

Dead in ~~TR~~ ~~OR~~ ~~IG~~ ~~ION~~ ~~AL~~ ~~AN~~ ~~Flash~~ ~~es~~

EDITED BY BRUTAL DREAMER

 cover by Dave Bowlin 

Dead in Th13rteen Flashes?

Horror comes in many flavors! As long as it instills an intense nervous and depressed feeling—then we as horror authors and artists have done our jobs in the genre. If we cause our fans of horror to shiver with dread, if we drive wrinkled waves of terror through their veins to render a shudder, HORROR has been accomplished.

Horror authors and artists provoke terror through a gloomy; dreariness. Breathing a dark horror into the woods, life into inanimate objects, mixing a unique formula of making something living-dead and something dead-living!

Sometimes horror comes upon you through a silent scream while other times it is a hammer horror that is relentlessly beating on you. It comes cloaked in darkness and brings evil as its cohort.

These 13 deathly horrors along with the 4 visuals are so surreal they will do just that to its readers. Beware you fearers of the unknown, unexplored, and ugly side of life—death! Brace yourself, these stone-cold authors and artists have offered their blood, guts, nightmares, and visions!

—*Brutal Dreamer*
October 2003

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Abra Cadaver

Brian Rosenberger

"God damn you all. I've already told you a million times what happened. Once more won't change anything. Can't you fucking understand? Or are you just a bunch of sick sons of bitches."

The man in the suit began to sob, his chest heaving like a dying man struggling to contain his last breath. Minutes passed. Head buried in his hands, he let out one surrendering sigh, and began his story again.

"It wasn't supposed to happen. It certainly wasn't anything planned. When she told me the news, I did the only thing I could — got blind drunk. I sure as hell couldn't tell my wife. There was the act to think of. It's always about the act. I tried to reason with her. It took a lot of convincing and a lot more drinks, but she finally saw things my way. She had her whole life ahead of her, much too young for that kind of burden. I called it a burden. I told her what had to be done. Trust me, I said. I'm a professional. And I am, so was my father and his father before him. To succeed in this business, you have to be good with your hands. I was drunk enough to believe I could actually pull it off. I said it would be easy, like pulling a rabbit out of a hat. But oh Christ, the blood. So much blood. And no magic words could make it disappear."

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Coffee

Perry McGee

His jittering hands couldn't hold the cup still, most of its contents spilling out on his return to the living room. Splotches of fresh coffee soaked into the white carpet; subdued morning sunlight highlighted the stains. Coffee also drenched his pants.

Phil, a twenty-seven year old nonsmoker with a well-paying job and a beautiful wife, sat on a loveseat and surveyed the damage. His living room had been visited by a tornado of sorts. Mildly expensive paintings with vicious tears hung crooked on the wall; both lampshades crumpled into random origami, the curio cabinet shattered.

Judy—Phil's wife of four years—lay under a very dead Robert. She hadn't moved in the last hour, but Phil believed her to be alive. He'd only kicked the side of her head. Robert, though, was worse for wear. An indentation on the back of his head, matching that of a ball bat, oozed with blood, brain, and bone chips.

Robert wore no clothes, Judy donned only an unfastened brassier.

Phil never knew about the adulterous relationship until an hour ago. He'd come home, found his wife and friend on the couch, then fell into a blind murderous rage.

Now that the deed was done, he wanted to undo it. Guilt had replaced anger.

In lieu of undoing it, Phil ingested a half-filled bottle of sleeping pills and chased them down with coffee in a now-steady hand.

He returned to the loveseat, said goodbye to Judy, and prepared for a nap.

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Lap

Lisa Wilson

Lap, lap, lap.

Carl woke in a cold sweat. Haunted by the seemingly innocent sound. Cats lap up their milk everyday. So why was the sound so ominous in his dreams? He shook his head with a disgusted chuckle. He didn't even own a cat. Hated the damned things. "Bad luck wrapped up in fur," as he always said.

Rubbing his face with his calloused hands, he lumbered down the hall to the kitchen. A short chat with Jack Daniels was usually all it took to calm his frazzled nerves and drift back to sleep. Just a few swallows and he'd be resting peacefully again.

