

# Apocalypse Playground

SMALL CAR FOUND  
IN BODY OF  
DYPHERIA PATIENT



Issue 4

Special Tabloid Edition

October '96

# THIS WORLD ENDS

IT'S NOT  
LIFE AS WE  
KNOW IT

*The flesh on this creature had hair. The beast that dare attack my son was a mammal! It seems the child got the best of his tail.*

My son just got potty trained. He has taken kindly well to having a toilet in his life. Nowadays, while he's playing out by the mine, in the mud or the dirt, depending on the weather, he'll run to the outhouse, rather than to shit himself and keep playing. Boy, he just loves the outhouse!

One day, not too long ago, he came in from playing and found me reading. I could smell his familiar smell, before I could see him. He looked worried about something. I scolded him, "Boy!" I said. That's his name, Boy, it is. I said, "You ought to know better. You're only allowed in the basement while the sun is up." Boy, he just stood there, looking worried. Then, he brought his slimy little hand out of its pouch and he showed me what he was worried about.



It was hideous. At first, I thought he had stolen one of the neighborhood children again.

Children in this region have the tendency to be pink, scrawny and rather moist. I rose to get a better look at what couldn't possibly be a lo-

cal child, for it was not hissing the way they do when my son kidnaps them, unless they're already dead, of course. All I can say is that the creature my son caught was definitely not from around here.

# Apocalypse Playground

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### Dedication

- For Garth and Lissa Jansen, congratulations on the birth of your baby boy.
- For Troy, thanks for all the bubbles.
- And most especially for Stacy, Leslie, Lizz and NIK just for being there when I need you

### Apocalypse Playground Mission Statement:

APOCALYPSE PLAYGROUND IS A 'LITERARY'ZINE DEVOTED TO GOTHIC ART IN ALL FORMS. APOCALYPSE PLAYGROUND IS ANYTHING THAT EXPRESSES THE DARKER AND MORE MAJESTIC SIDE OF THIS DREAM OF A FLEETING WORLD.

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Welcome to the Apocalypse Playground, home to those mose treasured of possessions; ideas. They come as broken angels you know. They are kept here in the hopes that when you come here to see them, together we can restore them to the fragmented spectacle they were when they first came to this hallowed ground. So, in this presentation and your acceptance, humble reader, we will work together to make creatures of majesty.... Creatures of the night

#### MIND ALTERING SUBSTANCE IN THE GROCERY

What you hold in your hands is the culmination of several years of thinking, dreaming, scheming, wanting, and planning. It is an experiment of sorts. A play toy, or mockery if you will, making light of what is perhaps the impetus behind us all: human curiosity.

Even as a child, lost in supermarket fascination, I'd marvel at the very thing you now read from. I couldn't help but wonder if aliens really were about to eat the President, or dream of that legendary small town somewhere where corn is grown wherein the mysteries of the universe were revealed through the tattoos on a cannibal. I quite frequently found myself wandering through the headlines contemplating one impossibility after another, often to the exclusion of all the other childhood grocery store attractions. I chose the telepathic Siamese twins over sugary cereals. Who needs the candy aisle when "Death meteor threatens to split the sun"? It was a circus for my gullible little mind. It was all so marvelous, so terrifying. It was all such total bullshit.

To this day, I wonder why anyone with an intellect above that of a nine-year-old would even spend the energy to read such intoxicating mind-candy. Not to mention the unfathomable expenses drawn from the hard-earned grocery money. But then, I insult my readers. After all, you picked this piece of work from its resting place. Perhaps you paid for it with money you could have spent on a burger at a favorite drive-through. And for that, I owe you my gratitude. First of all, I offer this gratitude as the Editor of the publication of which you now partake. I appreciate your contribution to this particular literary endeavor. And second, I must express gratitude for the fact that it was this particular issue you chose.

