of some eminence. After marriage, however, this gentleman neglected, and, perhaps, even more positively ill-treated her. Having passed with him some wretched years,

she died,—at least her condition so closely resembled death as to deceive every one who saw her. She was buried—not in a vault, but in an ordinary grave in the village of her nativity. Filled with despair, and still inflamed by the memory of a profound attachment, the lover journeys from the capital to the remote province in which the village lies, with the romantic purpose of disinterring the corpse, and possessing himself of its



Edgar Allan Poe

luxuriant tresses. He reaches the grave. At midnight he unearths the coffin, opens it, and is in the act of detaching the hair, when he is arrested by the unclosing of the beloved eyes. In fact, the lady had been buried alive. Vitality had not altogether departed, and she was aroused by the caresses of her lover from the lethargy which had been mistaken for death. He bore her frantically to his lodgings in the village.

He employed certain powerful restoratives suggested by no little medical learning. In fine, she revived. She recognized her preserver. She remained with him until, by slow degrees, she fully recovered her original health. Her woman's heart was not adamant, and this last lesson of love sufficed to soften it. She bestowed it upon Bossuet. She returned no more to her husband, but, concealing from him her resurrection, fled with her

lover to America. Twenty years afterward, the two returned to France, in the persuasion that time had so greatly altered the lady's appearance that her friends would be unable to recognize her. They were mistaken, however, for, at the first meeting, Monsieur Renelle did actually recognize and make claim to his wife. This claim she resisted, and a judicial tribunal sustained her in her resistance, deciding that the peculiar circumstances, with the long lapse of years, had extinguished, not only equitably, but legally, the authority of the husband.

The "Chirurgical Journal" of Leipsic—a periodical of high authority and merit, which some American bookseller would do well to translate and republish, records in a late number a very distressing event of the character in question.

An officer of artillery, a man of gigantic stature and of robust health, being thrown from an unmanageable horse, received

a very severe contusion upon the head, which rendered him insensible at once; the skull was slightly fractured, but no immediate danger was apprehended. Trepanning was accomplished successfully. He was bled, and many other of the ordinary means of relief were adopted. Gradually, however, he fell into a more and more hopeless state of stupor, and, finally, it was thought that he died.

The weather was warm, and he was buried with indecent haste in one of the public cemeteries. His funeral took place on Thursday. On the Sunday following, the grounds of the cemetery were, as usual, much thronged with visitors, and about noon an intense excitement was created by the declaration of a peasant that, while sitting upon the grave of the officer, he had distinctly felt a commotion of the earth, as if occasioned by some one struggling beneath. At first little attention was paid to the man's asseveration; but his evident terror, and the dogged obstinacy with which he persisted in his story, had at length their natural effect upon the crowd. Spades were hurriedly procured, and the grave, which was shamefully shallow, was in a few minutes so far thrown open that the head of its occupant appeared. He was then seemingly dead; but he sat nearly erect within his coffin, the lid of which, in his furious struggles, he had partially uplifted.

He was forthwith conveyed to the nearest hospital, and there pronounced to be still living, although in an asphytic condition. After some hours he revived, recognized individuals of his acquaintance, and, in broken sentences spoke of his agonies in the grave.

From what he related, it was clear that he must have been conscious of life for more than an hour, while inhumed, before lapsing into insensibility. The grave was carelessly and loosely filled with an exceedingly porous soil; and thus some air was necessarily admitted. He heard the footsteps of the crowd overhead, and endeavored to make himself heard in turn. It was the tumult within the grounds of the cemetery, he said, which appeared to awaken him from a deep sleep, but no sooner was he awake than he became fully aware of the awful horrors of his position.

This patient, it is recorded, was doing well and seemed to be in a fair way of ultimate recovery, but fell a victim to the quackeries of medical experiment. The galvanic battery was applied, and he suddenly expired in one of those ecstatic paroxysms which, occasionally, it superinduces.

The mention of the galvanic battery, nevertheless, recalls to my memory a well known and very extraordinary case in point, where its action proved

the means of restoring to animation a young attorney of London, who had been interred for two days. This occurred in 1831, and created, at the time, a very profound sensation wherever it was made the subject of converse.