Climbing his step stool, Carl stretched his arthritic fingers, reaching for the smooth glass bottle when he heard a hiss. He craned his head back and gasped when the devilish green eyes flashed back at him, his fragile balance faltering. The glass bottle crashed on the floor just before Carl did.

His brittle skull crunched with the impact against the unforgiving linoleum floor. Stale air passed his lips for the last time.

The cat approached with a cautious stride, circling, investigating his large quarry. Satisfied with the hunt, he knelt beside the old man's cracked skull taking in the delicious aroma of fresh blood.

Lap, lap, lap.



A SHAMAN'S WARNING

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The Challenge of the Metabolically Disadvantaged Youth

Erin MacKay

Tommy was awake. His blood moved like a sluggish worm within its vessels, resuming the journey it had abandoned when he fell through the ice. His lungs expanded and his heart beat. He was a little off balance when he walked and he could only see out of one eye, but that was okay. He had done it. He was going to be on the Discovery Channel. His mom must be pretty worried; he had been gone for a long time. His thoughts were fuzzy, and he often lost track of what he was doing. He didn't remember crawling out of the lake. Disoriented, that's what he was. Just a little disoriented.

Everything hurt. He wanted to go home.

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Joanne woke up screaming again, from the same nightmare she'd had for weeks. It began with his childish tenor calling her name. Then she'd see him, as he'd been at the morgue, bloated and distorted and... gnawed. Maybe she needed professional help. She'd never liked the idea of going to a psychiatrist; it seemed weak. People lost kids all the time, the human race was not coming to a standstill because Tommy had drowned in the lake.

Laying back down in bed, she shifted against the pillow to get comfortable. Suddenly, she stopped. There was a shuffling sound outside her bedroom door. When she heard it again, she sat up, clutching the bedcovers, her heart slamming adrenaline through her veins.

What the hell was that awful smell?

"Mom?"

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The Harvest

David J. Corwell

Rhullawg stirs on his throne, his flesh reshaping into arms and legs. Ivory leaves and black vines whisper all around him, pleading in the crisp breeze. It is time for the harvest.

Returning but an hour before the dawn, he reverently lays his heavy bags on the soft soil. The rich, earthy aroma eases his soreness, and his spirit soars. The pain, the sacrifice will be over by daybreak.

He loosens the drawstrings. The heads come in many shapes and sizes, their tops a mixture of nature's colors: flaxen as the corn stalks, auburn as the tilled earth, and alabaster as the morning dew. With a tender touch, he molds their raw stalks onto the ragged edges of the dripping vines. Soon the grove is healed. Its balance has been restored: one head for every flickering soul in the past night's darkness. Smiling, he tends to the skeletal leaves, brushing bony midribs and veins until they glow anew.

Rhullawg's chair of bone beckons to him. Easing back into its embrace, he is pleased with the year's plentiful bounty. His flesh, kneaded like clay, shifts and reforms into a crimson pumpkin, the heart of the grove.

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Two Cannibals and a Dead

Chick

Gary West

Out on their weekly food run, Harold and Stu, Edgewater's local cannibals, stumbled upon a young woman stashed behind the old, due to be torn down, Catholic church.

"Whaddya think, Harold?"

"I think she dead, Stu."

"Good. Stomach's been growlin' since last night."

"Prob'ly oughta be sure, though, afore we be takin' her home. Don' need no kidnappin' charges on us, if'n she be alive."

"Yeah. Sheriff's awready got us in his sights for them murders been happenin'."

"Thing is: how we gonna know for sure?"

"I dunno. Maybe put your ear down by her mouth, see if'n she be breathin'."

"Why it gotta be me, Stu?"

"Cause I ain't old like you is, Harold. Ain't got no hair in my ears. Wouldn't know if'n she be breathin', if'n I can't feel it."

Harold couldn't come up with a plausible argument against Stu's reasoning, so, after choking out a phlegmy "awright," he plopped to his knees and put his ear over the woman's mouth.