Thank you. You are reading a tabloid. You have given me comfort

in knowing that I am not alone. I may feel like a thousand glowering eyeballs are bearing down on me while I clog aisle number seven. I may hear several unpleased whispers while I read of encroaching catastrophes. I may even feel guilty when I put the tabloid back; not because I put it down, but because I did so without giving a monetary exchange for the psychic answers contained within. But I will never feel alone in this ever again. And for that, gentle reader, I owe you more than you know (rest assured that this debt will not be repaid with another tabloid).

So, is this tabloid a trick? Was it all an elaborate conspiracy designed to end my singular late night wonderings as to the nature of human oddity? No, I'm afraid

I'll never compensate for the fact that those headlines kept me awake past the normal hours.



*I thought you'd want to know what I look like.*

In truth, Apocalypse Playground was made into a tabloid (just this one issue, I promise) for another reason. I am not attempting to sacrifice the collective psyche of my readership to the talons of white-trash mythology. I am attempting the opposite, an improvisation upon the material and not a degradation of the reader. As was stated earlier, what you are reading is

yet another apocalyptic plaything of mine. This tabloid is an experiment in Literature-as-Kitsch. Visually similar experiments have been performed with pop art, rooted in the pre-fabricated imagery of modern commercialism. Soup cans, syrup bottles, you know - visual bullshit, the kind of stuff you see in a grocery store and occasionally on the wall of an art gallery. I too have attempted a similar feat - the elevation of this literary garbage to a more artistic school of thought.

But then, I'm no Warhol. Nor is this publication an art gallery - or a supermarket, for that matter. At best it is simply a playground, and I, merely a storyteller. I see the format behind supermarket scripture (behold, the gospels that are told among groceries!) as a rather futile environment for my tales. I'd like the reader - that's you!!! - to try to

see the immense literary potential that I see in tabloids, and understand why I have attempted to disguise the stories as tabloid articles. (Or was it the other way around?) Perhaps I (and you) will find to some degree that this is no more than a half-hearted attempt to sell another trashy excuse for a magazine. So if

you feel that you've been suckered into a freak show (and this bothers you), or if you caught yourself enamored of a headline and became frightened, all you need to do is look upon what follows as a collection of enjoyable lies.

# DEAR DEMENTIA

Are you feeling overblown? Do you just KNOW that there's no one anywhere quite like you? Perhaps your friends marvel at how "alternative" you are. If so, send your letters to Dementia care of Apocalypse Playground. Dementia can show you just what a worthless waste of human fecal matter you really are. Hey, isn't that what friends are for?

Dear Dementia,

I have been in a very secure relationship with a lovely man for over three years now. Yesterday I turned on the television and he was on a sleazy talk show spilling his guts about how terrible his girlfriend was and that he was planning to seek a sex change operation and move in with his lesbian lover. How do I confront him when he returns home?

- Distraught in Dallas

*Dear Distraught,*

*What in the hell is wrong with you that you drove your boy/girlfriend to do such a thing? Man, you must be one ugly cow! If I were you, I'd go to the clinic with him and get a sex change too. You'd probably be better looking as a man.*

Dear Dementia,

A year ago I was trapped in a terrible fire. More than 40% of my face was burned badly and was horribly scarred. I have been steadily undergoing reconstructive surgery. Recently I have met a very nice man and was thinking of taking him into my confidence concerning the accident. What do you think?

- Pretty in Plastic, Boise

*Dear Plastic,*

*Hell no! And risk him dumping you for a real flesh-and blood beauty such as myself? Keep your plastic-flesh a secret, honey, and just hope your face doesn't slide off in the shower and he sees what a hag you really are.*

Dear Dementia,

I think you're a real bitch. You are a disgrace to real columnists everywhere. People are hurting and are turning to you and you make them feel even worse. For shame!