The patient, Mr. Edward Stapleton, had died, apparently of typhus fever, accompanied with some anomalous symptoms which had excited the curiosity of his medical attendants. Upon his seeming decease, his friends were requested to sanction a post-mortem examination, but declined to permit it. As often happens, when such refusals are made, the practitioners resolved to disinter the body and dissect it at leisure, in private. Arrangements were easily effected with some of the numerous corps of body-snatchers, with which London abounds; and, upon the third night after the funeral, the supposed corpse was unearthed from a grave eight feet deep, and deposited in the opening chamber of one of the private hospitals.

An incision of some extent had been actually made in the abdomen, when the fresh and undecayed appearance of the subject suggested an application of the battery. One experiment succeeded another, and the customary effects supervened, with nothing to characterize them in any respect, except, upon one or two occasions, a more than ordinary degree of life-likeness

in the convulsive action.

It grew late. The day was about to dawn; and it was thought expedient, at length, to proceed at once to the dissection. A student, however, was especially desirous of testing a theory of his own, and insisted upon applying the battery to one of the pectoral muscles. A rough gash was made, and a wire hastily brought in contact, when the patient, with a hurried but quite unconvulsive movement, arose from the table, stepped into the middle of the floor, gazed about him uneasily for a few seconds, and then—spoke. What he said was unintelligible, but words were uttered; the syllabification was distinct. Having spoken, he fell heavily to the floor.

For some moments all were paralyzed with awe—but the urgency of the case soon restored them their presence of mind. It was seen that Mr. Stapleton was alive, although in a swoon. Upon exhibition of ether he revived and was rapidly restored to health, and to the society of his friends—from whom, however, all knowledge of his resuscitation was withheld, until a relapse was no longer to be apprehended. Their wonder—their rapturous astonishment—may be conceived.

The most thrilling peculiarity of this incident, nevertheless, is involved in what Mr. S. himself asserts. He declares that at no period was he

altogether insensible—that, dully and confusedly, he was aware of everything which happened to him, from the moment in which he was pronounced dead by his physicians, to that in which he fell swooning to the floor of the hospital. “I am alive,” were the uncomprehended words which, upon recognizing the locality of the dissecting-room, he had endeavored, in his extremity, to utter.

It were an easy matter to multiply such histories as these—but I forbear—for, indeed, we have no need of such to establish the fact that premature interments occur. When we reflect how very rarely, from the nature of the case, we have it in our power to detect them, we must admit that they may frequently occur without our cognizance. Scarcely, in truth, is a graveyard ever encroached upon, for any purpose, to any great extent, that skeletons are not found in postures which suggest the most fearful of suspicions.

Fearful indeed the suspicion—but more fearful the doom! It may be asserted, without hesitation, that no event is so terribly well adapted to inspire the supremeness of bodily and of mental distress, as is burial before death. The unendurable oppression of the lungs—the stifling fumes from the damp earth—the clinging to the death garments—the rigid embrace of the narrow house—the blackness of the absolute

Night—the silence like a sea that overwhelms—the unseen but palpable presence of the Conqueror Worm—these things, with the thoughts of the air and grass above, with memory of dear friends who would fly to save us if but informed of our fate, and with consciousness that of this fate they can never be informed—that our hopeless portion is that of the really dead—these considerations, I say, carry into the heart, which still palpitates, a degree of appalling and intolerable horror from which the most daring imagination must recoil. We know of nothing so agonizing upon Earth—we can dream of nothing half so hideous in the realms of the nethermost Hell. And thus all narratives upon this topic have an interest profound; an interest, nevertheless, which, through the sacred awe of the topic itself, very properly and very peculiarly depends upon our conviction of the truth of the matter narrated. What I have now to tell is of my own actual knowledge—of my own positive and personal experience.

For several years I had been subject to attacks of the singular disorder which physicians have agreed to term catalepsy, in default of a more definitive title. Although both the immediate and the predisposing causes, and even the actual diagnosis, of this disease are still mysterious, its obvious and apparent character is sufficiently well

understood. Its variations seem to be chiefly of degree. Sometimes the patient lies, for a day only, or even for a shorter period, in a species of exaggerated lethargy. He is senseless and externally motionless; but the pulsation of the heart is still faintly perceptible; some traces of warmth remain; a slight color lingers within the centre of the cheek; and, upon application of a mirror to the lips, we can detect a torpid, unequal, and vacillating action of the lungs. Then again the duration of the trance is for weeks—even for months; while the closest scrutiny, and the most rigorous medical tests, fail to establish any material distinction between the state of the sufferer and what we conceive of absolute death. Very usually he is saved from premature interment solely by the knowledge of his friends that he has been previously subject to catalepsy, by the consequent suspicion excited, and, above all, by the non-appearance of decay. The advances of the malady are, luckily, gradual. The first manifestations, although marked, are unequivocal. The fits grow successively more and more distinctive, and endure each for a longer term than the preceding. In this lies the principal security from inhumation. The unfortunate whose first attack should be of the extreme character which is occasionally seen, would almost inevitably be consigned alive to the tomb.