"Purty — ain't she, Harold?"

"Hush up. Can't hear, you blabbin'—"

Suddenly, without warning, the woman grabbed Harold by the back of the head, pulling



BLOOD QUILLS

it closer to her mouth, and thrust her tongue into his ear.

Stu muttered, "What you doin'?" before realization dawned, too late, and the woman's tongue, green and scaly, popped out Harold's other ear, wrapped itself around Stu's neck, snapping it, before the woman's mouth opened impossibly wide, and she began to feed.

Sometimes the dead get hungry, too.

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Vanity

Cal Bates and Jennifer Michaels

Even in the pitch black I can see the maggots. Plump and juicy, they writhe in the empty eye sockets, and out of what is left of that once graceful nose. The stink of putrefying flesh makes me want to gag with every insubstantial breath I take.

Was this the face? The face that men lusted after?

My face?

Now it is a mocking parody of the flawless features I'd loved. Those perfect teeth grin up at me from decaying flesh as if they know something I don't.

Why am I here? Stuck in my coffin peering down at my rotting corpse? Why have I been abandoned, entombed with my body?

I feel a breeze caressing my cheek. Could it be? A way out?

Please let it be so!

I look around my prison, searching for the source of the breeze. Searching for a way out.

Nothing! Nothing but the body I had been so proud of, now rotting six feet under. My beautiful body—resigned to this!

I should have been cremated.

Still grasping to the hope the breeze has birthed, I listen.

Words drift on the breeze.

I strain my ears, hopeful that the madness will end, that freedom comes with that breeze.

The words echo, barely audible. I recoil from them.

No.

They grow louder, reverberating within the coffin.

NO!

My body moves beneath me. The jaw opens, spewing maggots as the rotting flesh takes on the chorus. It chants: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

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(c)David A. Magitis

QUEEN OF THE ABYSS

Bringing Out The Dead.

David Bowlin

It's not so bad, being dead. The first night is the hardest part. It's cold, it's lonely, and, let's face it, it's scary. All those living people walking around, staring at your dead body and saying how tragic it was, your death. They look at you as if you were, well, dead. You try to scream at them, try to shake them or slap them or bite them, but they just walk right past you as if you weren't even there.

After that you just sort of get used to the stink and the stiffness, and realize that there's a whole new world before you. The Great Unknown, so to speak.

Lots of living people came to my funeral, and I was surprised at who was among the crowd. Old friends, a few enemies, my ex-wife and this week's stud, a minister or two. Even my Mormon neighbor showed up. Touching, really.

What really surprised me was all the dead people who came. They were everywhere!

The dead weren't hanging their heads and moaning over my death, however. They came to party.

"You're dead," they said triumphantly. "Now you can do all the things you wanted to do, but were afraid it might kill you. Enjoy your death!" they proclaimed, and passed me a ghostly joint.

They're right. I'm dead, and I'm loving it.

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Digestion Machine

Hertzan Chimera

It was so simple for a man of my skills. I took a straightforward psycho-morphic snapshot of the meal. Her body all opened from the carnage of carcrash, bikecrash, aircrash, train-crash. I took out my knife and fork; the tools of my eating trade.

I rebuilt her in my stomach, slice by slice, mouthful by mouthful – I am such a great digestion machine. Such a good eater of rotting human flesh, recreater of form in the blazing furnace of destroyed function.

Look at my belly now, like a volcano of living horror, see it ripple with seismic presence – the staff at the Picasso restaurant look at me funny. Hell, I'm such a fucking regular, they look at me funny every phase of the dark moon. This is my, I won't call it burden, gift; I am this thing that does this task, this machine of meat.

My body is swelling like a ripe peach, the skin taught like the cuntlips of female circumcision. With every new forkful, I can feel that other me pushing himself/herself out of my pores, my puckered skin ripping open like a turtle egg spilling guts and gore all over this restaurant, I am being reborn, worked inside out from the seam.

I hang around scenes of murder like this, my nostrils flaring and inner dreams unraveling until the sirens, always the sirens scattering the birds as the fork goes in, the knife slicing across one last sirloin.