- Pissed in Pittsburgh

*Dear Pissed,*

*Who asked you? I'm the only one whose opinions count, you pretentious snob! If you don't like my attitude, don't read the column! Let this be a lesson to all Dementia-haters---go to hell!*

## NO! IT'S T.H.E.M.

At a monthly meeting of T.H.E.M., the handful of people worldwide who rule the world, in early 1996 the member who owns MacDougalls, the largest grease provider in the world (billions and billions served), introduced a new sandwich, the March Deluxx. Each member of the proverbial T.H.E.M. tried out this new sandwich. After a vote they approved it to be sold to the masses. However, it was a close contest. Many of the members, comprised mainly of those who ran America, hated the sandwich. This group was willing to allow the mass sales of the March Deluxx until the member in charge of the mail, who loved this sandwich more than any other member, decided he wanted to add more chemicals to the back of stamps. These chemicals, when licked by postal patrons, would make the licker have a craving for one or more of the new March Deluxx. This was too much for the Anti-March Deluxx (AMD) faction. They could not stand to see the masses manipulated in such a way by anyone other than them. The AMD decided that they had to fight back against this outrage. Because most of the members of the AMD side ran corporate America they canceled the sale of lickable stamps and replaced them with self-sticking stamps.

After that, the two factions were permanently split, or so it seemed. A member of them who was in charge of several of the large car manufacturers began to make ads for one of his companies that had yellow backgrounds and happy messages in red on them. This attempt to make the populace happy and peppy angered many members of the council. One council member who was epically angered was Calvin Clein, the member in charge of fashion. Clein had been trying to get people into a darker mood so they would buy his pre-ripped, anti-social new clothes.

The factions from the March Deluxx scandal were still firmly in place, and this new scandal presented a problem because both the car lord and Calvin Clein were members of the AMD faction. The peppy-happy vs angry-jaded scandal ripped apart the entire organization as AMD and PMD brothers opposed each other. No one knows whether to help each other as most have one idea but not the other in common.

This is why I propose we strike now while they are weak and divided. Then we can truly win back this planet for the common person, like you and me. Join me now and I'll set you up on my ruling council once we have defeated them. Revolution! -REV. NIK



The next time you play with underwear instead of watching your television, make sure YOU aren't being played with / watched.

## MY ALIEN PREFERS JIFF - SOUTH BOSTON, VIRGINIA

Alien visitation to this planet while often discussed is very rarely documented or substantiated. However, a Halifax County High School student claims not only to have met a visitor from another planet but also to have eaten a late lunch with it last Saturday. "It just showed up on my front porch last week asking for a peanut butter sandwich." says the student who wishes to remain anonymous to our readers. "It didn't want jelly, just jiff peanut butter on white bread, no drink or nothin'." The alien reportedly thanked the girl in a garbled voice, using a language sounding similar to English, and left. "I was really scared at first," she says, "but it didn't look like it was going to hurt me so I figured what the hell. The only thing that seemed really weird to me was he picked Jif Creamy over the Peter Pan we had in the pantry." Apparently, Playground readers, not only do choosy mothers choose jiff, but our alien friends do too.

-Elyse

## Boy Found Dead —Drowned In Own Words

“I found him myself. It all started a couple’s nights ago when us buddies decided to go party-like and have good times. So’s I get in my truck and head over to Mouthy’s house. That’s what we call him, ‘Mouthy’, on account of he talks too much. Never reads neither. Iggy says he’d shut up if he’d read what other people wrote down instead of him havin’ to say it all in one breath like it’s never been said before. Well, Iggy said he’d meet us at the river. (Not until later, but he didn’t know that then.)”, says a close friend of a Charleston, South Carolina boy who was found dead last week from causes that authorities can only comment on as “odd”.

“I knocked hard on his door. Mouthy’s the kinda guy that likes to pretend that there are no doors and such. I gave the kind of knockin’ on the door that says ‘You just gotta come out and live a life worth more than talk’ and he didn’t respond. So I let myself in, kicked my way through all the spilled garbage, and headed toward Mouthy’s room. The first thing I noticed, aside from the trashiness of the whole place in general, was the loud “bee-beep bee-beep’ that his phone was makin’. The sound that comes from leaving it off the hook forever. That’s when I found him.