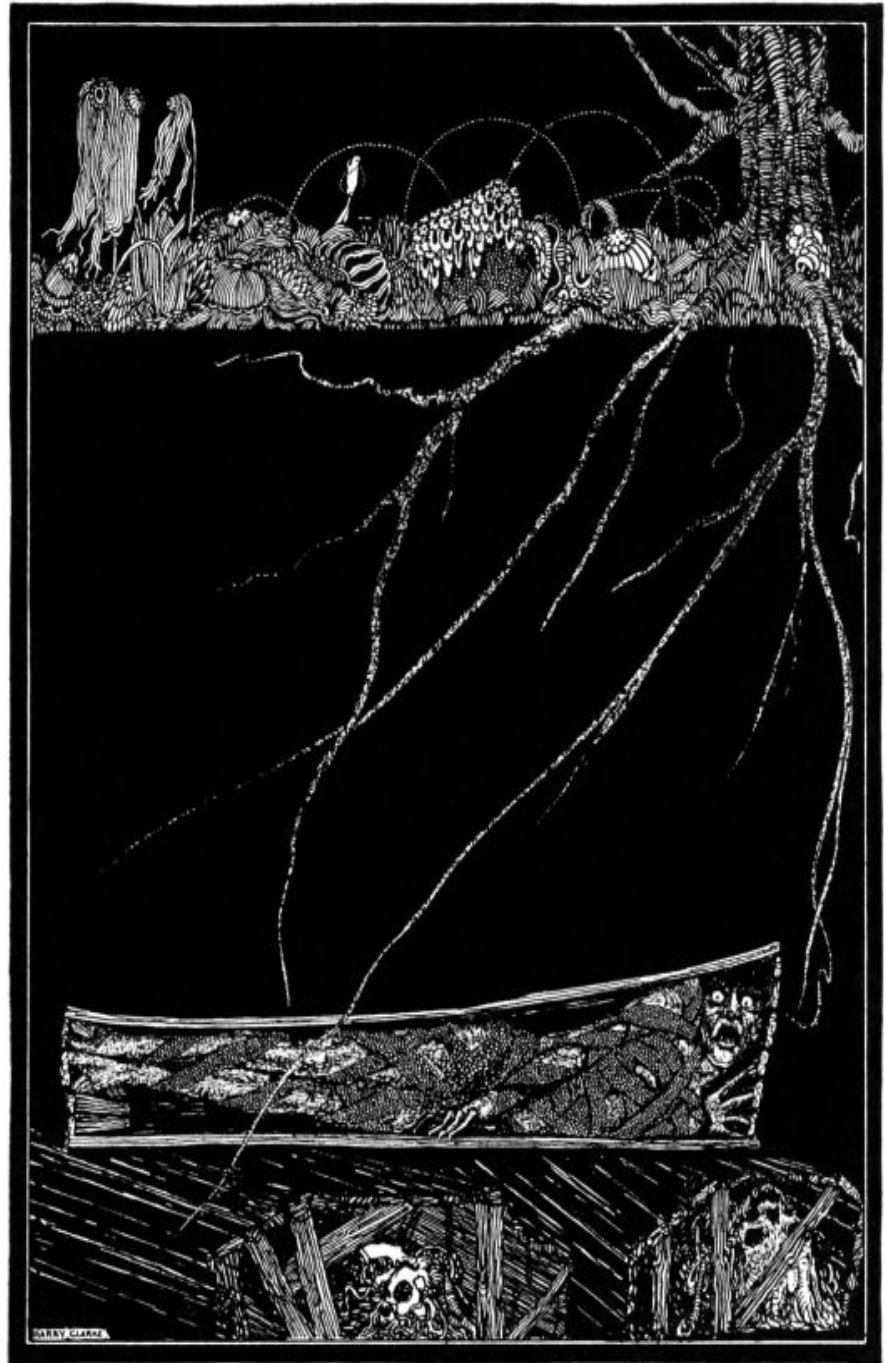
My own case differed in no important particular from those mentioned in medical books. Sometimes, without any apparent cause, I sank, little by little, into a condition of hemisyncope, or half swoon; and, in this condition, without pain, without ability to stir, or, strictly speaking, to think, but with a dull lethargic consciousness of life and of the presence of those who surrounded my bed, I remained, until the crisis of the disease restored me, suddenly, to perfect sensation. At other times I was quickly and impetuously smitten. I grew sick, and numb, and chilly, and dizzy, and so fell prostrate at once. Then, for weeks, all was void, and black, and silent, and Nothing became the universe. Total annihilation could be no more. From these latter attacks I awoke, however, with a gradation slow in proportion to the suddenness of the seizure. Just as the day dawns to the friendless and houseless beggar who roams the streets throughout the long desolate winter night—just so tardily—just so wearily—just so cheerily came back the light of the Soul to me.