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Ghostly Bodies

Matt J. Hewitt

Blown by a delicate breath of air, crimson clouds lined with golden pennies floated by, these pennies they shrouded the eyes of the dead men. Pennies that once lined their pockets now hid their dead, staring, once greed filled now empty eyes.

Sea horses they drifted on the warm currents of air, as they sang gently into the ears of the dead, hissing soft, sea sung lullabies into dead ears, which could hear nothing no more, no more.

Along on a silver spiraling moon beam Joshua sat, his two heads they flashed brightly, orange, purple, crimson, breathtaking colours which plumed from his two heads simultaneously, these colours they painted the skies in the style of a Van Gogh all around his hideous countenance. His dagger like teeth they dripped crimson coppery blood. As gently, lovingly, he snaps off the head of another of those stupid human captives, releasing an ocean of that wonderful, gushing crimson delicacy on which he loves to feast.

Demetria on the other hand soars way above the macabre scene, where he dances romantically with cold spirits, seducing them, then hungrily feeding off them and finally with great joy and excitement flooding through his slimy brutal body, he totally destroys them! Pulling their ghostly bodies apart with his crab like appendages, that suddenly, and revoltingly sprout out from the insides of his gaping mouth, and his laughing like that of cats crying in the night can be heard forever floating across the sullen crimson skies.



THIRTEEN

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The Dead Thing

J.E. Deegan

The thing was dead, or so they said.

The three of them stood there, their faces hard and cold and coated with cruel contentment. The dead thing lay at their feet, a featureless sack of bloodied tissue and bone. They knew what it was, but that mattered not to them.

The thing had gravely suffered, then had died. That's all that mattered.

"This is the best we've ever done," said the tallest of the lot.

"Better even than that thing we killed under the bridge last month. Using a chainsaw on this one was a splendid idea...a nice finishing touch. Who thought of that?"

The shortest of the trio answered with unabashed pride. "I did. Remember that movie about the massacre in Texas? That's where I got the idea."

The third member kicked the dead thing with the toe of his thick-soled work boot, then ground the heel into the slimy mass of ravaged flesh. He laughed roughly. "Yeah, I remember. But my idea of hammering nails into its eyes beats yours hands down."

"Now, now, gentlemen. Let's not quibble over the lurid details."

The tall one, obviously in control, spoke forcefully. "We all did our part tonight. We killed the damned thing, and we did so in fine fashion. Right?"

"Right," his companions mumbled.

They were unaware that I had been watching them...listening to them.

But as they turned and walked away, I wanted

to ask them why they had done this wicked thing.

But, being dead, I couldn't.

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The Head Cutter

AD Dawson

"She won't feel any pain," thought Shirley as she carved her initials, S M, into the Fat Lady's skull.

The Fat lady, as predicted, did not feel any pain—her bloated head lolled back against the rest as Shirley released her grip.

She, Shirley, usually favoured behind the right ear - nobody ever troubled themselves to check thereabouts. The Thin Man, The Child, The Housewife...etc. had all been engraved with her sharp end without enlightenment.

"Are you done, Shirley?" Asked The Dark man as he stepped forward.

"Surely," said Shirley as she pushed heavily against the open wound with a cotton wool ball to stem the bleeding. "Just a little nick," She added innocently.

The Dark Man indicated his understanding with a slow nod.

"Maybe you could do me one day," said The Dark Man as he replaced the cover.

"Maybe I shall," returned our Shirl as she tidied away.

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"...Been anywhere nice for your holidays, Shirley?" mumbled her hairdresser through a mouthful of pins.

"I've been to Majorca for the fortnight," She replied—with the emphasis firmly upon the J.

"Nice."

"Ouch... watch what you're doing with the sharp end of those scissors," complained Shirley without looking up from her glossy magazine.

"It's not nice, is it?" said The Fat Woman as she stepped over the prone body of the hairdresser.

"Anything for the weekend, Shirl," asked The Thin Man as he sent a comb straight into her eye.

The Child giggled in glee.

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BLOATED

by Steve Short

Jack, open your eyes, okay?

