HYPERFOCUS HORROR

ISSUE 002, SPRING 2026



LITERARY & ART COMPZINE
BY NEURODIVERGENT, DISABLED,
& CHRONICALLY ILL CREATIVES

OUT ABOUT ABO

HYPERFOCUS HORROR IS AN IMPRINT OF HNDL MAG [HIGHLIGHTED NEURODIVERGENT & DISABLED MAGAZINE]. WHICH WAS FOUNDED IN 2023. HNDL HAS PUBLISHED FOUR HORROR ISSUES OVER THE YEARS. AMONG TWENTY OTHER ISSUES. OUR HORROR ISSUES RECEIVED GREAT FEEDBACK AND CREATED A COMMUNITY OF FELLOW DISABLED. NEURODIVERGENT. AND MENTALLY AND CHRONICALLY ILL HORROR LOVERS. HENCE. THE BRANCHING OFF OF THIS PUBLICATION TO DEDICATE AND HYPERFOCUS ON HORROR. THE TITLE OF THIS PUBLICATION COMES FROM FOUNDER. EDITOR. AND DESIGNER IZZY AMBER'S OWN EXPERIENCE WITH SPECIAL INTERESTS AS AN AUDHDER AND MAY NOT BE A TERM EVERYONE USES.

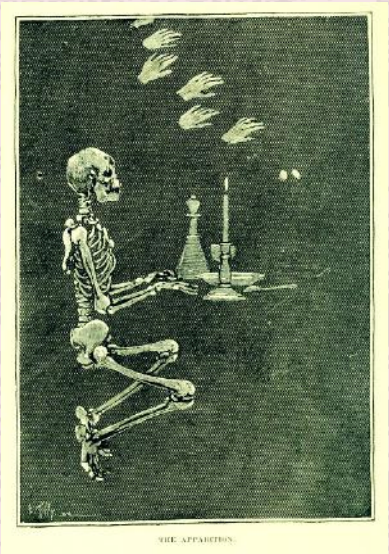
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OUT ABOUT ABO

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



THE APPARITION.

Dear Readers,

I am truly living my most vivid dream in creating this publication. Horror is my greatest passion in life and it makes me feel less alone in the not-fun-scary world to know that other people love it just as much as I do!

In this Spring issue, we reflect on change, decay, turmoil, frenetic energy fizzling below a seemingly calm surface, and the strange & indescribable appetite and restlessness we find ourselves with once Winter has thawed.

We find beauty in the unconventional and eerie in this volume of art, writing, & interview. This collection is the spider that creeps out the rose you lean in to smell, the ghostly lichen coating the fallen log, the cluster of crocus sprouting above a grave.

I sincerely hope you enjoy and I thank you endlessly for your support!

-KRIZIA "IZZY" AMBER W.

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TW for gore, medical trauma, animal harm, addiction, self harm, sexuality

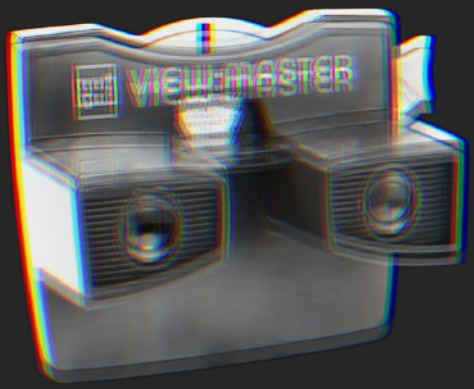
"MILIPEDES AND AZALEAS" BY SPUNKZ



Spunkz is a personal creative outlet, experimenting with multimedia and various hobbies. I sell prints of my digital drawings, photography, and paper collages. Almost if not all my art will be inspired by nature local to me or of things I have a particular interest to, such as spiders! Most of I like to stay true to myself when creating and always "Stay Spunky!" @Spunk.z

THE ORIGINAL VIEW-MASTER

By Ty D.



-Introduced in 1962, the View-Master™ mirrors binoculars in a boxy way. It uses a circular film (a reel) to show a set of seven pictures. In its initial release, it was used to showcase tourist attractions of various locations; however, its modern use is a children's toy for simple viewing pleasures.

photo one:
t-shirt quilt. hazel wooden picnic basket. chardonnay bubbling
champagne glasses. black spiral notebook. G2 pens scatter
a blank page. i pluck stems of grass like the petals of an oxeye daisy.
disturbing the dirt hold of a jumping spider's home.

photo two:
it ogles. vampire fangs milling into lizards three times its size.
evergreen lizard: slightly darker than the grass it crawls through;
spider, how do you gnaw on taffy skin thicker then your own?
how can i scribble poems bigger than slivered, scattered papers?

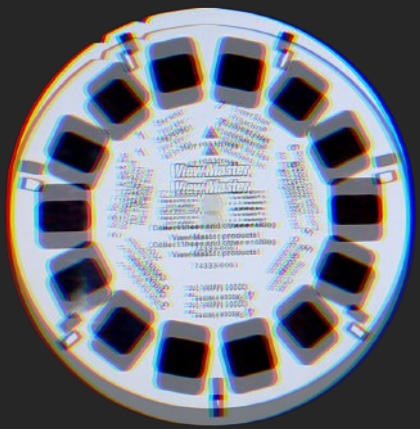
photo three:
the dull red of a View-Master mimics two dots you leave on my hand. mosquito bites.
you mirror pokeweed and vampires: unsuspected. unnoticed.
like a stick bug blending with a tree. like the notebook hibernating on my desk.

photo four:
an empty chardonnay bottle. a blank page.
do i write about the ducks tucking into the water like ostriches in the sand
or the ant battalion battling over crumbs of broken Ritz crackers?
tell me. with your kaleidoscope eyes:
what patterns do you see encompassing us?

photo five:
tsunamis of gnats swarm around slimy strawberry puree . a sweet tooth.
like children with bowls of candy on halloween.
lop-sided stars drawn in the margins of the page. one word written: *The.*
a scene out of spongebob. how do i write when there is so much to witness?

photo six:
wasp hurricanes; a birthday hat; a wooden bat on the ground; and
an abandoned chocolate cake.
fruit flies of like minds disperse, leaving behind
cards; gift wrapped boxes; and melted vanilla ice cream.
what pattern should i hunt next?

photo seven:
bees bouncing between oxeye daisies stuffing nectar in honey sacs like santa.
dandelions frolicking through the air rooting in new soil.
i blink between each image with the same kaleidoscope eyes, flickering
through reels of kodachrome film like a kid holding a View-Master for the first time.



Ty Dunn (she/they) is a Black Southern writer pursuing a Creative Writing MFA at the University of Alabama. She enjoys writing about the body, race, and finding yourself in a world of chaos. When they aren't writing, they spend time researching video games a year before actually playing them.

“UNGLUED 2”
BY ANGEL TEETH



Angelina is a self taught queer artist. With a focus on the self, transformation, stars, angels, and devils. Visceral imagery combined with vibrant colors combine to make these artworks. Inspired by dreams. Unsettling and unique.
*@_angel.teeth_*



Eating Her

By Zoe Adrien Lapa

I had always been sentimental. So when I was told to throw her away, I just... didn't.

She was broken, I knew. But the hollow shell that kept her tethered to this plane was still special to me, though consciousness inhabited it no longer. Beautiful blocky landscape— and when light hit her metal! All those colors bouncing. Oh, what a sight.

I loved her corpse as I loved her.

It started as a compulsion. Tiny buttons, tiny screws, tiny peeling scraps of paint all going down the gullet over a number of weeks. Why? I just felt like it. It wasn't even a matter of wanting her inside of me; not yet, anyway. There was no logic. Just the taste like poison, cold and slippery on the tongue. Sometimes it was bitter but it always *felt* sweet to me.

More than anything I wanted her to be with me forever and ever, and the human digestive system just doesn't account for that. I didn't know what to do, so I looked out of windows and under houses. Bright ideas are always lurking, thankfully. You just have to keep your mind open to them.

The first installation took forever. I did it at-home, DIY-style. At the end of it, her rod and my arm were one. My skin, my brown flesh— but her sleek gray, her smooth. It didn't look odd. Oddly compelling, maybe. Blood where blood doesn't belong, flesh meeting cold steel; but not as in knife, as in cleaving. More as in wholeness. As in sex. The pain was unbearable, but the sentiment kept me warm the whole night through.

The next installation was easier. I had always leaned butch, and breast cancer ran in the family. Getting a tit cut off was a piece of cake; it was almost justified. Then... not a head, exactly, but it was round enough. Light enough. It and my heart would be as close together as possible. The thought of it! A delight. Of course, I had it done as soon as possible.

The surgery felt like hell, like burning, like nothing else I've ever felt— but her metal nestling in? That was a nice, cool kiss.