Apart from the tendency to trance, however, my general health appeared to be good; nor could I perceive that it was at all affected by the one prevalent malady—unless, indeed, an idiosyncrasy in my ordinary sleep may be looked upon as superinduced. Upon awaking from slumber, I could never gain, at once, thorough

possession of my senses, and always remained, for many minutes, in much bewilderment and perplexity; —the mental faculties in general, but the memory in especial, being in a condition of absolute abeyance.

In all that I endured there was no physical suffering but of moral distress an infinitude. My fancy grew chafed, I talked “of worms, of tombs, and epitaphs.” I was lost in reveries of death, and the idea of premature burial held continual possession of my brain. The ghastly Danger to which I was subjected haunted me day and night. In the former, the torture of meditation was excessive—in the latter, supreme. When the grim Darkness overspread the Earth, then, with every horror of thought, I shook—shook as the quivering plumes upon the hearse. When Nature could endure wakefulness no longer, it was with a struggle that I consented to sleep—for I shuddered to reflect that, upon awaking, I might find myself the tenant of a grave. And when, finally, I sank into slumber, it was only to rush at once into a world of phantasms, above which, with vast, sable, overshadowing wing, hovered, predominant, the one sepulchral Idea.

From the innumerable images of gloom which thus oppressed me in dreams, I select for record but a solitary vision. Methought I was immersed in a cataleptic trance of more



than usual duration and profundity. Suddenly there came an icy hand upon my forehead, and an impatient, gibbering voice whispered the word “Arise!” within my ear.

I sat erect. The darkness was total. I could not see the figure of him who had aroused me. I

could call to mind neither the period at which I had fallen into the trance, nor the locality in which I then lay. While I remained motionless, and busied in endeavors to collect my thought, the cold hand grasped me fiercely by the wrist, shaking it petulantly, while the gibbering voice said

again:

“Arise! did I not bid thee arise?”

“And who,” I demanded, “art thou?”

“I have no name in the regions which I inhabit,” replied the voice, mournfully; “I was mortal, but am fiend. I was merciless, but am pitiful. Thou dost feel that I shudder.—My teeth chatter as I speak, yet it is not with the chilliness of the night—of the night without end. But this hideousness is insufferable. How canst thou tranquilly sleep? I cannot rest for the cry of these great agonies. These sights are more than I can bear. Get thee up! Come with me into the outer Night, and let me unfold to thee the graves. Is not this a spectacle of woe?—Behold!”

I looked; and the unseen figure, which still grasped me by the wrist, had caused to be thrown open the graves of all mankind, and from each issued the faint phosphoric radiance of decay, so that I could see into the innermost recesses, and there view the shrouded bodies in their sad and solemn slumbers with the worm. But alas! the real sleepers were fewer, by many millions, than those who slumbered not at all; and there was a feeble struggling; and there was a general sad unrest; and from out the depths of the countless pits there came a melancholy rustling from the garments of the buried. And of those who

seemed tranquilly to repose, I saw that a vast number had changed, in a greater or less degree, the rigid and uneasy position in which they had originally been entombed. And the voice again said to me as I gazed:

“Is it not—oh! is it not a pitiful sight?”—but, before I could find words to reply, the figure had ceased to grasp my wrist, the phosphoric lights expired, and the graves were closed with a sudden violence, while from out them arose a tumult of despairing cries, saying again: “Is it not—O, God, is it not a very pitiful sight?”

