

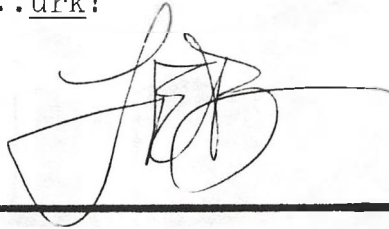
Saturday

Weird- Tales

The Magazine With No Shame

NOTES

Assuming you survived the first issue (you are reading this), welcome to second installment. Mmmmmm...with contents like "A Visit From St. Raven", "Going to Seed", and especially (hi, Ron) "DOCTOR TERROR'S HOUSE OF PANCAKES"...well, I really don't think there's anything that can be said to prepare the reader for the awful horror that lies within, Lurking, like a.....urk!



Walter Davis

is a genteel, kind, and utterly polite Southern gentleman who wants to sell you things in the huckster's room.

Ronald A. Lee

is one of the Elder Gods.

J.R. McHone

is the proud father of *Space Grits*, "Fiction with a Southern exposure."

Weird- Shit Tales

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

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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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staff

GOING TO SEED

by

Walter Davis

Ernie Muller jumped as the phone began to ring. He hesitated for a moment, then picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Ernie?" As he recognized his fiancée's voice, Ernie began to sweat.

"Un. . . yeah, Sylvia, what a, uh, pleasant surprise. Ah. Why are you calling?"

"Well, Ernie," her voice was a flirtatious near-whisper. "I thought I'd drop over and cheer you up a bit. You've been really glum these past few days."

"I always am, this time of month," Ernie responded curtly. Then he sighed and said, "Look, Sylvia, I really appreciate the offer, but I want to be alone for a few nights."

"Alone, hey? You must be doing some heavy thinking. Staying in your room all night."

"Yeah. Alone. All right.

Now, I don't wanna be rude, darling, but. . ."

"Liar!" Still whispering, but now all the seductive quality had gone out of her voice. "Last night I called and called, but no answer. You've picked up some slut, haven't you? *Haven't you?*"

"Sylvia, I swear to. . ."

"She's over there now, isn't she? Just waiting for me to get off the line, so you can get it on with. . .*her.*" The voice broke into a sob.

Ernie sensed yet another open gate to the world of normal people begin to slam shut. Desperately, he strove to hold it open. "Honest, Sugar, you've got it all wrong."

"Have I? Prove it. Let me come up right now and spend the night."

Ernie took the phone away from his ear and stared at it for a few seconds. Almost, he told her the truth then, but

the memory of what had happened with Ruthie in Fort Lauderdale stopped him. Stopped him like a silver bullet.

"That's. . . that's impossible. What about the night after next?" He knew it was a mistake even as he said it.

"So now I'm on a schedule, like a god-damn bus?! Well, not this chickie. I thought we had something special going, Ernie. I guess I was wrong."

"Syliva, no! I. . ." He froze as the line went dead.

He stood there, until he heard the automatic voice say, "If you wish to make a call, please hang up the phone. . ." Mechanically, he obeyed the recording.

Slumping down into a chair, he stared at his toes until the alarm rang. "Fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes until the damn moon rises. Fifteen minutes until I. . ." Ernie could not complete the sentence, even to himself.

Once, he had told a girl, Ruthie, his secret. She had stared at him in disbelief,

then dissolved in laughter. Ruthie had spread the joke in every bar in the town. Ernie had left Fort Lauderdale the next morning and had had a new last name by the end of the week. That had been five years ago.

Bitterly, Ernie surveyed his "swinging bachelor pad" as he took out the pot from its hiding place. It made the . . . change . . . a lot more comfortable. Almost pleasant.

Briefly, while he was removing his clothes, Ernie wondered if his life would have been different if he had been something else . . . some other sort of shape-changer. A were-wolf, say. Nobody laughed at *them*.

As the first light of the full moon struck him, his long, flexible toes arched convulsively, digging into the rich brown loam of the pot. Within seconds, the change possessed him utterly. Now he would never know if Sylvia made good her promise.

Secure in his flowerpot, the were-pansy greeted the rising moon.



Dr. Terror's House of Pancakes

by

Ronald A. Lee

What drove me into town that windswept night I cannot say, other than to note a demonic, fearful hunger that pushed me on. Down, past murky rain-slicked roads, the beckoning call of a blasphemous siren luring me on and on to an almost unspeakable fate. To utter this soul-numbing tale shakes the boundaries of the foundations of my sanity, but I shall tell it to you, my dear friend, in hopes of cautioning you against such a soul-freezing, mind-fragmenting experience.

