

Friday

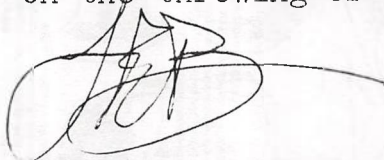
Weird- Tales

The Magazine With No Shame

NOTES

Welcome to the first issue of "Weird-shit Tales", the magazine with no shame. "Weird-shit" will appear each day of the convention, its pages filled with a collection of bizarre tales, scraps, and other creations so far off the bow that even Rod Serling wouldn't have looked at them twice. In addition, a center-page of news will be in each issue, fresh everyday.

Read on...and remember that the hotel management frowns on the throwing of ripe produce...

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'J.P.' or similar, enclosed in a large, loopy oval shape with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

Lowell Cunningham

knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men.

Will Swift

is a Siamese triplet. See Sunday's issue.

D. Guin Tompkins

is really a published writer. We don't know what she's doing here.

Weird- Shit Tales

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

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staff

Fiction, etc.

Editor: James E. Brooks

Assistant Editors: Rebecca Berry-Lee, Ronald A. Lee
and Lowell Cunningham

News Section

Editors: Deb Hammer Johnson and Iris Brown

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the Circuit Riding CREATURE

by
Lowell Cunningham

Ness scurried to his secret spot, found his clothes, and changed.

After he had finished dressing, he hiked back to the small tourist town, musing all the while on the pleasures of running naked through the forest. Soon, though, he would hire a cab and be on his way to the airport, where he would begin the trip to his homeland.

Sightings of bigfoot would drop by half after his departure.

*

When he boarded the plane, Ness was impeccably dressed, wearing the most stylish of suits, looking more like the handsome, successful, fortyish businessman than ever. As he took his seat in first class, he flashed a smile for his young stewardess.

"Good afternoon, my name is Cathy, may I help you, Mister... The stewardess asked.

"Ness." Ness supplied.
"But you can call me Eliot."

"Eliot Ness?" the stewardess laughed.

Another toothy smile. "Someone's idea of a joke." Ness said, joining the amusement with a chuckle of his own.

*

During the flight, Ness dreamed, flitting visions of the past sifting through his mind.

"A curse on you, a curse on you!" Cried the witch-woman through the ages. "Never again shall you know your own, true form. Never again, save that I release you."

Even sleeping, Ness realized this release would never come; the witch-woman was long dead,

her dust scattered to the winds.

And yet he survived.

*

On the last leg of his trip, Ness struck up a conversation with Cathy.

"That's right, Cathy," he said. "I've been in seasonal tourism probably longer than you've been alive. And I'm rather successful, if I do say so. I have important and lucrative contracts all over the world." His smile flickered a moment. "It's a shame there's no place for someone like you in my operation."

"I'm flattered that you might consider me," Cathy said said.

Ness' smile returned. "But of course."

His first, only true love had been fair-haired, too, so many years ago.

*

Disembarking, Ness hired another cab, arriving soon enough at his hotel. His room had been reserved, as always, overlooking the water, and would remain vacant until such time as he cared to use it. He exchanged perfunctory greetings with his associates, then headed for a secluded spot along the waterline.

Once there he stripped, carefully concealing his clothes for his eventual return. Then, he changed, taking on a more appropriate, and by now more comfortable form.

He moved carefully toward the shoreline in this form not meant for land; welcoming the cool, familiar water of the loch as the gentle, lapping waves moved to swallow his body.

Finally, settling softly into the mud and silt, he was beyond cares and curses, in the place where his heart always stayed.

He was, for the moment, at home.



The Literary Masterpiece of the year. . .
The Literary Collaboration of the decade. . .
The Best-Seller of the Century. . .

*Float Like A Dragon,
Sting Like A Bee*

by
P*t*r Str**b
&
Muhammed Ali

The Kroger Theory

of the Creation of the Universe

by
Will Swift

In the beginning there was the refrigerator. And the Lord opened the door and saw the light and said, "It is good." Then he opened up the vegetable storage compartment. It was not so good.

It was green in fact, green and fuzzy, and it moved. . . "Hell," said God. And it was. Little screams floated up to his ethereal ears. God closed the vegetable storage compartment quickly. He looked in the freezer, but turned, hearing footfalls behind him. It was Goddess.