Good. Now choke a little. Spit it out. Cough it up, all that stinking dark water. Good boy! See the silt in there? See the splinters of driftwood? All mixed up with the water? Isn't that wonderful? Stand up, Jacky boy. Look at your hands in the moonlight through the window. Your nails look kinda torn. And what's that under them? More silt! And fish scales too! C'mon now Jack. Look at your fingers. Look at the skin. White, right? And wrinkled, like you've been in the water too long?

Take a another breath, Jack.

A deep one.

Notice the smell in the room? Kinda dank? Like the river? Kinda like rotting fish?

Sure, run for the bathroom.

That's good.

The light switch has to be there somewhere, right?

And the mirror too.

What's wrong, Jacky boy? Why don't you hit the switch? Are you scared? Are you afraid?

Hey, I bet you think this is some kinda nightmare.

Wrong, Jacky.

It's me, babe.

Susan.

Your dark voodoo girl.

Think you could just run away with that blonde bitch and leave me? Think again. I made you take a moonlit swim, Jacky, you and your bitch girlfriend. I made both of you go down to where the silt is. She's still there...but I brought you home so you can see how handsome you are, you cheating sonofabitch...home to your voodoo girl.

Yeah, hit the light, Jacky.

Let's see your face.

Your bloated, fish-chewed face.

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OBITUARIES

The Artwork:

David A. Magitis: QUEEN OF THE ABYSS
Keith Wigdor: A SHAMAN'S WARNING
Hertzan Chimera: THIRTEEN
Lizzy M. Shumate: BLOOD QUILLS

The Stories:

Brian Rosenberger: ABRA CADAVER
Perry McGee: COFFEE
Lisa Wilson: LAP
Erin MacKay: THE CHALLENGE OF THE METABOLICALLY DISADVANTAGED YOUTH
David J. Corwell: THE HARVEST
Gary West: TWO CANNIBALS AND A DEAD CHICK
Cal Bates and Jennifer Michaels: VANITY
David Bowlin: BRINGING OUT THE DEAD
Hertzan Chimera: DIGESTION MACHINE
Matt J. Hewitt: GHOSTLY BODIES
J.E. Deegan: THE DEAD THING
A.D. Dawson: THE HEAD CUTTER
Steve Short: BLOATED

The Bios:

A.D. Dawson—lives in East Midlands of England. He is the facilitator of The Dodsley Pages—which comes from the heart of Sherwood Forest. However, no Robin Hood clad in Lincoln Green is this man. Through his work, which is often written in a curious tone (Neo-Victorian he pretentiously calls it), he seeks to claim the Vampire back into the working classes from whence it came.

The Head Cutter—humm. Nothing curious about that then—no vampires there. Not really... But it's a true story...



Cal Bates—simply called Cal by his friends, lives in a small Suffolk market town in England.

At night he likes to drink rum and write the odd story. A man of simple tastes he hopes to write further stories in the future—with a forlorn ambition to be paid one day. He writes in many genres, his favourite being light fantasy, science fiction and horror.

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Jennifer Michaels—works as a loan processor, but has always had a love of writing. Concentrating mostly on fantasy works, she occasionally dabbles in science fiction and poetry. She currently resides in Nebraska with her husband and daughter.



Lizzy M. Shumate—is a 14-year-old Anime Artist. "Anime Artist: What I show you, is reality in my digital world!" Her work has been published at Animerica (print magazine) and EOTU Fiction, Poetry, and Art. She is the cover artist for the Rembrandt Is Great (print Anthology). Lizzy has received over 104 ribbons and awards and has dreamt of living in Japan since she was in the third grade and is hoping to become an exchange student in college. [She's taught herself to speak basic Japanese.] Lizzy won the YOUNG AUTHOR's contest three years with her fiction and won First Place in the National Dental Association poster contest. Currently, Lizzy is the Staff Artist for the SDO Detective Magazine. <http://sintrigue.org/detective/index.html>

Visit Lizzy at her Author's Den:

<http://www.authorsden.com/lizzymarieshumate>

Email Lizzy at: Anime_hiei_Lizzy@yahoo.com



Erin MacKay—lives and works in Atlanta. A mild-mannered legal secretary by day, at night she can be found engaged in her favorite activities: working on her first novel and drinking bootlegged gourmet beer.