It's a simple pleasure to know what one is looking at. Recognition is a comfort most days, saying to yourself I know what this is therefore I know what I do with it. The unfamiliar is disturbing. I loved to walk in public, now, as I never did before; the light of recognition and the horror of the new in all their eyes, the cataloging of tin and aluminum and wire and skin and screw and fingernail. Glint, and gleam, and sparkle, and oil.

By this point it had gone past her, rest her soul, and gone back to me; I was doing it because it felt good to do it, like everyone else's doings. I loved her. Thanks to her, I was loving myself more and more.

Every installation came easier as the entire rest of the world became harder. I began to have trouble thinking, emoting, functioning. Thoughts flew out and were replaced by rods and cones of light. Bright, bright, bright ideas. I grew conscious of my still-human voice, droning and ululating, and hated it. I gave myself one last beautiful full-bodied scream before I took care of it.

It all comes down to this: self-hatred and love and self-love and hatred and all the rest of it swirling down the drain. I was becoming. I was Becoming. I was Beckoning. I knew, again, something the rest of the world had forgotten; that we were once beautiful and whole before every single one of us was cleft in twain.

We were whole once. You can see it. Androgynous and complete and full-bodied. You can see the spaces where something was supposed to be. I knew I was sensitive, maybe more sensitive than most, but didn't anyone else ever feel it?

I thought about loneliness, the vast grand landscape of lonelinesses, the gaps and gulfs and trenches between what we look like and what we are. We were whole once. We have to do something about it. Why aren't we doing something about it?

I was whole once. I could be whole again. After all the installations, all that she was was just a pile of tiny scraps on a tarp, screws and shavings and the tiny ends of wires. I knew what I had to do. I know what you have to do. I just wish I could tell you.

I knelt down, hands and knees, supplication. Child's pose for a beat, then rise. Started picking out bits and pieces, considering, peering, holding things up to the lights. And one-by-one, slowly, I started eating her again.

Zoe Adrien Lapa is a microblogger first and an author second. You can find their poetry and short stories published in places like Palette Global, Haunted Portal Magazine, and elsewhere.
Tumblr: @blubbed



"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
BY BELLA LUNEL ALAMO





Bella Lunel is a Latin-American multi-media artist focusing on oil painting and sculpture. Her work revolves around themes of mysticism, feminism, psychology, horror, and the surreal. Her practice merges literary theory, cinematic composition, and lived experience to create scenes that are both sacred and unsettling.
@bella.lunel.art /
https://bellalunelportfolio.xyz/11/

"FALL FROME GRACE"



"CICATRIZE"

GHOST STORY: KIRSCHBLUTEN BREITE STRAßE. BONN.

By Kate MacAlister

1. geisterbahn

did you come here to listen to a better story? i thought it was over.
should i not treat this like a funeral rite? there were lilies
in my coffee grounds & i thought it was over. i knew the blossoms
would come i imagined them.
they invaded my sleep. every wall of my lost home. i scryed
them. discoloured. in mourning. fallen like ashen rain. crushed
& covering every cobblestone my naked feet touched that night
we ran, singing seagull songs: blossom fills my next cup
with this unspeakable secret: no i will not forgive.

2. nachtschreck

here you are. i see you your constellation upon every night bitten
with goodbyes, taste, the foam colour of your lower lip
i brushed your long hair in the doorway and you
saw your shadow move differently
for a moment i forget
this has already happened and i am always holding
hands of other girls, crushed. you still serving
ghostly cunt. blossoms. ever where. bleeding
into every crack of theses streets
into the innermost corner of my eyes.
i dream dream of cherries blossom
violently eating your heart it is still
beating where we first met
where i wolfed it down
talking to what has gone vanished was it even real?
is not exactly magic.
it is ritual.

you arrange the flowers. you call upon the past. it is confessional. a feral guest
in the throat.
the language of prolonged silence. please come into my arms for emergency
contact
& a kitchen lullaby.

3. nahtod

there were no clouds all summer
it was strange to see them again
stigmata in the skyfall

a story: a day and that night
you stand there in my clothes
you, a sacred wound
a visitation in my clawing hands

and I draw closer, closer
to lance the stitches
to confess: the blood is still

devoted, it is barely dry, bedded gently in the damage done
and the blossombleed is always the same as coming home.



Kate MacAlister is a poet and intersectional feminist activist based in Nottingham, where she is pursuing a PhD in Creative Writing at the University of Nottingham. She is the author of songs of the blood (Querencia Press, 2022) and burn it all down then kiss me (Sunday Mornings at the River Publishing, 2023). Her work explores the body as a space of resistance and care, connecting personal experience with collective struggle.
kissed.by_fire

The Brood (1979) – Mother is Monster.

By Arden Fox

The Brood (1979) is David Cronenberg's third major film, following debut picture *Shivers* (1975) and breakthrough sophomore film *Rabid*(1977). The movie is arguably the Canadian horror filmmaker's most personal, a confessed purging of emotional volatility following his toxic divorce into a film about that, toxic divorce. Nola Carveth, the fictional representative of Cronenberg's ex-wife Margaret Hindson, is the film's villain, presented as monster, as a "bad, fucked up mommy" who abuses her own five-year old daughter and has committed other acts of alleged insanity to such a degree that husband Frank Carveth has had to do away with her altogether, hands thrown up in surrender.

But what about Nola? What if she isn't a villain, but a victim? Tilt the film a little to its left and you no longer have a movie about a struggling father fighting to save his daughter from her abusive mother, but instead a movie about a mother who is herself a victim of past and present abuse in a society who objectifies her only as reproductive machine, whose only purpose is to breed before being discarded.

Before meeting anybody else in The Brood, we are first introduced to Dr. Raglan – a possible conman, possible genius, pushing an experimental therapeutic method dubbed "psychoplasmics" – during a scene in which he exchanges heated dialogue with another man sat across from him, both cross-legged on a stage lit by spotlight. This world is presented as masculine before all else, men in literal centre stage. The relationship between the two men is unclear, but what ismade immediately clear through this dialogue is a belief permeating the narrative from this point onwards that weakness is exclusively a woman's domain. Weakness is genetic, suggests Raglan, inheritable gene by child from mother, and entirely ill-fitting of men. "You see, weakness is more acceptable in a girl." he says. Expected, even. Whether this is truly Raglan's belief or just a by-product of his therapeutic approach is irrelevant – this macho masculine perspective has been implanted into our subconscious all the same.

So of course, we believe Frank when he asserts Nola's instability and danger to their family, because of course she is, she's a woman after all. Too weak as a result of her biology to resist her insanity, her violent impulses, what other choice does Frank have but to be rid of her?

Nola is not human in this masculine world of The Brood.

She is excised from the family she created by the very man she made that family with, and then is involuntarily surrendered like a misbehaved animal into the captivity of another man who cares not for her wellbeing, but for using her to stroke the ego of his own assumed genius. He pushes her to the knife's edge of her emotions to see their grotesque manifestations, these physical symptoms the crux of his psychoplasmic industry as his forced emotional purging turns the body of his patient into a visible conductor of their pain, marking them outwardly as victims of suffering. But according to Raglan's earlier assertions, Nola's body has already long marked her as victim, her womanhood a neon sign proclaiming her feminine weakness in the eyes of all the men around her.

So when Nola's rage finally does take shape, it's not in the form of benign bumps or disfigured swaths of flesh as with other patients. No, Nola's rage takes the only shape she is told she is capable of producing — children. She is mother before woman before human, a machine junked in a forgotten scrapyard once it has been used and abused for its only purpose.



"I disgust you! I sicken you!"

In the film's final act, Frank is finally face-to-face with his wife for the first time in the whole movie. She's sat alone in a dimly lit cabin, lithe frame draped in a white dress. She is Mother Mary, an image of simultaneous maternal and virginal beauty. Then she spreads her white dress like angel wings – and the image of divine mother is suddenly perverted by the sight of a tangled mass of indecipherable flesh melting out of her torso, a repulsive addition to an otherwise impeccable beauty, the internal carnage of motherhood and birth now made visible.

Frank flinches, revolted. Nola dejectedly lowers her arms and tears into the sac attached to her with teeth and nails, a feral unveiling of her newest offspring before cradling it in tender hands as she licks it clean of its afterbirth like an animal would her kit. "I disgust you!" she exclaims, upset. "I sicken you!" She understands intimately, as many mothers do, the lack of reverence or even mere sympathy men possess for the gore and agony of motherhood and childbirth. They care not for the mother, interpreting her act of creation as one of violence perpetrated by her onto the world, and not one done unto her by her own biology. Mother is fetish, mother is object, mother is monster. What other shape could her rage take then, but disfigured children imparted with her vengeful thirst for blood?

After killing Nola, Frank drives away from the scene of the crime where her and her now-dead brood once nested. Candace sits next to him, catatonic and unmoving, thousand-yard stare fixed in front of her. The camera pans down to her arm, where we see small bumps on the surface of her skin – manifestations of her own rage. Marked by the curse of womanhood, even Candace cannot escape her fate, following in her mother's footsteps just as her mother followed her own mother's footsteps, a cycle of generational feminine trauma unbroken within the frigid, unforgiving maw of the patriarchy.