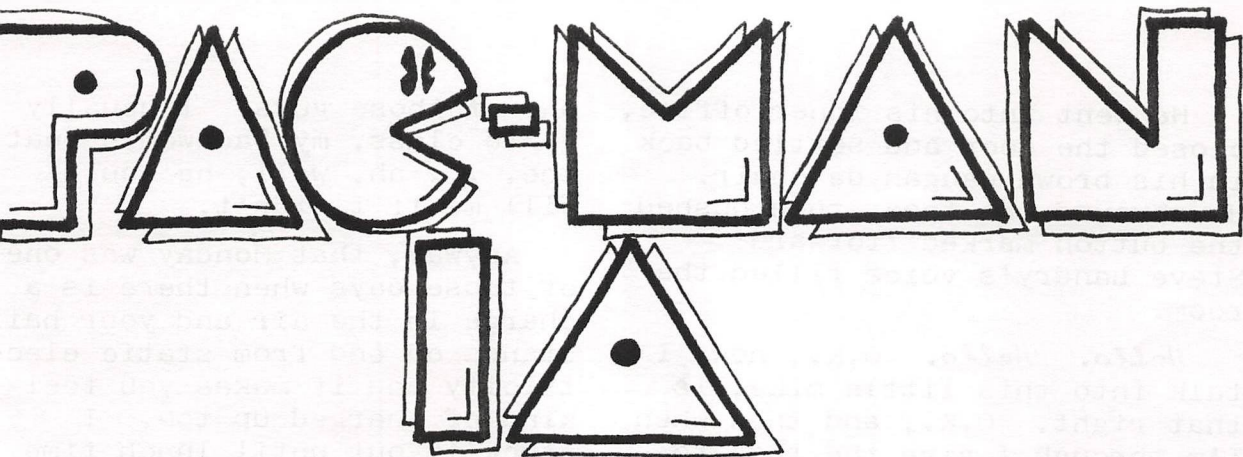
"Look, I'm usually in a Good humor, but Briar, I fight like a Hog and Dag when I see Baskin Robins in the freezer. 'Kay?"

But as he closed the door, he realized he could do better. He opened the meat compartment, and there they were, the first of the race that would become Mankind.

"What a crock of baloney," God said. And it was.

The baloney winked at the Almighty, and God said, "Why bother?" and shut the door.





by

D. Guin Tompkins

William Jerrell walked down the hall as if he owned the place. In a sense he did. Two students lounging against the wall stopped talking and stared at him, mouths gaping open.

"The bell has rung. Why aren't you in class?" he asked them.

"W-w-we were just g-g-going, sir," the smaller one stuttered as they scurried into Mr. Paterson's room.

Mr. Jerrell like the feeling ---the surge of power he got wherever he exercised his authority. He paused for a moment outside the door that had *Principal* in gilt lettering on the frosted glass. The rat-tat-tat sound of a typewriter filtered through the door.

He went in. Doris Evans stopped typing.

"Oh, Mr. Jerrell, I didn't expect you back so soon. I left two messages on your desk." She looked at him with her big blue eyes.

He glanced around the office and then opened the door to a small side room. "Where's the student I'm supposed to see?"

He cracked his knuckles absent-mindedly and the loud popping relieved some of his tension.

"If you mean Steve Landry, he ran out of here and said he'd be right back. He did leave this tape, though, that you said you wanted him to make, but I haven't had time to transcribe it yet."

"Oh, yes, his 'statement'. Well, nevermind, I'll take it in here and see what he has to say. Then I'll decide what punishment he deserves."

He went into his inner office, closed the door and settled back in his brown naugahyde chair. He rewound the tape, then pushed the button marked 'forward'. Steve Landry's voice filled the room.

Hello. Hello. O.K., now, I talk into this little mike, is that right. O.K., and then when I'm through I give the tape to you, right? Well, here goes nothing. . .

My name is Steve Landry, eleventh grade student at West Milton High, and I'm dictating this statement for Mr. William B. Jerrel, Principal, West Milton High.

Subject: Why I Laid Out Of School For Two Weeks.

O.K. now, first thing I want to tell you is that I'm going to watch my language. I mean, I wouldn't want anyone's ears to fall off, now would I?

Guess I'd better start at the beginning. Remember two weeks ago on Monday---I came to school that day---wait, first you got to know that I am *not* one of those guys that usually lays out of school. I'm not going to name any names but there are guys that come to school and spend all day in the band hall or the bathroom, smoking and talking until their bus comes again. Now I am not

one of those guys. I usually go to class, my Dad would beat the. . . ah, well, he would kill me if I didn't.