Phantasies such as these, presenting themselves at night, extended their terrific influence far into my waking hours. My nerves became thoroughly unstrung, and I fell a prey to perpetual horror. I hesitated to ride, or to walk, or to indulge in any exercise that would carry me from home. In fact, I no longer dared trust myself out of the immediate presence of those who were aware of my proneness to catalepsy, lest, falling into one of my usual fits, I should be buried before my real condition could be ascertained. I doubted the care, the fidelity of my dearest friends. I dreaded that, in some trance of more than customary duration, they might be prevailed upon to regard me as irrecoverable. I even went so far as to fear that as I occasioned much trouble, they might be glad to consider any very protracted attack as

sufficient excuse for getting rid of me altogether. It was in vain they endeavored to reassure me by the most solemn promises. I exacted the most sacred oaths, that under no circumstances they would bury me until decomposition had so materially advanced as to render farther preservation impossible. And, even then, my mortal terrors would listen to no reason—would accept no consolation. I entered into a series of elaborate precautions. Among other things, I had the family vault so remodelled as to admit of being readily opened from within. The slightest pressure upon a long lever that extended far into the tomb would cause the iron portal to fly back. There were arrangements also for the free admission of air and light, and convenient receptacles for food and water, within immediate reach of the coffin intended for my reception. This coffin was warmly and softly padded, and was provided with a lid, fashioned upon the principle of the vault-door, with the addition of springs so contrived that the feeblest movement of the body would be sufficient to set it at liberty. Besides all this, there was suspended from the roof of the tomb, a large bell, the rope of which, it was designed, should extend through a hole in the coffin, and so be fastened to one of the hands of the corpse. But, alas? what avails the vigilance against the Destiny of man? Not even these well-contrived securities sufficed to save from the uttermost



agonies of living inhumation, a wretch to these agonies foredoomed!

There arrived an epoch—as often before there had arrived—in which I found myself emerging from total unconsciousness into the first feeble and indefinite sense of existence. Slowly—with a tortoise gradation—approached the faint gray dawn of the psychal day. A torpid uneasiness. An apathetic endurance of dull pain. No care—no hope—no effort. Then, after a long interval, a ringing in the ears; then, after a lapse still longer, a prickling or tingling sensation in the extremities; then a seemingly eternal period of pleasurable quiescence, during which the awakening feelings are struggling into thought; then a brief re-sinking into non-entity; then a sudden recovery. At length the slight quivering of an eyelid, and immediately thereupon, an electric shock of a terror, deadly and indefinite, which sends the blood in torrents from the temples to the heart. And now the first positive effort to think. And now the first endeavor to remember. And now a partial and evanescent success. And now the memory has so far regained its dominion, that, in some measure, I am cognizant of my state. I feel that I am not awaking from ordinary sleep. I recollect that I have been subject to catalepsy. And now, at last, as if by the rush of an ocean, my shuddering spirit is

overwhelmed by the one grim Danger—by the one spectral and ever-prevalent idea.

For some minutes after this fancy possessed me, I remained without motion. And why? I could not summon courage to move. I dared not make the effort which was to satisfy me of my fate—and yet there was something at my heart which whispered me it was sure. Despair—such as no other species of wretchedness ever calls into being—despair alone urged me, after long irresolution, to uplift the heavy lids of my eyes. I uplifted them. It was dark—all dark. I knew that the fit was over. I knew that the crisis of my disorder had long passed. I knew that I had now fully recovered the use of my visual faculties—and yet it was dark—all dark—the intense and utter raylessness of the Night that endureth for evermore.

I endeavored to shriek; and my lips and my parched tongue moved convulsively together in the attempt—but no voice issued from the cavernous lungs, which oppressed as if by the weight of some incumbent mountain, gasped and palpitated, with the heart, at every elaborate and struggling inspiration.

The movement of the jaws, in this effort to cry aloud, showed me that they were bound up, as is usual with the dead. I felt, too, that I lay upon some hard substance, and by something similar my sides were, also,

closely compressed. So far, I had not ventured to stir any of my limbs—but now I violently threw up my arms, which had been lying at length, with the wrists crossed. They struck a solid wooden substance, which extended above my person at an elevation of not more than six inches from my face. I could no longer doubt that I reposed within a coffin at last.