Contact Erin at erin@erinmackay.com.



Gary West—A native Coloradoan, Gary spends his free time writing fiction, poetry and reviews. He has seen his work appear in numerous publications both in print and online including, Lunatic Chameleon, Scared Naked, Champagne Shivers,

The Dark Krypt, Side Show, Dust Devil and the forthcoming anthologies, FLASHSHOT: YEAR ONE and THE WICKED WILL LAUGH.

He edited The Dream People's taboo-inspired anthology, Things That Sing With Salty Wings, and is currently editing the upcoming December issue of The Dream People. He is also an associate editor at Raw Dog Screaming Press.



Keith Wigdor—Surrealist was born a Human on August 10, 1965 into the Disintegrating World. After being exposed to the Vietnam War and Kent State (along with Creature Features and the Soul Train, not forgetting the Manson Family) on Television in his living room as a small child, (with all those lovely memories of images displaying people being burned alive and massacred for the spectacle), Keith knew that only his creativity could save him from this hell. Keith grew up in a typical working middle class family and was schooled by the Evil Empire known as Catholic Grammar School and Catholic High School. He was being molded into worshipping Jesus Christ, who Keith believed to really be a Quasi-Hippie Type Grateful Dead Prophet and Messiah (that happened to be the Son of God), telling people to take hallucinogens and all those wonderful exotic plants and powders. (After all, rumor has it that Jesus did more than turn water into wine!!!) Though Keith does not use drugs and hates them, (he is very anti-drug himself), he believes that SURREALISM is really the Ultimate Drug and that He is the Fix! (Also Spiritually, he is really a Disciple of Satan, if you really want to know.) As a teenageer and young adult, Keith was spiraling back and forth between the 80's Hippie Scene and the Underground Punk Rock Scene shooting live videos of local hippie and punk (and new wave) bands, then he was destined to be a Surrealist after reading Andre Breton's books back in the 80's. Speaking of the 1980's, Keith became a liberal arts major in college, then going to work in the private sector up until the 1990's, when he restarted his desire to create art (and poetry) in 1998, by becoming a self-taught artist, working mainly in digital, then oil on canvas and ink drawing, and then working completely in photomontage, for which he has now developed a loyal cult following

online. He is a total Do-It-Yourself Artist and he also has been very active in organizing a very successful online Surrealism Event called simply, SURREALISM 2003, where Keith has featured some of the most brilliant Surrealist and Surreal (and Visionary) Artists in the world. Keith's Art has appeared in CHURN ART MAGAZINE, along with ROGER DEAN (of Yes fame, all those cool record covers) and H.R.GIGER (Alien, Species, etc) and also MIKE BOHATCH, CANIGLIA, WILL CASCIO and PETER LEWIS. Keith's Art has been featured in CD-ROM format and also on a Magazine Cover and in an upcoming book. Keith is known mainly for his Digital Abstract and Surrealist Artwork but he has lately been working in Horror Art along with his collaborator and friend, DAVID A.MAGITIST. His creative artistic output varies from Surrealism to Abstract Art to Psychedelia and Horror, so he has a large portfolio of visual artworks all over the internet. He is a very handsome man and loves cats, (black cats) and one of his main hobbies is witchcraft! Surrealism is his life! Keith wants to Destroy Logic to Save the World with all his art and work and you can find out more about him at <http://www.keithwigdorsurrealism.com>.



Lisa Wilson—Lisa's short stories have been seen on Horrorfind, Twilight Times, The Writers Hood, Savage Night, The Murder Hole, Behold and Shadowkeepzine. She recently won Second Place in Behold's short story contest, and her debut story on Horrorfind, "Immortal Beloved" has been recommended for a Stoker award. Her first novel "Night Walker" is with her agent in New York and currently seeking a publisher.