I opened the door to his room and there he was. Mouthy was blue and his mouth was still opened real wide like there was still something he was trying to get out of it. But, Mouthy didn’t have much to say anymore. Guess there’s not much to talk about when you’re dead.”

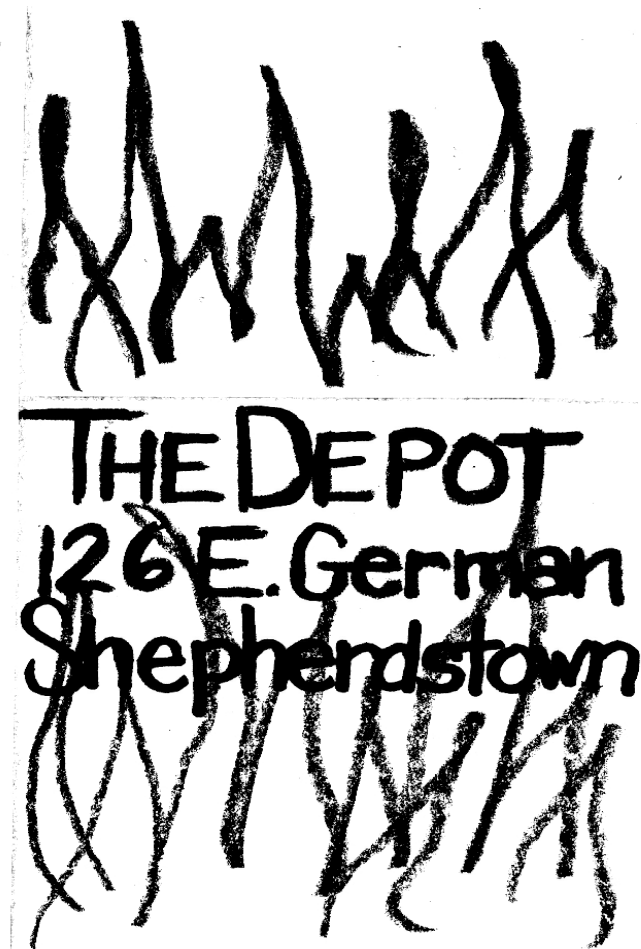
The strange facts surrounding the death of this South Carolina youth are under investigation both publicly and privately. The family is refusing to comment, an action that is, for them, amazingly rare. The police are also maintaining a silence concerning the issue, but Apocalypse Playground has learned that family and friends of the deceased have already been approached by multiple talk shows and at least two news shows, although their names cannot be mentioned at this time.

## Man-Dwarfing Mantis Heads Eastward

**There are strange circumstances surrounding the accusation of the following article. Apparently, it was originally intended for publication in a major metropolitan publication. But, the writer was never able to submit it. Apocalypse Playground got it's slimy little hands on the following text through some rather shady dealings. A shadowy someone sold it to the mysterious figure who then traded it to the man in a hat in exchange for a secret code. The "hat man", due to the fact that he died immediately thereafter in a freak accident then willed the article to rat woman. Rat woman served as our informant.**

Ebson collects insects. This is the phrase that can be found hidden on any one of the thousands of postcards manufactured by Ebson Incorporated. In fact, these very postcards are extant only because of said collection of insects. It is the income from the postcards that perpetuates Ebson’s collection of exotic insects and larvae. Apocalypse Playground was recently graced with the presence of Ebson himself and given the opportunity to ask him some questions about his business and world renowned collection.

“I like to hurt them”, he mumbles rasps rather, from behind thick sunglasses and an army frock coat. “To feel them fold beneath my toes.”, his laughter is deep and cut short by an unheard interruption. When asked if it is the insects or the postcards that he so gleefully deflowers, Ebson only turns away, eerily silent, and leads onward toward what seems to the interviewer to be a deserted barn. He rasps a little, tugs at his coat, and flings the barn doors open wide. We are greeted by the moaning sound of insect’s wings. Beetles perhaps? And the smell of... even Ebson seems a bit discomfited by the smell. “Oh God! It’s going to feed!”, Ebson screams as both he and the interviewer run for their lives, dodging gopher holes, to the nearest parked car. Unfortunately, the interview came to an abrupt halt there.