Anyway, that Monday was one of those days when there is a charge in the air and your hair stands on end from static electricity and it makes you feel kind of charged up too. I stuck it out until lunch time but after lunch all I had to look forward to was World History with ugly old Miss Stubblefield. I just couldn't stand the thought of going to that class. Now, I'm not prejudiced against ugly---one of my favorite teachers is Mr. Borden and he must have a whole string of broken mirrors behind him---now, that's ugly. But when you get ugly and mean together in one package---well, then it's time to split.

So I took my bag of chips outside and just kept on walking. It was a great day and I was feeling good. Pretty soon coming up on my left was Video Vic's Playland. Now, I hadn't meant to head there but I had a couple of dollars in my pocket and I was kind of tense. I like to play video games when I feel that way. It always calms me down.

It was pretty crowded in there. Didn't see Vic anywhere. Georgie-O was apparently in charge. George Osgood, that is

---remember him? West Milton High's oldest living graduate. I think they finally gave him a diploma just to get rid of him.

Anyway, I got five tokens from Georgie-O. I looked around and spotted two girls playing *Xenon* against the far wall. There was an unoccupied *Pac-Man* game right next to them.

Now, *Pac-Man* is O.K., not one of my favorites but it's fun to play if you're in the mood. With those two babes right next door to me it would be no hardship at all.

I sauntered up to the machine and got out one of the tokens, then glanced over at the girls. *Xenon* was whispering all those sexy things like, *wow, wow, pow, wow, try a tube shot*, you know, things like that. They put on a show of ignoring me and kept on playing and when they made a good shot they would squeal and jump around. Now that was something to see. The blonde was O.K., not great, just O.K., but the little brunette was a real looker. When she bent over to play the game, 'wow, wow, pow, wow,' you know what I mean?

Anyway, they had just racked up a lot of points, lights were flashing all over *Xenon* and the girls were yelling and jumping around like crazy when their drinks slid off the machine and 'splat' hit the tiles.

It shook me so bad I dropped

my token right in the middle of that mess of ice, cola and uncola. The girls and I scrambled around on the floor gathering up the cups and scooping up the ice cubes. I retrieved my token and wiped it off on my jeans. The blonde smiled at me and said, 'Thanks'. She was cuter than I'd thought, especially when she smiled. The little brunette glared at me as if I was the one that had knocked over the drinks. I heard her say, 'come on, let's get out of here' to her friend and then the next thing I knew they were gone.

About this time Georgie-O must have gotten bored because he started sending that damn robot around. You know, the one that looks like a giant R2-D2. Georgie-O sits in a booth and runs it with a remote control. A mind like his is easily amused.

The speakers overhead were blasing out *Spirits In The Material World* by the Police ---that's a great record. I decided to go ahead and play *Pac-Man*. The token was stuck to my fingers. I shoved it into the slot, pushed the button and started the *Pac-Man* gobbling along his way. I was so engrossed that I jumped when the robot came up behind me. That must have pleased Georgie-O because he kept that robot running back and forth behind me---clicking and whining the

whole time.

I tried not to pay any attention to it and concentrated on getting that little Pac-man safely through the maze. I was really going good when the game started making some weird mechanical noises. It began to vibrate all over--- the picture faded almost out, then burst into a brilliant star shower of cherries, ghosts, pac-men and yellow dots. It began to whirl around until it looked as if a tiny tornado was in there. I jumped back when smoke and sparks started coming out of the machine. It gave a final shudder and all the lights went out. Just a wisp of smoke was left to show it was damaged. Suddenly it spat out a token. *Clunk*, it landed on the tiles. It kind of glowed a little and I was careful when I picked it up because I thought that it might be hot. It wasn't--- instead it was like picking up one of those ice cubes from the girls' drinks---freezing cold. I stuck it in my jacket pocket and decided that it might be advisable to vacate the premises as soon as possible before I got blamed for breaking their game.

I'm not going to bore you telling you in detail about all the things I did that afternoon. I looked over the latest bunch of magazines, drank cokes, fooled around, things like that,

and before I knew it, it was twilight and I figured it was time to head for home.

I decided to take a short cut through Pig Alley---you know the one back of the abandoned Grummi Plant, where the kudzu has grown over everything---and I do mean everything. There are tree shapes of kudzu and lumps and bumps that could be who knows what? Even the chain link fence has been overgrown. You have this creepy feeling that if you don't move fast enough killer kudzu will grow over you and you'll end up one of those shapeless lumps of waving green leaves.