Arden Fox is a transandrogynous lesbian vampire roosting in Ontario. An author with a fondness for the queer, sensual, and macabre, his work frequently explores these themes through stories of complex relationships to ourselves, others, and existence at large, meditating on the contradictions of the human condition. He smells like vanilla and patchouli and really loves both watching and writing about a good movie.

interview w/ multidisciplinary artist

AIMAR



[HYPERFOCUSHORROR, IZZY ASKS] Thank you so much for agreeing to this interview! Please introduce yourself!

[AIMAR ANSWERS] Hi im Aimar — also known as Chrone_Pantone on social media. I prefer to introduce myself not as a stable biographical fact, but as a constructed figure — an almost fictional character negotiating a very real landscape.

My home country is experiencing an environment of tension and oppression, molded from what has become the daily life of a narco war. The "lockdown" here is not simply a matter of government; it is psychological, too. It recalibrates how bodies traverse space, how silence operates, how night occurs. There is no doubt that climate filters into my work.

Because of that context, I don't think of myself exclusively as an individual artist. I think of myself as processing an environment that is volatile, fragmented and charged." The fictitious part of me is not escapism — it's a plan. It enables me to metabolize fear, surveillance and instability instead of allowing them to devour me. It provides distance while still being part of the environment around me.

So when I tell you I am a character, what I mean is that I am actively deciding how to see and translate this environment through my lens.

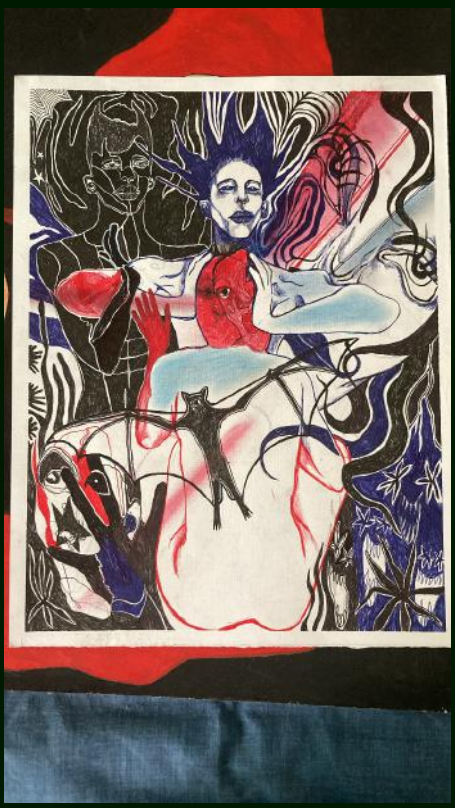
FOLLOW AIMAR- RAGECONUNDRUMSANDDISSERTATIONS.SUBSTACK.COM. IG: @CHRONE_PANTONE

[HH] You create across many mediums (painting, writing, drawing, music, etc). Tell us why you enjoy this variety of expression and why it keeps you creatively fulfilled!

[AIMAR] I enjoy the variety because it prevents stagnation. If I stay too long in one discipline, I begin to repeat myself. Moving between mediums forces translation. An idea that begins as a poem might fail verbally but succeed visually. A distorted figure in a painting might demand a sonic counterpart. That friction keeps the work alive. Transformation with no risk. My thoughts aren't linear; they're layered, fragmented, sometimes abrasive.



"BEAUTY BORN FROM DISRUPTION"





[HH] You create images with dark themes yet that are also very beautiful. Tell us about this duality in your work!

[AIMAR] I dont have an answer i can bring to letters, ill say I was born with it, not as a primordial fact but I always tended to find the dark side of the moon because my intention its and has being always ask to myself the moon creates light but where that light comes from and then you find the sun, and so on... Thank you for perceiving my art pieces as beautiful. Through mixed media, I braid drawing, sculpture, texture, and sound to enact a dialogue between presence and rupture. Bold abrasions, porous seams, and deliberate fractures reveal the undercurrents that stabilize our forms while reminding us that stability is provisional.beauty born from disruption, and honesty born from tenderness.

[HH] Childhood appears as a theme in one of my favorite works of yours. [Referencing the full-page piece]

[AIMAR] This piece meant a lot to me during the process.

There's a conundrum where the meaning begins to conflict with another idea. But the central point is this: I am a survivor of three years of opiate abuse. Those dark valley journeys led me to fentanyl, and I died five times.

The key to resolving my situation was the support of my loved ones and my decision to move to another town. At that time, I was living in Mexico City, and I relocated to a small, conservative town in Guanajuato, Gto., where I am currently living. I have taken on new responsibilities, which I believe is exactly what my mind needed — even though I am still encountering issues within the social structure around me.

This piece represents my childhood, or perhaps the origin of the world — dreaming. I am surrounded by very tender animals: a cat (wisdom), a bat (the hermit), a deer (tenderness), a valley of poppy flowers, and my corpse.

I believe the message I wanted to convey is clear.

[HH] It seems like the theme of changing, emerging, breaking through, transforming, etc appears in your work. Your subjects feel like they are moving around the page! Please tell us what energy you are depicting with these dynamic compositions and portrayals of bodies.

[AIMAR] A fixed figure implies certainty; I am more invested in permeability. Becoming rather than being with a mixture of rupture and propulsion. Repulsion over the wellbeing and culture of healthiness when ableism sets an alarm everyday... biological, emotional, political. Bodies in my work are not passive objects of observation; they are forces negotiating the realm of cognitive playground. Or like the intention of philosophy, desestabilize stupidity and reality.

[HH] What is your favorite horror media?

[AIMAR} I'll say it's cinema and the news. I don't enjoy knowing about a war, but for some reason that puts me in a position, confrontational and political. But I also enjoy philosophical vertigo. The problem with being born by Emil Cioran made me question my life in a way a constant scream would do...

Each sentence feels like a controlled collapse.



Como me queda claro en términos profundos y casi viscerales, la titánica labor de juntar las figuras que componen un álbum de fotos, no es en verdad una labor sencilla. ¿Qué aúlla bajo el temblor de semejante colisión? Siempre he sabido que lo que me traspase tiene que ser algo que sencillamente sucede, que no pueda ser puesto en orden por aquellos que, digamos, existen para mantener vivo el fuego, por si se apaga. A ti te he traído una vasta colección de poemas, de figuras que terminarán encerradas en el lienzo de una vida que la vejez corroerá con sutil y brutal avidez, tal y como la polilla las telas del cuarto de estudio: ¿quién era?, ¿quiénes son todas estas personas que me rodean?, ¿por qué estoy yo aquí? El contexto saca lo mejor y lo peor de nosotros, ¿no es la colisión de dos cuerpos estelares el puro y anhelante deseo por alguna evidencia concreta? Y esa evidencia, o ironía, es más extraña y extraordinaria que la misma ficción. La ficción subvertida transforma a la carne, la hace grotesca y distorsionada. Un cuerpo verdadero siempre está alojado en la tiranía, de raíz a flor. No existe tiranía sin carne que, tenga la bondad de entender, debe existir para mantener la llama del fuego, por si se apaga. Porque, cuando todo termine, no será hacia dónde las hojas están cayendo sino cómo lo hacen, la gracia y estéticamente, lo que importará, la belleza de mirar al firmamento y dejarse engullir. He orbitado tu mente en silencioso frenesí: más sagaz que la misma luna que brilla en la noche, más lejano que cualquier estrella en el firmamento, más fuerte que mil cigarras tocando su melodía de apareamiento. Bajaré a ver, no más, en un acto de confianza al permitir que el gato se tumba a tu lado y se quede dormido. Eso soy: una gata que criada por panteras/ abrazo como dos navajas ambas en sentido contrario, cada parte de mi ser es postura fronteriza y ambiguo salvo mi nombre. A I M A R.! No me fallaré hasta intentar lo imposible: perder completamente mi mente, en lo extraño en lo qué puede ser tan tierno que parezca brutal. Llevo la vida al carnicero, el mismo que la secciona y parte en rodajas. Aquí le teme a lo que desconoce: tenían que desinfectarse los rostros de sensibilidad pura y del amor más profundo, de la brutal verdad de que esas palabras podrán ser usadas en una fecha idiota pero para mi seguira siendo enero u octubre. Tu cráneo estará colocado en una casa preciosa. Todas las risas que llegan a mi mente como un buen recuerdo llenan la estancia, estallar se parece a un no puedo ver cada detalle en el rizo negro y recortado, en el oleaje de todo mi ser cuando a penas un pequeño entreluz me deja ciega y la tristeza de saber que te molesta cuando soy una mancha de tinta en tus paredes.