And now, amid all my infinite miseries, came sweetly the cherub Hope—for I thought of my precautions. I writhed, and made spasmodic exertions to force open the lid: it would not move. I felt my wrists for the bell-rope: it was not to be found. And now the Comforter fled for ever, and a still sterner Despair reigned triumphant; for I could not help perceiving the absence of the paddings which I had so carefully prepared—and then, too, there came suddenly to my nostrils the strong peculiar odor of moist earth. The conclusion was irresistible. I was not within the vault. I had fallen into a trance while absent from home—while among strangers—when, or how, I could not remember—and it was they who had buried me as a dog—nailed up in some common coffin—and thrust deep, deep, and for ever, into some ordinary and nameless grave.

As this awful conviction forced itself, thus, into the innermost chambers of my soul, I once again struggled to cry aloud. And in this second endeavor I succeeded. A long, wild, and

continuous shriek, or yell of agony, resounded through the realms of the subterranean Night.

“Hillo! hillo, there!” said a gruff voice, in reply.

“What the devil’s the matter now!” said a second.

“Get out o’ that!” said a third.

“What do you mean by yowling in that ere kind of style, like a cattymount?” said a fourth; and hereupon I was seized and shaken without ceremony, for several minutes, by a junto of very rough-looking individuals. They did not arouse me from my slumber—for I was wide awake when I screamed—but they restored me to the full possession of my memory.

This adventure occurred near Richmond, in Virginia.

Accompanied by a friend, I had proceeded, upon a gunning expedition, some miles down the banks of the James River. Night approached, and we were overtaken by a storm. The cabin of a small sloop lying at anchor in the stream, and laden with garden mould, afforded us the only available shelter. We made the best of it, and passed the night on board. I slept in one of the only two berths in the vessel—and the berths of a sloop of sixty or twenty tons need scarcely be described. That which I occupied had no bedding of any kind. Its extreme width was eighteen inches. The distance of its bottom from the deck overhead was precisely

the same. I found it a matter of exceeding difficulty to squeeze myself in. Nevertheless, I slept soundly, and the whole of my vision—for it was no dream, and no nightmare—arose naturally from the circumstances of my position—from my ordinary bias of thought—and from the difficulty, to which I have alluded, of collecting my senses, and especially of regaining my memory, for a long time after awaking from slumber. The men who shook me were the crew of the sloop, and some laborers engaged to unload it. From the load itself came the earthly smell. The bandage about the jaws was a silk handkerchief in which I had bound up my head, in default of my customary nightcap.

The tortures endured, however, were indubitably quite equal for the time, to those of actual sepulture. They were fearfully—they were inconceivably hideous; but out of Evil proceeded Good; for their very excess wrought in my spirit an inevitable revulsion. My soul acquired tone—acquired temper. I went abroad. I took vigorous exercise. I breathed the free air of Heaven. I thought upon other subjects than Death. I discarded my medical books. “Buchan” I burned. I read no “Night Thoughts”—no fustian about churchyards—no bugaboo tales—such as this. In short, I became a new man, and lived a man’s life. From that memorable night, I

dismissed forever my charnel apprehensions, and with them vanished the cataleptic disorder, of which, perhaps, they had been less the consequence than the cause.

There are moments when, even to the sober eye of Reason, the world of our sad Humanity may assume the semblance of a Hell—but the imagination of man is no Carathis, to explore with impunity its every cavern. Alas! the grim legion of sepulchral terrors cannot be regarded as altogether fanciful—but, like the Demons in whose company Afrasiab made his voyage down the Oxus, they must sleep, or they will devour us—they must be suffered to slumber, or we perish. ♦



[Post your book on EWR](#)

## FEATURED ARTIST PAUL MUDIE

Paul Mudie is a horror illustrator from Edinburgh, Scotland. Qualified in Scientific and Technical Graphics from Edinburgh's Telford College, Paul is best known as a cover artist for various horror anthologies and collections, including \*The Black Book of Horror\* series for Mortbury Press, \*No Man and Other Stories\* and \*Passport to Purgatory\* by Tony Richards, and \*To Usher, the Dead\* by Gary McMahon, amongst others. He was shortlisted for the British Fantasy Society's 'Best Artist' award in 2011.

