

Sunday

Weird- Tales

The Magazine With No Shame

NOTES

Good morning. Shake the hangover from your brain. One more time and then you're free...

This issue, the final one, contains something outside the planned format of "Weird-shit", namely a serious story, "Walking the Beat on the Outskirts of Hell." It's a fine story and we hope that you enjoy it. We also hope that you enjoyed every second of DeepSouthCon XXI.

Drive safely.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'AB' with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Bill Swift & Jill Swift

are the remaining two-thirds of the Siamese triplets. Didn't you see them in the costume contest last night?

Rebecca Berry-Lee

is short.

James E. Brooks

came up with the idea for *Weird Shit Tales*.
Blame him.

Weird- Shit Tales

weird-shit (wērd-shit),
adj. exceeding the accepted
parameters of normality in
the extreme; past 'weird.'

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The MONSTER THAT MUNCHED MARS

by
Bill Swift

Slowly it came. . . parsec by parsec, light year by light year till it reached Pluto. It ate Pluto and had indigestion. It ate Neptune and had gas.

It ate Uranus and had to pee. Then its hungers altered subtly. After making passes at Saturn and Jupiter and being rebuffed, it ate its way through the asteroid belt, and homed in on defenseless Mars.

Starting first with an appetizer, it swallowed Phobos as one would a roasted peanut. And, since one salted peanut is never enough, Deimos followed closely behind. Then it moved onward, nearing the red surface, licking its horrible, humongous mandibles.

Mars glowed before it---bite-sized and delicious. It had an attack of the munchies that wouldn't quit. Saliva dripped from its clacking orifice as it gripped the red globe it its pincers.

Earth defenses attacked.

"Sometimes you feel like a nut," came the disembodied voice. It looked up. Ronald McDonald and the Burger King were engaging in a pimple-squeezing contest. That scene certainly put it off its lunch. It warped to earth, looking for an Alka-Seltzer.

"Fat!" bellowed a huge, prissy-looking gentleman. "You eat like a pig! Stop that eating and touch your toes! One! Two! Three! A skinny girl is what I'll be!" A group of improbably endowed women in white leotards began to can-can around the monster, haplessly doing sit-, chin-, and pull-ups.

"What---what---what am I doin?" mumbled the monster during a commercial break. "I came all this way to do. . . exercises???"

It got up and lumbered out, accidentally demolishing the studio and crushing the screaming host.

It ate Milwaukee.

It died.



The erudite count. . . the noble count. . . The Vampire Count Saint Germain, hero of *Ch*ls** Q**nn Y*rb*r*'s Path of the Blood Games While We Were Tempting Fate in the Hotel Transylvania*, faces his most deadly threat, his most challenging foe in the hills beyond the small town of Castle Rock, Maine.

One minute he was sane. . . the next minute he was. . .

Count Saint Bernard

The cursed of God. . . the betraying brother. . . the man doomed to stalk the world until the end of time meets his most deadly foe---a foe too fast for his sword, too alien to be of this world, too evil to be deterred from taking over this earth. . . one telephone pole at a time. . .

K*rl *dw*rd W*gn*r's

Kane vs. Killer Kudzu

Walking the Beat on the Outskirts of Hell...

by

Rebecca Berry-Lee

I was the bait.

Walking down Grove Avenue at three in the morning, wearing a pale peach dress and heels high enough to make my legs ache I was bait, all right right: jail bait, sucker bait, rape bait. And I was wired: "Got me in sight, Lilly?" I murmured, stopping to look in the grimy window of a long defunct liquor store.

"Gotcha," the voice in my ear replied.

I moved on. Bill's Hardware, Sam's Deli, Don's Discount City: all closed, all black save for one light in back. In this neighborhood it paid for the cops to be able to see in the window at night. Else you might be able to see all the way to daylight in the morning.

My steps echoed on the pavement. I was two blocks from the hookers, three from the nightclubs, five from the reputable downtown hotels; in a business district shady by day and on the outskirts of Hell by night.

Especially since the Blade had started working.

"Movement." Lilly's voice was tense. I tried not to let it show; I'd scared him off before, letting my fear or my tension or my hatred show in the way I moved, the way I waited for his attack.

And he was smart, this one. Smart in the way he chose his victims, smart in the way he used his blade. Twelve and oh ---no survivors.

So far.

Lilly had seen him near me, twice before. Both times something had thrown him off, alerted him to the crucial difference in us.

We were hunting him.

So it was a new dress and wig for me; after the last death---after they found Maria Consuela Sanct' Sebastion in pieces in an alley not two blocks from here---Lilly and I had agreed on three words: "Gotcha" for radio contact, "Movement" for when she sighted him, and "Attack" for when---

For when he was---was falling from the sky---was grinning like a devil---was wielding a ten inch butcher knife, carbon steel with a chipped wood handle just like the coroner---was swinging it down towards me---was cutting

Air.

Lilly held him up, easily, in mid-air, his feet dangling. He didn't even scream; he couldn't. Lilly was touching him.

She began to croon.