This summer's theatre festival had a play, "The Octopus". Its plot involved a man who may have been killed because he uncovered information about a conspiracy. The conspirators were said to be responsible for many terrible things, and to be in control of the government. Like most conspiracy theories, and there have been hundreds going back as far as the 18th century, it has three features:

- 1: THEY RECOGNIZE SOME BAFFLING COMPLEX SAD EVENT AS SIMPLE.
- 2: THEY POINT TO "THEM" AS THE SOURCE OF TROUBLE.
- 3: THEY ARE WRONG.

Why would this be such a common idea? Maybe an answer presents itself. These plots are layers of an onion. They are not of the true plans of people in power, but may play a part as means of controlling public anger.

We have to backtrack a bit to examine this in detail, but first we need some basics. How would a small unknown cell of plotters control the world? They don't have direct power (be in office), because you don't need to steal power if you already have it. They also don't have a great deal of money. Money has a way of getting what it wants without all these fun and games - not the military. They have a great deal of power and are very closely watched. A small set of people, more people more leaks. Very smart with small egos. Smart enough to find a way to control, small egos because they don't find a need to be seen running things (sounds like the sort you might prefer to run things). Also the groups must want to effect change. Otherwise they would support the elected powers or the loyal opposition. So what tools are left to our Bad OLD Supermen? WORDS!!!!!!

O.K. Here's how it works - a large complex sad event takes place. Most people are troubled by it because it "just don't make sense" or "just don't seem right". The B.O.S.S. (Bad Old Super Schismatics) says, "We can use this!". They invent a conspiracy theory that explains the sad event in terms that drive a wedge of distrust between the people and the current powers - events that happen through bad management and poor choices are turned into threats to our liberty. People become angry and stop giving the government the benefit of the doubt. Any one conspiracy theory is able to disaffect a small section of the population. Hundreds over decades find us all at sea with doubt. Our anger pushes politics, the public is pushed and pulled by fear of "plots" - this is the real loss of liberty. Most of the time it may not account for much (Alas our apples!), but other times it kills people ("AIDS is a government plot to wipe out Africans!" leads some people to not vaccinate their children).

With all of these layers of plots, I believe there may be several cells of plotters. Often working a cross purpose. This explains events with more than one plot or plots in opposite directions. So when next you relate one of these tasteful tales, recall that someone may be using you...

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# TERRIFYING PROOF OF ELVIS' DEATH

Even the  
Almighty Elvis  
can't be in two  
places at once.

After a recent mass market study of the music-performance industry, it has been determined that the King is dead. This study, scanning all ticketed American shows during the past twenty years, was designed by Dr. Ken Fakeitt of Nevada. The doctor states, "I've been looking for Elvis. It's been like a life's mission for me. Ever since two days after his 'death' I've been looking for the King." The results of his study were recently published in the book *Among the Presence of Elvis*.

The book's findings include, among many savory tidbits of Elvis-informational memorabilia, the fact that there have been no reported performances of one Elvis Presley in forty nine of the fifty states. No country in the western hemisphere, other than the U.S. has hosted a show of this type. And, only Japan in the East has harbored such a display. There lies a discrepancy, however, in the denouncement of Elvis in modern lifestyle as portrayed in Dr. Fakeitt's book. Las Vegas and Tokyo are excluded completely from this otherwise extensive search for the man. The book has this disclaimer:

*"The places not covered in the ongoing global search for Elvis include the Alps, Switzerland, the English Channel, Shea Stadium, Madam Sutherby's Shoeshine Parlour, and perhaps most notably, Las Vegas, and Tokyo. These oversights are not caused by error or callousness and they were only mildly influenced by a lack of supportive funding. The primary reasons behind these rather blatant oversights are, upon merely scratching the surface of the Las Vegas Elvis community, the painfully obvious truth was made readily available. Each and every nightclub performance during recent years that featured and "Elvis" was set off by another "Elvis" show at another comparable establishment at exactly the same time. Now it is just as obvious that even the Almighty Elvis cannot occupy two locations at the same time. This is why Las Vegas was omitted from the field of study.*