At the present, Lisa has completed her second novel, Night Demon and is currently working on two more novels. When she's not writing, she is also a professional vocalist, performing with the San Diego Opera as well as other musical theater companies. She lives in southern California with her two children.



Hertzian Chimera—is a shadow on the lungs, he is that white zone on the cerebral catscan, he is nothing more than a festering lump of gristle on otherwise sensual acres of flesh. <http://hertzianchimera.com>



Perry McGee—a self confessed asylum candidate, lives in Ohio with his black cat Salem and his albino Burmese Python Butterscotch. His tales of dark fiction and psychological horror appear on such sites as Darkhalf, House of Pain, Dream People, The Murder Hole, Horrorfind, and many others. Anthologies containing his work are Of Flesh and Hunger, The Decay Within, The Other Side of Madness, Things That Sing With Salty Wings, and Kevin Donihe's strange little ebook about walruses. Print magazines containing his tales include Thirteen Stories, Cthulhu Sex, and Lullaby Hearse.

When he isn't writing lurid tales of insanity, he works construction and drinks beer.



David Bowin—Life on the edge is the last place you'll find David Bowlin. He prefers the more relaxing environs of cozy cottages, ice cream parlors, and dark hiding places in the backs of unused closets, and enjoys the occasional stroll along the Gulf Coast beaches. His fiction is somewhat more daring than he, and can be found at regular places around the web and in print. For more information, learn to use Google.



Brutal Dreamer—[a.k.a. Peggy Jo Shumate] is married to David and has two children: Isaac Wade and Lizzy Marie and her loveable cat, Shackie Taques. Brutal Dreamer is a Movie Reviewer for DVD Empire, Reviewer/Promotions for Massacre Publications, Publicity Manager for RAW DOG SCREAMING. Brutal Dreamer is a Terror Tale Scribe (Scribette) and is a 2000 Graduate of the Institute of Children's Literature. (A guilty little pleasure of hers that is more horrifying than her horrific works of fiction! *shudder* She likes to write and read children's stories!) She is the former Editor, Reviewer, and Promotion Manager of other magazines and publishing presses. Brutal Dreamer was Paul Kane's March 2002 Shadow-Writer and has over 100 published works in both electronic and print, including EOTU: Fiction, Art, and Poetry, The House of Pain, SDO Fantasy, Decompositions, THE DREAM PEOPLE, Rainfall Press, Southern Rose Productions,

Terror Tales, Steel Caves, The Swamp, etc. Her work will be featured in over a dozen Anthologies between 2003-2004.

Visit Brutal Dreamer at her Official Website: <http://brutaldreamer.tripod.com> e-mail Brutal at: brutal@brutaldreamer.com



Steve Short—Steve has many horror/fantasy stories and novel-length projects currently in development, including contributions to the upcoming horror anthologies Dead Winter, edited by Fangoria's/CyberPulp's Thomas Deja, Cold Flesh, edited by Paul Fry for Hellbound Books, and Chimeraworld, edited for CyberPulp by Hertzan Chimera.



Brian Rosenberger—Brian spends his weekends in pancake makeup, clowning around at funeral homes throughout the Midwest, giving mourners a reason to smile through their tears. He puts the fun back in funeral. If you think that's funny, visit Brian's poetry site Decompositions, more grins and giggles than a freshly dug grave.



David Anthony Magitis—Born 01/12/74.

1993 National diploma/ Graphic Design.

1996 B.A.hon degree Graphic Design.

My art is how I feel, the horror, anxiety, depression, pleasure and pain. A bid to bring out those demons that hide deep inside.

Thats about it really, oh and I do a few book covers now and again.



David J. Corwell—When not struggling with characters and plots (real or imagined), David J. Corwell writes horror, fantasy, and nonfiction. He is also a Contributing Editor at Gila Queen's Guide to Markets, an Assistant Editor at Hellnotes, and a 2001 graduate of the Odyssey Fantasy Writing Workshop. David is currently working on his first novel and a masters degree in Writing Popular Fiction through Seton Hill University. He lives in Albuquerque with his wife, Sophie, and his daughters, Tatiana and Natalia.