CITY CRYPTIDS

By M. Lopes da Silva

everyone goes to Los Angeles looking
for a place to put their dream down
softly

but the hills cradle only hill folk:
ground squirrels
moles bobcats
the Dark Watchers shimmer-limbed stand over
sibling Watchers while they drowse

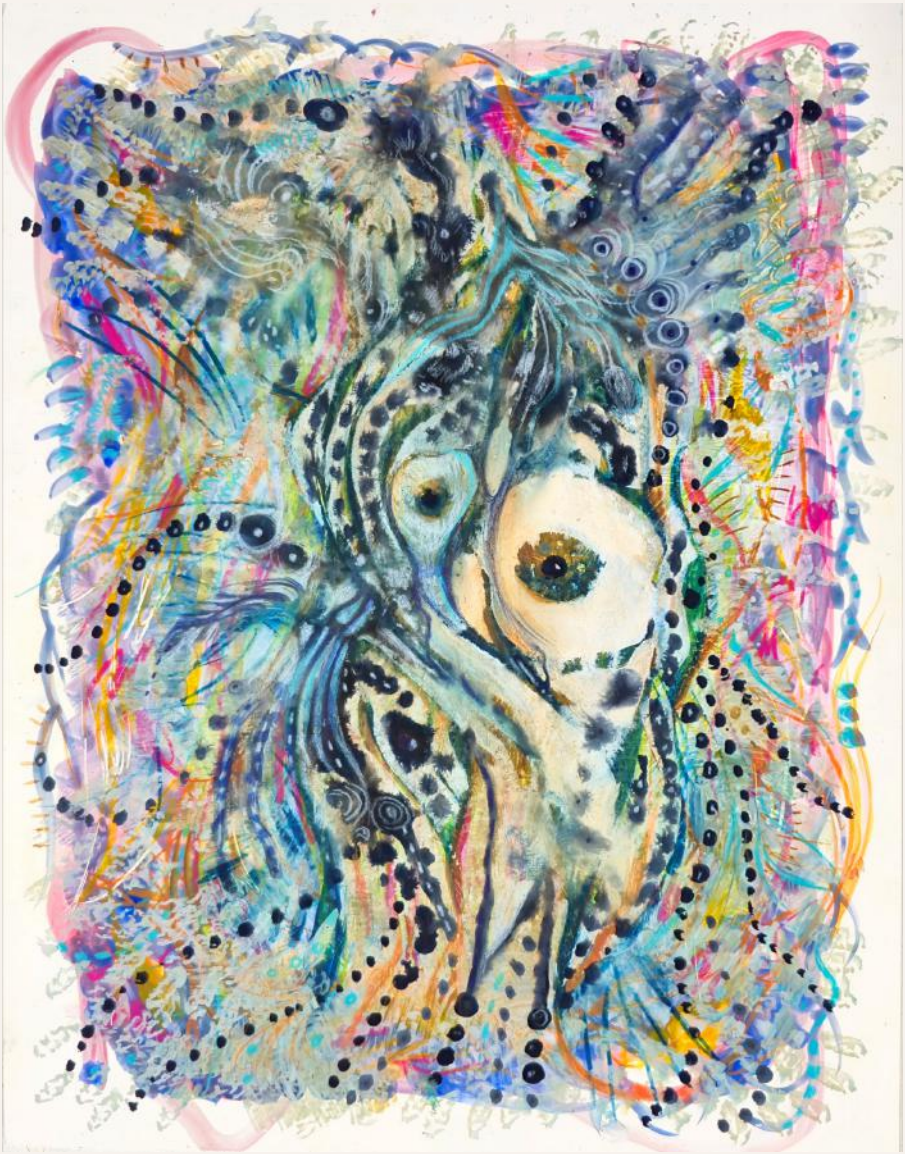
old gods keep pace with cars on the freeways
we merge into them

on Sunset a mermaid presses her face against glass
as she watches the rich men eat and dreams
of eating the rich men

and I
haunted VHS
playback the tape of my life

M. Lopes da Silva (he/they) is a neurodivergent, polyamorous, bisexual, and non-binary trans masc author and artist from Los Angeles. He writes pulp and poetry. His poetry can be found in Eye to the Telescope, Poetry is Gay, and new words press. Weirdpunk Books released his collection of heartbreaking and exquisite trans and queer horror stories, Infinity Mathing at the Shore and Other Disruptions, in March of 2024. Instagram: @authormlopesdasilva BlueSky: @mlopesdasilva.bsky.social

"WRATH, TERROR, & LIGHT"
BY CARISSA VILLALOVOS



Carissa's work uses visual references from the natural world and their own imagination to create surreal images full of movement and texture. They use their hyperactive mind to explore fractured identity through a meditative, intuitive process.
@cari__villa

WE ASKED YOU



on Instagram for your stories about

PARANORMAL HAPPENINGS

"OMG I HAVE ACTUALLY HAD SEVERAL WEIRD PARANORMAL HAPPENINGS IN MY HOUSE !! I USED TO LIVE WITH MY COUSIN WHO I TRULY BELIEVE HAD SOME SORT OF CONNECTION BC WHEN SHE WAS THERE, WE WOULD HEAR ALL SORTS OF WEIRD THINGS. ONCE I HEARD CIRCUS MUSIC AND ANOTHER TIME I HEARD POLICE RADIO STATIC AND CHATTER"
-@HOMOHANDBOOK

"I WAS IN SECOND GRADE PREPARING FOR MY FIRST CATHOLIC COMMUNION. I WENT TO A PUBLIC SCHOOL, SO THIS REQUIRED ME TO ATTEND A CATHOLIC SCHOOL AT NIGHT FOR A COUPLE DAYS BEFORE THE COMMUNION TO GET MY REQUIRED RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN. THE PRIVATE SCHOOL GIRLS WERE MEAN AND BEING BULLIES (DIDN'T HELP THAT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A WEIRD KID). AFTER SOME TAUNTING FROM THEM, I WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE BATHROOM DURING A CLASS BREAK WHEN I HEARD A DEEP MALE VOICE BOOM MY NAME FROM THE BACK STALL. THE WINDOW ABOVE THE LAST STALL WAS CLOSED, THERE WAS NO OTHER CLASS HAPPENING BESIDES THIS SMALL AFTER SCHOOL COMMUNION CLASS, AND NO CHURCH SERVES WERE GOING ON. I WARILY INVESTIGATED THE BATHROOM AND NO ONE WAS IN SIGHT, OR IN THE HALLS AT THE TIME. SINCE I WAS A SMALL CHILD GOING THROUGH SOME MILD RELIGIOUS INDOCTRINATION I RAN OUT OF THE BATHROOM YELLING THAT GOD HAD SPOKEN TO ME. TODAY, I'M CONVINCED IT WAS THE DEVIL OR SOME KIND OF OTHER SPIRIT CALLING ME TO MY TRUE PATH"
-@STRANGE_GHOSTS

"I WAS PRINTING THINGS FOR A PROJECT IN MY COLLEGES ART BUILDING (THE BUILDING USED TO BE AN OLD NEW ENGLAND MILL AND FACTORY) I HAD HEADPHONES ON BUT I KEPT HEARING DISTINCT NOISES OUTSIDE MY FIELD OF VIEW. I BLAMED IT ON BEING TIRED. I THEN WENT TO THE ELEVATOR TO RETURN HOME. THE HALL WAS DARK AND INCREDIBLY EERIE. I'VE NEVER HAD THIS HAPPEN BEFORE OR SINCE. BUT THE ELEVATOR MADE A STRANGE WARPED DING AS IT BEGAN TO ASCEND, BUT IT WAS CRAWLING FROM FLOOR TO FLOOR. I WAS GROWING ANXIOUS BY THE SECOND. IT NEVER DOES THIS. WAS IT BREAKING? I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING DOWN THE HALL FROM ME. GLANCED OVER IN THE DARK AND SAW A FULL FACE AND SHOULDERS WHIP SILENTLY BACK AROUND THE CORNER. NEARLY SHIT A BRICK WHEN THE ELEVATOR FINALLY ARRIVED"
-@INFECTIOUS_MOLD

"MY OLD HOUSE WAS HAUNTED! IT'S THE REASON I BELIEVE AND GHOSTS AND GOT OVER BEING AFRAID OF THE PARANORMAL. MY MOM WAS OFTEN WOKEN AT NIGHT BY THE SOUND OF A SINGLE DOG BARK (WE HAD NO CLOSE NEIGHBORS AND NEVER HEARD THIS SOUND OTHERWISE) THAT WOULD STOP AFTER SHE ACKNOWLEDGED IT. WE WERE BOTH SLEEPING IN THE LIVING ROOM WHEN THE BARK WOKE ME UP AND MY MOM SAID, "YOU HEARD MY DOG." SHE HAD NEVER TOLD ME ABOUT IT, AND I NEVER HEARD IT WHILE SLEEPING ALONE. I ALSO SAW A FULL BODY APPARITION SILHOUETTED IN A DOORWAY ONE MORNING WHILE HOME ALONE AND WAS UNCHARACTERISTICALLY UNBOTHERED BY IT. THE WHOLE HOUSE JUST FELT LIKE IT HAD A PRESENCE, ESPECIALLY AFTER MOVING INTO MY CURRENT HOUSE, WHICH FEELS EMPTY BY COMPARISON"
-@BLUESTBLUETOEVERBLUE

AFTER CARPOOLING WITH A FAMILY TO THE RHEIN FALLS

By Valerie Wardh

Destination

There is scaffolding, and a high boardwalk.
There are waters crushing around us,
where mist roughs air
into rainbows.