*And, as for Tokyo - Elvis was not Asian."*

Among the Presence of Elvis eventually comes to the conclusion that, because recent sightings have been either nonexistent or denounced, Elvis must be dead. The doctor concludes his book with a description of his third, and most logical, view of the musician's demise, "Yes friends, the author has come to the conclusion that, in truth, the King is dead. He died in his bathroom, on his throne." Dr. Fakeitt's forthcoming works include The Evolution of Chia Pets and Government: Aliens or Just a Microwave.

*devils fall from the sky  
and bite the ground with teeth of fire  
still they dig deeper into the earth  
red fades to white in reverse,  
people in masses begin to die.  
the devils are dancing but why?*

*Will we watch our race  
fall from grace?  
as I have  
this is the world you've built  
with your friends  
and I know how it ends  
all shall be as was begun  
with a bang*

*so sing ye now,  
while there is to be sung  
(or something along these lines)  
you will run out of words  
and forget time  
and devils will fall from the skies.*

Submissions, questions,  
comments, problems,  
offerings, sacrifices,  
etc. may be sent to:

Apocalypse Playground

P.O. box 3414

Shepherdstown WV 25443

Please note that this is  
a change in address

## IMPENDING TOMORROWS AND SORROWS

Thanks to a startling new revelation in the Psychic Study field you can now have your personal assurance of what is to come in your future. "Jupiter hath smiled on Mars," say the psychics. And what does this mean for you?

Actually it means you should go to bed. Yes, rest. And when you awake, after nightfall, you will be able not only to anticipate but also to understand the happenings that are bound to occur after your rest. It is called Tomorrow. A day very similar to the one you are experiencing right now is pre-destined to follow the end of today. Be assured by the world's foremost psychics that there WILL be a Tomorrow.

There is, however, a downside to this prediction. It is prophesized that eventually your body will tire of waking over and over, breakfasting, lunching, dining, working, and playing, day after day. Your body will tire of watching the sun do the same cycle in the sky again. The name of this eventual sleepiness, so say the prophets, is Age. If there is to be Tomorrow, there is to be Age. And if Age, then Tomorrow. It will go maddeningly ever onward. In time, it will lead to eternal sleep. The prophets call this damnable sleep Death.

"How do I avoid this awful, pre-determined fate?" you ask. Well, the answer is quite simple. Ignore the presence of Tomorrow. For, to wake in the morning is to accept a tiny piece of Age. And to expect it is to surrender control of your destiny. Live each day as if there were no other. Birth yourself before breakfast. Live long, not knowing Tomorrows into the noontime. Die a daily Death before dawn. These three easy steps, augmented by constant reading of Apocalypse Playground, may keep you from suffering an eternally elongated prelude to the next day. The guidelines provided above will keep you from wondering about the end of your sadly singular life span. Instead, they will let you live a lifetime of lifetimes, without the threat of impending Tomorrows.

## PLANET LARGONNE PREPARES FOR MARDI GRAS

In the small town of Covington, Louisiana, just across Lake Ponchartrain from New Orleans, a local shop owner claims to have sold a visitor from the planet Largonne a Mardi Gras T-Shirt and a gross of Mardi Gras beads. "He was real skinny.", says Roy Harvey, owner of Roy's Toys, a shop specializing in New Orleans memorabilia. "He was wearing a big black coat that looked like it had metal in it somewhere 'cause it was so shiny. I wouldn't have really noticed him but he took so long picking out what beads to buy I thought he was going to steal some or something. We had a real nice conversation about the weather and I told him about a local band that was playing that night down at Willie's Pub when he came up to the counterto pay for his stuff. He even had correct change-tht's really unusual." says Harvey. Any information pertaining to similar visits and/or purchases made in the New Orleans area would be greatly appreciated by the staff of the Apocalypse Playground. Please feel free to write or call anytime with an update on what may turn out to be the first intergalactic Mardi Gras Season in the history of the holiday.