It loomed just over the dank hill, its blue-shingled roof giving no clue as to the true nature of what lurked there within. Fatigue had poisoned my system, causing me to stop at the seemingly quaint building for a brief repose and refreshments. I paused momentarily at the door, struck by

a cloying sweetness that hung in the air, but entered with a sensation of impending terror. In truth, my surroundings resembled any other of a score of restaurants I had visited, yet some aspect of the seemingly innocent yet bland decor conjure images of near-blasphemous and paganistic rites of arcane lore.

I seated myself in a booth.

"What'll it be, sweetie?" asked the pale-faced waitress.

I was dumbfounded with a sense of the unnatural. How was it that this woman, a stranger to me to this very instant, could refer to me by a name known only to myself and my mother?! My grip tightened on a syrup-stained menu.

"Give me... breakfast."

"Come, on Sweetie. Be specific, how's about it."

HOWZABOUTJJ!! One of the unnamed Elderly Gods of the mystery-shrouded Necronomicon! God help me, but what den of sorcerous activity had I stumbled upon?

The waitress dipped a finger into a small vial of maple syrup that sat before me, then placed a dab behind each ear. "Come on now, sweetie. We haven't got all night."

The realization dawned upon me. Sunrise was their foe. Perhaps I could persevere my live with a delaying tactic.

"I'd like... this," I said, pointing to a grainy photo.

"The Lumberjack Delux Breakfast. You sure you're hungry enough to keep all that down?"

I girded up my courage. "With juice."

Snatching the laminated parchment from my hand, she made some mysterious markings on a small slip of paper, then moved to a partitioned area strangely removed from the seating area of the bizarre eating place. She placed the slip on the end of the boxed-in area and continued on towards the door. "Hey, Charlie, ordering a 'jack delux. I'm going over to the Seven-Eleven for some smokes." She then departed, leaving me alone... but for a mysterious, unseen presence, and the sound

of scratching metal on metal.

It was at that moment I saw motion from the mysterious area. A hand reached over the edge and removed the slip of bizarre runes. Fearful, yet my curiosity piqued, I rose and hedged closer to the area.

As I drew close, I could see smoke rising to the ceiling. It was thick and greasy, an incense of obvious Oriental origin. And then, I *heard* it. A demonic chant of arcane origin. A male voice, from behind the partition and smoke, spoke words of ominous origin: "*Jiiaaa! Jiiaaa! Hot cakes! Hot cakes! Two ova-lit 'n' java 'n' toast! Hash browns! Hash browns!!*"

I trembled in fear of the utterances of such alien yet all-too-familiar names, burned into the unconscious of primordial man from time unknown. Summoning up what courage I had in reserve, I dared to peek over the top of the counter.

The demon-priest was garbed in robes of white on white, and sported orange, puffy headgear. The robes were splattered wildly with greasy splotches, obviously representing a star chart of the other-worldly home of the malevolent creatures from dimensions beyond our human ken which hungered for our world. A wild-eyed savage he was, mixing a vile, thick brew

in a large silver offering bowl. Standing before an altar of fantastic design, he faced pots of black big with bubbles, ringed about a center, flat place of a silver metal (God only knows what the link sausage may have been).

At this point, the priest raised the silver bowl over the metal plate, then slowly, with a purpose unknown to civilized man, tilted the bowl to one side.

I watched in stupification as the oozing, protoplasmic creatures poured on to a worshipping altar of heated steel. They sizzled on the grill, and then, God help me, *they began to bubble and move with an obscene life of their own*, spreading out to cover wider and wider spaces. The high priest hurled them into the air to become one with the wind forces of the earth, only to have them return to the sizzling altar. Surely I took leave of my senses, for the creatures were no longer the beings of primordial ooze, but were solidifying into their true alien form of round-shaped flat creatures, intent to roll over the earth. I sensed the fearsome truth: beings from dimensions beyond our own were here---pan-galactic creatures of malevolent intent, here invading our private spaces.

Then, seizing a spatula in

each of his tightly clenched fists, the priest raised them to his sweat-drenched forehead so that the metal resembled nothing less than devilish horns protruding from his skull. His eyes rolled wildly, then he snapped his head toward towards me. "*Yog-McMuffin!*" he intoned.

I screamed, and grabbing the closest object at hand, brained the foul creature with a glass vial of artificial strawberry syrup. He crumpled to the floor, the fluid dripping slowly from his head. Still he lived, and I knew that I must destroy this foul abomination that had walked like a man. I went to crush the life from his foul form; I reached for the cash register to drop upon his head, only to find it far too heavy to lift. Easing its weight by placing its excess money into my pockets, I raised the register above my head and brought it down upon the foul mockery of a man.