A toddler is ambling across the boardwalk.
I watch the toddler who is ambling,
now running, amazed by the rainbows.
The toddler whose parents
are not watching.
A toddler running toward the crowd,
the crowd amassed at the rainbow mist.
The toddler, still running, unaware the floor might end,
that the forest of shins will give way
to a single rail that sails overhead
and then to rainbows—
but I do not think of this. I am busy watching the toddler
shrink with distance, an alertness pressing on my diaphragm,
growing taut as the toddler runs,
the toddler I am watching,
and whose older sister now sees me, watching,
and follows the trajectory of my sight
to where it terminates
and she sings with the voice of an air raid siren.
The parents' heads snap left, honing to their youngest
who approaches the many-legged threshold.
And the mother is running, eyes full of mist,
and the mother snaps him up.

*

Detour

We are in a forest now
where trees column into a blue abyss.
We are in a forest,
which is also a cemetery.
Spare, tactful foliage
affords a view of the headstones,
lichen mottled,
embedded in mossy hills.
I am enchanted by this.
I am so enchanted, I find my voice,
which blurts something vapid and exclamatory.
The mother hushes me.
The mother of the toddler, whose hand she holds tight.
The toddler whose sister walks beside him.
The sister whose father walks behind her.
They approach a lone headstone.
A headstone for a stillborn sibling.
They approach the lone headstone,
while I hang back, leaving generous distance,
an impulse driven
by embarrassment or respect.
The toddler breaks away from the family,
the toddler who almost gave himself
to mist.
The toddler breaks away from them,
and approaches me.
Grasping three of my fingers, he says,
It's okay, you can join us,
and leads me to the grave.

Valerie Wardh is a queer, neurodivergent writer in Seguin, Texas. Her work has been featured in the Caldwell/Hays Examiner, Skink Beat Review, The Awakenings Review, and the Querencia Press 2022 Autumn Anthology. She cultivates native plants and builds little worlds for her gecko friends.

Snory (Snail Story)

By Eliana Berson



Snail feed was cheap for the Renewal Center, in fact it paid handsomely to attend (Whether or not the feed realized what it was paying for was of no consequence). Their crying and moaning and wailing and crying that the hotels would charge them extra if they weren't there to check out by ten on Sunday fortunately did not affect the snails' digestion.

Feed lives such fleeting, stupid lives.

While the snails were fed day in, day out, so did the darlings multiply. Now they multiplied by the thousands every four and a half days, so within weeks, the millions upon millions of wonderful slimy snail babies grew too many for their enclosure.

Of course the Renewal Center provided a bigger one, then the entire wing, then a second, then a third. And eventually, harried administrators in suits and gray pencil skirts lugged the contents of their desks out into the parking lot, as even the Renewal Center's office space was hollowed out for the snails to spread their jelly and babies throughout. More space, more snails, more feed, more problems. But people are stupid and will rush to see the world's biggest poisonous snail museum, so there was never a shortage of protein rich sustenance for the hungry snails. Now the real problem was that four and a half days comes many, many times in the space of six months, and consequently the Center could never be big enough to contain its progeny forever.

And so it was, that at a specific time, on a specific day of a very specific year the doors to the Center burst, and snails glubbed and globbed from within it- sliding into rivers, up trees, into pockets, and all the people and all the world were feed.

Soon enough the planet was eaten to the size of a walnut, and the rest of its mass was pulsating little snail bodies, digesting each other while trying not to be the unfortunate creatures on the edge of the mass nearest outer space, who exploded into the cosmos. But some clever feed escaped in a spaceship, and procreated, and lived on in comfort and prosperity, even despite their best efforts to create snail-proof suits.

And that my child, is why you cannot have a pet snail.

Eliana Berson (They/Them) is a writer, artist, and aspiring clown based out of Philadelphia, PA. Their work uses comedy to explore mental illness, isolation, and queerness. They have a deep passion for horror and love absurdity.
@SmellsArtHell

I WISH I REMEMBERED

By Angel Hearings

I want the trees to drown me in their flutters,
With the piercing light dancing in a way
That reminds me I am physical.
Though I am tethered by gravity
To a planet distant and unknown.
It used to be like a movie,
Or television,
Or static.
But now it is what is leftover
Of Nothing.
—
I want the ground to swallow me whole.
And maybe this time I'll figure out
The trees that drowned me,
And their native language.
Maybe the mushrooms can use me
As a facilitator between roots.
—
I want the ocean to consume me.
With the familiarity of a dream of f r e e
Except this this time it is only falling.
f
—
a
Where will I wake when the sun rises? l
Will I wake at all? l
I've never feared nothing. i
I've never feared the dark. n
I don't remember what fear is, g
Or the dark is,
Or nothing.
I don't remember.
—
Who is I?
Who is Who?
What can language explain
That my heart can't tear apart,
Or weave into the stream
Where blood cells grow sicker or maybe w e a k e r.
I don't remember sick,
Or weak,
Or blood,
Or language.
—
I want the trees to consume me,
Drown me,
Swallow me.
I want the ground to drown me,
Swallow me,
Consume me.
I want the ocean to swallow me,
Consume me,
Drown me.

I want a never ending sunrise that is a sunset.
I want to remember sick.
I want to remember weak.
I want to remember blood.
I want to remember language.
—
I've dug a million holes
Thinking the next one will be the right one,
But instead,
I've fallen into every hole dug.
I want to remember anything.
—
Is this where the ground will swallow me?
There are no worms here.
No roots.
No mushrooms.
No dark.
There isn't even nothing.
I wonder if I keep digging down,
Will the ocean find and consume me?
—
I was five when I decided none of my dreams would come true.
Nothing and No One told me
There were dreams.
You have to have them
To believe they won't happen.
I wish I remembered dreams.
I wish I remembered deciding.
I wish I remembered five.
—
The ground does not rush up to me when I hit it.
It is me who rushes up to it instead.
I think for a moment,
I want you.
I wish I remembered want.
I wish I remembered a moment.
I wish I remembered hitting the ground.
—
I crawl in my shame
Leaving it in passing
For the trunks of the trees.
The light flutters
And for a moment,
I remember that I am separate
From the dirt I am crawling on.
That I am separate from my shame.
This I think is the moment
I wish to remember.
But as all moments,
It passes by again
taking my memory with it.
I wish it had taken my shame.
—

There's some me in the mirror.
And I cannot tell
If it is future or past.
I think this is the only way
I feel connected to time and space.
Non-linearly.
I realize now the fur coat
Your grandfather gave me,
To comfort me,
Was because I was dead.
Or I will be dead.
Or I am dying.
—
I wish I remembered warmth.
I wish I remembered comfort.
I wish I remembered what it felt like to be in my skin.
I remember that I am in their skin,
And not mine.
And they are in my skin,
And not theirs.
To be whole is to be indistinguishable.
I wish I remembered being.
I wish I remembered whole.
I wish I remembered skin.
—
The light continues to dance
And I remember pain.
I remember ellipses.
I will crawl to my bed
And hold myself
In an attempt to remember instead,
What it feels like to be held.
But it is only an attempt.
Then there is dark.
Then there is nothing.

Exploring transformation, healing and creation through a lens of passion and love with inclusion of the shadow. XoXo Angel
@venusictransformations

DAMNATIO MEMORIAE

By Lila Larsen

Pressed in hydroquinone like flowers on a grave
And a body in the ground
Viewer of the photograph,
The voyeuristic feeling of viewing an intimate scene,
An open casket baked in the families makeup to hide a toe tag,
The covering of a lens when shuttered,
multitudes of pictures flashing,
A fluid sentience of hot and cold,
The photographer's awareness of their surroundings,
Bodies feeling the days heat
Feed this faux immortality by memories
Fingerprints left on lenses
Death's bodies fingerprints left unknown.

I am poet whose writing style falls more surrealist. Hiding metaphors and meanings in between lines of religion, confusion, and, madness.
*@the_ramalamadingdong_*

BUZZING EYES

By Finn Evans

Buzzing eyes circle around me
They stick to my face, to my eyes,
In my mouth, they hiss in my ears.
Each one of them demands my full attention.
They cling to my retinas, showing me monsters.
I hear conversations, again and again—
Different plots with different endings.
Their fluttering wings buzz like mosquitoes.
I turn again.
It will be a sleepless night.