I was halfway through the alley when I heard the roar of a motorcycle. It was heading right for me and there was no place to go---no way out. I flattened myself against the fence and felt the kudzu reach out and grab for me. The cycle roared past me, then the tires screeched as it stopped and spun around to face me again.

The light was dim but I knew who it was: Mickey McGarrity. He looked like a mountain of muscle, bones and black leather. "Wh'tcha doin' here all by yourself, punk?" he asked me.

I tried to look as inoffensive as I could. Mickey would just as soon squash me as he would a cockroach.

"Nothin, Mickey, just going home," I told him. My hands were shaking so I put them into my jacket pockets to keep them out of sight.

Mickey grabbed me by my collar. "All right, Punk, you just give me all your money like a good little boy and maybe I won't cut your throat." He pulled out a switchblade that looked like a machete. I was really scared. My heart was pounding hard.

He stepped back and reached for my wallet. He still held the knife on me. I took my hands out of my pockets.

"I don't have any money, Mickey," I said.

He laughed, a horrible laugh ---a laugh that raised goosbumps all over me. Something was tingling in my left hand. It was warm and becoming warmer. Suddenly it was too hot to hold. I opened my hand and the token dropped to the pavement. It was glowing and a mist was coming from it. A pulsing mist that formed slowly into a large, rounded shape.

"What the hell?!" Mickey said. I was thinking the same thing. The round shape was more solid now and I could see that there was a wedge missing from one side.

You're not going to believe

this. I can hardly believe it myself and I was there, I saw it. It was a huge Pac-Man---the Granddaddy of all Pac-Men. It began moving, and making a dull clicking noise. I closed my eyes and sank to my knees.

Mickey began to scream. I was afraid to look. I've never been so afraid in my life. There was this gobbling, crunching noise. I wanted to open my eyes, but it was like they were made of lead. I should have run away but I was like. . . paralyzed.

The gobbling went on. There were a few muffled sounds from Mickey, then nothing, but drooling, slurping noises. Finally, it was quiet---deadly quiet---cautiously I opened my eyes.

Now this is really gross. Mrs. Evans, if you're typing this you may want to stop now.

Anyway, when I looked there wasn't anything left of old Mick except his big black Harley Davidson and two eyeballs.

You know how Birdie Robbins is always talking about tossing her cookies? Well, I almost tossed a few myself then. Man, it was really sick---just those eyeballs laying there in the dirt.

I hadn't even noticed before that Mickey had had blue eyes.

Now, you may wonder what the

Pac-Man was doing all this time. Well, it was fading away. I could have excaped then, but I was fascinated and stood there like a dummy watching it become hazier and hazier until it kind of whirled around into a swirling mist and disappeared. Just the token was left glowing in the twilight. I moved then, picked up that token and threw it as hard as I could into the middle of the kudzu.

I ran the whole way home and never looked back. Later when I was laying on my bed, thinking it all over I realized that the Pac-Man had protected me. It could have gotten me too but it didn't. It was like having your own bodyguard to carry with you anywhere and what did I do? I threw it away. I'd never be able to find it again in that mess of snakes and kudzu.

Well, do I have to tell you what I've been doing? I've been trying to get another token just like the one that's lying in the middle of that kudzu jungle. I've been down there at Video Vic's every day. I go early and stay until they close. It's not fun anymore. It's like going to work. First, I dip tokens in Coke and Seven-Up, then I try Pepsi and Sprite. I wish those girls would come in again. I could find out just what it was that they were drinking. I've played the Police record so many times it's

going to wear out. I've even gotten Georgie-O to run that damn robot up and down the aisle behind me. But most of all I play *Pac-Man* over and over and over. Hey, wait a minute---I just thought of something else ---yeah, that's it! It's gotta work! I'll be right back.

Click.

There was a buzz of static and then nothing. Mr. Jerrell turned off the tape deck.

What nonsense---what utter nonsense, he thought. Expulsio would be too good for a student like that. He frowned. Anyone who could fabricate a story as wild as that one is a danger to society. It's my duty to see to it that he is punished properly ---just as a deterrent, of course.

He jabbed at the intercom.

"Mrs. Evans, is Steve Landry back yet?"

His secretary didn't answer, but he could hear a strange sound coming over the speaker: *wocca, wocca, wocca. . .*"

"Mrs. Evans, are you there?"
What's going on?"

"Mr. Jerrell, it's me, Steve. I'm back and I have something to show you."

Suddenly Mr. Jerrell felt an unfamiliar, unpleasant surge of fear as the sound grew louder ---*wocca, wocca, WOCCA!*