I read him his rights and I watched the horror in his eyes as he realized what was going on: an average black-haired woman with an average face and an average build was holding

all six foot something of him (and he was a strong man, we knew) effortless in the air, one-handed, despite his struggles.

And I watched his face as he realized he didn't want to struggle and more.

He'd be a model prisoner, I knew; Lilly's men always were. His lawyers would find it hard to believe he'd raped and butchered so many women. But he wouldn't get out of serving time; I had him for assaulting an officer, at least. And now Lilly had him.

He began to mimic Lilly's song, and I knew it was time to call in the black-and-whites. She'd be finished with him soon. . . but there was something I had to tell him first.

So he'd know.

So he'd understand.

So he'd suffer.

"She's not a cop," I said into his ear. "But she's the best partner I ever had. She's the best partner I ever had. She's a thousand, thousand years old, scumbag, and do you know what she's doing to you now? She's eating your soul. No hope of heaven or fear of hell for you. When you die, you'll be dead, forever. Live with that until the day you die, Ace,

and live with this too: you'll never, ever hurt anyone again. You can't. You're finished. Now."

Lilly was done, satiated. She lowered him to the concrete, letting his unconscious body sprawl like the garbage it was.

She melted into the darkness.

I could hear the sirens of

the patrol cars five blocks away, waking up the honest folk in the hotels, scarcely disturbing any of the dishonest multitude between here and the hereafter.

If it was a deal with the Devil I had made in working with Lilly, it was a deal I was satisfied with: another good bust for me, another soul for Lilith.



The terrifying tale of a haunted car. . . a car that drives itself. . . a car that takes revenge on its competitors. . . a car that doesn't need 9.9% financing to sell itself. . . a car that makes you scream "Oh, what a feeling!" New from St*ph*n K*ng, a best-seller before the contracts were signed:

Clystene
The Haunted Toyota

Available now in hardback, softback, paperback, 35mm film (with Dolby sound, soundtrack available in all stores, everywhere), videotape, videodisk, and if you ask nicely, a personal re-telling by Mr. K*ng himself in a graveyard at midnight.

U.S. VERSUS T.H.E.M.

by

Jill Swift

The Chief stared at me from over the voluminous files stacked on his desk. "Look, Dan," he said. "It's T.H.E.M. again. U.S. may not survive this current threat. That's why I've called you.

"Why me Chief? Why can't you get Davis---he's just loafing on the sundeck." I resented always being the one thrown to the vultures. It always hurt when they tore out my liver.

Ha-Ha, he guffawed telepathically. *With onions I presume?*

"Screw protocol. It's T.H.E.M. . . . Terrifying Humans and Extraterrestrial Marchingband, and you want me, Marvin Rasputin, to choreograph the defense forces.

The Chief puffed on his pipe. "You are the best baton twirler we have. Can you do it, son?"

"If it has a good beat, and it's easy to dance to, there's no problem, Daddy-o!"

I thought, but I didn't say anything. The last baton twirler to mouth off to the old man is now an integral part of the marching field. He pegged her out and had the entire band march over her playing *Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte*. The old man was always a sentimentalist.

"What is T.H.E.M.'s plan?" I asked.

"They have collected all of John Philip Sousa's songs and plan to play them full volume, 700,000 decibels on July 4, deafening the entire country.

I thought, why does he always call me Dan, when my name is Marvin? Then the full import of the chief's words hit me; Sousa at that level could knock Earth out of orbit. . . I was only glad they hadn't gotten any Ted Nugent.

I leaned, "Look chief. I have something to say. I've always backed the system here and I've never won. Never! It's like my father always said," I shouted as I stormed out. "If you can't beat U.S. join T.H.E.M."



And now from the novelist. . . short-story writer. . . editor of tales to choke the breath from your lungs and the blood from your heart, Ch*rl*s L. Gr*nt presents his *mangum opus*, his literary labor of love, his editorial triumph:

*Every Damn Scary Story Ever Written
By Any Author Living Or Dead
---And A Few Inbetween---
Excepting Those Appearing Originally In
Serbo-Croatian
'Cause They Weren't Sexy Enough For Playboy Press*

First, there was *The Hunger of the Nurse*, an instant classic. Then, there was *Nursferatu*, an instant best-seller. Now, the third novel in this titanic saga, the epic struggle of vampire nurse Helen Blazes as she seeks to regain her soul through service to others---as she becomes

The Nurse From Hell

by

Wh*tl*y Str*b*r & Sh*r*n W*bb

"Heart-warming"

---Chattanooga News-Free Press

SERIAL BOX

A treacherous whirlpool
 in a river of Liquid Paper . . .

a participle dangling precariously over
 the edge of my Cliff's Notes . . .

a dark ribbon of highway I ride
 from spool to spool . . .

a file of keys that spring forth to unlock
 the door to yet another mystery . . .

These are but a few of the many things
I encounter each time I tread the
long, twisting maze that leads from
Once Upon A Prologue to They Lived
Happily After The Epilogue.

Sometimes I wonder if I have any imagination
left after the gnashing gears and slashing
levers inside the box have ravaged it.

Meanwhile, an infant story slumbers in the return
carriage of my writing machine . . .



--Gregg Long