Finn Evans is a trans, queer artist. His passion lies in writing and directing short films that help raise awareness of the issues of often misrepresented communities. Poetry and short stories are his newly rediscovered love, which he is very enthusiastic to explore further. @chudatsi and @awakenkids

MISERY IS A BUTTERFLY

By Em Inserra

I was born with a velvet antenna
thin as nerves
the hum of men's eyes match the pulse of the street lamp
moths, drunk on the glow of my collarbone

some say beauty is light
I have learned it is also the electricity that burns through the net
when the moths can't stop coming

so I'll walk through the city's throat
note the neon on the alley water
the hiss of tires on asphalt, repeating
you are wanted
it starts to sounds like
you are prey

flesh and soil
the dream of a woman
who can feel the moon's pulse
through the soles of her feet
sometimes I think I can hear the trees weeping beneath concrete
their roots clutch at the earth's old bones
the way I clutch at myself

there are nights I dance in the wreckage
barefoot on glass, and the glass becomes dew
there are mornings I open my chest to the dawn
let her crawl in
her light tender as an apology
for everything men have named after themselves

salt of the sea's mouth
vibration beneath the ground
I am the ache that makes the world turn soft

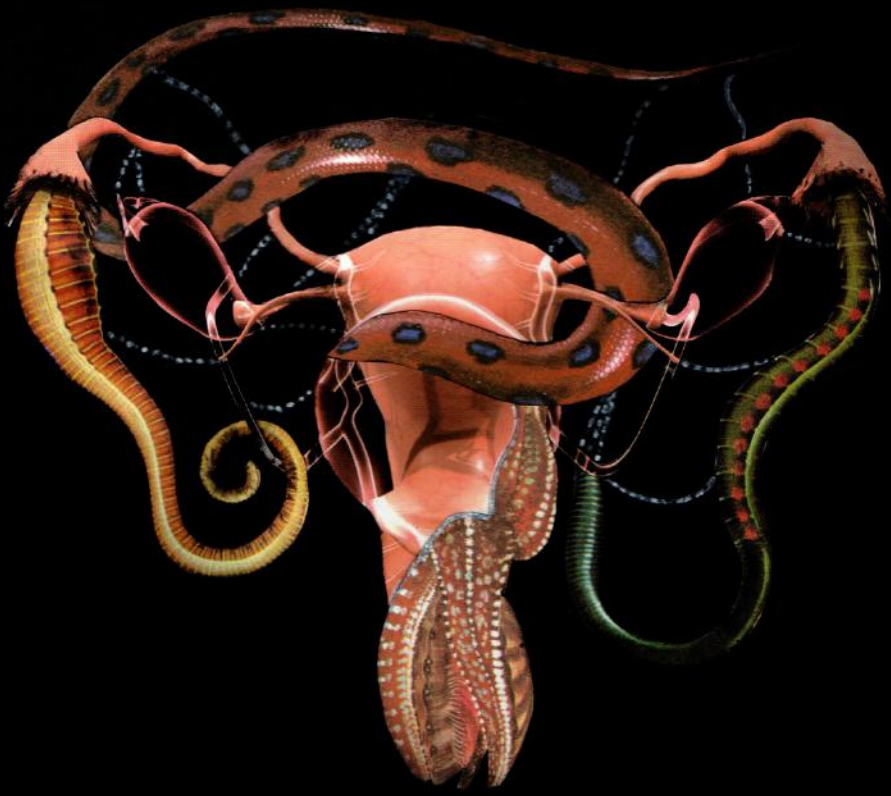
if misery is a butterfly
then she sleeps behind my ribs
wings trembling with hunger
drinking the nectar of what's left
after everyone's taken their sip

she glows when I breathe
when I close my eyes
I see a mirror with wings
you are the field the ruin grew from

(Instagram: @placidpeanut)



“CREATION” BY AXE



Axe - an experimental artist delving into the raw essence of identity. In love with the layered depths of existential experience. Fascinated by the invisible forces and the beauty of absurdity. Expressing these through sound, collage, and movement. @axeraulet

"TAMARIND KING"




RAQUEL ARAGÓN





Previously released work includes poetry pamphlets aftermath (2025), and Spanish-language, Existencia Diseccionada (2017); an EP of original music, Toilet (2020), released as aortarota; and an upcoming full-length LP, ACCUMULATION (releasing April 2026).





From: Kurt / read 11/5
Have you seen the poem Lily wrote about it?
So fucked considering.

From: Kurt / read 11/5
Actually
How about I just send the whole file.
This is everything I have about the Drop.
It's all public access
Well it should be
U know how the Hendrick's cover up shit
Alien invasion exploding arseholes 100 dead baby animals

From: Kurt / read 11/5
Lmk if u want the source links aswell

Kurt SENT A DOCUMENT, 11 FILES ATTACHED:

TERROR AT CAPE DREICHER!

Fate or plain fatal?

By Sacha F. Lees

Twinkle, twinkle
Ancient eye,
Such a lucky lot have I.
A spectral mote,
In peeling time,
At mercy of your grand design.
Twinkle, twinkle
Holy fire,
Come to claim the earth, entire.

- poem uncovered from the lost Journal of Governor's daughter, Lily Hendricks, dated 1957.

[NBC GOV. CORRESPONDANT:] Governor Hendricks, speaking on behalf of the American public: has there been any further intelligence on the Drop?
[J. HENDRICKS:] "As far as Cape Dreicher is concerned, we couldn't have asked for a better response from local law enforcement. And of course we are indebted to the stunning work carried out here by our Marines and the U.S. airforce. There have been no casualties nor have there been any injuries from the June 10th incident - rest assured the United States government is doing everything it can to ascertain the full extent of the implications. That will be all."
Any word on the green flash? There's rumors of talk in the Oval Office concerned with-
[J. HENDRICKS:] "-That is all."

June 10th, 1957 - TERROR AT CAPE DREICHER - at the hour of 0724, a large yellow object descended from the sky over Cape Dreicher, Fitzhamlet, Massachusetts. Residents of the ocean town described the UFO as "shaped like a teardrop, and ringed with squares like a New York taxi." According to eyewitnesses, what news outlets have since dubbed "the Drop" approached gradually - spotted first at 0724 and eventually settling approx. 600 meters above sea level at 0810. Reports then state the object expelled "four metallic spider-like appendages" that "embedded themselves at equal distance to hold the Drop above the shoreline so as to provide adequate balance."

"It is theorised that the so-called "Green Flash" discharge, a great expulsion of light observed by members of the airforce to circle Fitzhamlet as if though the town spent half a second under a spotlight, was a symptom of another phenomenon experienced at ground level, where onlookers close to the centre of the object supposedly saw a "little green tail" protrude from the undercarriage before sharply returning inside. Without pictures of the tail and with many accounts damaged by the burst of light itself, it is difficult to say for certain whether or not this actually happened. However, it was not soon after the flash had ended that The Drop retracted its stabilisers and began a slow ascent back into the sky."

“Naturally, the air force attempted to track the UFO but, once the military understood that the Drop had set a course for the stars, it was NASA who took up the task of following the path of the alleged ‘Moon men.’ Unfortunately, just as the Drop had resisted all means of subjugation from air force pilots, somehow the craft managed to evade all methods deployed by satellite and asteroid tracking units at the time. One thing is for certain, though - once the Drop had successfully escaped Earth’s oppressive atmosphere NASA measured that it apparently took off at a speed exceeding 299,792,458 meters per second. In simpler terms, exactly as fast as the speed of light.”

Cape Tribunal, 1957, June 16th, “Your Community Calls!”

Family pets going coo-coo?
Our German shepherd, Lassie, has been driving us up the wall and I must concede I have no idea what to do. Day and night, she’s scratching and scratching at select corners in the house. Believe us, we’ve had the whole building checked, fumigated, dismantled, checked and fumigated again and again etc etc.. there’s nothing buried in our walls that could call for it. A rare case of doggie psychosis, or a common pup neurosis? Tel- XXXX-XXX-XXXX

Delinquent problems swell!
Not for the first time, readers will remember, I have been robbed by children outside the hideous donut kiosk in South Beach. This has to end. Parents, have you no mercy?! And teachers, where art thou?! We concerned mothers of the coast have been drafting a proposal to take our fight straight to the governor, and by the Grace of God I hope you will join us. Tel - XXXX-XXX-XXX

Smelly ham baby?
Hi I’m Bobby J. and I’m ten years old I was wondering if anyone else who has a new baby brother or sister thinks he smells a whole lot like corn beef? My mom said dont put a phone number in the ad because she doesnt want prank/crank calls but im totally serious with this question why does the baby smell like ham so bad? Is it normal? Serious enquiries only. It’s my dads phone. Tel - XXXX - XXX - XXXX

[FISHERMAN:] “When it steadied itself a lot of us thought - yeah, this is it - because really nothing had happened like that and we thought, okay, gotta be Communists... Are we gonna die? I don’t know. Hell, I still don’t.”