But unknown to me, the satanic waitress had returned. From the doorway she screamed, and fled back into the Stygian darkness. Already the pan-dimensional creatures sizzled and hissed at me, turning black in their fury. I had to destroy this unholy place, so I ignited a nearby pool of grease and fle the building as it was consumed in hellish flames to return from whence it came.

*

You ask, dear friend, why I continue to flee... to hide in decaying New England towns from seemingly destroyed creatures. Yet, remember, the witch-waitress lives on, and knows me. That... and this.

Upon fleeing the flaming house of pancakes, I sought quiet and safety at a nearby fast food establishment, strangely open at this ungodly

hour. An older woman, not unlike my grandmother, was preparing a white doughy substance with the promises of the best biscuits I'd ever eat... She moved to where I was standing and told me to wait for her surprise. I pushed her aside, looked at what she had been standing in front of, and fled, fearing for my sanity.

*For behind her, God help me,
THE DOUGH WAS BEGINNING TO RISE!*



She was a vampire.

She was a nurse.

But could she be a woman too?

The Hunger of the Nurse

by

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

She'll steal your heart---and keep it!

And Now,

The Dramatic Sequel to The Hunger of the Nurse

NURSFERATU

*Can a modern-day vampire nurse find happiness in O.R.,
Or should she try the morgue instead?*

Another thriller from:

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

a visit from St. Raven

by

Edgar Allan Poe and Clement Moore

as transcribed by

J. R. McHone

Once upon a midnight lawn,
while I pondered by the grave
and stern sugarplums danced;
the children were pawing over ashes and soot,
and Mama in her kerchief (and nothing more)
perched above my chamber door.
And I was sitting, wondering, fearing,
doubting, dreaming, streaming, peering,
rapping with a ghastly, grim and ancient
Elf of yore.
He spoke: "Wild hurricane!
Fly deep into the chimney darkness!
Get thee the down on a thistle!"
I muttered (from my books),
"Surcease of jelly on the night's Plutonian belly,
leave no day to objects below!"
Visions of each dying ember
whistled distinctly, I remember,
when on the cushion came a tapping,
as of some *creature* stirring, rapping.
"Some reindeer," I muttered, "rapping,
tapping on the floor."
The Elf, sitting on the pallid bed, said,
"I heard a tapping! Some late visitor?
A bust of Pallas? Prophet and Blitzen?"
("Christmas and all this!" I whispered.
"Now what, at my chamber door?")
"Wondering eyes? Housetops? A mouse? Lenore?"
I shrieked! Sprang from my bed!
(weak and weary)
And then in a twinkle, I stopped.

Here I opened wide the door. . .
 In there stepped a stately Raven,
 chubby and plump, if bird or devil.
 "A stately Raven!" the Elf laughed.
 "It must be Saint Nick, tapping our brains!"
 "Vixen!" said I, "Thing of evil!"
 Reindeer of forgotten lore!
 Black plumes as a token, such a bird!
 He was dressed all in fur like a whispered word.
 In stockings of sorrow, silken and black,
 with a sleigh full of loneliness flung on his back.
 He looked like a rare and radiant maiden
 (Chubby and plump, a right jolly old radiant maiden)
 whom the reindeer name Lenore.
 "Stately Raven, shorn and shaven," I muttered,
 "tell me truly, what was the matter?"
 Quote the Raven, "*Such a clatter!*"
 "Wretch!" I cried, "the children fly!
 From my books to the window, the housetops, the sky!"
 (Other friends have flown before,"
 muttered the Elf.)
 Quoth the Raven, "*Dash away all!*"
 "Devil!" said I, "thing of ashes!
 What to my wondering, fearing eyes should appear?"
 ("Little round belly?" uttered the Elf.)
 Quote the Raven, "*All the stockings!*"
 "Black, wild, firey, evil,
 ominous, desolate, ghastly, grim,
 ancient, lordly, *chubby* fiend of yore!
 Tell my what thy droll little name is!"
 I muttered.
 Quoth the Raven,
 "*Dasher Dancer Prancer Vixen
 Comet Cupid Donner Blitzen
 Nicholas Passas Lenore!*"
 ("Dash away all!" whispered the Elf.)
 More rapid than eagles, I sprang!
 Tore open his face!
 Burned out his eyes!
 Beat in his teeth!
 Shook out his brains!
 Flung his head upon the floor,
 and threw his shadow out the door!
 ("Jerk!" said the Elf.)
 And then. . .
 and then,
 its *ghost* whispered,
 down the chimney:
 "MERRY CHRISTMAS. . .
 . . . NEVERMORE!"