See more of his art:  
[www.paulmudie.com](http://www.paulmudie.com)



## Artist: Sky Black

Sky Black is an oil painter and muralist. His work has exhibited in large-scale competitions, appeared on the covers of magazines, shown around the country, and has been collected internationally. His art explores the unexpected. He employs technical painting skills when constructing subjects and scenery while paying attention to narrative and fine detail. Sky's inspiration comes from crashing waves, unlikely events, mysteries, clouds, love, animals, the sea, good lighting, good humor, good views, and of course birds and music. His style is unique in the way he juxtaposes romantically and classically influenced themes with contemporary situations and characters. His paintings create a trail for the imagination to wander.  
[skyblackart.com](http://skyblackart.com)

## Artist: Tommy Ingberg

Tommy Ingberg is a self-taught photographer and visual artist, born 1980 in Sweden. He works with photography and digital image editing, creating minimalistic and self-reflecting surreal photo montages dealing with human nature, feelings and thoughts.

During the last couple of years he has received international recognition with his work shown in numerous publications and receiving awards and honorable mentions from many different competitions including International Photography Awards, Prix De La Photographie Paris and Sony World Photography Awards. In 2012 Tommy won the Lumen Prize with his picture "Torn".



# CLASSIFIEDS

## CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS:

### Rip/torn collective: call or submissions

<http://riptorncollective.com/>

October 30th, 2014 at 2:00am

We are looking for the voice you use the least. Selections from your secret self dialogues and the stories you keep from the surface. We want the dark stuff you keep in the deep and don't tell anyone about.

Our fifth issue will explore the dichotomy of human obsession and repulsion. This theme is set to inspire, not limit.

Be as straightforward or as innovative as you please; however, your choosing of either obsession or repulsion must be clear.

As always, an alias is welcome.

Email your: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, essays, articles, photography, visual art, and mixed media to [riptorncollective@gmail.com](mailto:riptorncollective@gmail.com) no later than November 15th.

Visuals must be at 300 DPI and words at no more than 1,500 count.

No previously published work

will be printed.

### Call For Fiction, Nonfiction, Poetry, and Art

#### Submissions

October 23rd, 2014 at 5:22 pm

[https://www.usfca.edu/templates/as\\_engl\\_inside.aspx?id=6442490420](https://www.usfca.edu/templates/as_engl_inside.aspx?id=6442490420)

The Ignatian Literary Magazine, established 150 years ago at the University of San Francisco, is now accepting submissions for its 2015 print magazine. The Ignatian is dedicated to finding creative, unique works from writers of all genres. We welcome short pieces of nonfiction, fiction, and poetry, as well as visual art pieces. All authors and artists can submit original work, regardless of age, location, or level of professionalism. Submissions will be due DECEMBER 13TH, so there is still quite a lot of time to write and apply.

All published submissions will be considered for the Editor's Choice Award, given in each of the three genre sections. The award includes a prize of \$50.

### Mud Season Review Call for Submissions -

<http://mudseasonreview.com/>

### Modern Poetry Quarterly Review -

October 14th, 2014 at 8:23 pm

Modern Poetry Quarterly Review publishes poetry that is relevant to the current and the now. We seek to represent the collective thoughts and ideas of our generation in the 21st century.

Basically any poetry form is accepted. We will publish experimental with the traditional, humorous with the serious, short with the long. All a poem needs is to be new in style or idea that past poets have not written.

Please submit your poetry and art to [modernpoetryreview@gmail.com](mailto:modernpoetryreview@gmail.com) in the body of the email.

New and emerging writers are especially welcome. We aim to respond within a week. Do not query before 2 months.

### Lunch Ticket's All Genre Call Is Winding Down! -

October 7th, 2014 at 8:49 pm

<http://lunchticket.org/>

This is the last month for Lunch Ticket's reading period! We are accepting submissions for our Summer/Fall 2014 issue from the following genres: Fiction, Flash Fiction, and Poetry, Writing for Young People, Visual Art, Translation / Multi-lingual texts & Creative Nonfiction. Translated submissions: include original work with your translation, and a document showing that you have permission to publish the original work. Original, bilingual work may be submitted under the translation category; please indicate this in your cover letter. The responsibility for clearing rights, permissions for translated works, & the payment of any related fees, lies with the translator. For any of the genre guidelines and submission manager (Please follow submission guidelines CAREFULLY), visit our website: <http://lunchticket.org>  
Deadline: October 31, 2014

## **Drive In Tales Seeking Submissions -**

October 2nd, 2014 at 8:28 pm  
Drive In Tales, a NEW fiction publication, is seeking short story and artwork submissions. Drive In Tales specializes in pulp fiction stories and art but most genres are welcome. Visit the website for more information and send your most bizarre and exciting

work!