-Elyse

happy birth-  
day to ewe

In Kalamazoo, Michigan last week, a woman went into labor to find herself giving birth to a lamb. Doctors blame this phenomena on the sheepskin condom her husband was using during intercourse when the infant was conceived. Experts say the contraceptive was taken from sheep genitalia. Traces of dried sheep semen were found on the sheath and apparently fertilized an egg in the woman's body.

The woman is in stable condition and the sheep/baby, while not a survivor, is perfectly preserved in a formalin solution in the nursery built for the expected infant. This is the third lamb baby born this year.

-Lizz

## LOCAL YOUTH BECOMES A BULLDOG

Recently, it has come to be known that there is an increasing shortage of dog sitters in the tri-state area. They just seem to be disappearing. This is an especially tragic truth in light of the upward trend that the canine population has taken of late. There is a haunting connection between the two situations, and a recent local event portrays all the classic warning signs of this new connection.

An area dog sitter, who the family and local authorities wish to remain nameless, disappeared mysteriously after taking on a job dog-sitting for a neighbor. "One day he just didn't come home.", says the bereaved mother of the local youth. The owner of the bulldog in question returned home from his weekend trip to the mountains to find not only his beloved pet but also another bulldog who had apparently become the mate of his canine. There has been no sign of or contact from the dog sitter. A missing persons report has been issued

throughout the United States for the boy, but it is feared by many that this is yet another mystery that will remain unsolved. It has been proposed by certain residents of the area that the youth had actually "become" a dog because of his great affection for the animal. The case remains open, but with the lack of evidence and police manpower to conduct a more thorough search, there seems little hope in this small tourist town of ever finding the missing youth.

-Kibble, West Virginia

A band of school children have unearthed what is being called by the community of Kibble, West Virginia a demon. The demon, nicknamed the "bat child" has been seen frolicking with the young Kibble citizens late in the afternoon and is said to have been seen joining in on evening soccer and kickball games.

The "bat child" is said to be of average kindergarten stature, approximately three feet, six inches tall and aged about six years. The child, of undetermined gender, sports pointed ears, fangs, and has been known to exude a scream of pacifying nature when squabbles over rules or unsportsmanlike conduct ensue during evening games. "He don't drink lemonade", boasts Molly St. Patrick, a first grader in the neighborhood where the "bat child" has been seen lately. "And

he says, 'Smeep Smeep' instead of thank you. He only comes out to play at nighttime, so we don't get to do very much, but my brother, he's eleven and thinks he knows everything, says he's seen him drink blood and that I shouldn't play with him anymore."

This oddity that the local children seem to enjoy so much has the parents of the youths terribly frightened. "It's just not natural.", comments one mother, "That thing is out there playing with our children. Bats carry rabies don't they? And where did he come from anyway. Don't his parents care where he is till 10 o'clock at night?" Local authorities have called in federal reinforcements to further their investigation into this "bat child" but when asked for a comment on how the investigation was proceeding they declined to make a statement.



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with both



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# Would You Like to See My Stigmata?

She sat there smiling, in spite of it all. Ignorance, intolerance, stupidity-all youthful crimes of passion. Dispassionate though they seemed, still they swirled and churned around her body. She felt so fragile because of her singularity. A bell rang, pens flew and she stood smiling in spite of it all. As she shuffled into the mass of teeming mindlessness, from classroom to hallway and back again, she tried to distract herself. Tried not to notice the expression that threatened to break her face. Blood pumping and fists clenched, her mind switched to another topic as her body was herded down the same monotonous corridor.

“I must certainly be bleeding by now, from pain, irony, or fingernails across my palms.” Her thought reverberated across an endless whitewashed brick wall. As her smile

dropped from her lifeless countenance, in spite of it all, another bell rang.