An address to the Mothers of the Coast,

Esteemed members of the board,

The following is a list of every article of incident raised in our meetings since the landing on June 10th, specifically regarding local wildlife. In the interest of public good, it is our duty as the community to stay informed and document these findings as best we can. Please submit all further reports in writing, so that they may be collected to educate future leaders of America on every last letter of this bizarre and terrible event.

Account of Mary Schiller, June 12th

While spending time in the family garden after a stressful visit from door-to-door missionaries, spotted visual disturbance at the base of the apple tree. Examination revealed that what Mary had from a distance thought to be a sudden influx of hairy mould was actually several young rabbits, most dead, two alive but so fatally entangled with the exposed roots of the tree that escape would be impossible. Their bodies were twisted around the wood at angles only possible through breaking of the bones. Lots of little claw marks, soil all over their paws and foaming mouths.

Account of Tracy Van Austen, June 14th

An unusual number of birds congregated over the open drain-pipe on the roof, particularly where the down-spout connects with the runner. The neighbours showed concern. Tracy held the ladder while her husband investigated. He discovered a squirrel's hind legs sticking out of the hole, when he pulled it up the squirrel was dead, with a broken jaw and a nose that seemed pushed up far enough as to have been ripped off, hanging on by a shred. When the body was removed, another mangled squirrel carcass was uncovered underneath it, and another, until the couple called the fire brigade to clear out the full stuffed pipe. All in all, thirty seven animals had been crushed into the space.

Account of Margot Johnson, June 13th/ 17th

The family cat had not touched food for two days. On the third day, Jane Johnson ran to tell her mother that the cat was nowhere to be seen in the house. A neighbourhood-wide search was launched, but the cat was discovered in the crawlspace a day later. When Amon Johnson tried to pull the body out, the disturbance appeared to cause the cat's skin to fall off the muscle like a coat. The skeletal remains of the pet bore two long pipes of hard pink flesh where the eyes should have been.

Account of Jessica G. Ellis, June 19th

Staying with children at her father's farm at the edge of Fitzhamlet. While the children were being settled into bed for the night by their grandmother, Jessica and her father went into the garden to smoke cigarettes. A crow had flown towards the trunk of a tree near the gate to the farm, frantically darting back and forth without landing. Mr. Gorman fired at the crow with his shotgun, scaring it away. But when they went over to see what the matter with the tree was, they found the body of a collared German Shepheard folded tightly into the hollow base.

Account of Sarah Douglas, June 21st

Sarah had been suffering bouts of insomnia, and went on a walk around the block in the early hours of the morning in an attempt to wear herself out. She walked a little further out than she usually would, making it three blocks away to the coastline. There, she discovered that a long line of dead birds had been neatly gathered and laid out over the sand while the tide was still out. Up close with the birds, she saw that many of the bodies had visibly protruding bones, some were missing their beaks, and all showed signs of multiple fractures that had been delicately corrected before each bird was set back down along the shore.

Transcript of interview with survivor M. Robert Johnson in CBS' cancelled 'Drop' retrospective documentary 'American Tragedy,' filmed 1982.

"Where should I begin?"
Try to explain exactly as you remember it.

Well, the family home was on a cliff, more or less. We had this great, sprawling view of all Fitzhamlet and I spent a lot of time after it landed looking out to see if it, you know, was coming back."
"At the time, I didn't feel animosity towards it, it was more like - curiosity, I guess. Just wanted to see if that was the last of it, 'cause I couldn't see the whole ship the first time. Mainly caught one of the legs arching over us in the schoolyard. We were - really - we were in awe. Or, I was. I think a lot of us were terrified. That mood only kind of grew, but they said not to worry. They said they had it."
"So, it was one of those days where I was out in the yard and I'd noticed a way off there was this spiral of smoke billowing out of this far away field and I just couldn't figure it. It blew sideways, a corkscrew, going round and round for hours. I went in to grab my daddy's binoculars, I knew there was a farm there and I wanted to see if this was the windmill that has caught flame and,"
"When I went in, both parents were in the garage, they said they were looking for something to hold my baby brother's skin on while the ambulance came."

June 17th, 1957: 10:35am
Upper Lakeside General Hospital - XXXX, xxxx (Dr.)

Patient showed severe swelling of interior nasal lining, operation attempted but unsuccessful, expansion of nasal lining connected with cerebral tissue, immediate haemorrhage, patient declared deceased.

June 17th, 1957: 11:03am
Upper Lakeside General Hospital - XXXX, xxxx (Dr.)

Patient admitted for loosening skin, anal prolapse, unstable teeth, chronic diarrhoea. Colostomy bag fitting attempted but patient highly sensitive to any contact physical or verbal. Unable to operate. Cause of death ruled internal trauma, lining of ear canal connected with cerebral tissue, immediate haemorrhage.

June 17th, 1957: 15:24pm
Upper Lakeside General Hospital - XXXX, xxxx (Dr.)

Patient admitted for loosening skin, extremely agitated, instant and obvious degradation of dermal tissue but had been progressing at a slower rate than typical for suspected condition, immediate triage for surgical examination.

Transcript of interview in ‘American Tragedy’ with surgeon Dr. Bart Cleaveland (1935-1984), credited as a key ‘Drop sickness’ quarantine whistleblower.

“This was before the order. The hospital was like a scene from hell. She came with the symptoms at an early stage, and we were ordered to operate immediately. We still had no idea how this thing spread, we knew nothing about it, you can imagine we were terrified to even be around these patients.”

“As that shift progressed, people were rushing from all over the state, and we didn’t have the staff, we didn’t have the rooms we needed. There were so many people in need of urgent care that they started dying where they stood, some of them. There’s just no other way to put it. We couldn’t risk losing this patient, we had to operate.”

“We took tissue samples, and over the course of the five hour surgery they had essentially vanished. While operating, the skin was still in this state of gradual expansion, so we had to work around it. Eventually, it was - please pardon me - as if someone had sewn a skin, like a glove, far too large for the hand inside. In the final stages, the fifth hour, the skin had become so tender that any motion would cause it serious damage. We had to take extreme precaution.”

If I’m being completely honest, we were floundering. We still had no idea what the source of these symptoms were. The uterine lining showed a significant increase in development around the third hour, at which point half of the team split off to analyse a sample from the lining. The flesh there seemed to be increasing in density, where the rest of the dermis had been decreasing in a chemical reaction similar to that of evaporation. Ultimately, the sudden shift of mass would essentially inflate the tissue like an overcharged cancer and extend both upwards and outwards of the affected orifice. Screenings showed enormous traces of, until then, undiscovered radiation. ”

“Once that discovery had been made, the quarantine was put into effect. We received orders from upper management to euthanise any patients who showed symptoms of this kind of radiation poisoning. Reports were that Hendricks feared the risk of contamination to be too dire of a threat to national security to risk any alternatives.”

“There is still so much we don’t know. We don’t know why the radiation affects one orifice one way and the rest of the skin in another. We don’t know why it spread. We don’t know what, exactly, the genetic make-up of the radiation is, or how to combat it if such an event were to happen again. Did I think the decision to euthanise quarantined patients was inhumane? At the time, yes, of course. Having seen the disease lay waste to those people in those hours before the order...”

“It defies an answer.”

“IN THE EVENT OF A HOSTILE ALIEN LANDING, the airforce of any independent nation is authorised to act immediately and with extreme force. Once an invader has been detected, the population of the surrounding land area will be assisted in evacuating either away from their places of residence or to sanctioned underground bunkers prepared in the event of an attack. The invading enemy must be destroyed mid-air by specially designed nuclear atomi”
- shred of Classified US Military drill sergeants manual, recovered by an anonymous whistle blower.

From: Kurt / read 11/5
Then this is what I was saying about
What they got right now

From: Kurt / read 11/5
Huge
Notice how its already getting buried aswell
Hendricks estate money

At midday yesterday, NASA received a signal from the Ptah satellite that could fundamentally change the way we understand the universe.

Ptah (dubbed “the listeners ear” at its launch in 1972) was commissioned as part of the Hendricks “life on Mars” initiative - a response to the reports of an unidentified flying object in the town of Fitzhamlet, MA, 1957. While much of the details of the Cape Dreicher Drop are kept away from the public, the undeniable impact of the tragedy has kept generations of people terrified by the potential of another incident. However, at 1400 hours, June 10th, 2023, a signal transmitted to Ptah was received after 66 years of silence. Stunned NASA operatives heard, through layers of distortion, morse code, in translation
“S.O.R.Y.B.R.K.E.N.”

Followed by a warped recording of the song “Why Can’t We Be Friends?” by the American funk band ‘War.’