Note: We are not currently paying for submissions.

## **Sequestrum Now Reading -**

September 18th, 2014 at 9:27 pm

<http://www.sequestrum.org>

Sequestrum is now reading fiction, nonfiction, and poetry for our fall issue. To browse our archives, subscribe (for free), and find our complete guidelines, visit <http://www.sequestrum.org>.

### **Guidelines:**

For our fall issue, we're interested in poetry (under 35 lines) and fiction and nonfiction (under 5,000 words). Topic and theme are open, our only requirement is to send your best work – and to read a past publication or two to get an idea of what we like.

### **About Sequestrum:**

We average 1,000+ readers a month, keep our archives free and open to the public, are a paying market, and pair all our publications with stunning visual arts created by outside artists or our staff. Our contributors range from award-winning novelists and poets (with other works featured in publications including The New Yorker, The Atlantic, The American Scholar, The Kenyon Review, many other university periodicals, and Best American

Anthologies) to emerging voices and first-time writers.

We're proud of our little plot on the literary landscape and the writers and artists we share it with. Come see why.

## **Call for monologues**

September 15th, 2014 at 12:02 am

<http://www.southwavesradio.co.uk/>

SouthWaves Radio seek monologue writers for their audio theatre show. Any genre accepted. Once received and approved, we will source actors and have them record it. It will then be broadcast by us, and promoted extensively.

We are looking for 5 minute or less monologues on any subject

## **The Citron Review Accepting**

Submissions - September 10th, 2014 at 6:43 pm

<http://www.http://citronreview.com/>

The Citron Review is now accepting submissions for our Winter 2014 Issue. The Citron Review is an online literary journal edited by alumni of the esteemed Antioch University Los Angeles Creative Writing Program.

We seek submissions of

resonant beauty in the form of micro-fiction, flash fiction, poetry, and flash creative non-fiction. We accept submissions on a rolling basis. We encourage you to review our full guidelines on our website before submitting via our submissions manager. Simultaneous submissions are accepted, but it is expected authors notify us immediately if their work is accepted elsewhere.

Find our latest issue, our submissions guidelines and our link to Submittable here: <http://citronreview.com/>

## CONTESTS

### Bethlehem Writers Roundtable Short Story Award

October 25th, 2014 at 3:34 am

Short Story Contest: 2015 Bethlehem Writers Roundtable Short Story Award

<http://bwgwritersroundtable.com/>

Once again we are accepting submissions (2000 words or fewer) on the theme of "Food Stories" for the Bethlehem Writers Roundtable Short Story Award.

In addition to a \$200 prize, the first place winner's story will be considered for print publication in the Bethlehem Writers Group, LLC's next

anthology or as a featured story in Bethlehem Writers Roundtable. Our first publication, A Christmas Sampler: Sweet, Funny, and Strange Holiday Tales (2009), won two Next Generation Indie Book Awards for Best Anthology and Best Short Fiction. Our second anthology, Once Around the Sun: Sweet, Funny, and Strange Tales for All Seasons, was a finalist for Best Anthology in the 2014 Next Generation Indie Book Awards.

Second place will receive \$100 + publication in the BWG Writers Roundtable on-line literary magazine

Third place will receive \$50 + publication in the BWG Writers Roundtable on-line literary magazine

Honorable Mentions may also be published in the BWG Writers Roundtable on-line literary magazine in a month selected by the editors.

All stories must be submitted by January 31, 2015.

Our Celebrity Judge: Curtis Smith.

### Psychopomp Magazine Fiction Award

Judged by Kate Bernheimer

October 27th, 2014 at 11:38 pm

Psychopomp Magazine Fiction

Contest Judged by Kate Bernheimer (\$500 & Pub):

Our short fiction contest recognizes outstanding pieces of fiction that push the boundaries of genre and/or form. Surprise us! Show us something we've never seen before. Note: As with our general submissions, we ARE open to more realist or hard-genre work BUT are most interested in work that works between these realms and/or is innovative in a way a story is told.

Submit all work via our Submittable page. See our website for full guidelines and the link to our submission portal:

<http://psychopompmag.com/contests>

Deadline: January 30th, 2015

If you would like to place an advertisement with us, please email us at [eds@everywritersresource.com](mailto:eds@everywritersresource.com)