The screaming felt like a storm wrought across the dreams of millions of blissful sleepers, but felt by no one other than her. The ringing brought back an awareness in her, of the speakings of others.

“Crucifixion”

- the disjointed fragment of a phrase rang out in her, unlike a bell. This word hurt. Another voice broke the other by saying, “How are you today?”. Upon realizing that the comment was directed at her she replied, knowing full well that the question was not probing for a truthful answer, with one foot inside the classroom and the other still in the hall, and with her back turned to the masses she answered, “Would you like to see my stigmata?”

She wondered why her classmates were writhing so. “I wonder, do they sell their bodies or their souls for such belonging instead of longing. Their bodies I suppose...

So many more bodies than souls.”



## ANOTHER PREMONITION

Next Issue:

### Season's Greetings from the Abyss

*Due to the onslaught of the editors need to create a tabloid, a few of the features promised to appear in this, the October issue of Apocalypse Playground, had to be moved to the December issue.*

In order to accommodate the needs of T.H.E.M. Rev. NIK will have to wait until winter to grace us with his holy presence. "Rants" a new column wherein the pains of society are expounded and pounded upon.

Welcome to the Bauhaus, a new forum for the creation of Apocalyptic things. The December issue will feature yuletide greeting cards made by and for the people you love (and loathe) the very most.

Have you noticed that Apocalypse Playground has been slacking off a little? What, with the all poetry issue in August and then the special tabloid release this month. Whatever happened to just plain ol' ordinary stories and poetry? Gothic literature, in large quantity, will be presented in standard format next issue. So

Submissions for "Ravage" in February are now open. This particular issue will consist of variations of a love story. No tale is too sweet, no story too lovely. The most overly romantic concoction received will become the victim of a clandestine editorial nightmare.

The love story you submit should be short (500 words) and relatively simple (It WILL get complicated later). Your romance should involve a wedding, and plenty of opportunity for variant viewpoints and minor temporal variations. Submission of a love story to be used constitutes agreement to have your story printed in it's original form along with the savage butchery thereof. The love story will have to be established in advance in order to request the submissions that will expound upon it. Therefore, love story submissions must be received by Nov. 20th because the "original" chosen will be printed as the next issue column in December.

Apocalypse  
Playground  
Announces  
First Annual  
Masqued Ball  
December '96

# Apocalypse Playground

Culture with a foreboding edge: Apocalypse Playground deals with 90's goth, industrial, punk and generally dark alternative music, art, fashion, architecture, films, books and other creative cultural media.

Apocalypse Playground accepts writing and artwork that "stares into the gape"; Monsters are acceptable if they aren't of a garden variety. No Science Fiction or previously published material will be accepted without special permission. Submissions should be stark, sparse, tight and harsh — brutal, but not pulp-gore, or moody, swirling, surreal eerie pieces, but not florid mush.

Preference is given to works which focus on experimental topics and/or contents in the gothic genre. Simultaneous submissions are acceptable if notification is made at time of submission.

An author whose work(s) is accepted for any particular issue grants Apocalypse Playground the following rights

- The right to use art for the individual accepted work(s) of AP choosing,
- One-time rights to publications, the work remains the sole property of the author/artist.

Apocalypse Playground is open to submission in the area of short fiction/prose, poetry, and serial story material. Submissions should reflect experimental themes in content and style. Fiction should be submitted one story at a time and if submitted electronically, should be sent as standard ascii text as part of an E-mail body. For further information please contact the Editor directly

Apocalypse Playground - Submissions  
PO box 3414  
Shepherdstown, WV 25443

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G O O D C O F F E E I  
N O W S E R V I N G  
NEWTEA, MOCHA  
ROOT HOT  
BEER, CO-  
COOK- COA  
IES, FINE  
ITALIAN PAST  
SODA, RIES  
HAND RE-  
MADE ALL  
PAPER SPIC  
CAPPUCHINNO, GIN-  
COFFEE, THE FAMOUS QUEEN  
VICTORIA AND MORE