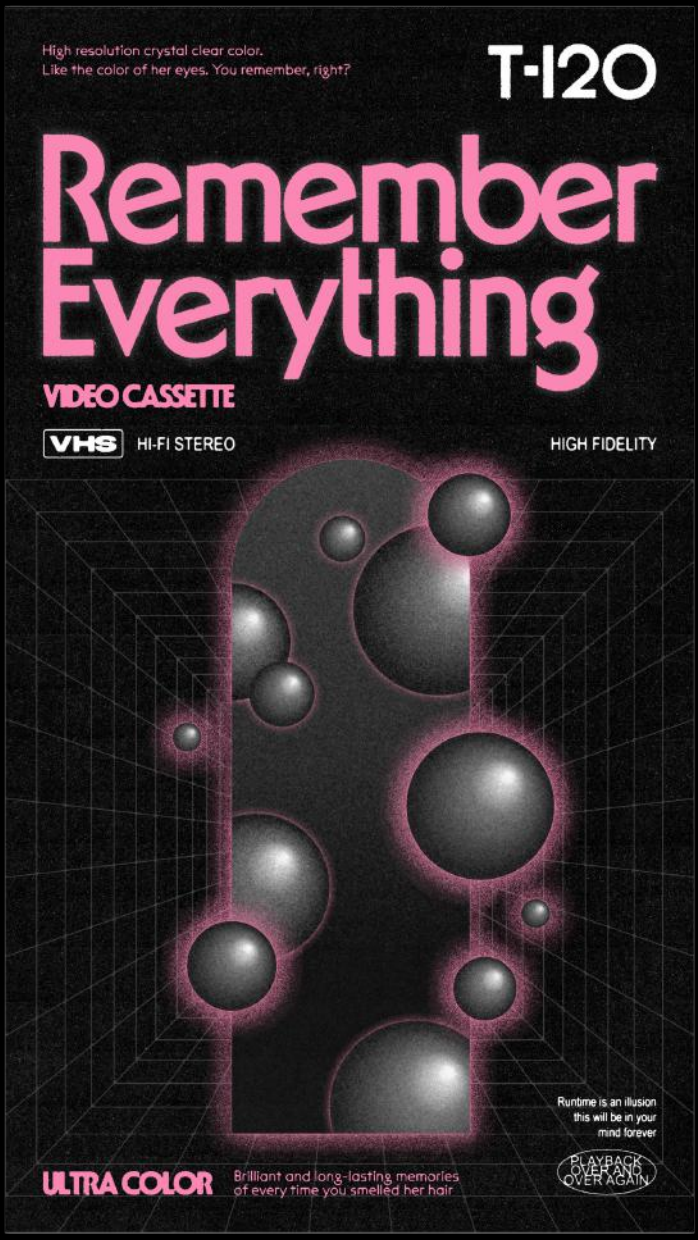
The bizarre message was source-tested by experts immediately to determine the sender of the hoax, but no conclusive evidence could be provided. The satellite was not able to repeat signals from earth, only to receive and broadcast them with the hope of reaching Drop perpetrators. The charting hit of 1975 was included in one of the Hendricks foundation’s prepared broadcasts, along with the directions for morse code in thirty different languages.
No official comment from the UN or the US Government on extraterrestrial relations has been made available to the public at this time.

Sacha Francis Lees gives no thought to the way of life; her paths wander aimlessly, but she does not know it. She misleads my servants into sexual immorality and the eating of food sacrificed to idols. / @moongatti on instagram

BY SACHA F. LEES



“REMEMBER” BY SHELBY BASS



Shelby Bass is a Brooklyn-based art director, designer, and creative workshop facilitator. Their practice centers on print-based experimentation, pushing the boundaries of paper as a medium while exploring themes of creativity, constraint, and burnout in modern culture. @shelbybass.design (on Instagram)

Surrogate Shadow

By Daisy Riley

She used to enjoy stretching out behind me to bask in the sun, shrinking back up against me for warmth in the grey winter months.

No more than an echo she was simple enough.

She enjoyed the odd excursion, climbing a wall or dancing around me like a sundial.

We never exchanged a word but I knew her so well, my quiet familiar.

In the spring we reunited, in the cool glow of the rising sun.

I tossed and turned that night, I was happy to see her rise in my wake, a sign of the ever increasing light.

But she stood different, taller, like she no longer wanted to hold my hand.

Walking through streets I felt like a parent, eyes darting over my shoulder to check she was still behind me.

I could have sworn she just turned her head.

At home in the dark of my lamp she wouldn't retreat, and I sat atop her in my arm chair. Feeling her cool shape beneath me.

Then, with this new character attached to me by the sole, I found her rolled underneath my bed like a pair of worn tights.

She never liked the dark.

And here stood her surrogate, clinging to me, watching unmoving as I turned to face it.

A new shape shadowing me, instead of my own outline.

Thinking of my nightmares I could only question whether the separation of myself and my tail was because something new had forced it's way out of me, or because something new wanted to find it's way in.

I am a fashion writer with a special interest in the intersection of fashion and horror. As a creator with a chronic illness I often use horror writing to express the experience of being haunted, or shadowed by this, and specifically find interest in the experiences of female and gender diverse people with disabilities. I am the founder of the political fashion zine 'The Grey' and this is where you can find the majority of my journalistic work these days! @thegreyzine

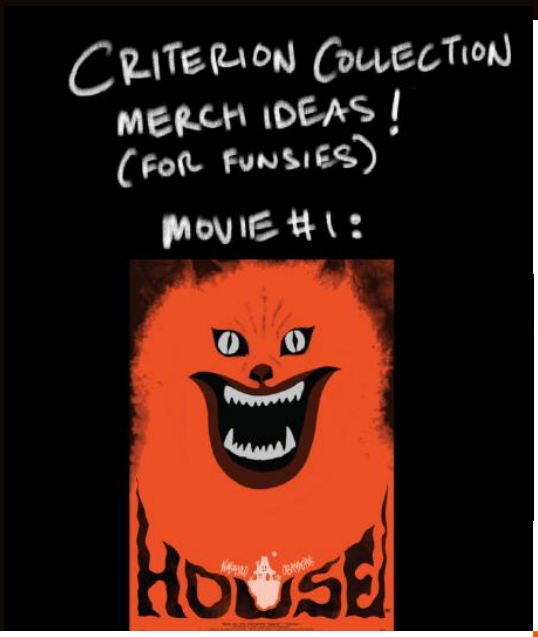
"INCY WINCY"
BY ALEXANDRA ISABELLA LOUISE ENSOR



GRAPHITE PENCILS AND INK, 2025
REFERENCING EDNA TICHENOR IN 'THE SHOW' BY TOD BROWNING, 1927, I CREATED THIS ILLUSTRATION USING GRAPHITE PENCILS AND INK, WHILST DELVING BACK INTO MY LOVE FOR WATCHING OLD FILMS, COMBINING MY LOVE FOR ALL THINGS CREEPY AND DARK.

Alexandra Ensor is a multidisciplinary illustrator, animator and visual artist. Her artwork focuses on themes relating to the occult, macabre, all things goth, folklore and more. Predominantly working with ink, Ensor specialises in visceral image making and approaches, emphasising textures, mediums and other sensory qualities to bring visions to life. These are an integral tool to her style, in order to accentuate strong characters and themes. Combining both traditional and digital methods, Ensor is fuelled by personal interpretations, automatic drawing and a general love for storytelling and narratives. Ensor's process combines both traditional and digital methods, fuelled by personal interpretations, automatic drawing and a general love for storytelling and narratives. @byalexandraensor on instagram and my website is byalexandraensor.com

"MOVIE MERCH CHALLENGE"
BY NOELLE MONGO









Freelance designer / illustrator / Toys, illustration, comics - open for work!
noellemongo@proton.me / www.noellemongcopa.com


FAITH BAPTIST CHURCH
WHER WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY
AM 10 30



WHAT IS HYPERFOCUSHORROR?

Hyperfocushorror is a 'zine featuring poetry, flash fiction, art [illustration, photography, paintings, sculpture, 'zines, etc], media reviews, and interviews from disabled, neurodivergent, and chronically ill creatives. It is an imprint of HNDL Mag [Highlighted Neurodivergent & Disabled Life]. HNDL was founded in 2023 and has published twenty issues thus far, including four horror issues. Due to an overwhelmingly positive and enthusiastic reaction and expression of love for the horror genre, Hyperfocushorror emerged out of a cold, slimy grave under the moonlight and wailed in devious elation!

We believe that our community has a unique perspective and love for horror. Horror media is a powerful tool to explore and express stories of trauma and grief as well as empowerment and catharsis. Our community are already out-of-the-box thinkers, and the horror genre amplifies that; resulting in truly groundbreaking work.

Thank you for supporting us & sweet nightmares,

-Founder Krizia "Izzy" Amber W.

JOIN OUR COMMUNITY ON IG

SUBMIT YOUR WORK

KEEP UP WITH ISSUE RELEASES